

Programme

Georgia Day

February 12th



ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.

Jere M. Pound,
State School Commissioner.

10-33011

Georgia State of education

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
This is my own, my native land?”

PROGRAMME

FOR

Georgia Day, Feb. 12, 1910

1733

1910

PREPARED BY

MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD

State Historian of the Georgia Division, U. D. C.

ATHENS, GEORGIA.

AT THE REQUEST OF

State School Commissioner Jere M. Pound,

Atlanta, Ga.

ATLANTA, GA.

CHAS. P. BYRD, STATE PRINTER.

1910.

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LEGISLATIVE ENACTMENT.

An Act to provide that the twelfth day of February in each year shall be observed in the public schools of this State, under the name of "Georgia Day," by appropriate exercises; and for other purposes.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Georgia, That the twelfth day of February in each year shall be observed in the public schools of this State, under the name of "Georgia Day," as the anniversary of the landing of the first colonists in Georgia under Oglethorpe; and it shall be the duty of the State School Commissioner through the County School Commissioners, annually to cause the teachers of the schools under their supervision to conduct on that day exercises in which the pupils shall take part, consisting of written compositions, readings, recitations, addresses, or other exercises, relating to this State and its history and to the lives of distinguished Georgians. When said day falls on Sunday, it shall be observed on the following Monday.

SEC. 2. Be it further enacted, That all laws and parts of laws in conflict with this Act be, and the same are, hereby repealed.

Approved August 13, 1909.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

It is difficult to prepare a program that shall in every way be adapted to the varying ages and capacities of pupils; therefore to meet all the requirements three parts have been arranged in order that any wise teacher may select what is most appropriate to those children directly under her charge, choosing possibly some things from all three.

In order to make the program effective, pupils should be chosen who will put life and enthusiasm into the parts assigned. The best material can be ruined by careless presentation, while indifferent material may be sometimes made effective by wise handling. The teacher must feel herself what she desires to be felt by the pupils. The selections should be given then to those most likely to give proper emphasis and expression to them.

Avoid by all means having the program too long, because the best things are apt to tire, if long drawn out. It is suggested that the parts be assigned privately, one pupil not knowing what the other has been appointed to do, so that the program may be a surprise to all taking part in it. It would be well to open the exercises with an enthusiastic talk from the teacher herself, showing the children how important she thinks it is to have Georgia Day made so prominent.

Commend Governor Terrell for taking the initiative in its observance, the Legislature for ruling its observance, and the Commissioner of Education for planning for it.

If the program is a failure, do not attribute it to a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the one who prepared it.

M. RUTHERFORD, Historian.

PROGRAMME GEORGIA DAY

FEBRUARY 12, 1910

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY THE TEACHER.

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick walls or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride
No! *Men*, high-minded *men*.

Men who know their duties, and their rights
And knowing dare maintain—
Prevent the long-aimed blow
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.
These constitute a State.

—SIR WILLIAM JONES.

GIVE US MEN!

Give us Men!
 Men—from every rank,
 Fresh and free and frank;
 Men of thought and reading,
 Men of light and leading,
 Men of loyal breeding,
 The Nation's welfare speeding:
 Men of faith and not of fiction,
 Men of lofty aim and action:
 Give us Men—I say again,
 Give us Men!

Give us Men!
 Men who, when the tempest gathers,
 Grasp the Standard of their fathers
 In the thickest fight:
 Men who strike for home and altar,
 (Let the coward cringe and falter,)
 God defend the right!
 True as truth though lorn and lonely,
 Tender, as the brave are only;
 Men who tread where saints have trod,
 Men for Country—Home—and God:
 Give us Men! I say again—again—
 Give us such Men!

—BISHOP OF EXETER.

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

(CHILDREN OF PRIMARY AND ACADEMIC GRADES)

Song: My Country 'Tis of Thee, etc.

Teacher—Children, can you tell me what day this is that we are to celebrate?

Children—February 12th, Georgia Day!

Teacher—Whose State was founded on this day?

Children—Our State!

Teacher—For whom was Georgia named?

Children—George II, King of England.

Teacher—Why was it named for him?

Children—Because he gave General Oglethorpe the charter or right to settle it.

Teacher—Who was Oglethorpe?

Children—An English Scholar, Statesman, Soldier, Member of Parliament, and Christian Gentleman.

Teacher—Why did he wish to settle Georgia?

Children—To give a home to those poor unfortunate men in England who had been imprisoned for debt, and sometimes for a very small debt, not more than 25 cents.

Teacher—What was Oglethorpe's object, children?

Children—To give these men an opportunity to pay their debts, to regain their self-respect, and to be free men once more.

Teacher—What argument did he use with the king and Parliament?

Children—That it would be less expensive to the government to colonize them, than to feed and clothe them in prison.

Teacher—When did they sail?

Children—In November, 1732.

Teacher—What was the name of the ship in which they sailed?

Children—The Good Queen Anne.

Teacher—How many came over in the vessel?

Children—130—Oglethorpe, the other trustees, the debtors and their families and the sailors.

Teacher—Where did they land?

Children—Where Savannah now is.

Teacher—Will _____ draw an outline map of Georgia and locate Savannah? (Have the child drilled beforehand to draw this from memory and be able to locate the places promptly. Let the questions be continued while the map is being drawn).

Teacher—Was Georgia larger then than now?

Children—Yes, much larger for it included what is now Alabama and Mississippi.

Teacher—What did Sir Robert Montgomery call this tract of land ?

Children—A veritable Paradise.

Teacher—Why?

Children—Because everything under heaven could grow there; the flowers were so beautiful, and the trees were so large and fine, and the birds sang so sweetly, and the water was so pure and fresh, the sky was so blue, and the air so life-giving.

Teacher—I think we can well sing or recite now
 “There is no State like Georgia.”

“THERE IS NO STATE LIKE GEORGIA.”

WORDS BY M. B. WHORTON, D. D.

MUSIC BY S. V. DETRINIS.

There is no State like Georgia
 The winds have told me so;
 The waves of the Atlantic
 Have sung it soft and low.

The mocking-bird has trill'd it,
 All through the summer night,
 And the eagle has proclaimed it,
 In his majestic flight.

