

A STANDARD HISTORY  
OF  
Georgia and Georgians

By  
LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT

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ILLUSTRATED

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PART I

GEORGIA IN THE REALM OF ANECDOTE, WIT, HUMOR,  
EPISODE AND INCIDENT



# Georgia and Georgians

SHELLMAN HEIGHTS: A ROMANCE OF SHERMAN'S MARCH

On January 1, 1911, there fell a prey to the devouring flames, a splendid old mansion on the Etowah, near Cartersville, Georgia, known as Shellman Heights. It crowned an eminence overlooking the river and represented an investment of several thousands of dollars, not a penny of which, for lack of insurance, could be recovered. Little survives to mark the spot; but associated with it there is a romance of the '60s surpassing anything to be found in the melodramas. Shellman Heights was built in 1861 by Capt. Charles Shellman, and the first mistress of the mansion was one of the most famous belles of her day. As Miss Cecilia Stovall, she spent her summers at West Point, and there she became a prime favorite with the handsome young cadets. The circle of her admirers included two stalwart youths who were destined to attain high honors in the iron days of battle: Joseph Hooker and William Tecumseh Sherman. Both were captivated by this bewitchingly beautiful Georgia girl. But she married a man from her own section, much to the chagrin of her disappointed lovers.

Years elapsed. In the spring of 1864, en route to New Hope Church, where one of the great battles of the campaign was fought, General Sherman and General Hooker both halted at Shellman Heights. General Sherman was the first to arrive. On approaching the mansion which he was about to ransack, the Federal commander was attracted by the pathetic wail of an old negro woman, who sat at the front entrance and, in accents hysterical with grief and fear, repeatedly sobbed:

"O, Lawd, what's Miss Celia gwine ter do now?"

Catching the sound of a name which was once most charmingly familiar to his ear, there flashed across the old soldier's mind a vision of West Point, and, in a tone of inquiry which was not without some touch of tenderness, he inquired:

"What is the full name of your mistress? Come, answer me quick."

"Her name," replied the distracted servant. "Hit's Miss Cecilia Stovall Shellman."

General Sherman started. But instantly a smile broke over his rugged face. "Why, that's my old sweetheart!" exclaimed he: and into the eyes of the man of blood and iron there crept a far away look.

But it was only for a moment. Tearing a leaf from his note book, the grim warrior hastily scratched the following lines, addressed to Mrs. Shellman:

"My dear Madam—You once said that you pitied the man who would ever become my foe. My answer was that I would ever protect and shield you. That I have done. Forgive all else. I am but a soldier.

"W. T. SHERMAN."

Orders were immediately given to the soldiers to replace what they had taken, while a guard was stationed about the mansion to protect it from further molestation. Even iron will melt in the heat of a blaze fervent enough to soften it; and for the sake of an old love affair of his youth, the grim despoiler spared Shellman Heights. Sentiment often crops out in unexpected places. Now and then we find violets growing in the clefts of volcanic rocks. Sherman moved on. Later came Hooker, who learning the same particulars in regard to the ownership of the mansion issued the same order to his troops.

It is said that another unsuccessful suitor for the hand of this beautiful southern woman was gallant Dick Garnett, a young West Pointer, in charge of the arsenal at Augusta, then the girlhood home of Miss Stovall. To the handsome youth's proposal of marriage, the fair object of his affection was by no means indifferent. But the young girl's father did not favor this match. The lovers were forbidden to meet and the obstinate lass was finally sent to visit relatives in South Carolina. There was probably no objection to the young man himself. The best Virginia blood rippled his veins; but his profession was hazardous and his income small. Mr. Stovall wished to see his daughter wedded to a lord of many acres. In this whim he was gratified. While visiting the Palmetto State, Miss Cecilia smiled on the suit of a gentleman to whom her father interposed no objection and whose means enabled him to build for his bride the beautiful old home on the Etowah. But the young officer whose suit she was forced to decline always remained true to his first love. He never married; and when he fell on the battlefield of Gettysburg, in 1863, the image of sweet Cecilia Stovall still ruled the heart of Gen. Richard B. Garnett, one of the bravest soldiers in the army of Northern Virginia.\*

#### JEFFERSON DAVIS'S ARREST

Two miles from Irwinville, Georgia, in what is today a dense thicket of pines, there occurred at the close of the Civil war an incident concerning which a host of writers have produced for commercial purposes an endless amount of fiction. It was here, in the gray morning twilight of May 10, 1865, while encamped on land today the property of Judge J. B. Clement, of Irwinville, that Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, was overtaken by the Fourth Regiment of Michigan Cavalry and put under arrest. More than half a century has elapsed since then; and happily with the flight of time some of the fairy tales of this dramatic period, when the imagination was inflamed by passion, have been dispelled. To prejudice the popular mind against Mr. Davis and to bring upon him speedily the punishment to which he was exposed

by reason of his fallen fortunes, there appeared in the northern papers a story concocted by some evil genius with malice aforethought to the effect that when arrested the President was clad in his wife's calico wrapper and that, among other articles of feminine attire which he wore at this time, were a hoop-skirt and a sun-bonnet.

Shades of Ananias! The facts are these: Mrs. Davis, with four of her children, left the Confederate capital, under an escort, several days in advance of the final evacuation of Richmond. Mr. Davis followed in the course of a week's time, proceeding southward by slow stages. It was not until Lee and Johnston had both surrendered that he ceased to cherish some hope of ultimate success. After the final meeting of the Confederate Cabinet in Washington, Georgia, he leisurely resumed his journey toward the trans-Mississippi region, there quietly at home to await results. It was not in the character of a fugitive that he bade adieu to his friends in the little Georgia town; and so deliberate was he in the matter of saying farewell that Dr. H. A. Tupper, an eminent Baptist divine with whom he stopped, turned to Judge Garnett Andrews and said:

"I really believe that Mr. Davis wishes to be captured."

It is certain that he manifested every sign of indifference, though he must have known that the country was full of armed men who were panting like blood-hounds upon his track. Word having reached him of a conspiracy on the part of desperate men to rob the wagon train in which Mrs. Davis was journeying, he hastened to overtake her, going some distance out of the direct line of travel. Such a change in his plans meant that he was certain to be either arrested or killed; and, turning to the faithful comrades in misfortune who accompanied him, Mr. Davis urged them to feel in nowise bound to attend him upon this hazardous trip. But not a man in the party availed himself of this loophole to escape danger. Mrs. Davis, in the course of time, was finally overtaken; and the President, with his party, was preparing to move in advance of her when, just at the hour of dawn, on May 10, 1865, he was suddenly halted. Besides the members of his family there were with Mr. Davis at the time the arrest was made, Postmaster-General John H. Reagan; Captain Moody, of Mississippi, an old friend; Governor Lubbock, of Texas; and two members of his personal staff, Col. Burton Harrison and Col. William P. Johnston. At this point we will let Postmaster-General Reagan continue the thread of the narrative. Says he:

"Under cover of the darkness, Colonel Pritchard (a Federal officer) moved to where we were, and posted one battalion in front of us and another across the creek in our rear, and each took the other in the dimness of the morning for Confederates. Both battalions were armed with repeating rifles and a rapid fusillade occurred between them, with the result that one or two were killed and a few wounded. When this firing occurred the troops in our front galloped upon us. The major of the regiment reached the place where I and the members of the President's staff were encamped, about a hundred yards distant from where the President and his family were located. When he approached me I was watching a struggle between two Federal soldiers and Governor

\* Vol. I, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.

Lubbock. They were trying to get his horse and saddle bags away from him and he was holding onto them and refusing to give them up; they threatened to shoot him if he did not, and he replied—for he was not as good a Presbyterian then as he is now—that they might shoot and be damned but they would not rob him while he was alive and looking on. I had my revolver cocked and in my hand, waiting to see if the shooting was to begin.

"Just at this moment the major rode up, the men contending with Lubbock disappeared, and the major asked if I had any arms. I drew my revolver from under the skirt of my coat and said to him, 'I have this.' He observed that I had better give it to him. I knew that they were too many for us and surrendered my pistol. I asked him then if he had not better stop the firing across the creek. He inquired whether it was not our men. I told him that it could not be; that I did not know of an armed Confederate within a hundred miles of us, except our little escort of half a dozen men, and were not then with us. We learned afterwards that they, or the most of them, had been captured at Irwinville. The major rode across the creek and put an end to the skirmish.

"When the firing began, President Davis afterwards told me, he supposed it to be the work of the men who were to rob Mrs. Davis's train. So he remarked to his wife: 'Those men have attacked us at last; I will go out and see if I cannot stop the firing; surely I have some authority with the Confederates.' Upon going to the tent door, however, he saw the blue-coats and turned to his wife with the words, 'The Federal cavalry are upon us.' He was made a prisoner of war.

"As one of the means of making the Confederate cause odious, the foolish and wicked charge was made that he was captured in woman's clothes; besides which his portrait, showing him in petticoats, was afterwards placarded generally in show cases and public places in the North. He was also pictured as having bags of gold on him when captured. This charge is disproven by the circumstances attending his capture. The suddenness of the unexpected attack of the enemy allowed no time for a change of clothes. I saw him a few minutes after his surrender, wearing his accustomed suit of Confederate gray."

Colonel William P. Johnston confirms the postmaster-general's statement in regard to the President's apparel. Says he: "Mr. Davis was dressed as usual. He had on a knit woolen visor, which he always wore at night for neuralgia; and his cavalry boots. He complained of chilliness, saying that some one had taken away his raglan or spring overcoat, sometimes called a waterproof. I had one exactly similar, except in color. I went to look for it and either I, or some one at my instance, found it and he wore it afterwards. His own was not restored." Governor Lubbock testifies to the same effect. Mr. James H. Parker, of Elburnville, Pennsylvania, a Federal soldier who witnessed the arrest, makes this statement: "I am no admirer of Jeff Davis. I am a Yankee, full of Yankee prejudice; but I think it wicked to lie about him or even about the devil. He did not have on at the time he was taken any such garment as is worn by women. He did have over his shoulders a waterproof article of clothing, something like a Havelock. It was not

in the least concealed. He wore a hat and did not carry a pail of water on his head." Mr. T. H. Peabody, a lawyer of St. Louis, one of the captors of Mr. Davis, declared in a speech before Ransom Post, of the G. A. R., that the hoop-skirt story was purely a fabrication of newspaper reporters. So the whole affair resolves itself into something like the compliment which an old parson paid one of his deacons in the church:

"Said Parson Bland to Deacon Bluff,  
Seated before the fire:  
'Deacon, I like you well enough,  
But you're an awful liar.'"

#### HOW THE TEXAN FLAG ORIGINATED

It is a well authenticated fact that the famous "Lone Star" flag of Texas was born on the soil of Georgia. This beautiful emblem, which was destined to win historic immortality at Goliad, was designed by a young lady of Crawford County, in this state, Miss Joanna E. Troutman. The following account has been condensed from a brief history of the flag, written by Macon's pioneer historian, Mr. John C. Butler, who was thoroughly conversant with the facts. His story is corroborated by an article recently found in an old copy of the Galveston News. Says Mr. Butler:

"On November 12, 1835, a public meeting was held in Macon. Robert Augustus Beall, John Rutherford, and Samuel M. Strong were among the speakers who endorsed the claims of Texas. Lieutenant Hugh M. McLeod, from West Point, addressed the meeting in a spirited appeal, pledging himself to resign his commission and to embark as a volunteer. He declared that what Texas needed was soldiers—not resolutions.

"Captain Levi Eckley, commander of the Bibb Cavalry, presided, with Simri Rose as secretary. Colonel William A. Ward, of Macon, proposed to form a company of infantry to enlist in the Army of Texas, whereupon thirty-two gentlemen came forward and enrolled as volunteers. On motion, the chair appointed General R. A. Beall, Colonel H. G. Lamar, Colonel T. G. Holt, James A. Nisbet, Esq., and Dr. Robert Collins, a committee to solicit subscriptions; and before the meeting adjourned \$3,150 was handed in to the committee, Dr. Collins paying in cash the greater part of the amount.

"As the company passed through other towns en route to Texas other recruits were added. At Knoxville, in Crawford County, Miss Joanna E. Troutman—afterwards Mrs. Vinson—a daughter of Hiram B. Troutman, made and sent a beautiful banner of white silk, with a blue lone star upon it, to Lieutenant McLeod to present to the company at Columbus. The following is a copy of the letter acknowledging the receipt of the flag:

"COLUMBUS, GA., November 23, 1835.

"MISS JOANNA:

"Colonel Ward brought your handsome and appropriate flag as a present to the Georgia Volunteers in the cause of Texas and Liberty.

\* Vol. I, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.



I was fearful from the shortness of the time that you would not be able to finish it as tastefully as you would wish, but I assure you, without an emotion of flattery, it is beautiful, and with us the value is enhanced by the recollection of the donor. I thank you for the honor of being the medium of presentation to the company; and, if they are what every true Georgian ought to be, your flag will yet wave over fields of victory in defiance of despotism. I hope the proud day may soon arrive, and while your star presides none can doubt of success.

Signed: "Very respectfully your friend,

"HUGH McLEOD."

"This patriotic standard, made in Crawford County, by Miss Troutman, became renowned in the history of the gallant young republic as the first flag of the Lone Star State ever unfurled on Texas soil! As they were not permitted to organize within the limits of the United States, Colonel Ward proceeded with his followers to Texas, where they were organized according to regulations. He gathered about one hundred and twenty men who were formed into three companies. These were then organized into a battalion, the officers of which were: William A. Ward, major; William J. Mitchell, surgeon; David I. Holt, quartermaster; and Henderson Cozart, assistant quartermaster. The captains were: W. A. O. Wadsworth, James C. Winn and Uriah J. Bulloch.

"After several engagements with the Mexicans, the battalion joined the command of Colonel Fannin and formed a regiment by electing Fannin colonel and Ward lieutenant-colonel. The regiment numbered five hundred and was stationed at Fort Goliad. On March 13, 1836, the original battalion, under Ward, was sent thirty miles to the relief of Captain King who had thirty men protecting a number of families in the neighborhood of a church at the mission of Refugio. On the arrival of the battalion, they found Captain King surrounded by a large force of Mexicans who disappeared on discovering that he was re-enforced. Afterwards, on leaving the mission, King, with his command, was captured and killed.

"Re-enforced to the number of fourteen hundred men, the Mexicans then intercepted Ward, who retired to the church. Breast-works were made by the battalion of pews, grave-stones, fences and other things, and the fire of the Mexicans was resisted for two days, with a loss to the enemy of one hundred and fifty men, and of only six to the Americans. But the ammunition of the battalion was exhausted on the third day of the battle, when Colonel Ward was reluctantly forced to capitulate, signing the regular articles according to the rules of war.

"It was stipulated that the battalion would be returned to the United States in eight days. Colonel Fannin, in the meantime, sent four different couriers to ascertain the cause of Ward's delay, each of whom was captured and shot by the Mexicans. The latter were again heavily re-enforced and advanced upon Fort Goliad. Ward's battalion was included in this massacre, having been brought in as prisoners of war.

"From an old copy of the *Galveston News* the following account is taken: 'The flag of the Lone Star which was first unfurled in Texas

was borne by the Georgia battalion, commanded by the late Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, who with almost his entire command was massacred at Goliad, in the spring of 1836, in what is known as "Fannin's Massacre," he being next in command to the lamented Colonel James W. Fannin. The flag was presented to Colonel Ward's command as they passed through Knoxville, Crawford County, Ga., by the beautiful Miss Joanna E. Troutman. It was made of plain white silk, bearing an azure star of five points. On one side was the inscription in rich but chaste colors: "Liberty or Death"; and, on the other, the patriotic Latin motto: "*Libertas habitat, ibi nostra patria est.*"

"The flag was first unfurled at Velasco on January 8, 1836. It floated to the breeze from the same liberty pole with the first flag of Independence which had just been brought from Goliad by the valorous Captain William Brown. What became of the flag of Independence we do not know, but the beautiful star of azure was borne by Fannin's regiment to Goliad, and there gracefully floated from the staff. On March 8, 1836, an express arrived at Goliad from Washington, on the Brazos, officially announcing that the convention then in session had formally made solemn declaration that Texas was no longer a Mexican province but a free and independent republic.

"Amid the roar of artillery, the beautiful 'Banner of the Lone Star' was hoisted to the top off the flag staff, where it proudly streamed over the hoary ramparts and the time-shattered battlements of La Bahia. But just as the sunset gun was fired and the usual attempt was made to lower the colors, by some unlucky mishap, the beautiful silk banner became entangled in the halyards and was torn to pieces. Only a small fragment remained adjusted to the flag staff; and when Colonel Fannin evacuated Goliad to join General Houston, in accordance with received orders, the last remnant of the first 'Flag of the Lone Star' was still fluttering at the top of the staff from which first floated the flag of Texan Independence.

"With the capture of Santa Anna, at the battle of San Jacinto, the silver service of the wily commander was also captured, and some of the trophies of victory, including his massive forks and spoons, were forwarded by General Rusk to Miss Troutman, in token of the regard which this Georgia lady had inspired in the stern, scarred patriots of the Revolution. On the meeting of the first Congress, the Flag of the Lone Star was adopted as the flag of the Republic and the seals of office ordered engraved with the star upon them. The public recognition of the maternity of the first Flag of the Lone Star as belonging to Georgia was made by General Memmican Hunt, the first minister from the Republic of Texas to the United States."

#### HOW A FAMOUS BALLAD CAME TO BE WRITTEN

In the opinion of many competent literary critics, a war poem which deservedly ranks among the finest ballads in the English language is "Little Giffen of Tennessee." The author of this poem, Dr. Frank O. Tieknor, was an eminent physician of Columbus, Georgia, and, in making

\* Vol. I, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.

the rounds of his country practice, he often amused himself by dashing off spirited lines, not a few of which were written on the backs of prescription blanks. Doctor Ticknor's verses, while lacking, perhaps, in literary finish, are full of lyric fire. Most of them are merely song skeletons, but they possess a rhythm most captivating to the ear. "Little Giffen" was written during the last year of the war. The circumstances which led to its composition are narrated in the following graphic sketch from the pen of Col. Charles J. Swift, a resident of the City of Columbus and a prominent member of the Georgia bar. It is the first authentic version of the story which has yet appeared in print. Says Colonel Swift:

"After the battle of Chickamauga, there was continual fighting between the two hostile armies from Dalton to the Chattahoochee River. The pressure of the advancing enemy was persistent, but at every stand he was opposed by the stubborn resistance of the retreating foe, under Gen. Johnston, who adopted the tactics of the famous Roman general Fabius Maximus, in order to draw Gen. Sherman from his base of supplies. Gen. Johnston was removed in the summer of 1864, and the determination of what the final issue of his plans might have been has become purely a matter of speculation.

"Gen. Hood succeeded Gen. Johnston in command. Subsequent to the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, etc., the cities and towns which could be conveniently reached by train from Atlanta began to receive a great many sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. These increased as Johnston's army approached Atlanta, and the battles between Hood and Sherman caused every available building in these cities and towns to be converted into Confederate hospitals. One of these in Columbus was the old Banks building on the east side of Broad street, nearly opposite the fire engine house. One of the inmates of this hospital was a mere youth, so badly wounded in one of his legs, that gangrene had supervened.

"Dr. Carlisle Terry, then and afterwards a leading physician of Columbus, was the general surgeon in charge of the hospitals. Mrs. Evelyn P. Carter, Mrs. W. D. Woolfolk and Mrs. Rosa N. Ticknor were sisters, who, with other ladies of Columbus, made frequent visits to the hospitals to minister to the sick and wounded. These sisters were the daughters of Major Thos. M. Nelson, formerly of Virginia, and related to the Byrds, Pages and Nelsons, who have been distinguished in the Old Dominion from the earliest Colonial days.

"In going through the old Banks building hospital, Mrs. Ticknor and her sisters came to the cot on which was lying the wounded youth. He was very young, and was wasted away to a mere skeleton, and so weak and emaciated that he seemed more dead than alive. Moved by an unusual sympathy and motherly tenderness that the sacrifice of war and the toll of battle should include one so young, they asked permission to remove him and to take him to one of their homes. Dr. Terry looked at the apparently dying soldier lad and consented to his removal but said somewhat sardonically to the visitors, that they would probably be put to the trouble of sending him back dead, in a day or two.

"Following these preliminaries at the hospital, Newton Giffen was taken to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ticknor, at Torch Hill, five miles south of Columbus. For days and nights the unequal struggle went on, between the faintest signs of life in the patient and the gangrenous poison which pervaded his system. But Torch Hill was on the heights where the breezes were refreshing and the air pure and balmy, and there 'Little Giffen' had a physician's attention and the gentlest nursing from the host, her sisters, and others in this Southern home. When he had somewhat advanced toward recovery he told them that he was Newton Giffen from East Tennessee, where his mother was still living; that he could neither read nor write; that since he had enlisted in the army he had been in eighteen battles and had been wounded seriously for the first time by the one which had brought him to his present affliction.

"Dr. Douglas C. Ticknor, son of the poet, is now a practicing physician in Columbus. To avoid seeming anachronisms in the recital, this Dr. Ticknor will be in several places spoken of as Douglas. He was about six years younger than Newton Giffen, but as the eldest of the Ticknor children, he well remembers the request his mother and aunts made to take Newton from the hospital, and he has never forgotten his impressions of Dr. Terry's manner and expression, betokening the utter uselessness of the change to save the life of the patient.

"At Torch Hill, Newton's improvement was slow and protracted. When he was able to sit up and to prop himself on his elbow, he took his first daily lessons in the art of reading and writing. This latter accomplishment enabled him to pen his first letter to his mother far away in the wilderness of her Tennessee mountain home. The second letter was to his captain. The one written to his mother probably never reached its destination, but the one to his captain did, and the answer was almost literally as the poem has it. When Newton was able to get out of doors, he and Douglas Ticknor were good chums and companions. The latter recalls that Newton was very industrious, gave a great deal of attention to the wrapping of the apple trees to keep the rabbits from eating the bark, and that both of them went forth on occasions to pick blackberry leaves to make green tea. Dr. Douglas Ticknor describes Newton as having very light hair, fair complexion, of unusual tallness for his age, and very thin.

"Before he had entirely recovered, Newton received a letter from his captain urging him to return to his company at the earliest possible moment. On receipt of this letter, Newton made preparations for an immediate start. He bade a tearful farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Ticknor and all the members of the family and promised, if spared, to write to them. His manly character and bearing, his sincerity and gratitude, left no room for doubt that he would write at the first opportunity; but no letter ever came. Hence the inference by those who were looking for a letter from their former charge, that he had been killed in the first engagement after his return to the front. This is the only statement in the poem which cannot be positively substantiated. All others are actual facts—so much so, indeed, that when Dr. Ticknor wrote 'Little Giffen,' he read the first draft of it to Mrs. Ticknor and was about to tear it up,

remarking 'it was too true to be good poetry.' Mrs. Ticknor interposed and saved the poem from destruction.

"On the morning when Newton Giffen left Torch Hill on his way to his company, passage was taken on an old gray army horse, Newton riding in front and Douglas riding behind. Getting near to Bull Creek bridge, about half way between Torch Hill and Columbus, they found the waters of the creek at flood height and covering all the lower lands on the side of their approach to the bridge. The old horse, getting a little off the road where the water covered it, fell into a big washout and in struggling to extricate themselves, both of the boys were unhorsed, and came near being swept down the stream and drowned. Douglas Ticknor and the horse got ashore on the side next to home. 'Little Giffen' was carried by the current to a point where he gained a footing close to the bridge. About the time the excitement and danger was over, a negro drove up with a four-mule team on his way to Columbus. He kept in the track of the submerged road and met with no mishap such as that to the boys and the old gray horse. With no other possession than his dripping and muddy clothes, 'Little Giffen' climbed into the four-horse wagon and standing up, waved a last farewell to his friend, Douglas, on the other side of the raging waters.

"It is said by some that Newton was wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro. However, it is more probable that he was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 10, 1863. This would not be inconsistent with the order of time belonging to the events of which the poem treats. The letter that Newton received urging his return, was very likely co-eval with the general order by Johnston for his officers and captains to get every man back to his command who might be able to return.

"Many of the surviving veterans of the army of Tennessee under Johnston remember the urgency of these recalls. It is very well established that 'Little Giffen's' name was Isaac Newton Giffen, and that his father was a blacksmith. He was brought to Columbus in September, 1863, and left Torch Hill in March, 1864. The big overflow at Bull Creek bridge was presumably from the equinoctial storm.

"Johnston took command of the army of Tennessee in December, 1864. The winter having ended, the operations known as the Dalton-Atlanta campaign commenced in the spring, after this; and it is more than likely that in making readiness for this campaign, 'Little Giffen' and other absentees received notices to return to the front. Dr. Ticknor was born in Jones county, Georgia, and in 1874 he died in Columbus, Ga., in his fifty-second year. He is buried in Linwood cemetery, in Columbus. Mrs. Ticknor is in her eightieth year (1909), and is living in Albany, Ga., with her son, Mr. Thos. M. Ticknor."\*

Such in brief is the history of this famous ballad whose exquisite versification has charmed the ears of thousands on both sides of the water. The poem has been translated into numerous foreign tongues. Though written at random, in the nervous style of one whose time was largely consumed by the weighty cares of his profession and whose

\* Vol. I. "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.

incense to the muses was offered at odd intervals, this unpremeditated song is nevertheless one of the gems of the war period of American letters. It is practically certain that Little Giffen fell in battle soon after leaving Torch Hill. The character of the lad, his promise to write if spared, the kindness which was lavished upon him by devoted friends, the sense of gratitude which he must have felt for favors received, and the long silence which followed his departure, these preclude the supposition that he could possibly have survived the clash into which he again plunged. Doubtless he was numbered among the unknown dead in one of the battles which occurred soon thereafter; but Doctor Ticknor has happily rescued the lad's name from oblivion and blazed it immortally upon the heights of song.

#### HISTORY OF "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND"

It is not the least among the favors which Fortune has showered upon Augusta that it was long the home of the gifted poet who wrote the immortal war lyric, "Maryland, My Maryland."—James Ryder Randall, its author, though a Marylander by birth, was a Georgian by adoption. For many years he was an editorial writer on the staff of the famous Chronicle, and today his ashes rest in Augusta's beautiful city, of the dead. Mr. Randall was educated at Georgetown, D. C.; afterwards he taught for a while in Poydras College, in Louisiana, and then he drifted to New Orleans. On account of hemorrhages from the lungs he was mustered out of the service soon after enlistment in 1861; but there was not a soldier in the ranks who possessed more of the fire of battle. He resided for a brief period in Anniston, Alabama, where he edited the Hot-Blast; but, to quote a terse commentator, "for Randall to be at the head of a journal devoted to such hard facts as pig iron looks to us like putting Saladin to carving gate-pegs with a scimitar."

Mr. Randall was at one time private secretary to Congressman William H. Fleming, of Georgia, afterwards to Sen. Joseph E. Brown; and, during this period, he was brought into close personal contact with many national celebrities. His Washington letters were widely copied and are still replete with interest to the student of politics. Says Prof. Matthew Page Andrews, his accredited biographer:\*

"Except for these visits to Washington, Randall established himself, for forty years or more, far from his native city and State. But in 1907, under the auspices of the appreciative Edwin Warfield, then Governor of Maryland, a plan was suggested for the official recognition and material support of the poet who had so immortalized his State in song. He was the guest of the city of Baltimore in the home-coming festivities of 1907. He renewed his friendship with the Hon. William Pinkney White, then at the age of 84, an active member of the United States Senate, who made arrangements for the publication of his poems, the compilation of which his later and most devoted friend, Miss Lilian McGregor Shepherd alone was able to induce him seriously to begin. To her was penned his last words of longing for his native State of Mary-

\* The "Poems of James Ryder Randall," edited by Matthew Page Andrews, New York, 1910. Introduction.



land, written from Augusta and received by her on the day of his death. Sustained by an unflinching religious faith, he had no fear of dying, but his days had been the days of a dreamer, buffeted by a sea of troubles. He gave the best he had to his friends; his life to his home and family; to his native State an immortal name; and to the English language perhaps the greatest of all battle-hymns."

Professor Andrews thus narrates the circumstances under which the famous song was composed. Says he:

"The date was April 23, 1861. Mr. Randall was then at Poydras College, in Louisiana. The poem was inspired during the sleepless night which followed the reading of an account of the clash between the citizens of Baltimore and the Sixth Massachusetts marching through the city to Southern soil, in which the first citizen to fall was a friend and college mate of the poet. Randall was then but twenty-two years of age. Poydras College was a tolerably well-endowed Creole institution at Point-Coupee. But subsequent fires have destroyed every object associated with the writing of 'Maryland, My Maryland,' from the desk of the poet-teacher to the buildings of the college itself. The morning after the composition was finished the poet read it to his English classes, who received it with enthusiasm. Upon being urged to publish it, the youthful instructor at once sent the manuscript to the New Orleans Delta, where it first appeared on April 26, 1861; and from this paper the words were reprinted by newspapers throughout the Southern States.

"In Maryland the poem was first published several weeks later in a paper, the South, established in Baltimore by Thomas W. Hall, who was shortly thereafter confined in Fort Warren for spreading such seditious sentiments. It was published in various forms in the poet's native city of Baltimore, where it was evident that a majority of the leading people, through close association with Southerners in business and social relations, sympathized with the South and were bitterly opposed to the intended coercion of the seceding States. While the words and sentiments of the song thrillingly appealed to Southern sympathizers, the music lovers of Baltimore saw in the swing and melody of the verse unexampled opportunity for some immediate musical adaptation in song. Henry C. Wagner, of the poet's native city, was the first to sing it to the tune of 'Ma Normandie,' then a familiar air. But though the French language was the means of starting the poem upon its melodious song-life, it was through the medium of the German that it reached the final form in which it now appears.

"Among the famous beauties of Baltimore in 1861 were the Cary sisters, to whose home as loyal Southerners 'My Maryland' soon came. The fiery appeal to Southern valor was declaimed again and again by one of these, Miss Jennie Cary, to her sister Hettie, with the expressed intention of finding an appropriate musical accompaniment for the verses; and this search was continued until the popular 'Lauriger Horatius' was tried and thereupon adopted. The risk of reducing it to publication was somewhat serious, but Miss Rebecca Lloyd Nicholson spoke out: 'I will have it published. My father is a Union man, and if I am out in prison, he will take me out.' She then took 'Lauriger Hora-

tius' in a Yale song-book to her father's house near-by; and after copying the music carried it to Miller and Beacham. They supplied her with the first copies from the press, besides sending her other songs until they were arrested and put in prison." There were some minor variations made in the text to fit the music. Says Miss Jennie Cary: "The additional 'My Maryland' was a musical necessity and it came to me as a sort of inspiration." It has been stated that Mr. Rozier Dulaney, of Baltimore, originally proposed this addition; but to Miss Cary belongs the credit.

According to Professor Andrews it was furthermore an extraordinary coincidence that the young girl, Miss Rebecca Lloyd Nicholson,\* who undertook to have the song published on her own responsibility, should have been the grand-daughter of Judge Joseph H. Nicholson, whose wife, Rebecca Lloyd, figured so largely in adapting 'The Star Spangled Banner' to the tune of 'Anacraon in Heaven' and who had it published in musical form. Says he: "The grand-daughter carried the words and music of 'Maryland, My Maryland' to the publishers in 1861 as her grand-mother had done with the 'Star-Spangled Banner' nearly fifty years before." Subsequently Charles Ellerbrock, a young German music teacher and a southern sympathizer, changed the musical adaptation of 'My Maryland' from the Yale song to the statelier measure of its original, 'Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum'; and in this way it was finally perfected.† Subsequent to the first battle of Manassas, the famous war-lyric was rendered for the first time at the headquarters of General Beauregard, near Fairfax Court House, Virginia, by the Cary sisters, on July 4, 1861.‡

Oliver Wendell Holmes pronounced "Maryland, My Maryland" the finest anthem produced by the Civil war. He is also said to have placed it among the very foremost of the world's martial lyrics. But while the author's fame will rest undoubtedly upon this gem, there are many competent critics who consider his "Resurgam" in no wise inferior. To this number belongs ex-Congressman William H. Fleming, who places it, in point of merit, even above Cardinal Newman's "Lead Kindly Light." Though importuned to cast his lot in the North, where larger salaries were offered, Randall refused to leave his beloved Southland. He often felt the pinch of adverse fortune, but he was never charmed by the glitter of gold. It is of interest to note that Randall was the first to plead effectively the cause of an American memorial to Edgar Allan Poe, and to his loyal pen is due the hastening, in some degree at least, of the final reward into which the author of the "Raven" has at last come. If there

\* Miss Nicholson, through her relationship to Francis Scott Key, inherited the original manuscript of "The Star Spangled Banner," written on the back of an envelope. M. P. Andrews. Introduction to Randall's Poems, p. 15.

† "Songs of the Civil War." The Century, August, 1886.

‡ It has been affirmed that Mr. Randall received \$100 for 'Maryland, My Maryland,' and the statement has been widely quoted. The fact is that an appreciative reader and friend sent him, as author of the poem, some time after its publication, \$100 in Confederate currency, with which he may possibly have been able to purchase a pair of shoes, but he did not solicit or receive direct compensation for any of his poems, a statement which, in all probability, can be recorded of no other modern poet of genius or reputation."

are notes of bitterness in the great war-lyric of Randall, they were wrung from his loving heart by the passionate hour in which they were penned. He was himself the apostle of tenderness; and one needs only to turn to the poems of Whittier to find that the gentle Quaker bard of New England has indulged in no less caustic terms. There can be no doubt that the poem will live. The breath of immortality is in its lines, and the fame of Randall is secure even from death itself.\*

#### \* BARNSELY GARDENS: A LOST ARCADIA

Six miles from Kingston, Georgia, may still be seen the picturesque ruins of a palatial old southern home of the ante-bellum days. It is a sort of Alhambra, not unlike the wasted citadel of the Moors. The locality is today known by the name of Barnsley Gardens; and, standing amid the pathetic remnants of this old estate, once feudal in magnificence, it is not difficult for the imagination to picture here a castle, with ivy-covered walls, such as might have overlooked the Rhine or the Danube in the Middle Ages. To a resident of Kingston, Miss Belle Bayless, who has often visited this historic spot, we are indebted for the following brief account:

"Three-quarters of a century ago, Mr. Godfrey Barnsley, one of Savannah's captains of industry, decided to establish such an estate as he remembered to have seen in England, his native land. So he purchased from the Cherokee Indians 10,000 acres of ground in what is now the county of Bartow. Gradually he cleared away the forest and turned the red hills into cotton fields and built a stately manor house where it overlooked a magnificent sweep of country, reaching far back until blue hills merged into bluer skies. He then planted around it the famous gardens which for two generations have been a Mecca for pleasure seekers and holiday excursionists in this part of Georgia.

"To embellish the gardens, rare trees and shrubs and plants were brought hither from the most remote corners of the earth. Some of these still flourish amid the decay into which everything else has fallen. Hemlocks and spruces from Norway may still be seen brushing the old terraces with verdant branches of evergreen. Scotch rowans glow with scarlet berries in the autumn. Lindens and other foreign-shade trees vie with those of the native woods in adding picturesqueness to the naturally beautiful location; while great lichen-covered boulders, hauled by ox-teams from the surrounding mountain-tops, form rookeries on either side of the main entrance to the grounds. The drive-way sweeps up the long hill and around the box-bordered area which encloses a central fountain just in front of an embroidered terrace. Mr. Barnsley, like his forefathers, built always with an eye to the future and did not hasten his work. So the Civil War came on before the interior of the house was finished and the gold which he had sent to England came back to re-enforce the coffers of the Confederate government.

"Domestic industries were fostered on this baronial estate of Mr. Barnsley; for not only the manor house itself but the quarters for servants and the small office buildings on the estate were constructed of brick

made by slave labor from materials found on the plantation. The palatial old home place was divided into three parts—the central being two stories in height and surmounted by a tower. The main entrance to the house was approached by marble steps. On either side of the hallway were spacious drawing rooms, libraries, and the like, with sleeping apartments above, sixteen in all. The right wing contained an immense dining room or banquet hall, on the first floor, besides billiard and smoking rooms, with kitchen, store rooms, and cellars below. The left wing was used for temporary residence purposes while the rest of the building was in process of erection. The owner was not to be deprived of any of the luxuries of life merely because he lived in the country; so, on the tower, a cistern was built to which pipes were laid and a reservoir constructed in one of the chimneys to furnish hot water for the lavatories. Plans were also made for lighting the house by means of a gas made from resinous pine.

"In the rear of the manor house is another terrace; and here we find a ghost walk, for a castle without a promenade for spooks at the witching hour of midnight is romantically incomplete. Just over the brow of the hill is the grave of Colonel Earl, a Confederate officer, who was buried on the spot where he fell during the Civil War. Relatives came to remove his body but they could get no one to dig into the earth, so strong was the superstitious feeling among the mountaineers; and even to this day the locality furnishes material for weird tales among the country folks.

"At the foot of the slope is one of the prettiest spots in which the imagination could possibly revel. It is the ivy-covered spring-house set against the out-cropping gray rock. Inside a bold spring bubbles up and finds its way out and across the fields, where it becomes a good-sized stream. And who could wish better dairy products than the milk and butter cooled in such pure water? One can almost fancy here a sprightly Lady Betty presiding over the burnished vessels and scolding her maids for some trivial neglect; or more realistic still, Madame Barnsley—nee Miss Scarlett, one of the South's great beauties—standing in the shadow of the half-circle of live-oaks about the door, directing her servants as does her grand-daughter, the present chatelaine.

"But Mr. Barnsley, in gratifying his artistic tastes, did not stop with plants and flowers for his extensive grounds. He was also an industrious collector of rare curios, objects of vertu, costly bric-a-brac, and expensive ornaments. His mahogany dining-table—which was large enough to seat forty people—and his elegant side-board, which was of equally generous proportions, were made for Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil. The gilt library clock once belonged to Marie Antoinette; and an exquisite marquetry table, together with several delicate wood carvings, had bits of history connected with them. Over the dining room fire-place hung a rare painting. Its wealth of color undimmed by several centuries and its resemblance to Murillo's Madonnas told of the influence of the great Spanish master; while a built-in vault contained a quantity of family silver. In one of the bed-rooms was a mahogany bedstead of huge proportions, but the four eagles intended to surmount the posts stood demurely in a corner, for not even the high ceiling of this spacious

\* Vol. I, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.



boudoir would permit them to occupy the places intended for them as guardians of the curtains of yellow satin damask. Wardrobe and dresser matched the bed, all heavy, hand-carved and handsome.

"But these, together with a quantity of rare old wine, were taken to New York a decade ago and sold, the dealers paying only a song for what was worth almost a king's ransom.

"Today the Last Sigh of the Moor seems aptly to fit the old place. Time has wrought fearful havoc. The Barnsley household has scattered to every continent on the globe; a cyclone unroofed the main house years ago; members of a vandal picnic party daubed tar over the front walls, while others amused themselves by shattering window panes; and the one time immaculate flower beds are now waist-high in weeds. It is well nigh impossible to maintain so large an establishment now-a-days, when labor for necessary work can scarcely be obtained for love or money; but rich minerals recently discovered on the property may yet provide the means not only for making needed repairs but for realizing the splendid dream of the founder of Barnsley Gardens."

#### THE MARK HANNA HOME: WHERE THE MCKINLEY PRESIDENTIAL BOOM WAS LAUNCHED

Many years have elapsed since the political wheel of fortune rotated William McKinley into the White House in Washington; but the world has not forgotten the meteoric campaign of 1896. It was an epoch-making fight. The tall figure of the peerless Nebraskan in this heated contest began to loom for the first time across the western plains. His conquest of the Chicago convention was the wonder of modern politics. Nothing to equal the dramatic effect of his marvelous "Cross of Gold" speech has even been known in the history of conventions. To this very day there are democrats in every part of the Union who look upon Bryan as a mere dreamer, who deplore the great scenic battle which he waged for free silver, at the famous ratio of sixteen to one, who call him an apostle of discontent, and who belittle his splendid abilities. But the fact remains that he was the herald of a new era in national politics. Nor can it be gainsaid that the campaign of 1896 was the cradle of the present-day progressive movement. Mr. Bryan's eloquence lashed the masses into a frenzy of enthusiasm. The spell of his personality was felt in the crowded centers of population and in the sparsely settled rural districts. The money power was panic-stricken with alarm. Wall Street stood aghast. The program of the republican organization seemed to be quivered. And altogether it is doubtful if there has ever been a campaign in which the rattle of coin has played a more spectacular part; but despite the combined activities of the trusts to defeat him Bryan might still have been elected President of the United States had it not been for the shrewd generalship of a man to whom the country at large still needed an introduction when the campaign opened, but whose name was destined to become a household word in every hamlet—Marcus A. Hanna.

On North Dawson Street, in the City of Thomasville, stands the historic winter home in which, according to every sign of the zodiac, were

\* Vol. I, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.

laid the plans, the outcome of which was Mr. Bryan's undoing. It seems a trifle singular that the state which put Mr. Bryan in nomination at Chicago, under circumstances which no one can ever forget, should furnish an asylum to his most inveterate enemies, wherein they might intrigue to compass his defeat. But while this little by-play of politics was in Georgia, it was not of Georgia. It came from a source entirely outside and remote. Mr. Hanna was a practical business man of large wealth whose business operations ramified the whole State of Ohio and brought him rich returns from commercial traffic on the Great Lakes. He was also something of a slate-maker in Buckeye politics. For years Mr. Hanna had been an intimate personal friend to Major McKinley, a creditor, so it is said, for certain large sums of money, which the latter had borrowed from him, without compromise of honor; and it was due almost solely to the adroit manipulation of this masterful strategist that the nomination of Major McKinley—then governor of Ohio—was accomplished at St. Louis. The next move on the political chessboard was the reciprocal act of the nominee in choosing his campaign manager; and finally to end the game, there was to be a seat for Mr. Hanna in the President's cabinet; or, what he most desired—the coveted toga. Worthy the brain of a Richelieu was this brilliant strategy of the Ohio coal baron.

Without going into details, it is the commonly accepted belief that the whole plan of campaign which resulted in putting Governor McKinley into the White House was concocted in the Town of Thomasville, among the fragrant pines of the Georgia lowlands. During Mr. Hanna's occupancy of the North Dawson Street mansion, in the winter of 1895-96, Mr. McKinley was an honored guest of the Hannas; and thither also flocked other members of the Grand Old Party whose love for the game of politics was not only well-known but notorious. As pre-arranged, the nomination of Mr. McKinley took place in June and his election to the presidency followed in November. For a time the issue hung in suspense. The Nebraskan's fiery eloquence threatened to upset the plans of Mr. Hanna. It was furthermore discovered, after the nomination was made, that it took place on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, a coincidence which viewed in connection with the nominee's marked facial resemblance to Napoleon, caused some forebodings in the republican ranks. But if there was any virtue in the omen, it only served to bring him Wellington's luck. Mr. Hanna was the best advertised man in the country, while the campaign lasted, due chiefly to the famous cartoons of Homer Davenport, in which some of his physical peculiarities were most amusingly caricatured and he was made to vaunt himself in clothes bespangled with the omnipresent dollar-mark. Meeting the artist one day when the fight was over, Mr. Hanna said to him:

"Davenport, I admire your execution, but hang your conception."

It was under the terms of a lease from the owners that Mr. Hanna occupied the North Dawson Street mansion during the winter which preceded Mr. McKinley's election. The house was leased in the following year to Judge Lynde Harrison, one of the executors of H. B. Plant, the founder of the Plant system of railroads. Since then the historic place of abode has remained unoccupied. "It is owned by the estate of the late John W. Masury, of New York, a formerly well-known manu-

facturer of paints. By reason of the fact that the building is supposed to have played a stellar part in the eventful campaign of 1896, it has become the most conspicuous land-mark in Thomasville: an object of very great interest of sight-seers and of no small local pride to the inhabitants of the town. Some of the statements herein made may be purely conjectural; but sifting the chaff from the wheat it still remains that Mr. Hanna leased the Thomasville home for the winter season preceding Mr. McKinley's nomination; that he here played the host not only to Mr. McKinley himself but to some of the big political king-bees of the republican party who came here to buzz; and that when the election was over he quietly stepped from a business office on the lake front, in the City of Cleveland, Ohio, to a seat of historic renown in the American House of Peers.\*

#### HOW MR. BRYAN SECURED HIS NOMINATION IN 1896

As the result of a single speech delivered with marvellous oratorical effect, at an opportune moment, in the famous Chicago convention of 1896, William J. Bryan made himself the standard-bearer of the National Democracy in three separate presidential campaigns, and shaped the history of the democratic party in the nation for more than a score of years. But it was due largely to the prompt initiative and to the bugle-toned eloquence of a gifted Georgian that his nomination for the high office of President, in 1896, became an accomplished fact. The distinguished member of the Georgia delegation who presented his name to the convention was the late Judge Henry T. Lewis, of Greensboro, afterwards elevated to a seat on the Supreme Court bench. Hon. Clark Howell, for years a member of the National Democratic Executive Committee, took a prominent part in the proceedings of this convention; and, in a rare article which he afterwards wrote for his great paper, he tells the story of Bryan's nomination. Says Mr. Howell:

"The Democratic convention of 1896 was fruitful of dramatic episodes. The second Cleveland administration was drawing to a discredited close when the 1896 convention met. The opponents of Cleveland and the friends of free silver were in control. It was a crusading lot of Democrats who gathered in Chicago that year to nominate a President and to sail the Democratic ship into unknown seas.

"Several men were candidates for the nomination, among them 'Silver Dick' Bland and 'Horizontal Bill' Morrison. The man who secured the nomination had never been thought of in that connection, save by himself and one member of the Georgia delegation. The man who thought he would be nominated, and who was nominated, was, of course, William J. Bryan. The member of the Georgia delegation who had thought of Bryan in connection with the nomination was Hal Lewis, an ardent free silver man, as were all the members of the Georgia delegation, and he had been attracted by some speeches Bryan had made while in Congress.

"Bryan was not even a delegate when he reached Chicago. He came as a member of a contesting delegation. J. Sterling Morton, who was in

\* Vol. I, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.

Cleveland's Cabinet, controlled the machinery in Nebraska, and he had sent an anti-silver delegation to Chicago. Bryan came with a delegation to fight the admission of the Morton faction. I was a member of the sub-committee of the national committee which passed on this contest and reported in favor of Bryan and his friends, and they were seated. That report gave Bryan an opportunity to get into the convention and to make his 'Cross-of-Gold' speech, which made him the nominee. It is curious to speculate as to what would have been the history of Bryan and the Democratic party if our report had been in favor of the J. Sterling Morton faction.

"Bryan, once seated in the convention, watched for his opportunity, and when it came unloosed that crown-of-thorns and cross-of-gold speech, which not only gave him the nomination for the Presidency, but shaped the course of the Democracy through many campaigns.

"Bryan's speech was a great oratorical effort, and it spell-bound the convention. Hal Lewis, of Georgia, however, was the man who turned that speech into practical benefit for Bryan. When the Georgia delegation got together, after Bryan's speech, Lewis at once began to urge the Nebraskan as available for the nomination, and soon had the delegation agreeing with him. Bryan was seen, and it was agreed that his name should be presented by Lewis.

"When Georgia was called, Lewis was carried to the platform on the shoulders of the Georgia delegation. Lewis was a remarkable man. He was a fine speaker, with a magnificent voice, but he spoke only on the rarest occasions. When he did speak, however, he was like a volcano in eruption, and he was certainly volcanic when he presented the name of Bryan to the convention. His speech was second only to the cross-of-gold effort of Bryan, and long before Lewis ceased to speak the nomination of Bryan was a foregone conclusion.

"The curious thing about the 1896 convention was that the result, so far as Bryan was concerned, was no surprise. Bryan came to the convention believing he would be the nominee and had everything arranged to that end. Mr. Bryan himself is authority for this statement. I was very close to Mr. Bryan in those days, and remained close to him long afterwards. After the convention I had a conversation with Bryan in the old Clifton Hotel in Chicago, and I asked him if he were not surprised when the convention turned to him.

"'Not a bit,' said Bryan. 'I came to Chicago expecting to capture the convention by a speech and be nominated. It has worked out just as I expected.'

"I then asked Bryan if the cross-of-gold speech was extemporaneous, resulting from the inspiration of the moment. Bryan greeted the question with a hearty laugh.

"'There was nothing extemporaneous about it,' he said. 'I prepared that speech weeks in advance; memorized it so I could repeat it backward or forward and declaimed it over and over again. Extemporaneous! No, indeed!' And Mr. Bryan continued to laugh. So you see the climax of the 1896 convention was as carefully rehearsed and staged as any production ever presented by that master of stage-craft, David Belasco. By way of contrast, it is worth mentioning that Georgia, which did so much for Bryan in 1896 and 1900, had completely broken with him by 1908.

In the latter year at the Denver convention, although Bryan controlled, he never received a vote from the Georgia delegation."\*

#### WOODROW WILSON: AN INCIDENT IN HIS CAREER AS A LAWYER

Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States, began his career as a lawyer in Georgia's state capital. He was formally admitted to the bar in 1882; and his license to practice law in the courts of this state bears the signature of Hon. George Hillyer, judge of the Atlanta Circuit. Entering into a legal partnership with a brilliant young barrister like himself, Edward J. Renick, the professional shingle of the new firm was displayed from a modest office on the second floor of the old Hulsey Building, on the corner of Broad and Marietta streets. But there was no immediate rush of clients, and becoming discouraged as weeks lengthened into months without materially swelling the bank account of either, they decided to dissolve the partnership agreement and to set out in quest of new pastures.

Mr. Renick became in after years assistant secretary of state under President Cleveland. Still later he was made special representative of the great banking house of Coudert Brothers. He died in the City of Paris while on a very important mission concerning the Gould interests, and his death was deplored on both sides of the water. Mr. Wilson went to Baltimore, to pursue a special course of study at Johns Hopkins. He was then called to an adjunct professorship of history at Bryn Mawr; thence in 1888 he went to Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, where he taught political science; and two years later accepted the chair of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton, relinquishing this chair in 1902, to become president of the institution. The policy of his administration was to make this great seat of learning a democracy. On account of a disagreement with his board of trustees touching a matter which he considered too vital to admit of compromise or surrender, he resigned the helm of affairs, only to be tendered the democratic nomination for governor of New Jersey.

Since his entry into politics, the career of President Wilson has been an open book. The following incident of his sojourn in Atlanta is taken from the files of the Constitution, under date of November 6, 1912:

"Two years after his arrival here the tariff commission appointed by President Hayes to visit the various sections of the country and report of the tariffs workings came to Atlanta and sent out invitations asking any one interested to meet with them and point out unjust discriminations as they saw them. John W. H. Underwood was the Georgia member of the commission. When the board assembled in the convention hall of the Kimball House they were greeted by a single man, come to talk over the tariff. For two hours or more he fired question after question at the tariff experts, turned the 'evidence meeting' into a debate between himself and the board and showed those gentlemen just what the situation was in the South, says Henry Peeples, one of Atlanta's best-known attorneys, in recalling the scene:

"What is your name?" asked the commission of the young man.

"I am Woodrow Wilson, a lawyer," he answered."\*

\* Vol. II, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.

#### HARRIET GOLD: A ROMANCE OF NEW ECHOTA

On a knoll, overlooking the site of New Echota, there is still to be seen a lonely wayside grave around which cluster the incidents of a pathetic tale of the wilderness. When Elias Boudinot was attending the Moravian School, at Cornwall, Connecticut, he there met and loved Harriet Gold. At the expiration of two years they were married, much to the displeasure of her father and brother, who little relished the thought of her marriage to an Indian, even though of mixed breed. But she took this step with her mother's full consent. It was an affair of the heart, which a mother could well understand, despite the separation from home and the life of isolation among an alien people, which such a marriage necessarily involved. So the happy pair came to Georgia; and here, in the course of time, the bride's mother made them a visit and found her daughter well provided with domestic comforts and little disposed to complain.

With true missionary zeal, the young bride soon became intent upon the task of bettering the conditions of life among the Indians. She founded, some time in the early thirties, the first Sunday school in Gordon County; and to her husband, who was editor of the Phoenix, she was both a companion and a helpmeet. She did much for the uplift of the tribe, and the life which she lived among them, though brief, was one of beautiful unselfishness. When John Howard Payne was imprisoned in the block-house, she frequently went to see him, making his bonds less burdensome by her sympathetic attentions. The story goes that he taught her to sing his famous air of "Home Sweet Home"; and however reconciled she may have been to her lot by reason of the one thing needful to make it easy, there were doubtless minor chords of love in her heart which sounded a sad response when her memory reverted to her old home in far-away Connecticut.

But satisfied though she was with the man of her choice, the days of her joyful wedlock were numbered. Stealthily the fingers of disease began to clutch at the vital cords. Perhaps she foresaw the bolt which was destined to descend upon the Cherokees. It was not difficult to read the future at this troublous hour. There was scarcely a moment when her husband's life was not in danger. The nation was divided into rival camps. The anxieties incident to this vexed period may have been too severe for an organism attuned to gentler surroundings. At any rate she faded day by day; and one afternoon in midsummer they bore her to the hillside, where a slab of marble, yellow with age, still marks the spot. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to picture the broken hearted man who survived her, bending over the low mound, on the eve of his departure for the West, and reading, through tear-filled eyes, the following inscription:\*

"To the memory of Harriet Ruggles, the wife of Thomas Elias Boudinot. She was the daughter of Colonel Benjamin and Eleanor Gold, of Cornwall, Conn., where she was born June 1, 1805, and died at New Echota, Cherokee Nation, August 12, 1836. We seek a rest beyond the skies."

\* Vol. I, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.



## "THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT!"

Before the discovery of the rich gold fields of California, in 1849, Dahlonega, Georgia, was the chief center of gold mining activities in the United States; and hither flocked hundreds of argonauts in feverish quest of the yellow metal. According to the late Professor Yeates, who was at one time state geologist of Georgia, an expression which Mark Twain has made classic in two hemispheres originated at Dahlonega. Says Professor Yeates:

"One of the most active and enthusiastic spirits of the flush times was Dr. M. F. Stevenson, an amateur geologist and mineralogist, who was full of the belief that Georgia was one of the richest mineral States in the Union. When, in 1849, the miners around Dahlonega gathered to take action on the project of deserting the mines in Georgia and going in a body to the new fields of California, this earnest believer in Georgia's great mineral wealth mounted the court-house steps in Dahlonega, and, addressing a crowd of about 200 miners, plead with them not to be turned by the stories of the wondrous discoveries in California, but to stick to the Georgia fields, which were rich in possibilities. Pointing to Findley Ridge, which lay about half a mile to the south, he exclaimed: 'Why go to California? In that ridge lies more gold than man ever dreamt of. There's millions in it.' This last sentence was caught up by the miners and taken with them to California, where for years it was a by-word among them. It remained for Mark Twain, who heard it in common use, in one of the mining camps of California, to broadcast it over creation by placing it in the mouth of his world-renowned character, Colonel Mulberry Sellers."

## "HOME, SWEET HOME": JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S GEORGIA SWEETHEART AND IMPRISONMENT

It is one of the ironies of Fate that the poet from whose pen has come the best-known lyric of the hearthstone was himself a homeless wanderer. With little knowledge of domestic happiness, he sang of home, not as a possession, but as a want; and, for more than thirty years, he was even fated to fill an exile's grave, on the far shores of the Mediterranean. The absence of any strong domestic ties first led him, when a mere lad, to seek his fortune abroad. On returning to America, after a lapse of two full decades, his wandering footsteps at length brought him to Georgia, where two experiences of a widely different character awaited him—a jail and a sweetheart. From the former of these binding spells he was soon released, through the prompt intervention of an influential friend. But, in gentle bondage to the latter, he remained a lifelong prisoner. His heart underwent no change. As for the fair object of his affections, she retained her maiden name to the end of her days and, dying at the ripe age of seventy-six, carried to her grave in Oconee Cemetery, at Athens, an undimmed image of her poet-lover: the immortal author of "Home, Sweet Home."

\* Vol. 1, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by E. L. Knight.

The world has not forgotten the pathetic story of John Howard Payne. But the tendency to exaggerate has led a host of writers, eager for dramatic effect, into gross misstatements. Indeed, there are few, who, in sketching Payne's life, have not drawn more largely upon fancy for materials than upon fact.

Payne was never at any time the shiftless, ne'er-do-well, or the penniless vagabond which he has often been made to appear by these caricature artists. Most of his life, it is true, was spent in bachelor quarters and among remote scenes. He also lacked business acumen; but those upon whom Nature bestows the divine afflatus are seldom merchants or bankers. With the conveniences of an assured income, he was unacquainted; and the caprices of Fortune often entailed upon him financial embarrassment. On more than one occasion he knew what it was to be without a dollar in his pocket when creditors were clamorous. But he earned a fair livelihood. At times his wares brought him a substantial recompense and, while his money lasted, he was a prince of bohemians. During the last years of his life, he held an important consular position at Tunis, in Morocco.

Born in the City of New York, on June 9, 1792, the early boyhood days of John Howard Payne were spent at East Hampton, on Long Island, where the old family homestead, a quaint two-story structure, with an attic built of cedar shingles, is owned and preserved as a literary Mecca, by Mr. Buck, of Brooklyn, a wealthy admirer of the poet. In summer the cottage is charmingly covered with wistaria vines, contrasting with the silvery tones of color which nearness to the sea invariably gives. Stretching away to the rear of the house is an old apple orchard, while in the distance can be seen the sand dunes of the North Atlantic. The interior paneling of the house is said to have been the work of a ship carpenter, trained in one of the navy yards of England. The building is heated by a huge central chimney, twelve feet in diameter, in which is built a fireplace after the ample pattern of the Dutch. The house is furnished exactly as it was in the days of Payne's childhood, with quaint dressing tables, high bedsteads, old Windsor chairs, and other furnishings reminiscent of the Colonial period. It was doubtless a recollection of this early home beside the sea which, in after years, inspired his deathless anthem.

But to go back. At the age of thirteen, when a clerk in a mercantile establishment in New York, Payne began secretly to edit a weekly newspaper, devoted to the drama. Such precocity of genius induced the lad's father to plan for him a good education; but, while a student at Union College, his prospects were suddenly disturbed by the elder Payne's failure in business. John Howard then decided to go upon the stage. His debut as an actor was made at the Park Theater in New York, on February 24, 1809, as Young Norval in the "Douglass;" and the success of his initial performance, both from a pecuniary and from an artistic standpoint, was such that he afterwards toured the New England and Middle States.

In 1813 he sailed for England; and from this time dates his po-

tracted sojourn abroad. As an actor he was well received by the public; but, anxious to increase his earnings, he essayed theatrical management, with disastrous results. Due to his lack of business ability, he found himself frequently in financial straits. Fortune did not seem to favor him. In 1815 he published a volume of verse entitled "Lispings of the Muse," from which his returns were only meager. Better success attended him as a playwright. He produced a number of musical dramas, for one of which, an opera, entitled "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," he composed the world-renowned stanzas of "Home, Sweet Home."

This opera was first produced at Covent Garden Theater, in May, 1823. The music was adapted by Henry R. Bishop, from an old melody which caught Payne's fancy while visiting one of the Italian cities. It is said that the song itself came to him when, oppressed by debt, he wandered one day, in great heaviness of spirit, along the banks of the Thames River. During the first year it netted his publishers over two thousand guineas. Payne himself derived little pecuniary profit from the song which was destined to make him immortal, but he lived to see it put a girdle of music around the globe, to charm alike the king and the peasant, and to become in literal truth the song of the millions.

The original draft of "Home, Sweet Home" ran as follows:

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,

Like the love of a mother  
Surpassing all other.

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

There's a spell in the shade

Where our infancy played,

Even stronger than time and more deep than despair.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,

O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!

The birds and the lambskins that came at my call—

Those who named me with pride—

Those who played at my side—

Give me them, with the innocence dearer than all.

The joys of the palaces through which I roam

Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like home.

Later Payne re-wrote the poem. But in order to secure brevity he sacrificed poetic charm. The lines with which the public are today familiar hardly measure up to the original; but they are doubtless better adapted to the air. Here is the poem as re-written:

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,

O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!

The birds singing gaily that came at my call—

Give me them—and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

There's no place like home!

In 1832 Payne returned to New York. The question agitating the public mind at this time was the removal of the Cherokee Indians to a trans-Mississippi region. To one of Payne's fine poetic temperament, the idea of using force to drive these primitive inhabitants of the soil—these native Americans—into an unwilling exile was most repugnant. He thought of himself as an outcast and a wanderer; and it was only natural for the man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home" to espouse the cause of those who were soon to be homeless, even though they were savage tribes of the forest.

To ascertain the real facts in regard to the Cherokees, Mr. Payne came to Georgia in 1836, on the eve of the famous deportation. It so happened that, at this time, Georgia was in a turmoil of excitement. Events were rapidly approaching a climax; and in order to deal, on the one hand, with meddlesome interlopers whose purpose was to inflame the red men, and, on the other, with lawless characters escaping across the state line into Indian Territory, it was necessary for Georgia to extend her jurisdiction, with a rod of iron, over the domain of the Cherokees.

There was, at this time, among the Indians two distinct parties, one of which, under Major Ridge, strongly favored removal as the wisest course for the nation to adopt. The other, headed by John Ross, strenuously opposed removal; and these were regarded as the sworn enemies of the state. Between the two factions there was war to the knife, deadly and bitter. When John Howard Payne came to Georgia, he visited the Cherokee nation as the guest of John Ross, then, as afterwards, the principal chief. His object in making this visit was unknown to the civil authorities; but his affiliation with John Ross put him at once under suspicion. He contemplated nothing sinister. His purpose was merely to gather information. But Tray was in bad company, at least, to Georgia's way of thinking, and, while visiting John Ross, he was put under arrest and imprisoned in the old Vann house, at Spring Place, in what is now Murray County, Georgia. Capt. A. B. Bishop, who commanded the Georgia Guards, at this place, made the arrest. He found the poet at Ross' home, near the head of the Coosa River.

It is said that while imprisoned at Spring Place he heard the soldiers singing his familiar anthem, "Home, Sweet Home," and that, when he eventually satisfied his captors that he was the author of this renowned song, he received from them the most considerate treatment. Nevertheless, he was held a prisoner until his release was finally procured by Gen. Edward Harden, of Athens, to whom he had brought a letter of introduction. The historic site of the poet's imprisonment at Spring Place is soon to be marked by the John Milledge Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

As stated, Mr. Payne, on coming to Georgia, brought with him a letter of introduction to an old citizen of Athens, Gen. Edward Harden. The latter was formerly a resident of Savannah, and during the famous visit of LaFayette to this country, in 1825, he entertained the illustrious nobleman of France. General Harden was typically a gentleman of the old school, courtly in his manners, refined and cultured, in fact, a man of letters, though his chosen profession was the law. Payne expected to stop at the public inn; but to this General Harden demurred, insisting that he become his guest for an indefinite stay.

Thus it was that the author of "Home, Sweet Home" found himself an inmate of the famous old Harden home in Athens. The story that Payne caught the inspiration for his poem at this time is, of course, sheerest fiction, for more than twelve years had elapsed since the first rendition of the song in public. Equally imaginative is the yarn that on entering the door of his prison at Spring Place, he raised both hands in anguish above his head, exclaiming with bitter sarcasm, "Home, Sweet Home," and then proceeded to write the poem, in a moment of silent communion with the Muses.

