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# THE MAKING OF GEORGIA

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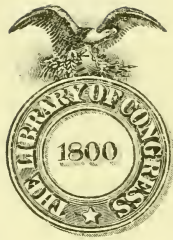
## OGLETHORPE



*Two Addresses delivered by*  
**HON. WALTER GLASCO CHARLTON**  
*of Savannah, Georgia*







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GENL. OGLETHORPE.

THE  
MAKING OF GEORGIA

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OGLETHORPE



*Two Addresses by*  
HON. WALTER GLASCO CHARLTON  
*of Savannah, Georgia*

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Mrs. Wm. S. Wilson,

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# THE MAKING OF GEORGIA

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Ladies of the Georgia Society of the Colonial Dames of America: Ladies and Gentlemen—"There is hardly any century in history," wrote Bolingbroke, "which began by opening so great a scene as the century in which we live." Had he lived to its close he might have added, nor any ended with such tremendous consequences to mankind. The vast empire which Louis XIV had toiled so long to construct was shattered by Marlborough at Blenheim in 1704, and the Revolution of the French, consummated in 1799, when Napoleon became the first consul, fixed forever in the popular mind the power and individuality of the people. It was the age of Frederick the Great, of Charles of Sweden, of Peter of Russia. It heard the death knell of the republic of Venice, and it presided over the partition of Poland; and on every hill-top in America it saw the beacon fires of freedom and democracy blaze in triumph through the throbbing night. It was the age of Dryden and of Pope; of Johnson and Goldsmith; of Addison and Steele; of Fielding and Defoe; of Burke and Pitt and Sheridan, and Fox and Wilkes. Until it neared its end, it was the Englishman's century, and wherever civilization had set its mark his speech was heard and his arms respected. It was pre-eminently a century of action. There was never a time when politics were more bitter and scurrilous, and there was never a time when literature was more polished and urbane. Gay found it acceptable to his

audiences to caricature, in the "Beggar's Opera," the leaders of his day as highwaymen, whilst Pope tickled the delicate sensibilities of his readers with a rhapsody on a lock of Belinda's raven tresses. This was the century in which Georgia was born. In that day colonization was a familiar expedient to the great powers of Europe. There had been colonies military and colonies mercantile; colonies predatory and colonies penal; colonies for gain, for power, for fame—but it was reserved for the reign of George the Second to formulate the grandest theory of a colony which had ever stirred the human heart or enthused the human soul—a colony for charity. Whence did the idea come? It may be from the tortured conscience of some Grub street pamphleteer, who himself had known the grinding agony of English poverty. It may be that it sprang from the active brain of some polished wit sitting at the cozy fireside of a London club and speculating on the ways and foibles and distresses of man. Or still again, it may be that across the sunny life which had come to the English people with the glory of their arms, fell the dark shadow of that German emigration, toiling its slow way through Europe, its ranks full of the homeless and the poor, sanctified by piety and character and courage. It may be this that caused the people of England, moved to a profound pity for those wandering Salzburgers, to turn toward the sufferers in their own midst whose misfortunes the law had made crimes and who in noisome prisons and still fouler companionship were wasting their manhood and womanhood and childhood in the agony of a perpetual horror. We know it was James Edward Oglethorpe who, in 1729, moved in the parliament a resolution of inquiry into the condition of prisons with a view to the relief of those who were imprisoned for debt. By whomsoever the note was struck it sent a thrill throughout the length and breadth of England. Politician and poet; merchant and peer; king and peasant—it sounded in all ears and quick-

ened all hearts. Whilst the political reason assigned was the protection of the province of Carolina, the fact remains that the immediate and noble object of the colonization of Georgia is to be found in the words of the charter, where it recites that "His majesty, having taken into consideration the miserable circumstances of many of his own poor subjects, ready to perish for want, as likewise the distress of many poor foreigners who would take refuge here from the persecution \* \* \* hath, out of his fatherly compassion towards his subjects, been graciously pleased to grant a charter for incorporating a number of gentlemen by the name of 'The Trustees for establishing a colony of Georgia in America.'" Surely, much will be forgiven the Georges because of the noble language of that charter. Nor was the nobility of the sentiment which moved the trustees to accept the trust less apparent. At their instance it was declared that no trustee should ever receive fee or perquisite or reward, however arduous his labors might be. They were to hold the lands "in trust for the poor"; and it was commanded that throughout the extent of Georgia there should always be "liberty of conscience to all who shall settle there." On what would now be August 2, 1732, the Lord Viscount Percival (afterward Earl Egmont), qualified as president of the board of trustees—each trustee as he qualified making a handsome donation to the cause—and on November 28 of that year, the good ship *Anne*, 200 tons burthen, whereof John Thomas was master, being 130 persons, sailed from the port of Gravesend, a modern *Argo*, bearing in her fragile sides, across the tempestuous seas, the Golden Fleece of Georgia's hopes and Georgia's future. Arriving off the bar of Charleston, on the 24th of January, 1733, the commissioner and his followers were received with the characteristic hospitality of that historic town, and the King's pilot having subsequently carried the *Anne* into Port Royal. Oglethorpe departed for what is now Georgia to

