MEMORIES

AND

ANNALS

By

CHARLES SPALDING WYLLY
Annals and Statistics
of
Glynn County,
Georgia.

"Downward they move, a melancholy band—
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand.
Through torrid tracts, with fainting steps they go—
Where wild 'Altama' murmurs to their woe."

—DEserted village.

By

CHARLES S. WYLLY
Annals of Glynn County,
written in 1896 and annexed
to the "Memories" in 1916

It is some time since I began this memoir. Unskilled in composition, I failed to place in words the facts which I hoped might impress the youth of the day—a youth contemptuous of the past and unapt to reflect—that their forefathers had much to do and move to endure e'er they won for the English race the lands we now call the County of Glynn.

I trust this record of an arduous struggle, this story of a sharp wrestle with an invading army, and of the final conquest of a wilderness, may have some interest to those living in a quieter age. In the burial ground at Frederica lie the remains of many a patriot and gallant soldier, who, in life never failed to answer every call of the "Province of Georgia." Had they tombs, upon each tablet might be inscribed:—"Here lies one who, living, did his whole duty to his people and his country." Wrights, McIntoshes, McBeans, Clarkes, Demereys, Burnets and McCoys lie side by side. At dead of night, should some phantom pipebroch blow loud and clear, the muster call would be answered by men who, living, gave the first check to Spanish-American power, and whose descendants, in many instances, forget and neglect the sods under which they lie.

All countries, and especially all colonies, owe their birth to some political necessity, and thus it was that, in the year 1730, those who then ruled the British government perceived that it was necessary to take effectual means for the better protection of the Carolinas against Spanish and Indian hostility, and to these men no plan seemed more suitable than the surrounding of those rich settlements, over which the shadow of servile insurrection, Indian wars and Spanish invasion continually rested, by zone of free* colonists, bound under law to military service, holding the land granted them by virtue of that service, and whose presence and courage would serve as a buffer to break the first strength of an enemy, and thus did it come to pass that the British government, in 1730, lent a willing ear to the philanthropic efforts of Oglethorpe and his associates.

*The introduction of Africans was prohibited by the Charter of the Province.
To the deserving poor free passage was given, lands were granted, and a three-year's support was guaranteed. To the disaffected Jacobite the same terms were offered. To the oppressed Lutheran similar proffers were made, and thus it was that, conceived by a political necessity, but born of the purest feelings that emanate from the human heart, that the province of Georgia came into life. South Carolina ceded her claims to the lands that now comprise the states of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and the youngest born of the North American colonies was called Georgia, in honor of George II, King of England, Ireland and Scotland.

**EARLY HISTORY OF GLYNN.**

In date of foundation, our county was third, but not until 1765 were its limits defined and called the parishes of St. Patrick and St. David. In 1777, it was renamed the County of Glynn, in honor of John Glynn, Esq., a strong supporter of provincial rights. Settled in 1736, it at once became the headquarters of the commanding general and the seat of government. Embracing in its limits the islands of St. Simons and Jekyll they became the keys to the system of defense adopted by Oglethorpe. Frederica on the extreme left was the buttress upon which the whole system rested, Fort Howe, at the first ford of the Altamaha river, the right flank. One rested on the Atlantic ocean, the other on a great river. Between these points out-posts and block houses were built—one at Carteret's and one at Hopetown. Northwards a line of forts extended from Fort Howe to Fort Argyle on the Ogeechee, and from thence to the Savannah. Darien with easy water communication to both right and left, became the post of the reserve, and from there a good road was opened to Savannah.*

With his line thus protected on its flanks and guarded in the rear Oglethorpe awaited the coming war, and by this disposition of the forces Glynn county became the very picket line of the Anglo-Saxon colony, and behind that line rested the richer and more populous settlements of the province content with the knowledge that the shock of conflict must first break upon the citizens of Glynn and McIntosh.

"Nor was the enemy the effete power we now know. Spain then stood at the head of European nationalities. Her flag waved from Van Couver's to Cape Horn, and Florida and Cuba were supported by the whole strength of the "Catholic kingdom." Jealousy of the encroaching Saxon was intense, and upon Georgia, the new out-shoot of British energy, it was well known her heavy hand would soon fall. Frederica was garrisoned by a regiment of 600 men enlisted in the British service and officered by men of great merit. Above all it had Oglethorpe as its commander. The fort was constructed in the form of half a hexagon, 

*The first road built in Georgia. Jonathan Bryan built it under direction of Hugh MacKay.—C. S. W.
with two bastions and two half bastions crowned with towers. The walls were of earth ten feet high, faced with timber. The whole fort was surrounded by a deep ditch furnished with gates to admit the tide. Landward it showed two bastions. Riverward there was a water battery, and seaward there was a dense wood, hiding the fort from advancing vessels. In front of the wood, and protected by a miry marsh was a battery of twelve heavy guns.” The place was garrisoned by a part of Oglethorpe’s regiment, four companies being stationed at other points—two on Cumberland Island, one on Jekyl, and one at Fort St. Simons, St. Simon’s Island. Such were the relative positions of the two parties when war was declared. “For two years the Spaniards had been preparing in Cuba an armada, huge for those days.” It consisted of fifty ships and carried five thousand men, commanded by Don Montecatno. Its mission was to wipe off from the North American coast all traces of heretic settlements. Slowly the news of it floated northward. Meanwhile the armada was at the mouth of the St. Mary’s. Fort Williams, at the south end of Cumberland, held out well, having been reinforced, Gen. Oglethorpe having fought his way to it in boats. Then, with no more than seven hundred soldiers, consisting of five hundred of his own regiment, sixty highland rangers from Darien, thirty scouts under Capt. Noble Jones, fifty rangers from Glynn, and the rest but Indian auxiliaries, the general threw himself into Frederica.

On July 5th, 1742, the enemy passed Fort St. Simons*, which was bravely defended by Lieuts. Wall and Ottebridge, and sailed up to Gascoigue’s Bluff, now St. Simon’s Mills. Fort St. Simons was then abandoned, and the garrison retired into Frederica, spiking their guns before retreat. On July 7th, Oglethorpe attacked the enemy at Bloody Marsh drove them back, with a loss of four hundred killed, wounded and taken prisoners, to their entrenched camps. On July 11th, their great galleys came up to Frederica, but met so warm a fire from the guns of the fort as forced them to retire, Oglethorpe pursuing them in boats to the sound. On July 15th, the whole fleet and army retired by way of Cumberland, landing and burning Major Horton’s residence on Jekyl. On July 25th, a general thanksgiving was ordered for the end of the invasion. In this heroic struggle, with the exception of Capt. Jones’ scouts, not one soldier from the province of Georgia, save the men of Glynn and McIntosh and the regiments of regulars, participated. Chatham and Liberty lay quiet, seemingly content with the knowledge that between themselves and the enemy stood Oglethorpe with his regiment and the men of the two frontier counties.

With 1742 terminated forever all attempts of Spanish power

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*Near the Pier of 1916 with a separate battery between that point and site of hotel.—C. S. W.

§The road from Fort St. Simons skirted the marsh from the fort to a point now known as Harrington, a distance of near 5 miles, then bent westward and ran direct to Frederica.
against the coasts of Georgia and the Carolinas. Bloody Marsh was a practical assertion of the Monroe doctrine, and after it came peace and prosperity. The garrisons that were kept up furnished a market for all the produce raised on the farms. The lands were new and productive, the pasturage abundant, and beef, pork and mutton found ready sale at Frederica, Fort Howe and Savannah. From 1743 to 1765, there was a period of unusual prosperity. The young men found ready employment at the military posts as scouts, guides or teamsters, while the elder men made their homes each day more attractive and productive. One radical change in the charter of the province brought about much ill feeling, and was the cause of much divergence of opinion.

By the Georgia charter slavery had been positively interdicted. But the Savannah and Ogeechee settlers, seeing the Carolina planter resting in the shade while his fields were tilled by slaves, bought in the Charleston market, on four year's time, at one hundred dollars a head, became covetous and restless. Petitions and counter petitions were frequent for the abrogation of that clause of the charter, and when, at length, the interdiction was rescinded, on October 26th, 1749, much divergence of opinion was created. Among the many counter petitions was one, signed to a man, by the citizens of Frederica and Darien. A remarkable document, in which we find the words: "Introduce slaves and we cannot but believe they will one day return to be a scourge and a curse upon our children, or our children's children." This was the first protest in all history against the use of slaves, and it was based upon humanitarian grounds—long before Phillips spoke or Garrison wrote, and it emanated from Darien, Georgia. In such form was this "animated apple of discord" sown into Georgia history.

Prosperity now came quickly. Exports of indigo, peltries and furs commenced, and trade with the Indian nations to the south and west gave employment to many adventurous spirits. In this growing prosperity Glynn county fully shared. The great house of Blanton, Forbes & Co., established a branch at Frederica, known as McCoy & Spalding. They bought cargoes direct from England and sold to Indian tribes that dwelt to the north, on the Tennessee river, and to the south, in the Everglades of Florida. In 1774 John Bartram, the first botanist of Southern America, and whose name is even now perpetuated in the "Bartram's Botanical Gardens" of Philadelphia, tells, in his journal, of kindnesses received and of his being forwarded on his journey by James Spalding, of Retreat,* St. Simon's Island.

I doubt, if anywhere within the circle of British colonization such picturesque contrasts of social condition could have been found as in the narrow circuit of early Georgia. In Savannah might be met the loose living English adventurer, the men of Fielding's novels. A few miles to the west the steady German

*Not Retreat but Orange Grove—one mile north of Gascoigue's Bluff. "Retreat" was settled by his son, Thomas Spalding.—C. W. S.
tilled his fields under his own pastor and teacher; but a day's ride
to the south a band of Puritans, of strictest tenets, had planted
their stakes at "Midway Church," whilst further south and on
the very frontier of the colony their moral antipodes, would be
found—the fervid Celt; whilst amongst them all, at that time,
free and friendly, roamed the Red men of the woods.

But now the waves of revolutionary principles were fast
rising. Families were being divided one from another, daughters
found husbands who differed in political faith from their fathers
and brothers. The British government, which had been lavishly
generous to the last born of her American colonies, withdrew
her bounty and frowned upon her ungrateful child, and the year
1775 found Glynn county torn by diversities of political faith and
subject to military inroads from the now British possession of
Florida. She was, in the succeeding year, raided by predatory
bands, called "skinners." Now McGirth, in the name of his
majesty, ravaged the country, and after him Paddy Carr, under
commission of the state, literally robbed every home not defended
by strong arms and ready rifles. During the progress of the
Revolutionary war, General Prevost, of his majesty's army, with
a body of irregular troops, crossed the St. Mary's at its first ford,
and marched straight for Fort Howe, on the Altamaha. In his
way through Wayne and Glynn he spared neither barn nor dwell-
ing. Accompanied by McGirth's partisan cavalry, he swept the
coast from its southern line to Savannah. Great suffering was
entailed upon the citizens of Glynn, Liberty and McIntosh.
Yet there was no abandonment of principles, and the people in
general remained faithful to the cause of liberty, Frederica was
captured by British vessels which lay in the sound. The fort was
dismantled, the barracks burned, the town destroyed, its inhabi-
tants dispersed, and from that day to this, rightly it has been
called, "The Dead City of Georgia." The trees that then adorned
its bluffs still shadow the river, on the banks of which the immi-
grants of 1736 first stood, when they listened to Charles Wesley,
who says, in his diary, "I preached with boldness." On that
same carpet of grass did the ladies of the town give him great
offense—"by a too often and too great a flaunting of their gowns."
He arrived on St. Simon's, March 9th, 1736, and left, never to
return, May 15th, 1736. He left Georgia finally on July 26th,
preaching in Savannah on the Sunday previous from the text,
"Let us arise and go hence." His brother, John Wesley, made one
visit to Frederica, but was never in charge of the congregation.
A short distance from Frederica was the home of Oglethorpe, the
only spot of land in the New World ever owned by the founder of
the state of Georgia. It has of late been called the "Beck Place,"
and distant about a half a mile is the church and old burial ground.
Here, in the solemn stillness of an unrivaled grove, lie many of
the first settlers of Georgia, and beside them those of later days.
As the sun sinks in the west, the shadows lengthen and at times
steal away, as if in the presence of a sorrow. Above the grey
moss waves its funeral banner and your feet sink deep in the
green ferns that cover the earth, here and there rises a white tomb, marking the resting-place of one whose name is chiseled thereon. Often a low mound is all that meets the eye, and who rests there in "peace" is not known; but here lie men who have filled a noble part in the history of our state and who, in their day, were looked up to as right-thinking and right-acting men, and beside them, rest wives and mothers whose children to this day "rise up and call them blessed."

Slowly the war dragged on. For seven years Georgia, and especially her frontier county, became but a highway for predatory bands, whose swords were drawn, it might be, in the name of king or state, but who, in fact fought only for plunder. Cunningham, nick named "Bloody Bill," for whose head the governor of South Carolina had offered a thousand pounds, led his miscreants to the Altamaha, and his very name became a terror. When peace was declared he fled to the Bahamas, from which place, at his death, his son, who had settled in Darien, brought home his body, and had it interred in the Baptist church yard of that place.

At last, in 1783, came peace and Independence, and with a gasp of relief, Glynn county turned to rebuild her desolate homes. Sea Island cotton promised to bring high prices, and soon, what capital existed, or could be borrowed, turned to that industry. Large farms were opened for its cultivation on St. Simon's and Jekyll, and also on the mainland, especially in the tide water district, and the Big and Little Buffalo Swamps.

Immigrants from South and North Carolina flowed in, and French refugees from the West Indies added their thrift, courtesy and education to the energy of the Scotch and English who, until then, had composed the whole population. Schools were opened, churches built, lands cleared and diked, and by the close of the century the ruins that had marked the course of the war were hid by the growths of peace.

Live Oak timber was found to be valuable in ship-building. Much was got out for northern markets. The government gave out contracts for the frames of men of war, and from the lands at Cannon's Point, St. Simon's Island, Mr. John Couper cut the frame of the U. S. frigate "Constitution." The tree from which her stern post was framed stood in the garden, and there are those now living who can remember the stump, banded with iron and inscribed, "U. S. frigate Constitution, 1794." In 1849, when she was docked for repairs, the Hon. Thomas Butler King, Chairman of the Naval Committee, was presented with a vase, carved from her timbers, and thus did the oak that had grown at the north

*In 1915 I looked for it. Now every brick which covered the grave is gone and no trace can be discovered. In 1880, I saw it in fair preservation.—C. S. W.

†Mrs. James Hamilton Couper born 1711. died 1797. Caroline Georgia Wyly, has since this writing died.—C. S. W.

§This vase is an exact copy of the famous "Portland Vase." The copper bolts that had held their places has beautifully stained and veined the wood.
end of the island return after perils by battles and perils by storms, to add to the charms of the drawing room at "Retreat," Glynn county steadily advanced in wealth and population. In 1810, we find her returning 4,500 slaves and a proportionate acreage in cultivated lands 4 mills was collected, and for wild lands 2. The assessed but thirty-one cents for each slave, and for each acre of cultivated lands 4 mills was collected, and for wild lands 2. The entire revenue of the county, in 1812, was but $1,863, and in 1820, $2,005. Still the county owed not one dollar, and every class of society was prosperous. In 1837, came the first rumor of railroad movements. A charter was obtained for a railroad to connect the Altamaha with the port of Brunswick. The road was graded by a Dr. Davis, but not built. The charter was afterwards exchanged for one authorizing a canal, to be called the Brunswick and Altamaha Canal. This canal was opened for traffic, but soon abandoned. In the meantime the lands that now comprise the city of Brunswick had been acquired by a company, called "The Proprietors of the City of Brunswick." They built a large hotel, called it "The Oglethorpe," and inaugurated the first boom of the City of Brunswick. It may not be amiss to here attach a concise history of the city.* In 1737, the city was founded by Oglethorpe. A plan of streets and squares was adopted, and by that plan the town was laid out. In 1771, the lines and marks having been obliterated, parliament ordered a resurvey, according to the original plans, but before this could be accomplished the troubles of the revolution occurred. In 1787, the state of Georgia made Brunswick a port of entry, and ordered the town to be resurveyed and laid out, "as nearly as possible" according to the original plan. In 1797, an act was passed by the legislature of the state embodying the same instructions, and appointing commissioners for the town of Brunswick. The commissioners were John Couper, James Moore, James Harrison, William McIntosh and William Clubb. George Purvis, surveyor, was empowered by these commissioners "to lay out the city of Brunswick in accordance with the original plan," and to cause the lots to be staked out and the streets opened. George Purvis resurveyed the city, marking the lots, but failed to open the streets. He, however, made and filed in the Surveyor General's office a map of the city of Brunswick. In 1837, George Baldwin, civil engineer in the employ of the "Proprietors of the City of Brunswick," resurveyed the city. This last survey was accepted by the city, a map was filed in the Surveyor General's office, and is now the accepted and final plan and plot. Between 1805 and 1830, owing to disappointments at the growth of Brunswick, the area of settlement had been reduced to a few lots in the north-west part of the city. Between 1806 and 1828 the whole area of the town had been fenced, cleared and planted by four persons—James Mangham, A. D. Lawrence, Robert Piles and Robert Hazlehurst.

*An error—(1763)—I was led into by a case reported in County Superior Court, Glynn vs. U. Dart.—C. S. W.
In 1826, these men, with the exception of the latter, gave quit claim titles to all these lands to Moses Eastman, by whom they were transferred to the company called "The Proprietors of the City of Brunswick." Great confusion of ownership ensued, and not until after 1865 were many of these titles rectified by action of the courts. Even now, in many cases, the strongest point in the fee simple is the title "by prescription."

By 1820, St. Simon's Island had become, in a great measure, the centre of the social life of the county. Almost every acre of arable land was in cultivation, and the owners were, in general, persons of refined tastes and liberal education. Some were retired officers of the British army, who had traveled and seen the world in many phases. The mode of life was essentially simple, but the hospitality was immense. Every door stood open to the stranger, and to be the guest of one was to be made welcome in every household. With the exception of the owner of Hampton Point there was no extreme wealth, but there existed a much happier condition—there were none without an easy competence, and many possessed incomes far above the average. In number, there were fourteen homesteads or plantations as they were then called, and on the island there was a slave population of about twelve hundred. In the summer, many planters from the tide water and Buffalo swamps came as guests, or as owners of cottages, and added, by their presence, to the home and resident society.

