

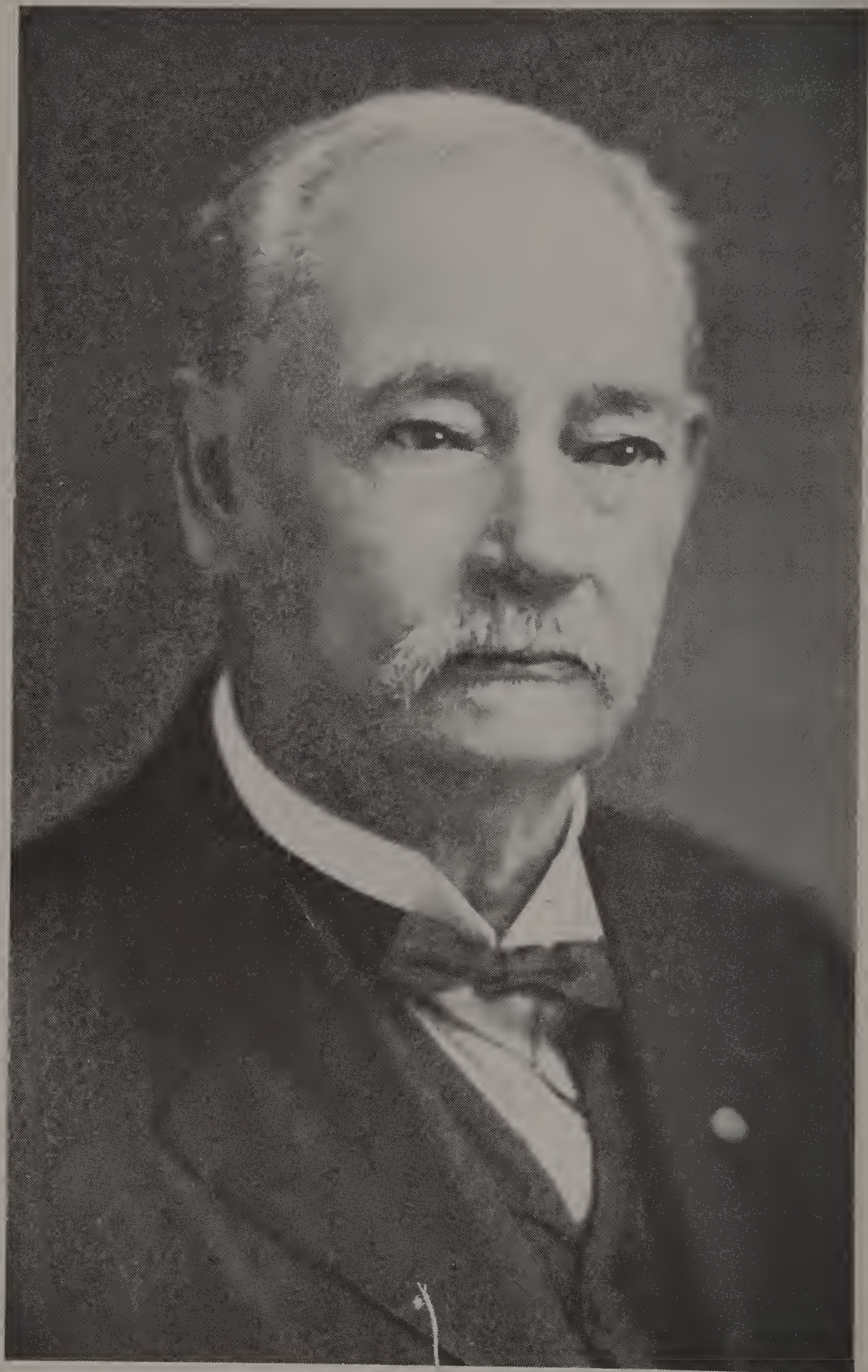


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NATHANIEL E. HARRIS
Former Governor of the State of Georgia

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAN'S
LIFE WITH REMINISCENCES
OF SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS



BY

NATHANIEL E. HARRIS, A.B., LL.D.
FORMER GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA

THE J. W. BURKE COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
MACON GA.
1925

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20/8/18
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PREFACE

This book was written at intervals extending over at least twelve months.

It was dictated to David J. Gibson, a young stenographer, who has been with me for several years, and has been a very faithful and efficient assistant in the preparation of the work.

We selected for the dictation times when it was thought most convenient, and the rhetoric suffered some from the off-hand way in which the facts were recalled and given to the stenographer.

The consequence is the language is rough in many places and the subjects lack connection.

It is given to the world simply as a record of events in the life of a very busy man and it should be read as a diary, in which no effort is made to do more than to present a plain unvarnished history of events that extended through seventy-five years.

Only the hope that the narrative may be read by some one who will find enough good in it to justify the trouble of reading has made me publish it to the world.

THE AUTHOR.

Atlanta, Georgia
December, 1924

DEDICATION

TO MY only living brother, Joseph Adison Harris, who was my playmate and friend in my boyhood days, who shared my youthful joys and griefs and, when the great tragedy occurred in our lives, that sent us away from our childhood's home to find a refuge among strangers, and a father's eyes had closed on us forever, decided to take my place as the head of the family and keep the wolf from the door of the mother and children, while I went to college, and who, after coming back to the old homestead with the family, saw the children one by one go out from the household, nearly all to be buried in the graveyard nearby, till last of all the mother followed, —who has kept up the old homestead where the Harris name had belonged of right since the days of the Revolution; who has been loyal and loving and faithful to me through all the years that have gone, this book is affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

COMMENCED AUG. 29, 1923

THE man who writes an autobiography takes a great risk. Things that would appear interesting to him may be quite the contrary to general readers.

Besides, he subjects himself to much misconstruction. The very fact that he writes his own life-history shows that he imagines something has occurred in his life that will be of interest to others. If his achievements have contributed to the happiness of those around him, the record might be well. If, on the contrary, his life has had a selfish purpose throughout its whole course, then, however great his achievements may have been, the recording of them can prove of little good to those who come after him.

I have seen very few men in public life who worked solely for the good of the people without the selfishness that usually characterizes those who achieve success.

In these pages will be found no effort at philosophical analysis; no disclosure of underlying motives; no reasoning from cause to effect in writing the story of a long life. It is only intended to present a plain and simple narrative of the events in the life-history of an old lawyer, an old politician, who was often misjudged, sometimes hated, and sometimes even loved by those among whom his life has passed.

The fact that the narrative appears in the first person may lead to the belief on the part of the reader that the author was swayed by a desire to make an exhibition of himself rather than do good to others.

This ought not to be so. The example may be good or the contrary. In this narrative the facts shall be given and the truth shall be kept in view from the commencement to the end.

GENEALOGICAL SKETCH

I WAS born January 21st, 1846, on what is known as Cherokee Creek in Washington County, State of Tennessee. The place where I was born belonged to my grandfather, John C. Harris, a minister of the M. E. Church and a physician of the old style. He had been in possession of the homestead since a short time after the Revolution. He had married Sarah Reagan, daughter of Jere Reagan, and first cousin of Senator John H. Reagan, of Texas. They had raised a family of twelve children; nine sons and two daughters. My father, Alexander Nelson Harris, was the eighth child. He was educated in the old-field schools and finished his course in the Holston College, of New Market, in what was then Jefferson County. Three of the sons studied medicine, and one of the girls married a very prominent physician, Dr. John E. Cossen, of Jonesboro.

My grandmother always claimed that one of her brothers served with General Washington, having been attached in some way to his headquarters. She referred to this at times with much pride.

My grandfather Harris emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, and came with his father and mother some time after the close of the Revolution to what is now Washington County, Tennessee, settling some two or three miles south of the town of Jonesboro on the Little Cherokee. His family came originally from Rock Hall in Maryland, and claimed to be from the

English gentry who settled at that place on the Chesapeake. One branch of the family moved to North Carolina from which descended Governor, afterwards Senator, Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee; I am told.

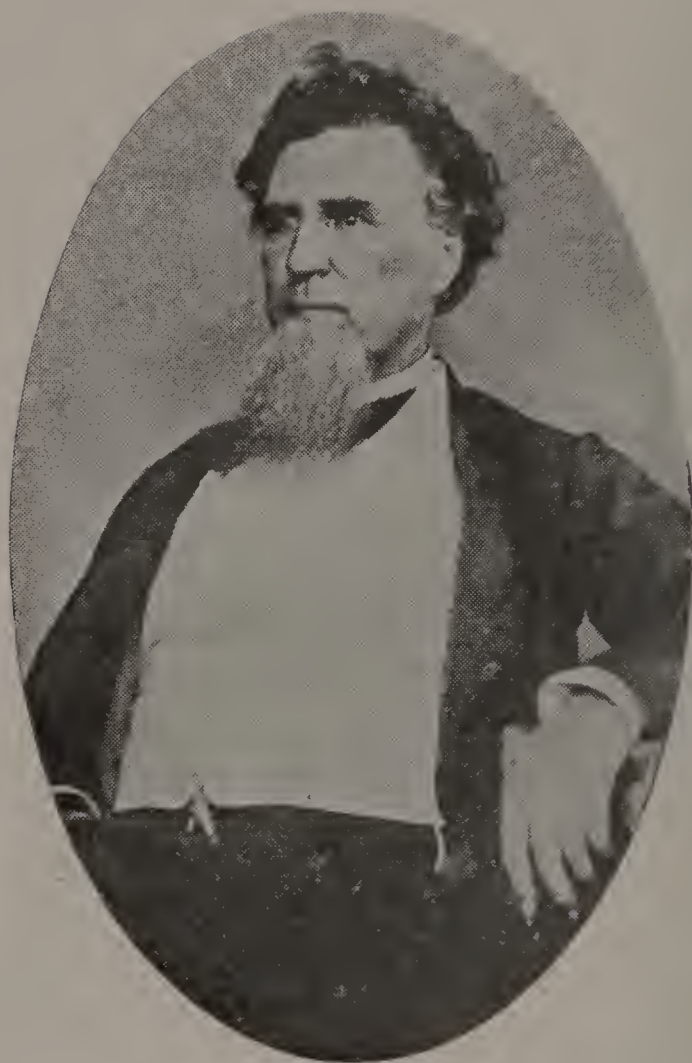
My mother was a daughter of David Haynes, son of George Grandison Haynes, a Revolutionary soldier who served under Col. William Washington, the latter commanding a squadron of light horse in General Greene's Army

He also was born in Virginia, but came to East Tennessee after the Revolution, marrying a Miss McInturff. He settled in Carter County and raised a large family. His son, David, was of a peculiar type. He had much native talent and knew how to make money. His peculiarities, as he grew to wealth, obtained for him, among his neighbors of the mountains, the sobriquet of "King David." He was of an exacting character and always claimed that he was of German descent.

I have never been able to reconcile this claim, unless it applied to someone else than the male line. His father was undoubtedly descended from the family of the same name in New England, one of whom, John Haynes, was Governor of Connecticut.

Be this as it may, my grandfather married Rhoda Taylor, a daughter of Mathew Taylor, a brother of Gen. James P. Taylor, the latter the grandfather of Alfred A. and Robt. L. Taylor.

There was a large family born of this marriage. My mother was the tenth child. Of her sisters, Emma Haynes married Nathaniel G. Taylor, and her sons, who achieved most distinction, were Robert L. Taylor, Governor and Senator, Alf. A. Taylor, Congressman and Governor, and James P. Taylor, Adjutant General of the State. The Haynes children were all



HON. LANDON C. HAYNES
Senator Confederate States Congress
Called "Silver Tongued Orator of Tennessee."

endowed with fine intellects. Landon C. Haynes, the oldest son, became one of the greatest lawyers the State has produced. He has been called the "Eagle Orator of East Tennessee." I have heard him stand in his porch, looking out on the Buffalo mountain in the early morning, and declaim the orations of Cicero, in the original Latin. His voice was orotund, and he rolled out the Latin words with gestures and a pronunciation calculated to catch the fancy of anyone who believed in old-fashioned oratory. He was almost irresistible before a jury. He put into his speeches humor, pathos and fiery declamation that swept the courthouse, with the judge and jury, off their feet. He made his first race for Congress against Andrew Johnson, afterwards President of the United States. They were both Democrats. I could, at one time, repeat a considerable portion of his speech in opposition to Mr. Johnson. He began in these words:

"It affords me no ordinary pleasure to meet this large assemblage of my neighbors and fellowmen composed of both political parties, before whom I may meet my competitor and contest with him the principles and pretensions on which he asks his re-election and my defeat for a seat in the next Congress. I do not come before the people dressed in the robes of office, armed with pension lists, and fortified by the formidable impulse of a public press planted at my feet, but I stand on the naked justice of my cause."

Mr. Johnson prophesied that he (Mr. Johnson) would beat Haynes fifteen hundred votes in the district, and he did.

His next race was against Hon. Thomas A. R. Nelson, of Jonesboro, also for Congress. Colonel Nelson was elected by a majority of fifty-one votes and was serving in Congress at the time the Civil War began.

Colonel Nelson's son, David, was in school with me at Martin Academy, while this race was going on. He had gone around with Haynes and Nelson and learned to repeat the speech made by Haynes. He could not remember his father's, but could repeat almost exactly the striking addresses of Colonel Haynes. Sometimes, after school had adjourned, we got young Nelson to take the platform and deliver to us the addresses made by his father's opponent. I had heard both speeches at a joint debate in Jonesboro, and recognized the fidelity with which young Nelson repeated my uncle's speech.

Dave Nelson was a natural orator, and if he had lived would doubtless have surpassed in splendid speaking any of East Tennessee's second crop.

After the State seceded, Colonel Haynes was elected Confederate Senator and served in Richmond throughout the whole war.

East Tennessee gave birth to a great number of orators and statesmen. In my young days I was permitted to see and hear, on the rostrum or in the courthouse, a galaxy of brilliant public men rarely surpassed in the nation. Among these were Andrew Johnson, Thomas A. R. Nelson, Horace Maynard, Landon C. Haynes, Nathaniel G. Taylor and John Netherland, with a score of lesser lights who would have towered shoulder high above the public men of other states in that time. My father, brought up in these scenes, was no mean speaker himself. Dr. R. N. Price, in his history of Holston Methodism, uses these words of my father:

"Dr. Harris was rated as a very eloquent speaker. An old gentleman who had heard him often said after his death that he was 'the most eloquent speaker he had ever heard; it seemed to him that he had only to

open his mouth and his words would tear up the earth in front of him.' ”

On one occasion, after delivering a strong and vigorous address in the courthouse at Jonesboro, on the issues of the war, early in 1861, he closed with an eloquent appeal to his audience, apparently throwing all his soul into his words. And so great was the effect of his eloquence that the people rose from their seats and, rushing forward to the stand, took him upon their shoulders and, with shouts and tears, carried him into the streets of the town.

Rev. Henry P. Waugh wrote a tribute to Dr. Harris, which was published in *The Nashville Christian Advocate* sometime after his death. In this tribute he stated that three persons, who afterwards became brothers-in-law, were licensed to preach at the same Quarterly Conference at a little schoolhouse northwest of Jonesboro. They were, he said, Landon C. Haynes, Nathaniel G. Taylor, and Alexander N. Harris. He said that all became great speakers and achieved much reputation; but, after all, he thought that for fiery and impassioned oratory, Dr. Harris was the best of the three.

The sketch of my father referred to is found on pages 30-34 of the Fourth Volume of the History of Holston Methodism.

My mother, though modest and retiring in her disposition, yet had a strong personality. There was not one of the eleven children who did not yield to her influence and acknowledge her sense of right and justice. If they disobeyed her, it was with their eyes fully opened to the fact that her commands were proper and her judgment good. There were only seventeen years between her age and mine, as she was born December 21st, 1828, while my birthday was the 21st

of January, 1846—seventeen years and one month after she was born.

As my father was engaged in the practice of medicine, he was very little at home and this threw me, in my earlier years, into the closest possible companionship of my mother. She did most of the punishing in those early times, using the rod according to the Scriptures. On one occasion I crept under the house to get away from her, but she followed me and my effort to avoid the punishment did not succeed. I then tried running away from her, and once went down the red lane, in the public road which ran by the house. My mother ran after me and near the foot of the hill both of us fell flat in the roadway. She was the first to rise and I did not escape the thrashing for some disobedience. I sat by the side of the road trying to study out the philosophy of the punishment when I saw her coming back down the lane and instantly I felt that she had returned to complete the punishment. When she came near, however, she said: "I am not after you this time, Sir."

She had lost her side comb when she fell, and came back to get it. I helped her hunt for it and in this way we were soon reconciled.

I think my father tried to put into force with me all his notions about the training of a young son. The consequence was, that I received more attention from him than any of the rest of the children. His punishments were more severe and his advice and counsel were more constant in my case than in that of the other children. He watched my progress at school and looked after my reading at home, giving me good advice at all times when he was with me. I never had any disposition to rebel against any course that he might lay down for me. I respected him for his high

Christian character and steady, unchanging worship of the Higher Power above us all. In all my association with him I never heard him use an unseemly expression or give utterance to one evil thought. His religion was a recognized part of the household, and it was never put aside.

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

My memory goes back to the time when I was but three years of age. I was born in the old homestead at the foot of the hill, as heretofore stated. My grandfather was dead and the home was kept up by my grandmother, who was a woman of the old style—strict in all her ways, yet amiable and gentle, though firm as a rock when she set her foot down. In my third year, my father decided to build a home of his own. My grandfather had left a will directing the property to be settled upon my father in case he should continue in the ministry until he was broken down and needed a home. He had located after ten years' service in the ministry of his church, and had decided, as far as he was concerned, that he was "broken down and in need of the home."

His brothers and sisters did not agree with him, however, and a meeting was called to construe the will among themselves and make some disposition of the landed property. When the final conclusion was reached, the heirs executed a paper providing that the farm should be divided between my father and the youngest son, J. E. T. Harris, the consideration being that my father should take care of his unmarried sister, Sarah A. Harris, and my uncle, J. E. T. Harris, known as Uncle Ed., should take care of and support his mother. This agreement should last through their lives, at the end of which the property should belong

respectively to the two sons. One or two of the heirs never signed this paper, and long after the Civil War demanded a share in the property.

The frame of the house which my father proposed to build was set up in the yard of the old homestead, and when the division was made it was determined to move this frame to a new situation on the hill, where it now stands. As stated, I was three years old at the time, and I stood out on the porch and witnessed the loading of this frame on the wagons. I remember seeing one of the men put a large tree stump underneath the side of the frame and proceed to lift the house, making a lever of the stump. It was very large in diameter but was undoubtedly rotten, yet, because the stump broke in the hands of the man trying to lift with it, I reached the conclusion that he must truly be the strongest man in the world. Other people were lifting with handspikes, but none of these broke, and for this reason my young mind selected this man as the strongest person I had ever seen. I made no allowance for the rottenness of the stump, but long afterwards, when I have seen people fooled by an exhibition of seeming strength, I have remembered the man with the rotten stump, and the thought would come up that he is not always to be considered the strongest because the hand-spike breaks in his hands.

I watched the completion of our home on the hill and tried to take some part in it at times, though only four years of age. I remember one day getting hold of the lime bucket and drawing on the chimney of the house the figure of a man, in heroic proportions, adding all the parts I could think of to make the figure look like a man, including beard and eyes. As this did not figure in the plans of the architect, my father gave me a thrashing and my mother tried to rub the

figure out, but she could not entirely succeed, and I have seen it there through the long seventy-odd years, still reminding me of, perhaps, the first whipping my father ever gave me. The figure could not be rubbed out, and it is certain the occurrence has never passed from my mind.

Two things stand out in my memory of this earlier time: My father taught me to recite pieces that were learned by heart, so that as the children came on, I was accustomed to make an audience out of them and declaim with great energy the pieces I had committed to memory. There came on also the hunting fever and my memory runneth not to the contrary touching the coming on of my desires in this respect. It was "the unregenerate instinct of the chase," which we have all inherited from our barbarian ancestors. I fired a gun at four years of age. My father owned a flint-lock rifle, and one day I begged him so hard to let me shoot that he took me out to the road, loaded the gun with a cork that he took from a bottle and pointed it at the bank, telling me to sight it and pull the trigger. I did so and I saw some dirt fly up from the bank. This to me was a great event. I imagined that cork had gone many yards into the bank, and after my father had left I took up a shovel or hoe and began to dig in the bank to find the cork. Of course it was a useless quest, but it was splendid exercise for the boy of four years of age. For me, the "shot had sounded round the world."

When I grew up, so that I was able to handle a gun, my father made me a present of a rifle. It was the happiest day in my life.

I learned to use it hunting squirrels, rabbits, doves and partridges in the fields around the home, and I grew so expert with it that I was called a first-class

shot. I ranged up and down the creek carrying the gun as my sole companion, shooting at ducks and other game with what I thought was great success. Unfortunately, however, I had allowed some uncontrolled temper to grow up with me, and one day down in the meadow-land I attempted to load the gun and failed to put the powder down ahead of the bullet. This so much exasperated me that I laid the gun down and stamped on it, breaking it in two pieces at the stock.

My father left me without a gun for many months, maybe years, after this. His punishment was just, and the lesson never forgotten.

About this time, too, in my eleventh year, my father decided to take a young boy into the home.

He brought the boy down from what was then known as the "Greasy Cove," now Erwin, in Unicoi County, and had agreed with the mother of the child, who was a widow, that the boy should reside with him as if bound to him in accordance with the State law. He further agreed that he should be educated to a certain extent, and when he reached the age of twenty-one, he was to come into possession of a horse and saddle and a set of furniture or some other articles that he might choose in their place. The boy's name was David J. White, and his coming was certainly an epoch in my life. He was several years my senior. Up to that time I had never appreciated the advantages that I enjoyed, both in school and in home life. David began to read everything in sight and to try to impress on me the importance of learning in this way something about the world and the things that had happened in it. I went into the field with him to work. We had negro slaves, but only one among them was a good farm hand, so that David had to make a hand himself and, in fact, keep the work going, under my

father's direction, on the farm. We would work through the summer and go to school in the winter months. I can look back now and recall the fact that my early association with David White awoke within me the ambition to succeed, which followed me the remainder of my days. I began to take note of my situation and surroundings. I began to see even in this early time that the opportunities which I enjoyed were much greater than those falling to the lot of other boys around me. My father had a library. He, himself was inclined to literature. He was reading at all spare moments and I soon caught the infection, and David White and I started out to explore the library and increase our knowledge of the events of the past. We studied history as well as literature together, we memorized a great number of extracts from speeches and orations delivered by great orators, adding to this many poetical extracts, all of which we began to declaim to each other with an enthusiasm which, to say the least, was remarkable. I remember in our repertoire the "Ruins of Time" was the favorite, a speech which we found in Field's Scrap Book. We learned, also, Campbell's "Hohen-Linden" and Wadsworth's "Roderick in Battle," and some splendid verses on Eloquence, Halleck's "Marco Bózzaris" and many others of this character. We vied with each other in declaiming these pieces, imagining that we had become thorough-going orators destined to lead the country in the making of speeches. I suppose we acquired some bent in this way, for long afterwards David White went to preaching the Gospel and I went to practicing law.

POLITICAL

My father was always a staunch Democrat so far as his political alliances were concerned. While he

continued to preach the Gospel, he would turn aside at times to make a political speech, when called on by his friends. I remember that he was importuned at various times before the war, both orally and in writing, to become a candidate for Congress. On one occasion he took up a letter from his table and opening it handed it to me and said: "Such communications as these have caused me much distress and unrest." The letter was from one of his strong friends in Sullivan County, urgently asking to be allowed the use of his name in the next race for Congress. Possibly my father considered the question again and again, but he never took any steps toward such a candidacy.

In the political campaign of 1860, after the Democrats had nominated Breckenridge and Lane as their candidates, my father was invited to go to a great Democratic barbecue, that was to be held at Fall Branch in behalf of the Democratic ticket. He decided to go and take along a wagon-load of provisions, with a large number of retainers from among his friends in the neighborhood. He allowed me also to accompany the expedition. The journey required parts of two days and the procession camped one night on the way. A large fire was kindled in the center of the camp and around this the people gathered to hear speaking and campaign songs. My father was called on to address the crowd and made a very earnest and serious speech, prophesying the dangers to the Government that were hanging on the result of the election. After he was through Col. John H. Crawford was called on. He began his speech with a statement that very much surprised me. He said he had never made a political speech in his life and never intended to do so. I couldn't reconcile this statement with the fact

that he was addressing a large audience at the time engaged in a political rally. He told several anecdotes which made the people laugh, though the anecdotes had no bearing, apparently, on the political situation.

I tried to sleep in the wagon but the quarters were so terribly contracted that I must have complained very seriously from what the people told me next day. I lost my temper because the space they allowed me to sleep in was too short.

When we reached the grounds where the barbecue was to be given next day we opened ranks in the road to let Andrew Johnson pass through. He was then United States Senator, as I remember, and was put down as one of the leading speakers for the gathering. I recollect as he passed through the vast concourse which had divided in the road for him, a colored man was driving the buggy, and just as he came opposite to the place where I was standing in the road the colored man let the buggy run off the road. Mr. Johnson jerked him back and said: "You had better watch what you are about. Don't let this buggy run off the road any more." I think Mr. Johnson owned the driver and it struck me as something worthy of note that he used a sharp command to him in the presence of all the people. That afternoon the speaking took place in a very large auditorium and was attended by both women and men. I got in the rear and heard the speech of the future President, to the audience. As I remember, it was an able exposition of Democratic doctrine, illustrated by many striking figures that made a profound impression on all who heard him. He closed his prophesies of evil that would attend the defeat of the Democratic party by telling the story found in the old Grecian Mythology about the opening of Pandora's box. He de-

scribed how all the evils that afflict mankind had been put into a box and the lid fastened down so as to keep them in captivity and prevent the world from suffering from them. Pandora was the wife of Epimetheus and had never been told about the box that held back all the evils of earth. She found it one day in the closet, and, overcome by her feminine curiosity, opened the box to see what was in it. Immediately all the evils that had been imprisoned in the box rushed out and spread themselves over the earth. Overcome with terror at the sight of these monsters and fearful of the consequences, she shut the lid down hastily just in time to prevent the escape of Hope, which was the only thing left to man, in the box for his comfort and encouragement.

When he finished the story a good old lady who sat just back of me in one of the seats shook her head and cried out with a negative interjection, "Huh-uh, Mr. Johnson," shaking her head, "that won't do. I don't believe a word you are saying." I saw the people grin when she cried out, but the most of them, it seemed to me, agreed with her. It showed me that an illustration taken even from mythology was sometimes utterly misunderstood.

This was my first experience with a political meeting, and it made a great impression on me, the recollection of which can never pass away.

MY COMPANIONS

As I grew up my companions that were closest to me were my cousin, Eugene Hunter and my brother, Joe. We indulged in all the sports of childhood: swimming in the old mill dam at Murray's; harnessing grasshoppers, and afterwards hitching a little dog to a small wagon; breaking up the crows' nests in the tops of tall

trees, hunting squirrels and rabbits; going to school together in the winter time to the old field schools; taking each other's part and helping each other forward whenever the circumstances required. I remember on one occasion Eugene and I were out hunting rabbits. The dog started a rabbit and it ran close by me. Without a moment's thought I raised the rifle that I constantly carried, and fired at the excited animal. The bullet missed the animal but struck Eugene on the lip. We used to call it a "close shave," for if he had owned a moustache at the time it would certainly have taken it off.

My brother, Joe, who is nearly four years my junior, accompanied us in nearly all our excursions. As he was the smallest, we made him carry our burdens in many cases; and as he began this in his earlier days he continued it when he had reached manhood. I owe to his kindness and generosity the fact that I was able to leave the mother and the children to go to college and graduate. He never cared much for school and, after the negroes were freed, he was the mainstay of the family, working on the farm and keeping up the family, both in Georgia and Tennessee. There never was a more loyal and devoted brother born in the world, and I give this testimonial to his worth and purity. After we had brought the family back from Georgia we paid off the debts of the father, lifted the trust deed he had executed and then purchased from the children their share in the old homestead. While I furnished most of the money that was used, yet we worked together in everything that was done concerning the matter. The mother had once said that she never would be satisfied if all the children did not get their part in the homestead left by the father. We paid them all except one or two, who made a voluntary deed. I then executed a conveyance to my

brother with the understanding between us that he would keep up the old homestead and the Harris name should hang on to it as long as he lived. He has done so. He married before we left Georgia and his only children were four daughters, who are still living at the time of this writing, and the family has been raised on the old homestead where our youth was passed. Like myself, he is growing old, but he still keeps his interest awake in the things that are around him and is recognized as a leading citizen among the Democrats of the county.

Eugene Hunter studied medicine, reading a part of the time under direction of my father, and after taking his degree at a medical college married Mary J. Jobe, a sister of my present wife, both of whom were daughters of Dr. A. Jobe, of Elizabethton, Tennessee. After practicing awhile in Washington County Dr. Hunter came to Elizabethton where he spent the remainder of his life. He died about the year 1920, leaving his wife and a number of children to lament his death. He achieved distinction in his profession, having been at one time President of the Medical Association of Tennessee, and taking a leading part in every matter of importance in his county and State.

After I had gone to the War he became attached to my brother, Joe, and transferred most of his love and friendship to him, which it is needless to say continued to his death.

MY SCHOOL DAYS

My father, aided by my mother's brother, James, taught me the ABC's and gave me the first lessons in spelling in the way of an education. In my sixth year I entered school at old Uriel Church. The teacher of the school was Mrs. Susan Grove. My father car-

ried me to the school house and on the way while crossing the foot-log over the Cherokee Creek, he took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and holding it out to me said: "Nattie, if you will make a good scholar and come out at the head of your class at the end of the school I will give you this half dollar." It was the first half dollar I had ever seen and it looked larger to me than a wagon wheel. The school ran for some four or five months, and at the end of the time when the spelling class was called up I stood second in the class. I kept this place to the end of the day, but I am obliged to state that the dear, sweet woman who headed the class, Hannah Hoss, first cousin of Bishop E. E. Hoss, kept me by her side by whispering the letters to me when I was hesitating about spelling the word correctly. My father said he would comply with his promise, as I had come so near to the head and took out the half dollar to hand me. It was in change, tens and fives, and I could not understand how it could be called a half dollar. When I complained to my mother about it she explained how the half dollar had been broken up into smaller change and that it was still a half dollar. I always felt disappointed, however, and couldn't believe I had gotten the reward that my father had promised.

This first school at Uriel was not in the common school system, but was gotten up by subscription by the neighbors, largely by my father's work and exertion. The next school, however, was gotten up by other persons, and Mrs. Susan Grove continued another term. I did not do so well in this term. The teacher was a little partial to the children of the men who had made up the school for her and her countenance was set against my folks. I received during this session my first and only punishment at school. The teacher

struck me one time with a heavy switch. I had been making bubbles with a straw on the window sill and she saw me in the act and testified straightway with a sharp stick that she did not approve it. It was only one blow, but it came near breaking my heart, although eminently deserved.

The next school I attended was at Mays School House, and was one of the old field schools held only in the winter time for about three to five months, depending on whether an additional month or two was put on by private subscription.

David White always attended these schools with me, as my father gave him the same opportunities that I enjoyed of getting an education. He became a good speller, having the old blue back Webster's spelling book at his command. I tried to keep up with him but he soon became known as the best speller in the schools while I was in the background. There was always either a spelling-match or a speaking exhibition at these schools on Friday afternoon. I remember one occasion when one of the teachers, whose name I have forgotten, had the school divided up for a spelling bee on Friday afternoon. The teacher had a brother in the school who occupied a position in the spelling ranks not second to any unless it was to David White. This brother was appointed leader on one side and some girl, as I now remember it, on the other. They were required to choose the spellers who took their seats on different sides of the aisle beginning on the front rows as they were chosen. David White was chosen first and on the same side the young lady chose me fifth, so I took my seat sixth man from the head. The spelling began at the foot, two of each side standing up in the aisle and the teacher giving out the words from the old spelling book. The spellers were knocked out one

by one, both sides sharing in the adventure till at last I was called out. The other side looked very formidable for in the competition our side had suffered most and there was a long row of scholars opposite me when I was called to the floor. We had it nip and tuck for some time, all my opponents giving away before me, as, strange to say, I missed nothing in the spelling and finally the leader, who was the last on his side, stood up before me. As he was the brother of the teacher I was sure I would soon go down before him, for I knew of his success in spelling. The teacher tried us with the words in the back of the speller first, like "flagitious and "indestructibility," large and small words, the most difficult in the book, but he was up in all this and spelled promptly and without error. Then the teacher turned to the front of the book and began at "horseback," words of two syllables, then gradually approached to three syllables. Here the first word he gave out was "champion." My opponent spelled the word "cham-pe-on." It seemed to please the teacher that his brother had made a mistake, and as quick as lightning he turned to me and cried out: "Next." I spelled the word correctly and the leader sat down—so our side was successful. David White was accustomed for some time afterwards to twit me with having prevented him from showing off his abilities. After this spelling match I was generally taken as first or second choice. My standing in the school was increased somewhat in importance by the result. It was my first victory at school.

In all these old field schools my father's position added something to my standing, but I never thought I got very much credit from my own work.

Miss Fannie Smith was keeping a school at Bethesda, some three miles southeast of our home near

the Embreeville road, and my father determined that I should go to this school. It was of a higher order than the old field school and I have the impression that I learned more under Miss Fannie than under any of the rest of the teachers mentioned. I rode on horseback to attend the school, leaving my horse at my Uncle Wesley's mill, which was on the road to the school house. At this school the people of the neighborhood gathered every Friday afternoon to hear speaking and composition which Miss Fannie required as an exhibition from her students. Of course I joined in the declamation, but I am obliged to admit that the "Ruins of Time" which I used to speak would not compare with the speech delivered by one of my Uncle Wesley's sons, John Harrison. He would speak "The Lapland Boy" at these exhibitions. His speech began: "I am a little Lapland boy; What care I for gold or toy," etc. He could lift the audience by this speech and he certainly laid his cousin in the shade. He afterwards became a distinguished minister of the Gospel, preaching in Tennessee and Georgia, and dying in the work.

I had a strange adventure with my Uncle Wesley once. He came up to our home and was standing in the old barn door talking to my father when I came up to him. He caught hold of me without warning and threw me on a pile of straw and then took a fork which fitted over my neck and pinned me to the straw. It frightened me so greatly that for years I dreaded to see him after this. In fact I never became reconciled to him until after we came to Georgia where he took the place of my father in my affections after the latter's death. He was a minister, himself, but never joined the Conference. I have heard him preach many a sermon, but he always ended up with the same words

and the same appeal. He ran a large flour and corn mill and ground the corn and wheat of the neighbors in the old style, taking his toll from each grinding. His son, Fiske, afterwards became one of my closest associates, going to school with me at Jonesboro in old Martin Academy. Fiske joined the army and, on one occasion when he came home to see his mother and father, the bushwhackers surrounded his father's house where he was staying, captured him, carried him through the front door and shot him to death while his sister's arms were around him and she was begging for his life. This was the first tragedy that overtook us in the war.

After I had reached fourteen years of age it began to appear that I had gotten from the old field schools about all that could be given to me. I was one day in the middle orchard of the old homestead when my father came up. I was trying to get some pears out of one of the old pear trees that stood in the orchard and had climbed the tree for this purpose. My father, who disliked to see me idle on any pretense, came up to the tree and said to me, "Nat, my boy, I think you had better start to school in Jonesboro. I have just learned that your cousin, John Frank Gifford, is studying Latin and Greek, and it is time you were beginning to do something yourself in that way." It was a great shock to me and the memory of it hung to me for a long time. John Frank Gifford and myself were about the same age. He was the oldest son of Aunt Mary Gifford, sister of my mother, and was beginning to have a great influence over me. He would come out now and then to see me from Jonesboro where he lived. So the result was I entered old Martin Academy in Jonesboro at the next session in 1859, in my fourteenth year. Nathan Bachman, of Sullivan Coun-

ty, was the principal of the school. He was a very able teacher and he kept his pupils at hard work through every hour of the school day. I found when I entered the school that John Frank was really studying Latin and Greek; it used to be some pleasure for me to remember, before his death, that by the end of the school year I had passed him, leaving him far behind in those studies. I had completed Caesar's Commentaries and had begun to read Xenophon's Anabasis in Greek, while John Frank was still struggling with the first readers in Greek and Latin.

In attending this school I rode most of the time back and forth every day on "old Doll," one of my father's horses, hitching her in my Aunt Mary's stables near the Academy.

I never knew why I passed John Frank so quickly. He, doubtless, had never been very studious. He had a fine intellect and splendid judgment of men and things and undoubtedly would have made a man of prominence had he lived. I loved and admired him and looked up to him as a country boy would look up to his city cousin who knew the world and had mingled with its struggling crowds. We joined the army together and spent the first year in the camp with each other. After the war was over he used to come down from his home to see my mother on her return to Cherokee and she learned to love him as her own son. On one of these visits, while eating, a chicken bone became fastened in his throat. Unable to extricate it he went home, and I suppose no doctor being accessible, it caused an irritation that continued and finally brought about his death. My mother grieved for him as for her own child and the loss fell on my heart as of one beyond all reconciliation. He was a gentleman always, and although I thought at times he looked

down on me as a mere country-raised kinsman, yet he never failed to take my part when it became necessary and he shared with me the perils of the field and the hardships of the camp at all times, loyally standing by to help or encourage.

God bless his memory.

During a portion of this ten months' session I boarded with Mr. Arch Mason, who had married my father's niece in Jonesboro. Here I met Mr. John Mason, his oldest son, and a younger son named James Mason, both by a former wife. James Mason and myself roomed together. Our association was pleasant, for although he was far beyond me in the studies of the school, yet he seemed to take great pleasure in helping me master the tasks and giving me advice in connection with the work I was doing. He afterwards became a very distinguished Presbyterian minister and has been stationed for the last thirty years in one of the prominent cities of New Jersey.

At the end of the ten months there was a great exhibition which took place at the court house. The school was only for males and, therefore, our exhibition consisted mostly of speaking and composition. My father wrote most of my speech, though I ventured to throw in a few original thoughts. After I delivered the speech a beautiful bouquet of flowers was put in my hand by someone and I thought I had achieved considerable distinction to have earned such a splendid tribute. Long afterwards I found out that this bouquet of flowers was intended for my cousin, Fiske Harris, whose speech was a tribute to womanhood, and rightly deserved a gift of flowers from some of the good women who heard him.

Among my school mates was Major C. E. Lucky, who afterwards served in the Confederate Army with

me and following the war became a leading lawyer in Knoxville, Tenn. I learned to admire him and tried to pattern after him wherever I could. He was the son of Judge Seth J. W. Lucky, Chancellor of the Upper East Tennessee District, who lived at Jonesboro. Cornelius, the son, had gone far beyond me in the studies of the school, but in all our sports and the squabbles that often grew out of them, he looked after me, championed my cause at times, and helped me out when I needed it, so that my heart went out to him and I was as proud as a country boy could be of an acquaintance so far above him in a city school.

After I had finished the year at Martin Academy, under Professor Bachman, who declined to continue the school, my father decided to send me to Boone's Creek in the northwest portion of Washington County, about eight miles from Jonesboro. The school was kept by Prof. Thomas P. Summers. The reputation of Prof. Summers as a teacher had extended very widely through upper East Tennessee.

The reputation was well deserved. Prof. Summers had the power of arousing and cultivating the better part of a student to a greater degree than any other teacher with whom I came in contact in my earlier life. I remained in the school only a little over six weeks when I was taken down with the mumps and the disease attacked me so severely that I could not return before the term had ended. In the six weeks during which I attended the school I read the four books of Virgil's Aeneid, finished Xenophon's Anabasis, and kept up with the class in mathematics and other studies of the curriculum. I never made such progress in any other six weeks of my life.

My father came to attend me during the sickness. After several weeks of suffering he ascertained that

the classes had all made such progress that it would be impossible for me to enter again and keep up with them, consequently he decided to take me back home and wait until the school at Martin Academy opened again. The authorities in charge of that school had succeeded in enlisting Prof. John L. Lampson, a very efficient and experienced teacher, to come to Jonesboro and undertake the work of the school. When I came inside of the school room the first words I heard from him were: "Hark! Hark!" in a hoarse stentorian voice. He was a Northerner, but with Southern proclivities, and soon made all the boys like him on account of his learning and patience and energy in trying to teach them to appreciate an education.

SOME DISTINGUISHED MEN

Among the students at Boone's Creek were a good many boys who afterwards became well-known. In my class was Joseph Wagner, afterwards Major Wagner, of the Confederate Army. He lived at Taylorsville, known afterwards as Mountain City, in Johnson County, Tennessee. I remember his putting his fingers through his coal black hair and trying with me to construe some difficult sentence in the Anabasis or some obscure line in Virgil. He attracted me very much.

Ebb Reeves, of Johnson City, the lawyer, was also one of the students. His cousin, Capt. Isaac Reeves, son of William Reeves, likewise attended the school with me. He afterwards settled at Jonesboro, marrying a distant kinsman of mine. Then among others was Gen. James P. Taylor, my first cousin, and I used to think it was a misfortune that both of us fell in love with a sister of Capt. Reeves. It was a genteel rivalry and never disturbed our relations.

There was a Gus Bowers, also, who attended the school, who was a son of Col. "Blue" Bowers. Gus joined the Northern Army, but lived through the war. On one of my visits to Johnson City after the war I met him at the depot. While we stood together running over our past history a little, I asked him what he was doing. He said he had just lost his place as Surveyor of the County, and when I asked why he lost it he replied: "I suppose because the people didn't like my preaching." Then he told me that he did not believe in the Christian religion and did not hesitate to say so; that he had tried to persuade them to give up this superstition and take up with the teachings of reason and sound philosophy. He believed in Tom Paine's Age of Reason, in Voltaire and Ingersol, and utterly rejected the Scriptures. While we were talking, Dr. Jonathan Bachman, brother of my old teacher, who was stationed as a Presbyterian preacher at Chattanooga, came in. He heard our argument and took up the cudgels and there was a sharp discussion for awhile.

I went away with a sad feeling in my heart concerning my old school-mate. When I got on the train I took up a newspaper on the car seat and found some verses written by Ironquill, a former Congressman, who wrote under that *nom de plume*. It was called "The Washerwoman's Song." He was also a sceptic but he had laid down rules for those who entertained ideas of this character, and when I read it I clipped it out and sent it back to my school-mate by mail at the first post office that I reached. I received a dreary letter from him with the inquiry, "How could you do so cruel a thing? I know of Ironquill's life and how he came near losing his seat in Congress by the fourth verse of the piece that you sent me." This fourth verse was as follows:

“It’s a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that she told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.”

The following is the last verse of the poem:

“Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman’s lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.”

My school mate is dead now, but they told me that after reading Ironquill he was never known to try to force his opinions on unwilling persons. He kept them more to himself.

Boone’s Creek was named for Daniel Boone, the great pioneer of Kentucky. I saw in the forest near to the Academy the tree on which it was said he had cut the following:

“D. Boone cilled a bar upon this tree.” (Giving the date.)

He had undoubtedly visited Boone’s Creek in his rounds and given name to the large creek that ran through the valley.

There was a debating club organized from the citizens and students that met at stated intervals in the old field school house a short distance from the Academy. Here the people gathered; selected some sub-

ject for a debate; appointed speakers for each side and then met on Friday night to hear them argue the questions. My first experience of this sort occurred a short time after I had entered the school. The subject up for debate the night of my attendance was "Which is preferable, Fame or Riches?"

During the discussion Col. Martin, one of the neighbors, was cited as the most successful man in the valley. It was said of him that he had been a Representative and then a Senator in the Tennessee Legislature. Consequently he had achieved fame and great success. This illustration made a deep impression on me and I concluded to set my sights for something like this as the achievement of my life. During the debate Col. Blue Bowers made a very remarkable speech. He was describing the greatness of our country and apostrophized its emblem in these words:

"Behold the American Eagle soaring through the clouds towards the high peaks of the mountains, with his beak in his bill and his talons in his claws."

This was such a high flight of fancy that it was taken up by the whole school and repeated with great gusto wherever two or three got together.

Prof. Summers afterwards married a distant kinswoman of mine, a sister of Joe Lyle, my mess mate in the army, who is now living in Johnson City.

While attending Boone's Creek I made my first efforts at what I was then pleased to call "poetical effusion." The efforts were crude and the verses were rugged and often stilted so much with imaginary surroundings that I feel no pleasure in reading them now. The word "pent up" would seem to express it better than anything else. There was some struggling toward the light, but it was only an effort of the inner spirit of the boy to express the pent up thoughts and feelings that characterized his age and advance.

THE WAR

While attending the Academy under Prof. Lampson the War Between the States was declared. I had just passed fifteen years of age when the firing on Fort Sumter took place.

There was a great comet seen in the year 1860 that all East Tennessee people imagined portended some fearful event that was to come upon the world. This event was ushered in when the declaration of war took place.

My father espoused the cause of the South. In this the family divided. My uncle, Nat G. Taylor, for whom I was named, and who held the most conspicuous position among the kindred at that time, took the side of the North. My uncle, Landon C. Haynes, with his brother, Mathew T. Haynes, both prominent lawyers, took the side of the South. Great excitement arose in every part of our country. The Governor of Tennessee, who was a distant relative, became an earnest advocate of secession. My father followed him and when delegates from Washington County to a secession convention were to be elected announced himself as a candidate on that platform. He was beaten badly, as the voting population of East Tennessee was overwhelmingly for the Union. A vigorous campaign was begun throughout the State to change the opinions of the State and in this campaign my father became a speaker, canvassing East Tennessee and meeting both Andrew Johnson and his son, Robert Johnson, on the stump.

I have heard that my father held his own with both of them but he always referred to Robert Johnson, who, by the way, was the oldest son of the then Senator, in even more complimentary terms than he did to the father. He believed then that Robert John-

son bade fair to become a greater man than his father, who subsequently became President. Out of this canvass certainly grew a strong friendship between Mr. Johnson and my father.

After the firing upon Fort Sumter opinions changed in Tennessee, and a very large proportion of the State became immediately enthused with the secession fervor. This was especially so in Middle and West Tennessee where the sentiment was almost unanimously for the South. In East Tennessee there was a sharp division, and the Southern sympathizers became so excited over the situation as to look upon the opposition as enemies of the country. This was largely so among many of the younger portion of the people.

About this time Mr. Johnson made an appointment to speak in Jonesboro. As there was no hall large enough to hold the crowd it was decided to erect a stand in the street near the front of the court house for the speaking. Mr. Johnson appeared at the time arranged for, mounted the rostrum in the presence of a vast crowd that filled up every space in front and rear of the stand. He had hardly time to open his mouth before a terrible interruption occurred. The crowd became frantic, especially in front, and a sudden rush was made toward the platform. Men commenced calling out "Kill him—Kill him" and weapons were drawn in every directions. Bowie knives flashed over the heads of the audience and a strong, fierce attempt was made to reach the stand where Mr. Johnson stood. I was in the crowd looking on from an elevation I had secured and I never saw a more vicious attack made on a man in my life. The friends of Mr. Johnson had thrown themselves in front of the platform to stay the rush. Pistols were brandished, but fortunately none were discharged. The crowd attacking outnum-

bered two to one the friends who were defending Mr. Johnson and the result did not seem to me to admit of any doubt. He was in great danger. It was the ebullition of a pent up feeling on the part of the Southern sympathizers who believed they saw before them one of the principal agents that divided Tennessee with all the disloyalty that was supposed then to belong to such an advocate. The crowd rushed nearer every moment and were soon attempting to ascend the platform, reaching for Mr. Johnson. He stood in the face of the angry crowd without flinching. He certainly showed a bold front—as bold as any soldier ever showed in the great war that followed. But the crowd was equally determined.

My father, as soon as the demonstration occurred, hurried around to the back of Mr. Johnson; ascended the platform—stepped out in front of him; raised his hand and in a loud voice commanded the people to stop and listen to him. He said at once that they could not touch Mr. Johnson without passing over his body, adding that he had come today as a guest of the town and that he, my father, would die with him rather than he should be harmed. The appeal was heeded, the effort to reach Mr. Johnson ceased and the crowd subsided, but the statement was made that he must not speak; that he would be killed if he continued to try to do so. My father counselled him to wait awhile and he took his advice. Within an hour or so a crowd was gathered together in the basement of the court house and there Mr. Johnson delivered his address.

I have always thought that Mr. Johnson appreciated the act on the part of my father at the time, for after the war when my father died in exile, broken in heart and in fortune, Mr. Johnson announced his death by a special message to the Tennessee delegation.

LAST SCENES OF THE SCHOOL SESSION AT MARTIN ACADEMY

There was fair progress made in the studies during this session of the Academy, especially when there is taken into account the war excitement and the things that grew out of the declaration of the same. There was arming on all sides. Companies were formed, regiments were gathered and the preparation for a death struggle kept pace with the requirements of the time. The gray uniform and the Southern flag became familiar to all our eyes. Battles began to be fought and rumors of a thousand kinds reached our ears from all sides. I finished the Memorabilia of Socrates in Greek; read Herodotus, the father of history, also in Greek, completed the six books of the Aeneid, finished Tacitus; completed geometry and was ready for the Junior class in Emory & Henry College by the end of the session. We had a great exhibition which occurred in the court house and the speaking exhibited a strong Southern tone. I wrote my own speech that year. It was a eulogy of the Southern Cause and an effort at the justification of our stand in the war, and was undoubtedly well received, judging by the applause. I took a forward part in this speaking and caught some of the Southern spirit, which has never left my heart.

If I am to judge by the congratulations I received, I would say that my speech was a success. I closed it with the following original scribble:

Answering the question whether the South would stand firm in the position taken, or fall back from it, I said:

“No! No! you’ve risen bold and brave
And cut the galling chains
That bound you to the Northern hosts
That now swarm through your plains.
And now the flag of equal rights
Is streaming proud on high,
It’s gleaming stars now light the dome
Of yonder azure sky.
And you, my bold, brave countrymen,
Be resolute and proud
And make that flag a symbol high
Of triumph or a shroud.”

AN INCIDENT OF MY YOUNGER DAYS

In the year preceding the Civil War, while I was living in East Tennessee, I was able to attend a debate that occurred in the court house at Jonesboro between Hon. Thomas A. R. Nelson and Hon. Landon C. Haynes—the latter my mother’s brother.

They were running for Congress—Nelson on the Whig, or American ticket, and Haynes on the Democratic side. They were both great lawyers. Haynes was known as the Eagle Orator of East Tennessee, as heretofore stated, while Nelson was put down as one of the strongest lawyers of the State.

I shall never forget the impressions made upon my mind as I listened to these speeches.

In our family Mr. Haynes was set down as the greatest speaker within our knowledge. He was afterwards elected Senator in the Confederate Congress, as I have stated before, and served through the whole war, while Mr. Nelson ran for Congress about the time war was declared and went through the lines, taking his seat at Washington, instead of Richmond.

He was one of the attorneys who defended President Johnson on his impeachment trial after the war.

It will be recollected that General B. F. Butler, on behalf of the House Committee, was the prosecutor of Mr. Johnson, while Groesbeck, Nelson and others appeared for the President.

The Harpers, in one of their publications, got off a very harsh joke concerning Nelson and Butler. When I read it, it caused me a good deal of amusement. The writer in Harpers' said Messrs. Nelson and Butler got into a terrible controversy while the trial was going on—both calling each other several hard names and passing the lie. A challenge was the result and a duel followed. Nelson shot Mr. Butler through the breast and Butler shot Mr. Nelson through the head. Neither was hurt. Butler had no heart and Nelson had no brains, was the conclusion that the duel disclosed.

It is certain that the people of East Tennessee did not agree with the suggestion as to Nelson's lack of brains.

I remember a circumstance that occurred in the debate aforesaid. Colonel Haynes asked his opponent whether if he were compelled to choose between a Republican and a Democrat he would vote for the Democrat in preference to the Republican.

He demanded an answer and stopped for Col. Nelson to make it. Colonel Nelson answered: "I can not conceive that such an alternative could ever be presented, but I do not hesitate to say that if I were compelled to make such a choice I would vote for the Republican in preference to the Democrat if the Republican would drop his abolition proclivities."

It became a great word with us after that when we talked of "abolition proclivities."

MY WAR EXPERIENCE

The war had been in progress about a year when I joined the army. I was just past sixteen. I enlisted some time before I was sworn in, probably about the first of March. The company was slow in forming, but when it was received we all took the oath, according to my recollection, about the first of May, 1862. I was small for my age, not well grown at all. My muscles were flabby and undeveloped and I had very little bodily strength, though I took part in all our school games and kept up with the boys in running, wrestling and other exercises. My father was very violently opposed to my joining the army, prophesying openly both to me and to Mother that I would not live longer than three months in the camp.

The company that I joined was made up in Washington and Knox Counties. The Captain was Alexander Blair, a Presbyterian minister. The First Lieutenant, J. R. McCollum; Second Lieutenant, James A. Carter, of Carter County, and the Third Lieutenant J. W. Squibb, of Jonesboro. We went into camp at Knoxville where we drilled some three or four months in Hardee's Tactics. Col. W. A. Henderson, who afterwards became chief counsel of the Southern Road, was one of the drill masters, followed by Lieutenant Newman, kinsman of Judge Newman, of Georgia. I forget his initials.

The company was afterwards called the Kirby Smith Rifles, and when the 63rd Tennessee was formed, became Company "D" in that splendid Veteran Regiment. The drilling was not an easy thing, and the officers kept us at it from day to day until our tired footsteps could move only with difficulty in the ranks. Some of the squads were very awkward and again

and again our drill masters threatened to tie a bundle of hay on one foot and a bundle of straw on the other so we could tell our left from our right and step off all together as the drill master would shout "Hay foot—Straw foot." When I reached the Army of Northern Virginia I heard this screed repeated by the soldiers who always put the burden on the North Carolina troops, as they were supposed to stand higher in awkwardness than any of the rest. I had always looked down on the Western North Carolina people and judged the whole State by the specimens I had seen from the counties bordering on East Tennessee. The old homestead is located directly on the road leading from Asheville in Buncome County and Burnsville in Yancey County, to Jonesboro. The specimens that I saw from these two counties gave me a low opinion of the North Carolina citizenry but I changed this speedily when I saw the boys that we called "Tar Heels" in battle. They could march further; hold up better; live on less; and fight more vigorously and successfully than any other part of our magnificent army. We called the division commanded by Gen Hoke, "Hoke's Foot Cavalry." We gave it this name because oftentimes when the cavalry and infantry were ordered to proceed to a certain point the North Carolina boys on foot would beat the cavalry to the place. North Carolina now has the most splendid exhibition in the museum at Richmond containing the relics of that great struggle, of any state in the South, except Virginia. So I still sing as I was taught to do in my childhood: "Hurrah, the Old North State Forever!"

"Tho' the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame
her

Yet our hearts swell with gladness whenever we
name her."

While the Company was drilling at Knoxville its members were called on frequently to do guard duty at various points in the city. One of the places guarded by members from the company was the county jail in which a number of political prisoners had been incarcerated. It fell to my lot to be detailed one night to guard this prison, and I was afterwards informed that among the prisoners was Parson Brownlow who had been arrested for disloyalty and was being held either for trial or other disposition. He was afterwards released and sent across the line into Kentucky, as I understand. It is worthy of note that subsequently, when the war was over, he became Governor of Tennessee and brought about what was known as "Brownlow's War," which drove me from home and caused the exile of my father and family from Tennessee. I had no idea that he would pay me back in this way, for I am sure he was as unconscious of my presence as I was of his at the time I was guarding the prison.

COOKED UP THE DISH RAG

One day while we were in camp at Knoxville going through the preparatory drills necessary to make us into veterans, a lively circumstance occurred that diversified our camp life. Our mess was known as number nine and had eleven men in it—ten privates and one First Lieutenant. We cooked our own food—two of the mess cooking each day. The Lieutenant was excused from this sort of duty. One day when Joe Lyle and myself were taking our turn to cook dinner for the mess we had some Georgia peas to boil. They furnished us with a large, black camp kettle that we hung over the fire and in which we boiled the peas, with a little meat when we could get it, to season them. After the dinner was ready and the peas were

done we all gathered around a temporary table to take the meal. The camp kettle with the peas was brought to the side of the table and the Lieutenant was asked to help himself first. We had a few dishes and the Lieutenant a plate of his own. He reached his spoon down and took out a large amount of the peas on his plate and with them the bacon, as we thought, which we had used to flavor the peas. After we had helped ourselves the Lieutenant exclaimed, as he was trying to cut the bacon in his plate: "This is the damdest, toughest piece of bacon I ever got hold of in my life," and then we all turned around and laughed, as we saw he was trying to cut up the dish rag which we had cooked with the peas. I have always accused Joe Lyle, who now lives at Johnson City, of cooking this dish rag with the peas, because he was the cleanest, nicest man about cooking I ever met, and I think he used the dish rag much more than I did. The dish rag didn't cause the loss of the peas, as we were too hungry to mind it.

MY FIRST FIGHT

The Company had been drilling for several months at Knoxville, Tenn., when word came that the enemy were invading Tennessee with the purpose of capturing Chattanooga. Orders came to us to march to the train and proceed to Chattanooga, some 110 miles distant. Gen. E. Kirby Smith was in command of the department and my company was appointed by him to act as his body guard at Chattanooga. After this we became known as the Kirby Smith Rifles—body guard to the General. When we reached Chattanooga we found the enemy had preceded us and was laying siege to the place. His guns were stationed on the far side of the

river and opened on our advancing ranks as soon as we got in sight. For the purpose of giving us a place in the army we were attached to the 31st Alabama Regiment under command of Colonel D. R. Hundley. We were drawn up in some timber when the shells began to play heaviest upon us. A new officer who had been in battle before, was assigned to command us as he was supposed to have had some experience that would give us a better showing than our own officers could. Here I felt the first fright of the young soldier going into battle. My knees shook under me and I could scarcely stand erect, but I looked down the line and found I was not alone in this, as every one who was standing up under the fire was feeling the same. The mind was willing but the flesh was weak. My Captain and Second Lieutenant, seeing that something was necessary to steady the men, called for a chess board and sat down in front of the line playing chess with apparent equanimity. This gave us some confidence and every once and awhile as a shell dug up the ground and threw the dust over on the chess board the action of our Captain in taking up the board and pouring off the dust and sand and then starting anew had a very salutary effect on the line. By and by, the shells coming over us so fast caused the line to bend like a rainbow, the middle portion giving away and the ends standing fast. The consequence was the line became rainbow-shaped and just about that time the Colonel came by and, seeing the line bent in this fashion, commenced berating the Lieutenant, directing him to straighten the line at once. There were a number of trees standing by and some of the men took refuge behind these at the extremities, but this seemed to incense the Colonel and he made his dissatisfaction known to the Lieutenant who only muttered that he

thought the men had a right to protect themselves. I thought the Colonel was very hard hearted when he denied any such right and had directed the Lieutenant to get the line straightened in a few minutes.

About this time a railroad freight train passed some five hundred yards in our rear and moved along the line slowly away from us. I said to myself: "I would be willing to give one hundred thousand dollars to be aboard that train, and I would mortgage the whole future for the payment of the same," but I never ran. So I think it was thus with many a soldier. The knowledge of the fact that there were people at home watching and waiting to hear from him kept him at his place and sent him to the front and often to his death, on the day of battle.

In this fight I first saw General John H. Morgan. He came up to Gen. Smith near where I was standing on the first day and proposed to cross the river a short distance down the way and asked Gen. Smith's permission to do so, saying that he would soon find out "what those people were intending to do." In his conversation he used several oaths and after he had gone I said to Joe Haynes, my cousin and comrade, "I wish he didn't swear so much," but Joe replied, "He swears like a gentleman, and you mustn't think less of him." So I have never forgotten that in the face of the enemy a man can swear like a gentleman, according to the views of the brave men who are under him.

The result of the fight is well known, the enemy was soon repulsed and retreated, so our first conflict was successful.

After our experience at Chattanooga the Company was treated as a regular organization and was sent to do guard duty at places along the line of railroad.

Our first work of this character was at Strawberry Plains, where we guarded the bridge over the Holston at that point. Here we drilled during the day and walked the guardsmen's beat at night, as our details came around. Our bodies were gradually hardened by our drill work and we began to feel and act like soldiers. We were first armed with what was known as Joe Brown's Pikes, but these were superseded soon after by the Mississippi rifle. With this we had constant experience on the target range and soon learned to handle the guns, at least with some skill.

As I have stated in these memoirs, I had learned to shoot a rifle from a very early date in my life. When I began to practice on the target range with the Mississippi rifle, the boys, who had seen evidences of my skill at former times, began to make prophesies that I would certainly lead the Company in the accuracy with which I could handle the rifle. I recall the morning when I first went out for the practice with the boys. We shot at targets about one hundred yards distant. When my time came I raised the gun and tried to sight as usual at the center of the target. After I had fired, the target marker came up and threw a terrible damper over me by singing out that I was only sixth in the trial. My shots had gone to the border of the target on the right each time.

It was a great disappointment to me and I felt all the chagrin of a boy who had bragged on himself and was left behind when the trial of skill came. I could not understand it until some good friend asked what kind of a trigger the rifle had that I had used before. I told him, of course, that it was a hair trigger set every time before shooting. Then he told me that as the Mississippi rifle had the shot-gun trigger, I pulled it off the target every time I shot. I took the lock off

and filed the trigger till it approached the hair trigger style, and am glad to say that my reputation was soon restored.

INDIANS AS SWIMMERS

Bathing and swimming in the river was a favorite pastime. By far the best swimmer in the company was Doc Meek, of Embreeville. He was born and bred on the Nolachucky and had learned all the tricks of the daring swimmer, as he grew up to manhood.

We had in our company a boy named William Humphreys, who was recruited from the Eighth District of Washington County. He was an old school-mate of mine—not very bright, but active and vigorous when it came to the work of the camp. While he could not swim at all, yet he was a regular attendant with the bathing crowd that went in the river every day. He got the benefit of the bath without the exercise of the swim.

One day his comrades went in the river, all able to swim, and going out into the center of the stream they came to a shallow place where they stood up and beckoned to Humphreys, who remained near the shore, to come to them. The poor boy, not knowing that the water was over his head between the shore and the point where the boys had stopped, started to wade to them. He was soon over his head and after struggling for awhile commenced to sink. The water was right swift at the point and carried him down the stream with great rapidity. The boys who had beckoned to him were utterly helpless when it came to rescuing him and the consequence was that Humphreys soon sank out of sight. Doc Meek and I were nearly a half mile away from the place, attending to some little matters about the camp when a runner came to-

wards us calling us to the river with the announcement that Bill Humphreys was drowning. Both of us turned and ran with all speed to the place. On the way I cast off my clothes, knowing that I would be required to go into the water. Doc Meek, however, kept his on, so that when we reached the bank of the river he was forced to wait until he could undress while I plunged into the river without a moment's delay, the boys pointing out where Humphreys had sunk.

A battalion of Indians under Col. Thomas was stationed on the hills opposite to our camp on the far side of the river. These Indians had got the word that one of the white boys was drowning and likewise approached the scene, arriving there about the time Doc Meek and I got to the place. They all took off their clothes and rushed into the river so that the water swarmed with swimmers.

I dived under at the point where Humphreys had sunk but soon found that the water was so swift that it drove me down stream with great rapidity and I knew from this that Humphreys had been carried down the river a considerable distance. The water was about fifteen feet at the point where I began first to dive in search of the young man. It was not long before we were all carried below the bridge where the water was slightly eddy, but still about the same depth. While I was swimming under water down stream with my eyes open I came suddenly upon the body stretched out on the bottom. There was no way that I could stop but I remember the cold feeling that came over me as my body touched his. I tried to hold him but could not do so and I went to the top of the water quickly in order to point out the place where he lay. The body followed me, however, and one of the Indians caught sight of it and raising himself in the

water pointed with his finger, crying out "Ki-yi, Ki-yi." I swam to where he was and finally succeeded in seizing the body by one of the hands. Then Doc Meek and the men who were present took my other hand to tread water and keep me from sinking after I had cried out that I had hold of the hand. I have thought many times that in treading water I held up about twenty Indians and about one-half the number of white people who were ostensibly giving me help. A boat had been rigged up and it came to us at once and pulled the body into it. Poor Bill had been in the water then about one-half an hour and they were not able to resuscitate him. This was the first death that our company suffered. Two things I remember in connection with this incident—first, that all the Indians swam like dogs, using their hands in the same way that the animal does his paws, while the white men swam with the long strokes in the way they had been taught. They were better swimmers than the Indians, but, of course, could not hold out as long. The second thought that came to me from the event grew out of the feeling that I had when my body, in going down stream, moved along in touch with the drowned boy all the way from his knees to his head. There was a sensation of coldness, the memory of which has never passed away. Philosophers sometimes tell us that we can not remember a feeling, but this is not correct in my case, for I can feel the cold touch of Bill Humphreys' body to this day, as I looked into his wide, staring eyes while swimming under the water on that far-off summer morning in 1862. Many times after this as I stood guard at night by the river the vision of the dead man came back to my young mind and I shivered more than I should have done as a soldier preparing himself for deadly warfare. Doc Meek's laurels

as a swimmer suffered a little from this event, but it was demonstrated that the white man surpassed the Indian in moving through the water.

We were next stationed at Carter's Depot, on the Watauga River, for guard duty. The bridge here had been set afire by the Union sympathizers in the mountains and it became necessary to guard the structure so as to keep up the communication with the Army in Virginia.

Here I received my first wound, although it was self-inflicted. I was swimming in the river one day below the bridge at a point where the water dashed against the cliff. Diving and moving down stream very fast I rammed my head against a sharp portion of the cliff that could not be seen. The water was some eight feet deep and the shock was severe, cutting my head from the forehead backward in the place where a woman usually parts her hair. When I came to the surface my comrades saw that I was hurt, as the blood was spinning out in the water and I had some difficulty in swimming. They rushed to me and soon had me on the bank where they tried to stop the blood. The officers gave me a furlough for thirty days and I went home to my father at Jonesboro who doctored the gash and soon had me ready for work again.

From Carter's Station we were carried next to what was then called Zolicoffer, afterwards Union Station, and known now as Bluff City. Here we remained only a short time and were moved to Knoxville and thence to Loudon on the Tennessee, where our Company, with other volunteer organizations, was combined to make up the 63rd Tennessee Infantry, under command of Col. R. G. Fain; Lieut.-Col. Abe Fulkerson and Major John Alfred Aiken. We became Company "D" in the regiment and this continued as a permanent organiza-

tion for what had heretofore been known as "the Kirby Smith Rifles."

Our first battalion drilling was given us by Col. Abe Fulkerson, who was already an experienced officer and very well informed in the business. He afterwards became Colonel of the Regiment and remained with it until the end.

TRANSFER AND ARREST

One morning, while sitting in the camp, the mail distributor came around to the tent where my cousins, Joe Haynes and John Frank Gifford, were seated with me and handed each of us an official document having on it the postmark of Department Headquarters at Knoxville. We opened the document and found that it was an order signed by the Major General in command of the Department, Gen. Sam Jones, ordering each of us to report to Knoxville at his headquarters for assignment to duty. This, we saw, was a practical transfer from the company and regiment to headquarters service. We notified the commanding officer of the receipt of this order and prepared to obey the same. It seemed there was an early morning train and on this the Colonel of the regiment embarked for Knoxville, as we found out afterwards, to enter a protest against the order. This, however, we knew nothing about then, and at the time of the mid-day train we gathered our hand bags together and went to the depot in order to carry out the instructions we had received. While waiting to take the train the officer of the day, with a file of soldiers, appeared on the platform and arrested us. He directed us to march back to the regiment. Of course we were overwhelmed with astonishment, and scarcely knew what we ought to do. On the one hand we held the order of the Major

General directing us to report, and on the other was the officer of the day re-inforced by a strong file of soldiers from the camp, ordering us to return. Of course we yielded to the power in sight, but on the way back my cousin, Joe Haynes, asked permission to send a telegram. This the officer of the day allowed, stating that he had no orders to prevent it, and Joe telegraphed to his father at Knoxville, Senator Landon C. Haynes, telling him of our plight. We heard afterwards that when Col. Haynes received his son's telegram he proceeded at once to the office of the commander of the department and laid the facts before General Jones. Just as he had finished his narrative Col. Fain stepped into the office. The commander of the department was considerably incensed and, without greeting Col. Fain or acknowledging his salute, said to him, "Col. Fain, I understand that you have arrested the three young men that were ordered to report to these headquarters this morning. Go to the telegraph office at once and send a telegram to Col. Fulkerson, directing him to turn these young men loose, and forward them to these headquarters. Let there be no mistake in obeying this order." Col Fain, without a word of explanation, immediately sought the telegraph office and sent the required order. Meantime we had waited through the long day in the guard tent until finally the Adjutant of the regiment proposed to us that if we would give him our parole not to leave the camp we could be at liberty within its bounds. Of course we gave this. Meanwhile the regiment received an order to take train that night and proceed to Tullahoma without delay to join Bragg's army.

We had never intended to leave the regiment but for the arrest that had been made. Our purpose was to take a short furlough and then come back to our

places again. It happened, however, that as the officer of the day and the file of soldiers carried us back to the guard tent, we met the regiment coming out of camp to the drill ground and we were marched along the whole flank with the officer of the day and a file of soldiers at our backs, thereby, as Joe Haynes said, with tears in his eyes, "disgracing us forever." It is true Col. Fulkerson stated to us, as we were marching back to the camp and had stopped in front of the regiment, that "he expected to be court martialed for what he was doing, but he intended to see if he had any rights left in the Confederate Army."

When the order came to prepare to take the train for Tullahoma we made all preparations necessary, sent our baggage to the depot; gathered up our knapsacks and re-packed them and went down to the depot and boarded the train with the regiment.

I had a trunk containing many articles that my mother had sent me which was loaded on the train among the other baggage.

About half an hour after dark, while we were all sitting in the box car waiting for the train to move, Adjutant York came to the door of the box car and said: "Are Privates Haynes, Gifford and Harris in this car?" We answered promptly that we were there, whereupon he said: "You are ordered to disembark at once and get ready to go to Knoxville." Needless to say this was a great surprise, and we suggested that our baggage at that time was inaccessible, but the Adjutant replied that we could leave word and have this forwarded to us, as our connection with the regiment was at an end.

We left by first train for Knoxville and reported next day at Department Headquarters. General Jones directed me to repair to what was then known as

Haynesville, now Johnson City, and report to Col. Robert Love, commanding the 62nd North Carolina, stationed at the old Brush Creek camp ground near the town. So the three cousins became separated and remained so the balance of the war. I went at once to the point designated and reported to Colonel Love. He was a kinsman of my mother and when he looked me over I suppose I seemed so small and so insignificant as to count very little in his estimation, and he directed me to go home to my mother and remain for thirty days on furlough; by that time he said further orders might be received concerning my future. When I reached home I found my father had been appointed by Col. John H. Crawford surgeon of his regiment, known as the 60th Tennessee. This regiment was raised in Washington and adjacent counties, and my father had aided the Colonel in getting it up and organizing and mustering it into service. He was in camp and, instead of remaining with my mother for the thirty days, I went to the camp to stay with my father. Col. Crawford gave me the temporary appointment of Sergeant Major in the regiment and I learned the duties of that office and performed them to the best of my ability until a second order was received directing me to report to Captain W. D. Haynes, Post Quartermaster at Knoxville for service.

Capt. Haynes was soon assigned to duty in the Virginia brigade commanded by Gen. William E. Jones, and I was carried with him as an assistant in his office. He acted as Brigade Quartermaster until Gen. Jones was killed at Piedmont. After the death of Gen. Jones, Captain Haynes was transferred to the 16th Virginia Cavalry and I continued the assistant in his office, attending to most of the business, in fact all of it, after his capture in one of the raids in East Tennessee.

INCIDENTS OF SERVICE WITH JONES' BRIGADE, LONGSTREET AND THE STONE MOUNTAIN MONUMENT, ETC.

Before joining General Jones' Brigade, Captain Haynes managed the business of Post Quartermaster in Knoxville for a short while. He was afterwards stationed at Morristown for a period and then at Jonesboro.

When Longstreet followed up the battle at Chickamauga with an expedition through East Tennessee, finally surrounding the city of Knoxville, in which was a Federal force commanded by General Burnside, my cavalry command under General William E. Jones, was ordered to re-enforce Gen. Longstreet at Knoxville.

We reached Knoxville about the first of December, if I recall the date correctly, arriving on the scene the night preceding Gen. Longstreet's assault on Fort Sanders, known as the "Star Fort," in the northwest portion of Knoxville.

The assault took place about four o'clock in the morning. Gen. Jones and I, with others of his staff, stood up on an elevation almost due north of Knoxville and watched the attempt to take the fort. While standing at this place General Jones made me explain to him the location of Knoxville, as I had been stationed there in the first part of my service for a considerable time, as before stated, and had frequently explored the surroundings.

I will never forget how strongly Gen. Jones spoke about what he was pleased to call a blunder by Gen. Longstreet in attacking the strongest position on the Federal lines. He even went so far as to state that Gen. Longstreet was either misled or showed a judg-

ment that was utterly unworthy of a leader of any independent army. The assault did fail, and when daylight came our troops were withdrawn, and Longstreet prepared to retreat, leaving Burnside in full possession. He heard that re-enforcements were on the way for the relief of Knoxville.

General Longstreet afterwards suspended General McLaws, putting him in arrest and proposing to court martial him, as we believed then, for carrying out General Longstreet's own orders but failing to take the fort.

The outspoken way in which Gen. Jones declared his views concerning Gen. Longstreet's action always served to discount with me that general's merits and I have never recovered from it.

General Longstreet was a great soldier—magnificent in action when under the orders of Lee, but seemed to be incompetent to manage a separate command.

After the war, General Longstreet accepted a position tendered him by General Grant at New Orleans and left his old comrades to go with their opponents. He says he differed with General Lee in politics, giving this as an excuse for accepting the office under General Grant immediately after the termination of the war. He lost "caste" with all the Southern soldiers by his course in this respect. Even the soldiers of his own corps which always held the center of Lee's army and did the steady fighting in the great struggles in Virginia, felt aggrieved that he should apparently desert them in these troublous times. I have heard them abuse him, but again I have heard these same men stop the mouths of outsiders and declare with an oath that they themselves could abuse Longstreet but nobody else should do it. He was the sturdy bull dog of our armies.

When he was writing his work which he called "From Manassas to Appomattox," I sat by him in the dining room of the Kimball House and conversed with him many times while he remained there. In one of these conversations I asked him why he did not come to our reunions—that we missed him at times. He replied: "The soldiers do not appear to desire my presence among them. We do not harmonize." I replied: "I think you are wrong, General, and I wish you would try it by joining us at the next reunion."

Meantime he finished his book and someone sent me a copy of it. I carried it home and sat down after supper to read it. It was beautifully written—fervid in diction—full of splendid thoughts, and imagery, and I was carried away with it as I read.

When I had gotten as far as the Gettysburg fight I sat down and wrote a letter to the General thanking him for the book and telling him that he need never stay away from our reunions again on the idea that he was not wanted. Since his writing this splendid book we could take him into our hearts with increased love and admiration and give him a welcome second to none that we gave others.

After I had finished the letter, sealed it, and started to mail it in a box near the front walk on the street, a heavy rain came up and I went back into the library and as I sat down concluded that I might as well finish the work before I sent off the letter. Then I read his account of the Gettysburg fight and in the third heading, his assault on General Jackson and General Lee.

It almost broke my heart, as most of my service in the army was rendered in Jackson's corps. I had known that there was a jealousy between Jackson and Longstreet, but I had no idea that this feeling had survived the war and on the part of General Long-

street had extended itself to the Commander-in-Chief.

I could have probably borne with some equanimity the attack on General Jackson, but when General Lee was included I gave way entirely and taking up my letter tore it into fragments and, raising the window, threw the book out into the rain, and so far as I am concerned it has remained there to the present day.

At our last reunion at Rome some of his old soldiers presented a resolution asking that the committee in charge of the Stone Mountain monument should put General Longstreet's statue by the side of General Lee's.

It was a great trial to me, but I understood the feeling of these old soldiers for their leader and I could not oppose it. I seconded the motion and aided Judge Hillyer, of Atlanta, in having it adopted.

Lee, without Longstreet, would have been only half himself, and Longstreet would have been honored more by his absence than by putting his form by the side of his Chieftain.

I do not know what the committee will do. In fact, I have little knowledge of the progress of that great monument. It was first projected during my term as Governor, and the first meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy that I ever attended passed the resolution commending the proposal for the monument and pledging the Daughters to support it.

I went down to the hall where the meeting was taking place and walked into the assembly alongside of Mrs. Helen Plane, and ascending the stage made a short talk preceding Mrs. Plane.

It has always been the rule that the Governor in office shall precede any person in any procession or any gathering occurring in the State during his term. In this respect he is treated as the King of England would

be. When I came to the door of the assembly where the Daughters were gathered I decided that for one time I would refuse to abide by this rule and I directed Mrs. Plane to take the lead, and in this order we went upon the rostrum.

So much for the monument.

Our brigade fell back from Knoxville toward Bristol, fighting several severe engagements at Beans Station and other places and finally taking up temporary winter quarters in the country around about Bristol and Blountville. While here, Gen. Jones made his raid through Tazewell Court House to Scottsboro, where he captured a large number of prisoners.

After the winter had passed, he was ordered to gather all the forces possible and throw himself into the front of the army under General David Hunter, coming up the Shenandoah Valley towards Lynchburg. In this campaign occurred the battle of Piedmont where he was killed in the act of rallying his troops, riding in front and calling them to halt and face the enemy.

He was really a great leader. While my position was with Captain Haynes in the brigade quartermaster's office, yet he designated me as a temporary Aide-de-Camp and I rode with him on many occasions. He had had much experience in the army of Northern Virginia, commanded the First Virginia Cavalry at the second battle of Manassas, became a great favorite and faithful ally of Stonewall Jackson. He often rode a horse which we called "old clay bank," that General Jackson gave him as a present, and the horse became a favorite among us all because Jackson once rode him on the battle line.

General Jones had been a professor in the Virginia Military Institute and in this way doubtless became attached to General Jackson.

He was a man of splendid judgment, fitted for a great leader, and I think would have taken Stuart's place had he lived till after the death of that matchless cavalry leader.

I remember an occurrence in Virginia while we were occupying our temporary winter quarters. On one Sunday afternoon some of our teamsters mounted their mules and started out to run a race with each other. The road they proposed to follow ran close to the headquarters of Maj.-Gen. Robert Ransom. He saw the boys laying on with the whip and yelling with all their might, as they came down the road and he promptly ordered a file of soldiers to arrest every one of them and put them in the guard house. When General Jones heard of this he sent me down to Gen. Ransom with a message asking the General to pardon the boys and send them back to their wagon train. We had no one to take their places and look after the teams. When I came to the tent where General Ransom was sitting I presented the request from General Jones and the order was promptly given to release the men and send them back to their command. As I started to leave, Gen. Ransom said to me, "You all think a great deal of General Jones, do you not?" I replied, "We certainly do. We think he is a great man." General Ransom replied: "I thought you did, and I want you to tell General Jones for me that I've got more brains in my little finger than he has in his head." When he said this I bowed very profoundly and stated that I would certainly give General Jones the message, and added, "I have no doubt he will be very much pleased to know what you think of him, General." I saw a quickening look in Ransom's eyes as I said this, and I concluded it was best to get away from him as soon as I could. When I gave General Jones the message,

he said to me: "Well, I always thought he didn't have much sense, but I know now that he has less."

I suppose General Ransom lost his grip now and then and spoke at a venture things that he would not have spoken in other moments. He was a graduate of West Point and held a high command throughout the remainder of the war.

I recall a ludicrous incident that transpired when we were on the march to re-enforce General Longstreet at Knoxville. Both infantry and cavalry were marching with all haste to reach the scene of conflict in time to render assistance. It was somewhere about the first of December and a terrible freeze came on with snow and ice covering the roads and hills. I tried afterwards to put the incident into verse, and I venture to repeat these verses here. They were written the latter part of 1865 at our home on Pine Log, Bartow County, Georgia:

THE DRUMMER'S DEFEAT

A cold December morn had broke,
 And Boreas blustering chilly
 Tossed up the snow and wailed amid
 The barren heathers, hilly.

Our column roused at early dawn,
 Sprang from their bivouac mortress,
 And 'gan the long and weary march
 To Knoxville's 'leagured fortress.

The road was blocked with snow and ice,
 In frosty masses gleaming,
 While through our tatters smote the blast
 In frozen numbers screaming.

But on we marched with weary step
 Amid the drifting masses,
 Though shoeless oft our bleeding feet
 Would stain the frozen passes.

At length we reached the Holston's bank,
A bridgeless, rolling river,
Whereon, irresolute, we stopped
Dismayed, to groan and shiver.

The Colonel bade us plunge within
The dreadful icy water,
But not a man his steps would move
To do his cruel order.

A courier then he sent in haste
To bring our General forward;
"He'd make the shivering scoundrels wade
Or drown the last damned coward."

Our gallant drummer marching front,
No stagnant blood possessing,
Stepped quickly forth with flashing eye,
The Colonel thus addressing:

"And who is Ransom, pray do tell,
That we must needs obey him?
There's many a private in these ranks
In worth would far outweigh him!"

"Ah! yes, but he's our General, friend,
And bears our country's prestige,
And you to question him have not,
Of right, the smallest vestige."

"I care not for his hedging strength,"
The soldier answered nobly
"A freeman I will live, or die
A tyrant's foeman doubly.

"If I am got within that wave
This dreadful wintry morning
Then other feet must take me there,
Or first my own o'erturning."

But Ransom came and frowned and stormed,
And talked of blood and slaughter,
And rushing on the stubborn man,
He pitched him in the water!

Such was the chilly fate which met
That day the daring drummer;
He broke the ice—the column plunged
Amid the frosty glimmer.

GENERAL JONES ON FORAGING

On the Quartermaster's staff was a gentleman from Hawkins County named Waterson. He had studied law with my uncle, Landon C. Haynes, and when Captain Haynes was assigned to the field portion of the brigade quartermaster's work, Mr. Waterson was detailed to assist him. He was my superior in rank, but we got on very well as comrades. He brought with him a negro servant named "Gib," who was expected to look after his master and at the same time do the cooking for our mess in the Quartermaster's office. Gib was a fine darkey; very faithful and stood by us on many a hard march and even closed up with us on the battle field.

While we were camped in Virginia, in temporary winter quarters, General Jones issued a very stringent order against foraging, pronouncing a severe penalty against any man that was caught plundering the citizens, robbing hen roosts or hog pens. We did not know how far this order would extend. We remembered it was said that General Bragg ordered a man shot in the Tennessee Army for taking a chicken from one of the citizens. We were all, therefore, very careful concerning this matter.

One day General Jones sent us word that he would take dinner with us at the Quartermaster's mess in our tent. We had plenty of dishes but something to eat was the main object, for the visit of the General was a compliment to us.

The truth of it is that very scant rations were issued to our troops. We generally tried to supplement them by buying provisions of the citizens and when this failed we resorted to foraging—which last resort was now strictly prohibited to us.

I did not myself approve of foraging, but found it was impossible to keep such a feeling in mind when I reached the Army of Virginia. It reminded me of an anecdote that I used to hear, about a colored preacher who was giving in his experience to his congregation. He said: "Brethren, when I first came to this congregation I couldn't take a pin without hurting my conscience. But, brethren, I persevered and grew in grace, and now, bless the Lord, I could steal a horse without feeling it at all."

We told Gib that the General intended to take dinner with us on the morrow and to get up the best meal he could. Gib was equal to the occasion, and when we all sat down to the table Gib handed the General a fine dish of well-cooked pork. He helped himself and the dish went around to us all. We had eaten for awhile when the General suddenly turned in his seat and called to Gib and said: "Gib, where did you get this pork?" There was a profound silence for awhile, and then the General, looking around at us all, repeated his question to Gib. Gib came up to the General's side and said: "No darn hog shall come rooting up my fire at night and get off scot free." There was silence for a little while and then the General laughed, and so did all of us, and turning around to Gib he said, "Gib, hand me some more of that pork." We knew we were safe, and rejoiced.

While we were in temporary winter quarters Captain Haynes stayed most of the time at home. He had married a young lady who was my mother's sister, and had fixed his home in Blountville, Tennessee. The distance was too small to keep him away from home, so Waterson and I attended to the brigade business and got along very well with the General and the work. We wrote some of his reports and

he called me Lieutenant, so that I was addressed in this way throughout the brigade.

As soon as the weather improved we were ordered to the front to prepare for active service. The long march to the Valley soon followed and the General gathering all the troops available, drew them into the front of Hunter's Army and fought the terrible battle at Piedmont where he was killed, as I have stated above.

JOINING THE 16TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY

The 16th Virginia Cavalry Regiment was recruited mainly from the counties in Northwestern Virginia along the Kanawha and Greenbrier and other tributary streams. One Company, however, was from Washington County and another from what is now Bland County, in the Southwestern portion of Virginia. The Colonel was M. J. Ferguson; the Lieutenant-Colonel, William A. Graham and the Major was James Nounan. The Adjutant was James P. Whitman, who lived since the war at a place called Horsepen, in Tazewell County, and was alive at my last accounts.

The regiment had been with the Army of Northern Virginia from the time it was mustered into service in the latter part of 1861; fought at Gettysburg, and was already classed as a veteran command when I joined it. I reported for duty after the Piedmont fight. But the regiment had been with us during our service in Virginia under General Jones.

When I reached the regiment it was in camp near Tazewell Court House, in Tazewell County, Southwestern Virginia. Major Nounan was in command of the regiment. Col. Ferguson had been captured and was in prison and Colonel Graham was on a furlough at the time. I seemed to be very well received

by the officers of the regiment to whom I reported. There was no commissary attached to the regiment and the Quartermaster was required to attend to both the business of foraging for the horses, feeding, clothing, and paying off the men. When I reached the regiment a large number of the men and officers had been furloughed to go to their homes to secure new mounts and other things necessary for camp life. Now and then they were captured on these raids, but as a general rule returned in better condition than when they left.

I had an opportunity to become well acquainted with Major Nounan. I soon grew greatly attached to him as he had some traits that were not only remarkable but stirred the imagination of a young soldier like myself.

Of course I could not know him as a soldier in the field till I had had an opportunity to see him in battle.

I look back on my acquaintance with him as an episode in my life as remarkable as it was rare and unusual.

In the light of the sixty years that have gone by I am still able to describe him as one of the most remarkable men I have ever met.

He had served in Kansas against Ossawatimie Brown when the Kansas Jayhawkers were causing so much trouble in their celebrated rebellion. Coming to Virginia he was made a Major and assigned to duty in the 16th Cavalry. Though he was a man with fine features, yet I have often thought that he had two natures within him. In the camp he dressed like a servant—never washed, nor combed his hair nor put on clean garments, but presented at all these times the appearance of some day laborer, digging ditches in the swamps—dirty, haggard and worn. This was the,

man in camp. But the man in battle was a new creature. He rode his horse like a centaur—his eyes flashed and glistened—glistened and flashed with fire that could scarce be paralleled. His garments were even transfigured, and as he dashed to the front he reminded me of a plumed war god, spoken of by old Homer when the heathen divinities came down to take part in the conflict at Troy. He was a born leader of men. His voice was shrill and clear, and enthused his followers—sounding like a trumpet in their ears. He was a transfigured Nounan, when the battle day was come. Some men are doubtless so made. They are careless, improvident, showing not the slightest care for appearance or fitness, but at some time when their latent powers are called out they become different persons—a new spirit awakes within them—a new soul comes to life, and they ride to the front as if they were born to meet emergencies and to grapple with difficulties. Are there any Nounans left among us?

When Col. Graham returned to the regiment, I found him to be a very kind and agreeable officer. He gave me a great deal of encouragement and helped me on in the earlier work that fell on me, as Captain Haynes was almost always absent. I remember telling both Nounan and Graham that I had learned to like them, but I was afraid it would be different when Col. Ferguson returned, so I said to them, "I don't care if he never comes back."

In this, however, I was mistaken. For when the Colonel returned to us and I learned to know him, I seemed to get closer to him than to any other man I had ever known in the army. He treated me well in every sense. While a little more exacting than the other two officers had been, for he realized that his word was always law in the regiment, yet he was ready

to give credit for good service, kept his men and officers under splendid discipline, and in all things showed himself to be in every sense a true descendant of some of old Virginia's fighting families.

