The secret of his great success was the fact that he took the people into his confidence. He did not rely alone upon consultation with a few leaders. He believed that all the people should be kept fully informed on the more important affairs of government. He used then radio in frequent fireside chats and his hearers ran into the millions. In the history of radio no other voice comparable to that of Franklin D. Roosevelt has been heard. The people of America will miss that voice and the inspiration it carried with it.

He loved the sea. It was so large, so all-embracing, so exhilarating. To him it was a symbol of freedom and opportunity. From it, no doubt, came to him many thoughts that were crystallized in his philosophy of life and found expression in his tolerant views and universal sympathies. He looked upon himself as a voyager upon the sea of life, basking in the sunshine, braving the tempest, sailing a well-charted course, avoiding the shallows and the reefs, steering with perfect confidence toward that harbor in the Blessed Isles, where the waves forever beat upon the sands of gold.

He loved the United States of America beyond all other nations but yearned to extend the blessings of good government to all the nations of the world. He loved peace and sought to banish war in every land and clime. He threw his whole soul into the effort to make real the poetic prophecy of Alfred Tennyson, the coming of that day

"When the war drum throbs no longer
And the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of Man,
The federation of the world."

The Monroe Doctrine was sound and had accomplished much, but he knew that there was a feeling of unfriendliness among the nations of South America towards their ig Northern brother neighbor. So he originated the policy of the "Good Neighbor" and so successfully managed affairs from year to year until in this great global war there was presented the picture of an entire
hemisphere in which no governments are at war with one another, and the complete success of the "Good Neighbor" policy is seen in the unanimous "Chapultepec Agreement" for the prevention of war in the Western Hemisphere and the guaranteeing of good fellowship between all American nations.

With the mind of the prophet and the statesman, he foresaw the coming of the great global conflict. He endeavored to keep America out of the war, but he spurned isolationism or peace at any price. He knew that Anglo-Saxon solidarity must be maintained at all costs and that fascism must be destroyed. When England's back was being pushed against the wall and even Canada was threatened by the submarine menace, he did not hesitate a moment in saying that the United States of America would defend Canada if invaded, nor did he wait long to extend the helping hand to England in the way of Lend-lease. Looking back at this hour, no one can successfully deny the fact that this action on the part of Franklin Roosevelt made possible the victory over Hitlerism that had almost reached the hour of announcement when our great leader was called from earth.

More than any other man he envisioned the peace that is to be. He was not unconscious of the work of his great predecessor, Woodrow Wilson, and in many respects the peace he had planned was to be along Wilsonian lines. No one can doubt that permanent peace depends on the great nations of the world acting in concert. In his last meeting with Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin at Yalta, he did much towards making the plans that promise to bring about this guaranty of peace. No doubt but that his was the guiding hand.

We are now in the most critical moments in the history of the world. The guidance of the greatest nation in the world has passed from the hands of a master into the hands of one who is yet to show his ability to meet the requirements of the situation. President Truman, pledging himself to carry out the plans of his great predecessor, has started out well. Success
will crown his efforts, for he knows the well-considered plans already made, he has the courage of his convictions, he realizes the responsibility that has come to him, and from every state in the Union come assurances that all Americans, without regard to political affiliations, are standing squarely behind him. Let no American fail to do his duty in this solemn hour and in all the days on consecrated effort yet to come. We can best honor our departed leader by giving to his successor the same loyal and enthusiastic support we would have given him.

The last message he left for the American people was an address he had prepared for the annual dinner honoring the memory of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party and America's greatest statesman. Among other things in that address was the following: "Today we are faced with the pre-eminent fact that, if civilization is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationships, the ability of all peoples of all kinds to live together and work together, in the same world, in peace. Today as we move against the terrible scourge of war, as we go forward towards the greatest contribution that any generation of human beings ever made in this world, the contribution of lasting peace, I ask you to keep your faith. The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

The American people will answer back in words and deeds of loyalty and devotion, and will keep the faith. Our soldiers, on land and sea and in the air will fight all the harder, and on the home front our energies will be expended to the limit. We waft to him in the spirit world the words that will give him the most pleasure. We will keep the faith.

I have deliberately saved to the last a few words about what I consider Franklin Roosevelt's greatest characteristic and greatest service. The greatest thing about our departed leader was his heart. He will be best
remembered as a humanitarian. When everything else he did has been forgotten, one memory will remain in the hearts of men in every land and clime. It will be his unflinching devotion to the common man, not only the poor and underprivileged of America, but also of all the world, without respect to race or creed. It can be said truthfully of him that more than any other president of the United States, if not in fact more than all of them put together, he reached down his hand to lift up the down and out.

It was his dream that all men should have an opportunity to lead and an abundant life, free from fear, free from want, free to express their opinions, free to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. The Atlantic Charter bears the indelible impress of his spirit. He did as much as he could in a few years to make that dream come true. It will take many years, perhaps centuries, to bring it about, but in the providence of God the day will come, toward which all Christians work, when

"The earth shall be filled with His knowledge and glory, as waters that cover the sea."

It was the high privilege of the University of Georgia on August 11, 1938, to confer on Franklin Delano Roosevelt the degree of Doctor of Laws. It was the privilege of the Phi Kappa Society in 1957 to send a committee, of which I had the honor to be a member, to Warm Springs to initiate him as a member of that Society. It was a great honor to enroll him as one of the University's own.

He loved Georgia and Georgia mourns him today.

He loved the University of Georgia and this institution in this hour pays loving tributes to his memory.

In sadness we say goodbye just now, but some sweet day it will be a joyous "Good Morning."

And so we give him an affectionate farewell.

"Good night, sweet prince, And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."
CHAPTER XVIII
LOGAN EDWIN BLECKLEY
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
(Manuscript pages 3694–3830)
CHAPTER XVIII Contents

Logan E. Bleckley---------------------------------------------3694
   Judge Bleckley's First Trip to Atlanta-------------------3699
   Spirit of the Blue Ridge----------------------------------3703
   The Ancestry of Logan E. Bleckley------------------------3707
   His Boyhood Days----------------------------------------3711
   His Preparation for Admission to the Bar------------------3716
   His Letter to Posterity----------------------------------3719
   The Text of His Letter-----------------------------------3720
   "The Phantom Lady"---------------------------------------3724
   His Lack of Library Facilities----------------------------3727
   Author of Law Against Imprisonment for Debt in Georgia---3730
   The Law Becomes His "Phantom Lady"------------------------3733
   His First Trip to Atlanta--------------------------------3735
   The Guiding Star of His Life Was Truth---------------------3740
   Young Atlanta Lawyer and Confederate Soldier-------------3742
   His Career on the Bench----------------------------------3745
   Excluding the Irrelevant His Guiding Star---------------3750
   Wit and Wisdom in His Decisions--------------------------3752
   His Personal Appearance----------------------------------3757
   Address on Truth in Conduct-------------------------------3760
   The Bleckley Family--------------------------------------3767
   His Ideas as to Religion----------------------------------3773
   His Ideas as to Miracles---------------------------------3782
   Fighting the Devil With Fire? Especially in Politics-----3785
   Was He or Was He Not Eccentric?---------------------------3788
   Some of His Unique Beliefs-------------------------------3790
   His Views on the Purchase of Votes------------------------3794
   How He Sailed through the University in Four Days--------3797
Ordinarily it requires four years of study in college for a student to secure a degree. Such a waste of time did not appeal to a certain distinguished citizen of Georgia, for he made his calculations by days and not years, and a day in his sight was looked upon as a year when it came to graduating from the University. So he conceived the idea of attending the University, passing through the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Class with one day's study in each class, and receiving his degree at the end of the fourth day. And so he did, setting an all-time record for educational sprinting.

That citizen was Logan E. Bleckley, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, and at the time of his bold determination just about reaching the three score and ten marker on life's highway.

Judge Bleckley was one of the ablest and most distinguished jurists in the state and nation. He came from the northeast Georgia mountains, having been born in Rabun County amidst the towering peaks of the Blue Ridge. He was possessed of a brilliant and precocious mind, and a determined spirit. Aside from the merest rudiments of education in a mountain school he never enjoyed any educational advantages. He was literally a self-educated man, even in the mastery of the fundamentals of the law.

He once told the writer, that in thorough keeping with the customs of the mountain community, his sole garment in childhood and up to twelve years of age was a cotton flannel gown, and that until that age he had never worn a pair of shoes.

His father was clerk of the Inferior Court of Rabun county, a man of strong mentality and high character. Young Bleckley, when but nine years of age, began the study of law. He was a precocious boy and had learned how to write a thoroughly legible hand. His father allowed him to copy legal writs and other documents in his office and he became fascinated with the work. Then and there he determined to become a lawyer.

When the lawyers came to attend a session of the court he would borrow a law book from one of them. For six months he would read that book and assimilate its
contents. At the next session of the court, he would return the book to its owner and borrow another one. The lawyers wondered at the performance of the child and humored him in what they regarded as a mere whim. But later on when he took to borrowing two books and sometimes three, when he began to discuss learnedly with them some of the more intricate questions dealt with in the books and at times to give them ideas of which they had not dreamed, although they were successful practitioners, their amazement knew no bounds.

When the boy had reached the age of nineteen he passed one of the most thorough examinations ever given to an applicant and was admitted to the bar. The story of his steady rise to eminence in his chosen profession, until he reached the top as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court would fill several large volumes if full justice should be done in telling it, but it need not be recounted here.

Then a queer and rather wild idea came to him. There was an element of fun in it, and of course much camouflage to cover up its daring. He had had no college education and held no college degree. Why not get that education and that degree? He could not spend four years in college going over things he already knew, but he could spend four days and that ought to be enough. So he set to work to make his dream come true.

At that time, Judge Bleckley had a large and beautiful home in Clarkesville, Georgia. It was just such a home in the mountain section of the state in which he was born that appealed very much to his love of nature and beautiful scenic surroundings. Near by was the summer home of Walter B. Hill, Chancellor of the University of Georgia. These two distinguished Georgians were close friends and throughout each summer enjoyed to the full the most delightful companionship.

One day in the spring of 1901, Chancellor Hill received a letter from the Judge telling him that on a certain day next week he would pay him a visit at his home on the campus, that he would remain four days and that during that time he would pass through each of the four classes and at the end of his work would expect his degree. Chancellor Hill was able to enjoy a good joke and especially one of
Judge Bleckley's pranks, so he wrote the Judge that he would be delighted to have him as his guest.

In the letter to Chancellor Hill, Judge Bleckley made out his own program of study. That was a privilege the average student didn't have, but the Judge simply assumed it for himself. Few students would have chosen the subject that Judge Bleckley chose, for all of his study was to be in Mathematics, and was to be confined to one problem, "The Reading of the Root." Chancellor Hill knew what the Judge was writing about, for he had discussed it with him before.

Judge Bleckley had an idea on a mathematical problem and had during five years given considerable attention to it, but had made little progress. So he wrote Chancellor Hill that he wanted the very best of mathematical instruction. This was his problem: the easy and almost instantaneous raising of any number to any specified power and the extracting of a specified root of any given number. His belief was that this could be done by simply looking at the number. Every year up to the time of his death he gave thought to this problem at odd times, but he never got any nearer to its solution.

This is what put him to work on the problem. He knew there were men who could listen to one rapidly calling out numbers and as soon as he had finished calling the numbers, could announce the sum of all the numbers that had been called. He knew that these men arrived at the sum of the numbers by a mental process. He knew that multiplication was simply repeated additions. If one could immediately tell the sum of fifty-seven repeated rapidly twenty-one times, why couldn't fifty-seven be carried to the twenty-first power by simply looking at it?

Now Chancellor Hill had an engagement in Atlanta on the day that Judge Bleckley was to arrive in Athens, so he wrote the Judge that he would send a young student, R. E. Denmark, down to the Southern depot to meet him and carry him up to the home on the campus and that he himself would be back about dark.

About half-past two o'clock that afternoon, Denmark received the following telegram dated at Cornelia, Georgia:

R. E. Denmark;
Athens, Georgia
Am on my way to college.

Logan.
The Judge was on his way and his telegraphic announcement, with only his
given name signed, was evidence of the fact that he was in the college boy mood.

The train rolled into the depot yard and came to a stop. Denmark was there,
but he had never seen Judge Bleckley. He couldn't have missed him, however, for
Chancellor Hill had given him a good description.

Presently the old Judge swung off the platform of the coach and shook hands
with his new college acquaintance.

"Well, I'm here, Denmark. Tomorrow morning I expect to enter the Freshman
Class. I hate to acknowledge it, but I'm scared. My knees are trembling and it
is not on account of age either. I really am scared. I almost hesitate to go on,
for something dreadful is apt to happen, unless you prevent it."

Denmark was astonished. He was no mind reader, and couldn't imagine what had
so perturbed the old gentleman.

"You see, Denmark, I've been reading in the newspapers all about that hazing
that has been going on at West Point Military Academy, and I don't know what my
fate is going to be when I enter the Freshman Class and the sophomores get hold
of me. These whiskers", and the old judge lovingly stroked his long white beard,
"are the pride of my life. I really wouldn't swap them for a diploma, and I'm
mortally afraid those Sophomores will cut them off, divide them up and hang them
as trophies in their rooms. Now, Denmark, you can probably save me from such
humiliation. You can tell the Sophomores that I am six feet two, active as a cat
and can make them the best first baseman any class baseball nine ever had if they
will just spare my whiskers. No baseball would ever get over my head and the
Sophomores would be guaranteed the prize in any baseball contest."

"All right, Judge, I'll do my best with the Sophomores. I think I can
arrange it."

The next morning, bright and early, he was up and getting ready to enter
upon his scholastic duties. The writer went along to get a newspaper story. He
got one, too, and spread it over a whole page in the next Sunday edition of the
Atlanta Constitution, with ample pictorial illustrations.
The first professor visited was Professor Charles M. Snelling, later on Chancellor of the University and then Chancellor of the University System of Georgia. Col. Snelling was at that time teaching Mathematics and it was to him that Judge Bleckley was carrying his problem. He was the soul of affability, with all the gracious courtesies of the old-time Southern gentleman. He made the Judge feel perfectly at home and invited him into his classroom, where the Judge saw his fellow-Freshmen at work that they enjoyed much less than the Judge enjoyed it. At the end of the morning lecture, the class was dismissed and the Judge and those who had accompanied him went into Col. Snellings office.

Then followed a full hour of the most interesting conversation. Much of it was technical. Denmark and the writer kept their mouths shut. Col. Snelling and the Judge swapped comments on mathematical subjects. Judge Bleckley was no mean student when it came to mathematics. He had mastered the subject from ancient days down to the present. When the conversation came to a close, the Judge thanked Col. Snelling for his kindness and courtesy, but left him with this parting shot, which was accompanied by a merry twinkle in the deep-set steel-gray eyes: "I don't believe, Col. Snelling, that you understand half what you have been talking about."

The ordinary student would have received a zero for making such a remark, but the Judge passed. I doubt whether he got an "A" grade.

Having completed his Mathematics lesson for the day, Judge Bleckley decided he would call on Dr. H. C. White, head professor of Chemistry, and talk to him a while. So, all of us went over to Dr. White's recitation room in Terrell Hall. Dr. White was as suave and polite a gentleman as the world ever knew, a most scholarly man, a master of English and a most interesting conversationalist. I think Judge Bleckley really enjoyed talking to him for fully a half hour.

When the time arrived for him to go, Judge Bleckley deemed it proper that he should appropriately take his leave, and, turning to Dr. White, he said: "Dr. White, I am charmed with your conversation. You know how to make a man feel comfortable while talking to him. I am often afflicted with company that talk in a most boresome manner, but not so with you. You never allow a minute to be taken
up with tiresome talk. You would be a perfect antidote for ennui. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hire you at liberal wages to come up every summer and sit on the front porch of my home in Clarkesville and your only duty will be to talk to me."

Dr. White smiled and bowed, and assured the Judge he would be delighted to be hired for such a delightful service, but if the Doctor had been called upon to give the Judge a grade, it would probably have been a zero. He was accustomed to being employed at a salary, but not to being hired at wages.

It is needless to say more about the contact made by the Judge with other members of the faculty during the four days he remained in college. He had one of the times of his life and proudly announced at the end of his student days that he had passed all his work and had earned his degree.

**JUDGE BLECKLEY'S FIRST TRIP TO ATLANTA**

One evening on this visit to Chancellor Hill, the Chancellor gave a delightful dinner at his home on the campus in honor of Judge Bleckley. Several of the older members of the faculty were invited and the writer, representing the press and at the same time being a close friend of Chancellor Hill, had the honor of receiving a cordial invitation to the dinner.

After the dinner, the Chancellor, the guest of honor, and the other guests gathered around the big log fire in the sitting room and chatted until well past the midnight hour. Most of the talking was done by Judge Bleckley, the others now and then interjecting some question which would lead the Judge to tell still another good story from the many that made up his long and interesting life.

Perhaps the most unique and the most interesting story was that of the first visit of the Judge to Atlanta. It has nothing to do with the University of Georgia, but on account of the interest attached to it it may be properly tied in here, since the Judge was telling it on the campus as a student, and as a guest of the Chancellor.

Here it is, essentially and almost exactly in his own words:
"I was nineteen years old when I began the practice of law. I began the practice in Clayton, Georgia. I had good reasons for starting at that place. Not far from the main street of the little town, over on the mountain side, was my birthplace. All the land that I knew anything about was within a few miles of that place. I had rambled through those hills as a young boy, had hunted what game was to be found there and had fished many a day in nearby creeks. Then, too, practically everybody I knew lived almost in calling distance. I had several lawyer friends in different towns in Northeast Georgia, but they about covered my out-of-town acquaintances. And another very important reason for my not leaving Clayton was the absence of money. I had none of that article and no way to get any except to earn it.

"So I started out in Clayton and did my best. I soon found out that the legal profession was far from being a gold mine. The fact is that I made only forty-five dollars during the first year of my practice. When I figured that up and realized that I was not making a living, I began to think up ways in which I might better my situation and I reached a solution of the problem that turned the whole channel of my life. And this is what I did.

"I turned my eyes towards Atlanta.

"That statement may not be literally the truth, for, while my thoughts were on what I might achieve in Atlanta, as subsequent events proved, my eyes were probably cast in another direction.

"Having made up my mind to make this move, I sold all the contents of my office, consisting of a pine table, two or three split-bottom chairs and a few books, and my father borrowed enough money to purchase for me a horse and saddlebags. I stuffed in the saddlebags one change of underwear and an extra shirt, and with no other clothes except those I had on my back, I mounted into the saddle and started on my journey. I didn't have any money and was looking for the good people along the way to furnish me food and lodging.

"For six days and six nights I traveled towards Atlanta. Towards the end of
that time I began to think I had lost my way. It seemed as if I would never get out of the mountains. Day after day it was mountains and gorges and waterfalls and then again mountains and gorges and waterfalls. I had always had an idea that Atlanta was south of the mountains, but however much I might look to the south, there was no Atlanta.

"I had been given one unfailing guide to Atlanta. That guide was the Western and Atlantic Railroad. I was interested in that road, because my good friend, William L. Mitchell, of Athens, was auditor of the new railroad company. He had lent me books when I was studying law by myself at home, and I believed that if I could get to Atlanta and see Colonel Mitchell, he would give me a clerical position, and I could make and save some money and then get down to the practice of law."

"I was told to follow that railroad track south until I reached Atlanta which was at its southern end. But what did I know about a railroad track? I had read about them but had never seen one. In fact, there were but two railroads in Georgia at that time and very few in the United States. Railroad tracks had been described to me as two shining rails of steel, parallel rails a few feet apart. So I had been looking for those shining parallel rails of steel for days and had never laid my eyes on them.

"Late on the afternoon of the sixth day as the old mare was ambling along the country road and I was getting more and more discouraged, I looked down the road ahead of me and just about a mile ahead I saw a little village. I breathed a sigh of relief. I was in sight of Atlanta. I would quit looking for shining steel rails. I was literally exuberant.

"A middle-aged farmer was trudging along the road, coming in my direction. I stopped him and said: 'My friend, is that Atlanta that I see just ahead?'

"He didn't answer my question, but fell flat down in the road, kicked up his heels and laughed and laughed and laughed.

"I had a little of that thing they call temper and I let it loose. 'What in
the hell are you laughing at?' That is the question I shot at him, and he quit
laughing and in a very sober, matter-of-fact way said: "Why man, that is not Atlanta,
that is Dalton.'

"My feathers fell. I had been foolish enough to ride along without due regard
to the points of the compass, but I ought to have had sense enough to know west
from south even without a compass by looking at sunrise and sunset. So there I
was, as far away from Atlanta as I was when I left Clayton, and without a cent of
money.

"I went on into Dalton. I sold my horse and saddlebags for enough money to
send back home the amount my father had borrowed and have enough left over to buy
me some kind of valise in which to carry my scant store of clothes and enough to
buy me a ticket on the new railroad to Atlanta. And on that journey I was riding
on the shiny rails and didn't have to strain my eyes looking for them. In due
time, though not so very fast, I reached what was destined to be the capital of
Georgia. I found Col. Mitchell, he gave me a job in the W and A offices, I
remained at that job something like two years, I saved all of my salary I could
and then began the practice of law."

That was the end of his story of his first visit to Atlanta.

Then turning to the writer with a twinkle in his eyes, he said: "Now Reed,
don't be putting in the Atlanta Constitution anything about my losing my way.
The people in that city now would write me down a blamed ignoramus for not knowing
the way to Atlanta."
This is a modest effort to portray the life and achievements of a great Georgian. He was a native of the mountain section of the State and it is not amiss to devote these opening pages to a brief description of his native heath and the civilization in the midst of which he spent the days of his youth.

For in large measure the native habitat of any young man and the touch he has with the people who surround him play an important part in the development and fashioning of his life.

The Omnipotent, source of supreme wisdom, in planning a world in which men might live and develop civilizations that across centuries of time were to grow in ever-increasing strength and beauty never has fashioned anything that has taken a firmer grip on the very soul of man than a mountain nor has He confined his gifts to any special country or to any one towering peak rising far above the level of the plains.

So it came to pass that in every country the inspiration of its mountains has been reflected in its poetry, its literature, its development and its history and has entered into the lives of its men and women in the building of its civilization. From the days of mythological worship down to the age of material and scientific development men have delighted to read of Olympus from which Jove thundered his orders to lesser gods and goddesses and directed the fate of mankind, to read the story of the Appenines on whose foothills imperial Rome was founded. Even to these days the awe-inspiring heights of the Himalayas have not all been scaled by the intrepid mountain climbers. The majestic Alps are still the scenic glory of Europe and the Scottish Highlands still attract the tourist as he travels through the land of Robert Burns and Walter Scott and reads the story of Wallace and Bruce or revels in the lines of the Cotter's Saturday Night and Tam O'Shanter or drinks in the beauty of The Lady of the Lake or stands
with Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu as they fought at Ooilantogle Ford.

There is no mountain scenery in the United States that surpasses in beauty the Blue Ridge chain that stretches from Northeast Georgia through western North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and on into Pennsylvania. In Georgia the general elevation is about three thousand feet with here and there a sublime and commanding peak that rises to much higher altitude. In North Carolina it goes upward to Mount Mitchell, the highest point east of the Rockies. Throughout the entire length of this mountain chain it presents many a panorama of surpassing beauty and that portion westward from North Carolina to the Great Smokies it frequently is referred to by those competent to render a valid opinion as "The Land of the Sky." While there is more sublimity in the Rockies, whose highest peaks are three times the elevation of the Blue Ridge, it is doubtful whether for sheer beauty they present a lovelier or more entrancing picture.