The church was well supported and well attended. One service, at 11 a. m., was given to the whites and a lecture in the afternoon to the colored race. The effect of this mode of instruction was shown in the improved character of the island slaves, who, in general, were far in advance of their race in intelligence and civilization. This church, one of the oldest in the state, had, I believe, the unique distinction of being perhaps the only one in Georgia to which a clerk and pew-opener were on each succeeding Easter Monday, duly elected. The clerk, pronounced by all the congregation "clerk," was, for many years, the venerable Mr. Davis. He sat on a high seat immediately in front of the officiating priest and led the responses in a fine bass voice. The pew-opener, the estimable Mrs. Davis,* never failed in attendance. At nine the congregation had commenced to arrive. The older ladies came wearing "calashes," made of wire and green silk—a sort of miniature buggy top—which were laid aside upon entering their pews. They then gathered together for gossip and talk, which did not cease until the "Dearly beloved" was uttered by the preacher. The men seated themselves upon benches built under the trees, received their mail, which was always brought to the church door by the postmaster, read the letter and discussed the last news from Milledgeville, Washington or Charleston, until the sound of the organ called them to worship. The children played in the shade until summoned, and they, in general,

*Alias Mrs. Fluen and Mrs. Arnold.
were dismissed when the sermon commenced. The young people of my own family were not allowed to leave the church, but at the first verse of the litany we seated ourselves upon the floor and opened our lunch baskets. There, hidden from view by the high pews, we were duly thankful for the mercies granted to us, generally in the form of buttered waffles. As I grow older I remember listening to the hymns when sung by that marvelous voice which then led the choir—a voice that possessed the power and sweetness to leave its impress upon all who heard it so as never to be forgotten, Georgia King—Mrs. Wilder. A voice, to hear which sang either "La Manola" or "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose." I have known a man of sixty years of age to man his boat, row twenty miles, listen for one hour with ears charmed by the music, and heart hypnotized by a perfect grace and sweetness of manner, then re-embark for his long row. Ah, sure it is, that there are memories that defy both time and years.

At the northern end of the island was situated the home of Major Butler. This gentleman was, at the outbreak of the revolution, an officer in the British army. He had married an heiress of the Middleton family of South Carolina. He had resigned his commission and became an ardent supporter of the colonies. He afterwards removed to Georgia, and brought great wealth with him. More than 800 slaves called him master. They were equally divided between his rice place in McIntosh county, of Butler’s Island, and the cotton plantation of Hampton’s Point. Here everything was pervaded by a species of military rule. No one came to visit him but was met on the landing by a vident, who enquired your business and escorted you to the mansion. Everything was made on the plantation. Tanneries existed. A shoe-making establishment, a manufactory for clothes, socks, caps, furniture, etc., and indeed almost every industry was represented. No person, however old or feeble, was allowed to be altogether idle. One story I recollect that typifies this fact. An old woman coming up to him said: “Master, I am old, I can work no longer.” “It is true,” said Mr. Butler, but calling his head man he said: “Flora is not to work, but get a goose, give her a line and say to her each day she must lead my goose to graze for an hour,” and for ten years did goose and woman pasture together at Hampton’s Point. This discipline was strict but never harsh, a fact shown to this day by the devoted and almost romantic attachment of even, every descendant of that slave population to all who carry a drop of Butler blood in their veins. In his social intercourse with the island families Maj. Butler was stiff and ceremonious. He finally after amassing a great fortune, removed to Philadelphia, and his estate was inherited by grandchildren, descendants from the female line. They are now represented by Mrs. Owen J. Wister, of Philadelphia, and the Hons. Mrs. F. B. Leigh, of England. Major Butler was one of the Ormond family of England, and took an active part in the revolutionary struggle. He was also a delegate to the convention that framed the United States constitution and very prominent in the
In Madison's notes on the constitution his opinions are seen to have been often and forcibly expressed.

Separated by only a narrow creek from Maj. Butler's residence was the home of John Couper, a man of as different a type as it is possible to conceive. Mr. Couper was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland; came to America a lad of seventeen years of age; settled in Georgia; married early in life a Miss Rebecca Maxwell, of Liberty County; prospered in business, and having bought the place called Cannon's Point, removed to St. Simons in 1792. There, for a life time extended to the age of 91, he kept a home, which became a resort for all who needed help or sought pleasure. Here was literally "A Liberty hall," and it is a truth that visitors have been known to stay not days or months, but years. His house became a rendezvous for every one, and it seemed as though no one could visit Georgia without partaking of his hospitality. His conversation was charming, enriched by anecdotes and sparkling with humor. He amassed what was at one time a large fortune, and, taking into partnership James Hamilton, he opened the Hopeton plantation of 1,000 acres of rice land, and the cotton place of Cabbage Bluff, but no fortune could withstand his lavish hospitality, and before his death he sold his interests to his partner, James Hamilton. His memory, to the generation that preceded me, was full of pleasure, and he was looked upon as a type of integrity, kindness and genial humor. When appealed to, as referee by the Christ church congregation, in the great church war, known as "Organ or No Organ," he settled the matter by sending, on the following Sunday, his man Johnnie, with his bag pipes, to serve as a substitute for the desired instrument. Need it be said that he thought that in the screech of the pipes would be drowned all contending voices and creeds.

Five miles south of Cannon's Point resided the family of Capt. Alexander C. Wyly, at the plantation called the "Village," and it remained the home of the Wyly family until 1886, when sold by James Couper, to whom it was left by Miss Heriot Wyly, to the Brunswick Company. Capt. Wyly was educated at Oxford, England; became a captain in the British army; married a Miss Margaret Armstrong, of Nassau; retired from the army and returned to Georgia in 1808. His wife survived him many years, and was much esteemed and respected. Next to the Village southward was the home of the family of Demeres, known as The Hall, and also called Harrington. This family were sons of Capt. Raymond Demere, of H. M. A., who greatly distinguished himself in active service, and especially at Bloody Marsh.

Southward still was the Abbot homestead, and still farther south came the plantation known as Hamilton, now St. Simon's Mills, belonging to James Hamilton Couper, son of John Couper, who had married Caroline G. Wyly, a daughter of Capt. Alex Wyly. A little to the east was the residence of the Cater
family, whose descendants are now represented by the Postells of this day.

At the extreme southern point, called Retreat; was the seat of Major William Page, whose only child, Ann, married the Hon. Thos. Butler King. Around this home hovers none but recollections of grace, beauty and courtesy. An indescribable air of refinement environed and encircled it. Thos. Higginson, who visited whilst abandoned in 1883, writes—"The loveliest spot I have seen in the South, filled with hyacinthe odors." If with the goddesses absent he could thus write, what would he have written had he my memories to draw upon? Of the mother, Mrs. King, in the fashion of the day, had long been written in an old album, on her birthday anniversary—

"Good sense, good nature and good breeding.
Went on a pilgrimage.
They visited the fair of every clime,
But rested, upon meeting Ann Page."

In this home the visitor found all that could charm the eye, the ear and the heart. The master gave willingly from his stores of information, gleaned in almost every land. With a mind far in advance of his day, he had been the organizer and projector of the railroad from Brunswick to the Pacific, and in his travels had been intimate with all the great spirits of his country. His conversation was enriched with the great thoughts of others, and never palled upon a listener's ear. His was a chivalrous nature full of noble thoughts, nobly expressed, and to that was added a heart that pulsed with sympathy to all mankind. Before death overtook him he had filled every office within the gift of his county or district. His sons were types of the best manhood of the South, and the home was endeared to all by the grace, beauty and charm of the home circle. Certain it is that "to know some women is in itself almost an education." Georgia King, the face of one of the girls, to an artist, would have been a delight. Equally would it have been the despair of the modern photographer. In it shone a divine soul which God, in his graciousness, had vouchsafed to allow men of earthly mould to gaze upon.

At Hopeton, a very large plantation of the Tide Water district, Mr. John Couper and James Hamilton built a home and established a plantation, placing thereon, in 1805, 300 slaves. At first the lands were used for cotton culture, then for the sugar industry, and finally it drifted into rice as the staple crop. Upon the retirement of Mr. Couper from the partnership, his son, Mr. James Hamilton Couper, was placed in charge by Mr. Hamilton. This son administered the estate for over fifty years, and brought the plantation to such perfection as to make it a model to all interested in scientific agriculture; he increased the acreage to 1,800, made enormous crops, and by skillful diking and ditching, almost eliminated the element of uncertainty, which is now the bane of the rich planter. By a methodical use of his time, he found leisure to cultivate his scientific tastes, so much so as to
cause his correspondence to be solicited by almost all the learned societies. He collected, at great cost, a library in which there was hardly any valuable work found wanting, and there was no branch of knowledge that he did not, in some measure, excel in. He was recognized as the best planter of the district, as a most humane and successful manager of slaves, as the leading conchologist of the South, and as a microscopist, whose research into the then new field of germ life attracted attention in the laboratories of all the universities.

Immediately adjoining the Hopeton plantation is the "Altama" homestead, now the property of the Corbins, of Paris. Once it was the winter home of Mr. James Hamilton Couper, but was lost to the family by the financial deluge of 1865. The house is a fine example of the advantages of tabby as a building material. It shows that for durability that that material cannot be excelled, while yet the graces of architecture can be blended into its rough exterior. Southward we reach the Elizafield, Grantley and Evelyn plantations. The three were once, and until after 1865, the homes of the Grants. To those who visited their residence in olden times, there can be none but pleasant memories. And now we come to the seat of a family whose very name should be dear to every Georgian. Dr. James McGilvery Troup was born in Savannah, August 31st, 1786. He studied medicine, became a most successful practitioner, and later, having married Miss Camilla Brailsford, retired from the active pursuit of his profession to enjoy a well-earned rest and to exemplify to a younger generation the virtues, and pleasures of integrity, industry and hospitality. His lands covered the Broadfield, Hofwyl and New Hope tracts, and brought to the highest state of cultivation. He and his distinguished brother, George Michael Troup, were sons of George Troup, Esq., and Katherine McIntosh, who were married in London, 1776. George Michael Troup was born on the Tombigbee river, Alabama, (then Georgia) Sept. 8th, 1780. Coming, on his father's side, of the best English stock, grafted on to the sturdy clan of McIntosh, it might be expected that their issue would show the value of ancestry. John McIntosh, captain in the British army and Indian agent of his majesty, in western Georgia, now Alabama, was the honest soldier who answered his kinsmen of McIntosh county when entreated by them to lend his aid to the revolutionary movement, "Having eaten the king's salt I cannot take sides against him." His wife was a McGilvery, and through her family was connected with the famous half breed Alexander McGilvery. Geo. M. Troup was educated I think at Princeton; studied law, and brought a keen intellect to bear in the practice of his profession, and on the political questions of the day. He soon rose to prominence, and when elected governor of the state in 1824 he had to meet the delicate question of state sovereignty versus federal power, in the newly acquired land of Cherokee Georgia. To this solution of this problem he brought strong arguments, and above all an unyielding will; and when, at last under the administration of John Quincy Adams, he found him-
self and his state confronted with a letter which conveyed to him a threat, he, in his message to the legislature, used the words now carved on his monumental stone. "I entreat you therefore, now that it is not too late to step forth, and having exhausted the arguments to stand by your arms." His remains lie in Montgomery county, on the plantation, known as the Mitchel place. He died April 20, 1856. His descendants are represented by a grandson, John S. Bryan and the families of Mrs. Robert Wayne, and Mrs. Holmes Conrad. He was the John the Baptist of state rights, the forerunner of principles which were in after years to stir the country to its very heart. In his day the independence of the south would have been conceded with scarcely the admonition of "wayward sisters depart in peace." He, with Gen. Quitman for vice president, was nominated for the presidency at Montgomery. Not however with the hope of election but as an assertion of the undying principle of state sovereignty. At "Hofwyl" his grand nephew, a grandson, Dr. James Troup Dent, still resides. Here we find repeated in the life, both mental, and physical, which once made Broadfield famous. Its large surroundings are suggestive of olden days, its owner contributes in his conversation the latest views of the best thinkers and writers of the present age, leavened by a sound judgment, that has not forgotten the work and glories of the past, visitors are constant and frequent. Each winter Savannah sends the chatelaine to light up the house, and add the grace and courtesy of her presence to this country home. There were, once, many such homes in the county of which I speak. Ah me! that I could write of them all—this one alone remains.

Carterets Point was one of the outposts established by Oglethorpe. In time it became the homestead of the Wright family and was the residence of the late George W. Wright. The Lambs also settled on this point and from these two families have sprung a large number of Glynn's most honored and useful citizens. In the days of reconstruction both of them were potent factors in the re-establishment of white supremacy, and it is to their courage and energy that the rescue of the county is largely due. At Carterets Point also was situated the "Parsonage." In August 1897, at the meeting of the Rhode Island Historical Association, the Rev. George F. Clarke, once pastor of this church thus spoke. "In his opening he referred to this charge and said that it contained five white families and a thousand slaves." The happy and hospitable life of the Southerner was described. Continuing, he said, "my evenings were delightful, not only delightful, but instructive. My host, Mr. Couper, at Hopeton, was a man of most uncommon ability and attainment. His library was the largest and best selected I have ever seen in private ownership." Then in a reminiscent vein, Dr. Clarke told of the desolations of the war, and said. "I wonder how many of the wealthy men, who now own these lands, would rise from their dinner tables to shake the hand of an aged servant, a sight I once witnessed at Hopeton." He closed by saying,
"The memory of those days and of those people has not faded away. The majestic oaks with leaves green throughout the year, the magnolia with its blossom lifted high to the heaven, the jessamine perfuming the air, the rice birds clouding the very sky, the buzzards slowly sailing in the blue heights, these form the physical aspects of the scene," and he added, "I was acquainted with the more cultivated class of Southerners, they had inherited their slaves from their fathers or grandfathers who had bought them from merchants of Boston or New Port. I saw no cruelty and the servants did not work so hard as the wives of our northern farmers." As I read the words quoted, memory asserts itself and I see Glynn county as it was, with a dominant class who were men of culture, travel and means, conservative in opinion and politics and of unblemished integrity. It has become a fashion to cry we are of the New South. It might be well to think before we speak. It would be well to know, that there is not one road to honor that was not blazed out by them of the Old South. It would be well to know that there is not one industry which leads to wealth, the foundations of which were not laid by those that are dead and gone. It were well to think, who re-claimed a wilderness and conquered a country, and it is but right, for that youth, exultant in his young manhood to know that "the older forms now bearing the scars and deformities of age and labor, bear them and wear them on his account," that for him were those defacements of exposure and toil taken on to that frame "once God like" that on his account was the drum roll not sounded in vain, for him was the mustering of men, and the trembling farewells of women uttered, which once echoed from the ocean beaches to the mountains of Georgia, and with that thought the youth of our land should hardly say "oh he is of the old south and is now but a back number."

Jekyll Island remained a government reservation or military post from 1736 to 1766. In the latter year it was granted by the Crown to Clement Martin, and was afterwards sold under a decree of court to four French gentlemen and finally it passed into the possession of Capt. Poulain duBignon. In his family it remained until the organization of the Jekyll Island Club, in 1886. The club has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in buildings and improvements. Many of its members have built winter residences of the most costly character, and the whole island now presents a most beautiful appearance. Shelled roads and the beautiful beach offer drives that can not be excelled. While everywhere, bridle and bicycle paths wander amid the oaks and sink into the dells that border the ocean. Game of every kind abounds and under the "strict preservation" rules of the club multiply to an extent elsewhere unknown. A palatial club house offers accommodations to members and their families and in its management and cuisine it is not excelled even by the Waldorf or Netherlands. The owners of the island are the capitalists of the country and no money is spared towards making of it an ideal Southern home. But a great novelist has written in
"Endymion." "In nature the insect world is strongest" and here in this delta of the river of wealth, we find a Rockefeller, a Flagler and a Lorillard just as their Island Eden is most attractive, when the jessamine scents the air, when the crab apple and dog wood begin to illustrate the winter woods, driven from their homes and fleeing before the tiny sand fly, native and sprung from Southern soil, neither wealth, position or art can secure immunity. The war of the rebellion was largely won by numbers and money, but here like ghosts at even tide, the reserves of the south arise and declare that in their land no permanent home shall be made. In millions the "little people" come and before them the four hundred flee away.

On the mainland west of Jekyll Island we find the home of the Scarlets; the place was, is still called Fancy Bluff. Here the founders of that family lived, they were allied by marriage to the Parlands of Blythe Island and have always exercised a large influence in county and district affairs. Bethel was the seat of the Tisons. One of the brothers removed to Savannah, acquired, or rather, increased his wealth and gained a large influence in his adopted city. His descendants are now married into the Mercer and Dunwody connections. The brother remained at Bethel, his daughters are united to the Wright and Branham families; his son built a home in a most beautiful situation on Turtle River, called it "The Hermitage," but has died leaving one daughter.

At "Anguilla" we reach the Hazlehurst homestead. Mr. Robert Hazlehurst owned this place. From his marriage with Miss Wilson, of Philadelphia are descended the Plants, of Macon, Ga., and many bearing his noble name. From his second union with Miss Nicolai are descended sons and daughters, who have married into the families of Nightengale, Huger and Habersham. Marengo was the Nicolai home, a French family who settled at an early date in the county. They are allied to the duBignons and Hazleursts of this county.

Waynesville was once the summer home of a number of the planters of swamp lands and rice lands. The Coupers, the Tunnos, the Kings, the Grants and many others here spent the hot months of the year creating quite a society of their own. It was also the home the McNish and Johnson families, and in later times of the Layton Hazlehurst family, the Armstrongs, Nicolai's and many planters from the Buffalo added their presence to the little circle of home residents.

The North Western part of the county was more sparsely settled and offered fewer inducements to the prospector. At present it is in a large measure given over to the workers in naval stores and to those engaged in the lumber, cross tie and cypress industries.

Until 1860 Glynn county was first in rank as regards wealth and progressive agriculture. Nor was the manhood of the county slow in asserting itself at the breaking out of the war, be-

*The Hermitage is the finest site now unoccupied that I know.—C. S. W.
tween North and South. The Glynn Rangers organized and commanded by George C. Dent, Esq., was the first company to be equipped and take the field. This company, forming a part of the 4th Georgia Cavalry did good and efficient service on the coast of Georgia and Florida, greatly distinguishing itself for vigilance and daring. The Brunswick Riflemen was the next company to organize. Its service was chiefly in Virginia, it (forming Company A, 26th Ga. Regiment, Lawton’s Brigade.) Of the sixty-four companies which composed that brigade, the Riflemen alone preserves its organization. Its dead fell on every battlefield of the army of Northern Virginia, and their graves were dug on the soil of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. At the annual meetings of the company the muster roll of the Veterans, yearly grows smaller. In 1897 but 14 answered to their name. A few more years, and the muster will be complete when on the shore “across the river” the final “here” shall be the answer in the “stone wall” roll call.

In closing this short and geographical sketch of the county, I trust I may be pardoned a digression as to the characteristics of the people who here made and established their homes. If great generosity of heart, great honesty of purpose, unbounded sympathy with the oppressed and unblemished integrity in life can outweigh the faults arising from impulsiveness and excesses, in a great measure, attributable to the habits of the day, then the men of past ages have but little to fear in the judgment yet to be meted out. Charles the Fifth, Emperor and absolute ruler over one half of Europe, said to Titian the great painter, as he seated himself for portraiture. “Paint me not as I am, but as what I might have been. Think not what evil I have committed, but (rather with my power) what temptation I might have yielded to.” So with many of these men, brought up from childhood with the belief in their own superiority over all of an inferior race. Think rather of what they refrained from, than of sins committed. “Lead me not into temptation” the child of today lisps at his mother’s knee, far more did those of a past age, need that that supplication should have come from the inner heart. In time providence rights all wrongs, and in my judgment the expiation has been full and complete.

