My 80 Years in Atlanta
by Sara Huff

---Dedicated-----

To the past, present and future of Goldsmith School.
By their friend, Sara Huff

---Introduction by Publisher-----

The greatest way to build a future is to use aright the lessons of the past. A people which fails to regard its past will have no future. These sentiments have been expressed by some of the greatest and wisest men of old - Atlanta is indeed fortunate to have in the personality of Miss Huff an individual who not only remembers the reconstruction period and the scenes of the Civil War but whose parents have preserved many of the letters written during that period and have handed them down to her.

She has jealously guarded not only the memories of the past, but these precious manuscripts which help to make up a vivid account of the scenes of Civil War days and the reconstruction period. That she still lives with us to give us the impression of the heroism of those days is a blessing to the childhood and the youth of Atlanta. The articles, which Miss Huff has written, have been used in the Atlanta Public Schools in working out our activity program. They have constituted a real contribution to the history of the past and an inspiration to our youth for future achievements.

It is with great pleasure that we present them in pamphlet form to be preserved for the use of future generations. We acknowledge with grateful appreciation the courtesy of the Atlanta Journal and the gracious kindness of Miss Huff in allowing this publication, and we hope that this series of articles will be of tremendous value to the Atlanta Public Schools, to historians of the future and to the coming generation in preserving the traditions and heritages of the South.

Willis A. Sutton,
Superintendent of Schools,
Atlanta, Georgia.

September 24, 1937

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR OF
"MY 80 YEARS IN ATLANTA"

My name is Sarah Huff. I am the daughter of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Norton Huff.
I was born here in my ancestral home, Huff House, May the 9th, 1856.
History-minded and a lover of adventure, few other Atlanta children were ever born at a time so opportune.
Being born just when I was gave me a chance to know real happenings taking place in and around Atlanta during the sixties, the most important epoch in the town's century of progress.

My 80 Years in Atlanta

MISS SARAH HUFF, AN EYE-WITNESS TO MANY GREAT EVENTS IN ATLANTA'S HISTORY. HER RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CITY

THE OLD HUFF HOME

Chapter 1

I have lived my eighty years in Atlanta. I was born on May 9, 1856, in Huff House, which is still standing at 70 Huff road, just off Marietta Street and nor very far from Howell's Station. Huff House has changed little since it was built in 1855, upon the foundations of an older building dating from 1830.

I have lived there all my life with the exception of four months in 1864 when my family refugeed to Social Circle.

I have seen Atlanta in ashes, and I have watched it grow to its present size.

Now I am writing about the city as I have known it.

One of my most vivid recollections dates back to the time when I was five years old. An excited neighbor rushed over from an adjoining plantation and exclaimed to my mother "Oh, Mrs. Huff, Fort Sumter has fallen!"

There in the garden they talked and cried as if it meant that something very serious had taken place.

Never having heard of Fort Sumter, I wondered what it was all about, and became more interested than ever when mother blew the trumpet for father to come to the house from the field.

I was anxious to learn what it was that had gotten a fall, and why my father and mother and Mrs. Oliver kept saying so much about war. Then came the neighbors to "sit till bedtime," as an evening call was described.

Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy
(June 3, 1808 – December 6, 1889)

President Abe Lincoln
(February 12, 1809 – April 15, 1865)

Everyone was excited. Years passed before I found out who "Jeff Davis" and "Abe Lincoln" were.

Across the many years another vivid scene comes back to me.

This time I see my mother's long dining table piled high with gray woolen cloth. Little thought I, the wondering child, that the color of that cloth would be remembered in song and story far down the ages.

Around that table stood my father, my uncle and aunt, A and Mrs. John Floyd Huff, and their 18 year old son William who with my father, Jerry Huff, had enlisted in Cobb's Legion, (Cavalry), Company B.

With weeping eyes the others were watching my mother, who in an expert way was cutting the cloth to be made into waist length jackets and long trousers for my father and his boyish rosy-cheeked nephew to wear to the war.

Unlike the Union soldiers, the Southerners had to make their own uniforms which were usually hand-woven and stitched by the women of the family. Sewing machines were unknown here.

My weeping mother and my aunt began basting and fitting the uniforms for father and Willie, but why so much crying?

Taking the question to black mammy, my unfailing source of information, I was told that "Everybody would have to go the war and get kilt!" Which scared me so that I out cried all my weeping elders.

With black mammy's description of what happened to the going to the war ever in my memory, it can well be imagine that I was in terror when father had to bid us farewell and leave us, perhaps forever.

All dressed up in his new uniform of Confederate gray, joined his nephew and several other lifetime friends and broken-hearted at having to leave us, went up to "Big Shanty" on the State Road, to be in training camp for a short time before starting over the mountains and through the wonderful Shenandoah Valley to Virginia.

Their horses were fresh and prancing to go. Father's war horse was worn and tired when father got home to stay April 26, 1865.

Daguerreotypes aid childhood memory in bringing to sign and mind features of these long-gone loved ones. Before his departure father and mother and all the children had their pictures taken.

His alone, the others group around mother, who was seated. Many a time have I come on mother weeping over that earnest face and manly figure.

The case containing the likenesses of his family went with father into terrible battles and through swiftly flowing rivers.

When his special comrade and near neighbor, while they were fording the Shenandoah River, was washed down stream and drowned, father by the merest chance escaped with his life when his horse also lost his power to stem the force of the rushing waters.

The knapsack containing the treasured pictures of his wife and children by a strange freak of good fortune, was cast ashore and after several days found and sent to Captain Juhan. He restored them to father and they are now my most highly prized mementos.

How eagerly the wartime letters were awaited, and what bitter tears were shed when they failed to come. Those that did get here, sometimes after several weeks' delay, were sacredly treasured and reverently read, even to this day.

In one I read: "Camp near Madison Courthouse, November, 1862. Cobb's Legion has been in several fights, our men are trying to bag the Yankees; we are tolling them on while Jackson brings up the rear." Later my father was courier for Stonewall Jackson, and as long as he lived was proud of the words of praise spoken to him by General Robert E. Lee when an extremely important message had been safely delivered. One of the bullets given him fired at father when he refused a command to halt, by five Federal soldiers, went through his hat.

In this package of over-seventy-year-old letters many and close calls are mentioned, and many adventures are described. The wheels of industry, the spinning wheel, the reel and the winding blades moved swiftly in my mother's wartime household. Being too young to use them, I was not allowed to tamper with or to turn them. I had just as well have climbed upon a chair and done something to mother's Chauncey Jerome clock as to have turned the wheels of her textile machinery.

On winter days, as on rainy days, the looms were forever in motion. Many a time my young head had a bumping without a thought of punishment. Eager to see, I was forever getting in the way of the beam, battern or whatever it was that the weaver was knocking the thread into place with. She wouldn't know I was about until my strenuous howls would carry the news abroad that a head had been bumped in the loom house.

My recollection is that grown-up people rested from their labors only after they had wound the clock, covered the coals in the big fireplace and blown out the candles on the, to me, unreachable mantelpiece.

When father had to leave home there were the inhabitants of ten beehives to be kept in subjection, and so when we heard a roaring noise overhead, like the sound of an airplane today, we saw an air force, comparable in numbers to what we may live to see flying over us.

That uproar called for quick action. Every child and every darkey on the place, after first protecting their faces with thin cloth masks and wearing home-knit gloves on their hands, grabbed dinner horns, tin plates, dishpans and mother's 3-foot-long tin trumpet and whanged and blew and banged for dear life.

Had there been any Jericho walls in the neighborhood they would surely have fallen.

Mother and our oldest brothers, veiled and gloved, stood by the big new beegum ready to gather the runaway bees gently into it. When the bees flew high we knew they meant to fly over the

fields and settle in some tall tree that towered in the forest a mile behind Huff House. However, attracted by the noise, they usually decided to go back to where they came from or they settled on some convenient object.

On one occasion Grandpa, who had been an invalid for many years, had been brought to us from his home on a nearby hill. He happened to be spending the day with us when a swarm of young bees decided to go to housekeeping, or rather gumkeeping, for themselves.

Grandpa had been assisted into a big, comfortable rocking chair, which he had placed in the shade of the well shelter. He was enjoying the excitement when all at once the bees decided to make a landing and began to settle on the well windlass within two feet of grandpa's elbow.

He had asserted that he was not afraid and objected to being protected when he wished to be carried into the danger zone. Now he jumped up, and, as has many another brave man, he took to his heels and ran as though a whole army were after him.

But mother always wondered why Grandpa grabbed that big, heavy rocking chair and ran to the house with it clasped in his arms.

Decided changes in our immediate neighborhood began to take place very early in the war. For one thing our Scottish next door neighbor put up a button factory right there in sight of us. The object was to furnish bone buttons for clothing worn by soldiers of the Southern Confederacy.

Never having seen anything of that kind it was a wonderful sight to me as I would, with older children, watch those button cutters come down on the thinly sliced bones. It was said to have been the most extensive button factory in the south.

Another thing that proved to be very interesting, indeed, was when the old Benjamin Thurman pioneer homestead was bought by Dextor Niles, of Boston, Mass., and turned into a slave plantation, or maybe it was a wholesale slave market. We had never seen so many dark skinned people in all our lives. Perhaps two years went by and then all at once the residence was vacated and all the cabins were bare.

It was said that when it became evident that the institution of slavery was doomed these bondmen, women and children, were rushed to a slave market beyond the shores to the south of us and sold before Confederate money entirely lost its value.

The Huff Home was located in the Upper Artery

Dextor Niles went back to Boston, but the name he bore goes down in history as the owner of the home wherein the "Transfer" took place when General Joseph E. Johnston was replaced by General John B. Hood in command of the defensive army. (see pages 10-11)

The Cook place, on the Marietta Road, also within a quarter of a mile of Huff House, was bought by a man named Whitehead, who, in number of slaves and elegance of gardens, rivaled **the Ponders** (see photos pages 22-23) of almost national renown. Orange trees by the score were grown in sunken tubs in the orchards, and the rarest of plants and flowers beautified the gardens. Without a moment's notice the premises were vacated and the family and soon-to-be-freed slaves gone forever.

When or before the war ended the house was torn from under its roof which later, sitting on the ground, made unusual kennel for the wild and vicious dogs which slept during most of the daytime when they were hiding from home coming refugees in the early days of 1865.

Chapter 2

To young people of the present time "cornshelling night" doesn't signify anything at all. But to me it links my memory to some -of the happiest scenes of my childhood.

A great sheet, made for the purpose, was spread over the floor of the sitting room, and several baskets of earcorn poured it. Then every member of the household, regardless of age, size or color, seated themselves on the floor around it. And the fun began.

Who could find the greatest number of red ears, and who could shell the biggest pile of corn?

On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, because the others couldn't be spared from the field, mother allowed me to go with her to mill. Over hill and dale we wended our way to Thomas Moore's famous war-time grist mill, far down Peachtree Creek, in hearing of the "Song of the Chattahoochee." The rule of a mill, as of a bank, is first come, first served. So everyone went prepared for a long wait, and passed the time chatting with old neighbors and friends. My mother, taking her knitting out of her pocket, seated herself on a beach in the shade of a big water oak in the mill yard.

A woman, whom mother said must be a new-comer to the neighborhood, got her meal and placing her hands on her side-saddle, landed with one jump on the back of her big white mule. A lady of that day was not supposed to let her ankles seen, and mother and the other women present turned their heads. But mother said the half dozen old men who had their corn in the millhouse ready to grind, gazed right at the unusual sight.

The Miller, holding the bridle, told the rider to be careful white mules were mean, and that that mule had a bad streak. She informed him that she had never seen a mule or man that she couldn't manage. Placing the big sack of meal as securely as possible on the back of the saddle, the miller added stronger words of caution.

The white mule with the mean eye began to try to do some stunting himself. Placing his head between his front legs, he gave the horrified watchers such an exhibition of jumping, kicking and bucking as none of them had ever seen before.

The woman's hat and meal spilled over the mill yard, and she got mad as a hatter because the old miller said, "I told you so".

Corn was inherited from the Indians centuries ago. I have friends from Iowa, the greatest corn growing section in the world, who never saw any cornbread until they came to Georgia. Friends from Chicago, New York and Washington, D. C., tell me that other kinds of breadstuffs are used.

Fortunately, southern people have always been fond of cornbread. Colored folks even now prefer it to any other type of bread. The manner of cooking was known as hoecake, pones and dodgers. The Scottish ancestors of some of our mountaineers were responsible for the name "dodger." But the corn meal of which these dodgers were made was purely an American product.

When father had to go to fight for the south, my mother, who was the most executive minded woman I have ever known, became the major general of the farm forces and commander-in-chief of the home guards. Her field forces consisted only of her two sons, an orphan boy whom she was bringing up, and Charlotte's "old man" and two sons.

Corn was a vital crop to the southern people, and very early they began to suffer the consequences of depleted farm forces. Then came the battle of the cornfields, and the war mothers became the captains of industry in the great struggle for bread. It was impossible to buy anything. Each family had to be absolutely independent. In those hard fights for bread it was victory or starvation.

We also raised sugar cane, from which came the "long sweetening" used in our parched-corn coffee. Long sweetening was also a breakfast favorite. We ate it with hot biscuits when we had any, and with corn dodgers when the home-raised wheat flour gave out.

Wheat grew on the uplands, but corn, the main crop, was raised on the hillsides and the creek bottoms. The creek was Woodall, and Huff Spring is its source.

We could have raised plenty of wheat, but getting wheat thrashed was another matter. The neighbors who formerly brought their traveling thrashing machines around to our house and thrashed father's wheat, were his comrades in the ranks of Cobb's Legion (Cavalry), Company B, in Virginia, where General R6bert E. Lee's thrashing machines were trying their very best to thrash the rest of the nation.

To shuck corn was a very simple matter. The boys and the slave man and his boys sat in the corncrib and shucked corn on rainy days.

During the years of father's war service his annual corn shuckings and mother's all-day quiltings were suspended. Friends and neighbors from the time of my earliest recollection came to these double parties. As the old saying expressed it "the big pot and the little one" were put in operation for both dinner and supper.

These southern institutions, so much enjoyed by the people of every farming community, were resumed when the farmers returned from the war and began gathering their corn crops.

One thing never came back like it was. That was the "cornshucking songs" of the slaves as they sang them before the war. I was too young to remember them, but father and mother said no melody could be sweeter.

Never was a southern battle, wrestled from the opposing forces of depression and despair, more victoriously ended. We never suffered one pang of hunger, we were never cold for the want of warm clothing, while that three-years-long battle was being fought.

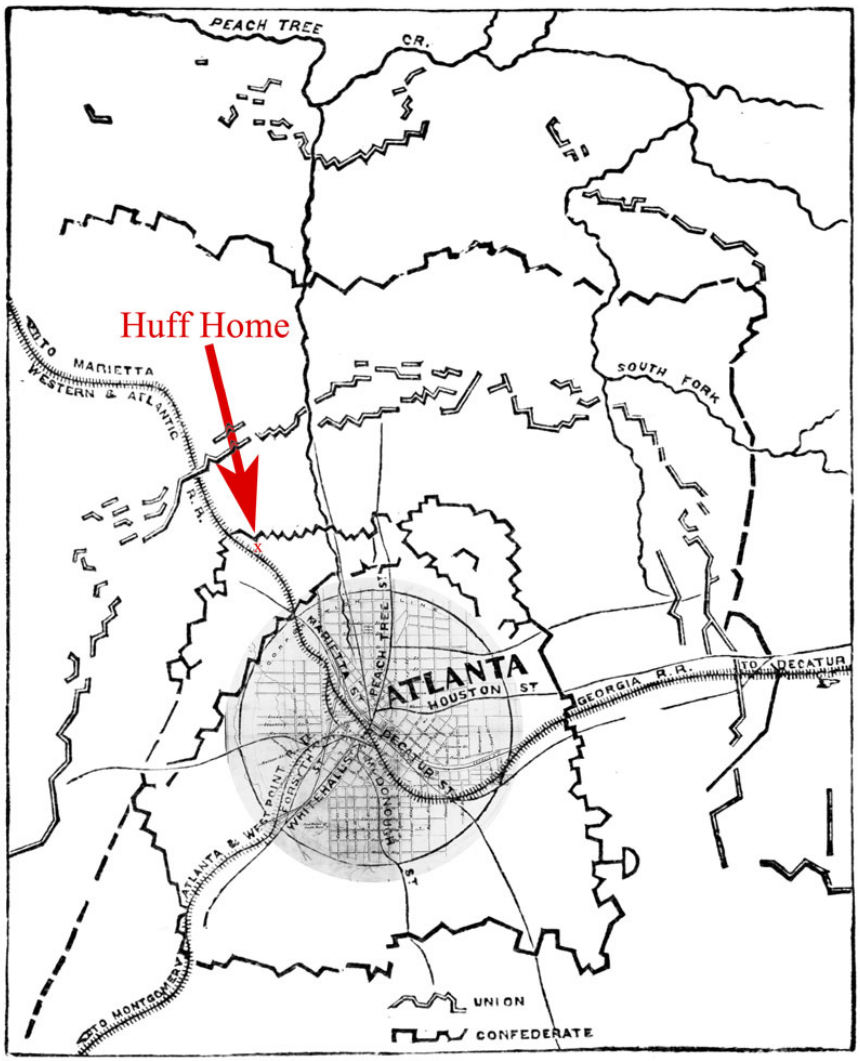
I was a child then, but those battles for bread which took place on the banks of Woodall Creek made an impression on me that time has never effaced. My mother and all those faithful fighters are gone, now those soldiers who wrung a living from the soil have returned to the dust from whence they came. And I, alone, have lived to tell of these unsung heroes and those battlefields unmarked except by the threatened invasion of the oncoming Gate City of the South.

For me the kindergarten age came and went, and no school to go to, but as to being taught by diverting object lessons, no child living today had my opportunity. And no child of today ever had a better or kinder teacher than I had in the almost helpless, chair-confined lady relative who

lived in mother's house and so patiently taught me. Children of that period, or even years after the war, knew nothing of free schools, though free schools had been in use more than a hundred years in northern and northwestern states.

Owing to the many years of delay in getting public schools I never went to school a day in my life that father didn't pay for. And in most instances the school houses were those built by my father and his neighbors at their own expense.

My mother's indulgence in allowing me to go with her gave me opportunities to see and hear things that otherwise I would not have known of. In that way I treasure recollections of a dinner at Whitehall Tavern, as well as a morning spent with the Leyden children playing in their nursery in the historic Leyden House. My first and only visit to the old Courthouse where the Capitol now stands, is a remembrance that's yet with me. While mother paid the taxes brother and I, peeping into a vacant office, watched some half-grown boys draw life-sized grotesque pictures on the walls.



Chapter 3

A few weeks before the main Army of Tennessee retreated to the south of the Chattahoochee this section was infested by men who claimed to belong to the Confederate army, but many of

them were unworthy to bear the name of soldier in any army. They respected the property rights of no one.

While my father was fighting in far-away Virginia his property, as that of many another Georgia soldier, was at the mercy of robbers who claimed to have a right to whatever would aid maintenance or supply individual craving. Father and his comrades fighting for home and native land, fought in vain.

These marauders, calling themselves soldiers, and wearing ragged gray garments, killed and skinned mother's two hogs intended by her for the next year's bacon, which was a vital item of family supply.

Mother had her bee gums carried above stairs, where the busy bees went right on with their business; going to their work through the small old-fashioned windows. Their honey ladened wings bringing them back the same way.

A convalescent soldier boy whom mother was taking care of 'robbed" the bee-gums for her on the night before she refugeed.

To save her chickens mother had them brought into her bedroom. There chicken-housed in a big covered basket, they proceeded to lay eggs, crow, cackle and cluck to their yellow-legged brood. And like the bees above them, made the best they could of a very unfamiliar environment.

The mules, very small and very black, answering, with a "heehaw, " to names of "Beck" and "Kit " were with Mike the buggy horse, stabled in the old log-built smoke house. In that way they were saved to draw mother and her family on a most adventurous itinerary. Returning when the war was over to be temporarily housed in the same old structure, where for generations the hams, shoulders and other parts of porkers intended for the family's meat supply had been cured in waves of hickory smoke.

When mother's hogs were killed by these unsoldierly "army scalawags," as they were called, with tears in her eyes she remonstrated with the killers; only to be told that if they didn't take them the Yankees would.

She replied that they were "laying the Yankees a poor pattern."

A few weeks went by and the pattern, poor or otherwise, was followed by one of General Sherman's young soldiers, as the invaders passed through Cobb county. A chicken was being chased by the young man, and its owner, one of the most highly respected and most aristocratic old ladies in that whole section, ordered him to let it alone. The rooster ran under the house, and the young man in blue started to crawl under the building after it. Said the old lady to the disobeying youth, "If you don't come out from there I shall kill you." Half way under the house, he would not pull his head and shoulders back.

