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I commenced writing this Book on
the 10th of October 1849. - See Andy Buntin's Case

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Autobiography, Or Memoirs.
of

Doctor A. Jobe.

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my children, and such friends as may desire to refer to many incidents, that occurred in my somewhat eventful life, and not for publication.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 literati, 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.

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 to 20

My earliest

recollections, Father, settled on Brush Creek, in Washington County,
Tennessee in immediately where Johnson City now stands.

Cades Cove ^{and} the Tiptons settled in Watauga Valley,
in which Elizabethton, the County Site of
Carter was afterwards located. ^{and some time}

settled on ^{some} ^{of} ^{the} ^{land} ^{which} ^{was} ^{settled} ^{on} ^{by} ^{my} ^{father} ^{and} ^{mother} ^{after} ^{my} ^{father} ^{and} ^{mother} ^{were} ^{married}.
After my Father's & 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 4 years old,
he bought 640 acres of fine land in Cades Cove,
Blount County Tenn; & moved to it.

I can remember leaving Carter
County, and remaining first night at Uncle Abra-
ham Jobe's (now Johnson City) on our way to

our new home in Blount County: The distance was
about 125 miles.

Many of our relations, and friends also moved to
Cades Cove; on account of the fertility of the soil,
and the Superior advantages in raising Stock &c.
The Cherokee Indians; who had been such a
Terror to the Settlement in the ^{the Settlers} Watauga Valley &
surrounding Country; causing ~~them~~ to live in holes
for safety; were still lingering in small bands, in
the Mountain fastnesses, along the range of the
Smoky Mountains; which lie immediately south of
Cades Cove, and form part of its boundary.

My Father, and our relations 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 & Nancy.

All went well for a while,
Indians could be seen only occasionally prowling
around; but would soon leave, and get back
into the deep Mountain gorges.

Game being very plenty; My Uncle was out
hunting one day; and had wandered farther than
usual into the Mountains, and did not return
that night; & 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 & flesh.

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 Gadesboro when I was only 6 or 7 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 Executive Man, but a good man.

I've heard him preach a great many times since I heard him in the Cove. I heard preach in Carter

Gadesboro is about 6 miles long, & 3 miles wide an an arroy, from my recollection of it, and completely surrounded by mountains.

The land when we lived there was very rich, & 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 ^{fully} extent a few years after ^{we} we moved there, that I saw corn sell at 6 1/4 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, more physical force.

At the time this eye made their worn out moldboards - wooden mule boards, were a set of the same kind. I was making ten counties, since I was married & moved there.

A Dangerous fight between Jake Tipton and my father.

In illustration of this, I must detail a memorable encounter that took place at my Father's home; when I was about 8 years old.

Capt. Jacob Tipton; a son of 'old revolutionary Billy Tipton', & cousin to my Mother, owned, & lived on a farm adjoining my Father's. He was an intemperate man, was counted a "Bully" in the community. Nearly every one was afraid of him, and he knew it - therefore, he was very overbearing and dictatorial.

My Father's farm, & Tipton's, 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 ploughs; 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.

After waiting a reasonable time Father had the work on his own 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 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

As this page was left unused, by my hurrying on in such a reckless 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.

I have heard my father say a way back, as far as I can remember that, when he & 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 referring to abstracts of titles to lands at Johnson City, most of which are traced back to my Grand Father, David Jobe, who originally owned nearly all the lands where Johnson City proper now stands, his name is always found signed "David Jobe."

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

I, as one member of the patient 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 Ky. Post office address 1520. Preston Street,

Came to Father to show him that he had to submit to any thing the "Ruler of the Cove" wanted; as he had made others do.

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

Father did not know at that moment that they had come to do him any harm. Within a few minutes, Jipton 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 Jipton grab father by the throat, to choke him. Father was whittling a little stick with his pocket knife at the time, & he dropped his stick, & 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 and always feeble. Jake was in his prime, hair & hearty — the "Bully" of the Cove, weighing 200, pounds or over. He immediately threw father down, & jumped on him, and would, given him an unmerciful beating, in the presence of the 6 ruffian accomplices, and they never attempted to prevent him. But my brave mother, having no friend present to represent her, ran out and gathered a club and dealt him 2 or 3 blows, & he jumped up, & kicked at her. By this time father, ^{was} up with a rock in his hand and as Jake came at him, hit ^{him} about the stomach and he fell like a Bull shot, but rose at once, vomiting.

But nothing daunted, he was as brave as Sullivan, & ready for a third round.

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 brickbat, 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 doing Goliath, when he was about to encounter David.

The dreadful lick so well aimed knocked out 5 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, & mouth for a few seconds, but still wanted to renew the combat.

Father had thought of his gun by this time, & 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, & said, "You attempt to touch this gun, & I'll shoot you."

"I am defending my life and my home and you must not take another gun out of my hands."

And Lewis Jones knew he dared not undertake it. ^{the house occupied by the time by Jones and all the rest of the house full.} Father took his seat in his own door with his loaded rifle across his lap. As young as I was, it made such an impression on my mind it can never be so far as I can see him sitting there, as plain as I see the morning it occurred. He seemed as calm as if nothing unusual was transpiring.

Tipton fled to the steps, cursing & 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 was all of it; and would not risk it.

Up to 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, & my mother, & 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 indubitably 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 continued.

Young as I was, I took in the Situation; with the odds against Father, he being a weakly man, & 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 iron knife across his wrist when he brought it down after cutting Jipton's throat.

It ended as all such attacks should end, in favour of the innocent.

When Jipton 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 number of their neighbors, where he would make acknowledgements & promises afterwards to live in friendship.

All of which was faithfully carried out.

I commenced going to School. 15

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 the way place as Cades Cove.

The School teachers could not be expected to be as thoroughly Educated as they are now.

At the first settling of the country the sturdy yeomanry had, as a rule all they could do to fell the forest, 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 to day, with the experience that has come to me in a life time of 75 years, that the kind of instruction given to us then, was better adapted to the wants of the people, than 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 common-sense 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 playtime, and study from 1 o'cl 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 Jipton, M^{rs} Davis, Arindetis Martin and others, who taught in Cades Cove and in

Tuckaleeche 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.

I went to School a while in Tuckaleeche Cove, and boarded with a Mr. Smith. 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. [?], a German Teacher, and, the very best teacher I ever went to.

I also went to School to Rev. James Miller. The schools in those days never lasted longer than 3 months, consequently, we were out of school the best part of every year.

My Father cleared up a considerable amt of his 640 acres of land in the Cove, and raised a good deal of stock, but after trying it 10 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 "Big head" got among his horses, and killed 13 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 head would enlarge slowly, and the eyes would soon show it by becoming watery, & dim, and directly the horse would show in his gait; he would be stiff, and lose nearly all the use of his limbs.

I distinctly remember one fine Colt only 6 months old running playfully down a hill after its Mother, and both fore legs broke close to the upper joint near the shoulder; it died directly, and on examining, we found all the bones rotten, and its father we examined.

We tried every method to get rid of this disease, by taking out the troughs, and replacing them with new ones, 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 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 ever have 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 & about as high. I think it is in two apartments. It looks as though something had fallen from above.

Large leave, with many curiosities.

About midway of the Cave - this obstruction is to climb over, then you are into the 2nd Apartment, which is about the size of the first.

There are great many Small rocks and pebbles in the Cave, but the Chief curiosities consist in unaccountable formations.

One is a large Muskmellow 4 or 5 feet long and of proportional size, having ribs like a Muskmellow & the color of one just before it ripens.

It is slick as glass, & 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, & looks like it was set there for speakers to address a crowd from.

How all these things were formed must be answered by some one besides me.

I have a desire to revisit 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, in

Tuckeyleechee Cove & on the way. It was 2 or 3 years before we had Mills suitable to make flour, the only mills we had were little 'Jub-mills' to crack corn.

Father built a mill soon after we moved there, but it, seldom one saw wheat bread on any table there.

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 bored once in a while, but we could always catch him, & bring him again.

I remember he got loose one night, and came in at a window to where a younger brother, & I were sleeping, it scared us badly, but as soon as he drank a Churn full of Butter Milk, he went out at the window & was roaming around about the barn at daylight. I have heard people say a Bear could not be hurt by Bees stinging them, but it is a mistake.

I remember one Sunday, while all were at Church, except a few of us little children, our Bear swarmed, and settled on the body of the tree above where Breem worked. He kept looking at the big knot of Bees, as though he would like to know what they they were, so after a while he went up the tree, on a tone of inspection. He looked at them for a while, then he cooped 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, & paws, but mostly about his nose & ears.

Moved to Cherokee Nation 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 1831 or 31

He sold his farm in the ^{con} to James Henry, who lived on Little River in Blount Co. About the same time, Wm Henry son of James Henry married my sister, and moved into the same house

20 to 36 that Father vacated, when he moved to Residence at the Cherokee Nation in Georgia.

Events in the

Cherokee Nation Ga. in Georgia

The place we moved to was called the "Big Spring", or Wolf-stand, immediately on the Federal road, leading from Nashville Tenn, to Milledgeville Ga. At the time we moved there there were but 5 families of white people besides ours, living in the Nation.

John Ross the Principal Chief of the Cherokees then lived within 5 miles of where Chattanooga now stands; it was called "Ross' Landing" then, and for years afterwards.

Lewis Ross, a Brother of John Ross was a Merchant, and lived at the Indian Agency now-Charleston Tenn. He owned the Ferry where much travel was done crossing Hiwassee River.

After we moved back from Alabama to Ga. we bought a wagon from an Indian by the name of Ross. He married Dick Taylor's daughter. I moved Dick's wife family from Georgia, into the Cherokee Nation.

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.

I have stayed with both these Gentlemen at their houses. 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.

These Men, - 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 Delegates to Congress; some of them I met in Washington in 1867.

Some of them were half breeds, some Quarterons, 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 ^{were} married white women in various parts of the Union. Dick Taylor married a Quarteron, & Arch Fields also. I was well acquainted with both these women, they were 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 acres
and a great deal of stock. When I knew
him.

All the prominent Indians owned negroes,
but none owned so many as Joe Van.

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 knew the names of the
Missionaries there, but have forgotten
them now.

They had a Printing Press also,
but I've forgotten its location.*
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 low down
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.

*I think it was at Brainard.

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
an 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 ^{attended} ~~numerously~~ 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 8 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 (Pewee) 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) condone
Punishment never was meted out to them.

Indian Ball plays.

Some names of the Common Indians still linger in my memory. — Such as Bushyhead, Rattling Gourd, Otterlipster, Drowning Bear, growling Snake, & Occola.

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, Theaters, Tournaments, & Bull fights, they had ever seen,

Attended with much excitement.

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 stick 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.

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 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 Ball play between

+ When the ball was thrown up, hundreds of excited players would try to catch it, all being in one mass scuffling for it, after awhile one stout 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 brake 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, & catch him by the heel, & throw up his hand, & the fellow would whirl over and over like winding blades.

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, & these are 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.

The Creeks and Cherokees.

For several decades the Cherokees have made commendable strides towards civilization, and I think they ought to have the 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 gone 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 Jaripin 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 and 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, 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 stop behind a tree, while the one on horse back would move slowly.

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 fall of the year.

Another way we had of killing deer, was to build a rude hutch 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 hutch 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 a cross that spot & 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

I go to Monroe County Tenn.

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.

And Gray Squirrels, they 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 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 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 & 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 grand children, for whom this Memoir is particularly written, if they could have answered yes I can at the age of 14, as I did.

for a nurse for my sick Mother, when I was but 14 years old.

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 two hundred and fifty 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 but a white families besides our own in the Nation.

We could hire no reliable Cook or Nurse. Our condition was deplorable.

After waiting a few days, and seeing that Mother was getting no better, Father spoke to me one morning; "Do you think you could find the way to Col. Dannahos, in Monroe County Tenn. and bring ^{me} a Colored woman; he has ^{one} ^{you} ^{can} ^{use} ^{on} ^{you} Mother?" 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 Station, but I paid no attention to the route. I rode a good safe horse, and traveled 46 miles that day, meeting Indians frequently along the route until I crossed the Hiwassee River.

Then I was out of the Station. I traveled
a mile further, & stopped for the night at
Esqr. Wm. Porters in Wm. Minn County.

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
air of a grown Man, I asked Esqr. 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 Esqr. Porter,
and was appreciated by me and never forgotten.
I have observed, in passing on through a long, and somewhat
wontful life, until I have reached beyond "three score
years and ten"; now looking back, and hastily review-
ing 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 human
kindness, and hospitality now, as in former days.
It so happened that as I returned it was too early
to take up for the night, when we passed Esqr.
Porters, and I hastened on to reach home the
morning with help for my Sick Mother.

So I saw nothing more of my friend Porter until we
moved to Alabama 2 years afterwards - the last time
was to the Creek Station. I was then 16 years old.

I was going to school, and my best friend and classmate
was "Deuford Porter", but I had never thought of
his being one of the family I had stayed with
in Wm. Minn County, until I spent a night with
him at his home.

At supper I thought I could see the features in
his Father of the Man with whom I spent the
first night in my memorable journey. I said to
myself this Mans name is Porter, and so was the
name of my Wm. Minn friend; and so I said,
"Mr. Porter where did you come from when you
moved to Alabama?" And he replied, from
"Wm. Minn County Tenn".

I then said "do you think
you ever saw me before to night?" he said
"I have no recollection of ever meeting you
before. I've heard Deuford 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 sd. 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.

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 Common sense man rides up to a Hotel, and says to the Osteler. Please take my horse out of my baggage, 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 Indruded from that vehicle, stabulate him, and donate him a sufficient quantity of nutritious alliment, and when the aurori of the snorn illumines the eastern horizon, I will reward you ^{with an adequate pecuniary compensation} for your amicable hospitality."

The Negro ran to the door, and bellowed.
"hellow Massa, Dutchman here."

We moved from the Cherokee Nation in Georgia to the Creek Nation in Alabama about the year 1832. or 3. The distance is about one hundred miles. I can well remember the route we traveled.

Leaving "Big Spring," or "Cooler 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 Coosaugee River.

This was a town where 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 Crouch and Emersson of Jonesboro Tenn. collecting money for flour sold at Ross Landing (now Chatanooga Tenn.) And ^{was for some time} ^{in Alabama.} A few Indians then remained at New Echota, but the great body of them had been removed to the Indian Territory.

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

Our immigrant wagons took up the line of march from New Echota to Ala. 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 Heightower Rivers, where the City of Rome now stands.

The lands in the Georgia part of the Cherokee Nation were drawn for by the heads of families in that State. It fell to the Fortune of a very poor man, a cooper by trade, to see 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 to 46.

We settled on Chockalocco Creek, Residence in Benton County, seven miles from Jacksonville the Creek. The County Seat. I learn the name of the Nation in County has been changed to Calhoun since Alabama. 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 Tenn.

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 ^{where} and the people who were moving into the country in great numbers were contented and happy.

The land was very productive the principle crops were corn, and cotton, and all kinds of vegetables flourished to perfection. In fact every thing 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.

Nothing would have caused my Father to remove from there back to Georgia. But for the following reasons. He had bought a pre-emption claim to 160 acres of very fine land and moved out onto 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 entitled 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 Chockalocco Valley.

It was very rich land laid well. The magnificent stream run centrally between the two farms and I do not think there were 10 acres in the whole 320, out side of what the creek covered that was not tillable. 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,

White Plains A Town of

(David) five years older than myself had come from Tenn. to help us farm, making the available force in the family half a dozen. We used great economy as well, industry, and perseverance.

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 save the crop of Cotton; and even then we some times 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 see us 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 1/2.

While we lived thus 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 old Colored Preachers advice to his congregation, when he said, "My brethren I advise you to not expect much in

I have an indenture with some of the children of the late Mr. Book, who was in 1837 collecting money for the purchase of land in Alabama to give to the poor. I have a copy of the indenture and a copy of the deed. I have also a copy of the deed to the land. I have also a copy of the deed to the land. I have also a copy of the deed to the land.

Considerably from us directly, 2 1/2 miles

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 and paid her for it, and took a deed properly made out, having John Adrien 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 loser."

And in this case he said, "I cant get my consent to see my Children work hard the year round, raising and marketing Cotton 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 Ga. 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 Book, a neighbor, and put him in possession and Book gained the suit against the Speculators. * From my recollection of the land, and improvement in

values upto the present time I would estimate that real estate to day at about 25000⁰⁰. 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 cant have more than a reasonable competency of this ^{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 sold them to the Indians. I went to school a little, but was kept pretty busy raising Cotton & Corn in Summer, & picking out Cotton in Winter selling goods &c. We found a good deal of game in the Creek Nation, and took much pleasure in hunting, when ever 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, & their language was easier spoken than

* This Indian - Hillobee, had a fight with my uncle Sam Jifton. After it was over, he went to Jifton with an interpreter and made a respectful Jifton, and in the best of humor - laughing said hereafter my name is Hillobee Jifton.

Cherokees. I had a turn 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, Holochopeo, Chokechada, Jobesofkee, and Hillobee.*

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 any thing 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 have a remarkably fine illustration of this theory in one of my neighbors, who lives now only half mile from me at Elk Park N.C.

His Father was a full blood 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 Genl. Nathaniel Taylor when he was a little Boy.

Genl. 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 Cretter, 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 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 owned 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 difference."

March 25th 1904.

Letter written to my son Peter Hardin Topping, part of the above, in answer to his letter from home of 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 secured 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 meagre support from a few acres.

They live mostly on Sofka (homonony) and what wild meats the men bring in. The Cherokees call homonony leounahany. Sofka & leounahany 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 too many of them, just like the poorest class of white people every where.

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, & she would scold him in this manner.

"O. Sus." The dog would pay no notice to it. She then says "O. Sus ^{comau} mottot," "Sus chea." She still don't move. She then would in much anger, and with great emphasis on every word say. "O. Sus mottot," "Sus chea." The dog would run then for dear life.

I had better opportunities to know the habits and characteristics of the Creek Indians than either of the other tribes I have mentioned. I live no longer among them, and could speak their language better. I'm 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 children's heads and eat the product of their search. She would take the vermin, 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, bees, & all. They would boil beans in the hull till about half done, then take a bean, & double it so the ends come together, and dip it into the honey, & eat honey bees and beans all together.

I've seen little Indian Boys watch wasp nests, which were numerous around the eaves 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 castles that died of murrain, they barbacued and eat them.

I will have occasion to speak further on of the Seminole Indians who for a long time inhabited the lowlands in Florida. They were runaway Creeks.

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

46. to 58
Removal from
Alabama to
Ga. and my
service in
U.S. army
removal of the
Indians.

You withstood the Champions 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
Both you and Henry Clay
Are like the Boy that 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.

Cannot remember any more verses, but I have

At the time you moved from Alabama to Georgia, a few barbers on the border of Tennessee & Alabama & long to go. And Alexander Harris, Gov. of Ala. Harris could not preach at first but he finally became a preacher. I have heard Dr. Alexander Harris preach many times from the pulpit with the water of life.

We left Alabama Dec. 1834.

In December 1834. Just after the cold Saturday, we started on our move to Walker County Ga. where the town of Ringgold now stands, 10 miles from "Big Spring", where we had lived before moving to Alabama, and about 20 miles from Chattahoochee, and immediately on the Federal road leading from Nashville Tenn, to Millidgeville 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 depredations 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, and came over into Ga. 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 North East and came more than a hundred miles, into the neighborhood near where we lived. They would stop awhile and hunt through the neighborhood, and steal Chickens, hogs, and

Matitia called out by Capt. [?]

other things to eat, and then move on to another place. They were committing so many depredations that the Matitia was first called out. I was then 18 years old and done my first soldiering in that memorable Campaign.

We were a part of Walker County's Matitia. Archibald Shambles was our Capt.

We had only 15 or 20 miles to march before we met the Enemy.

The Indians were camped at a Methodist Camp Ground, and were not expecting us. This was in Dogwood Valley, Walker County Ga. Nearly all their warriors were out hunting. They were pretty well armed. When we reached the campment, 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 every thing they had, and we started with the whole crowd - Men, women, and children to "Ross' Landing." Preparatory to their long march to their new

General Gov. called for Regiments -

home in the Indian Territory. There were thousands of the most ignorant, and unenlightened Indians of both tribes - 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 the General Government called into the field several Regiments from Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama.

These troops were called for in June 1836.

Genl. Kempfill of Ga. called for every man subject to Military duty in Walker County, to meet him at Lafayette - the County Seat of Walker.

I lacked 3 months of being 19 years old. Genl. Kempfill mustered us a while in an open field, and 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, in defence 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 20 minutes before an other man came out. I felt lonely

False Alarm.

during those minutes, but we raised a full Captains company that day, of 110 men. I could have been made Capt. of the Company if I had not been so young, and inexperienced.

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 Genl. Charles K. 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, Genl. 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 40 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 rushing 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, & lie flat on the ground so, that the first volley of the enemy might miss of its mark by going over us.

I remember just after we had gotten in this position, a man by the name of Sherod 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 using the changes on him for this cowardly act, during the campaign.

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, 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 Station 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, & shook hands with my Brothers - Isaac & Samuel, and said "Where is Tip?" They recognized him at once - Cituaga, Son of Chofa. The family was our nearest neighbors in the Creek Nation for the time we lived there, & Tipton Jere was about the same age, & was this Boys playmate. He has been there for several years on his home in the west.

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 every thing 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's 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 & their men, in time of war, as between a King and his subjects. And further more we had taken an oath to obey our superior officers.

"It was theirs to Command, and ours to obey." Notwithstanding all this, while I concluded to go on without murmuring; Eleven of ~~as of~~ ^{as good men} as we had in our company, marched out about half mile, on the morning we started, and there they broke ranks, and stacked their arms around a tree, & started for home.

Capt. Hodge Rayburne, who ought to have command of our company, had yielded it to first Lieutenant Rogers from the fact that he knew absolutely nothing about military discipline &c. And Rogers was a very competent officer, having been educated at West Point.

Lt. Rogers dispatched a Currier to head quarters at Camp Scott to report ^{of the desertion} the fact, to Genl. Nelson.

We made a forced march that day, swimming a River that was out of its banks. We were all tired out, & 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 pursuit 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

Deserters followed home, & brought back

Citizens at home, must be shot, and there could be no appeal. I remember now - though 56 years have obliterated many other incidents from my mind, how intensely mournful that bugle sound was that dismal night.?

I could see, in my disturbed dreams, Specters representing these 11 men being brought up, tried and started to their place of execution.

They halted, and made some hasty inquiries of Lt. Rogers, about the country, and roads they would have to travel in their permit of the men. Then at the sound of the bugle they galloped off.

Within a few days after, we reached Head Quarters at Camp Scott, this Cavalry force returned with every 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.] read about as follows.

Deserters Dishonorably discharged, by
Genl. Charles W. Nelson.

This is to certify that Abraham Jobe Sergeant, 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.

By order of C. W. Nelson Major General.
Commanding Volunteers.

On the same day these discharges were signed, General Nelson had these 11 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 man in the Army knew the fate of the 11 men, except General Nelson himself. They looked deathly pale.

Genl. Nelson in uniform with the Military law in his hand, rode on his spurred 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 11 Deserters.

"Men stand up." They rose, & the Genl. 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 you eleven men have made in the present Campaign. After ^{you} voluntarily agreed to go out

sent off from supplies by high water

in defence of your homes, and have taken a solemn oath to obey your Superior officers. [Here Gen. 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 to day.

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 share 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 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.

I don't know whether the Military law was enforced, in the case of Taylor, the 1st of March, he was trying to pass the guard in the night with the first detachment after the water fell so the wagon train could pass with our encampment. He also stopped by the do that it he must pass at day with his supplies, and started his team, and the guard met him beyond the camp his high.

At 10 or 15 years after my discharge from the army Congress passed a law giving us all a land warrant - 8.00 a month dating from its passage. 27th July 1892

them after being so long without food of any kind; the first thing we got was routing cars for the men, and the corn stalks for the horses.

We had to use great caution in counting out just so many rars to each Mess, or the Men would have killed themselves.

We were discharged at Camp Scott, about 15 miles below-Rome Ga. on the Coosa River.

We were discharged about 1 o'clock P.M. and we were so anxious to get home we tramped that evening and there 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 draiving pensions, (some of them big ones) who did no service, nor made any more sacrifice than we did - for we volunteered in June, and left our ploughs standing in the unfinished furrow, I have thought a bit, and generous government ought to give the few survivors of the Indian wars a small moiety out of a plithoric 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 in special Detectives around to ascertain fraudulent cases.

