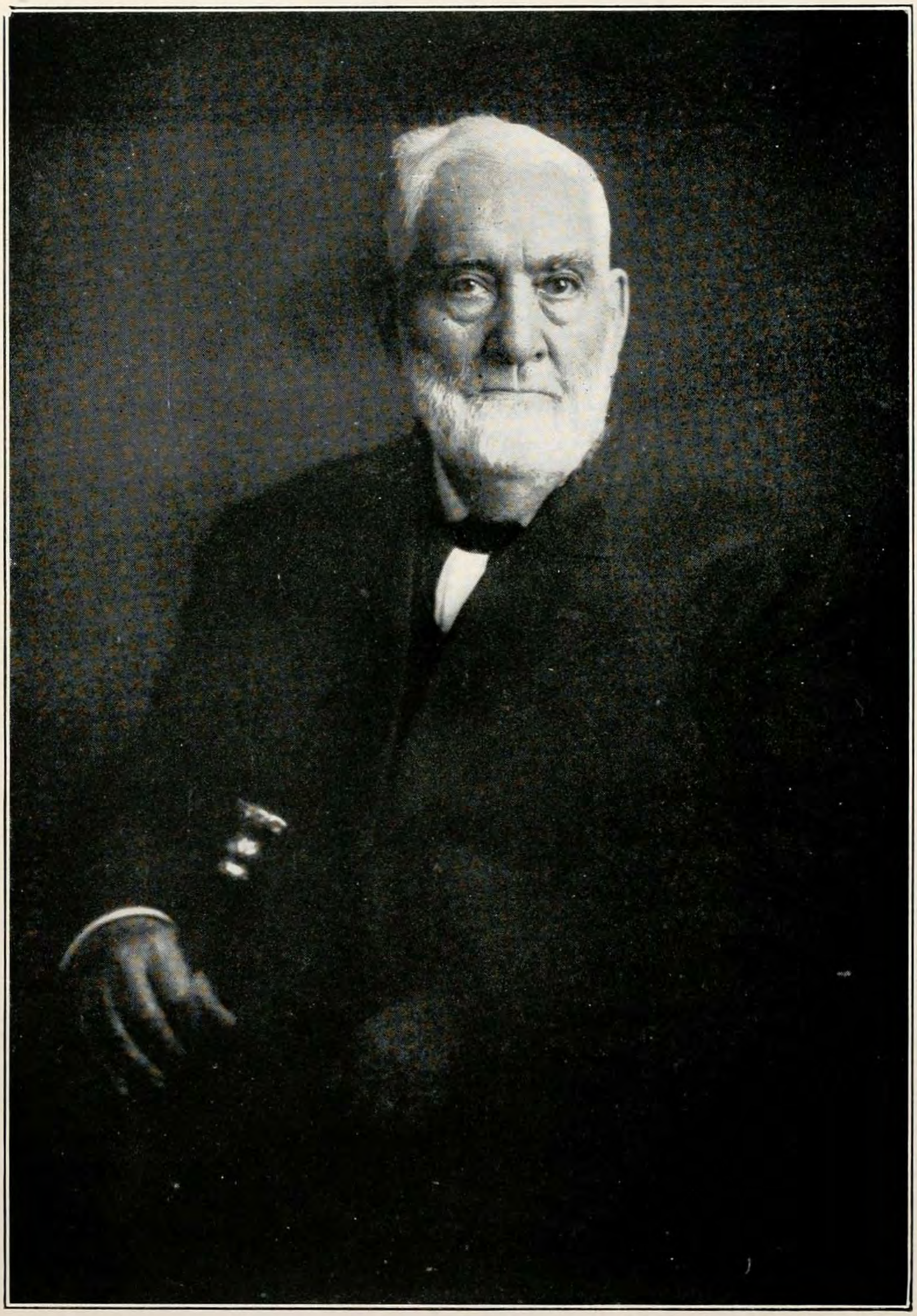
My Autobiography

By William Jasper Cotter, A.M.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY



REV. W. J. COTTER

AT AGE OF EIGHTY-FIVE

My

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By WILLIAM JASPER COTTER, A.M.

Who has lived nearly a quarter century beyond the allotted threescore years and ten and has been a Methodist preacher in Georgia for seventy-three years

Edited by

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PREFACE

On coming into this world and becoming acquainted with it I found things too numerous to mention prepared for my comfort by those who had gone before. It is my single aim to do something, if possible, for the good of those who may come after me. Hence I write this book, which I have finished June 16, 1917, at the age of ninety-three years and seven months.

In grateful remembrance I dedicate it to James Gouedy and his wife, born Halliburton, for their kindness to the lone girl and myself after she became my wife.

I also tender my heartfelt thanks to Charles O. Jones, D.D., for whose generous assistance in preparing this volume of personal reminiscences I am greatly indebted.

William Jasper Cotter.

INTRODUCTION

THOSE who do not live in historic times are recompensed by knowing, hearing, or reading those who were actors in pioneer days. When we read of the Cherokees in North Georgia and of their removal by the Federal government to the distant West, we are in a sort of historical haze, where it is easy to confuse that tragic event with other incidents of a remoter past. Indeed, memory must take an aëroplane flight to visualize occurrences that stirred Georgia and other parts of the Union as far back as 1835, more than fourscore years ago.

Yet when the Cherokees migrated, the author of this autobiography was a boy in his teens. He was alert and open-eyed to the quick-moving scenes of the human drama whose actors were hardy pioneers, soldiers of State and nation, and the red men unwilling to leave the fertile and beautiful territory where their forefathers had hunted the deer in primeval forests and speared the trout in limpid mountain streams.

The removal of these Indians, the most intelligent of all our aboriginal inhabitants, has caused a tremendous amount of historical and critical writing. By many authors Georgia has been harshly censured for the treatment of the Cherokees and the violence that in some cases was inflicted upon the defenseless Indians. The author of this book was a witness, and he writes out of his own experience and observation. He gives us first-hand information. He defends and acquits Georgia of violence and cruelty to the Indians. The chapters concerning this are the longest in the book, but will repay close reading, and with their documentary evidence should convince all except those blinded by prejudice.

Since the author was born all great modern improvements,

from the railroad to the flying machine, have been developed; the State has grown into a populous and prosperous commonwealth; the States of the Union have been welded into a mighty nation; and the Church of which the author has been an honored and loved minister for over seventy-two years has become immeasurably strong in numbers, resources, and spiritual power.

These experiences of almost a century have been clearly and faithfully depicted in the following pages. They have been written primarily for the descendants of the men and women mentioned in these pages, and the author has been discursive and not crisp and cold, as in a scientific or philosophical treatise. They are interesting reading and, because of the method, have needed only the slightest touch of an editorial hand. They will be a mine of information to future writers of formal history.

As we read these reminiscences of the Nestor of Georgia Methodism let us murmur a song of gratitude that our forefathers, by the divine blessing, developed for us this goodly heritage, resolve to embrace the glorious opportunities opened to us because of their labors, and breathe a gentle prayer that the author may complete his full century of years and then go to rejoin his Rachel, whose loveliness and love he has embalmed in this interesting book. CHARLES O. JONES.

TRINITY CHURCH, ATLANTA, GEORGIA, July 4, 1917.

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PART ONE

BOYHOOD DAYS AND THE GEORGIA CHEROKEES

CHAPTER I

My Ancestors and Moving from Home

MY grandfather, William Cotter, was born in County Down, Ireland. When a young man he came to Virginia and there married Miss Catherine Vance. They settled in Union District, South Carolina, where, on November 28, 1789, my father, John Vance Cotter, was born. He was brought up on a farm, with the school advantages of that day. His family was Presbyterian, and its members gathered around the family altar in daily prayer. Father was a soldier in the War of 1812 and was stationed at Charleston. When peace was declared, he came to Georgia and traded on the borders with the Cherokee Indians.

My mother was Miss Mary Ann Nall, born in Chatham County, North Carolina, June 12, 1796, and was reared in old Pendleton, South Carolina. My father and mother were married December 19, 1819. To them were born six children, three boys and three girls. My sister Emeline E. was the oldest and in all respects a noble woman. She was an intimate friend of Miss Joanna Troutman, who designed the Lone Star flag of Texas. My sister never married, and after our parents grew old she became the head of the household. She died in 1872 in Arkansas while on a visit with our other sisters.

I was the second child and was born in Hall County, at Cotter's Store, November 16, 1823. I was named William Jasper, evidently after Sergeant Jasper, the Revolutionary hero who replaced the American flag on Fort Moultrie after it had been shot down June 28, 1776, and was mortally wounded in trying to place the colors on Spring Hill redoubt at Savan-

nah October 7, 1779. My brother Robert, next to me in age, died a member of the Georgia Conference, leaving a wife, born Caroline McRae, and three children. My youngest brother, J. C. K., married Miss Malinda Green, one of the best of women. Much of his time he has taught country schools and still survives at the age of eighty-nine. My sister Louisa was a most amiable character. She married Thomas Smith, son of a local preacher, and bore him four children, surviving him many years. She died in 1888 at the age of fifty-seven. Martha, the youngest, was born in 1834, married a Mr. Canterbury, and still lives at Mountain Home, Arkansas. We were a harmonious family to the end of the days.

My parents settled in Hall County, Georgia, at a place known for years as Cotter's Store, now Gillsville. Pioneers had located thirty years before in this eastern part of the county, on a section of fine farming land between the Oconee and Grove Rivers. I may mention some of our early neighbors: The Garrisons, Caseys, Terrells, Buffingtons, Rileys, Bowens, Cowans, Peepleses, and others equally worthy. The community had good schools and a high standard of morals. The Baptist church was at Timber Ridge, where they had large Associations. The Methodist meetings were held at Wesley Chapel, Miller's Meetinghouse, and old Dry Pond Camp Ground.

The larger portion of the county was west of the Oconee. The county had been organized in 1818. The first members of the County Court were: Jacob Eberhart, John Bates, John V. Cotter (my father), Nehemiah Garrison, and William Cobb. The first thing for the court to do was to select a site for the county seat. The Big Spring and the Lime Kiln were nominated. My father suggested the place where the city of

Gainesville now stands, then an unbroken forest. He also suggested the name for the new city that was to be in honor of Gen. Edmond Pendleton Gaines, under whom he had served during the war. The surveyor who laid off the site was a great-uncle of the late Governor Terrell. The deed to the lot bore the names of the five judges already mentioned.

Our old home originally called for eight hundred and eight acres of land, but had been divided into three parts, called the Garrison, Cotter, and Peeples places. It was a lovely country, shaded with great trees and brightened with pinks and roses. We had a cold and living well of water and a garden fertile with the vegetables of that time. In the spring the sunshine was made more beautiful by the glittering wings of butterflies, and bird choristers made the trees vocal with their songs of praise. On Sunday mornings mother would say: "Go down to the washing place and gather some flowers." Swiftly we gathered honeysuckle and sweet shrub. As we returned mother would say: "You didn't stay long, and you kept your clothes so nice. Now I will read to you." We gathered about her knees, and she read the Bible and told us that God made all things and that Jesus Christ was our only Saviour. I have never heard any one else speak that precious name exactly with the sweetness and unction that she did. When about eight years old, I went with her to church on a beautiful Sabbath morning. As we came home she said: "I don't want to hear that man again, for he said that our Saviour is not God." She was a constant Bible reader and was well informed as to its doctrines.

The time came for us to leave our beautiful home. We disposed of most of our live stock, prepared provisions for the journey, loaded the wagons, and started on April 3, 1832.

Every place and object we passed was new. On the eleventh day we stopped at the James Monroe place, on the old Federal Road, about two miles north of what was then known as the Harlen place, now the Carter place. We were in the midst of the Cherokee Nation.

The third Sunday after we had been in our new home the Rev. Mr. McDowell preached for us. He was then surveying that district. He was a good man, and all the people I have known of that name honored it. I cannot tell how long it was before we heard another sermon. The country was a wilderness, and the Indians were about us.

CHAPTER II

My Boyhood Days with the Indians, 1832-38

WHY did we go there? Many answers might be given to the question. It would be hard to make the people of the present time understand the situation then. People had the spirit of adventure, the new country had the charms of attraction, and it was confidently believed that the Indians would all be gone in a year, at least; but they did not go till six years. After the War of 1812 my father drifted to Georgia and embarked in trading with the Indians with some success. He and his partner were neighbor boys, different in almost every respect, except David and Jonathan were not better friends. My father had great powers of endurance and complete control of his appetites. I never saw him the least intoxicated. He could sleep anywhere and eat almost anything. Smith was the opposite, dainty in his eating and particular about his sleeping. At one time the fare was too bad for him. There was a place where the prospect was better. He said: "Cotter, things look better at ——. Let us call for a nice piece of meat and cabbage and a chicken. I intend to watch how it is prepared." The meat and cabbage were nicely washed and put into the dinner pot; and so was the chicken dressed, and all started off cooking nicely. He took his partner out to tell him how well everything was going on and said he could hardly wait for it to get done. Back he went; and the two women with a stick made hair and dust fly from the dog's back, saying, "Skeener!" (their word for "Get out!") and then stirred the cabbage with the stick. It nearly killed Smith. Again he said to his friend: "Did you see that

dirty thing hit the dog and stir the cabbage? I couldn't eat a mouthful." He declined meat and cabbage, but did his duty to the chicken. Though he was doing well, there was one back at home in his mind and heart. She afterwards became his life partner. The time came when Smith and my father separated. They shed tears then and remained dear friends as long as they lived, and a hundred miles was a short distance to go to visit each other. Smith settled in Middle Tennessee, was a captain in the war of Texas in 1836 and, I think, was a prisoner in a dungeon in the City of Mexico when the war ended. The authorities at Washington sent Gen. Waddie Thompson, of South Carolina, with papers of authority to have the prisoners liberated. I heard him say that before going to a hotel or looking after baggage he went at once and saw the iron bolts drawn and the doors opened and grasped the hands of his dear countrymen, saying to them: "I have passports for you to go home with me." He said it was the gladdest hour of his life, and it made every one glad to hear him tell it. I may allude to Captain Smith again.

Cotter continued and extended the business. At that time there was a great trade center at Grayson Bend, on the Chattahoochee River, fifteen miles above LaGrange. From the mouth of Peachtree Creek, near where the city of Atlanta is, he shipped in large canoes a cargo of goods. The canoes were worked by strong negroes and Indians. The river was at flood tide, out of banks, which were bordered with canebrakes, a home for wild beasts. Great gangs of wild turkeys flew over their heads, filling the air with the whir of their wings. The dangerous voyage was safely made, but a great calamity came at the last moment. In turning the canoes in the bend of the river to land, the whole cargo capsized, and

everything was lost. The crew escaped safely and, in the best way they could, made their way back home, going pretty much over what is now the line of the West Point Railroad.

Grayson's Bend had its name from Sam Grayson, the most widely known man in all that part of the country up and down the Chattahoochee and then to the white settlements in the eastern part of the State. Grayson's trails led out in every direction and are still spoken of by the old people of Troup and other counties. I don't know that Sam Grayson had Indian blood in him. I think not. But he had great influence over them and over the whites also. He was a man of honor, most hospitable, and kept an open and orderly house. My father had great respect for Sam Grayson. After the country was settled, the place was known as the Colonel Townes place, named for the father of George W. B. Townes, Georgia's Chesterfieldian Governor.

I saw that interesting part of the State when all was new—waters in the creeks and rivers as clear as crystal; rich valleys, hills, and mountains covered with a thick forest; a land of beautiful flowers—white, pink, yellow, and red honeysuckles, redwood and dogwood blossoms, wild roses, and others. The ground was covered with violets, sweet williams, and other beauties. There was plenty of wild game—deer, turkey, and other varieties. When first seen, all was in lovely, beautiful spring, and I was nine years old.

Many and varied were the troubles encountered with the wild animals, bears, panthers, and wolves, and the smaller ones, wildcats, coons, and foxes. I never saw a bear in the woods; but they were numerous, and many were killed. I saw a panther three hundred yards from the house. The cattle in the lane scented it and were excited. Panthers killed colts, spring-

ing from the limb of a tree. I have often seen the prints of their claws on a colt's back and sometimes on grown horses. Wolves howled in hearing on the mountain, but never did much mischief. The smaller animals gave the trouble. Standing in the yard, we could hear the foxes barking; and coons were nearly as bad as hogs in destroying corn. They began on it before it was in roasting ear. The Indians had no dogs, but small curs, which were of little account. There were no hounds. Colonel Carter's overseer brought two from Milledgeville, and Mr. Black got some from Buncombe, North Carolina. We soon trained them to hunt together; and in the winter and spring we caught twenty-seven foxes, four wildcats, and quite a number of coons. It was the gray fox, and usually the chase was fun. If started by eight o'clock, it was caught by twelve; if at four o'clock in the morning, it was caught a little after sunup. We never saw a red fox there. Once in a while the dogs were out all night, and we did not know what they were after. When they caught a fox they would lie down around it for several hours, then one after another would leave. Old Buncombe was the last to go in the afternoon. Walking around the fox, he would howl as loud as he could and start for home with a look of disappointment. He was a large, leopard-colored dog and was the leader of the pack. While the others stayed, he was always nearest the dead fox. Only hunters know the meaning of "as cunning as a fox," when, far ahead of the dogs, he runs back on logs, runs a little way up trees and from log to log, then jumps as far as he can and often eludes his pursuers. The chase was hard on horses. Wildcats can run up a tree and are usually shot. Coon-hunting involves hard work as well as lots of fun. Late one fall, while gathering corn about dark, a company of boys

came for a coon hunt; and, grabbing a handful of bread and meat, I went with them. Early in the night we treed a coon up one of the largest poplars on the creek. It would never do to give up. The tree had to come down. We sent home for help. White boys and negroes came with axes and supper. It was about daylight when the tree fell. We held the dogs, that they might not be killed by the tree. The coon escaped, crossed the creek, and ran up a small tree. We cut it down in twenty minutes and got the coon. It was sunup then. An old coon can easily whip a young dog and is a full match for an old dog.

On that spot I had a most fearful encounter with a large rattlesnake, alone with a good dog that killed nearly every snake that he found. He seized them with his teeth and shook them to death in a little time. It was a sand bar barren of weeds. The rattler was coiled ready to strike. I saw his eyes and realized the expression, "as mad as a rattlesnake." Had he not been in his coil, the dog would have seized him, but he knew the snake could strike first and so held off. It would never do for a boy to let such a snake live, and with a ten-foot fence rail the blow was struck that turned the tide of battle.

That year's hunting thinned out the wildcats, coons, foxes, minks, skunks, opossums, and other varmints that troubled us. A traveler told us how to catch wild turkeys. Next day we followed instructions. With an ax and a hoe we cut down some little pines, dug a trench, and made a pen so that a turkey would come up in the middle of the pen and have to look down in order to get out. This the frightened bird would not do, but would hold his head high. I baited the trench with corn and soon caught two large turkeys and proudly carried

them home. Squirrels and opossums were in great abundance. Great fat opossums were dressed, put on the roof of the smokehouse during a frosty night, and the next day cooked with potatoes, making a dish fit for a king or an American sovereign.

CHAPTER III

Years of Labor and Trial

MR. WILLIAM MAY was living at the Monroe place. He was a nice old gentleman of seventy years, and his wife was about the same age. He owned negroes and was well off. He had brought up a large family, equally divided in sons and daughters, all well educated. One daughter married George Harlan, a rich half Indian. I heard Harlan say that if Mr. May had said "No" when he asked for Ann he would have knocked him into the Chattahoochee. They were on the bank of the river near Winn's Ferry. That knock was a joke, for her father and brothers were strong men. Mrs. Harlan was an estimable woman. They lived in a two-story frame house painted white. She painted the stair steps. At the end of our journey I spent my first night in that house. He owned a large plantation on the Coosawattee. What crops of corn, three or more stalks to the hill, yielding sixty or more bushels to the acre! Woe to the hands that gathered it, for their clothes were as thickly covered with cockleburs and Spanish needles as the hairs on a dog's back! He had a large orchard of apples, peaches, and other fruits. Better fruit it would be hard to find. They were the best of neighbors, but they left for the West in 1834.

James Monroe was a skilled mechanic, millwright, etc., and held a permit from the government and the Indians to live there and be protected. He went in 1816 and built the only grist and saw mills. Monroe was a nephew of the late Rev. W. M. Crumley. Monroe's death was tragic. Riding in a gallop, his horse threw him against a tree and killed him.

This was before we went; but the tree was pointed out, and I saw it many a time. The tree died; and some years after, on a still day, it fell and killed a yoke of oxen, the driver narrowly escaping. His grave was inclosed, and when we children went to it on Sunday mornings we talked low and walked lightly. We did not see as many graves then as we do now.

The surveyors were there. I saw them running the lines, marking the station trees and corner posts, shaving off the outside bark of the trees, and making the figures telling the number of the lot of land. Where one of those trees is now alive, the figures are to be plainly seen to this day. Mr. McDowell, a Baptist preacher, surveyed that district. He preached for us on a beautiful Sunday morning in May. These men had a hard time getting on in the wildwoods. On the side of a mountain a rattlesnake in his coil ready to strike looked them in the face. They reported that three days after the full moon in May and August was the best time to kill trees. A lick with a hatchet sometimes killed a chestnut tree.

A month had gone, and there was no home to buy nor one to rent. The State owned all the land. Father was disappointed in his plans. Three miles away there was a nice new cabin which had never been occupied. He bought it and moved it on the road between the Monroe and Harlan places, a lovely locality, with one of the best springs of good water, all in the woods. We cleared a place and planted a little garden. How we crowded so many things in the little cabin it would be hard to explain.

The cabin was made of small logs nicely notched down at the corners and squared at the ends, with joists and a loft. First the trees had to be cut down and cleared away. Hence rails and boards were in demand. Some tall oaks leaning the

other way had to come town too. Mother said we did not know which way the wind might blow. A forest is a dark and lonely place, and we were cheered by the light the little opening gave us. Nature's surroundings were grand. On the east near by was a ledge of mountains, in all other directions a rich and beautiful country. As time offered we fenced lots, built stables, and opened land. We bought chickens and a cow from an Indian who lived on Chicken Creek. He was well-to-do and had a large house with a hall, piazza, and dining room. He took in travelers. At a supper there we had bear meat, clabber, and honey. He had about a hundred bee stands. The gums were of hollow trees set on rocks or pieces of boards, two or three by a tree. The old people understood but could not speak a word of English. The younger ones could talk. His name was Calarxee and his wife's Takee, and we named the cow Takee. When they left, mother bought her large washpot, a good article of English castings. I don't know how long it had been used by old Takee; but it rendered good service in our family for many years, not only for washing and scrubbing, but in general cleaning up. The old-time housekeepers knew the worth of a big pot of hot water. Then, at the right time of the moon, stirring the right way with a sassafras stick, it was used for soap-making, also for making lye hominy and the cooking of a big gobbler that was too large for any oven on the place. Fifty years ago I fell heir to that useful relic, and I prize it highly for its age and associations with the long, long ago. It is well taken care of now.

It was not long until we had a log house, which was followed by a good frame house. We built good stables and cribs, planted fruit trees and a garden, and in time cleared a large body of good land. So I know by experience what it means

to make a string of fence half a mile long with heavy new rails. We had fine geese, ducks, turkeys, hogs, and cows. At one time we milked nine cows. I had good experience in slaughtering and putting away meat. We all fell in love with our new home. In the spring we had boxes and gourds hung up for the martins. One came early and selected his gourd or hole in the box. The next time he brought his bride. Then ever so many came, and how they did sing and fight the hawks! Before long we had bee gums and plenty of honey.

The place where we built is known now, I think, as the Joe McIntyre place. We left no relatives there. When we first went, the wealthy mixed bloods received us cordially; but they were all gone by 1835, and we felt our loss.

The year 1835 was the most trying year with the newcomers there. We suffered more from the bad Indians and white outlaws; for instance, the killing of the Bowman family, which consisted of Bowman, his wife and little girl, and an old blind aunt. Having a grudge against him, George Tooke, a bad Indian, and five or six more went to the house. Bowman fought them bravely, wounding one of them. Overpowering him, they split his head open with an ax, then did the same to his wife. They left the old aunt in the house to be burned. The Indians set the house on fire and stood around to see it burn. The little girl ran out. They saw the little girl, and Tooke snatched her up in his arms. She clinched his shirt sleeves in her hands. He then threw her into the flames, she with part of his shirt still in her hands. The whole family suffered death in the burning house. Tooke and his men remained in the neighborhood for some days. Creek Ben, the one whom Bowman had wounded, was thrown in a deep creek and drowned. Tooke fled to Cherokee County. Upon being

arrested, he was severely wounded by a gunshot. He lay in jail at Canton until he was able to be carried to Cassville, where he was hanged. I had a thrilling account of Tooke's arrest and talked with the sheriff who was in charge of the execution. The locality is in Gordon County and is, I suppose, kept fresh in the traditions of the county.

The same conditions entered into the courts. This rougher element violated their oaths without a qualm of conscience, especially where the rights of the better classes were involved. My father was deeply interested in public affairs and did what he could to have good men elected to office. He himself was a judicial officer. He suffered dearly for his efforts in behalf of the general welfare and the office he held, on one occasion barely escaping with his life. One evening he was sitting quietly in his house when one of the outlaws forced his way through the door. He was a large white man, and before we were hardly aware of his intentions he had given my father some heavy blows with a club. Father sprang from his seat and grappled with the ruffian for the club. My brave little mother seized the assailant around the waist and cried to me: "William, get the ax." This I did and began to use the blade with all my might on the man's legs. When I began this attack, the man hastily retreated. It was not our custom to leave the ax at the woodpile, and it was fortunate that in this case we had it readily accessible. The rascal left the county and was never afterwards seen in those parts. He reported to some of his friends that I was a dangerous boy with a sharp ax. The reader must not conclude from this that I was a "game" boy, for I have never had a fight nor even a quarrel with anybody in my life.

When about thirteen years old I carried the mail on horse-

back from Rock Spring to Spring Place, a distance of about twelve miles. Returning one evening through a thick forest, I met a body of United States infantry in blue uniform. I had never seen the like before. The officer in command halted me and asked me to let him open the mail. I told him that I was under oath not to allow any one that privilege. He told me very politely that he had the right to do so. I dismounted, and he opened the mail bag, examining every piece.

Of course the people were in dread of the dangers, and for this reason there were bodies of soldiers stationed at different places to intimidate the Indians. Many people had already come, and by 1836 there were thousands of the best families that had already moved in.

What has been said about Murray County applies to other counties in that part of the State. The Floyds, Walkers, Lees, Quillians, McFarlands, etc., were the best of citizens. We welcomed every newcomer, and the friendship and strong attachment felt can be appreciated only by going through the same experience. It makes the best of neighbors.

CHAPTER IV

Some Indian Traits and Customs

A MILE above the crossing, in the first of the Indian homes I visited, lived an old Indian with some white blood in him. It was said that his father was an old Tory who had been killed by a white man with a long knife. Although more than eighty years ago, I distinctly recall the visit and most of the objects I saw—the ten-toed speckled chickens, the numerous cur dogs, the beautiful black-and-white-spotted cows, and the active ponies. Note the Indian names: Chicken, "shetaugee"; dog, "keetler"; hog, "sequan"; cow, "walker"; horse, "sequilla." The old Indian could speak a few English words. He was a peaceable neighbor and sometimes took a meal with us, sitting at arm's length from the table and holding the knife and fork with the ends of his fingers. His wife had the Indian reticence among strangers and never opened her mouth to a white visitor. With a woman's curiosity, my mother called to see them one evening. They were cooking tripe, and she asked: "Uncle Will, what do you call this?" He answered: "We call it squaller." An appropriate name, for one might squall with pain after eating it.

What the Indians called a town was nothing like our idea. It was a section of eight or ten miles of country with few houses or settlements. Each town had its name. Rabbit Trap was the name of one on the Cussawattee River, Cussawattee Old Town another, and others were Owl Town and Turnip Town. Their homes were bare of all comforts. In bitter cold weather they slept in large pits called hothouses. Hothouse Creek, in Gilmer County, takes its name from these Indian warming

places. There were no family dining tables. Next to the wall stood a table three feet long and two feet wide, on which were two cedar keelers, the capacity of each being about two gallons. In one was a stiff mush of corn meal made largely of parched corn. The mush was carried to the mouth with the fore and middle fingers and was, therefore, called two-fingered mush. Soup was drunk out of a large wooden spoon. These two vessels were kept full, and any one coming in was free to partake of soup or mush or both. The Cherokee name for the soup was "connahanee," and the Creeks called it "sofkee." Somewhere in Georgia there is a town called Sofkee.