CHORUS:

You may talk about the Union,
 And the land beyond the sea;
 But the Empire State of Georgia
 Is good enough for me.

Her soldiers are the bravest,
 That ever buckled sword,
 Her daughters are the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on.

Her statesmen wise and fearless
 Repel the tyrant's chain
 And her doctor's anesthetic,
 Has conquered human pain.

CHORUS:

You may talk about the Union,
 And the land beyond the sea;
 But the Empire State of Georgia
 Is good enough for me.

There is no State like Georgia,
 Her cities scrape the skies
 Her valleys laugh with plenty,
 And progress loud replies;

When the corn is in the tassel,
 And the melon on the vine,
 And the saw is making music
 In the heart of yellow pine—

CHORUS:

You may talk about the Union,
 And the land beyond the sea;
 But the Empire State of Georgia
 Is good enough for me.

Teacher—How many counties are there in Georgia?

Children—There are 146.

Teacher—What county are we in?

Children—(?)

Teacher—For whom named, and what is the county seat?

Children—(?)

Teacher—Let _____ tell us something of the one for whom this county is named.

Children—(Short sketch of the one asked for).

Teacher— _____ is ready now with his map and can locate for us the spot where Oglethorpe landed; also the place where our town (or city) is; also the important rivers of the State and leading cities.

Teacher—That was well done, and now will some one tell me who lived in this tract of land before the Good Queen Anne landed?

Children—Indians!

Teacher—What were the leading tribes of Indians living in Georgia?

Children—Two: the Creeks and Cherokees. The Creeks lived in the Southern part and the Cherokees in the Northern.

Teacher—Who received Oglethorpe when he landed at Yamacraw Bluff?

Child—Tomichichi, the Indian Chief, and Mary Musgrove. They received him and the Colony very kindly, because Oglethorpe treated them kindly. Kindness begets kindness, you know. Tomichichi gave Oglethorpe a buffalo robe and painted upon it was the head and feathers of the eagle, saying through his interpreter, "The feathers are soft and signify love; the buffalo skin is warm and means protection, therefore we ask you to love and protect our little ones."

Teacher—Did Oglethorpe keep his word?

Child—Yes, because he was a good and kind-hearted man and knew what love and justice meant. The Indians loved him.

Teacher—Did anybody else settle in Georgia except these debtors, children?

3rd Child—Yes, Hebrews, Salzburghers, Highlanders, English merchants, and many of the English Gentry—fine sturdy stock came over later and cast their lot with

Georgia. Georgia people are the finest people in the world.

Teacher—Did they like the new country?

4th Child—Yes, very much. One of them wrote back: “I think it is the pleasantest climate in the world; for it is neither too warm in summer, nor too cold in winter. They have certainly the finest water in the world, and the land is extraordinarily good; this may certainly be called the land of Canaan.”

Teacher—This is our Georgia, children, and we love its old red hills. Who wrote “The Red Old Hills of Georgia”?

5th Child—One of our own Georgians, Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah.

Teacher—Suppose we sing it. Now let us sing as though we felt the words.

THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA.

Words by GEN. HENRY R. JACKSON

Music by REV. N. KEFF SMITH, D. D.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The vocal melody line is written on a single staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes.

1. The red old hills of Geor - gia! My heart is on them now;
2. I love them for the liv - ing— The gen - 'rous, kind and gay;
3. The red old hills of Geor - gia, 'Where, where up - on the face
4. And where, up - on their sur - face, Is heart to feel - ing dead?
5. The red old hills of Geor - gia! I nev - er can for - get;

The piano accompaniment for the first part of the song consists of two staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The right hand has a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, and the left hand has a similar pattern with some chords.

The vocal melody line continues on a single staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp, featuring a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

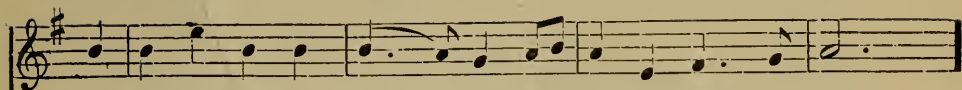
Where fed from gold - en stream - lets, O eo - nee's wat - er's flow!
 And for all the dead who slum - ber With - in their breast of clay.
 Of earth is free - dom's spir - it More bright in a - ny race?
 And where has need - y stran - ger Gone from these hills un - fed?
 A - mong life's joys and sor - rows, My heart is on them yet;

The piano accompaniment for the second part of the song consists of two staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The right hand continues with eighth notes, and the left hand has a steady accompaniment.

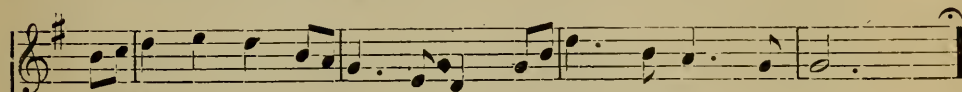
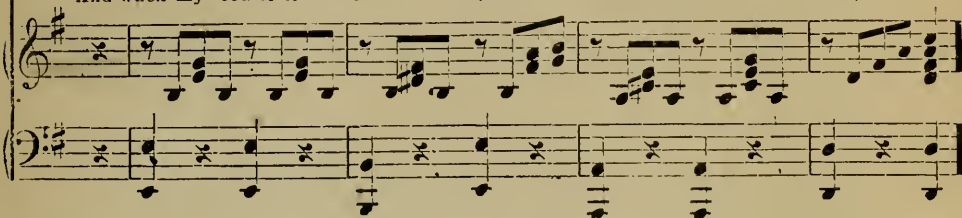
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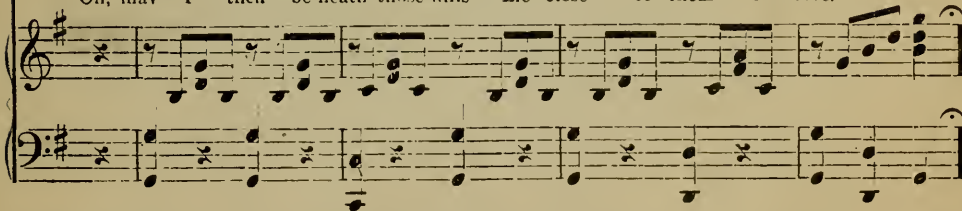
THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA. Concluded.