The earlier settlers in America for many years clung to the Atlantic seaboard along which they found ample space and fertile soil and everything in abundance to meet their needs, as well as convenient ports from which to ship to Europe the products of their industry. Some of the more adventurous pushed their way westward and met their first real obstruction and barrier in the foothills of the Blue Ridge.

But high ambition, unlimited energy and the spirit of the pioneer refused to be stopped by a chain of mountains and daring explorers in search of a fabulous country that was said to exist beyond the western slopes carried the English flag ever onward to the West. And this westward movement was accentuated by the establishment of the American republic, reaching with the passing years new frontiers that rapidly stretched to newer boundaries, passing beyond the Mississippi and scaled the Rockies until at last the waters of the majestic Pacific marked our western continental boundary.
But many of the colonists became enamored of the beauty and attractiveness of the Blue Ridge and built their cabins as their permanent homes. Three centuries have passed and in numerous instances their descendants are still mountaineers, constituting in all probability the purest strain of Anglo-Saxon blood in the republic of today.

There were many obstacles to be met in the development of this mountain country. Transportation set up a difficult problem; schools were few and inadequate, commerce followed the easier trails and industries fought shy of mountain locations. Even churches were far apart. It is not surprising then that the people in the Blue Ridge should have been deprived of many advantages enjoyed by the people down on the plains. It was quite natural for their adverse surroundings to make difficult the development of the civilization they deserved.

But across the years they preserved certain traits of character that came down from their ancestors. They regarded their word as sacred. Up to this you can, as a rule, you can depend upon the average mountaineer to stand by what he tells you, even though he may be unlettered. Culture, as it is generally interpreted, is to a large extent absent from him, but he still has that spirit of independence that hurled back the British at Cowpens and Kings Mountain. The lure of Communism has no attraction for him. He is fated to go through much hard, gruelling work, but he bends to his task uncomplainingly. He has his ambitions and under the prevailing spirit of progress his advance has been marked in many respects.

In spite of adverse conditions, through sheer determination and a will to succeed there have come out of the Blue Ridge section men who have mounted the heights of achievement and leaders are still coming from that section to make invaluable contributions to the nation.

Good schools have been multiplied in number and efficiency, paved highways have solved the transportation problem, air routes have been
laid out and travel across the mountains has been made relatively easy, churches served by pastors of ability carry on their work in every community, civic improvements abound in the small towns, the waterpower of the rippling creeks and the large rivers is being developed, the wheels of industry are turning and the spirit of the Blue Ridge is manifest in the forward march to prosperity.

Concerning a product of the Blue Ridge, a self-educated, scholarly poet, philosopher and jurist, who added fame to the judiciary of Georgia and in many ways to the literature of his state, Logan E. Bleckley, this biography is written.
Logan E. Bleckley was born July 27, 1827 in Rabun county, Georgia, the son of James Bleckley and Catherine Lutz Bleckley, who were both natives of North Carolina. His paternal ancestors were English and Irish; his maternal ancestors were German. His paternal grandfather was born in Virginia, later on moved into Lincoln county, North Carolina and from there came to Georgia.

On his maternal side his great-grandfather, a native of Bavaria or Wurttemburg, came first to Pennsylvania and afterwards settled in North Carolina. His father, James Bleckley, married Catherine Lutz in 1823 and lived in Rabun county, Georgia.

In the earlier days of the nineteenth century, the extreme northeastern part of Georgia, the youngest of the thirteen American colonies that threw off the British yoke and became sovereign states at the end of the War of the Revolution, was for the most part a wilderness, the home of the Cherokee Indians. Here and there small numbers of white settlers had pitched their tents in a few fertile valleys and mountain coves that lay within the foothills of the Blue Ridge.

The time soon came when these hardy pioneers laid the foundations of a civilization patterned after the established customs of English life and inspired by the spirit of independence that has always been the predominant characteristic of the Blue Ridge mountaineer.

A new county had been established in the extreme northeast corner of the State and to it had been given the name of Rabun in honor of the Governor of Georgia. The government of the new county was centered at Clayton, where the majority of the white settlers had made their homes.

A few miles to the south a crystal-clear mountain spring marked the headwaters of the Little Tennessee and gathering volume as they flowed northward became a river that flowed through gaps of the Blue Ridge, joined the
Big Tennessee and across five states mingled with the waters of the Mississippi on their way to the Gulf of Mexico.

The first gap in the Blue Ridge through which the waters of the Little Tennessee flowed was Rabun Gap. Along the banks of the little river was a fertile valley and on either side rose the foothills of the Blue Ridge, while beyond the Gap were the majestic peaks that gave to the surrounding country scenery of surpassing beauty and sublimity.

Six or seven years after the establishment of this county there came from North Carolina James Bleckley and his wife. That was in 1826 and Bleckley, a young farmer, took up his residence on a small farm, where he and his family lived until his death in 1870, forty-four years later. To the rear of this farm rose a small mountain to which the euphonious name of "Screamer" had been given. From its wooded heights, overlooking the smiling valley, with the blue outlines of the loftier peaks of the Blue Ridge in the distance, their illustrious son in later years drew much of inspiration as in hours of meditation he fashioned many of his contributions, legal, philosophical, mathematical and poetical, which crowned the achievements of his long and distinguished life.

Logan E. Bleckley came by much through inheritance and made all his gifts of mind and spirit count from childhood to old age. He inherited a precocious intellect. From his earliest childhood he had a mental grasp far beyond children of a comparative age.

Through his mother the influence of his German ancestry manifested itself in the subtlety and acuteness of his mind, his love of mathematics and metaphysics, his poetical temperament and his unsurpassed facility in making clear the abstruse and the abstract. But his father had a greater influence in the development of the young boy, for it was from him that he gained the chief characteristic of his life, his devotion to truth under all the trials and problems of life. The Georgia Bar Association in the Memorial session after his death said of him: "The character of his father more powerfully affected the son, who had for him the tenderest affection."
His father was possessed of a very strong though untrained intellect and an excellent idea as to the fundamentals of life. He made a pal of his boy and from early childhood days, in the field at work by his side and at home as well, in his untutored way talked to him on subjects beyond the grasp of the ordinary child. The guiding star of Logan Bleckley's life was TRUTH and devotion to TRUTH was one of the chief inheritances that came to him from his father.

After James Bleckley died and he himself had reached his three score and ten years, the son, having achieved the merited reputation of being one of Georgia's leading lawyers as well as having served on the Supreme Court of Georgia, gave this brief but touching obituary, telling in simple but exalted language the story of his father's life, described in a paper read by Judge John W. Akin before the Georgia Bar Association as "worthy to be ranked with the strongest of essays, the ablest opinions and the sweetest poems of the race of man."

It was as follows:

"Died on the 5th of September, 1870, at his home near Clayton, Rabun county, James Bleckley in the sixty-eighth year of his age."

"He was a native of Lincoln county, North Carolina, and removed thence to Rabun in 1826, where he resided until his death."

"He was bred a farmer and that remained his chief vocation through life. At intervals he served the public as sheriff, clerk and ordinary and judge of the county court offices conferred upon him at different periods by the people of Rabun. In 1837 he volunteered in the military service and as a first lieutenant of cavalry made a campaign in Florida against the Indians with Brigadier Charles H. Nelson. When the Blue Ridge Railroad was organized he was elected one of the directors and was still a member of the Board at the time of his death."

"He had great solidity of personal character and its basis was TRUTH. In word and in deed he was a true man. Such was his estimate of veracity that he taught his children as a standing precept that theft, criminal and degrading as it is, is less abhorrent than deliberate falsehood. The reason he gave was, that
society has more defenses against the violation of property than it has against the violation of the truth, and that to reform the tongue is a more hopeless task than to retrain the hand.

He was not a member of any church but he indulged in heartfelt charity that embraced all orders and denominations, not of Christians only but of men. His sympathies were not limited by Protestantism or Catholicism. He felt as a brother to the followers of Moses and Mahomet as well as towards the followers of Jesus, and he counted himself no stranger to publicans and sinners. He cherished a broad and beautiful toleration grudging to no man the exercise of unrestrained opinion or of uncontrolled worship.

"warned for weeks of his approaching dissolution, he expressed a modest confidence in the mercy of God, and, without alarm, waited for Death to come. When it did come he was engaged in cheerful conversation and expired peacefully without visible signs of pain."

"Thus passed away my beloved father."

As this story develops it will be seen that Logan E. Bleckley, though not a member of any church, like his father, made of Truth the foundation of all his belief, that he believed in God as the essence of all truth and of all good, and that in all his acts as lawyer and judge and in all his decisions as a jurist he weighed all questions in the scales of Truth."
The experiences of Logan E. Bleckley as a boy were crowded into a very few years. They practically ended when he reached the age of eleven. From then on, even through the adolescent period, he was in many ways more of a man than a boy. That is not to say that he was not entirely without those pleasures that come with boyhood, but that life took on a more serious aspect than usual during those years that are generally devoted more or less to boyish fun and frolic. So that on the whole it might be said of him that he never was a typical boy.

Little can be found in his writings concerning those earlier days. Not even in his famous "Letter to Posterity" does he make reference to the days of his boyhood. In what was in effect an autobiography he took up his life story at the time he was studying law in preparation for admission to the bar. Older people hardly ever thought of him as a boy. To them he was practically always a man. But in a general way one can come to the conclusion that he enjoyed those days and that they were not devoid of much of the pleasures that come to children even with the restricted opportunities of those days.

He was anything but an athlete. Even as a little boy he was attracted more by the reading of such books as came into his hands, and they were very few, than by boyish games, though they, too, were few as compared with the athletics of today.

He had no great amount of leisure when away from his work alongside his father in the fields. The little fellow went to work out on the small farm with his father by the time he was six years old. True that he could not do much labor but such as he could do helped along, and when he grew a little older and could attend the village school, such as scarcely merited that name in those days and surroundings, he was not attracted to any great extent by the games the other boys played. No doubt he played some old-fashioned town ball, did some running and jumping, took part in "cracking the whip", wrestling and like but excelled at
neither. He could jump over an ordinary "saske fence" but could not approximate the standards of the modern Olympics.

From his earliest childhood days he got his full share of physical exercise on the farm and as soon as he was able to follow the plow he was good and tired when he got home after sundown. He had no incentive to frolic around. He had a kind of hankering after the bed and easily drifted into slumberland.

If he had a few hours of leisure he preferred to go out in the woods, sit down and meditate upon the wonderful natural panorama that spread out before his eyes. And then, too, although he was not subject to much sickness, he was not very robust.

After he went into his father's office as his assistant at the age of eleven years and until his self-education had proved sufficient to gain his admission to the bar, so precocious was his intellect that he could not bring himself to the point where he was willing to devote much of his time away from study and the development of his mind.

A few years prior to his death at an advanced age, the writer had the privilege of sitting on his front verandah at his Clarkesville home and engaging in a conversation that revealed some of the experiences of his boyhood.

Among the things that he said was that for almost all the time he went barefooted. Shoes were a great luxury in those days up in old Rabun. But that did not bother him. He went barefooted when he plowed the fields and in such leisure hours as he had he rambled barefooted over mountain trails and paid little attention to briers, brambles or underbrush. If at times his feet became bruised or bleeding, the usual remedies of the country homestead were applied and they proved sufficient. That was a long way back and "Ma" Perkins, as U.S. Secretary of Labor was about a century behind the times when he pictured the Georgia mountaineers as going without shoes.

As to wearing apparel in his boyhood days, it required very little detail to describe it. Back there the fillets of leaders of fashion were not
all-powerful when it came to establishing customs. His boyhood clothes consisted of one garment, a long, 

ex:ex gown made of heavy cotton cloth. That was the garment worn by all the boys. Later on coats, vests and trousers came to older boys but the little fellows continued to wear their gowns until they reached maturer age.

Logan Blockley’s father was a farmer. He did not own his farm, but rented it for a number of years. He was a good farmer and spared no effort in gaining a support for his growing family, but he had to utilize the labor of his children as far as possible. Logan was a tall, lanky boy and did not enjoy the best of health but even in the earlier years of his childhood took his place between the plowhandles and that practice was continued during his adolescent years.

Though he was but a child, his precocious mind took in everything around him. He never liked for people to refer to his precocious intellect. Whatever may be said of him along that line always came from someone who knew him well and never from himself. But whether he admitted it or not it was simply a statement of the truth. As he followed the plow or in a modest way helped garner the crops while only a mere child, he began to commune with nature, for he loved every tree and flower and much of the meaning of all the products of nature fixed itself in his childish mind to be utilized in his maturer years.

He didn’t care much about hunting, for he always had an aversion to killing living creatures. He didn’t mind killing snakes, rats, minks, ex:ex hawks, and any predatory animal, but as to hunting for rabbits, squirrels, quail or any inoffensive animal, it did not appeal to him. But he did love to fish and spent many happy hours in handling the hook and line on the banks of the several that were in easy reach of his home. It is possible that he may have seen the headwaters of the Soquee or got as far away from home in company with his father as the Tugaloo which constitutes the eastern boundary of Rabun county, flowing southward to join the waters of the Savannah.
He may have strolled as far as the headwaters of the Chattahoochee as that river flowed "down through the hills of Habersha, down through the valleys of Hall", inspiring Sidney Lanier to write his immortal poem, "The Song of the Chattahoochee."

Along the joys of his boyhood days was rambling along the lower levels of Screamer Mountain in near proximity to his home though his parents did not at all allow him to spend much time or go too far up its slopes, for it was known that a number of wildcats were to be found there, thus constituting a danger to children too young to defend themselves. During the conversation Judge Bleckley referred to War Woman Creek along whose banks he had once strolled.

Even at his early age he looked with interested eyes upon the tall peaks of the Blue Ridge and though he did not summon the Muse to his side at that time, in later years the vision of those mountain peaks arose before him as he committed to the written page some of his most beautiful poetic thoughts.

What little educational training Logan Bleckley obtained in school was through attendance at odd times at the Rabun County graded school when he could be spared from his duties on the farm and that was before he had reached his eleventh birthday, so that it may be truthfully said that he was self-educated. The little school he attended meant little more than nothing to him. In a way he knew already much of what was taught him, being far beyond the other children in his class. It is doubtful whether the teacher knew much more than the little children he was teaching. But Logan Bleckley's precocious mind, even though he was simply a little child, paid off in good dividends. He learned to read and to understand what he read, and even today it is by no means certain that the average child understands what he reads. He learned how to write a good hand and also on account of the mathematical turn of his mind he gained a fair knowledge of arithmetic.

So when he came to his eleventh birthday he decided to take his educational training for the most part into his own hands. He determined to study law and to be admitted to the bar. How well he succeeded is told in another chapter.
How an eleven year old child up in the backwoods of Rabun county could conceive of such an undertaking is hard to understand but that is what he did and he did it all by himself. He attended no law school and had no professional training. It is doubtful whether in the history of the United States any parallel can be found to this undertaking and to its successful ending.

So Logan Blwckley's boyhood days ended when he was eleven years old and at that age became in a sense a professor of law, at least so far as he himself was concerned. His father at that time was serving as clerk of the court at Clayton and young Logan went into his office to assist him in his work. Henceforth he was to be first a student, then a member of the bar and to go on and on up the ladder of achievement.
HIS PREPARATION FOR ADMISSION TO THE BAR.

The preparation of Logan E. Sleekley for admission to the bar was a unique contribution both to teaching and to legal practice in that he served both as teacher and pupil although at an age that had not even reached the adolescent period of life.

And during that period of time he took part in the discussion and settlement of questions of which many of the older members of the bar were not familiar.

He was merely a little mountain boy with no favored outlook on life. Even his father who knew about him better than any other human being had no very good idea of his capabilities and certainly never dreamed of the future greatness of the son.

But even in his childhood dreams he had an unswerving determination and a faith that he would be able to make those dreams come true. He knew that it would take months and years of toil, but the realization of that fact did not daunt him. He would put his hand to the plow and would never look backward.

Pretty bold undertaking was that but he undertook it and carried it through by himself.

He knew how to read easily and how to write, as well as having a knowledge of arithmetic. Thus he had a good start with the traditional 3 Rs. With that equipment he figured it out that plenty of hard work would carry him onward to the landing even though the going might be rough. He never lost faith for a moment. He knew from the beginning that he would finally be a member of the bar and would be entitled to hang out his shingle as an attorney at law ready to engage in practice in the courts.

At that time Logan Sleekley’s father was Clerk of the Court in Clayton. The amount of work in the office was neither large nor burdensome and the sessions of the court were few and lasted only a short length of time. The young boy became fascinated with the work. He knew that he could write out a
writ or a subpoena or copy a deed as well as his father and certainly in a more legible hand and after he had had a little practice at work assigned by his father he knew that he could master it.

During the brief sessions of the court little Logan would listen with interest to the handling of different cases and came in contact with several distinguished lawyers who became his advisers and guides. Some of these lawyers saw in him the latent powers and energies of genius. In those boyhood years he also worked on the farm and helped his father support the family, but he managed to find enough time to study law according to a plan he had mapped out for himself.

two years before

During 1836, Logan Blackley went into his father's office, were taken the first steps to organize a Supreme Court on Georgia. By that time there was no appeal beyond the decisions of the Judges of the Superior courts. The decisions of the Superior Court judges were seldom in perfect accord in many cases and there was always more or less confusion in the settlement of important questions on account of this lack of unanimity, and the need of a supreme arbiter became apparent. In 1836 to establish a Supreme Court yet no action was taken thereon. Blackley at that time was only nine years old. The proposed law was not enacted then, but the discussion went on as to the necessity for such a court.

When young Blackley went into his father's office at the age of eleven, the discussion was still going on and the young boy heard the lawyers at the sessions of the court in Clayton arguing pro and con on the subject. He had his own ideas on this movement and became convinced that such a court was needed.

In 1840, when he was just thirteen years old, he decided that he would take a hand in the discussions. He wrote several articles in support of the movement to establish the Supreme court. These articles amazed the older lawyers who could not understand how one so young should have such a firm grasp of the essentials and know how to express his ideas with such cogency and effectiveness. Just what effect these articles had in the passing of the act
organizing the new court is not known, but in 1843 such a court was organized and the first three judges were named, Joseph Henry Lumpkin, Eugenius A. Nisbet and Hiram Warner. That was three years before young Bleckley finished his self-tutoring and was admitted to the bar.

But it is true that even in a modest way as a thirteen year old boy he had done his part towards the establishment of the Supreme Court of Georgia, a tribunal over which he was destined to preside as Chief Justice for a number of years.
In 1891, when he had reached the age of sixty-four years and had served for years as Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, Logan E. Bleckley was prevailed upon to write a short biography of himself. He naturally shunned the limelight of publicity, but at last he yielded to the importunities of his friends and admirers and wrote with his own hand what he called A Letter to Posterity.

Like all the writings of Judge Bleckley it was short and to the point. He was never given to verbosity. It covered only a few pages of print but served as a good illustration of his clear and terse style of composition that across many years had gained the praise of lawyers throughout the nation who had read his decisions in leading cases that had come before the Supreme Court.

The writer realizes that in telling the story of Logan E. Bleckley's life there will be repetitions of part of this 'Letter to Posterity and that it was written to cover his whole professional life. However it is complete and authentic and will carry more conviction than any comment that may be made thereon. It will carry the story out of its chronological sequence and give the reader information concerning events that occurred in later years, but on account of its brevity the repetition of portions of the document in the chapter reviewing his efforts to educate himself for admission to the bar as well as some of the statements of positions he had filled in his career in advance of the chronological the chronological development covering the greater portion of his life should not materially affect the interest that might attach to the period of his life story that will be told in chronological order.

Hence the letter is reprinted here in full though hereafter references may be made to it as applicable to the subject then under discussion.
Some humorous compliments fabricated by the good humor of the Albany Law Journal have rendered me conspicuous in the eyes of that restless part of mankind, the seekers after photographs and biography. To supply photographs is only to increase the cost of living, but to concoct autobiography involves psychological distress, especially to a person whose stock of materials is no larger than mine.

One of the applicants for a sketch of my life insists that I ought to lay open my career and expose my true inwardness to posterity. Protesting that my reluctance has been overcome by his importunity (that is, by an irresistible force impinging upon a movable body), and that would have never yielded to anything less powerful, I have written with my own hand the following epistle to that portion of the human race for whose enlightenment my kind-hearted tormentor is so anxious.

Atlanta, Ga., A.D. 1891

TO POSTERITY, Greeting: I regret that I shall be absent when you arrive, and that we shall never meet. I would be pleased to make your acquaintance, but it is impossible to await your coming, the present state of the law of nature being opposed to such dilatory proceedings. There is no hope of amending that law in time for my case. Though aware of your approach collectively as a body of respectable citizens, I shall never hear of a single individual among you. Nor is it likely that you will ever hear of me by name, fame or reputation unless with the aid of a microphone of extraordinary power. Nevertheless, if the highways between the ages remain in good condition and repair, this communication though virtually anonymous may possibly reach you. In that event I beseech for it your attention for one moment per generation, which, on a fair division of your valuable time, will be my full share and something over. I claim no vested right to your notice. If I have any color of title, it is contingent on the equality of my service to the public as a member of the Supreme Court of Georgia. Of these services there is
documentary evidence, though of a perishable nature, in certain Volumes of the
Georgia Reports to which I refer with unaffected diffidence, I must not be
understood as requesting you all of my opinions, but, on the contrary, I give
friendly warning not to read half of them, unless you desire to undergo a certain
drowsy experience which is commonly called being bored. In that state of feeling
scores of them were written. It is not to be expected that the reader would
suffer less than the writer. I have a theory that such writings might be terse,
crispy, graceful, animated and entertaining, but mine show few specimens of that
kind. Yet, to treat them with justice I am sensible that they are not more dry than those of some other judges.

I came to the bench as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in
the summer of 1875, and resigned early in 1880, worn down and tired out. My
last deliverance was "In the Matter of Rest", a brief judicial poem would
conciliate the critical taste of future generations by craving pardon, not for
the verses but for the doubtful decorum of reciting them from a seat
traditionally sacred to the pracles of prose. The loss of my ability to labor
without great fatigue made me long for rest, but did not lessen my conviction that
labor is the twin brother of happiness—the moral of the poem. Others might have
suggested it as well or better in prose, but I could not. Perhaps I should
confess that divers other poems (happily none of them judicial) may be laid to
my charge. During most of my life I have had a strong and to me an unaccountable
propensity to metrical transgression. Over and again have I suffered the pains and
penalties of poetic guilt. Besides a score or two of convictions, I have had many
trials and narrow escapes. But even now I am not a hardened offender, for a
bashful hesitation always tempers my gallantry with the Muses.