select a site for his first settlement, and to treat with the Indians in possession—leaving the colonists to refresh themselves in the neighborhood. Arriving in Georgia, and securing the services of Mary Musgrove as interpreter, Oglethorpe visited the town of the Yamacraws, where, overcoming the objections of the Indians, he obtained their consent to the settling of Savannah. It was at this interview that he first met Tomochichi, the Mico of the tribe, and there began a friendship founded upon mutual respect and esteem which was to continue with increasing tenderness until the old warrior, full of years, was laid to rest in Georgia soil. As Tomochichi was to be the help and stay of the colony, so in the time to come Mary Musgrove was destined, under the title of “Queen of Georgia,” to bring woes innumerable upon the people of Savannah. The Sunday after Oglethorpe’s return was made a day of thanksgiving, and many of the gentlemen of the neighborhood, with their families, resorted to the encampment. The sermon was preached by Rev. Lewis Jones, of Beaufort—the Rev. Mr. Herbert, chaplain to the colonists, filling his pulpit. After being thus edified, the colonists “were regaled with four fat hogs, eight turkeys, besides fowls, English beef, and other provisions, a hogshead of punch, a hogshead of beer, and a large quantity of wine.” It is gratifying to learn from the old chronicle that “all was disposed in so regular a manner that no person was drunk nor any disorder happened.”

Embarking on the 10th of February in a schooner of seventy tons and five periaugers, and encountering on the way storm and venison, they landed in the afternoon of the 12th at what is now Savannah, and as the red rays of the setting sun shone upon their eager faces and God’s peace fell upon their tried and weary souls, to the music of her rustling pines and the murmuring of her noble streams, Georgia was started upon her glorious career.

Here was a scene lacking none of the elements of historic dignity, and the imagination declines to forego the opportunity to dwell upon it for a moment. The first suggestions of spring were in the air—that light, caressing air we know so well, which tempts nature to look abroad in expectancy of the time, so near at hand, when tree and flower will fill all the world with the glory of their resurrection. The centuries had looked down upon the stately pines which filled the view at every hand, and here at last was one whose mission was to carve through their ancient ranks a path for man's development. How great must have been his thoughts! A soldier of recognized distinction; a courtier skilled in all the graces of polite society; at ease in tent and ball room; the companion of the witty and the learned; taking hardships as a gentleman might, not from necessity, but from choice and duty—as he stood on the banks of the Savannah and sent his keen glance into the west, did he see the light-hearted warrior standing at Eugene's side and holding at bay with his Christian following the ancient enemy of the Christian world, until the Danube ran red with Turkish blood? Did he see the palaces he had left, and hear the merry laugh of comfort and the keen words of wit? Or from the midst of these children of want and children of nature which surrounded him, did his fancy soar over forest and stream and mountain until at length it caught the sparkle of the far Pacific—the limit of the State he had come to build? Or did it farther go in time and from prophetic heights see oak and pine pass like a thought and in their stead the stately structures of a busy mart, along whose ways in constant stream poured the rich treasures of the field and mine and forest, and on whose placid waters moved the craft of all the powers of earth? When he lay down to rest that night beneath the shelter of the solemn pines, he must have known that men would hold that day in everlasting memory.