The Indians lived much on game. When a deer or cow or any other fresh meat was brought in, it was boiled or roasted and eaten late in the afternoon, all the family being present. They would tear off a slice of the flesh and eat to their fill. There were many fallen trees, and they picked up much of their firewood. They cut down the smallest trees and cut the sticks for the fireplace six or eight feet long. These they would put in the fire and push up as they were burned. They were neither fond of nor fit for house or field work. I spent but one night in any of their cabins, and this cabin was in a dark section called Mountain Town. The fare was boiled eggs and boiled sweet potatoes for supper and breakfast. They slept on deerskin spread on the floor, and some hard substance answered for a pillow. I left as soon as I could the next morning, with due courtesy to my host, and was hardly out of sight before I dismounted from my horse and vomited. After lying on the ground a half hour or so, I remounted my horse and reached home in safety.

The Indians did not marry young, nor did they wait until they were old. Boys and girls usually stayed at home until

they were fully grown. There was not much ceremony at a marriage, but they lived together. Few couples parted. Only a few of the rich chiefs had two wives. As a rule, they all married. The women wanted a home and a protector and the men a wife to do the work. Usually there were not many children in a family, and the little Indians took to the water and could swim like ducks. The ambition of a boy was to shoot with his bow and arrows, and he soon became an archer. I have seen them shoot a squirrel out of the top of a tall tree. Their bows were made of sycamore, and the arrows of reeds. They were great ball players. Crowds went for miles to see a ball game. It lasted several days. I remember the stick with which they caught the ball, but no one would understand it if described. They were rough players. There were many bruised bodies and broken bones, and almost at every ball game there was one or more killed. Annually they had a green corn dance after roasting ears were fully matured. They tied terrapin shells, with something to make them rattle, to their ankles and moved around in a large circle quite slowly, making a grunting noise. They held on till late in the night, then tumbled down and slept almost anywhere. There was solemnity in the green-corn dance. When traveling they walked or rode one after another. If the road was ever so wide, they went in single file. The sober Indians would give anything for whisky. They would give corn for it; and if the measure was heaped, they would say: "You don't heap the whisky." They would get drunk the quickest and the drunkest of any people I ever saw. But there was always one sober Indian. If two or ten were together, one was sober and took care of all the knives and pocketbooks and had a sad face all the time; but the next time he was the first man to get drunk.

I don't remember to have seen a drunken woman. The wife had whatever property she brought into the family.

When marauding parties went to the white settlements and carried off boys and girls, they put plaited strings around the necks of the captives that were not to be killed and to signify whose property each captive was. They were afraid of an angry cloud, and the women would hold up a dog to turn away the thunderbolt. Hume, in his "History of the Ancient Irish," says they did the same things—put plaited strings upon captives, and the women held up a dog before the angry cloud to turn away the lightning. Who can explain it? No such occurrence took place in my day, but I heard it from the lips of the honored grandmother of the late Rev. A. J. Deavors. She herself was a captive for nearly a year and saw the strings and the dogs. Her story was a thrilling one. It was in South Carolina, in the locality of Lossen's Fork. It was a bright, moonlight night. Quite a number of friends were at a neighbor's house. Two girls were walking to the spring, and one said: "What if the Indians were to come?" In a moment all the men were shot down, the house plundered, the horses taken, and she and her little brother and sister were carried away as captives. The account of the captives I had from the lips of the old lady. They were taken from the western part of South Carolina, then a frontier. Their raid was at the full of the moon in the fall of the year, and they got away as fast as they could. They traveled by night and hid away in the dark forests all day, going and coming. Their trail was by Reinhardt, across Pine Log Mountain, to Pine Log Valley. Friendly Indians told where they were. A band of white soldiers rescued them.

I attended only one Indian service. The weather on this

occasion was cold and damp. The arbor under which the meeting was held was covered with brush, and the seats were comfortable. The attendance was fairly good. The minister and the hearers seemed quite devout. The meeting continued for six or seven days, six or eight members being added to the Church. An Indian named Watt Foster could speak English fairly well, and I think he could also write it. He was always a welcome visitor at our home. After the meeting he came and reported the names of the newly added members. He said that Aunt Katie Falon was one. When asked if she was baptized, he answered, "Yes." "Had she not been baptized before?" "Yes." "Why did they baptize her again?" "To make her stronger." There had been a Baptist mission that they had attended, but I am unable to give the location of this work.

The Rev. Jesse Bushyhead, a half Indian, preached once in our house. In the course of his sermon he said: "Some one said, 'Indians have no souls.' Do you think I have only half a soul? I think I have a whole soul that is full of the love of God, and I live to preach that love."

George Tassels, the first Indian hanged under the law of Georgia, was executed at Gainesville on a cold, sleety day. I remember it well. We had not moved from Hall County then. Twenty years afterwards I saw his skeleton with coagulated blood about his neck. Tassels had killed Andrew Falon, a good Indian, the son, I think, of Aunt Katie Falon.

About ten miles from New Echota we called at an Indian house and asked for sweet potatoes and boiled eggs, as we were hungry. The squaw removed the shells from the eggs until she came to the last one, which had a chick in it about ready to hatch. She ate the wings and legs of this unhatched

fledgling before us without seeming at all abashed. She was a fair sample of ninety-five per cent of the Indians of that day.

The quickening touch of trade and commerce beginning to move the people of the wild tribes, hundreds of Indians went to the rich coves of the mountains to dig gentian and pinkroot for their medicinal properties. They packed great loads upon their ponies and delivered them where they could be carried off in wagons. In the fall of the year they went to the mountains for chestnuts and gathered large quantities for the market. Often some of the party ate too many and died from it.

CHAPTER V

Early Politics and Preaching

THOSE first years were years of great strain and trial. It was not unlike going from one place to another where people and objects were familiar, but the very opposites were met everywhere. Often we talked over our troubles and as often broke down with a hearty cry. Dear mother's burden was the heaviest of all, as she was in constant fear of the Indians. The troubles and the transitional state of the country blocked everything like business. Father could do but little. He was not afraid, nor rash, but cautious. In the midst of drunken Indians and white men he had presence of mind and knew what to do at the moment. Three times he narrowly escaped death by lightning—at Gainesville, when a horse was killed and he was knocked to his knees; in Murray County, alone in the woods, he was thrown to the ground and stunned for a time; and on the public road near a large pine tree the thunderbolt shivered the tree, and he fell from his horse and was not hurt. I never heard him express the least fear of lightning.

There were two political parties; and politics, like noxious weeds, grew spontaneously in every place. Major Ridge headed one party and John Ross the other. Ridge told his people that it was better to accept the offers of the government, get pay, and go West. The Ridge party were all friendly to the whites and good neighbors. In 1833-34, when the laws of the State were set up and the oath of allegiance was taken, white men who had taken up with the Indians could take the oath and get an office. The law is a dangerous weapon when in the

hands of bad men. One has to experience such a condition to know its evils.

In 1836-37 a little light came. Families moved in—the Catheys, Blacks, Brights, a colony of North Carolinians. From them I learned the history of the western part of the State, of Buncombe and other counties, the mountains and rivers, and remember them to this day. Aunt Eve Smith, an old maid with a fine mind, was the most charming story-teller I ever heard, and what a treat it was for us children when she came to spend the night!

We were three years without preaching. Four sermons heard in that time cannot be recalled; only two are remembered, one by the surveyor and one by a half Indian. That part of Georgia was in the bounds of the Holston Conference, and the first preacher was Rev. A. H. Ross. The Conference was held at Abingdon, Virginia. It was a long journey into a lone and dangerous field. The first night he came is well remembered, bleak and cold, in November. He called to stay all night at the Ellis Harlan place, on the Federal Road to Rock Creek. Mr. Cathey lived there then. It was a stopping place for travelers, with good accommodations. All the houses were of logs, and there were three or four—the loom house, kitchen, eating house, family room, and the house for travelers, the latter having a wide fireplace well filled with good wood. The house was full that night. They talked about the current events of the day. The lonely, well-dressed man, with a fine horse and well-filled saddlebags, had little to say, but attracted every one's attention. I, boylike, was everywhere and learned what was said. One said one thing, and some one else said that he might be a Murrell man. The country was full of talk about John A. Murrell, the great Western land pirate.

After supper was over, all settled down before the good fire; and in an impressive manner he told who he was, for what he had come, and, if agreeable to the family and those present, he would pray. The lesson from the Bible was read, and a hymn was sung. The prayer was tinged with the feeling of a stranger and with confidence in the promise, "I am with thee." All felt the pathos and power of that prayer. It touched the heart of Mrs. Cathey and maybe others. I shared the bed with him. I have not the least idea as to the wide field he went—some places to visit but once. At Dallas, in Tennessee, he was beaten by four gamblers, one the sheriff. Swift retribution followed them. One came to his death in a steamboat accident. Six months afterwards one was shot to death over a gambling table. Another was cut to death over a game of cards. In a short time the sheriff lost all he had and was a drunken vagabond till he died. I saw him at Harrison, Hamilton County, Tennessee, in 1843. The town died, and the courthouse was moved to Harrison. Perhaps Mr. Ross preached only half a dozen times at one place, but he kept appointments where he hoped his successor might do something. His labor was not in vain. He left good impressions.

Rev. W. M. Rush followed the next year. Prospects were a little brighter. The preacher was quite young, just from school and from a home of wealth, affable, and well dressed. Tight pants were the fashion, and some of the young people said that his were too tight for kneeling. But little impression was made.

Rev. Elijah Still came next. This brings us to 1837. Nothing like building a church or collecting a membership had been spoken of, but the preacher did good. He was a pure Christian with good gifts and had mixed with the peo-

ple; not light and funny, not at all cold and reserved. Where he visited he won the family and directly the people of the community. People not in the Church felt it their duty, for their credit's sake, to take care of the preacher. So one man would say to another: "You must take care of Mr. Still next time." Those who had not much love for the Methodists liked Mr. Still. They preached in private homes or some vacant house. Jeremiah Harrison, one of the faithful ones, had moved in and would exhort after the preacher. He and the preacher wanted the seed sown with their tears. Brother Harrison died in his field in a fence corner kneeling alone, as if the angels met him while engaged in prayer. The good preacher did not get on so well at some places, for at Spring Place some rude fellows of the baser sort shaved his fine horse's tail, and shaved it close to the skin. His horse was a beautiful chestnut sorrel and was highly prized by the owner. No such thing would have been done in our neighborhood. All of our settlement was up to a good average for honorable people—the Catheys, Blacks, Brights, McIntyres, Atkinsons, Carters, and others. Col. Harris Carter lived at Milledgeville (rather at Scottsboro) and was one of the largest property owners in the State. They were there during the summer. His partner, Atkinson, lived there several years. Mrs. Carter was a devout member of the Baptist Church, was deeply concerned about the training of her children, and taught them by precept and example to be Christians.

The spring of 1838 opened most beautifully. There was no cold weather after the first of March. Vegetation advanced without any backsets from cold. The buds burst into leaves and blossoms; the woods were green and gay and merry with the singing birds. The Indians started to work in their fields

earlier than ever before. Usually they were lazy and late in starting with their crops, working around logs in their fields and letting bushes and briers grow in the fence corners. That spring you could see the smoke of their log heaps or piles of ashes where the boys had been. Fence corners and hedgerows were cleaned out. The ground was well plowed and the corn planted better than ever before. Soon it was knee-high and growing nicely. They cultivated only the richest bottoms. An Indian never worked an acre of poor land.

After all the warning and with the soldiers in their midst, the inevitable day appointed found the Indians at work in their houses and in their fields. It is remembered as well as if it had been seen yesterday, that two or three dropped their hoes and ran as fast as they could when they saw the soldiers coming into the field. After that they made no effort to get out of the way. The men handled them gently, but picked them up in the road, in the field, anywhere they found them, part of a family at a time, and carried them to the post. Everything in their homes was left only for a day or two and then hauled to the post. When a hundred or more families had been collected, they were marched to Ross's Landing (now Chattanooga). It was a mournful sight to all who witnessed it—old men and women with gray hairs walking with the sad company. Provisions were made for those to ride who could not walk.

I had a part in all this tragic scene. Col. W. J. Howard, the quartermaster, boarded with us and kept his office in the Harlan house. There were no army wagons and teams, and he hired what he needed and gave father the privilege of furnishing some of the supplies for the post. Horses and oxen did most of the work. We had a yoke, strong and true, and they walked nearly as fast as horses. I was the driver, and I

hauled the first corn for their horses and perhaps the last. Daily we made five dollars, one day thirteen. Corn was worth one dollar a bushel and sold for one dollar and a half. It was a hard day's work, starting early and getting back late, and this was the daily round.

In hauling the stuff from the cabins a file of six or more men went with me as a guard. They forced open the doors and put the poor, meager household effects into the wagons, sometimes the stuff of two or three families at one load. After following me a mile or two the guards galloped away, leaving me in worse danger than any one else; for if there had been an Indian hiding out, I would have been the one to suffer.

But few of the Indians ever went back to their homes. We turned the cows and calves together, as they had been apart a day or two. Chickens, cats, and dogs all ran away when they saw us. Ponies under the shade trees fighting the flies with the noise of their bells; the cows and calves lowing to each other; the poor dogs howling for their owners; the open doors of the cabins as we left them—to have seen it all would have melted to tenderness a heart of stone. And in contrast there was a beautiful growing crop of corn and beans.

CHAPTER VI

Preparations for the Removal of the Cherokees

FROM Evans's "History of Georgia," page 228, I take the following:

In December, 1835, a treaty was made with the Indians at New Echota, a place in Gordon County not far from the town of Calhoun. The principal articles of this treaty were as follows: The Cherokee Nation gave up their claim to all lands east of the Mississippi River for the sum of five million dollars and a tract of seven million acres west of the Mississippi River. This land was never to be included in any other States. The United States agreed to protect the Cherokees from civil strife and foreign enemies, to convey them to their new homes, and to maintain them for one year after their arrival.

In 1834 a band of them broke open and robbed a smokehouse belonging to a white man who lived on the border. Eli Hicks, a friendly Indian chief, who favored the removal of the Indians to lands west of the Mississippi River, went with only two followers in pursuit of the robbers. When he found their camp, he walked in among them and began to upbraid them for their conduct. One of them fired at him, and he died two days afterwards. Several other chiefs who were willing to move West were also shot by Indians. The white families along the border were, therefore, in great terror, and troops were stationed there to preserve the peace. The United States government soon saw the necessity of taking some active steps to remove those troublesome people.

Then the treaty of 1835, already mentioned, followed. Let the reader take notice that all that is said by the calumniators is not only false, but is an absurdity. They were given from 1835 to 1838 to take their departure. The limit was May 24, 1838. Everything for their comfort was considered. The mildest time of the year was given. By the first of 1838 the government saw that it would have to move them. From twenty-five hundred to three thousand troops made their ren-

dezvous at New Echota under General Winfield Scott, an officer of experience and a most capable one. The situation required a dozen or more military posts. All was soon arranged, and by the first of March all the captains had their commands at their places. They went to work building forts and making every preparation for collecting the Indians. It was not thought there would be any fighting. The Indians had no arms to fight with; but, lest some daring bandit should give trouble, it was well enough to be prepared against it. Fort Gilmer was near the Carter place. The soldiers came on March 26, 1838. I delivered to them the first corn for their horses on that day.

On a mild May morning two men stood at our gate. Dismounted from his large, raw-boned white horse, his bridle rein on his arm, stood General Scott, with White Path, an Indian, for whom White Path Gold Mine was named. There was neither a white man nor an Indian there, only two old soldiers who had met at the battle of Horseshoe Bend. White Path exhibited a medal that General Jackson had given him for his bravery in this battle.

The names of some of the officers are: Colonel Buffington, of Hall County; Major Venable; the late Hon. Cincinnatus Peoples, then a young lawyer and secretary to the Major (this handsome young officer died soon after his return to his home, at Jefferson); Capt. C. W. Bond, of Franklin County; J. W. Horton, of Jackson County; Brewster, of Walton; Cleveland, of Franklin; Dorsey, of Hall; and Farris, of Walker. The soldiers under them were among our best citizens, intelligent and moral men.

There are civil and military codes providing for the protection of prisoners. A civil officer is bound to protect his prisoner; and a military officer that would abuse a prisoner is

always regarded as a low, mean coward. The Indians were neither prisoners nor captives. They were the defenseless wards of the government, cared for and fed from the commissary stores. From General Scott down, every soldier and citizen looked upon them with an eye of pity. I think I can safely say that there was not a man who would have abused them by word or bayonet. General Scott thought he could collect them in twenty days. It took him about thirty days. They were all gathered up by the 24th of June. No Indian stayed at the fort more than ten days, perhaps. When a sufficient number were collected, they were carried to Ross's Landing or some place outside the limit of Georgia. The Indians were not kept in the forts, but camped just outside the soldiers' camps. All old and infirm Indians were carried in wagons. The young Indians and children were as merry as larks. I had an opportunity of seeing the things of which I write. As I have said, I delivered the first corn their horses ate and perhaps the last.

Colonel Howard employed me to carry papers to Fort Hetsell, near Ellijay. It was twenty-five miles, a pathway in the mountains, one stretch of seventeen miles without a house. I had seen the track of a large man in sandy places and dreaded to overtake him. Crossing Big Mountain Town Creek, thirty yards wide, there sat the man on a log, putting on his shoes. He had waded the creek, and there was the hammer of his pistol on his vest. Holding firmly my bridle reins and my feet well in the stirrups till he was behind me, I felt better when out of sight of his pistol. The last long rays of the sun were shooting along the streets of Ellijay as I galloped up to Fort Hetsell. The next morning the soldiers took the papers. They pertained to the sale of the commissary stores at Fort Gilmer.

I was entertained with soldierly hospitality and returned home the next day.

The next year, after the soldiers and Indians were gone, I passed in those mountains the most dreadful night of my life on a business call to Ellijay and to a point about eight miles north of there. I was told that if I went a certain route I could save about five miles. All the routes were upon little narrow paths. I was directed to go by a lick log. Cattle and horses were turned in to range on the rich land of grass and pea vines. They were salted about once a week at a lick log, a long log with a place chipped out in which to put salt. The stock had come from different directions, and they spent the night at the log. It was difficult to decide which path was the right one. The wrong one was taken. Soon after crossing the big creek the path went entirely out of the way. I knew I was on the west side of the big creek, but wandered about until just before sunset. It had been a cloudy day; but half an hour before the sun set it was as bright a one as was ever seen, appearing as clear as a sunrise in the east.

I knew I was doomed for the night on the side of a mountain of rich land where years before a storm had blown down every tree. The bears usually turned over the logs for bugs. The spot where I was was thickly set with bushes and vines. Going down the mountain, I discovered a small creek running into a larger one. I dismounted and waded the creek, leading the horse over. By this time it was dark. Going up a deep ravine, I couldn't see my hand before me; so I gave my horse the bridle, and he went straight toward home until about nine o'clock. I was just over a spell of sickness and had eaten nothing since breakfast. I was nearly overcome with sleep. Where I stopped the ground was level. Wrapped

in my overcoat, my feet in my blanket, and with the saddle for a pillow, I nestled down on the south side of a log. My horse was tied near by. I slept soundly for at least three hours. There were wolves, panthers, and bears; but none of them troubled me. At different times of the night deer came up to me. Next morning, after waiting till sunup that I might get directions, I reached home safely. This was about November 30, 1839. Only the Lord knows how thankful I have been for the preservation of my life that night.

Let me here contradict what has been recorded in periodicals and books saying that the Indians hid out and fed on berries and roots, also that old Indians and little ones were left in the homes to perish. Every word of this is untrue. They felt no fear of the soldiers, realizing at once that they were their protectors. Not one of them could have been tempted to leave the camp a mile. I am persuaded that more than half of them were glad and ready to go.

Mississippi was admitted as a State and had been in possession of her territory for twenty-one years. Alabama, admitted in 1819, had been in possession of her territory nineteen years. Much-maligned Georgia had been kept from her rights thirty-six years, from 1802 to 1838. Take notice of this when you see in encyclopedias and other books that Georgia is charged with robbing the Indians of their lands.

The treaty of 1835 contemplated that all Indians would be out of Georgia by the first of July and safely landed in their Western home by the first of September, embracing the mildest part of the year. These wise provisions were all thwarted, and they were kept for a long time in Tennessee. Van Buren was President then and did not have the backbone of Jackson. As I have learned, he made a contract with Chief Ross to

carry out their removal. This delayed matters till the dead of winter, causing much sickness and many deaths. To lug this into a history of Georgia does great injustice to the State. The massacre of the three leading chiefs—Major Ridge, John Ridge, and Boudinot—was a barbarous act. As there were six hundred braves at the home of Ross that day, no one would believe that he had no hand in it any more than they would say even-handed justice had overtaken them. These men died martyrs for their country, and somewhere there ought to be a monument to perpetuate their memory. No one who knows the story of Boudinot can read it without pitying his motherless children, for whom he was preparing a home while she was sleeping in her grave at New Echota. A merciful Providence provided for them. Their mother's friends and others took care of them. The oldest son, Cornelius Elias Boudinot, was educated at a college in Arkansas. He was a lieutenant colonel in the Confederate army. For many years he represented the interests of his people in Washington City. He was very popular and successful in what he did. Upon good authority it may be said that he married a lady possessing about fifty thousand dollars. I have his picture.

In Emerson's "History of the Nineteenth Century," Volume II., page 896, is this untruth:

> Other acts of persecution during this year brought lasting disgrace upon Georgia. In direct violation of the Federal treaties with the Indians, the State troops of Georgia forcibly removed sixteen thousand Cherokees from their lands in that State. Nothing was done to alleviate the sufferings of the Cherokees, who were driven from the settlements in midwinter. The resulting death rate was fearful. More than forty-five hundred Indians, or one-fourth of the whole number, perished before they reached their destination in the distant Indian Territory.

Every word of this is false, slanderous, absurd. The removal was not in violation of, but carried out to the letter, Federal treaties and not those of the State of Georgia. Notice should be taken of this by historical associations of the State and by the Legislature.

Take another case. A. C. Millar, in the January, 1916, number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review,* page 171, says: "Those who were utterly unable to travel, the helpless aged and the mortally ill, were left in remote cabins to die of starvation and neglect." Old Indians and children were not left in houses to perish. Every word of this sentence is as far from the truth as the blackest midnight is from the midday sun.

As to Professor Mooney, let me say something about Longfellow's "Evangeline." In the case of Acadian exiles and the moving of the Cherokees there is not the faintest resemblance. In Lawton B. Evans's "History of Georgia," page 56, we read:

> The business which called Governor Reynolds to Savannah was the arrival of two ships with four hundred Acadians on board. These Acadians were French Catholics from Nova Scotia, then called Acadia. Under the laws of Georgia no Catholic could be admitted to the province; and as these Acadians were Catholics, the Governor was in doubt as to what to do. The feeling of humanity prevailed over his respect for the law, and the Acadians were cared for during the coming winter. Most of them left Georgia as soon as possible.

They were driven away from Acadia in the dead of winter, not knowing where to go nor what to do. Not so were the wards of the United States. Every Indian had the protection of the entire army and had bread enough from every commissary.

Here I quote from Knight's "Georgia's Landmarks, Memo-

rials, and Legends," from the chapter entitled "Under the Lash":

To an eminent investigator, Professor Mooney, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C., who has devoted his life to Indian researches, we are indebted for the following graphic account of the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia. He makes no effort to soften the colors. The story is most pathetic, and even at this late day some of the incidents cannot fail to melt the reader to tears. Says Professor Mooney: "The history of this Cherokee removal of 1838 was gleaned by the author from the lips of actors in the tragedy and may well exceed in weight of grief and pathos any other passage in American annals. Even the much-sung exile of the Acadians falls far behind it in the sum of death and suffering. Under the orders of Gen. Winfield Scott, troops were stationed at various points throughout the Cherokee country, where stockade forts were erected for the purpose of coralling the Indians preparatory to removal. From these forts large squads of troops were sent out to search with rifle and bayonet every small cabin hidden away in the coves of the mountains and to make prisoners of all the occupants, however and wherever they might be found. Families at dinner were startled by the sudden gleam of bayonets in the doorway and rose up to be driven with blows and oaths along the weary miles of travel leading to the stockades. Men were seized in the fields all along the roads. Women were taken from their wheels, and children from their play. In many cases, as they turned for one last look as they crossed the ridge, they saw their homes in flames, fired by the lawless rabble that followed on the heels of the soldiers to loot and to pillage. So keen were these outlaws on the scent that in some instances they were driving off the cattle and other stock of the Indians almost before the soldiers had started their owners in the other direction. Systematic hunts were made by the same men for Indian graves to rob them of the silver pendants and other valuables deposited with the dead. One of the Georgia volunteers, afterwards a colonel in the Confederate service, said: 'I fought through the Civil War. It has been my experience to see men shot to pieces and slaughtered by thousands. But the Cherokees' removal was the cruelest work I ever saw.'"

I feel justified in saying that there were neither blows nor oaths on the way to the fort. Men were not seized anywhere, nor were their houses in flames. Not one hoof of cattle was

driven away, not one Indian grave disturbed, and there was no lawless rabble. I have never seen on any page of history such a malignant, unmitigated, slanderous absurdity. On reading it my blood boiled. This is a slander upon General Scott and every man in that command, and now it reaches to the second and third generations of those noble men. Lest we should think Nova Scotia was cruel in banishing the Acadian exiles, it should be said that the bone of contention between the French and English for years had been the government.

The "Student's Reference Work," Volume XI., says:

Montcalm was born near Nimes, France, February 20, 1712. He became commander of the French army in Canada in 1756, capturing very soon after the British fort at Oswego. Crossing Lake George with eight thousand French and Indian troops, he took Fort William Henry, where the massacre by the Indians of the helpless women and children has left a blot on his memory.

"Stern was the necessity for this banishment of the Acadians from the reclaimed land of Grand Pré; but tragic as is the story, it is well to remember that the narrative embodied in the poet's romance is not altogether to be taken from history." Like the missionaries, they refused to take the oath of allegiance. When Governor Holden was impeached by the Legislature of North Carolina, the legislative web had a black-and-white selvage. When the day arrived, every space was occupied. The negroes were in the gallery with their necks craned over the railing, everything still, all looking and listening. Before calling the roll, the clerk said: "All for impeachment say 'Yes'; all opposed say 'No.'" The answer started, "Yes," "Yes." On the colored side came, "No," "No," "No." Then "Y-e-s." "Dare now, bit by his own

dog!" said an old colored man. My application is from Mr. Knight's "History."

Notwithstanding the defamation of Georgia by Lucian Knight, Wilson, Emerson, and others, Mr. Knight injured her more than any because of his ability. His book is couched in elegant diction, pleasing paragraphs, charming chapters, and all that pertains to the old part of the State is as clear of error and untruth as the cleanest winnowed wheat is from a particle of chaff. But not so with a single chapter pertaining to Georgia and the Cherokees. Those who have more capacity than I may appreciate his book more. Some of my reasons for writing thus positively are: I have been spared to live a long life, and in earlier days I mingled with many who are mentioned as landmarks. As I read of them I see them again. Then, too, I have been over much of the State, the northern, middle, and southern parts. Only those with greater capacity can love Georgia and her people more than I.

CHAPTER VII

The Treaty with the Cherokees in 1802

INASMUCH as our good State has been misrepresented and defamed for defrauding the Indians of their lands and gold mines, it may be well to state when and by whom the treaty was made and the terms of agreement. It was made by President Jefferson, the father of States' rights and Jeffersonian Democracy. The terms of the treaty were approved by the Federal authorities and, on the other part, by Gov. John Milledge and the principal authorities of Georgia.

Hitherto Georgia had possessed all the territory to the Mississippi River. Georgia was paid one and one-half million dollars by the government for the territory ceded, which now includes Alabama and Mississippi. On the part of the United States, she promised to extinguish the Indians' title and remove them from Georgia as soon as practicable. They were not moved until 1838. Why this delay? From Washington's time to the present day the Indians have been the wards of the United States government, with the President as principal guardian. Like many other cases, meddlers have interfered with wards and guardians, and many times the wards have been the sufferers from the intermeddling.