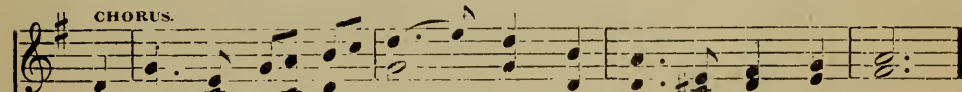
I love them with de - vo - tion, Tho' washed so bleak and bare,—
 I love them for the boun - ty, Which cheers the so - cial hearth;
 In Switz - er - land and Scot - land Each pa - triot breast it fills,
 There brav - er - y and kind - ness For aye go hand in hand,
 And when my course is end - ed, When life her wel has wove;



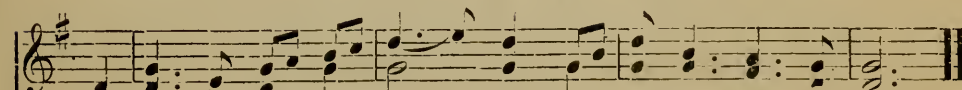
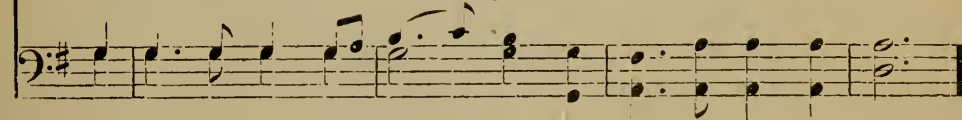
How can my spir - it e'er for - get The warm hearts dwell - ing there?
 I love them for their ros - y girls— The fair est of the earth.
 But sure it blaz - es bright - er yet A - mong our Geor - gia hills.
 Up - on, your washed and nak - ed hills— "My own, my na - tive land."
 Oh, may I then be - neath those hills Lie close to them I love.



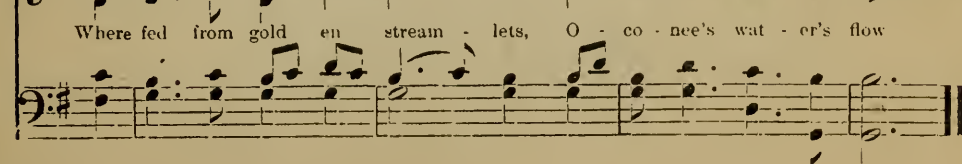
CHORUS.



The red old hills of Geor - gia! My heart is on them now;



Where fed from gold en stream - lets, O - co - nee's wat - er's flow



Teacher—Who can tell me the name of our Georgia flower?

Children—The Cherokee Rose.

Teacher—Will _____ tell us the “Legend of the Cherokee Rose” as given by Col. C. C. Jones, our Georgia historian?

(Found in *Georgia Land and People*, by Miss F. L. Mitchell, Athens, Ga., page 11. “The Legend of Nacoochee” is on page 10).

Teacher—Now I think as we enjoyed that so much may we not have _____ give us “The Legend of Nacoochee”?

Teacher—Did Georgia always remain a colony, children?

Children—No, in 1752 she became a Royal Province and was governed by the king and parliament.

Teacher—When did she become a Sovereign State?

Children—After the War of the Revolution.

Teacher—What has Georgia always stood for?

Children—Wisdom, justice, honesty, bravery, goodness and trueness.

Teacher—Do you know what is on the Georgia flag?

Children—Georgia’s Coat of Arms: Wisdom, Justice and Moderation.

Teacher—Let’s wave the Georgia flag and say “Hurrah for Georgia.”

Teacher—How many colonies were there in all?

Children—Thirteen.

Teacher—Georgia was the last settled but the first in what?

Children—To rule liquor from the cloony.

Teacher—And what does she stand for today?

Children—Prohibition! Hurrah for Georgia!

Teacher—Let each of you think of one man in Georgia that *you know* and that *you think* is a great man, and tell me why do you think he is great. (It will be well if the teacher would direct the child's thought to some person in a local way, so that the children may learn to honor the great men of their own section).

Teacher—Has Georgia ever given a President of the United States?

Children—Not yet, but she will some day.

Teacher—Yes, I agree with you and who knows but what that future President may be one of the boys in this very room. It may be possible, boys, if each of you will make your life count for something, and you may even be a greater man than any President has been.

I think we can close the exercises by singing again the chorus of "There is no State like Georgia."

Suggestive Readings—"Sidney Lanier's Bob," "The Story of Our Mocking-Bird," "The Story of a Proverb."

PART II.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY THE TEACHER.

(Pupils of Secondary Grades Begin With Suggestions on Page 1).

1st Speaker:

We have met today to celebrate the birthday of our beloved old Statè of Georgia, a State now called "The Empire State of the South," but destined to be "*The State of the Empire.*" Do you ask me why? Because she has the right to claim many things which are not known and when known will place her where she truly belongs among her sister States, and when she has fully met all of her educational obligations and been aroused to her marvelous opportunities in this direction, no State will surpass her.

She was founded February 12, 1733, in a spirit of love for her fellowman, and she has always lovingly welcomed the stranger in her midst. Her founders were men of strong religious faith, who showed their *wisdom* by making friends with the Indians, and winning their love and confidence instead of antagonizing them, as De Soto and other colonists had done.

She also showed her *wisdom* by a *landed policy* she adopted. She gave 200 acres of land to each head of a family, and fifty more to each child. This encouraged settlers, and some one has said "It put the crown of industrial glory on her head, and the rock of conscious independence beneath her feet."

She showed her *justice* and *honesty* by paying the Indians full value received for their land or whatever

she purchased from them. This spirit of honesty is inborn in Georgians.

She showed her *goodness* by treating the Indians as brothers and human beings. She did not massacre them as others had done; she did not burn witches as others had done. She did not persecute those who differed with her in religious beliefs as others had done. Although founded as a Protestant colony, she later allowed Romanists, Hebrews, and Quakers to settle in her midst and gave them a glad welcome.

She showed her *temperance* by ruling rum from the colony, and thank God, Georgia today stands for *Prohibition!*

She believed in liberty—liberty not only of conscience, but liberty of speech and person. She ruled slavery from the colony and was the first State to legislate against the slave trade.