The whole story of the colonization of Georgia reads like a special providence of God. To the most friendless of all people—the forgotten debtors of England—had suddenly come a veritable sunburst of benevolence. They had reached America in safety, and now in their new home the Indian—against whose depredations upon the colony of Carolina they were expected to be the guard—received them with a friendship and generosity unparalleled in the history of the two races. We cannot too strongly insist upon the gratitude we owe to Tomochichi for the part he played in this and every other crisis of the colony. After that of Oglethorpe, his is easily the noblest figure in our early history. He was a broad, liberal-minded gentleman; true to every promise, brave in every emergency, and with a dignity of speech and bearing and look which made him fit to be the historic companion of the founder. His sense of right and duty had made him an exile from his people, and yet, even as Mico of the Yamacraws, who had cast their fortunes with him, he commanded the respect of the tribe which had banished him. At the conference held between Oglethorpe and the chiefs of the Lower Creek Indians for the purpose of settling by treaty the boundaries of the colony, the king of the Oconas, which had been Tomochichi's tribe, said of him that he was a good man and had been a great warrior, and that it was for his wisdom and courage that the banished men had chosen him to be their king. It was his influence which brought about the treaty, and his constant, cheerful courage never wavered in the most perilous moments. There is but scant material for romance in the early days of the colony. The outlook was eminently practical and embraced such prosaic occupation as the building of houses, the tilling of the soil and the construction of the machinery of government. The town was divided into wards, in each ward four tythings, and in each tything ten houses. A freeholder of a tything had his town lot 60x90 feet, a garden lot of five acres, and a

farm lot of forty-four acres and a fraction. The land descended in what was known to the common law as tail-male, that is, in default of male issue it reverted to the trustees. Beyond the town four villages made a ward, which depended upon a ward in the town. The squares, which we are accustomed to regard as pleasure grounds, were designed as places of refuge in time of war for the families and cattle of the inhabitants of these villages, in which they were at liberty to encamp—the villagers resorting to the square upon which their ward depended. They were further designed for public structures—the market is now in Ellis square; and within the memory of many of us the engine houses of the fire companies—negro as well as white—were located in the squares. It is interesting to note that it was upon the historic fact of their original use that the Supreme Court based its decision permitting the street car line to be built through them.

The political system was simplicity itself. Over all were the trustees, with Oglethorpe as their commissioner. There were three bailiffs, having judicial powers, a recorder and a registrar. A term court, with civil and criminal jurisdiction, and grand and petit juries, presided over by the bailiffs, sat every six weeks. Each ward had its constable under whom were four tything men, and there was a public storekeeper. As the wards and tythings bore, and still bear, the names of the trustees, so the streets were for the most part named for the generous Carolinians who gave freely of provisions and manual assistance in the infancy of the colony. I find in a semi-official document the town referred to in a rather undignified manner as "New Windsor, alias Savannah." This latter designation, in all probability, was taken from the English name of the river, which in turn was, conjecturally, from Savannah Town, a trading post established in 1716, on the Carolina shore, about four miles north of Hamburg, and which

took its name directly from the tribe of Sewannos Indians. There was nothing in the thick forest of oaks and pines which covered the site of Savannah to suggest the natural appearance with which the name is usually associated. From the brow of the bluff to Bay street, an open space was reserved, known as the Strand, which still exists. Through this it was designed to cut ways leading to the foot of the bluff, up to which the river washed, in order to avoid the labor of hoisting goods by the crane which did service about the foot of Bull street. To the south-east of what we know as Irish Green was the trustee's garden, in which all manner of experiments were made in the cultivation of fruits and valuable plants, including coffee and tea. The idea seems to have prevailed that anything might grow in Georgia. But the chief hope was in the silk culture. For the nourishment of the silk worms numbers of mulberry trees were grown. It is pathetic to note with what persistency the trustees and colonists clung to the idea that Georgia would finally rival Italy and China in this commodity. Thousands of pounds and years of labor were expended upon this experiment, and it was finally abandoned only when the Revolution took away all hope of a market. In Johnson square, on the spot now occupied by the Greene monument, stood the first town clock—a sun dial; and somewhere in the same square was a wooden hut twenty by forty feet, wherein were held both the sessions of court and divine service. Later the church edifice was erected on the Christ Church lot. The habitation of Oglethorpe was a tent, which was spread beneath four pine trees a little to the east of Bull street on Bay.

From time to time slight accessions were made to the colony—among them certain Italians skilled in the silk culture. They came in the ship *James*, which was the first vessel from England to ascend the Savannah river.



In the meanwhile the work of construction was pressed forward. A battery of cannon and a magazine were built; Fort Argyle, on the Great Ogeechee, and defensive structures on Skidaway, at Thunderbolt, and at Wormsloe, erected; High-Gate, Hampstead, Abercorn and Joseph's Town laid out, and a lighthouse to be ninety feet high on Tybee Island projected.