In "Georgia—Land and People," by Miss Frances Letcher Mitchell, we read:

One of the striking evidences of harmony between the sisterhood of States was the ceding of their western lands to the Federal government. In this surrender of territory Georgia, then the largest State in the Union, gave up almost one hundred thousand square miles, embracing all the land lying between the Chattahoochee and the Mississippi Rivers. This territory afterwards formed the two noble States, Alabama and Mississippi, which

are called "the daughters of Georgia." One of the objects of this grant of land was to enable the Federal government to obtain money by its sale for paying off the national debt contracted during the war. In return, as a slight compensation to Georgia, the Federal government agreed to pay all expenses of holding treaties with the Creeks and Cherokees and finally to extinguish the Indian title to all lands within our State as early as it could be peaceably done.

The following is taken from Knight's "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials, and Legends":

> The discovery of gold in North Georgia operated as a spur to hasten the departure of the Cherokees toward the West. It created an eagerness on the part of the white population to possess themselves of the red man's home among the mountains, and they began in the most imperious tones to call upon the government to redeem the old agreement of 1802. The complications of the following years were only the material symptoms of this same gold fever; and while the final outcome was divinely ordered in furtherance of wise ends, it was destined to leave a scar upon our history which time has not effaced.

In reference to this, there was never a scar nor a scab in the history of Georgia. The mention of the old agreement implicates the men who made it, Thomas Jefferson and Gov. John Milledge. The discovery of gold in Georgia was not thought of until twenty-five years after the old agreement.

In "Georgia and State Rights," by U. B. Philips, we read:

> In July, 1829, deposits of gold were found in the northeastern corner of the State, and the news rapidly spread that the fields were as rich as those being worked in North Carolina. As soon as the news was known to be authentic there came a rush of adventurers into the gold lands. In the summer of 1830 there were probably three thousand men from various States digging gold in Cherokee, Georgia. The intrusion of these miners into the Cherokee territory was unlawful under the enactments of three several governments, each claiming jurisdiction over the region. The United States laws prohibited any one from settling or trading on Indian territory without a special license from the proper United States official. The State of Georgia had extended its territory over the Cherokee lands,

applying them, after June 1, 1830, to Indians as well as to white men. The Cherokee Nation had passed a law that no one should settle or trade on their lands without a permit from their officials. A conflict of authorities was imminent; and yet at that time no one of the three governments, nor, indeed, all of them combined, had sufficient police service in the section to check the great disorder which prevailed. The government of Georgia was the first of the three to make any efficient attempt to meet the emergency. Governor Gilmer wrote to the President on October 29, 1830, stating that the Cherokee lands had been put under the laws of Georgia and asking that the United States troops be withdrawn.

This was on the line that divided the State from the Indian Nation. The presence of this crowd was a menace to peace, prosperity, and person. Their Sabbaths were spent in battles royal. To control them United States troops had to come five hundred miles from Charleston.

Philips's "Georgia and State Rights," page 74, says:

> The attitude of the judge of the Georgia Superior Court, who had most of the Cherokee territory in his circuit, had already been shown in a letter which he (Judge A. S. Clayton) wrote Governor Gilmer on June 22, 1830, suggesting a request to the President for the withdrawal of the United States troops. Nine citizens of Hall County had just been brought before him by the Federal troops for trespassing on the Cherokee territory. He wrote: "When I saw the honest citizens of your State paraded through the streets of our town in the center of a front and rear guard of regular troops belonging, if not to a foreign, at least to another government, . . . for no other crime than that of going upon the soil of their own State, . . . I confess to you I never so distinctly felt, as strong as my feelings have been on the subject, the deep humiliation of our condition in relation to the exercise of power on the part of the general government within the jurisdiction of Georgia."

To remedy this evil, Gilmer called the Legislature together, the laws were extended over the territory, and the State had power to control its own bailiwick.

At that time there were two political parties of the Indians, one headed by John Ross and the other by Major Ridge. The

Ross party, an enemy to Georgia, was against removal. The Ridge party loved its country as well as the other party did, but thought it better for its people to go West, working with the government and Georgia to that effect. General Jackson was with the Ridge party, and J. Q. Adams was with the Ross party. Mr. Knight, in his history, sides with Adams. Knight's "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials, and Legends," page 171, says:

> In 1802 there was a compact made between the State of Georgia and the government of the United States whereby the remaining lands of the State were to be cleared of Indian titles. The consideration involved was the transfer to the United States of the territory now embraced within the States of Alabama and Mississippi. In 1819, pursuant to this agreement, the Federal authorities secured quite a strip of land in North Georgia and induced a number of Cherokees voluntarily to remove to the West, giving them acre for acre by way of fair exchange of land. Thereafter for several years nothing was done. In the meantime the Cherokees began to make rapid strides. They expected no further molestation. But just as they were entering upon an epoch of civil government gold was discovered in the neighborhood of Dahlonega. This sounded the death knell of the Cherokee. Coincident with the startling news in regard to the yellow metal, there emerged still another factor which was full of menace to the poor Indians. It was the election of Gen. Andrew Jackson to the Presidency of the United States. He was a frontiersman who possessed little patience with the savages.

This is extremely erroneous and defamatory. From the days of Washington to the days of Wilson the Indians never had a better friend. Jackson carried out the treaty made by Jefferson. How did he do this? He commenced at the first of his term. The Indian Territory was provided for the Indians during his administration (1834). In this they were to be protected by their guardian, the United States. Jackson not only did this, but by the treaty of 1835 he gave them over two years to move voluntarily, in which time they could dis-

pose of all their property. There were enrolling officers to visit their cabins to pay them government prices for every clapboard, every fence rail, and every hoof of stock. All who had enrolled had presented to them a Schemmerhorn blanket. They received two acres of land in Indian Territory for one in Georgia and also a year's supplies. The time of their removal was to be in the mildest season. If they were not gone at the end of the time given, the collecting was to begin on May 24, 1838. By July all were to be out of the State, and by October 1 they were to have reached their destination. As for Presidents Adams and Jackson, Philips, in his "Georgia and State Rights," says that Jackson readily conceded all that Adams had struggled to deny Georgia.

From Knight's "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials, and Legends," page 172, I quote as follows:

> The presence of white men in the Cherokee Nation was a constant source of annoyance, especially to the State authorities. As early as 1830 Georgia extended her jurisdiction over the Cherokee territory, and there followed quite a chapter of incidents. It was necessary to put even missionaries under arrest, for there were not a few malicious characters who assumed the guise of religion in order to poison the minds of the savages and to sow broadcast the seeds of discord. More than one conflict between the State and Federal governments occurred at this crisis.

The following is taken from the Atlanta *Constitution:*

Were missionaries put under arrest by the State of Georgia? Knight says, "Yes"; Cotter says, "No." Throughout Georgia much interest will attach to the controversy that has arisen between Rev. W. J. Cotter, of Newnan, Georgia, and Lucian Lamar Knight, Compiler of Records for the State. Mr. Knight's statement that "missionaries were arrested in Georgia" has led Mr. Cotter to enter a vigorous denial of the statement, with an explanation of what he declares were the circumstances surrounding the arrest of "violators of the law." Replying to Mr. Cotter's communication, Mr. Knight declares that he is prepared to cite proof of the statement that missionaries have been arrested in this State. He disclaims any intention

of writing anything defamatory of the State and declares that in writing the history he has made an effort to rescue from oblivion many important records which were in danger of perishing. The controversy is based on a unique happening in the early part of Georgia's history, when the State was dealing with the Indians and efforts were being made to control them. Mr. Cotter's letter follows:

"NEWNAN, GEORGIA, January 10, 1917.

"*Editor Constitution:* In the *Constitution* of the 25th of December it is stated that Mr. L. L. Knight is to prepare a history of Georgia for a Northern company.

"There are things in the author's history that ought to be corrected, as they are far from the truth and are defamatory to the State. He says missionaries were put under arrest. This is utterly untrue. Let us have a word about these missionaries. By whom were they permitted to come into the State? First, they obtained permission of the Indian chiefs, then permission of the State, that they might be protected. The locality of the mission was at New Echota. Why were they licensed by the State? It was to protect the Indians from impostors of every kind and to advance their civilization. All professionals had to have licenses—millwrights, master mechanics, and ministers.

"The reason for this was that the nation had become a refuge for thieves, murderers, old Tories of the Revolution, and men who had left their wives and children and taken up with Indian squaws. The Indians could not correct these evils, and it was necessary for the State to extend her laws and protect herself.

"The missionaries came, say, about 1815. There were two political parties of the Indians—one headed by John Ross, the other by Major Ridge. The Ross party was against the removal of the Indians, were bitter enemies of the State, and did all they could against the Federal authorities, that were in favor of the removal. The Ridge party thought it best for them to move and were in favor with the Federal party, that was for removal.

"The missionary station became a hotbed of politics. In 1826 the constitution and laws of the Cherokees were concocted, and everything points to the fact that the missionaries dictated every word of them. They were the most capable men of the party to do such a thing and to do everything offensive to the State and also everything that was derogatory to the State and its people.

"John Q. Adams was President and was in accord with every one of these things. From Washington to Wilson, he was the bitterest enemy to the State that ever occupied the chair. When the State extended her authority, these missionaries led indignation meetings, denouncing the acts of the Legislature. They were not only violators of the law, but they defied the State. The court records of Charles Dougherty and Smith Clayton will prove what is here said. I saw these sallow men with frowning faces when they were under arrest. REV. W. J. COTTER."

The reply of Mr. Knight is as follows:

"*Editor Constitution:* Rev. W. J. Cotter calls me to task for saying that missionaries were arrested in Georgia and asks me to cite proof. This I am prepared to do. Not only were missionaries arrested, but one of the most celebrated cases before the Supreme Court of the United States grew out of the arrest of these missionaries. To establish the truth of this statement I cite the following authorities: White's 'Historical Collections of Georgia,' page 140; Nile's 'Register,' Volume XL., page 296, Volume XLI., page 176; Golmer's 'Georgians,' pages 414, 536; Georgia *Journal,* September 29, 1831, October 6, 1831, and December 5, 1831; and 'Georgia and State Rights,' by U. B. Philips, pages 78-80.

"Dr. Philips tells of the arrest of these missionaries as follows: 'An act of the Georgia Legislature approved December 22, 1830, made it unlawful for white people to reside in the Cherokee territory of Georgia without having taken an oath of allegiance to the State and without a license from the State authorities. This law was directed primarily against the intruding gold miners, but the message of the Governor had stated the expediency of considering all white persons as intruders. The law was accordingly made one of sweeping application.

" 'There were at the time residing among the Cherokees twelve or more Christian missionaries and assistants, some of them maintained by the American Board of Foreign Missions. These men were already suspected of interfering in political matters and would probably have been made to feel the weight of the law without inviting attention to themselves, but they did not passively await this action. They held a meeting at New Echota on December 29, 1830, in which they passed resolutions protesting against the extension of the laws of Georgia over the Indians and asserting what they considered the removal of the Cherokees an event most earnestly to be deprecated.

" 'After sufficient time had elapsed for the intruders to have taken their

departure, if so disposed, the Georgia guard for the Cherokee territory arrested such white men as were found unlawfully therein. Among the number arrested were two missionaries, Messrs. Worcester and Thompson. On writ of *habeas corpus* they were taken before the Superior Court of Gwinnett County, where their writ was passed upon by Judge Clayton. Their counsel pleaded for their release on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the law of Georgia. The Judge granted their release, but did so upon the ground that they were agents of the United States, since they were expending the United States fund for civilizing the Indians. Governor Gilmer then sent inquiries to Washington to learn whether the missionaries were recognized agents of the government. The reply was received that as missionaries they were not government agents, but that Mr. Worcester was United States minister at New Echota. President Jackson, upon request from Georgia, removed Mr. Worcester from that office in order to render him amenable to the laws of the State. The *Cherokee Phœnix,* a newspaper and organ of the nation, expressed outraged feelings on the part of the Indians at the combination of State and Federal authorities against them.

"'The Governor wrote Mr. Worcester on May 16 advising his removal from the State to avoid arrest. On May 28 Col. J. W. A. Sanford, commander of the Georgia guard, wrote each of the missionaries that at the end of ten days he would arrest them if found upon Cherokee territory in Georgia. Notwithstanding an address to the Governor in justification of their conduct, they were arrested by the guard. Those arrested were: The Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, the Rev. Elizur Butler, and the Rev. James Trott, missionaries, with eight other white men, for illegal residence in the territory. Their trial came on in the September term of the Gwinnett County Superior Court. They were found guilty and on September 15 were each sentenced to four years' confinement at hard labor in the State penitentiary. But pardon and freedom were offered to each by the Governor on condition of taking an oath of allegiance or promising to leave the territory. Nine of the prisoners availed themselves of this executive clemency; but Worcester and Butler chose rather to go to the penitentiary, intending to test their case before the Supreme Court.

"'The cases of Worcester and Butler, who refused the Governor's conditions for pardon, were appealed to the United States Supreme Court, from which a writ of error was issued October 27, 1831.'

"Meanwhile Wilson Lumpkin had become Governor. The hearing on

the writ of error in Worcester's case came up before the Supreme Court during the course of the year 1832. It was argued for the plaintiff by Messrs. Sergeant, Wirt, and Chester. Georgia refused to appear. The decision rendered by Chief Justice Marshall was adverse to the State. It held that the Cherokee Nation was a distinct community over which the laws of Georgia could not be extended and that the judgment of the State Court, therefore, should be reversed. This seemed to be a victory for the Indians, but they rejoiced too soon. President Jackson refused to enforce the judgment of the Supreme Court. He intimated that since John Marshall had rendered his decision he might enforce it. Of course the Chief Justice had no authority beyond stating what he thought right in the case. Worcester and Butler remained at hard labor in the Georgia penitentiary, and the Cherokee chiefs began at length to realize that no recourse was left them against the tyranny of the State.

"As far as the two missionaries were concerned, they felt that their martyrdom had been sufficiently long and adopted the course of conciliating the State in order to secure their liberation. They informed the Attorney-General of Georgia on January 8, 1833, that they had instructed their counsel to prosecute their case no further in the Supreme Court. Appreciating this change of attitude, Governor Lumpkin pardoned both of them January 10 on the same conditions that he had offered them some months before and ordered their release from prison.

"These are the facts. The records to substantiate them are here in the capitol. Mr. Cotter is, I understand, in his ninety-first year. I would not wound the feelings of this aged gentleman. I respect not only his white locks, but his high calling. He must have lived a temperate, clean, beautiful, and wholesome life to have been spared so long. It is a matter of keen regret to me that I do not know Mr. Cotter. There is much I could learn from him of Georgia's history, much I would love to hear him tell. But even the clearest memory is sometimes at fault when long years have intervened.

"What I have written in regard to the Cherokees I have gathered from official accounts and from contemporaneous records. Much of the information which I have found relative to the removal of the Indians has been obtained from a government report prepared by James Mooney, of the Bureau of Ethnology, and published as Volume CXVIII., Senate Documents. I am not proof against error, but I have never written a syllable defamatory of my native State. If I have told some unpleasant things, I have told others of a far different nature, and I have tried to rescue from

oblivion many important records which were in danger of perishing. It is no defamation of Georgia's good name to state facts. She did perfectly right to arrest men who were defying her laws, even though they wore religion's cloak. These missionaries ought to have been arrested, for instead of doing missionary work they were intermeddling. I hope Mr. Cotter and I will not quarrel. We have too much in common. I want him to be not only Georgia's friend, but mine. LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, January 21, 1916. *Compiler of Records."*

These are the only men who ever sowed the seeds of discord. They were *not* arrested as missionaries, but because they had defied the law. There is no mention that they were arrested as missionaries. There cannot be found in any legal authority in Georgia a sentence pertaining to such an arrest. Take the case of a deacon who was convicted of horse-stealing and served his time in the penitentiary. It would be just as truthful to say that deacons were arrested. I saw that deacon many times before and after he left the penitentiary.

I leave it for all fair-minded readers to decide. Follow the case up to the United States Supreme Court, as well as the case brought before Chief Justice Marshall, when the colonial rights of the country were called in question. There was never a greater farce in any court. If Adams had been President, the decision would have been signed; but without the President's signature it had no force whatever. But President Jackson said: "Let John Marshall carry it out." According to Marcius Wilson's "American History," Jackson said that he himself "had no power to oppose the exercise of the sovereignty of any State over all who may be within its limits," and he therefore advised them to "abide the issue of such new relations without any hope that he will interfere."

Let it be added here that Jackson is called a frontiersman. He had been about a little.

"He had been down to Cypress Swamp,
Where the ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here was 'Old Kentucky.'"

And "Old Hickory" too. He had been Governor of Florida, had represented the State of Tennessee in the House and in the Senate, had been Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and was President of the United States for eight years. He was fair-minded with all the States and in accord with the leaders of Georgia—Gilmer, Lumpkin, and others. He had great respect for religion. When a preacher went to him for an appointment, he said he couldn't give it, for the preacher had a higher calling than he could give.

Though Adams had put a shield manual on one of those missionaries, protecting him against the laws of the State, Jackson inquired of Governor Gilmer about the case and then removed him from his postmastership, giving the State the right to defend herself and enforce her own laws.

As to the presence of the white men being an annoyance to the State, this is neither truth nor justice. Who are the authorities of the State? The legislative, the judicial, the executive, the coördinate branch represented by the Senate, and all those behind the great body of constituents. Nothing more was desired than the presence of white men in that territory at that time. Of course white men as *outlaws* were a menace. Just as soon as it could be done, provision was made to fill the land with white men. Lands were surveyed and numbered. Tickets were placed in a large hopper, the crank of which was turned by Rev. James B. Payne, a young local preacher, who became a prominent minister and was presiding elder over the Cherokee District. His remains rest at Thom-

aston, Georgia. When on my only visit to that place, one morning bright and early, while the dewdrops on the grass were shining like diamonds, with hat in hand, I stood at his grave and thanked the Lord for this man's friendship to me and for his great and useful life.

Georgia, noble and just to rich and poor, did not open a land office and price the land from ten cents to ten dollars an acre. The land was laid off in lots of one hundred and sixty acres each, and in the gold region forty acres. So the fortunate drawer, whether a poor widow or an old soldier, had an equal chance for the richest gold land or the richest farm land. I saw the surveyors running the lines that divided the lots. At once the white population poured in.

As to the notorious missionaries that were under arrest, in the histories of all Protestant denominations there is not a parallel to what they did. "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." (Rom. xiii. 1, 2.) "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work." (Titus iii. 1.) How is this for resisting the laws of the State and of the United States? What must be thought of the missionary boards that were supporting them? The mission on which they came to the State has already been described. Going up the stream of history to find its source, if these men did not start what has been written in history, who did? They were capable and had backing. What they started is in the histories of Georgia to this day.

After this bold insult to the State, Governor Gilmer called

the Legislature together. An act was passed forbidding missionaries to hold any national assembly in the State. The councils were held at Red Clay, just over the line in Tennessee. It is known as the Old Council Ground, about fifteen miles north of Dalton. To permit them to hold their councils there was not a friendly act upon the part of a sister State. Chief Ross found a harbor there, and this brought about a conflict between Governor Lumpkin, of Georgia, and the Governor of Tennessee. I can't explain how much politics was involved in this.

It may be well to say here something about the long delay from 1802 till 1838. Following Jefferson, Madison was President for the next eight years. He was in full accord with Jefferson and aided in securing the Louisiana Purchase. He was in the midst of a storm center the entire eight years. The War of 1812, troubles with France and other foreign powers, and the Hartford Convention showed that all was not harmonious at home. The next eight years Monroe was President. He was against Georgia and sided with the Indians. John Q. Adams served the next four years. There were twelve years against Georgia, which delayed the removal of the Indians. Then came Jackson, the best friend the Indians ever had and equally as good a friend to Georgia. He heartily supported her able Governor and others. That great Indian Territory, bounded on the north by Missouri, on the east by Arkansas, on the south by Texas, and on the west by all that great Western land, was provided as a permanent home for the Indians. This move he commenced during the first of his term. The treaty completing it was made the latter part of his term. It is due that great Senator, Thomas A. Benton, of Missouri, that he stood by Jackson against Clay and Calhoun.

The last time this question was discussed in Congress there was a committee appointed by both houses, and Benton was made chairman. In the last words of the final report Georgia was justified in all her claims founded upon the treaty made by Jefferson in 1802.

Let us have a brief review of the whole question. Mississippi had been admitted in 1815 and had been a State twenty-one years. Alabama had been admitted in 1819 and had been a State nineteen years. Georgia had been kept out of her rights for thirty-six years. It was Georgia's "ox that was gored" all this time. So Georgia contributed more to the Federal government in ceding so much territory and in using money to pay off the old war debt than any other State. In 1760 Virginia drove the Cherokees from her borders, more than seventy years before they left Georgia. In 1776 General Rutherford drove them from North Carolina, and about the same time General Sevier drove them from Tennessee. History says of the colony of Massachusetts, the home of the Adamses, that the foundation was laid with the bones and cemented with the blood of the aborigines. It is often quoted that Chief Justice Marshall sided with the Indians against Georgia. Jackson treated this with contempt, as it deserved. It is the only instance in which the colonial rights of any State have been called in question, and such a case would be kicked out of any court, high or low.

I repeat again that it is the joy of my heart that I have lived to defend the honor of General Scott and all the good men with him. I feel sure that the descendants of them, down to the third and fourth generations, will appreciate and thank me for it.

CHAPTER VIII

Boudinot, Ross, Vann, Howard Payne, and the Old Federal Road

MORE than one hundred years ago, in the heart of the nation, on the Coosawattee, there was born an Indian boy, and this baby Indian possessed a great mind. Diamonds are found in yellow dirt, but by the skilled lapidary they are made to sparkle. The darkness of ages of heathendom had almost frozen the genial current of his soul; but under his yellow skin was a diamond mind of the first water, and in some way a faint spark of light shone upon his intellect, and as it increased he was led to the mission school at Cornwell, in Connecticut. There, by close application, he was developed into a high state of intellectual and moral culture and commended himself to the wise and good. He asked of Mr. Boudinot, the first President of the American Bible Society, if he might assume his name, and the request was granted. He won and wedded Miss Harriet Gold, of an excellent family. Such marriages since the day of Rolfe and Pocahontas have not been taboo. To-day the President's wife is traced to that noble blood.

This noble Indian came back at once to help his own people, and he was successful in many ways. He became the editor in chief of the *Cherokee Phœnix,* lived in a commodious house, and was visited by some of the best people in the State, especially from Washington, Georgia. The newspapers of that day teemed with praises on the noble hospitality of this great social center. Boudinot's faithful wife was truly his helpmeet in all his work; but she died in 1836, taken from the evil

to come, as the sequel will tell. Her grave is well marked at New Echota. In 1838 Boudinot went with his people to their new home in the West. While working to build a house for his motherless children in 1839, in savage revenge he was cut to pieces with knives. On the same day Major Ridge and his son John were killed because they favored removal to the West. So Boudinot died as a martyr to his people. His son, Elias Cornelius Boudinot, was a lieutenant colonel in the Confederate army, loyal to the land of his fathers.

John Ross, head of the chiefs, was born in Georgia, ten miles from Chattanooga, in 1790. His father was a Scotchman, his mother half Scotch and half Indian. He was educated at Kingston, then the capital of Tennessee. When a young man of about twenty-five, he was made a chief. For years his residence was where Rome, Georgia, now stands. He headed his letters, "The Cherokee Nation, at the Head of the Coosa." He was regarded as Georgia's greatest enemy, and she had no friendship for him. He moved into Tennessee in 1835, just over the line, not far from the Old Council Ground. I saw him that year. He was dark. If he had been a blonde, his Cherokee blood would not have been noticed. He was a man of large brain and strong will.

From Knight's "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials, and Legends," page 181, I take the following:

> On June 22, 1839, Major Ridge, his son John Ridge, and Elias Boudinot suffered the penalty of having advocated the removal of the Indians to the West. It was in the midst of great political excitement that the threefold act of murder was perpetrated, but the evidence shows that the whole affair was deliberately planned. The report made by the Indian agent to the Secretary of War two days after the occurrence gives the following particulars: "The murder of Boudinot was treacherous and cruel. He was assisting some workmen in building a new house. Three

men called upon him and asked for medicine. He went off with them in the direction of Worcester's, the missionary who keeps medicine, about three hundred yards from Boudinot's. When they were about halfway, two of the men seized Boudinot, and the other stabbed him, after which the three cut him to pieces with knives and tomahawks. This murder having occurred within two miles of the residence of John Ross, his friends were apprehensive that it might be charged to his connivance, and at this moment there are six hundred armed Cherokees around the dwelling of Ross, assembled for his protection."

There is not a drop of ignoble blood in the veins of the Cherokees. They are capable of the highest cultivation of intellect and morals. In proof of this they have advanced in civilization till they are now denationalized and are *bona fide* citizens of the United States, entitled to all the privileges of citizenship.

Referring again to history, the arrest of John Howard Payne and Chief Ross, we read the following in "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials, and Legends," page 172:

To escape persecution at home, John Ross transferred his residence to Tennessee. But one day he was put under arrest and brought back to Georgia. His papers were also seized. John Howard Payne, the famous author of "Home, Sweet Home," then an obscure investigator who was gathering scientific data among the Cherokees, was at this time the guest of the fugitive chief. But the hostile Indians were no respecters of persons. He was given the hospitalities of the blockhouse, in company with his host, and detained for several days, until his innocence could be established.

Payne was a gifted tragedian. When he was about twenty he went to London, remaining there for about twenty years and winning great applause. But he was not a successful financier. On a cold winter night, walking through the muddy streets of London, he saw through a lattice in a home a blazing fire and a young lady playing a Sicilian air. Returning to his lodging, which was either a bench or a counter, for

which he had paid about a dime, he composed the immortal lyric, "Home, Sweet Home." In a short time more than one hundred thousand copies were published, and they were wafted to various lands. That brought him fame and fortune. He soon returned home, being received with great éclat. As he was a little charmed with English titles—sirs, lords, etc.—it was proper for him to see Chief Ross, the head of the Indian Nation. He had come to Georgia representing a New York newspaper, and on his arrest his paper was examined. In it were found some improper things; but by the influence of Colonel Hardin, of Athens, Georgia, he was released as soon as he was proved innocent. As to the blockhouse, it was an elegant brick mansion, then the residence of Capt. A. B. Bishop. The Indians had nothing to do with this arrest. In his report Payne with his poetic spleen unintentionally complimented Captain Bishop, calling him the "smooth and silky Absalom." I leave it to the reader to decide whether this arrest was a reflection upon Governor Lumpkin.

In "Student's Reference Work," on page 1060, we read:

> The author of "Home, Sweet Home" had no home for the last forty years of his life and died in a foreign land, having been appointed American Consul at Tunis, where he died April 10, 1852. His remains were brought to America and buried at Washington in 1883.

In their deepest sorrow poets sing out their sweetest songs,

> ". . . like the plants that throw
> Their fragrance from their wounded parts,
> Breathe sweetness out of woe."

After his arrest Mr. Payne heard the soldiers singing "Home, Sweet Home." He convinced them that he was the author, and every one of them became his friend. In a short time he was set free. One of the soldiers, John Oats, told

me of the arrest of Chief Ross and Payne. He and four or five others were detailed to make the arrest. It is proper here to offer a word of criticism upon a book of great merit by Miss Rutherford. She says some uncharitable and untrue things about Mr. Curry, an enrolling agent, having something to do with the arrest. She is wholly mistaken. What she says is a reflection upon Gov. Wilson Lumpkin. He was responsible for the arrest and ordered it. Mr. Knight also has a remark that is not correct. He says that the Chief fled from Georgia on account of persecution. That is a slander upon Governor Lumpkin.

Now it affords me great pleasure to offer a word in commendation of Miss Rutherford's book, "American Authors." It ought to be in all public libraries and in every home library where the people can afford it. The older readers will be charmed with what they read in their younger days. The younger ones will be delighted, and it will help them to a refined and elevated taste for good reading —yes, more than anything in modern novels. She has collected in pamphlet form "A Hundred Things for a Better South." It is sold for a small price and is worth its weight in gold as a reference.

Let me add two other items. Several years ago at the World's Agricultural Fair the best specimen of wheat in the world was raised in Germany, in the Valley of the Rhine. The next best specimen was raised in Floyd County, Georgia. At another World's Fair the best specimen of corn in the world was raised in Walker County, Georgia.