Grabbing up a scantling, the old lady let him have it on the small of his back. To her extreme consternation she found that her threat had been carried out. The blue-coated Yankee boy was dead.

The captain, who had seemed to enjoy the old lady's effort to save her chicken, but would not help her, now came to her rescue. She was not even arrested.

This account of this tragic war-time episode was given to me by a particular friend of my family now deceased. She was one of Atlanta's most excellent and highly-esteemed citizens. The old lady who killed the soldier was her grandmother.

Chapter 4

When the artillery division reached Marietta Road, on its departure from Huff House, General Joseph E. Johnston's forces were passing and Major Hotchkiss rushed his cannonaders into line.

The Army of Tennessee was either in retreat or was on its way to occupy its prepared defenses around Atlanta. Colonel L. P. Grant had been the fortification engineer, and the citizens of the city had helped in the work of digging ditches and making breastworks and forts. The tired warriors found every thing ready, and, on account of the unusual construction of these defenses, held their ground for many weeks of hard fighting.

There was no pomp in that parade. The sound of flute and fife and drum was not heard. When the war was new every battle or every march wag fought or stepped to the strains of martial music.

On one occasion, in the fighting around Richmond, an irate captain ordered one of my father's old neighbors and comrades who happened to be a bandmaster, to "Take that damn band to the rear!"

The roar of a big army in motion is different from other noises in that many sounds combine to make a big racket. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, noise of wagon trains, giving of commands by officers, cracking of whips by wagon drivers, stepping of thousands of men in unison, and the tramping of thousands of horses and mules is like pandemonium let loose.

For two days we spent most of each day at the front gate looking and listening while 45,000 Confederate soldiers marched by on Marietta Street, just across the railroad and the valley from Huff House.

General Johnston came several days in advance of his army and established headquarters in the Dextor Niles home, within a quarter of a mile of our house. Mr. Niles had already rushed his 300 slaves to a far-away island market, sold them and returned to his former home in Boston, Massachusetts.

On the night of July 17, 1864, a great historical drama was staged at the general's headquarters. The soldiers, who were sitting with mother on her front porch, or strolling through the yards and gardens, had told mother that something extremely important was impending.

General Sherman (attacking)

ABOVE: The Transfer: General Johnston was replaced by General Hood

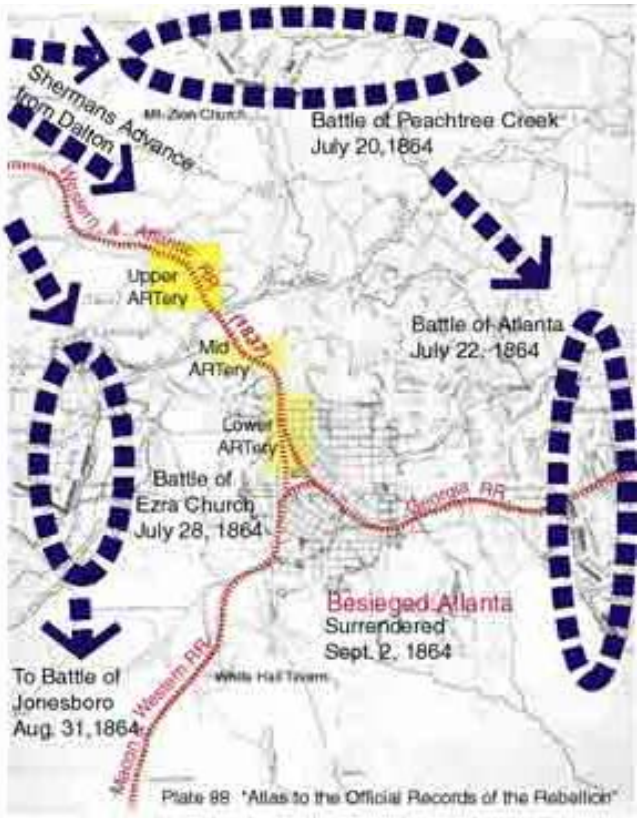
This occasion, known in history as "The Transfer," came right home to mother and me, out on our front porch. Mother a lover of music, said that the music of the military bands on that brilliant moonlight night was the sweetest she ever heard. I, who stood by mother's chair, have always thought of that lovely moonlight night whenever I have heard music on a beautiful summer evening.

Pathos was furnished by the weeping and angry soldiers, as they strolled about mother's front yard, and told her and each other of the despair they felt on account of the approaching discharge of their idolized commander, General Joseph E. Johnston.

The music over the way became more lively, and mingled with strains of "Dixie" came the rhythmic sound of dancing feet. The wives and lady friends of some of the officers were visiting

headquarters and, as is usual with army people, even if comes a Waterloo tomorrow, there is a sound of revelry by night.

At midnight when the old Atlanta watchman's voice rang out: "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!" the clear-hearing statesmen of the Southland heard the doom bells ringing the death knell of the Southern Confederacy.



ABOVE: Map showing Sherman's invasion. Sara Huff's house was in the Upper Marietta Street Artery in the middle of the conflict. On the map at right the Huff House is number 3, sitting on a hill looking down at the Dexter Niles plantation where the officer's parties were held.

ABOVE: Map of Marietta Street Artery showing Civil War Markers:

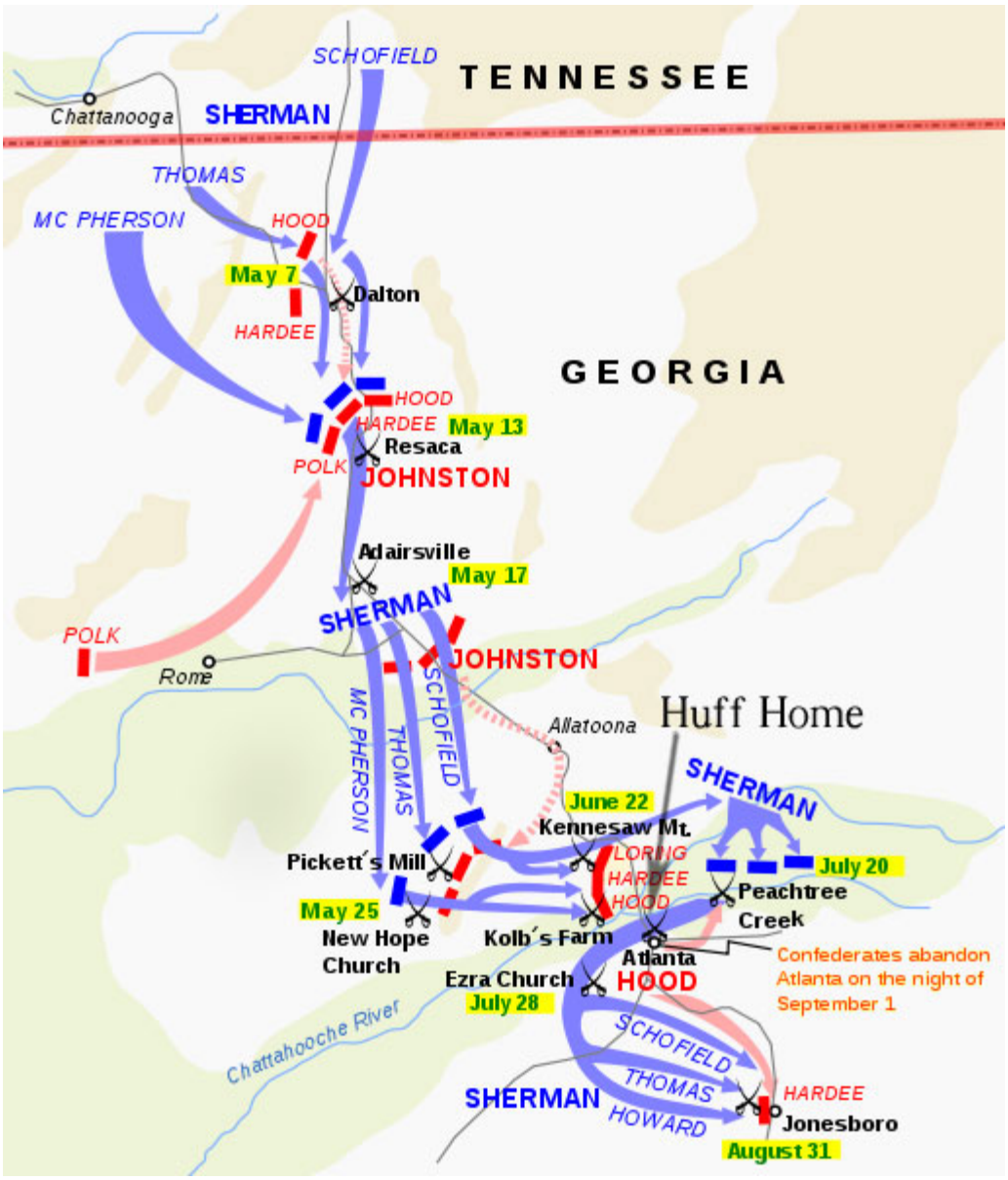
1-Confederate Army Command Changed From Gen. Johnston to Gen. Hood | 950 W. Marietta St.| July 18, 1864

2-Dexter Niles House | 1042 W. Marietta St.

3- Huff House in Upper Artery-Built on the foundations of a log cabin from the 1930's | 1133 Huff Road | 1855-1954

4- General Stewarts Headquarters | NE corner of Huff Rd and Atlanta Water Works

5- Surrender of Atlanta | Corner of Northside and Marietta St. | September 2, 1864



Some writers have persisted in giving a wrong date for the **Battle of Peachtree Creek**. Not having been in the near vicinity of the encounter, they are not supposed to be impressed like those of us who were within the danger zone.

For weeks we had listened to the nearer coming rumblings of exploding bomb-shells, so remindful sometimes of slowly approaching thunderstorms.

Our awe returns when the fury of a thunderstorm has passed and some one says: "The cloud is coming back."

All at once in the early forenoon of July 20, 1864 the expected storm broke over us. Within one mile of where mother and members of her family stood, trees as big as a mans body were mowed down. Mount Zion Baptist Church, school houses and numerous dwellings, slave quarters, and farms were demolished.

The reports of the cannon sounded like thunder claps and the musketry was like hail on the roof in the time of a summer flurry squall. I recall hearing my brother say, "If they turn their guns this way we will be torn all to pieces!"

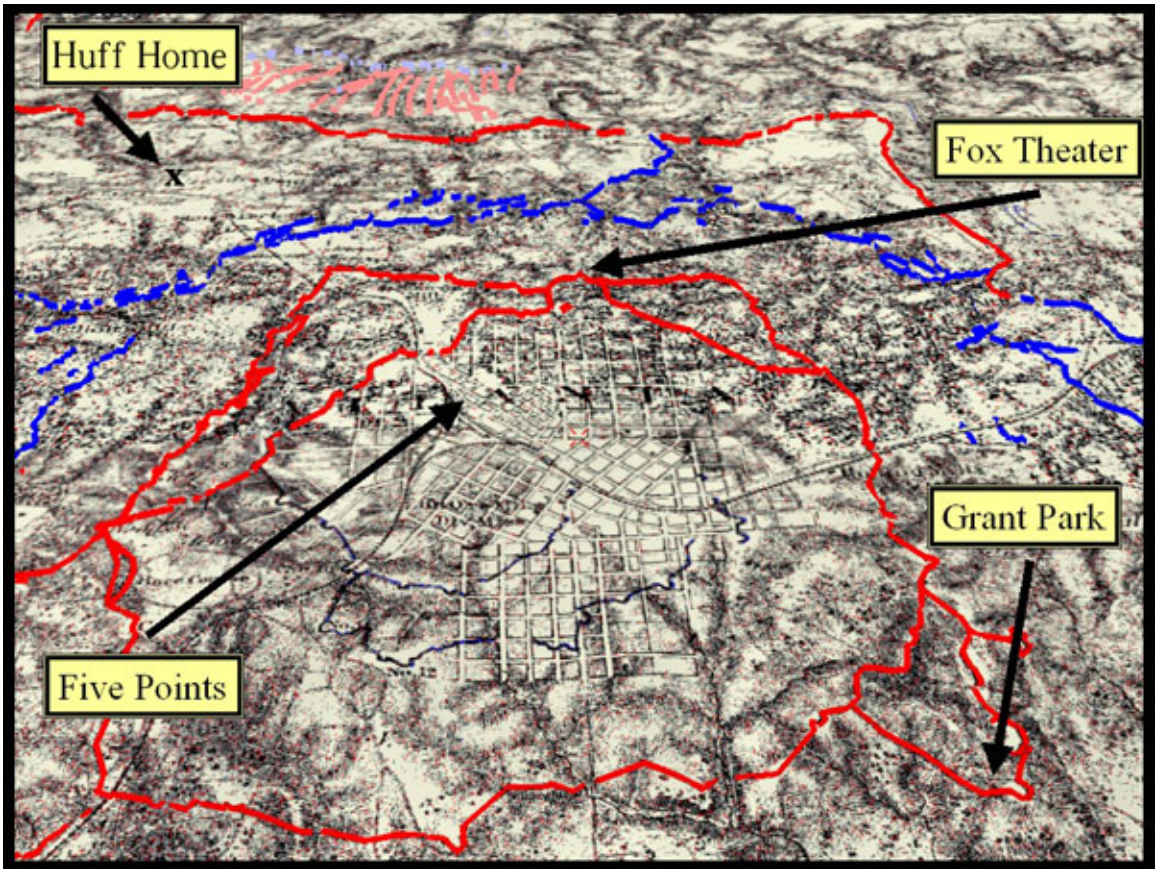
We were on the edge of the battlefield, which extended several miles around the northeastern line of the city. For mother and her children that was a fateful day. She refused to entertain the slightest idea of leaving her home. All the neighbors except George Edwards, the button factory proprietor, whose plant had shut down, had been gone for weeks. He was the loyal friend who later saved mothers house from burning by doing the same as he did for his own---running up the British flag over it.

On account of the coming and going of soldiers all around us, and also from the fact that headquarters was in plain view, we knew of some of the happenings over there. General Johnston didn't go away as soon as General Hood had superseded him but remained at his headquarters at least a day and a night. The soldiers said General Hood was in conference with General Johnston three times during the **Battle of Peachtree Creek**.

Although the fight lasted less than one day, the havoc wrought by its fury continued to show for more than a quarter of a century.

The war-wounds were then healed by being covered by elegant homes and beautiful flower gardens of Atlanta's leading citizens.

The eventfulness of the conflict to mother and family dawned on her early next morning. She had determined that she had a right to stay at home and try to save the house that she and my father had in 1855 erected on the foundations of a big log house built in 1830. She had bought the property in 1847, and it had been home ever since. During the years of her widowhood she had had lived there with her three young children and Charlotte, the slave girl, who became the wonderful black mammy of my day.



Siege of Atlanta Map from http://civilwar.gatech.edu/siege/. The red lines are the retreating Confederate Embattlements and the blue the advancing Federal forces led by Sherman. There is an Embattlement Walking Tour at Georgia Tech pointing out locations on campus.

No, she didn't intend to leave her beloved home at the mercy of the "scalawags" or despoilers. For some reason she didn't expect coming battles or the passing into offensive positions of the invading army of one hundred and eleven thousand men.

But on they came.

The morning of the day following the battle fortification officers came, and after laying off a line of battle between the "big house" and the thirty-foot-away log kitchen, commanded my weeping mother to leave immediately. They explained that the next day would bring the battling right to her door, and that those who would then try to help her could not do so.

That made a believer of her, even if it was a false alarm. Long lines of breastworks lined and wound about the estate, but if even a skirmish was ever engaged in on it we never found it out.

But wreck and ruin, except as to Huff House, would have been taken as an indication that a very destructive conflict had been staged on the absent owners property.

As soon as the command to get away was given the morning after the battle, household belongings were hurriedly inspected and necessary articles selected to be carried along. The loading was especially difficult on account of lack of help. Charlotte's 'old man, " Jim, had taken his biggest boy and "had run away" several months before, and my oldest brother was not strong enough to handle heavy articles of furniture. And so, when mother's high four-poster got fast in a narrow passway in one of the side doors he and black mammy failed to get it out.

Bidding good-by to home and many much-needed belongings, we were hurried into the city, where we were, for seven eventful weeks, under **The Siege of Atlanta.**

Soldiers at breastworks

Civil War Refugees

Atlanta after Siege

It was on July the 22, the day after we left home because the fighting was so near, that my younger brother John's keen ears caught the sound of distant firing **(The Battle of Atlanta).**

Before that fiery July sun had set, thousands of as brave men as ever joined battle, were numbered among the dead. And I saw thousands more brought into the city in ominous black covered ambulances which made their slow, pain-laden way up Decatur Street to several improvised hospitals where Dr. Noe D'Alvigny and Dr. Logan, as well as many of Atlanta's most prominent ladies, waited to try to ease their suffering.

As the battle, raging to the east and southeast of us, grew more fierce, the line of ambulances creeping up Decatur Street increased. The dismal-looking vehicles had their side curtains lifted to let in the air, for the heat was intense.

We could see from our viewpoint, in front of the old-time residence of Charles Shearer Sr., the blood trickling down from the wounds of the poor helpless victims of one of the war's most terrible battles.

ABOVE: Images from the Atlanta Cyclorama | ***The Battle of Atlanta*** | http://www.atlantacyclorama.org/

Men were clinging to sides of the hospital vans trying to fan away the terrible swarms of flies which hovered over the wounded, My young brother John went into action, as he usually did when he saw a chance to be helpful. Noticing that a fly brush had just fallen from the hands of a man on one of the ambulances, and had been crushed by the heavy wheels, he grabbed the slit-paper fly brush that mother handed him, and leaping to the side of the slow-moving ambulance, became one of the most efficient fly fanners in the procession. He was less than 12 years of age.

On one of the wagons sat a priest comforting a dying soldier. Later on this same man of God aided Dr. D'Alvigny in saving the churches and the Medical College.

The next day, mother, being uneasy about father's brother, Wilson Huff, whom she thought was in the fight, but was already a prisoner, and later died at Camp Chase, Ohio, took John and me and black mammy with her and walked out to the battlefield to hunt Uncle Wilson. But he had been captured at the **Battle of Kennesaw Mountain** and was never heard of until his captain, who had been a captive at Camp Chase, Ohio, returned to his home months after the war was over and told how he had seen Wilson carried to the smallpox hospital and had heard him singing, as the van moved slowly through Camp Chase, "I'm But a Stranger Here, Heaven Is My Home!" He was one of the seven sons that grandmother had in the war, and one of the three who never returned.

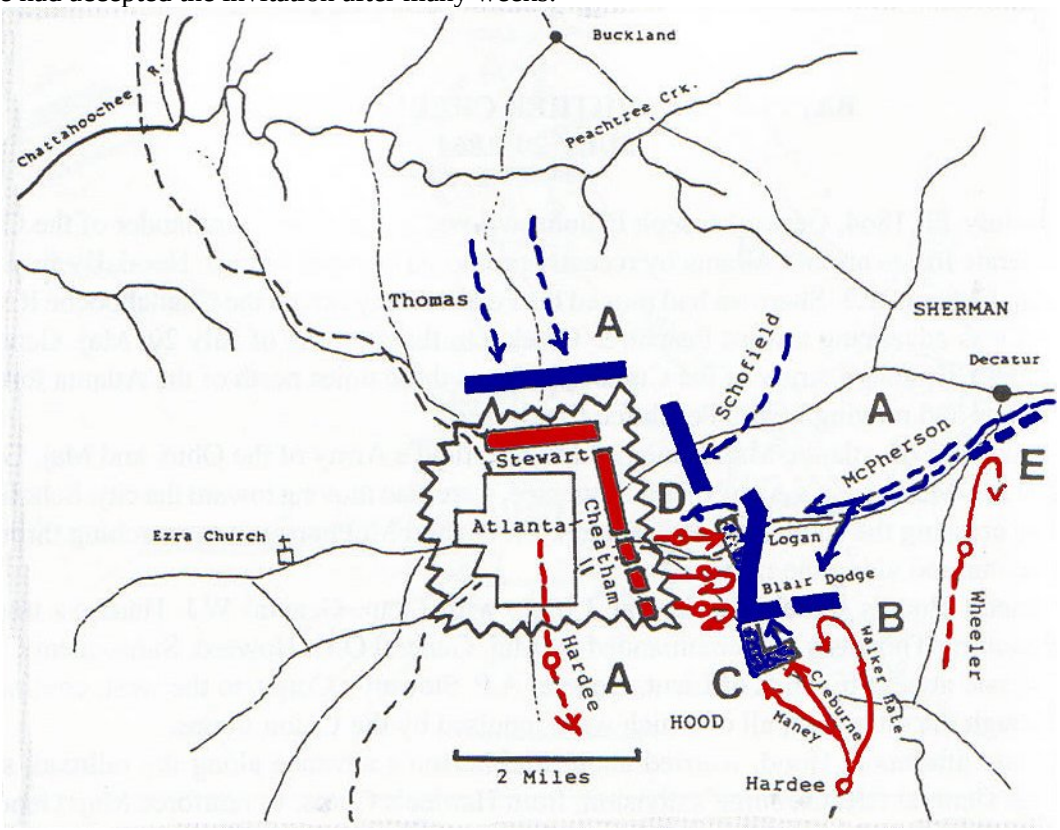
In company with us that day on the battlefield was an elderly couple looking for their son. They were about to come away when we saw a temporary burial going on in a nearby thicket. Their soldier boy was being put under the ground.