Returning from Charleston, whither he had gone to express his acknowledgments for the kindnesses shown the colony, on May 18, 1733, Oglethorpe met with the chiefs of the Lower Creek Indians, brought together by Tomochichi, and with them, on the 21st, entered into a treaty by which the trustees were granted all lands between the Savannah and the Alatamaha, from the ocean to the head of tidewater, with the islands from Tybee to St. Simons, inclusive, save Ossabaw, Sapelo and St. Catherine's. In one way and another, by treaties and by charter, Georgia became a vast empire in extent—her possessions extending along the Savannah and Alatamaha to their headwaters, thence due west to the South Sea—a claim which was so far good as to cover after the Revolution the territory of Alabama and Mississippi. By this time the colony had begun to attract the attention of the outside world. Toward the end of 1733 came about forty Hebrews, over the protest of the trustees—but proving to be orderly and useful citizens, Oglethorpe permitted them to remain. In the spring of 1734 occurred an incident of historic moment. From 1729 to 1732 had been going on in Europe a movement which deeply interested the people of England. A frenzy of religious persecution directed against the Lutherans had taken possession of the ecclesiastical powers of Salzburg. It raged with especial fury in the beautiful valley of Salsa, until at length overborne by the helplessness of their situation the inhabitants of that unhappy spot determined to forsake the homes of their fathers and seek

peace and freedom in other lands. To the number of twenty-five or thirty thousand they marched through Europe on their way to Holland and England. These were no imprisoned debtors freed by the impulsive benevolence of a remorseful people. They were martyrs who preferred death or exile to apostacy. With a gentleness and piety which affected those to whom they came—the convictions upon which they acted were as unbending as the oak. Misfortune and oppression had not crushed their spirits, and they heard through the night of their sorrow the voice of God leading them onward as He had in the olden time led the Israelites out of the bondage of Egypt into the Land of Promise. Late in 1733, seventy-eight of these people, under invitation from the trustees, set out from Berchtholsgaden for Rotterdam, and being there joined by the Rev. John Martin Bolzius and Rev. Israel Christian Gronau sailed for Dover, where the oath of allegiance to the British crown was administered to them by the trustees. On December 28 they sailed in the ship *Purisburg*, stopping at Charleston, where they were met by Oglethorpe. Resuming their journey, on the 10th of March, 1734, after a stormy passage, they entered the Savannah river, and on the 17th pitched their tents at the chosen site which they gratefully called Ebenezer. With characteristic industry they at once set to work to build their homes. In those days the great consideration was, of necessity, access to navigable streams. Otherwise it would be difficult to conjecture why in a belt of country which had then, as now, some of the healthiest localities in Georgia, the site of Ebenezer should have been selected as a habitation for foreigners. The soil was barren, the surrounding country full of swamps—and, despite the earnest efforts of the Salzburgers, Ebenezer was doomed from the first. The town was far advanced when it was determined to change the site. Over the remonstrances of Oglethorpe, the entire settlement forsook their new home and began anew the

work of colonization at Red Bluff, on the Savannah, which they renamed New Ebenezer. From time to time they received accessions from Europe and Pennsylvania and established a reputation for industry and honesty which clings to their descendants to this day. Savannah had boasted that it had no lawyers, but Ebenezer could claim that it had neither lawyers, courts or rum. All of their differences were referred to their pastors and by them, aided by the elders, reconciled. It was amongst these people that the silk culture received its highest development. They succeeded in producing an article which was recognized by experts in England as equal to the best Piedmontese silk. The output increased year by year, until it was stopped for all time by the Revolution. There, too, the first cotton was raised.

