

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OR
MEMOIRS
OF
DR. ABRAHAM JOBE
OF
ELIZABETHTON, TENNESSEE

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

III

My parents knew nothing of these memoirs. I did not know about them until Jan. 1952 - when recovering from a broken foot, Mary Mc Cown (a Lepton ~~cousin~~) brought me a copy to read. I read all right, could not put it down. I treasure this
P.M.D. (1958)

MANUSCRIPT
SECTION AC. NO. 1039

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, or MEMOIRS of Doctor A. Jobe

Written by himself. Born Oct. 9, 1817 -

(Dr. Abraham Jobe, Elizabethton, Tenn.)

A copy of the original autobiography, written by my great-uncle (a brother of my mother's father, Lepton Jobe of Johnson City and one of its founders.)

Uncle "Abe" led a varied life - he was well educated and possessed many talents, as this book proves. Too bad this diary is not more detailed, but I am so thankful for his foresight in writing this.

The reader will find much history here. I had three copies bound, feeling it should be preserved for posterity.

I copied, in longhand, notes made by Uncle Abe, from left side to right side of page (due to binding).

Pauline Massengill Die Friesse

Aug. 16, 1962

Bristol, Tennessee.

INTRODUCTION

The first settlement on Boon's Creek was in the year 1769 by William Bean, and that of the Watauga Old Fields was the next year, 1770 and on by the Duggers, Honeycutt, and others.

Early grants from North Carolina covering the site of Johnson City were to Robert Young, David Jobe and Jacob Hoss.

Robert Young, of Bedford County, Virginia, was an early member of the Wm. company of Colonel William Christian against the Cherokees, and 1776 bought land in the southwestern part of town and erected a log house which dates to about 1775. His grants covered where the Veterans Administration is today.

Jacob Hoss came in 1788 from Lancaster County, Penna., and took up land in the eastern part of the town's area. He had served in the Revolution in Pennsylvania.

David Jobe, also a Revolutionary soldier having served in the company of Captain John Tipton from Shenandoah County, Virginia, came in the year 1777, and appears on the Washington County list of Taxables in 1779 as having five horses, two cows; 55.4.6 in money, and no negroes. His land was in what is now the downtown area of our City, reaching from Youngs' grants on the west to that of Hoss on the east. (meaning Johnson city, Tenn.)

As most of the first settlements were made along creeks or rivers, which gave them their name, ours was "Brush Creek Flats." Thus we were designated in the early maps of Washington County - even up to 1850, we were the "Brush Creek district." I find a petition dated 1813 for a road from Dugans Ford on the Watauga to

the Sullivan County road, thus making a very good road from Elizabethton to Blountville, which would also be useful for the Brush Creek settlement going to the Salt Works in Virginia.

David Jobe, like many of his neighbors was a Baptist, and his name and that of Abigail, his wife, is on the first roll of Sinking Creek Baptist church, his contribution being 0-1-6, only that given by Edmund Williams & Samuel Tipton, who each gave 0-6-0, surpassing his.

David Jobe died in 1803, intestate while Abigail's will is dated 1819. Both must lie in unmarked graves somewhere in downtown Johnson City.

I commenced writing this Book on the 10th of October 1849. See Andy Benton's Case. See page 113. ** The Johnson monument page 235. 3

Trip to Col. McHorton's on Piscataway Creek. In State of Maryland, about 10 miles beyond Washington D.C. ** Saurratt 4

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, or MEMOIRS of Doctor A. Jobe. 5

Written by himself.

INTRODUCTION.

Having often been requested by relations, and intimate friends, to write a Biographical Sketch of my life, I rather reluctantly consent to do so, especially, that it may be for the perusal of my children, and such friends as may desire to refer to many incidents, that occurred in my somewhat eventful life, and not for publication.

In this hastily written sketch, it will be seen that I ignore all style, and for want of time, I satisfy myself, if not my reviewers, to hasten on in a rather reckless manner with my details, making no effort at elegance of language, or superior diction. And in as much as I am not writing for the litteratti, I do not expect to be criticised.

I was born in Carter County, Tennessee, three miles from Elizabethton, on the 9th day of October 1817. 6

My Father, Joshua Jobe, and my Mother, Ruth Tipton, were of Virginia stock. Their Fathers, David Jobe and Thomas Tipton moved from Shenandoah Valley, Va., shortly before the Revolutionary war. *6-20 My earliest recollections: Residence in Cades Cove.*

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ove.

David Jobe, my Grandfather, settled on Brush Creek, in Washington County, immediately where Johnson City now stands. And some

Read article on Cades Cove, July 1962 "National Geographic" 2.
by Chief Justice Wm. O. Douglas - (would have been glad to have
loaned him this had I known he was writing it) P. M. D.

of the Tiptons settled in Watauga Valley, in which Elizabethton,
the County site of Carter was afterwards located. And some settled
on Buffalo Creek and Sinking Creek, and all about here. Describe
where my Great Grandfather John Tipton settled.

After my Father's and Mother's marriage, they resided for some
ten years in Carter County, a part of which time my Father was Deputy
Sheriff of said County.

When I was about four years old, ¹⁸²¹ he bought 640 acres of fine
land in Cades Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, and moved to it.

I can remember leaving Carter County, and remaining first night
at Uncle Abraham Jobes', (now Johnson City) on our way to our new
home in Blount County; the distance was about 125 miles. 7

Many of our relations, and friends also moved to Cades Cove; on
account of the fertility of the soil, and the superior advantage in
raising stock, etc. The Cherokee Indians who had been such a terror
to the settlement in the Watauga Valley and surrounding country, caus-
ing the settlers to live in Forts for safety, were still lingering in
small bands, in the mountain fastnesses along the range of the Smokey
Mountains, which lie immediately south of Cades Cove and form part
of its boundary.

My Father and our relatives from Carter County were among the
first settlers in this part of Blount County; and among them was my
Mother's Brother, Jacob Tipton, with his wife and two children; a
Son and Daughter, Jacob and Nancy.

All went well for a while. Indians could be seen only occasion-

ally prowling around; but would soon leave, and get back into the deep mountain gorges. Game being very plentiful, my uncle was out hunting one day and had wandered farther than usual into the mountains, and did not return that night, and when search was made for him next day he was found in a deserted Indian camp, on his knees leaning against the side of the camp, where he had been murdered by the Indians. They had cut off one of his fingers and fled. Lasting impressions can be made upon the mind at a much earlier age than most people think.

I can distinctly remember hearing Rev. George Eakin preach in Cades Cove when I was only six or seven years old, and can remember short sentences in his sermon. Here is one sentence, "I have but one son; and I would rather see him carrying the Gospel over these mountains than to see him sitting on the throne of England."

Rev. George Eakin was an Irishman. He was an eccentric man, but a good man. I've heard him preach a great many times since I heard him in the Cove. I heard him preach in Carter and Washington Counties since I was married and moved there.

Cades Cove is about six miles long and three miles wide on an average, from my recollection of it, and completely surrounded by mountains.

The land when we lived there was very rich and fertile, and produced abundant crops of every thing that could be raised in that climate; but corn was the principle crop. This crop was raised to such extent a few years after we moved there, that I saw corn sell at 6½ cents a bushel, because there was no market for it.

As my boyhood years advanced, I began to catch on to some of the artful ways of some men to gain an advantage over others; some by mental superiority and some by mere physical force. In illustration of this, I must detail a memorable encounter that took place at my Father's home when I was about eight years old.

Dangerous fight
between Jake
Tipton and
Father.

Captain Jacob Tipton, a son of "old Revolutionary Billy Tipton," and cousin to my Mother, owned and lived on a farm adjoining my Fathers'. He was an intemperate man, was counted a "Bully" in the community. Nearly everyone was afraid of him, and he knew it, therefore, he was very overbearing and dictatorial.

Dangerous
fight between
Tipton + my
Father

My Fathers' farm and Tiptons' joined. It became necessary to open a ditch through both farms to save a large wheat crop for each of them. It was agreed between them that Father should have the ditch thrown out each way by turning plough, and Tipton was to have his hands to throw the dirt out with shovels immediately after it was ploughed. Father did his work according to contract; but Tipton failed to perform his part of the contract. At the time this ditch was made there was no cast moldboards - wooden mouldboards were used altogether. I can remember how troublesome it was to stop so often and clean the dirt off the wooden mould-board.

After waiting a reasonable time Father had the work on his farm done, which by contract Tipton should have done, and when the rain came the water passed through Father's farm over the finished ditch, and coming to Tipton's unfinished ditch, it spread over his

memorable
at continu-
"Ruler of
Cove."

wheat, as a matter of course. So the Governor of that part of the
territory was in a rage, and the next Sunday morning he gathered half
dozen of his cronies and came to Father's to show him that he had to
submit to anything he wanted; as he had made others do.

memorable
fight
continued
"Ruler of
the Cove."

11

I remember my Father was sitting in the porch. I think he was
reading the Bible. He invited them in when they came to the gate.
They all came in and took seats, and a friendly conversation ensued.

As this page was left unused, by my hurrying on in such a reck-
less manner, I will here state how our family name happened to be
spelled differently to what it was formerly. The name is spelled
now Jobe. It was spelled formerly Job, as it is in the Bible.

10

name spelled
differently.

I have heard my Father say a way back, as far as I can remember,
that when he and his two brothers, Abraham and John, were all young
men, they concluded to add the E to the name for the sake of sound.

I am satisfied that is the true history of it. I find by re-
ferring to abstracts of titles to lands at Johnson City, most of
which are traced back to my Grandfather, David Jobe, who originally
owned nearly all the lands where Johnson City proper now stands,
his name is always found signed "David Job."

In a Printing Office the three letters Job are pronounced "JOB".
The same letters in the Bible are pronounced Jobe.

I, as one member of the patiecant family regret that my Father
and his brothers added the E to the name; and it had the effect to
alter the name. I still often leave the E off.

This is written on the 7th day of February 1902, at Louisville,
Kentucky. Postoffice address 1520 Preston Street.

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Father did not know at that moment that they had come to do him any harm. Within a few minutes, Tipton asked him to walk out in the corner of the yard for a private conversation - as it seemed.

They had been talking but a few moments until I saw Tipton grab Father by the throat, to choke him. Father was whittling a little stick with his pocket knife at the time, and he dropped his stick and cut Jake's throat from ear to ear, cutting to the Jugular; but fortunately not cutting the vein.

My Father was of medium size, spare made and always fooble. Jake was in his prime, hale and hearty - the "Bulley" of the Cove, and weighing 200 pounds or over. He immediately threw Father down, and jumped on him, and would have given him an unmerciful beating, in the presence of the six ruffian accomplices, and they never attempted to prevent him. But my brave Mother, having no friend to represent her, ran out and gathered a club and dealt him two or three blows; and he jumped up and kicked at her. By this time Father ran up with a rock in his hand and as Jake came at him hit him about the stomach, and he fell like a beef shot; but rose at once, vomiting. But nothing daunted, he was as brave as Sullivan and ready for a third round. ¹² (Fight cont)

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tinued

As he came at Father this time he had a large flat rock, which he had to throw with both hands. Father dodged his head to one side, or it would have split his head open. By this time Father had gotten a large lump of clay, that had fallen out of the kitchen chimney, it was nearly as hard as a brick-bat, and as his antagonist came at him, he hit him in the mouth, as he was cursing and threatening what he would do with the carcass of Father, even out daring Goliath, when he

was about to encounter David.

The dreadful lick so well aimed knocked out five teeth and split his upper lip to his nose, and mashed both his upper and lower gums in a frightful manner. He lay covered with blood from his throat and mouth for a few seconds; but still wanted to renew the combat.

Father had thought of his gun by this time, and had stepped into the house and got one of two guns he had, and one of the men who came to see the whipping well done, took the gun from Father, and Father immediately snatched the other gun and said: "You attempt to touch this gun and I'll shoot you." "I am defending my life and my home, and you must not take another gun out of my hands."

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And Lewis Jones knew he dare not undertake it. Father took his seat in his own door with his loaded rifle across his lap; the house occupied for the time by Jones and Mother's house girl. As young as I was, it made such an impression on my mind it can never be erased. I can see him sitting there, as plain as I did the morning it occurred. He seemed as calm as if nothing unusual was transpiring.

Tipton walked to the steps, cursing and foaming, as though he would enter; but when Father very calmly told him, if he put his foot upon his porch, he would be a dead man, he knew he meant all of it; and would not risk it.

Upto this time, these half dozen men had not raised a finger to prevent the shedding of blood, which was imminent all the time the fearful fight was in progress; with no one in sight nor hearing but themselves, the two combatants, and my Mother, and her children, too small to render assistance, even though a killing had been the consequence.

This was a shocking scene for one so young as I was to witness; but was an object lesson to be indelibly stamped upon my young mind - a kind of foreshadowing of much that would follow in my somewhat eventful life. It made a deep impression on my mind. (Fight cont)

Young as I was, I took in the situation, with the odds against Father, he being a weakly man, and his antagonist a large portly man, there with half a dozen picked men, who were selected to see the work well done, I expected to see my Father killed, or badly beaten up. But when the fight ended, his assailant had received all the wounds, and the only mark on Father was a cut with his own knife across his wrist when he brought it down after cutting Tipton's throat. It ended as all such attacks should end; in favor of the innocent.

When Tipton recovered from his severe injuries he sent a friend to Father to request him to set a time for a friendly meeting half-way between their residences, with a member of their neighbors, where he would make acknowledgements and promise ever afterwards to live in friendsh(ip). All of which was faithfully carried out.

I was now old enough to go to school. Educational facilities at that day, (say about 1825), were not very good, especially in such out of way place as Cades Cove. The school teachers could not be expected to be as thoroughly educated as they are now. I commenced going to school.

At the first settling of the country the sturdy yeomanry had, as a rule, all they could do to fell the forests, clear up the lands, and make support for their dependent families. What schools we had at that day were of the most primitive order; but I believe today, with the experience that has come to me in a life time of 75 years,

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that the kind of instruction given to us then was better adapted to the wants of the people than the curriculum of studies generally taught now in the higher schools.

The discipline in the primitive schools in my opinion was firmer, but more commonsense and reasonable, than we find in modern schools. At the "old field schools" as they were called, we had no recess, as it is now called. It was Study from morning till noon, then an hour for play time, and Study from one o'clock till turning out time.

And teachers received less than half the tuition now paid. It is now common for schools to be principally distinguished for high tuition fees, and recess.

Under Butler Tipton, William Davis, Arindatis Martin and others, who taught in Cades Cove and in Tuckeleache Cove, the students advanced rapidly. My memory was good, and I made fine progress at these schools. O! if my memory was as good now. I then took a pride in studying; especially in being at the head of my class, spelling by heart, and getting the prize at the close of the school, which I often did. 16

I went to school a while in Tuckeleach Cove, and boarded with a Mr. Smith. (Marginal note: I went to school, taught by Arrindates Martin, in Tuckalecche Cove. About six miles from our home. This was about the year 1825. I can remember the name of several families who lived there at that time. My brother David, five years older, and I, boarded at Esquire Smiths'.) Then I went back to my Uncle Abraham Jobe's in Washington County, where Johnson City now stands,

to go to school to J. W. F. Gates, a German Teacher, and the very best teacher I ever went to. I also went to school to Rev. James Miller, The schools in thoss days never lasted longer than three months, consequently; we were out of school the best part of every year.

My Father cleared up a considerable amount of his 640 acres of land in the cove, and raised a good deal of stock; but after trying it ten years, he got dissatisfied, because he was so hemmed in by mountains, it would forever keep down the price of farm products, and his growing family would have very poor educational advantages, and to add to his discouragement, a disease called the

"Bighead" got among his horses, and killed thirteen of them within

less than two years time. He had a good many fine horses. I remember it affected the horses about in the following manner; The

Fatal disease among horses.

head would enlarge slowly, and the eyes would soon show it by becoming watery and dim, and directly the horse would show in his gait; he would be stiff, and lose nearly all the use of hislimbs.

I distinctly remember one fine colt only six months old running playfully down a hill after its mother, and both forelegs broke close to the upper joint near the shoulder, it didd directly, and on examining we found all the bones rotten and so of others we examined. We tried every method to get rid of this disease, by taking out the troughs, and replacing them with new ones, & c, but nothing would do any good.

In detailing incidents that happened and giving my recollection of things in the Cove, it must be remembered I am drawing

disease horses

heavily on my memory, for it has been about 65 years since I left there; therefore, you can see how easy I could plead the Statute on all I say about it. I will, however, risk a description of the finest Cave I have ever been in.:

It is situated on the North side of the Cove, as I remember a little up on the side of the mountain. I think after entering the mouth of the Cave, one would have to travel about 200 yards to reach the end; where upon looking up the sky can be seen. And clouds flying in plain view. It resembles a long house with a chimney at the end. There is no trouble getting into it. The cave is about as wide as a common room and about as high. I think it is in two apartments. It looks as though something had fallen from above about midway of the Cave - this obstruction is to climb over, then you are into the second apartment, which is about the size of the first. There are a great many small rocks and pebbles in the cave, but the chief curiosities consist in unaccountable formations. One is a large muskmellon, four or five feet long, and of proportional size; having ribs like a muskmellon and the color of one just before it ripens. It is slick as glass, and hard as a stone. The ends are open as if cut to take the seeds out. Then columns run up to the top of the cave as if to support a building. And a table of ordinary height supported by legs. Smooth as glass on top and looks like it was set there for speakers to address a crowd from.

large cave, 18 many curiosities.

the Cave, many curiosities.

How all these things were formed must be answered by some one besides me. I have a desire to re-visit the Cove, not only to see this Cave with its curiosities again, but to roam over many places

associated with my early childhood.

No fruit trees had been planted when we settled in the Cove, and for several years we had to get all the fruit we used from Uncle Billy Scott's, in Tuckyleechee Cove, six miles away. It was two or three years before we had mills suitable to make flour; the only mills we had were little "Tub mills" to crack corn. Father built a mill soon after we moved there, but it was seldom one saw wheat bread on any table there. 19

Game was very plentiful; such as bear, deer, and all the smaller animals in great abundance. We had a pet bear for several years, he was very large, tame and gentle. He would get loose once in a while, but we could always catch him and tie him again. I remember he got loose one night, and came in at a window to where a younger brother and I were sleeping. It scared us badly, but as soon as he drank a churn-full of buttermilk, he went out at the window, and was roaming around about the barn at daylight. I have heard people say a bear could not be hurt by bees stinging them, but its a mistake. I remember one Sunday, while all were at Church, except a few of us little children, our bees swarmed, and settled on the body of the tree above where bruin was tied. He kept looking up at the big knot of bees, as though he would like to know what they were, so after a while he went up the tree, on a tour of inspection. He looked at them for a while, then he wiped them off with his nose; and the bees began to sting him, and he began to "holler", and rip and tare. He broke his collar at last and away he went to the woods, but returned in a few hours. They stung him on his breast and paws, but mostly about his nose and eyes.

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1831.

About the year 1830 the Government of the United States purchased from the Cherokees all their lands lying between the Hiwassee River in Tennessee, and the Chattahoochee River in the State of Georgia. It was to this purchase that my Father moved in the Spring of 1830 or 31.

Moved to Cherokee Nation 1831

He sold his farm in the cove to James Henry, who lived on Little River in Blount County. About the same time, William Henry, son of James Henry, married my sister, and moved into the same house that Father vacated when he moved to the Cherokee Nation in Georgia.

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The place we moved to in Georgia was called the "Big Spring" or Wolf-Stand, immediately on the Federal road, leading from Nashville, Tennessee to Milledgeville, Georgia. At the time we moved there, there were but five families of white people beside ours, living in the Nation. John Ross, the principal Chief of the Cherokees, then lived within five miles of where Chattanooga now stands; it was called "Ross's Landing" then, and for years afterwards.

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Residence
and
events
in
Cherokee
Nation,
Georgia.

Lewis Ross, a brother of John Ross, was a merchant, and lived at the Indian Agency, now Charleston, Tennessee. He owned the Ferry where much travel was done crossing Hiwassee River. Those Ross' were fine looking, intelligent, well educated gentlemen. They were only about one-eighth Indian. They married intelligent, refined, accomplished women in some of the eastern cities.

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I have stayed with both these gentlemen at their homes. They lived in as much style, and seemed to have as many luxuries, and as many colored waiters as the wealthiest white families I had been acquainted with.

(Marginal note)

After we moved back from Alabama to Georgia, we bought a farm from an Indian by the name of Beaver. He married Dick Taylor's daughter. I moved Dick Taylor's family from Georgia, over into the Tennessee part of the nation.

These men, and Dick Taylor, Tom Taylor, Arch Fields, Jack Ridge, Boudinot, and Jack Walker, whom I became acquainted with further on, were all prominent Indians in the Nation, and were all Deligates to Congress; some of them I met in Washington in 1867. Some of them were halfbreeds, and some Quarteroons, but all were educated. They were fine specimens of humanity. In build they were straight as an arrow, with jet black hair, and just Indian blood enough to give them a ruddy complexion.

Most all these Indians named above married white women in various parts of the Union. Dick Taylor married a Quarteroon, and Arch Fields also. I was well acquainted with both these women; they were nice prudent, pure upright women, and raised their children right, and educated them. Joe Van was not a public man, but he was wealthy, and influential. He owned one hundred and fifty negroes and a great deal of stock when I knew him. All the prominent Indians owned negroes, but none owned so many as Joe Van. 22

They had a fine school at Brainard on Chickamauga; just over Missionary Ridge from Chattanooga. This school was kept up by Missionaries during the time I lived there. I know the names of the Missionaries then, but have forgotten them now.

They had a Printing Press also, but I've forgotten its location. (Note: I think it was at Brainard.)

The savage part of the Nation presented a great contrast to the characters I have named - they were generally real, common Indians,

and prided in being uncivilized Indians, and did not want to be any thing else. They had every Indian instinct and characteristic. They were lowdown, ignorant, and often cruel.

The Nation was divided in sentiment about selling their country to the United States, and they became vindictive towards each other, and murdered each other in a few instances.

Attended Councils of Cherokee in 1831-1832

attended Councils of Cherokee in 1831 & 1832.

I attended two Councils held at Red Clay, one in 1831, and the other in 1832. Each Council lasted six weeks. These convocations are of the same significance to the Indian as our Congress is to us. They are clothed with unlimited authority. These two Councils were of much more importance than any ever held before on account of the ratification of the Treaty and sale of their country. The whole Nation was as one man at these "Pow Wows", and they were numerously attended by white men from great distances in other states.

That noble Indian Jack Walker was murdered by Foreman a full blooded Indian riding home from one of these councils. Walker lived about eight miles from the Agency, and he was killed not far from where Cleveland now stands. Walker prided in fine horses. I remember he had two imported stallions. At his sale one of these horses (Revilee) sold for \$2300.00 and Bertrand brought \$2700.00.

Another Indian, whose name I do not now remember was with the cowardly Foreman, in ambush when he shot Walker off of his horse. Both these bad Indians made their escape; but were afterward captured and tried, but by some means, (unknown to me) condine punishment never was meeted out to them. Some names of the common Indians still linger in my memory, such as Bushyhead, Rattling Hoard, Otterlifter, Drowning Bear, Crawling Snake, and Ocoola.

Indian Ball plays

Indian Ball plays.

The Cherokee language is much harder to learn than the Creek language, although the Cherokees are much in advance of the Creeks in civilization. I lived among the Cherokees two years, or more, but was not able to acquire much knowledge of their language. I could only speak a few sentences, but I could understand a good deal when they did the talking. I could understand more from their gestures than from their words. The common Indians of all the tribes I have been acquainted with, to wit, the Cherokees, Creeks, and Chippawas, or more properly, the Ojibwas, have a great fondness for ball playing.

I have attended a good many ball plays in these several nations and at all these ball plays there were large crowds of white people and the general verdict was that there was more amusement and excitement in them than in all the horse races, base balls, theatres, tournaments, and bullfights, they had ever seen. The biggest ball play I ever witnessed was on Taripin Creek, between the Cherokees and Creeks, near the line dividing their Nations. This was while I lived in the Creek Nation. They are entirely naked while they play - not a stitch of clothing on them. Nothing to hinder them in running. They select a level spot of ground, and clear all undergrowth, and rubbish off. Then they put two posts about 15 feet high, and about 10 feet apart. This is done at each end of the ball ground, which extends about a quarter of a mile.

attended with much excitement 25

All the players now assemble in the center of the grounds. One side runs to the east, the other to the west, and every ball thrown between the respective poles counts one. No player is allowed to catch the ball in his hands, he must first catch it in

observed

attended with much excitement.

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his ball sticks, which are made in a peculiar manner, then he can drop his ball sticks, and take the ball in his hand, and run with it, if he can keep the other side from taking it away from him. I have sat on my horse and watched them play when it seemed some of them surely would be killed. (I was afraid to risk being on the ground, fearing they might run over me.)

*Indian play between
Creeks & Cherokees.*

When the ball was thrown up, hundreds of excited players would try to catch it, all being in one mass scuffling for it, after a while one fleet fellow would be seen emerging from under the great mass, and before his opponents would know it, he would be going for his poles. Then those on the other side would break after him - the fastest one in front. If he saw he could not catch him before he would throw the ball through the poles, he would throw himself forward, and catch him by the heel and throw up his hand, and the fellow would whirl over and over like winding blades.

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I saw an Indian's arm broken in that way; and they carried him out and laid him by a log and paid no more attention to him until the game was over.

They will bet all they have on these games; their ponies, clothes, & c.

The Indians love horse racing, shooting matches, card playing and drinking whiskey. Among the Cherokees this character applies only to the wild uneducated Indian. The cultured intelligent Cherokee lives like a gentleman, and has high aspirations, and makes better use of his opportunities than the average white man.

For several decades the Cherokees have made commendable strides towards civilization, and I think they ought to have the

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ball
between
and
ball.

fostering care of our government. They sacrificed a great deal in giving up their homes and going west, and that against the wishes of a majority of the tribe, and it cost the life of several of the best, and most intelligent Indians in the Nation.

I have often wondered how "Uncle Sam" would have done, if a stronger power had said "we want you to stand back a little, we like your country, and we own land all around you, and it suits us exactly, and we will give you more land out west." I doubt if "Uncle Sam" would have given up without a fight.

I omitted one feature of the Indian ball play. Immediately on finishing their game, while hot, and many of them foaming with sweat, they plunge into a pond of cold water, previously prepared, and generally it is at a large spring, dammed up so as to make a large amount of water, giving them ample room to bathe for half an hour. Then on coming out they generally commence their dance. If it is their green corn dance, they continue to dance till the break of day, without any intermission. Their music is made by a drum. The drum is nothing more than a piece of raw hide stretched tight over the head of a churn,

and the music is made by a little Indian boy beating on the raw hide. The men have long feathers in their hair, making them look frightful. The Squaws or women have gourds, and Taripin shells tied to their legs. They dance "the round dance" for they run round in a circle all night. The gourds and shells are full of dried beans, and with the clatter, they make, the Indian men hollowing the war hoop at intervals would make one feel he was not safe among such savages.

I never remained on the ground at these dances but one night - that night with only half dozen white men with me. The civilized,

ing deer
eroked
on in
& 1832.

28
Killing deer
in Cherokee
Nation. 1831-
1832.

educated, good Indians did not play ball, neither did they dance.

"This Cherokee Strip", as I will call it, abounded in game when we first moved there, especially deer. We had rare sport killing deer. One way we killed them was for one to ride a horse with a bell on, the other to walk behind the horse, each with a loaded rifle. Brother David, and I would go into the woods in the early fall where cattle were feeding and move around near the cattle. The deer would pay no more attention to us than to the cattle. When we came near enough to a buck to shoot, the one on foot would step behind a tree, while the one on horseback would move on slowly.

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This maneuvering would give the one on the ground a good opportunity to bring down his game, and he rarely failed. We rarely had to go more than a mile from home to kill a buck in what was called running time in the fall of the year. Another way we had of killing deer was to build a rude hearth with flat slate rock up in a tree at a deer lick, (which were very plentiful in that country) then let a man keep up a light with pine knots, and sit with his rifle in his lap ready to shoot at any moment. When the deer came to the lick they would watch the light, and their eyes would shine, making a splendid target for the marksman in the tree.

Still another way was to plant a gun at the lick in the evening pointing directly to a choice place where they had to pass in entering the lick. Then tie a string to a little bush, and stretch it across that spot and fasten it to the trigger of the gun, then cock the gun and leave.

Go back next morning and generally a deer would be lying there, or would be so badly wounded as to make it easy to follow him. In addition to deer, we had a great many wild turkeys. They were so numerous, that in the fall of the year, it was hard to keep them from destroying our corn crops. We kept rifle guns and plenty of ammunition, and it was fun for us boys to watch round the corn fields and shoot turkeys. Also grey squirrels were so numerous that they could not be kept out of the fields. We often said when we killed one, two came in its place. The fox squirrel was there also, but they were scarce and shy.

I go to Monroe county, Tenn. for 30 a nurse for my sick mother when I was but 14 yrs old

to Monroe
by, Tenn.
nurse
by sick
or; when I
but 14
old.

I have often of late years called attention to what I think is a fact worthy of notice, that as a general thing family government is not as perfect as it was a century or half a century ago. And that parental authority is weakening -- that "young America" is reaching for the reins. I am sure that children now of all ages, "and conditions of servitude", are less disposed to obedience to parents, and especially are they disposed to say "I can't", when asked if they can do so and so.

In illustration, I want to detail what happened in my pathway when I was only 14 years old, and ask boys of this age -- say my grandchildren, for whom this Memoir is particularly written, if they could have answered yes at the age of 14, as I did. About one year after we moved to the Indian Nation, my mother, who had always enjoyed good health, was taken down with dropsy, and she was the main stay of the household. The only daughter old enough to wait on her was back among her relatives in Tennessee, more than 250 miles away; the balance

of the children being small, I was the oldest then at home.

Here was an emergency. We were surrounded by Indians, most of whom were uncivilized. There were about five white families besides our own in the Nation. We could hire no reliable cook and nurse. Our condition was deplorable.

After waiting a few days and seeing that mother was getting no better, father said to me one morning, "Abe do you think you could find the way to Col. Dunnahoo's in Monroe County, Tenn. and bring a colored woman he has to wait on your mother? He has a good cook named Jane -- an honest good woman". I answered without hesitation, "I can". The distance was a hundred miles, and forty of it through the Indian Nation without passing a white family until I crossed the Hiwassee River at Calhoun.

I had traveled the road in moving to the Nation, but I paid no attention to the route. I rode a safe horse, and traveled 48 miles that day, meeting Indians frequently along the route until I crossed the Hiwassee River. Then I was out of the Nation. I traveled six miles further and stopped for the night at Esq. Wm. Porter's in McMinn County.

32

At supper I asked for an early breakfast, telling of my hurry on account of my sick mother. My horse was brought out by the time I rose from the breakfast table. Putting on the airs of a grown man, I asked Esq. Porter my bill. He eyed me critically and said "How much money have you got my little man". That riled me, and I hastily replied, "I have enough to pay my bill, and I want to know quick what it is".

He said, "I will charge you nothing, only to stop and stay with me as you return".

That was kind in Esq. Porter, and was appreciated by me and never forgotten. I have observed, in passing on through a long and somewhat eventful life, until I have reached beyond "three score years and ten", now looking back, and hastily reviewing our history as a highly favored people, I think I am prepared to admit, that we have in some respects degenerated. In my opinion, there is not as much genuine ^{the} human kindness, and hospitality now, as in former days. *Wm. Porter and his Son, Denford*

It so happened that as I returned it was too early to take up for the night when we passed Esq. Porters, and I hastened on to reach home the sooner with help for my sick mother. So I saw nothing more of my friend Porter until we moved to Alabama two years afterwards -- this last move was to the Creek Nation. I was then 16 years old. I was going to school, and my best friend and class mate was "Denford Porter", but I had never thought of his being one of the family I had stayed with in McMinni County, until I spent a night with him at his home.

33

Porter and
son Den-

At supper, I thought I could see the features in his father of the man with whom I spent the first night in my memorible ^{an} journey. I said to myself this man's name is Porter, and so was the name of my McMinn friend; and so I said, "Mr. Porter, where did you come from when you moved to Alabama?", and he replied "From McMinn County, Tennessee".

I then said, "Do you think you ever saw me before tonight?". He said, "I have no recollection of ever meeting you before. I've heard Denford speak of you often as his school classmate."

Said I, "Do you remember a boy staying with you two years ago, going after a colored woman to wait on his sick mother?". "Yes," said he, "and I never will forget what he said to me next morning."

"Well", said I, "I am the chap". We were good friends ever after that, so long as I lived in Alabama.

See Page 35

As this page was left through mistake as I hurried along, I will use it, to show the difference between the language of a man of good common sense, and a Dude, a conceited fop, who wants to show off. The 34
Dude

The common sense man rides up to a hotel and says to the ostler, "Please take my horse out of my buggy and put him in the stable, and feed him well and tomorrow morning I will pay you for your kindness".

Here is the orders of the dude: "Boy, extricate that quadruped from that vehicle, stabulate him, and donate him a sufficient quantity of nutritious alliment, and when the aurori of the morn illumines the eastern horizon, I will reward you with an adequate pecuniary compensation for your amicable hospitality."

The Negro ran to the door and hollowed, "Hello Massa, Dutchman here".

We moved from the Cherokee Nation in Georgia to the Creek Nation in Alabama about the year 1838 or 39. The distance is about 100 miles. I can well remember the route we traveled. Leaving "Big Spring", or "Wolf's Stand", a noted place on the old Federal road leading from Nashville, Tenn. to Milledgeville, Ga., we went through New Echota, (New Town), situated on the Connsaugee River. This was a town where 35

several head men of the Nation lived. And near Resaca, where a bloody battle was fought, in the war of the Rebellion. I remember visiting this town in the year 1837 while I was doing business for Carter & Jones, and Couch & Emmerson of Jonesboro, Tenn., Collecting money for flour sold at Ross's landing (now Chattanooga, Tenn.), and as far down as Florence and Decatur in Alabama. A few Indians then remained at New Echota, but the great body of them had been moved to the Indian territory.

Hiram Turk, an agent of the United States Government, was at New Echota on the occasion of my last visit there; settling some matters with the Indians.

Our emigrant wagons took up the line of march from New Echota to Alabama and the next place on our route that I remember camping, and which has become noted in the subsequent history of the country, is the junction of the Chattahoochee, and Hightower Rivers, where the City of Rome now stands. *(must have been Coosa river) Chocalooco Creek, Benton County, Ala.*

100
Benton
Ala.

The lands in the Georgia part of the Cherokee Nation were drawn for by the heads of families in the state. It fell to the fortune of a very poor man, a cooper by trade, to draw the lot on which Rome was at first located. Of course the city has spread out and now covers other lots.

This new country that we moved to was purchased from the Creeks by the general Government shortly after the Cherokee purchase was made. The Indians were still residing there, their reservations to each head of a family had not been located.

(36-46 Residence in
the Creek Nation in Ala)

in
k
n

We settled on Chockalocco Creek, in Benton County, seven miles from Jacksonville, the county seat. I learn the name of the county has been changed to Calhoun since I left there. I do not know whether or not this change of name was made because Thomas H. Benton and Andrew Jackson once fought a duel in Nashville, Tennessee. But it looks a little out of harmony for a county to be named for Benton and its county seat named for Jackson.

We were highly pleased with the country. The lands were fine, the climate good, and good health prevailed everywhere, and the people who were moving into the country in great numbers were contented and happy.

The land was very productive. The principal crops were corn and cotton and all kinds of vegetables flourished to perfection. In fact, everything put in the ground flourished, and yielded so abundantly, that I have often said in comparing countries, after traveling over twenty states of the union, and living in five of them, I have never seen a better country -- all things considered than South Alabama.

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Nothing would have caused my father to remove from there back to Georgia, but for the following reasons: He had bought a preemption claim to 160 acres of very fine land and moved on to it. This land he would have entered at \$1.25 per acre, and received a state grant. We had made considerable improvements on it, by building comfortable houses, and clearing up land and putting it in cultivation. When the Indian names were enrolled by State Authority; he bought 160 acres more adjoining his, from an Indian by the name of Chofee (Rabbit) who was intitled to a reservation. This was also very fine land, on which

there was an Indian town called Chofee Tallofow, (in English Rabbit-Town). This laid broad side to the first 160 acres he had bought, making 320 acres of the choice land in the famous Chockallocco Valley. It was very rich land laid well. The magnificent stream ran centrally between the two farms and I do not think there were 10 acres in the whole 320, outside of what the Creek covered that was not tibble.

*white Plains town
of considerable size,
grew up, 2 1/2 mi.*

We were supremely happy with these surroundings. We had abundant encouragement to work, and we all made good use of time and opportunities; we had stock plenty to run the two farms, and my older brother, David, five years older than myself had come from Tennessee to help us farm, making the available force in the family half a dozen. We used great economy as well as industry, and perseverance.

*from us
directly.*

*Plains,
of con-
siderable
size
grew
up
direct-*

38

We raised enough corn, and oats, besides root crops to carry us through the year, and the remainder of our land we planted in cotton. We always raised more cotton than we could pick out during the winter and had to hire hands in the fall, and winter, to help save the crop of cotton; and even then we sometimes had to plough under cotton in the spring that we could have made a dollar a day picking it out. The climate is so mild in South Alabama, we could work early and late. We were generally in the field by the time we could see to work, and would not leave at night while we had light to work by. A good deal of money could be made then raising cotton, but in doing it there was no time to play. The price of cotton then was 16 to 18 cents, now it is 7 and 8.

While we lived there, my father, in speaking of the South, and

cotton raising, often said there was money in it; but said he, "there is no time left to enjoy it". Our plans are often frustrated, our best laid plans, costing years of thought, and careful preparation may be blasted, and swept away in a day. There is much philosophy in the colored preacher's advice to his congregation, when he said, "My brethren, I advise you to not expect much in dis world, and you shant be disappointed. "

This Indian Rabbit of whom father had bought the land and had paid for it, was killed at a ball play by a Cherokee about this time, and then it developed that his land had not been located for him by the proper authorities. His name had been enrolled all right, but in his case no evidence of location could be found. This being the fact, the question arose whether the widow or heirs could make title to it. Father bought it of the widow, also paid her for it, and took a Deed properly made out; having John Adrin as Interpreter; witnessed and acknowledged. But the land was so good, and tempting, that a company of speculators, said to be worth a million dollars, headed by a man by the name of Turnipseed, came and bought it also of the widow, and entered suit for possession. Father always disliked to be involved in lawsuits, and advised his sons to keep out of law, if possible. He often said, "in lawsuits, the winner is generally loeser". And in this case he said, "I can't get my consent to see my children work hard the year reund, raising and marketing cetten to defend a lawsuit against such odds."

Brother David and I wanted to remain in possession of the land, and defend the title, and let father come with the balance of the family

up into Georgia where he had bought a place on Chickamauga. But father would not agree to our proposition, but sold his claim to a man by the name of Cook, a neighbor, and put him in possession and Cook gained the suit against the speculators.* I have an indistinct recollection of traveling out of my way when on that tiresome, hot horseback journey in 1837 collecting money for flour sold by Carter & Jones and Crouch & Emerson -- going by Jacksonville, Alabama to give evidence, I think, in that suit, in which the title to our home in Alabama was involved. And I remember Jacksonville is the place where Henry King, Esq. and I separated, after having traveled horseback so many days together, through the hot sunshine and dust. We going still lower down in Alabama to wind up some old accounts; and I to follow the rivers collecting for flour sold from flat boats. From my recollection of the land, and ^{an}inhancement in values up to the present time I would estimate that real estate today at 40 about \$25,000. If the wheel of fortune had in that instance turned in our favor, it would have given us a fine start, in place of keeping us hard pressed.

But in the long run, it might have been no better for us. We have always had enough to eat and wear and my opinion is after living more than 75 years, and seeing much of the world, and having a large amount of experimental knowledge of its business; that as a rule people can't have more than a reasonable competency of this worlds wealth without injury to some one, or more of the family who handles it.

I must give a little more of my recollections of Creek Indians, and Alabama, a country I loved so well; before I take my leave of it.

I had learned to speak the Creek language, so I could make a trade with them.

My father had some goods there and I sold them to the Indians. I went to school a little, but was kept pretty busy raising cotton and corn in the summer, and picking out cotton in the winter and selling goods. We found a good deal of game in the Creek Nation, and I took much pleasure in hunting, whenever I had time.

These Indians were not civilized, but were savages; yet they were friendly. They had no schools, and no printing press like the Cherokees, yet their language was easier spoken than the Cherokees. I had a turn 41 to make acquaintances with the Indians; and was popular with them. They would often come to me for information and advice, although I was so young. It has been nearly 60 years since I left there, but I can still remember some Indian names. Our nearest neighbors were Chofee, Holottachopco, Chokeyhada, Tobesofkee, and Hillobee.* This Indian-Hillobee, had a fight with my uncle Sam Tipton. The Indian was in the wrong. Hillobee got the worst of it. After it was over, he went to Tipton with an interpreter and made acknowledgements, and asked pardon, which was granted. He then said he would always love and respect Tipton, and in the best of humor -- laughing said, "horeafter my name is Hillobee Tipton".

The habits and savage life of these Indians were like other savage tribes, the men would not work. They left all manner of work to be done by their women, while they roamed over the forests, hunting. It is the chief characteristic of the Savage Nations of all times to impose upon the female part of their tribe. As they become civilized, they become

more and more ashamed of themselves and by degrees begin to treat their mothers, wives and daughters as human beings.

I have had ample opportunities to know a great deal about three tribes, the Cherokees, the Creeks and the Chippewas (Ojibwas), and they are all alike as far as their savage nature goes; and that can only be gradually changed by civilization, and very slow progress can be made with the full blooded Indian; he seems as a rule to have no desire to be anything but a savage and even prides in it. But when the blood of any of the Indian tribes that I have known becomes mixed, and the surroundings are favorable, the tendency is upward, and the savage instincts are soon forgotten by constant association with civilized people. I 42

Hardin

have a remarkably fine illustration of this theory in one of my neighbors, who lives now only half mile from me in Elk Park, N. C. *Duffield and Peter Hardin*

His father was a full blooded Creek Indian. I knew him well; we lived in the same town (Elizabethton, Tenn.) for 30 years together. He was brought to Elizabethton at the close of the Creek war by General Nathaniel Taylor when he was a little boy. General Taylor picked him up immediately after the battle of the "horse shoe"; in Alabama, and carried him home behind him on his horse. He named him Duffield, after a celebrated lawyer of that name then living in Elizabethton. As he grew up, the name was abbreviated to "Duff". Years after the people gave him the sobriquet of "Brandy"; I presume because he loved the critter as is so common with the Indian.

When I became acquainted with Duffield at Elizabethton, after having known the Creeks so well in their own Nation, it was natural for me to want to talk to him about his people, the Creeks of Alabama, as I had

lived for three years among them and could talk their language to some extent. But I found their language was a dead letter as far as he was concerned, and he could remember nothing about his people. Duffield did not incline to want to associate with the white people, but went with the colored people, who at that time were nearly all slaves in this part of the country. He became acquainted with a colored woman belonging to Col. John Hardin, a well-to-do farmer, living in the edge of North Carolina; and the result of this acquaintance was a bright intelligent boy they call Peter Hardin who lived in the Hardin family as a slave until freed by Abraham Lincoln's proclamation. Peter Hardin was esteemed by the family and all who know him. As to intelligence and general information he ranks higher than the average white man with the same opportunities and surroundings.

He is quite a business man and stands fair in this community and is not ignored on account of "color and previous condition of servitude". He married a nice respectable colored woman and they "live at home and board at the same house". Peter owns 600 acres of land adjoining the corporate limits of Elk Park and makes a good citizen.

How true the old saying,

"Flesh and blood don't make the man."

March 25th, 1904.

Letter written today to Peter Hardin copying most of the above, in answer to letter from him a few days ago. (Shooting Stars)

We were living in the Creek Nation in 1834 when the great astronomical phenomenon occurred. "The falling or shooting stars" or Meteoric Showers.

This strange occurrence scared the Indians nearly to death, and indeed it alarmed the white people badly. The Creeks had one habit I never noticed with the Cherokees and that was to bury all the personal effects in the same grave with the owner.

As the men would not work, it was indispensibly necessary for the women to work or starve; for the men did not bring in game enough to supply the families. The women cultivated garden patches with the hoe. The land was so rich and fertile and easily cultivated that they could make a meager support from a few acres.

They live mostly on sofka (hominy) and what wild meats the men bring in. The Cherokees call hominy connahany. Sofka and connahany are not made the same way and have a different taste.

Their women are left alone a great deal. They all love dogs and they have many of them, just like the poorest class of white people everywhere. I have often been amused at the old squaws at their wigwams. I would step in and find an old squaw with half a dozen children and a mangy dog surrounding a little fire. The old woman would want the dog to retire to give me room and she would scold him in this manner, "O. Sus." The dog would pay no notice to it. She then says "O. Sus mottot". He still don't move. She then would, in much anger and with great emphasis on every word say, "O. Sus Mottot, coman asuschea". The dog would run then for dear life.

45

I had better opportunities to know the habits and characteristics of the Creek Indians than either of the other tribes I have mentioned. I lived longer among them and could speak their language better. In giving a truthful account of what I have seen of them in such a hurried

manner and under great difficulties, I reluctantly pen the following; though I doubt if some would not question the truth of it. I will be very brief on this subject.

I have often seen squaws look their childrens heads and eat the product of their search. She would take the varmin, one by one, and place them under her upper lip and when she got enough to chew, she would eat them. I have seen whole families eat young bees. They would open a bee gum when they knew the young bees were nearly grown and take out honey comb, bee and all. They would boil beans in the hull till about half done, then take a bean and double it so the ends come together and dip it in the honey and eat honey bees and beans all together.

I've seen little Indian boys watch wasp nests, which were numerous around the eves of their houses, and when the old wasps left the nest, they would scale up and grab the nest and eat nest, young wasps and all.

These Indians would eat cattle that died of murrain; they barbecue and eat them. I will have occassion to speak further on of the Seminole Indians, who for a long time inhabited the lowlands in Florida. They were runaway Creeks.

46

John C. Calhoun, my Joe John
When we were first acquaint
The worthies of the day John
Supposed you were a Saint.

You withstood the Champions of war
With Madison you know
But now you've beat the Hartford crew
John C. Calhoun, my Joe.

John C. Calhoun, my Joe John
Both you and henry Clay
Are like the boy that had the goose
The Golden egg did lay.

46-58
Removal from Ala.
to Ga. and my
Service in U.S.
army removing the
Indians.

from
to Ga.
service
. army
g the

You are both great men in the land
But office rose too slow
Your reckless haste has damned you both
John C. Calhoun, my Joe.

I cannot remember any more verses, I have forgotten them.

(Note:) At the time we moved from Alabama to Georgia, a few counties on the border of Tennessee and Alabama belonged to George and Rev. Alexander Harris, and Rev. James Atkins were the preachers. Harris looked like a boy, but was an eloquent talker. Atkins could not preach at first, but he finally became a fine preacher. I have heard Dr. Alexander Harris preach many very fine sermons and I attended jointly with him in the treatment of Mrs. A. M. C. Taylor in her last illness.

In December, 1834, just after the cold Saturday, we started on our move to Walker County, Georgia where the town of Ringgold now stands, 10 miles from "Big Spring", where we had lived before moving to Ala-
Dec., Ala. 47
left
Dec.
1834

bama, and about 20 miles from Chattanooga, and immediately on the Federal road leading from Nashville, Tenn. to Milledgeville, Ga.

The Cherokees had not left for their western home beyond the Mississippi River and, in fact, many of them peremptorily refused to go, as also did a great many of the Creeks.

And finally within the next year, the Government of the United States had to call for troops to put down deprivations committed by the Indians, and to gather them up and convey them to their new home beyond the Mississippi.