These officers in command of this regiment were as brave as any men that ever wore a uniform, and my long experience—writing now—justifies me in saying that a really brave man can never be cruel or unreasonable in dealing with his men. It doesn't lie, generally, in a brave soldier to be a tyrant. There are some exceptions, but there were none among the field officers of the 16th Virginia.

Colonel Ferguson was a nobleman of the old school. He was a soldier, every inch of him, but he had the habit of getting wounded in almost every conflict in which our regiment was concerned. He took off his clothes in the tent once and called me to look at him. There was scarcely a place on his body as large as my hand that did not have the scar of some old wound. He said, laughingly, as I looked at him in wonder, "Well, they will get me after awhile, I reckon." But they did not. He survived the war—settled down, and practiced law at Louisa Court House in Virginia, and left a record of unsurpassed bravery for his countrymen. In one of the forays which was made toward the Greenbrier Country, Col. Ferguson was taken prisoner by the enemy. After he had been in prison for awhile, he was sent to Charleston where he was put under fire with the Immortal Six Hundred to stand off the attacks on Fort Sumter. The authorities of the Government at Washington imagined they could stop the fire of our batteries from Moultrie and Sullivan Island and other fortifications, on Fort Sumter by bringing a number of our soldiers to the fort so that if we fired on the fort they would suffer from our

shells. Col. Ferguson was among these victims of our enemy's tactics and stood the exposure for some time in company with his comrades in the awful experience which resulted. After a time his exchange was effected and he came into Charleston, where the ladies determined to make him some return for the suffering he had endured near their city. They wined and feted him and then purchased a splendid uniform with all that belonged to such an outfit. He wore this uniform when he came back to us and had it on at Winchester. The hat was especially attractive, covered as it was with gold bands and acorns hanging down on each side.

At the battle of Winchester, on September 19th, 1864, while he was in command of the regiment and guarding the front towards Martinsburg, his command was suddenly assaulted by a strong detachment of cavalry. This detachment drove our forces back and followed us in flight down the pike. As we were proceeding to form junction with the main line a cannon shot crashed through our ranks, a piece of the shell striking the Colonel in the forehead. He always parted his hair in the middle, from which fact we gave him the nick-name of "Old Nancy." The fragment of shell followed the line made by the parted hair, cutting to the bone as it went and tearing his hat into fragments.

He fell from his horse to the ground but the boys, who were especially skilled in such matters, reached down and lifted him to the saddle and carried him out of danger. He would have been trodden to death in a moment but for this. The shot put him in the hospital for some weeks. He had his hat patched up and was still wearing it when he came back to the camp. After we had shaken hands he took it off and

said to me: "My head has gotten well, but my hat, alas, will never recover." This was all he ever said about so serious a wound.

I said he was brave. I saw him once ride in front of our lines when we were standing behind breastworks, erected by Gen. Jackson in the Valley, while twenty pieces of artillery turned loose with grape and canister upon him. He never flinched as the shot and shell tore up the ground about him and he rode as steady as if on parade back and forth along the battle line. It was done to steady his men and to minify the danger. No one blamed him for his exhibition of courage; he was not touched.

WYTHEVILLE AND HOW IT FEELS TO KILL A MAN

In the summer of 1864 General Averill, the Union Cavalry leader, made a raid into Southwestern Virginia. After many incidents of cavalry warfare he finally reached the vicinity of Wytheville, Va. Here my regiment, the 16th Virginia Cavalry, with other troops, was ordered to meet and give him battle. It happened that Gen. John H. Morgan, who had lately returned to the South, after escaping from the prison in Ohio, was present and took command of our troops that day. A portion of the 16th regiment was detached and sent to the top of the mountain on the right of our line to prevent the enemy from flanking the gap in which Gen. Morgan had stationed a small piece of artillery with supports to oppose the enemy's advance. I went with the detachment and it was soon engaged in a sharp struggle with a flanking party of the enemy that had already started before our arrival. We held the enemy in check for some hour or two, our soldiers

firing down the mountain side with little effect save to show that we were present and ready for the advance. After awhile our ammunition was exhausted and the Colonel sent me to the commanding General to ask for another supply. When I reached Gen. Morgan I told him of our circumstances. I remember as I spoke his hand came down on his knee as he replied: "I expected it. I can't send him any ammunition but I will send him another battalion to re-inforce him. That is the best I can do." The enemy had come down the pike within about five hundred yards of the place where the General was standing and I could see was preparing to charge our position. The General called about him a number of soldiers who were unengaged and directed them to prepare to resist the advance. I had a little Sharp's rifle, and knowing that it would carry further than the guns around me, I prepared to fire at the head of the column before it got in range. Setting the sights at what I conceived to be the proper distance I leveled the gun at the head of the column as it began to move in our direction and fired. I saw a man fall from the front rank as my gun spoke to the hills around us. The men cried out: "You got that fellow that time," but a moment afterwards all the guns were roaring around us and the head of the approaching column sank to the ground. The little piece of artillery in the General's hands poured a charge into the very midst of the oncoming foe and spread havoc through all his lines. Our flanking party reached the road about this time and the consequence was the surrendering of some two hundred and fifty men of the enemy. I moved slowly down the pike, curious to find out whether my shot had really been effective. When I got to the point where the man had fallen I found his body still lying

in the road and a small round hole in his forehead, such as my bullet would have made. The soldiers who preceded me had captured his horse and unsaddled it—laid the saddle with the other accoutrements to one side, as if they had intended them for the man who had fired the first shot. I took possession and rode the saddle for many a hundred miles afterwards. It caused a peculiar sensation to come over me for when the boys came back they told me that it was a fact that my shot had killed the man. I tried to put the thought away from me, because many other shots were fired following mine, but I suffered still the horrors of one who knows that his act had sent a fellow man into the other world. Among our prisoners was a first lieutenant in the regiment, a portion of which we had captured, which was either the First Ohio or the First West Virginia, I can not remember which. I thought that it was the First Ohio. As we were far away from any prison headquarters we paroled the prisoners we had captured and started on our way to the valley of Virginia. Some of the prisoners went along with us, and among them was the lieutenant referred to. He became very friendly with me, walking by the side of my horse, and I told him how I felt about what had occurred on the day before. He replied: "Why, you needn't feel any trouble from that source. I was present in the attacking party. The man who was killed had just come over from Hesse Cassel in Germany. He couldn't speak a word of English. He had gotten our thousand dollar bounty in New York and was assigned to our command and had only reached us a week or so before. He was practically worthless, and you need have no feeling such as you have referred to." I had told him that I felt like some poor mother might be weeping for her boy on account of my shot that day.

The kind words of the lieutenant caused the feeling of remorse to die away and I ceased to think of the transaction further.

In this battle I saw something that I had never witnessed before. All our cavalry fought dismounted and one of our commands, on the left of the pike, met a flanking party that had gone out on the right of the enemy opposite to that occupied by the 16th. The enemy saw the detachment from our troops approaching and took position behind a solid stone fence that stretched for several hundred yards across an open field. As I stood with the General looking through glasses I saw our troops charge the stone wall that was blazing with smoke and fire. No braver act was ever witnessed by me in all the war. Not a man hesitated, but these brave Virginia boys dashed straight up against the stone wall and, leaping across it, used their pistols and unloaded guns to testify of their presence and irresistible power. Many of the enemy fell fighting in the face of the boys who had crossed over the sheltering stone wall. I thought as I watched, that this spirit in Southern soldiers surely could never be conquered. But our trouble was, there were not enough of our boys to be found in the borders of the Confederate States to keep it up.

INCIDENTS ON THE MARCH

When Gen. Hunter made his raid on Lynchburg, my command brought up the rear of our troops and was continually engaged with the advance guard of the enemy. This was especially so after the battle of Piedmont. After this battle, our troops fell back, marching up the valley and coming on across by Buchanan and Lexington to Lynchburg. The enemy's cavalry, that rode in the front, charged down on

our rear guard at every possible opportunity. There was fighting through the day and skirmishing through the night. One man usually led the enemy's troops. He rode a white horse and was especially conspicuous for gallantry and daring. He would charge into our ranks at every opportunity—stopping for nothing and only holding up when our men retired with accelerated velocity. Our command had some splendid marksmen in it, gathered from the Kenawha and the other regions adjacent, and our commander detailed several of these to act as sharpshooters to pick off the officers who led the attacks on our rear. So the word soon went out "to shoot at the man on the white horse"—and this was done. He would come down on us, with long hair standing out behind, and with a peculiar, shrill voice, shouting out something everytime as he charged. In vain our best marksmen pointed their guns and fired at him as he came. He seemed to bear a charmed life and our boys named him "Death on the Pale Horse," and the sound came continually, "Shoot at the man on the white horse — shoot at the man on the white horse!" But he was never touched. His appearance, after awhile, became so frightful to our boys that they got under cover as soon as possible when he appeared. I never knew exactly who it was, but the word went out through the line that it must be Custer. We had felt his strength many a day in our struggles through the Valley.

When we reached Lexington, it will be remembered that the enemy burned the Virginia Military Institute and also plundered what was afterwards the Washington & Lee University. Gen. Stonewall Jackson was buried in the cemetery at Lexington and the Confederate flag was standing over his grave. While the Institute was burning the enemy shelled the grave of

Jackson, doubtless attracted by the flag that floated over it. I was standing near the grave when the shells began to fall upon it, and I remember saying to some of the soldiers that were with me, "The enemy are afraid of Gen. Jackson in his grave, or they certainly wouldn't shoot at it. I wish they could wake him."

Lieut.-Col. Graham was in command of the 16th on this march. One day he became separated from the command and as a detachment from the 17th Virginia came up we asked the men where they last saw Col. Graham. The officer in command replied: "We saw him just over the hill standing in a fence corner with a horse pistol in his hand, holding the whole Yankee Army in check." He was as brave a man as ever sent his eyes along a pistol's barrel.

When we reached Lynchburg we met Gen. Early's army and Gen. Hunter's command was turned back, after three or four hours' fighting, with considerable loss. That night our brigade was ordered to march to the rear so as to cut off the retreat of Hunter's army after the repulse by General Early.

FIGHT AT HANGING ROCK

After the repulse of General Hunter at Lynchburg the division of cavalry to which I was attached, under Ransom, was ordered to head off his retreat, and if possible destroy his army. We rode all through that June night, crossing the mountains north of the Peaks of Otter, and then sweeping southwest struck the great pike road on the far side of the ridge along which Hunter's whole army would be compelled to march.

We found ourselves at length, at early dawn, in the very front of the retreating army. Dismounting from our horses we took position in a depression out of sight

of the pike, but very near thereto, where we waited the approach of the enemy.

It was not an inviting situation. We were worn out with the hard day and night's ride, to say nothing of the fighting and the long marches over the hills and valleys that preceded our present undertaking. Coming directly toward us, we could hear the tread of a hostile army, more than six times our number, with infantry and artillery in abundance—enough of either in fact, to destroy our small force in half an hour.

Nearer and nearer the sounds approached, the roll of the great artillery wheels on the rock strewn pike sounding like distant thunder. As we waited expectant, impatient, hoping and yet dreading the coming struggle, I chanced to look at the Adjutant of the Sixteenth Virginia. He was a boy about two years older, I suppose, than I was.

We had slept together many times in the headquarters tent, and I had often noticed him sharpening his sword on a whetstone or grindstone or even on his boot leather, until he boasted that he could shave with it.

I saw that his cheeks were pale and his face was haggard, and then as I looked down at his feet I noticed that his pants legs were shaking like a leaf in a summer breeze—just like the legs of a boy about to make his first speech at a school exhibition.

My teeth were chattering—I could not keep them still to save my life, any more than if a Georgia chill had hold of me, and I said to myself, "Well, I know I am scared, and I think you are too, Mr. Adjutant, so I intend to watch you today and see how a scared boy can behave when the time for action comes."

It was not long before the flank of a great battalion

of artillery and infantry was exposed to us, then the order came to charge. Those impatient Southern soldiers leaped out from their covert in an instant and rushed up the hill with trailed arms, straight as an arrow toward the foe. But that foe was not to be taken unawares nor easily overcome. Quick as lightning the great guns were unlimbered, and double-shotted with grape and canister, they opened upon us. The first discharge cut the saplings over our heads—and then I saw a sight that I shall never forget in all my life.

Far in front of our charging line was that boy adjutant with his naked sword in his hand, leading the column by twenty or thirty yards, sounding the rebel yell in our ears, as he called back to us: “Come on, boys, come on, follow me.”

But the gun just in front of us is loaded again; it is thrown to the front, and we can look down its black, iron throat as we run; it will not be fired above our heads again, and now the gunner steps back to pull the lanyard, his hand is raised—when like a panther from his lair there leaped toward him that impetuous Virginia boy, and quick as a lightning’s flash, his keen sword descended upon the head of the unfortunate soldier, splitting it to the very shoulders and letting his life out in an instant; then as the stiffening fingers dropped the lanyard, the gun was wheeled about, another hand seized the cord, and the great double charge of grape and canister mowed down the ranks of the advancing foe.

Nor yet was the day’s work done. The brave little adjutant dashed to one of the caissons near by, and with the same sword by which he had slain the artilleryman, cut a horse loose from the traces, mounted him bare-backed, and himself bare-headed, seized the

regiment's colors, dashing down into the enemy's ranks, leading the van, as his followers rushed after him, with an enthusiasm that could not be curbed and a strength that could not be resisted.

Nine pieces of artillery and 250 prisoners were the captured fruits of that unexampled charge. And the boy was not touched, though the flag that he carried was shot full of holes that day.

Talk about bravery! Why Richard Cœur de Lion never fronted a Moslem host with a braver heart than beat beneath that gray uniform, though the boy's legs did shake and his face grow pale as he waited for the charge on that fateful morning at Hanging Rock!

THE BATTLE AT NEWMARKET

While my regiment was moving down the Valley, after the fight at Wytheville, we came to Newmarket where a force under General John C. Breckenridge was preparing to attack the army under General Seigel.

In this battle the Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute were allowed to participate. They were all boys under sixteen years of age, many of them small for their age, but all well drilled and as the event showed, full of enthusiasm and martial spirit. By some fortune I happened to be close to General Breckenridge when the Cadets marched by on their way to the attack. The General was sitting on his horse within twenty steps of where I was placed, giving directions to the rest of his command and preparing for the battle which ensued. I remember as the boys moved forward I had the feeling that the result was destined to be "the slaughter of the innocents," and I spoke of it as such. One of the boys broke out of rank as the command passed me and catching hold of

my stirrup leather gave it a shake and said to me: "We want to do just like you old soldiers would do." I looked down at his fair smooth face and thought he was not much younger than I was, but he was exceedingly young to expose his life under such circumstances. It was not long until these boys were in the fight. I heard the keen, shrill yell that they gave as they charged. It was a boyish yell, but it had in it all the energy and all the fierce enthusiasm of a legion of boys whose feelings were keyed up to the last point. I could see they kept on charging. When the enemy opened fire many of them fell, but this only aroused the fierce anger of the others, and they kept rushing forward. They had never been taught to stop when they began to charge, and it wasn't long before they had captured the guns in front of them and sent up their enthusiastic shouts of triumph. Many of them were killed or wounded, but it made no difference in the enthusiasm of those who survived. I have heard of only one parallel to the charge of these boys. In the great World War many of our troops were young and inexperienced. Many had never fired a gun sixty or ninety days before, and yet when those boys went into battle in front of the trained veterans of Germany, they never knew when to stop. They kept on going until they died or conquered. One German said, "In the name of God, what kind of people are these that you are sending against us? The more we kill of them the more come against us."

The Newmarket Battle showed the same spirit—the spirit that characterized the American soldier wherever he met the enemy in our recent wars. This spirit was incarnated in the young generations, North and South, that followed our great Civil War. I think our American troops succeeded because such

things as these were spoken of in the homes of the people, at the dinner tables and in the home circles for long years after the war had ceased. Mr. Roosevelt once said, with rare patriotism and appropriateness, "The bravery of the soldiery on both sides of the struggle is the heritage of the whole American people."

My oldest son heard me describe these scenes oftentimes in the home and around the table. He seemed to absorb the old spirit, and at an early date showed a military turn. He became a Captain in the Spanish War and a General in the World War.

So our words often prove the inspiration to others when the days of peril come.

BRIGADE ORGANIZATION

When the regiment was called to active service in the Valley, it was put under command of General John McCausland. The brigade consisted of the 8th, 16th, 17th, 21st Virginia and 37th battalion. I am not certain, but I think the 8th Virginia was detached at a very early date in the service and sent to another command, though of this I am not sure.

I am not trying to write a history of the 16th Virginia; I am only attempting to give some of the adventures in which I took part.

In the Gettysburg campaign, the regiment was commanded by General Jenkins. In the West Virginia and Tennessee service it was under General Jones. It finished the war with General McCausland. While under his command it was in all the battles immediately preceding the last Valley campaign; fought at Winchester; at Fishers Hill and Cedar Creek; shared in the Waynesboro repulse, and then crossed the mountains to join the main army in the last, long struggle that ended at Appomattox.

ADVANCE ON WASHINGTON

When Early made his advance on Washington in July, the 16th Virginia led the front and reached the fortifications around the city in good time to have assaulted and taken them, if our officers had known that only clerks and volunteers from the departments manned these works.

On this advance into Maryland, the most severe struggle that the regiment took part in occurred at Monocacy on the 9th. At this place, the regiment stood up against several infantry charges made by portions of the 6th Corps under General Wallace. For two hours and more the brigade, including the 16th, met and resisted the continual charges of the enemy. It was said that every field officer of the brigade was killed or wounded in this fight. Our line occupied the top of an eminence and was commanded to lie down between the charges of the enemy. As each charge was made and the enemy approached, the 16th rose and fired into the faces of those making the assault. The result was that there was a falling back of the enemy after every such fire. At one time it became important to know what the enemy were preparing to do, and as their line was under the brow of the hill they could not be seen from the position occupied by our troops. The Lieutenant-Colonel of the 17th Virginia, which regiment was next in position with the 16th, stood up and called for a volunteer to climb on his shoulders and from that elevation look down on the enemy's line so as to find out what was going on, whether a new charge was being prepared or not. One of our Lieutenants promptly volunteered to climb up on the Colonel's body and stand erect so as to make the observation. The Colonel bent down

and the Lieutenant climbed on his shoulders, and then the Colonel slowly rose. He had scarcely straightened himself out, and the officer above him had likewise risen up, when there came a sharp sound from the direction of the enemy, and a volley was poured into the bodies of the two officers. They fell to the ground and instantly expired, making no report.

The two brigades that relieved us were commanded by General John B. Gordon, who led his command over the elevation, charging straight into the enemy's ranks. The result was a severe repulse of the troops under General Wallace; the capture of many prisoners, and above all, the clearing of the way to Washington City for our troops.

As our shattered brigade, after being relieved, made its way to the rear it was met by General Early. I remember we leaned up against the fence as the General rode up to speak to the troops. He told them that he was proud of their achievement—that he had never seen trained infantry fight any better than our brigade had done that day, and he congratulated us on the success we had achieved and the honor we had gained by our gallant work.

I slept on the battle field the night following the battle close to the wounded soldiers of the enemy, who had not been gathered up. There was a small ravine near the center of the hardest fighting and down this ravine a stream was running. A number of the enemy's wounded had rolled down the banks into the stream. I could hear them turning in the mud and water, like hogs in a wallow, all through the night. Very few of them seemed to be groaning, which appeared exceedingly remarkable to me. Whether this was from extraordinary fortitude or because they had reached a point where sound was impossible. I never knew.

A ludicrous incident occurred as we approached Washington. At one of the villages through which we passed a crowd had gathered along the main street to watch our march. In the midst of this crowd a woman had perched herself upon some elevation, possibly the steps of a platform on the side of the street, and taking off her sun-bonnet she threw it up and down as if in an agony of distress crying out, "Oh, gentlemen, don't burn our beautiful capitol." As she would cry these words out her bonnet was being lifted up and down; her hair was disheveled, and the tears were rolling down her cheeks. I tried to speak to her as we passed and did fling these words at her: "Madam, don't be disturbed. We will not burn the capitol. We will only change the ownership." But she kept screaming, and the last thing I heard from her as we passed her in the distance was the same strain: "Oh, gentlemen, don't burn our beautiful capitol."

When we reached a point, I suppose about four or five miles from the city, my detachment occupied the Blair premises. The fortifications were on the next small rise and we could see the movements of the men as they handled their guns and got ready for us.

At this point we waited until the infantry arrived on the ground but our General concluded not to attack, so we didn't "burn the beautiful capitol."

SPEECH AT BARNESVILLE DESCRIBING GORDON AND EVANS AT MONOCACY

In 1894 I was a candidate for the Georgia Senate to represent the Macon District. A fierce political contest had gone on in the state. Gen. Clement A. Evans was a candidate for Governor and was opposed

by Wm. Y. Atkinson. It proved to be a revolt of the young men against the old General who had commanded a Georgia brigade in the worst of the campaigns in Virginia, and Mr. Atkinson was elected in the primary. It was thought for awhile that the party would not stand by the nominee and some effort was required especially to bring the old soldiers into line. A great barbecue was staged for Barnesville in Pike County, and to this barbecue both Gen. Gordon and Gen. Evans were invited as speakers. The barbecue was given in a grove near to the town, but after the feasting had gone on for some time a heavy rain storm came up and caused the assemblage to adjourn to a large hall on the grounds of the Barnesville Seminary nearby. Here some twelve hundred old soldiers gathered to hear their old Generals speak. After Gen. Gordon and Gen. Evans had both been heard, earnestly cautioning their former soldiers to stand by the nominee and vote for Mr. Atkinson, some of the audience recognized my presence on the stage and began to call for me. This was done because I was a candidate for the State Senate, and Pike was included in the District. I came forward while the audience was half standing, preparing to leave, and after a few words of greeting begged to relate an incident which occurred in one of the battles of Virginia. It was at Monocacy while Early's army was on the road to Washington.

I spoke about as follows:

"The engagement began with a cavalry battle. The brigade to which I belonged was drawn up on top of an elevation in a corn field and extended into a wheat field nearby. The enemy were on the other side of the elevation.

"We had been fighting for nearly two hours, occupying the crest of the hill, rising to fire as each charge

was made on us. After awhile we looked down towards the river that stretched nearby and saw two brigades of infantry from our army rapidly approaching to relieve us. They waded the river and came up almost at double-quick time towards our shaking line. Nearly every field officer in the brigade had been wounded or killed, and many of our boys had fallen to the ground never to rise again. It was a happy sight to us to see a body of that ragged infantry command approaching us. In advance of both brigades was an officer carrying a flag in his hand who turned around now and then to encourage his troops to quicker action. Behind him, at the very head of the front brigade, was another officer who repeated to his troops the commands of the one who led the advance. When they reached within a very short distance of our line the General, who was leading, took off his hat and said: 'Come on, Georgians, follow me—we will show these cavalymen how to fight. These are only hundred-days men and they can't stand up against our troops.' As he spoke our withered lines divided, and leading his troops, he plunged toward the enemy. Then there came the sharp crack of the muskets answered by the wild yells of the Southern boys as they dashed upon the foe. The General, who was leading the brigade with intrepid daring, was shot down just a few paces beyond where he had penetrated our broken lines and fell to the ground. The other General bore a charmed life and led his intrepid boys to victory. They were not hundred-days men, as he realized pretty soon, for as he turned down the elevation he found his men in the front of their old enemies; regulars from the army of the Potomac and his boys struck hands with their ancient foes before whom they had stood up at Chancellorsville, at Fredericksburg, and the other famous

fields of Virginia, for they were a portion of the 6th Army Corps trained by fighting Joe Hooker. Fellow citizens, I followed these Generals then and I will follow them now. They led us to victory there and they will lead us to victory now. Those two leaders that stood on that bloody battle plain have spoken to you today, one was the matchless Gen. John B. Gordon, and the other that rugged, steady fighter, Clement A. Evans."

When I finished my appeal the audience was shouting in the wildest confusion. They called again for Gen. Evans and Gen. Gordon. Gen. Gordon came to me and put his arms around my neck, drew me out to the front and said to the assembled soldiers, "Comrades, I would rather be the object of such love as you show me today than to wear the costliest crown of the greatest ruler in the world."

On the way to the train that afternoon Generals Gordon, Evans and I rode together in a carriage. Gen. Gordon turned to Gen. Evans and said: "General, they defeated you this time but here is one who, when he runs for Governor, they will not defeat," pointing to me.

I have thought of these words often. They constituted a true prophecy in the first instance, but in the second were not applicable.

HORSES AND FORAGING IN MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA

On our raids into Maryland and Pennsylvania we subsisted almost entirely on provisions gathered from the enemy. In most cases these were paid for in Confederate money. But the people who contributed felt that they had gotten very little in return for what we took from them.

I learned to know the pangs of hunger on these raids. I could not eat the baker's bread and apple butter that constituted the larger portion of our ration and I have gone as long as four days without any food crossing my lips. Every family in Southern Pennsylvania seemed to own a bakery and likewise kept a supply of apple butter on hand.

We slept along the fence corners or in the open fields or under the trees in the forests, if we got any sleep at all. There was a ceaseless call on all the energies of every soldier in our ranks. When our horses would give way on the forced marches we would swap them for horses belonging to the citizens, very rarely paying any difference; sometimes only leaving a few dollars in Confederate money, so that the transaction might not be classed with the usual foraging business. I remember on one of these raids when we came back to our base of operations we brought back about thirteen hundred broken-down horses suffering with various troubles, the principal one being known as the "foot evil," caused, undoubtedly by our long marches on the rough pikes. It was no small task to provide for these horses in addition to those in the regular line.

In Pennsylvania the horses that we found were generally of large bodies and exceedingly large feet. They were undoubtedly draft horses of the Percheron-Norman breed. We swapped a great many of our Virginia horses for these large animals, but soon found out that they were almost worthless for cavalry purposes. They could not stand the exposure, and the marches on the pikes, especially in the winter time, soon put them out of the running. As they broke down the men had to secure other mounts in some way and the disabled horses fell into my possession to be sold or swapped as soon as practicable.

Among the principal raids that we made into Pennsylvania was the one to

CHAMBERSBURG

After the disastrous march of Gen. Hunter in the summer of 1864, in which occurred the burning of the Virginia Military Institute and the almost total demolition of the town of Buchanan, my brigade, in company with the Maryland brigade under Gen. Bradley Johnson, was sent across the Potomac to levy reprisals on the enemy's territory. My General had been a professor at the Virginia Military Institute and greatly resented the destruction of the building in which he had spent part of his life. A great many acts of a similar nature had attended Gen. Hunter's march, all of which served to exasperate our leaders.

Our raid into the enemy's country extended as far as Chambersburg. Several severe skirmishes marked our advance and our General had levied contributions two or three times upon the city governments of the cities through which we passed. When we reached Chambersburg the General called for the city council and demanded a certain sum of money to be raised by the city government as an immunity contribution, stating that unless this was raised he would burn the public buildings of the town. I was sitting on my horse near the General when a member of the city council approached him and said: "General, we have tried to get the council together and find that this is not possible. There is no way of raising the money and we doubt whether it could be done even if a meeting of the council were possible." Without another word the General turned to Col. Peters of the 21st Virginia and said: "Colonel, take your regiment and burn this damned town. I will show these people that I mean

what I say." Colonel Peters, who sat on his horse a few feet away from the General, replied: "Sir, I have not joined the Confederate Army to burn houses over the heads of helpless women and children." The General flushed and said to the Adjutant General, "Take Colonel Peters' sword—Colonel Peters, consider yourself in arrest. I will let a court martial pass on your disobedience of orders as soon as it can be organized." Then turning to Col. Dunn, of the 37th Virginia battalion, he said: "Col. Dunn, take your battalion and blow up the Court House and set fire to the adjacent buildings." Colonel Dunn saluted and it did not seem to me more than five minutes afterwards when I heard a terrible detonation and looking up in the direction of the court house saw its walls crumbling. From that time on the town began to burn. It was a fearful sight. Armed men marched through the streets breaking into the houses; going into the cellars, capturing old wines and liquors of many years ripening, drinking heavily and leaving a line of fire behind. I saw people carrying out their sick from the homes. I saw little children rushing through the streets without attendance, and above all I saw the flames and heard the roar of the awful conflagration as it followed the shouting and frenzied troops through the city. As I climbed the adjacent hills, looking back on the burning horror, while the vast volumes of flame and smoke rose up towards the heavens, I remember saying to myself, "If there is a God who rules the destinies of the world, this act cannot go without punishment here."

MOREFIELD

We crossed the mountains, rode all night and all next day until we reached the North Fork of the Potomac and forded the river near a place called More-

field, in Virginia. Our horses were jaded and almost exhausted by the long march through Maryland and Pennsylvania. They delayed our return but we went into camp at last near the river, turning our horses out to graze in a vast bluegrass field on both sides of the road. The fields were so large that the three thousand horses were almost lost in the wide stretches of pasture land. Videttes were set out on the other side of the river and pickets along the line and we lay down to sleep in bivouac under the open sky. Here something occurred to me that I have never been able to account for except upon the doctrine of special Providence. I had slept till about three o'clock in the morning when I suddenly woke up. My horse had been turned out with the rest in the vast fields for pasture. When I awoke, a peculiar sensation came over me. I have called it a "hunch"—a "suggestion," and given it various other names. I felt that I must get up and find my horse. I couldn't resist the impression, and finally went out into the vast pasture fields to look for her at three o'clock at night. The moon came from behind clouds shining in a fitful way and this was all the light I had for the search. I thought the task was almost hopeless but determined to continue the effort. After I had traversed a long stretch of the pasture lands and nearly abandoned hope I came upon my horse peacefully grazing on the side of a little hill. It was not long before I had bridled and led her to where I was sleeping under an apple tree near the river bank. I tied her to the swinging limb of the tree, and adjusting my saddle against the roots of the tree spread a blanket over me and was soon sleeping again. I was waked just after dawn by the rattle of carbines and the whistle of bullets about my head. Looking over into the river I saw a long line of mount-

ed men fording the stream and coming on with great rapidity—their horses dashing the water right and left in white foam as they moved. They appeared to be firing at every step of their horses. I arose as quick as possible, but saw in an instant that I could not get away or avoid capture unless something was speedily done to stop the advance. While I was deliberating whether to take to the bushes on either side or try to saddle my horse I saw one of the captains of the 16th Virginia rush out and call to his men, directing them to form a line between where I stood and the river and to fire into the advancing column. His command was scarcely given before the members of his company had rushed to the front and leveled their pieces. They fired point blank into the faces of the men in the river. Several saddles were emptied, and the riders pitched forward into the river while the whole line halted, then the captain shouted out to me to saddle my horse and get away, stating that he would protect his men by taking to the woods. I did this and without more ado turned down the pike. I was the only horseman on the pike, as the other members of the command had probably received no “hunch” and left their animals in the pasture. Of course the attacking party made a very short stop in the river, and on reaching land started out in a gallop down the pike in my rear. They fired at me as they came. I could look back and see that they fired mostly as their horses rose instead of waiting until the horses’ feet came down so that the bullets went over my head. I heard some one in the foremost rank shout out “Fourteenth Pennsylvania, remember Chambersburg. No quarter.” This gave me something of a scare, as can be well understood. I had in my pocket a small diary in which I had recorded all my adventures from the time I entered the

army until that date. In this diary was a complete statement concerning my presence at Chambersburg and also my thoughts as I rode slowly up the mountain and looked back on the burning city. I had written these down in the diary with a prophecy of coming evil. I took the diary from my pocket and in order to avoid the complication that might have resulted, I threw it, as I galloped down the pike, far over into a briar patch which I passed. I would pay anything almost for the recovery of this diary today.

It was not long until I overtook, on the outskirts of the town, several of the command who had lodged in the town during the night. The General was among these and halting them he ordered a temporary fortification to be built across the road and kept crying out to the fugitives as fast as they came up, most of them on foot, of course, to throw themselves behind the works and stop the enemy from further advance. This was done and the pursuit ended.

That night we slept on the side of the mountain. I was in better shape than the General, as I had all my army blankets and he had none. I did not offer to share them with him, as I was not feeling kindly toward him on account of the awful overthrow we had just suffered.

Next day the command had rallied and we were in shape to hold back the invasion which got no farther. We lost our horses but we kept our nerve.

The command went across into the Valley soon after this and joined with the other cavalry that belonged to Early's Army.

I have had an impression all through my life since the Morefield affair that the demoralization which grew out of our defeat at that place was never completely banished from the brigade. The morale of the

troops was never the same while I was with them, and it appeared to me at times that the results extended themselves to other branches of the service. We were never able after that fight to stand up in front of the Federal cavalry with the same power of resistance as in former days. The truth about it is the cavalry on the side of the enemy grew so formidable; became so powerful; so experienced; so fearless, that it did not hesitate to attack infantry at any time—dash into the very heart of an infantry command, and of course by sheer weight and numbers would drive our cavalry back at any point where the contact was made. At Winchester the charge of the Union Cavalry in the rear of the infantry driving before them our own cavalry, brought about the confusion which ended in retreat from that place. I have heard it said that the cavalry rushing up against the infantry in that rear charge would cry out to the Confederate soldiers: "Men, for God's sake surrender—don't force us to cut you down and kill you." Looking back through the sixty years I can see how the Union Cavalry, which learned its principal lessons in the Shenandoah Valley, contributed in a great measure to the final overthrow of that magnificent army that had achieved so many victories under its matchless commander, General Lee.

At Chambersburg I took on myself to go inside of a book store that was already burning and rescue some books, the reading of which afforded me great pleasure in our subsequent campaigns. These books consisted of one copy of Milton; six or seven small volumes containing the dramas of Shakespeare, and a few volumes of *The Rambler* and *Spectator*. As these books were already on fire when I got the volumes out, I have never tried to return them to the owners, but I have held them since that time as the property

of a Northern book-seller to be surrendered when called for. The books' covers were torn off, however, and they were not worth much. I am keeping them as souvenirs.

I read these books afterwards aloud to the Colonel while riding at the head of the column over the pikes of Virginia and Maryland and Pennsylvania in our subsequent raids. Our surgeon had told me that my eyes would be ruined and I would go blind before I was thirty years old because I persisted in reading these books aloud. The Colonel enjoyed them and so did I, and my eyes have only begun to fail me in my 77th year.

After we had fallen back from Fisher's Hill my brigade stopped at Port Republic and here we stood all day in the trenches that General Jackson had used in his great campaigns. We held the enemy in check until he finally moved away. About this time I was given a furlough for some thirty days and consequently missed the battle of Cedar Creek by going home to East Tennessee.

In the winter of 1864 our command was on detached service most of the time.

We were moving about from place to place in order to secure forage for our horses while at the same time defending the country against the advance of the Union Cavalry.

The camp of the regiment at times was left in my charge while the regiment was out skirmishing with the enemy or seeking to cut off his advance in some raid he was making.

During a portion of this time I acted in the capacity of brigade quartermaster, looking after the business of the whole brigade, but generally my duties included only the affairs of the regiment. I paid off the men,

issued clothing whenever we had it, distributed rations when we had any, through the commissary sergeant. The regiment had no commissioned commissary and all this business was in the Quartermaster's charge.

I desire to make this remark at this point: I never, within my knowledge, missed a single fight in which the regiment took part while I was with it. I made it my business to go into battle with the regiment, though I did not always remain through the entire conflict, as I was acting frequently in carrying orders and performing duty as a staff officer. Making a fair calculation, I can safely state that I took part in some thirteen engagements that might be called pitched battles and more than sixty-three skirmishes during my service.

MY CONNECTION WITH THE SECOND CORPS

After the death of General Jones my command became attached to the Second Corps, formerly commanded by General Stonewall Jackson. The last two years of my service in the army, therefore, were spent with the men who composed this splendid unit of our army.

While I came to the corps after General Jackson was dead, yet I walked with it; rode with it; camped with it; fought with it through the two years that followed, until I felt that I had known every man in it from the beginning.

I was only a boy between 18 and 19 years of age, yet possessing abundant imagination.

When the anniversary of the General's death came around I was appointed to deliver the eulogy for our command as a part of the exercises.

Many of the sentences that I used under the pines

of Virginia come back to me now day by day in this winter of a long life. In common with his own boys who followed him I learned to reverence his memory. In the camp and on the march as I talked with the men about their battles and the long journeys they made under Jackson I went through the same fearful struggles. I became, in thought at least, a part of their organization. The spirit of the dead leader never left the command, for the memory in their lives was so steady and so absorbing that as they spoke of the past I saw it all rise up before me—I felt their sufferings just as they had done and I rejoiced to make their triumphs my own. So I think I may say that in my career for the last two terrible years of the war I became a member of the organization and felt the same pride and rejoiced at the story of the same struggles through which the Corps had passed under Jackson's leadership.

It came from a boy soldier's attachment to the memory of a leader whose birthday in the year was the same as his own.

SICKNESS IN THE VALLEY

The doctor of the 16th Virginia was bitterly opposed to calomel. The boys called him all sorts of names but he was a faithful officer, only standing by what he had learned in his school days. He was known as an "herb doctor," as a matter of ridicule. He was from near Milledgeville, Ga.

While we were camped in the Valley a good deal of bilious fever occurred and I became a victim to this disease. I was absolutely certain that a dose of calomel would save me, but the doctor sternly forbade the

use of such a drug. Under the circumstances I asked the Colonel for leave of absence to go out to a private house where I could get the services of a country doctor and the old treatment to which I had been accustomed in the same sort of trouble.

The leave was obtained and I went out to a beautiful private home situated at a point near where the Valley divides as one goes towards the Potomac. It was the home of a Mr. Kauffman.

I remained with the family some two weeks or more and was waited on and looked after by a beautiful lady who was the wife of a captain of one of Mosby's companies that were then operating in the Valley. I have never forgotten her kind ministrations and I wish I could print her name here so that it might be read by others that come after me, but I have forgotten it.

There were three women who were especially kind to me at this time including the Captain's wife, aforesaid. One was a child of the household, Miss Betty Kauffman, about fifteen years of age—and a school teacher whose name I have now also forgotten. There grew up on my part a strong attachment for these ladies and some of the sweetest memories of the war linger about them. The school teacher softened the rigor of confinement and the fever of repining by telling me a number of anecdotes with which her mind seemed to be stored. One of these I can yet recall, though somewhat dimly, I must confess. It is the story of the old preacher—one of the not very well educated portion — who coming along by a school house one day saw a number of boys playing marbles. As he came up to where they were at play he heard one of the scrawniest, thinnest and poorest in appearance cry out: "Damned if I ain't fat."

The preacher said he knew that boy was lying, so he came up closer and said: "Boys, the Bible says 'Marvel not, verily I say unto you,' now that means you ought to stop this playing." But the preacher that was telling the story said they paid no attention to him, but just went on with their play. A few minutes after one of the boys, somewhat in the rear of the rest, cried out: "I'll be damned if I ain't dead,"—"and now," said the preacher, "I saw he wasn't dead and I saw the thin boy wasn't fat, so I concluded my speech by earnestly repeating again the words of Scripture—'Marvel not, marvel not, verily I say unto you!'"

The Captain's wife read aloud several books to me when I was convalescing. One of them was "Charles O'Malley, or the Irish Dragoon," by Lever.

I enjoyed this work more than any I had ever read or heard of in all my life before. It suited the Southern boy who was soldiering far away from home. I laughed over its anecdotes; enjoyed its fine description of camp life, and the wit and humor of the Irish soldier so much that I told my kind entertainers that if I was ever permitted to have a home of my own and a library I would get this book in the finest binding that could be found and keep it on the center table or near to my hand where I could read it day by day.

Long years afterwards I fulfilled the promise of this early day. The father of my first wife was a prominent book-seller and publisher and I gave him the order to purchase the work in England with the finest binding in red and gold that could be found, and the book has been near at hand or on the center table since 1875.

It is the most beautifully bound volume in the library, and when I look at it, I go back to the days

in the Valley of Virginia when that exquisitely beautiful lady, wife of the great partisan's captain, read it out to me, as I grew better and regained my health under the administration of the country doctor attending me.

Miss Betty Kauffman gave me her picture, which I still keep in the album that I made up in my earlier days.

TREPIDATION OF THE SOLDIER

I was standing one day by the side of the Stonewall Brigade, when the enemy made a sudden and unexpected attack upon our lines. The brigade hurriedly threw itself across the road and prepared to repel the advance. As the enemy approached, the front rank of the brigade knelt, while the rear rank prepared to shoot over their heads.

My position was actually at the head of the line and the man next to me who knelt, preparing to fire, was one of the privates in the command. His face had been covered with sweat and in the march on the pike the dust had settled all over his cheeks and forehead, giving him a dull, dead look. When he bent down and prepared to fire I saw a paleness gather on his face. I could see the pallor moving from his temples all the way down over his cheeks. His face became deathly white, notwithstanding the heavy coating of dust. The enemy was soon repulsed and as the man arose from his kneeling posture I asked him why it was that his face had turned so white as he knelt to shoot. He replied: "I cannot tell you, sir. I always feel a sinking of the heart when I first begin to fire," and then, looking up into my face with a smile, he said, "you didn't see it any more after the first shot,

did you?" and I was obliged to tell him that I did not.

I suppose no one ever went into battle who did not have a peculiar sensation accompanying the event. The officers as well as the men always felt a realization of the danger at the commencement, but this feeling passed away when the active work commenced.

SOLDIERS THAT CAN'T STAND FIRE

There were some men who had a perfect willingness to fight or go into battle, yet completely broke down, fell back and left the line when the firing commenced. I have often seen the stragglers behind the battle line. Many of them were anxious to go back but afraid to do so; all of them having an impression that they are destined to be killed if they go into the fight. No man knows whether he can stand fire or not until he tries it. The sense of danger becomes so great at times that the man's heart gives way and, though his spirit is willing, his flesh is too weak to stand it. I saw a notable instance in one of the companies belonging to our brigade. A man, who was orderly sergeant of the company and belonged to a splendid family, was afflicted in this way. He was an excellent non-commissioned officer, a good disciplinarian, and a fine leader of his men, but the instant the firing opened he gave way and left the ranks in a paroxysm of fear and trepidation. He had deserted several times from the firing line and finally was arrested; tried by court martial, and sentenced to be shot for cowardice. I met him when he was under sentence and he told me he was anxious to try it again, begging me to see the Colonel and allow him to go into the next fight and redeem himself. He said that he had an old mother, whose heart was bound up in him and she

would never be able to stand the knowledge that he had been shot for cowardice. The Colonel rode up and I joined him in asking that he be allowed to try it again. His plea touched the Colonel and he ordered the guard to allow him to go out with the boys in the next battle. He did so. He went out and stood up with the line. A shot struck him in the breast and he poured out his life's blood on Virginia soil. The presentiment, which he always had, proved to be true, but he died at last like a soldier. A telegram was sent to his poor old mother stating to her that her boy was killed, doing his duty in the front of the line. He was a hero with a defect in his constitution. He had too keen a sense of danger to stand when the time came. He could not shut off the surroundings, as many men do, and rush on to death or triumph.

CARRYING ORDERS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

In one of our cavalry invasions in the Valley of Virginia the enemy attacked us with a very heavy force causing us to fall back toward Staunton. On the way we came to some trenches that had been dug by Stonewall Jackson, during his struggles in the Valley with Banks and Shields. Here we made a stand occupying these trenches. For nearly a day we held the enemy in check but late in the afternoon the word came to us that he was beginning to flank us and was planting cannon to rake the trenches from end to end.

During the day the firing was so steady that a cap placed on a ramrod and held above the fortification would be hit by a dozen bullets in so many seconds and whirled around with great rapidity. When it became known that the enemy had flanked our position so as to enflade the trench, the Colonel instructed me

to carry orders to the different companies, to retire from the trench by marching each company to the right flank, so as to leave the trenches at the nearest point on our march.

I was riding a beautiful circus mare that presented a striking appearance when mounted, and having no time for thought or discussion I started down the line in full view of the enemy. As I came to the head of the first company I gave the Colonel's order and this was repeated until I reached the last company in the line. The bullets were flying like hail, but none of them touched me. When I had reached the last company and given the order I turned to ride back and then the full sense of danger came over me and I bent to my horse's neck and put spurs to her flanks riding with incredible speed. I can remember the flight to this day. I had felt no sense of danger while engaged in giving the orders, but when the work was finished and I turned back towards the head of the command, the fearful exposure was appreciated and I put my horse to her greatest speed in order to reach a place of safety. I was not touched, nor was my horse, which has always been a puzzle to me as well as a matter for rejoicing.

I mentioned the above to one of my comrades, Col. Isaac Hardeman, one of the purest, truest men I ever met, who had commanded a regiment in the army, and he explained the philosophy to me. He said my mind did not take in any sense of danger while I was engaged in the work of carrying the orders, but as soon as this was finished and I looked about me the danger became apparent and my legs broke loose in an effort to run, which was transferred to my horse. The regiment was safely extricated and very few casualties resulted.

DODGING THE BULLETS

I have heard many stories about the tendency to dodge the enemy's bullets, a tendency to be found in the bravest of our soldiery. Someone told me of a story concerning Gen. Jackson and Gen. Hill, who was his brother-in-law. As they stood taking an observation one day, a shell came over. Gen. Jackson did not move but Gen. Hill dodged with great celerity, whereupon Gen. Jackson turned around and exclaimed: "Why are you trying to dodge that shell, Gen. Hill? If it was intended to hit you it would have done so even if you had been sixteen feet under ground." All the same the best of them would try to dodge the unseen bullet.

I was standing one day on the northern bank of the Potomac, when a detachment of Federals opened fire on us from across the river. My general, who was as brave a man as ever gave an order, was standing with his glasses looking at the movements of the enemy when the firing began. As the bullets flew in every direction around about us, I saw the general dodging and even brushing his ear as the shots would whistle by. I don't mind saying that while he dodged in that way I got behind a house that was close by, as I considered this much safer than trying to dodge the missiles.

A CANNON SHOT NEAR HANCOCK
MARYLAND

My command had been on a raid in Maryland, capturing many horses and taking many prisoners. On our return we came to a station on the B. & O. Road near the Potomac, where a strong force of the enemy

met us in an effort to cut off our retreat. I was standing on an elevation about a mile away from the station, when I saw an iron-clad train run out on the main line, evidently heavily loaded with soldiers. The mouths of several guns protruded from the armored sides of the train and as I stood looking through glasses, with a number of soldiers around me, one of these guns opened fire on us. I saw the shell coming through the air and it seemed to me that it would certainly strike about the center of my forehead. There was no way of escape and I faced the danger, but the shell exploded about one hundred yards in front of me, the fragments going on each side and tearing up the ground at my horse's feet. I thought prudence was the better part of valor and rode back behind the turn of the hill.

Just then our Maryland battery (I wish I could recall its name) taking position near the place where I had been standing, unlimbered and opened fire. The gun that was sighted first was loaded with a round shot and it struck the engine boiler of the iron-clad train almost exactly in the center, going entirely through it. As it struck I saw the Union soldiers leap out of the iron-clad train, reminding me of a picture I had seen of rats jumping out of a sinking ship. The train, of course, was disabled, and we soon captured it together with a large detachment of soldiers. After this we proceeded on our way in safety.

FORAGING IN OLD VIRGINIA

Small events sometimes decide a man's destiny. I have often felt that I determined to study law because of an incident which occurred on the frontier of Virginia, while our brigade was in camp guarding the

front lines of the army. General Rosser's command had preceded us. It was an old Virginia command. The soldiers of my brigade were largely made up of levies from Northwest Virginia along the borders of the Kanawha and in the Greenbrier Country, though rather rough, they were all Virginians, no less.

When we took the place of Rosser's brigade we found that the country had been almost denuded of provisions or forage. It was said, in fact, that the horses in Rosser's command lived for sometime on nothing better than oak leaves. Col. Ferguson, of the 16th, determined to do better. Looking across a long stretch of level land he saw a number of hay stacks still standing and he ordered me to take a detachment under command of a lieutenant and go after these hay stacks and bring them into camp.

When I reached the meadow-land where they stood, I found they belonged to an old country gentleman living in a house nearby. He had passed middle life and was residing with his wife and daughters all alone on this frontier. I called on him, met him at the door of his home and told him I had come to get the hay stacks for our hungry horses.

He lost his temper at once and said I could not get them, that I must pass over his dead body before I could do so, and added that he had a son on General Lee's staff and if I attempted to take them by force he would see that word went to the General and a court martial would be immediately ordered, with most direful results to me.

I could understand then why Gen. Rosser had not taken the stacks of hay from him. The old man knew how to defend them. I started to argue with him and present our condition to him. I spoke of the blood in his veins, one of the first families of Virginia. I told

him how we were starving on the border-land to defend him, that his hay would not remain in place twenty-four hours if our troops were withdrawn and the enemy approached. I told him how he was sleeping in the house in a warm bed, while we were lying on the ground in rain and cold with nothing over us but the sky. I told him if his boy was with Gen. Lee he would not approve of his father's withholding the little sustenance that would keep our horses moving in his defense. I tried to show him his duty as a patriotic Virginian and used all the eloquence I could call to my help in pleading with him, to avoid the necessity of taking by force that which he ought to be glad for us to have.

After awhile I saw the tears begin to steal down his furrowed cheeks; he shook his white locks and finally said: "My God! I have never been talked to this way before in my life. Take the hay stacks but come in and eat with me and bring in your lieutenant so I may see the kind of men you are."

We went in and took supper with him, while my men carried the hay to the camp and to the starving horses.

One of his beautiful daughters waited on us; one of the brightest and sweetest girls I ever met, and we parted with expressions of good will after I had paid him in nothing but Confederate money for the forage he had finally consented to let us have. I believe my success in this respect made me think more about the legal profession and begot a desire to try a lawyer's pleading before a jury for the life of his client.

Many times since then I have felt as I stood in front of a jury, defending a man charged with murder that I alone was between him and death. I think I spoke all the more fervently and earnestly because I realized this fact. So I felt as I stood before this

old Virginian on that dreary evening on the borders of the Potomac, that I was pleading for the lives of men and horses, in the Confederate army.

HOW I WAS DISMOUNTED

One of the horses which I rode in the regiment had been a show horse. It had several gaits, was a fast pacer, and altogether a beautiful looking animal. On one occasion the command was ordered to cross the mountains to the west of Staunton at the head of the Valley, on one of our usual raids. Before moving a fearfully cold spell came on us. The snow fell for awhile which melted and then froze on the pike, covering it with a firm coat of ice, extending from the foot to the top of the mountain over which we must pass. The regiment dismounted as soon as the ice-covered road was reached; a blacksmith shop was set up and many of the horses shod with ice shoes.

The calks of the ice shoes were pointed so that they stuck in the ice and prevented the horses from slipping. I believed my horse was so active that there was no need for these shoes in her case. I led her from the foot of the mountain without any trouble, until within about one hundred yards of the top, when she suddenly fell and began to struggle with a great panic on her. I tried in vain to get her to her feet but she finally rolled over the side of the mountain, going down to its foot. I was sure she would be dead before I could reach her but I could see down in the Valley that she got up and moved about.

I took the blacksmith with me and went down and had her shod with ice shoes and then led her over the mountain. I stopped at a little country house to stay all night, as I had gotten behind the command, and a

short time after I put her in the stable I heard a commotion, a sound of suffering that came from the stable—went out and found that she was dead. It was some time before I could get another horse as good as this one.

HOW I LEFT THE BRIGADE

In February, 1865, the brigade was on detached service, under command of General McCausland, and I was attending to the brigade quartermaster's work.

One day the General sent an order to me to make out a list of the officers of the brigade, especially noting those who were absent among these officers. As this was an unusual and extraordinary order I carried it to Colonel Ferguson and asked his advice about it. He told me the General was trying to get up with the movements of one of the captains of the command who was supposed to be absent in company with some women in the neighborhood and the General desired to get proof of this so that steps could be taken to bring the captain to a court martial.

Colonel Ferguson immediately said to me: "I would not obey the order if I were in your place. General McCausland has no authority under the Rules and Articles of War to order you to make this investigation or present this list. You are not reporting to him, but reporting direct to Richmond."

Under the circumstances, and yielding to the suggestions of the Colonel, I did not comply with the order. A few days afterwards the General sent his adjutant to me directing me to report to his tent. I went down with the adjutant and presented myself to the General. He was lying down in his tent and a large log-heap fire was in front of the door of the tent and I stood with the fire between me and the

tent. As soon as he saw me and I had saluted, he said: "Why did you not obey my order?" in a very curt way. Then I reminded him that this was out of my province and suggested that under the Rules and Articles of War he could not require such service of me.

I know now that I was wrong in my position and the General was right. Inasmuch as we were on detached service he was fully authorized to require any sort of service of me that he thought was for the advantage of the brigade. When I quoted the Rules and Articles of War, however, he became greatly incensed, rising up and denouncing me in the fiercest, harshest terms he could employ, and wound up with the words, "Go away from my tent. I hope I will never set eyes on you again."

I could not reply to him as he would have ordered me in arrest at once, and doubtless should have done so. I do not know what prevented him from doing so. I went back to the Colonel and told him the result and asked him to recommend my immediate release and transfer from the regiment, which he agreed to do, and of this the General was promptly notified.

I put my affairs in good shape, gathered up all the papers and vouchers, covering, as I recall, something over six hundred thousand dollars expended in behalf of the regiment; collected up my belongings from the headquarters wagon that I had kept with me during our weary campaigns, and prepared to start back to Tennessee, reporting on my way at Richmond.

One incident transpired that served to smooth away the fierce depression that came over me from the circumstances. The brigade was ordered to move before I was able to arrange my affairs and its journey was in the direction that I must take, so I stayed with it on the march. We came to a small river which the

troops crossed. The ford was a bad one, however, and the wagon train mired up in the water and mud and could not move out. After I had ridden alongside of the train and had come up on the bank of the river on the other side, I saw the General sitting on his horse looking over toward the stalled train in the river and I heard him say:

“Where is that damned East Tennessean? I wish he would come here.”

I rode up to him immediately and saluted him and said: “General, here is the ‘damned East Tennessean,’ what can I do for you, Sir?”

He turned and saluted me and in the kindest voice said to me: “I wish you would please go down and get this train out of the river for me.” I told him I would do so and rode back for that purpose.

All the men knew me and I had no trouble in giving the directions that enabled them to extricate the mired wagons and the train moved on.

I never saw the General again. Long, long afterwards, perhaps two years ago, I saw an account in the papers, of his home and surroundings on the Kanawha River in West Virginia, and I wrote him, telling him that I had been a member of his brigade and wanted to hear from him. He wrote me a very kind and courteous letter, giving me a good many facts about his people and the place in which he lived, and then asked me to try to find some kindred of his family he thought were living in Florida, near the place where I was staying at our winter home.

I obtained the information for him and in the letter conveying this to him I related the circumstance about my disobeying his orders and apologized for the same, assuring him that I now recognized the fact that I had done wrong myself. He never answered the let-

ter, and I suppose my apology gave as much offense as the original transaction, judging by his silence.

He was a man of strong prejudices, with a genius for command that was second to very few with whom I came in contact during my service in the army. He was responsible for the brigade's successes in a great many conflicts with the enemy. He gave the order for the charge at Hanging Rock, where we captured the nine pieces of artillery and the two hundred and fifty prisoners. All the glory of that contest belongs to him. There was no cowardice in his system and he seldom consulted anyone on questions of policy or on the propriety of attack.

COMING HOME

After the brigade went into camp I left it, going through Richmond, and by slow journeys reached East Tennessee. After remaining a few weeks with my mother, my father being absent, I started out in company with a command known as Captain Deaderick's Scouts, to rejoin the army of Northern Virginia.

At Bristol or Abingdon we came up with a portion of a brigade of Kentuckians, known as the Orphan Brigade, and in company with this command proceeded towards Richmond. We reached Christiansburg one afternoon and here received the news that General Lee had surrendered. When this news was shouted out to us by the officer who had received it, the entire command dismounted from their horses and threw themselves on the ground. Wails of sorrow and distress went out on the air and disclosed how the news had broken the heart of every man in the organization. I remember falling flat on the ground and with my hands digging a hole through the grass into the sand

and allowing my tears to fall down into the hole, afterwards covering them up in the soil of old Virginia.

There was moaning and groaning and tears all through the command, for the disappointment was greater than any of us could bear. We were homeless. The Kentuckians knew that the enemy occupied their country. The East Tennesseans knew that there was no place for rest or home in their country's bounds. We called a council of war and determined to go across to Johnson's army, as the only thing that was left to us.

THE MARCH TOWARDS JOHNSON'S ARMY

We went across the mountains on a weary and endless march. We had no means of getting sustenance except by begging or buying from the citizens. Our horses grew weary and tired and the awful horrors of the situation made every man of the company feel that life had left in it very little that was worth living for. I will never forget the miseries of that dreadful march.

After passing out of Virginia into North Carolina, we struck the great line of railroad at Charlotte and camped a short distance from the city, sending in to the city to notify General Johnson, who was then at Greensboro, of our desire to join him. This, as I recollect it, must have been about the 23rd of April.

The officers that went in to make the inquiries and give the notice found out that President Davis and General Breckenridge were both in Charlotte. They came out to see us and made speeches to us. President Davis said to us that he was on his way to the Trans-Mississippi. He thought the fight could be kept up there for a time, and hoped that some European nation would intervene in our favor and that we would yet be successful. He stated that he would be glad to have us go with him, but cautioned us that he did

not give us any orders or commands whatever about the matter.

Then General Breckenridge spoke to us. General Breckenridge was the Secretary of War and of course we looked to him for positive instructions. He said:

“Soldiers, I do not take the sanguine view entertained by the President. I tell you that the war is over and advise you to go on home and if you can make as good citizens as you have soldiers, your country will be glad of your presence.”

The Orphan Brigade, being from Kentucky I suppose, recognized that Breckenridge had the right to speak for them. We called a council and determined to take his advice, and disband accordingly—and all started home.

Looking back on it I can now see that at the time these two great officials spoke to us at Charlotte, General Johnson had already signed the cartel that surrendered his army at Greensboro. This became known on the 26th of April, so that the war was really ended.

I had gone only about two and one-half miles, perhaps, when my worn and exhausted horse fell flat in the road and threatened to leave me afoot. I took off from her all the baggage, the little army saddlebags that were full of clothes, the blanket and oil-cloth, and other things of this sort, unbuckled my sword, which I had captured at Martinsburg, Virginia, and folding them all in a bundle, took them to a nearby house and left them, telling the inmates that I would call for them as soon as I could get back and asking that they please keep them for me.

I never recovered them. When I visited Charlotte long afterwards and went out where I left them, I found the house had been burned and no traces of the inhabitants could ever be found by me.

The sword I left with the baggage, I had carried through all the Virginia campaigns. It was a Toledo blade, beautifully engraved, with a gold hilt that covered the hand, containing fine filigree work. It had evidently been some officer's sword. I have always regretted the loss of this sword, as I think it would have been a pleasant souvenir to hand down through the family succession.

I went back to my horse, and after lightening the burden on her in the way described, I got her to her feet and led her for two or three days on the way to Tennessee. She gradually recovered and I was able to ride, after she more fully recovered.

I was not permitted to remain at home very long. The country was full of Federal troops and as soon as it became known that I had reached home I was arrested by the Federal soldiers and, together with a large number of other Confederates, was carried to Strawberry Plains, where we were held in camp and fed on Federal army rations for a week or two. Thence we were taken to Chattanooga and put into the Federal prison. Thence to Murfreesboro, and thence to Nashville.

When we got to Nashville our company had reached about fifteen hundred prisoners. We were brought up before the Provost Marshal, registered and sworn, and were then ordered to be taken across to the penitentiary to be kept there, I never knew how long.

We had to cross through the city to reach the penitentiary. Vast crowds had gathered on the sides of the streets to see us pass. Guards were stationed on either side of us at stated intervals and we walked in the center of the street. The idea came to me as I walked along that it would be forever a disgrace to me if I should be put in the penitentiary of my native

State. I, therefore, determined to evade this if possible.

I had on my person an army haversack, in which I carried a long white duster to keep my uniform clean on the dusty thoroughfares of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. I took out this duster and put it on over my uniform and told my file leader, who was not in uniform, that I intended to get away at the first chance. He agreed to join me and, on reaching a crossing where the crowd was very large and pressed together, we stepped aside, rushed quickly through the crowd and went down the street a short distance where we turned into an alley; then with all the celerity we could muster, ran at top speed toward another part of the town. We soon got away from the crowd into a quiet street and, meeting one of the citizens, a gentleman who had a good face, we stopped him and asked if there were any Confederates living in the town close by. He said to us: "I can't tell you. It would be worth a man's life to admit that he was a rebel in this town. But I can say this; do you see that house?" pointing, "That man raised and equipped a company of Rebel soldiers. I don't say he is a Rebel, but you can draw your own inferences."

We went through the back door into the house and were met by a beautiful young girl, who threw up her hands and shrieked, "Oh, mama, Oh, mama, come here!" She evidently took us for robbers but I hastily threw my duster open and showing my uniform said to her: "We are Confederate soldiers just escaped from the guard and have come to seek help to get away."

When her mother came and saw that we were Southern soldiers, she burst into tears and kissed us and said she had two boys in the army and she would treat

us just as if we had been her own. She gave me a suit of citizen's clothes, which I immediately put on, rolling up my old uniform, so that I could carry it, and then she gave us \$15.00 in United States currency. Taking this, we walked to the nearest railway station out of the city, took the train and came to what was then Henderson's Station, now known as Afton on the Southern Railroad. This road was torn up from that point to Jonesboro and we walked the rest of the way to our homes.

FIRST WARNINGS OF BROWNLOW'S WAR

Following the episode at Nashville and my return home, a short period of rest was allowed us in East Tennessee. But the political clouds were gathering and the threat of storm and lightning was in the air.

After the country had begun to settle down somewhat and the realization prevailed that the great Civil War was over I was called to visit Nashville on business of some nature. When I reached there I think the Legislature was in session; at least I met a number of representatives from East Tennessee. They all expressed friendliness to me and I took it for granted that the war was really over.

In a short time, however, I was informed that Governor Brownlow had decided to send the Union troops back home as fast as they were mustered out, carrying their arms with them, and thus had laid the foundation for the great war named after him. The purpose of this war was to drive the Rebels who had sympathized with or taken part on the Southern side, into exile; to confiscate their lands and take their property for the Union sympathizers. The notice of this war was given to me by the following incident:

Among other persons whom I met at the time

was Robert Johnson, the oldest son of President Johnson. We sat down at the door of the State Capitol and talked over our several adventures in the war. While there, the word came to us that a delegation had gone before Governor Brownlow that morning and asked that the Union soldiers, who were being disbanded, might carry their side arms with them to East Tennessee. This request was put on the ground that the Rebels had brought their own arms home and that the Union soldiers would be at a great disadvantage if they were turned loose among the Rebels unarmed. Mr. Brownlow replied to the petition in these words: "Yes, gentlemen, you may not only take your side arms with you but you may take your cannon also."

When the report of this occurrence was given to Mr. Johnson and myself he turned, put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Nat, you needn't be disturbed over this. I will take care of you and your people. You can rely on this."

I think he meant every word of it, but he did not live long afterwards and died I think before the worst came on our people. My father must have loved him, though they had spoken on opposite sides of the great questions that divided the Nation at that time.

For the words that he spoke to me that day I have had in remembrance the whole family, and I wish I could lay a tribute on the grave of the son, whose genius, by its opening splendor, bade fair to eclipse that of his wonderful father.

Shortly after I reached home I found my worst forebodings realized. No historian has yet disclosed the awful horrors through which the Southern people in East Tennessee passed when the new war began. Suits were brought in all the courts against the Rebel sympathizers to recover damages for the loss of cows and

sheep and hogs and horses and other property by the Union men. Wherever a Union man had suffered loss of this sort at the hands of the Confederate forces he sued his Rebel neighbor, alleging a conspiracy and recovering judgment against him as an actor in the great rebellion.

These judgments were afterwards declared unconstitutional by the higher courts, but many homes were broken up and much property was lost before this ruling was made. Armed bands made up of former soldiers of the Union, began to move throughout the country, threatening, beating and killing the Southern soldiers who had returned to their homes. The slightest resistance to these marauders brought instant death to those who stood up against them, and as Civil Law no longer existed, there was no semblance of protection. Notices were given to all Southern soldiers and sympathizers in many localities to leave the country and a failure to obey resulted oftentimes in a horrible death.

This war was more severe in those communities, where the Union sympathizers had been strongest. They had suffered from the persecutions and oppression of the Southern soldiery, who were either organized there or passed through their midst. When the draft came thousands of these Union men had fled in the night to Kentucky and other northern states where they either joined the army or went into civil business. They came back home after the war with hearts full of resentment, which soon took the form of terrible hostility.

The Rebels generally belonged to the better classes of East Tennessee, property owners, and it was openly boasted by the returning Union soldiers and their sympathizers that "the bottom rail was on top," and

they intended it to stay on top, and consequently the presence of the Rebels was no longer desirable in the community.

My father, Dr. Alexander N. Harris, had been closely connected with the Southern side from the beginning. He had aided in taking Tennessee out of the Union, and as a consequence indictments for treason were found against him in both the Federal and State courts.

But the armed hordes, that had set out to depopulate the East Tennessee section by driving its Rebel sympathizers beyond its borders, proceeded with a special vindictiveness against my father. Word came to him that he must leave the country or suffer the ultimate consequences.

He went into hiding; some of his neighbors furnishing him an asylum. Crowds of armed men continually visited the home and sought to capture him for the declared purpose of killing him. The men who hunted him were the men whom he had treated with most kindness in the county. He was very benevolent and had kept many persons from starvation by dividing the last bushel of corn with them. These were the bitterest on his trail. He slept in the attic of a Dunkard Church, near the old home, and was fed by one of its members who kept the secret for him. I had heard my father complain about this old man, who would kill his hogs, wound and bruise his cows and calves, when they would get over into his fields, showing little mercy to the intruders. My father thought he was hard-hearted and had little of the milk of human kindness in his body, but when misfortunes came upon my father, of all the neighbors the old Dunkard stuck closer to him than any other and saved his life many times.

While this persecution was in progress my father, together with a number of his neighbors, was called on to answer the indictments in the Federal Courts for treason and for this purpose was carried to Knoxville. The indictments included a great number of the Rebel sympathizers in East Tennessee, and Judge Trigg, who was presiding on the Circuit bench, called the defendants in the indictments to appear before him for trial. They all proceeded to Knoxville accordingly.

An event that occurred in this trial did more to break my father's heart and bring about his death than anything that happened during these trying times. To understand this it will be necessary to go back a year or two. The fortunes of the war had compelled by father to refugee and, in order to protect his family from the roving bands that went up and down the country, he rented a house in Jonesboro and moved them there. The armies fought all through the upper portion of East Tennessee. Sometimes the Federals would occupy the country as far up as Bristol. At other times the Southern armies would drive the Union soldiers back toward Knoxville, and the lower counties of East Tennessee. When the Southern soldiers were in possession my father would come back home to the family and when the Union soldiers prevailed he would refugee, going out with the retiring soldiery to Virginia. On one occasion when the Southern soldiers were in possession of the disputed ground and my father was at home, he was walking along the streets of Jonesboro and met a detachment of Confederate soldiers having in charge a Union sympathizer, who had been captured on the raid.

My father was a minister and Mason. The prisoner was a minister also, of the same church, and when he

saw my father in the street he at once gave to him what the Masons know as the "Grand Hailing Signal of Distress." After acknowledging this my father walked along with the lieutenant in command of the detachment, inquiring the particulars concerning the arrest of the prisoner, and especially as to the disposition that was intended to be made of him. The lieutenant stated that they were on the way to Richmond to deliver him to the authorities of the Libby Prison there, adding that the prisoner was a notorious Union sympathizer, who had been guilty of treason and other crimes against the Confederacy, that would justify his detention for the remainder of the war. My father then invited the lieutenant and the detachment to come to supper with him, saying that he would be glad to entertain him and do any other things to help him. The lieutenant accepted his invitation and went to my father's house to take supper, carrying his prisoner with him.

When supper was ready my father suggested that the soldiers go to the dining room first, leaving the prisoner in his possession. This was agreeable and the soldiers left the room and began the meal. My father then raised the window on the side of the house, farthest from the road and told the prisoner to go. He did so. Meantime, when the meal was nearly concluded, my father raised an outcry, announcing that the prisoner was trying to escape, and ran to the door pointing in a different direction from that which the prisoner was taking. The search was in vain and the prisoner escaped. When my father was arraigned for trial on the indictment for treason his counsel, who was Col. William Henry Maxwell, of Jonesboro, moved a continuance, alleging that the defendant hoped to secure an early pardon from the President, and asked for time until his petition could be determined.

All the other defendants made the same plea and Judge Trigg promptly granted the same. He turned to my father then and said: "Dr. Harris, I suppose you can give bond for your appearance at the trial?" My father turned and saw standing in the court the man whom he had turned loose from the Confederate soldiers while they took supper at his home in Jonesboro. He said, "I think, Your Honor, I see a gentleman here who will stand my bond." And then turning to Milburn he said: "Brother Milburn, won't you stand my bond?"

Milburn drew himself up and an indescribable scowl came upon his features as he replied, "No, Sir, I will not stand your bond. Hell is full of people like you already, where you will be in a short time yourself!"

The tears rushed to my father's eyes and he staggered and would have fallen, but for the fact that two of his neighbors, Adam Sliger and William Reeves, of Boone's Creek, who were also indicted, rushed forward and caught him by the shoulders and said so all in the court house could hear them: "Don't mind it, Aleck, we will stand your bond. You have plenty of friends here who will stand by you."

The awful injustice—the horrible exhibition of ingratitude, broke the poor old man's heart and he never recovered from it. His death occurred about six weeks afterwards.

When he returned home the persecution became fiercer than ever. The house was searched again and again for him and notices were nailed on the door telling him that death would be his portion if he attempted to remain longer in the country. It was at this juncture that the old Dunkard came to his help, as hereinbefore stated, and hid him in the attic of the Dunkard Church, standing near the upper line of the homestead.

He was watched, however, and his hiding place became known, and arrangements were made by his neighbor persecutors to arrest and kill him. The night was fixed, when some kind friend, getting word of it, gave him notice and advised him to leave.

One of our neighbors had been a captain in the Union army. He had never taken part in the persecutions and my father sent for him and asked him to go with him across to North Carolina and protect him on the way. His name was Captain Nelson McLaughlin, and he immediately agreed to my father's request, and on the night before the bands were to arrest him he and Captain McLaughlin rode through the dark, going by the "Greasy Cove" and on to the North Carolina line.

Captain McLaughlin wore his soldier's uniform and when he would meet the Union vigilantes he would vouch for my father, saying, "This man is all right. I am taking him up here to see some of his sick people," or some like excuse. In this way he reached the North Carolina line where the Captain left him and came back.

So my father traveled alone on horse-back, through the long stretch of country that lies between the Tennessee line and the town of Kingston, in the State of Georgia. What thoughts he had on the way no one can tell. He was leaving home and family and what friends remained, and going into a far country to seek among strangers the home that was denied him in his native land. For twenty years he had ministered to these people in East Tennessee. He had taught them the principles of religion. He had attended them in sickness, aided them as a physician, brought many of their children into the world, helped them in thousands of ways, getting very little compensation from any of them.

There were some men of property that employed him as a physician, but the majority were poor people, living in log cabins in the mountains or in the little valleys, struggling with poverty and many times working out from home for a living. He put very few charges on his books, yet when he was driven away the unsettled accounts amounted to more than twenty thousand dollars. A country doctor, he had carried his medicines along with him, furnished them free, furnished his services free to the people who now sought to kill him or drive him into an endless exile. No more inexplicable example of indescribable ingratitude, I think, was ever presented in the world's history.

To what depths of degradation, demoralization and bitter hatred had this community descended when they drove into exile the man who had always befriended them.

And all that he had done was to favor the side of the Confederacy and aid in the administration of its affairs. He had acted as a surgeon for a portion of the time in one of the regiments that went to Vicksburg, but resigned soon after and took up his practice again.

He went to Kingston, Georgia, first and then three miles above to the home of his nephews, who, refugeeing from Virginia, had purchased a fine old homestead at that point. He began to preach in the churches at various points throughout the country, and it was said that his sermons were more powerful than any he had ever delivered in former days. It was the swan song, for his heart was broken and his body was failing fast.

When we received advice from Georgia that he had gotten through safely we made preparations to go to him. Meantime, the persecution continued against me. Notices began to appear, nailed to the door, di-

recting me to leave the country. Limits were set. The house was searched several times. My mother used to say that they even tore up the door step between the kitchen and the living room to see if I had hidden underneath it.

While this was going on I lived in a lime sink nearby, or a "sink hole," as we called it, in the day time and would come out at night to sleep on a little elevation adjacent to the sink hole. Here I learned to sleep with one eye open, watching for the coming of the "Avengers," so called. I have seen at night the whole horizon lit up with the burning houses of the Rebels. Their foe had begun a war of extermination and they meant to carry it forward till every Rebel was banished from the land. My father held a civil position part of the time in the Confederate Government, but the only objection to me was that I had worn the Confederate gray.

While this was going on my mother informed me one day that it would be necessary for me to go to Jonesboro and buy some coffee and sugar and other necessities for her, as she proposed to leave for Georgia as soon as possible to join my father. I determined to take the risk and go. I had brought home with me a fine Colt's revolver, five-inch barrel, and I buckled this under my clothes and went to the town.

After I had made the purchases and was getting ready to leave, someone came running into the store where I was trading and said: "There is a drunken Union soldier coming down the street shooting at everybody that he meets and he is hunting for you." Someone had evidently informed him that I was in town. I was advised to leave at once.

My horse was hitched on what is known as Sevier Hill near where one of my mother's sisters formerly

lived, and where I was accustomed to stop. I dashed across the little bridge, ran up to where the jail is now located, towards my horse. The man saw me and came after me with curses and yells like a Comanche Indian. He was on horse-back and had a pistol in each hand and held his bridle in his teeth.

When I had gone nearly half way up the hill I saw that he would overtake me, that I could not escape him, and I concluded that my last moments were near. I turned in the center of the road, drew the revolver that never missed fire and never missed the object at which I aimed it, for I could kill a squirrel in the tallest tree with it. As he came rushing up towards me I leveled it at him and called out in the loudest voice possible, "Halt, if you come a step nearer you are a dead man." He heard my voice and saw the pistol, evidently, for he jerked his horse back on its haunches and cried out, "Hello, what does this mean?" I did not answer anything, but held the pistol straight at his forehead. He looked into its muzzle for what seemed to me almost an age, and then he turned and rode back down into town.

I can never forget the feeling that came over me as I stood up fronting him on the old hill-side, where I had played as a boy. I had resolved to die and decided that this was as good a cause as would ever come to me. I got on my horse as soon as possible and left the town, for I knew the posse would be after me as soon as he informed his associates of my action. They searched the house, but I was hidden in the sink hole.

A day or so after this I determined to go down to some families on the river to see if I could collect a little money for my mother's journey to Georgia. My father's book-keeper was Jeff Wilson, an old-fashioned Southern gentleman, who never charged him

a cent for his work and who took down his accounts from little pieces of paper, scraps from envelopes, and such things, that he carried in his pockets, for as I have said, he never kept any accounts himself. These he would turn over to Mr. Wilson, and from them the accounts were constructed.

This visit had thrown me back considerably and I was kept till dark going home. When I arrived within about a mile of the home I heard voices in the road some considerable distance ahead, as if some travelers had grown a little hilarious as they were returning home from Jonesboro. Of course I could not tell that there was any danger, but I felt the "hunch" that I have spoken of before, and turned aside from the road into the woods. It was very dark, and pretty soon I could tell that a considerable crowd was moving along the road and I heard some of them say: "We'll get him yet if we have to lay in wait and watch for a week."

After they had passed me I went back into the road and soon reached home. There my mother told me that the "vigilantes" had just left after searching the house for me and breathing out threats against me. I learned afterwards that they met an inoffensive colored man about half a mile beyond the point where they had passed me and in the dark they rushed up to him, jerked him from his horse, threw him into the gutter and sat astride of him and were about to kill him, though he was crying out, "I am a colored man—I am a negro. You needn't hurt me." They evidently mistook him for me. Someone a little more sober than the rest, heard the cry, and stopped the men in time to save his life.

I used to think I had escaped by the skin of my teeth. Soon after this my mother left for Georgia

and my brother Joe and I started out with one wagon, which he drove, while I rode a mule, following him. Captain McLaughlin escorted us both across the line again and we arranged with him to occupy our house while we were gone. So he stayed with us several years.

APPLYING FOR PARDONS IN EAST TENNESSEE

When the persecution began in East Tennessee it soon took the form of indictments for treason. A great many of the most prominent citizens who survived the war were presented to the Federal Grand Jury at Knoxville and indictments for treason obtained against them.

I drew up, at my father's dictation, a petition to be presented to the President, setting forth his connection with the Confederacy and stating his desire to be restored to citizenship since peace had come again. This petition was signed by a large number of citizens, who had been on the Union side, whose kindly hearts desired to see a real restoration of peace to their war-worn community.

I carried the petition around to the loyal citizens in Jonesboro and not one man refused to sign. I recognized it was as a great compliment to my father's standing and worth in the country. This petition, when completed, was sent on to a kinsman of the family, who was serving in Congress, with the request that it be presented to the President, which request was made by my mother. Unfortunately, at that time the spirit which had gotten abroad in our community had not reached Washington, and the Congressman to whom it was sent, we were told afterwards, had put it in his desk and never presented it.

Many other citizens who had been indicted sent their

petitions through Governor Brownlow at Nashville, to be forwarded by him to the President. The main purpose was to get the petition to the President's own eye, as nearly all those applying had been personal friends of Mr. Johnson before the days of secession and it was believed that he would be glad to help out his old friends and former supporters. My father was sure that if Mr. Johnson ever saw his petition the pardon would be immediately granted. A great number of the petitions reached the President and in every case a pardon was issued.

A striking incident occurred touching these pardons. There was an old Methodist class leader, who owned a large farm on the Nola Chucky and was generally well off in a worldly sense. He had moved to Jonesboro, actuated by the same ideas as those of my father, to avoid the roving bands of marauders that were going up and down the country-side. He had been a class leader in the church and accounted himself a strong friend of Governor Brownlow, having attended many meetings where the Governor had officiated as a minister, and often meeting him around the same church altar. His name was Boyles.

He was indicted for treason at the same time with my father and he sent on his petition for pardon through Governor Brownlow, asking him to approve it and forward it to the President. A great many others took the same course. Nothing was heard of these petitions and while the petitioners were waiting with longing expectation the Governor came to Jonesboro on a special train to meet the citizens and I suppose to transact some business pertaining to his office. When he alighted from the train Mr. Boyles went up and shook hands with him, expressing his delight at seeing him again, and then told him how he had sent

his petition for pardon through his office at Nashville, and enquired what had been done concerning the same. The Governor replied, "Oh, yes, I received your petition; approved it, and sent it on to the President without delay. That it has not been acted on is the fault of the President entirely. He is not paying much attention to the people here."

A week or so later a number of the citizens who had forwarded their petitions came together and determined to send a man to Washington to look into the matter and see what caused the delay. A great number of pardons had been issued, but the President in some way had overlooked a greater number, who sent their documents through the office at Nashville. The money was made up to pay the expenses of a messenger and Mr. Adam Broyles, a prominent merchant and leading citizen of Broylesville, very close to where President Johnson had lived through all his political career, was sent on to confer with the President and ascertain the cause of the delay. Mr. Broyles, on his return, gave a full account of the results of his visit. The President allowed him prompt access to his office when he called at the White House, and after the usual courtesies, he asked the President what had been done with the petitions for pardons for the citizens of Washington County, naming Jacob F. Broyles and a number of others. Mr. Johnson immediately said: "I have never seen these petitions; they have never been presented to me."

He then called for his Secretary and directed a search to be made, and in a short while the petitions were found and brought in to the President. He was acquainted with Jacob F. Broyles, and immediately opened the document. At the foot of it was written these words:

“This is not the class of persons deserving Executive clemency. (Signed) William G. Brownlow, Governor of Tennessee.”

Mr. Johnson smiled as he saw this and said: “I think it is,” and wrote below the words: “Let this pardon issue immediately,” signing it officially.

The disapproval of the Governor had prevented the Secretary from placing these petitions before the President.

The messenger returned with the pardons in his pocket and delighted the applicants by delivering them.

It was ascertained that my father’s petition had never reached the President. It is needless to say that Jacob F. Broyles lost faith in the Governor of Tennessee when the messenger returned.

It is probable that the Governor had forgotten the transaction, as a great number of these petitions had gone through his office, and he took the risk in order to make the old man feel better towards him and blamed the President for the delay. Meantime my father waited in Georgia, always believing that if his petition reached the President it would be promptly granted. The dread of appearing in the court added no little to the burden which he carried.

The transaction in Jonesboro, when my father stepped between Mr. Johnson and the angry mob and put his own life in jeopardy to save him, could not have passed from Mr. Johnson’s mind, and had the pardon reached Georgia in time the life that was so dear to us all might have been prolonged.

I think the Congressman to whom the petition for pardon was sent intended to present it, but in the multiplicity of his duties it escaped his attention until it was too late.

REPRISALS IN EAST TENNESSEE

The general condition in East Tennessee has been described. In many cases the vengeance of the Union soldiers or "bush-whackers" fell on some of my own kindred. Two instances occurred before the war ended:

I have already referred to the fate which overtook one of my cousins, Fiske Harris, a son of my uncle, C. W. C. Harris. He was shot on the threshold of his home, while held in his sister's arms, as I have heretofore described.

It was another proof of the fearful demoralization that had come upon the neighborhood, for it turned out afterwards when facts were better known, that some of his nearest neighbors were members of the band that ruthlessly murdered him, in a spirit of revenge.

A case of equal atrocity happened in Carter County, near the Washington County line. Robert Tipton, who was a nephew of the wife of Senator Landon C. Haynes, had come home to spend a few days with his people. He held a commission as Captain and was esteemed as a very clever gentleman, brave and chivalrous and without stain. While he was sleeping at his home one night, a band of men, led by a man named Hetherly, of the mountains, surrounded the house, captured him, and shot him down in cold blood, with the reckless cruelty of medieval days.

It can be well understood that such transactions gave rise to a fierce desire on the part of the Southern sympathizers to wage heavy returns upon the persons engaged in the warfare. It became ruthless, and oftentimes without the suggestion of mercy on either side.

Fiske Harris had been my playmate from boyhood.

Although he was older than I, yet we had attended school together in Jonesboro and entertained the warmest feelings for each other as kinsmen and friends.

Bob Tipton was known in our family as a young man of brilliant promise, a good soldier, a courageous gentleman, and promising to reach a high position in the army. Such deaths under such circumstances turned to gall any milk of human kindness in the Southern souls of East Tennessee. Murders were multiplied, occurring day by day in every neighborhood and throughout the whole country. The men who did these deeds so long as the government rested in the hands of the Southern people, lived out in the mountains or in the caves and did their marauding in the night time, on the families of the Southern sympathizers.

No wonder, therefore, there was a war declared that had very few parallels in the history of the Nation, after the Union men had triumphed and come back to their homes with guns in their hands. The controversy then assumed a different aspect. The Southerner took refuge in the caves and forests while the Northerner hunted him out for destruction.

My uncle, Nat Haynes, my mother's youngest brother, who was incapacitated for military service, having lost the use of one of his legs in his youth, told of the terrible fate that fell on the leader of the band that caused the death of Bob Tipton. Hetherly of the Mountains, had organized a large force of bushwhackers, which raided the low lands at intervals and at the head of which he had captured Tipton and murdered him at the home of Tipton's people, as set out above. After the war, in a gathering in Carter County, near the Buffalo Creek, Hetherly was telling of the murder of Tipton as one of his great achievements and in the course of the narrative made fun of the way he

said Tipton begged for his life. He spoke sneeringly of the young man's pleading and imitated the way he begged to be spared, alleging that it showed cowardice, as the young man would have run if he had been turned loose.

About half an hour after Hetherly had been bragging over the achievement and ridiculing poor Tipton, a gentleman who was present stepped up to Hetherly and began a quarrel with him. The quarrel grew fiercer and in the progress of it the assailant of Hetherly drew a pistol from his pocket and fired at Hetherly, mortally wounding him. In a moment Hetherly turned and ran with all his might, screaming and yelling at the top of his voice and begging for his life and, while still running, he plunged upon his face and died. My old uncle said that the spirit of Bob Tipton was close by in the air when Hetherly shouted his death cry.

JOURNEY TO GEORGIA

I have written several descriptions of our journey to Georgia. Some of these were headed "Short Cuts on a Journey to Georgia," in which the journey was analogized to a trip from bondage to liberty, with the ancient Israelites in mind. It was a slow journey overland and required more than ten days to make. We turned aside from the old military road laid out by General Jackson and had reached Bartow County, near the place that my father had rented for a home. He had written telling us that he had secured a farm with a good house near old Pine Log.

We reached this point one afternoon about the third of November and were met by our kinsman, Dr. J. P. Hunter, who informed us of the serious illness of our father, and advised us to get to him as soon as prac-

licable. My brother Joe stopped at the farm with the wagon and horses while I rode on with Dr. Hunter.

The doctor studied medicine under my father and about the time he was ready for admission to practice had joined the Southern army and served through the war as a member of an artillery company. His service had brought him under the ban of the Union soldiers and he had refugeed likewise, to find a temporary home in Georgia. His fortune had led him to the same point where my father stopped with his kindred near Kingston.

We rode from Pine Log, through the gloaming, a distance of some fifteen miles, to the home of my cousins, Mack and James Harris. I lost no time, but hurried to my father's bedside. I found him very low, out of his head, and death approaching fast. He seemed to know me when I called him, and rose up in the bed to put his arms around me, with my help, of course. It was only a moment that he roused himself and then sank back into the coma that preceded dissolution. He died the third day afterwards, on the sixth of November.

My father was attended by his nephew, Dr. Crampton Harris, and a Dr. Jones of Kingston. My mother and the children had reached his bedside several days before.

While my father was dying and I watched beside his bed at night I wrote the following verses, crude and rough, but telling the sorrow of a son's loving heart. I had always respected him and admired him, as well as loved him. I recognized his powerful intellect and his brilliant endowments as a thinker and a speaker. I have heard very few men who could move an audience as he.

A WATCH BESIDE A FATHER'S DEATH-BED

Watching, watching as the hours creep slowly by
 The sad, dull pattering of the rain without
 The gasping breath—or feeble feverish cry
 That withers up the soul, the longing hope
 That life will cling nor quit its failing hold
 Within the languid clay; the abrupt stop
 Existence makes within its course of old.

The gloomy thought that crowds upon the brain
 In ceaseless whirl that ere long will be

An orphan—homeless, lost—the spectral train
 Within the track of coming years I see,

When life drags on without a father's care
 That harbor for the troubled soul of youth;

The altar where he knelt to God in prayer
 Deserted, 'reft of him who spake its truth.

Tonight all, all arise to break my heart
 As slow, the weary moments pass me by

Beside a fathers death-bed. Oft I start
 And oh! my heart is wrung with grief to see

Delirious pain transfix the breast and pierce
 His life, of mine the author. Oh! to watch

The progress of the monster as with fierce
 Avidity he nears our midst to snatch

Our bosom's love away. To mark, Oh God!
 The feeble breath—the livid hue and eyes

From which the sight has fled, the leaping blood
 The changeful mutterings and delirious cries

Presaging death's advance * * * * *
 * * * * * Alone, alone

The murky cloud of night that wraps the earth
 As midnight creeps apace is but in tone

With that which shrouds my heart. The wild dark dearth
 That hope receding makes it but a way

Smooth paved for fell despair * * * * *
 * * * * * The lamp of life

Burns feebly yet, but sure—tho' slow decay
 Still gnaws and gnaws and soon will end the strife.

I'm watching still and still the ceaseless rain
 Keeps pattering on the roof. The little hours

Of morning drag along. I stop again
 To hear death's nearing footsteps on the floor

But hark! a dying murmur meets my ear
 The last that conscious nature gives—a sigh

Of pain, that marks the monster's footsteps near,
 His fastened fangs presage, "My son, come nigh."

My father's arms are 'round my neck, his breath .
 Falls thick upon my cheek, while fast and hot

My tears make moist his breast—he speak—Oh! death
 Thy step is near—My Father knows me not!

November, night, 3rd, 1865.

My father's death left the mother with a family of eleven children. All our property had been dissipated by the results of the war. My father was a slave holder, and of course this species of property was all gone. The home was almost destroyed, a brigade of Union cavalry having camped upon it for some time. The timber was cut and the fences were burned; the out houses were destroyed, and there was only desolation where the family had dwelt in Tennessee.