My resignation was the result of overwork and overwork was the result of my
ignorance of the law, together with an apprehension that I might be ignorant when I
supposed I was not to administer law it is desirable, though not always necessary to
know it. The labor of learning rapidly on a large scale and the constant strain
to shun mistakes in deciding cases, shattered my nerves and impaired my health. In its effect on the deciding faculty, the apprehension of ignorance counts for as much as ignorance itself. A mind is slow to embrace a firm faith in its supposed knowledge. However ignorant a judge may be, whenever he believes he thoroughly understands the law of his case, he is ready to decide it—no less ready than if he had the knowledge which he thinks he has. And he will often decide correctly, for the law may be as he supposes, whether he knows it or not. My trouble is to become firmly persuaded that I know. I seem not to have found the law out in a reliable way. I detect so many mistakes made by others and convict myself of error so often, that most of my conclusions on difficult questions are only provisional. I reconsider, revise, scrutinize, revise the scrutiny, and scrutinize the revision. But my faith in the ultimate efficiency of work is unbounded. The law is too often unknown, but it is never unknowable. I finally settle down, painful deliberation ceases, and I doubt no more until I am engaged in writing out the opinion of the court when I discover perhaps that the thing is all wrong. My colleagues are called again into consultation, we reconsider the case, and decide it the other way. Then I am satisfied; for when I know the law is not on one side, it must be on the other.

I remained in private life until January, 1837, when on the death of Chief Justice Jackson I became his successor. My term of office will expire with the year 1892.

I will now recount the principal events of my personal history prior to the beginning of my judicial career. I was born in the woods, amid the mountains of northeastern Georgia, July 3, 1827. My native county, Rabun, had then been organized but seven or eight years, up to which period it was the wilderness home of Indians—the Cherokees. At eleven years of age I commenced writing in the office of my father, who at that time was a farmer without any lands or tenements and with very few goods and chattels. He lived on a rented homestead one mile from Clayton, the county town, and was clerk of three courts, the superior, inferior and ordinary. He was a man of strong intellect, fair information, and some business
experience. He had been sheriff of the county. A more sterling character was not in
the world—certainly not in that large group called the middle class, to which
he belonged. Loyal to truth, he scorned sham, pretence and mendacity. He was a
native of North Carolina, as was my mother also. His blood was English and Irish
combined; hers German.

I gradually acquired skill in office business and more and more it fell
to my share, till at length I could give all of it competent attention. In this
way and by observing what was done and said in the courts, I contracted a relish
for law, and became familiar with legal documents and forms of procedure. The
statutes, strange to say, were pleasant reading, and at intervals I read them with
assiduity. Of course, my comprehension of them was imperfect, and still more
imperfect was my mastery of the Constitution of the State and that of the United
States. But I had a boy’s acquaintance with all these or with most of them by the
time I was seventeen. At that time I borrowed Blackstone and some other elementary
books, and entered upon the study of law in earnest. There was no resident lawyer in the county, so I read alone, going once or twice to an adjoining county
to be examined by some attorneys who took a friendly interest in directing my
studies. One of these was the late Judge Underwood to whose memory I have from
the bench paid tribute in such words as I could command in an extemporaneous
address but not such as he deserved.

Having prepared myself crudely for admission to the bar shortly before
I was nineteen, I was admitted in April 1846. Though for the following two years
I had a monopoly of the minor practice and a fraction of that
which was of some importance, the litigation of one sparsely settled mountain county
which fell to my share was too inconsiderable to break the continuity of my studies
or rather my legal meditations. I was absorbed and had visions. I saw Sovereignty
I beheld the law in its majesty and beauty. I personified it as a queen or an
empress. It was my sovereign mistress, my phantom lady.
THE PANTOM LADY

Oh, lady, lady, lady!
Since I see you everywhere,
I know you are a phantom,
A spirit of the air!
I know you are an ideal,
But yet you seem to me
As manifestly real
As anything can be.
Oh, soul-enchanting shadow,
In the day and in the night,
As I gaze upon your beauty
I tremble with delight.

If men could hear me whisper
How beautiful you seem,
They should slumber while they listen
And dream it in a dream;
For nothing so exquisite
Can the waking senses reach—
Too fair and soft and tender
For the nicest arts of speech.

In a pensive, dreamy silence
I am very often found,
As it listening to a rainbow
Or looking at a sound.
Tis then I see your beauty
Reflected through my tears,
And I feel that I have loved you
A thousand thousand years.
My professional income for these two years, not counting insolvent fees, amounted to between thirty-five and fifty dollars per annum. Having no means with which to establish myself elsewhere and wait for a clientage, I determined to suspend practice and engage in a more lucrative department of labor until I could accumulate a small capital. I sought and obtained employment as a bookkeeper in the State Railroad office in Atlanta. In this situation I remained for three years, my compensation ranging from $40 to $60 per month. In the fourth year I was transferred to Milledgeville, then the capital of the State, being appointed one of the Governor's secretaries at a salary of $1200. A new incumbent of the executive chair was inaugurated in November 1851 and both my health and my politics needing repair, I returned to private life. I had saved from my earnings enough to supply me with the skeleton of a library and to support me some months as a candidate for practice. In March 1852, being then nearly twenty-five years of age, I opened an office in Atlanta and my thoughts and dreams were again of law and nothing else. The phantom lady haunted me as before and seemed as beautiful as ever. Indeed, though I had been cool I had been constant in my devotion to her through the four years I was out of her service. Clients gradually ventured within my chambers and I soon had a moderate prosperity due chiefly to acquaintance made in railroad circles during my three years service as a railway clerk. In 1853 I was elected to the office of Solicitor General for my judicial circuit which embraced eight counties. My term of service was four years, in the last of which happened the crowning success of my whole life—I was married. Until 1861 I continued the practice in Atlanta. The first battle of Manassas, alias Bull Run, occurred while I was in a camp of instruction, endeavoring to acquire some skill in the noble art of homicide. By nature I am pacific. The military spirit has but a feeble development in my constitution. Nevertheless I tried the fortunes of a private soldier for a short time in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. I was discharged on account of ill health after a few months service in Western Virginia, without having shed anyone's blood or lost any blood of my own. The state of my martial emotions was somewhat peculiar. I loved
my friends but did not hate my enemies. Without getting fighting mad, I went out to commit my share of slaughter, being actuated by a solemn sense of duty unmixed with spite or ill-will. When I consider how destructive I might have been had my health supported my prowess, I am disposed to congratulate gentlemen on the other side upon my forced retirement from the ranks at an early period of the contest. To the best of my remembrance, I was very reluctant but very determined to fight. However, all my military acts were utterly null and void. After my discharge from the army I served the Confederacy in much of its legal business at and around Atlanta. Occasionally I took part also in short terms of camp duty as a member of the militia. In 1864, about the time General Sherman left Atlanta on his march to the sea, I was appointed to the office of Supreme Court Reporter. After reporting two volumes, the 34th and 35th, I resigned that office. This was in the Spring of 1867. From that time till I was appointed to the Supreme Bench in 1875 I practiced law continually in Atlanta.

Such education as I received in my boyhood was acquired at the village academy of my native county, an institution of meagre resources and a limited range of instruction. Although in the course of a somewhat studious lifetime, I have added considerably to my stock, the plain truth is that while not illiterate, I am desirous of real learning, lay or legal. My highest aspiration so far as this life in concerned, is to do good judicial work. Service is better than salary; duty more inspiring than reward. My devotion to law is the spiritual consecration of a loving disciple, a devout minister.

Logan E. Bleckley.
One of the chief obstructions to his self-education was the lack of library facilities. Books were scarce in Rabun county and that entire section of Georgia. Very few people had even fairly good libraries, and they as a rule were not in the class of citizens with whom young Bleckley came in contact. He had a vaulting ambition even as a child to become a well-read man, but lacked the books with which to do his work. He had an ambition to study and master philosophy, but there were few books of that kind available.

Just how he ever gained the opportunity to read as widely as he did remains a mystery. What slight knowledge he gained of literature he had to supplement by the exercise of his own intellectual power. But that he did obtain some valuable instruction from borrowed books must have been true.

He made friends readily among lawyers attending Rabun courts and especially helpful was the interest manifested in him by two distinguished lawyers, Judge Underwood and Colonel William L. Mitchell, of Athens. They saw in the young boy elements of genius and by their interest in his improvement they contributed much to his development. The absence of available law books was a great deterrent. In fact, even the better lawyers had only moderate sized libraries. But these two lawyers would lend him books at one session of the court and months later at the next court session, having thoroughly mastered their contents, he would return the books and borrow others. While he never went further than admit that he had a "boyish acquaintance with the statutes and the State and Federal constitutions, it must have been a manifest understatement by evidence of his mastery of legal questions as shown by his examination for admission to the bar. His two layer friends gained his admiration and appreciation. Judge Underwood and Colonel Mitchell advised with him during court sessions and at times gave him valuable assistance in clearing up points of law. Judge Underwood was a member of the examining committee on his admission to the bar and Colonel Mitchell secured the job for him as bookkeeper in the office of the State Railroad where he served in that capacity for three
year and laid up enough money to give him a good start in the practice of his profession.

Years later at the memorial exercises in the Supreme Court in honor of Judge Underwood, Judge Blackley took occasion to pay tribute to his memory recalling that in 1844 Judge Underwood had started him, a seventeen year old boy on the real study of law by lending him two volumes of Blackstone.

Said Judge Blackley in that memorial address: "On that day I received from him in the town of Clarkesville the two volumes which I hold in my hand. I put them in my saddlebag and rode back twenty-five miles to Clayton, and that evening as soon as I reached home I opened the first volume and read the first line of Blackstone. In April 1846, less than two years after he lent me the two books, he was one of the three gentlemen who certified the usual legal fiction that I was well-qualified for admission to the bar. I have here his certificate to that effect... I want to observe, as I have produced the books, that, wishing to keep them, he kindly allowed me long afterwards to purchase and pay for them and they thus became my property."

Thus he entered the practice of law and in the report of the committee at the memorial exercises held at the State capitol in memory of the distinguished Chief Justice occurred this statement in tribute to his remarkable genius:

"At an age when most of his companions were struggling with the multiplication table this boy of eleven had started the study of law. It is doubtful if there is to be found in the biographies of lawyers and judges a parallel case where one so young undertook of his own accord, a study as uninteresting to the youthful mind. Books were few. It was before the days of the Code or Cobb's Digest. By the time he was sixteen he had what he called "a boy's acquaintance with many legal topics." He was wholly self-taught without even the Primer of the Law from which to get a clue to the maze. He had had a most limited training in a mountain school and yet without other literary or professional advantage he was at the time of his death probably..."
the most learned lawyer in the State and, in many respects one of the most learned in the country.

"He was wholly self-taught and yet he had mastered the works which old time lawyers had studied, had read and digested many old volumes the very names of which the modern lawyer does not know."
AUTHOR OF THE LAW AGAINST IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT IN GEORGIA

When the young boy, who had two more years to travel before reaching his majority, began the practice of law in his native county, he took his first step towards stamping his genius on the laws of his state, a step that resulted in the abolishing of the law that allowed imprisonment for debt in Georgia.

The outlook for success in the practice of his chosen profession was anything but encouraging. Rabun county was very sparsely settled and a minimum of litigation was to be expected. But young Bleckley was possessed of many characteristics that enabled him to overcome disadvantages. That had already been demonstrated by his self-education in the law. He was sure of himself and never doubted the ultimate outcome of his endeavors.

Among his other mental and spiritual possessions was an absolute absence of hatred toward any human being, a devotion to that which was true and an abiding interest in his fellowmen. He had even at his early age seen many instances of injustice among men and resented all of them. Throughout the long life that lay ahead of him he was to have many opportunities to right the wrongs that he knew called for redress. And one of the earliest opportunities that came to him to render service along that line came in the very beginning of his legal career.

The Georgia legislature was in session at Milledgeville, which was at that time the capitol of the State, and young Bleckley, then less than twenty years of age, decided that he would go there and see if he could get employment that would give him a little income, as he had no finances upon which to support himself during the initial years of law practice, a practice that did not give promise of yielding much cash.

Before leaving Clayton on his trip to the state capitol, he saw at the county court house, a small building that served as headquarters for
for the few county officials, a mountain woman who had been arrested by
the sheriff on account of her inability to discharge a small debt. The
woman was a member of a farmer's family, and, though she had done her best,
had been unable to save enough money to discharge her obligation. Her cond-
dition appealed strongly to his sympathies.

In spite of his youth, Bleckley had already reached a firm conclusion
in his mind as to the activity of a contract and had an abhorrence of debt.
Throughout his long life he preserved that conviction both as to his person-
al affairs and those of others, and always urged his friends to avoid debts.

But over against his conviction on that subject, he set a nature that
sympathized with the poor and underprivileged. He was poor himself and had
come up the hard way. He had reached the point where he condemned the in-
justice of the law that allowed a person to be imprisoned for debt. He was
always a foe to injustice and in this case the victim was a woman, poor
and utterly defenseless.

He did not see how he could effect her release, for he had barely
enough money to cover his expenses to Milledgeville and back home. He
spoke to some of his friends and, as the woman's debt was small, they a-
reed to chip in and raise the amount necessary for her release from cus-
ody.

Young Bleckley went on his way to Milledgeville, but before he reach-
ed the state capitol he had worked out a plan to get rid of the law allow-
ing imprisonment for debt in Georgia. It was a daring scheme for one so
young and acquainted with so few of the lawmakers, but he made his plans
work.

When he reached Milledgeville, he sat down at a desk in his room
and drew a bill abolishing imprisonment for debt in Georgia. He had not
even reached the age that would enable him to vote and he had no political
pull among the legislators, but he succeeded in having the bill brought
and passed by a vote that was surprising to everyone but since that day no woman has ever been imprisoned for debt in Georgia. Following the enactment of that law at the suggestion and through the initiative of young Bleckley, all laws authorizing imprisonment for debt in Georgia were wiped off the statute books.

In 1908, following the death of Judge Bleckley, the Georgia Bar Association held memorial session and among the tributes paid his memory was the following, referring to this immortal service to the state:

"If at that time, the curtain had dropped upon his life and no more had been known of him still as the person who took the initiative in abolishing the imprisonment of women for debt, his name should have been held in everlasting rememberance."
THE LAW BECOMES HIS "PHANTOM LADY."

Young Bleckley did not get the employment he was seeking when he went to Milledgeville during the session of the legislature and went back to his home in Clayton to resume the practice of his profession. He remained there two years after his admission to the bar, but when he reached his twenty-first milepost on life's highway, he reached the very sensible conclusion that he could never succeed in a section of the state that had so sparse a population and so little litigation to afford a lawyer a decent living, so he decided to give up the profession temporarily and secure employment somewhere else where he could make enough money to support himself and also enable him to save enough money to care for the expenses of the lean years that come to the aspiring young lawyer. But never for an instant did he think of abandoning the law as a profession.

During those two years he indulged himself largely in meditation. He had plenty of time to meditate. He loved to go out into the woods and give reins to his thoughts which were always philosophic, for he was always a philosopher all his life. And he had much of the poet in his mental and spiritual equipment. As the months passed by he became more devoted to his profession. He became enamored of the law with as passionate a desire for success as ever dominated the spirit of a lover and among his earliest poems was that which he called "The Phantom Lady", that gave an idea in poetic language of his determination to surmount all obstacles that stood in his way. In fact, this was probably his first poem, the first time he had called the Muse actively to his assistance.

In his letter to Posterity he had said: "I was absorbed and had visions. I saw Sovereignty. I Beheld the Law in its majesty and beauty. I personified it as a queen or an empress. It was my sovereign mistress. It was my Phantom Lady."
Giving rein to his poetic urge, he described that Phantom Lady. Bleckley was not a great poet, but what he wrote in poetic measure contained much solid thought and lofty inspiration. The law became to him indeed his Phantom Lady, and her picture that was ever before him throughout a long life became a lasting incentive to higher and higher achievement. There was no rival in his affections until he closed his eyes in his last sleep.

The full text of this poem has been given heretofore in these pages in the reproduction of his Letter to Posterity.
In the Spring of 1901 Judge Bleckley, who at that time was seventy-four years old, and when his services as lawyer and jurist had ended with his retirement to his home in Clarkesville, Georgia, paid a visit of several days to his close friend, Chancellor Walter S. Hill of the University of Georgia. He was entertained at the home of the Chancellor on the University campus where a number of his friends had the privilege and pleasure of renewing their acquaintance and enjoying conversation with one of the state's foremost sons.

One evening Chancellor Hill gave a dinner in his home to which a number of the members of the University Faculty were invited. The writer, then a member of the staff of the Athens Banner, was honored by an invitation to that social function which proved to be one of the most enjoyable occasions in his life.

After the delicious repast, all the guests gathered around the wide fireplace in the parlor where the cheerful blaze from large oak and hickory logs added to the charming surroundings.

Naturally Judge Bleckley was the center of attraction. He did most of the talking, for as fast as he would finish telling one story in answer to some question another guest would shoot a new question at him and he would answer with another story for his repertoire was ample and he was always ready to call to his aid in entertaining his hearers some incident in his life that would hold the attention of any assemblage of his friends and acquaintances.

Thus it was that he told in a most interesting manner the story of his first visit to Atlanta back there in 1848. The Atlanta of that time bore no resemblance to the metropolis of today. Only twelve years had passed since the Western and Atlantic Railroad, one of the few railroads then in operation in the United States had been built and had come to a stop at a little village at that time on the edge of the territory of the Cherokee Indians. About that time John C. Calhoun, the great Southern statesman, and former Vice-president of the United States was making a trip through Northwestern Georgia and had stopped at this
little village, which in some three decades was to become the capital of the State of Georgia and that back there bore the simple name of Terminus, the end, referring, of course, to the end of the Western and Atlantic Railroad. A few years later the name had been changed to Marthasville in honor of the daughter of Gov. nor Wilson Lumpkin, and then a little later it had been named Atlanta just a little before the young lawyer from Racon county made up his mind to pay it a visit in search of employment in the railroad office. It was then a thriving little town giving promise of the fulfillment of Calhoun's prophecy back in 1836 that on that spot would arise a city that would become the gateway through which trade from all over the North would make its distribution.

Here is what Judge Bleckley had to say about his first trip to Atlanta as he sat before that comfortable and cheerful fire in Chancellor Hill's parlor. His remarks are here placed in quotations. The words may not have been exactly what is here written, but in essence they tell the whole story, punctuated as they were from time to time by the laughter that greeted some of his choicest utterances.

"I set out on that trip with little or no knowledge as to what kind of a place Atlanta was or just where it was located. Of course, I had a general idea about where I was going, but my information was rather limited.

"I had little money with which to cover the expenses of the trip. In fact, after my father had borrowed enough money to purchase for me a horse and a pair of saddle blankets and I had gathered a few clothes together to serve my actual needs, I had no money at all. I set out with the firm belief that the good people along the way would furnish me lodging and enough food to satisfy the call of hunger.

"I knew that a railroad had been built from a place called Chattanooga to a little town in Georgia called Atlanta and that in Atlanta the railroad had its offices and that among its officials was an auditor, Colonel William L. Mitchell, of Athens, who had been my friend in my boyhood days and loaned me his law books when I was preparing myself for admission to the bar. I
was encouraged by the belief that Colonel Mitchell could pull the wires and get me that job I was longing for. As it turned out Colonel Mitchell did help me get that job. "I knew nothing about railroads. In fact, there were not very many people in Georgia knew anything about them. I had never seen a locomotive or a railroad coach or even a railroad track. I had heard about them but had never seen them. I set out with the determination to keep my eyes peeled for two parallel lines of shining steel rails and some kind of a machine puffing out a quantity of back smoke. If I could catch that vision I would know that I was nearing my destination.

"I knew in a hazy way that Atlanta was somewhere towards the west, somewhat southwest, but it turned out that I was not possessed of much talent in passing on the question of direction. I headed west but neglected to bend towards the south. I kept on going west. I met with no disappointment as to my treatment by the generous people as I pursued my journey. I was given both lodging and plenty of good mountain food, but I got no information about Atlanta or any railroad. The people along to way knew no more than I did about the Western and Atlantic Railroad or any other railroad.

"For six days and six nights I traveled on but saw no shining steel rails or smoke from any locomotive. On the last day of my journey, just about sundown, about a mile ahead of me, I caught the vision of the shining steel rails and a little town in the distance. That was Atlanta and I was overjoyed.

"Just then I met a farmer trudging along the road. Stopped him and asked him if that little town in the distance was Atlanta.

"He fell down on his back in the middle of the road and kicked up his heels, laughing as if his sides would burst open.

"That made me good and mad and I asked him what in the hell he was laughing at.

"Why man, that is Dalton.

"My hot flash of temper subsided and I was thrown into utter
surprise. From what he told me I learned that I had traveled due west across the Blue Ridge mountains and was just as far from Atlanta as I was when I left Clayton.

"But I didn't lose my senses. I rode on into Dalton, secured lodging for the night and went out the next morning and sold my horse and saddlebags. I had always been a pretty good horsetrainer and succeeded in getting enough cash from the sale to send back to my father enough money to take up the note he had given when he had bought the horse, and had enough money left to buy a ticket to Atlanta.

"I then laid my eyes for the first time upon a locomotive and a railroad train and started on my way to Atlanta, reaching there several hours later on, for railway trains ran very slowly in those days. I really enjoyed that first trip on a railway train. It was full compensation for that six day trip across the Blue Ridge mountains.

"Now, Reed, don't put this in the Atlanta papers, for the people of that big metropolis would put me down as a blamed ignoramus not to have known where Atlanta was or how to get there."

The practice of law in Clayton was over and was never resumed in that place. He remained in Atlanta.

"Quoting again from his Letter to Posterity, : "I sought and obtained employment as bookkeeper in the State Railroad office in Atlanta. In this position I remained three years, my compensation ranging from $40 to $60 per month. In the fourth year I was transferred to Milledgeville, then the capital of the state, being appointed one of the Governor's secretaries at a salary of $1200."

But he was not destined to remain in that position long. Back there politics was little different from the customs and practices of today. Governors placed their friends in positions and Bleckley saw that his tenure of office was very uncertain and problematical.

A new incumbent of the governor's chair was inaugurated in November.
1851 and continuing his story of those early date he wrote: "Both my health and my politics needing repair, I retired to private life. I had saved enough from my earnings to supply me with the skeleton of a library and to support me some months as a candidate for practice."
THE GUIDING STAR OF HIS LIFE WAS TRUTH.

The time had arrived when he was to take up the practice of his profession, but before entering upon the story of that part of his life, it may be well to interject at this point a brief chapter on the impelling and controlling feature of his whole life. Truth was the guiding star that he kept his eyes fixed upon throughout his whole career.

He believed in God, but he conceived God simply as the embodiment of infinite truth and goodness. Therefore he weighed everything in the scales of truth and if he didn't find a ready answer as to what was the truth of any question he kept searching for it until he found the correct answer.

He never attended a college. He boasted no collegiate degrees except the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him by the University of Georgia after he had gained eminence as a jurist. Yet he had a good education which he had acquired along the hard and difficult pathway. He was entirely self-educated.

Education does not consist of textbooks or even instruction by learned professors who fill the University chairs. They make fine contributions to the development of the mind and all men who can afford it should have that training but education can be attained, as in the case of Judge Sleckley by the exercise of one's own mind and the expenditure of his own labor without such advantages.

In every essential of education he was proficient, though he had no collegiate training. He had a precocious and inquisitive mind. The guiding star of his life was devotion to Truth. Like Solomon he wanted wisdom and along with wisdom he desired understanding. So he went about the task of gaining those two things. He never gave up his search for Truth. He considered that the foundation of all that was worth achievement and he directed all his efforts to the reaching of that goal.
Truth was the crucible into which he poured everything and burned out all the dross.