When the Creeks found that they had to give up their country in Alabama, they broke away in large bodies. Men, women and children came

over into Georgia, pillaging as they traveled. It was believed by many that they were trying to get to Florida to join the Seminoles in a war against the whites, against whom they now had great enmity for pushing them off their lands and wanting them to go West. But many of them turned Northeast and came more than a hundred miles into the neighborhood, ^{to} and steal chickens, hogs and other things to eat, and then move

48

called on to another place. They were committing so many depredations that the militia was first called out. I was then 18 years old and did my first soldiering in that memorable campaign. We were part of Walker County's militia. Archibald Shamblin was our captain. *(militia called out by Captains)*

We had only fifteen or twenty miles to march before we met the enemy. The Indians were camped at the Methodist camp ground and were not expecting us. This was in Dogwood Valley, Walker County, Georgia. Nearly all their warriors were out hunting. They were pretty well armed. When we reached the encampment, the few armed men who had not gone with the hunting party made resistance, and some of our men doubtless would have been killed, if I had not been able to speak their language well enough to make them understand we did not intend them any harm. As soon as they understood me, they dropped their guns and surrendered.

I was the only one in our Company who could speak a word in their language. In a short time, the hunters came in and surrendered and we had them to pack up everything they had and we started with the whole crowd, men, women and children, to "Ross's Landing". Preparatory to their long march to their new home in the Indian territory. There were

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thousands of the most ignorant and uncivilized Indians of both tribes,

General Gov. called for Regiments.

Cherokees and Creeks, who had great aversion to going to their "new homes". They hung about the borders of Alabama and Georgia, trespassing upon civil neighborhoods here and there until their conduct could be tolerated no longer.

Information of these Indian depredations was filed at Washington, and General Government called into the field several regiments from Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama. These troops were called for in June, 1836. General Hemphill of Georgia called for every man subject to military duty in Walker County to meet him at Lafayette, the County Seat of Walker.

I lacked three months of being 19 years old. General Hemphill mustered us awhile in an open field; he then formed us into a long line and rode out in front of the line and sat on his horse while he told us of the emergency that called us to duty in defending our homes, reminding us that we must sacrifice something individually for the public good; that we must be willing to leave our ploughs "in this June-time, in the unfinished furrow", and go to battle if need be in defense of our country.

He then called for volunteers to step out 50 paces in front. I had made up my mind to go at my country's call; so, I stepped out at once and it was fully twenty minutes before another man came out. I felt lonely during those minutes, but we raised a full captain's company that day of 110 men. I could have been made Captain of the Company if I had not been so young and inexperienced. (False Alarm)

We had to start to our place of rendezvous as soon as we could go

home and make some hasty preparations. When we got to camp, we were immediately mustered into service and placed under the immediate command of General Charles H. Nelson, a brave and fearless man, and a good disciplinarian. Here we had so many Soldiers from the different counties that they could hardly be crowded into one brigade.

FALSE ALARM

On the 4th of July, a few days only after we were mustered in and before we had drawn our arms from the Government, only a few having brought their rifles from home, General Nelson made a speech to the soldiers, in which he told us that he had just received a dispatch by the hand of a courier stating that there was a large force of the enemy only 4 miles from us, and that we might expect an attack that night, and giving us some general directions. He gave orders to place out guards around the encampment and he sent forty picked Cavalry to be stationed on the public road leading in the direction of the enemy, with directions to fire on the approach of the Indians and come into camp at full speed. The army all spread blankets and laid down to get what rest a soldier is allowed to take amidst such dangers. At about midnight, the Cavalry men fired off their guns and came dashing into camp, attended with all the clatter that 40 horses feet on a hard dry road could make. Our officers had ordered us to form a line and lie flat on the ground so that the first volley of the enemy might miss its mark by going over us. I remember just after we had gotten in this position, a man by the name of Sherrod James, a member of an adjoining company came running by me and recognizing me said to me, "If you live

to get home , tell my mother what death I die". He was then making for a swamp close by to hide. The soldiers "rung the changes" on him for this cowardly act during the campaign.

(Insert) I will here record a little incident that occurred back at home while I was in the army. A Federal force came by my father's, near Ringgold, Georgia, in charge of a large number of Creek Indians they had captured on the Georgia side, taking them to Chattanooga, and thence on to the Indian Nation west of the Mississippi. As the Indians passed along the road by the field where my brothers were ploughing, a little Creek Indian boy about 10 or 12 years old stepped out of ranks and came to the fence and shook hands with my brothers Issac and Samuel, and said, "Where is Tip"? They recognized him at once as Cituaga, son of Chofa. The family was our nearest neighbors in the Creek Nation for the time we lived there, and Tipton Jobe was about the same age and was this boy's playmate. He bid them farewell and went on to his home in the west.

Tip was my grand-father - P.M.D.

my grandfather P.M.D.

Our company was sent to Camp Lee, in Broomtown Valley and stationed there. We built good substantial houses there and were well situated and perfectly satisfied for the valley was densely populated with well-to-do farmers and we had everything we wanted.

In the midst of our rejoicing on account of our fine buildings and good times, we were seeing in our friendly intercourse with the many hospitable citizens who daily visited us, we were ordered to give up all enjoyment of the fruits of our labor and march back to Camp Scott on Coosa River. This movement was set on foot by Lt. Harry Rogers of our company, that he might run for Major of the Regiment.

A number of the men said they would not obey the order. I felt at first like refusing to march with the regiment, knowing it was a selfish move on the part of an officer to have himself promoted. But having recently been elected Sergeant of our Company and having access to

officers books and had been reading military law and discipline and all about officers and soldiers duty, I found that there was as great a difference between the officers and their men in the time of way, as between a king and his subjects; and, furthermore, we had taken an oath to obey our superior officers. "It was theirs to command and ours to obey." *(Eleven men of our company desert)*

Notwithstanding all this, while I concluded to go on without m^urmuring. Eleven of as good men as we had in our company marched out about half a mile on the morning we started and there they broke ranks and stacked their arms around a tree and started for home. Captain Hodge Rayburne, who ought to have command of our company, had yielded it to First Lt. Rogers from the fact that he knew absolutely nothing about military discipline, and Rogers was a very competent officer, having been educated at West Point. Lt. Rogers dispatched a ²currier to head-quarters to report the fact of the desertion to General Nelson.

We made a forced march that day, swimming a river that was out of its banks. We were all tired out and much fatigued when we went into camp that night. We were soon sound asleep. At about midnight we were aroused from our profound slumber by the sound of the bugle and the clatter of 40 horses feet coming down a long stretch of hard gravelly road before reaching our encampment. It was the cavalry from Camp Scott going in persuit of the eleven "deserters".

I had been posting myself in regard to military law and found if the law was enforced to the letter, these men, my neighbors, and good citizens at home, must be shot and there could be no appeal. I remem-

Deserters followed home and brought back

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mind, how intensely mournful that bugle sound was that dismal night! I could see, in my disturbed dreams, spectros representing these eleven men being brought up, tried and started to their place of execution.

They halted and made some hasty inquires of Lt. Rogers about the country and roads they would have to travel in their persuit of the men. Then at the sound of the bugle they galloped off. Within a few days after we reached headquarters at Camp Scott, this cavalry force returned with evory one of those men in hand-cuffs. They were placed in a strong building made of logs and kept under guard night and day during the balance of the campaign. There was no intimation given out what would be their fate, but many of the soldiers believed they would be shot.

When the time came for us to be discharged, we were all mustered out of service and received an honorable discharge. It has been over 56 years since the events that I now describe happened; but, as well as I can remember, my discharge (which is now on file at Washington, D. C.)

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read about as follows: "This is to certify that Abraham Jobe, Sergeant 55 in Capt. Hodge Rayburn's Company of Georgia Volunteers, is this day honorably discharged from the service of the United States, bearing with him the testimony of his commanding officer for his good conduct during the Campaign. (Deserters Dishonorably discharged by Gen. Charles H. Nelson)

By order of C. H. Nelson, Major General, Commanding Volunteers."

On the same day these discharges were signed, General Nelson had these eleven men brought out of prison and the whole brigade was brought up and formed in a hollow-square. In the center of this square, there was a big pine log with the bark off. On this log the prisoners were

placed by the guard. I do not suppose at that awful moment a single man in the Army knew the fate of the eleven men except General Nelson himself. They looked deathly pale. General Nelson in uniform with the military law in his hand rode on his splendid charger up in front of them. As I remember it, the following is about the words he used in the short speech he made to the eleven deserters:

"Men, stand up." They rose and the general said, "I have just performed a duty to the faithful soldiers I have had the honor to command in this campaign by giving them all an honorable discharge, which will be creditable to them and their children. And I now have a painful duty to perform touching the record of you eleven men have made in the present campaign. After you voluntarily ^{saidly} agreed to go out in defense of your homes, and have taken a solemn oath to obey your superior officers (here General Nelson read extracts from the military law in regard to desertion). You deliberately walked out of ranks without leave and returned to your homes. You see from the extracts I have read in your hearing from the military law, that you have forfeited your lives, and I could have you all shot here today.

Cut off from 56 supplies by high water.

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by
ier.

But I have concluded not to have the law executed in its utmost rigor in this case. But while I extend this clemency to you, I must tell you here in the presence of all these faithful, honorable soldiers, that you have disgraced yourselves and your conduct in this campaign will tarnish the character of your children. I would not give a damn for a soldier who, if I commanded him, would not march with me to the confines of hell, and shoe himself with iron and march in."

"You may consider yourselves "dishonorably discharged". Go home and if your country should ever call again for your services, try to redeem yourselves from this blot that rests upon your memory."

In this campaign which lasted but three months, fortunately we had no fighting to do; but we had a great deal of ~~fatiguing~~ ^{fatiguing} duty to do and hard marching and much of it I regarded as unnecessary. We generally had plenty to eat, but on one occasion we were three days and nights without anything to eat. This was caused by high waters cutting off our wagon trains that hauled our supplies. Then after being so long without 57 food of any kind, the first thing we got was roasting ears for the men and the cornstalks for the horses. We had to use great caution in counting out just so many ears to each mess or the men would have killed themselves.

(Marginal Note) I should have mentioned here how rigidly the military law was enforced in the case of Hughes, the teamster, who was trying to pass the guard in the night with the first supplies, after the water fell so the wagon train could reach our encampment. He was stopped by the guard and told he could not pass without giving the countersign. He told him he could not do that but he must pass at once with his supplies and started his team, and the guard thrust his bayonet through his thigh.

We were discharged at Camp Scott about 15 miles below Rome, Georgia on the Coosa River. We were discharged about one o'clock P.M. and we were so anxious to get home we traveled that evening and the best part of that night. Before we reached home, we were met by the paymaster of the army and paid off. Since the war of the rebellion, seeing so many

drawing pensions (some of them big ones), who did no service, nor made (About 10 or 15 years after my discharge from the army, Congress passed a law giving us all a land warrant - then on 27th July 1892, \$8.00 a month dating from its passage)

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any more sacrifice than we did for we volunteered in June, "and left our ploughs standing in the unfinished furrow", I have thought a just and generous government ought to give the few survivors of the Indian Wars a small moiety out of a plethoric treasury. If I were a member of Congress, I would vote to do away with pension boards, thereby saving hundreds of thousands of dollars to go to the soldiers, and send special detectives around to ascertain fraudulent cases.

About 10 or 15 years after this service was rendered, Congress passed an act giving us all a land warrant. Then on the 27th of July, 1892, Congress passed a law giving us a pension of \$8.00 a month, dating from its passage.

Elk Park, N. C., May 25th, 1893.

I have written the foregoing pages by snatching as it were a few moments at different times from other and more pressing business, and I left this space to state what action was taken by the Commissioner of Pensions in my case.

My name was put upon the pension roll on February 3rd, 1893 at \$8.00 per month. On that day the pension office owed me \$49.87 for which they sent me a check; and I will draw \$24.00 quarterly hereafter. Mine is a service pension - not an invalid pension. I do not have to prove any disability.

Shortly after my return from the army, my Uncle Abraham Jobe, for whom I was named, wrote to me to come to Jonesboro, Tennessee to become a salesman in the store of Carter & Jones and remain with them long enough to become acquainted with all the details of the mercantile business, so as to take charge of a store he intended to establish at his

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collecting
Carter-Jones
Emerson

(58-66 Residence at Jonesboro. Clerking for Carter & Jones. Trip to Ga. + also collecting for Carter and Jones Crouch and Emerson)

home seven miles from Jonesboro, where Johnson City now stands.

I entered the store about Sept. 30th, 1836. I was closely confined in the store during the fall, winter and spring, as they had a large trade. During the spring of 1837, Carter & Jones entered into copartnership with Crouch & Emerson for the purpose of buying up all the flour of Washington County and shipping it to Alabama in boats-- then the only means of transportation. In shipping this flour down Chuckey and the Holston Rivers, they had the misfortune to get two boats stove on Chucky River. I had now to leave the store and go down on the river and hire teams and haul the flour 5 miles around the Shoals and reload it, and on the next tide have it shipped. 59

This flour was shipped to Alabama. Most of this large lot of flour was sold on a credit at Ross's Landing (now Chattanooga), Gunter's Landing, Florence, Decatur and other points. Some one had to be sent from the store on this long, tiresome horseback journey to collect these debts during the summer of 1837. This lot fell upon me. I started in company with Henry King of Washington County, who had business of his own in Alabama. We left Jonesboro the day after the election in August. I remember we separated at Jacksonville, Alabama. I went across the country to Gunter's Landing, made my collections, and then on to Florence and Decatur. I had been warned before leaving Jonesboro of the danger of traveling over the Sand Mountain, and so as not to be without weapons for defense, I borrowed a good six shooter from Wm. G. Brownlow before starting and I had a large dirk knife. If I had known all the dangers I had to pass through, I would have refused to make the trip.

(And now on the lonely and dangerous Sand Mountain.)

The first alarm I had was the night after I left Gunter's Landing in the evening to go to the only stopping place on the top of Sand Mountain, on my way to Florence, Alabama. I got to the hotel about an hour after dark and found the hotel keeper in a dying condition from a fractured skull received on the same road I had traveled just the night before. This hotel keeper had gone to Gunter's Landing in company with a neighbor and after reaching there was seen changing \$400. with a merchant. \$400. in Alabama money for Virginia money, and this murderer could not stand the temptation. He left before the man with the money did and waylaid him on the mountain and knocked him off his horse with a heavy new hoe he had bought that day and thought he had killed him, and took his money and fled. This wounded man was alive when I left next morning, but there was but little hope of his recovery. This Sand Mountain country was infested with robbers and murderers at that early day -- just after it was settled -- and it was exceedingly dangerous for strangers to pass through there.

60

I began now to be more on my guard after this experience. I watched every word and look, but I was compelled to continue my route. I could not turn to the right or left for there was but one way to reach my destination and that was for many miles right along the top of Sand Mountain, encountering all of its dangers. There were long stretches of level land on top of the mountain with only here and there a settler. It would be many miles in places where I could see no indication that the country ever had been inhabited. I had to travel alone. Oh, how lonely! "Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound; but a woodpecker tapping a hollow Beech tree." What a time for reflection, one

(Passing a dangerous house where a man in woman's clothing intercepted me and tried to stop me.)

would say; I was too badly scared for reflection about that time.

After I had gotten off the mountain into a more densely populated neighborhood, I stopped about 2 P.M. to get dinner and my horse fed.

61

During my stay for one hour, I told the farmer about the hotel man's misfortune and his talk and manner increased my alarm very much. He was a prosperous farmer, owned a good farm and servants, but I feared him. I believe he was a murderer and robber and harbored a gang of these men. He asked me to stay with him as I returned. I believed if I did I would never leave there alive. I felt sure that he and his accomplices would murder me.

(Note.) How I am astonished at myself to find in reviewing my details of my collecting tour in Alabama; I turn back where I came so near being murdered and robbed, and give no account of my visit, collections, etc. at Florence, Decatur and other places in Alabama. I went on to these points and collected a considerable amount of money, which occupied my time for several days; one being Sunday, I remember, which was spent at Florence. At Decatur, I saw the first Railroad and steam engine. This road was made around the Muscle Shoals.

As I returned, it was about dinner time. His house was some distance up a lane from the main road and rather hid from view by an orchard. I hoped I was not seen, but they were expecting and watching for me. I rode on making a half circle to the right as I followed the road. I had gone half mile or more when I saw immediately before me, in a straight stretch of road, a woman (as I then thought) coming meeting me when I came nearer to her. I suddenly realized my danger. I saw I was meeting a man dressed in woman's clothes. I immediately drew my pistol and cocked it and held it in my right hand with my finger on

the trigger, my bridle in my left.

I made the would-be murderer pass on my right. I had the drop on him and he knew it. I kept my pistol presented and turning to him, intending if he made a motion to draw a weapon, I would put six bullets into him as rapidly as I could fire. When I had reached a safe distance from him, I put spurs to my horse and galloped away. He ~~feigned~~ ^{feigned} to be a crazy woman. Spittle was running down over his chin and he made motions and mumbled out something all the time he was passing, wanting to talk to me. I was satisfied he came from the house I had just passed. As I pressed on, I inquired for some route by which I could avoid passing over Sand Mountain in my return trip, but could hear of none. So I pushed on as fast as I could without dinner or my horse being fed until in the evening I found by turning off the road a few miles I could stay with Mr. Wallace, a wealthy man, and be in no danger.

62
 Home
 of
 Mr.
 Wallace

When I rode up, I found Mr. Wallace was absent but would be at home that night. Mrs. Wallace told me I could stay and sent a servant to take care of my horse. She showed me to my room upstairs. I was tired and the weather was warm and I laid down to rest. I had not been there more than half an hour till she came and asked me if I would not like to see some fine machinery and witness the manufacture of cloth by her servants more rapidly than by the old country loom? Of course I went with her. I noticed that she had changed her dress -- that is she had dressed up. I was very young then and had not traveled much. She was a handsome woman, about 25 years old. She showed me around all the Negro houses and the various kinds of work the servants were doing. I

could not understand this strange conduct as I had never seen her before, and I felt alarmed. I reasoned this way; that was laying plans to have an excuse for her husband to kill me when he came home and found me there. But I could do nothing to avert the danger even if I was correct in my conjectures. Even if I would make an excuse to leave, I had no place to go; and I could do nothing better. When night came I went to bed earlier than my usual bedtime.

63

When I tried to lock my door, I found the lock broken -- this fact seemed to add to my conjectures. I then placed my pistol and knife under my pillow and laid down, but not to sleep. It would have been impossible for me to sleep under such surroundings as I felt I had that night. I laid and tossed and groaned until about 11 o'clock. Then I heard footsteps approaching the house and I supposed it was Wallace coming to kill me. Great drops of sweat covered my body when I distinctly heard two men enter into the hall below and go into Mrs. Wallace's room.

They remained there about half an hour, then I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. When they came opposite my room they stopped and talked in a low whisper. I laid still with my hand on my pistol, intending to sell my life as dearly as possible; but I determined to wait for some demonstration on the part of my assailants. After a little, one of the men gently opened the door and walked easily to the bureau on the opposite side of the room and opened a drawer and taking out some papers made his way out, and down stairs as stealthily as he had entered. I was now relieved, I could breathe freely. I went to

sleep in an hour or so and slept soundly till morning. At breakfast, Mr. Wallace explained his coming into my room. He was after papers to have a settlement with the man who was with him and wanted to settle that night as the man must start very early next morning. 64

the
Nation

*(John Ross,
Principal Chief
of the
Cherokee
Nation)*

(Note) This man with Mr. Wallace was an officer and was in pursuit of a man who was fleeing from the country to avoid paying a debt due to Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Wallace came into my room to get papers, showing the fugitive's indebtedness, on which his arrest could be made.

This case shows how important it is to be certain that harm is intended before we commence shooting. We cannot always be safe in going by appearances. I was treated very kindly by Mr. & Mrs. Wallace and after paying a reasonable bill, I bid them farewell and resumed my Journey over the memorable Sand Mountain and on to John Ross's, five miles from Ross's Landing (now Chattanooga). Mr. Ross had moved over on the Tennessee side preparatory to moving to the Indian territory. I followed on to his new home as I was compelled to see him. John Ross was Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation. When I arrived at his house, I was informed by his wife that he was not at home but would be home that night and I waited his return. When he came, John Howard Payne was with him. Ross and Payne were fast friends and visited each other whenever they could make it convenient. Mr. Ross paid me next morning the money he owed for flour and I took my leave of the two gentlemen I found to be sociable and friendly.

Some time afterward, I learned from the newspapers the following: The night after I left the Chief's house, two Federal officers came and arrested both Ross and Payne and took them to Milledgeville, Georgia,

(John Howard Payne arrested and being carried to Milledgeville, Ga. by two United States officers.)

Howard arrested by car- Milledgeville, Ga. United States officers.

to place them in jail. (I never could learn on what charges they were arrested.) As they were all four traveling along horseback in the doleful dark night, in a light drizzling rain, one of the officers was riding by the side of Ross, the other with Payne. They were tired, worn out and sleepy. Payne to pass away the time, commenced singing "Home Sweet Home" and, of course, he could sing it as no one else could, and especially under the circumstances he was then placed. When he finished, the officer riding by his side was weeping and said "Who composed that song?", and Payne answered "I did". The officer said, "the man who can compose such a song as that shall not go into Milledgeville jail if I can prevent it". And owing to that officers influence, both prisoners were released at once and returned home with the officers.

From Chief Ross's, I came to the old Cherokee Agency at Calhoun, now Charleston, Tennessee and made some collections there and in that vicinity; and out on Ocoee River; and then started for Jonesboro -- my home -- "Home sweet home, there is no place like home". When I arrived at Jonesboro, I was much worried and overworked by my long, hot horseback journey with all of its excitement. I paid over the money I had collected to my employers, amounting to several thousand dollars, and related my hair bredth escapes from murderers and robbers and received from them their thanks and many words of encouragement, which did me much good. It sends a thrill of joy through the "inner man" to know that through much labor and danger, I had rendered satisfaction. *(The Gibsons)*

1837

This was in 1837. The money panic of that year, which is a part of the history of the country well remembered, especially by all business men,

caused my Uncle to relinquish the idea of going into the mercantile business and, therefore, I quit clerking and entered school at Jonesboro under the tuition of Robert McLin, an excellent man, and good teacher.

I boarded with my Uncle and Aunt Gibson. Besides my cousin David Jobe Gibson, I had many estimable school and classmates. The school was made up of the best and most moral young men it was ever my fortune to become acquainted with. When memory carries me back to those happy days of innocent amusement when out of school, and honest endeavor to advance in our studies when in school, I know they were my happiest days. My Aunt Phoebe Gibson was a model of a woman; I loved her like a mother. She took the same interest in my welfare as she did in that of David, her only child.

66-70
My school days at Jonesboro under the tuition of Robt. McLin.

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Lin.

The moral excellence of our immediate neighborhood one mile and a half below Jonesboro had an excellent effect upon my conduct and deportment; just at an age when everyone is forming a character and beginning to lay the foundation for a life of happiness and usefulness, or the opposite, a life of misery and disgrace.

I will, with love and reverence, ever remember the wholesome and impressive advice given me by my dear Aunt Gibson who never ceased her care and kind offices as long as she lived. She was a plain out-spoken woman with no affectation. In a word -- she lived to make the world better by reason of her living in it. The community in which she lived lost much when she died.

(Note) April 17th, 1904. I want to add more to what I have said in regard to my dear Aunt Phoebe Gibson. I regard her as being the very best, the most truthful, most honest, unselfish, bold and determined woman I ever knew. And I knew her well and for a long time, many years. She was a Baptist in sentiment, but never became a member of any church. But she was the greatest woman I ever knew.

Her only son, Dr. David J. Gibson, and I were raised up together. He was always, from childhood, a quiet inoffensive boy and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He became a devout christian and died an exemplary member of the Presbyterian Church. He spent most of his professional life at Jonesboro; but a few years before he died, he moved to Elizabethton, and did his last practice there. But few men enjoyed the confidence of the people where he lived to the extent Dr. Gibson did. Aunt Gibson was my father's sister. My dear departed aunt - may blessings rest upon her memory.

After this slight digression, I will resume my account of my last school days. When I entered school, it was with a determination to do the very best I could with my opportunities. I was a few years older than my cousin David, but not so far advanced in our studies. I had not enjoyed many school advantages. My father had a large family, and he moved several times up to the time of which I now write. He was not a man of much means, yet he was a good manager and kept clear of debt. But being the second boy, I had to be kept from school always during crop time and often at other seasons. So I had a poor chance to acquire an education until I entered this school. Here I commenced the study of sciences and Latin. I made rapid progress in these branches, especially in Latin. My memory was excellent and my application was commendable. 68

We had a debating society belonging to our school and I took great pride in engaging in all the debates. These debates attracted the attention of the best people of the neighborhood, and many attended our weekly meetings. I had now just added Greek to my studies and my purpose was to complete my education, if I could find means to do it, and fit myself for a profession as soon as possible.

But I had not completed my second year in this fine school before an event happened which upset all my plans and caused me to quit school and relinquish all my fond hopes and dreams fanned by a laudable ambition, and accept an offer to embark in the mercantile business in the State of Georgia. The Cherokee Indians were all leaving their old homes in Georgia, that is the remnant that had lingered there, and leaving a great deal of money in Georgia.

My older brother, David, was still in Georgia and was clerking for a mercantile firm, who, after buying their second stock of goods, suddenly concluded to sell out at wholesale on very favorable terms, and my brother was anxious to purchase them, but was not able to do so without a partner. So he came to Jonesboro to see if I would enter into co-partnership with him and buy the large lot of goods. The picture he drew of our future financial prospects was very flattering indeed, and had indisputable facts to support his theory. He had been in business long enough to know there was big money in it.

I accepted his offer and borrowed the money that my Uncle Abraham Jobe intended investing in the business, had it not been for the money panic in 1837. I gave as security for this money my brother and my

father, and as our business was prosperous, we paid every dollar with interest by the time the first note was due. I bade my friends in Tennessee a reluctant "farewell", and made my way to Georgia, in February, 1839.

(Note) I regret that I have failed to keep dates as I hurried along in giving this sketch, and I know that apologies will do no good now, to say that in my old age - now nearly 87 - I can't be expected to make amens for what I should have done earlier in life. *(70-93 - Mercantile experience in Ga. My brother's disastrous*

The new mercantile business of A & D Jobe. We opened our new *(trip to Texas. 70)* business near where Ringgold now stands, under the firm name of A & D *(1840)* Jobe on the 20th day of February 1839. In addition to the great *and also mine to Fla.* amount of money left in the country on account of the removal of the *My raising a Volunteer Calvary Co. for Fla. War* Indians, the survey of the Western & Atlantic Railroad was already *under Gen. C. H. Nelson.* commenced and was pushed steadily to completion.

As it was entirely a State road, there was no lack of money to finish it. Our location on this road and though we were careful to not take contracts for work on the road, we were not careful enough about selling goods on credit to contractors. We lost money by selling to several of them, although our rule was to only wait a month - from estimates to estimates.

One of us would attend at the county seat (Lafayette) where contractors were paid off to get our money. Some times we got and some times we didn't. In those days, selling goods on a credit was the order of the day. Every merchant sold on a credit, and it was tempting for business was brisk and profits good. Our stock was full and everybody seemed to be making money, and we had no time to think about anything but sell all the goods we could.

We did a large business. We took in a large amount of money, but we sold entirely too much on a credit before we had time to see what we were doing. "We had entirely too much confidence in mankind". We were like nearly everybody else, we had to learn this lesson by experience. The old saying is true, "experience teaches a dear school, but fools will learn in no other".

We even sold sugar and coffee and other groceries on a credit - often these favors were generally to those in whom we had the utmost confidence. In 1841, the bankrupt law was passed and many of the customers who owed us rushed unto its embraces with eagerness, thus robbing us of our dues. When they could in numerous instances have paid us with the fee it cost them to get through the court of bankruptcy. Our intimate friend, Jesse G. Blackwell, took the benefit of the law, owing us \$1,343.50 besides interest. In this case, we took it to the Supreme Court of the United States, and we lost it there. This man Blackwell was a prominent man well thought of and married a woman with a fortune about the time the suit was tried.

A Presbyterian preacher, after buying all the goods to supply his family for two years, including groceries, rather than pay the debt, he made his land over to his infant son, but we followed the case from court to court until he compromised the suit by selling us the farm.

72

The next bad luck we had was in this. After the passage of this infamous law, we determined to sell out and move to Texas. We collected over seven thousand dollars, all the money we could (several thousand dollars) to purchase lands in Texas, and my brother went there for that

purpose and on his way, at New Orleans, learning that our paper money would be worthless to him in Texas, he gave seven percent in exchange for gold.

When he arrived by steamer at the City of Houston, Texas, he gave his money in charge of the hotel keeper to put in his safe while he would go out and buy a horse, saddle and bridle to explore the country. He was gone two hours and when he asked for his money, every dollar was gone. He had barely enough money buckled around him to bring him back home. He consulted a lawyer about holding the hotel keeper responsible for the money, but he advised him to not try it, saying he would fail and then the hotel man would arrest him for false imprisonment, and in the excitement, his friends would get up - it might cost him his life. Brother believed the lawyer was particeps criminis in the transaction. This was in 1840. Then Texas was very wild and strangers were not very safe there with money. Of course, he did not like Texas as society was then constituted. He traveled a little over the country and returned home, taking all his friends by surprise at his early return.

73

It was agreed between us that while David was gone to Texas, that in order to save a debt of \$600. due us from Fred Cox, one of our customers, that I would (at Mr. Cox's request) take a power of attorney and go to Florida and sell a piece of land he owned there and apply the proceeds of the sale to the payment of our note, and pay for my trip, covering my expenses, etc.

Cox delivered to me two letters, purporting to have been written

by one Seaborn J. Hall, stating that he would give one thousand dollars, cash down, or twelve hundred dollars in twelve months with interest from date for the land. If anything was remaining after paying the note, and for my time, expenses, etc., I was to pay it to Cox on my return.

I had a very hard trip as there were no railroads in Georgia then. I started June 15th, 1840, on horseback; but after traveling about 150 miles, I hurt my horse's back so badly, I had to hire a sulkey for the remainder of the journey. After a long, hot, fatiguing journey through swamps and hammocks, I at last reached the section in which the land was said to be located. I hunted up Mr. Dannard who it was said knew more about the lands than any other citizen. I hired him to hunt up Mr. Cox's land. After four days constant work, we found the land near the State line between Georgia and Florida, but could find no man answering to the name of Seaborn J. Hall". The oldest settlers in that country avered that no such man had ever been known there. It then flashed over me that the letters I had in my pocket were forgeries and this was part of his scheme to rid himself of paying the money he owed us. He knew my brother had gone to Texas and if he could manage to get me out of the country; and he could sell his property at Cross Plains, and as he had no family, he could make it convenient to be "Non est inventus" when we returned. (*Cross Plains now Dalton, Ga.*)

74

The land was very level and covered so thickly with fine pine timber that a wagon could hardly have room to pass through it. The country then was sparsely settled and so much land being offered for sale, I could get no offer for it; so I had to turn my face homeward,

without accomplishing anything.

In roaming over the country hunting up this land, my friend, Dennard, showed me the spot to which he piloted the militia a few years before to kill and capture a band of Creek Indians who had robbed and burnt a tower near to the Georgia state line. He conducted the army through a hammock or swamp to where they were encamped on a promontory. Several Indians had come down to the water and were bathing when they fired on them, killing several the first volley.

75

There was a great deal of game in that country, such as deer, bear, raccoons, wild cats, catamounts, etc. Mr. Dennard told me of a boy having been killed near him by a catamount about a year before I was there. The little fellow had gone alone after the milk cows in the evening and was caught by the animal, and before his cries could bring help, it had torn the boys bowels out with its claws.

The bears were troublesome by destroying their crops of corn in the field in the fall. The farmers killed a great many of them by sharpening the ends of strong sticks and driving them firmly in the ground with the sharp end up, inside the field where they jumped over, and they would light on the sharp points and the sticks would run through them and kill them. So not being able to sell the land, I turned my sorrow stricken face homeward. If I had been fortunate enough to have a train to bring me back as I could if it were now, I might have reached home without coming so near losing my life as I did by riding so far in the heat and dust in June and July.

After I had returned to within about two hundred miles of home,

I was taken sick with fever among strangers. I had not read medicine then, and it was 7 miles from where I lay sick in Jackson County, Georgia to the nearest town where I could send for a doctor, He came in the night and gave me some medicine. Next morning I was no better. I asked him what was the matter with me and he said I had been exposed and had taken cold, and I would be better in a few days. I said, "Doctor, don't you think I have fever?" and he said "No". He said, "If you are no better in a few days, send to town and I will come to see you again". I said, "No, I will not send. Go into Esq. Rogers' room and he will pay you for your bill for this visit". *(Sick of fever at Esq. Rogers)*

(Note) It was in this neighborhood I hired Mr. Eppison and buggy to finish the balance of my trip after hurting my horse's back.

I had read some in Dr. Gunn's book and I hired a young man to take my horse and hunt the country over for Dr. Gunn's book and on the second day out, he returned with the book. I laid there and read till I found the description of billious remittent fever, and I found my symptoms filled the bill exactly. I sent to town and bought the medicines Gunn prescribed for billious fever, and I made myself my own doctor. None of my neighbors knew anything about diseases or what treatment to resort to, but they were kind and ready at any time to come and sit up with me and do all they could for me. I had a very hard and serious attack.

Thomas Shockley, whose residence was only half a mile away, was particularly kind; he was with me at least every other night while I lay at Esq. Rogers. He came to my bedside at about midnight during the second week of my confinement and said, "You are a very sick man and

Esq. Rogers and wife are willing to do all for you they can, but they are old and worked down. Would you risk being moved over to my house if I will come for you tomorrow with my carriage with a bed in it? I have a wife and three grown daughters, all in good health, and they are able to give you the best attention." I told him I would gladly go and thanked him for his kindness, besides paying him and his family for all they did for me.

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(Note) Thomas Shockley with his wife and three daughters did much for me in my long and severe spell of fever. My heart, with the warmest affection, has followed them to Texas. Old as I am now, 87, I wish I could meet them once more here and then again in a better world above.
March 3rd, 1905.

He would not hear to taking a cent. He said he did not propose taking me to his house to charge me for it; but he did it to save my life, which he feared was in great peril without the best of care.

Mr. Shockey came the next day with his carriage and driver and with every comfort that kindness could suggest, and to make the drive smoother, he took me through his wheat field where the hands were harvesting, on to a comfortable room in his hospitable home. He soon suggested sending for Dr. Long, a friend of his who he promised me would give my case all the attention required, and assuring me that I would be better pleased with him than I was with my first doctor, whose name I have forgotten.

Under Dr. Long's treatment, I soon got better and with the unremitting care of Mrs. Shockley and her daughters, I gradually gained strength enough to sit up and after a while ventured to walk out into the yard.

I had now been confined here a month and had not written a line to inform them at home where I was and what was the matter. At this juncture, Mr. Horton, a neighbor from up the country, was passing about 10 miles away, and hearing there was a man of my name being sick on another road, he came by to see me. I begged him to not tell my people that I was sick, but he feared I might never get home and he told them of my condition when he reached home. He said he deemed it his duty.

In the meantime, my brother had returned from Texas, without one dollar in his pocket - out of over seven thousand that he left with. I was still at Shockleys beyond the Chattahoochee River.

While sitting one day in the yard under a beautiful shade tree thinking about "home sweet home", and the rapidly changing events in life, I looked down the long lane that led to Mr. Shockleys barn, and cotton gin, to the main road, and I saw someone coming in a covered carriage, drawn by a large sorral horse with a white face and, although a quarter of a mile away, I felt sure it was "Dick", our trusty buggy horse, and sure enough it was, with my brother, who I thought was in Texas buying lands for us to move to, as driver.

I was now barely able to ride out in a carriage. Brother said nothing to me that evening about his misadventures, but next day we rode out to test my strength for our return trip, and as we rode along I recounted to him my hardships in my trip and perils in my sickness, and wound up by telling him all that risk of life, hardship and suffering, and the money spent was all for nothing; that I had met with nothing but one disaster after another ever since I left home.

I remember he rode on for some minutes without speaking. I have thought no one could describe his feelings during those few moments. Like a dream his mind was rapidly taking in the months and years of toil, the care, and economy, and self denial that this money had cost us - that had been taken from us - by no fault of ours, while, in fact, we were exerting ourselves for our best interest and both of us risking our lives. And when we saw that by proper investment, notwithstanding our losses by the bankrupt law, we could place ourselves in easy circumstances, than to have it swept away in a day, it was hard to bear.

He then commenced his doleful tale about the loss of his money in Texas, which I have named before. By the time he concluded, I being sick and so weak was completely overcome, and we both took a hearty cry, which, with the resolves we both made immediately after, did us both good. This was all we could hope to get out of that investment of thousands. *(Leaving my friends at Shockleys for home.)*

The next day or the day after, we started home. It has been over 50 years since I left the hospitable home of Thomas Shockley and his dear family and if I could live 50 years more, nothing could ever blot from my memory their kindness and affection. Those affectionate hands put everything into the carriage that they thought we could possibly need on our trip home. Every dainty in the way of eating. My clothes clean and nicely done up. Extra socks, handkerchiefs, etc.

(Note) During the war of the rebellion, Col. Winn, whose home was near Thomas Shockleys, was at Elizabethton with his regiment just after the bridges were burned and I tried to find some of the Shockleys so I could do something for them, but found they had moved to Texas.

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I had plenty of money to pay a good bill and requested Mr. Shockleys to make out a bill but he would not hear to it and I requested Mrs. Shockleys to make out a bill with same result. When I bid her farowell, I managed to leave \$25. in bills in her hand when I shock hands with her - she being the last one I bid farewell.

In crossing the Chattahoochee Rivor on the first day of our journey, we had trouble which might have resulted in bad consequences. It had rained none where we had been, and we had no thought about the river being up; but seeing it was muddy, we inquired of a man whom we met if the river was fordible and he said it was, but we had to go down the river to the ford and give more time for it to rise. I traveled most of the time lying down on my bed in the carriage and brother did the driving. I told him I could sit up and drive our trusty Dick across the river and my brother ride my horse behind the carriage, and after we were over let the horse follow as before. This arrangement enabled him to hold the carriage if he found the river deeper than we had been informed.

We had not gone more than 20 yards till we found ourselves in swimming water. As there was no chance to turn back, and the ford ranged considerably down stream, I encouraged Dick and he struck for the going out place and carried us across safely. The bed of the carriage was tight as a boat and floated on the water and the horse was very large filling the shaves completoly and was very strong, and knew just how to proceed in any emergency. So we trusted much to this valuable horse and persevorod every day, and in about a week, we landed safely

at home - or more properly speaking, at our father's home - for we were both unmarried. I was 23 and my brother 29.

As soon as I recuperated a little, I went to see Mr. Cox, who was still in the country, having failed to sell his property at Crossplains as I verily believe he intended to do, and to be in parts unknown by the time I returned. I depicted to him the trials and dangers I had encountered in my long and perilous trip - all inspired by his cunning. I showed him a bill of my expenses and I told him that the letters he had given me purporting to have been written by Seaborn J. Hall were forgeries and that if he did not now come to time and pay me, I would put him in the penitentiary. He did not, nor could not, deny the forgery.

He said he had nothing to pay with except his house and lot at Cross plains, which he had already offered to us. "Well," I said, "we will go and look at it tomorrow". Times were hard and money very scarce. I thought the property worth about \$300 cash, going on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread". I gave him the \$600. note and took a deed to the property and rented it to Mr. Mallory for a year and at the end of the year we sold it to Bailey for \$1,450. Everybody said we had made a good sale but we made a great deal worse trade than when we bought it, for one of the Depots on the Western & Atlantic RR was located there, and in 8 months after we sold, a New York man came there and bought the 160 acres tract on which our property stood, and paid forty thousand dollars for it, and the property we sold was estimated at twenty thousand. Now, what was then Crossplains
(above: Selling house and lot at Dalton, Ga.)

is Dalton, Ga. with railroads running into it like spokes into the hub of a wagon wheel.

I have missed making big money at several places just growing up on the line of railroads by the reason of my residence there just at the "nick of time" affording me the opportunity, if I had enjoyed some experimental knowledge of such surroundings in time to strike.

Just before the survey was made for the Western And Atlantic Railroad, and while I was living on the proposed line I was returning from down south, and stopped for dinner on the roadside in a thinly settled neighborhood. After dinner the man of the house asked me to walk out about a half mile to see a fine spring. While admiring the spring and lay of the land, which was level but land poor, sandy, blackjack and chinquapin land he said "I have fallen in love with your horse, I own 160 acres of land here including this spring, I will make you a good title to the land, over for your horse." I told him that would be a good trade 83 if I needed the land and could do with out my horse but I could not part with him. If I had made the trade and held the land three or four years, I would have seen what was coming and could have easily become a millionaire for that wonderful spot of earth is now about the center of the city of Atlanta, Gaorgia. According to my view of those things if I had happened to have closed the trade, and in the windup of that big speculation I would have been worth a million. I am today convinced, by what time, travel and experience have brought within my grasp, I would not today have seen as much pleasure and happiness as has fallen to my lot through all the toil, hardship, and affliction that I have passed. I am satisfied it would have ruined my children in place of being a blessing to

66.
to them. "Oh, the de^{ci}etfulness of riches."

This is a world of regrets.

Nearly everybody is thinking, "Oh, if I had only done this or that, or, if I had only let this thing or that alone. Most of us are prepared to join my unknown best in the following lines.

"Mourn o'er the days that I have seen,
Mourn o'er my hours from anguish free,
And know whatever I have been,
'Tis something better not to be."

Then another of the forgotten poets says this:

"How many ways there are to sin,
No living mortal knows,
Some lie in the ditch, spoil,
Or ye can lie tumbling in the mire,
Some, though they shun the frying pan,
Do leap into the fire."

It is impossible for me to do more, in writing this short ~~82~~ - and im- 84
perfect sketch, than to give a few incidents and happenings which left
an impression on my mind, to the exclusion perhaps of hundreds of things
of even more importance, that have escaped my memory. I write in such
a hurry and under such uncomfortable circumstances, that I am aware of
many imperfections. I am pressed for time to such an extent that I can
write but a few moments generally, then am called away for hours and some-
times for days and even have been months that I have never attempted to
resume writing. Under such circumstances, I cannot remember what I have

written until I review it. I can pay no attention to style. I must use the plainest and simplest language I can think of to express my meaning. Indeed, I did always abominate style. I think I can truthfully say "I couldn't if I would and I wouldn't if I could".

War Reminiscences

I will relate one more incident connected with my Indian Experiences. I have mentioned before about the troubles the Government had in inducing many of the Creeks to remove to the Indian territory and after they had sold their homes in Alabama and received their money, some of them attempted to make their way through Georgia and go to the Seminoles in Florida. The name Seminole means "runaway Creek". This influx of Creeks into Florida stirred up the Seminoles just like a great addition of a foreign element among us Americans as has been demonstrated here within the last few months.

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(Note) Raising a cavalry company for Florida War under my old Commander, General Nelson.

These Seminoles, with this Creek contingent from Alabama committed so many depredations along the line between Alabama and Georgia and Florida, that in 1840 the general government called out troops to hunt them in the Florida hammocks and convey them to the Indian territory.

My old commander, General C. H. Nelson, got a commission to raise a brigade, and he sent me a commission to raise a captains company of one hundred men. Ours was to be a cavalry company. We had full directions where to rendezvous, how to equip our men and were required to take into the service two blood-hounds for each company. I got a man to take my place in the store and went to work at once to organize my company. I soon had a hundred stout, able bodied men; mostly young

men to volunteer for the service.

Notwithstanding my instructions to buy no horses, except on condition that our company was received, several did buy horses and other articles of outfit for the campaign. I remember that in 1836 there was such a rush to get into the service that all the volunteered could not be received; and so it was with this brigade. When General Nelson heard from headquarters that it was doubtful about getting his brigade into service, he sent Dr. Baker on horseback to Washington to see the President (Martin Van Buren) and when I heard that Dr. Baker had returned,

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I made a trip down the country to see General Nelson and spent one night at his home. *(Disbanding my company)*

General Nelson told me that he could be received into service with a Major's command, but if he could not go in under his commission as a general in the same capacity he had served under before, he would not take service at all. So he gave us all orders to disband our companies. So I did not get to participate in the Florida War.

I came on home from General Nelson's and called my company together on the Chickamauga, about where the heaviest and most sanguinary part of the first days fighting was done in the memorable War of the Revellion - often called "tho first days carnage on Chickamauga". These grounds, with their hills, and streams, have an interest for me. I have traveled over this battleground on both Chickamauga twice since the War. It was here at the gap of "White Oak Mountain", or by some called "Dick Taylor's Ridge" that my father settled when he moved from Alabama.

The first days fight was commenced by General Pat Cleburne immediately over father's house. The family had to take refuge in the cellar. The house was riddled with cannon balls and minis balls. *(Father had on his hat - shot went thru hat)*

(Note) Retired from the mercantile business and commenced reading medicine

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This brings me to the last chapter of my citizenship in the State of Georgia, and I want to make it a kind of review from the time I accepted the offer of my brother to go into the mercantile business, to the day I left Georgia after the dissolution of our co-partnership, which occurred in November, 1841. We dissolved our partnership by mutual consent and with the most cordial and friendly and affectionate feelings. I can say that during the whole course of our large business, and through our trials and reverses and bad faith and unkindness shown us from both our enemies and those we had believed our friends, no hard thoughts had ever entered our breast toward each other.

As I write not for publication, but for my children and grandchildren and intimate friends who have often requested me to leave for them some sketch of my travels; I think it important to give my opinion upon the influence my leaving school had upon my early life, when I was forming my habits and future character. I bespeak for these lines a careful reading, especially by my grandchildren, some of whom may be called to travel the same thorny path that I have had to pass over.

It is a common thing for people in every circumstance in life to make mistakes. It was my first mistake to quit school at the critical age I did and go into the mercantile business, not because there was no money in it, for there was lots of money in it. But I ought to have

gone on and completed my education so successfully begun; the lack of which I have felt in a hundred ways all along through my professional life. I had gotten a good start in Latin & Greek and the want of a thorough understanding of these languages made it much harder for one to study my profession, as most of the technical terms are derived from those languages. 88

The greatest loss I sustained was in leaving my associates and schoolmates, whom I had learned to love for their moral worth and whose like in that regard I have never met since. My associations with those young men and pure women was making a man of me. No amount of money can pay a young man with high and noble aspirations to tear himself away from a respectable and intelligent community whose greatest pride is their good character and go into a new country where all value is placed on the almighty dollar.

The Indians had left the country full of money, and I found in brother's store a large stock of goods, in one end of the building, comprising every thing usually found in a dry goods store; and in the other end, I found all kinds of liquors from cogniac brandy down to wines, cordials and lemon syrup. In that new country, nearly everybody seemed to endorse liquor selling and liquor drinking, or at least there was no effort made to stay the tide of the great evil. If the subject was mentioned, the prevailing sentiment seemed to be "Every man was born free and if any chose to drink, let him exercise his free agency." No one seemed to be, in any sense "his brother's keeper". This was a new role for me. I could not drink a small thimble full of brandy, 89

but they all told me I must drink some or I would have fever and ague.

They made me an eggnog - brandy, sugar, an egg and grated nutmeg - I could scarcely drink it at first, but after drinking it little by little every morning, it gave me an appetite for it at dinner and on further acquaintance with it, I found it was not objectionable at supper. It was not but a few months till I found, when riding out to attend to outside business, I would stop at "Grocery", as they were then called, to get my accustomed dram. I always preferred having a companion with me who also loved his dram. I soon found that I did not enjoy myself with such companions as I left behind me in Tennessee; but I did enjoy the companionship of the more lively and witty newly made friends. I even thought I had foolishly been denying myself of many of the pleasures of life by tying myself down with these "goody, goody fellows" who didn't know enough of the world to enjoy good health, as some of these fast young men would say. As I gave up and yielded to these allurements, the circle of my newly made friends increased.

Maberry White, a good, jovial, companionable fellow, a contractor on the Western & Atlantic Railroad did more to lead me astray than any-
one. He would often stay with me at the store. He taught me how to play cards for amusement at first, then to play little simple games with young ladies with whom he was a favorite. After a while, he would bot a bottle of lemon syrup to make the game more interesting. This went on until I became an expert card player. White believed we could beat any two that could be pitted against us. So one night at an estimate at Lafayette, White came to my hotel and after much persuasion induced

me to become his partner and play that night against two noted gamblers who followed the railroad and gambled all the time.