Spring Place was a central point. In 1817 a Moravian mission was established there. If Joseph Vann was not its founder, he fostered it, gave the land, and assisted in the

erection of the buildings on a beautiful site. The comfortable, roomy buildings were of good timber well prepared and well put up. A nice bake oven was in the kitchen. Near by from a bluff was a great volume of the best cool spring water. It is likely that the wealthy McNair family, who lived not many miles away, helped in fostering the school, as at least one daughter was educated in the Moravian school at Salem, North Carolina.

Many of the mixed bloods sent their daughters to the mission at Spring Place, and so did many of the leading families of the whole State. The members of the mission were well received and exerted a good influence, taking no part in anything that was not in harmony with their Christian work. When the laws of the State were extended over that section, they left peaceably in 1830 and no doubt found an inviting field for their work. It may be safely said that Mrs. Vann was an earnest worker in all that was done.

Joseph Vann, about six feet six inches in height and of fine appearance, had Cherokee blood in his veins. He owned quite a number of slaves. His negro quarters were out four miles, at Mill Creek. He was fond of fine stock, particularly fine horses. About 1800 to 1806 he decided to build a beautiful home. The wealthy mixed bloods could have what they wanted, and that of the best from Philadelphia or Washington City. The best master builder was engaged to make the brick and build the house. A skilled architect was engaged to prepare the plan, and when it was laid before Mr. Vann and the builder every mark on the profile was plain. It was a handsome, two-story brick building with beautiful surroundings.

It would be difficult to say how many false stories have

been told about that house. One is that Dave Vann built it. He was a man of very bad character. Another is that the bricks were made in Savannah; another, that the bricks were brought from Philadelphia. The truth is that they were made about four hundred yards from the house. I have seen the old brickyard where they were made. Joseph Vann built the house and lived in it twenty-eight years. He had a generous heart, and his wife was indeed his better half. They fostered the Moravian Mission, one of the best in the Cherokee Nation. It is claimed that the first convert became a chief and was murdered because he favored moving to the West.

Not many years after Vann left a battle was fought in the house by parties contending for possession. They fought with guns and knives, some being upstairs and some below. Much blood was shed, but no one was killed. The contending parties were Capt. A. B. and Col. W. N. Bishop and Mr. Spencer Riley. Another battle was fought after this at Milledgeville. When Berry Bishop and Riley met, they commenced to fire. Bishop knocked Riley down and placed the muzzle of his pistol at his ear, but the gun flashed and did not fire. This ended the fighting over the house at that time. The wives of the Bishops were sisters and excellent women. Capt. A. B. Bishop lived in the Vann house and Col. W. N. Bishop in the mission house. The wife of the former had been our near neighbor. In my boyhood I spent nights in both houses.

Spring Place was for years the arena of hard-fought political battles, the Bishops on one side and their opponents on the other. Years afterwards my mother visited Spring Place, was attacked with fever, and had a long spell of sickness in the brick house. Two or three years ago I was honored by

the Daughters of the American Revolution with an invitation to Spring Place, where they were to put their mark on the old brick house. That Chapter is known as the Governor Milledge Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. I have not seen the dear old place since 1840.

The Old Federal Road comes out of Bradley County, Tennessee, into Murray County, Georgia, running south on the west side of the Cohutta and Coosawattee Mountains for, say, seventy miles, then turns east over the mountains for about seventy miles to the older settlements of Georgia. This trail is perhaps two or three hundred years old.

The Indians had very narrow paths, walking or riding. They went in single file, the Indian riding on his pony, with his feet nearly touching the ground; his wife, with her baby on her back, walking before him. They had good sense of direction, and their trail was as straight as a surveyor's line and on the best ground for a road. For instance, on locating the Atlanta and West Point Road the engineers little dreamed that they were on an old Indian trail. The people of Coweta and Troup Counties know it to this day as the Grayson Trail.

For years the Old Federal Road was the darkest and most dangerous place in the old Cherokee Nation; and many a marauding band went from here to murder, plunder, and steal away captives from the frontier settlers. They went for miles. Their usual time was at the full of the moon, in the fall of the year.

The light of civilization was beginning to shine from both sides over this dark domain. First from East Tennessee. That section was first settled by Virginians and North Carolinians, as brave and noble people as ever lived. No braver men fought at King's Mountain than the soldiers from that

section. John Sevier was one of them. That battle was a pivot on which victory began to turn and was a prelude to Cornwallis's surrender. These noble people in East Tennessee at once started schools and churches. Dr. Daniel Doak brought his library on pack horses and opened a school in 1780. He became President of Washington College, a noted institution. This was twenty years before the University of Georgia was opened. To Dr. Doak is due the first honor of starting schools and churches there; but soon he was joined by the Methodist circuit rider, who came with his saddlebags stuffed with his library and wardrobe. Here are some of the appointments of the circuit riders: Holston, Thomas Milligan; Nolichucky, Samuel Douthet; French Broad, John Johnson; New River, Elisha W. Bowman; Clinch, Joab Watson; Powell's Valley, Moses Black; Wilderness, Jacob Young. This light spread over Middle and West Tennessee.

Tennessee was admitted into the Union in 1796 and early gave attention to internal improvements. In 1804 "turnpike roads" were built. The people lived in good houses and on fine farms. So civilization came to North Georgia from East Tennessee; and all this time we were advancing on our side, and the irrepressible spirit of trade was pushing from both sides. First the people commenced moving West with pack horses. Then the old trail was widened into a turnpike road. Enterprising men soon established stands on the road and built good frame houses and clusters of log houses, also stables and stake-and-rider fence lots. They made provision for the traveling public. At first most of the traveling was on horseback. A strong horse, with a good, roomy saddle, stirrups the right length, and going in a fox trot, will easily carry a rider forty miles a day. Sometimes half a dozen or

more people met at one of these stands. They found plenty of good things to eat, and around a wide fireplace good cheer prevailed.

The next things that came were droves of fine beef cattle from Kentucky and Tennessee; droves of horses and mules, sleek and fat, a hundred in a drove; then the hog droves, from five hundred to two thousand in a drove. The manager went forward a day or two ahead to engage corn and lots for his hogs. Often there was a purveyor, who came early in the afternoon to stop at the place where they were to spend the night. He commenced cooking for the hands that drove the hogs, and he also prepared an early breakfast in the morning. Usually the cooking was done in a little house built for their use. The hallooing of the drivers could be heard from morning till night. If ever you were a boy, had eaten a hearty supper, and had gone into the place where these men were cooking and frying potatoes, if it didn't sharpen your appetite, it did mine.

One other member of the traveling public was a large wagon drawn by four oxen. It was loaded with flour and whisky. They went direct to the gold mines. The horses, mules, and hogs went to Middle Georgia, where cotton was king.

Commencing with the Tennessee line, coming into Georgia, here are some of the names of the principal men who had stands on the road: Pettis, McNair, Ellis Harlan, James Monroe, George Harlan, Judge Martin, John Bell (at Sandersstown and Love), Mrs. Harnage and Judge Daniel (at Long Swamp), and Lewis Blackburn (on the Etowah). I make particular mention of some of these.

Judge John Martin, usually called "Jack" Martin, with some Indian blood, but a blonde, was a chief. He was about

five feet ten inches and weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds. He had two wives at one time, not many years between their ages. They were sisters, Misses Lucy and Nellie McDaniel, who had about the same amount of Indian blood that he had. They were rather small and good-looking women. He had good homes for them both about fifteen miles apart, one on the Saluquay River, the other on the Coosawattee. The oldest daughter of the Saluquay wife married John Bell, a merchant and farmer. Her father provided well for her. She had an old negro man and his wife to look after everything, a cook, and plenty of house servants. The cares of the household did not trouble her much, and she was very fond of playing cards. She had a brother and a sister, one a little older and the other a little younger than I. Occasionally I was a visitor. We hunted possums with a little dog named Grooch, and we seldom failed to get a possum. The oldest child of the Coosawattee wife was named Brice, a tall, handsome young man. She also had a grown daughter, Susanna, and a son, Dawson, twelve years old. I was there in 1834 and saw Susanna sweep their house for the last time. She burned the broom for good luck, walked down the steps, and got into the carriage. With a sad heart they left their old home for the last time and started on their long journey to the West. Judge Martin owned about eighty negroes, well fed and clothed and not overworked. In sight of the old home were their quarters, a little village kept clean and neat. Martin owned a noted farm on the Coosawattee River. It is now known as the Carter place.

Three miles north on the road was the George Harlan place. Harlan was part Indian and dark. Mrs. Harlan was Miss Anna May, a white lady and a superior woman in every

respect. They had one child, Elvira, who, like her mother, was a most excellent woman. She married a Mr. Roach. Harlan's was the best house in that part of the country, a well-arranged two-story frame. He had a very fine orchard of apples and peaches, as delicious as any fruit I have ever tasted. A spring came out from a large limestone rock, with a fine stone spring house a few feet below. This gave the place the name of Rock Spring. His farm was three or four miles from here, a little below the Martin place. He had from seventy-five to a hundred head of cattle. They lived well on the canebrakes on the river during the winter and in summer on a mountain range. He salted them himself on Sunday, and when he called them they bellowed and scampered as if they would run over their master. The first night I ever spent in that part of the country was in that house. In 1834 they left their fine home for the West.

The old McDaniel home, where Martin's two wives were brought up, is about a mile north of the Harlan place. That old place must have been settled about 1770. When I saw the old place not a tree nor stump was to be seen, except a clump of trees where there were some graves. There was a tall Lombardy poplar, on the top branches of which was one of the finest singing mocking birds, mocking every bird that was there to warble its notes. On that place were a large limestone rock and quite a number of walnut trees, where my brothers hulled bushels of walnuts. Also there was a large blackberry patch.

The Old Federal Road was once a turnpike road. By whom owned and who collected the toll I do not know. There was not much digging to level the road, but there was a heavy causeway in that limestone soil. The road was not

kept up after 1830. I saw one of the old gates hanging to the post on its hinges in 1832. My question is, Who made the road, and why is it called Old Federal?

The generous soil of these fresh lands yields from thirty to forty bushels of corn to the acre, and the bottoms yield from fifty to sixty bushels. The drovers took about all the farmers could spare at a good price, so they were fortunate in having a market at home.

PART TWO

CONVERSION, MARRIAGE, AND BEGINNINGS OF MINISTRY

CHAPTER I

Conversion and Call to Preach

IN 1840 we moved from where we first settled, still in Murray County, but not far from the Tennessee line. The last thirty years of the family the home was near Catoosa Springs, and until the death of father and mother. The springs were at one time a popular resort, having hundreds of visitors. The locality is a little valley through which flows a stream of water, quite small until it enters the springs, about fifty in number. None are large, but all boil up as distinct fountains. They flow from two large hills upon the opposite side and furnish many varieties of mineral waters good for cutaneous diseases. The Cherokees knew the virtues of these waters, and there were evidences of old Indian camps on the grounds. Lately the springs have not attracted the attention they once did. At first they were on the line of Walker and Murray Counties, but now they are in Catoosa County. The name is a misfit. Catoosa is the Cherokee word for "mountain." That part of the State was also settled by numerous worthy families—Colonel Ramsey, a noted citizen, the McGills, and the McSpaddens. In the Red Hill settlement were the Pitners, Mortons, Varnells, McGatheys, Stantons, Johnsons, John McCombs, and many others, as good citizens as could be found in any State.

Here let me pay tribute to the Rev. Francis Bird. He entered the South Carolina Conference in 1805 with Dr. Lovick Pierce. He was an itinerant for four years, then married and located in Buncombe County, North Carolina. As there were no homes for pastors' families, the marriage of a preach-

er was soon followed by his location. Yet these men did not cease to preach and build up the Church. They were loyal to all her interests. While in the Conference they were studious, became able men in the ministry, and supplied a great need in the Church. As young itinerants were not ordained, these local preachers baptized and administered the sacrament to the people. Brother Bird did a full share of this good work in keeping together and building up the Church. While yet a strong man he moved to Habersham County and lived in the Mossy Creek settlement, which was inhabited by people of high intelligence. Dr. Josiah Askew, grandfather of Bishop Atticus G. Haygood and of Miss Laura Haygood, is buried there. The Bishop's mother taught him about all the Latin he ever learned. Historians have not done full justice to these people. Nacoochee started first and has always been in the lead. Brother Bird moved to Cherokee, Georgia, before the Indians left, and as the white people came he was ready to organize them into a Church. One of the first churches in Walker County was Bird's Chapel.

Brother Bird was often a supply on a mission. He was a great preacher, and the people heard him gladly. He lived in his own home, had plenty, and was given to hospitality. Traveling by private conveyance to a Western Conference, Bishop Andrew stopped with his old friend and mentioned his enjoyment of the visit. Sister Bird read good books, had an amiable disposition, and her home influence was the best. The nine daughters of the family were modeled after their mother — all fair in feature, graceful in form, bright in mind, and married not too young nor too old. The parents were sweethearts as long as they lived. Brother Bird died in November, 1861; and his wife died in May, 1864. Both

were buried at Lee's Chapel, in graves still unmarked, not far from Catoosa Springs. The late Rev. F. G. Hughes was Brother Bird's grandson, and he has four great-grandsons in the North Georgia Conference: the Revs. W. T. Hamby, John P. Irvine, and the Twiggs brothers. Personally, I owe much to Brother Bird, who baptized me and other members of the family.

I had the "Shorter Catechism" and could read the Bible when seven years old. My first teacher was a devout Christian. At twelve o'clock we all stood while he asked the blessing. It was in the country, and he had a full house. Young at this time, he became a prominent citizen and filled honorable positions. The first hymn I heard my mother sing was, "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?" I was impressed when I heard of people being converted and of dying triumphant deaths; also with the sacredness of the Sabbath, but I violated it often. After I entered my teens I often went to bed without supper, turned my face to the wall, and was sorry for what I had done, but never said a word about it.

The effectual conviction was made when I was nearly eighteen. On a Sunday evening, with my most congenial friend, I went to his father's after a sermon. His brother gave an exhortation. He had been growing weaker for months from a wasting sickness, but had been gloriously converted. He told us of it. That was the arrow that pierced my heart, and it was a year before it was removed. On my way home I knelt by a tree and prayed. "The more I strove against its powers, I felt its weight and guilt the more." This was in June, 1841. My load grew every day. A sermon from the text, "Moses said to Hobab, Come thou with us, and we will do thee good," led me to join the Church. At the

first opportunity, as the hymn, "I am bound for the promised land," was being sung, I gave my hand to the preacher, Rev. Levi Brotherton. The next moment my brother and three other boys followed my example.

A month afterwards there was a revival meeting seven miles from home, over the line in Tennessee. I was teaching at the time; and as school had just started, I thought I could not attend the meetings. Great reports of it came every day. On Tuesday we turned out for dinner and had our buckets at the spring. One of the schoolboys had been converted, and he said that if I would go he would return with me. In a moment I decided and dismissed the school until Thursday. With five others, I went that evening. All visitors were welcome, and the meeting that night was good. The next day Brother Brotherton preached from the text, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." With a number of others, I knelt for prayer and did what I had tried to do for more than a year, to trust my sinful soul into the hands of a holy and righteous Saviour. When the trust was given, in a moment joy came. I rose up and praised the Lord of glory, and every face was bright with love, many praising God for his wonderful goodness. Night came before I was alone and could thank the Lord. It was a precious moment to bless him for what he had done for me. The whole way to the mercy seat was bright and clear. I did not so much pray as give thanks for the great blessing received. An early start brought me to school on time Thursday.

The next question was as to which Church I should join. With good feelings toward Presbyterians, Baptists, and others, I concluded that as to doctrines and usages the Methodist Church was the one for me. Boarding at the home of the

young man who went with me to the meeting, we had family prayer, and we also had family prayer in my own home on Friday night. The family Bible had never felt so heavy before. At dinner the next day mother requested me to ask the blessing. When I had done so, I saw tears in her deep blue eyes.

Two weeks afterwards we had a meeting at our own church, the building having just been completed. Before this preaching had been held in the schoolhouse. Some families tented, and the meeting started well. About the second night, while in my arms, my sister was converted and then my brother. Sister was the oldest child, I next, and then brother. She had been deeply concerned before any of the rest of us. My brother died a member of the Conference.

My call to preach came the next year. I had taken part in prayer meetings and class meetings. I was working on the farm and saw the stars in the morning and sometimes in the evening while at work. Always the great question was before me. I did not know what to say or do. Every moment possible, week day and Sunday, I read the Bible. I began at the first chapter and read to the epistles of Peter. I read of those whom the Lord called—Moses, Samuel, and especially Paul. "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" I cannot number the times I knelt at the end of a furrow and prayed for guidance. I had never mentioned the matter to any one. Intending to talk about it, I stayed all night with a preacher, but I failed to speak on the momentous subject. One Sunday night the house was full. A Presbyterian preached on the subject, "The Ambassador." Every word came to me. The time to yield had come, and despair seized me. I went to the altar, crying for help. The good minister came to me. I told him,

and he understood. Then all was surrendered, and all remains so to this very day.

Of two events in my life I am well satisfied: First, my conversion; second, my call to preach. Soon afterwards I was licensed to exhort in our new church. The hymn was:

"My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.
Awake! awake! my tuneful powers:
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long."

Smith Chapel was a fruitful little vine for a number of years. Children whose parents took no interest in religion were added to the Church and made useful members. My conviction came in 1841, my conversion in 1842, and my call to preach in 1843. I left that section in 1844.

CHAPTER II

Admission on Trial, 1844, and Dahlonega, 1845

AFTER spending four years in that section of Georgia next to Tennessee, I came to Lumpkin County and taught school near New Bridge. The preceding teacher had had trouble with the larger boys, who had broken up his school. The custom was for the teacher to draw articles of agreement stating what he would teach and the price per pupil. Parents signed the number of children they would send. Some told me they would patronize the school on condition that I would not take the bad boys. When the school opened, one of the worst boys came. He behaved for a few weeks and then refused to keep the rules and was expelled. The news spread rapidly everywhere, and many said: "I told you so." The boy's venerable father and his brother, who had supported the school, came to see me and said: "We know the boy is in the wrong, and he must be made to obey the rules. We will stand by you until you flog him well." I replied that I heartily appreciated their friendship, but that I could not do as they wished. I submitted this proposition: that I did not want them present, but that if the boy would come back the next morning, confess his wrong, and promise upon his honor as a gentleman to obey the rules I would take him back. He did so and became one of my best pupils. He finally became an educated man and a Cumberland Presbyterian minister.

Soon after this one of the greatest benefits came to me, from whom I cannot tell. Mr. Wesley asked perhaps a dozen men to give an account of their call to the ministry, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Benson, John Fletcher, and others. I was per-

mitted to keep the book reciting their experiences only for a month, and I devoted every spare moment to reading it. From it I received great comfort and help. I was a licensed exhorter then and did a pretty full share of missionary work among the gold miners. A rich mine up the river was known as the Brier Patch. The diggers had no Sunday clothes and did not go to church. A regular appointment at that place was enjoyed by them. Elsewhere we had services on Saturday night and Sunday morning. At Smith Chapel we had a good Sunday school and some able teachers. Dr. J. R. Thomas, afterwards for many years President of Emory College, attended the school; and his sister, Miss Adeline Thomas, Mrs. Dr. Smith, who was highly educated, and Mrs. Gouedy were teachers. In many respects I have never been in a better Sunday school. Being its secretary, it was of great benefit to me.

About the time my school closed I was licensed to preach and was recommended to the Conference for admission on trial November 16, 1844, on my twenty-first birthday.

Circuits were large in those days, and Quarterly Conferences were of great interest, although sometimes it was twenty miles from one to another. From New Ridge to Cumming, Forsyth County, was about that distance. Uncle Sammy Smith, a somewhat eccentric exhorter, and Joseph Chambers, a class leader and valuable worker in the Church, accompanied me to the Quarterly Conferences. The preaching by all denominations was done in the courthouse. The Quarterly Conference was held in the academy. The presiding elder examined the applicant, and he was licensed to preach and recommended to the Annual Conference by the Quarterly Conference. The text at eleven o'clock Saturday morning

was Isaiah xxx. 21: "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

Willis D. Mathis was the presiding elder. He entered the Georgia Conference in 1831. He served the Church effectively in many prominent appointments—circuits, stations, and districts—for twenty-one years, was superannuated three years, and then served two additional years in the Georgia Conference. In 1856 he was transferred to the Alabama Conference, serving the Talladega District four years and Wetumpka Station in 1861, where his health failed. The ensuing Conference granted him a superannuate relation, which he retained until his death. His was a sweet spirit. The goodness of his heart was stamped on his countenance and gave the witchery of love to his voice and manner. He sang the praises of God with remarkable unction and sweetness. He was profoundly versed in the mysteries of grace and taught the deep things of God in demonstration of the Spirit and power. Divine love permeated his private and public life and made all who knew him feel that the power which wrought in him was not of man, but of God. The beauty of his Christianity rendered him a fit medium through which the attractiveness of the cross drew many souls to God. Multitudes will bless his memory. When his last hour came he was ready to say, with the beloved apostle: "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly." In addition to the above general information, Brother Mathis was brought up in Jackson County, Georgia, became a useful local preacher, and was on the Coweta and Carrollton Mission in 1828. The fruits of his work remain to this day. For a number of years he resided in Meriwether

County. He presented to me a book at the end of my second year, and it is cherished to this day.

Rev. Robert Stripling was our beloved pastor then. He lived at Cumming. While preaching at Dahlonega one of his children died early in the morning, and he received the news that evening. He rode thirty miles in the night to meet the mother in her grief and to see the child cold in death. It was a sore bereavement. Brother Stripling was especially kind to me. He also transferred to Alabama. When old and superannuated, nearly forty years afterwards, he wrote to me, telling how glad he would be to be back in Georgia.

CHAPTER III

My Precious Wife

I WOULD be recreant to opportunity and obligation if I did not give a full chapter to the wife of my bosom and to other women who have smoothed the way for my feet in my long journey as an itinerant Methodist preacher.

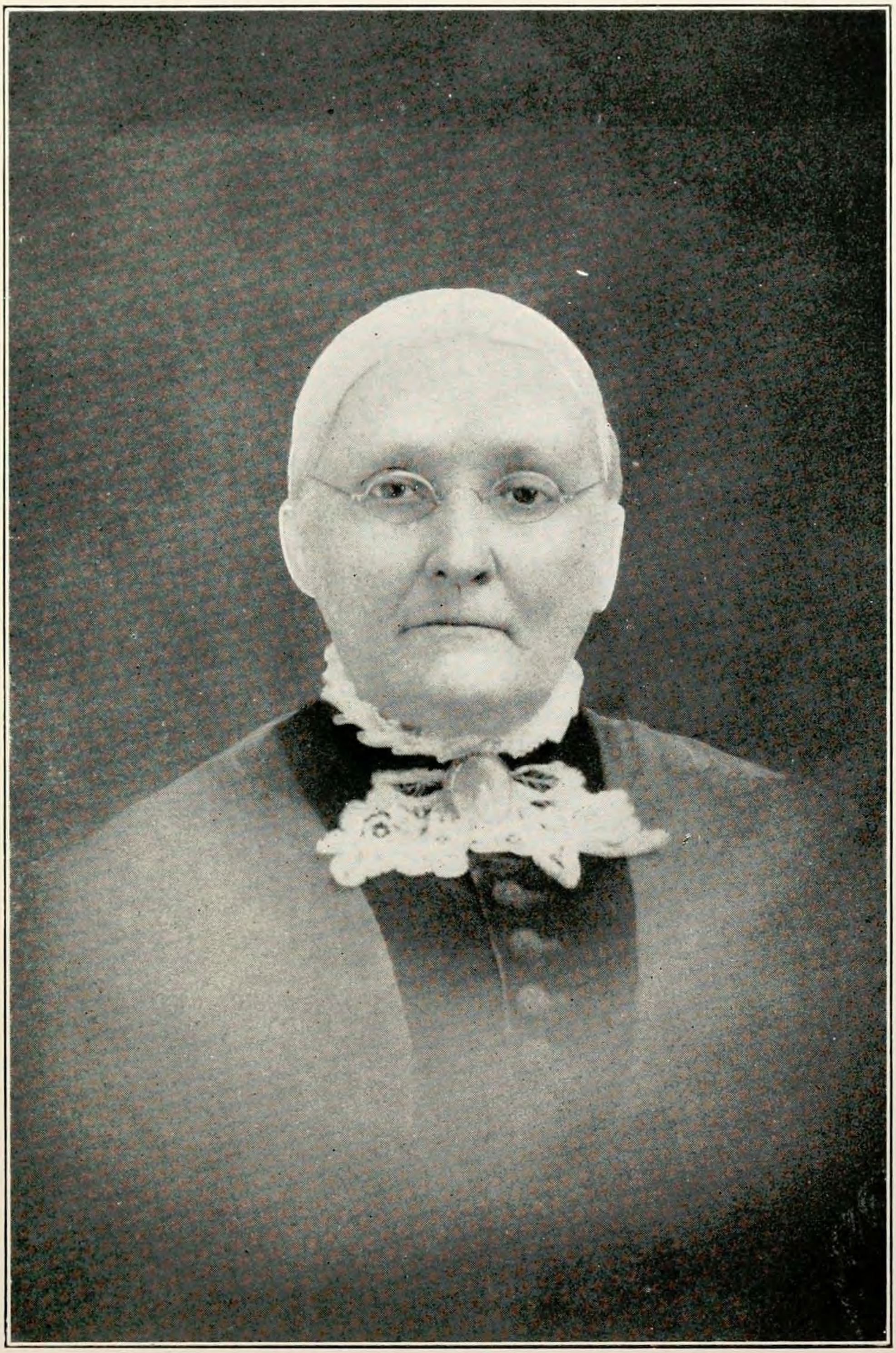
In every character and incident there are two or more questions: Where? When? Who? The "where" was at Leathers' Ford, or New Bridge, in Lumpkin County, on the Chestatee River, the Cherokee word for "clear water," but the gold diggers made it a very muddy stream. In the early thirties the rich gold mines in that section attracted people from far and near. In the ford of the river there was a rich mine in a canal a mile or more in length which turned the entire volume of the stream. In the old bed of the river thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of gold was found. A number of intelligent and some wealthy people came there to live—the Stocks, the Smiths, the Halls, the Masons, the Gouedys, and others.

Mrs. Gouedy was the only daughter of a rich planter in South Georgia. Her father, David Halliburton, owned three plantations and many negroes. Her mother was a Virginian, a most excellent lady, and Tom Pete was an only brother. Ann Eliza was a beautiful girl of bright mind and noble heart and was well educated. She became the wife of James Gouedy, at one time a prominent merchant in Augusta. He was a man of generous heart, and the couple were very congenial. Mr. Gouedy was richer than any one else in the community in gold lots, mills, farms, and merchandise.

In the village lived a lone orphan thrown upon her own resources for a living, but rich in industry, energy, fortitude, and intuitive judgment of people and of what was proper at all times. Her name was Rachel Mullinix. Mrs. Gouedy asked Rachel to come to her house and said: "Rachel, what are you doing now?" She answered: "Almost anything I can get to do." "Can you work a buttonhole?" "I can try." Taking a piece of cloth and needle and thread, she made an effort and handed the work back. Mrs. Gouedy exclaimed: "Why, Rachel, this is as good as I want. I have a great deal of work to be done, and I will pay you for it." The girl was industrious and economical. The Gouedys had horses and a carriage, and after many a day's busy work the good lady and Rachel were seen riding out in the carriage. They often rode on horseback, which was much more common then than now. The names of the horses were Tom and Pete. Tom was spirited and shied at many an object, but this was the horse that the brave girl rode. She looked to see that the bridle was right and the saddle well put on, and away they galloped.

A United States branch mint had been established at Dahlonega, and many good people lived there. The Gouedy house was a hospitable one, and numerous visitors were entertained. Mrs. Gouedy always had Rachel to meet the company, and some of her intimate friends were young ladies of the community. Her intuition helped her to make the best of these opportunities. This was the situation when I went there in 1844 to teach the school. Marrying was the remotest idea in my head. My fixed aim was to enter the Conference at the end of the year.