The motto of the University of Georgia from the day on which it was opened a centenary and half ago and from which it has never deviated is covered by six Latin words: "Et Docere et Reorum exquirere Causas." In English: "Both to teach and to inquire into the causes of things." If a man stuck to that motto and fully illustrated it in his life, he was considered an educated man. Judged by that standard Judge Bleckley was an educated man. He inquired into the causes of all things and he furnished the teaching himself.

In the practice of law and as a jurist he sought an answer in all cases and under all conditions to one question and that was, what is the truth. He cared little for methods, rules or practices if they conflicted with his convictions as to the truth and the right of the question under consideration.

Hence in his later years, after he had retired from active services on the bench and came to deliver from time to time lectures before the Georgia Bar Association his almost invariable subject was Truth.

These lectures were on "Truth at the Bar", "Truth in Conduct" and "Truth in Thought and Emotion." That was the yardstick he used in measuring all questions. This central thought appears in many of his poems and the decisions in the Supreme Court upon which his reputation as a jurist rests. This devotion to Truth was an inheritance from his father, James Bleckley, who, though not a member of any church, taught his children to regard it as the cardinal virtue of life.
When he was nearly twenty-five years old he became a practicing attorney in Atlanta.

In his Letter to Posterity" he gives a condensed story of those earlier years in the practice of his profession. He says: "My thoughts and dreams were again of law and nothing else. The Phantom Lady haunted as we as before and seemed as beautiful as ever. Indeed, though I had been cool, I had been constant in my devotion to her through the four years I was out of her service. Clients gradually ventured into my office and I soon had a moderate prosperity, due chiefly to acquaintances made in railroad circles during my three years service as a railroad clerk."

While just starting out in actual practice, he formed a partnership with two distinguished lawyers. As evidence of the fact that he was succeeding at the bar, he became the senior member of the firm.

In December 1853 the county of Fulton was created with Atlanta as its county seat. At that time Basil H. Overby, already a successful and experienced lawyer, thirteen years older than Bleckley, moved to Atlanta, and early in 1854 a partnership was formed under the firm name of Bleckley and Overby. Overby was a pioneer prohibitionist and the next year, 1855, he ran for governor on the prohibition ticket but was defeated by Herschel V. Johnson. The firm of Bleckley and Overby continued until Overby's death in 1859. During 1855 an addition was made to the firm in the person of John B. Gordon. Gordon was not enamored of the law and gave up the practice the following year to take up his work of developing coal mines in Northwest Georgia.

It has been said that probably no legal firm was made up of three able lawyers than the firm of Bleckley, Overby & Gordon. Their firm had three times as much business as any three lawyers at the Atlanta bar, then numbering forty members. Of the three members of the firm, Bleckley has been
described as the most profound student and possessed of the best legal mind, Overby as the best practitioner and Gordon as the greatest orator.

The three partners became brothers-in-law. Overby married Elizabeth Haralson, the oldest daughter of General Hugh A. Haralson, of LaGrange, who had served in Congress. Gordon in 1854 met the sister of Overby's wife, Fanny Haralson, and they were married. September 13, 1854. In time Bleckley married the third daughter of General Haralson, Clara Caroline. In his "Letter to Posterity" Bleckley paid merited tribute to his wife when he declared his marriage to her to have been the "crowning success of his whole life."

Though not a politician, Bleckley liked public life and in 1853 he was elected a Solicitor-General of the Coweta Circuit and in that office served five years. He continued the practice of law in Atlanta until 1861.

Bleckley was throughout his long life a Democrat. In his race for this office he had vigorous opposition and had little chance to win over his Whig opponents, the Democrats in the Coweta Circuit which embraced eight counties being in a minority. He never was given to electioneering and that was a handicap in his race. But before the end of the campaign one of his Whig opponents withdrew from the race and his friends, angered with the other Whig candidate, voted for Bleckley and that insured his election. In his later years Bleckley described that campaign in a humorous way, saying: "I had no cause to anticipate this timely rally of my political adversaries to my assistance and it surprised me almost as much as it gratified me profoundly, for when one is a candidate, it is a pleasant thing to be elected even by the votes of the opposition."

Then came the War Between the States. Bleckley was not of a belligerent nature. He was not a fire-eater, but nevertheless was a true Southerner and did not shirk his duty. He described his part in the Confederate struggle as follows:

"The First Battle of Manassas, alias Bull Run, occurred while I was in a camp of instruction, endeavoring to acquire some skill in the noble art of
homicidal nature I am pacific. The military spirit has but a feeble development in my constitution. Nevertheless I tried the fortunes of a private soldier for a short time in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. I was discharged on account of ill health after a few months service in Western Virginia without having shed anyone's blood or lost any blood of my own. The state of my martial emotions was somewhat peculiar. I loved my friends but did not hate my enemies. Without getting mad I went armed out to commit my share of slaughter, being actuated by a solemn sense of duty, unmixed with spite or ill will. When I consider how destructive I might have been had my health supported my prowess I am disposed to congratulate gentlemen on the other side upon my forced retirement from the ranks at an early period of the contest. To the best of my recollection I was very reluctant but very determined to fight. However, all my military efforts were utterly null and void. After my discharge from the army, I served the Confederacy in much of its legal business in and around Atlanta. Occasionally I took part also in short terms of camp duty as a member of the military. In 1864 about the time General Sherman left Atlanta on his march to the sea, I was appointed to the office of Supreme Court Reporter. After reporting two volumes, the 34th and 35th Georgia, I resigned that office. This was in the spring of 1867. From that time until I was appointed to the Supreme Bench in 1875, I practiced law continuously in Atlanta.

At that time he was forty-eight years old and in the succeeding years as a jurist he achieved the wonderful success that elevated him into the front rank of the American judiciary.
His Career on the Bench.

The fame of Logan E. Blackley, and it was not at all inconsiderable, rests upon his work as a jurist, though he excelled in several other directions. He found time to write a number of excellent poems and to discuss profound philosophical subjects, but his greatest work was on the bench.

He had spent several years in active practice and had enjoyed large patronage on the part of those who recognized his ability. He never was an orator according to the oratorical standards of those days. There was little or no tendency on his part to indulge in rhetorical flourishes or high-sounding phrases. He had a complete mastery of English, but it was in simpler terms than those used by the oratorical jury lawyer. His poetical nature would have enabled him to use the most beautiful expressions, but, in addressing a jury, he never went in that direction. He chose to make a clear and convincing argument when addressing a jury and used language that even an unlettered man could understand. And he made such addresses to juries whenever it was necessary to do so and he was generally successful in the handling of his cases. Yet it was true that he was not especially enamored of actual jury practice. He fully recognized the trend of his mind and knew that it was judicial. Hence he never achieved his real fame as a lawyer until he reached the bench.

During the thirty-two years that were to elapse between his appointment to the Supreme Bench in 1875 and his death in 1907, only twelve of those years were devoted to his judicial duties. While physically capable at times for the discharge of his duties as a member of an overburdened court of only three members, he was never strong enough to meet the requirements for a long term of years. His first service on the Supreme Bench lasted only five years and in 1880 he felt it his duty to resign from that body on account of failing health. Seven years later in 1887 he was again called upon to discharge his judicial duties, that time as Chief Justice and remained in service seven years until on account of failing health he resigned in 1894. Thereafter in a moderate way he
engaged in the practice of his profession, chiefly as a consulting attorney, to whom even the ablest members of the bar went for information as to how best to handle their cases, as he had so clear an insight as to the controlling points in a case as to be able to point out the relevant and exclude the irrelevant that his judgment was almost invariably accepted. This work did not call for the use of so much of his time, with the result that he could devote the greater part of his time off the bench in reading and from time to time in making addresses before the Georgia Bar Association and preparing important papers that represent in a large way his contributions to legal and philosophical literature.

After his death the Georgia Bar Association appointed a committee charged with the duty of reporting to the annual meeting of that body at the memorial exercises to be held in the State Capitol.

This committee was chosen from among the most distinguished lawyers in the state, men who had known Judge Bleckley intimately and who were well qualified to evaluate the net results of his illustrious life. It consisted of Judge John L. Hopkins, Chairman, and the following thirty members of the Georgia Bar:

Spencer R. Atkinson
Samuel B. Adams
Joseph R. Lamar
Z. D. Harrison
John M. Graham
John W. Akin
W. P. Price
George W. Stevens
Henry C. Peeples
Albert H. Russell
Robert McMillan
The report was a comprehensive story of Judge Bleckley's life, chiefly his professional life, by men who knew him intimately and liberal quotations have been made by the writer in this biographical sketch.

After the presentation of the report by the committee brief addresses were made by Judge John S. Candler, Judge Joel Branham, Mr. Frank H. Miller, Mr. Z. D. Harrison, Mr. I. E. Shumate, and the report was accepted in an appropriate address by Justice Joseph Henry Lumpkin of the Supreme Court.

No attempt will be made to review in any detail the decisions made and opinions written by Judge Bleckley. They represent the product of his labors upon which his reputation rests as a great judge. They were models of clarity and
expression, solid and irrefutable statements of law, as a rule, brief and to the point, and read and digested by leading lawyers and jurists throughout the nation.

Quoting from the report of the Memorial Committee, "This is a brief record of the professional occupation, the offices held and the work done by Judge Beckley. There is nothing extraordinary in such a record. During much of the time he was not burdened by much practice, but those years in which he said he had so little to do as a practitioner, were not wasted, but were utilized in most extensive professional and general studies. Many years afterwards in an address before the Bar Association, (17 Georgia Bar Reports 201) he said "Most of us make a great mistake in not giving proper attention to the philosophical elements of the law; we become absorbed too exclusively in the particular rules and practical details of the law to the neglect of general principles, those broad principles that have their roots in natural and universal law."

Again quoting from the Report of the Memorial Committee, "But enough has been said to outline faintly his remarkable powers, his amazing intellectual force. He was indeed a genius, many-sided, with the powers, originality and occasional eccentricities of a genius; those decisions of Judge Beckley that appear like crystals in clearness and so simple that a tyro may understand were written not with ease and facility but with travail and pain. With a genius for law never excelled, he was yet the hardest writer, the most laborious student. His life was almost entirely free from those incidents, or participations in remarkable events which form the basis of most biographies. It is he himself that is interesting, not what he did. Even his work on the bench gets no adventitious assistance from the subject of his opinions. There were no exciting questions which were submitted to the court during his incumbency. No great constitutional or political issues came before him for decision. The current of judicial labors ran almost without a ripple, and his reputation was made by the excellence of everyday work in deciding common everyday legal issues.
At last and above everything Judge Bleckley's peculiar power was to make plain that which was confused and to make simple that which was difficult. The great labor that he performed was in mastering the case; in unraveling the confusion of names, dates, and in winnowing out the real issues. That having been done, he eliminated the irrelevant and then discussed the single issue that was left. The pithy remark, the flash of humor, the quaint turn of phrase have added an attractiveness to their otherwise solid strength and made his opinions known and read far and wide. But his reputation does not rest upon his brilliant sentences; they are but the flashes of his genius. His national reputation as a great judge rests upon his solidity of learning, his profound knowledge of the law and the value of his opinions contained in the Georgia Reports. Most of them are brief. All of them he made to appear easy."
EXCLUDING THE IRRELEVANT HIS GUIDING STAR.

If I were asked to name the guiding star by which Logan E. Breckley guided his craft as a practitioner and a jurist, I would say that it was Truth and the utter exclusion of the irrelevant in all instances.

He laid great stress on the exclusion of all that was irrelevant both as to law and facts. He considered it an unwarranted procedure on the part of an attorney to waste the time of the court in discussing irrelevant facts or arguing as to law that had nothing to do with the case at issue and in deciding a case he brushed aside all that was irrelevant and considered nothing but the plain issues involved. That was what enabled him to put his finger on the controlling point in any case and gave to his decisions that correctness and strength that set them apart from ordinary proceedings.

That was why he placed so much emphasis upon pleading. He never approved of any lawyer placing anything in his pleadings except that which he believed to be true and that he expected to prove. In a lecture before the Bar Association on the subject of Pleading, among other things he said:

"The true rule ought to be this, The statement ought to consist precisely of what has to be verified. It ought not to fall short or go beyond if it goes beyond it has surplusage matter that is not necessary. Whatever is irrelevant or not needed should not be in it. Let the law demand that every man's pleadings embrace a full and clear statement of all matter of fact which he is expected to verify and no other.

"A lawyer ought not to feel himself at liberty to plead an untruth, for it is demoralizing. I think that is one reason why we are misunderstood by parties and called liars. We do not try to prove a lie, but we do not hesitate at all to allege one.

"Wherein pleading is at variance with truth I will stand upon truth. I am in favor of making our system of pleading a statement of the simple truth
and that each party be made responsible for pleading the truth, what a man has
to verify and that alone. What is the use of pleading that which you do not have
to prove? The thing that gives labor to courts and that throws costs on
parties is terrifying. Parties ought to be made to admit what they should
admit or be made to pay for refusing."

Judge Bleckley did not believe in courts or lawyers wasting time.
Said he: "The thing that wastes time in trying cases is trying nothing. You are
not trying anything most of the time. You are trying not to try. I know how
they could get at the real controversy if they would. If two lawyers would go
into a room like two honest gentlemen and say our clients have a question between
them and let us see what the difference is between them. If they would do that,
in fifteen or twenty minutes they can shuffle off the irrelevancy and devote
themselves to what is to be tried, to the discussion of law and facts. The whole
thing will be over. We will always be in mud and mire until we get honest men and
parties to try and get at the business and be like gentlemen. We ought to be
employed to find out the difference between our clients and then go to work
on the serious questions of the cases and endeavor to get them settled by the
law and the facts. That is what courts and counsel are for. They ought to
be after that and nothing else."

So far as Judge Bleckley was concerned he paid little attention
to the lawyer who took up the time of the court with argument about that which
was irrelevant. The trouble was that the average lawyer didn't possess the
ability of Judge Bleckley to discover what was the relevant and what was
the irrelevant.
To gain a full knowledge of the wit and wisdom of Judge Bleckley one would have to read all of his decisions as they have been preserved in the Georgia Reports of the Supreme Court. Some of them would furnish but dry reading; most of them would contain flashes of wit, but all of them would show a remarkable grasp of legal problems and a clarity of expression that marked him as a master of English.

But it is not within the province of the biographer to include such material in the story of his life. Those reports show the quaint humor with which he enlivened the decisions of intricate legal questions and the attractive style in which all of his opinions were written. The opinions of other able judges may be forgotten but not his, for they were the only ones of their kind.

A paper on the Wit and Wisdom of Judge Bleckley was prepared by Hon. Albert H. Russell, of Augusta, Ga., and read before the Georgia Bar Association at its fifteenth annual session and published in the Annual Report of that session and also reproduced in the Memorial volume published after his death. Just a few samples from those pages will serve to show give the reader pleasure and appreciation.

In the case of Humphrey vs. Cone, 54th Ga. Reports: "In protecting women, courts and juries should be careful to protect men too, for men are not only useful to general society but to women especially."

Mixon vs. Bulloch, 55th Georgia: "The brother was not sworn as a witness, but the sisters both testified, and, for women, they swore hard. One of them must have been in deep error, for they disagreed widely."

Tatum vs. State, 58th Georgia: "Some people seem to think it smart in swapping horses."

Marshall vs. State, 59th Georgia: "To be too drunk to form the intent to kill, he must have been too drunk to form the intent to shoot."
Thompson vs. Davitte, 59th Georgia: "The truth is, that what the propounders have to carry, on the score of sanity and freedom is more in the nature of ballast than cargo. It is just enough ballast to sail with --no more. It is hardly practicable to deal with testimony as it would with bullets, cutting off the necks and rejecting the superabundant material which has run over in the molding."

Gray vs. Willingham, 59th Georgia: "We used all diligence to discover the alleged errors, but the farthest advance we could make was into doubt. We entered that dim, misty atmosphere and could neither go forward or return. There we rest."

Hilliard vs. Heyman, 60th Georgia: "It is not the purpose of the Bankrupt law to dissolve corporations. Your money, not your life is the demand of the Bankrupt Act."

Brumby vs. Bernard, 60th Georgia: "The writer of this opinion knows from personal experience that an invalid may be able to ramble among the mountains and fish a little for speckled trout without being fit for business in the court house."

"Western Railroad vs. Thornton, 60th Georgia: "The traveler had almost as well be put in jail for an hour or two as to have his trunk or valise locked up at the railroad station. Perhaps he would rather go to jail for a little while if he could have the company of his baggage than be free on condition of parting with it. To separate him from that which is his chief care and solicitude through the whole course of his wanderings is hard upon him indeed. Between passenger and baggage there is a relation beyond that of mere ownership. When baggage is lost it is not simply privation; it is bereavement."
Davis vs. Central Railroad, 60th Georgia: "Interest is a great rascal, but is not an absolute reprobate. Its doom is not perdition at all events. It has a chance of salvation. It is not obliged to commit perjury."

Langston vs. Aderhold, 60th Georgia: "Whoever wishes to practice the highest order of justice, will pay without being sued. Right, not remedy, is the foundation of duty. Remedy is the whip that urges the performance on the unwilling."

Roberts vs. Tift, 60th Georgia: "The true law, everywhere and at all times, delighteth in the payment of just debts. Blessed is the man that pays. The practice of paying promptly and to the last cent tends to cultivation of one of the most excellent traits of human character. If debtors were guided by their own true interests on an enlarged scale, they would be even more clamorous to pay that creditors are to receive. Tender would be more frequent than call for money. Debt is the source of much unhappiness. The best possible thing to be done with a debt is to pay it."

Braswell vs. Suber, 61st Georgia: "In taking a wife a man does not put himself under an overseer. He is not a subordinate in his own family. A subjugated husband is a less pleasing and a less energetic member of society than one who keeps his true place, yet knows how to temper authority with affection. Being a husband, he is the free head of a family, and as such needs no license to bind himself by contracts—not even the license of his true and lawful wife."

Crumbley vs. State: 61st Georgia: "Fun is rather too energetic even for Christmas times, when it looks like a disposition to indulge a little free and easy homicide. Shooting powder guns at a man as a practical joke is among the forbidden sports."

Daniel vs. Frost, 62nd Georgia: "Happines is not the mistress of the moral household, but the favorite daughter. Though the most cherished she is not the most discreet member of the family. She is to be checked and restrained and not have her own way. With too much indulgences, or too much present gratification, she becomes as spoiled child and degenerates into misery."
To do as one pleases even when he pleases is his business; to act absurdly or from his impulses, is a very pleasant right. The right, especially, to harry and bedevil one's creditor is inestimable.

Morgan vs. States, 63rd Georgia: "It is evident from the tenor and tone of her testimony that she considers her husband as a member of the family and herself as the head of the establishment. The true legal relation of husband and wife is in her mind reversed. Metaphorically speaking she puts the petticoat in a more advanced position than the pantaloons."

Boland vs. Klink, 63rd Georgia: "Like the sun, the law shines on all who are in the same place with equal warmth and splendor. The most charming and attractive woman in the universe, loaded down with misfortune, is not to prevail as a suitor where she is in the wrong, be her adversary whom he may."

Southern Co. vs. Duvall, 64th Georgia: "The hardships of the particular case is no reason for melting down the law. For the sake of fixedness and uniformity law must be treated as a solid, not as a fluid. It must have, and always retain a certain degree of hardness to keep its outlines firm and constant. Water changes shape with every vessel into which it is poured and a liquid law would vary with the mental conformation of judges and become a symptom for vagueness and instability."

Lasseter vs. Simpson, 78th Georgia: "He swore one way and talked another after the trial; and they want a new trial on this ground. Of course, they cannot get it."

Smith vs. Cuyler, 78th Georgia: "I do not know the fact judicially, because as a judge I am a bachelor, but as a private individual I know that a man is no more capable of resisting his wife than he is of resisting himself. Indeed he is rather less able to deny her suit than defend against his own."
Jrinson vs. Faircloth, 83rd Georgia: "In this degenerate age jurors must eat. It follows that they are to be sent when necessary to where they can get something to eat and to the only place of that kind when there is but one in town. It was said in the argument that the very atmosphere of the hotel was charged with influence in favor of the landlord's kinswoman and client. If the jury were hungry most likely the table neutralized the atmosphere during the short time they were exposed to its influence."

Treadwell vs. Beauchamp, 82nd Georgia: "Surely the sheriff is bound to know some law. He says he took the advice of counsel. We suppose from the quality of the advice he must have obtained it gratis."

Phillips vs. Atlanta, 87th Georgia: Trice this unique case has materialized at the sittings of this tribunal. We hope its perpetuated spirit will now enter into unbroken rest."

Wells vs. Mayor, etc., 87th Georgia: Some cases tax the anxious diligence of a court, not by their difficulty, but their simplicity. This is one of them. Because the case seemed too plain for controversy, we have had some apprehension that we might decide it incorrectly."

Hadden vs. Larned, 8th Georgia: "There is no combination of any two average every-day people so powerful for good or evil as that of husband and wife and if one spouse is angelic it seems not to cripple the combination provided the other is intensely human."

Devine vs. S.F. & W. Ry., 89th Georgia: In my opinion it was an error to grant a nonsuit. The engineer lost his life by mistake of the company and his widow lost her suit by mistake of the court."

Colbert vs. State, 91st Georgia: Society demands protection but does not thirst for vengeance. In so far as human punishment is without necessity, it is without justification, no matter who may be its author or its minister."
In physical appearance Logan E. Bleckley was patriarchal. It was such that, once having seen him, one could never forget his face or form. He left upon the mind an indelible impression, a memory that remained across the years and that was never dimmed by the touch of time.

He reminded one of some master painting of the long ago, the lofty conception from the brain and spirit of an artist who had caught a vision and had transferred it to the canvas in such manner as to make it almost make it speak.

The first time the writer ever saw him was in July 1856, when he presided as judge of the annual debate between the representatives of the Demosthenian and Phi Kappa Literary Societies of the University of Georgia during the Commencement exercises of that year.

As I remember him at that time he was a man of towering frame, two or three inches above six feet. He never carried much flesh. In his younger days his health was not very promising but of necessity he had to overcome the natural ills of childhood and had to go out in the fields on his father's farm and help as far as he could towards the family support. All that exercise in the exhilarating climate of the mountains developed a sturdy resistance to what otherwise might have proved a handicap. His bones were large and strong, and while they took on no great amount of flesh the muscles became tough, resilient and effective in their service to his bodily development. He was not skinny but nevertheless was rather lanky and loose-jointed. There was little to encourage him in a belief that he would a strenuous life and on up to old age and yet by reason of care and the observance of the safest rules of the physical life he lived out four score years of an active and laborious life, chiefly full of intellectual activity, though just as strenuous as it would have been had it been a struggle of brawn and muscle.
His shoulders were broad. His arms and legs were long and in his later years were still strong and sinewy. He was fond of walking by himself or with some close friend through the forests of his native mountains or climbing the rugged sides of old Screamer under whose shadow he had been born. In a physical sense his long arms served his will, but as a lawyer addressing a jury or as a jurist or on public occasions delivering one of his famous addresses he was not given to any excessive use of gestures. What he had to say was so clear and convincing that it needed little emphasis either through pounding on the jury rail or sweeping and graceful curves to attract attention or drive home the point on which he desired to lay the greatest emphasis.

He wore his hair long and flowing down to his shoulders and his beard well down upon his breast. He made little acquaintance with the barber's scissors save such as was necessary to avoid a careless or straggling appearance. That was what gave to him a striking resemblance to the pictorial representations of the Biblical prophets of old.