When mother and the rest of us walked over the battlefield of July 22 **(Battle of Atlanta)** on the day after it was fought over, the ground looked as though it had been plowed up and it was literally red with blood that had been spilled there the day before.

During the battle the bullets fell thickly in the yard of the Atlanta Medical College where Dr. D'Alvigny was operating. His daughter, Pauline D'Alvigny Campbell, who was assisting her father, narrowly escaped being hit several times, since on account of the intense heat the operating table had been carried out into the shade of several nearby trees. Now it was hurriedly carried in. Pauline picked up some of the bullets, and showed them to me fifty years later, shortly before her death. She and my mother were lifetime friends.

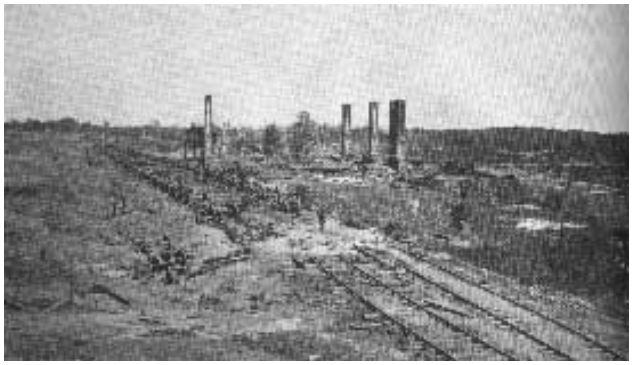
My eyes have watched the path of a shell as it stretched like a shining thread across the war clouds hanging over the city of Atlanta in the summer of 1864. Fireworks of later years have in exposition displays reminded me of the dramatic night scenes of my war-time childhood. Rockets seem to curve in their course, while a shell moves on as evenly as did Lindbergh as I watched him sail into Atlanta.

From the open window of my mother's borrowed house on Railroad Street, just west of Decatur Street, I watched the distant fighting and heard the scream of shells and crash of cannon. The house was directly behind the home of our benefactor and host, Mr. Charlie Shearer, one of the city's finest old-time English gentlemen. He and his noble wife had invited us to stay there, and we had accepted the invitation after many weeks.



ABOVE: Battle Map of **Battle of Atlanta**

Yes, from the open window I as a child lay in bed with another member of the family, and watched a scene more spectacular than has been witnessed here by any child since that tragic display of shell fire. The cottage was in line of the firing in the forts on the north and the east of the city. I saw what happened when the guns were turned on the Washington Street churches, on the Courthouse, which stood where stands the State Capitol, on Peters great flouring mill and on the locomotives plying up and down the tracks through the Georgia Railroad switch yard.


Remains of Industry

Remains of Georgia Railroad switch yard

My mother, not being in her own home, had no bombproof in her yard to shelter us from the shell storm. But when the danger became real she and her family followed the neighbors into the rock walled basement of the Richard Peters' flouring mill on the other side of the railroad from our refugee home.

The more furious the firing the bigger the crowd in the basement. There was no such a thing as a stranger, there never was in wartime, and I remember how the men and boys tried to rattle each other about the way they had reacted to a shrieking bombshell. Like an electric storm going over, the shelling seldom lasted more than an hour or so, and the people then went home and put the children to bed.

The experience of having one's house hit by a bomb is not very different from having it struck by lightning. Our house of refuge was partly torn to pieces one night while we were in the mill basement, and Huff House had been struck by lighting.

Conditions grew so unbearable that mother decided to try to get back home, but everything was against that. The enemy was in possession. Turning southwest, she planned to go to some of her Utoy Church friends. She made her way to the old home of Mr. and Mrs. William White. They were gone and the officer who was staying in their house insisted on her coming in out of the rainstorm, but she sat in her buggy the hole night long, her children and Charlotte's little darkey asleep around her. Older brother minded the horse and the mules. John and Charlotte were in charge of the cows. Getting frightened at the picket firing close by, the cows both broke loose and ran away. Mother thought them gone forever, but strange freak of good fortune she recovered one of them. From a distance of not less than seven miles the wise, home loving bovine found her way back to her own green pasture on Woodall Creek.

After returning from refugeeing mother bought butter from an old man she had known for many years. After several weeks she accidentally found out what the cunning old thief knew from the first: she was buying her own cow's butter. A well-known judge, father of a very prominent Atlanta family, forced that man to give mother's cow back to her and would not let her pay a cent in court cost.

Trying to get out of the shell-infested danger zone, and failing in every effort, mother returned to the Railroad Street cottage, behind the Shearer home. A letter to my father happened to reach him in Virginia. One man in his company was due a furlough. The captain gave it to him. He had a hard time getting into the city. Atlanta was by that time almost surrounded by General Sherman's army. Father had left his horse at grandmother's in Newton County, and had come on foot in order to try to slip through the lines at night. He said he found that a hard thing to do, and only on the second night could he find a slipping place.

When he found out the dire danger his family was in he put forth every effort to get us out and on our way to his relatives, Newton and Walton County citizens. He could trust them to take care

of us. His furlough being for only a very few days, he could carry us only as far as Conyers, Ga. Some of his kin carried him to Covington to get his horse, and most kindly took care of us for three weeks, when other refugee relatives arrived, and mother gladly and gratefully accepted the invitation of our dear old great uncle, near Social Circle, Ga.

Chapter 5

To the southern people of the sixties refugeeing was a catastrophe. The breaking up of homes disrupted the neighborhood and destroyed the community.

I am unable to recall a single instance where a country home, once destroyed, was restored, or a church, burned by the invaders, rebuilt for the same congregation or in the same place. Even the "big roads" and the byways took new directions.

Father came through the Federal lines at night in his effort to get us out of the besieged city. He and two other citizens succeeded in getting government wagons to rush their families and belongings to Tanner's Church, ten miles south of Atlanta. He then went right on to his mother's, in Newton County, where he had left his horse to rest while he came walking to Atlanta. After that he hurried to his command in Virginia.

We were bedded in the church building where numbers of other refugeeing people were already asleep. The outsiders kept calling into the open windows that balls of fire were falling into the ten-miles-away city of Atlanta. I don't know about that. I was trying to do something unusual for me, that was, go to sleep in church. My habit was to sit up and count every one present, until mother would notice my whispered record, and I would stop whispering. She used to tell me that I laughed out in church when I was four months old when a horse, hitched to a limb close to an open window, whinnied.

On the following morning, long before the sunbeams began to smile on us from over Stone Mountain, to the northeast, we were on our way to our temporary stop at the home of father's brother-in-law, Miles Penn, who lived near Smyrna Campground, a few miles west of Conyers, Ga. Miles Penn, a native of Pennsylvania, had married father's oldest sister when she was 14 and he 17 years of age. They had seventeen children.

Knowing that mother was on the way and that help would be needed in fording the unbridged South River, our uncle sent some of his half-grown boys and his faithful old slave to wade the rushing river, and lead the teams across. John, my brother, was in his glory and frolicked in the water up to his neck. Montgomery drove the mules, Charlotte sat beside mother and lifted the children out of reach of the river, while mother stood up and drove Mike.

Just as the fording was about to begin Dr. Ben Penn, one of the five Confederate soldier sons of Uncle and Aunt Penn, came riding along and reaching over, lifted me from where I was standing on the back seat of the buggy to a place in front of him on his big black horse. That is how I crossed the river and got to "Uncle Miles" home first. People usually dress to go somewhere, but we got dressed after we got there in dry clothes.

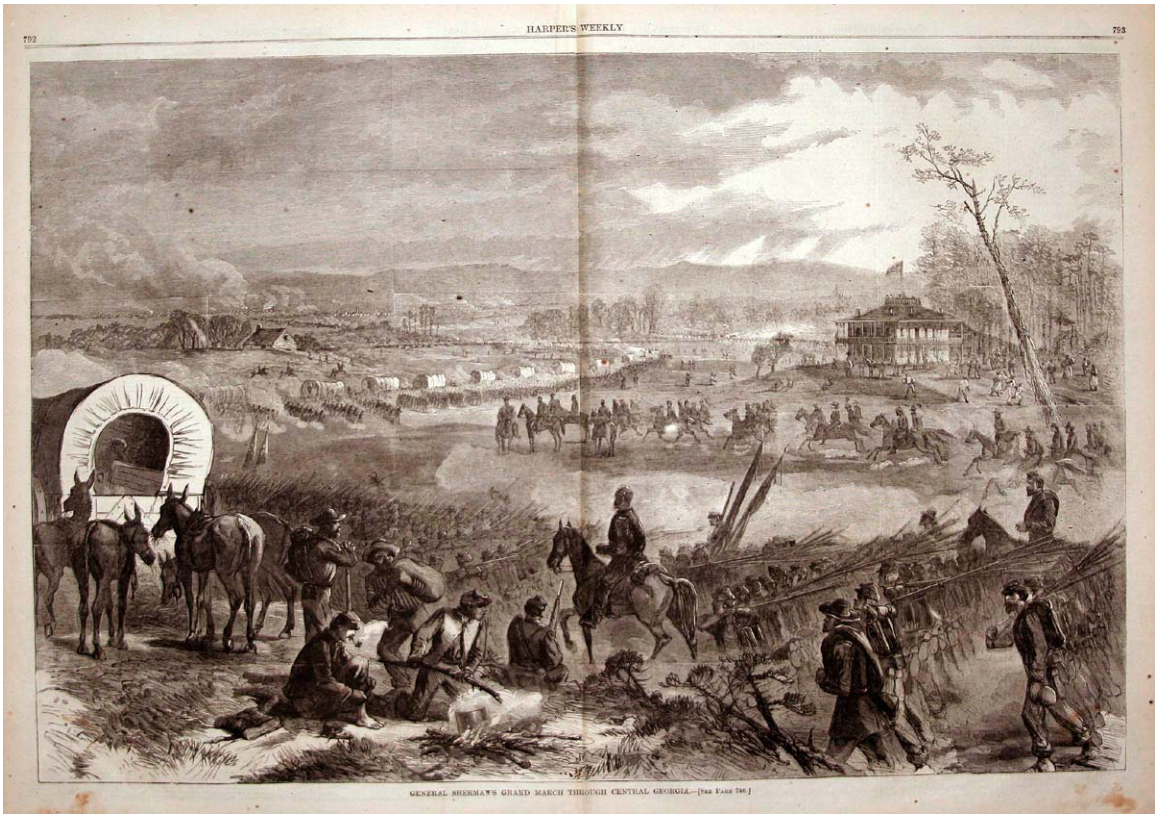
As there was no separate residence available at the Penn home, mother's force joined in with the other workers in whatever was to be done. The cotton gins and the cane mills called for all the help they could get.

A vivid Penn picture comes back to my mind's eye. The ladies of the family, the largest family I ever knew, seemed continually shelling cowpeas for dinner and supper, and my mother, with her apron full of the staple war-food, sat beside them and shelled. Our Charlotte helped cook. Cowpeas, cornbread, ham, chicken pie and other goodies sent out such an alluring call that I, who had to wait with the other youngsters, thought the grownups tied to the table. Soon we went on.

On the Jackson Peters estate, three miles distant from Social Circle, we found a good house awaiting us. "Uncle Jack," like "Uncle Miles," was a Pennsylvanian. He married Grandma Huff's sister; Miles married her daughter. The Army was coming. My brothers were hiding in

the river swamp, guarding the stock. During the danger time they'd slip in after midnight, lift the flooring in the backroom, and sleep in the bed mother had made in the potato bank.

For some mysterious reason Uncle Jack's property was not bothered. Neither was mother's. From the doorway of that right-on-the-highway house of refuge, as a child I looked out upon one of the most wonderful moving pictures of modern times. **Sherman was marching through Georgia. Heralded by fife and drum, came cavalry by thousands, infantry by tens of thousands, artillery divisions, wagon trains and army followers of various kinds.**



Noisily wending their way over the worst of roads between the Yellow River and unfordable Alcovyhachee, it took three days for the panorama to pass. Sometimes black smoke, rising in the forest beyond the cotton fields, indicated that campfires had set the woods on fire. Again it meant some stately mansion, cotton gin or much-needed grist mill had fallen a prey to vandalism.

All through the day and through the night the sound of fire works told that the victor was looking after the spoils. The mighty army must be fed. The claim was that all was fair in war. Love was not expected, and no hatred was expressed, but of humanity there was an outstanding instance. While the army was passing, a distantly related boy cousin of mine died. His war widowed mother was most grateful when she learned that General Sherman, on hearing of the youth's death, had ordered his carpenters to make a coffin for him and assist with the burial in Harris Springs Churchyard.

Among the things that call for special attention as I, a child eight years, watched that historic parade from mother's Walton County front door, was a southern lady's piano being stummed by a Federal soldier in a big Army wagon.

In all the splendor of cast-off blue uniforms and brass buttons marched many ex-slaves. Like salvation, they were free. Our aunt, Mrs. John Floyd Huff, also refugeeing with her family from Atlanta, found shelter with our Grandmother Huff, nine miles south of Covington.

Reports had gone from Atlanta warning Confederate wives and mothers to hide letters, pictures and other belongings of the wearers of the gray.

My aunt, whose treasures of that kind were hidden between the mattress of our 99-year-old great-grandmother's bed, lifted 'Little Granny" in her arms and put her to bed, telling her to sleep quickly. The soldiers who came to the house were told that the old lady was extremely ill and that if they entered the room it would certainly kill her. "Little Granny" listened with astonishment and extreme disgust, and in the shortest time possible added to the confusion by hopping out of bed and saying: "Why, Effie! What do you mean? I'm not sick. I'm going into the yard to see what is the matter with the chickens. "

The house was ransacked, but the articles were not found. My aunt barely escaped arrest, she rebelled so bitterly at the destruction carried on outside. But she had her inning when the beegums were attacked. The bees swarmed over the soldiers and stung them so dreadfully that the march through Georgia was resumed immediately.

Chapter 6

We remained in Social Circle while the **Battle of Atlanta** was still being fought. But after the fall of the city, my mother's love for her home caused her to hurry back to see what had happened. So we returned to our home, Huff House, just off Marietta Street, where I now live.

Uncle Peters, also wishing to find out, had his most trusty and long tried driver roll out the ancient rockaway, and with mother, his older daughter Effie, and my brothers, Montgomery and John saw such wreckage as had seldom been seen in any war.

General Sherman's Journey through Georgia commenced November 16, 1864. Mother came back to Atlanta the first day she dared, and all came with pistols or shotguns. Robbers, with their cruel deeds caused much concern for several years after the war. This trip began December 1, 1864.

Mother was so encouraged to find her house, log kitchen, and old smokehouse standing that she decided to disregard the advice of timid people, and so we got home the week before Christmas, 1864.

Only a small amount of mother's household goods could be brought over the cut-up roads which were torn into almost impassable ruts and ridges.

The bedsteads, tables and big chests were stored at "Uncle Jack's" and had to stay there until father came from the war and went after them in the summer of 1865.

We got out of the vehicles and walked up the steep river hills, as we did when crossing the unsafe bridges. The horse and mules were taken from their shafts and led over, and then the double buggy and two-mule wagon would be pulled and pushed over by all hands taking hold.

Mother used to tell us how "Uncle Jack" reacted to bad roads on their trip to Atlanta to investigate conditions. Some Negro drivers were rushing their balking teams up a hill by loud yells and bad words. The grand old Quaker descended Baptist would hop out of his rockaway and yell at his horses, but didn't know a single cuss word.

Our return trip was beset with obstructions from the time we entered Atlanta until we got home. The big piles of brick, once the walls of the main business buildings of the city, couldn't be

crossed over. John ran on ahead and would call back the good news when he found a passable street.

With the George Edwards family and the Mackey and other Scotch friends gone north and the southerners not home from the south, Huff House could have been taken for a monument to solitude and its surroundings named "the picture of desolation."

"Meow, meow!" said the welcoming cats as mother and her family got home from refugeeing. Bowing their backs and curling their tails, they rubbed their emaciated sides against the homespun, home-woven garments that mother and her family were so warmly clad in. We even bad home knitted woolen shawls, with lovely fringed borders.

And when a fire was made in the huge fireplace of the old log kitchen, which was to house us until the "big house" could be repaired, in came the cats. Cats of all sizes, cats of all colors white, gray, yellow, striped, spotted and black. Some had green eyes. The cats soon became a vexing problem, ended in open war being, declared against them. How could black mammy bake the corn dodger, boil the cowpeas or fry the tiny rashers of rancid bacon with ravenous felines glaring, ready to devour the scanty food before anyone could scare them away from the pot, the skillet or the half-canteen tin plates on the table?

A Negro of the old times would never kill a cat. Their idea was that dire misfortune would come to any one who killed any kind of a cat and to kill a black cat meant death itself. Mother's ancestors, too, lived in a day when witchcraft cast its baneful shadow over the land, and she had inherited from them the fear of ugly hooked nose old women and green-eyed black cats, and would no more have had a cat killed than her slave woman would have killed one.

The family dinner was on the table. It had been boiled in the highly prized dinner pot that had come down to her from her French maternal grandmother, Celie Agee de Bransford, and was a treasure so valued that it was never left behind in refugeeing, while other things just as useful had been lost.

The delicious smell of cowpeas floated through the old log kitchen. Everyone but brother Montgomery was in such a hurry to get to eating that they didn't notice that the head of the green-eyed cat was buried in the priceless cooking vessel. Grabbing the big iron poker, he hit at it with all his might, missed the cat and broke the ancestral pot.

The cat and the dog had changed places. Man's best friend had reverted to wolf like tendencies. But Tabby, who had been inconstant ever, welcomed us back home.

Following his master into battle the dog paid with his life for his fidelity. Dog bodies were scattered over the battlegrounds around Atlanta in the early days of 1865.

According to the memories of the old-timers the weather had the record of being the coldest ever known in this section. Wagons loaded with the furniture of returning refugees crossed all the smaller creeks, like Woodall Creek and big branches, on ice. That explains why the unburied dog bodies had not decayed. Slain soldiers were put in shallow graves. In the year or two following, these martyrs were re-interred either in Oakland Cemetery or the National Cemetery in Marietta, Georgia.

The dogs of refugeeing families, on being left behind, became outcasts. The citizens, especially those living in the country, were apt to own several hounds and maybe three or four other dogs. In

those trying times even favorites could not be carried along, because who besides those especially invited, like my mother happened to be, could count on a welcome for themselves, much less for their cats and dogs?

We had just got home from four months of refugeeing. The baying of these animals in unison was the only noise to break the profound stillness. Mother, my brothers and black mammy Charlotte were mystified. The boys said it surely was the barking of dogs. The sound seemed to start a long way off, and first came to us from the northeast or the direction of Peachtree Creek. Mother said it sounded to her like the moaning of doves. But no doves or other birds were heard, even when the springtime came. The bluebirds were missed for three years. No, it was not the sound of doves, but the noise of dogs, dangerous dogs.

With no trains, no traffic, no sound of musketry, no boom of cannon to break the bleak winter silence, we heard ourselves and each other, the shrieks and whines of the cats and barking and yelpings of the nearer-coming dogs. We often listened to them as they chased their prey, whatever it was, through the far-back woodlands and the barren, unfenced fields.

Their habit of sleeping in the daytime made it impossible for us to know much about them, except by accounts given of them by the very few persons with whom we came in contact. If rumors be believed, there were giants in those days, dog giants.

They certainly housed themselves in the strangest kennels, using for their daytime quarters the letdown roofs of the few unburned suburban homes. **The shingle roofs, with their gable ends to raise them off the ground, had been left setting where the bottom part of the house had been torn from under them when Confederate soldiers, who had returned to Atlanta after Sherman had passed on, before the days of reconstruction began, wanted the lumber for the purpose of building the hundreds of wooden tents erected by them opposite the historic Ponder House, between Huff House and Atlanta.**

Ponders House after War (Ponders Road is the extension of Means Street towards the Georgia Tech Campus).

