

CARROLL  
COUNTY, *Georgia*  
AND  
HER PEOPLE

BY

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ASVEGASFAMILYHISTORYCENTER

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PRIVATE JOE COBB.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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TO THE PEOPLE OF CARROLL COUNTY:



WHEN the writer began to publish letters on the subject of "Carroll County and Her People," and not until several letters had been written and published in *The Villa Rica Star*, did he have any idea of compiling a history of the County. Many friends and citizens asked that the writings be compiled, and this volume is the result. We have touched upon every part of the county; every town and nearly every district. The names and character of most of the first settlers and many of the new have been set out. The geography and boundaries of the County have been given; the natural, moral and agricultural advancement have been shown from 1826 to 1906; the population each ten years; increase in property values; statistics given and compared. The difficulties and hardships of our fathers during the first twenty or thirty years are told in plain, but truthful language. Many reminiscences are told of the early settlers. The good name of the County, and the honor and integrity of her people are defended and portrayed. The patriotism of her soldier boys is shown, and the virtue, glory and sacrifice of her women are honestly extolled. It comprises a special and general history of the County for a period of eighty years.

The names of many good families have not been given for lack of space and information, who are just as honorable and good as those whose names are given.

We are greatly indebted to that fluent writer, gentleman

and scholar, Hon. Leon P. Mandeville, for much of the data used by us. We procured a few copies of his letters published in the Carroll County Times in 1897, and took the liberty to publish some of them herein without copying, but print them as written. We have endeavored to be fair and give the truth of history: have avoided flattery or criticisms, keeping ever in mind the beautiful sentiment expressed in the third verse of the poem by an unknown author found on a skull in the British museum in London, England, more than one hundred years ago—as follows:

“Behold this ruin: ’twas a skull,  
Once with ethereal spirit full;  
Within this hollow cavern hung  
A ready, swift and tuneful tongue;  
If falsehood’s honey it disdained,  
And when it could not praise was chained,  
If bold in virtue’s cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle concord never broke—  
That silent tongue shall plead for thee  
When time unveils eternity.”

If these writings shall have a tendency to draw the people of the different sections closer together morally, socially and financially—if it inspires a deeper love for home—admiration for the great county, the home of their fathers—if it causes a higher appreciation of the sacrifices of the noble pioneers who bequeathed to them this goodly land—then the writer will feel amply repaid for all his time trouble and expense in writing and compiling this book.

To the Confederate veterans; the departed heroes of Carroll, and to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, this volume is most respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

## CHAPTER I.

Carroll County was laid out in 1826 and named for Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration Independence. It extended from the line of the Cherokee nation of Indians on the North to West Point, Ga. on the West side of the Chattahoochee river. It was 40 miles wide and about 100 miles long, from which fact it was called the "Free State of Carroll" coupled with the fact that there were but few slaves in the county at that time.

In 1828 a part of the county was cut into Campbell, and in 1830, '31 and '34, respectively, a large part of the Southern part was cut off to Heard County. About 1856 all of the eighth and most of the seventh land districts were given to Haralson County, and in 1871 a large strip on the East was given to Douglas County. Buchanan, in Haralson, was named for the last democratic president before Cleveland.

The total free population in Carroll in 1850 was 8,256; slaves 1,101. William Coggin was one of the first settlers. He was a soldier of the Revolution and was severely wounded at the battle of Kings Mountain. Afterwards he was twice wounded in engagements with the Tories. He died at the age of 94, which illustrates the health and longevity of the people of Carroll County. Some of his descendents are still living in Western Georgia. Some others of the early settlers were Joseph Chambers, W. G. Springer, John Robinson, W. H. Nalley and others, some of whom I will mention elsewhere.

The first Superior Court ever held in Carroll was in a cabin on the Chattahoochee river near what is now known as "McIntosh Reserve." The late Thomas Chandler was the first lawyer who settled in Carroll, where he lived to an old age—was nearly ninety when he died—honored and respected wherever he was known.

The county site was first located at what is known as "Old Carrollton" and about 1830 was moved to where it is now, and named Carrollton.

## CHAPTER II.

Villa Rica, the "Village of Gold" was settled in 1830. It is situated on the ridge dividing the waters of the Tallapoosa river and Sweetwater creek.

Villa Rica is the oldest town in the county or even in Western Georgia.

Gold was discovered long before the county was laid out, in 1826.

Mining was carried on at first and for many years by "panning" the dirt from the surface of the earth in tin or copper pans. The process was like a woman sifting meal but no holes in the bottom of the pan. Water and dirt were shaken up and poured out until nothing was left but the gold in the bottom of the pan. The gold was then put in a goose quill or small vial and sold to merchants or others for provisions, clothing or liquor at five cents a drink. One man laid the foundation and made a fortune selling liquor at five cents a drink from a jug with a corn cob stopper.

Soon after rockers were made and gold was procured by rocking the dirt and water like a woman rocking a baby in a cradle.

There was no market or railroad for a long time nearer than Augusta, Ga.

About 1830 a small colony came there from the North, among them was Mr. Wick who built and kept the first hotel, which is standing in the Old Town.

Dr. Hodgson, a good physician, honest and intelligent, raised a family there and some of his children survive him. He sympathised with the South and lived a long and honorable life.

Dr. Palmer, was once a bright, respectable, good doctor. He was a bachelor. For many years he lived a hermit and died a few years ago in a little store room in the Old Town alone, and in abject poverty.

Uncle "Abe" Harrison was one of the first noble men of Villa Rica. He was a great joker but a splendid philosopher. His advice was often sought. On one occasion some farmers were talking to Uncle Abe, and asking his advice. He said, "well, gentlemen, farming is a good business, and I would like to be a farmer if I just had plenty of money with which to buy provisions." They took the hint.

There was an old fellow who came to town every Saturday and got drunk. He talked both fine and coarse, his voice was cracked; on his way home he fell into a gold pit;



he was calling for help, and as Uncle Abe rode along near by the old man hollowed, "Hello! Somebody come here and help me out of this pit!" (the first part bass the other trebble.) Uncle Abe replied at once, "help each other, there are two of you."

Then there was "Toms" McCurly a good man. Dr. Roberds who lived to a ripe old age. He has a son, Dr. Roberds, a schoolmate of the writer, and a daughter, Mrs. Allen the efficient Post Mistress, who lives there.

Uncle Seab Nolan, Justice of the Peace for many years, an honest man and true Mason.

In 1833 Hon. Samuel C. Candler settled there. He opened the first general store. I was in his store 52 years ago. He was farmer and merchant, and was successful in both, by energy, skill and industry he soon became a leader in business, politics and religion. He believed in education and gave his sons and daughters a liberal education. The oldest, Hon. M. A., of DeKalb county, ex-State Senator, ex-Congressman, a good lawyer and prominent in his church. Ezekiel, of Mississippi, a successful lawyer whose son is now a congressman from that state. Warren A., a beloved bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. W. B., merchant, bank president and undertaker, honored by all the living, he honors both the living and the dead. Charlie, farmer, high-toned gentleman and prominent Mason. Asa G., of Atlanta, a very wealthy capitalist, a generous Christian gentleman. John S., the youngest son, has been Solicitor General, Colonel of the Fifth Regiment of State Troops, Judge of the Superior Court and is now the youngest member of the Supreme Court of Georgia. He was elected by a large majority over an old and popular judge.

The writer is acquainted with only one of his daughters, the wife of that noble, polite gentlemen, Mr. H. H. Dobbs, of your town. She is a most excellent lady, a leader in church and society.

Hon. Samuel C. Candler was the uncle of Ex-Governor Allen D., the one-eyed plow boy of "pigeon roost."

All of the foregoing shows what Carroll has produced and what she can produce. It also proves that brains, energy, honesty and blood will always win.

Villa Rica was first settled by David Clopton, Thomas Broadus, Len Huff, S. C. Candler, and Edward Holland, who bought the lot of land and laid out the town, which was first called "Hix Town" and afterward changed to Villa Rica. Besides those mentioned already there was Henry

Velvin, father of Lieut. J. J. Velvin, Larkin Davis, Geo. W. Awtry, Roland Tolbert and others.

Dr. John Slaughter came there in 1844, a lad of a boy. By close application he graduated in medicine before he was twenty-one years old and soon became prominent and successful as a physician. He was not a politician so long as seeking office is concerned, but always took an interest in electing good men to office. He was a member of the state senate in 1876 and 1877, the legislature which called the constitutional convention which made the present constitution of Georgia. He married Miss Melvina Freeman in the old town in 1851, who is still enjoying good health in Villa Rica. He raised one son, Dr. J. T. Slaughter, Jr., who died four years ago, and one daughter, the accomplished wife of Mr. W. B. Candler.

In 1861 Dr. Slaughter raised a company in and around Villa Rica which was attached to the 56th regiment of Georgia troops. He was soon promoted to Lieut. Colonel, and J. M. Cobb to Captain and J. J. Velvin to 1st. Lieut. of Company I. The company and regiment were in the forty days siege at Vicksburg, Miss., during which time they subsisted on roots, herbs, rats and mule beef. After the surrender at Vicksburg the regiment was again organized and fought under General Johnston to the close of the war.

For many years and during the time mining was in a crude state, the miners would go into town on Saturday and sell their gold dust, drink liquor and often fight. The only weapon used were fists, feet and teeth. If a man drew a pistol, knife or stick, he was branded as a coward and hissed out of town, even by his friends. Consequently there was seldom a homicide and no murders.

Having the same idea, the good Judge Hammond once in a charge to the Grand Jury became very earnest and a little excited. Rising from his seat he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, whenever you see a man going about over this country loaded down with pistols and bowie knives, you will find one who has a streak of cowardice as big as a fence rail running down his backbone, and I charge you gentlemen, that that's the law."

So it is in every civilized community; the most successful way to suppress crime and immorality is to make it odious and disgraceful in the minds of the public and frown upon the criminal.

There lived in and near Villa Rica, before the new town

was laid out, some before and some after the civil war, many good and true men. Some of whom were Michael Goodson, Nicholas Sheets, William Sheets, Allison Cheves and F. M. Fielder.

"Marion" Fielder was one among the best men who ever lived. He was one of the founders and a pillar of the church at Pleasant Grove near Hart Town. He was chorister for the church fifty years ago.

The land for a considerable distance around the Old Town is gray and sandy, very productive, well adapted to goobers and potatoes such as our friend Watt Wells loves to sing about, the chorus being

"Great big 'taters in the sandy land."

In June 1882, the Georgia Pacific, now Southern Railroad, reached the place where the new town of Villa Rica now stands. The town was laid off in 1883. J. I. Velvin, W. B. Candler, W. A. Floyd and W. A. Maxwell, merchants, moved to the new town. Some of them rolled their houses whole about 1 mile south to the new town. The town began to grow at once, and now, 1905, she has 20 business houses, 1 Bank, 2 Jewelers, 3 Blacksmith Shops, 1 Harness and Saddle Manufactory, 1 Cotton Oil Mill, 2 Ginneries, 3 Warehouses, 5 Doctors, 2 Dentists, 1 Lawyer, 4 Churches for the white people and 3 for the colored.

There is a splendid High School building situated upon an elevation overlooking the town and country for miles around. The faculty consists of five able and well trained teachers.

She draws her trade from a great farming country and has received during the past year from Nov. 1904 to Nov. 1905, over 10,000 bales of cotton. The farmers nearly all own their own land, and are prosperous, contented and happy.

There are a few of the "Ole fo' de wa'" darkies there yet who are law abiding, industrious and polite.

The town is well lighted with electricity, and governed by a mayor and council of good business men.

There is not a professional gambler, tramp, vagabond or habitual drunkard in the town.

One of the best hotels in western Georgia is owned and presided over by Mrs. Walker, widow of the late J. M. Walker. It is a haven of rest and refreshments to the weary traveler and tired drummer. A place where any fellow can get the worth of his money in a good square meal,

better than he gets at home (this writer knows of his own personal knowledge).

One of the best edited country newspapers, *The Star*, is published there.

We will next cross the head waters of Little Tallapoosa river and proceed towards the west.

### CHAPTER III.

From Villa Rica going west on the Jacksonville road about one mile, is the old home of Capt. John T. Chambers and the tan yard owned by him. Capt. Chambers was an old citizen; he was a member of the Legislature one term long before the war; he was a patriot. In 1861 he raised a Company in and around Villa Rica, and was attached to the famous 19th Georgia Regiment, it being Co. I. He lost two noble sons, killed or died in the army who are buried in the Chambers grave yard, now the cemetery for Villa Rica. About a mile further west is Hart Town, named for Mr. Samuel Hart, who was one of the first settlers. He was the owner of a large body of land, many slaves, a gold mine, and considerable personal property. He was a true type of the old, polite Southern gentleman, good neighbor, kind husband, indulgent father and humane, gentle master. He raised a large family of intelligent sons and daughters. One son, William, was killed in battle in Virginia; and another J. M. (Doll), was wounded in making a gallant charge on the enemy at Decatur, Ga., in 1864; he was a comrade of the writer. Mr. Hart was a little eccentric, but intelligent and generous to a fault, yet he never forgave the Yankees, as he always called them, for killing and wounding his sons and freeing his slaves without paying for them. He died, like General Toombs, unreconstructed. He was among the first members of Pleasant Grove Church.

Mr. Abe Leathers owned the place after the death of Mr. Hart, and died there six years ago; Uncle Abe was a good citizen; he left several sons and daughters, some of whom still live in Hart Town.

In Hart Town lived one of the best men in Carroll, Uncle Billy Hixon. He raised three good boys, James, Elijah and John T. The first two are successful farmer and the latter is a farmer, also; he has represented the county two terms in the Legislature only a few years ago. He is Superintendent of the Sunday School at Pleasant Grove.

## CHAPTER IV.

After crossing the head waters of the Little Tallapoosa river, going West from Villa Rica, the first old residence is that first occupied by Mr. Silas Dobbs long before 1860, then by Mr. Scales, owner of several slaves, who cleared up the land and made it a good farm.

The next was the Robertson Wood place, settled about 1840. It was purchased in 1856 by W. W. Cobb who died in the Confederate army in 1864. His widow and oldest son, I. O. Cobb, live there now. It is where the Carrollton and old Vanwert road crosses the railroad and is known as Hill's Crossing.

Buck-Horn is the next, and one of the oldest settled places in the county. A Mr. West, grand father of that clever gentlemen and business man, G. H. West of Carrollton, was the first occupant about 1833. Isaac E. Cobb purchased the place, together with several hundred acres of land which was an almost unbroken forest for miles around the home. Mr. Cobb was a very industrious and busy man, but found time occasionally to hunt. All kinds of game were abundant, and he killed some wolves and bears and a great many deer. The horns of the buck's he nailed under the eaves of the front of the house, and on the trees in the grove in front and made horse racks of them. From that it took the name of Buck Horn, Ga.,

The place was a good day's journey from Marthasville, now Atlanta, Ga., and from Jacksonville, Fla. The country was sparsely settled and it became a necessity to have some place where the weary traveler could repose for the night. The owner set apart certain rooms known as Traveler's Rooms and he 'took them in' and furnished refreshments and food for man and beast. From then on it was known as "Buck-Horn Tavern."

The owner raised eight sons and two daughters; all the boys were soldiers in the Confederate army. Only two sons and one daughter are now living.

He was a member of the Legislature three times in succession, and was Sheriff of the county for a long time. He died at his home in 1852 at the age of 49 years.

Temple is a town seven miles West of Villa Rica, on the railroad. The place was first settled by Rev. S. T. Sims, uncle "Tuck," or by Mr. B. R. Ringer. It was known many years before and after the war as Ringer's Cross Roads. The Carrollton and Cedartown road crossed the Atlanta and

Jacksonville road there.

Some of the first settlers before 1860 were Revs. Wm. Brooks, S. T. Sims and Rev. Mr. Riggs.

Uncle "Billy" Brooks was the father of Hon. John W. Brooks, the extensive farmer and raiser of fine stock.

There were also David Bryant, Absolom Adams, Geo. Davis, Joe Webster, the Cartwrights, Crockets, Jimmie Taylor, Jesse Kinney, Dr. R. L. Rowe and others. Dr. Rowe was a good physician, popular and public spirited. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1877, which made the present Constitution of Georgia.

Uncle Mat Lovvell was a merchant near Temple, a good man; made a competency which he is now enjoying. He loves the Confederate veterans and goes to nearly all reunions.

Uncle Jessie Kinney reared a large family of boys and girls, many of whom live there now. He is still living there at a ripe old age, honored and beloved by all of the people.

The Georgia Pacific Railroad, now the Southern, reached there in 1883. It was named Temple, in honor of a civil engineer of the road because of his successful effort to carry the road that way.

J. P. Griffin was the first merchant and has retired from business, having by dilligence and fair dealing accumulated a competency. Jim is a charitable, good fellow.

Temple has several large brick store houses full of goods and live, up-to-date merchants. Some doctors, but the people are distressingly healthy so far as the doctors are concerned. There are two large, elegant brick church houses, good hotel, and a splendid bank. Several thousand bales of cotton are annually sold there, besides all kinds of country produce. They have a splendid telephone service, and many farmers are supplied with telephones.

The Justice Court of the old noted Sixth District is held there now. Away back for nearly fifty years the ground was at Sharp & Cheney's store about three miles south-east of Temple.

There was an old man and his wife who were always there, in a covered one-steer wagon with ginger cakes "simmon beer" and apple cider to sell. The cakes were sold for a "thrip" and the beer and cider the same per cup. A thrip was a small silver five cent piece, and the phrase "as good as five cents is for a ginger cake" originated there. The cake and beer sold for a "bit", which was a ten cent piece of silver. The Sixth District was very large in territory

and there were a considerable number of slaves, and at noon the day before Christmas they were all released from work until the morning of December 26th. They were generally given new clothes and an extra allowance of good things to eat, "like de white fokes eat."

They had parties and gatherings and would play, dance and sing:

"Chrismus come but once a yere,  
Every pore nigger gits his shere."

Notwithstanding the false charges and prejudice of many Northern abolitionists and fanatics, the negro was the happiest and best contented people on earth. He took no thought of the morrow, of what ye shall eat or wherewithal shall ye be clothed, knowing that all these things would be provided for him. Now the jails and other prisons are filled with the new generation, because of crime on account of indolence, impudence and incapacity to earn a support without robbing and stealing, and so the negro question will be unsettled for years to come. Many men of the age of sixty years well remember, and can verify the truth of Joel Chandler Harris' folk stories of "Uncle Remus" to the little boy about "Br'er Rabbit," "Br'er Barr," "Br'er Wolf" and other animal. How happy the old darkey was to get to tell the little boys those stories and how the little fellow would become so interested and so scared that Mandy or Dick or some younger ones had to go with him to the big "ouse" from the cabin.

## CHAPTER V.

Little Tallapoosa River heads in the extreme north east portion of the County near the Paulding County line and close to Wesley Chapel church.

Wesley Chapel was established in the early part of the eighteenth century, and named for John Wesley, the great moral reformer and founder of Methodism in America. The church belongs to Villa Rica circuit and has a good pastor in the person of that courteous and intelligent young man, Rev. Loy Warwick.

Among the old settlers in that community in the long ago were Mr. Hannah, Arthur Wright, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Candler, Mr. Joe Walker, Rev. Mr. Burk and Uncle Jimmie



Turner and Rev. Thomas Turner.

Uncle Jimmie was a music teacher, especially the old Sacred Harp. He was often called "the sweet singer in Israel." They have all long since been gathered to their fathers and left the land and their good name for an inheritance to their children.

The river from its head runs in a south west direction through the county to the Alabama line and empties into the Big Tallapoosa in that State.

On each side of the river from the Paulding line to Carrollton, the present County site, was an Indian trail running parallel with and about one mile from the river and about twenty miles long. The land from the trail gradually slanted to the river swamps and was an immense forest of fine timber, the trails were used by different tribes in visiting each other and on their hunting expeditions; the woods and swamps between the two trails was a happy hunting ground for the poor Indians. In those days the bear, wolf, deer, and all kinds of smaller game were plentiful. The river was as clear as a spring branch and myriads of clear water fish inhabited her waters. There were no obstructions such as logs, trees, mill dams to prevent the fish from running up and down the stream, which they did in large schools. After the white man began to settle along these trails, clear and cultivate the land, the rains carried the soil into the river, raised its bed and lowered its banks. The water became muddy and most of the fish disappeared. The washings from the Villa Rica gold mines and guano from the fields aided in raising the river bed and destroying the fish. There are stills many eels and mud-cats and some channel cats in the stream.

The Van Wert—now the Rockmart road—runs on the east side of the river until it intersects with the Carrollton and Cedartown road at Williams mill. Some very old residences are on or near the road, such as the Scales place, Robertson Wood—Now I. O. Cobb place, Jackson Hill lands, now owned by one of his sons, near the creek of that name and at Hill's Crossing. Mr. Hill was a Confederate soldier and gave his life in defense of his country.

Beyond the creek, on the hill, the first occupant was Mr. Hendon a primitive Baptist preacher, more than sixty years ago. Then comes the Green place, high above and near the river. Uncle "Tuck" Sims afterwards owned the place and lived there many years. The Waddell place was



the home of the father of Mr. "Sims" Waddell, who still lives and is now an old man himself. It was first settled by Geo. Hyden. Old Bethel, Primitive Baptist church is next. It was built at a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It was made of large logs and covered with boards from the forests.

It had no steeple pointing high towards the heavens; no bell to toll the knell of parting day, or call yeomanry to prayer and praise. But at stated times the rustic farmers would gather in the house, the good old elder would ride up, tie his horse to a sapling in the grove, take his saddle bags on his arms, walk up to the church, shake hands with all his brethern, go into the rudely constructed pulpit, read, sing and preach the gospel in its simplicity and honesty as he understood it. That custom even pertains to this day. This sect has always been regarded as honest and sincere, and their love for one another very strong indeed.

Near the old church is a very ancient grave yard, perhaps a hundred years old. Some time ago in the evening twilight, the writer stood in the quiet "city of the dead" between the graves of his own departed parents, who have rested there for more than half a century, and with uncovered head and serious thoughts, the beautiful lines from Gray's Elegy came into the mind:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire  
Hands that the rod of empires might have swayed;  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

"Some village Hampden that with dauntless breath  
The little tyrant of his field withstood;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;  
Their furrow of the stubborn glebe has broke  
How jocund did they drive their team afield;  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."

Now, at the beginning of the new year, the eightieth anniversary of the organization of the county, it is our sincere desire and hope that all her people may be prosperous and happy; that they may have the "early and latter rain," and in the end gather an abundant harvest.

## CHAPTER VI

Little Tallapoosa valley extends from the head to the mouth of the river, and is about eight miles long. The creek branches and falling waters from four miles on each side run into this little river. From the ridge on the west the water runs into Big Tallapoosa and from the ridge on the east the water runs into Chattahoochee.

The valley is near three hundred square miles in area and is one of the finest farming valleys in western Georgia. Good public roads run through it in every direction and the traveler is scarcely ever out of sight of a good white house and well cultivated farms.

The swamps or bottom lands on each side of the river, up to thirty or forty years ago was very rich and produced from fifty to one hundred bushels of corn per acre. The land was drained by ditching, but after the bed of the river became higher and the banks lower it was almost impossible to dry it sufficient for cultivation.

So most of the bottoms were turned into hay and grass fields and pastures for stock: It has proven to be as profitable if not more so than in cultivation and is a great reduction in expense and labor.

There is not a lot of land in Carroll county which has no running stream of water on it, where is there another county that can boast of the same.

Going on south from Old Bethel Church, where we left off the last letter, the first old farm and residence is that owned and occupied many years ago by Fields P. Evans now by Mr. Harris Gray. There the traveler has the first ocular demonstration of the proverbial "old red hills of Georgia." The land is hilly and red as a beet, now very old, yet it produces wonderful crops.

The next place is "Bill" Davis old place, part of the old residence is still there, but like Uncle "Tom's Cabin", "de chimneys fallin down an' de roof am cavin' in," for the tooth of time has made its impress there. Next was Alsymus Allen a good, true man.

Uncle Jesse Gray just beyond was a very industrious man and hard worker, not from necessity but from choice; his cribs were always filled with corn and his smoke house with meat. He was a friend to the poor, and no widow or orphan ever suffered for bread in his community.

Then comes the old Store house once the Sixth District Court ground. Farther on is the Williams mill creek,

where the Van Wert road intersects the Carrollton and Gedartown road.

Mr. Williams had a mill there long before the war, but it has long since been destroyed. Some of the old rock dam and the shoal are still there.

A few years ago a very pious gentleman was passing there in company with some little boys. One of the boys asked the man what that meant. He at once replied, "It is a dam by a mill site but no mill by a dam site." The good man meant no profanity and there was none, but his explanation was satisfactory.

Going on south we come to the Billy McCain place, father of Mr. B. J. McCain, formerly of Temple, the place is now owned by Mr. T. G. Connell of Temple.

A little farther on is Allen's Creek, named for Larkin Allen who lived near the creek.

Johnathan Chambers is next on the road. He was Justice of the Peace more than 60 years ago and was a just and upright man; Then the McMullen place—very old. Then the Dobson home, in the midst of the "hurricane." Many years ago, there was a terrible wind storm passed through there, about half mile wide. All the grown timber was blown down. Evidence of the storm is there to this day. It was called a hurricane then but since the war they are called cyclones. The next old settler was Polk Muse he had a large farm, almost as level as a skating rink. His son, a jolly fellow lives there now. About one half mile farther is the line of the Sixth and Tenth, or Temple and Carrollton districts. Abeline Baptist Church is nearly on the line, it was organized about twenty-five years ago, and was named by Rev. John M. Muse.

Some time in the near future the writer expects to take a stroll up the river from Carrollton in the old Indian trail and meet himself at the district line.

Once upon a time an Irishman became a little to hilarious in the village grocery, when the town marshal requested him to go home which he agreed to do and started. A few minutes after the marshal found him at the bar again and said "Pat I asked you to go home and thought you had gone." "Sure, 'onor Oi went a few paces down the strate when Oi met moisilf coming back."

## CHAPTER VII.

Hickory Level is about equal distance from Carrollton and Villa Rica, near the banks of the Little Tallapoosa river. The first settler was Rev. James Baskin in February 1828. He bought the lot of land, then uncleared. He went into the woods, cut the timber, hewed the logs, built a house and began a long and prosperous career.

The land was almost level, sufficiently rolling for necessary drainage. The growth was almost entirely hickory trees, an indication of the richness of the soil.

Uncle Jimmie, as he was affectionately called, named the place Hickory Level. He donated a beautiful plat of land for a church, school house and grounds, and a large cemetery. The Methodist church was organized in the summer of 1828.

Some of the charter members were Rev. James Baskin, and David Stripling, Wright Majors, James Upton and some others with their wives. They were all young men then honest, sturdy pioneers.

A house of worship was erected of logs from the woods and an altar built to the honor and glory of their God.

There has been ever since that time a splendid literary school kept up there, and in her primeval days the place was noted as having the best country school, and the best teachers in the county.

The church was very appropriately named Concord because of the unity and brotherly love which always existed among the members.

Rev. James Baskin, for the benefit of himself and neighbors, procured a post office and named it Hickory Level. Rev. James Baskin was the first post master, and the office was there until it was no longer needed because of the R. F. D.

The first letter the writer ever received was addressed to that office in 1861 and handed to him by Uncle Jimmie Baskin. It was from a dear soldier boy in Virginia, soon after the first battle of Manassas, giving an account of that great battle.

Rev. James Baskin, by industry, brawn and brain, soon became prosperous, and accumulated enough to render him comfortable in his old age. His hospitality was almost unbounded. He never turned away a beggar empty handed and the weary traveler always found rest and refreshment under his roof, and it was afterward said by them that they always felt secure in the house of such a Godly man.

Uncle Jimmie added to his possessions as he accumulated the means, until he possessed a large plantation of that valuable land around Hickory Level.

His last few years were spent at his beautiful home in comparative ease and comfort, with a consciousness of having discharged his duty to God, his neighbors, his family, his country and himself. In March, 1888, at the age of 88 years, he fell asleep and his sanctified spirit was wafted away to the bosom of his father and his God.

He left only three children, now living, James Lawrence and Rev. C. W. Baskin, two sons who now live on the possessions of their father. The only surviving daughter is Mrs. Mary Thompson of East Point, Ga. They have each passed the age of three score years, thereby verifying the promise "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the earth, which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Lawrence Baskin is 79 years old and is perhaps the oldest native citizen of the county now living in the county. He is hale and hearty, sound in body and mind, except his hearing is a little impaired.

There are scores of descendants of Rev. James Baskin, children, grand children and great grand children living. Not one of them who has ever brought reproach upon the name of their noble ancestor, or disgrace upon himself. Many of them live on, and own all the lands which once belonged to him. In 1828 the lands sold for about two dollars per acre; in 1850 it was worth ten; now it is worth more than fifty dollars per acre. Some of it around and including the old home place, was sold this year, 1905, to Mr. Wesley Baskin and Dr. A. H. Baskin, grand sons of uncle Jimmie, for fifty dollars per acre.

Up to 1866 the land produced about one bale of cotton to two acres, now under the new system of farming and improved implements and a little fertilizing, it yields from one to three bales per acre.

There is a large general store run by Pierce & Baskin, a shop, good corn mill and cotton gin. Being a community of good Methodists it is a good place to get plenty of fried chicken, and the preachers know it far and near, as well as the writer.

Hickory Level soon became famous throughout the country from 1828 because of the richness of the soil, the level condition of the lands, the waving forests of fine hickory timbers, the morals of the people, the patriotism of the

men and the purity of the women.

Long before the civil war, the lands were all settled for miles around by good and true men with their families.

There came David Stripling, James Stripling and James Bryce, all ministers of the Gospel and successful farmers. Many of their descendants are still there.

John Smith, of Hominy Creek, was a successful farmer and business man. Several of his sons were in the confederate army, and were always as true as the needle to the pole.

Sloman Wynn a good man, honorable citizen, owner of much fine land and several slaves. His youngest son, J. M. Wynn lives on the old place.

Rev. Thomas G. Powell, a progressive, live and energetic man, left several noble sons and good daughters some of whom still remain on the old place.

Uncle "Billy" Taylor was a pillar of the church, pious and patriotic.

Ned Gresham owned a large farm on the river and some slaves. He had only one son, jovial, lively and sociable, D. Y. Gresham who is still living. Dave was a soldier in the Confederate army.

There was Larkin Allen, Alsymus Allen, Billy McCain, Baxters, Jesse Gray and some others who left their "foot prints on the sand of time" as well as on the soil which they left as a legacy to their children, who are now enjoying the fruits of the labors of their fathers.