Nowhere was slavery less objectionable to the humanitarian than on the coasts of Georgia, and to the truth of this fact many visitors have testified. Sir Charles Lytle the geologist, Basil Hall the traveller, the Hon. Miss Murray, Miss Bremer, the Swedish writer, besides clouds of witnesses less noted, visited the county, and in their writings spoke boldly on this subject. The institution as it there existed, more nearly resembled a patriarchal bondage, than the slavery of the chattel and mortgage type.

The race themselves took a curious pride on being of such and such a family, and frequently called themselves by what to them was almost a tribal name. Their language was a mixture of the African and pure Saxon, uncouth as it was in sound, it had
the merit of great strength and vitality. Often have I thought
that as a language becomes refined, and capable of accurately
defining differences, so in equal measure it is emasculated of
its pristine strength and power.

No great Epic has been written save on primal eras, and in
the tongue of a youthful and yet simple language; in the negro’s
speech, the word used would be strongly descriptive of the wished
for idea, but no white man would have thought of it or ventured
on it use.

One negro in this county when objecting to the encroach-
ment of a head right answered the surveyor’s declaration of its
being “vacant land” by an indignant denial that there could be in
1886, “any modderless land, in de state of Georgia, ain’t you
know buckra would adopt him.” Every plantation had its pro-
fessional story teller, and tales weird and quaint enough to some
times chill the blood, and then again to provoke to laughter
were part of the traditional lore, always however a moral was
inculcated, and in the “why the buzzard’s head was bald,” as
well as in the adventures of the “wise bud,” and the “stupid
bud;” was honesty declared to be the best policy, the stories
were always given in “recitation” and the words were allied to
some melody, most often of African birth.

The men who lived in the times that are gone, differed much
from those who now fill their places. An absolute horror of any
pretense to puritanism was the salient feature in their lives.

A brave, honest and truthful race, in whom great manliness
of character and honesty of heart was almost universal.

The duelling pistol was the supreme court to which all per-
sonal difficulties were referred, and the course of settlement was
short and decisive. General Charles Floyd, before whom many
of these cases were adjudged, called himself the “Peace Maker,”
for, said he, “I have settled more disputes than any judge in
Georgia, either by the removal of one or both of the disputants,
or else by an amicable and thorough reconciliation.”

As I think back, I wonder if the holding of Gen. Floyd’s
court did not conduce to the courtesy in language and manner,
that was so marked in the manners of his day.

A man whom I greatly honored once said to me, “my son,
never take to your heart him whom the world call a saint, be
assured such a person has but succeeded in hiding his vices,”
to me the repentant sinner appeals much more strongly than one
whose virtues are but negative, for what makes a healthy heart?

A healthy heart is one that strongly feels
The pulse of passion and the throb of pain
But asks assistance from a healthy brain,
To stem a morbid current, when it steals
Into the veins with darkening stain.
The same man on another occasion, in response to my question, should some fairy Godmother offer you the grant of one wish, what would you ask? "My youth," was the answer; "my youth, with all its hopes; my youth with all its power of appreciation, unshadowed by years; my youth, with its supreme delight in mere life, with its eye for beauty, both physical and natural, undimmed, with its soul full of generosity and pulsing with a divine sympathy equally to the erring and the suffering, above all, with its faith in others unsapped and full of trust, not doubt of mankind. Give me but this last," he said, "and with it alone I could defy both fate and fortune."

As the strong and leonine face dropped the mental mask, that all men wear, disclosing what a man so rarely sees, that holy of holies, another’s inner heart, veiled, and seldom lifted, but to a woman’s summons. I thought, can it be that one who has faced so bravely the cruel blows of disease and age, thinks not “of the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune,” but rather, of the power of trust and belief in his fellow men that’s gone forever.

“To write of Glynn county and make no mention of the Wesleys, would be an omission, not so much on account of the value of their work, as to correct the prevailing belief in the length and duration of their joint pastorates.

Charles Wesley first landed on St. Simons Island on March 9th, 1736, and resided there less than seventy days, much of that time was spent in crimination and recrimination, with the Governor of the Province. In his diary he says, “on Sunday I preached with boldness.” “On the 18th Gen. Oglethorpe set out with the Indians for the main to hunt the buffalo,” (and probably to found Brunswick) “on the evening of the 18th M. W. discovered to me the whole mystery of iniquity. Bruce says:* “As usual there was a woman or rather two women in it. Both claiming to have Oglethorpe as their protector and patron. They carry themselves in the little society with great freedom. Oglethorpe is angered and uses words hardly consistent with his generally gracious manner. Charles Wesley is cut and scorned on all sides, and in his diary writes, ‘woe is me that I am still constrained to dwell with meshec.’ Oglethorpe relents and soft-

*See Bruce’s Life of Oglethorpe, page 170.
ens in his feeling towards one who has but his texts, his prayers, and his patience for his comfort. They part as friends on April 24th, 1736, when Capt. McIntosh and the general reconnoiter the Spanish lands. On his return, they meet with all differences forgotten. Charles Wesley says: 'I longed sir, upon your leaving, to see you once more that I might tell you some things, but I considered should you die you would know them all.'

Oglethorpe answers: "I know not, whether separated spirits regard our little concerns, if they do; it is as men regard the follies of their childhood."

On May 15th, 1736, Charles Wesley set out for Savannah, leaving Frederica forever, on July 26th. The concluding words of the lesson were "Arise and let us go hence," and on that day he took his farewell of Georgia, and sailed by way of Boston for England.

John Wesley reached Savannah February 14, 1736. Before his embarkation Dr. Burton, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, had written him "you will keep in view the pattern of the Gospel preacher, St. Paul, who became all things to all men, that he might save some." He was visited on his arrival by Tomo Chichi, the Indian chief, who made to him these pugnant remarks, "Why talk Christian, Christian at Savannah, Christian at Frederica, Christian much drunk, Christian tell lies, Devil Christian, me no Christian," but to be all things to all men that he might save some was not the path in which John Wesley would walk. To save the soul, all things must be borne and endured. He insisted on immersing the baby Georgians brought him for baptism.

He insisted on the most advanced church rites as essentials. He fell in love with a Miss Sophia Hopkins, who dressed in white, and gave herself much trouble to reach the heart of the austere saint. He submitted the question marry or not marry to a council of elders, who advised him to proceed no further in the business. Miss Sophia immediately united herself in marriage to a Mr. Williamson.

Her after conduct, in her former lover's opinion, not being consistent with church membership, he reproved her, and his admonition being unheeded, he denied her the communion. He is sued in the civil courts by her husband, damages laid at £1,000. Much scandal and much talk followed. At length after two years and four months stay in Georgia, John Wesley sailed for England, there to found and build the great church power, which in after days is to call him blessed among men, and thrice blessed in Georgia.

In this rapid retrospect we have now reached the crucial days of trial. We have seen the county steadfast and brave under Spanish, English and Northern invasion. We have seen her prosperous and happy, free from debt and governed by men with a high sense of honor and duty. In 1861 we find her swept by a wave of Southern feeling. Before the electric throb that swept a country, prudence and reason were overborne, five
years of struggle, five years display of unmatched heroism, and five years of unspeakable deprivation ensue. Finally on April 9th, 1865, comes the cry, “it is over” and a lost cause is laid to rest in the burial places of the memory, there to remain forever entombed together with the trinkets and tresses of our dead, and the graves that lie on other lands. “Tread lightly and with unshod foot, oh wayfarer, for know these are holy memories and this is sacred ground.”

Then comes Reconstruction and Destruction. Then brave hearts strive to gather the fragments of a lost prosperity, and other hearts, as brave, sink into cynicism or despair. One, I remember,* who having spent his all, from day to day, finally disappeared, leaving upon his table three packets, each containing a little gold; upon which were written: “This for my last week’s board,” “This for my funeral expenses,” “This for masses for my soul.” On the last was added, “go to wharf No. 3, on its cap still you will find a rope, pull on that rope and you will find me.” Requiescat in pace. Did he remember Goethe’s hymn to our parent earth, “Let me in, let me in, oh mother.”

Years roll on, and the century is near ended. Behind lie days of harassment and days of struggle, days of despondency and days of hope, yet still the sun rises in its sumptuous splendor, and sinks in solemn repose, for there is life in the old land yet. On that island, the seed bed of Georgia, the hope and the youth of the land breathe the crisp air, side by side on the beaches they wander—and, look. To the East every wave is crested with a ripple of hope, while they listen to the music that beats from the ocean’s great heart, and to the sigh of the pines, ever sounding, never ceasing, always whispering, “wait, oh wait.”

Mrs. M—- watching on St. Simon’s pier for——— return.

“*The long surf whiten up the bay,
Fringing the yellow sand with pearl;
And tremulous the ripples sway,
Sway to and fro, and flash and curl.
They whisper softly to her feet
Who lingers lonely on the sand,
Still looking seaward, with her sweet
Dark eyes o’ershadowed by her hand,
Her loosened hair is backward blown,
And brightens in the evening light;
And the fresh landward breeze has thrown
Soft color on her cheek’s cold white.

Is it to watch the sea-bird shoot
On sunny wings along the foam,
She lingers with reluctant foot,
All lonely from her cottage home
Is it to watch the waters fret
And toss their snowy spume-flakes free,
Her tender long, long-lashed eyes are set
So often to the windy sea?"
It is to mark the mellow hue
Where the deep heavens and oceans meet,
The golden melting in the blue
So softly, that she stays her feet?

There is a bark with snowy sail,
And pennon fluttering in the wind,
Bright foam about her bows, a trail
Of broken waters far behind:
She leans before the breeze, she flies
Bird-like, with pinions widely set;
And now, in seaward-looking eyes
Heart-weary shades no longer fret,
Sail on! fair bark, amid the spray;
Sail on! and safely shoreward run;
Break on, soft ripples, up the bay;
And know, sweet maid, thy vigil done.”

I had hoped to have added to this pamphlet photographs of Mr. John Couper, Clement Martin, James Spalding, Poulain du-Bignon, Major Page, and others, with prints of Retreat, Altama, Frederica, Hopeton, Cannons and Hampton Points and Broadfield, but the means at my disposal has forbidden it.

These illustrations would have been infinitely more interesting than the poor words in which I have attempted to describe places and personages.

The men whose names I have written were, either guides to the infancy or counsellors to the manhood of the county and state. They were as De Grammot calls his characters, “men of parts” and they had been actors, not lay figures in the “building of Georgia.” Many had seen life in various phases, and in other lands. John Couper had known Georgia in ante-Revolutionary days, and the actors in that struggle were his familiar friends; his conversation enriched by anecdote, was charming and instructive. Clement Martin, was, through his father, secretary to the trustees, connected from early youth with the Province of Georgia. James Spalding’s business as an Indian trader had made, what was then a wilderness and unknown country, an open book to him. Major Page had met and known the men who ruled the councils of the Provincial government. Poulain duBignon had lived a life of varied experience. In India he had witnessed the Mogul Empire with its barbaric splendor crumble before British arms. He had sailed the blue waters of the Spanish main, and ridden the Carnatic with Hyder Ali, and later, had come to end his days on the quiet Island home. Hopeton had been the centre of a literary life, and the scenes of successful scientific agriculture. Altama* would show how “man proposes and God disposes,” built for a beloved wife’s dower house. It has passed into alien hands. At Hampton Point feudism made its last stand, and to the master the vassals or slaves gave an unswerving loyalty.

*Built by James Hamilton Couper as a dower house for Mrs. Couper, in 1858, 20 years younger than himself when the future seemed to him rock-founded; it passed within a year after his death to the Corbin’s of Paris, France. From them to the Shaker colony of Ohio, from them to Dr. Caldwell, of Ohio; from him to Mr. Wm. DuPont, of Delaware—“sic transit” 1916.
and love, which has survived to this day, and is transferred from grand children to the great grand children who now live.

It has been a reproach to American History that an absence of romance causes it to be but dreary reading. Such a belief could be confuted by a study of early Georgia life, most assuredly by a knowledge of the Glynn and McIntosh colonization. Their building up was what closely resembled a tribal emigration, and they were always true to Oglethorpe, true to the Province, and true to themselves.

FINIS.
SAPELO.

Far from thy shores, enchanted Isle,
To-night I claim a brief surcease
From toil and pain, to dream awhile
Of thy still peace.

To wander on thy shining strand,
And lose awhile life's troubled flow;
Its tumults die upon thy sand,
Blest Sapeio.

The sun is setting in the West;
The last light fades on land and sea;
The silence woos all things to rest,
And wooeth me.

So here I lie, with half closed eye,
Careless, without one teasing thought,
While cool, uncounted hours drift by
In dreaming sort.

And ever sweet thoughts without words
The shadows of old memories
Rise up and float away, as birds
Float down the skies.

In dreams I see the live-oak groves,
In dreams I hear the curlews cry,
Or watch the little mourning doves
Speed swiftly by.

I hear the surf beat on the sands,
And murmurous voices from the sea.
The wanton waves toss their white hands,
And beckon me.

Once more adrift neath sunny skies
Where sunny seas have in their keep
The lotus lands I see arise
From out the deep.

Thy purple woods uplift in air
Above the misty horizon,
As the King's garden towered fair
O'er Babylon.
The peaceful ocean hints not here
The sorrows its deep caves conceal,
A living Spirit broodeth o'er,
Its waters still.

And well, as words are set to song,
My thoughts are set unto its sounds,
Their echoes rise and fall along
Life's weary rounds.

The waves are murmuring on the beach,
A soft wind whispers in the palm,
There is no sound of ruder speech,
To mar the calm.

The happy sun comes up once more
Above the woods I know so well;
The sory heaven, from shore to shore,
Glows like a shell.

I see the great old trees, and tall
Sheeted with tangled vines that sweep
From limb to limb,—a leafy pall
Where shadows sleep.

The long moss waves in every breeze,
Like tattered banners, old and gray;
And sigh and sigh the old old trees
All night all day.

With flower and fruit at once arrayed,
The orange groves are passing fair,
As though all seasons loved such shade,
And lingered there.

The mocking bird on quivering wings,
Float up and down the woodland ways,
And, glad with me, he soars and sings,
Our song of praise.

Slow solemn cranes, with drowsy eyes,
Nod in the shallow surf, breast high.
And snowwhite gulls, with hollow cries,
Flit softly by.

The turning tide runs slowly out,
I hear the marsh-birds calling shrill,
The toiling oarsmen's song and shout
Come to me still.
I hear their boat songs, through the night,
I think it is my heart that hears
The old songs sounding yet, despite
These long, long years.

White clouds are drifting out to sea,
Like clouds the great ships come and go,
As strange and white and silently
As soft and slow.

From far off lands, like tired things,
They wander higher o'er the deep.
Here all things rest, they fold their wings
And fall asleep.

Far off I see the dim coast wall,
Along low reach of palm and pine,
The marsh between and over all
The wide sunshine.

And far beyond and farther yet,
Thank God so far the loud world seems,—
That seem its memories and regrets
As wreck of dreams.

When one awakens, all its rout,
And rivalry, and pain and care.
So faint and far there comes a doubt,
If it be there.

Here care ebbs out with every tide,
And peace comes in upon the flood,
The heart looks out on life, clear eyes,
And finds it good.

On that fair land, on that still sea,
A spell of mystery lies,
And all the thoughts they wake in me
Are mysteries.

Once more I stand upon thy shore,
How peaceful yon far world doth seem.
A willing exile evermore,
Here let me dream.

We wind into that silent sea;
Our keel glides noiseless to the shore;
Sweet eyes and true hearts welcome me,
To rest once more.

—CARLYLE McKINLEY,
Assistant Editor,
Charleston Courier
THESE MEMORIES

Have been inspired and are dedicated to the “D. A. R.” and the “ACACIA CLUB” of Brunswick in appreciation of their efforts—the one to preserve the traditions, the other the personalities of the Past.

—CHARLES SPALDING WYLLY

"I pray the prayer that Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you,
Wherever you stay and wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow,—
So I touch my heart, as Easterners do
May the peace of Allah abide with you."

1897 and 1916
"Darien Gazette," October 20th, 1836:—

"A son, we learn, was born on the 18th instant, to our friends Mr. and Mrs. Alexr. Wm. Wylly.

"The event occurred at The Thicket, the home of Capt Charles Spalding, U. S. A., 2nd Dragoons, who is serving with his regiment in Florida. We offer our congratulations."

October, 1915, near four score years since then, years that have witnessed many and immense changes in the conditions of life, in the accepted thought, and even in the religion of the community into which I was born and have lived—changes that have engulfed, reversed and transformed its social and political life, so that now it is scarce even a parody of what was and has been. Endowed with a retentive memory I have preserved a loving remembrance of many of the actors in the shifting scenes, of my own day, and have a keen recollection of the words that fell from the lips of those whom age had forbidden place in the drama or rather tragedy of the sixties. I have thought I could fairly estimate the value of these changes, and so I write of what I have seen, known and heard.

My parents were among the leading people of the county in which they lived. My father was the only male descendant in Georgia (grandson) of Alexander Wyllly, an emigrant from Belfast, of 1748, a lawyer by profession, a member of the Colonial Assembly, from Halifax district in 1772 and Speaker of the House in 1774, and Secretary to Governor Sir James Wright in 1774-1775 and onward.

My mother was a daughter of Thomas Spalding of Sapelo Island and Sarah Leake, his wife, and closely allied by birth to the families of McIntosh, of New Iverness, and Martins of Jekyll Island. Their home or plantation was on Sapelo River, twelve miles north of Darien, and was called The Forest. It was remarkable for the spaciousness and beauty of the lawn, fringed and clothed with oak, bay, hickory and magnolia. Great pains had been taken with the transplanting of every indigenous tree, and I can recall no variety that was absent. Here I spent my childhood, and it is from here I most vividly recall the tender accents of my mother’s voice, the look of the sacred eyes, ever beaming with a love unutterable, the quiver of the fond lips, smiling, ah me, too often, mournfully; it is here that she taught lessons always leading up to and inculcating charity and goodwill to all men and all people. I grew fast, and under the instruction of first a governess and afterwards a tutor, made some progress in the acquisition of the rudiments of an education, for when in April, 1848, I, less than twelve years old, was sent to the famous school of Coates & Searle, of Charleston, S. C., I found myself graded with boys of my own age. In this admirable place of instruction I remained for five years. There were twenty-five boarding pupils and sixty day scholars, all were children of the best families of the State, myself from Georgia and two “Toutants” from Louisiana being the only “foreigners or natives” according to “Charleston estimation” of barbarian or at least uncultivated communities. Many of my school mates in later life became noted in state, civil and social
life; a very large number gave their lives in support of the "Lost Cause." In 1853 I was sent to the Military Institute at Marietta, where my Georgia acquaintanceship was enlarged. The Cadet Battalion numbered 160 to 185; of that number I know but one, Judge H. D. Twiggs, of Savannah, now alive. One class (the first to graduate) had every member killed in battle by 1863. The Georgia Military Institute had installed a corps of instructors of very moderate acquirements.