About ten or fifteen years after this service was rendered Congress passed an act, giving us all a land warrant. And 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 Feb 3rd 1893 at 8 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.

58 to 66 Shortly after my return from the army, my uncle Resided at Abraham Jone for whom I was named, wrote to me Jonesboro. to come to Jonesboro Tennessee to become a salesman clerking for in the Store of Carter & Jones, and remain with them as long as I could long enough to become acquainted with all the dangerous details of the merchantile business, so as to take charge of a store he intended to establish at Col. Ala. Charge of a store he intended to establish at collecting for his home 7 miles from Jonesboro; where Carter, Jones, Johnson City now stands.

Crouch Emerson

I entered the store about Sept 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 Ala. in boats - then the only means of transportation

In shipping this flour down Chucky and the Holston Rivers, they had the misfortune to get two or three stuck 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.

This flour ^{was} shipped to Alabama. Most of this large lot of flour was sold on a credit at Ross Landing, (now Chattanooga) Gunter's Landing, Florence, Decatur, and other points.

Some one had to be sent from the store on this long, tiresome horse back 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 Ala. 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 tramping over the Sand Mountain, and so as not to be without weapons for defence, 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.

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

Am now in a lonely and dangerous Sand Mountain.

a fractured skull received on the same road I had traveled, just the night before. This Hotel Keeper had gone to Hunter's landing in company with a neighbor, and after reaching there was seen changing 400 ^{with} a Merchant. 400 in Alabama money for Va money. And this Murderer could not stand the temptation. He left before the man with the money dismounted 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.

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, nor 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 & 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. O! how lonely! "Every leaf was at rest, and heard not a sound; ^{but} a woodpecker tapping a hollow Beech tree."

What a time for reflection, one would say; I was too badly scared for reflection about that time.

After I had gotten off the Mountain into a more

* How I am astonished at myself to find in reviewing my details of my collecting tour in Alabama; I am back where I came so often being murdered, robbed, and just no account of my visit, collection at Blount, Decatur, & other places in Alabama. I went on to these parts, and collected a considerable amount of money, which I deposited in my trunk for several days; one being Sunday & Monday, which was spent at Tusculum. At Decatur I spent the first National & Cotton Engine.

Passing a dangerous house, where a man in worn an. clothes, I checked me, and tried to stop me. densely populated neighborhood, I stopped about 2 P.M. to get dinner and my horse fed. During my stay, for one hour, I told ^{the farmer} about the Hotel Man's misfortune &c. His talk and manner increased my alarm very much. He was a prosperous farmer, owned a good farm, & servants, but I feared him. I believe he was a murderer, 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 & his accomplices would murder me. *

As I returned, it, was about dinner time. His house was some distance up alone 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 a 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 near 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 hid 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 pointed, and turning to him, intending, if he made a motion to draw a weapon, I would put 6 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 failed to be a crazy woman. Spittle was running down over his chin, and ^{he} made motions and mumbled out some thing 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.

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 up stairs.

I was tired, & 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 round 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 no better,

When night came then to go to bed, which I did earlier than my usual bed time.

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'cl. Then I heard foot steps 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 foot steps 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 Beavers 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 aft. 9

John Ross Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation.

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. *

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' 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 ^{the money he owed for flour} next morning, & 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 Ga to place them in Jail.

And John Howard Payne arrested and being carried to Milledgeville Ga. Two United States officers. 65

[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 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 pleased.

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 officer's influence, both prisoners were released at once, and returned home with the officers.

From Chief Ross; I came to the Old Cherokee Agency at Galhoun, now Charleston Tenn. and made some collections there, and in that vicinity; and out on Coosa 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 breadth 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 & danger, I had rendered satisfaction.

* This man with Mr. Wallace was an off-courser of a man who was flying from the country to avoid paying a debt due to Mr. Wallace, and Mr. W. came into my room to get papers, showing the gentleman's indebtedness, on which his arrest could be made.

The Gibson

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 Merchantile business, and, therefore I quit Clerking, and entered School at Jonesboro under the tuition of Robert McLevi an excellent Man, and good teacher.

I boarded with my Uncle & Aunt Gibson. Besides, my cousin David Jobe Gibson, I had many estimable School and Class mates. The School was made up of the best, and most moral young men, it was ever my fortune to become acquainted with.

My School days.

When memory carries me back to at Jonesboro, those happy days of innocent amusement when out under the of School, and honest endeavor to advance in our Section of Studies when in School; I know they were my Robert McLevi's 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.

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 every one 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

April 17th 1870. I want to write what I have read in regard to my Aunt Phoebe Gibson. I regard her as being of the very best - she was a true friend, and a true wife - she was a great blessing to me in my youth, but she was a great blessing to me in my old age. I never knew her.

Given me by my dear Aunt Gibson, who never ceased her care and kind offices as long as she lived.

She was a plain and 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.

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, & 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 the Sciences, and Latin.

I made rapid progress in these branches, especially in Latin. My memory was excellent, and my application was commendable.

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, & dreams, formed by a laudable ambition, and accept an offer to embark in the merchantile business in the State of Georgia.

The Cherokee Indians were all leaving their old homes in Ga. that is the remnant that had lingered there, and leaving a great deal of money in Ga.

My elder Brother, David was still in Ga. and was looking for a merchantile, who, after business

this second stock of goods, suddenly concluded to sell out at whole sale, 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 Copartnership 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, & 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 fare-well, and made my way to Georgia, in February 1839.

January 14th 1904. I regret, that I have failed to keep dates, as I have along in giving this sketch, and I know that apologues will have good cause, to say that in my old age - now nearly 87 I can be expected to make amends for what I should have done in life.

The new mercantile business of A. T. D. Jobe

We opened our new business near where Ringgold now stands, under the firm name of A. T. D. Jobe on the 20th day of February 1839.

In addition to the great amount of money left 70 to 93 in the country on account of the removal of Merchants the Indians, the Survey of the Western Atlantic Railroad was already commenced, and was in Georgia pushed steadily to completion.

As it was entirely a State my brother's road, there was no lack of money to finish disastrous pit. Our location was on this road, and to Texas in though we were careful to not take contracts 1840: and for work on the road; we were not careful also mine enough about selling goods on a credit to Florida Contractors. We lost money by selling to my raising several of them, altho our rule was to only a Potenter wait a month — from Estimate to Estimate.

One of us would attend at the County Cavalry Company for the Florida Seat (Lafayette) where Contractors were paid war, undoff to get our money. Sometimes we got, Genl. Co. and sometimes we did not.

Nelson & Co. in those days selling goods on a credit was the order of the day, every merchant sold on a credit. And was tempting for

Entered into 20th day of February 1839. 71

Business was brisk, and profits good.

Our stock was full, and every body seemed to be making money, and we had no time to think about anything but sell all the goods we could.

We done a large business. We took in a large amt. 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 & 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 our Customers who owed us rushed into 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 1343.50 besides Int.

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 our 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.

The next bad luck we had was in this wise. After the passage of this infamous law, we determined to sell out and move to Texas. We collected 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 7 per cent 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 & 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 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 & 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.

It was agreed between us, that while David was gone to Texas, that in order to save a debt of 600\$ due us from Frank 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 &c.

Cox delivered to me two letters, purporting to have been written by one Seabron 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 any thing remained after paying the note, and for my time, expenses, I was to pay it to Cox on my return.

I had a very hard trip, as there were no railroads in Ga. then, I started June 15th 1840, on horse back; but after traveling about 150 miles, I hurt my horse back so badly, I had to hire a Sulkie 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. Darnard who it was said knew more about the lands than any other Citizen. I hired him to hunt up Mr. Cox's land. After 4 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 "Seabron J. Hall."

The oldest settlers in that country avowed 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.

Yes know 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.

The land was very level and covered so thickly with fine pine timber that a wagon would 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 any thing.

In roaming over the country hunting up this land, my friend Deunard showed me the spot to which he had piloted the militia a few years before, to kill, & capture a band of Creek Indians, who had robbed, & burnt a town near to Ga 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, & were bathing - when they

ferid on them; killing several the first day.

There was a great deal of game in that country, such as Deer, Bear, Raccoons, wild cats, batte-mounts, &c. Mr. Deunard told me of a boy having been killed near him by a batte-mount 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 troubled 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 firm in the ground with sharp end up, inside the field where they jump over, and they would light on the sharp points, and they 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 there 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, & July.

After I had returned to within about two hundred miles of home, I was taken sick with fever, among strangers. I had not had medicines then, and it was 7 miles from where I lay sick in Jackson County Ga. to the nearest town where I could send for a doctor.

He came in the night, and gave some medicine; next morning I was no better. I asked him what was the matter with me; he said I had been exposed, and had taken cold, and I would be better in a few days. I said "O. don't you think I have fever?" he said "No." "If you are no better in a few days, send to town, & I will come to see you again." I said no, I will not send.

Sick with Fever at Egg Rogers. I hired Mr. Ephison's buggy to
 It was in this neighborhood I hired Mr. Ephison's buggy to
 "Go into Egg Rogers' room, He will pay you, your
 bill for this visit."

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 ~~xxx~~
 with the Book.

I laid there and read till
 I found his description of "Billious Remittent fever";
 and I found my symptoms filled the bill exactly.

I went to town and bought the medicines Gunn
 prescribed for billious fever, and I made myself
 my own Dr.

Some of the neighbors knew any thing about disease
 or what treatment to resort to; but they were
 very kind, and ready at any time to come & set
 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 Egg
 Rogers. He came to my bed side at about
 midnight during about the 2nd week of my con-
 finement, and said "you are a very sick man,
 and Egg Rogers, wife are willing to do all for
 you they can, but they are old, & worked down,
 would you risk being moved to my house, if I
 will come tomorrow with my carriage with a bed
 in it. I have a wife and 3 grown Daughters, all in
 good health, and they are able to give you the
 best attention. I shall, I would gladly go, and

Thomas Shockley with his wife and 3 Daughters
 did me the kindness to take me in his carriage and
 followed them to the house of Dr. Gunn
 then again in a letter dated above. March 3rd 1843
 ever thank him for his kindness, besides paying
 him, & his family for all they did for me.
 He would not hear of 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. Shockley came next day with his carriage and drove
 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 Dr. 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
 a month, and had not written a line home to
 inform them where I was and what was the
 matter.

At this juncture Mr. Burton
 a neighbor from up the country was passing about
 10 miles away, hearing there was a man of my
 name lying 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 mean time my Brother had returned from Texas, without one dollar in his pocket, out of seven thousand that he left with.

I was still at Shockleys, beyond the Chattahoochee River.

While sitting one warm 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 by Mr Shockleys barn, & Cotton gin, to the main road, and I saw some one coming in a covered carriage drawn by a large Sorrel 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 all that risk of life, hardship, & 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 interests, and both of us risking our lives. And when I saw that by proper investment, notwithstanding our losses by the Bankrupt law we could place ourselves in easy circumstances, then 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; done us good.

This was all we could hope to get out of that investment of thousands. The next 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 every thing 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

Leaving my friend Shackley for home

done up. Extra Socks, handkerchiefs, &c. &c.

I had plenty of money to pay a good bill, and requested Mr. S. to make out a bill but he would not hear to it and I requested Mrs. S. to make out a bill with same result.

When I bid her farewell, I managed to leave 25¢ in bills in her hand, when I shook hands with her - She being the last one I bid farewell. *

In crossing the Chattahoochee River on the first day of our journey we had trouble, which might have ended 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 about a mile down the river to the ford, and give more time for it to rise.

I traveled most of the time laying down on my bed in the carriage, and Brother did the driving, but 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 us as before.

This arrangement enabled him to hold the Carriage, if we found the river deeper than we had been informed.

We had not gone more than 20 yards till we found our selves 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 a cross safely. The bed of the Carriage was tight as a foot, and floated on the water, and the horse was very large, filling the shafts completely, and was very strong, and knew just how to proceed in any emergency - So we trusted much to this valuable horse and persevered, every day, and in about a week we landed safe at home. Or more properly speaking, at our Fathers home - for we were both unmarried. I was 23. and my Brother 24.

As soon as I recuperated a little, I went to see Mr. Cox, who was still in the country; he failed to sell his property at Cross Plains, as I vainly believed he intend 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, I told him that the letters he gave 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, & 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¢ in cash, going on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread," I gave him up the 600¢ note, & 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.

I found the horse, which I had seen at Shackley's, was at
81
I had plenty of money to pay a good bill, and requested Mr. S. to make out a bill but he would not hear to it and I requested Mrs. S. to make out a bill with same result.
When I bid her farewell, I managed to leave 25¢ in bills in her hand, when I shook hands with her - She being the last one I bid farewell. *

Selling house + lot at Dalton, Ga.

for 1450\$. Every body 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 R.R. 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. And now, what was then Cross Plains 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 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 & Atlantic R.R. and while I was living on the proposed line, I was returning from down South, and stopped for dinner on the road side in a thinly settled neighborhood. After dinner the man of the house asked me to walk out about half mile to see a fine Spring. While admiring the Spring and lay of the land, which was level, but land poor, Sandy, Black Jack, & Chinquapin land he said "I have fallen in love with your horse, I own 100^{acres} of land here including this Spring, I will make you a good tittle to the land even for your horse." I told him that would be a good trade, if I owned the land, and could do

Selected poetry.

without my horse, but I could not part with him. If I had made the trade, and held the land 3 or 4 years I would have seen what was coming, and could easily have been a Millionaire, for that wonderful spot of earth is now about the Center of the City of Atlanta Ga. But according to my view of these things, if I had happened to have closed the trade, and in the wind up of that big speculation, I had been worth a million, I am to day convinced, by what time, travel and experience have brought within my grasp; I would not to day have seen as much pleasure and happiness as has fallen to my lot through all the toil, hardships, and affliction that I have passed. And I am satisfied it would have ruined my Children; in place of being a blessing to them. "O! The deceitfulness of riches."

This is a world of regrets.

Nearly every body is thinking, O! 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 sin my unknown foot in the following

"Mourn ere the days that I have seen,

Mourn ere my hours, from my side pass,

And know what e'er I have been,

'Tis something ~~something better~~ ^{very} better and to be!"

Then another of the forgotten Poets says this

"How many ways there are to die,

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, and imperfect 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.

And I write in such a hurry, and under such unfavorable 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 sometimes days, and even have been months that I never attempted to resume writing.

And under these 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 wouldn't if I could."

War Reminiscences.

I will relate one more incident connected with my Indian Experience. I have mentioned before about the troubles the Government had in inducing many of the Creeks to remove to the Indian Territory 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

Raising a Cavalry Company for Florida was
under my old Commander Genl Nelson
in Florida. The name Seminole, means, "runaway
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.

These Seminoles, with this Creek contingent from Alabama, committed so many depredations along the line between Alabama & Georgia, & 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, Genl Nelson, got a Commission to raise a Brigade, and he sent me a Commission to raise a Captain's Company of one hundred men. Ours was to be a Cavalry Co. We had full directions where to rendezvous, how to equip our men, and were required to take into the service two bloods ^{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 who volunteered could not be received, and so it was with this Brigade.

When Genl. Nelson heard from Head Quarters that it was doubtful about getting his Brigade into service, he sent

Disbanding my company.

Dr. Baker on horse back to Washington to see the President [Martin Van Buren] and when I heard that Dr. Baker had returned, I made a trip down the country to see Genl. Nelson, and spent one night with him at his home.

Genl. Nelson told me that he could be received into the service with a Major's Command, but if he could not go in under his Commission, as a Genl. in the same capacity he had served 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 Genl. 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 Rebellion. - often called "the first days Campaign on Chickamauga."

These grounds, with their hills, and streams have an interest for me. I have traveled over this battle ground on both Chickamaugas 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 1st days fight was commenced by Genl. P. G. B. immediately over father's house. The family had to take refuge in the cellar. The house was riddled with Cannon balls, and minie balls.

Retired from the mercantile business & commenced reading medicine.

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 Ga. after the dissolution of our Partnership, which occurred in Nov 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, reverses, and bad faith and unkindness shown us from both our enemies and those we had believed our friends, no hard thought had ever entered our breast toward each other.

As I write not for publication, but for my children, and grand children, 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.

And I bespeak for these lines a careful reading, especially by my Grand Children; some of whom maybe called to travel the same thorny path that I have had to pass over.

It is a common thing ~~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, & 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, & completed my education, ^{so} by ^{it} 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 me to study my Profession, as most of the technical terms are derived from these languages.

But the greatest loss I sustained was in leaving my associates, and School mates, whom I had learned to love, for their moral worth, and whose like in that regard, I have never met since. My associations with these young men and pure women - was making a man of me. No amount of money can pay a young man, with high, & 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 Brothers 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 & Lemon Syrup.

In that new country, nearly every body 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, but they all told me I must drink some; or I would have pain & rheum.

They made me an Egg nog: Brandy, sugar, an egg, & Grated Nutmeg. I could scarcely drink it at first, but after drinking it little, by little way morning it gave me an appetite for it at dinner, and on further experiment I found it was not objectionable at supper, and it lasted a few months till I found, when riding out to attend to outside business, I would stop at a "Groggery", as they were then called to get my accustomed dram.

And 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 did not know enough of the world to enjoy good health, as some of these fast young men would say. And as I gave up and yielded to these allurements, the circle of my newly made friends increased. Nabery White a good jovial, companionable fellow, a contractor on the

Western and Atlantic Railroad did more to lead me astray than any one. He would often stay with me at the store. He learned me how to play cards for amusement at first, then to play little ^{trick} games with young ladies with whom he was a favorite. After a while we would bet 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 Estimote 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, & 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 proposed that ^{he} and I would play one game to see who should pay the 10¢. and he beat me, and I threw down the money, and White said "Take it up. I will pay it; I want that amt of goods in your store;" so when we reached home I paid him 10¢ in delf ware for his hands at their Shanties. I said then and there, that I was done playing cards, & so I quit for ever.

When I review that part of my life, selling goods, and debauching the business selling liquor, & becoming intoxicated three times during years.

I feel that if I could call back that 3 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 heart aches I ever had to endure.

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 plead 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 shone 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 had been turned toward the setting sun; but as far as the experiment went there was nothing in that direction to give me encouragement.

And I had begun to learn, what since has been confirmed in my mind; and ^{the} fact is, that there is not so 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 of the Union and being 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 over what I should, or rather what I could do, and decided to, literally "retrace my steps": that is return to my old and tried friends in Tennessee.

Most men in meeting with the reverses that we had, 93 to 99. The loss of so much money by robbery in Texas, my un-
leaving Ga. successful trip to Florida, and our large losses by our
reading creditors taking the benefit of the Bankrupt law, would
icena at have been so discouraged, they would have given up
Jonesboro. all hope. But we resolved not to be ruined by our
Locating and sad misfortunes, but we were determined to profit by
Practice at our dearly bought experience, and "renew our labor,
Burnsville, and energy, and adopt the Latin Maxim. "Labor
Marriage & Vincit Omnia", (Labor conquers all things.)

removal to My Brother was a first rate business man, greatly my Super-
Elizabethton, prior, he was my Senior by 5 years, and had more Ex-
perience.

In settling up the business of the firm of A. & D. Jobe when I determined to read medicine I turned over every thing 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, & as level as land could be. In after years I sold this land for 4000. worth at this time I guess about twenty thousand dollars.

Brother settled up, and paid way ~~down~~ the firm owed dollar for dollar.

As I have given an unsolicited indorsement 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 help him in his weakness, and give him that moral support so essential to every young man, who is subject to so many temptations as the young men are just entering into business.

He addressed him self 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 will power to quit square off, as I did, and denounce the traffic as a sin as I did boldly.

He married in Ga, and after a few years moved to Ark.

I left Georgia in Nov 1841. and commenced reading medicine with Dr. Saml. B. Cunningham of Jonesboro Tenn. I boarded with my uncle A. Jobe 7 miles from Jonesboro, (Johnson City now.) I recited once a week to Dr Cunningham at his office in Jonesboro. I made commendable progress from the commencement of my reading. There was a rush into the profession about the time I began reading.

And the surgeon, at our request, came to the large brick house in Union Street to witness our dissections, and afterwards fall the parts, at the close of our dissection.

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. I read with Dr. C. 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 young men had read the Course, and wanted a field 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 250. 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 the 40 acres of land near Chattanooga but it was not available at that time. 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 N.C. where I knew no one.

I looked around a little, I regarded it as a poor chance

But I knew I was not in a condition to, ^{be} very choise. 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 "Carryall" 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 my 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 3 calls a day, and they were, to Breakfast, dinner and supper.

I soon paid out my 250 for postage. Letters at that time were paid for at the office of delivery. Letters were 12 1/2 cents a piece, mattered not what distance, 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 3 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 awhile 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.

And from that time till I left there I did nearly all the practice.

Dr. Straley's practice fell off until he became so discouraged he sold out and moved to Cleveland Town.

I defrayed all expenses and made 500 in cash the first year.

The bygone
 Dr. Cunningham
 was long at
 against
 him
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 to

I did a great deal of hard practice during 1843, & 1844 in Gausey County. This country was hilly, mountainous and rough.

There were 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. And 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 Dr. for his time as you would expect to pay a farm hand, say 50, or 75 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 exorbitant bill in my life. Nevertheless a few of my customers would think I did.

I will detail one case where I had trouble in collecting a bill in Gausey County N.C. and the outcome of it.

George Young, living on South toe River 8 1/2 miles from Rebusville, had 8 cases of fever in his family in the summer of 1844.

His father-in-law, Dr. Loyd lived in his family. He was, what is called a "Self made Dr." that is a Dr. without reading. He simply took up the practice without any preparation whatever.

He had been treating the two first 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

And also to get me to go to see the other Patient John Young. When I reached there old Dr. Loyd had left in a 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 could not save him.

Mr. Young then asked me to go and see the other Boy, whose burying clothes Gardner had brought. Saying he had no thought any thing 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. — 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 not only clearing him of the large number of worms, but also 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 some times 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 Youngs 8 1/2 miles, crossing Crabtree Creek 6 times and Fox 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 8 cases except John

99. To 112. Whose case was hopeless when I first saw Persecution him.

by Dr. Powell. Mr. Young himself was one of the sufferers during in my early this siege that lasted many weeks. He was very laudable at extravagant in praising me for my devotion and Elizabethton. unremitting care to the sick. He spoke in Epithets the highest terms of me. Said I had stood of scarlet by them in their distress and danger like a fever, and brother. That they were not up to waiting on Typhoid the sick, that I had made myself Physician fever. and nurse.

And said he did not know that I would charge him, but if I charge him a thousand dollars he would never forgive me.

All this I proved by his Brother & nephew on the trial - for I was compelled to sue him to collect one hundred dollars, which ought to have been two hundred.

Col. 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 will not charge any more.

Young was so ambitious, after I had gotten Judgment before a Justice of the Peace (Esqr. James A. Riddle) he employed two Lawyers, and appealed the case from Court to Court until principal, but, cost and Lawyer 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 Sophronia Potest at her home in Burnsville A.C.

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. I commenced to practice my Profession and to encounter the fiercest opposition from Dr. Joe Powell that, perhaps any young Dr. ever had to endure from an old established and popular practitioner.

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, & so unjustly. I had known him for several years. We had been friends. My relatives at Elizabethton had often employed him, & it was a surprise to them that he was unwilling for me to locate at Elizabethton.

I called on him a few days after I arrived in Elizabethtown, and in what I wanted, and expected to be a cordial, and friendly interview, I said "Dr. 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 could always get on in our respective practices on the best of terms."

His answer to this friendly introduction was about as follows.

"Dr. you have driven your pigs to a bad market. Dr. Rogan, my Uncle Easton Powell and myself will form a Copartnership, and we can do all the practice 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 Dr. if that is your game I will try lives with you. I intend to stay, and if you make 10¢ a day & I make but 1.00 I will live as well as you & have more to show for it at the end of the year."

than you will. Dr. Powell said, "that is strong arithmetic." I said, "I know you well Dr. Powell; with all your lack of attention to your Profession, and your lack of financial ability - with all your extravagance."

"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 don't go down with me. So we will see in the end who starves out."

From that day on, for my first year at Elizabethtown, Dr. Powell did every thing fair and unfair to put me down, and discourage me.

He would not consult with me, nor recognize me in any manner, not even to 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 traduced me in such a manner. He had no need 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 withal a very popular man with the people, and he had been in practice at Elizabethtown more than 20 years.

The most I could say when the people would tell me things he would invent and tell on me, was that he was so glib with his tongue that he could make them believe

alie quicker than I could the truth.

The sequel proved every thing I told Powell in our unpleasant interview. While he was he was paying more attention to every thing besides his profession, I was giving due diligence to reviewing my whole course, and taking Medical, & 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, and as many as I could do justice to, in spite of all the efforts of the "Triumvirate".