His head was well-shaped, indicating a breadth and depth of intellect that men came to learn as they knew him more intimately and to read and digest the product of that intellect.

His features were well-chiseled with no surplus of flesh upon his face and yet free from any sunken appearance as to his cheeks. His eyes were steel gray and set well back in his head beneath a broad forehead and with more or less shaggy eyebrows. When he concentrated his gaze it seemed as if he could look right through a man and read his thoughts. He was at that time in his sixtieth year and all his locks were not entirely white, while still the snows of winter had begun to fall upon them and the years of old age were beginning to be foreshadowed.

His eyes indicated his poetic temperament and at times sparkled in evidence of the wit and humor that were among his chief characteristics though while his features were in repose he looked more like a philosopher and deep
thinker. He impressed one as a man of great intellectual power, somewhat austere, but when occasion called for it a change from the solemn features to those lighter and full of fun and gayety would quickly take place.

A few days later Judge Bleckley was to deliver his great address on Commencement Day on the subject of "Truth in Conduct. This writer was then nothing more than a fifteen year old college boy and not capable of fully appreciating the deep philosophic utterances of the speaker, but in later years in reading the printed page realized fully the great message then delivered.
ADDRESS ON TRUTH IN CONDUCT

That address by Judge Bleckley on University Commencement Day in 1886 was the first really great speech I ever heard. I was too young and inexperienced to fully appreciate it, but it had in it the elements of greatness.

On that occasion the distinguished judge had an audience thoroughly fitted to his address. Nearly two hundred young men made up the majority of the audience and they listened to the advice as to how they should conduct themselves in life as given by one especially fitted to give it. In after years it no doubt bore good fruit in the character development of a number of Georgia's leading citizens. Lack of space prohibits the publication of that address in full nor is it necessary in this biographical sketch. That address and others were published in 1909 by the J.W. Burke Company, of Macon, Ga.

The accepted teaching now as to argumentation and debate is to open an address with a brief statement of what is to be proved, then to devote the main portion to argument and make the peroration a review of the points discussed and proved. There are many, however, who hold to the old custom, that of opening with an eloquent or witty statement to catch the attention of the audience, followed by the argument and concluding with an eloquent and attractive peroration. Judge Bleckley followed the old custom.

He caught the attention of his audience by the pithy and honorous introduction given, a prelude to what was one of his greatest addresses. With a twinkle in his eyes and a smile on his lips he said:

"You heard the gentleman's introduction. Now, if you please hear me, for his I am not responsible. The only truth I heard in it was my name; if there was any more I tried not to hear it and I succeeded. No matter how well introduced by others, I always bring myself before my audience, if I have any. Very often I do not have any and then I do not speak at all except to myself. I take myself along all the time and my habit is to talk about myself as freely as about other people and
quite as favorably; if any difference, more so. In short, I am an egotist. I consider it a great thing to be myself, a blessing I appreciate the more I think of the great risk I must have run of being somebody else. Of the fifty-five million of other people in the United States, I might, I might have been any one. Indeed the possibilities were much wider, I might have been any one of the fifteen hundred millions that inhabit the earth. Nor does even this exhaust the contingencies to which I was subject. I might have been one of the countless myriads that ever died or ever will live. I might, perchance, have been one of the unimaginable number of animals or plants or minerals, a grain of sand or a mote in the atmosphere. I might have been any one of the units any one of the atoms of derivative existence with my place at any point in the immensities. On the other hand I might not have been at all.

"No wonder that I feel self-complacent, after having drawn the prize in such an extensive lottery. And the reason for my complacency, no doubt, is that I take to myself the credit of selecting it myself, with no suggestion from anybody, guided alone by my precocious sagacity."

From Stekoah Valley, at the base of the Blue Ridge, in the county of Rabun, the distance to where I now standing is eighty-five miles, but in making this short journey I have consumed fifty-nine years and seven days. Thus my coming to college has been at the rate of somewhat less than one mile and one half per annum. Arrived at last, it would seem that I ought to feel late and expect to be marked tardy, and so I would were it not that I graduated on the way. I must have graduated for this is my Alma Mater and I am present now as one of the alumni (He had been given an honorary degree. Of course, traveling in my slow way, I could never have overtaken the honor but it overtook me, or rather it met me in the road and settled on my unworthy head, fortunately without any examination of the inside."

"Stekoah, the name of my native valley, is a word in the Cherokee language, derived from "steke", little and "koah", big, and signifying little-big. On this occasion I feel "s
Sekoah, a feeling, I think, appropriate not only to college exercises but to
the general run of everyday life, by itself lets me down too low and "koah"
stacks me up too high. It is singular that by going back to the
\text{\textit{mikwemikw}} aboriginal Cherokee we get in one compound word the most fit name
which any language supplies for the right measure of self, that very troublesome
quantity, a name suggesting that we are in fact, and ought to be in feeling
just as little as we are big and just as big as we are little. If that does
not measure us up correctly and settle out true magnitude, I call on the
professor of mathematics to say what would.

"I assume that "Truth" is an acceptable subject if not a familiar one
at a university. Taking the benefit of this assumption, I shall recite in your
hearing a soliloquy on "Truth in Conduct" improvised last week."

And then, having captured the interest and attention of his audience,
Judge Bleckley plunged into the discussion of his subject, introducing his more
solid remarks by reading one of his poems.

I was not familiar with the scenery of the Blue Ridge, but in later
years I have stood just about where the learned judge stood when he composed
that poem, and can imagine the exalted feeling that came over him when he
gave way to the urge of his poetic emotions and penned these lines:

"As I stood alone
Upon a mountain cone,
Beneath me, in the wild,
A fertile valley smiled,
Beyond which north of west
Rose high a mountain crest,
And next beyond were set
Some taller summits yet;
And further off were seen
The highest peaks of green;
More distant rims of blue
Extended still the view,
Succeeding rim to rim,
The last so faint and dim
So far away and fine
It seemed a fading line.
On all the landscape lay
The splendor of the day——
A dream of sun and sky
In the splendor of July."
Judge Bleekley was a great worshipper of nature and in such surroundings he had time and again drawn into his very spirit the inspiration that guided his speech and directed his pen in many of his most philosophical and convincing utterances. Here are a few excerpts from the admirable address on "Truth in Conduct."

"Conduct is of two kinds, positive and negative. The use of the tongue in speaking is positive conduct. Silence belongs to negative conduct. Conduct in general may be said to consist of voluntary action."

"The only source of conduct is thought and feeling. The only end of conduct is to cause thought or feeling. Any voluntary act which is not intended to bear fruit sometime and somewhere in thought or feeling that is in terms of life, is absurd. No rational being ever performs such an act."

"In and of itself all conduct is worthless. It has value solely because of its derivation from and its effect upon thought and feeling."

"Truth is related to conduct in all, or nearly all, the senses in which the term truth is used; including correctness, accuracy, purity, sincerity, veracity, fidelity. Error is simply deviation from truth whether by mistake, design or otherwise. The standard of conduct, as for everything else, is perfection; in so far as it falls short of perfection, it is erroneous. For conduct to be wholly true, that is perfect, it must proceed from right thought and feeling and cause right thought and feeling. It follows that the means will not satisfy the ends nor the ends the means."

"It is permissible to employ mere physical evil as an instrument of work, but the only voluntary contact with moral evil which we can rightly have is to resist or repress it. We cannot incorporate it with our practical life and make it a part of our conduct."

"Lofty ideals are amongst the most influential forces in exalting the life, and perfection is the only completely definite ideal by which the mind can construct. We can plan a life based on the exact truth but cannot plan one based on any mere approximation to it. While the standard of conduct..."
is perfection, we can have no rational hope of reaching that standard, yet we
should make it our constant aim in order to approximate it as nearly as we can.

"Concerning conduct, nearly or quite all of it, three questions can be
made; these are as to its morality, its prudence and its propriety. The first is
a question of conscience, the second of judgment, and the third of taste. If
conduct is perfectly sound in these three elements it is safe; if unsound in the
first, it is to be condemned; if in the second it is to be regretted if not censured
if in the third it is to be criticized with more or less severity according to
the degree of its impropriety.

"The matter of supreme importance is to have the strictly moral
element of conduct perfectly sound. Both prudence and propriety will admit of some
omission or neglect, but the right and wrong of conduct is fundamental.

"A very defective conscience may be brought up by supervision and
cultivation to a sound standard of morality.

"So far as there is a remedy for the want of sense, it lies in
education. The skill of a real judicious teacher can almost make a mind out of
a mere germ of raw material.

"It is certainly desirable to have correct taste but beauty will not
serve as the only or as the chief nourishment of the mind. The good and the true
are more substantial and more necessary, though as a condiment, beauty is both
delicious and wholesome.

"The widest element of morality with which conduct is concerned
is justice. Some of the others are in the nature of moral luxuries, but this is
absolutely necessary to sound life. It is the hog and hominy, the bacon and beans of
morality, public and private.

"No act whatever can do injustice rightfully to any being in the
universe.

"Justice is the exact virtue, being mathematical in its nature. Mercy, pity, charity, gratitude, generosity, magnanimity, etc. are the liberal
virtues; it is noble to renounce what justice demands in our favor, but ignoble to
indulge in any of the liberal virtues by leaving undisclosed its demands
upon us. If I am on the credit side of justice, I can make any sacrifice that
I will, but if on the debit side, I can make no sacrifice of it whatever. I may
burn as an offering my own bull or lamb, but not which rightfully belongs to
another owner.

"Any conduct having pain for its ultimate end is erroneous. No man
has a right to have his revenge or any of his malignant passions gratified. The
suffering of the wicked for the consolation or delectation of the less wicked is
abhorrent to justice, but insofar as punishment of the guilty is necessary to
protect the innocent and the guilty alike in their rightful happiness and means
of happiness it is one of the chief concerns of justice."

Judge Bleckley spoke at more or less length about mob 1 rule,
party spirit and independism, alleged self-made men and debts but just what he
said will not be recorded here as several separate chapters will be
devoted thereto later.

Concluding his address, Judge Bleckley said:

"Returning for a moment to conduct in general, I will observe
that energy has much to do with the quality of work as well as with its quantity.
Languid and reluctant conduct is apt to be more or less infected with error. He
who cannot think and feel in order to act, should act in order to think and feel.
If you cannot catch truth at one end, seize it at the other, and the very
exercise will aid you in finally getting possession of both ends."

He apparently had finished his address. He had surveyed and
charted a royal highway up, which the young men of the University of Georgia
in later years might safely and surely travel to success in life, and they gave
him a round of hearty applause. But he gave them a parting shot that in
some was bordered on the eccentric. He recited for them a poem he had written
on the subject of Rats, intended as an emphasis on his closing remarks about
energy and the exercises wound up with a roar of laughter.
"You lie in your chamber just under the attic,
On a bed of nocturnal probation
And listen to rats, those beings erratic
Engaged in the ratification
Of mischief they've cunningly done on the slay
And met in convention to rat-ratify.

You know by your feelings, fulfilled and prophetic,
That rats in their conduct can be energetic,
A bat with a ball in a baseball battle,
Is tame by the side of a rate with a rattle.

"Your energy, too, if it flowed in my verses,
Would would roar like a torrent, a torrent of courses
But I must be tranquil, my current is calm,
No matter what waters rush over your dam."
Logan E. Bleckley had an interesting family. Concerning his parents more or less has already been written about them, especially concerning his father, James Bleckley, who came to Rabun county just a short while before the birth of his son, the great Georgia jurist. Judge Bleckley gave a very good picture of him in the famous "Letter to Posterity."

Concerning the boyhood days of Judge Bleckley, there is only a minimum of published facts. His son, Barnett W. Blackley, in a recent letter to the writer:

"Regarding father's birthplace, I do not think he knew exactly where it was located. It was a temporary residence. I think a single room log cabin and was destroyed over a hundred years ago. He showed my mother the approximate location, which was about a half mile west of Clayton off the public road. A dwelling where he spent a good part of his boyhood and where his mother and father died is still standing in Clayton. I think it now belongs to the Green family, but it was remodeled long ago.

"Although I was only ten when he died, I have a vivid recollection of my father. Those memories are not in any chronological order, but stand out as unrelated incidents. To give an example, I was most interested, as a child, in Indians and in Indian stories, I think more than the average boy, and I learned that father could actually remember the Cherokees before they were moved out of Rabun county. I begged him to tell me some real Indian stories. He told me that the Indians he knew were entirely different from those of my imagination. His were savages hardly human. He remembered them as slinking around the slop bucket, fishing out slop-soaked biscuits and hunks of corn bread and bolting them.

My paternal grandparents were pioneers in the true sense of the word. They came to Rabun county shortly after it was formed, from Rutherford
county, North Carolina. Grandfather Bleckley was very poor and acquired real estate sometime after he came there. He was primarily a farmer, but was a man of some education, which was exceptional in that day. He held, at various times several county offices including clerk of the court, sheriff, and ordinary. As a child, my father was not healthy, suffering from a weak stomach. Because of ill health he could not stand the gruelling work in the fields and as a child he helped his father in his work—as clerk of the court and ordinary. I remember distinctly that he told me he learned to chew tobacco on the advice of the family doctor, at the age of six in order to strengthen his stomach. (The remedy must have worked, for the old Judge lived to be eighty. The writer's father had a similar experience. It was thought that he would die. An old Dutch doctor in Salem, N.C., prescribed chewing tobacco when he was six years old. He lived to the age of seventy-three.)

"Because of his ill health as a child and his work in his father's office he had time to acquire an education through his own efforts. He actually attended school very little. Although nothing in his writings would indicate it, I am inclined to believe that he was much closer to his father than his brothers and sisters."

James Bleckley did not live long in his one-room log cabin, as he surmounted financial difficulties by virtue of his native intellect and abundant energy and soon had a modest home in Clayton where he lived the balance of his life. While the boyhood days of young Logan were spent there, for the greater part of his life he lived in Clarkesville, the county seat of the neighboring county of Habersham, where he had a commodious home and several acres of adjoining land which was a lovely forest, as well as living in Atlanta for a time during the years of his service on the Supreme bench.

He had little of the romantic in him and no special interests in the girls in his younger days. He was thirty years of age when he first
married and in his "Letter to Posterity" he declared that even as "the
crowning success" of his life.

In 1852, a young Bleckley, then twenty-five years old, opened a law
office in the young town of Atlanta and that town became the county seat
of the new county of Fulton. Basil H. Overby moved to Atlanta and estab­
lished a partnership with Bleckley under the firm name of Overby and Black­
ley. The next year a third member was added to the firm, John B. Gordon.

Probably there was in Georgia a law firm made up of three abler lawyers.

It so turned out that the three young lawyers became brothers in-law.

Down in LaGrange, Ga., lived General Hugh A. Haralson, who had served in
Congress where he was chairman of the Mexican War committee. General Har­
alson had three beautiful and attractive young daughters, Elizabeth, Fanny,
and Caroline. Overby, whose wife had recently died, fell in love with Eliz­
abeth, the eldest daughter of General Haralson and they were married. Young
Gordon was one of those attending the marriage in LaGrange and he fell in
love with Fanny, then seventeen years old and in September, 1854, just three
months later they were married. Later on, the third daughter of General
Haralson, Caroline Lewis, was married to Logan E. Bleckley.

They had a long and happy married life, Mrs. Bleckley passing away
on March 9, 1892. Four children blessed this union:

Paul, born Nov. 4, 1859, died June 4, 1932.

Katharine, who became the wife of Hubert L. Culberson a leading
citizen of Atlanta and who lived to an advanced age, dying Sept.
27, 1940.

Logan, born July 30, 1865 and dying January 23, 1938 at the age
of seventy-three.

Haralson, born January 30, 1870, dying December 5, 1933.

Paul Bleckley was a young man of literary talent and a
member of the journalistic profession. He was also theatrically inclined.
and at one time was an actor with the company of Edwin Booth, the great tragedian.

Haralson Bleckley was a successful architect. Among the buildings he designed was the University of Georgia Library Building, erected in 1904 with the fifty thousand dollar gift of Hon. George Foster Peabody, a native of Columbus, Ga., and a great friend of Chancellor Hill, of the University.

Over a period of eighty-two years there has been a member of the Bleckley family connected with the Supreme Court of Georgia and the Georgia Court of Appeals. The two high appellate courts of the State have therefore claimed the efficient service of the Bleckley family, first the distinguished Chief Justice, then his son Logan and at the present time the daughter of Logan and granddaughter of the Chief Justice, the present clerk of the Supreme Court.

Logan Bleckley, Jr., was not a member of the bar but devoted his whole life to the service of the bar and of the courts. He was technically not a member of the bar, and yet as to practice and procedure no member of the Georgia bar could claim to be his equal.

He was born in Washington, Ga. July 30, 1865 and his early boyhood days were spent in Clarksville, Ga. He then moved to Atlanta where he lived until his death on January 23, 1938. In 1891 he was married to Miss Marion Cooper Wallace. Two children were born to them, Logan, who served a while as Deputy Clerk of the Georgia Court of Appeals and since 1933 has been the efficient Clerk of the Supreme Court of Georgia.

In 1868 he was appointed as Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court and in that position served until the organization of the Georgia Court of Appeals in 1907 and from that time until the day of his death he filled that position. He became a fixture in that office, consulted by hundreds of members of the Georgia bar on account of his rare knowledge of practice and procedure. At the memorial exercises held at the state capitol, the committee, in making
its report, said of him among other things, "He was probably the most helpful and most accommodating public official whom we have ever known."

He was the special friend of the young lawyers, giving them advice and information that no other official could well furnish them. He was probably the greatest influence in the campaign that led to the establishment of the Georgia Court of Appeals. His advice came to be regarded as the last word on appellate practice in Georgia. He was of great service in drafting bills for legislators to introduce in the state legislature. He drafted the Act of 1933 setting up the requirements for admission to the bar in Georgia. From 1893 to his death in 1938, a period of forty-five years, he served as Secretary of the Association of Supreme Court judges. Until his health gave way he was for years Treasurer of the Georgia Bar Association.

He died at his home January 23, 1938. At the memorial services at the state capitol appropriate tribute was paid his memory by Graham Wright, John B. Harris, S. Price Gilbert, H. F. Lawson, H.H. Cobb, Samuel C. Atkinson and John B. Guerrry. The memorial resolutions were presented by a committee of which Marion Smith was chairman and the response of the court was made by the presiding Judge, Nash R. Broyles. The full account of the memorial exercises appears in Georgia Appeals Report, 58th volume, page 881. He was clean and wholesome, straightforward and free from trickery, loyal to his friends, to obligations, to the courts and to the profession. He resembled his father physically, morally and in general disposition. He had an individuality that reminded one very much of the old Judge.

Chief Justice Bleckley was twice married. His second wife was Miss Chloe Herring, a talented young woman, born in Augusta, Ga., May 4, 1865. They were married in New York City on August 2, 1893. Five sons were born to them. Mrs. Bleckley survived her husband twenty-one years and lived in the old home in Clarksville, Ga.
Their oldest son was Edwin. He died at Clayton, Georgia in 1936. He was survived by his wife, who was Miss Nannie Wood, a son, William Perry Bleckley and two daughters, Chloebel and Mildred. The second son was William Bleckley who survived less than four months. The third son was Barnett W. Bleckley, who now lives at Fort Valley, Ga. The fourth son, Herring Bleckley, suffered recently a nervous breakdown and is now in desperate health. The fifth and youngest son, was Sidney Bleckley, born when his father was seventy-four. He is employed by the Federal Land Bank of Columbia with his home in Washington, Ga. He has never married.

Barnett W. and Herring Bleckley became students at the University of Georgia. Herring did not stay until graduation, but Barnett was graduated in the Class of 1924 with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture. Since graduation he has spent his life as a successful farmer. He has followed his natural bent in the field of agriculture for which he had splendid training at the University. At the present time he lives on his Avondale Plantation near Fort Valley, Ga. He was married in 1946 to Mrs. John H. Allen, who was Miss Arline McArdle.
HIS IDEAS AS TO RELIGION

Judge Bleckley never posed as the perfect man. He had his faults like other men. Whenever he did anything that he thought was wrong he was ready to admit it and sought to remedy it. He was ever searching for the truth of things. He was satisfied with nothing less than the truth if he could find it. He may not at all times have reached the correct conclusion but he never gave up the effort to reach it.

Judge John L. Hopkins, chairman of the committee that submitted the resolution at the meeting of the memorial exercises of the Georgia Bar Association after Judge Bleckley's death, one of Georgia's most distinguished jurists, said of Judge Bleckley: "For more than forty years I was on terms of close friendship with Judge Bleckley. The relation was an interesting one. The interchange of thought between us was unreserved. During all those years I never heard him utter an improper or ungenerous sentiment. I never heard him express illwill toward any human being. I never heard him use a word which might not with propriety have been spoken in any presence."

And the thirty distinguished lawyers concurred in those sentiments, saying: "We do not believe that any man can say truthfully that Judge Bleckley ever looked upon him in unkindness. Animosity was a stranger to him—that element was not in his character."

As to religion, Judge Bleckley was not orthodox in his views. He never connected himself with any church. In that respect he followed the example set him by his father, who likewise had never joined a church. But both the father and the son were men of faith. They believed in God as the Omnipotent and the Omniscient. They utterly repudiated atheism. But they did not embrace the views of orthodox theologians.
The life of Logan E. Bleckley was one long struggle in the search for truth. In his papers, his poems, his addresses and his court decisions he emphasized time and again that "he knew that he did not know." He might have been termed a reverent agnostic, and in fact that was the general judgment as to his religious beliefs. Even down to old age he pursued his quest for Truth as his ultimate goal, a goal that in full measure he never reached, for as he climbed the western hills he still engaged in the search.

He wrote many papers and made many addresses on the subject of Truth. He opened his prepared address on "Truth at the Bar" with his statement:

"Law is the scripture of justice, the Gospel of Right, and Truth is the minister at its altars. Error is a pretender to holy orders, a wolf in sheep's clothing, always striving to usurp the sacred office, or to share in the exercise of its functions."

The essence of all Truth, the origination of all Truth was his conception of the Infinite, and as such he might have been termed a devout worshipper of God. But he steered clear of theology and man-made interpretations. Nothing save conformity to Truth would satisfy him in his ceaseless quest.

He found it impossible to convince himself that in an absolute sense he knew anything. He was a great admirer of Tennyson, especially his "In Memoriam" in which he paid tribute to his boyhood friend, Arthur Hallam. Like Tennyson, Bleckley had throughout his life many battles with doubt, but he never released his hold on Faith. He wrote a poem on "Faith" and one on "Fear" that give a pretty good idea of his religious beliefs.

As Tennyson said, so said Judge Bleckley:

"Behold, we know not anything, I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last to all,
And every winter change to spring."
And again he held to those other four lines from Tennyson, throughout his entire life:

"We have but faith, we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see:
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow."
During the years in which Bleckley was writing Supreme Court decisions and occasionally calling on the Muse in poems of real inspiration and wisdom, there was a young Georgia poet giving to the world poems that dealt with subjects that claimed the attention of the learned Georgia jurist, but Sidney Lanier reached a different conclusion from that arrived at by Bleckley on the subject of knowledge. He came to a firm conclusion that through faith men could reach a point where they could know what the knew.