But while Payne did not write his poem in Georgia, he enjoyed the hospitality which General Harden lavished without stint upon friend and stranger alike; and there came into his life at this time an influence which, for the rest of his days, was destined to cast upon him the spell of a most subtle enchantment. He became acquainted with the general's lovely daughter, Mary. So fascinated was the poet with this gentle lady of Athens that the main purpose of his visit to Georgia was almost forgotten. The poor Cherokees became a secondary consideration. Even his Yankee scruples against southern biscuit were overcome when he tasted one of the dainty products of Miss Mary's oven.

Still, he did visit the Cherokee nation; and it was while on this trip that his imprisonment at Spring Place occurred. On hearing of his predicament, General Harden hastened to his release. But the poet was so mortified over the treatment to which he had been subjected that he lost no time in returning to the North, avowing his purpose never again to visit Georgia, without a formal invitation. To this resolution he adhered. However, there were some memories connected with his visit which he did not care to forget and which, through the lonely days and nights succeeding his return to New York, continued softly to serenade him, to the music of his own "Home, Sweet Home."

Between Miss Harden and Payne there doubtless passed a number of letters. But one in particular deserves our attention. In a wild flutter of hope, he wrote to her, on July 18, 1836, telling her that he could offer her naught save his hand and heart and entreating her to smile upon his suit. What her answer to this proposal of marriage was, no one knows. She was always silent upon the subject; but the fact remains that they were never married, though each remained loyal till death. Perhaps the old general himself barred the way. He knew that Payne was a rolling stone; and while he admired the poet's genius he may have doubted his ability to support a helpmeet.

In after years, Payne was sent with a consular appointment to Morocco, by the United States Government. On the eve of his departure Miss Harden requested of him an autographed copy of his renowned song, a boon which he promptly granted. In some mysterious manner this copy disappeared at the time of Miss Harden's death, giving rise to the not unnatural presumption that it was buried with her; but her niece, Miss Mary Jackson, to whom the old Harden home in Athens was willed and who assisted in preparing the body of her beloved aunt for burial, states that, for this supposition there is no ground whatever. It is not unlikely that Miss Harden herself, when warned of approaching death, destroyed with her own hands what was never meant for the eyes of the idly curious.

Payne, after leaving for Morocco, returned to America but once in life. On this occasion he received a wonderful tribute from the famous Jennie Lind, who, turning toward the box in which he sat, in a crowded theater, sang in the richest accents which have doubtless ever been heard on this continent, the familiar words of his inspired song. The great Daniel Webster was a witness to this impressive scene, the memory of which he carried to his grave at Marshfield.

Soon after returning to Morocco, Payne died, on April 9, 1852, at the age of threescore years. He was buried at Tunis, where his body rested for more than three full decades, in a foreign exile, on the shores of North Africa. But finally, in 1883, through the efforts of the great philanthropist, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C., the ashes of the poet were brought back to his native land and reinterred in Oak Hill Cemetery, on the outskirts of the nation's capital. Here, underneath the same ground slab which marked his grave in Tunis, sleeps the gentle poet of the hearthstone. But overlooking the sacred spot there stands a more recent structure of pure white marble, reared by thousands of voluntary contributions. It is surmounted by a life-size bust of the lamented bard and lettered underneath it is the following epitaph: \*

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

Born, June 9, 1792. Died, April 9, 1852.

Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled

To realms above the dome,

With outstretched arms God's angels said:

"Welcome to Heaven's home, sweet home."

MR. CRAWFORD AT THE COURT OF NAPOLEON

Shortly before the drooping banners of the Old Guard had commenced to trail upon the field of Waterloo, there appeared at the Court of France an arrival of unusual dignity of bearing whose whole aspect

\* Vol. II, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.



seemed to suggest that a new emperor had come to Paris. It was evident from the most casual glance that the handsome stranger was no ordinary individual. He clearly bore the majestic stamp; but, coming unheralded and unescorted, he was probably of lesser rank, perhaps some earl or duke, with family connections on the throne. However, an examination of his official papers dispelled the imperial illusion by making it apparent that he boasted neither rank nor title, for he hailed from the lower edge of the Cherokee belt and was none other than the American ambassador, William H. Crawford, of Georgia.

Gigantic in stature, Mr. Crawford stood considerably over six feet tall, but was well proportioned and delicately featured. His ruddy complexion told that he had never known an hour's illness. His broad shoulders, Atlas-like in strength, were surmounted by an immense leonine head such as Phidias might have carved for Jupiter; while, underneath an expansive brow of tinted marble, darted the quick glances of an eagle which seemed to be looking from some mountain eyrie. Before the eyes of one who saw him for the first time, there immediately shot up the figure of the pine, but his courtly bearing and his native ease of manner suggested, on more intimate acquaintance, the richer sheen of the magnolia or the softer velvet of the cedar.

Accompanying Mr. Crawford to France, as secretary of legation, went Dr. Henry Jackson, an accomplished young educator, who had recently been called to the faculty of Franklin College. Doctor Jackson was a younger brother of the famous Gov. James Jackson, who fought the Yazoo Fraud, and was the father of Gen. Henry R. Jackson, who wrote "The Red Old Hills of Georgia." As the result of a deep personal interest, Mr. Crawford had invited Doctor Jackson to accompany him abroad, and the board of trustees granted the young professor a special leave of absence for the purpose of making this trip.

Mr. Crawford remained abroad some two years; and, if not in France at the time of the battle of Waterloo, he at least appears to have witnessed the return of Napoleon from Elba. The period was most eventful; but, even amid the waning fortunes of the empire, the Court of France was surpassingly brilliant. It was on this occasion that Mr. Crawford received from the emperor an involuntary tribute the like of which he is said to have paid to no other mortal man. Doctor Jackson has happily preserved the incident. He says that when the superb figure of the American ambassador was arrayed for the first time in the gorgeous apparel of the French court, he riveted upon himself the astonished gaze of everyone present.

Struck by Mr. Crawford's distinguished appearance, the bewildered Napoleon instinctively bowed his imperial forehead twice; and in speaking of the affair afterwards he frankly confessed that Mr. Crawford was the only man to whom he ever felt actually constrained to bow. This story is well attested. An examination of the old newspaper files will serve to unearth many a racy incident of like character, but none perhaps more striking than this episode of the French court in which William H. Crawford, by wresting tribute honors from the conqueror of Europe, forestalled the triumph of the Duke of Wellington.

#### HOW MR. CRAWFORD MISSED THE PRESIDENCY

On Mr. Crawford's return from France in 1815 he accepted from President Madison the portfolio of war in the cabinet of President Madison, but he was afterwards transferred to the Treasury Department. He discharged the duties of this position so ably that he was retained under President Monroe; but pending the campaign which ushered the new chief executive into the White House, it became evident that Mr. Crawford himself was no mean favorite for the nomination. On counting the votes cast in the convention, it was found that, out of a total of 119 votes, 54 were cast for Mr. Crawford.

Nor did his popularity wane. In 1824 he received the endorsement of his party over Mr. Calhoun, and entered the race under the most flattering prospects of success; but just before the election, by the most untoward caprice of fate, Mr. Crawford was stricken with paralysis. Though defeated, the contest was so close that, like the famous Burr-Jefferson fight of 1801, it was thrown into the national House of Representatives. The candidates were William H. Crawford, Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay. Mr. Adams was finally elected, due, it is said, to the agency of Mr. Clay, who gave his support to the New Englander.

Governor Gilmer states that the attack of paralysis was superinduced by an improper use of lobelia, administered by an inexperienced physician, to relieve an attack of erysipelas. But the malady did not entirely check Mr. Crawford's usefulness. He became judge of the northern circuit of Georgia, a position which he held from 1827 to 1834. Even amid the wreck of his brilliant powers he seems to have retained, in a very marked degree, his wonderful memory. He never lost his love for the old Latin and Greek authors, but still read Homer and Virgil, Cicero and Xenophon, fluently in the originals, and could no doubt have distanced many of the college professors. Moreover, he was a perfect encyclopedia of general knowledge, an index rerum of his generation.

But it was always a pathetic spectacle to see the palsied figure of the old giant as he ambled toward the bench or stammered out the words which once leaped to his lips with such charm of music and such felicity of phrase. Feeble glints of the old fire still gleamed in his eyes, and dim traces of the old Apollo were still visible in his emaciated form, but it was difficult to realize that this infirm old jurist was the great William H. Crawford, of Georgia, for whom the presidential chair of the nation was not considered too high an honor, and to whom even the great Napoleon had twice bent the crown of France.\*

#### ANECDOTE OF MR. CRAWFORD'S SCHOOL-DAYS

Joseph Beckham Cobb narrates the following incident of Mr. Crawford's school-days at Mount Carmel:

"It was determined by himself and some of the elder school boys to enliven the annual public examinations by representing a play. They selected Addison's Cato; and, in forming the cast of characters, that of

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.  
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the Roman senator was of course, assigned to the usher. Crawford was a man of extraordinary height and large limbs, and was always ungraceful and awkward, besides being constitutionally unfitted, in every way, to act any character but his own. However, he cheerfully consented to play Cato. It was a matter of great sport, even during rehearsal as his companions beheld the huge, unsightly usher, with giant strides and stentorian tones, go through with the representation of the stern, precise old Roman. But, on the night of the exhibition, an accident, eminently characteristic of the counterfeit Cato, occurred, which effectually broke up the denouement of the tragedy. Crawford had conducted the Senate scene with tolerable success, though rather boisterously for so solemn an occasion, and had even managed to struggle through with the apostrophe to the soul; but, when the dying scene behind the curtain came to be acted, Cato's groan of agony was bellowed out with such hearty good earnest as totally to scare away the tragic music, and set prompter, players and audience in a general, unrestrained fit of laughter. This was, we believe, the future statesman's first and last theatrical attempt.\*

#### OLD JUDGE DOOLY, OF LINCOLN

Over in what Judge Longstreet calls "the dark corner of Lincoln," there lived during the early part of the last century, an eccentric old judge of the western circuit by the name of Judge John M. Dooly. His wit was proverbial. Perhaps there never sat on the bench in Georgia a man whose faults were more pronounced; and, strange to say, he made no effort to conceal them. He could play a better game of poker and drink a stouter glass of ale than almost any one of the hardened offenders who quailed under his sentences; and he even made his accomplishments in this respect a matter of jest. But in spite of his failings he possessed many sturdy and robust characteristics; and, whatever else may be said of him, he was certainly not a hypocrite. He was unfailingly generous and kind-hearted, and oftentimes the sympathetic tear is said to have lurked behind the judicial frown.

However, his saving grace was his unrivaled wit. This invested him with an outward glamour which made even his faults, in the eyes of the masses, seem virtuous and heroic; and usually the courtroom was crowded with spectators who were less eager to hear the eloquent pleas of counsel than to catch the luminous sparks which fell from the judge's lips. Lawyers seldom twitted or provoked him, dreading the effect upon the jury-box; but the ordinary proceedings gave him frequent occasions for droll comment. Judge Dooly was notably opposed to shedding blood; albeit he came of fighting stock. His father, Col. John Dooly, was killed by the Tories in an unexpected assault upon his home at the outbreak of the Revolution; and his uncle, Capt. Thomas Dooly, suffered death in like manner at the hands of the Indians several years previous. But the judge himself possessed little of the martial instinct. He detected no music in the roar of musketry; he sniffed no perfume in the smell of gunpowder. He was pronouncedly a man of peace; and, if tradition can be trusted, he even carried his preference for the olive-

\* Joseph Beckham Cobb in "Leisure Hours."

branch so far that when someone ventured to call him a liar he accepted the epithet as gracefully as if the offender had tendered him the instrument which Apollo gave to Orpheus.

Happily for Judge Dooly, his genial humor has served to keep him in green remembrance. Indeed, his name leaps glibly to our lips, when we find it difficult to recall many of his contemporaries who were distinguished for much greater achievements; and it all goes to show that for preserving purposes at least the salt of Attica is better than the spice of Sparta. In politics, Judge Dooly was a federalist. This accounts in some measure for the fact that he rose no higher than a circuit judgeship. Election day almost invariably found him short at the polls. But he scored heavily on his opponent while the campaign was in progress; and kept the countryside in a good humor. He was a musketeer and a swordsman both in the use of the King's English; and few and far between were the politicians who had the temerity in joint debate with this dreaded Ajax to hazard the fire of his deadly batteries, or to challenge the flash of his Damascus blade. Concerning Judge Dooly's peculiar whimsicalities there are still enough legends afloat in Georgia to fill an ordinary octavo volume of anecdotes. Most of them are spurious, but enough are genuine and well authenticated to establish the primacy which he enjoyed among the great jurists of his day for pure and unadulterated wit. If Dickens could only have met this unique character, he might have improved upon the drolleries of Pickwick.\*

#### JUDGE DOOLY'S BEE-GUM

On a certain occasion, when the famous feud between Clark and Crawford was at its height, Judge Dooly became involved in a controversy with his predecessor upon the bench: Judge Charles Tait. As a result Judge Tait challenged him to mortal combat. There are several versions to this story, but, according to one of them, Judge Dooly accepted the challenge and actually appeared upon the scene of encounter, though he was notoriously opposed to shedding blood, especially from his own veins.

General Clark was Judge Dooly's second, while Mr. Crawford, in a like capacity, served Judge Tait; and the affair was probably planned with the utmost seriousness by the friends of both parties. Now, it happened that one of Judge Tait's bodily infirmities was a wooden leg, and it was a knowledge of this fact which inspired Judge Dooly's singular feat of valor. At the appointed time, Judge Tait, with his second, Mr. Crawford, appeared upon the scene of action, where he discovered Judge Dooly sitting patiently alone upon a stump. In reply to an inquiry from Mr. Crawford, concerning the whereabouts of General Clark, with whom he wished to confer in advance of the duel, Judge Dooly replied:

"General Clark is in the woods looking for a bee-gum."

"May I inquire," asked Mr. Crawford, "what use he intends to make of a bee-gum?"

"I want to put my leg in it," replied Judge Dooly. "Do you suppose for a minute that I am going to risk a good leg of flesh and blood against

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.



Tait's wooden stump? If I hit his leg, he can get him another one before tomorrow morning; but if he hits mine I may lose my life, certainly my leg; and to put myself on equal footing with Tait, I must have a bee-gum for protection. I can then fight him on equal terms."

"Then am I to understand that you do not intend to fight Judge Tait?" inquired Mr. Crawford.

"Well," responded Judge Dooley, "I thought every one knew that."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Crawford, "but you will fill a newspaper column in consequence of this day's business."

"So be it," replied the judge, with an arch smile, "I would rather fill a dozen newspapers than one coffin."

There was nothing more to be said. Judge Tait was, of course, chagrined at this unexpected turn of affairs. He expected to humiliate Judge Dooley, even if he could not force him to fight; but Judge Dooley had cleverly managed the situation and, without putting his good legs in jeopardy, had come off the victor. Gallant Jack Falstaff himself could not have managed the affair with keener strategy or with cooler discretion.

#### ANECDOTES OF JUDGE DOOLEY

When canvassing for re-election to the judgeship of the northern circuit before the Legislature during the stormy session of 1825, in consequence of the warlike message of Governor Troup, the latter's political adversaries, among whom the judge belonged, branded him with madness; to which Judge Dooley most happily replied, in the midst of a large number of Governor Troup's friends:

"If he is mad, I wish the same mad dog that bit him would bite me."

This saying so pleased and conciliated his opponents that they voted for him almost to a man, and he was triumphantly re-elected.

The writer was riding out with the judge one day for the purpose of viewing, as he termed it, the beautiful little Village of Warrenton, which he always insisted was next to Wrightsboro, the loveliest in the circuit. It was in the afternoon of the day on which the citizens had met, during the recess of the court, to discuss the ruinous policy of the tariff of 1828; when seeing the village swarming with happy children just turned loose from school he inquired if all those children belonged there. On being answered in the affirmative, with the additional statement that he did not see half of them, he replied:

"Well, this is a species of domestic industry which needs no duties to protect it. The South is rich in children, tariff or no tariff."

On one occasion he was most happy in giving a hint to a landlord in one of the upper counties, who had honored him by presenting the judge every day for dinner, during the session, with a half-grown hog in the shape of a stuffed baked pig. He attended upon the table every day, without injury; no fork had pierced him, no knife had cut him. At the close of the term, on finishing the dinner of the last day, he turned to the sheriff and ordered him to discharge the pig upon his own recognition, to be and appear at the next term of the court, with the thanks of the court for his prompt and faithful attendance thereupon.

On another occasion, during the protracted trial of a criminal case in Hancock, a friend was discovered by the judge to be always drinking out of a certain little pitcher which sat before him and which, by-the-by, had plenty of apple toddy in it. The judge at length became thirsty, as well he might, and called for water. The sheriff sprang down to the pail, which sat in the corner, and brought a tumbler of water for the judge. On its being presented to him, he shook his head, and, with a significant manner, which all understood, begged him to let him have some out of the pitcher which Mr. H. was using. It was brought; and, having tasted it copiously, under the gaze of all present, the judge smacked his lips and returned it saying that it was the best water he had tasted since he came to the village, and enjoined it upon Mr. Bailiff always to draw from the same spring.

At a certain dining party, the ladies present were speaking very highly of one of the sex who had just come among them as a bride, saying that she was a lady of such fine, even temper, they knew the judge would be glad to meet her; whereupon he replied that, under different circumstances, he should be gratified to do so, but, as she was a lady of fine, uniform temper, he must beg to be excused, for he never knew but one lady of this character—old George C's wife; he had known her intimately for forty years, during the whole of which time she had been of uniform temper; she had been mad—uniformly mad, without the least variation—ever since he first met her, and he prayed God that he might never meet another!

One cold morning, during the spring term of Hancock Court, he seemed to be quite husky in his voice and laboring under a cold, when a member of the bar inquired of him after his health. He replied that he had a severe attack of the quinsy—for, as cold as the wind blew, there was a man who came and stood all the morning at the courthouse door with only his morning gown on, and no cravat; that the sight of the man had affected his throat so much it was quite sore; and that he should have to resort to his hoar-hound before night if it did not get better.

The ruling passion is strong, even in death. When confined to his bed for the last time, a friend called to inquire of his condition. He replied that he had a bad cold without any cough to suit it. He was a man of the warmest charity. He observed on one occasion, when a poor beggar asked him for alms, that he was early taught, from refusing to give an unfortunate widow in Savannah, never to let the devil cheat him out of another opportunity of bestowing charity; that he had determined to err on the safe side ever after; and to give something in all cases of doubt.

His versatility of character was great. On one occasion he entered into a room where a faro-bank was in operation, while he was judge, and insisted on putting an end to the practice by winning all the stakes. He declared that in his opinion the law was a dead letter, compared to one severe beating, with a gambler; that he was a fit subject of punishment only when his last dollar was won; that while the gambler had money, he was sorry to find that he always had friends. He said that

it was laying the axe at the root of the tree, to break them up at a fair game.

At Hancock Court, the judge had to impose a fine on two men who were brought before him for a riot. He called for some paper from Philip Sims, the clerk, who was known to be a rigid economist, in fact, so much so that he rarely handed over more paper than was barely sufficient for what was required. When, after much ado, Sims handed over a piece of paper both small and dirty, the judge turned the scrap over and over; then of a sudden he threw it down contemptuously on the bald pate of the clerk, saying: "I would not fine a dog on such a scrap as that. Go, gentlemen, and sin no more. Else the next time I will see to it that you are fined on gilt-edged paper."

At Taliaferro Court, one dark and gloomy night, the judge had retired to rest in a room which chanced to be just under the one in which most of the lawyers attendant upon the court were lodging. The gentlemen above were telling anecdotes and making quite an uproar of laughter, accompanied by the scraping of feet and the rattling of chairs, much to the judge's annoyance. Suddenly a dreadful encounter seemed to be going on in the judge's chamber; chairs and sticks and blows were distinctly heard. Immediately all the members of the bar rushed into his room below to see what it meant; and, to the mortification and surprise of every one, the judge was beating one chair with another, over the whole floor, apparently in a furious passion. "What is the matter?" asked one of the lawyers. "Nothing," he replied; "I was only keeping time with the noise upstairs."

Once, at Hancock, he was much enraged at the disorderly conduct of two members of the bar. He remarked sternly that they must be seated, when one of them, after sitting down quickly, made an effort to rise for the purpose of apologizing. He was about half way up when the judge discovered him. "Mr. G.," said he, "rise if you dare, and you are fined one hundred dollars;" whereupon Mr. G., being half bent, made an effort to speak, when he silenced him again; "Just speak a word, and you are fined one hundred dollars." So, being confounded and confused, half rising and half speaking, Mr. G. made such a grotesque appearance as to excite the universal laughter of those present; when the judge, collecting himself and cooling down, mildly remarked: "Mr. G. has the floor and is now in order. You can both rise and speak till you are satisfied, provided you do so one at a time."

To secure proper attention for a favorite horse, which he often drove, it was Judge Dooley's custom, on reaching a hotel, to ask if he could secure quarters for his horse, as well as for himself. On receiving a response in the affirmative, he would then apologize for his horse, by informing the landlord that he had not long since purchased him of a Frenchman; that he had not learned to speak English; and that he was desirous he should be put in charge of a faithful hostler, who would feed, water, and carry him three times a day and furnish him a nice pallet of straw at night.

I am now reminded of one more anecdote which is very characteristic of the man. A certain lawyer in Lincoln County was a candidate before the people for a seat in the Legislature. When asked by the judge as to his prospects in the coming election, he replied that he was apprehensive he would be defeated, as the people of the county had a strong prejudice against voting for a lawyer. "Oh," replied the judge, "if that is all, I will aid you, for you can get a certificate from me at any time that you are no lawyer."

Judge Dooley's mind was as clear as light and as thick as thought. He seems never to have been at a loss for a correct understanding of the case tried before him, no matter how complicated. He readily unraveled it, exposed the fallacy and sophistry which counsel might throw around it, and presented its true merits to the jury. His memory was very tenacious. He seems never to have forgotten any case he read or any decision he heard, while a practicing attorney at the bar. His recollection of the names of parties and witnesses was no less wonderful. He seemed to fall in love, almost intuitively, with system and order in speaking of any subject. He used but few words, and those always to the point.

Before he went on the bench, Judge Dooley was very fond of cards, and was not always restrained afterwards. I heard him say that he never went to a faro-table determined to win a moderate sum and stop, that he did not succeed if left to his own judgment. He went to Augusta on one occasion, determined to win 50 guineas each night during his stay. He carried out his resolution for several nights, and was progressing well the last night, till some intermeddling friend began to advise him, when bad luck commenced. Then he began to drink, continued to lose, and proceeded until he lost all.

He lived in the midst of a large plantation. A long lane led down to his gate, which you opened and rode some hundred yards up to his house. One very hot day a neighbor came to the large gate and called and beckoned until he made the judge come through the hot sun to where he was; and, when within speaking distance the neighbor asked him if he had seen anything of Mark Bond, another neighbor. "No," said Dooley, as he turned about and walked back to his porch, whence he watched him in search of Mark Bond as long as he was within reach of a halloo by Dooley. He then called and beckoned until the neighbor rode back through the gate and up to the porch, when the judge said: "I have not seen Mark Bond, and do not care if I never do," and turned on his heel and walked into the house.

I witnessed the scene of ordering the sheriff to discharge the stuffed pig on his own recognizance, which, together with the breaking of the faro-bank at Wilkes Court, you have no doubt heard.

When I first came to the bar, Wilkes Court sat from two or three weeks in July. One evening a lawyer of this place, during the July court, asked the judge and several other gentlemen, among whom was myself, to his office to eat watermelons. The judge had complained all

the week of my being unusually slow in transacting my business. After we had eaten all the melons before us, I proposed to go with another friend a few steps off for some more. "No, no, Andrews, don't you go," said Dooly; "they will get too ripe before you return."

He was of feeble health, and more peevish when unwell than at other times, though always irritable. He also had great contempt for anything like foppery. Being sick at Milledgeville, he was confined to the second story of the hotel. His friends had advised him to have a young doctor to prescribe for him who was rather foppish, and wore heavy brass-heeled boots, just as they were coming into vogue. After he had visited the patient once or twice, Dooly became disgusted with his manners, and thought the doctor took unusual pains to let him know that he was shod after the latest fashion. He could hear the brass heels ring at every step upstairs and to his door. When the doctor arrived on his third visit, Dooly called out:

"Ride in, doctor; ride in!"

On one occasion, at Hancock, he was trying a prisoner for murder, and the case turned on the point whether he was justified in shooting the deceased. The jury returned a verdict that "the prisoner had the right to shoot." So soon as the verdict was read out, Dooly cried, in great alarm, "Take care, Mr. Sheriff; take care that he doesn't shoot this way!" Dooly's father was prosecuting attorney about the close of the Revolution, when some eight or ten men were hung in this county, under indictments about as long as your finger. [Perhaps they were tories; if so, additional light is thrown on the tragic manner of his death.] Judge Dooly was born in Lincoln County, near the Savannah River, and saw his father killed by the tories during the Revolutionary war, or soon after.\*

The author has heard a few things outside of his correspondence, which he gives for what they are worth:

Judge Dooly and the late Major Freeman Walker disagreed at a public dinner, when the latter observed that he had borne with the liberties taken by Judge Dooly long enough, and that, since the attack upon his feelings had been public, so should be the redress. He thereupon seized a chair and advanced on Judge Dooly, who seized a large carving knife for his defense. Several gentlemen sprang forward to keep the judge from stabbing his assailant, and only one gentleman held back Major Walker. Looking calmly at the scene, Judge Dooly said: "Gentlemen, one of you will be sufficient to keep me from doing mischief; the rest of you keep your hands on Major Walker." Of course, the affair ended in an explosion of merriment, and friendly relations were soon restored.

At the close of a court, having settled his tavern bill and ordered his horse, the judge came from his room with a very small pillow under his arm, a miniature likeness of the more satisfactory article, on which after the toils of the day it is pleasant to repose the head. Some one inquired of him what he was going to do with the pillow. "I am going to plant it in some rich soil," said he, "so it will be large enough by the next term of the court."

\* Judge Garnett Andrews, in a letter to Maj. Stephen F. Miller.

Quite a good hit was made by the judge at McComb's Hotel, soon after the election of Mr. Adams to the presidency in 1825. It is said that a young man was complaining that the country was disgraced by the election of Mr. Adams; that such a man as Mr. Crawford, the wisest and soundest statesman of the age, should be passed over; that even General Jackson was to be preferred to the successful candidate. Judge Dooly was sitting before the fire, with his head dropped on the back of his chair, attentively listening. Then raising up and looking the grumbler in the face, he said, "Young man, does Mr. Adams know that you are opposed to him?" "No, sir," he replied, "I wish he did know how little I thought of him." With a twinkle of the eye and a cutting tone of the voice usual in his sarcastic moods, the judge administered this consolation: "Suppose I write on to let Mr. Adams know that you are dissatisfied with his election. Perhaps he will resign." In a moment, the youthful politician glided into the street, not waiting to join in the roar of laughter which followed at his expense from the large number of persons present.

Governor Gilmer, in his published work ["Gilmer's Georgians"], thus speaks of Judge Dooly: "His capacity was sufficient for any attainment if it had been properly directed and actively employed. Unfortunately for himself and for society, he was, when young, under the influence of idle, drunken, gambling associates. Though his estate was large, his education was neglected. His scholastic knowledge was limited to what he learned from the common schoolmasters of his time. His features were of the finest cast. His large, protruding black eyes indicated to any one who looked into them his extraordinary genius. He was a lawyer, and would have been the most successful at the Georgia bar, if his habits had corresponded with his talents. Mr. Forsyth was his only countryman who equaled him in polemic party discussion."\*

#### PEN-PICTURE OF JUDGE DOOLY

Maj. Stephen F. Miller who, when a young man, made the acquaintance of Judge Dooly, has left us the following pen-picture of the noted jurist. Says he:

"When I first knew this extraordinary man, he was in the prime of life; and I shall never forget the impression which his person made upon me. He was about the medium size, and his head always seemed too large for his body, his mind too active and strong for his frame. His forehead was bold and elevated, his eye-brows heavy, his nose prominent, his mouth small and compressed, and his eyes, large and sparkling, with long eye-lashes, which, frequently opening and shutting, gave his countenance an expression as if under the influence of an electric battery, from which the beholder at first sight, was almost sure to recoil. His peculiarity of voice, which was sharp and discordant, was also well calculated to enforce attention. But there was a point, a spice, a felicity of expression, in what he said which showed him at once to advantage and which drew all other tongues into silence when he spoke. The learned and ignorant, the old and the young, all felt his power to

\* Stephen F. Miller, in "Bench and Bar of Georgia," Vol. I.



please, and did him honor. It was his wit and sarcasm which gave him this pre-eminence. I never knew his equal in either. Yet the very subject of his wit, from the happy manner in which it was played upon him by the judge, was generally the first to join in the loud and hearty laughter which it produced; and even the unfortunate object of his sarcasm soon recovered from the overwhelming blast, from a consciousness that it resulted, not from any settled malice in the judge but from a mere wanton desire to punish with which the God of nature had endowed him. If his adversary would give him a time of parance, the difficulty was adjusted by a single stroke of good humor, which often followed the most writhing and seathing thunderbolt."

#### GOVERNOR MATHEWS: AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER

Gov. George R. Gilmer has given us the following pen-picture of Governor Mathews, one of the most eccentric characters of his day:

He was a short, thick man, with stout legs, on which he stood very straight. He carried his head rather thrown back. His features were full and bluff; his hair, light red; his complexion, fair and florid. His looks spoke out that he would not fear to meet the devil, should he meet him face to face. He admitted no superior but General Washington. He spoke of his services to the country as unsurpassed, except by those of his great chief. He loved to talk of himself, as enthusiastic youths do of Alexander or Caesar. His dress was in unison with his looks and conversation. He wore a three-cornered cocked hat, top boots, a shirt full-ruffled at the bosom and wrists, and occasionally a long sword at his side. Qualities were united in him which are never found in one person, except an Irishman.

To listen to his talk about himself, his children and his affairs, one might have thought that he was but a puff of wind; trade with him, and he was found to be one of the shrewdest of men; fight with him, and he never failed to act the hero. He was unlearned. When he read, it was always aloud; and with the confidence which accompanies the consciousness of doing a thing well. He always pronounced the *l* in "would" "should" and the *ed* at the termination of compound words, with a long drawing accent. He spelled coffee "Kaughphy," and wrote "Congress" with a *k*. When governor, he dictated his messages to his secretary and then sent them to James Madison Simmons, the Irish school-master, to put them into grammar.

His memory was unequalled. Whilst he was a member of Congress, an important document which had been read during the session was lost. He was able to repeat its contents verbatim. Previous to the Revolutionary war he was sheriff of Augusta County, Virginia, and had to collect the taxes from the inhabitants. He recollected for a long time the name of every taxpayer. His memory, combined with his sharpness in trade, enabled him to make lucrative speculations in the most unusual way. He used to go from Philadelphia to Ohio with three or four horses for his capital in trade. He knew all the officers of the Revolutionary army entitled to land in Ohio. He found that men would take a horse for an uncertain claim, who would refuse to sell at all if money were offered, from the opinion that money, which was very scarce, would not

be given but for what was known to be of value. He acquired a large estate in lands, principally by this kind of traffic.

During his term of office as governor, an act was passed by the Legislature, usually called the Yazoo Fraud, for selling to several companies, for \$500,000, upwards of forty millions of acres in territory which now makes the states of Alabama and Mississippi. All the members of the Legislature who voted for the act secured money or shares in the companies, except one. The governor had been opposed to all the previous schemes for disposing of the public land. It was with great difficulty that his consent was obtained to put his signature to the act for its sale. The morning after it was rumored that his scruples had been overcome, his secretary, Urquhart, endeavored to arrest his intended signature, through his inherited Irish superstition. He dipped the pen which was used by the governor in oil. Though startled by his pen obstinately refusing to make a mark, he was not thus to be deterred from his purpose. He directed his secretary to make another pen, with which he signed his approval. The bribery was noised abroad by rumor's hundred tongues. Those disappointed in getting a share of the public lands for little or nothing united with the honest and patriotic in raising such a clamor of indignation as had never before been heard. Stout as the governor's spirit was, he had to yield to the storm. He quitted Georgia, never afterwards to make it his home long at a time.

Mr. Adams, when President, nominated General Mathews to the Senate for governor of the Mississippi Territory, but afterwards withdrew the nomination upon finding the opposition to his appointment very great. On hearing of this turn of affairs, General Mathews immediately set out for Philadelphia, where Congress then assembled, to chastise the President. Upon his arrival in Philadelphia, he rode directly to the house of Mr. Adams, hitched his horse, and went to the door, his Revolutionary sword at his thigh, his three-cornered cocked hat on his head, and gave a thundering knock. Upon a servant opening it, he demanded to see the President. He was told that he was engaged. General Mathews then said to the servant:

"I presume your business is to carry messages. Now if you do not immediately inform the president that a gentleman wishes to speak to him, your head will answer the consequences."

The servant bowed, retired, and informed the President that a strange old fellow, who called himself General Mathews, wished to see him, and would take no denial. Mr. Adams directed that he should be admitted. Upon entering the room where the President was, he said:

"I presume you are Mr. Adams, President of these United States. My name is Mathews, sometimes called Governor Mathews, well known at the battle of Jarmantown as Colonel Mathews of the Virginia line. Now, sur, I understand that you nominated me to the Senate of these United States to be Governor of Massassappa Terratory, and that afterwards you took back the nomination. If you did not know me, you should not have nominated me to so important an office. Now, Sur, unless you can satisfy me, your station of President of these United States shall not screen you from my vantage."

Mr. Adams accordingly set about satisfying him, which he did with the utmost good will on account of the general being a stout federalist. Inquiring after his sons and receiving a most laudatory description of them, he promised to appoint John supervisor of the public revenues in Georgia. Whereupon the general expressed himself content, saying: "My son John is a man about my inches, with the advantage of a labral education, and for his integrity, I pledge my head."\*

#### TOOMBS, THE IMPASSIONED MIRABEAU

The mesmerism of genius has never held Georgia more completely enthralled than when fleshed in the personality and christened under the name of Robert Toombs. In the separate aspects of his character, Mr. Toombs was not without successful rivals. In political statecraft, he was not the equal of Howell Cobb. In constructive statesmanship, Mr. Stephens surpassed him. In cohesive oratory, he was not the equal of Mr. Hill. In sagacious foresight and mental equipoise, he must readily yield the palm to Joseph E. Brown. But in the assemblage of all his gifts he was an undisputed sovereign who in his prime strode the hustings, swayed the councils, and ruled the politics of Georgia, with the jure divino of the royal Stuart.

However, unless exception be made of the State Constitution Convention, of 1877, Mr. Toombs lent his great powers to the building up of no substantial fabric which today survives. Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, was the first to liken him to the fiery tribune of France. Said he: "I have heard John Randolph, of Roanoke, and met Burgess, of Rhode Island, but this wild Georgian is another Mirabeau." The comparison is not far-fetched. Under the spell of his cyclonic oratory, the listener sat transfixed. He seemed to be witnessing some splendid storm at sea; or, better still, some Alpine cataract, hurling its organ thunder against the battlements of basic rock and shaking its diamond plumage in the sun.

Prodigal of his abundant resources, Mr. Toombs was utterly indifferent to his harvests, husbanding none of his resources, preserving none of his speeches; and while the records of men less gifted are preserved in tablets more enduring, the trophies of his colossal leadership are fading with the generations which applauded them, vanishing like splendid vapors and leaving no indelible impress upon the landmarks of history except the memorials of his destructive passage.

Mr. Toombs was the choice of many loyal and warm supporters for President of the Confederate states. But not a few of his admirers were inclined to think that his fiery and impetuous spirit was ill-adapted to the grave responsibilities of the supreme command. He really possessed calmer and cooler judgment than his dramatic temper indicated; but he was wholly unselfish in the matter. Acquiescing in the election of Mr. Davis, who defeated him by only one vote, the great propagandist of secession accepted the post of premier in the cabinet. This position he filled for only a short while, when differences with Mr. Davis led him to believe that he could serve his country more acceptably in the field.

\* George R. Gilmer, in "Sketches of Some of the First Settlers of Upper Georgia."



THE OLD HOME OF ROBERT TOOMBS, IN WASHINGTON

As a senator, Mr. Toombs was superb, towering far above most of his colleagues in the American house of peers. He survived the war by more than twenty years; but stubbornly refusing to take the oath of allegiance he went to his grave "an unpardoned rebel"—a distinction in which he gloried. His name and his genius are thus forever associated with the fiery maelstrom of secession. Taken in all the amplitude of his splendid gifts, he was an intellectual Samson; but like another Samson, of holy writ and olden time, who bore upon his back the gates of Gaza, slaughtered Philistines like insects, and wrestled victoriously with lions, he threw his arms at last around the pillars of his prison house, only to find his death-bed and his sepulchre and the splendid ashes of the edifice.\*

#### ANECDOTES OF GENERAL TOOMBS

"Georgia shall pay her debts," said General Toombs on one occasion. "If she does not, I will pay them for her!" This piece of hyperbole was softened by the fact that on two occasions, when the state needed money to supply deficits, Toombs, with other Georgians did come forward and lift the pressure. Sometimes he talked in a random way, but responsibility always sobered him. He was impatient of fraud and stupidity, often full of exaggeration, but scrupulous when the truth was relevant. Always strict and punctilious in his engagements, he boasted that he never had a dirty shilling in his pocket.

The men who left the country for the country's good and came South to fatten on the spoils of reconstruction, furnished unending targets for his satire. He declared that these so-called developers came for pelf, not for patriotism. "Why, these men," said he, "are like thieving elephants. They will uproot an oak or pick up a pin. They will steal anything from a button to an empire."

"I hope the Lord will allow me to go to Heaven as a gentleman," he used to say. "Some of these Georgia politicians I do not want to meet. I would like to associate with Socrates and Shakespeare."

During his arguments before the Supreme Court, General Toombs used to abuse the governor and the Bullock Legislature in round terms. The court adopted a rule that no lawyer should be allowed, while conducting a case, to abuse a coordinate branch of the government. General Toombs was informed that if he persisted in this practice he would be held in contempt. The next time Toombs went before the court, he alluded to the fugitive governor in very severe language.

"May it please your Honors," said he, "the Governor has now absconded. The little rule of the Court was doubtless intended to catch me. But, in seeking to protect the powers that be, I presume that you did not intend to defend the powers that were."

General Toombs was once asked in a crowd, at the Kimball House, in Atlanta, what he thought of the North. "My opinion of the Yankees," said he, "is apostolic. Alexander, the coppersmith, did me much evil. The Lord reward him according to his works." A Federal officer was standing in the crowd. He said: "Well, General, we whipped you,

anyhow." "No," replied Toombs, "we just wore ourselves out whipping you."

The spoilers in the State Legislature he called "an assemblage of manikins whose object was no higher than their breeches pockets, seekers of jobs and judgeships, anything for pap or plunder, an amalgamation of white rogues and blind negroes, gouging the treasury and disgracing the commonwealth."\*

Alluding, in the course of his famous Bush Arbor speech, in Atlanta, in 1868, to General Longstreet, who had been a member of the republican party, General Toombs said: "I would not have him tarnish his own laurels. I respect his courage, honor his devotion to his cause, and regret his errors." And he thereupon proceeded to denounce the ruling party in Georgia as a mass of floating putrescence, which rots while it rises and rises while it rots.†

The spirit of Toombs dominated the convention (i. e., the Constitutional Convention of 1877). Men moved up the aisle to sit at his feet while he poured out his strong appeal. One-half of the body was filled with admiration, the other half with alarm. "It is a sacred thing to shake the pillars upon which the property of the country rests," said Mr. Hammond, of Fulton. "Better shake the pillars of property than the pillars of liberty," thundered this Georgia Samson, with his thews girt for the fray. "The great question is: Shall Georgia govern the corporations, or the corporations govern Georgia? Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve!"

The house rang with applause. Members clustered about the old man as about the form of a prophet. The majority was with him. The articles which he advocated came from the committee without recommendation, but they were substantially adopted, and are now parts of the supreme law of the land. The victory was won, and Robert Toombs, grim and triumphant, closed his legislative career, and claimed this work as the crowning act of his public labors. (These principles are contained in the Constitution of Georgia, Article IV.)

When the convention concluded its labors, General Toombs went before the people and threw himself with enthusiasm into the canvass. He took the stump, and everywhere his voice was heard in favor of the adoption of the new organic law. Many of the officers whose terms had been cut off and whose salaries had been reduced, appeared against the constitution. General Toombs declared that those public men who did not approve of the lower salaries might "pour them back in the jug." This homely phrase became a by-word in the canvass. It had its adoption in this way: In the Creek war, in which "Captain Toombs" commanded a company made up of volunteers from Wilkes, Elbert, and Lincoln counties, a negro named Kinch went along as whisky sutler. As he served out the liquor, some of the soldiers complained of the price he asked. His answer was, "Well, sir, if you don't like it, sir, pour it back in the jug."

\* Pleasant A. Stovall, in "Life of Robert Toombs."

† Stovall's "Life of Toombs."



In the state election of December, 1877, the new constitution was overwhelmingly adopted, and will remain for generations the organic law of the Empire State of the South.\*

On the 30th of September, 1885, Robert Toombs was confined to his house by illness. It was a general breaking down of his whole system. It was evident that he was nearing the end. During his last illness his mind would wander, and then his faculties would return with singular clearness. He suffered little pain. As Henry Grady said of him, it seemed that his kingly power and great vitality, which had subdued everything else, would finally conquer death. His ruling instinct was strong in dissolution. He still preserved to the last his faculty of grasping with ease public situations, and of framing terse epigrams, which he threw out like proverbs.

During one of his lucid intervals, he asked for the news. He was told that the Georgia Legislature was still in session.

"Lord, send for Cromwell," he answered, and turned on his pillow.

He talked in his delirium of Mr. Stephens and Doctor Steiner. The latter recalled him and said: "General, I am here by your side; Mr. Stephens, you know, has crossed over the river." Coming to himself, the feeble old man said: "Yes, I know I am fast passing away. Life's fitful fever will soon be over. I would not blot out a single act of my life."

Doctor Steiner declared that he never before realized so fully the appropriateness of Mr. Stephens' tribute to Toombs: "His was the greatest mind with which I ever came in contact. Its operations, even in its errors, remind me of a mighty waste of waters."†

#### THE TOOMBS OAK

A story of Robert Toombs has swung round the circle of the papers of late years, which represents him as expelled from college for gambling. He stands beneath the old oak in front of the chapel at commencement and pours forth such burning words of eloquence that the chapel is deserted and the speakers left to declaim to empty benches. And from this circumstance the tree has ever since been known as the "Toombs Oak." It has been said that on the day Mr. Toombs died, the old oak was struck by lightning and destroyed. There is not the semblance of truth in the story. It was a fabrication of Henry W. Grady, who, in an admiring sketch of the great Georgian, wrote charmingly of his wonderful eloquence and pointed it with a story from his own vivid imagination.‡

The following anecdote is told of the student Toombs: With a lot of boys, he was engaged one night in an escapade of mischief, when one of the members of the faculty appeared upon the scene, much to the dismay of the culprits. The other, however, escaped in the darkness.

\* Stovall's "Life of Toombs."

† Pleasant A. Stovall, in "Life of Robert Toombs."

‡ A. L. Hull, in "A Historical Sketch of the University of Georgia," p. 45.

Mr. Toombs alone was caught. He resolved to brazen it out; and, facing the professor with an unruffled front, he said:

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion."

#### TOOMBS AT COLLEGE

Touching the college life of Mr. Toombs, some racy incidents have been preserved by his biographer, Mr. Stovall. Says he: There is no record to prove that Robert Toombs in college was a close scholar. Later in life he became a hard student and a laborious worker. But if these industrious habits were born in him in Athens, there is no trace of them. In his long career he gave ample evidence that he had been a reader of Shakespeare and history, but if the legends of his college town are to be trusted, he was more noted for outbreaks of mischief than for close application to text-books. Full of life and spirit, a healthy, impetuous boy, he was on good terms with his classmates and took life easily. It was a time when students were required to get up at sunrise and attend prayers.

One night, the story goes, the vigilant proctor actually found young Toombs playing cards with some of his friends. Fearing a reprimand, Toombs sought his guardian (Hon. Thomas W. Cobb), who happened to be in Athens, on a visit from his home in Greensboro. It is not certain that young Toombs communicated the enormity of his offense, but he obtained leave to apply to Doctor Waddell for a letter of dismissal. The learned but severe scholar, not having received the proctor's report, acceded to the demand. Later in the day the president met him walking around the campus.

"Robert Toombs," said he, "you took advantage of me this morning. I did not then know that you had been caught at the card table last evening."

Thereupon the youth straightened up and informed the doctor that he was no longer addressing a student of his college, but a free-born American citizen. The halls of Athens are fragrant with these stories of Toombs. No man ever left so distinctive a stamp upon the place or gave such spicy flavor to its traditions. Among the college mates of Robert Toombs at Athens were Stephen Olin, Robert Dougherty, and Daniel Chandler, the grandfather of the unfortunate Mrs. Maybrick, of England, and whose chaste and convincing appeal for female education resulted in the establishment of Wesleyan Female College—the first seminary in the world for the higher culture of women.

The closest of these companionships was that of George F. Pierce, a young man like Toombs, full of brain and energy, and even then a striking and sparkling figure. The paths of these two men commenced at the door of their alma mater, and though their ways were widely divergent, the friends never parted. Two of the greatest orators in Georgia, one left his impress as strongly upon the Church as did the other upon the State. One became a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the other a whig senator. One day these men met, both in the zenith of power, when Toombs said:

"Well, George, you are fighting the devil, and I am fighting the Democrats."

When Robert Toombs became prominent in Georgia, there is a story that the State University, in order to win back his friendship, conferred upon him an honorary degree. Toombs is represented as having spurned it with characteristic scorn. "No," said he, "when I was unknown and friendless, you refused me a diploma and sent me out disgraced. Now, when I can honor the degree, I do not want it." But the records do not show that the college ever conferred a degree upon Toombs at all. Later in life he was elected a trustee, and each year his familiar figure was seen on the stage during commencement, and his wise counsel heard in the meetings of the board.

There is a regular mythology about Toombs at the State University. The things he said would fill a volume of Sydney Smith, while the pranks he played would rival the record of Robin Hood. There is still standing on the college campus in Athens a noble tree, 1892, with the crown of a century upon it. Under its spreading branches the first college commencement was held 100 years ago; under it, too, the student Toombs once stood and addressed his classmates; and of all the men who have gone in and out beneath its shade, but one name has been found sturdy enough to link with this monument of a forgotten forest. The boys to this day call it "The Toombs Oak."\*

Mr. Hull, in the same work to which reference is above made, gives the facts in connection with the dismissal of Mr. Toombs from college, and quotes from the official records the following paragraph: "R. Toombs called J. H. a shameful name, which he acknowledged to the faculty, and the said H. attacked him and beat him on Friday night. Toombs went to H.'s room with bowie knife and pistol, threw the knife at G. H. and pointed the pistol at J. H., while another student wrested it from him. Afterwards Toombs attacked J. H. with a knife and hatchet, but students interfered, preventing injury. Saturday morning, Toombs waylaid the H.'s, attacking J. H. with club and pistol."† Mr. Hull was for many years secretary and treasurer of the board of trustees.

#### REFUSED TO ACCEPT HIS FREEDOM

Uncle Billy Toombs, the former slave of Gen. Robert Toombs, died at the ripe old age of eighty-seven years. When General Toombs was born, Billy was eleven years old; and the latter was at once assigned to duty as the boy in waiting to the infant. When young Toombs reached mature years and married, his father presented him with Billy, and ever afterwards the closest friendship existed between the two men. Billy accompanied his master to Washington, to the watering places, and to Europe. In this way he became familiar with many distinguished people. Before the war he possessed an intense hatred of abolitionists. When the war was over and the Toombs family had gathered once at the old family mansion, Billy returned with the rest.

"You are free now, Billy," said General Toombs, addressing the old man.

\*Pleasant A. Stovall, in "The Life of Robert Toombs."

† A. L. Hull, in "A Historical Sketch of the University of Georgia," p. 45.

"I'll never be free fum my ole marster," replied the faithful negro, "an' I'll follow you fer de rest ob my days."

To this General Toombs replied:

"Very well, Billy, then I'll take care of you."

Uncle Billy continued to be the most devoted of servants, looking after his master's interests as if they were his own. When General Toombs died, he left full provision for Uncle Billy's maintenance, and no mourner at the general's grave shed warmer tears than did the faithful old African, who lingered there long after the crowd had melted away.\*

#### HOW GENERAL TOOMBS ELUDED ARREST

At the conclusion of the war, Secretary Stanton issued specific orders for the arrest of Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, and Robert Toombs. Mr. Stephens was arrested quietly at his home in Crawfordville, on the 12th of May, 1865, two days after Mr. Davis had been overtaken [near Irwinville, Georgia]. On the same day a squad of soldiers, most of them negroes, reached Washington, Georgia. They were commanded by General Wilde, with orders to take General Toombs in charge. One of the colored troops marched through town with a photograph of Toombs, which he had procured to identify him, impaled upon his bayonet. General Toombs was, at the time, in his private office at his residence. Hearing the noise in his yard, he walked out of his basement to the corner of his front steps. There he perceived the squad, whose purpose he divined.

"By God, the blue-coats!" was all he said.

Walking quickly through his back lot, he strode across his plantation and disappeared. By this time the guard was clamoring at the front door, and Mrs. Toombs went out to meet them.

"Where is General Toombs?" the commander asked.

"He is not here," the lady answered firmly.

Thereupon a parley ensued, during which Mrs. Toombs managed to detain the men long enough to enable her husband to get out of sight.

"Unless General Toombs is produced, I shall burn the house," retorted the officer.

Mrs. Toombs blanched a little at this, but, biting her lip, she turned on her heel, and coolly replied:

"Very well, burn it."

Among the listeners to this colloquy was a young man just returned from the Confederate army. He was moved with indignation. He still wore the gray jacket, and was anxious for the Toombs family. He had been a neighbor to them all his life, as his father had been before him, and he shared the pride which the village felt for its most distinguished resident.

He was the son of Hon. I. T. Irwin, a prominent public man and a lifelong friend of General Toombs. Preparations were made for the threatened fire. General Toombs did not come out. Furniture was moved and papers destroyed, but the young Confederate was soon con-

\* From the Methodist Protestant.



vinced that the threat was a mere bluff. Relieved on this point, his loyal spirit yearned toward the fugitive. Charles E. Irwin was the name of the young man, and he had seen service in the artillery under Longstreet. Not yet twenty-one years of age, he was fired with ardor and devotion, and had already resolved to aid General Toombs in escaping.

Riding over to a neighbor's house, Mr. J. T. Wingfield, he failed to find his friend, but left word for General Toombs to let him know where to meet him with his horses. That night about 2 o'clock Lieutenant Irwin received word from General Toombs to bring his horse to Nick Chenault's by 7 o'clock in the morning. This was a farm about eighteen miles from Washington, near the Broad River. Here General Toombs mounted his favorite horse and felt at home. It was the famous mare Cray Alice, which had carried him through all his campaigns. He had ridden her during the charges at Antietam, and she had borne him from the fire of the scouts the night he had received his wound. Once more he pressed her into service, and, for the first time in his life, Robert Toombs was a fugitive. This man, who had commanded men and had gained his own way by sheer brain and combativeness, was fleeing by stealth from a dreaded enemy. It was a new role for Toombs.

The plucky young guide was resolved to accompany him in his flight—it might be to his death; but it mattered not to Lieutenant Irwin. Riding swiftly into Elbert County, the two men crossed over to Harrison Landing, a picturesque spot on the Savannah River. Here dwelt an old man, Alexander LeSeur, who led something of a hermit's life. Before the war he had been a know-nothing, and more than once had been exposed to the withering fire of General Toombs, who was a whig. LeSeur met the fugitive with a laugh and a friendly oath.

"You have been fighting me for forty years," he said, "and now that you are in trouble I am the first man you seek for protection."

General Toombs had not traveled fast. The country was swarming with raiders. News of the capture of Davis and Stephens had fired these men with desire to overhaul the great champion of secession. A Federal major, commanding a force of men, put up at Tate's residence, just opposite the hermit's island. While there, a negro from the LeSeur place informed the officer that some prominent man was at the house.

"If it ain't Jeff Davis," said he, "it is jest as big a man."

The hint was taken. The island was surrounded and carefully watched, but when the party went over to capture General Toombs, the game was gone. [Six months were spent in the saddle. The detailed account of the flight is most fascinating, but the story is too long to be told in full. General Toombs was a Mason, and more than once the mysterious symbols stood him in good stead. The route which he took was most circuitous, winding in and out through the wilderness and ranging from the sources of the Chattahoochee to the mouth of the Mississippi. He wore no disguise, except for a pair of green goggles, and was often in peril of discovery, so well known to everyone was his majestic and splendid figure; but he successfully eluded the officers. At last, after visiting in the home of Howard Evans, in Mobile, where he met the gifted novelist, Augusta Evans, afterwards Mrs. Wilson, he came to New Orleans; and Lieutenant Irwin was his faithful companion to the end.]

Arriving at New Orleans, General Toombs drove to the residence of

Col. Marshall J. Smith. On the 4th of November, 1865, he boarded the steamship *Alabama*, the first of the Morgan Line put on after the war between New Orleans, Havana and Liverpool. A tremendous crowd had gathered at the dock to see the steamer off, and Lieutenant Irwin tried to persuade General Toombs to go below until the ship cleared. But the buoyant Georgian persisted in walking the deck and was actually recognized by Gen. Humphrey Marshall of Texas, who had known him in the Senate before the war.

"No," said Toombs to his companion's expostulation. "I want fresh air; I will die right here. I am impatient to get into neutral waters, where I can talk."

By the time the good ship had cleared the harbor, everyone on board knew that Robert Toombs, "the fire-eater and rebel," was a passenger, and hundreds gathered around to listen to his matchless conversation.

General Toombs often declared that he would not be captured. Imprisonment, trial and exile he did not dread; but to be carried about a prize captive and a curiosity through northern cities was his constant fear. . . . During all these trying days, Toombs rode with the grace and gayety of a cavalier. He talked incessantly to his young companion, who eagerly drank in his words. He fought his battles over again and discussed the leaders of the Civil war in his racy style. He constantly predicted the collapse of the greenback system of currency, and speculated facetiously each day upon the chances of capture. He calculated shrewdly enough his routes and plans, and when he found himself on terra firma, it was under the soft skies of the Antilles with a foreign flag above him.\*

#### DRAMATIC DEBUT OF MR. STEPHENS

During the high summer of 1836, the lower house of the General Assembly of Georgia was engaged in discussing a measure to provide for the building of the Western & Atlantic Railroad. It was at a time when the iron horse was an innovation, and the possibilities of this new motive power of commerce were somewhat speculative. In the light of subsequent developments the measure was one of unparalleled importance to the state; but opposition to the bill was most pronounced. Debate on the proposed legislation had dragged heavily for days. Member after member had spoken. At last when the wearisome monotony had grown to be so painful that the lawmakers sat listlessly in the hall, scarcely hearing what was said for sheer drowsiness, some one arose underneath the gallery and, in shrill but musical accents, which flew to the presiding officer's desk, like silver-tipped arrows, suddenly addressed the chair:

"Mr. Speaker!"

Instantly the whole house was alert. Glancing in the direction from which the sound preceded, it was found that this melodious alto which was now heard in the House for the first time came from a member whose entire aspect was so boyish as to redouble the interest which his accents had aroused. The attention became almost breathless. Every glance in

\* Pleasant A. Stovall, in "The Life of Robert Toombs."

the hall was riveted upon the attenuated figure and cadaverous face of this strange speaker who had hitherto been regarded by sympathetic eyes as an invalid who was too weak to swell the volume of discussion by any speechmaking upon the floor. But this delicate lad was now actually charming the assemblage with the very enchantments of Orpheus.

He spoke in favor of the bill. New arguments were advanced; new principles were introduced; new advantages were pointed out; and new phases of the measure were discussed. He consumed less than half an hour, but he injected new life into the dull debate. What he said seemed to be dashed with the morning's dew; and when he resumed his seat the walls of the old state capitol at Milledgeville fairly shook with the applause which came from every part of the chamber. Hon. Charles J. Jenkins was one of the first to reach him in the rush of congratulations. Said he:

"Sir, that speech will send you to Congress."

This impulsive tribute from one who was himself marked for future honors was signally prophetic. The pale youth whom he thus addressed was none other than the man who was destined to represent Georgia in the halls of national legislation, not only through the stormiest period of the slavery agitation, but during many successive terms thereafter; who was also to be vice president of the Southern Confederacy; and who was finally to close his long career of usefulness in the executive chair of the state:

Alexander H. Stephens.

From the very start he was signally successful. The extraordinary contrast between his slight figure, fragile almost to the point of vanishing, and his marvelous intellectual gifts, was so striking that he was regarded as the young phenomenon; and it was the wonder of all who heard him plead a cause before the jury, even in these youthful days, that so frail a body could support so massive a brain.

This incident is told of a case in which he was retained before he had been at the bar two weeks: "A wealthy gentleman of high position and great influence, upon the death of his son, had been appointed guardian of the person and trustee of the property of his grand-daughter, then an infant, the mother having again married. In the course of time the mother claimed possession of the child, which move was resisted by the grandfather, who claimed the child as legal guardian. The step-father, wishing to please the mother, his wife, came to the young lawyer and engaged him as counsel to set aside the guardianship, other lawyers having failed in the case, and Mr. Stephens, on being consulted, having given it as his opinion that the letters of guardianship as to the person of the child should be revoked, and the mother given charge of her daughter.

The trial was held before five judges of the inferior court, sitting as a court of ordinary, without jurors; and the issue was joined upon the motion to set aside the letters of guardianship so far as related to the person of the child. Great interest was manifested in the attempt of the frail-looking lawyer to foil Mr. Jeffries, then the veteran of the Bar at that place, who, notwithstanding his retirement from the practice, had been prevailed upon to reappear in this case, the most exciting one which

had been tried in the county for a number of years. The result was that the guardianship was set aside and the child restored to the arms of the mother. The triumphant young advocate immediately assumed the place which his talents commanded for him, and from this time forward there was hardly an important case tried in the Northern Circuit in which he was not retained."

This was only the first of many similar triumphs which Mr. Stephens was destined to achieve at the bar and on the hustings. The star of Georgia's hope glittered upon these early laurels and as the frail young slip scored victory after victory over the broad shoulders and hoary locks of the veteran stalwarts there were those in the courtroom who quietly thought of the stripling David, who, having met and slain the burly Philistine at the brook, was now ready to mount the steps of the throne of Israel.\*

#### ANECDOTES OF MR. STEPHENS

Fatigued, after arriving in Charleston, on one occasion, Mr. Stephens availed himself of an easy chair in the hotel, and proceeded to rest until the time came for him to speak. His two traveling companions were Mr. Thomas Chafin and Dr. John M. Anthony, who had been frequent guests of the house, and consequently were well known. Just after Mr. Stephens had ensconced himself in the easy chair, the good lady of the house entered and found the two last gentlemen still standing and what she took to be some country boy occupying the best seat in the room. In a manner perfectly kind but somewhat patronizing, she turned to the supposed youngster and said:

"My son, let the gentlemen have this seat."

Immediately there followed an explosion of laughter. Of course, the gentlemen were greatly amused, but the kind landlady was much annoyed when she learned that her son was the important personage of her establishment and the invited guest of the beautiful city between the rivers.

In connection with the famous conference at Hampton Roads, an amusing incident is narrated of the Confederate vice president, who was one of the commissioners. He entered somewhat late, in consequence of which fact he perhaps attracted more than ordinary attention. It was in the spring of the year, and to fortify himself against the chilliness which still lingered in the atmosphere of this somewhat northern latitude, he came well wrapped. Amused at the spectacle of seeing him remove first one article and then another, Mr. Lincoln finally said:

"Well, Mr. Stephens, you are the smallest nubbins I have ever seen to have so many shucks."

Colonel A. H. H. Dawson, once a member of Congress from Georgia, became identified with the American party just before the war; and in opposition to the appeal of Mr. Stephens that the South should support Mr. Buchanan for President, Colonel Dawson thus argued upon the stump:

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

"My friends, we once had the great Whig party, and in this State, Mr. Stephens was its great leader. The Whig party has gone to Hades. We now have the great Democratic party, and in this State Mr. Stephens is its great leader. If he will only lead the Democratic party where he led the Whig party, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

Wholly fictitious is the anecdote which represents some burly Georgian, first Mr. Toombs and then Judge Cone, as saying to Mr. Stephens that, if his ears were pinned back and his head was greased he could swallow him whole, and which makes Mr. Stephens retort that if he could do it he would have more brains in his stomach than he ever had in his head. Neither General Toombs nor Judge Cone could have been so boorish. To find the authorship of the famous rejoinder one must turn to the novels of Sir Walter Scott.

Within the limits of authentic tradition, the nearest approach to this specimen of gastronomic humor dates back to the presidential contest of 1860, when Mr. Stephens, who supported the Douglas ticket, engaged in a joint debate with Col. Ranse Wright, afterwards Gen. A. R. Wright, who supported the American candidates. Colonel Wright was one of the ablest campaigners in the state, and on this particular occasion he made one of his best efforts. But the effect of the speech was broken by the skillful manner in which Mr. Stephens parried one of his clever witisms. It was amusingly told by Colonel Wright that Mr. Stephens was reported to have said that, metaphorically speaking, he could eat Ben Hill for breakfast, Ranse Wright for dinner and Bob Trippe for supper, and of course, this ridiculous yarn brought down the house. The laughter was long and continuous as the audience gazed upon the diminutive storage room of the invalid statesman and thought of the little man with the big appetite.

But it came the turn of Mr. Stephens to speak; and, after denying that he had made such a statement, he added that if he had contemplated a feast of the character described, he would certainly have changed the order: he would have taken Ben Hill for breakfast, Bob Trippe for dinner, and, remembering the advice of his mother, always to eat light suppers, he would have tipped off with his friend, Colonel Wright. The building fairly shook with the mirth which followed this turn of the tables. Colonel Wright realized that he was worsted in the tilt, but he joined heartily in the laughter of which he was the victim.

During the earlier years of his life, Mr. Stephens was a whig; and, while making a speech on one occasion, he was annoyed by the repeated outbursts of an intoxicated man in the audience, who exclaimed, whenever the words of the speaker provoked applause:

"I'm a dimi-erat! I'm a dimi-erat!"

Mr. Stephens ignored the interruption at first, but finally he became impatient, and, turning to the man in the audience, he said:

"My friend, you may be a dimi-erat, but you need only some hickory ribs around you to make you a dimi-john."

Almost everyone knows that Mr. Stephens was an inveterate whist-player; and he played the game like he steered the Ship of State—as though it were heavily freighted with the destinies of mankind. It was

nothing unusual for him to be seen at Crawfordville, absorbed in the enjoyment of his favorite pastime, with eyebrows knit and forehead bent in the brownest of studies; and he also enjoyed the relaxation of the game when in Washington, and often played with Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, who would run down for an evening's visit from Baltimore, where he was then living. But the two old eronies were seldom partners. They had tried the experiment once, and they had not spoken for weeks following; for Mr. Stephens had so wounded the feelings of Colonel Johnston by irritating comments on an occasional misplay that the latter finally threw down his hand and left the room. At last, when they made up, they agreed never again to play partners; for they were both high-strung and they desired to retain each other's friendship, now that they had buried the hatchet. And while for more than twenty years they continued to play whist, they were invariably on opposing sides. Colonel Johnston says that he never knew anyone who could get so angrily excited at times in playing whist to enjoy the game like Mr. Stephens. And from what others have reported of similar experiences it is no doubt true that some of the pleasantest hours which the invalid statesman spent were in playing whist when his partner knew how.