Their efforts to ruin me, only served the better purpose to advertise me. As to Dr. Joe Powell, the head of the firm, who had inspired and concocted the scheme 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, every body he could. I had a note on him, executed to Arthur One, dated in 1886.

I will not attempt to recount my ups & downs in prosecuting my Profession at Elizabethton. My wife and I were both poor, but full of courage, and hope for the future.

Dr Powell was a man of great energy. He was the first to suggest the plan to drive me out of town. He was very bold and very cunning.

I settled at Elizabethton in 1846. I intended to collect my debts, & keeping up the my in my way. The farm was not so good. There was no wood left on the river, and my debt. The street was muddy on the bank, and the public road was in the shape of the land. I had no money on the bank, and I had no money on the bank. I had no money on the bank, and I had no money on the bank.

While the fence stood on the bank of the River, I would have my yard. One night returning, I was coming through at four o'clock. I was so drunk, he could not get up. I would freeze if not cared for. I could not get up. I could not get up. We determined to do the very best our circumstances would permit, and to merit success, if industry and economy could win it.

My bad luck, trials, and hardships in Georgia, had learned 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 brethren I would advise you not to expect much in this world, and you shall be disappointed."

Many people go through their lives discouraged and unhappy, who always have a disappointment of this world's goods to keep them from want, just because they expect too much.

We located in an humble log cabin on the bank of Doe River, on a farm of a hundred and forty three acres, owned at that time by my uncle Abraham Jobe. This land adjoined the Town of Elizabethton, and is the land upon which, the principal buildings have thus far, been erected in the City, being built by the Co-operative Town Co. I bought this 143 acres of land of my uncle in about a year after I moved to Elizabethton, and in an other year I built a large framed house on it. Land was low then, I gave eighteen hundred dollars for the 143 acres. I had sold 5 1/2 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, the 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. While I was preparing the foundation for my house,

Dr. Cunningham as a Prophet.

My old Preceptor, 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, said he, you are going to set it wrong. You ought to set East & West, in place of North & South, and move back to give room for a Street to correspond with that wide Street across the Doe River, for sometime not very far in the future there will be a Manufacturing City built up here, and a broad Street will sweep down this Valley."

That was forty six years ago, and Dr. Cunningham has been in his grave more than Twenty years, but if he had lived till now, he would see this broad Street, (all advanced) already graded and buildings going up on each side of it, verifying his prediction made so many years ago. —

A 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 Twenty five hundred dollars in improvements right on that spot of ground — the most beautiful place I ever saw for a residence, all things considered: Here where I had 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

Commencing practice at Elizabethton.

were brought seriously to contemplate giving up such a home; but we all had 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 Co."

And now while I write this part of my sketch at Elk, N. C. on the 24th April 1893. The Company is using my old dwelling house as an office, ~~two~~ hundred yards from its original location, to where they moved it. And all the other improvements have been swept away, and a fine avenue graded where they once stood. It cost the Co six hundred dollars to do it.

After this digression, I will resume my brief account of my professional life at Elizabethton, not essaying to give anything like a full history; as I would, were these hastily written lines for publication, but 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 Grand children 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, Union, & Johnson in Tennessee, and soon into Mitchell, Yancey, and Watauga in N. C. and in the course of years I did some practice in Buncombe, & 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 temperature.

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.

I believe there are but few real contagious diseases, but a great many epidemic diseases. Contagious disease is communicated by coming in contact with the person affected, the epidemic disease is caught by coming in contact with a peculiar atmosphere, impregnated with some occult substance unknown to us, and which resides and travels in the air, in districts where epidemics prevail.

I think it impossible for any one 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 noon day" and no one knows, whence it cometh. I am well aware that a large number of writers of this fast age, who I think are trying to out-run the telegraph, are endeavoring to know under this atmospheric cause of disease by calling doctors of my age (75)-old Phlegms: 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.

And 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 Scum and sooner, or later, those who are now, so extravagant in its praise will be ashamed they ever endorsed it.

I believe Smallpox is contagious, and I believe Syphilis is not contagious, but may be 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 Father, 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, and up Stony Creek to the head of the creek. Then crossed the Mountain into the lower end of Johnson County, and down Watauga River to Doe River Cove.

In this route it traversed two important, and densely populated valleys, with a large Mountain range between them, but in its course it scarcely left a house, that it did not enter.

While it was prevailing on Stony Creek & below, there was not a case across the Mountain 50 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 as it did up the first Valley. Proving to my mind that it traveled in the atmosphere, its cause was occult, & so hidden, that no one could account for its appearance. It affected children altogether, about 1/3 died.

After this course of Scarlet, 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, Poteet and John.
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 made its appearance as an epidemic in May 1847. I had just returned from Transylvania University, at Lexington Ky. where I graduated March 1849. I had been practicing at Elizabethton since 1845, but the prevailing fever with us had been bilious remittent fever. There is no doubt in my mind, but what there had been now, then sporadic cases of Typhoid fever in our midst, but these cases had been overlooked and treated as Bilious remittent fever.

Typhoid fever had not been recognized even by the oldest Drs. 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 text book in the Medical colleges. Dr. G. J. Magee had graduated at the same session I did, and we were the

only Physicians in upper East Tenn. who had the advantage of Bartlett's lectures and thus qualified to treat that disease intelligently.

When I got into my first cases, which 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. Mc Gee. They followed the old time practice - with Calomel, Ipecac, Lunine &c. for they thought they were treating their old enemy Bilious remittent fever. Some old Drs and good Drs did that.

I refused to give a grain of Calomel. I regarded the disease as commencing in the Glands of Peyer, & 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 ^{plan} of Bartlett, and gave very little medicine, what I did give was of the mildest kind. From 1st of May 1849, till 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 be resting & eating while I rode the other, which labor, exposure & especially loss of sleep, was enough to kill an ordinary man. Many of these cases were scattered over 4 or 5 counties. Some of them from 30 to 40 miles from Elizabethton, yet I was able to 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 &c 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 was the type of fever that prevailed through all this Mountain Country - when we had any fever at all for 3 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 Dr's 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 cases, and as the season passes on the virulence of the disease gradually subsides. And I think this change takes place from atmospheric changes 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 1844 and did not get out for 3 months. I had been constantly in attendance on Typhoid Patients from 1st of May till 20th Dec. 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. And Elizabeth town was free from the Epidemic until then. I think that fact is strong proof of the noncontagious nature of the fever.

Dr. Magee was my principle Physician. He of course adopted the same treatment I had with all my cases.

My constitution was good, altho I had taken a great deal of medicine for fevers previous to this. I had frontague for 18 months at a stretch while I lived in Georgia.

And 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 14 times in my life, and I am a living refutation to the oft repeated charge against Mercury - that is "if one is once salivated the constitution is ruined, the teeth fall out, and one is undone for life." I am 75 1/2 years old this month (April) and but few men of my age have a better constitution, none have better teeth, and have no faltering.

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 Dr. Saml. W. Leaningham, being such a splendid Surgeon, and had such good success, and being himself devoted to Surgery, after reaching 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 every thing in that line, that fell in my way not only in Surgery but in every kind of cases to which he was called, he always had all he could attend to

During the time I was with him, we amputated, limbs, Trepanning; operation for Hernia, reducible and irreducible. Lithotomy. Taking off Female Breasts, &c. &c.

This experience in Operative Surgery, did me an immense amount of good. When I went into practice on my own account at 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 my self. Several cases presented themselves.

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 I have performed.

I owed it to the profession, to have stopped my practice long enough years ago, when Proff. Briggs of Nashville Tenn. wrote me that he wanted 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.

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 us both, to lay down, for a time at least, our pretensions, and exercise our best skill for the relief of suffering humanity.

An excellent Christian man, David ^{County} ~~County~~ 75 years old, living about mid way, between Elizabethton Tenn. & Burnsville N. C. had been suffering for a week with strangulated hernia. I was at the time at Burnsville, & Dr. P. was at Elizabethton. We both went for without the knowledge of the other, and met there at night.

David Gardner ^{was named} ~~was named~~ ^{David} ~~David~~ ^{Jobe} ~~Jobe~~ ^{my Grandfather} ~~my Grandfather~~ ¹¹³

Next morning we operated. We found 12 inches of the bowel mortified, and as black as ones hat. We cut off the mortified portion of the bowel, and sowed the ~~end~~ 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~~ wound healed rapidly, and in this condition, he lived five years, and died with fever at the age of 80.

Dr. Powell, rode home to Elizabethton to get a feeling that we had done a good work, and Dr. P. treated me better after that than he ever had before. Dr. H. L. Berry, then a student of Dr. Powell's, was with us in the operation.

On the 10th of Oct. 1849. Elijah Benton accidentally hit his Brother Andy on the head with a 2 1/2 pound rock, the fell as dead as a bag, and lay frothing at the mouth and in an unconscious state until Elijah rode 25 miles for me, and I was 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. till 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!" This 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 sowed bone, so as to not leave any spicula 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 now living, near where he received his injury in Johnson County, enjoying good health, 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 hog thrashing machine. This occurrence took place in Johnson County Tenn. within 10 steps of where Andy Benton had his skull broken with the rock. While Andy was raking & machine running at full speed, a tooth from

of the forehead and hit him in the center of the forehead breaking the skull, and part of the brain, leaving enough of the teeth out for a bystander to catch hold of and pull it out.

The man was very fat at that time in East town, and was somewhat over weight - very soft in feeling about, therefore it was hard to do any view of a doctor. They called in Dr. Smith after the nearest one. While the man was not out, and a clean man, he was very labor.

On this occasion he was barely able to see. The man now incompetent a drunk man is to practice surgery, it is only necessary to say he attended this poor sufferer six days and nights, and that the skull was fractured. He did not even make it: saying, "I believe his skull is fractured, but if it is, it will get well."

At the end of 6 days they had for me. I found him very weak. I was alarmed for his safety. There was an extensive fracture, with inflammation about it, and the brain exposed at the opening, and the teeth out.

He had been going on long enough to put it as from having a full supply of medicine, therefore I had no other return. He did not seem to operate without chloroform or ether. He did not specially succeed in removing 17 pieces of bone, and divided the wound as usual with stitches, and in plaster, being content to leave the rest for the next of the matter, as the healing process went slowly.

I had of course to continue inflammation by internal treatment as well as local. He has a rather slow recovery, is now, however, well and a prosperous farmer, living on the same place, where he says so near being his life. - The old note of population being only giving a few cases of trifling out of the great number known performed, and what history I do give, is done under the most unfavorable circumstances.

Case of Isaac Martin (colored)

This was Dr. Pierce's case. Isaac Martin was a hand at Cranbury

He was knocked down on Monday morning with a heavy piece of hammer on the spine long enough to break the hammer, by another that he got the long piece of wood, without any great pain, or striking a blow.

The colored people being ignorant of the skull being fractured. He would die, but had his skull fractured. When I was called in by him Monday morning till Saturday evening. Dr. Pierce, his physician, said some greatly learned, but as they worked on my hand all 3 weeks for him. I asked Dr. Pierce if he would visit me the next day.

I told them it had been done so long, the chance to save him by an operation. The colored people being ignorant of the skull being fractured. He would die, but had his skull fractured. When I was called in by him Monday morning till Saturday evening. Dr. Pierce, his physician, said some greatly learned, but as they worked on my hand all 3 weeks for him. I asked Dr. Pierce if he would visit me the next day.

of pieces of bone I removed. I had to have at once on the brain a deep incision, and I left the patient for 36 hours in the hands of Dr. Pierce, but it was such an extreme case, still uneasy about the result of the operation, and a great deal of time upon the operation: and 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. Pierce had as well to have come here with an ox or piece of his surgical instrument, and he had the thing in the best, as to have taken these bones out, he had to

decide if he was the best surgeon on earth. I returned next day and attended closely to the operation, and in less than a month, I had him out at his work - being a doctor a day to support his family. I did this for nothing, as I did a great deal of my practice at Cranbury. His colored men helped me at Cranbury the other day, and put a splint on his leg, and some other things.

Amputations.

The first amputation I ever took part in was to assist Dr. Cunningham in taking off Mr. Sells leg above the knee, in Washington County Tenn. in 1842. Dr. Cunningham being the interest I was taking in Surgery, always gave me extra advantages, and on this occasion, intrusted me with the duty of taking up and tying the arteries.

I will remember, on this occasion, when he severed the femoral artery, (the tourniquet not being quite tight enough) the blood spouted into my mouth, I could taste it, hot and salty, and it did not offend me in the least.

This was my first handling of that indispensable surgical instrument, called the Tenaculum, which I have used and have had used so often since. This operation was a success.

During my ~~working~~, and afterwards during the months, I practiced with my Preceptor, I assisted him in many amputations of arms legs, &c. &c. Amputations at the Shoulder joint and hip joint are difficult operations. We amputated Mrs. Sells arm at Shoulder joint at Jonesboro. about the year 1842. or 3.

Joe Stuarts Case. In the Summer of 1858.

I will here relate one Amputation, out of 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 Burnsville N. C. 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 travertin in a Thrashing Machine. Dr. Cronley, a young Physician, then in practice at Burnsville was called in, and believing he could save the foot, bound it up & attended him 6 days; the weather was very warm (1st August 1858) he became alarmed, and

Joe Stuarts case. Burnsville N. C. 1858.

sent for me. When he took the dressings off, I could smell the gangrenous odor, and saw from its appearance every evidence of incipient mortification.

And to add to the horror of the case, ^{was} at least my double hand full of grown 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, ^{with me} he sent 7 miles into the country for Dr. Cottingham to come with his Tourniquet, I went to a Shoemaker, & got his knife, and to

Carpenter got his tenent saw, and we placed him on a table in the yard. And 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 house tops, in the windows, doors, or fences in the streets.

Most of them expected to see the ^{man} die under the operation. He administered chloroform, and never have seen it act so well. He never moved a muscle, during the whole operation. If I had been operating on the least 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, & put to bed.

I amputated about 3 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 (in May 1893.) Joe Stuart is living near to Burnsville Mitchell County N. C. in good health, and is getting round on his Cretches pretty well.

I saw this ^{man} here at Elk Park, October 20th 1893. Sound & well, & 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 operations.

Tumors.

Under this head, I want to speak of Malignant, and nonmalignant Tumors. The nonmalignant Tumors never return after being properly extirpated; but the Scirrows, or malignant Tumor will return, and kill, it don't matter what you do. What are called Stenometous, or fatty tumors nearly always get well, if carefully operated upon.

I have been generally successful in operating on tumors; but I want to report one here in which I was not successful.

In the year 1861. Nancy Fair of Carter County, had 8 tumors on her head, breast, and shoulders, which I believed were malignant, and I so told her and her friends. But 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 the operation, including a student who was then reading with me. We rode 6 miles into the country. We gave her chloroform, which acted well, and we had taken out 3 of the tumors from her head, and were taking out the 4th one, which dipped down between the collar bone and shoulder blade; in dissecting it out there was considerable hemorrhage, so the operators could not see very well; and in using necessary traction to bring the tumor up, though done with the greatest care, it brought

the subclavian 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 died in two minutes. This was in the presence of 7 doctors, - all willing to do their whole duty. And if 40 of the best doctors in the land had been present; the case would have had the same ending.

One more unsuccessful case.

About the year 1871. Mrs. Pritchard, ^{the wife of Senator Pritchard of D. Co.} and her little son George, (both at that time strangers to me) came from an adjoining county to get me to cut Mrs P's breast off. I had them to light, & 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. And if it really was Cancer, it could only be death, and to let it alone it would be death very soon.

So I consented to operate. She went to her sisters 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 & assist in the operation; and in the presence of the local Physicians 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 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 & to grow. So she returned to me to beg me to take it out again. I told her it was altogether useless, that it would come again, & that I was satisfied it was cancerous.

Cancer invariable, by any treatment.

She argued that I might have failed to get it all out, and she wanted ^{me} to cut it out again, and go deeper. She pleaded so; I could not refuse her request, and I took it out down to the ribs the 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 second operation performed.

But finally it commenced growing, and paining her, and it "went in a gallop", until she succumbed to its ravages.

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 a cancer.

It is common, throughout the various ^{sections} I have had the honor to practice in, for every indolent sore that don't yield readily to treatment, to be dubbed at once with the name of cancer.

And there ^{are} a few Drs who will pitch in and treat these cases, & make a reputation for curing cancer, when really they never have seen a cancer. I charged 25 dollars for the first operation, but nothing for the second.

Dr. January as a Cancer Doctor.

Years ago Dr. January of Murphysboro Tenn. (I believe a Baptist preacher) made a great reputation for curing cancer. He established a large hospital there at his private expense, & for years had hundreds of patients from all parts of the United States.

1857 At Cherokee Springs in Ge. & Nashville Tenn. 121
spent a day going through Dr. January's Hospital at Murphysboro.

When my health became so bad, in 1857. I had to give up my profession. So I went with my family to my Father's in Georgia, and we spent the summer at the Cherokee Springs near by. I soon recovered, so I could travel on the train, and I wanted to make a trip to Nashville in September to buy O'Coon money at 25 percent discount, in the great money panic in 1857.

As I passed Murphysboro, 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 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 there. It amounted out to this. Out of the hundreds there under treatment, I thought there were 7 who had cancer; and from what I could glean from them they were no better, than when they entered the institution. All the others were improving, and a goodly number were about ready to have cured. But they never had cancer. X

Isaac P. Lipton of Carter County, my neighbor, and kinsman, was one of those cured, & 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, & 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 Dr.

Dr. Cox of Va. frequently came down into the border Counties of East Tenn and Western N.C. about the time I finished my course of reading with Dr. Cunningham at Jonesboro. This old man was clever as far as knowledge, but he was uneducated, and very ignorant.

He had picked up a little knowledge about the treatment of old sores, &c. And had the faculty of making people believe, that nearly all old andulent sores were cancerous.

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 Dr. to find a location, and my uncle thought, if I would add what Dr. Cox knew to my regular course, it would help me in getting a good location.

Dr. Cox had been successful in arresting dry Mortifications in Mr. Clark's feet, and that circumstance gave uncle confidence in him - as Dr. in the County had treated him & failed to do him any good. Uncle introduced me to him at Clark's, and brought Cox home with us.

In our interview, I told him 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 N.C. and he would show me a well marked case of Cancer, and I could see him apply his treatment, and then said he "You will no longer be a doubting Thomas."

I was not quite ready to start out to find a location, I concluded to go with him. We rode about 3 days, and found no case he was willing to call a Cancer, until we returned to Carter County Tenn. He thought he found one, on old Johnnie Saylor, who 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, he said about 18 years & I said "did it ever give you any pain?" he said "no."

Mrs. Suggers case of cancer.

I never know it is there only when I put my finger on it." "Do you intend to have any thing done for it by way of treatment?" "No I've never doctored any, nor do I intend to while it remains as innocuous as it always has been". Said I; "that is exactly what I would advise you to do. Let it alone, and my opinion is Mr. Saylor if something else do it kill you; you may die with old age without that little blood-wart hurting you.

My old 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. Suggers 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 event, I would expect them to want to know my opinion, and my theory on these questions.

I was for years Dr. C. Suggers family Physician; while he was a citizen of Carter County Tenn. 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 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 any one 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? Doctor Cox has cured my cancer"; 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.

And within that year, it did break out afresh, and went in a gallop until it killed her.

Diagnosis.

The best trait in a Dr. to insure success, lies in his careful investigation of his case - let him always adopt the motto of Daie Crocker. "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, Proff. Bowling told his class the following good joke on himself.

He established himself in his office, in his Kentucky town, hung out his sign, which read thus.

"W. K. Bowling M. D. Physician & 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 poor filley, with flax main, & tail, and the Boy, white hair was sticking out at a large hole in the top of his hat, he had no coat, his pants came only half down his legs; his bare feet were in stirrups & rested to ropes. In this letter he drew up his toe reins, & called the Dr. out, and said, "you be Dr. Bowling M. D.?" Dr. 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 Dr. He took hold of it, and examined it a little; found it was hot, & red, & looked somewhat inflamed.

Said the Youngster, "what do you think is the matter with it." The Dr. said, "I think it is Erysipelas."

"Ery hell," said he. "Why that's a wasp sting." "Good bye Dr. W. K. Bowling M. D. Physician and Surgeon."

W. H. H. Kites case.

This case should have been reported under the head of nonmalignant 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.

W. H. H. Kite was a citizen of Johnson County Tenn. He had a very large Steatomatous or fatty tumor, located on the right side of his neck, and extending to the point of his shoulder, & covering the divide to the chin in front, and to the Cervical Vertebra behind; covering the whole of the Carotted arteries & 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, and each one with 11 Branches, would be 33 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, consulted 25 Drs. 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 one 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, I believed 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.

Kite's case continued

First, because it would be unsafe to keep her 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 risks".

He 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 the first thought that entered my mind was Kite's case, and I would sleep no more that night, and that continued until I operated.

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. Croftwhite) visited Kite and told him not to risk the operation, that it was obliged to kill him.

Kite's Brother-in-law, 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 fare well." This was trying on Kite's nerves; but he overcame it all, saying to all of them, "I am availing myself of the last chance, I may be saved, if not saved, it will

Kite's Case continued.

not carry me off much sooner than I will have to go any how."

It was Court week at Elizabethton April 6th 1873 when Dr. Hunter & I started.

And 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 & I stayed with Kite that night.

When the people commenced 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 Dr. 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, can't do that, I have frankly stated to every one, that there is great 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 to day, my victory will do me a great deal of good, but if 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 is impossible to take the tumor out and not kill the patient, and I have consented, under all this accumulated evidence to try to save ^{him} in the face of all that discouragement." "If he should die you will hear 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 now, that I have had the misfortune to see one of my patients die under the knife, in the presence of 7 Drs. and if there had ^{been} 40 the result would have been the same."

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

Kite's Case continued.

I operated on a table out doors, with his arms pinned 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 & 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 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; but I found it quite impossible for me to get self possessed for several minutes.

Hearing to deal with such a mass of blood vessels, and the great danger of cutting one of the 3 Carotid arteries, which might have led him to death in spite of all we could do, was calculated to make us all feel nervous, and there were several Drs present to witness the performance of so serious, and dangerous operation, and render what assistance they could.

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

It was a very difficult, dangerous, and booby 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 my self to become excited, but took proper amt of time for every detail of the whole work and never quit it till it was done. Dr. Hunter took up, and tied the arteries as fast as they were cut. The wound was ~~then~~ neatly dressed by proper amt of Stitches, and strips of adhesive

Boney Tumors. Mrs. Jenkins case.

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 Tenn. on the 7th day of Apr. 1873. Kite is living now the 7th day of May 1893. just 20 years, & one month from time of operation only 3 miles from Elk Park S. C. where I reside. No return of tumor, and his general health as good as a man, 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 in 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, and 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, & when, and by whom, the old Surgeon said to the other two, ^{is it not} ~~it is~~ 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 Drs of East Tenn. 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 in 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 ¹/₂ inches long, and curved inward. It was exactly the color of a Ram's horn, with rough ridges on it. After it was removed it could not be told from

a ramshorn. It was firmly attached to the outer table of the Cranium, 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.

For want of time, and space I must close my Report of my surgical cases - though I might report many more, some of which would be interesting, especially to Young Surgeons, who love the branch of their profession, but I must hasten on to give a very short account of a few, of the many things that took place under my own observations, during the war of the Rebellion.

This was popularly called a civil war, but I think it was a

Sectional 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 cloud first began to rise. Although born, & 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 civil 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 Tenn. In the Feb. Election 1861. Showed a very feeble Rebel vote in East Tenn, and in the whole State we defeated Secession by a majority of 65 thousand votes. And 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 "tear of war" came, East Tenn. 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.

This was a time that tried mens souls. Good, honorable, upright men, differed in sentiment. Men looked at the questions, very hastily precipitated upon them from different stand points, therefore they came to different conclusions, and all believed they were patriotic. From the fact that the Union men were very greatly in the Majority in East Tenn, 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 Tenn. to stay. We thought of nothing else day, & night. Many of us believed the true policy of the Federal was to use the great number of idle Soldiers in Kentucky in constructing a Railroad from Kentucky through Cumberland gap into East Tenn. which would have enabled the army to have a base of supplies in East Tenn. and thus cut the Southern Confederacy in two, and as we believed brought 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 was 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 presentiment that it would be a failure as a war measure, and the consequences of its failure would be more direful to us Union Men than they had calculated.

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 to night." And that all the Union men in the South especially in East Tenn. would be in much greater peril, than ever before.