In the summer of 1733, Oglethorpe sailed for England with Tomochichi and other Indians, and we find but scant record of the colony until his return. However, whilst he was abroad an event of the first import to the colony took place in Great Britain. There gathered at Inverness, in Scotland, a band of Highlanders, numbering about one hundred and eighty, whose destination was Georgia. Embarking on October 20, 1735, in the Prince of Wales, and encountering favoring winds, they reached Georgia early in January, and at once proceeded to the spot on which Darien stands. This was the settlement of New Inverness. They came with their plaids and shields and claymores. Among them, says the Chronicle, were some who were unaccustomed to work, and these were attended by their servants. It would seem that the extremes of the world had met—the Highlander and the Indian. But no people ever came to Georgia who took so quickly to the conditions under which they were to live or remained more loyal to her interests. By this time our friends across the river had begun to interest themselves in Georgia affairs. Their

traders were giving trouble by undertaking to deal with the Indians without a Georgia license, and they were constantly smuggling rum into the colony—a commodity which with slavery had been inhibited. They also began to assert that the river belonged to Carolina. The colonists resenting this invasion of their territory—actual and by claim—the pleasant relations formerly existing became strained. So, upon the arrival of the Highlanders, it was suggested to them by citizens of Carolina that they courted death in the attempt to settle New Inverness; that the Spaniards, who were near at hand, would shoot them down from the houses in their fort. “Why, then,” said the Highlanders, “we will beat them out of their fort and so have houses ready built to live in.” They were a sturdy, brave and self-reliant race—holding one of the outposts of the colony with unflinching courage. None of the race elements which went to make up Georgia have in name and characteristics preserved so thoroughly their identity—and are yet so thoroughly Georgian—as the Scot and the Salzburger.

After many efforts and much buffeting by contrary winds, the Symond and the London Merchant sailed from England for Georgia, on December 21, 1735, having on board English and foreigners, two hundred and twenty-seven persons. These were the colonists for Frederica. With them sailed Oglethorpe and his secretary of Indian affairs, Charles Wesley, John Wesley, and a number of gentlemen, friends of Oglethorpe, with their servants. For Charles Wesley, fresh from the academic shades of Oxford, the rough life of Georgia was scarcely fitted. Of a sweet and gentle nature, trusting and unsuspecting, it was almost inevitable that he should come to be misunderstood. Serious differences arose between him and his chief at Frederica, so thoroughly healed at length, it is pleasant to note, that they parted at last with affection. His brother was made of sterner stuff. He was one of the great men

of his day, strong of will and tenacious of purpose. A century after his death the historian Green said of him that he had "an indefatigable industry; a cool judgment, a command over others; a faculty of organization, a singular union of patience and moderation, with an imperious ambition which marked him as a ruler of men."

The struggle between him and the people of Savannah was of long duration. Upon his part it was not unmarked by indiscretion—never by lack of courage or principle; upon their part, it at last took the form of persecution—and judging that his usefulness was gone, he shook the dust of Georgia from his feet and went upon his way, to become in time the head of one of the greatest religious movements of the ages.

The trip of the Symond and London Merchant was uneventful. They had prayers twice a day, "and the Dissenters, particularly the Germans, sung psalms, and served God in their own way." The ships were kept wondrously clean, and constables were appointed to prevent disorder. The men were exercised with small arms and the women were furnished with knitting needles, thread and worsted, and employed their leisure time in making stockings and caps for their families or in mending their clothes and linen. These, I believe are lost arts. On February 16, 1736, they made Tybee. The design had been to transport the colonists to Frederica by the ships, but the captains not having that sublime confidence in the Jekyl bar now enjoyed, and sometimes expressed by our neighbors in Brunswick, declined to make the venture. They were thereupon carried to St. Simons in periaugers, the precaution being taken to put the liquor in the fastest boat that the others might have an incentive to keep in company with it. Passing through the beautiful inland route with its dreamy isles and overhanging oaks and infinite stretch

of golden marsh, they reached St. Simon's and at once began to construct and fortify Frederica. The failure of the ships to cross the Jekyl bar confronted the colonists with a grave peril. They were on the picket line. Only a short distance to the south flowed the St. John's, the boundary of the Spanish domain, and near to that was the fortified town of St. Augustine. Oglethorpe frankly explained to them the peril of their situation—one hundred and thirty miles from Savannah, which was accessible only by open boats. With great determination they elected to stay and build their town. Whilst the work of construction progressed, Oglethorpe, with Tomochichi and other Indians, made frequent reconnoissances to the south, extending as far as the St. John's. In the midst of preparations for defense came the information that Spain had renewed her claim to all territory south of the Savannah river. Uncertain of the friendship of Carolina and persuaded by the inadequacy of his own forces to meet and overcome the resources of Spain, Oglethorpe, toward the close of 1736, sailed for England to lay before the King the gravity of the situation and the necessity for disciplined soldiers if the colony was to be held.