We played all night with varying success and in the morning when we concluded to stop, they had won \$10. from us. White propped that he and I would play one game to see who should pay the \$10., and he beat me. I threw down the money and White said, "Take it up, I will pay it. I want that amount of goods in your store". So when we reached home I paid him \$10. in delph ware for his hands at their shanties. I said then and there that I was done card playing and I quit forever.

When I review that part of my life, selling goods and debauching the business selling liquor, and becoming intoxicated three times during three years, I feel that if I could call back that three years of worse than misspent time, I would have nothing to regret. The drinking of liquor and bad associations led me into other habits, and thus caused all the heartaches I ever had to endure.

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I often think of the great contrast in the opportunities young men have now, and my want of opportunity then. The conscience of the nation is aroused on the subject of putting down that monstrous curse that is leading the people to perdition, and they have line upon line, and precept upon precept. But what were my surroundings? In that new country - a good field for Missionaries, no one came to me and pled with me to give up my business and leave my associates and go back to "the friends I left behind me".

In this extremity a luminous ray of light shown upon me, and I could see if I did not retrace my steps, quit at once drinking liquor,

not only that, but handling it, for this sentence kept sounding in my ears, "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing". When I got fully my consent to that, I felt that to be safe, I must give up my late associates.

I now began to think of what course I would take to try and retrieve my fortune. "The star of empire is westward" is the old idea. The great mass of mankind moves in that direction and I have shown that my mind has been turned toward the setting sun, but as far as the experiment went there was nothing in that direction to give me encouragement. I had begun to learn what since has been confirmed in my mind, and that fact is that there is not much difference in countries, all things considered, as most people suppose. The great difference in the prosperity of the people is in the people, in their industry, perseverance and management, and not in the country. After traveling over twenty states in the Union and living in five of them, I can say that I have seen men do well in all of them, and others, with equally as good surroundings and advantages, do no good. I thought a great deal on what I should, or rather what I could do; and decided to, literally "retrace my steps"... that is return to my old and tired friends in Tennessee.

Most men in meeting with the reverses that we had, the loss of so much money by robbery in Texas, my unsuccessful trip to Florida, and our large losses by our debtors taking the benefit of the bankrupt law, would have been so discouraged they would have given up all hope. However, we resolved not to be ruined by our sad misfortunes, but we were determined to profit by our dearly bought experience and renew our labor and energy,

and adopt the Latin Maxim - "Labor Vincit Omnia" (Labor conquers all things".)
43-44. Leaving Ga. Reading medicine at Jonesboro. Locating and practice at Burnsville, N.C. Marriage and removal to Elizabethton)

My brother was a first rate business man, greatly my superior, he was my senior by 5 years and had more experience. In setting up the business of the firm of A & D Jobe when I determined to read medicine, I turned over everything to the senior partner; retaining as my share of what we calculated would remain of "the wreck", only a piece of land on Chickamauga near to where Chattanooga now stands. This lot consisted of 40 acres of Chickamauga bottom as rich and as level as could be. In 93 after years, I sold this land for \$400., worth at this time I guess about \$20,000. Brother settled up and paid every dollar the firm owed, dollar for dollar.

As I have given an unsolicited endorsement to my brother's qualifications as a business man, saying he was greatly my superior in that regard, it is due to truth to say that I excelled him in self control. He did not have the nerve to turn his back upon his ~~old~~ cronies - his pretended friends, and call around him substantial friends who would ~~who would~~ help him in his weakness and give him that moral support essential to every young man who is subject to so many temptations as the young men are just entering into business. He addressed himself assiduously to winding up our business, paying off the few debts we owed, and collecting all he could. He quit drinking in the main, but would occasionally get on a "tare". He did not have the willpower to quit square off, as I did, and denounce the traffic as a sin as I did boldly. He married in Georgia and after a few years moved to Arkansas.

I left Georgia in November, 1841, and commenced reading medicine with Dr. Samuel B. Cunningham at his office in Jonesboro. I made commendable progress from the commencement of my reading and recited once

at age 24

a week to Dr. Cunningham at his office. I boarded with my Uncle A. Jobe 7 miles from Jonesboro (Johnson City, now). There was a rush into the profession about that time when I began reading. There were 13 students at one time. We had fine facilities for becoming perfect in anatomy, for we had subjects to dissect every winter, whenever we wanted one.

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(Note) The Legislature had passed a law at Nashville against doctors dissecting subjects, but it was so unpopular that it could not be enforced. While I was reading a Negro was lynched at Greeneville for killing his master. A crowd of us went to see him hung and brought him that night to Jonesboro and we had his body there for many weeks dissecting night and day. Circuit Court was in session during the time, and Judge Lucky and the lawyers, at our request, came to the large brick house on Main Street to witness the demonstrations and explanations of all the parts at the close of our dissection.

I read with Dr. Cunningham two years. The last few months I practiced with him. In fact, from my beginning to read, I often rode out with him to witness and assist him in surgical operations. He was a splendid surgeon and enjoyed the confidence of the profession, and of the people, as but few practitioners in the state did.

When I was through reading and wanted a location, then came the rub. So many men had read the course and wanted a field or location in which to try their hand, it was hard to find a good location. To add to my discomfort in this trying crisis, the only available means I had was my profession, my horse, bridle and saddle, and \$2.50 cash. I held a note on John Stephens in Knox County for one hundred and fifty dollars in gold, but I had promised to pay that gold to Dr. Cunningham for my tuition. It is true I owned the 40 acres of land near Chattanooga, but it was not available at that time.

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I was obliged to find a location, and for lack of money, I could not go to some large town where all would be strangers; therefore, I was compelled to hide myself away in some little obscure village and try to build up a practice. So I went to Burnsville, Yancey County, North Carolina, where I knew no one. I looked around a little - I regarded it as a poor chance. I knew I was not in a condition to be very choicely. 95 I made arrangements for board and returned to Jonesboro, and borrowed a few medical books and a small stock of medicines (there being no drug store in Burnsville). I put this outfit into a "carry all" with my saddle and saddle pockets, and started by way of the "Flag Ponds" to Burnsville, July, 1843.

I had not been located in my quiet secluded room at the hotel a week until Dr. Straley, the only physician doing practice there, commenced his warfare against me. I could not tell why he did it for I was as yet getting no practice. For months I only got three calls a day and they were to breakfast, dinner and supper.

I soon paid out my \$2.50 for postage. Letters at that time were paid for at the office of delivery. Letters were 12½ cents a piece, mattered not what distance, and postage was never paid at the mailing office. I was, of course, getting in debt for my horse as well as myself had to eat. This state of things moved on for about three months. Dr. Cunningham had told me if I could barely make expenses the first year I would do well; but it looked like I was not going to "do the thing up brown". After a while, by exercising the patience of Job, I got a few calls and the families were satisfied with my practice, in spite of

all Dr. Straley could say about me.

About this time, sickness began to increase in the county, and my calls came thick and fast until I had all the practice I could attend to. From that time till I left there, I did nearly all the practice. Straley's practice fell off until he became so discouraged he sold out and moved to Cleveland, Tennessee. I defrayed all expenses and made \$500. in cash the first year. I did a great deal of hard practice during 1843 and 1844 in Yancey County. This country was hilly, mountainous and rough. There were (96) a few very intelligent, well-to-do families in the bounds of my practice, but the majority of the citizens had no experience with sickness and had never had occasion to employ doctors. They knew nothing about doctor bills and that class had peculiar views about these things. Most of them believed it would be right to pay a doctor for his time as you would expect to pay a farm hand - say, fifty or seventy-five cents a day. I have had through my long professional life, but little trouble with this class, and I want to say here that I never charged an exhorbitant bill in my life; however, a few of my customers would think I did.

I will detail one case where I had trouble in collecting a bill in Yancey County, North Carolina, and the outcome of it.

George Young, living in Southtoe River, 8½ miles from Burnsville, had eight cases of fever in his family in the summer of 1844. His father-in-law, Dr. Lloyd, lived in his family. He was what is called a "self-made doctor, that is a doctor without reading". He simply took up the practice without any preparation whatsoever.

He had been treating the first two cases that occurred in the family, the oldest son, about 20, and a Negro boy, about 8 or 10 years old. He had treated them about a month when Young's son-in-law, Jackson Gardner came for the burying clothes for the negro, to Burnsville. Also to get me to go and see the other patient, John Young. When I reached there, old Dr. Lloyd had left in great rage because they had sent for me. I found John in a very dangerous condition. He had been treated too actively, had taken too much medicine, as the fever was of the Typhoid type, but I prescribed for him, of course, and did all I could for him, but I could not save him.

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Young then asked me to go out and see the colored boy, whose burying cloths Gardner had brought, saying he had no thought anything could be done for him, but he wanted me to see him. On my return, I told him the boy was speechless and unconscious, but his pulse indicated to me that it was barely possible that something might be done for him and that I believed in addition to his fever that he was full of worms. He told me to do all I could to save him. I went immediately to work with medicines and injections to expell the worms. I remained with him day and night until I not only succeeded in clearing him of the large number of worms, but also in restoring him to health.

One after another of the family fell sick with fever until six more were prostrated. They were all bad cases and protracted. I had to visit them often and sometimes in the night. One trip I made in day time, under peculiar circumstances, I will ever remember. Being urged by Gardner to ride fast, we rode from Burnsville to Young's, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles

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crossing Crabtree Creek six times and Toe River once, in 40 minutes by my watch.

When the battle was over and the smoke cleared away, I had the satisfaction of knowing I had done my whole duty, though I had exposed myself so much I came near losing my life in a spell of fever. I had saved all of the eight cases except John, whose case was hopeless when I first saw him. Mr. Young was one of the sufferers during the seige that lasted many weeks. He was very extravagant in praising me for my devotion and unremitting care to the sick. He spoke in the highest terms of me. He said I had stood by them in their distress and danger like a brother. That they were not up to waiting on the sick, that I had made myself physician and nurse. Also he did not know what I would charge him, but if I charged him a thousand dollars, he would never grumble. All this I had proved by his brother and nephew on the trial - for I was compelled to sue him to collect one hundred dollars which ought to have been two hundred. Co. Woodfin, my attorney, told me if I would make it two hundred, if he did not get judgment for all of it, he would charge me no fee. No, I said \$100. is my account and I will not charge any more. 99

Young was so ambitious that after I had gotten judgment before a Justice of the Peace (Esquire James A. Ruble), he employed two lawyers and appealed the case from court to court until the principal, interest, cost and lawyers fees caused him to have to sell a Negro man to discharge his indebtedness; that one hundred dollars would have paid at the start.

On the 8th of August, 1844, I was married to Miss Sophrenia Poteet at her home in Burnsville, North Carolina. The Rev. Thomas Gibbs officiating - only a few friends being invited.

We continued to live in Burnsville till January, 1845; then we moved to Elizabethton, Tennessee, where I commenced to practice my profession and to encounter the fiercest opposition from Dr. Joe Powell that perhaps any young doctor ever had to endure from an old established and popular practitioner. *99-112 Persecution by Dr. Powell in my early practice at Elizabethton. Epidemics of scarlet fever and typhoid fever.*

I learned from experience that some professional men can't stand honorable competition. I could not see, nor could his friends see, why he treated me so rudely and so unjustly. I had known him for several years. We had been friends. My relatives at Elizabethton had often employed him, and it was a surprise to them that he was unwilling for me to locate in Elizabethton. I called on him a few days after I arrived in Elizabethton, and, in what I wanted and expected to be a cordial and friendly interview, I said "Doctor, I have located here, hoping to gradually grow up into an honorable practice. I expect you to get the leading practice, of course, as you are established here, but there will be times when you can't take all the calls and demands made upon you, and in this way, I may supply a want in the community. I would always be glad to call you in consultations and would feel proud if we always get on in our respective practices on the best of terms".

His answer to this friendly introduction was about as follows:
"Dr. Jobe, you have driven your pigs to a bad market. Dr. Rogan, my

Uncle Gaston Powell and myself will form a copartnership, and we can do all the business the people can pay for; of course, you would get the kind of calls we would not want, and it would be doing us a favor, but it would starve you out".

This reply did not set well on me, and I said, "Well, Doctor, if that is your game, I will try lives with you. I intend to stay, and if you make \$10. a day and I make but \$1., I will live as well as you and have more to show for it at the end of the year than you will." Dr. Powell said, "That is strange arithmetic". I said, "I know you well, 101 Dr. Powell. With all your lack of attention to your profession and your lack of financial ability - with all your extravagance." I said, "If you were to make \$20. a day you would spend \$40. That is your reputation".

"On the other hand, I know I must use industry and practice economy; and I was raised to both; and it won't go hard with me. So we will see in the end who starves out."

From that on, for my first year in Elizabethton, Dr. Powell did everything fair and unfair to put me down and discourage me. He would not consult me, nor recognize me in any manner, not even speak to me in the street or public road. Not the least thing had occurred between us to cause all this, and it was a wonder to his friends why he treated me in such a manner. He had no excuse to make. I had but little to say in defending myself against the abominable lies he would tell on me.

He was an exceedingly plausible man, a fluent talker, and with all a very popular man with the people, and he had been in practice in

Elizabethton more than 20 years. The most I could say when the people would tell me the things he would invent and tell on me was that he was so glib with his tongue that he could make them believe a lie quicker than I could the truth.

The sequel proved everything I told Powell in our unpleasant inter- 102 view. While he was paying more attention to everything besides his profession, I was giving the due diligence to reviewing my whole course and taking medical and surgical journals and in that way endeavoring to keep up with the advancement of the science; and was ready at all times to take a call, night or day, and it was not long before the calls came, as many as I could do justice to, in spite of all the efforts of the "Triumvirate".

Their efforts to ruin me only served to better purpose to advertise me. As to Dr. Joe Powell, the head of the firm, who had inspired and concocted the schema to drive me away and had, with impudent bravado, threatened to starve me out; he himself starved out in a few years. When he ate his supper at night, he did not know where his breakfast would come from. This condition continued for a short time, before he left between two days, giving no notice of his departure, and went to

California. He left owing everybody he could. I hold a note on him, executed to Arthur Ore dated in 1836.

Dr. Powell's wife was a most excellent woman, all her neighbors loved her. She ultimately followed him to California.

I will not endeavor to recount my "ups and downs" in prosecuting my profession in Elizabethton. My wife and I were both poor, but full of courage and hope for the future. We determined to do the very best our circumstances would permit, and to merit success, if industry and economy 103

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(Note) I settled at Elizabethton in 1846. I attended to collecting rents and keeping up the farm, in paying my rent. The farm was out of order. There was no road up Doe River on my side. The fence was immediately on the bank, and the public road was in the river from the lower end of the farm to the old Sammy Tipton house above where Aunt Susy Tipton then lived and on up to the lane between me and Abraham Tipton, leading out to Gap Creek. While the fence stood on the bank of the river, footmen traveled inside my yard. One night returning from a corn shucking at Sam Tipton's they threw "Sheb King" down in the yard and ran off and left him. He was so drunk he could not get up and I knew he would freeze if not cared for. I carried him in. I found next day when sober that Sheb or Albert King was a boy of good mind. I persuaded him to stay with me and quit drinking liquor. He stayed with me several years. I paid him well and he did me good service. But finally he got above himself. He dressed too fine and I was gone from the house most of the time. My wife managed the farm. She usually had about half dozen hands and Albert managed the four at the back of the farm in crop time. He would come in at 12 o'clock with hands and horses and would keep them from their work 4½ hours each day. When she reported to me, I turned to his act and settled with him and dismissed him.

My bad luck, trials, and hardships in Georgia had taught me much, by actual experience. The many disappointments had taught me a valuable lesson which might be appropriately set forth in the good advice given by the old colored preacher to his congregation when he said, "My bredren, I would advise you not to expect much in dis world, and you san't be disappointed". Many people go through their lives discontented and unhappy, who always have a sufficiency of this worlds goods to keep them from want, just because they expect too much.

We located in a humble log cabin on the bank of Doe River on a farm of a hundred and forty-three acres, owned at the time by my Uncle Abraham Jobe. This land adjoined the town of Elizabethton, and is the land on which the principal buildings have, thus far, been erected in the city,

being built by the Co-Operative Town Company. I bought this 143 acres of land from my uncle in about a year after I moved to Elizabethton, and in another year, I built a large frame house on it. Land was low then. I gave \$1,800. for the 143 acres and sold 51½ acres to Albert J. Tipton, adjoining him, being the land where John Tipton's brick house and other buildings stand, running back and taking Cam Hart and other lands now so valuable. I sold all that land for \$772.50, being 15 dollars per acre, and took it all in lumber to build my house. ↓

Dr. Cunningham as a prophet

While I was preparing the foundation for my house, my old preceptor, (104) Dr. Samuel B. Cunningham, with whom I read medicine, stayed with me one night. Next morning I showed him where I was fixing to set my new house. He said, "This is a beautiful situation, but you are going to set it wrong. You ought to set it east and west, in place of north and south, and move back to give room for a street to correspond with that wide street across Doe River, for sometime not very far away in the future, there will be a manufacturing city built up here and a broad street will creep down this valley.

That was 46 years ago and Dr. Cunningham has been in his grave more than 20 years, but if he had lived till now, he could see his broad street (Elk Avenue) already graded and buildings going up on each side of it, verifying his prediction that I, nor no one else believed at that day. So I went on building my house right in the middle of Dr. Cunningham's prophetic street. I spent \$2,500. in improvements right on that spot of ground. The most beautiful place I ever saw for a residence, all things considered. Here where I spent so many years of contentment

with my beloved wife, who had shared with me the cares of life, and our interesting children, all of whom had come to love our home. Old associations - fond recollections, some sad, would come welling up in our bosoms when we were brought seriously to contemplate giving up such a home, but we had all heard much and read a great deal about boom towns, and building up cities in a day, as it were, and we caught on to the excitement and moved on with the current, until we sold out to the Co-Operative Town Company. 105

And now while I write this part of my sketch at Elk Park, North Carolina on the 24th of April, 1893, the Company is using my old dwelling house as an office, 200 yards from its original location, to where they moved it. All the other improvements have been swept away and a fine avenue graded where they once stood. It cost the company \$600. to move it. *(Commencing practices at Elizabethton)*

After this digression, I will resume my brief account of my professional life at Elizabethton, not assaying to give anything like a full history as I would, were there hastily written lines intended for publication. I don't write for publication, I dash down a few lines here and there along life's pathway in a careless way to show where I've been, and what I've been doing - principally to show to my grandchildren how busy I've been through life and to try to get them to emulate my example.

For the first year after I commenced practice at Elizabethton, my practice was confined to Carter County, and mostly around Elizabethton; but in the second year, it began to extend into Washington, Sullivan,

Unicoi and Johnson in Tennessee, and soon into Mitchell, Yancey and Watauga in North Carolina and in the course of years, I did some practice in Buncombe and Madison.

The above counties enumerated covered a large territory, mountainous and undulating; all free from malaria. With ordinary care and attention to sanitary regulations, there could be no cause for sickness, outside of what will occur in any country from sudden changes of temperatures.

This was the general outlook all over the region, just described. Yet we had some severe epidemics. The cause producing these epidemics was hard to appreciate. There is an essential difference between epidemic diseases and contagious diseases, but the majority of the people confound them. 106

I believe there are but few contagious diseases, but a good many epidemic diseases. Contagious disease is communicated by coming in contact with the person affected. An epidemic disease is caught by coming in contact with a peculiar atmosphere, impregnated with some occult substance unknown to us, and which travels in the air; in districts where epidemics prevail. I think it impossible for anyone to tell just what it is, or to define the cause for its being there. It is an invisible, impalpable, and intangible something that cannot be defined. My definition of it is, "The pestilence that walketh in darkness, and wasteth at noonday. And no one knows whence it cometh, or whither it goeth". I am well aware that a large number of writers of this fast age, who I think are trying to outrun the telegraph, are endeavoring to snow under this atmospheric cause of disease by calling doctors of

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against
Theories

my age (75) old fogies, men who have practiced half a century and devoted their lives to the profession and learned by actual experience truths that are worth all the theories that were ever brought forward since the days of the father of medicine. I hold that one absolute fact is worth a thousand theories.

These late, extravagant writers attribute as the cause of nearly all diseases to Bacilli, or Microbes. And I see this monkeying with microbes threatens to become a popular hobby with many of the profession. I predict that it will have its run, just as did the Brown-Seduard remedy, and sooner or later, those who are now so extravagant in its praise, be ashamed the ever endorsed it. *(Difference between contagious and epidemic diseases)*

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I believe Small Pox is contagious, and I believe Typhoid Fever is not contagious, but maybe sporadic or epidemic, according to the constituent elements of the air in which the disease prevails. Scarlet Fever is also an epidemic disease.

Scarlet Fever prevailed in an epidemic form in portions of Carter County in the fall of 1846. I saw very few of these cases, in consequence of my making my first visit with my wife to see my ^hfater, mother and other relatives in Georgia. We started just before it broke out, and we returned just before the disease had spent its force and was dying out. I was called to a few cases after my return. It commenced in the western part of the county and traveled ⁺east, up Watauga River to Doe River Cove. In this route, it traversed two important and ^{el}densley populated valleys, with a large mountain range between them. And in its course, it scarcely left a house that it did not enter.

While it was prevailing on Stoney Creek and below, there was not a case across the mountain five or six miles, and when it died out in this neighborhood, leaving the whole people in good health, it crossed over the mountain and raged as furiously down the other valley. Proving to my mind that it traveled with the atmosphere, its cause was occult and so hidden that no one could account for its appearance. It affected children altogether and about one-third died. After this scourge of Scarlet Fever, we saw nothing more of that dreadful disease for 10 years, when it broke out again in an epidemic form in 1856. In this last epidemic, there were not as many cases nor did it spread over as much territory, but it was even more malignant than before. In this last epidemic, we lost two wonderful bright boys, Potect and John.

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In malignant Scarlet Fever, I do not believe any treatment will do any good. I would be as willing to trust a child of mine laboring under a severe attack of malignant Scarlet Fever in the hands of a good careful nurse, with her simple "home remedies", as they are called, as in the hands of the best physician in the town. (Typhoid Fever)

Typhoid Fever made its appearance as an epidemic in May, 1849. I had just returned from Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky, where I graduated March, 1849. I had been practicing at Elizabethton since 1845, but the prevailing fever with us had been billious remittent fever. There is no doubt in my mind but what there had been now and then sporadic cases of Typhoid Fever in our midst, but these cases had been overlooked and treated as billious remittent fever. Typhoid Fever had not been recognized even by the oldest one.

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I had just enjoyed the advantages of the superb lectures of Professor Elisha Bartlett, who had 20 years experience in Typhoid Fever at Lowell in Mass. and had also written a book on Typhoid Fever, which had become a textbook in the medical colleges. Dr. G. T. Magee had graduated at the same session I did, and we were the only physicians in upper East Tennessee who had the advantages of Bartlett's lectures and thus qualified to treat that disease scientifically. 109

When I got into my first cases, which was pretty soon after my return home, I recognized at once Dr. Bartlett's Typhoid Fever, and, of course, I adopted his mild treatment. I soon found my treatment differed from that of all the other practitioners, except Dr. Magee. They followed the old routine practice with calomel, ipecac, quinine, etc., for they thought they were treating their old enemy bilious remittent fever. Some old doctors and good doctors did that. I refused to give a grain of calomel. I regarded the disease as commencing in the glands of pector and brunner in the bowels, and that calomel being an irritant would add to the inflammation and thus do more harm than good.

I adopted the expectant plan of Bartlett and gave very little medicine. What I did give was of the mildest kind. From the first of May, 1849, till the 25th of December, when I was taken down myself with the fever, I attended 107 cases of Typhoid Fever, besides all the other practice I was called on to do. I had to keep two horses, one to do resting and eating while I rode the other; which labor, exposure and especially loss of sleep was enough to kill an ordinary man. Many of these cases were scattered over four or five counties. Some of them

from 30 to 40 miles from Elizabethton, yet I would manage to see them as often as was necessary. I put down in a blank book of 150 pages, the name of my patient in the worst cases, with all the symptoms, date of attack, treatment, and out of the 107 cases, I lost but 7. That book has served me a good purpose as a hand book of reference. ^{Typhoid Fever} ~~Non-contagious~~

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contagious.

Typhoid was the type of fever that prevailed through all this mountain country, when we had any fever at all for three years, but becoming milder in its attacks until it subsided entirely. I have not seen a well marked case of Typhoid Fever in this region since 1853. I hear a great many doctors speak of treating Typhoid Fever around here, but when I inquire about the symptoms, I find they do not answer for Typhoid Fever, especially in its epidemic form. In some bad, protracted cases of billious remittent fever, I've seen them run into a debilitated stage simulating typhoid, but it lacked many characteristics of epidemic Typhoid Fever.

I have noticed in all epidemic diseases the first cases are always the worst ones and as the season passes on, the verulence of the disease gradually subsides; and I think this change takes place from an atmospheric change more than any other cause.

I had a very hard and protracted spell of this fever. I was taken sick and confined to my bed on the 25th of December, 1849 and did not get out for three months. I had been constantly in attendance on Typhoid patients from the first of May till the 25th of December - say 8 months - and did not take it until the atmosphere became contaminated with it around my home, as was shown by many cases occurring around me about

the time I took it. Elizabethton was free from the epidemic until then. I think that fact is strong proof of the non-contagious nature of the fever. *(Calomel in Billious Remittent Fever)*

Dr. Magee was my principal physician. He, of course, adopted the same treatment I had with all my cases. My constitution was good, although I had taken a great deal of medicine for fevers previous to this. I had fever and ague for 18 months at a stretch while I lived in Georgia. After that, I scarcely ever missed a summer for several years that I did not have a spell of billious fever, and being of a billious habit, I prescribed calomel liberly. I have had several bad spells of billious fever and was compelled to take a good deal of calomel. Sometimes it would salivate me when I did not want to carry it that far, and again I would produce salivation on purpose. I have been salivated fourteen times in my life, and I am a living refutation to the often repeated charge against mercury - that is "if one is ever salivated, the constitution is ruined, the teeth fall out, and one is undone for life". I am 75½ years old this month (April) and but few men of my age have a better constitution, none have better teeth, and have no false teeth.

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I think calomel is the best medicine that ever has been in use and can be used with benefit in a greater variety of cases than any medicine; but it is capable of doing harm, if it is injudiciously used. I place it in the front rank of all remedies. I think it has been the means of saving my life more than once.

SURGERY

I always loved surgery better than any branch of our profession. I think the principle reason that caused me to devote more time and thought to surgery was on account of my greatly esteemed preceptor, or Dr. Samuel B. Cunningham, being such a splendid surgeon. He had such good success, and being himself devoted to surgery. After a full course with him, I made arrangements and practiced with him a few months. He was by far the safest and best operator in East Tennessee. His surgical practice extended a long ways. I, therefore, enjoyed a splendid opportunity in that coveted field, and I availed myself of everything in that line that fell in my way, not only in surgery, but in every kind of cases to which he was called, and he always had all he could attend to. During the time I was with him, we amputated limbs, operation for hernia, reducible and unreducible, lithotomy, taking off female breasts, etc. This experience in operative surgery did me an immense amount of good. When I went into practice on my own account in Burnsville, where there were no surgeons for a long distance, I was compelled to rely on my own knowledge of surgery, and I went right in with confidence in myself whenever cases presented themselves.

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A Short Account of a Few Surgical Cases.

I could write a common-size book detailing the many surgical operations I have performed in my long practice, but I will try to satisfy myself, if no one else, by describing very briefly only a few out of the many which I have performed.

I owed it to the profession to have stopped my practice long enough

years ago, when Professor Briggs of Nashville, Tennessee wrote me that he would like me to send him a statement of all the operations I had performed up to that date, that he was writing a book, combining the surgery of Tennessee and wanted my cases to go in it. I should have responded to the call, but I was too busy then and I never wrote a line. Aside from being busy, I always objected to writing for publication, and do not now write for publication. *David Garland*

After I had been practicing a few years at Elizabethton, and while Dr. Powell was persecuting me, chance brought us together professionally, and somewhat unexpectedly; and it was such a case as to require both of us; to lay down, for a time at least, our past differences, and exercise our best skill for the relief of suffering humanity. An excellent Christian man (David Garland), 75 years old and living about midway between Elizabethton, Tennessee and Burnsville, North Carolina had been suffering for a week with strangulated hernia. I was, at the time, at Burnsville Court and Dr. Powell was at Elizabethton. We both were sent for without the knowledge of the other and met there at night. Next morning, we operated. We found twelve inches of the bowel mortified, and as black as ones hat. We cut off the mortified portion of the bowel, and sewed the end to the hole we had made to get to the bowel - thus making an artificial anus. The old man had an excellent constitution, and the wound healed rapidly, and in this condition, he lived five years and died with fever at the age of 80.

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Dr. Powell and I rode home at Elizabethton together finding that we had done a good work, and R. Powell treated me better after that than

he ever had before. Dr. H. I. Berry, then a student of Dr. Powell, was with us in the operation.

(Note) David Garland was named for David Jobe, my grandfather. They thought a great deal of each other and visited each other often. (Head Injuries)

On the 10th of October, 1849, Elijah Bunton accidentally hit his brother, Andy, on the head with a 2½ pound rock, and he fell as dead as a beef, and lay frothing at the mouth and in an unconscious state until Elijah rode 25 miles for me, and I rode there in the night. Next morning, I took 30 pieces of bone from the left parietal and frontal bones. This was an interesting case in several respects. He had never spoken from 4 P.M. to 8 A. M. next morning. When I had taken out the first bone, with the trepan, and with the elevator raised the mass of fractured bones, which were pressing heavily on the brain, he opened his eyes and said hastily, "What are you doing?". That was the first word he had uttered since the injury, and from that on through the operation, he was conscious. I carefully removed all the fractured bones, and felt with my finger under the edge of the sound bone, so as to not leave any spiculs of bone, which sometimes penetrates the brain.

As the fracture was extensive, I had to take several stitches in dressing the large wound. I had some trouble to keep down inflammation, but he recovered in a reasonable length of time, and is now living near where he received his injury in Johnson County, enjoying good health, now 44 years after the injury.

As a singular coincidence, I will here relate what happened in August, 1862 (during the war). Joe Dugger was raking straw away from a

ground hay threshing machine. (This occurrence took place in Johnson County, Tennessee, within ten steps of where Andy Bunton had his skull broken with the rock). While Dugger was raking and machine running at full speed, a tooth flew out of the cylinder and hit him in the center of the forehead, breaking the skull and penetrating the brain, leaving enough of the tooth out for a bystander to catch hold of it and pull it out.

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The war was very hot at that time in East Tennessee, and non-combatants did not feel very safe in traveling about; therefore, it was hard to secure the services of a doctor. They called in Dr. Smithpater, the nearest doctor. While the doctor was well read and a clever man, he was rarely sober. On this occasion, he was barely able to ride there. To show how incompetent a drunk man is to practice surgery, it is only necessary to say he attended this poor sufferer six days and never found out that his skull was fractured. He did not even probe it, saying, "I don't believe the skull is fractured, but if it is, it will get well". At the end of the six days, they sent for me. I found him nearly ready to die. I was alarmed for his safety. Here was an extensive fracture, with inflammation already set up in the lacerated membranes surrounding the brain, and brains oozing out at the opening, where the tooth entered.

The war had been going on long enough to prevent us from having a full supply of medicines, therefore, I had no chloroform. I had to operate without chloroform or ether. He did not bear it well. I was compelled to let him rest frequently during the operation. I finally succeeded in removing 17 pieces of bone and dressed the wound as usual

with stitches and adhesive plaster, being careful to leave free exit for the escape of the matter, as the healing process went slowly on. I had, of course, to counteract inflammation by internal treatment as well as local. He had a rather slow recovery; is now, however, well and a prosperous farmer, living on the same place where he came near to losing his life. (The old noted and popular Billy Bunton farm.)

I am only going to give a few cases of prephaning out of the great number I have performed and what history I do give is done under the most unfavorable surroundings.

Case of Isaac Martin, (Colored)

This was Dr. Pierce's case. Isaac Martin was a hand at Cranberry mines. He was knocked down on Monday morning with a heavy piece of seasoned wood (maple) 5 feet long and larger than a man's arm, by another stout Negro. He lay unconscious and speechless, without eating a mouthfull or drinking a drop from Monday morning till Saturday evening. Dr. Pierce, his physician, said he would die, but said his skull was not fractured. When I was called in by the colored people Saturday evening, I found his skull badly fractured. I told them it had been done so long the chances to save him by an operation were greatly lessened; but as they insisted on my doing all I could for him, I asked Dr. Pierce if he would assist me and he said he would. So I telegraphed for my instruments and operated next day. On my cutting down and exposing the bone, I found a fracture 5½ inches long, extending from the frontal to the middle of the occipital bone on the left side of his head.

Immediately on removing the pressure made upon the brain by the

fractured bones, he spoke for the first time in a week. I have forgotten the number of pieces I removed. I had to leave at once on the train for Elizabethton, and I left the patient for 36 hours in the hands of Dr. Pierce, but it was such an extreme case, I felt uneasy about the result of the operation and a great deal depended upon the after treatment. Dr. Pierce had told me he had never had any experience in surgery and knew nothing about it. After I left, he told the crowd who remained the following, which he said was his prediction - said he, "Dr. Jobe had as well to have come here with an ax in place of his surgical instruments and knocked this Nigger in the head, as to have taken those bones out - he has to die, if he was the last Nigger on earth."

I returned next day and attended closely to the after treatment and in less than a month, I had him out at his work earning a dollar a day to support his family. I did this for nothing, as I did a great deal of my practice at Cranberry. This colored man stepped up to me at Johnson City the other day, and pulled off his hat and said "You done that, you saved my life".

Amputations

The first amputation I ever took part in was to assist Dr. Cunningham in taking off Mr. Salts leg above the knee, in Washington County, Tennessee in 1842. Dr. Cunningham, seeing how interested I was in surgery, always gave me extra advantages, and on this occasion, entrusted me with the duty of taking up and tying the arteries. I well remember, on this occasion, when he severed the femoral artery, (the tourniquet not being quite tight enough), the blood spurted into my mouth. I could taste

it, hot and salty, and it did not effect me in the least. This was my first handling of that indispensable surgical instrument called the tenaculum, which I have used and have used so often since. This operation was a success.

During my reading and afterwards during the months I practiced with my preceptor, I assisted him in many operations, amputations of arms, lgs, etc. Amputations at the shoulder joint and hip joint are difficult operations. We amputated Mrs. Shields arm at the shoulder joint at Jonesboro about the year 1842 or 1843.

Joe Stuarts case. In the summer of 1858.

I will here relate one amputation out of the many I might record, that was full of interest to me, then comparatively a young surgeon. I was spending the summer with my family at Burns, North Carolina, on account of my bad health. I was so bad off, I had to give up my practice. We had spent the summer of 1857 in Georgia at the Cherokee Springs. While at Burnsville, Joe Stuart, about 21 years old, got his foot terribly crushed between the master wheel and traveler in a threshing machine. Dr. Crumley, then a young physician in practice at Burnsville, was called in, and believing he could save the foot, bound it up and attended him six days. The weather was very warm (1st August, 1858). He became alarmed and sent for me. When he took the dressing off, I could smell the gangreenous odor and saw from its appearance every evidence of incipient mortification. To add to the horror of the case, there were at least my double hand full of maggots at work in the wound. I told the doctor his patient would die certain and very soon

if his leg was not immediately amputated. He asked me to amputate. I told him I would. I had no instruments with me except my pocket case instruments. We sent 7 miles into the country for Dr. Whittington to come with his tourniquet. I went to a shoemaker and got his knife and to a carpenter and got his tenent saw, and we placed him on a table in the yard. By the time we were ready to operate, the news had spread from town into the country, and there were more than 200 persons, men, women and children congregated to witness the operation. They were on the housetops, the windows, doors, on fences and in the streets. Most of them expected to see the young man die under the operation.

We administered chloroform and I never have seen it set so well. He never moved a muscle during the whole operation. If I had been operating on the dead subject, I could not have operated in a shorter time. Two gentlemen held their watches and both reported that I was only five minutes from the time I made the first incision until the dressings were all on and I ordered him removed into the house and put to bed. I amputated about three inches above the ankle ^joint. I remained in town and visited him every day until he recovered, which was in a reasonable time. I charged nothing for this work, as Mrs. Stuart was left a widow in humble circumstances. This was in August, 1858. Now (May, 1898), Joe Stuart is living near to Bakersville, Mitchell County, North Carolina, in good health, and is getting around on his crutches pretty well. I saw this man in Elk Park, October 20th, 1893 - sound and well and moving round very well.

I am compelled to leave off a report of any more of the great

number of amputations I've performed to give room for other kinds of operating.

Tumors.

Under this head, I want to speak of malignant and nonmalignant tumors. The nonmalignant tumors never return after being properly experepated; but the scirrows, or malignant tumor will return and kill, it doesn't matter what you do. What are called steotomotous, or fatty tumors, nearly always get well if carefully operated upon. I have been generally successful in operating upon tumors, but I want to report one here in which I was not successful.

In the year 1861, Nancy Fair of Carter County, had eight tumors on her head, breast and shoulders which, I believed, were malignant and I so told her and her friends. As they were growing rapidly, she insisted that I should take them out. She said if the operation was not successful, it would not rob her of many days, for she felt that they were killing her by inches. She said she would assume all responsibility. I got a half dozen other doctors to join me in this operation, including a student who was then reading with me. We rode six miles into the country. We gave her chloroform which acted well, and we had taken out three of the tumors from her head and were taking out the fourth one, which dipped down between the collar bone and shoulder blades, in dissecting it out there was considerable hemorrhage. The operator could not see very well and in using the necessary traction to bring the tumor up, though done with the greatest ease, it brought the subelavian vein up in the way of the knife and it was accidentally

cut; and it being a large vein, and no chance to get at it, she bled to death in two minutes. This was in the presence of seven doctors - all willing to do their whole duty. If forty of the best doctors in the land had been present, the case would have had the same ending.

One more unsuccessful case. Mother of Senator Pritchard of North Carolina. About the year 1871. Mrs. Pritchard and her little son George, (both at that time strangers to me) came from an adjoining county to get me to cut Mrs. Pritchard's breast off. I had them to light and stay with me and on examination of her breast next morning, I frankly told her that it was my opinion her disease was cancerous and, if I was right in my diagnosis, it would do no good to take her breast off. She replied that I might be mistaken in its character, and in that event, the operation would be a success. If it really was cancer, it would be only death, and to let it alone would be death very soon. So I consented to operate. She went to her sister's in the neighborhood and took treatment for a week to prepare her system for the operation.

I wrote to Washington County for my son-in-law, Dr. E. E. Hunter, to come and assist me in the operation and in the presence of the local physician and some of the people in the neighborhood, we took the breast off. We all carefully examined the huge mammary gland after its removal, and we were all well convinced it was malignant and the operation would not prove a success. She recovered from the operation so as to be taken home in about a week and for 8 or 9 months, she believed she would have no return of it, but at the end of that time, it began to pain her and to grow. She returned to me to beg me to take it out again and that

I was satisfied it was cancerous. She argued that I might have failed 120 to get it all out and she wanted me to cut it out again, and so desperately she pled, I could not refuse her request and I took it out down to the ribs a second time.

This operation was more deceptive than the first. She was for more than a year clear of pain and no appearance could be seen of a return of the disease. She moved into North Carolina, and for a while counted herself fortunate in having a successful second operation performed. But finally it commenced growing and paining her, and it "went in a gallop", until she succumbed to its ravages. *↓ Cancer - incurable and by any treatment.*

This was cancer. I do not believe a genuine cancer ever was cured, although we have thousands of cancer doctors who say they can cure them. I can cure what they call cancer. Fortunately for suffering humanity, cancer is a very rare disease. I do not believe now after practicing medicine and surgery for half a century that more than one case in a thousand that is called cancer is really cancer. It is common throughout the various sections I have had the honor to practice in, for every indolent sore that doesn't yield readily to treatment to be dubbed at once with the name cancer. There are a few doctors who will pitch in and treat these cases and make a reputation for curing cancer when there is really no cancer.

(Note) I charged \$25. for the first operation, but nothing for the second.

Dr. January as a cancer doctor.

Years ago, Dr. January of Murfreesboro, Tennessee (I believe a Baptist preacher) made a great reputation for curing cancer. He established

(at Cherokee Springs in Ga. & Nashville, Tenn.)

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a large hospital there at his private expense and for years had hundreds of patients from all parts of the United States. When my health became so bad in 1857, I had to give up my profession, so I went with my family 121 to my fathers in Georgia, and we spent the summer at the Cherokee Springs nearby. I soon recovered so I could travel on the trains and I wanted to make a trip to Nashville in September to buy Ocoee money at 25¢ per cent discount in the great money panic in 1857

As I passed Murfreesboro, I thought I would like to satisfy myself in regard to the conflicting reports about Dr. January's success in treatment of cancer. Reasoning this way - if Dr. January knows more about cancer than the balance of us, and can cure that heretofore incurable disease, I want to know it, in order to do him justice, and also that I may ^{be} profit by the same knowledge, and be the means of diffusing the blessing to many more of the afflicted of the human family.

I stopped off and spent a day going through the different wards of the large hospital. I was afforded every facility I could ask to inform myself of the value of the treatment. There were hundreds of patients there taking treatment, and in summing up my conclusions when I left ¹⁸⁵⁷⁻ 1858 there, it amounted about to this. Out of the hundreds there under treatment, I thought there were seven who had cancer and from what I could glean from them they were no better than when they entered the institution. All of the others were improving and a goodly number were about ready to leave cured. But they never had cancer.

Isaac P. Tipton of Carter County, my neighbor and kinsman, was one of those cured and left for home a few days before I visited the

hospital. He never had showed his cancer to me; if he had I would have cured him and saved him some money.

I have often been astonished at the credulity of the people, and wondered why they were so easily imposed upon and generally by uneducated ignorant men.

Dr. Cox of Virginia, as a Cancer Doctor

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Dr. Cox of Virginia frequently came down into the border counties of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina about the time I finished my course of reading with Dr. Cunningham at Jonesboro. This old man was clever as far as I knew, but he was uneducated and very ignorant. He had picked up a little knowledge about the treatment of old sores, etc, and had the faculty of making people believe that nearly all indolent sores were cancerous. *(Dr. Cox of Virginia)*

It was through my Uncle Abraham Jobe that I became acquainted with Dr. Cox. I had just finished my course and such a large number had recently entered the profession that it was hard for a young doctor to find a location. My uncle thought if I would add what Dr. Cox knew to my regular course, it would only help me in getting a good location. Dr. Cox had been successful in arresting dry mortification in Mr. Clark's feet and that circumstance gave uncle confidence in him - as two doctors in the county had treated him and failed to do him any good. Uncle introduced me to him at Clarks and brought Cox home with us. In our interview, I told Cox I had no confidence in his theory about cancer. He invited me to ride with him on his circuit to see his patients, through two or three counties in the edge of North

Carolina, and he would show me a well marked case of cancer. Also, I could see him apply his treatment and then he said, "You will no longer be a doubting Thomas". I was not quite ready to start out to find a location so I concluded to go with him. We rode about three days and found no case he was willing to call cancer, until we returned to Carter County, Tennessee. He thought he found one on old Johnnie Saylor, whom I had known from my boyhood. Mr. Saylor had a little blue lump about the size of a buck shot on his nose. I asked Mr. Saylor how long it had been on his nose and he said about 18 years. Said I, "Did it ever give you any pain?". He said, "No, I never know it is there only when I put my fingers on it". "Do you intend to have anything done for it by way of treatment?", I asked. "No, I've never doctored any, nor do I intend to while it remains as inoffensive as it always has been", he said. Said I, "That is exactly what I would advise you to do. Let it alone and my opinion is, Mr. Saylor, if something else doesn't kill you, you may die with old age without that little bloodwart hurting you". My friend Saylor, with whom I had dealings for years after I located at Elizabethton, died years ago, at a good old age - but during his long life, he never suffered a moment with the little wart that Dr. Cox would call a cancer.

Mrs. Dugger's Case of Cancer.

These cases are detailed here, more for some intimate professional friends who may chance to see them, than any interest I expect my immediate family to take in them, unless in the future some of them may become doctors; in that case, I would expect them to want to know my opinion and my theory on these questions.

I was for years William C. Duggers family physician, while he was a citizen of Carter County, Tennessee, before he moved to the west. On one of my visits to his family, he asked me to go with him half mile down the river to see his mother and tell him what I thought of her case. After examining her, I frankly told him she had cancer, and that I could not cure cancer, nor did I believe anyone else could. So I did not prescribe for her.

In about a year, or less time perhaps, I was called to see another one of his family, and he requested me to go again to see his mother. I found the cancer on her face was healed up. She looked at me very quizzically and said, "What do you think now? Dr. Cox has cured my cancer", and I said, "I think just what I did when I saw you before. I thought you had cancer, and I think so still, and if I am correct in my diagnosis, I think it will break out again and kill you. This is a mere truce and not a cure. Within a year, it did break out afresh and went in a gallop until it killed her.

Diagnosis

The best trait in a doctor to insure success, lies in his careful investigation of his case - let him always adopt the motto of Davie Crockett. "First find out you are right, then go ahead." In order to make a deep impression on the students on the importance of a correct diagnosis, Prof. Bowling told his class the following good joke on himself. ↓ (W. K. Bowling, M.D., Physician and Surgeon)

He established himself in his office, in his Kentucky town, and hung out his sign, which read thus: "W. K. Bowling, M.D., Physician and Surgeon." He sat down with a book to read and wait for a call, and the first caller was a young fellow about 18 years old, riding a poor filly with flax mane and tail, and the boy's white hair was sticking out a large hole in the top of his hat. He had no coat and his pants came only half way down his legs, his bare feet were in stirrups fastened to ropes. In this kelter he drew up his toe reins and called the doctor out and said, "Be you Dr. Bowling, M.D.?" Dr. Bowling answered in the affirmative. "Well, come and see this" at the same time taking his foot out of the stirrup and pushing it towards the doctor. He took hold of it and examined it a little, found it was hot and red and looked smartly inflamed. Said the youngster, "What do you think is the matter with it?" The doctor said, "I think it is Erysipelas." "Ery hell," said he, "Why, that's a wasp sting." "Goodbye, Dr. W. K. Bowling, M.D., Physician and Surgeon."

W. H. Kite's Case

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This case should have been reported under the head of non-malignant

tumors, but I have had no chance to take time or consult method, but have had to be content to snatch a few moments occasionally from my close confinement with my daughter-in-law, who has been at death's door for 4 months, and is still dangerously ill.

Ham Kite was a citizen of Johnson county, Tennessee. He had a very large steotometous or fatty tumor, located on the right side of his neck, and extending to the point of his shoulder and covering the clavicle to the chin in front, and to the clavicle vertebra behind, covering the whole of the carotid arteries and their branches. The tumor was very large, fully half as large as his head. This was an extremely dangerous operation, from the size of the tumor, and its location involving so many arteries. There were 3 large arteries, each one with 11 branches, would be 36, making it a very dangerous location for an operation of that magnitude.

But the question was, what should be done? The tumor was increasing in size and already pressing on the organs of respiration so he could not lie down, but had to get what sleep he could sitting up. It was, as he expressed it, "to risk the operation or die." He was anxious for the operation to be performed, and for that purpose he had consulted 25 doctors in and around the surrounding towns, and he said all, without exception, had told him that the location of the tumor precluded the possibility of taking it out without killing him.

When he came to consult me in regard to it, I told him that the operation would be attended with a great deal of danger, but that I believed, if he could stand the operation without the use of chloroform, by using extra care, I could very carefully dissect it out and save his life. I told him I could not consent to give him chloroform for two reasons.