He said, "you was 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 120 Cavalry. I found the man at once, who was to have the torch applied to it, at 8 o'cl that night. We secreted ourselves for our interview, in an out house, 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, & helped burn the Union Bridge. This was on the 8th of Nov. 1861.

The next day about 1000 Union men, Citizens of Carter, Johnson Washington and Sullivan assembled in Elizabethton preparatory to marching towards Cumberland Gap to meet Genl Sherman. This number was increased from day to day until within a week, the little army amounted to about 12 or 15 thousand.

About one third of this army of the little Rebellion, against the big Rebellion, were indifferently armed with Rifles, Shot guns, & pistols, which they picked up in great haste, on leaving home without time to say good bye to anyone.

Here was the first ocular 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 Shurman &c. They immediately started on for that purpose; after they had gotten over Watauga River at Taylor's Ford, and in sight of the advance pickets of the Rebels, I rode round and got into the road in front of them, & 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, & went into camp at the large Barn, and were attacked by the Rebels from Carter's Depot about 12 o'cl that night. Very little damage was done. One man slightly, and one horse seriously wounded, & the Rebels retreated to Carter's Depot. Several Union men were killed through their clothes and hats. This battle was made memorable on account of so many of these valiant Union men, so full of fight, running at a first fire. The Cavalry, as well as infantry, in considerable numbers, did not stand on the order of their going." The fugitives ~~at~~ the morning. The little army was organized into a Big Regiment, with all officers from Col. down. Quartermaster & all. The army had taken off of the willing Union men who had means. When called upon we gave our keys to our grain ices, Smoke houses, &c. to the Quartermaster. After camping one night at Clark's Spring, we moved back to Elizabethton then to Camp Snyder in Doe River Cove, there we remained about a 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 Genl Sherman.

For six weeks in my Cellar in Nov. + Dec. 1861.

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.

At the end of a week our Army was driven from its position by Genl 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 in 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. My intimate friend, and neighbor, Rev. Mr. G. Taylor was one.

My health was so bad, I could not risk myself out of a house during the night, so after looking at all the chances, I returned home, and took refuge in my Cellar, where I remained night and day for 6 of the longest weeks ever I spent on earth.

It would of its self take a volume to recount all the incidents that happened during those six weeks, and what I suffered in mind and body.

This really the beginning of the war with us, and O! such honors. I could hear the Rebel Soldiers hunting for me, and inquiring of my wife about me, immediately above me, and for several days hear of their hanging men for bridge burning until they had hung 5. (to wit)

Friz, Keanchee, Korum, 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 was knowing the bridges were going to be burned, and not revealing it to the Confederate Authorities.

They hung one of the Harmons merely for giving supper to men who burnt a bridge. And 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; at that time they would have given me no quarter.

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, & comfortable; but here in this lonely, dismal, dark place; I had to remain for six long weeks, and during the most disagreeable part of it, I could only learn what was going on out side, 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; Every body out side of my own family believed I was in the mountains, some where between Elizabethton, and Cranbury. To add to the horrors of my situation, my health was very bad; I had been suffering for a long while 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 to 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 fail 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 would have been more severe, if it had not been judiciously tempered by personal friendships on both sides, when they had it in their power to show kindness, and favor. Two of my personal friends, though Confederates managed to sit me at liberty, & not send me off as a Political prisoner (to wit) Gen. M. Taylor & Gen. Robert B. Vance. That guarded me from Elizabethton in the night to Gen. Vances head Quarters at Johnson City, where he gave me papers which protected me from those blood thirsty Vampires, who sought to send me away. Vance was a Col. then, but he out ranked the other fellows. I was about to start on a dangerous journey through North & South Carolina, to reach my old home in Georgia, where I had relatives and friends still living, who I knew would give me protection.

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 record, and was well 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 Tenn. was held during the whole 4 years alternately; first by one side then the other, which in several ways made it hard for both. Then we had Bushwhackers, Bummers, and Camp followers. These men had no principle. 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. Bushwhackers (17) in number took Bob & Eb. Tipton out of bed one night, and shot Bob and left him dead at the back of his Fathers 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 Col. 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 in to his Fathers by 12 o'cl. Saturday night, these 5 men were to be shot Sunday morning. And my name was at the head of the 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, & therefore, could know nothing of his situation. 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, & 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 Bushwhackers 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 road side as I passed, & he had his sight on me, and was just about to shoot, & they whispered to him, not to shoot, that I was a Dr. & going to see John White head who had fever, and where they had just before been supplied 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.

After I was arrested and taken before Maj. Stringfield as a political prisoner, and tried and acquitted; the Leaders were not satisfied - that is the bad element of them; they still hounded me. And when that bad man, Capt. Suvall was made Provo-Marshall 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 Sige Simerley had better get away from here, I heard my two Brothers in law till Suvall yesterday, if he could get you and Simerley away, he would have no trouble in managing things to suit him." It was then about 10 o'clock A.M. Col. Simerley 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 composed of men women, & children - all from Union families. Some were young men, intending to join the army & to die in defence

of cherished principles. Most of them composed whole families, who intended to make their future homes in the West. Some traveled on horse back, some in wagons, and some on foot. As we moved on our cavalcade resembled a little army - with Banners, for we had two men with us named 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 we 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 Young County N.C. who I saw volunteer in the Confederate service, the day after the fall of Ft. Sumpter. They were both decorated Capt. of their companies, and held the same position in the Union army. They made up part of the crowd that gave me notice to leave Burnsville in "double quick," only because I was a Union man. When these men gave me such a cordial hand shake, and seemed so glad to see me, I said to them, "Gentlemen! which army do you like best, the Confederates, 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 close 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 Genl. Burnside's second advent into East Tenn. 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 this field, where I could hide him from the Rebel soldiers, as there was a large number of 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. Genl. Burnside was advancing with a heavy force and that fact was harrying 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 "Rebs" had all gone down to their encampment. I had gone only half 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 & saddle. I noticed that they were all about half drunk. The Capt in front 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 Sir, it is hard to dismount a Minister."

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

The end of the war. X

The war ended in April 1865. Just 4 years from its commencement at the fall of Ft. Sumpter. My son then about 16 years old, who had gone to Georgia late in the war to keep out of the army as that part of Ga. was held by the Rebels, came home with me, as soon as we found it was safe to do so.

We found every thing 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 ^{the victor}: 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 cornfields and without speaking to me drive in and load their wagons; and return the next day with half my crop had disappeared, and they would go into my pasture fields, & drive out my choice Cattle, and go into my Smoke house, & take 1/10 of what meat, leave they could find. And never offer a dollar in remuneration for all of it.

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, & 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 & Tilda you are as free as I am. I no more exercise ownership over you."

I pay my 2 slaves for service from President's proclamation.

I am now going to pay you in 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 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.

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 confectionery 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 Kattie 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, & surgery until March 1866. When I received the appointment of Special Agent of the Post Office Department with head Quarters 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

My appointment as Special Agt. P. O. D.

at home and in the Cities had failed to do, 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 improved, 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 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 district was North and South Carolina. I received my Commission in March 1866, and went immediately to my head Quarters 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 universally 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 N. C. 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, 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 Murfreesboro, on horse back.

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, willing to be authorized to go clear through the western Counties, and give out ~~contracts~~ contracts for carrying the mails, and also appoint Postmasters. My suggestion met with the approval of the Dept, and in June

My trip through Western N.C. to the Ga line, with a strange

I made this trip, as far as Asheville, on horse back, 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 Dept. by Col. Cochran, through whose hands all the money came to each, & every Special Agent in the mail service. He said to me, after Gen. Grant's election to the Presidency. "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 Railroads," I said I go at all times when I am notified that there is any thing 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 flipperantly call a good time. And their horse, & Buggy hire is charged up to the Dept. in their monthly accounts as an necessary item in mail service." He continued - "I can say this for you Sir. You have received a less amt. of money from this Dept. for the services rendered, and time you have served, than any one of the 40 Special Agents belonging to the Dept."

As proof of the correctness of Col. Cochran's statement, I take occasion to say here, that I might very properly ^{have} charged a dollar a day for my own horse, but did not charge any thing.

I visited nearly all the Counties in Western N.C.

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 Dept. at Washington.

A Strange Incident.

When I finished my work at Murfreesboro in Cherokee county, N.C.

Incident at its close, & my hasty return home.

It was my intention to go to the nearest railroad point, Walhalla S.C. and send ^{my} horse home by rail, & I intended returning to Raleigh by way of Charleston, S.C. The night before, I intended ^{for 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 presentiment that something dreadful had happened back at my home at Elizabethton, that some of my family was ~~was~~ dangerously sick, or some awful accident had happened. It had been less than ~~two~~ ^{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 Murfreesboro N.C. and Loudon Tenn, and put ^{my} horse on the freight train on the East Tenn Va & Ga road, & take 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 &c. and a man had been killed on this mountain a few days before I started from Murfreesboro; but I run all this risk, and came on ~~to~~ 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 ^{the} 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 head Quarters 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 so much mistaken in any man as I was in him. When I first became acquainted with him in 1837. When he was a Democrat & I 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 cloud 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 represented 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 be sacrificed, if it was in conflict with the true interest of the People. His doctrine was "the greatest good, to the greatest number."

His veto Message of the 2^d Freedmen's Bureau bill — saying "it would 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 rival}.

He continued to be my friend as long as he lived, and showed his steadfast friendship, and confidence in me, by ^{calling} ~~one~~ ^{alone} to his bed side, in his last illness, which took him from time to Eternity. He had an apoplectic stroke, and would have had a second one in a few minutes, if I had not resorted to prompt, heroic treatment to prevent it.

His arm 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 2 days they did telegraph and Drs Broyles, & Taylor came just in time to see him die, only a few hours before he died, which was on the 3^d 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.

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 Station, the nearest station on E. Va. & Ga. R.R. 6 miles from where he died (at Mrs. Stovers; 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 this uncertain rumor, and they never came to Mrs. Stovers, where he died, nor to Elizabethton 2 miles away, to ask me what disease he died with.

He died of the Apoplectic Stroke.

Some enterprising Photographers 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, &c. 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, Va. and he could have been on the ground, in a few hours, with his instruments & every thing prepared, and ^{would} have executed the work in artistic style.

I will now revert to my very hasty detail of my duties as Special Agent of P. O. D. 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 Whippoorwill Station, and, unavoidable exposure in discharging my duties there. I was confined to my room, and much of time in bed, at Raleigh for months under the care of Dr. McKee.

Exciting Incident at the Mills House.

One of the many important duties I had to perform, was to collect the dues to the Department. A few days before I started on my rounds on my collecting tour I sent out to all P. O. D. on all the Railroads a printed notice for the

to meet me, on the arrival of a certain train, with the exact amt due to the Department. I had printed receipts in my Pocket to hand out, after inserting the amt. 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 S.C. and a few minor offices on my return to Raleigh. My train took me into Charleston at mid night. Some public occasion had brought a large crowd to Charleston, & my Hotel, the "Mills House" was crowded, & 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, & got to bed. I knew I had to be in a hurry next morning to collect dues of the City P. M. 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 & wash and hurry down to Breakfast. I met the P. M. by my side at the Table, & told him what a hurry I was in, so I might get to the train. We both sat about half a Breakfast, & 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 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 amt of money I had, but it was considerable. I had been nearly all over the two States.

I had given a very large Bond with Gov. 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 it invested in lands, as I had known them 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 Bunners, Carpet Baggers, and Scallwags. This experience did not increase my confidence, 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 any man who had done any service to the Confederacy from holding any 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

offered the nomination for Congress in the Raleigh District.

Citizen of the Raleigh District, who could take the required oath except myself. I had resided in East Tennessee during the war up to near its close, when it became unsafe for me to remain longer on account of my out spoken Union Sentiments, I had to go North & remain until the end of the war.

In this emergency I was offered the Republican nomination for Congress in the Raleigh District, and Maj. Foot a fine Speaker proposed to me, if I would accept the nomination, he would canvass the Dist 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 Dist." "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 panel of Union men, and are from East Tennessee, and have had your residence here long enough to entitle you to a seat in Congress".

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 reliction, and as I was raised to economy I would save my money. But I cant accept of the nomination; but I tender to you, & 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."

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. Lewis, the man they did send. He was expelled from Congress for selling a Battleship.

This man, Col. Lewis, 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 Dist.

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 the Union of these States from being destroyed. The Secessionists, headed by Jefferson Davis said "we will dissolve the States, and then organize a Confederacy in the South." The Unionists said "no, you cant do any such 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, & 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, come 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 succeed 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 attained the bases, and fundamental principles of the State governments; and in this way these Extreme Union men displeas'd, 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 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 intrinched ^{itself} in power, since the foundation of our government.

I will not occupy much space, here to give my opinions of governmental affairs, as I never was a politician, and am only an humble citizen, but every citizen ^{ought} to have an opinion, & 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, & 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 redeemable only in gold. From 1865. to 1868 that question was much agitated throughout the country. Genl. 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. Any thing 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.

Compared with the above, the trouble brought on the business transactions of the whole people by the abominable Trusts and Combines, and one can see how the masses are hampered in every way.

Then above all, and undoubtedly any of these dire Calamities is the great "Mogul," the Liquor traffic. Beware of all of its multibedinous ramifications attending 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 frightfull estimate of the amt 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 U. S. Government legalize the sale of liquor by license; and thus stand directly in the way of the Citizens prohibiting its sale. I am satisfied that the sentiment of a majority of the voters in

The Saloons must be put ^{down}, or they will put the people down.

the United States is in favor of dispensing with the Saloons, but it is the power and popularity of the United States Government, and the joint influence of the States influences, that still perpetuates 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.

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 1858, they cast for President, Calvin T. Millens, 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 to be called branks. Many of the best men who were lived, were called branks, & fanatics. St. Paul, with all the Apostles, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Christopher Columbus, Proff. Morse, & the great army of their co-laborers in Science, and in the Ministry, were called branks and even our Savior was called a Fanatic. And the denunciations 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 ambition 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 &c. 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 disolute Band of Indians at Leech Lake had waylaid, and assassinated the principle chief of the Nation, "Kole 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 some what 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 to 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 Station in northern part of Minnesota.

Col. N. G. Taylor, then Commissioner of Indian affairs, together with Mrs. Taylor, Miss. Sue Gillespie, and Sat. 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 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, & 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, & party, going to Michigan, & 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 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 plough and look back." and thus we parted.

I had just headed 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 sore trials and troubles.

"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.

Col. Taylor, & I separated at Little Falls Minnesota. 157

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 anything should happen, to prevent my return, you can find a deposit of several hundred dollars - I do not remember just what amt. in 1st National Bank at Raleigh N. C. This I forgot to tell you of. My health is good. Farewell."

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, & sent to my son Dudley was received at Raleigh N. C.

I was loth 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 Genl. 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, & I traveled in a fine Buggy drawn by 2 of the finest males I ever rode behind. We had 14 wagons, loaded with supplies, for the Indians, and a few teams and Buggies, and 30 men. We also had with us 3 Ministers of the gospel - Rev. Mr. Madox, Methodist, Rev. Mr. ^{Edwards} Piell, Presbyterian, and Bishop Ireland of the Roman Catholic Church. And Dr. Pennyman, who was to reside among the Indians, and doctor them when his services were called for. Also we had with us

Mr. Ramsey of St. Paul, Brother of Gov. Ramsey, and Mr. Tomlinson, an Englishman, who was making the trip, for pleasure & his health, and to see the Country.

Our long journey through this vast Savage territory, unknown to civilized man 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 many notes in my diary, and so many years full of business, labor, toil, & 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 transient few.

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 page 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, & he would go on with us to the Agency.

We - (that is, Rev. H. G. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Gillespie, J. P. Taylor & myself) remained at Chicago 3 1/2 days. We then proceeded on our journey by way of Milwaukee, Prairie de Chine, crossing the Mississippi River at Maquoket, then on through Iowa to St. Paul, the Capital of Minnesota. Prairie de Chine was the home of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy for 8 years. Being stationed there for that time

by the Government of the United States. We remained at St. Paul 3 days. It is 212 miles from St. Regis to St. Paul, and for this whole distance the lands are very fine. On the 9th of Sept. we went out 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 over estimate it.

On the 10th we went by invitation, on an excursion & picnic to White Bear Lake 12 miles, on Lake Superior, & Mississippi R.R.

The people were very kind to us, and treated us with consideration and respect, especially W. Stewart the City Post Master, and his Chief Clerk Mr. Terry. On 11th Maj. Paul B. Bassett and I leave St. Anthony for St. Cloud on train, and arrive there at 7 P.M. This is the furthest 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, & the other to Soc.บุตร.

From St. Cloud Maj. Bassett & I traveled in a fine Buggy drawn by 2 Superior 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, & stopped an hour & a half for dinner.

Genl. Sanborn & Lady, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Gillespie & J. P. Taylor, arrived at dark. It is now 15th Sept. It rained all night, & is raining at evening out. The people here count this the equinoctial storm, but in our country we always have it closer to 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 till 17th when we started to White Bear the reservation. The waters in all the streams were so swollen we were compelled to cross the Brown River and cross the Mississippi to avoid Crow Wing, & other streams.

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 acre, & all that has been sold brought 6 1/2 an acre, and 1/2 millions dollars besides.

I now resume my account of my trials en. to White Earth to hold my first Council with Indians. After crossing the Mississippi at Little Falls, we stayed the first night at Mr. Warrant's, 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.

On much of our route, we had a great deal of trouble in getting the loaded wagons, and our Buggies, & Packs over deep marshes, which we had gone through the "turf", as it was called, the horses, & Mules, and waggon wheels would have mired up, and we could not have gotten them out.

Our Teamsters were provided with long Cables, and they understood all about transporting Indian Supplies over these pulledies, 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 the manœuvring, until all the wagons & other vehicles were over, and pull the Mules, & 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 humour. All seemed to realize from the start that we would have fatigue, trials, & troubles, in that long journey through a Savage, waste howling Wilderness.

Every day of our march with its existing incidents were pretty much the same. We had ample supplies, both for man, & beast. And were fortunate in having one of the best of Cooks, in the person Mr. Smith. He was a splendid Cook, and always cheerful, happy. Minnesota is a great State for cranberries. I do not think

We ever ate a meal while 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 upon his mind, he had written his own history and pinned it on his coat. In this way "Jim Smith killed by the Indians. Sept. 25th 1868."

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 have often heard it said that Minnesota had 10 thousand 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 Back Bone 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, & then on into the Gulf of Mexico. And on the other side, the waters all run into Hudsons Bay.

Extract from my Diary of 25th Sept. 1868. "We are now at Brandon, when we get 20 miles further, the waters run into Ottertail River, which helps make the Red River of the North, which enters into Hudsons Bay."

I cannot point out just where we struck the noted Santified trail.

Held first Council with Indians at White Earth Lake 24th Sept.

But I know we followed it a long distance, with one wheel of our sledges 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 15th Sept. It did not hurt much. People here report that 700 Bushels Irish potatoes have been raised here to the acre and Hoo 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 & stable for 5000. Could pay for it in sale of furs.

22nd we are now 9 miles above Othertail encamped in a hail storm.

Maj. Bassett & I arrived at White Earth navigation at 5 P.M. 23rd Sept. after trudging nearly all day in a snow storm. It has been hard for the sun to cross the equatorial line this year. I was quite chilly when I got out of the Buggy.

We were received by the Chiefs and head men with demonstrations of friendsh, and treated cautiously.

The names of the chiefs at this Town of about one thousand are. Munnedo wa. Waubona cut. Esconnut cut. Sebouesto reang. Sacosse ga. Menogestick. Agawboy.

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 ever killed. and some on this occasion had as many as a dozen. Each Indian had a gun

hatchet, knife, Bow & 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 & his Drummer Boy. My Interpreter on this occasion was

after a complimentary war dance by the Indians.

Paul Boleao, a halfbreed. He was an intelligent fellow, and it being the first council, and he not knowing that I knew any thing about Indians, he whispered to me, & told me to not mind their demonstrations, let them show ever so many signs that they intended to put me to death, not to be afraid. They would do me no harm.

At the top of the drum, by the little Boy, the warriors commenced running round in the big circle, singing, and when they completed the circle, they would hallow the war whoop - then round, and round, again & again. Presently one soldier, perhaps, with a gun, would fasten his eye on me as he ran round, & directly he would jump out of the ring, and make his circuit nearer to me, with his gun presented, as though he intended 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 come out with perhaps a sword up lifted 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 hear what I had to say about my Government; and what message their Great Father had sent to them by me &c.

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 Boleao; 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 between the Indians, and the Government were fully discussed.

They had a great many complaints to make against the Government, and greatly misconstrued the Treaty stipulations. Took pains in reading, and explaining, from printed copies of the Treaty just what they were intitled to, and succeeded in satisfying them that designing white men had misrepresented the Treaty.

And 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 Indians, but notably on the farmers along the borders. 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.

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 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 Abacrombie; if they would send an Escort of their own warriors with me through their country, and promise me protection while I was in their station.

When this proposition was presented to them through Paul Bolesaw, 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's agent hits the nail on the head," when he says, send war men back.

"We have been talking about it. Our friendly Agent comes here & talks good to us; and says he means no harm. Our Great Father at Washington means 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. Tomlinson, and I remained at White Earth Lake, until the Pay Party under Maj. J. B. Russell went to Pembina 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 canoes 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 up and waited patiently, until Maj. Russell returned from Pembina.

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

Before leaving off my accounts 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 in what they eat were of an inferior kind, and that the lands cleared, ^{or ploughed} or cultivated, did not suit 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 settlements, and count the houses that had been built for their occupancy, and had to go to the Commissary Department, and examine the flour, meal, meat, &c. &c.

I found a little flour, slightly injured by being transported long distances in very bad weather, & some inferior blankets. Every thing else seemed in fair shape.

I had learned enough of Indian character during my

I gave a plain talk to the Indians, which they gladly received.

Your residence, when I was quite young, among the Cherokee, & the Creeks, to know these Whippersnappers 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 publick 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 good: because, You have treated me kindly, and you have by your conduct since you have 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 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 Steam Saw mill, furnished by the Government to Saw lumber for your Kansas, 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, & ^{her} husband walking a long way with a gun on his shoulder.

And this morning I saw 4 of your young women come into town, each one dragging a load of long heavy poles on their backs like upon, to make fire for you boys men to smoke your pipes around.

You have told me you want to be like white people, but that statement is contradicted by your way of living. If you really wanted

They thank me through their principal chief for my advice.

to be like the white man, you would imitate him in your dress.

You would put on Pants, Coats, Vests &c. and quit going about with a Blanket around you, holding it around you with one hand, while you hold your Pipe with ^{the} other.

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, & keeps it out of his way.

As a rule you Indian men never cut your hair, but flat 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 round since I've been here, I've seen but one Indian man trying to imitate the white man in dress; and this same man is diligent in training his Children, both Girls & Boys to work, & also to dress like white people. — That man is ^{the} Mingo do Wah, your Chief, who is now present to hear my words of commendation. It was on account of these reports 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 value so highly.

I wish we had all of your Ojibway tribe with us here to stay, 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 your cills with Indians, (as I have witnessed in my early life at Councils in Cherokee, & 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 Indians."

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 is our conditions in life; and the best evidence of a mans friendship, is for him to tell us of our faults if it is done in the proper spirit, & at the right time.

I wish to notify ^{you} of one more mistake you are making, & then I will close:

Your Great Father, through his agents, has contracted a good many houses, for your families; these houses 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 round & counted 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 again from now I would expect to find your elegant houses standing unoccupied, as they are to day.

This conduct of yours is not in the direction of Civilization.

When I was done my talk, all the Indians cheered me.

And then Waubona Cut, one of their chiefs, rose and made the following speech as reported by Paul F. Peale, 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. We need not be afraid we get mad with him for telling us the truth. We often despise white man that tells us such things, when we know he don't care for us. We wish all agents would deal with us honestly, and tell us no lies."

"We will send our Soldiers to meet you at Leech Lake as we promised, & go with you to White Oak Point, and any where you want to go through our Nation. And when you are done visiting our towns and holding Councils with our people, and go back home 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 fare well at White Earth, by shaking hands cordially with the Chiefs, & bowing to the warriors and Squaws that were present.

While remaining at the Government's 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 canoe rowed on lakes by Indians, I had trouble with Dr. Finimau 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 a lone in our fine outfit. We failed to reach there the first day. We had to camp out alone 15 miles on this side ^{the} Lake. From the unsettled condition of the Indians at Leech Lake, we did not feel entirely secure, especially as Charles A. Ruffe had gone up there the day before to prejudice the Indians against the Government.