She believed in *God's Word* and had it taught to the Indians and to those who could not read.

She believed in *philanthropy* and was the first of all the colonies to have an Orphans' Home.

She believed in *education*, education not only of her men but her women; and no matter how much has been ignorantly written regarding the illiteracy of Georgia, she can claim without fear of contradiction the first *State University* in the United States, and the *first college* in the world to bestow diplomas upon women. Georgia has always believed in resisting wrong, and she has ever been a true defender of the Constitution to the bitter end. This is our Georgia! Hurrah for our grand old State!

(It would be well to have the pupils sing here "There is no State like Georgia," found in Part I, or at least sing the chorus).

Teacher—I would like for one of you to tell us about Georgia *topographically* and show what right we have to claim greatness for her there.

2nd Speaker:

Georgia is a great State! She lies in the same latitude as the Holy Land. There are nine belts of climate in the United States and Georgia has eight of them.

There is not a tree, a shrub, a plant, a flower, a vegetable, a fruit, a grain, a grass, a nut nor any other thing which has not been grown or can be grown in some part of Georgia. She has mountains 5,000 feet high, and valleys and plains of perpetual springtime, and tropical regions where tropical heat may be felt.

Teacher—What about her forests?

3rd Speaker—She has 1,000 miles of pine forest alone, not to speak of her other trees, such as oaks (many varieties), poplar, ash, beech, elm, chestnut, hickory, maple, walnut, sycamore, sweetgum, blackgum, dogwood, locust, persimmon, sassafras, wild cherry, chinquapin, cedar, magnolia, bay, etc. Her curly maple, and curly pine are susceptible of the most beautiful polish in the world, and are highly sought after.

Teacher—What about her metals?

4th Speaker—Her metals lie under every hillside. There can be found iron, coal, lead, silver, gold, copper, corundum, asbestos, slate, ochre, mica, plumbago, talc,

gneiss, sandstones of all kinds, aluminum, or rather the basis of it, with innumerable other minerals. Then her iron, sulphur, alum, lithia, and other mineral springs abound—artesian wells spring up at the slightest boring, and then her clays, her porcelain, terra cotta, pottery and enameled bricks are known the world over. Crystals of amethysts, and quartz are found in large quantities, and even diamonds, rubies, garnets and sapphires have been found. The finest Indian arrow heads are here in Georgia.

Teacher—What about Georgia marble and granite?

5th Speaker—Georgia ranks second in marble in the United States, only Vermont excelling her. The largest block of marble ever quarried came from Georgia and is in the Capitol Building at St. Paul, Minn. Georgia granite is the very best, and Stone Mountain, seven miles in circumference, near Atlanta, Georgia, is a “geological monstrosity.”

Teacher—What about her water power?

6th Speaker—Her water power is limitless. Why, when the water of Tallulah Falls is harnessed, that alone will be sufficient to heat and light the State.

Teacher—What about her fish and game?

7th Speaker—Her waters abound in fish—bass, bream, perch, catfish, mountain trout, etc. Did you ever eat a mountain trout? Fine! no better fish in the world. Her islands abound in game, deer, bears, wild cats, panthers, wild turkeys, wild ducks, rabbits, snipe, o’possum, partridges, woodcocks, etc. President Roosevelt could have found everything here needed in reasonable quantities, elephants, lions and tigers excepted.

Teacher—Yes, Georgia is a great State. What about her cotton and grain crops?

8th Speaker—Cotton truly is King! The *first cotton* planted in the United States was planted by the Salzburger at Ebenezer, *Georgia*. Think what Georgia cotton has meant to not only Georgia but to the world! That crop alone brings in millions and millions of dollars annually to the State. Her sea island cotton with the long staple is considered the finest in the world. Then her corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, rice, clover, peas, potatoes, tobacco (now conceded to be the best raised anywhere), ground peas, sugar cane, etc., etc. Made from this cane, Georgia syrup is fine! At the St. Louis Exposition Georgia received the prize for the largest as well as the greatest diversity of forage crops in the United States.

Teacher—What about her fruit crop?

9th Speaker—Did you ever eat a Georgia water melon? Did you ever eat an Elberta peach? If you have, there is no need for Georgians to even discuss with others the fruit question; she is certainly first when it comes to water melons and peaches. Then the Georgia apple has won the first prize as to best new variety, and the second prize for largest varieties at the International Horticultural Fair in the West. Hurrah for Georgia! Besides this we must not omit her cantaloupes, her grapes, especially the scuppernong, her raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, dewberries, gooseberries, whortleberries, currants, pears, figs, apricots, pomegranates, cherries, oranges, lemons, pineapples, etc., etc.

Then her nuts! Why, great acres of pecans are being planted everywhere yielding many bushels of the largest

and best of nuts, the black walnut, English walnut, hickory nuts, chestnuts, chinquepins, hazelnuts and Georgia goobers. Tea is now being raised successfully, and Chinamen are here to show us how to cure the leaves.

Teacher—We haven't said one word about the "Red Old Hills of Georgia," except that metals lie beneath them. Let us all sing now about "*The Red Old Hills of Georgia*" by our Savannah poet and statesman, Henry R. Jackson. (See Part I, words and music).

Teacher—Can any one tell us of any great man in Georgia in Colonial Times?

10th Speaker—Yes, Oglethorpe, our founder, may be said to belong to Georgia in Colonial Times. He was a noted man in England before he came to America, being known there as *statesman*, for he was a member of the English Parliament, and took a prominent part in English affairs of State—*soldier, scholar, philanthropist* and Christian gentleman.

Teacher—Has any monument in our State ever been erected to honor our founder?

11th Speaker—No, a county has been named for him, a college was named for him but it died; there has been no monument in marble to which we as Georgians may point with pride. The Colonial Dames have marked by stones the places where he landed, Frederica and Yamacraw, and where he pitched his tent; and the Daughters of the American Revolution have been interested in preserving spots associated with him. The Sons of Colonial Wars, aided by other patriotic organizations, are planning now to erect a monument at Savannah, and some of the funds are already in hand. We hope this monument

will soon be unveiled, and it is to be trusted that every child, woman and man should have a part in advancing this work.