The Superintendent, Major A. V. Brumby, a graduate of the West Point Academy, was a gentleman of honor, education and culture, and when that is said, nothing remains to be added. The assistant professors of French, history, chemistry and belles lettres, were simply expounders of accepted class books. The commandant Major James W. Robertson, alone possessed a personality and mentality fitted to enthuse and dominate the young minds with whom he came in contact. The curriculum and instruction could not be called perfect or ideal, but the esprit was high, and had not the disasters of the Civil War destroyed the buildings and dissipated the funds, it is possible the G. M. I. might have grown into a most valuable State asset and institution. As early as 1822, Governor George M. Troup had in his message to the Legislature said: "Prepare now for the last and coming resort, by the establishment in every State of military schools, foundries, armories, arsenals and powder manufactories." The school was not established until 1850, the arsenals, foundries, and powder manufactories not at all. See what their value would have been in 1861.

January, 1856 found me at home, just entering my 20th year, in perfect vigor of body and mind. I had not graduated, or rather not been given a diploma, owing to a foolish emente nearly approaching a mutiny, of the senior class of which I was a member.

I was however, well equipped and prepared for the choice of a profession, a good mathematician, a fair classical scholar, with more than ordinary acquirements in "belles lettres," history, geography, etc., and in addition a fair knowledge of French, not speaker, my constitutional ear trouble preventing my having acquired the accent. In any but a Southern State, I would at once have chosen some line of study to fit me for the profession or life I might select, not so, surrounded by servants, with horses, dogs, guns, boats at command, the indolence and love of pleasure inherent in all young people cause me to fritter a full year away in absolute idleness. Hunting, riding and visiting occupied weeks which ran into months. For forty miles every house was open to me; many were the homes of near relations and it is to a description of these and of their occupants that I shall devote the next pages.

MY GRANDFATHER'S HOME.

Sapelo geographically is situated in latitude 31° 10', longitude 29° 40', or to be precise, that is the location on which stands the steel tower that lights the course of a vessel into Doboy Sound. I have already recited its history previous to the advent of the
Saxon race from here to take its first step in a triumphant march from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to Key West. Sapelo, with its two sister islands, Ossabaw and St. Catherine, had been exempted in the cession of territory to South Carolina and the Province of Georgia, and been reserved and retained by the “Nations” as hunting and fishing grounds to be held in common for the use of all. But on December the 11th, 1735, they were transferred by a deed of gift, by Melatchee and his brother chiefs to James Bosomworth and Mary Musgrove his wife; all gifts from Indians require a return in money or goods and the Bosomworths gave to Melatchee and his associates, 12 guns, 12 pairs of blankets, 10 pieces of Osnaburgs, 200 pounds of powder, 200 pounds of lead, and 100 pounds of vermillion; the conveyance was proved before John Mulryne, J. P. at Greenville, South Carolina, and attested to and recorded by Wm. Pickney, Secretary of State, in February, 1736.

James Bosomworth had come to the province as Chaplain to His Majesty’s regiment of foot. Mary Musgrove was the daughter of a Scotch trader of Purysburg, a trading station on the Carolina side of the Savannah river; her mother was an Indian woman of the Creek tribe and the daughter of a minor chief. She had been brought up and had lived with her mother’s people, and had spent a part of her years at her father’s trading post. She spoke English and all the dialects of the Creek, Yemassee and Cherokee tongues were familiar to her, General Oglethorpe had employed her as an interpreter, and she had given him faithful and intelligent service and had accompanied him in his long and arduous journeys into the interior wilds of the country, and in a way had formed a part of his official family. It is difficult to understand why the Colonial authorities should have taken umbrage at this disposal of an unceded part of the adjacent territory; rather we would think the disposal would have been welcomed as a removal of a future cause of friction and discontent. There was no reason to doubt the loyalty of the former Chaplain of His Majesty’s regiment, and the good feeling and in some measure the attachment of his wife was proved and attested by a three years’ service in an almost confidential position. Offense, however, was taken, probably from too strict an adherence to that absurd clause in the Charter which forbade to any one person the ownership of more than 500 acres of land, supplemented by the still more absurd declaration that inheritance should be only through male issue. As soon, therefore, as the provincial authority had learned of the gift, by an order issued in Council the recipients were notified that the cession of so considerable a part of the province was contrary to the policy and public welfare and would not be held good; and at the same meeting Patrick Graham was directed to visit the Indian Country and inquire into the validity of the grant, and power was given him, should he find it possible and expedient to purchase the islands for the Colonial representatives. With such power and with gifts and presents to bestow, it is small wonder that no long time elapsed before his return, bringing with him an instrument denying Melat-
chee's right to sell, convey or give the islands, and making a conveyance to the province of Georgia, of all right, title and possession of the same.

Adam and Thomas, brothers of James Bosomworth, now visited the Indian towns in the upper and more distant parts of the province and obtained a third grant, which included not only all that had been given, but the lands lying between the Altamaha and the St. Mary's River. This conveyance covered territory that had never before been ceded. The case was now transferred to the "Council on Provinces," which held its meetings at St. James' London, and there it rested, "was argued and re-argued, continued and re-continued" for twelve years; an Indian council was held in Augusta in 1755 for the taking of testimony, and finally in 1759 an order was passed directing the sale of Ossabaw and Sapelo, "the sale to be public, and after due advertisement," the title to be made to the highest bidder. The right and title of the Bosomworth's to St. Catherine was confirmed, and made in fee simple to them and their heirs. In addition, the sum of 800 pounds sterling was adjudged and ordered to be paid to Mary Musgrove now Mary Bosomworth for services rendered as interpreter to the Governor of the Province.

The proceeds of the sale of Ossabaw and Sapelo to be applied toward the payment of the costs of the litigation and the purchase or acquiring of a release from the Bosomworth's, of all claims in the future; in accordance with this decree, Sapelo Island was on December 11, 1759, sold by the Officer of the Court, now represented by our County Sheriff, and Andrew Mackay, being the highest bidder, became its first owner.

This gentleman having contracts with the government for the supply of beef and pork stocked the island with hogs, cattle, and horses, and while awaiting the natural increase he resided at the "Cottage," the residence of Win. McIntosh, who had married Mary Catharine McKay, a near relative. He died in 1769 from injuries received by a fall from his horse. His domestic relations had not been pleasant; he had married in England a Lady Montagute, a widow with one son. To his wish that she should accompany him to Georgia, she had returned an absolute refusal. No child had blessed their union, and when he died by an accident he had made no will or testament, and the Island became the property by due process of law of Mrs. Andrew Mackay who had never crossed the ocean, and whose life had been spent in Scotland, England, or Europe.

Communication was slow, English courts are slow, more especially proceedings in the Courts of Chancery as our Probate Court is there called. War clouds were brewing; the Stamp Act was blocking proceedings at law; the War of Independence barred all orders of the courts for eight years, and so it was not until 1786, that a Mr. Montagute, a son of Mrs. Mackay, by her first marriage, appeared in Savannah, and armed with a power of attorney and the necessary documents and proofs, offered the island for private sale, and after much negotiation, and many dissapoint-
ments, in 1788 Mr. Montagute sold the islands to five French gentlemen, Messieurs DeMousse, J. De Chapeldelaine, Jean de Beoufillet, Grande de Marlee and Poulain du Bignon. They did not divide it, but held the island as an undivided property. The articles of copartnership are curiously prolix and are remarkable in that the supplementary clause revoke almost everything that was of binding value in the fourteen preceding articles of agreement.

Two of these owners, and probably three, made homes and resided on the property. The others were in all likelihood, mere investors; Jean de Beoufillet made his home and built for himself a house to which in 1789 he brought Madame de Beoufillet and his only child, a daughter, Natalie. He called this refuge from the rising revolutionary storms of France "Bourbon," and located it on Cabareta River. Poulain du Bignon chose the South End, where the great oaks had attracted him. Grande de Marlee (he afterwards sold to de Chapeldelaine, which is the proper spelling) selected the spot now called "Chocolate" as his location.

Under the supplementary clause to their articles of co-partnership each of the five members were at liberty to fence, enclose, improve and cultivate not more than 800 acres as their own individual property on their own account, with power to sell, hold and dispose of that account at their pleasure. Negroes were purchased, managers selected, houses and other improvements commenced on the lands held in joint proprietorship. The private holdings were fast assuming the look of prosperity, when a crushing blow fell, and as in most human affairs, it was a woman who was the cause and who governed the issue.

*Monsieur de Beoufillet had been a banker of Bordeaux, and had acquired a fortune as bankers do, by the receiving and holding on one day of someone’s money, and of loaning three-fourths of the same in the next to someone else, they paying him ten per cent for the transaction. To him, a devotee to custom, a conservative, hypnotized by the charm of habit, it was inexplicable that all France, led by such radicals as Voltaire, Rousseau, and, worse than all, Mirabeau, should be carried away with the charm of novelty and reform. Indignant at such ingratitude, he had determined to make in America a refuge for himself, a home for his wife, and a future for Natalie his only child. He had entrusted to a nephew sent to Savannah, a large sum of money with directions to purchase lands, buy negroes, clear the woods, and provide a suitable home and dwelling for the reception of himself and family when the time should come, when forced by the troublous years that he foresaw, they would bid farewell to France. He had received letters giving glowing details of the home being prepared for them, some describing the beauty of the country, some telling of the wide veranda-surrounded cottage, with outbuildings and offices, others with accounts of carpenters' and masons' wages, showing how high the

*A great-great-grandniece of Monsieur de Beoufillet, Mrs. Neyle Colquitt, of Washington, D.C., has personally shown to me that I err in both profession and nativity as regards her ancestor. She has now in print a life of the families of Beoufillet and Chapeldelaine which runs back for centuries of noble activities.
price of labor in that new country. It was not until 1788 that Monsieur de Beoufillet had written his nephew that he, his wife, and daughter Natalie would arrive early in the following year—and it had only been then that the nephew had bestirred himself and had bought for his uncle a fifth individual share in Sapelo and the adjacent island of Blackbeard and Cabareta, while in the meantime, of the many thousands intrusted to him, two-thirds had been invested, not in lands, negroes, buildings or improvements, but on his own pleasures or in gambling investments, from which he had hoped to quickly realize a fortune.

In 1789 Monsieur de Beoufillet had reached Savannah, had been to Sapelo had found little preparation for his reception, and a most inferior home provided for him, but few slaves bought, and little to show for the expenditures made by the nephew. He had brought with him a retinue of white servants, carriages, plate, and household equipment. There was not even a place to stow them. He read and re-read the nephew's letter describing the expenditure of so many thousands of francs, for the building of rooms, outbuildings, stables, etc. He looked over the charges for carpenters and bricklayers' work; he looked around upon the rude walls of a four-roomed house, with a six-foot hall, and a kitchen of 12x15 attached by an L, and his heart grew hot at the fraud that had been practiced on him. He sent for the nephew and after storming, reproaching and cursing, he ordered him off his premises, saying, "If I ever find you in my house it shall be at your peril, for I shall kill you." The nephew was driven from his presence and premises but both mother and daughter he believed were attached to him, and shortly after this scene, in the absence of Monsieur de Beoufillet he ventured to return, it may be to ask his aunt to intercede for him; it may be that the lovely eyes and budding form of Natalie drew him; the last was the common belief. The uncle's unexpected return surprised him. Gentlemen then wore swords; steel was drawn, and the nephew fell, as it was thought mortally wounded. The seemingly dying man had been the intimate and close friend of Monsieur de Beoufillet's four co-partners. They received and nursed him back into health. Most probably it was to the South End, the home of du Bignon, that he was taken, for neither wounds nor death had any terror to Poulain du Bignon; his friends listened to and believed the tale he told of "a love that was not unreturned"; of a visit to say adieu, not farewell; "of accounts carelessly kept, but of no monies embezzled," and they determined to break up the co-partnership; and to by a majority vote divide their interest and remove elsewhere.

Jekyl Island could be bought, and soon the co-partnership had passed into liquidation, and four of its members had become proprietors of the Island of Jekyl; transferring their Sapelo interests to other and new people. Monsieur Beoufillet now found himself alone among strangers, and indicted in the courts of the country for "assault with intent to kill." The Frenchman, impulsive, ardent, and the same time with a hereditary fear of the law, was desperate. He employed the Hon. Joseph Clay, of Bryan County, to defend
him, Mr. Clay's eloquence and legal ability gained a verdict of acquittal. In a transport of gratitude Beoufillet embraced him in open court crying, "Come to my house; you shall be my son, for you shall marry my Natalie." Mr. Clay smilingly with thanks replied, "that to do so would subject himself to the charge of bigamy; but that he had a brother. Years later, Ralph Clay paid his addresses, and Natalie became Mrs. Ralph Clay, of Bryan County, and bore to him five children.

Poulain du Bignon's life-story would have delighted a Dumas. He had seen the world in many places and phases, and had drunk deep of the cup of adventure in early youth. He had been commissioned as an officer in the French army of the East Indies. He had served for years in the war in which France and England, locked in deadly struggle, contended for the possession of the rich and great countries of the East. Detailed as an instructor of artillery to the courts of a great Rajah, he had lived amid the barbaric splendor of a decaying empire, and had essayed by his skill and courage to prop the tottering throne of a descendant of the "King of Kings." In middle life he had commanded an armed vessel of war, sailing under the French flag, with letters of marque, and in those years of continual warfare had worthily upheld the honor of France. When "in his cups" as it was then called, not otherwise, for in general he was silent, moody and brooding, I have been told by one now dead, that his talk was entrancing in the vividness of incident and adventure. Such was the man who lived at the South End. His descendants have lost all remembrance of him, and even all memoranda. Mrs. Maurice, of Jekyll, told me that when at the death of John du Bignon, Sr., the old house was ordered demolished; the carpenter employed to perform the work, told her he had found in an old cupboard, between the walls a great hoard of letters and papers of old dates and addresses, such as Madras 1774, Hyderabad 1703, and others that he could not make out—"Barque Josephine," "Brig—1776," "Gondelope, Martinique 1774," "Barque Marguerite 1781"—but that being unable to read French he had burnt them. Mrs. Maurice said she threw up her hands in horror and regret.

What unwritten history, what tragedies, what buried crises, in lives that had passed away, were, it may be, given to the flames and now we can not know, only imagine.

It is 1802 when I resume my story. Nine years have elapsed. The four partners, by a majority vote have dissolved the Sapelo co-partnership, and sold their shares to others. de Beoufillet alone remains. Count Montalet, a refugee from St. Domingo, where perished all of his family, has bought and resides at the former home of De Le Chapeldelaine. He calls it his "Le chateau," a name that has been corrupted into "Chocolate." He is devoted to the cultivating and perfecting of his flower and fruit gardens, and immensely interested in the rising talent and genius of his colored cook, "Cupidon," who, he declares, would equal or surpass Vatel, he, accompanied by his only companion Monsieur Horne, or it may be by the Abbe Karle, a sometime visitor from Savannah, may be
these as a nucleus he looked around from where to supply the large quantity of crude industrial power. It was at once evident that it could not be obtained from the white population, and must come from elsewhere. He was a descendant in direct line and grandson of the author of the New Iverness Protest of January, 1739 against the introduction of slaves into the Colony (the first in the history of the world) and had not forgotten the prophetic closing clause, "Nor in justice can we not think that if slaves are thrown amongst us, they will one day return to be a scourge to us, our children or our children's children, for our sins"; but labor was absolutely necessary for the carrying out of his undertakings. His environment and that in which his father had lived, justified and encouraged it; every interest demanded it; he said to himself, "They shall be more serfs on the land than slaves; I shall civilize them and better their condition"; but you cannot touch pitch and remain clean; and the penalty of the "one day or another" was incurred, and the scourge was to fall.

Slaves were to be had in Charleston at $100 each "privilege of choice"; he bought many from the West Indies; he brought hands trained for the management and guidance of such raw labor. He made large contracts for supplying live-oak fitted for vessels of war, the Government furnishing ship carpenters for the moulding of the frames. He furnishing the timber and transportation to the vessel's side. The clearing of the oak forests facilitated the opening of the fields where soon cotton, sugar, and all manner of produce yielded sevenfold in this rich and virgin soil. Fences were made by piling the larger limbs of the felled oaks one on the other. The lands were drained; villages of huts with thatched roofs and walls, plastered inside and out, had sprung up in favorable spots; these were styled settlements, such as New Behaviour, Hanging Bull, and in each a head man, inappropriately called a driver, (for he seldom drove) was placed in charge of probably one hundred souls; he was however the nominal head, received orders, and was expected to see them executed. At the Chatlet a different system prevailed. The two elderly French men found happiness by a different road; no ambition toward the accumulation of wealth or property now stirred their souls; they had lived and played their brief part in the drama of human life, and learned that it is all but a "vanity of vanities," a tinkling of the camel's bells. They were now retired from the stage, and sitting far back with the audience; they calmly waited the fall of the curtain; a little household of colored servants looked after their wants; Cupidon the cook, his wife Venus, their son Hercules, as gardener, and Ceres, his wife, composed their menage; Hercules was fisherman and hunter, therefore the provider of the table; in the carelessly cultivated fields some dozens of slaves worked a little, idled more, and produced a sufficiency of food for themselves and sometimes $1,000 worth of cotton, enough for the purchase of coffee, flour, sugar, a few luxuries, with some good wine and brandy. In the sitting room a bookshelf held the works of Racine, Rousseau, Voltaire, Moliere, Ude's Cookery, and Brillat Savarin's great work, "Eating and
Cooking” as a fine art.”

I think it was after the perusal of Brillat’s immortal work that Count Mortalet conceived the hope of civilizing “les Americains” through a diet of truffles.

Above the shelf were crossed the swords of Alphonse Count of Montalet and of the Chevalier ’Armand de la Horne. They have long gone to rest, their graves were once to be seen near the front of the house in the orange grove, not far from the Spring. By the way, this very spring is noted by the first traveler from the North to the South, the botanist Bartram, 1773 and 1774.

At Bourbon, Madame Beoufillet is sick unto death; Monsieur has grown thin, but brightens up with Gallic vivacity, when his neighbors call; himself and Madame make ceremonious visits, and dine and are dined on special occasions, such as when Madame Cottineau of Savannah and her brother The Abbe Karle are paying summer visits to the Island.

It is now 1811, ten years have passed; the de Beoufillet’s still reside at Bourbon, at the Chatlet—the lights yet burn, and show the shadows of two old men who bend over the last copy of the “Moniteur”, which tells of the victories of that “rascal” de Napoleon; a white cockade is pinned to the crossed swords; they at least are true in faith and heart, to the lilies of the Bourbons.

Mr. Spalding is at The South End; all the owners of small tracts, The Sherwoods, the Sams, the Millers and others have been eliminated by the purchase of both lands and stock. Four hundred slaves answer when interrogated, “We are Spalding negroes.” Much land has been cleared and drained; 400 acres of cotton and 200 of cane, with fields that waive in corn greet the eye as you ride northward. Mr. Simpson has been repaid the greater part of his loan, and the island shows and bears evidence of a growing prosperity, the great house has been completed, the furniture is in place, heavy and massive mahogany such as our fathers laboriously worked out by hand. The South room, the library is fast being filled with books that tell the past history of the world, of modern thought and the science of a newer era. Nor is the poetry and philosophy of the older wanting. There is a dearth of art; no pictures adorn the walls, except in the central hall, where Gerard Audran’s engravings of LeBurns battles and the triumph of Alexander cover the walls.