After consultation we decided to bury our father in Georgia. We were exiles, driven from home and could not take him back. There was a church near by called "Conisena" and here we determined to make his grave. It was a Baptist church, located in a gap of the mountains above Kingston, and the forest trees reached down to the small clearing upon which the church stood. As we intended to remove his remains as soon as possible if our home in East Tennessee was resumed, we hunted a place outside and away from the other graves, in order that he might be moved the more easily and without disturbing the surrounding graves. The neighbors gathered in and watched the burial, a few words being said by a Presbyterian minister who happened to be present.

I wrote these verses after his burial, describing the surroundings:

THE ELDER'S GRAVE

Away in a dark tangled thicket,
 Where dwarf pines and underbrush grow
 Where oaks like tall sentinels picket
 To warn the first notes of the foe.

Where night-birds screech horrible numbers
 To genii from fountain and glade
 And ceaseless gloom palls his lone slumbers
 The grave of the Elder is made.

Around him are sleeping the minions
That people the van of the storm
Above him weird shadowy pinions
Sweep over his mouldering form.

A moment the daylight is stealing
To brighten his clay-covered tomb
One moment—when staggered and reeling
It yields the dominions to gloom.

Cut off by the malice of foemen,
From home and the friends of his breast
The hands of the kind mountain yeomen
Have laid him with strangers to rest.

The echoless graves which are near him,
No bones of his kindred contain,
No brethren, who learned to revere him,
Inhabit the silent domain.

And Nature will watch o'er his slumbers,
A mourner through fathomless years
Will chant for his requiem her numbers
And weep o'er his bosom her tears.

And, oh, if the angels are holding
A crown for a suffering son,
He'll wear it thru cycles unfolding
With stars for his martyrdom won.

When Time with its leaps and its dashes
Has finished its ruin strewed road
His body will spring from its ashes
To herald the trumpet of God!

When the family returned to East Tennessee we were never able to move my father's remains. A large number of his kindred, who had come to Georgia, had died in the meantime and were buried near him and the plot in the grave yard was set aside for these. I erected a marble shaft over his grave with the date of his birth and death and we left him to sleep in Georgia soil.

After his death the family took possession of the house and home that he had rented. We had brought

down our horses and some of the plows which we used in Tennessee on the old farm and we began with these to prepare for making a crop. The farm was rented from a Mr. Gibbons, a Virginian, who had moved from that state and had purchased several large tracts of land in the neighborhood. He was a clever, genial old gentleman, and showed great sympathy for the exiles. His oldest son, John R. Gibbons, who had served in the Confederate army in Virginia, became one of my closest friends.

Our method of farming was entirely new to the citizens around about us. The plows that we brought were large turning plows, called the "Holston Farmer" and were intended to turn the ground over at a depth of from ten to twelve inches. This method had never been followed in the neighborhood and the citizens often gathered around the fields where we worked to see the novel sight. I heard some of the old men mutter, "This farming will never come to anything. These people are running against Nature. God Almighty knew which side of the land to put down and it ought not to be disturbed."

We planted some cotton, but depended mostly on corn and succeeded very well in our first year's venture. Our deep plowing saved us from the result of a terrible drought that came on us.

There were about nine hundred acres in the farm. The house was painted white, was large and commodious, and the out houses were abundant. We named the place "Forest Lodge." It had been owned by a slave-holding family and was consequently in much better condition than would naturally have been expected.

I was at this time only twenty years of age and my brother Joe, who was just seventeen, was the main-

stay of the family, as he knew how to handle all agricultural implements and was never afraid to work and was never idle. My next brother, Alex, had passed thirteen and he soon learned to make a full hand on the place.

We remained on the farm for three years, all the time trying to recover from the horrors that had come on us through the war. None of the children could go to school, but all of us tried to improve ourselves, the older of us reading and the younger children learning the rudiments. We went to work by sun-up and worked till sun-down, following the broad turning plows or the "bull tongues" and shovels, putting out or cultivating the crops for our living.

In the fall of our second year on the farm we raised a reasonably good crop, having planted some six or seven acres in cotton, which was, of course, an entirely new thing to us. This cotton sold at thirty cents a pound, and after paying rent, left us some three or four bales. We carried it to Kingston and sold it for \$150.00 a bale, paying a United States tax on each bale, amounting to \$15.00.

I did a good deal of writing in the home at night and on rainy days, when we could rest from the labors of the farm. Several essays were written and many verses composed, some of which I shall perhaps include in another volume of reminiscences.

My going to college was, of course, one of the great events in my life and deserves another chapter.

HOW I CAME TO GO TO COLLEGE

In the first year of the Civil War, before I joined the army, my father sent me to Jonesboro to purchase some drugs to be used in his business as a physician.

He bought his goods of a druggist named Dillworth, who kept an up-to-date drug store in the town, and who, by the way, was a cousin of Walter B. Hill, afterwards my partner in Georgia. While I was standing in the drug store, after making the purchases one day, I heard Mr. Dillworth and another gentleman conversing about Georgia, with which state Mr. Dillworth seemed to be familiar. He made this remark: "For my part I believe Alexander Stephens is a greater man than Ben Hill, for Stephens has educated at college about fifty young men, furnishing the money for their expenses so as to secure to them a college education."

The remark lay in my memory and when we had come to Georgia, after the war and rented the Pine Log place, it came back to me under peculiar circumstances. In the third year after our family had settled down, I began to ask myself, "what is to be the result, so far as my future is concerned?"

There were eleven children and a mother to take care of and I was the eldest born. I knew that an iron destiny held me to the support of the family, as my mother regarded me as the new head after my father's death. While I walked along the furrow with the plow handles in my hands one day, the conversation between Mr. Dillworth and the other gentleman, came back to me and by the time I had reached the end of the row in the field I had determined to write to Mr. Stephens and ascertain if he was willing to help a boy in my situation.

That night I found a brown piece of paper and with some ink made from the nut galls that fell in the yard from the oak trees, with a quill pen, I wrote my letter to Mr. Stephens. I recited the conversation I had heard concerning him; told him that I was an exile from East Tennessee, driven out by the war; that my

father had died in Georgia and I was left without any funds on earth that could be used to obtain an education. I made an appeal to him, adding in the conclusion of the letter about these words: "I believe you were in Congress with some of my people."

I remember writing with a pencil on the wall that night the following scrit that commemorated my dilemma for a long time:

NEEDING A POSTAGE STAMP

Of all the woes
Of song and prose
In life's bewildering tramp
No worse is found
Than when aground
To need a postage stamp.
Oh that the race
Might somehow trace
In court and hall and camp
How devilish sore
Is one too poor
To buy a postage stamp!
Ye Gods! the groan
The rising moan
As wanes life's glimmering lamp
With money fled
And credit dead
To want a postage stamp!

I borrowed the postage stamp and sent this letter off with more hope than expectation.

In due time his reply was received and I was asked to come to see him at Crawfordville. Of course this created a great sensation. I was able to borrow enough money from my neighbors to pay the railroad fare and I went down to Crawfordville. He had dated his letter to me from Liberty Hall, and when I reached the town and enquired for his residence the citizens showed me where it was and one of them told me to go in by the back porch, where I would find Mr. Stephens sitting in his usual place.

I did so; went up the steps to the back porch and saw Mr. Stephens for the first time. He was reading with a large pile of newspapers lying around his chair. As I came on the porch he looked at me with eyes seemingly black as charcoal, and said: "Who are you, Sir?"

I answered, "I am the boy you wrote to about going to college."

"Ah," he replied, "come in," and then without asking me to take a seat he said: "In your letter you stated you thought I was in Congress with some of your people. What were their names?"

I replied: "I think you were in Congress with my uncle, N. G. Taylor, who married my mother's sister."

"Ah!" he replied, "Yes, I heard him speak on the Kansas Lecompton Compromise in 1855. Anybody else?"

"Yes, Sir, I think you were in the Confederate Senate with my uncle, Landon C. Haynes, my mother's brother."

I saw his eyes flash and his face light up as he replied quickly: "Are you a nephew of Landon C. Haynes?"

I said, "Yes, Sir, he is my mother's brother." Then he made the remark that rang through my young ears for many a day.

"Landon C. Haynes had more brains in his head than all the Confederate Senate moulded into one. If you are his nephew I will give you a chance."

I then sat down and he stated the terms, telling me he would take my note at 4 per cent interest payable as soon after graduation as possible, and he fixed the amount that he would send me each month. It is needless to say that I went back home with a great deal of elation.

When I joined the Army I was prepared to enter the Junior class at one of our nearby colleges, but the war had driven all such matters out of my head and I doubted if I could get into the Sophomore class. I had learned more about war than I had about books.

After I returned home a council of the family was called and my mother's consent to my leaving was obtained. This was secured by the volunteering of my brother, Joseph, who was three and one-half years my junior, to take charge and look after the family while I was absent. I promised that if this was done I would make up to him in some way for the sacrifice he was making and that my mother should be taken care of out of the earnings of her oldest son when I got through college.

This was the way I managed to go to the University.

AIDED BY DR. WILLIAM H. FELTON

After I had determined to enter the University and had made the arrangements with Mr. Stephens, I began to review my studies and to take up some of the subjects which I saw from an examination of the catalogue, it might be difficult for me to keep up with in the institution.

I made an arrangement with Dr. William H. Felton, who at that time was accounted the most eloquent speaker in Bartow County, in fact, in our part of the State. He was a graduate of the University and agreed to aid me both in review and in going forward with my Latin and Greek studies. I rode from our home at Pine Log to his house, a distance of some eight or ten miles, twice a week and recited to him. His teaching proved to be a great advantage, and without doubt made my entrance into the University certain. He charged me nothing for this help.

The doctor seemed to take considerable interest in my career and his good wife, Mrs. Felton, who has since achieved a distinction second to no woman in the American Union, gave me much advice from which I profited throughout all my career. She continued to write to me after I had entered college, and I record here my thanks to her for the help that she and her great husband rendered to me at this time. I think I may say that Dr. Felton continued his friendship with me until the last day of his life. When the monument was dedicated to him in Cartersville I made one of the principal addresses on that momentous occasion.

MY EXPERIENCE IN SURGERY

I visited Tennessee one more time before going to college. It was in 1867. Residing at Spring Place in Murray County, was a connection of the family named John Broyles, who had come out from Washington County under the same circumstances as I, and had married Sarah Harris, daughter of Uncle Wesley Harris, to whom I have referred heretofore. He had been seriously wounded in the latter part of the war and the wound had never healed. Our family always regarded Dr. Paul F. Eve, who taught in the medical college at Nashville, as the greatest surgeon of our day, and Mr. Broyles was anxious for him to perform an operation that was necessary before his wound would heal. He wrote and requested me to go to Nashville with him, offering to pay all expenses, that I might look after him and see that he received proper treatment after the operation. I agreed to go, and accordingly we met and took the train for Nashville.

Dr. Eve examined him and declared that he could

easily cure the trouble but the method would have to be a "major operation," as the doctors put it.

The class of students in the medical college to which the doctor was lecturing, came down to the operating room to observe it. The ether was given and an attendant, who was one of the young students, stood by with a basin of water. As the blood began to spurt out, this young man turned pale and was about to drop the basin on the floor when the doctor quickly turned and asked me to take it. I did so, and held it until the operation was concluded. I saw a paleness on the face of several of the class, when the young man staggered and came near dropping the basin. The operation was eminently successful and at the end of about two weeks Mr. Broyles was able to travel.

I met Dr. Eve several times after the operation and when I had told him the name of my father and my own situation as an exile, he said to me: "You have the fortitude to make a great surgeon. If you will stay in Nashville and enter the college I will give you a ticket to the lectures free and you can follow the steps of your father, and perhaps become an ornament to the profession."

I thanked him kindly for the offer and for awhile entertained a notion that it might be well for me to take advantage of it. Subsequent events drifted me into an entirely different channel.

MY COLLEGE CAREER

I entered the University of Georgia at the fall session of 1867. After much tribulation I succeeded in getting into the Sophomore class. As was said heretofore, my war experience had caused me to forget almost everything that I had learned or studied before I entered the army. I was compelled to stand an ex-

amination in the studies and I remember that when my good old teacher, Professor Rutherford, began to question me, he put down on a paper the following equation in algebra:

X plus $\frac{1}{2}x$ equals 10.

"Now, he said "find the value of x ."

I looked at the equation for awhile and then said to him:

"Professor, I don't believe I can work that, but if you will give me a little time, say thirty days, I will make it up for you, so I can go on."

Professor Rutherford laughed and said, "All right, you will have to take lessons from me out of school hours."

I studied harder, perhaps, because he passed me under the circumstances. I took lessons from him for a few weeks and I can remember now that his kindly words appealed to me so strongly that I determined never to fall behind in his department.

I may say here that I made one hundred, which was the highest mark in the class, in every mathematical study that belonged to the course from that time until I graduated. Much of this I owe to the dear old professor's teaching and advice.

I found great difficulty in conforming my ideas to those of the class room. I had commanded men and mingled in great armies, and when I got into the class room the quizzing by the professors and the nervousness shown by the students caused me to under-estimate the whole process. It looked so small and so childish to me as compared with the great events in which I had mingled, that it took some time for me to adjust myself to the situation and get into harmony with its demands. I led the Sophomore class from the beginning.

Meantime, I had joined the Phi Kappa Society and began to take an interest in the debates. The society required a certain number of original compositions to be written and read every Saturday at the opening of the society.

My first exercise of this kind was an essay on the subject "Burning the Bark off the Green Log." I wish I could quote this, for it seemed to attract considerable attention and a report went out through the college concerning it. But the original has been lost and I preserved no copy.

In this society at that time there were many young men who afterwards became celebrated, taking a prominent position in the State and Nation. Henry W. Grady was one of these, Peter W. Meldrim, A. Pratt Adams, and others. In the college, too, were a number of men whose achievements have carried their names widely through the country.

There was a large sprinkling of students who had been soldiers in the late war and others who had taken part in all the perils of the time till they were almost looked on as soldiers.

There was something like a Ku Klux organization also, probably taking in some of the citizens of the town. In connection with this organization, a circumstance occurred in the college which had a wide bearing on many subsequent events in which I was concerned.

Our old war governor, Joseph E. Brown, had, in the beginning of the fearful days that ushered in the Reconstruction period, apparently gone over to the side of the "Carpet Bagger" and had taken a hand, as it appeared afterwards, in trying to adjust affairs throughout the State, for the purpose of getting control of matters and saving the country from the results of the Reconstruction campaigns.

His course had created a bitter feeling against him among the ultra-Southern citizens and the consequence was that he was denounced from a great number of platforms and held up to the scorn and derision of the loyal people of the State. The hatred for Governor Brown became so great that the mention of his name in a Southern audience would arouse a feeling of resentment that could not be controlled.

Governor Brown's oldest son, Julius L. Brown, was a member of the Senior class at this time. He was a fine student, holding a position among the first in his class. He was very pious, prayed in public, worked in the Sunday school, and led our prayer meetings inside the college campus. He showed an excellent spirit in all his association with the students of the school.

When his father's unpopularity had reached its highest point this band of students and outside citizens determined to drive him out of the college. His room was on the campus and they appointed a night in which they proposed to kidnap him, flog him, and carry him beyond the limits of the county, threatening him with dire punishment if he ever came back. The word reached me and I went down to his room on the night that the event was to occur. When the masked detachment came near the door I went down from off the steps and called a halt to the approaching crowd. They stopped and the leader said: "What does this mean?"

Then I declared myself and said: "You cannot come any further without going over my body. I am here to defend Mr. Brown and I intend to do so at all hazards." Then I added, "Boys, you know me. I have heard the bullets whistle around my head many a day and I mean what I say. You cannot touch this young man without first killing me."

They tried to reason with me, but I told them it was no use, that I was determined and their purpose must be given up. After a few more words the crowd left. I was then supposed to be leading my class, in which were a number of Confederate soldiers and I think the crowd respected me more than I deserved.

Mr. Brown heard the whole conversation. He was sitting in his room with a large army revolver in his hands and he had declared that he would die in his tracks before they should drive him out of the school. This was the last of the efforts made against him and he graduated with distinction.

It is needless for me to say that this action on my part made for me a strong friend out of Julius Brown. I loved him very sincerely, and we corresponded for many years after he left college. Even in his latter days he never met me without putting his arms around my shoulder and telling me how much he loved me.

The incident doubtless had its effect on his conduct in after years. His father had become Senator Brown at the time of his death and had successfully explained his apparent leanings to the parties figuring in the Reconstruction time. He left a large estate, reaching beyond the million dollars and Julius was appointed one of the executors. A misunderstanding arose between him and the other members of the family, not including his brother Joe, and when Julius died, before any reconciliation had taken place, it was found that he had left two-thirds of his property to the Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta, stating in the preamble that he believed it was doing more good for the country than all the other schools and colleges in Georgia together. I sometimes think he would never have done this but that he remembered our companionship and that which grew out of it at the old University.

There were two secret clubs or fraternities at the University when I entered. One of these, the Chi Phis, soon asked me to join, and I was initiated in due and regular form.

Before the year had expired, Mr. Stephens wrote me that owing to some heavy expenses that had come upon him he would not be able to furnish the money for my going any further in the institution. This, of course, left me high and dry, as I didn't have money enough to pay my fare home, much less to meet board expenses in the college. The institution had relieved me from the payment of tuition, but the board was a fixed charge and could not be avoided. I had taken up quarters with a Mrs. Moore, who kept a boarding house in what was known as "New College." I occupied a room here on the second floor and the son of the landlady roomed with me.

When I received word from Mr. Stephens that he would not continue the payments I prepared to leave the University after commencement. My mother still resided at the farm on Pine Log and I intended to walk home as I had no means of paying the railroad fare. Meantime someone in the college told General Howell Cobb, former Governor and Secretary of the Treasury, my situation and intentions. He was living then in Athens and was looked upon as one of the great men of Georgia. He was a trustee of the institution. He sent a messenger asking me to call and see him, which I promptly did. After he had heard my story he said to me: "You shall not give up your college course. Come on back for the next session and I will do for you what Mr. Stephens had agreed to do."

I could never describe the sensation that came over me when he made this offer. I had thought my career

had come to an end and that I must go back to the farm and to the support of the mother and children.

Gen. Cobb did not stop with this proposition. He found out that I was intending to walk home to Bartow, and one night sometime afterwards, as I was sitting in the room at the "New College" there was a knock on the door. The room was dark as I was about to give it up and we had no electric lights then. I opened the door and told the visitor to come in. He did so, and stretching out his hand in the gloom of the place, caught mine to shake it and in shaking he left thirty-two dollars in my hand. He turned and immediately went from the room and was down stairs before I had ascertained what he had done. I learned afterwards that Gen. Cobb and some of the other citizens of Athens had made up the money to enable me to go home on the train. I left the next day for Bartow County.

A short while after reaching home, through some arrangement made, as I recall, between myself and my Uncle Wesley Harris, I agreed to go back to East Tennessee, in order to attend to some matters concerning the sale of my uncle's home to a Mr. Garber. I came back through Asheville on the journey home and stopped in a store to purchase some necessaries for the remainder of the trip.

I happened to mention to the store keeper that I was on my way to Georgia, where I had been attending the University. He immediately said to me: "I have a nephew in the University." I asked his name he told me it was George Summey. George had come to see him in the vacation and had told him that he, George, was trying to make the first mark in the class, but had fallen behind. He added that "a fellow from Tennessee, named Harris, was leading the class."

This was the first word I got from the college and the first time I knew that I was really leading the class, at the end of the session. It came to me on my journey back to Georgia in Asheville, North Carolina. My heart felt better all the way after this, for though I had studied hard, and my marks were very high, yet having entered "with conditions" I was afraid I might have fallen behind.

George Summey did not graduate, but went to a Presbyterian university, where he took a high stand and became a distinguished minister of that church and a teacher in its educational system.

I came back to Georgia and stayed with my mother until very near to the opening of the next term. Then an event occurred, which left me again hanging in the air. Notice went throughout the country that Gen. Howell Cobb had died suddenly in New York on October 9th, 1868. The University authorities called us all together to attend the funeral and I found myself again without help in the effort I was making to get an education.

The Phi Kappa Society and the Chi Phi Fraternity both came to my aid and enough money was made up to pay the \$15.00 per month for board due to Mrs. Moore, and in this way I was able to go on. Meantime, Major Barnwell, the Librarian, who had been a Confederate soldier and had come from South Carolina to Georgia, offered me the job of cataloging the books in the library. From these three sources I managed to raise a sufficient amount of money to continue in the University to the end of the term. Meantime, as I was afterwards informed, Henry W. Grady and Peter W. Meldrim, my club mates in the Senior class, of the year before, made a visit to Crawfordville and conferred with Mr. Stephens about my case.

The result of this visit was a letter from Mr. Stephens saying that as he had recovered from the pecuniary reverses that had come to him, he was now able to spare the money necessary for me to complete my college course. From this time to my graduation I had no further financial trouble.

It was a kindness on the part of these club mates to take up my cause with Mr. Stephens and aid me in this great emergency of my life. Mr. Grady was always my friend up to his death. Georgia has had few men like him. He was the uncrowned king of our great commonwealth. Without ever having held a public office, he exercised a wider influence on the State than any other man living in it during his time.

Once when an almost fatal sickness had come upon me, and a surgical operation was necessary to save my life, I called on Dr. Willis Westmoreland, Senior, of Atlanta, to operate. He told me himself afterwards that, according to the medical books, I had about one chance in one hundred to get well. When it became known that he was to operate he stated to me that Henry W. Grady and Evan P. Howell both came to see him and used words like these:

“Dr. Westmoreland, you must save Nat Harris. There is something in Georgia for him to do, and we need him here.” The doctor’s good fortune attended the operation and my life was saved. He smiled as he told me what these distinguished men had said to him and how he expected me to make good.

In 1915, when I was Governor, there occurred a vacancy in the Superior Court bench at Savannah. Several lawyers applied for the position, among others, Peter W. Meldrim and W. B. Stubbs. I may say here that, as the prohibition question entered somewhat into the situation, my wife favored the appointment of Mr. Stubbs.

It soon became known, however, that I was leaning towards General Meldrim, and a large delegation came up from Savannah to urge Mr. Stubbs' appointment, while opposing General Meldrim. After the argument had concluded I made this remark to the delegation:

"Gentlemen, if it had not been for Peter W. Meldrim and the help which he gave me in college I would never have been here as Governor. Would you think that I ought to overlook him under the circumstances, when I know he is fully qualified for the position? I could not do it, gentlemen, and keep the place I hold a day longer."

A COMMENCEMENT ORATION

Under the rules of the institution, the two societies, Phi Kappa and Demosthenian, were entitled to elect a speaker to represent them at commencement. Such speakers had always been elected from the Senior class. In my Junior year the Phi Kappa society, unexpectedly and without any suggestion from me whatever, elected me to the place. I had some scruples at first about accepting, and one of the Seniors, who ought to have had the place, complained to the Society and asked that the appointment be revoked. This, however, the Society refused to do. I then conferred with the Senior and told him that if he still objected I would decline the place. He generously advised me to take it, telling me that he did not blame me for his disappointment but blamed the Society.

I made the address on one of the nights of the commencement week, and I hope to publish it in connection with these memoirs some day. The subject was "Wait and Hope."

In this year there were two young men in the class who were destined to influence more or less my career

through life. One was A. Sibley Campbell, from Augusta, Georgia, who joined the class at the opening of the Junior term. He was a bright scholar, rather red-headed and shared the first honor with me, delivering the Valedictory to the class. The other was Walter B. Hill, who had joined the class at the spring term of 1868, entering Sophomore half advanced. Both these boys attracted me very much. Both were much younger than I was and both took an advanced position in the class immediately on entering.

When Walter Hill came to the University to enter the Sophomore class his father and mother came with him. They stopped at the boarding house in the college where I was rooming and I met them first at the table. There was something about the son's face that attracted me. I felt the same "hunch" that I have spoken of in one or two places in these memoirs. I called it a strange weird influence that came over me, as if the future was throwing some kind of a spell about me.

I soon became acquainted with all three—the father, mother and son. Walter showed me the natural deference that a young student would show to an older one, especially as the older one was apparently leading the class. His father, also, showed some apparent desire to have me cultivate the acquaintance of his boy. I have always said that I fell in love with Walter Hill the first moment that I saw him and that love never passed, but lasted as long as he lived.

I soon had our secret society invite Walter Hill to become a member, which he did. Walter Hill began to influence the college. He was far beyond in mental development the average of the class and soon came to be looked on as one of the brightest in its ranks.

Sibley Campbell was also made a member of the

Chi Phi and went to the front in the class. Walter Hill took third honor when we graduated.

The entrance of Sibley Campbell into the class exercised a considerable influence on my future. From the beginning he exhibited a wonderful talent in handling the Latin and Greek languages. He seemed to be thoroughly efficient in these studies. He had entered the college under the auspices of Prof. William Henry Waddell, who had these two departments under his charge, and the marks in these studies had a large influence on the general standing in the class. He aroused a deep interest in Prof. Waddell, that continued from his first recitation to the end of his course, and it soon became apparent that he would have to be reckoned with in the award of honors.

I have always felt that it was a fortunate circumstance for me that Prof. Waddell took it into his head to get married during this Junior year. He had wooed and won a beautiful widow, who lived in Marietta, Georgia, and he obtained leave of absence from the institution, to make his honeymoon include a visit of Enrope. While he was absent, the Greek Department, in which I had gone down and Sibley Campbell had gone forward, was put in charge of Dr. Morris. The result was that I made one hundred in all my marks in these departments while Prof. Waddell was away. I think I got more encouragement from Dr. Morris. This gave me such a standing in the class that I could not entirely lose the lead.

When Prof. Waddell returned the student body of the college selected me to make the address of welcome. We had a great celebration and the entire college, with a considerable number of citizens outside, met in front of the chapel and a formal welcome was tendered to the returning professor. I am sorry I

do not recall this address. I remember only one or two sentences. I said as we stood face to face before the great student body:

“We meet you, Professor, on your return to us with the best wishes for your happiness that can possibly be conceived. We trust that your life, and that of the beautiful lady who has taken your name, will flow on in the future like the River Pactolus, over golden sands. And we welcome your return with no lack of unanimity and with a sincerity that can never be doubted.”

I have sometimes thought that my earnest words, strange as it may seem, were due largely to the feeling that some of the boys had suggested, that is, that my continued standing in the class depended more on him than on any other Professor.

His wife became one of my best friends and I look back on my association with her with the sweetest and tenderest recollections. She was a splendid lady and loved to show the students her interest in them and her wish for their welfare.

It is wonderful how much influence a good woman's advice may have on a student in the early part of his career. Colonel William LeRoy Broun, who taught the Physics Department, invited me to stay awhile in his home in the latter part of my college course. Here I met Mrs. Broun, who was a woman of very great intelligence and who, if she had lived in these latter years, would have shown herself worthy of taking the front in all movements of her sex.

Like a college boy, I had fallen in love with two or three young ladies residing in the city, and I made Mrs. Broun my confidante. I imagined my attachment to some of my sweethearts would last for life, but Mrs. Broun completely upset all my calculations. She told

me plainly that I had no business thinking about getting married until I had made something to support the woman who was willing to share my life. She painted the horrors of poverty in the household of a young man who was just starting out to make something of himself in the world. She showed me how cruel such a marriage would be to the young lady herself, and made me feel that the wrong would be incalculable and unending, if I should persuade a fine young woman to share a life of toil and penury, as mine was destined to be. She knew I had a mother to support and a number of brothers and sisters to educate and she gave me such advice concerning my duties that the effect of the same has never passed from my heart.

ATHLETICS

The great craze for athletics was just beginning when I was in college.

In my Sophomore year I was elected President of "the Champion Baseball Club," so called. This club practiced on the University grounds and became quite expert in the game. The main club, however, was patronized mostly by the Seniors and was known as the "Dixie Club." The boys in this club became so expert that they challenged the clubs of various institutions in the State and began to go around playing championship games for the State.

The first nine of my club was induced to stand up against the first nine Dixie on the University grounds once, but the result was a complete overthrow of our club's nine.

The first nine Dixie played at various places. I recollect that it went to Watkinsville and played against the club there, called the "Pop and Go" Club. It beat the Watkinsville club, in fact, I do not now recall any game where the first nine Dixie was ever defeated.

THE SOCIETIES

Our debating societies kept up a very warm interest in the student body. Under the college rules every student was required to join one or the other of these societies and there was a diligent effort on the part of the young men to make something of the advantages offered them by the debates and other exercises.

I was elected President of the Phi Kappa Society several times and at every inauguration would deliver an address on some subject appropriate to the occasion.

I have been sorry to know that these societies have since my time gone down in attendance and become of smaller moment in the eyes of the student body. I look back on my connection with their debates and other exercises with almost as much gratitude and appreciation as I do upon the regular exercises of the institution. I once heard Mr. Samuel M. Inman say that he had made a mistake in sending his son to Princeton instead of the University of Georgia for he wanted him to become a good speaker and he found out that very slight attention was paid to such matters in Princeton University. He had watched the boys that had come from our University and recognized in them a facility for speaking that was absent from the graduates in his own Alma Mater, the great Princeton University.

In my long connection with the Board of Trustees of the University of Georgia, I have steadily fought to continue in the minds of the student body of the institution the importance of these societies. I put into the Code of the State the enactment touching these societies, fondly hoping that in this way I might stop the steady decline in interest, which threatened to leave

out almost entirely the work of these societies from the student body. The course in our colleges has become more a business matter than otherwise and it has been forgotten, apparently, that even a business man or a technically educated man finds that a training, which enables him to speak in public on his feet, is no mean accomplishment in the struggle for success.

MY GRADUATION

And so I came to my graduation at last. I was selected to deliver the Valedictory to the Trustees, faculty and audience, and the great old Chancellor, Dr. Lipscomb, delivered the diploma to me with the ancient formula: "Hoc tibi diploma," etc.

I also received a diploma from the debating society, which was awarded with alumni present and one of them presiding. This diploma was a certificate of efficiency in the Phi Kappa Society.

I have mentioned Dr. Lipscomb's name as the Chancellor. He was a man of wonderful endowments, of world-wide reputation, and his influence on the student body at that time was unparalleled in the history of the college.

I counted him a great man; worthy to live in history with the greatest intellects of his age, in educational affairs. No man left any deeper impression upon the student body, who came in contact with him, and his teachings were always on the side of morality and the general uplift of the race.

I would be sorry to pass over in this short record of my college life the name of Prof. Morris. A man profoundly educated, a deep thinker, and yet possessing a heart that sympathized with suffering and sorrow. His energies were devoted to causing his students to understand the height, depth and breadth of all that

he taught them. He tried to make his teachings reach further, perhaps, than any other professor in the school. I wish to lay this humble tribute on his tomb.

All the professors were kind to me, and when Judge Linton Stephens, of Sparta, forwarded a request to the Chancellor and Faculty, asking them to send him a teacher for his daughters, the Faculty, at the suggestion of Prof. Waddell, unanimously selected me to fill the position. The pay was one thousand dollars per annum, and it was stated that the young ladies had already received a very considerable training in French and Latin as well as in higher mathematics. It was said, therefore, that the man who was sent should be well grounded in all these studies. I accepted the position and forthwith set about to increase my education in French. I arranged with Prof. Charbonnier to take private lessons and spent three months after commencement in polishing up myself in this branch of learning.

I seemed to have made some reputation with the people of Athens outside the college, for when I was graduated the citizens and many of the students serenaded me at the hotel and called on me for a speech.

I refused to go out to speak to them, though they shouted my name until they were hoarse, and here I commenced to take the first road to deserved obscurity. I am tempted to write here that I made an ass of myself.

EPISODES

Two or three things occurred in my Senior year that ought to be noticed. My room mate and class mate, Eugene Hawkins, ran off and married Miss Mary Ann McCleskey about three months before our graduation. In this way he lost his degree.

The young lady was engaged to marry George Bancroft, a great friend of mine who had taken the first honor in the Senior Class that was in college when I entered. He had asked me to become one of his attendants and I had consented, as I was very much attached to him and was a great admirer of Miss Mary Ann, his proposed wife. She was a favorite in college and I should say very nearly half the student body was in love with her. My agreement to stand up with George Bancroft caused me a good deal of distress, for I knew I would be expected to purchase a wedding present and I didn't have twenty-five cents towards paying for one and my credit, even if I had desired to use it, was not very extensive.

My room-mate, Eugene Hawkins, saved me from the mortification that was coming on me and solved the problem in short order by running away with the young lady.

When I saw George Bancroft the day after it became known that his sweetheart had left him, I think he was the most woe-begone individual whom I have ever looked in the face. He stood on the hearth in front of the fire-place and held his hand on his forehead breathing heavily and groaning with every other breath. I suppose he recovered, but he did not live long after the event.

The marriage proved to be a happy one, and Eugene raised a large family of girls and boys, who, as far as I know, have done well in the world.

Eugene, my class mate, has crossed over into the unknown long since. He was a lawyer of distinction and was eminently successful in his day and generation. This is one run-away match that turned out well.

A little incident occurred in my Junior year that I have never told to anyone so far as my part was concerned. A young man came to the school who looked

like a boy from the country, with very little experience and considerable ignorance of college ways. He was a fit subject, it was supposed, for hazing. There was a society that looked after such things, having its headquarters in my boarding house and often-times laying its plans for sport in my presence. I was never a member of it, but only looked on now and then. It was arranged to initiate the young man into a secret society and when the initiation was through to set about making fun out of him. He was older than the majority of the students and when I looked in his face I began to sympathize with him. He boarded in our dormitory and while he sat at table on the evening for which the sport was arranged I wrote on a small slip of paper these words: "Look out, there's a green on hand tonight."

I dropped this piece of paper with these words in his plate as I passed behind his chair going to my room. It was not long afterwards that the committee called on him and the advantages of the society into which he was to be initiated were set forth in glowing terms. He assented and accompanied the committee to the room where the initiation took place. After the ceremony, which of course was purely fictitious and combined a good deal of foolishness in it, he was called on to address the meeting. He did so in some such words as these:

"Gentlemen, this is to me a remarkable exhibition. I do not mind saying to you that I have seen the Comanche Indians on their native grounds; I have been in the dens of vice and wickedness in the great cities; I have even visited the lunatic asylum in my life, but I say to you that of all the damned fools I have ever met with since I was born, this society of yours beats them all. Gentlemen, I bid you good-night." And he took his hat and left.

I am glad to say my sympathy was not misplaced. I never mentioned the circumstance to him afterwards, nor he to me. He graduated with distinction, went to Texas, entered into politics there and the last I heard of him he was serving the Nation in Congress.

It is needless to say that after this event he showed a strong attachment towards me and I had few better friends in college.

The students of the University published a paper called *The Collegian*. I was elected editor of the paper and served some time as such in my Senior year. I was succeeded in this office by my room-mate, J. Burgess Smith, from Atlanta. He had a decided turn for poetry and could quote from Poe's *Annabel Lee* by the half hour, going over the same thing again and again. He also wrote poetry.

One day while he was editing the paper he came to me and said that he wanted some verses written by me for the next issue and that I must oblige him in this. He had seen some of my lucubrations, though they were never acknowledged to the outside world. I sat down in his presence and wrote the following verses, finishing them within about twenty-five minutes after he had called on me:

THE MAID OF THE WATAUGA

And she was fair, With glossy hair,
And eyes of midnight shade,
And round her brow, Of sculptured snow,
A heavenly lustre played.
O'er tangled wild, While yet a child,
She loved long days to roam,
Beside the stream, Where cascades gleam
And tortured billows foam.

Deep in the glade, The dark-eyed maid
Her simple griefs confessed,
Till in some dell, The wild-woods spell
Would charm her soul to rest.

In flowery spots, In summer grots,
 She often sat reclined,
 Or gathered shells, Adown the dells
 Her childish brows to bind.

A thing of light, A forest sprite,
 A bard's Egeria fair,
 The maiden grew, too good to know
 One pang of grief or care.

At length there came Across her dream
 A ray of wintry gloom
 The spell of life—With weary strife—
 Love broke—itself the doom.
 A fair haired boy, With careless joy,
 Pursued the hunter's sport,
 And on the wild beheld the child,
 And won the guileless heart.

* * * * *

Athens, July, 1870.

The subject was Miss Hattie Jobe, daughter of Dr. A. Jobe, of Elizabethton, Tenn. I had seen her but one time, when she came down to visit the girls at Hon. N. G. Taylor's. She came on horse-back and her face caught my fancy, though she did not alight from the horse.

It may be worthy of note to state that she became my second wife. I leave off the last verse, as it was only a prophecy and not the truth.

My room mate stood by and saw me writing and told me afterwards that up to that time he had believed himself a poet, but when he saw that I could write verses as fast as this task was done he changed his mind. Nevertheless, he still writes good verses.

It is but right to say that the ladies of Athens were especially kind and agreeable to students of the University. There were many beautiful girls in the city, all of whom seemed to delight in entertaining the young men and trying to make them have a good time while they were away from their homes. Many of these

ladies were what were called "College Widows." They had been courted many times by the young men, and whether accepted or not the young men went off home and, in the midst of other scenes and with other faces around them, forgot their college friends.

A lady became accustomed to having a boy talk love to her. It was the best way to interest her and without it the boy often seemed dull and repulsive. So the young men got into the habit of saying soft things to the young ladies. Sometimes, however, it took a more serious turn and the association led to marriage.

The students were advised to go into the society of the young ladies, as much as possible, without interfering with their studies in the class room. Many of them were from the country and they were told that such an association would banish awkwardness and give them better manners and better ideas of social life when they entered on their work back home.

GOING TO SPARTA

When my study with Colonel Charbonnier was finished, I went to Sparta and began the work which I had agreed to undertake; that is, the teaching of the three daughters, Rebecca, Claud and Emm, of Judge Linton Stephens.

I may say here that Hon. Alexander Stephens corresponded with me during all my college course. I kept all his letters, carefully filing them away. He gave me a great deal of advice; seemed to sympathize with me in my effort to conquer the difficulties before me, and in every way showed himself a true friend and safe counselor. And right here I want to make a general statement: I have kept every letter that ever came to me and I have filed copies of every written speech or address that I have ever delivered. It has

been my habit in my career never to destroy any communication from friend or foe. And since I am speaking on the personal side, I may add further: When I left home for the war my mother made me kneel at her lap and while her hand rested on my head promise her three things:

First—that I would not swear.

Second—that I would not drink liquor.

Third—that I would not play cards.

It was easy to keep the first two promises, but the third was hard to abide, for the playing of cards was the common occupation of the soldiery through the whole war.

But I have kept this pledge and I have added some others to it. I have never smoked a pipe or cigar or taken a chew of tobacco and my life has been clean in the usual personal sense.

My father, when he died, left a legacy of debts that my brother, Joe, and I were compelled to struggle with. Most of these were settled out of funds that I earned in the work that I am now about to describe.

I made a pledge that I would never create a debt by borrowing money, by using the credit of others, or by buying property for which I did not have the money to pay.

I have never knowingly allowed a bill that was due to come into my office or my house and go out without being paid.

So much for my own personal conduct. It is not said in a spirit of braggadocio, but is merely a recital of facts. I have been told often times that I have lost more than I made by following this program of life.

ASSOCIATION WITH MR. STEPHENS

After my Sophomore year I was accustomed to spend all my vacations with Mr. Stephens at his home

in Crawfordville. Besides this, whenever possible, I ran down to see him so as to meet his friends and talk with him in a friendly way. He introduced me to a large number of distinguished men, who were constantly visiting him. These came from all parts of the South.

But there was one man who made a deeper impression on me than any of the rest of his friends. General Robert Toombs was a constant visitor and it was my privilege to see and talk with him again and again when only he and Mr. Stephens were present. Both of them made an audience out of me and would tell me of things great as well as things small that had occurred in their lives. They disputed with each other but were like David and Jonathan, there never was a moment's bitterness between them, only gentleness and affection in their conduct towards each other. I do not mean by this that they did not grow warm in their controversies, but in the midst of it all some brilliant thought, some humorous idea, some quick flash of wit from General Toombs would set us all laughing and banish, in a moment, the slightest offense. He has kept me laughing in this way at the dining table sometimes until I have almost lost control of myself and had to leave my seat. I have never seen any man in all my life whose wit was so brilliant and whose replies were so ready and well spoken.

Many times I have thought that if I could have written down the conversations between these men and published them my fortune would have been made. Boswell would have lived in two Dr. Johnsons, instead of one. I may say here that the friendship between these two men continued until death put an end to it.

The fact that I had been a member of the household at the time of the visits of General Toombs

seemed to beget in him toward me a kindly feeling so that he showed me more courtesy, whenever I met him, than he did to the common run of his acquaintances. He was always kind to me as long as he lived.

COMMENCING TO TEACH SCHOOL

I reached Sparta, Georgia, where Judge Linton Stephens lived about the first of November, 1870. My first business was, of course, to call on Judge Stephens, telling him that I had come to enter on the work that I had engaged to do; namely the teaching of his daughters. I stayed at his house several nights, during which time he took great pains in giving me a full outline of the teaching he desired me to do, at the same time laying down certain rules for the same. I found that he desired to have me take into the school, in addition to his three daughters, two others who were relatives of his children. These were Miss Julia Baker, aged about sixteen, and Lindsey Baker, about fourteen. Miss Rebecca Stephens, I found, was about eighteen years of age, her sister, Claud, sixteen, and Emm, just fourteen. The Stephens children had lost their mother several years previously, and Judge Stephens had married a second wife, by whom he then had three children. The Baker children resided in the town, the father having charge of a merchandise business there.

The little school house was nearly half a mile distant from the home of Judge Stephens and was a single room house where the girls were to meet, bringing their dinner and staying all day with the teacher.

I soon found that the Stephens girls were decidedly beyond the average in their educational acquirements. The teacher who preceded me, a Mr. Stevens, (no relation) was well educated and had given the girls



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS AND HIS BROTHER, LINTON
When this picture was taken Mr. Stephens was Vice-President of the Confederate States, and his brother, Linton, was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 15th Georgia Regiment Infantry. He left this regiment to enter the Confederate Congress.

a splendid training in Latin, in French and in higher mathematics. It stretched me to the utmost of my ability to take up their education at the point where he left off and continue it on the same high plane.

I found I could keep up very well in the mathematics and Latin, but the French presented almost insuperable difficulties. My training in that language had been given me by a native Frenchman, Prof. Charbonnier, of the University, but it had not extended far enough to meet the demands of the situation. I fortunately came up with a native Frenchman in the town, who met me at night and went over the lessons with me, aiding me in translation and pronunciation so that I made a reasonable showing with the young girls. But I studied harder than I had ever done in my life before.

I do not know that the young ladies ever realized how hard put to it I was to keep up with the routine of our work, especially in French. The Baker children did not cause me as much trouble. They had not gone as high as their cousins, Rebecca and Claud, so that I was able to teach them without much difficulty. I obtained board with Col. C. W. DuBose in the town, as I could not get a room at the home of Judge Stephens. Col. DuBose was a practicing lawyer. He had been Clerk of the Supreme Court for some time before and was doing a large practice at the bar. His wife, Mrs. Kate A. DuBose, was decidedly literary, having written and published several books, making considerable contributions to our Southern literature. She came of a literary family, her maiden name being Richards. She was a sister of William C. Richards, an editor and writer, and also of T. Adison Richards, poet and artist in New York. Mrs. DuBose's name and a sketch of her life appear in the first volume of "Southland Writers," page 411.

At the time I boarded there, her two sons resided in the home, Miller DuBose and Willie DuBose. Miller was in my class at college and was preparing to study law, with a view to trying to follow in his father's footsteps. An older son, Charlie DuBose, was also in college with me in one of the classes ahead of me. He had been admitted to the bar and was practicing at Warrenton, Georgia.

Willie DuBose, the youngest son, was a very fine and attractive young boy. He afterwards graduated at the University of Georgia and then studied medicine and joined the navy, becoming a distinguished surgeon, spending a large part of his life in that service.

Miller and I got on well in our association and soon tried to put our heads together in obtaining and publishing a newspaper. We took in as a partner a gentleman named Brown, who was a practical printer, and the firm was known as Harris, DuBose & Brown. The paper we founded was The Hancock Sentinel. For this paper I did the main editorial work, Miller kept up with the locals and occasionally wrote an article for the editorial page, while Brown managed the mechanical side of it and attended to getting the paper to press, mailing it and distributing it.

I had been teaching some time, however, before entering upon this venture.

In December, 1870, the State elections came on. Three days were allotted to the election. This was done by the Reconstruction Legislature to insure a full vote of the negroes. The authorities who were then in power in the State believed that if three days were allowed for elections the white people could not prevent the negroes from coming out and voting, so that a full negro vote would be secured, in which event it was felt that the State government would continue under their control.

When I first went to Sparta I had joined what was called the "Minute Men" at that place. We had formed a company and armed ourselves generally with Mississippi rifles or some other efficient weapon. When the election morning opened it was agreed between the white Republicans and the Democrats that the voters should come in two at a time, one white man and one negro, and in that way insure the vote of both sides. This arrangement was followed, I should say, until about eleven o'clock of the first day.

Such an agreement did not prevent the challenge of negro votes for incompetency or illegality. The Legislature had attempted to relieve the negroes from the payment of poll taxes so that they could vote without meeting this requisite of the Constitution. Judge Linton Stephens, and in fact all the lawyers in Sparta, believed that the effort to relieve the negro was illegal and unconstitutional, and Judge Stephens determined to bring the matter to a test.

There were five election commissioners whose duty it was to receive the votes. Joseph Gonder, an uncle of Judge Stephens, was the Republican Commissioner and Chairman, together with two others of the same party, whose names I have forgotten.

For the purpose of bringing on the test Judge Stephens had a negro voter challenged on the ground that he had not paid his taxes and was otherwise incompetent to vote. This challenge was promptly over-ruled by the majority of the commissioners, whereupon Judge Stephens sued out a warrant and had the Chairman with the two Commissioners arrested. This action brought on an *emute*. The negroes started, as it was thought, to rescue the prisoners, and the white men of the city rushed forward to prevent it. In a moment the call went out for the "Minute Men" and

we dashed down to our arsenal, seized our guns, and re-appeared on the streets almost in the twinkling of an eye.

We ran ourselves half to death to get back to the scene of action, which was only fifty or one hundred yards away. When the negroes saw us coming, they ran and they did not wait on the order of their going. They rushed out to a village about two miles from the town where they congregated to await the result. Meantime, a committing magistrate was secured, the trial was had and the Commissioners were remanded to jail with the privilege of bail. I think Judge Stephens prepared and tendered the bail for his uncle and the others, but they refused it, whereupon new Commissioners were appointed and the election went on.

This action was like a bugle note that sounded all over Georgia. Before night it was in every daily paper and before next day it had been carried to almost every county in the State. Preparation was made to repeat the action at various places. The negroes became a little timid about voting and the Democrats were roused from one end of the State to the other and the consequence was a speedy change of administration in the State.

Judge Stephens' part in the matter caused the authorities of the United States to take proceedings against him. He was arrested by a United States marshal and carried to Macon where he had a trial before United States Commissioner Swaze on the charge of intimidation and a violation of the Enforcement Act. He was bound over to the next term of the United States Court, but the Grand Jury refused to find a bill and the case was ended.

In the meantime I was still teaching the girls and boy in the little school house prepared for this purpose.

There were several aspects connected with this teaching that ought to be mentioned here. Judge Stephens' second wife was a Catholic and Jesuit, educated in the Vatican, and her marriage, of course, was allowed under a dispensation of the Church. The Catholics were very anxious to convert Judge Stephens to their faith, hoping he would join them and bring up his children in that faith. For that purpose a gathering of priests met at the Stephens home, dined with him and made a dead set to convert him.

He told me in the presence of his wife the particulars of their effort. He said he thought he was better acquainted with the history of the country than the priests that came to secure his conversion and that he met them all with arguments they could not refute and with a recital of facts that they could not gainsay. The result was that they gave the matter up and decided to let him alone. All this he told me and more.

When I came to teach the girls I found that a large number of the books which they used, especially those affecting moral questions and touching on the history of the Nation, were written by Catholics. Judge Stephens had said to me privately that it was the earnest wish of his wife to have the children join the Catholic Church, but he added, "I'll be damned if they shall do so before they are twenty-one. After that time they may have their own way, but not till then." When I mentioned to him that the books they were using were written by Catholics, he told me to go on and still use them, "but," said he, "give them the Protestant view of every matter, where there is a difference in opinion as to doctrine or facts between the advocates of the two religions."

This, it can easily be understood, put a heavy duty on me, but I had the advantage of the father's wishes and the dead mother's example.

The wife of Judge Stephens was one of the most intellectual women that I have ever met. She had a keen, sharp, strong mind, was well educated and possessed to a remarkable degree the power of expression. Her conversation was of a high order and her manner was generally both attractive and impressive. It was no difficult matter, therefore, for her to impress her three step-children with an idea of her interest in them and sincere desire for them to make a success in life.

I found that of the children Miss Claud possessed the strongest intellect. It was much like her father's without his fierce impetuosity and his intellectual obstinacy. Miss Rebecca possessed more temper than any of the children had and seemed more impatient of control. Miss Emm had more beauty than either of the two other children. She was quiet, reserved and always receptive and easy to teach.

Miss Julia Baker was the most beautiful of all the girls. She was tractable and likewise easy to teach. I think she studied less than the others.

Lindsay Baker was a good boy, but quite mischievous, and gave me a good deal of trouble in trying to keep order in the school; but he was always respectful and when interested always came up with a good lesson. All of these children exhibited unfailing respect for Judge Stephens and recognized his word as the law of every matter that arose for decision.

Our afternoons of Friday were set apart for lectures on Grecian and Roman Mythology. These lectures were written by me during the week and I always tried to put something in them that would attract the children's minds. They showed great interest in their delivery and seemed to remember them better than any other lessons that I taught. I suppose I wrote as many as one hundred lectures on Mythology during

the time. They were the lucubrations of a young man fresh from college and the study of the Classics. I filed them away and held on to them through all the changes that have occurred since.

NEWSPAPER BUSINESS

After Judge Stephens had made his first payment (he did not pay by the month, but semi-annually) I sent one-half of the amount that I received to be credited on my note held by Mr. Stephens at Crawfordville for school expenses. I then wrote Mr. Stephens telling him that I desired to use a portion of the remainder in the purchase of a newspaper and when I received his assent to this, I formed the partnership with DuBose and Brown, as hereinbefore stated.

Mr. Brown purchased the outfit for the newspaper and in doing so bought second-hand type that had been used in a strong power press, for the publication of a daily paper. As we had only a hand press on which to print our paper, the result was a very poorly printed sheet, at times illegible and at all times lacking in good newspaper style. At an early date after this paper was established, I went back to Tennessee and, on my return, brought my brother, Joe, down with me, giving him the position of pressman in the printing office. He stayed with the paper as long as it was printed as an independent sheet, and when it was sold out and merged with the "Times and Planter" he continued as pressman, running a power press for that journal.

When the newspaper venture was entered on I began to send to my mother, who had gone back to Tennessee, a monthly stipend, or allowance. This I kept up through all the changes that occurred from that time until her death in 1893. There was never a break

in the regularity with which this money was sent her and I have now the consolation of knowing that I aided her in taking care of the household; in bringing up her children and in saving her widowed heart from breaking. My brother Joe had looked after her and had run the farm and managed the affairs at home from the time I went to college until the time I brought him down to Georgia. From his salary as pressman, he also aided in taking care of the mother and family. I sent all the girls to school, with two exceptions, paying their expenses when away from home. One graduated at Wesleyan College and the others were trained at Jonesboro or elsewhere. So of the boys, two of them went to Mercer University in Macon, Georgia. Alex educated himself at the Tennessee University in Knoxville.

After the publication of *The Sentinel* had continued for some time I got into a controversy with Rev. B. H. Sasnett, who afterwards married my wife's sister. He was connected with the editorial staff of *The Times and Planter* and believed in the old idea, that was prevalent in the State before the war, to the effect that education was no part of the duty of the Government, but should be looked after by the parents or others connected with the home. I wrote the editorials on this subject for *The Sentinel* and Mr. Sasnett wrote his replies, publishing them in *The Times and Planter*. He was a fine writer, the son of a Methodist divine, formerly a professor in Emory College, and the author of several books and pamphlets. His son took after him in the facility with which he could handle the King's English, and also adopted many of his father's theories, especially on education.

The controversy raged with great fierceness as it appeared to the two who were engaged in it. We

covered the field and when the controversy was over we were both more settled in our own beliefs than ever before. I do not know how the public felt, but I lived to see the theories I advanced adopted by the State, when the public schools were established.

During this time I wrote many editorials urging upon the public the necessity of making a change in the methods of farming. I urged that the farmers should improve their lands and that to do this there should be a constant rotation of crops. I urged the sowing of clover or other plants feeding on the atmosphere, which could be turned under in the fall and serve to tighten and enrich the soil. The entire attention at the time seemed to be given over by the farmers to the growing of cotton, and I remember warning them that if they persisted in this way, using fertilizers only to make the crop, that it would not be long before their lands would be exhausted and their fields would be washed down to the clay and become utterly worthless.

I have lived to see this prophecy or warning prove sadly true. Our whole farming population, with a few exceptions, continued to devote itself to the raising of cotton, so that when the boll weevil came and the crops completely failed, the whole country became disheartened. The young men leave the farms and go into business in some city or town, where they can make a living without following the plow. And even the negro has been forced out of business by the inability of the white employer to continue his cotton farming, so that a great exodus of colored people has taken place from our State. The farmer now who is not possessed of the labor necessary to run his farm, within his own family, is completely left behind.

Meantime, the school progressed and the children

went forward with celerity and success in all their studies. I could feel by the questions that were continually asked me, the influence that the step-mother was having over their minds so far as religious principles were concerned. There was a daily struggle in this respect. The home teaching was met by the school teaching as far as practicable. I did not hesitate to discuss the situation and to try to impress on the minds of the students, whenever these church questions were touched on in the books we used, that there were two sides, the Catholic and Protestant side; that our people believed in the Protestant side, that the Reformation was a great blessing to the world, and that more happiness could be found in trying to help one another according to Protestant standards than by following the gloomy asceticisms of the other church.

I think the children might have followed their father's leanings (he believed in the Protestant faith and never yielded an inch to the Catholic doctrines) but for an event that occurred about the end of the second year of the school.

On July 14th, 1872, which was Sunday, Judge Stephens died very suddenly. The event was totally unexpected by all his friends and family. He had come to be regarded as one of the leading political thinkers of the State. He had lent his voice and his pen to the upbuilding and rehabilitation of the country following the war. He assailed the Reconstruction measures, the recent amendments to the Constitution and the general policy of the carpet-bag government, with all the courage and energy of a fearless mind.

His death, therefore, caused a profound sensation throughout the State. He was the leading man in Sparta and settled all the difficulties between his fel-

low citizens. He was the arbiter in every serious dispute and there were very few, if any, citizens in the county who did not regard him as a friend and adviser and well-wisher at all times. Their troubles were carried to him, both from the counting room and the farm, and his judgments were seldom, if ever, questioned. He was the peace-maker for his people.

He was one of the greatest lawyers that I ever knew. He did not make the show at the bar that General Toombs or Mr. Hill made, but when the question resolved itself into one requiring profound knowledge of law and deep insight into the motives of men and a courageous advocacy of principles, whether popular or unpopular, he was without an equal in the land. His great brother at Crawfordville possessed wider views of men and affairs, as his public education extended further than that of his brother, but in the handling of law, Judge Linton Stephens took the lead of his gifted and distinguished relative.

His death occurred at a time when the session of the school under my charge was very nearly at an end. The vacation would have occurred in about two weeks. The death broke up the school completely. It was disastrous also to the family. It gave the step-mother unlimited control. She took advantage of it without doubt. Within a comparatively short time two of the girls decided to enter a convent. They turned over their property to the children by the second marriage and went to Canada, there entering the Convent of Notre Dame. A large part of this property had come to them through their mother, the first wife of Judge Stephens, and he had taken care of it for them, recognizing their entire ownership in it. It was quite extensive, and I suppose would easily have supported them through life.

I can never express the mortification which I felt when I found that all the Protestant teaching which I had given them was utterly disregarded and under the almost supreme influence of their gifted step-mother they surrendered themselves entirely to the direction of her church.

Miss Rebecca in a comparatively short time married a brother of the step-mother, who came from Boston to pay his attentions to her and to persuade her to become his second wife. She lived only two or three years after the marriage. Little Emm survived the convent only a short while when she faded out and crossed the invisible line.

Claud continued in Notre Dame and I have heard of her from time to time, from persons coming from Canada, but I do not know whether she is still alive or what events have occurred in her life. She was a splendid woman and deserved to have been a leader in thought and a dispenser of happiness, among the people of her native state.

The Baker children continued in the Protestant faith. Miss Julia married a gentleman in Augusta and made a good wife and happy home. Lindsey Baker continued his father's business and became a successful merchant in Sparta.

So much for the children that I had taught for nearly two years at the little school house in Sparta.

The attachment between Alexander H. Stephens and his brother, Linton, was as close as ever existed, I think, between two brothers. While they were only half brothers, yet they seemed to sustain a closer relationship towards each other than ordinarily exists in such cases.

Linton was educated by his brother, who furnished him the money to go through college. He graduated

at Athens and then took a degree in the law department of the University of Virginia, after which he completed a course of legal studies at Cambridge, Mass. He settled in Hancock, served in the Legislature from that county and also in the Senate from the district and in 1859 was appointed judge of the Supreme Court by the then Governor, Joseph E. Brown. He filled an unexpired term on the Supreme Bench and did not continue longer in this service. During all this time, and in fact almost up to the time of his death, he and his brother wrote regularly once a day to each other. They had no difference in political opinions, but stood together on all the great questions of the times.

His death wrought a vast change in my prospects. I had begun to read law and frequently consulted him on the various questions that arose in my mind while trying to master the old text books. I had left the home of Col. DuBose and had taken a room in the Turner Building, in which building *The Sentinel* was published. I furnished a room back of the composing room, and here wrote my editorials, prepared the lessons and lectures for the children, and read the law books set out in the University course. I have often said that I laid the foundation of whatever legal success I have achieved, in the back room of a printing office.

A short time after the breaking up of the little school I was offered a position as teacher in the Sparta Academy or High School, conducted by Professor Thomas A. Murray, which was a very thriving school and well attended at that time. I took charge of the department of mathematics in the school, continuing to teach under Professor Murray for the term, meantime keeping up my law studies.

Professor Murray had served in the Confederate

army, in a battery principally made up in LaGrange, Georgia. The Captain was Henry H. Carlton, who afterwards served in Congress from the Athens District. The company, after the surrender at Appomattox, buried its guns the night following in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Federals. It was one of the most famous of all the Georgia batteries in Lee's army.

I was strongly attached to Prof. Murray and when I became Governor I made him custodian at the Capitol, putting him in charge of the dome and its surroundings. He has remained there to this day.

At the term of the Superior Court for Hancock County, which came on in October, I applied for admission to the bar, stood the examination in open court and was granted license by Judge Garnett Andrews who was presiding. Judge Frank L. Little coached me in the law and under his supervision and direction I applied for the license. My connection with the high school kept me only an hour or two every day, and, therefore, did not prevent my "hanging out a shingle," opening an office, and commencing to practice.

In the fall of this year I made the acquaintance of the lady who became my first wife, Miss Fannie T. Burke, of Macon. She was a great friend of Dr. Edmund Pendleton and family and came over to visit them. Among the diversions I had taken up was the playing of croquet with the young ladies of the town. We met at regular intervals and always took considerable delight in the sport.

Miss Fannie, who was the oldest daughter of the Reverend John W. Burke, of Macon, was a constant attendant at these games. The first characteristic I noticed in her was a wonderfully equable temperament.

I played against her and played with her and found out that she never became cross or exhibited the slightest ill humor, whether she gained or lost in the game.

This attracted me, for it was entirely different from the conduct of the other young ladies. They resented defeat or charged their partner with bad playing when a stroke went wrong or there was a failure to score. I commenced to visit Miss Fannie at Dr. Pendleton's and soon found out that she was a splendid performer on the piano, a fine conversationalist, and an honorary graduate of Wesleyan College.

When I began to make addresses to her and to speak the usual nothings that mark the first advance of a young man, I had no sensation like that which afterwards overtook me. Our friendship went through the usual course, and day by day the attachment grew stronger until my heart began to awake. She was a woman of fine judgment with a splendidly educated mind, and a heart that responded to every kindly sentiment.

When I first reached the point of making serious my association she put me off and left the matter entirely unsettled. When we parted after our few weeks' association she told me she would write me her mind when she reached home. She did so and admitted a strong friendship for me. I followed it up in visits to her home in Macon and was accepted as the favored suitor for her hand.

She was a true, noble woman, and our affection for each other seemed to grow stronger as the years went by. I may say here that in all our married life there was never one harsh word used by her to me. She was gentle, kindly natured, thoughtful, seriously inclined, and abounded in good words and works. To her example the success in the raising of our six children



MRS. FANNIE BURKE HARRIS
First wife of Governor Harris and mother of his children.
Died May 3, 1898.

was undoubtedly due. They inherited no evil tendencies, none of them acquiring bad habits, but joining the church at an early date, and all striving to keep in view the accomplishments of a Christian character. The mother's example undoubtedly wrought this work upon her children.

Their names in the order of birth are: Carrie, Walter, Nat, Fannie, John and David. All are living except Nat, who died December, 1902. They are all college graduates. One daughter, Nora, died in infancy.

One rather funny incident happened in connection with the courtship and marriage. My old antagonist in the common school controversy, Rev. B. H. Sasnett, had courted a younger sister of my fiancée and had been engaged to her for some time when she broke it off and sent him adrift. He begged me to say some good words for him while he was trying to restore the relations between him and his former sweetheart. He was very deeply in love with her, for she was worthy of any man's attentions. She was exceptionally beautiful, quite a belle in the city, splendidly educated, and an all-round noble woman.

I helped him all I could and he was successful. When I came to ask Mr. Burke for my wife, Mr. Sasnett begged me at the same time to put in a plea for him. The family had not favored his suit afore time and he thought I might adjust matters for him. I opened the conversation with Mr. Burke by telling him that I had come to see him on the most important matter that had ever occurred in my life and forthwith went on with an earnest plea to have him give his second daughter to Rev. B. H. Sasnett in marriage. He finally agreed to do so, and then I entered a plea for his consideration in my own case.

He used to speak of it in a laughing way, saying

that he had prepared himself for answering me, as he expected me to ask for his oldest daughter, and to his surprise I asked him to give one of his daughters to another man, and then, he said, I added when he had consented, as if it were mere parenthesis: "By the way, Mr. Burke, I would like for you to let me have Fannie for myself."

We were married together, Mr. Sasnett and I, on February 12th, 1872. Doctor, afterwards Bishop, Joseph S. Key performing the ceremony.

Following the wedding supper, both couples took the train for Sparta where we arrived next day. I secured board for myself and bride at the home of Dr. Pierce, a prominent merchant and son of Bishop George F. Pierce.

I may say here that I had a hard time making ends meet after our marriage. My wife was frugal and economical and we lived hard, but I managed to scrape up enough money to pay the board. I recollect just before my marriage that I did not have money to pay for the license. Fortunately for me I got a call to defend a colored man before Judge F. L. Little, who presided over the County Court at that time. The negro, as I recall, was charged with stealing. Colonel C. W. DuBose prosecuted him. I had no testimony and I made the negro put in his statement. Col. DuBose used to say, afterwards: "I knew that negro was guilty from the way his goozle went up and down while he was talking on the stand."

Anyhow the Judge found him not guilty, and the negro paid me thirty dollars for his defense. I used to tell Col. DuBose that it was a "ground hog case" with me to clear the man for I needed the thirty dollars to pay for the license and the railroad fare to get back to the town after my wedding. It was the only chance.

My class-mate and friend, Walter B. Hill, after studying law at the University had come to Macon and formed a partnership with his father, Barnard Hill, in the practice. In January, 1873, Mr. Hill, the father, was appointed Judge of the Superior Courts of the Macon Circuit and this left Walter, his son, without a partner. At that time he was engaged in revising the Code of the State, which was afterwards published as the Code of Erwin, Lester & Hill. I communicated with Walter and told him I was anxious to come to Macon and he tendered to me a partnership, which I accepted, and on June 1st my wife and I left Sparta forever and moved to Macon.

I remember that before leaving I paid a visit to the grave of my benefactor, Judge Linton Stephens. He was buried in his own yard under an over-hanging tree, and when I got to the grave, looking up in the tree, that bent over him, I saw the Catholic Crucifix. It brought back to me all the struggles of the past and spoke of the deep devotion of those whom he left behind.

LAW PRACTICE IN MACON

When I went into practice with Walter Hill I found that he and his father had been retained in a large number of very important cases. Many of these were in the courts outside of Macon and we began at once preparation for their trial. Most of the cases were on the equity side of the court and many abstruse questions arose, which Judge Hill would have known how to easily handle. Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb once said of Judge Hill that he was "by all odds the greatest equity lawyer Georgia had ever produced." The clients, of course, missed his splendid intellectual power, but his son and I tried to make up by hard

study for his absence and, consequently, we worked night and day to master the cases and understand the issues involved. Some we settled, but there is no record of any that we ever lost. I used to say, laughingly, though in a bragging way, that he and I during our partnership, never finally lost a case with which we alone were charged.

In most of the cases that belonged to the firm before I joined it, the retainers had been paid, consequently nothing came in before the final trial. The result of this was that I was greatly troubled to pay our board and to meet the demands of a family that began to increase at an early date.

Judge Hill appointed me Court Reporter, for at that time we had no stenographers, and I learned to take down testimony almost as fast as the stenographer did in after years. I wrote rapidly.

Whatever excellence I had in this respect I acquired in the Army, where I had taken down orders in the field, written extensive reports, and filled up vouchers without number.

This facility in writing enabled me to keep up reasonably well with the witness on the stand. In this way I made enough money to pay expenses until the cases began to come in and money became available from the regular practice.

Mr. Burke had a sister who was married to Judge Asa Holt, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Macon. When she heard that her niece, Fannie, had decided to marry a man in Sparta she said to some of her friends: "I do not know what in the world the poor child will do. The man she is marrying is as poor as a church mouse and it looks like they are in danger of starvation." Dr. Pendleton, at whose home I first paid addresses to my wife, stated also that he didn't

know how we were going to live, and added, "I suppose they can sit in a corner and hold one another's hand and in this way may get some joy out of life."

Mr. Hill allowed me always to take the lead in the trial of the cases in the State courts. He managed the cases in the United States courts, as he was well up in the practice there, and I was rejoiced to have him do so. We forged ahead until our practice finally became considerable, nearly twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, and the future was assured.

Mr. Hill was elected City Attorney in the early part of our partnership and we held this position for over eight years at a reasonably good salary for young men. Mr. Burke, who was in the City Council, secured this appointment for my partner and we held up the business as well as usual, I think. The presence of Judge Hill upon the bench, before whom all the principal cases in the county must come, gave us some advantage in getting practice. It was something which counted in people's minds to be the son of the presiding Judge. So our practice began steadily to increase.

In 1876 we formed a partnership with Messrs. Lanier & Anderson, a leading firm in the city. The partnership was made as a firm and not as individuals. In this way we became connected with another large array of cases extending throughout the region round about Macon. When the partnership was formed Judge Anderson was sick, and this sickness had lasted for several months. He was gradually recovering at the time we formed the partnership and soon came back to the office and took charge of the cases. Colonel Lanier was the father of Sidney Lanier, the poet, who was, in fact, once a member of the firm and the Code, which he used and annotated, fell into our possession and has been kept in our office ever since.

Colonel Lanier was not a great lawyer, but one of the greatest, most persistent and conscientious workers that I have ever met. He kept the run of all the cases in the office, talked to the witnesses and made the briefs.

Judge Clifford Anderson, who afterwards became Attorney General of the State, was probably the ablest, and on many accounts the most remarkable practitioner at the bar at this time in the State. He never took a note in the court house, no matter how long the case lasted, or how great the array of witnesses. His memory was without exception the most accurate that was ever known in our part of the country. He could state the testimony from beginning to end without a mistake, even though the case lasted many days. He never read a paper more than once. If the case was put off and at another term of the court came on for trial it was impossible to get him to go over the papers again. He seemed to remember each one as well as if he had read it ten minutes before.

Wherever there was a dispute as to what a witness had said Judge Anderson made his statement and if there was an appeal to the record there was never a variance found between his statement and the record. It was a great privilege to have been associated with a powerful intellect like this man possessed. He never prepared his cases, but trusted to others and when he came to the trial used the preparation they had made. He was never, in my recollection, unhorsed in the court house. He caught on his feet every time and turned against an expectant lawyer the most unexpected adverse testimony that could be presented. His mind was full of resources and if he suffered defeat for a time it was always with a full expectation of successfully coming back. We got on well with these

two and Walter and I entertained equal admiration for the gigantic intellect of our senior partner.

The clearness of his diction in argument was without exception the most remarkable at the bar. It was so understood by the profession. I recollect on one occasion the chief justice of the Supreme Court said to him by way of correction: "Judge Anderson, you mean to say, so and so," and then the court stated what he thought the lawyer meant. As we came out I heard the words go around among the lawyers who had attended, in this way: "The idea of Judge W. trying to correct a sentence of Judge Anderson on the pretense that it was obscure." Then it was replied: "There isn't a man on earth who can construct a sentence clearer than Clifford Anderson."

Macon had some strong men at the bar in these days that we were called on to meet in debate in the court house. There comes up to me the vision of Judge Washington Poe, kinsman of the great poet, of Judge Samuel Hall, afterward one of the leading lights on the Supreme Court bench, of A. O. Bacon, afterwards United States Senator, and one of the ablest speakers in that august assemblage; L. N. Whittle, a nobleman of the old school, whose delight it was to encourage a young practitioner; John Rutherford, a persistent worker and un-reconstructed Southerner.

I remember when Col. Rutherford began the trial of a case of considerable importance in the court house. At that time there were colored men on the jury. He struck the jury without noticing the colored man and when he came to make the opening statement of his case he saw the negro sitting in the box. He immediately turned around to the court and asked that the case be dismissed. He preferred to bring it over again rather than try it before a jury with the negro on the panel.

Continuing the enumeration there comes to my memory a nephew of the last mentioned attorney, Captain John C. Rutherford. His mother was a sister of Howell Cobb and his father was Professor Williams Rutherford, my old teacher at college, who gave me the problem on the entrance examination that I could not solve. Captain Rutherford was a partner of Col. A. O. Bacon, under the firm name of Bacon & Rutherford.

He was by all odds the most skillful practitioner I ever saw handle a case before a jury. He was the master of every artifice necessary to compel a jury's assent, an able and eloquent speaker and logical reasoner, thoroughly versed in the law and endowed with a most wonderful knowledge of human nature. He stood without exception shoulder high above any man that I can recall in these early days, so far as jury practice was concerned.

It was my fortune to be on the other side of a great number of cases in which he was counsel. As I am writing confidentially with myself I think I might refer to one of the cases where I was leader on one side and he on the other. It was a case in Twiggs Superior Court brought by him, in which he was trying to set up a nuncupative will for a man named Perry, who had been working for wages in the home of the alleged testatrix at her death. The purported will left the bulk of the estate, which was a large one, to Perry. I was absolutely convinced that the claim was fraudulent and my clients were especially anxious to defeat the action. They were the heirs-at-law if the will failed.

The case attracted much attention and on the night before it was to be tried we all met at the hotel in Jeffersonville, so as to be ready to go into the trial on the next day.

I had one misfortune, I may call it, known to Captain Rutherford. I could not bear tobacco smoke. Never having learned to smoke or to chew, the smell of the smoke not only sickened me but disordered my mind and made it impossible for me to control my thoughts. I think he worked a scheme on me. After supper he came into my room in the hotel bringing with him the Judge of the Court and several other lawyers for the purpose, as he pretended, of talking with me about the political condition of the country, the old war and our part in the same. Of course they began to smoke as soon as they came in and in a few minutes the room was completely darkened with the fumes of tobacco. Then Captain Rutherford talked at me and centered all the interest on my conversation to keep me busy talking while they smoked. Of course I couldn't order them out of the room and I could not myself leave the room, so I suffered the martyrdom that follows the man unused to tobacco. He kept this up until eleven o'clock, by which time my system had become saturated with nicotine.

Next day we went into the case and I soon found that the project for my discomfiture was to be successful. I could not control my mind nor my memory. My head was flighty and I neglected or missed the main parts of the case in presenting it to the jury. The result was a verdict in favor of his client and a complete defeat of his opponent. It was on the idea that everything was fair in love and war.

I moved for a new trial and the court granted it but the case was never tried again. It went out with its own weight, I think.

Captain Rutherford never admitted himself defeated. He was the most terrible counsel on cross examination that ever stood before a jury. No witness

could stand up against him. He has frequently overwhelmed the witness and utterly discredited him by his adroit and wonderfully skillful cross examination. He brought on his own death from his work in defending the Tom Woolfolk murder case. He threw into this case all the powers of his matured and gigantic intellect. It was the case where a man had slain his whole family consisting of nine people, including his father, his step-mother, and a number of his half brothers and sisters. The prejudice was so great against Woolfolk that a change of venue was allowed and the case was carried to Houston County, where it was finally tried. Woolfolk was hanged, but the extraordinary efforts made by Captain Rutherford to save his client's life brought on a complete prostration from which he never recovered.

PROHIBITION AND TECHNOLOGY

Some time during these years my partner, Mr. Hill, said to me that every lawyer who worked hard over his cases ought to have some kind of hobby to advocate in order to take his mind from his business and give him rest.

Accordingly he and I decided in the course of time to take up two separate matters and try to bring them to the attention of the people of the State. Mr. Hill chose prohibition and I took up the question of establishing a school of technology in Georgia.

My partner finally became deeply interested in the subject he had determined to take up. To this end he began to write for the papers and magazines and to deliver lectures throughout the State. He soon became one of the principal leaders in the warfare that was waged against the sale of liquor. He became so immersed in the subject that he did not allow a day to

pass without trying to add something to the cause of temperance. This was the condition of our affairs when I determined to run for the Legislature in order, if possible, to establish the school of technology.

My friend, Major J. F. Hanson, was the first person who mentioned such a school to me. This was in the early part of the year 1882. I took up the question, studying the subject from every standpoint possible. I announced for the Legislature and my partner supported me with all his strength and power. It was a time when "treating" by a candidate was expected; in fact, demanded, if success was to be obtained. I had never taken a drink of liquor, as I have stated heretofore, and I had certainly never treated any person by giving him whiskey. I would have been beaten badly, I think, but for the fact that one good friend in Macon came to my help. Appleton P. Collins engineered my campaign and went around with me to see and talk with the voters. He stood at my back and when one of the voters would come up to me and demand a drink, as was the custom, he would step in front and say: "Harris doesn't do those things. I am doing his drinking; come with me," and the man had to be content with this reception. I found out from watching the situation that Collins could handle such men much better than I could. I led the ticket.

Mr. Hill stood all day at the polls at the courthouse "corralling" the voters, as he used to say. Bibb was entitled to three representatives. The other two selected were, my class mate, Hon. Charles L. Bartlett and Colonel W. A. Lofton.

They were strong men and men of their own heads. We never tried to control one another.



FOUNDER'S LOVING CUP

Bearing following inscription:

1885—1913
PRESENTED TO N. E HARRIS
FOUNDER OF THE
GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY AND PRES-
IDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES, BY
THE FACULTY AND ALUMNI, AS A TOKEN
OF AFFECTION AND ESTEEM.

The Legislature met in the fall of 1882 and organized by electing Lewis Garrard, of Columbus, as speaker and Mark Hardin, of Bartow, as Clerk. W. A. Little, a colleague of the speaker, from Columbus, was appointed Chairman of Finance, when the committees were selected. I was put on this committee but did not obtain a chairmanship until later in the session, when I was made Chairman of the Re-districting Committee.

I had made my race in Bibb County almost entirely upon the proposition that I would try to establish for Georgia a school of technology. The canvass in Bibb tied me up on the prohibition question so that I had very little liberty of action concerning it. The Liquor Dealers Association, headed by James H. Campbell, brought me up with the question, "how did I stand on the prohibition matter?" I answered him that I was not running on that question, but solely for the establishment of the school referred to. I further told him that it was not my purpose to try to destroy his business. I knew the county was strongly opposed to the prohibitory law at that time and while I made no pledge and gave no promise concerning any vote that I should cast, I simply advised him that I was not running on any platform to destroy the liquor traffic. Yet, I told him that I was a member of Mulberry Street Church, which his wife attended, and that I was in favor of temperance and would support any measure that would aid the cause, short of prohibiting entirely his business. He replied: "The spirits can stand any tax, but don't pass a law prohibiting the sale."

With this quasi-understanding I was elected by a heavy majority over all opponents.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY

I knew it was not to be an easy undertaking to establish such a school as the one indicated. The way bristled with difficulties. In the first place, it must be a branch of the State University, to enable the Legislature to endow it. Our Constitution expressly prohibited the use of the public funds for education, save to teach the children in the elementary branches of an English education. The provision touching the University itself confined the appropriations of the Legislature to "donations," which were to depend on the condition of the treasury. The use of the word "donation," it was thought by strict constructionists, prohibited any appropriations in the ordinary acceptance of the term, limiting the Legislature's action to gifts or donations to be taken out of the surplus of the treasury.

At the time of the introduction of the resolution concerning the School, there were several branches of the University. Some of these had proven failures and all of them were especially unpopular with the great body of the University alumni, including its Board of Trustees. They were called "stepchildren," or "children of the law," and were recognized only because the Legislature had forced them upon the breast of the parent mother. Every dollar that was given to these branches, it was felt by the University's friends, was so much money taken away from that institution, and thus to this extent embarrassed its progress and development.

In addition to this, about three million dollars of the bonds of the State were falling due and provision for the refunding of these had to be made. The State had suffered in the great monetary circles of the Na-

tion by reason of her repudiation of about eleven million dollars of bonds issued by the Reconstruction authorities during those unfortunate never-to-be-forgotten times, when the negro and the carpetbagger were dominant in the councils of the old commonwealth. Grave fears were entertained that it would be impossible to get any one to take the bonds necessary to refund this heavy debt, and there was consequently in the minds of the public an unmistakable dread of the future, lest the State should go to protest and her credit and standing be irretrievably ruined. Besides this, the State was just then preparing to build the State Capitol, which would necessitate an extra tax on the people for an expenditure of one million dollars. All these multiplied the difficulties in the pathway of such an appropriation.

The formidable antagonism of the great University influence would ordinarily, it was believed, destroy any measure as unpopular as this one was thought to be. And when there is added to this fact that the treasury had already become depleted, that more appropriations had been made than the income of the State justified, and that the legislators were sleeplessly vigilant in trying to cut off anything like the expenditure of public money, in the interest either of education, pensions or otherwise, it can be seen how hopeless appeared the task of securing the passage of a bill that would necessitate in the end something like a half million dollar appropriation. Those who have gone through the effort to get an educational appropriation will best understand this.

In accordance with my pledges concerning the establishment of the school referred to, the first thing I did was to introduce into the House the following resolution:

“Resolved, That a committee of seven from the House be appointed by the Speaker to investigate and consider the propriety and expediency of establishing in this State a School of Technology, under the supervision and direction of the State University and, as a part thereof, to be endowed by the State and that said committee report their conclusions to this House at adjourned session thereof.

“Said committee shall have authority and it shall be their duty to meet at some place to be fixed by the Chairman at some time between the time when the present session shall adjourn and the time of the meeting of the General Assembly in the summer, to consider and investigate said matter.

“Resolved, further, That in case said committee are of opinion that the establishment of such school in this State is proper and expedient, they may be required to prepare a bill to that effect and report the same for consideration to this House at the time of making their report as above provided.” (See House Journal, 1883, page 230.)

The Speaker appointed the seven members of the House as follows:

N. E. Harris, Chairman.

W. A. Little.

M. V. Calvin.

W. A. Wilson.

R. F. Watts.

F. P. Rice.

R. B. Russell.

At the called session which met in May, 1883, to attend the funeral of Governor Alexander H. Stephens, the Speaker added three more members, to-wit:

E. H. Beck.

Tom Eason.

W. N. Spence.

A meeting of the committee was then called for June 9, 1883, and the place fixed for said meeting was the city of New York. We went by sea. Nine out of the ten members attended the meeting and divided the work into three heads, to-wit:

Curriculum, Equipment and Finance.

I had been appointed Chairman, in accordance with the parliamentary rule, having been first appointed, and having introduced the resolution. After examining the technical schools in Massachusetts and New York, and studying the curriculum followed by these institutions, the committee made a report to the House on July 24th, 1883, at the term then in session, unanimously recommending that the school be established and accompanying the report with a skeleton bill intended to be completed by the finance committee and introduced in the House. All of this was done and three hundred copies of the report, which had been written by me, were ordered printed for circulation in the State. The Finance Committee completed the bill and reported it to the House at the same session with the recommendation that it be passed:

When the bill came up for consideration and passage it was met by a fierce and vigorous opposition. Some of the opposition grew out of antagonisms that arose from the effort of the Re-districting Committee to lay out the new congressional districts. I was Chairman of this Committee for the House and all its mistakes and unpopular moves were laid at my door. On the final vote the measure received 65 affirmative and 64 negative votes. Eighty-eight votes were necessary to pass it.

It was re-considered the next day and laid on the table for the term. Its friends were disappointed but did not despair. The contest had reached the coun-

try and fired the heart of the old State. During the interim, between the adjournment of the Legislature and the election of members to the next House, the contest went on in the State. The report of the committee of nine was sent to all the leading papers of the State. Large extracts were made from it; appeals were constantly urged in its favor and finally the Georgia State Agricultural Society, at its meeting in Savannah on February 12, 1884, endorsed the measure and recommended its passage. I had been asked to deliver an address on the subject before that great body, which then constituted the only organization of the farmers in the State. The address was published in the Savannah papers and scattered throughout the country. Letter after letter came from all parts of the State commending the measure and urging a continuance of the efforts to pass it at the next session of the Legislature.

Meantime, the Chancellor and other prominent members of the faculty of the State University, who had always been unfavorable to such institutions, wrote words of encouragement and proffers of assistance. These men were too great to let the old animosity towards branch colleges stand in the way of an institution which, they felt, would bring about so great an advantage to the State. Professor White, at the same meeting in Savannah before the State Agricultural Society, discussing the experiments on the farm under his charge at Athens, gave an object lesson showing the value of technical education, on the lines upon which the school was projected. Henry S. Haynes, General Manager of the Savannah, Florida & Western Railroad, whose headquarters were at Savannah, wrote a warm letter to me, in which, after discussing the methods of modern education and refer-

ring to the address that had been made in Savannah, he used these words:

“I have been so deeply impressed with the growing necessity for technical education that I have sought it for my children, but could not find it in the State of Georgia, nor, may I add, in the South. As a consequence, I have been compelled to send my sons to a northern state to obtain what their birthplace did not accord them. My oldest son will graduate as a mechanical engineer this year. My second son is receiving practical instruction in chemistry, and my third and youngest is also in a technical institution.”

He added: “I made this personal reference in order to show my appreciation of your efforts in the cause of technical education.”

I made the race in my own county for the Legislature again solely upon the issue of the establishment of the State Technological School. I led the ticket again. Four of the nine young men who had gone with me to the North were left at home, not trying for re-election. This was no small loss to the cause.

One of the first measures that came in on the call of the counties in the House was the Technological Bill, marked “Bill No. 8,” introduced by the ‘Gentleman from Bibb.’ It was largely a copy of the bill that had been drafted at the previous Legislature.

I was Chairman of the Finance Committee that year and the bill was sent to my committee. It did not go through unresisted. Numerous amendments were offered, numerous parliamentary schemes were inaugurated to defeat it, but it finally emerged from the committee substantially as it had been introduced, bearing with it a favorable report. It was made a special order several times in the House and was finally reached on July 22, as will be seen from the House Journal of 1885, page 127.

Its consideration occupied four days, extending through July 22nd and 23rd, and then going over as unfinished business as a special order for the 28th of July. It finally reached a vote on the 29th. There were 93 votes in favor and 62 against it. On the next legislative day Mr. Chancy, one of the representatives, asked permission to have his vote recorded in its favor, thus making a total vote on the passage, of 94 in favor of it. Eighty-eight were necessary to its passage. Some of the strongest men in the Legislature came out in its favor on the final passage. Joe Terrell, afterwards Governor, made his maiden speech in behalf of this bill. Russell, of Clarke, now Chief Justice, who represented Athens and the University influence, voted and spoke in its favor. In his argument, which was one of the most vigorous ever delivered by Judge Russell in the House, he referred to the fact that the world was moving and that although branch colleges were unpopular and although many arguments might be made against the bill from the University standpoint, yet he felt that his duty to himself required him to move forward instead of backward, for he knew the State demanded this character of education.

On its passage through the House the principal opposition was led by Harrell, of Webster; Spinks, of Paulding, and Watkins, of Gilmer. I have never forgotten the feelings with which I listened to the roll calls, for all such bills were required to pass by yea and nay vote and the clerk called the names of the representatives one by one. When the record showed that the required majority had endorsed the measure, the enthusiasm of the House could not be controlled. The members shouted and pounded their desks and threw their papers into the air, hurraing at the top of their voices.

But the bill had to run the gauntlet of the Senate. Col. John S. Davidson was Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and took it up as it came from the House. He told me jokingly once that he had made more promises in order to get the bill through the Senate than he could ever fulfill, if he lived the century out. He naively asserted that he could not understand why the Senators from the mountains were so much opposed to the bill, since it was intended most for the benefit of the very people who lived in their counties. It finally came to a vote in the Senate, and went through with two amendments, rather immaterial as they were, but these two amendments had to be assented to by the House. On October 9, 1885, I made a motion to take the bill from the table, where all bills with Senate amendments were placed, in order that the amendments might be concurred in and the bill sent to the Governor. A surprise was in store for me. The yeas and nays were called on the question and the House voted 53 yeas to 65 nays against consideration.

On examining the vote, it was found that eleven members who had voted in favor of the measure, voted against taking it up. It was discovered, too, that its opponents had worked up a strong party in favor of letting the bill lie upon the table and die with the session. It had a margin of only six votes at the time of its passage. One of the members came to me and said: "You are young, Harris. You can wait awhile on this measure. Come back again to the Legislature and try to pass it hereafter." This was the advice of a good friend but it filled my heart almost with despair.

On October 12th, I moved again to take the bill from the table in order to agree to the Senate amendments. (House Journal 1885, page 1,066.) The motion prevailed and the bill was taken up for con-

sideration. When the first amendment was put to the House, the enemies of the bill rallied in the last effort to defeat it. Harrell, of Webster, led the opposition and inaugurated something of a filibuster. The previous question had been ordered and on taking the vote on the main question, Mr. Harrell called for the yeas and nays. The House voted 63 to 43 in favor of ordering the main question on the first amendment. Mr. Harrell immediately moved a re-consideration of this vote and on this I called a yea and nay vote. The yeas were 45 and the nays 66. Mr. Harrell then moved to table the bill and amendments and on this called for a yea and nay vote. The yeas were 46 and the nays 65. The amendment was then adopted without a division.

On the second amendment Mr. Usury, who had been acting with Judge Harrell, called for a yea and nay vote. The vote was 69 yeas and 44 nays and this passed the bill. On this vote Mr. Hawks, of Sumter, who was opposed to the bill, announced a pair with Mr. O. B. Stevens, of Terrell, who afterwards became the State Railroad Commissioner.

The Governor approved the bill on October 17, 1885, and the Technological School was authorized and became a thing to be reckoned with in the State.

But the fight against the institution was not yet concluded. Judge Harrell had become by this time so completely obsessed with the idea that the school ought not to exist that he notified its friends he would resort to the courts and enjoin the treasurer from using the money of the State. His objection grew out of the peculiar form of the appropriation, which was in these words:

“Be it further enacted that the sum of \$65,000.00 or so much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the

same is, hereby appropriated for the establishment of said school, and to carry this act into effect the Governor is authorized to draw his warrant on the Treasurer of the State in favor of said commission, for such parts of said sum as may be applied for in writing, from time to time, as the said work progresses. Provided this sum shall be available only after the first day of January, 1887, and shall then be paid only out of any funds in the treasury not otherwise appropriated."

This peculiar wording was due to the views then entertained touching appropriations to the State University. They were called "donations" as I have heretofore explained, and the strict constructionists insisted that the word "donation," in view of the words which followed, confined such appropriations to the surplus in the treasury alone. So the opponents of the school insisted that there never was a surplus in the treasury and consequently that the appropriation could never be paid.