I am now at the most dangerous part of my mission, Seech Lake

all he could, and especially against Maj. Bassett, who had supported him (Puffer) in the appointment of Local Indian Agent.

We reached Seech 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 their unsettled state of mind, from meeting the day before with bowmen sent by them to meet us, and demand of us presents for killing of their Principal Chief "Kale" in the day.

In place of riding away to keep from being arrested when we came 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 disolute band with great circumspection and caution.

If I had gone rashly to work, and exercised all the powers vested in me as Agent of the Government, in carrying out and defending the Treaty stipulations; we would have had a 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 Seech Lake, for 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 Seech Lake.

I therefore spent no time in bandening words through my new interpreter, Mr. Wright with these bad Indians, but 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 Seech Lake 10 miles that evening, and Camped on the Bank of the Great Mississippi River. We were ^{afraid} to risk riding the waves on Seech Lake in a canoe. So we carried it in the Steam Boat with us from the

The home of the ^{Indians} Desolator, who killed their principal chief. 171

Town to where we Camped on the river. The next morning very early we started in our 4 fathom canoe. It was like all their canoes, made of Birch Bark. It was 20 feet long, and about 4 1/2 feet across in the middle. We had in it, besides Maj. Bassett, & myself, Mr. Wright, (my Interpreter), and 4 Indians; who were detailed from White Earth to accompany me through all my travels through the straits in place of the Soldiers I had sent back to Fort Abercrombie.

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

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 Cotton wood, 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 its bottom upwards, and build a fire in front, & spread down our Blankets, & cover with our Buffalo robes, and sleep soundly till morning; same as if we were at our homes in a comfortable bed.

The canoe was so light it rode the waters like an egg shell. Two Indians did the rowing, the other two sat in 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 Staska Lake, which is the head of the Mississippi River. I was greatly surprised to find the country so near the head of the Mississippi so level. We could scarcely tell which way the water was running. The water spreads out, in many places covering hundreds of acres; & in some even thousands of acres.

In such places the water is usually shallow, and some times from a foot to 4 or 5 feet. There are the narrow rice fields. When the rice gets ripe, the Indians

Shooting wild Ducks, on the Mississippi.

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, & thresh it off, till the Canoe is full; then go to Shore & take it out, put ^{it} in a hole previously dug out, having the rice in a blanket or sheet, & tramp it out. Then they Clean it by making wind with a Sheet, as our Fathers did before the 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. 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.

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 ^{by the Steam Boat} of reeds. When we would immerge from this wilderness, out into the open expanse of water, where no reeds grew, 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, & 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 our Campfire. When the Canoe would "Spring a leak," the Indians would strike for the bank, & take it out and turn it up, & soon stop the holes with cement they carried with them for that 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, & white caps running so high. We reached where we left the Boat

Some time 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 May Bassett, and Mr. Wright knew the country. But when we had proceeded a little way, the waves were running 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, & 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 orbison.

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 quick leg, & 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, & wait till morning for the Steam Boat.

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 a head along the Lake, and about a mile a head 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 then 10 miles away.

We concluded to blit in our 4 fathom Canoes, 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

Our awful peril upon Seech Lake.

hour the waves commenced running. We were then a long way from land in any direction. We did not know 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.

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 that Superintending 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 off home.

I was at the head of the Father of Waters, several thousand miles from my native South Land — 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 much disturbed mind.

But presently we saw the Steam Boat; plainer and plainer did it appear, as our frail bark would rise upon the crest of the wave, but we could see that its course would take it far to our right — Evidently the Boatmen had not sighted us, and they were not expecting us to break up 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 alongside of us, and with ropes took us, and our canoe on board, and turned about, and carried us to the Town in safety.

This place is enclosed, and the Gate is kept constantly locked, 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 here under the

Command of Col. Bush.

On my return here I found, as I expected, Charles A. Ruffe with about 50 of his understrickers ready for any emergency. This in itself forboded trouble — for I had been notified by the best men I could find over since I entered the Nation, that Ruffe 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 their new Reservations.

And wanted them to annul the last Treaty made with the Government.

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

I felt undecided what to do; knowing the temper of these Indians after being harassed by Ruffe the night before, (whom I learned from my interpreter Wright) had told them, when I came back "treat him ruffly"; said he, "Spit in his face, and if he do not resent that, then kill a Government Ox, and divide him out 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 ten thousand dollars in Green Backs that day, and the goods and money both 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, & we knew it. Ruffe and his 50 henchmen were all armed, and they alone outnumbered the Soldiers. There were on a reasonable estimate 250 Indians armed, out of a thousand

These bad Indians encouraged and supported by Chas. Ruffee.

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 up into a hollow 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 "Kalin-day", and it could easily have been proven that his object in assassinating Kalin in the day - was to become Chief himself. His furious appearance betrayed his bad and murderous character. His first speech was a tirade in ^{against} indignation, the Government, couched in the bitterest language he could muster, with many threats of vengeance, if he could not have things to go just as he wanted them.

Among many other impudent things he said - he gave utterance to the following, "The Government owes us heap money, and it must be paid to day, and we will take paper money, but still have gold or we will have blood". While he stood there speaking, his body trembling with rage, and every lineament of his savage countenance indicating that he wanted to provoke a battle, Charles A. Ruffee was standing about 50 yards behind us, with 50 willing tools, made up of white Bimmers, & half Breads on the border, who were ready 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 to day and he shall be hurt".

After a while of roving, and more abuse of the Government, the Indians 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, & explaining the points at issue, in a calm & dignified way. I made it a point to have my talk to be in great contrast with the Indians speech in tone & temper, but I took care not to back down an inch on any questions in the controversy.

I make my position more dangerous by being frank with Ruffee.

He contended a long time for gold. But, finally reasoned him out of it by showing him, that I received a salary from the Government, and that I never had 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 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.

He asked me what impression had been made on my mind in regard to the troubles 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 gotten positions there, and he particularly was 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 the 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, ten thousand dollars to go back to Washington, and make a report that would cause Maj. Baseth to be turned out of the Indian Agency, and he Ruffee appointed in his place. While talking so frankly to Ruffee, I had no time to weigh the effect of my words,

Plan of my escape from these dangerous Indians.

and what they might influence that bad man to do. But, after we separated, and while walking on to the Hotel to where my friends were; I had time to mentally review our conversation. I then saw at once what interest he might have in presenting 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 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 & I had driven all through the Nation. We were let pass through the gate next morning at 3 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 "Brown 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 & controversy between the Indians and Governmental Authorities; then I pushed for Washington without another stopover.

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

I had to endure physical, as well as mental suffering.

My travel of 75 miles in a day, in a Buggy drawn by 2 fine mules. 179

I had been so exposed to the most sudden change in the weather, on my trip from White Earth Lake to the Agency the week before, that I had ever witnessed, and it had affected 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 had 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, &c of Indians generally; I will here quote from my note book, carried in my pocket during my long trip.

"Shippawa Nation, Mississippi Agency, Sept. 15th 1868."

I find a growing discontent, and ill feeling between the Indians who have moved to White Earth Reservation, and those who refuse to leave their old homes at Gull Lake and Mill Lake. This dissatisfaction, I think will become more pronounced, and cause more trouble, unless the Government interferes, and compels the Mill Lake Indians to remove, to their new Reservations, as provided, to the stipulations of the Treaty.

This unity 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, & 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 these trying times. I attended their Councils, for years, and finally in 1830. 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.

These factions became so embittered against each other, that it finally culminated in the assassinations 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; but I had become very much attached to Walker, & his clever wife. These murderers were full blooded Indians; & were, and cruel.

From my knowledge of the Indian Character, based upon a residence of 6 years among the Cherokees, and Creeks; both 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 Lake. There a portion of them still linger, is but little adapted to agricultural pursuits; 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 adaptations 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 can have done) and being 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 further 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 beg to give a brief description of some extraordinary curiosities seen at Leech Lake, and on the Mississippi River at Pigeon Falls.

After starting to cross the great Leech Lake in the Steam Boat, heretofore mentioned. The first thing that arrested my attention, was a great rock wall, lining the shore to our left. The wall looked to be about 10 feet above the water; 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 surface & 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 that 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, & 5 miles wide. It holds in its bed a vast number of smooth rocks of different lengths & sizes, like you see in the wall. In the winter the ice is from 4, 500 feet thick. When it breaks up in the spring, into large boulders, and the wind lashes the lake into great fury, the waves are 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 one upon another, like battering rams, until the wall is formed just as you see it."

The great Pocagemie Falls on the Mississippi River.

By the force of the waves, from the center to the circumference of lakes, makes the elevations 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 Pocagemie 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 Pocagemie falls the whole waters of the Mississippi passed through a narrow cask only 80 feet wide.

It is believed with much show of 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 was, making it some 20, or 30 feet higher at the falls than it is now; the water gradually flowing over the 80 feet rock, until in the course of time this massive rock gave way, allowing this vast amount of water to flood the Mississippi Valley.

This great expanse of water receded from this periphery, as is marked out by the elevations. 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 extensive commerce of the great Mississippi Valley.

This is a great drawback to the prosperity of one of the most productive countries on this continent. Many millions of dollars have been appropriated by the Congress of the United States, besides all the

And the interesting expanse of country spread out above the falls. 183

individual effort could do, to prevent the annual floods from whirling away, and utterly destroying one of the richest valleys in the world.

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

I had traveled some on steam boats, where navigation had been very much improved by "locks & dams", as is done on the Kentucky River, between Frankfort, & the mouth of that river, and while considering the situation at Pocagemie falls, I thought; if Congress could be induced to send competent engineers to Pocagemie 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 & imperfect, detail of my mission to Chippewa Indians. But I can bid them a final adieu until I compare their language with that of the Cherokees, & Creeks, with which I was much more familiar.

The Chippewas, (or Ojibwas) are much more savage than either of the other tribes, but notwithstanding this fact their language is more grammatical in its construction than either of the others.

My bad health after this exposure, in that cold rigorous

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's meant."

Then he gave me the same sentence in Chippewa; and the interpretation, and it was easy to tell whose Father was meant.

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

Up to this time I did not know the amt. 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.

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 to me by the Indian Chiefs, I started on to my headquarters at Raleigh, knowing that much correspondence touching my official business had accumulated there.

During the month of Nov. 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 the Indian Service.

climate compelled me to resign my office & return home.

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, &c.

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 7th of Oct. 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 Lauder, where I was waited on as carefully as if at home.

At last I had to stop all work, and call in Dr. 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 10th 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 10th 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 (Sept 21st 1893) suffering with it.

I did not recover, so I could leave my room for months. When I did recover so I could get out a little

I was some what 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 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.

One of my mistakes in business.

When I was forced to resign my office of Special Agt. P.O.B. on account of my extreme bad health, and had so far received that I could put up my Books, I found after paying my current expenses, & replenishing the waste and destruction of household goods by reason of the war, I had on hand about four thousand dollars.

How 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, and Shoe & 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 about the great Amortization, in labor brought about by the war we had just past 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 procure.

All these things, and many more equally ^{at} assumptions had to be learned after I embarked in the business. Then it was too late for me to profit by it.

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

I went to great pains, and expense in constructing buildings and sinking Vats, &c. &c. The Boot & 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, &c. I had plenty of Water conveyed ^{from} the Doe River, but rain water being softer water, and, therefore, superior for tanning to either Lime Stone or fine Stone, 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 fully 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, & Texas. He bought some in Ark. 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 now here, both in Tenn, & western N.C. 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 was unfortunately in the business.

Then I had to pay my Shoe & Boot makers big war prices for work. I paid from 2.50 to 3.00 for making fine Boots; ^{finishing} all material, and other work in proportion.

When I review the push, ~~and~~ press of work during that 7 years I can't see how I escaped being utterly broken up, of course it injured

me financially, and nothing saved 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 amt. of worry.

But as the saying goes "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 discomfort, just at this time Thomas S. Johnson returned from California, and proposed to go in 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.

I 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 actually paid out as he knew 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 3 years more.

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, Mess Jordan & Graham, are making money, where I lost money; because they manufacture by Machinery and I made my shoes & Boots by hand.

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 unutilization 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 to hire quite a number of hands, both white and black, and it was rare that I had a hand that did not damage me in some way—especially the last few years when I trusted others to Boss the concern while I was absent Building "The Reems Creek Wollen Mills," at Waverlyville N.C.

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 Tan yard, and a better workman, and more industrious man I never had in the yard, and 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.

The demoralization of labor after the war.

He worked for me for a little over a year - say 14 months, and in that time, he lost 93 working days. And he never could leave without injuring the business, and he knew it, and he could do nothing for it.

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 horse to do the work that he knew must be done at once, or lose a large lot of hides.

Mr. Blick came up, and ate his breakfast as usual, leaving his hat & 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. B. was not there, and his hat & coat was gone. And I knew that was the last of Mr. Blick.

No one could be procured at E. to save the hides. What should I do? I went to Johnson City, & boarded the train and went as far as Greenville, stopping at every place where there was the least chance to get a hand, and failed every where.

On my return, I went on to Bristol. Failing there I came home, & went horse back to see Mr. Russell Cardell in the upper end of Crab Orchard near the N. C. line.

Failing here as Mr. C. had hides in the same condition. I got home just at night, put my tired horse in the stable, ate my supper, procured lamps, & went to the Tannery & pulled off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, & worked and sweated till nearly day light. But, I had the satisfaction to know that my energy had saved my hides.

About this time I gave John & the boys good advice.

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.

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 ^{N.C.} Weaverville and built a Woolen Mill on Reems Creek. Called the "Reems Creek Woolen Mills". I had lost hope in making my Tanning & Shoe & Boot shop a paying institution. I was wanting gradually 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. W. Jobe and H. J. Snyder. We made a success of building up a good & 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, & quantity of their Sheep.

In this way I built up a considerable business. I ran 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. W. Jobe, one of the owners took my place as Manager temporarily, as I had done. As our business, and our citizenship were in Tennessee, we both sold out pretty soon to parties living at Weaverville, and in that neighborhood, and they have been running it successfully ever since.

This Woolen Mill is eligibly located, and promoted 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 Town in Western North Carolina.

I was compelled to resign my position as Superintendent of the Rumelock Cotton 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 or other Machinery had so destroyed my hearing, that I have never recovered from it to this day, altho I have had it treated repeatedly.

I am now very hard of hearing.

This is a much 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 the people for transactions covering so many years.

A large part of these were in Judgments, notes and papers against insolvent parties, of which 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 would 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 some measure so.

I ought to have known better, for I had the benefit of an early and sad experience in selling goods in Georgia on a credit. I want to be candid, and confess, that I lacked something in my make, up of being a business man. I could not say no often enough to men asking me for credit.

I know now that the hundreds who know they owe me 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 never would be paid for it.

O! how often I have gone, when I was as bad off as the Patient I went to see.

The several Books that I have used to keep accounts in, don't show the amount of Practice I've done — for when 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. & Western N. C. Railroad was finished to Cranberry.

I moved my family to Elk Park on the first train coming through. This was on 13th of June 1881. We moved into a Railroad Shanty 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 that is now known as the A. A. 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 ~~town~~ house is, I bought for Mollie Hunter, where the ~~S. M. Bannister~~ is, I bought for Keatie 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 of the Postoffice 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 here, and compete with Cranberry in the sale of goods, &c. But I kept hammering away until I got the office

I had L. M. Bunker appointed the first Post Master. Since then we have had as P.M.'s Wm. C. Walsh, Courcy G. Norman and now John F. Davis. The office has 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.

Elk Park, notwithstanding its humble beginning, has become a place of considerable importance. Any millions of feet of lumber have been shipped from here. It is the greatest lumber depot on the E. S. & W. T. Railroad, besides the great amount of lumber of all kinds, the shipments of Log roots, Tan bark &c. &c. 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 ever has seen.

Persons 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 were much benefited by it.

After receiving my Steam Saw mill here for 5 years, I ~~found~~ found I had injured my health, and my pocket to such an extent, I sold my saw mill to Nat. G. M. Farland, 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 they approximated the truth, but I was wonderfully deceived.

These quotations are published, and controlled by lumber buyers & 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. His lumber is on the market, and subject to charges for storage all the time it 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 placed in Commission men, as a rule. When they receive your lumber, or any thing else you send them, they then have every thing in their own hands.

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ a bushel, at my farm at Elizabethton, which was satisfactory to me, but my brother-in-law, who was then selling goods at Johnson's depot, persuaded me to haul it there & ship it to Richmond, and get 160 cents for it. I waited a good while before I received my money, and owing out to commission, freight, storage &c. &c. I got 48 cents a bushel for my share.

Then I shipped Staves from my timber land 3 miles from Elizabethton, I shipped three Staves to Norfolk Va. White oak Staves were at a big price, and all others were called Red oak, & were much lower. There was some of fine white oak, and ~~could~~ would have yielded me 75 dollars clear profit on the Car load; had I got justice, but when my returns came, my Staves were ^{now} all counted as Red oak; and counting up cost of making the Staves, hauling 6 miles to depot, & a fair price for my white oak, it failed to pay out by 50 dollars a Car load.

Then since the war I shipped a large amount of leather in the South to Baltimore and other cities. And for 5 years of uncessing work I shipped Lumber of various kinds, and I think I can safely say that in all my dealings, for these many years, I never struck but one ^{commission} man, who did the square thing with me.

Robert C. Lowry of New York an exception.

And I want to make 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.

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 can be made, by manufacturing lumber.

It is that man, the famous 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, & vexation that attended our lumber trade.

Although, it was my purpose, not to let my profession interfere with my duties in pursuing my lumber business; yet I was coaxed, urged, & pressed into a considerable number of cases, and everytime I left my business & visited the dock, it was an injury to my business, and in most instances did not pay me a dollar. It just seemed it was impossible to deny them, when they came with such plaintive tales.

I have in my Books about 500.00 for practice since in those 5 years, and all of it, I will be surprised if I ever receive it.

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This day a former, about 15 years old was talking to me. He had a very good opinion of me, and was a handsome man, but he was a cheat, had a character like a snake, and he thought it was his duty to cheat me. I don't remember of any other business the first time I had ever seen him before. I found, it was a very good thing, I would not have allowed to work for him, if I had known of it. I don't know what day it was, but it was a very good thing, I would not have allowed to work for him, if I had known of it.

Boom commenced at Elizabethton by B. E. Talbott.

Many of us have for years believed that a new or better manufacturing City would be built up in Watauga Valley, and we have been working to that point.

About 1889 or 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 even had. But he let all of them run out, and then renewed them, or most of 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.

He took an option on my back lands beyond the Railroad & 200 acres, & gave 50¢ for the option. He took an option on Ruther's Valley (the old homestead) at fifteen hundred dollars an acre, making Eighteen thousand dollars.

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 great enterprise.

Those who optioned their land to him bore with him patiently for a long time, hoping that he would succeed, for they saw he was a very liberal man, and giving them 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.

In the mean time, say about Oct. 1891. The Co-operative Town Co. commenced taking options, or deeds placed on escrow. When they had about 5200 acres, they located the Town here. This produced great excitement throughout the country. There has been great conflict going on between the Co. & Talbott about certain lands, some of it has passed through the courts; nearly all has been decided against Talbott. He has debts in the Courts at Elizabethton yet. It is said he has failed to pay some of them.

Every suit he filed 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. Falburt.

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 profit, counting every thing by his own estimate.

I know this, because, while the great excitement was up with the people, and some reckless ones were threatening to mob him, because he was persistently standing in the way of accomplishing so great a thing for the whole Valley, many of the more moderate citizens became wild, and so unreasonable, that it seemed that Falburt's life was in danger. He had rented, and was then living in my house (the Rev. Taylor property). Every effort had been made to get a compromise.

For days, & weeks nothing was talked about, except this overshadowing trouble, every body was interested. Even women, and children were excited, and many had blood shed. Falburt and his friends, kept pretty closely housed. W. J. Cook, the then Manager of the Town Co. and Col. Falburt were out on speaking terms, and the condition of the controversy was such as to absolutely require an interview in person or by proxy.

In the emergency Mr. Cook requested me to go at once to Falburt with a message embodying a proposition, and it was by reason of that proposition, that I know, that Falburt could have emerged from the "strangle" with one hundred thousand.

The Town Co. located the Town, and surveyed their lands, and paid 10 per cent on all the purchase, and have taken possession of them. They mapped out their lands, and are now occupying my old homestead as their office.

This land 11 acres, as they call it in the deed, measured out nearly 17 acres. They bought this from Ruth, & Sallie for 9000.00

Col. Falburt had bought the John Tipton land at public sale, going thirty five thousand dollars for it, paying over eight thousand dollars down, and going 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 Falburt & 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 26th of January, by order of the Chancery Court. It brought 39,500.00 This being principal, int. & cost and the sale was confirmed.

Hattie G. Taylor owns about 5 acres, between my Taylor property, and the company's land conveyed to Co. by Ruthie & Sallie Johns. Hattie offered this land to Cook at about the same as he paid for other land so well located, but he refused the offer, and she did not care.

She laid off a broad street from the bridge to the Railroad, and called it Hattie Avenue. This suited the plan of the town, and my thought for as Hattie's land is concerned gas is harmoniously with the town. She has sold some lots to Judge Dungan, she 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 Seecomore Street.

Not long after the Co. located the Town site at Elizabethton, they made big preparations for a grand jubilee. The day was set for

and was a heavy advertised, 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 many kinds of amusements, that would lend interest to the occasion. They had fire works at 11 P.M., and firms of Cannon

Many distinguished names were booked for speeches. Among those who did speak, were Senator Harris, Hon. Warrington

They all made fine speeches, and were much applauded, and great enthusiasm 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 residence. The large yard reaching clear to Dec River was densely packed with Ladies & Gentlemen, and the house was crowded full up stairs & down, then those who could not get room to hear the speeches, reached a long distance, both above & below the dwelling. The Speakers stood upon a platform in front of the veranda.

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 &c. &c. and to hear reports from President Porter and others.

After this routine business had been harmoniously consummated, the sale of lots commenced, and quite a number were sold and they all sold at astonishing high prices. Some choice lots on the principal streets and popular avenues, 25 x 115, sold for from 800. to 1200 dollars. I knew these prices were intrinsically 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, has since the foundation of the government.

On the 4th of July following we had another rising good time, and most excellent speaking, by Robt P. Porter and Henry Waterson. It was not intended to have any political significance; ~~as was a~~ Republican, and the other a Democrat. A majority of the crowd were Republicans; But Waterson was the orator of the day, by ~~common~~ consent.

His speech was a crowning effort, and he was heard to the echo, by the vast crowd, irrespective of party. His subject was "The power of money." He made no allusion to politics, except in ^{one} sentence, which, ^{was} couched pretty nearly in these words. "My countrymen when you examine the points of the two great parties of this Nation you will find very little difference really between them. The great basis between them is narrowed down to this - Who shall hold the Offices? But let me tell you my fellow citizens, the hope of this 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 men & women, by clapping of hands, & raising 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 uttered it. It so fully expressed in the ^{best} ^{language} ^{my} ^{heart} ^{felt} ^{sentiment}.

But I thought at once in reference to the ^{same} ^{claim} ^{from} ^{the} ^{people} ⁱⁿ ^{its} ^{favor}, how soon will the vote 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 ~~and~~ ^{and} ^{soon} the speaker himself demean himself at the Rally, where the Citizens have

the most power to strike a letting blow for the freedom of his Country-
men, or to bind them in chains. I could not help asking myself
how well our eloquent ^{principles} act in the management of these moral
questions of the day?

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 questions.

It is the vote that counts. It is not the sentiment,
so much as the vote.

At Elizabethton they had some kinds of amusement, I can't remember them all.
One however, I can't will forget; from the fact that a bad accident attended it.

This was by the use of dynamite. Mr. Wolf, one of the Co.'s employees, got
his right hand so torn by an explosion, 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 amt of improvement
has been made to start up a manufacturing town.

We have a Shoe Factory, Furniture Factory, Rope & Traine Factory, Flaming Mills
Woolen Mills, Saw Mills, Flaming Mills, Brick plants, &c. &c.

The Company has erected quite a number
of tenement houses for hands, and several handsome residences have been put
up by individual enterprise. 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
part 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, & 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.

They saved nearly all the furniture, &c. belonging to the houses, occupying the houses
except quite an amt 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. Henderson
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
old homestead. The whole amt of property destroyed in both fires, was
worth about 25, or 30 thousand dollars in cash. It was partly covered by
insurance.

It is generally believed that both these 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 write now at Elk Park N. C. October 4th 1893.