During the famous gubernatorial campaign of 1882, when Mr. Stephens was opposed by Gen. L. J. Gartrell, he made his opening speech in Atlanta, and was introduced to the audience by Capt. Henry Jackson. The occasion will always be remembered because Mr. Stephens spoke from his roller-chair, and the appearance which he presented was most dramatic. While the speech of introduction was in progress, an ardent supporter of the opposition cried out:

"Hurrah for Gartrell!"

It was well calculated to disconcert the speaker, especially since it caused an unwelcome wave of applause to roll across the assemblage; but Captain Jackson was well seasoned by the tilts of the forum. He saw at once that the man was a Caucasian, but he purposely ignored the discovery; and when the uproar subsided he raised his eyes to the rafters of the opera house and said:

"If the colored brother in the gallery will please be quiet this introduction will proceed."

Nothing could have been more effective. The clever hit was loudly applauded, and the exuberant supporter of General Gartrell instantly subsided. As Captain Jackson sat down, Mr. Stephens wheeled himself to the front and began the opening speech of the campaign. There were frequent outcroppings of the old fire, but the veteran statesman was very feeble and to revive his flagging spirits he repeatedly sipped from a little glass on the table, saying as he raised it to his lips:

"I drink to the health of the Jeffersonian Democracy!"

Mr. Stephens, in the course of the campaign, made frequent use of an old expression which he first coined before the war when the famous whig party was going to pieces. He was bitter against the know-nothings and was not quite ready to join the democrats. Asked to what camp he belonged, he replied that he belonged to none. Said he:

"I'm just totin' my own skillet."



While a prisoner at Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, Mr. Stephens kept a diary, in which he carefully recorded from day to day the events of his prison life. He also interspersed it with observations on the philosophy of government, with comments upon current topics, and with various other things. The references to Linton Stephens are both numerous and tender. On almost every page there is some allusion to his half-brother, a reminiscence or a prayer, in which Linton was the central thought. Chapter after chapter from the Bible was also copied into the diary to beguile the tedium of imprisonment; and the manuscript of this journal, in after years, furnished the basis for the statesman's great literary masterpiece, "The War Between the States." On the death of Mr. Stephens the diary became the property of his nephew, the late John A. Stephens, whose children have recently given it to the public. The opening chapter of the diary contains an interesting first-hand account of the author's arrest. It runs as follows:

"Liberty Hall, Thursday, May 11, 1865.—This was a most beautiful and charming day. After refreshing sleep, I arose early. Robert Hull, a youth, son of Henry Hull, of Athens, Ga., spent the night at my house. I wrote some letters for the mail, my custom being to attend to such business as soon as breakfast was over; and Robert and I were amusing ourselves at Casino, when Tim [a negro servant] came running into the parlor, saying: 'Master, more Yankees have come; a whole heap are in town, galloping about with guns!' Suspecting what it meant, I rose, told Robert I supposed they had come for me, and entered my bedroom to make arrangements for leaving, should my apprehension prove true. Soon, I saw an officer with soldiers under arms approaching the house. The doors were all open. I met him in the library. He asked if my name was Stephens. I replied that it was.

"Alexander H. Stephens?" said he.

"I told him yes. He then said that he had orders to arrest me. I inquired his name and asked to see his orders. He replied that he was Captain Saint, of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry, or mounted infantry, attached to General Nelson's command; he was then under General Upton; he showed me the order by General Upton, at Atlanta, directing my arrest and the arrest of Robert Toombs; no charge was specified; he was instructed to come to Crawfordville, arrest me, proceed to Washington, arrest Mr. Toombs, and then carry both to General Upton's headquarters.

"I told him I had been looking for something of this kind; at least, for some weeks, had thought it not improbable, and hence had not left home; that General Upton need not have sent any force for me; that had he simply notified me that he wished me at headquarters, I should have gone. I asked how I was to travel.

"He said: 'On the cars.'

"I then learned that he had come down on the train, arriving just before Tim's announcement. I asked if I would be permitted to carry any clothing. He said 'Yes.' I asked how long I might have for packing. He said: 'A few minutes—as long as necessary.' I set to packing.



LIBERTY HALL, THE FORMER HOME OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, AT CRAWFORDVILLE

Harry [the chief man servant] came in, evincing great surprise and regret, to pack for me. The captain then said:

"You may take a servant with you if you wish."

"I asked if he knew my destination. He said:

"First, Atlanta; then, Washington City."

"I called in Anthony, a black boy from Richmond, who had been waiting on me for several years, and inquired if he wished to go. I told him I would send him from Washington to his mother in Richmond. He was willing, so I bade him be ready as soon as possible.

"In the meantime, Mr. Hiddell [secretary to Mr. Stephens] had come in; he was living with me and had gone out after breakfast. None of my brother's family residing at the old homestead happened to be with me; however, Clarence, who was going to school at the Academy, hearing of what had occurred, I suppose, came over with some friends from town. It was about ten A. M. when Captain Saint arrived. In about fifteen minutes—not much over—we started for the depot, Anthony and I, with the captain and squad; friends, servants, and Clarence following, most of them crying. My own heart was full—too full for tears."\*

#### TOOMBS AND STEPHENS

Toombs was muscular, full-statured, deep-chested and imperious. He was a tower of strength. His veins were swiftly pulsed by vigorous and warm blood of the richest quality of red. His sinews were wrought of steel. His muscles were spun of oak. His head was leonine. His dark brow, over which clustering waves of hair fell with cloud-like effects, seemed to be the abode of lightning and the home of thunder. Stephens was fragile, sickly, wan, and emaciated. He wore the typical look of an invalid. His eyes were bright, but they beamed like lanterns in the windows of the charnel-house. His cheeks were sunken, and his features, contracted by suffering, were overlaid with an enamel of sepulchral whiteness. He appeared to be constantly hovering upon the borders of another world and to be taking his last view of earth. Nevertheless his voice possessed an unusual compass and an extraordinary power of penetration; but whereabouts in his slender anatomy the physical force lay hidden which expelled these musical harmonies is one of the inscrutable mysteries of finite existence. . . .

It was the boast of Mr. Toombs that he had never tasted the wares of the apothecary's shop until he was thirty-four years of age. It was the misfortune of Mr. Stephens that he had to be literally dieted on drugs and that mustard plasters almost took the place of bread and butter. Mr. Toombs gathered the commonwealth with bated breath and painful apprehension about his sick bedside only once. But Mr. Stephens was at least three separate times the center of such melancholy scenes; thrice the newspapers of the state were striped with black columns, teeming with editorial post-mortems and eloquent obituaries; thrice the salty lachrymals were filled; thrice the flag above the capitol drooped and sighed at half-mast.

\* Vol. II, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memories and Legends," by L. L. Knight.

But the outward and obvious differences between these two great Georgians were only the external flowerings of the contrasts, whose tap-roots ramified the hidden subsoil beneath. Mr. Toombs was by nature impetuous and impulsive. His fiery temper subsided somewhat when the air was tranquil; but it slept like knighthood, stretched beside its lance and pillowed upon its shield. Mr. Stephens was calculating and deliberate. He made abundant drafts upon caution. He was not without spirit; but like the disciplined charger he had been trained to the bit. Mr. Toombs argued with volcanic eruptions; Mr. Stephens in higher mathematics. Both were eloquent; but the eloquence of Mr. Stephens was that of fine-spun silk, while the eloquence of Mr. Toombs was that of molten lava, hurled from the heated cauldrons of Vesuvius. Both men were tenacious of conviction. But Mr. Stephens was more tolerant than Mr. Toombs; and, while he was not disposed to temporize in any sense which implied surrender or compromise of principle, he was more disposed to treat with his adversaries in the hope of finding some common basis of agreement. Mr. Stephens even when perfectly sure of his ground was prone to measure consequences; while Mr. Toombs was disposed to let consequences trail behind in the rear coach, while he grimly pressed the lever.

Both men were industrious workers, but Mr. Toombs with temperamental impatience worked spasmodically, while Mr. Stephens with steady strokes worked continuously; the one like the woodsman hewing down the forest, the other like the oarsman plying up the stream. Ruddy Toombs, with the vigor of mountain granite in his frame, produced no literature; while delicate Stephens, with insistent and steady toil, wrote volume after volume. Both were princely givers and royal entertainers; but Toombs, by wise investment, accumulated two fortunes and died rich, while Stephens lived narrowly within his means and died poor. On political issues Toombs was at one time a democrat and Stephens a whig. Equally loyal to the South, Stephens opposed while Toombs advocated secession; and when the war was over Toombs resisted while Stephens tolerated reconstruction. The elements of contrast extended even to the names which they separately bore. Toombs was christened Robert A., but he dropped the middle initial soon after beginning the practice of law. Stephens at first had no other given name, being christened simply Alexander for his paternal grandfather, but he subsequently adopted the middle name of Hamilton, in honor of an old preceptor whom he greatly admired. Such differences as these appear to leave little room for friendship; but differences sometimes appear in the friendly guise of supplements rather than in the hostile frown of contradictions. This explains the friendship between Toombs and Stephens. Besides they were both ardent patriots and true statesmen.

Though on opposite sides of the most burning issue which ever divided the people of Georgia, they were not estranged in affection. Mr. Toombs was present when Mr. Stephens delivered his great speech in opposition to secession, before the Georgia Legislature, in 1860, and when he concluded, Mr. Toombs, though the most pronounced secessionist in the state, arose and said:

"Fellow Citizens, we have just listened to a speech from one of the

brightest intellects and one of the purest patriots in America. I move that this meeting now adjourn with three cheers for Alexander H. Stephens."

Some time afterwards, Mr. Toombs was complimented by one of his opponents on the handsome manner in which he had behaved on this occasion.

"Thank you," said he, "I always behave myself at funerals."

Another characteristic act on the part of General Toombs evinces the warmth of his lifelong friendship for Mr. Stephens. The incident has been preserved in the charming little autobiography of Richard Malcolm Johnston. Soon after the nomination of Horace Greeley for President in 1872, Mr. Stephens, who was bitterly opposed to his election, started a newspaper in Atlanta primarily for the purpose of defeating the ticket in Georgia. It shows how deeply the feelings of the great democrat were enlisted in the campaign; for ordinarily he was content with the oratorical leverage of the stump. The enterprise was an unfortunate one for Mr. Stephens, for he was not an experienced business man, and he failed to bestow the proper amount of vigilance upon the financial end of the venture. If any money was realized from the ill-fated undertaking, it failed to reach the bank account or to line the pockets of the great commoner; and when the campaign was over he felt himself in honor bound to give his promissory notes for an amount which mortgaged his hard earnings for many long months to come, besides absorbing the cash receipts of his "War Between the States." As soon as General Toombs was apprised of the status of affairs, his warm sympathy for Mr. Stephens spurred his movements toward Atlanta. He lost no time in calling upon the creditors; and, after he had purchased the outstanding obligations to the amount of several thousand dollars, he carried them to Mr. Stephens. Tossing them into his lap with an air of gay abandon, he said: "Here, Aleck, are those notes you gave those Atlanta people; use them to light the fire."\*

#### L. Q. C. LAMAR: HIS PICTURESQUE PERSONALITY

Though identified with the State of Mississippi during the greater part of his public life, L. Q. C. Lamar was a Georgian by birth, ancestry, and education, lived in Georgia until well beyond his legal majority, and served one term in the State Legislature. He was also twice married in Georgia. His first wife was Virginia Longstreet, a daughter of the noted Judge A. B. Longstreet, author of "Georgia Scenes." His second wife was Mrs. Holt, widow of the late Gen. William S. Holt, for many years president of the Southwestern Railroad. Finally, at the close of his long and arduous career of public service, he wended his way back to Georgia, led, no doubt, by the instinctive longing which the aged exile often feels for the haunts of his early youth; and while stopping at Vineville, near Macon, the end came. He was buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, on the banks of the Ocmulgee River, where he rested until his body was exhumed and taken back to Mississippi for final interment.

These facts explain the deep feeling of affection in which this great man is today held in Georgia. The old mother state never forgets her offspring—once a Georgian, a Georgian always. But few of her sons have ever held such claims upon her remembrance as L. Q. C. Lamar—congressman, senator, secretary of the department of interior, and associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar, his uncle, was the second president of the Texas Republic, a soldier, a poet, and a scholar. Justice Joseph R. Lamar, a kinsman, is today a member of the nation's highest court of appeals.

Entering the halls of Congress, in the early '50s, Mr. Lamar became at once conspicuous in the political and social life of Washington. Striking in his outward personality, no less than in his rare genius, he was an object of universal interest, and attracted attention whenever and wherever he appeared. Usually he wore his hair long and, falling in rich clusters, it covered both sides of his face. Though his head was large, it rested solidly upon broad shoulders, and was not seemingly out of proportion with the rest of his body. He was always neat in his appearance but never ostentatiously dressed.

Ordinarily his manner was reserved and self-contained, and he impressed one as being wrapped in deep meditation. When his features were in repose there was nothing about him suggestive of the strenuous life, but once his interest was aroused the dreamer was straightway lost in the man of action. Chivalrous by instinct, he embodied the typical graces of the old cavalier stock, and was characterized even in the heat of acrimonious debate by an exhibition of refined courtesy, which made his polite rejoinders all the more effective and powerful. It was never with the bludgeon that he confronted his antagonist; but always with the rapier. In calmer moments there was little to bespeak the fiery Huguenot temper which lay concealed beneath the velvet sheen of his habitual quietude; but it flashed forth whenever the lion was aroused. Nothing ever revealed the ruffian; because he was not there. During the war period, Mr. Lamar was missed in Washington. He served the confederate government both at Montgomery and at Richmond, and also represented the confederacy abroad. When the war was over, he returned with increased prestige to the nation's capital.

Some interesting anecdotes of Mr. Lamar's life in Washington have been preserved by the newspaper reporters, with whom he was always on friendly terms. Perhaps no man in Washington ever kept the correspondents busier turning out pen-pictures and thumb-sketches than this picturesque and popular statesman from the cotton belt. Yet he cared nothing for cheap notoriety.

On being called into President Cleveland's Cabinet Mr. Lamar found it necessary to secure permanent quarters in Washington. Until then he had been stopping at the hotels during the sessions of Congress.

Supposing his salary of \$8,000 to be ample for all purposes, he called upon Mrs. Dahlgreen, widow of the late Admiral Dahlgreen, who had just completed an elegant house which she was ready to let. This house just suited Mr. Lamar.

Ushered into the presence of the owner of the mansion, he told her

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.



he was anxious to lease the place at once, and hoped he had come early enough to forestall anyone else. The lady was exceedingly cordial, expressing her gratification at the opportunity of leasing the place to one so distinguished as Mr. Lamar, and naming the rental which she expected it to bring.

The secretary thought perhaps his ears were at fault when the figures were mentioned.

"How much did you say the rental was?" he inquired.

"Seven thousand five hundred dollars a year," she repeated.

The secretary was thunderstruck. He had not calculated on meeting such an obstacle. He sat perfectly still for several moments with his eyes bent upon the carpet, apparently absorbed in profound thought. At such times the pallor of his countenance always deepened.

"Are you ill, Mr. Lamar?" interrogated the lady, with evident anxiety.

"No madam," returned the secretary, lifting his dreamy eyes from the floor. "I was only wondering what I should do with the rest of my salary."

Mr. Lamar was once the victim of quite an amusing case of mistaken identity.

Boarding one of the street cars in Washington he took his seat beside an intemperate fellow who was about to be ejected because he had no money to pay his fare. Quick in his sympathies he was touched with what he considered the pathos of the situation, and reaching down in his pocket he pulled out a nickel which he gave the conductor.

The drunken man gazed stupidly at his benefactor for something like five minutes and then as if suddenly recognizing an old acquaintance, he said:

"How d'ye do, General Butler? I thought I know'd yer. Wuzn't we both at New Orleans?"

With these words he put forth his hand, which Mr. Lamar took. But the whole car was now laughing at the joke. Turning to some one who sat near him, Mr. Lamar said:

"You don't think he takes me for Ben Butler, do you?"

But he was not left in the dark long. Again the fellow spoke out, after scanning his features somewhat more minutely:

"Got yer eye fixed sense we was at New Orleans, hain't yer?"

Mr. Lamar suddenly happened to remember that he had ridden as far as he wished, and clutching his papers he politely bade his old comrade adieu and left the car at the next corner.

Strange as it may seem, in one whose legal learning was so profound, Mr. Lamar was passionately fond of light literature; and he usually whiled away his leisure moments by indulging his tastes in this direction.

En route to the senate chamber or to the department of interior, he seldom saluted any one he met, but sat in the street car or carriage, as the case might be, deeply absorbed in the book which he was reading.

Most of those to whom his figure in this attitude of absorption was perfectly familiar thought quite naturally that he was seeking light on some vexed governmental question.

But one day when going to the White House to attend an important cabinet meeting an embarrassing incident occurred. He had just stepped down from his carriage in front of the gate of the White House, bearing under his arm his large portfolio, an official-looking leather receptacle, when a group of correspondents who were standing at the entrance approached and saluted him.

Mr. Lamar cordially returned the greeting, but in doing so he dropped his portfolio to the ground and some half-dozen Seaside novels tumbled out. With utter surprise but prompt politeness the correspondents hastened to assist the secretary, who, somewhat abashed, now stooped to gather up the scattered volumes.

Though he could have wished that the newspaper men had been in Halifax at this particular moment, he graciously thanked them for coming to his rescue, and stuffing the books back into his portfolio he walked with dignified step into the White House.

Perhaps there are very few people who know that this dreamy man of genius, whose appearance suggested the bookworm and the scholar, was in reality an expert swordsman. Yet such is the fact.

Soon after Mr. Lamar's death this incident was narrated by a gentleman whose name is not given, but whose identity is recognized. Said he:

"I am a swordsman of no mean ability myself, and when I was employed at the Capitol several years ago I had a pair of foils which I brought cross the ocean with me. They afforded no end of fun. Conkling and Ingalls both tried them.

"One day I was in the room of the committee on public lands when Mr. Lamar came in. He had just recovered from a spell of sickness and was rather weak. He eyed me for a moment and then, coming forward, said:

"I used to use the foil myself, but I have almost forgotten how by this time."

"Putting one of the blades into his hands I saw that he handled it as if he knew something about it, and I endeavored to engage him in a round.

"No," he replied. "I'm too weak now. Wait until later."

"About a month later he came in again and by this time he had fully recovered his strength. He said that he was now ready to try, and I got the foils down and adjusted the buttons, chuckling over the prospect. But I soon changed my mind.

"He proved to be master of the situation. I resorted to all the tricks I knew, but every thrust was neatly parried. At last I found myself on the defensive. He hit me ten times a second and I might as well have had a straw to defend myself with. I was blue for a week afterwards."

Mr. Lamar made friends with men in all ranks and walks of life. He was intimately acquainted with some of the best actors on the stage. He also had friends among skeptics and scoffers; but he was himself deeply religious.

While in Washington on one occasion Robert G. Ingersoll, the noted infidel, called upon Mr. Lamar at the interior department, and in the

course of the conversation made many bright remarks, which Mr. Lamar is said to have enjoyed very much.

But finally some flippant remark was made in ridicule of orthodox religion.

Impatiently Mr. Lamar jumped to his feet, and, throwing his long hair back from his forehead, said:

"Ingersoll, I hope to see the day when you will come to Washington, and preach the gospel. With your magnificent abilities and splendid oratory you could work a revival such as the world has seldom seen. I hope to see the day when this will come to pass; and you could not engage in any grander or nobler work."

#### LAMAR'S FAMOUS REPLY TO HOAR

One of the most dramatic scenes enacted in either house of Congress since the war was the one which took place on the floor of the United States Senate, in the spring of 1879, when L. Q. C. Lamar, then a senator from Mississippi, but a native Georgian, locked argumentative horns with George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, on an issue growing out of the political status of the former Confederate President, Hon. Jefferson Davis. This was the occasion when Mr. Lamar used his celebrated figure of Prometheus bound to the rock. The discussion arose over a measure, which was then pending in Congress, to extend the act granting pensions to soldiers of the War of 1812, so as to make the act apply to veterans of the war with Mexico; and since Mr. Davis had been an officer of some note in the last named conflict, a proviso was offered to the bill, excluding Mr. Davis from the benefits of the proposed legislation.

Several speeches were made in the course of the debate, by senators on both sides of the chamber, but Mr. Lamar was not drawn into the discussion until Mr. Hoar began to assail the character of the former Confederate chieftain, in language not only far from temperate but full of sectional bitterness. Though Mr. Davis and Mr. Lamar were not at this time in perfect accord upon certain issues affecting Mississippi politics, he felt it incumbent upon him not only as a Mississippian, but as an ex-Confederate, to repel the unjust charges heaped upon Mr. Davis. The language to which he took special exception in Senator Hoar's speech was as follows:

"The Senator from Arkansas (Mr. Garland) has alluded to the courage which this gentleman displayed in battle. I do not deny it. Two of the bravest officers of our Revolutionary War were Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold."

This was more than Lamar could stand. His fiery Huguenot blood was now fully aroused. With nervous impatience he occupied his seat until the Massachusetts Senator had finished speaking. Then, rising from his place, he addressed the chair in measured accents sharply contrasting with his suppressed emotions. "It is with reluctance, Mr. President," said he, "that I arise to speak upon this subject. I must express my surprise and regret that the senator from Massachusetts should have wantonly flung this insult"—

Before he could proceed further Senator Edmonds, of Vermont, who was in the chair, a most pronounced partisan, rapped him to order, saying that it was against the rules of the Senate for any member of the body to impute to a colleague wantonness of conduct.

"I stand corrected," said Mr. Lamar, with a touch of sarcasm. "I suppose it is perfectly in order for certain senators to insult other senators, but they cannot be characterized by those who receive the blow."

"The observations of the senator from Mississippi, in the opinion of the chair," replied Senator Edmonds, "are not in order."

Mr. Lamar retorted.

"The observations of the Senator from Mississippi, in his own opinion, are not only in order, but are perfectly and absolutely true."

Realizing that he was face to face with an extraordinary situation, the presiding officer thought it best to refer the point of order to the Senate, and therefore merely said:

"The Senator from Mississippi will take his seat until the question of order is decided."

Lamar sat down. But he was not to be silenced. When a vote was taken on the point of order Mr. Edmonds was overruled. Thereupon the Mississippian was again accorded the floor. Resuming, Mr. Lamar said:

"Since my associates have found my language to be in order, I desire to say that if any part of it is offensive to any member of this Senate the language is withdrawn. I do not wish to offend the sensibilities of any of my associates upon the floor. What I meant by the remark is this: Jefferson Davis stands in precisely the position in which I stand—in which every Southern man, who believed in the right of secession, stands."

This called forth another interruption. Senator Hoar now spoke up. He wished to make an explanation. Lamar yielded. Then said the New Englander:

"Will the Senator from Mississippi permit me to assure him and other Senators on this floor, who stand like him, that in making the motion which I did a while since I did not conceive that any of them stood in the same position in which I supposed Mr. Davis to stand. Otherwise I should not have moved to except the gentleman from Mississippi from the pension roll."

Mr. Lamar instantly replied:

"The only difference between myself and Jefferson Davis is, that his exalted character, his pre-eminent talents, his well-established reputation as a statesman, as a patriot, and as a soldier, enabled him to take the lead in a cause to which I consecrated myself and to which every fiber of my heart responded. There is no distinction between insult to him who led and insult to those who followed."

Here the speaker paused. At this juncture one could have heard a pin drop. The hush which rested upon the Senate during this momentary interval was almost breathless. Lamar was preparing to spring his climax.



This now came. Introducing it with the statement that Mr. Davis was asking no favors at the hands of the United States Government, but was living quietly, unostentatiously, peaceably, at his home in Mississippi where—though an outcast—he was counselling the youth of Mississippi to obey the laws of the land, Mr. Lamar then continued, in a voice which now fairly rivaled the music of the storm. Said he:

"The Senator from Massachusetts has sought to affix upon this aged man, broken in fortune and suffering from bereavement, an epithet of odium, an imputation of moral turpitude. Sir, it required no courage to do that; it required no magnanimity; it required no courtesy. But it did require hatred, and it did require bitter, malignant, sectional feeling, coupled with a sense of personal impunity. The gentleman, I believe, takes rank among Christian statesmen. He might have learned a better lesson from the pages of antiquity. When Prometheus was bound to the rock, it was not the eagle that buried his beak in the tortured vitals of the victim, but the vulture!"

Having delivered himself of this thunderbolt, which fell with dramatic effect upon the ears of the Senate, Lamar quietly resumed his seat. Several moments elapsed before the spell was lifted. Then one by one the senators ambled over to where Lamar sat and congratulated him upon what they declared to be the most signal rebuke ever administered in the upper branch of Congress. Opponents as well as colleagues shared in the ovation which he received; and while Senator Hoar is said to have disclaimed any feelings of bitterness or resentment on account of this episode, he was careful never to arouse again the sleeping lion. Even in Massachusetts the passage was discussed with complimentary allusions to the admired Southerner who had the courage to rebuke Hoar as well as the magnanimity to praise Sumner.\*

#### LAMAR'S TILT WITH CONKLING

Another famous tilt in which Lamar figured during his senatorial career took place, on June 18, 1879, with Roscoe Conkling, of New York. Mr. Conkling was one of the most brilliant men in the republican party of the nation. Quick at repartee and ready in debate, he seldom met his match on the floor of the Senate, and he spoke with great force and effect on nearly every important public question. But, like most such men, he was somewhat vain of his accomplishments, and rather disposed to be domineering and dictatorial. The fact that he represented the great Empire State of New York gave him an immense advantage and also put him among the presidential possibilities. He lost no opportunity to exploit his claims in this respect, and the silken tassels of all his starched orations nodded coquettishly toward the White House in Washington.

But he failed to reach his goal; and Mr. Lamar had probably as much to do with puncturing his aspirations as anyone else. The issue came up in this way: When the time arrived for acting upon some important measure, Mr. Lamar asked that the special order be deferred for twenty minutes until action could be taken upon the Mississippi River bill, which was then pending. Conkling was disposed to object, but

finally for diplomatic reasons decided to withdraw his dissent, saying that he relied upon the courtesy of democrats not to prolong the session beyond the usual limits fixed for adjournment.

Several democratic senators nodded acquiescence. The Mississippi River bill was then taken up, after which the special order was called; but when the time came to adjourn it was found that a majority of the senators were in favor of taking final action upon the matter before concluding the day's session. Mr. Lamar was in no wise to blame for this complication, but Mr. Conkling was determined to make him pay the penalty, and straightway proceeded to empty the vials of his wrath upon his devoted head. Without mincing matters he charged him with having acted in bad faith.

Now, Lamar was not the man to sit quietly under such an imputation. He was getting on in years; but there was fire in the old volcano, though frost was on the crater. He was not in the habit of receiving blows without returning them, and he was too fixed and settled in his ways of life to adopt any other principle of action. He could match gentleness with gentleness, but he could also repel scorn with scorn. Rising from his seat with a tiger-like spring, he faced his accuser. Said he:

"With reference to the charge of bad faith which the Senator from New York has intimated toward those of us who have been engaged in opposing these motions to adjourn, I have only to say that if I am not superior to such attacks, from such sources, I have lived in vain. It is not my habit to indulge in personalities; but I desire to say here to the Senator that in intimating anything inconsistent—as he has done—with perfect good faith, I pronounce his statement as a falsehood, which I repel with all the unmitigated contempt which I feel for the author."

Great excitement followed this peal of thunder. Finally Conkling arose. Said he:

"Mr. President, I understand the Senator from Mississippi to state in unparliamentary language that the statement of mine to which he referred was a falsehood, if I caught his word aright. Since this is not the place to measure with any man the capacity to violate decency or to commit any of the improprieties of life, I have only to say that if the Senator—the member from Mississippi—imputed or intended to impute to me a falsehood, nothing except the fact that this is the Senate would prevent my denouncing him as a blackguard and a coward."

Applause from the republican side greeted this rejoinder. With a victorious smile on his face, Conkling sat down. Then all eyes were turned upon Lamar. Quietly he arose to his feet, and in deliberate accents, suggestive of courage finely mixed with courtesy, and of wonderful self-possession, he said:

"Mr. President, I have only to say that the Senator from New York understood me correctly. I did mean to say precisely what he understood me to say, and what I did say. I beg the pardon of the Senate for the unparliamentary language. It was very harsh; it was very severe; it was such as no good man would deserve and no brave man would wear."

For once in his life Conkling was speechless. Blaine witnessed the

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

tilt; and being a somewhat envious rival of Conkling's for political honors he enjoyed the discomfiture of the New York Senator. Leaving the hall arm in arm with one of his confidential friends, Blaine said with a chuckle:

"Wasn't it rich!"

The newspapers made great capital out of this encounter and the whole country was treated to graphic accounts of the affair, served up in the best style of printer's ink. Some looked for an adjourned meeting on the field of honor; but the challenge was never issued. Conkling doubtless reasoned that a mutilated senator stood just about as slim a chance of getting the electoral vote as a dead brigadier, and on the eve of such promising prospects he thought it prudent to take good care of his anatomy.\*

#### HOW SOME OF THE LAMAR NAMES ORIGINATED

Curiosity has often sought an explanation for the unabridged given names which some of the members of the Lamar family of Georgia, especially in the branch to which the great jurist, L. Q. C. Lamar, belonged. As told by former Chancellor Mayes, of the University of Mississippi, a son-in-law of Mr. Lamar, the story is quite amusing. According to Doctor Mayes, in the family of John Lamar at Eatonton there lived an eccentric old bachelor uncle by the name of Zachariah Lamar, and that among the freaks of this old gentleman was an inordinate worship of great celebrities. He possessed an intimate acquaintance with all the notable characters of ancient history; but the bulk of his incense was by no means devoted to the illustrious shades of Greece and Rome. He also had his modern favorites, and divided his veneration almost equally between French and American men of eminence. He carried his reverential zeal so far that even at family prayers he is said to have thanked the Almighty for the shining examples of virtue presented by the men of former times; and it was not at all unusual for the devout old gentleman to quote from the classic authors as freely as from the inspired oracles, when addressing the throne of grace.

Since the edicts of fate denied him the privilege of bestowing the names of his favorite heroes upon the children of his own loins, he was measurably compensated for the lack of offspring by being accorded the privilege of naming the young Lamars who came to brighten his brother's domestic hearthstone; and fearing that the increase might not be sufficient to exhaust the supply of heroic names, he began at once to confer double honor upon each new accession to the family circle.

Four members of the household under the terms of this compact were christened: Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, Mirabeau Bonaparte, Jefferson Jackson and Thomas Randolph. Years later, when the grandchildren began to arrive, Uncle Zachariah, having been graciously spared through another generation, appeared to be still jealous of his former prerogative; but in the meantime he had shifted the realm of his meditations from war and politics to physics and chemistry, with the result that the first grandchild was christened Lavoisier Legrande.

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

This is substantially the account given by Doctor Mayes; but, while the story is almost too good to be spoiled, it is not the Georgia version. From the information which the Georgia Lamars have on the subject the Uncle Zachariah of the Mississippi legend was not an old bachelor uncle at all, but none other than Col. Zachariah Lamar, of Milledgeville, father of Mrs. Gen. Howell Cobb. Colonel Lamar was one of the most cultured men and one of the most influential citizens of Middle Georgia. He amassed a fortune partly by farming and partly by merchandizing, but he took an active part in the politics of his day, and was an ardent admirer of great men. It has been stated that John Lamar, of Eatonton, married his own cousin, Rebecca. Rebecca was the sister of Zachariah Lamar, of Milledgeville; and whether or not Zachariah Lamar ever lived in his younger days with this couple at Eatonton, it is generally believed that he suggested the names which were adopted in the family counsels. Nevertheless, it is somewhat singular that he should have prescribed such lengthy appellations for his nephews and for his own children have contented himself with names which had been honored in the Lamar family since the time of the French exodus. His daughter, who married Gen. Howell Cobb, was Mary Ann Lamar, and his son, who attained some distinction in literature, was John Basil Lamar.\*

#### THE LAST HOURS OF JUSTICE LAMAR

Says a biographer of the great jurist (Dr. Edward Mayes): "In December, 1893, Mr. Lamar, with his wife, left Washington, intending to visit again the Mississippi coast. On the day of his departure he was attacked, while en route, with an acute pain of the heart, and was obliged to lie over for two days in Atlanta, where he was entertained by Hoke Smith, Esq. He then left for Macon [Mrs. Lamar's old home], where there were great numbers of loving friends, and many reminiscences of his early manhood. Here he remained until the end came.

"For a while Mr. Lamar seemed to be improving. There were numbers who expected to see him within a few weeks resume his place on the Bench; but the great jurist was already entering the dark penumbra. He and Mrs. Lamar† were not staying at the latter's home in Macon, but were visiting Capt. W. H. Virgin, a son-in-law of Mr. Lamar's, in Vineville, a suburb. He made occasional trips to the city on the electric cars. On Monday, the 23rd of January, 1893, he called at the office of Capt. R. E. Park, in company with Doctor Flewellen, a cousin of Mrs. Lamar's. They sat for perhaps a half hour with Captain Park, discussing various topics, and when they left he carried with him several magazines to read at night. He conversed freely with Doctor Flewellen while returning home on the car, and said that his exercise made him feel like eating a good meal. He dined with the family shortly after six o'clock and partook of his accustomed dishes with his usual appetite.

"Dinner over, he walked with the family into the sitting room, and

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

† Mr. Lamar's second wife was Henrietta J. Holt, widow of Gen. William S. Holt, of Macon. His first wife was Virginia Longstreet, daughter of the celebrated Judge A. B. Longstreet, author of "Georgia Scenes," and at one time president of Emory College, at Oxford.

during the conversation extended Doctor Flewellen a cordial invitation to visit him in Washington the approaching summer. About 7:30 Doctor Flewellen left the house, commenting upon the apparent improvement in Justice Lamar's general health. But it was hardly fifteen minutes later when the jurist complained of symptoms of his old attack, also saying that his arms felt benumbed. He soon retired without any very unusual trouble; and the family were disposed to attribute his condition to exhaustion from the trip to town. After going to bed he complained of suffocation, and it then became impossible for him to breathe freely until he was placed comfortably in a chair near the fire. He grew worse, however, and it soon became evident that he was sinking.

"Captain Virgin boarded a street car and went at once for Dr. Parker, returning with the physician about 8:40. He was found to be speechless and unconscious, and to the physician evidently beyond the reach of help. His head hung almost limp in the hands of one of the attendants, who was relieved by Captain Virgin. In this position his life passed out without a struggle, and so quietly and peacefully that those about him did not know the exact moment at which the soul took flight. In frequent conversations he alluded to his condition, but said that he was not afraid of death. His chief wish was to visit his father's grave and some of the scenes of his earlier years; but this was denied him. The thought of his Creator was his great consolation, and he died enjoying the full appreciation of the revealed truth. . . .

"Every tribute was paid to his memory by state and nation. He was buried with civic honors in Riverside Cemetery, in Macon, on the banks of the Ocmulgee River, and thousands gathered beside the open grave to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the illustrious dead. In the fall of 1894 the remains of Mr. Lamar were removed to Mississippi and laid beside the wife of his youth and the mother of his children, in St. Peter's Cemetery, at Oxford."\*

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL MIRABEAU LAMAR

There are few persons in Georgia who remember Gen. Mirabeau Lamar. It was nearly eighty years ago that he left Columbus, Georgia, to achieve renown in the war for Texan independence; and, barring only an occasional visit home, he remained an exile throughout life from the land of his birth. Judge Alexander W. Terrell, of Texas, an eminent jurist and diplomat, enjoyed the personal acquaintance of this extraordinary man—who, next to Sam Houston, was the most illustrious of Texans. Says he:

"The career of Mirabeau B. Lamar—patriot, soldier, statesman, poet—was one or the most remarkable in history. He was descended from a French Huguenot, who, after the destruction of La Rochelle, in 1628, found refuge in America. Lamar was born in Georgia, in 1798, and there he grew to manhood. He acquired only a common school education, for he preferred hunting, fencing, and horseback exercise to the confinement of the class-room. But he delighted in reading the ancient classics and the standard English authors, and thus acquired

\* Dr. Edward Mayes: "Life of L. Q. C. Lamar."

so correct a knowledge of the structure of his own language that few excelled him as a forceful and eloquent speaker."

"I first saw General Lamar in 1853, when his long, jet black hair was tinged with gray. He was of dark complexion and about five feet ten inches tall, with broad shoulders, deep chest and symmetrical limbs. From under his high forehead blue eyes looked out in calm repose; while his clean-cut, handsome features bespoke an iron resolution.

"When twenty-eight years old he married Miss Tabitha Jourdan, to whom he was tenderly devoted, for he had loved and courted her for years, and her death, while yet in the bloom of youth and beauty, so overwhelmed him with grief that he left Georgia, a homeless wanderer. In 1835 Lamar was next heard from on the frontier of Texas where, like Sam Houston, he appealed to the settlers with impassioned eloquence to revolt against the tyranny of Mexico. There was a strange parallel in the lives of these two great men. Each of them, when crushed by domestic affliction, fled from home and friends. Each emerged from self-imposed exile to advocate on a foreign soil the cause of civil freedom; each became commander of a revolutionary army, and then president of a new republic; each remained unmarried during all the fierce years of the Texan Revolution, and each found at last in married life his supreme happiness with wife and children."

"On March 6, 1836, the Alamo at San Antonio was stormed by an invading army under Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, and all its defenders were massacred; while a few days afterward one hundred and seventy-five volunteers were butchered in cold blood at Goliad by his orders, and after having surrendered. Two weeks afterward Lamar appeared again on the coast of Texas, at the abandoned town of Velasco, and started on foot to join the Texan army. Colonel Fannin, who was butchered at Goliad, had been the bosom friend of Lamar, and the latter was eager to revenge his murdered friend. On April 20, 1836, Houston's army, after a forced march of two days and a night, with no other food than parched corn, confronted on the smooth prairie of San Jacinto the army of Santa Anna, which outnumbered them two to one. That afternoon Walter P. Lane, while skirmishing, was attacked by three Mexican lancers, who wounded him as his horse fell. Lamar rushed to his rescue, and killing one of the enemy, put the others to flight, though wounded himself. The Texan infantry saw the heroic act, and shouted in admiration. He had won his spurs, and Houston at once put him in command of the cavalry, with the approval of all its officers. The next afternoon, at 4 o'clock, the Texan infantry advanced toward the Mexican line to the tune of an old love-song; but when finally within forty paces of the Mexicans the band struck up "Yankee Doodle." With clubbed rifles and knives they rushed upon the foe, hewing them down in the fierce onset. Lamar, though wounded, led the Texan cavalry on the right wing like an avenging fury. He remained in the pursuit until sunset, and with his cavalry captured Santa Anna. The battle was over in eighteen minutes, and the Mexicans slain or made prisoners outnumbered the Texans two to one. The latter lost only three men killed and twenty-seven wounded.

"Never before nor since in the annals of war was such a victory won



by volunteers in an open field over such a superior force of disciplined troops, and never was a victory more far-reaching; for it secured independence, resulting in the annexation of Texas to the Union, which provoked the war of 1846 with Mexico. Under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo our flag was carried across the continent, while the area of the Union was doubled. Within ten days Lamar was made Secretary of War; in four weeks the Cabinet appointed him commander-in-chief of the army; in four months he was elected Vice-President of the Republic, and in three years President without opposition. No private soldier ever rose so rapidly from the ranks to supreme authority through so many important offices, military and civil. His style as a writer was not unlike his nephew's, L. Q. C. Lamar, the United States Senator.

"During Lamar's term as President the frontier was extended and protected, Mexican invasions were repelled, Texan independence was recognized, treaties were made with great European powers, immense tracts of land were surveyed and dedicated to higher education, and a free school system was established—the second on the Continent. France sent her minister to the Republic of Texas, and his residence, built with the gold of Louis Philippe, may still be seen in Austin. Time and official station had not yet soothed Lamar's domestic grief, and it was not until after seventeen years of loneliness that he met and married, in 1851, Miss Henrietta Maffitt, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of John Newland Maffitt, the great Methodist revivalist and orator of the South. When afterwards, in 1857, he was United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, a beautiful Indian girl inspired his heart to compose "The Daughter of Mendoza," his best-known poem. After the end of his term as President, he kept severely aloof from partisan strife, and found his chief pleasure in the endearments of home, where he died, at Richmond, Texas, December 19, 1859. No suspicion ever tarnished his reputation."

General Lamar\* is buried at Richmond, Texas, his old home. The grave is covered by a horizontal slab of rough granite, about six feet and a half long by four in width. It was quarried from the hillsides of his adopted state. At the end of this slab, there rises a splendid shaft of Italian marble, twelve feet high, which rests upon a pedestal four feet square. On the west side of the shaft, in bold relief, is chiseled a shield bearing the name "Lamar," encircled by a beautiful wreath. Just a little below the point of the shield, on either side, project the muzzles of two cannon from among the leaves and flowers. On the east side of the shaft is the simple inscription:

EX-PRESIDENT OF TEXAS

DIED

Dec. 19, 1859.

Aged 61 years, 4 mos. & 2 days.

\*"Tombs and Monuments of Noted Texans," by Mrs. M. Looscan, in "Wooten's Comprehensive History of Texas," Vol. I, p. 702, Dallas, 1898.

# BENJAMIN H. HILL: DRAMATIC INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF THE GREAT ORATOR

The most colossal figure in Georgia during the days of reconstruction was Benjamin H. Hill, Georgia's foremost orator. He was a statesman of proven fidelity, of keen insight into governmental problems, and of unquestioned moral courage. The spectacle which he presented in Davis Hall, in 1867, when oblivious to the presence of an armed soldiery, he hurled his terrific denunciations and his burning anathemas into the teeth of the men who represented the carpetbag regime in Georgia, is wholly unique; and together with the dramatic figure of the rugged old governor who denounced fraud and tyranny in the earlier days of Georgia, it will be treasured in the enduring affections of the commonwealth. The outlines of the picture will never need to be retouched.

Judge Hill, in the excellent biographical memoir which he has written of his distinguished father, thus narrates the circumstances: "In 1867 the Reconstruction measures were passed by Congress and submitted to the Southern States for ratification. It is not the purpose of the writer to enter into a discussion of these measures. It is enough to say that they were enacted by a fanatical body of law-makers in bitter hatred of the South and for the purpose of degrading her people. A few citizens of Atlanta met together for the purpose of taking such action as might be deemed necessary to meet the exigency of the hour. These men looked around for leaders. Brown was advocating the prompt acceptance by the South of the terms proposed. Stephens was in silent despair at Liberty Hall. Toombs was abroad. Howell Cobb declined to give advice. Herschel V. Johnson promised to write a letter reviewing the situation. Mr. Hill came to Atlanta to confer with his fellow citizens. After doing so, he secured copies of the military bills and promised to give advice in a few days, at the expiration of which time he notified the gentlemen that he was ready to make a speech in Atlanta at such time as they might wish. July 10, 1867, is an ever-memorable day in the history of the South. On the night of that day a voice was raised in behalf of Southern honor and manhood for the first time since the surrender. The speech of Mr. Hill put courage in the place of despair, and that night the glorious fight for political redemption was inaugurated."

One who was present on this occasion describes the scene from the standpoint of an eye-witness. Says he: "The hall was insufficiently lighted and the pallor of men's faces in the pit almost put to shame the lamps which here and there flickered. Mr. Hill appeared in a full dress suit of black. His superb figure showed to best advantage, his gray eyes flashed, and his face paled into dead white with earnestness. Just before he began, the Federal generals, in full uniform, with glittering staff officers, entered the hall and marched to the front, their showy uniforms and flushed faces making sharp contrast with the ill-dressed crowd of rebels through which they pushed their way, and sat in plain censorship over the orator and his utterances. With incomparable unconcern, Mr.

\*"Senator Benjamin H. Hill: His Life, Speeches and Writings," by Benj. H. Hill, Jr., pp. 50-51, New York, 1891.

Hill arose. The threatening presence of the soldiers, the jails which yawned behind them, the dangers which the slightest nod from the officers might bring, had no effect upon him. Without hesitation he launched his denunciations upon them and upon the power which they represented. For two hours he spoke as mortal seldom spoke before, and when he had done Georgia was once more on her feet and Georgians were organized for the protests of 1868 and the victories of 1870."

At the famous Bush-Arbor rally, in Atlanta, during the summer of 1868, an account of which is elsewhere given, Mr. Hill made another speech, of equal length and power, in which he again unloosed the lightnings of his magnificent intellect. Though Toombs and Cobb spoke from the same platform, it is conceded by every one present that the most terrific arraignment and the most soul-stirring eloquence which this heated hour in Georgia called forth came from the impassioned lips of Mr. Hill. It was during the turbulent period between his Davis Hall and his Bush-Arbor speeches that the great orator wrote his celebrated "Notes on the Situation," perhaps the finest specimens of invective to be found within the whole range of American letters. Says Mr. Grady: "In my opinion they stand alone as the profoundest and most eloquent political essays ever penned by an American. They were accepted as the voice of the South, uttering her protest and her plea, and as such were discussed on the streets of London and on the Boulevards of Paris, no less than in the cities of the North. Even now they stir the blood and kindle the pulse of the most phlegmatic reader, yet this is but a hint of the sensation which they produced when printed. Had Mr. Hill never delivered one speech, his 'Notes on the Situation' would have stamped him as one of the greatest men Georgia ever produced." Contributing both his voice and his pen to the iron literature of the times, he practically reorganized the democratic party and inaugurated the movement which eventually redeemed the state from the infamies of reconstruction.

Though Mr. Hill opposed secession and, in the convention at Milledgeville, made one of the greatest efforts of his life against the mistaken and fateful policy of withdrawing from the Union, he became one of the most ardent champions of the Confederate cause. He made a number of speeches in Georgia to counteract the local effect of the controversy between Governor Brown and President Davis. In the Confederate Congress he was the recognized mouthpiece of the latter; and even when hope was abandoned he continued to cheer with his eloquence the despondent armies of the South. On one occasion his zeal for the administration brought him into violent collision with William L. Yancey, a senator from Alabama whose views upon certain pending issues were somewhat divergent. The controversy related to the establishment of a Supreme Court. The lie was passed, and an inkstand in the hands of Mr. Hill was hurled with vigorous propulsion at the head of Mr. Yancey. Reports of the affair have been greatly exaggerated. It has even been said that the death of the great apostle and advocate of secession was due to the injury which he received in this encounter. Judge Hill narrates the facts in connection with the unfortunate occurrence as follows. Says he: "An exciting debate had been in progress for several days, in

which Mr. Yancey was making severe attacks on the administration and Mr. Hill was defending it. Mr. Yancey, in the course of one of his speeches, asserted that a statement made by Mr. Hill was false and known to be false when spoken. As soon as the words were uttered, Mr. Hill threw an inkstand at the speaker, striking him on the cheek bone. The wound produced was not at all serious and after a few minutes Mr. Yancey resumed his seat, making no further allusion to Mr. Hill. The matter was adjusted by friends of both Senators, and no reference was ever made to the occurrence by either of them."

The following version of the affair is taken from Mr. Yancey's home paper, the *Bulletin*, published at Montgomery, Ala.: "The facts in a nut-shell are these, as we learned them subsequently to the removal of secrecy from the Senators who witnessed the affair. In the midst of a warm debate, in open session, Mr. Hill animadverted upon the record of Mr. Yancey. At the conclusion of Mr. Hill's speech, Mr. Yancey rose to reply, and, during his speech remarked that what the Senator from Georgia had said in regard to his record was false and that the Senator knew it was false when he made the statement. Whereupon Mr. Hill threw a glass ink-stand from a slant the position of Mr. Yancey, striking him on the point of the cheek-bone, which made a sharp cut, producing quite a flow of blood, but causing no serious injury. The Senate went into secret session, took the matter in hand and settled it. Long afterward Mr. Yancey died at his residence, near this city, from an affection of the kidneys from which he had suffered for years." Judge Hill states that Col. Benjamin C. Yancey, the senator's brother, and Capt. Goodloe H. Yancey, his son, continued uninterruptedly to be Mr. Hill's warm friends and loyal supporters until his death. The latter, at a meeting of the Ninth District Democratic Committee, in 1882, drafted and presented the beautiful set of resolutions, inspired by Mr. Hill's long illness.

There were many other dramatic episodes in the career of this illustrious Georgian. His reply to Blaine is one of the great classics of modern eloquence. This speech delivered in the national House of Representatives, January 11, 1876, effectually rebuked the partisan spleen of the ambitious senator from Maine, who was making a bid for the presidential nomination. It also fastened the responsibility for the so-called prison horrors of Andersonville upon the dominant political party in the nation. From beginning to end, this masterful speech of Mr. Hill sounded the clearest note of patriotism. Its effect was electrical. It went far towards healing the breach between the sections. It was instrumental in no small degree in securing the popular vote of the country for Mr. Tilden; and it promoted the matchless orator himself to the Senate of the United States. In this most exalted of public forums he gathered fresh laurels. His arraignment of Kellogg, in the Louisiana election contest, and his denunciation of Mahone, for affiliating with republicans after being elected by democrats, were pronounced masterpieces of invective worthy of the Athenian who denounced King Philip. The eminence achieved by Mr. Hill in the councils of the nation, his prestige as an orator, his fame as a political essayist, and his genius as a broad-minded and patriotic statesman—all these impart an element of romance to the picture which the future senator presented when a

raw youth of eighteen, in a home-made suit of gray jeans, his long coat almost sweeping the ground and his short trousers scarcely reaching to his boot-tops, he first appeared on the campus of the University of Georgia. The verdure of the fields was distinctly imprinted upon the slim figure of the awkward country lad. It required no second look to tell that he hailed from the farm. But he gripped his studies like he gripped his plow-handles. He thrust his harrow into the soil of learning with an impulse of rugged strength. There was moral earnestness in the zeal with which he planted for an intellectual harvest. It taxed the combined resources of an overburdened household to send him to college. But he redeemed his promise to his mother by winning the first honor; and with the same sturdy hand which drove the team afield he plucked the toga of the American Senate.

#### THE ARREST OF MR. HILL

After the war was over, Mr. Hill retired to his home, in La Grange, and calmly awaited results. Several of the chiefs of the Confederacy with their families gathered under his hospitable roof. There came the courteous and courtly Clay, for whose head the Federal Government offered \$100,000. His brilliant wife was his devoted companion; and, when the publication of the reward for her husband's head came to her knowledge, with high and courageous spirit, she accompanied him to Atlanta and claimed the privilege of surrendering him to the authorities. There came also Stephen R. Mallory, the all-accomplished statesman, who out of nothing had organized a Confederate navy and driven the commerce of the United States from the seas. The brilliant and fiery Wigfall, who had fought President Davis in the Senate with great bitterness and had frequently met in high discussion the Confederate chief-tain's ready champion; forgot the hours of contest and came to the faithful Hill in the hour of common sorrow. The elegant Sparrow, of Louisiana, with his colleague, the great lawyer, T. J. Semmes, both of whom were Mr. Hill's able lieutenants in support of the administration, were also welcome guests. These men all came with their families, and it was an interesting group that gathered each day for the purpose of discussing the probable fate of their unhappy country. But they could not remain together long; already the enemy was on their track. So, after a few days, all but Mallory left the country in disguise. It is a sad reflection that of all this brilliant coterie then gathered together, only one is left—all but one have passed into the rest of the beautiful beyond.

Mr. Hill's slaves all remained with him . . . and during the time when the leaders of the Confederacy were gathered at his house and the Federal soldiers were in possession of the town, there was found no traitor among them all. Mr. Hill's immunity from molestation was also due to the fact that the officer in command of the Federal troops had given the most stringent orders to his soldiers to keep out of Mr. Hill's premises. Long afterwards he found that this consideration was shown because the officer, while a prisoner, suffering from a severe wound, had been taken to the home of a niece of Mr. Hill's and kindly nursed back into health.

It was thought by Mr. Hill that he would probably be arrested at

once. His prominent and ardent support of Mr. Davis and his efforts in behalf of the continuance of hostilities made him a conspicuous figure for exemplary punishment; and when several weeks passed by, and no soldier appeared on the scene, the hope was entertained that our conquerors were going to be generous and permit our southern men to remain at home and aid in the work of rehabilitation. But in this hope we were disappointed.

I shall never forget the night my father was arrested. We had all retired; and about midnight were aroused by a loud knocking at the front door. Without dressing, I at once rushed down to my father's bedroom. I found him already awake. A search was made for a match but there was none in the house, and I went outside to the servant's house for the purpose of getting a light. What was my consternation on opening the rear door to find the house surrounded by soldiers, standing on guard with muskets.

Securing the light, I returned at once, but in the meantime the officer at the front door had secured an entrance and with a dozen men was in the bedroom. The officer in command gave Mr. Hill just ten minutes in which to get ready. He did not leave him for a second, and there was no opportunity for any private leave-taking from wife and children. Neither my mother nor any of the household evinced the slightest fear, but said good-by with courage and cheerfulness; my father was placed in front of the soldiers, and the order given to march.

Anxious to find out where they intended to take him, I walked in front by his side. We moved rapidly down the long drive leading from the house to the street, and at the gate found another detail with Mr. Mallory in charge. The two rebels were placed in front, and the company moved rapidly through the silent streets of the little village to the depot, where a special train was waiting. The officers declined to give us any information as to the place of destination, and were a reticent and sullen set of fellows. I bade my father good-by and hurried back alone to my home, where I found the entire family and all the servants in a tumult of indignation. We afterwards learned that the reason for the time and hurry of the arrest was a fear of resistance and rescue by the citizens. Mr. Hill and Mr. Mallory were taken to Fort Lafayette, in New York Bay, and incarcerated in separate cells. They were not allowed any communication, and were treated with great indignity and unkindness by the officials. My father had no money that would pass current in the North, and but for the kindness of two friends in Atlanta, who insisted on lending him \$100 in gold, he would have suffered great privation. He was arrested in May and remained in prison until July following. . . . when he was paroled by the President.

#### "WHO IS JOE BROWN?"

With the qualifying phrase omitted, this is the question which General Toombs is said to have asked when the news reached him out in the State of Texas that Joe Brown of Canton, Georgia, had received the

\* Benjamin H. Hill, Jr., in "The Life, Speeches, and Writings of Senator Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia."



democratic nomination for governor, in 1857. This question, if really asked, may have been only an outburst of surprise occasioned by the unexpected in politics. Before leaving Georgia for Texas, to look after certain property interests, General Toombs had carefully canvassed the situation; and, having forecast the result, as he thought, with some degree of precision, he had not anticipated this sudden turn of affairs. It was like a bolt from the blue. The fame of the future chief executive was at this time by no means co-extensive with the area of the state. It was not much wider than the Blue Ridge Circuit.

But the two men had met. They had faced each other, first, in Milledgeville, in 1850, when Governor Brown was a democratic state senator and General Toombs was a whig congressman. The latter was then a power in national affairs, while the former was just entering the political arena. Some few years later they met again at Marietta, where General Toombs and Judge Cowart crossed swords in joint debate.

There was nothing about the personality of the young state senator at this time to challenge special attention. He was younger than General Toombs by at least ten years. He was rather awkward in appearance; his figure slight though compact; and his face pale. He was what in ordinary parlance is described as "raw-boned." Except for the impress of character which was stamped upon his clear-cut features and which expressed itself with peculiar force in his rigid mouth, whose lines denoted unshaken firmness and grim determination, there was little else to suggest the inherent power which lay concealed behind that slender frame. General Toombs may have lightly dismissed the mountaineer from his thoughts; but the mountaineer vividly remembered General Toombs. Speaking, in after years, of the profound impression which the kingly Georgian made upon him at this time, Governor Brown declared that General Toombs was the handsomest man he ever saw. Moreover, he was completely captivated by his fiery eloquence and paid unstinted tribute to his divine genius.

Forgotten though he may have been for the time being, the mountaineer was accustomed to the silent solitudes, and to be unnoticed by the world occasioned him no concern. He had often scaled the rugged heights of the Blue Ridge Mountains; and now at the age of thirty-seven he stood upon an eminence which few men had ever succeeded in attaining. He had mounted by slow degrees and under serious difficulties; and such was the quiet demeanor of the man, who calmly and patiently met all obstacles and permitted nothing to disturb his unruffled spirit, that he climbed almost unobserved. But nevertheless he climbed; and now as the chosen standard-bearer of the great democratic party for the high office of governor his name was heralded far and near. It even reached Texas.

General Toombs was no doubt disturbed by the information which came from Milledgeville announcing the action of the state convention. On the issues of the day he had recently left the whig ranks and joined the democratic hosts; and he realized that his seat in the United States Senate depended upon the success of the party whose banner had been put into the hands of this comparatively unknown candidate. There is no spur like uneasiness. General Toombs managed to wind up his affairs in Texas with wonderful dispatch; and, inquiring when the next train

left for the East, he was soon bounding away over the iron rails to Georgia.

It was on a little farm near Gaddistown, in Union County, Georgia, where he plowed the flinty soil with a steer, that the future standard-bearer of democracy in Georgia spent the years of his boyhood.

Yet this plain country-bred youth, whose constant companion until now had been a plowshare, and whose only home since childhood had been a log cabin, was the only boy in all the history of the state who was destined to be four times governor. He was also to be once a state senator, once a judge of the Superior Court, once a chief justice of the Supreme Court, and twice a representative in the Senate of the United States. Moreover, he was to accumulate what in his day was considered an immense fortune. He was to develop railroads and coal mines. And, remembering how he had struggled up the steeps, he was to assist other poor boys like himself to rise by giving to the State University the munificent sum of \$50,000.

Not since the penniless Gascon set out for Paris to become the great marshal of France had more of the elements of romance waited upon an expedition than now gathered about the slim figure of the farmer boy of Gaddistown as he slowly wended his way through the dust of the mountain road. And this is the youth whose unprecedented career is to answer the question:

"Who is Joe Brown?"

If General Toombs was disturbed by the action of the state democratic convention in nominating a man who possessed little or no experience as a campaigner, and who was hardly known except to the rural population which moved in the shadows of the Blue Ridge Mountains, he was actually dismayed when the American or know-nothing party met in formal conclave and nominated Benjamin H. Hill.

Benjamin H. Hill was the foremost orator of the state, and few men have ever possessed such power to sway the masses as characterized the eloquence of this distinguished Georgian.

General Toombs was not the only man in the democratic ranks who felt alarmed for the success of the ticket; nor was the first joint meeting between the candidates reassuring. The initial debate of the campaign was held at Athens, and when the passage at arms was concluded Gen. Howell Cobb wrote General Toombs that he thought the democratic candidate was badly worsted. This was only what General Toombs expected; but at this juncture he invited the democratic candidate to visit him in Washington for the purpose of talking over the situation. Judge Brown accepted the invitation; and General Toombs surrendered some of his fears when he met the candidate face to face and noted his strong characteristics. Nevertheless it was agreed that General Toombs should chaperon him in making the rounds of the state.

But Judge Brown had ever been an apt pupil in the hard school of experience. He never made the same mistake twice. He always profited by what he saw and heard. The result was that he improved with each successive appearance before the people. He understood the masses as his brilliant rival did not and could not; and they recognized him as one of themselves: a man whose sympathies and interests were all with them,

and whose superior intellect alone lifted him above them. The illustrations which he used were drawn for the most part from country life; and his homely way of putting things went straight to the popular heart.

An incident of the campaign which proved to have an important bearing upon the result was the presentation to the democratic candidate of an old-fashioned quilt which some of his admiring lady friends in North Georgia had made for him to sleep under in the executive mansion. The know-nothings made all manner of fun of this garment, which they held up to popular ridicule; but while it was excellent sport to indulge in such merriment at the expense of Judge Brown, it was poor politics, and it only served to make votes for the democratic candidate by identifying him more completely with the masses whose favor he was seeking.

Before the campaign was two weeks old Judge Brown had acquired the art of successful public speaking to such an extent that General Toombs no longer considered it necessary to continue his guardianship over the democratic candidate; and returned to his home in Washington much better pleased with the outlook, if not confident of the result.

When the campaign was concluded and the result was announced, it was found that the mountaineer had run 10,000 votes ahead; and in view of the heated character of the campaign, the victory for the democratic ticket was most pronounced. There was no one left in the state who could now plead ignorance concerning the personality of this remarkable man who had been entrusted with the democratic banner. If any one had desired information General Toombs could have given him all he needed; but the developments of the campaign, and especially the emphatic declaration of the ballot-box, had saved him this trouble by answering the worn-out question which was now buried with military honors on the battlefield:

"Who is Joe Brown?"

#### ANECDOTES OF GEORGIA'S WAR GOVERNOR

Governor Brown, on his way to Canton, once remarked to some men who were with him: "There is the field, gentlemen, where I was tying wheat on the day I was first nominated for Governor of Georgia," indicating a field lying along Town Creek. "I was then Judge of the Blue Ridge Circuit," he continued, "and, coming home one day, I went to the field after dinner to see how my hands were getting along with the work. Four men were cutting wheat with common cradles, and the binders were very much behind. So I pulled off my coat and pitched in, about half after 2 o'clock p.m., on the 15th of June, 1857. The weather was very warm, but I ordered the binders to keep up with me, and though the perspiration streamed down my back, I kept the men going. About sundown I went home, and after shaving was in the act of washing my face for supper, when Col. Weil, now an attorney in Atlanta (1881), but then living in Canton, rode up rapidly to the house. He came in, and excitedly said to me: 'Judge, guess who is nominated for Governor at Milledgeville?' I did not have the remotest idea that I was the man, but I thought from what I had heard that John E. Ward was the most prominent candidate, so I guessed him. 'No,' said Col. Weil, 'it is Joseph E. Brown, of Cherokee.' Col. Weil was in Marietta

when the telegram came announcing my nomination. I subsequently ascertained that the nomination had been made about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and at the very time I was tying wheat in this field. It is said in Canton that two or three men lately have been trying to buy it—they want to sow it in wheat year after next."

"I knew his parents before he was born. They were exceedingly poor. Joe cultivated a scrap of hillside land with a pair of bull-calves, and every Saturday hauled to town some potatoes or cabbages, or light-wood or other truck in trade, and took back something for the family. In 1839, I think it was, I was riding to Canton in a buggy, and I overtook a young man walking in a very muddy lane. He carried a striped bag, hung over his shoulder, and looked very tired. I asked him if he would not take a seat, and he looked down at himself and said he was too muddy, and would dirty up the buggy. I insisted, and he broke off a splinter from a rail, scraped his shoes, and jumped in. I learned from the youth that his name was Joe Brown and that he was going to Canton to get something to do. I have kept an eye on him for forty years."†

Ever full armed was the American backwoodsman, who was proficient with the rifle and ax. The slender boy at an early age was master of both. More than once, when quite an old man, he spoke to me with obvious pride of his success at the shooting matches for "beef," which even now are not unknown in the Georgia mountains. The contesting riflemen fire at a mark. The beef has been butchered. It may surprise the uninitiated to know that it has been divided into five quarters; and the fifth quarter is the first prize. The old statesman, in reminiscence would say: "Usually when my rifle cracked some bystander would exclaim, 'There goes the hide and tallow.'" It is no exaggeration to add that in later years many of his political opponents, after similar matches with him, discovered that they also had been deprived of these important integuments.