First, because it would be unsafe to keep him under its influence long enough to take the tumor out, and another reason was, I knew consumption was in his family (2 of his brothers and sisters had died with it) and we are warned not to use it in such cases. He said he could stand it, and said he, "I know I can't live long this way and, if you will operate, I will take all the risks." I consented to operate and sent him home with medicines and directions to prepare him for the operation, but I confess I never suffered so much uneasiness about all the operations I ever performed as I did about Kite's. While he was under preparatory treatment, I would go to bed at night and sleep till midnight, and wake up and the first thought that entered my mind was Kite's case. I would sleep no more that night, and that continued until I operated.

(Kate's Case, continued.)

I was almost ready to decline to operate sometimes, but I could not get rid of the impression that the operation would be a success.

When I wrote to Kite appointing a day for the operation, I wrote to my son-in-law, Dr. E. E. Hunter, then living in Washington county, to come to assist me. A great many things conspired to discourage me and, if possible, make me give it up. The case was much talked of all over the country by the profession and by the people, and the sentiment, as far as I could learn, was all one way - against performing the operation. The day before the operation Kite's family physician (Dr. Crosswhite) visited Kite and told him not to risk the operation, that it was obliged to kill him. Kite's brother, Washington, also visited him, he said for the last time. He said, "I can't be here tomorrow to see you die, I now bid you a last farewell." This was trying on Kite's nerves, but he overcame it all, saying to them, "I am availing myself of the last chance I may be saved. It will not carry me off much sooner than

I will have to go anyhow.

It was court week at Elizabethton, April 6th, 1873, when Dr. Hunter and I started. As we rode out of town by a group of men in the street, I heard one man say, "There goes Dr. Jobe to kill Kite." Dr. Hunter and I stayed with Kite that night. When the people began assembling next morning, (there was a large crowd attended) Mrs. Kite called me into a private room where she sat with her little 2 year old daughter, both in tears, and she said to me, "Now doctor, if you can't tell me this morning that there is no danger in this operation, I can't consent to have it done." I replied very firmly, "Mrs. Kite I can't do that, I have frankly stated to everyone that there is a great deal of danger in it. Your husband may die right under the knife. I can only say that I will perform the operation with the greatest care possible, and I believe I can take the tumor out and make a success of the operation. All surgeons have to risk something, and in dangerous cases like the present one, occasionally the most eminent surgeons lose patients. If I am successful today, my victory will do me a great deal of good, but if I am unsuccessful, it will nearly ruin my reputation as a surgeon. I have already, in a manner, staked my reputation as a surgeon on the issue of this case. About 25 surgeons have said it was impossible to take the tumor out and not kill the patient, and I have consented, under all this accumulated evidence, to try and save him in the face of all that discouragement. If he should die you will have a great many things said against me as a surgeon, and so you may have the worst that can be said. I will tell you that I have had the misfortune to see one of my patients die under the knife in the presence of 7 doctors and, if there had been 10, the result would have been the same."

(Kite's case cont.)

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Mrs. Kite reached up and, taking her sunbonnet and her little daughter, she went out of hearing until the operation was over.

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I operated on a table out doors, with his arms pinioned under the table, but it was necessary to have his hands held by a man on each side of the table. I, therefore, called for two volunteers to come forward and hold his hands, but the big crowd swayed off for some distance and all wore countenances as serious as if at the burial of a near friend, but after a little while Hazelwood and Smith came out and took the position assigned them on either side of the table. My courage never failed me at the commencement of an operation, but in this instance I found it quite impossible for me to get self-possessed for several minutes. Having to deal with such a mesh of blood vessels, and the great danger of cutting one of the 3 carotid arteries, which might have bled him to death in spite of all we could do, was calculated to make us all feel nervous. There were several doctors present to witness the performance of so serious and dangerous an operation, and render what assistance they could.

I presume that on that occasion I felt a good deal like a soldier feels when he first goes into a battle, his nervousness and trembling is all at the commencement, but he soon gets his hand in, when he sees blood, and begins to realize what he has to do.

It was a very difficult, dangerous, and bloody operation, requiring patience, perseverance and skill.

I was compelled to cut 9 arteries, or rather branches of the carotid arteries. I operated with great care, did not suffer myself to get excited, but took proper amount of time for every detail of the whole work and never quit it until I was done. Dr. Hunter took up, and tied

the arteries as fast as they were cut. The wound was then neatly dressed by proper amount of stitches, and strips of adhesive plaster, and the healing process was so perfect as to leave comparatively a small scar, for so large a tumor. The operation was performed in Johnson County, Tennessee, on the 7th day of April, 1873. Kite is living now the 7th day of May 1893, just 20 years and one month from time of operation, only 3 miles from Elk Park, North Carolina, where I reside. No return of tumor, and his general health as good as a man's dares to be, to draw a pension.

Kite's Useless Trip to Washington

Kite was a Federal soldier in the late war, and was an applicant for pension when I operated on him, and when he recovered from the operation he would go to Washington for furtherance of his claim. I told him he could do no good by going, but he would go. The Department sent him before a pension board in the city. One of the 3 was an old surgeon. In examining him, this old man found where I had taken out the tumor, and said, "When was this tumor taken out, and who performed such a serious, and important operation?" When Kite told him where it was done and when and by whom, the old surgeon said to the other two, "Is it not strange that a doctor living away out in the mountains of East Tennessee could perform such an operation as that?"

I would think strange if we doctors of East Tennessee could not perform all operations that have ever come before us, just as scientifically as he, or any city surgeon.

Boney Tumors. Mrs. Jenkins' Case

Shortly after the close of the war, I performed a novel operation on Mrs. Jenkins of Johnson county. This operation consisted of the

removal of a boney tumor from her head, identical in size, shape, and in every particular just like a ram's horn. It was $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and curved inward. It was exactly the color of a ram's horn, and had rough ridges on it. After it was removed it could not be told from a ram's horn. It was firmly attached to the outer table at the cranium, 130 on the side of her head about where the frontal and parietal bones join. Mrs. Jenkins was about 60 years old. She recovered very rapidly, and there has been no return of the growth.

Forwant of time and space, I must close my surgical cases, although I might report many more, some of which would be interesting, especially to young surgeons who love that branch of their profession, but I must hasten onto give a very short account of a few of the many things which took place under my own observation during the War of the Rebellion. This was popularly called a Civil War, but I think it was a Secessional War.

The war actually commenced on the 13th of April 1861, at the fall of Ft. Sumpter at Charleston, S.C., and continued 4 years, with varying success, attended with great loss of life and treasure on both sides - all of which might have been saved, if prudent council had been heeded in time. I espoused the cause of the Union very early, when the war clouds first began to rise. Although born and reared in the South, I could see nothing but disaster in secession. This early alliance with the Union sentiment of East Tennessee made me a marked man during the war, and finally culminated in forcing me to exile myself from my family and going North before the close of the cruel war. I could not have remained at home as long as I did, if I had not been a practicing physician. The Union sentiment was very strong in the, then 31, counties in East

Tennessee. The February election, 1861, showed a very feeble vote (Rebel) in East Tennessee, and in the whole state we defeated secession by a majority of 65 thousand votes. When the state voted out by the large Rebel vote in June, East Tennessee still stood square for the Union, but were overcome by Middle and West Tennessee. When the "tug of War" came, East Tennessee sent 28 thousand soldiers into the Federal Army, although every road and gap was guarded to prevent them from getting through the mountains into Kentucky. 131

This was a time which tried men's souls. Good, honorable, upright men differed in sentiment. Men looked at the question precipitated upon them from different standpoints, therefore, they came to different conclusions, and all believed they were patriotic. The fact that the Union men were very greatly in the majority in East Tennessee caused us more trouble and placed us in more danger from the Rebel Army than any other section of the South. Taking into account the topography of the country, the lay of the mountains and our close proximity to Kentucky, which at the beginning of the war was full of Federal soldiers, it was natural for Union men to believe we would soon be relieved by the advance of the Union Army into East Tennessee to stay. We thought of nothing else day and night. Many of us believed the true policy of the Federals was to use the great number of idle soldiers in Kentucky in constructing a railroad from Kentucky through Cumberland Gap into East Tennessee which would have enabled the Army to have a base of supplies in East Tennessee and thus cut the Southern Confederacy in two and, as we believed, brought the war to a close within the first year.

But other councils prevailed, and in this way the great bulk of the loyal people of the South were left to uncertain fate. I confess I was

much disappointed at what I called mismanagement of military affairs at Washington. In place of doing what they should have done, and had an inviting chance to do, they conceived a plan to hamper the Rebels by burning all the railroad bridges between Chattanooga and Bristol. I did not approve of it from the first intimation I had of the scheme. I had an undefinable presentation that it would be a failure as a war measure, and the consequences of the failure would be more direful to us as Union men than they had calculated.

a
Sectional
War

I told the man having control of burning the Carter and the Union Bridges, that I believed "if Sherman's Army failed to come to our rescue that Union men would be hung for your work tonight." And that all the Union men in the South, especially in East Tennessee, would be in much greater peril than ever before. He said, "you were a Union man before I espoused the cause, your argument is good and you may save the Carter Bridge if you wish to." I lost no time in getting to the bridge, 6 miles off. It was guarded by 125 cavalry. I found the man at once, who was to have the torch applied to it, at 8 o'clock that night. We secreted ourselves in an out house for our interview, so as not to be seen by the soldiers, and I soon convinced him that the bridge ought not to be burned. As I returned home I met Union men going on to help burn the bridge. When I explained to them it was not to be burned, they turned their course and went on and helped burn the Union Bridge. This was on the 8th of November 1861. The next day about 1000 Union men, citizens of Carter, Johnson, Washington and Sullivan counties, assembled in Elizabethton preparatory to marching towards Cumberland Gap to meet General Sherman. This number was increased from day to day until within a week, the little army amounted to about 12 or 15 hundred. About one

Burning
the
Railroad
Bridges

third of this army of the little rebellion against the big rebellion were indifferently armed with rifles, shot guns and pistols which they picked up in great haste, on leaving home, without time to say goodbye to anyone. (Burning the bridges between Chattanooga and Bristol.)

Here was the first demonstration I ever had of what a turbulent, unorganized mass of people will attempt to do under excitement. It was impossible for the more level headed and older citizens to keep the crowd from attempting to whip the Rebel Cavalry at Carter Depot and capture their arms, etc. They immediately started on for that purpose, after they had gotten over Watauga River at Taylor's Ford, and in spite of the advance pickets of the Rebels, I rode round and got into the road in front of them and succeeded in stopping them for a parley. I persuaded them to fall back to Taylor's barn, and organize. (At this time they had absolutely no organization.) They organized that evening, and went into camp at the large barn, and were attacked by the Rebels from Carter's Depot about 12 o'clock that night. Very little damage was done. One man slightly, and one horse seriously, wounded, and the Rebels retreated to Carter Depot. Several Union men received bullets through their clothes and hats. This battle was made memorable on account of so many of the valiant Union men, so full of fight, running at the first fire. The Cavalry, as well as the Infantry, in considerable numbers "did not stand on the order of their going." The fugitives all returned the next morning. This little army was organized into a big regiment, with all officers from colonels down - Quartermasters and all. The army had to live off of the willing Union men who had means. When called upon we gave our keys to our graineries, smoke houses, etc., to the Quartermaster. After camping at

Clarke Spring one night, we moved back to Elizabethton, then to Camp Hyder in Doe River Cove, there we remained about one week. During all this time we had abundant supplies, but it was a week of great suspense, not knowing what would become of us, after we lost all hope of General Sherman coming to our relief. I could not feel safe to remain at home, and was, therefore, compelled to remain with the army although I did not approve of the movement that had brought it into existence. 134

At the end of a week our army was driven from its position by General Leadbetter, who moved up from Johnson City with a pretty large force, and some artillery. He took several of our Union men prisoners, some of whom were afterwards released, but a few were taken to Nashville, and were finally put into the Confederate army. A very large number retreated into the mountains, and for about 6 weeks were fed by good Union friends who carried supplies to them stealthily, principally after night. Rev. N. G. Taylor was one. My health was so bad I could not risk myself out of a house during the night. After looking at all the chances, I returned home and took refuge in my cellar, where I remained night and day for the longest 6 weeks ever I spent on earth.

Six
wks.
in my
cellar
in Nov.
+
Dec.
1861

It would of itsself take a volume to recount all the incidents that happened during those six weeks and what I suffered in mind and body. This really was the beginning of the war with us and O! such horrors. I could hear the Rebel soldiers hunting for me, and inquiring of my wife about me, immediately above me, and for several days heard of their hanging men for bridge burning, until they had hung 5 (to wit: Fry, Hanches, Haun, and two of the Harmons.) I felt sure if they caught me they would hang me for what they called "Complicity in bridge burning." -

that, knowing the bridges were to be burned, and not reporting it to the Confederate authorities. They hung one of the Harmons merely for giving supper to men who burnt bridges. They were so much prejudiced against me because, as they said, I was an original Union man and had helped to mould union sentiment in my county, and at that time they would have given me no quarter. *(Six weeks in my cellar in Nov. and Dec. 1861)*

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During my self-imposed imprisonment, I had all the attention and kindness, that a devoted wife could give. I had sufficient bedding to keep me warm and comfortable, but here in this lonely, dismal, and dark place, I had to remain for six long weeks, and during the most dangerous part of it, I could only learn what was going on outside, by what my dear wife could tell me; often in whispers, or undertone, for fear of being heard on the outside by eavesdroppers. I was afraid to even let Union men know where I was hid; everybody outside my own family believed I was in the mountains somewhere between Elizabethton and Cranberry. To add to the horrors of my situation, my health was very bad. I had been suffering for a long time with neuralgia in my head to such an extent I had to give up my practice, in the main, for years and at this time it was about at its worst. Life was no pleasure for me. Sometimes I suffered so I did not want to live. When I think over what mental anguish I suffered day and night under that house, and all the news I could get was delivered in hasty sentences, and all about the ravages of war, and this one and that one of my acquaintances having been killed, and especially when I was told of the 5 Union men being hung; no wonder that I prayed to die. Not that I was a bridge burner, no, not by any means - for I had opposed burning the bridges strenuously; but because war means to kill and most of those engaged in it do not stand on the manner of doing it.

I never failed to define my position on all subjects, and that alone, accounts for my being a marked man among the leading Confederates in my locality. I denounced secession from the beginning, both publicly and privately.

The horrors of war could have been more severe, if it had not been judicially tempered by personal friendship on both sides, when they had it in their power to show kindness and favor. Two of my personal friends, though Confederates, managed to set me at liberty, and not send me as a Political Prisoner (to wit) Nat. M. Taylor and General Robert B. Vance. Nat guarded me from Elizabethton in the night to General Vance's headquarters at Johnson City, where he gave me papers which protected me from those bloodthirsty vampires who sought to send me away. Vance was a colonel then, but he outranked the other fellows. I was about to start on a dangerous journey through North and South Carolina to reach my old home in Georgia where I had relatives and friends still living, who I knew would give me protection.

Horrors of war

A great many incidents happened during the war; that while they would be interesting, especially to East Tennesseans, time will not permit me to mention here. Most of the history of that time, if written would be a sad recital, and was calculated to make partisans on either side of the controversy take a more solemn view of the surroundings, than they did at the commencement. We felt the war more severely in East Tennessee than any part of the South. Upper East Tennessee was held during the whole 4 years alternately, first by one side, then by the other, which in several ways made it hard for both. Then we had bush whackers, bummers and camp followers. These men had no principals. They did not care who whipped. They had no patriotism.

They did not know one day, which flag they would prefer to follow tomorrow. These men gave much trouble during the war, and some of them have done more since the war. Bush whackers (17) in number took Bob and Eb Tipton out of bed one night, and shot Bob and left him dead at the back of his Father's farm, and took Eb into the mountains and kept him there under guard for nearly a week. A Rebel regiment came in next day and in order to have Eb returned, the Colonel of the regiment (Winn of Georgia) placed the names of 5 Union men on the "dead list" as they called it. That was to say, if Eb was not brought back to his Father's by 12 o'clock Saturday night, then 5 men were to be shot Sunday morning, and my name was at the head of the list.

My name and 4 others placed on the dead list.

Albert J. Tipton and Lawson W. Hampton, being on the list went with me, as soon as we were notified, to try to find him and return him at the peril of our lives. We had nothing to do with his abduction, and therefore could not know anything of his whereabouts, but with much perseverance and the help of a woman we found after we got to the mountains, we succeeded in finding where he was and the woman stole him away and brought him to us and we had him at his home by midnight Saturday night.

When I went through to the Federal Army long after this, two of the bush whackers who had joined the army told me that at the time of our hunting for Tipton, a third man who did not know me, was sitting with them in the laurel by the roadside as I passed and he had his sight on me and was just about to shoot when they whispered to him not to shoot that I was a doctor going to see John Whitehead who had fever, where they had just been supplied before with rations. Judge H. C. Smith was also on the list, but I have forgotten the other name.

Such was the excitement at the time we all believed that if we had failed to bring Tipton in according to our orders, that all 5 of us would have been shot on Sunday. But how innocent we were! The leading Rebels had a spite at Union men who had taken an early and active part in moulding public opinion, on what the people of East Tennessee ought to do in regard to Secession, therefore, I came in for my part of every thing that was said or done, that was in any way construed against the success of the Confederate cause whether I was guilty or innocent.

(Col. E. Simerly and I, being warned of our danger, take 122 people to the Federal Lines in Feb. 1865)

After I was arrested and taken before Major Stringfield as a Political Prisoner, and tried and acquitted, the Leaders were not satisfied--that if the bad element of them; they still hounded me. And when that bad man, Captain Duvall was made Provo-Marshal at Elizabethton--the man above all others who had been clothed with authority in our midst- the same man who had sent men out to the back of my farm, and had them shot down like dogs, without the form of a trial. This was the man they placed in command here. Shortly after he was installed in office, my personal friend, Isaac H. Brown called me to one side and said to me confidentially, "You and Lige Simerly had better get away from here, I heard my two Brothers in law tell Duvall yesterday, if he could get you and Simerly away, he would have no trouble in managing things to suit him." It was then about 10 o'clock A.M. Col. Simerly was in town. We had a very hasty consultation, the result of which was, we started at day light next morning to make our way to the Federal army and to remain "through the lines" (as we called it, until "the cruel war was over".

In this hasty flight, we managed to take with us 122 people, com-

ated of men, women and children-- all from Union families. Some were
 going man, intending to join the army and to die in defiance of
 cherished principles. Most of them composed whole families, who in- 139
 tended to make their future home in the West. Some traveled on horse-
 back, some in wagons, and some on foot. As we moved on our cavilcade
 resembled a little army-- with Banners, for we had two men with us
 and Banner. And we were as "terrible as an army with Banners." We
 got through to the Federal army safely with the loss of but one man,
 who had to leave sick at Warrensburg, and two horses taken from us
 by the Rebels at the same place. When we arrived at Knoxville, many
 of the Federal soldiers, with whom we were well acquainted flocked around
 us anxious to get news from within the Confederate lines, and among them
 were 2 Captains from Yancey Co. N. C. who I saw volunteer into the Con-
 federate service, the day after the fall of Ft. Sumpter. They were both
 elected Captains of their companies, and held the same position with the
 Union army. They made up part of the crowd that gave me notice to leave
 Knoxville in "double quick", only because I was a Union man. When
 these men gave me such a cordial handshake, and seemed so glad to see
 me, I said to them, "Gentlemen, which army do you like the best-- the
 Confederate, or Federal. You have tried both.?" This was in the
 presence of 50 or more Federal soldiers, who did not know until then
 that these men had ever been in the Southern army.

Col. Simerley and I remained away from the Confederacy, until the
 end of the war. I spent a portion of my time at Knoxville, and a while
 in Georgia, and in Cincinnati, Ohio, where I bought a stock of goods
 for the firm of Jobe & Simerley.

I can give only the most meager sketch of the many incidents of

these war times; most of them unpleasant, but occasionally something would occur that was pleasant, and laughable. This to us, as we plodded our way through the war, was like an "Oasis in the Desert". I was compelled to pass through many dangers during the war, but fortunately I was delivered from all of them, without the loss of life or limb; but had to sacrifice a good deal of property. *(Saving my fine horse)*

A funny episode occurred to me upon General Burnside's second advent into East Tennessee. I had not heard that the Federals were coming, and was returning from a visit to old Jacob Range. When I was within two miles of home, a colored man met me and told me I had best run my horse out into a thicket in their field, where I could hide him from the Rebel soldiers, as there was a large number of them, Col. Folks Cavalry up in town, and they were taking all the horses they could find; even dismounting ladies, and as mine was extra fine they were certain to take him. General Burnside was advancing with a heavy force and that fact was hurrying Col. Folk out. I remained in the thicket 3 hours by my watch, and the same darkie came and told me I could safely go home, the "Rebels" had all gone down to their encampment. I had gone only half a mile until I saw I was meeting a dozen of them under command of a Captain. I felt certain they would take my horse, bridle and saddle. I noticed that they were all about half drunk. The Captain in charge commanded me in a sharp tone, "Halt, Sir." He rode up on my right, and said, "Are you a Union man, like all the men I find up here in this damned town," I said, "Yes, Sir, I am a Union man, but I read in my Bible, "that it is always right to submit to the powers that be", and I am trying to do it with the best grace I can." He waved his hand, and said in a pleasant, and intensely satisfied manner, "You can ride on

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Sir, it is hard to dismount a Minister."

I had seen a great deal of evil done by liquor during the war, but this was the first time I had seen it turn its guns the other way, and actually do good. This Captain happened to be a jolly good fellow, and he was just drunk enough to feel rich, and he loved everybody.

The war ended in April 1865. Just about 4 years from its commencement at the fall of Ft. Sumpter. My son then was about 16 years old, who had gone to Georgia late in the war to keep out of the army as that part of Georgia was held by the Federals, came home with me, as soon as we found it was safe to do so. We found everything changed by the ravages of a 4 years war. The country was overrun, and devastated by both armies, and the citizens of every political opinion had to pay tribute to Caesar: willing or unwilling. We had to submit to being robbed repeatedly. After having more trouble and expense than we had been accustomed to, in raising crops in time of peace, I have more than once had to see foraging parties of Rebels drive up to my corn fields and without speaking to me drive in and load their wagons; and return the next day until half my crop had disappeared; and they would go into my pasture fields, and drive out my choice cattle, and go into my smoke house, and take 1/10 of what meat, lard and etc. they could find. And never offer a dollar in remuneration for it.

The end of the War

As soon as I returned home, I hastened to settle with Tilda and Isaac, two colored people, I had bought as slaves. I bought Tilda some years before the War, and I bought Isaac during the War - near its commencement. I bought Tilda to keep her from being sold to a Negro trader, who would have taken her further South to a cotton country, and she said she would rather die than go, and therefore, she asked

me to buy her. And long after this she asked me to buy her step father.

The morning after I returned I called them in, and made about the following talk to them. "Now Isaac and Tilda you are free as I am. I no more exercise ownership over you. I am now going to pay you in 142 greenback, for what time you have served me, since Mr. Lincoln's proclamation was issued. Then if you want to still live with me you can do so, and I will promise to treat you just as I have always treated you. I will clothe you and feed you, and you may work just as you please, with no task master over you - just as you know you always have done ever since you lived with me, and be cared for, and nursed when sick. The same as any of the balance of my family - the same as I always treated you, not even giving you a cross word. *(I pay my 2 slaves for Service from President's Proclamation)*

But if you prefer going away as most of the colored people are doing I have not a word to say against it." Isaac said he wanted to move to himself, he wanted to go into the confectionary business. Tilda said if she ever left our family while she lived, it would be because we wanted her to do so. She said she had been perfectly satisfied with her home, ever since I bought her. She remained with us, mostly with our daughter Hattie Taylor after she married, until poor Tilda's death, which occurred suddenly on 13th of March 1891. I returned home in April 1865. I left Knoxville the morning that President Lincoln was assassinated at night. I soon resumed my practice as far as my feeble health would permit. I continued on doing a small amount of practice, both in medicine and surgery until March 1866. When I received the appointment of Special Agent of the Post Office Department with headquarters at Raleigh, N. C. My main object in applying to President Andrew Johnson (direct) for this position was it would afford

me an opportunity to travel a great deal, and see if the rapid change of climate, water, scenery, diet, and associations would not produce a revolution in my system, that all the treatment for years, from the best doctors I could find, both at home and in the cities had failed to do, 143 and especially I wanted to take a sea voyage, believing that would aid some in my recovery. I felt encouraged that President Johnson would give me some such position, knowing that my health was much enfeebled, also that I had suffered by reason of the Rebellion. And presumed a good deal upon the personal friendship that had always existed between us, when we differed in politics before the War, and our more intimate relations ever since the commencement of the War. I always esteemed him on account of his talents, but always voted against him on account of his politics, up to the War, which brought us together as Union men. I had no trouble in getting the appointment although a good man was displaced to make room for me.

My
appointment
as Special
Agent
P. O. D.

My district was North and South Carolina. I received my Commission in March 1866, and went immediately to my headquarters at Raleigh. I found postal affairs as well as every thing else greatly demoralized. The legislature of North Carolina soon convened, and I learned from the members, from all parts of the State, that no trouble was more seriously felt throughout than the great want of mail facilities, therefore I had no trouble in securing their earnest co-operation, as well as that of Gov. Jonathan Worth in obtaining increased mail facilities. Western North Carolina seemed to be most neglected, indeed from Asheville to the Georgia line, had neither Post Offices nor mail routes. Among many other daily reports which came to me, describing the utter destitution in regard to mail facilities in the West; Mr. Kemp P. Battle a

prominent state official, informed me, that a few days before we had the interview he was compelled to pay a man forty dollars to carry an important letter to Murphey, on horseback.

My trip through Western N.C. to the Va. line, with a strange accident at its close and my haste to return home.

I told him to go to his office, and write me a letter stating these facts, and I would enclose it in one I would write to the Department asking to be authorized to go clear through the western counties, and give out temporary contracts for carrying the mails, and also appoint

Postmasters. My suggestion met with the approval of the Department and

in June 1866 I made this trip; as far as Asheville on horseback, and 144

and from there in a buggy. In order to make this trip I came by home to

get my own horse; and right here, I want to make a digression, to

chronicle an encomium passed upon me at the Department by Col. Cochran,

through whose hands all the money came to each, and every Special Agent

in the mail service. He said to me, after General Grant's election to

the Presidency - "Dr. there are 14 applicants for your position now in

the city, moving every stone to displace you." Said I, "What charges

do they make against me?" "Well, they say you don't go on trips away

from the lines of the railroads." I said I go at all times when I am

notified that there is anything connected with my duties requiring

attention; but said he, "Most of them go if they hear of a frolic, and

they have a chance to have what they flippantly call a good time. And

their horse, and buggy hire is charged up to the Department in their

monthly accounts as necessary item in mail service." He continued -

"I can say this for you Dr. You have received a less amount of money

from this Department for the services rendered, and time you have

served, than any one of the 40 Special Agents belonging to the Depart-

ment."

As proof of the correctness of Col. Cochran's statement, I take occasion to say here, that I very properly might have charged a dollar a day for my own horse, but did not charge anything. I visited nearly all the counties in Western North Carolina. I was authorized to appoint women as Postmasters, because but few of the men could take the test oath. I appointed nearly all women, and had the satisfaction afterwards, to know that as a rule they succeeded as well as men. All the work I did on this trip was ratified by the Department at Washington.

A Strange Incident.

When I finished my work at Murphey in Cherokee county, North Carolina, it was my intention to go to the nearest railroad point, Walhalla, South Carolina and send my horse home, by railroad and I intended returning to Raleigh by way of Charleston, South Carolina. The night before, I intended starting next morning, I went to bed at my hotel at the usual hour, and slept soundly until about midnight. When I awoke, something troubled me. When I realized that I was wide awake, all my thoughts centered on home, I felt a kind of presentment that something dreadful had happened back at my home at Elizabethton, that some of my family was dangerously sick, or some awful accident had happened. It had been less than two weeks since I left them. I had heard nothing from them since I left, but I could not shake the agonizing feeling off; and I concluded to cross the mountains that lie between Murphey, North Carolina and Loudon, Tennessee and put my horse on the freight train on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia road, and take the first passenger train and reach home as soon as steam could bring me. This was just after the close of the war, and the mountainous regions were a hiding place for murderers, robbers, bush whackers, etc. and a man had been killed on this mountain a few days before I

started from Murphey, but I run all this risk, and came on to Loudon, and traveled a little in the night first day, and a little before day the second in order to reach the railroad in time for a certain train. And I reached home a little after night on the second day, to find my little son dying. He passed away the second day after my arrival home.

I returned to my headquarters at Raleigh as soon as possible. I soon made the acquaintance of the best, and most influential men of the State, as well as, army officers, all of whom showed me kindness, and favors as occasion offered. The memory of President Johnson will always be dear to me. I never was as much mistaken in any man as I was in him. When I first became acquainted with him in 1837. When he was a Democrat and I was a Whig and on till the War, I could not help looking on him with distrust from the extravagant abuse heaped upon him by the Whig papers. But when the War clouds began to spread over the country it brought us together, and when I became well and intimately acquainted with him, I soon found he was not the man he was reported to be---that is a man who would, as his enemies said, "Sink the Nation, if by doing so he could be promoted." I found him to be a true patriot - that every interest was to sacrificed, if it was in conflict with the true interests of the people. His doctrine was "the greatest good to the greatest number." His veto message of the second Freedmans Bearew bill--saying "it could give the President too much power" was proof that he was not selfish and ambitious. He was a far better man than Parson Brownlow, his reviler. He continued to be my friend as long as he lived, and showed his steadfast friendship, and confidence in me, by calling me alone to his bedside, in his last illness, which took him from time to eternity. He had an ^{apoplectic} stroke, and would have had a second one

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Pres. Johnson sickness and death.

in a few minutes, if I had not resorted to prompt, and heroic treatment to prevent it. He soon became paralyzed in one side. I could see no prospect for his recovery from the time I first saw him, and at once notified the family of the danger, and suggested that they telegraph to Greenville for his family physician (Dr. Broyles) but he objected; but finally at the end of two days they did telegraph and Dr. Broyles and Taylor came just in time to see him die, only a few hours before he died, which was on the 3rd day after the attack. I remained with him almost constantly day and night, up to within 6 hours of his death, and left then only to visit another close friend and relative, who was thought to be in about as much danger, but who finally recovered.

Pres.
Johnson's
Death

I was much astonished at the reporters, who on hearing of the President's death, hastened to gather the facts connected with his illness--on coming to "Carter Depot", the nearest station on E. Virginia and Georgia railroad 6 miles from where he died (at his daughters Mrs. Stovers) here they received information from parties who had merely heard that he died from paralysis, and they contented themselves to make their report to their several newspapers upon the uncertain rumor and they never came to Mrs. Stovers, where he died near to Elizabethton, 2 miles away, to ask me what disease he died with.

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He died of the apoplectic stroke. Some enterprising photographer went so far as to present to the world a picture of the death bed scene, with my picture as the attending physician, and members of the family, etc. Several persons have told me they saw them in Europe, but I never heard of them being offered for sale in this country.

There were no death bed scene pictures taken at Mrs. Stovers--there should have been. I regretted afterwards that I had not had it.

done; as I could have telegraphed to Nat W. Taylor then at Glade Springs, Virginia and he could have been on the ground in a few hours, with his instruments and every thing prepared, and would have executed the work in artistic style.

I will now revert to my very hasty data il of my duties as Special Agent of Post Office Department. I remained in office from March 1866 until May 1869. When I resigned on account of my very bad health-- mainly brought about by my long trip to the Chippewa Nation, and, unavoidable exposure in discharging my duties there. I was confined to my room, and most of the time in bed, at Raleigh, for months under the care of Dr. McKee.

Exciting incident at the Mills House.

Post money in Charleston, S.C.

One of the many important duties I had to perform, was to collect the dues to the Department. A few days before I would start on my rounds on my collecting tour I sent out to all Post Master's on all the railroads a printed notice for Post Master's to meet me, on the arrival of a certain train, with the exact amount due to the Department. I had printed receipts in my pocket to hand out, after inserting the amount and the conductor would wait on me till I gave him the signal to start. I had made my tour of the two States except Charleston, South Carolina and a few minor offices on my return to Raleigh. My train took me into Charleston at midnight. Some public occasion had brought a large crowd to Charleston and my hotel, the "Mills House" was crowded and I was put in the 4th story. I carried my money in a fob buckled around me, placed it under my pillow, with my pistol. It was one o'clock by the time I ate supper and got to bed. I knew I had to be in a hurry next morning to collect dues of the city Post Master and catch my train which left

early in the morning. I was alarmed next morning to hear the breakfast bell while I was yet in bed. I hastened to dress and wash and hurry down to breakfast. I met the Post Master by my side at the table, and told him what a hurry I was in, so I might get to the train. We both ate about half a breakfast and took a street car and was soon counting the money at the Post Office, when to my great consternation I found I had left my money and pistol under my pillow at the hotel. I lost no time running to the hotel, did not wait for the street car. I was nearly out of breath when I reached my room, and found the chambermaid making up my bed. I said "Did you find my money under the pillow"? She said "Yes, it is on the mantle." I looked, and found it all right. I hastily handed her a five dollar bill, and said, "I give you that for being an honest woman." I never felt so alarmed in my life as I did from the moment I missed my money, until I found it. I felt that it would ruin me, if I never recovered it, and I could see very plainly that there were many more chances against me than for me. I do not remember what amount of money I had, but it was considerable. I had been nearly all over the two states.

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Reconstruction and its attendant ills and evils.

I had given a very large bond with Governor Holden, and several others as security, and I believed if I never recovered the money, some would be ready to say I had sent it off, and had invested in lands, as I had known then to say of others who I always thought were innocent. I made my home at Raleigh during the "notorious reconstruction period." And witnessed the planning and scheming of the Bummers, Carpet Baggers and Scallawags. This experience did not increase my confidence in, and respect for the average politician. A true Patriotic Statesman is a great blessing to any Nation; but the common place

hunter, the selfish demagogue is a curse to any people. What a spectacle was presented to the world when the Vampires commenced dividing out the offices both State and Federal.

As a rule the worst element of the North had hurried to the South at the end of the War, many of them for no other purpose than to get into office as Congress had passed what was called the Iron Clad, or test oath. The effect of this was to prevent every man who had done any service to the Confederacy from holding office. This law caused the Southern States to be unrepresented in Congress for several years after the War. There was no man of any party who was a citizen of the Raleigh District, who could take the required oath except myself. I had resided in East Tennessee during the war up to its close, when it became unsafe for me to remain longer on account of my out spoken Union sentiment, I had to go North and remain until the end of the War. In this emergency I was offered the Republican nomination for Congress in the Raleigh District; and Major Foot a fine speaker proposed to me, if I would accept the nomination, he would canvass the District for me, and I might continue in my office as Special Agent Post Office Department until I had the certificate of election in my pocket.--Saying "A nomination means an election, as things stand in this District." "As a majority of the white people are disfranchised, and all the blacks are enfranchised and will all vote the Republican ticket it is a one sided business see". And to add to your chances of election, you are one of the original pannel of Union men, and are from East Tennessee and have had your residence here long enough to entitle you to a seat in Congress."

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As near as I can remember my reply was about as follows. "This

proposition, I admit is tempting, it would give me an honorable and lucrative position. I could serve two years which would make my pay ten thousand dollars, without re-election, and as I was raised to economy I would save my money. But I can't accept the nomination; but I tender to you and your friends my sincere thanks for your friendship and good will, but I cannot accept the nomination from a Republican convention. I am a Union man to the core, but I am not a Republican."

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I never had the vanity to believe, if I had accepted the nomination and gone to Congress, that I would have distinguished myself; but I must be permitted to say I think I would have returned to my constituents with a better record than Col. John W. Dewes, the man they did send. He was expelled from Congress for selling a cadetship. This man, Col. Dewese, was a col. in the Federal army from the state of Ohio, and was not a citizen of Raleigh, and was not really entitled to a seat in Congress from the Raleigh District.

Reconstruction with all its horrors. cont.)

I was compelled to differ in opinion from a large majority of the Union men. Looking at our condition at the end of the War from my standpoint I thought the War was waged; that life, and treasure were sacrificed, to prevent to Union of these States from being destroyed. The Secessionists, headed by Jefferson Davis, said "We will ~~dis~~olve the States, and then organize a confederacy in the South." The Unionists said, "No, you can't do any such thing, you have no such constitutional right to dismember the Union." I sympathized with the latter view. When the greatest conflict, in many respects, that the world had ever witnessed, was ended, and the rank, and file of the Union forces, and all good citizens were anxious for peace, not only in word, but in fact - and were honestly desirous to forget as soon as possible that

we had been at War: Just then the politicians came upon the scene, and presented a new question to the people of the South - "Reconstruction". Said these politicians--we must reconstruct the Southern States. Thus admitting that the South had succeeded in taking their states out of the Union. Having all the power, both civil and military, they went to work, and "made them over." And in doing so, in my opinion, in some of the States they altered the bases, and fundamental principles of the State governments, and in this way these extreme Union men displeased, a very large number of more conservative Union men throughout the Nation, and I believe it is due more to that class of men than to any other for the great political revolution that has swept over the Union in the last few years--driving from power the strongest party that ever has entrenched itself in power, since the foundation of our government. *↓ Making millionaires and tramps.*

I will not occupy much space, here to give my opinion of governmental affairs, as I never was a politician, and am only a humble citizen; but every citizen ought to have an opinion, and ought to express it, freely, and not have to go to some politician to ask him how he ought to vote. It is often said, "We have the best government in the world." This I think is subject to some limitations. I think the policy of the government for many years, and especially since the War, has been to make the "rich richer, and the poor poorer," and this is accomplished through the tariff, and finances. The 31,000 millionaires who own more than one half of the wealth of the Nation, obtained their princely fortunes, or a great deal of it by buying United States Bonds at about 33 cents to the dollar, and these bonds should have been redeemed in greenback currency; but to favor the few, and oppress

the many, Congress passed a law making them readable [^] only in gold. From 1865-1868 that question was much agitated throughout the country. General Grant was elected President in 1868. I heard his inaugural address 4th March 1869. I was standing close to a group of millionaires, at the conclusion of the address, they clapt their hands, and one of them said, "Now we are safe, our bonds will be paid in gold."

This condition of things, if continued, I think will bring trouble. Anything that oppresses the masses of the people, causes unrest and dissatisfaction. If the majority of the people could own United States bonds, and have them redeemed in gold at the option of the holder, after having drawn the interest on them semi-annually, as long as they chose to do so, all would be well, but that is far from being the fact.

Competition with the above, the trouble brought on the business transaction of the whole people by the abominable trusts and combines and one can see how the masses are handicapped in every way. Then above all and overshadowing any of these dire calamities is the great "Mogul", the liquor traffic. Divested of all its multitudinous ramifications attending to its sale, as a beverage, its resultant demoralization, its murders, homicides, and slow deaths, with immense sums paid out by the people yearly on account of the nefarious traffic - to say nothing of these, and look at the frightful amount of money, every year handed over the counters of the two hundred and forty thousand saloons in the United States - amounting in the whole to twelve hundred millions of dollars a year. Just think of it. And yet we have no remedy for this great iniquity. Because the State governments, and the United States Government legalize the sale of liquor by license; and thus stand directly in the way of the citizens prohibiting its sale. I am satis-

Trusts & combines.
The great Mogull liquor traffic

fied that the sentiment of a majority of the voters in the United States is in favor of dispensing with the saloon; but it is the power and popularity of the United States government and the joint influence of the States influence, that still perpetuate the traffic.

I think it is only a question of time when the saloons will be abolished by law. I think it is plain to be seen, by any one of moderate discrimination, that the people must put down the saloons, or the saloons will put the people down.

A great many good men say, I would vote to prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor as a beverage, if I thought there was any chance to succeed. There is an immense amount of moral cowardice in the world. It is hard to get the majority of the people to post themselves in regard to the real sentiments of the Masses.

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The Prohibition Party is the only one that has probed the sentiment to the core. That Party has spent more time and money in the last 20 years investigating the question, and getting all the information that is available, and it sums up this way.

In the general election in 1888, there were cast for President, eleven millions, three hundred and ninety two thousand, three hundred and eighty two votes. And of this number, there were six millions, in sentiment, in favor of prohibition. Not that many votes, but the sentiment of that many votes, in favor of doing without the saloon, "if it could be done, without hurting my party". So many real good men are afraid of being called cranks. Many of the best men who ever lived were called cranks and fanatics. St. Paul, with all the Apostles, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Christopher Columbus, Proff. Morse, and the great army of their co-laborers in science, and in the Ministry, were called cranks, and even our Savior was called a fanatic. And the denunciation of that day was actuated by the same spirit, enforced by the same kind of men, as those who adopt it, and apply it in this enlightened day. A great battle is being waged in every

civilized, or semi-civilized community. Some of the contestants are governed only by political ambitions, some by notoriety, but the greatest number, by love of money. On one side. On the other side -

A few are contending for conscience. Who shall have the Victory? ^(Appointed Special Agent of Indian Affairs)

Upon the occasion of one of my visits to Washington on official business, I was sent for by the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Browning, he having heard that I had in early life resided among the Indians, and had learned a good deal in regard to their habits, character, etc. Mr. Browning wanted such a man to visit the Chippewa Indians at their new reservations in the extreme northern part of Minnesota.

He had sent Maj. Paddock, a Kansas man, a few months before on this mission but he became so alarmed at the reports of the dangers that would attend the work, he went no further than the Indian Agency on the frontier, and returned to Washington without accomplishing any thing.

Mr. Browning laid before me a voluminous correspondence he had with the local Indian Agent, Joel B. Bassett, and many letters from prominent citizens of Minnesota, setting forth the dangers of an Indian war on the borders.

A dissolute band of Indians at Leech Lake had waylaid and assassinated the principal Chief of the Nation, "Hole in the Day," and they were ready to go on the "War Path." After reading carefully this correspondence, Mr. Browning asked me if I was willing to risk the Mission. I told him I thought it would be somewhat hazardous but, as I was anxious to see the country, if the Post Office department would grant me leave of absence until I could make the trip, I would go.

I made application at the Post Office department immediately, for leave of absence and leave was granted for me for two months.

I received a Commission from Mr. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, as Special Agent of Indian Affairs and left Washington on the 2nd day of Sept. 1868. *(Sent to the Chippewa Nation in northern part of Minnesota.)*

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tion Col. N. G. Taylor, then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, together with Mrs. Taylor, Miss Sue Gillespie and Jas. P. Taylor, accompanied me to the Chippewa Agency--these friends left me on the border of the nation and returned through Michigan to visit some other tribe of Indians.

We had spent several days at the Agency and in its neighborhood, Fort Ripley and other points, and the Commissioner held one council with the Indians. I can well remember but cannot properly describe, the feeling when Col. Taylor and I separated at "Little Falls Minnesota."

We all took dinner together at the hotel at Little Falls. After dinner we were all in a hurry to start. Col. Taylor and party going to Michigan and I, with about 30 men, to plunge into the forest beyond the Mississippi River.

When I clasped his hand to bid him, what seemed to us perhaps a last farewell, he said, "My friend, I would rather you would turn back with me. From what other people tell us here on the border, this is a very hazardous undertaking you are about to enter into and I fear the consequences that may attend it." My reply was, "I never put my hand to the plow and look back", and thus we parted.

I had just handed him a letter for him to mail when he reached a Post Office, addressed to my beloved wife. It was short for I had but a few minutes time in which to write. The following is about the substance of what I remember of that letter, after so many years of

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trials and troubles. *Col. Taylor and I separate at Little Falls,
Minnesota-*

"Little Falls, Minnesota, Sept. 16th, 1868.

My Dear Wife -

In a few minutes I will cross the Mississippi and enter into the wilderness and wilds of the savage Ojibway Nation. I send this by Col. Taylor, to be mailed when he reaches the nearest Post Office, on his way to Michigan. This is the last letter I can send you for weeks as I will be beyond civilization. I will take all the care I can of myself in every way. I feel that I will be permitted, through a kind Providence, to return to my home and to my family in safety, but if any thing should happen to prevent my return, you can find a deposit of several hundred dollars--I do not remember just what amt. in the First National Bank at Raleigh, N. C. This I forgot to tell you of. My health is good. Farewell.

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Very affectionately, Your Husband."

I did, however, have an opportunity to send another letter in about two weeks after, written on birch bark. I sent it by an Indian Courier, hundreds of miles, and he carried it safe through and it was mailed, and in due time it was received in Elizabethton, and also one written on bark to my son, Dudley, was received at Raleigh, N. C.

I was loathe to give up the companionship of my life long friend, Rev. Nat G. Taylor, especially when we both had misgivings, as to our ever meeting again in this lower world.

I had been furnished with an order from the War Department at Washington, for 30 soldiers under a Commissioned Officer to travel with me through the nation as a body guard. These soldiers were detailed by Gen. Terry from Fort Abercrombie.

This command was ordered to meet me at Rice River. I had with me, quite a cavalcade. Maj. Joel B. Bassett, the local Indian agent, and I traveled in a fine buggy drawn by 2 of the finest mules I ever rode behind. We had 14 wagons loaded with supplies of goods for the Indians and a few hacks and buggies and 30 men. We also had with us, 3 Ministers of the Gospel--Rev. Mr. Madox, Methodist, Rev. Mr. Edward T. Niell, Presbyterian, and Bishop John Ireland of the Roman Catholic Church. And Dr. H. Pennyman, who was to reside among the Indians, and doctor them when his services were called for. Also we had with us, Mr. I. C. ^Raisey of St. Paul, brother of Gov. Ramsey and Mr. Wm. Tomlison, an Englishman, who was making the trip for pleasure and his health and to see the country.

Our long journey through this vast savage territory, unknown to civilized men until comparatively a few years ago, was full of incidents, but in writing only a short sketch, I cannot mention but a few and having taken very meager notes in my Diary, and so many years--full of business, labor, toil and affliction having elapsed, I cannot be expected to enter into a detailed account of the many happenings and sights seen in so long a trip--every day full of events that would furnish interesting matter for a trenchant pen. ^{Leaving} Washington, D.C.

A few of the incidents in my travels through the Chippewa Nation.

I write this on the 25th day of August, 1893, and must say, as an excuse for the want of a little method, that I am satisfied that there never could have been a time found in the whole course of my long life, that would have been so unfavorable for me to do this writing, on account of the very long and serious affliction in our family, of which I will say more hereafter.

I should, in the preceding pages, said we left Washington on the 2nd of Sept. 1868, and came direct to Chicago, where we met Bishop Whipple, who was taking considerable interest in troubles between the Government and the Indians. We had an interview with the Bishop at Washington and he requested us to wait for him at Chicago and he would go on with us to the agency.

We-(that is, Rev. N. G. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Gillespie, J.P. Taylor and myself), remained at Chicago $3\frac{1}{2}$ days. We then proceeded on our journey by way of Milwalkie, Prarie De Cheine, crossing the Mississippi River at Magrigger, then on through Iowa to St. Paul, the Capitol of Minnesota. Prarie De Chiene was the home of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy for 8 years, being stationed for the time, by the Government of the United States. We remained at 159 St. Paul, and for this whole distance, the lands are very fine. On the 9th of Sept., we went by invitation, 30 miles on the St. Paul and Pacific R. R. to a place called Big Timber. Here we see the finest of lands and timber. It is hard to ever estimate it. On the 10th, we went by invitation, on an excursion and picnic to White Bear Lake, 12 miles on Lake Superior and Michigan R. E.

The people were very kind to us and treated us with consideration and respect, especially Dr. Stuart, the City Post Master, and his Chief Clerk, Mr. Terry. On 11th, Maj. Joel B. Bassett and I leave St. Antoney for St. Cloud on train and arrived there at 7 P. M. This is the fartherest point we could reach by railroad. St. Cloud has about 4 thousand inhabitants. Two Stage lines run out from here daily, one to Crow Wing and the other to Soc-Center.

From St. Cloud, Maj. Bassett and I traveled in a fine buggy, drawn

by 2 superb mules, furnished us by the Government. We left St. Cloud at 30 minutes after 8 in the morning, and arrived at the Agency, a distance of 65 miles, just after dark and stopped an hour and a half for dinner.