The crossing of the Granicus has the place of honor over the sideboard; on the western wall; and near to it hangs the battle of Arbela—with the soaring eagle—and beside it the siege of Tyre; and the eastern, the wars of Hindoostan, with the vanquished Porus,” and The Triumph of Babylon; on the south the Conqueror is extending clemency to the wife and daughter of Darius; and in the shadow of the tent is shown the lovely figure of Statira, and almost Godlike form of Alexander the Great; over the northern doorway Guido Reni’s “Aurora” leads the dancing hours; the “God of Life” and potsy and light” guides the car with rosy-footed morn to herald his coming. These were the sole evidences of any sense or feeling towards art; no illustrated book, no bronze or bric-a-brac—
I forget, on the sideboard there stood a marble bust of General Bonaparte taken from life on his return from his first Italian Campaign; the most beautiful face I have ever seen. Mr. Bourke Spalding now owns it. Years pass, and years follow. The trees cast shadows, where before was light; children have been born and children have died; my mother was born here in 1806; she told me in 1848 that when she could first remember the oaks were as great and as stately as they then were. Michaux says in his "Sylva-Americana", the live oak grows for hundred years; lives for a hundred, and is one hundred more in dying; 1806 less one hundred 1706. 1806 full growth, 1906 commencement of decay, that is if the ruthless hand of man has not hastened the end.

In the years intervening, between 1812 and 24 the doors were closed and the blinds drawn forever at the chateau; the loyal heart and, gentle soul of the Chevalier de la Horne was the first to be summoned to its final roll-call, and we can safely trust his answering "here" was breathed among the noble dead. The Viconte did not long survive him; Cupidon, Venus, and Hercules ministered lovingly and faithfully to his latter and latest wants; and I am glad to write, were manumitted and freed by his will and testament. Cupid said to a lad of 14 who had ridden up to inquire, "Master never held up after Marse Armond’s death; he failed fast; and when he took down his sword to put it in his coffin—you know the points were upwards when crossed—he left his own, but turned the points downwards (the fencer’s signal that the combat is over). I did my best when I went into the kitchen to prepare his little dishes; "I used to cross myself and pray to St. Joseph that I might receive help and inspiration in the art, but when I would take in the plate, maybe a poulet a la marengo, with mushrooms, he would only taste it and say ‘Thank you, Cupid, it is superb; you improve wonderfully.’ On the last day, and it was full ebb-tide and he had been lying a long while never speaking, but with his eyes looking far away and not at us—I saw his lips move and leaned over to hear; ‘Armanud’ he said ‘we need hunt the truffles no more, for here all are gentle and tender’. Then he turned his face to the wall, and was gone. I do not know Marse Charles what he meant; can you tell me?"

"E’en as he trod that day his way to God,  
So walked he from his birth."

In simpleness, in gentleness, in honor and clean mirth; he had done his work, had held his peace, and had no fear of death.

It is impossible for me to close the memories of these men of the Chateau, exemplars as they were of courage, simpleness, gentle¬ness, and clean mirth, without referring to and thinking how different the Greek imaged and painted the bearer of the death blow, from that now received and entertained. Holbein, in "The Dance of Death" imaged and painted in the modern thought a grim and grisly skeleton, with eyeless sockets, and skeleton hands that wave a terror-inspiring spear; Ulysees telling to his recovered son of the
one beautiful land found in his many years of troublous voyaging, speaks of it as where “fruits ripen each day; where flowers bloom each hour and herds feed in pastures that never wither”; and adds, as the supremest blessing granted to the happy people, that there dwelt

“And when by lengthening years in strength they fall,
Apolo comes, and Cynthia comes along;
They bend the silver bow, with tender skill
And void of pain the silent arrow kills.”

No skeleton there; no terror-inspiring spear, but the most beautiful of the Gods, “The Lord of the unerring bow; the sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow all radiant;” and not alone, but with a woman who with love consoles for it is written, “They bend the bow with tender skill.”

It was in the spring of the year 1822 that an elderly gentleman, a Mr. Wambazee of Bruro Neck, heir and executor to the Viconte de Mentalet, had come in his six-oarded boat to the Chatelet. Mr. Wambazee was a Belgian by birth, short, florid, and fat. He had walked though the garden and not plucked bud or blossom, had paused to wipe the moisture from his brow in the very shadow of the rose arbor, unconscious of the sweet perfume with which the devoniensis and yellow bankshires were greeting and welcoming him. He had given to Cupidon, Venus and Hercules their letter of manumission duly signed by the Governor; had mustered the remaining slaves, and jotted down in a black memoranda book brief descriptions, names and apparent age, such as: “Adonis, 48, strong but bandy-legged; his wife, Hebe, 38, and 6 children, 9, 8, 7, 6, 4, 2; Chloe, 17, orphan, brown; good eyes and teeth, and well made” and so on.

Mr. Wambazee would take luncheon. Cupidon composed the little and hastily-prepared meal. “Vene, a chicken”, he had called for and one “not over six weeks old; broiled, with mushrooms and cream sauce; a salad from the white hearts of the best lettuce, only tarragon vinegar to be used; a bottle of claret of the Blue Seal, and wafers. And when he rose, it was with a sigh that Mr. Wambazee, looked towards the white-capped figure that stood in the doorway. “Cupid,” he had said, “I am sorry your master manumitted you by will; I would never have parted with you”; and then with few words of farewell, regardless and unconscious of perfume or flower, had moved through the garden walk to his boat and taken his way to Savannah; that night he would sleep at St. Catharine’s the next at Green Island, and the third in Savannah.

And so farewell to the Chatelet with its memories of courtesy, gentle breeding and high courage, for does it not require a brave heart to face the world, aged, poor, wifeless and childless, and yet to smile? Farewell to the fragrance of oleo and mignonette, of rose, heliotrope and hyacinth. The idyllic days have passed, and the dawn of a bare materialism is reddening the sky. What said St. Arnaud as from the heights of Balaklava he looked upon the English horse—“it is magnificent, but it is not war.” So I say of
those days; they may not have been upbuilding nor uplifting, but they were sweet and very lovely.

And farewell too, to the memory of the stern and tender; loving and generous old man; who for 50 years had said of Sapelo: "Sapelo, ‘c’est moi.’" ready to give from his abundance to all except himself, but demanding from all an implicit submission to his will and precept; for his creed was that of Sir Richard Burton’s:

"Do what thy manhood bids you do;
From none but self expect applause;
The noblest lives and noblest dies.
Who makes and keeps his self-made laws;
All other life is living death, a world
Where none but phantoms dwell,
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice,
A tinkling of the camel’s bells."

So hard is it to be dominant over a race of dependants, and not grow intolerant of differences, in-admissible to argument, and domineering to all, even to those most loved; no people in this wide, wide world needed more to pray, "Lead me not into temptation" than we of the South; no criminal ever had more right to say, "Lord, judge me not according to my sins, but take into thy sight how greatly more I might have sinned."

But twice in forty years have I visited the scene of this story. My memory has been of men whose names are buried in oblivion. On my visit previous to this the last, crumbling walls threatening soon to pass into dust were all that met my eye. The shadows cast by the sun were darkened to a deeper shade by thought of the pile that had once stood stately in its seeming strength; "Old Ocean laved its island seat, land of the olive and the lime."

Since then forty odd years have gone, and this century is well on and in its teens; years of love, of hope, of discouragement, of despondency and in 1914 I have found the noble home restored, with every wall rebuilt, and white and spotless in a garniture of green; it stands, claiming and asserting a new immunity from time, and bidding a fresh defiance to sea or storm. It greet the eastern sun as it rises in its sumptuous splendor and bids farewell to it as it sinks to its bed of solemn repose. And the roof covers one not unmindful of what has been, and not forgetful of the past; as I rode with him northward in the great car, I saw it stopped to give time to an old negro of more than 80 years to lessen the fright of his lean and scrawny team, in the roar of the impatient engine, that murmured at the delay, I thought I could hear the words of the "Sartor Resartor": "Venerable is the rugged face, weather-beaten and besoiled, for it is the face of a man living manlike, and but the more venerable for its rudeness. Oh, hardly-entreated brother, for us was thy back bent, for us were your straight limbs and figure so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell; and fighting our battles were thou so marred and bruised."
AN OLD SLAVE.

From out the sedge, with dim, unsightly face,
And from slow-shuffling o'er the somber earth,
He comes, bowed bondsman of the other days,
Spirit of toil-worn fields that gave him birth.

Beneath the yoke, all meek his shoulders bend,
Within his arm the jungles silent sleep,
While hands, great, dumb, blind-fumbling, hold the faith
That loyal servitude still bids them keep.

His "White Folks!" — See the plodding figure rove,
Dull eyes flash welcoming, yet humbly grave.
With rugged face o'er brimmed with love and smiles,
He stands, the worshipper, the friend, the slave;

The plaintiveness of weird plantation choruses,
The patience of the furrows through the world,
And lo, the dreams of childhood, now grown old.

Black, clumsy fingers, sturdy as the plow,
Have cleared the thorns where swamp grown hummocks creep,
Upwrenched the oak, yet light as swallow's wing,
Have touched the hair of "Massa's Child" asleep.

—I Kate Fort Codington.

I have described the residence of my grandfather. When not there I was oftenest found at Cannon's Point, the home of Mr. James H. Couper or at Retreat, with the King family; it might be at Broadfield, with the Tröups; sometimes at Sutherland, with the Brailsfords, or the Grants at Elizafiel.

Cannon's Point and Retreat are on St. Simon's Island; one at the extreme north, the other at the southermost point.

This island, located in a world of marsh and bordered by a world of sea, is rich in natural and historic associations. The Rev. Mr. James Lee wrote: "It is the historic associations interwoven with St. Simons that gave it its charm. Its soil is humanized and made dear by the spirits of those who have lived on and in its neighborhood." Its marshes have been made "candid and simple, nothing withholding and free," by Lanier and few have breathed its clean salt air but have borne witness to its spell. Basil Hall confessed it. Audubon lingered on its shore. Sir Charles Lyell studied it; Miss Murray and Miss Bremer have spoken of it. Aaron Burr and Owen Wister have written in its praise, and Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler has illustrated in burning words the beauty of its woods and the profusion and sweetness of its flowering shrubs and vines.

Its story commenced long years before its English occupancy. In Shea's History of the Roman Catholic Church we read of the Santa Domingo, established in 1570 by the Brotherhood of St. Dominic on the Island of Assao (as St. Simon's was then called,) of its sack, burning and destruction in 1586; of its renewal in 1610 by the Order of St. Francis, and of its final extinction and destruction in the years 1686 to 1702. No permanent or resident tribe appear to be in possession after that date, it having become but
a fishing and hunting station for wandering troops of the great Creek nation. In 1736 General Oglethorpe planted here a Scotch Colony, most of whom came from Invernessshire; Mackays and Cuthberts are the names most frequently met with. Two years later Frederica was made a garrison town, six companies of his regiment being there stationed. Barracks were built and a regular system of fortifications completed. With this the town and island assumed a new importance it being the ocean fortress upon which rested the colonial line of defense. Fort Argyle on the Ogeechee formed the right flank; Fort Howe on the Altamaha the center, and Frederica commanding the sea approach on the left became the headquarters of the General commanding and the home of the founder of the future state.

From Frederica he planned the invasion of Florida and from there he marched in 1740, calling to his aid Col. Palmer with 400 South Carolinians and the Highland Rangers of Darien. This company numbered 65 men. Commanded by the lineal chief and leader John Mohr McIntosh, every man between the ages of 20 and 45 had been called to the muster and not a recreant had been found. Wm. McIntosh, eldest son of John, but 16 years of age, implored his father's permission to accompany him. Being denied the comradeship he waited until one day's march had elapsed, then alone and on foot he followed the little army. Through deep woods, by scarce marked trails he traced their steps, always resting a day's march in the rear. Not until the crossing of the St. John's River was reached did he allow himself to overtake the advancing force. At that ferry he made himself known, was received into the Company, enrolled into service, and given the coveted comradeship. At the fatal Fort Moussa engagement he fought bravely and was one of the twenty-six who alone survived to return to the Altamaha; his father was taken prisoner and sent to Madrid, and not exchanged until 1745.

In 1742 came the Spanish invasion; 5,000 soldiers and 29 vessels of war with their transports composed the attacking force. To meet them Oglethorpe had but his single regiment of regulars, three hastily armed brigs or schooners, the remnant of the Darien rangers, and the Skidaway Scouts under Captain Noble Jones. His marvelous victory, the enemy's outrageous defeat has been a thrice-told tale. George Whitfield declared there was nothing like to it told in history, and that it nearly resembled the Biblical victories of the inspired leaders of the Jewish chronicles.

The years that followed 1742 were the palmy days of St. Simons and Frederica. The General commanding made it his headquarters and home. Ships cleared from England direct to Frederica. The older men farmed their allotments and found ready sale for their produce. The woods, the streams, the sea gave food in profusion. The young men found employment as guides, boatmen, or laborers for the military administration; some as clerks or purveyors to the camps block houses, or military stations.

There are many errors in general belief concerning this Battle of Bloody Marsh. The truth as I conceive it, is as I have heard it
related by Mr. Spalding, who received the account from his grandfather, present in the engagement. "Monteano having reduced Fort St. Simons one-half mile north of the lighthouse, landed his forces and went into camp with his 5,000 men on the lands lying around the Ocean House and those now called Couper’s Point. On the day following he ordered his war vessels up to Casciogne Bluff where a landing was effected. On the next day these vessels attacked the Frederica fortifications and were repulsed, chiefly by the battery of guns “in the woods,” where John Stephen’s house now stands. Monteano then determined on a land attack and ordered an armed reconnoissance made. Captain Sanchez* was placed in command, who followed the road from St. Simons to Frederica. This road then edged the marshes from Fort St. Simons to the place now known as Harrington, where it bent directly west. At this point the English forces were stationed and met the Spaniards, defeating them with heavy loss and taking prisoner the commander. The Spanish fell back; the English pursued in hot temper and haste. At the place now known as Kelwyn Grove a force of Spanish infantry detailed from the main camp, made a counter stroke and threw the pursuing column under command of Capt. Raymond Demeres§, into general disorder, driving them back northward. In the haste and confusion Capt. Sutherland’s Company of regulars and the Highland Rangers of Darien, were separated from the main command under Capt. Demere and concealed themselves in the thick woods “200 yards south of the house now occupied by John Postell.” The attack by the relieving force of the Spaniards having succeeded and the English having been driven northward, the remnant of the first command with the relieving force fell back to the more open ground near the marsh (Bloody Marsh) stacked arms, broke ranks, and awaited orders from the Commanding General, Capt. Sutherland and Capt. Hugh MacKay, from their concealed position in the woods perceiving their unwatchful attitude, determined on an attack. Capt. Mackay occupied the rather high ground just where Wm. Postell’s house now stands; Capt. Sutherland the woods where the monument has been erected. Upon signal a heavy fire was opened upon the disorganized enemy, who were immediately thrown into utter confusion. Many were killed, many hunted down by the Indians, who on sound of the firing had hurried through the woods to join the little force. Few Spaniards regained the camp. Not more than 1,200 of Monteano’s 5,000 had been engaged, but the determined resistance created great doubt in Don Monteano’s mind. The final abandonment of the invasion did not follow as a result of Bloody Marsh, but came from fears engendered in the heart of the commander by the rumored sailing of a strong squadron of war ves-

*Capt. Sanchez was exchanged for Capt. John Mohr McIntosh, taken prisoner at Fort Manassa in 1840 but not until 1844 was the exchange effected so slow were their communication between the Colony and Madrid.

§The Demeres, of Georgia, are descended from Raymond and Paul Demere, both captains of the British army. The St. Simon’s people from Raymond, the Savannah people from Paul, who was killed by the Indians at Fort London on the Tennessee River.
sels from Charleston, the arrival of which would have completely cut his communications with Havana and St. Augustine. It was fear of this that liberated St. Simon's and Frederica, but "fortune favors the brave."

The people of St. Simon's had not joined their kinsmen of Darien in protest against the introduction of slavery. Their signatures were not affixed to the prophetic clause, "and as freedom must be as dear to them as to ourselves, we cannot think otherwise than if they are brought amongst us, they will one day prove a scourge to ourselves, our children, or children's children." Ease of life, governmental employment, and a growing prosperity had sapped even a Scotch sense of justice and right. The Treaty of 1763, through which Florida became British territory, give a final blow to the importance of St. Simon's and to the port of Frederica. "A scrap of paper" signed by their Majesties of Spain and Great Britain, erased St. Simon's from the war map of the Colonies, and noted Frederica as "no longer a station necessary to the defense of the British Colonies of North America," relegating her to the place she had ever since held, as but a tradition and a memory. The war of the revolution justified and emphasized that estimate, and so it came about that the Island from 1785 to 1861 entered in to a life distinguished but by the personalities and characteristics of its residents, and by the charm of a society vastly different from what was in general met with, in the country districts of the New World.

It was in 1795 that the island life changed from its primitive form which had been that of small farms with owners of small means and smaller ambitions to a very different and distinctive class; for at first the land grants had been of scant acreage generally to discharged soldiers, to artisans or storekeepers; in one case, in that called "The Village", the grant had been of 1,000 acres to a community of Moravians, under a Capt. Hermsdorf, who resided in "a village", and there built a church. James Mackay had acquired a tract of 600 acres at the North End and 800 at St. Clair; Mr. Ladson of Charleston a grant of Hampton, 1,000 acres; James McIntosh, the 1,000 acres adjoining Mr. Ladson; James Spalding 600 acres at the South End, now known as Retreat; with these exceptions, the grants had been small allotments, often not exceeding 100 acres; and much of the Island was still covered by the virgin wood, and no great number of slaves had yet been introduced to further the clearance of the lands.

It was in the year 1795 that Major Pearce Butler bought of Mr. Ladson of Charleston, the Hampton Point tract, and of Mr. McIntosh an adjoining grant of the same acreage. Two years previously, Mr. John Couper had settled himself and family on the more easterly point called Cannon's Point. Major Butler was an officer of the British Army, a son of Sir Pearce Butler, the lineal representative of the extinct dukedom of Ormand. His life had been spent in the army; he had married a Miss Middleton of South Carolina and on the breaking out of the revolutionary war had re-
signed his commission and espoused the cause of the Colonies. He had been a member of the Continental Congress, a delegate appointed to visit the armies in the field; a member of the convention that framed in 1785 the constitution of the United States, had not prospered in business or finance, and in 1795 had removed to Georgia in search of fresher and richer lands. With him came his intimate friend and agent, Mr. William Page, who had before established himself in Bryan County but was led by his inclinations to St. Simon's Island.

*Major Butler’s temperament and training was altogether military and he brought to his new home an overwening sense of his own importance and a superiority to all whom he might find as neighbors or residents.

Mr. John Couper, had when a lad of 17, left Scotland to seek his fortune in the Western World, had taken service with the house of Buchannan & Co., of Glasgow and St. Augustine, at the meagre wages of $125 per year “and found”; had from 1763 to 1766 given them faithful and diligent service; had then with his boyhood and lifetime friend and emigrant of the same date James Hamilton, entered into commercial business for themselves; had prospered, had made hosts of friends, and with Mr. Hamilton was now embarked into great agricultural interests. He had married Miss Rebecca Maxwell of Bryan County, and in 1792 made St. Simons his home. The larger interests of Hamilton & Couper were distant 14 miles on the tide waters of the Altamaha, and the plantation of 4,500 acres and 600 slaves was called Hopeton. This acreage included 2,500 of pine, useless save for lumber and as fuel.