It was the hour of sunset when he sat beneath the boughs of a mighty oak near Brunswick, Ga., and looked out upon the wide stretches of marsh land as the tide of the blue Atlantic rolled in. And out of the quietude and meditation of that hour there was fashioned in his brain his greatest poem, "The Marshes of Glynn."

"beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—
Wildwood priscities, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted, with wavering arrays of leaves,—
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,

Pure with the sense of the passing of saints through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with goos,—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vince,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shines
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine:

But now when the moon is no more, and rest is rest
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West?
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—

Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of the stroke

Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt and I know that I know."

Such a conclusion was never fully reached by Bleckley, though he ever strove to reach it. He considered absolute knowledge as a part of the infinite and not given to mortal man, strive though he might to obtain it. Intellectually he never knew that he knew.

Yet he was a man of faith and his poem on "Faith", though not to be ranked for poetic excellence of language or vision with "The Marshes of Glynn" nevertheless gives a good idea of the feelings and the convictions of the author.
"FAITH"

Cast out into space
For life and for death;
No ultimate base,
No bottom beneath,
No limit or bound
Above or around;
No wall at the side
Or roof overhead,
No cover to hide me, living or dead;
No refuge for thought or for sense;
Yet I will not despair
As I drift through the air,
Afloat in the boundless immense.
In the depths of the night
Cometh faith without light,
Cometh faith without sight,
And I trust the great sovereign unknown;
No finite or definite thrown
But the infinite, nameless unthinkable ONE

I cannot nor need I define
The blessing he keepeth in store;
His purpose I know is divine,
And why should I care to know more?
The what and the where and the when
Must needs be uncertain to men;
But the future, if distant or near
Lest none of its secrets appear.
No definite hope may endure
No favorite bliss be secure,
Not even existence is sure,
But the something that ought to befall
Will happen at least unto all.

There are few people who, at one time or another in their lives,
have not thought along the lines as set forth in Judge Blackley's poem "Fear."
and asked the same questions he asked therein. Many have reached a more
positive answer but others have wound up where Blackley found himself,
uncomforted and candidly admitting that they did not know and were afraid.
"FEAR."

It seemeth fit that I resign
My will, O Lord! —my will to thine,
But how can I renounce my breath,
Relinquish life and welcome death?

My life, myself, they seem as one,
Nor can I feel that they are twain.
Thy will is my death, when it is done,
Will self—my vital self—remain.

Forgive me if, with reverent fear,
I urge a theme as this so dread;

My first concern, my foremost care,
Is, shall I live when I am dead?

And, Lord, do not regard me less,
And let it not augment my woe
That I the naked truth confess,
Which is, I know I do not know.

Affirm I not, nor can deny
Nor can at faith or doubt arrive—
I know not that it is to die,
Or what may perish or survive

And hence the fear that rises first;
It bodeth not of peace or strife,
Or being blest or being cursed,
But only of the lapse of life.

It hints that her, perchance, is all;
That I am of but little worth—
That out of being I may fall,
Uncared for, when I quit the earth.

A thousand times the hint I spurn,
And strive its whisper to defy;
But still the question will return,
What happens when we come to die?

Another fear my heart assails;
Another peril shows its frown,
And bears my feeble courage down.

Suppose existence never fails,
Will mine be one of pain or bliss—
A worse or better state than this?

Ah, what would be the good or gain
To sense, emotion, will or thought
If I am all into deathless pain
Instead of falling into naught?

And here again my sight is veiled;
I know not if I be impaled
On some foregone, adverse decree,
Or what to dread or what expect,
If I am free but not elect
Or what my danger still may be
If I am both elect and free.

With holy law, unholy fact,
My own misdeeds and Adam's taint
With sins of blood and thought and act,
What wonder if I fear and faint?
I see, on either hand, a cave
That opens downward through the grave.
Ten thousand heavens were in vain,
For hell may be a hell of pain
Or that which seems a lower deep—
The hell of everlasting sleep,
And thus the chance of bliss for me,
If lots were cast, is one in three.
The loss of self, or loss of peace!
Twin perils now to me so nigh!
Until they cease, or seem to cease,
I pass all minor dangers by.

Between these hells of sleep and flame
I do confess myself to blame.
Like Adam I have disobeyed
And I, like Adam, am afraid.

That Judge Bleckley believed in the efficacy of prayer is shown
by the following short poem on that subject:

PRAYER

The poor can most devoutly pray;
Who want for bread can truly say,
"O, give us daily bread this day."

In vain the rich, with full supply
To pray like wretched want may try;
If want were not, all prayer would die.

Where every bliss beside is rare,
And hearts are threatened with despair,
Is felt the sweetest bliss of prayer.

Thank God that those in sorest need
Are best prepared to pray and plead
That they can pray, indeed, indeed.

In spite of the fact that he himself had an agnostic trend of thought
he believed in a Supreme Power to whom intercession could be made.

He had his doubts, admitted them, sought to allay them, succeeded in
some instances, failed in others. He believed in honest doubt and could
not understand a man who accepted everything without investigation and failed to make an honest effort to remove all doubt.

The late Chancellor Walter B. Hill of the University of Georgia,
in an article on the Supreme Court of Georgia, published in the Green Bag in Boston.
in 1892 gave an interesting account of the views of Judge Bleckley on the subject of doubt and used several quotations from his pen thereon. To Judge Bleckley the solving of questions of doubt was one of the essential features of his religious beliefs.

Said Judge Bleckley: "I have never known any person who believed that he did not know that which he knew, but nothing is more odious than for us to think we know what we do not. We never mistake our knowledge but we constantly mistake our ignorance for knowledge. The remedy for this is the cultivation of an intellectual conscience. The phrase "I don't know", honestly and fairly used, humbles us, but when so used, it covers much the largest part of truth. The forms of language force us very often to be dogmatic in expression but this cannot oblige us to be dogmatic in thought. It has been remarked that no man ever means exactly what he says for no man ever says exactly what he means. Doubt is a state of mind proper to any high degree of uncertainty. The so-called contingent events of tomorrow are at the moment uncertain to the whole human race, but if they are known to God they have certainty relatively to Him. He never doubts. Whether we will or not, we must live with uncertainty and die with it.

"To doubt too little is to carry over by self-deception the uncertain into the certain. Not to do either should be a matter of solicitude with every lover of truth. To doubt is never pleasant, often painful, sometimes agonizing. And in so far as this prompts to inquiry and urges us to decision, it is very useful; but when it induces us to decide without inquiry or evidence, or without the proper use of them, the result is like declaring victory before fighting the battle. If we were so constituted that we could not doubt, what security would there be for truth? What could more cripple the mind than to deprive it either of the power of doubting or the power of believing? To face frankly and fairly the terrors of uncertainty requires courage? Indeed to think at all responsibly, rationally and with
absolute fidelity to truth upon many subjects requires the highest
degree of courage."

Though he was called a reverent agnostic and never connected himself
with any church, Logan E. Bleckley can nevertheless be classed as a man
of high religious idealism and firm belief in the All-wise and Omnipotent.
In all his papers, addresses and decisions there are references that estab­
lish this fact. His poems on "Faith" and "Fear" give evidence of this.

"He had read and thought over theological questions quite as much
as he had on legal questions, though he referred to himself as a religious
suspect in one of his addresses before the Georgia Bar Association, he
said he had thought more on the subject of religion than on that of law."
(22nd Ga. Bar Reports 143 and 148.)

The Christian doctrine of the Atonement did not appeal to his reason.
He recognized Christ simply as a great religious leader. In fact, he did
not think the Atonement necessary, yet there was doubt in his mind as to
whether he had reached a correct conclusion on that subject. He held to
the belief that the Divine law as to reward, punishment, mercy and pardon
had existed from the beginning. Said he: "If God has been the same from
all eternity and if his law has likewise been the same it would seem that
if there is any provision for pardon there always has been and that His
whole law taken together never separated justice and mercy but has united
them and kept them united in one penal system for all eternity. That their
union was effected through no scheme of atonement through the Redeemer
would not put justice and mercy in conflict previous to the addition of
that scheme for the scheme of atonement is eternal. Whether actual pardon
in each particular case is of like antiquity involves the great question
of predestination. But I must not be understood as attempting to teach
anything concerning Divine penal law. Touching it, I am a learner, not a
teacher."
"As between man and man the obligatory part of justice is to render justice, not to create it. Though the debtor is obligated to pay, the creditor is not obliged to require payment, but may remit the debt. Whether, without the atonement, this or anything like it might hold between man and his Creator, I do not know. That it holds, with the atonement, seems strongly indicated by our being taught to pray for the forgiveness of our debts as we forgive our debtors."

-----
Judge Bleckley would not affirm the truth of the Biblical account of miracles for he did not know. At the same time on account of his faith in the All-wise and Omnipotent he was unwilling to place an limitation of God and believed that He could do whatever he wished to do in such manner as He might determine. He let the matter rest there.

He considered Time and Space the greatest of all miracles, the creation in the beginning of Time when there was no such thing as time, and the creation of space out of nothing when no mind can conceive of what nothing is or was any more than it is impossible intellectually, of time when there was no time.

In his address on "Wisdom" he said: "Many persons are in perplexity on the subject of miracles and find it difficult to credit the statement that water was turned into wine or death transferred into life or many other of the miracles in the Bible. But if Time is anything at all, it furnishes an example of a miracle constantly performed and constantly repeated, for the creation of a real something out of nothing is a miracle of the first order. In the production of Time the creative machinery, so to speak, is always at work. Space is finished and is suggestive of divinity at that. Time, on the contrary, is incomplete and seems to emanate from a divine activity that never intermits. While we are in constant contact with these two infinites, time and space, and while in them we live and move and have our being, why should we feel that God is afar off? No matter how much we may desire privacy, we cannot withdraw beyond the presence of the Infinite. When you enter your chamber and shut the door and lock it and blow out the light and make all dark, time and space just as they are here and at this instant, and whenever
and wherever they are God can be and probably is. And what company
is God? Think of having Him as your company, your perpetual associate
and attendant, and wonder how you can ever be regardless of his pres­
ence. If He sees you commit an act of shame, what will it avail that
you are hidden from all mortal vision? In fact, there is no certainty
that space is not spiritual and a part of the all-comprehensive and
everlasting God, or that we are not literally in the hollow of God's
hand.

Judge Bleckley was a firm believer in life after death. He did not
doubt on that subject as revealed in his poem on "Immortality."

"Who knows but sleep is more at strife
With spirit breath, the life of life,
Than Death itself? Yet sleep is rest,
Repose a gentle mother's breast
And waking seems a pledge—a test
Each day of resurrecting might,
A voucher blazoned on the light,
There shall be no eternal night
If God can common slumber break,
What hinders that the dead may wake?

Some one has defined Death as "the waking from that dream that
men call life." Judge Bleckley entertained the same idea. He did not
assert it as a proved fact, but he believed it, and commenting thereon
Judge Akin said in his memorial address "If some unseen power can re­
animate the body and re-allume the eyes, lately passive in sleep and
temporary insensibility, why cannot the same power call back into human
dust the inexplicable force which once made it think and breathe and feel?"

Judge Bleckley, in all his search for truth and in spite of his
faith in his Creator, never reached the point of conviction that he
should connect himself with any religious organization. He had reached
the age of seventy-eight and was within two years of the end of his life
when he uttered his last words on the subject of religion. Said he to
his close friend, Judge Joel Branham: "Nearly all religion, so far as
we know, has more or less dogma in it. There is no credible religion because it is above reason. Atheism fails because it offers nothing to supply the place of faith in God. I am coming to the time when I have got to face some religion. I have got to die by it."

It was a most pathetic utterance, and Judge Branham, in his memorial address, commenting thereon, said: "He was not content to see through a glass darkly by faith alone. He was unwilling to wait, impatient to know. Confined, circumscribed, while still in this plodding sad pilgrimage, this pathetic drift between the eternities, like a dreamer enthralled by sleep who struggles with all his might to move an arm or raise an eyelid, his great mind labored to know the unknown. He could only say 'I know that I do not know.' May we not hope that in the full liberty of a disembodied soul, he now sees face to face and knows even as he is also known."
Judge Bleckley never believed compromising with evil. He never approved the procedure of fighting the devil with fire. In his address on "Wisdom", among other things he said:

"Two or three of the most important dictates of true wisdom may be formulated thus: Never choose evil rather than good; never sacrifice a greater good for a less; never shun a less evil at the expense of a greater. Whoever supposes that it is wise to do wrong is mistaken. Wisdom and rectitude cannot be at variance. Our true interest always coincides with our real duty. If they appear separate sometimes, the appearance is delusive and the result of short-sightedness. Could we see clear through to the end we should be in no doubt upon the subject. Moreover, our real duty always coincides with sound morality. There can be no conflict between moral principles and each instance of correct moral practice. "We must fight the devil with fire" is a false maxim and would be most pernicious if it were believed in and applied every time it is quoted. Fire is the devil's own element—his own weapon—and he can handle it with more effect than we can against him. The true rule of warfare on our part is to fight the devil with virtue. If we cannot overcome him in that way the battle is hopeless.

"Why should we ever despair of virtue or lose confidence in it as a means whatever, may be the work in hand? If we have a worthy end, why should not all our means be worthy, too? Let us never lose faith in virtue, but regard it as a force which, though it may be obstructed by vile practices and temporarily thwarted, can never be defeated except by the treachery of its own friends. If we live in a time of cheating and swindling must we cheat and swindle too in self-defense? God forbid. If
others steal from us and escape punishment, must we steal from them? Never, never. On the contrary, the worse others are and the fewer those who are uncontaminated by their example, the truer and the more faithful should that few be for otherwise all would become utterly vile and the very seed of goodness would perish and be lost. And I will venture to add, at the risk of meeting with some dissent, that there is the same reason for honesty in politics and public life, in elections and with electors and elected, as in ordinary private business or personal conduct. The political devil is no more to be fought with fire without terrible consequences to the best interests of the community than is the devil of avarice, or of envy, or of ambition are any other of the numerous devils that infest society.

"In my humble opinion, whether considered as a question of policy or principle, the right way to deal with any devil whatever is not put yourself under another devil of the same or even of a different sort, and flinging fire from one devil's host to another, but take the field under some good captain and fight as valiantly as you can with true and pure weapons. You may not win the first, or the second, or the tenth, but when you do prevail it will be a real victory, and not a sham, and above all you will still deserve success, and be at least as good after the contest as you were when it opened; and your example will not have misled others, nor corrupted the public mind and seared the public conscience. I speak from a standpoint quite outside of politics and party lines, and what I say may be too visionary and theoretic for practical working, but if we have reached a stage of degeneracy where virtue has ceased to be practical, and where vice and fraud are forces of such potency that they can be met and existed only by forces of like kind, I think wisdom is already a lost art, that we are on the con-
fines of perdition and that ere long we shall fall over the wall and be swallowed up in the pit."

One of the great passions of Judge Bleckley's life was to impress on the mind of the young, the brevity of the passing moment and to adjure youth to work steadily, to produce the best and the most at every moment of time, to be patient and lay up supplies for the future. Said he: "The best which we can render to the young is to put them on a condition to help themselves. The most efficient means of doing this yet discovered are correct moral and industrial training, together with a liberal education. No human being can be brought to his best state without educating him. Education promotes mental growth and full stature cannot be attained without it. There is no danger that the world will become idle and useless as soon as the masses become learned.

"We should not be too impatient to consume without thought as to the future that we dispose of our possessions all at once. We not only want to count the chickens before they are hatched but we want a good mess of chicken for this very day, and consequently will kill and cook the hen before the eggs are even laid. We may know to a reasonable certainty that if we spare the hen, the eggs will be produced and that in the course of a few months we may enjoy ten chicken dinners in lieu of this one; and still we are unwilling to deny ourselves now for the sake of so much hereafter, and so we wring the hen's neck or cut off her head and she passes through the kitchen and mounts the dinner table in a dish. And we are happy for the space of about thirty minutes. We manage, however, to eat more hens by going into debt. We anticipate that next fall we will have many more hens from the sale of our cotton. We thus eat out the fall in the summer, we eat out next week this week, we eat tomorrow today and we eat today yesterday.

As a parting injunction, in your fight to secure wisdom remember
that the more that is known the more will be known, and the more rapidly fresh knowledge will be acquired. Be patient, increase your production, cease to squander the products of your energy, keep out of debt, quit trying to 'fight the devil with fire' and work with virtue as your weapon at all times. If the whole world would search for truth, immense stores of it would be discovered and our wealth of knowledge would become great. And still there would be no danger of ever exhausting the material. Truth is so abundant that Omniscience only can ever be master of it all."
Concerning Judge Bleckley there are many who would answer that question in the affirmative and just as many, if not more, who would answer it in the negative.

That he had some droll ideas and did not hesitate to express them is true, but the general judgment of those who knew him best was that back of all such ideas there was a solidity of reason that carried them out of the realm of eccentricity.

That was the judgment of the late Chancellor Walter B. Hill who knew Judge Bleckley as intimately as any of his thousands of friends and admirers. Chancellor Hill, in an article written when he was a practitioner in Macon, Ga., and published in the Green Bag in February 1892, had this to say of him:

"Chief Justice Bleckley is as tall as Bishop Brooks and every inch as pure genius. It is natural for him to think, speak and act in an unconventional way, but the thorough sameness of his character is attested by the fact that this marked individualism never passes into eccentricity.

"If I were asked to state in a word the most prominent characteristic of his mind, I should answer, provided I was permitted to define the meaning of the word, WIT. I do not, of course, mean mere drollery, although that is continually springing up in his dryest decisions like a fountain leap ing from a bed of sawdust. Sometimes the fun seems to be just for its own sake as in a will case where one Potts was charged with making Cupid kin to cupidity by a mercenary marriage, he gravely asks 'why may not a Potts marry for love? Oftener pleasantry is used to expose error. But it is not to these significations of wit that I
refer. The definition that I would give would be that striking epigram of George Eliot, 'Wit is wisdom raised to a higher power.' It is a curious fact that perfect clearness of thought and expression often affects the mind like Wit. It is another form of illustrating the above definition to say that Judge Bleckley has a legal imagination.

While it is true that all the papers and decisions written by Judge Bleckley are shot through and through by brilliant shafts of Wit, even that wit that meets George Eliot's definition, it is also true that Chancellor Hill would have come nearer to the correct statement had he substituted the word "Truth" for the word "Wit" in describing the most prominent characteristic of Judge Bleckley's mind.

It was characteristic of Judge Bleckley to clinch an argument with some witty expression and that style captivated his readers as well as convinced them. There are so many of these witty expressions that it would require volumes to record them, but Chancellor Hill gives a few references taken from Georgia Reports that illustrate this tendency. In Harrison vs. First Baptist Church which involved a breach of contract to furnish a steamboat for the Society, the Judge says: "a committeeman on board was threatened with a most profane form of immersion."

"In Kupperman vs. McGee he says: "Trusts are children of equity, and in a court of equity they are at home under the family roof-tree and around the hearth of their ancestor."

"In Nussbaum vs. Heilbron a son carried on a business in the name of his father because he felt that his own name was under a mercantile cloud. As Judge Bleckley expresses it: "According to the charges of the bill, the father had no capital and the son no character. The man without character carried on the business in the name and upon the credit of the man without capital."

"In Dee vs. Porter we find the following: "The human mind is so constituted that in many instances it finds the truth when wholly unable to find the way that leads to it."

Then, having introduced his article with those humorous references, Chancellor Hill, even at the risk of dispensing his own estimate of the most prominent characteristic of Judge Bleckley's mind, refers no more to wit or humor but devotes page after page in reviewing the more solid and enduring contributions of the learned Judge to the legal literature of the state.
SOME OF HIS UNIQUE BELIEFS

Judge Bleckley had his own ideas concerning the preservation of his health. He was convinced that it was unhealthy to sleep with any bed covering touching his body. Accordingly he invented what the lawyers denominated "Bleckley's Bed." and carried it around with him in his valise when away from home attending the sessions of different courts. The writer never saw one of Bleckley's beds, but was told of this habit of the Judge by members of the bar who had seen it. It was simply a wire contraption that fitted over the head and foot of the bedstead and the cover was spread over this mechanical contrivance, furnishing him a tent under which he slept.

He had a prodigious memory but he preferred not to rely on it completely. Therefore he took copious notes of everything he considered important and when it became necessary to use these notes he could assemble them and weave them into a complete and convincing argument without taxing his memory to recall them.

In recounting his methods of preserving thoughts for future use, he once told the writer: "Some of the most effective thinking a man ever does is after he retires at night, especially if he has been at work studying the details of some decision he is to make or some opinion he is to write, and this extends even into the realm of dreams. Sometimes, when thinking over the day's work, a problem that has been quite perplexing and seemingly without solution becomes as clear as daylight. The exact and controlling point in an important case flashes upon the intellect that is in repose. I have often dreamed of writing opinions or making addresses which contained what I, at least regarded as passages of real eloquence. No doubt all thinkers have similar experiences. But after the night's sleep memory will not stir in the morning hours and thus much
of solid worth is gone beyond recall. I have my own way of preserving such information for future use and I commend it to you as worthy of your practice. I place beside my bed a plain pine table and on it I place my pad of paper, a pencil, a lamp and matches with which to light it. When I think of something worthy of preserving or awake from a dream with the sound of my voice still echoing from the land of dreams, I jump up, crawl from under my tent-like covering, light the lamp, seize the pencil and commit those fleeting thoughts to paper. Then I go back to slumberland and wake up the next morning with everything preserved, recorded and ready for use. In this way I have many times benefited immensely in my work."

That may have been one of Judge Blackley's eccentricities, but if so it led his mind into useful channels of thought.

When he reached a point where concentrated mental effort was needed, he preferred to be absolutely alone, shut off from contact with people or anything that disturbed the flow of his thoughts. On such occasions one of his favorite haunts was a room in the basement of his residence where he would be absolutely by himself and undisturbed by anything or anybody.

In the matter of dress he cared nothing about conventions. He was the dictator of fashion so far as he individually was concerned. He was always neat in his appearance but not to any great extent regardful of prevailing fashions.

He had enough of the poet in him to spend a portion of his time in the land of dreams. He delighted in stealing away from the noise and bustle of the town or city and betaking himself to his native mountains and living under the inspiration that came to him through the contemplation of nature in its most beautiful forms.
It is told of him that even in his later years, when on vacation he would delight to climb the slopes of Screamer Mountain at whose base he had been born and roam barefooted through the dense forest while enjoying the privacy of a little log cabin near its crest.

He was no mollycoddle. He had plenty of temper but it was well repressed. Sometimes when he witnessed an act of injustice he would break out with well merited rebuke, but his loss of temper would be transitory. Sometimes he would make out that he was real mad and the person upon whom he was venting his feelings would be very uncomfortable until he realized that it was all a part of the Judge's make-believe.

One day he walked into the office of Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution. His deep-set eyes were flashing fire as he handed the editor a small clipping from the columns of the Constitution.

"Clark, I am good and mad. Just read that article. I demand the name of the writer. I want to give him a piece of my mind."

Now the genial editor did not wish to aid or abet the Judge in what appeared to be heading towards a disagreeable row and sought to pacify the Judge to no avail.

The article in question was a news item from Clayton, Ga., telling of a terrible fight on Screamer Mountain between John Bleckley, a brother of Chief Justice Bleckley, and a vicious mountain catamount, in which struggle Bleckley had been considerably scratched and lacerated.