In my judgment the Officers of the Co-operative Town Co. made a
great mistake in purchasing such a large amt of lands. If they had bought
about one thousand acres, in place of over 5 thousand acres, in the valley, & had
thousands of acres of Mountain lands, and immediately commenced im-
proving with the money paid for surplus lands, it would have been far
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 improvements, &c.

The Company is building a large Brick structure, to be
used as an Office, Store house &c. &c. The wall is more than
half up, and work progressing finely, 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 readily; 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 20th day at night, she suddenly had 3 hard Chills, after which fever rose to 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ and her pulse ran up to 120 in the minute.

She also had pain, & tenderness over the abdomen. Compelled with these symptoms she had severe hemorrhoids, with much pain in her back & limbs. I telegraphed immediately for Dr. Hunter, & Miller.

They both came on same train in a severe snow storm.

I had used accite as a sedative, which had reduced the fever some before she arrived, but the pain and swelling in her left limb was increasing, showing unmistakable signs of Phlegmasia Dolens. This tendency to Milkleg had attended her on several of her previous confinements.

I had pronounced her fever to be of the purpurial type, but the severity of the other symptoms, so masked the case, that the other Drs. differed with me, and believed the fever could soon be overcome.

But the sequel proved I was correct in my diagnosis.

This case was the most stubborn, and unyielding, and altogether the most complicated, I ever met with in my 53 years practice.

There was 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.

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, & sorely afflicted woman constantly during this long siege. Dr. Miller, & Dr. Hunter came when consultation was deemed advisable. The Patient, and Doctors were completely worn out.

If she had not possessed more courage & fortitude than usually falls to the lot of mortals, she must have died; I have never witnessed such fortitude in any one. 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 dreary full months of January, Feb. March, & April of 1893? Dr. E. D. Jobe's

Throughout Jan. & half of Feb. we had a snow covering from 10. to 12 inches in back ground, where it drifted it would average 2. & 3 feet, & 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 a few colder days, but not a worse winter. I can remember "the cold Saturday in 1834."

I had a thermometer during this sickness, but little time to examine it. I noticed it several times when it stood 10. 15 & 17 below zero at Elk Park. But same 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. Jobe's with himself & wife as Patients, and the other at Nat. W. Taylor's house, occupied by my family, with Mattie Taylor & Sallie Jobe as Patients until April 2nd when they started to leave Park 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 with very copious expectoration, with blood often in the matter expectorated. My wife and I waited on all these patients. Eva gave no milk for her 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 its Mother's breast, but is now this 4th of Oct. a beautiful, smart, & 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 her lame leg; but she never can be well again. She has come to this stage of improvement by very slow degrees. 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, & 140. She had a dreadful bilious in the lower part of her abdomen in left side. It was opened, and run a great deal, & a long time.

From page I interviewed with Henry...
 He said he had no promises that he would...
 He did better than we had any idea...
 I said he was off in full that evening...
 I said he was off in full that evening...

The Great money panic.

This is the 6th of October 1893. Congress has been in Extra^{session} since the 7th of August, and it looks like they are no nearer a settlement of the silver question than when the session commenced.

The speeches on both sides have been exactly of the character I looked for. It has been crimination, 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, every thing 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 was convened, and I have reason to day 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 4500000 of silver per month. The friends of silver are opposed to the unconditional repeal; because they see in that the demontigation 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 without some conditions, although they have Cleveland in favor of repeal. I think unconditional repeal would send silver out of sight, and it constitutes such a large bulk of the circulating medium of the South & West, it would ^{be} ruin to both sections.

We scarcely ever see any gold in circulation here. Our currency is silver and silver certificates, & a little greenback currency.

I think it was unfortunate that Mr. Cleveland accepted the nomination and 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 the 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.

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 every thing to sell is low, so it won't pay to produce it. Wheat is down to 50¢ a bushel, and every thing in proportion. Horses that cost 12 months ago, are selling for 25. & 30. Milk cows worth 25. to 50. are selling for 8. & 10. Town lots that 2 years ago sold at Johnson City for 8 to 9 hundred, can be bought to day for from 100 to 125 dollars.

I will wind up what I've got to say about this financial question, by making a prediction, provided Congress—that is, 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, & Western States, and New Mexico. And this new alliance will withdraw their trade from Northern, & Eastern Cities, and ultimately all the imports for them will come direct to Southern, & Western ports, such as New Orleans, Galasso, San Francisco &c.

Then as far as the true interests, and harmony of the Nation is concerned; this 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 unscrupulous 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 conditions 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 tetter despair, his neighbor said, "Mr. Johnson I don't know what to do. I've turned it every way, and I sometimes am in favor of doing ^{this way} and in a minute, I am for doing the other way. That is, "I will, and I won't, I can and I can't. I ^{will} be damned if I do, and I will be damned if I don't."

The prognostications of ²⁴ 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 piteous cry goes up for bread, and from Wall Street the cry goes up for gold." When this paucity 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 Oct. 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 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, &c. 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 ever 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, & not for individuals, & no discriminations made between the metals. 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 far reaching, 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 expose 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 know it. When Mr. Seyd came over from England in 1873, and induced Congress to demote Silver, by a bribe of five hundred thousand dollars in gold, there were but 3 or 4 members ~~know~~ what they were doing - so Mr. Blaine, Mr. Vorhees, & 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, & now it comes has fallen 26 cents on the bushel. The loss to the farmers annually on these three articles amount to five hundred and ten millions each year. All on account of demoting Silver.

Oct. 2nd 1873. I regret very much to see, by reading the 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 in writing 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 thoughts 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 busy life; they are here requested to pass over the many imperfections without criticism, and but little censure, as I could assure them, that I would have taken much 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 grasp under the name "Miscellaneous"; it being as 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 Special Agt. of Post office Dept.

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 Lt. P. M. Gaul, 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, & show to Mr. S. Selan

how important it was to get rid of him, as I believed it was impossible to reform him. I found Mr. S. Selan very much in his favor as he "was poor and had a wife to support, & had made a good soldier". And I failed to induce him to dismiss him.

So I had to return without accomplishing any thing.

I went to Charlotte to see Parks hoping to make such a statement to him that he would see that 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 entered Col. S. Selan's room, & 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, & an appointment for an other man, who I asked to be appointed. I came direct from Washington to Charlotte, & met Parks train coming in from Columbia. Postmaster Frazer was so glad I had gotten Parks discharged, he rushed up to him in the dark, & 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 had his arm full of Registered Packages.

When he learned he was discharged, he managed to escape from the crowd in the dark, and made 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 3 of them were never recovered.

Now came the hardest part of the trial on me. There could be no doubt of his being guilty of a Penitentiary offence, therefore his wife, an educated, intelligent 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, & prayed, and wept so earnestly, that although I knew her husband was guilty, yet for her sake I did write and get him released. I did this in part from the fact, that he was under the influence of liquor when he left with the packages.

But in the Case of Leander Todd, I could find no mitigation. I went to Salem, and got the United States Marshall to go with me in an all days 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 2 days, & convicted him, and brought him to Winston & placed him in Jail until Federal Court in Raleigh, then he was brought to Raleigh & convicted and sent to the Penitentiary at Albany N.Y. for 3 years.

"Lusus Natura." (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 good 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 the 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, & Mother, both respectable, and truthful.

The ^{husband} returned from a Squirrel hunt, with a live Squirrel, which he had stunned by landing a bullet so close its head, it burst it

hair off. When he came to the door he called his wife to see his "Pet". While she stood in the door looking at it, the Squirrel turned and bit the man, and he hastily threw it hard upon the ground, and put the heel of his boot on its head; and as it was digging 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 Squirrel did that morning. Delicate, and impressive women should guard against being all such sights as these I have named.

Esqr. John Cable of Carter County Tenn. Only 10. or 12 miles from where I now write, has a little daughter, now about 8 years old. I have seen her often. Before this 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 Esqr. 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 whining round Mr. Cable; 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 arms. Its left arm was lacking from the elbow down. And it whined in place of crying for months, and then gradually got to crying like other children.

What a pity Esqr. Cable had not shot the mean 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, and 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 be kept about the premises. As a rule a family can do better without a dog than with one. Still we see some families own 14 or 15 dogs, and but little else, and often the dogs ^{out} of door they have to lean against something to

Daniel Boone.
Veechdale Ky. Sept. 7th 1901. I find a good many Boone's in Ky.

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 ^{travelling} 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, &c named for him throughout the country. I have visited a noted Beech tree on Boone Creek about 7 miles from Johnson City Tenn.

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; whereas had he been able to cut it on the bark, as follows.

"D. Boone killed a Bear in this tree 1760."

+

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 48 years after that.

I made an arrangement at Elizabethton Tenn. in 1888, to meet Mr. Loftus, a Boston man; at Ringolds Ga. Mr. Loftus was spending some months with his family at Dalton.

After getting through our business at Ringolds, we made an arrangement to start from Dalton ^{on our return to Elizabethton.} together on a certain day; but owing to a change of schedule on the E. T. & Ga. 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 office Agent where I would take the train. Finding him to be genial & compassionate, 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 14 years old. The next day after staying with the Indian, we took big fat hogs home, that our Father had bought from a owner; they had given out.

I had just commenced telling this up at Agents 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 I then asked his name, & found he was a son of Fred Cox of whom I bought the lot.

His Father was then living in Dalton. He sent out some 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 stop an 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 Tenn.
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 Gades Cove Blount County Tennessee, often passing by where ~~there~~ a man laid by the name of "Don." (I never knew his given name) he laid on the road, half way between Gades Cove and Maryville.

This man seemed to have ordinary health; & 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 seemed to go on as in completely finished and healthy men, and within about 3 hours, or 3 1/2 hours, he would throw up. And recover from it immediately and be ready with good appetite for the next meal.

That he would eject from his stomach smelt 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 Chyme, then into Chyle, and taken up by the lacticals, and gone to support the system - while the effret, and useless substances, finding no outlet, and being a foreign body, had to be thrown off by the Stomach.

This man was about 30 years old when I left that country, and I do not know how long he lived afterwards.

An other 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 no body can take the same interest in these things that Doctors do.

An incident which occured during the war of the Rebellion, in Carter County about the year 1863, or 4. 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 Father's, 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 ^{behind the right ear, passing through the ear thence through the right cheek bone, roof of mouth,} ~~that bone, and under the nose, out through the left cheek bone,~~ and passed on into Miss Mathirley's mouth - passing between the teeth of upper & under Jawbone, through the muscles, between the corner of the mouth, & 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 Mathirley hurt but little. The ball had, 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 labrious.

It was now necessary to remove him home about 3 or 4 miles, which we proceeded to do immediately. This brought him within 2 miles of Town where I could see him often. His Lady Love, would come with him to wait on 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, & happy & contented.

Failure to enforce Law the cause of Lynchings.

The little Dwarf of Elk Park, N.C.

I see it stated in a Chicago ^{paper}, that the smallest man in the world, died there a few days ago,

his weight is given at 75 pounds.

We can bet that right here in Elk Park, in the person of our Journeyman, J. E. Philips, who weighs only 67 pounds. He was born in Ashe County, North Carolina; is 33 years old; has been married 6 years; his wife weighs 130 pounds.

They have 2 children. She is a shoemaker by trade. He has some education, can read, and write, and seems to be ordinarily intelligent.

January 1885.

Well, 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 trouble, is not confined to any one 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 Court, the Lawyers quibble over intricate law points, which the 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

A mistake to say we are a law, and order people.

We fail to enforce the law, & our country will suffer for it, sooner or later is my opinion.

counting popularity. 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.

50 years ago, if a man was convicted of stealing, he was sentenced in N.C. to receive 39 lashes on his bare back.

I have seen this mock punishment inflicted by the Sheriff, at Burnsville N.C. 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 & 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 was 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 Gov. for his pardon, and in 9 cases out of 10 it would be granted. These petitioners lose all sympathy for the poor man who had lost his life, and for his heartbroken wife, & 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 know 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. Jegerden & Finney came here from Chicago, representing a Co. of Jews, reported to be worth Ten Millions 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 out look.

I had spent a month at 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 &c. I had taken 3 options in my own County. They communicated freely in regard to their plans &c. And said they thought it would be best for them to employ me to take up options in my name as I had already commenced, and turn them over to them on the Registers Books of each County.

So we went to Johnson City Tenn. 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 sought to, and took options in Carter, & Johnson in Tennessee, and in Watauga, & Mitchell in North Carolina.

In executing this work, I examined and traveled over long stretches of Country where I found nothing. A great deal of the 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 feed for my horse — And my surroundings required me some times, 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 stay till dark, & often after dark.

After making one trip covering a week or ten days, I would come home, and rest a while. 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.

Jegerden & Finney commenced work on some of these options in May, and during that Summer & fall they paid out in Carter County Tenn, & Watauga County N.C. 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 Jegerden & Finney.

Their purpose was, as soon as they found ore in paying quantities, to build a Railroad from the East Tenn. Va. & Ga. R.R. to their mine. They found good ore on Elk in the upper end of Carter County, & it satisfied them in quantity, and went with Whopf to the County court, & 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, & the Cannon was being fired so rapidly, the big flash of the powder scared my horse so, it was dangerous.

I think Tregarden & Finney must have spent many hundred dollars in that election alone. It all 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, the came & examined the mine, he reported to them that "there was not enough ore in sight, to justify them in constructing a Rail Road." So the whole speculation had to collapse, because these Jews with drew from Tregarden & Finney and they had no money to go on with it, and had to sell out for just 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 & 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 round for some time. We were away below

a great spur of the Majestic Roan, on the North Carolina side, the towering peak above us ^{a thousand or fifteen hundred} feet above us, & nearly perpendicular, and after nearly despairing of finding him, I looked 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 Tregarden & 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 Co. came there. He tried very hard to make a success of it, but the fate seemed to be against him, and he lost a considerable amount of money, that he never will 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 money also.

I believe he paid ten thousand on the John Tipton land, and lost all, - besides what he paid for option to divers parties.

He took options on my land beyond the Railroad at 200\$ per acre 45 1/2 acres, but he gave me only 50\$ for the option, and he failed to take the land as he did all the balanced. I feel sorry for the Man, but it was his own fault. He had too much confidence in his judgment.

Virginia

My first in life was an humble one.
 I have stated in this paper some of my confessions, ^{with} honestly
 and what we call but lack generally: how I want to bring
 state a big, unpopulated, and done to my wife in sending
 up the affairs of her step father, John W. Garsland.
 My wife's father, James W. Garsland, died in Massachusetts leaving
 in order and two children, a son and daughter.
 They were left with some property, but the expenses
 of raising them back to their country exhausted the biggest
 part of it. My good management and industry Mrs. Garsland
 retained her children. Within a few years after the state
 to her the married John W. Garsland, a prominent citizen
 of Henry 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. Garsland was a dog, and good trader, and another
 member of a large and of real estate, business several times.
 Mr. Garsland was a very able, and
 popular man: they had no children. When Joseph's
 one married on 8th of August 1844. Their family consisted of
 three boys Garsland, and her two children's names.
 After we were married, we made our home there for a month
 till then moved to Elizabeth town.
 He was so successful in his land speculations, I was
 surprised to learn how he could proceed so smoothly, and finally
 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 5 minutes
 and would not charge me any thing. He said, "John you

"Want to buy any thing - land, a horse, a cow, or any thing,
 say nothing about it. If you talk about it, others will
 step in before you, if they have the best chance, some of they
 have no interest with only to defeat you in your trade.
 I never approach your man, and do so most men do, till
 him you have come to make a trade with him.
 You can always manage, so the lady will consent
 incidentally. And when you get to talking, be sure and
 let him do the most of the talking, and you try to be uninteresting
 and when he makes a proposition you are willing to entertain
 accept of it at once, and draw up the writing, then another
 for my offer, if it is put off you will next day, the terms will
 be changed to suit him better, but remember every time that is
 done, it suits you less." This was good advice, and I
 remembered it in after years. About 10 years after I still
 at Elizabeth the great cotton speculation was inaugurated in
 I who drew into it by friends in various sections, especially my
 brother John, then a citizen of Va. There were 19 of us, and the
 enterprise was a vast one. My share was about for the company
 with his quarters at Hillsville Va.
 We bought large interests in 6 small, 1 large, 1 large
 in Virginia, and also property in North Carolina.
 My brother very busy was expected about 1848. It was the hope
 of the business community in North Carolina, and many others.
 Mr. Garsland was very anxious to invest in cotton property in Va.
 He had offered me his home farm adjoining the town property at
 Hillsville for one half my interest in our cotton property in Va.
 but I refused to make the swap, unless he would first go to
 and see the lands. So we started to examine it, after
 traveling about half the distance, the weather was so hot, and

I did nearly all the business in the partnership for many years
 both in the partnership & after it dissolved, & never should
 any one for any part of it. If it had been sold for the whole amount

the trip so fatiguing, he proposed returning, and make the
 trade without seeing the lands. I agreed to it, & we went
 on to Burnsville, and drew up the deeds.

I had possession of the land for twelve years. In the mean
 time "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
 Sophronia, and her heirs, as Mr. Garland had no legal heirs,
 and especially, as he had told me more than once that
 "Sophronia's Mother has helped me to make what I have, and I
 intend her, & hers to have part of it."

Notwithstanding all this, before he
 died, he willed every thing to John Wesley Higgins, an
 illegitimate son. His wife died several years before
 he died. She was a cripple, and an invalid for several
 years. His residence was in an adjoining County, over 20 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 that he had
 made his will, & that something was left to Sophronia, 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 every thing. She did not get to see him for a long time
 before his death. She loved her Step-Father—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 reason; I would have been proud
 that he had been allowed to leave her something, that she could remember

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 Sam boy, I know him prime,
 He come ober de frog pon, away in de time,
 Buell John be de daddy, so hear people say,
 But he bin got so Crabit, Uncle Sam runaway.
 So de pon he cross ober to lib in dis land,
 He hab notion to marry, so gim gall he ham,
 Dis couple keep house, and hab children plenty,
 I count him one time, I belebe ober twenty.
 Dese children lib in friendship, all be of one mine,
 Kept one ternal hugga her name Caroline,
 She lib in dat place, where da raise such big tater,
 Mong dem great pon, where da kech Allegator,
 Dis gal she get Sassy, she bin so much mess,
 She for ever, and for ternal she keep such a fuss,
 You can't go out meeting, mong riew Combergations,
 But you're sure to be ruffed, by Nullification.
 At de forge of July, sometime in last May,
 When people allsembled, to celebrate dat day,
 While many be joicing case he get manicipation,
 Some fool, would holler for Nullification.
 She will stand up in public, and she'll curse & 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 memoranda, 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 unscrupulous men.

The following is a sample of one.

"Samuel S. Hoar's of Decr 16th 1867.
To hauling from St. Cloud to Leech Lake at 250 per hundred
" Do " " to the Agency " 125 " "
Amounting to 1626.12 " Dollars.

The actual amt on Books at Agency 1561.90
64.22

Here he was paid 64.22 more than the hauling came to, some at his big figures.

N. P. Clark

"Gets 34 $\frac{1}{100}$ per ration for 734 Indians at White Oak point
For 6 months. His 1st voucher was 18,920.68
" 2 " " 22,957.10
" 3 " " 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 Russell made with Oscar Taylor of St. Cloud, for transportation in 1867, at 216 per hundred for 100 miles.

The above Contract was made to the lowest bidder. Mr. Taylor failed to give bond, and Maj. Bassett at once made arrangements to have it done for 180.

An other change should be made. Supplies should not be bought for the Indians for a whole year, at a time. This rule causes the Gov. to pay more exorbitant prices. And the Indians should be moved in "close proximity to each other". "Ht. Ripley ought to be moved.

Elk Park N.B. Jan 9th 1894.

I have to day burnt up several pages of notes, or memoranda taken during my stay in the 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 the incidents, or most of them in the preceding 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 & danger.

Miss. Pruden. Commendation.

Elk Park, March 29th 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 2 sittings.

I feel as though my knowledge of this Nation 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 Northern friends.

I hope this careful life, the story of which is told so simply, and so well will yet be known to the world, by the publishing of these notes. Yours very truly.

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 here 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 62 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 very bad during most of the time I was in the service of the U. S. A. as Special Agent of Postoffice Dept. I was anxious to take a Sea voyage to see if the Sea sickness 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 go joined me, and 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.) upon which there were several hundred wild Ponies.

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 up 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 next far from me, as wet from head to foot with spray from the waves as they dashed over our frail bark, 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 "O 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 being tossed on top of a wave, we were brought in speaking distance of our

other Boat, 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 directly to a house in sight and built up a good fire and warmed, and dried ourselves. When the gale blew over in 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 3 or 4 men out in the sea. They had fallen overboard. I expected to see our Capt. stop and offer them some assistance, but he paid no more attention to them than he would to so 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 hatter on through this cheerful 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 withes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

William Lullien Bryant.

Proposition to make big money.

A proposition to make big money without taking into consideration the principle involved in it.

During the time I was Special Agent P. O. D. I traveled from Washington to East Tenn. 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 family Physician, and that President Johnson, and I had been personal friends for 25 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 cypher, and your answer to be same way, I can make all the money we both would 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, greatly civilized, and highly Christianized Country a great many highly educated men will make ventures to amass fortunes without even giving a thought about the method to accomplish it.

Top of a wave, we were brought in speaking distance of our

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 even 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 &c.

No one unacquainted with the war, and its results, can appreciate the demoralization, and utter confusion, ^{which} then reigned every where in the South just after the close of the war.

There was a great rush from the West and from the West to Raleigh — Strangers coming on every train, and 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 would 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 Post Office Department, and being an East Tennesseean, and a personal and intimate friend of the President, the people at the hotels, and all over the City, soon got referring Strangers to me for information in regard to the President, his history &c.

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, that 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 thing before the war, and always voting against Andrew Johnson, I was much prejudiced against him up till 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, & dishonest. I took pains to see them at their homes. I wanted to satisfy myself about these conflicting stories. I found that, stood about as fair with their neighbors as other men, in the same humble walks of life.

His Father, Jacob Johnson, had been for years, Teller in the Bank at 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 so 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; in as much 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 offices 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 a thought of doing, & told

top of a wave, we were brought in speaking in vain.

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."

When I received this I wrote a subscription, and headed it with a liberal sum, and I carried it round, and I soon had the amt that Mr. King, the contractor said it would cost, and 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 invitations 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 any thing 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, & they were able to muster an immense number of friends. I believed the President was right, & I believe so to day.

To carry out my "monumental" enterprise under these discouraging circumstances was the "tug of war" — this was the "crucial moment".

I wanted an appropriation made by the City Council, to defray the expenses of the Presidential party, and make them guests of the City while they remained with us.

I tried to secure the services of some prominent Citizen 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 find no one willing to do it. I knew their objection as well as if they had told me. They were afraid it would not be a popular movement. There was an emergency. I had invited the party to come and they had accepted.

To have them come, and no arrangement to pay expenses would never do.

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 operation; and succeeded in getting it passed, and was 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 June & 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 the City of Raleigh. The usual ceremonies were gone through with, and every ^{thing} 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, & the President made them a short speech, and then with music & banners the large procession passed through the principal streets to the Yarbrough House, where the President was again called on and made a speech.

The next day 5th June we attended the Commencement at Chapel Hill.

The Professors & students met us in the outskirts of the town where there were speeches made by Mr. Seward, Mr. Randall, and Mr. Johnson. Those 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 ^{improvement}, 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 want 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 ^{little} better home. I was without house, & home, and without education or friends; and, I owned on earth was the clothes I carried in a knapsack on my back, and 10, & 6 pence in my pocket."

Then the students cheered him, and I wept a little, for the recital of his sad story, so life like, touched my heart.

1520. Preston Street.

Louisville Ky. April 9th 1902

We are still at Louisville. We are talking, & writing about starting to our old home in Tenn. 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 & bad most of the winter, but we have had comfortable quarters & did not suffer. To day it is warmer, & looks like Spring the balance of the April days have been cold & windy.

Signs of degeneration in the human race. - Physically, Intellectually, and Morally.

I do not believe, our great men as they are termed, are equal all things considered, to those on the stage of action, even 50 or 75 years ago. Without mentioning, and comparing, such Statesmen as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Calhoun, Benton - with Sherman, and McKinley, and Cleveland and Stephenson.

And where are the Lawyers to compare now with, James R. Dodge on the one hand and, Keilsman, Swain, and Dues 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 Keilsman Swain & Dues on the other.

As Dodge was concluding his long and able argument, Dues, who was to follow him, for the other side left on the table following Epitaph on an attorney.

"Here lies James R. Dodge,
Who dodged all good,
And lodged a deal of evil,
But after dodging all he could,
He could not dodge the Devil."