Mr. James Spalding was established at the South End in a tract of 800 acres; his home was at “Orange Hall”, one mile from Gascoigne Bluff. Mr. Spalding’s death threw this place into the market and it was purchased by Wm. Page, Esq., with whose family it has always been identified and known as the “Retreat Homestead.” Mr. James Hamilton has seated himself at Gascoigne Bluff, (now shamefully called “Honey Bee” by its new owner) on a tract made by the purchase of smaller grants into a plantation, upon which he had placed some one hundred slaves.

The Demere Homestead of Mulberry Grove adjoined the Hamilton estate. The Demere estate of Harrington Hall was five miles to the northward of Mulberry Grove; the latter is where the family burial plot is located, and from whence the “Mary de Wander” or Ghost Walk takes its way for the river whose waters covers the hapless girl of many sorrows. At Frederica there were few that I can recall; in my memory it seemed to be populated only by widows, old maids and old men who had no families, for Capt. Stephens had not yet come from abroad there to reside. At Lawrence, Capt. James Fraser, half-pay British officer, lived with his wife, who had been Miss Ann Cowper; at Long View, Mrs. McNish, with her charming daughter, who became Mrs. Layton Hazlehurst, resided

*It was more military hauteur than conceit, for Mr. Couper said he was a good neighbor and citizen.
for the greater part of the year; at Keywyn Grove, Benjamin Cater had succeeded his father Thomas and had married Miss Ann Armstrong. Pike’s Bluff and West Point were the residences of Dr. Thomas Hazzard and his brother, Col. Wm. Hazzard.

“The Village” had in the year 1750 passed into the possession of George Baillie, a nephew of Alexander C. Wylly’s, and in 1812 had been purchased by my grandfather. With him resided a niece, herself a Baillie, who had married Colonel Wardrobe of the British Army, a gentleman very advanced in age and now retired on half-pay.

At St. Clair, almost in sound of his voice, lived Dr. William Fraser, a retired surgeon, distinguished for his long service in the East Indies; his wife was Frances, daughter of Capt. Wylly. He soon removed to Darien and made his home on “The Ridge” at a place he called, “St. Ronans.”

Dr. Grant’s home was at Oatlands, two miles north of the village; the Abbots on the Western side, and as yet no one at Black Banks; The Goulds having not yet come to the South from their far Northern home; in this however I may be mistaken, for among my earliest memories I recall talk of “Rosemount”, the Gould home, now called St. Clair.

To recapitulate, in the first decade of the 19th century we find a society in which are numbered the son of a great English family, a soldier, an ex-Congressman, an associate in the framing of the Constitution, a co-laborer with Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, and Washington; with a gentleman of Scotch birth, endowed by nature with the rarest gifts of heart and mind, and humor; as his nearest neighbor, and but a mile to the south at Lawrence we enter the house of a soldier of the Peninsular War, one who stood beside Sir John Moore at Corunna, and served at Waterloo; a few miles southward at The Village we meet Capt. Wylly, half-pay captain in the British army, whose services had commenced with the taking of Savannah and ended with the surrender of his sword at Yorktown. In his household you will meet Col. Wardrobe, his nephew by marriage, who had followed the British flag from boyhood and led his battalion in Europe, India and Asia; a son-in-law, Dr. Wm. Fraser, is often a visitant; his life until now had been years of service as surgeon to the military forces of the East Indies; his wife was Frances, eldest daughter of Capt. Alexander C. Wylly. These men had seen life in many phases and many countries. Their talk was not always of the desirability or non-desirability of rain, nor of the growth of corn, cotton or garden truck; at times at least, on this selvage of civilization, stories were recounted, battles and sieges remembered, and the great events of history re-told—the life was a melange of old world courtesy and refinement, intermixed with a democratic simplicity. Only Major Butler’s household was evidence of great wealth to be found; but everywhere was immense comfort, absence from debt, and unbounded hospitality. To be a guest of one family was to be a welcome visitant to all; the tables were spread with home-grown viands, the glasses were filled with wine and brandy of
foreign growth; whiskey was yet unknown; rum punch closed the evening; they were hard drinkers, but carried their liquor well and seldom were overcome, of if such did come about, no disgrace save the confession of a personal weakness followed. The women were angels, bearing their crosses uncomplainingly, almost unconsciously, always silently.

I have been telling the tale of a time far anterior to my own days; one more page and I shall bid farewell to recollection of what I have heard, and confine myself to what I have seen and known.

The St. Clair house, in which Caroline G. Wylly was born in 1811 had by 1820 passed into the ownership of Major Pearce Butler; he gave it for a nominal rent into the hand of a club formed by the planters of St. Simons solely for social pleasures, and called the St. Clair's Club. Here monthly dinners were given, each member furnishing in rotation, dinner, service, and the attachments, wine and punch; I have been told that great emulation existed in the style and quality on these occasions; visitors and guests came from Savannah and Augusta, and the manners of the time warranting it, the occasions were the scenes of extraordinary conviviality verging, I fear, into hard drinking and the recountal of the most surprising adventures and experiences, intermixed with song and story, for the penalty was heavy to him who told no story or sang no song, and so declared himself but a "niddling."

Let us picture the dinner of December the 7th, 1821. The hour is five p. m. The slanting rays of the sun crimson the green lawn and light the festoons of moss that strive to hide the scars of age that mar the giant tree that shadows the house, lawn, and verandah. The room is warmed and cheered by the glowing coals in a great fire-place; the table with cover laid for fourteen, is clothed in the snowiest of damask and lit by a score of candles made from the wax of the myrtle berry which cover the salt marshes; the brass candlesticks shine like virgin gold; the dishes are of the palest blue. East India china. The waiters, James Dennison from The Village, Sandy and Johnny from Cannon's Point, assisted by old Die and Sam Froid, have since nine in the morning been busy in the kitchen. The guests arriving, not one, whatever his age, so effeminate as to use carriage or chaise are mounted on wiry steeds, whose only living had been drawn from moss, marsh and shucks, but who shew in gait and mettle their descent from Spanish and Arab stock. They are met each by one, or oftener two black boys, who "like eagles to the carrion" await the fragments of the feast.

The guests of the Club coming with their hosts, were Capitaine du Bignon, Dr. James Troup, and Mr. Thomas Charlton, of Savannah. The club members present, John Couper, Dr. Wm. Fraser, Capt. John Fraser, Capt. Wylly, Wm. Page, Raymond Demere, Alexander Wm. Wylly, George Baille, Benjamin Cater, Wm. Armstrong, and Daniel Heyward Brailsford.

The dinner was not served in courses, save that the two soups
one a clam broth, the other chicken mulligatawny, were brought on first, the fish, shrimp pies, crab (in shell) roasts, and vegetables were all placed in one service; the dessert was simple, tartlets of orange marmalade, dried fruits and nuts. The dishes disposed of, amid general gossip and talk, and the cloth drawn, the great punch bowl with its mixture of rum, brandy, sugar, lemon juice and peel, was brought in. The wine glasses were pushed aside and stubby bottle-shaped glass mugs were handed round; and the chairman of the meeting, rising, announced that the health of the President of the United States would be drank, standing and with cheers. Mr. Charlton responding made appropriate remarks, saying the thanks of the whole country were due our legislative magistrate for his wise conduct of public affairs; again much cheering. After this opening of the evening, there was much filling of mugs, nodding of heads, one to the other, with short words of good wishes; such as “Happy days to you,” “Here’s to You,” and the like. Capt. dU-Bignon, with a voice slightly husky, gives his song, “Cheer up my Lads, Cheer Up”; Capt. John Fraser responds to his call with, “A Valiant Soldier I Dare to Name,” which is received with acclamations; “Surely a fine tenor in a man will cover a multitude of faults and imperfections.”

Dr. Wm. Fraser is called on for his Hindoo song, which with quite a Scotch accent he gives:

“Musha be cusha go-wa-be-go
Tasa-be-tasa no-be-no
Ba da dill go-wa-be-go
Tasa-be-tasa no-be-no.”

For fear all my readers are not Hindoo scholars I translate:

“Songster sweet, begin the lay
Always fresh and ever gay;
Brink me quick, inspiring wine,
Always fresh and ever fine.”

Four verses follow, which I forget; once I knew them all.
Do not think, dear reader, that the whole purpose of these dinners was the gratifying of the materialistic enjoyments of eating and drinking. George Baillie has been discussing Sheridan and Moliere with his uncle, Capt. Wylly, and has said, “Wit is only what every one would have said could they have thought of it.” Capt. Wylly has responded, “Wit, then, George is in embryo in us all.” “Yes, dear uncle,” answers George, “call in a good surgeon and even yourself could be delivered of it.”

*Dr. Troup has been recounting to Major Page the incidents of his late visit to an Indian cousin in the Alabama Creek territory. He had visited Alexander McGilvery at Broken Arrow, in the

Katherine McIntosh’s mother was Marion McGilvery, Locklan McGilvery was her brother—Alexander McGilvery, his son, Wm. McIntosh, brother to Katherine, had also a half-breed son, “Billy McIntosh,” who was a first cousin to Geo. Troup with the bar sinister. Not one drop of Indian blood was in the Troup family. Their blood was transmitted to the Indian.
Coosa Valley. Gen. Knox, Secretary of War, he says, had written Washington that the "McGilveray commanded 10,000 warriors and exercised an imperium in imperio (Sparks Life of Washington) over the Creek Confederacy." He tells of the beauty and the richness of the valleys of the Coosa, Etiwah and Tombigbee, and of the Indian villages almost towns he had seen with gardens of maize, pumpkin and peas, all cultivated by the women alone.

Dr. Fraser has been telling Raymond Demere the story of a Mogul empire, where he has seen diamonds, rubies and pearls the loot of the common soldier; his hearer's eyes sparkle and flash with covetousness, not for the gold alone, but with regret for a wrecked youth, but for which he might have hoped to win both wealth and love.

Nine strikes, and "Auld Lang Syne" is sung with joined hands; the horses are called for. Major Page and Capt. Wyly are the first to say good night; attended by their faithful body-servants, James Dennison and old Neptune, they ride away, James and Neptune very watchful, for should such service be needed they will mount behind and not leave Master until safe on his couch.

Was ever a Fergus McIvor more faithful to his chief and Lord? than James Johnny or Neptune, to a Wyly, a Couper, and a King? who in all likelihood had purchased their fathers or themselves in a Charleston open market. Can I forget Denbow, who, on the night of his master's murder, on seeing the consorting of the wife with the murderer, stole the child Benjamin, carried him on his back, through the woods to Major Page at Retreat, and said, "Major, this boy is in danger of his life where he was, and I bring him to you." The murderer and wife fled, Major Page was by the Courts made guardian, preserved the property, had the child educated, and in time graduated from Yale.

I shall now leave this record of days and years that are long past and endeavor to picture the people and homes as I knew them in 1857. I have said, I was often to be found at Cannon's Point, now the home of James Hamilton Couper, an uncle by marriage to my father's sister. At this lovely residence was gathered almost every thing that could attract, first a household of young people of near my age; a garden where every fruit and flower bloomed and ripened; an orchard in which the fig, peach, pomegranate, orange and lemon gave golden offerings in luxurious profusion; a wood of olive whose sad grey-tinted leafage seemed to hold Gethsemane in perpetual remembrance; a stable whose horses stood impatient for bit and bridle; a river whose waters lapped the shore within a stone's cast of door and window, and breathing at night a melody caught from forest and spacious marsh; a library filled with priceless treasures from Paris, Vienna and London; while on wall of hall and dining room were shown copies of Claude Loraine, Rembrandt, and LeBurrn, with "The Aurora" to give welcome as you crossed from the entrance doorway; a host who never said a word that was not well-considered and prepared, whose hours for work, for exercise, for reading, for writing, were parcelled out in a systematic memoranda and whose store of information was im-
mense; whose large family treasured and preserved every word that fell from his lips, not one of them, bright as they all were, ever recognizing the humor of the situation, or the atmosphere of the home interior.

I recall meeting a visitor who had spent the night at the Point, and my saying, "I know you had a pleasant visit"—"an instructive one" was his answer. I was shown to Mr. C's library; and our business interview was quickly and most satisfactorily concluded. I was told the tide, not allowing me to leave, Mr. C hoped I would stay the night; a specimen of coral from the Pacific lying on the table, Mr. C. took it up and explained most clearly and elaborately how by the labor of the tiny insects, islands, almost continents, had been built up in the Eastern oceans. He was most interesting, fortifying his statements with quotations from Sir Charles Lyle and other geologists. He then looking over a memoranda, said he was forced to keep an engagement, adding that dinner would be at 4:30, he excused himself for leaving me. He had not left five minutes before Mrs. Couper came in saying she was sorry for Mr. Couper had been called out, but that "he broke an engagement for no one."

Seeing the coral, she launched into the same account of the labors of the insect world, word for word, I heard it related. She left, saying dinner would be hurried; who should enter then, but Alexander Couper; he walked straight to the cursed rock, and again I heard Mr. Couper's essay recited off, word for word. He said a hive of bees he thought, was about to swarm—would I help him? which I decidedly declined. He left, saying he would send Robert with me. Robert came, and was already started on the thrice-told tale when I begged, on account of the heat, the privilege of a little air. So you see, Charles, my visit was, as I have said, very instructive but not very entertaining."

The eldest son, Hamilton, a lawyer by profession, was almost the most gifted man I have known; endowed by nature with an exquisite sense of humor, joined to a mind that had imbibed all the beauties of literature and art. The third son, my senior by two years, was an artist of great promise. His landscape work was especially lovely and striking, his coloring of wood and sky absolutely true. Both of these sons died before 1863, victims to army fever, now called "enteric." The eldest of the daughters was lovely in person, mind and character; she died in 1897, and has left daughters at the remembrance of whom my heart fills with a thankfulness that I have known and seen the goodness and sweetness of their lives. Of the other daughter, what shall I write? What words shall I use? In later years she gave me a love, of which I knew I was unworthy. In her person, in her mind, in her heart was embodied all that make woman precious. She saved me from myself. Then, alas, why should she have been called and I left? Around the blackened walls of this home, even now, topped with its green crown of date palm and leaf, cling no thoughts but those of love, truth and courtesy, intermixed with a personal individuality, charming to remember, a trinity of the good, the beau-
The fourth son, James M. Couper, a few months younger than myself became very intimately associated with my life, we chose the same profession, Civil Engineering, and until 1861 we worked in the same sections on railroads and connecting systems, we entered the Confederate Army at the same time, he in a Mississippi regiment, I in a Louisiana. He escaped from Fort Donaldson and again from Vicksburg, by his courage and address and now lives in Atlanta beloved by all who know him.

Hopeton Plantation is situated on the south branch of the Altamaha River, 16 miles from Brunswick. The lands comprising the estate were purchased in 1804 by Mr. John Couper and James Hamilton in joint ownership. As early as 1765 these two lads but 17 years of age had felt Renfrewshire, Scotland, to seek their fortunes in this western world. Taking passage in the same ship they had landed at St. Augustine, the newly-acquired British possession, comparatively penniless, but rich in energy and honesty of purpose. They had never lost sight of each other but had been partners in every venture, and by 1770 had embarked into small undertakings which had prospered. In Savannah they had opened a store which had brought good returns; in Sunbury, Liberty County, Couper & Hamilton was a firm known and respected. They had lived through the Revolutionary War without incurring the enmity of the exasperated parties; and in 1793 had come to St. Simons intending to make it their home. Mr. Couper had married Miss Rebecca Maxwell, of Bryan County, and Mr. Hamilton a Miss Janet Wilson of Philadelphia; 1800 had found them both domiciled on the Island, Mr. Couper at Cannon's Point, Mr. Hamilton at Gascoigne Bluff, with their boyhood friendship and lifetime devotion still unabated. They had some money and good credit, and now sought a larger investment in the one industry of the South, the raising of cotton, sugar, or rice; and so it came about that they bought in 1805 from David Deas and Arthur Middleton the tracts of land which they called Hopeton, after Wm. Hopeton their friend, financier and banker. Not an acre was then cleared, and upon it they placed a large force of negroes, with managers and overseers to see the reclamation of the rich swamp lands. Mr. Couper's eldest son, James Hamilton Couper, was named in 1816 as sole manager; his education had been closely attended to; his natural industry and mental gifts were great; he had graduated with honor from Yale, and had then been sent to Holland to study the reclamation of submerged lands, returning with an enthusiastic belief in the possibilities; he had assumed the task when but 20 years of age; but 200 acres of the swamp and richest land had as yet been diked and reclaimed with about the same amount of high land. To the end of making the place a financial success the young man bent all his energies. So well did he conduct and direct affairs, that when in 1827 he married, the Hopeton plantation was already acknowledged as a model by all. All of his first crops had been of cotton, but finding that from the richness of the soil, the plant grew too late in the season to
properly mature the lint, he shifted to sugar cane, planting in 1827 and 1828 as much as 800 acres. Later from cane he went to rice. The steam engine for generating the power, the mill for crushing and all other machinery were bought and imported from Bolton & Watts, of Sheffield, England, the last-named being the inventor of the use of steam, and junior partner of Bolton & Watts. In 1907 when I sold the Hopeton place as agent for Mr. Richard Corbin to the Shaker Colony of Ohio, they broke up all this machinery and sold it as junk.

From 1816 to 1858 Mr. Couper remained in sole and absolute charge; from 1816 to 1827 as representative of Couper & Hamilton from 1826 to 1836 as representative and agent for James Hamilton, who had bought his father's interests; from 1836 to 1857 as co-executor with General Cadwalder of Philadelphia, of the estate of Hamilton and also trustee for the heirs, three grandchildren, Isabella, Constance and Richard. General Cadwalder assumed charge of all Pennsylvania and northern property. Mr. Couper of the Georgia planting interests, now amounting to 582 slaves and the planting and harvesting of more than a thousand acres of rice, such a number represented something more than 200 able-bodied laborers.

Although Mr. Couper was deeply interested in the affairs of Hopeton and had made it a model to all lovers of scientific agriculture, by methodical and systematic use of his time, he had leisure to cultivate his scientific tastes so much as to cause his correspondence to be solicited by many of the learned Societies.

He was recognized as the best planter in the district, as a most humane and successful manager of slaves, as the leading conchologist of the South, and as a microscopist whose researches into the then new field of germ life attracted attention in the laboratories of all the universities.

In the winter of 1832 editor J. D. Legare of The Southern Agriculturist, of Charleston, during a tour of Georgia's sugar district, was a guest at Hopeton. He gives an account of his visit in several numbers of the Agriculturist in 1833. I quote:

"We remained several days at Hopeton, enjoying the hospitality of J. Hamilton Couper, during which time we were busily employed in viewing the plantations and taking notes of what we saw and heard.