The young men descendants of these grand old patriots refused to take the advice of Horace Greeley "go west young man" for they rightly concluded that there was no better farming land, more pleasant homes, healthier country than their's. So they remained at home and quoted often these lines.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my land, my native land."

or the words to that effect as the lamented Bill Arp often said.

Concord church now numbers about 400 members, largest country church in the North Georgia Conference. A splendid Sunday School. A large, well finished, white church house, a large, comfortable school building in which a public school is taught by able and successful teachers.

There is an Odd Fellow Hall and a well organized Lodge of most all the young men in the community.

The lands are well watered with wells, springs, branches and creeks; pure clear free stone water.

The residences are nearly all well furnished, large and comfortable and painted.

On the branches and creeks and low lands, fine sleek Jersey cows can be seen grazing in green pastures and beside the still waters, and bubbling brooks.

Rich milk and sweet yellow butter is plentiful, chickens, eggs and vegetables, fat hogs in the pen, smoke huses full of meat, and fine horses and mules in the lot.

Nearly all the boys and young men have a pretty, red painted, narrow seated buggy and carries his sweetheart to Sundry school and chnrch for a while and then marry and live happy. Surely it is a land which flows with milk and honey.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Pleasant Grove church is about one-half mile south of Hart Town on the middle Van Wert road. It was constituted in July 1849 by preachers Parker M. Rice, James Reeves and Leroy McWhorter. The first members were the Harts, Greens, Haynes, Davis, Dobsons, Hogues and Burtons. Widow Jane Cobb is the oldest living member, and perhaps Mr. H. H. Dobbs is next. Among the old members, all of whom have gone to their reward were, Samuel Hart, Wm. Hixon, F. M. Fielder, Alex Green, Willis Bagwell, W. W. Cobb and others.

The church is all that its name indicates for it is situated in a beautiful grove and has always been a pleasant place to visit. The membership is now about 125, most of whom are the descendants of the good old people mentioned above. They have a large white house, complete in the modern style and would be a credit to a town of considerable size. There is one of the most beautiful and well kept cemeteries to be found anywhere. It is enclosed with a neat strong wire fence, and has many elegant and costly tomb stones and monuments. A good Sunday School is kept up with Hon. J. T. Hixon as Superintendent, and preaching once each month by Rev. Mr. Rhodes, an able preacher and good man.

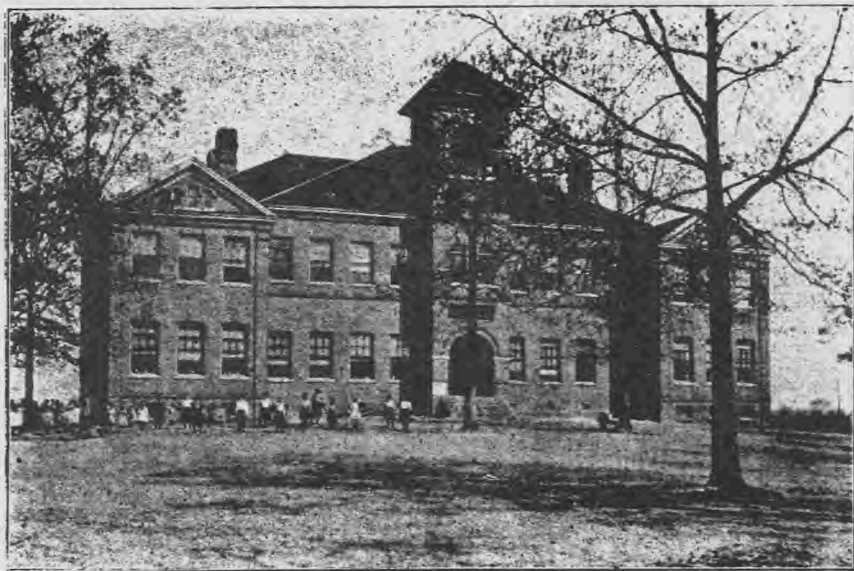
Going south, the first place was the home of Rev. John M. Muse for many years.

Then the Dr. Rowe home, where Mr. James Hixon lives, next the Yates place; there is a large two story white house built by Maj. T. H. West more than fifty years ago. Then the J. D. Stone place and John M. Cobb old home.

Abel O. Embry lived just beyond; he settled there nearly seventy-five years ago. He was a good Primitive Baptist and a popular man. He was elected to the Legislature long before the war. Then it was considered a great honor and distinction. He raised three sons and six beautiful daughters. Two sons lost their lives in the war, and all his daughters married good men; all are living now except one, some of them at a ripe old age. Uncle Abel was a very sensible man, but sometimes he would crack a joke. At one time most of his sons-in-law were at his house when some of them commented on the number or were fishing for a compliment, when the old gentleman said, "Yes I suppose the d—l owed me a grudge and paid me off in sons-in-law." He no doubt had reference only to the number as he was very fond of, and on good terms with each of them.

About one mile farther on the road runs into the Carrollton and Villa Road near Hickory Level.





Carrollton's Public School Building.

## CHAPTER IX.

Old Carrollton and Five Points are at the same place in Fair Play District eight miles north-east of Carrollton, the present county site, and seven miles south from Villa Rica. The courts were held there for only a short time when the site was moved to where it is now. Five Points was so named from the fact that five roads lead off from there in different directions in the shape of a star.

In the long ago a traveler became bewildered at that place and met a man almost deaf who had a tame squirrel playing around his shoulders and arms, to which he seemed very much attached. The traveler said, "hello, which road leads to Villa Rica." The deaf man caressing his squirrel said "Oh no, gentle as he can be." Traveler, "I say how far is it to Villa Rica?" "Oh no, wouldn't bite you for the world." Traveler, "You must be a — fool." "Oh yes, sir the woods is full of 'em, woods is full of 'em."

Fair Play District was considered an appropriate name because of the good, moral and honest character of her people. It is on a ridge between the Chattahoochee and Tallapoosa rivers.

Sand Hill is only a few hundred yards west of Five Points; and so named because it is a slight elevation in the center of a large territory of white sandy land. The land is very productive, especially in cotton and potatoes. Standing on a little elevation near Five Points can be seen 20 or more white farm houses, around each being a splendid farm. The lands are nearly all cultivated and are worth from fifteen to fifty dollars per acre. In 1840 it was worth one to two dollars per acre.

Some of the first settlers were J. M. Hamrick, Sr., Capt. W. F. S. Powell, Sam'l Dickson, Warren Carson, John Hensley, Terry and Moses Brown, John W. Carroll and others, all have passed away.

John W. Carroll was for a great many years a Justice of the Peace and one of the best who ever lived. He was also at one time a member of the Legislature from Carroll.

Before, during and after the civil war, he made wool hats. Hundreds of them were made by him for the soldier boys during the war. His hats were never worn out, the only way to dispose of them was to burn or bury them.

Some entire companies wore those hats and took the title of "wool hat boys."

Mr. Carroll was a patriot, benefactor and good citizen.

Some of the more modern settlers were J. M. Hamrick, Jr., now of Villa Rica, who sold goods for many years at Sand Hill and raised a family of noble boys and cultured girls.

William Awtry was a merchant and farmer and successful business man.

Hon. Geo. Awtry was a good man and twice represented Carroll in the Legislature. They were sons of notoriously good, but funny man, Uncle "Jake Awtry." Uncle Jake raised a large family of splendid sons and daughters, some of whom survive.

It was related of Uncle Jake that on one occasion he was trying to break a young colt to the saddle. He mounted the colt and sent a young man far ahead and told him to hide in the fence corner, and when he got opposite of him to rush out and say "Boo." The man did as directed and rushed out saying "Boo-oo-oo," The colt threw Uncle Jake to the ground, unhurt he exclaimed, You fool didn't you know that was too big a "Boo" for a colt.

That is the way the expression originated.

## CHAPTER X.

Fair Play district was very sparsely settled until 1845, and was mostly a territory of uncultivated land. Deer and turkeys were abundant even up to 1855. When it was discovered that it was comparatively level and fertile, it soon became densely populated the lands cleared and put into cultivation and soon became one of the most popular districts in the county. It was settled by a noble, moral and industrious people. They went to work and established schools and churches. There are a great many churches of different denominations, and several public schools.

At Old Carrollton there are stores, blacksmith shop, cotton gins, churches and a Masonic Lodge.

It would be impossible to give the names of all the noble men and good families of the district. Capt. T. M. Kelly, one of the only two surviving Captains of the first Georgia Regiment of Cavalry in the Confederate army. He was a long time the Captain of Co. E. of that Regiment which was from Carroll. He has always been an honest, good citizen. He lost one eye since the war.

Wesley Smith was a good man and successful farmer; Dr. J. G. W. Brown was a successful physician and Fannin Brown a prosperous merchant. There were the Boyds, numbering a score or more, a noble family of pioneer citizens. J. M. Hamrick, Sr., who became a member of the Old Carrollton Primitive Baptist church in 1849. He was a Patriarch having raised ten children and died in 1882 and was buried in the beautiful cemetery at Sand Hill. He prepared his own grave and tomb stone during his life. Dr. Smith, a polite gentleman and good doctor lives there yet. He is the father of Tolbert, a Lieutenant in the U. S. army, now in the Phillipine Islands. There were the Garsts, Nichols, Hembrees and many others who have been successful in business and illustrated the good citizenry and honor of Carroll county.

The Masonic Lodge is prosperous and has a large number of members who reflect honor on that ancient and noble fraternity and credit to themselves.

The churches are numerous and well attended, and religion and morals are always honored and respected. Good society, splendid water, beautiful farms, green pastures, fine cows, fat hogs, jersey butter, fried chicken, fresh sausage, industrious and healthy matrons, pretty girls and noble young men, make it a desirable place to live in.

## CHAPTER XI.

Center Point is a new small village about four miles south of Temple. There is a church, a good school house, some stores and shops. It is the justices court ground for Kansas district. Many years ago it was named Kansas because of the wild and wooley western state of that name. Forty years ago it was nearly all in the woods—pine, oak and black jack.

One of the first settlers in that community, more than than seventy years ago, was Elijah McPherson. He lived near the headwaters of Buck creek, built a saw mill and run it with power from the creek. Lumber was carried on wagons from his mill twenty and twenty-five miles. He raised a family of good boys and respectable daughters. His oldest son died, or was killed in the war. He was a Confederate soldier. His next oldest son "Hute," lives at Temple, and his grandson, Col. L. D. McPherson, the popular young lawyer lives at Carrollton. Uncle Elijah McPherson was an own cousin of the Federal General McPherson, who was killed at the great battle of Atlanta on July 22, 1864. There is a magnificent monument on the spot where he fell. The U. S. Government has kept a guard there forty years. Fort McPherson barracks was named for him.

Kansas has many good old men such as the Joneses, Whistenhunts, Pollards, Spences, Tillmans and others. Daniel Jones had a mill a short distance below McPherson's. Hiram Spence was a Justice of the Peace for many years and held court at Jones' mill. He was a good citizen and honorable man. All of these pioneers have passed away but their descendants are there, honorable, progressive and public spirited. They have cleared the land, tilled the soil and are contented. The land is very productive; it has increased in value for the last thirty years more than one hundred per cent. Well worked public roads run through the district. There is yet an abundance of timber. The people live in good houses and are generally prosperous.

Clever D. N. Tillman and P. H. Chandler are two of the oldest surviving citizens of the district.

On one prong of the headwaters of Buck creek is Cole's mill, formerly owned by "Wess McKissack. On another prong is Bartlett's mill. Rev. H. P. Bartlett, a Baptist preacher, good man and true Mason, lived there and died a few years ago. There is yet some game in that part of

Carroll—deer, wild turkey, squirrels and “possums.” Some times the boys have ’possum suppers, or dinners, which is one of the most delightful feasts that can be prepared either in the country or in town. The toasts at these possum suppers in substance are about like this:

“Possum” sop, and taters too  
Are good enough for me and you.  
Kings and queens delight to eat  
The sweet and juicy “possum” meat.

Many of us “old boys” would be delighted to spend the Christmas holidays with friends in Kansas district—chase the rabbit, kill squirrels, shoot quail, or shake the “possum” loose from the limb to which he swings by his tail.

Corn shuckings, log rollings and quiltings were the chief amusements for the slaves, boys, young men and young women from 1830 to 1860 in upper Carroll. These occasions were mixed with business, good cheer, pleasure and plenty.

Corn, wheat, oats, sheep and hogs were the principal products. The land was fresh and produced wonderful crops of cereals.

Corn piled up mountain high was placed before cribs, barns and pens as it came from the fields, the neighbors and negroes were invited to come at dark and help shuck the corn, put it in the cribs and have a good time. Forty or more slaves and all the white boys between 10 and 20 years old for miles around were invited.

The colored men would go in squads, each singing some loud song; the leader would go on the corn pile and give out, when the others would respond with the course. The leaders would take turn about until the corn was all shucked. Soon after all had reached there, they would strike up a song about like this:

“Surround the corn pile,  
Surround the corn pile,  
Let us all surround the corn, corn pile  
For Sally is the gal for me.”

After a little while if no “spirits” came around they would break out in a song like this:

“If you’ve got no liquor here  
Pass around some simmon beer.”

That was the signal for the landlord to start a big black bottle around, and at its first appearance, they would joyfully sing:

“Pass ‘round’ de bottle  
An we’ll all take a drink;  
Hi-oh, Hi-oh, Hi-oh.”

After shucking the corn they would throw the shucks into high rail pens; the boys, white and black, would wrestle, play and pack the shucks.

Then the men would start a search for the master, finally get him or the oldest son, place him on the shoulders of two of the tallest men and march to the table, sit him down at the table; then the master would rise and bid them all to sit down and eat of all the good things prepared for them.

After supper they would gather around a pine knot fire in the yard, pat, sing and dance. Often their "ditties" were original "witty" and amusing to the white people.

At a late hour, the master would make them a speech; thank them for their services, and bid them good night, then they would depart to the homes of their own master.

This chapter may seem foolish to some of the young readers, but the old people will know that it is true history of Carroll County and her people during the "Golden Age."

Log-rollings and quiltings for forty years after the settlement of Carroll was a necessity as well as a great social pleasure. When the land was first being cleared for cultivation, only the undergrowth and small timber was cut and burned on the ground. The large trees were left standing but were killed by "deadening," which was done by cutting through the bark near the ground and they soon died because the sap could not rise, and they bled to death. A few years thereafter they would fall or be blown down, and often in crop time injure or ruin a considerable amount of corn, wheat or oats. Before planting time the farmer would cut the fallen timber into short logs and then invite his neighbors to a log-rolling. A dozen or more would respond with hand spikes and pile the logs in great heaps on the ground. The farmer would pile the dry brush on the heaps and burn them. The fires would often light up the country for two or three miles around.

The women of the settlement were usually invited to a quilting on the same day. While the men were in the "new ground" some of the women would be preparing a fine dinner of hog and hominy, vegetable, corn-bread, butter and milk and all kinds of pies-and-things that made a splendid dinner and at noon the horn would blow and the men would come in, eat a hearty dinner of good things, then smoke and talk for an hour and return to the fields. As many ladies as could would surround a quilt with needles,

work and talk, all at the same time, yet each of them could repeat at night everything that was said by all the others—a happy faculty that men do not possess. At night there would be a party of the boys and girls of the settlement, who would play steal partners, twistification and other games, dance, sing and enjoy themselves for several hours and then depart for home.

Hog-killing time was always a glorious occasion. The neighbors would often “swap” work and help each other kill hogs. There were often from ten to thirty hogs killed and packed away by one farmer in one day. No meat was ever bought, but the farmers raised enough for the all the white folks and slaves. The little boys would play around the fire, blow up bladders and broil liver on the hot rocks and live coals, and have a big time.

A dear lover of hog and hominy, sausage, backbones and spare-ribs, wrote the following beautiful and impressive lines on hog-killing time:

O! how it makes a fellow feel,  
To hear a hog in winter squeal;  
And oh! what splendid visions rise  
Of smoking stews and back-bone pies.  
When o'er the heart this music steals,  
It every heartache quickly heals;  
And fancy claps her joyous wings  
And sweetly sings of chiterlings.  
Or if she wish a softer lay,  
She hovers in the sausage tray,  
And poureth forth her wondrous song  
Of linked up sweet meats soft and long.  
Or wearied with a guttural tone  
She lights upon a spinal bone,  
And soothes her empty spirits pains,  
With soft and sweet back-biting strain.  
Where'er she sings, her rapid flight,  
What growing pleasures of delight,  
And oh! how bright the future shines,  
When fancy warbles “tender-lines.”  
Let others praise when heard afar  
The dulcet, flute—the soft guitar.  
But give to me in woe or weal  
The dying hogs poetic squeal.



## CHAPTER XII.

Turkey Creek District is in the northwest portion of the county. The principal stream of water is Turkey Creek, so named on account of numerous droves of wild turkey which in olden times roamed and roosted up and down the creek. The country is somewhat hilly, and a great deal of land still uncultivated and in the woods. The land on the creeks and branches is very rich and produce wonderful crops; the creek is large enough and furnishes water power sufficient to run a corn mill and cotton gin.

Uncle Joe Entrekin had a good corn mill and cotton gin on the creek built more than forty years ago. He was one of the first settlers; also Uncle Thos. Entrekin, his brother. Uncle Joe was a long time Justice of the Peace, a good citizen and leader in the community. Dr. Hix Martin was one of the old timers, a good doctor, citizen and neighbor. Some of the families in the long ago, whose descendants are still there, were the Akins, Ashmore, Crumbley, Earnest, Entrekin, Martin, McBurnett, McKisacks and others.

Rev. John M. Thurman, a Methodist Protestant preacher, was an early settler, a good man, pious and able preacher; everybody loved Uncle Johnnie. James Byon was also an old ante-bellum residenter—lived a long and honorable life.

Mt. Zion is a little village about the center of the District. It is on a large plat of ground in a beautiful grove of natural growth of trees. There are four or five stores, shops and other business houses; a beautiful and well-kept cemetery, nice churches and comfortable residences. Among the best schools in the county is Mt. Zion Academy. The average attendance is over one hundred the year round. Has splendid teachers and good discipline. Dr. J. A. Martin is the efficient physician; polite and public spirited, "He is a chip off of the old block."

Twenty-five years ago the lands, now worth from \$25 to \$50 per acre, would sell for \$10 and \$20 per acre. The climate is very fine, water pure and clear as glass. Turkey Creek District and Mt. Zion are fast forging to the front, the people being industrious, prosperous and happy.

Shiloh Camp Ground is eight miles southwest of Carrollton, situated on a beautiful, level plat of ground, in the shelter of a fine grove of natural oak, hickory and pine trees.

The land is white and sandy, and the plat covers two or three acres. A splendid, clear, bubbling spring rises near one side of the campus. In the center of the grounds is a very large arbor made of wood and covered with shingles. It is open on all sides, and has a seating capacity of several hundred people. On the outer edge of two sides of the square are large wooden tents, in which the people camp during the meetings. The tents and arbor have no floors, but are covered with saw dust or new wheat and oat straw. For about fifty years meetings have been held there one week each year, including the second Sunday in August. Hundreds of people have there resolved to live better lives. Most always there are several preachers in attendance who preach night and day. The people are called to worship at the sound of a bugle at sunrise, 9 a. m., 11 a. m., 3 p. m., sun down and at 8 p. m. Outside of the camp grounds are stores, shops, schools and dwellings.

Some of the leading citizens of the District are, old and young, the Adams, Ashmores, Alexanders, Bonners, Cravens, Gammons, Garretts, Griffies, Hearn, McBurnetts, Roberts and others. The people are temperate, industrious, well-to-do citizens, polite and obliging.

Mandeville is a small town six miles north of Carrollton on the Central Railroad. It was named in honor of Mr. L. C. Mandeville, of Carrollton, a successful business man and a high-toned, clever gentleman. It is the center of a new District and the place for holding Justice's Courts. Mr. "Dan" Creel is the agent and postmaster; he is a one-armed Confederate veteran and has been there for many years; he has been Tax Collector of the county and was popular with the public. The land around there thirty years ago was uncleared and was a level pine forest; the timber has nearly all been removed and the land is now in a high state of cultivation, making from one to two bales of cotton per acre and corn, wheat and everything in proportion. There are several business houses, good depot, shops, schools and churches. There are many good citizens in the town and District. Such families as Adams, Bradleys, Brocks, Coles, Creels, Earnests, Holcombs, Hubbards, Nixons and many other well-to-do farmers, merchants, mechanics, nice young men and pretty girls.

Smithfield, or the Ninth District is on the west side of the county and on the line of Alabama. It was so named because of the large number of Smiths residing there; on the tax books for 1905 there are twenty-two Smiths. One of the first settlers was Uncle Anderson Smith who lived to be nearly ninety years old. They are all good citizens, upright and intelligent.

More than thirty years ago the writer was Tax Receiver of Carroll and rode over the District several times. There were very few public roads, and the private roads were not much larger than cow trails and very few of them; the most of the land was in woods, pine, oak and hickory. It was sparsely settled and is hilly, but many small streams of water run through the District and the bottoms are very productive. The hillsides are red, mostly, and produce fine crops. The last few years have made wonderful changes. Most of the timber has been removed and splendid farms are numerous. The cow trails have been converted into good second-class public roads, and there are many of them.

The writer, with a friend, was traveling through the District last February, and there being so many public, cross and forks of road that we, like Tom Watson, did not know "where we are at." A man passed us and we asked him which road led to Bowdon? He simply replied: "Damfino," and passed on. It won't be so long, for Carroll's efficient ordinary, clever Henry Barron is having beautiful mile posts and sign boards placed on all roads in the county. Some of the old settlers were H. A. Ragan, Tax Receiver in 1875 and 1876, the McBurnetts, Robinsons, Powells, Easons, Bates, Abercrombies, Loyvorns, Moores, Stogners, and Hon. Enoch Phillips. Uncle Enoch has lived at the place where he is now, more than forty years. He is nearly eighty years old and has been preaching the Gospel for the Primitive Baptist Church in the county about fifty years. He is still hale and hearty; just a little bent with age, but his mind is clear and he is yet an interesting talker, though modest and polite. He was a member of the Legislature in 1876-7 and voted for the resolution calling a convention which made our present Constitution. He was chairman of the board of County Commissioners four years, and discharged the duties of the office in an able and efficient manner. Uncle Enoch is a patriarch, having now living ninety-four children, grand children and great grand children. His good wife died a few years ago, and he lives

at his own home with one of his sons and family. He still preaches the gospel to his brethren and the people, all of whom love, honor and respect him. He is and has been a blessing to his family, church and county.

Barge is a little new town about in the center of the District; there are stores, shops, post office and a good public school.



## CHAPTER XIII.

Bowdon is an old town twelve miles southwest from Carrollton. It was incorporated about 1856. It is within three miles of the Alabama line. It is the educational center of a large territory in Georgia and Alabama. Before the civil war Dr. W. W. Fitts established a fine literary school there. He abandoned teaching, became a successful physician, moved to Carrollton where he has practised for more than forty years.

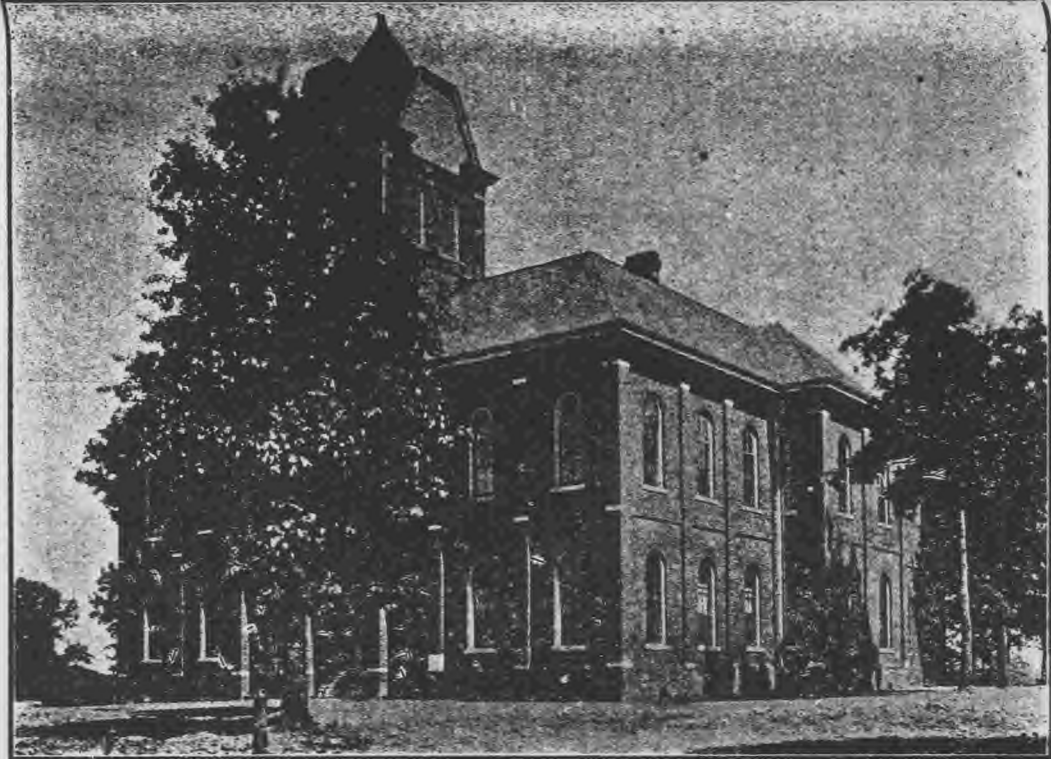
A college was established in 1857 by Charles A. McDaniel and John M. Richardson. The college was in a flourishing condition when the war commenced in 1861. Charles A. McDaniel was a magnetic orator, splendid teacher and good preacher. He raised a company of brave young men, went to the army, was promoted to Colonel and killed in battle at Perryville, Kentucky, in 1863.

John M. Richardson also joined the Confederate Army and was commissioned a Major. He lost one leg in battle, but survived. In 1868 he was elected President of Bowdon College, where he remained several years; then moved to Carrollton and was placed in charge of "The Carroll Masonic Institute," a high school. He moved to Texas from there and died a few years ago, leaving a good name, honorable record as teacher, citizen and Christian. Major Richardson was as polite as a Chesterfield and as tender and gentle as a woman; but in war he was as brave as a Gordon or Stonewall Jackson. There are several of his descendants still surviving, honorable sons and daughters of a noble sire.

Bowdon College was one of the five selected by the State of Georgia, and endowed, for the purpose of educating wounded and disabled Confederate soldiers in 1866-7. To such as were entitled the State appropriated sufficient funds for board, clothes, tuition and books. There were over two hundred educated there in that way.

Prof. F. H. M. Henderson was at the head of the College most of that time and for a long time after the wounded soldiers had left. Prof. Henderson was a cultured gentleman, splendid teacher and good man. The College has always been, and is still, self-sustaining and a magnificent new brick building has recently been built; a noble monument to the good people of the town and community.

Some of the old settlers of the town and District were Rev. James Barrow, J. W. Downs, Uncle Jimmie Word, N. Shelnutt, J. B. and G. A. McDaniel, John W. Adamson,



BOWDON COLLEGE, ESTABLISHED 1857.

father of Hon. W. C. Adamson, the able Congressman from the fourth Georgia district, Reeves, Sims, Johnsons, Fletchers, Roberds, Lovvorns; Dr. H. M. Williams and his brother, Prof. Williams, Barnes and Stephensons, of whom clever W. B. (big Bill) is a descendant; and many more old and new settlers, all of whom it is impossible to mention who were and are honorable, moral and law abiding citizens. There are twelve stores and business houses, a bank, good hotel, Masonic Lodge, three churches, no bar rooms and no blind tigers. It is and has always been an extremely dry town, a good town in which to educate boys. Justice's Courts are held there for the 1111th District, G.M. Jabez Miles, an old settler and good man was Justice of the Peace for many years and his decisions were always carefully and honestly made, and in the main, correct and legal.

Bowdon has a splendid weekly newspaper, "The Bowdon Intelligence," which was owned and edited by J.W. Yarbrough; since his death a few years ago it has been carried on by Miss Susie Irwin.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Roopville is a nice little new town in the old Eleventh District of Carroll, ten miles south-west from Carrollton and twenty-five miles west of Newnan. It was laid out by Hon. J. K. Roop, a prosperous farmer and business man, who was reared in that community. His father was an old settler in the District and died a few years ago after having lived a long, useful and honorable life. Besides J. K. he had several sons and daughters, all of whom were upright, good people.

Hon. John K. Roop was a public spirited man, generous to a fault. He was never a politician, but served as a member of the Board of Commissioners of Roads and Revenues, and it was during his term of office that Carroll's magnificent court house was built. He was also a member of the County Board of Education a number of years; nor was there a more useful and competent member on either of these important Boards.

Roopville is on a very high hill, and the place for holding Justice's Courts. Standing in the center of the town, looking east can be seen the spires of churches and public buildings at Newnan; and, looking in a nearly northern direction the same can be seen at Carrollton; cool breezes, pleasant shades and beautiful natural groves and pure water makes it a healthy and desirable place to live. There are stores, shops, machinery and all necessary modern conveniences; Baptist and Methodist Churches; Sunday schools and good public literary school.

A short distance from Roopville, going towards Carrollton, is the Bonner Settlement and the celebrated Bonner gold mines. Judge Zaddock Bonner was one of the first settlers. He was a noble Southern gentleman, courteous and obliging, honored and loved by his neighbors. He became wealthy, but was always a most hospitable gentleman. He owned several hundred acres of as fine land as can be found anywhere in Georgia, and a great many slaves. He raised six lovely daughters and one son, Geo. A. Bonner, who lives on the old homestead, having fallen heir to it and the gold mines at his father's death, which occurred about twenty years ago. The dwelling house is a magnificent building, two stories, and all the out buildings were substantial and comfortable. He kept a store on the premises and supplied his neighbors with all necessary goods.

Hon. John Bonner was a brother to the Judge, and lives a short distance north of his brother. He was one of the



most industrious and successful farmers in that whole country. He owned a great tract of fine land and produced an abundance of cotton, corn, wheat and oats. He always had corn, wheat and meat to sell and never bought any of either. He raised a large family of good boys and girls, many of whom are living honorable, upright lives in Carroll now. Mr. Bonner was a member of the Legislature in 18—, and made a good member. He died a few years ago in the upper part of the county, having moved there not long before his death.

John McGarity was a pioneer citizen of the Eleventh District. He was a most excellent citizen, eccentric, good joker, good talker and entertaining. He had but little use for the fashions and follies of the day, as he expressed it. One time he had been to town, and returning, when near home a neighbor tried to engage him in conversation; he said, "no, haven't got time, I've got my daughter a new hat and must hurry home before the fashion changes."