The matter was referred to the Attorney General and the words received an interpretation by him. The great man who held the office at that time, Clifford Anderson, of Macon, was the clearest headed lawyer, I think, that had filled the place in a generation. After fully examining into the precedents and the methods of appropriation in vogue in the United States Congress, and hearing from both sides, he came to the conclusion that the appropriation could be paid, and so reported to the Executive Department. The threatened injunction, therefore, went for naught.

Judge Harrell, however, came back next year to the Legislature of 1886-87 to repeal the act before the appropriation had become operative. He was a strong man and he fought the measure with desperate energy.

The whole scheme was in jeopardy. I had not returned to this Legislature and a large number of those who were friendly to it had dropped out of the House. The Speaker of the House, however, Judge W. A. Little, seeing, how much was at stake, left the chair and with Napoleonic energy, eloquence, and power, marshalled the forces in favor of the measure and defeated the effort to repeal it.

Strange to say, this fight was renewed when the first appropriation was sought to be made for the institution to pay its expenses for the year 1889-1890. The committee had reported in favor of the appropriation, giving the school \$18,000.00 for the maintenance fund. The public schools also were involved. Judge Harrell attacked the whole bill in every way possible, endeavoring to defeat it. After a long discussion, extending over several days, Hon. Clark Howell, of Fulton, who was then a member of the House, called the previous question and in fiery and potent language arraigned the opposition. He said:

“ Did I not know that one more able than I would close this discussion in favor of the report of the committee, I would take this occasion to resent the outrageous charges of the gentleman from Webster. I, for one, am satisfied that this House is tired of witnessing the humiliating spectacle of this Don Quixote throwing himself against the windmill. He has made three speeches already on this question and yet cries ‘gag law.’ In the desperation of the defeat of his illiberal policy, he is growing so bitter that he attacks the honor and impugns the motives of the members of this House, as he has done in every House in which he has served. I expect to hear him, in the future, charge this House with the same corruption which he has sought to fix on each of the others to which he belonged.

“I am tired of it and this House is insulted at his effrontery. He has virtually charged your speaker with having packed a committee; he has charged the distinguished gentleman from Bartow with having violated his obligation to support the Constitution for the purpose of having the State relieve him of the expense of educating his son. He has impugned the motive of every member of the House who differs with him, and if this discussion continues, the House may be further humiliated. I, therefore, rise to call the previous question and in doing so will state that Dr. Felton, as acting Chairman of the Appropriations Committee under the rules of the House is entitled to the closing argument in behalf of the bill. This discussion has been going on four days, and it is useless to continue it further. I therefore call the previous question on the bill, substitute and amendments.”

It is needless to say the motion prevailed and the House voted the appropriation.

FIRST COMMISSION

So as I have said, the school was authorized and about January 1, 1886, Governor McDaniel, who was then in the gubernatorial chair, appointed the first commission consisting of N. E. Harris, of Bibb; S. M. Inman, of Fulton; O. S. Porter, of Newton; E. R. Hodgson, of Clarke; Columbus Heard, of Greene.

This commission organized by electing me Chairman, which position I have occupied from that time to the present. E. R. Hodgson was made Secretary, which position he occupied to the time of his resignation a few years ago, and S. M. Inman was elected Treasurer, which position he occupied till he resigned on account of his removal from the State. J. S. Akers took his place as such treasurer and held the office until he resigned from ill health a short while since.

At the first meeting of the commission a circular letter was prepared setting forth the main features of the act and asking for offers of endowment in accordance with the provision contained in the same, with the view of locating the school. This method of location was comparatively a new one in the State, but has been followed in many instances since, both in this State and in other states. At the second meeting the bids were ordered closed by October 1, 1886. The places which put in offers of endowment with a view to the location of the institution were:

1. Athens and the University.
2. Atlanta, represented by Judge Hillyer, the Mayor.
3. Macon, filed by the Secretary.
4. Penfield, presented by Judge Heard.
5. Milledgeville, presented by the Secretary.

It was thought best that the commission, in justice to the bids or offers aforesaid, should visit all the points desirous of securing the location, and give to the advocates of each an opportunity to be heard, while at the same time examining and appraising the property that had been offered. This was done in the early part of October.

On October 19, 1886, the commissioners met in Atlanta and proceeded to open the bids and vote on their acceptance. The following ballots were taken which ought to be of interest to all friends of the school. The commissioners voted *viva voce*. First ballot: Macon, 1 vote, Harris; Penfield, 1 vote, Heard; Athens, 1 vote, Hodgson; Atlanta, 1 vote, Inman; Milledgeville, 1 vote, Porter. There being no election a second ballot was had. In that ballot Penfield received 2 votes, Heard and Porter; Atlanta, 1; Macon, 1; Athens, 1. The third ballot resulted:

Macon, 1; Penfield, 1; Athens, 1; Atlanta, 2; Porter and Inman voting for Atlanta. The same result was reached on each ballot, up to and including the 21st, when the commission adjourned to the next day, October 20th. When the 22nd ballot was taken on October 20th, the vote stood as follows: Macon, 2, Harris and Heard; Athens, 1; Atlanta, 2, Inman and Porter. The 23rd ballot showed no change but on the 24th ballot Hodgson came to Atlanta giving her three votes. On this ballot the vote was: Macon, 1, Harris; Athens, 1, Heard; Atlanta, 3, Inman, Porter and Hodgson. It was declared that Atlanta had secured the location and the commission then pledged its unanimous support to Atlanta in behalf of the school.

The commission procured the services of Mr. Higgins, from the Worcester Free Institute, to superintend the construction and installation of its mechanical department. This was done because the school was modeled upon the plan of the Worcester Free Institute and the authorities of that school seemed willing to show every possible consideration to the commission. Mr. Higgins was superintendent of their mechanical department, and they practically loaned him to the Georgia School for the space of twelve months.

The site and location are all fully set out in the various catalogues that have appeared annually since the school began operations.

On October 7, 1888, the school buildings having been completed, the institution was, in accordance with the requirements of the foundation law, turned over by the local commission to the trustees of the University to be held for the State at large. The exercises attending the ceremonies of turning over, occurred at night in the opera house in Atlanta. During the day, the Trustees of the University visited the grounds, ex-

amined the equipment and at a stated hour, the vast machinery was started by Miss Nellie Inman, daughter of Commissioner Inman, a twelve-year-old miss, whose hand pulled the throttle that gave motion to the machinery of the school which, with only one interval, has continued ever since.

A vast audience gathered for the opening exercises and Dr. Hopkins, who was elected President on April 5th preceding, acted as master of ceremonies. Dr. Hopkins had received a technical training and while acting as President of Emory College in 1884, had opened in that school a small technological department, thus becoming the first college official in Georgia to inaugurate an industrial feature in a collegiate institution. To this fact together with his distinguished position as an educator, his election as President was largely due. After a few strong and interesting words of congratulation, on the opening of the school, Dr. Hopkins introduced me as Chairman, whose duty it was in behalf of the commission to turn over the institution to the State. I spoke some forty minutes. These exercises were fully reported in the issue of *The Atlanta Constitution* of October 8, 1888. Among other things which I said was the following:

“Georgia began the agitation for this school years ago. The thought took shape in the universal demand by the press in 1882, headed by *The Macon Telegraph*.”

I further said in discussing the school: “It is the school of the laborer, the workshop of the mechanic, the college of the engineer, the university of the poor.”

When I came to turn it over, I said: “Sir, our work is done, and with our hands outstretched in blessing and in prayer, we commit the child to the keeping of that great people, into whose favor and affection it must now struggle to make its way.”

Judge John J. Gresham, of Macon, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, received the school in behalf of the Board and spoke warm and welcoming words in the name of the University trustees. Governor John B. Gordon was then introduced in behalf of the State of Georgia and congratulated the Commission and the State on the opening of the school and the prospects of its success. He made a strong and earnest speech setting out the advantage that such a school would be to the State of Georgia, into whose custody as Governor he now received it. Ex-Governor McDaniel, who had signed the act and appointed the first commission, was next introduced and eloquently pointed out the practical worth of the school, especially expressing pride in the fact that he had aided in its establishment.

Then Dr. H. C. White was introduced. Dr. White was at a later date offered and declined the presidency of the school. He had helped the Chairman throughout the State, with favorable words of commendation to the farmers and to the interests that were in his hands. He prophesied great things for the school in its work for the future.

Mayor Cooper, of Atlanta, sent a letter of regret, being too sick to attend. And then the presiding officer introduced the Hon. Henry W. Grady, who concluded the exercises. Mr. Grady's speech was not taken down. He spoke without previous preparation, but when he came to address the audience, the enthusiasm was unbounded. The people of Atlanta knew him and appreciated him beyond all measure. I wish his speech could have been published. The way he came forward reminded me of an old blacksmith, his knees being wide apart and his body held in a rigid position as if he were ready to strike. When he opened his mouth the words, honeyed words they were, of

wisdom and beauty and sublimity dropped from his lips. He painted Georgia's need, her undeveloped resources, her splendid waterpower, her great cotton fields, her mines unexplored, all waiting for the hand of the skilled engineer and artisan to develop them. He said the school had this duty on its shoulders. It would discharge it to the people, it would show them that it was worth operating, and in future years people would rise up and bless its founders for their efforts in behalf of the State.

It is needless to say his words thrilled me. I had never before appreciated the magnificence of his diction, the power of his argument and the splendor of his thoughts, though he had been my college mate and friend.

SUBSEQUENT VIEWS ON TECH

The founding of the Georgia School of Technology I regard as the most important event, of a public nature, that occurred in my life.

The foregoing recitals will afford some slight idea of the difficulties under which the legislation that started the school was secured. The difficulties, however, were not concluded with the action of the Legislature and the turning over of the school to the University Trustees.

There was a bitter fight made each year in the Legislature for several years, against the appropriation to continue the school. Many of those who opposed it in the beginning continued their opposition after it began and several of these came back to the Legislature to prevent the appropriation necessary to its maintenance. Through all these years I attended the Legislature, appeared before the committee, spoke in favor of its appropriations and watched any proposed ad-

verse legislation and was always able to block such, for its friends constantly multiplied as its successful work became more apparent.

At one time in his administration Captain Hall, the President, asked me as a favor to remain away from the Legislative session in order that he himself might do the speaking and secure the legislation necessary to meet the growing wants of the institution.

I granted his request and remained away from the legislative session. He made an egregious failure in the effort to manage and direct the legislative work. The appropriation we were seeking was refused and the maintenance fund suffered diminution. He came to me and said: "Col. Harris, I will never ask you to turn over the legislative matters to me again. You must take charge of them and continue to look after them as long as I am President." I thanked him and told him I was glad that he had tried, though sorry he had failed to reach the fruition of his hopes. He always followed my lead after this in legal and legislative matters.

So, as the years passed, I have stood over and aided in the wonderful progress which the school has made. Through all the years, from January, 1886, to the present time, I have appeared as an ex-officio member of the Board of Trustees of the University at Athens. For awhile the school was treated as an intruder and looked on as an obstruction in the way of the progress of the University. Chancellor Hill once laughingly said to me: "If I have any rival in Georgia, it is the Technological School."

I have smoothed away adverse criticism; met charges that grew out of jealousy; never forgetting in all the years that I, myself, was a graduate of the University of Georgia and desired to see its success in every way.

Again and again it was suggested by the friends of the Tech School in Atlanta that there ought to be attached to it a literary department wherein the degree of Bachelor of Arts might be given, and the head of the school at times urged this as a good measure to insure the standing and progress of the institution. I have at all times set my face against such a suggestion. So far as I could prevent, I never allowed any duplication of the University's curriculum. Our school grants only engineering degrees. While the University gives some of the degrees, especially in Civil Engineering and Electrical Engineering, perhaps, yet in the Georgia School of Technology to obtain such degrees a student must take two years' shop practice, handling tools, studying engines, puddling iron, and incidentally learning brass work, carpentry, turning lathes, and even blacksmithing. So that, while the degrees may seem similar in some of these departments to those of the University, yet the course of work and study to obtain the degrees is almost entirely distinct. In this school theory and practice are combined and the machine is the principal text book.

I may say here that all through the years I have sought to preserve harmony and good feeling between the administration of the Tech and that of the University. Of course our athletics under entirely separate auspices could not be wholly controlled in this respect. The college ambition, the desire to succeed, the *gaudium certaminis* often made anything like good feeling and harmonious action impossible in this field. It has been found that a similar condition exists in Alabama, in Texas, and many other states, where two great public institutions are located, each receiving help from the public treasury.

I was always sorry to know of the bitter feeling

that grew up in the athletic departments. The Tech's pride in her "Golden Tornado" became so great that the University could not help the desire to knock her down. The supremacy was an issue between the two, and the rival friends took part in the quarrel outside. On one occasion one of the students of the Atlanta School wrote on the fence around the Tech athletic field the words: "Tech got Georgia's goat." As one of the games with Georgia was close at hand a bitter complaint was lodged against the boy who had written these words. The Trustees called the matter up and after hearing from the boy severed his connection with the school and sent him home. The matter was reported to the Board of Trustees of the University at Athens and that Board unanimously ordered the young man to be restored.

This act of generosity had a wide effect on the student body and the faculty of the Tech School. It held down bitterness for a long time until other causes arose, and new classes coming on in both institutions they forgot the incident.

I think I may say in these reminiscences that my heart glows with pride whenever I recall the gift that was made to the Georgia people by the founding of the Tech. Its wonderful success, as I have said again and again, is largely due to the fact that it was located in a city like Atlanta. That great municipality, at an early date took the Tech to its heart and made its cause the cause of Atlanta. And after fifty-five years of experience with that city's ways, I have reached the conclusion that Atlanta never fails in anything it undertakes.

So the Tech has grown larger and greater as the years have gone by. It has had three great Presidents; Hopkins, Hall and Matheson, and the new man,

Dr. Brittain, is fast getting into the spirit of the institution. His genius for administration is growing more apparent as his experience increases, and if no untoward circumstances supervene, he will make as great a success as those who have preceded him. He will have better chances. The desire for education has grown and increased and become wider than ever was before known in the Nation. There will probably be thirty-five hundred boys over sixteen receiving instruction in engineering on the campus the present year, including the commercial school. If there were room and the school would advertise, it could with all ease make the number five thousand during the coming year. As it is, more than one thousand boys will be turned away for want of accommodations.

I shall not undertake to describe the progress of the institution from year to year. It has been my life's "hobby" under the agreement made with my partner, Walter Hill. I have devoted from first to last more than one-half my time to pushing it forward and aiding its success. I have presided over every meeting of the Board of Trustees, from the beginning of the school in 1885 down to the present time. I do not remember one board meeting that I have ever missed.

Once when Governor Dorsey attended a barbecue given to the Legislature, after he had defeated me for Governor, I told him in my opening speech that I would rather be Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Georgia Tech than to be Governor of Georgia.

When Governor Hardwick tendered me the position of Pension Commissioner I asked him if the acceptance of the offer would necessitate my giving up the Chairmanship of the Tech Board. He supposed that it would, and then I said to him, as I had to Governor Dorsey: "Sir, I would rather be Chairman of the

Board of Trustees of the Georgia Tech than to have your office, and certainly I wouldn't give it up for the position of Pension Commissioner. I thank you, Sir, for the kindness you thought to do me."

I cannot refrain from adding here that, while there are many graduates of the school who will remember me kindly as their old Chairman and thank me for what I have done for Georgia in this respect, yet I verily believe that, when the history of the school is written the work the Chairman has done, the suffering he has endured, the long patient struggle through which he has gone, will command very little attention from the outside world. People at large care little for such things.

LAW AND LEGISLATION

I served in the House four years successively. My last term, in which I succeeded in passing finally the charter and appropriation for the Georgia Tech, was a very trying one in every respect. There came up in that Legislature the famous Local Option Bill, having for its object the suppression of the liquor traffic in the State.

As I had stated to the people of Bibb County, in the canvass that I had made for the Legislature, that I was not seeking the position of representative to destroy the business of the liquor dealers in Bibb County, and as these men had made no fight on me, but, in fact, supported me in the belief that I would not interfere with their business, I felt under strong obligations to avoid taking part in the controversy which grew up in the Legislature. When the bill came up for consideration it took three or four days, perhaps, for discussion. While this was under way a telegram was sent to the Speaker to be read to the members of the House, worded as follows:

“The good women of Mulberry Street Church are praying for the passage of the prohibition bill. (Signed) W. B. Hill, Secretary.”

When the telegram was read out by the Clerk from his desk almost every head in the House was turned towards me, looking to see what I would do. They knew the telegram was sent by my partner and most of them knew it was sent from the church where my membership had been for many years. I leaned my head down on my desk and pondered seriously over the situation.

I thought of it after adjournment and all through the night. Nearly all my closest friends were supporting the bill. My colleagues from Bibb, however, were fighting with the liquor forces. Nearly every man in the lower House of the Assembly, who aspired to reach any sort of standing had spoken on the bill. So I heard the members asking around me: “Why don’t Harris speak?” I saw that there was no chance to escape the ordeal and I determined to go on record. The next morning, therefore, following the day on which the telegram had been read, I called the Speaker and took the floor.

Col. C. R. Pringle, of Washington County, was Chairman of the Temperance Committee and in charge of the bill.

I began with an attack upon the proposed legislation. The bill had been drawn so as to allow every city and town and every militia district, as well as every county, to vote on the question whether liquor should be sold inside the bounds of the territory so voting.

I attacked this portion showing how it would lead to incalculable confusion. How the boundaries of a militia district were ill defined, and how there would

be constant agitation throughout the State and continual elections that would settle nothing definitely, except perhaps in regard to a small territory from which it was proposed to exclude the sale of whiskey.

I had not spoken more than fifteen minutes, perhaps, when the Chairman, Mr. Pringle, asked to be allowed to interrupt me. I consented, of course, and he said: "Mr. Speaker, if the gentlemen will allow me, I will draw an amendment to the bill striking out all provisions for elections except within the county, thus making the county the unit in all cases." I told him this would suit me and answer my objection, and if this was done I would have nothing further to say. I ended my speech, therefore, the amendment was made, and the bill passed by an exceptionally heavy majority. It became a law.

The Legislature adjourned a short while after this episode and I returned to Macon. When I reached the depot I found to my utter consternation, a large delegation of the best citizens of the county who came down to meet me at the train and escort me to my home. I found also at the same time, a splendid delegation with carriages and a brass band from the Liquor Dealers' Association of the city, to escort me to my home and to thank me for the part I had taken in connection with the passage of the bill.

The prohibitionists had come down to thank me and congratulate me because, they said, if I had not had the local option feature of the cities, towns, and militia districts cut out from the bill, it would never have passed. The Liquor Dealers' Association, and the friends to the wet side, came down to meet me and congratulate me on the fact that my conduct had put the bill into such shape that it was not so objectionable to the advocates of their side of the question.

I was so mortified and overwhelmed by the situation that I slipped out by a side door of the station and crept up home disposed to hide myself and let no human being know of the distress that I felt over such a proposed welcome. If I could be so understood or misunderstood on a question of this sort, I resolved to quit politics and give up all further ambition in this direction. I kept this resolve for ten years. I think it took fully that time for me to recover from the chagrin and mortification that I felt.

One other incident occurred during my four years' service. There had always been some uneasiness on the part of the people of Atlanta concerning the location of the Capitol at that point. It had been moved from Milledgeville during the re-construction times, when the Federal troops were in charge.

No Capitol building had ever been erected and the Legislature was meeting in a building on Marietta Street erected for a theatre or opera house. Here the other public offices were kept, also.

Among the representatives from Fulton was Frank P. Rice, who was one of the leading members of the Finance Committee. I, myself, was a member of that committee. Mr. Rice drew a bill to make an appropriation for building a Capitol in Atlanta, which was to cost a million dollars, and for which a special tax was to be levied.

There had existed for many years a bitter strife between Macon and Atlanta. The strife went further than mere business rivalry. It included political jealousy. If a man who lived in Macon offered for a state-wide office, Atlanta would often decline to support him, and if such a man offered from Atlanta Macon would decline to support him. At this time Major J. F. Hanson was controlling The Telegraph and after

full consideration of the situation, and after consultation, he determined to advocate the measure for erecting a suitable State Capitol in Atlanta. To this I gave my consent, provided the proposed measure could be so amended as to secure the State against any loss by mistake or otherwise in the building, and also protect the citizens from any heavier burden than they would be willing to carry for such a purpose.

After much tribulation the bill was recommended by a bare majority of the Finance Committee. Notice was given when the report was made that a minority report would be filed. I drew this minority report and prepared sixteen amendments to the original bill so as to put it into shape that I thought would be satisfactory to the State. When the bill came to be put on its passage sixteen members of the committee had signed the minority report. This was really more than a majority, and of course the bill was in great jeopardy. The able and clear-minded legislators in charge of the bill accepted every amendment that was offered by the minority and incorporated these amendments into the body of the proposed Act. When this was done I arose in my place and stated to the House that the bill as amended was satisfactory to me and the other members of the committee. It was then put on its passage and went through with a considerable majority. It became a law, as the Senate adopted the action of the House.

The Act was so guarded that it was laughingly said of it that Georgia would get a Capitol built within the appropriation (of a million dollars) or the Commissioners, who were appointed to build it, would go to the penitentiary.

One little occurrence in the House made us laugh and put everybody in a good humor. Colonel Rice,

who was a fine business man, a man of wealth, made from dealing in Atlanta real estate, when he opened the discussion on the bill, began in these words: "Mr. Speaker, the time has come in this State for the building of a Capitol bill."

He had not meant to add the word "bill" at the end of his sentence, but it came out so plain that it made everyone laugh, as we were all inclined to vote for his measure. The "bill" was surely built, and constructed well.

Governor McDaniel appointed the commission which consisted of five prominent citizens. They were well selected, for in my opinion, Governor McDaniel had better judgment about his appointments than any other man who ever sat in the Governor's chair.

After the plans were prepared and the architects and contractors had entered upon the building, I went before the commission and asked them if they had considered in these plans the acoustic properties of the halls for the House and Senate. They said they had never thought about this, but would call the architect before them and find out what had been done in this respect. I had served in the old opera house where we had to stretch wires above the heads of the representatives in order to deaden the echoes and enable a speaker to be heard. We had much difficulty over there. I had visited the House of Representatives in the Capitol of Massachusetts and found a very sharp contrast between our halls of legislation and those of the people of Massachusetts. Sitting in the back seat of the Massachusetts House the slightest whisper from the speaker's desk could be heard. In our halls it was almost impossible for a speaker to be heard.

After our commissioners had consulted with their architect they told me that nothing had been done in

regard to acoustics in the halls and they further said that the architect informed them that no one knew any laws about such things; that it was always a matter of chance. The hall might be good for speaking or it might turn out bad.

This is the reason of the dreadful lack of proper acoustic facilities in the present House of Representatives. No attention was paid to it, it seems, as the architect thought it was a matter of accident. The result is a real misfortune to the State. No speaker can be heard ten steps away in the hall and the legislation is done in the dark, as no man can tell what he is voting on unless the bill has been published or he hears it read in committee. Our Georgia legislation at present is haphazard, so far as the House is concerned. If the committee is not vigilant great wrong may possibly be done at times.

During my first term in the Legislature I was a member of the Finance Committee and was brought in direct contact with the financial affairs of the State.

I boarded during the session part of the time at the Markham House, and for the rest of the time at the Kimball. Colonel Tom Eason, of Telfair, was my room-mate. He was a true friend throughout the remainder of my political career. We had met a few times in the courts adjacent to Macon. He was introduced to me as one who had learned his letters before a light-wood fire in the great pine forests where he drove a team of mules or oxen, carrying logs to a saw mill. He had bent at night over the fire in the long hours trying to learn to read and spell. From this he had gone on educating himself until he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was self-made in every respect, and I think this constituted one of the ties that always bound me to him. We very rarely differed personally on the great questions that came up for

decision while we were together. He represented Telfair County, and was also, with me, a member of the Finance Committee. He was loyal as a friend and during our long service together, always tried to safeguard the interests of Macon wherever they were called in question.

I may say here that another tie that bound us together was his persistent and unvarying fidelity to the cause of A. O. Bacon, my fellow townsman, afterwards United States Senator.

After our service, Tom became Solicitor General of his Circuit—prosecuted many offenders, in some of which prosecutions I took part, as will later on be more fully stated in these reminiscences. His reputation grew as the years went on. He was put on the Prison Commission and served until he grew tired of public life. He is dead now, but a truer, warmer, more loyal, more lovable friend and comrade I have never had. Peace to his ashes, and God bless his memory!

It was while we boarded at the Kimball, that on one occasion a young gentleman wearing spectacles, sat down at our table. He represented Lowndes County in the Legislature, and when we talked to him he began to express himself as being utterly dissatisfied and desirous of quitting the Legislature and going home to private life.

We questioned him to ascertain the reason of his dissatisfaction and he stated that there was nothing occurring, in which he took an interest, so far as the Legislative session was concerned; that he had nothing to do as representative, nothing to look after as a legislator. He was a man of fine intelligence and it surprised us to hear him talk as he did. We begged him to allow us to have him put on the Finance Committee, stating that we would ask the House that day

when it met to add his name to our committee, if he would allow us. He finally consented and we put him on the Finance Committee. He made one of the ablest, strongest and most interesting representatives that we had in the Legislature, taking part from that day in all the business of the State. He was Charles R. Pendleton, then of The Valdosta Times, but afterwards of The Macon Telegraph.

He told me over and over that the kindness we showed him that morning and the work we did for him in putting him on the Finance Committee had more to do with his future political success than any other event in his life. He studied the business of the State in the Committee and became a leader in our councils.

He was my political friend after this until his death, and there is no position that I have since held in Georgia he did not aid me to obtain. His pen was always at my service and he did more, perhaps, than any one man in the whole field of my vision to bring about whatever success I have achieved in the political line. He died about thirty days before my election as Governor. He assisted me in the canvass, went with me to many appointments, and gave me the counsel of his great intellect and the support of his kind and noble heart. He was himself worthy and well qualified to fill any position in all the land, and yet, with a generosity seldom equalled in the world, he put his paper behind me in all my political aspirations and gave me his countenance and help, which counted the most when my need of it was greatest.

When I came to Macon after my newspaper experience in Hancock, I found it impossible to lose all interest in the work. I began, therefore, to contribute to the daily papers in the city, writing communications, and at times editorials for their columns, which they were kind enough to print. This I kept up through

all the years after. I was at one time owner of the entire stock of The Macon Telegraph. I renewed its charter as attorney. I obtained the charter of The Macon News and organized it and in all this time kept up the habit of writing communications and presenting my views of the progress of the times and the exigencies of the politics of the State and Nation.

When Mr. Stephens was inaugurated Governor I was appointed on the committee from the House to take part in the arrangements. Of course I felt a great interest in his success, though I never had a doubt about the final outcome. While Georgia was rent with local dissension, yet he had done more to bring together all the factions than any man who had been elected Governor up to that time.

He was opposed in his race by Mr. Bacon, afterwards Senator in the United States Congress. Mr. Bacon had always been my friend, but I told him in that race that I could not support him, as my relations with Mr. Stephens were such as it would be the height of ingratitude if I did not give him all the help I could command. My race for the Legislature was going on at the same time as the canvass for Governor, but I came out strongly in favor of my old benefactor and friend. I introduced him to the people of Macon, when he came down to make his speech and did all that I could to help him in his canvass.

On one occasion, after his inauguration, I visited him in the mansion. I remember it was raining and I found him seated before a little stove in a room adjacent to, and built out from, the mansion. He was bending over the stove and shivering with cold and I asked him what on earth made him stay in this small room instead of the main part of the building. He told me the building was leaking and was so wet that he could not stay in it. It shocked me so greatly that

I went at once to the Capitol and taking the appropriation bill, which was before my committee at the time, I wrote into it by way of amendment an appropriation of five thousand dollars to cover the mansion.

I found on inquiry that the preceding Legislatures had absolutely refused for some reason best known to themselves, to make any appropriations for the repair of the mansion or, in fact, for any of the public buildings with a very few exceptions, and the consequence was that the mansion had become almost uninhabitable.

When the amendment came up in the House it was vigorously assailed as a waste of the public funds. I answered the objections with a description of what I had found in the mansion and closed my appeal with this statement which I afterwards discovered to be incorrect. I said: "Mr. Speaker, the State of Georgia bought this mansion and issued some two hundred thousand dollars in bonds to pay for it and then repudiated the bonds. I think, therefore, that we can certainly afford to keep the building in repair." The House laughed when I said this, and the appropriation went through without a dissenting vote.

I was sincere in the belief at that time that the bonds issued to pay for the building had in fact been repudiated. On the contrary, however, as I ascertained on inquiry, the bonds had been recognized and were then counted in the outstanding debt of the State.

My motive was good, but my information was bad.

I have sometimes thought that Mr. Stephens' life was shortened by the experience he went through while an inmate of the mansion. There was so much difference between this residence and Liberty Hall that I think his frame, which was always feeble, was not able to stand it.

When he was taken sick I hoped at first for his re-

covery, but towards the last someone telegraphed me at Macon that the end was approaching and advised me to come up at once, if I would see my friend alive. I took the train to Atlanta, but when I reached the mansion his great career had closed and his generous heart was stilled forever. They told me at the mansion, when I arrived at the place, that he knew I was coming and almost his last intelligent words were: "Give Harris my love."

He died on the 4th of March, 1883.

I little imagined, when I looked on his cold, silent features in the great room of the mansion that thirty-two years afterwards I, myself, was destined to live in the same home and manage the business of the State from the same mansion where he died.

The Legislature was called together and met to take part in his funeral ceremonies. I was Chairman of the House committee on memorials and presented the report to the House that had been agreed on by the committee. I followed the report with an address that at least told of my personal sorrow, if it did not express fully the country's loss. A portion of the address was printed in the minutes of the Legislature of that date.

The address which I delivered was followed by one by Hon. Thomas E. Watson, who represented the County of McDuffie in that Legislature. This address was also published and will be found in the minutes of the Legislature of that date.

One notable fact became apparent to me when I read the two addresses as printed afterwards in the minutes. I saw from the address of Mr. Watson the prophecy of a great career in the use of the English Language. His splendid diction, his brilliant thoughts, his deep pathos, showed me that he was even then a master of eloquence and I felt like Walter Scott after

he had read Childe Harold. "There is a master mind coming to the front."

Mr. Watson as a historian, as a writer and speaker was much greater than as a politician or statesman. Unfortunately, in his latter life, his delight seemed to be more to tear down than to build up.

I was much attracted by his work in this Legislature. He aided me in the effort I was making to establish a school of Technology. He was not always fortunate in his advocacy of measures. I remember he tried to have adopted a provision levying a heavy dog tax, which he said would bring in some revenue, and was necessary to protect the sheep industry of the country. The Legislature took a different view and when he arose to speak in advocacy of the measure there was a persistent determination on the part of the members to make fun of the effort. They began to applaud, first in a rather gentle way, as if they favored the measure. They carried this on until they became boisterous over it and then began a determined effort to deter him and compel him to cease speaking. He breasted the storm for awhile, but finally yielded and his cause went down in defeat.

I think afterwards he paid Georgia back in a good many ways.

I have heard that he was aided in his education at Mercer by the same great man from whom I borrowed the money for schooling at Athens. In any event he was always a friend to Mr. Stephens while the latter lived, and after his death I have never heard him speak a word to the disparagement of the "Great Commoner and Sage of Liberty Hall."

When I ran for Governor the first time, he aided me in the canvass and I carried many counties through his influence. When I ran the second time he opposed me and I was defeated by Governor Dorsey. In the lat-

ter canvass I never spoke a disparaging word of Mr. Watson, although he was writing me up in vigorous style and *The Jeffersonian* was filled with words of scorn and derision. Many times while I was speaking in a public hall I have heard the newsboy at the door shouting out, "Here's your *Jeffersonian*. See what Mr. Watson says about old Governor Harris."

At one time it was the purpose of the Attorney General of the United States to have Mr. Watson indicted outside of the State of Georgia for the circulation of a libel against the Catholic Church. It will be remembered that such an indictment was obtained in Augusta upon which a trial was afterwards had and Mr. Watson was acquitted.

When it became known that the Attorney General intended to take such a step Mr. Watson sent a prominent gentleman to me, one of his devoted friends, asking me not to allow the Attorney General of the United States to take such steps as would carry him, Mr. Watson, out of the State for trial.

The gentleman stated to me that he had just come from Mr. Watson and had been directed to say to me that if I would prevent such a step being taken he would give me his earnest support as well for my re-election as for any other office that I might seek. He accompanied the statement with the assertion that there were twenty-five thousand people in Georgia who would do whatever Mr. Watson said, without asking any questions and these twenty-five thousand people could influence an equal number to take the same view. All these, he said, should be behind me if I sought for preferment in Georgia, provided I would take up Mr. Watson's cause and prevent his arrest and extradition. I told the gentleman that I could not promise to do what he requested, but I would say that I did not like the step which the Attorney General of

the United States proposed taking because it tended to throw discredit on the State of Georgia, as the motive which actuated it was the belief that Georgia could not administer her own laws. I further said that it would be a reflection on my administration to have a thing like this done to one of our citizens and that I was disposed to do all I could to prevent such a consummation. The gentleman said to me, "Would you object to my using your telephone to inform Mr. Watson-what you say?" I told him I would not, whereupon he took up the telephone and the connection was soon made and he told Mr. Watson what I had said. I could hear through the phone Mr. Watson's reply, for it became distinct in the room, as it sometimes happens, while he held the phone to his own ear. Mr. Watson expressed his gratification that I took the view that I had outlined.

A few days afterwards I went to Washington and had an interview with the Attorney General, Mr. Gregory. After I had told him my wishes and begged him to desist from the efforts he was making to have Mr. Watson carried out of Georgia, he said to me: "What kind of politicians have you got in Georgia? When you come to me you always denounce Mr. Watson in unmeasured terms, and yet when I propose to silence him or punish him for his misdemeanors, you come here and take his part and urge me to let him alone. Why is this?"

I did not answer him according to the inquiry but contented myself with telling him that I wanted him to let Mr. Watson alone for the sake of the honor of my own State and people.

The Georgia delegation in the House, I learned afterwards, decided to go down and make a similar request to Mr. Gregory, and in the meeting where this was discussed, one member of the House said: "Our

old Governor has already gone down to see the Attorney General and I am sure the rest of us can afford to do so." Senator Smith also, I was informed, made the same request. Senator Hardwick alone declined to appear.

While the matter was being considered by me, I received several letters and petitions in behalf of Mr. Watson, and one letter, I recall, was written by a young girl not more than nine or ten years of age. It contained words something like these: "Governor Harris, please don't let the Attorney General take our dear Mr. Watson out of the State. Please save him, Governor Harris. I am only a little girl not ten years old and I am sending you this petition with all my heart. Please don't pass it over." And the little one signed her name.

After Mr. Watson's bitter opposition had compassed my defeat in 1916, I made a visit to the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker. The war with Germany had then been declared and I had gone to see the Secretary about some military matters that were in my hands. In one of our interviews he said to me that the Attorney General was about to take proceedings against Mr. Watson under the criminal statute, which made it a crime to oppose enlistments or interfere with the Nation's preparation for the conflict with Germany, thus aiding or assisting the enemy. It is the same statute under which so many convictions have been had and so many prisoners have been serving in Fort Leavenworth.

About this time Mr. Watson's daughter died and the sad affliction very nearly broke his heart. The Jeffersonian was suppressed and whatever other publications he had were declared illegal and the intimation was strong that the next step would be an indictment. At this point Mr. Watson wrote to the Attorney Gen-

eral, reciting the fact that he had recently lost his daughter, that his only son had died some time before, and that he was left childless and broken hearted, and stating that if the department would take no further proceedings against him he would do nothing further in opposition to the war or against the interests of the army and Government.

When the Secretary told me this he added that the Attorney General had sent him the letter to read and then I asked, "What are you going to do about it, Mr. Secretary?" He replied, "We will do nothing. If Mr. Watson abides his promise there will be no further steps taken against him."

Nothing further was done with the matter, and so far as the indictment for criminal libel was concerned it seems that the Attorney General never proceeded any further on that line either.

GUBERNATORIAL SUCCESSORS

After the death of Mr. Stephens, Judge Boynton succeeded to the office, as he was then President of the Senate and under our law he became Governor for a term of sixty days. He announced for election to fill out the unexpired term. Against him two others also came into the field, Hon. A. O. Bacon, of Bibb, and Henry D. McDaniel, of Walton.

The Atlanta influence was thrown for Judge Boynton, while the Macon influence, of course, stood by Mr. Bacon. I was appointed by Mr. Bacon his campaign chairman.

My recent efforts to establish the School of Technology had brought me many acquaintances throughout the State and had given me a little experience in dealing with the people. I did all that I could to carry Mr. Bacon's cause to success. He had been Speaker

of the House of Representatives of the State for some eight years. He had served other terms besides in the Legislature and acquitted himself with distinction, being recognized everywhere as a man of ability and with a profound knowledge of the State's affairs. He went to the convention with a plurality of the delegates, lacking only a few votes of carrying the majority.

My father-in-law, Rev. John W. Burke, was a strong friend of Mr. Bacon, and became one of the delegates to the convention. When the roll was called after the organization of the convention and the vote was taken it was found that Mr. Bacon had a plurality of some six votes over the highest candidate opposed to him. The announcement of the vote created great enthusiasm in the Bibb delegation. The members shouted and I remember Mr. Burke threw his hat into the air and it lodged in the wiring that had been stretched below the ceiling of the House, to aid its acoustic properties. As he was perfectly bald, we were forced to recapture the hat before he could leave the hall.

The balloting continued for some time, Mr. Bacon leading on every vote, Judge Boynton second, and Major McDaniel following behind with some fifteen votes.

When it was finally ascertained that no nomination could be made, a motion was introduced by Mr. Walsh, of Augusta, who was favoring Judge Boynton, to appoint a committee of fifteen to decide the question and select the candidate from the three men before the House.

I was appointed Chairman of the Bacon delegation on this committee, but just before the meeting was called I received a telegram from home stating that my oldest son, Walter, who had the measles, had developed pneumonia and was in a critical condition, and advising me to return to Macon without delay.

My son had been my bed-fellow from his birth. I had watched over him in all his youthful troubles. He was only eight years of age and I could not do otherwise than obey the call. I had already lost a little daughter some time before with the same disease, and this made me especially uneasy concerning Walter's sickness. Mr. Bacon selected his friend, Mr. Washington Dessau, from Macon, to take my place and I left on the first train.

I have heard that when the committee of fifteen was called together the vote stood six for Bacon and six for Boynton with three for McDaniel. This continued for several ballots, the door into the hall from the committee room standing open. I used to say that if I had been present that door would have been closed, and if the door had been closed Mr. Bacon would have been Governor.

As it was, after several ballots, one of the Boynton delegates announced that he would vote for Mr. Bacon on the next ballot, thereupon it was agreed that part of the McDaniel delegation would also come to Mr. Bacon, thus giving him the majority. At this critical moment the two leading men managing Judge Boynton's campaign came to the door and stood for a moment looking in. They ascertained what move was intended and immediately called out the Chairman of the McDaniel delegation. It was arranged that the delegation should stand firm for McDaniel and the Boynton delegation would go over to him, securing his election. This was done and McDaniel became Governor.

He was elected without opposition and entered upon the duties of the office. He proved to be one of the clearest-headed, purest and most sagacious statesmen and patriots that ever sat in our Governor's chair. He was a thorough business man and he proved in every way the wisdom of the men who elected him.

He had an impediment in his speech which at times interfered with the free expression of his words in conversation, but he could deliver an address without difficulty and his judgment of men has never been surpassed by any incumbent of the high office which he held.

SENATOR BROWN'S DONATION

The Chairman of the Finance Committee in this Legislature was the Hon. W. A. Little, of Columbus. He was an especially strong man and was elected speaker at the following Legislature. During my first two year's service Senator Joseph E. Brown made a tender to the University of fifty thousand dollars for the education of young men of Georgia and of a portion of South Carolina. His tender required the State to issue a bond covering the same and pay interest thereon for all time. It was the fund afterwards called the "Charles McDonald Brown Fund," in honor of a son of the Senator, who had died a short time before. The matter was referred to the finance committee and the Chairman, afterward Judge Little, opposed the acceptance of the donation and when the same came into the House he and I took opposite sides of the question. I made the best speech I could in favor of accepting the donation, but Colonel Little was so strong and so vigorous in his opposition that he bore everything before him and the donation was defeated.

I felt the defeat very deeply, for I was anxious to have the fund turned over to the University under the auspices of the State, and I sorrowed that I was unable to meet the Chairman and carry the House against his opposition.

Senator Brown accomplished his purpose in another way. Having purchased fifty thousand dollars of the

bonds of the State he turned these over to the University to be refunded under an act of the Legislature that existed at that time, the institution receiving a bond for fifty thousand dollars at the high interest that the State was paying for such refunds, and the Trustees of the University took charge under the contract to carry out the purposes of his gift.

It has proven to be a very great addition to the University's resources and has educated scores of young men, who would have been deprived of a college training but for the gift which the Senator had made in their behalf.

REFUNDING OF THE STATE DEBT

During my service in my second term in the Legislature the first installment of our State debt, amounting to three million dollars, fell due.

It will be remembered that following the re-construction period, when a Democratic administration came into office there was a complete overhauling of all our bond issues, which resulted in the repudiation of about eleven million dollars issued during the re-construction period. This repudiation created a fearful prejudice against the State in the money centers throughout the country. In New York our bonds were driven off the exchanges and declared an unfit investment for trust funds or any other funds seeking permanent securities.

Our people were just recovering from the terrible depletion following the war and the re-construction period and it was known that to attempt to pay these bonds in cash would place such a burden upon the property of the State that bankruptcy would result in almost every quarter. It was the hope, therefore, that a new issue of bonds could be sold so as to take up the bonds falling due.

The settlement of this problem fell upon the Governor and the finance committee, of which I was Chairman.

Efforts had been made at a previous time to show the justice of the State's action in making the repudiation aforesaid, and to this end proceedings were brought by the Attorney General of the State in New York City to convince the monied interests, and especially the authorities of the State, that the position of our people was absolutely correct in repudiating the bonds. Col. N. J. Hammond appeared for the State and Henry Clews & Company, who had been heavy losers by the repudiation, appeared in opposition.

While the immediate proceeding was unsuccessful, yet the agitation served to bring out the reason that had actuated our people and our Legislature, in repudiating the securities, convincing many that the State was right in the stand it had taken. Nevertheless, it was known that the State would meet the fiercest kind of opposition in all the monied centers when the effort was made to sell the new issue of bonds.

Accordingly when the offer was made to sell and bids were solicited there was only one offer for the issue. This offer was engineered by Mr. Pat Calhoun, a prominent lawyer and business man of our State, a descendant of the great Calhoun of South Carolina. It soon became a question in the State whether Mr. Calhoun and his associates would be able to make good the offer.

While the Legislature was in session Mr. Calhoun gave notice that a change of the time of delivering the bonds would be required if his bid was made good and my committee was selected to present a resolution giving him sixty days more for completing his bid. The State became seriously interested throughout all its boundaries and a great deal of speculation was in-

dulged in concerning the result. I have seen Governor McDaniel pace the floor of his office while consulting about the matter, with the traces of the deepest emotion upon his features, the perspiration falling from his forehead onto the carpet "in great drops of agony," as we expressed it at the time.

Mr. Calhoun came to me as Chairman of the Finance Committee and asked me to have the resolution stretching delivery over sixty days. I agreed, and Mr. Adderton, of Sumter, was selected to offer it in the House, and the committee, at my earnest request, recommended it. It passed the House, went to the Senate, and there received the requisite vote and was adopted. It reads as follows:

RESOLUTION

Providing for delivery of new four and a half per cent Bonds.

Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Georgia, That the Governor be, and he is hereby authorized to deliver to the purchasers at any time after January 1, 1886, all, or any part of the new four and a half per cent bonds, maturing in 1886; he may pay the holders of the bonds maturing in 1886, surrendering them before maturity, the difference in the rate of interest they bear and that borne by the new bonds: Provided, however, the early delivery of the new bonds and the payment before maturity of the old bonds shall entail no greater expense upon the State than that contemplated in the present contract for the sale of said new bonds: Provided further, that on said delivery of the four and a half per cent bonds and the payment of the difference in interest, an equation of principal and the interest in both classes of bonds shall be made so that the amount paid by the State, either in the delivery of the four and a half per cent bonds or in the payment of the difference in interest, and the interest on said interest

shall be equal to the amount of the principal and interest severally due on said surrendered bonds at the time of the maturity of the same, and not in excess thereof.

Resolved further, That to enable the Governor to ascertain which holders of the old bonds will surrender them before maturity, and to effect their early and prompt payment he may advertise his readiness to pay them before maturity and the terms on which they will be paid if presented before maturity in such manner as he may deem to the best interest of the State.

Approved October 13, 1885.

Mr. Calhoun said afterwards that I had done more for the State in taking this risk, which the Governor himself had passed over to me, than any man who had ever dealt in her financial matters up to that time. I had, of course, accepted all responsibility for the proceeding, and granting the extension.

The whole State was on tenter hooks, expecting and yet dreading the worst. I remember on the morning when the time had expired for making the bid good and the word had come by telegraph that the issue was accepted and the money was paid, I went into the Supreme Court room, expecting some matter about which I was concerned to come up for a hearing. As I passed through the door Judge Jackson, who was presiding, stopped the proceedings and said to me: "What news about the bonds, Mr. Harris?"

I replied, "The bonds have been accepted and the money has been paid."

Then Judge Jackson came down with his hand heavily upon the desk and said in a loud voice, "Thank God for that! The State's honor is saved."

And it was so. The State was saved. There was never any further trouble with her finances. Her credit steadily advanced. All claims against her were promptly paid and her position throughout the country was

recognized as in the front rank. In fact her bonds some time afterwards sold higher than those of any other state in the Union, except one or two.

RAILROAD MATTERS

Some time within my four years' term in the Legislature, I took up and revived the charter of the Covington & Macon Railroad Company.

This road was intended to run from Macon to Covington on the Georgia Railroad, thereby affording another route to Atlanta as well as to regions round about Covington.

The Company was organized in Macon under the renewed charter and Col. Lon Livingston was elected President, with a full board of directors of which I was a member. I was also given the position of General Counsel for the road and was expected to advise both the corporation and the contractor.

Col. E. C. Machen, of Kentucky and New York, undertook the work of building the road and a contract was made with him giving him the bonds of the company at the rate of about five thousand dollars per mile. Mr. Machen was the son of a Kentucky Congressman, who was then serving in Washington. Through his father he secured an introduction to General John B. Gordon, who was then Governor of Georgia, and with this recommendation came to the State and undertook the work of building a railroad. It was said of him in Harper's Magazine, that when he commenced his work his sole resources were a "side of meat and a box of crackers." He was introduced to me by Col. Livingston and it was at his request that I revived the charter of the road. At the time of doing the legislative work I had no idea that I would ever have any connection with the road. It

was an act growing out of purely legislative duties, as both Col. Livingston and Mr. Machen had asked me to introduce the bill and carry it through both Houses, which I did.

Sometime after the Legislature had adjourned the organization of the company was effected and I was selected, as before stated, to aid in the work. The ceremony of driving the first spike took place in Macon when I was not present. By some means a silver spike was obtained and the citizens gathered around to witness the ceremony. It was driven by Mr. Machen and the address was made by Col. Livingston.

I grew very much attached to Mr. Machen and aided him throughout all his building projects in the State. He had been in the Confederate service and while on a gun boat below Richmond, had received a severe wound in the head. The bullet penetrated the back portion of the brain, cutting through the bone and allowing the escape of both blood and brains. It was stated that he was carried in a swing in the hospital for some considerable time, being near to death's door. I always thought that the wound had a constitutional effect upon him, interfering in some measure with his judgment and heightening his general circulation. He was quick and irritable, but withal a man of wonderful resources, untiring energy, and sleepless vigilance.

I may say here that after finishing the road to Athens, which was the original Covington & Macon, the Northern terminus having been changed, he also built the Middle Georgia & Atlantic road, running from Porterdale to Eatonton, and crossing the Macon & Northern at Machen.

He also started a road from Macon to a terminus on the Florida coast, leading out from Macon through Twiggs County and following a southern direction to the port.

In all these matters I was his general counsel. Having no resources from the outside, and being dependent entirely on the monies raised from subscriptions and the sale of mortgage bonds on the roads as they progressed, he was in constant trouble with the creditors and people along the line of the road. On the Macon & Northern alone I was compelled to defend some four hundred and fifty common law cases and fifty-two applications for injunction and receiver.

I used to tell him that there had been a law-suit for every rail he laid down between Athens and Macon. The road was also subject to a criticism by outsiders to the effect that it was so crooked that in many cases when turning some of the curves, "the conductor could shake hands with the engineer and get a chew of tobacco." This, of course, was exaggerated, but the road was undoubtedly lengthened some eighteen to twenty miles by the many curves between the two cities. Mr. Machen used to reply that these curves were earning money for the road, for the mileage determined the freight and passenger tariff.

Mr. Machen had associated with him a lady from New York, Mrs. H. S. Gould. She was a woman of considerable business talent and for some time superintended the railroad hands engaged in work on the road. She directed them, acting as overseer, superintendent and general agent of the contractor. She frequently paid off the hands, discharged some and hired others, as became necessary and looked after the work of construction, for days and months sleeping in the camps or in the houses of the neighbors nearby. Her business ability showing every day commanded the respect of every laborer and sub-contractor engaged in the work. She wrote out a very interesting history of her adventures which she had intended to publish but her death prevented.

The building of this road had presented many attractive features. The methods pursued by Mr. Machen were absolutely new to our country, and while affording many grounds of complaint it caused considerable rejoicing among the people affected by the opening of the country to new lines of transportation.

The difficulties of the situation multiplied so rapidly that when the road reached Monticello, about forty miles above Macon, it was put into the hands of a receiver; its general officers were all enjoined, and Mr. Machen left it, broken down in body and almost ready to give up the ghost. He took a trip to Europe for the purpose of recruiting his health. During his absence the litigation was continued so that several months passed with no final decree being granted. The defense in all this litigation was under my charge. At the end of less than six months Mr. Machen returned and, having made some arrangement to raise money in New York City, began to settle the indebtedness that had been urged against the road in the equity proceeding for receivership. This task was accomplished and a new issue of bonds began to be sold. These bonds were taken by Alexander Brown & Son, an old pre-Revolutionary banking firm, operating in Baltimore, possessed of unlimited credit and wide business connections. The parent house was located in Baltimore with branches in New York, Philadelphia and in London. The head of the house came down to Macon to look into the business and gather information concerning the character and prospects of the enterprise. The financial arrangements had been made by young Alexander Brown, who was just coming of age and was anxious to do something on his own responsibility for the good of his firm. The result was the visit of his father, above referred to.

I think the father was satisfied with his examination,

but unfortunately he caught a severe cold at the Lanier House, which held on after his return to Baltimore and finally resulted in his death. Young Mr. Brown continued the enterprise and took the bonds which enabled Col. Machen to complete the road.

While the building of the road was going forward I was taken with a severe illness which resulted in an ulcerated colon and required an operation, to which I have referred in previous parts of these reminiscences.

Dr. Westmoreland, who performed the operation, advised me to go back to East Tennessee, stating that when a man has gone down to the last extremity he always liked to send him back to the place where he was born.

The contractor who was building the Atlanta & Florida road was stricken at this time with the same character of disease and he died in spite of all that could be done.

I had dreamed that there was a spring, with which Captain A. V. Deaderick was in some way connected, near my old home where I was born, and that it would be advantageous to me if I could go there. When I reached Jonesboro I made inquiry about such a spring and found out that Captain Deaderick was then in possession of what was called the "Unaka Spring," some twenty miles southeast of Johnson City, and not more than fifteen miles from my old home. I went to the spring, found that the report was correct; met my old friend, Capt. Deaderick; stayed with him for some two months, drinking the chalybeate water, and resting in a recumbent position as long as I stayed with him.

While I was at the springs, Colonel Machen, having struck against a rock and being unable to see his way over or around it, made a journey to the moun-

tains to consult with me. The hotel, or "caravansarie," as I then called it, was located on the far side of the Nola Chucky river. There was a heavy flood on the river when Col. Machen came to see me; there was no bridge and no one on the shore who was willing to undertake the bringing of a boat across the river. Col. Machen had called out to ask if I was at the hotel and he tried to get some one to ferry him across. In this he was unsuccessful, and after looking over the situation he loosed a small boat from the shore, jumped in, and began to row across. The water was very swift, and the frail vessel was dashed far down below the hotel in spite of all that Col. Machen could do, but he kept rowing with all his might and finally came to land. He was kind enough to say to me, when he came up, that he couldn't get along without me and had been compelled to come to see me for advice. He stayed with me for several days and until the river fell and then went back home, with the best advice that I could give him. At any rate nothing suffered from my absence.

The hotel where I stayed was built largely of poles and plank set upright and was in a region far off from mails and transportation, so I used to think it was a very bold undertaking on the part of Col. Machen to visit me under such circumstances.

Since then the hotel has been rebuilt and has become a splendid summer resort.

My son, Walter, was with me in this far away establishment, which was encircled by the mountains on three sides and by the river on the fourth. He waited on me during my sickness.

At the end of two months I went back to Atlanta and had myself examined. I saw a smile light up the doctor's countenance when he had finished the work and he told me that I was well and could go back to the office.

I wondered at this result several times afterwards. The spring saved my life and I can never express the gratitude that I have felt towards Mr. Deaderick and his devoted wife, for their care and attention to me when I so closely faced the other world.

I went back to the spring once in a private car that I had purchased for use in railroad operations. I took with me the children, but my wife did not go. The car was parked on the side of the river opposite the hotel, the railroad ending then at that point. A trestle ran out along the bank of the river for some distance beyond where the car was parked. A slight rain came up wetting the trestle and rendering it especially slippery. My son, John, who was then, I think, about five or six years old, hearing me as I came across from the hotel and approached the car, ran out on the trestle and when exactly over the awful rocks below, his feet slipped from under him and he fell some twenty feet down to the rocks. The porter and I, and all the children rushed to where he had fallen, lifted him up unconscious. I remember the horror that came over me as I held him in my arms, when I thought of carrying him back in a coffin to his mother.

The porter took him out of my arms, a moment afterwards and said: "Colonel, he is not dead, he will come to, don't be worried, he will come to." We carried him up the bank and put him on his bed in the car, bathing his head in cold water and rubbing him with cloths, and sure enough after a short while he came back to life. Of course, his first sensation was one of deathly sickness. One young man, whose name I will always remember, came up to me and said that he would walk to Erwin, some four miles away, and bring a doctor as soon as possible. He was General Wilder's grandson.

When the doctor reached us he found that no bones

were broken and that a miracle had been wrought in some way that saved the boy's life. He recovered in a short while, so as to be able to sit up and take nourishment. I then went down to the place where he had fallen to ascertain how he had escaped with his life or without a mortal injury. He had plunged headforemost down towards the rocks, but it seemed that when more than half way down he had struck against an intervening brace of the trestle that was made of a pine sapling and the bark had given away and slid down the pole or brace with him, until it had reached the rocks at its foot. This broke his fall and saved his life.

It was Saturday and on the next day Dr. David Sullins, one of the greatest preachers of the Methodist Church, who was staying at the Springs, delivered an address on the Ways of Providence, and the miracles wrought to save life, referring for illustration to John's fall.

FINISHING THE ROAD

The road was completed to Athens some time in 1889 and opened for traffic and business.

Colonel Jack Jones was elected President of the road and I was continued as Director and General Counsel. By this time Mr. Brown had taken up all the outstanding bonds and as the new bonds carried the stock of the road, he became, in fact, the owner of the enterprise.

I went up to Baltimore several times to consult with him and he took me out to his beautiful country residence, caled "Mondaubin," some three or four miles from Baltimore. He treated me with great kindness and I became much attached to him. He had married a beautiful wife, who spent her summers at

Newport, Mr. Brown visiting her at intervals, while he kept up the great business of the banking house. He was always very courteous to me and stopped at my home in Macon when he visited me.

After we had run the railroad for some time, he concluded to try to sell it to one of the great trunk lines. His bank was the financial agent of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad Company, and he had always declared that the Macon & Northern was built to constitute a link between Macon and Portsmouth. When he determined to try to sell the property, he called on the President of the Seaboard Air Line and tendered him the road. The result was a complete freeze out. The President offered him so small a figure for the property that his loss would have been almost one-half what he had put into it. He told me of his great disappointment and proposed to pay me twenty-five thousand dollars in cash, if I would take the matter in hand and sell the property to the West Point Terminal Company or the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company. I agreed to make trial of the matter went to New York and called on Col. Pat Calhoun, who had an office at 61 Broadway.

I knew, of course, that Mr. John Inman was President of this system of railroads and that he would decide the question of purchase. Mr. Calhoun told me that he would decide the question of purchase. Mr. Calhoun told me that Mr. Inman was one of the hardest men in New York to deal with; that his will was like iron and his heart like flint and he, Mr. Calhoun, didn't believe that I could ever succeed in selling the road to him. I determined to try anyhow, and Mr. Calhoun carried me into Mr. Inman's office and introduced me. I found Mr. Inman slightly deaf and I had to talk very loud to him.

When I told him my business and offered to sell him the road, he rejected the proposition shortly, quickly and decisively, saying that he did not want the road, didn't need it and wouldn't take it as a gift. I told him I would sell it to the Seaboard Air Line if he did not take it, as this was the only resource left. He replied: "Let the Seaboard have it. I don't want it. The Seaboard ought to have it." Then he looked in my face and asked me a question. He said: "Where did you come from?" I told him that I was born in East Tennessee, in Washington County. He replied, "Who were your people in East Tennessee?" Then I mentioned the name of my father and some of my mother's people, among others, Landon C. Haynes and N. G. Taylor.

I went on and stated that I was named after Col. Nat Taylor, that I knew Mr. Alfred Taylor, who had married Mr. Inman's half sister, a Miss Hamilton. I saw his face light up when I began to talk about my kinpeople, and I determined to make one last strong appeal to him.

I said: "Mr. Inman, you left East Tennessee at the same time that I did and for the same reason. You were a Confederate soldier, and so was I. You crossed the Brooklyn bridge with seventy-five cents in your packet and have since made twenty millions in a financial contest with these great commercial captains of industry. I went to Georgia and have been grinding my face against the hard stones in that State, accumulating little, hardly making ends meet at times, but always ambitious to do something to make up for the property that we left behind in Tennessee. If I can sell this road I can make twenty-five thousand dollars. Can't you help me, and won't you do it? I know very well you ought to have the road. I know very well that it is necessary to your system, and I want you to

buy it and help out a fellow countryman for the sake of all you have felt and known in our common exile."

I saw his eyes glisten and something like a film come over them. I had found his weak place—a love for his ancestry and his people. He bade me come back next day, and then to the utter astonishment of Mr. Calhoun, who was his legal adviser, he directed that the papers be prepared and the road taken over into his vast aggregation.

Mr. Brown paid me the twenty-five thousand dollars, which I divided with my partners, Messrs. Hill & Birch.

I took part in the building of five railroads for Georgia. Three of these were projected and carried on by Col. E. C. Machen, who after completing the Macon & Northern, commenced two others; the Middle Georgia & Atlantic, to which I have referred, and the Brunswick & Birmingham. The Middle Georgia & Atlantic running from Porterdale to Eatonton is now a part of the Central of Georgia Railway. The Brunswick & Birmingham road, running from Brunswick north, he never completed, but is now a part of the Atlanta, Birmingham & Atlantic Railroad, which runs through the State, completing the connection between Brunswick and Birmingham, Alabama.

The other two roads, in the building of which I took part, were the Empire & Dublin, running from Hawkinsville to Dublin, now a part of the Wrightsville & Tennille, and the Tifton, Thomasville & Gulf road, running from Tifton to Thomasville, now a part of the Atlanta, Birmingham & Atlantic road. These two roads were laid out and built under the direction and supervision of Capt. J. W. Hightower. I was a director in each of the roads and general counsel. Captain Hightower was a prominent and distinguished saw mill operator, doing business in the country

south of Macon, on what is now the Southern Railway running to Brunswick.

Outside of the Dodge interests, he owned the largest saw mill in the State. The output reached one hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of lumber per day, so that he did a vast business with builders and contractors throughout the State and elsewhere.

I loved and admired John Hightower and was always pleased to call him my friend. He lost money and so did I now and then, but he never violated faith or forgot his duty to a friend. He is dead now and his death took from my side one of the kindest and best men that I have ever dealt with.

The five railroads to which I have referred are all still working for the people of Georgia, but have formed no prominent part in her great lines of transportation.

After the Macon & Northern was taken over by the Central & Richmond & Danville roads, parts of these lines were put into a receiver's hands by Judge Emory Speer of the United States court. The owners of the roads were not satisfied that the facts justified the seizure, but the court's orders were never reversed and the roads were administered through the United States Court.

At an early date after the receiver had been appointed, an application was made to Judge Speer to separate the Macon & Northern receivership from that of the Central road. This application was presented by Alexander Brown & Son, who were, as stated above, owners of the majority of the stock and all the bonds of the company. The court granted the application and appointed me receiver to take charge of, operate and administer the property.

Mr. H. M. Comer, at that time was the receiver of the Central, and I remember a characteristic inter-

view when I went to him to demand possession of the Macon & Northern. I showed him the order appointing me receiver and directing him to turn over the property to me. He said: "I already have a copy of the order and you could have saved at least a dollar and a half if you hadn't taken this additional copy and had it certified. We must be economical in running these railroads, and this dollar and a half will be charged to my receivership."

While Mr. Comer was economical, he was a man of the strictest honesty and probity, a splendid gentleman of the old school, and deserving to be listed in the forefront of Georgia's most successful business men.

I told him once in the course of our relations together in the courts, that I looked on him for advice and encouragement just as if he were my father. To this he quickly replied: "No, don't put it that way, say 'brother,' for I am not old enough to be your father." I replied that I would be willing to pattern after him and take his advice and that I felt towards him even nearer than a brother. He treated me with fairness, with kindness, and showed exceptional fidelity in all the requirements of an honest railroad business. When he died I felt that I had lost one of the strongest friends that I had ever known.

I have never had any man in business treat me with more kindness, show me more favors, or aid me in the performance of the duties that had fallen to my lot in the management of a railroad.

I operated the Macon & Northern Railroad under the receivership for very nearly four years, attending to all its business, taking care of its interests, and looking after its welfare under the direction of the court.

When the case went to a decree and the road was sold, it was bought in by the firm of Alexander Brown

& Son, under the mortgage bonds. Its name was changed to the Macon & Northern Railway Company. New stock was issued and I was elected president under the first organization. Sometime afterwards a new organization was had and Alexander Brown was made President, while I was continued in immediate control, as Vice-President in Georgia.

I was proceeding to wind up the business of the receivership and bring it to an end with as little expense as possible when Judge Speer, learning of the new arrangement, and without any notice whatever, removed me from the receivership and appointed his friend, Major William Henry Ross, receiver in my stead, to complete the business of the court. Major Ross looked into the matter and seeing there was very little left for him to do, and in fact, I think, recognizing fully that there was no need for such a receiver, resigned the place, whereupon the judge appointed another person to whom I turned over the records and claims of the receivership.

Undoubtedly the court took offense because I had accepted the presidency of the road without consulting him. He treated it as an act of insubordination and hence he dealt with it summarily, without any notice whatever to me. He went further than this. He appointed the District Attorney as an auditor to examine all my accounts, although the reports had been regularly made and regularly approved up to the time of his second appointment of a successor.

He did more. He directed the District Attorney to examine the accounts with special regard to the payment of rebates and ascertain and report to him whether any such had been paid during my administration. This was at a time when rebates were common, and one distinguished railroad man discussing these matters said: "No successful railroad manager

can carry on his work with any kind of regard for the welfare of his company without taking the risk of the penitentiary every day of his life."

I think Judge Speer had determined to have the District Attorney proceed against me in the criminal courts, if he had found any rebates. One great man, who was running a railroad at the time, opened his side book to me one day and said: "Mr. Harris, I have paid \$659,000.00 in rebates within the last three years while running my railroad." The court wanted to make an example out of me that would become famous.

It can be easily understood that I was in great suspense while this investigation was going on. I was sure that money had been paid for rebates, but this had been done without my knowledge or concurrence, all such matters going through the traffic department. It has always been cause of congratulation on my part that no employee was found to even hint to the District Attorney that a rebate had been paid. The body of men that I gathered together to run the Macon & Northern never had an equal, I think, in all the annals of railroad management, so far as loyalty and fidelity to the head was concerned.

Nearly all have gone elsewhere, but wherever they have gone, they carried with them my gratitude and unchanging appreciation.

One or two occurrences I might record here showing my regard for "my boys," as I called them.

One of the engineers running between Macon and Athens went out to the latter city and became greatly intoxicated, subjecting himself to the worst sort of criticism. My Superintendent, Mr. Hoge, promptly discharged the man for said he: "While we are not running a Sunday school, yet the fact that this man became intoxicated in public, putting the world on notice that he was addicted to this habit, requires us, in taking

care of the property, to discharge him." Of course I approved the action.

About ten days after the discharge I was sitting in my office when a tall gentleman, utterly unknown to me, came through the door. As he walked in he said: "Is this Col. Harris' office?" I replied, "Yes, Sir, this is the man."

He immediately came forward and standing before me said: "Col. Harris, you discharged me a few days ago from the railroad and I have come to ask you to give me back my place." With this he fell on his knees and stretching out his hand said, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "Col. Harris, I have nine reasons why you should give me back this place. I have nine little children. The oldest is a girl only thirteen years of age. I have never done anything but work on a railroad locomotive; and I can't do anything else. If you will give me back my place, so that I can make bread for my children, I promise you that if I ever get into trouble again I will not wait for you to discharge me. You will not have to do so, for I will quit of my own accord. Won't you do this for me, Col. Harris?"

By this time my own sight had grown misty. I reached forward and took his hand and said: "Get up, Moore, get up, I am going to give you your place back. Go and tell Mr. Hoge to put you on the engine, even if it breaks the railroad. You shall have another trial."

He worked for six months without any trouble, and then one day yielded to his weakness, broke an eccentric, punched a hole in the boiler, and left his train standing dead on the track. But I didn't have to discharge him. He kept his word and quit.

The District Attorney after carefully and laboriously going over the entire accounts of the receivership

passed them all without filing exception save one small voucher for expenses of the receiver. The accounts, as I remember, amounted to some six hundred thousand dollars a year and the receivership had lasted about four years.

I was glad indeed to pay back the small sum that was charged against me. It grew out of visits to Baltimore to confer with Mr. Brown, and while it was in fact chargeable against the estate should have been allowed as a credit by the court upon application. It was less than two hundred dollars.

I will always feel grateful to Mr. Erwin that he did not lend himself to the effort of Judge Speer to have me arraigned concerning matters of which I was utterly ignorant and as innocent as a new born babe, if any such matters existed.

Mr. Erwin soon afterwards left Macon; went into business in New York, and did very well in his more enlarged sphere. He was well educated and some time since I received from him a copy of a very interesting scientific work that he had written and published while in New York. He has recently died at his home in that city.

I continued operating the road for about six months longer when Mr. Brown sold it to the Central of Georgia Railway Company, and that company has operated it to the present time as a part of its system.

The Central was kind enough to continue my firm as Division Counsel of the road from Macon to Athens, and we have held that place to the time of this writing.

I am not giving a history of the Macon & Northern road. If I were to start out to do this there would be more space taken than will be covered by this entire volume. The building alone was a chapter in railroad business without parallel in our modern days.

It is now working in good order as a division of the Central and I hope is making money, at least Mr. Brown sold his bonds to advantage and saved himself from serious loss in this, his first railroad venture. I am still a director and Vice-President of the corporation and would be entitled to take charge perhaps if the Central should ever give up the road.

MAJ. J. F. HANSON AND HIS CAREER

There was one man with whom I was associated in business more or less during my entire railroad operations, Maj. J. F. Hanson.

Major Hanson was born near Barnesville and at an early date came to Macon, entering into business with the Bibb Manufacturing Company. He was first a cotton buyer and gradually rose from one position to another until he became General Superintendent and Manager of the great corporation above stated. The man who enabled him to rise through all his career with the cotton company was H. M. Comer, of Savannah. Mr. Comer was the owner of a majority of the stock and was President of the corporation. He was Mr. Hanson's benefactor from the beginning of his business career until the end of his, Mr. Comer's life.

Mr. Hanson, as I have before stated in these reminiscences, was first to suggest to me the idea of establishing a technological school for Georgia. Through his connection with the railroads, which connection he owed largely, if not entirely, to Mr. Comer, he became the owner of The Macon Telegraph and when I decided to run for the Legislature in order to carry out the purpose I had conceived touching the school aforesaid, he put The Telegraph squarely behind me.

Its course was followed by a large number of the

other newspapers of the State and in this way contributed greatly to keeping up the interest in the matter throughout the country at large. He aided me in my first election, carrying his employees by a large majority to me in the election.

In my second election he also supported me, but at that time his influence had decreased largely in the city and with his own people. Nevertheless, I still led the ticket and *The Telegraph* still stood by the cause for which I was fighting.

Mr. Hanson used to call on me at my home frequently. We would take long walks together, discussing men and measures. He was high tariff in his views and soon began to be classed as a Republican. He was one of the most determined men I have ever met in all my career, either in business or in politics. No consideration of friendship could sway him from his purpose and no sense of obligation ever weighed with him for one moment. Yet he was a man of splendid intellect and wonderful business capacity.

After the school had been established he took no further interest in it, save to inquire now and then concerning its prospects and possibilities. He delivered the commencement address one year. Dr. Hopkins was very much devoted to him and to a certain degree shared his opinions.

One event will show how little appreciation Mr. Hanson had for a friend:

A suit was brought against the Southern Railway Company to cancel its purchase of the Georgia Southern. This suit was begun in the Federal Court in Macon, with the best local attorneys that the City afforded and with some of the best citizens in the town for complainants.

Our people, the Southern, employed Hoke Smith and Senator Edmunds of Vermont, for the defense.

My firm, likewise, of course, was counsel. We prepared the papers for the defense and when the hearing came up before the court I was put forward to lead in the defense. We had filed demurrers, answers, etc. The arguments came on and I opened. After a short discussion something occurred to put the case over and the parties plaintiff afterwards dismissed it.

When we were through and the judgment had been taken disposing of the case in our favor, Mr. Spencer said to me: "Now, Harris, what can I do for you? We have succeeded in this case and we have done well. What reward can I give you? What do you want?" I replied, "Nothing for myself, Mr. Spencer. If you will appoint Major Hanson president of the Central road it will be all the compensation that I ask." Mr. Spencer replied: "I do not know that I have the power to do this." I said: "I know that you have, and I want you to do so." He went North. I had never asked him to do anything up to this time that he had refused. A few days after his return to Washington he wrote me that he could not give Mr. Hanson the presidency at that time, but would make him Chairman of the Board, which, he said, was a higher place than the presidency.

Mr. Hanson evidently imagined that I had too much influence with Mr. Spencer, and began a steady effort to destroy that influence, coming in between Mr. Spencer and me wherever he could do so, in the management of the two great properties of which I was subordinate counsel. Mr. Spencer told me of some of the things he said, but assured me that he understood Mr. Hanson and would never let anything he said interfere with our friendship or his trust in me. He never wavered in this, but was my friend until the last of his life.

I came very nearly being killed on the same train

with him. Something had occurred about which I wished to consult him and I telegraphed him to know if I could see him on Wednesday before Thanksgiving, naming the date. He telegraphed me that he was going to North Carolina to spend Thanksgiving on a hunting trip, and asked me to come up and go with him. The telegram was sent by the Western Union and by some strange happening was never delivered to me till after the time had passed, so that I did not go. I have often said that I would never find fault with the Western Union for failing to deliver a telegram, for the failure in this case saved my life. If I had received the telegram in time to reach him by Wednesday before Thanksgiving I would have been on the private car with him and every one on it was killed except one person, who was injured for life. The awful accident occurred at Lawyers, near Lynchburg, where his train had stopped for some purpose, and his car being behind, was run into by one of the fast trains and utterly demolished, killing him instantly. His stenographer was also killed and one other person injured. I would have been sleeping in the rear section of the car, as that was reserved for guests.

My next telegram from Washington urged me to come to Mr. Spencer's funeral, which I did.

We were in college together, though he graduated the year before I did. I shall always feel that a great railroad prince left the earth when he was killed.

President Roosevelt once said of him, after listening to an appeal in behalf of the railroads:

"He has a small head, but my God, what brains he carries in it!"

Mr. Hanson did not make a success, generally speaking, as President of the Central. While his strong will power and his vigorous intellect fitted him for command, yet it seemed to me that he lacked the knowl-

edge of the practical details necessary to manage a great railroad system.

It was thought by many of his friends that his mind failed him somewhat toward the end and that he was not quite at himself, but lost the grip on men and things that he had held in former days.

A RAINY NEW YEAR'S MONODY

The following verses were written while the intention to give up politics was still strong in my bosom. It discloses the reflections of a man whose ambition had been blighted and who sees many persons going forward to gather the honors that might have fallen to him but for his unwillingness to attempt to rise higher in the scale of political fortune.

These lines were never acknowledged before, as I have always felt it out of place for a lawyer to write verses, though there have been several good examples to the contrary:

O'er the earth falls the gloom like a curtain for a bier,
And the light wavers dim as a rainbow in a tear;
There is nothing to rejoice for the Old Year is dead
And the new has come in tears with its drapery overhead.

I sit in the gloom, will the shadows never rise?
And the light guild the clouds—paint a glory in the skies?
What hath life promised me? Still I wander in the dark,
Losing time, losing hope, missing still the shining mark.

Soon the rain storm will pass for the clouds will break away
And the sun will restore all the splendor of the day,
But the heart that is crushed with the burden of its pain

Will never know the glory of its banished hopes again.
So I stand in the mist like a spectre in a shroud,
Till the light struggles down from a rift within the cloud;
And I see far ahead all the winners rushing by,
They have wrought with might and main and their goal approaches nigh.

Not for me is the wreath—let the chaplet and the crown
Be the prize of the swift in the struggle for renown,
I'll fill a lower place, hold a candle to the sun,
Till God's messengers announce that my lowly work is done.

1888. From Macon Telegraph.

CHURCH MATTERS AND GENERAL
CONFERENCE

I have been a member of Mulberry Street M. E. Church, South, since June, 1873. I was at one time Superintendent of the Sunday School, in connection with my old friend, W. R. Rogers. We worked very vigorously to build the Sunday School up and it reached 500 on the Sunday before Dr. Monk left its pastorate. He had been sent to another charge after four years with us and we telegraphed the news to him.

Dr. Pinson, who succeeded him, concluded to make a change in the Superintendency and at the quarterly conference following his installation as Pastor, he had Mr. Rogers dropped and elected in his place Mr. O. A. Park, a young attorney of the city, who has since achieved great distinction. I was not at the conference when this was done, and believing that it was evidence of a desire to change in my case also, I resigned the Superintendency. Mr. Park has continued Superintendent until the present day.

During this time, and throughout most of my residence in Macon, I officiated as one of the teachers in the Sunday School, addressing the auditorium class every Sunday. At one time during an interval I taught the auditorium class at First Street Church. This was because the church was in debt and I wanted to aid in the lifting of a mortgage that I had drawn for the authorities of the church. I made a subscription accordingly and took over the auditorium class. This relation continued until the debt was paid and I again came back to Mulberry. I also spoke regularly to the auditorium class at Centenary, the Sunday School in that church meeting in the afternoons. This class grew until at times there was left little room in the church.

I was elected First Alternate to the General Conference in 1898, which met at Baltimore. Judge Sam Adams, one of the delegates, did not attend and I took his place on the second day of the Conference. At this conference Bishops Candler and Morrison were elected.

One funny thing occurred. It seems that on the first day of the Conference the presiding Bishop called on all the Conference to pledge themselves by rising vote, that they would do no electioneering during that Conference. I was not present and knew nothing of the pledge, consequently I did some little work, especially in pushing Bishop Candler to the front. He was President of Emory, but his magnificent abilities as a preacher were almost entirely unknown. I called him "The Little Giant of the Wire Grass," and, circulating among the Conference, let them know that we regarded him as the strongest, most eloquent, most powerful preacher within our knowledge. By good fortune he made an address on the proposed changes concerning the Presiding Eldership of the Church. He took the side in favor of the presiding elders and before he had spoken ten minutes his election as Bishop was absolutely assured.

He made one of his powerful appeals, such as he only, in all our Methodist connection, could make. He is the Senior Bishop of the Church today, and is still the leading orator of the Southern Methodists in the United States.

The funny incident referred to happened on the last day of Conference. The Bishop presiding, after some remarks asked all the members of the Conference who had kept the pledges about electioneering to stand up. Nearly all the conference rose. Then he asked that all who had done any electioneering should also stand up.

Only two people arose, Dr. Dowman, of Wesleyan College and myself. An audible smile went around the Conference and some persons started to applaud. Dr. Dowman said that he knew several members of the Conference who should have stood up with us, if they had possessed enough courage to tell the truth and hear the ridicule.

I was allowed to return to each General Conference afterwards, either as delegate or alternate, except the two last.

After I was beaten for Governor our annual conference met at Albany. I was not a delegate—not having been in the State at the time the district conference selected the membership. Among these there happened to be a Sunday School lecturer, who came down from some point north of us. I never knew from what state. When my name was mentioned for delegate he arose and said: “Governor Harris is an old man and has held enough positions in the Church to justify his quitting and I hope you will not elect him.”

The delegation was practically taken charge of by this man and, although I received 16 votes and a fraction, eighteen being necessary for a choice, I failed of election and stayed at home. The church had confirmed the action of the people in relegating the “old man” to a back seat forever!

One event occurred at the General Conference in Dallas that I ought to relate. There had grown up in the church a great controversy over an appropriation made by the United States Congress, to pay for the destruction of the publishing house during the Civil War. This claim was prepared, presented and urged by Mr. Stahlman, who was not an attorney but only a layman in the church. When the claim was called up in the Senate the question was asked: “Is

there any commission due to any agent for presenting this claim?" The statement was made in reply that no commissions were to be claimed. To this statement the then head of the publishing house it was charged had assented. The claim was allowed in full, amounting to two hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars, as I remember.

It afterwards developed that Mr. Stahlman had a contract for one-third of the recovery and had never agreed to give this up. He demanded the money, whereupon a great controversy arose, as above stated. A large part of the church felt that the Senate had been deceived, and if the facts had been known the claim would never have been allowed. It was contended, therefore, that the money should be returned to the Government, but Mr. Stahlman had no idea of returning his part, so that the church would have been required to make it up.

The Annual Conference meeting in Macon in the midst of this controversy, Bishop Galloway, who presided over the conference, stayed at my house. He and Bishop Candler met frequently during the week in the Bishop's room in my house and discussed the whole matter. The result was that the two bishops asked me to undertake to get a statement from the individual members of the Senate setting forth the fact that they were willing that the Church should keep the money and would vote for it if it was again proposed.

I undertook the business—went to Washington, and laid the matter first before Mr. Clay, our Senator, who was a member of the Methodist Church. After Mr. Clay had consulted with several of the Senators he came back to me with the paper I had drawn and said there was no man in the Senate that could get the

signatures to the paper except Senator A. O. Bacon, and if I could prevail on him to take up the matter it could be carried through.

I saw Mr. Bacon, gave him the document and he promptly agreed to make the trial. He did so and obtained the signature of every Senator except four, two of whom were absent, but it was believed would have signed if they had been present. The two Senators who refused to sign were from Massachusetts and Tennessee, respectively.

I remained in Washington until the work was almost done, and the paper was sent to Georgia by Mr. Bacon. It is true, perhaps, that no one in the Senate, except Mr. Bacon could have accomplished the task. The Church owes him a debt which it has never paid, for his act settled the controversy that bade fair to create a division that could never have been healed.

The result was kept from the public until the meeting of the General Conference in Dallas. There the opposition had prepared to take the step against keeping the money and to open an assault on all those who had been concerned in obtaining the same.

On the first day of the conference after the address of the Bishops was read, Bishop Candler came forward and presented the document containing the signatures of the Senators to the paper referred to. It was a thunder-bolt, and of course settled the whole controversy. No one could question it, as the Senate had sent to the Church its greeting and advice, telling the Church to keep the money.

Bishop Candler told me that he had deposited the document in his safe and if he died before I did he would direct his heirs at law and successors to give the paper over to me to be kept among my descendants for all time.

THE VANDERBILT CASE

At the General Conference, which met at Asheville in May, 1910, there came up for discussion and investigation the status of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee.

Dr. Kirkland, the Chancellor, with a large number of the Board of Trust, appeared at the Conference. In fact a meeting of the Board of Trust was held either during the Conference or just before it began in which the claims of the Board were discussed and laid down as far as practicable. After a long and careful investigation, made by the committee appointed for that purpose and a discussion in the open Conference, it was finally held that the institution was the property of the Church and the Church through its general conference had the right to elect its Board of Trust and direct its policy as an educational institution.

In order to bring the matter to a test three Trustees were elected by the conference, to-wit: N. E. Harris, A. W. Biggs, V. A. Godbey. These Trustees were directed to take their places in the Board of Trust and credentials from the conference were furnished them accordingly.

Following the adjournment of the conference two of these gentlemen, V. A. Godbey and myself, at a meeting of the Board of Trust at Vanderbilt, presented our credentials, and asked to be admitted to the Board as members thereof.

As evidence of rebellion against the action of the General Conference in this respect it may be stated that no notice of the meeting of the Board was given to either of the newly elected Trustees nor was there any statement sent us pointing out the place of meet-

ing. Through outside sources we were informed of the proposed meeting and we went out to the campus and asked of some of the persons whom we met on the grounds where the meeting was being held.

Finally one of the faculty was accidentally seen on the campus and the situation was explained to him. He seemed to be rather nervous but finally agreed to accompany us—Dr. Godbey and myself—to the door of the building in which the Board of Trust was meeting. As soon as he reached the door and had pointed it out to us, he vanished with great celerity, as he was evidently fearful of having it known that he had shown us any courtesy whatever.

We came into the building, knocked at the door and asked that our names be sent in to the Board of Trust. This was done and our credentials were duly and regularly presented. We were allowed to come inside for a short while and then asked to retire. Our case was then taken up by the Board, passed on, and we were informed that our credentials were not recognized and our position as members of the Board of Trust was refused.

I drew up for the College of Bishops a full statement of the result of our efforts and presented it at a meeting of that body, called shortly afterwards to consider the situation. The general conference had left the matter in the hands of the College of Bishops, for such action as the College might see fit to pursue. Bishop A. W. Wilson was the presiding Bishop and occupied the chair. Bishop E. R. Hendrix was Chairman of the Board of Trust of the University, and, of course, was also a member of the College of Bishops.

My report set out in full the difficulty we had experienced in finding the Board of Trust; the room where it met; and the date of its meeting. I added,

in explaining our part of the work, that when we reached the house in which the meeting was taking place, we found the door shut on us in more ways than one.

When I read this report to the College of Bishops, Bishop Hendrix took exception to the words concerning the closed door, and asked that they be stricken from the report. Immediately Bishop Atkins came to the floor and objected to the striking of the words. Then he discussed the general appearance of the whole situation and excoriated the Board in no uncertain words. It was a bold, daring, powerful arraignment, charging in express terms the conspiracy to take away the property from the church, defeat the purposes for which it was founded, and set it up as an independent educational institution.

Of course Bishop Hendrix replied, possibly Bishop Fitzgerald said something, and then Bishop Hoss took the floor. He knew more of the inside work of the conspirators than any other living man, and he did not mince matters when he spoke. Others also of the Bishops addressed the Chair. I deemed it a great privilege to listen to a discussion of such a character. These great men, heads of the church organization, saw approaching the so-called rebellion and the settled determination to overthrow the claim of the church, to be recognized as the owner of the University.

After the discussion had gone on for some time I asked permission of the presiding Bishop to be heard for a moment. He allowed me to speak and after a few introductory words I begged the College of Bishops to allow me to withdraw the words that were so obnoxious to a portion of the College, especially to Bishop Hendrix. I told the College I did not want to be the

cause of dissension in that great body, and as the objectionable words were not necessary to an understanding of the report, but were merely put in to express my own view of the situation, I begged to be allowed to withdraw them.

The permission was granted and the words were stricken. I have since found out beyond all question that the words spoke the truth and their withdrawal was not required by the facts.

After this report was made the Bishops decided to enter suit to compel the recognition of the right of the General Conference to control the institution and a committee of the Bishops was appointed to look after the litigation and aid in the prosecution of the case. This committee, as I remember, was composed of Bishops Hoss, Denny and Candler. The main burden fell upon Bishops Hoss and Denny, as they were both domiciled, for a time at least, at Nashville.

A contract was made with the attorneys, fees were fixed, and the bill was prepared. The attorneys consisted of Messrs. Biggs & Fitzhugh, of Memphis; Judge Edward O'Rear, of Kentucky; P. D. Madden, of Nashville, and N. E. Harris, of Georgia.

The bill passed through the regular stages, was filed in the Chancery Court at Nashville and the interlocutory matters came up before Judge John Allison. Through all the stages I attended the hearings and trial, and when the matter came before the Chancellor presiding, I was one of the attorneys who spoke in the final argument.

Three or four large volumes were required to contain the evidence, copies of which are in my possession. The suit was brought in the name of the State of Tennessee, at the relation of A. W. Wilson and others constituting the College of Bishops and other

complainants, against the Board of Trust of the Vanderbilt University and other defendants.

The respondents were represented by J. J. Vertrees, J. B. Keeble, G. T. Hughes, C. C. Trabue and others.

The Chancellor, Judge John Allison, found in favor of the complainants, writing a remarkably able opinion, holding that the property belonged to the church and the church had the right to control through the General Conference, and declaring that the three Trustees elected by the Conference were entitled to take their seats as members of the Board of Trust.

An appeal was entered from the decision and the case was carried to the Supreme Court of Tennessee. It is reported in volume 129, page 279, of the Tennessee Reports.

All counsel for the church appeared in the Supreme Court, but only two were allowed to speak, Messrs. Fitzhugh and Biggs.

When the case was first called for trial, Judge Williams, of the Supreme Bench, recused himself, holding that he was disqualified on account of the fact that having been a member of the Conference at Asheville he had voted for the three Trustees and otherwise expressed an opinion concerning the merits of the controversy. The Court then adjourned the case for ten days until the Governor could select and appoint a temporary judge to sit with the Court on the trial of the case. Such judge usually writes the opinion in the case.

In our conferences that preceded the appearance in the Supreme Court I had steadily cautioned my associates to be prepared for the step which Judge Williams had taken. I knew under the law that he was disqualified, but all my associates, including two of the Bishops, seemed to be strongly of the opinion that

Judge Williams could sit in the case and there would be no necessity to select a temporary Judge. The event turned out as I had prophesied. I knew that under Georgia law and practice it would be impossible for Judge Williams to declare himself competent to hear the case.

After the adjournment the counsel, with the two managing Bishops, met to discuss the course to be followed in selecting a Judge to preside in place of the disqualified member. Bishop Hoss and Col. Fitzhugh immediately called on Governor Hooper, who filled the office at that time, to ascertain his views touching the selection. They were informed at once by Governor Hooper that he would not appoint any member of the Methodist Church to fill the place of the disqualified Judge.

This was a severe disappointment, of course, but the Governor suggested that the counsel present to him the names of a number of lawyers, I think he limited us to twelve, who would be considered in connection with the place. We heard afterwards that he had called on the counsel for the Vanderbilt side to submit an equal number of names. Following this program, Bishop Hoss consulted with some of his friends to make up the list, receiving, of course, the assistance of the Tennessee counsel. Among others he called on Colonel Ebb Reeves, of Johnson City, to furnish a list. This was done, and Colonel Reeves' list, with some amendments, was adopted by the Bishop and presented to the Governor. When the Governor compared the two lists made up by the contending parties, he found that both lists contained the name of Col. Turner, of Knoxville, Tenn., and he was promptly appointed to fill the vacant place on the bench.

It turned out afterwards to be a very disastrous appointment for the complainants. It was rumored after the decision was made that the *pro hac* Judge visited W. K. Vanderbilt in New York and consulted with him freely concerning the case, probably to ascertain his views touching it, as it had also been rumored that Mr. Vanderbilt was ready to make a large donation to the institution, in case the hold of the church was removed from the institution

I do not know if any of this is true, but I do know that Mr. Vanderbilt followed the decision with a contribution amounting to several hundred thousand dollars.