Gen. Sanborn and Lady, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Gillespie and Jas. P. Taylor arrived at dark. It is now 15th of Sept. It rained all night and is raining at evening on 15th. The people here count this the equinoxial storm but in our country, we always have it close to the 22nd. Maj. Bassett and 6 or 7 others of our party started this morning to the Pembina payment. Pembina means high bush cranberry. It is away up within 80 miles of the British possessions. It rained on the 17th when we started to White Earth Reservation. The waters in all the streams are so swollen we were compelled to go by Swan River and cross the Mississippi, to avoid Crow Wing and other streams.

at St. Paul Minn.

I want to mention here as I see it in my Diary, that Minnesota has 2 1/2 millions acres of school lands, as good as an average and all that has been sold brought \$6 an acre and 1 1/2 millions dollars besides.

I now resume my account of my travels on to White Earth to hold my first Council with Indians. After crossing the Mississippi at Little Falls, we stayed the first night at Mr. Wortmans in Morris county. The next day we pushed on over some good and some bad road-traveling considerably after night to reach Osakis on Osakis Lake- we could not have gotten there if we had not had the good fortune to procure a light.

In the wilds of the Nation.

On much of our route, we had a great deal of trouble in getting the loaded wagons and our buggies and hacks over deep marshes, whereas if we had gone through the "turf", as it is called, the horses and

mules and wagons would have mired up, and we could not have got them out.

Our teamsters were provided with long cables and they understood all about transporting Indian supplies over these palludes or marshes. They would fasten these huge, long ropes to a wagon, then a sufficient number of men would cross on the turf and pull the wagon over, putting planks under the wheels in the softest places. Then repeating and maneuvering until the wagons and other vehicles was over and pull the mules and horses over in the same way, laying them on their side.

Sometimes we would be detained 3 or 4 hours at such places, but we had to have the patience of Job. Every one of us (and we numbered 30 or 40) kept in a perfect good humor. All seemed to realize from the start, that we would have fatigue, trials and troubles in that long journey through a savage, waste, howling wilderness. Every day of our march with its exciting incidents were pretty much the same. We had ample supplies, both for man and beast and were fortunate in having one of the best cooks, in the person, Mr. Smith. He was a splendid cook and always cheerful and happy. I do not think we ever ate a meal 161 while we were on our journey without cranberries in some shape and Smith knew just how to serve them. While he would be getting dinner, the teams eating, some of the men would frequently take a short hunt around the encampment as game was plentiful. One day our men fell in with some other hunters and they had just found one of their men, who had strayed off and become lost and he became so bewildered and alarmed when he could not find the camp, he was nearly crazy. He was sure he would be killed by the Indians and this thought so preyed on his mind, he had written his own obituary and pinned it on his coat. It read

this way, "Jim Smith, killed by the Indians, Sept. 20th, 1868."

(The Leaf mts. or Backbone of the World)

When we reached the Leaf Mountains, we stopped to rest and take our dinner and while our friend, Smith, was preparing our meal, several of us, including the Ministers, went to the highest Pinnacle, where, with magnifying glasses, we could see nearly all over the state and Minnesota is a very large state. Minnesota is distinguished for its great number of Lakes. I think that an over estimate but looking from the top of Leaf Mountains that day--over such a vast territory, the lakes seemed innumerable, "mixed and mingled" with land, some small and some large. It was indeed a grand sight, one never to be forgotten.

The "Leaf Mountains are called the backbone of the World." Here is the great division of the waters. All the waters on this side of Leaf Mountains run into the Mississippi River and then on to the Gulf of Mexico, and on the other side, the waters all run into Hudsons Bay.

Extract from my Diary of 20th of Sept., 1868. "We are now at Brandon. When we get 20 miles farther, the waters run into the Ottertail river, which make the Red River of the north, which empties into Hudsons Bay."

I cannot point out just where we struck the noted Santa Fe Trail, but I know we followed it a long distance with one wheel of our vehicles 162 in the trail and the other in the grass. While following this celebrated trail, we met a great many wagons, sometimes as many as 40 or 50 in a drove. Frequently one driver would have 3 or 4 teams under his control. He would manage them by talking to them and cracking his whip in a certain way that they would understand.

First frost was on the 15th of Sept. It did not hurt much.

People here report that 700 bushels Irish potatoes have been raised here to the acre and 400 is a common crop. Cabbage is a splendid vegetable here and squash, 60 lbs. I could buy 400 acres of land around Brandon, good house and stables for \$5000. Could pay for it in sale of lots. *↓ Held first council with Indians at White Earth - Lake, 24th. Sept.)*

"22nd- We are now 9 miles above Ottertail, encamped in a hail storm."

Maj. Bassett and I arrived at White Earth(Lake)Reservation at 5 P. M., 23rd Sept., after traveling nearly all day in a snow storm. It had been hard for the sun to cross the equinoxial line this year. I was quite chilly when I got out of the buggy. We were received by the Chiefs and headmen with demonstrations of friendship and treated courteously.

The names of the Chiefs at this town of about one thousand are: Maunedo Wa, Wanbona Cut, Esconnut Cut, Nebonesto Rung, Sacossega, Manogestick, Ayawhey.

I held a Council with the Indians every day for 4 days. A council is conducted in the following manner, when they are friendly and intend to compliment the agent with a dance. Their warriors are all painted with war paint and each one has a feather in his hair for every white man he has killed-and some on this occasion had as many as a dozen. Each warrior had a gun, hatchet, knife, bow and arrow, a heavy stick or something with which he could kill a man. They were all drawn up in a large ring, completely surrounding me and my interpreter and the principle Chief and his Drummer Boy. My interpreter on this occasion was Paul Boleao, a half breed. He was an intelligent fellow and it being the first council, and he now knowing that I had not known anything about Indians, whispered to me and told me to not mind

their demonstrations. Let them show ever so many signs that they intended to put me to death and not to be afraid, that they would do me no harm. *(after a complimentary War Dance by the Indians.)*

At the tap of the drum, by the little boy, the warriors commenced running around in the big circle singing and, when they completed the circle, they would hollow the war whoop--then round and round, again and again. Presently one soldier, perhaps with a gun, would fasten his eye on me as he ran round and directly he would jump out of the ring and make his circuit nearer to me, with his gun presented as though to shoot and, after making all the demonstrations he wanted to, he would jump back in line and another would put a scowl on his face and, perhaps come out with a sword uplifted as if he intended to kill me the next minute, and so on until they had all the fun they wanted, then they were ready to know what I had to say about my Government; and what message their Great Father had sent to them by me, etc.

Their Great Father is the President of the United States. The Council then commenced by the old Chief stepping in front of me and my interpreter, Bolean, and commencing his speech in Chippewa. When he had spoken as long as he thought the interpreter could remember, he stopped to let the interpreter tell me in English, what he had said.

Then I answered the Chief's speech and these speeches went on until all the questions at issue were fully discussed. They had a great many complaints to make against the Government and greatly misconstrued the Treaty Stipulations. I took pains in reading and explaining, from printed copies of the Treaty, just what they were entitled to and succeeded in satisfying them that designing white men had misrepresented the Treaty. I convinced them that the Government

would carry out, in good faith, every stipulation of the Treaty.

The Indians generally are making more demands of the Government than could or should be complied with. I think annuities paid to them every year has a demoralizing effect, not only on the Indian but noticeably on the bummers along the border. Depending on the money and goods paid to them every year, keeps the Indians from hunting as much as they would otherwise do. They rely too much on the annuities.

Send soldiers back to Abercrombie and take an escort

After holding the first Council at White Earth, I found that the soldiers would be a menace to the Indians and place me really in more

of Indians.

danger, than I would be without them. I told the Indians, in my second talk with them, what I thought about it. I told them I would send the soldiers back to Fort Abercrombie, if they would send an escort of their own warriors with me through the country and promise me protection, while I was in their nation.

When this proposition was presented to them through Paul Boleao, I could see from their looks and ominous grunts, that it was heartily approved and when the old Chief replied, he said, "Our Great Father Agent "hits the nail on the head", when says; send war men back. We have been talking about it. Our friendly agent comes here and talks good to us and says he means us no harm. Our Great Father at Washington means us no harm. Then why have soldiers? We have no soldiers. We are for peace. We say to the agent we glad to send our men with him, if he send soldiers back, and we promise not a hair of head shall be hurt while he stay in our nation."

This Indian Chief meant all he said and truly represented his band of a thousand Indians at White Earth but, nevertheless, as we shall see, I came near being killed by the band of Indians at Leech

Lake(the last place I visited) and only escaped by leaving in the night, assisted by my friends and soldiers stationed there, under command of Col. Bush.

Mr. Tomlison and I remained at White Earth Lake until the Pay Party, under Maj. J. B. Bassett went to Pembinau to pay the Indians at that point their annuities of goods and money.

We intended to go on to Leech Lake by what is called portages; that is across lakes, then carry the light birch bark canoe from lake to lake--thus cutting off fully one half the distance, but on trying the canoes at the mill, on the end of the lake, where we intended to embark on this dangerous voyage, we found the canoes were too small and not at all safe. So we gave it out and waited patiently until Maj. Bassett returned from Pembinau.

Then we returned by the circuitous route to the Chippewa Agency , then on to Leech Lake.

Before leaving off my account of my talks and dealings with the Indians at White Earth Lake, it would be proper to state more in detail, what were the issues between the Indians and the Government. The Indians charged that the supplies furnished by agents of the Government, both in goods and in what they eat were of an inferior kind, and that the lands cleared and ploughed for cultivation did not amount to the number of acres agreed upon in the Treaty; therefore, I had to measure all the lands that had been ploughed for them at their new reservations and count all the houses, that had been built for their occupancy; and had to go to the Commissary Department and examine the flour, meal, meat, etc., etc. I found a little flour slightly injured by being transported long distances in rainy weather and some

inferior blankets. Every thing else seemed in fair shape.

I had learned enough about Indian character during my 6 years residence, when I was quite young, among the Indians (Cherokees and the Creeks) 166 to know these Chippewas would expect some present from me on this occasion, so when I had held my last Council with this band, I told them I wanted to talk a while to them on subjects not connected with the public service.

I told them I had ordered 3 barrels of flour to be issued to them from the Commissary--I told them I did this in lieu of giving them whiskey as had been done in many instances, to their great injury.

Now, said I, "I want to make you a plain talk for your own good, because you have treated me kindly and you have, by your conduct since I've been among you, made a good impression on my mind, and you have inspired me with a hope that you intend to (at least some of you intend to) try to become a civilized people. *↓ I gave a plain talk to the Indians, which they gladly receive.*

I would love to encourage you in your efforts, since you have told me, it is your desire to improve in your manner of life and try to imitate white people in performing all the duties of life, but it is my duty to be plain with you. It is impossible for you to improve until you become industrious. You must treat your women better- nothing shows the characteristic of savage life so much as bad treatment of your wives and daughters.

When I went out the other day to see your fine, steam, saw mill, furnished by the Government to saw lumber for your houses, I met one of your men, his wife--the poor woman had a very heavy sack of rice strapped on her shoulders, and then her baby on top of that, and her husband walking along with a gun on his shoulder.

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And this morning I saw 4 of our young women come into town, each one dragging a load of long heavy poles on their hips like oxen, to make fires for you lazy men to smoke your pipes around. You have told me you want to be like white people but, that statement is contrasted to your every day life. If you really wanted to be like the white man, you would put on pants, coats, vests, etc., and quit going about with a blanket around you, holding it around you with one hand, while you hold your pipe with the other. 167

(They thank me through their principal chiefs for my advice.)

The industrious white man dresses so as to have nothing to impede the use of his hands and he goes to work at what ever will pay him best. He cuts off his hair and keeps it out of his way. As a rule, you Indian men never cut your hair, but plait it and let it grow and hang down your backs until it reaches to the ground, by the time you are middle aged men. All this is a mark of savage life, and is not praise worthy. I would be glad to see it otherwise but, in looking around since I've been here, I've seen but one Indian man trying to immitate the white man in dress, and this man is said to be training his children, both girls and boys to work and also dress like white people--that man is "Winne do Wah", your Chief, who is now present to hear my words of commendation. It was on account of these virtues and the good report I have heard of him, that I singled him out from your other chief men, and made him a present of my fine fancy walking cane, which I brought with me from Washington and, which I valued so highly.

I wish we had all of your Ojibway tribe with us here to day. I would take pleasure in giving them all a "plain talk"--good advice, which would do them good. From a residence of six years among different tribes, I think I understand their wants, and I think I am

competent to advise them, and I know I have interest enough in their welfare to tell them the truth.

It is too common with Government Agents, when holding Councils with Indians, (as I have witnessed in my early life at Councils in Cherokee and Creek Nations) to try to gain their favor by flattery. I think an Indian appreciates the truth as much as a white man and loves to hear it, but alas, the white man has so many temptations to hide the truth from the more ignorant Indian. I do not want you to think hard of me for pointing out your faults to you. We all do wrong, it matters not what our condition in life, and the best evidence of a man's friendship is for him to tell us of our faults, if it is done in the proper spirit and at the right time. 168

I wish to notify you of one more mistake you are making and then I will close.

Your Great Father, through his agents, has constructed a good many homes for your families; these homes would make you warm and comfortable during the long cold winters, to an extent you have never felt comfort before, if you would move into them. I have gone around and counted them and examined them so I can make my report to your Great Father, when I get back to Washington, and let him know your exact situation, for he has an interest in your welfare. But after finding that the houses had been built according to the Treaty stipulations; they are all standing idle; not one occupied; and all of your families living in wigwams, just as your Fathers and Grandfathers lived a century ago. And if I were to return here a year from now, I would expect to find your elegant houses standing unoccupied, as they are today. This conduct of yours is not in the direction of civilization."

When I was done with my talk, all the Indians cheered me. And then, Wambona Cut, one of their Chiefs, rose and made me the following speech, as reported by Paul F. Boleao, my interpreter at this point:

"Our Great Father's Agent, who has come so far to talk to us, has spoken the truth and we want to thank him for what he has told us. He need not be afraid we get mad at him for telling us the truth. We often despise white man that tells us smooth things, when we know he don't care for us. We wish all Agents would deal with us honestly and tell us no lies." *(I said farewell to my friendly Indians at White Earth and really regretted to leave them)*

"We will send our soldiers to meet you at Leech Lake, as we promised, and go with you to White Oak Point and anywhere you want to go through our nation. And when you are done visiting our towns and holding Councils with our people, and go back to your own people, we want you to write us a long letter, and give us more good advice. Send the letter to Mr. Wright, your interpreter at Leech Lake, who has taught school among us for more than 20 years; he will read it to us. We wish you good luck and a safe journey home."

I then bid them farewell at White Earth by shaking hands cordially with the Chiefs and bowing to the warriors and squaws that were present.

While remaining at the Government Steam Saw Mill, waiting for the return of Maj. Bassett from the Pembina payment, after we found it unsafe to go to Leech Lake by canoes rowed on lakes by Indians, I had trouble with Dr. Penniman, who got his face frightfully cut by falling on a very sharp snag. He was a large fleshy man with large face and the cut was a terrible one. He bled profusely. I left him, when I started to Leech Lake, improving.

My troubles and dangers at Leech Lake.

Maj. Joel B. Bassett and I traveled from the Agency to Leech Lake alone in our fine outfit. We failed to reach there the first day. We had to camp out alone, 15 miles on this side of the Lake. From the unsettled condition of the Indians at Leech Lake, we did not feel entirely secure, especially as Charles A. Ruffler had gone up there the day before to prejudice the Indians against the Government all he could, and especially against Maj. Bassett, who had supplanted him (Ruffer) in the appointment of Local Indian Agent.

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We reached Leech Lake at 10 o'clock next morning and found this wild and turbulent band of Indians in no mood to be reasoned with. We were well aware of this unsettled state of mind, from meeting the day before with Couriers sent to meet us and demand of us presents for killing of their Principal Chief, "Hole in the Day."

(And now at the most dangerous part of my mission, Leech Lake)

In place of hiding away to keep from being arrested when we came to Leech Lake, there, they boasted of having killed their chief and wanted me to appoint another Chief to rule over them.

I was compelled to manage this dissolute band with great circumspection and caution. If I had rashly gone to work and exercised all the powers vested in me as Agent of the Government, in carrying out and defending the Treaty Stipulation; we would have had to battle right there.

My previous knowledge of Indian affairs and weighing well their character, served me well in this emergency. I had 3 days to spare after I reached Leech Lake before the day set for holding the Council with these wild Indians and I made choice of that interim to hold a Council with Indians at White Oak Point, on the Mississippi River,

150 miles from Leech Lake. I therefore, spent no time in handling words through my new interpreter, Mr. Wright, with these bad Indians, but (The home of the dissolved Indians, who killed their principal Chief.) pressed into service a steam boat belonging to "Uncle Sam", but being used to transport supplies for the Indians on the Mississippi River and large lakes. In this boat, we sailed over the big waves of Leech Lake 10 miles that evening and camped on the bank of the Great Mississippi River. We were afraid to risk riding the waves on Leech Lake in a canoe, so we carried it in the steam boat with us from the town to where we camped on the river. The next morning, very early, we started in our 4 fathoms canoe. It was like all their canoes, made of birch bark. It was 20 feet long, and about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet across in the middle. We had in it, besides Maj. Bassett and myself, Mr. Wright (my interpreter) and 4 Indians, who were detailed from White Earth to accompany me through all my travels through the Nation, in place of the soldiers I had sent back to Abercrombie.

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Our whole cargo consisted of 7 men, our provisions, cooking utensils, our camp equipage, 3 shot guns, an ax and a box of tobacco.

The birch bark of which these canoes are made, has 20 or more layers as fine as the finest paper on which bank notes are printed, and the ribs are made of cottonwood, which is very light, and the whole canoe is so light, that one can pick it up with one hand and carry it up on shore and turn it bottom upwards, and build a fire in front, and spread down our blankets, cover with our buffalo robes and sleep soundly till morning. Same as if we were at our house in a comfortable bed.

The canoe was so light, it rode the waters like an egg shell. Two Indians did the rowing and the other two sat in front, each with

a shot gun, and killed more wild ducks than we could eat.

We traveled on an average about 6 miles an hour. We were now about fifty miles below Itaska Lake, which is the head of the Mississippi River. I was greatly surprised to find the country so near the head of the Mississippi River so level. We could scarcely tell which way the water was running. The water spreads out in many places covering hundreds of acres and in some, even thousands of acres.

In such places the water is usually shallow, even some times from a foot to 4 or 5 feet. Here are the enormous rice fields. When the rice gets ripe, the Indians will leave home by families and camp out for weeks, gathering wild rice. They go into where the rice grows in canoes and bend the rice over into the canoe and thrash it off, till the canoe is full; then go to shore and take it out, put it in a hole previously dug out, having the rice in a blanket or sheet and tramp it out. Then they clean it by making wind with a sheet, as our fathers did before the old wind mill was invented. In this way, they get rice enough to supply their families. The balance of their living, outside of vegetables, they get by the chase.

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A great many vegetables grow to perfection there. People told me that, as much as seven hundred bushels of irish potatoes had often been raised there to the acre. *↓ Shooting wild ducks on the Mississippi.)*

After holding a Council with the Indians at White Oak Point, we returned to Leech Lake the fourth morning after leaving. In many places the whole face of the Mississippi is covered with large tall rank reeds. In such places we had to follow the way ploughed through this immense wilderness of reeds by the steam boat. When we would emerge from this wilderness, out into the open expanse of water where no reeds grow, we

would find the river covered with wild ducks. Then the Indians in the front of the canoe would let off their guns and keep right on through the dead and wounded ducks,

and we would pick up a few of them, and when meal time came we would go out to a favorable place on the shore, build up a fire and cook what we wanted, and leave the most of them at the campfire. When the canoe would "spring a leak", the Indians would strike for the bank and take it out and turn it up and soon stop the leaks with cement they carried with them for the purpose.

We had an arrangement for the steam boat to meet us where it left us, to take us back over the Lake; for we were unwilling to risk our lives on so large a Lake with the waves and white caps running so high. We reached where we left the boat sometime before night, and concluded to proceed along the end of the lake a few miles to a high point of land on the end of the lake where we would prefer to camp. I was persuaded to consent to this because Major Bassett and Mr. Wright knew the country. But when we had proceeded a little way; the waves were becoming so high and the white caps were becoming so dangerous, it alarmed me very much. When we were in what is called the "trough" the wave on either side, and before us would look like mountains, and directly we would mount the wave, then we would be looking down into the trough.--it looked like a hollow or basin.

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I became so alarmed, I made them turn to the shore and let me off. When we came near the shore, the waves ceased, and the water became so shallow, one of the Indians jumped out and motioned me to get on his back, which I did, and he carried me out as quickly and safely as a horse could. The canoe with all living humanity, left me alone in a dark dense timber on the shore, to travel alone for 4 miles to the Promontory where we had agreed to camp and wait till morning for the steam boat.

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I was at no time out of sight of my friends, yet I felt lonely, if not a little afraid. I had not gone far, until I looked ahead, along the lake, and about a mile ahead of me, I saw a black object come from the timber and go down to the lake to drink. I believed it was a bear. I watched it go back into the timber. When I got to the place I found by the tracks that it was a wild pony. We camped on the shore and waited for the boat next morning until we were out of patience, and could wait no longer on account of that being the day I had appointed to hold a council with the Leech Lake Indians, and we were 10 miles away. *↓ Our steam boat failed to come on time.*

We concluded to start in our 4 fathoms canoe, as the wind had not started the waves. The lake was smooth and calm, not a ripple on the surface. We hoped we could hurry up the indians and be able to reach the town, before the wind would start the waves in motion. So we put out, but in about half an hour the waves commenced running. We were then a long way from land in any direction. We did not know 174 what to do. I trusted some to Bassett and Wright on account of their superior knowledge about how to manage our frail craft, and especially the Indians as they seemed to understand all the manipulations necessary to keep on top of the treacherous waves. *(our awful peril upon Leech Lake.)*

Such a time as this makes thoughts run rapidly through the mind. We were indeed in great peril. I trusted more in this emergency to the Super-ruling Providence that watches over us from the cradle to the grave, than in all human power. We were all much alarmed. I thought of my far from home.

I was at the head of the Father of Waters, several thousand miles from home - my native Southland - should I never see my dear family again? Should I soon be buried in that deep lake? And no friend left

to report my entombment? These were thoughts running rapidly through my disturbed mind.

But presently we saw the steam boat; plainer and plainer did it appear, as our frail bark would run upon the crest of the wave, but we could see that its course would take it far to our right. Evidently the boatman had not sighted us, and they were not expecting us to break camp until they reached there. We tried every device to attract their attention. Sound reaches farther on water than on land; I had a revolver and I fired several shots and the Indians shot with their guns.

At last when about opposite to us but a considerable distance off, we were rejoiced to see the boat turn toward us. They hastily came along side of us, and with ropes took us and our canoe on board, and turned about, and carried us to the town in safety. The place is enclosed, and the gate is kept locked constantly, night and day, and holds about one thousand of the worst Indians in the Chippewa Nation. Dr. Barnard keeps a good hotel, and there are about a dozen families of white people in the town, and 30 U. S. Soldiers stationed there under the command of Col. Bush. On my return here I found, as I expected, Charles A. Ruffee with about 50 of his understrickers ready for any emergency. This in itself ^{or} forboded trouble for I had been notified by the best men I could find ever since I entered the nation, that Ruffee could control the entire band of Indians at this point, and that he had inspired all the trouble with the Indians, and made them dissatisfied with the new reservations, and wanted them to annul the last treaty made with the Government.

My great danger from the unfriendly band of Indians at Seesh Lake.

All this, because he, Ruffee, had been removed from the position of Local Agent for these Indians and Bassett put in his place.

I felt undecided what to do; knowing the temper of these Indians after being harangued by Ruffee the night before, (who as I learned from my interpreter, Wright) had told them, when I came back "treat him roughly", said he, "spit in his face, and if he don't resent that, then kill a Government ox, and divide him among your warriors, then he will call out the troops, and you can soon put 30 soldiers through."

This talk was plain treason against the Government that I was representing; but what could I do?

I knew there were such odds against us, I must do nothing rashly, but must proceed cautiously. We had, in complying with the treaty stipulations to pay this band fourteen thousand dollars in goods, and then thousand dollars in green backs that day, and the goods and money were ready, and I had copies of the treaty with me. I hastily called my friends together at the hotel for consultation. We all agreed it was best to go on with the council, in the most friendly manner possible, and to keep our temper, even at the expense of bearing direct insult, for we had no other way left us. We were surrounded by an armed mob, and we knew it. Ruffee and his 50 henchmen were all armed, and they alone outnumbered the soldiers. Then there were, on a reasonable estimate, 250 Indians armed, out of a thousand present.

↓ These bad Indians encouraged and supported by Chas. E. Ruffee 176

I instructed Mr. Wright to announce to the Indians that we would go into council immediately. The Indians responded at once by drawing their warriors into a hollowed square with their Chief, the interpreter and myself in the center.

The Chief on this occasion was a young man - a self constituted Chief. One of the murderers of the principal Chief, "Holinday", and it could easily have been proven that his object in assassinating

"Hole in the Day" was to become Chief himself. His ferocious appearance betrayed his bad and murderous character. His first speech was a terrible indictment against the Government, couched in the bitterest language he could master; with many threats of vengeance, if he could not have the things to go just as he wanted them. Among other impudent things he said, he gave utterance to the following, "The Government owes us heap money, and it must be paid today, and we won't take no paper money, we will have gold or we will have blood." While he stood there speaking, and his body trembling with rage, and every linement of his savage countenance indicating that he wanted to provoke a battle, Charles A. Ruffee was standing about 50 yars behind us, with 50 willing tools, made up of white bummers, and half breeds on the border, who were willing to do his bidding. He sent one of these to push his way into the council. When he got in, he said to my interpreter, "Tell that Indian to say what he pleases here today and he shan't be hurt."

After a while of raving, and more abuse of the Government, the Indian allowed the interpreter to tell me what he had said. Then it became my time to speak. I did so, first, by reading carefully the treaty, and explaining the points at issue, in a calm and dignified way, I made it a point to have my talk to be in great contrast with the Indian's speech in tone and temper but I took care not to back down an inch in any question in the controversy. He contended a long time for gold, but I finally reasoned him out of it by showing him that I received a salary from the Government and that I had never demanded gold and no officer of the Government had ever demanded gold in payment; but were always ready to take green back. He finally agreed to receive it, and we paid him ten thousand dollars in green backs, and fourteen thousand dollars in goods.

(I made my position more dangerous by being frank with Ruffee.)

I left there with the impression, from all I could learn, that Ruffee and his crowd would get more than half of what was paid to them before they left.

After the council was over, and every thing having been settled more quietly than Ruffee wanted it to, he asked me to walk out a little way and sit down and talk awhile. I walked out with him. *(I make my position more dangerous)*

He asked me what impression had been made on my mind in regard to the trouble with the Chippewas, after traveling over the Nation, and holding councils with the Indians at all their towns? and what would be the tenor of my report when I returned to Washington? saying that he sometimes went to Washington and had taken positions there and he was particularly desirous of knowing if I held in my possession any damaging testimony from Minnesota men in regard to his public acts, since he had been in public service.

I frankly told him that I had affidavits, which were sworn to, that reflected upon his reputation and tended to make him responsible for the uprising about to be inaugurated throughout the Nation. I told him I had a certificate from Mr. Mott that he (Ruffee) had offered Maj. Paddock, who had been sent on this mission before me, ten thousand dollars to go back to Washington, and make a report that would cause Maj. Bassett to be turned out of the Indian Agency and he (Ruffee) appointed in his place. While talking so freely with Ruffee, I had no time to weigh the effect of my words, and what they might influence that bad man to do. *↓ Plan of my escape from these dangerous Indians.* 178

But, after we separated, and while walking on to the hotel where my friends were, I had time to mentally renew our conversation. I then saw at once what interest he might have in preventing me, or my report either, ever reaching Washington.

I was alarmed for my safety, before I reached the hotel, and more alarmed, when I told my friends what had happened, and saw at once that they all, including my interpreter, Mr. Wright, believed I was in great danger. We commenced devising means at once for my escape from this furious band of Indians, over whom Ruffee had complete control. We fell upon this plan; that I would send Mr. Wright round to have a talk with the Indians at once and, incidentally, while talking about the council that day, mention that I was going next day with the pay party to Red Lake.

While he was engaged at that, Mr. Wilson, a trusty soldier, was detailed to go with me to the Agency, a distance of 75 miles. We prepared at once for the trip, which was made in my fine buggy drawn by the same excellent span of mules Maj. Bassett and I had driven all through the Nation. We were let pass through the gate next morning at 3:00 o'clock while the Indians, Ruffee and his henchmen were all sound asleep and by the time they awoke in the morning, we were "out of the woods," and onto a smooth level prairie, and we made such good speed that we arrived at the Agency by dark.

We came to "Crow Wing", next morning, in time for me to take the stage for St. Cloud the head of the railroad, where I remained long enough to interview some parties in regard to the troubles, and controversy between the Indians and Governmental authorities, then I pushed for Washington without another stop-over.

When I was fairly released from the great excitement and danger I had passed through, and could calmly look back and see it all, I felt thankful that I had escaped with my life. I had great reason to believe that my life was in danger.

I had to endure physical, as well as mental, suffering. I had been so exposed to the most sudden change in the weather on my trip from White Earth to the Agency the week before that I had ever witnessed, and it had effected me so as to disable me from speaking above a whisper, for a whole week, and during that time I had to travel 300 miles, and hold two councils with the Indians.

Before leaving off my account of my administration of Indian affairs in Minnesota--by way of giving some of my views of the character, habits, etc., of Indians generally, I will here quote from my notebook, carried in my pocket during my long trip.

"Chippewa Nation, Mississippi Agency, September 15th, 1868."

I find a growing discontent, and ill feeling between the Indians who have been moved to White Earth Reservation, and those who refuse to leave their old homes at Gull Lake and Mill Lake. This dissatisfaction, I think, became more pronounced and caused more trouble, unless the Government interferes and compels the Mill Lack Indians to remove to their new reservations, according to the stipulations of the Treaty.

This enmity may ripen into hostilities, if some interference is not resorted to by the Government.

This same sort of difficulty occurred in the treaty and removal of the Cherokees in Georgia and Tennessee, running through the years from about 1831 to 1836. Though very young at that time I was an eye witness to much of the trouble in those trying times. I attended their councils for years and finally in 1838, I made part of the U. S. Army, charged with the duty of enforcing the stipulations of the treaty, by gathering up the wandering bands, and having them taken to the Indian Territory where they now reside. Some of the Cherokees were satisfied

with the sale of their lands, I think about half of them - these were generally the most intelligent ones. But the masses of them were bitterly opposed to leaving their old homes. *↓ Troubles which attended the removal of Cherokees and Creeks)*

These factions became so embittered against each other that it finally culminated in the assassination of several of the more intellectual Indians, among them that good man, Jack Walker, whose death I deplored very much, although I was then so young. I had become very much attached to Walker and his clever wife. These murderers were full blooded Indians, ignorant and cruel. From my knowledge of the Indian character, based upon a residence of 6 years among the Cherokees and Creeks, both Indians (Nations) more advanced in civilization than these Chippewas, I am led to believe our Government committed an error in removing the Chippewas from around the present Agency--for the following reasons, in part.

First, the main body of these Indians never will become an agricultural people. A very few may, but the great majority will ever live by the chase. It is their nature, and I think it will be impossible to induce them to give it up.

The country around Gull Lake and Mill Lack, where a portion of them still linger, is but little adapted to agricultural products, but it is an excellent game country, abounding in bear, deer and the smaller kinds of game, while the Lakes are filled with fine fish. Their new reservation at White Earth Lake is eminently an agricultural region. There cannot be found in the whole state 36 square miles of better lands with better adaptation for raising all the crops suited to this climate. And here there is less game of all kinds than on the old hunting grounds.

Secondly, there are many reasons for believing that within a few years, the progressive, adventurous white man will make encroachments upon this Indian border, (as they have done) and seeing their fine lands with so many advantages, they will not lack for arguments to the authorities that it would be best, both for the Indians and whites, that they be pushed still farther West, as they are not making use of their fine lands."

In closing the details of my travels on this dangerous mission, which included about 825 miles in the wilds of the Nation, after crossing the Mississippi River, I must try to give a brief description of some extraordinary curiosities seen at Leech Lake and on the Mississippi River at Pocagemie Falls. *(The Great Rock Wall at Leech Lake)*

After starting to cross the great Leech Lake in the steam boat, heretofore mentioned, the first thing which arrested my attention was a great rock wall, lining the shore to our left. The wall looked to be about 10 feet above the waters, and how far under the water we could not tell. The wall stood perpendicular, one rock upon another, like it had been built by hand, and fine workmanship. The rocks were of a very dark color, smooth surfaced and square shaped, like hewn timber, but of different sizes and lengths.

I asked Mr. Wright, who had lived in that country over 20 years, what this meant? He said, "that is the question propounded by all travelers over this lake." He then gave me his theory to account for this mysterious wall. In about these words. "Leech Lake is 10 miles long and 5 miles wide. It holds in its bed a vast number of smooth rocks of different sizes and lengths, like you see in the wall. In the winter the ice is from 4 to 5 feet thick. When it breaks up in

the Spring into large boulders, and the wind lashes the lake into great fury, the waves tending from the center to the shore, and these huge boulders turn up on their edges, dipping down to the bottom and getting behind these rocks, and the great force of the wave carries it to the shore and when the wave recedes it leaves the rock, or rocks, and subsequent waves bring their rocks and force them up on one another, like battering rams, until the wall is formed just as you see it."

By the force of the waves, from the center to the circumference of lakes, makes the elevation round lakes resembling so much the earth works thrown up by soldiers making breast works in the time of war. A beautiful illustration of this is seen above Pocagamie Falls, on the Mississippi River. As we traveled down the river for 150 miles, the country was so flat and level, in traveling on the bosom of the river, one can scarcely tell which way the water is moving. At Pocagamie Falls the whole waters of the Mississippi passed through a narrow chasm only 80 feet wide. It is believed with much reason, that "Once upon a time" a huge rock held a sheet of water covering a space 150 miles long and 50 miles wide, above these falls, for there is an elevation several feet high all round this space, just like earth works thrown up in time of war.

It is believed that this immense rock held the water, bottled up as it were, making it some 30 feet higher at the falls than it is now, the water gradually falling over the 80 feet of rock, until in the course of time this massive rock gave way, allowing the vast amount of water to flood the Mississippi Valley.

This great expanse of water receded from this periphery, as marked out by the elevation, and ever since that the waters of the upper Mississippi have been confined to, comparatively, a narrow channel.

In the latter part of the Summer and early Fall, the river gets low, and greatly interferes with steam boat navigation. Boats fail to reach points as high up as would make it profitable in carrying on the expen-

sive commerce of the great Mississippi Valley. *↓ The great Pocagamie Falls on the Miss. River and the interesting expanse of country spread out above*

This is a great drawback to the prosperity of one of the most } *the Falls.*
productive countries on the continent. Many millions of dollars have been appropriated by the Congress of the United States besides all that individual effort could do, to prevent the annual floods from washing away and utterly destroying one of the richest vallies^{say} in the world.

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But in spite of all efforts to stay the tide, the devastation still goes on from year to year.

I had traveled some on steam boats, where navigation had been very much improved by locks and dams, as is done on the Kentucky River between Frankfort and the mouth of that river, and while considering the situation at Pocagamie Falls, I thought, if Congress could be induced to send competent engineers to Pocagamie Falls and ^{thoroughly} investigate the matter, and if they made a favorable report, then appropriate a sufficient sum of money to build a monster dam so as to cause it to rise and spread out and cover the many thousands of acres originally covered by the waters before the primitive dam gave way. This dam should be constructed upon such a scale that it could not give way and so arranged that the water could be held or let out at will, so as to make the flow much more uniform and thus preventing such floods, at certain seasons and always have a reserve to let out at very dry seasons to improve navigation.

When I returned to Washington, I called on 4 members of Congress with whom I was acquainted, and submitted my plan to them. They all approved of it and said it looked feasible, but I have never heard from them since.

I am now done with my short, hurried and imperfect detail of my mission to Chippewa Indians. But I can't bid them a final adieu until I compare their language with that of the Cherokees, and Creeks with which I was much more familiar.

The Chippewas (or Ojibwas) are much more Savage than other of the other tribes, but notwithstanding this fact their language is more grammatical in its construction than either of the others, and according to Mr. Wright, my interpreter, who has resided among them as a school teacher for more than 20 years, the language of the Chippewas is superior in its grammatical construction than our own. Mr. Wright understands their language perfectly. In illustrating this subject, Mr. Wright gave me the following sentence to parse: "John told Jim his father was dead." Now, said Mr. Wright, "Whose father is meant in this sentence? John's father or Jim's father? You don't know whose father is meant." Then he gave me the same sentence in Chippewa and the interpretation, and it was easy to tell whose father was meant. 184

I returned to Washington from my long and very dangerous trip on the 20th of October 1868 and spent 4 days in making out my report to the Department of the Interior.

(My bad health after this exposure in that cold rigorous climate compelled me to resign my office and return home.)

Up to this time, I did not know the amount I would be paid for this service and risk of life - nothing had been said about it. On handing in my report, I was paid one thousand and fifty seven dollars for the two months service. *Typically joke! P.M.D.*

I then resumed my position as Special Agent in the Post Office Department as before, and came by Elizabethton to visit my family who were anxiously looking for me.

After resting a few days at home and leaving the presents given me by the Indian Chiefs, I hastened to my headquarters at Raleigh, knowing that much correspondence touching my official business had accumulated there.

During the month of November and all the Winter months, as well as Spring, I was compelled to travel, and of necessity to expose myself more than at any time since I had been in office, on account of my absence for the two months I had spent in Indian Service. Quite a number of depredation cases had come in and many were urging that parties should be arrested when I could locate them, and had to travel a good deal in the night, and much of it off of railroads in stages, buggies, etc. 185

In my work as Special Agent of the P.O.D., I was not limited by state lines, but my district was North and South Carolina and I had much travel in both states in this emergency.

I had been exposed in that cold, rigorous climate in Minnesota, especially from the 7th of October when the weather changed so suddenly, until I left there on the 16th. The effects of this exposure mainly fell upon my throat which finally ulcerated, causing me much pain and suffering.

I would be compelled to stop several times and lay up until it would improve a little so I could resume my work again. I had to remain a week at Fayetteville with my good friend George Lander, where I was waited on as carefully as if at home. At last I had to stop all work and call in Mr. McKee. I was then boarding with Maj. Foot, at Raleigh. Here I suffered more than I can tell, for weeks. I then saw I was compelled to quit my business and go home. I bid Raleigh a final adieu on 1st of May 1869 and came by way of Weldon, Petersburg, Lynchburg and Bristol, at great risk of my life and sent up my resignation to take effect on 19th May, 1869.

The Department did not send me notice of its acceptance for about a month.

I had a very hard time with my throat. In fact it never has gotten well. I am now (September 21, 1893) suffering with it.

I did not recover so I could leave my room for months. When I did recover I was somewhat undecided what business to engage in. I did not feel like resuming the practice of my profession. I had done an immense practice for many years and I exposed myself a great deal and found by a reference to my books, that a majority of my patrons were either unable or unwilling to pay me. This fact did not encourage me to make more bills to be left on my books unpaid - to keep company with ten thousand dollars already on the books for which I am satisfied I never will collect a dollar.

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(My mistake in going with the Tannery and Boot and Shoe Business.)

One of My Mistakes in Business

When I was forced to resign my office of Special Agent, P.O.D. on account of my extreme bad health, and had so far recovered that I could post up my books, I found after paying my current expenses and replenishing the waste and destruction of household goods by reason of the war, I had about four thousand dollars. How to invest this money so as to make something, was the question. After consulting several persons, I finally decided to go into the tanning, shoe and boot manufacturing business. I did not stop to consider that I knew nothing about conducting that particular branch of business, neither did I take time to think what the great demoralization, in labor brought about by the war we had just passed through, and especially the change that necessarily had taken place in the tanning business by the armies having destroyed all the cattle in the South, which would make hides high priced and hard to secure.

All these things and many more equally as unpleasant had to be learned after I embarked in the business. Then it was too late to profit by it.

About midsummer in 1869 I commenced constructing my buildings and sinking my vats on my own premises at Elizabethton. 187

I went to great pains and expense in constructing buildings and sinking vats, etc. The boot and shoe shop was a large 2 story building. The lower story was used for finishing rooms and upper story for shoe and boot shop. The bark house was very large. I had 24 vats besides the pool and bates, etc. I had plenty of water conveyed from the Doe River, but rain water, being softer water, and, therefore, superior for tanning to either limestone or freestone, I had two large tanks constructed capable of holding two thousand gallons of water each, and had all the buildings spouted with tin so as to catch all the water falling onto the several buildings and convey it into these tanks. Then from the tanks, the rain water was conveyed into every vat.

About the time I was fairly ready to commence tanning, my son, who had just returned from Raleigh, wanted to go to Texas to get into business, and I had found hides hard to get here. I, therefore, furnished him money to buy hides, both in Arkansas and Texas. He bought some in Arkansas as he went on, then purchased a good many in Texas during the years he remained there.

My books will show that dry trimmed hides on an average, cost me 20¢ per pound during the 7 years I was in the business and I could buy thousands of dry hides here now, both in Tennessee and Western North Carolina, at 5¢ per pound, 4 times as cheap as I had to pay, and all kinds of leather is selling nearly as high as when I unfortunately was in the business.

Then I had to pay my shoes and boot makers big war prices for work. I paid from \$2.50 to \$3.00 for making fine boots, I furnishing all material and other work in proportion.

When I review the past and press of work during that 7 years, I can't see how I escaped being entirely broken up. Of Course it injured me financially and nothing save me from complete wreck but my indomitable perseverance, industry and economy - aided in a wonderful degree by my "better half". If I had taken her advice, and wound up the business much sooner, I would have saved a great deal of money and a considerable amount of worry. 188

But as the saying ^{is} ~~is~~ "I was heels over head in business." and could not see how I could let go. An iron may be so hot one can't let go of it.

To add to my discomfiture, just at this time Thomas S. Folsom returned from California and proposed to go into partnership with me. I agreed to take him in as an equal partner, on his paying into the concern, at once, \$1500.00 and \$500.00 for rent of yard and one half of what it cost me to board hands. He paid in \$1300.00 only, and failed to pay the rent and also board of hands, all of which fell on me.

In place of meeting his obligations promptly according to his written contract, he soon commenced drawing out upon orders from time to time, until he had drawn nearly every dollar out he had put in, and I was compelled to call on him for a settlement. I had superintended the business in person from the beginning, and, if I got him to attend to business for me for a few days when I had to be absent, he was credited for his time at the same rate I was getting.

I told him that unless he paid in what money he promised to, we would have to dissolve our partnership and because his \$1300.00 only, paid into as big a business and involving as much money paid out as he

I had expended, did not make him a fortune, it made him my enemy for life. The partnership continued 4 years. I continued the business alone for 3 years more.

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At this writing (Elk Park, N. C., Sept. 22nd, 1893) there is a shoe shop within 200 ~~yards~~ of where my old one stood at Elizabethton, making 300 pairs of shoes a day. The proprietors, Messrs. Jordan and Graham, are making money where I lost money because they manufacture by machinery and I made my shoes and boots by hand. *(Much trouble with hands for 7 long years.)*

It would be both unpleasant and unprofitable to recite the many trials and hardships I had to undergo in carrying on my ever pressing business, on account of labor being so demoralized by reason of the war.

No one who did not have personal knowledge of the unreliability of labor at the close of the war can have any conception of it. I paid my hands, both in the tan yard as well as in the shoe and boot shop, promptly and mostly in cash, especially at the commencement of the business. I paid hands in the shop by the piece and in the yard by the day, and no Saturday night found me owing them any wages, but often they were my debtors.

First and last, during the 7 years I was compelled to change hands often and I had quite a number of hands, both black and white, and it was rare that I had a hand that did not damage me in some way - especially the last few years while I trusted others to boss the concern while I was away building "The Reems Creek Woolen Mills", at Weaverville, North Carolina.

I must relate one sore trial out of many I might mention, then I will dismiss this unpleasant recital.

While Isaac Click was my head workman in the tanyard, and a better workman and more industrious man I never had in the yard, since I could trust him to take the oversight of all the work when he could be kept

there, but his home was in an adjoining county and he would absent himself from his work, when there was no necessity for it. He worked for me a little over a year - say 14 months - and in that time he lost 93 days (working). He never could leave without injuring the business and he knew it and he cared nothing for it. *(The demoralization of labor after the war.)*

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When he finally concluded to leave for good, he selected a time when he knew I had no one to take his place, and also had reasons to believe, and did believe, that it would be utterly impossible for me to hunt up a hand to do all the work that he knew must be done at once, or lose a large lot of hides.

Mr. Click came up and ate his breakfast as usual, leaving his hat and coat at the yard. I went down shortly after to see how he was getting on working the hides out of the bait, which I was so uneasy about. I saw Mr. C. was not there and his hat and coat were gone, and I knew that was the last of Mr. Click.

No one could be procured at Elizabethton to save the hides. What should I do? I went to Johnson City and boarded the train and went as far as Greeneville, stopping at every place where there was the lease chance to get a hand and failed everywhere. On my return I went on to Bristol. Failing there, I came home and went horse back to see Mr. Russell Cordell in the upper end of Crab Orchard, near the North Carolina line, failing here as Mr. Cordell had hides in the same condition.

I got home just at night, put my tired horse in the stable, ate my supper, procured lamps and went to the tan yard and pulled off my coat, rolled up my sleeves and went to work, and worked and sweated till nearly daylight, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that my energy had saved my hides.

(Note: about this time I gave Chancler the Darkie good advice)

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During all the 7 years that I was devoting my time mostly to other things, outside of my profession. Still I could not wholly give it up, when pressed by old friends in whose families I had practiced for many years. I would yield to their importunities and do some practice and in chronic cases and more especially in surgical cases. *(Building Reems Creek Woolen Mills - 1875)*

In 1875 I left my farm in the hands of my wife. She attended to that department and managed the farm better than I could, and I went to Weaverville, N. C. and built a woolen mill on Reems Creek, called the "Reems Creek Woolen Mills."

I had lost hope in making my tannery and shoe and boot shop a paying institution. I was wanting to wind it up. So I left John A. Riddle in charge, while I was building and running the Reems Creek factory.

The Reems Creek Woolen Mills were owned and operated by a joint stock company. The stock was owned by A. Jobe, E. D. Jobe,

and K. F. Snyder. We made a success of building up a good and popular custom, woolen factory. After I completed the buildings and placed machinery in it, and got every thing in regular order and all started, I canvassed several counties, with samples of our goods, so as to induce the people to increase the number and quantity of their sheep.

In this way, I built up a considerable business. I run the factory after its completion two years, then I had to give it up on account of my very bad health and my son, E. D. Jobe, one of the owners, took my place as manager temporarily, as I had also done. As our business and our citizenship were in Tennessee, we both sold out pretty soon to parties living at Weaverwille and, in that neighborhood, and they have been running it successfully ever since. This woolen mill is eligibile located and surrounded by counties whose inhabitants are generally well to do people. It is located only 7 miles east of Asheville, the largest and most prosperous and wealthy towns in western North Carolina. *(Bad health compelled me to resign as Superintendant.)*

I was compelled to resign my position as Superintendant of the Reems Creek woolen mills on account of my extreme bad health. I kept my office in one end of the factory and slept there, and when I was taken sick and my case became so bad, I called in 3 doctors, but they did not realize how bad I really was until the noise of the looms and other machinery had so destroyed my hearing, that I have never recovered from it to this day, although I have it treated repeatedly. I am now very hard of hearing. This is a greater misfortune than any one can conceive of, who never had defective hearing. It puts me to great disadvantage among strangers, who do not know I am hard of hearing. When I quit the tanning business, I had quite an amount of debts against

people for transactions covering so many years. A large amount of these were judgments, notes and acts against insolvent parties, yet many of them could have been collected by proper perseverance and management. But I could never find time to stop every thing and ride round and see how many of these debts I could collect.