At one time in Carrollton a fellow, a great boaster, related a very unreasonable story about the amount of wheat he raised per acre: Uncle John said, "Sir, that's nothing, I had five acres in wheat and the land slanted towards a creek for some distance. After the wheat was about ripe I stood at the upper side and thumped a quarter of a dollar on the heads of the wheat and it rolled on over the heads to the other side and I heard it go co-chunk into the creek." That silenced the boaster.

As to the number of children he raised we are not informed. He had two sons, the older, Dr. McGarity, who is now quite an old man, and has been a successful business man; has plenty for his support, and is a polite, Christian gentleman. John, another son lives there in Carroll. He has been a member of the Legislature, only a few years ago. He is a primitive Baptist preacher and popular with his churches. It would be almost impossible to give the names of all the old settlers, but will give names of a few families, who are just as honorable as those commented on, also many whose names are not mentioned. Following are some whose names we recall: Alexander, Armstrong, Barnes, Barr, J. K.; Baxter, Bell, Burnett, Craven, S. M. and Dr. W. L.; Davis, Dean, Folds, Freel, Garner, Harris, Huckleby, Jordan, Gray, Guthrie, King, Layton, Martin, Millican, Pearce, Pentecost Powers, Samples, Stephens, Staples, Story, Talley, Towns, Tuggle, Neal, Warren, Wallace, Ware, Williamson. Dr. J. R. Thomasson lived for many years at old Laurel Hill, which

place was the court ground for many years. He raised several sons, some of whom are there yet. He was a member of the Legislature in 1868, having been successful in contesting the seat of Hon. John Long who was elected. Some of the above were old settlers, and most of them are descendants of the first settlers of the District.

## CHAPTER XV.

New Mexico is a District on the Alabama line. Joel is the Post-office and Justice's Court ground; it is a good farming country, and is inhabited by moral and industrious people. One of the oldest and most honorable men was Isiah Beck. He lived to a ripe old age and left several sons, all good citizens; there lives the Buchanans, Chambers, Cooks, Grizzards, Holcombs, Lees, Lesters, Lovvorns, Moons, McLendons, Morrisses, Perkins, Phillips, Robisons, Simpkins, Thorntons, Toneys, Wiggins, Yates, and a great many other good men and families.

Victory is a small town in a new District in the extreme southwest corner of the county. It was known for many years as McDaniel's mills, on the banks of the Little Tallapoosa river. Geo. A. McDaniel owned the mills, which were very fine mills, and run with water power from the river. The number of the District is 1529 G. M. There are many splendid farms and good citizens, some of whom are Allen, Barr, Bloodworth, Cau-ey, Eason, Farmer, Fletcher, Foster, Garrett, Harris, Harmon, Holloway, Holcomb, Jackson, Jones, Landers, Lovvorn, McDaniel, McGarrity, McWhorter, Nesbit, Noles, Preast, Smith, Sprewell, Stephenson, Tisinger, Traylor, Upchurch, Millner, Wyatt.

Clem, Georgia, is a small, but good business town, five miles a little southeast from Carrollton, on the Central R.R. The town was laid out about 1875, and for some time the population was put down on the map as two; they were the depot agent and wife. It soon began to grow and has increased over one hundred per cent. Now there are stores, churches, schools, shops and all the modern improvements. The town and the District in which it is situated are new, the District having been recently formed. Splendid farms

are around the town, nice farm houses and good roads. Many good citizens live in the town and district, some of whom are Bass, Bearden, Bell, Brown (several of them), Burk, Burns, Coleman, Cook (nine), Cox, Crews, Davis, Davenport, Driver, Duncan, Grays, Hancock, Harper, Helton, Heath, Herrin, Knott, Mathews, Michaelo, Jones (twelve), Phillips, Pitts, Potts, Swyggart, Spearman, Scoggins, Taylor, Thompson, Webb, White, Holloway, J. J. who is chairman of the State Executive Committee of the Populist party.

Lowell, formerly called Trickum, is eight miles south east of Carrollton; it is a small town in the center of a fine farming county. It is not on any railroad; the country is comparatively level, the land is gray, easily cultivated and adapted to cotton, potatoes and "goolbers." At the town, there are stores, shops, cotton gins, mills, schools and churches. Some of the old and new settlers, and descendants of the pioneers were: Martin Crider, father of Mr. A. G. Crider of Carrollton, Bailey, Bankston, Buchanan, Bradley, Brown, Burns, Cavender, Dixon, Echols, Dixon, Eidson, Fleming, Fuller, Gray, Helton, Hogan, Huckeba, Johnson, Lambert, Millican, Moore, Musick, McLendon, Rooks, Stallings, Taylor, Word, Walker, Williams, Watson, Wright, Yeager, and John S. Pentecost, who was Tax Receiver for twenty years, member of the Legislature in 1871-2.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Whitesburg is a town on the Central railroad, twelve miles from Carrollton, and one mile from the Chattahoochee river. It was incorporated and laid out about the year 1873-4, or when the railroad reached the place. It is in the center of an old settled part of Carroll County, known as the fourth land district. There is a good depot, hotel, nine business houses, two churches for whites and two for colored people. There are four hundred inhabitants of the town; Mayor and Council with Hon. M. D. Watkins as Mayor. He has just been nominated by a primary election, for member to the Legislature from Carroll. The Hutcheson College is in the town, and has an average of one hundred and fifty students; the college was named in honor of the late Arthur Hutcheson, who contributed liberally toward the building of the College. The School District has lately voted for local taxation and it will soon be turned into a free school. Mr. J. A. Jones, of Riverside, has just built an up-to-date grain mill on Snake's Creek, about one mile from Whitesburg. He will soon start a large brick kiln near the same place, but near the river and railroad. Some of the old pioneer settlers of Whitesburg and Banning Districts were: John Hollingsworth, Jesse and William Boon, Wm. Springer, father of Robt. H. Springer, of Rotherwood, Wesley Musie, James and William Moore, Thos. Bonner, Thos. Newton, Watson, Houstons, Joel Culpepper, Wilson, Attaway, Gilbert, Story, Copeland, Wager, White, Reese Watkins, Jones, Mat Rooks, Dave Gordon, Phillips, Richards, Brannon, Camp, Cook, Gray, Gladney, Hilley, Harris, Kendrick, Knott, Merk, Scudder and others. The lands very valuable and quite productive in each of the aforesaid districts. There is a flourishing Masonic Lodge there. Arthur Hutcheson lived there many years and owned the Factory. He was a native of Ireland, a public-spirited man and a bachelor; he was chairman of the Board of County Commissioners four years.

We take the liberty to publish below, two most interesting letters about Whitesburg, written by Hon. L. P. Mandeville in his "Story of Carroll", and published in the Carroll County Times in 1897.

"Whitesburg was first settled as a town in 1872 when Mr. J. A. McMullen built the first store house in the coming village. The railroad, then known as the Savannah, Griffin

and North Alabama, did not reach there until the following year. The place was named in honor of A. J. White, then president of the road. It is located twelve miles south east of Carrollton, and one and one-half miles from the Chattahoochee river. Among the first merchants were Captain L. Kendrick, William Jones, John O'Rear, W. W. Harris, John Pentecost and others. J. A. McMullen was the first postmaster. Mr. John Gilbert owned most of the land now occupied by the town. He sold all that part of it lying east of the railroad to Rad Morrow who was then largely interested in the railroad and the future of the town. The west side was laid into town lots in 1872-3 and sold at private sale. Mr. Boynton, a railroad contractor, built the first dwelling in the town, a house at present occupied by Dr. J. B. Camp. The house now owned and occupied by G. W. Tinney is the oldest one in the town, having been built about fifty years ago. In addition to living in the oldest house Mr. Tinney has the distinction of being the only man now living in the town who was there when the place was first laid off. In its early days the present quiet, peaceable town possessed no immunity from the gang of roughs and toughs who usually congregate about new railroad towns. Whiskey was sold in the town and the men who drank it being in the majority, the law was powerless to check the ruffians who sometimes captured the place and had things their own way. But the place soon got over that and for many years past there has not been a more orderly village in the county.

The town was incorporated in 1874. Five councilmen were elected to govern the town. They selected one of their own number as intendant, W. W. Harris, being the first man chosen to that office. In 1894 the charter was so amended that the people elect their own mayor and council.

Among the first citizens were John Gilbert, D. A. Gordon, Col. Gordon, Henry Henton, Hardy Duke, — McWray, J. A. McMullen and others. The place grew rapidly from the begining and being in the heart of some of the finest and most fertile lands along the river had a rich territory from which to draw its sustenance. One of the chief sources of revenue to the town has been the lumber business. Whitesburg has handled and exported more lumber than any three towns in the county. W. C. Aycock, now of Griffin, Ga., and Z. T. Cowan were the largest dealers in lumber for many years. Today Whitesburg cherishes her



HUTCHESON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, WHITESBURG, GA.

school with more pride than any institution within her borders. Professor Henry Newton built the first school house there in 1873 at a cost of \$1,100. He taught a few years and was succeeded by N. S. Culpepper. During this time the school property was owned by E. S. Roberts who sold it to Prof. W. H. Andrews who taught there a few years.

In 1892 the school was reorganized. A company bought up the property and deeded it to the M. E. Church, South. Arthur Hutcheson made a liberal donation to the school and it was named the Hutcheson Collegiate Institute.

This enterprise was conceived and carried to successful consummation by Rev. Artemus Lester, at that time the resident minister and who, though quite a young man was not without experience in such undertakings. Before that, while filling an allotted appointment in a poor, mountain circuit, planted in a more barren and cheerless soil the germ that took root and grew and blossomed into the flourishing and famous Young Harris College.

This humble minister, excellent in modesty as in Christian endeavor, was the real founder of the Hutcheson Institute. His energy and devotion was actively seconded by the presiding elder, Dr. Cook, and the conference on one hand and by the citizens of the town and vicinity on the other. Arthur Hutcheson aided liberally with his money and influence and in his will left an endowment for the college. Rev. G. W. Griner was the first teacher appointed under the new regime. He held the place of president of the school for three years, from 1893 to 1896, and was succeeded by Rev. O. L. Kelly, and he by Prof. R. F. Hodnett, who has been elected for three years. These gentlemen have all proved to be well qualified, energetic and faithful teachers and the school has prospered and flourished under their management. Twenty-five persons comprise the Board of Trustees and they are making every effort to build up such a school as will reflect credit on their community. A charter has been asked for the school and nothing will be left undone to promote its advancement. Board can be had in good families at \$8.50 per month, while at the dormitory it will not cost over three dollars. A large dormitory with all modern conveniences is projected. The school building has recently been doubled in capacity and re-seated. It contains a good library with several hundred volumes, most of which have been voluntary contributions from friends over the State. The music department is in charge of Mrs. E. M. Clopton, one of the

finest musicians in the State.

Whitesburg has two churches, Methodist and Baptist, six business houses, a population of 450 and does a business of about sixty thousand dollars annually. As I have said it is the best lumber market in the county, shipping about forty thousand feet per week.

The place is taking on renewed energy and activity over the prospects of the early construction of the Atlanta and Selma railroad. The survey crosses the S. G. & N. A. at Whitesburg, the right of way has been secured and there is little doubt that the road will be built. One of the conditions upon which the money to build and equip the road is to be furnished is that so many miles in distances are to be saved over the present West Point Route. To effect this saving the road will have to be built on as direct an airline as possible, and as this line passes through Whitesburg, there is little danger of its being deflected. With two great thoroughfares crossing there, with her genial climate, fertile soil and healthful location the investor and home seeker would be wise to keep his eye upon Whitesburg.

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The first manufacturing enterprise of very much importance ever started in Carroll county was put in motion in the year 1846 by the Bowen brothers, viz: John, William, Thomas and Kit Bowen, sons of Kit Bowen, Sr., who settled on the banks of the Chattahoochee river, and upon that historic tract of land known as the McIntosh Reserve.

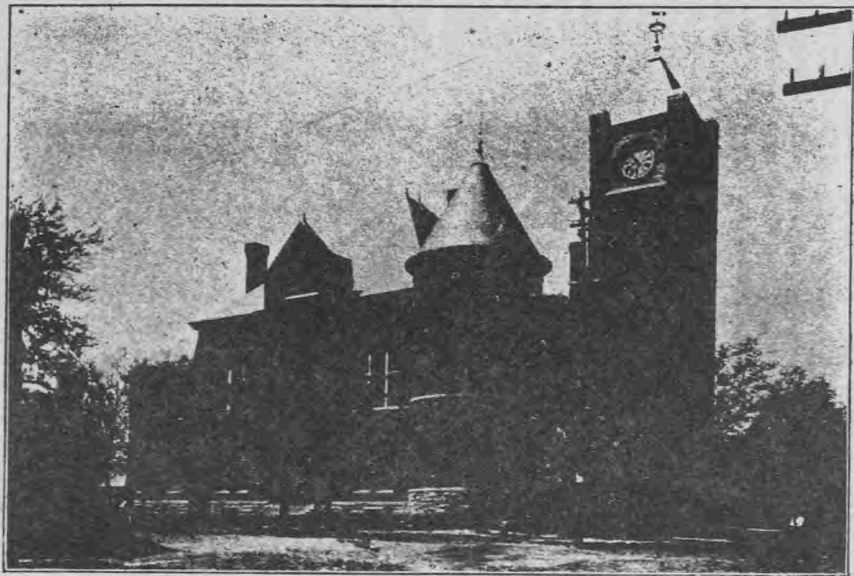
In 1846 the Bowen brothers purchased six hundred acres of land composing lots Nos. 1, 2 and 4 in the Fifth District of Carroll county, through which ran, in serpentine course, Snakes creek, the Tallulah of Western Georgia. Upon the banks of this stream, and within what is called the "horse-shoe bend," these pioneer manufacturers, erected what was known as a cotton factory, and from which sprung into existence and public notice the manufacturing village of Bowensville, now Banning, Ga. This mill, with about two thousand spindles and a dozen looms, manufactured coarse yarns, and osnaburgs, which were sold from their wagons in neighboring towns as far away as Columbus and Macon. This cotton mill attracted wonderful attention at the time, but Bowen Brothers were doomed to misfortune and disappointment, for just as they had gotten under fine headway and had bought a lot of new machinery which had been put in the house, but not set up, the factory was burned,



together with all their new machinery, and having no insurance, it left these pioneers embarrassed and under a debt which precluded all hope of rebuilding. This happened in the early fifties, and about 1855 the lands and waterpower were sold at sheriff's sale and bought by William Amis, a wealthy planter, of Coweta county.

In 1861 Mr. Amis moved from Newnan to Bowensville and built a fine merchant mill and a small wooden building near his mill, in which he operated about 1,000 cotton-spindles, (old machinery) making yarns which might, perhaps, be given away now, but in 1862, 3 and 4, were in such great demand that people actually fought over them and paid any price you might be disposed to ask, and in anything you wanted, except gold (we had no gold standard then) but in anything else from a buffalo ham to a piny-woods possum.

But alas! On the 9th of April 1865, everything collapsed and the buffalo and possum migrated westward and haven't been heard of since. But so soon as things adjusted themselves, as they always do, the indomitable pluck and energy of Wm. Amis reasserted themselves and he soon erected a large brick building on the western banks of Snakes creek on the Bowen old mill-site and a large stone dam on a solid stone dam-site and filled the house with machinery and operated under the name and style of "The Carroll Manufacturing Co." up to 1881, when he sold out to Arthur Hutcheson, of Palmetto, Ga., who, together with Robert McBride and Joseph Headen, of Palmetto, and Thos. N. Bramlett, of New York, had the enterprise chartered under the name and style of Hutcheson Mfg. Co. Soon thereafter a stockholder's meeting was held, when Arthur Hutcheson was elected president, J. W. Goldsmith, of Atlanta, vice-president, and Thos. N. Bramlett, secretary and treasurer. Then it was that Arthur Hutcheson, with his keen vision of business tact conceived the idea and put it into execution of throwing out all old machinery and equipping the mill with new and latest improved machinery. Then followed water works and all latest improved apparatus for fighting fire. Then followed automatic sprinklers throughout the entire mill, store and ware-houses. Then followed electric lights, which light up mill, store, dwellings and everything around in city style—in fact, every new appliance that tends to cheapen insurance and cost of manufacturing cotton in every detail has been supplied, until



Carroll County's Court House. Built in 1893.

Today, with its 5,000 spindles and all kinds of improved machinery for making any and all kinds of cotton yarns, it runs at as small cost and pays as handsome dividends as any cotton mill in the south. The additions to this mill have been such as to necessitate the putting in of two large boilers and an engine to help the water power to drive its vast amount of machinery.

Since the death of Arthur Hutcheson, which occurred in April, 1905, this enterprise has been successfully run under the able and efficient management of Col. C. S. Reid, of Palmetto, as its president, and J. R. Lassetter as Secretary and Treasurer. This enterprise feeds about 400 people, consumes about 3,000 bales of cotton per annum and gives a market to farmers of the community for all their surplus farm products.

The Clerk of our Superior Court informs me that during the eight years he was with this company, they paid an annual dividend of from eight to sixteen per cent; wrote off eight per cent. each year for wear and tear and then had left a surplus to go to surplus account.

The Georgia Paper Mill and Manufacturing Company, of Banning, with its two large pulp mills for grinding pine wood into pulp and making paper, which was also owned and run by the Hutcheson Manufacturing Company, but which was burned last year, was incorporated in 1866 with Prof. M. P. Kellogg, Wm. Amis, H. Merrell and J. M. Moyers and their associates and successors, with an authorized capital of \$100,000. This mill suffered many changes in management and passed through many vicissitudes, evolutions and revolutions; always leaving in its wake, wiser but poorer men, until 1893 when it was bought by that successful financier, Arthur Hutcheson, who equipped it at once with latest improved machinery and run it successfully, paying handsome dividends until it was consumed by fire. These enterprises have been, while under the management of the Hutcheson Manufacturing Company, of vast importance to Carroll county. Their taxes have ranged from \$500 to \$1,600 per annum since they went into the hands of this company of business financiers. The name of this manufacturing town was changed from Bowenville to Banning by the Hon. Hugh Buchanan while a member of Congress from the Fourth Congressional District. The name of Banning was suggested by our late fellow citizen, Col. E. A. Brooks, and for his warm personal friend, Frank Banning, a wealthy

and successful merchant, of Greenville, Ga. The reason for the change was, that Bowenville being so nearly similar in name, was frequently confounded with that of Brownsville, Bowersville and Barnesville as to create, very often, trouble in the miscarriage of mail matter.

Snakes creek, the stream which drives the machinery of these vast enterprises with its environments, furnish to the lovers of nature much that is romantic and strikingly picturesque. It was upon the banks of the Chattahoochee, and near the confluence of Snakes creek and the river, that the Sachems of the Creek and Cherokee Indians often led their redoubtable warriors from their rendezvous in the fastnesses and secret recesses to measure arms for the possession of their then matchless hunting grounds and fishing territory.

The financial success of the above enterprises commends them to the serious consideration of the business men of the county, and proves to my mind beyond all question, that similar ones at Carrollton would pay the investors handsomely and be of great benefit to the entire community."

## CHAPTER XVII.

County Line, once known as Licksillet is in what is known as the Third District. It is on the east side of the county, along the west bank of the Chattahoochee river. It is where Hon. R. L. Richards lived for many years before and after the war, and where he raised his family. He was a noted and popular man in that country. He was a lawyer, farmer, blacksmith and politician. He was a member of the Legislature before the war, and was Ordinary of the County four years, after the war. He died there while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Wilkins, and buried there by the Masonic fraternity. He was a generous and public spirited man. There lives Hon. Hamilton Hogan, an old and respected citizen who was a member of the Legislature a few years ago. Then there are such good men as Brown, Camp, Carden, Durrett, L. Holland, who has been to the Legislature; Joe Hutcheson, Uncle "Tom" Jones and several sons, Rooks, Watkins, M. D., Wilson and others. There are many large, rich farms in the District, especially on the Chattahoochee river and the many creeks running through the District.

Cross Plains is a little town seven miles east of Carrollton. It is in the 729th District G. M. and the place for holding Justice's Courts for the District. It is a beautiful place in the midst of a pleasant grove of natural trees. There are two stores, shop, school and a commodious Lodge Hall. The District is thickly settled and there are many good farmers there, such as Boatrights (seven), Braswell, Burns, Crofford, Capes, Chandler, Cole, Driver, Duke, Fuller, Gilley, Gladney, Hanson, Heath, Herrin, Hinesley, Horseley, Housworth, Lasseter, Latimer, Norman, Pate, Reeves, Reese, Sparks, Sticher, Strickland, Ward, West, Williams (twelve), and other good old and new settlers. The people are all moral, upright and law abiding and are generally prosperous and happy.

Snake's Creek runs through the District and on it there are large farms of fine bottom lands. The lands all produce well and the residences are beautiful and comfortable.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## CARROLL COUNTY AND CARROLLTON STATISTICS.

## CARROLL COUNTY.

No. of Polls 1875,	-	-	-	-	2278
No. of Polls 1905,	-	-	-	-	4201
Increase,	-	-	-	-	1923
No. of Professions 1875	-	-	-	-	37
No. of Professions 1905	-	-	-	-	57
Increase,	-	-	-	-	20
Taxable Property 1875,	-	-	-	-	\$2,304,270
Taxable Property 1905,	-	-	-	-	4,186,038
Increase,	-	-	-	-	\$881,768

## CARROLLTON AND ALL OTHER TOWNS IN THE COUNTY.

Taxable Property, 1875,	-	-	-	\$213,400
Carrollton, alone, 1905,	-	-	-	183,127

Carrollton now only lacks \$30,273 having as much taxable property as all the towns, herself included, had in 1875.

## CARROLL COUNTY'S POPULATION.

1830	-	-	-	-	-	3419
1840	-	-	-	-	-	5257
1850, whites,	-	-	-	-	-	8256
1850, blacks, (slaves)	-	-	-	-	-	1101
1850, total,	-	-	-	-	-	9357
1860, whites	-	-	-	-	-	10116
1860, blacks (slaves)	-	-	-	-	-	1875
1860, total,	-	-	-	-	-	11991
1870, Population	-	-	-	-	-	11782
Decrease in 10 years	-	-	-	-	-	209
1880, Population	-	-	-	-	-	16901
1890, Population	-	-	-	-	-	22301
1900, Population	-	-	-	-	-	26576

The population increased from 1890 to 1900 at the rate of 430 per year. If the increase has been at the same rate since 1900, the population now, 1906, is 28,726.

At the same rate of increase, for next five years, when the next census will be taken, the population will be 30,876.

#### CARROLL COUNTY'S PRODUCTIVENESS.

In the year 1904, the number of bales of cotton made in Carroll was more than any other county in Georgia, except the county of Burke. In the same year Carroll produced more corn than ANY other county in the state. So it will be seen that the people don't make all cotton and no corn. The above facts are taken from a statement by a close observer, and one who has been allied with the State Agricultural Society for many years, Martin V. Calvin, of Richmond County, Ga.

Carrollton's population in 1906, 3310

There are three banks capitalized as follows:

Carrollton Bank,	\$ 75,000.00
First National Bank,	100,000.00
Citizens Bank,	50,000.00
Mandeville Mills, including Cotton Mills, Fertilizer Plant, Oil Mill and Ginneries,	400,000.00
Employs 300 hands.	
C. W. C. Medicine Co.,	50,000.00
Employs 12 hands.	
Hitchcock Medicine Co.,	50,000.00
Employs 15 hands.	
Carrollton's Spoke & Handle Factory,	5,000.00
Employs 15 hands.	
Carrollton Bottling Works,	1,000.00
Crown Bottlings Works,	3,000.00
Carrollton Broom Factory.	1,000.00
Drewry Iron Works,	5,000.00
Walker & Sons, doors, sash, etc.,	10,000.00

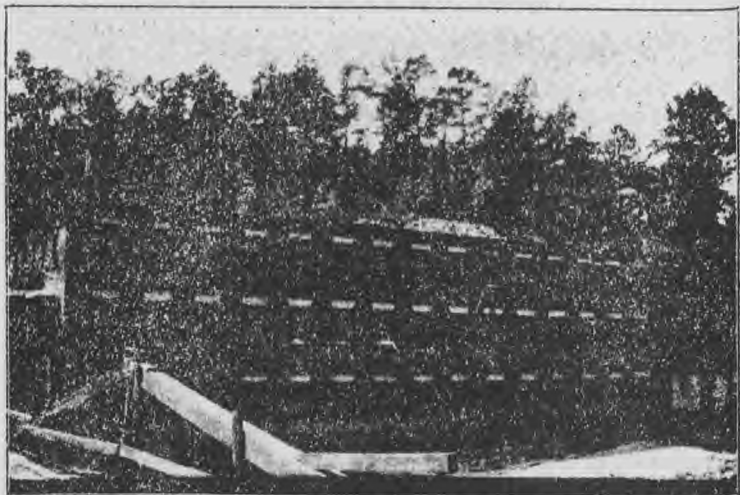
The last institutions, five, employ 45 hands.

Carrollton received in 1905, cotton, 30,000 bales  
Members of Board of Trade, 105

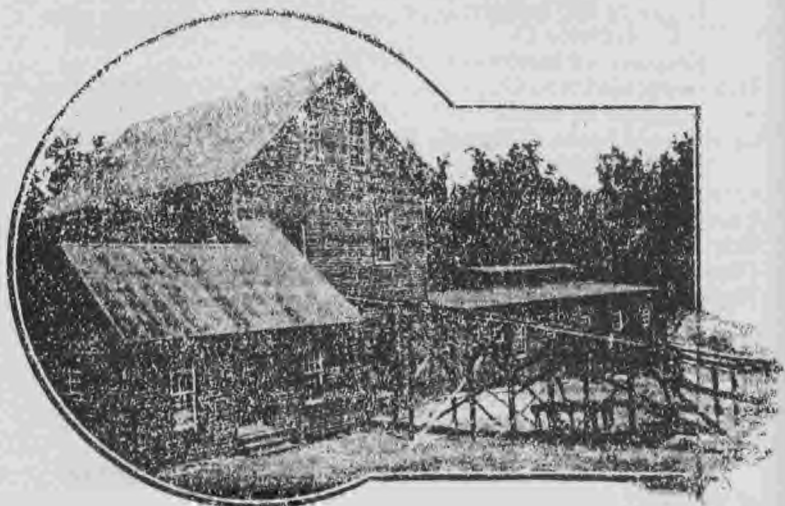
The Gainesboro Telephone Co., with a capital of \$150,000.00 has its headquarters in Carrollton and employs 25 hands.

Water works are now in full operation at a cost of \$40,000.

There will be bonds for \$40,000 issued at an early date



HUTCHESON COTTON MILLS, BANNING, GA.



HUTCHESON KNITTING MILLS, BANNING, GA.



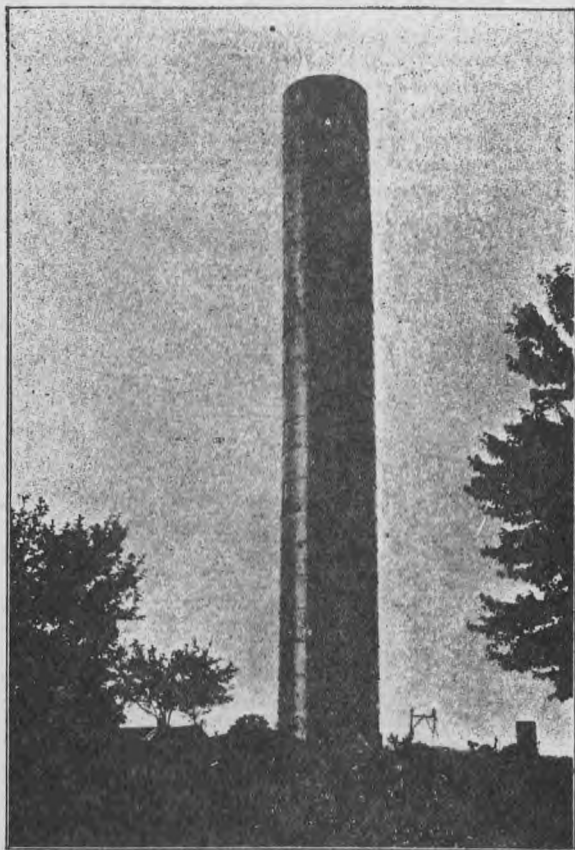
to build a City Hall and macademize the streets of the city.

Carrollton has: 53 Business Houses, 2 Manufacturing Medicine Companies, 1 Marble Yard, 2 Plumbing Establishments, 3 Transfer Companies, 3 Livery Stables, 4 Sales Stables, 1 Ice Factory, 2 Coal Companies, 1 Cement Tile Plant, 1 Roller Flour Mill, 1 Concrete Building Plant, 3 Photograph Galleries, 1 Title Guarantee and Abstract Company, 7 Churches for whites, new school building for whites worth \$20,000, 8 Fraternal Orders, 3 Hotels, 2 Newspapers, 8 Warehouses, 1 Opera House, 1 Electrical Sanitorium, 1 City Park, Telephone System, Electric Light System, 10 Passenger trains daily, Central R. R.

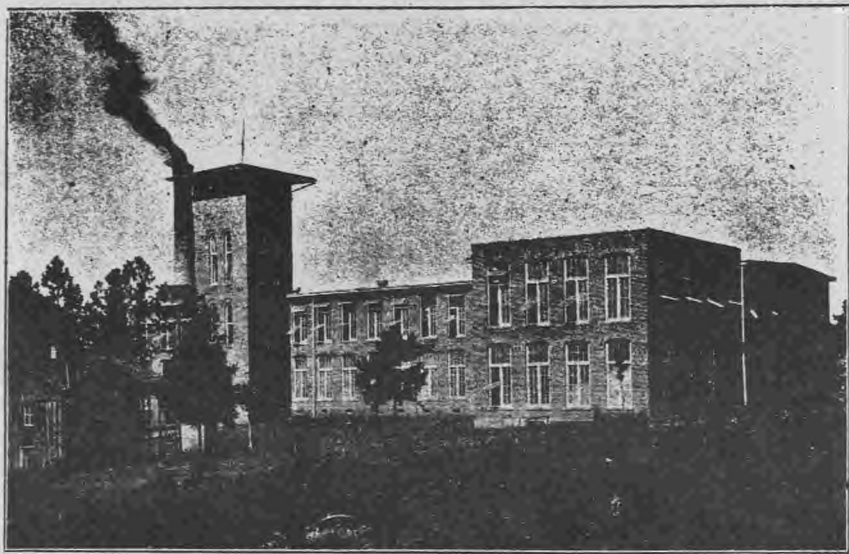




CARROLLTON'S PUMPING STATION,



CARROLLTON'S STAND-PIPE.