We had a good Sunday school. Dr. James R. Thomas,



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afterwards President of Emory College, often heard our class. I met the young lady at Sunday school and church and at other places. The story of our courtship need not be told, but in a little while that remote question was present. The subject of an itinerant preacher's wife was seriously considered, and the engagement was made, but not to be consummated until I had preached one year. Thus it remained until the end of the year. I had bought my horse, saddle, and bridle, and all preparations had been made for my entering the ministry. The time had come, the Conference had met, and I could not tell Rachel good-by. Early one morning I went to her and told her so. I do not remember what she said, but the next day we were married. I had notice of my appointment. It was a good one for a young preacher, but I must go and fill a round of appointments and see about our living.

The next week I left and found that the junior preacher at Dahlonega was to be supplied and that the man who was to have been there could not come, but could take my place on the Cassville Circuit. So after a two-weeks ride of three hundred miles I returned with the glad news that I was to remain on the Dahlonega Circuit. Mrs. Gouedy came at once and said that we must live with them. She told Rachel to go on with her work for three weeks at pay and that for the week I was at home there would be no charges whatever. This was a great favor to me and gave the desired opportunity to study and learn my life work.

There was no care as to what I was to eat or wear. My horse was saddled and hitched to a post when I was ready to go; and after returning one day in a week I had only to dismount at the gate, take my saddlebags and enter the house,

and my horse was not seen until I was ready to go again. Not many Methodist preachers started their itinerancy under such favorable circumstances.

When I visited on week days the people had work to do, and so had I in the house or under a shady tree. Here two things were learned: the tobacco habit was left off, and the least the preacher said about his salary the better. At the close of the second round the work was well in hand and continued to increase until the end. The district was the Cherokee, and it embraced all the Cherokee country to the Alabama and Tennessee lines. The presiding elder was Russell Reneau, and the preacher in charge was Aiken W. Ross. The number of members was one thousand three hundred and forty-five. A good salary was paid Brother Ross. He was well read in history and poetry, read his Greek Testament daily, and was a gifted speaker. The people desired his return; but he decided to go to Texas, where he filled the strongest stations and served faithfully for many years.

Our circuit was fifty miles long and twenty-five miles wide, extending over Lumpkin and Forsyth Counties, with twenty appointments, at each of which there was preaching twice a month. There were three camp grounds: Lumpkin, in the lower part of Lumpkin County; Holbrooks, in the western part of Forsyth County, on the Cherokee County line; and Amicolola, in the northwest part of Lumpkin County. The latter name means "falling water." The meetings at Lumpkin were established at the first settling of the country. People came twenty miles or more to attend. Thousands of souls were converted there, my wife among them. Many people tented at Holbrooks with gracious results in converting prayer. Spending the night with Jesse Holbrooks, who was a fine

singer, he sang "One more river to cross, and we'll be at home." Little did the singer or hearer think that before they met again the tuneful one would have crossed the river and gone home. Great congregations and many conversions also signalized the camp meetings at Amicolola.

The congregation at Dahlonega was an intelligent one. There were three able preachers in the Church, Dr. Thomas being one of them. This made it embarrassing for the young preacher. One beautiful Sunday in May I begged Dr. Thomas to preach for me, but he said plainly that he would not. He explained that he wanted to help me, but that if he did preach it would be saying to the people that I was ashamed of the cause I had espoused, and thus it would do me more hurt than anything else. At this my conscience rallied, and afterwards I preached with less embarrassment and felt as much freedom there as anywhere else. At three o'clock that Sunday we had a class meeting, and sixty were present. Nearly all told me that they were praying for me. The membership there was strong, including three of the best families—the Quillians, the Pynes, and the Moores—and other prominent people. At all the appointments there were good people and a large number of useful local preachers. Rev. W. S. Williams, known as "Buck" Williams, was a leader. He had been a member of the Annual Conference. John Harvey Mashburn was another. The Quarterly Conference was a strong body, many of the official members being leading citizens.

Conference met that year in Athens. When my name was called, my presiding elder, Rev. Russell Reneau, said: "Nothing against him; but it is well for me to report that early in the year Brother Cotter took unto himself a wife, and she is his better half." Bishop Andrew, in the chair, then said:

"You have no complaint, then, that Brother Cotter has been gallanting the ladies." The old rule was that the younger preachers could not marry under four years; but I got no scolding for breaking the rule and had nothing to do but to listen until the reading of the appointments, when Bishop Andrew read out my name to Blairsville.

CHAPTER IV

Going to Our New Charge, Blairsville Mission, 1846

THERE were unseen difficulties and dangers on our way, rivers to cross and mountains to climb. Parting with our friends was a trial to us all. We all broke down and cried. There was a short and pleasant visit to the dear ones at home, then we started to Blairsville. The second day we forded the Conasauga River. It is a deep stream with a strong current; and had we been beaten down six feet, we would have been drowned inevitably. The true horse stood at one time for nearly a minute unable to stem the current. Gaining his strength, he carried us to the opposite bank. The body of the vehicle was full of water.

The third day, on the Westfield turnpike road, we crossed the Cohutta, and, going down the mountain, one of the wheels had a hard jolt upon solid rock and was dished the wrong way. There was no chance to have it mended, and we vainly hoped it would hold out to the end of the journey; but the next evening, where the road ran along the side of a little creek (its banks were bordered with laurel and ivy evergreens), we crossed the creek and went into some stiff mud, where every spoke in the wheel gave way. It was getting late, and we had no chance to turn back. The last house we passed was several miles away, and there was no house on the road before us that could have been reached. It seemed for a while that we were doomed to spend the night there, but we learned that there was a little house half a mile away. After dark, leading the horse, we walked to the place. The floor was half dirt and half puncheon, but the good woman received us kind-

ly and did the best she could for us. About midnight her husband came home drunk. Next morning I went back several miles to the White Path Gold Mine and hired a carry-all, perhaps the only one within twenty miles. It was getting on in the evening before I got back. Rachel had taken the articles that had gotten wet in the river out of the trunks and spread them on the low bushes to dry. The scene of the lone young woman there impressed me as partaking of the morally sublime. As quickly as possible we arranged everything and started on our way. That night we spent with Col. E. Chastain, who was a member of Congress at that time, and we were very kindly treated.

The next evening we reached Blairsville and were kindly received at the home of Rev. Thomas M. Hughes, a local preacher. Our fixed purpose was to keep house. I was the first pastor that had lived there, and really there was nothing else to do. The only house was a cabin which had not been occupied for some time. The rent for the year was twelve dollars. This was paid by covering the house. With my own hands I chinked and daubed it. We bought feathers, and Rachel made a new bedtick, and we had a good bed. The one improvised for company was not so good. With a small supply of cooking vessels and dishes for the table, we moved in, took our first meal together, established a family altar, and, being tired, a good night's rest followed. It was a two-acre lot, so we had a good garden and a fine patch of corn. There our first baby was born, and we named him Gouedy Halliburton.

The mission extended over a wide territory, and there were twenty appointments to be filled once a month—one in North Carolina, one in Tennessee, and the rest in Georgia. There

were bad characters on the State lines. Outlaws could easily go from one State to another and escape the law. In one or two neighborhoods I was afraid of losing my horse. There were six camp grounds: Young Cane, Hothouse, Cherokee, Fighting Horn, Gaddistown, and Choestoe. A good measure of success was obtained all over the charge. After the middle of the year Brother Elrod, a useful local preacher, was employed to help me, and one hundred and twenty-seven members were added to the Church. Our camp meetings were attended by many people, who heard the gospel with profit and probably would never have heard it anywhere else. At Gaddistown there was some very rich land which yielded one hundred and twenty-three bushels of the finest oats to the acre. Brother McAllister took charge of my horse to recruit him during the camp meeting and fed him on the heads of the oats.

We had some trouble at the Choestoe camp meeting. The Union County gold mines had just been discovered, and soon there were many people settling in that section. There was no law nor order. Large crowds attended the meeting and gave trouble. Unknown to them, I mingled with them on Friday night and heard many bad things they said. The vigilance committee had discovered whisky on the grounds and had broken a large jug of it. Saturday was the day for the Quarterly Conference. The rule of the Church is that in the absence of the presiding elder the preacher in charge must preside. Brother Reneau was not able to be at the third nor the fourth Quarterly Conference that year, so I had to preside. After the Conference adjourned and all had left, I remained in the tent to review what had been done. The tent was on a little eminence, back of which was an open glade for several

hundred yards. Seven men walked down the glade and stopped in full view of the tent. I saw one of them take out his pistol and put it back. Three of them walked away out of sight. Four walked back to the tent, and I walked to the stand as they did. From the pulpit I saw them all take their seats. I think Brother A. J. Reynolds preached at that hour. These four men all responded to an invitation for mourners at the close of the service, but it was a hypocritical response. There seemed to be trouble boding for the night service. The women became alarmed and suggested that we break up and go home. That night the warning was to those who desecrated the sacred place of worship. One case was told of a desperate Tory in the Revolutionary War who killed a Baptist preacher and cut out his tongue. The desperado was captured. He was offered a few moments of prayer before death came to him. He said that good man's tongue was before him, and he could not pray. Other incidents were given. Fear settled down upon the troublesome crowd. The power of the Spirit and blessing came upon the whole congregation. The darkness of the cloud was gone, and light came. Sixteen were converted that night. Sudden vengeance came upon the four men. One was blown up on a steamboat, another was killed by lightning, another was stricken blind, and the fourth perished miserably.

There were many poor and illiterate people scattered over the country, and there were many first-class citizens in comfortable homes. I found in one or two homes copies of Clarke's and Benson's "Commentaries" and Fletcher's "Checks" in eight volumes, light enough to be held and read while riding in a saddle. There were a few copies of the Church paper taken. Scattered over the county we had some excellent

members of the Church—the Leggs, Huckabys, Addingtons, Jones, Logans, and others equally as good.

The people were anxious for light. They needed only a chance. The chance had come. Young Harris College has done a great work for the people there and practically all over the State. This portion of the State has sent forth representative men in Church and State.

The Mission Board paid me one hundred dollars and the mission about fifty dollars, with quite a number of donations. The amount paid does not mean that the people were mean and stingy. All the supplies of the county were made at home. There was but little sold, and but little money was in circulation. At one time I was without a cent, and I went to a man to borrow a dollar. Before asking for it a brother came to the door and said: "Where I came from they used to pay the preacher, but no one has said a word to me about it this year." He handed me three half dollars. I have never felt heavier half dollars since that day.

The year was drawing to a close. My brother Robert came to see us. He said that he must take Rachel and the baby home with him, that it would not do to leave them there while I went to Conference. He procured a gentle horse and side-saddle. With a pillow in her lap and the baby on it, Rachel rode upon her horse. Robert, ahead upon his own horse, led them on a three days' journey.

Our good friends, the Hugheses and Barclays, had never allowed Rachel to spend a night alone while I was gone. The weeks passed by very slowly. Most of my time was spent in the country, but when in town the little cabin looked very lonely. During that year at one point in my circuit thirteen bears were killed.

Rev. Thomas M. Hughes was born in Buncombe County, North Carolina, January 31, 1809. His wife was born December 11, 1810, in Rutherford County, North Carolina. They were married in Habersham County, Georgia, January 1, 1828. Eleven children blessed their home. Two daughters married preachers, Revs. J. W. Twiggs and M. G. Hamby. Three of their sons became preachers. Three of their grandsons are members of the North Georgia Conference—Rev. W. T. Hamby, Rev. John P. Erwin, Rev. Lovick Marion Twiggs—and Rev. George C. Erwin, a great-grandson, belongs to the South Georgia Conference.

Rev. Francis Goodman Hughes married Amanda Goodrum. He was a young lawyer with good prospects. Obeying the call to preach, he became a chaplain in the Confederate army. He preached faithfully to the soldiers and looked after the sick and wounded. When the war closed, he, with Gen. C. A. Evans and a young man from the ranks, Brother Ellis, was admitted to the North Georgia Conference. I was one of the committee that approved their examinations. Brother Hughes was well qualified and served good circuits and stations and was at one time a presiding elder. He was always well received and was successful. He was at one time pastor at Newnan. When he superannuated, he came to Blairsville to live. We were greatly endeared to each other, often going back to old memories. He lingered for a while in his last illness. When the end was near, he called his family in around his bed and pronounced on them his last blessing, dying without a fear, but with the sweet hope of heaven. I was asked to conduct the funeral and did so, the other pastors of the city taking part. His remains rest in the cemetery here. I prepared an obituary for the *Wesleyan Advocate,* which was adopted as

a memoir by the committee on memorials. His family is still in Newnan, highly esteemed and loved by all. In the church, to the right of the pulpit, is a beautiful memorial window perpetuating the esteem and love in which he is held.

I am indebted to the Rev. Thomas C. Hughes, a useful and beloved local preacher at Blairsville, for my information. His fellow citizens have sent him to the Georgia Legislature. He has held places of honor. I held him in my arms many times in 1846. I thank him and greatly appreciate the service he has rendered me.

CHAPTER V

Summerville, Marietta, and Indian Generosity, 1847-48

CHATTOOGA is in many respects one of the best counties in the State. Its soil is rich, lying mostly in beautiful valleys. Its original forest was magnificent in oak, hickory, pine, poplar, and other tall trees. In intelligence and high social position, its citizens equal any in the State. It has more fine country schools than any county I have ever found. Take an instance from the north line of the county. From the Browntown Valley to Alpine, on the Alabama line, it is twenty miles. There were four fine schools, all with good teachers and well attended. The people took great interest in their children. They also had good Sunday schools that did not freeze out in winter, but were warm and comfortable the coldest days that came. One Sunday school was conducted in the evening, the most successful evening school I ever attended.

The land was in lots of one hundred and sixty acres. The owners held the deeds to their homes. There were no monopolies in land. Of course some men owned more than others. The property was well divided. Many people owned negroes, but a majority of the work was done by industrious white people. The soil yielded forty bushels of corn and twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. Large cribs were full of corn, and barns were full of provender for the stock. They had very fine stock—horses, cows, sheep, and hogs—and flocks of geese and ducks which yielded feathers for comfortable beds. There were apples, peaches, and other fruits in abundance.

The three denominations—Methodist, Baptist, and Presby-

terian—were about equally divided. The moral standard of the country was high. I mention one man, the Rev. Irvin Atkinson. When young he was a member of the North Carolina Conference and was stationed at Raleigh. His mind was of no ordinary cast, and it was well cultivated. In my third year of Conference study he was a great help to me. He could answer all my questions so I could understand them. He was a man of great influence for good. He was lovable in every respect. His feeble health and frail constitution limited his labors and brought death sooner.

Summerville was a very small town then. The parsonage was at Teloga Springs, one of the finest communities in the county. The reception we received was warm, and the people remained cordial to the last. With my wife's intuitive judgment and single aim to learn the duties of a preacher's wife, she had an opportunity which she greatly improved. As everywhere else, she won the affections of the people. The parsonage was visited almost daily by the good women. They fed us on the fat of the land. There she found some women of great experience and learned from them how to manage a home. She saw the country in its beauty, in its greatness and nobleness of people, as she had never seen it before. It was an opportunity which fitted her for the years before us. It was the nearest charge to my old home I ever served, only about thirty-five miles, and one of the most pleasant.

I must mention Brother A. B. Neal and his family. They became very dear to me. The family consisted of noble boys, some of whom I received into the Church. Two of his grandsons are now members of some of the Western Conferences. His only living son is Robert P. Neal, of Dalton, Georgia, a useful local preacher. Brother Neal died about six years after

I left there. His was one of the saddest deaths to me. From my heart I wrote the family a note of condolence. It was preserved in the family Bible. Only a few years ago, when R. P. Neal was visiting a brother or sister, the letter was read by them.

I might add the name of William Penn, who was a leading Methodist and controlled more money, perhaps, than any man in the county. He had that year a fine peach orchard full of fruit. The brandy makers tried to buy it, setting a price upon each tree. Thomas Wimms, worth not half the property, was a close friend. They talked the matter over and decided that it was against the rules of their Church to make brandy. Brother Penn had a great number of hogs and large cribs of corn. He turned his hogs into the peach orchard, and they became fat. He sold his corn for a good price and said that he had a clear conscience and had made money.

The place was one mile west of the river, a few miles above the old Warsaw Ferry, on the Chattahoochee, owned by Evan Howell. I crossed there in 1838 on my way from Murray County to Augusta. Considerably over a hundred years ago a young Englishman married an Indian girl. He cultivated the rich river bottoms and became a man of wealth. In the early twenties a young Methodist preacher, afterwards the good and great William J. Parks, conducted a wonderful revival of religion in the western part of Gwinnett County. I cannot give the locality; but when John Rogers told me of the great meeting he said it was twelve miles, and I went every Sunday morning to class meeting. It was no more trouble than to take my basket of corn and go two hundred yards and feed my hogs. Surely "duty did not seem a load, nor worship a task." Brother Rogers and his whole family be-

came members of the Methodist Church. The west side of the river was then all Indian territory. Brother Rogers determined to give his children all the educational advantages possible. He sent his daughters to the far-famed school at Salem, North Carolina. The governors of the State and many of the leading people sent their daughters to the same school. His son, William, married one of the teachers of the school and brought her to Georgia.

Contemporary with the Rogers family, there lived a man widely known on the banks of the Etowah River, Lewis Blackburn, who kept a public house and entertained thousands of people, stock drovers and others. When President Monroe made his tour through the South, he spent a night there. He and his traveling companions traveled in the State coach. There was another coach that carried their baggage. After supper one of the drovers came out picking his teeth, saying: "I wish that peddler would open his trunks. I might want to buy something." If the President was traveling incognito, Mr. Blackburn knew who he was. Mrs. Blackburn had some Indian blood in her, though their daughters were fair, beautiful women. Two of the Blackburn sisters married two of the Rogers brothers. So these, with other good women, were the principal members of old Mount Zion Church. Almost every family was directly or indirectly connected with the Indians.

After Marietta was made a station there was no home for the preacher on the circuit, and it was a very difficult problem to solve. This generous-hearted and noble membership said: "We will take the preacher, furnish him a home, and feed his family." It was my wife's motto not to become too friendly upon short acquaintance, but for one time the wary bird

was caught in the Indians' trap. These good women came to her at once without any ceremony. "We are not going to lose any time getting acquainted; we are going to take charge of you and are going to take care of you," they said. She saw at once that they were sensible and sincere and entered at once into the unceremonious introduction. To the little one-room, split-log cabin they added a frame addition with glass windows and a brick chimney. They also put articles of comfort inside. This is where they kept their captive. They furnished us with all needed provisions and everything to make us comfortable. They soon found out that my work called me from home sometimes two weeks at a time. As soon as I was gone a carriage came to take my wife to some of their homes, and they were glad to have her visit from one home to another. When it was necessary for her to be at home while I was gone, she had company to stay with her day and night. This was a group of very intelligent women. They read much good, solid literature, including the Church's periodicals. The *Old Home Circle* was a great favorite with them.

The Marietta Circuit extended over considerable territory, commencing at Smyrna, six miles below Marietta, and extending to Canton and Reinhardt (Lewis Reinhardt lived there then). It extended back to the Chattahoochee. We had about twenty appointments, filled every two weeks. There were four camp grounds: Smyrna, Warsaw, Hickory Flat, and Marietta. There were sixty-nine tents built and rebuilt at the Marietta Camp Ground, and they re-covered the arbor. This work was done by the people themselves as they could spare the time from their farms, and many ejaculatory prayers went up while they were at work. The camp meeting was one

of the most gracious I ever attended. I think there were fully one hundred souls soundly converted.

I was in charge of the circuit; but as I was not an elder, Rev. Davis Lowry, a local elder good and acceptable in every way, was the supply on the circuit with me. My part was a very responsible and difficult one. There were old Church feuds to settle and many troubles to prevent, besides other cares that came upon a preacher in charge. You ask me what this has to do with a tribute to my wife. I answer: It has much to do. She accepted the situation, never murmuring, making herself very agreeable. So I never spent a moment thinking of how we would be fed or how she would be taken care of. What many a woman might have made troublesome she made pleasant.

William Rogers was a superior man. Before the removal of the Indians, the government offered to pay them for every fence rail and every improvement, and all who accepted moved peaceably to the West. The money paid to them by the government amounted to thousands of dollars. William Rogers was one of the agents selected by the Indians to represent them at Washington City. After a day's transaction with the officers at Washington, he went to his room, locked his door, looked over what had been done, and saw that he had four hundred dollars too much. Though the door was locked, the "old boy" was there and told him that nobody would know it. His reply was: "William Rogers knows it." The next day he went back, and the officers of the treasury corrected the mistake. If it had been thousands of dollars, it would have been the same with William Rogers.

I say there is not one drop of ignoble blood in a Cherokee Indian's veins; no, not one. All things being equal, he is

capable in his intellectual and moral faculties of the highest development. I am not sure, but I believe the Rogers family are Scotch instead of English. In the last century a great many Scotch came to this country and mixed with the Indians. Their greatest chief, John Ross, who troubled the United States so long, had three-fourths Scotch blood and one-fourth Indian. If he had been a blonde, it would never have been noticed; but he was swarthy and had the sedate countenance of an Indian.

CHAPTER VI

Clarksville Circuit, 1849—Conversion of My Father

CLARKSVILLE was the county seat of Habersham County. The county contains quite a number of creeks, rich valleys of land, Mount Yonah, a noted mountain not connected with any range, the noted waterfalls Toccoa (the Cherokee word for "beautiful"), the great Tallulah Falls (meaning "terrible"), and Nacoochee Valley, one of the most beautiful valleys to be found.

The Methodist Church was strong. Mossy Creek was thickly settled by intelligent people—the Askews, Dorseys, Pitchfords, and others. The Mossy Creek Camp Ground was well attended, and here the presiding elder baptized twenty-seven children. Our membership at Clarksville was not large, and many of our people were poor. Mr. Reuben Nash, six feet six inches tall, was not a member, but was one of the best friends of the Church. He met me and very cordially said: "All of your people are not prepared to take care of your horse; but there is always a stall ready for him in my stable, and you are welcome to come to my stable without an invitation at any time." He was a good adviser at all times. We needed a superintendent at our Sunday school. A medical student boarded with Mr. Nash, and he suggested that he would make a good one, and he did. At the end of the year, when the student went to Augusta to attend lectures, I gave him a letter to the pastor, who introduced him at once to the members, and he was very kindly treated there. He was quite a success as a doctor and became a valuable local preacher at

Dahlonega. He has gone to his reward, and his name, Dr. Howard, is kindly remembered by many people in that section.

Nacoochee was by far the leading Church of the charge. There were many prominent families there—the Williamses, two families of Richardsons, not related, the Browns, and the Trammels. Major Williams and his four sons were all refined and intelligent. John L. Richardson was the son of an old patriarch, Jesse Richardson. The noted Duke's Creek Gold Mine was his property. Sometimes after a day's washing out a plateful of the precious metal was placed on the table to be looked at. J. M. and W. C. Richardson were brothers, both good local preachers and strong supporters of the Church. The Rev. A. Littlejohn's wife was a daughter of the old patriarch. When there was a deficit in the last Quarterly Conference, J. L. Richardson footed the bill, whatever it was. As soon as the people heard of it each one paid his part at once, and so it was with every item of Church expense. The church building was one of the first framed with glass windows. All were in sympathy with the pastor and his family. The parsonage was there. Men's shirt bosoms and collars were made at home, and often there was a misfit. Rachel did her part, which was appreciated. She gave them a perfect pattern.

The Quillian family was a very numerous one in the county. I have been in touch with six generations of them, from the oldest grandsire down to one of the youngest babes. There were three brothers contemporary with my father: Clement, a man of fine intelligence, rather tall and slender, with a swarthy complexion; James, not so slender, about five feet ten inches, of fine intellect, well balanced, a local preacher; and Daniel, a stout blonde with red hair. From Clement

and James the multitude of Quillians came, and of them there have been more preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and statesmen than of almost any other family. Many of them were well-to-do in the world and were liberal supporters of the Church. I have never known one abjectly poor or mean. In many communities I have found more Smiths, sometimes two to a name, but the Quillians outnumbered the Smiths up there.

A closing word about the Chattahoochee. It heads but a few miles above Nacoochee Valley, where one can almost step across it. It takes its name from a peculiar rock. Take one, say, twelve inches long, at each end four inches white, the middle four inches black. It is a smooth rock, but I do not know the constituents of it. Many of them are small, with white and black streaks. This rock gives the name to the Chattahoochee, meaning "streaked rock."

The spring of 1849 was especially memorable. On the fifteenth day of April there was a heavy snow, extending to Florida. A heavy frost followed for several days, and all vegetation was killed. The forest looked as if it were draped in mourning.

My father always stood for Churches and every other good thing, but never in any way committed himself as a member of the Church. This continued till he began to grow old. Mother and all the children had become professors of religion and members of the Church, and they prayed for him daily. It was my fifth year in the Conference, and Clarksville was my charge. There was a great temperance meeting to be held in Marietta. The late Dr. William H. Felton was the eloquent orator. Chief Justice Joseph H. Lumpkin was one of

the principal speakers. Dr. G. G. Smith spoke to the children, who were arrayed in white. It was a great day for temperance.

The trains had been running through the tunnel to Dalton a few weeks before. I left my horse and went up to see the home folks. The object of my visit was to make one more appeal to my dear father. Heretofore, while he always treated me with respect, he dropped the subject where I could not take it up. It was a mild day in July. Dinner had to be early, that I might get to the train. When I arose to leave, I threw my arms around my father's neck and made my appeal. He said: "O my son, I have resolved many a time and failed, but now I make my final resolution and beg you and your mother and sisters to pray for me." We all knelt down and prayed fervently. My sister said: "My dear brother, when you leave it nearly breaks my heart. It will be so long before you come back again. But now I say good-by gladly. Your visit has been so much blessed."

My father kept his vow, but it was nearly three years before he was converted. At a gracious meeting held in Union Hill, where the Presbyterians and Methodists worshiped together, my father was a constant mourner, and the good men and women took a deep interest in the gray-haired penitent. There he was greatly blessed and told to all his peace and joy. He united with the Presbyterian Church.

During his last nineteen years father was one of the most patient, lamblike men and was grateful for the least kindness. He seemed to have forgotten all the bright days of prosperity, all the dark days of adversity, and all the stormy scenes of politics. He received kindness from his children and grandchildren and appreciated it all.

Father and mother died at the home of my brother, J. C. K. Cotter, in different rooms, on September 9, 1871, she dying at five o'clock and he at seven. They rest in the same grave at Stone Church. There may they rest in peace "till He shall bid them rise"!

CHAPTER VII

Canton and Gainesville Circuits, 1850-51

OUR first Conference held west of the Chattahoochee was at Marietta, on January 9, 1850. Bishop Andrew presided. Many people attended, it being the first. Bishop Joseph S. Key closed his first year there and I my fifth. So far as I know, he and I are the only men living that were present at that Conference. J. M. Dickey, the father of Dr. J. E. Dickey, was then admitted on trial. When the appointments were read, Jesse Boring was named as superintendent of the California Mission and A. M. Winn as missionary to California. I was appointed to Canton. It was the first time my name had appeared in the appointments. Before it had been on the Marietta Circuit, and I had served it in 1848.

While coming up the banks of the Etowah we view a beautiful level spot, nowhere surpassed in situation for a city and at that time the home of a fine class of people. Joseph E. Brown was a young lawyer who attained to great distinction. He was the noted War Governor of Georgia, was on the Supreme Bench, and was a United States Senator. Other names to be mentioned are: The Fieldses, Donaldsons, Galts, and Gen. Daniel Bird. Three of the Bird brothers were in the Georgia Legislature at the same time. Others are: James Jordan, W. P. Hammond, and R. J. Cowart, called in that day "Bob" Cowart. He had been a member of the Conference, located, practiced law, and went into politics and never got out. Political excitement was very high in 1850. The party that had been at the top before went to the bottom that year. We were building a good brick church. Twelve or fifteen hundred

dollars was needed, and twelve or fifteen men were called on to subscribe one hundred dollars each to finish it. When Cowart was asked if he would give, he was told that if he would another man would follow his example. When in earnest he had a musical twang in his speech. He said: "Cotter, you had as well butt your head against a brick wall as to get that man to give a hundred dollars." The party gave it at once. Cowart was a very eloquent speaker and charmed the people with sermons or political speeches.