It is worthy of note that in one of the volumes of testimony presented in the case there is substantially the following statement:

“When Commodore Vanderbilt, who founded the institution, was lying on his death bed, Bishop McTyeire, who had obtained the donation that brought the institution into life, was sent for to visit him. Mr. Vanderbilt was in the last stage and died a short time after the visit. As the Bishop stepped into the door the Commodore greeted him, saying: ‘Howdy, Bishop! How are things down at the University?’ And the Bishop replied: ‘Very good, Commodore. We are getting on right well. We have sixty young preachers there who are taking the course and receiving the benefits of the institution, besides a good attendance at present.’ The old Commodore clapped his hands, and said: ‘That’s right, Bishop. That’s what I wanted. That’s what I gave you the money for—to educate your ministers.’ ”

I sometimes have wished that the words of his father had been read to W. K. Vanderbilt before the visit of the *pro hac* Judge, if such visit occurred.

The decision was, in a certain sense, a dog fall. It recognized in a way the claim of the church, but held that the property under the Tennessee law was vested in the Board of Trust and that Board must control it. It was further stated, or suggested, that the General Conference had the right to confirm the appointments made by the Board to fill the vacancies in the membership when such occurred.

The decision divided the church somewhat in opinion. One strong party believed that the church could control the institution in the way suggested by confirming the appointments. Another large number believed that this power of confirmation was only perfunctory and that no attention would be paid to it. It was cited by the latter class that this requirement, as to confirmation, had been made some years before and that it was evaded by simply failing to send the names of the Trustees to the Conference for attention. There could be no provision declaring the appointments void for lack of confirmation, unless they had been expressly turned down. Various other suggestions were made, all going to show that the church had lost its control of the institution.

While the matter stood thus, the General Conference came on at Oklahoma City, and here the whole question was fought out. I was a delegate from the South Georgia conference and when the committee of fifteen was appointed to consider the effect of the decision; define the church's relation to the institution, and also report to the conference, if it was found that the effort to attempt to control the institution would be inadvisable, the name of some other institution or institutions to become the official organ or organs of the church in its educational work.

When the committee met it organized with Dr. H.

M. DuBose, now Bishop, as Chairman. It became apparent at an early stage that the committee was divided eight to seven concerning the advisability of an effort to retain Vanderbilt. Several bids were referred to the committee, offering facilities and endowments for the establishment of a new university.

Among these bids was one from Emory College in Georgia, which if accepted proposed to transfer itself from Oxford in Newton County, to Atlanta, and accompanied the same with a promise of a million dollar endowment to be added to the Emory equipment.

This singular circumstance occurred with reference to Emory's offer. I was walking one day in the vestibule of the church where the conference was held when Bishop Candler came up to me and said: "Brother Harris, I want to withdraw the offer of Emory College from your committee. I have decided to go no further with it."

Very much astonished, I said: "Why, Bishop, do you want to do this?" He replied, stating that he was tired of the matter and did not want to push it any further, or some such suggestion as this. I said: "Bishop, this is a serious matter, would you mind putting it in writing? I would not like to act on it unless this is done." He went away and a few minutes afterwards came back with a written letter addressed to me directing the withdrawal of all propositions in behalf of Emory College touching the Vanderbilt matter.

I was very much distressed by this request and called the South Georgia delegation together at the hotel where we stopped to lay the matter before them. Doctor, now Bishop, Ainsworth, presided.

When I read the letter, Dr. Ainsworth spoke up and said: "The Bishop is disturbed about something. I do not think you should pay any attention to

the request. I am sure he will not insist on it or complain if you go forward as heretofore." And in this the delegation seemed to acquiesce. As I went out from the meeting this thought came to me: "There is one man in the conference who can decide the matter for me and put it beyond question," and I immediately went out to find Asa G. Candler, who was a member of the North Georgia delegation. When I showed him the letter he said to me: "Warren is in the dumps. Don't pay any attention to his request. He heard somebody say in a crowd a day or so ago, 'These Candler look like they are trying to control the whole church and we might as well turn it over to them.' "

He then added: "The Bishop will come around in a day or two, so don't pay any attention to the letter, but say to the committee that the endowment shall be made up and if the million is not enough to get it I will see that it goes to two and a half millions."

Money talks. We carried through the committee the measures which were necessary to present the questions to the conference and when I told the committee of Mr. Candler's offer, the question was decided in short order. The result was that Vanderbilt was turned loose and Emory University was finally made the educational organ of the church east of the Mississippi River and was soon moved to Atlanta.

While we were discussing the question in the conference I was asked to speak on the matter, having been one of the discarded trustees elected by the General Conference at Asheville and having represented the church throughout the entire litigation. I made the best presentation I could, in the course of which I took it on myself to say, "Notwithstanding the decision of the Court and the claim of the Board of Trust, Vanderbilt University belongs to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and there is no power strong

enough on this earth to break that tie. The institution is destined to come back to the church, though we may not live to see it. It is a claim to be bequeathed to our children and sent down through other generations if necessary, until the truth is recognized as well by the Courts as by the church itself:" Nothing is finally decided until it is decided right, was my individual opinion at that time and it is still so.

The church in its future progress and the spread of its membership will need both these institutions some time in the future. The bones of the dead princes of the church, reposing on the campus, will cry out to the Methodists of every clime, through all the coming years, until the cry is heard.

The conference sustained the committee by a large majority and the matter was settled for this generation.

THE JUDGESHIP

About this time a vacancy in the judgeship of the Macon Circuit occurred, brought about by the resignation of Judge William H. Felton, Jr. He had been upon the bench some seventeen years when he concluded to take up the management of the hydro-electric plant at Jackson, which supplied Macon with its electricity, both for light and power. Judge Felton had made a splendid Judge and his decisions were respected and most generally approved.

Governor Joseph M. Brown was at the head of the State's affairs and when the vacancy occurred he offered the place to me. I had supported him in his election and admired him very much indeed as an able and conscientious officer. When Governor Hoke Smith determined to suspend him from the office of Railroad Commissioner, I had called on the Governor and begged him not to take the step.

Governor Smith was always courteous to me and though I was generally on the other side from him, having supported Mr. Howell for the Governorship, when they ran against each other, yet he always expressed confidence in my opinion. He once laughingly said to me: "I always try to finish up the business in the office here when they send in your name to me before seeing you, so I can give you plenty of time for conference. I do this because I like to hear from the other side, and, as you have always been against me, I can find out what other people that are not friendly to me are saying."

I earnestly counseled him not to use the power which the statute gave him to dismiss Mr. Brown, telling him that there were multiplied thousands of people through Georgia, who were devoted to the Brown family and that his future would be jeopardized if he persisted in his course. He looked at me with a smile and said: "My own friends (mentioning Mr. Arnold and others) have given me the same advice. I shall not take any of it, but shall follow my own views and carry out my own resolves."

He relieved Mr. Brown and this act more than anything else, caused his defeat. Mr. Brown immediately declared himself a candidate to succeed him as Governor and was elected.

While I am on this subject I would like to narrate a circumstance that occurred at Athens, some time after the election. It was our first meeting following Governor Smith's defeat. He was on the Board of Trustees and so was I. We were invited to visit the Agricultural College, the building of which was largely due to Mr. Smith's efforts while in the Governor's Office. Apparently neither of us cared to go out and we stood waiting until all the carriages were

loaded and left the campus, save one. Mr. Smith got into this carriage and looking up at me as I stood on the bank, he said: "You might as well get in, for I reckon we can ride together yet." It was the first words that had been spoken between us. I got in the carriage and as we went out I said to him, "Well, Sir, if I wanted to get my revenge I could say to you, 'I told you so.'"

He replied: "Yes, but if I had to do it over again I would follow the same course to the dotting of an 'i' and the crossing of a 't.'" Then I replied to him: "Governor, the only difference between you and the patient out yonder in the lunatic asylum is that he is there and you are here."

He looked at me right hard for a second or two and then burst out laughing, and added: "You will never know what damage you have done to the State by turning me out. I had conceived the most wonderful things for her institutions and the management of her affairs generally." And then he outlined the program that he had intended to follow. It was splendid.

When Governor Brown tendered me the position of Judge I declined it with thanks, telling him I could not afford the sacrifice, as the salary was too small compared with what I was making. He persisted and begged me to take it, if only temporarily, as it would relieve him from an unpleasant situation, for he could not make any other satisfactory choice at that time. I consulted with my wife and she seemed to be rather in favor of my accepting the position, so the matter stood for a day or so.

Meantime the race between Woodrow Wilson and Oscar Underwood for President became more intense. The Telegraph, at the head of which was my friend, Colonel Pendleton, espoused the cause of Underwood,

while *The Evening News* was strongly in favor of Mr. Wilson. The two papers seldom pulled together.

Just at this time my kinsman, Robert L. Taylor, who was Senator from Tennessee, suddenly died. I had been with him about ten days previously, when I found him complaining of gall stones, keeping his bed most of the time. He had outlined to me his canvass for the Senate, which was coming on, and I went home with an increased admiration for the splendor of his eloquence and the beauty of his wit and humor.

When I heard that he was dead, following an unfortunate operation, I went to Johnson City to meet the funeral train as it passed down to Nashville, and I boarded it at the former city. A large delegation from Congress was on board, accompanying the funeral car. I conversed with a number of these on the way down, touching the Presidential election. Some of the Senators expressed themselves in favor of Underwood, especially Senator Johnson from Alabama.

I left the funeral train at Chattanooga and came on back to Macon. As I passed up the street I stopped for a moment at the door of *The Telegraph* building. While standing there at the foot of the stairs Colonel Pendleton came down and seeing me said: "You look weary and worn out. What is the trouble with you?" I replied: "I have just come back from the funeral of my kinsman, Bob Taylor, of Tennessee." Thereupon Mr. Pendleton asked me all about the trip, and especially what I had heard about the Presidential campaign. I told him I talked with some of the Senators and others who were on the train and that all that I had seen had expressed themselves in favor of Underwood.

On this Colonel Pendleton constructed an interview and stated specifically that I had said that all the Sen-

ators on the train were in favor of Oscar Underwood for President. When I read this next morning I immediately wrote a correction and sent it down to him, telling him that I had not used the words mentioned by him, but had stated that I had *talked with some of the Senators* and they were in favor of Mr. Underwood, etc.

Meantime a News reporter telephoned me and asked if the purported interview was correct. I replied that the interview was not correct, but that I had corrected it by communication that morning sent to The Telegraph. The reporter replied: "Won't you give us a communication?" I said: "No, I don't want to get into any controversy and I have asked The Telegraph to correct the interview and publish my statement."

The News came out that evening vigorously denying the statement in The Telegraph, saying that it was not correct nor founded on fact, following this up the next evening with an interview from the Senators sent both to The Journal in Atlanta and The Evening News, denying that they had made any such statement to me.

Mr. Pendleton then declared that he would not publish my correction, but would take on himself to answer and denounce the articles in The News touching the matter. So the controversy went on over my head and at my expense, although I had plainly and explicitly declared that the interview was a mistake and that I had never said what was claimed.

While I was smarting under this unjust situation, Governor Brown renewed his tender of the judgeship. I may say here that I had never taken position up to that time in favor of Underwood. I had been attracted more to Mr. Wilson than to Underwood,

as the former had spent his life largely in educational work, which pleased me. I probably would have favored him in the State. After the unjust denunciation made by *The News* I came out flat-footed for Underwood—wrote article after article and letter after letter in his favor through the State, publishing many extracts from Mr. Wilson's works and setting out that he had gone so far away from us through his Northern associations that the South ought not to support him. I may say here that the Underwood campaign carried the State by more than twenty thousand majority.

When Governor Brown first tendered me the judgeship, as I have said, I had rejected it as too great a sacrifice, but when his insistence came I took it under advisement, and with my wife rather urging me to accept. Nevertheless one night I got up to the telephone to call the Governor and tell him that I had finally decided not to accept. My wife caught my hand and prevented me from carrying out my purpose. I waited until next day and then said to myself: "I had better accept the position, for the first man who will ask me a favor will be the owner of *The Evening News*, and of course I will grant it to him."

I accepted, entered on the office, and sure enough the first man who asked a favor of me when I got upon the bench was the owner of *The Evening News*. He wanted some of his men left off from the jury, and of course I granted the request.

I found out afterwards that Ralph Smith was the correspondent of *The Journal and News*, who interviewed the Senators and wrote the communication that charged me with the misrepresentation. I told him long afterwards, when I met him in Atlanta, that his communications had caused me to take the judge-

ship in my circuit and but for this fact I would never have been Governor of Georgia. He expressed his regrets that he had caused me pain, but said he was glad that the result, so far as I was concerned, had turned out as it did. He said he was only after *The Telegraph*.

My services as Judge of the Court was confined to the year 1912. I served only about six months. During that time I cleared the docket in the court at Macon—disposing of some three hundred cases. Sixteen of these went to the Supreme Court, but came back without a single reversal.

In one case the Court expressed doubt as to the correctness of my ruling, but declined to reverse, because they found the judgment entirely right on the merits.

When the unexpired term was within two or three months of ending I resigned and asked the Governor to appoint Judge H. A. Mathews to the vacancy. This he did, and Judge Mathews has filled the position from that time to the present writing.

The experience which I obtained on the bench gave me a better insight into the administration of law than I had ever had. I tried and sentenced several criminals, untied several difficult knots in the cases which came to trial before me, learned the value of the arguments used by many of the bar, learned to select that which was trustworthy and that which was decidedly without merit, and altogether enjoyed the few months during which I occupied the bench.

But for a personal defect I would probably have remained on the bench longer; at least would have tested the people in the election. I found myself very difficult of hearing. In my childhood I had lost the use of one ear. Having, therefore, only one ear, I found that I could never understand what was said when

more than one addressed the court at a time. This condition occurred almost continuously on every trial. Whenever one lawyer interrupted another he was sure to commence talking before the other had stopped. The consequence was that the two voices made utter silence in my one ear and I was compelled to ask the lawyers to start over again one at a time. I did this so often that I grew nervous over it; found that it soon brought on headaches and I decided that I was not physically fit for the Judgeship if I wished to do it justice.

To some of the cases I brought all the legal learning I had accumulated in the past, and prided myself that the decision was right when I reached it. But the help which I could get from the lawyers in their discussions was often so interfered with by their disputes and double interruptions that I thought at times I would have done better if I had had no one to speak to me.

While I was still on the bench I came to East Tennessee where my wife had prevailed over me to purchase a summer home. It was located in Hampton, a village in Carter County, about five miles east of Elizabethton, the county seat, where she was born.

I have already described how I was driven out from this country following the Civil War. My old home on the Cherokee was about seventeen miles on an air-line from the place which the madam had induced me to buy. A large number of ex-soldiers of the Union Army lived in the village and all of these were drawing pensions from the Government. I gathered them together and stated to them that they had driven me out of East Tennessee at the close of the War, so I was not a voluntary emigrant from the State, but had gone out against my will. I stated that I had pur-



RESIDENCE OF MRS. HARRIS AT HAMPTON, TENN.

It was known as "The Governor's Summer Mansion" during his incumbency.

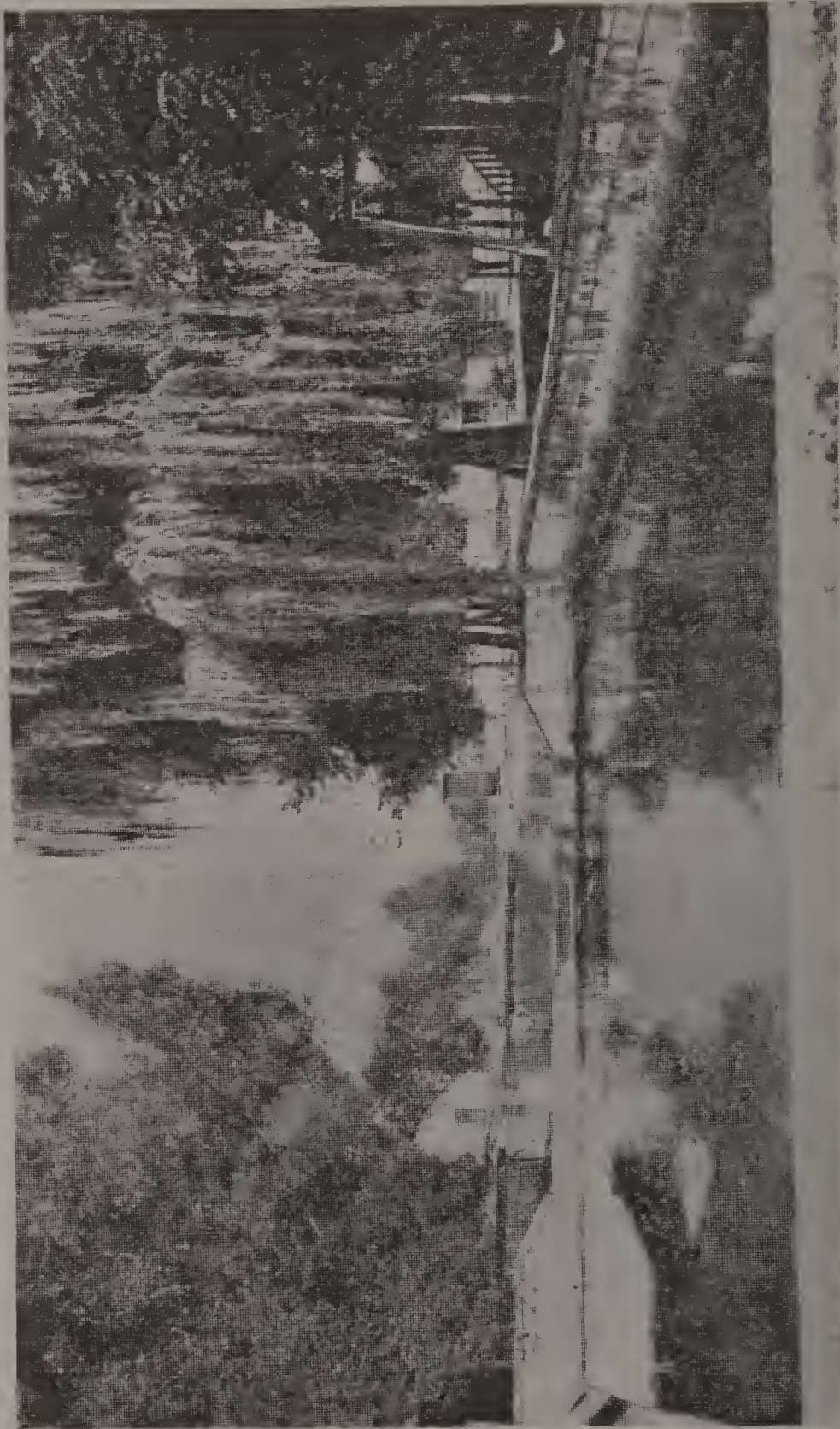
chased this place with the idea of spending my summers here in my old age, and I added: "Gentlemen, if you have any objection to my coming back here for this purpose, please let it be known now, so we may have no misunderstanding hereafter."

The old men said at once, with one accord, "Why, Judge, we have no objection to your coming back, of course. We would like for you to spend the time with us if you desire to do so." And then one of them spoke up, saying, "The truth is, Judge, I have come to the conclusion that you were about right in those times anyhow." This created a laugh and all of us seemed satisfied.

So the best of harmony has existed ever since I have been coming to Hampton for the summer. It is about twenty-five miles on an air line from Asheville, I should say, and is surrounded on all sides by the mountains, even as "the mountains were round about Jerusalem for safety." No cyclones or tornadoes can touch the place on account of the sheltering walls of the mountains that surround it. The little Doe River runs like a thread of silver through the valley and in the yard is a great spring walled with concrete, some eighty by one hundred feet, running as much as ten million gallons per day. This spring drops into a lake that is also in the yard covering some half an acre, and fringed on the banks with weeping willows, Carolina poplars, and other growth, making one of the most beautiful scenes that the human eye ever lighted upon.

Originally I put in a dynamo at the point where the spring branch drops into the little river, the fall there being about ten feet, and the water passed through a turbine. This furnished enough power to fill the house and grounds with electric light.

The house itself is a brick structure built in 1867



THE SPRING AND LAKE IN REAR OF THE SUMMER HOME

The spring runs ten million gallons every twenty-four hours.

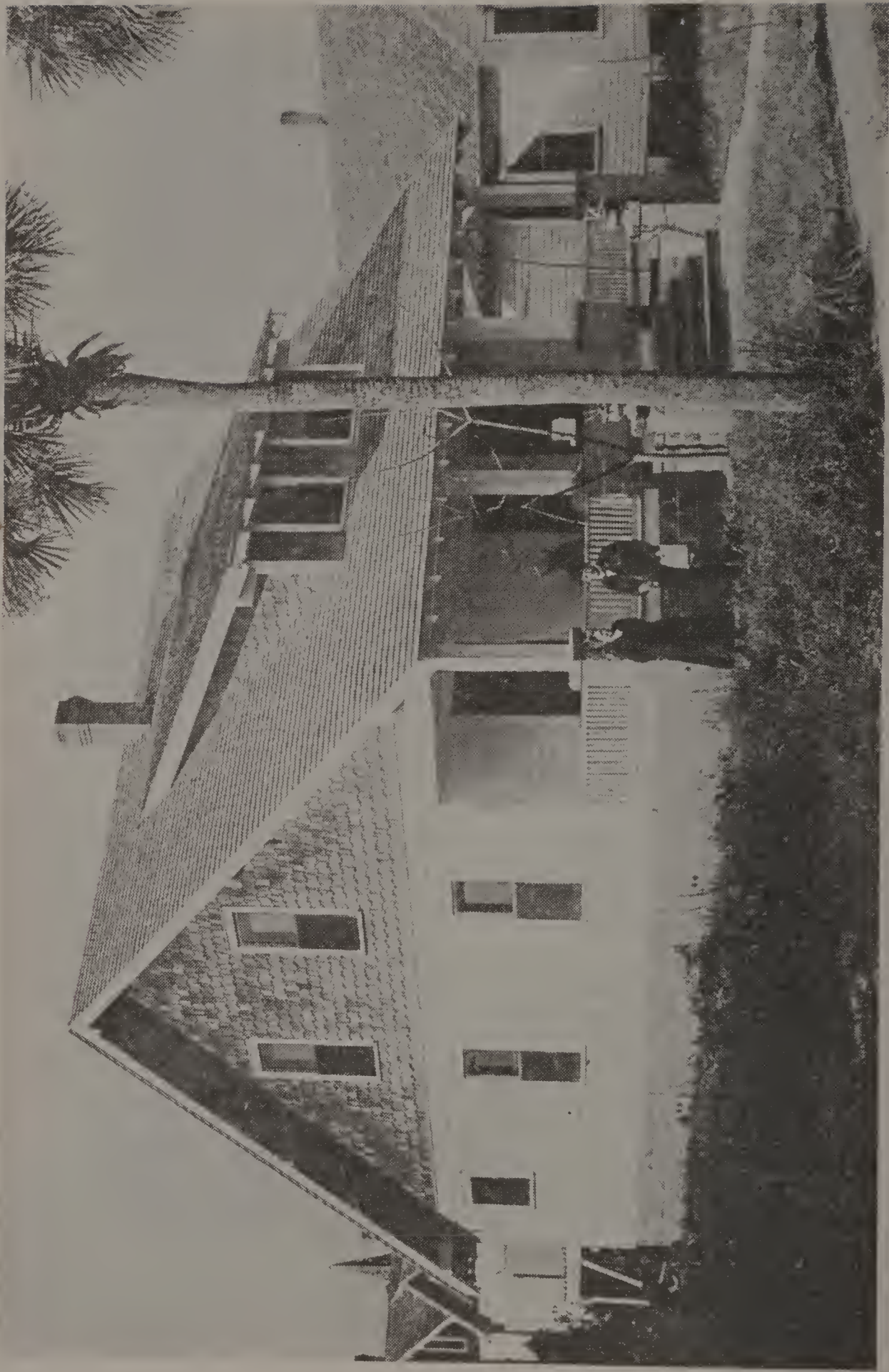
by Elijah Simmerly, a prominent man of the mountains. It has eleven rooms besides the kitchen and milk room. The walls of every room were made of brick so that there were no laths and plaster in any of the partitions. Surrounded by porches and by a yard containing evergreen and other growth, common to this section of the country, with grass and flowers in abundance, it presents that rare combination of beauty and quietude that gladdens the heart of any visitor no matter what his race may be.

The place had been owned by a millionaire of Nashville, Tenn., who had added to its attractions a system of water works and other conveniences of civilization, so that I consider it a case of rare good fortune that my wife was able to secure it when the millionaire grew tired of spending his summers in the place.

Most of the furniture, which I had accumulated in the past in the two homes I had occupied was carried to the mountain home, when I gave up the dwelling in Macon.

Altogether, therefore, the place attracts so strongly when the summer comes that the preparations for removal are almost always earlier than the weather will justify.

When I took the judgeship I surrendered all the positions that I held with the railroads, gave up the business of the firm to my two sons, who were in partnership with me, and laid down whatever other positions seemed to conflict with the duties of the judgeship. I was, therefore, without any office or practice, or position of profit when I quit the judgeship. This fact gave me leisure to contemplate an entrance into politics and a struggle for position.



COTTAGE OF MRS. N. E. HARRIS AT DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.
Here the winters are spent.

MY PARTNERS, WALTER B. HILL, WASHINGTON DESSAU AND WILLIAM B. BIRCH

The firm name under which I practiced law for the largest part of my legal career was Hill & Harris. Our first office was on Cherry Street, above what was then Walker's Grocery Store, about one door east of the corner now occupied by the Bibb National Bank, and for a long time by Clisby's Shoe Store.

Judge Hill was accustomed to spend his leisure time in the office, often discussing the cases in other courts that he had turned over to us. Our next office was with Lanier & Anderson on Second Street, on the corner of Wall Street. In this office I have often had the pleasure of talking with both Sidney Lanier and his wife. They attracted me more than I can ever tell.

Young Lanier had given up his law practice and was devoting himself entirely to literature. Many times in the office he went over the principal events of his career. He was in the Southern Army and he described his war experiences with great interest to me, of course, as I had served in the same army. I noticed one thing that came out very prominently in my conversation with him. He ascribed to his wife almost entirely the fact that he was still alive. She had stood over him, helped him, encouraged him brightening his life with her smiles and her good advice, and he often insisted that his career would have ended in a failure but for her love and ministrations. She was undoubtedly very devoted to him.

There crept out in these conversations the strong evidences of his love for music. He practiced on his flute every once and awhile, when the office was free of business. The truth is I never appreciated his poetry until long afterwards. There was so much evidence of his musical bent shown in his poetical work

that I forgot its merits as a literary production and considered it only with reference to his musical talents. To me he seemed to have bent everything towards the musical. His father being in the office evidently encouraged his conversation with us and many times gave direction to his thoughts.

Long afterwards, when his name had filled the Nation, I began to appreciate the struggle through which he had gone. His face was pale and plainly showed the presence of the awful disease, with which he struggled. He wrote his works while fighting his battle with consumption. What inspiration he drew from the horrible disease I know not. I have seen evidence of its quickening power over the circulation and the brightening of mental processes in the production of thought. Nearly all my brothers and sisters have gone that same road, and also my mother. One by one the same terrible disease, with which Sidney Lanier battled for years, carried my family into the grave, until only two, besides myself, out of the twelve, are left.

After we separated from Lanier & Anderson we took into the firm a first cousin of Mr. Hill, William B. Birch. We had also with us Mr. Hill's nephew, Pope Hill. Our office then was in the Masonic Hall, where we stayed until we went to the Pythian Castle.

Here Mr. Washington Dessau became a part of the firm and we practiced under the name of Dessau, Harris & Birch.

My first wife died while our office was in the Pythian Castle. She left me with six children to take care of, four boys and two girls. Three of these boys graduated at the University of Georgia and afterwards studied law and became members of the firm. Two of them are still carrying on the business.

As the children were rather small and the household needed direction, my mother-in-law, Mrs. Burke, advised me to marry again and get someone to take charge of the household for me. My second wife was Miss Hattie G. Jobe.

After we were married we spent a portion of one summer with the children at a place called Mountain Lake, in West Virginia. While I was there I received a telegram from Mr. Hill, forwarded to me from the railroad some twelve miles away, telling me that he was anxious to be elected Chancellor of the University of Georgia and as I was a member of the Board of Trustees he wanted my help.

I went down at once as fast as the train could take me and began a canvass, in his behalf, for the position. Two strong men came to my help as soon as I mentioned Mr. Hill's name. One was Governor W. Y. Atkinson, who was then in office, and A. O. Bacon, who was then in the United States Senate from Georgia.

Mr. Bacon had known my partner for many years. We had practiced together at the bar in Macon with varying success, mostly on opposite sides from Mr. Bacon and his firm.

Mr. Hill's talents were highly appreciated by Senator Bacon and he said immediately, when I mentioned his name, that he believed Mr. Hill would make an ideal Chancellor and he would support him. Governor Atkinson took the same view, though neither Bacon nor Atkinson had ever been considered as political friends of Mr. Hill. Our united efforts easily elected Mr. Hill, and he proceeded at once to Athens to take charge of our mutual Alma Mater.

Mr. Dessau came into the firm in his place, as I have stated above, and our business was increased

rather than diminished by the change. Mr. Dessau had a wide range of clients and his wonderful success at the bar had challenged the attention not only of the profession, but of the people of the State. He was a thorough lawyer. Although born a Jew he had married a Gentile, his wife belonging to one of the prominent families of the State.

He was never unhorsed in the trial of a case but that he came down on his feet.

I never knew what he really held in the way of religious convictions. We have often been out at court and at night when we went to bed, many times with a half dozen lawyers sleeping in the same room; before he got into bed he would kneel down and say his prayers, then get up and in five minutes be swearing like a trooper. He didn't seem to know that there was any inconsistency between the prayer and the swear.

It was a fitting end to a great career that he should have died in the presence of the Supreme Court of his State, while engaged in making a great legal argument for his client. He was stricken with apoplexy and died in a moment or two. His last words went over the State: "Light follows from the clash of minds and the truth is developed in the conflict."

MY POLITICAL CAREER CONTINUED

Recurring to some of the steps taken by me before coming to the contest for the last great office I should probably mention my race for the State Senate, which occurred in 1894.

I have spoken of my friend, Appleton Collins, in connection with the first race for Representative. In the race for the Senate I had the good fortune to enlist in my behalf one of the most remarkable men that the

City of Macon ever produced, Hon. Daisy Price, for a long time Mayor of Macon. I have had many disinterested friends, or I never could have succeeded in achieving any political distinction, but among them all Daisy Price stands at the front, in my memory.

Governor McDaniel once said to me that no man could achieve political success unless he had behind him a united constituency willing to press his fortune, without reference to their own ambitions. Daisy Price came to my help when he had nothing to gain for himself. He turned aside from the support he was giving to many other friends and centered his political affections upon me.

It was largely through his instrumentality that I received the nomination for the Senate in the 22nd District, known as the Macon District. He engineered the campaign and with his power and energy and influence made the result a foregone conclusion.

After I was nominated the opposition brought out against me a gentleman who resided in Monroe County. Mr. Watson, the sage of McDuffie, had divided the party, claiming to follow what he called "the middle of the road," attacking the Democratic policy and holding up our then President Grover Cleveland to political scorn and unbridled abuse.

My old class-mate, Charlie Bartlett, was running for Congress at the time, and we decided to go out on the hustings together and present our cause to the people. When we started out, Judge Bartlett, who was much better informed about the political issues of the day by far than I was, told me that in all my speeches I must be careful never to say a word in favor of Grover Cleveland or his administration. He said the country people in Monroe and Pike had been so indoctrinated with the idea that Cleveland was a

monstrosity and his administration a disgrace to the Nation that they would hiss me down and then vote against me if I ever showed that I was friendly to Mr. Cleveland or his cause.

We spoke at several points and I carefully bore in mind his advice. Finally, the Democrats, the few who were left in the Hollonsville District of Pike County, got up a joint debate between the Populists and the Democrats and I was asked to take part in the debate. Mr. Bartlett did not appear on this occasion, but Colonel John Redding, who was running for Representative in Pike County, took his place.

In order to bring about the joint debate the Democratic Committee agreed with the Populists that the Populists' speakers should have the opening and conclusion.

A large crowd gathered at a school house in the town which was situated on the Atlanta & Florida road and two Chairmen were selected to preside over the meeting, the Populists Chairman to preside while the Democrats were talking and the Democratic Chairman to preside while the Populists were talking. The debate was opened by Col. Barrett, who was the father of Charles S. Barrett, afterwards official head of the Farmers Union of the United States. Colonel Barrett was an able and fearless debater, had been in the Legislature, and was running for re-election, being opposed by John Redding, one of the Democratic speakers of the day.

Colonel Barrett made a fine telling address in behalf of his candidacy and when he closed I felt that John Redding was entirely demolished and had no chance to come back. I reasoned without my host. Mr. Redding had not spoken more than ten minutes in reply, when the situation began to change. He knew Colonel Barrett's record and he hurled it into his op-

ponent's face with a power and strength of expression that I never imagined he possessed. When he closed the situation looked bright and my heart had leaped up to my throat. I followed him, as under our agreement two Democrats occupied the middle of the speaking. I began in the usual way to urge my candidacy upon the people, telling what I had done as a member of the House and proceeding to show why they should support me for the Senate. I had spoken only a short while when a gentleman in the audience rose and asked me if he might propound a question to me. I told him of course he could do so, and thereupon he said: "Colonel Harris, what do you think of Grover Cleveland?"

I turned aside the inquiry by telling an anecdote, which had in it the suggestion that the "sixteen-to-one" in the silver dollar meant sixteen negroes to one white man, and that this was the contest that the Populists were waging. Then I started out again on the general questions of the day when my friend in the audience rose and interrupted me. As I stopped, he said: "Colonel Harris, I asked you a fair question and you have not answered it. What do you think of Grover Cleveland and his administration?"

I told another anecdote and made the people laugh again, with some foolish statement, and then started out on the main questions. My friend rose the third time and interrupted me, then he called the Chairman and made a statement to the effect that he had asked this question twice—a fair question—and I had refused to answer it. He, therefore, requested the Chairman to compel me to answer or stop any further speaking.

The Chairman then said to me: "Colonel Harris, I hold that you must answer the question as it is a

fair one, and this audience is entitled to have it answered before you go further."

It can be well understood that this ruling of the Chair stirred up all the passion in my soul. I said at once, and I spoke with a fierce intonation that could not be misunderstood: "Mr. Chairman, you had no right to stop me and force this issue upon me. Your side has the right to conclude, but inasmuch as you have seen fit to do so, I say to you, Sir, no Populist living on this earth shall prevent me from stating what I think of the head of the Democratic party. Sir, I am for Grover Cleveland from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. Now make what you can of it!"

The effect of this statement could never be described. For fifteen minutes the audience seemed beside itself. Men shouted, cheered, beat the desks, threw their hats to the ceiling, and yelled, "Hurrah for Grover Cleveland." This excitement grew from the beginning. Everybody was on his feet in the house and I never have heard such shouting at a public meeting in all my life. I stood in the midst of it gesticulating and trying to wedge in a word, but the crowd would not stop. I saw the faces of the Populists on the stage turn pale. They knew that the tide had changed and the sun had set on their cause.

When quiet was finally restored I took up my reasons for supporting Cleveland. I told the audience how the South had struggled since the War to restore herself to the position to which she was of right entitled, in our Government. I told them how we had pushed the stone up the hill, until now it had reached the top, and how those of our own people who differed with us were willing to hurl it back down again. I showed how Cleveland had appointed Southern Dem-

ocrats to office, how he had set his face to favor our long-suffering country, and how ungrateful it was now to turn and try to strike him in the face. I begged the Populists to come back and join with us in making the glorious result more brilliant, making it worthwhile to be a Southerner, making it an honor to be a Democrat. This was what we had labored for and now when we had attained it, did it lie in the mouths of Southern people to denounce the man who had brought it about and to cast out his name with derision and scorn? I appealed to the men who had been with us in the past to retrace their steps and come back to the old mother that had moulded our Nation and given it its laws.

While I was speaking and making this appeal I saw a gentleman who was sitting well to the front, rise, move out directly before me, and pass down the aisle and go out through the door. Many people noticed it also. I thought he had become disgusted.

After I had closed my speech, I told the audience that I had only a short while before the train would be due and I wanted to get back to Macon that night, so I would have to leave, but I begged them to remain and hear my competitor, as that was a courtesy that my friends owed to him. Then I sat down. As I did so, and was preparing to rise and leave, Colonel Barrett came to me and begged me to remain for a while at least, so that his friend would have a chance to be heard. His friend was running for Secretary of State on the Populist ticket and he was anxious for him to be heard. I told him I could give him fifteen minutes, and then perhaps have time to reach the train. I sat and listened to the new speaker for the time stated. He did not appear to be much of an orator and failed to arouse any great enthusiasm.

I was leaning back against the facing of the window on the stage, the window being open, when all at once I felt my leg pulled by someone on the outside. I looked around and saw that it was the man who had gotten up and left the meeting before I concluded. He seemed very much moved, and I was afraid meant some violence to me. He said: "I am tired to death of all this damned nonsense. I am as good a Democrat as you are, and I don't intend to be considered in any other light. I want you to bear this in mind."

I said some words to placate, and then finding the fifteen minutes expired, I rose to go. I may say here that the man who had pulled my leg was the Chairman of the Populist Committee, one of the most influential men in the District. He resigned his position that afternoon, came back to our party, and fought in the ranks to carry the District for the Democratic candidates, including myself.

When I started to leave the stage, though my opponent was still speaking, I saw the whole audience, almost as one man, rise to its feet and commence leaving the house. They followed me to the train, shouting for Cleveland and Harris. I was told afterwards that only one man and a negro boy were left in the audience, to hear the conclusion of the speaker's address.

The great crowd followed to the train, cheering and waving their hats in the air and when I got on board and looked back the last thing I saw and heard was that same audience waving hats and shouting, "Hurrah for Grover Cleveland and Nat Harris."

As I went home I reached the conclusion that while Judge Bartlett might be right, yet it only required a little boldness in speech and action to bring the people back to their allegiance, as well to the party as to the Chief, who managed its affairs at Washington.

When the story went out about this debate I was overwhelmed with requests to go through the district and the State, but I concluded to confine my efforts to my own people at home.

I was elected overwhelmingly. Before the election my opponent in Monroe County was kind enough to write me that he believed I would be elected and hoped it would turn out so.

My name was presented to the Senators for President of the body. I suppose I would have been elected if I had agreed to make a canvass but Hon. A. O. Bacon was a candidate for the United States Senate, and coming from my city made me very anxious to elect him. His opponents before the Legislature, which body at that time elected the Senator, were Henry G. Turner, of Lowndes, and Louis F. Garrard, of Muscogee.

Judge Turner had been in Congress for many years and was looked upon by his friends as the ablest man in the lower House from Georgia. Louis Garrard was speaker of the House in the first Legislature which I ever attended, in 1882-3.

He had given me a chairmanship in that body and had the right to expect some return for the same. Of course, under the circumstances, I could not lay down the cause of my own countyman. William H. Venable, who was the Senator from the 35th District, in which Atlanta was located, was one of the declared candidates for the Presidency of the Senate.

Knowing that I was strongly desirous of electing Mr. Bacon, having been appointed Chairman of his Legislative committee, and pushing his cause with all the vigor that I could command, he came to me and said: "I know you will be elected if you run for the Presidency. Your experience and ability entitle you

to the place and I will not run against you if I can't persuade you to come down. If you will come down and give me your support I will join you in the effort to elect Mr. Bacon U. S. Senator, and by putting our influence together we can carry the Senate for him, in spite of anything that can be done. In fact, if you will do this for me I will almost absolutely guarantee that we can carry the Senate. Of course if you take your name out of the race and give me your influence it will mean my election, as nobody can stand up against us."

It was a strong appeal, for I had stood by Mr. Bacon as the Chairman of his campaign committee, in two of the races that he had made for Governor and he had selected me to act as Chairman of his Legislative committee in the present Legislature. Senator Venable was an able man and I knew was fitted in every way for the Presidency of the body. He was a strong friend of mine, and after I had thought over it I finally told him that I would retire from the race and support him and, while I made no conditions, I asked him to help me carry the Senate for Mr. Bacon. He promised, and the result was that the Senate voted for Bacon by a strong plurality.

One incident which happened in the canvass we made for Mr. Bacon, I think, may be told in these memoirs. The Legislature at that time elected a large part of the State Government officers. The judges of all the courts, including the Supreme Court, the Solicitors General, and a number of other offices were filled by the Legislature at that time. A great many candidates, therefore, were before the body with their friends, and numerous exciting canvasses were going on.

A great many of these candidates and their friends

approached Mr. Bacon offering to trade with him, proposing to give him a certain amount of votes for his influence in their behalf. He was so situated in many cases that he could not refuse the requests. We prevailed on him to postpone any final agreement and refer it to his committee.

The pressure finally became so great that his partner, Judge A. L. Miller, and one or two other men who were helping us, determined to take charge of Mr. Bacon and lock him up in his room in the hotel on the pretense of his sickness, and keep him there until the election came on. This was done, after which a full explanation was made to him. I will say that he resented bitterly such a step and sought to unlock the doors or call help to secure his release. This was looked after, however, and prevented, and finally he resigned himself to the inevitable.

Mantime a caucus of his friends was called and I presided. We took steps for a thorough and determined canvass—appointed committees and laid down the lines of warfare. The election was preceded by a party caucus of all the Legislature. This caucus was called because there were several members of the Legislature who were not Democrats and it was thought best to have the election brought about by allowing the Democratic portion of the body to select its candidate.

When the caucus met, which was almost the same as a joint meeting of the House and Senate, I was selected by my side to put Mr. Bacon's name in nomination. The rules of the joint session of the Legislature were made applicable, one of which prohibited the use of any commendatory words in presenting the name of the candidate. When I proceeded to make the nomination I said simply: "I nominate for the office of

United States Senator that noble citizen of Bibb County -----."

I had gotten this far when one of the members from Savannah, Mr. McIntyre, who was very much devoted to Judge Henry G. Turner, jumped to his feet and objected to the use of the word "noble." His objection was concurred in by a score of gentlemen, who came to the floor at the same time and shouted out their disapprobation of the term I had used.

The confusion was so great that I could not be heard to finish the nomination. I sat down with the statement: "Very well, gentlemen, we'll give him the nomination anyhow."

The ballot was taken and Mr. Bacon was elected by a large majority. As soon as the day, set apart in the statutes for voting, was reached his election was made practically unanimous in both sides. When we informed Mr. Bacon of the result, after he had thanked us, he could not help saying: "You treated me like a baby, in having kept me here."

I deem it right to say that I did not advise the step which led to his segregation, but I agreed to it when those who were nearer to him informed me as to what was intended.

A few days afterwards, when Mr. Bacon ascertained that I had given up the race for the head of the Senate to carry that body for him, he used these words to me: "Nat, the Lord will never let me die until I can either make you head of the Senate or speaker of the House."

I grieve to say that he never did either. He grew colder and colder towards me as his term continued. And one day, when the Spanish-American War came on, and my son Walter had gone across to Cuba as a Lieutenant, the then Governor Allen D. Candler gave

him a captaincy in his regiment, putting him at the head of an Atlanta Company in the Third Georgia. I saw Mr. Bacon and asked him to have the Department send a cablegram to Cuba announcing Walter's appointment. He gave me some instructions as to what I should do in the matter, all of which I promptly attended to.

A few days afterwards I met Senator Bacon on the street car and asked him if he had complied with my request. He became irritated and stated that if it was not attended to it was my own fault, that he had told me what to do, and he had no doubt that I didn't attend to it. He followed it up and said that I was expecting too much, when I failed to do my part, and then expressed disappointment that he hadn't done his part.

I said to him: "Senator, it is the first favor that I have ever asked you in your official capacity and I can tell you now that it shall be the last." And we separated.

I never had any further recognition from him, either for what I had done in his past elections or in aiding in his Senatorial election. He made friends of other people in Macon after this and expressed no interest whatever as far as I know in any matter about which I was concerned. It was only when he died that I began to entertain an ambition to have the city of Macon represented in the State Government.

I ought to say here that I found out after my conversation referred to above, that Mr. Bacon had attended to the matter and prevailed on the War Department to send the cablegram. All the telegraph lines had been taken charge of by the Government and could only be used for Government business.

Senator Bacon was one of the ablest men the South

has had, either in the Senate or House, since the Civil War. He did not make the show that Mr. Hill exhibited nor arouse the enthusiastic attention that General Gordon commanded, but for cold, pure intellect, exhibited in debate or in the general work of the Senate, there never was his superior, nor in my judgment, his equal in that august body from the South since the War.

His debate with the distinguished Senator from Wisconsin, Mr. Spooner, the strongest man on the Republican side at that time in the Senate, brought out all his latent powers and attracted the attention of the whole American people. I heard him say once when he made a visit to Macon that there had scarcely been fifteen minutes in the day time when the White House did not call for him on the phone or otherwise. Mr. Wilson consulted him constantly as long as Mr. Bacon lived. The position which he occupied as Chairman of the Foreign Relations committee in the Senate made his advice especially valuable to the President, in dealing with the vast questions constantly arising in our intercourse with the world.

Mr. Bacon did not make friends with people at large like other politicians of the State. He lacked the ability to mingle with the populace and obtain their good will, so as to secure help in election contests.

An illustration of this defect in his constitution came out once in Twiggs County, when he was running against Colonel James H. Blount for Congress.

He was defeated in the race and in trying to account for it this story was told by his friends: When he visited Twiggs County to address the people he met a good old-fashioned woman, sitting at the door of the court house. As he came up she held out to him several pairs of home-made socks, which she had knit-

ted herself and was trying to sell in order to make a little money for her personal necessities.

When Mr. Bacon heard her earnest petition to buy and looked at the humble product of her labor he said to her gruffly: "No, madam, I don't wear that sort of socks at all, and I don't want them. I have no use for them," and passed on.

When his competitor, Mr. Blount, a few days afterwards visited the County he found the poor old woman also, seated near the court house, and when she tendered to him the rough product of her hands, he took them up to look at them and replied: "Why, yes, madam, I'll buy your socks. It is the very thing I want. I'll take a few pairs for my children also." He paid her for them with a smile on his face. Many people saw the act and it spread like wildfire, so that the county went overwhelmingly for Blount.

Mr. Bacon was very much attached to my son, Walter. He seemed to consider him a model young man and his heart appeared to go out to the boy.

It is said that on one occasion when speaking about a war with Mexico he used about these words: "I would not give the life of one young man, Walter Harris, who lives in my city, for all the Mexicans south of the Rio Grande."

My service in the Senate was a delightful one. I was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, which was composed of about sixteen lawyers, all of the profession who were members of the Senate. I received constant evidences that the members of the Committee, as far as I now remember, felt considerable respect for their Chairman, and were at all times open to advice and persuasion from him. If he got wrong they corrected him with the most delightful gentleness and courtesy.

Governor Atkinson was at the head of the State

and the most of his appointments were required to come before the Judiciary Committee. I had supported General Evans in the contest for Governor and the result was that Mr. Atkinson felt at first that I would prove no friend to his administration. I saw him at an early stage, however, and assured him that while I supported his opponent, I intended to aid him with my best endeavors, in making his administration a success.

Pretty soon the test came. There was a vacancy in the City Court Judgeship in Macon. Judge John P. Ross was the incumbent and an applicant for re-appointment. He had failed to make friends with the bar by his work as Judge, and as a result the bar called a meeting and selected by a heavy majority L. D. Moore as the candidate that the Governor would be asked to appoint in place of Judge Ross.

Judge Ross had supported Governor Atkinson in his race and was looked on as a strong friend of the administration. When the names came up to Governor Atkinson, I went to his office and told him that this appointment being in my own city I wanted at least to be consulted before he decided on the appointment.

He told me plainly and straightforwardly that he intended to appoint Judge Ross, that he had already made up his mind. He added that the bar had no right to select a man for him; he intended to do his own selecting. I said in reply: "Governor, you can't have Judge Ross confirmed in the Senate without my consent." He replied: "I'll show you that you are wrong about this. If you oppose him I will call on the whole Baptist Church to get behind him and they will overwhelm and destroy any opposition." I replied: "Why, Governor, Lloyd Moore is as good a Baptist as Judge Ross, and you can't concentrate that great denomination on your appointee alone." With this I left him.

A few days afterwards he sent for me, and said: "Senator Harris, the people of Macon are asking to be heard on the appointment of the Judge. After thinking over it I have decided to ask you to sit with me and hear the several delegations as they come up to present their views on the appointment."

I replied: "Governor, it pleases me very much that you have decided to take this step with me. I will be glad to join you whenever you allow the delegates a hearing."

I sat with him in his office through all the hearings. The first delegation was in favor of Mr. Moore, and was largely attended by the bar and by delegates from the business portion of the city, many of whom had been his friends. They made a brilliant showing and, after it was over, the Governor began to express doubts as to the correctness of his former conclusions. He said: "I believe I will be compelled to appoint Moore."

I replied: "Governor, the hearings are not done. I am afraid you will go back to your old conclusion."

Sure enough after the next delegation was heard, which made a strong showing for Judge Ross, he said: "Senator Harris, I will be obliged to appoint Judge Ross." But I said again: "Wait, Governor, another delegation is to come up—the strongest you have had yet, and you may change your mind."

When that delegation came up it was opposed to Ross. In it were some strong men, leaders at the bar, together with outsiders who were urging Mr. Moore's appointment. Among the delegates from the bar was Colonel Olin Wimberly, of the firm of Steed & Wimberly, one of the leading law firms in Macon.

Colonel Wimberly attacked Judge Ross as a Judge because of his plain friendship for the railroads. To me this was a thunderbolt. Colonel Wimberly was the

Division Counsel of the Central Railway. He had been serving the Company for a number of years, drawing a large salary, and attending to a large business. He had tried a good many cases in Judge Ross' Court, and when he attacked Judge Ross in this way it astounded me beyond measure. Continuing his argument Colonel Wimberly said: "No outsider can gain a case in this court against a railroad. The Judge rules the law and allows the testimony to be presented in such a way as to control every case of this character that comes before him."

He then appealed to the Governor to put a stop to such an unjust proceeding by appointing a man that would give a fair trial to any suitor that appeared in court.

I may say here that I had been in the railroad service off and on since 1878. A large part of my living was made out of salaries and fees that the railroads paid me. When I heard a man similarly situated with myself, a large part of whose living was made out of these organizations, denouncing a man who had seemed to favor them in the court house, where almost every prejudice was arrayed against the railroads, I was completely overwhelmed with astonishment for the time. When the hearing was over I went down the steps of the Capitol with my eyes dimmed with tears and my heart breaking with disappointment. I thought over the situation through the night and tried to decide as to my duty. If I allowed such an argument to prevail I felt that I would be a traitor to the best clients I served. I would have to give up my principles and fall back on the idea that the Judge should at all times join the jury in plundering railroads.

The next morning I went to the Governor's office and said to him: "Governor, I have thought over this whole matter, and I have come to the conclusion that

if you want to appoint your friend, Judge Ross, to this position I will see that he is confirmed."

When I said this the Governor bounded to his feet and threw his arms around me, saying: "Harris, I knew you were a good man at heart, and would do what was right. I will appoint Judge Ross." I said: "Governor, don't send in his name until Monday. Let me go down and consult with my people, and when I come back on Monday if the appointment is in I shall no longer oppose it, but urge its acceptance."

Judge Ross never knew what had caused the change in my views. I gave notice to my people at home and on the next Monday, when the appointment came in, I asked that it be confirmed.

Judge Ross had an uncle in the Senate—a true, generous noble-hearted man. He had prepared for a battle and expected to have to meet me in the contest. I shall never forget the exhibition of gratitude, which he showed to me, when I made the move to confirm the appointment. He rushed across the Senate Chamber and taking my hand shook it with great vigor and with words that nearly broke up the session.

I may add here that the fierce criticism made by the railroad lawyer before the Governor, if it was true, which I very much doubt, wrought its effect on Judge Ross and he went to the other extreme, joining the litigants against the railroads and making every possible ruling against them that the cases would allow.

I repented, and when the next Judge was to be appointed for the court I backed the then Governor into a corner and begged until I exacted a promise from him to give another man a trial in the place.

So our good intentions react upon our own destinies and disappoint our fairest hopes.

I stood by Governor Atkinson through all his administration. I caught up and confirmed his appoint-

ments, one time meeting the President of the Senate and successfully overcoming his opposition to an appointment. I closed my connection with the Senate with great regret and I had kept the good will of the Governor to such an extent that, when Mr. Hill was elected Chancellor, Governor Atkinson asked to be allowed to come into my firm to practice law. It was his purpose to move to Macon in order to do this. The matter was still pending when Governor Atkinson died.

When the Spanish-American War came on Governor Atkinson was still in office and applied for a Brigadier General's place in our armies. He was ambitious to add a military feature to his civil career.

My oldest son, Walter, was a member of the Macon Volunteers, when this war began and I was anxious to keep him from going into the service, as he was only a private in the ranks, but he seemed anxious and willing to go. His company had always been a patriotic organization and had a great reputation for gallantry and meritorious conduct. When it was finally called out it was put into the First Georgia and sent first to camp at Griffin and then to Chickamauga for drill and discipline, my son going with them as a private.

Typhoid fever soon broke out in the camp when the command reached Chickamauga, and a great deal of sickness resulted, as the camp facilities were exceedingly limited and sanitary conditions very poor.

While my son was in camp his mother was taken down with typhoid fever. Her system had been weakened greatly, perhaps, by long continued attacks of asthma, recurring at intervals and with the uneasiness natural to a mother whose son was in the army. She could not resist the inroads of the fever and died in twelve days after the attack came on.

She had made for herself a wonderful record by her benevolent regard for the people of the community. She was the mother of seven children, six of whom were living at the time of her death. Her charity was distributed both to her own race and to the colored people, and there was mourning among all classes when she died.

Fifteen hundred people attended her funeral, colored and white. Many came to gaze on her face, while the coffin was laid out at the home and tears were shed by large numbers of sympathizing friends and acquaintances.

The blow was a terrible one to me. After her burial I began to think about the boy at Chickamauga. Every day I saw reports showing the spread of sickness in the ranks, and I knew the hardships that he was undergoing. I had previously sought information from military sources to ascertain whether or not he could be promoted from the ranks and given an officer's grade.

I even went to his Colonel and had an interview with him. In the progress of that interview I mentioned that I was sorry that I had not attempted to get Walter a commission before he joined the ranks as a private. The Colonel replied, sharply: "It would have been no use for you to try. We are determined that these offices shall be filled by men who have seen sufficient service in the National Guard to entitle them to promotion. You couldn't have secured a commission for him if you had tried. Your influence was not strong enough for that." I then said to the Colonel: "Do you remember the morning that you came to see Governor Atkinson when you asked to be appointed Colonel of the First Georgia?" He answered that he did. I said: "Do you remember that I met you on the steps of the Capitol and asked you

if you really wanted the position, or were only applying because you had occupied the office in the National Guard and felt that you were compelled by your sense of duty to ask for it whether you obtained it or not?" He replied that he remembered. Then I said: "Colonel, the Governor had seen me a few moments before and had told me that two men were applying for this office, one a graduate of West Point, the other Colonel Lawton, of Savannah, and he said to me, 'If you were in my place which one would you appoint?' I replied: 'Governor, the West Pointer can get a position elsewhere. Colonel Lawton comes from a fighting family. The war record of his father and all his people appeals to you in his favor. If I were you I would give it to him.'" Then the Governor said to me: 'Go and find out for me if he really wants it and if he does I will give it to him.' Then I saw you, and returning to the Governor told him what you said. If I had influence enough with the Governor to aid in the appointment to the Colonelcy of the Regiment, don't you think I might have prevailed on him to give my boy a Second Lieutenancy in some of the companies?" And the Colonel looked surprised but answered nothing.

After the mother died, and I had found out how wide was the difference between a private and an officer in the United States service, a difference that never existed in the Confederate Army, where I had served, I began to reproach myself more and more and the horror of the situation came over me with an added weight. Then I saw in the papers a statement that a new regiment was to be raised for Georgia. I got up from the sick bed where I was lying, took the telephone in my hand and called the Governor at Atlanta. When he answered I said to him: "Governor, I see you are about to raise another regiment for Geor-

gia." "Yes," he replied, "that is true." Then I said: "Governor, won't you please give that boy of mine, who is in the Macon Volunteers, the position of a Second Lieutenant in the new regiment?"

He replied: "What qualifications has he got for the place?" I said: "Governor, you are applying for a Brigadier-General's place, are you not?" He said "yes." I said: "What qualifications have you got for that place?" He replied: "Why, I graduated at the University, taking the military training under instructors there." I said: "Governor, my boy graduated at the University and took the military training there, also. If this qualifies you for a Brigadier General's place, don't you think it would qualify my boy for a Second Lieutenancy?" He answered at once: "Harris, the point is well taken. I'll do better for him than you ask. I'll give him a First Lieutenancy, and issue the order at once."

He did so, and my son was commissioned First Lieutenant, and as such went over to Cuba in the Third Georgia. He was afterwards promoted to a Captaincy, as heretofore stated. This was the practical starting of his military career, which his father at least will be justified in saying, has been very remarkable, reflecting credit upon the family as well as upon his own name. He was a Brigadier-General in the World War, carrying over the 31st Division to the scene of hostilities.

It is perhaps proper to say here that my son worked out his military career on his own merits, without any assistance as far as I know, except the application made to the Governor for promotion in order, as I thought, to save his life and insure better treatment than he could get in the ranks.

THE CANVASS FOR GOVERNOR

Many events occurred in my life antedating, and in a sense, leading up to my entry into the race for Governor. I had been speaking much throughout the State, delivering addresses at college commencements, at reunions of the veterans, on law cases, and on many other subjects. Bridges Smith, editor of *The Telegraph*, once published in the paper that I had, perhaps, delivered more addresses throughout the State than any man that lived in it at that time.

Many suggestions had been made in the public press touching my political career; I was writing betimes for the papers and trying to keep in line with the better political progress of our Southern people.

At this time two men were living in East Tennessee, first cousins of mine by blood, as we were sisters' children. They had grown up with me, though I was three years older than the elder of these, and something over four years older than the other. My mother's name was Edna Haynes, and their mother was Emma Haynes. My Aunt Emma had married Nathaniel G. Taylor some time before my mother was married to Alexander N. Harris.

Both the husbands were Methodist ministers and were undoubtedly much attached to each other. When I was born, I was named after Colonel Taylor, and when my Aunt Emma's next son was born, they gave him the name of Alfred Alexander, the middle name being after my father.

Her next son was named Robert L. Taylor. My Uncle Nat became a great politician, figuring in the Whig Party, while my father was always a Democrat. The two Taylor boys divided in politics after the War, Alfred acting with the Republicans while Robert joined the Democrats.

Alfred and I both became Representatives in the Legislatures and then Senators in the same bodies, in our respective states. I think I may say, for my part at least, that our childhood attachment for each other never ceased. Alfred went to Congress and his defeat for the nomination in one of his races gave his brother Robert a chance to take his place as a Democrat.

While Alfred was in Congress there occurred an opportunity to run for this place in Georgia in my District and my friends, among whom was my class-mate, Judge Charles L. Bartlett, came to me and stated that I could be elected if I was willing to run. If I did not intend to run Mr. Bartlett told me that he would try for the place.

As he was much younger than I was, he was kind enough to say that I ought to have the first chance and he was willing to wait and would support me. I immediately went to Washington, sought an interview with my kinsman, Alfred Taylor, who was then a member of Congress, and talked with him about my entering the race in Georgia. I told him that I believed that my election was certain, as the leaders of the party in that State had asked me to run.

I begged him to tell me what he thought about the position. I must have met him when there was a great disgust upon him, for he immediately spoke up and advised me not to run. He said the position was not worth holding, that the man who had it was a slave to his constituency, that he was compelled to loan or give away to his constituents every cent of his salary, that there was no chance to make any reputation in the place and that it was not worth the sacrifice necessary to get it and to hold it. He furthermore added that he was so tired of the place that he would not seek it again and would not take it if his constituents handed it to him on a silver platter.

I had faith in his judgment, went back home and told Judge Bartlett to run. He did so and held the position for twenty years in succession.

Alfred remained in private life until he was elected Governor of Tennessee in 1920.

When the belief came to me that I could be elected Governor I went to East Tennessee and this time conferred with Robert L. Taylor, the younger of the two boys, with whom I had grown up. He had been Governor of Tennessee for three terms and had been in the Senate of the United States for some five years.

When I saw him and told him that I thought there was a chance for me to be elected Governor of Georgia and asked him what he thought about it, he replied with readiness and enthusiasm: "Go on and run for it. It is a great office. I would rather be Governor of Georgia than of any other State in the Union. Get into the race without delay."

I had been approached by some of the leading politicians in the State, who had been kind enough to say that they would give me their support if I should decide to run, and so I kept my great kinsman's advice treasured up in my heart. He died a short time after this and the episode which followed his funeral I have already described in these memoirs. When I had finished my short term in the Judgeship I went back into business with my firm, resuming some of the relations which I had resigned to go upon the bench. I continued with the firm practicing in a rather perfunctory way, my sons and the other young men connected with the firm doing the principal work.

I found out that where a man breaks off from the law at my age it is "worse than three moves and a fire." I never felt the same zest as before, for the boys were fully able to look after the business and had gained the confidence of the clientele.

So in the early part of the year 1914 I finally made up my mind, using an expression that came in with Mr. Roosevelt, to "throw my hat into the ring" and enter the race for Governor.

There were a good many candidates in sight, the principal were William J. Harris, of Cedartown, J. Randolph Anderson, of Savannah, and L. G. Hardman, of Commerce; all former members of the Legislature and all strong men to be reckoned with and seriously considered. Of course a great many others were mentioned, but these three took the front.

At a meeting of my friends at the court house in Macon, I laid the matter of my candidacy before them. They took various views about it. Colonel Joe Hall, who was a veteran member of the Legislature at that time and was engaged in a vigorous campaign to move the capitol to Macon, declared that I could not get a county in the State north of Atlanta, that the whole weight of Atlanta's political organizations would be thrown against me and that I had just about as much chance to get the Governorship as a blue bird had to make his living in purgatory with his feathers well scorched. He reminded me how Atlanta had determined that no Macon man should ever have the Governorship, pointing to Mr. Bacon's three races, Mr. Guerry's race, the short race of Judge Simmons, and others. The truth is Macon had never had a Governor, since McDonald's time and he was not elected while a resident of that city.

Some of the other gentlemen in the meeting took the view that the turning point might have been reached and Macon stood a chance to get her candidate through.

The first step I took, looking to the making of the race, was to interview the chief editors of the three leading papers in Atlanta; Clark Howell of The Con-

stitution, James R. Gray of *The Journal*, and John Temple Graves of *The Georgian*.

To Mr. Howell I mentioned the fact that his father was my steadfast friend and had voluntarily promised me his support for Governor, whenever I should announce. To Mr. Gray I referred to the fact that my kinsman in East Tennessee had married among his wife's people and I believed that he could support me without any sacrifice of principle. To Mr. Graves I did not urge any personal reason except that I wanted the place. He asked about my opponents and replied without hesitation: "This paper will support you, for I believe you deserve this honor of Georgia." His paper kept his promise faithfully. One of the others started out for me, but its news service soon turned against me, though its great editor kept any attack out of its columns. *The Journal* fought me and its distinguished editor joined the opposition.

I felt that I ought to have the advantage over the other candidates at least in some degree because I had been the legal head and had aided in the management of the Georgia Tech for nearly thirty years. That institution had gotten itself into the hearts of the people of Atlanta. The largest number of its graduates had come from and were located in that city. Every one of these men had my name on his diploma. In fact, I may say here that being Chairman of the Board of Trustees of this institution aided me materially in the race throughout the entire State. Over fifteen thousand boys who had attended the school while it was under my partial supervision lived in Georgia.

THE CAMPAIGN

My next business after announcing myself as a candidate was to rent an office, secure a local committee, and appoint a campaign manager. This was done and F. R. Jones, of Macon, was made the campaign manager. He was the son-in-law of Colonel John T. Boifeuillet, editor of *The News*, a gentleman who had been Clerk of the House of Representatives for a score of years, and whose acquaintance in Georgia was second to few men in the State. He agreed to give me the benefit of his knowledge and counsel during the campaign. He has been a true friend to me through all the years that have passed since then.

Rooms were secured on the second floor of the Georgia Casualty Building and the campaign began in regular order with circulars, photographs, and the usual suggestions that characterize an application to the voters of the State.

I knew the cost of the campaign would be very great and I prepared accordingly by making arrangements with the Macon Savings Bank to sell or hypothecate some securities which I owned and out of which I hoped to realize enough to pay expenses.

In Atlanta St. Elmo Massengale was appointed by my friends to manage the campaign at that place. He, too, opened headquarters in that city for Atlanta, Fulton and DeKalb Counties. Then I proceeded to make a personal canvass of the State as far as practicable, speaking in the various towns and cities, taking advantage of the meeting of the courts, the Judges being always willing to give the candidates an hour or so at dinner time to present their views.

I opened the campaign at Jeffersonville, in Twiggs County while the court was in session. I told the Twiggs people that I had always practiced in their

midst, addressing their juries, and stood ready to aid the people in every undertaking which would be to their advantage in the State. I may say here that Twiggs County stood true to me in both the races I made for Governor as loyally and faithfully as my own county of Bibb.

I have tried in Twiggs County some of the most important cases that have ever fallen into my hands. One notable case was the prosecution of Tom Shaw and Warren Creswell for wrecking a Southern train at Stone Creek in said County.

The cases against these men occupied, off and on, at least a month in the trial. W. F. Combs, a former law agent of the Southern Railway Company, wrote a large volume about these cases, which was published in London and New York in 1898. In this book was set out fully the steps that led to the detection of the train wreckers and the work of counsel in prosecuting and defending them. The Solicitor General, who was my friend, Colonel Tom Eason, allowed me to take the lead in the prosecution and the cases resulted in the final conviction of both men, Shaw and Creswell, for train wrecking and murder. They were sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The trial excited the interest of the county more than any case that had ever occurred within its boundaries since I commenced practicing law.

In the work referred to the speeches of counsel are set out, the ruling of the Judge, the decision of the Supreme Court, and the final judgments that sent the men to serve their life sentences.

Three persons were killed in the wreck and about forty more injured, while two fine trains were destroyed. The wreck was caused by removing a rail on a trestle over Stone Creek and the motive that actuated

both men was to kill or injure their wives who were on the train, in Creswell's case to obtain the money arising from the damages to be paid by the road. Shaw was actuated by still another motive, namely, to get rid of his wife and enable him to marry a young girl whom he was courting, as a single man, in an adjacent county. Taking it all in all, the crime committed by these two persons was the most diabolical, heinous and terrible ever conceived in this part of the Republic.

The trial of the case begot a great many friends for the counsel that prosecuted as well as for the employees of the railroad whose cause was involved in the prosecution.

After my opening address in Twiggs County I went to various other counties, delivering in all 162 speeches throughout the State. I tried to reach every county, but was unable to get to some of those lying on the borders of the State, notably, Lincoln, Towns, Rabun and Union.

I was accustomed to say in these counties bordering on the Tennessee line that I was born in Tennessee and my ancestors had done much for the building up and advancement of that State and I was willing to stand on their record to assure the people that I would not fail to do my duty to Georgia, the State that had given me an asylum, when I was driven out from home, through the fortunes of the War.

CHAIN GANG GREETING

While I was running for Governor the first time, I came one day to a county chain gang, working in the road, through which I was compelled to pass. While I was moving from one side of the road to the other, in order to secure a passage, a negro man came up to

the automobile when I stopped it for a moment and said: "Judge, I'm a representin' you here." I said: "What do you mean?" He replied: "You sent me here." I didn't fancy the representing, but I suppose there are many judges about whom the same expression could be used by the chain gang workers of the State.

PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

I could never get my opponents to consent to a joint debate. W. J. Harris wrote me that I had had more experience than he had in public speaking and he was not willing to meet me. Dr. Hardman contented himself with refusing, saying that I was too old anyway. I think one of the principal planks in his platform was that I would die within ninety days after I was inaugurated, even if they elected me, and, therefore, it would bring double expense on the State. Colonel Anderson made no specific attack so far as I was informed, but contented himself with a reference to his own fine record in the Legislature and a promise of what he would do if elected.

Mr. Harris made few, if any, speeches. He contented himself with writing for the newspapers, sending out periodic contributions to the press, in all of which he confined his attacks to me. Most of these were based on the fact that I had been a railroad lawyer, and, therefore, would not be trustworthy if a railroad question came before me. He especially referred to the leasing of the State road that must come up in the next Governor's term. I answered his attacks from time to time but went into the papers only once.

He published a series of questions which he demanded that I should answer. These questions intimated so much unworthiness on my part to ask

for the suffrages of the people that I felt constrained to answer them in the same public manner that they were asked, namely, through the papers.

I sent, therefore, to the press the following statement with which I contented myself. It is proper to say here that in the heat of a canvass many things are stated that a sober second thought would never allow. Mr. Harris was bent on his candidacy and doubtless aimed his fiercest assaults on me because he thought that I was in the lead of his opponents. I have always felt this way about it.

MY REPLY

“That I may not be deemed discourteous to my opponent who has singled me out as the object of his fiercest attacks, I am willing to answer in a brief way this once, the several questions which he saw fit to propound in the statement published on the 31st ultimo, to which I have referred.

“1. He aske me whether I will deny that in April, 1912, after a visit to the East, I gave to the newspapers, a carefully prepared statement, threatening that if Governor Woodrow Wilson should be nominated for President on a platform which was not entirely satsifactory to him, he, Judge Harris, and others, would bolt the Democratic nomination. I answer him, ‘Yes, I will deny this.’

“In the first place I did not visit the East in April, unless a visit to East Tennessee to meet the funeral train of my cousin, Robert L. Taylor, can be considered a visit to the East, and I did not prepare a statement threatening that if Governor Woodrow Wilson should be nominated for President on a platform which was not entirely satisfactory to me, I and others would bolt the Democratic nomination.

“I suppose Mr. Harris refers in his inquiry to an

interview published in *The Telegraph* of April 6, 1912, in which speaking on the subject of National Initiative and Referendum, I discussed the tendency of the day to get away from representative government. In that statement President Wilson's name was not mentioned, nor was he referred to directly in any way. I know from his published statements that he was on the same line with me as set forth in that article, and if Mr. Harris can show to the contrary, he will do more than any man in the South has yet been able to do. I closed that article with the following statement, which I commend to Mr. Harris' careful attention:

"I have not yet reached the conclusion that the fathers were wrong. I believe that to abolish the feature of representative government, or if you please, to carry that doctrine too far so that the representative has no liberty of action, will not only embarrass our government by planting seeds of discord and dissension and raising a crop of weakness, demagoguery and imbecility, but will eventuate at an early date in the total destruction of the American Republic and make it a thing of the past. I still believe that it is the best government the world ever saw. When the South seceded she carried the same Constitution with her and our fathers thought then that Constitution could not be improved upon, so far as its three great features were concerned: the independent legislative, judicial and executive departments. There will never be another statesman developed if the doctrine contended for is once set up in the government. The whole purpose of the founders of the government would be overturned.

"If the Democratic party is to commit itself to the doctrine and fees compelled to insert it in the platform nominating a man who pledges himself to carry it into effective operation, it will force many of us to sever our allegiance to the party in the next contest. I have never voted anything else but a Democratic ticket in my life. I have never bolted a nomination, but if I thought that the exigencies of the party compelled it to take up with a heresy like this, striking at the very foundation of the government, and bringing to naught all that we have fought for, and hoped for, and believed in for the last 125 years, I would simply give up the creed of my life and go to my tent in despair in my old age; for I know that this is one sure step, and a long one, toward the inauguration of the horrors of the French Revolution on this continent when all semblance of a free government would disappear and an absolute monarchy be erected on its ruins.'"

“The party did not depart from its ancient landmarks and I thank God that the great man who was elected on the platform, is the strongest champion of representative government that we have ever had in the high chair of State.

“2. In his second question he asks, how I voted on the disfranchisement of the negro.

“I voted for the Constitutional amendment passed by the Legislature in 1908. It prescribes the qualification of voters, dividing them into five classes. If this is what Mr. Harris means my answer will cover his question.

“3. His third question asks whether I will deny that in my opening speech at Macon I stated that my platform would be ‘you help me and I will help you.’

“I answer, ‘Yes, I did not use these exact words.’ My words were, ‘You do all you can for me and I promise to do all I can for you.’

“This, I said, was a sufficient platform among honest people and I have repeated it on every platform from which I have addressed the people. I expect to do so to the end of this campaign. I have explained this to mean ‘You do all the good you can for me, and I will do all the good I can for you.’

“It is the golden rule in politics and a greater one than Mr. W. J. Harris announced it some two thousand years ago.

“4. His fourth question asks me if I will deny that at the meeting in Macon, placing me in the race for Governor, the resolution was offered by an attorney who has represented many interests before the Legislature.

“The resolution was offered by Honorable Roland Ellis, a lawyer whose ability is unquestioned, who has served both as Representative and Senator from this

vicinity in the Legislature, and whose eloquence is second to that of no one in the State.

“I do not know whether he ever represented many interests before the Legislature or not. I know that he served his State and country with fidelity in that body in both the Senate and House.

“He has been my friend for years, and I hope will continue to be in spite of my opponent’s criticisms. I did not ask him to introduce the resolution. The meeting was without my request or concurrence and I was only notified to come into the meeting after the resolutions had been adopted. I did not even know what they were.

“5. His fifth question is if I will deny that the man who introduced me at Bainbridge, for many years represented the Atlantic Coast line and other railroads, and that his son continues still to represent the railroads.

“I answer, ‘I will not deny it, for I do not know.’

“I do know, however, that the Honorable John E. Donalson, who introduced me at Bainbridge is one of the largest farmers in Southwest Georgia, owning large plantations in Decatur and Dougherty Counties, to which he gives practically all of his time. I know that he was my school mate and club mate in college at the University, where my opponent and myself both graduated. I know, too, that Mr. Donalson was with me in the Army of Virginia; that our young eyes saw the smoke, and we felt the shock of battle together, and our hearts rejoiced over the triumphs again and again of the Georgia boys in those awful conflicts. He was my friend at college, my comrade in the army and has been my life-long friend. He married the widow of the brother of my old commander, and God bless him—I hope he will live to see me inaugurated Governor of Georgia!

“I have answered his charges about the railroad lawyer.

“In conclusion, there is one other point made by him which I desire to notice:

“He declares that, since the announcement of his position, I have resigned as attorney for the Southern and Central railroads, etc., and he asks ‘Does not this action admit my contention?’

“I beg to state that I resigned before Mr. Harris’ position was announced. I did this on three accounts:

“(1) I did not desire to drag the railroads into the contest for Governor.

“(2) I did not wish to draw a salary for services that I was not rendering, and make a railroad assist in paying for a campaign that I myself was making.

“(3) I did not wish the railroads to furnish me with free transportation in aid of my candidacy, preferring to be on an entire equality with the other candidates, and pay my own way.

“I am sorry that he has seen fit to take the stand he has taken with reference to me. While these criticisms may serve to enliven the campaign, yet these matters are utterly distasteful to me and I wish sincerely that it was not necessary to speak as I have done. He knows in his heart that my former connection with the railroads will not stand in the way of the discharge of my duty to the State; that I have never betrayed a trust, nor neglected a duty where the public was concerned. It is only a question of integrity at last, and a lawyer, who has represented clients faithfully, would hardly sell out or betray a constituent like the State of Georgia, if he should be put at the head of her affairs.”

Hon. Roland Ellis, who had always been my friend, wrote a letter to Mr. Harris, sending me a copy.

I may state here that Mr. Harris soon passed me

on the road to public preferment. He retired from the race for Governor some thirty days before the election came on. I have always regretted that he did not retire in my favor, but I suppose he could not do so and preserve his proper respect. He has now been in the United States Senate several years and bids fair to continue as long as he sees fit to run for the office. He counts me among his strongest friends, and my son, the General, is so much attached to him that he considers anything said to the Senator's disadvantage as a reflection upon himself. Such are the whirligigs in politics.

I do not think he ever had any unkind feeling towards me, and I know I never did towards him. I see in his face something that calls up my own people, and I shall always be glad to know of his triumphs, if for nothing else than that he is the son-in-law of General Wheeler, with whom I once marched at the head of his command in the war and whom I met more than once after the war.

We used to claim kin with each other—the Senator and myself—before our little differences in the Governor's race.

INCIDENT AT KINGSLAND

I have seen the audience frequently very much moved while I was speaking. I caught the fervor of the mountains at times, I think, and was able to put more stress on the appeals I made depending on the character of the audience and the place of delivery. I have experienced a great demonstration three times in my political career. Two of these I have already described. One occurred at Barnesville and the other at Hollonsville, both in Pike County, and both while I was running for the State Senate.

The last one occurred at Kingsland, in Camden County, when I was in this canvass for Governor.

I do not mean to say that there were not other demonstrations of interest shown during my races for Governor, but the one at Kingsland stands out in my memory much more vividly than the others because my wife was present.

When I reached Kingsland the good people had erected a stand for speaking and provided a barbecue. A large crowd, therefore, was present, for I found that the people would always congregate when they were offered something to eat. The compassion of our Lord taught us how appropriate it is to feed the people when hungry.

When I mounted the stand to begin my address I saw that the citizens had gathered a large number of old soldiers, who lined the back of the stand for a setting to welcome me. They came forward to shake hands, and among them I saw a gentleman whose face appeared familiar to me. As I shook hands with him I said: "It seems to me, Sir, that I have met you before. Your face is familiar." Then he replied: "Yes, Sir, I think we have met before. I was at Gettysburg. I charged up the heights there that day and I hear that your regiment was there. Yes, I think we've met before. Yes, we met at Gettysburg."

I was still holding his hand when he used these words, and I turned around to the audience and in the gush of the unexpected enthusiasm I commenced to describe the charge of the Southern soldiers up the fateful heights at Gettysburg. I do not know what else to attribute the effect on the people other than to the fact that I held the hand of one of my old comrades as I was speaking. The entire audience seemed to be overwhelmed and tears and sobs resulted. I think there was not a dry eye in all the vast crowd and among

it all I saw my wife burst into tears, bend her head down to the back of the bench in front of her and shake with convulsive sobs.

The papers got hold of the incident and published it throughout the State. It put a glamour on my canvass in Camden which never passed away. I carried the county both times by heavy majorities.

I spoke during the canvass on the same platform at different times with Governor Slaton, Governor Hardwick and candidates for other inferior offices. The two mentioned were running for Senator.

Governor Slaton delivered a very fine address, having the advantage of a long legislative career and a service in the Governor's office that was, perhaps, as successful as that of any that had preceded him in many years. He looked after the finances of the State, carefully collected its revenues, and spread its credit to the bounds of the Union. He made the way easier for his successor for he left a full treasury and the record of a splendid administration.

In Mr. Hardwick's case I was attracted by one expression which he threw out in every address. He was absolutely certain of election and in explaining that certainty he would state: "I have fought thirteen pitched battles in my time and never was beaten yet. I'll not be beaten now." And he was not.

We spoke together at Bowden College, on the 4th of July, where a great barbecue was prepared for the crowd. Mr. Hardwick opened the speaking. He stated to me at the beginning that he knew it was usual for the candidate for Governor to lead off, but he said he was anxious to keep an appointment at Carrollton that day, and if I would let him speak first he would go on to Carrollton and announce my coming so that I could follow him there.

Of course I consented, but Mr. Hardwick has one

failing—when he begins to talk he has no sense of the lapse of time. He stopped just fifteen minutes before the barbecue was to be announced. The dishes were already rattling on the table within our hearing, when he said his last words to the crowd. He gave me only fifteen minutes in which to discuss my cause. I remained over for the barbecue and then in an automobile rushed over to Carrollton. A great fair was going on and the people of Carrollton had allowed only a certain time for the speaking in the assembly hall adjacent to the grounds.

When I entered the hall and went upon the stage Mr. Hardwick was in the midst of one of his strongest appeals and it went entirely out of his mind, I presume, that I was to have anything to say. At all events he closed just five minutes before the bells rang for the races.

By the time the audience was settled after he concluded I had only about one minute left me. I said: "My distinguished friend has taken up all the time in setting forth the merits of his case. My countrymen, his cause needed it. Mine does not, and I leave it with you that its justice may appeal to you when you come to the ballot box," and with these words I concluded.

He and I both lost the county. His long speaking didn't save it for him, and my short speaking didn't secure it for me, but the final end was that both were elected.

The primary was held on August 19th, 1914. Under the rule of the party the election was decided by the county unit vote, that is to say, the majority or plurality of the votes at the polls did not control, but the election was determined by the number of counties carried, each county having twice as many votes

in the convention as it had members in the lower House of the Legislature.

When the count was completed the vote for Governor stood as follows:

Harris popular votes, 90,308; unit votes 192.

Hardman popular votes, 74,125; unit votes 148.

Anderson popular votes, 40,724; unit votes 32.

One hundred and eighty-six unit votes were necessary to a choice, as a majority was required to elect. I had, therefore, received six more votes than a majority and had the right to expect the convention to declare me the nominee at once.

There were two terms for Senator voted on—one the long term and the other a short term for about four years—the incumbent having died.

For the long term Senator Hoke Smith received 134,983 popular votes and 350 unit votes, while Governor Brown received 69,778 popular votes with a unit vote of only 22. For the short term of Senator there were five candidates.

Slaton received 68,724 popular votes, with a unit vote of 141.

Hardwick received 64,799 popular votes, with a unit vote of 122.

Felder received 33,650 popular votes, with a unit vote of 91.

Hutchins received 26,706 popular votes, with a unit vote of 18.

Cooper received 9,890 popular votes, with no unit vote.

It will be seen that no one for the short term Senator received a majority of the unit votes. Under these circumstances the convention was required to select the nominee from the candidates that were running.

CONVENTION CONTEST

I had well hoped that when the official vote was declared it would end the struggle, but it seemed that my hopes were not well founded. Mr. Anderson promptly telegraphed me his congratulations. Dr. Hardman made no sign and showed no purpose to accept the verdict at the polls.

At one time in the history of our conventions when W. J. Harris was presiding as Chairman, it was said he had ruled that the instructions from the counties bound the delegates only for the first ballot, holding that after that was taken if there was no election the candidates could vote as they saw fit.

Rumors began to go through the State that Hardman was preparing to make a contest, filing objections to some of the returns and arranging with other delegates to be absent from the hall when the first call was made.

It will be seen by reference to the votes above, that Senator Hoke Smith had carried the State by an overwhelming majority. Under the rules of the primary the candidate for Governor who carried the county had the right to select the delegates, but they must all also be supporters of the Senator carrying the county. In many of the counties I carried Dr. Hardman managed to have delegates appointed who were friendly to him and who would be expected to vote for him on the second ballot, if there was no election on the first.

I believed that the conspiracy became wide-spread and a determined effort was to be made in the convention to turn down the leading candidate and prevent an election on the first ballot.

I remember about this time there was a reunion of Confederate Veterans, at a place in Upson County

called "The Rock." I was asked to address the meeting and did so. After I had finished my address I said to the crowd of old soldiers and others, that while I was elected Governor by the people and the counties, there was a deep conspiracy to take the election away from me in the convention; and there were threats to throw out some of the votes so as to defeat the will of the people.

When I made this statement the old boys rose to their feet almost with one accord and cried out: "Judge Harris, if this is attempted let us know and we'll come to the convention with our guns in our hands. We will not suffer such a thing to happen."

On the morning that preceded the convention, which was held in the city of Macon, I met Mr. Gray of the Journal in company with Mr. McCord, who had been Senator Smith's manager, near the door of the Dempsey hotel. Colonel Gray stopped me and said: "Judge Harris, we have determined to contest your election and you will not go in without a struggle."

I replied: "I have heard something of this and would be glad to know on what ground the contest is to be made and why." Mr. Gray replied: "We do not think you have been fair in appointing delegates from the counties carried by Mr. Hardwick." "Well," I said, "Colonel Gray, how is the contest to be made?"

"Well, Sir," he replied, "we have determined to seat the contesting delegation from Gilmer County. That will knock you out of two votes, and exceptions are filed to the election in other counties, so that the majority will be cut down."

I replied: "The seating of the contesting delegates from Gilmer will do you no good, for I received every vote in the election in Gilmer County except sixteen, so that both delegations are instructed for me."

"Ah," he said, "I didn't know that."

“Well,” I replied, “there are several things, probably, that you do not know, and I hope to be present when the contest comes off.”

That same night a caucus of my friends was held and into that caucus came General Travis, Chairman of the Anderson delegation from Chatham, and claiming to speak for all the Anderson delegates.

He stated unequivocally that Mr. Anderson had asked his delegates to vote for me on the first ballot and not to put his name before the convention. Of course if this program was carried out my election could not be defeated without too much apparent chicanery and fraud.

An incident had occurred that same afternoon, which to me threw some light on the situation. Senator Smith reached the city that afternoon, and, surrounded by his followers, walked from the Southern depot to the Dempsey hotel. Just before he arrived at the hotel my son, Walter, said to me: “Papa, hadn’t you better go down and meet the Senator when he reaches the hotel?” The Senator and I each had headquarters in the Dempsey hotel. I replied: “Yes, I think that is right. I carried the State for Governor and he certainly carried it for Senator, and I ought to welcome him to my town.”

I went down to the vestibule, where I found things so crowded with such a clamoring concourse of delegates and politicians that I could not get through to the door. Walter proposed to make a way for me, but I said: “No, my son, I’ll slip out along the walls and try to get to the front by the time the Senator reaches us.”

I had scarcely spoken when he appeared in the door. He towered above everything and was immediately recognized and the crowd set up a great shout of welcome and turned towards the door. Senator Smith

stood for a moment in the door looking over the crowd until his gaze rested on me. In an instant he commenced pushing towards me, his arms going both ways like two great levers. The crowd fell back and in an instant more he came up to me and in plain view of the whole shouting assembly, threw his arms around my neck, drew me up to him, and said in my ear: "You have always told me that you wanted to be Governor of Georgia. I am glad that you are going to realize your ambition." Of course one may understand that these words made a deep impression; I could hardly speak in reply, and the tears blinded my eyes.

The foolish reporters, who were mostly on the side against me, in speaking of the occurrence in the papers next morning stated that I had thrown my arms around the Senator as if to placate him and secure his help.

Afterward the thought came to me that perhaps Senator Smith had merely yielded to a momentary enthusiasm and that he had spoken under the impulse of the moment because I was an old Confederate soldier. I knew that whatever else might be said of him there was no man more loyal to the memories of the days of the sixties than he was. His uncle was a Major-General in Lee's Army where I served, and we had often talked about those old days.

So I said to myself: "I'll go down to his headquarters this morning and see how he feels after he has met his friends who all seem to be against me."

When I entered his room I found there Senator Hardwick, Col. Gray, Major McCord, and one other gentleman whose name I have forgotten. I asked them as I came in the door if the Senator had gotten up as yet. They replied: "No, he hasn't come out of his room." I said to them: "With your permission I will go into his room and speak to him." He was occupy-

ing a connecting room to the one I had entered. I started in, but he had heard my voice, and coming out, without speaking to me a word of greeting, he put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Come with me." He went up to the persons in the room and said: "Gentlemen, I desire to make this remark and I want it heeded, for I mean it. I would rather have this man for Governor than anyone else who lives inside the State of Georgia. Let there be no misunderstanding between us."

Of course this overwhelmed me, and I could do no more than thank him, turn and leave the room. Both McCord and Gray followed me. McCord spoke first. He said: "Judge Harris, I didn't support you in your race, but after the statement just now made I want to say to you that you shall have my support from now on, not only in this convention, but if you run again you can count on my being at your side." Colonel Gray shook hands with me, also, and said: "After Senator Smith's statement you can count on my help, Judge Harris."

Of course there was nothing more said about a contest. Senator Smith had nine-tenths of the convention friendly to his interests and ready to fight for him with heart and soul, so that, as soon as it became known that he wanted me for Governor, the opposition frittered away and the result was that my name was the only one that went before the convention; Dr. Hardman, himself, seconding my nomination. This nomination was of course equivalent to an election, as there was no candidate against me, both Democrats and Republicans supporting me on the day of the regular election.