MANDEVILLE COTTON MILLS, CARROLLTON, GA.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## FARMVILLE.

Farmville is situated near the Carrollton and Cedartown road, five miles from Carrollton, and in the Sharp settlement. There was a Protestant Methodist church and a good school house, on a level plat of ground in the midst of a nice grove of trees, and a large, clear spring of water near by. It is in the Sharp settlement and near Sharps creek and the Little Tallapoosa river. It is an old settled part of the county. Perhaps the first settler was Old Uncle Hiram Sharp, even before the county was organized in 1826. He accumulated and owned a large tract of land. He lived to be over ninety years old. He was very frugal, lived well, yet he kept a considerable sum of money, found hidden in and around the house after his death. He was the father of George S. and Hiram, Jr., both of whom lived to be very old. Some of their descendants live there yet. Two or three years after the war Mr. L. C. McCadmon taught school at Farmville. He was a son-in-law of Old Uncle Hiram Sharp and lived in the settlement. He raised several good sons and daughters, the oldest, Marion, was a preacher; he died about a year ago at Bremen, being quite an old man himself.

This writer taught school at Farmville in 1869-70; always had a large school and after crops were laid by each year there were from fifty to seventy-five scholars in attendance. Many of them are now old men and women, some of them grand parents, and live in the settlement, prosperous and good citizens. There were no public schools in those days, but each paid his own tuition, which was from one dollar to one dollar and a quarter per month. The writer's wife was his assistant teacher in the school. The patrons of the school, which we find from an old day book kept at that time, were Hiram Spence, Geo. F. Spence, Geo. S. Sharp, Hiram Sharp, Jr., J. T. Haynes, N. D. Reid, Gilbert Cole, S. V. Cole, Robt. Wright, Elijah McPherson, Mrs. Pollard, Daniel, Jones, Jackson, McKenzie, Jesse W. Muse, Dr. Kee, David Hamrick, Hugh McMullen, James Baxter, Mrs. Parish, widow of Captain Parish. Nearly all of these old people have passed away, leaving to their children a goodly heritage. About once in each month, on Saturday afternoon, there would be a public debate at the school house, participated in by many of the old men, and the young men students.

The first letter the writer ever wrote for publication was

written from that place and published in the Newnan Herald, as follows:

MAY 24th, 1870.

MR. EDITOR: The most amusing, as well as the most interesting debate I ever heard occurred about five miles north of Carrollton at an academy known as "Sharp's School House," last Saturday.

According to previous appointment, a large number of men and women met at the above named place to discuss the propriety of the "woman's suffrage" movement. Many ladies were present, but none raised their voice in defense of "woman's rights," but chose to leave that subject, as well as all others (of a political nature) to the management of their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, which was almost unanimously agreed to by both sexes, and the meeting adjourned sine die.

Produce is very scarce in this section: corn is worth \$1.75 per bushel; wheat is doing finely, but needing rain; gardens have almost ceased to thrive on account of the dry weather.

We are looking anxiously for the railroad; the surveyors, we learn, have started down the mountain four miles from Carrollton. Let them come, we hail them with joy.

J. L. C.

It will be seen from the foregoing, that the question of female suffrage was being agitated at that time. The main cause of the agitation was how to overcome the negro vote. How to disfranchise the negro has been a question ever since the war and is still the great question in the South. From the above letter it will be seen how hard it was to get bread at that time, yet the people lived well; great crops had been made before that time; money was plentiful after the war until the panic in 1873.

At that time, thirty-six years ago, the railroad was only being surveyed, and only reached Carrollton in 1874. Newnan was the nearest railroad station, and all produce and merchandise were hauled in wagons twenty-five miles, and passengers were carried in stage coaches at \$7.00 round trip.

## CHAPTER XX.

## CONCORD CHURCH AND PRIMITIVE BAPTISTS.

Concord, Primitive Baptist church is four miles north of Carrollton on the Cedartown road. It is one of the oldest in the county, having been built about 1836, or at the time of the "split" of the Baptists in Georgia and Alabama. The church has stood there for more than half a century, and has recently been painted which adds greatly to its appearance and durability. Some of the old members were the Reids, Upshaws, Coles, Chandlers, Holcombs and others. There has been preaching there one Sunday and Saturday before in almost every month for nearly sixty years. Some of the preachers have been Henry Haynes, many years before the war. He was the father-in-law of Gilbert Cole, who was himself a good citizen, and strict member of the church. Henry Haynes was one of the first preachers, of that denomination and was considered a great preacher in his time. He once served in the Legislature from Carroll. Robt. Speight, "Uncle Robby" as he was familiarly known was among the pioneer preachers also. He was Moderator of the New Hope Association over forty years. He preached to one church in the Association successfully fifty-three years. He lived to be very old, and died a few years ago, honored and respected by his brethren and loved by all who knew him.

Elder Thomas James, father of several sons, was an old pioneer preacher, and was always ready to preach and defend the doctrines of his church. Enoch Phillips is another preacher, who has already been mentioned elsewhere in the letter on Smithfield. Some other preachers of that denomination, were David Hamrick, Holcomb, Carnes, McGarity, Merrell, and perhaps others, who were citizens of the county, some of whom live there now. Those people are some times called Hard Shells by way of derision but it has long since ceased to be a term of reproach, but rather a compliment to their firmness and strong adherence to the faith once delivered to the saints. It means hard to turn from their original faith; not easily swerved to the right or to the left, in doctrine, faith and practice. They left, or seceded from the original Baptist church when missions, both foreign and home, began to agitate the church. They objected to missions, Sunday schools, tracts, and to educating men especially for the ministry; so when those

were introduced, they went off and organized a separate church or denomination and called themselves Primitive Baptist. Primitive means, old or first and in that sense they are Primitive; because they hold to the same faith and doctrines of the church before the division. They have always been an honest people, good citizens, lovers of their country, patriotic and democratic. They have always been noted for love and respect for each other. They believe that footwashing is an ordinance of the church, as much so as communion and baptism by immersion and they practice it, and it has often been observed, that on such occasions they appear to be extremely happy. They have several churches in the county, though their members are not very numerous, compared with other orthodox denominations. They are a strictly law-abiding, debt-paying and moral people. They will not tolerate any secret organization, believing that the church is head of every other organization, and the only one necessary or authorized by the scriptures. They are generally kind, and exceedingly hospitable, well posted on politics and the doctrines of their church.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### KINGSBERRY.

Sanford Kingsbery was an early settler in Carroll county, was born June 24th, 1805, in Derby, Vermont and died in Carrollton, Ga., Dec, 28th, 1866. He moved from Derby to McDonough, Henry county, Ga., in 1827, and from there to Carroll in 1830. He was married to Mary Ann Grow in Orleans county, Vermont in 1834. She was born in Hartland in 1814 and died in Carrollton in April 1874. She was one of the best, and most pious women who ever lived in Carroll. Sanford Kingsbery was a merchant and planter; made a success in every business he undertook. About 1847 he settled at what is known as Oak Lawn, one mile from Carrollton, on the Little Tallapoosa river. He built a mill for grinding corn and wheat, and it was patronized by farmers from a distance of twenty miles or more around the county.

The mill is there yet which has been greatly improved by his son Joseph.



He raised five sons all of whom are living, the oldest, Sanford T., became a lawyer and moved to Valdosta, Ga., where he was sheriff of the county for some time, then practiced law and was successful.

Joseph, the second son, was a merchant until a few years ago, a leading member of the firm of Moore, Marsh & Co. of Atlanta. About eight years ago he retired from that business and moved to Oak Lawn, near Carrollton, which he owned. He was a great lover of fine stock, blooded horses, and cows. He has stocked the county with good horses, cows and hogs.

Charles S. is a wholesale and retail merchant in Atlanta. He was a gallant soldier in the Confederate army, was badly wounded in battle.

Edwin has lived in Atlanta many years, is now in the mercantile business, running a large store. Like his good mother, he has always been pious, honest and conscientious.

Paschal, lives in Carrollton. He is now and has been Tax Collector for Carroll for ten years and has just been nominated for another term. Pack, as his friends call him, is a good and popular boy. Mr. Kingsbery had four daughters, Jerusha, who was the wife of Mr. John Redwine, of Newnan, and mother of that courteous gentleman, John K. Redwine, of Carrollton. Amelia, a few years ago went North on a visit and died while there. Annie married Mr. N. Fain, a most excellent gentleman who lived in Carrollton many years, and died several years ago. His widow is there in Carrollton; she was always a most beautiful and intelligent girl and woman, good wife and affectionate mother, kind friend and neighbor. Katie married Mr. Capus Stripling an old Carroll boy, who went to Texas and accumulated a snug little fortune.

The Kingsbery family was prominent in England as early as the year 800 A. D. and their genealogy (according to a book written in the north) shows an unbroken line of descent since the year 1400, a period of 500 years. The name of Kingsbery was prominent among the clergy and nobility of England; of the family came the Bishops of Bath, the famous countess Yodova, and the world renowned Wm. Shakespear. The first record of the family in America was in 1630, when two brothers, Joseph and Henry came to this country on the ship Tolbot, with Gov. Winthrop of Mass. Henry settled in the county of Suffolk, Mass.

From him descended the Southern branch of the Kingsbery family. "Uncle" Sanford was a true patriot, a philanthropist, kind husband and gentle father. He was a Mason, and Post Master of Carroll Lodge, and his Lodge passed resolutions of condolence after his death. He had three brothers who came to this county in their youth, Henry, of Rockmart, or old Van Wert, and Charles of Carroll, both of whom are dead. George who lived where the Attaway mill now is. He went west before the war.

In a history of the Kingsbery family, written by one Fredrick John Kingsbery of Waterberry, Conn., is the last will and testament of Deacon Joseph Kingsbery of Norwich county, New London, Colony of Connecticut, filed in court Dec. 20th, 1757. Among other items in the will, is one negro man named Cuff, 45£; one negro woman named Phillis 36£. A pound in English money is four dollars and eighty cents in American money, so there were slaves in New England as far back as one hundred and fifty years, and quite cheap.

## CHAPTER XXII.

P. P. GROW.

Paschal P. Grow was an early settler in Carroll county. He was born in Vermont April 27th, 1811. He married Elmyra Walcott December 3, 1835 in Vermont. He moved to Carroll in 1840 and settled one and one-half miles from Carrollton, on the Cedartown road. He brought his wife and children from the State of Vermont in a Jersey wagon, several hundred miles, which took eight weeks. He was a very pious man and a devout Presbyterian; loved his church and was a constant Sunday school worker and teacher. He was a farmer and merchant. He died in 1861 at his home near Carrollton. He was a brother to Mrs. Mary Ann Kingsbery, wife of Sanford Kingsbery. Mrs. Elmyra Grow, his wife, was an excellent woman; much beloved by all the people who knew her. She was a school teacher for more than forty years in succession. There are still living many old men and women who were her students in their youth, all of whom loved her while she was living, and honor her memory after her death. She was a most industrious woman,

good business sense and unconquerable energy. Shortly after her husband's death in 1861, one of her nephews, Joseph Kingsbery, then in the army, wrote her: "I never want you to lack for anything to make you comfortable, and now and at all times I will cheerfully aid you in any way I can." He kept his promise strictly. Joe loved his Aunt Elmyra. She was left a widow, with five children, the oldest, Paschal, being then married, but died in the army, leaving one child which Mrs. Grow raised. The next son was Jacob C. Grow, who served through the Confederate war in Virginia, survived, became a prominent Presbyterian minister, moved to Texas and died about five years ago.

Lewis R. was next, brave, noble boy, killed in battle in the Confederate army in Virginia.

Emerson, the youngest, has lived in or near Carrollton all his life. He is a lawyer and bright Mason; a jovial, lively fellow, always full of life, laughter and fun.

There was only one daughter who has been the good wife of this writer for thirty-seven years. Like Emerson, she is most always cheerful and pleasant, and delights in the happiness and prosperity of others.

Mrs. Elmyra Grow, had built herself, while supporting her family, the splendid residence, barns and other improvements, from her school and proceeds of her little farm of one hundred acres. She was born in Barnett, Vermont, August 11, 1812, died in Carrollton, Georgia, December 8, 1893.

The place where she lived so long was named "Nun-Such" by her daughter, for the reason that in her girlish mind there was none like it, "There's no Place Like Home." Paschal P. Kingsbery owns the place now.



M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, CARROLLTON, GA.



CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, CARROLLTON, GA.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## MANDEVILLE—STEWART.

Mr. John W. Stewart, went from Vermont to Carrollton soon after Mr. Mandeville moved there. He was then quite a young man and had but little means. He did not remain idle but went to work for Mr. Mandeville and others with a vim and soon became a member of the firm of Mandeville & Stewart. They run a large store together until Mr. Mandeville retired, soon after the war. Hon. B. M. Long became a member or partner and the business was run under the name of Stewart & Long. They did a large and successful business, merchandising and trading in lands, until Mr. Long sold out to Mr. Stewart and moved to Alabama. Mr. Stewart then carried on the business alone until he died a few years ago. Mr. Stewart was strictly a business man, industrious and intelligent. He never entered politics, but always took a bold stand and voted his convictions of right. He was polite and accommodating to his customers and helped many poor men and widows out of trouble. He accumulated considerable property. He married Miss "Sue" Sterling of Troup county. They raised three sons and two daughters to maturity.

Wylie J., a clever boy commenced business as a merchant and is still in that business, also a cotton and warehouse merchant. He takes an interest in and contributes liberally to all public institutions. C. H. (Horry) second son is also a merchant, banker, with an interest in other enterprises. Eddie lives in Atlanta engaged in merchandising. The oldest daughter, Miss May, married Mr. Cole of Newman, a large manufacturer. She was a most pleasant and beautiful girl, and now a good and popular matron. The youngest, Miss Allie, married Mr. W. H. Shaw, and lives in Carrollton, good wife and bright light in society. Mr. J. W. Stewart had considerable foresight, and great confidence in the future growth and prosperity of Carrollton. About 1875 he was asked to subscribe to building a church, which he did liberally, and said, "if you will build a church large enough for me to get a seat when any body comes who can preach I'll double my subscription." That was in the nature of a prophecy and has come to pass.

Without intending any personal allusion to himself, the writer when a mere boy was elected Tax Receiver in 1877, when efficient bonds were hard to make, Mr. Stewart

came to him and offered, and did sign his bond. It shows how Mr. Stewart was always ready and willing to aid and encourage poor struggling young men in any laudable enterprise. He was a good man.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THOMAS CHANDLER.

Thomas Chandler, Esquire, General William Beall, Benjamin Merrell, Isaac E. Cobb were all brothers-in-law, the three latter having married sisters of the former. They were settlers in Carroll as early as 1827 to 1833.

Thomas Chandler moved to Carroll in 1827 from Franklin county, Georgia, where he married Polly Jackson. He was the first lawyer in Carroll, and lived first at Old Carrollton until 1830, when he moved to the present county site, where he died in 1890. He bought lot of land number 129 in the Tenth District, upon which part of Carrollton is situated. The price paid was forty dollars cash and a small pony horse, worth thirty-five dollars, which his wife's father gave to her. He built a small cabin near the spring, which is in the park now. The house had a puncheon floor and was very rough. He went to work, farming and practicing law, and early in the thirties was elected Tax Receiver of the county. His duties required him to ride from one end, and one side of the county to the other, and travel Indian trails which were almost the only kind of roads at that time. He rode from the line of the Cherokee country to West Point, Ga., and from the Alabama line to the Chattahoochee river, 40x100 miles. His salary per year was thirty dollars. There were only about six hundred voters in the county, and the population was 3,400. He became well acquainted with the people and soon began to make money, and accumulated a competency. He owned a considerable amount of land and several slaves when the civil war began, in 1861. While he was a young married man and lived in his cabin at the spring he received an account for collection from a large mercantile firm at Charleston, South Carolina. He collected the money and placed it in the bottom of his old hair-covered trunk. It took a long time to communicate with Charleston at that

time, there being no railroads and the mail was carried on horse-back. About six months after he collected the money, while Uncle Tom was threshing out wheat with a flail or large stick, there being no threshers then, a nice looking gentleman rode up and said, "Is this Squire Chandler?" "Yes, Sir, this is him." "Well, I suppose you have not collected my claim I sent you from Charleston?" "Yes, get down and come in." He went to his trunk, got out the six hundred dollars and handed it to the man. "Why, sir," said he, "you have not taken out your commissions, which is sixty dollars." "No," said Uncle Tom, "that's my rule: I never pay myself before my client gets his money." The merchant was gratified and surprised, and handed back sixty dollars which Uncle Tom took. The merchant then offered him another ten-dollar bill which he refused; but the merchant insisted and finally laid it on the table and left. He went up town and told several citizens, "you certainly have an honest lawyer in your town," and related the circumstances. From that time on, all over the county, he was known as "Honest Tom."

He raised three sons, Marion, of Mississippi, Newton J., who died at Bowdon a short time ago, and Thos. H. who resides in Texas, where he went in 1866. There were five daughters, Dorothy Wright, Rhoda Bledsoe, afterwards Baskin; Martha Mathews, Mary Ann Thrower and Hattie Baskin, widow of Thos. W. Baskin. She now lives in Carrollton.

Uncle Tom died in 1890 at the age of 86 years. He was always a temperate and moral man, but did not join any church until after he was seventy years old; but, always attended church and contributed of his means to the support of the Gospel. He was a member of the Legislature in 1843 and served with Gen. Robert Toombs, and they were close friends ever after that time.

## CHAPTER XXV.

BEALL—MERRELL—COBB.

General William Beall was a very early settler of Carroll county. He settled on Buck creek, four miles north of Carrollton where he lived and died. He was a General of the Georgia Militia, a farmer and sometimes a politician. He represented Carroll county in the State Senate in 1832, 1833, 1836, 1841. He raised a large family of noble boys and good girls. In order to remember the names of all the boys and impress them on the mind, the youngest son, now Col. John B. Beall wrote and sang the names to the tune of that good old song about old father Noah etc, thus:

"There was old father Noah and ten thousand more, who prayed as they journeyed along. There was Otho, and August and Thomas and William and James and Noble and John"—seven in all. The girls were Mary, Martha and Millie. John B. Beall was the Colonel of the celebrated Beall's Battalion, composed of old men and boys in the Civil war. He was severely wounded in Virginia and when he had sufficiently recovered, organized Beall's Battalion and commanded it to the end of the war. He had served in the United States army in Kansas and was well posted in military tactics. He now lives in Tennessee, where he has written an interesting book, of poems, romances, civil and war history. He was always an intelligent and polite gentleman. We cannot speak of the other boys, as we never knew them so well, but do know that they were all honorable, upright, good citizens.

Benjamin Merrell lived near Carrollton, was a good farmer, quiet and neighborly. He was the father of W. W. and Henry F. Merrell, about whom we have written before in this volume. His widow lived with her son, W. W., until she was over ninety years old and died. Everybody loved Aunt Patsy.

Isaac E. Cobb the fourth brother-in-law settled first in Carrollton and lived where the first Baptist church now stands. He built the first store house, ever built on the corner of the square where Mr. C. H. Stewart now has a store, which was in 1828. He afterwards lived at what is known as the Elijah Dobbs place, or Cruchfield place, then at Buck Horn Tavern in the Sixth District near Temple. He was sheriff a long time, and was a member of the Legislature in 1837, 1838, 1839, and 1843. His grandson, I. C. Cobb, now of Bremen, has a silver watch, which his



grandfather bought in 1837, with the initials I. E. C. on the lid. He was a democrat, and Uncle "Tom" Chandler was a whig. They often ran against each other for the Legislature, canvassed together, slept together, nothing personal ever entered into the campaign, but it was only a question of principal, whig or democrat. The democrat had a majority and it took a man with a great deal of personal popularity to be elected on the whig ticket. Thos. Chandler and I. E. Cobb were both elected in 1848. The county then having two members. Mr. Cobb has been spoken about at another place in this volume.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### HENRY F. MERRELL.

Henry F. Merrell was an old settler of Carrollton. He was public-spirited, honest and industrious. The following is a tribute written by Editor Wooten and published in his paper, the Newnan Herald, soon after Mr. Merrell's death. The Masonic Lodge passed up the resolutions copied herein. This writer feels he can add nothing to them; they speak the truth:

"The object of the writer is not to announce the death of the Hon. Henry F. Merrell, for the sad tidings has long since passed the limits of the state, but simply to pay a feeble tribute to his memory. Henry F. Merrell was born in Franklin county, Georgia, July 30th, 1820, and died of bilious colic, at his residence in Carrollton, Ga., January 7th, 1870, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., leaving a wife, eight children, a brother, mother and a large circle of relations and friends to mourn his loss. The writer knew the deceased long and intimately, and candidly confesses to having entertained a high admiration for him as a citizen, lawyer and politician. Commencing life under many and serious difficulties—deprived of the advantages of wealth and early education, yet conscious of his own mental power he resolved to break the shackles that bound him and rise to the position he was entitled to occupy.

"He began the study of the law under his brother, Hon. W. W. Merrell, and was admitted to the bar in October 1846. From that very moment his progress was onward and

upward, and at the time of his death he was an antagonist worthy the steel of the most learned and gifted of his profession. The writer believes that the bar of Georgia—particularly of the Tallapoosa circuit—will endorse what is here stated. As the reader may naturally suppose the neighbors of our friend did not overlook his fitness to serve them in a public capacity.

"In the excited days of 1851 the Hon. Henry F. Merrell was elected to represent his county in the lower house of the Legislature of Georgia. His career as a legislator was eminently patriotic and, on general issues, similarly popular. Again in 1859 when the distinct mutterings of the approaching storm were heard, and men began to ask, who has skill to guide the ship now? the good people of Carroll county again asked him to serve them. He was elected to the Senate, his competitor being a very popular and estimable neighbor. During the session of the Legislature in 1860, believing the cup of Georgia's wrongs was full, and feeling "the argument was exhausted and we must stand by our arms," he favored measures looking to the secession of the state. In all that he said and did he was actuated by patriotic motives and fondly did he cling to the cause of liberty and his state, never desponding, until the sad scene at Appomattox in April, 1865. Oh! how he loved Georgia and the the South! With what emotions of delight did he read of the brilliant achievements of her sons on the field of battle. His eloquence often cheered the desponding patriot! The agony of his heart when he saw all was lost, none that did not suffer the same, can ever know. But—I desist.

"Not only was the deceased a good lawyer, representative and senator, but was for the last ten years the journalizing clerk of the house of representatives, and received many evidences of the entire satisfaction of legislators and their constituents with the manner in which he discharged the duties of his honorable and responsible position.

"Mr. Merrell was a Mason, and at the time of his death held the positions of W. M. in the lodge and G. H. Priest in Chapter. We cannot speak of him in this particular because not a member of the brotherhood.

"The subject of this notice was known to display his brightest virtues in the family circle. As a father he was sufficiently indulgent and improved every occasion for impressing upon the minds of his children a love and admiration for honesty, truth and integrity. As a husband he was

kind, devoted and provident. As a neighbor he possessed all the qualities which, by common consent, are embraced in the word "good." He had at the time of his death only one brother, and his attachment for him, which feeling was reciprocal, was so warm, earnest and strong, that political differences, or other exciting causes, never disturbed their intimacy or business relations. The conduct of the two brothers, in this particular, commanded the respect of good men, and was worthy of admiration. The place which he held in the affections of his wife, children, brother, mother and other relations can never be filled by another. The bright traits of my friend's character were so many that I cannot hope to touch upon them all.

"He is dead! How these words lacerated the hearts of many! No more will he uphold the right and resist the wrong! His eloquent tongue is silent! No more words of cheer or counsel will he utter! His face will no more be lighted with smiles or depressed with care. His chair is vacant and his dear ones will miss the family kiss and fond embrace. His dog will keep watch for another. The cold clay rests upon his pulseless bosom and in quiet his body will remain while the storms beat and the flowers bloom until the angel with one foot upon the land and one upon the sea shall proclaim time was, but time shall be no more, and the trump of the resurrection shall call the dead to judgment. I hope on that day the good, true and noble man, of whom I write, may be found among the redeemed.

May heaven's blessings rest upon his loved ones."

W.

#### RESOLUTIONS.

Death has again been commissioned to enter our midst. The grave had hardly closed over the remains of one worthy and revered Past Master of our lodge, until we are called to mourn the loss of another suddenly stricken down in the prime of life, in the midst of his usefulness, and we shall see his form and hear his voice no more calling us to our accustomed labor. Wherefore, in testimony of our feelings on this sad occasion, be it

RESOLVED, That in the death of Brother H. F. Merrell, our fraternity has lost one of its brightest ornaments, society a valued member, and our county a patriotic and useful citizen.

RESOLVED, That we tender to his afflicted family our warmest sympathy in their untimely loss.

RESOLVED, That these proceedings be entered upon the minutes and that a copy be presented to the family of the deceased.

RESOLVED, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

A. MANDEVILLE,	} Committee.
B. M. LONG,	
W. C. NEW,	

## CHAPTER XXVII.

HON. W. W. MERRELL.

Hon. W. W. Merrell was among the first settlers of Carrollton and Carroll county. He was born in Franklin county, Ga., Sept., 16th., 1815 and moved to Carroll with his parents in 1830; where he lived until his death on May 21st., 1900. He was a conscientious, honest lawyer and safe counselor. The following tribute to his memory was written and published in the Carroll County Times June 21st., 1900.

(A tribute from Col. J. L. Cobb.)

Uncle William is dead! Oh, how these words pierced the heart of the writer when first he heard them. A friend, a true friend, a tried friend, is gone. He was "a friend indeed, and a friend in need." The writer has been personally and intimately associated with him for more than thirty-five years. He would counsel and advise, without egotism. He would rebuke without anger. He was a friend to everyone, especially the young men. He had no personal enemies, because he would conquer them by his amiable disposition and his courteous demeanor. He rose from poverty and obscurity by his own efforts to distinction and honor. He was perhaps less distinguished than some of his generation, but not less noble. He loved his country, his kinsmen, his neighbors, his friends and even his enemies, if he had them.

He was a patriarch. He lived during seven generations of his own family—his great grandfather, grandfather father, brothers and sisters, his own children, grand children and great grand children. He left twelve sons and three daughters, all of mature age, none of whom have ever dis-

honored him, but are honorable and respectable men and women. What a record!

He was a great student of the Bible, Shakespeare and Blackstone, three of the greatest books extant on religion, human nature and law. When a young man the writer listened many times, for hours, with rapture at his quotations and comments on each of these great books. He never seemed to know his power of imparting wisdom and knowledge to others. In his own blunt, but intelligent way, he spake without ostentation. He never boasted. He was the oldest son of the oldest daughter of his mother's side of his family. The writer is the youngest son of eight, of the youngest daughter of his mother's side of the family, yet while he was an own cousin, we called him Uncle William on account of his age and superiority.

He was a great man because he was a good man. Some men are great in the estimation of some people, who are not good men, but very truly a good man is a great man.

The Bible says "that the wicked shall not live out half their days," but he lived more than four score years. "The righteous are like the palm tree." "Like the tree planted by the rivers of water, its leaves also shall not wither." If necessary I could write many pages on the life and character of my departed friend and relative. But his life and character was an open book "known and read of all men" who came in contact with him. He was twice married, his first wife being a Miss Durham. She left him six children, four sons and two daughters. He then married Miss Lucy N. Awtrey who survives him. She has eight sons and one daughter, all living. There never was a jar or disagreement between the two sets of children. She was a model step-mother, never seemed to know or recognize any difference between the children in her treatment, always gentle, modest and kind. She was a mother in the brightest sense. She was truly a help-meet to her husband. Solomon said. "A good wife is from the Lord." Surely that was fulfilled in her. "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

Uncle William will be missed in his church, in society, among his neighbors, friends and relatives. His deeds of kindness, his honest principles, his advice and counsel, will live on through future generations. "An honest man is the noblest work of God." He was an honest man. When he was quite a young man with a young wife, poor and struggling for a support, he was appointed administrator and at-

torney for a large estate. The records of Carroll county show that every dollar was accounted for, although many thousands of dollars passed through his hands. After the war, when everything almost had been lost, and people were compromising or repudiating their old debts, he owed an orphan boy several hundred dollars. He refused to scale the debt, which he could have done, but paid the last dollar. The records show these facts.

I could write a volume on his life and character, but will leave that to more competent and worthy friends. I wish only, humbly and honestly, to place one flower upon his tomb.

Farewell, brother, counselor, neighbor, friend. The earth now holds his body, but no doubt his sanctified spirit is now reposing in the bosom of his Father and his God.

J. L. C.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### HON. JOHN LONG.

Hon. John Long was one of the first settlers in Carroll. He was elected clerk of the superior court in 1831 and was at every session of the court up 1870. He was a long time justice of the inferior court: He was elected to the Legislature just after the civil war, but was turned out by the Republicans because of his politics, being a Democrat, and because his sympathies were with the south during the war. He was a good, upright citizen, lived a long and useful life and died in 1870. He reared a family of good sons and daughters in Carrollton.

Hon. Benj. M. Long, son of John Long, was the first white male child born in Carrollton, (so we are informed.) "Ben" Long became a good trader, business man, and leading citizen of Carroll. After the war he was associated in the mercantile business with Mr. John W. Stewart for several years.

He was a Republican after the war, believing that it was best for the south to "accept the situation," and return to the Union on the best terms offered. He agreed with his party on the tariff and protection. He was an honest politician; conservative and considerate of the rights of others.

In 1872 he was elected to the Legislature over the Democratic nominee, partly on a local issue, and because of his great personal popularity; for everybody was friendly with Ben Long however much they may have differed on politics. Mr. Long acted with the Democrats in the Legislature on all questions affecting the direct interest of the people of Georgia. He was a State Democrat, but a National Republican.

While he was in the Legislature the question of re-apportioning the number of members from the 137 counties in Georgia was before the House. The six largest counties were entitled to three representatives each, the next 26 largest had two each and the remainder one each, total number being 175. Carroll only had one at that time and Mr. Long made one of the most successful efforts for Carroll ever made in the Georgia Legislature. By diligent search, untiring energy and personal magnetism, he furnished statistics and argument and carried the bill giving Carroll two members instead of one, which she retains to this day. Being a Republican in a Democratic House and contending against a large Democratic county, represented then by a Democrat, it was one of the most remarkable victories ever won in the Legislature.

Mr. Long, some time in the seventies, moved to Alabama where he owned considerable property in coal and other mining interests. He moved away greatly to the regret of hundreds of friends, all classes and political parties, for Mr. Long was "bigger" than his own or any other party.

At a very old age, only a few years ago, he passed away from earth to the regret of those who always respected and honored him.