While excelling beyond his strength in the many exercises of youth, the boy did not deem it beneath his dignity to lighten the labors of his mother. Many a day, when it rained, he stood at the spinning wheel and skillfully spun the thread from which the clothing of the family was woven. Years later, when senator from Georgia, he was conducting a number of northern manufacturers through the halls of the first Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta. An exhibit was reached where the primitive spinning wheel was contrasted with the latest mechanism for the manufacture of thread. In reply to some disparaging remark about the rude contrivance, the senator said: "Very good thread can be made on the old spinning wheel," and, taking the place of the girl who was engaged in its operation, to the delight of the bystanders, he demonstrated that his industrious hand had not forgotten the cunning which in days long gone had lessened the burdens of his mother.

For education, his early opportunities were very limited. I once met his first teacher, then a very aged man. He was a witness in a case of

\* From the Atlanta Constitution.

† Gen. Ira R. Foster, quoted by Bill Arp in one of his letters.

illicit distillation. To my surprise, he informed me that Joe Brown and McKay, his father, went to school to him at the same time. He said, "Joe was the pearliest boy I ever saw, and could work a sum according to the rule quicker'n lightning could trim a hemlock." His estimate of McKay's mathematical powers was not so encomiastic. To solve every problem, McKay Brown had a rule of his own, and it seemed to me that the venerable instructor yet cherished a vivid resentment at the bewildering results. Such were the environments of the childhood of Joseph E. Brown. Save for the pure blood and the strong brain of the unpretentious but historic stock from which he came, there was not, in his day, in the remotest cove of the mountains, or in the humblest cabin of the wire-grass, a boy whose chances for distinction in life were less auspicious.\*

To this day, in the Blue Ridge Circuit, very old men declare that Joe Brown made the very best judge they ever had. At times, it is true, he had to repress the familiarity of his political supporters. His valued friend on election day was Bob Ralston, a famous character of Gilmer County. Presuming upon his services, Bob bet a pint of apple brandy that he could, with impunity, go into court and give Joe Brown the Masonic sign. While not a Mason, Bob conceived that he had detected and acquired one of the most important signals of the ancient order. This was a snap of the finger and at the same time a wink of the eye. Bob repaired to court, leaned against the bar, caught the attention of his honor, snapped his finger, and winked his eye. "Take that gentleman to jail until he cools off," was the unappreciative response from the bench. The next morning the resentful Bob made the streets of Ellijay vocal with the denunciations of the ingratitude of men in high places.

On another occasion, Judge Brown convened court in one of the new mountain countries. There had been no time to build a courthouse, but a rude log structure had been hastily erected. The court was convened with the accustomed solemnities, and pretty soon discovered that the county bully was drunk. His screams and curses attracted the attention of the judge, who quietly said, "Mr. Sheriff, arrest that man who is creating a disturbance and bring him before the court." The sheriff, with several stalwart deputies, dragged in the offender. The judge ordered the prisoner to jail.

"Why, your Honor," said the sheriff, "we have got no jail."

"That's a fact," said the judge, "but have you no house where you can secure him?"

"There is not a house in town," was the reply, "that he won't kick out of in five minutes."

At this moment a little man in drab suit, which betrayed the Quaker, arose among the audience and with deferential manner addressed the court. He said: "May it please your Honor, I am a miner. I have been prospecting for copper near the village and I have run a tunnel some three feet in diameter and thirty feet deep into the bank on the side of the road, down near the creek. The tunnel is dry. I think your Honor might direct the Sheriff to put the gentleman in there." "Why,

\* Judge Emory Speer, in a lecture on the "Life and Times of Joseph E. Brown," delivered at Mercer and Yale universities.

that's a good idea," said Judge Brown. "Mr. Sheriff, put some straw in the tunnel so that the prisoner can sleep off his drunk without taking cold; haul a load of rails there and stop him up safely until tomorrow morning." It was accordingly done.\*

#### TWO NARROWLY AVERTED DUELS

During the pre-revolutionary and early commonwealth days of Georgia, the favorite court of appeals with public men in this state, for the final adjudication of grave issues, was the Field of Honor. But the practice of crossing swords and leveling pistols over the dead-line, with seconds on hand and with medical experts dancing attendance, has long since declined in popularity, with the slow but radical change in public sentiment which has taken place with reference to affairs of this character. Two narrowly averted duels, involving the lives of four distinguished Georgians, has probably helped to crystallize this sentiment which today sternly forbids such personal combats. The first grew out of a challenge which Alexander H. Stephens sent to Benjamin H. Hill, several years before the Civil war; the second rose out of a message which Joseph E. Brown received from Robert Toombs shortly after the days of reconstruction.

Alexander H. Stephens was not an athlete. His weight on entering Congress was ninety-six pounds. But in spite of his weak constitution, he was nevertheless unflinchingly courageous; and every ounce of flesh which gripped his spare bones evinced as true a pluck as Caesar ever displayed in Gaul.

On the steps of the old Thompson Hotel, in Atlanta, during the fall of 1848, there occurred an incident which well illustrates the courage of Mr. Stephens. It will also serve to show that he bore a charmed life. At this time he encountered somewhat unexpectedly Judge Francis H. Cone, of Greensboro, with whom he was then on strained terms. Judge Cone had severely criticized Mr. Stephens for something which the latter had either said or done in Congress, and among other choice epithets which the judge is said to have used was the term "traitor."

Difficulties almost immediately ensued. Mr. Stephens probably infuriated Judge Cone by returning his vituperative adjectives, whereupon Judge Cone, delving underneath his broadcloth, whipped out a knife with which he made a leap toward Mr. Stephens. The latter was doubly at a disadvantage, not only because in avoirdupois he was a pigmy beside Judge Cone, but also because he was unarmed, except for an umbrella which shot out from his left elbow. With this somewhat unheroic weapon, Mr. Stephens sought to parry the blow of Judge Cone; but he was soon overpowered by his antagonist and fell bleeding upon the floor.

"Retract!" demanded the irate jurist, who now bent over his prostrate foe.

"Never!" replied Mr. Stephens, the blood gurgling from his wounds, but the proud spirit of the man still unquenched. Again the knife de-

\* Judge Emory Speer, in a lecture on the "Life and Times of Joseph E. Brown," delivered at Mercer and Yale universities.



seceded, severing an intercostal artery, but Mr. Stephens still refused to retract. He continued to grapple with his adversary, growing momentarily weaker and weaker, until at last rescue came from some of the hotel guests who, hastening to the scene of encounter, separated the belligerents. Though Mr. Stephens received the best medical attention, he lay for weeks hovering between life and death. Finally he arose from his sick bed to renew his campaign for re-election. But he never fully regained the use of his right hand, which was frightfully lacerated in the struggle; and his penmanship as well as his person bore the marks of the encounter as long as he lived. In justice to Judge Cone, who was one of the ablest lawyers in the state and a man much beloved in his social and domestic relations, it may be said that he was completely upset by his violent anger and did not perhaps stop to think of the difference in physical strength between himself and Mr. Stephens. They had once been good friends, in spite of professional tilts and rivalries; and later on in life the cordial relations of earlier years were resumed.

But this is only an incidental story. The circumstances which called forth the challenge which Mr. Stephens sent to Mr. Hill grew out of the joint debate which occurred between these two Georgians at Lexington during the presidential campaign of 1856. Mr. Stephens and Mr. Toombs had both left the old whig party in the disruptive smoke of the new political issues, and had now come into the democratic ranks; while Mr. Hill stood squarely upon the American platform.

With merciless oratory Mr. Hill pilloried Mr. Stephens at Lexington with being disloyal to the whig party. Mr. Stephens in the course of his speech had spoken of the American candidate for president in rather uncomplimentary terms, characterizing him as Judas, and Hill retorted by saying in bitter stricture of Mr. Stephens for using this harsh language concerning the American candidate, that while Judas did betray his Master for thirty pieces of silver he did not abuse his Master after he betrayed Him. Mr. Stephens felt the stinging effect of the retort, but he dismissed it at the time as only an eloquent rejoinder which he had called forth and which he need not further regard. At Washington Mr. Hill scored Mr. Toombs in very much the same fashion. It was something unusual for the multitudes who had long witnessed the exciting polemics of the hustings to behold the spectacle of an unterrified youngster like Mr. Hill touching the breastplates of old veterans like Mr. Toombs and Mr. Stephens; and stories of Jack the Giant-Killer began to move up and down the state, perhaps exaggerating the facts to embellish the legends.

What Mr. Toombs thought does not appear, but Mr. Stephens was by no means pleased with the garbled accounts which reached him within the next few days, and putting some vitriol into his inkbottle he wrote to Mr. Hill for information. Said he in substance: "I have been informed that in your speeches at Thomson and Augusta you declared that you had charged upon Mr. Toombs and myself that we had betrayed the Whig party and had acted toward it worse than Judas Iscariot, for though he betrayed his Master he did not abuse Him afterward; that you had thundered this in our ears and that we had cowered under your

charges. Please let me know if this be true, at least so far as I am concerned."

Without itemizing Mr. Hill's reply literally he wrote in substance that he had repeated at Thomson and Augusta exactly what had taken place at Lexington and Washington, no more and no less; than he met argument with argument, sarcasm with sarcasm and ridicule with ridicule; that he disclaimed any personal ill will and made shots only at those who built batteries.

Mr. Stephens was not satisfied with the terms in which this reply was couched, and several additional love-letters were exchanged in which Judas was the only one of the disciples whose name was mentioned; and finally Mr. Stephens, incensed and exasperated by what he considered an admission of the rumors with an effort to escape the consequences, issued the challenge to mortal combat.

Mr. Hill clearly foresaw what the result of the correspondence was to be; but reflecting upon the matter deliberately he saw no reason why he should be drawn into hostile encounter with Mr. Stephens on the field of honor. He was an ambitious man on the vestibule of public life, and he coveted the opportunity of serving his country. He did not wish Mr. Stephens to take his life, nor did he wish to take Mr. Stephens'. He was conscious of no feeling of malice or ill will; and he opposed duelling. But how could he avoid the imputation of dishonor if he declined the challenge? It often requires more real courage to decline than to embrace an encounter of this sort; and Mr. Hill displayed the higher type of courage in the answer which he returned. The language was so fearless that no one could doubt the courage which inspired it, and it unequivocally declined the challenge. But the summary of reasons closed with this paragraph: "While I have never at any time had an insult offered to me nor an aggression attempted, I shall yet know how to meet and repel any that may be offered by any gentleman who may presume upon this refusal."

Being unable to obtain satisfaction through this avenue of redress, Mr. Stephens published a card in which he set forth the result of the correspondence, and lambasted Mr. Hill with picturesque epithets; but Mr. Hill, who was also an adept in the noble art of writing epistles, came back with his own review of the controversy and wound up by saying that his last reason for declining the encounter was that he had a family and a conscience, while Mr. Stephens had neither.

The difficulty between General Toombs and Governor Brown dates back to the summer of 1872, when General Toombs intimated in language which amounted almost to open declaration that Governor Brown had been guilty of lobbying certain claims through the State Legislature. It should here be stated before proceeding further that Governor Brown and General Toombs had been staunch friends since 1857, and that General Toombs had sustained Governor Brown in the famous issue which the latter had made with the Confederate chief executive over the Conscription Act; but the two men had parted company under the bayonet regime of reconstruction, Governor Brown advocating submission and General Toombs preaching resistance.

Notwithstanding the bitterness with which Governor Brown had been assailed on all sides for the stand which he had taken on the measures of reconstruction, he had quietly endured the ostracism until General Toombs stepped forward with this offensive implication; and then suddenly turning upon him with outraged scorn he declared that if General Toombs meant to accuse him of lobbying he was an unscrupulous liar.

This led to an interview in which Governor Brown was waited upon by a friend of General Toombs, who told him that blood was visible on the moon, and asked him if he was prepared for personal hostilities. Governor Brown replied by saying that he would reserve his answer until the challenge came.

But in the meantime, with all the grimness of his Scotch determination of purpose, he began to put his house in order and to arrange his private affairs so as to be prepared for whatever might happen. He was not preparing for popgun tactics; and being an active member of the Baptist Church, whose fair name he did not wish to involve in any criticism which might be pronounced upon himself individually for duelling, he withdrew temporarily from the ranks of this communion, feeling as he did so no doubt that he still belonged to the church militant, and hoped to belong in the end to the church triumphant.

However, the challenge which Governor Brown had been led to expect never materialized. Controversial warfare was carried on in the public prints; but no invitation to go blood-hunting was ever issued or received. Governor Brown eventually put his letter back into the Baptist Church, and his calm white beard which had never been in the least ruffled by the late unpleasantness was seen to move once more along the solemn aisles as he pressed tranquilly and slowly forward to bow his head in reverence at the shrine of his devotions.

Years ago Henry W. Grady drew an interesting contrast between General Toombs and Governor Brown, and this sketch can not be better rounded than by citing two or three paragraphs from this fascinating article:

"Joe Brown and Bob Toombs! Both illustrious and great—both powerful and strong—and yet at every point, and from every view, the perfect opposites of each other. Through two centuries have two strains of blood, two conflicting lines of thought, two separate theories of social, religious and political life, been working out the two types of men, which have in our day flowered into the perfection of contrast—vivid, thorough, pervasive. For seven generations the ancestors of Joe Brown have been aggressive rebels; for a longer time the Toombses have been dauntless and intolerant followers of the king and kingliness. At the siege of Londonderry—the most remarkable fasting match beyond Tanner—Margaret and James Brown, grandparents of Joe Brown, were within the walls starving and fighting for William and Mary; and I have no doubt there were hard-riding Toombses outside the walls charging in name of the peevish and unhappy James. Certain it is that forty years before, the direct ancestors of General Toombs on the Toombs estate were hiding good King Charles in the oak at Boscobel, where, I have no doubt, the father and uncles of the Londonderry Brown, with cropped

hair and severe mien, were proguing about the place with their pikes, searching every bush, in the name of Cromwell and the psalm-singers. From these initial points sprang the two strains of blood—the one affluent, impetuous, prodigal; the other slow, resolute, forceful. From these ancestors came the two men—the one superb, ruddy, fashioned with incomparable grace and fulness; the other pale, thoughtful, angular, stripped down to bone and sinew. From these opposing theories came the two types—the one patrician, imperious, swift in action and brooking no stay; the other democratic, sagacious, jealous of rights and submitting to no imposition. The one for the king; the other for the people. It does not matter that the elder Toombs was a rebel in Virginia against the fat George, for that revolt was kingly in itself, and the Virginian cavaliers went into it with love-locks flying and care cast to the winds, feeling little of the patient spirit of James Brown, who, by his Carolina fireside, fashioned his remonstrance slowly, and at last put his life upon the issue.

"It is hard to say which has been the more successful of the two men. Neither has ever been beaten before the people. General Toombs has won his victories with the more ease. He has gone to power as a king goes to his throne, and no one has gainsaid him. Governor Brown has had to fight his way through. It has been a struggle all the time, and he has had to summon every resource to carry his point. Each has made unsurpassed records in his departments. As Senator, Toombs was not only invincible, he was glorious. As Governor, Brown was not only invincible, he was wise. General Toombs's campaigns have been unstudied and careless, and were won by his presence, his eloquence, his greatness. His canvass was always an ovation, his only caucusing was done on the hustings. With Governor Brown it was different. He planned his campaigns and then went faithfully through them. His victories were none the less sure because his canvass was more laborious. His nomination as Governor, while unexpected, was not accidental. It was the inevitable outcome of his young life, disciplined so marvelously, so full of thought, sagacity and judgment. If he had not been nominated Governor then, his time would have come at last, just as sure as cause produces result."

Discussing the threatened hostile meeting between General Toombs and Governor Brown in 1872, Mr. Grady indulges in some picturesque speculations. Says he:

"In the first place, General Toombs made no preparation for the duel. He went along in his careless and kingly way, trusting presumably to luck on quick shot. Governor Brown, on the contrary, made the most careful and deliberate preparation. Had the duel come off General Toombs would have fired with his usual magnificence and his usual disregard of rule. I do not mean to imply that he would not have hit Governor Brown; on the contrary, he might have perforated him in a dozen places at once. But one thing is sure—Governor Brown would have clasped his long white fingers around the pistol butt, adjusted it to his gray eye, and set his bullet within the eighth of an inch of the place he had selected. I should not be surprised if he drew a diagram of

General Toombs, and marked off with square and compass the exact spot he wanted to hit."\*

#### LAST DUEL FOUGHT IN THE SOUTH

On August 10, 1889, perhaps the last duel fought in the southern states, according to the strict ethics of the field of honor, occurred in Alabama, near the Georgia state line, between J. R. Williamson and Patrick Calhoun, both of whom were captains of industry and railway magnates interested in southern rehabilitation. The former, since deceased, was then president of the Rome, Chattanooga & Columbus Railroad, with headquarters in Rome; while the latter, a direct lineal descendant of the Great Nullifier of South Carolina, was at this time attorney for the West Point Terminal Company, with offices in Atlanta. Mr. Calhoun has since become a national figure, due to his connection with the great street railway system of San Francisco.

From an eye-witness to the affair, Mr. Gordon Noel Hurlst, who was present in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, the following account of the duel has been obtained. Says this writer:

"During a certain investigation before a legislative committee at the Georgia state capitol, Mr. Calhoun made a remark which reflected on the integrity of Captain Williamson, and Captain Williamson denounced the statement as a falsehood. Mr. Calhoun sent a letter by Captain Harry Jackson to the offending party, in which he demanded an apology. Captain Williamson referred the bearer to Captain Jack King. There was no retraction.

"Cedar Bluff, where it was planned to fight the duel, can be reached from Atlanta over the Rome and Decatur Railroad, via Rome, or over the Southern Railroad, via Anniston. It was strictly against the Code for newspaper reporters to attend a duel, and in the palmy days of the Code it was not difficult for duellists to rid themselves of too much publicity; but when the Calhoun-Williamson duel was fought not even the Field of Honor was too sacred for the staff correspondent.

"Mr. Calhoun, with his second, Captain Jackson, went to Cedar Bluff by the Anniston route, and were accompanied by Edward C. Bruffey, of 'The Constitution.' Captain Williamson, with his second, Captain King, went to Rome over the Western and Atlantic route, and they were accompanied by Dr. Hunter P. Cooper, surgeon; Judge Henry B. Tompkins, Ed. W. Barrett, of 'The Constitution,' now editor of 'The Birmingham Age-Herald,' and myself. When our party reached Rome we were on Captain Williamson's private car, and it was decided to rush the car through Rome to avoid any legal interference. Ed Barrett and I knew there was going to be an effort made to prevent our attending the duel, and so we hid on the rear end of the private car by crouching down on the steps on either side.

"The car was pulled rapidly through Rome, and Mr. Barrett and I went with it, but when we had gone some three miles west of Rome we were discovered and the car stopped. We were kindly but firmly ordered to get off. It was a hot day in the middle of summer and a

thick dust had been stirred up by the fast-moving train. Through the heat and dust Mr. Barrett and I had to walk three miles back to Rome. When we reached there we met Captain Seay, who assisted us in chartering a locomotive. We found an engineer who knew the schedule on the Rome and Decatur Railroad, but we could hire no fireman. Mr. Barrett and I fired the engine and we were soon ready to pull out after Captain Williamson's special car.

"We found the special side-tracked just outside of Rome because Captain Williamson's engineer could not operate a train over the R. & D. Just as we came up Captain Williamson was shooting a pistol at a tree. In order to secure our engineer the duelling party were forced to allow Mr. Barrett, Captain Seay and myself to become passengers in the special car. I remember that Mr. Barrett, still feeling deeply aggrieved at the way we had been treated, ordered a bottle of wine from the porter just to show that he felt perfectly at home on the special.

"We reached Cedar Bluff in due time. The regular train from Anniston, on which were Mr. Calhoun, Captain Jackson and Mr. Bruffey, had already been held up by a typical sheriff with a picturesque wide-brimmed white hat, who swore that no darn train was going to move until he got Pat Calhoun. We spent about a half hour at Cedar Bluff, and as no one would point out Mr. Calhoun to the sheriff there did not seem any good prospect of moving. It was then that Mr. Bruffey stepped up to the sheriff and said, 'Well, there is no use in causing any more trouble. I'm Pat Calhoun.' The sheriff grabbed his prisoner and was about to move off with him to the jail when a Cedar Bluff storekeeper remarked, 'That ain't Pat Calhoun, that's Ed Bruffey.' Even in that remote country village, Ed Bruffey was known.

"Captain Jackson, calling me to one side, told me to inform the sheriff that the United States mail train was held up, and a very serious offense was being committed. The sheriff decided to let the mail train go on through to Rome, and we passed the word around so that all of the party which had been on the special boarded the regular train. Our engineer was told to follow us as soon as possible. We rode on the regular passenger some two or three miles east of Cedar Bluff and disembarked. In a few minutes the special came up. It was decided to fight the duel then and there, and in a small open field a distance of fifteen paces was marked off and preparations made for the fight.

"'Look out,' some one in our party yelled, 'here comes the sheriff and his posse.'

"Sure enough, down a hill there came clattering some dozen men on horseback, and armed with winchesters.

"'Everybody on the car,' Mr. Barrett cried out, and we were quickly aboard and soon speeding down the railroad still going in the direction of Rome and nearer to the State line. We must have gone some ten miles when the special was stopped and the party again disembarked. I do not know to this day whether we were in Alabama or Georgia. Objection was made by Mr. Calhoun to Judge Tompkins going on the field, and the judge remained in the car. The train had stopped in a cut, and we had to walk about fifteen yards to reach a level place, and this was found to the left of the railroad and about a hundred feet therefrom.

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.



"Fifteen steps were paced off and Mr. Calhoun was placed facing the west, and Captain Williamson facing the east. The sun at that time was just descending below the horizon and the skies and woods were flooded with a golden light.

"It was discovered that the box of cartridges had been left on the car, and I was sent back after them. I opened the box with my knife and handed it to Captain Jackson. The pistols which had been agreed upon were the new improved hammerless Smith & Wesson, and each party was to have five shots. Right here it might be mentioned that Captain Williamson was under the impression that the five shots were to be continuous. Captain King loaded Captain Williamson's weapon and placed it in his hand. Captain Jackson, after having slipped one cartridge into Mr. Calhoun's pistol, could not make the cylinder revolve. Mr. Pruffey volunteered to assist and, taking the pistol from Captain Jackson's hand, began to load it. Everything was so deathly still that the rustling of a leaf sounded like the rumbling of a train, when suddenly there rang out a sharp report—

"Bang!

"There," exclaimed Mr. Bruffey, 'I have shot my finger off.'

"Dr. Cooper offered to bind up the wound, but Mr. Bruffey, using his handkerchief to stop the hemorrhage, placed his hand against a sapling and said:

"Don't worry about me, gentlemen, go on with the duel."

"When all was in readiness the command was given by Captain King. Both pistols were raised and several sharp reports rang out. Captain Williamson had fired all five of his shots and none had taken effect. Mr. Calhoun had fired only one shot and still had four in reserve.

"Now, Captain Williamson," said Mr. Calhoun, 'I have four balls left, and I demand that you retract the insult you offered me.'

"Captain Williamson called to his second, Captain King, but Captain Jackson drew a pistol from his pocket, stating that he would be forced to shoot any person who moved upon the field.

"To his antagonist, Captain Williamson then said:

"I have no shots left and you have four. You will have to fire them."

"Mr. Calhoun, after hesitating a few moments, called to his second, Captain Jackson. But at this point, Captain Seay stepped forward and said that under Captain Jackson's own ruling no one ought to move. Captain Jackson admitted this to be correct, whereupon Mr. Calhoun, facing Captain Williamson, said:

"Sir, I have your life in my hands, but I will say to you now that I meant no reflection on your character by my remark before the legislative committee, and, saying this, I fire my shots into the air." The four shots were so fired. Captain Williamson then said to Mr. Calhoun, 'Since you have made your statement, I gladly retract what I said to you.' All parties shook hands and boarded the train for Rome, where the special was coupled to a train for Atlanta, and so ended without bloodshed what promised to be a fatal encounter."

But the Code Duello has passed. There is not a state in the Union nor a country on the globe in which the practice has not been condemned by public sentiment, crystallized into forms of law; and even

in France, where the custom originated, its expiring gasp has at last been heard. On this side of the water it has slept the sleep of the dead for a score of years; and, except in the literature of a former time, its baleful effect upon our civilization is no longer seen or felt. In some respects, it was not an unmixed evil. It made men observant of the proprieties of speech, knowing full well the responsibility which attached to words. It protected the weak against the strong; and it safeguarded the honor of woman. There was no place for cowardice under a code which put an iron emphasis upon manly virtue and which served to revive, in many of its finer phases, the heroic age of knighthood. But, when everything to the credit of duelling has been said and written, it still remains that for sheer destructiveness, its only rivals in the world's modern life have been pestilence and war. No arithmetic can count the graves it has dug, compute the hopes of happiness it has dashed to the ground, or number the hearthstones over which it has hung the pall of a premature desolation. But the Fates have kindly intervened. With remorseless irony it has come to pass that, for this writer of epitaphs, an epitaph has at last been written; that, for this insatiate archer, there has come at length an arrow whose point has found the pulsing heart-center of life; and that, goaded by the nightmare of its own hideous dreams, this murderous custom has at last fallen underneath its own fire on the field of honor.\*

#### WHEN GRADY'S TIDE TURNED

The decisive moments of life are seemingly oftentimes associated with the most trivial events. Whatever may have put it into the head of Mr. Grady, in the spring of 1876, to try his fortunes in the great City of New York, instead of accepting an offer of editorial work in Wilmington, North Carolina, it is certain that a change of mind which the young editor experienced almost at the last moment colored the current and changed the channel of his whole subsequent career in journalism. Nor did the purchase of a railroad ticket, in the Atlanta depot, at this particular time, mean less to the whole American people than it did to this obscure knight of the pen, who was destined to become the foremost orator of the New South and to die "literally loving a nation into peace."

Success in life is oftentimes only the long delayed climax which comes after repeated disappointments and failures; and brilliant as the career of Mr. Grady was to be in newspaperdom, it was grounded upon financial disasters. One reverse followed another, until he found himself reduced from comparative wealth to relative want. But fortune must first test her favorites. It was somewhat in the adventurous spirit of the knight-errant that he set out for Gotham, but success was much nearer at hand than he anticipated. This is the account which Mr. Grady himself gives of this eventful trip to New York:

"After forcing down my unrelished breakfast on the morning of my arrival in New York I went out on the sidewalk in front of the Astor House and gave a bootblack twenty-five cents, one-fifth of which was to pay for shining my shoes and the balance was a fee for the privi-

\* Vol. II, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.

lege of talking to him. I felt that I would die if I did not talk to somebody.

"Having stimulated myself at that doubtful fountain of sympathy, I went across to the Herald office, and the managing editor was good enough to admit me to his sanctum. It happened that just at that time several of the Southern States were holding constitutional conventions.

"The Herald manager asked me if I knew anything about politics. I replied that I knew very little about anything else. 'Well, then,' said he, 'sit at this desk and write me an article on State Conventions in the South.' With these words he tossed me a pad and left me alone in the room. When my taskmaster returned, I had finished the article and was leaning back in my chair with my feet on the desk. 'Why, Mr. Grady, what is the matter?' asked the managing editor. 'Nothing,' I replied, 'except that I am through.' 'Very well,' he said, 'leave your copy on the desk, and if it amounts to anything, I will let you hear from me. Where are you stopping?' I replied, 'At the Astor House.'

"Early next morning, before getting out of bed I rang for a bellboy and ordered The Herald. I actually had not strength enough to get up and dress myself until I could see whether or not my article had been used. I opened The Herald with trembling hand, and when I saw that 'State Conventions in the South' was on the editorial page I fell back on the bed, buried my face in the pillow and cried like a child. When I went back to The Herald office that day, the managing editor received me cordially and said: 'You can go back to Georgia, Mr. Grady, and consider yourself in the employ of The Herald.'"

Exulting over his commission as southern correspondent of the New York Herald, Mr. Grady lost no time in returning to Atlanta to take up his work. On his arrival he found that another stroke of good luck awaited him. On the staff of the Constitution an editorial vacancy had occurred while Mr. Grady was in New York; and Capt. Evan P. Howell, who was then managing editor of the paper, being led to believe that Mr. Grady was just the man to fill this vacancy, offered him the place.

Since there was no clash between his duties as editor and his duties as correspondent, but rather perfect adjustment and mutual helpfulness, he accepted the proffered editorial desk and entered upon his brilliant career of usefulness in the service of this great southern newspaper.

#### HOW GRADY PLAYED CROMWELL

Henry W. Grady did the most audacious thing on record in the legislative history of Georgia, when he marched upon the capitol, at the head of a regiment of rampant democrats, in the fall of 1884, and adjourned the Legislature of Georgia for the purpose of celebrating the election of Mr. Cleveland.

On account of the uncertainty of the vote in New York State, the result of the election, it will be remembered, was held in abeyance for several days. The momentous issue depended upon the outcome of the

official count, and the barest majority was sufficient to swing the gigantic pendulum. The whole country was on tip-toe with excitement.

At last the good news was flashed over the wires that New York State was safely democratic, making Grover Cleveland the undisputed choice of the electoral college for President.

The opportunity of celebrating the first real and recognized victory of the democratic party since the war was not lost in any part of the South; and bonfires and torchlights were everywhere kindled in honor of the great political event. But Atlanta was perhaps the reddest spot on the whole map.

Mr. Grady was the first man to get the news. He was the managing editor of the Constitution, and was seated at his desk when the message came. Up he bounced from his chair, like one possessed, and began to stir about the office in hot haste. He lost no time in spreading the alarm.

First he ordered out the Constitution's little cannon, kept for purposes of this kind, and gave the signal to fire. Next he called up the chief of the fire department and caused the fire bells to be rung with furious clamor; and the fire bells soon started the steam whistles on numberless locomotives, and at last the factories for miles around the city caught the joyful contagion and helped to swell the chorus.

But another bright idea seized Mr. Grady. Rushing out upon the street, he soon mustered together a band of unterrified democrats, numbering perhaps two hundred; and, putting himself at the head of this fearless column, he marched, banner in hand, toward the state capitol, where the Legislature of Georgia was in session.

On reaching the door of the House of Representatives, he brushed with cyclonic violence past the sergeant-at-arms, who was too astonished to offer any show of resistance, and, planting himself in the center of the main aisle, before the speaker's desk, he exclaimed, in trumpet tones:

"Mr. Speaker! A message from the American people!"

Lucius M. Lamar, speaker pro tem., one of the most rigid parliamentarians, but also one of the most enthusiastic democrats, was in the chair. He realized at once what the invasion meant, and losing sight of his official obligation in his excess of democratic joy, he replied:

"Let the message be received."

Thereupon Mr. Grady marched boldly to the speaker's desk, and, taking the gavel from the hands of the astonished presiding officer, rapped sternly for silence in the hall. When order was restored, he said:

"In the name of Grover Cleveland, President-elect of the United States, I declare this body adjourned."

As the hammer fell, there followed such an earthquake of enthusiasm as had never before shaken the walls of the state capitol. In the wild delirium of the moment, members leaped upon their desks, and hats and voices rose in one mighty upheaval toward the ceiling. Legislative formalities were forgotten. Important resolutions were left upon the clerk's desk, and the day's session ended amid clamorous confusion.

Such ecstatic moments are rare in the history of commonwealths. It was not until the excitement was all over, that calmer pulse-beats caused the lawmakers of Georgia to reflect upon the boldness of Mr. Grady's conduct, and then it flashed upon them that the only precedent in history for the adjournment of a body of this character by an outsider, who possessed no authority of office, was to be found in the Puritan usurper, who, entering Westminster Hall with bayonets at his back, proceeded to disperse the Commons of England.

Four years later Mr. Grady was ready for another democratic celebration. On the day of election, in 1888, the Constitution's little cannon was again dressed and loaded for action. The ribbons fluttered gaily from the batteries. Everything was tense with excitement.

But the news this time was of an altogether different tenor. Mr. Cleveland was defeated. There was no margin of uncertainty—no ground for hope. It was in the nature of a ground swell for Mr. Harrison. So the expected ceremonies were called off.

With humorous good nature aglow on the keen edge of his disappointment, Mr. Grady smiled. The shock was severe. He fully anticipated success. But he was not to be dismayed by failure; and, drawing a pencil from his pocket, he scribbled upon a sheet of paper, which he placed over the cannon's mouth, this brave sentiment of self-repression, caught from one of the hymns of Charles Wesley:

"A charge to keep I have."

#### GRADY'S WIT AND HUMOR

Grady was charmingly Hibernian in his peculiar type of intellect. Though other strains of blood united in his veins and brought to his character the mingled contributions of many climes, his racial kinship to old Tom Moore was always strikingly in evidence. It was not only perfectly patent to the most casual acquaintance that he had scaled the castle tower in Ireland and kissed the celebrated wonder called the Blarney Stone, but, through all his fluent and florid English, there rippled the Lakes of Killarney and echoed the harpstrings of Tara. But along with the minstrelsy of the Dublin bard, he also inherited Sheridan's wit; and, in fact, Attic salt was the most pungent characteristic of the man who lacked, in the fullest measure, neither Burke's oratory nor Emmet's patriotism. Asked on one occasion why he was so glib of speech, he replied:

"Because my father was an Irishman and my mother was a woman."

This was a typical Gradyism. His retorts were like sheet lightning, luminous and sudden, but invariably harmless. He was rarely known to wound the sensibilities even of an inveterate enemy by concealing under his repartee either the stiletto or the wasp. Except toward the very last, he wrote few editorials and made few speeches in which he failed to indulge his mirth-loving propensities. Though he possessed the happy faculty of investing the most drowsy subject with an interest which few could approximate, it almost required the lash of compulsion to drive him into writing upon topics which either forbade or restricted



THE OLD GRADY HOME IN ATHENS



the indulgence of playful humor; and, in this respect, he was not unlike the mountain stream which grows sullen when forced to loiter in deep pools, but which fairly lifts arcadian rainbows when allowed to ripple on the rocks.

As long as he lived the great orator was given to boyish pranks. Perhaps the most amusing of all his practical jokes was the one which he perpetrated upon an old merchant, of Rome, Georgia, who refused to advertise in the Commercial, Mr. Grady's paper. This happened years ago, when the future peacemaker was serving his novitiate in the newspaper ranks. Returning to the office after his fruitless interview, he wrote an advertisement which he handed to the foreman, calling for cats of all kinds to be delivered next morning at the merchant's place of business.

Now it happened that the old man was not partial to cats. He disliked them. Of this antipathy most of his fellow townsmen, of course, knew nothing; but all who read the newspaper squib wondered why any sane man should be advertising for cats. Nevertheless the advertisement was answered. Cats of all kinds were brought to the old merchant's door. There were black cats and white cats, and gray cats and spotted cats, cats male and cats female, cats with families and cats without families—cats, cats, cats. The old man was completely overcome with astonishment. But he was worse than bewildered. He was mad.

Just then Grady came up. The arch-conspirator wanted to see what was happening in the neighborhood. He stood before the irate merchant like an apostle with an aureole, the very picture of innocence. But the old man was not deceived by the evangelical looks of the offender.

"Sir," said he, glaring at him like the Bengal member of the cat tribe, "you did this!"

"Yes," returned the young editor, now pleading guilty to the soft impeachment. "You see it pays to advertise in the right paper."

Still the old man was not appeased. He eschewed profanity, but he gave the culprit his choice of all the names in the cat family, from the caterpillar to the cataract. It was an exciting day in Wall Street. But, when calmer moments came, the old merchant began to realize the wisdom of judicious advertising. Moreover, he became Grady's fast friend, and he continued down to the close of his life to be the most enthusiastic admirer of the brilliant Georgian. But he never forgot the experience of this eventful forenoon, and ever afterwards in order to make the old man laugh until the tears stood in his eyes, it was only necessary to broach the subject of cats.

Reverting to the famous New England banquet speech which, in the brief space of twenty minutes, laid the foundations for an established national fame, Mr. Grady had hardly caught into his oratorical sails the first breeze from the Boston Harbor before the jester was at work. But nothing could have served to put him en rapport with his cultured audience more promptly or more completely than the apropos joke which he told of the old preacher who was the victim of mischievous urchins. For he wanted the Puritan banqueters to put faith in the message which he was about to deliver, and he sought to encourage this bestowal of

confidence by narrating the most wonderful exhibition of faith on record since the trial of Abraham on Mount Moriah.

"There was an old preacher once," said he, "who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of the page: 'When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife who was'—turning the page—'one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch inside and out.' He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'"



HENRY W. GRADY MONUMENT, ATLANTA

General Sherman was probably the most surprised as well as the most amused man at the banquet when the orator in one of his rhetorical somersaults suddenly landed upon the famous soldier with the remark that people down in Georgia thought General Sherman an able man, but "kinder careless about fire." This droll comment was hardly articulated before the speaker had again changed his mood, and in the very next breath, which seemed to strike an Aeolian harp-string, he hastened to observe that another brave and beautiful city had risen upon the ashes which he had left behind in 1864; that somehow Atlanta had managed to catch the sunshine into the brick and mortar of her homes and that within her walls not one ignoble prejudice or memory survived.

Grady's wit was always well pointed, and sometimes it was even more effective than tabulated statistics in supporting the contentions of argument. Such was the case when, some few years before he died, he pointed out Georgia's industrial shortcomings. Another type of orator

might have upbraided the state in terms of burning rebuke, and have wound up by saying, "O Shame, where is thy blush?" But Mr. Grady said:

"Once I attended an unusually sad funeral in Pickens county; the deceased, an unfortunate fellow of the one-gallus brigade, whose breeches struck him underneath the arm-pits. They cut through solid marble to make his grave; yet the little headstone they put above him came from Vermont. They buried him in the heart of a pine forest and yet the rude coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They buried him in touch with an iron mine, and yet the shovel they used was imported from Pittsburg. They buried him by the side of the best sheep-grazing country on earth, and yet the bands they used in lowering his body were brought from the North. The South furnished nothing for that funeral but the hole in the ground and the corpse. There they put him away and the clods rattled down upon him; and they buried him in a New York coat and a pair of shoes from Boston and a pair of breeches from Chicago and a shirt from Cincinnati, leaving nothing for him to carry into the next world with him to remind him of the country for which he fought for four years but the chill of blood in his veins and the marrow in his bones."

The section of Georgia in which the scene of this incident is laid is now one of the thriftiest portions of the state; and the marble quarries alone have produced an output of enormous wealth, furnishing the material for statehouse buildings and other palatial structures in various parts of the Union.

While in Boston on his last visit, Mr. Grady was the guest of the Bay State Club, and he spoke before this democratic body after delivering his great speech on the race problem before the Merchants Association. Capt. Evan P. Howell, his friend and partner, was with him at the time, and, in the course of his speech, he used Captain Howell as an illustration of what progress the South had made since the late unpleasantness.

"You may not believe it," said he, "but when my partner came out of the war he didn't have any breeches. That is an actual fact. Well, his wife, one of the best women the Lord ever made, reared in the lap of luxury, took her old woollen dress which she had worn during the war and cut the treasured garment into pantaloons. She rigged him out again, and with five dollars in gold as his capital he went to work. He first scraped up boards enough from the ashes of his home to put an humble roof over his head, and then he was ready for business. To show how he has prospered he has now three pairs of breeches with him and several pairs at home."

Few writers have ever succeeded in describing the woebegone sensations of sea-sickness, but Mr. Grady is one of the small number to whom the palm must be awarded. He says that when he first saw the briny deep it was not his soul that leaped to his lips, but his breakfast, and that no one need ever tell him again that hell is a lake of fire and brimstone, it is a trip at sea without a self-acting stop-valve and a copper-bottom stomach. "I do believe," he continues, "that if I had tied a cannonball

to a bread crumb and swallowed them both the bread crumb would have come up bringing the cannonball with it in short order." At last he says it became a sort of dismal joke to send anything down. Most voyagers get over the malady after the first hard day's experience; but not so with this long sufferer. He says that he lay for three days like an old volcano, desolate and haggard, but with an exceedingly active crater. Recalling the wonderful descriptive powers which men of literary genius have possessed, he says that he knows of no one whose yawping verse could lend itself readily to the celebration of sea-sickness unless it be Walt Whitman.\*

#### ANECDOTES OF JUDGE WILLIAM H. UNDERWOOD

One of the most celebrated wits of the Georgia bench was Judge William H. Underwood, of Rome. The great jurist, when engaged in the active practice of his profession, was once arguing with extreme earnestness a point of law which was vital to his case, and he had just commenced to read a citation from Blackstone when the judge interrupted him by saying that his mind was fully made up to decide the question adversely, and he did not wish to hear from him further on the subject.

"May it please the Court," said Judge Underwood, "you will surely allow me to finish. I am not citing authority to convince the Court, but only to show what an ignoramus Blackstone must have been."

Once an opponent taxed the judge with being a federalist. It nettled him somewhat and he replied testily:

"If I am a Federalist," said he, "then the two national parties are Federalists and Fools, and I have never heard you accused of being a Federalist."

Judge Underwood was provoked at one time with the people of Elbert on account of some political issue on which they were not in agreement. It was after he had settled in Rome for the practice of law. Said he:

"There is an honest ignorance about the people of Elbert which is really amusing."

It chanced that one of his old neighbors from Elbert heard of the remark, and, meeting him on the street soon afterwards, told him that he ought to take it back.

"Well," returned the judge, "I will take part of it back, and since the county voted for Buchanan, I will take back the word honest."

After stopping for the night with Charter Campbell, at Madison, the old judge drew out his pocketbook the next morning to pay the bill.

"Do you think I really owe you three dollars for boarding me and my horse Cherokee for just one night?" he inquired.

"Yes, judge," replied the landlord, "it is the usual rate."

"Well, Mr. Campbell," returned the judge, "if the poet who wrote, 'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long,' had stopped

\* Vol. II, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

over night with you, he would have written, 'Man has but little here below, nor has that little long.'"

But Judge Underwood promptly paid the bill. His horse was one of the finest in the country and he was more particular about Cherokee when he stopped at the different places in going the rounds of his circuit than he was about himself.

Judge Andrews says that as long as he knew him he never forsook horseback and saddlebags for buggies or railroads.

Living near the Alabama line, Judge Underwood, during the latter part of his life, frequently practiced in the Alabama courts. One day an upstart young lawyer who had just been admitted to the bar taunted him with being ignorant of the law of Alabama. "What you call the law," observed the youth, "may do for Georgia, but such statutes are not of force in Alabama."

Now Judge Underwood had long been opposed to the arbitrary method of dealing with the Indians in Georgia, and this experience gave him an arrow. "You are mistaken," said he, "Georgia takes the liberty of extending her laws over all the adjacent savage tribes, and what concerns the young man personally still more, she either hangs or jails, with very little evidence or ceremony, all the young savages who show her the least disrespect."

On one occasion Judge Underwood was employed in a lawsuit at Rome and Colonel Jones, an able lawyer with a weakness for politics, was the counsel for the other side. Colonel Jones had recently changed his party affiliations, much to the surprise of his friends throughout the state; and this gave the point to the joke which followed.

In the course of the trial, Judge Underwood was questioning an old lady on the witness stand, when, irritated by the ordeal, the old lady became quite turbulent. She wildly gesticulated in every direction and the judge, who was standing near, seemed to be in danger of sustaining a blow on his intellectual frontier.

"Take care of your wig, Judge," exclaimed Colonel Jones.

At first the judge was disconcerted, thinking that perhaps his wig was really out of place, but instantly he regained his composure and turning his batteries upon Colonel Jones, he replied with telling effect:

"Well, Colonel Jones, in this free country, a man has just as much right to change his hair as to change his politics."

Judge Underwood was an ardent whig of the Henry Clay type, but his son, John W. H. Underwood, believed in occasional variations. One day a friend asked him:

"Judge, what are John's politics?"

"Really," said the judge, "I can't tell you. I haven't seen the boy since breakfast."

But while John was frequently changing his politics, it must be remembered that the period was one of great upheavals in party organizations, and in the course of time John became politically even more distinguished than his father.

Early in his career he applied to the old gentleman for a letter of recommendation to Gov. George W. Crawford, with whom he knew the former to be on terms of personal friendship. The letter was readily given; and, putting it in his pocket, John set out for Milledgeville. When eventually opened, the document read as follows:

"My dear friend: This will be handed to you by my son, John. He has the greatest thirst for an office with the least capacity to fill one, of any boy you ever saw. Yours truly, WM. H. UNDERWOOD."

Seated on the front veranda of the old Atlanta Hotel, one of the famous ante-bellum establishments, Judge Underwood was quietly conversing when an elegantly dressed gentleman, whom he chanced to recognize as one of the most cultured men in the state, passed by.

Some cynical wag in the crowd, observing the handsome garb worn by the gentleman, observed with borrowed wit that if he could buy him for what he was worth and sell him for what he thought he was worth, he would never be out of cash.

Judge Underwood instantly spoke up.

"Well," said he, "that beats all. I have frequently seen a gentleman offering to sell a jackass, but this is the first time I ever heard of a jackass offering to sell a gentleman."

During one of the great know-nothing campaigns, back in the '50s, a drummer recommended to Judge Underwood a certain tavern at which he sometimes stopped, telling that it was an up-to-date know-nothing house.

"Well," said Judge Underwood, "if the landlord knows less than Jim Toney, who runs the other hotel, I'll be afraid to risk myself with him."

The judge was once holding court during the fall of the year in what was known as the Cherokee District of North Georgia. Chestnuts and chinquapins were just beginning to ripen in the woods, and lawyers, jurors, witnesses, constables, and spectators were all eating them in the courtroom, entirely forgetful of the proprieties.

Anxious to preserve something like decorum in the temple of justice and tired of the ceaseless cracking of the shells, the judge finally observed:

"Gentlemen, I am glad to see that you have such good appetites. You are certainly in no danger of starvation as long as chestnuts and chinquapins last. However, I have one request to make of those who compose the juries. I am unable, in the present condition of things, to distinguish one body from another. I must, therefore, beg the grand jurors to confine themselves to chestnuts and the petty jurors to chinquapins."

Several years before his death, while holding court at Marietta, Judge Underwood, in conversation with an old friend, facetiously remarked:

"General, when my time arrives, I am coming to Marietta to die."

"Good," replied the general, "I am glad you are so well pleased with Marietta."



"It isn't that," came the quick rejoinder. "It isn't that. It's because I can leave it with less regret than I can any other town in Georgia."

This was only in jest. He really liked the little town at the base of the Kennesaw. But the wish of the old jurist was gratified. He died in Marietta. Arriving one day on the noon train, he was taken violently ill soon after reaching town, and in less than half an hour the life of the genial old judge, like an extinguished sunbeam, was no more, and the world which he left behind him was darker.\*

#### ANECDOTES OF JOHN W. H. UNDERWOOD

But scarcely inferior to the elder was the younger Underwood. Judge Joel Branham, of Rome, Georgia, in a splendid paper published in volume 83, Georgia Reports, has preserved a number of delightful anecdotes of this noted jurist. Says Judge Branham: In the latter part of his life, Judge Underwood was subject to periods of mental depression, but it was an easy task to those who knew him well to lift him out of these despondent spells. As a rule he was a cheerful man. His store of anecdotes was rich and varied. No man could tell them with better effect than he could; and a brief reference to the main points of a few of the stories he used to tell, I trust will not be amiss.

On the trial of one of his cases before Judge Dougherty, Hon. Cincinnati Peeples, his opposing counsel, represented the defendant. A witness for the plaintiff had established the case. Consequently it was the object of Judge Peeples, in the cross-examination, to make him contradict himself, so as to destroy the effect of his testimony. The examination was as follows:

"Mr. Witness, were you not drinking on that day?"

"Yes, I had taken a drink or two."

"Now, were you not drunk at that time?"

"No, squire; I had taken a drink or two; I was just about as I am now."

"Well, how are you now?"

"Tolerably well, I thank you; how do you do yourself?"

After the laughter which followed this sally had subsided and Peeples had rallied again, the examination continued.

"Well, Mr. Witness, might you not have forgotten a good deal that occurred at that time?"

"Oh yes, squire."

"I thought so," exclaimed Peeples, with evident delight.

"Hold on, squire, I might have forgotten a good deal, but I haven't sworn to anything I forgot."

On the trial of a defendant in Habersham County for assault and battery, a tall and somewhat muscular, but handsome woman, was the state's witness. In describing the battery, she testified that the defendant threw his left arm around the prosecutor's neck and dealt him several successive blows in the face with his right fist. Gen. Andrew

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

Hansell, who represented the defendant, after a vain effort by cross-examination to confuse the witness and make her contradict herself, walked up to the stand and said:

"Now, show me how he did it."

She quickly threw her left arm around his neck and pounded him well in the face with her right fist, to his great surprise and to the merriment of the bystanders.

On the prosecution of a defendant for selling liquor in the prohibition County of Polk, the defense was that the sale was made on the prescription of a physician for illness. When the paper was put in evidence, it called for a quart, and was given by a gentleman who loved the article himself.

"Let me see the paper," said the judge.

It was handed to him, and he read it aloud from the bench: "Let the beaeren have one quart of whisky for sickness. John Johnson, M. D."

"Yes," said the judge, "M. D. in the morning means mighty dry, and in the evening it means mighty drunk."

The judicial anger of Judge A. R. Wright was aroused on one occasion by the quashing of several successive bills of indictment, on the motion of Judge Underwood, for hog-stealing. Finally, the case appearing to be strong on its merits against the defendant, the judge took the solicitor to his room and aided him in drawing a good bill. When the grand jury returned the bill in open court and the statement of the case was read, the solicitor, with a pause and a sad intonation of voice, said:

"It is no bill, may it please your Honor."

"What," said Judge Wright, "no bill?"

Judge Underwood arose and calmly suggested to the court that some of the greatest lawyers in this country and in England had decided that a grand jury had the right to find "no bill."

"Take your seat," said Judge Wright. "Bless my soul, what a country."

Underwood replied: "May it please your Honor, I think I see the hand of Providence moving in this case for my client's delivery."

"The finger of Providence!" exclaimed the judge. "I think I can see the finger of John W. H. Underwood."

An ambitious individual of Rabun, who had never been beyond the limits of the county and who had no idea of geography, on one occasion asked Judge Underwood whether there was more than one road to Liverpool. The judge, being always ready for fun, told him there was not.

"I thought so," he said; "now if this country was to get into a war with Liverpool, our salt supply would be cut off and we would perish. I am therefore in favor of building another road to Liverpool."

The judge concurred with him, and by the aid of Judge Dougherty and other members of the bar, induced him to announce for the Legislature on this platform and to speak on the subject at the courthouse the next day; and then he posted Jordan Gaines, a very large, tall, awkward,

long-limbed man, to oppose him and reply to his speech. Quite a crowd assembled to hear them; and it was on this occasion that the memorable and oft-quoted sentence was uttered by Gaines:

Squatting down almost to the floor, extending his long, bony arms and fingers, and whirling himself around, he said:

"Mr. Chairman, I always did despise to see a man side-wiping around and about, trying to get himself into the authography of a little office."

In an ejectment case, Judge Underwood pleaded the statute of limitations and struggled for a long time to get a witness named Lance to fix accurately the date when the adverse holding occurred. Judge Wright grew impatient and took charge of the witness himself.

"Can't you remember some occasion, such as the election of President or Governor, or some other important event," said the judge, "by which you can fix the date?"

After a brown study, Lance's face lit up and he said:

"Yes, I can, judge. It was in January of the same year that John Butt wintered March Addington's bull."

I have been greatly amused at his recital of the charge of Judge Dennis F. Hammond to the grand jury on carrying concealed weapons. He described him as a large man, with broad, stooping shoulders, large head and face, fair skin and blue eyes, with a clear and sonorous voice, and when excited, an exceedingly fluent speaker. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "when you see a man going about the country loaded down with dirks, bowie knives, sword canes, pistols, guns, blunderbusses and matters and things of like nature, kind, character, and description, gentlemen, you may set it down that he is white-livered and has a streak of cowardice running down his back-bone as wide as a fence-rail; and the court charges you, gentlemen of the jury, that such is the law of the land."

A colored school teacher and preacher named Ferguson was convicted in Chattooga County Superior Court for carrying concealed weapons. J. I. Wright, who was appointed to defend him, put his case on the ground that the pistol had no hammer, and that the school children had notified the teacher than they had intended to bar the doors of the schoolhouse and turn him out the next day, and that he carried the pistol to defend himself. When the verdict was rendered, Hon. A. R. Wright, who was present, stepped up to the bench and with his hand to his mouth, in a low breath, said:

"Turn the water on him, Judge."

"Stand up, Ferguson," said the judge. "When your case was called you were unable to employ a lawyer. You came here without a cent, except the African's, with your hair parted in the middle, a hymn book in your coat pocket and a six-shooter in the seat of your pants. You have been engaged, you say, in educating the colored youth of this country and in preaching the gospel. If you are ever saved, it will be by grace, and by amazing grace, at that. It is the judgment of the court that you pay a fine of \$100 and all costs, and be imprisoned in the chaingang twelve months; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

The next case called was one of larceny against a negro woman. In passing sentence the judge said:

"And here you are, hired as a cook, like the balance of your class, with intent to steal. You begin with a dish-rag and wind up with a sack of flour or a ham. I send you to the chaingang for twelve months, that you may keep company with Brother Ferguson and console him."

Those who were present and heard his remarks when Hon. R. A. Denny, John R. Towers, Jr., Paul D. Wight and James Glenn, when they were admitted to the bar at Rome, in July, 1875, can never forget them. Sitting upon the bench, with his hat on, as was his usual custom, with his legs crossed, shaking his right foot, he said:

"Now, young gentlemen, I want to say a thing or two to you. You have passed a better examination than most young men who are admitted to the bar. You think you know a good deal. It is a great mistake; you don't know anything. If you are ever of any account, you will be surprised at your present ignorance. Don't get too big for your breeches. Go around to the justice courts and try to learn something. Don't be afraid. You will speak a great deal of nonsense, but you will have one consolation, but few will know it. The great mass of mankind will take it for sound sense. Don't be alarmed at the wise-looking judge. He doesn't know a thing. He's a dead beat on knowledge. Stand to the rack, fodder or no fodder, and you will see daylight after awhile."

"The community generally suppose that you will be rascals. There is no absolute necessity that you should be. You may be smart without being tricky. Stick to your profession, study hard, work hard, be honest, do your duty, and collect your fees. You are dismissed with the sincere hope of the court that you will escape a calamity which befalls many lawyers, and not make asses of yourselves."

Judge Underwood used to say, with a touch of irony, that the Supreme Court differed from the courts of lower jurisdiction only in having the last sweep at the law. In reply to the remark of a client who was greatly troubled over a suit against him for his property in Rome and who observed that there ought not to be any lawyers, he said: "I can give you a certificate that there are not very many." Another clever witicism of the judge was that a cash fee always quickened his apprehension.

When he was in the nineteenth year of his age, he was present when the treaty was made with the Cherokee Indians, whereby they agreed to cede the remainder of the Georgia lands; and, after 12 o'clock at night he copied for Mr. Schermerhorn a copy of the treaty to be sent to Governor Carroll, the other commissioner.

On the 18th day of July, 1888, he was at his office, in the City of Rome, in usual health, engaged in a conversation with several gentlemen, among them Maj. Charles H. Smith, his former law partner, and Judge T. J. Simmons, who was then on a visit to Rome. After the conversation, in which he joined, indulging in anecdote, he left for the bank to attend to some business matter there. On his way, he stopped and sat down in the store-room of Capt. R. G. Clark. In a moment, swift as an arrow, came the silent messenger, and painlessly, without a word of warning,

bore his spirit away. And so a cloud came over the windows of the soul, and the veil which hides this from the unseen world fell between us.\*

#### GEORGIA'S MODERN PROMETHEUS

Calling down the fire of heaven has often been the invocation of impassioned rhetoric. But not since the miraculous flames were kindled upon Mount Carmel has it been more completely the accomplishment of literal fact than when Gov. James Jackson, in front of the old capitol building at Louisville, drew down the solar heat to consume the iniquitous records of the Yazoo fraud. The story of Prometheus is only Grecian fable, but the story of Governor Jackson is uncontroverted fact. To fight this monstrous iniquity, Governor Jackson resigned his seat in the United States Senate and entered the State Legislature as a member from Chatham.

Strange as it may seem, some of the most influential men of Georgia were involved in the Yazoo speculation, and, by taking such a course, Governor Jackson invited the deadliest feudal animosities. Exactly how the Yazoo lands were bounded is immaterial, but they occupied the upper belt of territory included between the Chattahoochee and the Mississippi rivers. Four separate companies were organized for the purpose of engineering the deal: the Georgia, the Georgia-Mississippi, the Upper Mississippi, and the Tennessee. The veiled purpose behind this scheme is said to have been the formation of an empire along what was then the western frontier. Even so illustrious a patriot as Patrick Henry lent the weight of his great name to one of the companies organized in Virginia; but like a number of others he regarded the matter purely in the light of a real estate transaction. It involved 35,000,000 acres of Georgia's western lands, for which the sum to be paid was \$500,000. But this was before the time of railroads, when population was scarce and when wild lands were cheap.

But it cannot be denied that in railroading the measure through the State Legislature gross corruption was employed. Governor Mathews, who then filled the chair of state, was at first strongly opposed to the Yazoo purchase; but even the chief executive was eventually won by the persuasive arts of the speculators. Two of his sons are said to have acquired an interest in the proposed deal. At any rate, he signed the famous act, in 1795. It is said that until the very last moment, however, the old governor hesitated. Finally he ordered his private secretary, a man named Urquhart, to prepare a quill. Anxious to thwart the speculators, if possible, Urquhart first dipped the pen in oil, hoping that when the ink refused to flow the old governor might construe it as an omen. But the clever ruse failed to work.

Governor Jackson found the defect of the speculators a task for Hercules. But when the iniquitous act was finally rescinded, it was decided that a fire should be kindled in the public square for the purpose of consuming the infamous records, so that not a vestige of the fraud would be left to dishonor the statute books of Georgia. Various accounts of

the incident have been handed down. One asserts that when everything was ready for the igniting sparks there suddenly appeared in the midst of the crowd an old man with snowy hair and beard who declared that, feeble as he was, he had come to see an act of public justice performed; and drawing from his bosom a sun-glass, he declared that fire from heaven should be employed to consume the papers. It is said that just as soon as the fire was kindled the old man vanished as suddenly as he had first appeared.

But, eliminating the hypothetical elements, the fact remains that the iniquitous records were fired by means of solar heat, and that the principal actor in the scene was James Jackson. Gov. Jared Irwin, who signed the rescinding act, was also present, with other members of the Legislature. Of course, there was no end to the litigation which followed, and finally in 1802 Georgia ceded her western lands to the United States Government. Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, who served with Governor Jackson in the Federal Senate, says that the wounds which the latter received in numberless duels caused by his relentless prosecution of the Yazoo speculators undoubtedly hastened the old governor's death. He died at the age of forty-nine. Thus allied, in double similitude, to the ancient Tishbite, he not only drew down the fire of heaven to consume the workings of iniquity, but he also rose to heaven in the flaming chariot which his zeal had furnished, to blaze on Georgia's burnished scroll like another splendid Mars.\*

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF GOVERNOR TROUP

In person, Governor Troup was of the ordinary height, with light complexion, blue eyes, and sandy hair. His carriage was erect, and his step slow and measured. He might have passed for a military man anywhere; and those who knew him best accorded to him military talents of a high order. The gravity of his mien, and the guttural, almost solemn, tones of his voice, led strangers to suppose that his dignity partook of austerity; but this was not so. Reserved, even in boyhood, he was still open and affable with his associates; adding, early in life, a tinge perhaps of melancholy, to the native dignity which never forsook him. Perfect candor and the strictest truthfulness were eminent characteristics. Where principle was involved he was a stranger to the spirit of compromise.

His domestic life was embittered by the early and sudden death of his first wife; and afterwards by the prostration of health and death of the second, at a time when, amid the cares of office and the active engagements of life, the weary heart looks for comfort and repose at home; and his declining years were saddened by the death of his older daughter, and the wreck of health of his only son. Nevertheless, he retained a degree of cheerfulness to the last, enjoying the social intercourse of friends at his secluded homestead; numbers of whom were attracted there, as well by the cordiality of his welcome and the simplicity of his manners, as by the amount of information he imparted, and the stores of political wisdom which he was ever ready to unlock.

To a vigorous intellect, he added the faculty of a sound judgment and

\*Condensed from a paper by Judge Joel Branham, in the "Georgia Reports," Vol. 83.

\*Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.



the quality of an almost intuitive perception of the characters of men and the tendencies of measures. Whilst his firmness was conspicuous, his perfect purity of intention, and his disinterested zeal for the public good, were a standing rebuke to the timidity of the wavering politician, and the selfishness of the demagogue. Well instructed in the principles of law, he was deeply read in history and was a thorough master of the English language. Whilst Governor Troup was not usually ranked with the great intellects of the day, there are those who believe that some of his writings will compare favorably with any of the political essays to which the theory of our federative system has given rise. As specimens of profound thought and of clear argumentation, they deserve to rank with the best treatises of any age. In what were considered his extreme views of the absolute sovereignty of the American states, Governor Troup was certainly in a minority; yet those who condemn his views have nowhere shown the fallacy of his reasoning, and every day's observation tends to confirm the truth of his apprehension of danger from the usurpations of the central government. Consequent upon his ardent temperament, Governor Troup's oratory, in the earlier portion of his life, was impassioned and vehement; but not open to the jeering criticism of his enemies that he frothed at the mouth. In later life, his utterance, whether in public or in private, was slow, distinct and emphatic.

Few men were more careless of mere externals. In the matter of dress, he had little taste; and on this subject several amusing anecdotes are told. There is no doubt that, during the canvass for governor, before the Legislature of 1823, some of his supporters requested one of his most devoted friends to give him a hint, that the election would be lost, if he did not appear in better trim. The duty was delicately performed, and the wish of his friends was at once gratified. Something similar had occurred, in 1816, when he passed through Savannah to take his seat in the United States Senate. This did not proceed from parsimony, nor from the mere desire to appear eccentric. His clothes were usually of good quality, but often of the oddest colors and of the worst fit. His peculiar and perhaps only fancy was for a blue coat with metal buttons, a buff vest, and a fur cap.

Whilst his habits were retiring, and most of his private life was spent on his plantations, yet it was usual for him to pass a portion of the warm season at Indian Springs, or some other watering-places in Georgia. Even at these places he exercised much on horseback. His principal diversions at home consisted in riding over his crops, in fishing and hunting, but more of his time was spent in reading. Possessed of an ample fortune, he lived in abundance, if not in elegance, delighting in the society and conversation of friends. His memory of historical events is said to have been wonderful. No one can contemplate his executive career without awarding him administrative talents of the first grade. Add to all this an iron will and a resolution that quailed before no difficulty and no foe, and we have, if not the very model of a statesman, one at least who could not only inspire confidence in the doubting but who could lead his countrymen through any crisis.

Concerning his religious views, little is known, beyond what is dis-

closed in his messages and letters. These show a deep reverence for the Supreme Being and a realizing sense of the pure and holy truths of the Christian religion. He made no public profession of faith; but it is evident that he was far removed from the taint of infidelity or skepticism. By resolution of the General Assembly, adopted in 1857, a life-size portrait of Governor Troup has been painted. It hangs opposite the portrait of Gen. John Clarke, by the president's chair, in the Senate of Georgia. It is said to be a lifelike delineation of the man, who was pronounced by a devoted and discriminating friend "a Roman in feature and a Roman in soul."\*

Governor Troup's father was an Englishman who, in his youth, was an officer in the Royal Navy. He married Catharine, the only daughter of Capt. John McIntosh, a brother of the eccentric Capt. Roderick McIntosh, of Tory prominence in the Revolution, and a kinsman of Col. Lachlan McIntosh, one of the boldest of the patriots. Catharine McIntosh is said to have met her future husband on a visit to England. Mr. Troup, the elder, was at one time engaged extensively in mercantile operations, but afterwards became a planter. He was well-bred and fond of books. His death occurred at his home, on the Sapelo, in McIntosh County, where he lies buried. In addition to a daughter, there was born to Capt. John McIntosh a son, William, who became an Indian trader. The latter married a chief's daughter and became the father of Gen. William McIntosh, the most prominent figure connected with the famous episode of the Creek Indian removal, and a martyr to his friendship for the whites. He was Governor Troup's first cousin.