Teacher—Can you think of a name that illustrated Georgia when she was a Royal Province?

12th Speaker—Joseph Habersham, of Savannah, is one of whom we should justly be proud. Georgia, though the youngest, was, at the time of resistance to the stamp act and other indignities put upon the colonies by Great Britain, the most prosperous of all the colonies; at one time during the Revolutionary conflict, she sent 579 barrels of rice to the poor in Boston. The Governor was Sir James Wright, a strong Tory and true to the Crown. He refused for Georgia to send representatives to the First Continental Congress, and so it happened Georgia had no voice in that body. But the *Liberty Boys*, as they called themselves, determined they would take matters in their own hands. The most prominent of these were *Joseph Habersham* and *Noble Wimberly Jones*, Edward Telfair, Joseph Clay, William Gibbons, and John Milledge. They called a Congress with representatives from the twelve parishes of Georgia to meet on July 4, 1775, with the object of setting forth their grievances and presenting them to the King and Governor. The Governor absolutely ignored them, then their presiding officer, Archibald Bulloch issued an order to seize an English vessel loaded with ammunition in order to secure powder and arms for defence, and this was the first instance where English rule in an American Colony was defied. Then a *Georgia schooner* was offered by them for service in the war and thus became the *first vessel* commissioned to fight in the Revolutionary War. Five members to the

Second Continental Congress were sent by this Georgia Congress, and when the Declaration of Independence was signed July 4, 1776, three Georgia names were found there—George Walton, Button Gwinnett and Lyman Hall.

Teacher—Georgia's roll of great men in the varied stations of life is too long to be called. Shall we not give short sketches of those nearest our own home town and tell why we should honor them? Tell for whom our own county is named and why? Tell us of a soldier or patriot who illustrated our Georgia from this section of the country.

Tell us of a poet of Georgia and give one of his poems:
—Sidney Lanier's "*Song of the Chattahoochee.*"

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,

The rushes cried *abide, abide,*
 The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
 The loving laurel turned my tide,
 The ferns and the fondling grass said *stay*
 The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
 And the little reeds sighed *abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Veiling the valleys of Hall,
 The hickory told me manifold
 Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
 Said, *pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The white quartz shone and the smooth brook stone
 Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
 And many a luminous jewel lone
 Crystals clear or acloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
 In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
 In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain—

Downward the voices of duty call—
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Give an extract from one of Georgia's noted orators:
 —*Benjamin Hill's Tribute to Lee; Henry Grady's Speech
 About the South.*

Intersperse the program with anecdotes if possible, in order to brighten it up.

See in Part III some suggestive readings and questions and where to be found.

Close with song, either a solo, a quartette or a chorus, "The Sunny South," Julia L. Spalding, author and composer, Atlanta, Ga.

"THE SUNNY SOUTH"

BY JULIA L. SPALDING.

Tho' this world I've traveled over and have sailed its
 many seas,
 Still my heart turns back to Dixie Land with fondest
 memories,
 To the land of sweet magnolias, where the birds sing
 gay and free,
 My home the sunny Southland, the dearest spot to me.

REFRAIN.

Hooray for the sunny South,
 Hooray for the sunny South,
 Hooray for Dixie Land and her noble heroes grand,
 For her they gave their loyal heart and hand.

Hooray for the sunny South,
 Hooray for the sunny South,
 Hooray, hooray, hooray, for the dear old boys in gray,
 Hooray for the sunny South!

When I think of all her heroes and the cause they fought
 to save,
 When I think of Lee and Johnston and of Jackson true
 and brave,
 Gordon, Longstreet, Wheeler, Forrest, many others great
 and good,
 I cherish more than ever my loyal Southern blood.

REFRAIN.

On a cloudy, misty morning of a day we know so well,
 When the gallant Gordon led his men through flying shot
 and shell,
 They checked the foe, they hurled them back, they won
 the bloody fray,
 And Gordon rode to victory that glorious twelfth of May.

REFRAIN.

'Twas at Spotsylvania court house, when the peerless
 chieftain, Lee,
 Sought to lead our Gordon's line of gray to check the
 fierce melee,
 But the young and loyal heroes yelled "Lee to the rear!"
 that day,
 And Gordon led to victory, that glorious twelfth of May.

REFRAIN.

From war's blight and desolation, Phoenix-like she sprang
 to life,
 Her mines, her fields, her factories, all throb with peace-
 ful strife;

Her loyal sons and daughters fair—a joyous, happy
band,
At Freedom's shrine still worship, and love their Dixie
Land.

REFRAIN.

Dedicated to the Confederate Veterans.

—Byrd Printing Co., Atlanta.

PART III.

(The colonization of Georgia is delightfully told in a speech made by Hon. Walter G. Charlton, of Savannah, before the Colonial Dames of Georgia. The following extracts have been selected which may be read by some of the older pupils as an introduction to the program for Georgia Day):

The whole story of the colonization of Georgia reads like a special providence of God. To the most friendless of all people—the forgotten debtors of England—had suddenly come a veritable sunburst of benevolence. They had reached America in safety, and now in their new home the Indian—against whose depredations upon the colony of Carolina they were expected to be the guard—received them with a friendship and generosity unparalleled in the history of the two races. We cannot too strongly insist upon the gratitude we owe to Tomochichi for the part he played in this and every other crisis of the colony. After that of Oglethorpe, his is easily the noblest figure in our early history. He was a broad, liberal-minded gentleman; true to every promise, brave in every emergency, and with a dignity of speech and bearing and look which made him fit to be the historic

companion of the founder. His sense of right and duty had made him an exile from his people, and yet, even as Mico of the Yamacraws, who had cast their fortunes with him, he commanded the respect of the tribe which had banished him. At the conference held between Oglethorpe and the chiefs of the Lower Creek Indians for the purpose of settling by treaty the boundaries of the colony, the King of the Oconas, which had been Tomochichi's tribe, said of him that he was a good man and had been a great warrior, and that it was for his wisdom and courage that the banished men had chosen him to be their king. It was his influence which brought about the treaty, and his constant, cheerful courage never wavered in the most perilous moments. There is but scant material for romance in the early days of the colony. The outlook was eminently practical and embraced such prosaic occupation as the building of houses, the tilling of the soil and the construction of the machinery of government. The town was divided into wards, in each ward four tythings, and in each tything ten houses. A freeholder of a tything had his town lot 60 x 90 feet, a garden lot of five acres, and a farm lot of forty-four acres and a fraction. The land descended in what was known to the common law as tailmale, that is, in default of male issue it reverted to the trustees. Beyond the town four villages made a ward, which depended upon a ward in the town. The squares, which we are accustomed to regard as pleasure grounds, were designed as places of refuge in time of war for the families and cattle of the inhabitants of these villages, in which they were at liberty to encamp—the villagers resorting to the square upon which their ward depended.