Rebel breastworks with Ponders House in distance (now Georgia Tech Campus).

John carried his gun on his shoulder when he, with me right at his heels, went on the investigation tours that carried us over the frozen battlefields, then spread in all their ghastly realism on the hills around Atlanta.

John and I were nearly five miles from home on a cloudy afternoon in January, 1865. We were on the historic battlefield of Ezra Church. We two children were utterly alone, miles away from any occupied house. All at once something happened. John lowered his gun and grabbed my wrist, telling me to run for my life, that the dogs were after us. On came the dogs! A ladder had been left in position as some one had used it to reach the loft door of the old John Maier barn. The door stood open. John flew up the ladder with me in his arms. On came the dogs! Never once did they notice us. They were after a cat!

Chapter 7

It was just after Christmas, the winter of our return to Huff House just off Marietta Street following the capture of Atlanta by Sherman. Rain poured in torrents on the board roof of the old log kitchen in which we were housed until the "big house" could be repaired. The wooden-tent builders had helped themselves to part of the weatherboarding and much of the flooring.

The old-time kitchens were from thirty to fifty feet behind the residence proper, which was called the "big house."

The few slaves owned by north Georgia families were usually taken care of in small cabins, placed in big back yards.

On the stormy night, so long remembered, mother walked back and forth over the old puncheon floor, and kept saying to her boys and to Charlotte, our old nurse "Somebody is coming, somebody is coming here tonight!"

She and the others discussed the soldier relatives and decided none of them could be on their way back home, and that father, who had but two furloughs in three years of service would not be coming. He arrived home the following May.

The hours wore on and dense darkness settled over the barren unfenced fields and war wrecked spaces. The rain continued to dash on the walls and pour down the big old chimney, and mother continued to watch the barred door and to look for someone to arrive.

About nine o'clock the fire began to need replenishing and the boys took a blazing torch of pine knots outside to get some dry fuel from the big house. They soon returned with arms full of dry wood and fat pine knots to last for the night's burning. As they came in they securely barred the old battern door, for robbers had been molesting the unprotected homecomers as well as some of those who had not gone away.

A loud "haloo" and sudden bang on the door brought all of us to our feet. The boys grabbed their guns, and mother and Charlotte the big sticks they always kept handy.

The boys called out "Who is that? Who is that?" A man's voice answered "A friend in need ". And then a woman pleadingly said, "Please, oh please, let us in! "

The door was opened in came a one armed young Confederate trooper and his beautiful sister entered. The girl was weeping from fright and cold. The torch light, carried out by the boys, had been seen nearly a mile away, and led them on.

The southern people in the path of either army sent their young daughters to friends or relatives out of the way of the fighting.

This aristocratic young college girl had been sent from Tennessee to kinfolk in Savannah. Her soldier brother had lost his right arm, and had been discharged from further war service. Allowed to keep his horse he rode by Savannah to see his sister. She immediately determined to go home with him. So they set out, one riding the horse awhile and then the other.

On reaching Atlanta on this stormy night, they failed to find a place to stop in the town.

Groping their way westward, they both took hold of the crippled horse's bridle and tried to lead the poor animal over the slippery road.

There had not been a wagon track on Marietta Road for a week, and so when they, in the black darkness, got on their knees trying to feel for a guiding track, they failed to find it, but, saw the light and followed its direction to safety and a good nights rest in my mother's old log kitchen.

The young, lady was soon dressed in some of mother's warmest clothes and her brother sat by the glowing fire in my absent fathers Sunday suit. Both were expressing, their joy and thankfulness for the shelter from the worst storm of the unusual winter and for the homelike welcome they were getting.

Mother took the young lady in the bed with her and we three children and the young soldier bunked with the boys on their apology for a bed in an opposite corner of the room.

The darkies slept on a pallet in the corner by the fireplace. The planks that took the place of a dining table were stretched across the chimney corner on the other side.

The bedsteads were made by placing two fence rails between the logs in the wall, and nailing them to an upright support out in the floor. These frames were finished by having a plank, instead of springs, laid on them. These substitutes for bedsteads were known as "cadders."

Unless those who may read these lines have refugeed and returned too soon, they cannot understand how my mother kept house, and even entertained the stranger within her gates, with her furniture fifty miles away.

When morning came the young couple, refreshed, and happy because the rain had ceased, resumed their homeward journey, and passed out of our lives forever.

Mother felt a deep and lasting interest in them, because she had known someone was coming. She had never heard of telepathy.

Her faith was supreme, her knowledge unusual. She knew the name of' every bird in the wood, every flower in the field, every tree in the forest, and the way of the stars as did the shepherds of old.

As outstanding in my memory as it was, from the north side eminence (Huff House sat on a high hill) overlooking the city in the 1860's, is the towering pine known just after the war as "the signal tree of the siege."

It stood on the property of Jesse Wood, pioneer citizen of that day, who was the grandfather of Judge Jesse Wood, of the Criminal Court of Fulton County. The (Atlantic) steel works occupy a site just south of where it stood when flagging information of extreme importance. The Twentieth Corps, General Geary commanding, fought at its base.

The giant pine, in full view from the ancestral home of this writer, took its place in the panorama of strange scenes presented to wondering childish eyes on the return from refugeeing at Christmas, 1864.

The great door, used for a platform in the treetop, was reached by stanch-looking ladders running up to its summit and through the far-spreading, branches. The size of the door caused speculation among the passersby of the after-war period. From what country church had it been unhinged, what Fulton county farmer had lost a big barn door? It couldn't have come from the Ponder House, some three-quarters of a mile nearer Five Points, for these historic portals were known to have been pounded upon by bombs from Geary's guns and were even after several weeks of loud knocking most unwillingly opened to the uninvited callers.

The great war-tree, lone sentinel of the battlefields, became, before the summer of 1865 had passed into history, a victim of heaven's own artillery. Its rich heart was torn into splinters and its magnificent form laid low and burned to ashes by a shaft of lightning, not long after the war-storm that passed over the Southland had subsided at Appomattox.

Like the grand old warriors, the pioneer pines and towering poplars have passed away forever. No tree now standing on any suburban hill would be selected for a flagging station.

An Atlanta editor, knowing that I, like himself, had picked up bullets under the signal tree of the siege, asked me to write about the tree. The article came out and Miss Kathrine Wooten of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., sent the sketch to Miss Barbara Bayne, Tree Historian of America, of Inglewood, California. Miss Bayne wrote for my signature, and for permission to quote me word for word in one of her fourteen volumes. She got both.

On Peachtree Street, on the site of Rhodes Memorial Hall, stood another signal tree.

Before mother had to leave home the signal corps office came and looked at the trees on Huff Hill and told her this was the highest point between Marietta and Atlanta, and picked out a towering pine, but others nearer the scene of battle were used.

One of the dangers encountered by the after-the-war investigators was open wells. On one occasion John caught me as I was slipping into an open cistern, of which there were hundreds around Atlanta. A city official, who had fallen off the water wagon right into a deep well, was rescued by the fire brigade. He said he was "meditating" and down he went.

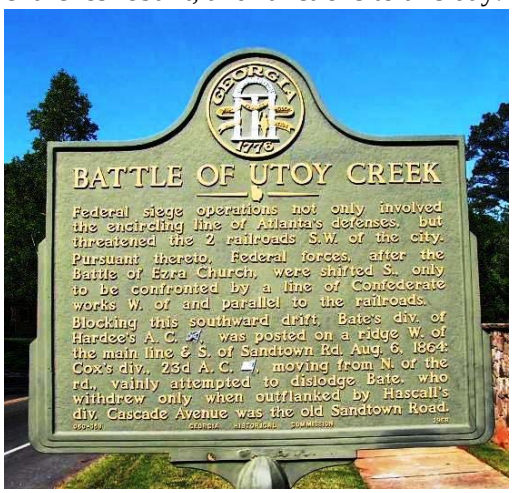
Chapter 8

During the **Battle of Atlanta** eight or ten suburban churches surrounding the city were all destroyed. By a strange freak of fate these temples of peace and their quiet graveyards became famous battle fields.

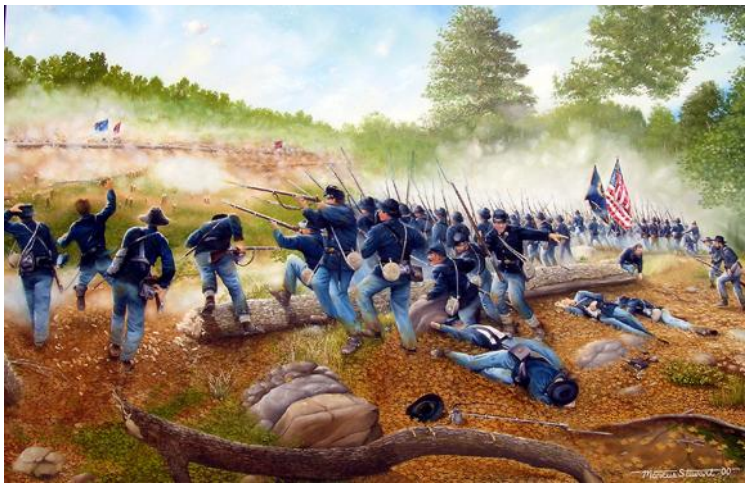
Mount Zion, a Baptist church, situated three miles north of Atlanta, on what is now Howell Mill Road, met destruction July 20, 1864, in the Battle of Peachtree Creek.

Two Methodist churches, just east of the city, the names, of which I fail to recall, and Hardman, a Baptist church, southeast of Atlanta, were destroyed in the great battle of July 22 of the same year **(Battle of Atlanta-see Atlanta Cyclorama).**

Utoy, of historic interest because it was the oldest church in Fulton County, was a mound of ashes after the **Battle of Utoy Creek**. Organized in 1824, it was the only one of the outlying churches rebuilt, and functions to this day.



Civil War Marker


Painting: The Battle of Utoy Creek by Marc Stewart

The name of Ezra Methodist Church goes down in history to tell to future ages what took place on its site July 27, 1864.

Haws Spring, Montgomery, and other chapels, further to the. west of the city limits, are now but dim recollections. Few people living today, except for tradition or knowledge of war history, know that such places of worship ever existed. I was only 5 years old when war was declared between the north and the south. Rivaling in vividness my war-time experiences are scenes that come back to me of Utoy Church when I was a child.

Seated beside my mother on a high bench in the amen corner of the women's side of the old meeting house, I kept still because I had to.

In full view of both doors I could but wonder why the men never went in by the women's door and the women never entered through the men's doorway. At home every one except the slaves, came in or went out through any door they

Utterly unacquainted with spiritual relationships, I couldn't understand why the members called each other "brother" and "sister."

Another thing that puzzled me was why the people washed feet right there in the "meeting house." For some reason I was sent to "black mammy," who sat against the wall behind. When her feet were to be washed by another slave woman, I was sent back to mother. One of the most surprising things was that the owners, while in the "meeting house" addressed their own slaves as "brother" and "sister" just as if they had been white members.

When I was a child I was badly frightened once by what the preacher said at old Mt. Zion Church. That was one time I would have been better off counting the people, as I usually did, instead of listening to the sermon. The preacher evidently was trying to warn sinners from the wrath to come, and pictured the last day, which he said was likely to arrive any minute.

The sun would be darkened, the stars would be falling, and the moon would be bleeding on that day. When I saw the people weeping I began to bawl and was carried out and pacified.

Not so long after that childhood fright the **Battle of Atlanta** was fought Mt. Zion was burned and father had got home from the war. One lovely evening, having witnessed the rising of a very beautiful moon from the east-side veranda, with the others, I had gone back into the living room. Father was reading the Bible to us, as was his evening habit. When he had finished I was sent to the porch for a gourd of water.

That drink of water was never delivered. Rushing back into the house I fell at my mother's feet and exclaimed, in my agony "The moon is half gone!" I feared that the old preacher's warning was coming true and that the moon would soon be bleeding. Father hurried to the veranda and came back with the news of an eclipse, and I had my first lesson in astronomy.

Only a pile of ashes of the big weather boarded structure formerly known as Salem "Meeting House, remained when mother brought her children and her newly emancipated colored woman and Clark her younger son, home from refugeeing. One of the tragedies of slavery came into black mammy's life. Her "old man" Jim had "run away" and carried the older boy with him. She could never trace him, except that he followed another wife, **once owned by our northern neighbor Dextor Niles.**

The church standing three miles out on the road to Marietta had been erected in 1840. Benjamin Thurman gave an acre of land for his part. It was a beautiful oak grove across the way from what is now Huff House. When my mother came there in 1847, Salem was the center of a thickly settled community. She told me many times about a sensational church trial that took place at old Salem in the early days of her attendance at that church. The whole community for miles around, became intensely interested, not only in the conflict among the members, but also in the court trial at Decatur. Before 1853, when Fulton County was formed, DeKalb County furnished the court. A prominent official of Salem Church owned a grist mill, situated on a nearby creek. The mill had been put into operation only a short, time before the big fuss took place. Another leading member had recently been buried in his family graveyard beyond Peachtree Creek. Being people of means and high social standing, his children had placed a large

and beautifully lettered stone to mark his grave. The whole community was aroused when it was discovered that the cherished headstone was mysteriously missing. For many months the search went forward. What could have happened to the stone? Why defile that sacred resting place? The idea prevailed that some unknown enemy had lowered it into the muddy waters of the not too far distant Chattahoochee.

A widowed daughter of the old Salem steward had kept her thoughts to herself and bided her time.

One morning she had a confidential talk with her faithful black slave. By her orders he loaded a wagon with corn and wheat and drove to a different mill from the one he had been accustomed to patronizing. He was told to get a good look under the new grist mill building, the property of the most prominent member of "Salem Meeting House" congregation. He soon discovered that the lettered marker of his owner's father, his own former kind old master, who had raised him had been reshaped into a fine millstone, on the surface of which the grain was being ground.

The mill owner's family tried to sustain him in his denial of the theft of the stone. They said that if the mill owner was using the marker it couldn't be proved that he had seen the letters.

He was found guilty, not only by the church tribunal but by the court, and was turned out of the church and heavily fined by the court.

His disgrace was terrible. He sold his home, a big two-story white house, a mile or so west of Old Salem, right on the Marietta road, and moved into town in the early fifties, before I was born. Soon afterward he went west and was never again heard of again.

The Battle of Peachtree Creek obliterated every sign of the other old churchman's family cemetery from which the gravestone had been stolen, and the family never returning from refugeeing, the graveyard was never restored. The torch of the invader burned Old Salem into the pile of ashes over which my -own dear mother wept, and my father, on his return from the war, grieved. He was class leader there when I was born.

Salem had no Phoenix like restoration. The old troublemaking marker was never taken from under the mill. The millhouse was washed away by a terrible freshet, which scattered the wreckage far along the banks of the historic Proctor Creek. The stone lies forgotten and forever hidden beneath the beds of sand under which it has lain near ninety years.

Another episode of Salem happenings was handed down by my mother. It was of a prayer that failed to end on time. The congregation was being prayed for, on a bright Sunday morning, by the Rev. Mr. Callahan. He wore a very long linen or gingham coat. He happened to be a tall, very thin man, and as he knelt in prayer he unthinkingly tied the tails of the soft material into a knot that he could not untie, and so continued in prayer to hide his embarrassment. Bound and hobbled, he could neither raise himself from the floor nor release his knees.

The people became so astonished at the length of the supplication, in which he had prayed for everything under Heaven, that mother and the others arose. Then they saw the preacher's predicament, and he was lifted up and the knot untied.

Chapter 9

When Atlanta was just a "wide place in the big road," Marietta Street furnished the "wide place," and the town of Marietta, incorporated long before Atlanta came into existence, furnished the name for the "big road."

Dr., Joshua Gilbert started something when he rode into the hamlet from his country home, blowing his whistle to let his patients know to meet him at his office, the first doctor to have an office on Marietta or any other street in Atlanta.

The original merchants Johnson & Thrasher, Willis Carlisle and Jonathan Norcross, displayed the usual assortment of goods carried by country storekeepers of that day.

Until the citizens had used up the firewood from patches and ells on their holdings, some of them extensive, no fuel dealers were needed. I was too young to know much about wood haulers until after the war.

Parking their mule or ox-drawn wagons in the middle of Marietta Street or along the unpaved sidewalks, they waited patiently until some householder whose back yard woodpile was getting low, came along and directed them where to throw it. With the 25 or 50 cents in the pocket of their home-made jeans trousers, they started for their homes.

Knowing that terrible robbers were apt to jump up on the back of their wagons and knock them in the head with a sling-lot, they carried their army pistols or muskets for protection. even countrymen were attacked. One by the name of Plaster as killed. Jerome Cheshire, another representative citizen, suffered all the days of his life from injuries received just after returned from the war.

The travelers on Marietta Road had a hard time driving over it even before getting into town. Little work had been done towards repairing the highways since the mighty armies had passed over them on through Marietta Street. One very selfish woman whose two-story house fronted Marietta Street near where North Avenue now comes into it, forbade the wood-haulers to drive their muddy-wheeled wagons onto her sidewalk when they were trying to avoid the pond of mire and water that stretched across the narrow street right in front of her house. Hers was among the very few residences left standing in that battle-torn section of the city.

With her musket across her lap, the woman sat on her narrow front porch, within a few feet of the sidewalk, and would threaten to shoot any man who tried to keep his wagon wheels from sinking hub-deep into the pond of mud and water. One crippled ex-soldier, by the name of Benjamin Cook, who had faced guns before, retaliated by bringing a dead rooster, and as the woman pointed her gun at him, threw the chicken at her with such force that she was knocked clear off the porch.

A few blocks nearer in, on the left of Marietta Street, going from the country, lived a Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, an English family that came to town in the fifties. About a year before the beginning War Between the States Mrs. Thomson had given birth to twin baby boys. As was usual with mothers of that time, she had several children besides.

Finding that she was needed in England at the winding up of her father's estate, Mrs. Thomson with her twins in her arms set sail for her native land.

Her husband and the older children were getting on all right, when on a Sunday afternoon, Mr. Thomson and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Mackey, started to choir practice at the Central Presbyterian Church. As they were passing a hardware store a bullet fired from a pistol in the hand of a thoughtless young woman, struck a stove in front of the store and, glancing, hit Mr. Thomson in the heel.

In spite of all the skill of Dr. Noe D'Alvigny, foremost surgeon of the south, the wound of this highly respected British subject resulted in death in less than a week's time. War was going on, with fighting on land and sea, and the blockade declared. No news came from the wife, three thousand miles away.

The children were cared for by the devoted friends of their parents. They grew up, married well, reared families of their own, became old and passed away, but not one of them ever saw their mother or their twin brothers again.

When the war was over news of the missing mother was sought, but beyond the information that she had got her inheritance, had not waited for peace, had started back to America but never reached home or children, nothing was ever heard. I grew up with the youngest daughter, adopted child of our nearest neighbor.

A striking incident of the bombardment of Atlanta took place in the home of Judge and Mrs. Clayton, grand old Marietta Street residents.

Historians have failed to mention the fact that typhoid fever was raging in Atlanta during the siege. Augusta Clayton, a beautiful young belle of the sixties, had been desperately ill with it for weeks, and passed away as the Federal army marched up Marietta Street in front of her home.

While preparations were going on for further fighting, the Claytons were preparing the young girl for her final resting place. With the earliest dawn the shelling began, and it was impossible to remove the remains to Oakland cemetery, so the grave was dug in the back yard, and as the battle raged fast and furious, between the two great armies, Augusta Clayton was buried, with only a few friends who dared to brave the bombardment present. Jane Casey, another lovely girl, and typhoid victim, died at the home of relatives to whom she had been sent from her father's house out on Marietta road. A shell passed through her grandfather's bed in the room in which she was lying. The family ran into the room and found her dead.

Beginning at Spring street, I recall the shell-torn home of the John Silvey family at the northwest corner of Spring and Marietta street. The two-story house was painted white, which made it an attractive target for Geary's guns. Mr. Silvey was North Georgia's most successful merchant. The wooden residence was, several years after the war, replaced by the most elegant home, except one, ever built on Marietta Street. The exception was the Ponder place, one of Atlanta's most famous destruction scenes.

That was one of the South's showplaces before it was shelled. The homes pictured in the Cyclorama at Grant Park paid in ruins for their fame. Marietta street lost it's greatest ornament when the Silvey mansion was removed to its present location far out Peachtree Street.

The First Presbyterian Church came next in line. It was the first of Atlanta's churches of that denomination and was founded in the late forties by the celebrated Dr. John Wilson of Decatur. Many distinguished divines followed Dr. Wilson as the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church.