He was the father of many noble sons and daughters, some of whom live in Carrollton. Hon. H. W. Long, Mayor of Carrollton for several years and up to the present, seems to be wedded to "old Carroll." He is a leader and a contributor to every good, public enterprise; a courteous, cultured gentleman. Like his honored father, "Whit" has a wise head and tender heart. He is a Republican, but in county and State politics few would ever discover it, for he stands for the good of his town, county and State regardless of politics or politicians. Two daughters of Hon. B. M. Long live in Carrollton. One the wife of Mr. C. H. Stewart, a successful merchant and banker, the other the wife of Col. Sidney Holderness, a well known and successful lawyer.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

## MASONIC ADDRESS AND MASONRY IN CARROLL.

Extract from an address delivered to the young men of Bowdon College in 1887 "On Thought and Labor."

Young gentlemen: There are lying out before you two paths; one is called the path of ignorance, and he who walks therein will find for companions folly, frivolity, vanity and superstitions. Having no adequate idea of the value of time, thought, or the dignity of labor, he creeps through life wrapped in the impenetrable mantle of selfishness which never allows him to enjoy a single emotion of pleasure from having contributed to the happiness and prosperity of others. When age comes on and the mind can no longer find refuge in the excitement of business or the whirl of those giddy pleasures with which it has long been sated, having no other food for thought, it turns upon itself and is consumed by morbid regrets that its existence has been without an aim beyond the enjoyment of the present hour. Then, too late, he realizes the truth that thought and labor are a part of man's nature without which there can be no excellence, he passes away "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

What of the other path? the path of wisdom. It leads along through pleasant vales, by cooling springs and babbling brooks upon whose banks are flowers of every hue. The entrance to this path is barred by lofty and rugged hills, but as the traveler labors up the steep ascent with sweat and tears, he catches occasional glimpses of the scenes beyond, and as the way grows smoother his heart seems to grow stronger until at length a prospect of indescribable beauty bursts upon his vision. The mists which had hitherto obscured his view are now dissipated by rays effulgent emanating from the great center of all mind. The muses meet him here and lead him forward, though he walk not on flowers, for every path that human feet may tread is beset with thorns, fortitude helping to endure his trials, his heart is usually pervaded with a serene gladness.

Though disappointment and sorrow meet him in the way religion and philosophy, heavenly sisters, are there to solace and to comfort him. Though poverty cling to his skirts, and even mount upon his shoulders and strive to to crush him, happiness shrinks not from his companionship, for she is born of conscious rectitude and an understanding heart.



Peace, too, is there, for shede lights in the companionship of those who walk with nature, and with soul expanded by the exercise of its powers, enlightened by the contemplation of the works of nature, he beholds in everything the marks of wonderful design. He knows that all the glorious creations that exist around, above and beneath him, with their undescribable beauty, their awful grandeur, and the sublime harmony of their operations, could not by any possibility have been the result of chance, and that any other hypothesis than that of the existence of a supreme and omnipotent God is utterly incomprehensible and unsatisfactory. He feels a deep and settled consciousness of his own mortality, and burning with gratitude to Him who created him in his own image, grasps the idea of perfect bliss and in the contemplation revels in the joys of the redeemed.

And when the time shall come "that" he must join that innumerable caravan which moves towards that mysterious bourn, where each must take his place in the silent halls of death, he goes not like the quarry slave scourged to his dungeon by night, but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, like one who draws the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Young gentlemen, in which of these paths will you choose to walk? If in the former, the path of ignorance, then you should leave these classic halls and hold companionship with the ignorant, the vile and the superstitious, and give place here for others of higher and nobler aspirations. But if you choose the latter, the path of wisdom, you are to be congratulated upon your wise selection. Press forward with energy and determination, having for your motto "nil desperandum;" taking for your example the wise and good who have gone before you, and success will be sure to crown your every effort; for

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We may make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Foot prints on the sands of time."

"Foot-prints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother  
Seeing and may take heart again."

"Let us then be up and doing  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing  
Learn to labor and to wait."

## LETTER TO LODGE.

Atlanta, Ga., June 28, 1906.

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren, of  
Carroll Lodge No. 69, F. & A. M., Carrollton, Ga.

Dear brethren:

I regret very much that I am unable to be with you on this happy occasion, when you move into your new home.

The number of the Lodge, 69, indicates that it is quite an old Lodge. It was organized and chartered in 1848, by such good men and true Masons as B. D. Thomasson, Sanford Kingsbery, W. W. & H. F. Merrell, and several other noble men and Masons.

John W. Stark was the first Worshipful Master, whose remains are buried in the old cemetery at Carrollton. His grave is marked by a suitable marble stone with the appropriate Masonic emblems; his tomb is kept in repair by the members of your Lodge.

I have heard that M. T. J. Thomasson, father of Mr. J. J. Thomasson, editor of the "Times," was the first Secretary.

After being chartered, the Lodge built a two-story frame building in the south west corner of the public square, it being the first two-story business house ever built in Carrollton. The first floor was used as a store, and the second story for a Lodge room. There the Lodge met until a few years after the civil war, when it was destroyed by fire with all the tools and regalia of the Lodge.

It then held its communications in the Seminary, which had been built by the Masons in 1853. The Seminary was known as the Carroll Masonic Institute, and was owned by the Masons. Afterwards Mr. E. G. Kramer built a large two-story house on the corner of the public square and Alabama street. He, though not a Mason himself, was a public spirited, high-toned gentleman, and invited the Lodge to occupy the second-story, which was accepted.

The Lodge met there until our good brother, L. C. Mandeville invited the Lodge to occupy the second-story of his large brick house on the north-west corner of the square, and there the Lodge has lived and prospered until this day.

Now, my brethren, you are to be congratulated on procuring another home of your own. However liberal, kind hearted and gentle a landlord may be, "there's no place like

home." Here you are under your own vine and fig tree, no landlord or renting agent to molest or make you afraid.

Up Above the world so high like a diamond in the sky."

You are now in the first and only sky-scraper in the city, and an literally and truthfully sing, "Now we can read our titles clear to a Mansion in the sky."

Now, brethren, let us renew our obligations as Masons, let brotherly love abound, let our charity be as boundless as the wants of humanity, let us take up the glad song of the Angels at Bethlehem, "On earth, peace and good will toward men." Then we will have the gratitude of the widows and orphans, whose tears we have dried, the love and admiration of all good men, and "a conscience void of offense toward God and man."

Ere long we will have completed the Temple of virtue here, and then receive a final Demit to the Great Grand Lodge of Eternity.

Fraternally yours,  
J. L. COBB,  
Past Master.

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Extract from a Masonic address delivered at Whitesburg, Carroll county in June, 1877:

Masonry originated at the building of Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. Masonry was only operative until after the completion of the Temple, then Solomon, king of Israel, Hiram, king of Tyre and Hiram O'Biff, three Grand Masters orgnized and established speculative Masonry. Only those workmen who had been faithful to the end were admitted into the Order.

The working tools used in building the Temple were made use of for the purpose of impressing great moral principles.

Masonry is not a religious institution, but a moral and benevolent Order. Her creed has never been written, but the principles, words and secrets have been handed down from mouth to ear for nearly four thousand years. They are the same today as they were at that time. Masonry has been objected to on account of the secrecy of the Order, forgetting the command, "let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth." The senate of the United States and the legislature of Georgia often meet in secret Session to enact laws for the government of a free people.

The grand juries of our country are always sworn to keep secret everything which transpires while attempting to enforce the law; and some men who oppose Masonry on that account take an oath of secrecy.

Masonry has also been objected to because bad men are sometimes admitted into the Order, but that is no objection to the institution itself.

Satan has ever been on the alert, "going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," and often secretly and stealthily creeps into places where he seeks to destroy the peace of mankind. He entered the garden of Eden in disguise and caused the fall of man. He has entered the sacred precincts of the church and defiled the Temple of the living God. He even attempted to usurp the throne of God himself and was driven over the battlements of heaven before the fiery chariot wheels of Jehovah's wrath and the thunder-bolts of his righteous indignation.

Masonry needs no defense; she has withstood the persecutions of men and devils for ages past and has come through it all with the Holy Bible as a sacred relic of her devotion to truth, principle and honor. Masonry alone preserved that Holy Book through the dark ages of the world and handed it down even to the present time. There is never an open Lodge of Master Masons without the open Bible in the midst thereof. Her deeds of charity, words of love, faith in God, speak louder than words can express. She carries in her hand the olive branch of peace, clothed in the emblems of purity and love. She takes up the glad refrain as it was sung by the Angels at Bethlehem, "On earth peace and good will toward men." Brethren, when we shall have discharged the duties we owe to God, our families, our neighbors and ourselves, Masonry will arise and put on her beautiful garments, her doors shall be thrown wide for the reception of the wise and faithful in heart of every tribe and kindred of earth, and be forever closed against the wicked, the faithless and the unworthy.

We shall have the gratitude of the destitute whom we have cheered and fed; the prayers of the wayward whom we have reclaimed, the benediction of the good of all the earth, and the smiles of an approving conscience. Finally, brethren, let each of us contribute something to the building of the Grand Temple of virtue. If but one stone shall be prepared by each, it will contribute to the building, and the laborer shall not lose his reward. Let us grasp the "plumb"

in one hand, stand "erect" before God and man, while with the mystic "trowel" in the other, we spread everywhere the "cement" of "brotherly" love. And when we shall all be "leveled" by death, and when the "pass-word" shall be demanded for the last time, we can approach with humble confidence the "inner door" of that Temple not made with hands, and hear from the Grand Master who sits upon the throne the welcome plaudit, well done good and faithful servant. And there in the banqueting hall of our Father's house, we will eat of the refreshments prepared by the Grand Stewards of eternity, and resting under the shade of the trees, drink the water of life from that river which makes glad the city of our God.

Masonic Lodges in Carroll, 1905. Number of Lodge, Worshipful Masters and name of the Lodge.

NAME	NUMBER	WORSHIPFUL MASTER.
Carroll Lodge	69	J. D. Hamrick
Goshen Lodge	71	B. F. Roop
Villa Rica Lodge	72	Martin Hamrick
County Line Lodge	159	M. D. Watkins
Rotherwood Lodge	170	L. J. Stephens
Bowdon Lodge	206	R. M. Lovvorn
Temple Lodge	322	W. B. Chandler
Whitesburg Lodge	336	T. W. Camp
Sand Hill Lodge	350	J. C. Smith.

The First Lodge chartered was Carroll Lodge No. 69 at Carrollton in 1848. John Stark was the First Worshipful Master and his grave is in the old cemetery at Carrollton, marked with suitable Masonic emblems. Some of the charter members were: B. D. Thomasson, A. Mandeville, S. Kingsbery, H. F. Merrell and others, all of whom are dead. Masonry is on the increase in Carroll, and there are more than 2,500 active Masons in the county.

## CHAPTER XXX.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS DELIVERED APRIL 26, 1906, BY

PRIVATE JOE CORR.

Ladies of Annie Wheeler Chapter U. D. C., Comrades, Confederate Veterans, ladies and gentlemen:

It is indeed gratifying to address this people amongst whom I have lived, and whom I loved honored and respected for nearly a half century.

To receive an invitation by an unanimous vote of the Annie Wheeler Chapter of the U. D. C. is a compliment which I highly prize and greatly appreciate.

I have the honor of being a charter member of Camp A., Wheeler's Confederate Cavalry, the only one in the South named in honor of my old general, fighting Joe Wheeler, with whom I rode, fought and suffered during the great civil war. I had the sad privilege of following his mortal remains to its last resting place at Arlington in the state of Virginia last January. There beside his open grave, in the shadow of the old home of Gen. Robt. E. Lee. I shook the hand of his youngest and noble daughter, Annie Wheeler, for whom your Chapter is named.

Again, a few weeks ago in Atlanta, I met her, and having been a courier and bearer of messages for her distinguished father in 1864, I have the honor of bearing to you, Annie Wheeler Chapter, a message of gratitude, love and respect for each member of your Chapter at her own personal request.

Annie Wheeler is not only the daughter of the great Confederate Cavalry leader, not only the daughter of the Confederacy, but she is the daughter and heroine of the United States and Republic of Cuba.

During the Spanish-American war a few years ago she left the comforts of home, the association of friends and admirers, and followed her distinguished father into the malarial swamps and jungles of Cuba, and with pleasant smiles, cheerful words and soft white hands, she cheered, comforted and soothed the brow of the sick, wounded and dying American soldiers.

The Revolution had its heroine in Nancy Hart, the person for whom one of the counties in Georgia is named, the Confederacy had one in Belle Boyd of Virginia, but both America and Cuba had a heroine in Annie Wheeler, "The angel of the army."

My friends it is not my purpose to indulge in any fulsome flattery, extravagant laudation of southern women, but I would do them justice if I could.

Had I the eloquence of an Emmett, or Patrick Henry, the gift of a Stephens, Toombs and Hill combined. Had I the brush of a Raphael, the great painter, the trumpet of Gabriel, I could not speak, paint or sound the glory, honor, endurance and patience of the women of the South.

Justice will never be done them until a monument as lasting as time, pointing high towards the sky, shall be erected in every city, town, village and hamlet in this bright sunny south in honor of southern womanhood.

Let each monument be crowned with a statue of a southern woman, in homespun dress; holding her child in one hand, pointing with the other toward the battlefield, beckoning the soldier boys on to victory or to death.

A few weeks ago on the occasion of the Memorial of Gen. Wheeler, Corporal Tanner, who was in the Federal army and who lost both legs in the second battle of Manassas, who is the Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, in an address paid highest compliment to the valor of the Confederate soldier and endurance and patience of southern women that was ever uttered by man.

He said, "boys the North would have succeeded in conquering the Southern armies 18 months sooner had it not been for the heroism and encouragement of the Southern women."

"A Southern soldier who would leave his command and return home without leave, fires of hell would not have been more scorching and consuming than the scorn and contempt of Southern women." Women have always admired the brave and despised a coward.

"Corporal Tanner is at the head of seven hundred thousand survivors of the Federal army of the Civil war and has more influence over Congress in shaping legislation than any other man in the north except perhaps the President. In his order issued on April 9th to the Grand Army of the Republic on Memorial Day in the north, which comes annually on the 30th of May, among other things he said:

"Thirty years ago, when I was department commander of New York, in a Memorial day order I then issued, suggested to the comrades of New York that wherever from Munkaup Point to Buffalo any confederate soldier had found sepulcher among us, I trusted that when we went out to



laurel the graves our union dead, that our common American manhood would prevent us passing by the graves of our former opponents, without dropping thereon some floral remembrance. "Not," I said, 'in honor of their cause, for that we opposed, but because we who met them on the field of battle knew that braver men or better soldiers have not been known since men were first marshaled in battle array.

"To the order at large I now confidently make the same suggestion.

"We have returned the battle standards of the dead confederacy to those who treasure them as sacred mementoes of the loved ones who died under them. The congress of the United States has just unanimously voted \$200,000 to care for the graves of those dead and the heart of the nation has said with great unanimity, 'It is well.'

"Unitedly we march along the highway of nations, roses blossoming over and around, the birds nesting in the mouths of the cannon that once roared defiance and death to each other, the world applauding, our conscience approving.

"If mothers of the south still sit like Rachel of old, weeping for their children and refusing to be comforted, let the news go down to them that on our most sacred day we feel it a privilege to stand in the place of their far-distant kinsman and lovingly mark their last resting place with God's sweetest emblem of peace, flowers.

"The old flag has been rebaptised since 1865 with the blood of the north and the south alike, and the ship of state is securely anchored for all time."

While many Confederate Veterans were in Washington, D. C., last January attending the funeral of Gen. Wheeler. Corporal Tanner, with Gen. Bates, went to Confederate headquarters and cheerfully extended a welcome to the city and the army. Gen. Bates tendered and furnished a horse, bridle and saddle to each veteran on which to ride to the cemetery, with a federal soldier to hold and care for each horse at the gates of the cemetery.

One morning, just as the sun was rising over the dome of the Capitol of the nation, two confederate veterans were standing upon the sidewalk talking of the glory and grandeur of this great country, when they were approached by a crippled man with a faded federal uniform and stripes of a Lieutenant: "I suppose from your badges that you were 'Johnnie rebs.' I am a 'Yank' and was a lieutenant



in Gen. Grant's army and was at the siege of Vicksburg, Miss., in 1863. I had a brother in the Confederate army there, who lost an arm in battle, hearing that he was in a hospital there I procured a pass from Gen. Grant for myself and a comrade and filling our knapsacks with provisions and medicine, with a flag of truce, made our way through the lines and to the side of my wounded brother. After ministering to his necessities and dividing our medicine and provisions among his comrades nearest to him, I said, 'brother go back with me, take the oath of allegiance to the United States, go home get well and live happy.' I can never forget the look of sorrow, almost scorn in his face. He said 'John, before I would betray my country, disgrace myself and dishonor my father and mother, I would give my life.' The Lieutenant said, "Since that time I have honored, respected and admired the heroes of the confederate army, that brother is still living in Maryland and I divide my pension with him. Now Johnnies, come dine and break bread with me, and let us be friends forever."

The President of the nation descended, if it was a descension, came down, shook hands with each old veteran, with a cheerful word, and a gentle slap on the shoulder, bid him welcome and God speed in the battle.

These instances are here given to show the fraternal feeling which exists among the brave men on each side. They are known to the speaker to be absolutely true, because he was there.

The white population of Carroll in 1,860, males 5,169, females, 4,947, total was about 10,116. The county sent 32 companies, battalions or organizations to the Confederate army.

The average was 80 men to the Company making a total of 2,560 soldiers from Carroll county, being 50 per cent. of the white male population.

Your humble speaker has had the sad duty of compiling the rolls of the Confederate Veterans from Carroll and has devoted much time in an attempt to secure accurate rolls of all the veterans.

Eight of the companies which went from five different sections of the county show as follows:

Co	Reg't.	Captain	No. in Co killed	Wounded	Died	Total
F	7th	A. T. Burk	110 15	12	12	39
F	19th	W. E. Curtiss	86 25	8	15	48
B	56th	J. B. Martin	134 15	6	16	37

Co.	Reg't.	Captain	No. in Co Killed	Wounded	Died	Total
B Cobbs	Legion	C. A. McDaniel	141 32	28	25	85
R	34th	W. A. Walker	108 8	12	48	68
F Cobbs	Legion	W. F. S. Powell	122 14	25	24	63
I	19th	J. T. Chambers	133 17	16	43	76
I	56th	J. M. Cobb	108 10	5	23	38
Total			942 136	113	206	455

Of these eight companies, J. B. Martin is the only Captain now living and he was severely wounded three times—two other companies besides the two given in these statistics were in the 56 Georgia from Carroll; Captain Grice and Captain Parish, both have passed away. These four companies subsisted a long time at Vicksburg, Miss., on roots, herbs, mule beef and wharf rats. Captains McDaniel, Curtiss and Walker were killed in battle; the others were nearly all wounded or died from disease contracted in the army. The statistics of these eight companies gave some idea of the part Carroll county played in the great struggle for four years.

Carroll county furnished more soldiers to the Confederate army, to the white population, than any other county in Georgia, and Georgia furnished more men than any other State except North Carolina.

The official records at Washington D. C. show that at Appomattox on April 9th, 1865 General Lee surrendered only 7,892 infantry soldiers. Only that number stacked arms and were paroled out of his once proud and victorious army of eighty thousand men.

Several thousand were taken prisoners of war on the 6th. and were not at the formal surrender.

The rolls of the Confederate soldiers can never be perfected on earth, but it is our confident hope that "when the roll is called up yonder, they'll be there," and the roll will be perfected.

To compile the rolls of the Confederate Veterans, give the name of each, killed, wounded, dead from disease, is not a very pleasant duty by a survivor of the war.

To illustrate this point allow me to relate the following: On the Roster Commission is an old, honored veteran. He was requested by the Secretary to make out a roll of his own company and regiment, which he promised to do. A few days thereafter the Secretary asked him if he had completed his roll; with a tender heart and tear-bedimmed eyes, he

said, "No! no! when I undertake it the forms of the once brave but dead boys rise up before me and I get so overcome with sorrow and emotion that I cannot do it!"

That man is the brave, wounded Confederate Veteran, your own fellow citizen.

My friends, that is the way the survivors of the war think and remember the heroes of the South.

This is Memorial Day—memorial means to remember, and on occasions like this it means to praise, to honor and adore the heroism of the brave boys who died for you.

When you stand by the grave of a Confederate soldier remember for what he fought and for whom he died; if it is not on the marble slab let it be the sentiment of every heart—Confederate soldier, "he died for me."

The women in far off Japan and perhaps other countries, teach their children from their youth that a soldier who dies for his country is at once transported to realms of eternal bliss.

This sentiment is most beautifully presented by Moore in his "Paradise and the Peri," the disconsolate Peri, while searching for some boon, some offering which might appease the wrath of heaven and admit her fallen race in through the gates of Paradise, saw a wounded, bleeding and dying soldier upon the battlefield. Procuring one drop of blood from his fast flowing wounds upon her pinions, she winged her flight toward the pearly gates, and as she went she sang,

"O, if there be on this earthly sphere

A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,

'Tis the last libation liberty draws

From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

At one time in 1864 during the battles around Richmond, Va., a red-haired, sixteen-year-old boy soldier from North Georgia, was taken a prisoner and carried before one of the generals of General Grant's army. The general attempted to induce the boy to give information in relation to the weak and strong places in General Lee's army. The soldier positively refused and said, "I am a prisoner, you can do with me as you please, but I would forfeit my life before I would betray my country." The general became enraged for a little and said, "Sir, profane—you go to prison, but I assure you that I will before three days be in Richmond, heaven or hell." The boy patriot said, "General, allow me to suggest that I know you won't be in Richmond, because General Lee is there, you won't be in heaven, because Stone-

wall Jackson is there. You may be in h—l, because there are no Confederate soldiers there to keep you out.' This may be mere sentiment, but one thing is true, the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the purest.

Today is the forty-first anniversary of the close of the bloody conflict of arms. Forty-one years ago the last gun was fire, the arms laid down, and the glorious blood-stained banner of the Confederacy was folded forever; but not in dishonor.

The soldier, tattered and torn, took a last sad look over the battlefields and the graves and bleaching bones of his departed comrades, and no doubt felt the sentiment so beautifully expressed by Theodore O'Harra, Confederate Colonel, the great Confederate poet.

"On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of our dead

Rest on embalmed and sainted dead  
Dear as the blood you gave  
No impious footsteps e'er shall tread  
The herbage of your grave.

Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While time her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps."

Then, with joy mingled with sadness and sorrow he turned his powder begrimed face towards the sunny south and his humble but honorable home, even in old Carroll.

At the threshold he was greeted with a kiss upon his dust-covered brow by a good mother, loving wife, fond sister, tender daughter or maybe by a sweetheart of former years, "The girl he left behind him."

Then joining hand and heart with the loving wife whom he had not seen for four long years. They traveled on forty-one years down the hill of life, building upon the ashes of their former happiness and glory with energy, industry and hope. They have built up the waste places, and made the hills and valleys of old Carroll bloom and blossom as the rose. There are heroes and heroines in times of peace as well as in war. Oft times it is braver and more patriotic to live than it is to die.

Although having to begin life anew the ladies organized themselves into Chapters, Camps and Societies to vindicate

the truth of history and perpetuate the glory of the Confederate heroes.

With loving hearts and tender hands they have placed a monument, a tombstone or marble slab at the grave of every Confederate soldier from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the blue grass regions of Kentucky to the orange groves of Florida.

The frosts and snows of more than 40 winters have enveloped the little mounds beneath which they sleep, fit emblems of the purity of their character and of their lofty patriotism.

The beautiful flowers of springtime have annually been laid upon their tombs by loving, gentle hands—yet the aroma was lost to them, for they inhale it not.

The scorching rays of the summer sun have poured down upon the surface of the earth under which they rest, yet it has failed to warm them into life again.

My friends, young men, young ladies, let this beautiful memorial custom continue annually until long after the clouds have fallen over the prostrate form of the last Confederate soldier.

They have fought their last battle, they have made their last gallant charge at the sound of the bugle in defense of country, home and loved ones. No sound now disturbs their peaceful repose.

But when the bugle blast, the last loud trumpet shall call them from their sleeping dust, they will come forth clothed in the uniforms of the armies of heaven; and in the sweet bye and bye, there will be a grand re-union upon the Elysian plains beside the beautiful river, and there mounted upon white horses, and being led on by the great Captain of their redemption, they can exultingly shout, "victory, victory, victory, at last.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Sergeant Major J. L. Cobb, of Camp A., Wheeler's cavalry, better known as "Private J. L. Cobb" who was with General Wheeler on some of his famous raids, talks interestingly of the great cavalryman.

"I was with General Wheeler on his celebrated raid from Atlanta through the mountains of Georgia, east and middle Tennessee in 1864," said he. "For six months I was a courier for General Wheeler and carried dispatches for him. At one time, I remember, near Philadelphia, Tenn., I was sent with a verbal message to General Wheeler that cavalry was about to capture a wagon train. Going through the clover fields on my horse I rode up to the side of General Wheeler and delivered the message. He was sitting on his horse in the square near the court house. He gave the command and the bugler sounded the summons for the Second Georgia, which was held in reserve, and the regiment charged the enemy, General Wheeler leading the charge, and I, a sixteen-year-old boy had the honor of charging by his side. We saved the wagon train.

"I was with General Wheeler in all the campaigns in Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, South Carolina and North Carolina until Greensboro, when we surrendered. After the surrender my regiment, the First Georgia cavalry, was formed in a square. General Wheeler rode to the center of the square, dismounted from his horse and taking off his hat, said:

"My Brave Boys" you did your duty. The war is over. I beg you to return to your homes and live quiet peaceable citizens."

"Well do I remember his words and the profound impression they made upon the cavalry. The boys bowed their heads and remained silent, being too profoundly touched to cheer."

"General Wheeler was a general who never said, 'Go on, boys,' but 'Come on, boys.' He was always in front. Sixteen horses were shot from under him and he himself was shot three times. This was how he came to be known as 'Fighting Joe Wheeler.'"

"General Hood in his book has said that had it not been for General Wheeler and his cavalry Johnson's army could have never reached Kennesaw mountain. There is no doubt about this and so far as I know it has never been disputed. General Wheeler covered the retreat of Johnson

from Chattanooga to Atlanta. General Sherman refused to give battle to Johnson's army, but adopted a flanking movement to right and left and Wheeler's cavalry was compelled to meet and hold him in check for ten and twelve days at a time.

"The First Georgia regiment of Wheeler's cavalry, on the morning of the battle of Atlanta, July 2, 1864, captured a wagon train in the town of Decatur and behind the lines of General Sherman's army. The train was brought around by the way of where Grant Park now is and furnished enough provisions for Johnson's army for several days.

"General Wheeler was a most approachable man and his men loved him. I shall never forget that after a raid through Tennessee I was sick with fever and placed in a hospital at Florence, Ala., Twice General Wheeler visited the hospital and going to the bunk of every patient had some cheering or sympathetic word. On his second visit he came to my bunk and said:

"My son, don't you want to go home?"

I told him that I did. Turning to the doctor General Wheeler told him to make out a furlow for me and let me go as soon as I was well enough. I did so, and after regaining my health rejoined him in South Carolina.

Camp A., Wheeler's cavalry, was organized at the time General Wheeler was here with President McKinley. As many of the old command as could be gotten together mounted, escorted him to Piedmont Park. There General Wheeler shook hands with every one of the command and bade him God speed. Last summer, his daughter, Miss Annie, honored our camp with a visit, and made us a short address. The visit was appreciated by the members of the old command."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## MEMORIAL.

Report by committee from Camp McDaniel-Curtiss, written by Col. G. W. Merrell, Chairman, on Memorial Day, April 26th, 1905. Mr. Merrell is an old veteran, lawyer and poet and historian of his camp as follows:

Your committee would further speak of our comrades who have left a vacancy in our Camp, collectively. Sharpe, Power, Brown, Williamson, Harman, Bivins, Reid, Alexander, Archer, Crusel! Ten dead heroes in the full sense of the word, ten specimens of the noblest type of true manhood, that makes the glorious history of our own loved "Dixie Land." Ten noble patriots, who offered their lives on their country and liberty's sacred altar; ten true men, who took their lives in their hands and went forth to battle for their principles, under the leadership of Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, Wheeler, Forest, Johnson, and other loved leaders and generals, whose names are written on the roll of fame, and are imperishable in history. These ten dead heroes should have their names written in letters of gold, side by side with their leaders. They made their officers famous, by their daring deeds and valorous conduct.

Then here's to the ten—the immortal ten,  
Who have covered themselves with glory  
For their chivalrous deeds shall ever live  
In our legends of song and story.

We, comrades, will soon "cross over the river to rest under the shades of the trees." Our shattered ranks are being surely and rapidly depleted. Soon we must "break camp," "ground arms" and attend the final "bugle call." Let us be "in line," and ready to be "reviewed" by the "Great Captain" on the last "dress parade."

The hour has arrived when we are to assemble at the graves of our dead comrades, and pay our annual tribute to their memory.

Tread lightly comrades, 'neath these mounds.

Our fallen heroes sweetly sleep!

Memorial day has brought sweet flowers,  
And friends their watchful vigil keep.

Speak softly, comrades, let each head

Be bowed in sorrow at each grave,

For here in dreamless sleep repose

The ashes of our noble braves.



Furl proudly now the grand old flag  
 Our fallen comrades loved so well,  
 And followed to the jaws of death,  
 And cheered and loved it as they fell.

Sing sweetly comrades; each refrain  
 Will bring a silent, earnest tear.  
 The song of "Dixie," loved so well,  
 By patriot boys who slumber here.

Sleep on! sleep on! each coming year  
 Shall bring its fresh "Memorial Day"  
 And teeming thousands, yet unborn,  
 Will honor those who wore the gray.

All down the corridors of time  
 The echoes of their deeds will ring,  
 And loving hearts and gentle hands  
 Forever will their tributes bring.

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#### SPANISH AMERICAN SOLDIERS FROM CARROLL.

The following poem, was written and published by  
 Col. G. W. Merrell of Carrollton during the Cuban war:

#### OUR BOYS WHO WENT TO CUBA.

The bugle sounded arms to arms,  
 For soldiers and for seamen,  
 To lift from off their neck the yoke  
 And make all Cuba freemen.

And Hardy Butler, bold and young,  
 Was first from Carroll to enter,  
 And pledged himself to come up square  
 Through summer and through winter.

Jim Atwell, too, though small in size,  
 Was next to enter muster;  
 And if the Dons don't mind their cues  
 They'll find that Jim's a buster.

Then Talbot Smith, as fine a lad  
 As ever drew a sabre.  
 Will show the boys he's made of stuff;  
 Not merely a shaver.