The political system was simplicity itself. Over all were the trustees, with Oglethorpe as their commissioner. There were three bailiffs, having judicial powers—a recorder and a registrar. A term court, with civil and criminal jurisdiction, and grand and petit juries, presided over by the bailiffs, sat every six weeks. Each ward had its constable under whom were four tything men, and there was a public storekeeper.

From time to time slight accessions were made to the colony—among them certain Italians skilled in the silk culture. They came in the ship *James*, which was the first vessel from England to ascend the Savannah river.

DEATH OF TOMOCHICHI.

On the 16th of October, 1739, died in his own town, at the age of 92 years, Tomochichi, the king of the Yamacraws. As his end drew near, he summoned his followers about him and urged upon them that they persevere in their friendships for the English. He expressed the greatest tenderness for Oglethorpe, and was troubled that death came at a time when he might have been of service against the Spaniards. As he had induced the Creeks to sign the treaty and thus assisted in the founding of the town, he desired that he might be buried in Savannah, among the English. And so when life departed they bore the old warrior, as he had wished, to Savannah, her prominent men being his pallbearers, followed by the Indians, the magistrates and the people. And reverently and in honor, to the martial sound of minute guns, they laid him to rest in the heart of the town. And over his grave, by order of Oglethorpe, they erected a pyramid of stones, in testimony of their gratitude.

SUPPLEMENTAL WORK—SUGGESTIVE.

Questions and Answers.

What is the population of Georgia by 1900 census?

Ans.—About two and one-half millions.

What proportion colored?

Ans.—Nearly half.

How many counties in Georgia?

Ans.—About 146 by 1900 census—new ones have been added.

In what has Georgia been first?

The first vessel commissioned to fight the British was a Georgia schooner.

The first steamboat to cross the Atlantic was the Savannah, and sailed from Georgia.

The first (in the United States) State University was the Georgia University.

The first college in the world to bestow degrees upon women was Wesleyan Female College at Macon, Ga.

The first chartered college for women in the world is this college.

The first woman in the world to receive a diploma was Mrs. Catherine E. Benson, nee Brewer, and that diploma now hangs on the walls of Wesleyan, at Macon.

The first to discover anesthesia was Dr. Crawford W. Long, Jefferson, Ga.

The first sewing machine in the world was made by Francis Robert Goulding, of Liberty county, Ga.

The first passenger railway ran from Augusta, Ga., to Charleston, S. C.

The first Sunday School in the world was started by John Wesley at Savannah, Ga., one year before Robert Raikes was born.

One of the finest flute players in the world was Sidney Lanier, of Macon, Ga.

The first to codify the English common law and principles of equity was Thomas R. R. Cobb, of Athens, Ga.

The first to raise the flag at Manila was Tom Brumby, of Georgia.

The first to tunnel under the Hudson was William Gibbs McAdoo, of Marietta, Ga.

The first soldiers that offered for Confederate service was the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, of Savannah.

The first general or commanding officer to fall on the battle field of the sixties was Francis Bartow, of Savannah.

The first to rule liquor out of the colony.

The first to legislate against the slave trade.

The first colony to send missionaries to the Indians.

The first Orphan Asylum in the United States.

The first to suggest Memorial Day.

The first to bestow Crosses of Honor on veterans of the war between the States.

The first to raise cotton in the United States.

The first suggestion of a cotton gin came from a Georgia woman—Mrs. Hillhouse, of Augusta, Ga.

The first iron clad steamboat with ram, The Manassas, built by a Georgian, Charles Austin.

The first brush for a cotton gin was invented by Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, of Savannah.

NAMES OF DISTINGUISHED GEORGIANS WHO HAVE BEEN
MEMBERS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CABINET:

Washington's, John Adams' and Thomas Jefferson's Administrations—*Jos. Habersham*, Postmaster-General.

Madison's and Monroe's Administrations—*William H. Crawford, Secretary of Treasury.*

Jackson's and Van Buren's Administrations—*John Forsyth, Secretary of State.*

Taylor's Administration—*George W. Crawford, Secretary of War.*

Buchanan's Administration—*Howell Cobb, Secretary of Treasury.*

Grant's Administration—*Amos T. Akerman, Attorney-General.*

Cleveland's Administration—*Hoke Smith, Secretary of Interior.*

Speakers of the House of Congress—*Howell Cobb, of Georgia; Chas. F. Crisp, of Georgia.*

Georgia gave a President to Texas—*Mirabeau Lamar.*

An Associate Chief Justice U. S.—*L. Q. C. Lamar.*

President of the Provincial Congress to form the Confederate States—*Howell Cobb.*

Members of the Confederate Cabinet—*Alexander Stephens, Vice-President; Robert Toombs, Secretary of State; Philip Clayton, Assistant Secretary of War; Alexander R. Lawton, Quartermaster-General; James D. Bulloch, Naval Agent to England; Thomas R. R. Cobb, who virtually drafted the Constitution.*

Lives of activities among her distinguished sons—Jurists, judges and lawyers, statesmen, orators, historians, authors, poets, dialect writers, novelists, theologians, essayists, humorists, journalists, editors, inventors, architects, physicians, skilled mechanics, musicians, philanthropists, and men of business affairs.

Humorous Readings—" 'Round Miss Nancy's Bureau"—*Longstreet's Georgia Scenes; "Miss Mary's Christmas Present"—Thompson; "Major Jones' Courtship"—Uncle Remus, Joel Chandler Harris.*

THE MAN OF THE TWELFTH OF MAY.

ROBERT FALLIGANT, Savannah, Ga.