They had fine schools in Canton. Dr. Dubose was in charge of the female school. Cherokee County contains some very fine farming lands. One portion is known as Hickory Flat, another Little River Land. There are other portions of the county just as good. These lands were owned by a fine class of people—McCornells, Gunbys, Evanses, Parks, Paynes, Freemans, and Bells. Best of all, we had many good people in our Church. They had asked to be made a charge and doubled the amount they had paid to the Church. They paid that year about what the old Marietta Circuit had paid.

The Lord blessed us with many good revivals, one at Canton and a great one at Little River Church. The latter started in May and continued till the end of the year. About sixty, from ten to twenty years of age, were converted. Largus Bell, one of the converts, joined the Alabama Conference and was at one time presiding elder. M. G. Hamby, a very modest boy, became a useful member of the Georgia Conference. His son, W. T. Hamby, at the time I write, is a station preacher at Carrollton. At the close of the year the pastor and his wife were complimented with new suits out and out. The new brick church, having had a marble front added, stands to this day. A parsonage had been bought.

Charles Christian was a noted man six feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds. He was born in the penitentiary of Georgia. His father was the principal keeper. Charles possessed the strength and courage of a lion and had considerable temper. When a mob disturbed the peace at a camp meeting or anywhere else and the officer feared to meet the leader, Charles walked right up to him and laid his hands on him. The grace of God made him one of the most lamblike Christians. I was his pastor for three years. This resulted from the changes in the charges. A pastor never had a member more helpful than he was. A few years after I left that work he died, and I went fifty miles to preach his funeral.

In the many charges where my lot has been cast, none is cherished with more loving remembrance than Canton.

Our next move was to Gainesville Circuit, in 1851. "McGregor was on his native heath." My father had selected and named the place. Nineteen years before, in my ninth year, I had left the county. A cordial reception was given us by many of the old citizens. According to the number of members of the Church, nowhere else were there so many good women to be found. A long list would be required to give all the names, but here are a few: Mesdames Banks, Rivers, Good, Thompson, McAfee, Lovick P. Thomas, Peoples, and Graham.

Our membership contained some leading men, including Brother Johnson, a lawyer, and Brother Graham, who was my first school-teacher. The most distinguished man was Dr. Richard Banks, a graduate of the university and of a medical school. He was the most widely known man in that part of the State, and sometimes he rode a hundred miles to perform an operation. He came all the way to Murray County to

remove a tumor from a lady's breast. My mother was present. His temperament was of a marvelous combination. He performed an operation with a perfectly steady hand, yet he was tender and emotional. One morning, before any of the family had gotten up, one of the servants had made a fire. A little daughter three years of age jumped out of her bed and ran to the fire. Standing in front of it, her nightgown caught fire, and she was burned to death. At different times he tried to relate the circumstance to me; but always the words were choked, and he never finished. He was a class leader; and if any of the young members violated the rules of the Church and he had to report them, the report was prefaced with some palliating excuse—maybe the young man had been surrounded by unfavorable circumstances, etc. It would not be saying too much to state that Dr. Banks was an oculist fifty years in advance of his profession. He not only discovered many troubles of the eye, but he invented delicate instruments by which they could be removed. Dr. Westmoreland, a leading surgeon in Atlanta, told me that years ago, when he was a young man, he rode fifty miles and stayed a week or more to receive instructions from Dr. Banks. Banks County is named in honor of Dr. Banks.

Dr. Banks was a devout worker in the Church. We had a gracious meeting in Gainesville. He was at the altar much of the time encouraging the penitents. At one time Brother Graham was richly blessed. He sat on the floor thanking the Lord for the blessing. The Inferior Court met then about once every six months and continued about a week. The influence of the meeting closed the court on Wednesday, and the sheriff was received into the Church. One of the con-

verts, then about fourteen years old, was Dr. J. R. Graham, now of Dalton.

It may be said that we had a good year all the way round. At its close my family went to stay at my father's while I went to Conference. A most fatal fire destroyed three squares of the town and the courthouse. Our books, bedding, and all we had went up in flames. I received notice of it while at Conference and sent it to my wife. Our little boy said: "And the trundle-bed is gone!"

Twenty-six years afterwards the first Conference was held at Gainesville, and I was the guest of Sister Banks. The Doctor had been dead a number of years, and she was quite an old lady. Fifty-seven years after my pastorate I took part in the memorial service, the last held in the old church, and also in the opening of the splendid new church. The Conference was held that year in Gainesville. Bishop Hoss asked me to take the chair and preside over the Conference for a little while. This would not be mentioned but that it was at Gainesville. When I was eighty-six years old, I dedicated a nice church at Gillsville, in sight of where I was born. While there the thought came to me that that was the ground my feet first trod upon. That was my last visit to dear old Hall County.

Rev. Jackson P. Turner was born in Gwinnett County in 1823. At eighteen years of age he started learning the carpenter's trade at Roswell Factory, in Cobb County, when the first buildings were erected. The workmen lodged together, and after supper they spent their hours together telling yarns. Turner's worst habit was profanity, but a deep conviction fastened on his conscience. One of the young men, a devout Christian, gave him the "Life of Carvosso," which led him

to trust in Christ. His conversion was clear and satisfactory, and his call to preach soon afterwards was also clear. Mr. Ball released him from his apprenticeship; and he made good use of the year, beginning with the schoolbooks. This was in 1841. He was admitted to the Conference at the end of the year. His first appointment was as junior preacher on the Dahlonega Circuit in 1842, the same on the McDonough Circuit in 1843, junior in Augusta in 1844, in charge at Darien in 1845, stationed at Marietta in 1846, in charge of Monticello Circuit in 1847, stationed at Milledgeville in 1848, and presiding elder on the Gainesville District in 1849, where he continued for four years. In 1853 he was stationed in Augusta. In 1854 he was presiding elder on the Columbus District, where he started off with good prospects for the year. He lived at Talbotton. In July the fatal fever came. He lingered for about four weeks. Clear in his mind, with his last message to his brethren he told Brother Hinton to tell them that he had labored with them in love for twelve years and was leaving them with a sweet hope of heaven. He married Miss Jane Fayette, of Clarkesville, in 1850 and left her with two little boys. His mind was one of the best. He became a good Latin and Greek scholar, with a smattering of the Hebrew language. He was well up in history and the poets. He was a very able preacher and presiding officer. He was of medium size, had a fine face and voice and beautiful blue eyes. He was my presiding elder for three years. We were close friends, and I feel it an obligation to say what I have here said.

PART THREE

PASTORAL SERVICE (CONTINUED) AND WAR TIMES

CHAPTER I

Watkinsville and Carnesville Circuits, 1852-54

THE next charge was the Watkinsville Circuit. This was a large circuit, embracing Clarke and Jackson Counties and extending from Green County to Hall County. Much of Clarke County was between the Oconee and Apalachee Rivers and was very rich land. It had made many people rich—the Branches, Swinneys, Thrashes, Williamsons, and others.

We were total strangers, spending the night with Brother Johnson. Dinner over, we walked to the parsonage and found it all ready, with good fires burning. With other things we were glad to see, there was a trundle-bed for the children. It was January 19, 1852, a cold day. The weather calendars have since recorded but few spells as cold. Watkinsville was a small town, but it was the place of the courthouse of Clarke County. Athens, Salem, and Farmington were centers of fine schools. The people, many of them, were well off, intelligent, and hospitable, and many of them the best Christians I have found anywhere. These were the palmiest days of our dear old South. Great freedom existed between the town and the country people. Athens was a classic city—not a large commercial town, but no one was known by his title. Howell Cobb had been one of the President's Cabinet and Governor of the State, but everybody called him Howell Cobb. Judge Dougherty, of the Superior Court, was called Charles. And so it was at Watkinsville. Bishop Haygood's father, a lawyer, was called Green. Judge Jackson was called Meeks. Dr. Durham was called Milledge. And so it went around—Calvin Johnson and Isaac Vinson. Even the ladies were called by

their given names. The Bishop's mother was called Martha. Mrs. Johnson was called Matilda. It was customary in those days to call the preacher's wife "Aunt" or "Sister," but they said they were going to call Rachel "Rachel"; so everybody called her "Rachel," just as if she had lived there all the time. Really, if it was not an honorary degree, it meant marked respect.

Quite a revival spirit was developing in the first of the year, and Rachel entered heartily into it. During our second year Mrs. Gouedy paid us a visit. Her noble heart was moved when she met the lone girl. Really their meeting moved all who witnessed it to tears. A mother could scarcely have appreciated all the surroundings more—the high esteem in which Rachel was held, the comfortable parsonage—yes, all the surroundings. Mrs. Gouedy was no dyspeptic and enjoyed well-prepared meats and vegetables for the table and a dessert to follow. She said: "Rachel, you didn't know much about cooking when you were with me. How about all these good things to eat?" The answer was: "I would have been a very dull learner if I had not learned something by this time." And she had learned how to prepare the best things for the table. Whether prepared by herself or her cook, she saw everything before it reached the table. For herself, she was very fond of variety. Her good friend's visit was very much appreciated.

Ten years afterwards, going to Conference at Athens, I spent the night with Brother Johnson. Sister Johnson said: "We have had good preachers and good preachers' wives since you left us, but none have attained to Rachel's standard. The best thing we can say to them is that they do like Rachel. She took good care of things in the parsonage and

always kept it in such good order. She was cheerful when you were gone on your long stays from home and gave strict attention to everything that would help you in your work." Surely she deserved the highest tribute of praise, and it made my heart glad to hear it.

John Calvin Johnson was a great and good character. He was born in North Carolina and was educated in a fine classic school. Of the thirteen in his class, eleven were bright boys. Two were plodders and were the only ones that attained to high distinction—one a judge of the Superior Court and the other the Governor of the State. Had Calvin so aimed, he was capable of filling any place. He was clerk of the Superior Court nearly forty years, was one of the best stewards in the Church, and was a local preacher acceptable at any time to the Church in Athens. Much of his preaching was done for the negroes. A widow whose neighbor was giving her trouble about her land lines asked Brother Johnson what lawyer she should employ. He said: "Don't get a lawyer. I know all the papers; and if you lose, I'll pay the cost." Soon afterwards she won her case in court and wanted to pay Brother Johnson something for his advice. He said: "I am amply paid to think that that mean man who troubled a widow lost his case." She said: "But I must make you a present. Let the tailor take your measure and make you a suit of clothes out of the finest cloth."

On a Christmas morning a negro called at the gate to see "Mars' Calvin," and when he went out he saw a negro with a bread tray. The negro said: "Uncle Jim made this bread tray, and it's a nice one. Mars' Calvin, you've been so good to preach to us negroes, and we want you to continue to preach for us." Calvin thanked him and said he would try

to do so. He said he made a suit of clothes by pleading law and a bread tray by preaching. Dear Brother Johnson was a great and genial soul; and Matilda, his wife, was one of the most consecrated Christians. Long since they have gone to their reward.

A gracious revival spread over the whole work, and more than five hundred members were received into the Church. At old Dry Pond Camp Meeting eight hundred dollars was received for missions. The whole amount raised that year was nine hundred and sixty dollars. Rev. J. H. Grogan, a young man of fine promise, rendered great assistance to the work that year.

I was returned to the same work the next year. The rule then was to receive members into full fellowship after six months' probation. Those who had joined were received that year, almost every one of them.

My colleague the second year was J. R. Littlejohn, then in his fourth year in the Conference. He was a good preacher and was well received by the people. He was placed in charge of that work the next year.

Brother Grogan was a man of fine judgment and attained good standing in the Conference, and so did Brother Littlejohn. At the time of this writing his son, Littlejohn, is judge of the Superior Court at Sumter, Georgia.

In 1854 Carnesville, Franklin County, was my work. The county seat was a small town. A very large stronghold of Methodism was Bold Spring. It was the home of one of our great leaders of the Conference, William J. Parks. Wesley Mayfield, a large planter, held his membership there. Rev. Jackson Oliver, a local preacher, the Shannons, Squire Gunnells, and other good families were there. To have the

pastor in their midst, they made a very unfortunate selection for their parsonage. It was a new building, fairly well furnished, but at the edge of an old field, with a deep forest on the other side and no human habitation in sight. My heart sank when I saw it. But few women would have met it as bravely as Rachel did. That year one of our children died, and another was born. The people were as kind as they could be. We had a fairly good year.

My colleague was Rev. I. G. Worley, a good young man, but possessed of some eccentricities. For the only time, a request was made for removal.

CHAPTER II

Warrenton and a Visit Home, 1855-56

THE next charge, in 1855, was Warrenton, about fifty miles north of Augusta. The county has its own marked individuality in many respects. The soil generally is good, and the property is more equally divided than is found elsewhere. Few were very rich and few very poor. The people were prompt in paying their debts. Methodism had a pretty good following there. Thomson, then a good town, forty miles above Augusta, was one of the appointments. The old log house of worship was just a little out of town. That year they erected a very good frame building in town. A teacher noted for handling bad boys had a school of perhaps a hundred. It was known as Greenway Institute. When the new church was opened, the teacher and his boys attended for two nights, and the boys behaved well. Later a number of boys attended without the teacher and behaved badly. The next night they came and behaved no better. It was against my rule to reprove in the church, but forbearance was no longer a virtue. Striving not to show anger in voice or word, a reproof was given. There was no more unbecoming behavior in the church. Taking meals at the different boarding houses, I was surprised at the courteous treatment given by the boys. That was not explained to me for five or six years. One of the students at that time afterwards graduated at Emory College and entered the Conference, of which I was very glad. He failed in no point to be one of the most attractive men. I greeted his coming. He said to me: "You gave me the most severe reproof I ever received in my life." I replied: "No, I never saw anything in you to reprove." He an-

swered: "When a man looks at me and shoots his words at me like bullets, I understand what he means." I said: "I give it up." Then he said: "Do you remember reproving some boys at Greenway Institute?" My answer was: "I remember it very well. It was a most unpleasant duty." He told me that after dark the boys held an indignation meeting. One suggested that they take off the preacher's buggy wheel and put it in the pond, and another said that they should meet him in the dark and "cuss him out." At last one said: "Boys, every word he said was the truth, and he showed no irritability. I suggest that we be Mr. Cotter's friends." "Agreed," said the others. That accounted for their politeness at the table where I visited. Dr. Hopkins was the one who told me this, and I think he was the boy who had made the proposition. He became a professor and President of Emory College, was the founder of the Technological School in Atlanta, and was one of the most attractive preachers in Georgia. All in all, he was a most lovable character.

Warrenton had a fine dry goods trade, drawing customers from all around. There were quite a number of lawyers located there. Judges Gibson and E. H. Pottle both presided in the Superior Court for a number of years. Dr. R. W. Hubert was one of the leading physicians. He was well posted on medical jurisprudence, never letting a lawyer tangle him. He and Rev. Amos Johnson were local preachers and leaders in all Church matters. Brother Johnson was large and had a coarse voice, but he had good judgment and a good heart. Johnson's relatives composed his Church, one of the largest memberships in the circuit. They often had difficulties to settle, and Amos came down and settled them. We needed a junior preacher. The matter was submitted to Amos. His

answer was: "I'll see Dr. Hubert." When it was mentioned to Dr. Hubert, his answer was: "I'll see Amos Johnson." If they agreed, the matter went; and if not, the matter did not go. We had two fairly good years there.

I had been asked the second year to speak on the Fourth of July. When the day came I was in bed with a fever, and was not out till the first of August. About the first of September my wife took the fever and was seriously ill. At one time for four days all chances for recovery seemed gone. Then Dr. Hubert said: "Sister Cotter is going to get well." Soon we were both sound and well again.

Let something be said here about the negroes. We had three or four colored preachers, all good men. Clack was above the ordinary in natural gifts and was in great favor with the whites. At three o'clock on Sunday they had the house full and had good preaching and the loudest and best singing.

I will tell how I was "sold out" at one time. At Newark, New Jersey, there was a fine church to be dedicated, and one of their foremost preachers came to see Bishop Pierce. He came to my home to inquire about the way. At that time there was much published in the papers about a noted impostor. Suspicion was that he might be the man. I went with him to the livery stable, but told the keeper to charge nothing to me. With a two-horse team he went the sixteen miles to the Bishop's residence. As soon as he returned I asked the driver about his arrival, and his answer was that they shook hands and scraped and bowed. He said he left after that. At the appointed time the Bishop went. President Franklin Pierce learned of the Bishop's visit and invited him to call and see him. Neither of these dignitaries of Church and State

had any taste for sham and show. The President was a devout Christian, having family prayer morning and evening. His name goes down in history as being the most eloquent President we have ever had. The principal question before them was to see if they were not distant cousins. The Bishop's sermon at the dedication was one of his happiest efforts, and a great collection followed. There were several of us who greatly enjoyed his report of it when he returned.

Fifty-two years afterwards I assisted in dedicating a new church that was built where liquor had been sold when I was there the first time. Amos Johnson and hundreds of others were gone. Dr. Hubert was still alive, and we met like brothers. Of course he is now gone.

Good-by, dear old Warrenton!

Again and again mother told us to be honest, strictly honest to the worth of a pin, and truthful in everything; to avoid evil associations and to associate with good people; told us that everybody could not be wise or rich, but that everybody could do right and tell the truth. I have heard her say many times: "I would go to my grave with sorrow in my heart if one of my children should do a disgraceful thing." She told us to be kind and affectionate toward one another; that all fusses were bad, but that a family fuss was the worst. She said to us: "It won't be long till you are grown and separated from one another." Her precious words were not lost upon us. We grew up lovingly together. We have been widely separated. Three, we trust, are in the home above, and three others are striving to get there.

Leaving home is a sad day to all who properly consider it. It was so to me. My plans were made to enter the old Georgia Conference. The morning appointed to leave was a cold,

cloudy one in January, 1845. Mother was the last one to kiss my cheek and press me to her bosom, and my heart responds to that loving embrace to this day.

In the years that followed, my visits home were made annually for a time; but when my family became larger and my appointments were a long way off, we sometimes made visits once in two years, then it became four. In 1856 my visit was planned for the first of July; but Providence willed it otherwise, for when the time came I was in bed with fever. So letters to the dear ones at home had to take the place of the visit.

Waynesboro was my charge for 1857 and 1858. The pastor and people were total strangers to each other, and I waited till the fall of 1857 to make my visit home. Leaving Waynesboro via Augusta and Atlanta and on to Dalton, the schedules were not reliable. I got off the train at Catoosa platform at 4 A.M. There was nothing there but the platform, the spring being three miles away. With grip in hand, I started for a two-mile walk. I opened Mr. Taylor's big gate and found the path leading through the field and crossed Tiger Creek on a foot log. In a short time my journey was at an end. The chickens had done their loudest crowing and were nearly ready to fly down from their roosts. By the gray light of the morning I could distinguish different objects. Everything was silent. The very depths of my heart were stirred. It came upon me in a moment. It was there that I had the biggest and sweetest cry for joy in my life. I realized that in a moment I would see my precious mother again. The next moment they were all up and crying for joy, and then I laughed for joy. Those at home were mother and father and two sisters. All were well. We felt sad to see father and

mother growing old. We could see that the hand of Time had numbered more gray hairs on their heads and more lines upon their faces. Upon all these happy occasions each one did what he could to make them pleasant.

Like all good mothers, mother thought of the best things for us to eat. If the visit was in the summer, she would tell me about her chickens, which were fat and fine. Then she would want us to go to the spring house and see the hard cakes of butter and the bowls of rich cream. Next she would show us her honey in the comb. If the visit was made in the winter, she had the finest turkey cooked the best and the richest dressing and gravy. She would say: "I have made some of the best sausage you ever tasted." I have never eaten as good corn light bread as she made. This time the great sensation was her little black-and-white-spotted cow, long-bodied, deep in the flanks, with short legs, which gave six gallons of rich milk every day. I saw it with my own eyes. After a day's rest I asked them what they were going to do for firewood. It was late in October, and the frost had already turned the leaves red. There was plenty of wood—oak, hickory, and ash—near by. They said to me: "Don't worry about that. You haven't been here long, and we want you to enjoy your visit." I said: "Yes, it's been more than four years, and I've come over three hundred miles to make this visit, and I want to get all I can out of it. I've learned that what I don't put much into I don't get much out of." So, with sharp axes and hands and wagons, laying off my coat, I set to work. In two days we had enough wood and lightwood to do for the winter and the following summer.

The visits were never so far apart after that. I returned home and found them all well.

CHAPTER III

Waynesboro and Sandersville, 1857-60

ON the Waynesboro Circuit in 1857 and 1858 we found a very pleasant home at Alexander, a nice little town with a good school and churches. The parsonage was well located and had attractive surroundings. Among other things, there was a fine garden, with a nice patch of raspberries on frames. Rachel said: "I am going to learn something about the garden. When you are gone, a hand comes and works it, and I don't know whether it is right or wrong, and he doesn't."

Our nearest neighbor, Mrs. Oscar Shewmake, always known as Susan Shewmake, said: "Sister Cotter, I find you want to learn something about the garden, and I do too." So they got the gardener's guidebook and studied it faithfully. It was like the children coming home from school telling about their lessons and how they had studied grammar, geography, etc. I heard it and remember it to this day. My wife said: "Well, I can tell you about the garden. First, it must be made very rich, then broken up deep and thoroughly, and raked off well. The lines must be as diametrically straight as the line that divides a circle in halves. They must be exactly the same distance apart. For English peas the rows must go east and west. Dig a deep trench and pile the dirt all up on the north side. Cover the peas with but little earth at first. While they are young the dirt on the north side will protect them from the cold. As the weather turns warm, fill the ditch with the dirt, and the peas will be green longer. Save the first beans and other vegetables for seed." Ever after that she

had a list for planting and saw to the planting of the garden and enjoyed it.

It was the custom in those days for people to lay in their meat for the year. On the very day we arrived J. A. Shewmake, one of the best of stewards, asked me what I wanted to do about meat. I told him, and he had some meat slaughtered for me that evening, about half what I wanted. In those days we bought drove hogs from Tennessee and Kentucky. There were some there then, and I added all we wanted. I knew all about taking care of meat, getting the animal heat out, and then salting it well. My father's rule was to use plenty of salt and save the salt and meat too. After it was hung up and smoked, then was the time to save the hams from skippers. Rachel had the rule for that. She had a large washpot, with boiling water and red pepper and other things in it. Then she saw every ham prepared and put away. Even after that she would say: "We are on our last ham, and I have examined every one and have not found a single skipper."

Waynesboro was one of the best places in which to live that I have ever found. Being only a short distance from the Savannah River, we could have shad every day during the season for them. Brier Creek and other streams were fine for fishing with hook and line. My oldest son, a careful boy with his gun, brought in partridges and some swamp birds, also some squirrels from the post oak ridges near by. It was only thirty miles from Augusta, from where we could lay in all our groceries for the year at one time.

Few counties had more negroes than Burke, and no people were better to their slaves. They provided for one of the best preachers in the Conference to serve them. The leading men

of the county were stewards to see to his support, and his salary was about equal to their own pastor's. He preached to them, visited their sick, buried their dead, administered the communion to them, and served them in every good way. It was a reproach to any man's character if he did not feed and clothe his negroes and treat them humanely.

In speaking of a good man's character in that community they would not only say that he was good to his family and friends, but also to his negroes. Hardly have I found another place where the rich and the poor were on the same equality. The standard of high Christian character I have never seen surpassed anywhere.

We had a measure of success all round the circuit. We built a church at Waynesboro, and Bishop Pierce dedicated it. In many places we had gracious revivals of religion, the greatest perhaps at Old Church, six miles south of Waynesboro. A church was built there under the auspices of King George of England before the Revolutionary War. The battle known in history as the battle of Brier Creek was fought on that sacred spot. In 1855 we built a nice church there. The old church was torn down, and many musket balls were found in its timbers. Our meeting there in 1858 was a most gracious one. All political feuds were reconciled, and many members of the Church took on new growth and devotion. As everywhere else, Rachel made new and lasting friends there. The limit of our stay came, and we had to leave. Nowhere else in our wanderings did we spend two more pleasant years than at Alexander.

Burke is enchanted and historic ground, not only because the battle of Brier Creek was fought there, but the first Methodist preachers that crossed the Savannah, Humphreys and

Majors, made a lasting impression for good. Many of the leading men of the county were members of our Church. Judge A. J. Lawson, for many years a member of the Legislature, J. J. Jones, at one time a member of Congress, J. B. Jones, a graduate of the University of Georgia and of a law school and a most devout Christian and efficient steward, and J. K. Hines, a member of the Legislature, were among them. Our great Dr. Young J. Allen was born in that county, at Bark Camp. His father died just a little while before he was born, and his mother did not live a week after his birth. When about a year old he was brought to Meriwether County, where he was brought up. One of our best revivals was at Old Church. The stewards raised the money for Conference collections and all others and requested me to raise five hundred dollars for missions, which I did. On shaking hands with Mose Greene, for whom Greene's Cut is named, he placed a fifty-dollar bill in my hand.

Dr. G. G. Smith was my colleague. He was then about twenty years old. As soon as he came the children asked me what his name was. They said they would call him "Brother George." He captured the family. He did not make his home with us, but Rachel told him to bring to her all his clothing that needed attention, and she would mend them for him. He called her Aunt Rachel. Few older men were as well informed as he was then on the history of the Church. Both of his grandfathers were leading members of the Conference. He was brought up at Oxford, the home of Bishop Andrew and Bishop Capers. So he had the finest opportunities, and he improved them. We were lifelong friends. He has left in his books kind mention of both my wife and myself. He says: "Aunt Rachel was a queenly woman."

The next move, for 1859-60, was to Sandersville, in Washington County, one of the old counties of the State. It contained many good people and some not so good. It could not be said that many of the old and best leaders of the Church remained at that time. The good board of faithful stewards were pretty well worn out. There was not a member of the Church that would respond when called upon to pray.

We had a comfortable parsonage and were well received. The circuit extended over quite a wide territory. The first year was a fairly good one. The presiding elder and the official board felt that they needed more of the presence of a pastor, and it was made a station. Dr. A. C. C. Thompson was a competent and successful teacher and was principal of both the male and female schools, on opposite sides of the town. Professor Didier, of Maryland, superintended the male school, and I the female school to help pay my salary. We had a very prosperous year. Yes, I had some noble girls, and they became valuable women. Everything worked harmoniously.

Another great question came up before me. The old church building was at a sharp fork of the roads, and every rain washed away some of its foundation, so that it was hardly safe to worship in. As our old official board was almost worn out, Capt. Seaborn Jones, not a member, but one of the best men I have ever met and a safe adviser, was consulted about building a new church. His influence was great, and what he said went. He said: "Yes, we ought to have a new church." If he had said "No," it would have been a setback. He suggested the name of Thomas Youngblood, the leading merchant of the place, and lawyer Beverly Evans. With these three men the enterprise was speedily accomplished. Where

I looked for maybe twenty-five dollars, Youngblood brought up two hundred dollars. I was sent to another party from whom I expected twenty-five dollars and got one hundred and fifty dollars. Evans's father-in-law, a wealthy Primitive Baptist, owned several negro carpenters, under a white man to lead them. He took the contract to build the church. A new site was selected, and the building went up rapidly. The work was faithfully done, and soon it was ready for dedication. Rev. James B. Payne started from that very point when he was converted and became a leading member of the old Georgia Conference. He came and dedicated the church for us. Before the dedicatory prayer was offered I went down the aisle; and a wealthy bachelor whispered to me not to ask for any more money, that he would foot every bill. Before reaching the pulpit a member told me that he would give one hundred and fifty dollars. A beautiful chandelier had been presented by one who was not a member of our Church. We had already purchased a fine-toned bell that could be heard five miles. It was an undertaking most dreaded and the easiest accomplished. The next thing was to buy an extra street to reach the church. A gracious revival followed the dedication service. After it closed we started a young men's prayer meeting. It was not large, and they were very timid. One of them who was to pray had his prayer written. When he took the paper from his pocket, it was heard all over the church. Of course they were carefully charged not to criticize each other in any way. They afterwards became strong officials of the Church.

Here let me add: A few weeks before I had preached the funeral of a lady whom the doctor had told me two days before must die. Her children and mine were in school togeth-

er, and I felt the deepest sympathy. The stores were closed, and the church was crowded. In what I had to say, if there were three words to convey the meaning, the weakest came; so I went through the service deeply embarrassed. Starting with a revival afterwards, one of the most moral men came to the altar as a penitent and continued to come for several days. In the evening, after the business hours, I called to see him and asked him about the starting point. I wanted to see "the snag where he was hitched." He said: "The day you preached Mrs. Northington's funeral it seemed as if every word you said pierced my heart." He was converted, lived a most exemplary life for three years, then went to his reward. So let us not be too much elated with good sermons nor too much cast down over poor ones.