I never was a good collector. Some men could have collected the large bulk of these debts, but I had indulged them too long. The older a debt becomes, the less the debtor feels like paying it as a rule. Even most men, who are good for their debts, are in a measure so.

I ought to have known better for I had the benefit of an early and sad experience of selling goods in Georgia on a credit, I was too candid, and confess that I lacked something in my makeup of being a business man. I could not say no often enough to men asking for credit. I know now that the hundreds, who know they owe my just debts, amounting in the aggregate to over ten thousand dollars, are not as good friends to me as they would be if I had denied them credit. That disposition followed me through nearly half a century, in the practice of medicine. I could not refuse to go to see the sick, though I knew I would never be paid for it.

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Oh! How often I have gone when I was as bad off as the patient I went to see.

The several books which I have used to keep accounts in don't show the amount of practice I've done--for where I did charity practice, I made no account of it.

I continued to farm and do a little practice, especially in surgery, until the East Tenn. and Western North C. railroad was finished to Cranberry.

[moved to Elk Park, 13. of June, 1881

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I moved my family to Elk Park on the first train coming through.

Elk This was on 13th of June, 1881. We moved into a railroad shantie on Esq. Ellis' land, near Ellis' residence. Shortly after that, I bought 6 acres of Esq. Ellis above the railroad cut. It then being a part of the old brier field and running to the top of the ridge and back to the railroad.

The same is now known as the Nat Taylor property. On this property, there is a fine mineral spring. I at once commenced building on my property and immediately bought 3 more lots for my 3 married daughters, where the hotel is, I bought for Emma Miller; Where the Watuaga House is, I bought for Mollie Hunter; and where the L. M. Banner residence is, I bought for Hattie Taylor; and so we began to turn the brier field into a town site.

We soon wanted a Post Office here and I, having been special agent at the Post Office Dept. for several years; those interested in the establishment of the Office requested me to correspond with the Dept. at Washington. I soon found many obstacles thrown in my way. I was satisfied that Cranberry did not want a business place to grow up there and compete with Cranberry in the sale of goods, etc., but I kept hammering away until I got the office. I had L. M. Banner appointed the first Post Master. Since then we have had as P. Masters; Wm. C. Walsh, Henry C. Norman and now John F. Davis. The office had been established about 10 years and has been a money order office about 4 years. The office has always been well managed and is a great help to the people. *(The hateful lumber business)*

Elk Park, notwithstanding its humble beginnings, has become a place of considerable importance. Many millions of feet of lumber

have been shipped from here. It is the greatest lumber depot on the E.T. and W. N. C. railroad; besides the great amount of lumber of all kinds, the shipments of ivy roots, tan bark, etc., etc., has been immense. Elk Park is also becoming a great summer resort and with a little capital invested, could be made one of the most popular watering places in the south. The mineral water on the Taylor place here is unsurpassed. The chemist, who analyzed the water says the combination is the best he has ever seen.

Parties who have spent the summers here for several years are much pleased with the water, and invalids who have used the water after it was shipped to them was much benefited by it.

After running my steam saw mill here for 7 years, I found I had injured my health and my pocket to such an extent, I sold my saw mill to Nat G. McFarland and sold my property at Elk Park to Nat W. Taylor and moved back to Elizabethton.

One more reference to the hateful lumber business, then I want to forget it.

When I first thought of going into the lumber business, I very naturally looked at the quotations of prices in the various markets. I relied on these quotations-supposing the approximated truth but I was wonderfully deceived.

These quotations are published and controlled by lumber buyers and commission merchants in the cities, and they quote lumber at fictitious prices to induce large shipments. When the lumber is shipped, it is too late to repair the damage to the shipper. This lumber is on the yard and it must be sold for just what it will bring.

I soon found, to my sorrow, that there was no confidence to be

put in Commission Men, as a rule. When they receive your lumber or any thing else you may send them, they then have every thing in their own hands. *(Want of confidence in Commission Merchants)*

In prosecuting the various kinds of business, in which I have been engaged during my somewhat active life, I have had--what I would call a pretty fair experience with Commission Men.

Running through several years, I shipped the following products to different cities. My first experience was in shipping wheat to Richmond, Va. It was a few years before the war. I was selling my wheat at a dollar a bushel at my barn at Elizabethton, which was satisfactory to me, but my brother in law, who was then selling goods at *(Johnson city)* Johnsons Depot, persuaded me to haul it to Richmond and get \$1.60 for it. I waited a good while before I received my money, and counting out Commission, freight, storage, etc., etc., I got 43 cents a bushel for it, for my share.

Then I shipped staves from my timber land 3 miles from Elizabethton; I shipped these staves to Norfolk, Va. White oak staves were worth a big price, and all others were called Red Oak and were much lower. Mine were of fine White Oak and would have yielded me \$75.00 clear profit on the car load, had I got justice but when my returns come, my staves were nearly all counted as Red Oak, and counting up cost of making the staves and hauling 6 miles to Depot, and a fair price for my white oak trees, it failed to pay out by \$50.00 a car load.

Then, since the war, I shipped a large amount of leather in the rough to Baltimore and other cities. And for 5 years of unceasing toil, I shipped lumber of various kinds and I think I can safely say that in all my dealings, for many years, I never struck but one Commission Man, who did the square things with me, and I want to make

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honorable mention of him here, and inscribe his name here, so it may be cherished by my friends, who may chance to read these pages so hastily written under the greatest difficulties. *The hateful lumber business,*

His honorable name is: ROBERT C. LOWRY of New York.

A great deal of money has been made by buying and selling lumber; but I think very little ever has been made by manufacturing lumber. It is the man who carries the measuring stick, and hollows, cull, cull, cull, who makes the money. When I look back on my life at the Park, It seems like a dream. How sad it is to review ones life, even from a worldly standpoint, and see how we have made mistakes and lost golden opportunities. If we had gone into the goods business with the same capital we invested in the lumber business, we could have made money and made it without half the labor and vexation that attended our lumber trade.

Although it was my purpose not to let my profession interfere with my duties in pressing my lumber business, yet I was coaxed, urged and pressed into a considerable number of cases and every time I left my business and visited the sick, It was an injury to my business and in most instances, did not pay me one dollar. It just seemed it was impossible to deny them, when they came with such plaintive tales.

I have on my books about \$500.00 for practice done in those 5 years, and in all of it, I will be surprised if I receive even \$20.

Note: From page 103-

This boy, or yeoman, about 15 years of age was totally destitute. He had nothing, no place to stay. His mother was a handsome woman, but unchaste, had no character. She lived with her 2 daughters in a hut to themselves. Next morning I found that Albert was sober--the

first time I had ever seen him sober. I found him a very sensible boy. I needed just such a boy to work my garden, go to mill, etc., etc. He wanted to leave, "No", I told him, he must stay with me that day, if no longer-- See page 206. *Boom commenced at Elizabethton by B. E. Talbott.*

exceed
with
3.

Many of us have, for years, believed that sooner or later a manufacturing city would be built up in the Watauga Valley, and we have been working to that point. About 1889 and 1890 Col. Ben E. Talbott came here and took a good many options around Elizabethton. He paid out some money for these options. They run from 60 to 90 days generally--some over that. But he let all of them run out and then renewed them or most or them, and then let them run out again--owing--he said--to the stringency in the money market. He expected to get capitalists to join him in building up a large enterprise here.

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He took an option on my back lands beyond the railroad at \$200 an acre and gave \$50 for the option. He took an option on Ruthie and Sallies 12 acres--(the old homestead) at fifteen hundred dollars an acre, making \$18,000. He worked hard and spent a great deal of money trying to float the thing. But he was unable to obtain the money to move such a vast enterprise.

Those who optioned their land to him(bore) waited with him patiently for a long time, hoping he would succeed, for they saw he was a very liberal man and giving very high prices for their lands.

They gave him cheerfully all the moral support they could and some of them endorsed for him in bank for large sums. He came often to see about his interests, but failed so often to bring any thing with him except promises that, finally one after another was compelled to give up all hope of his ever being able to do any thing to relieve

them. ↓ The Cooperative Town Co.

In the mean time, say-about Oct. 1891, the Co-Operative Town Co. commenced taking options or deeds placed in Escrow. When they had secured 5,268 acres, they located the town here. This produced great excitement throughout the country. There has been great conflict going on between the Co. and Talbott about certain lands; some of it has passed through the courts. Nearly all has been decided against Talbott. He has suits in the courts at Elizabethton yet. His failure to find capital to carry out his plans at Elizabethton must have cost him many thousands of dollars and I can see no possible way for him to ever recover a dollar of it. He had an opportunity several times to have made a good thing of it, but he wanted too much of it to come to B. E. Talbott.

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Even after the Co-Operative Town Co. got a hold there, I know he could have turned over his interests he held in certain lands to the Co., by way of a compromise, and it would have brought him out with something over a hundred thousand dollars profits, counting every thing by his own estimates.

I know this, because, while the great excitement was up with the people, and some reckless ones were threatening to mob him, he was persistently standing in the way of accomplishing so great a thing for the whole valley, many of the more indiscreet citizens became wild and so unreasonable, that it seemed that Talbott's life was in danger. He had rented and was then living in my house(the Gov. Taylor property). Every effort had been made to get a compromise. For days and weeks, nothing was talked about except this overshadowing trouble and every body was interested. Even women and children were excited

and many talked of blood shed. Talbott and his friends kept pretty closely housed. H. T. Cook, then manager of the Town Co. and Col. Talbott were not on speaking terms and the condition of the controversy was such as to absolutely require an interview in person or by proxy.

In this emergency Mr. Cook requested me to go at once to Talbott with a message embodying a proposition, and it was by reason of that proposition that I know, that Talbott could have emerged from the "wrangle" with one hundred thousand.

The Town Co. located the town and surveyed their lands and paid 10 per cent on all the nd purchases and have taken possession of them. They mapped out their lands and are now (189) occupying my old homestead as their office. This land, 11 acres, as they call it in the deed, measured out nearly 12 acres. They bought this from Ruth and Sallie for \$9,000.00.

Col. Talbott had bought the John Tipton land at public sale, 199 giving thirty five thousand dollars for it, paying over eight thousand down and giving Dr. Hunter and several others of our citizens, as security for the balance.

There was much uneasiness felt in regard to the unsettled condition of things while the troubles between Talbott and the Town Co. continued. And there was hard work through many weary days and nights to effect a compromise.

It finally culminated by the land being sold on the 25th and 26th of January by order of the Chancery Court. It brought \$39,500.00, this being principal, interest and cost and the sale was confirmed.

Hattie G. Taylor owns about 5 acres, between my Taylor property

and the companys land conveyed to Co. by Ruthie and Sallie Jobe. Hattie offered this land to Cook at about the same he paid for the other land as well located but he refused the offer, and she did not care.

She layed off a broad street from the bridge to the railroad and called it Hattie Avenue. This suited the plan of the town and everything, so far as Hattie's land is concerned, goes on harmoniously with the town. She has sold some lots to Judge Dungan and he has erected some fine buildings on them, which is a great improvement to that part of town.

Hattie also gave a street across her lot at a point, where the Co. wanted, to run Sycamore Street.

Not long after the Co. located the Town Site at Elizabethton, they made a big preparation for a grand jubilee. The day was set for- and was extremely advertized and very elaborate preparations were made in every conceivable way to entertain a big crowd. Every thing was done that could be done, by being liberal with money and labor.

They had a fine band of music from Knoxville and every kind of amusements that would lend interest to the occasion. They had fire-works at night and firing of cannon. Many distinguished names were booked for speeches. Among those who did speak were, Senator Harris, Hons Hansborough.

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They all made fine speches and were much applauded and great enthusiam animated the immense crowd of citizens and strangers, from all parts of the country, celebrating the first Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Co-Operative Co.

The speaking took place at my old homestead. The large yard reaching clear to Doe River, was densely packed with ladies and gentlemen, and the house was crammed full, up stairs and down, then those who could not get room to hear the speeches, reached a long distance, both above and below the dwelling. The speakers stood upon a platform in front of the veranda. *↓ Sale of lots at fabulous prices.*

On the second day of this great meeting, the stockholders repaired to the Court House, to transact the business of the Co., to elect officers, etc. and to hear reports from President Porter and others.

After this routine business had been harmoniously consummated, the sale of the lots commenced and quite a number were sold, and they all sold at astonishing high prices. Some choice lots in the principal streets and popular avenues, 25 x 115, sold for from \$800 to \$1200. I knew these prices were entirely too high, and that such prices could not be maintained.

And the sequel proved it. Lots every where have been declining, until it is impossible to sell a town lot at any price, since this-- the severest money panic the country has had to bear since the foundation of the government. *↓ 4th. of July celebration.*

On the 4th of July, following, we had another rousing good time and most excellent speaking by Robt. P. Porter and Henry Watterson. It was not intended to have any political significance, as one was a Republican and the other a Democrat. A majority of the crowd were Republicans, but Watterson was the orator of the day by common consent.

His speech was a crowning effort and he was cheered to the echo by the vast crowd, irrespective of Party. His subject was "The Power of Money." He made no allusion to politics except on one sentence,

which was couched pretty nearly in these words. "My countrymen, when you examine the position of the two great parties of this Nation, you will find very little difference really between them. The great tussel between them is narrowed down to this—who shall hold the offices? But let me tell you my fellow citizens, the hope of the Nation depends upon how you manage and settle the moral questions of the day."

This great and good sentiment was vociferously cheered by the entire crowd, both man and women, by clapping of hands and rising to their feet and many exclaiming "good, good."

I was within 10 feet of the speaker and could not help feeling, as he so eloquently ended the sentence, that if he had permitted me to dictate the words of that sentence, I would not have altered it. It so fully expressed in the fullest sense my sentiments, but I thought at once in reference to the loud acclaim from the people in its favor: how soon will the acts of a majority of you show your inconsistency?

I thought, how will the majority of these voters act when they come to the management and settlement of these moral questions of which the speaker talked so fluently? And then continued thinking—how will even the speaker himself demean himself at the polls, where the citizen has the most power to strike a telling blow for the freedom of his countrymen or to bind them in chains. I could not help asking myself how will our eloquent friend act in the management of these moral questions of the day?

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"Will he have the manhood and independence to vote as he talks? Or will he vote his party ticket, which is always pledged to aid the immoral side of all moral issues."

It is the vote that counts. It is not the sentiment so much as the vote.

At this celebration they had many kinds of amusement, I can't remember them all. One, however, I can't well forget from the fact that a sad accident attended it. This was by the use of dynamite. Mr. Wolf, one of the Co. employees, got his right hand torn by an explosion so that I had to amputate the arm just above the wrist. He has entirely recovered and is still with the Co. and has married since.

Notwithstanding the hard times, a considerable amount of improvement has been made to start up a manufacturing town. We have a shoe factory, furniture factory, rope and twine factory, planing mills, woolen mills, saw mills, flouring mills, brick plants, etc., etc.

(Great destruction of property by fire)

The company has erected quite a number of tenement houses for hands and several handsome residences have been put up by individual citizens. Mr. Cook put up 10 fine houses for residences and business houses. These houses were known as the Cook Block. They were situated on Elk Avenue in the most central and most popular parts of the town. These houses had only been completed a short time and about half of them were occupied, when on Thursday morning at 3 o'clock, July 13th, 1893, a fire alarm was given and it was found one of these houses (which were all joined together) was on fire, and when the people assembled to help extinguish the flames, they found no way to fight the fire. Not even buckets on hand.

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They saved nearly all the furniture, etc., belonging to the parties occupying the houses, except quite an amount of drugs belonging to J. D. Reynolds, who occupied one of the houses, but he saved most of his drugs. It was with much hard work that the News Office occupied by Mr. Underwood, was saved. Only a few months before this, the company's office (once my home) was destroyed by fire. These

buildings were all standing on the property once owned by me. There were also two other houses burned with my homestead. The whole amount of the property destroyed by fire was worth about 25 or 30 thousand dollars in cash. It was partly covered by insurance. It is generally believed that both those fires were caused by smoking cigars in the buildings after night.

I happened to be at Elizabethton when both fires occurred and saw them burn, and I am satisfied that cigars caused the great conflagration both times. And yet, I do not believe it will stop the sale of one cigar at Elizabethton or elsewhere.

I now write at Elk Park, N. C., October 4th, 1893.

In my judgement the offices of the Co-Operative Town Co. made a great mistake in purchasing such a large amount of lands. If they had bought about one thousand acres, in place of over 5 thousand acres in the valley, besides thousands of acres of mountain lands and immediately commenced improving with the money paid for surplus lands, it would have been better for the company in my opinion.

But, notwithstanding the bad management, and the great drawback on account of the unprecedented money panic, they are moving on fairly well with improvement, etc.

The Company is building a large brick structure to be known as an office, store house, etc. The wall is more than half up and work progressing nicely, and there are now about a dozen new buildings being constructed by individuals, some for residences, and others for business houses.

REPORT OF MRS. E. D. JOBE'S CASE.

In many respects this case is one of the most important, as well

as the severest and of the longest duration of any I ever attended where recovery followed.

Her health had been bad for about 15 years. Her main disease being Torpor, and congestion of the liver---running occasionally into inflammation. During these years, I had repeatedly treated her for this trouble, which yielded rapidly and she would soon be up and resume duties in her family.

On the 4th of January, 1893, she gave birth to a daughter, after having gone 2 or 3 weeks beyond her time. She was now --- years old. She had borne 9 children before this one. Her general health being far from good, she had a hard labor.

On the 2nd day at night, she suddenly had 3 hard chills after which fever rose to 103½ and her pulse ran up to 120 in the minute. She also had a pain and tenderness over the abdomen. Coupled with these symptoms, she had severe hemorrhoids, with much pain in her back and limbs. I telegraphed immediately for Dr's. Hunter and Miller. They both came on the same train in a severe snow storm.

I had used Aconite as a sedative, which had reduced the fever some before they arrived, but the pain and swelling in her left limb was increasing. Showing unmistakable signs of Phlegmasia Dolens. This tendency to milk leg had attended her on several of her previous confinements.

I had pronounced her fever to be of the puerpural type, but the severity of the other symptoms so marked the case, that the other Dr's. differed with me and believed the fever could be soon overcome.

But the sequel proved I was correct in my diagnosis. Her case was the most stubborn and unyielding and altogether the most complicated, I ever met within my 50 years practice. Here we had a diseased liver

of 16 years standing, kidney disease, hemorrhoids, phlegmasia dolens,
and childbed fever, all in one system at the same time. And each one
of these diseased organs seemed to be contending for the mastery, and
to make its symptoms more prominent than any other.

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When we would assiduously address treatment to combat one group
of symptoms, and continue it until success crowned our efforts, at
once we would find the disease in other organs increasing in virulence.

This discouraging condition of things continued without hope
of permanent improvement six months.

I remained with this unfortunate and sorely afflicted woman con-
stantly, during this long siege. Dr. Miller and Dr. Hunter came when
consultation was deemed advisable. The patient and doctors were
completely worn out. If she had not possessed more courage and fort-
itude than usually falls to the lot of mortals, she must have died.
I have never witnessed such fortitude in anyone. Her suffering was
beyond description.

And to have it continue day and night, in one form or another,
for 6 long months - and such months. "Who can describe the dread-
ful months of January, Feb. March and April of 1893? In Elk Park, N. C.
Throughout Jan. and half of Feb., we had a snow averaging from 10 to
12 inches on level ground and where it drifted, it would average 2 or
3 feet, and much was drifted as the wind was high during most of
the winter and extremely cold. I never passed through such a cold
disagreeable winter. I've seen few colder days, but not a worse
winter. I can remember "the cold Saturday on 1834." I had a thermo-
meter during this sickness but little time to examine it. I noticed
it several times when it stood 10, 15 and 17 below zero at Elk Park.
But some time it was reported at 20 to 26 at Jonesboro, Johnson City

and Bristol. We had two hospitals for our own family at the Park, one at E. D. Jobs, with himself and wife as patients, and the other at Nt. W. Taylors house, occupied by my family with Hattie Taylor and Sallie Jobe as patients, until April 2nd, when they started to New York to be treated. During the whole winter, while Eva was apparently at death's door, Dudley was suffering with asthma and a dreadful cough attended by very copious expectoration, with blood often in the matter expectorated. My wife and I waited on all of these patients. Eva gave no milk for the baby on account of the fever and consequently, it had to be raised by hand. This imposed another trouble, but we met them all. The baby never drew it's mother's breast, but is now, this 4th of Oct., a beautiful, smart and healthy child, and good as she is pretty. And her mother has so far recovered that she can do a considerable amount of sewing and can limp over the house on the lame leg, but she never can be well again. She has come to this stage of improvement by very slow stages. Her pulse has never returned to its normal standard. It is most of the time now above a hundred in the minute. When she was at her worst, it ran up to 130 and 140. She had a dreadful bieling in the lower part of her abdomen in left side. It was opened and run a great deal and a long time.

From page Interview with Boy continued from 196.

After breakfast he made me a promise that he would quit drinking entirely and set at once to work for me and be governed by me and my wife entirely, which he did. He did better than we had any ideas he would and obeyed us in everything for several years. I do not remember how many, 4 or 5. He dressed up in broadcloth and was a fine looking gentleman. But when my business called me away from home so

nearly all the time while I was having the woolen mills constructed at Weaverville, North Carolina, and my little wife had to trust him to manage the hands in running the farm, and he neglected the business from time to time and got much worse. I returned home just when they were moving into our new house, and found that he had gotten to remaining with 4 hands at dinner time 4 hours at the back of the house. I paid him off in full that evening and told him never to come back any more.

This is the 6th of October 1893. Congress has been in extra session and has been since the 7th of August and it looks like they are no nearer a settlement of the silver question than when the sessions commenced.

The speeches on both sides have been exactly of the character I looked for. It has been crimenation and recrimination between the Republicans and Democrats from the beginning. The burden of the Republican argument has been: - "You Democrats are to blame for this money panic, and all the financial troubles we are having. If we were still in power, everything would be moving on like clock work."

Then a Democrat would come at him, after this fashion. "It is all chargeable to the Republican party, it is the out growth of the laws placed upon the statute, by your Republican administration. We Democrats have not passed a single law. It is all the effects of your own legislation."

When asked what relief Congress would give the people, I said none - said I, they couldn't, if they would, and they wouldn't, if they could." This is what I said before Congress convened and I have no reason today to take it back.

The bill before the Senate is to repeal what they call the Sherman Law. That law compels the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase 4,500,000 ounces silver per month. The friends of silver are opposed to unconditional repeal, because they see in that the demonetization of silver and the establishment of a Gold Standard. They are willing to vote for repeal, if some legislation is coupled

with it, giving silver a place as a debt paying factor among the other monies of our country.

But the repealers say, No., we must have it unconditional.

I do not believe they can repeal it with some conditions, although they have Cleveland in favor of repeal. I think unconditional repeal would send silver out of sight and it would constitute such a large bulk of the circulating medium of the South and West, it would be ruin to both sections.

We scarcely can see any gold in circulation here. Our currency is silver and silver certificates and a little green back currency.

I think it was unfortunate that Mr. Cleveland accepted the nomination on the Chicago platform. The Democratic Party was as nearly united in favor of free silver coinage as any plank in the platform, but Mr. Cleveland has been able to carry a large following with him against silver and a great many of them in order to be on good terms with the President, have become very bitter against their old friends, and I predict it will culminate in breaking up the Democratic Party, if their vindictive course is persisted in.

I have heard much praise of late years heaped upon our present financial system, but I think it is defective in several particulars.

I think all money we use should be coined by the government and paper money printed by some authority and be kept at a parity, by making each kind of money, whether it be gold, silver or paper money, a legal tender for all debts, public and private, and the Government to be bound to redeem all of its issues. Let the amount issued be regulated to suit the legitimate demands of trade and to be increased with the increase of population.

(Money Panics)

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I have a very distinct recollection of four money panics, since I've been on "the stage of action", the first was in 1837, which was the year after my service in the Federal Army, in the Indian War. But in all four of them there was nothing to compare with this one of 1893.

The whole hardship is felt by the debtor class, and the poor. The rich and creditor class, see an easier time than when times are good and money plenty. Now money is scarce and everything to sell is low, so it won't pay to produce it. Wheat is down to 50¢ a bushel, and everything in proportion. Horses that cost \$100.00 12 months ago are selling for \$25.00 and \$30.00. Milk cows worth \$25.00 to \$50.00 are selling for \$8.00 to \$10.00. Town lots that 2 years ago sold at Johnson City for \$800.00 to \$900.00, can be bought today for from \$100.00 to \$125.00 dollars. *↓ A prediction*

I will wind up what I've got to say about this Financial question by making a prediction, provided Congress - that is to say - the Senate should carry the unconditional repeal bill - (for the House has already at the dictation of the President, passed it). In case the repeal bill is passed, and no provision made to save silver as a circulating medium, there will be a commercial alliance formed between the southern and western states and New Mexico. This alliance will withdraw their trade from northern and eastern cities and ultimately all the imports for them will come direct to southern and western ports, such as New Orleans, Valasco, San Francisco, etc.

Then as far as the true interests and harmony of the Nation is concerned; the Silver question is nearly as big as the Slavery question was before the Rebellion. And all this could have been settled amicably, if it had not been for the greed of the Gold Barons, and the great power of money. And so could the War of the Rebellion been avoided, if it had not been for the unscrupulous Politicians.

How unfortunate it is for the country, that often the unholy ambition of the worst element of parties gets in the lead and then the calm, conservative element is powerless.

It seems to me that the word Patriotism is worn out. It has lost its meaning. "It is a back number". It is party first, and country after. The old definition of the word was, "Our country first". The tangled condition the demagogical Politicians of the old parties have gotten the country into reminds me of an anecdote Andrew Johnson told in a speech at Elizabethton about 45 years ago-illustrating an awful trouble one of his neighbors consulted him about. In describing his utter despair, his neighbor said, "Mr. Johnson, I don't know what to do. I've turned it every way, and I'm sometimes in favor of doing it this way, and in a minute, I am for doing it the other way. That is, I will and I won't, I can and I can't. I'll be damed if I do, and I will be damned if I don't".

The prognostications of Ex Senator J. J. Ingalls, of Kansas, in regard to times, present and future, are more gloomy than any I've seen. In an interview with a reporter for the New York World, he is reported thus. The article is too long to quote: But after graphically describing the destitute condition of hundreds of thousands who

were already out of employment, especially in the West; he goes on to say, "from all the street corners in Denver, the pitteous cry goes up for bread; and from Wall Street the cry goes up for Gold. When this panicy conditions meet in the great Mississippi Valley, then there will be Anarchy and revolution".

I have been waiting to see what the Senate would do with the Silver question. This is 30th of October. The indications point to the unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. I presume from late telegrams that the Senate is voting on the bill, and giving the last finishing touch, as far as the money power through corrupt Politicians can go. But before the question can be fully settled, I think the great body of the people must be heard from. This Congress has heard from the Bankers, Boards of Trade, Manufacturers, Trusts, Combines, Millionaires, Stock Exchange, etc. But the great body of the people, the Farmers, Mechanics and laborers of all kinds, are as a rule not heard from, and when they speak out, I think their verdict will be quite different from that of a majority of Congress. And we should remember that under our form of Government "all power is inherent in the people".

If I were in Congress, I would not vote for the free coinage of all the Silver bullion of the world, but I would vote to coin all the output of Silver in the United States, and I would never sanction the giving up of the "dollar of our fathers". The two metals should be coined by the Government for the Government, and not for individuals, and no discrimination made between the metals, and in that way the parity could be maintained.

I have read a good many able speeches, made in this extra session of Congress, both in the house and in the Senate, but the best, most farreaching and unanswerable speech was made in the house, on the 18th day of August, by Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, in favor of Silver, as a legal tender money.

This speech was the ablest, the boldest and altogether the most truthful of the conspiracy, on the part of the great money power to covertly decoy the American people into a snare and fasten a gold standard on them, before they knew it. When Mr. Seyd came over from England in 1873 and induced Congress to demonetize Silver, by a bribe of five hundred thousand dollars in gold, there were but three or four members knew what they were doing-so Mr. Blaine, Mr. Vorhees and other members say, as quoted by Mr. Sibley, from the Congressional Record.

See what criminal negligence there was and yet the country has to stand all this. Mr. Sibley shows that when this crime was committed in 1873, cotton was selling at 22 cents, now it sells for 7 & 8. Wheat sold for \$1.20 and now 54¢. Corn has fallen 26 cents on the bushel. The loss to farmers annually on these articles amount to nine hundred and ten millions each year. All on account of demonetizing Silver.

(October 2, 1903-I regret very much to see, by reading papers, that Mr. Joseph C. Sibley has gone back on himself completely.)

I must again make the best apology I can for not taking more pains with this sketch. I wanted to spend more time and thought on it, but I have been compelled, by force of circumstances, to spend my time, as well as my thought away from this work; if I have any

friends left after me, who have interest enough in my memory to read my short account of a long and busy life, they are ~~here~~-requested to pass over my many imperfections without criticism and but little censure, as I could assure them that I would have taken more pride in presenting something for their perusal much more to my taste if my surroundings had been favorable.

My hurry and want of system have caused me to leave out many little things as I galloped along, which I will here group under the name "Miscellaneous", as it being appropriate as any I can think of just at this moment.

I should have given in its proper place a short account of my trials with one of my route agents, while I was a Special Agent of the Post Office Department. *↓ Parks sa - sympathy for his wife.*

Mr. Parks, an honorably discharged Federal Soldier, had the run from Charlotte, N. C., to Columbia, S. C. He was an intelligent, educated man and every way qualified for the work, if he had not been addicted to drinking. But, when I went over his line a time or two, I found he was drinking so much and making so many mistakes in distributing the mails and neglecting so much of his duties, I had to tell him plainly I would have to have a new man in his place if he did not do better. He quit drinking for a short time, but returned to it in a short time. The postmasters were sending me so many complaints against him, I wrote to Second Assistant Postmaster General, enclosing some of these letters. But I found it would be hard work to get him removed, because he was an Ex-United States Soldier. So, I concluded I would go to Washington and show to Mr. McLelan how important it was

to get rid of him, as I believed it was impossible to reform him. I found Mr. McLellan was very much in his favor, he "was poor and had a wife to support and had made a good soldier". And I failed to induce him to dismiss him, so I had to return without accomplishing anything.

I went to Charlotte to see Parks, hoping to make such a statement to him that he would see his whole future would depend on his giving up liquor. He made me promises, as is common in such cases, only to be broken. When I had stood it as long as I could, I went again to Washington. When I had entered Col. McLellans room and had shaken hands with him, I laid my hat away and said to him, "Col. I've come to stay with you until you dismiss Parks. I can't stand him any longer". He is a disgrace to the service and must be turned off". After a few inquiries about him, he gave me papers dismissing him and an appointment for another man who I asked to be appointed. I came direct from Washington to Charlotte and met Parks' train coming in from Columbia. Postmaster Frazier was so glad I had gotten Parks discharged, he rushed up to him in the dark and said, "Dr. Jobe is here and he has your discharge in his pocket". I did not intend to let him know about it until he had delivered his registered packages at the Post Office. He has his arms full of registered packages. When he learned he was discharged, he managed to escape from the crowd in the dark and made his way with the packages and hid them between the ceiling and weatherboarding of the house he lived in, so it was with difficulty we could get them out, after he told us where they were after his arrest, and three of them were never recovered.

Now came the hardest part of the trial on me. There could be no

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doubt of his being guilty of a penitentiary offence. Therefore, his wife, an intelligent, educated woman, with all the affection of a broken hearted wife, came into my room with a friend to introduce her. After pleading with me in behalf of her erring husband, and asking me to write a letter to the department in his favor, she dropped upon her knees and prayed and wept so earnestly, that although I knew her husband was guilty, yet for her sake I did write and get her husband released. I did this in part from the fact that he was under the influence of liquor when he left with the packages. 214

But in the case of Leander Todd, I could find no mitigations. I went to Salem and got the United States Marshall to go with me in an all day's rain over to the Yadkin River, and arrest Leander A. Todd for opening and rifling registered packages repeatedly, as he was Deputy Postmaster. I had him on trial two days and convicted him and brought him to Winston and placed him in jail until Federal Court in Raleigh. Then he was brought to Raleigh and convicted and sent to the penitentiary at Albany, New York, for three years.

"Lusus Naturus". (Freak of Nature.)

I have seen a great many marks on children and have heard much comment on it by the people in the fifty years I have been engaged in the practice of medicine and surgery. I have also read a great deal on the subject in medical works.

I believe impressable females, from frights, or from sights, may mark their children. And I will record the two following cases, which came under my own observation, in support of this doctrine.

About the year 1844, while I practiced at Burnsville, N. C., I saw a case of hair lip in a small child, and received the following history of it from the father and mother, both respectable and truthful.

The husband returned from a squirrel hunt, with a live Squirrel, which he had stunned by sending a bullet so close to its head, it burned the hair off. When he came to the door he called his wife to see the "pet". While she stood in the door looking at it, the Squirrel turned and bit the man and he hastily throw it hard upon the ground, and put the heel of his boot on its head and as it was dying, as she looked at it, the upper lip of the Squirrel puckered up in a peculiar way, and when her baby was born, its upper lip looked exactly like the Squirrels did that morning. Delicate and impressible women should guard against seeing all such sights as these I have named.

Esq. John Cable of Carter County, Tenn. Only ten or twelve miles from where I now live, has a little daughter now about eight years old. I have seen her often. Before the girl was born, James Wagner, a near neighbor, had a troublesome dog which kept prowling around Cable's house every night until his depredations became unbearable. So, Esq. Cable at last set a large strong steel trap for the dog. When he stepped into it, it snapped his left fore leg off about midway between the foot and shoulder.

The dog kept coming and whinning around Mr. Cables, with his leg off all the time it was getting well. He kept making a plaintive cry all the time and when Mrs. Cable's baby was born, it had no left fore arm. Its left arm was lacking from the elbow down, and it whinned in place of crying for months, and then gradually got to crying like other children.

What a pity Esq. Cable had not shot the man's dog in place of trapping for him. Especially when at the very time this happened, there were at least a million of dogs that ought to have been killed in Tennessee alone. I am for sheep, against dogs. I have been keeping house for half a century and three-fourths of that time, I

was not the owner of a dog nor allowed one to come on the premises. As a rule, a family can do better without one than with one. Still we see some families own four or five dogs, and but little else, and often the dogs are so poor they have to lean against something to bark.

Daniel Boone

Veechdale, Kentucky, September 4, 1901. I find a great many Boones in 216
Kentucky.

Daniel Boone, a very extraordinary man, was one of the first settlers in this country, if indeed he could be called a settler at all--for he roamed about from place to place. He was generally without any local habitation. He was the greatest hunter ever known in this country. He was born on the Yadkin River in North Carolina, and died on the Ohio River, in Kentucky, after traveling and hunting over all the territory between these points; when the whole country was inhabited by Indians and was liable at any time to be killed by the savages, and did make hairbreadth escapes from them on many occasions.

He lived mostly on wild meats, killed by his own gun. There are many streams, towns and countries named for him throughout the country. I have visited a noted Beech Tree on Boone's Creek about seven miles from Johnson City, Tennessee.

This tree is noted from the fact that Boone killed a Bear in it. I made my visit there in company with several others, about the year 1888.

Boone was uneducated, as is proven by the advertisement he left on the bark of the Beech Tree, which can still be read, where he awkwardly cut it on the bark as follows:

"D. Boone cilled a Bar in this tree - 1760".

Fred Cox, of Dalton, Georgia

On page 81 I give a brief account of how a citizen of Georgia treated me in 1840. I want to relate here what happened to me forty-eight years after that. I made an arrangement in Elizabethton, Tenn., in 1888 to meet Mr. Loftus, a Boston man, at Ringgold, Ga. Mr. Loftus was spending some months with his family at Dalton. After getting through our business at Ringgold, we made an arrangement to start from Dalton together on our return to Elizabethton on a certain day; but owing to a change of schedule on the E. T. Virginia and Georgia R. R., he had left just before my train arrived, so I had to wait some hours for a train. I spent most of that time with the depot agent where I would take the train. Finding him to be a genial and companionable man, I was telling him about my living in that country, while the Cherokees lived there, and about my brother and myself staying all night with a Cherokee by the name of "Drowning Bear", who lived on the exact spot of ground we were then on--that was when I was only fourteen years old. The next day after staying with the Indian, we drove three big fat hogs home that our father had bought from Drover. They had driven out. I had just commenced telling this depot agent about my selling a lot there in Dalton, when the place was called Cross Plains, and I had not yet learned his name, and I would doubtless have soon told him of whom I bought the lot, and about the forged letters but he told me about his father being one of the first settlers of Dalton, and then I

asked his name and found he was a son of Fred Cox, of whom I bought the lot.

His father was then living in Dalton. He sent out at once after him, but my train started before he could be found. I would have been glad to have met him, after so many years of separation, but I doubt if he would have felt free and easy.

I am glad I did not tell his son the whole story of his attempt to defraud me, A. & D. Jobe out of 600.00 besides my heavy expenses in that long trip with exposure that came near causing my death.

Don of Blount County Tennessee

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(I wish I could have met with this case after I became a surgeon. I believe I could have operated on him and made him a perfect man.)

A singular freak of nature

I remember when a boy, living then in Cades Cove, Blount County Tennessee, often passing by where a man lived by the name of "Don", (I never knew his given name.) He lived on the road, half way between Cades Cove and Maryville.

This man seemed to have ordinary health and was of medium size, and had all the organs of a well developed man, except he had no Anus. He never had any natural action from his bowels.

He would eat hearty and digestion would seem to go on as in completely finished and healthy men; and within about three hours or three and one-half hours, he would throw up, and recover immediately and be ready with a good appetite for the next meal.

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What he would eject from his stomach smelled badly, and evidently was the surplus after digestion had taken place and ought to have passed off the other way, if there had been any exit. In this case, the nutriment of the food had been changed into chime, then into chile, and taken up by the lactials and gone to support the system--while the effect and useless substances, finding no outlet and being a foreign body, had to be thrown off by the stomach. This man was about thirty years old when I left that country and I do not know how long he lived afterwards.

And another singular thing is that about the time I knew Don, my father owned a fine healthy hog, that had two fundiments, and we boys called him "Don".

I presume nobody can take the same interest in these things that doctors do.

Chrisley Simerleys Case--A very dangerous case.

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An incident which occurred during the War of the Rebellion in Carter County about the year 1863 or 1864 which I failed to record in its proper place.

Christley Simerley, an industrious union man, who thus far had kept out of both armies, was quietly sitting talking to his "best girl" at her fathers, unconscious of having an enemy in the world; when all of a sudden some unknown person shot him through the window by which they were sitting. The ball entered Simerley behind the right ear, and passing through the ear, thence through the right cheek bone and roof of mouth and through the left cheek bone, and passed into Miss Matherley's mouth--passing between the teeth of

upper and under jaw bone, through the muscles, between the corner of the mouth and right ear, and she spit the bullet out into her hand.

I was sent for immediately, but I refused to go that dark night into a neighborhood where men were being shot and women, too, without provocation; but I promised to go at day light--which I did.

On examination I found Miss Matherley hurt but little. The ball, strangely, not even hurt her tongue.

Mr. Simerley was hurt badly--so much so his recovery was doubtful. The course of the ball was through such vital parts as to put his life in great peril. His breathing was very difficult and laborious. It was necessary to remove him home about three or four miles, which we proceeded to do immediately. This brought him within two miles of town where I could see after him. His Lady Love would come with him to wait upon him, as they were engaged to be married. He recovered in due time and they were married and have made a good living, and are now living at Shell Creek on a good farm, all paid for and happy and contented.

The Little Dwarf of Elk Park, N. C.

I see it stated in a Chicago paper that the smallest man in the world died a few days ago. His weight is given at seventy-five pounds. We can beat that right here in Elk Park, in the person of our townsman, J. E. Philips, who weighs only sixty-seven pounds. He was born in Ashe County, North Carolina, is thirty-three years old; has been married six years; his wife weighs one hundred thirty pounds. They have two children. He is a shoemaker by trade. He has some education, can read and write, and seems to be ordinarily intelligent.

January 1885

Still, under the heading of miscellaneous, I want to record

some of my views in regard to the unrest and confusion among the people of the whole union--this great tangle is not confined to any section, it is wide spread. The direful effects are felt in every State in the Union.

I mean, the failure to enforce law.

The enforcement of the Criminal Law has become to be a thing of the past. There are so many loop holes, so many legal technicalities and so many lawyers competing for fees. And when a case reaches the courts, the lawyers quibble over intricate law points, which Astute Lawyer has placed upon the Statute Books, until the juries of the country generally can be led away from the truth by a plausible advocate and justice is defeated.

This has been going on for fifty years and getting worse year by year. It all proceeds in my opinion on account of the officers courting popularity.

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Note:- A mistake to say we are a law and order people. We fail to enforce the law and our country will suffer for it sooner or later, is my opinion.

By favoring the vicious element, these sworn officers can make friends the next election, as the law breakers are generally in the majority and the ambitious office seeker is not slow to see his chance to strengthen himself.

Fifty years ago if a man was convicted of stealing, he was sentenced in North Carolina to receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back. I have seen this mock punishment inflicted by the Sheriff at

Burnsville, North Carolina, several times and abating the disgrace, the whipping amounted to nothing. It was a complete travesty of justice--not a mark left on the back and the culprit would embrace the sheriff and thank him; and perhaps, inwardly rejoice that some opportunity might offer for him to steal something more before the sheriff's time expired.

Since that time, I have seen men tried for murder, have heard the testimony and satisfied it was sufficient to convict him of murder in the first degree, and yet, after many days of investigation and much of the people's money being spent trying to meet out justice to the criminal, a verdict would be brought in "Acquitting the Defendant", or sending him to the penitentiary for a few years and then in a short time his friends would get up a petition to the Governor for his pardon, and in nine cases out of ten, it would be granted. These petitioners lose all sympathy for the poor man who had lost his life and for his heartbroken wife and orphan children, and hasten to the relief of the murderer who has taken the life of his fellow man without the least provocation. I rejoice that I have always had the courage of my convictions and never have signed a petition unless I knew the facts would justify me. The law does not punish men through revenge but as a terror to evil doers, and not enforcing the law is the cause of the resort to lynch law all over the country.

Taking options on Iron Property for Chicago Company.

In March 1887 Messrs. Teegarden and Finney came here from Chicago, representing a company of Jews, reported to be worth ten

million of dollars. These men satisfied me that they could draw on them for thirty thousand dollars to begin operation in this country. They examined Cranberry Mines and looked around a little and seemed to be well satisfied with the outlook. I had spent a month in Nashville, during January and February, and they had also spent two or three weeks there at the same time or just after I left there, but we did not meet there. They heard of me there and learned that I lived near Cranberry, so they came down from Cranberry to see me at Elk Park.

We had a long talk about developing Iron Mines and etc. I had taken three options in my own county. They communicated freely in regard to their plans, and etc, and said they thought it would be best to take up options in my name as I had already commenced and turn them over to them on the Register's Books of each county.

So we went to Johnson City the next day to enter into writings. I was to commence at once, and push the work as rapidly as the weather would permit. I was to be governed by my own judgment in regard to everything and report to them at Chicago once a week or oftener, if I found it necessary.

I was to receive for my services ten dollars a day and all necessary expenses. I started out on the 14th of March and I pressed forwards as rapidly as I could, so as to examine the country as closely as I ought to and took options in Carter and Johnson in Tennessee, in Watauga and Mitchell in North Carolina.

(Taking options on Iron Property for Chicago Co.)

In executing this work, I examined and traveled over long stretches of country where I found nothing. A great deal of the

Co.

work was done in very bad weather in March and April. Corn crops were a failure in the mountains in 1886. It was very hard to find food for my horse--and my surroundings required me sometimes to start at day light with a few ears of corn for my horse in my saddle pockets, and lunch for my dinner, and not get back out of the mountains to where I could stay till dark and often after dark.

After making one trip covering a week or ten days, I would come home and rest awhile. Then go on another for perhaps twice that long. I did my last work in the last of June, 1887, in Mitchell County, most of it around Bakersville.

Teegarden and Finney commenced work on some of these options in May, and during that summer and fall they paid out in Carter County, Tennessee and Watauga County, North Carolina, about twenty thousand dollars. I have often said I did not know what a portion of Watauga County would have done for bread that tight summer, if it had not been for the money paid out by Teegarden and Finney.

Their purpose was, as soon as they found ore in paying quantities, to build a railroad from the East Tennessee-Virginia R. R. to their mines. They found good ore on Elk in the upper end of Carter County and it satisfied them in quantity, and went with hoop to the County Court and got a proposition submitted to the voters to take sixty thousand dollars in the road. The canvass was commenced. Many were opposed to it at the start but in the great excitement of the canvass the opposition was overcome, and the proposition carried by a handsome majority. The night the returns all came in there was quite a Jubilee in Town. I remember I had

been out to visit a patient and returned just after night, and it was pretty dark and the Cannon was being fired so rapidly, the big flash of the powder scared my horse. So, it was dangerous.

I think Teegarden and Finney must have spent many hundred dollars in that election alone. It was proved that they had "hollowed before they were out of the woods". When they wrote to the Company that was backing them with money to send on their expert mineralogist, and he came and examined the mine, he reported to them that "there was not enough ore in sight to justify them in constructing a railroad". So the whole speculation had to collapse because these Jews withdrew from Teegarden and Finney, and they had no money to go on with it and had to sell out for what they could get and that, of course, amounted to a very small part of what they had paid out.

But they had regularly met all the drafts I had made on them, and paid me in full for all my services and did it cheerfully.

In writing hastily this short sketch of my travels through these rugged mountains brings to my memory an incident that happened on a spur of the Roan Mountain close to where the State Line runs, dividing Tennessee from North Carolina.

I had found some fine magnetic ore at a certain place. I had a guide with me and to give my horse a chance to graze while I was making my investigations, I turned him loose and left him, (as he was perfectly gentle), some half a mile before we reached the place. We were gone about two hours and when we returned we could see nothing of my large fine roan horse. We looked and tracked

My fine large horse on high Spur of the Roan mt.
around for some time. We were away below a great spur of the Ma-

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jestic Roan, on the North Carolina side; the towering peak above
us must have been a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above us, and
as nearly perpendicular, and after nearly despairing of finding him,
I looked up and almost straight up on that pinnacle, and there
stood my horse, looking down on me. I wished then for Nat Taylor
with his instruments to take a view of the mountain with the horse
standing so near the brink of the precipice that it looked if he
stepped one step further, he would fall on me.

Notwithstanding Teegarden and Finney paid out about twenty
thousand dollars in our country and was no drawback to the country;
yet many of our people have not yet quit abusing them, and the same
class are abusing Col. Ben E. Talbott, because he did not succeed
in floating the big enterprise he commenced at Elizabethton just
before the Co-operative Town Company came there. He tried very
hard to make a success of it, but the fates seemed to be against
him and he lost a considerable amount of money that he will never
be able to recover.

He paid Mrs. Nancy Johnson five thousand dollars on her land
and now she has the land back and the money too. He paid Larey
O'Brien the same amount and Larey now owns the land and the money
also.

I believe he paid ten thousand on the John Tipton land, and
lost all--besides what he paid for options to divers parties.

He took options on my land beyond the railroad at \$200.00
per acre, forty-five and one-half acres, but he gave me only

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\$50.00 for the option and he failed to take the land as he did all the balance. I feel sorry for the man, but it was his own fault. He had too much confidence in his judgement.

Injustice

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My start in life was an humble one.

I have detailed in these pages some of my conflicts with poverty and what we call bad luck generally, and here I want to briefly state a big unexpected injustice done to my wife in winding up the affairs of her stepfather, John W. Garland. My wife's father, (James H. Poteet), died in Missouri leaving a widow and two children, a son and a daughter.

They were left with some property but the expense of moving them back to North Carolina exhausted the biggest part of it. By good management and industry Mrs. Poteet educated her children. Within a few years after she returned to North Carolina she married John W. Garland, a prominent citizen of Yancey County. He was clerk of the County Court for many years and represented the county in the State Legislature and was elected to the convention in 1861 as a Union Man.

Mr. Garland was a safe and good trader and was the owner of a large amount of real estate besides several slaves.