On sitting down at the table Dodge read the above lines, & hastily drew a piece of paper to him and wrote the following Epitaph on three attorneys.

"Here lies a Billsman and a Swain,
Let their lot no man choose,
They lived in Sin, and died in pain,
And the Devil got his Dues."

Some Whiskers History
of North Carolina.

In speaking of Reconstruction, while I was Special Agent of Post office department with head Quarters 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 even impudent, especially, where they were in a large majority, as they were in South Carolina. And the farther South, the more ignorant the Negroes seemed to be, the more ignorant the more impudent as a rule.

I visited the Capitol at Columbia, with Postmaster Jarney to witness what, never had been before, to wit, 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 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 disreputable 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 hand to shoot them, & seeing they were about to shoot, the Route Agent ran, but Mr. Smith said to them we mean no harm, you know me, I had sent you mails to you, at the Post.

Chief Black Murdered, without provocation.

office every day. We are going to deliver packages just beyond here". "O! you are liars, you have come round 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 creek, and this big Burley Negro walked up and shot him like he was a dog, & killed him.

And this young man about 19 years old was the only support of a Widdowed Mother, who had her house and all she owned burnt up, the night that Genl. Sherman's Army burnt the city of Columbia; amounting to 1485 houses.

I happened in Columbia when this murderer was tried, & saw him acquitted for this foul unprovoked murder.

The Meltons are his Attorneys; Three men did all they could, fair and unfair to clear this Negro, who they knew was guilty of a foul unprovoked murder; and an outrage a Community had to submit to it.

Operation on Esquire Johnson, Chairman County Court.

I over looked an important operation I performed on the Chairman of the Court Johnson twenty years ago. Had half a dozen stercoraceous

tumors on his head. One, was about as large as my fist or a little larger, the others were about half as large as an average. They had been

slowly increasing in size for a long while; but gave him but little trouble until I operated them - as he could stand them no longer. he had

been confined at his home about 7 miles from (Taylorville) now ^{city} Mountain

He heard that I was in City & he 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

Elk, Park, N.C. March 1st 1894.

I see by hastily reviewing what I have so carelessly, and hastily written; that I've failed to say any thing about my visit to "The ruins of Fort Sumpter", in company with George W. Mason, Postmaster at Newbern N.C.

Mr. Mason had accompanied me in a long tour of inspection of Post Offices in the State of South Carolina, and we arrived in Charleston on a very hot day (17th July) 1868. We put up at the Mills House, and after being neatly

showered at Barber Shop, and taking a Bath. We chartered the "Yacht Elenor", and started to Ft. 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 Sullivan's Island to our left; and Morris, 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.

Very few operations had been performed in that County. On examination of the tumors, I found there was no malignancy about them, and I proceeded at once to take them out.

The operation required time and care, but was done with out 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 Esquire 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.

Written this, at Louisville Ky. Feb 25th 1902.

I have read many tragic, and thrilling accounts in portraiture of the evils of the liquor-traffic, but none more heart rending than that I will here relate, which came under my own observation at Elizabethton Tenn. 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 or two grown — all drank liquor, and often to excess.

About 30 years ago a misunderstanding arose between the Boys and some other young men 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 Wm Shell, and came near being the end of Wm Shell also.

I was sent for immediately. I had only about a quarter 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 2 or 3 places, and was bleeding internally so profusely, that it took so on his pulse, I could scarcely feel it at the wrist.

From all his symptoms, I did not believe he could live more than 20 or 30 minutes, and I notified him of his condition, and I said, "if you want to talk to your wife, or any one 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". We did so, gently, kept 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; and his pulse began to return, and I encouraged him to not move. I placed a guard over him with instructions to not let any one talk to him, nor to let him use the least exertion.

My theory of his recovery is this. — In turning him over, some muscle was drawn over the bleeding orifice; thus pinning him exactly in the same position; it acted as well, as if my finger had been pressing on the orifice for all the time we kept him in that position. And he having a first rate Constitution enabled the extravasated blood to be absorbed, and carried out of the system.

He finally recovered, and ^{has} enjoyed fairly good health ever since, & is to day, at the advanced age of 75 years as hale and hearty as men of that age could expect to be.

Then in about the year 1889 I went on the same train with this same Wm Shell's son (Tom) to Johnson City. He arrived there ^{at} 4 P. M. I put up at my Brother's. Tom went immediately to a saloon, where he soon got drunk, & about dark he got onto the track of the E. T. Va & Ga RR and the east bound train ran over him, & mutilated him worse than I ever have seen ^{any one} before or since. I went to see him that night, as did several other Drs. Both legs were cut off above the ankles, only holding by ligaments; one broken in 2 other places, above & below the knee, the other thigh broken, and hip out of place.

We took him home to Elizabethton next morning; where I amputated both limbs, & did every thing possible for him for 2 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 the 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 N.C. May 2nd 1894.

The wide spread dissatisfied condition of the masses is to me alarming. It undoubtedly forebodes ^{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 laid up 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 to day would have been the happiest, & best contented & most prosperous of any part of the world.

"All power is inherent in the people." What a glorious declaration! And what balm it should be to our 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, & 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 can't tell. The commonwealth or industrial army, numbering many thousands all over the country are moving towards Washington. Genl. Coxe 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 capital and labor, 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 a price.

Elk Park, N.C. August 17th 1894.

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 don't recognize it.

A majority of the people, I think hope that the passage of the bill, (while it is not satisfactory to anybody) will settle things for awhile, and too business will begin to pick up in many localities, notwithstanding the great divergent interest of the people, which overweighing interest is, to my mind clearly based upon our wrought 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 into 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 invested in Booming Town Sites within the two last 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 sum of money spent on account of the world's fair at Chicago. — Counting the preparation, in money, & time, Hotel, & Railroad expenses, &c. &c. &c. It is often estimated to have cost the people of the

United States alone, not less than one Billion of Dollars.

O! The Stupidity of the most enlightened Nation on the Earth.

Then add to the foregoing items, the vast amount of Twenty four hundred millions of Dollars, handed over the Counter, 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's 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 could start in motion all the wheels of every Factory of all kinds in the whole Country, and give work at fair remunerating 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 Freely cure to every drunkard in the land.

Then the disheartened, and down trodden 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 Yokes of bondage to the Old Licens parties, and determine to "declare the whole Council of God"; then we will be in sight of victory.

O. For this motto over every Pulpit in the land.
"Have the Courage of your Convictions"

How careless I have been in penning this imperfect sketch. I find I have left out any notice of an Occurrence, which 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 the Rebellion in "Epitome". (See Andrew Johnson's speech in the Senate of the U. S. in 1860.) This Battle was fought at the then of Tipton, about 1/2 mile South of Johnson City, 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 about the Battle, he lived only about a mile from Tipton, and heard the guns plainly; I am 77 now. ^{but was about 18 or 20, when he told me these things.} Another one, 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 Samuel Tipton owned the land on which Elizabethton stands, and a considerable amount adjacent thereto. This land came to "Uncle Sammie" Tipton in the division of the lands of Grandfather Tipton. I have heard old people of that time say that, "Old Col. Jno Tipton," at one time, in the early settling of the Watauga all owned ^{nearly} all the land from 2 miles up the River above Elizabethton, to the Mouth of Buffalo; where little Joe Tipton once lived, on the hill, overlooking Watauga

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 disaster to the few Patriots, who were defending their houses against the invasions of the British. But when Ferguson fell at Kings Mountain it put new life into the Spartan Bands.

Col. Tipton's sons were, Samuel, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Jonathan, William, & John. Some of them were in the Battle of King Mountain, and one was killed at "St. Clair's defeat".

Col. Tipton was a great lover of fine horses, he brought several imported horses with him from Shenandoah Valley Va. The "Irish Grays" and "Diomeads". The fastest water horse ever known in this Country was Tipton's "Old Irish Gray". I can remember only 5 of "Grandfather's" sons. Isaac, Jonathan, William and John and Isaac, never married, he owned a fine body of land several hundred acres below Elizabethtown.

Jonathan married a Williams, & settled in Blount Co. In after years I became acquainted with 2 of his sons, Caswell & Duncay. William, better known as (Revolutionary Billy) lived, & died, on Little River, near the line of Knox, & 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,

Revolutionary Billy Tipton
& Battle of Franklin, between Tipton & Sevier. Feb 28th 1798.

that the Commanding officer ordered him thrown overboard, as the Burgons decided there were no hopes of recovery in his case; but a Comrade, from his ^{own, by the name of Whitson} county, begged for him to be kept upon the ship, for 2 days, & if no better, then to be thrown into the watery grave. At the end of 2 days they had some hope for him, & the Burgons came again to his aid and he was saved and lived to an old age. I remember seeing him at Church on Little River ^{and} shortly ^{after he died.}

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 ^{his} famous ride from Knoxville home, 108 miles in one day, without changing horses.

On page 249. I say the Battle between Tipton & 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 N. C. "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 new government.

When the Sheriff came to my Grandfather, who was a big Tax payer, he refused to pay - saying "I am a Citizen of N. C. & will only 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 & commenced marching on Tipton to coerce him into obedience. Tipton with white

friends,

Not my Grandfather's hat
lived near enough to him, fortified in "the Tipton House". —
making port holes to shoot through; and he 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 on by Sevier's men.

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 & 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, & that brought on the general engagement.

The fighting continued, but for a few minutes
after Tipton's men rushed out & joined Pemberton's
Regiment. A few were killed, & several on both sides
wounded. A good many of Sevier's men were taken
prisoners, including Sevier, & his two sons.

Sevier was sent under guard to Morgantown, &
delivered to the authorities of North Carolina.

Another version is that his friends rescued him
before he reached Morgantown by Dr. Grosby's influence.
So ended the State of Franklin. And the
State of Tennessee was admitted into the Union,
in 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 this same ^{house} ~~historical~~ ^{for} many
years after this memorable battle was fought, and his remains buried
there. During these years a man rode up to his gate and asked
to buy 1/2 pt. of whiskey, saying he was sick. Grandfather

But my Grandfather's ride.

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 half pint of whiskey; and obtained judg-
ment against him. He appealed it from Court to Court, until it
was finally decided against him in the Supreme Court at Knox-
ville. The fine, costs, lawyers fees &c. amounted to one thousand
dollars. He paid this big out. in gold at day light, at his hotel in
Knoxville, and reached 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 from the pasture.
Horses were horses in those days.

The youngest son of Col. Tipton was John, who inherited
the noted home of his father, and owned it during his life time.
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 law-suit
about the sale of whiskey to show that the question of the liquor
traffic was in politics more than a 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's City
now stands, and boarding at Uncle Abraham Jobe's during the
last canvass between Uncle John Tipton, and John Blair.

Col. John Tipton Jr

I remember his taking dinner with us one day, and on his being introduced to my Brother John, & 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.

The last time I saw him was in Jonesboro in 1834, the day he was elected to the State Senate for the last time.

I have often had occasion to speak of the imperfect, and dissatisfactory history of Tennessee. Especially is the history of East Tennessee unsatisfactory. And here it was where the most exciting incidents occurred. This section furnished some of the noblest, and bravest men true patriots & heroes. Men were less selfish in those days.

I think it due to the Memory of my departed 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, & 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, & then honorable position, and sat down & 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 by his constituents for a certain purpose, and believing, who ever 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 go to find a politician who would refuse such an offer? in these corrupt days? was so many were

We have written history, and oral history. I have heard 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 & unreliable reports, without regard to their foundation, but that kind that was vouched for, and that came in and was confirmed by other facts.

I learned a great deal from my Father, & Mother, and from my Grandfather & Grandmother Tipton. I can't remember much about my Grand Parents on my Father's side.

My Father was born Sept 15th 1785. and died May 8th 1868.

My Mother was born August 27th 1791. & died May 26th 1864.

They both died in Georgia; and were buried there.

Albany Ga April 3rd 1865.

Of 8 Brothers, at last accounts I have only 2 left - John & Jacob. Both living in Texas. 6 are dead - Isaac, Isaac, Isaac, Isaac, Isaac, Isaac, and Tipton. If any of my sisters are dead I have not heard of it.

I heard from my dear Sister Eviline (Hoddy) a long way ago. She is well, at the age of 77, and Sophronia is 67. We have been married over 40 years. How much we owe to a Merciful Providence for preserving us here to a good old age, to see our children all come to maturity, and to see them all married.

But I made bad to night, while sitting on my dear sister as she lies suffering from a fall she got just after dark night by the last 1st of April, which I fear would prove fatal.

The injury is on her right hip & leg. I saw her on some 3 or 4 times the night that the neck of the femur was broken. She suffered much excruciating pain we could not give her anything - yesterday we hoped the great pain was in the chest & throat.

I sent to Philadelphia for Doctor Huxley, & the medicine was given. She is now resting as well as we could expect, but still I can't help feeling anxious about her.

April 6th I 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. She is not quite as well to day as she was yesterday.

June 6th 1895. He 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 6th 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 27th 1896. On the morning of 6th of June, the date given above, the day was clear, the air was balmy, all our forebodings seemed more inconspicuous; but unless than 24 hours our youngest daughter, Sallie Gibson, son was born. And from that doleful night for 6 months, the darkness, and gloom of death were spread over that house. One might at any hour of the night pass along the street and hear from 5 to 7 large business.

This extra care and watchfulness was directed toward the weakest infant for many weeks, when the mother's condition gradually improved, that of the child was protracted for six months. Doctors, and everyone who has seen had no idea he could live. He was more trouble than any 40 children I ever have seen. This same Boy Little Baptist J. Gibson, now a law student, Doctor Gibson, is ^{now} 70 years old, but is fit & healthy, and rapidly recovering, both in body & mind. He is the idol of our family.

During his sickness, he became so emaciated, he was literally & truly nothing but skin and bone. His knees & other joints looked so large that his legs & 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

was so vainly we

repeatedly to New York, St. Louis & other cities for remedies, highly recommended by Physicians and friends.

For years I had indulged the hope 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 and beloved wife, we would enjoy our meditations together; but it seems that the accumulation of cares have increased with the lapse of years.

There are 8 in our family here, and 5 at Elizabeth, counting children & Grand Children, & one Great grand child, and 12 at Johnson City, making 35 and for the last 3 years I have been kept pretty busy running back & forth, between these parties if not always to see the sick it would be to attend to other matters - the most of it to Dudley at Johnson City. For these recited reasons I have been unable to give any time to writing this sketch. I have not been able to answer letters from my correspondents. I am due letters to my Brother, Dr. John Gibson of New York, & one over due a year to Cousin Sarah A. Gibson of San Bernardino.

Perhaps it ought to be as well leave out any reference to an expedition in life uncertain journey, but I will briefly allude to it, rare, hoping that it may be the means of warning all who may reach these lines to steer clear of owning & becoming a Steam Mill. There is no business that I have personal knowledge of that brings a man into contact with so many of the most formidable men, and it is of itself a delusive business. The Mill man is compelled to be subservient in the power of commission men in the cities, & in all my dealings with them or 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 Jobe & Son.

E. D. Jobe & Dr. Snyder, under the firm name of Jobe & Snyder bought a large double Mill & took the route at Johnson City, N. H. for the B. & N. H. R.R. from Johnson City to Cranbury - at the time that road was being finished in 1881. They were purchasers of the land along the line.

From Johnson City to Cranberry, especially from Hampton to
 to the R.R. They paid cash 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 body of timber.

Johnson allowed them to go onto his lands having the most inferior timber
 and finish baring it up without objection; but when they wanted to move
 the mill onto the land with the fine timber, he refused to let them
 move on to 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, & after litigation in that Court for 3 years
 the Chancellor on a mere technicality decided against Jobe & Snyder.

They appealed to the Supreme Court, and after much delay it was
 decided in favor of Jobe & 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 & Snyder for \$4.50 costs, which went
 paid to the Clerk (Records) and Jobe & Snyder paid in Lawyers fees 200¢ to St. John
 & Taylor at Bristol, who though called on separately, often could not put me
 in a way to recover any part of this judgment against Johnson.

And yet we are told the Court house
 is the temple of justice.

Now I will relate another case, a great deal worse in its oppression,
 connected also with the hateful lumber business; which for fraud & downright
 robbery, has no equal, so 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 things that
 were developed in the years that this iniquity was admirably kept in obscurity
 that E. D. Jobe and every body else might die or forget every thing, & 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
 V. S.

Geo W. Brown

Berry Norris

J. E. Storey

H. A. Swin

L. E. Pürler

Mrs. Mary Leannon

Jacob Evans.

R. E. Greer

Wm. H. Lewis

Wm. Snyder

E. D. Jobe

C. A. Grubb

J. R. Gilder

Jas. H. Hardin

Wm. Hardin

A. Jobe & others.

Dwight M. Lowry of Philadelphia acting as Attorney for Brown sold land
 on the waters of Elk in the corner of Watauga County, N.C. to the Gen. West. H. Steel
 and Iron Co. and transferred his claim in this suit to Col. J. L. Keckill,
 Pres. & Manager of said Co.

The nature of the summons that was served on some of the above names,
 was to get off the land, or show cause for remaining on the land, at Asheville,
 at the next regular term. This summons was returned on the 30th of Sept 1887.

The parties above named who were summoned, regarded it as so trivial
 a matter they paid no attention to it, and did not attend to it 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 April 1887. E. D. Jobe remained at
 Elk Park, but knew nothing of any suit against him at Asheville of
 any kind, although Mr. Wade Hampton, Agent for the aforesaid Steel & Iron Co.
 John Love Attorney for said Co came round repeatedly for the purpose
 of compromising with all the parties named above except E. D. Jobe, &
 I did compromise with them, or most of them, in these visits meeting with
 said Jobe, they never named to him that they had any claim against

Outragious, and fraudulent judgment U.S. E. of Jobe

him, nor did they name it to any one, so far as we have been able to learn. This ~~debenture~~ work went on for 7, or 8 years. So that every element of defence might be removed when they made an attempt to collect this fraudulent judgment obtained in August 1888. in the absence of defendant or Attorney; for \$500 and costs of all 16 defendants (and such bill of cost I don't think could be found on the records of any ^{other} Court) making Jobe pay for Cony rides, & summoning all the 16, altho the most of them had compromised before judgment was taken. And over their Attorneys fees were charged to Jobe - that, ^{is} fees to the Companies Attorneys.

This \$500 judgment was allowed as damage to their land. There was no merit in their suit, even if summons had been served for it was susceptible of proof that Jobe ^{did not} was not on their land, and that not a tree was matted by Jobe.

Geo. W. Brown & E. O. Jobe called on Sal. Kemsley, the ^{deputy} Marshall to try to convince him that while he had summoned nearly all of the above list, that ^{he} had failed to summon E. O. Jobe & H. Jobe. Kemsley told them it had been so long that he could ^{not} remember exactly about whether he had served the process on E. O. but thought he did, but he knew he did not summon E. O. Jobe.

E. O. got an Injunction against selling his property, but the later turned to be against him, & the judgment was confirmed with the additional cost.

During the pending of the Injunction Hampton & Love came to Elk Park, and offered to compromise the suit for 400\$ but knowing that Jobe did not honestly owe one dollar of it, he refused to compromise.

But it would have been money saved, if he had done it as the legal shows. Col. Haskell said all through the case that he did not want to collect ~~money~~ if it was not ~~legally~~

the like of which in all of its enormity can't be found in the ^{history} of the state.

Judge Dick was an ^{old} ^{superannuated} incompetent judge, and allowed ^{him} his company. ^{to have it their own way in the absence of any other party.} Col. Haskell returned from trip to the mountains, I returned to Bristol, had a pleasant interview with him. I stated to him all the facts connected with the case. I showed him clearly what injustice would be done to my son, if the amt of the judgment was allowed to be collected. I told him it all depended now on him - that he had ^{no} ^{power} ^{completely} in his power. Col. Haskell believed I had given him a true statement covering the whole case. He at once had his type writer to write to Moore & Moore, his Attorneys at Asheville telling them that I was present, & giving them my version of the matter, & telling them that he was in favor of having a review of the case before one of the Judges in Chambers, & to let the case stand as it was until this was done. I then offered to compromise for the 400\$ which Hampton & Love had offered, & to pay that cost had accrued on the injunctive suit.

He said he would ascertain what cost would be incurred on the review & 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, & soon afterward my son's Attorney wrote that Moore & 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 every thing was turned over to these Cormorants, these money hungry Attorneys. The whole amt of judgement, interest, & 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 highwayman. But nothing could be done but settle it in some way or see our boys property sacrificed. On the 7th Oct 1895 I made Moore & Moore the proposition I had made to Haskell - They telegraphed to Haskell, the said 500\$ & costs - so nothing could be done but settle that way. That being the interest which amounted to about 24\$ I agreed to pay 300.37 as part of the

within 10 days, + 165¢ with int. in 3 months, + 165¢ in 6 months with interest.
and wateen the Marshalls Cost maybe on the execution in his hands
at the time this agreement was made.

Now in conclusion I want to say that I blame these Attorneys more for
this outrage + injustice than I do the Company for whom they were
working. Especially do I blame + condemn Thos. Love, who I think
inspired the whole matter of keeping it a profound secret for
all these years.

Elk Park April 27th 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 important Biographical Sketches.
As an illustration I will here record my whereabouts the last week or
10 days. I have been for that time in close attendance with Dr. Hunter +
helping my other 4th on my Grand Daughter, Nellie Hunter.

On yesterday evening I returned home,
after we all departed of her recovery, and this morning I received at 10 o'clock
the following Telegram. I believe died at 7.25 this morning. Burial tomorrow,
"Home" Lines. R. G. Hunter.
April 29th.

I have returned from the Funeral, + burial of Dear Sister, 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. Several Ministers were
present took part in the services. I never will forget Rev. Mr. Pills
touching the grave Prayer. O! what a noble day of the Church, the
truest + glorious way every thing was done for the memory of sweet Nellie.

Elk Park, January 5th 1898.

The newspapers have just given us the result of the balloting
in the organization of the two houses at Columbus Ohio.
Unprecedented excitement has 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 expects
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 than 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 State of Ohio
Mr. Payne bought his way into the Senate, and after him Mr. Rice
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, never have been pub-
lished - each one was of much interest to me, at the time of their occur-
rence, and also to the public. I remember during my boyhood, while we
lived in Cedar Grove, right under the highest peaks of the Smokey Mountains, that
George Snyder bought up a drove of hogs and drove them to South Carolina.
He kept two young men with him until he sold out, + started down home 2 or 3
days before he started; when these young men stayed the last night before they
encountered the bed of the Smokey mountain, early next morning it commenced snow-
ing. The road was rough, + 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
cove, + they wandered in the cold day + night for 3 days + nights, but finally

Notable incidents.

Reached home late in the evening of the 3rd day. These four men were Robin Roddy, and Ode Bryant. Roddy was my second cousin, he told me all about his hardships during those days & nights - for they would ^{not} sleep right as well as day to keep from freezing and overlogs and rocks. One night they got into a hollow tree & began to feel warm, but when they began to feel sleepy, they came out & commenced their tramp again knowing if they remained there they would never wake again. A little dog followed them, & they said they often thought of killing & eating him, as they were nearly starved to death. Roddy's mother was a daughter of the first John J. Jipton, of Blair Co. Va. and when she died she shared Isaac Roddy in the life which came to Carter County & Marshall County and was part of Carter County Tenn.

An other incident which happened in my young days, was the death of the Newcomb & Fall's, Koborn's, produced by poisonous gas in a Cave near Gap Creek in Carter County. I think this must have occurred about the year 1826 or 7.

A company of men, the Thompsons, & others, & a woman, ran a fox into the cave, about day light. They built a fire to smoke the fox out. & 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; and when the Thompsons the hindmost one fell, but when he ran in & carried his out, & he came too, & was one of the account of falling with his face near some running water.

I was with him often after this singular escape, and he told me all about it as did others who know all about it. Feb. 21st 1905. It is a most beautiful place in this county where it is said this poisonous, dangerous poison may be found in the cave. I think there ought to be some attention given to it.

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 Tenn. This huge rock wall is about 4 or 5 hundred feet high, and nearly perpendicular. About a hundred feet from the top honey could be seen through a large crevice in the rocks, & bees going in & coming out.

Jessie Owens was then living near the cliff, & he devised a plan to secure this honey. He procured the assistance of some neighbors and tied a strong rope securely around his son Anderson's waist, & let him down from the top, with basket, & large knife. When Anderson had filled his basket with honey, & 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 & the eagle, and the only way Anderson could keep the eagle from plucking out his eyes, was to make vigorous use of his knife, and in doing so, he accidentally cut one strand of the rope. If he had cut the rope into two, his fall would have been so far & upon rocks, he would have never seen what hit him. But the rope happened to still 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 the occurrence I hired Owens' son to work on my house at Mt. Pleasant for months & his mind was all right at that time. This was about the year 1847, and the Owens' worked on with John Montgomery, the contractor till he finished the building.