It may be proper here to state that Governor Slaton, though he had a plurality of both popular and county unit votes, failed to get the nomination. The contest

lasted for more than a day and was finally settled by giving the nomination to Mr. Hardwick.

This result of the voting in the convention created considerable discussion throughout the State and led mainly to the passage of the Neel Act, which provides a second race for the two highest candidates when there is no election by the people.

Governor Slaton was so much disturbed by what seemed a very unjust ending to a brilliant race on his part, that he was ready to blame many people besides those directly concerned in his defeat. When I saw him at the hotel after the result had been declared, not knowing that he had taken any offense from matters with which I was concerned, I went up to him to shake hands and to tell him how much I felt for him in his defeat and to encourage him to look forward to a come back in the future. He refused to shake hands with me and turned his back on me in the presence of a large crowd.

A terrible trial was preparing for him, to occur within the nine months left him in the Governor's office.

The celebrated case of the State against Leo Frank was coming on for trial in which Colonel Reuben Arnold and Colonel Luther Rosser, the latter of whom was formerly in partnership with Governor Slaton, were defending the prisoner, while the prosecution was in charge of Hugh M. Dorsey, Solicitor General, and F. A. Hooper, as associate counsel.

The case grew out of the murder of a young girl named Mary Phagan, working in a pencil factory, over which Frank was Superintendent. It was believed by the people that Frank had assaulted the girl first and then slain her to conceal the crime.

A great deal of testimony was introduced on both sides, and all the ingenuity that counsel could think of

was brought to bear on the one hand to persuade the jury of the prisoner's guilt, and on the other to show his innocence of the crime.

The excitement became so great during the trial, that it was with difficulty the sheriff and his assistants prevented a mob from taking the prisoner out of the courthouse for summary punishment. The temper of the people became so uncertain that, after the argument of counsel and the charge of the court, the Judge himself advised the counsel for the defense to remain away from the courthouse and let the verdict be taken without their presence or that of their client. This direction was followed and the jury promptly found a verdict of guilty and the prisoner was sentenced to hang.

Leo Frank was a Jew and his conviction stirred up a great commotion throughout the entire country. The Jews raised considerable sums of money to aid the defense in the effort to set aside the verdict and save the prisoner's life. The case went to the Supreme Court where the judgment was affirmed with two members of the court dissenting.

Propaganda nation-wide was begun at once. It was said by our Jewish citizens that no Jew had yet been hanged under the American Government since its foundation, and it was earnestly desired that there should be no exception made by the hanging of Frank. The papers were crowded with communications. News stories and even editorials followed, urging that the life of the prisoner be saved. No such widespread interest was ever shown in any similar case in Georgia within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. The matter even got into the State Legislatures. The Tennessee Legislature passed a resolution asking that Frank's life be saved. Likewise the Texas Legislature passed a similar resolution. The case was carried to

the Supreme Court of the United States, where the judgment was affirmed by a divided count.

After the affirmance of the judgment an application was made to Governor Slaton for a reprieve and a commutation to imprisonment for life. Petitions were signed in almost every community in the State and almost every State in the South. Petitions and letters poured into the Governor every day and a dreadful hysteria went through the Nation.

It was known, of course, that I was to succeed Governor Slaton in June. As a former member of his firm had defended Frank it was thought the Governor might reprieve him and leave me to pass on the question of commutation. I think possibly that an interview, which I gave to some of the papers caused those who were most interested in obtaining a commutation to urge that Gov. Slaton should pass on the matter without putting it over to me. This interview simply stated that I thought that outside interference of the kind which came from Tennessee and from Texas was neither proper nor allowable if decency was to be kept in view, for I believed that Georgia and her authorities were fully competent to decide concerning the administration of her criminal laws without suggestions from outside her bounds.

I have felt that possibly this interview, which was purely accidental and was had without any ulterior designs whatever, may have caused an extra pressure to be brought on Governor Slaton to handle the matter in his term. He was told, I afterwards understood, that it would appear to the world as an act of cowardice if he failed to take up and decide the matter, as the whole case had originated in his term. Governor Slaton had no drop of blood in his body that was tinged with cowardice. That I found out by unmistakable demonstration afterwards.

While the matter was pending before the Prison Commission and before the Governor, several prominent men took part in the proceedings. Governor Joseph M. Brown appeared before the Commission and urged that the law be allowed to take its course. He lived in the town where the unfortunate young girl was born and brought up. Solicitor-General Dorsey put all the weight of his influence and intellect into the opposition to the granting of commutation. Counter petitions were filed and strong arguments were made on both sides. The Prison Commission refused to recommend mercy and the case went to the Governor without recommendation. He took it up quietly and determined to commute. When I saw him he referred to my interview concerning outside interferences and used the old expression: "A decent respect for the opinions of mankind should be shown by every man in office."

When he used this expression I began to believe that he intended to commute. He knew there was danger to the prisoner, and when he had made up his mind to grant the application he quietly sent Frank out of the city and put him in the penitentiary and then announced his decision.

The result brought on a condition of affairs in Atlanta and the adjacent territory such as I have never seen and never heard of in all my reading or experience.

It will be easily understood that the papers in Georgia had taken up and discussed a matter that had created so much interest throughout the Nation. Among these papers was *The Jeffersonian*, a periodical edited and published by Hon. Thomas E. Watson, of McDuffie. He had not hesitated to set forth the fact that this was a poor working girl whose dishonor and death were brought about by Frank, and that a Governor's



GOING TO THE INAUGURATION

Ascending the Capitol grounds with the Legislative Committee and friends.

intervention in such a case to prevent the due course of the law would put him alongside the criminal, so that he, himself, would deserve the condemnation of mankind. These publications added to the unparalleled feeling of bitterness among the citizens; caused the gathering of mobs in almost every part of the county, and brought about such a state of affairs that no persuasion or remonstrance could control the situation.

The gathering of these mobs, the threatening letters, and the angry demonstrations on every hand, caused the governor to declare martial law and place military guards around his home and his office. This was the state of affairs when the day for my inauguration was reached.

On the morning of the inauguration a large delegation of friends and acquaintances, with a battalion of the National Guard came up from Macon to attend the ceremonies. Among these, also, was a large part of the Masonic Lodge, Number 5, of which the newly elected Governor was Master. A permit had been obtained from the Grand Master to allow the Lodge to attend in a body, if it so desired.

A large procession was formed at the depot with my wife and I at the head in an automobile, and went through the city to the Capitol while vast crowds lined each side of the street.

The usual joint session of the Legislature was called for the inauguration and the sitting Governor was required by custom to march with the incoming Governor and a committee from the two bodies, to the House of Representatives, where the inaugural address was to be delivered and the new Governor sworn in. Governor Slaton and I walked arm in arm up the steps to the second floor and then arm and arm down the aisle to the stand where the oath was to be taken.

Judge Ogden Persons, the President of the Senate,

presided over the joint meeting. Mr. Burwell was Speaker of the House. In the course of the ceremonies it became necessary for the outgoing Governor to tender the Great Seal to me as the incoming. When Governor Slaton rose to perform this duty there began in the galleries a fearful interruption. Hisses, growls and threatening words followed as almost the entire gallery rose from the seats.

Quick as lightning President Persons rushed to the front of the stage, pounded with his gavel and announced in stentorian tones that any further demonstration would cause the clearing of the galleries and the immediate putting out of every disorderly person, and he called on the Sergeant-at-Arms to keep order and point out any offender.

The prompt action of President Persons stopped the demonstration and his strong and vigorous words held back the people. After this the ceremony was completed without further interruption. Bishop Candler had opened the meeting with prayer and when Chief Justice Fish prepared to administer the oath, I handed him the Bible that my dead mother had given to me years before and which I had treasured as one of the sacred objects, showing her love for her oldest son. He then put it in my hand and upon this Bible the oath was taken.

After the delivery of the inaugural address Governor Slaton and I passed down the steps arm in arm to the Governor's reception room. I could see people on the stairs and in the vestibules gnashing their teeth, shaking their heads, and exhibiting various evidences of hostility, hissing continually as we walked down. I have said often that Governor Slaton pressed my arm so strongly that it became blue afterwards from the bruises, though he did not appear to realize in any way that he was doing so.

When we reached the Governor's reception room the Governor went back into his own room, taking with him his wife and no one else. Here, it was said he bade farewell to the scenes among which he had mingled for the last two years.

We had been invited to a dining, given to me by the people of Macon in the Hotel Ansley, and while I was waiting in the outer room the Governor sent word by one of his staff that he wished to go with me down the steps, asking me to walk with him to the place where we would enter the automobile.

We came out through the door opening on Washington Street and marched down together to enter the automobile near the sidewalk. Governor Slaton entered the automobile first and just as I was preparing to follow him a strong, rough looking man darted out from the crowd holding in both his hands a large piece of iron pipe about five feet long and an inch thick. He raised this to strike the ex-Governor over my head and shoulder. He could not have reached him without hitting me. Instantly Major Polhill Wheeler, who was in command of a battalion of the National Guard at Macon that had come up to attend the inauguration, leaped forward, seized the hands of the man, who was striking and turned aside the blow, saving Governor Slaton and myself from a terrible injury or perhaps death. The man was immediately put under arrest and sent to the lock up.

Major Wheeler went over to France, performed a conspicuous part in the great contest there, and returned home with distinction.

He is dead now, but his memory will never be forgotten, by me at least. I served with his father, who was City Engineer while I was City Attorney for many long years. He was an old Veteran, a staunch upright gentleman, and his son was a worthy descendant of a noble father.



GOING FROM THE INAUGURATION

Descending the Capitol steps with Governor Slaton.

I had not realized that the bitterness against Governor Slaton had reached such a point as to give rise to an attack of this sort in public. The man's face looked like a demon's as he raised the deadly instrument to strike.

We started moving into the mansion a few days before the inauguration and, on one of these nights preceding the inauguration, runners came to the mansion after twelve o'clock at night and stated that a mob was out with the intention of blowing up and burning the mansion and dynamiting the capitol. Advice was given to the children, who were sleeping in the mansion, in the absence of Mrs. Harris and me: "Leave it by all means, and get to some place of safety." This the children did in the night, but the mob failed to put in an appearance.

INVESTIGATION AND MARTIAL LAW CONTINUED

The first duty that I performed as Governor after reaching my office in the afternoon of the day of the inauguration, was to call down before me the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House, with some members of the Legislature, to investigate the question of continuing the service of the military under Governor Slaton's proclamation of martial law.

I found on my desk a petition addressed to me containing some eighteen hundred names asking that the guard be withdrawn from Governor Slaton's house and that the military be discharged from further service. I called before me the Sheriff of the County, the Chief of Police, and a number of deputies and policemen, all of whom were questioned concerning the real situation in the City. The Sheriff informed me that there existed a large band of men who had recently met a

short distance across the Fulton County line, in Clayton County, in the night time. They had built up a large fire and around it, after speaking in fierce and denunciatory terms of Governor Slaton, had pledged themselves to kill him as soon as they could reach him. The Sheriff added that one of his deputies, whom he had sent out for investigation, was in the crowd, and he had returned informing him of the meeting and the death compact. He stated that Governor Slaton was in great danger and it would be folly to dismiss the military guard.

The Chief of Police concurred in this conclusion, giving a number of other facts going to show the state of feeling within the City. It was further alleged that a mob, determined on the same thing, was waiting in Cobb County to attack the Governor if the guard was withdrawn.

After these facts had been developed I stated immediately, without waiting for advice from the members of the Legislature present, that I would not discharge the military nor put an end to the declaration of martial law, but on the contrary would order an additional battalion of the military to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action, and on any demonstration against the Governor's home, march to the assistance of the other guards. I further directed that the machine guns should be brought out to the Governor's residence to be used in case of a serious attack by the mob.

My precautions were found to be justified within a very short time after these steps were taken. I had told the National Guard to load their pieces with ball cartridges, but not to fire unless absolutely necessary, and then only to save life.

Either the same night when these precautions were taken, or a night or two afterwards, a mob, said to

amount to five thousand people, marched out to Governor Slaton's house for the purpose of attacking it. That night the guard was under the direct command of Captain Asa G. Candler, Jr., and when he saw the mob approaching he drew up the troops in line of battle and awaited the approach, telling his men not to fire unless it was necessary to prevent the breaking of his line.

The mob plunged itself against the troops and began to strike at the soldiery with all kinds of weapons. Within ten minutes after the attack sixteen men in the military were wounded and disabled, but the soldiers had not yet fired a shot. They pushed the mob back with their guns without firing. At one time Captain Candler directed his men to fire, as the mob approached, but looking down in the direction in which their guns were pointed he saw a large number of carriages and automobiles loaded with women and children coming in behind the mob. He immediately called his men to halt and directed them to hold their fire. Then he shouted out to the mob some such words as these: "What in the — did you bring the women along for? Our shots would kill more of them than they would of you." The soldiers arrested every man as he came up they could overpower, without firing, sending them to a temporary guard house, where the Governor kept his automobile. Twenty-seven men were imprisoned before the mob was driven off.

On the next day a report of the result was made to me in the office and a large assortment of the weapons that had been captured was brought, in several baskets, for exhibition.

There was every character of weapon that could be conceived of, almost. Old fashioned pepper-box revolvers—revolvers with cap and lock—knives and dirks, saws and hatchets, with some modern guns and

pistols. These were disposed on the floor of the Governor's office and certainly I never have seen such an assortment before or since. A large basket of dynamite sticks accompanied the weapons.

On that morning when I got to the office I was called over the telephone by a lady in South Atlanta who said: "Governor, you've got my husband under arrest, and I want you to send him back to me. I am living in a negro neighborhood and am afraid to stay all night by myself. Please turn him loose and let him come back to me to take care of me. Please do, Governor, and I'll never forget it."

I told her I would do all I could about it. The twenty-seven men were carried down to the jail by the military, and I telephoned the sheriff, asking him whether the man mentioned by the lady was among the prisoners. He replied that he was. And then I told him what she had said to me, and asked if the man could give bond. If so, to arrange to send him home, fixing the bond himself. He took the matter up—arranged a bond with security, and sent the man back to his wife.

The raid of the mob created a terrible excitement throughout the City. The good people of Atlanta began to take a hand. Steps were inaugurated to stop the insurrection. Meantime I consulted with Governor Slaton's friends and suggested that if he would leave the City things would settle down sooner. He flatly declined to leave, stating that if I could not continue the military guard he would try to raise one himself. He was not going to allow a mob like this drive him away from home.

I rejoiced in his courage, and I didn't by any means condemn his judgment. After this demonstration there were no further open efforts made to injure Governor Slaton, so far as my information extended. He did

not go out of the house at the time the attack was made. The attack was about two o'clock in the night and he was never disturbed through it all. Next morning when some of the military told him the circumstances and referred to the twenty-six or twenty-seven prisoners held in the guard house, he said at once that he did not believe the men meant to kill him—that they had no such purpose, for he had certainly done them no harm and he asked permission to go down before the prisoners in the guard house and speak to them. This, of course, was allowed him. When he entered the door the prisoners rose up and a fierce snarl greeted him. He stood still for a moment then turned, and the soldiers that were present told me that it looked like his heart was breaking. He had never believed in their bitterness until then.

I directed the prisoners to be held until the Civil authorities could take charge of them and try them. And at the end of about ten days Governor Slaton determined to travel through the country with some of his people on a vacation.

The underlying cause of this terrible demonstration—the record of which is the blackest blot on the State's escutcheon—was the belief on the part of the laboring people and their friends and sympathizers that the extreme punishment for the crime against a young laboring girl was not allowed to be inflicted, and the weight of the disappointment caused the unseemly acts of the mob in order to demonstrate the determination to punish the offender as well as the executive who had commuted his sentence. It taught me and the people of the State that where a crime involved an assault on the virtue of a woman, neither fear of law nor the guns of the military can hold back the mob that seeks to punish the offender. Bars and

bolts do not count in the presence of such an assembly.

The disgrace to the State—without a parallel in the annals of our free Government—weighed nothing with the wild crowds that rushed forward to destroy property and take away life.

Governor Slaton had committed no crime against our statutes. He had exercised a prerogative which the Constitution of our State bestowed upon him. He had only saved a human life for the time being, and no court or tribunal on earth could charge him with more than a mistake in judgment.

I think he would have left the matter for my decision but for the fact that he felt it as a duty both to himself and to the incoming administration to settle the question concerning a matter that had arisen wholly within his term. I do not know what I would have done under the circumstances about the commutation, but I will always feel grateful to Governor Slaton that he did not subject me to the ordeal of passing on the matter.

Someone asked Governor McDaniel what Governor Harris would have done in the case if it had been left to him. The Governor replied promptly: "He would have let Frank hang, for I, myself, and his other friends, if it had been necessary, would have sat up with him night and day until he refused the commutation."

I can never express my admiration for the splendid way in which Captain Candler handled the attack. His courage and coolness, his patience and his success in quelling the mob has never been equaled, within my knowledge.

The matter as to Frank did not stop with this attack on Governor Slaton. Within about a month after I had come into office, one of the men serving a life

sentence, in the penitentiary for murder, secretly obtained a carving knife from the kitchen and sharpening it until it would cut like a razor, slipped out of his bed in the great community room, where a large number of the white prisoners slept, and going to the bed of Frank in the dead of night, cut Frank's throat from ear to ear in an effort to kill him.

When the report came to me I went down to Milledgeville with a member or two of the Prison Commission and the Adjutant-General to examine into the affair. After reaching the penitentiary I asked the keepers to send Creel, the convict who had done the cutting, into a room that I might question him alone to ascertain, if possible, the motive that actuated him. The authorities immediately said to me: "Governor, it will not be safe for you to meet Creel alone. He is a dangerous man now, and your life might not be safe." Thereupon General Nash, the Adjutant-General, offered to go into the room and be present with me and look after the situation. We met him, and when I asked Creel who and what caused him to commit the act he replied: "It was impressed on me that the presence of Frank here was a disgrace to the penitentiary. No one guilty as he is should have been allowed here, and I thought I was acting with the sanction of heaven when I tried to get rid of him."

I questioned him carefully but could prevail on him to give no further information. I reached the conclusion, however, that he had expected his conduct would be so well approved by a large class of citizens outside the penitentiary that they would immediately ask the Governor to pardon him if he killed the man.

I suppose some such idea as this was in his mind. How or from what source it got there I never could tell. When I returned to my office in Atlanta after the investigation I found a petition signed by a consid-

erable number of people, asking me to pardon him because he had tried to kill Frank.

After Creel's effort failed to get rid of the prisoner the matter took a different turn. I was informed that a mob had gathered in Cobb County and was intending to proceed to Milledgeville for the purpose of breaking into the penitentiary to carry out the original purpose of the mob. When the information reached me I telegraphed at once to Captain Ennis, in charge of a company of the military at that point, and directed him to take steps to protect the penitentiary against the threatened invasion. He called out his company promptly and was on hand to do his duty. By some means notice of this precaution reached the leaders of the mob and the affair was abandoned for the time being.

The matter got into the papers and certain parties in Marietta determined to call an indignation meeting in order to protest against the effort of the Governor to fix such a stain upon Cobb County. I was told afterwards that such meeting was abandoned because, while the parties were on the way to the courthouse, somebody was kind enough to say: "We had better go slow about this matter; an investigation will result and the truth will come out and the truth will show that the Governor was right." So the meeting was abandoned.

I may say here in passing that when I went to examine into the attack made on Frank by the convict Creel, I went into his room while the doctor was dressing the wound. The gash extended from ear to ear and was so frightful in appearance that I wondered at his being alive. While the doctor was washing the wound Frank coughed, and I asked the doctor immediately, with a good deal of sympathy in my voice: "Won't that wound attack his lungs before it heals?"

When I asked this, Frank laughed—a queer sort of laugh—a laugh that showed, at least to me, a hard, careless heart, and the doubt, which I had about his guilt, was lessened greatly, as I heard the laugh, and looked into his face. I could not help the impression. Looking back on it now I do not see why I should have been impressed, but I felt then that the man was undoubtedly a hardened criminal or a reckless prisoner.

About a week or ten days after the proposed gathering in Marietta, which my precautions had stopped, there came to me a telephone message around eleven o'clock at night, telling me that a mob had attacked the penitentiary—had taken Frank from his cell, and was returning with automobiles towards Marietta, carrying the prisoner with them.

As quickly as I could get into communication with the telephone lines I sent message after message over the country between Milledgeville and Marietta, calling upon the sheriff of every county through which it was probable the party would pass, directing them to arrest any and all persons coming into the town at that time of night in automobiles and communicate with my office at once.

From several of these places the sheriff replied: "The parties have just passed through on their way north in automobiles." Evidently some deflection was made for I had put the sheriffs in Bibb, Monroe, Jasper, Morgan, and all the other counties on notice, telling each sheriff that I would sit up through the whole night, and directing the arrests to be made and reports to be sent in at once. My precautions were unsuccessful this time. I was informed afterwards that the parties reached Cobb County some few miles from Marietta where they stopped—took Frank out of the automobile, and hanged him to one of the trees near to the place where the young girl was raised. The mob

had very little mercy on him. The wound on his throat had not yet healed, but they tied him and threw him into the automobile with little care for his sufferings. It was said they did not even allow him to put on his clothes, but brought him in his night clothes to the place of execution, some one hundred and thirty-five miles through the country.

Investigations of a very strict character followed this unfortunate event. It is said to have been the only case known in the United States where a prisoner was taken from the penitentiary by a mob to be lynched. Generally, after a judicial sentence for a crime, it is considered that the question of punishment had been settled. Imprisonment for life is frequently substituted for a sentence of death in our general administration of criminal law.

I offered a reward amounting to some twenty-five hundred dollars for the discovery and punishment of the persons engaged in the lynching and I called down the Solicitor-General and the Attorney-General for conference with me and begged the Judge to appoint a special session of the Superior Court, with the grand jury present to investigate the transaction. This was done, and the Attorney-General attending the sessions took charge of the investigations, making it as wide and thorough as possible.

Not a bill was returned—not a word to aid the Governor in an effort to punish the guilty. So many persons believed the lynching just that they looked on the investigation as merely perfunctory and treated it as a farce.

The investigation at the penitentiary at Milledgeville was likewise without substantial result. The mob had taken the precaution to cut the telephone and telegraph wires running to the penitentiary, before the

raiders appeared. When they reached the grounds they arrested all persons in charge, among others two of the Commissioners, confining them under strict guard until the penitentiary had been entered and the prisoner carried away. Something was said by some of the raiders about setting Creel free, but the better opinion prevailed and this part was abandoned. The locks were broken but no serious damage was done to the doors. I reached the conclusion, after full examination, that the presence of Frank was a fearful burden to all of the authorities, as the continual threats of violence kept them uneasy and they submitted the more readily to the *vis major*, when convinced that the attack was irresistible and the result inevitable. The penitentiary was not built to keep people out, but to keep them in when put there. So the attacking party had little difficulty in reaching the man they came after.

I reported to the Legislature that it was much to be regretted that separate cells had not been made for the several inmates. Life-termers like Creel and Frank ought to have occupied separate apartments, built with steel doors and other appliances used in first class prisons. It was replied by the Commissioners that the Legislature had failed to supply the money for these cells, and I recommended that the matter be taken up by the Legislature without delay, and funds supplied for the work.

I would be glad if this whole transaction, including the attack on the Governor and the lynching of the penitentiary convict could be expunged forever from the history of the State. It was brought about:

First, from political exigencies and divisions.

Secondly, from overheated, ill advised and unfortunate publications in the newspapers, especially in the periodical published at Thomson.

Thirdly, from a mistaken notion, that had gone out through the immediate neighborhood, that the assault and murder of a poor working girl was not properly punished and made conspicuous in the administration of the law in the courthouse, and;

Finally, the race prejudice, which grew up from the efforts made through the nation to save Frank from the punishment due to his supposed crime, aroused such a feeling of indignation in the State that nothing could withstand the assaults that followed. Neither bolts, bars, bayonets; neither fear of the law nor dread of popular indignation, had any effect to hold back the avenging arm of an aroused and outraged people. As the case was without parallel in judicial annals, so the punishment of the offender was alike, unparalleled in the history of the nation's judicial administration.

There was no limit to the falsehoods that were circulated concerning the action of Governor Slaton and those connected with the defense of Frank. When the minds of the people start out to seek for motives and ascertain the reasons for conduct, on the downward scale, there is no accounting for results. After I took charge of the Governor's office a check for a considerable sum was sent to my care to be delivered to Governor Slaton, purporting to be part payment for his services in behalf of Frank. The check was a pure fake, as I went to the trouble of ascertaining that there was not a dollar in the bank at Baltimore, on which it was drawn, to the credit of the person who sent the check. I have never even mentioned the circumstance to Governor Slaton, for a balder fake, a more disreputable disgraceful effort to fix on an innocent man an odious charge without foundation was ever before perpetrated in this land. It only illustrates to what depth the diseased mind of certain dissatisfied people can reach.

When I began the effort to find the members of the mob, who were guilty of the lynching, my own mail became crowded with anonymous letters threatening me with all sorts of punishment. Some of these letters bore postmarks as far off as Texas and Oklahoma, and other Western States. I turned a few over to the District Attorney for investigation, as the mails were abused in carrying the same, but nothing ever came of it. I think the authorities looked on it as too much of a joke to justify profound effort to discover the writers.

LEGISLATIVE ACTION AND PROHIBITION

The Legislature this year met on June 23rd. It was organized by electing William H. Burwell, Speaker of the House, and G. Ogden Persons, President of the Senate. John T. Boifeuillet was continued Clerk of the House by unanimous vote, and D. F. McClatchey was unanimously continued Secretary of the Senate.

Business was opened in both houses by reading the message of Governor Slaton. Annexed to this message was a list of pardons, commutations, paroles and respites granted by the outgoing Governor, during the preceding year, as required by the Statute. Among these was a statement of the evidence, etc., in the trial of the Leo M. Frank case in Fulton Superior Court, who was found guilty and sentenced to be hung on June 22nd, 1915.

This statement begins on page 66 of the Georgia Senate Journal of the session and on page 73 of The House Journal. In this statement the reasons that actuated Governor Slaton are fully set forth, accompanied with a fair synopsis of the entire evidence and a history of the case showing the various steps taken in the same.

The Governor in enumerating his reasons for the commutation used these words:

“This case has been marked by doubt. The trial judge doubted. Two judges of the Supreme Court of Georgia doubted. Two judges of the Supreme Court of the United States doubted. One of the three Prison Commissioners doubted.

“There is a territory beyond a reasonable doubt and absolute certainty, for which the law provides in allowing life imprisonment instead of execution.”

This action of the Governor, giving commutation, was dated two days before the meeting of the Legislature.

The Legislature during its session did not mention the Frank case in any way.

At an early date in the session, bills were introduced in both Houses providing for amendments to the Prohibition Law.

This law was passed during the term of Governor Hoke Smith, in 1907. It contained a sweeping prohibition against the sale and manufacture of alcoholic, spirituous and malt liquors.

While the bill was on its passage an amendment to it was voted on making the jury judges of the question whether the liquor manufactured or sold was intoxicating. Out of this amendment, which the liquor interests secured, came about the failure of the law. It was the Trojan Horse that entered the walls and turned loose in the State the innumerable hosts that destroyed the value of the statute.

“Near beer” manufacturing multiplied throughout the State and its use and sale constituted a pretense to cover up the sale of intoxicants everywhere. The saloons, as soon as the law was understood, were thrown open and liquor of all kinds was manufactured, kept and sold in defiance of the law. The Solicitors-

General in many cases throughout the State announced they were unable to secure convictions, and indictments and arraignments under the prohibition law became merely a farce, as the jury promptly turned loose every man indicted for offenses against this law, under the idea that the near-beer and non-intoxicating liquors made it doubtful in every case whether the prohibition law had really been violated. When the Legislature took up the question it was soon apparent that the most desperate efforts would be made to prevent the passage of any law at that session, to remedy these defects.

The first bill, headed Senate No. 38, passed through the Senate prohibiting, among other things, the shipment of intoxicating liquors into the State. It came over to the House—was sent to the Temperance Committee and when brought up in the house originated a filibuster that lasted for some ten days or more. There were present in the House about thirty-five members, who were strongly opposed to any prohibition legislation. These men, organized and led by parts of the delegations from Fulton and Chatham, began the most determined resistance to prevent a vote on the measure. The usual tactics were employed. Day by day the House was kept in session transacting no business of importance whatever, but spending the time calling the rolls on dilatory matters, such as motions to adjourn, motions to limit debate, motions to lay on the table, and all such matters used to kill time and prevent action.

At an early stage of the legislative session, an organization had been brought about in the House on behalf of the Prohibitionists to counteract the effort of the liquor caucuses at the Kimball House under what has been since termed the "invisible government," set up by these forces at that place.

In bringing about this organization of the Prohibitionists there came upon the scene one of the most remarkable men that our State has produced in many a year.

Colonel Thomas B. Felder had for a considerable time represented the liquor interests in Georgia. He had given to that work all the resources of his powerful intellect, all the experience he had gotten as a former legislator in both Houses, and all the ease of advocacy learned in the handling of a large practice at the bar, throughout the State of Georgia.

He had, like myself and a large number of others in Georgia, become a genuine convert to the prohibition cause. No man knew the ways of the "liquor-bund" better than he did. To atone for his former advocacy of this cause he determined to do something to rescue his State from the hands of these liquor interests. I have heard it stated that he had in fact drawn the amendment to the Act of 1907, which brought about its failure in the State. When he started on the new pathway he had marked out, he came to the Governor's office, told him the situation—made a frank statement of his change of heart and mind, and gave him to understand that he had determined, if in his power, to wipe out the liquor trade in Georgia and make the old State absolutely dry. Associated with him in the effort among the citizens of Atlanta were W. S. Witham, the banker; John J. Eagan, the philanthropist; Eugene Callaway, funeral director and capitalist, and W. Woods White, life insurance leader.

The organization met at stated intervals, and I am not certain but that a member of the Senate presided over the deliberations. I was informed that ten men from the Senate, led by Dr. A. S. J. Stovall of the 30th District, joined the organization and met with the men from the House.

Ninety-seven members from the House united in this crusade, pledging themselves in the strongest terms to work to secure the necessary legislation to remedy the evils of intemperance, so disastrous to our State.

Colonel Felder attended each gathering of this association, advising, urging, and encouraging these men to do their duty in the emergency that was now at hand.

It is my purpose to annex to these memoirs a list of these ninety-seven members and the ten members of the Senate, if possible, who, uniting together for the good of their country, brought about a legislative revolution, the parallel of which has never been known in our Nation.

When it was seen that the filibuster could not be stopped and that the legislation proposed by the prohibitionists could not be secured, these ninety-seven men in the House and ten in the Senate began to work to bring about an adjournment of the Legislature, without passing the bills for revenue or the appropriations to carry on the government, so as to compel the Governor to call an extra session of the body.

Under our Constitution a Legislature can hold only fifty days in any one year. The Governor, however, has authority to convoke extra sessions, when some necessity arises requiring such a call. In making this call the Governor includes only the subjects which he desires the legislature to take up and consider. His proclamation calling the session and setting out the subject-matter for consideration is the law of the Legislature in these special sessions and the body cannot go beyond the terms set forth by the Governor.

The present session was required to adjourn under the Constitution on August 11th, at midnight. At that time the session ended no matter what was left undone.

It will be noted that the Governor at last is the final arbiter touching the matters to be considered at a called session. While there is no limit to the time that may be occupied by the called session, yet it has generally been understood and in fact it is so provided in the Constitution, that the Governor, at the request of either House, may declare the session at an end.

The ninety-seven men in the House, therefore, were trusting their cause to the Governor, for if he should fail to include the prohibition question in his call the Legislature which met would have no power to consider it.

One of the causes which led up to the final action which was taken, arose from the fact that the rules committee which belonged by a strong majority to the anti-prohibition side, steadfastly refused to put on the calendar for passage Senate Bill No. 38 to prohibit transportation into the State of intoxicating liquors, a bill which had been passed by the Senate on August 3rd, about the time the filibuster began. Speaking to a question of personal privilege, Mr. Fullbright, Chairman of the appropriation committee, stated that the filibuster had unnecessarily delayed the appropriation bill in the House and prevented its passage, if it failed. It went over to the Senate only four or five days before the date fixed for adjournment. The Senate, however, when it got the bill, devoted extra time to its consideration, and would have been able to send it back to the House on the last day of the session but for the action of the House in adjourning at the morning session of that day.

It is noteworthy that the House took up a large portion of the last day in considering a long amendment to the charter of the city of Atlanta, while the Senate consumed a portion of its time on a new charter for the city of Douglas.

When I ascertained that the Legislature was about to adjourn without finishing the business of passing any appropriation to support the government I sent a message to the two Houses, urging them to continue in session and finish the work before them. The House, which had already agreed on its program, showed me enough respect to read the message, while the Senate, which was in harmony with me and opposed to adjourning, left it lying upon the table without reading, so far as the record shows. The message was in the following words:

“Gentlemen: I have been informed that it is the purpose of one branch of the General Assembly to cease business at one o’clock today.

“This, of course, will necessitate an extraordinary session. I have urgently insisted, both to the House and the Senate, the avoidance of this result.

“The results of such a proceeding are so far reaching that I had hoped the Legislature, in its sound second sense, would join with me in the effort to avoid it.

“I earnestly counsel that the House remain in session and attempt to go through with the business that is required by the Constitution before the time limit is reached at 12 o’clock tonight.

“If an extraordinary session is called, none of the work of the present session can be used, and all of it, therefore, will be practically lost to the State, so far as any measures that the Governor might see fit to include in his proclamation, are concerned.

“It is not possible, under the decisions of the Attorney-General, to utilize in any way the work that has been done on pending measures, at the call of an extraordinary session.

“I most earnestly beseech you, therefore, that you continue in session and attempt to carry out the object

of the Constitution and discharge the duties which you owe to the State and to yourselves under your oaths as legislators.”

The truth is the House had agreed upon a program formulated by the immortal ninety-seven. This was done without consultation with the Governor and without his advice or knowledge.

It was the last extremity to which the House was reduced in the effort to provide a remedy against the awful evils of the liquor traffic, which in the face of law and the sentiment of the State, was turning loose upon the State a deluge of intoxicating liquors. There was no other course left to the Legislature, unless the effort should be abandoned entirely, and the men who were concerned in the effort to amend the law did not belong to the class of those who enter upon a fight only to abandon it when opposition develops. I have thought this ninety-seven, acting in what appeared to be direct opposition to the requirements of their oaths and the interests of the government, presented a picture of the old martyrs, for they were ready to offer up their political lives and reputations to stop the continuance of a traffic, which they knew was sapping the foundations of law and good government and ruining the lives and destroying the hopes of the people of the State, who yet believed in righteousness.

The House adjourned *sine die* at one o'clock p. m. on the last day. The Senate continued in session further that day, working on the appropriation bill so as to put prohibition in the call without giving the anti-session shortly after three o'clock.

And now the Revolution was fully under way. The Legislators sought their homes and left to the Governor any further steps necessary to complete the work.

They knew that the Governor in his heart was favorable to the efforts being made to banish liquor and

liquor drinking from the State. They trusted him, therefore, to complete what they had thus begun.

It can easily be conceived that the action of the Legislature created a profound sensation in every community in Georgia. Men began to divide in opinion as to the wisdom of the proceeding on the part of the Legislature, though the division of sentiment on the value of prohibition, I really think, was not very wide among the white people of the State.

THE CALL OF THE EXTRA SESSION

When the Legislature had adjourned and the public began to look over the field, it appeared that not very much had been done to relieve a pressing situation in the State. A sort of a panic had come upon the people. Cotton had gone down in price to the smallest figure known since the Civil War. For the first time in the knowledge of older inhabitants a bale of cotton, when put on the platform of a railroad, commanded no sale and brought in no money to its owner. Many of the farmers refused to pick the cotton in the fields and allowed it to rot without gathering. It would not pay the wages of the hands to pick it. Not very much time had passed when the people of the State began to exercise themselves about the call of a special session of the Legislature. It soon became a burning question, whether the Governor would include the subject of prohibition in his call or bring the Legislature together simply to make the appropriations necessary to run the State government. If the Governor decided to put prohibition in the call without giving the anti-prohibitionists a chance to be heard he would have subjected himself to much censure and criticism. If he began to grant hearings to the side against prohibition he must of necessity allow the other side also to be heard.

As a consequence arrangements were made to receive delegations representing both sides of the question and allow full hearings before announcing a decision. It was deemed proper to give as much notice as possible of the time fixed for the special session, so that the Legislators could make arrangements about their business and be ready to come to Atlanta when required.

This fact was impressed upon the Governor's mind: If the question was decided without the friends of prohibition becoming interested and doing something in its favor so that they could feel that they were entitled to some credit for the result, then if the Legislature should pass a strong prohibition measure the next Legislature would almost certainly repeal it.

So the hearings began. Chambers of Commerce from the cities, business organizations throughout the State, Sunday school associations, churches and conferences, all asked to be heard. The liquor people made a strong showing for their side. They took the position that to stop the sale of intoxicating beverages would injure the business of the State, already suffering with panic, and would bring about a more deplorable condition in the State's business affairs than had ever been known. It was claimed that a large amount of money had been invested in the purchase of liquors and in the preparation for the sale of the same within the State and outside the State. Members of the press put in an appearance—many of the owners of newspapers, editors and correspondents, all took up the side of the liquor interests, fearing the results if a stringent prohibition law was passed.

When the liquor forces came before me they prefaced their statements by claiming that they had always considered me to be a reasonable man, possessed of a desire to do the fair thing, with knowledge enough

to understand the fair thing when it was presented to me. After their arguments were finished they closed the discussion by saying: "If you will leave out prohibition from your call you can stay in this office as long as you please or go up higher if you see fit." They then added: "Governor, we mean what we say, and we have the power to make our promises good."

It can be well understood from such a suggestion, that the opposite effect would follow if prohibition was put in the call.

Those who appeared upon the other side addressed the Governor's sense of right and justice. The people thought they had a prohibition law but had found out that it could not be administered with success. They begged me, therefore, to come to the rescue of the State in which I lived; to the protection of the women and children; of the homes of the land, and the poor fathers and brothers that had not strength to resist temptation when the fiery beverage was held out to them. The W. C. T. U., represented by Dr. Mary Harris Armor, Mrs. Dillard, and others, came before me and urged upon me the necessity of carrying into effect the purpose of the members of the Legislature, who had inaugurated this campaign to make Georgia dry.

I heard the speaking without closed doors. The Governor's office was open during this time to the entire State. The preacher was set over against the liquor dealer; the Church against the business interest; the home against the saloon; the prohibitionist against the champion of liquor selling.

One day while these hearings were going on I was sitting in my office when a woman stepped in through the open door. She had some remnants of beauty, but her dress showed that she belonged to the common

people. There was a worn look on her face and her eyes sought mine as if she had come in her distress to beg some favor or help of the Governor.

She began her petition in these words:

“Governor, I come to see you about this here prohibition. I understand that you are hearin’ from people so’s to make up your mind about it.” Then she approached nearer and her eyes clouded up somewhat as she said: “Governor, I want you to put prohibition in your call. I’ve got a good husband. He works for the railroad and he gets good wages there. I have three little children to feed and take care of. My husband is paid every other week and, Governor, when he starts home he comes by an open saloon and stops there, and when he gets home many times he’s got nothing left, and, Governor, the children go without bread.” Then she lifted her hands above her forehead and said: “Oh, Governor, won’t you take this temptation away from my husband so that he can come home and look after the children without spending his money for liquor? Governor, please, for the sake of the good God, whom we both serve, put prohibition into your call.” Then she turned, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and went out. The Governor’s eyes, too, were full.

That night when I reached the Mansion, I told my wife, who had always been a strong prohibitionist and was taking the liveliest interest in the hearings that were being had—I told her of the interview with the poor woman from South Atlanta, and when I was through I said: “What would you do, my dear?” and then, with some tears in her voice and eyes, she replied: “My husband, I’d put prohibition in the call if it beat me for Governor a hundred times over.”

And I put it in.

I issued the proclamation on September 28, 1915,

calling the Legislature together and enumerating the subjects-matter for consideration and fixed the date for the 3rd day of November following.

Of course the meeting of the Legislature was a necessity. Under our Constitution no money can be paid from the treasury without an appropriation made by law. The adjournment of the Legislature had left the Governor with no means to pay any of the officers—the Judges, the Solicitors-General, the executive officers, including the Governor, Secretary of State, Comptroller-General, Treasurer, and in short, all officers that were paid from the Treasury.

I included in the call, therefore, the appropriations required to run the government, the question of prohibition, the disposition of the Western & Atlantic Railroad, which was a live question at the time. I put in two or three other less important matters that would not require extended consideration, but could be immediately attended to.

During the hearings Colonel Felder and his associates from the city of Atlanta appeared before me only for a short time to urge the prohibition call. These gentlemen took it for granted, of course, that I would not seek to defeat the revolution inaugurated by the members of the House, but would give the Legislature a fair chance to enact the measures necessary to carry out the purpose of the Act of 1907.

In my message to the Legislature when the body met in special session I stressed several deficiency appropriations, notably the printing fund and the appropriation for the Department of Public Buildings and the Military Department.

It may be stated here that when we moved into the Mansion we found it almost totally unfit for habitation. Governor Slaton had not lived in the Mansion, as he owned two fine residences within and near the

(Continued on page 386)



MRS. HATTIE G. HARRIS ,

Second wife of Governor Harris. Daughter of Dr. and Mrs.
A. Jobe, of Elizabethton, Tennessee.

(Newspaper clipping)

GOVERNOR'S WIFE WHO MADE GEORGIA DRY BUT
COST HUSBAND HIS OFFICE
HARRIS TOOK WIFE'S ADVICE, LOST OFFICE

Georgia Governor Gave State Prohibition Law at Cost
of Renomination

(Special to The Post-Dispatch.)

SAVANNAH, GA., Sept. 16—Mrs. Nat. E. Harris gave to Georgia a drastic prohibition law, but thereby lost to her husband a renomination—equivalent to re-election—for Governor in the primaries this week.

In a recent campaign address Governor Harris said: "You may thank the little lady who presides over my home for your prohibition law. When I was besieged to put the prohibition issue in the call for an extra session of the Legislature, and threatened alternately if I did and if I did not, I submitted the whole question to my wife one night as we sat around the fire-side. 'Put it in,' she decided, 'if it beats you for re-election. I would rather have you beaten than to prevent Georgia from having prohibition.' And so I put it in."

The Legislature then as now was predominantly prohibition, and the new law was forced through, but the opposition never quit.

Mrs. Harris, feeling serenely conscious of a duty well done, watched her husband put up the fight of his life to obtain a second term, such as has been accorded to every Governor of Georgia since the Civil War, and saw him go down to defeat. The Governor realized the possibility of defeat when he followed his wife's advice in favor of prohibition.

city and used the Mansion only for receptions, gatherings, consultations, etc.

When he went to his summer residence just beyond the city line and surrounded himself with the military, the public had practically free access to the Mansion. The consequence was that nearly everything was in confusion. The Mansion had deteriorated greatly in recent years anyhow. The plastering had fallen in one of the living rooms. This happened at night and the loosened plaster from the ceiling fell on Governor Brown, who was sleeping in the bed. The escape from injury was almost miraculous, for the plastering was old-fashioned and very heavy, and the ceiling in the room was very high.

An appropriation for repairs here was almost a necessity. I may say, I hope, without being misunderstood, that when complaint was made of the condition of the Mansion some good people who were not very much attached to the inhabitants of my city trying to take the capitol away from Atlanta, remarked that "the Mansion was good enough for Macon folks anyhow."

In referring to the support of the charitable and educational institutions of the State I used these words:

"I confidently hope that a law-making body like yours, which was willing to precipitate a revolution in parliamentary procedure in order to secure the opportunity to further protect those unfortunates whose wills are not strong enough to resist the temptation to the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants, will certainly not diminish the amount of financial support heretofore given to institutions established on the one hand for the care of those who are already victims of such misfortune, and on the other hand for directing, molding and strengthening the characters and habits of the boys and girls who must be exposed to those evils in the future."

OFFICE ORGANIZATION, ETC.

When I entered on the duties of the Governor's office I appointed the following gentlemen for my office force:

F. R. Jones, who had been manager for me, I made Private Secretary.

Raymond Stapleton, of Elbert, Executive Secretary.

Eb. T. Williams, of Atlanta, Voucher and File Clerk.

I retained one man from Governor Slaton's force, to-wit: Claud West, Assistant to the Voucher and File Clerk.

I appointed the following Military Staff:

Asa G. Candler, Sr., Chief of Staff, Atlanta.

Frederick Reese Jones, Atlanta.

Robert J. Travis, Savannah.

George M. Hope, Atlanta.

John C. Woodward, College Park.

John D. Walker, Sparta.

Charles P. Rowland, Savannah.

Steadman V. Sanford, Athens.

Ben J. Fowler, Macon.

John W. Murrell, Atlanta.

Clifford T. Williamson, Macon.

Dennis Fleming, Albany.

Josiah R. Nunnally, Monroe.

William M. Camp, Atlanta.

Robert E. L. Spence, Albany.

Fred Morris, Marietta

James A. Fort, Americus.

Oscar Palmour, Atlanta.

George T. Brown, Atlanta.

Martin V. Calvin, Waycross.

Isaac C. Wade, Cornelia.

William S. Shepherd, Columbus.

Thomas R. Gentry, Atlanta.



GOVERNOR HARRIS AND HIS OFFICE FORCE

From left to right: Governor Harris; F. R. Jones, Private Secretary; Raymond Stapleton, Executive Secretary; Eb. T. Williams, Voucher Clerk.

St. Elmo Massengale, Atlanta.

Ozy R. Horton, Milledgeville.

I continued J. Van Holt Nash as Adjutant-General and head of the Military Department. These were the ones in office on the first of January, 1917.

This office force was strong and loyal, and enabled me to carry on the business of the office without serious break at any time. The pay was not much over half what it is now, but the men who were selected to run the business of the office devoted themselves with apparently as much fidelity to the work as if they had been abundantly paid for it.

A list of appointments that I made during my term of office are shown in appendix III. Among the others was a War Council selected and commissioned under instructions from the Secretary of War with the authority to advise the Governor and aid in making the preparations for the support and encouragement of our troops. This council consisted of the following persons, the Governor being Chairman:

The Adjutant General, J. Van Holt Nash.

Brig. Gen. W. A. Harris.

Brig. Gen. W. G. Obear.

Judge Jno. S. Candler.

Judge Jno. C. Hart.

Lieut. Col. Frederick R. Jones.

J. K. Orr, Esq.

From 1st Cong. Dist.: Col. A. R. Lawton, Savannah.

From 2nd Cong. Dist.: Lt. Col. R. E. L. Spence, Albany.

From 3rd Cong. Dist.: Lt. Col. Zach Arnold, Ft. Gaines.

From 4th Cong. Dist.: Judge W. A. Little, Columbus.

From 5th Cong. Dist.: Lieut. Col. Claude C. Smith, Atlanta.

From 6th Cong. Dist.: Lt. Col. Baxter Jones, Macon.

From 7th Cong. Dist.: Judge Jno. W. Maddox, Rome.

From 8th Cong. Dist.: Lt. Col. S. V. Sanford, Athens.

From 9th Cong. Dist.: Lt. Col. I. C. Wade, Cornelia.

From 10th Cong. Dist.: Lt. Col. Jno. D. Walker, Sparta.

From 11th Cong. Dist.: Commander Frank D. Aiken, Brunswick.

From 12th Cong. Dist.: Judge C. W. Griffin, Eastman.

The following were requested to act as Associate Members:

Brig. Gen. E. D. Huguenin, Macon.

Brig. Gen. Clifford L. Anderson, Atlanta.

Brig. Gen. Peter W. Meldrim, Savannah.

Brig. Gen. M. J. Daniel, Griffin.

This council was commended in my message to the Legislature as a very valuable part of the administration under the changed conditions brought about by the declaration of war.

One of the first acts of my successor was to abolish this council and get legislative authority for the formation of a new one. In the new one was included a number of women, which, of course, was a decided advance.

The council, which I had appointed, contained some men of splendid intellect, with experience and judgment, and their advice to me during the trying times preceding my retirement was of incalculable advantage.

The man who attempts to handle a new situation like the one which came on me, without advice and consultation with others, writes himself down as an obstinate fool for the time being. If he succeeds he becomes famous for his firmness and self-reliance. I did not take the risk.

Every appointment carries, ordinarily, with it the making of more enemies than friends. Governor Candler used to say that for every important office there would be at least one hundred applicants. Only one could be appointed, and the Governor would thereby create "ninety-nine enemies and one d——d ingrate." This was his estimate of the value of the appointing power.

I started out, I really believe, with a larger degree of popularity than is usual for a newly elected Governor. In fact one of the Representatives during the first session of the Legislature introduced a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, setting out this fact in exceedingly flattering terms. Alas! it did not last.

I may say here, however, that I seemed to retain the good will of all the Legislature even to the end, except a few who belonged to the thirty-five filibusters, whose work had forced the adjournment.

PROHIBITION LEGISLATION AT THE FIRST CALLED SESSION

The Legislature met at the time fixed in the call and got down to work immediately. There were only five members absent from the House and only one from the Senate.

The appropriation bill, which was required under the Constitution to start in the House, was introduced by Mr. Fullbright, Chairman of the Appropriation Committee, on the first day of the session. The bill



GOVERNOR HARRIS SIGNING THE PROHIBITION BILL.

providing for the lease of the Western & Atlantic Railroad was also introduced on the first day.

The prohibition legislation started with the Senate, I suppose from a tacit understanding that inasmuch as the House must first consider the appropriation bill and pass the same, the Senate decided to take up the prohibition bill as the first large part of its work.

The Senate finally passed the prohibition measures on November 8th.

The House had evidently been preparing for this bill, for it had steadily voted down, almost every day after the appropriation bill was reported, Mr. Fullbright's motion to take it up for consideration.

Accordingly a filibuster began in the House on the same day that the Senate passed the prohibition bill. This filibuster first had to do with the report of the Rules Committee. It continued until the 12th, when the Senate bill was taken up by an overwhelming majority and passed, the vote being 142 ayes and 22 nays. The House had amended the bill and these were concurred in on November 15th by the Senate, which passed the bill. This bill had been prepared under the supervision of Col. T. B. Felder, who called in, if I am not mistaken, a distinguished ex-Judge of Alabama to assist him. It was introduced by Senators Stovall and Harbin as a substitute to a bill prepared by Senators Eakes and Walker. It passed the Senate with only one opposing vote—Roscoe Pickett, who was the lone Republican in the Senate.

The special session of the Legislature ended on November 25th, having continued for 23 days. It handled all the legislation submitted to it by the Governor, putting over one matter to the next session, namely, the State Warehouse System, with a committee appointed to prepare legislation for the same.

Inasmuch as I have started out on the prohibition fight during my term I might as well conclude the subject here.

The Act that was passed was very sweeping in its effects, extending to almost every phase of the sale and manufacture of intoxicating beverages. It closed the near-beer saloons, abolished the locker clubs, which had become an insufferable nuisance to the citizens of the State. It stopped the general shipment of liquors into the State, adopting the "Webb-Kenyon Act," and generally was hailed as a great reform in the Temperance crusade.

But after all, it contained one provision that discounted all the work that was done to bring it about. It had in it what was known as the "Two-Quart Law," found in the 16th section of the Act, which allowed to be transported into Georgia to anyone ordering the same, one gallon of wine or six gallons of beer, or two quarts of spirituous liquors, per month.

Under this provision any citizen within any thirty days could order through the express company or any common carrier a gallon of wine or six gallons of beer, or two quarts of whiskey, brandy or other intoxicating beverage. He could not order all, but only one of the articles mentioned.

This exception in the law started a business through the carriers, the extent of which can scarcely be conceived, and certainly could never have been anticipated. It seemed to be an invitation to every family in the State, which could raise the money, to order liquors for the family's use. The colored people throughout the country, finding such easy access to the favorite drink, began to lay in supplies to satisfy their thirst. It was found that very little work could be secured in the latter part of the week from the colored laborers as well

as from the whites addicted to the use of liquor. Farm hands, especially the colored laborers, generally, began to work in the fore part of the week, and having ordered in a supply of liquor, would stop after the middle of the week was passed and go home and drink it, or join in a carousal at favorite gathering places throughout the country. The consequence was that a great cry went up condemning this portion of the law.

While the evil spread, yet the next Legislature provided no relief inasmuch as the evil had not reached its apex, nor demonstrated its far-reaching effects, especially on the industrial part of the State.

It was believed that the passage of what was known as the "Reed Amendment," by Congress, prohibiting the shipment of liquors into dry states, would put an end to the business that had grown up under the Act of 1915. The Legislature at the session of 1916, relying upon the Federal Legislation, failed to deal with the trouble under our own Act.

The business of shipping into Georgia under the "Two Quart Law" had assumed such mammoth proportions that the liquor dealers in states whose laws did not forbid such proceeding had piled up at Knoxville, Chattanooga and Jacksonville vast quantities of intoxicating beverages for sale in our State. The handling of these great stocks required the aid of the banks of adjacent States. They made advances to the owners in order to enable them to meet the demands for liquors in Georgia. The Reed Amendment would have gone into operation, as I recollect, on January 1, 1917, and its passage, of course, created a panic not only among the liquor sellers, but also among the banks, which had advanced heavily on these supplies.

It was a little remarkable that when the Reed Amendment was under consideration, coming as it did from

an avowed anti-prohibitionist, some of the temperance organizations, notably, the Anti-Saloon League, joined the opposition before Congress, and sought to prevent the enactment. I used the expression in one of the official documents which I issued that this action reminded me of the action of the Jews at the coming of the Messiah; they did not recognize their own savior.

But if these persons did not recognize the coming benefits of the Act it is certain that the liquor people recognized the damage which it would work on their business. Petitions, therefore, were sent in to the National Government, notably to the United States Treasurer, asking for relief. These petitions were possibly suggested, at least they were accompanied by appeals from the banks themselves, which had advanced their money on the faith of the enactment of Georgia, that allowed them to sell the goods in that State. I do not know all that was done to bring about the result the liquor people desired, but I do know that the President, by proclamation, suspended the action of this Federal Law from January 1st to July 1st, of 1917.

Meantime the biennial election for Governor in Georgia came on and my friends insisted that I should run for the position a second time. This course was demanded by them because of the fear that unless a prohibition Governor was in office the Prohibition Act would be modified or repealed.

Greatly against my will I finally consented to make the race.

The four gentlemen who aided in bringing about the revolution in the Legislature, headed by Colonel Felder, took up the campaign through Georgia for my re-election. Col. Felder had gone through the

State, spoken on a large number of platforms, stirred up the people with eloquent and almost irresistible appeals, so that he was certain my re-election would not fail. I think his zealous prosecution of the campaign might have made the result doubtful but for the fact that in the midst of the contest, while working and talking for me, and seeking to strengthen the prohibition cause in various places throughout the State, some man under the influence of liquor and dominated by a desire to serve the unseen government in operation at that time, suddenly, unexpectedly attempted at the Kimball House to assassinate Colonel Felder, stabbing him to the vitals and totally disabling him for many months. He was carried to the hospital where only the closest nursing and the most careful attention prevented him from crossing over the Great Divide. The benefit of his assistance in the campaign was lost and nothing that I could do or any of my friends, could make up the loss.

I was defeated—my opponent, Mr. Dorsey, receiving 106,680 popular votes, while my vote was only 70,998. Dr. Hardman, who insisted on running, and whose candidacy contributed largely to my defeat, received 26,693 votes. Mr. Dorsey's majority over me, therefore, was 35,682.

Colonel Joe Pottle, who also canvassed the State for the same position, received 7,148 popular votes.

After the election was over, which occurred in August, I went to East Tennessee to recuperate, at what I then called the Governor's summer mansion. While there a Democratic rally took place, having for its object the advancement of President Woodrow Wilson's candidacy for a second term. This rally occurred in Johnson City, and I was asked to be present and speak on the occasion. Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, Governor Rye, and the Democratic candidate

for presidential elector, Mr. Ben Taylor, were all present and occupied places on the stand. It is remarkable that Mr. Taylor, in behalf of the Democrats, was opposing his father, Governor Alfred Taylor, who was the Republican candidate for elector. When the addresses were over I took the train for Georgia, and on my way down sat for a time by the side of Senator McKellar. Another gentleman sat in front of us on the next seat. While I was telling Senator McKellar of my defeat in Georgia he introduced me to the gentleman sitting in front of us, who was a resident of Memphis, the home of Senator McKellar, and whose name was Glass. The Senator added to his introduction that Mr. Glass was the Secretary and Treasurer of the Liquor Dealers Association of the South. After we had talked awhile Mr. Glass leaned over and said to me:

“Governor Harris, you ought not to be surprised that you were beaten for Governor.” When I asked him why, he replied: “Every man in high office would like to take the side of temperance. He thinks that’s the better side; but, Governor, if we were to allow this to be done by men in office my people would not be able at the end of ten years to sell a gallon of liquor in the United States.”

I said: “Do you mean, Mr. Glass, that your people took a hand in the election?” I certainly do,” he replied. I said to him: “What did you do?”

He answered: “We sent money to Georgia.”

I said: “Will you tell me how much?”

He replied: “No, Governor, I could not do that, as it would not be just to my people, but it was a considerable amount.”

I replied: “When did you send it?”

He answered: “We sent most of it about ten or twelve days before the election.”

I said: "Why did you not send it sooner?"

And then, with a smile, he said: "Why, Governor; we did not know which way the cat would jump."

I had heard that a large check had been received by some of the Atlanta banks to be used for my defeat, but I had paid no attention to it. The words of Mr. Glass gave me a stitch in the side.

I did not and do not believe that my distinguished opponent, Governor Dorsey, knew anything of this. I thought, and still think, that the Frank case controlled and compelled his election. I may say here that in all his four year's service he treated me with great courtesy and showed, apparently, an unvarying regard for my views on public questions. He told me once, when I was suggesting the re-appointment of a man who had held a position under me, that my appointments, instead of being a disadvantage, were always a recommendation to him when the question of re-appointment came up.

Some time after the conversation with Senator McKellar and Mr. Glass I met Congressman Randall Walker, of the 11th District, and he repeated to me a circumstance which seemed to corroborate the statement made by Mr. Glass. He said that while the investigation to ascertain the loyalty of the beer and liquor interests, during the World War, was going on at Washington a gentleman was put on the stand. He was either an agent, detective, or occupied some other position in the liquor association. Mr. Webb, who was then Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of Congress, and who was afterwards made Federal Judge in North Carolina, and who as Chairman had been advocating the 18th Amendment, asked the witness:

"Did you send any money to the 6th District of North Carolina in the campaign of 1916?"

He answered: "No, Sir, we sent no money that year to either North Carolina or South Carolina, but we did send five hundred thousand dollars to Georgia, and we got that old man that year."

At the time Mr. Glass told me of the activities of the Liquor Dealers Association, he possibly forgot that I still had nine months in the Governor's office.

When, therefore, the President had suspended the action of the Reed Amendment giving the liquor interests free reign under the quart laws, I called a special session of the Legislature, the second session that I had called in my term of two years.

This time I wrote the bill with my own hand that I desired the Legislature to pass.

I called a caucus to meet before the session of the Legislature began and I read the bill to them, explaining it in detail and telling them of the necessity for its passage.

It was afterwards amended in some regards. A portion of the amendments made it even more drastic and a portion made it less effective, but taking it all in all it was the most drastic legislation that had ever been passed in the American Union, against the use of intoxicating liquors. It still stands unamended on our Statute books.

This was my answer to the Liquor Dealers Association.

But I did not stop here. I wrote a message setting out the value of prohibition in our State. I filed with it reports from the Solicitors-General and the Judges of the State and put the question of worth and effectiveness beyond all future cavil.

I sent five hundred copies of this message to the Congress of the United States in aid of the canvass for the 18th Amendment. I did more. When my term closed I went to Washington City to aid the

effort to pass the Amendment. I spoke, argued and begged the members of the lower House to follow the Senate in the passage of that great measure.

I found that the action of the Georgia Legislature had aroused much interest and given much encouragement to the advocates of prohibition throughout the Union.

The prohibitionists in Massachusetts sent the following song, and the memory of it ought to put us on our mettle. We had started on the campaign; we were pioneers. This old Empire State marched in the front of the Temperance Armies, and the Northern States and the Western States followed the Southern States as they were dropping into line:

“Bring the good old bugle boys! We’ll have a grand new song,
Sing it as we mean to sing it, eighty million strong.
Sing it as we love to sing it while they march along,
Rum shops are marching out of Georgia.

Hurrah! hurrah! they lead the jubilee
Hurrah! hurrah! our land will soon be free
Hear the Dixie Chorus from Atlanta to the Sea,
While the rum shops are marching out of Georgia.”

When Colonel Felder recovered from the attempted assassination he went to Washington himself giving all his time and talents to pushing through to its final passage the Eighteenth Amendment.

The amendment was re-cast at the instance of Senator Shepherd, of Texas, who was in charge of it from the South, and Colonel Felder aided with his suggestions not only in explaining and interpreting the amendment, but in picturing the necessity for its passage if the Nation was to be saved from the curse of intemperance. I joined him in a part of this and a banquet was given to me at the New Willard, to which

were invited the prominent prohibitionists from all the States.

Mr. Harding, who was then Senator and afterwards became President, attended the banquet and made an address. I had preceded my talk with an account of my defeat, attributing it, according to the claim of the liquor dealers, in large measure to the work which their association had done against me in Georgia.

When Mr. Harding came to speak, among other things, he used the following words, speaking directly to me:

“Governor Harris, you are not the only man who has suffered from prohibition. When the question was presented to the State of Ohio I owned a large block of stock in the breweries. It became my duty, therefore, to decide between my own interests and my obligation to the people of my state. I voted for prohibition, and Governor, I lost my stock in the breweries.”

Of course we applauded him, for I knew it did require a strong devotion to the side of morality and the uplift of the people to sacrifice his personal interest in an election of this sort.

I was never able to remind him of the kind words he spoke to me at that time and now, since his death, I never can.

The Eighteenth Amendment was finally passed, as the country knows today, and this was my final answer to the gigantic liquor trust, which, like a great octopus, had spread its tentacles through every neighborhood and every community, leaving its slime in every municipality and every State and territory in the Union.

Its foul breath was ruining homes, tainting governments and infecting morality throughout the Nation. Its creed was gain and its practice selfishness.

Its agent, Mr. Glass, who thought he was doing his duty to his associates, forgot that a defeated politician may sometimes strike back at the people who turned him out of office.

While the consciousness that I had something to do with the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment may now and then relieve the disappointment of the terrible defeat that I suffered, yet, still I am obliged to say that the punishment was exceedingly severe. I soon found out that a defeated Governor was the dearest object that could be found outside of slaughter houses or undertaking establishments in all the American Union.

It became a common happening every day to pass someone on the street who would turn around and look at me, saying to a by-stander: "There's the old cuss that took away our liquor." I met on the street some time after the passage of the Act the poor woman that had called on me at the Executive Office and begged me to include prohibition in the legislative program. I asked her how matters were at home. When she recognized me she clapped her hands together and said: "Oh, Governor, it's a paradise at home now. My husband brings his wages on every pay day and pours them into my lap—and, Governor, the children have plenty of bread." So we get it both ways, if we try to do our duty.

I was tempted at times to leave the State. I could have gone to Florida or to East Tennessee where I was born. My treatment was different in both these states from that which I had experienced in Georgia. It would have been easy for me to resume the domicile of nativity in one case, or make new friends among the visitors from every state.

But my duty to the Georgia Tech still held me and I felt that until my presence in the Board became en-

tirely useless I had a very strong desire to occupy my position until I died. I am now, while writing these reminiscences, in my seventy-eighth year, and the time of departure cannot be very far off.

VISITS TO THE PRESIDENTS

In the preceding chapter I have referred to the banquet at the New Willard in Washington given to me at which President Harding, who was then Senator from Ohio, was present.

After he was elected President, I went to the White House to call on him in company with my nephew, Samuel Luttrell, Jr., an extensive automobile dealer in the City of Washington. Like myself, he was anxious to see the President. I met Mr. Christian, the Secretary, gave him my card and told him that I wanted to pay my respects to the President and thank him for some words that he said in my behalf on a recent occasion in Washington.

Mr. Christian declined to give me an opportunity to see him, so, that I repeat, I was never able to thank him before his death.

I considered him one of the sanest, if not the wisest, of all our Presidents. The election to the high office of Chief Magistrate did not seem to change his nature and his thoughts turned in the right direction. His allegiance to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Act passed to enforce it, never wavered as far as I know or have been informed.

My nephew, Mr. Luttrell, said as we left the White House that the Private Secretary had grown faster in his head piece than any one in the office that he had ever seen, and he had been visiting the Presidents for the last thirty years. He thought Mr. Christian had reached higher in the shortest time of any man he had ever known.

I had never before been refused an opportunity to speak to the President of my country.

I met Mr. Cleveland and shook his hand and went away with the feeling that of all the gruff men in the world he went further than any, and yet I admired him and stood by him when he was assailed during all the time he occupied the President's chair.

In one of the previous chapters I have referred to an incident that occurred in my race for the State Senate, when the Populist leaders challenged me to state what I thought of President Cleveland and I told the audience my convictions.

I met President McKinley both in Washington and in Thomasville where he went for a visit in the winter time, with the Senator, Mr. Hanna, from Ohio, who claimed all the credit for his election. Mr. McKinley was a genial, clever, whole-souled man, an able speaker, and one who had the distinction of uniting the hitherto discordant sections of the Nation by his charity and nobility of character. He had said on one occasion in Atlanta, when speaking to the Legislature, that the time had come for the United States to look after the graves of the Confederate soldiers. When he said this he brought us all together, and I used to suggest that his words showed anyhow that he was not afraid of a dead Confederate.

I met President Roosevelt under peculiar circumstances. While traveling through the South he visited Atlanta and came to the Georgia Tech, where he made a speech to the student body. He was introduced by Dr. Matheson, who at my request told the students that he was at that time "the foremost man of all the world." He had just made peace between Russia and Japan. He spoke to the students, about five hundred in number, from the front steps, and after he had gone

on for something like twenty minutes he suddenly stopped and said:

"Boys, I want to shake hands with you. Come up and give me your hands, all of you." And he went down on the steps and shook hands with the whole student body. When we went back into the President's room he was showing a good deal of pleasurable excitement and said to me:

"How did you like that, Colonel Harris; how did that strike you?"

I replied at once: "Why, Mr. President, that was a splendid thing you did. Those boys will tell their grandchildren about it."

As I said this he shook my hand and said: "Do you think so? I am glad you think so."

After we had talked a little and he got up to leave he took my hand in parting and said: "Colonel Harris, come and see me" (repeating).

I replied: "Oh, Mr. President, you wouldn't know me from a side of sole leather if I were to come to the White House to see you."

Then he replied: "You try me, you try me." And with that he wrung my hand and left.

About six months afterwards, on the morning that the news was sent out to the world telling of San Francisco's destruction by the earthquake, I was in Washington, and the determination came over me to go to the White House and see if the President would really recognize me.

I went up to the mansion without anyone to accompany me or introduce me, and found on arriving that Mr. Loeb, the Private Secretary, was in New York that morning, and his place was being filled by Major Barnes, the former Private Secretary. When I handed him my card I saw him smile as he looked at it, for I had written underneath the name the words, "No .

business—only to pay respects to the Chief Magistrate.”

He passed by me and went through a door that opened into the office, closing it behind him. He had hardly had time to present the card when the door flew open and Mr. Roosevelt came forward with both hands extended towards me as he said: “Come and see me at twelve o’clock,” repeating it, “come and see me at twelve o’clock.” Nothing further was said and he went back into the room and the door was shut. It was then about ten o’clock, I think.

I came back at twelve o’clock, but the door did not open and after waiting fifteen minutes I arose to leave with the statement: “Well, I’ll go. A Southern man never waits on anybody, even the President.” As I turned, however, the same door through which the Secretary had gone, was opened and Mr. Roosevelt came out taking me by the hand, saying to me: “Come in and sit down. I want to talk to you.” Then he added: “You have a great school down there in Atlanta. Did you see that I noticed it in my message?”

I had not in fact seen it, but I was unwilling to tell him so, and instead I answered: “Why, Mr. President, don’t you know that I am here to thank you for it?”

Then we talked over Georgia matters and before I left I said something like this to him: “Mr. President, when a man first starts out in life with ambition to succeed and make a name for himself he is almost certain to adopt the views of his father. These naturally have most weight with him, but after he has reached the meridian and begins to look back on his life, the views of his mother become of more importance in his eyes and he naturally inquires what she thought and felt and did during his earlier days.

“I have felt, Sir, that this will be the case with you. You are a half Southerner; your mother was born in Georgia, and you will give more thought to her views and her ideas and her people will become nearer to you and more important as you grow older.”

He replied: “You may be right, Sir. I am a half Southerner, and I am not sorry that my mother was born in Georgia.”

I went away from him with the belief in my heart that there were very few people in the world that were like him, and his greatness had grown on me beyond all description.

Going over to the Capitol afterwards, I met a large portion of the Georgia delegation in the lower House and I said to them:

“Gentlemen, I want to make this remark to you: ‘If President Roosevelt runs for President next time he will carry Georgia as sure as the sun rose this morning. You couldn’t beat him in that State.’ ”

And I might have added that you could not beat him in the American Nation.

But he did not run. He stood out of the way and allowed Mr. Taft to get the nomination. And after that, when Mr. Taft was re-nominated, there was nothing left to him but to fight the leaders of his own party, and he went down in defeat.

I think he was, by all odds, one of our greatest Presidents that had occupied the chair since Washington’s time. Judging him by what we know of others, measuring him by other men of his time, he was really, taking him all in all, the wonder of his age. Misconstrued at times, yet when his motives were examined it was found that underneath there was the purpose to do right, to push forward the measures which he thought would work to the uplift of the race,

and to the glory of the American Nation. I never voted for him, but I could appreciate him as a man of extraordinary courage and of unrivaled genius.

The man who beat Mr. Roosevelt was a Democrat, belonging to my party—Woodrow Wilson. I did not support him in the preferential race in Georgia. I voted for Underwood in that contest.

Mr. Roosevelt was succeeded by Mr. Taft after having served the largest part of McKinley's term and one term of his own. When McKinley was murdered Mr. Roosevelt, as Vice-President, took his place and was then elected to a second term. Mr. Taft had been Chief Judge of the United States Court of Appeals of the Fourth Circuit. After his election, and before his nomination, he made a tour of some of the Southern States, coming to Georgia in the course of his travels.

In Atlanta he visited the Georgia School of Technology and addressed the student body in the chapel.

I, as Chairman of the Board, introduced him and our speeches were published in pamphlet form accompanied by our pictures.

In my introduction I seemed to make a happy hit with him when I told him that I had served in the army of Northern Virginia during a large portion of the Civil War times; that the soldiers in the Confederate Army there used to talk about the troops from the various Northern States, and there was an almost unanimous desire expressed by these soldiers that if they should ever be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the enemy they might be captured by the Ohio troops.

I said that, as the Democrats had to be beaten in the last race, I was glad to know that it was done by an Ohio man, for the same reason that the Southern

boys wanted to be captured by Ohio men. They said the Ohioans would treat them right.

Mr. Taft asked me to go with him to Athens where he was scheduled also to speak. I did so, and on the way had quite an extensive talk with him. I was surprised at the knowledge which he showed of the character of the Southern people, and I asked him how this knowledge came about. He replied: "Do you forget that two Southern States were in my district where I presided as Judge—Tennessee and Kentucky?" I told him I had forgotten it.

He said to me that he was compelled in the canvass, through which he had just passed successfully, to defend his decisions as a Judge and stated that he believed that it was the first time any man running for high office was compelled to do such a thing.

I told him I had used many of his decisions in the courts on the trial of cases, and every once and awhile I forgot to give him his last title and called him "Judge Taft." I apologized several times for my forgetfulness, and as this was happening frequently he turned to his Secretary and said: "Draw an order authorizing Colonel Harris to call me 'Judge.' Now," he continued, "you needn't apologize any further."

A great many people came out at the various stations along the road to see him and they all cheered him very enthusiastically, throwing up their hats in many cases and shouting, "Hurrah for President Taft." We were sitting in the rear coach, which opened out upon the railroad from the rear portion. When the cheering continued and grew more enthusiastic even at the small stations he said to me: "It appears that I have a great number of friends here." I answered: "Do you think they would vote for you if you were running for President?" He answered promptly: "No,

not one of them. They are only cheering the office which I hold."

He told me an anecdote to illustrate one of the points he was making.

He said there was a man living in a certain neighborhood who was very tight-fisted, hard-hearted, careless and indifferent towards his neighbors during all his life. Finally he died and the church which he sometimes attended decided to have a memorial meeting to eulogize his virtues, etc. One of his neighbors got up and used these words:

"Well, brethren, John's gone, and we hope he has gone where we all know he has not gone. We can say nothing more of him."

When we reached Athens I sat on the stage with him and while waiting for his introduction, I told him I had two boys to graduate in that Institution and each of them took the first honor in his class. When he came to speak he said that he was never a very good scholar at college, that he would have taken the first honor in his class if the count had begun at the foot. But he added: "Young gentlemen, I had a brother who made up for my defects. He graduated with the first honor of his class and he has always made money since he went into business, in fact he leads the family in this respect and can furnish enough money to take care of us all."

President Taft visited Georgia a second time while he was in office and I was appointed to introduce him again. This occurred at the Georgia State Fair in Macon. A vast platform had been erected in the center of the fair grounds and possibly as many as twenty-five thousand people attended to hear him speak. I did the best I could and in the course of my introductory remarks I eulogized the State that he had now twice visited. Among other things stating that Ma-

con was the center of the cotton belt of the State and that Georgia raised enough cotton to bring into her borders as much as two hundred millions of dollars per annum. I added: "Mr. President, this is better than all the gold mines in North America."

When he came to speak he said, referring to this statement: "I go the gentleman one better. If the cotton crop is as valuable as he claims it is, it is worth more than all the gold mines of North America, with South America thrown in for good measure."

Alas! alas! it can be well understood that when the boll weevil took away from the State nearly two hundred millions of dollars per annum her people must have suffered and felt that bankruptcy was close at hand in many cases.

Mr. Taft has visited Atlanta many times since he left the Presidency. In fact Atlanta became greatly interested in him and named for him its magnificent auditorium that seats comfortably eight thousand people—one of the largest halls in the South.

As I sat beside him on the stage of this great auditorium once I asked him if he remembered the order that he passed allowing me to call him "Judge" and also the anecdote that he told me when the dead man was eulogized. He replied: "Yes, perfectly."

I admired him greatly and I was anxious for Mr. Wilson to give him a place on the bench, for I knew he was a great judge.

After Mr. Taft appointed Judge White Chief Justice, although a Democrat and a Confederate soldier, the papers stated that when the Judge was informed of his appointment he burst into tears.

I wrote to President Taft at once, thanking him for the appointment and telling him that Judge White was not the only Confederate soldier who burst into

tears when this appointment became known. I received a very kind and courteous letter from him in reply.

I was glad when President Harding gave the place to Mr. Taft. So I can still call him "Judge."

In the election for President that followed Judge Taft's term, both he and President Roosevelt were candidates. The result was that Mr. Wilson, the Democratic candidate, went in with a considerable majority over both his competitors.

President Wilson took office on March 4th, 1913. I called on him several times during his first term, but in every case went to the White House either with a Senator or with Hon. W. J. Harris, who was a member of the Trade Commission appointed by Mr. Wilson. After 1914, however, I had several interviews with the President, without the intervention of anyone. I found out that the Governor of a State has the right of entry into any of the offices of the Federal Government at Washington, including that of the President. This, I suppose, is on the idea that the general government is made up of states, and hence the Governor of a State is looked on as *pro tanto* a member of the general government—one of the units, so to speak.

A striking event occurred with me during Mr. Wilson's first term. I went to Washington for the purpose of presenting the name of Judge Andrew J. Cobb, of our state, to fill a vacancy which had just occurred on the Supreme Bench. This was after my election as Governor, but I went to the Senate to ask Senator Hoke Smith to go with me, as his wife was a first cousin of Judge Cobb. I was allowed to come into the Senate when I announced my rank. Senator Smith introduced me as the last old Confederate Governor in



ON THE CAPITOL STEPS—WASHINGTON CITY

From left to right: Senator Thos. W. Hardwick; Dr. M. L. Brittain, Supt. of Public Education; Governor Harris; Senator Hoke Smith.

office. When I sat down several Senators were brought up by Senator Smith to speak to me and I was informed by them that the Democrats of the Senate had agreed to suggest Senator Hoke Smith's name for the vacant place. When I heard this I was greatly embarrassed, as I had come all the way to Washington to urge the appointment of Judge Cobb.

As we went up to the White House I told Senator Smith my trouble, whereupon he said to me that he had never made up his mind to accept the office and asked me to go forward and urge his kinsman for the place.

I used these words in addressing the President:

"Mr. President, you started your great career in Atlanta, Georgia. Do you not sometimes think of those earlier days, when you were practicing law in that city, and do not the faces of your associates return to you at times, calling up many memories which you would not forget?"

The President replied: "Oh, yes, I sometimes think of all these." Then I told him that I came to see him in order to ask him to put upon the Bench the former partner of Joseph R. Lamar, a member of the United States Supreme Court, who had died some time before. "The man I present," I said, "has aided Lamar in declaring the law of our State through many long years. A man," I repeated, "who descended from one of the noblest families in the South; whose father had been Speaker of the House and Secretary of the Treasury in the United States Government, etc." Senator Smith stood by and heard what I said, giving his assent to it all.

The President replied that he had not yet made up his mind about the matter, but would give my request due consideration. He added that the middle West

was pressing for a representative on the Supreme Bench, and then made some other statement concerning the difficulties that he was laboring under in making a selection.

As I went to leave him I said: "Mr. President, if you can't find it possible to appoint Judge Cobb, and the name of Senator Smith should be presented to you, his appointment would be pleasing to me and to all Georgians."

The Senator immediately demurred, and told the President that he needn't feel any embarrassment on the subject so far as he, Senator Smith, was concerned.

The President went to New York during the latter part of the week in which this occurred, and on the Tuesday following I saw from the papers that he had appointed Judge Brandies to the place.

While the appointment surprised me, yet I did not feel disturbed for I knew something had happened to cause the President to come to a decision.

I saw the President many times after this. Following his election to a second term I called on him at the White House and congratulated him on his election. I said to him: "Mr. President, I think you owe your election to the vote and the influence of the women of the country. They voted for you largely because you had kept the Nation out of war."

He replied: "Yes, I suppose so." And then he added these significant words: "But, Governor, the situation is not as safe as I could wish it to be."

I went away from him with these words in my mind and they had a momentous sound to me. In a very few days after I returned to Atlanta I saw in the papers that he had severed diplomatic relations with Germany, and on the 6th of April following, the Congress accepted his recommendation and made the United

States a party to the greatest war that ever occurred on the earth.

Two or three months after this I met him again, and after I had talked with him awhile, I said: "Mr. President, please tell me why it was that you determined so suddenly to declare war against Germany after I had seen you following your inauguration?"

He said in reply: "Governor, I had debated the question for some time and finally I concluded that it was absolutely necessary if the United States did not wish to fight alone. I believed that war was coming involving our country, and I preferred not to fight alone, but to fight in company."

This was the substance of the momentous words which he used to me and which, after looking over the situation, I believe to be absolutely correct. If he had waited six months longer; perhaps even a less time; Germany would have been the master of the world.

At the time he spoke France "was bled white" and could raise no more troops. Great Britain had her back to the wall in desperate straits. Italy had been overwhelmed and Russia was entirely out of the situation. On every side and on every hand the German arms were triumphant.

The threats which were uttered against the United States by the German authorities, including the Kaiser, made it absolutely certain that Germany would never have been satisfied until the United States had become an ally or subject province like the nations of Europe.

It was once published throughout the country that the Kaiser had remarked that there were more than two millions of people in the United States who would do whatever he wished when he called on them. He evidently thought that these two million people would need help when he was through with his conquest of the rest of the world.

Mr. Wilson sometimes indulged in severe criticism against any person he thought was not giving him the help that he had the right to expect. I saw in the papers that he had made a statement to someone that Georgia was not standing by him as it should, in the prosecution of the war. When I saw this statement I went to Washington at once and called on him.

Mr. Tumulty was always very friendly in giving me access to the office. When I told him that I had come to see the President he said: "I think he is talking to one of his cabinet," but I went on forward, saying to Mr. Tumulty that I had an important matter to present to him. As I went through the door Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, arose from his seat by the side of Mr. Wilson and said: "I suppose you want to see the President." I replied: "Yes, Sir, that is what I came for," and Mr. Daniels immediately left the room. Then I addressed the President in almost these words:

"Mr. President, I saw what you said concerning the failure of Georgia to stand up to you as the state should and I am here to set you right about the matter if I can."

Then I said, very earnestly: "Mr. President, Georgia is not against you, Sir; Georgia is on your side—she is with you heart and soul and will stand up to you, with both money and men whenever you call for her."

The President replied: "Well, it doesn't appear so to me, judging by the way your Senators are treating me."

Then I said, very earnestly: "Mr. President, Hoke Smith is not against you. Hoke Smith is a Democrat and he wants to stand by your administration and aid in making it a success."

Then he replied: "I wouldn't judge it to be so, con-

sidering the way he turned down my appointment to the District Bench in Georgia recently." (Referring to the rejection of Judge Whipple, who was nominated for that place.)

I replied: "Mr. President, Senator Smith thinks you were wrong about that man—that he was not the man you thought he was."

When I said this the President turned towards me with two little red spots on his cheek and started towards me in a belligerent way and said: "Don't you know that is a lie? Don't you know that I know men, and when I make up my mind about a man it is almost certain to be so?" He commenced coming towards me as he said this with his fist apparently doubled up as if he thought of striking me. I stood my ground, however, the thought going through my mind that while he represented the great Government of the United States, I represented Georgia the Empire State of the South and I said to myself, "I will not back a step." When the President got near enough to strike if he had desired to do so, he opened his hands and put them on my shoulder and pulling me up to him said: "Come on, old Governor; come with me and let us have our picture taken together." He took my arm and held me up as I went down the stairs to where the camera was and we had our picture taken. It is hanging on the wall at my summer home and my wife has called it, "A quarrel with the President reconciled."

It will be to me more than this in the future when I see his face as we stood together. All the past will come back. His greatness will loom before me—the one man who showed the power and strength of this mighty Republic and in war made it the unrivaled wonder of the world.



"A QUARREL WITH THE PRESIDENT RECONCILED"

This picture taken in front of the White House. Originally Governor Harris stood side by side with the President, but the Cabinet coming up, he gave way to them.

From left to right: Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; the President; Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War; Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior; Dave F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; Governor Harris.

Washington gave it life and started it on its career. Woodrow Wilson gave it a position as a world power, exploiting its war-like spirit, until it towers on all the earth as the greatest nation in many respects that ever existed since the human race began.

On one occasion I went with Dr. K. G. Matheson to see Mr. Wilson. Dr. Matheson had been at the head of the Georgia Tech for eighteen years and, being a Presbyterian, was anxious to meet Mr. Wilson and pay his respects to him. When I introduced him I said: "Mr. President, this is the head of the Georgia Tech, and I have no doubt but that you have often heard of him."

After the President had shaken hands, Dr. Matheson stated that I was the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Institution, whereupon the President said: "Oh, if you are Chairman of the Board you are jerking Dr. Matheson around and about whenever you please."

I replied: "Mr. President, I've heard of a case where the President of a great institution jerked the Board of Trustees around and made them do whatever he pleased."

The President did not show much pleasure or smile very sweetly when I said this, as it referred to some alleged differences between him and the Board of Trustees of Princeton.

I might say here from my knowledge of the man, I am absolutely certain that no one on this earth ever jerked around or controlled Woodrow Wilson. He was in many respects the most unique character the world has ever produced, and his fame will grow greater as the ages pass by.

MY SICKNESS IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

My first serious trouble grew out of the work of a Macon dentist in killing the nerve of a wisdom tooth. Arsenic was used, and unfortunately the medicine followed down one of the glands, causing a terrible irritation and a swelling in the neck beneath the right ear.

As the swelling persisted, I bought a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and determined to try to reduce it. The medicine was applied and in order to make certain the result I directed my wife to use a hot electric iron, which was held against the swelling for some time, heating not only the medicine but the nerves and muscles adjacent.

The result was disastrous to me and a terrible burning took place.

The treatment put me in bed for some days and the newspapers referred to the trouble, describing how and why it was brought on me.

I was almost glad afterwards that the event had occurred, for it apparently created a great sympathy for me throughout the State. At least one hundred and fifty people wrote me suggesting remedies and advising how to cure the burn. Some dear, good women wrote recipes for curing burns, saying that they were anxious to do something for their good old Governor in his trouble. The results were so severe that I was compelled to go to the hospital in Macon where I was treated for some ten days before I recovered.

During the first part of 1916 there was an epidemic of tonsilitis in Atlanta and, as I became one of the victims, I went one day to a prominent physician to have my throat treated. The doctor saw the swelling on the side of my neck and after he was through he said: "Governor, I know a medicine that will take that swelling from your neck if you want to try it."

When I expressed a willingness he wrote down a statement giving the name of the medicine. It was called Syrup of Hydriodic Acid, and the doctor accompanied his recommendation by the statement that it was made up by a prescription given out by Dr. Gil Wiley, of New York. As my wife had been in Dr. Wiley's Clinic in New York she thought there was no physician on earth that was equal to him, and when I came home and consulted her about the medicine, telling her that it was Dr. Gil Wiley's prescription, she advised me to get it at once. I did so.

I followed the directions on the bottle, taking the dose before each meal. To make certain that I wouldn't forget it a young lady who was staying with my wife at the time and painting some portraits for us, a Miss Fletcher, cut a small piece of pasteboard and printed on it "Take your Medicine," which was set in front of my plate at the table.

I took the medicine for six weeks without missing a meal, at the end of which time the swelling had entirely disappeared. Then I decided to stop it, but noticing a little tenderness in the place where the swelling had been, I said, "perhaps I had better finish the cure and make it absolutely certain," and started on the medicine again. At the end of ten days I had completely poisoned myself and the most terrible symptoms supervened.

Long afterwards I ascertained that while this result was possible, yet it did not necessarily follow the use of the medicine, which was a preparation of iodine. The terrible results were possible but not probable. My system had become entirely impregnated with the medicine and a result like that which frequently follows the use of broken doses of calomel had occurred.

My regular family physician was absent and I was compelled to call in other doctors, who, when I con-

sulted them, began to treat the case, recognizing that the alimentary canal was seriously affected. The remedies they gave me had no effect on the disease. At the end of sixty days there was a paralysis extending to the lower limbs so that I was unable to walk, while most of the functions of the body ceased. The pulse rose steadily and the temperature went higher every day. I had to be carried up the steps at the Capitol in order to attend to the business of my office. My weight went off from 204 to 154, growing less day by day.

One day I was sitting at the table in the Governor's office when Dr. Roy Harris, Secretary of the State Board of Health, came in to consult me about some matter of his Department.

When he saw me he said at once. "Governor Harris, what's the matter with you? You are looking terribly sick." I then told him my trouble and added that it looked like I was about to cross over the divide. He answered: "Why in the world didn't you let me know? I had not heard of your sickness." I answered that I thought he knew all about it. When he left he said to me: "Governor, I think I remember reading something about your trouble. When I go to my house tonight I will look over my books and if I can find anything I will let you know." I thanked him and begged that he would not forget it, as I was getting worse every day and my own doctors seemed unable to do anything for me.

That night, while sitting by the office table at the Mansion about 9:30 o'clock, the telephone rang. The household had gone to bed and I crawled to the telephone, raised myself up by a chair and answered the phone. The call proved to be from Dr. Harris. He said: "Governor, I have just read of your trouble and I know what you are suffering with. It is iodine poi-

soning, or is sometimes like iodine salivation. "Well," I said, "Doctor, is there any remedy for it?" He answered, "Yes, and you must begin the use of it at once, for you have waited much too long. Begin taking broken doses of calomel, keeping it up every two hours until your gums are touched. Begin the treatment tonight, for the disease is fatal unless controlled." I sent out and got the medicine, commenced to take it that night, and kept it up for two days every two hours, until my gums got sore.

In ten days the trouble was gone, the paralysis had left me and I was almost well.