"We hesitate not to say Hopeton is decidedly the best plantation we have ever visited, and we doubt whether it can be equalled in the Southern States; and when we consider the extent of the crops, the variety of the same, and the number of operatives who have to be directed and managed, it will not be presumptuous to say that it may fairly challenge comparison with any establishment of the United States, for the systematic arrangement of the whole, the regularity and precision with which each and all of the operations are carried out, and the perfect and daily accountability established in every department."

"The proportions of the crop at the time of my visit were 500 acres in rice, 170 in cotton, and 330 in cane."
On the occasion of his second visit to America, Sir Charles Lyell, the distinguished English geologist, became a guest at Hopeton, in January, 1846. He writes:

"During a fortnight at Hopeton we had an opportunity of seeing how Southern planters live and the conditions and prospects of the negroes on a well-managed estate. The relations of the slaves to their owners resembles nothing in the Northern States. There is a hereditary regard approaching attachment on both sides, much like that existing between lords and their retainers in feudal times. The slaves identify themselves with their masters, and the sense of their own importance rises with his success in life; but the responsibility of the owner is great, and to manage a great plantation with profit is no easy task; much judgment is required and a mixture of firmness, forbearance, and kindness"—and so on, for many pages. He adds: "I may be told this is a most favorable specimen of a well-managed estate; if so, I affirm that a mere chance led me to pay this visit."

Miss Beremmer and Miss Amelia Murray both visited Hopeton, and in her "Homes in the New World", Miss Bremmer wrote in the highest possible praise of all she saw.

Miss Murray wrote: "Only now am I made aware of ———'s resignation of the editorship of my letters. I am sorry, but I must sacrifice individual friendships and tell of my own honest convictions and the truth."

It was in February, 1857 that I was asked to join a house-party at Hopeton given by Mr. Couper as a farewell to his life's labor, as Trustee and executor to the estate of James Hamilton, the youngest of his wards, Richard Corbin, having reached his majority, he had obtained letters dismissing the trusteeship and the executorship had bought of Constance Corbin de Montmart the lands now called Altama and Carr's Island, and from her sister had purchased the Hamilton Plantation on St. Simon's Island, and 180 negroes. At "Altama" a house was being built, placed in what is known as "The Old Indian Fields." Mr. Couper now proposed to resign his management, to recommend his brother Wm. Audley Couper as his successor, and to retire and devote his energies to his own affairs.

The number of guests was large; a Mr. Cavendish, M. P.,* and his traveling companion, Capt. Deveaux of the Hoe Guards, were the honor personages; Miss Mary Elliott of Savannah; Messrs. R. M. Stiles and Bryan of Savannah, Wyatt Dickinson and H. D. Twigg of Augusta. Miss Carrie Elliott was also a visitor and a Mr. Ballard said to be a suitor of Miss Fanny Fraser, who was also present. Mr. Couper took charge of Mr. Cavendish and Deveaux in the morning.

I at this time was astonished to see what a systematic division

*This Mr. Cavendish, member of Parliament and nephew of Lord Palmerstein, was in after days assassinated in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by Burke Fenian, leader and the force bill passage—was the germ from which sprung "Home Rule" party of Ireland. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," "extreme measures" breed their own cure.
of time could do in the doubling, nay more than trebling the amount of work transacted during the day. Mr. Couper was closing up the accounts of a fifty years' stewardship, entailing the balancing of hundreds of thousands of dollars in expenditures, receipts, losses and gains; all to be placed in their special and respective columns. To this task he devoted two hours, from near 6 to 7:30 a.m.; to the plantation affairs he gave from 8 a.m. to 12 m.; to his guests from England, whom he met first at luncheon, he devoted from 12 to 2 p.m.; from 2 to 4 p.m., he spent in his library, writing or reading (alone); at 4:15 to the minute he awaited the appearance of the family and all belonging to the household in the drawing-room; at 4:35 Bulala at the door announced, "Dinner is ready, Sir," The dinner was served in courses; wine was handed, always sherry and Madeira, on special occasions champagne, never claret or French wines. By 5:30 the cloth was drawn, Mr. C. arose with the ladies, Bulala placed cigars before the guests. Mr. C. filled his second glass of wine, wished "good fortune and health to all," and retired to his study. The men smoked, drank one or two glasses of sherry, and joined the ladies; no whiskey, brandy or alcoholic drink was ever served at meals, but were placed on the side-board.

In testimony of what systematic and methodical use of time can do, I shall mention the tasks undertaken and successfully carried out by this marvelous worker in the years 1850 to 1857.

In 1849 Mr. Isaac Barret, of Charleston, having come into possession of the rice plantation of Champney's Island, and the negroes attached to it, 200 in number, offered Mr. Couper $2,500 to superintend the management, giving him the choice of the overseer to reside on the place, which was accepted. In the year 1850, Dr. James M. Troup dying, his will disclosed Mr. Couper named as co-executor with his son Brailsford on the estate comprising 300 negroes, and 1,100 acres of rice land. The will also disclosed a debt of $70,000 as a lien on land and negroes, the heirs, five in number, were despairing. Mr. Couper took charge, placed an overseer, Mr. Hutchinson, in whose ability he had confidence, in immediate charge; said to the heirs, "Each of you draw upon me for $1,200 payable monthly, and in ten years I will return you the property free of debt." He paid all the debts in seven years, and in the eighth year after the death of Dr. Troup, divided the estate free of debt. To recapitulate, for the seven years preceding the year 1857 he had managed and disbursed the monies arising from the labor of 592 negroes, belonging to the estate of Hamilton, cultivating never less than 1,000 acres of rice. The same care and attention had been paid to the Barret property, comprising 200 negroes, and a corresponding acreage of crops, and in 1850 he had added the entire supervision of and direction of the encumbered Troup estate of 350 negroes and 600 acres of rice. Nor did any of these properties suffer from neglect; all were so administered so as to be paying and profit-making plantations. I hardly think an equal can be found, should the whole South be searched for instances in successful and scientific agriculture.

It was during this visit that Mr. Couper told me that his books
and engravings had cost him $40,000, and I have always thought that in the removal in 1862 by Alexander Couper some of his most valuable works must have been lost or left at Cannon's Point, as was his father's voluminous correspondence; certainly I clearly remember that in after days I could not find some when on short visits to James M. Couper; for instance, a very valuable portfolio of copies of Rafaël's cartoons; a Virgil of extremely old date, which I in particular remember his telling me was the most valuable single volume on his shelves.

In 1857 he had bought all of Constance and Isabella Corbin's share of the estate, with one exception, which was the non-purchase of Wright's Island, valued at $27,000; so that at that late time of life he had burdened himself with a debt of more than $80,000; had the troubles of 1861 not ensued, all would have gone well, but with a lie on lands and negroes, the latter of which in 1865 were no longer an asset, and the disasters of the re-construction period, all Altama, Carr's Island, and home, reverted to the Corbin family. Hamilton's plantation was alone preserved, and that was sold to Meigs & Dodge in 1874 for $14,000. Cannon's Point was sold in 1866 for $16,000; every dollar was lost in rice planting.

It is hard to believe that in '57 near all the lands of the St. Simon's Island were in cultivation. In riding southward from Cannon's Point, save for narrow strips of wood, one passed from field to field of corn and cotton. The Butler Place was in full occupation, with the other plantations there were about 3,500 acres in the highest state of production. The return averaged 300 pounds of clean lint to each three acres planted in cotton. This quality of Sea Island being worth from 42 to 50c per pound; 1,600 to 1,700 acres were devoted to this—the only money crop. The remaining acreage was placed in corn, potatoes, peas, and forage. The 1,600 acres gave an income of about $60,000, almost the whole tillage was with the hoe; great attention was paid to the fertilization, always from cowpen and stable, to which great quantities of grass and rush were hauled during the summers and winters. At Retreat Mrs. King kept 30 yokes of oxen perpetually at this work, planting as much as 75 acres of rutabagas as winter feed. She was the most skilful agriculturalist on the Island and noted still more for her careful selection of seed, through which the improvement of the Retreat staple was constant and uniform.

At Retreat a different welcome was extended you, a true Liberty Hall greeting was given every one, young and old did just as they pleased and made their own choice in pursuit of amusement. The eldest son devoted himself to plantation affairs, and with his mother directed and guided the growing and preparation of the cotton crop. So skilful was the guidance that the Retreat brand on a bale ensured 50c per pound, whilst elsewhere from 42 to 44 cents was the best that could be realized. The fertilizing of the land was closely attended to, and every acre in cotton was expected and made to yield at least 75 pounds of clean lint, which equalled $37.50 per acre.
The second son was at Yale, preparing for the practice of law. His death at the battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862, ended a most promising career. My friend Mallory Page King, schoolmate, college chum and comrade in the Confederate struggle, was then like myself, fonder of outdoor and social life than of study or work. Both of us had eaten too freely of the fruit of the land of the lotus. The father, the Hon. Thomas Butler King, M. C., was devoted to national and State politics and seldom long at his home. Only twice in my many visits did I meet him; his stays on the Island were brief, but when he came it was a jubilee day to white and black. No work was exacted on the day following his arrival. The daughters drew lots who should be the first to have the seat next him, and rotated the coveted position every twenty-four hours.

The sons sat beside him in the library, or rode with him when outdoors, listening with greedy ears to his talk, which was full of information and enlivened with anecdotes of the great men he had met in Washington, California or Europe. He knew that a full hand ensures a joyful welcome, and the morning after his coming the rooms looked as though Xmas had come again; not a child was forgotten, and to the elder daughters the remembrances were splendid and costly.

The home was located in a wooded clump, a hundred yards from the beach. To reach it, you passed through a most lovely flower garden, different in one way from any that I have known. Mrs. King did not love and scarce tolerated the flower that did not repay the plucking by its sweet odor. She called them "plants without souls"; no camellias or exotics flaunted in the sole pride of beauty, but violets, hyacinths, oleos and all sweet shrubs in glorious profusion. The historian Higginson, who saw it in its deserted years of the sixties, says: "The most lovely garden I have ever seen, and always steeped in hyacinthine odors."

The daughters were charming, winning all hearts by their grace, courtesy and spirit.

To one of them had been granted every spell with which woman can be armed. Even her silence was eloquent, for she listened most divinely. Of Madame Recaimer, Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler "wrote: "She listened and you were lost." Sure it is a rare accomplishment, rather a gift; but to woman an invincible and deadly weapon. So closely does it appeal to the innate vanity—Inherent—even if concealed in every man’s heart.

At The Village, the home of my widowed grandmother was found a beautifully managed farm, not plantation. This stately and lovely "lady of the manor" as many called her, with her two unmarried daughters, presided over the best-managed household I have seen. The house was large, and often filled with relatives—some from the Bahamas, some from England, or Savannah; her servants were better trained than any I have known, not perhaps to the nicety of Mrs. Brailsford’s whose butler, as I was about to help myself to rice, whispered, "with fish Marse Charles, only potato and bread."
Mrs. Wylly, after the death of her husband, never changed the fashion of her dress; always, morning, noon and evening she wore a black silk skirt, with bodice of the same, a kerchief of the finest and snowiest cambric crossed over the front, and in the back, descended to the waist; her snowy white hair, of great length and thickness, was coiled around a beautifully shaped head, and surmounted by a cap with wide side laplets. In her old age, 70 years, I remember thinking she was the most stately and lovely woman I had ever seen. She was dignity itself, exacting from all, even her only son and daughters, the most scrupulous respect in manner and speech; to her grandchildren she was more generous than her means warranted, "tipping them in English fashion." When visited by the younger ones, she led them to the drawing room, where hung portraits of Nelson and Wellington, and bid them mark the look and appearance of "the greatest men of the 19th century."

In truth she never became an American, and looked with no favor upon those who had aided in the independence of the United States. Neither herself nor her husband should ever have returned to Georgia; the brother, who remained in the English service, greatly exceeded him in fortune and prosperity; his return was a mistake induced solely by his repugnance to the Act of Emancipation, which in 1808 was imminent and certain, and by an infounded belief in the "sacredness of property."

Major Butler resided at Hampton Point from 1795 to 1815, making his visits during the summers to South Carolina and Philadelphia, at which place after the death of his wife he made his permanent home; his very large estate equally divided between St. Simons and Butler's Island on the Altamaha, was managed and directed by his agent and head overseer, Mr. Roswell King, a native of New England, and after Mr. King's resignation by Roswell King, Jr. The regulations and methods employed were very different from those customary on the sea coast. The keynote to the system was a demand for the complete isolation of the Butler properties. No visit to neighboring plantations was ever permitted, and no intercourse of any kind allowed with the outside world; their language was unintelligible to those not familiar with the dialect; industry and thrift were encouraged and rewarded, but the example of a higher civilization was completely lost through the enforced isolation.

Major Butler had erected his first house, large and spacious, of half tabby and half wood, at the exact intersection of Jones Creek and Hampton River. It was from this house that Aaron Burr during his enforced retirement, wrote his delightful letters to Theodosia. In one he writes:

"Hampton Point, August, 1804.

"I am quite settled. My establishment consists of a housekeeper, a cook, and chamber maid, seamstress, and two footmen, two fishermen, (the family of negroes known as Bennets, were the fishermen of the Butler family for four generations. None of the name ever did anything but fish,) and four boatmen always at my command; the laundry work is done outside."
Again, on another day he writes:

"Madame: J’ai bein dine et J’ai fait mettre moi writing desk sur le table a diner. What a scandalous thing to sit here alone drinking champagne, and yet, Madame I drink your health, mais buvons a la sante de mon hote et bon ami Major Butler," and so on.

I have written there was no great wealth save in Major Butler’s case. I was wrong, for no one spent all they made, and that in the truest and greatest wealth; comfort, independence and contentment were to be seen in every household.

The house from which Aaron Burr wrote was undermined in 1824 by a great freshet and swept away; its foundations can still be seen in the river at low tide; the home occupied by Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler in 1838 was destroyed in 1863 by the Federal troops. It had been the residence of Roswell King, Jr., manager and agent for Pearce Butler, who was born Pearce May, a grandson of Major Pearce Butler, and had changed his name to Butler; it was this Roswell King, Jr., who is constantly alluded to by Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, under the initial “K.” The foundations of the house are still to be seen, though hard to find on account of a thicket of myrtle; they are within fifty feet of the bluff, near the present intersection of Jones and Hampton Rivers; the place in which Mrs. Wister lived one winter when a young lady, is two miles south of Hampton Point, 300 yards west of the white gate; the house of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh lived in is the old hospital, 200 yards west of the Roswell King house, it is now destroyed, its location is marked by the well which was between it and the river bluff; the avenue, one of the finest I ever saw, has been destroyed by storm, fire and time.

At Broadfield, the residence of Dr. James McGilveray Troup was found a family of four daughters and two sons, the youngest, Robert, six months my senior; the eldest, Dr. Brailsford Troup, fourteen years older; and between these were the sisters. The mother had been Miss Camilla Brailsford, daughter of William Brailsford and Maria Heyward, who had removed from South Carolina to Georgia about 1801. A sister, Eugenia Brailsford, had married John Bell of Darien; a third had become Mrs. Jacob Wood of Potosi Island; and the only son was married to Jane Spalding, a sister of my mother’s.

His home was at the Sutherland Bluff, McIntosh County. Dr. Troup’s paternal property was situated on Sapelo River and was call “The Court House,” thirteen miles from Darien; on it were over 100 negroes employed in the raising of cotton of a lower grade than that produced on the islands, but worth from 35 to 40 cents per pound. In addition, great attention was paid to cattle and sheep, for the tract was large (more than 3,000 acres.)

The Broadfield plantation was devoted to the culture of rice, and not until the death of Mrs. Maria Heyward Brailsford did it become the residence of the Troup family. Until then they had resided in Darien in the winters, and in the summers at Baisdon’s Bluff, where the Doctor had established himself upon a high bluff.
overlooking a wide and beautiful river; the place is now a station on the G. C. & P. Railroad, and is called Crescent, from the horse-shoe bend of the river.

At the Troup's a stricter etiquette of manner and behaviour prevailed than in most of the houses I visited. Mrs. Brailsford, grandmother of the younger people, was a strict disciplinarian, and had brought from Carolina to Georgia much of the habit of life that belonged to that older state. Dr. Troup, a son of Catherine McIntosh of Alabama, was himself something of a formalist and a "Sir Charles Grandison" in manner; he was by nature an epicure, and in his household was found the most exquisite cuisine and the choicest materials for the table. I remember once my father showing him what he thought a remarkable fine saddle of mutton; his saying "Yes, Mr. Wylly, the animal was a fine one, but for four days it is but sheep, and not until the fifth does it become mutton, and so few of us here consider that."

The dinners were served solemnly and elaborately, and eaten, I might also say, reverently. It was at their summer home that I best remember them. The house was of tabby with very large parlor and dining room, and confined sleeping compartments. Mrs. Camilla Troup herself was a stickler for propriety of bearing and demeanor. As a mere boy I remember witnessing the lessons given her daughters as to the correct and proper mode of entering a room where company was assembled. Seating herself in an arm chair at the end of the "long room," she required each of the young ladies to enter, advance halfway up the room, and while sweeping a courtesy of greeting, to lift her eyes to an imaginary company. Two of the daughters I recall always received commendation; one was often rebuked with "Don't make such a cheese of your skirt, Celia." The older sister took no part in these lessons, or at least was absent from all rehearsals.

The young ladies were also required to use back-boards a portion of the day. A back-board was a light board 6x10 inches wide in the center and tapering to arms the size of a broomstick; when these arms were placed under the armpits and by them the center closely pressed an upright and dignified carriage was assured. As late as 1845 I saw my sister condemned to that penance. In 1901 I was reminded of this old usage. Mrs. Sarah Wister, calling on Mrs. Wylly, had asked for Mrs. Couper, then 80 odd years of age. On entering Mrs. Couper's room and seeing her seated, she swept the most beautiful courtesy before advancing to greet her. I little thought what dear and delightful memories would in later years be associated with the Broadfield plantation, though under another name, for in 1848 Miss Ophelia Troup, having married George C. Dent, they had built a house and made a home on a part of the large estate and called it "Hofwyl." The whole estate with the exception of the New Hope settlement in time had come into the possession of their eldest son, James T. Dent, and when in 1891 I removed to Brunswick and made Glynn County my home, I was fortunate enough to be made welcome in this the one surviving type
of the vanished Southern home.

James Dent combined in himself all the personal and mental gifts that men and even women can desire: manliness, and gentleness; simplicity and polish of demeanor; generosity of hand, and, rarer, generosity of thought, had all found their home and resting place in his mind and soul; in his person grace and tact of speech were natural gifts inherited from father and mother. Mentally he was self-created, with a mind improved by education, and close reading—I say self-created, for education cannot create, the most it can do is improve.

Few of us follow the line to which we are best adapted; some chance wind diverts us. James Dent's life should not have been restricted to that of a country home—beautiful and endearing as he made it—he was better suited to the broader fields of a metropolitan and cosmopolitan life; so sensitive was his nature to the attrition and brilliancy only to be attained by congenial companionship. I have thought that the chance wind that diverted him, beating him away from the attainment of what was the highest in him, was an instinctive love of horse, rod and gun; but what matters it? for his memory is dear to all who knew him; in his company was found pleasure, instruction, and clean mirth. On the 11th of October, 1913, he departed this life, leaving the world poorer by the loss of a man regretted by all, mourned by many, and to me a great blank. His daughters survive him, two of the five perfect women that the Koran allows to live at one time on this earth. I am a good Chirstian, but a Moslem in some of my beliefs.