Atlanta's loveliest daughters plighted their troth in that holy temple. Funeral services for some of the city's most distinguished citizens have been held there. The fine old home that stood next to the church, now the site of the Federal Bank, occupies both places, was the residence of General Alfred Austell, for whom the town of Austell was named. He was Atlanta's first banker, and his son, William Austel1 was the builder of one of Atlanta's first skyscrapers.

The brick building at 80 Marietta Street, now occupied by the Atlanta Georgian, situated between the Federal Bank and Rhodes Building is the most historic structure on Marietta Street. From 1865 until 1871 it was the military headquarters of the South, Generals Pope, Meade and Terry, commanding. It was the old Christian Kontz home, one of the first brick residences built in the city. The sons Anton and Judge Ernest C. Kontz, became two of Atlanta's most prominent leaders

For several years the capitol of Georgia faced Marietta Street. The first post office and also two other post offices fronted the "wide place" in "the big road. DeGive's Opera House faced Marietta: Street. Presidents and other notables have paraded through "Henry Grady Square," now centered by the statue of the favorite son of the southland. .

The first notable personal encounter that ever occurred in Atlanta between prominent citizens was in 1848, when Judge Francis Cone and Alexander Hamilton Stephens had a fight on the porch of the Atlanta Hotel.

Woodrow Wilson entered the road to world-wide distinction through the gates of old Marietta Street. Judge Clayton, Judge Cone and several other legal lights lived on this street. Dr. I. M. Johnson, Dr. Todd, Dr. Miller, Dr. Willis Westmoreland and other distinguished physicians lived on and had offices facing this street.

One day the 10-year-old son of one of these doctors was get the better of his mother in an argument when she exclaimed: "What a lawyer he will make!"

Chapter 10

New York was settled by the Dutch, New Orleans by the French and Atlanta and vicinity by Scotch, Irish and English.

The Scotch and the Irish, instead of following their clansman and kinsmen over the Alleghenies and onto the "Cumberland country," came from the coast of the Carolinas to north Georgia, where numbers of them had drawn land lots in the lottery of 1822.

Their forefathers were western-minded as well as mountain-minded, and many of then moved onward and upward in search of cold springs and highland-like scenes. Some of their sons and grandsons were gold hunters and were lured into Georgia by the Dahlonega mines. One old lady, who was mother to a very early Atlanta family, told my mother of having been brought in the arms of her mother, who rode behind her husband from North Carolina. The nights were spent in wigwams.

The pioneer settlers came to this section during the twenties and the thirties. And it is amazing how many of them came from the states of either North or South Carolina through Franklin or other North Georgia counties.

William White was one of the first and most highly esteemed of these early corners. He arrived in the year 1824, riding a lank horse, with his plow-gear on the animal, and a side of meat and his plowing utensils tied up in a sack behind him.

He exchanged the Carrol County lot he had drawn for the holdings that became his lifetime home, just beyond West End, then in Henry County, next in DeKalb and, finally, in Fulton County, Georgia. He lived in three counties without ever moving out of the same house.

The pilfering Indians fretted him very much when they came in from their quarters at Sandtown and were forever peeping around the smokehouse and slyly picking up any useful articles lying around.

His wife was afraid of them. He had gone back to Franklin after her just as soon as he could get the log cabin ready. He was in such a hurry that he didn't take time to board up some of the cracks between the logs. And so when bears, wolves and panthers came prowling around the house at night the lady refused to occupy the side of the bed next to the wall for fear that these wild animals would poke their noses through the openings and bite her. He stopped up the cracks and built various additions to the original cabin; and he and his wonderful helpmate lived to see many great-grandchildren, but he himself was the one to face the wall and sleep on the far side of the big feather-stuffed bed.

One of the young pioneers went down into a farther south section of the state and brought back a beautiful high-born bride who had never worked a day in her life. Her hand were white and tender and when her young husband asked her why she wore gloves in hot weather she took the hint, removed the gloves and secretly shedding bitter tears over her doomed hands, stuck the gloves in the crack between the cabin logs and let them stay there.

The Scotch-Irish Gilberts were among Atlanta's first families. They gave the town its first physicians, and Dr. Joshua Gilbert gave all the girl babies the name of his daughter, "Camilla." The Humphries have an English strain, and a recent historian has beat me to the tank by telling why they named their tavern "White Hall."

The Montgomery’s were Scotch. The Woods, Jesse and Elias, with their Irish mother and several brothers and sisters, came from South Carolina in the thirties. None of the early settlers did more in a religious way than did these earnest and devout pioneers.

The same could be said of the Olivers, whose parents, Andrew and Mary (Gibson) Oliver, came from Ireland to South Carolina in 1810. Elias Wood and Samuel Walker, who was Scotch-Irish, wedded daughters of Andrew and Mary Oliver.

The family relations of the Oliver group link more suburban Atlanta families than is even dreamed of by those bearing the Wood, Walker or Oliver names.

Church records show that the Donehoo family was among the first to come into the environs of the future Atlanta 1824 is the date. Irish pioneers they were. They came from South Carolina.

Many fine old settlers like the Mangums, the Connallys, the Kennedys and the Ivy, McVey, McDuffle, Osborne and Manning families, first came to the north side. There my mother found them when she came to the northwest section in the late forties. Later on the south side was selected by numbers of these pioneer families for home places. Those who trace their lineage back will be almost sure to find their ancestors came from one of the Carolinas, especially the Scotch. Not only leaders on the trail of the first comers, those who became the foundation families, were also founders of culture. Their family records in their leather bound Bibles would, though written with goose quill pens, now-a-days take prizes for penmanship.

Not all pine pole cabins were mud daubed. Many were boarded on the outside, and the inside left for convenient catchalls. There was stuck the knitting, the ironing rag, the pipe and the baby's rag doll. On came the pioneers, forming settlements, neighborhoods and communities, "East side, West side, all around the town," nearly a generation before the town came into existence. And when the town did come, who made up the founders? Irishmen were the first merchants. Willis Carlisle was the original dry goods merchant, and the three Johns—John Silvey, John Keely and John Ryan—should not go uncounted. Their methods of extending credit were different from that in use at the present time. I see from accounts and receipts found in old family desks that the merchants had such confidence in their customers integrity that accounts were rendered and payments received only once a year.

Before Atlanta even had a house, much less a store, the Indians who were at the time quartered beyond the Chattahoochee, had a trading station in the north side section. Members of the Pittman family, who were among the very early settlers, told how the red men and their straddle-riding squaws used to dash by on their Indian ponies at top speed, on their way to the mile-away trading post, yelling at the top of their voices, and giving out ear-splitting war whoops that so frightened the children's black mammy, who feared they meant to steal the children that she would grab her white charges and her own and dash into the cellar with them, closing the door behind her.

Her master and his family knew very well that the squaws had enough to do to take care of their papooses, without strapping any squirming little white babies or dark babies on their shoulder. Mr. Pittman, who was in charge of the trading station, said these wards of the nation were only "cutting up."

Scotch iron workers not only put shoes on prancing steeds but made the iron horses on which the infant city rode into fame. A master machinist, Billy Forsyth, who learned his trade in Glasgow, Scotland, was the maker of the first cowcatchers used in the Southern States.

Father of one of Atlanta's first-coming. families, he used his heart and brain as well as his brawn in helping to build the town. He not only helped to organize the Central Presbyterian Church, but was a singer in the choir. On a Sunday morning, long years afterward, he was stopped when entering the church, by an assistant of the newly established zoo at Grant Park. The half-open door of the monkey cage wouldn't budge. No time to go home for working clothes, he was hurriedly driven to the park. Throwing his Sunday coat on a bar high up in one corner of the cage, he got so busy that the monkey shines escaped his notice until he heard the keeper yell. The monkeys had run their hands into his pocket, pulled out his cologne-scented handkerchief, torn it into rags and each monkey was enjoying the perfume as it held a piece to its nose.

Instead of stopping there, they leaped for the gentleman's broadcloth coat and began clawing and biting to pieces the pocket and surroundings, where lingered the stolen handkerchief's perfume. Joining the angry keepers in their furious fight against their offending charges, the astonished Scotchman afterwards told of the bites on his bare arms and the many scratches on his nose, received in the battle of the monkey pen. He had known before that a monkey would bite, but that the innocent-looking little animals would carry on a defensive battle had never entered his mind. Even though his best coat was unmendable, his handkerchief gone and his glass broken,

"Uncle Billy" Forsyth came out a victor, for the city gave him an order amounting to the sum of $3,000 for cages for the animals given by the generous and broad-minded citizen, G. V. Gress, for the Grant Park Zoo.

Thomas Moore, whose Irish parents came from eastern South Carolina in time for him to shoot deer in the marshes of the metropolitan city, as a young boy hauled lumber from his father's saw mill, just south o f the town, to build the historic little schoolhouse which housed the early congregations. This Irish descended leader became one of the foremost men of this whole section. The product of his widely known grist mill was, a few years after the War Between the States, disposed of even as far off as London, England.

He became the foremost Sunday school leader of the whole south, attending conventions from Mexico to Palestine.

Chapter 11

As the automobile rivals the cannon of today as an engine of destruction, so the guns of the sixties were cheated out of many a triumph by measles and smallpox.

Well meaning parents used to try to guard their children from measles, with the result that when the young Confederate soldier got into camp his comrade would soon be writing his friend's homefolks that the soldier boy was down with measles, and another letter usually followed telling how he died.

In glancing over wartime letters one soon reads about the intense pain of vaccinated arms. In 1865 and 1866 terrible epidemics of smallpox raged in Atlanta and vicinity.

The people, as a usual thing, disapproved of vaccination, and also they believed in visiting the sick. For the latter reason one family between us and the city went visiting once too often, and caught the disease and spread it over the whole neighborhood. Three members of that family died. Two of the most valued citizens of that day, Mr. and Mrs. Johns, of Howell Mill Road, died with smallpox.

In the year 1865 smallpox appeared. When matters were going from bad to worse Dr. John Caldwell Calhoun Blackburn brought his family from Barnesville to make their home in Atlanta, and immediately became one of the town's leading citizens and foremost physicians. Dr. Blackburn organized Atlanta's first pest house, where from first to last 500 patients were treated.

Many people objected to the yellow flags, that warned of smallpox, being placed in their yards. But the physician carried on and became one of the town's greatest benefactors by stamping out the plague.

One day black mammy, who had nearly scared the life out of me when the war began by telling me that "everybody would have to go to the war and get kilt," ran and jumped on her bed, screaming and wailing: "We've been through the war, we've been through the refugeeing and now we've got home and got to die with smallpox!"

Dr. Noel D'Alvigny, the south's foremost surgeon, is buried in front of the soldiers monument in Oakland Cemetery, in private enclosure.

Dr. D'Alvigny was born in Paris, France, in 1800. He came from Charleston, S. C., in the early eighteen fifties. He very likely helped to found the Atlanta Medical College which came into existence in 1854. He was one of the professors they credit for saving the college from destruction, when Atlanta was burned, belongs entirely to this grand old Frenchman, who had assisted Father O'Reilly in saving the churches. When told by a Federal officer that the Medical College was to be burned that night, he responded that he had been in three wars, and that that was the first time he had seen sick and wounded men burned without giving them a chance for removal. The officer contended that the soldiers had been taken out. The doctor threw open the door, and pointed to Confederate-clad men who seemed in the last stage of helplessness, who were really the hospital attendants putting on.

Dr. J. P. Logan, another one of the doctors who worked so hard at the old Medical College, helped to organize the Atlanta Memorial Association in 1866. Dr. Logan was the first president, Mrs. Joseph Harris Morgan was the first vice-president and was soon made president. At that time the soldiers were buried in a common lot, but Mrs. Morgan petitioned the city council, in the name of the Memorial Association, to give a certain piece of ground for a soldier lot, and in due time receive the following courteous letter from Mr. Bass, which is date December 3, 1866

> "Compliments of Mr. Bass to Mrs. Morgan, and would inform her that he is authorized by the city to convey to the Memorial Association a burial ground for the Confederate dead in connection with the city cemetery. Mrs. Morgan will please designate some one to select and receive it, as Mr. Bass will have to represent the city authorities."

In this way the soldier’s lot in Oakland cemetery was secured.

Major Joseph Harris Morgan, a New Yorker by birth, but who became a southern major by his gallant fight for the Confederacy, was so much in earnest about markers for the soldiers graves in Oakland Cemetery that he, in his back yard on Spring Street, painted 600 pieces of plank, and he and his wife and several of the young ladies of the city placed them as temporary markers.

Major Morgan was considered the city's sweetest singer just after the war, when he sang with Mrs. Snook and other famous songsters.

The first memorial exercises took place in 1867. That is one of the most sacred memories of my whole life. Father carried every member of his family. The loveliest flowers that could be had were spread over the graves, and the music of the flute, the fife and drum couldn't have been sweeter. The renowned generals who then brought tears to all eyes by their eloquence have long ago found their own resting places in Oakland or other equally sacred spots.

Beautifully kept cemeteries encircle the ever-growing and increasingly populous city of Atlanta. Old-time Atlanta was, in a way, quite surrounded by the family graveyards of the pioneer citizens, many of whom lived just outside the town.

The head 'of a family would select a favorite spot on his own land for a resting place for himself and his family connections.

There they planted "arbor vitae" to show their hope of life-everlasting, rosemary to signify their unfailing remembrance, and weeping willows to wave sad requiems above the graves of their loved ones. The graves of Charner Humphries and his wife were instances of the use of weeping willows. They were buried near the old Whitehall Tavern, which was their home. All through my childhood, and until the site of the old family graveyard was needed for other purposes, these weeping willows impressed me as no other trees have ever done. It was only a childish fancy, but it lives in vivid remembrance even down to this day.

The churches situated inside the city, with one exception, had no graveyards. That was old Wesley Chapel. For ten years before "Atlanta Cemetery," later Oakland Cemetery, was bought by the city in 1850, a burying ground connected with the "old Meeting House," later Wesley Chapel, lay along Peachtree at Baker and beyond. Where Ezra graveyard was, West View Cemetery stretches its great area over many far-away hills. Utoy Graveyard lies right on the borders of the fast-filling Greenwood Cemetery, and the old Montgomery Graveyard once crowned the lofty eminence whose far-flung slopes are now known as Crestlawn.

Blessed resting places. May your flower-lined walkways lead our restless feet into paths of perfect peace.

Chapter 12

The losses sustained by southern children who were prevented from going to school during the time of the War Between the States amounted, in the long run, to more than the destruction of home and property did to their parents.

Houses were rebuilt, usually in other places, and the years brought prosperity, at least to some, but many children grew up, became parents and grandparents, grew old and died without ever having realized what they had missed. For more than a generation the war's effects reacted to the injury of the north Georgia mountain children. Even with the wonderful work being bestowed in efforts to help these worth-while children of the hills climb to the former educational standards of the pioneers it may take many years to bring back the place in culture enjoyed by some of their forefathers, whose family Bibles testify in beautifully written records.

In this community my father and his war-comrade neighbors came home to find the schoolhouses in ashes, their children more than ready to start to school and no school to start to. The rightaway had some of their big trees cut down, sawmill-sawed into lumber, and soon, with a house-raising or two, had a big one-room school house ready for a one-legged Confederate veteran, "Professor" Perryman, to get busy with the three R’s.

Looking backward through a vista of seventy years, a school room scene comes again to me. Big boys, some of them Confederate soldiers, whom every one was so glad to welcome home; pretty, rosy-cheeked, nearly grown girls and children like I was, getting their first chance of being taught by a "professor," as all men teachers were then called, seated on high backless and most uncomfortable benches. There was only one desk, and it was built all around the wall. There we received instruction in penmanship, and knocked over ink bottles.

Everything should be a war reminder, seemed the order the day. Even the bunch of hickory switches hanging on wall behind the professor's chair told of thrashings in store some little boy victim. Girls were only threatened. Southern chivalry died hard.

Seven o'clock in the morning, was the time school "took” in the days of 1866. A short recess divided the forenoon, a two-hour "big playtime" gladdened all bench-weary pupils at noon. The boys played ball, marbles and truant to the Peach Creek "wash holes," the girls jumped rope and played to sundown, after an afternoon of arithmetic contests between the boys and girls, found us on our way home. After supper our parents became teachers.

The war reminders began for John and me when we raced our way to school over long lines of **Battle of Peachtree Creek breastworks**. When getting within half a mile of the school house we would be apt to think the battle yet going on by noise made by the professor as he banged the wall with crutch while standing in the door and yelling at the top of voice: "Books, books, books!" The neighbors offered their cow bells, but the professor liked to listen to his own racket even splitting weatherboarding with his crutch.

The big time of the whole school month came on the last Friday afternoon in the month. Then came the best-speller contest, when the preacher, the doctor, the judge and the law joined the parents at the big spelling bee.

The whole school lined up clear across the house, and just soon as the head of the class was gained the victorious speller walked right back to the foot, the one who had the most ups and downs getting the hard-fought-for prize. Then came plenty of applause from justly proud parents and friends the trustees, who, as there was no board of education, to be responsible not only for the schools success, but for teacher's pay. My father, always chairman of the neighborhood trustees, never seemed to feel bad at having to pay tuition of some negligent subscriber whom he had signed when riding around soliciting subscriptions.

Arrangements were made for John to have the advantage special training from the celebrated teacher, Professor J. Mable, of Mableton. That turned my school path in another direction, only a mile from home. The very highly accomplished young lady teacher was a niece of General Foster, of the Southern Confederacy. Five other little girls and I were her pupils whom she taught

in her widowed mother's sitting room. I yet treasure a reward of merits received from her, dated November 23, 1866.

A touch of romance soon ended my school days there. Her engagement to a young southern soldier, who was one of the favorite neighborhood boys, was a matter of general knowledge. She had been wearing his ring for two or three years. Having been a prisoner of war, he was late in getting home. He had looked forward to an almost immediate union with the lady of his choice, but soon learned that absence had made her heart grow fonder--fonder of the other fellow.

One day during school hours he called and wished to see her on business. They walked onto a veranda in full view and hearing of the wondering, looking and listening girls. He asked her for his ring. She didn't appear to want to give it to him, but he insisted so strongly that she finally allowed him to draw it from her finger. Stepping out into the yard, he laid the engagement ring on a rock, picked up another rock, and, in spite of her tugging and pulling at his arm and asking him what he meant, he smashed the ring all to finders. We heard him tell her that when he broke up one thing he broke up everything.

She soon wedded the man of her choice, and lived long and happily. And I have never known a happier husband than the ring-breaker proved to be to the very charming lady who honored him with her hand after several years of very pleasant acquaintance. So ended the second chanter of my school days.

The third school carried me up into the edge of the city, more than a mile from home. There my schoolmates were children of citizens all the way from Five Points, Mrs. Warren being one of the first ladies to open a school on this side of town.

Happy :memories of the Bellingrath, Loftis, Spillman and O'Keefe children came back to me a few months ago when one of the sure enough Pioneer school boys came to call on me. He was "Willie" Flournoy, a Mrs. Warren pupil whose father's home was on the site of the American Can Company, near the junction of Jones Avenue and Marietta Street. His father's farm there had fourteen acres.

My old school friend, whom I had not seen in nearly seventy years, said he came out to see if I had changed any, and that he would have come earlier, but had been so busy that he really hadn't had time.

The place of school teacher was the most eagerly sought of any occupation engaged in at that time. To Atlanta came the high-born Southern lady, who, no matter what her culture, knew nothing of the technique of school teaching.

But they usually were gifted with a fine kind of determination and not only lived to teach in Atlanta's high schools, but conduct schools of their own.

Confederate veterans, with diplomas and degrees from the University of Georgia, didn't always see their way to celebrity by the school teaching route, and added a law degree to their qualifications, something the ladies of that day were not offered.

My school days having ended before the public schools came. I never had the advantage of attending them. My father paid for every day of my schooling, just as his parents, in the early Eighteen Thirties, paid for his. His teacher was a public school trained lady from Massachusetts, who taught in Newton County, Georgia. In some respects she held the ideas of punishment just lately adopted in the schools of this section. Father said she never allowed a switch in her schoolroom, and had no trouble in controlling the children. Not that they were better than other children but home life then had obedience as its first law.

Chapter 13

Atlanta has changed completely in appearance within my memory. Not a single home in the city limits where I used to visit is now in existence.

The descendants of the old friends who occupied these dwellings have modern homes out in the suburban territory or prefer apartment houses to the old-fashioned residences of their forefathers.

Where stood the business houses of other days, signboards, filling stations, five-and-ten-cent stores, schoolhouses, bank buildings or parking places now appear. Church steeples point upward, as always, but in different sections of the city. Important streets have changed their names, business life, appearance and sometimes even their directions. Returning old-timers would be lost in their own front yards.