Going back to Capt. John McIntosh, the governor's grandfather, he was attached at one time to the Army of West Florida, and in requital of his services was rewarded by the King of England with the grant of McIntosh Bluff, an extensive tract of land in what was afterwards the Territory of Alabama. Here, on the heights overlooking the Tombigbee River, Governor Troup was born, toward the close of the Revolution, in the year 1780. He was the second of six children. Governor Troup knew nothing whatever of his antecedents beyond the meager record kept by his father in the family Bible, each entry in which was written in the most beautiful penmanship.

#### GOVERNOR TROUP'S LAST DAYS

Shortly before the governor's death, a message from the overseer on his Mitchell plantation, in what is now Wheeler County, announced an unruly disposition on the part of a certain negro slave. With his faithful coachman, the aged governor was soon at the lower plantation, thirty-five miles away.

It is needless to say that proper chastisement broke the unruly spirit; however, cruel treatment of slaves was unknown on the Troup plantations. On reaching the Mitchell place, fatigued by the hurried trip, the governor became ill, and five days brought the end. He was removed from his residence, nearby, long since decayed, and tenderly cared for at the home of Overseer Bridges, where he died April 26, 1856. Smart Rob-

\* Edward J. Harden, in the "Life of George M. Troup."

erson, a colored slave, was mounted on a spirited young horse and dispatched to Glynn County to bear the sad tidings to Col. Thomas M. Forman, his son-in-law (husband of the eldest daughter, Florida, who died two years before). Before reaching his destination, the steed was overtaken by his rider's haste and fell by the wayside. Faithful Smart, undaunted, pressed on on foot and delivered his message. Madison Moore, the coachman, with a vacant seat, returned post-haste to Valdosta for the younger daughter, Oralie, and other members of the family.

With few members of the family present, preparations were made for the burial. A coffin was made from wide boards taken from the porch of a new home of Peter Morrison. The plank having been laid but unnailed, were easily removed by willing hands. This enclosure was constructed at the workshop of John Morrison, two miles from the Troup residence. His handiwork was aided by his son, Daniel, together with the assistance of Duncan Buchanan. The nails were wrought by Peter Morrison, the blacksmith. The colonel was a regular patron of this little shop. On the lid of the box brass tacks formed this humble tribute: "An Honest Heart." The venerable statesman was enshrouded in a winding sheet (the custom of the day) prepared by Mrs. Elizabeth Morrison, whose skill, like that of Dorcas of old, should be told as a memorial. She was the wife of the old woodworker. Material for the shroud was taken from a bolt of white linen, a portion of which also lent comfort to the rude coffin.

The statesman was laid to rest at Rosemont, beside the body of his brother, Robert Lachlan Troup, to whose memory a shaft had been erected by the governor and his son, G. M., Jr. (the latter having died two years after his father). The marble shaft, about ten feet tall, was finished in Augusta, and stands in the center of the enclosure. On the front face will be seen the inscription:

Erected by G. M. Troup, the Brother, and G. M. Troup, Jun., the Nephew, as a tribute of affection to the memory of R. L. Troup, who died September 23, 1848, aged 64 years. An honest man with a good mind and a good heart.

After the governor's burial there was recessed into the front of the base a marble slab, 2.3 feet, and seen through the open door of the enclosure, bearing this inscription:

GEORGE MICHAEL TROUP.

Born Sept. 8th 1780.

Died April 26th 1856.

No epitaph can tell his worth.

The History of Georgia must perpetuate

His virtues and commemorate

his Patriotism.

There he teaches us

the argument being exhausted,

to Stand by our Arms."

The enclosure, a most substantial affair, about 17x25 feet, is made of sandstone, quarried from Berryhill Bluff, on the Oconee River, near by, and fragments left by workmen may now be seen strewn in the rear of the tomb, the splendid iron door, oft-times ajar, whose lock has long since been removed, was cast by D. & W. Rose, of Savannah. Governor Troup rests (according to the best information) on the right of the shaft, the single box coffin being used to avoid excavation too near the pedestal. There, among the wildwood, may be seen a rosebush, still blooming, the tribute of a faithful slave woman, long since in her lowly grave, among those of her kind. Near the tomb, which is now surrounded by a friendly little clump of trees (reduced in size, contrary to wishes of its owner), stood the Rosemont homestead, owned at the time of his death by R. L. Troup; but in his will, dated only two days before death overtook him, Rosemont, with all personal property, was consigned to his brother, the governor, and nephew, G. M. Troup, Jr. As exceptions, a fifteen-year-old colored girl was given to a friend, and the sum of \$3,000 in cash assigned to Robert T., son of Dr. James McGillivray Troup, the youngest of the six Troup brothers, then residing in Glynn County. One of our illustrations shows half a section of the Rosemont dwelling, a double-pen log affair, many years ago cut from its mate and removed to a distant part of the field, but still well preserved. A deserted and lonely old barn now stands vigil over the site of this once happy retreat. Broad fields of cotton and corn have displaced the luxuriant forests of bygone days, the sound of the hunter's horn and the bay of the hounds is hushed forever, for during his earlier manhood the field and stream were resorted to by Governor Troup and his brothers.

Of the Horseshoe place nothing remains of former days, and it, too, is forgotten by the tiller of the precious soil as he sows and reaps on historic ground. Allowing a reference to the Turkey Creek plantation, and to further show the indomitable will power of the beloved statesman, it may be said that, just prior to his last journey to the Mitchell place, he wrote his overseer on the Turkey Creek farm, concerning a dispute with a neighbor of that community: "If I have got right on my side, I will surrender, but not compromise." Doubtless his last message.

The Valdosta plantation, in Laurens County, was distinctly the bower of his retirement—his retreat after the cares of State, and the home of his friends. From this abode came some of his strongest documents, dating to within a few days of his death. The Valdosta mansion, for such it was in ante-bellum days, was a large six-room log structure, triple-pen style, divided with halls and nearly surrounded with broad verandas and fitted with chimneys of clay. To this was annexed in 1852 a large room, used as a reception chamber. This was substantially built of 6x10-inch dressed timbers, laid edgewise and intricately dovetailed and spiked with hand-forged nails, something of the workmanship being shown by one of the accompanying cuts. The interior was plastered, making it a most durable structure. It was by far the most palatial of the Troup homes, but is now in ruins. The sandstone chimney, with its liberal fireplace, has, to some extent stood the ravages of time. Carved in the upper portion of this chimney, outside, may be seen the governor's name and the date of construction. This home graced a beautiful emi-

nence, from which, even now, may be seen the splendid little City of Dublin, seven miles to the north.

The Vallombrosa and Turkey Creek plantations, in Laurens County, formed a part of the Troup holdings, but our research being limited and the intent of this sketch not demanding it, reference to them cannot be accurately made. The other plantations, extending southward on the Oconee River, were the Horseshoe place, in Montgomery (now Wheeler) County; Rosemont, east of the river, in Montgomery County; the Mitchell place, west of the river (originally settled by Hartwell Mitchell, 1814), in Montgomery (now Wheeler) County, opposite Mount Vernon and south of Greenwood. Each homestead has its special interest, for, under his regular plan of visiting, an open and well-ordered home awaited its landlord's coming. Each estate was supervised by an overseer, and each slave had a task assigned for the day. A perfect system regulated all labors.\*

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF BENJAMIN TALIAFERRO

"The name Taliaferro is derived from the Latin, signifying one who bears a sword, and indicates the virtue for which the name was originally bestowed," says Governor Gilmer. "Two brothers emigrated from Italy to Virginia in the early colonial days and settled in the neighborhood of Williamsburg. Only one of them left male descendants. They have increased and scattered until the name of Taliaferro is now known in most of the States south of the Potomac, their Italian blood not suiting the climate of the North, nor their taste the phlegm of the northern people. Individuals here and there still show their origin by the practice of improvisation. Mr. Jefferson describes the family in Virginia as wealthy and respectable. Chancellor Wythe, who signed the Declaration of Independence, married one of them.

"Zach Taliaferro removed from the neighborhood of Williamsburg to Amherst County, where he settled and married. From the crossings of his immediate ancestors he had lost the beauty and effeminacy of the original stock. He was as rough in looks and temper as the face of the country in his new home. At the time when he located in Amherst County, disputes among the mountain men were usually settled by the law of arms, in which fists were the weapons of war. The champion pugilists being ready to fight, a ring was formed, with the combatants inside, the crowd out. The contest frequently ended with the loss of an eye or an ear. Zach was a capital hand at such affairs, and never backed out, however much overmatched. He was one of the justices of Amherst County, though he had much higher qualifications for acting sheriff, to which office he afterwards succeeded.

"Benjamin Taliaferro was the oldest son of Zach. Coming to Georgia in 1784, he became one of the leading men of the State, was President of the Senate and Member of Congress, and filled many other high positions. He was in the Legislature when the Yazoo act was passed but resisted all the efforts of the speculators. When the people of Georgia

\* H. B. Folsom, in Vol. II, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.

rescinded the act and discarded from office those concerned in its passage, Col. Taliaferro was made Judge of the Superior Court, though he was not a lawyer. It became very important to the fraudulent land jobbers, who were interested in cases before him, to drive Col. Taliaferro from the bench. By agreement among them, he was challenged by Col. Willis, upon some frivolous pretence, to fight a duel, upon the supposition that his army training would induce him to fight, and therefore to resign his judgeship.

"They were mistaken. He accepted the challenge without resigning. The speculators tried a novel expedient. Judge Taliaferro's attachment to his wife was well known. So preparations for the duel were made within sight and hearing of Mrs. Taliaferro in order to frighten her. They were again mistaken. Whilst they were practicing, Mrs. Taliaferro was aiding the Judge to put in order the horseman's pistols which he had used when he belonged to Lee's Legion. The Judge met his opponent; and the pistol, which had been oiled by his wife, sent its ball so near the speculator's vitals that he declined receiving a second shot."\*

#### GEORGE R. GILMER: SOME INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER

To Dr. G. R. Glenn, of Dahlonega, president of the North Georgia Agricultural College, we are indebted for the following summary of incidents in the career of Governor Gilmer. Says he: "George Rockingham Gilmer was born in Wilkes County, Ga., in the portion which is now Oglethorpe, on April 11, 1790. His ancestors were Scotch. Although he grew up on the farm, his body was frail and his health delicate. When he was thirteen years old, his father sent him to Dr. Wilson's school at Abbeville, S. C. Later he attended the famous Georgia Academy under Dr. Moses Waddell, who was perhaps the greatest teacher of his time. He awakened in young Gilmer aspirations which in after years were to give tone and direction to a useful career. The latter throughout his public career never failed to acknowledge the debt he owed his great teacher. On account of ill health he was unable to go to college; but while confined at home he read law and taught his younger brothers. In 1813 his physician, Dr. Bibb, who was also at the time United States Senator, believing that life in camp would be beneficial to his patient, secured for him an appointment as First Lieutenant in the United States Army; and in this capacity he rendered effective service in expelling the Indians from the Chattahoochee district. Returning home greatly improved in health, he began the practice of law at Lexington. While he had been denied a college education, he was always a thoughtful student of men and things. Natural objects provoked his closest attention. He found sermons in stones and books in running brooks. In 1818, he was elected to the State Legislature, where largely through his influence, a law against private banking, then a great evil, was enacted. He was also the first to arouse an interest in an appellate court, for the correction of errors. This movement led to the establishment of the Supreme Court of Georgia.

"In 1820 he was elected to Congress, and again in 1824 and 1828.

\* George R. Gilmer, in "Sketches of Some of the First Settlers of Upper Georgia."



However, in 1828, he failed to give notice of his acceptance in due time as required by law, and Governor Forsyth declared his appointment vacant and ordered another election. Mr. Gilmer declined to be a candidate again. The same year he ran for Governor and was overwhelmingly elected. It was while he was a member of Congress, in the year 1822, that he married Miss Eliza Frances Grattan, whose father was of the same stock as the famous Irish orator, Henry Grattan. From this marriage no children were born, but his married life seemed to be an ideally happy one. In 1830, after serving his first term as Governor, he was a candidate for re-election, but was defeated by Wilson Lumpkin. However, he was again elected to Congress in 1833, and elected a second time Governor in 1837."

"It was during his first term as Governor that serious disturbances occurred with the Cherokee Indians. There was constant friction growing out of questions concerning the territory occupied by the Indians. An incident occurred which illustrates the independent and fearless character of Governor Gilmer. George Tassels, a Cherokee, killed another Indian, in that part of the Cherokee territory which was subject to the courts of Hall county, and was arrested by the Sheriff. Tassels was tried in the Superior Court and sentenced to be hanged. His lawyers appealed his case to the Supreme Court of the United States, before which body Governor Gilmer was summoned to appear to answer for the State of Georgia. The Governor sent to the Legislature, which was in session at the time, this message: 'Orders received from the Supreme Court of the United States for the purpose of interfering with the decisions of the courts of this State in the exercise of their constitutional jurisdiction will be resisted with all the force the laws have placed at my command.' The Legislature upheld the Governor and Tassels was hanged."

"At the close of his term of office as Governor he returned to his home in Lexington to spend the rest of his days in peace and quiet. Much of his time was devoted to a study of the minerals of his county, and he collected a cabinet of great value. For thirty years he was a trustee of the State University, to which he left several bequests. One was a fund, the interest of which was to be used for training teachers for the poor children of the State. This is the first fund ever given by any citizen of Georgia. The interest on the fund—still known as the Gilmer fund—is used by the trustees of the University in connection with the State Normal School at Athens."

"Regarded from any point of view, Governor Gilmer was one of the most useful and distinguished men the State has ever produced. His ideal of citizenship was the consecration of the best he had to the service of the State. His convictions of right and duty were clear and strong, and he was never known, either in public or in private conduct, to compromise with wrong. 'Let me always do what is right,' he said, 'and I care not what the consequences may be.'"

"In 1855 he published 'Georgians,' a work full of useful information concerning the early settlers of the State. He died at Lexington, Ga., November 15, 1859, in the seventieth year of his age. It is not out of place in speaking of the life of this distinguished man to mention the fact that he lived at a period when there was much political

bitterness in the State of Georgia, and even good men were so prejudiced that it was hard for them to do him justice. Governor Wilson Lumpkin was among the number who underrated him, due to the partisan rancor at the time prevalent. Growing out of the publication of his reminiscences, there was much feeling against Governor Gilmer. He was very out-spoken, and in these reminiscences he did not mince matters, in dealing with prominent men of the time, and it militated against a fair judgment of Governor Gilmer himself."

#### ANECDOTE OF JESSE MERCER

Soon after the meeting of the Legislature [in Milledgeville], Jesse Mercer, the celebrated Baptist preacher, was requested by the Legislature to preach the funeral sermon of Governor Rabun, who had been his intimate friend. The famous political factions caused by the enmity between Clarke and Crawford were then flourishing in great vigor. Jesse Mercer was a supporter of Crawford, as Governor Rabun had been. It was suspected by the new occupant of the executive chair, Governor Clarke, that this funeral ceremony was intended to do him harm. The sermon was preached in the Baptist Church, which was some distance from the state house. Governor Clarke, Jesse Mercer and the members of the Legislature walked in procession to it. In performing the last sad rites over his Baptist friend, Jesse Mercer did his best, and enforced the doctrine with great zeal that, when the Lord taketh away a good and righteous ruler, he does it on account of the sins of the people, and will punish them by putting wicked rulers over them, and ended by saying that Georgia had reason to tremble. Colonel Tatnall and I had walked together in the procession, and were seated near the principal passway in the church, with Colonel Campbell, the governor's brother-in-law, immediately before us, and John Abererombie, the particular friend of Governor Rabun, a little back; and, on the opposite side of the passway, Colonel Campbell, with a frown on his brow, looking first at the preacher and then at Governor Clarke. Abererombie gazed around with the most approving smile on his face at the leading Clarke men, and then at the followers of Crawford, with equally significant tokens of approbation. Colonel Tatnall's proud nature scarcely brooked what he considered a gross insult offered to the dignity of the chief magistrate of the commonwealth. His pent-up wrath vented itself in the strongest expressions of disapproval, as we walked back to the state house. But a resolution was immediately passed, asking Jesse Mercer for a copy of his sermon for publication. The resolution never returned from the governor's office. This scene in the Baptist Church shows the feelings and opinions of the times."

#### ANECDOTE OF JUDGE DOUGHERTY

On the trial of a hotly contested case in Jackson County for slander, Judge Dougherty, with Messrs. Underwood, Peeples and Overby, represented the defendants and were successful in the suit. The action arose

\* George R. Gilmer, in "Sketches of Some of the First Settlers of Upper Georgia."

out of a controversy in which the whigs and democrats were aligned. The defendant was greatly delighted at the result, and, while walking from the courthouse to the hotel in company with his counsel, said:

"Now, gentlemen, I am ready to pay you. How much do I owe you?"

Judge Dougherty answered:

"Pay me \$1,000 for all of us."

As they sat down at the office table in the hotel, with a deep-drawn sigh, he reached for his well-worn pocketbook and counted out the money in \$10 bills; and as Judge Dougherty took them and dealt them out around the table of his three associates, as if he were dealing cards, the defendant said:

"Well, gentlemen, I think I have a right to make a remark. When I came out of the courthouse I thought I had gained my case, but I perceive I have lost it."

#### ANECDOTE OF JUDGE CARNES

Says Judge Garnett Andrews: "I recollect a quotation which Dooly used to make from one of the speeches of Tom Peter Carnes. Both often practiced, when young men, in the upper districts of South Carolina. Some of the high-toned gentlemen of the profession, like Huger and others, were inclined to ignore the two Hoosiers from Georgia. Carnes said that Dooly took such delight in ridiculing them that they finally abandoned the practice in those districts. But to return to the speech of Carnes: his adversary had spoken of a syllogism, the major and minor proposition, and the consequence. Carnes, in reply, to convince the jury that the gentleman had lugged immaterial matter into the case because he had nothing material, complained of the indelicacy of mentioning in court the name of a very worthy family residing over in Lincoln County, Georgia, who had never had anything to do with courts; that old Major Syllogism would be exceedingly alarmed did he know that his name had been mentioned in a courthouse; that the minor Syllogism should never have been in court, being a minor; and, that the cruellest cut of all was to name the blushing Miss Consequence, who hardly knew there was such a thing as a courthouse. He spoke of the family of Syllogisms as being an influential family in Georgia."

#### JUDGE LONGSTREET: THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGIA SCENES"

Georgians hold in peculiar reverence the memory of Judge Augustus B. Longstreet. He was not only a humorist who entertained his generation with whimsical stories and droll observations upon current events, but also a raconteur, who pictured the life of an eventful era of Georgia history, in colors which suggest a mirror held up to nature.

In the genial style no less than in the racy subject-matter of his writings, he anticipated the less humorous if more finished pen of Lord

\* Judge Garnett Andrews, in "Anecdotes of the Georgia Bench and Bar, or Reminiscences of an Old Lawyer."

Macaulay. It was the province of the latter to portray the social as well as the political phases of English history, to deal with manners and customs and occupations, and to infuse into the musty chronicles of England an atmosphere of romance. In "Georgia Scenes" the author has reproduced the Georgia of the old days when our grandfathers talked of Yorktown and King's Mountain, and our grandmothers played on the old-fashioned spinnet. He describes "the horse-swaps" and "the gander-pullings" and "the shooting-matches" and "the village fights" which rippled the surface of life in Georgia seventy-five years ago; and he even preserves the rural dialect, including the quaint idioms and colloquialisms which were then in vogue.

Perhaps the best introduction to Judge Longstreet will be to present an extract from the charming volume to which reference has just been made. The first sketch in the book will serve the purpose. It is briefly entitled "Georgia Theatricals," but the story will keep the reader guessing until the last paragraph is reached:

"If my memory fail me not," says Judge Longstreet, "the tenth of June, 1809, found me at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, ascending a long and gentle slope in what was called 'the Dark Corner' of Lincoln. I believe it took its name from the moral darkness which reigned over that portion of the county at the time of which I am speaking. If, in this point of view, it was but a shade darker than the rest of the county, it was inconceivably dark. If any man can name a trick or sin which had not been committed at the time of which I am speaking, in the very focus of all the county's illumination, Lincolnton, he must himself be the most inventive of the tricky, and the very Judas of sinners. Since that time, however—all humor aside—Lincoln has become a living proof that 'light shineth in darkness.' Could I venture to mingle the solemn with the ludicrous, even for the purpose of honorable contrast, I could adduce from this county numerous instances of the most wonderful transitions from vice and folly to virtue and holiness which have ever, perhaps, been witnessed since the days of the apostolic ministry. So much, lest it be thought by some that what I am about to relate is characteristic of the county in which it occurred.

"Whatever may be said of the moral condition of the Dark Corner at the time just mentioned, its natural condition was anything but dark. It smiled in all the charms of spring, and spring borrowed an additional charm from its undulating grounds, its luxuriant woodlands, its sportive streams, its vocal birds and its blushing flowers. Rapt with the enchantment of the season and the scene around me, I was slowly rising the slope when I was startled by loud profane and boisterous voices, which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth about two hundred yards in advance of me, and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"'You kin, kin you?'

"'Yes, I kin. Don't hold me, Nick Stovall. The fight's made up and my soul if I don't jump down his throat and gallop every chitterling out of him before he can say quit.'

"'Now, Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wildeat come and I'll tame him. Ned'll see me a fair fight! Won't you, Ned?'

"Oh, yes, I'll see you a fair fight, blast my old shoes if I don't."

"That's sufficient, now let him come."

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear. In mercy's name, thought I, what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such pandemoniac riots? I quickened my gait and came nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eyes caught indistinctly at intervals through the foliage of the dwarf oak and hickories which intervened glimpses of a man who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I dismounted and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me when I saw the combatants come to the ground, and after a short struggle I saw the uppermost one—for I could not see the other—make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accents of keenest torture:

"Enough! My eye's out!"

I was so completely horror-struck that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which had been perpetrated had all fled. At least, I thought so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking hide," said the victor, as he rose from the ground, "come cuttin' your shines 'bout me agin, next time I come to the court-house, will you. Get your old eye in agin if you can!"

At this moment he saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off when I called him, in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office and the iniquity of his crime:

"Come back, you brute, and assist me in relieving your fellow mortal whom you have ruined forever!"

My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant, and he tauntingly replied, with an upturned nose:

"You needn't kick before you're spurred. There ain't nobody there, nor hain't been nuther. I was just seein' how I could 'a' foun'."

So saying, he bounded to his plow which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle-ground. And—would you believe it?—his report was true. All that I had heard and seen was nothing more or less than a Lincoln rehearsal, in which the youth who had just left me had played the parts of all the characters in a court-house fight. I went to the ground from which he had risen, and there were the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart; and the ground around was broken up as if two stags had been engaged upon it."

Among the unique characters that Judge Longstreet has given to literature, each of them clear-cut and distinct types, may be mentioned Ned Brace, Miss Aurelia Emma Theodosia Augusta Crump, Prof. Michael St. John, the two champion fighters, Bob Durham and Bill Stallings, and last but not least, that arch-fomentor of village feuds, Ransy Sniffle. After achieving eminence at the bar and distinction on the bench Judge Longstreet at the mature age of forty-eight entered the

itinerant ranks of the Methodist ministry and became an earnest evangel of the good news. Giving up all political ambitions, he turned his back upon an assured election to Congress and applied himself zealously to theological studies until he was ready to go before the conference. This was nearly fifteen years after he had written and published "Georgia Scenes." Doctor Scott says that when the time fixed for the examination came the candidate for licensure "tripped on grammar."

But Judge Longstreet was not destined to ride the circuit. In the year following his ordination he was called to preside over the affairs of Emory College which, then but recently organized, needed an astute hand at the helm. Judge Longstreet was the man to whom the friends of the institution instinctively turned and he brought to the oversight of the young educational plant an administrative ability which amply justified the choice. He subsequently became president of the University of Mississippi, then president of Centenary College, in Louisiana, afterwards president of South Carolina College, and finally again president of the University of Mississippi. He died in Oxford, Mississippi, in 1870, at the advanced age of eighty years. His daughter Jenny became the first wife of L. Q. C. Lamar.

Judge Linton Stephens, who heard Judge Longstreet preach in Athens in 1842, after he had become an educator of some repute, says that he was as captivating as ever, but disposed at times to be rather too academic, and he quotes Judge Longstreet as saying in the long prayer: "Lord, we can hardly generalize much less specify our sins."

Yet whatever may have been the cultured attainments of Judge Longstreet, he was essentially a humorist; and this sparkling attribute bubbled up from the fountain springs of his rugged nature like the crystal waterfall from the great heart of the mountains. It was not a momentary phosphorescence of the twilight, but a luminous star upon the brow of the summer evening. With the most benignant ray, it looked down upon Georgia; it embellished her legends; it gemmed her joys; it soothed and silvered her sorrows. Nor could the most partial friend of the old jurist wish for him a sweeter or a happier immortality than his delightful humor has established for him upon the pages of "Georgia Scenes."

#### GENERAL LONGSTREET: HIS SCHOOL-DAYS AT WEST POINT

On the deck of a steamboat which was plowing up the Hudson River, in the fall of 1838, there stood a youth of eighteen, whose grandfather had forestalled Robert Fulton in applying steam to navigation. But the young man was less concerned with the mechanism of the boat, or, indeed, with the picturesque scenery of the unrivalled Catskill Mountains, than he was with his own mental reflections. He was thinking of West Point. Through the influence of a relative, he was fortunate enough to hold an appointment to the nation's great military academy, and he was on his way thither to master the heroic science of battle. The most unpracticed eye could tell at once that he possessed in abundant measure the crude materials of soldiery. He lacked the Parisian polish, but his rugged face, like his well-knit and muscled frame, suggested the Gibraltar substance. It was easy to see that an iron will reinforced an iron constitu-



tion; and though in erectness of bearing he resembled one of the pine-tree sentinels on the Blue Ridge declivities, it was not likely that such an abode of strength could be swayed by popular windstorms or shaken by elemental thunderbolts. He promised to make a fighter of the Garibaldi type—dogged and determined. But was the forecast likely to be realized? The splendid expectations of the breakfast table are not always matched by the backward surveys of the evening meal. Watch him as he climbs the winding roadway, from the steamboat landing to the plateau on the heights above, and see him as he inscribes, upon the office register, an unpretentious name which is destined, in two great wars, to be thundered amid the reverberations of cannon and to be extolled in no faint accents by the military critics of two hemispheres:

James Longstreet.

If the appearance of the youth on board the steamer foreshadowed the future lieutenant-general, the record of the student at West Point was well calculated to challenge the prophetic forecast. He graduated sixtieth in a class of sixty-two men. . . . However, some men are quick to grasp but slow to apply. James Longstreet was just the opposite. He was quick to apply but slow to grasp. This was specially true of the mastery of dull text-books. But he could make instant practical use of what he knew. Moreover, to quote his own language, he cared more for the real school of the soldier—horsemanship and sword-practice—than he did for the prescribed routine of the academic curriculum.

Despite the low grade of scholarship which he achieved at the institution, he was fully equipped for successful leadership at the head of the gray battalions; and, before the great civil conflict was over, the man who graduated at the foot of the class was the acknowledged leader of all his fellow students upon the battlefield, and admittedly one of the greatest soldiers of modern times.

Graduating with James Longstreet in 1842 were D. H. Hill, A. P. Stewart, Lafayette McLaws, R. H. Anderson, William Rosecrans and John Pope. All of these achieved high rank as officers, the first four under Lee and the last two under Grant; but none quite equaled the record of James Longstreet, whose commission as lieutenant-general antedated Stonewall Jackson's, and whose command of the famous First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia began with the life of the immortal corps itself.

How the nickname originated is perhaps unknown, but General Longstreet, throughout his undergraduate days at West Point, was known among his brother cadets as "Old Pete." The appellation was not entirely discarded even as late as the time of the Civil war. This is shown by an amusing incident. Until word was first received by General Longstreet from Gen. E. P. Alexander, who was in charge of the artillery at Gettysburg, it was not known for certain by General Pickett that he was to make the famous charge upon Cemetery Hill, and the prearranged signal from General Longstreet was to be an inclination of the head. On the eve of the historic sally the gallant Virginian wrote home to his wife: "If Old Pete nods, it may be good-by forever."

Early in the junior year at West Point young Longstreet became possessed of the idea that the pulley was not of much importance to the soldier. He failed to see how he could make the subject of any practical use in marshaling troops on the battlefield. Consequently, when he reached the chapter in mechanics which discussed the pulley, he gave it only sidelong glances; and, whistling an airy tune, he turned the pages lightly until he came upon problems which promised to be of greater helpfulness to the utilitarian cadet.

But, in the distribution of emphasis upon particular topics of study, the opinions of the student and the views of the professor sometimes clash; and, as luck would have it, at the midyear examination Longstreet was sent to the blackboard to elucidate some problem in the pulley. The future hero of the Wilderness was certainly now in the dense underbrush. Nevertheless, he marched courageously forward. He remembered how the figure looked in the text-book, and he trusted to the god of war, in some miraculous way, to furnish him reinforcements. But Mars must have been taking an afternoon siesta, for when Longstreet completed his scholarly treatise upon the pulley he was told that he had failed to pass. The demonstration itself was not without the rare merit of originality. Indeed, it gave the examining committee new ideas upon an ancient subject, but it was thought to be too much at variance with the accepted axioms of Pythagoras.

Longstreet was stumped.

However, it was the gracious custom of the governing authorities to give the flunkers another chance after all the classes had been examined. This allowed the delinquent two days in which to review mechanics, and he specialized upon the pulley. For the next forty-eight hours he fairly wrestled with the pulley. Like Jacob at Peniel, he said to his antagonist: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." He ate with the pulley. He slept with the pulley. He rode horseback with the pulley. And, in the end, he mastered the subject, but all the while he kept saying to himself: "Cui bono?" He could see no practical use in the pulley for James Longstreet, except to get him through West Point. On the second trial the professors were too wily to tax the student with the subject of the pulley. It was the sheer perversity of fate that, after making himself an authority upon this branch of human knowledge, he should not be called upon to display his scholastic acquirements, but should rather be catechized at random on the entire year's course.

Nevertheless, he managed to pass. Again, at the final commencement he was subjected to another crucial test. The lapse of time had made the professors somewhat forgetful. He was sent to the blackboard to elucidate that same old problem of the pulley. But he was ready this time. Even old Euclid himself could not have surpassed that demonstration. It was soundly orthodox according to the most rigid standards. Longstreet fairly amazed the professors. Down to the last day of his life he continued to live on intimate terms with his old friend, the pulley; but he died firmly convinced of the fact that so far as he was concerned the pulley was like the picturesque feather on the topknot of the eagle: intended more to embellish the headpiece than to further the flight of the imperial bird.

## GEORGE F. PIERCE: THE DEMOSTHENES OF SOUTHERN METHODISM

It was in 1844 that Bishop George F. Pierce leaped into national prominence as an orator. He was then in his thirty-third year; and, after winning honors at the famous general conference in Baltimore, which witnessed the partition of Methodism over the issue of slavery, he repaired to the annual meeting of the American Bible Society, in New York, where one of the grandest efforts of his life was delivered. Among the other men of note who spoke from the same platform, were Lord Kitchum and Senator Freelinghuysen. They spoke with great earnestness, but the speeches were tame and commonplace compared with the glowing periods of the brilliant young Methodist divine from Georgia. Doctor Smith, in his excellent biography of the bishop, has preserved the fragmentary notes of this wonderful address.



BISHOP GEORGE F. PIERCE, THE DEMOSTHENES OF SOUTHERN METHODISM

At the general conference in Baltimore, the youthful orator came boldly to the defense of James O. Andrew, around whom were crackling the fires of an inquisition as persistent and as bitter as was ever witnessed in the Netherlands. The picture which the young champion presented at this time is thus described: "He was a born ruler of men, and bore the kingly look on his face. His form had developed until he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, and, while young, he bore the aspect of a man of greater years. His whole heart was in this matter. He was intensely indignant and thoroughly aroused. Bishop Andrew was his dearest earthly friend. He had heard him censured, belittled, ridiculed. Moreover, the whole South was struck by the blow aimed at Bishop Andrew; and no Southern man, however gifted, however useful, however pure, could be chosen a Bishop after this if, by any complication whatever, he had become involved in the ownership of slave property, such as members of the church had held from the days of Abraham.

He rose to reply. The excitement was intense, the house was crowded. He was recognized on all sides as one of the most eloquent men in the body and expectation was high."

As the result of the great debate, Methodism in America was rent asunder. But to show the equanimity of temperament which characterized the young Georgian, the following incident is recorded: Rev. Jesse T. Peck took the floor, at the conclusion of Mr. Pierce's speech. He hailed from the State of New York; and though not an old man, was very portly and very bald, which made him appear somewhat mature. His manner was extremely patronizing. Moreover, he said some very harsh things; but Mr. Pierce, taking the floor for the second time, replied in the best of spirits. He even complimented the young man, after which he ended with this clever stroke: "And now, sir, though my former speech may have shocked your nerves, I trust my explanation will not ruffle a hair on the crown of your head."

Going back to the outset of his career, an amusing anecdote is told of his first appearance as a candidate for licensure to preach. The presiding elder of his circuit was John Collinsworth, a man of iron whom neither fear nor favor could deflect from the straight path. He was governed by the strictest rules of propriety, some of which were quite antiquated. According to his notions, a Methodist was a man set apart; and he must show by every mark, external as well as internal, that he was a stranger to worldliness. It happened that young Pierce's hair arose somewhat abruptly from his forehead, or, to quote John Collinsworth, "stood up." He also gave offense to the good man by coming to church in a suit of blue broadcloth, with brass buttons, and by wearing a smile which indicated a lack of proper seriousness. As for the youth's apparel, it was the suit of clothes in which he graduated at Athens: the gift of his fond father. But John Collinsworth was bent upon doing what he conceived to be his duty in the matter; and on the day he was to appear before the session of the church he said to him, kindly but firmly:

"George, these people want you to be recommended for license, but if you get the recommendation, this coat must come off."

"But," insisted the youth, "I have no other Sunday coat."

Still the old man was unmoved. "My son," said he, "this coat must come off."

"Well," retorted the youth, "if you are going to license my coat and not me, I will change it; but I do not expect to change it until I am obliged to get another."

The church meeting was held. For some time the officers deliberated; but the preacher was on the minority side. At the end of the argument, George's swallow-tail coat still held the field.

But the old man was not thoroughly reconciled and some time later he said to the young man:

"George, why do you wear your hair like you do? Bishop Asbury brushed his down. You brush yours up."

"I have a cowlick, Uncle Collinsworth," replied he. "Besides, God made my hair to grow up, and I cannot make it grow down."

Thereupon the old man dismissed the subject by telling George that

he was too airy. It was an amusing episode, but the scruples of John Collinsworth well illustrate the simple habits of life which characterized the early pioneers of Methodism. In due time George was licensed to preach. Twenty-five years later he was elevated to the episcopal bench and for thirty years he held the highest office in the gift of the great religious communion to which he belonged. From the Atlantic to the Pacific his fame as an orator was eclipsed by none.\*

#### LOVICK PIERCE: THE NESTOR OF SOUTHERN METHODISM

Dr. Lovick Pierce reached the ripe old age of ninety-four years. He was one of the most dramatic figures in southern Methodism; and, during the ante-bellum period was one of the most eloquent men in the pulpit, either North or South. The style of preaching in which he excelled was expository, and some of his efforts were characterized by great power. He was not only a minister of the gospel but also a doctor of medicine. As an orator, when at his best, he was scarcely inferior to his gifted son, the distinguished bishop. The latter began at one time to write a life of his father, but growing infirmities, together with the demands of the high office which he held, made it necessary for him to relinquish the task. However, the biographical fragment has been incorporated by Dr. George G. Smith in his excellent biography of Bishop George F. Pierce; and from it the following extracts are taken:

"My father kept no diary, no journal. There are no facts, or dates, or records, outside of fragmentary notices in the public prints and in the conference minutes. My memory is the sole depository on which I can draw. I persuaded him, twenty years ago, to write an autobiography. This he did at great length. It was not so much a narrative of himself as it was a commentary upon his times. But the document was unfortunately left in Columbus when he came to live permanently with me; and, amid the confusion of the war, when removing his furniture from place to place, this, with other manuscripts, was mislaid. The loss is irretrievable. During my father's sojourn in my family, it was one of our nightly pastimes to induce him to talk of the past. He was never garrulous, he did not live in the years gone by, like other old men. He lived in the present and scanned the future almost with a prophet's eye. Current events and prospects ahead—these were the staple of his thoughts and the topics of his conversation. He was well-nigh always serious and meditative, yet for his own relief and for the entertainment of his children, he would indulge in reminiscences. He enjoyed these interviews very much, and my children and children's children will never forget how old grandfather at once amused and instructed them in these fireside talks. He and I alternated in our morning and evening devotions. As we rose from our knees and resumed our seats, with sparkling eyes, he would say: 'George, the psalm you read tonight carried me back to my beginning. In 1806 I heard George Dougherty preach one of his mighty sermons on such a verse, indicating which it was, and then telling of the wonderful results. Starting thus, he would describe scenes and narrate incidents. In his judgment, George Dougherty was the greatest man in Southern Methodism.

\* George G. Smith, in "Life and Times of George F. Pierce, D. D., LL. D."

"There was nothing of which to be ashamed in my father's character. Even his weak points leaned to virtue's side and were attributes of which others were the beneficiaries, while he was the victim. I never knew a purer man. There were no chasms or spasms in his religious life. With him, conduct always responded to the claims of duty, as the dial to the sun. He never magnified his attainments in grace under the guise of professing what the Lord had done for him. In his youth and prime he was a fine specimen of manly beauty; in height, five feet ten inches, in weight, one hundred and forty-five pounds; his complexion dark, his hair black, his eye, deep hazel and full of expression. His features were all harmoniously blended. His voice as flexible as a flute, strong and rich. Speaking never made him hoarse. I have known him to preach three sermons in a day, each three hours long, and then sing the doxology with as clear a tone as when he rose in the morning. There was no flagging, no crack, no strain. It was smooth—distinct—and, at times, percussive as a peal of thunder. Its force was perhaps better adapted to the terrible than to the tender. His reasoning powers were well developed. His imagination was bold and fertile. His power of concentration exceeded any man's I ever knew. He could hold his mind to a chosen subject with military precision. His thoughts never broke ranks.

"To the last he was a student. But he was largely a man of one book. His reading was never extensive or varied. Theology was his theme. Milton he read once. Shakespeare he never read at all. In all his instincts he was a born gentleman. He did not have one set of manners for the parlor and another for the bed-chamber, but was always polite and considerate of others; likewise, he was always neat in his person and dress. Whether traveling in stage or car, in wet or dry weather, while others were stained, he managed to keep himself unsoiled. I have known him to preach for two hours and a half, when the thermometer was up among the nineties, without a sign of moisture on his face or head. His body perspired freely but, like Gideon's fleece, his hair and face were dry, when all around was wet with dew."\*

"It was said of Dr. Pierce that he was as proud of his son George as a peacock is of his feathers. At the famous meeting of the American Bible Society, in New York, in 1844, Bishop Pierce was one of the speakers. The old doctor, who was long an agent of the society, occupied a seat in the audience. He listened with rapt attention to the wonderful address. The orator of the occasion was then only thirty-three. But the speech was one of his masterful efforts; and though Lord Ketchum and Senator Freelinghuysen both spoke, the young Methodist preacher bore off the honors. The enthusiasm was intense. Dr. Jefferson Hamilton was sitting by Dr. Lovick Pierce, and, overcome with excitement, he said eagerly to the doctor:

"Did you ever hear the like?"

"Yes," replied the fond father, complacently, 'I hear George often.'"+

\* Bishop George F. Pierce, in "Sketch of Dr. Lovick Pierce," incorporated in Dr. Smith's life of the former.

+ George G. Smith, in "Life and Times of George F. Pierce, D. D., LL. D."



His educational advantages were exceedingly limited, in spite of which, however, he early reached the highest distinction as a preacher, though he never attained to episcopal honors. Not less than Edmund Burke, he was ill adapted to the leadership of deliberative assemblies. But as a preacher of the everlasting gospel he had few equals and no superiors in the American pulpit. He had neither the thorough scholarship nor the analytical power of Stephen Olin. John Summerfield surpassed him greatly in the mere art of persuasion. Bishop Bascombe excelled him in the thunderous oratory which reminds us of an ocean swell. Yet as a preacher, in the Pauline acceptation of the term, he was not a whit behind the chiefest of his contemporaries. One grand element of his success was his apostolic saintliness of character. Next was his mastery of the Holy Scriptures and his wonderful gift as an extemporaneous speaker. He possessed an imposing presence. His voice was an orotund, not acquired but natural. His articulation was uniformly distinct, and his manner of delivery sometimes vehement, but never offensively boisterous. Doctor Pierce did not lag superfluous on the stage. He wrote or preached almost to his dying day. At times he was oppressed with sorrow, but the reaction was always speedy. It was in one of his jubilant moods that he sent to the churches this message: "Say to the brethren I am living just outside the gates of Heaven."\*

#### THE LE CONTEs: WHY THEY LEFT GEORGIA

Two of the most illustrious of American scientists were John and Joseph Le Conte, both of whom were for years identified with the University of California. They were sometimes styled "the Gemini of the scientific heavens." These brothers were native Georgians. They were educated at Franklin College, and soon after graduation were made professors in the institution. Except for an unfortunate policy which, measured by present day standards, was exceedingly narrow, the Le Contes might have remained in their native state and have given to their alma mater the distinguished talents which have placed them in the front rank of American scientists. But Doctor Church, though in many respects an administrator of rare excellence, was ultra-conservative. In the exercise of discipline he took the position that the university system was too advanced to meet the needs of the immature students who attended Franklin College, and he sought to keep the boys in check by means of the primitive instrument of juvenile torture concerning which Solomon on one occasion spoke in very high terms.

But the Le Contes refused to cooperate with Doctor Church in applying kindergarten methods to the control of matriculants many of whom could have sprouted beards as long as Ingomar's had not the barbarian appendages been somewhat out of fashion at the time in gentle Athens. Against the policy of paternalism the brothers rebelled. They regarded such measures of discipline not only as below the standard of the ordinary high school but as little removed from the tactics of the nursery, and they declined to execute orders which they thought were calculated to

\* W. J. Scott, in "Biographical Etchings of Ministers and Laymen of the Georgia Conferences."

suppress rather than to encourage true manliness. Consequently, Doctor Church complained to the board of trustees that the Le Contes were guilty of insubordination; and, since some of the members were fossils who belonged to the Paleozoic period, the Le Contes were subjected to the frown of the august powers.

Another matter which served to accentuate the breach lay in the sphere of doctrine. The Le Contes accepted the geological theory of creation which Dr. Church abhorred as the rankest heresy and attributed to the Machiavellian craft of old Nick himself. But the doctrine was distasteful at the time to all the orthodox churchmen; and the Le Contes were regarded as the sowers of dangerous seed. This in spite of the fact that both were men of blameless lives and pure morals. Too proud to remain in the faculty, under such adverse conditions, the brothers resigned, and Franklin College awoke eventually to realize that, worse than the base Indian who threw away only one pearl of surpassing value, she had been blind enough to relinquish two. More in grief than in bitterness, the Le Contes quit Georgia, first to become joint instructors of the youth of South Carolina, on the opposite side of the Savannah River, but eventually, upon the Sierra slopes, to become twin giants in the titanic group of the great Sequoias.

But the story is not yet fully told. The Le Contes were not the only members of the faculty who withdrew from the classic groves of Athens in consequence of the famous rupture of 1856. Upon the issues already indicated, the faculty seems to have been divided into two hostile factions. William LeRoy Broun and Charles S. Venable were also among the advanced thinkers who felt the chill blast of the northwest wind; and they, too, decided to carry their wares to other markets. Professor Broun eventually returned, but Professor Venable took the path of the raven. He went to the University at Charlottesville, became the noted adjutant on the staff of General Robert E. Lee during the Civil war, and afterwards compiled the popular text-books on mathematics.

At the time of the upheaval in the faculty, Mrs. John Le Conte was one of the reigning belles of Athens; but another rare beauty with whom she divided the social scepter was Mrs. Craig, formerly Miss Lizzie Church. She was old Doctor Church's daughter. This meant that the war which divided the Areopagus was carried into the town and renewed under the chandeliers of the Athenian parlors. It recalled the rumpus which once occurred in Jupiter's dining room. But unhappily there was no Paris to award the prize. Each lady possessed a host of enthusiastic followers who toasted her as the queen paramount. Not only the men but the women themselves took up the fight, and Mr. Gus Hull says that it was only the conservative influence of the elderly element which prevented another War of the Roses.

#### THE LE CONTE PEAR: ITS ORIGIN

It was in the neighborhood of Thomasville, Georgia, that the famous Le Conte pear was first cultivated on a scale which began to attract the attention of fruit-growers in other parts of the world. Col. L. L. Varna-

doe, a native of Liberty County, purchased a plantation near Thomasville, at the close of the Civil War, and on removing to this plantation he brought with him a cutting from one of the pear trees, called a Chinese Sand Pear, on which John Le Conte had been experimenting. Colonel Varnadoe's success was phenomenal, and from this one cutting has come a yield whose value and extent defies the mathematician. Judge John L. Harden, of Savannah, a kinsman of the Le Contes, is quoted by the late Doctor Stacy, of Newman, on the subject of the Le Conte pear, to the following effect:

"In 1850 my great uncle, John Le Conte, purchased from Thomas Hogg, a nurseryman of New York, a small pear tree. He was told by Mr. Hogg that the fruit was of inferior quality, and fit only for preserving; that it would not mature its fruit so far north as New York, but that it might do so in the South; that it was the Chinese Sand Pear. The tree was given to my mother, and when it grew large enough it produced fruit which, to our surprise, was of excellent quality. The original tree is forty-five years old, 1895, and is still productive and vigorous, although sadly neglected. It has borne twenty bushels in one year, after allowing for what may have been stolen."

At the close of the late war, the people of Liberty County were in straightened circumstances, and quite a number of them emigrated to Southwestern Georgia. Among them was Col. Leander L. Varnadoe, a native of the county and a member of the old church. Upon the suggestion of his uncle, Mr. William Jones, that the tree might be propagated from the cutting, and that the fruit might be profitably raised in the section whither he had moved, Colonel Varnadoe secured quite a number of cuttings and took them with him and planted them at his home near Thomasville. He was soon delighted to see that the idea was a happy one, and to find himself the owner of an orchard of vigorous trees, yielding abundantly of luscious fruit for the market. Cuttings were soon in great demand; and from this little beginning the whole southern country has been covered with Le Conte pear trees. Many have made not only livings, but even fortunes, by investing in them.

"To give some idea of the impoverished condition of our people at the close of the war and to show what a happy hit was the idea of promoting the cultivation of this pear from cuttings, I narrate the following incident: On the return of Colonel Varnadoe from the war, it is said that his first bill of fare was so meagre and uninviting that he jocosely remarked to his wife:

"Annie, if you can, you may do so, but I cannot say grace over such a dinner."

Some few years after his removal to Thomasville, he was offered \$10,000 cash for his pear farm, which he very wisely refused. The old mother tree, from which the millions now in cultivation throughout the Southland have sprung, was seen by the writer some time ago. It is sixty inches in circumference, and twenty-four feet in height. Until recent years it has shown no symptoms of blight. Such a tree is not only worthy of mention but deserves a conspicuous place in a collection like this.\*

\* Dr. James Stacy's "History of the Midway Congregational Church."

# CHIEF JUSTICE BLECKLEY AS A WIT

The traditions of the Georgia bench for wit have been notably maintained within the memory of the present generation and in the highest judicial forum of the state by former Chief Justice Logan E. Bleckley. The wit of this celebrated jurist was second only to his keen discriminating faculty in observing subtle distinctions of law. Among the manifold deliverances which have come from the pen of Judge Bleckley there is scarcely one which is not bathed in the smile of his perennial good humor. He meted out equal and exact justice to all litigants without fear or favor; but he ever bent over the scales with an unclouded brow.

Asked on one occasion how he managed under the pressure of so much official business to word his decisions with such delicate regard for lights and shadows and with such careful precision, he replied: "I first revise and then I scrutinize. After I have done these, I revise the scrutiny; and, finally, to be perfectly sure, I scrutinize the revision."

In the case of a defendant who undertook to evade the law against retailing alcoholic stimulants, without a license, employing his cook to sell them in the kitchen, Judge Bleckley rendered this decision: "There is little doubt that the defendant was the deity of this rude shrine and that Mary was only the ministering priestess. But, if she was the divinity and he the attendant spirit to warn thirsty devotees where to drink and at whose feet to lay tribute, he is still amenable to the state as the promoter of forbidden libations. Whether in these usurped rites he was serving Mary or Mary him, may make some difference with the gods but it makes none with men."

Dissenting from the opinion of his colleagues in the case of Dodd versus Middleton, he demurred in the following fashion. Said he: "If I could be re-enforced by the votes as I am by the opinions of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and the Court of Appeals of New York, I could easily put my brethren in the minority; but, as it is, they are two against one and I have no option but to yield to the force of numbers—in other words—to the tyranny of majorities. Though twice beaten, I am still strong in the true faith and am ready to suffer for it—moderately—on all proper occasions."

Once more. In discussing the instinct of justice which often makes for the goal even when the avenue of approach is not distinctly apparent, he couched his views in these terms, which he then rounded with an apt poetic quotation. Said he: "It not infrequently happens that a judgment is affirmed upon a theory of the case which did not occur to the court that rendered it, or that did occur and was expressly repudiated. The human mind is so constituted that, in many instances, it finds the truth when wholly unable to find the way which leads thereto:

"The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,  
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.  
Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam,  
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home."

Judge Joseph R. Lamar, of the Supreme Court of the United States, thus portrays Judge Bleckley: "Jurist, philosopher, mathematician,

poet; a colossal and unique figure; mature in youth; in old age youthful; a born judge, his first public utterance was a plea for the creation of the court of which he was to be an illustrious Chief Justice." In personal appearance, this many-sided genius was somewhat grotesque. He was something over six feet tall, wore his hair to his shoulders and his beard to his breast, dressed inexpensively, and chose his garments to suit himself without regard to fashion. To quote a beloved former chancellor of the University of Georgia, we close with this paragraph from Hon. Walter B. Hill: "If I were asked to state in a word the most prominent characteristic of his mind, I should answer, provided I was first permitted to define the word, Wit. I do not, of course, mean mere drollery, although such is continually springing up in his dryest decisions, like a fountain leaping from a bed of saw-dust and

"Shaking its loosened silver in the sun."

#### JUDGE BLECKLEY'S "LETTER TO POSTERITY"

Several years ago the editor of *The Green Bag*, a magazine edited in Boston and devoted largely to the amenities of the legal profession, published over Judge Bleckley's signature an autobiography which, in many respects, is unique among literary productions. In forwarding this article to the publishers, Judge Bleckley prefaced what he had to say with the remark that to supply photographs was merely to increase the cost of living, but that to concoct autobiography involved psychological distress, especially to a person whose stock of materials was no larger than his own. Nevertheless he acceded to the friendly overture; but, instead of following the lines of established precedent, he inaugurated an entertaining departure by addressing "A Letter to Posterity," in which he amusingly undertook to tell his descendants something about himself. The document in question is now one of the literary treasures of the Georgia bar. These few extracts are taken therefrom:

"To Posterity—Greeting: I regret that I shall be absent when you arrive, and that we shall never meet. I should be pleased to make your acquaintance, but it is impossible to await your coming, the present state of the law of nature being opposed to such dilatory proceedings. There is no hope of amending that law in time for my case. Though aware of your approach collectively as a body of respectable citizens, I shall never hear of a single individual among you. Nor is it likely you will ever hear of me by name, fame, or reputation, unless with the aid of a microphone of extraordinary power. Nevertheless, if the highways between the ages remain in good condition and repair, this communication, though virtually anonymous, may possibly reach you. In that event I bespeak for it your attention for one moment per generation, which, on a fair division of your valuable time, will be my full share and something over. I claim no vested right to your notice. If I have any color of title it is contingent upon the quality of my services to the public as a member of the Supreme Court of Georgia. Of these services there is documentary evidence of a perishable nature in certain volumes of the Georgia Reports to which I refer with unaffected diffidence. I must not be understood

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

as requesting you to read all my opinions. I have a theory that such writings might be terse, crisp, graceful, animated and entertaining; but mine afford few specimens of that kind. Yet, to treat them with justice, I am sensible that they are not more dry than those of some other judges.

"I came to the bench as an associate justice of the Supreme Court in the summer of 1875, and resigned early in 1880, worn down and tired out. My last deliverance was 'In the Matter of Rest,' a brief judicial poem. I would conciliate the critical taste of future generations by craving pardon, not for the verses, but for the doubtful decorum of reciting them from a seat traditionally sacred to the oracles of prose. The loss of my ability to labor without great fatigue made me long for rest, but did not weaken my conviction that labor is the twin brother of happiness,—the moral of the poem. Others might have suggested it as well or better in prose, but I could not. Perhaps I ought to confess that divers other poems (happily none of them judicial) may be laid to my charge. During most of my life I have had a strong and to me unaccountable propensity to metrical transgression. Over and over again have I suffered the pains and penalties of poetic guilt. Besides a score or two of convictions, I have had many trials and narrow escapes. But even now I am not a hardened offender, for a bashful hesitation always tempers my gallantry with the Muses.

"My resignation was the result of overwork, and overwork was the result of my ignorance of the law, together with an apprehension that I might be ignorant when I supposed I was not. To administer law it is desirable, though not always necessary, to know it. The labor of learning rapidly on a large scale, and the constant strain to shun mistakes in deciding cases, shattered my nerves and impaired my health. In its effect on the deciding faculty, the apprehension of ignorance counts for as much as ignorance itself. My mind is slow to embrace a firm faith in its supposed knowledge. However ignorant a judge may be, whenever he thoroughly believes he understands the law of his case, he is ready to decide it,—no less ready than if he had the knowledge which he thinks he has. And he will often decide correctly, for the law *may* be as he supposes, whether he knows it or not. My trouble is, to become fully persuaded that I know. I remained in private life until January, 1887, when on the death of Chief Justice Jackson I became his successor.

"I will now recount briefly the principal events of my personal history prior to the beginning of my judicial career. I was born in the woods, amid the mountains of North-eastern Georgia, July 3, 1827. My native county, Rabun, had then been organized but seven or eight years, up to which period it was the wilderness home of Indians—the Cherokees. At eleven years of age I commenced writing in the office of my father, who at that time was a farmer without any lands and tenements, and with very few goods and chattels. He lived in a rented homestead, one mile from Clayton, the county town, and was clerk of three courts—the superior, inferior, and ordinary. He was a man of strong intellect, fair information, and some business experience. He had been sheriff of the county. A more sterling character was not in the world, certainly not in that large group called the middle class, to which he belonged. Loyal to truth, he scorned sham, pretense, and mendacity. He was a native



of North Carolina, as was my mother also. His blood was English and Irish; hers German.

"I gradually acquired skill in office business, and more and more of it fell to my share, till at length I could give all of it competent attention. In this way and by observing what was done and said in the courts, I contracted a relish for law, and became familiar with legal documents and forms of procedure. The statutes, strange to say, were pleasant reading, and at intervals I read them with assiduity. Of course, my comprehension of them was imperfect, and still more imperfect was my mastery of the Constitution of the United States. But I had a boy's acquaintance with all these, or with most of them, by the time I was seventeen.

"Having prepared myself crudely for admission, I was admitted to the Bar in April, 1846, shortly before I was nineteen. Though, for the following two years, I had a monopoly of the minor practice and a fraction of that which was of some importance, the litigation of one sparsely settled mountain county which fell to my share was too inconsiderable to break the continuity of my studies, or rather my legal meditations. I was absorbed. I had visions. I saw sovereignty. I beheld the law in its majesty and beauty. I personified it as a queen or an empress. It was my sovereign mistress, my phantom lady—

Oh, lady, lady, lady,

Since I see you everywhere,

I know you are a phantom—

A woman of the air!

I know you are ideal

But yet you seem to me

As manifestly real

As anything can be.

Oh, soul-enchanting shadow,

In the day and in the night,

As I gaze upon your beauty,

I tremble with delight.

If men would hear me whisper

How beautiful you seem,

They would slumber while they listen,

And dream it in a dream;

For nothing so exquisite

Can the waking senses reach—

Too fair and soft and tender

For the nicest arts of speech.

In a pensive, dreamy silence,

I am very often found,

As if listening to a rainbow

Or looking at a sound.

'Tis then I see your beauty

Reflected through my tears,

And I feel that I have loved you

A thousand thousand years.

"My professional income for these two years, not counting insolvent fees, amounted to between thirty-five and fifty dollars per annum. Having no means with which to establish myself elsewhere, I determined to suspend practice and engage in a more lucrative department of labor until I could accumulate a small capital. I sought and obtained employment as bookkeeper in the State Railroad office in Atlanta. In this situation I remained for three years, my compensation ranging from forty dollars to sixty-six dollars per month. In the fourth year I was transferred to Milledgeville, then the capital of the State, being appointed one of the Governor's secretaries, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars. A new incumbent of the executive chair was inaugurated in November, 1851, and both my health and my politics needing repairs, I returned to private life. I had saved enough from my earnings to supply me with the skeleton of a library and to support me for some months as a candidate for practice.

"In March, 1852, being then nearly twenty-five years of age, I opened an office in Atlanta, and my thoughts and dreams were again of law and of nothing else. The phantom lady haunted me again as before and seemed as beautiful as ever. Indeed, though I had been cool, I had been constant in my devotions to her through the four years I was out of her service. Clients gradually ventured within my chambers, and I soon had a moderate prosperity, due chiefly to acquaintance made in railroad circles during my three years' service as a railway clerk. In 1853 I was elected to the office of solicitor-general for my judicial circuit, which embraced eight counties. My term of service was four years, in the last of which happened the crowning success of my whole life,—I was married.

"Until 1861 I continued the practice in Atlanta. The first battle of Manassas, alias Bull Run, occurred while I was in a camp of instruction, endeavoring to acquire some skill in the noble art of homicide. By nature I am pacific. The military spirit has but a feeble development in my constitution. Nevertheless, I tried the fortunes of a private soldier for a short time in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. I was discharged on account of ill health, after a few months' service in Western Virginia, without having shed any one's blood or lost any blood of my own. The state of my martial emotions was somewhat peculiar: I loved my friends, but did not hate my enemies. Without getting 'fighting mad,' I went out to commit my share of slaughter, being actuated by a solemn sense of duty, unmixed with spite or ill will. When I consider how destructive I might have been had my health supported my prowess, I am disposed to congratulate 'gentlemen on the other side' upon my forced retirement from the ranks at an early period of the contest. To the best of my remembrance, I was very reluctant but very determined to fight. However, all my military acts were utterly null and void. After my discharge from the army, I served the Confederacy in much of its legal business at and around Atlanta. Occasionally I took part also in short terms of camp duty as a member of the militia. In 1864, about the time Gen. Sherman left Atlanta on his march to the sea, I was appointed to the office of Supreme Court Reporter. After reporting two volumes, the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Georgia, I resigned that office. From that time until I was appointed to the Supreme Bench in 1875 I practiced law continuously in Atlanta.

"Such education as I received in my boyhood was acquired at the village academy of my native county, an institution of meager resources and limited range of instruction. Although in the course of a somewhat studious lifetime, I have added considerably to my early stock, the plain truth is that, while not illiterate, I am destitute of real learning, lay or legal. My highest aspiration, so far as this life is concerned, is to do good judicial work. Service is better than salary, duty more inspiring than reward. My devotion to law is the spiritual consecration of a loving disciple, a devout minister."

Few men will agree with Judge Bleckley that he was destitute of real learning, lay or legal. He was a profound student of the law, and for years to come the impress of his genius will be felt upon the jurisprudence of this state. One of the great counties of Georgia bears his name, and he deservedly ranks among the crowned immortals. In keeping with his modest estimate of himself as a jurist is the apologetic meekness with which he refers to what he calls his "metrical transgressions;" but the fact remains that Judge Bleckley has produced some excellent verse. He has not only made Blackstone clutch the fiddle and dance the Virginia reel, but he has made the waters of song gush from the Horeb of law and chant the music of Miriam.

#### JUDGE BLECKLEY'S ALPHABET

Chief Justice Logan E. Bleckley's analysis of the English alphabet is one of the curiosities of literature. It exhibits a knowledge of philology which is remarkable in one whose life was largely devoted to the technicalities and principles of civil law. According to Judge Bleckley's process of simplification the number of alphabetic letters is reduced to five; and these, by the aid of consonant signs, are carried through twenty-one variations. The first letter is O. It has no variation. The second is I. It has one variation, which is Y. The third is U. It has two variations, Q and W. The fourth is A. It has four variations, H, J, K, R. The fifth is E. It has fourteen variations, in eight of which the E sound is full and strong, and in six quite thin and weak. The eight are B, C, D, G, P, T, V and Z; the six are F, L, M, N, S, and X. Summing up, we have one O, two I's, three U's, five A's, and fifteen E's. Of the whole number O is 1-26, I 1-13, U 1-9 plus, A a fraction less than 1-5, E 1-2 and two over. Properly arranged the twenty-six characters would stand thus: O, I, Y, U, Q, W, A, H, J, K, R, E, B, C, D, G, P, T, V, Z, F, L, M, N, S, X. This places the solitary O first; and in regular succession the others follow in the order of progression, each letter being accompanied by the progeny of which it is said to be the parent. One of the amusing episodes in the life of Judge Bleckley was his college course at Athens. He was in the close neighborhood of seventy when puzzled by some abstruse problem in higher mathematics he decided to attend the State University; and accordingly he spent one day in the sophomore class, one day in the junior class, and one day in the senior class. He considered himself ever afterwards an alumnus of the institution; and his alma mater in turn is proud of the phenomenal record of the old jurist.

#### REPARTEE OF COL. HIRAM P. BELL

It seldom falls to the lot of one man to serve in the legislative bodies of two distinct republics; but Col. Hiram P. Bell, of Georgia, represented this state in both Federal and Confederate congresses, besides which he commanded a regiment on the field of battle. When quite an old man he took his seat in the Legislature of Georgia, and, like Doctor Felton, distinguished himself in this forum, after wearing congressional honors. Colonel Bell was discussing some measure before the general judiciary committee of the House, when a member interrupted him by flippantly remarking that he was making a mountain out of a molehill.

This nettled the old gentleman, but quick as a flash he turned toward the member in question and gave him an answer, the effect of which was most dramatic. "Aye," said he, "call it insignificant, if you like, but Carlyle has told us that it is only man's littleness that makes him blind to the greatness of trifles. Multiply atoms by atoms, and you get the frame-work of this ponderous universe. Two thousand years ago, the Nazarene touched the spots of a leper of Capernaum. It was an insignificant thing. It was only an unclean leper who was healed. But the finger-touch of that insignificant act has thrilled and electrified the Christian centuries."