Est. Park N.C. Feb. 15th 1899.

We are just emerging from the coldest & most disagreeable spell of weather we have ever had here. The thermometer here before yesterday morning stood at 18. below zero. The wind has been the heavy light snow in every direction for days & nights.

Catoosa Springs in Georgia

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, & about same distance from the Indian Agency, at Belhoun.

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 in Walker County, with Lafayette its County seat. I sold goods for years while the Western & 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 of 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 are 52 Springs covering but 4 or five acres of ground, each Spring differing from all the balance in its Chemical elements. These waters have been analysed by a 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 marvellous prices, & a little Town was hastily built up. A Hotel was constructed with many rooms, & the Porch that run round the building, measured one eighth of a mile.

But this grandeur and magnificence 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.

The above named Springs are locate in Catoosa County one mile and a half South east of Ringgold, in the gap of White oak Mountain, or "Dick Foylers 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 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 opinion that the Competition between the two places, had much to do in depreciating the value of both, & 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 Tenn to these Springs, and remained there all summer, & till beginning of winter. I thought the water helped me, and also improved the health of my family. The next summer, & fall we spent in North Carolina.

My mind has been called to reflect on associations of olden times around Ringgold by letters received from there, day before yesterday from relations announcing the death of my sister Mrs. Henry, & her Daughter Mrs. Russell. My Niece Mrs. Russell died on Saturday morning 11th at 9.20 + Mrs. Henry on Sunday morning at 5 o'cl. 12th Feb. 1899.

They were both widows, & lived and died in the same house & buried in same ^{place}.

Mrs. Henry was about 88 years old, & Mrs. Russell about 60. Again how sad to be called so soon to record the the death of my oldest sister Emeline Wheeler, the oldest member of our family at the age of 88 years. She died at Bryolisville Washington County Tenn; at the home of James M. Henry, her son in law, just a month after her sister & Niece died in Georgia. At the time my relations died ^{Georgia}

The weather was the coldest ever known in that State.

Mrs. Grindstaff's Fall.

I happen to think while spending a day at Allentown a few weeks ago, of an incident which happened at Smith's Hill, situated at the lower end of Doe River Cove. This Hill is 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 was traveled a great deal.

About 40 years ago Mrs. Grindstaff and Mrs. Campbell 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, all that saved her was a white oak bush large enough to hold her weight. She caught in hold to the bush, and her horse went fully one hundred 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, and he led him back & 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 & drove very fine spirit horses, was driving over this Hill. He got off at the top to lock his wagon. At that moment a keen clap of thunder came and his spirited team started, & in his efforts to check them they jerked him between this large rock, & the hub of the wagon and mashed him up so he died at midnight that night. I was called to see him, & found his back broken, & 3 ribs broken beside other injuries. May 7th 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.

The wonderfull Fall of Ep. Tredway.

Whiskey the Cause of the following disaster which occurred at the close of the war of the rebellion in Carter County Tennessee. Ep. Tredway 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 a considerable curve, just at the highest point on the mountain; where there is an open place through the timber down a gulch fully 150 feet, nearly perpendicular, to a deep sand bar at the Watanga River.

Tredway being considerably under the influence of liquor, consequently careless about driving; when the team came to that dangerous point the blind horse walked off, & down this awful gulch went wagon team, & driver. The sand was so deep it broke to a great extent the effects of the fall.

Wm. G. Dugger who lived about 1/2 mile away on the opposite side of the River was brought to the scene by the cries of Tredway; he found him under the tongue of his wagon, with his thigh broken, & his horses so entangled in the harness, that it required some time to extricate them, & care for the wounded man. He was removed to Dugger's a Dr. sent for, & finally taken home where in due time recovered.

August 29th 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 in such haste 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 see John Potter & James Potter, & 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 a woman lying there to give them even a drink of water. The house was a small one with one door, & one window. The only furniture was 2 beds, a table, a few chairs, & 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, & the sun was beaming down on a puddle of water about 4 feet square right in front of the door & there was a thick scum on the water which was carried into the house on the legs of a fat pig as it ran in & 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 every one was afraid to come, fearing they catch the fever. John Potter said he ^{with} had taken it first and they got Jim & his wife to come, & they took down the next day. I could do no better for them than make out medicines for the 4 and give what each one ought to have, & leave more with directions on the table, and come 5 miles down the River to where I could stay all night and get Joshua Perkins to go next morning there some ^{one} who could read to go there & give the medicine & wait on them until I returned, and to tell them that the fever was not contagious.

I managed to get round rapidly, & back to these horrible cases, and given 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.

Oct 9th 1899. To day is my Birth day. I am 82 years old to day. 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 Tenn, May 5th 1901.

After a long delay on account of afflictions of a serious nature in my family. I resume my pen this evening to chronicle 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, Son of John Tipton who fought the Franklin Battle against Gov. Sevier, moved from Carter County Tenn. to Blount County, ~~shortly~~ shortly after my Father did — say about 1820.

Grand Father 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 & 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 with one hand & held the bridle in the other. They cut the limb, & got him in the canoe & on to the bank in double quick time, and understood what to do, & soon brought him to life, and he lived a long life, after that, and moved from Blount County Tenn. to Walker County Ga. where he died;

Elk Park St, C. August 9th 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 2 bones being so displaced, & the ends not being broken off square; but diagonally, they could not be kept in apposition without great difficulty. It had to be set 4 times within 2 months; and now, over 4 months have passed away and he is still on crutches. I do not believe I ever have seen in my long practice any one 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.

The Great Flood. 22nd May 1901.

I will make short work in my account of this the greatest calamity 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 only 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, & 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 to build a fence on each side of this new road clear through his farm & give a road 40 feet wide, & get only 75 dollars 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 Va. And the other one ining on Railroad from Memphis Tenn, to Norfolk Va.

Aug 10th 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 Paynes arm. She lived at Paynes Gap in the County of Johnson, near the the White Top Mountain, where Virginia, North Carolina, & 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 osteosarcoma kind, and very large, located on the arm. Covering ^{over} 1/2 inch of space, from the shoulder to the wrist, and encircling the whole arm; and looked about half as large as her body; and was so heavy she could ^{not} raise it up, & move it about.

I have no means now of locating the time the operation was performed, but 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 was about 35 years old, & in the enjoyment of good health, except the awful burden of the tumor.

She seemed calm, met the ordeal with more fortitude & 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 prayers 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, & was attended with considerable hemorrhage, but nothing serious happened during the operation. Dr. Butler, & Dr. Roy Butler, & Wood & others rendered all the assistance necessary, and the operation was a complete success. After partaking of a nutritious dinner the patient's father Esq. Payne paid me 40 dollars, and we all left for home in better spirits than before the operation. The arm healed rapidly & she has enjoyed good health ever since. I saw her brother about a year or since & he said she was still well & no appearance of disease about the arm.

How the E. became added to our name.

August 14th 1901.

I want to state here the origin which our name Job, as it is written in the Bible, became changed, and has ever since been written Job.

I have heard my father say often; that he, and his brothers, when they came to be born, commenced writing their names Job: - adding the E for the sake of beauty and my father wrote it the same way, & then became changed. I suspect it was changed.

My father said Job never added the E to his name. In all addresses of title to land, he never signed written "David Job" and there are many of them. John saw little; for there are a great many lots, on which the title is David, that he decided had to own 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 grandfather David Job had three sons, and seven daughters; and all of them had Bible names. The sons were: Gibson, Erser, Humphreys, Gorr, Davis, Cooper.

My father's family consisted of seven sons, and six daughters, and the names of them had Bible names. The sons names were, David, Abraham, John, James, Isaac, Samuel, Jefferson, Washington, Jefferson. The daughters were Eliza, Eudora, Emma, Caroline, Eva, Sarah.

My own family consisted of 11 children 4 sons, and 7 daughters. The sons were: Ethelbert, Dudley, James, Robert, John, Mackay, George, David, James, Emma, Maria, Julia, Maria, Sophronia, Mary Jane, Harriet, Helen, Ruth, Josephine, Sarah, Leocora.

September 9th 1901. All our sons are gone. Our precious and much beloved son Dudley whom we loved so much, died August 19th 1901.

August 1901 I have been postponing writing any account of the Great Flood, which came with such tremendous force upon us on the 22nd of May 1901. I do not pretend to describe it; for it cannot be done in its entirety. My opinion is that if there were a hundred years more to live, and hauling off the timber & clearing up the timber land to go to work and plant the land with new trees, and pay strict attention to forestry, they might in three hundred years have a good a country as it was before the Flood of 22nd May 1901.

Some citizens now residing here say the tide in March 1867 was equal to this tide. It was not equal to it in any respect. When the wind came to the land it did not do as much as this tide by washing the low lands away. The very best lands in the beautiful Watauga Valley and in many places leaving farms to be left upland in place the fine, fertile soil washed away. There take into account the great number of houses washed away with all the furniture & every thing the people had, which could be repaired, and in a few instances there were people drowned, but fortunately few lost their lives, as the flood came in day light. If it had come in the night thousands of people would have been drowned.

I do not know how many houses were washed away, and how much property was damaged they can never be repaired; but I think a number.

In May 1867. After my time spent for which I had been appointed Special Agent in Charge of the Department - Having the same before my mind of the tide in 1867. When I returned home from my last duty at Raleigh N.C. where I had spent 3 1/2 years; I advised the people of that town of the danger of 1867. - Warning them that in any of the buildings was not done at the upper end of the town to protect, and show that the bed of the river was higher than the town & it must be made lower; and I proposed to help them in the work from Raleigh that I would charge nothing for my services, if they would furnish me with a...

My prediction of the Flood in Watauga & Doe River.

all the forest, waggon, the hands belonging to the Town, and that would sink the bed of the River 4 or 5 ft lower, by taking the rock out, and to rip-wrap, or Rip Rap, the bank, making the wall slope toward the river at an angle of 45 degrees - then the weight of the water would tend to hold the rocks to their place.

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. All now so disastrous as the section embraced along the Blue Ridge from South West Va through Western N.C. on one side, and East Tenn, on the other - Clear as to Ga.

I notice most of the newspapers State that the flood occurred on the 21st of May 1901. They are one day too early. I know I am right in the date - May 22nd 1901. I was at the bridge at Doe River commenced rising rapidly shortly after noon with the rain fell water rose. The rain was so generally pouring down especially with frequent, attended with cloud bursts, and water sprouts in, & around Roanoke in State of Va. - I have seen the waters rise so rapidly. When it would slack a little, I would hold my umbrella & walk out to the covered bridge across Doe River where the crowds of people had gathered. An immense amount of drift was passing, & the waves were turbulent. Great trees torn up from the banks on the mountains come dashing down carrying every thing before them - Houses falling, bridges, & every thing that stood in the way.

Down the Railroad Bridge, the R. & E. over Watauga was swept away, & 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, & bridges were being swept away. The bridge crossing down at Hall's bridge from above passed under the covered bridge, but it was broken, & just as dark began to close in the water began to fall, to the great joy of the people.

My wife, I have been trying for some time, to make a visit, to Beechdale, 2 miles from Beechdale, the home of our children, John and Sallie Gibson and their little son David, and our Son-in-law Col. A. 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 in 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 & myself yet aboard, & he would bring us to our destination in Ky, and then go on to Macon, by way of Chattanooga, and 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 Beechdale Ky. ^{Sept 1st} Sunday evening. And on Monday evening, ^{the} car started for Macon with all except A. Jobe, & wife.

Mollie Hunter, and Ruth Jobe, left the car, and his family at Chattanooga, and returned home to Elizabethton. We have received letters from all, since their return, and they report that they had a splendid trip.

Sept. 26th My wife & 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 could 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.

Locustville Ky Jan 30th We moved from the farm house 2 1/2 miles and here was comfortable quarters; but we passed through a cold spell of winter and had days now of cold, & much agreeable weather, with the highest I ever saw. Rear Admiral Schley is here, and will leave for Nashville Tenn. Tomorrow at 3 P.M.

Louisville Ky. March 8th 1902. The weather has moderated to some extent; but still it continues cloudy, but we have had very little rain or snow, during the whole winter; but it has been made up in the heaviest sleets 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 + we kept good fires, or we could not have stood the weather.

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 + Tennessee:

When the National Convention was held at Pittsburg 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 heinous liquor traffic. But when I went to the Post office at Elk Park to get my mail. I found a crowd of men who had voted to licen men to help destroy the Country - they were waiting and anxious to break the news to me; and the spokesman said: "Well Doctor, how do you feel now 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 Ky. March 26th 1902. While thinking over parts 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, N.C. after I had quit my practice. It should have had a place among the other cases of surgery. I have made short sketches of; but like others, it escaped my memory. I was taking options on Iron lands for a Chicago Co. this in the summer of 1887.

I had stopped for dinner at Wm Buchanan's, on Joliver, 5, or 6 miles from Cranberry, and just as I was getting on my horse to come on to Elk Park, a man came in great haste for me to go to a little boy, about 6 years old, who had fallen on his pocket knife, which was open in his hand. I had to ride 2 or 3 miles over bad roads, away from the main road. On my arrival, I found the knife had cut through to the hollow; about 2 inches below the level, & a little to the right. And the Momentum had protruded 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 Momentum, inside into the abdomen; but found I could not succeed. The hole was so small, and the protuberance so great, & 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; forced 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, which I used most judiciously, & continued efforts until I succeeded in reducing the large mass, & made 2 or 3 stitches, & adhesive plaster. And his life was thus saved. I had no chloroform, nor any thing else to give only directions, as diet, & 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 Ky. April 21st 1902.

The weather is now improving; from what it has been from the time we came here 27th Nov. and continuing through the winter & 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 Teno. Will have in less than a week if nothing prevents. We have had a long & pleasant visit. 6 months here and 2 months at the farm - making in all 8 months. We have had good rooms, & have taken good care of ourselves. We have had warm comfortable rooms. We feel sad in 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 A.M. Monday 27th where we expect to meet Mattie Harris who will leave Macon Ga. about the same time we leave here. We will travel through on sleeping cars.

One day last week, our whole family, (that is, John, Sallie, David, Ma, & myself, made a trip on 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 amt of smoke from the city, so obliterated our view, we could see but little of the City. The City has spent much money in erecting buildings, & making fine drives, first in one direction - then in another, to reach the Summit of the mountain.

Among the number of houses, and the vast seating capacity for the thousands of visitors who attend there every summer; I noticed "Boont Cabin".

I regret that 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.

Mollie Hunter was very anxious for Ma, & 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, & 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, & made to appear real, & life like. In one act we saw, when the curtain went up, behind the stage, a farm, with stacks of hay, & a Barn & other buildings, and a wagon road winding up the hill to the Barn. And presently we hear a whistle blow, & directly a train came in, & immediately the James Boys capture the Expressman, & take a box containing his money, & chisel a hole into it, & put dynamite into it, & with a big report it is blown up.

The James Boys get the money, & other valuables, but half a dozen persons are fired, & 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 of Animals, & Circus in the City & the weather is good but none of us go to the show. We went over to Brook Street only a block away, to see their Street parade, and hear the music. Indeed it was grand. The great number of white Dogs, & Ponies. All trained when they had Elephants, camels, Monkeys, &c. &c. 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 compels 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 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 school mates, and kept my friends, in school, & 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 into 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 amt of business I transacted, and amt of money I have handled, I have to say I have been active, & 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 memoir.

But with all the "bad luck and mishaps" that befell me, there never was a judgment entered against me in any court during the long life I was in business for myself, nor against A. & D. Jobe while partners in the mercantile business. We met, & paid off every debt we owed, one hundred cents to the dollar & never asked the amt to be shamed. A great deal of it put us to hardships and trouble to do it. I now call to mind one, that I will relate.

In 1841. While the "Western & Atlantic Railroad" was in course of construction our stock of goods needed replenishing. We had been buying our goods in Augusta Ga; & hauling them 275 miles in wagons — we had no Railroads then. We only wanted about 2000⁰⁰ worth of goods, & it was much nearer to Knoxville. So I went to Knoxville, & bought something over two thousand dollars worth, of goods. Campbell Wallace, & McBlong.

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 amt 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, & 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 horse back with the money, & when within ¹⁴/₁₀₀ ^{miles} of Knoxville; I was taken with a severe chill, & was compelled to get down at a strange house, & go immediately to bed; & 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 to get on my fine horse, & ride to Knoxville & bring the Chief Clerk of ^{the} firm back with him, with my note; & by the time he came; I was able to count out the money to him, & 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. Shook's 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 Sullivan, a Minister living in the neighborhood. It was hard to convince her that she was mistaken. She called her Mother to the door & said "don't you think Timothy is trying to make me believe he is a stranger?" Her Mother was dived for a minute or so. I often ^{hope} to take for Timothy Sullivan D. D. of the Methodist Church in Ga.

"Landon B. Haynes on East Tennessee."

Landon B. 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 below 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 Smokey 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 glassy 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 Smokey, the Great Roan, the great Black and the Great Smokey mountains, among the loftiest in the United States of North America, on whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord even in the brightest day. There I've seen the great spirit of the storm after noontide go to take his evening nap in the pavillion 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 lightning 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 whose keys seemed touched by the fingers of divinity. That responded in notes of thunder, which resounded through the knives. Then I have seen the darkness drift away beyond the horizon, and the morn'g got up from his duffan 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 tops, 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.

O! beautiful land of the mountains, with thy sun-painted cliffs how can I ever forget thee?"

Landon B. Haynes, and I were born within 4 miles of each other, and within one year of each other, he in 1816, & I in 1817.

I write this at Elk Park, T.C. June 10th 1902.

A. Jobe

What could the gifted, and eloquent Haynes say now if he could rise from the dead, in praise of the beauty of Watauga River Valley - since the Great Flood of the 22nd of May 1901, and then a second one on which tore the country all to pieces. Public roads washed away - soil gone, & sand deposited in its place.

Macon Ga. April 24th 1904

After seeing Walter Lambart & Ruth Josephine Jobe, traveled at 5.00 on 19th April, and start immediately on a tour to Washington. An agreeable & other points. At Somerville, Col. St. B. B. Smith & wife; and Dr. A. Jobe & his wife started, & stayed in the other direction to Macon Georgia.

The Georgia crowd reached Macon at 2.10. AM to 2.30. We had an easy & pleasant trip. The coach we traveled in to Atlanta was the same - but I ever road in. It went through to Memphis. The one from Atlanta to Macon was fairly good, but not after the first one. Col. Harris gave us free passes for the round trip & then voluntarily gave us the tickets to Elizabethton, & then to the other side in passing through. We did not have to get up at 5.00.

Elk Park July 18th 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 can fall upon 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 ballers.

Mr Ellis was a very clever, quiet man, & discharged the duties of his office as policeman in a mild quiet way. But Winters' conduct was outrageous, and notwithstanding this, when he was turned out of the ballers, he boldly & impudently said to divers 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, & 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 stand point - from what I can learn from persons I have copied down in, I cannot see, how a competent jury, who wants to do any other way than to convict Winters of Murder in the first degree. The Murder occurred on the 18th June 1902.

After Winters' arrest, & the murder of James Ellis, he was held in the Circuit Court at Elizabethton and found guilty. We appeal it, by giving a heavy bond, and we intend to go down to the next session.

The appeal is being argued, the appeal is being argued, the appeal is being argued.

Elizabethton, June 15th 1904.

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 time when I felt like to write. And even now I can not 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 get 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 come to writing 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 party, all are gone except 4 daughters, Mollie Hunter, Hattie Lewis, Ruth Lambert, & Sallie Gibson.

They constitute a family now, since our 2nd child is dead & Sallie's child died. Most of our children died young, because of the influenza, & the we could not get better than when I was to give up the children.

Our 4 daughters have been with us for sometime or about - they were all here together. Elk Park, Sept. 21. 1904.

I have been very nervous, & sleeping late, as I have written by the fire, & find them quite the long way apart.

The weather has been very changeable, & unpleasant, & we are having the best times for the, especially since we have had up here, and we have been so usually, and we are to use in a matter we have had a great deal.

Sallie and Hattie are gone to Bear Mountain to get teeth extracted. They went through the town last night, & could find a partner in the town. Hovey is gone. Keels started this morning to Elizabethton.

We are looking for each other here to night. And best to the with return to the case in a few days. And the balance of the party, & Sallie Gibson, & Hattie Lewis will go back to Elizabethton.

Elk Park, Oct 3rd 1904. Sallie has concluded to start from here to her home Friday the 7th October. And we wish people will

leave within a few days for our old home at Lake Umbagog N.H.
L.S. & M. & W. & H. left for New Ga. & Co. by train yesterday.
Walter engaged Mr. Gentry & wife to take care of all inside & out
to occupy a part of the house & take care of all inside & out.

Oct. 8th We are still at Elk Park N.C. All are going except
me two old people. I am an invalid & not able to do any-
thing, and Ma. is so lame, from the effects of the saddle fell
she got years ago, she ought to do nothing, but I cannot keep
her from helping to take down & pack up - for Ireland's can't be
got to do it the way she wants it done.

Sallie left yesterday morning. She was the last one, and
Ma & I will leave Monday morning, if we are well
enough. We received a letter from Ruth a few days
ago. She reached Missisquoi safe & well as usual. Her husband
met her in Chattanooga, & they went by Dalton Ga. on their
return to visit relatives.

Elizabethton. Nov. 15th 1904. We have made arrangements to board with
E. & M. & W. & H. at 20th a month -

Our board bill was 20th per month
and have paid the 20th of per month up to the present time March 25th 1905

We moved into home built quarters from 1st of May back
to Ruth, I & Ma 2 old feeble people prefer living alone here, until Ruth returns
from the trip on her long trip, which will be pretty soon.

Ma did hire a liquor cook, she is a first class manager &
by a little help which she gets by not letting it cost her much
she gets along pretty well. But we will have her to do up to
now alone. I am in my 85th year and my dear wife was 79. that
I thought I could do nothing.

The last written of our friends & relatives

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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 beverages, as such, and allow none to be sold only
as a medicine, & the doctor's arts.

I have spent much time and money in furtherance of
the cause. We have built up a respectable party in nearly every State in the
Union. We know 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
people. All we lacked was to carry a majority vote.

I finally washed a National Convention at Pittsburgh Pa.
The party by this time has discussed collateral issues bearing on the
Prohibition, until the Convention split into two factions, and have remained so
ever since. I was then going at Elk Park N.C. The Democrats and Republicans
said to me, on hearing the news "How do you feel now? Your party has divided, one
half going one way & the other going the other".
My answer was prompt & just "I think I feel about as
Peter did when Christ was Crucified". 1901.

I write this near Beechdale Ky. on 15th Dec. while on a visit to my daughter.
The two wings of the divided Prohibition party
have been to some extent doing just like the Democrats & Republicans
that is fighting each other, and some of them have become discouraged,
and have ceased hope for much head way being made in putting a
stop to the 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't take no part in public affairs any more, and have turned over
everything to the management of younger men, 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 can't reach it, are content to be buffeted about by
the current, of events, without trying to change them.

Beechdale Ky.

Nov. 14th 1901. The farm here, ^{has been rented} by Frank Spurr, and they
have moved in, & 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.
December 7th Not been out over the city, but think it a large & 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, with the change of 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 jolly 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.

11 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 basin shake,
And throw this mass into a lake,
And after all quite wide awake,
Comes back that very same old snake. 11

^{my Joe}
John C. Calhoun ^{my Joe} when we were first acquaint,
The words, I suppose, you was a Saint.
You stood the Champions of the war, with Hildison you know,
But now you, beat at the Hartford crew, John C. Calhoun my Joe.

John C. Calhoun my Joe John, I wonder what you mean,
That it old Vol Roy, you do want your jealous opinion,
To plant the tree of Liberty, our Fathers blood did flow,
But you, and Hayne would do it, but 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 Benny Calay,
Are like the Boy that had the Goose the Golden egg did lay,
You are both Great men in the land, but off your heads, too dead,
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 Campbell
of our Regiment in the Indian War.
Campbell could sing a great many songs
and could while away the time by mouning the soldiers of glory.
The above is only a part of the song.
I have never seen the original of the last part.
1520 Prudon Street Louisville Ky. April 4th 1902.

Len. Calh. 1522 Louisville Ky.

J. W. Campbell. History Editor.

Mrs. Sarah A. Gibson

No. 3. Longwater

Louisiana

Switzerland
Europe