Family names and their once welcoming homes bring to mind histories more interesting than those found in even the best-selected libraries. People used to live in one place long enough to have a history; few do now. But these grand old Atlanta names will not be forgotten, for they are enrolled on the city's scroll of honor, histories, family Bibles, church books and war records. No, they will not be forgotten, for they are plainly printed on enduring markers and marble monuments and on the hearts of Atlanta's wonderful people.

With due respect to other suburban borderlands of Atlanta, West End was, in the old days, the home place of more celebrities than some big cities could lay claim to. Where in such a small area could be found a Joel Chandler Harris, a Stanton, a Hubner, a Handlieter, a J. Henley Smith, a Jonathan Norcross, a George W. Adair, Sr. or an E. L. Connally?

Before the replacing of the mule cars by other motive power the merry bells ringing traffic warnings, especially on the West End line, rang an invitation to a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." My frequent visits to friends and kindred out in that section were made doubly pleasant by the entertaining talk carried on by Mr. Adair, Dr. Connally and Mr. Jonathan Norcross. In cold weather the venerable Mr. Norcross wore a great big gray shawl—the kind of wrap said to have been worn by Jefferson Davis when it was mistakenly supposed that he was wearing a dress.

Joel Chandler Harris had his regular place in a front corner of the car. That was after the mule cars had ceased to run. He was a quiet man and seldom entered into the lively discussion engaged in by his next seat neighbors, but what he was pondering in his mind as the car moved on toward the city or out to his West End home had won him worldwide fame. His cottage that once hid behind the shrubbery, as reluctant to be seen as he was to talk, is the shrine of thousands.

Mr. Adair got off or on at his Peters Street residence, and wherever getting on became the center of attraction. Hail fellow well met with everyone. He was an ardent advocate of putting the water of the Chattahoochee to work, and as he talked his listeners could almost see the landing of boats on the river bank at Bolton.

On one of those mule-car trips from West End to town, Mr. Adair told Mr. Norcross that the day would come when Atlanta builders would have to lengthen their ladders several times in reaching the roofs of Atlanta structures.

Peters Street was the most highly complimented street in Atlanta when given the name borne by the Hon. Richard Peters. The car passed the Peters, Collier and other historic homes that, like the Homestead of Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Connally, no longer stand.

Mrs. E. L. Connally was the older daughter of Governor and and Mrs. Joseph E. Brown. Her former home was the governor's mansion at Milledgeville. The Homestead was one of Atlanta's most historic home. It was built by Cousin John Thrasher in 1857, just two years after Huff House was erected.

In the library of the homestead I listened while Dr. and Mrs. Connally told of how that room had had its floor and wooden-lined walls torn out, and how it had been used as a blacksmith shop by the Federal soldiers. All the family horses had been carried away, and a touching incident was

mentioned of an animal named Dasher that, escaping from its captors, had nickered its joy at the old log gate.

Dr. Connally told of his first visit to Atlanta from his ancestral home at East Point. When eight years of age he rode a pony into the city to buy some hooks and eyes for his mother. The store where he bought them was on the site later occupied by the Connally Building.

He also described his first meeting with his old neighbor, Jonathan Norcross. It was, when in early boyhood days, he had delivered a cow to Mr. Norcross who lived on Spring Street, just beyond where it crosses Walton. The cow was bought from Thomas Connally, father of the doctor. The doctor remembered this so well because of the great admiration he felt for the high turned-over-the-top boots worn by the pioneer city builder and former mayor. The doctor being the oldest of sixteen children was reason enough why he was the family handy boy.

The old Touchstone place on far-out Gordon Street, and the Wilson place, eight miles from the city on the Chattahoochee river, remind me of former historical residences on the western border of Atlanta.

Whitehall Inn, most celebrated of Atlanta's old-time structures, was named by Charnel. Humphries after the old White Hall of London. Both Doctor Joshua and Doctor William Gilbert wedded daughters of Charner Humphries. The wife of Doctor Joshua was named Elizabeth. The Whitehall Inn was later sold to James R. D. Asburn, member of Cobb Legion (Cavalry), company unknown.

My mother's favorite young friends, made soon after coming Atlanta in 1847, were Betty Mangum and Cyntha Connally, who were then the town's charming belles. Betty Mangum, daughter of Thomas and Mary Connally became the last chatelaine of the old Whitehall Inn.

Atlanta maps locate old homesteads, and old church minutes vouch for Christian character of old-time citizens. Everybody knew everybody else so intimately that there was nobody but the doctors able to hide a skeleton in a family closet. But strange sounds once on a time did issue - from a backroom closet of one of the most representative of the south side, Scotch-Irish homes.

At the beginning of a ladies missionary society meeting the father returned unexpectedly from a business trip. His friends had treated him so well and so often, that he was feeling very funny. His daughter, seeing him just in time, enticed him into a back room closet and locked the door on him. The first hymn brought muffled tones of bass accompaniment, wafted through the dividing walls from the far back closet. When the prayer leader commenced to pray, words were returned to her far, more pleading than those she had given out. From whence came these weird "Amens?"

The ladies sat up and began to take notice. The cat jumped out of the bag, and the skeleton got out of the closet. He said the Bible commanded him to enter the closet to pray.

Chapter 14

Were the names of Atlanta's outstanding leaders marked on a tablet in her magnificent City Hall, the length of the column would be most surprising. Historians have followed the great developments brought about by pioneers in the efforts to build a greater Atlanta.

When I think of the siege of Atlanta the name of Richard Peters connects itself with the Peters Flour Mill in the Georgia Railroad yard, which proved a safety vault when the thousands of endangered people were in dire need of a bombproof shelter.

Mr. Peters built the mill in the late eighteen-forties or the early eighteen-fifties. There is a difference of opinion in dates. To furnish fuel for this great steam-powered flour manufactory, he bought four hundred acres of timberland in North Atlanta, and it is doubtful if another such extensive holding can be pointed to as that yet held by the Peters Land Company.

Peters Flour Mill engines were sold to the Confederate Government and were used to manufacture powder at the Augusta Arsenal. A pistol factory replaced the flour factory in Atlanta. Sherman burned the building.

The names of the mayors of Atlanta could be listed in the center of the tablet and the names of the city's distinguished men and women in parallel columns.

The name of Samuel Martin Inman would mean "Atlanta's First Citizen." He was born February 19, 1843, in East Tennessee, and passed away in Atlanta, Georgia, January 1915. He was largely responsible for the founding of the Georgia School of Technology, was a member of the board of trustees of Agnes Scott College, contributed largely to Oglethorpe and also to Emory University. Samuel M. Inman School, Inman Park, and Inman Yard are named in honor of Samuel Martin Inman. He was Atlanta's largest cotton dealer and saved a great cotton exposition from going on the rocks. Also he was a very prominent churchman.

The bronze plaque, so fittingly placed in Atlanta's fine City Hall, should have a bas relief of Henry Woodfin Grady, whom the people of the town of that day were so eager to hear that they rushed by thousands to "Salt Spring" whenever he was on the program to speak, even when the mode of travel was cattle cars and the time of arriving home after midnight.

The past is so far behind the present that even elderly people are apt to inquire: "Where was 'Salt Spring?' "

The name of Colonel Lemuel Pratt Grant should ever shine out from Atlanta's tablets of respect. He was born at Frankfort, Me., August 11, 1817 and for him Grant Park was named.

In 1862 L. P. Grant was made captain of fortification engineers for the Southern Confederacy. His biggest job was belting Atlanta in the days of 1864. His defenses were so baffling that weeks, instead of days, passed before the uninvited visitors gained entrance through the inside latched gate of the Gate City of the South.

In and out of these historic forts and parapets, erected by the great engineer in 1864 I followed my young brother John in 1835. **In Fort Hood, opposite the entrance of Bankhead Highway into Marietta Street**, I found the first greenback dollar bill any of the family had ever seen. Mother washed the sand out of it and spent the money for meal and other absolutely necessary food supplies.

She did the same with the bullet money for which the battlefield bullets were sold. Some bad boys took my sack of bullets from me on the site of the **Battle of Atlanta** but they had to nearly beat the life out of John while they were at it.

So far as my information goes no history of Atlanta tells what became of the barrels of bullets that in 1864 fell in showers of anything but blessings on the besieged city and its area.

These lead bullets, according to William Rapp, waterworks official, who more than fifty years ago assisted in the soldering, were used to make fast the joints of Atlanta's first water pipes.

The scarcity of water in Atlanta during the siege was a matter of deep concern. Every householder was commanded to keep a ladder standing up against his house and two buckets of water at the foot of the ladder, in case of an exploding bombshell.

After the war was over, and the town fast filling with people,

The residents began to wonder where next winter's wood was to come from. Of course the wood haulers with their muskets in one hand while they drove with the other, tried to furnish a sufficient supply but couldn't near do so.

A peculiar people, not on the honor roll, appeared in the environs of Atlanta in 1865. Hundreds of them and something new and strange in the way of wood haulers. Without ever asking permission they stripped the forest, old fields and pine thickets of pine knots, and hauled the kindling to town in homemade wheelbarrows, five or six, one right after another. Their houses, in these just out-of-town sections, chosen by these wood-takers, were not made of wood, but were mere dugouts in some of L. P. Grant's hillside fortifications. These people occupied their strange habitations, carried on their pine knot activities and were, so far as we knew, never arrested in the eight or ten years in which they lived right here in sight of Huff House. With never a bit of coal for locomotive, furnace or chimney, firewood was in demand, cords and cords of it. The population was outgrowing the trees.

Where the Carnegie Library now stands was a big boarding house, occupied by the family and several distinguished friends of Doctor Blackburn, the well-known smallpox expert. This gentleman's cords grew smaller and smaller, and yet no trace of a thief could he find in the woodpile.

Being a surgeon as well as a doctor he believed in operations. Skinning a piece of bark off of a small space on a stick of cordwood, he used an auger for a surgical instrument, bored a holes filled the cavity with gunpowder, and concealed the wound by replacing the bark over the opening, and tacking it there. Putting the log in place on the cord, he went into the house to listen for a report on his evening's work. It came before midnight. In a section several blocks away the inhabitants thought Sherman had turned back.

Atlanta, even in her infancy, was not what small towns so often turn out to be. All hamlets, like many less-favored men, cannot grow into metropolitan cities or men into places of prominence without the necessary gifts of leadership. In the year 1870 Atlanta was enriched by her greatest gift in leadership in music and art. Dr. Ferdinand Wurm arrived in town.

Of noble Bavarian ancestry, Dr. Wurm had taught music and art to a prince who later became a king of Saxony. He had also the distinction of having taught our own Sidney Lanier the technique of the flute, Lanier having been a member of his band while in the service of the Southern Confederacy in Virginia.

Wurm's band, consisting of Dr. Ferdinand Wurm and his extremely gifted sons, was known throughout the nation, and their music was never excelled by that of any Metropolitan Opera Company or the much enjoyed radio music of today. At a ball at his residence I, with other old-time music and art lovers, listened entranced to his playing on nine different kinds of musical instruments, the harp of David being one of them. No paintings ever on exhibition in any art gallery in Atlanta excelled those by Dr. Ferdinand Augustus Wurm, which were lost in the fire of May 21, 1917. A name such as his well might be among those highly placed on a tablet honoring great leaders,

Long years before the streets of Atlanta were jammed with automobiles, busses and trucks, a charming young lady on a beautiful horse was followed by approving eyes as she rode through the town. The young girl was Nellie Peters, daughter of Richard Peters, for whom Peters Street was named. Her mission of mercy was to have drinking fountains placed at points near junctions of street, where teamsters were directed to drive their thirsty horses and mules. Could these suffering animals have spoken how they would have blessed this beginner of animal mercy in Atlanta. Her name should be written right beside that of the man so well known for his aid and sympathy for crippled children, our own Forrest Adair.

Chapter 15

A worthy ancestry was the almost universal heritage of pioneer Atlantians. New York was settled by the Dutch, New Orleans by the French, and Atlanta and vicinity by the Scotch, Irish and English.

The Scotch and the Irish, instead of following their clansmen over the Alleghenies and on to the "Cumberland Country," came from the coast of the Carolinas to North Georgia, where numbers of them had drawn land lots in the lottery of 1822.

One old lady, who was mother to a very large Atlanta family, told my mother of having been brought in the arms of her mother, who rode behind her husband from North Carolina. The nights were spent in wigwams.

The pioneer settlers came to this section in the twenties and the thirties. And it is amazing how many of them came from the states of either North or South Carolina through Franklin or other North Georgia counties.

William White was one of the first to come and one of the most highly esteemed of all the early corners. He arrived in the year 1824, riding a lank horse, with his plow gear on the animal,

and a side of meat and his plowing utensils tied up in a sack behind him. He exchanged the Carroll County lot he had drawn for the holdings that became his lifetime home, just beyond West End, then in Henry, next in DeKalb and finally in Fulton County, Georgia. He lived in three counties without ever moving out of the same house.

The pilfering Indians fretted him very much when they came from their quarters at Sandtown and were forever peeping around the smokehouse and slyly picking up any useful articles lying around.

His wife was afraid of them. He had gone back to Franklin County after her just as soon as he could get the log cabin ready. He was in such a hurry that he didn't take time to board up some of the cracks between the logs. And so when the bears, wolves and panthers came prowling around the house at night the lady refused to occupy the side of the bed next to the wall for fear that that these wild animals would poke their noses through the openings and bite her. He stopped up the cracks and built various additions to the original cabin and he and his wonderful helpmate lived to see many great grandchildren, but he himself was the one to face the wall and sleep on the far side of the big feather bed.

Not all log cabins were mud-daubed. Many were boarded on the outside, and the inside left for convenient catchalls. There was stuck the knitting, the ironing rag, the clay or corncob pipe, and the baby's rag doll.

Before Atlanta even had a house, much less a store, the Indians who were at that time gathered beyond the Chattahoochee, had a trading station in the north side section.

Members of the Pittman family, forefathers of the old-time city official, Daniel Pittman, told my mother how the red men and their straddle-riding squaws used to dash by their home, near Buckhead, at top speed, on their way to the mile-distant trading post, yelling at the top of their voices, and giving out war whoops that were so ear-splitting they frightened the children's black mammy nearly out of her wits. Fearing that they meant to steal the youngsters, she would grab her white charges and her own pickaninnies and rush into the cellar with them, closing the door behind her.

Her master and his family knew very well that the squaws had enough to do to take care of their own papooses, strapped on their shoulders, without any little white babies or squirming little darkies. Mr. Pittman, who was in charge of the trading station, said these wards of the nation were just "cutting up."

On came the pioneers, forming settlements, neighborhoods and communities, "East side, west side, all around the town," nearly a generation before the town came into existence. And when the town did come, who make up the founders?

Irishmen were the first merchants. Willis Carlisle was the original dry goods merchant, and the three Johns—John Silvey, John Keely and John Ryan—should not go uncounted. Their methods of extending credit were different from that in use at the present time. I see from accounts and receipts found in old family desks that the merchants had such confidence in their customers integrity that accounts were rendered and payments received only once a year.

Thomas Moore, whose Irish parents came from eastern South Carolina in time for him to shoot deer in the marshes of the future metropolitan city, as a young man hauled lumber from his father's sawmill, just south of the town, to build the historic little schoolhouse which housed the early congregations. This Irish descended leader became one of the foremost men of this whole section. The product of his widely known grist mill was a few years after the War Between the States, disposed of even as far off as London, England.

Thomas Moore became the foremost Sunday school leader in the whole south, attending conventions from Mexico to Palestine. And with him went his Irish-descended wife, Alice Sims.

The Scotch-Irish Gilberts were among Atlanta's first families. Dr. Joshua Gilbert gave all the girl babies the names of his daughter Camilla. The Montgomery’s were Scotch. The Woods, Jesse and Elias, and their Irish mother, and several brothers and sisters came from South Carolina in the thirties. And none of the early settlers did more in a religious way than did these earnest and

devout pioneers. The same could be said of the Olivers, whose parents, Andrew and Mary (Gibson) Oliver, came from Ireland to South Carolina in 1810. Elias Wood and Samuel Walker, who was Scotch-Irish, wedded daughters of Andrew and Mary Oliver.

Church records show that the Donehoo family was among the first to come into the environs of the future Gate City. Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-four is the date, and Irish pioneers they were. They also came from South Carolina.

Scotch iron workers not only put shoes on prancing steeds, but made the iron horses on which the infant city rode into fame. A master machinist, who learned his trade in Glasgow, Scotland, was the maker of the first cowcatcher used in the southern states.

Chapter 16

Camp meeting time in Georgia which begins around the first Sunday in August always assembles many of the descendants of those early settlers who helped to organize Mount Gilead, Old Salem and the camp grounds at Lawrenceville and Sandy Springs. Some of them have never missed an annual meeting even though long distances may have to be traveled.

When in the early 1820's happy hunting grounds were converted into Methodist camp grounds, Indian trails were widened by the forefathers of the Smiths, the Olivers, the Bakers, the Barges, Holbrooks, Defoors, Peacocks, Redwines, Cashes and other banner bearers of old-time Methodists who for more than a hundred years have tented at Mount Gilead, near Ben Hill. Here again on the 3rd of August an eight-day meeting began, while the meeting at Old Salem, near Covington, began on the 8th.

Back in the beginning the shelter or arbor under which services were held, was made of the boughs of trees. Long ago these were supplanted by more substantial structures, but the name remains the same. The early "tents" were the big covered wagons of the campers. These sacred gatherings, therefore, came to be called camp meetings, and no festival of the old days compared with "camp-meeting time" in "laying-by time."

Although John Wesley and Francis Asbury brought Methodism into Georgia one hundred years before Mount Gilead was founded, permission for its establishment had to be obtained from the South Carolina conference.

The Rev. Lovick Pierce arranged the missions or circuits in North Georgia. To the Gwinnett mission was sent Rev. William J. Parks. There seem to have been but two circuits in Georgia at that time, one at Lawrenceville and one at Decatur. The territory assigned to the Rev. Mr. Parks extended into Fayette and Henry Counties. That is how he came to be directed to organize the "Mount Gilead Society," which until the year 1853 was in Henry County. The society was organized in the home of Rev. John M. Smith in the year 1824. Three years before that time the red man was monarch of all he surveyed. There for ages past the Creek Indians had roamed the primeval forest, their happy hunting ground. The land was ceded by them in 1821.

It would be impossible for people of today to realize the extent to which camp meeting entered into the work and plans of the tenters of days long gone by. Everything was timed and planned for it from one end of the year to the other. Hens were set very early in the spring in order that friers might be big enough for use in August.

Hams of the finest quality had been smoked and cured to perfection over hickory coals in the old log smokehouses the winter before. And the boilings and the bakings carried on in wash pots and big ovens behind the tented households have left memories of their lusciousness in the minds of all who were fortunate enough to have scented them. Pound cakes, like only our mothers could make, were served on the bountiful boards of the Mount Gilead campers.

The late Dr. E. L. Connally used to tell of many happy visits he and his parents had made to the old camp ground. He remembered how in childhood he rode behind his mother on the old

gray mare, and as long as his health allowed him to do so he made it a point to attend every year. He was 87 on his last visit.

One of my young relatives whose mother died when she was born, was carried to camp meeting in the arms of her aunt when she was two weeks old. Grown and married and living in another state she has never missed a meeting in her whole life.

The loyalty of the descendants of the old membership who named their "stone of help" Mount Gilead, mount of healing, balm of the soul, brings them back even from as far off as Texas when camp meeting time comes round.

The bush arbor was early replaced by a shingle-roofed tabernacle and the tents by rows of two or three-roomed cabins.

Throughout the ages a relationship between lights and worship seems to have existed-- so in my young days, when a guest of kindred or friends, I liked to watch the lighting of the many candles when "early candle light" brought Mr. Baker, Mr. Barge or other members into action in providing light under the arbor for evening service.

The grounds were lighted in the beginning by pine knots placed on elevated iron-floored platforms at a safe distance from the arbor.

Mr. Peacock usually blew the horn that called the people into the temple. Then far over the hills the sweet strains of the Charles Wesley hymns let the home-stayers of the whole community know that meeting had begun. Then came the pleading prayers, and the sermon by some distinguished guest preacher. Other ministers and altar workers got busy, and woe be unto the sinners. The usual thing was for the mourners to be forgiven and I have heard dozens of them giving God the glory at one time.

The Sunday morning sermon brought the biggest treat of all. I shall always be thankful that I had the privilege of hearing Bishop George Pierce, Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, Rev. Walter Branham, Sr., and numbers of other distinguished churchmen. And I like to remember that I once had the pleasure of dining at the same table with Bishop George Pierce at the home of Mr. Thomas Moore.