I went to what was called the "Governor's summer mansion" in East Tennessee for a short rest. I was met at the train by a local physician, Dr. Shoun, with his auto. He had lived all his life in the little village, in the mountains, doctoring the poor people in cabins and shanties. He was by no means up to city ways or city practice. He took me over to the house, a short distance from the depot, and on the way I told him what I had been suffering with and asked him what he would have done for me. He replied: "Governor, I never heard of the disease and certainly never saw it, but if I had been called on to prescribe I would have given you calomel in broken doses until it touched your gums." I replied to him: "Doctor, you may live up here in the mountains, but you have got more medical sense than a whole school of physicians."

Dr. Harris told me after my return that the set of books, which he consulted the night he telephoned me, were written by a German physician and had been sent out just before the war was declared. When I told my own doctor about it he said: "Governor, I had those same books lying under my table but I had never had time to read them."

The German doctor had wrought out the theory from known facts. When calomel salivates a patient, the remedy is iodine, either in the shape of iodide of potassium or some other form, and he had reasoned that the equivalent "salivation" or complete subjection of the organs by iodine could be controlled by mercury. I have frequently said that I owe my life to the discovery of the German physician.

The innumerable rumors that went out concerning my sickness gave weight to the claims that my opponents made concerning my inability from disease and the burden of years to transact business.

The partially used bottle of medicine that brought on my trouble was left by me on the shelf in the back apartment adjacent to the Governor's office in the Mansion. I was told afterwards that some one brought the bottle out and set it down on the office table labeling it, "The bottle that floored old Governor Harris."

There was much truth in this inscription for but for this bottle I think the next Governor would probably have waited two years more before taking his seat as my successor.

PARDONS

It was said of me, while I was making the canvass in the first election, that I would not be able to turn down an appeal for pardon when it was urged upon me with earnestness and pathos. My opponents stated that I was known to be a first cousin of Governor Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, and that he had almost emptied the penitentiary, by using his pardoning power, and that as I was supposed to be fashioned somewhat after him I would follow his example and turn the guilty loose.

I answered this from the stump by stating that I *was* tender hearted and that if a meritorious case came before me I would be pretty apt to exercise the power in my hands, either to commute the punishment or to pardon. Then I added that if we wrote over the door of our penitentiary "He who enters here leaves all hope behind" and it became the policy of the administration to refuse to pardon in any case, then it would be utterly impossible to control the penitentiary. Rebellions without number would result. Reforms in conduct, to secure reduction in the time of service or the length of sentence would be utterly unknown. Everything would be cold and hard as steel and the law would be hated more than ever.

Then I said, "If you want a hard-hearted, unappreciative Governor, one who takes no note of the suffering among the innocent, through the commission of crime, then I frankly tell you that I am not the man for Governor. I suspect I would give heed to the cry of the widow and the orphan, and if I found that the public service would not suffer I would be apt to open the door for the unfortunate and give him another trial."

During my two years I handled about twelve hundred applications for mercy and commuted the punishment or pardoned the offender in some six hundred of these cases. Looking back upon my two years work I have often felt that my use of the pardoning power affords me more consolation, more genuine pleasure than anything which I accomplished in my term.

Some remarkable things happened about these pardons. An application was made from one of the North Georgia counties for the pardon of a man who had been sentenced for some twenty years in the penitentiary for a crime that he had committed. His wife,

accompanied by her attorney and some of her friends to help her in the advocacy of the pardon, came down before me. While the lawyer was making his address her little daughter, about six or seven years old, quietly came up behind me and climbing on to the back of my chair put her hands on both my cheeks and said: "Governor, won't you please pardon my papa and send him home to us before Christmas? Please do, Governor."

I suppose the little one had been prompted to do this, but it did not lack effect on the Governor's heart. The tears came into his eyes and he turned around to her and said: "Yes, daughter, I will send him home if I can; and I think I can." I gave him the pardon and as there were a number of people who had opposed it my action did not escape criticism, and while I was in the second race Governor Joseph M. Brown, charging me with too much leniency, referred to this pardon as one that should not have been granted.

When I had examined the records I found these words written on its face and signed by Governor Brown: "When this man has served two years longer he should be pardoned." Nearly four years had passed.

I never called attention to the mistake of the ex-Governor, for I knew he had forgotten it, and I would have been sorry to cause him annoyance. He had given me the judgeship of the Macon Circuit. I would not let my office force refer to the record in public.

While I was visiting the penitentiary on one occasion, another little girl came up to me and used almost the same formula. I was standing on the floor of the vestibule to the prison, when the little one came up and took my hand and asked me to pardon her father. She added that her mother and the children

needed the father; that they had no way of making a living since he had been taken from them.

I answered her without hesitation, saying: "Child, I have heard much about your father's case and have made up my mind that I will turn him loose before my term is ended." She raised a shout when I said this and rushed to her mother, who was near by, telling her that the Governor would pardon the father. This occurred in the Stripling case. Governor Brown had also refused a pardon in this case at a former date. The facts had been given to me some time before my visit and I had determined to look in Stripling's face before I left the prison.

It will be remembered that Stripling had been convicted of murder in one of the counties adjacent to Muscogee and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. He had escaped from the prison and gone to Danville, Virginia, where he had become a member of the city police and had finally been made Chief of the force. He had acted in every way as a good citizen, aiding in the administration of the law and becoming a real terror to evil doers. His family had gone to live with him and he was making a success, became a member of the church, and apparently was exemplary in his general conduct.

When I looked into the record I found that he had killed a man under very peculiar circumstances. The man had paid attention to his wife and in a crowd one day had boasted that he was intimate with her, adding several words that set off his statement to her great disadvantage. Stripling was absent from home at the time but when he returned he was met by some of his friends, who told him what had been said of his wife. She was undoubtedly a good woman and he believed in her. He didn't ask any questions, but

took his gun and went to the house where the man was staying, and coming up to the side of the house shot him to death through the window near which he was sitting. He was found guilty of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment, as I have stated above.

I studied the record closely. Some additions had been made to the testimony showing, as I thought, that the man really acted in defense of his wife and in behalf of her good name and standing.

On one occasion when the Chancellor of the University was taking dinner with me at the Mansion I brought out the record and gave the salient facts to him, asking him what he thought of the case. He replied at once: "If the dead man was guilty of the offense, as you say the record shows, he ought to have been killed even if the husband had shot him from the house top through the chimney instead of the window!"

The Macon Telegraph took up this case and began a campaign in behalf of the young girl and her father. The purpose was to force the granting of the pardon at once, although my promise was only to the effect that I would turn the man loose before my term was out. I was trying to bring some of my friends to understand that it was right and just to grant the pardon, inasmuch as an issue had been made upon it throughout the State.

I am glad to know that Stripling did well after I turned him loose. He soon got into position again, and when I heard of him last, he was taking care of his wife and children and making a good father and a good citizen.

I recall only one instance where my use of the pardoning power was misplaced. A young man in Athens was convicted of some smaller crime and sentenced

by the court to the penitentiary. Judge Brand tried him and fixed his sentence. I had served in the Senate with Judge Brand and had learned long before to recognize his undoubted ability as well as his judgment of men and things. He came over to see me when the application for pardon was made for the young man and asked me to grant it. As a strong showing was made in the prisoner's behalf and, inasmuch as the Judge himself had asked the pardon, I granted it and turned the young man loose.

I think it was not over thirty days, perhaps, from the time of his release before he got on a terrible spree and shot a man to death in the city of Athens.

When I talked to Judge Brand about it he told me that he had made up his mind never to recommend mercy for another criminal, and I told him that the matter had been a lesson to me and that I could promise him to be a little more careful myself in the use of the pardoning power.

There was a case, that came before me from Baker County, in which I took a great interest. An application was made to pardon a young man who had been found guilty of murder and sentenced to the penitentiary for life from that county. He had killed a man while on a visit from home, hiding his body in an old well, where it was found some considerable time afterwards.

The crime was traced to the young man, somewhat on circumstantial testimony and the jury found him guilty, recommending him to mercy, which carried a life sentence to the penitentiary.

He had been in the penitentiary for perhaps six or eight years. When he was sent there he was a boy of about sixteen. He had since professed religion, joined the church, and begun to teach the Bible to his fellow prisoners on the chain gang where he worked.

There seemed to be a complete change in his life and conduct and the prison authorities believed that it was real and permanent. Some good friends stood sponsor for him and begged the Governor to give the boy another chance.

I looked fully into the case, considered it in all its bearings, and made up my mind that the young man should have another opportunity to make good. His mother promised me that if he were turned loose she would take charge of, and watch over him and see as far as her influence went that he should not go wrong.

I wrote into the record substantially these words: "This boy is guilty, but his conduct shows a genuine repentance. He has begged for another chance in life and a large number of the citizens of his county have seconded his appeal, some of the most influential of his neighbors have begged the Governor to commute his sentence. I have determined to do so in the exercise of the mercy of the law and I turn him over to his mother, with the hope that his promises will be redeemed."

After my term as Governor was ended I was sitting one day in the President's office of the Georgia School of Technology, when a tall young man, dressed in the uniform of a soldier, came in through the door. As he looked on my face he said, coming up to me: "Is this Governor Harris?" I answered, "Yes, Sir." And he added: "Governor, I have been hunting you all over the State. I went to Macon to your home, I went to the Capitol in Atlanta, and they finally told me that I would find you here. I want to thank you for the pardon which you granted me and to tell you that you shall never be ashamed of the act. I will never bring discredit upon you by any conduct of mine. I have joined the army and am just about to

start across to France. I will do my duty to my country as a soldier, though I sometimes feel that I took on myself a little too much when I joined. My comrades sometimes call me a penitentiary rat. But, Governor, I put my hand in my pocket and feel your pardon that I carry there and I say to myself: 'Well, I may have been a penitentiary rat, but Governor Harris has made me a gentleman and I intend to be one.' "

He went "across," stood on the firing line in the battles of the Argonne, and came out with a decoration on his breast. He is now doing his duty as a good soldier and citizen ought to do.

WOMEN ALLOWED TO PRACTICE LAW

The law was passed during my term authorizing the admission of women to the Bar. As they are now citizens with the ballot it was felt that there would be no inconsistency in allowing them to take their place as lawyers at the Bar. This only illustrates the steady and determined advance of women to an equality with men.

LYNCHING

I have already adverted to this subject in another portion of these reminiscences. When I went into office I was able to address a large gathering of the colored people and I took it upon myself to assure them that during my term I intended that they should have a "square deal," in the language of Mr. Roosevelt. But I told them that in order to secure this they must accept the situation—remain on their own side of the social line, and I would try to see that the white race stayed on its side. I told them that I especially deplored the reputation that Georgia had for lynching, and that I wanted to stop it during my

term. To do this I cautioned them that they must avoid the offenses which lead to it. All that was needed was an understanding between the races so that each one should avoid cause of offense to the other.

As a matter of fact the lynching grew less in the State, each year of my term, until in the last six months there was no instance of it occurring throughout the commonwealth.

THE BIRMINGHAM REUNION

During the first year of my term the Confederate Veterans' reunion came on at Birmingham, Alabama. I had been in the habit of going to these reunions and as there was an urgent invitation I asked my staff to join me in attending this one. My wife accompanied me.

We stopped at the Tutwiler, which was official headquarters. The Governor of Alabama was also present at the reunion, accompanied by his wife and staff.

A banquet was tendered to the Georgia governor by the Governor of Alabama, which took place on one of the nights of the week in which the reunion occurred.

After the preliminaries were finished and our hunger was satisfied I found out that Mrs. Governor Henderson was really the moving spirit of the occasion. She took charge of the speaking and called out the speakers at the conclusion of the banquet. She was a beautiful woman of extraordinary ability, intelligence and accomplishments. She announced in opening the proceedings that each person called on must tell an anecdote as part of the response. No one, as far as I knew, among my people had been advised of such a program, and the consequence was that we were some-

times hard put to keep up with the procession which the Alabamians led. I remember Governor Henderson answered the call very elegantly and then I had to follow him. I thought of something while the Governor was speaking that probably prevented an entire failure, and then the good lady in her turn called out my wife to speak. It was the first time in my wife's life that she had ever been asked to speak or stand on her feet and face a public audience.

I am obliged to say she did well, much better I think than I had done, judging from the applause. How she ever thought of the anecdote which she told I was never able to understand, but she got it off with right good grace. If Governor Henderson thought as well of my wife as I did of his when that banquet was over he would have put her in the very forefront of Georgia's representative women. I know Mrs. Henderson would have made a splendid Governor for Alabama.

I may say here that my wife, during our term of office, made only one other appearance on a public occasion. She was called on for a speech at Milledgeville at the Commencement of 1916. I had told her that I knew they would call her out and that she had better prepare a few words suited to the occasion. She said afterwards that she did prepare something, but when she came before the audience she forgot everything that she had written and her talk was entirely impromptu and entirely different from what she had expected to say. I think her confusion and evident distress appealed more strongly to the audience than if she had delivered a touching and eloquent discourse. Anyhow the class of Seniors, consisting of some two hundred and fifty young ladies, voted to make her an honorary member of the class and she sent to every

one of them a picture of herself and husband as a memento of that interesting occasion. My wife has never tried to appear in another public program.

SPEECH AT CRAWFORDVILLE

Judge Linton Stephens was buried in the side yard of his residence.

After the family had separated and all moved away and the three younger children he left were grown and gone, one of his daughters, Miss Nora, determined to have his body moved to Crawfordville, in order to inter it by the side of his brother, Hon. Alexander H. Stephens. Mr. Stephens was buried in the front yard of his residence at Crawfordville, known as Liberty Hall. She requested me to appear and deliver an address at the time of the second interment.

My wife and I went down to Crawfordville for the purpose. A large crowd was present and it was something worthy of note that I, as the Governor of Georgia, stood in the little porch that I had climbed, upon my first visit to Mr. Stephens, to borrow the money for my college course, forty-nine years before.

I was not unmindful of the circumstance, and in my address called attention to the fact, referring as best I could to the memories of those early days. I gave to the audience my appreciation of both the great brothers, who had filled Georgia with their deeds, and I congratulated myself that I was in some sense connected with their remarkable lives.

Miss Nora lived in New York at the time. None of the immediate family remained in Georgia and the old homestead at Sparta is in the hands of strangers.

NEW COUNTIES

I asked the members of the Legislature in the beginning of my term, not to authorize the making of any more new counties. The number in the State had gradually increased, until Georgia showed more counties than any state in the Union except Texas, and far beyond any state having the same territory.

No new counties were made and I turned over to my successor the legislative body without any increase in its numbers. The lower House, by reason of the constant multiplication of counties, has already grown so large that legislation is carried on only with extreme difficulty. All floor space has been utilized and it is impossible to keep up with the order of business.

VISITORS WHO CAME TO SEE AND PAY
THEIR RESPECTS TO ME

More than once the Hon. William J. Bryan called to visit me at the Mansion. He came each time in company with W. S. Witham, the banker who had been my steadfast friend throughout my administration.

I discussed with Mr. Bryan the situation of the country, but I noticed a decided reticence whenever I would mention the methods and policies pursued by President Wilson. He was unwilling to say a word that might be construed into a criticism of his one time superior in office.

My wife was sure that Mr. Bryan would run again for President and she did not hesitate to tell him so. He told me long afterwards to say to her that she might not get to vote for him for President but he thought she would certainly vote for some other good Democrat who would hold the office.

I think she is waiting for someone to be nominated

that would answer Mr. Bryan's description, for she has never as yet voted at the polls.

Another gentleman who visited me and left a strong impression upon my mind was William Randolph Hearst.

I was much surprised when I talked with him to find how different he appeared from the opinion I had previously entertained concerning him.

We discussed the labor question and when I expressed surprise that he as one of the richest men in the Nation could entertain ideas so favorable to the principles of the labor organizations, he told me he had received his ideas as an inheritance from one of his parents who thought as he did. He went away from me after I became convinced of his worth and integrity, a belief which has never left me.

The Georgian, edited then by Col. James B. Nevin, came to my help in the second canvass I made for Governor and the earnest pleas which were sent out by the paper brightened the skies for me and softened the defeat that followed. It is my hope that some day I can have the copies of the paper, which came out while I was a candidate, bound and put away in the most sacred place left to me in the world and kept until someone can look them over and write an obituary, when I die, that will give credit to the kind hearted man whose brilliant pen sent out these eulogies of an old Confederate soldier, in the day of his supreme trial.

It is proper to state here that Mrs. Hearst accompanied her husband on this visit to the Georgia Governor and was met by my wife upon whom she left an exceedingly favorable impression. My wife says she saw at once that Mrs. Hearst was a woman of great refinement, fine intellect, and charming personality.

Governor Whitman and his wife, of New York, also visited Atlanta during my term. I called on them at the Piedmont hotel and enjoyed very much a somewhat extended conversation with them. We talked of our states, New York being recognized as the Empire State of the Union and Georgia claiming to be the Empire State of the South.

I was sure at that time that Governor Whitman would be the next candidate of his party for President, but I suppose something went wrong in the machinery.

GLIMPSES OF WORK IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

My experience as Governor was in the main only a tragedy. I have already indicated that I went into office under the most favorable auspices. I was supported in my candidacy, especially after my nomination, by all the factions and political parties in Georgia. The soldiers who had served with me in the Confederate Army—my comrades—were enthusiastic for me. The members of the Union Camps who had served with the armies of the North were almost unanimously supporting me. The Republicans of the State announced that they would put no one in the field against me, and most of the colored people voted for me.

I went into the office, therefore, under favorable circumstances it would seem, and everything bade fair for a successful administration. Governor Slaton had left the treasury in an especially good condition, as I have heretofore said. He had handled the finances with conspicuous fidelity and success. The credit of the State had reached its highest point, so that its bonds were selling at a higher rate than those of any other state in the Union, save one.

The officers and attaches in the various departments of the State government were all well known to me, for I had been continuously attending the meetings of the Legislature since 1882, so that there was no lack of familiarity with the methods of legislation and the transaction of the State's business.

I took time in writing my message to the Legislature and embodied in it my ideas of governmental reform, progress and advancement.

There was only one great drawback, the World War had brought about a terrible depression in all business of the Nation. Our Southern farmers were caught with a large crop of cotton on hand and the price went down suddenly below the cost of production. Of course this wrought a terrible hardship on our people. The situation brought about that remarkable campaign set in motion throughout the State when the people were asked to "buy a bale of cotton" at, say, ten cents a pound, to aid the suffering farmers of the country. Many persons heeded the call and thousands of bales of cotton were bought and paid for by persons who had no use for them but simply to hold them until the market was resumed.

A vacancy had occurred in the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture; Mr. Price who had filled this place with marked success, having been elected Railroad Commissioner. His resignation took effect on January 1st, 1916. J. J. Brown, of Elbert County, had been selected by the people to succeed Mr. Price, and knowing that Mr. Brown would take office in June, I appointed him to fill out the unexpired term. He had mingled much with the people and was probably better versed in the real agricultural situation than any man in the public eye.

I consulted much with him and at his suggestion em-

bodied in my message to the called session of the Legislature, which met in November, several subjects affecting the business of the farmers; and it was believed that the Legislature by acting upon them might furnish aid to the greatly suffering cause.

I also selected an agent to confer with the Department at Washington, concerning the shipment of potash from Chile, in order that the farmers might purchase fertilizer at a more reasonable figure, the war having completely stopped the German supply.

The Farmers Union joined me in this effort, and Mr. Mills, the State President of the Union, was empowered to negotiate in behalf of the State, with this purpose in view. He visited Washington, and his application was in a great measure a success. Mr. Mills has frequently said to me that by this step we had saved the farmers between twenty and thirty millions of dollars in the purchase of fertilizers for 1916.

My popularity began to wane after the meeting of the Legislature. The events which followed the revolutionary adjournment of that body created a stir throughout the entire State. It was believed by many that the Governor's influence ought to have been sufficient to hold the body together at least, until the appropriations had been made, so that the called session need not have resulted. Misfortunes like these in the State government are always attributed to some defect in the Governor, some mistake, or some failure of duty.

After the meeting of the Legislature in November the tide set in against the Governor. On all sides there was adverse criticism. The Legislature had closed the saloons, stopped the open violation of law, provided severe punishment for offenders, and laid down more clearly the methods by which the sale and manufacture of liquor was to be prevented or punished.

There has been always a strong opposition to any extra session of the Legislature. The four dollars per day, which such a session costs for each member, is resented more vigorously and more positively than if the pay had been ten times the amount. The public is angered by small drains of the Treasury, but makes no complaint when these drains reach several thousands in a single item.

The opposition, therefore, began to look around for candidates to turn out the Governor in the next election. It had been customary to give the Governor two terms, as it would seem to be almost impossible to carry out any line of policy to a successful conclusion in a term of only two years.

But the feeling of spite and revenge that crept into the minds of those who opposed prohibition in the State and felt that their private and political rights had been invaded caused them to set about with the fiercest possible determination to drive the Governor from office and pave the way for the repeal of what was to them the odious legislation.

There was a vacancy in the Board of Trustees of the Agricultural College. The person occupying this position on the Board was also a member of the Board of Directors of the Georgia Experiment Station.

Dr. L. G. Hardman, of Commerce, who had been occupying the place applied to the Governor for re-appointment. He had been the strongest opponent against the Governor at the time of his election and had tried to take away from him the fruits of the election, as has been previously stated in these reminiscences. His friends very earnestly urged upon the Governor his re-appointment.

I was unwilling to allow my private feelings to stand in the way of a public duty. I tried to put these

out of the question and take the matter up without bias or prejudice so as to reach a conclusion justified by the facts.

I re-appointed Dr. Hardman, giving him both positions, and ten days after his appointment, just six months and nineteen days after my inauguration as Governor, he announced his candidacy against me for the second term.

It was told me that nearly all the newspaper editors who opposed prohibition had written him, and that the disappointed liquor men over the State had urged him to make the race, suggesting perhaps, that they had opposed him in his first race, but would now stand by him and see that he went into the office. He yielded, and declared himself a candidate against me. His coming into the race brought in others.

Mr. Dorsey once assured me in the most positive manner that he never would have entered the race had Hardman kept out of it, for, he said, "I was afraid he would be elected, and this fact might throw me back four years before I could come in."

It soon became evident that there was a vast change in the mind of the people towards their old Governor. The liquor people were disappointed and the prohibitionists had no further care for the situation as they had apparently gotten what they wanted.

That tendency on the part of the citizens of the State to find fault with the Governor whenever things do not go as they wish began to work in the body politic.

The terrible scenes in the Frank case, the bitterness that grew out of this matter, the banding together of many of the citizens raged over fancied injuries, gave rise to the Ku Klux Klan, with all of its potentialities, driving wedge after wedge between the citi-

zens of the commonwealth, arousing antagonisms and calling out the bitterest feeling that characterize the human race. All these portended a revolution.

The "Sage of Thomson," who wielded an influence second to that of no other man in the State, broke off all friendly relations with the Governor, whom he had supported, placing his change of heart on the fact that he had asked the appointment of one of the lawyers in Macon to the City Court Bench, which request was disregarded. I had appointed Col. Dupont Guerry, who was a Confederate soldier and an able lawyer, instead of a rising young attorney, who was favored by the Guardians of Liberty and earnestly recommended by Mr. Watson.

WORK OF CALLED SESSION

It may not be amiss to say here that the Legislature at its called session, which met on November 3rd, 1915, not only made the appropriations necessary to carry on the government and passed a strong prohibition law, but it acted upon many other matters of considerable importance to the State.

At this session the law authorizing the lease of the Western & Atlantic Railroad was passed. The commission named in the Act consisted of the Governor of the State; the Chairman of the Railroad Commission, and the following private citizens: G. Gunby Jordan, Judson L. Hand, and Fuller E. Callaway. W. A. Wimbush was named as Attorney and Counsel for the Commission.

Mr. Callaway declined to accept the appointment and the commission elected in his place Hon. E. A. Copelan, of the County of Greene. Hon. Judson L. Hand, of Mitchell County, having died in the midst of the work, the Governor appointed in his place Hon. St. Elmo Massengale, of the County of Fulton.

The Commission organized by electing C. Murphey Candler of the Railroad Commission, Chairman. This commission completed the lease of the railroad to the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad Company, presenting its report to the session of the Legislature convening in 1917. The lease was signed on May 11th, 1917, and a copy of it accompanied Mr. Candler's report, together with the proposals that preceded its completion. The lease is published as Exhibit "E" to the report and will be found on page 184 of the House Journal for the session of 1917. The making of this lease was a prominent feature of my two years' term in the Governor's chair.

It is not thought necessary to follow the steps pursued by the Commission. A great deal of time was given to the work and the most careful and painstaking estimate and calculation of all the income from the properties and its various parts, the necessity for improvement and equipment, and all other matters bearing upon the valuation of the property, passed under the Commission's eyes.

At one time in the negotiations, it seemed that the effort to lease would completely fail. A meeting had been had to discuss the proposals with the owners of the N. C. & St. L. Road. Besides a number of officers in the several organizations, the three Presidents of the proprietary roads, to-wit: Harry Walters, President of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad; Milton H. Smith, President of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and John Howe Peyton, President of the N. C. & St. L. Railroad, met with the commission and discussed fully all the proposals that had been made. It should be remembered that the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad owned the majority of the stock of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, while the Louis-

ville & Nashville Railroad owned a majority of the stock of the N. C. & St. L. Railroad.

The final authority, therefore, it can be seen, was Mr. Walters', President of the A. C. L. Railroad. When the parties came together it was soon ascertained that Milton H. Smith was the leading figure who discussed and laid down final conclusions for all the persons representing his side of the issues.

I had known Mr. Smith in my earlier experiences in railroad management. I was for more than five years at the head of the Macon & Northern Railroad and during that time went to the conventions called by the railroads of the South for the purpose of looking into and transacting business. President Smith had made himself conspicuous by his strong personal character and his somewhat arbitrary way of transacting business. It has been said of him that when he would come into our meetings he would take a seat in one corner of the room and drawing from his pocket a piece of chalk mark a line from one side of the room around his corner to the other side and then say to the members: "Gentlemen, this represents my position. None of you must cross this line to come into my territory without my consent, or if you do you can look out for trouble."

It was soon found from experience that Mr. Smith, when he spoke thus, meant what he said, and I think the railroad authorities learned to respect him.

One of the objections to me, made by my opponents in the race for Governor was to the effect that I had served in railroad business so long that I was utterly incompetent to lease the State Road. The gentleman who made this point against me insisted that the railroad companies would completely overreach me and that consequently the State Road would be given away for much less than its value.

I had answered this argument on the stump by the statement that my experience in the railroad business would aid instead of embarrass me in making the lease. Besides I called attention of the people to the fact that I had practiced law some forty odd years of my life and I had never yet been known to give up a client's rights or improperly compromise his interests. I added that if I was elected Governor I would become the agent of the State of Georgia, its advocate, and the preserver of its rights, and, as I had never yet betrayed a private client, I was sure they could trust me to guard and preserve the interest of a public client like the State.

After the negotiations for the lease had gone on for some time and several meetings had been had, Mr. Smith, of the Louisville & Nashville, finally laid down his ultimatum, stating that we could either take it or leave it. Knowing him as I did I had been expecting something of this kind.

Our Chairman immediately, possessed of the views of the commission, stated to Mr. Smith that we could not come to his proposition, whereupon Mr. Smith, asking if this was the view of the commission, and being told that it was, rose from his seat and left the room, stating that it was useless to make any further efforts. The other two officers, Messrs. Walters and Peyton, followed him, declaring that they would go no further and that any additional efforts to lease would be abandoned as useless.

Mr. Smith had been asked before he left the room whether he desired any further meetings to occur and he answered emphatically "no," that he had done all he intended to do and repeated, "we could either take it or leave it."

After the railroad officers had left the room some

members of the commission expressed the opinion, concurred in by the Chairman, that the lease would have to go over until after the meeting of the next Legislature in June, 1917, and report could be made that the effort to lease under the act had failed.

This tentative conclusion of the commission was the cause of great distress to me, as it would leave the whole matter in the hands of my successor in office and the criticism that had been made of me would have been in the opinion of many absolutely justified.

I determined, therefore, to make an effort on my own responsibility, stating to the commission that I did not abandon hope of favorable termination. Without delay I secured an interview with President Harry Walters, in which I said to him that I knew he had the power to control the matter, that he knew Mr. Smith as well as I did and much better and if he would express a desire to have the negotiations continued Mr. Smith would undoubtedly acquiesce, because he knew that he, Mr. Walters, had the right and the power to decide the question. I told Mr. Walters that I was anxious to make the lease for various reasons and asked him in behalf of the State of Georgia to take a stand and see if it couldn't be brought about. He promised me he would do so and in a few days I received notice from him that he had seen Mr. Smith and that another meeting would be asked for, which was granted. Some ten days afterwards the commission again met with the officers of the railroad companies and the lease was finally completed.

I take to myself some credit for the work that I did in this respect. Of course in all the intricate details of the business Mr. Candler, the Chairman, was our main-stay, and when the negotiations were broken off in the way above stated I concluded that Mr. Candler had become disheartened and disgusted and had

concluded that it would be better to take more time for the work by putting it off to the next Legislature.

The lease speaks for itself. At the time it became operative it brought in enough money annually to run the civil establishment of Georgia. It secured the credit of the State beyond all the chances and changes of political events, either State or National. By its terms the road will perhaps be double tracked and when turned over to the State, will be re-equipped and still constitute one of the main arteries of commerce between Georgia and the states beyond her limits. The lease will terminate fifty years from the 27th day of December, 1919.

It pays \$45,000.00 per month and is secured by a deposit of bonds of the State of Georgia or of the United States, at the par value of Six Hundred Thousand Dollars.

The income from the property that was reserved, and which was found not necessary to the operation of the road as leased, brings in an additional sum annually amounting in the aggregate, perhaps, to more than \$10,000.00, making the lease approximate the sum of Fifty-five Thousand Dollars per month. This rental is largely in excess of that which the former lessee had been paying.

DUELING IN GEORGIA

Dueling had not been abolished in Georgia when I first came to the Bar. If a man was insulted, charged with lying or other serious offense, his answer was either a blow or a challenge.

In my professional experience there have been four occasions on which I have been charged with lying. One was in the Legislature, one in connection with the City Government, one as an attorney, and the other as an individual.

All these cases were resented and an apology demanded in regular course. I have always felt that, although I had been charged with falsehood, yet if, on demand, an apology was made and the offensive words were withdrawn, in the same connection or company in which they were spoken, my honor was satisfied.

I was never called on myself to withdraw a remark that I had made. In the four cases I felt myself compelled to take action and in three of the cases I have carefully filed away the withdrawal of the words and an apology for them. One of the cases mentioned occurred in open court. A gentleman was arguing his side of a case and went out of his way to state that I had wilfully and deliberately misrepresented the facts.

When he made the charge I rose to my feet and stated that I never made a spectacle of myself in public, especially in a courthouse, I had respect for the court and the occasion, "but," I added, "this matter will be settled between me and the gentleman outside the courthouse."

When court adjourned I sent the Sheriff to ask the gentleman to come into one of the ante-rooms with me to finish our affair. He was a known chivalrous fighter and had never shown any appearance of fear in his past life, so far as I knew. He came in promptly when the word was given to him. As he passed through the door he threw his hand to his hip pocket and came in with his side towards me as people are accustomed to stand in dueling.

I addressed him in these words: "I have called you here to tell you that you are going to apologize to me for what you said in the court room a few moments ago." He looked at me in great surprise and said: "How do you know I am going to apologize?" I replied: "Because I know you are a gentleman, and when

you realize that you have done another gentleman an injustice you are brave enough to admit it and gentlemanly enough to apologize for it." And then I went on and said: "That remark of yours was not merited, and in your sober second thought you know it was not, and therefore, I ask you to go into the court when it meets again and tell the Judge that you withdraw the remarks and apologize to the gentleman about whom you made them." He looked at me for a little while and said: "This is a very unusual proceeding, I came in here for a fight and you ask me for an apology. I recognize that I did you a wrong and damned if I don't repair it."

He went into the courthouse in the afternoon and took back what he had said and apologized, and we were afterwards the best of friends to be found at the Bar.

In one of the other cases when I asked for an apology the gentleman replied: "And what do you propose to do if I decline to apologize?"

I answered immediately: "Sir, this town is too small for both of us if you refuse this." He signed an apology. I had only meant to leave the town.

I have always found that when a man insults another, if the man who commits the offense has a gentleman's heart in him there arises a species of regret or questioning in his mind concerning the situation and if properly approached he will always do the thing which his sense of duty and his knowledge of right incline him to do.

I am glad these days are forever gone.



WITH THE GEORGIA CAVALRY AT EL PASO

CALLING OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD

On the 20th day of June, 1916, the National Guard of the United States was called out for service on the Mexican border. The notice of the order came to me about nine o'clock at night on the day of its issue. I immediately had the necessary orders telegraphed to the commanding officers and by ten o'clock next day the guard was in camp. One Western State got its troops in camp earlier than Georgia, but only one state preceded us. Georgia was second in calling out the Guard.

This organization was under command of my son, General Walter A. Harris, and of course the Adjutant General, J. Van Holt Nash, dealt through him in the transmission of the orders to mobilize.

The whole State was on the lookout, for the war in Europe had aroused expectation to the last degree and every soldier in the Union was looking for the call to duty.

A great deal of excitement followed, as almost every family was directly or indirectly interested.

To the General the call was full of unusual interest. He was practicing law in Macon and was forced to give this up very summarily, leaving business and clients to be attended to by his young partners. He had served as a Captain in the Spanish-American War, commanding an Atlanta Company in the Third Georgia, which went across to Cuba.

Following the conclusion of this War he continued in the National Guard, going up by regular gradation until he became Brigadier-General in command of the entire State Guard.

The troops rendezvoused first at Atlanta, Macon and Savannah. Colonel Orville H. Hall commanded



GENERAL WALTER A. HARRIS

Commander of the Georgia Brigade, who carried the 31st
Division to France.

the Fifth Regiment in Atlanta; Colonel J. A. Thomas the Second Regiment in Macon, and Colonel Butler the First Regiment in Savannah. There was also the 1st Squadron Cavalry, the 1st Battalion of Field Artillery, and the First Field Hospital.

The infantry was equipped with the rifles and small arms in use by the United States Army at that time. I reviewed the Fifth Regiment from a stand at Five Points, Atlanta, delivering a short address. I also went to Macon, where I gave to the Second Regiment a flag that the ladies had made for it, accompanying the delivery there with a short address.

The calling out and mustering of these troops made a deep impression on the entire State. The martial spirit began to be aroused everywhere. In a short time they were sent to the border under command of their officers, going into barracks near El Paso, in Texas, where they guarded for many months the frontier between Mexico and the United States.

A good many of the Governors of the several states went out to Texas to visit the troops from their state, camping along the border of Mexico, and since this proceeding became fashionable I decided myself to visit the troops from Georgia.

Accordingly with Adjutant-General Nash I boarded the train in the latter part of November, 1916, and went to the scene of action. We visited the various camps, shaking hands with the boys, and speaking words of encouragement to them. For many of them it was the first time they had ever left home in their lives, and consequently they seemed to appreciate our coming. On Thanksgiving day, the General gathered them all together around a great stand erected in the midst of the camp and here I delivered a Thanksgiving day address to the army.



REVIEW OF THE GEORGIA TROOPS, AT CAMP COTTON, NEAR EL PASO, TEXAS.
Mount Franklin in the rear.

I spoke with a great deal of feeling, as the memories of my own service as a soldier had come back to me and I felt deep concern for all the boys around me. General Nash told me afterwards that the speech was the best that I had ever made. But I think he was only flattering me so as to help keep up the spirits of the Commander-in-chief, as that was the only way his spirits could be kept alive.

In company with General Bell, who was in command of the Department, and General Morton, at the head of the Division, I reviewed the Georgia troops, noting with great pride the splendid appearance they made as they marched before me.

General Bell said to me afterwards that he had been observing the Georgia Brigade very closely since it arrived, that he had visited and seen the troops of every civilized nation on earth, and he did not hesitate to say that he had never seen a body of men that presented a finer appearance of real soldiers than the Georgia Brigade. He added: "Now, mark you, I do not mean that they are the best drilled or disciplined that I have ever seen, but they appear to be better material for soldiers than any I have ever met in all my experience. Your State can well be proud of them."

Major-General Morton concurred in the main in this criticism.

While stopping in El Paso the Chamber of Commerce with the Mayor and Council tendered me a banquet at one of the hotels of the City. The field officers of the Georgia Brigade were invited, together with the leading Generals in command of the troops in camp near by. A good many prominent citizens of El Paso attended the banquet. In my address I referred to the fact that I was born in Tennessee, that one of our citizens, Gen. Sam Houston, had made



GENERAL NASH AND GOVERNOR HARRIS
With Georgia Brigade Headquarters at Camp Harris, 1916

Texas the Lone Star Republic when he overwhelmed the Mexicans at San Jacinto and that the first President of this Lone Star Republic, Gazaway B. Lamar, was a native Georgian, from my adopted State. So I told them that Texas, the greatest State of the Union, owed its magnificent career to a son of Tennessee and a son of Georgia. It is needless to say that the sentiment was applauded, for Georgia and Tennessee were well represented in the audience.

On this visit I made the acquaintance of General Bell's wife. She was a daughter of my old cavalry leader, General Robert Ransom, and we had many a talk about the General and the old days. She laughed over the episode concerning the drummer boy at the frozen ford of the Holston in East Tennessee when Gen. Ransom, after ordering him to wade, caught the boy by the collar of his coat and his pants legs and threw him into the water.

He broke the ice, the column plunged
Amid the frosty glimmer.

Another acquaintance that I made was General Morton. He was from Maine and was afterwards put in command of the 29th Division, known as the Division of the Blue and Gray. He gave me a "smoker" in his headquarters to which were invited the field officers of his Division. I was thus enabled to meet his associates in the army, a very great honor, as I considered it at the time.

I think I may break off the thread of this narrative to say at this point that after my term of office was completed I met General Morton on his way to Europe while I was going to Washington City. We had quite a long talk on the journey and General Morton finally tendered me a position on his Staff. I had a strong desire to go over to France. Having served



GENERAL NASH, GOVERNOR HARRIS,
GENERAL HARRIS
At Camp Harris in 1916

in the Civil War I was anxious to find out the difference in the methods followed in the great World War from those in our Confederate days. I believed it would be of exceeding great interest if I could go over.

General Morton directed me to see the Secretary of War, tell him of the offer that was made to me, and ask him if he was willing to order a commission upon the General's appointment.

I lost no time after my arrival in Washington in carrying out the suggestion. I earnestly besought the Secretary to make an exception in my case and allow me to go over. After talking with me for some time he sent me to General Johnson of his Department, saying that if the General could pass me and agree to the commission he would have it issued. When I went to General Johnson I presented my request, telling him what the Secretary had said. The General looked at me with a sort of twinkle in his eye, and said: "Governor, how old are you?" I answered I was around seventy. He immediately replied: "You are too old, you would be in the way of the young boys, you had better stay at home, for you can do more good here to the service than you could over there as a member of General Morton's Staff."

"Sir," I said: "I am not as old as you think. In fact I could get a whole college of physicians to certify that I am not over forty years of age. I think you ought to authorize the commission."

But he steadfastly refused and my chance to take part in the great world debate was lost. Since that day I have always had a warm place in my heart for General Morton. His Division made a fine record and kept fully abreast with the unrivaled exhibition of American courage on the front lines in France.



THANKSGIVING DAY AT EL PASO
Governor Harris delivering an address at Camp Cotton.

THE DRAFT

Before the next reunion of Confederate Veterans which took place in Washington City on June 5th, 1917, the most important event of my administration had occurred. This was the declaration of war against Germany, which occurred on April 6th, 1917. The whole Nation was convulsed by this declaration and an entirely new spirit was born in a day throughout its bounds.

Our political wrangles were forgotten, our race antagonisms were laid aside for the time being; the sections North and South forgot all divisions and for the first time since the Civil War, the great American Nation was united almost as one man from Maine to California and from the Lakes to the Gulf. To me there was never anything that occurred in my life like unto the results, when I saw the United Nation come forward at the call of the President, to engage in the greatest contest that ever occurred in all the annals of time. I never saw one instance of cowardice in our preparation. I think if the Government had relied on making up its armies from volunteers alone it would probably have succeeded, but much time would have been lost and much danger thereby incurred. The juncture was momentous, for our Nation came in at a time when Germany and her allies appeared to be safely on the way to dominate the world (if our government had not intervened). Nothing could have prevented the final triumph of the German armies, according to the best opinions that are now existent.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of the task before the armies of the nation there was no hesitation shown in any direction save among those whose teachings are opposed to war on any account. Even the German immigrants, who had crossed the ocean and become

naturalized in the United States, by a large majority, gave their allegiance to the cause of American valor and were ready to contribute to the common purposes of the war and stand by the flag of the government.

Of course there were some exceptions, but as a general rule all citizens of the United States, when the war call sounded, felt that there was no room left for division, that the flag of the Union was their flag, and they joined or sent their boys to make good the stand of their adopted country.

In Georgia a strong effort was made in one or two localities to defeat the purposes of the draft. Led by the "Sage of McDuffie," many people showed their opposition and did not hesitate to say that the Government was entirely wrong in trying to force an army forward in this way. I, myself, remembering the results of the draft in the Civil War, was exceedingly fearful that to fill up the ranks in the Army and Navy and National Guard in this way would lower the morale of the soldiers and seriously interfere with their success on the day of battle. In the Civil War the Southern men drafted proved of very little worth in comparison with the volunteer soldiery.

But I was wrong in my deduction. In the Civil War men who were called out by the draft had steadily and persistently remained at home when all the world around them was joining the army. That army had already been filled by volunteers, who knew that everything in this world worth living for was at stake and who went forward to fight and defend their homes. The drafted man who had resisted these calls showed plainly that he did not wish to fight, in fact was not made of material that would turn out a soldier. The consequence was that, at least in the Virginia Army, more than one-half of the drafted men deserted or

left the ranks in some way, before becoming reconciled and getting into harmony with the soldiers who had preceded them.

The word came to the Governor's office several times that there were people banded together in various counties, who had determined at all hazards that the draft should not be completed. In fact it was said that nightly gatherings occurred and military drills took place, companies being formed and officered for the purpose of resistance. These rumors coming to my ear were forwarded to the Department at Washington, only out of abundant caution however, for I had no direct proof.

It had been my purpose to attend the reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Washington on June 5th. In fact I had been notified that an excursion would go down to Manassas on one day of the reunion, where a stand would be erected and an address delivered for the Blue and the Gray, respectively. I had been selected for the Gray, and one of the Northern Governors for the Blue. In accepting the appointment I had stated that if a Southern soldier could not make an eloquent speech on the battle field of Manassas it would be because his memory was destroyed or his tongue paralyzed.

Instead of being present, however, I sat all day in my office with my hand on the telephone waiting for calls. On the day before the registration was to take place the Major-General, in command of the United States troops at Fort McPherson, had notified me that the Secretary of War had directed him to report and to receive orders from me on the next day. He expressed some little surprise that a Major-General in the regular army should be ordered to report to a Governor in civil life, but I consoled him with the

statement that I was at that time, especially since war was declared, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of Georgia, and that this had enough significance to justify the Secretary in ordering him to report to me.

As it turned out we had no trouble whatever. The registration was taken without the slightest interruption. I had put every sheriff on notice in the counties of the State, directing them to be ready to quell any opposition that might occur. Some of these officers telephoned me in the afternoon, (I had directed them to use the telephone at any time) asking why they had received these orders. One of them from a North Georgia county said: "Why, Governor, there isn't the least disturbance in this county. The registration is now nearly finished and no one seems to be opposing it." I congratulated him and told him to keep an eye on the registration books, as one of the threats that had come to me was to the effect that the books would be destroyed just as soon as the registration was completed.

I can now understand that all this uneasiness and anticipation of trouble came from the strong attacks that had been made by Mr. Watson and some of his followers, in the first days succeeding the announcement of the draft. The sober second thought of Georgia took in no suggestion of such trouble, nor would it have been countenanced by the people.

Our young men, after they were registered and drawn, lost sight of the fact that there was any compulsion in the matter, and every one felt himself a volunteer, took his place in the ranks as a soldier with the honor of the Nation in his keeping, and the spirit of his ancestors alive in his breast. And these boys, selected as they were, wrote their names in everlast-

ing characters on the blood-red fields of France, and at no time did they lose sight of their responsibilities as soldiers of the greatest nation on earth.

Before the draft the President sent out a request to all the Governors, asking us not to fill up the ranks of the National Guard until the regular army had been completed. Many Governors obeyed this request to the great detriment of the National Guard. Many Governors in the West and elsewhere disregarded the request and the result was that the National Guard was made ready in the way of members, drill and discipline before the National Troops.

I have always been sorry that I conscientiously followed the request of the President in this respect. After these new troops had gotten into camp and began to drill and perfect themselves in all the requirements of the soldier, it became very difficult to secure recruits sufficient to meet the new demands as to number and discipline of the Guard. I issued a proclamation calling on the people to fill up the National Guard.

The camp of the National Guard was located at Macon, Georgia, and bore my own name, while my son, Walter, was the general in command, and it can be well understood that I felt an overwhelming anxiety to have the organization filled and the troops under his command prepared for any course that might be followed.

The camp was afterwards moved out towards Twiggs County and named Camp Wheeler, after our great cavalry leader of the Confederate War, General Joseph Wheeler.

Looking back over these times I am obliged to admit that very little was done to favor the troops in this camp. It was named the "Dixie Division," and while it was finally sent across, it reached the other side

only about three weeks before the armistice was declared.

I wrote to Senator Hoke Smith, who was on the Military Committee of the Senate at that time calling his attention to this Division, which was named the "Dixie Division," and asking him what he knew about its treatment when it reached the French shores. He replied that if he had ever heard of the Dixie Division he had forgotten it and asked me to inform him what Division it was. This surprised me very much, for there was a complete regiment from Atlanta in the Division and almost all the National Guard officers of the State of Georgia were in this command.

Its treatment has been a puzzle to me ever since the war closed. The material was good, the officers were without reproach, had been drilled and disciplined longer than any other National Guard organization, and it seemed to me were as capable as any corps in the army of rendering efficient service if called upon.

The battalion that was taken from the Georgia National Guard and put in the Rainbow Division, almost all residents of Macon, Georgia, took part in some of the most terrible conflicts of the war. There was not a soldier in that battalion that was not a hero and the record left of their achievement is the proudest heritage of our community.

The whole brigade would have acted to the same advantage, and yet our authorities held them back, sifted them out, and only sent them across when their ranks had been filled a second time by the levies of the draft from other states.

As this "Dixie Division" was camped near my home I give it a more extended notice.

THE 31ST DIVISION, KNOWN AS THE DIXIE DIVISION

This division was composed mainly of National Guard troops from Georgia, Alabama and Florida. It was an all-Southern division, and the Georgia Brigade contained a number of companies with histories reaching back to the Revolution. These companies had been kept up through the long years; their members proud of their name and history and the people of all classes, among which they continued to exist, looked upon them as the embodiment of the chivalry and the war-like spirit of the South.

The reviewing officers spoke very highly of the brigade, and I had great hopes that those in higher authority would be sure to recognize its worth. I have already referred to a portion of this brigade's history after it became part of the 31st Division.

I have felt from the very beginning that there was some malevolent influence at work against the Division and I have never known the cause of this, unless it grew out of the name. There was a settled determination in the War Department that all the soldiers in France should lose their local designations and become known only as American soldiers. North and South, East and West, as places of residence, were to be forgotten.

As the name of this division presented an exclusively Southern view, it never became a favorite with some of the Staff, I apprehend, and there was manifest a disposition to keep it in the background.

In the spring of 1918 the Secretary of War, himself, came to Macon to review the Division. I stood up with him at the time and watched the various units pass by the Secretary. After the review was over he

spoke very highly of the Division, telling me he thought it would be sent across sometime in June following, being about two months afterwards.

It was not sent across, but the private soldiers of the infantry units were taken from the Division and sent to Europe, leaving only the skeleton behind, composed of commissioned and non-commissioned officers. It was then filled, as I have stated, with levies from the draft.

General Leonard Wood, who was for some time the commanding officer of the United States Army, once said to me that from his observation of the Georgia Brigade, when the National Guard was sent to the border, he believed that brigade was among the best of the State troops that put in an appearance along the Mexican frontier.

Confirming my opinion that some one in the staff was prejudiced against the Dixie Division, this little incident occurred:

Some time after the Division was gathered at Camp Wheeler, an order was issued to send a large detachment of colored troops to be made a part of it. When this became known an appeal was made to me to endeavor to stop the proposed addition, as it would doubtless cause the resignation of every field officer in this Southern division. I lost no time in going to Washington, where I laid the matter before the Secretary of War. He told me at once that he had never heard of the movement and sent me to see the Staff and ascertain the facts for him. When I went into the room where the staff was operating, just as I crossed the threshold, without giving me time to speak one word, someone in the room called out:

"Governor, we didn't know those were damned coons. The order has already been countermanded

and you needn't worry yourself any further." I thanked the distinguished body for the information they gave me and immediately left.

The staff as a body did not know that it was intended to make a piebald division out of this part of the army, but I could not help the suspicion that someone of the staff knew the facts and in this way struck at the Division on account of its name.

I may say here that no prominent officer in the Division entertained any such ideas as that which kept coming up to me through the whole time that the brigade was in camp at Macon.

I annex hereto a historical statement furnished me by an officer of the brigade, showing its several movements in the war. I have said elsewhere that I believed the division would have made its mark anywhere along the battle line of France if it had been allowed to engage as the "Dixie Division." Unfortunately, however, I think the name stood in the way.

DATA ABOUT 31ST DIVISION

Camp Harris was established in 1915 as the "Mobilization Camp, Georgia National Guard."

The Georgia National Guard called into service by the President began mobilizing there June 20, 1916. Its name was changed to "Camp Harris" by the Adjutant General of Georgia in 1916, the name being in honor of Governor N. E. Harris.

The entire National Guard of Georgia with the exception of the Coast Artillery Battalion of Savannah, and the 3d Separate Battalion of Infantry, which were not mobilized, remained at Camp Harris until October, 1916, when it went to the Mexican border.

The Brigade, which went to the border consisted of 1st Georgia Infantry, headquarters at Savannah, Col-

onel John G. Butler; and 2d Georgia Infantry, headquarters Macon, Colonel J. A. Thomas, Jr; 5th Georgia Infantry, entirely from Atlanta, Colonel Orville H. Hall.

On the border it became 3d Brigade of 10th Division commanded by Brigadier-General (afterwards Major-General) Chas. G. Morton. This brigade was not mustered out of the service when the Mexican Border service was over. The organizations returned to home stations in March, 1917, and went into camp at their home towns, awaiting the declaration of war with Germany.

April 6th, 1917, war was declared. The troops of the 1st Georgia Brigade in the service of the United States were reporting to Major-General Leonard Wood, commanding the Southeastern Department at Charleston.

He at once divided Georgia into two military departments, with headquarters at Atlanta and Savannah, respectively, and placed Brigadier-General Walter A. Harris in command of both departments, with headquarters at Macon. All the troops of the First Georgia Brigade were then scattered to do guard duty over railroads, ports and public utilities. They covered Georgia from the Okefenokee Swamp to the mountains around Rome and they guarded Flagler's line from the mainland to Key West, and two companies were sent to North Carolina. The Brigade re-assembled at Camp Harris in July, 1917, awaiting the formation of the 31st Division to which it was to be assigned.

The three Macon companies of the 2d Georgia, Company B. (Macon Volunteers), Company C. (Floyd Rifles); Company F. (Macon Hussars) were selected by a United States Inspector-General to form

the 151st Machine Gun Battalion of the new 42nd (Rainbow) Division. They left the Brigade August 1st, 1917. The 3d Separate Battalion of Georgia Infantry was called into the service and took their places in the 2nd Georgia. The Brigade furnished the guard for Camp Wheeler while it was building. It then moved out to Camp Wheeler in September, 1917, and Camp Harris was a memory.

In the formation of the 31st Division only two regiments of infantry were allotted to the Brigade which became the 61st Infantry Brigade. These two regiments were 2d Georgia Infantry, which became 121st Infantry; and 5th Georgia Infantry, which became 122d Infantry. There was assigned to the Brigade one machine gun battalion, which was known as 117th Machine Gun Battalion. Three companies from the 1st Georgia Infantry composed this Machine Gun Brigade, under a Florida Major, F. C. Powers.

The rest of the 1st Georgia Infantry became the 118th Field Artillery under Colonel Butler.

The first Major-General commanding 31st Division was Francis J. Kernan, who went overseas almost immediately. Brigadier-General John L. Hayden, of the 51st Field Artillery Brigade, commanded while General Kernan was away.

General Kernan being relieved and assigned to other duty in France, Major-General Francis H. French was assigned to command the division. He arrived about the last of March, 1918, and left about the last of May, 1918 (the dates are not certain). Then a month or more of General Hayden's temporary command and in June Major General LeRoy S. Lyon came to the Division and things began to move. These were all regular officers.

The Division at last received orders to report to Camp Mills, New York, to go overseas.

General Lyon went ahead to precede the Division overseas.

General Walter Harris took command of the Division, moved it from Camp Wheeler to Camp Mills and from Camp Mills to France, where under his command, it reported first at Loches, then moved to LeMans where it was broken up for replacements.

Left Camp Harris September 1, 1918.

Left Hoboken October 1st, 1918.

Died at LeMans October 20, 1918.

SECOND RACE FOR GOVERNOR

I was made fully cognizant of the fact that the prohibition people are not as a whole very grateful to the man who tries to serve them. I had heard my partner, Mr. Hill, make this statement once and I certainly experienced its truth in my own case.

A large number of prohibitionists deserted me in the second race. I am sure the result would have been different if the women had been able to vote. But the Nineteenth Amendment had not then been passed.

My opponents in the second race were:

1. Hugh M. Dorsey, who was Solicitor-General of the Atlanta Circuit, and had prosecuted and convicted Leo Frank. He was given great credit for this prosecution, and the success which he achieved in securing the conviction. While some people were little enough to say that the case would have carried itself in the courthouse, yet there is no doubt of the fact that Mr. Dorsey did first-class work in the prosecution and was entitled to great credit for the result. His resignation, which he handed to me before the race, is in these words:

Office of Solicitor General,
Atlanta Judicial Circuit,
Rooms 315-318 Courthouse,
Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga., June 24, 1916.

Hon. N. E. Harris,
Governor of Georgia,
State Capitol, Atlanta, Ga.
Dear Governor:

Having announced for Governor, and desiring to devote my time after July 1, 1916, to my candidacy, I hereby tender my resignation as Solicitor-General of the Atlanta Judicial Circuit, effective on that date. The time intervening will permit me to dispose of all matters in the office requiring my personal and immediate attention, and will probably afford you ample time in which to select my successor.

I desire to express my cordial appreciation of the courtesy I have always received at your hands during the tenure of my office.

Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) HUGH M. DORSEY.

2. Another candidate was Dr. L. G. Hardman, of Commerce, who had run second to me in the former race. The large vote which he polled in the first election made him entirely confident that he would defeat me on a second race. After the Legislature had adjourned, following the first called session, the anti-prohibitionists, as I have before stated, became very active in trying to select a candidate who could defeat me. It was said that Dr. Hardman received a volume of letters, that would have filled a large room twelve by sixteen, asking him to run. The number and character of these letters augmented his confidence in himself and almost assured him of his election.

3. The other candidate was Colonel Joe Pottle, of Milledgeville. He had always been friendly to me. I practiced law under his father who was Judge, and I considered the son one of my warmest friends. At the beginning of my candidacy for the second term, he introduced me to the audience in Jones County, using some very cordial terms, while praising my merits as Governor of the State.

It was something of a surprise when he came out against me. As far as I know he never used a disparaging sentence concerning me during the campaign. He confined himself, apparently, to the statement that I was too old for the hard work of the Governor's office, and that I ought to give it over to one of my friends.

The second regular meeting of the Legislature came on in June while the race was still going on. The election was to take place about the middle of September. There were a vast number of very important measures pending before the Legislature and I concluded that it was my duty to remain with the body and take part in the transaction of its business until its adjournment. I used to say that as I was equal to two-thirds of the Legislature in the passage of an Act it certainly behooved me to remain and watch each step taken by the body to inaugurate and pass the measures most necessary to the good of the people. My own message had suggested a number of measures and it seemed right that I should give my attention to the consideration of all such matters as they came up to be passed on before the several Houses.

The result was that I did not go into the field, but allowed my opponents full liberty to assail me in every way they thought fit without any reply upon my part. I had been sick at certain periods of my term—at one

time looking over the dividing line very closely and perilously near to the crossing, as I have already stated.

My opponents, therefore, thought fit to declare that my physical strength was such that it would be almost equivalent to putting a dead man in office if I were elected. As they went to every county in the State and as each one of them except Mr. Dorsey, played on this string, the people of the country came to the conclusion that I was in fact worn out and broken down under the stress of years and the burdens of the office.

When I finally got to the stump and made my first speech to the people I had just twenty-three days left before the election. In that twenty-three days I visited forty-five counties, speaking several times a day, delivering sometimes as many as six and eight speeches, traveling night and day to keep up with the appointments.

The first speech was made at Jonesboro, in Clayton County. Only a very few people came out to hear me, as they believed I was only a poor broken-down old man, hardly able to walk. My next appointments were much better attended. Vast crowds began to come out to hear me. One old gentleman, at Fayetteville came up to me in a crowd after I had spoken and said to me: "Governor, they said you were an old man, that you have passed your day and didn't remember from one minute to the other what you had done. They said you were in your dotage, and had to be carried into your office and someone had to hold your hand whenever you signed a paper. Why, Governor, you are not an old man, you are a young man comparatively, and Governor, they have lied on you—they have lied on you grossly, and I am going to vote for you because they have lied on you so much." I

said to him in the presence of the people around about: "I hope there are more than one hundred thousand men in Georgia who will feel the same way when the election comes around."

Of the forty-five counties that I was able to reach in the time allowed me, I carried forty-two and a half. If there had been twelve days more I would have carried the State had the same progress been kept up. Mr. Dorsey, my opponent, who was elected, said to me afterwards: "Governor, you were coming faster than any candidate that I have ever known. If you had had twelve days longer you would probably have beaten me and gone into the convention with a majority."

The policy I adopted of staying with the Legislature was unfortunate in my case at least. It did not appeal to the people and it gave ground for the belief that the charges made by my opponents of my inability to discharge the duties of the office from old age and physical weakness were true in fact, so that I lost many a county by being unable to show myself within its bounds.

The result of the campaign was the election of Mr. Dorsey by a majority of the county unit votes and a heavy plurality of the popular vote.

After the vote had been counted and the returns came in there was made for me a careful calculation of all the votes cast in the cities and towns of the State. It developed that I had carried every city in the State except Atlanta, and every county site in the State except four.

In the case of Atlanta I have never been quite satisfied as to the real vote cast, as the ballot boxes were burned before there was any consolidation made. I charged myself in some measure with being responsible

for this result. I finished my campaign in Fulton County and on the night before the election at the Forsyth Theatre, before a vast audience, I made the statement that if I lost the State and yet carried Atlanta I would feel reconciled to the situation. This statement of mine caused the friends of Mr. Dorsey, who lived in Atlanta, to put forth extra exertions. Notwithstanding all of these efforts I have never been certain how the vote stood in the county. The man who burnt the ballot boxes is now dead, and I never was able to talk with him.

I may say here and now, however, that after I became aware of the fact that I had been beaten so overwhelmingly in the country outside the towns, I was glad that the vote as counted showed Mr. Dorsey in the majority in Atlanta, for I felt it might have been a serious handicap for him to go into office with the knowledge that his own county had voted against him.

Atlanta has, within its borders, many dear friends who were always kind to me; many more than in my own county even and I have been the recipient of uncounted favors at the hands of its people.

Following my defeat, at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, presided over by Robert Maddox, President of the Atlanta National Bank, the following incident occurred: I was sitting by the side of Mr. Maddox, at the head of the table, and during the progress of the banquet he turned to me and said: "Governor Harris, when a man is once a Governor he is always Governor to Atlanta. Isn't there something that could be done for you to keep you in the City the balance of your life, to get you to settle down here? We could make you Emeritus Chairman of the Tech or give you some position like this and provide a salary for the same. How much money, per annum would it take to keep you here?"

I replied: "Oh, you are just guying me, but I am obliged to you just the same." A few minutes afterwards he turned around and said: "Governor, I am in earnest about this. Name a figure for which you would be willing to stay in Atlanta the rest of your life." I said: "If you insist on it, I believe I would be willing to stay in Atlanta for \$3,000.00 a year, attached in some way to the governing body of the Tech."

There were about sixteen gentlemen at his table and a large number at two other tables, the first citizens of Atlanta. He started with his own table and asked: "How much are you willing to give to Governor Harris per annum to keep him here the balance of his life?" One after the other answered his question until \$4,000 was pledged by the meeting. Turning to me he said: "Governor, we have met your proposition—what do you say?"

I came to my feet and said: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I thank you with my whole heart. I know, however, that this is only a consolation prize which you offer me because a citizen of Atlanta has defeated me for Governor. I cannot take advantage of your kindness, but I thank you again and again, I say, with my whole heart and I will be grateful as long as I live."

The incident was published in the papers and came to the notice of Dr. Matheson. He telephoned me and said: "Governor, if you are willing I can arrange the compensation for you. I am going this morning to appear before the Atlanta Council and if you are willing, I will ask the City Government to add \$3,000.00 per annum to their appropriation so that you can get the salary and stay with the Tech as Chairman of its Board." He followed up the suggestion and the ap-

appropriation was made by the City of Atlanta. The Legislature was in session and a bill was introduced to authorize the payment of the money. It passed unanimously in the Senate, but when it came to the House, although the Treasury was in no danger whatever, Colonel Hall, the member from Bibb and "watch dog of the Treasury," pounced on the measure, and after discussing it strenuously, secured an amendment reducing the amount to \$2,500.00. I asked the Senate to accept the amendment and the law has so stood ever since.

Mr. Hall had fallen out with me on account of my refusal to give him the Judgeship of the City Court in Macon, at the time when I gave the appointment to Judge Guerry. He had been very bitter for a time, threatening me with many reprisals, but after Governor Dorsey had likewise refused to appoint him we made up and shook hands and agreed to be friends. We had had many jousts with each other in the courthouse and sometimes there had been serious offense given. He was an able lawyer, and, but for his prejudices, which frequently led him astray, might have presided over the affairs of the commonwealth and held its highest office. He closed his career forever only a little while ago.

MOB AT THE MANSION

On the night following the election in which I was defeated the friends of Governor Dorsey gathered for celebration of their victory. They marched up and down the streets in a large crowd and finally came to a point opposite the Mansion. While they stood here they put a speaker on the steps of the Baptist church and prevailed on him to address the meeting. There was much shouting and great con-

fusion, but the speaker made himself heard and seemed to please the boisterous crowd. It appeared to be a species of rejoicing over the defeated candidate, especially as it is said that one man shouted out while the demonstration was going on: "Come out of the Mansion, old man, and let a better one take your place."

With this exception the Atlanta people have always been very cordial and sympathetic towards me. I suppose the momentary feeling of triumph was too strong to be controlled.

WHAT GOVERNOR DORSEY SAID ABOUT PROHIBITION

After my defeat and the election of Governor Dorsey to succeed me, I sent for him to come to the Mansion in order to confer with him concerning his attitude on the subject of prohibition.

He came into the Mansion, and after we had shaken hands and I had felicitated him on his success as a candidate, I asked him to state to me frankly what he meant to do with the prohibition laws that had been passed in my term.

He spoke up at once and without hesitation, saying that he did not intend to touch these laws or to allow it to be done if he could help it. He was willing to leave the matter as I had left it and let some future Governor or Legislature determine what course was to be pursued.

I congratulated him most heartily and thanked him for the assurance he gave me, and it is needless to say felt great relief. As a matter of fact no Legislature during his term disturbed these laws.

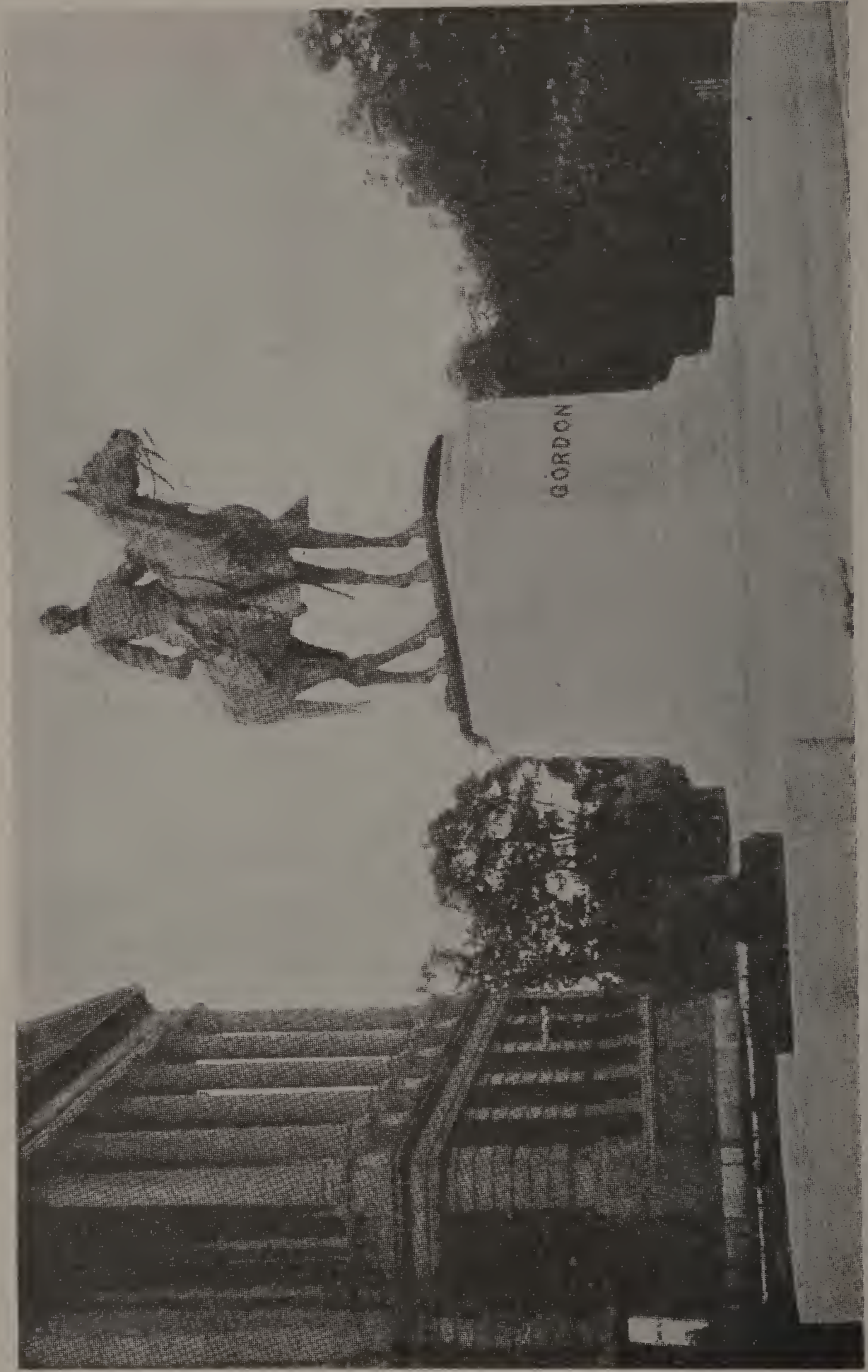
GOVERNOR DORSEY'S INAUGURATION

The Legislature meets on the 4th Wednesday in June and the inauguration of a Governor usually takes place in the first week after the meeting. Governor Dorsey's inauguration occurred on July 1st, which was in the first calendar week after the Legislature met.

A large crowd was present and the oath was administered in the presence of the two Houses of the Legislature by the Chief Justice, Wm. H. Fish. The outgoing Governor being present, when the oath had been taken, he was handed the seal of the State by the Secretary, Mr. Cook, and it was then handed by him to the new Governor, with some appropriate words. When the new Governor had received the seal he turned and gave it back into the hands of the Secretary of State, to be kept for his administration. The inaugural address was then delivered, after which the meeting adjourned, and the old Governor's work was done.

STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON

In the year 1906 the Legislature appointed a commission to complete the work of erecting on the State grounds a monument to General John B. Gordon. I was a member of the commission, and in company with my wife and Mrs. Burton Smith, daughter of General Gordon, and others of the committee, went to Mamaroneck in New York to examine the statue in preparation by the sculptor, Mr. Borglum, at that place. I wrote the report of the committee and delivered the address at the unveiling that turned the monument over to the State of Georgia.



STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON

MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE JUDGES

With a practice at the Bar of some fifty odd years it can be well understood that I have had many adventures with the judges of the State.

I have been admitted to practice in the State Courts, in the United States Courts, and in the Supreme Court at Washington. In all of these I have had cases sometimes starting with a Justice of the Peace and ending with the last tribunal at the seat of government in Washington.

Looking back over these days there comes to my mind the face of many a splendid judge who, sitting in the seat of justice, tried to hold the reins fairly and do right between man and man. When a Judge wraps the ermine about him and seats himself in a judge's chair, there comes over him a disposition to decide questions according to law. If he allows outside influences to distract his attention and control his judgment he is liable to make a travesty of justice and disgrace the position which he holds.

Mentioning a few of those who have made on me the greatest impression, I shall ask pardon of the Bar for singling out any one, among the large number, who have passed over the scenes since I commenced to practice.

When I entered the Legislature in 1882 all the judges on the Circuit and Supreme Bench were elected by that body and consequently a canvass was made of the two Houses in every case.

Judge Samuel Hall, of Macon, had been a very prominent member of the Bar from the time I had entered it. He was especially a friend to the young lawyers; a walking encyclopedia. He could point out to us at any time authority that covered the point we

were making, frequently giving the name of the volume as well as the case.

I had learned to love and admire him. He was genial in his way, gentle in his conversation, believed always in the right thing, and showed judgment in every position which he occupied. He was a fine lawyer, possibly better with the court than with the jury, as his wonderful memory and wide erudition gave him an especial advantage in enlightening the court and expounding the law. He never took a position that he thought could not be sustained by authority. I have heard him tell the court frankly that he did not believe that the law would uphold a position which his associate had taken in the case. The court was always sure of getting his real belief if the question was asked him about any matter under discussion.

He practiced in the neighboring counties and I met him at each one of the courts that I attended as well as in Macon. His friends determined to try to elect him to the Supreme Bench and for this purpose presented his name to the Legislature. The vacancy to be filled was made by the expiration of the term of Judge Alexander Speer; to my mind, one of the purest and noblest of the great judges who have filled places in our supreme tribunal.

Judge Hall was very careless in his dress. He made very little pretense in this matter, though constantly attending every accessible court. When it was determined to present his name, the persons who were back of him concluded to have him make a good appearance. One of his good friends, who was a clothing merchant, sold him at less than half price a new suit of clothes. His friends among the younger members of the Bar bought an elegant beaver hat for him and accompanied him to the Legislature. He took his seat

in a corner of the Kimball House and the young men, his friends, brought the members of the Legislature forward to shake hands with him and become acquainted.

My room-mate at that time was Col. Tom Eason, and knowing Col. Hall as he did, he took an especial interest in pushing his candidacy.

It was a striking figure that came under the gaze of the members as they were brought up to see him. He was an inveterate tobacco chewer, and in spitting the tobacco juice, allowed it to fall down on his shirt front. Leaning over in the chair the shirt front would extend itself on his bosom and the consequence was every time he emptied the tobacco juice from his mouth the shirt front received a portion of it.

Absurd as it may seem to write of such things, yet to this fact more than almost to any other he owed his election. When the members from the country counties, and they were in a large majority, came forward to see him, they noticed his manners and spoke of it among themselves. His beaver hat was on the back of his head and his fine store clothes showed off his form to great advantage, but instead of driving off or disgusting the members of the Legislature, they would shake his hand, listen to his kindly greeting, and go away with the statement: "That's a good man. He's not stuck up. He will make a good Judge. He's no band-box dude. We will vote for him." And they did, electing him by a large majority. He made a splendid official, doing credit to the bench and giving satisfaction to the country.

THE DIXON WILL CASE

There came up during Judge Hall's time the celebrated Dixon Will Case. David Dixon, of Hancock County, had died and left a will bequeathing his

estate, amounting to more than a million dollars, to a colored woman and her offspring, who lived on the place with him. The will was contested on various grounds, among others, setting-up the race question and the right of a testator to cut out his white heirs and give his property to his illegitimate colored children. He was a man known all over the State, an authority on farming, and wonderfully successful in the management of large landed interests in Hancock and possibly other counties.

The heirs at law employed my firm and Captain John C. Rutherford to caveat the will. We tried the case in the Superior Court of Hancock County on appeal from the Ordinary and the jury, taken from the Grand Jury, found against us. We carried it by writ of error to the Supreme Court. Col. C. W. DuBose, Milton Reese and Judge Reese defended the will.

The Bench, at the time the case came up, consisted of Judge James Jackson, Chief Justice, Samuel Hall and Mark Blandford Associate Justices. I opened the case for the plaintiffs in error, on the first day after it was reached.

I had noticed that Judge Blandford had shown a steady dissent from all the law points that we presented for the plaintiff in error, by his questions disclosing a decided leaning to the defendants in error. At the noon hour two members of the court, Judges Hall and Blandford, called me into the library to discuss the case. This, of course, was entirely out of the ordinary, but as the case involved questions of State and National policy, the judges were willing to talk to me to ascertain what view was entertained outside the courthouse. I spoke frankly to them, told them as far as I could, how the people felt concerning the will and then stated that I had done the best I could with the argument that I had already made. They

were very frank with me, in fact they trusted me as few lawyers have within my knowledge ever been trusted by a reviewing court.

I may say here that I was a close personal friend of each one. Judge Blandford was a one-armed Confederate soldier, and my vote cast for him in the Legislature, was the deciding vote that gave him his position. Judge Hall, I loved as a father. I regarded him as a nobleman of the old school, one of the safest and truest men that ever sat on a judge's bench.

After the interview had lasted for some time Judge Blandford said: "You had better settle the case," intimating that he did not wish to decide it against us. I replied at once that I could not settle the case now, after his intimations during the morning, that the defendants in error were absolutely confident of the final result. Thereupon he said: "I'll help you out. Let me ask a few questions of the counsel who speaks for the defendants in error this afternoon and he won't be so confident at the end of my questions."

I agreed to make the effort to settle and we separated.

Sure enough, when Col. Reese came to speak in the afternoon, Judge Blandford hurled at him a large number of questions, evidently trying to obliterate the impression that had already gone out.

When the session closed in the afternoon I lost no time in approaching the opposition counsel and asking for a settlement. I found the counsel absolutely averse even to considering a proposition. Col. DuBose was the executor and he set the foot down squarely against any compromise, Col. Reese agreeing readily with his views.

It looked to us then like the case was completely gone against us, judging by what the two members of

the court had told me. I have never mentioned the circumstance of my conversation with the members of the bench to any outsider, but I felt it my duty to talk to my associate counsel, Col. Rutherford, who was to speak in the morning, concluding for our side. When I told him he was startled, hurt, and almost overwhelmed it seemed to me. I told him that the court had absolutely decided the question against us and that the case seemed to be completely gone. I also told him of my efforts to settle and the failure that resulted. Then I left him.

I have heard since that he never slept a moment during the entire night. His whole being was stirred to its depths as it had never been before. He went to bed but never closed his eyes, and in the morning he put a wet towel containing ice around his forehead, took a light breakfast, and then went to the courthouse.

A good portion of the Legislature, which was then in session, had gathered in to hear the final argument. I took my seat near the clerk's stand, where I could look in Col. Rutherford's face. When he rose to speak I saw that some deep feeling was working upon him. His face had a hard stern look upon it. When he opened, his first words disclosed a depth of feeling that I had never seen him show before. He bent his head and threw his body forward, taking a step towards the bench. I said to myself, as he began: "Old man, the Cobb blood is stirring in you. Your ancestors were race horses, and you have got it in you."

Then he opened. He began by referring to the fact that he had been informed that the case was practically decided against him; that he was not willing to admit or believe that any tribunal of justice would treat a great case pending before it in such a manner. Then

he delivered a speech such as has never been heard in any courthouse in Georgia, or in the South, I presume.

His mother was Howell Cobb's sister and his father was my old teacher at Athens. The eloquence in his words, the fire in his eye, and the deep feeling of his soul stirred to the utmost, made a most terrible impression upon me, and I knew must have affected the court. One after another he took up the points; showed that the future of the Anglo-Saxon, the traditions of the past, the hopes of the future were all concerned in the questions he was discussing. The appeals grew fiercer and stronger as he spoke. He finally overwhelmed the court; the Chief Justice put his head down upon the docket before him and wept like a child. Judge Hall showed his appreciation by bringing his hand down upon the desk and saying: "Captain Rutherford, you are throwing new light upon this case—the court had not understood it before."

The lawyer thanked the Judge, and then said he had known him so long that he could not conceive how he could have misjudged the position and overlooked the merits as was reported. When he finished his argument on the law points, he closed with an appeal to the court begging them not to forget their duty to the country and to the nation at large.

The Chief Justice brought his hand down upon the book in front of him with a resounding crash and said: "I would rather die in my place than uphold this will." Judge Hall came down from the bench, took Captain Rutherford's hand and said to him: "Captain Rutherford, write out this speech and I will put it in the opinion I shall write that it may be a warning and an appeal to the people of this generation. You have completely changed my mind."

That afternoon the counsel for the defendants in

error saw me and offered a settlement. Some of our clients were unwilling to accept it. I, however, urged it upon them, and begged them to keep the offer pending until I could bring about an agreement.

A few days afterwards the Chief Justice was stricken with pneumonia and in a few days was dead. No opportunity had been given for consultation and discussion of the case, as the Judge was stricken before the next meeting of the court. Judge Blandford had never varied it seemed, but steadfastly determined to uphold the decision.

Judge Logan E. Bleckley was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Jackson, and when we applied for a re-argument the court under his direction ruled against us, thus leaving the decision to the two surviving judges who had heard the discussion.

When it was announced that the Court was ready to decide the case I went to the court room to hear the decision read. In those days the court read its decisions from the bench. A long decision was written by Judge Hall affirming the judgment below. As he read it I saw that his feelings were enlisted, deeply enlisted. His voice was hoarse and his manner was excited. At one time when reciting the facts he looked at me and I shook my head in dissent. I saw his face redden and I was sorry that I had shown any sign of disapproval. When he read the decision he left the city for a short vacation at Mount Airy. Here he was taken sick, I always thought under the burden and stress of the awful case that they had made him decide. He died in a short while, never taking his seat again.

I have heard that some of his friends, who were in favor of the will, had made him feel that it was his

duty to sustain the decision, even against his own convictions and his great sense of right and justice fought against his patriotic leanings and conquered, though his heart was broken. The money went to the negroes and was squandered, I have heard, within about five years time, not a cent being left.

The decision is reported in 78th Georgia and has been followed in other jurisdictions, and I suppose it is now settled law throughout the Southern States that a man may leave his property to his illegitimate negro offspring, even to the exclusion of his childless widow and his white nephews and nieces.

When the argument was completed there was a recess in the court room and a number of the Legislators complimented Captain Rutherford on his able address and one of them spoke out openly, using a semi-profane expression, saying: "Thank God, that damned will is dead."

THE UNITED STATES JUDGES

When I first came to Macon Judge Erskine was the United States Judge. He was followed by Judge McCay and the next in succession was Judge Emory Speer.

Judge Speer had been my club mate and good friend in college. I followed him in one of the great offices that a member of our club could hold and our minds ran together in many instances. He was a fine debater, one of the best writers in the Institution, son of a Methodist preacher and had an excellent and noble lady for a mother. After my graduation he wrote to me offering to go into partnership with me in Athens in the publication of a newspaper at that place. He believed we could make a great success, as he said he could write well and I could at least speak well, but I declined.

My partner, Mr. Hill, preferred the practice of the United States Court and looked after our cases in that jurisdiction, as I have already stated. I only appeared when the case we were trying had an important bearing and my partner was afraid of the Court's ruling.

When the Macon and Northern Railroad was put into the hands of a receiver the bondholders sent a petition to Judge Speer asking him to give me the appointment. He did so and I took charge of the road, as I have already stated, running it as receiver for some four or five years, then afterwards for a time as President and then Vice-President in charge.

I do not think my administration was anything to be proud of. I kept the road out of debt but I couldn't pay the interest on the bonds, as it was only a short line and had not very much patronage at either terminal. After its re-organization it was sold to the West Point Terminal Company and was operated jointly by the Central & Southern Railway Companies.

I have set out in another part of these reminiscences the circumstances attending its sale to Mr. John Inman, President of the West Point Terminal Company.

After the sale of the road and my election by the stockholders as President and afterwards Vice-President in charge, Judge Speer removed me from the receivership, as hereinbefore stated.

For a long period the Judge would not speak to me when we met, but after I was appointed Judge of the Superior Court he met me in the elevator at the Federal Building one day and said, as if nothing had ever occurred between us: "Nat, I think you and I can take care of the morals of this city and see that the law is enforced. We can make a great city out of it."

After my election as Governor the estate of James M. Smith, of Lexington, was taken charge by Judge

Speer and a receiver appointed. His order taking the estate under control enjoined all claims pending against it and directed applications for relief to be filed in his court. This was the effect of the order.

There was pending before the Ordinary in Oglethorpe County a claim for some hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in behalf of the State for inheritance tax. The State was in need of this money and I directed Judge Hart, former Attorney-General, as special counsel for the State, to file an application before Judge Speer in Macon asking him to allow this money to be paid, as the State was sadly in need of it and the claim was superior to all others—in fact was not contested. I remember using some such words as these to Judge Hart before he went to Macon to file the application: “Judge, be very careful about what you say to the court, for Judge Speer is exceedingly jealous of his authority and if you should offend him in any way it will be very difficult for us to secure the order.”

Judge Hart evidently forgot my instructions when he came before the court. He had never been used to the peculiar methods followed by Judge Speer, who, to say the least, could never brook the least criticism of his acts or question as to his jurisdiction or authority. I was told afterwards that Judge Hart used some very strong expressions, speaking boldly his conclusions concerning what to him appeared to be a most decided usurpation of power on the part of the court, especially in stopping the collection of State Taxes and claims of this character by injunction. The result was a clash as I had well anticipated, and Judge Speer refused the application in strong and vigorous terms. He treated the application as having been made by myself as Governor and used some harsh expressions concern-

ing the proceeding. The case was carried to the Circuit Court of Appeals and before a hearing the injunction against the State's claims was immediately dissolved.

When the Legislature met in 1916 I called its attention to the act of Judge Speer in enjoining the collection of this claim and used these words: "His (Judge Speer's) action necessarily delayed the collection of the State's claim which, to say the least of it, was rather 'unusual.' But the matter is now pending before the Court of Appeals in Atlanta, and a decision is expected in October. Meantime that Court set aside the restrictive order passed by the district judge and it is hoped that the proceedings in the Ordinary's court to fix the amount of the tax in order to secure the payment of the same will be allowed to go forward in the ordinary way."

This part of the message was quoted in the newspapers and reference was made to a conflict between the Governor and Judge Speer. I have heard that the Judge was very much hurt by this reference. The word "unusual" which I quoted was employed by him in his criticism of my action and I retorted in this way. He was always a loyal Georgian and I think was sorry to have the matter referred to in such terms.

He never afterwards spoke to me and on one occasion subsequent to this, when a banquet was given to the New York Chautauqua in Macon, he declined to sit by me at the table, asking that his seat be moved to some other place.

I never saw him again until death had closed his eyes in this world forever.

He had many good traits as well as some hard to understand. I have said often, and repeat the words here, that whenever a question came before him that

had a moral side to it he always took that side. I thought it was the inspiration of a noble father and a Christian mother that held him always to the side of right. He told me one time that he could feel the prayers of his old father holding him back when he came to a precipice over which he was about to step.

I have not escaped without wounds from our own Supreme Court. One of our leading mercantile houses got into difficulties and I filed an equitable proceeding for injunction and receiver. The relief was refused and I carried the case to the Supreme Court for review. Col. Hines, of the firm of Nisbet, Bacon & Hines, was with me in the case when we tried it in the court below. One of the points we made was that the court stopped us without allowing a full hearing (on account of the coming on of midnight Saturday). We had taken all the afternoon and the argument for the plaintiffs was broken into by the coming of Sunday, when the court refused to sit longer and decided against us. We carried the case to the Supreme Court and it was affirmed. The case came to trial some time afterwards and the jury found a verdict in our favor giving us the complete relief which we had asked.

When the verdict was rendered I sent a copy of it to Judge Bleckley at his summer home on Screamer Mountain, to show him that the jury had sustained our contention.

I learned afterwards that he was just writing the opinion on our case for injunction and receiver, which we had lost, and he took occasion to include the criticism found in the Sixty-Third Georgia first case. He told me afterwards that he did not have me in mind when he wrote these words, but was thinking of Colonel Hines. All the same I took them to myself for I had controlled the case.

I liked Judge Bleckley. He was a very remarkable man and no one like him ever presided over a court in Georgia. I was sitting in the State Library one day and he entered and coming up to where I was sitting said to me: "Harris, do you know any thriving town in this State where a man might go and practice law and grow up with the place, making a living at the same time?"

He had left the bench some time before and was doing some practice at law in Atlanta, especially in cases before the Supreme Court. I looked on him as practically retired, so his question startled me, and I said: "Why Judge, you are not going into practice again are you? You wrote that poem in Sixty-Fourth Georgia on 'Rest,' and haven't you reached a time now when you can afford to take the advice you gave to others?" He replied with great earnestness in his voice: "Harris, I was mistaken—Harris, I was mistaken. There is no rest for a man in our profession. He must die in harness."

The poem is as follows, found in 64th Georgia, page 452:

IN THE MATTER OF REST

Rest for hand and brow and breast,
 For fingers, heart and brain!
 Rest and peace! a long release
 From labor and from pain:
 Pain of doubt, fatigue, despair—
 Pain of darkness everywhere,
 And seeking light in vain!

Peace and rest! Are they the best
 For mortals here below?
 Is soft repose from work and woes
 A bliss for men to know?
 Bliss of time is bliss of toil:
 No bliss but this, from sun and soil,
 Does God permit to grow.

Judge Bleckley was an elegant writer, both of verse and prose. He entered the University of Georgia after he had left the bench and pursued a course of studies in the Institution while my partner, Mr. Hill, was the Chancellor. The step looked so extraordinary that we thought his mind might have become affected; but he kept his strength to the last.

Judge Thomas J. Simmons was Chief Justice following Judge Bleckley. He was Judge of the Macon Circuit for a considerable period of years before he was elevated to the Supreme Bench. When he first entered on the duties of Judge in Macon I could not command his attention in any argument I made or secure a decision from him. His mind was of a different order from my own. "Having seen the mountains in my childhood," I had allowed my imagination to go beyond the normal. Judge Simmons had no imagination and had no sympathy with a man who attempted to interlard his speeches before him with classic references or poetical sentences. He said to me more than once: "Oh, let all that foolishness stop and get to your case." I despaired of ever finding a channel that would reach his mind and heart. One day after he had been on the bench more than two years he went into the Judge's chambers from the court room and motioned to me to follow him.

I did so, and when I reached the room he directed me to take a seat and then rose up and commenced pacing the room from one end to another, finally he said to me: "Harris, I want to tell you something in confidence about myself. I do not know much law and I have been exceedingly afraid that I will rule wrong or do injustice in the trial of the cases that come before me. I pledge you my honor that for the two years and better that I have been upon the bench I

have spent almost one-third of the time on my knees praying the Lord to direct me and keep me from doing wrong."

The statement was like a revelation to me. I could hardly speak when he made it. And after I had talked with him awhile I went away with my eyes full of tears. I said then to myself: "If I have failed heretofore to convince him of the justice of my case I am determined that I will never do so again, or if I do I will know then it is my own fault and not his."

I never had any further trouble with him in the trial of cases. I found him trying to follow the law with the most persistent and settled determination and if I failed to convince him at any time I accepted my defeat as one that was deserved. I loved him from that time to his death. In every race that he made afterwards he asked me to take the head of his campaign for him, and I did so. When he died there was no more earnest mourner that followed his bier than the man who at first had failed to appreciate and understand him.

Governor Terrell, who was presiding over the state's fortunes at the time of his death, asked me if I would take his place, meaning to give the Chief Justice's position to some member of the court and then fill the Associate Justice place left vacant. I was absorbed in business and refused to consider the suggestion.