Will McClure, though lean and lank,  
 Will prove in every battle  
 That he can stand the cannon balls,  
 And brave the musket rattle.

And Carden's heart as light and free  
 As any on the roster,  
 Will answer to his name, when called,  
 At every fight and muster.

Brodnax, John, the toughest knot  
That entered any army,  
Will right about and fight it out,  
And make things look quite stormy.

In looking through, perhaps you'll find  
Some boys that are more brainy,  
But when you need a man to stand,  
Just jump up Humber Cheney.

Bob Alexander, too, is firey red,  
But that need not to matter,  
For when he once gets in a fight,  
He'll prove a fighting tartar.

And with old Glory in his hands,  
John Collins will defend it,  
And put a bullet in the brain  
Of those who dare offend it.

Jim Burns, himself, of Irish stock,  
Will, on his country's altar,  
Yeild up his life for Cuba's cause  
And never once to falter.

Impatient Boss champed the bits;  
Was eager for the order,  
To march against the foreign foe,  
Stationed near our border.

And there were two as braye as they,  
Who took rejection calmy;  
For nature brought about defects  
In gallant Paul and Manly.

This grand eleven ne'er will allow  
Their banner to be trailing,  
But hoist on high the stars and stripes,  
Though shot and shell be hailing.

God bless you, boys, we humbly pray,  
For war is so exciting;  
And to our God we go with prayer  
For you, while you are fighting.

#### WAR IS ON US.

War is earnest—foul or fair—  
Is on, and no denying;  
Bloody wads of flesh and hair  
From Spain's bare back is flying.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## MCINTOSH RESERVE.

McIntosh reserve is a large tract of land on the Chattahoochee river about four miles south of Whitesburg. It was reserved by Wm. McIntosh, chief of the tribe of Creek Indians, when he sold out all the lands belonging to that tribe, to the Government or white people, he reserved his magnificent home and several hundred acres of land for himself and family. The country was sold against the will or consent of his people and over a protest of most of the leaders of the tribe. His people claimed that he was a traitor to his people and killed him and burned his houses. His grave is there near the banks of the river unmarked, except with a pile of flint rocks and underbrush. The following graphic and truthful description by Dr. R. J. Massey, published in the Atlanta Constitution in 1903, is reproduced here, being the best historical account of the tragedy and trade that we could find:

The receipt of a letter from Cheesie McIntosh, attorney at law at Checotah, Ind. T., and superintendent of schools for the Creek Indians at that place, revives a memory of a most tragic event in the earlier history of Georgia.

The communication is faultless in diction and elegant in chirography, and reveals the fact that the writer and three brothers—Freeland McIntosh, Cub McIntosh and D. N. McIntosh—are grandsons of William McIntosh, the old Creek chief who was murdered by the Creek Indians near Columbus, Ga., for making a treaty with the United States Government disposing of their country east of the Mississippi river in exchange for the present Creek reservation in the Indian Territory. The four men are full brothers, and the letter states that they have been placed on the revised roll by the commission to the Five Civilized Tribes, have already secured certificates of allotment of lands for themselves and children, and will shortly get their deeds.

The four McIntosh brothers are big cattle men and merchants of the Indian Territory, and have prospered well, being known throughout that section as prominent and successful men. They not only own their proportionate share of the Creek reservation, which is their property as members of the tribe, but have prospered in independent business.

The full details of the murder and the removal of the

death of old General William McIntosh is perhaps not generally known to the younger generations of Georgians.

He was a half-breed of the Muscogee or Creek nation, and was born at Muscogee, an Indian town near the present city of Columbus, Ga. His father was Captain William McIntosh, a Scotchman, and uncle of Governor George M. Troup, one of Georgia's greatest statesmen. His mother was a native of unimixed Indian blood. Having been thrown into the society of the more polished people, and having been the associate of our officers in the war of our southern borders, he had acquired all the manners and much of the polish of a gentleman.

At the battle of Autossee, in 1812, General Floyd speaks highly of McIntosh's bravery, and he also distinguished himself in the battle of the Horse Shoe, in which connection General Jackson speaks of him as Major McIntosh. For several acts of gallantry in the Florida campaign he also signalized himself.

#### THE FATAL TREATY.

Among his people were two strong opposing factions on the subject of ceding to the United States government their lands in Western Georgia and Eastern Alabama. General McIntosh led the party in favor of cession. Ho-po-eth-le-yo-ho-lo, John Ridge, John Ross and other chiefs were foremost in opposition to this move. There were several meetings and councils held and much bitterness of feeling existed between the two parties. At this time at the north there was a growing sentiment that the Indians should remain in Georgia and Alabama, and be permitted to try the experiment of independent government. They seemed to have forgotten that in former years in their own country the Indian title to land had, as a matter of policy, been extinguished. When it came to a question of Georgia's rights a pseudo-philanthropy seized them in the shape of strong sympathy for the poor Indian, regardless of the sacred duties of the federal government toward an individual State. Among the Indians many white people had settled. These also opposed the move. At last a council was held with the commissioners from Georgia at the Indian Spring, at which a final agreement was entered into that the Creeks should cede their lands for which the government was to give them acre per acre and a large bonus in money and an annual stipend for many years. All the Indians were to remove to the new hunting grounds at the cost of the United



This picture represents a "horse-block" erected by General McIntosh, which is still standing where he placed it.

States government. In this trade McIntosh's own possessions, a place in Carroll county known to this day as the "McIntosh Reserve," was excepted. I have been at several different times on it myself. It is at Moore's bridge, in Carroll county, 10 miles east of Carrollton, and presents one of the most beautiful landscapes in Georgia.

At this council several eloquent speeches were delivered by the Indians. Among other things McIntosh, realizing the trend of events, said:

"Will you go and live with your people, increasing and happy about you? This mighty nation has become dwarfed, and it will only be a matter of time when there will be no game in the country, and they will be without food. Some of the young men have been to look at the proffered land beyond the great river. It is good and the game abundant. Will you stay and die with them here and leave no one to follow you, or come to your grave and weep over their chief? Beyond the great river is the bright sun and the sky as blue and the waters as clear and sweet as they are here. Our people will go with us. To love the ground is mean; to love the people is noble."

In this strain he continued for at least two hours, addressing himself to Ho-po-eth-le-yo-ho-lo, recounting much good from the move. His talk met with great approval among the braves.

#### MCINTOSH OPPOSED.

At this juncture Ho-po-eth-le-yo-ho-lo arose, and turning his back upon McIntosh, gave the Indians a talk. "Leave to us what little we have," he said. "We sell no more. Let us die where our fathers died. Let us sleep where our kindred sleep. And when the last is gone, then take our land, with your plows then tear up the mould over our graves and plant your corn above us. There will be no one to weep at the dead. No one to tell the traditions of our people. Who says it is mean to love the land? To keep our hearts in the grave as we keep the Great Spirit? It is noble to love the land where the corn grows, and which was given us by the Great Spirit." Turning to the whites, he said: "We are few and weak. You are many and strong, and you can kill us. Take our homes. But the Great Spirit has given us courage to fight for our homes, if we may not live in them. We will do it. This is our talk. And our last talk."

Arising, he wrapped his blanket around his shoulders,

and he and his braves left the council so that the commissioners and McIntosh might do as they pleased. McIntosh agreed that his people should be ready to move within twelve months. The council broke up and McIntosh went home.

The disaffected braves soon decided that McIntosh should be assassinated. For the particulars of the affair I am indebted to old man Doonan, who once lived near Carrollton, and to an intimate friend of Tawney Moore, who was interpreter on the occasion. Hince Mabry, one of the first settlers of Carroll and an old neighbor of my father's, also the late Dr. John G. Westmoreland, a noted physician of Atlanta, materially assisted me; James Hull, of Cincinnati, and Thos. L. McKinney, of Washington City, and my good old friend, Mrs. Wallin, who was raised on an adjoining plantation to the "McIntosh Reserve" gave me some interesting data. Of course much of this is traditional, but getting it from so many sources, I am satisfied of its correctness. As they all substantially confirm each other, I shall adopt Mr. Pickett's account, gotten from James Moore, the interpreter.

#### THE ASSASSINATION.

Hopoethleyoholo planned the murder, but did not lead. He gave orders for his men to meet in a certain spot on an appointed day. They were to silently surround McIntosh's house during the night, and at daybreak set fire to it and as he ran out fire upon him. Each warrior was furnished with a bundle of sticks. He was to throw away one every day, and when all were thrown away but one, that was the day of attack. For any brave to reveal this he was to meet certain death. How well these men performed their duty is told by James Moore, or as he was more partially known, "Jimnie Tawney," as related in Pickett's history of Alabama.

He declares the memory of James Moore was good, although he had reached the age of 78. A portion of the Indians marched from the Indian village in which he was then living. He saw them start and witnessed their return.

The Ocfuskees and the Tookabatchas had become indignant. A secret council resulted in the selection of the bravest warriors of the nation to consummate the killing. The party consisted of 170 men, one-half of whom were from the town of Ocfuskee, led by Manowa, an old fighter who had encountered Jackson at the battle of Horse Shoe. The other half were from the town of Tookbatacha, commanded by Tuskehodjo, with whom went Ho-po-eth-le-yo-ho-lo, ostensibly

as a private. They marched on foot, one before the other, in the most cautious and noiseless manner. The route lay across the country from the Tallapoosa river to the Chatahoochee, as their destination was the residence of General McIntosh, situated upon the bank of the latter stream. Arriving within the neighborhood of that place toward the close of the second day, the party observed, from a concealed position, two persons riding along trail. These proved to be General McIntosh and his son-in-law, Hawkins. They could have been easily killed, but their lives were spared for the moment to preserve a consistency so common in all the plans of the Indians. They had determined to kill McIntosh in his own yard, in the presence of his family, and to let the blood run upon the soil of that "reservation," which the Georgians had secured to him in the treaty which he had made with them.

Pursuing their way for a short distance, but still in view of the party, McIntosh bid Hawkins good evening, wheeled his horse around and rode back on the trail towards his residence. Although he was then alone, the Indians declined to kill him. Hawkins, who had been to pay his father-in-law a visit, continued to ride homeward. The unconscious and ill-fated McIntosh rode on to his residence.

The expedition remained in the woods until the hour of 3 o'clock in the morning secreted within half a mile of the house. I have mentioned that James Hutton, the son-in-law of the person who gave me this account, was one of this expedition, and he was taken along as an interpreter to converse with any Americans who might be at McIntosh's house. He was instructed to assure them that neither their persons nor property would be disturbed—a wise arrangement, for this was a public house and usually filled with American travelers, who were exploring the new lands, or who roamed over the nation to gratify a curiosity not then uncommon. Travelers were usually lodged in an outhouse in the yard and thither Hutton and two Indians repaired.

#### HOME WAS FIRED.

They found a peddler in one bed and Chilly McIntosh, the son of the general in another. The latter instantly sprang to his feet, jumped out at a window, and as he ran off several guns were discharged at him without effect. He made his way to the river and escaped. The peddler, who was operated upon by the double fear of losing his life and his wares, was a most wretched man, until assured





This is a large oak tree which stands near where General McIntosh's house stood, which was burned when he was assassinated. His body lay under this tree two or three days before it was buried.

by Hutton that neither would he be disturbed. His goods were removed into the yard, and the house in which he had slept was soon in flames. In the meantime the principal body of the assailants had surrounded the main building and the lightwood being immediately kindled, torches were applied to the sides and under it. The flames threw a bright light over the yard and exhibited to the astonished family of McIntosh, in the light of the conflagration, the hideous forms of those who were to murder him. They frequently shouted with much exultation, "McIntosh, we have come, we have come. We told you if you sold the land to the Georgians we would come."

McIntosh, upon the first discovery of the assailants had barricaded his front door and stood near it when it was forced. He fired at them, and at that moment one of his steadfast friends, Toma Tustinugee, fell lifeless upon the threshold. His body was riddled with balls. McIntosh then retreated to the second-story, with four guns in his hand, which he continued to discharge from a window. He fought with great courage, though his end was near, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. He was at this time the only occupant of the burning house, for his two wives, Peggy and Susannah, who had been dragged into the yard, were heard imploring the savages not to burn him up, but to get him out of the house and shoot him, as he was a brave man and an Indian like themselves.

McIntosh now came down to the first-story, and was received with salutes of the rifle until, being pierced with many balls, he fell to the floor, was seized by the legs and dragged down the steps to the ground. While lying in the yard, and while the blood was gushing from his wounds, he raised himself on one arm, and surveyed his murderers with looks of defiance. At that moment an Ocfuskee Indian plunged a long knife to the hilt, in the direction of his heart. He brought a long breath and expired. The party after this plundered the house, killed the stock and committed other depredations as described in the public papers of that day.

#### HAWKINS ALSO KILLED.

On the evening when McIntosh took leave of Hawkins upon the trail, the latter continued to his residence, as related. He was followed by chosen warriors, who were instructed to make him a prisoner that night. His house was on one of the branches of the Tallapoosa, which the Indians surrounded just before the break of day. They ordered him

to come out. He refused, but after defending himself to no purpose was secured with ropes and kept alive until the fate of McIntosh became known then he was killed and his body thrown into the river. The Indians marched back to Tallapoosa with the scalps of these men. That of McIntosh, which was suspended upon a pole in the public square of Ocfuskee, was the spectacle for old and young who danced around it with shouts of joy.

It seems that it was customary among Indians, especially chiefs, to have a plurality of wives, and it developed that General McIntosh had a couple—Peggy, from the Creek, and Susannah from the Cherokee nation, who lived together in the most endearing friendship toward each other, and who shared equally the affections of their husband, the general.

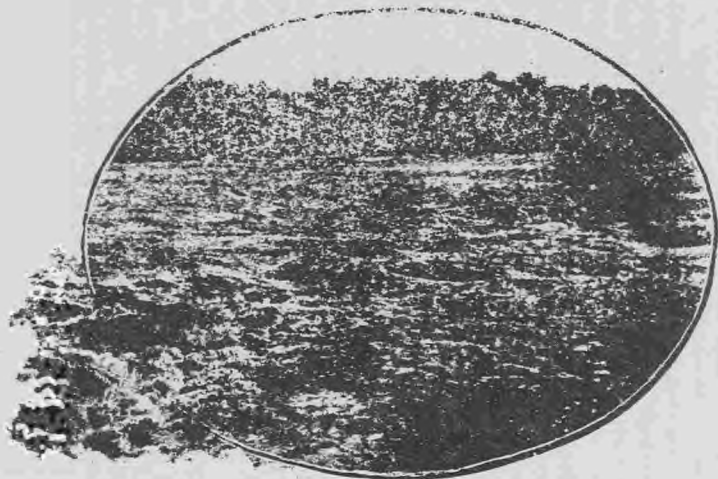
They immediately wrote for Messrs. Campbell and Meriwether, United States commissioners, for aid in their distress. Also a pathetic appeal for aid was sent to the commissioners from Mrs. Jane Hawkins, daughter of William McIntosh, and wife of Samuel Hawkins, who was assassinated the same night. She wrote that the Indians, after killing her father had taken all of his money and as much of his property as they could carry off, and had destroyed the rest, leaving the family neither clothes nor provisions. She was not permitted to bury either her father or husband, but declares:

#### INDIANS INSULTED WOMEN.

"After I was stripped of my last frock but one, humanity and duty called on me to pull it off and spread it over the body of my dead husband, which was allowed no other covering, which I did as a farewell witness of affection. I was 25 miles from any friend, but sister Katherine who was with me, and had to stay all night in the woods, surrounded by a thousand hostile Indians, who were constantly insulting and frightening us. And now I am here with only one old coat to my back, and not a morsel of bread to save me from perishing, or a rag of a blanket to cover my poor little boy from the sun at noon or the dew at night. I am a poor distracted orphan and widow."

Within a few years after the perpetration of this sad tragedy all of the principal chiefs opposed to the cession of the land to the government were at one time and another assassinated, and it was several years before the Indians were removed from Georgia.

In small detachments the United States army began its



This is a view of the Chattahoochee river just in the rear of General McIntosh's residence. It was here that Chilly McIntosh, eldest son of General McIntosh, swam across and thus saved himself the night his father was assassinated.

operations, making prisoners of one family after another, and gathering them into camps. No one has ever complained of the manner in which the work was performed. Through the good disposition of the army and the provident arrangement of its commander, less injury was done by accidents or mistakes than could reasonably have been expected. By the end of June, nearly the whole nation was gathered into camps, and some thousands commenced their march to the west—the heat of the season preventing any further emigration till September, when 14,000 were on their march.

The journey of 600 or 700 miles was performed in four or five months. The best arrangements were made for their comfort; but from the time—May 23—when their removal commenced to the time when the last company completed its journey, were more than 4,000 persons sunk under their sufferings and died.

#### MCINTOSH WAS COURTLY

Referring to McIntosh's house being public, I will state that during the early twenties of the last century before her marriage my mother lived in Columbia county, Georgia, and was in the habit of visiting a married sister who lived in Greensboro, Ala.

The McIntosh Reserve lies directly between these two points, almost in a straight line. The house was famous for good cooking, the best of fare, neatness and clean linen, and she always made a point of spending the night there. She declared that white women might have profited by the teachings of Peggy and Susannah, and that no two sisters ever seemed more affectionate toward each other than these two Indian squaws.

I have often heard the remark that for courtly manners, genteel bearing and the general polish of a gentleman, she had never met anyone, white or Indian, who excelled General McIntosh. She referred to Chilly, the general's son, as one of the handsomest men she had ever seen. The ease and courtliness of the father seemed to have been transmitted to the son.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## BLALOCK—BENSON

Capt. J. M. Blalock was an old residenter of Carroll. He was the Ordinary before, during and after the war until 1868, when he voluntarily retired. He went into the mercantile business, accumulated a handsome property. He was a local preacher of the M. E. church, South. In 1862 he organized and carried off to the war the first cavalry company from Carroll. I was in Company E. of the First Ga. Regiment of Cavalry, J. J. Morrison Colonel. Captain Blalock resigned, after serving for some time, returned home and took up the duties of Ordinary again. He raised several good children, some of whom are still in Carrollton. J. Y. Blalock, his oldest son, is a splendid business man, good calculator, and far-seeing. His daughters, there now, are Mrs. Maggie Tanner, Mrs. Emma Brown, Mrs. Amanda Thomasson, wife of Mr. J. J. Thomasson, editor of the Times, and Mrs. Mollie Meadows, wife of Mr. W. M. Meadows. Captain Blalock's wife was a Miss Gresham, daughter of Uncle "Ned," Gresham and sister of David Y. Gresham of the Sixth District. He died in Carrollton in 1872.

Hon. Eli Benson was an old citizen. He represented the county in 1866. He was a member of the legislature in 1866, which made an appropriation for educating maimed and wounded Confederate soldiers in five different colleges in the state, one of them was Bowdon college. Mr. Benson was always a sound democrat and took considerable interest in politics and the election of good men to office. He was a good trader, but fair, and accumulated a sufficiency. He married widow McCoy, mother of "Sank," whom everybody, almost, knew and liked. They raised three sons, Newton, James and William Benson; Newton still survives, the other two are dead. Mrs. Benson was a leader, socially religiously and in culinary knowledge. Her hospitality was unbounded. In 1864, when General Beauregard passed through Carrollton with his staff, he sent a runner two hours ahead and requested Mrs. Benson to prepare dinner for himself and staff. With that short notice, she had prepared one of the most magnificent dinners ever partaken of by a General or any one else. She was heartily thanked by the General and staff, and received the congratulations of them and all the people of the community. This circumstance was related to the writer by a lady who was an eye witness.

Mr. J. L. Benson was another pioneer citizen, good

husband, kind father, a farmer and business man. He was a Confederate soldier, patriot, moral and upright man. He married a Miss Thrower of Spalding county. He raised several children, but the writer is only acquainted with the good wife of Mr. Jesse Blalock, who is the able and efficient President of Annie Wheeler Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy. She and the members of her Chapter are untiring in an effort to raise sufficient funds to erect a monument to the heroes of the confederacy from Carroll, and ought, and no doubt will succeed before the end of another year. Mr. Benson died several years after the war, leaving a good and honorable name on the roll of Carroll's old pioneer citizens.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### FITTS—KRAMER.

Dr. W. W. Fitts has lived in Carroll for more than fifty years. Before the Civil War he taught school at Bowdon—had a splendid school, and laid the foundation for Bowdon college in 1856 when the college was organized by Charles A. McDaniel. Dr. Fitts then studied medicine, graduated and moved to Carrollton and soon reached the head of his profession, where he stands today. He has practiced in Carroll and adjoining counties for nearly fifty years successfully. He is small in stature, but large in spirit, intelligence and energy. He is optimistic, and always cheered and encouraged his patients, knowing that a graveyard countenance and sepulchral voice, would carry his patient off quicker than the disease. He was very popular with the people, especially with the good women, who always admire a good doctor or good preacher. Dr. Fitts was, for 25 years after the war, a very busy man. He never failed to respond to a call as physician, night or day, though often he went through ice, snow, darkness and storms. He has been proprietor of a drug store for 28 years.

He would have retired from actual practice long ago if he could, and practiced no more. But like Uncle Remus' rabbit in climbing a tree, "He was just obleeged to." The people won't let him quit.

Dr. Fitts has always been an earnest member of the Baptist church, took great interest in all her institutions and

enterprises. He has been foremost in all the public enterprises of his town and county. He is, and has been president of the school board ever since the public schools were organized in Carrollton, 20 years ago.

He is a prominent member of the stockholders of the first bank established in Carrollton; member of the Board of Trade of Carrollton; stockholder in all the factories and a strong supporter of every movement made for the good of his town and county. He has always been a very temperate man, and some people said an extreme prohibitionist. To his influence and labor, Carroll is greatly indebted for excluding the sale of liquor, and driving it out of the county, and prohibiting the distilling of liquors within her borders.

Dr. Fitts married Miss Angie Brown, sister to S. J., Henry C., B. F. and James Brown, daughter of Samuel Brown of Bowdon in 1855.

He raised three sons, Dr. Lee, who is a splendid physician and surgeon, and in business in a drug store under the name of W. W. and W. L. Fitts. Robert is the principal salesman and manager of the store; James lives in Mississippi, and is a successful cotton merchant.

The daughters were: Emma, who became the wife of Mr. C. B. Simonton. Emma was always a cheerful, intelligent girl, good woman and pleasant companion. She passed to the bright beyond in her young, noble womanhood. Miss Anna was the good wife of Mr. Neal Moses, who died in 1897, leaving her a widow with three small children. She resides in Carrollton. Eugenia is the wife of Mr. Weems of Rome, Ga. She was a beautiful girl and is now a most excellent and popular young woman.

Dr. Fitts is growing old, but he is one who can truthfully say, "Once I was young, but now am I old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." The foregoing was written from memory, personal knowledge and observation, with no intention to deal in fulsome praise, but to speak the truth. Believing in the sentiment expressed in that poem, which says: "If you love me, love me now, yea and let me know you love me, etc. Rev. Sam P. Jones says, "the Lord will take care of us after death."

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Mr. E. G. Kramer went to Carrollton in the early seventies. He is a native of Germany, and one among the first-class of German immigrants to this country. His parents live yet in the old country and Mr. Kramer often takes a pilgrim-



age "to the home of his fathers." He commenced business in Carrollton in a quiet business-like way, and soon proved to the people that he was an honest, enterprising business man. By industry, brain and close attention to business he became a successful merchant and popular man. He accumulated considerable property, but was always liberal and obliging. He took a hand in all enterprises, for the good of the county, church and suffering humanity. He is now a retired capitalist, but is still diligent in every good word and work.

His first wife died after he went to Carrollton, and he afterwards married Miss Nellie Mandeville, who has already been spoken of in these pages. Mr. Kramer has certainly been a splendid addition to Carrollton business men, church and society. An orator, once speaking of Mr. Kramer, in his admiration of him exclaimed, "O, for a thousand Kramers in Carroll." The sentiment was heartily cheered.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### GRIFFIN—ELAM—DOBBS.

Griffin, "Uncle Mat" and his brother, Uncle Charlie, were ante bellum settlers in Carroll.

"Uncle Mat" was a local preacher of the M. E. church South, as good a man morally and religiously as ever lived in Carrollton. He was clerk of the superior court for a great many years and was always complimented by the grand jury on his neat and well kept records. He was strictly an honest man. By virtue of his office he became administrator on a great many estates, and always wound them up carefully and honestly. He had been out of the office nearly 20 years when he wound up the last estate he had in charge, then walked a considerable distance to find the lawyer who had aided him in the administration to pay the remainder of his fee. The lawyer told him he owed him nothing, and if he did it was out of date. "Uncle Mat" insisted on paying it, because it was an honest debt. Of course the lawyer very "reluctantly" took the money and thanked "Uncle Mat" for his honesty, who replied, that "no one was entitled to praise for being honest, it is a duty."

He was the father of several good children. His son, Welcome, is a successful civil engineer in Atlanta, Ga. His

daughters were: Miss Mattie, wife of Mr. J. S. Wise; Miss Georgia, wife of Mr. J. W. Merrell; Miss Mollie, wife of Mr. J. N. Wood, of Atlanta, and Miss Bennie, wife of Hon. Jesse Murrah.

Uncle Charlie Griffin, a very ancient citizen, lived two miles from Carrollton where he farmed and made a good living. He was quiet, moral and industrious. His sons are James P., Thomas, Joe and Charley, all now living, good citizens, energetic and prosperous. His daughters were Mrs. Ples Levins, Mrs. G. W. Merrell, his first wife, and one afflicted daughter.

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John Elam settled in the woods out on Buck Creek long before the Civil War. He cleared up the land and became a prosperous farmer. "Uncle John" was a Christian gentleman and strict member of the Baptist church. He had a wise head and a tender heart. The writer only remembers two of his children, Wylie and———. Of Mr. John Elam, the scripture is truly applicable. "Blessed is the man who walketh not after the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful, but whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law (word,) doth he meditate day and night."

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Dobbs, Elijah, was living three miles from Carrollton long before the war, on what is known as the Crutchfield place. He owned several hundred acres of fine farming lands, which gradually slants to the river from the public road, Cedartown road, about one mile. Mr. Dobbs owned a great many slaves, over one hundred. Eli was one of his slaves, was a good industrious and successful colored man after the war. He was an old-time darkey, polite and obliging to white people. He was perhaps the only negro in Carroll who did not love nor drink liquor and who was a prohibitionist.

Mr. Elijah Dobbs was a crippled man and could scarcely walk at all. He had five sons, Lindsey, Thomas, Warren, Clayton and Joseph, all of whom were brave soldiers in the war. Lindsey died near the beginning of the war and left a widow and three small children. His widow and some of her children live in Atlanta. There were three daughters, Mrs. "Matt" Conyers, widow of W. B. Conyers of Carrollton is the only one now living.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CARROLLTON, GA.



METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH, CARROLLTON, GA.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

THOMASSON-ROBINSON-McCLURE-JORDAN.

Hon. Beverly D. Thomasson was in Carrollton as early as 1848. He once lived in Heard county, when that county was new, and he was quite a young man. He was once Solicitor General. He was an able, profound lawyer. He was a charter member of the Masonic Lodge at Carrollton, and his brother, father of Mr. J. J. Thomasson was the Secretary. B. D. Thomasson practiced law in Carroll and adjoining counties until some time after the civil war. He was then Judge of the county court for several years, when the court was abolished. In 1874 the court was re-established and B. D. Thomasson was again made the Judge. The writer was the Solicitor. The court was again abolished in 1877. Judge Thomasson then lived in Carrollton a few years longer and moved to Arkansas, and died a few years ago, being very old, and having lived a profitable life. He was a minister of the gospel, as well as a Judge and Lawyer. He raised a large family of children, some of whom are still living. He was a democrat and a strong and influential man in elections.

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Mr. Jesse Robinson was an old substantial citizen of Carroll. He was a successful farmer and accumulated a sufficiency to keep him comfortable in his old age. He moved from his farm to Carrollton a long time before his death, where he lived in ease and comfort the ballance of his life. He bequeathed his children and friends a good name and honorable life.

Uncle "Jack" Robinson was quite an old man, lived in Carrollton, was a merchant many years. He was a good man, quiet and peaceable, member of the Baptist church. He was the father of Miss Carrie, who is the wife of Mr. Lee Vaughn. Dr. Henry R. Robinson is his son. Henry is a public spirited citizen, is now and has a long time been a member of the city council of Carrollton. He aids and encourages every public enterprise, is a very successful veterinary surgeon, and the only one in the city of Carrollton. He is a clever fellow, member of the Baptist church and popular man.

Mr. McClure, settled on the Villa Rica road two miles from Carrollton about seventy years ago, near Curtis creek. His lands ran to the Tallapoosa river, it is among the oldest farms in the County. He died several years after the war. He was the father of Van Buren and Joe McClure, each of whom are old men and good citizens. Mr. McClure owned some slaves, among them, was White and Nelse, two old time negroes, polite and courteous. Nelse, some time ago, seemed to have but little confidence in human nature. Mr. Watt Wells was complaining about the want of promptness of the negro race, when Nelse said, "Yes, Mars Watson, der's mity little pendance in a nigger, much less a white." Mr. Van McClure was a good farmer, a member of the Presbytertian church.

Jerry Jorden, lived just beyond the McClure place, owned a good farm, raised a large family, was County Survevor for a number of years. He was a good neighbor, and popular man.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### MANDEVILLE.

Appleton Mandeville was born in the state of New York, on July 20th, 1802; came to Georgia in 1821; lived in the counties of Clarke and Pike until 1833, when he moved to Carroll. In August 1835, he went to Vermont and came back with a beautiful black-eyed bride, Miss Mary Ann Stewart. He took up his residence in Carrollton and began a long and useful life. He was among the first merchants in the town, and an all-round business man.

For many years the firm was Mandeville & Stewart, and was successful in business. Mr. John W. Stewart was his brother-in-law and partner. Mr. Mandeville led a quiet and peaceful life. He was very intellectual and practical. His counsel and advice was never thrust upon anyone, but many, young and old often sought advice and instructions from him, which he always gave cheerfully and without any sort of egotism. His advice, when followed, almost invariably led to success. He was no theorist, but had good, hard, common, practical sense.

He lived on the hill south-west of town, now Maple street, where he built a splendid dwelling house and com-

modious out building. He owned and had operated a tan yard, at the head of the tan yard branch, which is there to this day. He accumulated a competency and retired from actual business as a merchant after the civil war, having adequate income from the proceeds of the property he had accumulated by honest toil and thoughtful mind. He was a very courteous and polite gentleman and had the happy faculty of entertaining and causing his inferiors to feel perfectly at ease in his presence and at his home. He was always ready and willing to aid and encourage every public enterprise. He was a leader, but seemed not to know it, he was a patriot without boasting, he was a philanthropist without ostentation.