The camp meeting pleasures reached out in many directions. The spring path was the route that led to many romances. If those old-time backless benches could talk many whispered love stories would interest great-grandchildren of today.

Salem camp grounds, so dear to the hearts of North and Middle Georgia church people, antedates the Marietta, Sandy Springs, Indian Springs, Shingle Roof and others.

My father's parents use to tent there in the 1820's and 1830's. Courting facilities must have been enjoyed there also, for family tradition comes down to tell me that two of my aunts found their Alabama husbands at the Old Salem camp meeting in Newton County, Ga.

Mr. James D. Collins, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. Benjamin Franklin (Dock) Walker, the Spruells, Flasters, Popes, Colliers and many other old-timers tented at Sandy Springs.

There, on one fine morning, I was awakened by the voice of the very distinguished old elder who only the week before had taken a 75-year-old bride. He was telling her how pretty and sweet she was and that he never loved before.

Mrs. Wise, the widow with whom I had slept, giggled right out. Only a hanging quilt divided their bed from ours.

Tragic, pathetic and comic incidents come to my mind as I look back to camp meeting experiences of days long gone by.

On one occasion a beautiful young lady who had been sitting not far from where I was seated, became excited when the penitents were called to the altar, grew frantic and was carried bodily to her father's tent, and in less than a week's time was sent to an asylum for the insane.

Another time a pathetic thing took place at a camp meeting north of here that I did not see but of which I was told by one of the most prominent ministers of North Georgia conference. He was conducting the meeting, the mourners kneeling at the altar. He noticed a commotion in the over-crowded aisle where a young lady had fallen into the straw-covered ground of the arbor.

Overzealous women had tried to lead her to the altar, not knowing that she was subject to fainting spells, because of a bad heart. Her very huge mother was rushing and fighting her way through the narrow passage by knocking her neighbor's right and left, while yelling at the top of her voice: "Get out of my way, let me get to her! Sal's got to have air, God or no God!"

Once at another service, at another place, a very handsome young unmarried preacher was trying to comfort a young lady penitent who had followed him into the pulpit confessing her sirs. He was greatly embarrassed, as everybody was watching with interest. So he said: "Do you love Jesus?"

Throwing her arms around his neck. she answered: "Yes, I do love Jesus, and you, too!"

Chapter 17

Atlanta, the railroad center of the south, was the center of the War Between the States in the summer of 1864.

ABOVE: Railway map in 1838 .

Huff House, which is at 70 Huff Road off Marietta Street, is surrounded by the South's great railroads and Inman and other railroad yards, considered the most important in this whole section. A beautiful sight, beginning at "early candlelight" is the electrically lighted circle, from a few hundred yards to three-quarters of a mile around our ancestral abode. Having been surrounded by battlefields as I now am encircled by railroads and their yards, I am bound to associate the sights and sounds of long ago with those seen and heard in recent periods.

Before the battles came the sound of cannonading from forty miles northwest of us. Before the ear-splitting blowing of some of the monster locomotives we had to listen to reports of rock-blasting through the granite-ribbed hills. These great explosions were usually scheduled to take place after midnight. When the Southern Railway was being graded in front of and west of us, the nights were made more hideous than when storms or bombardments were going on. Once, at its

very worst, we had a visit from Henry Haralson, an old relative from Social Circle, Ga. A Confederate veteran, and the most persistent reunion visitor I have ever known, he had been losing sleep for the past week and got ready to retire at a very early hour. He was told of the probability of his rest being disturbed, and responded that he had been through the war, and that nothing could keep him from sleep. At 3:00 o'clock the expected explosions began, but the family didn't look for any answering echoes from the spare bedroom. Suddenly, in a loud voice, filled with disgust, the gray veteran was yelling, "God A'mighty! God A'mighty! I wouldn't live here if they gave me the place!"

The people of north Georgia, unlike those in other sections, were most enthusiastic about the coming of the State Road. But when the track had reached its destination, even the great Empire State of the South had to go a-borrowing for an engine and two little passenger "boxes." The Georgia Railroad had a little engine, which could be reached at Madison, Ga., 60 miles away.

My father, Jeremiah C. Huff, was born nine miles below Covington, Ga., and was a boy of 12 years of age at the time of the coming of the engine.

In company with his uncle and two boy cousins, who joined the wagoncade in Covington, they had the time of their lives, though they were used to going to Augusta with cotton, and father had seen locomotives before. Over the red clay hills of North Georgia struggled the six-wheeled wagon drawn by sixteen mules, bringing the historic "Florida" to its destination. Mules, men and boys had all they could do pulling and pushing along the route that later become the northern part of the way traveled on the "March to the Sea." After a hard journey, which took five days to complete, the engine arrived at The Terminus, as it was then called.

Until the engine was reassembled and placed on the newly finished track of the State Road, the people of North Georgia had never seen any kind of locomotive. No sooner had the report gone over the country that an engine and two passenger "boxes" were coming, than families, even from the mountains, came in ox or mule wagons to see the great sight. Had they waited until now they would have seen something worth seeing. From forty to sixty passenger trains, averaging ten coaches each, daily pass Huff House at the present time, July, 1936. Thirty-six freight trains, averaging sixty cars each, go by each day.

One of the pioneer citizens, Jesse Wood, who had moved into the settlement thirty years before, when as a young man he came with his widowed mother and her family from South Carolina, brought his wife and children from their two-mile-distant home, to witness the maiden trip of the Florida up the untraveled W. & A. or State Road.

Presently they came to a stop where the country road crossed the railroad track three miles north of what is now Five Points, and one-quarter of a mile toward the city from what later became the site of Huff House. Jesse Wood's young daughter, Adeline, had been warned never to stand anywhere near a railroad track. She had been told that the suction of the passing train would draw her under the "boxes," where she would be ground into fragments. Besides all that, she had been warned by her big brothers that the engineer would enjoy squirting boiling water from the engine on her.

Suddenly the people began to whoop and yell and jump up and down in their excitement.. The half-grown girl looked and saw what she supposed was the image of the very old Satan that she had heard the preacher talking about just the Sunday before.

The whistling, blowing, shrieking, smoking monster, coming right toward her, was more than the horrified girl could stand, and she took to her heels and ran as she had never run before. Her father put out after her, and tried to keep in sight of his sprinting daughter, but never got in reach of her until she had dashed through the home gateway, two miles distant, toward Peachtree Street. Her escape from what she then thought was certain destruction allowed her to grow to womanhood, wed my uncle, and in her old age, while on a visit from her home in another state, to sit on the front porch of Huff House and point out to me the quarter-of-a-mile-away scenes of her start on that dramatic home run.

My mother moved here in full view of and within five hundred feet of the State Road, or the Western & Atlantic Railroad in 1847 when it had been in operation only five years. She told me of having seen collisions, run-offs, and run-overs, as she looked from the door of the house on whose foundations Huff House was later built. It was built in 1855, two years after she wedded my father.

Mother told us about the Yonah and the Tallulah, little passenger engines, alternating on their trips to Chattanooga, going up one day and back the next, and of seeing collisions and tragedies from her door. And father told of the time when he and his young cousin put their shoulders to the wheels of the wagons that brought the "Florida" to meet the waiting track.

John Golding, a pioneer and inveterate railroad hater, who had come from Lincoln County in 1820 to get away from railroads, forbade the W. & A. coming through his land. Fist fights and famous rock battles resulted.

The cow menace was the greatest danger of the early railroads. Not only were the cows themselves killed, but often their bodies threw the cowcatcherless locomotive off the track and killed the crew.

The little darkies used to stand at the gate and answer each engine shriek with: "Kill it! Kill it! Kill it!" I was usually doing my part. One morning an engine suddenly stopped blowing as it was trying to make its upgrade way through the big cut. My father in the front yard said to mother "There's something wrong down there."

Just then over the hill came the disgusted engineer pulling our 10-year-old John by the arm and saying:

"Mr. Huff, if you don't whip this boy I will. He has been trying to outrun my engine!" So Johnnie lost the race that time.

The difficulties encountered occurred in sections of Georgia where the people were most bitter against the coming of the railroads. This opposition may have had something to do with W. & A. getting to the terminal three years before the Georgia railroad got to Marthasville. My mother came to Atlanta in 1847. The birth of the Terminus took place on Christmas Eve, 1842, and had it been the birth of a state, or even the birth of a nation, it could not have been more jubilantly celebrated.

Chapter 18

Horace Greeley's advice wasn't needed in Atlanta and vicinity along about the middle fifties of the past century. The young men had already gone west.

Historians have told of the founding of the city of Atlanta in the forties, and have presented the scenes of the sixties in interesting and extensive volumes--in fact, they have said so much about the War Between the States and the fiercely fought local battles that many young teachers look rather tired long before the Battle of Jonesboro is reached. But of the exodus of the sons and daughters of the early pioneers to Texas and other western states nothing has been told.

It was said that young ladies were so scarce in Texas that there were twelve men to every girl.

Many a Georgia boy went west and got so busy making his fortune that he neglected to come back for the girl he had left behind him. In which case the deserted one was known as a "Texas Widow." She then found an old widower.

Dread of that unwelcome widowhood put the western bee in many a Georgia girls bonnet. So, several of the betrothed maidens of this community hurried up their wedding day and tried to overcome the reluctance of their parents to letting them go so far away from home and kindred.

The Mississippi River was the Jordan over which they reached the promised land of western wealth and wedded happiness.

Travelers nowadays board the Pullman, step into the plane or bang the door of the automobile and in a short while arrive at their destination.

Until 1852, when railroad connection was established between Atlanta and Montgomery, travel to Texas, as well as other journeying, was carried on by stage coaches, rockaways or home-made wagons drawn by home-raised horses or oxen.

It followed that when the sons and daughters of the pioneer citizens of this section got. busy getting ready for their western wedding journeys the young husbands were aided by their fathers in the making of strong travel proof wagons capable of going hundreds of miles over uncertain roads and light enough to navigate the lofty mountain ranges. My mother told me of the departure of three young couples from this neighborhood. Two brothers of one of the brides rode beside the wagons driven by the young husbands. Thick canvas tops gave shelter, ample bedding made comfortable seats for the journey, which usually reckoned on no return.

Each of the three young husbands drove his own team, the girl wife of only a few days seated beside him in the front of the wagon. My mother, with other kindred and friends had gathered at her nearest neighbor's home to bid the young people farewell. She said a graveyard parting could not have been more sad. Especially was that the case in regard to the aged father of one of the young girls. He and his fine old wife were mother's nearest neighbors. He tried his best to break loose from the detaining hands of his true and loyal wife and children, and pulled hard to get into his unwilling son-in-law's wagon, but didn't quite make it.

The start was on a bright October morning. Their direction was due west.

They traveled a government road used in transferring the Indians from Georgia in the early 1830 period. They crossed the Chattahoochee River at the Montgomery Ferry, here at Bolton, then they passed over the river hills and on through the west Georgia counties.

When night overtook them they would stop in a grove, unhitch their teams, hobble their horses and let them graze a while before tying them up for the night.

Fires were made from brush wood and water was brought from nearby springs. Then supper, breakfast and next day's dinner would be cooked, and, after chatting a while they would crawl into their wagon beds or roll over on their leaf-pile pallets on the ground. Quite a change from the feather beds at home.

On the third night out, while preparations for their night's rest were going on, a familiar sound came to their ears from over the hills behind them. The lowing of an ox and the rattling of the wagon wheels drew nearer every moment. Soon into the circle of firelight staggered the

exhausted father, who had succeeded in eluding his wife and children and following the young people.

To an old farm wagon he had hitched his speediest ox and hurried it on just as fast as he could make it travel. Both the man and the beast were tired out. On the next morning the ox was turned loose in the woods and the wagon was left in the grove, the journey westward was resumed. The old man lay in his son-in-law's wagon and slept his life away as they, after three weeks, reached the banks of the White River in Arkansas. There they buried him.

Could I have reasoned things in early childhood I would have known by the names of the children with whom I played that their parents were western-minded. Generals' names and battle names, as well as state names, were answered to by young cousins and small friends by the score. One boy was christened Alamo, but they mercifully called him "Al." A little girl was called Molino del Rey. Her sister was Vera Cruz. Casa de Moto Smith became the wife of a Confederate officer, and my schoolmate, Buena Vista Jones, like Casa and the others, handed their Mexican War names down to great-granddaughters of today, some of whom are very proud to answer to them.

Fannin County, Echols County and Ringgold town were named for Mexican War heroes. Resaca was for a battle.

Joseph Echols, my mother's brother-in-law, nephew to General Robert Echols, who, like General Fannin, never lived to get back to Georgia, was so proud of his kinsman and so lured by every western idea that he refused to give his five daughters any such old grandma names as Elizabeth, Mary or Sarah, but instead insisted on calling them by titles of western states. The oldest was Missouri, then Louisiana, the next was Wisconsin, then Arizona, the youngest was Texas. Each one of these names was coupled with that of another western state.

The father of these young girls rushed them off to Texas when he found they were being sought by Georgia men. One married her Georgia suitor, the others wedded western men.

A package of old letters written to my mother more than eighty years ago tells a tragic Texas story, the subject of which was the adventures of her first husband's sons, Albert, Green and Jackson Wells, Monroe Willis, their brother-in-law, and their sister, Zipporah Wells Willis.

The young men, who were bookkeepers and chief clerks in Atlanta's earliest dry goods stores, on coming into their estates, decided to go west and enter business for themselves.

Monroe Willis and Zipporah Wells were married here in the home of my mother, on Christmas Day, 1853. January 27, 1854, the letters to my mother began. Albert tells of their trip on the train from Atlanta to Montgomery. Then down the Alabama River to Mobile, a very pleasant trip and a fine boat the Magnolia. They then went aboard the St. Charles from Mobile to New Orleans, across the Gulf of Mexico and Lake Ponchartrain. The letter describes a storm on the gulf the night before their arrival at New Orleans. The captain told of having made the trip a thousand times and had never seen the like before.

They next boarded a vessel called the Storm, up the Mississippi River on to the Red River to Alexandra. Then on the Choctaw, from there to Shreveport. All landed safely, though the Choctaw went down the next trip.

Albert and Monroe left the others there, and buying horses, spent a month riding over Texas in search of a suitable location.

At last they selected Quitman in Wood County. They did so because the people looked healthy and the water seemed to be better than in other places.

Albert and Monroe started to New Orleans the second day of February, 1854 and it took them just one month to select their stock of goods and make the journey and return on the Mississippi River. The store was opened in March 1854.

The letters go on to give the lay of the land, and that chill and fever are to be expected but the great care they intend to take will be prevent them getting sick. It usually is the unexpected that happens.

A letter from Green Wells, dated June 22, 1854 tells that Albert had gone to New Orleans to buy their Fall goods and that the Fall and Winter stock of merchandise must be carried up the river before the water goes down and does not rise again until spring. That was the last trip made by Albert Wells, aged 28 years. On July 8, 1854 stepping on a log extending out over the river he lost his balance and was never seen alive again.

In less than year's time Jackson had succumbed to malaria and in another year his brother-in-law, Monroe Willis, had passed away. Typhoid carried him off.

No finer young men ever turned their faces westward and no more stricken young wife was ever brought back home than was my mother's stepdaughter Zipporah. Bent double with rheumatism, unable to walk or to feed herself, she was so gentle and so lovable that we children, who grew up after she became a welcome inmate of our home, liked nothing better than to brush her beautiful black hair or to lift her elbow and assist her in carrying her fork or her spoon to her mouth. How happy we were to stand by her chair and listen while she read of old "Mother Goose" and of other Santa Claus-given books to us.

Many years went by and still the western lure lingered with Atlanta born boys. Railroads had marked their lines across many a western waste, towns came into existence, oil wells gushed, and then younger sons and daughters of pioneer citizens were as enthusiastic about trying their fortunes in the swiftly growing towns as had been the followers of the forty-niners.

One of the finest of these young sons who was fast making good in a Texas town, came home to die from the effects of exposure suffered when on a vacation along the Trinity River. A package of his betroth's letters unread by family or friends was placed over his heart in his casket.

Another favorite friend of ours when starting West hung his everyday hat behind his mother's kitchen door. It hung there a lifetime as the mother couldn't bear for it to be removed. The mother passed away, and the hat was lost. Many, many years have come and gone, the press sent advertisements for the missing heir all over the land, but his part of his father's property lies unclaimed in an Atlanta bank even down to this day.

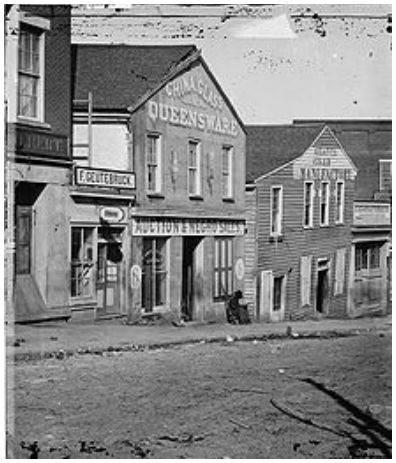
Chapter 19

One of the greatest of Atlanta's enterprises, her cattle and mule market, had its beginning right here at Huff House, in 1866 and 1867. In those days there was no such thing as shipping mules, cattle, sheep or hogs by train or truck. The cattle on a thousand Northwest Georgia hills and in the valleys of the Tennessee and North Georgia rivers were driven over the route taken by General Joseph E. Johnson, just two or three years before the coming of the cattle droves in 1866, in the fall of the year. The famous retreat took place in 1864.

The leading men of Marietta, Captain Fields and Mr. Northcut, and Mr. Frank and Jabe Vernon and others of Cherokee County, came to see my father and induced him to build stables, barns, cowhouses, sheep and hog pens, and prepare feed for hundreds of head of stock of different kind, and board and lodging for owners and helpers for a time which might run from a day or two to two weeks or more. The droves of cattle and sheep, usually a hundred or more each, in a whole year wouldn't run over five hundred cows.

The big dealers of the stockyards inform me that the number of cattle brought in by train and truck for the year 1935 was in the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand, and the score of more mules stabled by my father seventy years ago for dealers who brought the only mules into Atlanta, wouldn't cut any figure at all when the number of mules and horses presently stabled in their own stables, by his nephew Clifford Ragsdale and his associate dealers is considered. It is now the world's greatest mule market.

Whitehall St. 1880's - prosperity started returning 20 years after surrender.



Whitehall St. before war -Slave Auction House

In the years following the War Between the States, Huff House—which is at 70 Huff Road, off Marietta Street—was in full view from many miles around. **But though it had no inn tavern title its visitors, of many kinds, would have rivaled in numbers those formerly entertained by the celebrated Charner Humphries in his historic Whitehall lodging house which later gave Whitehall Street its name—a name probably not duplicated as often as other names in American cities.**

Returning refugees whose rebuilt homes were not quite ready were the first after-the-war visitors. Being old friends and neighbors my father and mother were glad to give a helping hand. In those days there was no formality in hospitality it was like that of the Irishman, all reality. Bridal couples were sure to reach the end of their day's horse and buggy drive when the outside latch to the front door of Huff House was lifted.

The fact that the returning refugees had lost their homes, their schoolhouses and their churches, but had not lost their religion, accounted for the fact that Huff House became a "meeting house." And even if the leaders of the 233 white churches of the city of Atlanta today could see their scared temples as crowed to the doors as my parents saw their homes filled with night-meeting visitors, they surely could not feel any happier. The seating capacity was helped out by the splint-bottomed chair from the kitchen and the backless benches from the long dining table.

During the summer when preachers were on their way to and from big meetings their Huff House appointments brought them here two or three times a month. Rev. Robert Daniel and his two brothers from Malony Springs were favorites with members of all denominations here represented. Rev. Mr. Hamby was another favorite. But the most eagerly heard of all was Rev. Elijah Webb, of Panthersville. This gentleman's eloquence and odd sayings impressed Sarge Weir, an Atlanta columnist to such an extent that he became a frequent subject for comment in one of the big papers.

Southern hospitality has changed completely since my girlhood days. Other old-timers were very like my father and mother who kept "open house" until they passed away thirty years ago. And I can't recall am instance where they gave the slightest evidence that a guest either for a day or a year had worn his or her welcome out.

The old saying that "It is the unexpected that happens" often proved true when unexpected company happened along. Once when we went out to meet father and mother on their return from one of their ten-mile-away religious gatherings we found the road blocked with buggies out of which came twenty-five linen duster-clad men and women, who were "alighting to spend the night," like the old invitation said.

So different from the way people now dress these ankle-length clusters covered long broadcloth coats and dust-sweeping alpaca dresses.

Unexpected company can be provided for nowadays by a phone call to the nearest grocery store. There was then neither phone or canned food so the biscuit factory out in the back got into immediate operation and the frying chickens began to fry.