When history tells her story
Of the noble hero band,
Who have made the green fields gory,
For the life of their native land,
How grand will be the picture
Of Georgia's proud array,
As they drove the boasting foeman back
That glorious twelfth of May, boys,
That glorious twelfth of May.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah while we rally round
The hero of that day,
And a nation's grateful praises crown,
The man of the twelfth of May, boys,
The man of the twelfth of May.

Whose mien is ever proudest
When we hold the foe at bay?
Whose war-cry cheers us loudest
As we rush to the bloody fray?
'Tis Gordon's; our reliance!
Fearless as on the day
When he hurled his grand defiance
In that charge of the twelfth of May, boys,
That charge of the twelfth of May.

Who, who can be a coward!
What freeman fear to die
When Gordon orders "forward,"
And the red cross floats on high!

Follow his tones inspiring!
 - On, on to the field, Away!
 And we'll see the foe retiring
 As they did on the twelfth of May, boys,
 As they did on the twelfth of May.

This is no time for sighing—
 Whate'er our fate may be,
 'Tis sweet to think that dying,
 We will leave our country free,
 Though the storms of battle pelt her,
 She'll defy the tyrant's sway,
 And our breasts shall be her shelter
 As they were on the twelfth of May, boys,
 As they were on the twelfth of May,

Commemorates the bravery of GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

THE RAIN SONG.

It isn't raining rain to me,
 It's raining daffodils!
 In every dimpling drop I see
 Wild flowers on the hills!
 A cloud of gray engulfs the day
 And overwhelms the town—
 It isn't raining rain to me—
 It's raining roses down!

It isn't raining rain to me,
 But fields of clover bloom,
 Where any buccaneering bee
 May find a bed and room.

A health then to the happy,
A fig to him who frets,
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining violets!

ROBERT LOVEMAN, Dalton, Ga.

I'LL HAUNT YOU.

The old gentleman was brought very low with malarious fever, and his physician and family had made up their minds that notwithstanding his extreme reluctance to depart from this life—a reluctance heightened, no doubt, by his want of preparation for a better—he would be compelled to go. The system of therapeutics in vogue at that time and in that section included immense quantities of calomel, and rigorously excluded cold water. Mr. Ellington lingered and lingered, and went without water so long and to such an extent that it seemed to him he might as well die of the disease as of the intolerable thirst that tormented him.

At last, one night when his physicians, deeming his case hopeless, had taken their departure, informing his family that he could hardly live till morning, and the latter, worn down by watching, were compelled to take a little rest, he was left to the care of his constant and faithful servant, Shadrach, with strict and solemn charge to notify them if any change took place in his master's condition, and, above all, under no circumstances to give him cold water.

When the rest were all asleep, Mr. Ellington, always astute and adroit in gaining his ends, and whose faculties at present were highly stimulated by his extreme necessity, called out to his attendant in a feeble voice, which

he strove to make as natural and unsuggestive as possible:

“Shadrach, go to the spring and fetch me a pitcher of water from the bottom.”

Shadrach expostulated, pleading the orders of the doctors and his mistress.

“You, Shadrach, you had better do what I tell you, sir.”

Shadrach still held by his orders.

“Shadrach, if you don’t bring me the water, when I get well I’ll give you the worst whipping you ever had in your life!”

Shadrach either thought that if his master got well he would cherish no rancor towards the faithful servant, whose constancy had saved him, or, more likely, that the prospect of recovery was far too remote to justify any serious apprehension for his present disobedience; at all events, he held firm.

The sick man, finding this mode of attack ineffectual, paused awhile, and then said, in the most persuasive accents he could employ:

“Shadrach, my boy, you are a good nigger. Shadrach, if you’ll go and fetch old master a pitcher of nice cool water, I’ll set you free and give you five hundred dollars!” And he dragged the syllables slowly and heavily from his dry jaws, as if to make the sum appear immeasurably vast.

But Shadrach was proof against even this temptation. He only admitted its force by arguing the case, urging that how could he stand it, and what good would his freedom and five hundred dollars do him, if he should do a thing that would kill his master?

The old gentleman groaned and moaned. At last he bethought him of one final strategem. He raised his head as well as he could, turned his haggard face full upon Shadrach, and glaring at him from his hollow, blood-shot eyes, said:

“Shadrach, I am going to die, and it’s because I can’t get any water. If you don’t go and bring me a pitcher of water, after I’m dead I’ll come back and haunt you! I’ll haunt you as long as you live!”

“O Lordy! Master! You shall hab de water!” cried Shadrach, and he rushed out to the spring and brought it. The old man drank and drank—the pitcherful and more.

The next morning he was decidedly better, and, to the astonishment of all, soon got well.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE SOUTH.

The old time aristocrat was a gentleman. He was of good stock and thoroughbred. Whether riding or walking you could tell him by his carriage—by the vehicle he rode in or the measured dignity with which he walked about. That vehicle was as unique as a Chinaman’s palanquin. It did not rest on elliptical springs, but was swung between four half circles, and the dickey, or driver’s seat was perched still higher and the driver’s bell-crowned hat was the first thing that came in sight as the equipage rose in view over the distant hill. There were two folding staircases to this vehicle and nobody but an aristocratic lady could ascend or descend them with aristocratic grace. The gentleman who was born and bred to this luxury was a king in his way—limited, it is true,

but nevertheless a king. His house was not a palace, but it was large and roomy, having a broad hall and massive chimneys and a verandah ornamented with Corinthian columns. The mansion was generally situated in a grove of venerable oaks. It was set back one hundred or two hundred yards from the big road, and the lane that led to its hospitable gate was bordered with cedars or Lombardy poplars. These cedars are still left in many places, but the poplars died with the Old South. They died at the top very like their owners. Prominent in the rear of this mansion was the old gin house, with the spacious circus ground underneath where the horses went round and round under the great cog-wheels, and the little darkies rode on the beams and popped their home-made whips. Not far away were the negro cabins and the orchard and the big family garden, and all around were fowls and pigs and pigeons and honey bees and hound dogs and pickaninnies to keep things lively. The owner of the plantation was a gentleman and was so regarded by his neighbors, and a nobleman without the title of nobility. He had been through college and to New York and Saratoga and had come back and married another gentleman's daughter and settled down. The old folks on both sides had given them a start and built the mansion, and sent over a share of the family negroes to begin life with.