#### REPARTEE OF DOCTOR MILLER

Dr. H. V. M. Miller, one of the most eloquent public men of his day in Georgia, styled "the Demosthenes of the Mountains," was quick at repartee and possessed the readiness while on his feet to make happy use of unexpected interruptions. He had just risen from his seat on the platform to deliver an address at the University of Georgia when the tumultuous outburst of enthusiasm caused some of the plastering to drop from the loose ceiling overhead. This diverted the attention of the audience for a moment, but Doctor Miller was not embarrassed. His mind acted with the rapidity of lightning and instantly gave forth this brilliant flash:

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I expected to bring down the house before I finished, but not before I commenced."

Doctor Miller was variously gifted. He was a distinguished medical practitioner as well as a powerful debater on the political hustings. Toward the close of reconstruction, he was elected to represent Georgia in the United States Senate, but on account of certain complications was not seated until the last hours of the session. He was, therefore, denied the opportunity of launching any of his thunderbolts in the upper house of Congress. On returning to Georgia, he devoted himself almost entirely to professional pursuits. Doctor Miller possessed one of the most retentive memories and one of the most richly stored intellects known to the public life of this state, and there was scarcely any theme in the discussion of which he was not at home.

#### DOCTOR FELTON'S TILT WITH MR. SIMMONS

Conspicuously brilliant as were the services of Dr. William H. Felton in the halls of Congress, it is doubtful if he ever achieved such oratorical

triumphs or received such splendid ovations as marked his career in the Legislature of Georgia. It was not until after withdrawing from the arena of national politics that Doctor Felton took his seat in the Legislature as a member from Bartow. He was then a white-haired old man, who leaned heavily upon his stick; and such, indeed, was his nervous condition—a sort of palsy—that his whole body quivered like an aspen, even when moved by no unusual excitement. To the casual or ignorant observer, who knew nothing of Georgia politics, it might have seemed that he was there, like the pictures on the wall, for the purpose of casting upon his associates the austere but speechless spell of a former generation. But Doctor Felton was not in the Legislature to enhance the scenic effects. He was there for more eloquent reasons. When interest was aroused or thought alert there was a light in this old man's eyes which told that the volcano was not yet extinct and that while it might lift the snows of Mount Blanc it concealed the flames of Vesuvius.

Those who witnessed the famous fire of Doctor Felton's batteries, in 1884, when Representative E. G. Simmons, of Sumter was the victim of his volley, will never forget the terrific bombardment. It is needless to recall the minute particulars, but it seems that Mr. Simmons—an experienced legislator—had mortally offended Doctor Felton by calling him the great political "She" of Georgia. This was the name given by Rider Haggard, the celebrated novelist, to one of the weird creations of his brain; but Doctor Felton misconstrued the purport of the speaker's language or at least put upon it such an interpretation as involved a sinister reference to Mrs. Felton, his gifted helpmeet and companion. The debate was on Doctor Felton's reformatory bill, and in the course of a somewhat impassioned speech the old doctor had declared that if his constituents should return him to the Legislature for the next thousand years, he would continue year after year to advocate his bill, until victory at last perched upon his banners. Those who have read "She" will see at once in this statement a suggestion of Rider Haggard's novel, but Mr. Simmons may have used this name with a double intention. At any rate, it angered Doctor Felton, and when he finally obtained the floor his face was overspread with a deep pallor, while his frame trembled with the intensity of his suppressed emotion.

All eyes were bent upon him. His nervous infirmity only tended to augment his powers of eloquence by electrifying every fiber in his body, and as he turned his batteries toward the corner where Mr. Simmons sat, a spectacle for the painter, it was to administer to him such a rebuke as no Legislature in Georgia ever before witnessed. The long arms rose in the air as if to clutch the mallet of Hercules, while the fierce eyes darted fire like burning coals from the forge of Vulcan. The established custom of debate was forgotten and the gentleman from Sumter became in the red-hot rhetoric of Doctor Felton "the man from Sumter." For a moment there crept into the old doctor's face a smile of tenderness, as he spoke of his idolized partner as one of Georgia's most intellectual women, and praised her nobility of soul as well as her beauty of mind; but instantly this gentle mood was succeeded by an outburst of equinoctial thunder, as turning to Mr. Simmons he said: "And, sir, if she could have put an ounce of her great brain into your empty skull, this house

would have been spared a spectacle, the like of which, for Georgia's sake, I hope it will never witness again."

Doctor Felton next likened him to the small canine who bore his tail in such an upright manner as to expose his hinder parts. Then seizing upon one of the statements of Mr. Simmons to the effect that he (Mr. Simmons) had received the colored vote as well as the white vote of Sumter County in the legislative election, Doctor Felton next proceeded to enlarge upon the affinity existing between the colored voter and the "man from Sumter," and compared them to two drops of water hanging upon a telegraph wire in a rain storm, and gradually approaching each other until they came together and made one big drop. Then he went on to say that when he prayed to God hereafter, instead of beseeching him in an abstract manner to make his only boy what a father's heart longed for him to be, he would now ask God in more specific terms to make him just the opposite in every respect of "the man from Sumter." Finally he reached the climax of his scathing philippic by pointing his slim finger at Mr. Simmons and pronouncing upon him, in a slightly modified form, the famous anathema of Lord Macaulay: "Sir, the one small service which you can render Georgia is to hate her, and such as you are may all who hate her be."

It was evident from this speech that age had not impaired the powers of mind which had made Doctor Felton in former years such a dramatic figure upon the hustings in Georgia. He was several times reelected to the State Legislature, and was instrumental in shaping much of the legislation of this period, embracing the last two decades of the nineteenth century. He was the father of the reform movement which a few years later resulted in the abolition of the infamous convict lease system. It was also due to Doctor Felton that the Western & Atlantic Railroad was leased upon the present advantageous terms. He introduced and urged the measure which fixed the rental. The last appearance of Doctor Felton in public was in 1898 when, bowed under the weight of nearly eighty years, he appeared before the General Assembly of Georgia and made a plea of surpassing eloquence on behalf of the State University at Athens. Mrs. Felton, his widow, is admittedly one of the most gifted women of this state and is fully the peer intellectually and socially of the famous Madame Octavia Walton LeVert.

#### GOVERNOR MCDANIEL'S HAPPIEST SPEECH

Gov. Henry D. McDaniel was occupying the executive chair at the time of President Cleveland's first election, in the fall of 1884; and soon after the dramatic invasion of the State Legislature by Henry Grady, who performed the audacious feat of adjourning this law-making body, in the name of democracy's triumphant standard-bearer, it was decided to call upon Governor McDaniel with the good news. In the party with Mr. Grady were Capt. Evan P. Howell and Mr. Donald M. Bain, both of whom were high priests in the democratic Sanhedrim. To signalize the announcement, they bore an immense flag, and, rushing toward the stairway, mounted the flight six steps at a time. Governor McDaniel was deeply engrossed in official correspondence when Mr. Grady and Mr. Bain seized him, and before he could fully comprehend the nature



of the interruption, he found himself enconced in the folds of the Star-Spangled Banner.

"What does this mean?" he inquired. "Is Cleveland really elected?"

Like the average southern democrat, he was disposed to be skeptical of the returns from the presidential election. Since the time of Buchanan there had been no democratic incumbent of the White House, and though Tilden had been fairly elected, he had not been allowed to take the oath of office. However, the nature of the present interruption, the jubilant expression upon the faces of the visitors and the national ensign, all bore testimony to the purport of the message; but the news was too good to be true. Without answering the governor's question in direct words, Mr. Grady, with suppressed excitement, merely said:

"You must come down stairs."

"But what do you wish me to do?" hesitated the governor.

"We will show you what to do," replied the bold spokesman.

Though it looked very much as if the governor was being kidnapped by Robin Hood's men, he consented to the program of the captors. They bore him down the stairway, through an eager throng of exultant democrats, including statehouse officials, legislators and citizens, and planted him finally on the steps of the postoffice building on the opposite side of the street. He was then told to address the crowd. Unexpected as the demand was upon the resources of the governor, he waxed eloquent. Cheer after cheer went up from the throats of the assembled multitude as the resonant sentences of the governor fell upon the receptive air; and, in the opinion of many warm admirers who were present, Governor McDaniel fairly surpassed himself in the electrical ten-minutes speech which he made on this occasion.\*

#### GOVERNOR CANDLER'S FIGHT FOR A BLANKET

Back in the early '60s, when Governor Candler was a captain in the Confederate army, he was camping on one occasion with his command, near a company of Mississippians, on Pearl River. After an exposure of twenty-four hours on picket duty, during an incessant downpour of rain, the Georgia boys returned to camp on the morning of the second day, drenched and exhausted, and proceeded to spread their wet blankets on the honeysuckle bushes to dry. Nothing of interest occurred for several hours to ruffle the monotonous routine of camp life, but late in the evening an ungainly Mississippian, who wore an aggrieved look, approached the commanding officer's tent.

"Captain," said he, in tones of ill-suppressed anger, "one of your men has stolen my blanket and refuses to give it up."

Just at this moment the alleged culprit, who proved to be an old grayhaired Presbyterian elder, appeared with the blanket in question.

"Captain," he protested, "this man is mistaken. Here is the blanket. We captured it from the Yankees last fall. You will recognize it at once because you have slept under it yourself time and again."

Thereupon the Georgia officer carefully scrutinized the disputed arti-

cle of property and finding from the peculiar marks which it bore that it unmistakably belonged to the old elder, he turned to the Mississippi youngster and said:

"My friend, he is right. This is his blanket. You have made some mistake."

"Yes," retorted he, unable to contain himself longer, "that's just the way with you Georgians. One of you will lie about something and another will swear it is true. If you will shed your stripes I will lick you before you can say jack-rabbit."

Thus challenged, the little captain, who was game to the core, proceeded to shed his stripes and to square himself for action. On came the burly young Mississippian, and for several minutes the most desperate grapple ensued. Governor Candler afterwards said it was undoubtedly the hardest fight for the same length of time in which he was ever engaged.

Neither belligerent knew the other's name, but years afterward when Governor Candler was representing the Ninth District in Congress he told the story to Edward Barrett, who was then the Washington correspondent for the Atlanta Constitution, and the brilliant newspaper man of course slapped it into print. Reading the graphic account among others was Private John Allen, of Mississippi, whose curiosity was at once piqued. The noted humorist of Congress lost no time in seeking the Washington correspondent.

"Who gave you the story?" inquired Private John.

"Why, Congressman Candler, of Georgia," replied Mr. Barrett.

"Was he the blamed little captain?" asked Private John.

"Yes," returned the correspondent, wondering what was coming next.

"Well," said Mr. Allen, giving vent to the most violent outburst of laughter, "I was the other fellow."

Before the day was over the belligerents were again brought together, but, instead of renewing the fight, they laughed and talked over the old wartimes; but the incident which seemed to tickle them both most was the one of the two Confederate soldiers who, wholly unacquainted with each other, fought the pitched battle for the old army blanket on Pearl River.\*

#### GOVERNOR NORTHEN AT MOUNT ZION ACADEMY

Before entering the political arena, Gov. William J. Northen was for twenty years a schoolteacher. Incidentally, it may be said that a better one was never evolved. Succeeding Dr. Carlisle P. Beman at the head of the famous Mount Zion Academy, near Sparta, he taught more than one youngster who was destined to come to the front in Georgia politics. But, like a certain wise king of Israel, Governor Northen believed in a wholesome application of the rod. On one occasion—so the story goes—some nineteen students, becoming rebellious, were given the choice between two extremes—expulsion or castigation.

The stern professor was determined to permit no infraction of the

\* Vol. II, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

\* Vol. II, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

rules of discipline. He clearly defined the issue, and having once deliberately spoken he was less amenable to change than was the law of the Medes and Persians. Ten chose to return to school duties by way of the birch, but nine still demurred and accordingly suffered the consequences. It was not the purpose of Governor Northen to punish the boys who voluntarily accepted the terms of readmission, but this intention the professor kept to himself until the decision was finally rendered. Later on four or five of the others applied for readmission, doubtless hoping to be equally as fortunate in escaping the terrors of the lash. But they applied too late to be treated as volunteers; and, though they were taken back, they were first required to strip.

Another remedial dose of the same prescription was destined to bear unexpected results years afterwards. In the hot resentment born of bruised flesh and injured feelings, one of the boys threatened to punish the professor on reaching the adult stage. "Wait till I am grown," said he, "and I will get even for this day's work." Though the professor attached no importance to the threat, it was too much out of the usual run of predictions to be lightly forgotten; and, when he was running for governor the first time, an incident occurred which served to revive it. He was stopping at some hotel, and, exhausted by the fatigue of the campaign, he wished to rest. But up came a card. Glancing at the piece of paste-board, he recognized the name of the student whose solemn vow was still unexecuted. He hardly knew what to expect. It might be imperiling the gubernatorial honors, but he agreed to see the visitor. In rushed the man, breathless with excitement.

"Professor," said he, "I've ridden fifteen miles to tell you that I am doing all I can to see you elected governor, and that I am going to get you as many votes as you gave me licks at old Mount Zion."

Except for the exigency of ill health, Governor Northen might have been satisfied to spend the remainder of his days in listening to the buzz of Greek verbs. It was useful work in which he was engaged; and such work is only too often undervalued. But Georgia was calling him, through the agency of mysterious events, into higher spheres of usefulness. Behind the plow, in the ruddy and robust activities of country life, his health began to improve. He was sent first to the House and then to the Senate. Subsequently he became president of the State Agricultural Society. This was the stepping-stone to the governorship. Twice he filled the gubernatorial chair, being elected each time by rousing majorities. He was the steadfast friend of the educational interests of Georgia, and enjoyed the satisfaction while governor of seeing two institutions in which he was peculiarly interested successfully launched—the Georgia Normal and Industrial College at Milledgeville and the State Normal School at Athens.

#### POLITICS IN GOVERNOR TERRELL'S HEAD

To say that Gov. Joseph M. Terrell was one of the most popular of all the chief executives of Georgia is to say much, but still not all, for, in the felicitous phrase of Dr. John E. White, his career in public life

\* Vol. II, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

has been styled "the Gulf-Stream of Georgia politics." Despite the horrified outburst of old Aunt Liza, a privileged darky once owned by the Terrell family in Meriwether, political honors did not spoil Governor Terrell. Someone told her that Joe had gotten politics in his head, but that otherwise he was all right. "Well," said Aunt Liza, "ef he's got 'em he's got 'em sense he growed up. He didn't have any of dem things in his head when I kept it combed." While occupying the office of attorney-general, Governor Terrell appeared twelve separate times for Georgia in the United States Supreme Court, and won every case which he argued.

#### DR. CURRY AND KING ALPHONSO

Dr. J. L. M. Curry, a native Georgian, who represented the United States Government at the court of Madrid, under President Cleveland, received many marks of signal favor from the Spanish dons, with whom he was the most popular of all the diplomats. It was the fortune of Doctor Curry to be in Madrid at the time of the present sovereign's birth; and when the young sovereign was presented to the grandees of Spain as the new king who, by virtue of his father's death some months before, was born a sovereign, the United States minister was accorded the honor of meeting the royal infant within an hour of his advent. Unadorned by even the simplest vestments of the royal wardrobe, the little stranger, who possessed no badge or mark to distinguish him from the child of the humblest peasant in Spain, was borne upon a platter of gold into the hall of the palace to receive the homage of his kneeling subjects and the felicitations of his friends and neighbors.

The pleasant relations existing between the American ambassador and the Spanish court were such that years later when the crown was formally placed upon the brow of the youthful sovereign, the United States Government was specially requested to commission Doctor Curry to attend the impressive ceremonies. Though he received many distinguished compliments both at home and abroad, he never felt quite so highly flattered by any incidental tribute as by this distinguished mark of regard from the royal family at Madrid. Doctor Curry was born in Lincoln County, Georgia, in 1825. He belonged to the famous Lamar family of this state, being a grandson of Basil Lamar and a cousin of L. Q. C. Lamar. He was a minister of the gospel, served in Confederate and Federal Congress, was commissioned a colonel in the southern army, and was the trustee of the Slater-Peabody fund. Alabama has placed Doctor Curry's statue in the nation's Hall of Fame in Washington, D. C.

#### "SENATORS—NOT GENTLEMEN": PRESIDENT AKIN'S RULING

During the legislative session of 1907, President John W. Akin made a ruling which is likely to live among the humorous traditions of the capitol. It was based upon the immemorial canons of senatorial etiquette, but it stated a fact which, except for its amusing side, was well calculated to shock the Cavalier instincts of Georgia's state senators. The ruling of the chair was called forth by the following circumstances: Sen. L. G. Hardman occupied the floor. His bill to provide for the registration of trained nurses was under fire.

Sen. J. P. Knight and Senator Camp, who ran the opposition batteries, proposed to amend the measure by providing that nothing in the act should be construed to prohibit the author of the bill, Doctor Hardman, from having two nurses, either trained or in process of training, to attend him whenever necessity required.

In the cross-firing which ensued Senator Knight grew eloquently warm. Question after question was put to Doctor Hardman, to all of which he returned unruffled answers. But Senator Knight, instead of addressing him in the time-honored fashion of the upper legislative branch—as "the senator from the thirty-second," yielded to the force of unconscious habit and in the language of the lower house addressed him as "the gentleman," an appellation which ordinarily conveys no offense. However, it was more than the strict presiding officer could stand; and he brought down the gavel with an ominous rap upon the desk.

"It is an exceedingly disagreeable duty," said he, "to call any member of this body to task, but when an open violation of the rules of the Senate is observed I have no option. For some time past I have noticed with some degree of surprise that senators appeared to forget themselves and to address senators in debate as gentlemen. The senator from the sixth is an old offender. Let me state once for all that there are no gentlemen in the Senate of Georgia; for when the commissioners of the people once enter this chamber they cease to be gentlemen and become senators."

Though amusingly phrased, it was nevertheless an incontestable law of senatorial etiquette, being indeed the *lex non scripta*, which is fully as old as the Roman eagles; and in the nature of things there was no appeal from the decision of the chair. Senator Knight, whose lineage connected him with the old order of chivalry, and whose name suggested crusades and tournaments, was rather nonplused to have his status defined in such naked terms, but he signified his acquiescence in the president's decision, and, gasping for ozone, he resumed his seat, having no further questions to ask.

#### FRANK STANTON'S IMPROMPTU

Frank L. Stanton, the gifted Georgia poet, was introduced on one occasion by young Thomas R. R. Cobb to a Mr. Kemp, who was then living in Atlanta. Subsequently, when under the influence of the beverage which is said to have inspired Tam O'Shanter, he obtained from Mr. Kemp a small sum of money, in exchange for which he gave the following poetic acknowledgment, which will compare favorably with any impromptu squib from the pen of Byron:

"My dear Mr. Kemp,  
If I ever wear hemp  
Instead of these starched linen collars,  
I hope it will be  
When I'm perfectly free  
From your excellent loan of ten dollars."

#### WASHINGTON DESSAU'S DRAMATIC AENEID

Never, perhaps, in the history of the Georgia bar, has an advocate died more literally in harness than Washington Dessau. The death of this brilliant lawyer, while engaged in making an argument of singular power before the Supreme Court of Georgia, constitutes one of the most tragic and impressive episodes of the capitol. Mr. Dessau was an orator with few equals; but, unlike most men of rare gifts, he preferred the courtroom to the legislative hall, and was usually at his best when discussing some difficult point of law before the court of last resort.

On this particular occasion he waxed unusually eloquent; and neither the thunder-peal of his voice nor the lightning-flash of his eye suggested that the vital forces were well-nigh spent. He was apparently never in better health, nor did he begin to look the fifty-two years which registered the mature vigor of his physical and intellectual powers.

If anyone had been asked to pick out from the entire courtroom the victim for whom the invisible messenger was waiting at the door, he would not have selected the strong man who, with thews of iron corded in the grapple of weighty argument, resembled Hercules slaying the Nemean Lion or Samson lifting the gates of Gaza. But the hour was about to strike. Suggesting certain legal difficulties, one of the members of the court requested Mr. Dessau to argue the point which he indicated from the bench.

"Your honor," said he, "permit me to thank you. The friction of two minds causes the spark of truth to scintillate."

This was the eloquent advocate's last sentence. With the accents of courtesy upon his lips he fell to the floor like an old knight of the tournament. He was borne to an adjoining room where every effort was made to strengthen the weak pulse and to recall the departed color. But in vain. The solemn awe which fell upon the spectators of the tragic scene was most profound. Seldom have men been more deeply affected. The brilliant aphorism which was destined to linger to the latest times in the traditions of the courtroom seemed to reverberate through the silent chamber of death like the intonations of thunder and to cause the dullest imagination to realize how appropriate it was, since the time had come for him to soar from the sight of man, that his own lofty eloquence should supply the rocket wings. Mr. Dessau's death occurred in 1904. He was survived by his wife, who was a grandniece of old Governor Gilmer.

#### CHANCELLOR MELL: EXAMPLES OF HIS WIT

Chancellor Patrick H. Mell, of the State University, was perhaps the foremost parliamentarian of his day and generation in the South. He was moderator of the Georgia Baptist Association for over thirty years, president of the Georgia Baptist Convention for twenty-six years, and president of the Southern Baptist Convention for seventeen years. "Mell's Manual" is still an authoritative handbook for the guidance of deliberative bodies. But Doctor Mell was also a wit—a gift, however, which he rarely, if ever, displayed in the pulpit.

Shortly after the war, the Southern Baptist Convention met in Baltimore.



timore. Chancellor Mell, as usual, wielded the gavel, and the following incident, which occurred during the session, shows that, without losing his parliamentary equipoise or his kindly good humor, there were certain words in Webster's Dictionary which he could not think of permitting on the floor, in connection with the late unpleasantness. As a fraternal delegate from the Northern Baptist Convention, the distinguished Doctor Welsh of New York was given the floor and was voicing the friendly sentiments of his brethren north of the Patapsco. To show that his purpose was not to indulge in censure, he said:

"Why, Brother President, if I had been in the South such are the impulses of my heart that I should no doubt have been one of the leaders of the rebellion."

At the utterance of the last word the gavel came down with an ominous rap upon the desk, and the speaker found himself suddenly under arrest.

"That word is out of order on the floor of this convention," interposed Doctor Mell, in his firmest but most courteous tones.

"Well, Brother President," meekly interrogated Doctor Welsh, somewhat abashed, "what word shall I use?"

"The chair does not presume to dictate, sir," replied the presiding officer, "but he insists upon his ruling that the word 'rebellion' in such a connection is out of order. He shall so hold unless you appeal from the decision of the chair. Do you appeal, sir?"

"No, Brother President," returned the speaker with apologetic brevity and prompt acceptance.

What further descriptive nouns the venerated doctor employed is not disclosed by the newspaper clipping, but he does not appear to have been interrupted by the fall of the gavel any more during the proceedings. Doctor Mell had served as a colonel at the head of a regiment during the war, and he had used carnal as well as spiritual weapons in dealing with the adversary; and while he felt kindly toward the brother who had spoken with such generous promptings, he wanted him to know that he had fought for principle.

Another amusing incident in the experience of Doctor Mell while occupying the chair is told by his son, Prof. P. H. Mell, who has written an excellent biographical account of his father. During a session of the Georgia Baptist Convention a member who represented some benevolent enterprise was trying to raise money from the brethren. In the course of his remarks he was very bitter in denouncing ministers who wasted money in sinful appetites, particularly in the matter of using tobacco. His speech was having the opposite effect from what he desired, and Doctor Mell, anxious to aid the cause under consideration, watched for an opportunity to put the convention in good humor. The speaker continued in an injured tone to summarize the amounts spent by preachers in "sinfully bad habits," and turning toward the presiding officer, he said:

"A pipeful of tobacco costs five cents, doesn't it, Brother Moderator?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, "but it's worth it."

The convention was uproarious for a while, but the laughter resulted

in the restoration of good feeling and put an end to the speaker's offensive line of remarks. It was really of great service to him, however, because the body subscribed liberally to the cause he was advocating. The presiding officer said afterwards that he would have given more than the tobacco was worth if he could have been smoking while the member was speaking. The remark of Doctor Mell suggests the witticism of Dr. W. W. Landrum, who justified the enjoyment of an occasional cigar on the strictly orthodox ground that he was only burning an idol.

But leaving the convention halls, Professor Mell narrates an anecdote which humorously illustrates the logical bent of the great parliamentarian's mind. The doctor was present once at a justice court; and, while waiting for the appearance of the justice, he withdrew to the shade of a tree, not far from which a group of men were drinking from a jug of whisky. They asked him to drink with them, but he politely declined.

Just at this moment another man stepped up, and being given the same invitation, he eagerly grasped the proffered jug, saying as he did so:

"Certainly I will, and I've got Scripture for it, too. Don't the Bible say 'be temperate in all things,' and whisky being something, how can I be temperate in all things without drinking some?"

As he delivered himself of this weighty syllogism he glanced a challenge at Doctor Mell and gave a wink to the boys. Doctor Mell, good-naturedly, accepted the gage of battle.

"Gentlemen, I have two objections to that doctrine," said Doctor Mell. "In the first place there is no such passage in the Bible. And suppose the apostle had said, 'Be ye temperate in all things,' are you going to construe it in the way just given? If you do you will have to bite a piece out of the jug as well as drink some of the whisky, for jugging is just as much something as whisky-drinking. And then see what a chapter of accidents you will have. You will be compelled, under the logic you have just heard, to go through life biting a piece out of every hedge you come to; drinking out of every mud-puddle you see, nibbling at every tree you pass; and finally, my dear sir, you will have to bite a piece out of every dog's tail you meet on the road."

For many years, in connection with his educational work, Doctor Mell preached at Antioch, and in going and coming he used to travel with a preacher of the Methodist camp; who held forth in the same neighborhood. Now, this traveling companion was a widower, and Doctor Mell was an inveterate jester. Driving through the country one Saturday afternoon Doctor Mell suggested that his Methodist brother preach from the text, "This widow troubleth me." On meeting again the next week in Athens, the Methodist divine was asked if he had preached from the text which Doctor Mell had furnished.

"Oh, no," said he, "I took the text, 'How long halt ye between two opinions.'"

"Ah," replied Doctor Mell, smiling, "I did not know there were two of them."

Sometimes Doctor Mell preached to the negroes. He was greatly beloved by the colored contingent, to whom his sympathetic and friendly offices were most pleasing. On one occasion, so the story goes, the great

chancellor dropped into one of the colored churches near Athens merely to worship, and the old negro preacher who had caught sight of the slender figure of Doctor Mell as he entered the door soon afterwards lifted his stentorian voice in the most fervent prayer, which was largely dedicated to the spiritual comfort of the distinguished worshiper. Said he:

"God bless Mars Pat. Give him de eyes uv de eagle so he kin see sin a fur off. Give him de claws uv de eagle so he kin tare sin to pieces. Keep him, oh Lawd, in de holler of dy fist. Strenken his weak arm uv flesh wid de widder's mite, and an'int him wid de ile uv Patmos."

#### BILL ARP'S RUSTIC HUMOR

During the days of reconstruction, when the spirit of heaviness was upon the South, it was Maj. Charles H. Smith who, under the pen name of "Bill Arp," began to provoke the first good-natured laughter that rippled the state after General Lee's surrender. The appearance of this genial prophet of optimism was like a burst of sunshine, through a rift in the clouds. The plow was standing idle in the field. Military satraps were patrolling the streets. The whole state was paralyzed with inertia. But in the midst of this condition of affairs Bill Arp's droll letters began to appear in the newspapers. They were spiced with such playful humor and seasoned with such shrewd philosophy and good sense, that at countless firesides throughout the South they began to arouse the most intense interest; and from this time on, in fact until the very hour of his death, Bill Arp was one of the most widely beloved of southern humorists. The story of how Major Smith began to write under the pen name of Bill Arp is perhaps best told in his own words.

"Some time in the spring of 1861," says the mountain philosopher, "when our Southern boys were hunting for a fight and felt like they could whip all creation, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation ordering us all to disperse within thirty days, and to quit cavorting around.

"I remember writing an answer to it as though I was a good Union man and a law-abiding citizen and was willing to disperse if I could, but it was almost impossible, for the boys were mighty hot, and the way we made up our military companies was to send a man down the lines with a bucket of water and if a fellow sizzed like a hot iron in a slack trough we took him, and if he didn't sizz we didn't take him; but nevertheless, notwithstanding, and so forth, if we could possibly disperse within thirty days we would do so, but I thought he had better give us more time, for I had been out in an old field by myself and tried to disperse and couldn't.

"I thought the letter was right smart and decently sarcastic, and so I read it to some of my friends and they seemed to think it was right smart, too. About that time I looked around and saw the original Bill Arp standing with his mouth wide open, eagerly listening. As he came forward he said to me:

"Squire, are you going to print that?"

"I reckon I will, Bill," said I.

"What name are you going to put to it?" said he.

"I don't know yet," said I; "I haven't thought about a name."

"Then he brightened up and said: 'Well, Squire, I wish you would use mine. Them's my sentiments'; and I promised him that I would. 'So I did not rob Bill Arp of his good name, but took it on request.'"

Major Smith, in one of his letters, has drawn an excellent little thumb-sketch of the original Bill Arp, showing that while an unlettered man, who could neither read nor write, he was nevertheless possessed of an unusual share of mother wit and was always most welcome whenever he came about. Some few paragraphic glimpses at this old likeness may be of interest. Says Major Smith:

"He kept a ferry for a wealthy gentleman who lived a few miles above town on the Etowah river, and he cultivated a small portion of his land; but the ferry was not of much consequence, and when Bill could slip off to town and hear the lawyers talk he would turn over the boat and the poles to his wife or his children and go. I have known him to take a back seat in the court-house for a day at a time and with a face all greedy for entertainment, listen to the proceedings of the court and return home perfectly happy to tell his admiring family what had transpired.

"He felt the greatest reverence for Colonel Johnston, his landlord, and always said that he would about as leave belong to him as to be free; 'for,' said he, 'Mrs. Johnston throws away enough clothes and second-hand vittles to support my children, and they are always nigh enough to pick 'em up.'

"Bill Arp lived in Chulio district; we had eleven districts in the county, and they all had such names as Popskull and Blue-gizzard and Wolf-skin and Shake-rag and Wild-cat and Possum-trot, but Bill Arp reigned in Chulio. Bill was the best man in the district. He could out-run, out-jump, out-swim, out-wrestle, out-ride, out-shoot anybody; and was so far ahead that everybody else had to give up, and his neighbors were all his friends.

"But there was another district whose best man was Ben McGinnis; and it began to be whispered around that Ben wasn't satisfied with his limited territory and wanted to tackle Bill Arp. Ben weighed about one hundred and sixty-five pounds, while Bill weighed only one hundred and thirty. Bill was satisfied with his honors, but Ben was not; and soon it was noised around that Ben and Bill had to meet.

"I've seen Bill Arp in battle and he was a hero. I've seen him when shot and shell ranged around him and he was calm and cool; but I have never seen him so intensely excited as he was when Ben McGinnis approached and said: 'I golly, I dare anybody to hit me.'

"As Ben bristled up Bill let fly with his hard bony fist right in his left eye and followed it up with another so quick that the two blows seemed as one. I don't know how it was and never will know; but in less than a second Bill had him down and was on him and his fists and his elbows and his knees seemed all at work. Ben hollered 'enough' in due time and Bill helped him up and brushed the dirt off his clothes and said:

"Now, Ben, is it all over betwixt us? Is you and me all right?"

"Yes," said Ben, "it's all right 'twixt you and me, Bill."

"Bill thereupon invited all hands up to the shelf and they took a drink and he and Ben were friends.

"This is enough of the original Bill Arp. He made a good soldier in war. He was the wit and the wag of the camp, making many a homesick youth laugh away his melancholy. He was a good citizen in peace. When told that his son was killed he looked no surprise, but simply said:

"Major, did he die all right?"

"When assured that he did, Bill wiped away a tear and said:

"I only wanted to tell his mother."

#### HOW THE GEORGIA COLONELS ORIGINATED

Quite an interesting contribution to state history is made by Major Smith in the story which he amusingly tells of how the Georgia colonels originated. "We used to have general musters all over the State," says he, "twice a year. The militia were ordered out to be reviewed by the commander-in-chief, who was the Governor. The Constitution required him to review 'em, but as he couldn't travel all around in person, he had to do it by proxy, and so he had his proxy in each county, and he was the Governor's aide-de-camp, with the rank of Colonel. This gave the Governor over a hundred aide-de-camps, and they all took it as a compliment and wore cockade, hats with red plumes and epaulets, and long brass swords, and big brass spurs, and pistols in their holsters, and rode up and down the line in a gallop, reviewing the militia. The militia were in a double-crooked straight line, in a great big field, and were armed with shotguns and rifles, and muskets, and sticks, and corn-stalks, and thrash-poles, and umbrellas, and they were standing up and setting down, or on the squat, or playing mumble-peg, and they hollered for water half their time, and whisky the other; and when the colonel and his personal staff got through reviewing he halted about the middle of the line and said: 'Shoulder arms—right face—march,' and then the kettle-drums rattled and the fife squeaked, and some guns went off half-cocked, and the militia shouted awhile and were disbanded by the captains of their several companies.

"These colonels held rank and title as long as the Governor held his office, and they were expected to holler hurrah for the Governor on all proper occasions, and they did it. If the Governor ran again and was defeated, the next Governor appointed a new set from among the faithful, and the old set had to retire from the field, but they held on to the title. For a great many years the old Whigs and Democrats had it up and down, in and out, and so new colonels were made by the score until the State was chock full again.

"They had a general muster and a grand review once up at Lafayette. Bob Barry lived up there and was the mischief-maker of the town. Bob never wore shoes or hat and hardly anything else in those days, and he had petted and tamed a great big long razor-backed hog, and could ride him with a rope bridle, and so as the colonel and his staff came galloping down the line with his cockades and plumes and glittering swords, Bob suddenly came out from behind a house mounted

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

on his razor-back hog, and a paper cap with a turkey feather in it on his head, and a pair of old tongs swinging from his suspenders, and some spurs on his bare-footed heels, and he fell in just behind the cavalcade, and got the hog on a run, and scared their horses, and the whole concern ran away and the hog after 'em, and such a yell and such an uproar was never heard in those parts or anywhere else. The hog never stopped running until he got home, when Bob dismounted and took to the woods for fear of consequences. Bob is running a Sunday-school now, and I'm glad of it, for it will take a good deal of missionary work in him to make up for some things the Lafayette people tell about.

"But these militia musters got to be such farces that the Legislature abolished 'em about thirty-five years ago, though they couldn't abolish the colonels. When the war broke loose most of 'em went into the army and got reduced. Many a peace colonel got to be a war major or a captain, or even a high private, and in that way their ranks were thinned. Our governors, however, still make a few new ones as often as they are elected, and so the peace colonel is still destined to live and illustrate the good old State."

Several years ago Major Smith attended the graduating exercises of the Atlanta Medical College to see his son receive his diploma. Congressman N. J. Hammond, the president of the board of trustees, delivered the sheepskins to the young doctors in Latin; and this circumstance reminded Major Smith of an anecdote on old Judge Blandford, who had just resigned from the Supreme bench. Here is the story:

"On one occasion a doctor sued a man for his medical bill of fifteen dollars and the man employed Mark Blandford, who had just hung out his shingle, to fight the case; for he said the doctor was no account and he discharged him. The doctor swore to his account and Mark called for his license or his diploma, and made the point that no doctor had a right to practice without one, and he read the law to the squire. And so the old judge told the doctor to show his sheepskin. He said he had one at home, and asked for leave to get it. It was just six miles to town and he rode in a hurry and returned in a sweat of perspiration. With an air of triumph he handed it over to Mark and said: 'Now what have you got to say?' Mark unrolled it and saw that it was in Latin. The doctor's name was John William Head, but the Latin made it Johannes Gulielmus, filius, Caput. That was enough for Mark. He made the point that it was not a diploma but an old land-grant that was issued in old colony times to a man by the name of Caput. The doctor raved furiously, but Mark stuck to it and there was no mention in the document of John William Head—that it was issued to Johannes Gulielmus, filius, Caput—an altogether different person, and he asked the doctor please to read the thing to the court. Of course the doctor couldn't do it and he lost his case. The old squire said that he didn't know whether it was a land-grant or a diploma or a patent for some machine; and if the doctor couldn't read it he wasn't fitten to practice medicine."

Major Smith died in Bartow County in this state in 1903 at the ripe old age of seventy-seven years. Elder in the Presbyterian Church, soldier, lawyer, farmer, author, philosopher and humorist, he lived to celebrate the golden anniversary of his nuptials. The Death Angel over-



took him in his harvest fields, still binding his mellow sheaves of grain. Sunshine died perceptibly from out the sky when the announcement went forth that genial Bill Arp was no more, and the great reading public for whom he had so often wrought the miracle of turning tears into smiles now paid him the sorrowful but affectionate tribute of turning smiles into tears.

#### SAM JONES: GEORGIA'S PRINCE OF EVANGELISTS

It is by no means an extravagant statement to say that when death, in the summer of 1906, suddenly checked the career of Samuel Porter Jones, it robbed the religious harvest-fields of the most unique evangelist of modern times. Mr. Jones may have lacked the eloquence of Whitfield. He was not an orator in the forensic sense of the term. But he possessed the humor of Mark Twain. He also understood what many otherwise great preachers have failed to understand: human nature. Mr. Jones not only knew the text from which he preached but he knew the man to whom he preached. The creator of Little Nell knew no better how to touch the spring of human tenderness; and upon the keyboard of the heart he played like one of the great German masters.

Tom Watson, in comparing the Georgia evangelist with Doctor Talmage, says that on the first night at any given place, the one might draw equally as well as the other, but that before the end of the week Doctor Talmage would be preaching to empty benches, while Mr. Jones would be turning hundreds away unable to give them accommodations.

To continue the figurative analysis, Doctor Talmage was like a reservoir whose proportions are ample but which needs constantly to be refilled. On the other hand, Mr. Jones was like a stream of transparent crystal whose fountain source is hidden far up in the mountains, among the rocks and the ferns. He ran like Tennyson's Brook; and, if he sometimes meandered from the old beaten homiletical highway, it was in quest of greener fields and sweeter airs. It was in the great throbbing heart-centers of population, amid the roar and rush of city life, among the teeming millions of feverish toilers, that his life's work was chiefly done, but he seldom preached without catching into his sermons the clover breath of the Galilean fields. He kept in touch with the outer world. He loved to roam through the woods and to fish in the streams and to soar with the skylark, and, though he was not without some of the credentials of scholarship, he preferred Arcadia to Athens.

Mr. Jones used to say that the most sincere compliment which he ever received from any source came from an old negro; and, though the terms in which it was conveyed were somewhat dubious, still the circumstances under which it was tendered excluded any sinister interpretation. Approaching the evangelist one day, after he had finished one of his simple and direct sermons to the brother in black, the old negro said:

"Well, Brudder Jones, you sho' do preach like er nigger. You may have er white skin, but you got er black heart."

Nature's outgushing tribute from an humble but honest source and freighted with an eloquence of warm sincerity which many of the hollow compliments expressed in terms far more classical sadly lack! Not black, indeed, but golden from core to circumference was the big manly heart

of Sam Jones. Viewed from the human standpoint it ceased to beat all too soon. But the Master of the vineyard knew when to call the laborer home; and, when Sam Jones passed under the shining arches into the radiant upper court of the temple, his arms were full of golden trophies. The end came when he was hastening home to be present at the festive gathering which always took place in Cartersville on the anniversary of his marriage. But greater joy still was in store for the tired evangelist. He was going home to rest among anthems and friends and flowers—yet not to Cartersville this time, but to Jerusalem the Golden, the city of the Great King.\*

#### UNCLE REMUS: THE STORY OF HIS RISE TO FAME

Joel Chandler Harris persistently disclaimed any original creative merit for his famous folk-lore stories, which have grown into the nursery classics of the English-speaking world. But perfect reproduction requires almost if not quite as much genius as original creation; and while Mr. Harris may truthfully say that his work has been simply to retell the old plantation legends, preserving the flavor of humor in the molds of dialect, it is equally true that he has succeeded where many others have failed; and he could never have put southern literature under such lasting tribute to his pen unless he had caught the spirit of the old-time southern negro and possessed the power of kindling on the printed page the spark which vitalizes him and makes him live. This is what Mr. Harris has done for Uncle Remus; and when the merit of his work is stripped of all extraneous matter it still remains that he has carried the glow of the cabin fireside around the globe; that he has touched and warmed and vivified all landscapes with the genial rays of the southern sun; and that even in the library of the New England scholar he has made the southern cotton-patch as classic as the ancient arena.

The story of how Uncle Remus' menagerie began to tour the world of literature can be very briefly told. In 1876 Mr. Harris fledged to Atlanta with his family from Savannah to escape an epidemic which had broken out in the Forest City. He had no definite plans in view, but he had been writing editorials for one of the Savannah papers and he thought perhaps he could get similar work to do in Atlanta. He was not disappointed in this expectation; but he little dreamed that his hasty flight to Atlanta was destined to play such an important part in his subsequent fortunes and that even now he stood unconsciously in the pink aurora of his kindling fame. He became an editorial writer on the staff of the Constitution.

Capt. Evan P. Howell was then managing editor of the paper; and going to Mr. Harris one day he said: "Harris, why can't you write some negro dialect stories like Sam Small's? You can write them between editorials. These stories are wonderfully popular here at home. Besides, they have been getting into the Northern papers. Try and turn in something to-night."

\* Vol. II, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

This was an unexpected demand upon the resources of the young editorial writer and he turned to the task with some trepidation. Mr. Small, who had shifted his brilliant services to another paper, had been writing negro dialect stories at odd intervals under the pen-name of Uncle Si; and Mr. Harris, after leisurely thinking over the matter, decided to launch his venture under the pseudonym of Uncle Remus. Tapping his forehead for some time with the reverse end of his quill, he at length dislodged the initial story which he proceeded at once to put into the mouth of this droll new character. With modest misgivings he turned in his copy at the close of the day and nervously awaited the result. Next morning the first installment of the Uncle Remus stories appeared on the editorial page, fresh and crisp.

Success was instant. Mr. Harris did not have to serve an apprenticeship. He caught the popular fancy from the very start. But he was now put to the task of raking his wits for all the plantation stories he had ever heard. He had created an appetite which he was obliged to appease. Luckily he had spent his boyhood days on one of the typical old southern plantations of Putnam County, and the very air he had breathed was pungent with the aroma of the old negro legends. These all came trooping back again under the inspiration of successful authorship. Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox began to entertain the public with the most amazing exploits and escapades. One by one other animals joined the adventurous aggregation, until the whole animal kingdom was at last gathered under the spacious canvas; but each animal was made to furnish entertainment in his own characteristic way, without sacrificing his native peculiarities or instincts. Old and young were delighted with the new order of chivalry which Uncle Remus had founded, and on billowy waves of laughter Mr. Harris began to ride the high seas of literature.

These stories which he dashed off at random in the midst of his serious editorial work became his hostages to fortune: the inspirational fragments which he exchanged for the laurel leaves of fame. At the expiration of the first year Mr. Harris had spun enough yarn from the mouth of Uncle Remus to put into the folds of an octavo volume entitled "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," and this volume became the first spice-bearer of his opulent and splendid caravan.\*

#### JOHN B. GORDON: THE HERO OF APPALACHIA

Soon after the news of Georgia's action in withdrawing from the Union, on January 19, 1861, had reached the remote angle of the mountains where Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama meet, there appeared upon the streets of Atlanta a company of raw recruits—all of them boys from the backwoods—who had just emerged from this picturesque region, full of the new-born ardor of enlistment. However, the animating spirit of this rough mountaineer band was not the characteristic which was most patent to the eye. The ludicrous fact which struck the observer at the first glance was that no two members of the company were dressed in the same kind of regimentals. Moreover, they arose to very irregular heights; and, while it may have been partly the fault of the music, they

seemed to have no idea of keeping step. They had never been in camp for even so much as one day; but this fact was sufficiently well advertised to dispense with statement.

It is not trilling with the truth to say that if the areas of three continents, instead of the tips of three states, had been laid under tribute to produce an assortment of extremes the result could hardly have been more grotesque or nondescript. The variegated garment which an ancient Hebrew patriarch is said to have made for his favorite offspring, without the much-needed help no doubt of the lady of the household, was vividly suggested by the fantastic anarchy of colors which occupied the field of vision. But if the unseasoned troops which now appeared on the streets of Atlanta were like the mountains from which they had so recently emerged in being somewhat efflorescent and irregular, they deserve the full benefit of the metaphor; for, they were soon to show that, like the mountains, they were fashioned out of sturdy material and were built to breast the lightnings. The rough edges would disappear eventually on the grindstone of the training camp, but the staying qualities would remain unaffected even by the sulphur of battle. Indeed, the mountaineers had already quietly resolved among themselves that if the mountains which they had just left ever saw them again in life they would at least bring back an autograph of Mars traced upon parchment which no critic dare question and which only death could erase.

To prevent the inference from being drawn too hastily that the company possessed nothing in common to suggest the idea of uniformity, it may be said that each mountaineer was the owner of an odd-looking coonskin cap, provided with an appendage which ran down from behind like an oriental pigtail. But this uniform feature only tended to heighten the flavor of oddity produced by the amusing variations. Altogether it was decidedly the most mixed aggregation which the little metropolis of the foothills had ever witnessed.

Unheralded by any announcement in the newspaper prints, it was only natural that curiosity should ask leading questions.

"What company is this?" inquired one of the bystanders, addressing the modest captain, who seemed to be as proud of the awkward mountaineers as the famous Roman general who wrote the Commentaries must have been of the Tenth Legion. But, strange to say, the question had not been anticipated. So eager were the mountain boys to get to the front that they had not stopped to think of such an unimportant detail. But the resourceful officer was always ready and, after the briefest pause, he answered:

"The Mountain Rifles."

Suggestive of stout timber and crack marksmanship as this name was, it was not sufficiently descriptive to suit the taste of one burly member of the company at least; and he promptly demurred, with as little regard for military discipline as for chaste speech.

"Mountain hell," said he. "We are no Mountain Rifles. We are the Raceoon Roughs."

Overruled by the profane powers the young captain accepted the correction. Though dressed in the wardrobe of the lower world it was nevertheless inspirational; and all through the devious paths and varied

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

experiences of the war it followed the rapidly thinning ranks of the mountain boys until the last bare remnant of the company stood in the surrender at Appomattox.

But who is this sturdy young captain who seems barely to have turned the corner of thirty? Look at him carefully, for he invites the most scrutinizing gaze. Those firmly-set features make it unnecessary to consult the oracles. That eye is full of the fire of battle. That beard which is not much older than the corn-silk on the uplands can not conceal the lines of rigid purpose which lie locked beneath. If the precise future can not be read to the extent of foreshadowing the lieutenant-general who is ultimately to command one-half of Lee's immortal legions, there is at least but one man in all the Confederate ranks who can precisely match those features; and his name is John B. Gordon.\*

#### ALFRED H. COLQUITT: THE HERO OF OLUSTEE

The story of how Gen. Alfred H. Colquitt, afterwards governor of Georgia and United States senator, plucked victory from the very jaws of defeat, during the Florida campaign of 1864, constitutes one of the most strikingly dramatic chapters in the history of the Civil war. Briefly told, this story runs as follows: The supplies of ammunition having almost completely given out, orders were issued to cease firing for the present, and, since the enemy was directly in front, surrender seemed to be inevitable. But, while powder and shot were about exhausted, the resources of the commanding general were not; and the idea of capitulating had never entered the rear of his head. He hastily dispatched orders for ammunition to the nearest base of supplies, and while waiting for the wagons to arrive, he parceled out what still remained to those in front, giving them instructions to make as much noise as possible. This clever ruse succeeded. No immediate advance was made by the enemy and sufficient time elapsed during the lull in the engagement to allow the wagons to arrive with fresh supplies. Hostilities were resumed only to result in disaster to the Federal troops; and the tide of invasion into Florida was successfully repulsed. This decisive engagement, fought in the pine thickets, is known as the battle of Ocean Pond or Olustee.

Among the officers of the northern army who participated in this engagement was Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, with whom General Colquitt afterwards served in the United States Senate. The two men became fast friends. Through General Colquitt's influence General Hawley, who was then governor of Connecticut, came to Georgia during the Cotton Exposition of 1881, and addressed the people at the fair grounds; and General Colquitt being then governor of this state, entertained him at the executive mansion. It was singular how the lives of the two men had run in parallel lines; commanding officers of opposing armies during the Florida campaign, now governors of great commonwealths, and soon to occupy seats across the aisle from each other in the highest arena of the nation.

Quite naturally the conversation during this visit turned upon the Florida campaign, and General Hawley took occasion to ask why the

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

Confederate forces had ceased firing during the battle, since this action had created the presumption that some change of front was contemplated. Smiling, Governor Colquitt then let the cat out of the bag and General Hawley was enabled to solve for the first time the riddle which had twisted his eyebrows so long. He almost felt like renewing hostilities, but he good-naturedly observed that if he had known as much in 1864 as he knew then the god of battles might have rendered an altogether different decision.\*

#### JUDGE WARNER'S NARROW ESCAPE

Judge Warner was a man of unique character. He was veritably a Roman cast in the molds of the great Cato. One of Georgia's purest sons, he was also one of her bravest—man to whom the instinct of moral fear was unknown. For the sake of principle he was ready to suffer the stake or the gibbet; but he was never inclined to turbulence. On the contrary, he was slow to anger, even-tempered and calm. The judicial poise of his great mind was seldom disturbed. The following incident of Wilson's raid, in 1865, is narrated by Governor Northern. It will serve to illustrate the character of the old jurist. Says Governor Northern:

In 1865, just after Johnston's surrender—but before it was generally known—Wilson's Federal raiders were abroad in Middle Georgia, bent on plunder. Vandalism is too weak a word to describe the petty meanness which marked the paths made by bands of Federal soldiers through certain portions of the South; and General Wilson was such an offender in this respect that succeeding generations have used his name to describe rapine and slaughter. Some of Wilson's raiders, visiting Meriwether County, headed for Judge Warner's home. As they approached all the whites on the place fled except Judge Warner and his daughter, Mrs. Hill. The latter, with an infant two weeks old, could not be moved. Her father remained with her. During the morning some cavalry detachments passing by stole what they could carry off. About noon another party arrived and stopping, fed their horses, stole the silverware and robbed the smokehouse. Judge Warner stood by in silence. But suddenly the leader, putting a pistol to his head, ordered him to accompany them. Between the house and the negro quarters was a small woodland. To this grove his captors conducted Warner, and there the leader of the band, wearing the uniform of a Federal captain, took out his watch and said: "I'll give you just three minutes to tell where your gold is hidden." Warner protested that he had no gold. They replied that they had been told that he did have it and that he must give it up. He again denied it. They searched him and found five thousand dollars in Confederate money and fifteen thousand dollars in Central Railroad bills, which they appropriated. At the end of three minutes the captain gave a signal. One of the men took from his horse a long leather strap with a noose at one end. The other extemporized a gallows by bending down the end of a stout sapling. With an oath the officer made him select a larger and stouter tree. Judge Warner remained silent. One end of the strap was adjusted around his neck and the other fastened securely to

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.



the tree. The sapling was gradually released until the line became taut, when it was turned loose and the Judge's body dangled in the air. On reviving, he found himself upon the ground, but with the noose still around his neck. The soldiers still surrounded him. Once more he was ordered to give up his gold under penalty of death. He replied as before. Again he was strung up and the sapling released. This was about two o'clock in the day. When he recovered consciousness the sun was nearly down. He lay at the foot of the sapling. The noose had been removed from his neck. The dry leaves of the preceding autumn had been fired, and these were burning within a foot or two of his head. He always thought that the heat of the flames brought him back to consciousness and to life. The soldiers had left him for dead and had set fire to the woods. He was barely able to make his way back to the house, where he lay ill for many days."

#### ZORA FAIR: A HEROINE OF THE CIVIL WAR

Still fragrant in the memory of the Town of Oxford is the daring exploit of a beautiful South Carolina girl, who fled to this remote Georgia village during the Civil war. Her name was Zora Fair. She was living with an uncle, Mr. Abram Crews, in the famous old City of Charleston, when the latter was detailed by the Confederate Government to run the blockade to Europe. Before embarking upon this perilous enterprise, he sought to find a safe retreat for his family, and, having friends in the little Village of Oxford, he brought them hither, and with the other members of his household came Zora Fair. She was a frail slip of a girl, but she came of courageous stock, with wonderful powers of endurance, as events were to prove, and with a spirit as brave as ever animated the maid of Orleans. The story is too long to be told in this connection, but those who wish to read an account of this brave girl's heroism can find it in "Grandmother Stories," a charming little book written by Mrs. Howard Meriwether Lovett, of Augusta. It is enough for present purposes to say here that, disguising herself as a mulatto negress, she crossed the Yellow River, on a partially destroyed mill dam, and made her way, on foot to Atlanta, where, passing the enemy's lines, she gained access to General Sherman's headquarters, possessed herself of certain secrets pertaining to the Federal plan of campaign; and, narrowly escaping death under fire of a sentinel's gun, she returned with blistered feet to Oxford, from which place she sought to communicate by letter with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then at Lincolnton, N. C. But, unfortunately, the brave girl's message fell into the hands of the Federals. Troops were sent to Oxford to effect her capture, but she remained in hiding until danger was well past. If the letter had reached General Johnston there might have been a different story for the historians to tell. This daring exploit originated in the fertile brain of the young girl herself. She undertook its bold and hazardous execution without help, and though it failed of success, it proclaimed her a brave and fearless girl, possessed of the spirit of the true heroine; and her name deserves to be enshrined for all time to come in the grateful affections of her beloved Southland.

#### HOW THE "GENERAL" WAS CAPTURED

Perhaps the most accurate account which has yet appeared in print of the thrilling episode of the Civil war known as the Andrews' raid, has come from the pen of Mr. Wilber G. Kurtz, of Chicago. Before writing this article, Mr. Kurtz traversed every foot of ground upon which this stirring war drama was staged; he interviewed every survivor of the affair who could possibly be found; he inspected every valve, screw, joint and wheel belonging to the engines which participated in the famous episode; and when he finished his task there was nothing more to be said or written upon the subject. It adds a delicate flavor of romance to the story which the author has so charmingly told to state that Mr. Kurtz, who is a gentleman of northern birth, afterwards married a daughter of Capt. W. A. Fuller, one of the heroes of this episode. Mr. Kurtz occupies a high position in the social and business world of the Middle West. The story of the famous raid is as follows:

In April, 1862, a division of Buell's army, in command of Gen. O. M. Mitchel, was encamped near Shelbyville, Tenn. While here a Union spy and contraband merchant, James Andrews, was given permission by Mitchel to conduct a party of volunteers to some point on the W. & A. Railroad (the state road) in Georgia, seize a locomotive and run northward, burning bridges and destroying track behind them.

Some engineers were to be in this party to insure the handling of the locomotive, and, because of his frequent trips within Confederate lines, Andrews was familiar with all the details of the road. It was arranged that Mitchel's division should capture Huntsville, Ala., the same day (April 11) that Andrews destroyed the railroad; this being successful and Chattanooga thereby cut off from Atlanta and the South, Mitchel would then invest the mountain city and hold it for reinforcements.

The capture of Chattanooga meant the possession of East Tennessee, with its loyal mountaineers—a scheme that anticipated what actually took place a year later, when Rosecrans battled at Chickamauga for the possession of that which now only a handful of men sought to gain. Mitchel's signal to advance along the Memphis & Charleston Railroad to Chattanooga from Huntsville, was to be the arrival of the victorious Andrews party with the report that the only road going southward from Chattanooga was in ruins. Such was the scheme; the story of the raid sets forth its singular and tragic failure.

Marietta, Georgia, twenty miles north of Atlanta, was the point selected from which the return trip should be made. Here the raiders were to spend the night of April 10, and on the next day the morning train north was to be boarded, and when the breakfast station at Big Shanty was reached, the locomotive was to be seized. But the raiders were so hampered by the heavy rains while traveling overland from Shelbyville to Chattanooga that Andrews decided to postpone the raid one day, reasoning that if his small party was so delayed Mitchel's division surely would be. So it was on the night of the 11th when the party, twenty-two in number, found themselves in Marietta.

The next morning twenty of them, including Andrews, boarded Conductor William A. Fuller's train, bound for Chattanooga. Two of the

party failed to make this train. Just as was planned, the raiders seized the engine and three box cars which happened to be next the tender, while crew and passengers were at breakfast at the Lagay Hotel, Big Shanty, seven miles north of Marietta. This point of seizure had been selected because it afforded the best opportunity—there being no telegraph office from which to send any intelligence of the affair.

With four men in the cab and the rest of the score in the rear box car the locomotive "General" started northward. To all inquirers, who showed a most exasperating interest in the strange outfit—Fuller's regular engine and schedule, but an unknown crew—Andrews declared he was running a powder train through to General Beauregard, then at Corinth—a plausible story, since this was but a few days after Shiloh.

The "General" and the "powder train" were delayed quite a while at Kingston on account of some freight trains coming southward. Whether or not these were "extras" flying southward from Mitchell's investment of Huntsville the preceding day is a mooted question. Be that as it may, Mitchell did capture Huntsville April 11, just as planned.

Of course, the unexpected seizure of the locomotive at Big Shanty threw all in a commotion. Conductor Fuller, being responsible for his train in more ways than one, was the first to set about its recovery. He ran after the steaming locomotive afoot! With him were Mr. Anthony Murphy, then the foreman of machine and motive power of the road, and Jeff Cain, the engineer. The runners found a platform handcar at Moon's station, and on this they poled and pushed their way down grade to the Etowah River, being assisted by two section hands from Moon's and two citizens of Acworth. At first, pursuers surmised the seizure of the engine was by some deserters, who took this means to get to the woods, but reports of persons along the road, together with evidences of hostility and destruction, such as cut wires, cross-ties on the rails and even missing rails, convinced them that a formidable enemy was ahead.

At the Etowah bridge they found an old locomotive, the "Yonah," used on a spur road leading to some iron works up the river. This they pressed into service and ran the distance to Kingston at a record-breaking speed, for, strange to relate, the raiders had removed no rails between the river and Kingston. Here they were halted by the same freights that had delayed Andrews, with no possibility of passing anyway soon, seeing which, Mr. Fuller and Mr. Murphy at once pressed into service the little locomotive "William R. Smith," of the Rome Railroad, Oliver Wiley Harbin, engineer. The raiders had left the place but a few minutes earlier.

Four or five miles north of Kingston the "Smith" was forced to give over the chase on account of a missing portion of the track. Mr. Fuller and Mr. Murphy ran on, leaving the Rome road engine and its crowd, and a few miles ahead they met the "Texas," with a train of freight cars, and for its engineer Peter Bracken, late of Macon, Georgia. Bracken stopped his train, and at the behest of the two pursuers, backed to Adairsville, where the cars were placed on a siding. Then, running backward, the chase was resumed. This was the last locomotive used by the pursuers. Aboard it were Captain William A. Fuller, Anthony Murphy, Peter Bracken, Henry Haney (fireman), Alonzo Martin and Fleming Cox. At Calhoun another member was added to this party—a lad of seventeen

years. This was Edward Henderson, of Dalton, telegraph operator. The industrious use of wire cutters by Andrews had started the lad southward on the morning passenger to investigate. He got no further than Calhoun, and when the "Texas" came along, was recognized by Fuller, who assisted the lad aboard the moving engine. The conductor then wrote out a message to General Ledbetter at Chattanooga, apprising him of events and the coming of the captured locomotive. This he gave Henderson, with the instruction to send as soon as Dalton was reached.

Just a few miles north of Calhoun, the pursuers came in sight for the first time, of the pursued. The latter's efforts to raise another rail here were fruitless; their frantic attempts to impede and wreck by the use of cross-ties dropped from their rear and even the cutting loose of two box cars failed to daunt the intrepid crew of the "Texas." The cross-ties were removed, the box cars were shoved on to the next siding and from this on it was a test of endurance; the locomotives made records that day little dreamed of by builder and owner. Screaming whistles alarmed the towns and soldiery of the mad chase; pursuers joined in the wake of the reversed and careening "Texas," whose passage of the tunnel was but one of its many thrilling and fatalistic moments.

Hard pushed, the raiders played their last card: they set fire to their remaining car, in the hopes of burning a covered Chickamauga bridge just south of Ringgold. But the game was lost—the fire refused to work its destruction, largely owing to the drizzling rain and dampness that had marred any previous attempts during the course of their run.

The failure of wood and water brought them to a dead stop at the summit of the grade, a mile and a half north of Ringgold, while leader and men took to the dense wood bordering the road. Their scheme had been foiled; had there not been this catastrophe at Ringgold they would have been stopped below Chattanooga, for Fuller's message had gone from Dalton ere Andrews could sever the wire. The neighborhood was alarmed, and within two weeks the whole of the twenty-two men were in prison at Chattanooga—most of them being taken that day and the next. Mitchell made some show of advancing on Chattanooga without his expected knowledge of the raid's outcome, but he was forced to retire and the town was not captured until September, 1863.

Andrews, tried as a spy at Chattanooga, and seven of his men, tried on similar charges at Knoxville, were sentenced to hang—the leader perishing in Atlanta, June 7, 1862, at a place now on the corner of Peachtree Street and Ponce de Leon Avenue. The seven men were taken from the old county jail that stood at Fair and Fraser streets, and hanged near Oakland Cemetery, on ground now owned by the street railroad company, corner of Fair and Park Avenue. Military events delayed further trials, and on October 16 the rest of the party broke jail in broad daylight, and eight succeeded in reaching the Union lines. The other six were exchanged from Richmond in March, 1863.\*

#### "THE GATE CITY": WHEN THIS SOBRIQUET WAS FIRST USED

At a meeting of the early pioneers, held at the Kimball House, on the evening of April 24, 1871, soon after the original structure was

\* Vol. II, "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends," by L. L. Knight.  
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completed, quite a number of spicy reminiscences of the ante-bellum days were revived. To the fund of anecdotes, the following contribution was made by Judge William Ezzard, an ex-mayor. Said he:

"The name of the Gate City was first given to Atlanta in Charleston in 1856, and it came about in this way. When the road was completed between Charleston and Memphis, the people of Charleston put a hog-head of water on the car, together with a fire-engine, and accompanied them to Memphis for the purpose of mingling the waters of the Atlantic with the waters of the Mississippi. In the year 1857 the Mayor of Memphis, with quite a number of ladies in the party, came to Atlanta, en route to Charleston, carrying water from the Mississippi, and they also carried a fire-engine for the purpose of mingling the waters of the Mississippi with the waters of the Atlantic. They arrived about 12 o'clock. I was then Mayor of Atlanta, and we gave them a reception and prepared a handsome collation for them. The next morning they left for Charleston. I went with them. There were also several others in the party from Atlanta. We arrived in Charleston, and had a grand time there. We paraded the streets, marched down to the bay, and then went through the ceremony of pumping this water from the Mississippi into the ocean. There were a great many people present on this occasion; they came from all parts of Georgia and from all parts of South Carolina; and a grand banquet was given by the people of Charleston. Everything was well arranged. There was a toast drafted for Savannah, one for Macon, one for Augusta, and one for Atlanta, and so on. The toast prepared and given for Atlanta was: 'The Gate City—the only tribute which she requires of those who pass through her boundaries is that they stop long enough to partake of the hospitality of her citizens.' This was the substance of the toast. I may not recall the exact language. After that Atlanta was always called the Gate City, and it was never known as that before. I responded to this toast for Atlanta. It was given, I suppose, from the fact that this railroad had just been constructed through the mountains, for the purpose of connecting the West with the Atlantic seaboard, and there was no way to get to either place except to pass through Atlanta."\*

#### "PEACHTREE": ITS DERIVATION

There is little room for doubt concerning the source from which the name of Atlanta's thoroughfare was derived. In the early days of the last century, an Indian village, called the Standing Peachtree, stood just to the north of the city's present site. The stream which meandered near the village was called Peachtree Creek, while the path which led to it through the forest was called Peachtree Trail. With the influx of population the path was eventually widened into Peachtree Road, a thoroughfare which is today lined with some of the most palatial and elegant homes to be found south of Baltimore.