"You need not refuse to give me the name of the author of that story for I came here to find out and I am going to find out before I leave this building." And hence as it became apparent that the Judge could not be appeased, Editor Howell told the enraged jurist that it was a telegram sent by the Constitution correspondent at Clayton, Ga. Right up stairs the Judge went and called upon the young night editor who had handled the story. The young man was terrible disturbed by the
appearance of the irate judge.

"Young man, I understand that you are responsible for this article appearing in the Constitution?"

"No sir, I did not write it. It came from our correspondent at Clayton."

"Are you sure that you published it just as it was sent in without changing it in any respect?"

"No, sir, I added that John Bleckley was a brother of Georgia's Chief Justice."

That was more than the Judge could stand. The frown came off his brow and the twinkle came into his eyes as he broke into a loud laugh.

"That is all that I came up here to find out. You have made me, sir, a brother to the damnedest, blackest negro in Rabun county."
HIS VIEWS ON THE PURCHASE OF VOTES

The charge is made in all political campaigns that the use of money in the purchasing of votes is the cause of much corruption in the ballot. It is nothing new. It has been practiced ever since the founding of the republic. It will probably continue in the future to a large extent. In the larger elections, especially the presidential elections it has reached enormous proportions. When Mark Hanna was the chief manager of the Republican party it became so open and undisguised that cartoonists always pictured Mark clad in a suit of clothes covered with dollar marks. And there were and are still other ways in which votes are purchased through shady dealings, political plums to those who are bought, and in various other ways.

It existed in Judge Bleckley's time just as it exists today. It always was reprehensible and always will be. It is a constant menace to true democratic government. There are many who maintain, however, that marked improvement is being shown in the wiping out of this political evil.

Judge Bleckley, aside from the first few years of his early manhood had little touch with active politics, yet he was a keen observer and fully recognized and condemned such political practices as vote buying. It was utterly abhorrent to him and he directed his castigation of the offenders more against the vote buyer than against the vote seller, though he thoroughly condemned both classes.

It will not be amiss to refer to a conversation the writer once had with Judge Bleckley on this subject.

Chancellor Walter B. Hill, of the University of Georgia and Judge Bleckley were close friends. Judge Bleckley's home was at Clarkesville, Ga., and adjoining it Chancellor Hill had his summer home. Thus they
were neighbors as well as intimate friends. It was my good fortune to spend a week one summer as the guest of Chancellor Hill and during that time I visited Judge Bleckley, sat on his spacious porch, enjoyed the fresh mountain air and the beautiful mountain scenery that met my eyes as I looked over to the distant peaks of the Blue Ridge.

The lots of Chancellor Hill and Judge Bleckley stretched several hundred yards behind the houses down through a lovely forest to a large spring, and one Sunday we three walked leisurely down to the spring and after remaining there a while returned to enjoy a delightful dinner.

On the trip back to Judge Bleckley's home we enjoyed the conversation that went on as we walked along under the shade of the beautiful trees. Judge Bleckley did most of the talking as we were always ready to listen to his words of wisdom. We conversed on a number of topics and among them was the corruption of the ballot through the purchase of votes, all three of us being strongly opposed to any such practice.

Suddenly Judge Bleckley stopped in a cool, shady spot and briefly gave us his views on vote buying. He had a pair of steel-gray eyes, set back in his head and surmounted by heavy eyebrows. When he fixed a steady look on you, you fancied he was reading your inmost thoughts. He reached out his long, thin arm and grasped me so as to bring me directly in front of him and fixed one of those steady gazes on me, and this is what he said:

"Reed, did you ever stop to think what a man thought of himself when he bought another man's vote? I imagine that, though he never would admit it, he realized that he was a filthy, dirty, unprincipled skunk. I cannot conceive that he could think otherwise. The man who would sell his vote would merit our condemnation, but not to the degree that would attach to the man who did the purchasing. He was by far the greater offender. Ignorance, poverty, the support of his family, his
need for the money and other reasons could be given as to vote selling, one of them valid excuses, however. But nothing like that could be said of the vote-buyer. As a rule he occupies a more or less prominent position in his community, associates with good people, goes to church, passes the collection plate and is held in high regard by his friends, but essentially he is a bad and dangerous citizen, impedes every movement towards the establishment of good government. Young men find him out for what he really is and follow in his footsteps and the number of vote-buyers increases. The real fight is to eliminate the vote-buyer. If you can get rid of him, the vote-seller would necessarily disappear. But don't deceive yourself. You will have a real job on your hands getting rid of him."

The vote-buyer is still in evidence not only in Georgia but in every state in the Union. The views of Judge Bleckley, if adopted and lived up to, would mean the cleansing of politics and the ushering in of a better day in government.
How He Sailed Through the University in Four Days

Logan E. Bleckley had no collegiate training, but he did spend four days in the University of Georgia even though it was a joke and in those four days was a Freshman, a Sophomore, a Junior and a Senior. He had a lot of fun in this experience and likewise furnished much pleasure and enjoyment to quite a number of his friends.

It was in the Spring of 1901 and Walter B. Hill was Chancellor. Chancellor Hill was also a neighbor of Judge Bleckley at their summer homes in Clarksville. One day Judge Bleckley decided that he would enjoy a short vacation in Athens as the guest of Chancellor Hill.

So he just invited himself and wrote Chancellor Hill that he would arrive at his home in Athens on a certain day, enter the Freshman class and remain as a student four days and get his diploma at the end of that period of study.

Now it was impossible for Chancellor Hill to meet the Judge at the depot on that particular day for he had an important engagement away from the city that he could not well break. So he wrote the Judge and told him to come right on and that he would have Rember I. Denmark, a young law student, meet him at the depot and carry him up to the Chancellor's house and that he would be there himself a little after dark.

Judge Bleckley had already mapped out his schedule of studies. He wanted to take a course in Mathematics under Col. Charles M. Snelling, of the Mathematics department. From his German ancestry he had inherited a love of mathematics and had read extensively on that subject all the way from Euclid to the modern teachers. Mathematics today would be about the last subject to be chosen by a prospective student but back there it furnished much intellectual refreshment to a man of Judge Bleckley's temperament.
So the time came for Judge Bleckley to make his trip to Athens and about two o’clock that afternoon Mr. Denmark received the following telegram:

Cornelia, Georgia

Denmark,
Athens, Georgia

Am on my way to college.

Logan.

The wit and humor of the old Judge was apparent in the composition of that telegram. Denmark reported promptly to the old Northeastern depot and awaited the arrival of the train. He had never seen Judge Bleckley, but knew he could recognize him by his towering form and his long white whiskers. Presently the train pulled in and the venerable Judge swung off the rear platform with the spry step of a Freshman.

"Well, I am here, Denmark, and expect to enter the Freshman Class tomorrow morning. Do I look like a Freshman, Denmark?"

"Not so very much, Denmark replied, "but I guess you will pass the registrar's booth all right."

"Hope so, for I am in dead earnest about this mathematical problem I am going to tackle."

Just as they started to an old tumble-down hack, the best transportation Athens then afforded, Judge Bleckley stopped and said: "Denmark, I will not take another step until you relieve my mind on one point. I have been reading a lot in the newspapers the last few days about the trouble at West Point Military Academy where the upper classmen are treating the Freshmen awful rough and it has got me to thinking what those devilish Sophomores in the University are going to do with these whiskers when they get hold of this poor little Freshman tomorrow" and he lovingly stroked his long white beard. "I love those whiskers
and wouldn't part with them at any price. Tell you what I will do, Denmark, if you will get those ferocious Sophomores to spare my whiskers. I am six feet, five inches tall and would make a good first baseman on the Sophomores baseball nine. You tell the Sophs I will cover that base if they will not use their scissors on my whiskers."

Denmark re-assured the Judge and they went on up to the Chancellor's house.

The next morning the Judge went down bright and early to call on his professor of Mathematics and I went along as an assistant to Denmark in seeing to it that the Judge was properly entertained.

This was the problem in mathematics that the Judge wanted to discuss with Prof. Snelling. He called it "The Reading of the Root." and said he had been working on it at odd times for about five years without any satisfactory results. He knew that there were some men in the world who could listen as you called out any number of numerals and when you had finished calling them could give you instantly the sum of all the numbers called. He was not satisfied in calling these men mere freaks. He believed they reached their conclusion by some mental process. He also knew that multiplication is simply a continued process of addition and that if you wanted to multiply twenty-one by fifty-seven all you would have to do would be to call out twenty-one fifty seven times and by this same power could add and give the product at the end of the calling.

All of this led him to the belief that it should be possible for men to look at any given number and at once raise it to a given power or determine any root of the number. Hence the naming of his problem "The Reading of the Root."

All of this would indicate an unbalanced mathematical mind, but it afforded Judge Bleckley much fun and mental exercise in working on
the problem and it wasn't any more improbable than many a problem students have had to wrangle with and still have to wrangle with and never reach a solution.

Professor Snelling greeted him most cordially and carried him into the class room where the Freshman were reciting their lesson in college algebra. After this lesson was over all of us went into Prof. Snelling's office and enjoyed a conversation that lasted over a half hour. Mathematics from ancient days up to modern times was learnedly discussed by the Judge and the mathematics teacher but no progress was made on "The Reading of the Root" and the Judge got nothing from the professor except discussion. The conversation came to a close, and as the Judge grasped Professor Snelling's hand and thanked him for his courteous treatment accorded a mere Freshman, with a merry twinkle in his eyes he said to his teachers: "I have enjoyed very much all that you had to say, but I am obliged to tell you that in my judgment you do not know much concerning what you have been talking about." Then everybody laughed heartily at this humorous quip, of the old Judge and we left to go over to the Chemistry building to call on Dr. Harry White, the head of the faculty in the Chemistry Department.

Now Dr. White was a most scholarly man and possessed of much suavity and able to make the Judge thoroughly enjoy the conversation that ensued. He had a wonderful flow of language and knew few equals as a pleasing conversationalist. For half an hour it was a clash of two great intellects. Denmark and I took no part in the conversation. It was all over our heads.

When we got ready to leave, the Judge thanked Dr. White and with that merry twinkle in his eyes and a voice full of fun, said: "I am very much pleased, Dr. White, with the way in which you carry on a conversation, you know how to talk and I want to hire you to come up
to my home in the summer and sit on my porch and put in your time just talking to me. I knew of no one whom I had rather talk to for you do know how to talk."

The use of the word "hire" instead of "employ" sounded like making a proposition to some ordinarily laborer and not a scholar like Dr. White but Dr. White, realizing that it was all a joke, took it with his usual suavity. There is no record, however, of his ever having accepted Judge Bleckley's invitation and the Judge was never regaled again with that smooth conversation. That concluded the Judge's experience as a Freshman. We did not follow him around the next three days as he passed through his experiences as Sophomore, Junior and Senior. We had a kodak along with us and took snapshots of the Judge to use in the full-page article I published in the next Sunday's Atlanta Constitution of this rapid-fire collegiate education of the distinguished jurist. He considered that in the four days he had won his bachelor of Arts degree and was a full-fledged alumnus of the University. It is doubtful whether any man ever enjoyed more thoroughly a four day vacation.

Elsewhere is the story of the elegant dinner given in honor of the Judge by Chancellor Hill, during which he recounted the story of his first trip to Atlanta.
DIDN'T BELIEVE IN EMOTIONAL APPEALS TO JURIES

During the latter years of his life he was largely freed from the exactions of judicial work and had ample opportunity to give rein to his great intellect in the way of reading, philosophizing and furnishing wise advice to those who called upon him for guidance towards the solution of problems that confronted them. Thus it came to pass that almost every year the Georgia Bar Association had him as a welcome guest at its annual session and frequently called upon him for addresses on such subjects as he might choose. One of the ablest of all his addresses was that delivered before that body at its annual session in Macon June 1, 1892 on the subject of Emotional Justice.

The main body of that address was an excoriation of Mob Rule and will be treated in a subsequent chapter. At this time his utterances against the common practice of lawyers to appeal emotionally to juries, a practice that he utterly condemned.

Judge Bleckley was not devoid of emotion, but made no display of it when it came to judicial service, holding firm as he did to the conviction that emotions should play no part in the establishing of justice in any of his decisions on the bench.

Said he: "Justice is nothing if not indifferent and impartial. All the passions, when aroused are unfriendly to it; they are all respectors of persons; the benevolent passions incline us to favoritism, the malevolent to a blind antagonism. To be indifferent means to be free, not only from prejudice, but from the influence of active emotions, for active emotions sway the mind in this or that direction, and justice is so essentially rational that nothing but the dictates of reason can be heed ed in rigidly dealing with it. It is purely intellectual and in no degree emotional. Abnormal emotion is always a disturber. Even righteous indignation and holy horror are impertinent intruders in an affair of Justice."
"Emotional Justice has no standing in the forum of right reason, and ought to have none anywhere. It should be no effectually overruled and discredited as to leave it without favor in public opinion or in private judgment. Unfortunately it has now to scenes of baleful activity; it works out of court and in court. In Georgia, as in most of the States, we have two tribunals for the trial of high crimes and misdemeanors, the one de facto and the other de jure, the one holding its sessions outside, the other its stated sittings inside the law.

As before noted Judge Bleckley cared nothing about emotional oratory. He sought real facts and cared nothing for mere trimmings however rhetorical they might be. Lawyers addressing the Supreme Bench soon learned their lesson and cut out all emotional oratory or high-sounding language.

He charged upon the members of the bar their solemn duty to provide correct methods for carrying on their vocation and declared that insofar as their methods tended to infuse emotion into the administration of justice, they were pernicious and reprehensible.

Judge Bleckley took occasion to criticize the lawyer who appealed to the emotions of a jury and declared such conduct was a menace to the efficiency of court trials and the administration of justice.

Said he: "For the method of carrying out this vocation, the members of the bar are alone responsible. The advocate while engaged in addressing the jury for, this object and with this effect is a sort of mob orator and a direct promoter of emotional justice. Let lawyers cease to play upon the sympathies and antipathies of juries and the mob will soon be deprived of its most plausible excuse for insolent intervention and bloody activity in affairs of justice."

The writer well remembers an occurrence in Atlanta more than a half century ago when a sensational murder trial was conducted there.
The solicitor-general was one of the most eloquent members of the Georgia bar. He had a way of fairly sweeping his hearers off their feet by his eloquence. He was firmly convinced of the guilt of the accused and in his concluding sentence he said to the jury: "If a verdict of acquittal is returned, you might as well apply the torch to this courthouse building and burn it to the ground.

The accused man was acquitted. That night about ten thousand infuriated citizens came to the courthouse prepared to apply the torch to it, and it required quick and effective work on the part of the police to prevent the enactment of the advice given by the solicitor-general in the event of the acquittal of the defendant.

Said Judge Bleckley in this address: "The great danger to justice in court as well as out of court, is passion. A jury swayed by passion is a moral mob. Emotional verdicts of acquittal rendered by excited juries are perhaps more numerous than mob executions, and between these two forms of emotional justice, the first often bears the relation of cause to the second. Some culprits are dispatched without a trial because several others have been tried in vain. This reason is a lame and impotent one, but its existence as a fact cannot be ignored. The work of lawyers at the bar thus causes consequentially and undesignedly lawless violence out of court.

"There is no sounder justice administered in any country than by the justices of the peace in Georgia. These magistrates generally act coolly and dispassionately, although they try questions of fact as well as law. They seldom fail to reach substantial justice. Juries would be equally as successful were they not lashed into undue excitement by the appeals of over-zealous counsel. Emotional justice takes even a wider range in court than out of court. Mobs confine themselves to criminal
practice, but the emotional lawyer has cases on the civil as well as the criminal side of the court. When he has a woman for a client and a corporation for a defendant he is irresistible. The jury through their inflamed passions will respond to his appeals by awarding the highest amount of damages which their overheated consciences will sanction. This happens not seldom when according to law and right the verdict ought to be for the defendant.

"To lynch corporations, or any other class of suitors by exorbitant or unfounded verdicts, is to give mob sway in the jury box. That the emotional stalwart has not long since ceased to be extant is one of the marvels of practical jurisprudence. The atmosphere of a court room should always be serene, so that mental processes of the court and jury may go on deliberately and tranquilly. But too often an emotional cyclone sweeps through and carries the jury away. Counsel, by the prevailing practice, are permitted to excite the jury at will. If the spectators also become excited and manifest it by applause the applause will be a contempt of court, and the enthusiastic individuals who applaud, if they can be identified, will be reprimanded and perhaps fined; but the eloquent counsel who produced the excitement will not be even admonished to forbear from launching out in another burst of emotional eloquence the next moment. This is something like punishing people who take poison, without so much as reproving those who administer it. The eloquence to which I allude is not that which emits light, but that which emits heat only or much heat with little light. Intellectual eloquence is no less legitimate in court than anywhere else. It is emotional eloquence that is pernicious, its unfailing tendency being to pervert or prevent justice."

To its great credit, the bar has frowned upon emotional eloquence
very much in recent years and its use by the lawyers in their argument to juries has greatly decreased in line with Judge Bleckley's criticism and advice. Continuing along this line, Judge Bleckley said: "It is said that this sort of eloquence at the bar has much declined and is still declining. That it ought to go out and disappear entirely, as something wholly incompatible with the functions and purposes of courts, is absolutely certain. Counsel should be called to order no less promptly for attempting to excite the jury, than for misstating the evidence or asserting facts as to which the evidence is silent. The work of all courts is mere business. The great mass of forensic business is concerned with two questions, first, whether the alleged wrong, public or private, has been committed, and secondly, if it has, what redress is due. When both of these questions are correctly decided, justice is realized. If either is decided incorrectly, there is a failure of justice in the given instance. In no conceivable case can a right solution be aided by exciting the jury. On the contrary, coolness and calmness at all stages of the trial will always be favorable to truth and justice. In court, as well as everywhere else, we want intellectual methods that are clear and conscientious. We have learned to respect the rights of person and property; what we ought to learn is that the rights of mind ought to be equally respected. These rights should never be encroached upon by the practice of fraud. Sophistry is a fraud on reason through the reason, pathetic declamation is a fraud on reason through the passions. It surely is not the duty of counsel to influence a jury by such means, and, if not their duty, it ought not to be their privilege. When we want to realize vividly in our own minds the sentiment of justice, or the conditions of justice, we do not endeavor to excite our passions, but to think coolly and deliberately. Why should we not deal with other minds in the same way? Emotion in its normal state is harmless; it offers no hindrance to just-
ice. But when excited and inflamed, it is mental intoxication—it unbalances the reason and unfits the mind for safe and trustworthy deliberation.

"With less emotional justice inside the courthouse, there would be less, perhaps none at all, on the outside. No greater good could be done than by outlawing emotion as a force for the administration of justice."
Mob law ran counter to the beliefs and principles of Logan E. Bleckley in every respect. It could not be otherwise with one who from childhood had envisioned but one goal in life, the attainment of Truth. He could not tolerate the mob spirit and both on the bench and in all of his addresses he inveighed against it.

Conditions in Georgia and the South in all his younger days, through Reconstruction and even after that regime with all its infamies had passed and he was bending beneath the weight of years were quite different from those prevailing today, and there was a strong tendency to offer excuse for the mob. The slaves had been freed and enfranchised. They knew nothing about government and with their new freedom were disposed not to observe the mandates of the law. The most abhorrent crimes were frequently committed. The favorite crime of the negro was rape and the good, white women of the South, especially in the rural districts, lived in perpetual dread.

Then arose the Ku Klux Klan, originated by General Nathan Bedford Forrest. The first Klan was not committed to violence. They played upon the superstitions of the negro more than anything else. In later years they degenerated into more vicious habits and today there are no excuses and under changed conditions there are no excuses to be offered for them. They are clearly outside the pale of the law.

Yet a way back there the taking of the law into their own hands by infuriated men and for the protection of their wives and daughters was not uncommon. There was a general tendency to offer excuses for mob excesses when atrocious crimes were committed.

To rightly judge the utterances of Judge Bleckley on the subject of mob law one will have to take into consideration the prevailing condit-
ions of those days. Judge Bleckley never offered excuse for the mob. What he had to say on that subject was always in condemnation.

Yet we find him referring to mobs as being for the most part made up of good citizens, and to a large extent that was true. Candor compels this writer to say that it took a good many years in his youth to get rid of that feeling himself, so utterly abhorrent were the crimes upon which unlawful lynching was imposed as a penalty. Today no one will find such sentiments expressed. Judge Bleckley was disposed to think that mobs would disappear if good citizens would change their attitude. Well, in large measure he was right and yet now and then, fortunately very seldom, the mob will break loose, but the law-abiding element in all communities is now in the saddle in other sections of the country, they call it "gang-m Murders."

At the present time the crime of rape has to a large extent ceased and with that improvement in conditions lynching has almost entirely disappeared. With this preliminary observance of conditions then and now one can easily understand how Judge Bleckley could never deviate from his abhorrence of mob law and yet in many instances refer to good citizens in the mob and that relief must come from good citizens changing their attitude and come to rely more and more on courts and juries to work out the final solution of the problem.

In his great address on "Motional Justice" he gave in more or less detail his position on mob law. What he had to say then is just as applicable to the solution of what remains of the problem today as it was then. It is not amiss now to quote liberally from his utterances on that subject more than a half century ago.

Said he: The mob exercises concurrent jurisdiction with the jury; or rather, the mob makes its own selection of the most flagrant cases, draws to itself exclusive jurisdiction of these, and tolerates the jury in delaying with the rest. Sometimes, indeed, the mob forbears to inter-
fere, in the first instance, even where the case is of choice flavor, only reserving the supreme power of review over the verdict. A distasteful verdict is a powerful stimulant to mob emotion. Mobs of the kind I refer to always act under the provocation of real crimes the most atrocious and detestable. Their victims, when they secure the right ones, suffer unjustly only because they are punished in violation of law, and by self-constituted agents who have no better right to inflict punishment on the guilty than on the innocent. It is conviction of guilt, not guilt itself that warrants punishment. All men are equally exempt from punishment until guilt has been duly ascertained and declared. Nothing but authentic justice can be called public justice, or is public justice, either in law or in fact.

"It is true beyond question that mobs for the infliction of summary justice on offenders, or supposed offenders, are composed chiefly of good citizens. Without this element no such mob would or could exist. Mobs of bad men only would not violate law in the interest of law and order. None but the good do evil that good may abound. In so far as the public zeal is a motive in the exercise of mob violence, the case is always one of good men acting under a mistake of duty. If that mistake could be prevented there would be no mob.