He dressed well, and carried a gold-headed cane and a massive watch and chain that were made of pure gold at Geneva. There was a seal attached—a heavy prismatic seal that had his monogram. The manner in which he toyed with his chain and seal was one of the visible signs of a gentleman. It was as significant as the motions of a lady's fan.

These old-time gentlemen kept open house and all who came were welcome. There was no need to send word that you were coming, for food and shelter were always ready. A boy was called to take the horses and put them up and feed them. There was plenty of corn and fodder in the crib, plenty of big fat hams and leaf-lard in the smoke-house, plenty of turkeys and chickens in the back yard, plenty of preserves in the pantry, plenty of trained servants to do all the work while the lady of the house entertained her guests. How proud were these family servants to show off before the visitors. They shared the family standing in the community and had but little respect for what they called the "po' white trash." These aristocrats had wealth, dignity, and leisure, and Solomon says that in leisure there is wisdom, and so these men became the lawmakers, the jurists, the statesmen and they were the shining lights in the councils of the nation.

The result of the war was a fearful fall to the aristocracy of the South. They lost many of their noble sons in the army and their property soon after. The extent of their misfortunes no one will ever know, for "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." Many of them suffered and were strong. The collapse of them was awful. They had not been raised to exercise self-denial or economy, and it was humiliating in the extreme for them to descend to the level of the common people. But they did it, and did it heroically.

The children of these old patriarchs had to come down some, and the children of the common people came up some, and they have met upon a common plane, and are now working happily together, both in social and busi-

ness life. Spirit and blood have united with energy and muscle and it makes a good team—the best all round team the South has ever had.

CHARLES H. SMITH, (Bill Arp.)

“THIS WORLD THAT WE’RE A-LIVIN’ IN.”

“This world that we’re a-livin’ in
Is purty hard to beat;
You git a thorn with every rose,
But—ain’t the roses sweet?”

“We sigh and deem Love’s sun is set,
And give the rose our tears;
When Love may be a violet
That blossoms unawares!”

“The thunder comes like a roll of drums,
And the lightning leaps from high,
But the rainbow’s like a ribbon red
’Round the black dress of the sky!”

FRANK LEBBY STANTON, Atlanta, Ga.

THE SOUTHERN GIRL.*

Tune—Bonnie Blue Flag.

Oh! yes I am a Southern girl,
I glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride,
Than glittering wealth or fame.

*Georgia could be substituted for Southern.

We envy not the Northern girl,
 Her robes of beauties rare,
 Though diamonds grace her snowy neck
 And pearls bedeck her hair.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
 For the sunny South so dear,
 Three cheers for the homespun dress,
 The Southern ladies wear.

The homespun dress is plain I know,
 My hat's palmetto too,
 But then it shows what Southern girls,
 For Southern rights will do.
 We have sent the bravest of our land,
 To battle with the foe,
 And we will lend a helping hand,
 We love the South, you know.

—Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

Now Northern goods are out of date,
 And since old Abe's blockade,
 We Southern girls can be content,
 With goods that's Southern made.
 We sent our sweethearts to the war,
 But, dear girls never mind,
 Your soldier's love will ne'er forget
 The girl he's left behind.

—Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

The soldier is the lad for me—
A brave heart I adore;
And when the sunny South is free,
And fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave,
From out that gallant band,
The soldier lad I love the best,
Shall have my heart and hand.

—Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

This Southern land's a glorious land,
And has a glorious cause,
Then cheer, three cheers for Southern rights
And for the Southern boys.
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with such grace.

—Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

And now young man a word to you,
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles,
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears are all for those,
Who fill a soldier's grave.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

For the sunny South so dear,
 Three cheers for the homespun dress,
 The Southern ladies wear.

CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR, Augusta, Ga.

GEORGIA, MY GEORGIA.

Hark! 'tis the cannon's deafening roar,
 That sounds along thy sunny shore,
 And thou shalt lie in chains no more,
 My wounded, bleeding Georgia!
 Then arm each youth and patriot sire,
 Light up the patriotic fire,
 And bid the zeal of those ne'er tire,
 Who strike for thee, my Georgia!

On thee is laid oppression's hand,
 Around thy altars foemen stand,
 To scatter freedom's gallant band,
 And lay thee low, my Georgia!
 But thou hast noble sons, and brave,
 The Stars and Bars above thee wave,
 And here we'll make oppression's grave,
 Upon the soil of Georgia.

We bow at Liberty's fair shrine,
 And kneel in holy love at thine,
 And while above our stars still shine,
 We'll strike for them and Georgia!

Thy woods with victory shall resound,
 Thy brow shall be with laurels crowned,
 And peace shall spread her wings around
 My own, my sunny Georgia!

Yes, these shall teach thy foes to feel
 That Southern hearts, and Southern steel,
 Will make them in submission kneel
 Before the sons of Georgia!
 And thou shalt see thy daughters, too,
 With pride and patriotism true,
 Arise with strength to dare and do,
 Ere they shall conquer Georgia!

Thy name shall be a name of pride—
 Thy heroes all have nobly died,
 That thou mayst be the spotless bride
 Of Liberty, my Georgia!
 Then wave thy sword and banner high,
 And louder raise the battle-cry,
 'Till shouts of victory reach the sky,
 And thou art free, my Georgia!

REFERENCE BOOKS FOR GEORGIA DAY.

Advantages of Georgia (Issued by the Department of Agriculture).

Georgia, the Empire State of the South (Issued by the Agricultural Department).

Evans' History of Georgia.

Chas. H. Smith's History of Georgia.

Reminiscences of Famous Georgians, Lucian Knight
(Franklin--Turner Co.)

Southern Literature, (B. F. Johnson Co.)

Program for Georgia Day, (Lester Book Co.)

Stories of Georgia, Harris.

History Stories of Georgia, Chappell.

Stories of Georgia, Massey and Wood.

The South in History and Literature, Mildred Rutherford, (Franklin-Turner Co.)

C. C. Jones' History of Georgia.

Miss Mitchell's Georgia Land and People.

McCall's History of Georgia.

Bishop Stephens' History of Georgia.

G. G. Smith's History of Georgia.

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