Some description of the manner and habit of the men and women of whom I have written is I conceive due the reader of these pages, and I quote a letter received in 1883 from a relative born in 1807, which touches upon this subject:

He writes: “The planter of those days (1820 to 1845) retained the habits of their colonial progenitors; they gave more attention to the etiquette of manner, dress and of the table than is now required. They drank each other’s health and proposed formal toasts which were drunk in bumphers; if their doors were opened wider than was always pleasant, that is to casual and unaccredited visitors, there was such a superfluity of service and such measured courtesy on the part of the host, that impudence itself was kept in order. They were a generous race and could make allowance for personal weaknesses, and threw a veil over the frailties of their brothers; but to cant, hypocrisy, and meanness they were unsparing.”

In a book I have published, I wrote of them, “If great generosity of heart, great honesty of purpose, unbounded sympathy with the oppressed and unblemished integrity can outweigh the faults arising from impulsiveness and excesses attributable in a great measure to the habits of the day, then the men of the past age have little to fear in the judgment to be meted out. They were exceedingly scrupulous in regard to keeping their word; an anecdote may perhaps better illustrate this disposition than an assertion:
"Who made the heart; 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute
But know not what's resisted." —Burns.

Mr. Bryan had been an officer in the American Army; had been taken prisoner at the surrender of Charleston to Gen. Clinton; had been sent to the hulks, where prisoners were confined, and had fallen under the displeasure of the Commandant of the British prison vessel; he had conceived that Captain——— had taken advantage of his position and not treated him with the courtesy due from one officer to another whose fortune it was to be in his power; in time he was exchanged; he immediately sought out the Captain and said, "I am now a free man, I shall send a friend to you with a note demanding a meeting with sword or pistol." The British Captain replied, "I meet no one on account of the official discharge of my duty."*

Captain Bryan retorted: "I say to you you are a coward and a poltroon, and I would travel a thousand miles to spit on your grave."

That was in 1778. Captain Bryan in 1802 was living on Wilmingtom Island planting, and a sloop was loading cargo for Charleston. The mail was brought to him and in a New York paper he read a notice of Captain———'s death and burial at Jamaica, Long Island." He walked directly to the plantation wharf, where the sloop was lying, said to the Captain, "twenty-three years ago I said to Captain——— of the British navy, that if ever I heard of his death I would travel a thousand miles to spit on his grave; I have now no ill feeling to him, but I must keep my word; load only enough rice to serve you as ballast, discharge the rest; we will sail for New York this afternoon." As he ordered, so was it carried out; he was twenty-eight days in passage; never made New York, but anchored in Banegat Sound. Mr. Bryan landed, walked to the Jamaica church yard, spit twice on Captain———'s grave, returned to the sloop, and ordered the captain to sail for Broughton Island and complete his cargo for Charleston. There was no malice in his heart, "I was seasick for twenty-four days" and more he said, "of the forty-two that it took me to make the round trip; and even when most desperately so I felt conscious of no spite or malice towards the dead, but only of an oath fulfilled."

*'A descendant of Captain Johnathan Bryan objects to this story and adds Capt. Bryan never lived on Broughton Island. I correct and apologise for the error. I should have written Wilmington Island. I heard the anecdote told at a dinner party in 1856 on Broughton Island and as a Bryan then lived there I was led into error.
A few lines back I quoted from a letter written me by an octo-
genarian in 1883, in which it is stated "more attention was paid to
dress than is now required." I have a clear recollection of the
garb of my grandfather and of Dr. James M. Troup, both born
in 1774. I remember the first and most striking effect was given
by the cravat which invariably, morning and night, was composed
of a very large cambric handkerchief which had been folded
diagonally and then into successive folds, culminating into a band
two and one-half inches wide; the center of this was placed under
the chin; the ends passed behind the neck and brought back to the
front, where it was tied into a small knot; the shirt collar was
obliterated; behind this neck armor rose the coat collar, very high
and most often of velvet; the coat itself was a cut-a-way, ornament-
ed with brass buttons. I cannot recollect the color of the linings;
the vest was a three button, showing an elaborately pleated shirt-
front, and was nearly always of a buff color.

In summer the trousers were of yellow nankeen (almost khaki)
in winter of a gray or of a dark shade; boots, never shoes; com-
pleted the attire. In place of an overcoat an elaborate black broad-
cloth cloak with innumerable frogs and fastenings was invariably
worn. All old engravings show this cloak as a drapery of grey, dark blue, or black; this mode of dress belonged to and was worn
by the men of advanced years and who were fathers of families
in the years that followed 1820. For that of the next generation
I cannot do better than quote Mrs. Jane Welsh Carlyle's letter to
Thomas Carlyle, in which she tells on June, 1845 of a visit she has
had paid her by Count D'Orsay, (the glass of fashion and mould of
form)—and describes his dress of that day.

"Comparing it with what he had worn on her first meeting him
in 1828; "When first I met him at Lord——— he wore in the morn-
ing a blue satin-crayat with an immense turquoise, a yellow velvet
vest, a green cloth coat lined with cream-colored satin, trousers
of light grey. On this visit of fifteen years after, he was more
modest in his taste; he had a brown coat with black velvet collar, a
velvet vest of a lighter shade of brown; trousers of a light color, a
great gold chain festooned over the front of vest."

This was the style which, when a boy of sixteen I saw softened
for the fashionable young men of 1850; had modified the garb re-
taining only the vest of most gaudy design and color; strawberries
in cut velvet was a favorite, with black trousers; the coats how-
ever were often garnished with glittering buttons. As late as 1854
I have seen the elegants of that day at a ball wearing claret colored
spike-tailed coats with bright metal buttons. Their vests were of
white velvet, on which a pattern in arabesque had been cut out;
their neck attire was a voluminous scarf hiding the shirt front, the
collars of which were high and standing reaching near to the ears.
The table service at meals was more formal now. The
ladies were always handed into their seats by the gentlemen, who
had been informed by host or hostess whom they were to escort.
The soup was served separately and after that, roasts, boiled
and vegetables came on in one service. The desserts succeeded as a separate service, and when the cloth had been drawn, figs, nuts and raisins were placed on the mahogany.

I remember perfectly when the fashion of placing flowers on the table first came in. Mrs. Stiles on her return from Vienna, introduced it in Savannah and it very quickly spread over the low country, and from there outwardly. It was at Hopeton that I first saw flowers in 1856, on the dining table. I am sure it spread from there to the Troups, Spaldings and Nightengales.

Before closing these memories of Broadfield, Hopeton and Butlers, all typical rice plantations, I shall divert to the great change and absolute abandonment that has come to this the richest and most productive section of the state. In 1859 in the rice district of the Altamaha was found; Broadfield, Elizafield, Evelyn, Hofwyl, New Hope, Altama and Hopeton on the Glynn County side; in McIntosh, Wrights, Carrs, Cambers, Champneys, Butlers, Generals and Broughton Islands and on the mainland, Rhetts, Sidon, Ceylon, Potosi, Greenwood, and some places of smaller extent, every one were the homes of people of refinement, culture and wealth; in them were comprised of diked, banked, and drained lands, 7,500 acres, valued at market and cash sales, at $600,000.00; engaged in the cultivation of these 7,500 acres were 2,800 negroes valued at $450.00 each, $1,260,000.00, the stock, steam power, and plantation outfits at $80,000.00. Total capital invested $1,940,000.00.

From the 7,500 acres was yearly reaped 255,000 bushels of rice. This rice, after deducting freight and commission, $210,000.00. The cost of supporting a negro was $20 per year, $56,000.00. Net return, $154,000.00, or 7% per cent, on the capital of $1,940,000.00.

APPENDIX: (Note to above)

LIST OF LANDS AND SLAVES ENGAGED IN THE CULTURE OF RICE IN THE ALTAMAHA VALLEY IN 1859.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lands</th>
<th>Diked and Banked</th>
<th>Acreage</th>
<th>Negroes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Broadfield, Hofwyl, New Hope</td>
<td>1,000</td>
<td>300</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evelyn</td>
<td>300</td>
<td>125</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizafield</td>
<td>400</td>
<td>150</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopeton, Altama, Carrs Island, Wright's Island</td>
<td>1,000</td>
<td>400</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butler's</td>
<td>1,000</td>
<td>500</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Champney's</td>
<td>600</td>
<td>175</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broughton's</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>125</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camber's</td>
<td>1,000</td>
<td>200</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Generals'</td>
<td>300</td>
<td>By Butler force</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In this year (1915) this industry has entirely disappeared, and of the 7,500 acres, not four hundred acres are in cultivation; lands that had a collateral value in every bank in the State, of more than fifty dollars an acre, are already reverted into swamp, or are fast passing into a jungle of marsh, wood and water; great sums of money have been lost by the former owners in the effort to re-establish their prosperity and productiveness, which in every instance known to me have ended in financial disaster; the reasons that caused this are manifold; high cost of labor, high interest charges on borrowed money, and insufficient protection against high waters and storms; at present every rice place on the Savannah, the Ogeechee and the Altamaha is practically abandoned, and are no longer an asset in their owners' ledgers, but rather a charge and incumbrance.

I have not mentioned or endeavored to describe the fashion of dress adopted by the lovely women of my day; I know I could never do justice to the grace and taste displayed. I leave to the modern reader the consciousness that they will never excel their grandmothers in the deft management of skirt and drapery.

In the opening of this manuscript I wrote, "Many and immense changes have occurred in the conditions of life and accepted thought of the community in which I have lived." I have told of the "deluge" of '65 which swept away the industries, the fortunes, and the homes that I knew. I have tried to picture them as they were, and am not sure it had not been better to have enwrapped them in a web of silence and memory, but a greater change in spirit and thought has come to the living generation of men and women.

The men of today have far more of the negative virtues and fewer of the positive than had his predecessors. They calculate more closely and are less moved by emotions; they average more alike, and have fewer personalities; education is more uniform and thorough but I have found fewer good conversationalists, re- conteurs, or imparters of information gained by study or travel; they marry later in life and with eyes undazzled by passion, count carefully the cost. In physique they are superior, owing to the careful hygiene of the day, but weaker in constitution and less able to withstand fatigue and sickness. I acknowledge the betterment but I doubt the greater lovableness—Peter denied Christ, but to him was granted the Keys of Heaven; for he repented.

The mind and the heart are very different organs—the one
appreciates and is valuable in praise of a Galahad, the other pulses and throbs with the great passion of Launcelot, who most moves our inmost selves. Guenvere of the modest Virginia being saved from shipwreck? Launcelot or the knight in quest of the Holy Grail? Trilby or Blanche Bagot? "Sponse of Taffy?"

APPENDIX.

In the year 1565 St. Augustine was founded, "the ancient city", the oldest in America. Two years later the church of Rome gave authority by letters to the Brotherhood of St. Dominic to prosecute the work of Christianizing and evangelizing "the heathen people" of the Atlantic Coast from St. Augustine, northward to the Virginia coasts.

The dominating motive which tended towards their civilization arose from the desire of the Romish Church, to extend the domain of Spanish power and co-eval with that, the Church's influence over the almost unknown lands that stretched degree after degree northward of St. Augustine, the new ecclesiastical off-shoot of the Diocese, Santiago de Cuba. Phillip II, of Spain, had learned the coasts of the Atlantic offered no wealth of mines, silver or gold, to the conquistadores of his day, but he judged it good and right to allow and give authority to the Church to lift the cross and display his flag in these unknown countries, and so it came about as early as 1568, missions had been established, priests placed in charge, chapels built and so-called schools established, in each of the seven islands converts had been gained, a semblance of worship brought about, most generally by means of gifts and presents distributed by the donors, and a mild but quasi form of proprietorship asserted and submitted to. The Island of San Pedro, now called Cumberland, was the farthest to the south. Next came Ospo, now called Jekyl, then the Island of Assao, or St. Simons and in the order named Zapala or Sapelo, Santa Catalina or St. Catherine. Obispa or Ossabaw, and Chatuachee, Skidaway or Tybee. Upon each there was then living a permanent and resident tribe, or fragments of tribes who cultivated small patches of corn, beans and pumpkins and who for their living depended less on hunting and fishing than was usual among the North American natives.

They were in general docile and peaceful. Upon each, a lay brother and a resident priest was placed. Tybee or Skidaway seemed however to have been but a visiting post. I have been unable to find the name of any priest there stationed. The others follow in the order in which I shall name them.

In 1660 at Ospo or the Island of Jekyl, with a lay brother, Father Pedro de Luna, was in charge of the mission of San Buenventura. Father Juan de Useeda was the resident priest at the

*NOTE—The coast lands and islands of the Atlantic from St. Augustine to the mouth of the James River was called "The Province of "Gauale."
mission of San Domingo on the island of Assao of St. Simons.*

John Baptist de Campana had charge of the mission of San Jose de Zapala. Bernardo de les Angeles, that of Santa Catalina and at Ossobaw, Pedro de Lastere with two lay brothers cared not only for those of his own station, but made visitations to the outerlying chapel of Chatuachee, probably located on Tybee or Skidaway Island.

Santa Catalina was the largest, most prosperous and most resorted to by the neighboring natives. San Felipe, at Ossabaw, drew its supplies and made monthly reports to the head of that mission and from there an irregular communication was kept up with the parent church of St. Augustine. Even after the final and total destruction of this and the other missions in 1685, Dickinson in 1696 in his memorable canoe voyage from St. Mary's to Beaufort, South Carolina, says in his diary: "Abandoned and altogether uninhabited but showing plainly traces of having once been a post of great importance. More than three hundred acres seemed to have been in cultivation and the ruins of many buildings are visible." Nor had the Church so prospered and escaped disaster without paying the penalty of Martyrdom, these men of 1606 to 1660 were all of the Brotherhood of St. Francis, but as early as 1568 the same task had been assumed by the friars of St. Dominic and their hopes had been high and their accomplishment great until 1596, when led by a renegade from their own teaching. A war party, had burned, sacked and destroyed every settlement and church edifice from Jekyl to Ossabaw. Five Priests† and three lay brothers won the crown of martyr and suffered death in the cause to which they had dedicated their lives. San Pedro alone escaped, for though attacked by a fleet of forty canoes the timely arrival of a Spanish galley brought aid which ensured its safety and preserved a nucleus from which the succeeding authorities rebuilt and re-established the ravaged churches, missions and plantations.

In 1675, Bishop Calderon, of the See of Santiago de Cuba, made an Episcopal visitation to these Island and to the countries adjacent to "St. Mary's (Santa Maria) it is told on page 172 of "Shea's History of the Roman Church" and during his journey to is said to have baptised and confirmed 1,510 Indians"—but war, rape, and massacre was even then impending. The Yemasses, a strong and war loving race, whose wigwams bordered the Savannah River from Beaufort, S. C., to Augusta, with the Creeks of Middle Georgia had lifted the hatchet, had declared war against Spain and against their allies—the converted Indians of the coast. The Government exhausted every effort and inducement to bring about an abandonment of all the Islands north of Cumber-

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*Zapala, named after a Province of Spain.
†Father Copora slain at Ossabaw.
Father Rodriguez slain at St. Catherine.
Father Anton slain at Jekyl.
Father Francis de Velasco slain at St. Simons.
Father Davilla slain at Zapala.
land, counselling a tribal exodus to San Pedro, San Juan, and Santa Maria on the main land.

The native inhabitants refused to comply with the wishes of the Fathers, many retired to the woods and in 1685 the war cloud burst upon Santa Catalina—a great fleet of canoes appeared crowded with Yemassees, Creeks and other warriors. The mission and all the buildings were burned, the whole Island sacked, the men killed and butchered. The women and children borne off as slaves into captivity, the same fate befell Zapala and Ossabaw.*

In 1702, Governor Moore, of South Carolina, invaded the Floridas. Colonel Daniels led the land forces through the forests, assisted and guided by his Indian Allies. Governor Moore, with a fleet of periangas and galleys collected at Beaufort sailed by the inland passages for the southern islands and coasts, his destination was St. Augustine, and fire, flame, death and slavery were his heralds and avant couriers. Ossabaw, St. Catherine and Zapala became trysting spots for these dread companions of war and glory. The wretched remnants of the people were seized, made captives and retained, to be sold in Carolina into slavery.

I have written thus, in the hope of explaining the striking and undeniable fact that when in 1732 the Saxon race first came into Georgia that neither Oglethorpe, Stephens of any contemporary writer makes mention of any resident Indian tribe on the Islands of the coast. They are called and spoken of as “The Hunting Islands” and are said to be “not permanently occupied” but only resorted to at divers times by the Indians of the main and more westward lands. The truth is as it has been told, the old proprietors had been killed or torn from their homes and their women and children carried off for adoption, or into slavery, while their lands were held by the conquerors as a property in common and used entirely as a temporary home or as “hunting and fishing stations.” St. Simons and Jekyll, in all probability shared the same fate, for we have no account of any resident tribe or portion of a tribe met with during the visits or occupation of those Islands. The war of 1702 literally ended the Spanish power and occupation north of the St. John’s. The work of a hundred and twenty-five years was obliterated, every vestige of Spanish rule and every convert to the Roman Church seemed to have utterly disappeared. No wonder, the converts of the male sex, were to a man either dead or sold into slavery. The converts of the other sex had either shared the same fate or else by adoption and environment had been merged into other tribes.

Of all those buildings, chapels, and fields I know of but one undoubted remnant or ruin, and this one is situated 6 miles from

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*Captive Indians were then sold into slavery both in South Carolina and the west Indians. Read Ramsey’s History of South Carolina.

NOTE: In South Carolina in 1702 captive Indians were sold as slaves generally to Cuba or to the Islands of the West Indies.
St. Mary’s and is certainly the ruined remains of the mission or monastery of Santa Maria de Gondelopes, and strange to say it is locally known and has been so-called for nearly 100 years, “Marianna.” On the plantation of Evelyn, Glynn County, there is still another ruin that may have been connected with this early history; all old books mention it, but none that I have seen have identified it with a known occupation of either Spanish or French power.

In the lives and the work of the early fathers we find the protoplasts from which is conceived the noblest promptings of the human action. Self abnegation, same as forgetfulness of self—it moves the hero; it touches the lover’s heart and St. Simons has been fortunate three times in its history. It has been the home of men whose whole lives exemplified the greatest of human virtue—first, the Roman Priest, who wears the crown of Martyrdom; second, James Oglethorpe, who left Westminster and the court of St. James to seek and find in the Wilderness of Georgia a home for the distressed poor of England, and again after the deluge and destruction of 1865, there comes a second Oglethorpe—Anson P. Dodge, priest of the Episcopal Church, to rebuild the broken church, to endow with his fortune, the Diocese of Georgia and to leave memories, chapels and churches, which attest and bear witness that there at Frederica there lived and died a man who in his love for God and his fellowman, had forgotten himself and had merged his own life in that of the orphan and the fatherless.

NOTE: For those particulars regarding the missions, etc., I am altogether indebted to the History of the Roman Catholic Church, by John Gilveray Shea, published at Akron, Ohio, in 1902. His footnotes giving authority are very copious.