To cite authorities: Dr. Abiel Sherwood, in his quaint little work entitled "Sherwood's Gazetteer," published in 1830, states, on page 103.

\*"History of Atlanta and Its Pioneers," published by the Pioneer Citizens' Society.

that the Town of Decatur was then "95 miles northwest of Milledgeville, 25 miles southwest of Lawrenceville, 9 miles southwest of Rock Mountain, and 12 miles east of the Standing Peachtree on the Chattahoochee." The author prints the words "Standing Peachtree" in capitals, just as in the case of the towns mentioned. Moreover, since the various roads entering Atlanta, viz., the Roswell, the Marietta, the Decatur, the McDonough, were each named for the towns to which they led, the same, especially in the light of other evidence, must be inferentially true of Peachtree.

But there is still another witness. At the outbreak of the War of 1812, Gov. George R. Gilmer, who was then barely of age, received a lieutenant's commission; and as soon as enough recruits were collected an order was issued for them to be put in charge of an officer, and sent into the Indian country, where active hostilities were going on against the Creeks. Says Governor Gilmer:

"I asked for the command and received it. I marched with twenty-two recruits, having no arms, except refuse drill muskets, a small quantity of loose powder, and some unmolded lead. My appointed station was on the banks of the Chattahoochee, about thirty or forty miles beyond the frontier, near an Indian town, not far from where the Georgia Railroad [meaning Western and Atlantic], now crosses the Chattahoochee River. It was an awkward business for one who had only seen a militia muster and who had never fired a musket. I was ordered to build a fort. I had never seen a fort, and had no means of knowing how to obey the order but what I could get from Duane's Tactics. I went to work and succeeded very well, so far as I know, as the strength and fitness of my fortification was never tested. Some few days after my arrival at the standing peachtree, a rough Indian fellow came into the camp with some fine catfish for sale. I had supplied myself with a hook and line for catching cat in the Chattahoochee before I left home, and had baited and hung them from limbs into the water. I had noticed this fellow the day before gliding stealthily along near the bank of the river, in a small canoe, where the lines with baited hooks were hung. I intimated to him that the fish he was offering to sell were taken from my hooks. With demoniac looks of hatred and revenge, he drew his knife from his belt, and holding it for a moment in the position for striking, turned the edge to his own throat, and drew it across; expressing thus more forcibly than he could have done by words his desire to cut my throat. I never saw him afterwards."

#### THE STORY OF THE DODGE MILLIONS

When William E. Dodge, the great New York merchant and lumber baron, who founded the Town of St. Simons, on the coast of Georgia, died in the City of New York, he left an estate, the value of which was expressed in eight figures. To share this splendid property there were twelve children, two of whom were Anson Phelps and Norman B. Dodge. To the first of these was born a son, Anson Phelps, Jr., and to the latter a daughter, who, wedding her first cousin, Anson Phelps, Jr., was

\* Gilmer's "Georgians."



the possessor at the time of her marriage, in her own right, of a fortune estimated at not less than three millions. Before many years had elapsed Anson P. Dodge, Jr., who was educated for the Episcopal priesthood, began to feel the lure of the foreign field. The spirit of the missionary became so powerful within him that he finally embarked upon the high seas for India, taking with him his young wife, who was by no means loath to share his lot in distant lands and among alien peoples. On the eve of her departure, however, she made her will, the contents of which she kept a secret, even from her husband, acquainting him only with the fact that he was to be her sole executor. The sultry climate of India proved to be too drastic for the frail American girl, whose delicate organism had been attuned to gentler conditions of life in her far-away home. She fell an early victim to the Indian fever; and, having her body embalmed, the disconsolate husband brought the remains back to the United States and interred underneath the chapel of Christ Church, on St. Simon's Island, near the old Town of Frederica. On breaking the seal of his wife's will Mr. Dodge found that she had made him merely the trustee of the estate, barring a nominal support for himself. The bulk of the property was to be devoted to religious and benevolent ends. He cheerfully assumed the responsibilities which were thus put upon him; and besides helping hundreds of churches and institutions, he established at Frederica the Dodge Orphanage, for the proper care and maintenance of indigent children. He also revived and enlarged the work of Christ Church parish, an organization whose beginning dated back to the days of Oglethorpe; and by his faithful ministrations as an undershepherd he sought the spiritual betterment and uplift in his island home. The waves of influence which went forth from the old Town of Frederica touched the remotest confines of Christendom. In the meantime he married Miss Annie Gould, who entered sympathetically and helpfully into his plans and who, since the death of her husband, several years ago, has continued his great work, infused and infilled by no little of his spirit. On the walls of Christ Church there are marble tablets commemorating the unselfish lives of the saintly pair, who, under divine guidance, sought to make the wisest and best use of the Dodge millions.\*

#### THE KILLING OF ASHBURN: AN EPISODE OF RECONSTRUCTION

There occurred at Columbus, Georgia, during the period of reconstruction, an episode which plunged the whole nation into a fever of excitement, and which evinced a fixed purpose on the part of the South to maintain the integrity of an Anglo-Saxon civilization. It was the killing by unknown parties of G. W. Ashburn, an offensive partisan, who represented the most extreme type of radicalism. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1865, in which body he made himself peculiarly odious to the white people of Georgia. The feeling of revulsion naturally reached a climax in Columbus, where he lived with the negro element of the population, an object of great loathsomeness to the Caucasian race. The following account of the trial is condensed from various sources:

\* Dr. R. J. Massey.

The killing of Ashburn occurred on the night of March 31, 1868. He is said to have been a native of North Carolina, from which state he came to Georgia some thirty years prior to his death. There is very little known concerning him prior to the era of military usurpation, which, in addition to unloosing upon Georgia a swarm of vultures from other sections, developed the baser instincts of men who were already residents of the state and who identified themselves for vicious purposes with these ignoble birds of prey. There were undoubtedly some good and true men who, from conviction, advocated a policy of non-resistance; but they were few in number. Ashburn's mysterious taking off, therefore, at a time when passion was inflamed, when civil courts were suppressed, when Georgia's sovereign statehood was outraged in the most flagrant manner, and when there was no redress for the white except through the instrumentality of the Ku-Klux, was a matter little calculated to produce surprise, though it created a tremendous sensation. The military authorities took the matter in hand and caused arrest on suspicion of the following parties: William R. Bedell, Columbus C. Bedell, James W. Barber, Alva C. Roper, William D. Chipley, Robert A. Ennis, William L. Cash, Elisha J. Kirkscey, Thomas N. Grimes, Wade H. Stephens, R. Hudson, W. A. Duke, J. S. Wiggins, and R. A. Wood. Besides these, there were several negroes implicated. It seems that even the blacks entertained toward Ashburn a feeling of mingled fear and disgust.

For the purpose of trying these alleged offenders, a military court was organized at McPherson Barracks, in Atlanta. The counsel for the prisoners included Alexander H. Stephens, Martin J. Crawford, James M. Smith, Lucius G. Garrell, Henry L. Benning, James N. Ramsey and Raphael J. Moses. On the side of the prosecution, General Dunn, the judge advocate, was assisted by ex-Gov. Joseph E. Brown and Maj. William M. Smythe. While in prison the defendants were subjected to great indignities. They were eventually admitted to bail, however, in the sum of \$32,500 each, and not less than four hundred citizens of Columbus, representing both races, signed the required bonds.

It was on June 29, 1868, that the court was duly constituted, but, at the request of Mr. Stephens, a postponement was granted until the day following. The trial then began with the filing by Mr. Stephens of an answer in plea to the specific charges, in which, on behalf of the several prisoners, he entered a plea of not guilty to the crimes set forth. At the same time, the rightful jurisdiction of the court was traversed. With slow progress the case proceeded until the twentieth day, when orders were received from General Meade suspending the investigation until further notice from headquarters. On July 25, 1868, the prisoners were taken to Columbus, under guard. It was at this stage of the proceedings that they were finally admitted to bail; and, for reasons best known perhaps to the military authorities, the trial of the alleged murderers was never resumed.

Governor Brown's part in the prosecution of the Columbus prisoners charged with the murder of Ashburn only served to increase the obloquy in which he was held at this time by Georgians, due to his course in supporting the election of General Grant and in upholding the policy of

Reconstruction. The following explanation of his course in the Columbus affair has been given by Col. Isaac W. Avery, his accredited biographer. Says he:

"Weighing the evidence in the matter fairly and dispassionately, it may be shown that Governor Brown, in taking part in this prosecution, was governed by proper motives and rendered a service, both to the state and to the prisoners. He alleges that General Meade employed him, on the condition which he insisted upon making, that he—Governor Brown—should control the case, and that, upon the restoration of civil law, the case should be surrendered by the military authorities. His employment prevented the retention of very extreme men. The corroboration of Governor Brown, in this statement, has been very striking. It has been argued against its credibility that during General Meade's life, when the latter could either have verified or denied it, no explanation was made by Governor Brown of his conduct in the matter. Major A. Leyden, of Atlanta, who talked with General Meade several times about the affair, says that he was assured by General Meade that his fears for the prisoners would not be realized. Mr. John C. Whitner, of Atlanta, states that Detective Whiteley, who worked up the evidence for the prosecution, told him that the understanding when Brown was employed was that the military trial was to be remanded to the State authorities, on the reorganization of the civil government. General William Phillips, of Marietta, testifies that Governor Brown consulted with him at the time on the subject and explained to him his attitude of mind. Major Campbell Wallace, in an interview at the time with General Meade, confirms Governor Brown's statement. Many years ago Governor Brown gave his version of the affair to Hon. Alexander H. Stephens and Dr. J. S. Lawton."

#### LOST AT SEA: THE SHIPWRECK OF THE "HOME"

United States Sen. Oliver H. Prince, who perished at sea, on board the ill-fated steamship *Home*, in 1837, was a resident of Macon. The particulars of the tragic disaster are thus narrated by Governor Gilmer:

"About the first of July, 1837, my wife and I left home, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Prince, they for Boston and New York, and we for Western Virginia. The four of us had passed the time of the session of the Legislature of 1824 in the same public house, where we had our own private table and drawing-room. Mr. Prince and I had served in Congress together in 1834-35. We had acted together as trustees of Franklin College, and belonged for many years to the same bar in the practice of law. Mrs. Prince was an exceedingly pretty woman. Mr. Prince was a man of wit. We went by the way of Charleston to Norfolk. The ladies were ill most of the time. I had looked upon the ocean before, but had never been out of sight of land. Its vast expanse of ever-moving waters kept me so excited that I scarcely left the deck of the vessel until we reached port."

"Mr. Prince went to the North to have printed a new edition of his Digest of the Public Laws of Georgia. When the work was completed, he and Mrs. Prince left New York for Georgia in the steam vessel, the *Home*. The dreadful catastrophe which befell the ship, Mr. and Mrs.

Prince, and almost all the passengers, made such an impression upon the whole country that the event is still freshly remembered by every one, whenever the bursting of boilers, the burning of steamers and the wreck of vessels are mentioned. Soon after the steamer left New York there arose a violent storm, which drove the vessel to the North Carolina coast in a sinking condition. All were stimulated to do whatever could be done to save the vessel and themselves.

"Mr. Prince took command of the hands at the pump, where his self-possession and strong strokes showed that he worked for a nobler purpose than fear for his own life. When exhausted by his efforts, he joined his wife, to devote himself to her safety. The self-sacrificing nature of Mrs. Prince would not yield to the temptation of clinging to her husband, when his exertions might be necessary to the safety of others on board. She urged him to return to his efforts at the pump. Immediately afterwards she attempted to obey the advice of the Captain, to remove from one part of the vessel to another less exposed to danger."

"As she stepped out of the cabin into an open space, a wave passed over and through the vessel, and carried her into the ocean. When the storm subsided, her body was found deposited on the shore. Mr. Prince, resuming his labors at the pump, was spared the pangs of knowing the fate of his wife. To a young man who lived to report the story, Mr. Prince said: 'Remember me to my child, Virginia.' If there was aught else the uproar of the ocean prevented its being heard. No account was ever given of the last struggle for life by those who worked at the pump. In a great heave of the ocean, the vessel parted asunder and went to the bottom."\*

#### THE ADVENTURES OF ROBERT SALLETTE

There lived in St. John's Parish, during the Revolution, a man greatly distinguished for his opposition to the Tories, by the name of Robert Sallette. It is not known with certainty to what particular command he was attached, for he appears to have been a sort of roving character of the district, and a law unto himself, doing things in his own way. The Tories stood very much in awe of Sallette; and well they might, for they possessed no deadlier foe among the patriots of Georgia; and they sought by every means possible to shorten his days.

On one occasion, a Tory who possessed large means, offered a reward of one hundred guineas to any person who would bring him Sallette's head. Among the very first to learn of the offer was Sallette himself, and he resolved to claim the reward. So, casting about for a bag, in which he placed a pumpkin, he proceeded at once to the house of the Tory to deliver the prize. At the doorway, he informed his enemy that, having learned of the offer of one hundred guineas for Sallette's head, he was there to claim the amount in question, and pointed triumphantly to the bag, in which the pumpkin was concealed. The Tory clutched for the precious treasure, which bulked like a sack of pirate's gold. He was completely deceived by the clever ruse. His eyes fairly sparkled. But Sallette held him off, until the guineas were counted; and then, as the

\* Gilmer's "Georgians."

last glittering coin rang in his fingers, he put his hand to his head, and raising his hat, exclaimed: "Here is Sallette's head!"

The answer so terrified the Tory that he immediately took to his heels, but a well-directed shot from Sallette brought him to the ground.

At another time, with Andrew Walthour, for whom Walthourville in Georgia is named, Sallette was in the advance guard of the American army, and coming upon the advance guard of the British army, a smart skirmish took place, in which the British were driven back. Among the enemy killed was a very large man. Noticing a pair of boots on the feet of the dead soldier, Bob resolved to possess them. He was pulling the boots off, when his comrades, alarmed at his peril, called to him to leave; but he answered with rare good humor:

"I must have the boots. I want them for little John Way."

Sallette was frequently known to leave the American army, in the midst of the battle, get in the enemy's rear, and kill many of them before he was discovered.

On one occasion, he dressed himself in British uniform, dined with a party of the enemy, and whilst the toasting and drinking were going on, suddenly drew his sword, killed his right and left hand man, sprung upon his horse, without having time to throw the bridle over his neck, and rode off amidst the fire of his pursuers. Sallette's motto was never to forgive a Tory; and, if one was liberated, he was apt to follow close behind, with deadly intent.

But the time came when he spared the lives of two Tories, for a time at least. With Andrew Walthour and another companion, he was riding along a narrow trail late one afternoon, when they met three other horsemen, near Fraser's old mill, whom they suspected to be Tories bent on mischief. Hastily devising a plan of capture, it was agreed that Walthour, who was riding in front, should pass the first and second horsemen, and that Sallette should pass the first; then as Walthour came to the third man and Sallette to the second, leaving their companion to the first, it was decided to seize the guns of the three men simultaneously; and in this way the Tories were disarmed.

"Dismount, gentlemen!" said Sallette. Then addressing the leader he inquired:

"What is your name?"

The man replied by giving some fictitious answer.

"Where is your camp?" asked Sallette.

"We are from over the river," replied the man, pointing toward the Altamaha.

"Where did you cross?" was the next searching question.

"At Beard's Ferry," returned the leader, indicating a point on the river where Whigs were most numerous.

"That's a lie!" came the answer from Sallette.

He then catechized the second man in the same manner, with like results, and finally turned to the third.

"If you do not tell me the truth," said Sallette, addressing himself to the last man, "off comes your head."

The man repeated his answer, whereupon Sallette took deliberate aim and fired. Realizing the uselessness of further parley, his companions confessed the truth, begged for mercy, and offered to conduct Sallette

to the enemy's camp. On this condition, he agreed to spare them; and, aided by his prisoners, he succeeded in capturing quite a number of Tories.\*

Curious as we may be to know something of the personal history of Robert Sallette, it is not to be found chronicled in the books. The French twist to his name makes it probable that he was a descendant of those unfortunate Acadians who years before had been stripped of lands and possessions in Nova Scotia by the British, and they themselves transported. They were scattered at various points along the American coast. Some were landed at Philadelphia, and some were carried to Louisiana. Four hundred were sent to Georgia. The British had to answer for many acts of cruelty in those days, but none more infamous than this treatment of the gentle and helpless Acadians. It stands in history today a stain upon the British name.

Another fact that leads to the belief that Robert Sallette was a descendant of the unfortunate Acadians was the ferocity with which he pursued the British and the Tories. The little that is told about him makes it certain that he never gave quarter to the enemies of his country.†

#### THE ARREST OF GOVERNOR WRIGHT

Not long after the adjournment of the famous convention which placed Georgia in the patriotic confederacy, in 1775, there occurred in Savannah an event of the most sensational and dramatic character. It was the capture of Governor Wright, the royal chief-magistrate. He was not only arrested, but was actually imprisoned within the walls of his own residence; and the whole affair was planned and executed by one man, Joseph Habersham.

In consequence of the arrival at Tybee of two men-of-war, with a detachment of King's men, it was decided by the Council of Safety that the arrest of certain influential loyalists, among them John Mullryne, Anthony Stokes, and Josiah Tattnall, the elder, was demanded by the exigencies of the situation. To secure the person of the governor was made the initial object of the patriots, and Major Habersham volunteered to perform the difficult task. His plans were already well laid, and on the same evening he proceeded without delay to the house of the governor, where the King's Council had assembled to consider ways and means of checking the insurgent uprising. He passed the sentinel at the door, entered the hall, and, marching to the head of the council-table, laid his hand upon the shoulders of the governor, saying as he did so.

"Sir James, you are under arrest."

The audacity of the officer produced the desired effect. Supposing from the bold manner of his entrance that he was heavily supported by military re-enforcements in the background, Governor Wright felt himself to be powerless. Surprised by the unexpected turn, he was prob-

\* "White's Collections."

† "Stories of Georgia," by Joel Chandler Harris.



ably, for the first time in his life bereft of the King's English. But he soon found himself, at the same moment, quite as helplessly abandoned by the King's Council. Putting gravity aside, the sage advisers of the administration betook themselves to flight, some finding an exit through the rear door, others leaping through the windows, in the most undignified confusion.

There was an irony of fate in the sad predicament of the governor. Despite the most diligent efforts on his part to capture the raiders engaged in the magazine affair, here he was himself captured by one of the very patriots whose punishment he sought. The fortunes of war had converted the executive mansion, for the time being, into the Colonial Bastille. Giving his solemn parole to hold no communication with the ships at Tybee and to remain upon the premises, he was allowed to stay in the royal residence, under guard. Says Bishop Stevens: "This is one of the most signal instances of deliberate and successful daring in the history of the war. For a youth of twenty-four, unarmed and unsupported, to enter the mansion of the chief-magistrate, and, at his own table, amidst a circle of counsellors, place him under arrest, is an act of heroism ranking with the most brilliant exploits in American history." It is possible that the bold officer was not without re-enforcements behind the scenes. The authorities are not agreed upon this point; but in either event his intrepidity remains unchallenged.

When the governor saw an opportunity to escape, his solemn parole was forgotten. Through the estate of John Mullryne, at Thunderbolt, he made his way to the British vessels lying in the harbor and succeeded in getting back to England. On the fall of Savannah into the hands of the British some three years later, he returned to Georgia, and convened the Assembly which passed the famous disqualifying act of 1780. Governor Wright was in many respects an excellent chief-magistrate, devoted to the public weal. But he was an officer of the Crown; and Georgia need not blush for the English noblemen who, in every phase of fortune, whether good or ill, remained uncompromisingly steadfast in his allegiance to George the Third.

#### HOW SAVANNAH WAS CAPTURED

Through a swamp, which lay in the rear of the town, ran a path, the existence of which was known to few. One of the number was Col. George Walton. He called the attention of General Howe to this passage-way, at the same time urging him to guard it with a force sufficient to make it safe; but General Howe ignored the suggestion. Unimportant as the path seemed to be, it furnished the avenue through which the British entered triumphantly into Savannah, to hold the town uninterruptedly against the allied armies for more than two years. It was at Girardeau's Landing, about two miles below the city, that the foe disembarked. Crossing the causeway to the top of Brewton Hill, on the site of what was afterwards the plantation of T. F. Screven, the strength of the American position was at once perceived by Colonel Campbell, the commander of the troops. The marsh presented a problem which was difficult of solution.

However, in his reconnoissances, the commander encountered an old

negro named Quaimo Dolly, generally called Quash, who informed him of the private path through the swamp, by which the rear of the American line could be gained. Overjoyed at this discovery, Campbell returned to his command and ordered Sir James Baird, with the light infantry and the New York volunteers to follow the negro through the swamp and attack the first body of troops found. To deceive the Americans, he maneuvered his troops in front as if about to attack. Incorrectly informed from the very start concerning the force of the enemy, General Howe was now still further misled, and ordered the artillery to play upon the enemy's stronghold. The British did not return the fire, but maneuvered, waiting to hear from Baird. He followed the negro through the swamp, coming out at what is now Waringsville, and striking the White Bluff road, down which he advanced, falling suddenly upon a small force under Colonel Walton. This was swept away, after a short but brave resistance, in which Colonel Walton was severely wounded. The firing served to notify Campbell of the success of the stratagem.

There was no need of waiting for Colonel Prevost to arrive from Florida. With the aid of the fleet in the river, under command of the British admiral, Sir Hyde Parker, the city was soon taken. The remnant of Howe's army escaped into South Carolina, leaving the city to the mercy of the enemy who at once seized the most distinguished civilians, placing them on board the prison-ships in the river.

McINTOSH AT FORT MORRIS: "COME AND TAKE IT!"

The gallant defense of Fort Morris, on the Georgia coast, near Sunbury, constitutes one of the most brilliant episodes of the Revolution. Col. John McIntosh was in command. The fort was ill-prepared for an attack, and there is every reason to believe that the rude earthwork would not have withstood the enemy's fire for more than an hour. Only 127 continental troops, with some few militiamen and citizens from Sunbury were in the garrison, but they were brave patriots. Moreover, they were commanded by a Scotchman of proverbially shrewd wit, who was an absolute stranger to fear.

Colonel Fuser, in command of a fleet of vessels, bearing some 500 men, beside heavy iron mortars, was moving toward the fort from St. Augustine. It was planned that Colonel Prevost, at the head of 100 British regulars, and supported by the notorious McGirth, with 300 Indians and Tories, should meet him at Sunbury, making the journey over land, and dire havoc to Georgia was anticipated from this union of forces.

Delayed by head winds, it was late in November, 1778, when Colonel Fuser anchored near the mouth of the Midway River, opposite Colonel's Island. Colonel Prevost was beyond the reach of communication, having entered upon his retreat; but the commandant of the fleet was resolved upon bringing the fort to terms. Some of the men were landed at the shipyard, from which point they marched along the main road to Sunbury, equipped with several field-pieces. Sailing up the Midway River in concert, the armed vessels took position in front of the fort and in the waters opposite the town, while the land forces invested it from an opposite direction.

The plans of the enemy were well laid. There seemed to be no hope for the feeble garrison under Colonel McIntosh, and the town was otherwise wholly unprotected. As soon as the preparations for the assault were completed, the British officer dispatched the following letter to Colonel McIntosh, demanding the immediate surrender of the fort:

"Sir:—You cannot be ignorant that four armies are in motion to reduce this Province. One is already under the guns of your fort, and may be joined when I think proper by Col. Prevost, who is now at the Midway Meeting-House. The resistance you can or intend to make will only bring destruction upon this country. On the contrary, if you will deliver to me the fort which you command, lay down your arms, and remain neuter until the fate of America is determined, you shall, together with all the inhabitants of this parish, remain in peaceable possession of your property. Your answer, which I expect in an hour's time, will determine the fate of this country, whether it be laid in ashes, or remain as above proposed."

To the foregoing tart message, he subjoined the following postscript: "Since this letter was closed some of your people have been scattering shot about the line. I am to inform you that if a stop is not put to such irregular proceedings, I shall burn a house for every shot so fired."

These were high-sounding phrases. They were well calculated to intimidate a man of less spirit than Colonel McIntosh. He possessed no means of ascertaining the full strength of the British forces. He knew the weakness of his own little garrison. But courage often wins against seemingly hopeless odds. He resolved to assume a bold front, and accordingly dispatched the following brave answer to the British officer's demand:

"Sir:—We acknowledge we are not ignorant that your army is in motion to endeavor to reduce this State. We believe it entirely chimerical that Col. Prevost is at the Meeting-House; but should it be so, we are in no degree apprehensive of danger from a juncture of his army with yours. We have no property which we value a rush, compared with the object for which we contend; and would rather perish in a vigorous defense than accept of your proposals. We, sir, are fighting the battles of America, and therefore disdain to remain neutral till its fate is determined. As to surrendering the fort, receive this laconic reply: COME AND TAKE IT. Major Lane, whom I send with this letter, is directed to satisfy you with respect to the irregular, loose firing mentioned on the back of your letter."

With the foregoing letter, Major Lane sought the headquarters of Colonel Fuser, who read it with unaffected surprise. In explanation of the irregular firing, he informed the British officer that it was maintained to prevent the English troops from entering and plundering Sunbury; an answer which did not tend to soften the feelings of Colonel Fuser. As for the threat that a house should be burned for every shot fired, Major Lane stated that if Colonel Fuser sanctioned a course so inhuman and so totally at variance with the rules of civilized warfare he would assure him that Colonel McIntosh, so far from being intimidated by the menace, would apply the torch at his end of the town whenever Colonel Fuser should fire it on his side and let the flames meet in mutual conflagration.

The expected assault was not made on Fort Morris. Waiting to hear from the scouts whom he had sent into the country to ascertain the whereabouts of Prevost, he learned that he was hastening back to St. Augustine, having been worsted in a contest of arms near Midway Meeting-House, and unwilling to hazard an engagement with the continental forces supposed to be advancing from the Great Ogeechee River. Deeply chagrined over this sudden turn of affairs, Colonel Fuser raised the siege, forgetting the harsh terms of his manifesto. The troops were re-embarked for St. Augustine. In the St. John's River, he met the returning forces of Colonel Prevost. At last the two wings of the expedition were united; but it was under drooping banners.

Mutual recriminations are said to have ensued between these officers, each taxing the other with responsibility for the failure of the expedition. Thus one of the most promising campaigns of the whole war was brought to naught by an unterrified American officer, whose fortifications were too weak to be maintained in open conflict. His defiant answer was a masterpiece of bold strategy; and it abundantly compensated for the lack of other munitions. The Legislature of Georgia handsomely acknowledged the conspicuous gallantry of Colonel McIntosh on this occasion and voted him a sword on which were engraven the talismanic words: COME AND TAKE IT.

#### THE STORY OF AUSTIN DABNEY

One of the finest examples of loyalty displayed during the period of the American Revolution was furnished by Austin Dabney, a negro patriot. He came with the well-known Harris family to Pike County, Georgia, soon after the new county was opened to settlement; and here he lies buried near the friends to whom in life he was devotedly attached. The story of how he came to enlist in the patriot army runs as follows:

When a certain pioneer settler by the name of Aycock migrated from North Carolina to Georgia, he brought with him a mulatto boy whom he called Austin. The boy passed for a slave and was treated as such; but when the struggle for independence began, Aycock, who was not cast in heroic molds, found in this negro youth a substitute, who was eager to enlist, despite the humble sphere of service in which he moved. The records show that for a few weeks perhaps the master himself bore arms in a camp of instruction, but he proved to be such an indifferent soldier that the captain readily agreed to exchange him for the mulatto boy, then a youth of eighteen, upon Aycock's acknowledgment that the boy was of white parentage, on the mother's side, and therefore free. This happened in the County of Wilkes. When the time came for enrollment, the captain gave Austin the surname of Dabney, and for the remainder of his life Austin Dabney was the name by which he was everywhere known. He proved to be a good soldier. In numerous conflicts with the Tories in upper Georgia, he was conspicuous for valor; and at the battle of Kettle Creek, while serving under the famous Elijah Clarke, a rifle ball passed through his thigh, by reason of which he ever afterwards limped. Found in a desperate condition by a man named Harris, he was taken to the latter's house, where kind treatment was bestowed upon him, and here he remained until the wound healed. Aus-

tin's gratitude to his benefactor was so great that for the rest of his life he considered himself in the latter's debt, and in many ways he befriended Harris, when reverses overtook him. He appears to have been a man of sound sense and to have acquired property, at the close of the Revolution. He removed from Wilkes to Madison, taking the family of his benefactor with him. Dabney was fond of horse-racing, and whenever there was a trial of speed anywhere near he was usually found upon the grounds, and he was himself the owner of thoroughbreds. He drew a pension from the United States Government, on account of his broken thigh, and the Legislature of Georgia, in the distribution of public lands by lottery, awarded him a tract in the County of Walton. The noted Stephen Upson, then a representative from Oglethorpe, introduced the measure, and, in terms of the highest praise, he eulogized Dabney's patriotism. There was some dissension among the white people of Madison over this handsome treatment accorded to one of an inferior race. It doubtless arose, through envy, among the poorer classes. But Austin took no offense, and when an opportune moment came, he quietly shifted his residence to the land given to him by the State of Georgia. He was still accompanied by the Harris family, for whom he continued to labor. It is said that he denied himself many of the comforts of life, in order to bestow the bulk of his earnings upon his white friends. He sent the eldest son of Mr. Harris to Franklin College, and contributed to his maintenance while he studied law under Judge Upson at Lexington. It is said that when young Harris stood his legal examination in open court Austin Dabney outside of the bar with the keenest look of anxiety on his face and that when the youth was finally admitted to practice the old negro fairly burst into tears of joy. He left his entire property to the Harris family, at the time of his death. The celebrated Judge Dooly held him in the highest esteem, and when the latter was attending court in Madison it was one of Dabney's customs to take the judge's horse into his special custody. He is said to have been one of the best authorities in Georgia on the events of the Revolutionary war period. Once a year Austin Dabney made a trip to Savannah, at which place he drew his pension. On one occasion—so the story goes—he traveled in company with his neighbor, Col. Wiley Pope. They journeyed together on the best of terms until they reached the outskirts of the town. Then, turning toward his dark companion, the colonel suggested that he drop behind, since it was not exactly the conventional thing for them to be seen riding side by side through the streets of Savannah. Without demur, Austin complied with this request, stating that he fully understood the situation. But they had not proceeded far before reaching the home of General Jackson, then governor of the state. What was Colonel Pope's surprise, on looking behind him, to see the old governor rush from the house, seize Austin's hand in the most cordial manner, like he was greeting some long-lost brother, draw him down from the horse, and lead him into the house, where he remained throughout his entire stay in Savannah, treated not perhaps as an equal but with the utmost consideration. In after years, Colonel Pope used to tell this anecdote, so it is said, with much relish, adding that he felt somewhat abashed, on

reaching Savannah, to find Austin an honored guest of the governor of Georgia, while he himself occupied a room at the public tavern.\*

#### COLONEL JOHN WHITE: HERO OF THE GREAT OGEECHEE

In December, 1778, the British captured Savannah. In September, 1779, Count d'Estaing with a force of about 1,700 men acting under instructions from the French Government, effected a landing at Beaulieu, and shortly thereafter was joined by General Lincoln. The purpose was to recapture Savannah by siege. General Prevost, the British commander, immediately summoned from all outposts every portion of his scattered command. Some reached the British lines in safety. But Captain French was not among this number. With 111 regular troops, accompanied by five vessels and their crews of forty men, he sought to join General Prevost, but interrupted in his attempt to enter Savannah by news of the investment of the town, took refuge in the Great Ogeechee River, about twenty-five miles below Savannah, disembarked and formed a fortified camp on the left bank of that stream.

Col. John White, of the Fourth Georgia Battalion of General Lincoln's force, conceived a brilliant plan for the capture of French's command. Accompanied only by Capts. George Melvin and A. C. G. Elholm, a sergeant and three privates, a total force of seven men (some accounts state five), on the night of October 1, 1779, this daring band located the British camp on the Ogeechee and built many watch-fires at various points around it, placing the fires at such positions as to lead the British to believe that they were surrounded by a large force of Americans. This was kept up throughout the night by White and his force marching from point to point with the heavy tread of many when, accompanied by the challenge of sentinels at each point surrounding the British camp, each mounted a horse at intervals, riding off in haste in various directions, imitating the orders of staff officers and giving fancied orders in a low tone. Anticipating the presence of the enemy, Captain French believed that he was entrapped by a large force. At this juncture Colonel White, unaccompanied, dashed up to the British camp and demanded a conference with Captain French.

"I am the commander, sir," he said, "of the American soldiers in your vicinity. If you will surrender at once to my force, I will see to it that no injury is done to you or your command. If you decline to do this I must candidly inform you that the feelings of my troops are highly incensed against you and I can by no means be responsible for any consequences that may ensue."

The bluff worked. Captain French at once fell into the trap and agreed to surrender, as he thought it was useless to battle with the large surrounding force. At this moment, Captain Elholm dashed up on horseback and demanded to know where to place the artillery. "Keep them back," replied White, "the British have surrendered. Move your men off and send me three guides to conduct the British to the American post at Sunbury." Thereupon the five vessels were burned, the three guides arrived, and the British urged to keep clear of the supposed

\* Gilmer's "Georgians."



infuriated American army hovering about, marched off, while Colonel White hastened away, collected a force of neighboring militia, overtook the British led by his guides and conducted them as prisoners to Sunbury.

Nine days after this remarkable exploit, Colonel White was severely wounded at the assault upon Savannah made at the Spring Hill redoubt. He succeeded in making his escape from the British, but the wounds received so much impaired his health that he was obliged to retire from the army and died soon afterwards in Virginia.\*

#### JOHN WESLEY QUITS SAVANNAH: HIS LOVE AFFAIR

Says Dr. James W. Lee, the well-known Methodist historian and divine, in narrating the circumstances under which the great founder of Methodism left Savannah, in 1736:

"During his stay at Ebenezer, Wesley opened his heart to Spanenberg on a matter which was weighing heavily upon his mind; and he placed on record his approval of the good pastor's advice. On his return to Savannah the affair was to assume a very serious aspect, and to bring to an abrupt termination his career in the settlement. The chief man at Savannah was a certain Thomas Causton, who began his career as the company's storekeeper, and was successful in securing the good will of Oglethorpe. This led to rapid advancement, which, however, was undeserved; for, some years later, he was detected in a course of fraudulent dealing and was summarily cashiered.

"There was living in his household at this time an attractive young lady, named Sophia Christina Hopkey, or Hopkins, his niece, who showed herself a devoted attendant at church services, and most receptive to the ministrations of the handsome young pastor. Desirous of learning French, she found in him an excellent teacher. Wesley's London friend, Delamotte, however, who regarded Miss Sophia as sly and designing, and doubted the sincerity of her professions, warned John Wesley against her. Wesley seems also to have discussed the matter of her sincerity—or rather of her fitness to be a clergyman's wife—with the excellent Moravians. The advice which they gave him coincided with Delamotte's, and the result was a distinct coolness in his manner toward the young lady. She resented the change, and, understanding its significance, accepted the advances of a less scrupulous suitor named Wilkinson, a man by no means conspicuous for piety. As her spiritual adviser, Wesley still continued to visit Mrs. Wilkinson.

"At length, believing that he perceived in the lady's conduct distinct marks of spiritual degeneracy, he deemed it his duty to expel her from holy communion. This summary and injudicious step was naturally interpreted in an unpleasant way. The husband and uncle of the lady sued him in the civil court for defamation of character; and, in the squabble which followed, the people took part against Wesley. Holding peculiar views respecting the limited jurisdiction possessed by civil courts over clergymen, Wesley refused to enter into the necessary recognizances, and a warrant for his arrest was accordingly issued. To avoid further trouble, he determined to fly, like Paul from Damascus. He

\* "E. H. Abrahams," an article in the Savannah Morning News.

left the place secretly by night, in the company of a bankrupt constable, a ne'er-do-well wife-beater named Gough, and a defaulting barber. They rowed up the river in a boat to the Swiss settlement at Puryburg, and proceeded thence on foot to Beaufort; but, misdirected by an old man, they lost the way, wandered about in a swamp, and, for a whole day, had no food but a piece of gingerbread. Finally they arrived at Beaufort, where Delamotte joined them, and thence they took boat to Charleston. Here Wesley preached again 'to this careless people,' and four days later took leave of America, embarking on board the 'Samuel,' Captain Percy.

"On the voyage, which was a stormy and unpleasant one, he devoted himself to ministering to the spiritual wants of those on board. In the solitude of his cabin he gave himself up to deep heart-searching. He felt that the want of success which attended his work in America was due to some lack of real devotion in himself. As he expressed it very tersely in a note to one of the entries in his journal: 'I had even then the faith of a servant, though not of a son.'

"Meanwhile, George Whitfield, to whom he had sent a pressing invitation to join him in Georgia, had embarked on his journey; and, the two vessels, as it happened, the one outward bound, bearing Whitfield, all aglow with missionary enthusiasm, the other about to enter port, carrying the disappointed Wesley, met at the mouth of the Thames. The question whether Whitfield should proceed or return weighed heavily on the mind of the older man, who seems to have thought that the decision rested with him. At length, having cast lots—a Biblical practice shared by him with the Moravians—he sent word to Whitfield that he had better return. But Whitfield did not highly esteem this method of coming to a practical decision, resolved to continue on his voyage; and, in due time, he landed at Savannah."†

#### HOW BISHOP HEBER'S GREAT HYMN WAS SET TO MUSIC

Some ten years before the Civil war, Dr. Francis R. Goulding, the noted author, on account of the precarious health of his wife, came to Kingston from his former home at Darien, on the Georgia coast. But the pure mountain air failed to produce the desired effect. Mrs. Goulding grew no better, and in 1853 died, leaving six children. She is buried in the cemetery at Kingston. The maiden name of this excellent lady was Mary Howard. She was a sister of the Rev. Charles Wallace Howard, an eminent clergyman and scholar, who resided at Spring Bank, near Kingston. There is an incident in the life of Mrs. Goulding which possesses an international interest. While living in Savannah, she made the acquaintance of a young man named Lowell Mason, then a clerk in one of the banks. At her request, the latter, who had quite a talent for musical composition, set to music Bishop Heber's renowned hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"; ‡ and Capt. B. L. Goulding, her

\* "Illustrated History of Methodism."

† The title-page of the piece of music in Captain Goulding's possession reads: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains, a Missionary Hymn, by the late Bishop Heber, of Calcutta; composed and dedicated to Miss Mary W. Howard, of Savannah, Ga., by Lowell Mason." Published by Geo. Willig, Jr., Baltimore, Md.  
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son, owns the original copy of the song, just as it came from the hands of the afterwards noted Doctor Mason. Possessing a fine soprano voice, Mrs. Goulding sang the hymn in the choir of the old Independent Presbyterian Church, in Savannah, soon after the music was composed, and this is said to have been the first presentation to the world of an air which is now familiar to both hemispheres and is sung by millions throughout the whole of Christendom. While Doctor Goulding was engaged in teaching school at Kingston he devoted his leisure time to preparing a work on the "Instincts of Birds and Beasts," in connection with which he frequently corresponded with Professor Agassiz, of Harvard. It is thought that he wrote "The Young Marooners" before coming to Kingston. Doctor Goulding invented the first sewing machine ever used in Georgia.

#### THE JACKSON OAK: A PROPERTY OWNER

In the historic old City of Athens, at the foot of Dearing Street, in what is known as Cobham, there stands a majestic shade-tree of white oak, whose claim to distinction is unrivalled by the forest giants. For more than three-quarters of a century this tree has been a free-holder, owning in fee simple the soil on which it stands. The following story was recently found in an old file of newspapers, verifying this tradition:

"There is a tree at Athens, Ga., which is an owner of land. In the early part of the century the soil on which it stands was owned by Colonel William H. Jackson, who took great delight in watching it grow. In his old age the tree had reached magnificent proportions, and the thought of its being destroyed by those who should come after him was so repugnant that he recorded a deed, of which the following is a part:

"I, W. H. Jackson, of the County of Clarke, State of Georgia, of the one part, and this oak tree—giving the location—of the County of Clarke, of the other part, witness, that the said W. H. Jackson, for and in consideration of the great affection which he bears said tree and his desire to see it protected, has conveyed and, by these presents, does convey unto the said tree entire possession of itself and of the land within eight feet of it on all sides."

To the foregoing account, Mr. Hull adds: "However defective this title may be in law, the public nevertheless recognized it, and this splendid tree is one of the boasts of Athens and will be cared for by the city for many years to come. Some generous friend of Athens, in order to show his interest in this unique freeholder, has, at his own expense, placed around the tree granite posts connected by chains, replaced the earth which the storms of a century have washed from the roots, and neatly sodded the enclosed area with grass." The friend to whom Mr. Hull refers is Mr. George Foster Peabody, of New York.

#### JOHN GILLELAND'S DOUBLE-BARREL CANNON

Directly in front of the city hall, on College Avenue, in the City of Athens, stands a curious relic of the war period, the like of which can be found nowhere else in the world. It is the famous Gilleland gun; and the story connected with this nondescript instrument of homicide is

as follows: "Mr. John Gilleland, a member of the noted company of Home Guards, known as the Mitchell Thunderbolts, conceived the idea of making a double-barreled cannon. His plan was to load the cannon with two balls, connected by a chain, which, when projected, would sweep across the battlefield and mow down the enemy somewhat as a scythe cuts wheat. The cannon was cast at the Athens Foundry, duly bored out and mounted, and, on the appointed day, was taken out for trial to a point on the Newton Bridge road, beyond Dr. Linton's. Here a wide track was cut through the pines and a target of poles set up side by side. From a safe distance in the rear, a company of interested spectators, among whom was the writer, watched the proceedings. The gun was loaded and the balls rammed home, with the chain connecting them. The signal was given and the lanyard pulled. One ball went out ahead of the other, snapped the chain, which flew around and diverted the course of the missile into the standing pines. The other shot went wide of the mark, and the poles which represented the hostile army stood uninjured. The experiment was a failure. The cannon was taken from the field and was only used in after years to celebrate Democratic victories."

#### "WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?"

It is claimed, on the basis of a well-established local tradition, that the famous query: "Who Struck Billy Patterson?" originated in Hart County, Georgia. The incident is said to have occurred several years before the war, at a public drill, given by the state militia. The muster ground was in a section of the county which then formed a part of Franklin, one of the oldest counties in Upper Georgia. There was a large crowd present to witness the maneuvers, among which number was the celebrated William Patterson. In a moment of excitement when there was something of a tumult on the ground, an unknown party dealt Mr. Patterson a blow and in the confusion of the moment escaped recognition. The injured man on recovering sensibility exclaimed, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" But no one could tell him. Throughout the day he continued to repeat this question, without receiving an answer. Finally it crystallized into a phrase which everyone on the ground was using; and, when the crowd dispersed it was carried into the rural districts.

Mr. Patterson was a stranger in the neighborhood. He was, moreover, a man of powerful physique; and both of these circumstances invested the assault upon him with a certain dramatic interest while at the same time it inspired no doubt a wholesome dread of his wrath. According to tradition he was the famous William Patterson, of Baltimore, Maryland, whose daughter, Betty, married Jerome Bonaparte; and owning property in Georgia, his visit to the state at this time is not without an adequate explanation. Says a newspaper article on the subject:

"Fully determined to avenge the indignity offered him, Patterson persisted in his search, and subsequently offered a reward to anyone

\* Article in the Atlanta Constitution of February 12, 1913, on "Mysteries of America."

who would name the man. But even this tempting bait elicited no response, and in the course of time Patterson died with his dearest wish unfulfilled. But he provided for a posthumous triumph by leaving in his will a codicil to the effect that a legacy of \$1,000 was to be paid to the person who, in any future time, should reveal the secret to his executors or heirs. A copy of this will is said to be on file in the ordinary's office at Carnesville, Franklin County, Ga."\*

#### NANCY HART: AN EARLY SKETCH

During the year 1825, there appeared in the columns of a Milledgeville paper what is probably the oldest extant biography of the Georgia war queen. The name of the author is unknown, but the account reads as follows:

"Nancy Hart, with her husband, settled before the Revolutionary struggle a few miles above the ford on Broad River, known by the name of Fishdam Ford in Elbert County, at the bend of the river, near a very extensive canebrake. An apple orchard still remains to point out the spot. In altitude, Mrs. Hart was almost Patagonian, remarkably well limbed and muscular, and when, quick as thought, the dauntless Mrs. Hart seized one of the guns, cocked it, and with a blazing oath, declared that she would blow out the brains of the first man who offered to rise or to taste a mouthful. They knew her character too well to imagine that she would say one thing and do another, especially if it lay on the side of valor. 'Go,' said she to one of her sons, 'and tell the Whigs that I have taken six d—d Tories.' They sat still, each expecting to be offered up, each bearing the marks of disappointed revenge, shame and unappeased hunger; but they were soon relieved, and dealt with according to the rules of the times. This heroine lived to see her country free. However, she found game and bees decreasing; and—to use her own expression—the country grew old so fast that she sold out her possessions in spite of her husband and was among the first of the pioneers who paved the way to the wilds of the west."

#### THE FAMOUS BUNKLEY TRIAL

Some twenty years prior to the Civil war, there occurred at Clinton, Georgia, one of the most famous courthouse trials in the forensic annals

\* A new light was thrown on the mystery in 1885 when Mrs. Jenny G. Conely, of Athol, N. Y., came forward and announced that her father, George W. Tillerton, struck the blow, but was so terrified by the reports of Patterson's anger that he retired precipitately from the town, and the family having heard of the sum offered, Mrs. Conely implicated her father in order that she might obtain the reward. But she failed even although she related very graphic details of the occurrence as told her by her father. There was another claimant for the honor, Alban Smith Payne, M. D., who later became professor of theory and practice of medicine at the Southern Medical College, Atlanta, Ga. The encounter, according to Dr. Payne's statement, occurred in Richmond, Va., in May, 1852. He says: "I struck Patterson because I saw old Usher Parsons, the surgeon to Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, lying on his back in the road, unable to rise, his white hair streaming in the air, ruthlessly knocked there by a brutal bully, and I said, 'By the eternal, I will hit you, my man, and I will hit you hard.' And I did." Doctor Payne was a close friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Saxe and Edgar Allan Poe, and a lineal descendant of Colonel Payne, who, it is said, once knocked down George Washington.

of Georgia. Jesse Bunkley, a well-educated youth, of profligate habits, and a scion of one of the county's wealthiest families, disappeared from home in a most mysterious manner; and, though every effort was made to trace the young man, he could never be found. On the death of his father, the Widow Bunkley married a man named Lother, but \$20,000 was left to Jesse, provided he should return home, give evidence of improved habits, and establish his identity beyond question.

Time brought no solution to the riddle. The belief at last became fixed in the popular mind that he was no longer in life, and accordingly his property was divided among his relatives. Subsequent to this division—perhaps five years thereafter—a man who bore some slight resemblance to Jesse Bunkley appeared upon the scene in Clinton and made a demand for the property, to which he claimed to be entitled.

But the parties in possession demanded, in turn, proof most positive of the claimant's real identity before relinquishing such substantial holdings. On this point, he failed to satisfy them, and not long thereafter the alleged Bunkley was arrested on the charge of cheating and swindling. It was averred in the bill of indictment that the defendant's real name was Barber. On the trial of the case, not less than 130 witnesses were examined, ninety-eight of whom were for the prosecution. Four of the former college mates at Athens of the true Jesse Bunkley were put upon the witness stand. These were Robert Dougherty, Hugh A. Haralson, Henry G. Lamar and Charles J. McDonald—all of them men of distinction. But they could not recognize in Barber the features of an early schoolmate. Even his mother failed to find in his face any familiar lineaments. Barber knew just enough concerning the local environment to suggest that possibly he might have learned the story from the rightful heir. He was utterly at sea in regard to a number of matters concerning which the real Jesse Bunkley could not have been ignorant. He was, therefore, sentenced to prison. But there are people who believe to this day that he was the real Jesse Bunkley, whose only offense was that he demanded the restitution of property which was rightfully his own under the laws of Georgia. Judge John G. Polhill presided at the trial; and, in the prosecution of the defendant, Walter T. Colquitt, Robert V. Hardeman and William S. C. Reid—three of the strongest advocates in the state—were associated.

#### LIEUTENANT BRUMBY RAISES THE AMERICAN FLAG AT MANILA

During the war with Spain, in 1898, it was reserved for an American sailor, whose boyhood was spent in Marietta, to achieve signal distinction. This was Lieut. Thomas M. Brumby, whose father, Col. A. V. Brumby, was the first superintendent of the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, a soldier who followed the Stars and Bars, and a gentleman who was universally esteemed. "Tom" Brumby was a lieutenant on board the famous Olympia, the flagship of Admiral Dewey. He is credited by one of the war correspondents, Mr. E. W. Harden, of the Chicago Tribune, with having suggested the plan of the battle; and, since the Spanish fleet was completely annihilated by this exploit, while not an American boat was injured nor an American sailor killed, it is no slight honor to have planned such an engagement. However, there



are other things to the credit of this gallant officer which cannot be questioned. It devolved upon him to hoist the American flag over the surrendered citadel, an act which not only announced the formal occupation of the Philippine Islands by the United States Government, but also proclaimed a radical change of national policy, which, reversing the precedents of one hundred years, elected to keep the American flag afloat upon the land-breezes of the Orient.

Returning home, some few weeks later, Lieutenant Brumby was the hero of the hour in Georgia. The most enthusiastic demonstration was planned in honor of the brave officer; and on the capitol grounds, in Atlanta, before an audience which numbered thousands of people he was awarded an elegant sword. Hon. Clark Howell, president of the State Senate, introduced Gov. Allen D. Candler, who, in turn, made the speech of presentation. Sea-fighter though he was, Tom Brumby faced the great concourse of people like an embarrassed school girl. He felt more at home when riding over the perilous torpedoes, but he managed to stammer his simple thanks and to tell the audience that he merely did his duty as a sailor. Unobserved by many in the vast throng, whose eyes were riveted upon the hero, there quietly sat in the background an old lady, who was bent with the weight of fourscore years. It was Tom Brumby's mother. Thus was the master touch added to a scene which lacked none of the elements of impressiveness. But the irony of fate was there, too; for ere many weeks had softened the echoes of applause, the brave lieutenant was dead. The spectacle presented on the grounds of Georgia's State Capitol was only the first part of the hero's welcome home.

#### WHERE TWO GOVERNORS HAVE LIVED: AN HISTORIC HOME

The Town of Marietta has given the state two governors who occupied the same home site: Charles J. McDonald and Joseph M. Brown. The latter, when an employee of the Western & Atlantic Railroad, in the capacity of traffic manager, with little thought of what the future held in store for him, purchased the old McDonald place at Marietta, and, after his marriage, on February 12, 1889, to Miss Cora McCord, made this his home for the future. He purchased the property from Gen. Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, from whose name it borrows an added wealth of associations, and here, surrounded by stately forest oaks, he has since spent the greater part of his time, in the enjoyment of an ideal home life, semi-rural in character. The site was happily chosen by Governor McDonald during the early ante-bellum period. It included originally quite a large portion of the present town, and something like 110 acres were embraced in the tract conveyed to Governor Brown. The old residence, which was built and occupied by Governor McDonald, was burned to the ground by General Sherman. But the comparatively new residence of the present governor was built only a stone's throw from the old chimney piles which survived the general wreck.

The present governor's father was a warm admirer of Governor McDonald. It is said that the former, after drafting his first inaugural address, submitted the manuscript to Governor McDonald for approval

and was more than gratified by the fact that the old governor could suggest nothing in the way of improvement or correction. As a further proof of the friendship which existed between them, one of the sons of Georgia's war governor was named for Governor McDonald. They were both men of positive convictions, and were both trained in the Jeffersonian school of politics.

#### MARIETTA'S LITTLE BRASS CANNON

There stands in the Confederate Cemetery, at Marietta, a little brass cannon, concerning which there is a story of dramatic interest. During the year 1852, the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, was presented by the state with four six-pounder guns, made of brass, to be used in the artillery drills. When Gov. Herschel V. Johnson was inaugurated at Milledgeville, in 1856, the cadets were present. They took with them two of the guns to be used in the inaugural ceremonies; but while a cadet was loading one of them it fired prematurely, mutilating an arm of the gunner. The disastrous affair occurred on the capitol grounds. Two years later the cadets witnessed the induction into office of Gov. Joseph E. Brown, on which occasion they again took two of the guns with them; but fortunately this time there was no mishap.

When the institute was closed, in 1864, by reason of the imminence of hostilities, due to the approach of General Sherman, a battalion of cadets was formed. As the boys, however, were armed with Belgian rifles and were enlisted as infantrymen, they did not need the heavy guns. So the six-pounders were left on the parade grounds at the institute. At the close of the war they were not to be found in Marietta.

Judge Robert L. Rodgers is of the opinion that they were brought to Atlanta, in the wake of Johnston's army, and that in the battles around the beleaguered citadel of the Confederacy, the guns fell into the hands of the Federals. At any rate, they were captured by the enemy, whether at one place or at another.

Years elapsed without bringing any word in regard to the missing guns. Finally, in 1909, Gov. Joseph M. Brown, who was then in office, was notified by the war department, at Washington that in the arsenal at Watervliet, New York, there was a little brass cannon having on it the inscription: "Georgia Military Institute, 1851." At the same time it was stated that the trophy of war could be purchased for the sum of \$150. In proportion to the sentimental value of the old relic, the amount was nominal. But Governor Brown was not authorized to pay the money out of the treasury of the state. Moreover, the ex-cadets were scattered throughout the Union—the few who still survived the flight of fifty years. So the governor referred the matter to the Ladies' Memorial Association, at Marietta. These patriotic women immediately went to work. They enlisted the co-operation of Senators Bacon and Clay and of Congressman Gordon Lee, the latter of whom represented the district. Together, they induced the Government to donate the cannon to the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Marietta. It was a generous act on the part of the Federal authorities, especially in view of the partisan role which such an engine of war is supposed to have played, but the cannon was never fired by the cadets against the United States flag.

Soon after the matter was thus happily settled the cannon arrived. In due time it was installed upon a pedestal of granite and placed in the Confederate Cemetery, at Marietta, within sight of Kennesaw Mountain, to guard the heroic dust which here sleeps. On April 26, 1910, it was formally unveiled with impressive ceremonies. Judge Robert L. Rodgers, of Atlanta, welcomed the little cannon back home in an eloquent speech, while the veil was drawn by Miss Annie Coryell, the charming little granddaughter of Col. James W. Robertson, the first commandant of the institute. There were a number of the old cadets present, besides a host of distinguished visitors, including his excellency, Gov. Joseph M. Brown. The site of the famous old school is in the immediate neighborhood of the spot where the little cannon keeps vigil.

#### GOV. CHARLES J. McDONALD: AN EPISODE OF HIS CAREER

Judge Sanger R. Atkinson, a grandson of Gov. Charles J. McDonald and a former associate justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, has preserved the following dramatic incident in the life of his illustrious kinsman:

"Governor McDonald came into office under trying circumstances. The State treasury was empty. The evil effects of the great panic of 1837 were still pressing upon the people, like a nightmare. The great work of building the Western and Atlantic Railroad was languishing. The public debt had been decreased to one million dollars—an enormous sum in those days. Worst of all, the State credit was at a low ebb, because of the protest of an obligation of three hundred thousand dollars, which had been contracted by the Central Bank under authority of the General Assembly of Georgia. Commerce and business generally were paralyzed. In 1837 the Legislature had passed an act allowing the counties of the State to retain the general tax, the same to be applied by the inferior courts to county purposes. As might have been expected, the counties frittered away the money. The bank was nearly destroyed by putting upon it a burden which did not belong to it, and the State was left without resource or credit.

"Governor McDonald had inherited from his Scotch ancestors a hard head and a sound judgment. Never did he need his inherent qualities more than he did in the situation which then confronted him. He first recommended that the State resume the entire amount of the State tax which had been given to the counties, with but little benefit to them and greatly to the injury of the State. This recommendation prevailed, and a law was enacted ordering the State tax to be turned into the treasury. Almost immediately following this necessary action, the Legislature, in 1841, passed an Act reducing the taxes of the State twenty per cent. This Act Governor McDonald promptly vetoed, with an argument, brief and pointed, and a statement which made his veto message unanswerable. He had been re-elected in 1841 and, on November 8, 1842, in his annual message urging upon the Legislature the only effective remedy for relieving the State from its difficulties, he used these words: 'The difficulty should be met at once. Had there been no Central Bank the expense of the government must have been met by taxation. These expenses have been paid by the Central Bank and have become a legiti-

mate charge upon taxation. This must be the resort, or the government is inevitably dishonored. The public faith must be maintained, and to pause to discuss the question of preferences between taxation and dishonor would be to cast a reflection upon the character of the people, whose servants we are.'

"The issue was joined. The Legislature had rejected a measure calling for additional taxation to meet these just claims. The session was near its close. It was evident that unless some drastic action was taken the Legislature would adjourn, leaving an obligation of one hundred thousand dollars unmet. Governor McDonald acted with firmness and promptness. He shut the doors of the treasury in the face of the members of the General Assembly of Georgia. Great excitement followed. The members of the Legislature denounced him as a tyrant worse than Andrew Jackson, who had gone beyond the limits of reason. Even his political friends, alarmed at the storm which had been raised, urged him to recede from his position and to rescind his order to the Treasurer. He resolutely refused. As a result, the necessary bill was finally passed, and at the next session he was able to report an improved condition of the finances and a revival of confidence in the Central Bank. It was without doubt a most fortunate thing for Georgia at this critical period in the history of the State that a man of Governor McDonald's firmness, prudence, and business sagacity was at the head of affairs."

#### DANIEL MARSHALL'S ARREST WHILE PLANTING THE BAPTIST STANDARD IN GEORGIA

On the first day of January, 1771, Daniel Marshall, an ordained Baptist minister, sixty-five years of age, came from Horse Creek, South Carolina, and settled with his family, on Kiokee Creek, about twenty miles northwest of Augusta. While living in South Carolina, he had organized two churches and had incidentally made frequent evangelistic tours into Georgia, preaching with wonderful fervor in houses and groves. We will gaze upon him as he conducts religious services. The scene is in a sylvan grove, and Daniel Marshall is on his knees in prayer. As he beseeches the Throne of Grace, a hand is laid upon his shoulder, and he hears a voice say:

"You are my prisoner!"

"Rising to his feet, the earnest-minded man of God finds himself confronted by an officer of the law. He is astonished at being arrested under such circumstances, for preaching the gospel in the Parish of St. Paul; but he has violated the legislative enactment of 1758, which established religious worship in the colony according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. He is made to give security for his appearance in Augusta on the following Monday, and is then allowed to continue the services. But to the surprise of every one present, the indignation which swells the bosom of Mr. Marshall finds vent through the lips of his wife, who has witnessed the whole scene. With the solemnity of the prophets of old, she denounces the law under which her husband has been apprehended, and to sustain her position she quotes many passages from the Holy Scriptures, with a force which carries conviction.

"One of the most interested listeners to her exposition was the constable, Mr. Samuel Cartledge, who was so deeply convinced by the inspired words of exhortation which fell from her lips that his conversion was the result; and, in 1777, he was baptized by the very man whom he then held under arrest. After the interruption caused by the incident above described, Mr. Marshall preached a sermon of great power, and before the meeting was over he baptized, in the neighboring creek, two converts, who proved to be relatives of the very man who stood security for his appearance at court. On the day appointed Mr. Marshall went to Augusta, and after standing a trial was ordered to desist; but he boldly replied in the language of the Apostles, spoken under similar circumstances:

"Whether it be right to obey God or man, judge ye."

It is interesting to note that the magistrate who tried him, Colonel Barnard, was also afterwards converted. Though never immersed, he was strongly tinctured with Baptist doctrines, and often exhorted sinners to flee from the wrath to come. He lived and died in the Church of England. Following this dramatic episode, Mr. Marshall does not seem to have met with further trouble; but the outbreak of the Revolution soon suspended religious activities."

#### HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON: SOME INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER

Both intellectually and physically, Herschel V. Johnson was one of the giants of his day in Georgia. He defeated the illustrious Charles J. Jenkins for the high office of governor, a position which he filled with great ability for a period of four years. His devotion to the Union caused him to be nominated, in 1860, for the second place on the national ticket, with Stephen A. Douglas. Though he recognized secession as a right he opposed it as remedy for existing evils. In the secession convention at Milledgeville he was one of the most colossal figures, and allying himself with the anti-secessionists he made the greatest speech of his life in an effort to keep Georgia within the Union, but without success. The forces of disruption were too strong to be overcome. There is a story told to the effect that after beginning his impassioned plea for conservatism on the floor of the secession convention, he paused at the dinner hour, yielding to a motion for temporary adjournment. During the noon recess, he either took of his own accord or was persuaded by others to take a stimulant, in order to restore his strength after the exhaustion of his great effort of the morning session. But the result proved most unfortunate. It is said that the conclusion of his great argument was lacking power due to the effects of the stimulant, and that Georgia was lost to the Union largely because the great speech of Governor Johnson lacked at the close of it the splendid amplitude of power with which it began. This great Georgian was far-sighted. The disasters which were fated to follow the impulsive action of the secession convention were distinctly foreshadowed upon his great brain, and he exerted himself to the utmost to avert the impending crisis. But the doom of Georgia was sealed. He afterwards represented the state in the Confederate Senate, at Richmond, and for years after the war he wore the ermine of the Superior Court bench.

Judge Richard H. Clark,\* an intimate personal acquaintance, gives us the following pen-picture of Governor Johnson as he appeared in the earlier days. Says he:

"The first political campaign which brought forth the powers of Governor Johnson was in 1840. It was the most exciting one this nation has ever experienced. There is no space to describe it. Suffice it to say that party rancor was at its highest pitch, and the people, including women and children, were wild with excitement. Governor Johnson was then but twenty-eight years old. His form was large and bulky, his face was smooth and beardless, and his entire make-up gave you the appearance of an overgrown boy. Expecting little when he arose, you were soon to enjoy the surprise of listening to one of the most powerful orators in the State or the Union. His bulky form gave yet more force to his sledge-hammer blows. His oratory, though powerful, was without seeming design or knowledge of it on the part of the speaker. His words escaped without the labor of utterance. His style was animated, but the speaker himself hardly seemed to be conscious of it, so intense was his earnestness. He simply discharged his duty to the best of his ability, and left the effect to take care of itself. This campaign gave him a State reputation."

Governor Johnson embraced, to a limited extent, in later life, the religious philosophy of Emanuel Swedenborg, of whose writings he became an industrious student. He married Mrs. Anna Polk Walker, a lady of rare personal and intellectual charms. She was a daughter of Judge William Polk, of the Supreme Court of Maryland, a niece of President James K. Polk, of Tennessee, and a cousin of Lieut.-Gen. Leonidas Polk, the famous Confederate officer who was both soldier and bishop.

#### GOV. CHARLES J. JENKINS: IN EXILE PRESERVES THE SEAL OF GEORGIA

While occupying the office of governor, during the days of reconstruction, Charles J. Jenkins performed an act of civic patriotism, the bare mention of which, after a lapse of fifty years, still awakens a thrill of admiration.