MY PARTNERSHIP WITH MR. HILL

Elsewhere in these reminiscences I have given a description of my partners. Nothing which I could say would ever sufficiently express my gratitude and devotion to Walter B. Hill. From the time when he entered the University, in the second term Sophomore, to the time of his death there was the closest, deepest, and most profound love between us. His face attract-

ed me the first day he came to the class. I felt a strong drawing towards him, and when it was followed up by a close association I never lost my first impressions. From the beginning to the end there was never a misunderstanding between us. We never used a harsh word the one to the other. We tried to find out what the other wanted in almost every matter and followed accordingly. I can remember only one difference that we ever had in our judgment of the law. A client came into the office and consulted first with Mr. Hill. He decided that the case was a good one and agreed to undertake it. When I came into the office he told me of it and I said to him: "Walter, you made a mistake in this—the law is against us entirely." He still persisted in his belief that I was wrong; went before the court, tried the case and gained it. He said to me after his success: "Now you see I was right, don't you, and that you were wrong?"

These were the hardest words he ever said to me about a case. I replied: "Walter, the case is not over yet. The other side will take it to the Supreme Court." It was taken to the Supreme Court and the case was reversed. It was reversed with a decision that settled it, laying down the law exactly as I had told my partner would be found correct. He was generous hearted, and coming to me with the decision in his hand said: "Nat, I will never differ from you again in our partnership. We will pull together from now on."

He gave himself to the advocacy of the prohibition cause in Georgia. He put his heart and his life into it. He wrote, spoke and traveled in its behalf. He did not live to see the success of his work. He was recognized as the apostle of prohibition in Georgia, and when he died he left the work to me, begging me to finish it for him.

I took it up and fought the battle in the State, first

before the Legislature in 1907, and afterwards as Governor when the Bone Dry Law was finally passed. All that I did, all that was accomplished, I lay on the grave of my dead partner, for it was his work and the expression of his wish that brought about whatever success I achieved.

Mr. Hill acted as Chancellor of the University for some six years, during which time he spread the fame of the University throughout the nation and even among the educational institutions of Europe.

When he died in December, 1905, letters of sympathy or condolence were received from all over the United States and many letters likewise came from England, France and Germany.

He has been called in the University vernacular, "The Great Chancellor," and I think he deserved it all.

After his death the Board of Trustees three times tendered me the position of Chancellor to succeed him. While the matter was pending the alumni of the Georgia Tech sent me a petition purporting to be signed by every living graduate, asking me not to take the position, but to stay with the Tech as long as I lived. I think the friends of the Technological School believed that my election as Chancellor meant the transfer of the school to Athens. In any event, I felt compelled to refuse the position, although it was accompanied with an offer of a \$10,000 salary and a new house on the campus, to cost not less than \$20,000.

ACTING AS PRESIDENT OF GEORGIA TECH

Dr. Kenneth G. Matheson had been on the teaching force of the Georgia School of Technology for some twenty years. During seventeen of these years he had served as President of the Institution. He was

born in South Carolina on July 28th, 1864. He was of a distinguished family, his people on the mother's side having occupied high positions in the country. He was educated first at The Citadel, South Carolina, then taking the Master of Arts Degree at Leland Stanford University, and afterwards studying both at the Chicago and Columbia Universities. He was a man of fine presence, splendid bearing, with the very highest order of principles, in fact I considered him a high class nobleman in a degenerate age. He was patriotic also, and after aiding in the education of a large number of boys in the Aviation School after war was declared, the Tech having been appointed the 8th Ground School of Aviation in the Union, he felt a strong desire to take part himself in the war. He, therefore, secured leave of absence from the institution and tendered his services to the Government and was appointed Division Chief of the Y. M. C. A. in the Langres Area in France. He remained in the service from March to September, 1918, on the front in France. In his absence I was selected by the Trustees to act as the President of the institution.

I was willing to do this, as I had just left the Governor's chair and the work at the Tech was entirely military. In fact the school had been tendered to the United States Government for war purposes. While I was in charge the classes occupied about ninety days in training and at the end of their term a large majority were given commissions in the aviation corps.

First and last the Tech sent out in this way, I am told, about thirty-seven hundred young men to take part in the war. They were scattered through the various training camps of the United States while a large portion went across to France.

Dr. Emerson, the Dean of the Chemical School of the Institution, acted as my assistant in the education

of the young men and the superintendence of the Military School was looked after by Prof. R. H. Lowndes. Each class generally numbered about five hundred, and the work seemed to be carried on with reasonable success. At least it secured the approval of the Department of Aviation at Washington.

I look back on this work with some degree of gratification. I had asked to be allowed to go across myself to take part in the military operations in France but was refused a commission by the Secretary of War on account of my age. I tried to do something on this side of the water so that I might not be considered a cipher, while the whole Nation was engaged in lending aid in the terrible struggle.

It was my habit to address every class that was graduated. I was accustomed to tell the young men that they were now graduates of the Georgia Tech; that they carried its colors, and wherever they went, would owe it allegiance as their military Alma Mater. Then I told them that the flag that would float over them was the flag of their country, that it was their duty to uphold it and never lower it, or in the service do aught to disgrace it and that the eyes of the school would follow them.

A pathetic incident took place in reference to one of these boys that went out from the Tech. He was sent to France and on one of his flights was shot down by a German plane and fell to the ground mortally wounded. His comrades gathered around him as he lay stretched upon the soil of France, to hear his last request and to transmit his farewells to his people across the sea. After he had enumerated a number of things that he wished said and done, his life ebbing fast away, he turned to his comrades and almost with his latest breath said: "And tell the Tech boys and the old Governor that I did my duty."

And then he died. The boys wrote the message to us and it came across the ocean bringing tears to our eyes as a tribute to the gallant boy who had given his life in that far land for his flag and his country.

At the commencement which occurred on June 10th, 1918, very few of the graduates were present to receive their diplomas. It was thought for awhile that commencement ceremonies would not be necessary, and I think possibly this was the view of the faculty, but I had determined not to allow the occasion to be passed over without some kind of ceremony, so it was determined to have the usual exercises, barring the presence of the boys who graduated.

The commencement address was delivered by Hon. Clifford Walker, who was then Attorney General of Georgia and who has since been elected Governor. His address was a striking, patriotic and eloquent one and made a profound impression upon the audience. At one point in his speech the United States flag was carried up the aisle and placed on the rostrum. Its coming was like a clarion call to arms and aroused the speaker to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. He exhorted the boys who were left behind to equal in consecration the valor of the brave boys who were across the sea, roaming the ocean paths, or making the supreme sacrifice, that the world and our country might be freed forever from the curse of war. The speech ought to have been published entire, for it would have been an inspiration to the School for years.

The closing address was made by me as acting President, and the author of the bulletin says of it that: "The words fell not on the ears of listening graduates as in years passed, but on a hushed and respectful audience who were present to do honor to those young men whose names were called and whose degrees were

laid aside to be mailed to addresses left when they quit the Tech for the training camp or the front.”

My address was partly as follows:

CLOSING ADDRESS BY EX- GOVERNOR HARRIS

Young Men of the Graduating Class:

I am to say only a few words to you today, for I am impressed with the fact that my audience is across the water, or doing duty in training camps where a young recruit learns to mark time and carry a gun.

I had determined that the names of those who graduate should be called on this anniversary occasion as had been done at all the near thirty commencements that have occurred in the history of this school. It was something that I felt we owe to these boys. It is the custom of the Virginia Military Institute on Commencement Day to call the roll of its graduates and when the class that fought in 1864 at New Market is reached someone, as certain names are called for that year, cries out “dead on the field of battle.” I thought of this when the names of the graduating class of 1918 were called. But the answer is not “dead on the field of battle.” It should be “very much alive on the field of battle, or in the camp preparing for battle.” It is on the same level of patriotism, for these boys, who could not stay to get their diplomas in this greatest crisis in their lives, testify by that act their devotion to their native land and their willingness to answer the call when her liberties are imperiled.

And now to those of you who are present just a word or two. The motto of this school has been “To Know, to Do and to Be.” The new motto “Knowledge and Service” comprehends the whole field of activity. You are educated engineers; you have a kinship to a sol-

dier, for before you reached your graduation day, you had already put on the uniform of your country, and in effect declared yourselves soldiers for her defense.

* * * *

Young gentlemen, I earnestly beg you not to forget the teachings of your boyhood, the words of your mother, your earlier home training, as you go out into the world. The army will soon clasp and hide you, but be sure to carry with you the sweeter and softer impulses of a pure humanity along with your determination to be men and to fight to the last for the liberties of your country, and the honor of your flag.

* * * *

Never forget that you are Georgia Tech boys.

The heart of the old State will go with you, and your professors, your instructors, and your old Chairman will watch your career, to rejoice in your triumphs or sorrow for your defeats.

God bless you all. Good-bye.

The War Department seemed to set some store by the education conferred by the Georgia Tech. One of our graduates determined to apply for a position with the Engineers in order to go across to France. He obtained several letters of recommendation, including one from the Governor and one from each of the two Senators, and from a good many business men. He went to Washington and without anyone to introduce him entered the building in which the Department of Engineers was located. He came to the room where one of the Colonels in charge was sitting at his desk, and going up to him, after saluting, addressed him respectfully telling him of the purpose of his visit and asking him to look over his credentials. The Colonel took up the papers, gazed at them casually, read one or two of them and turning to the young man said:

"Where were you educated, Sir?" He replied: "I graduated at the Georgia Tech." When this was said the Colonel dashed the papers to the floor and exclaimed: "Why didn't you tell me that at first? The Tech goes here." Then calling to his Secretary he said: "Write an order giving this young man a Lieutenantancy in the Engineers."

The boy was a resident of Macon and his father was very proud of his success. He went in as a Lieutenant, crossed the ocean to France and came back as a Captain. He had done his duty to his Alma Mater as well as to the Nation that he served.

COL. GARDNER OF THE 31ST DIVISION

The story of Colonel Augustus P. Gardner from Massachusetts, who married a daughter of Senator Henry Cabott Lodge, is one of the saddest and most pathetic that came under my notice during the great War.

Mr. Gardner was a Congressman from the _____ District of Massachusetts, and having been taken with the war fever, conceived it to be his duty to join the army.

When I went to El Paso I met him on the International Bridge in company with a congressional committee. He had just visited Jaurez opposite El Paso, and consulted with the Mexican authorities at that point, touching some of the matters with which the committee was concerned. I, myself, was on the bridge crossing over into Mexico when we met. Only ordinary greetings passed between us and both of us then came back to the American side.

When he returned to Congress after a few months he resigned and applied for a commission in the United States Army. He was appointed Adjutant of the 31st

Division and reported to the Division Commander at Macon, Georgia. He acted as Division Adjutant for some months in the camp.

After Dr. Matheson's return and the completion of my work at the Tech I came down to Macon and rented a suite of rooms in the house that I had built on Georgia Avenue, which had been sold and was held by a third party. My wife and I occupied the quarters for some time and I visited Camp Wheeler as often as possible to keep up with its condition.

A terrible epidemic of "flu" had hit the camp and a large number of soldiers had died of pneumonia. Our surgeons seemed to be unable to control the disease, and it grew worse and more fatal as the weather became colder and more severe on the boys in camp.

One day I was sitting in one of the rooms up stairs that I had rented, when I heard some one coming up the staircase. In a short time there was a knock at the door and I went to open it. When I did so I saw an officer standing before me in full uniform with an eagle on his shoulder. I did not know him but he spoke at once, introducing himself as Colonel Gardner, the Adjutant of the 31st Division. He said he had seen from the papers that I was in town and he was anxious to meet and talk with me.

I was almost overwhelmed by the unexpectedness of the visit. No one was in the house with me and I had been sitting alone thinking over the past and wondering what the future had in store.

The Colonel came in and took a seat with me and we had a long talk. He mentioned then that he was dissatisfied with his position and wanted to get a place in the line. I discouraged him in that, however, because I told him I was sure he could be of more advantage to the country as the Adjutant of the Division than he could be in a line position.

After discussing matters that affected our armies and our cause he left me. I never saw him again. A few weeks afterwards, however, I noticed in the papers that he had resigned as Division Adjutant and had been appointed to a Major's position in the 121st Infantry, which was our old Second Regiment in the Georgia National Guard and was largely made up of troops from Macon and adjacent counties.

The regiment was practicing target shooting in a camp in Twiggs County some eight or ten miles beyond the headquarters in Camp Wheeler and the officers of the Regiment took turn about in superintending the practice. It soon came around to Major Gardner's time and he went out to the camp with the detachment from the Regiment. The weather turned cold and the facilities of the camp at the target grounds were undoubtedly not as good as those in the regular camp. He contracted the "flu," lingered for awhile when he came back to the encampment, went into pneumonia and died.

Of all the noble, self-sacrificing examples that were given in the war, I put the case of Colonel Gardner, the Massachusetts Congressman, ahead of any other.

His death was a terrible blow to me. I wrote for *The Telegraph* a notice of it, with a short description of his worth and his sacrifice.

Someone sent the paper containing the notice to Senator Lodge at Washington and he wrote me a beautiful letter thanking me for my kindness and telling me how his widowed daughter had appreciated my words.

If he had lived, with the spirit that was in him, he would have gone rapidly toward the top, and I think the 31st Division would have received better treatment at the hands of the War Department.

Colonel Gardner gave up his position as Congressman to come to the army. He felt that there was a

duty on Congress to show to the country that when it declared war it did not mean to hide itself behind its prerogatives and let others do the fighting, receive the wounds, and often die. It was his purpose to get on the firing line so as to set an example of patriotic well-doing for the Congress and the Nation. There were very few like him on the American Continent.

OFFER OF FARMERS TO AID IN RACE FOR UNITED STATES SENATE

About a year after my term as Governor was over I was standing with my wife in the railway terminal at Atlanta, waiting to take a train for Macon, when I was approached by Colonel Charles S. Barrett, the President of the Farmers' Union of the United States. He was a Georgian, born in Pike County, near Macon and had known me for many years. He came up to me and said: "Governor Harris, we want you to run for the United States Senate." I replied: "Why, Charlie, there are already two men in the race, W. J. Harris and T. W. Hardwick. Won't one of these suit you?"

He replied: "No, we do not wish either one."

Then I said: "Charlie, you know if I were to come out for that position the people would say I was in my dotage."

He replied at once: "You know that's a lie, but I say to you even if it were true we can put you over the top if you will only give us your name. We do not wish you to make any extensive campaign, only to deliver a few speeches and we will do the rest. You carried all the cities and towns in your race for Governor, and we will give you the country if you enter the field." "But," I said, "Charlie, it will cost a considerable sum to make the race and I haven't got the

money." He replied: "The money is already raised. Your friends will not have to pay one cent, we will take care of all that, and, Governor, if you will come into the race I will do for you what I would not do for any other living man on earth, I'll come to Atlanta and take charge and manage your campaign for you, and there's no power on earth that can beat you if you will consent to make the race."

My wife was standing by and heard all of this, and I turned to her and said: "What do you say, madam?"

She replied at once: "I think you have had enough of trouble with politics and you ought to rest the balance of your days."

I turned to Col. Barrett and said: "Charlie, that's my answer."

But he insisted and said he would not take the answer at that time. He begged me to wait a week or ten days, think over the matter and then make up my mind. I still replied: "No, the madam has made my answer and I must decline your offer, which is certainly very greatly appreciated by me."

Inside the week I met some of the members of Mr. Wilson's cabinet. One of them said: "Governor, we understand that the farmers of Georgia have asked you to run for the United States Senate." I replied: "Yes, Sir, you are right." Then it was said to me: "If you will do so, Governor, if you will make the race, we will see that Mr. Wilson does not take any hand against you. W. J. Harris and you are both his friends and his hands will be off, but some of his Cabinet will not hesitate to do what they can for you in the contest."

This offer by Mr. Barrett, I afterwards ascertained, was made with Mr. Watson's consent, with whom his friends had conferred in McDuffie. If I had entered the race under these circumstances it seems to me now

there was no power in the State to prevent my election. The offer that was made to me by Col. Barrett stopped all thoughts that I had entertained up to that time, of leaving Georgia. To my mind, coming as the proposition did, it was almost equivalent to an election.

When I saw W. J. Harris afterwards and mentioned the proposition that had been made to me he expressed his surprise and said: "I am glad you did not take up with the offer, for it would have caused both of us to be defeated if you had come into the race."

I answered: "No, my dear friend, it would have brought about my election and your defeat and that of your opponent, Mr. Hardwick, as certain as the sun got up this morning."

There comes over me at times something like a regret that I did not accept the proposition and come into the race. My strength might have been sufficient to make the campaign and afterwards discharge the duties of the office if I had been elected.

Colonel Barrett's word as the head of the great farmers' organization would have carried power and influence to every county and district in the State. He was living at that time in Florida during the winter, as I have been doing ever since. Many times he has been offered positions by the government at Washington and elsewhere but has steadily refused to go into political life. I shall never cease to thank him for the offer he made and the exceptionally kind words that accompanied it.

A VISIT TO MRS. CORRA HARRIS AND REMINISCENCES

Living on Pine Log, about four miles from the homestead that was occupied by my mother and her family after my father's death, is a lady who has become celebrated as a writer throughout the whole country.

Her name is Mrs. Corra Harris. I call her cousin but her husband, I suppose, was in fact not related to me.

When I was beginning my professional life in Macon I spent some time looking after what was then called the Southern Christian Advocate. It was published by my father-in-law, Rev. John W. Burke, who owned a large printing house and book store in Macon. I corrected the proofs for the paper and in doing so came in contact with Rev. Lundy Harris, who was then engaged in teaching in Emory College, located at Oxford, Georgia.

The President of Emory College, Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, afterwards Bishop, was the editor of the paper and Mr. Harris came down at regular intervals to look after the editorials and the general make-up of the paper for Dr. Haygood. Here we met.

He afterwards married Miss Corra May White, who survived him and is living in a little home in Bartow County near the old Pine Log settlement. When I first met her she had become a very celebrated authoress, writing a number of novels that have achieved a decided success in the literary world. She is also the author of other works that exhibit a wonderful genius, placing her among the first in the South.

I met her by accident one day at the Georgian Terrace in Atlanta, and after some conversation she invited me to visit her home. I told her I would be delighted to do so if I could be allowed to go to the old place where I lived with my mother in the first years after the war. She assured me I should do so and she arranged to meet me in Cartersville, as she had business there from time to time, and fixed the day when I should come.

I went up accordingly and she met me with her chauffeur and automobile. In going to her home she

turned out a short distance from the main road and carried me to the homestead, where my mother and the children had lived. It was the first time I had seen it since the Fall of 1868 and I could not put on paper if I were to try the feelings that crowded upon me, when I looked on the old white house, where we found a refuge after the death of my father near Kingston, Georgia.

My mother who was with us then has long since gone to her rest. The children died one after the other with consumption, and only my oldest brother and I, with one widowed sister, remain of the twelve.

There was nothing that seemed familiar to me except the well in the side yard. The trees had changed—the fences had been torn down and moved to other locations. The splendid grove that stood in front of the house had been largely thinned and cut out and the landscape was changed beyond recognition.

The fifty-five years that had passed had obliterated the land marks that I would have recognized. Yet the house seemed natural, when I went inside of it, and the rooms were just as I remembered them. It gave me the heart-ache and I went on to the home of my friend.

Her house occupies an elevated position, in fact is on the top of a ridge overlooking a large stream that runs toward the south. It is an ideal place for a poet's residence. It is located near the place where her husband died. Mrs. Harris showed me her study and the chair in which she sat to write her stories and other contributions to literature. It stands in the yard, some distance from the main house.

Sitting in front of her chair was an easel upholding a picture of a deceased daughter. She had died some-time before but the mother kept her face where she could look on it as she wrote her wonderful productions.

While she talked to me she would grow eloquent at times and smiles would play upon her face, then she would drop into a cynical mood without warning and her face take on a hard and stony look. I recognized her genius at once and rejoiced that I had become acquainted with her before I died.

She writes at regular intervals and every word she publishes adds something to the fame of Georgia as well as of the authoress, who sends them out to the world.

I took dinner with her and in the afternoon she carried me back to Cartersville, some twelve miles distant, where I boarded the train for Atlanta, rejoicing on the way that I had seen one person of my name who by her genius, her untiring energy and splendid diction, had made a fame for herself that had gone to the utmost limits of the nation.

A FAMILY SKETCH—THE THREE COUSINS

Some time before the great Civil War three boys were born in East Tennessee, two in Carter County named Taylor, and one in Washington County named Harris. They were sisters' children and there was a strong link between them all. The father of the Taylor boys was a minister of the Methodist church, the father of the Harris boys was also a minister of the same church.

The Harris boy was older than the other two. There were three years and more between him and the oldest Taylor boy. They all lived in the country and the Harris boy often felt that there was a likeness in their ideas and a sameness in their ambitions. All three tried to make speakers of themselves, because they had been taught from their childhood that there

was nothing in the world worth as much as the ability to make an eloquent speech.

Nat. G. Taylor, the father of the two Taylor boys, was a celebrated orator and an ambitious politician in East Tennessee. He went to Congress twice and also became a member of President Johnson's administration, having been appointed Indian Commissioner by him. Dr. Alexander N. Harris was a strong speaker with a lurking ambition at times to take part in politics.

The boys met and conferred together and promised each other what most boys would promise, who were close of kin and hoped to do something in life. The youngest Taylor boy finally took the lead of all. He ran for Congress at a time when his district had a majority against his party of more than six thousand votes. He was elected and served his term. In the second race he was beaten, but a Democratic administration being in power at the time he was given the office of Pension Commissioner in Knoxville. After this he ran for Governor of Tennessee and was elected, serving three different terms as Governor and then ran for United States Senator against E. W. Carmack and was elected. He died in office.

The other Taylor boy went to Congress several times from his district and was finally elected Governor of Tennessee and served one term.

The Harris boy having served in the Confederate Army was driven out of Tennessee at the end of the Civil War, went to Georgia and engaged in business in that state, having graduated with first honors at the University of Georgia at Athens. He served in the Legislature as Representative and Senator—became Judge of the Circuit in which he resided, and was elected Governor of the State of Georgia, serving one term.

While Harris was serving as Governor one of the friends of his youth, Dr. Eugene E. Hunter, died. Alfred Taylor was present at his funeral and so was Mr. Harris. They met in the yard and Mr. Taylor came up and said to Mr. Harris: "Now since you have been elected Governor of Georgia I think I may admit that I was named after your father."

Mr. Harris had known it always, but had not known till then that Mr. Taylor had not admitted it.

When Mr. Taylor was elected Governor of Tennessee Mr. Harris wrote him the following note:

"Now since you have been elected Governor of Tennessee I think I may admit that I was named after your father."

These three cousins were never mentioned together, yet there had always been the closest intimacy possible between the boys. When Robert entered the race for Congress the first time he had no money of his own to bear his expenses and no friends from whom he could borrow. His Georgia kinsman sent him a contribution to enable him to get to his appointments and then wrote to his brother, David Harris, asking him to go to the first appointment and see if his cousin, Bob, had any chance of being elected. Robert's opponent was a Mr. Pettibone, the former District Attorney, and the first meeting occurred at Bristol, in Sullivan County. At that meeting occurred the episode which made Taylor famous throughout the whole country.

Mr. Pettibone did not notice him in the opening of his speech. As he concluded, however, he asked the question: "And whom have the Democrats nominated against me in this race? A young boy whose fame had not gone beyond his own militia district, who had never made a public speech except, perhaps, at some school exhibition, and his only acquirement has been the

skill to play a fiddle at some shake-down on Saturday night."

With this he closed.

Robert came forward, awkward looking, his body bending two or three times into a knot, carrying in one hand a carpet bag and in the other holding a fiddle. He laid these carefully down on the stand, and then stepping back commenced his address:

"Yes, fellow citizens," he said, "we do love music in this country. We can not help it. We hear it in the rush of our mountain streams, in the rustle of the leaves on the trees, in the songs of the birds, in the winds that sweep through our mountains. All alike, purling brook and rustling leaves and sighing winds, making one great musical diapason, rising on the air until it approaches the throne of the Eternal above us."

Then he painted the carpet-bagger, the man who had come to our country to make a living off of its miseries, to gather riches from its sufferings, in order to carry them out to some far away state to enjoy.

"Fellow citizens, take your choice," he said. "It is the fiddle or the carpet-bag."

Mr. Pettibone was from Michigan.

The brother wrote the Georgia boy that Robert had laid out his opponent completely, that the old men and the young men who stood around the stand shed tears as they clapped their hands and heard the wonderful speech that the Democratic champion had made.

The Georgia boy concluded that the money he sent to his kinsman was well placed.

Some time it may be shown that it was well these three boys separated. There was not room enough in Tennessee for the realization of their personal ambitions. They would have been in each other's way.

When Governor Bob Taylor ran for election the third time his opponent was James A. Harris, of Jonesboro, a first cousin of mine. Harris had been Comptroller of Tennessee for several years and had made quite a reputation for himself.

Taylor beat him badly in the race. It was a first cousin against a first cousin for me.

These three boys in their earlier days were accustomed to pattern after their mother's brother, Landon C. Haynes, in trying to make speakers out of themselves. They learned by heart some of his finest productions, and even in after years would often quote the speech delivered by Haynes at a great bar meeting in Mississippi following the Civil War.

As has already been stated in these reminiscences, Colonel Haynes was Confederate States Senator during the Civil War. He moved to Memphis after the war, as his surroundings, as well as those of other Southerners, were not pleasant in East Tennessee. He became a candidate for Congress in the Memphis District, but was defeated. Afterwards, when the Democratic ascendancy was established in Tennessee, he aspired to fill the position of Senator in the United States Congress. The Legislature elected the Senator at that time, about 1875, and a canvass was made in his behalf. Almost everything had changed in Tennessee and it was developed following the canvass that at least two-thirds of the Legislature had pledged themselves to elect Haynes to the position.

About this time President Johnson determined to become a candidate for the Senate "in order to pay back," as he was accustomed to say, the harsh treatment he had received at the hands of General Grant, who was then in office.

The story goes as follows:

Mr. Johnson approached Mr. Haynes and said:

“Colonel Haynes, I came to your help when you needed it worse than you will ever need anything again. I gave you a pardon restoring you to your citizenship. I wish the position of Senator, and I ask you to retire from the race in my favor.”

Ingratitude was never a fault of Landon C. Haynes. He told Mr. Johnson that he could not resist such an appeal, retired from the race and asked his friends to support the ex-President. This was done, and Mr. Johnson was elected Senator.

Mr. Haynes did not live long after this disappointment. It was said in the family that his heart was broken by the sacrifice which he felt he was compelled to make in behalf of one who had rescued him from the doom that the people intended to bring upon him.

Mr. Johnson's service also was of short duration.

THE END

I have finished the task undertaken without thought and ended without gratification.

Much of the work should never have been written. Much should have been stricken out and sent to the discard. It wearies me to try to read it over. It was a part of myself. As I wrote it my own life was running into it, but now when it is finished I see how utterly uninteresting it will prove and how little good it can accomplish for others. It is too intensely personal.

I have tried to show the struggles of a young and friendless boy, thrown among strangers and making his own way in difficulties almost without parallel.

If the story has any moral it may show to some ambitious boy that the hardest obstacles may be conquered and the roughest road may be compassed if there is patience and a good heart to sustain the struggle.

I have done in my after life what I could for the people that trusted me. I have tried to set a good example, reverencing worth in men and women and serving God. My life will soon be lost in the great sea of human existence, and if these memoirs, extending through seventy-five years shall serve to arouse in the breast of anyone reading them a better hope, a nobler ambition or a purer motive for conduct and accomplishment, I shall not have written in vain.

WHAT NEXT?

Life's grim Tomorrow for the human heart,
 That all the Future's burden holds;
 What glancing phantoms round us start,
 Ere yet the gathered gloom unfolds!
 Where seers have gone, with dreadless hands,
 To ring the changes on the text,
 The soul of man now shivering stands,
 Scarce daring once to ask—"What next?"

Behold again, yon white-haired man—
 Who comes with Christian faith to die;
 Bowed low with age, and racked with pain,
 He hails the welcome summons nigh.
 Above him bends a seraph-host—
 With heavenly light each face indexed,
 And from a far off shining coast
 Float down the words—"This, this is next!"

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

VETERAN ASKS VOTERS TO VOTE
FOR HARRIS

Specimen of appeals by old comrade:

“Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.”

Sons of Confederate veterans of Atlanta and Georgia, the gallant Greeks of Athens and Sparta and those scattered throughout the world have not forgotten the glorious deeds of their ancestors at Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis and Platea, though centuries have passed away. Soldiers of the Confederacy, from the heights of Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Chickamauga and Vicksburg a half century “looks down upon you,” and the heroes and the legends of a hundred battlefields are recalled. One of “our boys in gray,” who handled a musket and followed “the plumes” of Lee and Jackson—asks from your hands the helmet of state, and “the weapons” of “Wisdom, Justice and Moderation.” His name is Nat Harris, of Macon and Georgia. The mothers of “Old Georgia” and the daughters of the Confederacy still hold in sacred loving memory the veterans of the “C. S. A.” I am sure they will be with us August 19, and select “a Confederate veteran” as Governor of Georgia. “The writer” is the only surviving member of the medical staff headquarters, Lee’s Army.

“APPOMATOX”—(Dr. Newton.)

A good friend's estimate:

THE NEW PENSION COMMISSIONER

(From Atlanta Journal)

By John T. Boifeuillet

Governor Walker has signalized the closing months of his first term by appointing former Governor Nathaniel E. Harris to the office of pension commissioner. The Governor has thus rendered an inestimable service to the Confederate veterans, benefited the State, and adorned the position with one of Georgia's most eminent citizens—a Christian gentleman—an ardent patriot, who is a striking example of Southern manhood, Southern chivalry and Southern fidelity.

In the bright constellation of gems and honors that adorn and enrich the brow of Nat Harris, whether as Legislator, Judge, Governor, forty years as trustee of educational institutions, wonderful orator or superb attorney, I believe there is not one that he values more highly than the pension commissionership, for he hopes this to be the crowning opportunity for him to render his climaxing service to the Confederate veterans and their dependents ere he crosses over the river to "rest under the shade of the trees." With this lofty desire and noble expectation, the last hero of the Confederacy to hold the Governorship of Georgia has accepted the office of pension commissioner.

Entered Army When a Youth

Ere manhood had substituted its seal for boyhood on his brow, Nat Harris enlisted as a private in the cause of the Confederacy, shouldered a musket, and heroically marched forth to fight freedom's battles, to defend the constitutional rights of the South, to maintain state sovereignty, and to uphold the principles of popular liberty which lie at the foundation of home government.

In "the green days of his unripened manhood," at the tender age of sixteen years, Nat Harris had joined the immortal Army of Northern Virginia, and was following the gleaming sword of the peerless Lee, which he had drawn in splendor and righteousness.

For Private Harris, the path of duty was the way to glory. The sole issue with him was loyalty to his beloved South.

Nat Harris, in the perilous hours of that wonderful and holy struggle, exhibited dauntless courage on the battlefield and heroic fortitude in enduring the hardships, privations and sufferings of the camp. He bore himself with conspicuous bravery on the firing line. He stood firm and undaunted in every conflict and danger. His lion heart never flinched and his knightly soul never quivered amid the crash of Federal artillery.

When Appomattox Was Over

After the curtain went down at Appomattox, Nat Harris was unfaltering in his devotion to the glorious memories of the Confederacy. His zeal for the welfare of the broken and maimed heroes of that sanguinary conflict has burned with a steady and unquenchable radiance.

As commander of Camp Maçon of the Confederate Veterans he was untiring in his labors in behalf of his old comrades in arms. He was quick to hear the voice of the suffering and alert to respond to the wants of the needy.

As Legislator and Governor he worked and appealed for increased pensions for the men who wore the gray. In his inaugural message, June 26, 1915, he said: "The time is near at hand when it would be good policy to double the pensions paid to the Confederate soldiers. Age and infirmities increase the necessities of this class

of our citizens and render each one more dependent. These old heroes have earned the right to be supported by the State, and the resultant satisfaction on the part of the people with such expenditures is the proof that the patriotic sentiments of the fathers yet survive in the hearts of the sons."

Two Memorable Orations

Nat Harris has been a wonderful orator in his day, and he yet retains much of the force and power of true eloquence. In his halcyon years he could successfully play on all the chords of human emotions. For every heart he had a tone. His voice still has many of those deep and musical cadences which fell upon the ears of his enraptured listeners "like waves on the shore of the far resounding sea."

One of his many matchless orations was a panegyric on General John B. Gordon, delivered in 1904, at Nashville, Tenn., at the general reunion of the Confederate Veterans. It was a glowing eulogy in praise of the shining valor, chivalric daring and brilliant achievements of the "Man of the Twelfth of May." The pages of Nat Harris' eloquent address were illumined with the splendors of the exploits of this intrepid commander.

Another oration equally as notable as this one was Harris' splendid exposition of the "Civil War, Its Causes and Results." This was spoken in 1905, at the general reunion of the veterans held at Louisville, Ky. He expounded every phase of the subject in a masterly and eloquent manner. It was an invaluable contribution to the history of the most transcendent drama in the history of the American nation.

Author of Important Legislation

There are many outstanding features in the public career of Nathaniel E. Harris, but in the limitations of this article I can refer to only a few of them.

The Georgia School of Technology is a shining and towering monument to his foresight, progressiveness and patriotism. Georgia's present leadership in industrial education is due to the wisdom, enterprise and perception of Legislator Harris, who instituted the legislation more than forty years ago which established the Tech.

When Mr. Harris was representing Bibb County in the Legislature, in 1884, he was the very able chairman of the finance committee, and rendered most important service to Governor McDaniel in refunding the State debt. Nat Harris' action marked an epoch in the financial history of Georgia.

Due to the ardent and fearless advocacy of this Christian patriot as Governor, the prohibition law of 1916, and the bone dry law of 1917, were enacted.

There was no voice in Georgia that spoke more eloquently, more potentially, more frequently and more consistently in favor of the re-leasing of the state railroad than Governor Harris, and a lease act was passed at the extraordinary session in 1915 containing his recommendations on the subject. The formal lease of the property was executed by Governor Harris on the part of the State of Georgia, after the whole question of re-leasing had been thoroughly investigated, considered and deliberated over in all of its possible phases by an able commission, of which that splendid Georgian, Charles Murphey Candler, was the untiring and faithful chairman. Its report was submitted to the General Assembly. The other commissioners and signers of the report were N. E. Harris, G. Gunby Jordan, E. A. Copelan and St. Elmo Massengale. Mr. Massengale was named in the place of Hon. Judson L. Hand, deceased. Mr. Fuller E. Callaway was one of the originally appointed commissioners, but he declined the position on account of heavy pressure of business.

APPENDIX II

It is stated in these reminiscences that there were ten Senators and ninety-seven Representatives of the Legislature of 1915 who originated and engineered a successful revolution in political affairs looking to the adjournment of the Legislature, without passing the legislation and making the appropriations necessary to carry on the Government.

The suggestion of such a course was probably due to Colonel Thomas B. Felder, whose efforts to bring about prohibition in Georgia were surpassed by no one living in the State at the time. The movement in the Senate was led by Dr. A. S. J. Stovall of Elberton, representing the 30th District. The movement in that body did not command a majority. In the House ninety-seven members united to secure the desired end.

Regular meetings occurred mostly in the breakfast room of the Ansley Hotel and the members were held in line by earnest appeals, fervent addresses, and invincible arguments in behalf of the cause to which these men were devoting themselves.

I have said frequently, in addresses to the Legislature and to the country outside, that these men—the ninety-seven Representatives and the ten Senators—deserved to have their names cut on marble tablets to be placed on the corners of the Capitol, so that their memories might be kept bright for ever.

I opposed the movement with all the earnestness that I could bring to bear upon it, as my message quoted in the reminiscences will show; but the time had come for a change in Georgia concerning the sale of liquor and it was determined to destroy the traffic at all hazards. The Governor in office was held responsible for the reform, and his defeat, followed, as is usual.

It may be interesting hereafter to read the names of these men. The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce published a list of the members of both Houses before their meeting, giving a short history of each man's life as far as could be obtained at that time.

I have taken the liberty to append the names of the ten Senators and of the ninety-seven Representatives with the sketch given to each as they appeared in the catalog aforesaid.

It will be seen that, when the vote was taken, as shown on the Journal of the House, pages 1255-56, ninety-eight members voted in the affirmative. The immortal ninety-seven, therefore, gained one member before the final test came.

An effort was made previous to publishing this list, to secure additional facts concerning many of these men, but with very small result:

SENATORS

Twelfth District

C. C. TRACY (P. O. Preston)
Born in Walker County, Ga., December 20, 1845; educated in the common schools; farmer; has been Commissioner of Roads and Revenues of Webster County; has been Justice of the Peace; Baptist; has served in previous legislatures.

Eighteenth District

W. J. WREN, (P. O. Wrens)
Born in Jefferson County, Ga., October 22, 1858; educated in the common schools of his county; farmer, merchant and mill man; has been member of Commission of Roads and Revenues; chairman of County Board of Education for 25 years.

Twenty-fifth District

WILLIAM TERRELL HARRISON, (P. O. Yatesville)
Born at Musella, Ga., Mar. 6, 1887; educated at Young Harris College and University of Chicago; teacher; president J. E. Johnston Institute; Methodist.

Twenty-seventh District

W. J. EAKES (P. O. Conyers)
Born Forsyth County, Ga., April 9, 1869; educated in common schools of Cumming, Ga.; cotton and fire insurance; was cashier of Bank of Rockdale 14 years; has served as State Bank Examiner; Chairman of Board of Commissioners of Rockdale County.

Thirtieth District

A. S. J. STOVALL
(P. O. Elberton)
Born in Elbert County, September 25, 1861; educated in the common schools, at the University of Georgia at Athens, at the medical department of the state university at Augusta and at the Polyclinic, New York; physician and farmer; president of Elbert County Medical society, vice councilor of the Medical Association of Georgia; member of State Democratic Executive Committee; has served in previous legislatures. Co-author of the Prohibition Legislation.

Thirty-first District

THOMAS B. BONNER
(P. O. Lavonia)
Born near Gaffney, S. C., March 24, 1862; educated at Furman University, Greenville, S. C.; physician; has been mayor of Hartwell; has been mayor of Lavonia; director of the Bank of Lavonia; Grand Guardian Odd Fellows; Worshipful Master Lavonia Lodge A. F. M.; president Tugaloo Sunday school convention.

Thirty-seventh District

E. T. MOON
(P. O. LaGrange)
Born Walton County, Ga., November 14, 1867; educated at Logansville, Walton County, LaGrange public schools and University of Georgia; lawyer; was census supervisor in 1910

for the Fourth Congressional District; was a member of the last legislature.

Thirty-eighth District

J. J. MANGHAM
(P. O. Bremen)

Born in Upson County, Ga., July 6, 1878; educated in the common schools of Upson County; banker, farmer, cotton business and fruit grower; has been cashier Bank of Bremen 12 years; now vice president of the same bank; treasurer county board of education; mayor of Bremen.

Forty-second District

W. M. RANSOM
(P. O. Menlo)

Born in LaFayette, Ga., January 7, 1869; educated at Emory College and at Yellow Stone, Ala.; teacher; superintendent of Menlo schools; Methodist; has served in a previous legislature.

Forty-fourth District

J. R. McFARLAND
(P. O. Rossville)

Born in Walker County, Ga., in 1856; educated in the common schools; real estate broker.

REPRESENTATIVES

Appling County

J. W. JOHNSON
(P. O. Baxley)

Bacon County

J. H. CARTER (P. O. Alma)

Baker County

W. J. KIDD (P. O. Milford)
Born at Milford, Ga., November 30, 1874; merchant, farmer and saw mill man; has been chairman of Board of

Education; has served in previous legislatures.

Bartow County

WARREN A. DODD
(P. O. Cartersville)

Born at Kingston, Ga., September 1, 1858; educated in the public schools of Bartow County and at the North Georgia Agricultural and Mechanical College; farmer; member of Board of Education; president of the Bank of Taylorsville; Baptist; Mason.

Ben Hill County

WESLEY R. WALKER
(P. O. Fitzgerald)

Born in Dublin, Ga., March 14, 1874; educated in rural schools and high school at Abbeville, Ga.; planter; is chairman of the Commission of Roads and Revenues of his county; is a Mason; has always taken active interest in advancing the schools of Fitzgerald and Ben Hill County.

Bibb County

THOMAS R. AYER
(P. O. Macon)

Born in Barnwell County, S. C.; farmer.

H. L. BARFIELD
(P. O. Macon)

Born in Crawford County, Ga., March 27, 1869; educated in Bibb County public schools and at Mercer University; wholesale grocer; is much interested in improved land title law.

Bleckley County

T. D. WALKER, Sr.
(P. O. Cochran)

Brooks County

A. J. HODGES
(P. O. Morven)

Bulloch County

FRED T. LANIER
(P. O. Statesboro)

Born Statesboro, Ga., August 6, 1877; educated University of Georgia; lawyer; Solicitor of City Court of Statesboro for eight years.

Bulloch County

J. W. WRIGHT
(P. O. Ivanhoe)

Born in Bulloch County in 1850; farmer, has been Justice of the Peace for seven years.

Burke County

E. V. HEATH
(P. O. Waynesboro)

Born at Girard, Ga., February 9, 1889; educated at Emory College and the University of Georgia; lawyer; is a Mason and an Elk; has served in a previous legislature.

Butts County

C. A. TOWLES (P. O. Cork)
Born at Cork, Ga., March 9, 1865; farmer.

Camden County

A. J. LILES
(P. O. White Oak)

Born Wayne County, Ga., December 22, 1849; educated in the county schools; farmer; member of county board of education fourteen years.

Carroll County

I. H. P. BECK
(P. O. Bowden)

Born in Heard County, Ga., February 17, 1862; educated in

the public schools; dealer in fertilizers and cotton; taught school for 23 years; has served in a previous legislature.

Carroll County

L. Z. DORSETT
(P. O. Carrollton)

Born in Douglas County, April 22, 1864; educated in common schools of Douglas County and at Bowdon College in Carroll County; lawyer; has been city attorney, recorder and mayor of Douglasville; Baptist.

Charlton County

T. L. PICKREN
(P. O. Folkston)

Born in Coffee County, educated in the common schools of the county and the Hawkinsville High School; farmer, merchant and manufacturer; has been mayor of Folkston; has been judge of county court of Charlton County; is president of the County Board of Education.

Chattahoochee County

G. G. GORDY (P. O. Cusseta)

Chattooga County

T. J. WORSHAM
(P. O. Holland)

Born Crawford County, Ga., March 1, 1847; educated in the public schools; farmer; has been sheriff and Justice of the Peace in his county.

Cherokee County

J. N. SIMPSON
(P. O. Holly Springs)

Born Edgefield County, S. C., November 16, 1846; educated in the common schools of Cherokee County; farmer; has been justice of the peace

and tax collector in his county; has served in previous legislatures.

Clay County

ZACH ARNOLD

(P. O. Fort Gaines)

Born in Henry County, Ga., Jan. 5, 1889; educated at Gordon institute, Young Harris college and Atlanta Law School; lawyer; was captain Company M, Fifth Infantry, National Guard of Georgia; Methodist.

Clayton County

R. W. C. GREEN

(P. O. Forest Park)

Born in Clayton County, Ga., February 11, 1851; educated in the common schools and medical school of Atlanta; physician and farmer; Mason, Odd Fellow; Red Man and member of the Junior Order.

Clinch County

R. G. DICKERSON

(P. O. Homerville)

Born in Clinch County, October 27, 1870; educated in public schools of Clinch County and at the Florida Normal School; lawyer, banker, stock and naval stores; president of the Bank of Homerville; has served as treasurer and solicitor of the county court of his county; was delegate to Democratic National Convention in St. Louis in 1904, and also to National Convention at Baltimore in 1912; has served in previous legislatures.

Colquitt County

ROBERT L. SHIPP

(P. O. Moultrie)

Born in Chattahoochee coun-

ty, August 12, 1872; educated in the public schools of Cusseta and Americus and at the Alabama Polytechnic College at Auburn, Ala.; lawyer and farmer; has been mayor of Moultrie; has been judge of the City Court of Moultrie; has served in previous legislatures.

Columbia County

I. V. BALLARD

(P. O. Harlem)

Coweta County

GARLAND M. JONES

(P. O. Newnan)

Born at Abingdon, Virginia, June 14, 1873; educated at Emory and Henry College, Washington and Lee University and the University of Mississippi; lawyer; director of the Newman Banking Co.; Methodist; has served in a previous legislature.

Coweta County

J. T. KIRBY

(P. O. Newnan)

Born at Newnan, March 3, 1856; educated at Newnan schools, the University of Georgia and in Baltimore, Maryland; is farmer, merchant and banker; has been member Newnan city council; has been chairman of Board of Coweta County Commissioners; has served in previous legislatures.

Crisp County

W. H. DORRIS

(P. O. Cordele)

Dade County

M. G. SMITH

(P. O. Trenton)

Born in DeKalb County,

Ala., March 27, 1889; educated at Springville, Ala., and Knoxville, Tenn.; lawyer; has been clerk of Dade County Superior court.

Dawson County

J. B. MATTHEWS
(P. O. Dawsonville)

Born in Dawson County, April 7, 1868; educated in Dawson County schools; farmer and merchant; Methodist; Mason.

Decatur County

A. B. CONGER
(P. O. Bainbridge)

Born Ty Ty, Ga., July 14, 1886; educated Mercer University; lawyer; was president of his class at college; secretary county board of education.

DeKalb County

R. FRANK SMITH
(P. O. Decatur)

Born DeKalb County, in 1873; educated at Perry-Rainey College, Auburn, Ga., and at State Normal School at Athens; farmer; was teacher for several years and for five years was connected with the State Department of Agriculture; is a member of the Farmers' Union; has served in a previous legislature.

L. J. STEELE
(P. O. Decatur)

Dodge County

J. L. CRAVEY
(P. O. Eastman)

Douglas County

W. I. DORRIS
(P. O. Douglasville)

Born in Douglas County, December 16, 1867; farmer,

merchant, saw mill and cotton gin man; is a Mason, a Knight of Pythias, an Odd Fellow and a Methodist; has served in a previous legislature; is a director of the Douglasville Banking Co.

Effingham County

J. W. REISER
(P. O. Clyo, R. F. D. 2)

Born Springfield, Ga., May 30, 1855; educated in Effingham Academy; has been member of county board of education, of Commission of Roads and Revenues and chairman of county Democratic Committee; farmer and saw mill man; is chairman of German Lutheran congregations of Effingham County; is lineal descendant of Salzburgers who settled at Ebenezer, Ga., in 1734.

Elbert County

W. J. MATHEWS
(P. O. Elberton)

Born in Pike County, Ga., January 9, 1868; educated in high schools of Pike County and the Atlanta Medical College; physician; has been member of Elberton city council; has been county physician of Elbert County Medical Society; president Medical Society of Eighth Congressional District.

Elbert County

T. M. McLANAHAM
(P. O. Elberton)

Emanuel County

W. M. ATKINSON
(P. O. Stillmore)

Fayette County

CHARLES DAVENPORT
REDWINE

(P. O. Fayetteville)

Born in Fayette County, September 10, 1885; educated in county schools and Fayetteville High School; is farmer, manufacturer and cashier of Farmers and Merchants Bank of Fayetteville; has been mayor of Fayetteville; has served in previous legislatures.

Forsyth County

W. P. SLOAN

(P. O. Cumming)

Gilmer County

ALBERT H. BURTZ

(P. O. Ellijay)

Born in Cobb County, Ga., October 6, 1879; educated at Reinhardt College and the University of Georgia; lawyer; has been alderman and mayor of Ellijay; is an Odd Fellow and Red Man; has served in previous legislature.

GlascocK County

W. D. ALLEN

(P. O. Mitchell)

Born in GlascocK County, March 31, 1862; farmer; has been a member of Board of Education of his county; is a Methodist and an Odd Fellow; member of Farmers' Union.

Grady County

W. D. BARBER

(P. O. Cairo)

Born near Camilla, Ga., April 10, 1863; educated Cairo public schools; farmer and dealer in live stock; was a

member of Farmers' Alliance; member of Farmers' Union; Mason, Knight of Pythias and Odd Fellow.

Greene County

C. C. KING

(P. O. White Plains)

Born Habersham County, Ga., October 2, 1861; educated in North Georgia Agricultural College at Dahlonega and at the Atlanta Medical College; physician and druggist; member of Board of Education of Dawson Institute; vice president of Bank of White Plains.

Gwinnett County

A. A. JOHNSON

(P. O. Norcross)

Born Yellow River, Ga., March 18, 1858; educated in common schools; merchant and banker; has been mayor of Norcross; president of the Bank of Norcross.

Habersham County

VANCE PERKINS

(P. O. Mt. Airy)

Born at Mt. Airy in 1876; educated at Mt. Airy; farmer and banker.

Hall County

RICHARD MARTIN

(P. O. Lula)

Born in Hall County, January 2, 1842; educated in Hall County; merchant and real estate dealer; president Enon Association Sunday School Convention eight years; moderator Enon Association.

Haralson County

J. S. EDWARDS

(P. O. Buchanan)

Born in Paulding County,

Ga., February 13, 1867; educated at Buchanan, Georgia, and Harrisonburg, Va.; lawyer and minister of the Gospel; has been mayor of Buchanan three times.

Harris County

C. I. HUDSON
(P. O. Cataula)

Heard County

O. A. MOORE
(P. O. Texas)

Houston County

S. A. NUNN (P. O. Perry)

Born at Perry Ga., September 30, 1888; educated at the Perry High School and at the Atlanta Law School; lawyer; president of South Georgia Conference Epworth League.

Jasper County

WILLIAM H. KEY
(P. O. Gladesville)

Born at Monticello, Ga.; educated at normal school and the University of Georgia; lawyer; formerly a teacher; has been mayor of town of Graham.

Jeff Davis County

HENRY G. MOORE
(P. O. Hazlehurst)

Born in Fannin County, Ga., June 1, 1867; educated in public schools of Fannin county and high school of Morgantown, Ga.; farmer and insurance agent; Methodist; Mason; member of Hazlehurst Board of Education; has served in a previous legislature.

Jefferson County

JAMES KING (P. O. Wrens)
Born in Jefferson County, February 11, 1869; educated at

Statenville and Louisville, Ga.; merchant and farmer; Baptist.

Jenkins County

A. S. ANDERSON
(P. O. Millen)

Born in Screven County, Ga., April 21, 1889; educated in the common schools and at Mercer University; lawyer; has been recorder of Sylvania; Justice of the Peace; judge of county court of Jenkins County; judge of city court of Millen; postmaster of Miller; president of Georgia Presidential Postmasters Association; editor Millen News; Methodist.

Laurens County

W. B. COLEMAN
(P. O. Dexter)

Farmer; has served as justice of the peace; has served in a previous legislature.

GEORGE B. DAVIS
(P. O. Dublin)

Born Montgomery County, March 19, 1881; educated in the common schools and at Mercer University; lawyer; served four years as Solicitor of City Court of Dublin.

Lee County

W. H. LUNSFORD
(P. O. Smithville)

Born Marion County, Ga., April 2, 1857; educated country schools of Webster county; merchant; member of Board of Education of Lee County.

Macon County

B. B. BROOKS
(P. O. Montezuma)

Born Macon County, August 1, 1872; educated in the common schools of the county; dentist.

Madison County

J. N. B. THOMPSON
(P. O. Colbert)

Born in Madison County, Ga., November 3, 1861; educated in the common schools of his county; farmer; has served as a member and president of his County Board of Education; has been member of Farmers Alliance and Farmers' Union; has served in a previous legislature.

Marion County

J. P. HOGG
(P. O. Buena Vista)

McDuffie County

J. GLENN STOVALL
(P. O. Thomson)

Lawyer; Mason; Baptist; has served in a previous legislature.

Meriwether County

N. F. CULPEPPER
(P. O. Greenville)

Born in Meriwether County, September 16, 1867; educated at Emory College; lawyer and farmer; has been solicitor of city court of Greenville; has been member of County Board of Education; chairman of Board of Trustees of Greenville school district; chairman of Democratic Executive Committee of Meriwether county; has served in a previous legislature.

Meriwether County

BION WILLIAMS
(P. O. Woodbury)

Born near Warm Springs, Ga., in 1868; educated at

Woodbury High School, Emory College and University of Georgia; farmer and merchant; has been mayor of Woodbury several times; chairman of Board of Trustees of Woodbury High School; has served in previous legislatures.

Miller County

P. D. RICH (P. O. Colquitt)
Born in Decatur County, Ga., September 22, 1879; educated in Decatur county; lawyer; solicitor of city court of Miller county; mayor of Colquitt; president of Colquitt National Bank.

Milton County

WALTER L. BELL

(P. O. Duluth, R. F. D. 2)

Born in Milton County, January 29, 1865; educated in the common schools and at Emory College; farmer; trustee of Ninth District Agricultural School; has served in previous legislatures.

Mitchell County

JOHN M. SPENCE
(P. O. Camilla)

Born at Camilla, August 17, 1870; educated at the Camilla High School and at the Military College at Milledgeville; physician; has been mayor of Camilla; county physician; school trustee of Camilla.

Monroe County

C. M. TAYLOR
(P. O. Smarrs)

Born at Smarrs, February 16, 1857; educated at Emory College; farmer and trader; steward in Methodist church.

Murray County

EUGENE H. BECK
(P. O. Eton)

Born in Murray County, July 13, 1850; educated in the common schools of Georgia and at Wesleyan College, teacher; has been county school commissioner of Lumpkin County; has served in previous legislatures as representative of Brooks and Lumpkin counties; assisted in the establishment of the Georgia School of Technology and the South Georgia Agricultural and Normal College at Valdosta; has been professor at Homer College, Louisiana; is now principal of Eton Training School; is a trustee of the South Georgia Agricultural and the North Georgia Agricultural College at Dahlonega; has been professor at Homer College, Louisiana; is now principal of Eton Training School; is a trustee of the South Georgia Agricultural Normal College; Mason; Odd Fellow.

Newton County

R. W. CAMPBELL
(P. O. Mansfield)

Paulding County

J. B. BAGGETT
(P. O. Hiram)

Born in Douglas County, 1859; educated in common schools of Paulding County; farmer; has been member of County Board of Education and Justice of the Peace; for 12 years was postmaster at Hay, Ga.

Polk County

L. S. LEDBETTER
(P. O. Cedartown)

Born at McDonough, Ga., educated in the public schools, farmer and insurance agent; has been treasurer, alderman, recorder and mayor of Cedartown; is a Knight of Honor, member of Royal Arcanum, Knight of Pythias and Odd Fellow; Methodist; was delegate to General Methodist Conference in Baltimore in 1898; has served in a previous legislature.

Pulaski County

WILLIAM CHANCEY
(P. O. Hawkinsville)

Quitman County

T. W. OLIVER
(P. O. Georgetown)

Farmer, Beaver, Woodman of the World; Baptist; has served in a previous legislature.

Randolph County

W. S. SHORT
(P. O. Shellman)

Born in Marion County, Ga., March 11, 1875; educated at Shellman Institute, merchant and farmer; has been mayor of Shellman.

Richmond County

J. B. BEALL (P. O. Blythe)

Schley County

R. J. PERRY

Born Schley County, October 7, 1875; educated in rural schools, in Andrew Chapel

High School and Bethel Male College at Cuthbert; farmer and teacher; is a Methodist and Knight of Pythias; was president of Farmers' Union of Schley County.

Screven County

J. H. EVANS
(P. O. Sylvania)

Banker; has been member of County Board of Education; Mason; Baptist; has served in a previous legislature.

Stephens County

D. H. COLLIER
(P. O. Toccoa)

Born Habersham County, June 24, 1856; farmer.

Stewart County

W. S. BOYETT
(P. O. Lumpkin)

Born in Pulaski County, Ga., September 22, 1845; educated in common schools and at Cottonhill Academy in Clay county; farmer; has been justice of the peace; is a member of the County Board of Education; served four years in the Confederate army; Baptist; Mason; has served in a previous legislature.

Sumter County

J. E. SHEPPARD
(P. O. Americus)

Lawyer; president State Camp, Patriotic Order Sons of America; Mason; Baptist; has served in previous legislatures.

Telfair County

MATT COOK
(P. O. Lumber City)
Born Coffee County in 1859;

educated in common schools of said county; merchant and farmer; has been member of council and mayor of Lumber City; member of school board; twice before a member of the Georgia Legislature.

Terrell County

M. J. YEOMANS
(P. O. Dawson)

Born in Tattnall County, Ga., March 17, 1866; educated at the University of Georgia and Vanderbilt University; was teacher for many years; is now a lawyer; has been Solicitor of the City Court of Dawson; has been vice chairman and chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee; has been superintendent of the Dawson public schools.

Thomas County

J. A. BOWERS
(P. O. Meigs)

Born in Bibb County, Ga., July 6, 1876; educated in Dodge county; banker, manufacturer and farmer; president of the Baker County bank; has been city councilman of Moultrie; has been county commissioner of Baker county; Congressional Committeeman from Thomas county; chairman of Board of Education of Meigs; Methodist.

H. W. HOPKINS
(P. O. Thomasville)

Born Waynesville, Ga., January 3, 1856; educated in private schools and in the office of Judge John L. Hopkins of Atlanta; lawyer and real estate man; has been nine times mayor of Thomasville; has been county solicitor and

judge; has served fourteen years in legislature, both in the House and the Senate; has been president pro tempore of the Senate; was the author of the Constitutional amendment for the election of judges and solicitors by the people.

Toombs County

ROBERT A. SMITH
(P. O. Lyons)

Born near Lyons, December 1, 1867; educated in rural schools; farmer and lumberman.

Towns County

J. M. RICE
(P. O. Hiawassee)

Troup County

H. H. LANE
(P. O. Mountvile)

Walton County

BEN J. EDWARDS
(P. O. Monroe)

Born at Monroe in 1859; educated at Monroe high school and University of Georgia; lawyer; has been mayor of Monroe; has been clerk of the Superior Court of Walton county; has been judge of the county court of Walton county; has served in a previous legislature.

Ware County

L. J. COOPER
(P. O. Waycross)

Born Cool Spring, S. C., December 1, 1871; educated at Mullins Academy, Mullins, S. C.; banker; president of First National Bank of Waycross; was a member of city council in Tampa, Fla., moving to

Georgia in 1910; was a delegate to National Democratic Convention in Baltimore in 1912; was strong supporter of tax equalization bill in last legislature.

Warren County

P. G. VEAZEY
(P. O. Gibson)

Born in DeSoto county, Miss.; educated in schools of Warren County, Ga.; is a farmer and minister of Gospel; is a Baptist; was jury revisor for six years; has been administrator of several estates; is member of Farmers' Union.

Wheeler County

J. D. BROWN
(P. O. Alamo)

White County

JOHN B. KING
(P. O. Leaf)

Born Habersham County, 1859; educated in common and high schools of said county; farmer; was justice of the peace in Habersham county 12 years; is chairman of Board of Education of White county; Baptist; was a member of Farmers' Alliance and president of Farmers' Union of White county.

Wilcox County

C. D. McREA
(P. O. Rochelle)

Physician and farmer; has been mayor of Rochelle; Mason; Knight of Pythias; Presbyterian.

Wilkes County

A. S. ANDERSON
(P. O. Danburg)

Born Wilkes County, September 7, 1855; educated Mercer University; merchant and farmer. Has been member Board of Commission of Roads and Revenues of his county; also served on County Board of Education.

Wilkinson County

W. A. JONES
(P. O. Gordon)

Worth County

G. S. SUMMER
(P. O. Shingler))

Physician; farmer; banker; vice president of Farmers and Merchants Bank of Sylvester; Mason; has served in previous legislature.

APPENDIX III

**LIST OF APPOINTMENTS MADE BY
N. E. HARRIS**

- | | |
|--|---|
| Price Gilbert, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. | W. T. Dickerson, Solicitor City Court of Clinch County July 16, 1915. |
| O. H. B. Bloodworth, Judge of the Court of Appeals. | C. S. Roberts, of Atlanta, to define line between Candler, Tattnall and Emanuel, July 19, 1915. |
| Robert Hodges, Judge of the Court of Appeals. | B. W. Turnipseed, Judge City Court Ft. Gaines, July 19, 1915. |
| D. W. Krauss, Judge City Court Brunswick. | P. C. King, Solicitor City Court Ft. Gaines, July 19, 1915. |
| Henry S. West, Judge City Court Athens, July 6, 1915. | Mrs. W. H. Felton, Cartersville, Member Board of Managers Ga. Training School for Girls, July 19, 1915. |
| S. C. Upson, Solicitor City Court Athens, July 6, 1915. | Rev. M. Ashby Jones, D.D., Augusta, Ga. Tr. School for Girls, July 19, 1915. |
| Lt. Col. Frederick R. Jones, Aide de Camp as Military Secretary, July 1, 1915. | George F. Gober, Marietta, Tr. University of Georgia, at large, July 26, 1915. |
| Joel Cloud, Judge City Court Lexington, July 8, 1915. | |
| Miles W. Lewis, Solicitor City Court of Greensboro, July 14, 1915. | |

- John W. Bennett, Waycross, Tr. University of Georgia, Dist. 11, July 26, 1915.
- Bowdre Phinizy, Augusta, Tr. Univ. of Ga., 10th Dist., July 26, 1915.
- Hugh J. Rowe, Athens, Tr. Univ. of Ga., City of Athens, July 26, 1915.
- Howard Thompson, Gainesville, Tr. Univ. of Ga., 9th Dist., July 26, 1915.
- G. R. Glenn, Dahlonega, State Board of Education, July 27, 1915.
- T. J. Woofter, Dahlonega, State Board of Education, July 27, 1915.
- B. E. Thrasher, Judge County Court Oconee, Aug. 4, 1915.
- Andrew J. Cobb, Athens, Tr. Univ. of Ga., 8th Dist. Aug. 5, 1915.
- George Foster Peabody, N. Y., Tr. Univ. of Ga., Aug. 5, 1915.
- Milton C. Barwick, Judge City Court of Louisville, Aug. 10, 1915.
- John R. Phillips, Solicitor City Court of Louisville, Aug. 10, 1915.
- H. W. Nelson, Sol. Co. Court of Echols, Aug. 10, 1915.
- G. E. Maddox, Rome, Tr. Univ. of Georgia, 7th Dist., Aug. 11, 1915.
- Charles S. Arnow, St. Marys, State Com. Game and Fish, Aug. 24, 1915.
- J. R. McFarland, Rossville, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- A. A. Lawrence, Savannah, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- J. F. Holden, Crawfordville, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- E. H. Griffin, Bainbridge, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- M. J. Yeomans, Dawson, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- G. M. Jones, Newnan, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- L. J. Steele, Decatur, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- T. R. Ayer, Macon, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 2, 1915.
- L. C. Brown, Athens, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- L. Roberts, Gainesville, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- J. P. Knight, Nashville, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- T. D. Walker, Sr., Cochran, Bd. of Visitors, Ga. School for Deaf, Aug. 25, 1915.
- J. K. Hines, Atlanta, Attorney R. R. Commission, Aug. 28, 1915.
- Dr. F. F. Jones, Macon, Ost. Bd. of Exam., Aug. 30, 1915.
- Dr. F. M. Ridley, LaGrange, Regular School, State Bd. Med. Exam, Aug. 30, 1915.
- Dr. A. F. White, Flovilla, Ecl. School, State Bd. Med. Exam., Aug. 30, 1915.

- Dr. R. E. Hinman, Atlanta, Hom. School, State Bd. Med. Exam., Aug. 30, 1915.
- S. H. Titshaw, Lyons, 1st Dist. School, Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- R. W. Wimberly, Ft. Gaines, 2nd Dist. School, Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- W. J. Ford, Sylvester, 2nd Dist. School, Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- Dr. W. E. Thomason, Texas, 4th Dist. School Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- R. T. Park, Newnan, 4th Dist. School Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- Lee Reeves, Carrollton, 4th Dist. School Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- Jones Weems, Eatonton, 8th Dist. School Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- Lamar Craft, Elberton, 8th Dist. School Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- H. S. Cantrell, Cornelia, 9th Dist. School Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- H. C. Chilson, Alpharetta, 9th Dist. School Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- Lamar Harris, Wrightsville, 11th Dist. School Med. Dept. U. of Ga., Sept. 18, 1915.
- J. Houston Johnston, Atlanta, Eng. Val. W. & A. R. R., Sept. 18, 1915.
- Miss Jane Van DeVrede, Savannah, State Bd. Exam. Tr. Nurses, Sept. 23, 1915.
- Miss Bertha E. Whatley, Augusta, State Bd. Exam. Tr. Nurses, Sept. 23, 1915.
- L. B. Hunt, Macon, State Bd. Barber Exam, Oct. 1, 1915.
- J. E. McGee, Dahlonga, Tr. N. Ga. Agricul. College, Oct. 11, 1915.
- J. H. Oliphant, Augusta, Bd. Vet. Exam., Oct. 29, 1915.
- E. L. Murray, Americus, State Bd. of Pharmacy, Nov. 14, 1915.
- Clarence T. Guyton, Guyton, Sol. City Court of Springfield, Oct. 9, 1915.
- H. A. Adams, Elberton, Tr. 8th Dist. Agricul. College, Oct. 12, 1915.
- J. C. Williams, Greensboro, Director State Med. College, Nov. 15, 1915.
- L. F. McClelland, Atlanta, Judge Municipal Court, Dec. 1, 1915.
- T. O. Hathcock, Atlanta, Judge Municipal Court, Dec. 1, 1915.
- Bell & Ellis, Atlanta, Collectors Near Beer Taxes, Fulton Co., Dec. 4, 1915.
- Albert Goette, Savannah, Bd. of Embalmers, Dec. 8, 1915.
- Geo. Ogden Persons, Forsyth, Representative of the Governor at General Governors' meeting, Charleston, Dec. 9, 1915.
- T. R. Isbell, Toccoa, Registrar City of Toccoa, Dec. 28, 1915.
- Charles J. Metz, Atlanta, Auditor State Departments, Dec. 28, 1915.
- Richard Johnson, Gray, Tr. Georgia State Sanitarium, Dec. 6, 1915.

- H. H. Dean, Gainesville, Tr. Georgia State Sanitarium, Dec. 6, 1915.
- Dr. Thos. R. Wright, Augusta, Tr. Ga. State Sanitarium, Dec. 6, 1915.
- P. H. Gambrell, Macon, Tr. Ga. State Sanitarium, Dec. 6, 1915.
- E. E. Lindsey, Rome, Tr. Ga. State Sanitarium, Dec. 6, 1915.
- John T. Brantley, Blackshear, Tr. Ga. State Sanitarium, Dec. 6, 1915.
- Dr. J. C. Jarnagin, Warrenton, Tr. Ga. State Sanitarium, Dec. 6, 1915.
- Henry Banks, LaGrange, Tr. Ga. State Sanitarium, Dec. 6, 1915.
- C. C. Brantley, Valdosta, Tr. Ga. State Sanitarium, Dec. 6, 1915.
- A. C. Newell, Atlanta, Tr. Ga. State Sanitarium, Dec. 6, 1915.
- Wilkie C. Brown, Savannah, Near Beer Tax Collector, Jan. 3, 1916.
- Dr. L. G. Hardman, Commerce, Dir. Ga. Exper. Sta., 9th Dist, Jan. 3, 1916.
- A. S. Chamblee, Bartow, Dir. Ga. Exper. Sta., 10th Dist., Jan. 3, 1916.
- J. J. Brown, Bowman, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- John D. Walker, Sparta, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- Mell R. Wilkinson, Atlanta, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- Saml. M. Jackson, Savannah, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- John A. Brice, Atlanta, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- R. L. Carithers, Winder, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- F. S. Etheridge, Jackson, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- Rev. B. D. Gray, Atlanta, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- Chas. A. Barrett, Union City, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- Jas. D. Price, Atlanta, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- R. N. Randolph, Atlanta, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- S. T. Blalock, Fayetteville, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- J. N. King, Rome, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- J. Rice Smith, Augusta, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- T. F. Johnson, Jefferson, Committee of 15 on Preparedness, Dec. 1, 1915.
- W. H. Davis, Waynesboro, Director G. N. I. C., Jan. 6, 1916.
- Z. H. Clark, Moultrie, Director G. N. I. C., Jan. 6, 1916.
- Rev. Rutherford E. Douglas, Macon, Tr. Ga. School for Deaf, Jan. 17, 1916.

- Dr. W. H. Doughty, Jr., Augusta, State Bd. of Health, Jan. 17, 1916.
- Dr. J. D. Weaver, Eatonton, State Bd. of Health, Jan. 17, 1916.
- Capt. F. D. Bloodworth, Savannah, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- Capt. Chas. P. Hansell, Thomasville, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- Gen. H. T. Davenport, Americus, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- Judge J. F. C. Williams, Hamilton, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- Frank M. Myers, Atlanta, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- Col C. M. Wiley, Macon, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- R. D. T. Lawrence, Marietta, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- Judge Fred Foster, Madison, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- Capt. H. W. Bell, Jefferson, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- Maj. C. E. McGregor, Warrenton, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- Judge J. L. Sweat, Waycross, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, Jan. 27, 1916.
- J. C. C. Black, Jr., Augusta, Judge C. C. Richmond County, Jan. 27, 1916.
- Wm. Inman Curry, Augusta, Sol. C. C. Richmond County, Jan. 28, 1916.
- T. D. Howard, Milledgeville, Sol. Co. Court Baldwin, Feb. 2, 1916.
- Jos. N. Worley, Elberton, Judge S. C. Northern Circuit, Jan. 1, 1917.
- Walter C. Bryan, Douglas, Judge C. C. of Douglas, Mar. 28, 1917.
- Wm. T. Anderson, Macon, Trustee 6th Dist. A. & M. School, Sept. 22, 1918.
- Fred Lewis, Atlanta, Delegate Conference on National Strength and Efficiency, Wash. May 2, 3, 4, 1916, Apr. 24, 1916.
- W. B. Hunter, Cornelia, Delegate Conference on National Strength and Efficiency, Wash. May 2, 3, 4, 1916, April 2, 1916.
- L. W. Robert, Atlanta, Survey and Fix Line between Bulloch and Evans Counties, May 29, 1916.
- Rev. G. A. Nunnally, D.D., Rome, Bd. Visitors U. of Ga., May 15, 1916.
- Col. O. R. Horton, Milledgeville, Bd. Visitors U. of Ga., May 15, 1916.
- Prof. W. S. Sewell, Tennille, Bd. Visitors U. of Ga., May 15, 1916.
- Prof. Paul R. Anderson, Blakeley, Bd. Visitors U. of Ga., May 15, 1916.
- Supt. E. H. Hanby, Cuthbert, Bd. Visitors U. of Ga., May 15, 1916.
- Capt. Jno. P. Webb, Gwinnett, Tr. Ga. Soldiers' Home, 8th Dist, June 1, 1916.

- Dupont Guerry, Macon, Judge City Court Macon, June 2, 1916.
- E. S. Griffith, Buchanan, Audit Inspector in re Tenn. Copper Co., June 26, 1916.
- C. C. Anderson, Macon, Survey dividing line between Pulaski, Houston, and Pulaski and Blakely, June 27, 1916.
- Doyle Campbell, Jasper, Sol. Gen. Ocmulgee Circuit, July 1, 1916.
- Eb. T. Williams, Atlanta, Sol. Gen. Atlanta Cir., July 1, 1916.
- T. J. Brown, McDonough, Judge Co. Court Henry Co., July 5, 1916.
- Paul Turner, McDonough, Sol. County Court Henry Co., July 5, 1916.
- Wilmer L. Moore, Atlanta, Trustee Ga. Tr. School for Girls, July 5, 1916.
- Judge W. H. Davis, Waynesboro, Trustee Ga. Tr. School for Girls, July 5, 1916.
- Mrs. Z. I. Fitzpatrick, Thomasville, Trustee Ga. Tr. School for Girls, July 5, 1916.
- F. J. Ralf, Messenger Exec. Dept., July 5, 1916.
- Watt Harris, Milner, Sol. City Court of Cartersville, July 5, 1916.
- Alfred H. Crovatt, Sol. City Court of Brunswick, July 5, 1916.
- St. Elmo Massengale, Del. So. Forestry Con., July 8, 1916.
- J. Fleming Bloodworth, Sol. Co. Court Wilkinson, July 8, 1916.
- Mrs. Maud Barker Cobb, State Librarian, July 26, 1916.
- C. F. Lanier, Millen, Scholarship Med. Dept. U. of Ga., July 29, 1916.
- Myron R. Leard, Canon, Scholarship Med. Dept. U. of Ga., July 29, 1916.
- C. A. West, Warrant and Record Clerk, Exec. Dept. July 31, 1916.
- E. J. Bondurant, Athens, Tr. State Normal School, Athens, Aug. 14, 1916.
- W. J. Morton, Tr. State Normal School, Athens, Aug. 14, 1916.
- A. B. Green, Ft. Valley, Tr. State Normal School, Athens, Aug. 14, 1916.
- J. M. Collum, Americus, Tr. State Normal School, Athens, Aug. 14, 1916.
- H. Y. McCord, Atlanta, Tr. State Normal School, Athens, Aug. 14, 1916.
- E. S. Griffith, Buchanan, Tr. State Normal School, Athens, Aug. 14, 1916.
- E. A. Copeland, Greensboro, Tr. State Normal School, Athens, Aug. 14, 1916.
- L. B. Evans, Augusta, Tr. State Normal School, Athens, Aug. 14, 1916.
- A. C. Riley, Ft. Valley, Judge County Court of Houston County, Aug. 14, 1916.
- Robt. E. Brown, Sol. County Court of Houston County, Aug. 14, 1916.
- Geo. Gilmore, Washington Co., Tr. State Agricultural Col., Aug. 14, 1916.

- Jno. W. Bennett, Ware Co.,
Tr. State Agricultural Col.,
Aug 14, 1916.
- R. C. Neely, Burke County, Tr.
State Agricultural Col., Aug.
14, 1916.
- L. L. McMullan, Hart Coun-
ty, Tr. State Agricultural
Col., Aug. 14, 1916.
- Lawrence McCalla, Scholar-
ship Med. Dept. U. of Ga.,
Aug. 16, 1916.
- Capt. Jno. A. Cobb, Americus,
State Bd. of Entomology,
Agri., Aug. 15, 1916.
- R. C. Berckmans, Augusta,
State Bd. of Entomology,
Hort., Aug. 15, 1916.
- W. D. Tutt, Judge City Court
of Elbert, Aug. 16, 1916.
- Dr. D. D. Atkinson, Bruns-
wick, State Bd. of Dental
Exam, Aug. 26, 1916.
- V. H. McMichael, 3rd Dist,
Scholarship Med. Dept. U.
of Ga., Aug. 26, 1916.
- J. L. Pendley, Athens, State
Bd. of Optometry, Sept. 6,
1916.
- W. R. Wilson, Douglas, State
Board of Optometry, Sept.
6, 1916.
- Geo. B. Wood, Rome, State
Bd. of Optometry, Sept. 6,
1916.
- C. E. Folsom, Atlanta, State
Bd. of Optometry, Sept. 6,
1916.
- J. H. Spratling, Macon, State
Bd. of Optometry, Sept. 6,
1916.
- A. L. Miller, Edison, Judge
City Court of Morgan, Sept.
13, 1916.
- Clarence J. Taylor, Sol. City
Court of Morgan, Sept. 13,
1916.
- Geo. P. Munro, Buena Vista,
J. S. C. Chattahoochee Cir.,
Sept. 14, 1916.
- Dr. N. Peterson, Tifton, State
Bd. Med. Exam. (Reg. Sch.)
Sept. 16, 1916.
- Dr. O. B. Walker, Bowman,
State Bd. Med. Exam. (Elec.
Sch.), Sept. 16, 1916.
- S. D. Dell, Judge City Court
of Hazlehurst, Sept. 16,
1916.
- Rufus H. Baker, Dahlonga,
Trustee N. Ga. Agri. Col.,
Sept. 28, 1916.
- Delegates to Conference on
Social Work at Macon, Oct.
27, 28, 29, 1916—Sept. 30, 1916:
Judge H. A. Matthews, Ma-
con.
Judge W. W. Tindall, At-
lanta.
J. C. Logan, Atlanta.
W. C. Vereen, Moultrie.
Robt. B. McCord, Atlanta.
Rev. W. N. Ainsworth, Ma-
con.
Mrs. Z. I. Fitzpatrick, Thom-
asville.
Miss Agnes McKenna, Val-
dosta.
Miss Celeste Parrish, At-
lanta.
- Geo. L. Goode, Carnesville,
Judge City Court of Carnes-
ville, Oct. 4, 1916.
- B. A. Harper, Argyle, Judge
County Court Clinch Co.,
Oct. 9, 1916.
- R. W. Jemison, Macon, Mem-
ber Ga. State Bd. of Public
Accounts, Oct. 9, 1916.

- Harold Hirsch, Atlanta, Member Ga. State Bd. of Public Accounts, Oct. 9, 1916.
- W. S. Elkin, Jr., Atlanta, Member Ga. State Bd. of Phmcy., Oct. 11, 1916.
- W. W. Jones, Columbus, Member Ga. State Bd. of Barber Exam., Oct. 13, 1916.
- Liston Volney Williams, Waycross, Arbitrator Tenn. Copper Co., Oct. 25, 1916.
- John W. Callahan, Bainbridge, Trustee State Agri. College, Oct. 26, 1916.
- Miss Mamie Mobley, Atlanta, State Bd. of Exam. of Nurses.
- Miss Louise Hazlehurst, Macon, State Bd. of Exam. of Nurses.
- J. L. C. Kerr, Decatur, Captain of the Guard, Oct. 30, 1916.
- Hon. James Beall, Carrollton, Trustee 4th Dist. A. & M. School, Nov. 2, 1916.
- Dr. M. C. Hardin, Atlanta, Member State Bd. of Osteopathic Exam., Nov. 9, 1916.
- Dr. Chas. E. Lorenz, Columbus, Member State Bd. of Osteopathic Exam., Nov. 9, 1916.
- St. Elmo Massengale, Atlanta, Member W. & A. R. R. Commission, Nov. 11, 1916.
- Dr. B. C. Teasley, Hartwell, Member State Bd. of Health, Nov. 13, 1916.
- Dr. W. B. Crawford, Lincolnton, Tr. 10th Dist. A. & M. School, Nov. 17, 1916.
- John T. Boifeuillet, Macon, Railroad Commission, Nov. 21, 1916.
- W. S. Lazenby, Harlem, Tr. 10th Dist. A. & M. School, Nov. 25, 1916.
- H. Lester Marvil, Waycross, Mem. Ga. State Bd. of Embalmers, Dec. 6, 1916.
- W. A. Scott, Columbus, Mem. State Bd. Vet. Exam., Dec. 11, 1916.
- D. A. R. Crum, Cordele, Judge Superior Court Cordele Cir., Dec. 12, 1916.
- W. W. Bennett, Baxley, Judge City Court of Baxley, Dec. 12, 1916.
- Dr. H. J. Williams, Macon, Mem. State Bd. of Health, Dec. 15, 1916.
- Dr. A. L. Crittenden, Shellman, Mem. State Bd. of Health, Dec. 15, 1916.
- John Allen Fort, Americus, Sol. Gen. S. W. Cir., Jan. 2, 1917.
- S. C. Parkinson, Norfolk, Va., Comm. of Deeds for Ga. in Va., Jan. 2, 1917.
- Capt. T. L. Norman, Trustee Ga. Soldiers' Home (Dist.), Jan. 2, 1917.
- T. R. Mann, Jacksonville, (12th Dist.) Mem. Bd. Directors Ga. Exp. Sta., Jan. 10, 1917.
- W. D. Hammack, Coleman, (3rd. Dist.) Mem. Bd. Directors Ga. Exp. Sta., Jan. 10, 1917.
- Wm. Anderson, Ocilla, (11th Dist.) Mem. Bd. Directors Ga. Exp. Sta., Jan. 10, 1917.
- Craig R. Arnold, Dahlonga, Trustee 9th Dist. A. & M. School, Jan. 16, 1917.
- C. L. Cowart, Sol. City Court of Reidsville, Jan. 17, 1917.

- Andrew J. Cobb, Athens, Judge Sup. Court Western Circuit, Jan. 17, 1917.
- H. G. Lewis, Greensboro, Judge City Court of Greensboro, Jan. 26, 1917.
Order entering N. C. & St. L. Ry. as party proposing to lease W. & A. Ry., Feb. 7, 1917.
- Trustees State Tuberculosis Sanitarium, Feb. 12, 1917:
Dr. Craig Barrow, Savannah.
Rev. Graham, Forrester, Savannah.
Hon. W. A. Buchanan, Blakely.
Dr. W. H. Hendricks, Tifton.
Dr. C. H. Richardson, Oglethorpe.
Hon. Lee G. Council, Americus.
Dr. C. A. Dexter, Columbus.
T. H. Persons, Talbotton.
Jos. A. McCord, Atlanta.
Dr. T. R. Whitley, Douglasville.
Dr. M. A. Clark, Macon.
M. H. Sandwick, Thomas-ton.
S. P. Maddox, Dalton.
Dr. Howard E. Felton, Cartersville.
Dr. J. H. Goss, Athens.
Dr. W. I. Hailey, Hartwell.
Dr. Jeff Davis, Toccoa.
J. N. McClure, Duluth.
Dr. W. D. Jennings, Jr., Augusta.
Dr. D. E. McMaster, Ten-nile.
Dr. J. P. Prescott, Lake Park.
Dr. Gordon Burns, Douglas.
John S. Adams, Dublin.
Dr. J. M. Nunez, Swainsboro.
- J. J. Brown, Bowman, Commissioner of Agriculture, Feb. 14, 1917.
- Gen. Peter W. Meldrin, Savannah, Judge Sup. Ct. E. Cir., Feb. 16, 1917.
- Thos. H. Crawford, Blue Ridge, Arb. Tenn. Copper Company, Feb. 20, 1917.
- E. S. Griffith, Buchanan, Inspr. Tenn. Copper Co., Feb. 21, 1917.
- Dr. Douglas B. Mayes, Americus, Tr. State Tuberculosis San., Feb. 28, 1917.
- Geo. H. Aubrey, Cartersville, Judge City Court Cartersville, Feb. 28, 1917.
- Col. Asa G. Candler, Atlanta, to attend Gov. Conf. in Washington, Mar. 1, 1917.
- Dr. J. R. Beall, Blythe, Tr. Ga. Tuberculosis Sanitarium, Mar. 28, 1917.
- Proclamation appointing Ga. Council on Food and Agricultural mobilization:
J. J. Brown, Chm., Atlanta.
H. G. Hastings, Atlanta.
J. H. Mills, Jenkinsburg
J. D. Weaver, Dawson.
R. C. Berckmans, Augusta.
T. M. Swift, Elberton.
A. P. Brantley, Blackshear.
Louis P. Marguardt, Atlanta.
Mrs. W. L. Peel, Atlanta.
Mrs. Nellie Peters Black, Atlanta.
Mrs. Eugene Heard, Middleton.
- Proclamation on National Guard, April 21, 1917.
- J. J. Brown, appointed to attend conference on Food and Fuel Supply and price, call-

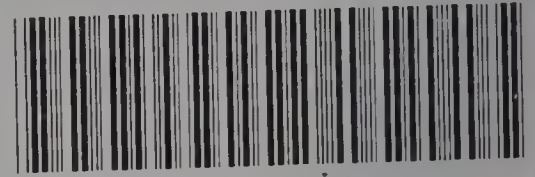
- ed by Fed. Trade Com. for April 30, April 27, 1917.
- L. B. Jackson, appointed to attend conference on Food and Fuel Supply and price, called by Fed. Trade Com. for April 30, April 27, 1917.
- The Governor, appointed to attend National Def. Conf., Washington, May 2, 1917, April 28, 1917.
- Lt. Col. F. R. Jones, appointed to attend National Def. Conf., Washington, May 2, 1917, April 28, 1917.
- Adjutant General designated to represent Governor in supervision of military registration, May 7, 1917.
- Carl A. Edwards, Pembroke, Sol. Co. Court of Bryan Co., May 10, 1917.
- H. J. Lawrence, Baxley, Judge City Court of Baxley, May 10, 1917.
- Clark Howell, Dixie Highway Commission, April 12, 1917.
- W. T. Anderson, Dixie Highway Commission, April 12, 1917.
- N. C. & St. L. Ry. entered as corporation leasing W. & A. R. R. Lease executed and entered May 11, 1917.
- W. L. Converse, Valdosta, Tr. S. Ga. State Normal College, May 14, 1917.
- Dr. K. G. Matheson, Atlanta, State Council of Defense, May 15, 1917.
- H. R. Hunt, Powder Springs, Bd. of Visitors Univ. of Ga. 1917, May 26, 1917.
- J. W. Farmer, Augusta, Bd. of Visitors Univ. of Ga. 1917, May 26, 1917.
- A. G. Miller, Waycross, Bd. of Visitors Univ. of Ga. 1917, May 26, 1917.
- Geo. E. Usher, Adel, Bd. of Visitors Univ. of Ga. 1917, May 26, 1917.
- Ralph Newton, Ft. Valley, Bd. of Visitors Univ. of Ga. 1917, May 26, 1917.
- Committee to lay before Natl. Gov. needs of people of State in respect of commercial fertilizers, May 28, 1917:
- J. H. Hall, Macon.
J. H. Mills, Jenkinsburg
T. S. Johnson, Jefferson.
T. M. Swift, Elberton.
Chas. E. Stewart, Axson.
Associate members State Council on Food Production and Conservation:
From State at large:
R. R. Wright, Pres. Ga. State Ind. Col., Savannah, Chairman.
- Bishop R. S. Williams, Augusta.
- Prof. W. E. Holmes, Pres. Gen. City Col. Macon, Secretary.
- Dr. Whittier H. Wright, Physician, Savannah, Asst. Secretary.
- Dr. J. W. Holley, Prin. Albany Bible Ind. Inst., Albany, Treasurer.
- H. L. Johnson, Atlanta.
Bishop J. S. Flippen, Atlanta.
M. W. Reddick, Americus.
T. K. Gibson, Atlanta.
C. T. Walker, Augusta.
H. A. Hunt, Ft. Valley.
- From 1st Dist: Walter B. Scott, Savannah.

- From 2nd Dist: A. C. Cooper, Cuthbert.
- From 3rd Dist. J. C. Styles, Dawson.
- From 4th Dist. Rev. F. R. Forbes, Macon.
- From 5th Dist. Rev. H. H. Proctor, Atlanta.
- From 6th Dist: C. E. Moore, Macon.
- From 7th Dist. D. R. Brown, Cedartown.
- From 8th Dist: Dr. W. H. Harris, Athens.
- From 9th Dist: Dr. N. A. Doyle, Gainesville.
- From 10th Dist: Prof. Silas X. Floyd, Augusta.
- From 11th Dist: C. A. Clark, Brunswick.
- From 12th Dist: H. T. Jones, Dublin.
- Local Board of Trustees, Alexander H. Stephens Institute, June 4, 1917:
- J. A. Beasley, Crawfordville, 2 years beginning June 4, 1917.
- Clem G. Moore, Crawfordville, 4 years beginning June 4, 1917.
- Jno. F. Holden, Crawfordville, 6 years beginning June 4, 1917.
- W. H. Burwell, from State at Large, 6 years beginning June 4, 1917.
- Samuel L. Olive, from State at Large, 2 years beginning June 4, 1917.
- Horance M. Holden, from State at Large, 4 years beginning June 4, 1917.
- W. G. Fleming, Augusta, 10th Dist, Tr. State Normal Col., June 14, 1917.
- Correspondence designating Jno. C. Hart to represent State in collecting inheritance taxes, Dec. 2, 1915.
- Appointing J. C. Hart in re J. M. Smith estate, Feb. 26, 1916.
- Calvin W. Parker, Waycross, referee Tenn. Copper Co., June 28, 1917.
- Frederick B. Gordon, Columbus, State Council of Def. State at Large, June 29, 1917.
- T. L. Pickren, of Charlton Co., Tr. 11th Dist. A. & M. School, June 28, 1917.
- C. S. Meadows, Wayne Co., Tr. 11th Dist. A. & M. School, June 28, 1917.
- J. H. Roberts, Dodge Co., Tr. 11th Dist. A. & M. School, June 28, 1917.
- Mrs. J. L. Kendal, Macon, Lady Bd. Visitors Ga. Normal & Industrial College, June 29, 1917.



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