While preaching was going on in the living rooms younger members of the family were in the above stairs bedrooms busily stuffing soft woolen blankets into bolster and pillow cases, and placing mattresses on all the floor space not occupied by the four beds in each of the company rooms.

Among the extra help in the kitchen was a pious old colored women who used to go around in the neighborhood giving her white friends instructions in correct living. Her creed was: "You must not be given to hospitality." She got her hospitality mixed up with hostility. Many people of today would have taken her at her word.

Open doors and open house were the thankful offerings to kindred and friends of Rockdale, Newton and Walton Counties when they came to fairs and great expositions held at Oglethorpe and other great fairgrounds. None of them had ever closed their doors on helpless refugees. One night when the family visitors had filled all sleeping accommodations, father was called to the front gate by a stranger who introduced himself as father's third cousin's brother-in-law. He was invited in and two bedfellows were simply asked to move a little nearer the wall.

St. Paul Methodist, Georgia Avenue Presbyterian and Jones Avenue Baptist Sunday Schools used to enjoy their picnic dinners spread out under the trees around Huff Spring. And after playing in the branch a while, they would come to the house for the rest of the afternoon, and in the Sunday school happened to be St. Paul, and Paul Donehoo happened to be home on vacation, he would play and all would sing. Then father would conduct the crowd to his cherry, plum and red June apple orchard.

The reunion of Cobb's Legion (cavalry), Company B, held here at Huff House, July 4, 1870, was, so far as my information goes, the first Confederate reunion ever held in the state. The date selected was because it was mother's birthday. Father's comrades, whose homes were in Atlanta or vicinity, insisted on bearing most of the expense.

The first name given to the division, later called Cobb's Legion, was the Fulton Dragons, who went from Atlanta to Virginia in 1861. These combination reunions and birthday celebrations were held almost every year for thirty-six years. The last and largest attended was in 1906. Before July 4, 1907 both mother and father entered into rest.

One occasion, when Mrs. Birdie Cobb Hoke Smith entertained the members of the Legion on the lawn of the governor's mansion, she asked father to tell her and her honor guest, Winnie Davis, about seeing her relative, Colonel Delony, shot down and of how he and other comrades tried to help him. Father's comrades here at the reunions always told of his nearly flying speed on his charger over a Virginia River bridge under fire from five Yankee riflemen, when he safely delivered an important dispatch from Jackson to Lee. And they also told of how he leaped from his horse and caught the regimental flag when the color-bearer was shot down, remounted and carried the flag to victory amid the cheers of thousands. But neither father nor his comrades, now all gone, ever knew that the color-bearer, whose wound proved fatal, was John Harris, an Atlanta volunteer who had gone to the war as a member of the Fulton Dragoons. It was not until his niece, the late Miss Almeda Harris, whose home was at 71 Venable Street, wrote one of the most interesting war stories I ever read that the name of the unknown color-bearer was revealed. Miss Almeda's sketch, which revealed the fate of her uncle, completed my own father's story of the rescued flag.

Chapter 20

While Atlanta is not yet quite one hundred years old, the history of at least three of her 223 churches links back in a foundation way two hundred years to the days of General James Edward Oglethorpe, when he brought a colony of Highlanders to Darien, Georgia.

Just after the ending of the War Between the States five or six families of my father's relatives from southeast Georgia moved to Atlanta to make their homes. Being people of culture and Scotch-descended thrift, they soon found their places in the business, educational and religious life of the upward-coming town.

Their progenitor on their maternal grandfather's side was John Farr, son of one of the Highlanders of the Darien colony. Family legends tell that John Farr and his associates put a fleet of flat boats on the Altamaha River, which except for the canoes of the Indians, was very likely the first pole-navigation of a Georgia stream.

More people point with pride to an ancestor who came over on the Mayflower with the Pilgrim Fathers when there were Pilgrim Fathers and Pilgrim Mothers altogether, but I have yet to hear a descendant boast of having an ancestor who came from England on the good ship Annie.

Oglethorpe was too wise a man to have brought to the states any really inferior characters. Even the unfortunate English debtor soon regained his self-respect.

As it was with the Pilgrims and the Puritans, so it was with the Oglethorpe colonies, religious life came first. John Farr, though his countrymen are apt to prefer the Presbyterian faith, was an ardent follower of the Rev. George Whitefield, who was said to have been the most eloquent preacher of his day. Every orphan home in Georgia is a monument to the Salzburgers and George Whitefield, who, with John Wesley and Bishop Francis Asbury, came over with Oglethorpe.

John Farr was the ancestor of more church workers than are even dreamed of and their work was right here in Atlanta. Many old timers were shocked when they realized that the War Between the States had not only resulted in freeing slaves but in a great degree allowing more church leadership to their former mistresses. They could even "lead in prayer." But long years passed before they could pray from the pulpit. They had to stay in the "amen corner," so they could say, "Amen!" to what ever the men might choose to say.

As my mother's habit was to occupy an amen corner seat, my childhood's viewpoint was from a cushionless bench, made for long-limbed grown people. In early girlhood many happy week-ends were spent with relatives in the city. On these occasions Sunday mornings often found me setting in the amen corner of St. Paul Methodist Church beside my dearly loved grand-aunt Rebecca Brannan, one of John Farr's eight daughters, sister of my grandmother Huff.

"Grandma Brannan," as she was called, and her four daughters, helped to organize the church, and were its main leaders in church, missionary and Sunday school work as long as any of them lived. Many grandmothers of today rival their daughters and their granddaughters in modern appearance. If "Grandma Brannan" lived in 1936 she wouldn't be counted among those who try to look youthful or up-to-date. During her half-century residence in Atlanta she never changed her style of dress—black alpaca, with cape to match, worn with a white collar, lace cap and Quaker bonnet. An oil painting of her, just as her old friends remember her, would grace any art gallery in the land.

Those who came after her are carrying on in great churches and missionary societies, as well as Sunday schools, the same constructive religious work started by "Grandma Brannan," her four daughters and their associates in St. Paul Methodist Church in the years just after the war. John Farr's descendant’s built better than they knew, for no church in all Atlanta has accomplished more.

Other lines coming down from the thrifty Scotchman, whose father came with Oglethorpe to Darien 200 years ago, have been leading members of Trinity, First Methodist, St. Marks, Druid Hills and other churches of that denomination. And the old First Baptist, and other Baptist

churches here never had more earnest or more loyal supporters than great-grandsons and daughters of John Farr and his Welch descended wife, Polly Velcher Brooks Farr, whom he wedded in Warren County, Ga. where all of their daughters and sons were born.

Some of the main members of West End Baptist Church are also descendants of this couple, both of whose parents came with Oglethorpe colonies. John Floyd Huff and his four sons, grandsons and great-grandsons of this wonderful old-timer, founded and built Sharon Baptist Church in West Atlanta nearly seventy years ago.

Winder Huff, another grandson, gave the land and was the founder of Peachtree Baptist Church, in the Rock Spring section of East Atlanta, using the strength and brawn inherited from his maternal grandsire to dig a cellar under the church which has been used for a Sunday school-room even down to this day. Many years have come and gone since this zealous churchman passed away.

Some of these Farr relatives used to interest me extremely when they talked about feeding white mulberry leaves to silkworms and pulling long strands of silken threads from cocoons and then making fish lines. Father said white mulberry trees planted by the Salzburgers in Chatham County had in a century's time spread so far inland that leaves from these trees grown in Newton County had been fed by him and his young brothers and sisters to silkworms as late as the eighteen thirties. Relatives of ours in Warren County, as well as in Savannah, make their fishing lines of self-raised silk even down to this day.

When John Farr's sea-faring and river-navigation days were over he bought a plantation in what later became Warren County, Georgia. When his children had grown up and married, and their mother had passed away, he wedded a little old maid named Kizziah Armstrong, who lived to be ninety-nine years old, and was the adored "Little Granny" of John Farr's hundreds of descendants.

Soon after his second marriage he and several of his sons-in-law moved to what was to become Newton County, not far from Brick Store, and, clearing the primeval forest, began the old Farr Settlement. He died a full generation before I came into the world but in childhood I saw his grave in the old Farr graveyard.

But the greatest sight of all was the big log house he made of the largest logs I ever saw in a building. It looked more like a barricade than a residence. When he built that savages were expected visitors.

My father, and other grandsons of this venerable grandsire used to tell of the guns he showed them when they were boys, and he also told them of having been in many battles.

These ancient firearms were on gun racks over the doors in the home of one of John Farr's granddaughters when the Federal Army was on its way to the sea. Once in my childhood I heard mother ask her, "What did the Yankees take?" "Only my chickens and grandsire's guns," was the answer.

Chapter 21

My Grandmother Huff had seven sons, seven grandsons, five sons-in-law and forty-five nephews and grand-nephews in the War Between the States. Three of her sons and several other relatives gave their lives for the cause of the Southern Confederacy.

One of her sons had with his own hands just finished his home near Social Circle and was looking forward to a long and happy life with his wife and three children when came the call to arms. He never returned. During our refugeeing days I used to play with the other children in and around the new home of the absent soldiers.

It was not from the cabins of the under-privileged or the marble columned cupola crowned residences of the rich that the Georgia home defenders went forth to fight for their native land but from the homes which had been made by the hands of the owner and his two or three loyal slaves.

Wilson Huff one of grandmother's sons who was killed in the war lived near Social Circle. The young daughter of this war stricken home was grandma's favorite, and this daughter scarcely knew any difference between grandma and her own mother so she grew to womanhood in grandma's household as confidante and bosom companion.

Grandma's hair was soft and curly and as white as the lace that bordered her cap. The young girl thought it the prettiest hair in the world and liked to comb it in front of the big east window, where the morning sunshine brought out its silvery sheen. Once in my own girlhood on a visit to grandma I listened to a sure enough love story. While the hair dressing was going on my young cousin said:

"Grandma, do you believe in love at first sight?" and in the next breath had added, "And do you think, grandmama, that anybody ever did get the one she loved the best, the very best?"

Grandma nodded. "I do. I fell in love with your grandpa at first sight, and he was my choice above all others."

"Tell me about it," urged my cousin forgetting in her eagerness that an older granddaughter, as well as I were present. "Where did you and grandpa first meet?"

"It was on the second Sunday in September, 1815 that your grandpa first hitched his horse to a limb of one of the big water oaks in the grove at Reedy Creek meeting house in Warren County Georgia," grandma answered. "He had heard of me and visited the church on this day for the purpose of meeting me. Afterward he said that just as soon as his eyes rested on me he knew that he had found his mate."

"And how did you feel, grandma?" my cousin asked.

"My feeling would be hard to describe. Like all girls of that day, I expected to fall in love and get married and I had had several good chances but I was in no hurry for I knew that somewhere in the world there was a man my Maker had intended for me to marry and I would know him when I saw him. So when your grandpa walked into the meeting house looking so noble and so pleasant something said to me 'The right one has come!' "

"How did he look?" my cousin asked.

"He was about as tall as your Uncle Jimmie, and weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. He had dark hair and brown eyes and rosy cheeks. He was the best looking man I ever saw."

"Please go on, grandma."

"I tried to keep my mind on what the preacher was saying and keep my eyes from wandering in the direction of the young stranger but I didn't succeed until he caught me so that I looked down at the pinks in my hand till intermission."

"And what happened then, grandma?"

"Everybody who hadn't shaken hands before meeting began then said 'Howdy' to each other. We put out our dinner under the trees and everyone was told to help themselves. Your grandpa stayed right around where I was and when dinner was over walked with me to the spring and back to the door of the meeting house."

"Didn't he go into the house with you and sit with you?"

"No, the men never went in by the women's door or sat on their side of the meeting house," grandma explained.

"Did you keep on looking at grandpa after you went back into the house?"

"No, I did not. I took a seat by Aunt Sallie Brooks, by the side of the high pulpit where I was out of sight. I didn't want your grandpa to think I was so anxious to sit in front of him and gaze at him. When meeting was over he met me at the door and helped me down the log steps and walked with me to the horse-block and held the bridle of my horse while I buttoned my riding skirt and jumped into the saddle and then he helped Sister Rody up behind me and asked me if he might see us home as his way lay by our house. When we got home Brother William asked him to alight and spend the night with him. He said he had fifteen miles to go and must ride on but he would stop long enough to get some water. He went in and the first thing anybody knew had consented to have his horse put up and fed.

"Pitch dark came before he left, and he would stayed till morning if it had not been that he had invited his neighbors to a house-raising the next day and was just obliged to go on."

"When did you see him again, grandma?"

"The next Saturday evening. He stayed till Monday morning and the next time he came he asked your Grandsire Farr for me, and inside of two months we got married."

"You didn't have much time to get ready in, did you, grandma?"

"Yes, it was all the time I needed. The girls as I said before all expected to get married in those days and began to get ready when they were old enough to fill chests and clothes presses with nicely made garments and bed clothes.

"I had a nice, white brilliance dress that I married in. My calicos cost a dollar a yard. Besides, I had several muslins, homespuns and a gingham just like this one I have on now. I had just as many quilts as I afterward had children, thirteen. And I had four double-woven counterpanes and two woolen coverlets and two cotton coverlets. Of course, we all—my seven sisters and myself—had our own pillows, bolsters, feather beds and foot valance. I had a long piece of white cloth that I had never used a bit of when I married."

"What did your grandpa have?" asked my cousin.

"He had a hundred acres of land, a hundred sheep, a good horse, bridle and saddle, a yoke of oxen, and a covered wagon, his chest of tools, a bed, bedding and a bedstead and corn, wheat and meat to last us a year. Your Grandsire Farr gave me a cow and a calf and a pig, but I didn't have any churn at first to churn the milk in and my strainer was a cloth tied over a water gourd.

"When we first began housekeeping," continued grandma, "we had no table nor any chairs, and our first meal was eaten with our plates in our laps and our cups on the hearth. Your grandpa said many a time while speaking of that supper that he had never eaten another so good. He was seated on his tool chest and I on that little raw haired trunk there under that bed."

"What did you have for supper, grandma?"

"Bread, meat, dried apples, cheese and sweet milk. Having no sifter to sift the bran out of the meal, I fanned it out with my turkey tail fan."

"What did you make out of your long piece of white cloth?" "Sheets, pillow cases, bolster cases, table cloths, towels, and other things."

"What did you make out of it first, your very first sewing?" "Your grandpa some drawers."

"And did you make him a shirt to match?"

"No, he had plenty of shirts, but drawers were just coming in fashion, and your grandpa had never worn any until then."

Chapter 22

Atlanta has had more ups and, downs and undergone more changes, and yet has grown, faster than any city in this section.

With only 200 bomb-scarred buildings standing in the path of the invaders seventy-two years ago Atlanta people point with pride to their 60,000 structures of today.

From 10,000 home-stayers, and returned refugees together at the close of the War Between the States, the population of Atlanta in 1936 is in the neighborhood of 300000.

Instead of the five long delayed public school buildings standing here seventy-two schools are crowded now as the 50,000 Atlanta children troop to school on these beautiful autumn mornings in 1936.

Beginning with only one-story structures: just after the war Atlanta bank buildings now rival Stone Mountain in height. General Alfred Austell pioneer citizen of Austell and Atlanta laid the foundations for Atlanta’s financial career in the early 1870’s.

Each, generation selects a different locality for the stately .homes of the city prominent leaders. The arrow on the com pass now points to the east side mansions, as well as to the ridge-top estates of far North Atlanta.

Marietta, Mitchell, Peters, Whitehall, Washington and Peachtree streets have each been the site of residences of leading Atlanta families.

Two hundred and twenty-three churches enrich the religious life of the city. The war found less than one dozen inside the corporate limits of Atlanta. All of them awaited the return of their refugeeing congregations. The eight or ten surrounding the town were destroyed and in some cases gave names to historic battlefields. Witness the Battle of Ezra Church. And now, the temples lifting their steeples into the heights, send their calls to worship by the most musical of chimes over the picturesque hill of north Atlanta.

Among the city's greatest assets can be named her nationally known educational and cultural institutions. Atlanta's universities would give distinction to any communities in any country. Her technological school, her schools of music and art, her colleges, seminaries, medical schools, art museums and memorial halls are possessions of great worth. In 1878 Atlanta was given the telephone which became her greatest business assistant. Should it cease to ring its calls nothing in town would be so greatly missed. In the old days neighborhood news traveled over the back fence. Now people talk to and about their friends over the telephone. Something over thirty thousand telephones are at the present time giving service to Atlanta and surroundings.

Atlanta not only used her brains, but gave her heart, the historic "Kile's Corner" for the site of the artesian well, her first effort to furnish her citizens with an adequate supply of water. That was in 1889, and the well did not provide the flowing fountain so ardently hoped for. Neither did the supply from South River prove satisfactory. But Lakewood with its old reservoir make a needed pleasure resort. And from a fast flowing spring, gushing from a hillside in far north-east Georgia, comes all the water the fast growing city needs, or will need for years to come, rippling down to the music of The Song of the Chattahoochee.

In 1889 the opening of Edgewood Avenue opened the door for Atlanta's first electric car. There are now three hundred railroad-sized electric cars hurrying along the city streets. The Hurt building is on the site of the old street car barn—the first one. The opening of Edgewood Avenue had another result. It split Atlanta's old time "corners" into "Points." Now we have Five Points, Little Five Points and many other "points" of interest.

The automobile, rival of street cars, did not get here until 1902 or 1903. The first automobile was brought to Atlanta by William Alexander, who was born here, and was a Huff relative. He came right out to show us his new car. Just as he did when few years before he rode out on Atlanta's first velocipede which he, also brought to town.

Sixty thousand automobiles now race faster and faster through the city and its environs, searing timid people till they nearly jump out of their skins, just like the frightened horses and mules really did jump out of their harness a generation ago:

The changes Atlanta has undergone especially within the past few years have been so very marked that numbers of native Atlantians are sometimes undecided about which corner to turn right in sight of the block in which they were born. And two of them have told me about getting lost which reminded me of the adventures of "Granny Hatcher" an old lady who really did get lost. Mother knew her well and told me of the circumstance.

"Granny Hatcher's" home stood just back of John Kile's grocery store, on "Kile's Corner." This is now one of the Five Points that has been made out of the "corner" that has swung in the dance of progress northward to the William-Oliver Building.

The sick daughter lived a long walk away somewhere near the present site of Georgia Tech. The path to her home went by the homes of only two or three early settlers, and over the high rail fences enclosing their farms and patches and through the primeval forest that the axes of Jesse Wood, Hardy Ivy and Merideth Collier, Sr. had failed to thin.

As she was starting on her walk home, Granny Hatcher found that the afternoon was much further advanced than she had supposed.

In the distance black clouds hung over Kennesaw Mountain and not wishing to be caught in a rain she hurried on. As thunder began to roll, she decided to try a short cut across a stretch of woodland and an adjoining field. Turning from the settlement road she climbed a high fence. She soon crossed the woods and passed through the stubble field and found herself in an unfamiliar environment. She came to a settler's spring but failed to see his cabin.

The raincrows and bullfrogs made the swamp more lonely and night came on apace.

On trudged "Granny Hatcher," hoping that her next step would bring her in sight of some torch-lighted hearth.

A terrific thunderstorm and a downpour of rain found her huddled under a clump of haw brushes.

When the storm had, passed she saw what, she supposed was a light held by someone who was hunting for her. Hurrying and calling in the direction of the, moving light she climbed more fences and then because the light would sometimes appear as if. it: was behind instead in front of her she would climb back again.

At last it dawned on her that she had been following a will-o’-the-wisp.*

* A will-o'-the-wisp or *ignis fatuus* (Latin, from *ignis*, "fire" + *fatuus*, "foolish"), also called will-o'-wisp, corpse candle, jack-o'-lantern, friar's lantern, gunderslislik, and wisp, is a folklore depiction of ghostly light sometimes seen at night or twilight over bogs, swamps, and marshes. It resembles a flickering lamp and is sometimes said to recede if approached. Much folklore surrounds the phenomenon.

Exhausted and realizing that she could go no further in the darkness she decided that soon she must give up all efforts to get home. Just then a big black object stood right in front of her. In another instant she would have bumped against it. It was a very large double fodder stack.

Crawling into its sheltering bosom she slept the sleep of utter exhaustion until nearly noon the following day. She was in Samuel Walker's rail-fenced, last years cornfield hardly any distance from her own home.

Granny Hatcher was wandering through woods that are now the site of the Techwood homes and some of the most valuable buildings in Atlanta are in the paths she followed.

1937 finds the prophecy John C. Calhoun made in that Atlanta would become the Metropolis of the South has come true and as I sit and ponder on what I have seen happen in my 80 years I wonder what the next 80 years will bring forth.

THE END