Mr. Garland was a very clever and popular man. They had no children. When Saphronia and I were married on the 8th of August, 1844, their family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Garland and her two children and servants. After we were married, we made our home there for a few months. We then moved to Elizabethton, Tennessee.

He was so successful in his land speculations, I was anxious to learn how he could proceed so smoothly, and finish up a trade with so few words; that I told him if he would instruct me how to proceed and accomplish the same end, I would give him a hundred dollars.

He said he could tell me in five minutes and would not charge me anything. He said, "when you want to buy anything--land, a horse, a cow or anything, say nothing about it. If you talk about it, others will step in before you, if they have the least chance, even if they have no interest in it only to defeat you in your trade".

"Never approach your man and do as most men do, tell him you have come to make a trade with him".

"You can always manage, so the subject will come up accidentally. And when you get to talking, be sure and let him do most of the talking and you try to be unconcerned, and when he makes a proposition you are willing to entertain, accept it at once; and draw up the writing, then and there, for very often if it is put off even till the next day, the terms will be changed to suit him better, but remember every time it is done, it suits you less". This was good advice and I remembered it in after years. About ten years after I settled in Elizabethton, the Great Copper Speculation was inaugurated in Virginia. I was drawn into it by friends in various sections of the country, especially my brother, John, then a citizen of Georgia. There were nineteen of us and the enterprise was a vast one. My brother was agent for the Company with headquarters at Hillsville, Virginia. We bought large interests in Carroll, Floyd, Patrick and

Grayson, in Virginia, and also property in North Carolina.

Nearly everybody was excited about Copper. It was the topic discussed constantly in hotels, on railroad trains and everywhere. Mr. Garland was very anxious to invest in Copper property in Virginia. He had offered me his home farm adjoining the town property at Burnsville for one-half my interest in our Copper property in Virginia, but I refused to make the swap, unless he would first go to Virginia and see the lands. So we started to examine it and after traveling about half of the distance, the weather was so hot and the trip so fatiguing, he proposed returning and make the trade without seeing the lands. I agreed to it and we went on to Burnsville and drew up the Deeds. I had possession of the land for twelve years. In the meantime "the bottom fell out of the Copper Speculation", and I thought it hurt him to know that was the first land trade he ever had made, in which he got the worst of the bargain. So to cause him to feel better over it, I proposed to deed the land back to him without consideration and did so--believing that some day that and much more would come back to Saphronia and her heirs, as Mr. Garland had no legal heirs, and especially as he had told me more than once that "Saphronia's mother helped me to make what I have and I intend her and her heirs to have part of it".

Note: I did nearly all the practice in Mr. Garland's family, and for many years both in North Carolina and after he removed to Tennessee, and never charged any fee for any part of it. If it had been paid for, it would have amounted to a considerable amount.

Notwithstanding all of this, before he died, he willed every thing to John Wesley Higgins, an illegitimate son. His wife died several years before he died. He was a cripple and an invalid for several years. His residence was in an adjoining county over twenty miles from me and I could not see him often, and when I did I never mentioned his business affairs; but he had told me he had made his Will and that something was left to Saphronia, but in his last days he was surrounded by such influences as to cause him to revoke his former Will and make another; cutting her out of everything. She did not get to see him for a long time before his death. She loved her stepfather--she always called him "pappa" in such endearing way that strangers would think he was her father, and he was much attached to her. More for this attachment than any other, I would have been proud that he had been allowed to leave her something that she could remember him by.

South Carolina, Nullification, in Verse--by a Negro.

When memory carries me back to my life among the Indians, and my Campaign in the Federal Army in 1836, I can remember songs, or parts of songs, sung by Allen Campbell, one of our regiment, around the camp fires of dark and lonesome nights. I will here repeat all I can remember of an old negro song, describing the Nations troubles about Nullification in 1832 or about that time.

"You know Uncle Samboy, I know him prime,
 He come ober de frog pon, away in ole time.
 Bull John been he dady, so hear people say,
 But he bin got so crabit, Uncle Sam run away.
 So de pon he cross ober to lib in dis land,
 He hab notion to marry, so give Gall he han'.

Dis couple keep house, and hab children plenty,
 I count him one time, I blebe ober twenty.
 Dese children lib in friendship, all be of one mine,
 Cept one tarnal huzza, her name Caroline.
 She lib in day place, where da raise such big tater,
 Mong dem great pon, where da kech Alligator.
 Dis gal she git sassy, she bin so much mess,
 She for ever, and for ternall she keep such a fuss,
 You can't go out meeting, mong nice combergation,
 But you'se sure to be rupted, by Nulberfication.
 At de forfe of July, sometime in last May,
 When people all assembled to celebrate dat day,
 While many be joicing case he get mancipation,
 Some ternal fool would holler for nulberfication.
 She will stand up in public and she'll cuss and she'll dam.
 And right afore public, she'll abuse Uncle Sam.
 If she keep on dat way and she hab six or eight,
 Ole Harry can't keep em from brake up de State."

I have just come across some of my old papers containing memo-
 randa, in regard to my administration of Indian affairs in the
 Chippewa Nation in 1868, which show to some extent the mysterious
 way in which money is made off of the Government by unscroupulous
 men.

The following is a sample account.
 "Daniel S. Mooers a/c December 16, 1867.

To hauling from St. Cloud to Leech Lake at \$2.50 per hundred.

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To do from St. Cloud to the agency at \$1.25 per hundred.

Amounting to \$1,626.12

The actual amount on books at agency \$1,561.90

64.22 - Here was paid

more than the hauling came to, even at his big figures.

N. F. Clark -

"Gets 34 37/100 per ration for 734 Indians at White Oak Point.

For six months	His first voucher was	18,920.68
	His second voucher was	22,957.10
	His third voucher was	4,288.68

As evidence that it is destructive to the interest, both of the Government and Indians alike, it is only necessary to refer to the contract Bassett made with Oscar Taylor of St. Cloud for transportation in 1867 at 2.16 per hundred for one hundred miles.

The above contract was made to the lowest bidder.

Mr. Taylor failed to give bond and Major Bassett at once made arrangements to have it done for 1.80.

Another change should be made. Supplies should not be bought for the Indians for a whole year at a time. This rule causes the Government to pay more exorbitant prices, and the Indians should be moved in closer proximity to each other." Ft. Ripley should be moved".

Elk Park, North Carolina - Jan. 9, 1894

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I have today burned up several pages of notes or memoranda taken during my stay in Chippewa Nation, investigating Indian affairs.

These notes have been mislaid for years and while they have much bearing and would shed light on many of the issues then discussed, I destroy them because I have hurried over these incidents, or most of them in the preceeding pages and could not now make these memoranda fit in--so I have to leave out much of what I did in those days of hardship trial and danger.

Miss Prudens' Commendation
Elk Park, March 29, 1894

Dr. A. Jobe
Dear Friend,

I thank you heartily for the privilege of reading these notes. It would be a rich treat to anyone, even a stranger. Such delightful reading! I finished it in two sittings. I feel as though my knowledge of this section was greatly increased.

The portion of the deepest interest to me is the account of your experience as a Union Man. I shall have to tell it to my northern friends.

I hope that this eventful life, the story of which is told so simply and so well, will be yet known to the world by the publishing of these notes.

Very truly yours,
E. C. Pruden

Miss Pruden's home is in Minnesota. She has spent most of her time for several years building up free schools in the South, one of these schools is hers at Elk Park. Miss Pruden has done a good work here and at other points. She has not only had a large free school taught here,

but she has given a great deal to the poor. She is sixty-two years old. She is a good christian lady, finely educated and very intelligent. I wish we had more like her.

My Sea Voyage from Morehead City

My general health being so bad during most of the time, I was in the services of the U. S. A. as Special Agent of the Post Office Department. I was anxious to take a Sea Voyage to see if the seasickness would not in some mysterious way bring about a kind of revolution in my whole system.

So while the Legislature was in session at Raleigh, several of the members and others who wanted to join me, we went to Morehead City and there engaged two sail vessels to take us to some island away out at Sea. (The name of the island has escaped my memory.)

We started from Morehead City early in the morning. We sailed on smoothly for the first hour or two but the waves soon began to swell and beat upon the vessels so severely, most of us wished ourselves back at Morehead. I was in the rear vessel, the other one was out of our sight ahead of us. The crew as well as the passengers were becoming so much frightened that it alarmed the captain.

Mr. Wilson, an old member from Burke County, sat not far from me was wet from head to foot with spray from the waves as they dashed over our frail back, his hair dripping and Mr. Hicks from Clay County sat next to me. He was a pious young man and he leaned over and said to me in a very earnest tone, "Dr. If I ever live to put my foot on terra firma again, I will never leave it".

It required two hands constantly at work to bail the water out as fast as it came in. When we got in sight of the island and began to

hope we would soon land and be out of danger, directly on top of a wave we were brought in speaking distance of our other host, returning. The captain told us he could not land and we turned and came back with him to the nearest point of land where vessels could enter. Here we landed and went speedily to a house in sight and built up a good fire and warmed and dried ourselves.

When the gale blew over on the evening we returned to Beaufort and spent the night and then back to Morehead City next day.

In our voyage we passed a vessel and near it were three or four men out in the Sea. They had fallen overboard. I expected to see our captain stop and offer them some assistance but he paid no more attention to them than he would to many dogs.

I am satisfied that a seafaring life is a hard life.

How true the old proverb.

"Man's inhumanity to man has made countless millions mourn".

As we hasten on through this checkered life, we see so much that is abhorrent to the better feelings and which forces us to believe that truth in its simplicity has but few advocates. We often think of the trite saying--"A Lie will travel a league, while truth is getting his trousers on".

But we are glad to remember what Bryant says about the final outcome of truth. It reads this way.

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers".

William Cullen Bryant

Proposition to make big money

A proposition to make big money without taking into consideration the principles involved in it.

During the time I was a Special Agent P.O.D., I traveled from Washington to East Tennessee with a very intelligent and well educated gentleman, who after becoming well acquainted with me, and on learning that I had been for years President Johnson's daughter's (Mrs. Stover) family physician and that President Johnson and I had been personal friends for twenty-five years--this man became very communicative--we were traveling through from Lynchburg in a long winter night in a sleeper.

He showed me how he had made a great deal of money by posting himself in regard, as he called, "As to how the cat would jump",--in advance of all competitors.

He said, "Now if through your friend, Mrs. Stover, you can find out the principle movements of the Administration on the Chessboard--such important things as I will ask you in Cipher, and your answer to be the same way; I can make all the money we would both need in a long life time. I will give you half of it and the sum would amount to so much each month it would make your head swim".

I told him at once I could not do it. I said, "Money made that way would not stick, it is not right". I said, "Andy Johnson would dismiss me from office the next day". This declaration terminated the discussion on that subject. This interview learned me something I had not known before; that is, in this boasted, highly civilized and highly christianized country, a great many highly educated men will make ventures to a mass fortune without giving a thought about the method to accomplish it.

The Johnson Monument

At the beginning of this imperfect sketch, I gave notice that I would ignore all method and style, but I have to confess that I have gone beyond what I intended and have in many ways become so careless and indifferent that I do not know how to apologize for it.

The Johnson Monument at Raleigh, N. C.

By reviewing what I have so hurriedly written, I find I failed to mention the monument to the memory of President Johnson's father in the proper place. So, I will hastily inscribe a few lines here, showing the part I took in it and etc.

No one unacquainted with the war and its results can appreciate the demoralization and the utter confusion which then reigned every where in the South just after the close of the war.

There was a great rush from the North and from the West to Raleigh--strangers coming on every train, and as Andrew Johnson was then President of the United States and had first seen the light of day in the city of Raleigh, it was natural that they should want to see the house he was born in and also to visit his father's grave.

When I was located at Raleigh as Special Agent of the Post Office Department and being an East Tennessean and a personal and intimate friend of the President, the people at the hotels and all over the city soon got to referring strangers to me for information in regard to the President, his history and etc. I took pleasure in conducting these strangers around and imparting to them all the information I could gather. In visiting the old log house in which he was born, so many of them would split off small pieces to carry away and the house was pretty nearly destroyed during the first year after I went there.

And when I went with them to the grave of his father, I found it without a stone as large as my hand to mark his last resting place. Having been an old line Whig before the war and always voting against Andrew Johnson, I was much prejudiced against him until the war brought us together as union men. I had read much in Whig papers about Johnson being of such low origin--that his people were not only poor, but mean and dishonest, I took pains to satisfy myself about these conflicting stories. I found that they stood about as fair with their neighbors as other men, in the same humble walks of life.

His father Jacob Johnson had for years been teller in the Bank of Raleigh and held this position when he died.

He lost his life in the following manner. Mr. Henderson, a friend of Mr. Johnson, and several other gentlemen were out a few miles from Raleigh fishing. Jacob Johnson was on shore and saw Mr. Henderson fall from the boat and was struggling to keep from drowning--not being able to swim. Mr. Johnson at the risk of his own life, swam to him and saved his life, but in doing so he exposed himself, that he never recovered from it, but died of the exposure.

When I saw the condition of his grave, I conceived a plan for erecting a plain monument, of native North Carolina granite, to be placed over his grave, inasmuch as Andrew Johnson, a North Carolinian, had recently been placed in the highest office in the gift of the people. I knew there were enough of us, who had been appointed to good paying positions by the President, if half of

them would chip in a nice little subscription, we could erect the monument and never feel it.

I wrote to the President what I had thought of doing and told him that I did not want him to take any part in it, but if the project met his approval, he could indicate it by writing me a suitable epitaph to be placed upon the monument. He very soon sent me the inscription, giving the date of his father's birth and death (both of which I have forgotten), and closing with this sentence, "He lost his life in saving the life of his friend". (Monument Cont.) 237

When I received this I wrote a subscription and headed it with a liberal sum and I carried it around and I soon had the amount that Mr. King, the contractor, said it would cost. He went at once to work and it was not long until he could appoint a day to unveil the monument.

In the meantime I had kept the President posted in regard to the progress with the monument and he had accepted my invitation to visit his old home at Raleigh and be present with several members of his Cabinet at the unveiling of the monument.

I had gotten on fairly well with all that pertained to this delicate matter made delicate by Congress fighting the President-- this fact made him enemies and not a few of them were showing their hand in Raleigh. I could plainly see that anything that was attempted to be done favorable to him, or even recognizing him as the Chief Executive of the Nation, was not to be received with favor. The Legislative and Judicial Departments of the Government were pitted against the Executive and they were unable to muster

an immense number of friends. I believed the President was right and I believe so today.

To carry out my "Monumental" enterprise under these discouraging circumstances was the "tug of war". This was the "crucial moment". *(President Johnson's Visit to Raleigh and to Chapel Hill.)*

I wanted an appropriation made by the City Council to defray the expenses of the Presidential Party and to make them guests of the city while they remained with us. I tried to secure the services of some prominent citizens of Raleigh, who might have influence with the members of the Council, to go before them at their next meeting and lay the matter before them, but I could not find no one willing to do it. I knew their objections as well as if they had told me. They were afraid it would not be a popular movement. Here was an emergency. I had invited the party to come and they had accepted to come and no arrangements to pay expenses would never do.

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From a school boy, I was always so timid and so easily embarrassed, it scared me into trembling to attempt to speak in public, but I had no other recourse than to go before the City Council myself at its next meeting and make the best speech I could in favor of the appropriation, and I succeeded in getting it passed. We appointed the 4th day of June 1867 as the day to unveil the monument.

I then went to Dr. Hawkins, President of the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad, and got an order for a special train to meet the party at Weldon on the state line on the 3rd of June and bring them to Raleigh.

I went with this train and on the 4th the monument was unveiled and stands over the remains of Jacob Johnson at the Cemetery in Raleigh. The usual ceremonies were gone through with and everything passed off in fine style.

On the arrival of the party at the depot at Raleigh on the 3rd there was a very large concourse of people assembled and the President made them a short speech, and then with music and banners the large procession passed through the principal streets to the Yarborough House where the President was again called on and made a speech. The next day, 5th of June, we attended the Commencement at Chapel Hill.

The professors and students met us at the outskirts of the town where there were speeches made by Mr. Seward, Mr. Randall and Mr. Johnson. These speeches were made more than 26 years ago but I can distinctly remember the substance of a few sentences in President Johnson's advice to the students. I do not pretend to quote his words, but the meaning was something like this.

"To you young men who are seeking information, fitting yourselves to become useful citizens in your day and generation, I would love to give you a word of encouragement to press on for what you are struggling for is well worth having. It is what I have felt the need of all my life. If any of you are poor, I would earnestly advise you not to look upon that as a misfortune--for in many instances it proves to be an advantage to throw a young man upon his own resources, rather than to give him a part of a fortune to begin with".

"I do not intend to illustrate this, by reference to my own history, but I cannot refrain from saying for your encouragement, that just 42 years ago I walked along this street, hunting me a western home. I was without house and home and without an education or friends, and all I owned on earth was the clothes I carried in a knapsack on my back and 10 and 6 pence in my pocket".

Then the students cheered him and I wept a little for the recital of his sad history, so life like, touched my heart.

1520 Preston Street

Louisville, Ky., April 9, 1902

We are still at Louisville. We are talking and writing about starting to our old home in Tennessee. We have made a much longer visit here than we expected. We have been here over 6 months and now do not know just when we will leave here. We have enjoyed our stay here very much, although the weather has been cold and bad most of the winter, but we have comfortable quarters and did not suffer. Today it is warmer and looks like spring. The balance of the April days have been cold and windy.

Signs of degeneration in the human race---physically, intellectu- ally and morally.

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I do not believe our great men as they are termed are equal, all things considered, to those on the stages of action, even 50 and 75 years ago, without mentioning and comparing such Statesmen as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and Calhoun and Benton with Sherman and

McKinley and Cleveland and Stephenson.

And where are the lawyers to compare with James R. Dodge on the one hand and Hillsman, Swain and Dewes on the other--all North Carolina lawyers?

Below I will give the sparring they had at one of their Western North Carolina Courts.

James R. Dodge on one side of an important suit and Hillsman, Swain and Dewes on the other. As Dodge was concluding his long and able argument, Dewes, who was to follow him for the other side, left on the table the following epitaph on an attorney:

"Here lies James R. Dodge,
Who dodged all good,
And dodged all evil,
But after dodging all he could,
He could not dodge the Devil."

On sitting down at the table Dodge read the above lines and hastily drew a piece of paper to him and wrote the following epitaph on three attorneys:

"Here lies a Hillsman and a Swain,
Let their lot no man choose,
They lived in sin and died in pain,
And the Devil got his dues".

(From Wheeler's
History of
North Carolina)

Legislature of South Carolina 2/3s negroes.

In speaking of reconstruction, while I was Special Agent of the Post Office Department with headquarters at Raleigh, N. C., I should have shown what a change was suddenly made in the great body of the

law makers in the Southern States and what effect it had all over the south.

It was worse I think in the State of South Carolina than any other state. When the negroes were enfranchised and made eligible to hold office---this made them very bold and impudent, especially where they were in a large majority as they were in South Carolina. The further South, the more ignorant the negro seemed to be and the more ignorant, the more impudent, as a rule.

I visited the Capitol, at Columbia, with Postmaster Janney to witness what I never had seen before, to witness a State Legislature in session with two-thirds of its members in each house negroes-- not intelligent educated colored men, but most of them common, illiterate cotton field and cotton hands and some of them very bad "niggers".

Following is an illustration of what some of them were capable of doing. Quite a number of these new law makers boarded with some discreputable colored women in the suburbs of the city; one evening when the train arrived from Augusta, a Route Agent had some packages he wanted to deliver to parties living a little beyond where these women lived and Mr. Smith, the principal clerk in the Post Office, kindly proposed to show him the way, as he was going to his supper. While they were passing these houses, "the Legislators" ran out with pistols in their hands to shoot them, and seeing they were about to shoot, the Route Agent ran but Mr. Smith said to them, "we mean no harm, you know me, I hand out mail to you at the Post Office every

day. We are going to deliver packages just beyond here". "O! you are liars, you have come around here to run us away from our women". And young Smith saw one of them was about to shoot him and he threw himself down into a gulley that had been washed out by the side of the walk, and this was big Burley negro who walked up and shot him like he was a dog and killed him. This young man, about 19 years old, was the only support of a widowed mother who had her house and all she owned burned up the night General Sherman's Army burned the city of Columbia, amounting to 1,485 houses.

I happened in Columbia when this murderer was tried and saw him acquitted for this foul unprovoked murder. The Meltons were his attorneys. These men did all they could, fair and unfair, to clear this negro who they knew was guilty of a foul unprovoked murder and an outraged community had to submit to it.

Operation on Esquire Johnson, Chairman County Court.

I overlooked an important operation I performed on the chairman of the Court of Johnson County years ago, had half a dozen steatomus tumors on his head. One was about as large as my fist or a little larger while others were about half as large or larger than the average. They had been slowly increasing in size for a long while, but gave him but little trouble until I extracted them, as he could stand them no longer. He had been confined at his home about 7 miles from (Taylorsville), now Mountain City. He heard that I was in the city and sent for me, as he said I had performed several operations successfully in his neighborhood.

I rode out next day in company with several friends who wished to see the operation performed--for at that time--50 years ago very few operations had been performed in that county. On examination of the tumors, I found there was no malignency about them and I proceeded at once to take them out. The operation required time and care, but was done without any accident. After the operation, we ate a good dinner and Esq. Johnson paid me my bill--\$8.00--and we returned to town. The Squire recovered in a few days, so as to ride to town, and his most intimate friends did not know him. He looked so much better after the tumors were taken off.

(I write this at Louisville, Ky., February 25, 1902).

Fort Sumpter after its fall on 13th of April, 1861

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Elk Park, N. C., March 1, 1894. I see by hastily reviewing what I have so carelessly and hastily written, that I've failed to say anything about my visit to "The Ruins of Fort Sumpter", in company with George Nason, Postmaster at New Berne, North Carolina. Mr. Nason had accompanied me on a long tour of inspection of the Post Offices in the State of South Carolina and we arrived in Charleston on a very hot day (17th July), 1869. We put up at the Mills House and after being neatly shaved at a Barber Shop and taking a bath, we chartered the "Yacht Elenor" and started to Fort Sumpter. We had great trouble in reaching there, on account of contrary winds. Ft. Sumpter--or what was once Ft. Sumpter--is 4-1/2 miles from the City of Charleston

and we were two hours in reaching there. We passed Castle Pinckney, Ft. Ripley and saw Ft. Moultrie on Sullivans Island to our left, and Morris and James' Island to our right.

We could see nothing on the island where Ft. Sumpter once stood but a pile of ruins. This was one of the most notable places at one time in the United States. The great War of the Rebellion commenced by the Rebels firing on Ft. Sumpter on the 13th of April, 1861. It was defended by Col. Anderson with a small force. The Confederates kept up the bombardment until the fort was demolished. 244

Destruction and death in the family of William Shell on account of liquor.

I have read many tragic and thrilling accounts in portrayal of the evils of the liquor traffic; but none more heart rending than what I will here relate, which came under my own observation at Elizabethton, Tennessee, in the family of William Shell, Sr., who was then and is still a citizen of that town.

I will premise what I have to relate by stating that Mr. Shell is a man of strong common sense--much above the average. He had half dozen sons, one of two grown--all drank liquor, and often to excess.

About 30 years ago a misunderstanding arose between the boys and some other young man of the town, and a considerable amount of sharp words passed between them. Shortly after this they, with many others, were at a corn shucking where liquor flowed freely.

As they returned to town and near to Shell's house, they got

into a fight which resulted in the death of George Shell, oldest son of William Shell, and came near being the end of William Shell also. I was sent for immediately. I had only a quarter of a mile to go. When I reached there, George was breathing his last, with his throat cut from ear to ear.

I turned immediately to his father who was lying on the floor with friends around him. He was stabbed dangerously in two or three places and was bleeding internally so profusely that it told so on his pulse. I could scarcely feel it at the wrist. From all symptoms, I did not believe he could live more than twenty or thirty minutes and I notified him of his condition and I said, "If you want to talk to your wife, or anyone else, you must be quick about it, for you have but a few minutes to live".

He drew a long breath and said, "turn me over," and we did so gently, keeping him in that position for hours--for by the time the minutes were out, in which I had expected him to die, I found reaction taking place. His pulse began to return and I encouraged him not to move. I placed a guard over him with instructions to not let anyone talk to him, nor to let him use the least exertion.

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My theory of his recovery is this--in turning him over, some muscle was drawn over the bleeding orifice and keeping him exactly in the same position, it acted as well as if my finger had been pressing on the orifice all the time we kept him in that position. As he had a first rate constitution, it enabled the extravasated blood to be absorbed and carried out of the system.

He finally recovered and has enjoyed fairly good health ever since and is today at the advanced age of 75 years, as well and hearty as a man of that age could expect to be.

Then in about the year 1889 I went on the same train with this same William Shell's son, (Tom), to Johnson City. We arrived there at 4 P. M. I put up at my brothers. Tom went immediately to a saloon, where he soon got drunk, and about dark he got into the track of the E. T. Virginia and Georgia R. R., and the east bound train ran over him and mutilated him worse than I have ever seen anyone before or since. I went to see him that night, as did several other doctors. Both legs were cut off above the ankles, only holding by ligaments; one broken in two other places above and below the knee. The other thigh was broken and his hip out of place. We took him home to Elizabethton next morning, where I amputated both limbs and did everything possible for him for two weeks, when he was relieved of his suffering. I had expected him to die every day.

How he continued to live so long could only be attributed to his excellent constitution. Five voters are yet left in that family, and at each returning election they all come up regularly and deposit their ballots in the box in favor of continuing the liquor traffic; and they are all men of good common sense.

How long must these things continue!

Elk Park, North Carolina - May 2, 1894

MANUSCRIPT NO. 1039
SECTION

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(Discontent amongst the people)

The widespread dissatisfied condition of the masses is to me alarming. It undoubtedly forbodes some direful evil, soon to fall upon us as a nation. Are these troubles sent upon us to humble us? As a free and independent people, I fear we have not lived up to our great opportunities. My opinion is that if the fundamental principles placed in our Constitution had been strictly adhered to, the people of the United States today would have been the happiest and best contented and most prosperous of any part of the world. "All power is adherent in the people". What glorious declaration! And what balm it should be to any wound. We are more than ever reminded of the sacred words, "Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there"? The balm is here, imbedded in the fundamental law of our land, but the physicians have departed.

The politicians have ignored the people and have bound them with such fetters, it seems they can't get loose.

The Signs of the Times indicate that a revolution is confronting us. What the outcome may be we cannot tell. The common weal of industrial army numbering many thousands all over the country are moving towards Washington. Gen. Coxey is in the city with his army. It looks like a very foolish movement, yet it may be the beginning of the great war between labor and capital, which has been threatened for years.

I have lost all confidence in the average politician. When our Government was established, our Revolutionary Ancestors were

patriotic and could be relied upon in any emergency but as a rule our leaders are selfish and corrupt to an extent that is alarming to the well wishers of the Republic. Many of them can be bought for price!

Elk Park, North Carolina August 17, 1894

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After the longest and most turbulent session ever held, the Congress, a few days ago, passed what they call the "Wilson Tariff Bill". But it is the Wilson Bill with six hundred amendments which so mutilates it, and changes it that its friends won't recognize it.

A majority of the people, I think, hope the passage of the bill (while it is not satisfactory for anybody) will settle things for awhile, and that business will begin to pick up in many localities, notwithstanding the great divergent interest of the people, which overweaning interest is, to my mind, clearly based upon our overwrought political and speculative feeling, rather than for the pretended advancement of the good of the country.

I wish to insert a few lines here, expressive of my opinion in regard to our troubles, outside of our political affairs. The following thoughts came to my mind day before yesterday and I hastened to write them down with pencil, occupying but two minutes.

As the people of the United States became more and more prosperous for the last several decades, they also became more extravagant and full of speculation. As a general rule, they were not content to let well enough alone--especially has this been so since the war. This spirit of speculation swept over the country, infecting all classes, more or less.

Millions were investing in booming town sites, within the last two years, and in various other impracticable speculations. The love of money ran riot over the whole land and but few escaped its baneful influence.

It never will be possible to tell the enormous amount of money spent on account of the world's fair at Chicago--counting the preparation in money, time, hotel and railroad expenses, etc. It is often estimated to have cost the people of the United States alone, not less than one billion dollars.

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Then add to the foregoing items, the vast amount of twenty-four hundred millions of dollars, handed over the counters, of two hundred and forty thousand saloons in the United States in the last two years. And then to know these immense sums of money never done one dime worth of good to our country and might as well have been thrown into the sea. It makes us hold our breath in amusement at the stupidity "of the most enlightened Nation on the Earth".

If all these vast sums of money, so foolishly spent, could be gathered up now and properly managed by competent men for the improvement of morals and general upbuilding of all interests doing "the greatest good to the greatest number", it would start in motion all the wheels of every factory of all kinds in the whole country and give work at fair remunerative prices to all the hundreds of thousands of people now unemployed, both men and women.

And build a school house in every Civil District in the United States and hire competent teachers for 50 years to come; and give the Keely curs to every drunkard in the land.

Then the disheartened and downtrod masses would take courage and would soon be willing to hear the Gospel and the Churches would begin to prosper and genuine Christianity would rapidly spread all over the land.

When all the ministers of every name and order shall become emancipated and throw off their yoke of bondage to the old license parties and determine to "declare the whole Council of God", then we will be in sight of victory. O, for a motto over every pulpit in the land. "Have the courage of your convictions".

The War of the Rebellion is Epitome".

How careless I have been in penning this imperfect sketch. I find I have left out any notice of an occurrence which I should have made a more important part of the history of Tennessee than has ever been written and that is the unsuccessful attempt to establish the State of "Frankland" or (Franklin) by John Sevier, afterwards for twelve years, Governor of Tennessee.

This attempt culminated in a battle between my great grandfather, John Tipton and John Sevier. This battle was the War of Rebellion in "epitome". (See Andrew Johnson's home speech in the Senate of the U. S. in 1860). This battle was fought at the then home of Tipton, about 1-1/2 miles south of where Johnson City now stands on the 28th day of February 1788.

I will here give a very short oral history of the battle and what caused it, gathered from old men and women who distinctly remembered all facts they detailed. My Uncle Abraham Jobe was one of my informants. He was about 50 years old when he told me all

(my grandfather's father...
(Emmanuel Jobe)

about the battle. He lived only about a mile from Tiptons and heard the guns plainly. I am 77 now but was about 18 or 20 when he told me these things. Another one of the old people I talked to about this battle was old Aunt Susan Tipton, wife of Uncle Sammy Tipton, who was the oldest son of Col. John Tipton, who fought the memorable battle with Gov. Sevier.

Uncle Sammy Tipton owned the land on which Elizabethton stands and a considerable amount adjacent thereto. This land came to "Uncle Sammy Tipton" in the division of the lands of my great grandfather Tipton. I have heard old people of that time say that "Old Col. John Tipton", at one time, in the hasty settling of the Watauga Valley, owned nearly all the land from two miles up Doe River above Elizabethton to the mouth of Buffalo, where little Joe Tipton once lived on the hill overlooking Watauga Point.

↓ Battle of Kings Mountain

Col. John Tipton was one of the prominent men who first settled in Watauga Valley. He was an Indian fighter as was also his antagonist Sevier; and they were both valliant soldiers at the battle of Kings Mountain, where the tide of the Revolution turned in favor of America, which for months before had been one series of disasters to the few patriots who were defending their homes against the invasions of the British. But when Eerguson fell at Kings Mountain, it put new life into the Spartan bands.

Col. Tipton's sons were Samuel, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Jonathan, William, Thomas and John. Some of them were in the Battle of Kings Mountain and one was killed at "St. Clairs Defeat".

Col. Tipton was a great lover of fine horses. He brought several imported horses with him from Shenandoah Valley, Virginia,

the "Irish Gray" and Diomeads". The fastest horse ever known in this country was Tipton's "old Irish Gray". I can remember only 5 of my great grandfathers' sons, Isaac, Jonathan, William, John and Thomas, who was my mother's father. Isaac never married, he owned a fine body of land several hundred acres below Elizabethton. Jonathan married a Miss Williams and settled in Blount County. In after years, I became acquainted with two of his sons, Caswell & Quincy. William, better known as (Revolutionary Billy) lived and died on Little River near the line of Knox and Blount Counties. He was in the Naval Service in the War of the Revolution and was so badly wounded in a battle on the sea that the commanding officer ordered him thrown overboard as the surgeons decided there were no hopes of recovery in his case, but a comrade from his own country, by the name of Whitson, begged for him to be kept upon the ship for two days, and if no better, then to be thrown into the watery grave. At the end of two days they had some hopes for him and the surgeons came again to his side and he was saved and lived to an old age. I remember seeing him at church on Little River shortly before he died.

Revolutionary Billy
Tipton 251

Before closing my imperfect account of the part my maternal grandfather took in public affairs in the first settling of the now famous Watauga Valley, I must make it a little more perfect by hastily telling the cause of the battle between Tipton and Sevier. And also tell of Tipton's famous ride from Knoxville home, 108 miles in one day, without changing horses.

On page 249 I say the battle between Tipton and Sevier was the

"War of the Rebellion in epitome", for Sevier, without authority from either the State of North Carolina, or the United States, divided that portion of what was then North Carolina, "West of the Mountains" into counties and appointed (or elected) the necessary officers to carry on a State Government and named it Franklin, (or Frankland) and put the machinery in motion by sending out his sheriffs to collect taxes to carry on his government.

The Battle of Franklin between Tipton + Sevier. Feb. 28, 1788

title of
in
&
, 1788

When the sheriff came to my grandfather, who was a big taxpayer, he refused to pay--saying "I am a citizen of North Carolina and will pay taxes to the authority of that state". The sheriff reported to Sevier, who lived in one of the lower counties, that Tipton refused to pay taxes and encouraged others not to pay, and Sevier raised an army and commenced marching on Tipton to coerce him into obedience. Tipton, with what friends lived near enough to him, fortified in the "Tipton house"--making port holes to shoot through and sent couriers to his friends at a distance who hastened to his assistance, and fortunately reached there just in time to join the little brave band in the house the moment they were emerging from the house after being fired upon by Sevier's men.

(This
Feb.
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Note: This is being copied Feb. 28, 1948. 160 yrs. later.

It snowed very rapidly--so a man could not be seen 50 yards off, as they approached the house. This continued but a few minutes and stopped all at once. Then, the firing commenced. The first gun fired was at a woman who had been sent out of the house to the spring after water and that brought on the general engagement.

The fighting continued but for a few minutes after Tipton and his men rushed out and joined Pemberton's Regiment. A few were killed and several wounded on both sides. A great many of Sevier's men were taken prisoners, including Sevier and his two sons. Sevier was sent under guard to Morganton and delivered to the authorities of North Carolina. Court was in session there. Another version is that his friends rescued him before he reached Morganton, by Dr. Crosby's influence.

So ended the State of Franklin and the State of Tennessee was admitted into the Union in June, 1796 covering the same territory after it was ceded to the United States.

Not "my grandfather's hat", but my grandfather's ride. Col. John Tipton continued living in the same historic house for many years after this memorable battle was fought and his remains lie buried there. During these years a man rode up to his gate and asked for to buy 1/2 pint of whiskey, saying he was sick. Grandfather told him he had none for sale, but as he was sick he would give him a glass of liquor, and he placed it on the table before him. He drank it and laid the price of it on the table and rode off and got a warrant against him for selling him a half pint of whiskey, and obtained judgement against him. He appealed it from court to court until it was finally decided against him in the Supreme Court at Knoxville. The fine, costs, lawyers fees, etc., amounted to one thousand dollars. He paid this big amount in gold at daylight at his hotel in Knoxville and reached

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home at dark--riding the same horse "Paunch", the whole route 108 miles in one day. The next morning in place of finding him dead, (as might have been expected), on turning him out of the stable he was as playful as a colt just being from the pasture. Horses were horses in those days.

The youngest son of Col. John Tipton was John, who inherited the noted home of his father and owned it during his lifetime. He represented Washington County in the State Legislature several sessions and was a competitor of John Blair more than once for a seat in Congress, but as I remember, was defeated by a small majority. He was elected to the State Senate several times and was speaker of the Senate in 1834, and during the session he died and was buried at Nashville.

I insert the above incident in regard to the lawsuit about the sale of whiskey to show that the question of the liquor traffic in politics was there more than one hundred years ago, and the two old parties talk about it now as though it was just now being introduced. With them, it is anything to keep the people from agitating the question.

I was going to school at Nelson's Camp Ground, where Johnson City now stands and boarding at Uncle Abraham Jobe's during the last canvass between Uncle John Tipton and John Blair. I remember his taking dinner with us one day and on his being introduced to my brother John and myself, as his relatives from Blount County. He remarked that my brother was closer akin to him than I was because his name was John.

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The last time I saw him was in Jonesboro in 1834, the day he

was elected to the State Senate for the last time.

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I have often had occasion to speak of the imperfect and meager history of Tennessee. Especially is the history of East Tennessee unsatisfactory and here is where the most exciting incidents occurred. This section furnished some of the noblest and bravest men--true patriots and heroes. Men were less selfish in those days.

I think it due to the memory of my kinsman, Col. John Tipton to relate here an incident that happened in the Legislature of Tennessee, while Col. Tipton was a member, as told to me by my Uncle Abraham Jobe and other reliable old men of that period. During the session a United States Senator was to be elected and it became known during the balloting that neither of the contestants could be elected; and in looking around for a "Dark Horse", a sufficient number of members centered on Col. Tipton as their choice and signed a paper requesting him to allow his name to be put in nomination. Col. Tipton looked over the names calling him to the high and then honorable position, sat down and wrote them a polite note thanking them in fitting terms for their kindness, etc., but declined to accept the position, because he had been sent to the Legislature for a certain purpose and believing whoever might come to fill his place might fail to accomplish the desired Legislation, he could not desert his post at such a critical time.

Where would we find a politician who would refuse such an offer in these corrupt days?

We have written history and oral history. I have heard

(Birth and death of my father + mother)

25¢

during my boyhood a great deal of unwritten history of East Tennessee that was very interesting to me. I do not refer here to extravagant and unreliable reports, without regard to their foundation, but that kind that was vouched for and that came in and was confirmed by facts. I learned a great deal from my father, mother and from my grandfather and grandmother Tipton. I can't remember much about my grandparents on my father's side. My father was born September 15, 1785 and died May 8, 1868, age 83-8-2. My mother was born August 27, 1791 and died May 26, 1864, age 73-9-m. They both died in Georgia and were buried there.

(I have visited their graves at Elk Park, August 3, 1895) Old Stone Church, near Dalton, Ga. P. M. D. 1954)

Of 8 brothers, at last accounts I have only 2 left--John and Jacob, both living in Texas. 6 are dead--David, Isaac, Samuel, Washington, Jefferson and Tipton. If any of my sisters are dead, I have not heard of it. I heard from my oldest sister (Emaline Wheeler) a few days ago. She is well, at the age of 83.

I am 77 and Saphronia is 69. We have been married over 50 years. How much we owe to a merciful providence for protracting our lives to such a good old age, to see our children all come to maturity and settled in life.

But I am made sad tonight, while watching over my dear wife, as she lies suffering from a fall she got just after dark night before last 1st of April, which I feared would prove fatal. The injury is in her right hip and leg. I sent for Dr. Lane and we feared all night that the neck of the femer was broken. She suffered such excruciating pain, we could not examine her thoroughly. Yesterday morning we hoped the great pain was in the

sciatic nerve. I sent to Elizabethton for Dr. Hunter and he confirmed our diagnosis. She is now resting well as we could expect but I can't help feeling anxious about her.

April 6th - Have given up my practice, am in constant attendance on my wife, day and night, as she has to be moved often and that with greatest care.

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June 6, 1895 - It is now over two months since the sad accident and my wife is so far recovered that she can walk over the house without her crutches and has ventured to walk into the garden several times.

June 6, 1895 - Having a little more time now, not being so overwhelmed with family cares and anxieties, I will from time to time add a little to my short sketch of my busy life.

November 27, 1896 - On the morning of the 6th of June, (the date given above) the sky was clear, the air was balmy; all our surroundings seemed more encouraging than usual, but in less than 24 hours our youngest daughter, Sallie Gibson's son was born. From that doleful night for six months, the darkness and gloom of death were spread over that house. One night at any hour of the night we pass along the street and see from one to four lamps burning.

The extra care and watchfulness was divided between the mother and the child for many weeks and when the mother's condition improved, that of the child's was protracted for six months. Doctors and everyone who saw him had no idea he could live. He was more trouble than any 40 children I have ever seen. This same little boy, David J. Gibson, (named for his grandfather, Dr. Gibson,) is now 17 months old and is fat and saucy and rapidly developing,

both in body and in mind. He is the idol of our family. During his sickness he became so emaciated, he was literally and truly skin and bone. His knes and other joints looked so large that his legs and other limbs looked like pipe stems. All was done for him that money, care and close attention could do. After exhausting all available means near home, we sent repeatedly to New York, St. Louis and other cities for remedies highly recommended by physicians and friends.

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For years I had indulged and hoped that when age began to creep on me, if my life through the dispensation of Providence should be spared, I would retire from active life--sit down at my ease and together with my worthy wife, we would enjoy our meditations together, but it seems that accumulations of cares have been increased with the lapse of years.

There are 8 in our family here and 15 at Elizabethton, counting children and grandchildren and one great grandchild and 12 at Johnson City, making 35 and for the last 2 years, I have been kept pretty busy running back and forth between these points, if not always to see the sick, it would be to attend to other matters--the most of it to Dudleys at Johnson City. For these recited reasons, I have been unable to give any time to writing this sketch. I have not been able, for want of time, to answer letters from regular correspondents. I am due a letter to my brother, Dr. John Jobe of Gonzales, Texas, and one overdue to cousin Sarah A. Gibson, of Gin San Corhes.

Perhaps it might be as well to leave out any reference to an episode in life's uncertain journey, but I will briefly allude to it here, hoping it may be the means of warning to all who may read these lines to steer clear of owning and running a steam Saw Mill. There is no business that I have personal knowledge of that brings a man into contact with so many and often impossible men, and it is of itself a delusive business. The mill man is compelled to be too much in the power of commission men in the cities and in all my dealings with them for about 5 years, I never found but one who I could trust. I was in partnership with my son, E. D. Jobe, under the firm name of A. Jobe and Son.

E. D. Jobe and H. W. Snyder, under the firm name of Jobe and Snyder, bought a large double mill and took the contract to furnish gross ties for the E.T.&W.N.C. Railroad from Johnson City to Cranberry—at the time the road was being finished, say 1881-- they made purchases of timber lands all along the line from Johnson City to Cranberry, especially from Hampton to Elk Park, North Carolina. They paid in advance for timber in many instances in order to get a bargain, knowing the price would increase as the road progressed to a finish, especially was this so in the purchase made of Alfred Johnson, of whom they bought a large tract of timber. Johnson allowed them to go onto his lands having the most inferior timber and finish sawing it up without any objection, but when they wanted to move the mill onto the land with the fine timber, he refused to let them move

onto it, because the railroad had enhanced the price of the timber, although he acknowledged he had received a part of the money for that identical timber. Suit was brought against Johnson for the timber in Chancery Court and after litigation in that court for 3 years, the chancellor, on a mere technicality, decreed against Jobe and Snyder. They appealed to the Supreme Court and after much delay, it was decided in favor of Jobe and Snyder, and notwithstanding this decision and the fact that Alfred Johnson was abundantly responsible, having a large real estate besides personal property, the Clerk of the Supreme Court issued an execution against Jobe and Snyder for \$54.50 costs, which amount I paid to the clerk (Reeves), and Jobe and Snyder paid in lawyers fees \$200.00 to St. John and Taylor at Bristol who, though called on separately, often could not put me in a way to recover any part of this judgement against Johnson. Yet we are told the Court House is the Temple of Justice.

Now I will take another case, a great deal was in its oppression, connected also with the hateful lumber business, which for fraud and downright robbery, has no equal as far as my information extends in the written history of the country from the time our Republic was formed to the present time.

I am admonished to put these things on record from some of the things which were developed in the years that this iniquity was adroitly kept in abeyance that E. D. Jobe and everybody else might die or forget everything and not be able

to make any defence.

This was a Suit of Ejectment brought by the United States Court at Asheville, N. C., by

Dwight M. Lowry

vs

George W. Brown

William M. Lewis

Berry Norris

William Snyder

J. E. Storey

E. D. Jobe

H. D. Gwin

C. A. Grubb

J. E. Puirler

J. R. Gilder

Mrs. Mary Cannon

James H. Hardin

Jacob Evans

William Hardin

R. E. Greer

A. Jobe and others

Dwight M. Lowery, of Philadelphia, acting as attorney for Brosson sold land on the waters of Elk in the corner of Watauga County, North Carolina, to the Tenn.-Va. and N. C. Steel and Iron Co., and transferred his claim in this suit to Col. J. C. Haskill, President and Manager of the said company. The nature of the summons that served on some of the above names was to get off the companies land or show cause for remaining on the land at Asheville at the next regular term. This summons was returned on the 30th of September, 1887.

The parties above who were summoned regarded it as so trivial a matter they paid no attention to it, and did not attend court in person nor by attorney and several were not summoned. I know I was not summoned. I was a non resident at the time I moved from Elk Park to Elizabethton on the 11th of April, 1887. E. D. Jobe

remained at Elk Park but knew nothing of any suit against him at Asheville of any kind, although McDade Hampton, Agent for the aforesaid Steel & Iron Co., and Tom Love, Attorney for said company, came around repeatedly for the purpose of compromising with all the parties named above, except E. D. Jobe, and did compromise with them, or most of them, and in these visits meeting with said Jobe, often they never named to him that they had any claim against him, nor did they name it to anyone, as far as we have been able to learn. This clandestine work went on for 7 or 8 years, so that every element of defense might be removed when they made an attempt to collect this fraudulent judgement obtained in August, 1888 in the absence of defendant or attorney for \$500.00 and costs of all 16, although most of them had been compromised before judgement was taken, and even their attorney's fees were charged to Jobe--that is, fees to the companies attorneys.

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This \$500.00 judgement was allowed as damage to their lands. There was no merit in this suit, even if summons had been served for it was susceptible of proof that Jobe and Snyder's mill was not on their land and that not a tree was molested by Jobe.

George W. Brown & E. D. Jobe called on Sol. Hensley, the Deputy Marshall to try and convince him that while he had summoned nearly all of the above list, that he had failed to summons E. D. Jobe and A. Jobe. Hensley told them it had been so long that he could not exactly remember about whether he had served the process on E. D. Jobe, but thought he had, but he

knew he did not summons Dr. Jobe. E. D. Jobe got an injunction against selling his property but the facts seemed to be against him and the judgement was confirmed with the additional cost.

During the impending of the injunction Hampton and Love came to Elk Park and offered to compromise the suit for \$400.00, but knowing that Jobe did not honestly owe one dollar of it, he refused to compromise. It would have been money saved if he had done it, as the sequel shows. Col. Haskell said all through the case that he did not want to collect money if it was not honestly due his company. When Col. Haskell returned from a trip to the mountains, I hastened to Bristol and had a pleasant interview with 261 him. I stated to him all the facts concerned with the case. I showed him clearly what injustice would be done to my son if the amount of the judgement was allowed to be collected. I told him it all depended now on him--that he had my son completely in his power. Col. Haskell believed I had given him a true account covering the whole case. He at once put his typewriter to write to Moore & Moore, his attorneys at Asheville, telling them that I was present and giving them my version of the matter and telling them that he was in favor of having a review of the case before one of the judges, in Chambers, and to let the case stand as it was until this was done. I then offered to compromise for the \$400.00, which Hampton and Love had offered, and to pay what cost had accrued on the injunction suit.

He said he would ascertain what cost would be incurred on

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the review and if it would be considerable, he would then consider my proposition. I waited about 10 or 15 days, expecting to hear from him, but did not and soon afterward my son's attorney wrote that Moore and Moore had placed the execution in the hands of the Marshall.