He lived pleasantly and happily with his good wife for fifty years and on August 23rd, "His children rose up and called them blessed." On that day, their golden wedding was celebrated at his spacious home. His children, grand children and many friends, Mayor and Council, and other officials met to do honor to the aged and honorable couple.

Ministers of the gospel, laymen and all the people rejoiced because of that happy occasion. Many presents were bestowed, and congratulations offered at that time. Then Mr. Mandeville was 83 years of age. He lived a few years longer and then, "Sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," he passed away, "like one who draws the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

It is unfortunate for a community to lose such a man, but may be his mantle has fallen upon another, to a great extent, and that his influence, and example will still live and bear much fruit.

He was always a moral and temperate man, but never made a public profession of religion until late in life, when he joined the Presbyterian church, and was a regular communicant and liberal contributor to the support of the gospel until his death. He raised to maturity, four sons and five daughters. The first son was patriotic "Pat," who volunteered early in the Confederate army, and gave his young life for his country, being killed in battle in Virginia.

Leon P. was next, too young to be a soldier, has lived in Carrollton all his life. He is a public spirited citizen, good writer and splendid historian, though he never compiled his writings, which if done would be very valuable.

He always took an interest in politics, as a democrat, yet seldom ever sought office, yet he was elected and served one term as State Senator.

L. C., "Cliffie" as his friends often affectionately called him, was a very bright boy in school, could play and have fun half of the time and keep ahead of his class. He began business as a merchant, and by dilligence, close application and honest dealing, accumulated a sung fortune and retired from that business. He is now president of the Mandeville Cotton Mills and is a large stock-holder therein. He is large stockholder in the First National Bank, of which he is also president, and other industries. He was fortunate insecuring for a wife, Miss Carrie, a beautiful and intelligent daughter of the patriot and scholar, Maj. John M. Richardson.

Mr. Will is still living in Carrollton at his father's old homstead, to which he is very much attached. He never married.

The daughters, were Salina, the wife of Mr. Eli Colclough of Rome Ga.

Mollie, who first Married Prof. Stansel, one of the first teachers in the Old Carroll Masonic Institute. He died and after the war she married Mr. D. G. Wilson, who died only a few years ago. She lives in Carrollton, and is a most excellent lady.

Nellie became the wife of a nice gentleman, successful business man, Mr. Earnest G. Kramer. Mrs. Kramer is very entertaining, hospitable and charitable.

Eugenia "Tott," was a smart girl. She married Mr. Ed Long and died in her early woman-hood at Carrollton.

Lula was the last to leave the old homstead. She was the last to be with, comfort and care for and make pleasant "the old folks at home." She bacame the wife of Hon. H. W. Long, the present mayor of Carrollton. She died young, leaving a vacancy that cannot be filled. Surely death loves a shining mark.

(The writer wishes to state that the above has all been written from memory, and his own observation, and some friends, with no aid or suggestions from any member of the family. So with others written about in this volume.)

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

DR. JAMES N. RODGERS.

Dr. James N. Rodgers was a pioneer citizen, intelligent gentleman, splendid orator and public spirited man. He always felt a deep interest in his country's welfare, and was well informed on the politics of his day. He was always dreaded by the speakers of the opposite side of politics because he was always eloquent and his arguments were convincing. The following circumstance which occurred several years before the Civil War at the justices court ground in the Sixth District of Carroll illustrates the fact above stated. The party in the majority in that section had a meeting and it was quietly whispered around that all was to rise and walk off when the speakers for their side concluded. Dr. Rodgers was there, and when he arose to reply everybody walked off except Uncle Henry Chance, a good man, but extreme in his political views. Dr. Rodgers seeing them all leaving, exclaimed, "Go, go, go. You don't want to hear the truth, you're afraid of the truth." Uncle Henry Chance looked up and said, "Go on Doctor, go on speaking. I'm here." "Yes," said the Doctor, "the truth never did make any impression upon you."

He lived a long and useful life, and died at Palmetto, Ga. in July, 1868, while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Georgia Smith. He was a soldier in 1836 in the Indian War. Mrs. Lucy T. Russell of County Line is the only surviving daughter. She wrote a very beautiful and pathetic poem about the close of war, entitled "Carroll's fallen braves," which was extensively published in the newspapers. She is an excellent writer, and patriotic lady. Below we publish a poem which no doubt was written by a sister of Mrs. Lucy Russell, although it bears no name or date.

"The following poem, which has been sent us for publication, was written by a lady who was born and raised in this county, but is now living in Cedar county Missouri."

## CARROLL COUNTY.

This is a land of beauty, well worthy remark,

The air comes cool and bracing, from the sumits of Ozark,  
The green grass on the prairie, the cattle wandering free,

The flowers breathing fragrance, the lonely sheltering tree;  
The woods beyond, whose shady depths the song-birds wake to  
tune,

As fresh in August Sunshine, as ours are in June,



The rivers rolling gladly, and leaping many a rock,  
 Enriching all their borders—both Big and Little Sac;  
 The grain fields ever pleasing at even or at morn,  
 The waving of the wheat, and the rustle of the corn,  
 All these and many more as well, are glories of the West,  
 And Cedar in Missouri is a county truly blest.

But far from this cool mountain air, far from the prairie grass,  
 Far from the cattle grazing in light or dusky mass,  
 Far from these shady forest depths, these rivers rolling free,  
 This fine and fertile valley, this blossom scented lea,  
 Far hence to where the red hills rise, my willing thoughts  
 would stray,  
 And, by the dear old "rocky roads," make pilgrimage  
 today,  
 To places where my infant feet went idly wandering by,  
 And where my careless girlhood passed beneath a Southern sky;

Across the Chattahoochee, whose murmurs melt my soul,  
 (And blessed be its shining waves wherever they may roll!)  
 Hard by "Old M'Intosh Reserve," and on towards Rotherwood,  
 Whose grand old elms and evergreens through changing  
 Years have stood;  
 Whose sweet mimosas deck the lane, their rosy arches gay,  
 With humming birds and butterflies, the long bright summer day;

Through deep dark woods of moaning pines, and oak and  
 hickory stanch,  
 To where the "prickly pears" grow thick around the rocky  
 branch,  
 Thence to my native village—oh! the sun can never rise  
 So glorious as there it did to youth's unclouded eyes!  
 My native village Carrollton! no land has such an even,  
 As sunset banners there hung out, against thy western  
 heaven!  
 And memory sighs when folding back youth and its joys together,  
 "Oh! that lost land! oh! that soft clime! that crimson  
 evening weather!

Then Villa Rica's quiet street, my love cannot forget;  
 I see its Locust shadows and I smell its Lilacs yet;  
 While through enchanted distance, as fancy floats along,  
 The memory of Bowdon seems a happy summer song.  
 Oh! blest be every Carroll heart, each hand of ease or toil.  
 And blest be every blade of grass that springs on Carroll  
 soil.

I love her people; Heaven bless their basket and their store,  
 And in serenity of soul, oh! bless them evermore.  
 Kind words from them and words of cheer to me remembrances  
 bring,  
 I've laid them by as hallowed gifts among my precious  
 things.

I love old Carroll's fertile loam, I love her barren sand;  
 I love her as I'd love my home, my own, dear, native land!  
 I love her clear and gushing springs, I love her rocks and hills.  
 I love her blue and bright winged birds her rivers and her  
 rills.

Her soil to me is "holy ground," secure in memory's trust.  
 'Tis consecrated by its bloom, and by its sacred dust.  
 And oh! may ever blessing rest on Carroll's sons and daughters!  
 Where'er they dwell by lake or stream, by still or flowing  
 waters!  
 And heaven's softest dews be shed on Carroll's lovely roses,  
 And happy stars shine overhead, till time forever closes!

## CHAPTER XL.

### CARROLL'S LEGISLATORS FROM 1826 TO 1906.

Carroll county's Legislative members from 1826 to 1906.

The writer is indebted to Hon. L. P. Mandeville for most of this list of members, published in the Carroll County Times in 1896. We have tried to complete the list, but it seems impossible to procure an exact list. Mr. Mandeville wrote in 1896 as follows:

"I have been unable to secure a full list of our representatives and senators from the organization of the county, but give as complete one as possible. In moving the capitol from Milledgeville to Atlanta some of the records were lost. It will be seen that part of the time we had one representative and at others two, also that we have had annual and bi-annual elections. For several years each county had its own senator."

#### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

1827, Fleming F. Adrian; 1828, Allen G. Fambrough; 1829, Allen G. Fambrough; 1830, Boseman Adair; 1831, Boseman Adair; 1832, Johnathan Walker, James H. Rodgers; 1833, Johnathan Walker, James H. Rodgers; 1834, Johnathan Walker, James H. Rodgers; 1835, Abel H. Harrison, James H. Rodgers; 1836, Abel H. Harrison, James H. Rodgers; 1837, Isaac E. Cobb, Jacob Awtry; 1838, Isaac E. Cobb, Jacob Awtry; 1839, Isaac E. Cobb, Thomas B. Espy; 1840, J. H. Rodgers, Thomas B. Espy; 1841, T. B. Espy, Matthew Reid; 1842, M. Reid, Ahaz Bogguss; 1843, Thomas Chandler, I. E. Cobb; 1844, Henry W. Davis; 1845, Henry W. Davis; 1846, —————

## (Terms Two Years.)

1847, Ezekiel Candler; 1849, B. D. Thomasson; 1851, H. F. Merrell; 1853, Matthew Reid; 1855, W. F. Johnson, R. L. Richards; 1857, A. J. Boggus, A. O. Embry; 1859, W. F. Johnson, R. L. Richards; 1861, A. T. Burke, Thomas Duke; 1863, G. W. Awtry, J. B. McDaniel; 1865, Eli Benson, S. C. Candler; 1868, John Long; 1871, John S. Pentecost; 1873, Benjamin M. Long; 1875, F. M. Camp, N. Shellnut; 1877, H. Hogan, E. Philips; 1880, Thomas Jackson, G. W. Awtry; 1882, John Bonner, John Carroll; 1884, W. F. Brown, John H. Word; 1886, G. W. Harper, Lindsey Holland; 1888, G. W. Harper, W. G. McDaniel; 1890, G. W. Harper, E. R. Sharpe; 1892, J. A. Aycock, John McGarity; 1894, J. R. Spence, Jesse Murrah; 1896, W. P. Cole, John M. Moore; 1898, W. F. Brown, J. M. Moore; 1900, J. T. Hixon, N. J. Tumlin; 1902, J. T. Hixon, E. T. Steed; 1904, H. J. Reeves, E. T. Steed; 1906, W. F. Brown, M. D. Watkins.

In 1877 the state constitutional convention was called and Carroll sent Dr. R. L. Rowe and Judge S. W. Harris. The time for which Hogan and Philips were elected not having expired, they held on until the election in 1880.

## LIST OF SENATORS.

1827, Arthur Alexander, 1828, ————: 1829, Allen G. Fambrough; 1830, C. Bowen; 1831, C. Bowen; 1832, William Beall; 1833, William Beall; 1834, Jiles S. Bogguss; 1835, Jiles S. Bogguss; 1836, William Beall; 1837, Johnathan Haynes; 1838, Johnathan Haynes; 1839, William G. Springer; 1840, J. S. Bogguss; 1841, William Beall; 1842, S. C. Candler, 1843, John T. Chambers; 1845, James Long; 1847, Willis Willingham; 1848, Jacob Eberhart; 1851, B. F. Hardeman; 1853, Wesley Camp; 1855, D. M. Bloodworth; 1857, D. M. Bloodworth; 1859, H. F. Merrell; 1861, W. P. Beaseley; 1863, ————; 1865, J. B. McDaniel; 1867, W. W. Merrell; 1871, G. W. Peddy; 1873, G. W. Peddy; 1875, J. T. Slaughter, 1878, John A. Speer; 1880, W. H. Daniel; 1882, L. P. Mandeville; 1884, J. H. Traylor; 1886, R. H. Jackson; 1888, E. R. Sharpe; 1890, Seth Tatum; 1892, P. H. Whittaker; 1894, E. R. Sharpe; 1896, W. W. Turner; 1900-1, W. D. Hamrick of Carroll; 1906-7, E. T. Steed of Carroll.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Annie Wheeler Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, organized at Carrollton, Georgia, on the first day of June, 1900, with the following charter members.

## MESDAMES

W C Adamson	R H Fitts
J Y Blalock	Mary K. Fender
Hattie Baskin	J R Griffin
J T Bradley	Loula Haralson Cobb
H C Brown	W C Hodnett
J L Caldwell	Joseph Kingsbery
Maggie Camp	E B Meadows
J E Driver	Mattie Perry
J J Thomasson	T B Slade
E W Wells	L P Mandeville
J R Sewell	H R Robinson

J Q Stokely

## MISSES

Ruth Brown	Eugenia Mandeville
Pauline Brown	Nell Mandeville
Mary L Caldwell	Anine Sharpe
Mary C Hodnett	Eya L Thomasson
Ida Hodnett	Emma Williams
Clara Meadows	Pauline Harris
Lula Kingsbery	Kate Murphy
Mary LaRoche	Lucy Merrell

The following have been added to the chapter and are now active members:

## MESDAMES

E B Brodnax	M B Lester
E A Brown	Hence Merrell
Otho Bledsoe	E H Powell
M M Bradley	W O Perry
G W Cheney	J W H Russell
W S Campbell	C H Radford
W A Coleman	E C Smith
E A Copeland	L W Sewell
F M Camp	S N Shields
Geo P Fuller	Emmett Smith

## MESDAMES

J H Fitts	L M Turner
Laura Garrett	Mollie Ward
A O Hale	Y G Wyley
A E Holland	Laura Kingsbery
R D Jackson	Pauline Kennedy
Paul Jacks	

## MISSES

Leila Adamson	Pearl Campbell
Mary Gaston	Lucy Harris
Estelle Sims	Italy Simonton
Cora M Simonton	

Annie Wheeler Chapter marked, with marble slabs, forty-five graves of Confederate soldiers; sent to Jacksonville, after the fire, thirty-five dollars in money, and a box containing about five hundred garments; helped to build the Winnie Davis Memorial Annex at Athens, Ga, and also sent \$65.00 to furnish a room at this building; they send flowers, or money to buy them, to decorate soldiers graves at Camp Chase, Ohio, each year.

They sent a large collection of roots, bulbs, and shrubery to beautify the soldiers home in Atlanta Ga; they assisted in building an iron fence around soldiers graves at Marietta, Ga; each year they observe Jefferson Davis and R. E. Lee's birthday, and memorial day; on memorial day they decorate the graves and entertain veterans at dinner.

They have conferred Crosses of Honor on most all the worthy Confederate Veterans in the county, and are now making earnest efforts to raise sufficient funds to erect a handsome monument to the heroes of Carroll county, every body ought to aid them in their work of love and patriotism.

## CHAPTER XLII.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF ANNIE WHEELER CHAPTER  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

To the ordinary observer of the map of Georgia Carroll county does not appear so different from its neighboring counties. Situated on the western border of the State and surrounded by the counties of Haralson, Paulding, Douglas, Campbell, Coweta and Heard it seems only one of many fertile well watered counties of western Georgia. It is only the real citizen of Carroll who has breathed her health-giving, invigorating atmosphere, who has drunk of her delightful water and wines, etc., who has eaten of her delicious fruits and vegetables until he knows himself to be in bone and muscle and sinew, as well as in heart and mind and affection, a part of Carroll county himself. It is only such citizens as this who fully realize that Carroll county is indeed the center of the universe, and as such is a most exceptionally desirable location. Perhaps the earliest settlers did not realize this characteristic of Carroll, for I have heard that it was at first the home of the Pony Club, an organization of horse thieves. But it speaks well for the natural inclination to virtue, produced by living in Carroll that that organization did not long control the county, whether they were converted and became good citizens or removed to locations more congenial to their profession I do not know. But Carroll was soon free from their dominion and became the home of hardy pioneers, whose descendants, in many instances still cultivate the fields their ancestors cleared along in the twenties.

Carroll county has never been to much extent the home of criminals. I have heard it said that the first man who was ever hung in the county was hung because the people of the county had never seen a man hung and they all wanted to go to a hanging. The case, as I have heard it, was that of a man quarreling with his wife and he started to strike her and she held the baby up to receive the blow and he killed the baby. But that was in the old days. No man quarrels with his wife in Carroll now, and there is not a mother in the county who would use her baby as a shield. We have outgrown all the errors of our infancy as a county and these things are only mentioned to show that we are perfectly fair in our representations of the county, mentioning the evil as well as the good. Carroll county has always been one that the balance of the State could depend upon in any emergen-

cy. She has always been willing to do her part and more than her part. Her roll call of soldiers in the war between the States was much larger than her voting population. Another thing about Carroll is she has always sent to the Georgia other legislature the best men that were there. And men from counties have got to mind how they talk to our men, too.

What is to be the future of Carroll? With the best of natural advantages she cannot fail to make wonderful improvements in the next few years. She has just begun a system of road working that when completed will make all roads in the county like city streets or equally as good for the purpose required. She will soon have completed factories enough to employ all the laborers of the county outside of the farmers. These factories have excellent schools for the children of the laborers and every provision is made for their comfort and advantage.

The merchants of Carroll county keep only first-class goods, which they sell at reasonable rates, making it a pleasure to trade with them.

The citizens of this county are a religious people, and a state of affairs that is much harder to find, they tolerate each other's religion. They are actually christian enough to hold meetings together and allow the converts to join any church they please. This shows that the churches in Carroll are blessed with pastors that are not only fine preachers, but are real christians and everybody knows what a rare combination this is. If any one is looking for a home whether he is a rich man with much money to invest or a poor man who has to make a living for himself and family or an invalid seeking health, or one who merely seeks to enjoy the society of his fellows, Carroll county is the place of all others for him to come, for no where else can he find such profitable investments, such an easy way to make a living, such wholesome and revivifying water and air, or such clever and friendly people. And they will all take pleasure in welcoming new comers just for the pleasure of showing them what Carroll county is like. No one could possibly be homesick in Carroll for any other place in the world because they would naturally rather be here than there. Carroll will hold a great many more people, therefore we invite all restless persons to come here and cast in their lot with us. If they are not already the right kind of people they cannot live in Carroll long without becoming good citizens.

L. T. RUSSELL.

## CARROLL'S TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

Some time during the year 1830 the citizens of Carroll county built the county's first court house on the public square in Carrollton, Ga. This was a building 20 feet square, made of logs, but contained a plank floor and the door also was made of plank. The total cost of the building was \$37.

This structure answered the purpose of a court house for several years, when it was removed to give place to a frame building containing glass windows and more than one door. Not until 1857 did Carroll's citizens make an improvement on this building, then they erected a brick house two stories high. On the first floor were several rooms for county officers and attorneys-at-law. For some years the court house had the distinction of being the only brick house in town. It was occupied until March, 1894, when the county affairs were removed to the handsome new building which had been erected on the corner of Newnan and Dixie streets. This structure, very different from the first of its name, cost very nearly \$35,000 and does credit to our town and county.

The auditorium, where is held the sessions of Carroll's superior and city courts, is both comfortable and commodious and is used for other gatherings when a pleasant and roomy hall is desired. On the same floor with the auditorium or court room, as it is generally called, will be found two jury rooms, the judge's chamber, a grand jury room and a room for the solicitor general.

Although Carroll county is the "garden spot of the earth," it requires a considerable amount of dealing out of law by our authorities to keep things always in good working order. The superior court is held during the months of April and October, which has been so ably presided over for a number of years by our fellow townsman, Judge S. W. Harris, is now under the supervision of Judge R. W. Freeman, who does his part nobly and well and will no doubt fill the position creditably for years to come.

Judge W. C. Hodnett presides over the city court well. Whether guilty or innocent the prisoner at the bar always expects justice at his court.

On the first floor of the court house will be found the rooms for the various county officers. Entering from the north the first room on the right is occupied by tax receiver and collector. The next room is occupied by School Commissioner J. S. Travis, who is quite a popular officer and



grows more popular every year.

The third door on this side the hall leads into the ordinary's office, where will be found a fire-proof vault, in which is kept records of wills, administrations, roads and various other things too numerous to mention. Judge S. J. Brown has filled the office of ordinary for twenty years, and many who have made investigation have said that no one could have filled the place more creditably. It is necessary to hold court in this office also, so on the first Monday in each month an especial court is held, when all things which come within the jurisdiction of the ordinary's court are attended to.

Just across the hall from the ordinary's office is the office of the clerk of the superior and city courts. Here is another fire-proof vault containing more records, deeds, mortgages, court proceedings. Mr. J. H. Barron has held this office for quite a number of years and those who examine his records always report everything in first class order and our clerk kind and generous.

Leaving the clerk's office and going toward the north entrance we next pass the justice court room. This is generally a real quiet place, but at stated times a session of court is held herein with Esquire J. T. Norman or Esquire G. W. Merrell presiding. One at not too great a distance may then hear some very eloquent speeches made by our prominent attorneys.

Adjoining this room is that of the sheriff, where Messrs. Tanner and Acklin may be found.

Our tax receiver, Mr. Broom, at present is quite busy getting ready the tax digests. His visits to the people are made in the spring and he is always very welcome, for he's pleasant and jolly and doesn't call for cash—only the promise of it is required. That isn't so bad, but when Mr. Kingsbery comes around promises won't do—and he's sure to come—and he's so good-natured and "cherry" that he is ever welcome, even if he does demand county and State tax.

One room on the first floor of the court house must be mentioned just here. That is Judge Hodnett's office, which is situated at the south end of the hall, just between the two vaults and is in a very conspicuous place when the telephone bell rings.

RUTH BROWN.

## CARROLLTON'S PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The carrollton Public School was begun in 1887. Since that time her interests have been studied and promoted by an able and efficient Board of School Commissioners, presided over by the wise and venerable president, Dr. W. W. Fitts.

Through the efforts of these gentlemen and other progressive citizens, Carrollton has one of the handsomest, and largest brick school buildings in the State. It is steam heated, well ven'ilated and well furnished. Its location could not be better. Nature seems to have designed the beautiful hilltop as the site of an Institution of learning. The spacious grounds are well shaded by large oaks, and we hope that in the near future the field north of the building will be converted into a botanical garden.

The faculty is composed of competent, energetic, christian men and women. The superintendent, C. K. Henderson, is a strong, earnest, just man and a progressive scholar. Mr. L. M. Spruell is principal of the Boy's High School and Mrs. T. B. Slade of the Girls'. As far as practicable the departmental system of work is carried out in the High School. The three primary grades and the four grammar school grades are in charge of teachers whose training and qualifications eminently fit them for their respective work. Manual training of the kindergarten sort is taught in the first and second primary grades. Hamel's System of Manual Training is taught in the third primary grade and in the grammar school grades. The scope and the thoroughness of the work done in the school is attested by the fact that its graduates are admitted into our colleges and university without examination.

During the past year the school has enrolled 468.

## THE CARROLLTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

How many people are there in Carrollton and Carroll county who know nothing about the Carrollton Public Library, one of the best institutions in our midst? Judging from small amount of interest manifested in it there must be a large number. But we are sure that this indifference is largely the result of lack of information as to the scope of this most valuable enterprise, for ours is too intelligent a community to question either the usefulness or the elevating influence of public libraries. No argument is needed to convince us of their uplifting tendency, for that has long been

proven; what Carrollton needs is not an abstract belief in libraries, but a personal knowledge of its town institution.

The best way to gain this knowledge is to visit the library rooms in person; the next best is to "lend us your ears" while we tell you a few things about it.

The existence of the library is due first of all to the Carrollton Woman's Club, which, under the wise direction of its moving spirit, Mrs. Joseph Kingsbery, brought about the organization of a Library Association on March 19, 1899. This move was made possible by the co-operation of a number of the public spirited men and women of the town, one of whom, Mr. L. C. Mandeville, gave besides other benefactions, the use of two comfortable, carpeted rooms.

With \$75 given by the Woman's Club, \$50 given by the city council and other sums by private subscription the library began life, and for five years has been furnishing profit and pleasure to such a portion of the public as is willing to take advantage of it and to aid in its support.

The library contains 540 volumes, covering a range of literature wide enough to meet the requirements of every class of readers. This collection is added to from time to time. The rooms are open three afternoons a week for two and a half hours each time. The public has full and free access to the reading room, which is supplied with daily papers and various periodicals.

With this brief view of the past history and present status of the library let us add a few words as to the future. The Association has a small fund of \$200, which is loaned out at good interest by its treasurer, Mr. J. R. Adamson; this fund is the nucleus of one that, it is hoped, will some day put the library on a free basis.

City fathers! If you would aid by setting apart for this purpose even the small sum of \$100 annually the library could now be made free and be open all the time. Also it could be kept up-to-date in methods and supplies, and if properly treated it will so enhance property values as to fully repay you for every dollar spent in its maintainannce.

ITALY SIMONTON.

Emanuel Martin was one of the first and best citizen of Carroll. He was of strong will and determination, good neighbor and an upright man. He lived about three miles south of Carrollton, where he reared a large family of noble sons and daughters, many of whom still reside in Carroll. Captain James B. Martin the oldest lives in Carrollton, was a gallant confederate soldier, and is now a splendid citizen. We have not now the names of the other sons and daughters, but they are honorable and excellent people. Emanuel Martin was a soldier in the war with the Creek Indians, in 1836. He was a member of the grand jury in 1832 which defied the Judge an account of which was written by Hon. L. P. Mandeville in 1897 as follows:

"Sixty years ago it was customary for grand juries to express, in their general presentments, their views upon all the public questions of the day, whether state or national.

"In 1832, during the presidency of Jackson, the States Rights party in South Carolina asserted in a convention held in Charleston, the doctrine of Nullification. Jackson met this declaration with a proclamation in which he declared that the laws should be executed and the union "must and shall be preserved. Governor Lumpkin, of Georgia, strongly opposed the action of our sister state. The same grand jury that exhonerated and complimented the Slicks for suppressing the Pony Club, endorsed Gov. Lumpkin's course, in what was then a national issue. It was an able and lengthy report pointing out the disastrous results that would follow the action of South Carolina as they knew the mettle of which Jackson was made.

#### DEFIANCE OF THE COURT.

"When it was read in open court, the judge, Watler T. Colquitt, stated that on acconut of certain personalities and the general tenor of the report he would not allow it to be spread upon the minutes of court. The foremen, William G. Springer, a mental and physical giant, (for he weighed over 400 pounds and was one of the brainiest men in Georgia,) leaped to his feet and openly defied the judge. In tones of thuuder he said the grand jury was the most independent body of men on earth and had unquestioned right to express their views upon any and all subjects of a public nature and swore that the report should be printed and recorded just as they had drawn and read it.

"He carried his point, for the judge saw that he had met a man backed by a jury that was not to be trifled

with. This bold and defiant attitude towards the judge who was then supposed to be the embodiment and infallible exponent of all law, was the theme of conversation for many months in the county. It was characteristic of a people who, menaced by a common danger, had for months defied all law to rid themselves of a common danger.

"Wm. Springer was a very remarkable man. Physically he was the largest man, from what I learn, who ever lived in the county. He came here from Hancock, where he and two other 'heavy weights' were once drawn on the same jury. The combined weight of the three was over 1,300 pounds. Usually such men are not very intellectual but Mr. Springer was an exception. He originated the idea of building the state railroad, his idea being to secure a charter for a road from Augusta to Carrollton and one from Macon to Carrollton where they would unite and build together to Chattanooga. In 1837 he ran for the senate with that as the main plank in his platform. He was opposed and defeated by Johnathan Haynes whose constituency reasoned that the building of the line would destroy one of their main sources of ready money, namely, that made by hauling freight from Augusta, Macon and Columbus to country merchants all along the line. Before the building of the road from Augusta to Atlanta merchandise of all kinds was hauled by farmers from the former place to all points west.

"At that time each county had a senator and they were elected every year. In 1838 Haynes again defeated Springer by only 31 votes. The next year the same parties were pitted against each other and Springer was victorious by 13 votes, but failed to secure the passage of his pet measure. He died in 1840."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### THE PONY CLUB AND CAPTAIN SLICK.

"The Pony Club was an organized band of horse thieves in the early settling of Carroll. The principle object was to steal horses, run them off, sell them and divide the spoils. It extended from South Carolina, by Augusta and through Georgia to Alabama. Their principle point of operations were in Carroll, but existed to some extent throughout the then new country of western Georgia. They

had members living along the line of operations every few miles. A man would steal a horse, sometimes from his nearest neighbor in the early part of the night, carry him over to another member of the clubs who would carry him on ten or twelve miles further, and each return home and be in bed at day next morning. The horse was hidden out in day time and sent on at night. The farmer who had lost the horse, would seldom ever suspicion his neighbor, finding him at home early in the morning. The thief would pretend to have great sympathy for the looser of the horse, volunteer to help in the search for the horse and thief, often he would lead the searchers in a different direction from the way he had carried the horse. It was difficult to track the horse, there being no public roads, only small roads and Indian trails. The country was most all a forest and the trails were usually covered with leaves or grass, so that the horse left no visible tracks.

"Sometimes strong circumstances pointed to the thief, the grand jury would indict him, but his pals were always on hand to prove an alibi, so it was impossible to convict. "Uncle" "Tom" Chandler, the first lawyer in Carroll was always on the side of the prosecution and a lawyer named Bowen was for the defense. Bowen was a man who pretended to be very brave and was always blustery. On one occasion he became very wrathful when Uncle "Tom" was firing his strong arguments against the horse thief. Bowen walked up to a table before the court and laid a large pistol on the table with a "bang" saying at the time "I am not going to be imposed on, I am going to have my rights."

"Uncle Tom deliberately walked up to the wall of the old court house, pulled a large wooden peg from the ceiling, used to hang hats on, walked back to the table, threw the peg down by the pistol and turning to the court said, "I am going to defend myself. I am not going to be imposed on." The crowd cheered, laughed and ridiculed the lawyer and his pistol out of the court house.

"Not being able to convict the thieves in court, the good farmers determined to take vengeance in their own hands, defend their property and punish the the thieves. They organized into companies and called themselves Slicks. The writer knew well two of the Captains Slick, both in north side of the county.

"Sloman Wynn of the sixth district and Geo. S. Sharp of the tenth. They were both brave and determined men,

and their followers had the utmost confidence in them. They caught a great many thieves, tied them to a tree and gave each thirty nine lashes with hickory withes on the bare back, and then ordered them to leave the country. Thirty nine was the legal number of stripes during the time of the existence of the whipping post.

"Captain Sharp, thirty-five years ago pointed out to the writer where his Company whipped one thief, it was in the upper part of the 10th, district, five miles from Carrollton.