"One of the most urgent needs of our time is an earnest, temperate, judicious and persistent remonstrance from the bench, the pulpit, the press and the rostrum, against emotional justice. That essential part of mob material which is composed of good citizens should be made to see and realize that while a mob may punish guilt, its members incur guilt, and that for every guilty person purged out of society by such means, two or more equally guilty are brought in. Nothing is more certain than that mob executions increase the criminal population of
the State. The larger the mob and the more security of immunity, the more criminals are lodged in the bosom of society and each man is no less guilty than if the crime of the whole mob had been committed by himself alone. This is true both legally and morally. Murder is none the less wicked because perpetrated by a crowd. Nothing would be needed to convert a State into a colony of criminals but that its mobs should be large enough and numerous enough. Whoever is unwilling for the State to become a mob ought to be unwilling to encourage or share in mob violence.
A GREAT BELIEVER IN JURIES

In the eyes of Judge Blockley the jury was practically sacrosanct. He considered a jury as the very foundation of a court of Justice. He was strictly against anything that minimized the influence of a jury. Said he: "Not only do good citizens, by converting themselves into a mob, multiply criminals, but they diminish the influence of the jury. The mob seizes upon the capital prizes, those cases that count for most in influencing public opinion, and thus the awe which ought to be inspired by the jury is inspired chiefly by the mob. The influence of the mob waxes, while that of the jury wanes. The body which decides between guilt and innocence ought to be the most influential, the most feared and respected of any in society. No organization in or out of the courthouse should be so terrible to evil doers as a jury of twelve men. No mob, even if composed of first-class citizens, ought to compete with the jury for repute in inflicting punishment on offenders. The jury alone should be conspicuous in the exercise of this high function in behalf of the public. Anything which assumes to be better and tends to make itself bigger than the jury is out of place where trial by jury is an institution of the country, and forms the chief bulwark for the security of person and property. Society works by and through established institutions and can work wisely and safely in no other way. To weaken or discredit these institutions is to enfeeble government and bring authority into contempt. If those whose zeal in behalf of the public hurries them into violence and bloody violence would expend their energies in aiding the officers of the law to discover evidence and prosecute malefactors they would indeed be serviceable to the State. As helps and supports in upholding law and enforcing it, they might in a high degree be patriotic and useful. Instead of us-
usurping the functions of the jury, they ought to endeavor to supply evidence and render the jury more efficient. If guilt has been proved to them, they know how to prove it to the jury; if it has not been proved, then they incur the lawful responsibility of confounding guilt and innocence; they take the dreadful risk of inflicting punishment on some who do not deserve it. Lately, in one of the lower counties of this State, the mob executed the wrong man, and just afterwards convicted the right one. Whatever serves to magnify and exalt the jury is in favor of the public interest. Not only do mobs defy the jury; they dwarf it and make it insignificant.

"But the law itself, as well as its institutions, is wounded and weakened by mob aggression. No people can be happy without that repose which is realized through a sentiment of respect for the law of the land. The law is that to which all alike must look for security and protection, and a silent, continuous and widely diffused respect in the public mind for law, as something to be obeyed and observed by all, is more influential in preserving peace, good order and a feeling of restful confidence throughout society than anything else. Where mobs rage and violate the law by committing murder at will and with impunity, the public mind must and will be anxious and disturbed, and the greatest apprehension must be entertained by all intelligent and thoughtful people. This is to live in the shadow of a threatened storm and miss the blessings of peace in a time of peace.

"Mobs have no mission and can render no reason for their existence. Nor would they exist if we could silence their well-meaning but deluded advocates and apologists. Especially would it be serviceable to alter the tone and teaching of those public journals which confound the mob with the people and treat some if not all, instances of mob violence as cases in which the people act in their own behalf and take
justice into their own hands. Nothing can be more manifest than a mob, as such, is not the people as a political society, nor even any part of the same. To become a mob and do its work, those who compose it must, for the time being secede from organized society, outrage its most fundamental principles and trample on its institutions. If society has any law or ordinance that has been proclaimed throughout the civilized world, and that everywhere prevails as binding authority, it is that no man shall be condemned without a trial and that no trial can be had save through governmental agency and in some pre-established method. Such rules are imposed by society for its own observance as well as for observance by all its members. Neither society as an aggregate nor any number of its individuals, can take justice in hand, or have any hand in justice, except by the means and in the manner prescribed by law. Were it known by actual count that all the people of both sexes and all ages had assembled and combined by unanimous consent to perpetrate an act of violence upon the worst of criminals, the case would not be one in which the people had taken justice in their own hands, but one in which, in violation of their own laws, they had assumed to inflict injustice in the name of justice. The people have no hands for unlawful work. Justice is in the hands of the people only when it is the hands of their organized tribunals. In such matters the people cannot act otherwise than through their legitimate agents. By appointing these agents and committing all punitive power into their hands, to be exercised in the name of the people and for the good of the people, the people renounced completely and forever all right and power to transact such business in person, or by means of their own direct intervention. But the truth is that mobs are never composed of more than a small fragment or fraction of the population. Their arrogant assumption of being the people, or representing them is entirely fanciful and fictitious.
"I exhort and adjure all good citizens to co-operate with the Executive and the judiciary in staying quickly that violent justice which is administered by mobs—that wild and lawless justice that is rife in our unhappy country. Children already born may live to see mobs mobbed; large mobs may execute smaller ones; mobs of one race may rise up against mobs of another race; mobs of bad men may become as numerous and more terrible than mobs of good men; brute force through a long and bloody period of disorder may reign supreme."

--
Long before the national election of 1932 the career of Franklin Delano Roosevelt had been noticed favorably by the alumni of the University of Georgia.

The name of Roosevelt had become familiar to the American people through the services of the inimitable "Teddy" on the field of battle and in the presidential office. Down this way he was appreciated for his soldierly qualities and his progressive, fighting spirit, even though his republican alignment made him politically persona non grata in Southern politics.

Then another Roosevelt came forward, candidate for vice-president in the presidential campaign of 1920, as the running mate of James M. Cox, of Ohio. When he served New York as governor at the request of his friend, Alfred M. Smith, unsuccessful candidate for the presidency in 1928, he became nationally prominent and it was a foregone conclusion that he would be nominated for the presidency in 1932.

Meanwhile he had gone down with an attack of infantile paralysis, albeit at the time he was stricken he was anything but an infant.

I remember distinctly a conversation one day in the Spring of 1932 with the late Hon. Andrew C. Erwin, of Athens, which gave me an insight as to the bulldog determination of his remarkable man.

Mr. Erwin was very much interested in national politics, especially in nominating conventions, several of which he had attended. I was doubting the wisdom of nominating a man who was a paralytic, feeling that he would not live through his term of office.

Said Mr. Erwin: "You need give yourself no worry on that score."
You think that I am a pretty good physical specimen, don't you? Well, if you were to place Franklin Roosevelt and me on the floor and not allow us to get up on our knees, and then tell us to fight it out, he would whip me in less than five minutes. Why, man, above his waist he is a perfect athlete.

"You know, I was impressed with his physical strength from the time of the San Francisco convention in 1920. That was the first time I ever laid eyes on him. Since that time we have been personal friends.

"I was sitting with the Georgia delegation and watching a parade around the convention hall that had just been started by the New York delegation, honoring President Woodrow Wilson, who was then in the last year of his administration and in a very precarious physical condition. In front of the New York delegation were two stalwart fellows carrying a large cloth banner on which the picture of Woodrow Wilson appeared.

"Just as the head of the procession was passing the Georgia delegation, a rough who in some way had become a member of the New York body, jumped out in front, tore the picture of Wilson from its standard, threw it down on the floor and stamped on it. All of us Georgians were just then in a frame of mind to put that fellow on the floor and do some stamping ourselves, but we were spared the necessity for such action. A tall, broad-shouldered young man sprang from the New York delegation, planted one blow beneath the chin of that fellow and he hit the floor and stayed there as the New Yorkers continued on their way.

"Who was that young man who knocked that ruffian cold?" I asked of one the passing New Yorkers.

"Why, that was our Vice-presidential nominee, Franklin D. Roosevelt!"

"I concluded that he was my kind of a man and would do to tie to. So you need not worry about his physical condition. He will make the grade." And he did make the grade against the effects of the disease.
that struck him down in 1921. The rest of the story of his life in history
that will never be effaced.

Through his friend, George Foster Peabody, he became interested
in Warm Springs, Ga., where in large measure he overcame the effects of the
disease that hampered the movement of his limbs, and presently the Little
White House was built and he came to regard Georgia as "his other home."
Later on it came to pass that each year on his birthday anniversary the
people of America contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars as a birthday
gift for the benefit of the Warm Springs Foundation and the fight against
infantile paralysis everywhere. A number of Georgians did not agree with
his governmental policies, he lost a number of friends by his unsuccessful
effort to prevent the re-election of Senator Walter F. George in 1938, but
there never was a time in national politics or in movements looking to the
upbuilding of America and the guaranteeing of freedom for all people that
he did not command the overwhelming support of the people of Georgia.

RIDING THE PHI KAPPA GOAT

In the earlier years of the Phi Kappa Literary Society of the
University of Georgia it was the prevailing custom to confer honorary membership
upon distinguished men throughout the country. That custom ceased to be
observed almost one hundred years ago, but in 1937 it was revived and an
invitation was tendered the chief executive of the nation, Franklin Delano
Roosevelt. The invitation was accepted and plans were made for his initiation
That was an unusual procedure, for honorary members, according to custom had
not been formally initiated, their acceptance of membership completing all the
requirements of the Society.

President Roosevelt readily consented to be initiated at the
Little White House at Warm Springs, and a committee from the Phi Kappa
Society was named to go down and conduct the initiation. That committee
consisted of Morris Abram, of Fitzgerald, Ga., president of the society,
Lee Price, of Swainsboro, 1st Vice-president, Wingate Dykes, of Americus, 2nd Vice-president, Albert Menard, of Macon, Secretary, and Sol Singer, of Unadilla, and Howard Perry, of Winder, under whose presidency the invitation had been extended. The Society honored the writer, who was the oldest Phi Kappa in the faculty, by adding him to the committee. When the day for the initiation arrived, Mr. Perry was ill and he was represented by his brother, George Perry. Down at Warm Springs, Albon Hailey and Marion DuBose, Jr., of Athens, who happened to be there, were added to those who took part in the initiation.

When the committee arrived at Warm Springs, the genial Marvin McIntyre was consulted as to the proper procedure.

The preceding Friday evening a dinner had been given at the University in honor of James Roosevelt, the president's son, at which more than five hundred University people as well as other citizens were present. I had asked Mr. Roosevelt for his signature on two place cards that I wished to give to my two grandchildren and he had graciously signed the two cards. I told him we were going down to Warm Springs on Monday to have his father ride the Phi Kappa goat. He took one of the cards and wrote on it: "Dear Father: I hope you will give a good performance." I showed that card to Mr. McIntyre and told him I would like to get Mr. Roosevelt's signature on it. He said the President didn't like to autograph cards, as the requests for his signature were so numerous, but with a twinkle in his eyes he said: "I think I would show him that card. He would get a great kick out of that message from "Jimmie."

Then we went on down to the Little White House, where we found the President awaiting us. He was sitting all alone on the open air porch, behind a small table that had nothing on it but an ash tray, a pack of cigarettes and his cigarette holder.

And then in a few minutes the simple initiation ceremonies
were carried out and the distinguished president had received his certificate of membership from the Phi Kappa Society. He had ridden the Society goat in a most dignified manner.

The committee had asked me to speak a few words for the Phi Kappa alumni and in response to that request I addressed the president as follows:

"I appreciate most deeply, Mr. President, the privilege accorded me by my younger brothers of Phi Kappa to express to you on behalf of the alumni their gratification on your being received as a member of their honored society.

"From its very inception to this good hour, it has nurtured and trained its members in the essentials of good citizenship, and with just pride it rejoices in the contributions made by its sons to the welfare and advancement of the state and nation.

"We welcome you into the society of Howell Cobb, governor of Georgia, speaker of the national house of representatives, secretary of the treasury in the cabinet of President Buchanan; the society of Alexander H. Stephens, congressman, vice-president of the Southern Confederacy, governor of his state, Georgia’s great Commoner, whose address before the secession convention in 1861 was declared by Mr. Lincoln to have been the ablest delivered by any citizen on either side of the question at issue in those stormy days; the society of Henry W. Grady, who, in 1887, at the banquet of the New England Society in New York, carried a message of fraternal good will across Mason and Dixon’s Line and elsewhere he had passed away two years later had ‘loved a nation into peace’; the society of another great Georgia Democrat who served faithfully and well as national committeeman from his state for a quarter of a century and who but a few months since passed onward through the gates of light—Clark Howell, your friend and mine.

"The alumni of Phi Kappa, living in every state in the Union, knowing your devotion to the high ideals that called the society into
existence, are deeply appreciative of the honor that is conferred by your acceptance of membership, and to the high esteem in which they hold the chief executive of their government they are proud of the privilege to add the closer and deeper feeling of true brotherhood.

"God bless and keep you, Mr. President, evangel of better and brighter days for America and the entire world. God give you health and strength to bear the heavy burdens of your exalted office. God give you wisdom to meet and solve the problems that confront the nation. God preserve you immaculate in character, invincible in courage, unselfish in service, faithful to every duty in the years that lie ahead, as you have ever been in those that are gone. God give you joy in high ideals reached and kept, in deeds done and work accomplished for the uplift of your people. God give you many years of happiness and sweet content."

The President in a few appropriate words expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, and in his magnetic way captured the hearts of all the boys. Needless to say he already had my possession of my heart. The President referred to his own college days at Harvard where he became a member of Alpha Delta Phi. He said it was somewhat novel in becoming even an honorary member of a debating society, for in his college days he had not gone in for debating. It did not attract him at that time. On the other hand he always had a special fondness for writing and while in college he had contributed a number of articles to the Harvard college papers.

In my remarks I had mentioned the name of H.W. Grady. The President remarked that he had a general knowledge of Mr. Grady's life, but would appreciate it if I would give him fuller information, as he considered him among those who had rendered greatest service to the United States in leading the way to a thorough reconciliation of the North and South. I told the President that I would furnish him full
information as to the life of that great Georgian, and on my return home I
fulfilled that promise by sending him a copy of the address I had
delivered before the Georgia Press Association in 1931.

The serious part of the proceedings being over, the President
very generously allowed us fifteen minutes of time for general conversation
and in a jolly mood conversed with the boys just as if he were a college
boy himself. I grasped the opportunity and handed him the card that bore
the message from "Jimmie". He read it and leaned back in his chair and
laughed heartily.

"Let me have that card," said he as I was returning it to
my pocket. "I wish to write something on it."

That was playing right down my alley. I handed him the card on
which "Jimmie" had expressed the hope that father would give a good performance
in riding the Phi Kappa goat.

And this is what he wrote: "Father did" and to that statement
he affixed his signature. That card became to me a prized possession. It will
go to my grandson when I have passed on.

I remember Franklin Roosevelt for many things, and among others
his abiding interest in the University of Georgia. When we needed a friend
at Washington, Chancellor Sanford and President Caldwell and all other
University representatives knew where to find him——-at the White House.
The high light of the graduating exercises at the end of the Summer Session of 1938 was the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Laws on President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The Board of Regents, since taking charge of the University System of Georgia January 1, 1932, had conferred no honorary degree on anyone. In fact, the Regents looked with disfavor on the conferring of honorary degrees, no doubt being influenced by criticisms that had been leveled against the old Board of Trustees for conferring too many such degrees.

But in this one instance the Regents yielded their position and were delighted to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws upon the nation's chief executive. The graduating exercises were held in Sanford Stadium in order to provide accommodation for the large crowd of spectators, fully ten thousand of whom gathered to greet the President and see the degree conferred. Hundreds who could not leave their work gathered on the streets through which the president's car passed in order to get a glimpse of their national leader and wave their hands and lift their voices in tribute.

A large stand had been constructed out on the gridiron and it was gorgeously decorated in red and black. The president was given a great ovation as he came upon the stand.

The "Triumphant March" from Aida was rendered by Mr. Mike McDowell and the invocation offered by Dr. James W. Wilkinson, pastor of the First Baptist Church.

President Caldwell then introduced Governor E.D. Rivers in an appropriate manner and Governor Rivers, in a few well-chosen and well-merited words, presented the chief Executive who was received with tumultuous applause, and who delivered a most impressive address.
President Roosevelt, after expressing his great pleasure in coming to the state that he often called "his other home", discussed in the main the economic situation in Georgia, especially as it touched the question of education. Education in Georgia had lacked the money to carry on the proper program. The lack of money resulted from lack of values of the state resources. The problem was to build up those values, which in turn would yield more income with which to solve educational problems.

He believed in the national government being liberal in its appropriations for educational aid to the states, but he believed the states should look after the management of their educational systems. Quoting his exact words: "Education should be run by the states and their subdivisions. The best way for your national government to assist is to tackle the national aspects of economic policies, to eliminate discriminations between one part of the country and another, to raise purchasing power, to save the waste and erosion of our national resources, to encourage each section to become financially independent, to take the lead in establishing social security. You of the University are greatly responsible for the present and the future. Well, you are doing your part; from today forward, I shall proudly and more fully urge the government to do its part."

He took occasion to pay a merited tribute to one greatly beloved by the University. Said he: "For many years before I came to Georgia, I had heard much of Georgia from the lips of that old friend of mine, George Foster Peabody, who, reversing my process, was born in Georgia and became a citizen of the state of New York. Wherever he lived, wherever he went, there was one thing about Mr. Peabody that stood out, and that was his love for this University and so I am proud today to be receiving a degree that was proposed by Mr. Peabody some time before his unfortunate death."
Following the address of the President came the conferring of the degrees on the members of the graduating class.

Then came the feature of the day's program, the conferring of the degree on the president. This was done by Chancellor S.V. Sanford of the University System of Georgia, in the name of the Board of Regents.

The appropriate robe was presented to the President and then came the placing of the hood over his head and down upon his shoulders. Professor W.D. Hooper and the writer were assigned the duty of seeing that this was properly done. We performed our duty and the ubiquitous photographers "snapped" their pictures of the scene.

Just then one of the photographers told the president that he wanted a better picture and asked that this ceremony of placing the hood be repeated.

Prof. Hooper had a little trouble in loosening the pin by which the hood was held in place, and in getting the hood off over the president's head so that it could again be placed in a way that the photographer could get a good picture, there was a little delay. It required two or three minutes, during which time the President, speaking to Prof. Hooper and myself in a jocular manner, said: "Why, what are you doing, are you unfrocking me?"

Now he was standing right in front of the microphone and everybody in the large crowd on the stadium seats heard plainly his remarks. When we got back up town, hundreds of people had to be told all about the "unfrocking" of the President.
IN MEMORY OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

On May 17, 1945 in the historic old Chapel, students of the University of Georgia met to pay tribute to the memory of the great American who had a few days before answered the final summons and passed from scenes of earth.

The students honored the writer with an invitation to deliver the memorial address on that occasion. It is reproduced here as indicative of the feeling of the student body who felt that the University had lost one of its greatest and staunchest friends.

After brief but appreciated remarks by the student leader, Mr. Forrest Champion, the memorial address was delivered by T.W. Red, Class of 1888, as follows:

All that was mortal of our great leader rests in the soil of his native state; that which is immortal remains to brighten and to bless the lives of men and women and little children throughout the world.

The beuteous flowers of the spring that cover the new-made grave at Hyde Park will soon fade, but those that blossomed in his royal soul will cast their fragrance adown the centuries.

The kindly, gentle, and yet commanding voice that spoke to millions the messages of guidance, of hope of goodwill and assurance of better days to be is silent, but in a better and a fairer world it has melted away amidst the kindling music of the skies.

The pens of gifted writers will record in just and merited praise the story of his matchless life, but the record that will survive all books will be handed down from generation to generation in the lives made happier and nobler by his having passed this way.

This is an hour of sadness and of grief. To those who knew him and enjoyed his close friendship it is a personal bereavement; to all Americans it is a feeling of national loss; to everyone in all the world, who, through faith, have envisioned the coming of universal peace, it seems the
inevitable deferment of a glorious dream.

And yet there is a brighter and more beautiful side to the picture. Aside from the purely physical, Death is not the end. We dream at night and in the morning awake to the regular duties of life. We spend our year full of activity and struggle and achievement, until at the touch of death we awake to the glories of the life indeed. For "Death is but the waking from that dream that men call Life."

How like the echoes described by Tennyson in his "Bugle Song" are the undying deeds and achievements of men.

"Oh love, they die in yon rich sky, They faint by field and flood and river; Our echoes roll from soul to soul, And grow forever and forever."

We shall not look again into his sparkling eyes or feel the pressure of his friendly hand. His thoughtful brain will not be in action when danger looms ahead on the pathway of our nation and his prophetic vision will not be here to point the way to ultimate safety. All that is true, but over and beyond all that, our great leader is still alive. The echoes of his matchless life will "roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever."

For such as he

"There is no death, The stars go down to rise upon some fairer shore."

He was easily the dominant figure of his day. To him were pinned the faith and hopes and aspirations of all the freedom-loving nations of the world. In all the history of mankind no tribute of love and high regard was comparable to that which was expressed by the uncounted millions when it became known that he had passed on. The flags of the great Soviet Union, bordered in black, were lowered to half-mast, likewise the banners of old England in tribute to the one man, who, in her darkest hour, reached out his supporting hand and gave assurance of final victory, and on and on down the
line to the humblest little republic that occupied its place in his glorious dream of universal freedom.

I shall always remember Franklin Roosevelt as one of the three most magnetic men I have ever met. The other two were John B. Gordon and Henry W. Grady. There was a cordiality about him that caused the humblest citizen to feel at home in his presence. He was the genuine friend of man, prince or pauper, powerful or weak, exalted or humble, cultured or underprivileged.

He wore the red badge of courage. Like our own Alexander H. Stephens, he was afraid of nothing except to do wrong. Stricken in his young manhood with infantile paralysis, he fought back impending death, and, despite the resulting dangers and inconveniences, came off victor in the struggle, and devoted more than two score years to the service of his people. It never fell to his lot to lead an army on the field of battle, but had that been his duty he would have performed it with unflinching courage, as bravely as Richard of the Lion Heart before the hosts of Saladin or Stonewall Jackson on the endanguined battlefields of the Confederacy.

He was possessed of a strong, vigorous, well-trained mind, and knew how to use it. He was open to good advice, to which he gave due consideration, but he did not always take it. He had a mind of his own, and he had to be convinced that he was in error before he changed it. Like all human beings, he made mistakes, but, merged with the great and lasting accomplishments of his marvelous life, they were not unlike the almost invisible motes that float in the bright rays of sunlight that bid the darkness flee.

On March 4, 1933, the fate of the American republic hung in the balance. We were standing at the cross-roads. Just then the man and the hour met. On that day Franklin D. Roosevelt took the oath of office as President of the United States of America. It was an hour that demanded wisdom,
foresight, devotion, courage. The new president had all those qualities.

The business structure of the whole country was crumbling. Values were declining with almost inconceivable rapidity. Confidence had practically disappeared. Banks were closing in every state and those who could do so were withdrawing gold by the truck load for the purpose of hoarding it. Millions of Americans were unemployed. Thousands upon thousands were hungry and shivering with cold. It would not have taken many steps to have carried America into revolution.

But the strong hand, the clear head, the consecrated spirit were at hand to avert catastrophe. Our great leader, firm in his faith and convinced that with the proper support of the people, he could show them the way out, gave out that first great radio address to the public, in which he declared that the greatest thing they had to fear was fear. He bade them be of good courage. There was no defeatism in him. In order to restore confidence and give business time in which to readjust itself, he closed every bank in the United States for one week, and during that time neither he nor the business leaders were idle. The downward plunge of business was stopped and panic was averted. Subsequently the insurance of bank deposits was provided. It was a long, hard pull from there on to the consummation of his plans and his desires, but he made the grade. In the days of their prosperity Americans should never forget those dark hours or the man under whose leadership they were led into the light.

Time forbids the enumeration of all his great achievements. Many were those who disagreed with him as to many of his political policies. Over against all criticism stand two ineffaceable facts, the undeniable prosperity of the American people, and the fact that, breaking all precedents, the people gave him vote after vote of confidence and elected him four times to the high office of president of the republic.