To prevent the executive seal of the state from being profaned by the military satraps, Governor Jenkins, on being deposed from office by the Federal officer in command of the district, General Meade, took the instrument of authority with him into exile among the mountains of Nova Scotia, and there kept it until the reins of government in Georgia were restored to the Caucasian element.† Under an act of Congress, passed early in the year 1867, Georgia was grouped with Alabama and Florida, in what was known as the Third Military District of the seceding states; and the saturnalia of reconstruction was begun. The

\* "Memoirs."

† Most of the accounts state that it was the great seal of Georgia which was carried into exile by Governor Jenkins. But this is a mistake. According to Hon. Phillip Cook, the present secretary of state, the great seal of Georgia has never been disturbed. It was the executive seal, which figured in this dramatic episode of reconstruction. The great seal of the state is used in attesting papers which bear upon interstate or foreign relations and is stamped upon a piece of wax, which is then attached to the document. The executive seal is used in the ordinary transactions of the executive department, without the formalities above indicated.



negroes now voted for the first time and the registration lists, which were supervised by the Federal authorities, contained as many blacks as whites. At an election held for delegates to a convention, the avowed purpose of which was to remold the organic law of the state, thirty-three blacks were chosen; and the mongrel body which met soon thereafter amended the constitution, committed Georgia to republican pledges, and ordered another election for governor and statehouse officers. Thus having disposed of the business on hand, the convention was ready to adjourn.

But the hotel bills of the delegates still remained to be paid. As commander of the military district, General Meade directed Governor Jenkins to draw a warrant upon the treasury of the state, for the purpose of defraying the conventional expenses. But Governor Jenkins did not think that the disfranchised taxpayers of Georgia should be made to foot the bill for this sort of a banquet, and he firmly refused to issue the desired order. On receiving this note, General Meade forthwith removed Governor Jenkins from office, detailing Gen. Thomas H. Ruger to act as governor; and, to avoid any unpleasant hitch in the proceedings, Capt. C. F. Rockwell was detailed to act as treasurer. The sovereignty for Georgia was ruthlessly outraged by the usurpers.

It was now the victorious high-tide of the military regime in Georgia. The rule of the bayonet was supreme. But Governor Jenkins was determined to uphold the honor of the commonwealth at any cost; and he quietly departed into exile, taking not only \$400,000 in cash and leaving an empty strong box for the carpet bag administration, but also taking the executive seal of the state, which he avowed should never be affixed to any document which did not express the sovereign will of the people of Georgia. Depositing the money to the credit of the state in one of the New York City banks, he then crossed the Canadian border line into Nova Scotia, where he kept the insignia of statehood until Georgia was at last emancipated from the bonds of the military despotism which enthralled her. On the election of Gov. James M. Smith, he emerged from his retirement and formally restored the executive seal to the proper authorities, expressing as he did so the satisfaction that never once had it been desecrated by the hand of the military tyrant. The Legislature of Georgia suitably acknowledged the fidelity of Governor Jenkins by adopting appreciative resolutions in which the governor then in office was authorized to have struck without delay and presented to Governor Jenkins a facsimile of the executive seal of Georgia, wrought of gold and stamped with the following inscriptions: "Presented to Charles J. Jenkins by the State of Georgia. In arduis fidelis."

#### MAJ. ARCHIBALD BUTT: A HERO OF THE TITANIC

On board the ill-fated Titanic, which struck an iceberg in mid-ocean, on the evening of April 15, 1912, was a gallant son of Augusta, Georgia—Maj. Archibald Butt. At the time of his death, Major Butt was one of the best known men in American public life, having served as chief of the President's military staff, under two national administrations, and for eight years no one ever attended the brilliant social

functions at the White House without being impressed by the erect and graceful figure of the handsome officer.

The disaster in which he lost his life was the greatest marine tragedy of modern times—an ocean holocaust, in which over 1,500 souls perished. The Titanic was the greatest vessel afloat. She was making her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York; and some of the most eminent men of the world were on board. The unwritten law of the sea—"women and children first"—was rigidly enforced; but the innate chivalry of Archibald Butt made it a needless one, so far as it concerned himself. He was not among the number saved. Only the meager details of the colossal tragedy reached Washington after days of anxious waiting, and when hope for the brave officer's rescue was finally abandoned, Mr. Taft's comment, made with moisture in his eyes, was this: "He died like a soldier and a gentleman." The President afterwards came to Augusta for the express purpose of paying a heartfelt memorial tribute to his beloved chief of staff.

Archibald Willingham Butt came of an old Augusta family, and on the banks of the Savannah River at this place he was born on September 26, 1866. Here he grew up, attending the local schools; but, losing his father when quite a lad, it was mainly by his mother's hand that the youth was reared. The latter was a Miss Boggs. It was the ardent wish of the boy's mother to see her son in the pulpit, and with the hope of making a minister of Archibald she sent him to Sewanee. But the lad's ambition was to enter the army—the life which fascinated him most was the soldier's. As a sort of compromise, on leaving college, he drifted into journalism, but without relinquishing his dream. In the course of time, he became the Washington correspondent of the Atlanta Journal, and by a most singular coincidence one of his associates on the paper at this time was the brilliant Jacques Futrelle, who was destined to share his watery grave in the mid-Atlantic.

Major Butt's nearest surviving relatives are his two brothers, Edward H. Butt, of Liverpool, and Lewis Ford Butt, of Augusta. John D. Butt, a third brother, met death in a railway accident a number of years ago. About the same time he also lost an only sister. When on a visit to Atlanta, some few months before the tragic disaster, Major Butt incidentally remarked: "My ambition is to die in such a manner as to reflect credit upon the name I bear." He may not have recalled this wish amid the waters of the wild Atlantic, on the night when his brave soul went out; but his ambition was fully realized. The citizens of Augusta have built a memorial bridge in his honor to span the Augusta Canal and to keep his name in green remembrance amid the scenes of his youth. At Sewanee, Tennessee, a memorial tablet has already been unveiled in the halls of his alma mater, and a handsome monument has also been erected by his comrades of the army in Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

On April 15, 1914, the handsome memorial bridge erected by the citizens of Augusta in honor of Maj. Archibald Butt was dedicated in the presence of a vast throng of people, numbering perhaps 5,000. It spans the Augusta Canal at the intersection of Fifteenth and Greene streets, near the site of Major Butt's old home. Ex-President of the United States Hon. William H. Taft delivered the principal address of the occa-

sion, in addition to which the Masonic rites constituted a most impressive feature of the exercises.\*

#### ANECDOTE OF SENATOR WEST

When William S. West, a recent senator from Georgia, was teaching school down in the Southland he had occasion several times to reprimand one of his girl pupils. She was a pretty little rascal and so full of life that she was constantly getting into pranks that upset the calm, studious decorum West wished to maintain. One day West told her that if she did any more whispering he would feel obliged to give her a whipping. She merely giggled merrily at the threat, and within five minutes was whispering once more to a girl across the aisle.

West bade her step up in front. He had told her he would whip her, and he felt obliged to make good. It is not altogether chivalrous for a strong man to inflict corporal punishment on a young girl, especially when she happens to be both plump and pretty, but discipline is discipline, and West had started out to be a martinet. Still he hesitated when it came right to the point of taking a switch, and inflicting pain in the same ruthless way that he did on unruly boys. As a compromise measure he picked up a ruler and smacked the mischievous young creature several only moderately severe blows on the palms of the hands.

She was a game little scamp and did not cry as most girls would have done. Instead, she stamped a pretty little foot and scornfully declared:

"I'll get even with you for that."

After she had resumed her seat, West wondered if he had really hurt her when he smacked her little hands. It did seem like a shame to cause suffering to one so thoroughly attractive. He had never noticed before how really pretty she was. The next day, and the next, while apparently glaring at the school to preserve order, West was in reality staring at just one pupil and wondering how he had ever overlooked the fact that she was about the prettiest young person he knew.

Time went on and West quit teaching school, but he kept up an acquaintance with a few of his pupils, particularly with the young girl whom he had smacked on the hands with a ruler. Gradually he made a wonderful discovery with regard to her, viz., that the oftener he called on her the more he would see her. So he called frequently.

Several times during this period she laughingly recalled the school-day incident and repeated her threat that she would get even with him some day.

After the lapse of some years they were married. Just after the officiating clergyman had finished his part of the entertainment Mrs. West looked up at her new husband with a funny twinkle and said:

"I told you I'd get even with you."†

\* Vol. II. "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends" by L. L. Knight.

† From the Washington Post.

#### THE LAST DAYS OF MR. STEPHENS

Never will the campaign of 1882 be forgotten in Georgia. Too feeble to meet the strenuous demands of the stump, Mr. Stephens nevertheless appeared before the people at such well selected times and places as made it evident that he was still a master of strategy. What his voice lacked of its old power to create an electric thrill, his emaciated figure, as he wheeled himself before the footlights, in part at least supplied, and again, at the age of threescore years and ten, the old statesman was fairly electrifying the state, from Rabun Gap to Tybee Light! None of the dramatic elements were lacking in the scenes of which his roller-chair was the center. There was something about the inanimate wood which seemed to stir the profoundest emotion. Perchance it suggested the patriarchal blessing. Or it may have told of the sleepless hours which the patient sufferer had so repeatedly experienced when, racked with pain, he had sentinelized the midnight watches, keeping an eye upon the lattice of his window until across the brightening fields he could see the dawn approach. Or it may have whispered of the viewless ministries which kept him in correspondence with another clime whose border surges he could almost hear. But whatever may have been the explanation of the almost superhuman magnetism which spoke from the embrace of that roller-chair, it filled the air with electric needles which pierced the enrapt listener to the very marrow of his bones. And such thunderous volleys of applause as greeted the veteran statesman were never surpassed in the lustiest days of the old whig party when, with an eloquence which the great Kentuckian himself could hardly have equaled, he had first unfurled the civic banner and preached the political faith of the illustrious Henry Clay.

But even while the admirers of Mr. Stephens stood at the polls and voted him into the executive chair of the state, there came from the ballot-box an almost audible voice which seemed to say that the old man's tenure of office would be short, and that the commonwealth would soon be called to mourn the veteran statesman whom at the last moment she had made her governor merely, as it seemed, that he might climb the mountain, like the ancient prophet, to fall asleep in the chastened solitudes of the uplifted silences.

Scarcely had three months registered the deepening snowfalls upon the already white locks of the aged governor before the spectral courier arrived at the door of the executive mansion. Toward the close of February Mr. Stephens, importuned by the people of Savannah, had gone to the Forest City to speak at the Sesqui-Centennial. Numerous reasons impelled him to make this visit, which proved to be his last. In the first place, the occasion itself was historic and appealed strongly to his state pride. Again, some of his warmest friends and supporters were among the cultured residents of Savannah, not the least of whom was the gallant Henry R. Jackson, whose eloquent voice had resounded over the entire state in the late campaign. Moreover, Mr. Stephens, who lived in the upper edge of the midland belt, wished the people of the lower areas to feel that he was the impartial governor of all Georgia, upon whose map of official favors the wire-grass tracts and the

sandy levels were fully as conspicuous as the processional peaks of the Blue Ridge. He therefore went to Savannah. And, though feeling none too well on leaving home, he nevertheless entered heartily into the spirit of the great festival. On the brilliant platform, gaily festooned with banners, he caught the inspiration of his parting syllables; but, even as he waxed unwontedly eloquent, in rehearsing the story of Georgia's infant struggles, it was evident that the glow which suffused his face was not the auroral light of the commonwealth dawn. It was rather the lingering flush on the western horizon whose roseate signal unlooses the sunset guns.

Immediately upon returning home Mr. Stephens was taken violently ill. He was destined never to rise from the bed which he was now obliged to seek. However, it was not the visit to Savannah which caused or even hastened Mr. Stephens's death. The time fixed for his departure was at hand. The candle had slowly melted down to the socket and the hour hand had reached the fatal number on the dial-plate. But the spirit of the great statesman had so often hovered along the mysterious hedge-rows of life that in spite of the years which were now heavily multiplied upon his feeble shoulders it was not seriously thought that the time of the Great Commoner had come. Neither the people of Georgia who were so accustomed to reading bedside bulletins from Mr. Stephens in the morning newspaper prints, nor the old statesman himself, who was so accustomed to waging sick-room battles with the minions of disease, seemed to realize that death was imminent. But nevertheless the Grim Destroyer was encamped upon the executive lawn.

Back into the cosy apartment at the extreme end of the hall on the left, which Mr. Stephens had selected as his bedroom on taking possession of his new official home in Atlanta, the pale invalid sufferer was again borne; nor was he destined to leave the embrasure of that room until his eyelids had closed in the deepening dusk of that mysterious sleep which had puzzled the weary Hamlet. One of the first official acts of Mr. Stephens three months before had been to order down the huge bedstead which had conjured up at once in his simple democratic mind the powdered wig and pampered flesh of that spoiled child of royalty Louis the XIV. In place of the sprawling claws of this "flowery bed of ease" Mr. Stephens had substituted an unpretentious little single couch which looked as if it might have filled an humble corner in the cottor's highland home. It had always been the pet notion of the Great Commoner, more sentimental perhaps than scientific, that he could sleep better if he paralleled the course of the Mississippi River and slept with his head directed toward the arctic zone while his limbs meandered toward the equatorial belt. Amusing as it may seem, this whim controlled the legislation by which his domestic economy was governed; and he had caused his little cot to be pointed north and south in keeping with the precise bearings of the compass. In another corner of the room he had arranged for the reclining comforts of his colored bodyguard, whose tidy bedstead revealed no adverse discrimination, and whose familiar name, like his distinguished master's, was Aleck. It might be time well spent to pause upon the beautiful relations which existed between the faithful bodyguard, whose ear was as keenly attuned as an Indian's to the softest accents of the night, and the invalid master,

whose life had never known the sweet companionship which heaven had graciously vouchsafed to man, when age-long years ago the first lone hermit awoke from the most ravishing of dreams—minus a rib but plus a helpmeet—to find himself no more an Eden bachelor.

But this apartment, under the new administration, had been devoted to affairs much more substantial than the airy fabrics of sleep. It was the workshop of Mr. Stephens. On account of the delicate health of the feeble old governor the office of the state capitol had been exchanged, except on occasions of urgent necessity, for the office at the executive mansion. Such was the arrangement which he had made at the start; and, besides purchasing a clock to arouse the inmates of the room betimes, he had also procured, apparently from Noah's ark, a row of files which he had placed against the walls for important documents and letters. And, indeed, it almost looked as if Robinson Crusoe, in addition to housing his man Friday, had also made arrangements for accommodating his pigeons.

During the two weeks in which Mr. Stephens lingered after taking his bed for the last time there were frequent intervals in the midst of severe bodily suffering which he gave to official business. It was characteristic of the great man that the pains which racked his body unless accompanied by the severest pangs of the guillotine or the worst tortures of the Inquisition were never allowed to disturb his official obligations; and as long as he could rationally sign the name which he meant for Alexander H. Stephens, but which no one without the key could ever decipher, unless he had first mastered the ancient symbols of the Egyptian monuments, he continued to pen it to official documents. It was equally characteristic of the Great Commoner that the last service in which his feeble fingers were ever employed was an act of executive clemency. The altruism which ennobled the whole life of Mr. Stephens asserted itself in the most trivial things. Someone had sent him a box of oranges from Florida; and though he had passed the point where he any longer had relish for the fruit, he ordered the oranges to be parcelled out between the inmates of the house so that each could receive two.

The cause of Mr. Stephens's death was an old malady superinduced by riding up from the depot in a cab from which a pane of glass had been displaced, exposing him to the cold draft of an inclement February morning. The physical distress which followed bore so plainly the features of former attacks that Mr. Stephens was not at first alarmed; but when the customary remedies failed to give the usual relief he began to feel some uneasiness. However, it was not the trepidation which is felt by one who dreads the future which he finds himself obliged to face. Mr. Stephens had long ago put his house in order. He labored under none of the fears which are born of the darkness. Doctor Steiner was hastily summoned from Washington; but being detained at the death-bed of Gen. Dudley M. DuBose, he could not respond at once. However, he hurried to Atlanta as soon as he could get release.

Mr. Stephens rallied somewhat after Doctor Steiner arrived. An invincible hope kept him busy down to the last moment, planning what he expected to do when he was well. It was the cheerful optimism char-



acteristic of the invalid who has fought and won so many grim battles; but it was pathetic to the point of tears to watch the brave spirit as it still continued to struggle even after the pale flag had commenced to flutter above the wasted citadel. Often had the newspapers of the state told of the death of Mr. Stephens only to recall the premature announcement, but the sables of mourning were now to be donned upon authoritative tidings. Often had the grave yawned to receive the victim who was over at the gates, but the tomb had been robbed for the last time, and the jealous portals were now to claim the coveted tenant.

Among those who gathered about the sick-bedside to witness the last scene in the life which was now slowly ebbing were the two ladies of the household, Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Grier, both near relatives; Doctor Steiner, the old family physician, who had so often attended the patient; Col. C. W. Seidell, his private secretary; Col. John A. Stephens, his nephew; Hon. John T. Henderson, Dr. H. V. M. Miller, Doctor Raines, Judge Hall, A. L. Kontz, E. C. Kontz, T. B. Bradley and R. K. Paul. Besides there were two servants. It was not until Saturday, March 3d, that the condition of Mr. Stephens had become alarming. But he had now commenced to sink rapidly, and shortly before midnight Doctor Steiner had spoken the message:

"The Governor is dying."

Though it had to come it was none the less bitter to those who had so long waited upon the helpless sufferer; and not the least forlorn of the silent group was the faithful black bodyguard, poor Aleck, whose best friend was now telling him good-by. Doctor Miller, who had been devoted to Mr. Stephens for years; kept his hands almost constantly upon the feeble wrist in which so faint were the pulsations that the existence of life could hardly be detected; and neither Doctor Miller nor Doctor Steiner could tell the precise moment when the spark was extinguished. But the invalid had ceased to suffer. The great democrat had died as simply as he had lived.

One of the warmest admirers of Mr. Stephens in the sorrowful coterie about the sick bedside was Anton Kontz, then the local superintendent of the Pullman Company. It was Mr. Kontz who furnished the handsome Pullman coach which brought Mr. Stephens from Crawfordville to Atlanta. Several invited guests had gone to escort the governor-elect to the capitol; and in the speech-making which preceded the departure from Crawfordville one of the orators told him that he was to travel like a prince; but Mr. Stephens, without waiting for him to stop, interrupted the speaker with the remark:

"There are no princes in Georgia. At least I am not one of them. I am only the servant of the people."

It is said by those who stood at the bedside that the last articulate utterance which ever fell from the lips of the Great Commoner was: "Get ready, we are nearly home." Perhaps in the delirium of his dying moments the old governor weary of the cares of state in the busy capital, was hurrying back over the iron rails to Crawfordville, and, looming above the tree-tops on the distant hillside, he had caught the familiar turrets of old Liberty Hall. Perhaps it was the black face of his old bodyguard which framed itself in his dying thoughts as he spoke those simple words, "Get ready, we are nearly home." But, even if this was

all, those commonplace words addressed to an old negro whom he loved were not unworthy of the golden approaches to the palace of the King.

With such an executive command still warm on the lips of the old governor, it could not be said that death had really darkened the abode of power which had so lately opened amid the flare of tapers and the sparkle of gems to welcome the incoming occupant. An almost breathless hush pervaded the halls of the executive mansion. The tapers were out and the jewels flashed against sorrowful faces; but, in spite of the doleful symbols of an altered scene, it was far more appropriate to say that the old governor had been once more inaugurated!

All was at last over. The doctor was now dismissed. The crutch was laid aside for good. The roller-chair was no longer needed. At last after seventy years there had fluttered down through the Sabbath hush of the sick-bedroom an old, old prescription which had made the invalid well. His wish had come true at last. Those lips had been dashed at the fountain which the Spaniard sought in vain. Those limbs had waxed strong and youthful. Those heart-beats had commenced anew to keep perpetual step to music that never ceases. It is unseemly in the mute mourner who bends over the attenuated figure to keep back the tears; for the absent loved ones are always missed. But over the beautiful clay let the laurel instead of the cypress rest; for in the goblet of death, fresh from the vintages of yonder hills, Alexander H. Stephens has found the elixir of life.\*

#### FROM THE FIERY FURNACE TO THE SENATORIAL TOGA

At the close of the Civil war there was no man in Georgia more deservedly popular than Joseph E. Brown. He had not only occupied the executive chair of the state for an unprecedented period of eight years, but he had been, during all this time, in no mere technical or official sense, the commanding figure of the commonwealth. He had been admittedly Georgia's favorite son; for, even more nearly than Toombs or Stephens or Hill or Gordon, he had been identified, throughout the turbulent era of conflict, with Georgia's immediate fortunes.

Nor was he less idolized when the historic walls of the old capitol building at Milledgeville were exchanged for the dungeon walls of the old capitol prison in Washington City. But Joseph E. Brown was fated to experience within the next few months the most pronounced reversal of public favor and to suffer unremittingly for the next fifteen years the most trying ordeal of political ostracism which has probably ever been known in Georgia.

This sudden revolution of the wheel of fortune was caused by the readiness with which he accepted and the zeal with which he urged Georgia to accept the congressional measures of reconstruction. The logic which underlay this course, to quote the language of Judge Speer, was grounded upon "the international law which fixes the power of the conqueror and restricts the rights of the conquered"; but Governor Brown put it subjunctively in this form: "If we could not successfully resist the North when we had half a million bayonets in

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

the field, how can we resist now when he have none?" Powerful as was the force of this argument, it was strongly combatted by the racial fact that the southern people were the inheritors of proud blood which had never bowed submissively to yokes and chains. Governor Brown realized this fact and moreover deplored what he recognized to be the injustice of the reconstruction wrongs, but this inventory of the obstacles only emphasized the unpalatable truth that the vanquished South was completely at the mercy of the victorious North; and he argued that resistance instead of mitigating would most likely only increase the hardships of defeat. Won also by the magnanimity of Grant to Lee he felt that something was due the victor of Appomattox and he reasoned that the favor of such an influential chief secured by prompt acquiescence would in all probability do more than all else toward accomplishing the desired ends. But he knew that the South was in no mood to listen to such counsels then, however sure she might be to adopt them ultimately; and he knew also that the course which he felt compelled to take would most likely result in bitter alienations and misunderstandings. It is perhaps the highest test of patriotism to be willing to relinquish popularity for principle. Governor Brown had none of the hypocrisy which affects indifference to applause. He appreciated the favor of the public as only one can appreciate it who has won such favor not by the sudden conquests of the moment but by the gradual accretions of the years; but he preferred to steer by the tranquil light of the polar star in the far-off distance rather than by the illusive clouds which drifted above the ship. It required courage of the martyr-school to make the choice which duty dictated under these painful circumstances, but he calmly fashioned his resolve; and, instead of taking the open road which wound through the heathery fields to Canaan, he took the rugged and upward path which sloped through the olive glooms.

Vindication had come at last. The senatorial toga by the sovereign voice of the great State of Georgia had now been conferred upon the man of snow-white beard and hair who had so lately emerged from the fiery furnace. Six years later he was again elected with only one vote against him. Never was public sentiment more overwhelmingly reversed or triumph more complete.

Voluntarily retiring from public life in 1892, after having represented Georgia for more than twelve years in the United States Senate, he retained until his death the unwavering support and confidence of his fellow citizens who had learned to honor him anew. Nor was he ever more tenderly revered in the old days than now. He had been tried in the fire and found to be pure gold. Besides accumulating an immense fortune in attestation of his business sagacity and judgment he had also reared monuments to his generosity and public spirit by his judicious benefactions, having given over \$50,000 to the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky, and another \$50,000 to the University of Georgia, for the encouragement of poor boys who were the special wards of his affection. Thus from an humble beginning, by dint of perseverance and industry, the friendless lad who had first appeared on the slopes of the Blue Ridge years before, with the slenderest prospects of success in life, had not only reached the dizzy summits, but having twice

met and conquered adverse fortune, he had made himself, in some respects at least, the most striking figure of his times.

Joseph E. Brown was again upon the heights. Once more the old commonwealth lay at the feet of the farmer boy of Gaddistown. He had climbed above the cloud-belt and stood beneath the starry stretches. The vapors had slowly given place to the ramparts of the granite rocks and the reward of patient years had flowered at last in the splendors of the firmament. He had retired of his own free will from the highest arena of the nation, withdrawing like the aged gladiator who droops beneath his locks but bends more heavily beneath his laurels. He could now rest. Worn and tired the old man lay down. The withered hands sought each other in the clasp of coming sleep. The pallid lips grew tight. The eyelids closed. The wrinkles faded one by one. At last he slept; and all was now serene and beautiful. The sun had set in the west wearing the purple robes of the King. The farmer boy of Gaddistown had gathered the last crop of golden wheat from the once scant but now rich acre of ground. The mountaineer had fallen asleep on the mountains.\*

#### "ALMOST HOME": SENATOR HILL'S DEATH

Sufferings, like sunset clouds, often beautify the couch of Death. . . . It was probably at least four years before the end came that Mr. Hill, while in Washington, noticed an abrasion on the left side of his tongue, scarcely larger than a pin's head. Since the irritation was only slight, he gave it little thought, supposing that a tooth had caused it by producing a bruise which the nicotine from smoking had slightly inflamed. He was not a man to worry over trifles; and, though the obstreperous little pimple refused to quiet, he patiently allowed it to nibble upon his nerves for months.

But finding eventually that the little disturber had become an obstinate sore, he began to apply mild correctives. It was useless, however. Astringents proved unavailing. He was about to consult Doctor Gross, of Philadelphia, the noted surgeon and specialist, when he was diverted from his purpose by an insistent friend who urged him to consult an eminent physician of New York, Doctor Bayard. Doctor Bayard pronounced the trouble benign ulcer, and immediately began appropriate treatment. But this was most unfortunate. The diagnosis being incorrect, the remedy applied failed to reach the seat of the disease; and the disorder, which in the beginning could have been easily eradicated, was given an opportunity to root itself more firmly in the system.

An exciting political campaign had now opened in Georgia in which Mr. Hill was expected to bear some part, but he was obliged to excuse himself on the ground that an ulcerous eruption upon his tongue made it necessary for him to abandon his expected speech-making. This was the first intimation which the public had received of the malady which was destined to end the life of this glorious Georgian; and the fact that his eloquent tongue, which had so often roused the echoes of the state, was the seat of the trouble not only furnished capital for thoughtless criticism but material for mystified and puzzled comment. The tongue of all

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

other tongues in Georgia, which spoke the senatorial language of the silent Webster and even revived the coronal accents of the old Demosthenes; might well have excited the bewilderment of Georgians when it told of the only infirmity it ever bore. Idly as the public may have entertained it at the time, little believing that any serious harm could ever reach the throne of sceptered eloquence from such an unregarded source, it nevertheless remains that the fatal canker underlay the blossoms of his brightest victories in the Senate and put an expiring note in the music of his lustiest syllables.

It was not until July 19, 1881, that Mr. Hill became truthfully aware of the real malignant character of his disease. He had patiently endured the treatment which, as it now clearly appeared, had been grounded upon an incorrect hypothesis; and seeking Doctor Gross, whom he found at Cape May, he was told that the trouble was cancer and that the use of the knife, if effective at all, must be employed at once. Without alarming his family by telling them what his intentions were, he prepared for the operation, feeling that his strong constitution, which was never more vigorously the abode of robust health, would safely tide him over the dangerous ordeal. The operation was performed at the Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia, and resulted in some immediate benefits. Being joined by members of his family, who hastened to him on receiving the news of the operation, he soon commenced to regain strength. But the roots of the malady had spread to the base of the tongue; and subsequent operations only proved the futility of baffling with an evil which could not be successfully resisted. If the aid of surgery had been invoked months before it might have been different, but it was now too late.

Though Mr. Hill gradually wasted away under the devastating ravages of the malady, his buoyant spirits refused to droop and his fortitude cheerfully endured operation after operation until exhausted nature could go no further. Full of plans and purposes for serving Georgia in the great arena into which she had called him, he was anxious to live. So long had his muscles of oak withstood fatigue and weariness and so vigorous and virile had been his bodily and mental health, even after disease had commenced to make fatal inroads, that he could not yield himself readily to death. It cost an internal struggle; but heroism won. He calmly bowed his head and waited his summons. Often had he protested against oppression and wrong; but no murmur crossed his lips now. Stricken and speechless though he was, Mr. Hill was never more sublimely eloquent in all his splendid arguments, for, bent beneath the cross of anguish the prince of orators was silently pronouncing "the oration on the crown."

Several weeks before the end came Mr. Hill was taken to Eureka Springs in the hope that the magical waters of this famous resort might prolong his tenure of life and accomplish what neither the skill of the surgeon's knife nor the tonic of the salt-sea air could possibly do; but he was not able on account of the inflamed condition of his throat to drink sufficiently of the invigorating crystal to derive the least benefit, and he languidly turned in his thoughts towards his old home in Georgia.

"Take me back," said he, "back to Georgia. God's will be done.

My work is finished; my time is close at hand. But I want to die on Georgia soil. Take me back home."

And so the loved ones bore the sufferer home to Georgia. Never will those who witnessed the home-coming of the great orator forget the scene presented at the depot when the wan face of the pallid sufferer smiled wearily upon the vast assemblage of anxious fellow townsmen who were there to bid him welcome back. He knew it was perhaps the last look which he would ever have into the upturned faces of the multitude whose plaudits had so often cheered his accents; and most of those who with tearful eyes greeted him in silence heard something whisper through the solemn hushes that they would never look again upon his breathing form.

During the days of suspense which followed he saw as many of his old friends and followers as his feeble strength would allow. He usually broke into tears when they approached him; but it seemed to do him good to see them and he usually gave them some tender thought upon paper, which it need not be said was sacredly prized and kept. He never lost his interest in things around him. It was evident that Georgia was ever present in his thoughts; Georgia, his old mother state, whose name was lettered upon his heart and whose memories now mingled with his dreams of heaven.

Whatever may be the explanation which psychology gives of the fact, it is curious to observe how prone the mind is, with approaching dissolution, to wander backward to the old frontiers of life. The looks which day puts on at dawn come back again at dusk. The earliest recollections tread airily upon the latest moments of existence and the April colors of the morning return to kindle the November foliage of the sunset. Nor was this unwritten law of nature inoperative in the last hours of Mr. Hill. Back of the stormy years in which his eventful midday life had been pitched he lived again in the sunny area of air-castles where he had first nurtured and nursed his budding ambitions.

But the happy mood which tranquilized the emotions of the patient sufferer was not dependent upon the gleanings of this remote period. The mysterious alchemy of sunset brought gold out of clouds and strained sweetest honey from bitterest combs. Nor was this true alone of his physical sufferings. It was equally true of his turbulent midday strifes and discords. Beyond the satisfaction which comes from the serene consciousness of duty faithfully performed he had also the added balm of enmities at rest. One of the sweetest of all the pathetic scenes which beautified the last moments of Mr. Hill's life was one which no artist's brush can paint. Two men who had faced each other in the fiercest storms of politics now faced each other in the waveless calm of silence. They had met before in kindness. They had shaken hands over the buried issues of the past. But there was something in this present meeting which told of clearer understandings. There they sat. The one pale and wan, but with shrunken lineaments of beauty which told of fibres in which life had once been lusty; the other active and alert but with silvery locks of age, which told of wintry days whose icy clasp was coming. Both were thinking of the past. But if the memory of the angry years crept back it was only in the echoes which time had mellowed into music. Tears only were spoken, but never spoke the cry-



tals of speech more eloquently than now spoke the crystals of science. Those tears welled up from the deepest fountains. They uttered no articulated sounds, but they silently breathed an unworded language which Joseph E. Brown and Benjamin H. Hill both understood.

In like manner came also, Alexander H. Stephens. But the crowning glory of the death-bed scene of the great Georgian was born of the martyr-heroism with which his Christian spirit bore the ordeal of an almost unparalleled affliction. No rebellious murmur of protest told of the crucifixion agonies which the very nature of his malady revealed; and he calmly endured his sufferings, feeling that an all-wise Providence knew best what discipline of love to give him and that the shining shores were not far distant on which the waves of anguish were to break. This was evident from the last expression which he ever framed: "Almost home."

Slowly he withered day by day until at last the August morning dawned to take him. The weary eyelids drooped and closed. The wrists grew pulseless. The heart which had been the temple of so much glorious life could ripple the wasted arteries and feed the smoldering fires no more. The lips parted and met again. The soul had slipped through the gates of purple and now rejoiced within the gates of pearl. "Almost home" had become "Home at last."

Such were the final moments of Georgia's peerless orator.

Nor was it unmeet that when the end should come the finger of disease should be laid upon the instrument which had so often borne him to the ether blues of eloquence, just as the archer's arrow strikes the pinion on which the eagle soars aloft; that the voice which had so often charmed the multitudes with all the ravishing notes of music should now at last be silent when there were no more harmonies to sound; that the tongue which had branded such blistering philippics upon the foreheads of his country's foes should be at last consumed by the coal of fire which it caught from the glowing embers of the golden altar.\*

#### JOHN FORSYTH: DIPLOMAT

Little is heard nowadays of John Forsyth. But in the archives of the nation's capitol this distinguished Georgian is ranked among the ablest of American diplomats. It was through the skillful negotiations of Mr. Forsyth that the whole of the peninsula of Florida was acquired by the United States Government from Spain, in 1819. The consideration involved was \$5,000,000, a small sum when we consider the strategic importance and marvelous fertility of this semi-tropical stretch of land at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico.

Mr. Forsyth, at the time of this important transaction, was United States minister at the court of Madrid, an appointment which he held under President Monroe. The demand for the purchase of Florida had originated in Georgia. Since the time of Oglethorpe, the Spaniards in Florida had been troublesome enemies of the state; and it was not unusual for predatory bands of marauders to cross the border-line into Georgia

on expeditions of plunder. Later, the perils of the southern frontier had been increased by lawless bands of white adventurers, Seminole Indians and fugitive slaves, who had settled in upper Florida beyond the Federal jurisdiction.

To put an end to the depredations which were retarding the development of South Georgia, the purchase of Florida seemed to be imperative; and Mr. Forsyth, from his seat in Washington, brought every conceivable argument to bear upon the administrative councils. He not only pictured the horrors of nightmare from which the people of South Georgia were suffering at the hands of savages and outlaws, but he also emphasized the paramount importance to the United States Government of the whole Florida peninsula, which, holding the key to the Gulf of Mexico, would always be an incubator of trouble until it floated the American flag.

Unanswerable as was the logic of this appeal, it was not until General Jackson, in 1818, invaded Florida, defeated the Seminole Indians and captured Pensacola that the idea of purchasing Florida from the Spanish Government was seriously entertained. Then arose the crisis in which Mr. Forsyth as ambassador to Madrid was given authority to negotiate with Ferdinand VII. Nor was it long before the sagacious Georgia statesman was instrumental in concluding an agreement by virtue of which, barring the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon in 1803, Uncle Sam acquired the largest strip of property which he had ever bought in open market.

It hardly needs to be said that Mr. Forsyth was an extraordinary man. Apart from the achievement already mentioned, the most cursory glance at his career in public life will establish this fact; for he was congressman, governor, senator and cabinet officer, besides minister to Spain. The descriptive accounts of the distinguished Georgian represent him as being an exceedingly affable and courtly man. Rather under the medium height, he lacked the towering proportions of Mr. Crawford, but he was strikingly handsome in appearance and gravely dignified in demeanor.

As an orator he was scarcely the inferior of Judge Berrien, who was styled the American Cicero. On one occasion he crossed swords with Judge Berrien in an argument which lasted for three days. It was on the question of the tariff, which was the vital topic of the Jackson administration. The discussion took place at the great anti-tariff convention which was held in the fall of 1832 at Milledgeville, Judge Berrien opposing and Mr. Forsyth supporting the famous measure. Mr. Forsyth was at this time the leader of the Jackson party in the United States Senate, and though the resolution which he advocated in the convention was finally lost, it was found that the majority vote cast against the resolution came from the minority poll of counties. This resulted in the withdrawal from the convention of all the administration supporters under the lead of Mr. Forsyth.

Some one writing in the Boston Post, years ago, under the fascinating spell of the Georgian's eloquence, declared that the rhythmic accents of Mr. Forsyth's voice suggested the musical notes of the Æolian harp. Still another has compared him to Judge Story, stating that while he spoke rapidly, his words mingled in the most exquisite of harmonies.

\* Vol. I, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight.

And Mr. Benton, of Missouri, who was for many years his colleague, says that for resourcefulness of argument and for readiness in debate upon almost every topic he had no superior on the floor of the American Senate.

Controversialist though Mr. Forsyth was, he seldom betrayed violent passion, and was never known to irritate an antagonist in debate by rude thrusts or harsh repartees. This was not because he was not high-spirited. He was like the average Georgian in having temper to spare. But he was diplomatic. He was Lord Chesterfield, minus his powdered wig and his knee-buckles. He observed at all times the urbanities of the courtier, and if he now and then inflicted wounds upon an adversary, it was not with the meat-axe, but with the rapier. Refinement is often only smooth veneer, but with Mr. Forsyth it was innate gentility; and, even when at rare intervals he indulged in satire, his accents were like echoes from the Horacean harp. Men who are cast in this delicate mold are often inclined to be patrician, but not so with Mr. Forsyth. He was all duke and all democrat.

#### JUDGE BERRIEN: THE AMERICAN CICERO

The United States Senate, in the year 1829, included some of the ablest leaders of the ante-bellum period of American politics. It was the beginning of what may be termed the golden age of the Senate. The high-water mark of oratory in America was reached in the year following when the greatest of modern debates occurred between Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, and Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina. In the chair sat the shaggy-haired old nullifier, John C. Calhoun. Before him, on either side of the chamber, were ranged men whose equals have not appeared since then upon the public stage. Wrapped in deep thought, there sat the eagle-eyed and lion-headed Webster, the great champion of the Federal Union. Henry Clay was still in the Lower House, but the great compromiser's son-in-law was there, Thomas H. Benton, who, because of his fight against paper currency was called "Old Bullion." Nevertheless, within this circle of orators, when the genius of eloquence was at its meridian height, John MacPherson Berrien, of Georgia, stood so conspicuous for polished oratory in debate that he was dubbed by his colleagues and known until his death as the American Cicero. Judge Berrien was trained to argument. In the phrase of Beaconsfield applied to Lord Stanley, he was "the Rupert of debate." But the intrepid charge was ever made with the polished blade. It was impossible for Mr. Berrien to speak upon any subject without giving it an interest borrowed from his own classic molds of expression. Ornateness of style was rarely the end at which he aimed. But his commonest respirations were breathed in an atmosphere of culture, and his simplest every-day thoughts naturally clothed themselves in the garniture of elegance. He spoke the court language of the Augustan age; and, to show that strength was united to grace in the diction which he lent to practical ends, it was actually upon the mill-grinding topic of the tariff that Berrien, in voicing the protest of the State of Georgia, made himself immortal among American orators.

Mr. Berrien was called from the United States Senate in 1829, soon

after making the speech to which allusion has just been made, to enter the Cabinet of President Jackson as attorney-general. It was probably the masterful eloquence of the Georgia senator in denouncing the oppressive inequalities of the tariff and in supporting the protest so ably with the proofs of logic that caused him to be selected as the legal adviser of the presidential board. General Jackson was not in favor of the high protective policy which was destined in the near future to call forth Calhoun's doctrine of nullification; but eventually it seemed to become an administration measure which received the support of the Jackson party in Congress. Complications arose which prevented the administration from accomplishing the repeal, and this entailed the condition of affairs which brought the great nullifier to the front and started between President and Vice-President the feudal animosity which subsequent developments were soon to augment.

#### HOW PEGGY O'NEILL DISSOLVED A PRESIDENT'S CABINET

It was just at this crisis in the history of the Government that one of the most sensational episodes in the social life of Washington took place, the result of which was not only the dissolution of President Jackson's Cabinet, but also the sign-board notice of the great divide between whigs and democrats. For, whatever may have been the ultimate cause of divergence, an event which occurred at this time signaled the parting of the ways; and Mr. Berrien was one of the erstwhile supporters of General Jackson who took the whig route. Strange to say, the dynamite which produced this tremendous upheaval was dressed in petticoats, and the modest label which stamped the dainty package of nitro-glycerine was—Peggy O'Neill.

This bewitching disturber of the peace of Washington was the daughter of an innkeeper at whose popular tavern many of the national legislators sojourned. "Old Hickory" himself, when in Washington, patronized the well-kept establishment, and held in very high respect the plain people who ran the hotel. Just before the Jackson administration opened Peggy O'Neill, who had married a purser in the United States navy, was bereaved by the death of her husband, who had committed suicide in the Mediterranean, and, though she now returned to Washington as the Widow Timberlake, she was still Peggy O'Neill to all the town gossip of the National Capital. Gay and vivacious, the multitude of her maiden charms made quite natural the return to her maiden address. She had been christened Margaret. But of course such an old-fashioned name possessed too much avoirdupois to match such an ethereal bit of womanhood. She was, therefore, called Peggy, and not since Peg Woffington held the London stage in the days of Garrick was the name ever linked with associations more dramatic.

If Peggy O'Neill brought her weeds to Washington she kept them under lock and key; and in front of the stately mirror which hung in her boudoir she cultivated the art of looking young until she fairly rivaled the month of May. Nor were the horns of the moon many times refilled before the grave old senator from Tennessee, Maj. John H. Eaton, was kneeling at the feet of the dashing widow. General Jackson had been elected, but had not yet taken his seat as President when Major Eaton

called upon the future occupant of the White House, and, in the confidence which Tennesseans were permitted to exchange, he whispered something in the old soldier's ear.

"Why, of course, Major," said the old hero of New Orleans, with an arch smile playing upon his rugged cheek-bones, "if she is willing to put up with *you*, take her by all means."

General Jackson knew that there had been some talk about Peggy O'Neill. But he put no faith in gossip. Years before he had taken the part of an injured woman who had subsequently become his wife and who had continued, under the happiest of circumstances, to share his lot until just before the presidential election, when she had fallen asleep in the old man's tender arms. Mrs. Jackson had always believed in Peggy O'Neill. Why should he listen to Washington gossip? Still, he was glad that Major Eaton had taken the step which was calculated to keep tongues from wagging; and he encouraged the nuptials. Moreover, it must be remembered that General Jackson was not an aristocrat of the Bourbon type. He was an unpretentious man of the people. As for Major Eaton, he may have contemplated an altogether different sort of alliance. But Cupid is given to strange antics. The gallant knight of the toga was smitten. Orders were sent to the nurserymen for hot-house plants to be left at the O'Neill tavern; and in due time sweet Peggy O'Neill became Mrs. John H. Eaton.

Such marriages are not unusual in the brilliant centers accustomed to sensational denouements; and, flavored with the spice of romance though the affair was, it would very soon have been forgotten or remembered only as an incident in the social life of Washington had not an appointment been made, in the summer months, which lifted it out of the drawing-room circles and made it the burning issue of American politics; Peggy O'Neill's new husband was called into President Jackson's Cabinet as secretary of war!

The ironies of fate are frequently most keen; but nothing could possibly surpass the well-nigh tragic humor which underlay this appointment to office. Innocent himself of any belligerent feelings, Major Eaton became the storm-center of the new administration: he was the husband of the beautiful Bellona whom the dames of Washington tabooed. He must have been pathetically conscious of the double sense in which he represented the bureau of hostilities.

However, it will be impossible to realize the actual plight in which the war secretary found himself without knowing what followed. No sooner was it announced that Major Eaton was scheduled to enter the Cabinet of President Jackson than the leaders of Washington society began to prepare for an aggressive campaign; and President Jackson was soon to find that he had urgent need of all the good stout fibres of the forest monarch after which he had been nicknamed, "Old Hickory." Nay more; for Achilles himself would soon have exhausted the fighting strength of the Myrmidons in this fierce battle with the Amazons of social Washington. It required far less nerve to defy the United States Bank, or indeed the British troops under General Packenham than it did to face the batteries of this martial band of female warriors. But General Jackson was not the man to yield at first sight of the enemy.

however terrifying the approach might be; and Henry IV planted the standard of Navarre less defiantly at Ivry than General Jackson did the standard of O'Neill in Washington. The tavern-sign of the old guest-house became the war banner of the new rebellion. In due time the war secretary took his place at the President's council board; but the sequel shows that this investiture did not by any means involve the recognition of Mrs. Eaton as one of the Cabinet ladies. It only sounded the bugle-call to battle.

Every effort was made to induce President Jackson to rescind the executive canon which made it necessary for social Washington to extend even the most formal courtesies to Mrs. Eaton. The pastor of the church which he had been in the habit of attending sought first by indirect and then by direct methods of approach to warn him against the woman about whom there was so much scandal; but, after hearing the ministerial protest, he remained still unconvinced and continued to give the benefit of the doubt to Mrs. Eaton. Later on he invited Doctor Campbell, the minister in question, and also Doctor Ely, to come before the Cabinet, which invitation they accepted. But the old general insisted upon conducting the examination himself; and, when the interview was over, he merely turned to the members of the Cabinet and said:

"You see, gentlemen, it is just as I told you. Where's the proof?"

If the war secretary was present the situation must have been very embarrassing. Still he could not have been otherwise than gratified at the blunt Scotch verdict of the old general, who was the sworn friend of the O'Neill Tavern. But the investigation failed to accomplish the pacific object sought, even in the President's own household, for Mrs. Donelson, his niece, who was keeping house for him, refused to call upon Mrs. Eaton. Thereupon the President suggested that she had better return to the Tennessee mountains. This she did, remaining away until the presidential anger had subsided; and Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., in the domestic economy, took the place of the absentee.

At the Eaton nuptials Mr. Berrien had been present as one of the invited guests; but, strange to say, he had heard none of the gossip concerning Peggy O'Neill. However, he was not to remain long in ignorance of what was the live issue in Washington. All the members of the Cabinet who had wives were duly apprised of the social crusade against Mrs. Eaton. And naturally the condition of affairs was most awkward; for there were three gentlemen in the Cabinet whose friendly feelings toward the war secretary were of the kindest sort, but whose feminine partners squarely refused to call upon Mrs. Eaton. It not only divided the Cabinet into the married and the non-married factions, but it also intensified the already sharp antagonism between General Jackson and Mr. Calhoun, for the vice-president, being among the benedicts, could not uphold the President's championship of Mrs. Eaton. The situation was painfully embarrassing to the war secretary, but it was hardly less embarrassing to the Cabinet members who were bound by the most chivalrous sense of honor to observe the social regulations which were much older than the Jacksonian edicts.

Daily the complications grew more and more serious, and it began to look as if an open rupture might occur at any moment. General Jackson,



without employing the polite phrases of the French court; had already intimated the duty of Cabinet ladies. He was determined that Mrs. Eaton should be recognized. But the Cabinet members, who fell under the ban of the President's displeasure, were equally determined that neither General Jackson nor any one else should legislate for them in matters of established etiquette. So far as the member from Georgia is concerned, it is safe to say that Mr. Berrien was the last man in the world who could be deliberately discourteous to Major Eaton or rudely unchivalrous to Mrs. Eaton. He was an old Southern aristocrat. Not even General Jackson himself could precede him in extending mighty protection to an unfortunate member of the weaker sex; but he reasoned with sound logic that his first allegiance was to Mrs. Berrien.

Now it happened that the secretary of state, Martin Van Buren, was not only an old widower, but also an accomplished diplomat accustomed to the use of finesse. Being unincumbered with domestic cares and anxious perhaps for political reasons to cultivate the old general, he promptly espoused the cause of Mrs. Eaton and undertook by subtle methods to accomplish the difficult end in view. Neither the English nor the Russian ambassador happened to be married. They both agreed to further the plans of the wily little magician; and both in time gave elegant receptions to which Peggy was invited and at which she was shown signal honors by the hosts.

Still it was said to be impossible to hold together any cotillion in which Mrs. Eaton took part. It was evident that the crusade against the beautiful Bellona was not only most pronounced but also most universal. At one of the social functions Mr. Van Buren persuaded the wife of the minister from Holland to sit by the side of Mrs. Eaton at dinner. This she agreed to do with some reluctance and allowed herself to be escorted to the table; but, on discovering that Mrs. Eaton occupied the seat of honor, she deliberately turned around and walked from the room. It is said that General Jackson was so incensed when he learned of the slight to his fair protégée that it was all he could do to keep from giving the lady's husband his passport back to Amsterdam.

Following the diplomatic receptions, an elaborate dinner was at last held in the east room of the White House. Upwards of eighty guests were invited, including the chief government officials and ladies; and the British minister himself escorted Mrs. Eaton to her place at the feast, which was next to the President. But only the court favorites and sycophants of the administration deigned to smile upon the fair beauty, against whom Washington society was steeled, in spite of the most persistent effort of the nation's chief executive to put down what he considered an outrageous libel upon an unfortunate woman. It is difficult to withhold from old General Jackson unstinted respect for the uncompromising fidelity with which he stood by Mrs. Eaton, against whom he believed that the only charge which could possibly be proven was that she was an innkeeper's daughter. Rugged old democrat, the course which he took was thoroughly noble; but he failed to appreciate the full force of the social insurrection. In the end the old hero of New Orleans was obliged to haul down the O'Neill standard and to run up the white flag of York.

Nevertheless, months elapsed before General Jackson was brought to capitulation. He still sought in various ways to overcome the opposition to Mrs. Eaton. Finally he threatened to dissolve the Cabinet unless the wives of Cabinet members should observe his wishes at least so far as to leave cards. But he was informed that he had no right to exert official power to regulate social intercourse. Anger now obtained the mastery over judgment, and President Jackson straightway charged the married members of the Cabinet with conspiring against Eaton to oust him from the portfolio of war. But nothing could have been further from the facts. General Jackson realized that he had spoken hastily; offered blunt apologies; and, what promised to be an upheaval of Vesuvian violence, was for the time being averted.

But week followed week without seeming to develop any occasion for calling together President Jackson's Cabinet, and executive business began to suffer. At last it was announced that John MacPherson Berrien, attorney-general; Samuel D. Ingham, secretary of the treasury, and John Branch, secretary of the navy, had resigned from the Cabinet of President Jackson. To disguise the underlying cause of the rupture, Mr. Van Buren was at the same time appointed minister to England; Postmaster-General Barry was made minister to Spain and Major Eaton became territorial governor of Florida. Thus the President's official household was completely dissolved by the burning issue which was fleshed in the beautiful personality of Mrs. Eaton. Altogether it was one of the most unique and, at the same time, one of the most colossal sensations ever known in the social life of the nation's capital.

The result was far-reaching. John C. Calhoun missed and Martin Van Buren clinched the presidential office, largely because of the altered fortunes which the Eaton episode brought about; for Jackson employed every agency of the administration to further the aspirations of Van Buren and to thwart the ambitions of Calhoun. It is the most conservative of statements to say that when all the returns are tabulated it can be shown that Peggy O'Neill produced more real havoc in high society than any other woman on record since Helen of Sparta started the Trojan war.

Mrs. Eaton survived the sensational episode until the late '70s. She is said to have been quite popular at the Court of Madrid when Major Eaton became United States minister to Spain. Some time after the death of her husband, which occurred in 1856, he married an Italian dancing-master by the name of Antonio Bachignani, who was more than thirty years her junior. The divorce court brought her release from this last affinity; and, having reached the advanced age of eighty-four years, Peggy O'Neill-Timberlake-Eaton-Bachignani bade adieu to the world upon whose dramatic stage she had eclipsed the ovations to the London lass and even anticipated the laurels of the divine Sarah.

#### SPEAKER CHARLES F. CRISP: WHY HE WAS NOT AN ACTOR

If Charles F. Crisp failed to become an actor of the Shakespearean School, it was not because he lacked the strong bias of heredity or the local influence of environment. He was born at Sheffield, England, on January 29, 1845, of actor parents who were touring the British Isles;

and from the earliest days of cradledom he was accustomed to the sonorous accents of the Bard of Avon. However, the Crisps were not enrolled among the subjects of Queen Victoria. They came from this side of the Atlantic, and represented the best ancestral strains of the American Revolution, as well as the best traditions of the American stage.

Perhaps there are Georgians still living who recall the engagements which the Crisps played in making the theatrical rounds of the state during the old ante-bellum days. The substantial box receipts, the enthusiastic ovations, and the high professional standard which the Crisp name symbolized to the theater-going public, were all well calculated to arouse the latent ambition of the youth whose veins were by no means strangers to the dramatic fire. Besides, Booth and Forrest needed successors in the stellar roles which they were soon to relinquish. But the tragic mantle possessed few attractions for the future parliamentarian and statesman, who was scheduled to succeed to the honors of Howell Cobb in presiding over the American House of Representatives.

Once elected to the National House, the genius of the Georgia jurist for statesmanship of the highest order became apparent and he was subsequently six times reelected without substantial opposition. Judge Crisp was not an orator in the popular sense. He possessed none of the sophomoric attributes of the boisterous declaimer. Though fluent he was not florid of speech. He preferred argument to ornamentation, and spoke to convince rather than to please. He possessed animation, but what he said was characterized by the pellucid crystal of the mountain stream rather than by the impetuous vaulting of the cataract. He was not given to verbal preparation but he was prone by reason of the judicial instinct to weight the specific gravity of words. He spoke like one who was reading the scales. The effect was to convey the impression of unusual reserve power. Moreover, he possessed an intuitive grasp of the true governmental principles; and, amid the most turbulent scenes of debate in the popular branch of Congress, he seldom lost his calm poise of manner or his deferential attitude toward an antagonist. He was an undisputed master of the art of disputation.

Consequently, when Mr. Carlisle, whose election was in jeopardy, refused, on the assembling of the Fiftieth Congress, to appoint the committee on elections which was to decide the contest and referred the matter to the House, it is not surprising that Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, should have been called to the chairmanship. The position was one which levied the most exacting demands upon the resources of the incumbent. But Mr. Crisp proved that he was the man for the place, and he considerably enhanced both his prestige upon the floor and his reputation throughout the country, by the manner in which he acquitted himself.

But the republicans triumphed at the polls in the succeeding congressional election. Speaker Reed assumed the gavel which Mr. Carlisle relinquished, and Mr. Carlisle became the leader of the democratic minority upon the floor. However, the stalwart Kentuckian was soon called by the Blue Grass State to wear the senatorial toga, and, upon the retirement of Mr. Carlisle, the minority leadership devolved upon Mr. Crisp, who fell heir to this position more by reason of his sheer fitness than by virtue of his rank in the committee assignments. Some idea of

the qualities which he brought to the task of directing the democratic maneuvers upon the floor may be derived from the soubriquet applied to Mr. Crisp by Amos J. Cumming, of New York, who styled him "the John Bright of the American Commons."

It was during the Fifty-first Congress that the country was regaled by the unhappy discussion of the celebrated Force Bill which sought to put the ballot-box at the South under bayonet supervision and to reenact the infamous saturnalia of reconstruction. To prevent the contemplated injustice it was necessary not only to hurl the red-hot javelins of debate but to make skillful use, at the proper moment, of such precautionary and protective measures as were afforded by the rules of procedure. In the sparring which ensued over the proposed legislation, Mr. Crisp evinced the most intimate knowledge of the science by which deliberative bodies are governed, and Speaker Reed, whose arbitrary tactics were already beginning to sprout and whose sympathetic leanings were toward the measure in question, was constrained to keep within the limits established by the manual. Happily for the deepening sense of national brotherhood, the contemplated ballot-reform bill was defeated. The entire Georgia delegation stood in opposition to the proposed scheme like the Macedonian phalanx, but to Mr. Crisp in large measure belongs the credit of the victorious finale.

Democracy having swept the country in the elections which ensued, the Fifty-second Congress bent the knee of allegiance to the Jeffersonian principles and called Charles F. Crisp to the speakership of the House. In the caucus which preceded the formal ballot he was opposed by some of the best men in the party, among the number being Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, and he received the nomination only by the narrowest margin; but, in the chair of office, so conspicuously marked was his knowledge of parliamentary law, his fairness in making decisions even when party interests were involved, his calm and courteous bearing under the most provocative assaults of partisan antagonism and his prestige for statesmanship, that he was virtually unopposed for reelection. Thus not only over the Fifty-second but also over the Fifty-third Congress he held the gavel, and in the opinion of both sides of the chamber his efficiency as a presiding officer was unsurpassed.

On each of the occasions which witnessed the election of Mr. Crisp to the speakership, the republican candidate was Thomas B. Reed, of Maine. Again, when the Fifty-fourth Congress assembled the same contestants were upon the field. Mr. Crisp received the solid democratic support, but the republicans were once more in control of the Government, and Mr. Reed was elected. On assuming the gavel Mr. Reed immediately promulgated the rules by virtue of which he became known as the Czar. They were not only innovations upon the established precedents of the House but they were departures from the time-honored prescriptions of parliamentary law. He insisted upon counting as present all members of the opposition who were observed to be in the hall, but who were constructively absent by virtue of refusing to respond when the roll was called. Despotism and dictatorialism as the rule was, in ignoring the minority rights Speaker Reed was sustained by the dominant faction to which he belonged. Since then the democrats have never re-

gained the ascendancy in Congress and the rule has been continuously enforced. Some lively passages-at-arms occurred between Speaker Reed and Mr. Crisp, during the stormy days of the Fifty-fourth Congress; and on more than one occasion the presiding officer beheld, in the person of the Georgia congressman, another Daniel come to judgment.

But the critical moment in the life of Judge Crisp came in 1894 when Governor Northen tendered him the seat made vacant by the death of Sen. Alfred H. Colquitt, in the upper branch of Congress. This unsolicited compliment came as a surprise to Judge Crisp. But the appointment was made in recognition of his distinguished services to the state and in deference to the evident wishes of the people of Georgia. Mr. Crisp was then occupying the speaker's chair. He was not indifferent to this great honor; but, fettered by official obligations which he could not disregard, he suppressed the dictates of ambition and declined the proffered appointment.

Thrice Caesar is said to have put away the crown which was offered him by Mark Antony upon the Lupercal. But the virtuous example of the great Roman general, in repelling, three separate times, the imperial emblem, was an act which involved no greater sacrifice and bespoke no truer patriotism than did the self-abnegating course of this conscientious Georgian in refusing only once the senatorial toga.

To represent Georgia in the United States Senate had been the dream of Mr. Crisp since first entering the arena of politics. He had made no effort to disguise an ambition which was both legitimate and honorable. Temperamentally he was better fitted for the sober councils of the upper branch of Congress than for the violent wrangles of the popular chamber. Moreover, when the appointment was tendered, he received assurances from more than one senatorial aspirant in the state to the effect that he would have no opposition before the Georgia legislature; and, among the recognized candidates who gave him this magnanimous pledge was Hon. Augustus O. Bacon. The coveted prize seemed to be fairly glittering within the grasp of the great Georgian. But rather than abandon what he considered to be his post of duty at the national capital he preferred to lay his cherished ambition upon the altar: an act of unselfish devotion which suggested the sacrifice of Iphigenia. He allowed the proffered honor of representing Georgia in the United States Senate to pass unappropriated. Thereupon the appointment was tendered to Hon. Patrick Walsh, and the Legislature, which met in the winter following, confirmed the appointment of Mr. Walsh for the unexpired term and for the long term gave the vacant seat to Mr. Bacon.

However, the people of Georgia were bent upon rewarding the faithful servant, and on the resignation of Senator Gordon in 1896 he was overtured to enter the race. Being no longer bound by the obligations of the speakership, he took the field; but he insisted upon going directly before the people, in order that no mistake might be made in ascertaining the popular preference. It was the time when free silver and sound money were the differentiating terms which divided the democratic hosts, and feeling throughout the state ran high. Several joint debates between Speaker Crisp and Hon. Hoke Smith enlivened the campaign. Mr. Smith, who was then secretary of the interior in President Cleveland's

Cabinet, took the sound-money side, while Speaker Crisp took the free-silver side, and the discussions which followed were worthy of the best days of the hustings in Georgia. Mr. Smith was not an avowed candidate for the senatorial toga and merely sought to bring Georgia to the support of the administration upon the financial question. But Georgia was partial to the plume of William J. Bryan. She preferred free silver, and when the sentiment of the state upon the monetary problem was registered Mr. Smith withdrew from the Cabinet to give his vote to the democratic nominee. In the ballots which were cast for Mr. Crisp the lines between the opposing factions were very loosely drawn, and he received the support of many who differed with him upon the financial policy of the Government, but who admired his character and desired to recompense his patriotic unselfishness. County after county endorsed him for the senatorial seat until the whole state became an enthusiastic herald in acclaiming him the choice of the people of Georgia for the office to which he aspired. But the days of Mr. Crisp were numbered. Throughout the campaign the pallor of disease had been slowly deepening and, exactly one week before the Legislature assembled to ratify the action of the people expressed at the polls, death intervened, substituting the celestial for the senatorial bays and adding the eternal to the temporal reward.

The cause of Mr. Crisp's death was heart trouble, from which he suffered at times the most acute paroxysms of pain. He died on October 23, 1896, at Doctor Holmes' Sanitarium in Atlanta, whither he was compelled to betake himself amid the excitements of the campaign. He was succeeded in the House by his gifted son, Hon. Charles R. Crisp, the present judge of the city court of Americus, while Hon. Alexander Stephens Clay fell heir to the senatorial toga.

Though it was little suspected at the time by the enthusiastic multitudes who witnessed the famous joint debates, Mr. Crisp was an intense sufferer throughout the entire canvass, and it was sheer will power alone which kept him upon his feet. The writer well remembers the attack which he sustained at Albany immediately after the discussion, which took place under the old chautauqua tent, was concluded. The speech was one of Mr. Crisp's best. Despite an air of weariness which he wore upon the platform, he spoke with great vigor and with marvelous effect, calling forth round after round of applause from the delighted audience; but on returning to the home at which he was stopping he was seized with an attack of his old malady, which made it necessary to send for the doctor post haste. Yet he recovered only to renew immediately the active work of the canvass; and few surmised the real nature of the trouble which was destined eventually to end his brave life. Indeed, when later on he was compelled to abandon public speaking, thousands were surprised and some few partisan critics ventured to suggest that he was actuated by the apprehension of defeat. But the gallant foeman who had received and returned his fire upon the hustings was prompt to rebuke the mistaken surmise. He may not have been aware of the deadly inroads, which the malady was making but he recognized the Spartan virtues of his antagonist.

Mr. Crisp's last speech was made at Rome. Congressman John W.



Maddox, who was to introduce him to the audience, called at the hotel an hour in advance of the appointed time to consult the speaker's wishes, and much to his surprise he found him writhing in pain. As soon as the paroxysm had partially passed, he urged him in justice to himself to cancel the engagement, since he was in no physical condition to speak. But Mr. Crisp protested.

"No," said he, "I shall soon be better. The speaking has been announced and the people expect to hear me. I am ready to accompany you to the platform."

Knowing how weak he was, Judge Maddox says that he expected to see him fall at any moment. "But," added the ex-congressman, "he held the audience spellbound for more than an hour and he made an argument which for vigor of thought could hardly have been surpassed." Still Judge Maddox entreated him to make no more speeches during the canvass, and to this earnest exhortation he finally yielded. Time went on. At last the feverish mid-summer heat died out of the air and the cool days began to come; but, when the song of the reapers was lifted in the harvest fields, there flashed in the mellow sunlight another scythe, and the pale invalid saw the bright tints creep for the last time over the autumnal forest. On the eve of the assembling of the Legislature he realized with pathetic satisfaction that he was the choice of the people of Georgia for the coveted seat in the American Senate; but, like the old Hebrew prophet on the heights of Nebo, he only surveyed the land which he was destined never to enter. It may have been something better upon which his eyes were to feast. At any rate, the journey was over, and, in the sweet phrase of the English laureate, "God's finger touched him and he slept."