I then went to Asheville (as Dudley could not leave home) to see what could be done in this dire calamity. I found everything was turned over to these cormorants, the money hungry attorneys. The whole amount of the judgement, interest and cost amounted to about nine hundred dollars in round numbers, and every dollar of it as unjust as ever was wrung from the pocket by a high way man, but nothing could be done but settle it in some way or see Dudley's property sacrificed. On the 7th of October, 1895 I made Moore and Moore the proposition I had made to Haskell--they telegraphed to Haskell and he said \$500.00 and costs--so nothing could be done but settle that way. That saved the interest, which amounted to about \$240.00. I agreed to pay \$330.37 as my part of the unjust and dishonest judgement within 10 days and \$165.00, with interest in 3 months, and \$165.00 in 6 months, with interest, and whatever the Marshalls cost may be on the execution in his hands at the time this agreement was made. 262

Now in conclusion I want to say that I blame these attorneys more for this outrage than I do the company for whom they were working, especially do I blame and condemn Thomas Love, who I think inspired the whole matter of keeping it a profound

secret for all these years.

Note: Outragious and fraudulent judgement vs E. D. Jobe, the like of which in all of its enormity can't be found in the jurisprudence of all the state. Judge Dick was an old superannuated, incompetant judge and allowed Tom Love and Moore & Moore to have their own way in the absence of any attorney on the other side.

Elk Park, April. 27, 1897

One disaster and misfortune, following each other in quick succession, has prevented me for the 2 or 3 last years from closing up my imperfect biographical sketch. As an illustration, I will record here my whereabouts the last week or ten days. I have been for that time in close attendance with Dr. Hunter and a half dozen other doctors, on my granddaughter, Nellie Hunter.

On yesterday evening when I returned home and after we all dispared of her recovery, this morning I received at 10 o'clock the following telegram. "Nellie died at 7:25 this morning. Burial tomorrow. come". Signed E. E. Hunter. April 29th.

I have returned from the funeral and burial of dear little Nellie Hunter. The funeral was preached by Rev. Barney Thompson under the shade trees in the large beautiful yard at the residence of Dr. Hunter. A very large congregation attended this impressive service. I never will forget Rev. Mr. Piles touching and eloquent prayer. O! what shall I say of the elaborate, the

tasteful and glorious way everything was done for the memory of sweet little Nellie.

Elk Park, January 5, 1898

The newspapers have just given us the result of the balloting in the organization of the two houses at Columbus, Ohio.

Unprecedented excitement was reigned there since the meeting of the Legislature.

Mark Hanna had the Republican nomination for U. S. Senator but the organization of the two houses show that he will lack 6 votes on joint ballot, but Hanna is very wealthy and I predict that he will buy votes enough by the 12th inst. (the day of election) to elect him for this Government is now run by money. The power of money is greater then all other powers that can be brought against it. January 17th sure enough Hanna was elected on the 12th inst. by 3 majority. Money did the work--but the Democrats are in no position to make faces at the Republicans, for when we look back a few years, the history of the two old parties show us that in this same good old State of Ohio Mr. Payne bought his way into the Senate and after him Mr. Brice did the same thing.

I have within the last few days thought of a few incidents that happened in my early life, that as far as I know, have never been published--and each one was of much interest to me, at the time of their occurrence, and also the public. I remember during my boyhood, while we lived in Cades Cove, right

under the highest peaks of the Smoky Mountains, that George Snyder boughtup a drove of hogs and drove them to South Carolina. He kept two young men with him until he sold out and started them home 2 or 3 days before he started. When these young men stayed the last night before they encountered the bed of the Smoky Mountains, early next morning it commenced snowing. The road was rough and not traveled much and they soon lost their way for a deep snow fell that day and they had no means of finding their way out of the mountains. They wandered in the cold day and night for 3 days and 2 nights but finally reached home late in the evening of the 3rd day. These young men were Reuben Roddy and Ode Bryant. Roddy was my second cousin. He told me all about their hardships during these days and nights-- for they had to travel night as well as day to keep from freezing, and over logs and rocks. One night they got into a hollow tree and began to feel warm, but when they began to feel sleepy, they came out and commenced their tramp again, knowing if they remained there they would never wake again. A little dog followed them and they said they often thought of killing it and eating him, as they were nearly starved to death. Roddy's mother was a daughter of Revolutionary Billy Tipton, of Blount County, and when Roddy died she married Isaac Hart of Carter County Tennessee. This same Reuben Roddy in after life came to Carter County and married here and was a citizen of Elizabethton for several years here.

Another incident which happened in my young life was the

death of the Humphreys and McKeehens, produced by poisonous gas in a cave near Gap Creek in Carter County. I think this must have happened about the year 1826 ^{or} 1827.

A company of men, the Humphreys, McKeehens and Guinns, ran a fox into the cave about daylight. They built a fire to smoke the fox out and went off a short distance to get breakfast. When they came back to the cave, not knowing the fire had caused the poisonous gas to come into the cave, when they went in they kept falling, one at a time, until 5 of them lost their lives. After Alfred Humphreys, the hindmost one fell, but outsiders ran in and carried him out, he came to and recovered, on account of his falling with his face near some ^{AL} running water.

I was with him after this wonderful escape and he told me all about it, as did others who knew all about it. February 20, 1905 - There are about a half a dozen places in this county where it is said this noxious, dangerous poison may be found in Carter County. I think there ought to be more attention given to it than has been.

Anderson Owens narrow escape from death.

Still another incident which was notable enough to be published, but escaped the newspapers, as far as I know, occurred many years ago at the Bee Cliff on Watauga River in Carter County, Tennessee. This huge rock wall is about four or five hundred feet high and nearly perpendicular. About a hundred feet from the top honey comb could be seen through a large crevis in the rocks and Bees going in and coming out.

Jessie Owens was then living near the cliff and he devised a plan to secure this honey. He procured the assistance of some neighbor and tied a strong rope securely around his son, Anderson's, waist and let him down from the top with a bucket and large knife. When Anderson had filled his bucket with honey and gave the signal to be drawn up, a large Eagle came upon the scene--for she had young Eagles close by, and a severe battle commenced between Anderson and the Eagle and the only way Anderson could keep the Eagle from plucking out his eyes was to make vigorous use of his knife. In doing so he accidentally cut one strand of the ^{rope} rope. If he had cut the rope entirely in ^{two} ~~two~~, his fall would have been so far and upon rocks, he would have never known what hurt him, but the rope happened to be strong enough to bring him to the top.

I have heard people say he was so greatly frightened that he lost his mind, but I can testify that that is not true--for years after this occurrence I hired Owens and his son to work on my house at Elizabethton for months and his mind was alright at that time. This was about the year 1847 and the Owens worked on with John Montgomery, the contractor, till he finished the building.

Elk Park, North Carolina, February 15, 1899

We are just emerging from the coldest and most disagreeable spell of weather we have ever had here. The thermometer day before yesterday morning stood at 18 below zero. The wind blew

the light fleecy snow in every direction for days and nights.

Catoosa Springs in Georgia

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My recollection of the Cherokee Nation in Georgia dates back to about the year 1830, when my father moved to the nation soon after the country was purchased by the Government of the United States. I was then about 14 years old. We settled at Woolf's old stand, on the Federal Road, about 30 miles south east from "Ross' landing", now Chattanooga and about same distance from the Indian Agency at Calhoun.

I have been intimately acquainted with that country and its surroundings ever since. From 1835 I lived 10 miles nearer to Ross' landing at what is now Ringgold. First it was Walker County with Lafayette its County Seat. I sold goods for years while the Western and Atlantic Railroad was being constructed, at a country stand, which is now Ringgold--the County Seat of Catoosa County. This name was given to the county when taken off Walker--in honor of the great watering place by that name, located about 4 miles south east of Ringgold.

These springs were discovered shortly after the Western and Atlantic Railroad was finished--say about 1845. There were 52 springs covering 4 or 5 scores of ground, each spring differing from all the balance in its chemical elements. These waters have been analyzed by the great number of the best of chemists, and the famous Catoosa Springs enjoyed a run of popular favor as a resort excelling all other places in the south. Lots sold at marv^lous prices and a little town was hastily built up. A

hotel was constructed with many rooms and the porch that ran around the building measured one-eighth of a mile, but this grandure and magnificance could not be maintained long. I have not been there for many years but I learn it has all gone down.

Cherokee Springs in Georgia (he lived here awhile)

The above named springs are located in Catoosa County, one mile and a half south east of Ringgold, in the Gap of White Mountain or "Dick Taylors Ridge" as called by some. There are a dozen or more springs here, of excellent mineral water, differing in chemical elements. These springs became celebrated as a summer resort a few years after the Catoosa Springs created such excitement.

A wealthy man, by the name of Pennington, a citizen of New Orleans, purchased the lands and erected a number of buildings and otherwise improved the property. A great many people regarded the water as superior to that of Catoosa Springs and I am of the opinion that the competition between the two places had much to do in deteriorating the value of both and finally destroying them.

When my health failed so completely in the summer of 1857, I rented houses at Cherokee Springs and removed my family from Elizabethton, Tennessee, to these springs, and remained there all summer and till the beginning of winter. I thought the water helped me and else improved the health of my family.

The next summer and fall we spent in North Carolina.

My mind has been recalled to reflect on associations of olden times around Ringgold by letters received from there day before yesterday from relatives announcing the death of my sister, Mrs. Henry, and her daughter, Mrs. Russell. My niece, Mrs. Russell, died on Saturday morning, 11th, at 9:30, and Mrs. Henry on Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, February 12, 1899. They were both widows and lived and died in the same house and buried in same grave.

Mrs. Henry was about 84 years old and Mrs. Russell about 60. Again, how sad to be called so soon to record the death of my oldest sister, (Emeline Wheeler), the oldest member of our family at the age of 88 years. She died in Broylesville, Washington County, Tenn., at the home of James M. Henry, her sons-in-law, just a month after her sister and niece died in Georgia. At the time my relatives died in Georgia, the weather was the coldest ever known in that state. *(I remember Cousin Callie Henry - P.M.D.)*

Mrs. Grindstaff's Fall

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I happened to think while spending a day at Allentown a few weeks ago of an incident which happened at Smith Hill, situated at the lower end of Doe River Cove. This hill is about 150 feet high and the descent from the top to the Doe River is nearly perpendicular. The public road runs over the summit occupying all the available space for the road. This road is traveled a great deal.

About 40 years ago Mrs. Grindstaff and Mrs. Campbell were

going from Doe River Cove to Elizabethton horse back. On the upper side of the road, at this point, lay a large black rock. Mrs. Grindstaff's horse scared at the rock and commenced backing from it, backed off the bluff and all that saved her was a white oak bush large enough to hold her weight. She caught and held to the bush and her horse went fully one hundred and fifty feet into Doe River.

Sam Lusk happened to be in sight on the opposite side of the river, and hastened to the horse, and was surprised to find that he was neither dead nor hurt badly. He led him back and around to where the ladies were and they remounted and went on to Elizabethton and attended to their trading and returned home the same evening.

A few years after this, a man by the name of Wheelock, a Washington county man, who owned and drove a very fine spirited horse, was driving over this hill. He got off at the top to look at his wagon. At that moment a keen clap of thunder came and his spirited team started and in his efforts to check them, they jerked him between this large rock and the hub of the wagon and ^{it} ~~masked~~ him up so he died at midnight that night. I was called to see him and found his back broken and 3 ribs broken besides other injuries.

May 7, 1903--I understand a good road has been constructed around these bad places, which ought to have been done many years ago, which would have saved life as well as money.

Whiskey, the cause of the following disaster which occurred at the close of the War of the Rebellion in Carter County, Tennessee.

Ep. Treadway was driving his two horse team alone in the night along the mountain side, just above the Dugger Bridge 14 miles above Elizabethton. His off horse was blind. The road makes considerable curve, just at the highest point on the mountain where there is an open place through the timber down a gulch fully 50 feet, nearly perpendicular to a deep sand bar at the Watauga River.

Treadway, being considerably under the influence of liquor, and consequently careless about driving, when the team came to that dangerous point, the blind horse walked off and down this awful gulch went wagon, team and driver. The sand was so deep it broke to a great extent the effects of the fall.

William C. Dugger, who lived about 1/2 mile away on the opposite side of the river, was brought to the scene by the cries of Treadway and he found him under the tongue of the wagon, with his thigh broken and his horse so entangled in the harness, that it required some time to extricate them and care for the wounded man. He was removed to Duggers and a doctor sent for and finally taken home where in due time he recovered.

The treatment of John and Jim Potter, their wives, etc., August 29, 1899. I must be permitted to record here the treatment of 4 very bad cases of epidemic Typhoid Fever I

treated in 1849--with the full account of difficulties I had to encounter from the beginning to the end of the treatment.

I should have detailed these cases with the other Typhoid cases, but I wrote so hastily I overlooked them.

During the summer of 1849 I attended a good many cases of Typhoid fever on Elk in the upper end of Carter County and among others I was called to John Potter and James Potter, and their wives, at the upper house on Elk in sight of the North Carolina line. The country was very sparsely settled at that time. There was no other house in sight. I found no human being there even to give them a drink of water. The house was a small one, with one door and one window. The only furniture was 2 beds, a table, a few chairs and a few cooking utensils. One of the women had a little girl about 2 years old. It was about 3 o'clock P.M. when I reached there. The door fronted the west and the sun was beaming down on a puddle of water about 4 feet square right in front of the door, and there was a thick scum on the water which was carried into the house on the legs of a pet Pig as it ran in and out as rapidly as a hungry Pig would.

To my inquiry why they did not have some one there to wait on them, they said everyone was afraid to come, fearing they catch the fever. John Potter said he and his wife had taken it first and they got Jim and his wife to come and they took down the next day.

I could do no better for them than make out medicine for

the 4 and give what each one ought to have and leave more with directions on the table and come 5 miles down the river to where I could stay all night and get Josua Perkins to go next morning and hire someone who could road to go there and give the medicine and wait on them until I returned and to tell them that the fever was not contagious. I managed to get around rapidly and back to these horrible cases and give them close attention for 4 or 5 weeks and saved all, except one of the women, when under the extreme unfavorable circumstances I expected to lose all.

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October 9, 1899--Today is my birthday. I am 82 years old today. Dr. Triplett died in Elk Park this morning. I was sent for but was not able to obey the call. I have been confined to my room for about a week.

Elizabethton, Tennessee - May 6, 1901

After a long delay on account of afflictions of a serious nature in my family, I resume my pen this evening to chronical, a sad affair which had gone out of my memory until recent years.

My grandfather Tipton, my mother's father, whose full name was Thomas Tipton, and son of John Tipton, who fought the Franklin Battle against Gov. John Sevier, moved from Carter County, Tennessee, to Blount County shortly after my father died--say about 1820. Grandfather often came back to Carter, settling up his business here. On one occasion, he was returning alone and when he reached Pigeon River, he found it looked a little flush, but he thought it was not past fording,

but it had rained harder up the river than where he was and before he reached the other bank he was in swimming water and it washed his horse down considerably where the bank was high. Two men on the shore reached him as soon as possible, but he was drowned before they reached him. His horse was swimming around him. He had caught a limb of a tree near the bank and held the bridle with the other. They cut the limb and got him in the canoe and onto the bank in double quick, and understood what to do and soon brought him back to life and he lived a long life after that and moved from Blount County to Walker County, Georgia, where he died several years afterwards.

E. D. Jobe's great disaster

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Elk Park, North Carolina, August 9, 1901

Accumulation of troubles, sickness and disasters of various kinds have prevented me from finishing this sketch up to the present time. I will resume my notes by detailing the misfortune that happened to my son, E. D. Jobe, on the 28th day of March, 1901. His leg was broken about 2 or 3 inches above the ankle. It was not a common fracture, it was a compound fracture and the two bones being so displaced and the ends not being broken off square, but diagonally. They could not be kept in opposition without great difficulty. It had to be set 4 times within 2 months and now over 4 months after and he is still on crutches. I do not believe I ever have seen in my long practice anyone suffer more than Dudley suffered from that

great injury. He is going about but I do not think his leg is out of danger yet.

Mary Paynes Case

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August 10, 1901. I cannot account for the cause of my failure to record such an important operation in its proper place, as the tumor I amputated from Mary Payne's arm. She lived in Paynes Gap in the county of Johnson, near the White Top Mountain, where Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee join. She was Dr. James Butler's patient, but he was unwilling to risk the operation himself and, therefore, he wrote for me to come and operate. The tumor was of the steotomalous kind and very large, located on the arm covering every inch of space from the shoulder to the wrist and encircling the whole arm and looked about half as large as her body and so heavy she could not raise it up and move it about.

I have no means now of locating the time the operation was performed but I think it was about fifteen years ago. A very large crowd was there to witness the operation for no operation of that magnitude had ever been performed in that mountainous country. There were half dozen doctors there. Miss Payne about 35 years old enjoyed good health and enjoyment except the awful burden of the tumor. She seemed calm and met the ordeal with more fortitude and firmness than I thought she could. When I was ready to commence the operation, she asked me if I was willing to allow a minister, who was present, to have prayer before commencing the operation. "Certainly, said I." After

prayers I immediately began the huge operation. It was difficult, of course, to remove such a large mass and was attended with considerable hemorrhage but nothing serious happened during the operation. Dr. Butler and Dr. Roy Butler, Dr. Wood and others rendered all the assistance necessary and the operation was a complete success. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner the patient's father, Esq. Payne, paid me \$10.00 and we all left for home in better spirits than before the operation. The arm healed rapidly and she has enjoyed good health ever since. I saw her brother about a year ago and he said she was still well and no appearance of disease about the arm.

How the E became added to our name

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August 11, 1901. I want to state here the way in which our name Job, as it is printed in the Bible, became changed, and has ever since been written JOBE.

I have heard my father say often that he and his brothers, when they grew up to be men, commenced writing their names jobe--adding the E for the sake of sound, and everybody wrote it the same way and thus it became changed. I regret it was ever changed.

My grandfather, David Jobe, never added the E to his name. In all abstracts of titles to land, his name appears written "David Job". There are many of them at Johnson City, for there are a great many lots on which the city now stands that the deeds had to run back to him as he entered the land.

When we turn to the Book of Job in the Bible, we find "he

had born unto him seven sons and three daughters". My grand-
father, David Job, had three sons and seven daughters and all
of them had Bible names. The daughters married Gibson, Ensor,
Humphreys, Carr, Davis and Cooper. My father's family consisted
of nine sons and six daughters and the most of them had Bible
names. The sons names were David, Abraham, John, Isaac, Jacob,
Samuel, Tipton, Washington and Jefferson. The daughters were
Eliza, Emaline, Leonora, Caroline, Eva and Sarah.

My own family consisted of 11 children, 4 sons and 7
daughters. Names of sons: Ethelbort Dudley, James Potect,
John Wesley, Lorenzo Potect. Names of daughters: Emma Adelia,
Julia Adelaide, Sophronia, Mary Jane, Harriet Gibson, Ruth
Josephine and Sarah Leonora.

September 9, 1904. All our sons are gone. Our precious
and much loved son, Dudley, whom we loved so much, died August
19, 1904.

The Great Flood - May 22, 1901

I will make short work in my account of this greatest cala-
mity that ever befell this country. Since the war of the
Revolution, the loss to land owners in the Watauga Valley cannot
be estimated.

In speaking of it, one can say it is enormous. It never
can be repaired. Even the public road up the Watauga River is
abandoned and the court has condemned the land and laid off a
road through the farms 40 feet wide. This the owners of the
farms have to submit to, besides the loss of their bottom

lands by the flood. Dudley has had to build a fence on each side of his new road clear through his farm and give road 40 feet wide and get only \$75.00 damage. How he can succeed in accomplishing it I can't tell. In his crippled condition and labor so demoralized, with such a large family, mostly small; the only 2 who could be help to him both gone—one in business in Virginia and the other one running on railroad from Memphis to Norfolk, Virginia.

August 1901. I have been postponing writing my account of the great flood which came with such tremendous force upon us on the 22nd day of May 1901. I do not pretend to describe it for it can't be done in its entirety. My opinion is that if the present inhabitants and future generations for three hundred years were to stop cutting down and hauling off the timber and clearing up the timber, were to go to work and plant the land with new trees and pay strict attention to forestry, they might three hundred years have a good a country as it was before the flood of May 22, 1901. Some citizens now residing here say the tide in March 1857 was equal to this tide. It was not equal to it in any respect. Where it covered the land, it did not damage it one-fiftieth part as this tide, by washing the low lands away, was the very best lands in the beautiful Watauga Valley, and in many places leaving from 3 to 6 feet of sand in place of the fine fertile soil washed away. Then take into account the great number of houses washed away with all furniture and everything the people had, which can't be

replaced and in a few instances, there were people drowned, but fortunately few lost their lives, as the flood came in the day light. If it had happened in the night, thousands would have been drowned. I do not know how many houses were washed away and moved around and damaged so that they can never be replaced but quite a number.

In May 1869 after my time expired for which I had been appointed Special Agent in the Post Office Department-- having the scars before my mind of the tide in 1867, when I returned home from my headquarters at Raleigh, N. C., where I had spent 3-1/2 years, I notified the people of Elizabethton ~~was~~ if something was not done at the upper end of the town to protect and showed them that the bed of the river was higher than the town and it must be made lower. I proposed to superintend the work from May till Christmas and charge nothing for my services, if the town would furnish me all the horses and wagons and the hands belonging to the town, I would sink the bed of the river 4 or 5 feet lower by taking the rock out and wrip-wrap, or rip-rap the bank--making the wall slope towards the river at an angle of 45 degrees--then the weight of the water would tend to hold the rocks to their place.

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I knew it would cost a great deal of labor. It will cost more than 10 times as much now to make a success of it, as it would then, and it has to be done yet or the town will be washed away.

Floods have been common all over the United States. There is no section exempt from them, according to reports in the

newspapers, but none so disastrous as the section embraced along the "Blue Ridge" from southwest Virginia through Western N.C., on one side, and east Tennessee to the other--clear on to Georgia.

I notice most of the newspapers state that the flood occurred on the 21st day of May 1901. They are a day too early. I know I am right in the date of May 22, 1901. I was at Dr. Hunters when Doe River commenced rising rapidly, shortly afternoon, while the rain fell in torrents. The rain was so generally pouring down, especially in the mountains--attended with cloud bursts and water spouts in and around Roan Mountain, that I never had seen the waters rise so rapidly. When it would slack a little, I would hoist my umbrella and walk out to the covered bridge across Doe River where the crowds of people had gathered. An immense amount of drift was passing and the waves were turbulent. Great trees torn up from the banks in the mountains came dashing down, carrying everything before them--houses, fencing, bridges and everything that stood in their way.

Soon the railroad bridge, the B. & E., over the Watauga was swept away and soon after went the steel bridge over Watauga at the foot of Main Street--then the two splendid foot bridges over Doe River. All this time, houses, barns, trees, roots and all--some 50 and some 100 feet long and the lumber composing several railroad bridges from above passed under the covered bridge, but it withstood it all and just as dark began to close in, the waters began to fall to

the great joy of the people.

Veechdale, Kentucky, September 4, 1901.

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My wife and I have been trying for sometime to make a visit to Veechdale, 2 miles from Veechdale, the home of our children, John and Sallie Gibson and their little son, David, and sons-in-law, Col. N. E. Harris, after spending part of the summer at Elk Park, N. C., in feeble health, having recently returned from New York--where he had gone to consult an eminent doctor, and with all was not improving satisfactorily; he wished to return to his home in Macon, Ga., with his family.

He proposed to telegraph for his private car to be sent to Johnson City and all of us, that was his family, my wife and myself get aboard and he would bring us to our destination in Kentucky and then go to Macon by way of Chattanooga. After this arrangement was made, two more were added to the number-- Mollie Hunter and Ruth Jobe. We boarded the private car at Johnson City Saturday evening, August 31st, and arrived at Veechdale, Ky., safe and sound Sunday evening, September 1st., and on Monday evening the car started for Macon with all except A. Jobe and wife.

Mollie Hunter and Ruth Jobe left the Col. and his family at Chattanooga and returned home to Elizabethton. We have received letters from all since their return and they report they had a splendid trip. September 26th. My wife and I are at our daughters. Our stay here depends much upon our health,

which has been feeble for months past. We would love to stay all winter if our health would improve.

I here inscribe the greatest and most horrible calamity that ever befell our country on the 6th of this month-- President McKinley was shot by an Anarchist in Buffalo, New York, and died of his wounds on the 14th.

Louisville, Kentucky, January 30th. We moved from the farm here November 22nd and have warm comfortable quarters but we passed through a cold spell last month and had 2 days now of colder and more disagreeable weather, with the heaviest sleet I ever saw. Rear Admiral Schley is here and will leave for Nashville, Tennessee, tomorrow at 3 P. M.

Louisville, Kentucky, March 8, 1902. The weather has moderated to some extent, but still continues cloudy. We have had very little rain or snow during the whole winter, but it made up for it in the heaviest slects I have ever seen. They continued the longest, breaking down much timber in many places, and during the whole time, the cold winds were very severe. We happened to rent a brick house with comfortable rooms and we kept good fires or we could not have been warm and stood the weather.

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I should have mentioned a little circumstance, which occurred years ago, (in its proper place), but like many other things, I forgot it. During the years I was spending time and money in trying to strengthen the Prohibition Party in North Carolina and Tennessee when the National Convention was held

at Pittsburgh, Pa., there was so much excitement that the party split into two parties. I had reason to hope for good news from a harmonious convention of men who were trying to save the country from destruction by the nefarious liquor traffic, but when I went to the Post Office in Elk Park to get my mail, I found a crowd of men who had voted to license men to help destroy the country. They were waiting and anxious to break the news to me, but the spokesman said, "Well doctor, how do you feel, now that your party has split into two parties"?

I did not speak for a little bit, but then I answered thus, "Well, I think I feel about as Peter did when Christ was crucified". The crowd said no more to me on that occasion.

1520 Preston Street, Louisville, Kentucky, March 26, 1902.

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While thinking over part of my past life here with my wife on a visit to our children, I happened to remember an important surgical operation I performed in Mitchell County, North Carolina, after I had quit my practice. It should have a place among the other cases of surgery. I have made short sketches of it, but like others, it escaped my memory. I was taking options on Iron Lands for a Chicago Company in the summer of 1887.

I had stopped for dinner at William Buchanans on Doe River, 5 or 6 miles from Cranberry, and just as I was getting on my horse to come on to Elk Park, a man in great haste came for me to go to a little boy, about 6 years old, who had fallen on his pocket knife which he had open in his hand. I had to ride

two or three miles over bad roads, away from the main road. On my arrival, I found that the knife had cut through to the hollow, about two inches below the navel and a little to the right. The Omentum had protuded through the hole, making a lump more than half as large as my fist.

I had no instruments with me and was at a loss to know what to do. I tried to use gentle pressure to force the Omentum to recide into the abdomen, but found I could not succeed. The hole was too small and the protuberance so great and having been out so long, I soon found it could not be returned without making the opening larger. (I did this with the little knife.) The exigency of the case caused me to think fast. There was no time to lose. Having no instruments, I was compelled to cut the hole large enough to allow me to gradually work the mass back into the body.

I did this by having the little fellow held, by assistants, in the most favorable position--so the tendency would be inward instead of outward. I used most judicious and continued efforts until I succeeded in reducing the large mass and made 2 or 3 stitches and adhesive plasters, and his life was saved. I had no Chloroform nor anything else to give, only directions--as diet and keeping his bowels regular.

There was great rejoicing when it was over. The father asked my bill. I said as you are a poor man, I will be satisfied with one dollar.

1520 Preston Street, Louisville, Kentucky, April 21, 1902.

The weather is now improving from what it has been from the time we came here, 22nd of November, and continuing through the winter and so far during this month. It has been very cold generally but very little rain and scarcely any snow but more sleet than I have ever seen.

We are fixing to return to Tennessee. Will leave in less than a week if nothing happens to prevent it. We have had a long and pleasant visit--6 months here and 2 months at the farm, making 8 months in all. We have had good rooms and have taken good care of ourselves. We have had warm comfortable fires but we feel sad leaving.

April 22nd. We have appointed the 26th Inst. at 8:30 P. M. to leave here. The schedule will take us to Knoxville at 7:00 A. M., Monday 27th, where we expect to meet Hattie Harris who will leave Macon, Ga., about the same time we will leave here. We will travel through on sleeping cars.

One day last week our whole family, (that is) John, Sallie, David, Ma and myself made a trip on a street car several miles out of the city to St. Jacob's Park. We remained there several hours, taking in what view we could of the buildings and view of the city of Louisville, but the vast amount of smoke from the city was so obliterated, our view could be but little seen. The city has spent much money in erecting buildings and making fine drives, first in one direction, then the other, to reach the summit of the mountains. Among the number of houses and the vast seating capacity for the thousands of visitors who attend there every summer, I noticed "Boone Cabin".

I regret the weather has been so inclement nearly all the time since we came to Louisville, 4 months ago, that we have been housed up nearly all the time, fearing to expose ourselves in our old age and feeble health.

The performance of the "James Boys" at 4th Avenue.

281

Mollie Hunter was very anxious for ma and myself to attend a theatre while in Louisville and sent us \$5.00 to enable us to do so. We were disappointed from time to time but when the James Boys came, the weather being some better and the performance being in day time, Sallie persuaded me to go with her to the Avenue. Ma was not able to go. The performance was good and applauded by the big crowd repeatedly.

It is wonderful what deceptive views can be presented and made to appear real and life like. In one act we saw, when the curtain went up behind the stage, a farm with stacks of hay and a barn and other buildings, and a wagon road winding up the hill to the barn, and presently we hear a whistle blow and directly a train come in and immediately the James Boys capture the Expressman and take a box containing his money and chisel a hole in it and put the dynamite in to it and with a loud report it is blown up.

The James Boys get the money and other valuables but half a dozen guns are fired and one man killed.

In another act--They set fire to the building and it looks like we would all be burnt up before we could escape, but they would subdue the flames.

There is now a big show in Louisville of animals and circus and the weather is good but none of us go to the show. We went over to Brook Street only a block away, to see the street parade and hear the music. Indeed it was grand. The great number of white dogs and ponies, all trained. Then they had elephants, camels, monkeys, etc., etc. The music was fine.

Then yesterday they had another parade--and marched along Preston Street right before our door. Little David delighted in it.

April 24th. We are still at Louisville. I could not sleep well part of last night. In my wakeful hours, I was reflecting over, in a general way, the earlier years of my life, from the time the first impressions found a lodgement in my mind. Say the tender age of 4 years. While truth compells me to confess that I did many things that I ought not to have done and of which I am ashamed of. --Still I can

rejoice over all the victories I have gained, as I struggled along life's rugged pathway with temptations around me where others fell victims.

I always delighted in social enjoyment with my schoolmates and kept my friends in school and out of school.

When I reached manhood, I had the same disposition and it served me well through all my business transactions; when I entered the mercantile business in Ga. with my brother and also in after life, in my professional life, which amounted to over 50 years.

I never had a fight in my life. Neither with a boy, while I was a boy, nor with a man since I arrived to manhood. Now I am nearly 85 years old and I reckon it is safe to say, I will never have a fight.

In regard to the amount of business I transacted, and amount of money I have handled, I have to say I have been active and industrious and have handled many thousands of dollars, but the "Fates" have often been against me and consequently, the misfortunes which I suffered kept me from saving the fruits of my labor. These misfortunes are mentioned in this imperfect "Memior."

But with all "the bad luck and mishaps" that befell me, there never was a judgement entered against me in any court during the long life I was in business for myself, nor against A. and D. Jobe, while partners in the mercantile business. We met and paid off every debt we owed. One hundred cents to the dollar and never asked the smount to be shaved. A gread deal of it put us to hardship and trouble to do it. I can now call to mind one, that I will relate.

In 1841. While the "Western and Atlantic railroad" was in course

of construction, our stock of goods needed replenishing. We had been

buying goods in Augusta, Ga. and hauling them 275 miles in wagons--
we had no railroads then. We only wanted about \$2,000 worth of goods
and it was much nearer to Knoxville, so I went to Knoxville and bought
something over \$2,000 worth of goods of Campbell, Wallace and McClung.

Money matters were then in a very precarious condition in Ga.
The country was full of "pet banks." And taken at a discount, the
greatest amount of money in circulation in our country was, Central
Bank Money, and it was estimated at 25 per cent discount, but went
freely at that and there was plenty of it. I bought my bill of goods
of Mr. Wallace on a short time to be paid on the day specified in the
note. I knew I could get the money before it was due and did. I
started horseback with the money and when within 14 miles of Knox-
ville, I was taken with severe chill and was compelled to get down
at a strange house and go immediately to bed, and I was scarcely able
to explain to the man of the house what I wanted him to do. As soon
as I could make him understand what a fix I was in, he had his son
get on my fine horse and ride to Knoxville and bring the chief clerk
of the firm back with him, with my note and by the time he came, I
was able to count out the money to him and the next morning, I was
able to start home with my note in my pocket.

I was having a very long spell of chills and fever, which was
prevailing in that country at the time.

When I called at Mr. Shooks, near Athens, as I returned to get
him to haul my goods to Ga., his daughter came to the door. I asked
if Mr. Shook was at home--she thought I was Timothy Sullins, a minister
living in the neighborhood. It was hard to convince her that she was
mistaken. She called her mother to the door and said "don't you think

Timothy is trying to make me believe he is a stranger." Her Mother was deceived for a minute or so. I often have been taken for Timothy Sullins, D. D. of the Methodist Church South.

"Landon C. Haynes on East Tennessee."

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Landon C. Haynes, one of the greatest statesmen and orators of his day, was born in 1816, "on the banks of the beautiful Watauga," in Carter county, four miles from Elizabethton, Tenn. After his birth, his father, David Haynes, removed to a farm on Buffalo Creek in the southern portion of the county, in full view of the Roan, the Black and the Smoky Mountains, which he pictures sublimely in his response to the toast, "East Tennessee," proposed by Gen. Forrest.

He said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen--I plead guilty to the soft impeachment, I was born in east Tennessee on the banks of the Watauga, which in Indian vernacular means "beautiful river"--and beautiful river it is. I have stood upon its banks in my childhood and looked down through its glossy waters and have seen a heaven below, looked up and beheld a heaven above, reflecting like two mirrors each in the other, its moons and planets and its trembling stars. Away from its banks of rocks and cliffs; hemlock and laurel, pine and cedar, stretches a vale back to the distant mountains, as beautiful and exquisite as any in Italy or Switzerland. There stands the Great Unaka, the Great Roan, the Great Black and the Great Smoky mountains, among the loftiest in the United States of North America, on whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord on the brightest day. There I have seen the great spirit of the storm after noontide go take his evening nap in the pavilion of darkness and of clouds. I have seen him arise at

midnight, as a giant refreshed with slumber and cover the heavens with gloom and darkness. I have seen him awake the tempest, let loose the red lightnings that run along the mountain tops for a thousand miles, swifter than eagles in heaven. Then I have seen them stand up and dance like angels of light in the clouds, to the music to that grand organ of Nature, in notes of thunder, whose keys seemed touched by the fingers of Divinity, that responded in notes of thunder, which resounded through the Universe. Then I have seen the darkness drift away beyond the horizon, and the moon get up from her saffron bed like a queen, put on her robes of light, come forth from her palace in the sun and stand tiptoe on the misty mountain top, and while night fled from before her glorious face to her bed chamber at the Pole. She lifted the green vale and beautiful river where I was born, and played in my childhood, with a smile of sunshine.

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Oh! Beautiful land of the mountains, with thy sun painted cliffs, how can I ever forget thee."

Landon C. Haynes and I were born within 4 miles of each other, and within one year of each other, he in 1816 and I in 1817.

I write this at Elk Park, N. C., June 10th, 1902. A. Jobe.

Macon, Ga., April 24th, 1904.

After seeing Walter Lambert and Ruth Josephine Jobe married at 8 A. M. on 19th of April and start immediately on a tour to Washington, Niagara Falls and other points. At same time, Col. N. E. Harris and Hattie, his wife, and Dr. A. Jobe and his wife started directly in the other direction--to Macon, Ga.

The Georgia crowd reached Macon at 2:10 A. M. the 20th. We had an easy and pleasant trip. The coach we traveled in to Chattanooga

was the easiest and best I ever rode in. It went through to Memphis. The one from there to Macon was fairly good, but not up to the first one. Col. Harris gave us free passes for the round trip and then voluntarily came back to Elizabethton and attended to every detail in carrying us through. We could not have gotten along without him.

Elk Park July 18, 1902

I have been trying to give a synopsis of the happenings within my own knowledge, during a portion of my stay upon this mundane fabric. In doing so, it becomes necessary for me to give an account of one of the most sad and heart rending tragedies that ever befell any town or community.

Elk Park is an incorporated town with full quota of officers. James Ellis was Chief of Police. In performing his duty as an officer, it became his duty to arrest Wm. Winters and finally he was compelled to put him in the callaboose.

Mr. Ellis was a very clever, quiet man, and discharged the duties of his office as Policemen an a mild quiet way. But Winter's conduct was outragious and notwithstanding this, when he was turned out of the callaboose, he boldly and impudently said to different persons, that he intended to kill the policeman and in a few days did kill him, by shooting him with a shot gun heavily loaded and being only a few steps from him.

This terrible circumstance happened at the State Line on the Tennessee side. Looking at the case from a calm impartial standpoint-- from what I can learn from persons I have confidence in, I cannot see, how a competent jury, who wants to do justice can do anyother way than to convict Winters of murder in the first degree. This murder

occurred 18th of June, 1902.

After months in jail and then months out of jail under bond, he was tried in Circuit Court at Elizabethton and found guilty. He appealed by giving a heavy bond, and he was allowed to go home under restrictions. He was never like himself any more. He quit eating and finally died of remorse.

Elizabethton, June 15th, 1904.

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I have been trying for several months to finish this short sketch of my life; but my health has continued so bad, I could not find a day when I felt able to write and even now I am not sure I can write but a few lines.

Elk Park, September 27th, 1904.

It has been over four months since I have been able to write and a great deal of that time not able to sit up, but I have been improving very noticeably for the last week or 10 days.

We have been here about 3 months, but I was not able to even think of putting the date down when we came. We are now arranging to go back to Elizabethton. Out of the eleven we had in our family, all are gone except 4 daughters, Mollie Hunter, Hattie Harris, Ruth Lambert and Sallie Gibson. They constitute our family now, since our two oldest Emma Miller and Dudley Jobe died. Most of our children died young; some of them in infancy and we can stand that better than when it comes to giving up the oldest one. Our 4 daughters have been with us for some time on a visit--the first time they were all here together.

Elk Park, Sept. 28th, 1904. I have been very remiss in keeping dates, as I have written by little spells and these spells a long way apart. The weather has been very changeable and unpleasant

generally, for the last twelve months, especially since we came up here, and we having all been so unwell, one not able to wait on another, we have had a hard time. Sallie and little David have gone to Roan Mountain to get teeth extracted. They sent through the town last night, and could find neither a Doctor nor forceps in town. Ruth started this morning to Popplerville, Mississippi. We are looking for Col. Harris here tonight, and he and Hattie will return to Macon in a few days. And the balance of us, A. Jobe and wife and Sallie Gibson and little David will go back to Elizabethton.

Elk Park, N. C., Oct. 3, 1904. Sallie has concluded to start from here to her home in Kentucky, Friday the 7th October, and we 2 old people will leave within a few days for our old home at Elizabethton, Tenn. Col. Harris and Hattie left for Macon, Ga., day before yesterday, Hattie engaged Mr. Calaway and wife, two old people without children to occupy part of the house and take care of all, inside and out.

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Oct. 8. We are still at Elk Park, N. C. All are gone except us two old people. I am an invalid and not able to do any thing, and Ma is so lame, from the effects of that sad fall she got years ago. She ought to do nothing, but I cannot keep her from helping tear down and pack up for Hire. Hands can't be got to do it the way she wants it done.

Sallie left yesterday morning. She was the last one and Ma and I will leave Monday morning, if we are well enough. We received a letter from Ruth a few days ago. She reached Mississippi safe and well as usual. Her husband met her in Chattanooga and they went by Dalton, Ga. on their return to visit relatives.

Elizabethton, Nov. 15, 1904. We have made arrangements to board with Earl and Lula Hunter at \$20 per month.

Our board bill was \$20 per month and have paid the \$20 per month up to the present time, March 25th, 1905.

We moved our household furniture from Earls, 1st of May back to Ruths and we two old feeble persons prefer living alone here, until Ruth returns from Mississippi on her long visit, which will be pretty soon. Ma don't hire a regular cook, she is a first rate manager, and by having a little help, which she gets by not letting it cost her so much, she gets along pretty well. But we are both too old and feeble to remain here alone. I am in my 88th year and my dear wife was 79 the 8th of May at 8 o'clock in morning, 1905.

(The last writtings of our precious Father.)

PROHIBITION.

Ten days from this writing, if I shall be alive, I will be 84 years old. For half of that time I have used my best influence to encourage my fellow citizens to put down the sale of all intoxicating drinks, as such, and allow none to be sold only as a medicine and medicinal arts. I have spent much time and money in furtherance of the cause. We built up a respectable size party in nearly every state in the union. We knew we were in the minority but we were increasing our vote from year to year. And we knew that we represented the majority of the genuine Sentiment of the Nation. All we lacked was to carry a majority vote.

Finally we had a National Convention at Pittsburgh, Pa.

The party by this time had discussed collateral issues bearing on and effecting Prohibition, until the Convention split into two factions, and have remained so ever since. I was then living at Elk Park, N. C. The Democrats and Republicans said to me, on hearing the news, "How do you feel now, since your party has divided, one half going one way and the balance going the other."

My answer was prompt and quick--"I think I feel about as Peter did when Christ was crucified." 1901

I write this at Veechdale, Ky. on 15 th Oct. while on a visit to my daughter.

The two wings of the divided Prohibition Party have been to some extent, doing just like the Democratic and Republican parties--that is fighting each other and some of them have become discouraged and have ceased hope for much headway being made in putting a stop to selling of liquor, until a better feeling exists among all Prohibitionists, of every order.

I am old and very frail, not able to get about and can take no part in public affairs any more, and have turned over everything to the management of younger men many years ago.

In my old age, I can have but little communication with the people, but from the best information I can obtain, I think very little is being done for the betterment and improvement of society in any way. "The Almighty Dollar" has very nearly absorbed the attention and affection of nearly every body, who has any chance of handling it and those who cannot reach it are content to be buffeted about by the current of events, without trying to change them.

Veechdale, Ky. Nov. 14, 1901. The farm has been rented here by Frank Spurr, and they have moved in and we will move to Louisville next week, if our health and the weather are good enough to permit it.

Nov. 25th. We are now in a good comfortable house on Preston Street, No. 1520, Louisville, Ky.

December 7th, not been out over the city, but think it a large and beautiful city.

The Twin Ballots.

Along in November, when chill was the weather,
Two ballots were cast in a box together;
They nestled up close like brother to brother,
You couldn't tell one of the votes from the other.

They were both rum votes,
And sanctioned the License plan;
But one was cast by a jolly old brewer,
And one by a sunday school man.

The sunday school man--No man could be truer,
Kept busy all summer, denouncing the brewer;
But his fervor cooled off, by the change in the weather,
And late in the autumn, they voted together.

The Sunday School man had always been noted,
For fighting Saloons--except when he voted;
He piled up his prayers, with a holy perfection,
Then knocked them all down, on the day of Election.

The foxy old Brewer was cheerful and mellow,
Said he, "I admire that Sunday School fellow,
He's true to his church, to his party he's truer,
He talks for the Lord, but he votes for the Brewer."

From the Nashville Pilot.

"To kill quite dead a rattle Snake,
And off its scaly skin to take,
And through its head to drive a stake,
And of its flesh mince meat to make,
And over all the bosom shake,
And throw this mass into a lake,
And after all quite wide awake,
Comes back that very same old Snake."

"John C. Calhoun, My Joe John, when we were first acquaint,
The worthies of the day, John supposed you was a saint.
You stood the Champion of the war, with Madison you know,
But now you've beat the Hartford crew, John C. Calhoun, My Joe.

John C. Calhoun, my Joe John, I wonder what you mean,
That at Old Hickory, you do vent your jealousy and spleen.
To plant the tree of Liberty, our Fathers blood did flow,
But you and Hayne would grub it up and lay the proud tree low,
And plant State Saplings in its stead, John C. Calhoun, My Joe.

John C. Calhoun, My Joe John, both you and Henry Clay,
Are like the boy who had the goose, the golden egg did lay.
You are both great men in the land, but office rose too slow.
Your reckless haste has damned you both, John C. Calhoun, My Joe."

The above is part of a song, among many others that were sung
around our camp fires at night, by Allen Cambell, a member of our
Regiment in the Indian War. Campbell could sing a great many songs,
and could while away the time by amusing the soldiers of gloomy nights.
The above is only a part of the song, I have forgotten the balance
of it. I have never met any one who could furnish the last part.

1520 Preston St., Louisville, Ky. April 4, 1902.

Mrs. Sarah A. Gibson, #3 Longrate,
Lausanne,
Switzerland.

(This autobiography of Dr. Abraham Jobe has been copied by Miss
Christine Burluson, Johnson City, Tenn., who copied pages 1-67; by
Mrs. L. W. McCown, 512 East Unaka Ave., Johnson City, Tenn., who
copied pages 67-300. It was finished April 17, 1948.

The book is the possession of a grand-daughter of Dr. A. Jobe,
Mrs. Harlow Dixon(Sophie Hunter Dixon) of Durham, N. C.

Letter from Dr. A. Jobe, Elk Park, N. C., to Walter Harris, Macon, Ga.

Elk Park, N. C., April 24th, 1899.

Dear Walter-

I received your letter nearly a month ago and have thought often of answering, but for want of something to write and time to write it have as often postponed writing.

We often brag of living in a very healthy country, but of late years, we are compelled to say we are never all well at any time. Ma and I are both getting old and feeble. Neither of us able to even see to our affairs, and at this time their is not a well one in our family except the cook and little David Gibson.(Sallie's little boy.) Sallie has been here more than a year, not able to get back home to Ky. She is a little better at times, but the amendment is not permanent.

We have had a very disagreeable winter and spring. It has been raining nearly all the time here for 12 months, till 10 days ago, now we have a drought.

We have considerable railroad excitement here just now. One company is building a road from Elizabethton to Stoney Creek to bring out large quantities of iron ore, and same company surveying another line reaching to Mountain City. And a third Co. is building a road from Knoxville to Bristol parallel with the Southern hugging the Cumberland mountain. And a 4th Co. is building from Cranberry to Pineola on the Linville River to get out many millions of feet of pine lumber. They will be shipping their lumber in a few months. I think our country is in a fearful condition. I was much opposed to interfering with Cuba. We ought to have had no war with Spain. I said it would be

but a breakfast spell to whip Spain but the result and effect of the war would not be gotten over and finally settled for 300 years.

And I see from the papers enough to strengthen my view of the whole thing. When Dewey gained his Spanish victory at Manilla, he ought to have come right back into American waters and said to McKinley--
"What must I do next?"

But I'll say nothing more on this subject, I'm too feeble to even think about it.

I have not had a letter from our friends at Broylesville since sister Emaline died. I have written to them but have no answer yet. We don't correspond with our friends enough. I had a letter from brother John's wife at Gatesville, Texas a few days ago. Brother is in very bad health, so much so he could not write. From what she writes, I think his mind is failing him.

I think often about our departed friends in Georgia and what a hard time you and Jimmie had in that dreadful weather. I would have been glad to have seen them once more before they were called away but such things are not under our control, and we have to submit and ought to do it cheerfully.

I hope you are all well and getting along well with your business. Hope that money is plentier there than here. There is great stringency in the money market here. Money compared with property here is worth about 200 cents to the dollar. A great many men doing small business here are failing.

Hastily and Affectionately, Your Uncle,
Abe.

Over--

I intended to say something about John Gibson, but forgot it.

You remember his intemperate habit. Well, he quit drinking intirely a year before he married and has never drank a drop since. His home is in Ky. He has good property there and he is a good business man. If Sallie could have good health, they could do well. He travels back and forth to see his wife and beautiful and smart little son 4 years . We are afraid to let them go so far from us until Sallie gets in better health.

The end.