The following interesting account of a battle royal is taken from a letter written by Hon. L. P. Mandeville, and published in the Carroll County Times of March 26th 1897:

"Excitement was intense and bitter hatred existed between the two parties. It finally culminated in a street fight at an election held in 1832, as near as I can learn. The Pony Club were in Carrollton in full force that day and a regular "knock-down-and-drag-out" fight was waged between them and the Slicks. No knives or pistols were used in those day. Men fought with their fists, rocks and sticks. Both sides fought desperately, but the Slicks, led by the intrepid Giles Boggess, then sheriff, were victorious and the reign of terrorism was practically ended.

"At the next session of the grand jury, after this fight, the Club presented Boggess and his associates, who were really and in truth, the aggressors, charging them with assault and battery, assault with intent to murder, etc. There may have been members of the Club on the jury, and doubtless were, but the innate determination to see that justice was done, swept aside technicalities in the jury room as it had in the forests. Instead of bringing in true bills against them the grand jury, in their general presentiments, commended the Slicks for the course in the fight, and in the name of the county, thanked them for their valliant efforts to suppress crime and banish criminals.

That silenced the Pony Club forever, so far as Carroll county was concerned. The gang was broken up, a few settled in the county and made good citizens, not from conversion of heart but through fear of the law, but the majority left the county. It was a desperate remedy, but it was a desperate disease and needed heroic treatment. No member of the Slicks was hurt and only one member of the Club was killed. He was shot while escaping with a stolen horse, near where Hickory Level postoffice is located. I would be glad to publish a list of that grand jury but the



records are lost. William G. Springer was foreman.

This epoch in our history when our forefathers took charge of their own affairs, enacted and enforced their own laws gave the county the name of the "Free State" of Carroll a soubriquet which clings to it still.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### CAMP ODUM.

Camp Odum is about four miles southeast from Carrollton. It is an historic spot in Carroll.

The following article by the editor and addresses by Hon. L. P. Mandeville and Judge W. C. Hodnett explains it in a most beautiful and interesting manner—taken from The Carroll County Times of June 1906.

### THE PICNIC AT CAMP ODUM.

On June 6th, 1906 a party of people met about four miles from Carrollton, to hold a picnic in commemoration of an event that transpired there many years ago. The event was the camping of the Carroll County Guards at that place on June 6th, 1836.

The officers of that company were Capt. W. L. Parr, first lieutenant; James H. Rodgers, 2nd lieutenant; Emanuel B. Martin, 3rd lieutenant, Appleton Mandeville.

The people who met there were all old acquaintances, and enjoyed the day most pleasantly in each other's company. They erected a marble slab in commemoration of the event they were celebrating. Then while sitting under shade of the trees, they were entertained by remarks from Capt. J. B. Martin, Judge W. C. Hodnett, and the Hon. L. P. Mandeville. All these were listened to with much pleasure to the hearers and were greeted with great applause.

After that came dinner, always an important item at a picnic. It was just exactly the right thing at the right time and the greatest plenty of it. All the good things were enjoyed by those present. The coffee, the iced tea, and the lemonade were especially appreciated. All through the day the old people seemed to have a fine time talking over the days when they were young.

After dinner a shower of rain came up when the pic-



nickers accepted the hospitality of Mr. Doster and essembled in his house where they were further entertained with some fine music from Mrs. Mandeville, Mr. Doster, Miss Mary Hodnett and some others. While we were in the house the young folks prepared a surprise for us and as we came out two or three at a time, each was invited to partake of a cup of hot-cream-coffee, but no one took more than a swallow, as salt had been substituted for sugar. The young folks had much fun as a result of their hospitality. Altogether the day was one long to be remembered, and the 6th of June is to be an annual picnic occasion at Camp Odum from now on. The speeches will be found below.

SPEECH OF HON. L. P. MANDEVILLE.

It has been suggested by one of the speakers that I give some history of the purchase of this land from the Indians. The treaty that consummated the deal was made at Indian Springs in Butts county, in Feb. 1826. Duncan G. Campbell and James Meriwether acting on the part of the Government and McIntosh, a half-breed Indian and chief of the Creeks who owned this land on the part of his tribe.

The agreement was that the government gave the Indians an equal number of acres in the west and \$400,000 to boot. Previously the Indians had agreed not to sell any more land to the whites and they were so incensed at the action of their chief that they murdered him at his home in this county on the banks of the Chattahoochee.

Furthermore they refused to leave the county and in 1836 the Government called for troops to expel them by force.

It was in response to that call that the men we have met to honor today volunteered their services. That they all returned alive does not detract from their meed of glory. They offered themselves on the altar of their country, and more man cannot do.

It is carelessly thought by many that the United States has had few wars. Yet the reverse is true. The early colonists were at war continually with the Indians.

Compare it, (United States) with older countries it will not suffer by so doing. It has existed as a nation about one seventh as long as the Roman Empire stood; one eighth as long as the English monarchy has stood; about the same as compared with Russia, that immense domain that covers one sixth the habitable globe and yet in all that conduces to

the wealth, prosperity and happiness of a people we rank with them all, even in the period of their highest glory. It is a country worth living for, worth dying for. I have often wanted to offer my life in her service but the accident of birth has ever been in my way. I have always been too young or too old to go to any war we have had. While I have never fought in a regular army still I enlisted four years ago under a little general who has proved a perfect marinet. She keeps me busy digging trenches, (in the garden;) fighting grass and weeds, skirmishing around for something to eat and incidentally recruiting the infantry of my country. Still I want to die for the United States and now as ever I want to choose the mode of my death. May I so live that you will all join me in the wish that I die for my native land of good green old age.

SPEECH BY JUDGE W. C. HODNETT.

Ladies and gentleman. We have assembled here today to commemorate the action of some of the citizens of this county seventy years ago. At that time there was a crisis in the affairs of this State that called for prompt action on the part of the citizens, and these men of Carroll freely and voluntarily left their homes and families and offered their services to the State.

When Georgia was settled the lands of the State belonged to the Cherokee and Creek Indians. The white people obtained some of this land from the Indians before the Revolution, and the remainder of the State was obtained by successive treaties made by the National Government with the Indians. The Government paid the Indians the amount agreed upon for the lands and was to move them to other homes beyond the Mississippi river. Many of them would not go and had to be removed by force and some of them were very hostile and would murder the white people. Seventy years ago the Indians were giving the white citizens a great deal of trouble around West Point and all along the western side of the Chattahoochee river, and it was deemed necessary to conquer them and to remove them. These were the conditions of affairs that caused this military company to leave Carrollton seventy years ago today.

They left Carrollton a short while before the sun disappeared beyond the western horizon, and this is where they camped the first night as they were going on that perilous journey to fight a fearless and treacherous foe in his native

wilderness. This was a dangerous undertaking and it required great courage to hunt up and attack this band who were perfectly familiar with every part of the forests and jungles and who seldom fought in the open or spared the life of a captive.

This block of marble has been erected to the memory of this company of soldiers. May it stand as long as time lasts, and we always cherish a lively recollection of these valorous men.

This camp was named by his comrades for one Benton Odum who was a member of that company of seventy years ago, and it is still known as "Camp Odum."

At the request of Captains James B. Martin and Leon P. Mandeville, the decendants of the men who were members of that company, and those who were so fortunate as to marry these decendants, and their children, were to assemble here today to erect this little monument and enjoy the first picnic at "Camp Odum."

By having been so fortunate as to marry a granddaughter of Dr. James H. Rodgers, I have the pleasure of being with you on this occasion.

We are not here today either to defend or to criticise the action of the Government in acquiring this land as it did and at the price paid for it. Opinions may differ on that subject. We are here for a more notable purpose. The citizens of Carroll do not forget. May the time soon come when a large monument will be erected in the city of Carrollton to the sons of Carroll who gave their lives to the Southern "Conederacy" for a just cause.

The action of the men commemorated here today made it possible for the conditions to be as we find them now. Instead of a thinly settled country with immense forests full of prowling Indians and wild beasts as it was seventy years ago; as you travel along the roads it is almost impossible to get out sight of a house, the homes of a happy, industrious, and prosperous people. Besides, we have numerous broad highways, and one of the best little cities in Georgia, with reliable merchants, accomodating banks, factories, mills, shops, etc. This is an age of progress, and Carroll is no laggard.

As it was in 1836, so it has ever been. When the necessity arises, the State or National Government calls, the brave men of Carroll are always ready and willing to leave their families, their homes, and all that they possess, and to go to the front where the danger is and do their full duty as men.

May it ever be thus with the citizens of the "Free State of Carroll."

## CHAPTER XLV.

## THE COBB FAMILY.

The writer has been engaged, for the last few months in writing and compiling a history of "Carroll county and her people," and having written about many good families in the upper part of Carroll, it may not be improper to say something of the Cobb family as so many of them live in Carroll.

The writer has a letter from a Mr. Walker L. Cobb, of Beloit Ohio, who is writing a history of the Cobb family in the United States.

1st. He says to the writer: You are a descendant of the youngest of three brothers who came from Wales to Virginia in 1733, their names were Samuel, Edmond and John Cobb, John is the head of your branch.

2nd. He says further, I have in my possession an old land-grant from King George, II, for 207 acres of land in Southampton, Virginia, to Samuel Cobb, dated 19th of August 1758, in which he gave his two brothers, Edmond and John, who came with him from Wales to Virginia, five hundred acres of land each.

4th. John Cobb, the younger brother was the father of Anderson Cobb, who was the father of James Cobb, who was the father of Isaac E. Cobb.

5th. Isaac E. Cobb was born in Anderson, South Carolina, 5th day of August 1805. When a young man he moved to Franklin County Georgia, where he married Fannie Chandler the youngest daughter of Joseph Chandler, and sister to Thos Chandler of Carroll.

6th. Isaac E. Cobb moved to Carroll county in 1828. He built, (so we are informed,) the first store house in Carrollton, on the north side of the square, where Mr. C. H. Stewart's store now stands. He built a small house where the first Baptist church now is, and lived there a few years. His oldest child was born there, he then lived three miles from town, where the place is known as the Dobbs-Cutfield farm. He moved from there to the Buck-horn Tavern, near where Temple is now, and died on the 12th day of August 1852, and was buried at Old Bethel Primitive Baptist church.

7th. He represen'ed Carroll four times in the Legislature, three times in succession. He was sheriff of the county for several years, and held some other offices of trust and profit.

8th. Isaac E. Cobb left six sons and two daughters, as follows: William W. Cobb, who was a soldier in the Confederate army and died of disease in July 1864 at LaGrange, Ga. He was buried at Pleasant Grove church, near Harttown. He married Jane Hart, and left three children who were raised to maturity, I. O., E. H., and John T., the last named died in 1884.

9th. The next was John M. Cobb, who was a soldier, and Captain of Co I, 56th Ga. Regiment. He was severely wounded at Jonesboro, Ga., in battle in July 1864 from which he never entirely recovered. He was Justice of Peace for thirty years after the war. He died at his home in Villa Rica in July 1905. He married Adaline Embry, who is now living, at her home with an unmarried daughter, and other relatives and friends.

10th. John M. Cobb raised to maturity seven children, as follows: Isaac E., Albert T., Milton P. and Ollie, the latter died in 1886, being then a young man of sterling qualities. The daughters are Fannie Hyde, Nannie Connell and Lula Cobb, living.

11th. The oldest daughter of Isaac E Cobb, was Martha, who was the first wife of James Lawrance Baskin of Hickory Level. She died in 1858 leaving two children, who are Alice Turner and Fannie Chambers of Carrollton.

12th. James H. Cobb, the 3rd son of Isaac E., lived at Temple. He married Lizzie Walker. He was a Confederate soldier and survived the war. His children were Lula Winn, Felix N., William I, John and Walker M. all living except Felix and William.

13th. Mary, the second daughter of Isaac E. Cobb is the wife of Rev. C. M. Baskin of Hickory Level. They raised to maturity thirteen children as follows: Mattie, Lizzie, Hattie, Jennie, Natie, Myrtis, Addie and Dositt; Jimmie, Joe, Walter, John and Samuel, all living except Jimmie and Joe.

14th. Thos. B. and Geo. N. Cobb, went to war in 1861. Thos. B. died in army and was buried in Oakland Cemetery in 1864 at Atlanta, Ga.

15th. Geo. N. Cobb was also a soldier in Co. F., 7th Georgia Regiment and served through the war—came home, went to Texas and died in 1866—neither of the last two ever married.

16th. Joseph L. Cobb was the sixth son and eighth child of Isaac E. Cobb. He was in the army two years—to the

end of the war—went home, married Augusta Grow in 1868. Has two children, Hugh B. and Joseph, both of whom live in Atlanta, Ga.

17th. There are a great many grand-children, and great-grand-children of Isaac E. Cobb in Carroll. There are many good families connected with the Cobb family by marriage in Carroll; such as Hart, Embry, Walker, Baskin, Grow, Connel, Kinney, Sikes, Hyde, Pope, Turner, Chambers, Taylor, Timmons, Henderson, Allen, Wynn, Bledsoe and others, most of whom live in Carroll county.

The above is a correct geneology of the Cobb family in Carroll from 1733 to 1906; embracing 6 generations. We hope it will be appreciated and preserved by each of the descendants of the Cobb family.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### OLD CITIZENS.

Some of the first settlers of Carroll are mentioned and important events in Carroll are given by Hon. L. P. Mandeville in "The Carroll County Times," in 1898 as follows:

"As stated previously, Carroll county was surveyed in 1827. When first laid off it embraced all the Creek land in Georgia west of the Chattahoochee river. Starting at a point on the Alabama line about two and one-half miles north-west of the present city of Tallapoosa and running east along the Cherokee line to the Chattahoochee, gives us the north line, the river was the east line and the State line the western boundary, making the county in a "V" shape. The present site of Buchanan, in Haralson county, and all of the city of West Point, that lies in Georgia and west of the river were in Carroll, giving us a domain of about sixteen hundred square miles, or 50 per cent. larger than the State of Rhode Island. Parts of Heard, Troup, Douglas, Campbell and Haralson have been cut off at different times.

### EARLY WHITE SETTLERS.

"According to the treaty the Indians were to vacate the land by the first day of September, 1829. During that year, but before that date, some whites settled in the county. I have been unable to learn who was the first settler, but in

the first five or six years there came Giles S. Boggess, John Long, Hincbe P. Mabry, Thomas Roddy, Emanuel B. Martin, Needham Jarnigan, Sloman Wynn, A. M. McWhorter, Larkin Turner, Neill Stone, John Robinson, Isaiah Beck, Jesse Kinney, James Hix, Hiram Sharp, Sr., and his two sons Hiram and George, David Bryant, Wm White, Thomas Bolton, Sanders Ray, Barnes Williams, Wm. Stewart, Major W. D. Jones, Zadoc, Thomas and John Bonner, Wm. Boone, W. B. Gillev, Elijah McPherson, John T. Chambers (known as "honest John"), Allen G. Fambro, Thomas and Lindsey Chandler, John A. Jones, John C Price, James Bryce, James Stripling, Jeremiah Cole and his two sons, Gilbert and Vandiver, Wm. F. Smith, Levi Benson, Joe Benson, M. Aderhold, James Goggins,, A Mandeville, Sanford Kingsberv, Col. William O. Wagnon, James Baskins, Henry S. Curtis, William West and his son George, Gen. William Beall, William Merrell, Isaac E. Cobb, William G. Springer, Christopher Bowen, Matthew Reid, George Reid, Lewis Hamilton, Thomas McGuire, Rance Thompkins, Lee Bird, Barney Michael, the wit of the town, Wm. L. Parr, Dr. Davis, Ben Merrell, Dr. Mehaffey, Ben S. Merrell, the father of W. W. and H. F. Fleming, F. Adrian, Boseman Adair, James H Rodgers and many others, some of whose names will appear as this story progresses.

"With strong arms and hopeful hearts the little band commenced the labor of changing an unbroken forest into habitable homes of plenty and rude refinement. Land was cleared, swamps drained, stores, churches and school houses built, courts organized, officers appointed, and all the machinery of home government set in motion.

#### OUR FIRST COURTS.

"John Long, Thomas W. Bolton, James Harris, Archibald Nelson and Thomas Goddard were the justices of the first Inferior court. They met at the McIntosh reserve on the 31st day of May, 1827, and proceeded to draw the first grand jury. Fifty-four names only were put in the box and from them they drew the following thirty-six:

"Clayborn Lawrence, James Fulton, Carrington Knight, Seaborn Watts, Thomas York, George Marler, William Brice, Leonard Burns, James Dickens, Robert Cooper, John Buse, John Gaden, Henry D. Beman, William Harris, Arthur Alexander, John Lawson, Archibald Nelson, George Lamar, Willis Rabun, John K. Rooker, James Cooper,



James Harris, F. F. Alley, Thomas Watts, John A. Cradick, Littlebury Watts., William Shipley, F. F. Adrain, Denny Strickland, Thomas Hogan, James A. Garrison, George W. Nelson, William Watson, Chesley Burk, James Upton, Right Majors.

"From this number the requisite twenty-three were sworn; the records being lost I cannot secure their names.

"The records of the superior court for the first few years were lost during the late war, it is claimed, and the records of the lower court are my only source of information. No mention is made of the place where the first superior court was held, but a well founded tradition locates it also at the Reserve and—Thomas as pesiding judge. "Uncle" Tom Chandler has has often told us that he was present at that court, that only one other lawyer was there and that it was held at the Reserve. To those of us who knew him, his word is as good as written record.

"In June the justices of the Inferior court met again on lot No. 115, in the 5th district and authorized Thomas W. Bolton, one of their number to buy that lot for a permanent county site. As that court has long been abolished it may be well enough to state for my younger readers that it had all the power of the present justice court and the court of ordinary combined. They looked after the roads and bridges and all public property; provided for the poor, tried misdemeanors, etc. On the 18th day of July, 1827, they met again on the same lot, and Bolton reported that he had bought the lot for \$208.00. They ratified the trade and ordered that henceforth the place should be the county seat and known as Carrollton. The county seat and county were named in honor of "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," one of the singers of the Declaration of Independence."





VILLA RICA HIGH SCHOOL, VILLA RICA, GA.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND COUNTY OFFICERS.

The public schools of Carroll are in a flourishing condition under the efficient management of Mr. J. S. Travis, School Commissioner of Carroll county.

## Statistics in 1905:

No. Pupils of School age, whites	6818
No. Pupils of School age, colored	1821
No. of Schools, white	77
No. of Schools, colored	21
No. Pupils in School, white	6091
No. Pupils in School, colored	1523
No. Schools run for 7 months or more	56
Amount of Public School fund	\$21,000

Many of the Teachers salaries are supplemented by the patrons.

Value of school property and supplies	\$72,400
No. Teachers white, males	64
No. Teachers white, females	52

## Y OFFICERS.

J. H. Barron, Ordinary;	P. P. Kingsbery, Tax Coll'r.
B. F. Brown, Clerk;	O. F. Lambert, Tax Rec'er.
A. B. Jones, Clerk;	R. Hensley, County Treas.
S. B. Pace, Clerk of Courts;	O. B. Pearce, Surveyor
Miss Mary Gaston, Deputy;	James Johnson, Coroner.
J. B. Webb, Sheriff;	W. C. Hodnett, Judge City
A. D. Hagan Deputy;	Court.
	C. E. Roop, Solicitor.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## CAMP McDANIEL-CURTIS. NO. 487.

ORGANIZED APRIL 9, 1894.

## MEMBERS:

Allen, A W	Jones, W T
Adams, Wm	Jones E L
Abercrombie, J T	Johnson, J'C
Alexander, Jno I, deceased,	Jones, Willis D

Adamson, J W	Kirkly, W T deceased
Adamson, G R	Kelly, J H
Almer, J W	King, J W
Allen, W S	Knott, Benj.
Allen, W M	Lyle, J D
Aderhold, G W	Lyle, W M
Brown, H C	Lyle, R C
Blalock, J Y	Laidler, J H
Brown, J L	Lee, I E J
Brown, J R, deceased	McDaniel R C
Bloodworth, C C	Merrell, G W
Beall, Wm	Mullinix, J O
Baily, H C	Moore, J P
Benford, J H L, deceased	Martin, J B
Bonner, G A	Millican, S W, deceased
Brooks, J J	Muse, Z W
Brown, B F	Morgan, J M
Buckalon, J L	McCray, W H
Burnett, J W	Morris, J S
Burns, S F	Mitchell, Jno. A
Baskin, F W, deceased	McMichael, Wm.
Black, Cap A J	Merrell, T F, deceased
Butler, F M, deceased	McClain, J R
Barton, C J	McDonald, J A
Baskin, J L	McPherson, E H
Bell, G W	Merrell, W D
Bell, Nathanel, deceased	McWhorter, N A
Brown, J C	McAllister, W A
Bowen, John M	Moore, J T
Bivins, R M, deceased	Mobley, J A
Burns, J W	Marshburn, F W
Bonner, T J	McClendon, F W
Bain, Donald	Meeks, S U
Bryce, J F	Moore, J S
Brown, C B	Mullinis, Jas.
Banks, F M	Norman, J T
Bonner, W S	Nance, J F
Baily, J B	Perry, W O
Banks, I	Perdue, I B, deceased
Burns, John	Patterson, J W
Barron, O G, deceased,	Perkins, J A
Caldwell, J L	Powers, D T, deceased
Cheny, G F	Pearce, J N
Copeland, J	Phillips, D L

Cobb, Jas H  
 Chandler, P H  
 Copeland, J P  
 Craven, J L  
 Craven, W L  
 Craven, J M  
 Camp, L J M  
 Carlton, T H  
 Chambers, Jas A  
 Cobb, Capt J M, deceased  
 Coleman, W A  
 Craven, J K P  
 Crider, A G L  
 Creel, G D  
 Camp, M H, deceased  
 Conyers, W B, deceased  
 Curtis, W E, deceased  
 Causey, W J  
 Chambers, G W  
 Chappell, W P  
 Cook, G W  
 Crews, F W, deceased  
 Carroll, E B, deceased  
 Carter, J R  
 Chappell, J B  
 Camp, W C deceased  
 Camp, E T  
 Coleman, E M  
 Day, F J  
 Duncan, F M  
 Dorr, H. deceased  
 Duke, A M  
 Evans, Bonney  
 Ernest, T R  
 Embry, Jesse  
 Embry, W J  
 Fitts, W W  
 Folsom, J A  
 Freil, Z T  
 Fullilove, J T  
 Fain, N, deceased,  
 Farmer, J W  
 Famby, W A  
 Griffin, J R, deceased

Perdue, J P  
 Pollard, T J  
 Roan, Hugh  
 Reid, H M  
 Rivers, H C  
 Russell, J W H  
 Richards, J M, deceased  
 Russell, M R  
 Roberson, H R  
 Reeves, E W  
 Richards, C T  
 Rigsby, W L  
 Roberson, J T  
 Reid, R D  
 Roop, J R, deceased  
 Richardson, W W  
 Reid, N D, deceased  
 Roan, Thos.  
 Sharp, B A  
 Sasnett, W J  
 Slade, T B  
 Stephenson, J W  
 Sims, D W  
 Stallings, J M D  
 Spence, J W  
 Spence, W M  
 Stephenson, W B  
 Shinn, Josiah, deceased.  
 Strickland, H H, deceased  
 Sharpe, E R, deceased  
 Sewell, J D  
 Skinner, N T  
 Skinner, W W  
 Sparks, W H  
 Steel, I, deceased  
 Stallings, D W  
 Strickland, W W  
 Simpkins, B F  
 Smith, B H  
 Shadinger, John  
 Smith Chas.  
 Taylor, J L  
 Thompson, G W  
 Tanner, J G

Gordon, W D, deceased	Tillman, D N
Gaston, J J	Tysinger, B F
Gentry, W A	Tumlin, N J, deceased
Garrett, W J	Tumlin, J S
Grice, Alex.	Tyson, Alex.
Gaulding, Wm.	Tweedle, J T
Housworth Robt.	Thornton, C W
Harris, F M	Thompson, F A
Harmon, A D	Tidwell, R M
Hanvey, Wm.	Turner, L J A
Helton, S E	Urquhart, M A
Herrin, R A	Velvin, J J
Hyde, J M, deceased	Vandergriff, J W
Huggins, W B, deceased	Watson, W G
Huckeba, J B	Wells, E M, deceased
Holloway, W W	Worley, C W
Hembree, S	Walker, J M
Hughes, J F, deceased	Waldrup, S H
Hamrick, J W	Williams, A G
Haynes, T J, deceased	Williams, J R, deceased
Hanvey, Thos.	Williams, Jasper
Harris, S W	Webb, J M
Holloway, E M	Webb, J A
Hembree, G W	Weir, T P
Hern, W S, deceased	Wiggins, H N
Irvine, W T	Winson, N A
Irvine, J J	Whitmore, E C
Jones, J H C	Ward, A F
Jones W M	Wynn, W T
Jackson, D H	Word, J W
Jackson, W W	White C
Jackson, H A	Widner, A A
Jackson, Thos. J.	Williamson, F W
	Zarborough, I T

Geo. F. Cheney is the present commander—and W. O. Perry adjutant.

All of the above have received crosses of honor through Annie Wheeler Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## PLUG UGLIES.

Plug Uglies, was a name assumed by an informal disorganized organization of school boys at Carrollton 1866, between the ages of fifteen and twenty years, for

In 1857, when John and Chas. Rodahan built the brick court house—for ten thousand dollars—the old w en court house, two stories high, was rolled off the squa the south-east corner, where Mr. Wyley Stewart's store stands. The old house was usually occupied by Dr. Tan and "Uncle" Tom Chandler's goats in the day time, an the Plug Uglies at night. Lee was the regular elected tain, being the tallest and best one to plan "ways means" for fun for the boys. The object was for r ing but innocent fun. Some of the older men and p cians were hard to convince that it was not for political poses. Being just after the Civil War, when govern was in a state of chaos and the "Ku Klux Klan" was o rampage in Georgia and the south. The Plug Uglies have had some influence in detersing evil doers and pressing crime, though that was not its object, but wa fun for the boys. They would fish, hunt and bathe t er. Often at night, between the hours of 9 and 11 o they would meet, make speeches, go serenading with ol pans for tamberines, kettle drums or anything with wh make a noise. There was a quartett of excellent singer by Cliff, who as everyone knows is an expert vocalist. would always be treated by the good matrons to cakes, and other good eatables at once, so as to get rid of the

Carrollton's witty poet, George, expressed of the the day after Christmas, in the first verse of a poem was published thus:

" 'Twas Christmas night—the solem clock  
Had tolled the hour of one,  
When Clifton, with a dozen more,  
Resolved to have some fun."

The poem gave an account of what was done t Plugs that night; unhung gates, removed buggy wheels the school and church bells, serenaded, and engaged i "innocent" amusements. When the bells were some believed it was a fire alarm and that jovial, ge tured gentleman who had a store up town, Col. Beall, drew a picture of himself that night as he r

he thought was a fire, with his hat flying behind him, as he hopped, jumped and ran with his stiff leg greatly in evidence. No real injury was done, no property damaged and everybody laughed and took it as a joke.

All of those boys are now old men; some dead, others married and have nice families and are amongst the best citizens of the county and state.

There is an organization now called Plug Uglies in Boston, Mass.—the object of which we are not informed, but no doubt took the name from the original Plug Uglies at Carrollton, for it was the only one ever heard of since 1866.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### FUN, FOLLY AND FOOLISH.

Many of the following, were taken from the writers scrap book, commenced thirty five years ago. Some of them may be stale, some chestnuts, but perhaps all the people have not heard all of them, some of them have not heard any of them and some who have heard them may like to hear them again. However, some of them, some time may be used to "point a moral or adorn a tale."

#### QUERIES.

Are the Southern Infantry, children in Arms?

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl.

When is a ship not on water? When it is on fire.

Horses sometimes run for cups, but not so often as men.

Why is the letter A like twelve o'clock? Because it is the middle of day.

Why is a true philanthropist like a well trained horse? Because he always stops at the sound of woe.

Why is a wise man like a pin? Because he has got a head and always comes to a point.

Strange but true. In building a house you raise its and in pulling it down you rase it also.

A country dentist advertises that "he spares no pains" in making his operations satisfactory.

What is the difference between a milk maid and a swallow? One skims the milk and the other skims the water.

A lazy fellow lying on the grass said, "O," how I do wish this was work and well paid for.

Why has a shoemaker advantage over most kinds of mechanics? Because his goods, when finished are always sold.

Why is a live turkey less noisy than a dead one? Because one makes a din, and the other a dinner.

"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a conceited old bachelor. "Yes," said Jinks, away from you.

Why is a vain young man like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither are satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

At a printer's festival the following toast was offered: Woman, second only to the press in the dissemination of news.

A person invited an acquaintance to dinner on 29th, day of September, saying, I always have a goose at dinner on Michaelmas day.

An old batchelor seeing the words, "families supplied," over the door of a shop, stepped in and said he would take wife and two children.

A farmer posted his land thus. Whoever is found trespassing on these premises, will be killed and prosecuted.

A young lady studying French found that "belle" ment fine, told a friend in a letter that we have had a great deal of belle-weather lately.

Why are ladies like watches? Because they have beautiful faces, delicate hands, are more admired when full jeweled, and need regulating very often.

Nell, do you know why that fellow who trod on my corns last night is like the commader of a regiment? Give it up. Because he is a Cur, Nell (Colonel.)



A politician exclaimed, in his speech, who is a negro? Jinks answered. A thick-lipped, kinky-headed, flat-nosed, long-heeled, dark-colored, loud-smelling, individual that has got this country in a devil of a snarl; was once used by the farmers to make money for the good of the country, but is now used by politicians to make capital for the ruin of the country.

A physician boasting at a dinner, that he cured his own hams, one of the guests remarked, "Doctor I had rather be your ham than your patient."

A lawyer was trying to sell a farmer a tract of level land and praising it greatly. The farmer said, "Sir," "Why," is this land so much like a lawyer. Give it up. Because it lies well.

Why is a dead lawyer like a live lawyer? Because he lies still.

An old farmer, was talking and boasting of his religion and knowledge of Scripture, when a lawyer walked up. Said the farmer, the "Bible says woe unto you lawyers." immediately replied, "yes, and it says woe unto you hypocrites," "so we are on an equality in that respect.

Sign over the door of an academy, out west. Freeman and Huggs; Freeman teaches the boys and Huggs the girls.

A man in Carroll wrote a Justice of the Peace, thus; "continue my case, my wife's sick, till the third Saturday in next month."

Teacher, to the class, "if a son kills his father it is patricide." "If a father kills his son, what is it? Smart boy. "Sunny Side."