That we built the church then was a great good. The old church could not have lasted much longer, and the people were soon stripped of their property by the war; so the new church would not have been built. I have not been there since, but I have learned that they have a good brick church and one of the finest schools in the State.

The Washington Rifles, commanded by Captain Jones, were in the First Georgia Regiment and served and suffered a full share throughout the war.

Sandersville is about twenty-eight miles from Milledgeville, and occasional visits were made to the old capital. When Gov. Joseph E. Brown was elected and came to the capital, he brought a number of Canton people with him. Gen. Eli McCornell was the principal keeper of the penitentiary, and other places were supplied by people from Canton. With the rest was a couple whom I had married while there. The Governor and his wife were our neighbors and friends. They called

to see me and on leaving invited me to stay with them the next night I spent in Milledgeville, and I did so. We talked about Canton and Canton friends. We had family prayer, and Mrs. Brown and the children retired to their rooms. The Governor and I remained at the table in the dining room. He told me of his inaugural address and how he felt in delivering it. Then he told me of his conflict with the political party. It was the custom of those leaders to have their slate prepared and let the Governor make the appointments. These appointments were not always best for the people at large, but were made to keep the party together. More of them were made by the Governor then than now. He appointed the superintendent of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, the treasurer, and other important officers. The slate did not suit the Governor. Mr. —— was the party's man for superintendent of the road. The Governor had not made the appointments, and the party was uneasy about it. Alexander H. Stephens was then leader of the party. He spent the night with the Governor and stated that they had left no stone unturned to secure his election. They mentioned the names slated for the appointments. The Governor then told them he appreciated what they had done for him, but he must regard the obligations upon him for the good of the State.

The State road was then in the worst of management. It was a frolicking crew from one end to the other. Corn had been bought at Chattanooga, and the people were suffering for transportation. Brown knew it; and he appointed Dr. J. W. Lewis, perhaps the best man in the State, to take control of it. In a short time Dr. Lewis had the road in fine condition. He then said to me: "I intended to have a safe man made treasurer." That was George Kellog, of Forsyth Coun-

ty, who possessed every essential qualification for the office. Other appointments were as judiciously made.

The banking system was then very bad. The law allowed three paper dollars to be issued for every silver dollar, and some of the banks issued six for one. The result was that there were many failures. The planter sold his cotton for ten cents. The bank failed, and he lost his money. The ablest lawyers were employed against the Governor. The clerks in the bank criticized his bookkeeping and made it a public joke. But the confidence the people reposed in him was strengthened every day. He pointed his finger to the room above and said: "I prepared that veto between eleven and one o'clock at night." Like every other trying experience, he had more confidence in himself than he had ever had before. Our conference was closed at a late hour. I had to leave at an early hour, and Mrs. Brown was up to see that I had an early start. The crowning grace of hospitality is, "Speed your guest."

Mr. Brown was elected Governor four times and was known as the "War Governor." In the days of Reconstruction he was accused by some of having been bought by the enemy. The last conversation we had on this subject was about like this: "I feel that if we don't accept the best terms we can get we will be like the little boy whipped by the big one, spitting in his face and saying, 'I ask you no odds.'" Governor Brown was the safest guide in the most dangerous times. He regained the full confidence of the people and was Judge of the Supreme Court and then United States Senator as long as he lived. For one, I think there ought to be a county named Joe Brown County.

CHAPTER IV

Culloden, Greensboro, and Forsyth, 1861-65

IN 1861 Culloden was my charge. It is in the southwest corner of Monroe County, and its history has been written more than that of any other town in the State, for it was the first to establish schools of high grade. It has sent forth a greater number of distinguished men than any other town of its size. Members of Congress, Representatives and Senators, a Governor, and quite a number of preachers have gone from there. Dr. Eustace Speer, Dr. W. F. Cook, and Bishop McTyeire may be mentioned, the Bishop having been prepared there by Dr. J. R. Thomas to enter Randolph-Macon College. According to its size, Culloden was one of the wealthiest towns in the State. It was a fairly good circuit in every respect. While there my home was made with Rev. W. F. Cook, a local preacher. He and his wife were two of the best of people. She was a sister of Dr. Ellison, the second President of Wesleyan Female College. It was a year of many ups and downs with me. There I read Lincoln's inaugural address and could smell the smoke of war in it, for it was war all over. My oldest son was prepared to enter Emory College, and I had bought a home and moved to Oxford. I was away from home about a month at a time. In Henry County, in front of the home of Robert Grier, the author of Grier's Almanac, my horse died of blind staggers. I was only about one-fourth of the way from Oxford to Culloden, but I managed to get a conveyance and filled my appointments. I bought another horse; but he did not suit, and the man took him back. About three weeks later the horse died. With all the bad we had

some good. Dr. J. E. Evans was my presiding elder, and he was a most companionable man. He was a gifted man in all respects—a good preacher, a good pastor, and a good singer. We had a good meeting at Russellville Camp Ground and built a new church. I dedicated it. Dr. Evans, with his white cravat, straight-breasted coat, at a camp meeting altar clapping his hands and singing as loud as he could, "I am bound for the promised land," is a picture of old Methodism.

This is to be recorded as one year that my wife and I were separated. At the close of 1861 the war was getting to be at its worst. Rachel had done her part well, as she always did. Old Brother Mixon sowed her turnip seed for her. The college was closed. It is putting it very mildly to say that Oxford was one of the most religious and intellectual communities I have ever spent a year in. Dr. J. R. Thomas was president of the college. We had lived in the same town together before. When the college closed, I sold my house and lot for Confederate money and lost it all.

Troubles came in troops and at the worst times. At no period of our family's history could the war have come to us at a worse time. With a large family to feed and clothe, this absolute necessity had to be met, and for meeting it the conditions were growing worse every day. When the first volunteers went out, there was plenty of clothing and everything to fit them for the field. Then came the blockading of our ports; and, as before, we could get nothing from the North. Call after call came for more volunteers, and this took material for feeding them. Finally came the conscript law. This took every able-bodied man to the war, and nearly every family sent a son or husband. To clothe and provide for this great number the country was stripped bare. The clothing of the

people at home was almost worn out. We had to resort to the ways our grandmothers made cloth. Those useful articles were the cotton and wool cards, spinning wheels, and looms. With these we had to manufacture or make cloth. This story need not be told again, but all these articles were in evidence in our home. For me the material had been prepared, and a lady in the country wove the jeans, which was dyed with walnut. I had a good suit that lasted till the war ended. Always provident and persevering, Rachel, through a friend, had gotten a bolt or two of white cloth at the factory at Macon and also several bunches of factory thread. She knew nothing about weaving, but said she would try to do what others had done. She struck the first lick too hard, making the first yard as hard as a board. Under similar circumstances I never sympathized with her more to see her brave spirit so severely tried. I think she finally got the right lick and wove the web through. Other help in the weaving came, and an ample supply of cloth was provided.

A friendly eye had been watching her all the time. Mrs. Samuel Davis, possessed of ample means, had a fine seamstress, a negro. She said to Rachel that she had been watching her and wanted to help her. She said the time had come. She told her that her seamstress was in every way a capable and reliable woman and that she would send her to help her make every garment, if it took her a month. So Sally came and said: "Mrs. Cotter, Mistress told me to come here with my tape measure, thimble, and scissors and to stay till every garment for the boys and girls is cut out and made and every button and buttonhole is done. She said for you not to sew a stitch." So Sally went to work and pleased in every garment. Rachel did not forget the weapon that won her first

victory. She overhauled all the old clothing, turning some of the skirts upside down and mending others, congratulating herself that she was better off than she thought she was. All the children had two good suits around. She said: "Before me this was a big hill to climb; but when I came to it, it was as smooth and level as the house floor. We speak of angels in heaven; but there must be some in this world, and Sister Davis must be one of them. Nobody could have done her part better than Sally."

While this was still going on, with me it was "root, hog, or die," and I raised some. My good neighbor Johnson said: "Your hogs are ready, as mine are, and I will slaughter them all to-day." It turned out that I had thirteen hundred pounds of good pork. We had plenty of bread, and once more we had something to eat and to wear.

Greene County had a noble citizenship of men and women, and Greensboro was noted for its good women. Mrs. Cunningham, of the Presbyterian Church, was the starter of the Presbyterian college there. Mrs. Weaver, sister of the late W. M. Weaver, was in many respects a very superior character. She was a consecrated Methodist. Sufficient mention has been made of Mrs. Davis, of the Baptist Church. There was no precious ointment to give, no service to render to our Lord that these godly women would not have delighted to do. Our Master said that there should be a memorial of Mary's devotion to him, and here I make a grateful memorial of these good women who have long since gone to their reward.

This was in 1862 and 1863. The time limit had come for us to move again; and the good people sent us away with a barrel of sirup, flour, and other provisions, enough to last us a quarter of the year. We chartered two freight cars to

move in, one for the family and provisions and one for the cows. Does any one ask why we took the cows? If you had seen the droves of cows driven through the country to feed the men and had heard the soldiers tell of what poor beef they had to eat, you would have thought there wasn't a cow left in the country. So we held on to ours.

On our way to Forsyth we went through Atlanta, where we were sidetracked for the night, and the next morning we went down to Forsyth. We jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. The enemy had beaten us back till our sick and wounded had to be moved and crowded into every place. Forsyth made room for about three thousand sick and wounded at one time. In all we cared for about twenty thousand. As soon as we got into the parsonage everything had to be regulated to render service to the sick and wounded. We got up soon and had our breakfast early and then prepared something better for the sick. At once Rachel took her place at the forefront and did a noble part. She soon found out those who deserved the most attention. With others she came to a young man who looked liked her own boy, who was a young lieutenant and was at one time detailed to carry nearly two hundred Federal officers who were taken prisoners at Chickamauga. He delivered them to the Confederate authorities at Richmond. He was about the last man to cross the pontoons at Savannah and about the last to fire the Confederate guns at Bentonville. Rachel said she often thought that her boy might be wounded like the young man she was attending and that it might be a joy to his mother to know what attention she was giving him. She was saving to a penny and benevolent to the limit of her ability. She gave the last bed blanket, saying that the poor sick soldiers needed it more than we did.

No women ever acted a nobler part than did the women of the Confederacy, and the women of Forsyth were equal to the best.

A little incident: A Mississippi brigade had failed to surrender in North Carolina, and when they came to Macon they notified General Wilson that they wanted to surrender. He sent General Croxton to meet the Confederate general. A lieutenant colonel represented the brigade. Croxton was mounted upon a fine horse and wore a new uniform. The Confederate officer's clothes were very much soiled, but he had a bright eye and a brave heart. Only a few words passed between them. General Croxton said that he would not take their wagons and teams away from them and that they might carry their baggage home in them. What about the horses? Every man owned his horse when he went into the army, but the horses had been turned over to the government. Croxton said that the government was defunct and that the men could never be paid for their horses, but he said: "I will give you protection, so that every man may keep his own horse till he reaches home, then turn over the horses and wagons to the nearest Federal post. I ask no promise from you. I take the word of a soldier anywhere." The time occupied in this transaction did not exceed fifteen minutes. The Federal officer galloped away, and every Confederate soldier felt kindly toward him.

The next year we were at Fort Valley. A friend of mine had one or two hundred bales of cotton, about which he was having a great deal of trouble. He told me that he had employed Gen. Howell Cobb and other prominent lawyers to represent him at Washington. I told him that General Croxton had opened a law office in Macon and that he might be able

to render him service that a Southern man might not be able to do. I think he was employed in the case. Cotton was fifty cents a pound then, and a lawyer's fee in such a case was a pretty large one. I do not know what the result was.

In Smith's "History of Georgia Methodism," pages 262, 263, we read the following:

> The Conference met in Eatonton January 18, 1845. There were twenty-one received on trial. They were: John S. Dunn, Albert G. Banks, John B. C. Quillian, John C. Ley, Osborne L. Smith, Robert M. Carter, James M. N. Lowe, William A. Smyth, Reuben H. Griffin, John H. Caldwell, George H. Hancock, John M. Marshall, Nathaniel N. Allen, James Quillian, Freeman T. Reynolds, George W. Pratt, H. H. McQueen, Jacob Hogue, Gideon Y. Thomason, George C. Clarke, and William J. Cotter.
>
> William J. Cotter was a mountain boy, whose family lived among the Indians in Murray County. He was converted while that county was in the Holston Conference. He had a better education than many of his associates and taught school. He entered the Conference and has been for seventy-four years a most valuable member of it. He was a professor in LaGrange Female College. He is still living (1912), a Master of Arts by compliment of Emory College, a wise counselor, and a devout and sincere Christian gentleman.

In the memoir of Dr. G. G. Smith, written by George W. Yarbrough, in the Minutes of the North Georgia Conference (1913), we find the following:

> Brother Smith's first appointment was junior preacher in the Waynesboro Circuit, with W. J. Cotter preacher in charge. His love for his senior was deep and warm and lasted as long as he lived, he having dealt with him as a real father in the gospel, and remembering his wife, too, a "warm-hearted, handsome, stirring, and devout young woman, who took the younger preacher to her heart as if he had been a child."

CHAPTER V

The Battle of Chickamauga

THIS was one of the great battles of the War between the States. The Federal army lost fifteen thousand men and the Confederate army eighteen thousand, in all thirty-four thousand men killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. The fatal field extended over several miles in maneuvering and getting ready for the conflict. The main part of the ground was level.

The battle came suddenly and with great surprise to the people living there. Women at their looms cut off the woven part of the web and left the warp on the beam. Geese and chickens were shot down in the yards. The armies commenced getting ready for the battle on Friday afternoon, the cavalries tearing down all the rail fences. Up to Saturday night the Federals were throwing up breastworks. After emptying ax boxes, they used them, with rocks, cutting down trees, felling them at full length. At one place, coming up from different points, the fortification was in the shape of a V. The Federals had to come to the sharp point of the V. The Confederates had to come to the crest of a little hill and then move thirty yards, exposed to the enemy's fire. Their loss was fearful, and the ground was covered with blood and brains; but they drove the enemy from their breastworks. With an enfilading fire the Federals dropped their guns and ran for their lives. One could have walked three hundred yards upon dead Union soldiers.

The shooting on that ground was most fatal. Seven out of ten balls ranged from four to five feet above the ground. There was but little wild shooting up to ten and fifteen feet

above the ground. The men who did the shooting were Southern and Western men accustomed to handling guns. Many a good-sized sapling was hit on both sides about four or five feet from the ground, as if it were being cut down with an ax. So there were more men killed or mortally wounded in this battle than in any other. A huge pile of muskets was gathered from the field. I could not tell how many thousand of them there were.

Great numbers of letters were scattered over the field from friends at a distance. One was from a sister:

My Dear Brother: At church last Sunday there was not a young man. Our wheat crop is good; but father is not able to gather it, and we cannot get laborers. My earnest prayer is that the Lord may spare you.

Another was from a mother:

My Dear Son: My daily prayer is that the Lord may shield you and that this terrible war may soon come to an end.

Other affectionate words followed. Some were from wives to their husbands, and others were to the dear soldier boys from sweethearts.

The Confederate dead were buried first and the Federal dead some days later, but they turned as black as negroes before they were buried. With a relief corps, I was on the bloody field as soon as anything could be done. We visited every field hospital. The battle was fought on September 19 and 20, 1863. I was there till the first of October. We had then used all the supplies we had on the battle field and walked eight miles to Ringgold, where the supplies were. We had already made away with our eight-gallon keg of brandy. Of course I had not touched a drop. They then urged that it was my duty to drink it for my health's sake. Tom Foster said to me: "Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?" I said:

"Yes, Tom, the best in the world." He soon had it ready; and, with the ham and other things, I soon had a hearty breakfast. When report about the fatal shooting was made to the surgeons, they said that they had noticed it in their final report. There were eight of us, and we returned to Greensboro. I was the only one spared from an attack of sickness. I jumped in my buggy and went to my appointment. Our marshal, who was at the head of our committee, was stricken ill and died.

The battle ground is now a beautiful park. The Confederate Monument is an honor to the State, and all our citizens should see it if an opportunity offers. There are hundreds of smaller monuments on the fields marking where the battles were fought each day and at what hour.

CHAPTER VI

Fort Valley, Whitesville, and Grantville, 1866-69

FORT VALLEY was my field in 1866. The storm cloud of war was past. They had had none of the war there. They had suffered from the effects of the war, but there had been no battle near there. The country about Fort Valley is rich and beautiful and is inhabited by the finest type of intelligent and good people. My first work was to look over the record of the Church, and there were quite a number of local preachers and leading members to help consider it. When the name of one who had fallen in the war was called, the entry was made, "Killed in battle," or, "Died in a hospital," and all felt sad. There was a large attendance at the meeting. Some had lost interest in the Church, and the question was, Who was the best one to bring them back? Not one refused to do his part. The interest of the Sunday school came up before us, and it was revived and prospered. The year was a prosperous one with the Church. There was considerable sickness in that section of the country, and I was one of the sufferers.

A new question came before us. There was the greatest harmony existing between the former masters and slaves. The present conditions were new to both parties. The negroes went to their old masters for counsel in everything. Some came to me and said: "What shall we do? We were converted in the Southern Methodist Church. We love our old pastors as well as we love our white brethren." We told them we didn't know what was best, but that we could not drive them from our Church, that it was their home. Bishop Turner, of the African Methodist Church, was a presiding

elder then, and he sent a man there with a letter to the pastor. We did not know what to do. Bishop Turner and his Church were in no way friendly to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The Methodist Episcopal Church was doing all it could to get the negroes with them and against us. The negroes that had decided to stay with us had bought a building adapted for Church and school purposes, paying for it in installments. Their former owners helped them every time the payment fell due. Here are some of the names of these faithful men: Cæsar Taylor, a local preacher, who had been ordained a deacon in our Church that year; Paul Barnett, a preacher and a man of fine common sense, with at least two kinds of blood in his veins, negro and Indian; Isaac Anderson, also a preacher, who always went to his former master for advice; and Jim Staley, his master's foreman before the war and who continued so after the war.

We instituted a literary and theological institute for the negroes. These brethren came to my home two or three times a week at night, and we started in the spelling book. Some could read a little. A text would be given them (for instance, "Christ died for all"), and the next day they came with the scripture to prove what they preached. All moved on the entire year; and when the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, in 1870, Georgia sent five delegates, and two of these, if not three, were from Fort Valley. One of her delegates was made a bishop. It was Bishop Holsey. When the war ended, we had two hundred thousand negroes in our Church. There is no extravagance in saying that it was one of the best Churches I ever served. Among them I might mention Dr. Hollinshead, Dr. Mathis, and Dr. Green, all preachers.

Marshallville, six or eight miles from Fort Valley, was one of my appointments. The people were equal to the best in Fort Valley. Donald Frederick was superintendent of the Sunday school for I can't tell how long, and it was one of the best in every respect. Our Conference was held that year at Americus, and we were divided into the North Georgia and the South Georgia Conferences. It was Bishop McTyeire's first Conference in Georgia. This notable incident occurred: We met at the home of Brother Jewett, the pastor, and Dr. J. R. Thomas said: "I parted with Holland [McTyeire] on the campus of Randolph-Macon College, in Virginia. I had not seen him since till he presided to-day." When the appointments were read out, my name was called for the North Georgia Conference, which I preferred.

My next appointment was at Whitesville, in Harris County, which is divided by Pine Mountain. I was on the north side of the mountain, a fertile section of land. There were a number of the best citizens of the State located here, and they were generally well off. Methodism was well established. The Rev. James Cotton, a local preacher and a man of great ability, had done much in establishing a Church there. Rev. John Little and Rev. Jackson Ruch, well-beloved local preachers, added much to the building up of the Church.

Whitesville had at one time two very prosperous schools, but the war had broken them up and had reduced the place to a mere village. My first year there was a very hard one. Cotton went down to nine cents a pound, corn went up to one dollar and sixty cents a bushel, and meat was high in proportion. The people, as well as the preachers, had to struggle for a living. In many respects the year was a very good one. Our Sunday school started with less than a dozen pupils and

increased to about seventy. I have never seen a school where teachers and pupils worked harder for the good of it. Nearly every one of the pupils was converted that year. Rev. Jimmy Callahan was the superintendent. He was the father of our great missionary, W. J. Callahan, of Korea, who was a baby then. Father and son are two of the most consecrated men.

John Pattillo and his wife were two of the most liberal supporters of the Church. They brought up a family of twelve children, six sons and six daughters. Of the sons, John and William were graduated from Emory College. John joined the Texas Conference. His father always wanted a report of the fourth Quarterly Conference; and when it came, a check was sent to John to meet the deficit. William was a successful insurance agent in Atlanta for many years and made liberal contributions to his *Alma Mater,* as well as to other institutions of the Church. All the other members filled their places well.

At the end of the first year at Whitesville the people said: "If you will take the school, we will not require so much pastoral work, but will do as much for you another year and more, if we can." The trustees gave me the school; but, like everything else, it was run down, and nobody was to blame. We had a very good school. We left at the end of the year cherishing the best memories of the people of the Whitesville charge.

Lewis J. Davis was the presiding elder. He was one of the best preachers in the Conference and one of the best presiding elders. He planned for the best for his preachers and for the people. He placed my name before the trustees of the Grantville High School, and Grantville was my charge in 1869. Like other places, it had suffered from the effects of the war,

and there were some political differences in the community which hurt the Church. It was not expected that the Church would support the pastor. All parties rallied to the school. They had had good teachers, and the pupils were very well advanced.

Dr. J. W. Lee, whom everybody knows now as one of the greatest literary men in the Church, who is called upon for commencement sermons, and who is the author of several useful books, offered the prayer at the convention when President Wilson was nominated the second time. Dr. Lee was not far from twenty when I was in Grantville; and I had never heard of him before, as he did not live there. He came to live with his uncle and to go to school. He was there the first day and the last and improved every hour. His example was worth a great deal to the school. He was not the only good and studious pupil. There were several girls fifteen or sixteen years old who were models of propriety in every respect. The patrons all stood by me, and the pay was equally good. For Brother Lee's tuition I received two twenty-dollar bills. One patron paid one hundred dollars. All the tuition, from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars, was collected.

My successor was S. E. Leigh, a fine classical teacher. He went through Emory College, but did most of his preparatory work at Grantville. I did not know then that he would preach. I have never felt authorized to ask a man if he felt called to preach; but when he reports the call, I feel a tender interest in each case, and I especially did in Brother Leigh's. No honor has come to him that it has not brought joy and gladness to my heart.

While sitting here and dictating what is being printed, on

April 24, 1917, I insert a letter just received from Brother J. W. Lee:

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, April 22, 1917.

My Dear Brother Cotter: I thank you for the names of the doctors you have been good enough to send me. I am glad to know that you live on earth and continue to do good. It has been forty-six years since I met you first, in 1869, when I went to Grantville to start to school to you. May the Lord bless you and keep you always!

Affectionately and always your friend, JAMES W. LEE.

CHAPTER VII

Troup Circuit and LaGrange College, 1870-73

MY charge in 1870, 1871, and 1872 was Troup Circuit. The first year was a successful one. We had revivals in all the churches. In 1871 we had a very fine peach crop, the trees literally breaking down with their burden of fruit. During the war a considerable quantity of brandy had been made. Many of the people had lost their property, and the temptation was strong to make brandy for the money there was in it. Perhaps one hundred of my members, some of them stewards, engaged in the business. I had never had anything like it to contend with before. To meet the issue, two points were decided upon and strictly maintained. One was to sustain the rule of the Church, and the other was to expel no one if it could be avoided. The subject was not distinctly preached about except at one appointment, where so many were involved that a committee could not be selected. A very plain sermon was preached at that point; and it was reported that the preacher was angry, which was a great mistake. Nevertheless, the object was accomplished, no one was expelled, and brandy-making received a death blow.

In 1872 we had a very good year, and at its close the presiding elder said: "I think you are in better shape than you were at the end of last year."

LaGrange Female College had not only suffered fiery trials, but one of the buildings had had a severe fire. It was not reduced to ashes. The only timbers left were about one-half charcoal and the other half smoked wood. After the war, until that time, the Baptist and Methodist schools had

been united. It was decided then that each college would take its place again. Rev. Morgan Callaway was elected President. His name excited the highest expectations. He was the principal of a fine school in Washington, Georgia, on the opposite side of the State; but he brought his literary and musical faculty and a large number of girls. Their coming was like the sound of the mellow horn of spring sounding over every hill and dale and calling dead and dreary winter into budding and blooming life. On the day of their arrival they came in a body. Every hack in the city had been engaged and was ready. They were filled with girls, and the drays were packed with trunks. As they moved from the depot through the public square to the college it was a grand demonstration—yes, an ovation. The clerks, as well as the customers, in the stores came to the doors and looked. As they passed, all the families in the homes came to their doors and looked. It was a grand occasion. I looked on and saw it. At once the school started, and it was a full one. It increased in popularity all that year and still increased the next year.

But there came a sudden eclipse that the almanac had not foretold. Emory College, always taking the best, took our president into one of its professorships. Rev. E. P. Burch was President of LaGrange College in 1872. My charge was the Troup Circuit. I lived in LaGrange. I was asked to become secretary and treasurer of the college, which did not interfere with my pastoral work. We had a fairly good year collecting money and paying the teachers. Brother Burch gave up the presidency, and all was flat again. Mr. J. J. Johnson, a graduate of Delaware College, an experienced teacher and in every way a good man, was urged by the trustees to accept the presidency. He made one sole condition, and that was that I

should be associated with him in the school. When asked, Bishop Marvin appointed me to that position. The boarding department of the college was not opened that year; so my rented house, with a goodly number of rooms, was filled with college girls. I shuddered to think of the burden on Rachel's shoulders, but I knew she would fill every demand. It was a case of falling desperately in love at first sight. Every girl was loud in her praise of "Aunt Rachel's" table and nice bedrooms. Rachel did not stint herself in reciprocating their words of praise. Informally they were in a mutual admiration society. Rachel said that they were the best college girls she had ever seen. They gave her no trouble, but helped her in every way possible. When they visited their homes, they told their mothers good things about Aunt Rachel; and years afterwards, when they were married and in homes of their own, they sent her word that they tried to prepare things like they had learned from her. A scrapbook was kept of the pleasant days of the Cotter boarders. We had a good commencement, with a class of five girls to graduate, having had a very successful year. After that the college started on a career of success which continues to this day, and to-day LaGrange Female College is one of the best in the State. Western Georgia and Eastern Alabama ought to rally to its support. It well deserves the richest endowment and all possible encouragement. LaGrange is a fine city and is accessible from every quarter. Rachel, Brother Johnson, and I held the post till the danger point was passed, when reënforcements came to the rescue.

Rev. Morgan Callaway assisted me as junior preacher on the circuit in 1870. We became close friends. He was born to command, to be obeyed, and to be loved. With the least

ado he achieved the greatest results. His dress was neat, but not extravagant. His movement was with the step of a military man. The first impression was that he was stiff in his manner, but he excelled in his pleasant way of meeting a stranger. He was one man who never thought more highly of himself than he ought to have thought. Really he never knew his own worth. Within the last seventy-five or hundred years I suppose there have been seventy-five or a hundred Baptist preachers of the name of Callaway. I have known of but two Methodist preachers with that name. One was a member of the old Alabama Conference, and this one of the North Georgia Conference. In this instance blood was stronger than water. His Callaway kin were his warmest friends and strongest supporters. His memory is kindly cherished to this day by the people of LaGrange.

PART FOUR

LAST APPOINTMENTS, SUPERANNUATION, AND PEACEFUL WAITING

CHAPTER I

Grantville, Elberton, and Other Circuits, 1874-82

IN 1874, 1875, and 1876 Grantville was my charge. There were four strong appointments: Grantville, Lutherville, Moreland, and Lone Oak. It had become one of the best circuits in the Conference. We had three very prosperous years there.

In 1877 and 1878 I was in Elberton, on the South Carolina line. Elbert County is another one of the best in the State. I may mention some of the leading men who were there: Col. Robert Hester, a lawyer of prominence, representative of his county in the Legislature, a devoted member of the Church (never missing prayer meeting or Sunday school, always carrying his large hymn book, and delighting to sing the songs of Zion); Maj. J. H. Jones, a graduate of the State University, a leading member of the Church, and a prominent merchant and planter; and Col. Thomas J. Bowman, a most popular and leading citizen (I think he was Vice President of a railroad). These men went to quarterly meetings on all occasions, leaving out all other engagements. Freeman Auld was one of the best all-round men to be found anywhere. He acted as Sunday school superintendent, steward, etc., nothing ever standing between him and the Church.

In that county I found my old colleague, Rev. J. H. Grogan. Mention has been made of him as being my junior on the Watkinsville Circuit years before. He was an active and useful member of the Conference for many years. He faithfully filled his place everywhere, either as junior preacher or in charge of a circuit, station, or district. When his family

increased, he decided he had better locate. Being a man of fine judgment, he succeeded in farming, in merchandising, and in other enterprises. He educated his family well; but his interest in the Church never abated, and he was looked to as a wise counselor. We were devoted friends as long as he lived.

The people of Elberton dispensed the regular old-time hospitality, entertaining in their homes distinguished men, judges of the Superior Court, and others of high positions. It was another place where were found a number of the best of women. When I went there, I think they reported that they had raised by their sewing society a thousand dollars toward building a new church. They were prayerful, devout Christians. One woman told me that she had read Clarke's "Commentary" through.

The new church was already finished, and I was the first pastor to serve in it. There I met George Loehr. He had done good work in a store with Major Jones. He treated me with kindness and assisted me in many ways when I first arrived. There were some difficulties in his way in getting to Emory College. I advised and did all I could to get him to go. His long and valuable service in China is known everywhere.

We had two pleasant and profitable years at Elberton, which is now a large and flourishing city.

Going on the back track, Watkinsville, where I had been twenty-six years before, was my next charge. The desolating war had come and stripped the people of their property. Many that had been rich I now found poor, but nowhere else have I been more cordially received. The parsonage was then the old home of Bishop Haygood's father and mother and was the

house in which he was born. It was an old-time, two-story house, built for room and convenience. It was on a beautiful, level site, with twenty-six varieties of fruit and forest trees, live oaks and others that had not been cut down. There was a well of good water and an old dry well in which to keep milk cool. Many of the dear friends who were there before had gone to their heavenly homes—Sister Johnson and others. Sister Richardson was President of the Woman's Missionary Society and is still living (1917). Some of the members that were received the first time I was there were then leading members of the Church. At Farmington I missed Colonel Branch and Brother Williams. At Salem I missed Brothers Swinney, Hester, and others. At Ray's, where we had a most glorious revival in 1852, the Church was strengthened. We built a beautiful, well-proportioned church, after which many churches were modeled. There were some divisions in the Church, which were considerably removed.

A word about Bishop Haygood. When I was at Watkinsville the first time, he was about twelve years old. His father was president of a manufacturing company. Atticus (Haygood) was the delivery boy with a small horse and little wagon, and there was evidence then of his capacity for business. Receiving his order for goods, he gave perfect attention, asking his father to repeat the order. Away he went, and in a short time the goods were delivered.

That year I had the honor and pleasure of having as my guest Dr. J. B. McFerrin. We had been together during the war on some of the bloodiest battle fields. A year before, at the home of Judge Reese, we occupied the same room in Washington at a District Conference. Washington was the home of Robert Toombs, the great Senator. In his last days

he was converted and was a very humble Christian. Bishop Pierce presided at that District Conference. Dr. McFerrin was there collecting money to save the Publishing House, at Nashville, which had become greatly involved. Toombs sat there, a most interested hearer, with tears often in his eyes. He responded to the appeal with one thousand dollars.

The next year the District Conference was at Watkinsville, my home, and Dr. McFerrin was my guest. He was in all respects a man of the most chaste speech, and I have wondered that this has not been noticed by others. He received President Polk into the Church. Mention of this has been made in the *Christian Advocate*. As Dr. McFerrin related it to me, he and President Polk had been very intimate friends. Years before he preached a sermon which, I think, led to President Polk's conversion, but he did not unite with the Church then. He never lost the influence of that sermon; and when the end was near, he wanted to make a public profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He called for Dr. McFerrin and told him that he wanted him to baptize him and administer the sacrament to him. Polk's wife was a Presbyterian and a devout Christian. They took communion together.

Dr. McFerrin was once connected with a mission to the Cherokees at Gunter's Landing. He often referred to it with a great deal of interest. I do not remember to have seen an account of it in any history of Methodism. In 1828-29 he was one of the first missionaries in Western Georgia. On the Chattooga Mission in 1829 he held a camp meeting with the Indians in Dirt Town Valley. He served two or three years on missions. He was often the guest of John Ross, the chief who headed his letters, "Cherokee Nation, at the Head

of the Coosa." So religious light came to Georgia from the West.

Dr. McFerrin and I were together in some of the bloodiest battles around Atlanta. On a beautiful Sabbath, with many wounded soldiers around him, he spoke from the text: "The sun shall shine on you no more." We could not place them in the shade, so the sermon was most appropriate.

At that time that section was in the Tennessee Conference, which came down through North Alabama and east to Georgia. Afterwards it was in the Holston Conference with the rest of North Georgia. It was nearly twenty years afterwards that Georgia preachers went there.

On the back track again. Kingston is in Bartow County, one of the best counties in the State. Going back a little in history, we find that the county was first named Cass, for Lewis Cass, of Michigan, who was one of the leading statesmen of his day. He was Governor, Senator, Foreign Minister, and was popular in both the North and the South. When the county was first organized, Cassville was the name of the county seat. Cassville became one of the leading towns of that part of the country. The members of the bar compared with the best lawyers in the State. Judge Tripp presided over the Superior Court for a number of years, and so did A. J. Wright. One of the prominent lawyers was Warren Aiken. H. V. Miller, the Demosthenes of the mountains, once a United States Senator and professor in the medical college in Atlanta, Dr. W. H. Felton, many years a member of Congress, Dr. Rawls, and other professionals worthy of mention lived there. A male and a female college were patronized from different parts of the State. The citizens of the town compared well with these professionals. The county could boast of some

leading citizens of the State—Johnsons, Gilreaths, Weemses, Jacksons, and many others. The land was fertile, and the people lived in good, comfortable houses. These were the conditions when I first saw Cass County, in 1845.

When the dark days of war came, Cass County suffered greatly. There was no county that suffered more. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in his memorable retreat before General Sherman, consumed nearly all there was to eat for man and beast. He was there in 1864 and cut off the growing crop. Then Sherman followed, devastating the whole country, and his crowning act of vandalism was to send an officer there to burn the town and not leave a gatepost standing. Take a case: The clerk of the Superior Court had been dead about three months. His family was in a good two-story house. In tears the widow begged for her house to be spared and displayed the emblems of Masonry. He went upstairs, opened all the windows, kindled a blazing fire, and the house was reduced to ashes. That night she and her children slept near the wall of the cemetery under a shelter of planks. The court-house, colleges, and all went up in the flames. There was not an able-bodied man, white or black, there. The town was almost deserted. There may have been an old negro man there barely able to shoulder a peck of corn and go to mill. Old Cassville was never rebuilt. The name of the county was changed from Cass to Bartow, and Cartersville became the seat of the county. I learned what is here stated from the lips of the lady whose house was burned.

Some years after the war I saw General Sherman in citizen's dress, and I thought he had a mean look. I could not say as mildly as Henry Grady did when Sherman burned Columbia, South Carolina: "He was a little careless with fire."

Kingston is about seven miles from old Cassville and represents a good part of what is now Bartow and Gordon Counties. The first preacher sent there after the war (in 1866) was Gen. C. A. Evans. This was his first work in the Conference. The people had had no preacher for three years. He went with his wife and children. At first the people were a little awed at the title "General." He visited the humblest homes, visited the sick, and buried the dead. At the close of the year he was returned for the same hard work, and so was he sent back the third year. The people rallied to him and did what they could to support him. At the end of the third year they lacked one hundred and fifty dollars of having their assessments paid in full, and two men paid that. They were George Gilreath and Warren Aiken. They met and consulted, saying: "The people have done all they can, but we cannot let the preacher go without the money." Aiken said: "I collected an old fee of two hundred dollars which I never expected to get, and I'll pay seventy-five dollars of the deficit." Gilreath said: "I have my fattening hogs for my year's meat in the pens. I can sell them and get the money and risk living on the shoats. I'll pay the other seventy-five dollars." So the one hundred and fifty dollars was paid, and they were two very happy men.

Now let me tell something about these men. That grand man, Jesse Mercer, who did more for the Baptist Church than any other man, has done a great deal for the State. When the race between Troup and Clark for Governor was over and all the votes were counted but four, it was found that there was a tie. The four were all for Troup. With his hat in his hand, Mr. Mercer said: "Thank the Lord!" He looked after his people in both large and small things and

advised them to name their babies after great men. This was the aim when Bishop Candler was a baby, so he was named Warren Aiken.

General Evans at different times filled the appointments at Athens, Atlanta, and Augusta. Brother Gilreath had some eccentricities of character. His wife died, and he was lonely; so in due time he sought another companion. There was a widow suitable in age and highly esteemed by all. She lived about halfway between Cartersville and his home. He called to see her one day and told her that the Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, and he asked her to consider the question and give him an answer as soon as she could. He said he was going to Cartersville and would be back about two o'clock, and that if she thought favorably of what he asked to have a white handkerchief hanging by the window. When he came by, the handkerchief was there. They were married in a few days, and it was a very happy couple.

My stay in Kingston in 1881 and 1882 was a very good one. They had an excellent parsonage and were very kind to me. I cherish the kindest feeling toward Kingston.

CHAPTER II

Summerville, Senoia, Troup, Hampton, and Turin, 1883-94

IN 1883 I was back in Summerville. This was my third charge and has already been written of.

In 1884, 1885, 1886, and 1887 I was pastor of Senoia Circuit. This is in Coweta County. We had four good years here. Senoia was comparatively a new town. Its settlers were first-class people. Among the prominent names may be mentioned the Hunnicutts, Haralsons, Couches, and Smiths. I was there four years, and in the changing of lines I was in three districts and had four presiding elders.

In 1888 I was returned as pastor of Troup Circuit. I shall mention only one meeting held there. It was held at Salem and was most glorious, sixty people having been converted in three or four days. Out of that revival we have received several valuable preachers.

In 1889, 1890, and 1891 my pastoral charge was Hampton Circuit. Hampton is a good railroad town, but it is not the seat of Henry County. McDonough is the county seat. This county was a new locality to me. It has been noted as the ecclesiastical battle ground of the different Churches—their disputes and divisions. One of the first was a "split-off" of a denomination called Bible Christians. They are extinct now. The next were the Methodists. Leaving the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Protestant Methodists, fighting against bishops and presiding elders, all were not satisfied with that, but formed the Congregational Methodists. The next was what is now called the Christian Church. They were at first

called Campbellites. Their great leader was Alexander Campbell, a Presbyterian preacher who came from Scotland and at first in some way united with the Baptist Church. Campbell was a man of great ability. There was a great debate between him and an infidel named Owens in Cincinnati, Ohio. Campbell triumphed, and this gave him world-wide popularity. I saw him in 1848. He was a small man, and there was nothing striking in his appearance. His followers, as I have said, were called Campbellites. The main point with them was baptism by immersion, quoting: "Believe and be baptized, and you are saved." They have had sharp contentions with other denominations. They are now known generally as the Christian Church and are numerous in the North, West, and South. The Baptists had their part in the split. Their leader's name was White, and his followers are known at Whitites. They are about extinct, and I do not know just what was the cause of the split. Then there were the Hardshell and Missionary Baptists. I have respect for all denominations of Christians. One of the leading Hardshell preachers had a small congregation while I was at Hampton. I always went to hear him when I could. The first hymn he gave out was, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," one of Wesley's hymns.

While I was there the war ceased between the Christian Church and the others. So far as I know, the Methodist Church was the strongest, with some of the very best members. William Turnipseed led the singing, worked in prayer meetings, was a leading steward and a successful business man in the place. Brother Mat Harris, William Wilson, Sister Henderson, and other excellent people were prominent members.

We had a good membership at Sunnyside and also at Mount

Carmel. All in all, my parishioners on this circuit were excellent people, and they treated us well. My good friend, A. J. Henderson, gave me a walking stick, which has rendered me great service; and as I get older I prize it all the more, since it has been twenty-five or twenty-six years since he presented it to me.

In 1892, 1893, and 1894 Turin was my charge. This is also in Coweta County, and it had some of the best people and Church members in the Conference.

CHAPTER III

Atlanta and Superannuation, 1895-97

ASBURY was my last pastoral charge, and I always called it my "baby" appointment. From first to last, the members of the Church and friends treated us most kindly. We dwelt together in harmony and love. There were then the North Atlanta and South Atlanta Districts, and the preachers' meeting was held every Monday morning at ten o'clock. After the death of Rev. H. H. Parks, the brethren honored me with the chairmanship of the meeting, and I continued as chairman as long as I remained in the city. As a token of love they presented me with a beautiful gold-headed cane. I cannot express my high appreciation of their regard.

The Atlanta Ministerial Association, an association of all the evangelical ministers, met once a month. It was a great privilege to meet and get acquainted with these good men. When leaving them they sang, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." So I carry with me to this day pleasant memories of our stay in Atlanta.

Our golden wedding took place at Asbury Church, February 2, 1895. The people of our charge wanted to prepare the supper, but our children desired that privilege. Part of the feast came from four places besides Atlanta. Rev. W. F. Glenn, D.D., officiated, and I baptized some of my grandchildren. It was a simple and precious service, calling us to remember how the Lord had led us these fifty years. The members of Asbury and numerous other friends entered heartily into the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage.

I superannuated at the Conference of 1897 at Athens.

Bishop Galloway presided. My home was at one of the best places, with Brother Nickerson, a prosperous man, who made benevolent use of what he had. The Nickersons were deeply interested in the Wesley family, and they owned a hymn book that was once the property of Charles Wesley. They also had some spoons and other mementos of the Wesleys. Being on no committees, I was free to enjoy the Conference. All were pleased with Bishop Galloway. When a certain presiding elder's name was called, the Bishop said that in Mississippi the people reported that one of the presiding elders had delivered a new sermon.

Several months before the Conference I had made up my mind to superannuate and had so informed my presiding elder and stewards. I felt that I should not stand in the way of younger and stronger men. My wife's health had not been good for some time; so I had no tears to shed as an old soldier leaving the battle ground, but felt thankful that I had been permitted to serve as long as I had.

CHAPTER IV

The Wife and Mother in the Home

MY wife was my greatest help in my pastoral work. She was my best critic, and therefore she was of inestimable value to me in my preaching.

Only a true mother knows what mother love means and the duties and obligations to her children. This Rachel realized, and from first to last she asked the guidance and help of the Lord. We had twelve children, sixteen grandchildren, and eighteen great-grandchildren. Three of our children died in infancy, and nine lived to be grown. When the first-born, a boy, was old enough, he bowed at his mother's knee, and she taught him the prayer lisped by millions of infant lips, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Each child that followed bowed at the same mother's knee and was taught the same prayer. When the children were older, Rachel saw that every one was in place morning and evening for family prayer. She would say to them, "Now you listen to pa as he reads and prays," her earnest face showing that she was in tuneful accord with the service. These prayers, especially in the evening, when I had been absent for days and perhaps weeks, were occasions for thanksgiving that the Lord had prospered us and kept us in the hollow of his hand. Indeed, the angel of the Lord seemed to be encamped round about us, and wherever we moved he was our Companion and Guard. Our one aim was to "seek the Lord and his righteousness."

The question often arose, "What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Mother became the center and stay of the home. When the time came for the children to begin school, the mother saw that they were ready, and they

started with her kiss and blessing upon them. The five boys all touched Emory College at some time, either in the preparatory or collegiate department. All did not graduate, but each was benefited. The girls all received a collegiate education, both literary and musical. The day the last one received her diploma President Rufus W. Smith gave her a receipt for the final payment. Who toiled more than any other or suffered more anxiety or rejoiced more over this great achievement of educating so many children? Their mother, of course.

My wife was my counselor in all temporal affairs and said: "Let us never go in debt without a probability of paying." She could tell me when to go and where to go. If a dark shadow had fallen upon a family, she would say: "Go at once to see them. To be neglected now would hurt them; to go now may do them good hereafter." She was of a social disposition and enjoyed visiting and being visited by her neighbors. She made friends wherever we went; and the longer we stayed, the stronger were the bonds of friendship.

She believed that a preacher should study and prepare himself for the pulpit. She always arranged that I might have full and undisturbed opportunity to study. She thought that a preacher ought to attend Conference, and she made every preparation for me to do so. How carefully she packed my valise! Once when she was sick, but improving, I hesitated about going. "O yes," she said; "I'm getting better and will be taken care of. Go and get all the inspiration and benefit you can out of the Conference." As I have said, she was my best critic. If I said anything in the pulpit that should not have been said, she heard it. While reading to her an article for publication, if she requested that I read a part of it over, I knew that it needed correction or ought to be left out.

She was extremely modest and was as unpretentious as modest.

The late Rev. G. G. Smith, D.D., was my junior preacher during his first year in Conference, and much of the time he was in my home. In my wife's obituary, which he wrote for the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* soon after her death, he said: "She was a queenly woman."

One line inviolably sacred she never crossed, that which pertained to my duty as a preacher. If I asked her about the weather, as to whether I should go or not, her answer would be: "That is with your conscience. You must decide." She would have stood before a cannon's mouth before she would have interfered with my duty.

In the fifty-three years of my pastorate she never said: "If I were you, I would locate or superannuate." I simply told my presiding elder, John W. Heidt, D.D., of my plan to superannuate, that he might provide for the appointment for the next year. When I told her, she said: "It will be better for us now, and it will be our last packing and moving."

CHAPTER V

Newnan and Coweta County

MANY inducements led us here. We had served eleven years in Coweta County. We were at Grantville and Senoia four years each and at Turin three years. Some of our children and grandchildren were living here. The people received us kindly and have always been good since.

We had our own home and greatly enjoyed it. Though I was seventy-five and Rachel seventy-four, we started out as beginners. We put out strawberries, grapevines, and fruit trees. Rachel saw the garden planted twice.

On September 22, 1899, Rachel fell and fractured her hip joint and was never able to walk again without crutches. She was a patient sufferer for nearly three years. A few times she could ride out; and the last time was in the spring, when she went into the woods to see the trees and flowers and hear the birds sing. Her patience and submission in her suffering were wonderful to me. The end came at three o'clock on a calm June day, and without a struggle she passed peacefully away. I had looked upon that face when it shone in the beauty of youth. I saw the color of life fade away and change to the paleness of death. In a moment there was on her face an expression of peace and calmness. She often spoke of that passage of Scripture: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." This was a favorite verse of hers, and the thought came: Has her spirit reached that happy place? It was one of the most peaceful deaths I ever saw. The next day the same sweet

expression was on her face when I kissed those cold lips for the last time and the lid of the casket was drawn over her face. The funeral took place at the First Methodist Church, all the pastors of the city taking part, and we laid her to rest in a spot ever sacredly dear to me in Newnan's lovely city of the dead.

Rachel was born August 11, 1824. We were married February 2, 1845, and lived happily together fifty-seven years and four months. She died June 4, 1902. She was a member of the Church for sixty years.

When we first moved to Newnan, I was able to do some Church work. I was supernumerary Sunday school teacher, from the infant class to the oldest, and preached sometimes in the Baptist and Presbyterian churches, as well as in the Methodist. The people are always very kind to me on my birthday. The house is always filled, and we have a song and a prayer before they go. They have a beautiful memorial window to the left of the pulpit. This token of love is highly appreciated.

Where did Coweta County get its name? We find the following in Evans's "History of Georgia," page 28:

> Fearing that the French and Spanish would alienate the good will of the Indians, Oglethorpe decided to go in person to a great meeting of the warriors at Coweta Town, three hundred miles from Savannah. Seven thousand warriors were to be present, and the safety of Georgia depended on their friendship. The journey was a long and dangerous one, but Oglethorpe did not allow the perils to deter him. With a few chosen friends he set out in July, 1739. Following the river for twenty-five miles, the party landed and submitted to the guidance of Indian traders. Across deep ravines, through tangled undergrowth and deep swamps, where the horses would mire up, the travelers toiled for many weary weeks. Often they had to build rafts on which to cross the streams. The smaller ones they swam or waded through. At night Oglethorpe would wrap himself in his cloak, lay his head upon his saddle, and sleep on the ground. If

the ground happened to be wet, he sought shelter under the trees or under a tent made of cypress boughs. For over two hundred miles they neither saw a human dwelling nor met a living soul. At their journey's end the Indians met them with every expression of love and joy. Oglethorpe soon won the hearts of the red men, and he made firm treaties of peace and friendship with them. As one of their beloved men, he drank of their black medicine and smoked the calumet, or pipe of peace. The importance of this treaty, in view of the approaching troubles with the Spaniards, cannot be overestimated. Old Coweta is three miles from Columbus and richly deserves to have the county named for it.

Coweta County had been well advertised all over the United States by the sharp contention between President Adams and Governor Troup. It was organized in 1826; and many good people from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Eastern Georgia became its first settlers, and they came to stay. I have never been in a county where so many of the first settlers remained—Pages, Smiths, Carmichaels, Leighs, Taylors, and Norths. More need not be mentioned, but there are many who deserve the highest praise. Among these good people there were Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Lutherans. They established schools and churches. Prof. T. E. Atkinson, a graduate of Emory College and of the University of Virginia, taught a high school at Senoia for several years. Senoia is named for an old Indian and is a fine community. The county has contributed a full share of able statesmen and preachers as well. Rev. C. D. Atkinson, now presiding elder of the Shreveport (Louisiana) District, is a Coweta boy. Rev. R. F. Hodnett, a valuable member of the Florida Conference, and A. S. Hutchinson are Coweta boys and graduates of Emory College. Before closing my book let me say that Rev. Dabney P. Jones, the great prohibition apostle, preached the first sermon in Newnan in the little log house that served as the courtroom.

For whom was Newnan, the seat of Coweta County, named? Daniel Newnan, who was born in Rowan County, North Carolina, in 1780. He was commissioned second lieutenant in the Fourth United States Infantry on March 3, 1799, and was promoted to first lieutenant the following November. He resigned January 1, 1801. He commanded Georgia volunteers, was captain of militia in two actions with the East Florida Indians in September and October, 1812, and was conspicuous in an attack on the Owtasee towns of the Creek Indians, under Gen. John Floyd, November 2, 1813, and was promoted to lieutenant colonel. The following month he was severely wounded in an engagement with the Creeks at Camp Defiance, in what is now Elmore County, Alabama, under the same commanding general. After the war he resided on his plantation, near McDonough, in Henry County, and was made adjutant general of the State militia. He was elected to Congress as a State Rights Democrat and served from March 5, 1831, to March 5, 1833.

General Newnan was elected adjutant general by the Legislature of Georgia in 1812. On November 13, 1813, it was resolved by the General Assembly that the Governor be requested to transmit to General Newnan the brevet commission of brigadier general. During the expedition against the Indians a clerk was elected to his office, and he was to retain his salary as adjutant general; but he received pay as brigadier only while in the service. In January, 1814, he was given a vote of thanks by the General Assembly for the courage, patriotism, and fortitude manifested in his service against the Creeks. On November 8, 1817, he was elected by the Legislature and commissioned by the Governor as Major General of the Georgia Militia, Third Division. On December 12,

1823, he was elected principal keeper of the penitentiary; and on November 24, 1825, he was elected by the Legislature to the position of Secretary of State.

General Newnan died January 16, 1851, in Walker County (now Catoosa), near the Tennessee line, two miles east of Rossville and a mile or two from the Chickamauga battle field. He died on Peavine Ridge, three miles from his grave. He was there for his health. He was buried at Newnan Springs.

CHAPTER VI

Ordinations and Appointments

I HAVE been a Methodist preacher seventy-three years. I was ordained deacon by Bishop Capers at Macon in December, 1846, and ordained elder by the same Bishop at Augusta on January 13, 1849. I received appointments from eighteen bishops, all of whom are dead except Bishop Joseph S. Key, D.D., who resides at Sherman, Texas, coming to the end of a long and useful life with the admiration and love of a great multitude. My first appointment was from Bishop Joshua Soule in January, 1845; the last, from Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson in 1896. I served under twenty-six presiding elders while in the active ministry, none of whom survive. I can truly say, "My company is gone before"; yet I am happy in the respect and love of the younger generation, as well as of a constantly decreasing few who, like myself, linger on the shores of time awaiting the call to come up higher.

On entering the Methodist ministry I paid especial attention to the Discipline and the general laws of the Church. Upon the decision in three cases I differed with three presiding elders, all of whom yielded to my construction of law. One case went to Bishop McTyeire, one of our greatest ecclesiastical statesmen. He wrote to me, and in his letter he separated the words with hyphens: "I-think-you-are-wrong." Bishop Pierce answered me: "You are right." And thus the case stood.

For more than twenty-five years I served on committees of examination and was a member of that committee before which the present Bishop Candler came as a candidate for

admission on trial. I reminded the Bishop that he was admitted by my approval. I served on the Board of Finance for many years, sometimes being its chairman. I have been also on the Board of Church Extension, and it afforded me great pleasure to assist the Churches in the needy fields. I tried my best to fill every place to which I was assigned by the proper authorities. I thank God for any service I have been able to give in his name for the advancement of the human race and the glory of our blessed Saviour.

Following is a list of my numerous appointments: Dahlonega Circuit, 1845; Blairsville Mission, 1846; Summerville Circuit, 1847; Marietta Circuit, 1848; Clarksville Circuit, 1849; Canton Circuit, 1850; Gainesville Circuit, 1851; Watkinsville Circuit, 1852-53; Carnesville, 1854; Warrenton, 1855-56; Waynesboro, 1857-58; Sandersville Circuit, 1859; Sandersville Station, 1860; Culloden Circuit, 1861; Greensboro Circuit, 1862-63; Forsyth Circuit, 1864-65; Fort Valley, 1866; Whitesville Circuit, 1867-68; Grantville Circuit and Principal of Grantville High School, 1869; Troup Circuit, 1870-72; LaGrange Female College, 1873; Grantville Circuit, 1874-76; Elberton, 1877-78; Watkinsville Circuit, 1879-80; Kingston, 1881-82; Summerville, 1883; Senoia, 1884-87; Troup Circuit, 1888; Hampton Circuit, 1889-91; Turin Circuit, 1892-94; Asbury, Atlanta, 1895-97.

AN APPRECIATION

NEWNAN, GEORGIA, October 4, 1912.

Rev. W. J. Cotter, City.

Dear Brother Cotter: The Building Committee of the First Methodist Church takes pleasure in notifying you that the entire membership of the Church, wishing in a feeble way to show you how deeply and truly they love you and in what tender and affectionate regard you are held by us all, have set apart and dedicated to you one of the windows of our new

church and have inscribed thereon your name, in feeble token of your faithful, affectionate, and devoted work, your earnest and consecrated life and example, and your tender and unselfish efforts of love for our Church. We herewith give you a copy of the message of the Church in making their freewill offering in testimony of this love and appreciation:

"We, the members of the First Methodist Church of Newnan, wishing to show in some way our love and affection for Brother W. J. Cotter, and wishing to assure him of the gratitude of our Church to him for his long, tender, faithful, and affectionate service among us, and desiring him to know that we do love him and will always love him for his life and works of love and unselfishness, hereby contribute to the window set apart and dedicated to him in affectionate remembrance."

Affectionately yours, GARLAND M. JONES, *Chairman.*

RESOLUTIONS BY THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Resolved by the First Methodist Sunday School, That we to-day thank God for the continued presence among us of our beloved brother and father in Israel, the Rev. William J. Cotter; that he has been spared to enter upon this new year and the eighty-sixth year of his life; that we are grateful to God for his continued usefulness to the Church, for his beautiful Christian life, and for his unswerving faith and his holy life.

Resolved, That we assure our beloved brother of our unbounded confidence, of our warmest love, and of our high appreciation of his gentle and loving ministrations in times of joy and in hours of sorrow.

The above resolutions, introduced by T. E. Atkinson, were, on motion made by J. J. Goodrum and seconded by D. T. Manget, unanimously passed by a rising vote.

This January 3, 1909, at Newnan, Georgia.

W. G. POST, *Superintendent;*
J. T. FAIN, *Secretary.*