In the meanwhile, Savannah was in trouble, and the situation may be described without reference to chronology. There had been much sacrifice and nobility in the history of the colony. If the first settlers came from the debtors' prisons, the Purisburg, the Prince of Wales, the Symond and the London Merchant had brought as strong and independent contingents as ever landed in any colony, and the emergencies which had arisen had been met, under the wise direction of Oglethorpe, with firmness and success.

But to many hearts had come disappointment, and the discontent which sprang from the ruins of false and unreasoning hopes began to find voice. One of those very

sanguine spirits, who, with the best intentions, go through life making trouble for other people, had written of Georgia: "I think it is the pleasantest climate in the world; for it is neither too warm in summer, nor too cold in the winter. They have certainly the finest water in the world, and the land is extraordinarily good; this may certainly be called the land of Canaan." I have no particular knowledge of the land of Canaan, and I am not disposed to take issue with the statement if applied to Savannah at the present time, but I am not without sympathy with the colonists who, setting out to find this paradise, found heat and cold and storms and malaria, and mosquitoes and prohibition. Doubtless they considered that the world owed them some reparation for the injustices it had heaped upon them, but they never seemed to have realized that then as now the kindly soil of Georgia gives of its treasures to the industrious and takes but scant account of the philosopher who sits in the sun with his back against a rugged pine, speculating on the curse of labor. Oglethorpe had inhibited negro slavery as repugnant to all economic theories connected with a pioneer colony, and being a bold man, he had likewise prohibited rum. They clamored for slaves and they clamored for rum. They seemed somehow to have evolved the conclusion that it was the duty of the government to furnish them with both. These discontents among the colonists were the most grasping pensioners Georgia has ever known. All around them were men in reasonable prosperity, the result of devoted toil—but these examples had no effect upon their leisurely methods. Think of a man complaining of the want of luxuries with Thunderbolt and the Wilmington river within four miles of him, and the Savannah, abounding in succulent cat, flowing at his very feet. Added to his own innate cussedness, the discontented colonists had some real grievances. The chief balliff and store keeper was a man of arbitrary methods and gave of justice and provisions by rules which grat-

ified his whims rather than met the moral requirements of the situation. The trouble at last, however, came from those whose absence, as the Journal suggested, the colony would be the better for. But if they would not work, they talked with a breadth and picturesqueness which excite the admiration. They discoursed of their neighbors and of their town. They laughed at the Brunswick bar, and cast aspersions upon the fortifications at Frederica. Dear old Dr. Bolzius had somewhere written that the Salzburgers were content and the country fertile, in illustration of which he grew eloquent over a plateful of fox-grapes and bullaces which was before him at the moment. This drew down the wrath of the pine-stump politician on Ebenezer, and he bitterly denied that anybody was or could be contented, and he gloated with inexpressible glee over the swamps which surrounded that devoted spot. The Salzburger contented himself with observing that Savannah was suffering with a complicated complaint, into which largely entered the disturbing element of rum. Augusta, having, with the boastfulness of extreme youth, remarked that it was destined to become a great trade center, since a given number of horses passed that post each year—the citizen on the coast hastened to suggest that the total was reached by counting the same animals going and returning, and that if she would make her garrison of twelve men revolve in a circle all day and count each man every time he passed a given point, she would likewise have a large population. They embraced in the scope of their vituperation the river, the filature, the court house and Hutchinson Island. They characterized Tomochichi as a vagrant, and because John Wesley asked them concerning their sins, they maintained that a separate nightly session was found at his house, “which made a communion of saints, and were distinguished by the name of Faithful; but which were indeed such members as neither contributed to the credit of religion nor society,” and “that they observed



particular forms of worship and duties, such as publick confession, penance, absolution, etc.," and that "many believed that an avenue was herein opening to Popery." They fairly danced around Bailiff Causton like Indians about a prisoner at the stake—and enjoyed the pastime all the more because of the vulnerability of the victim. If there was any offense they did not ascribe to him, it was because it was then unknown to the English tongue. Life is too short to recite all of the iniquities they connected with the administration of this official, from the issuance of sola bills to the abstraction of public stores. One of his doings, however, stands out in bold relief. Mr. Watson having, as it was alleged, so filled one Skee with rum that he died, was put on trial. The jury, being glared at by the bailiff, with delightful inconsequence returned a verdict of "using unguarded expressions." This remarkable return the bailiff construed to mean lunacy, but failing to make the proper discrimination between the jury and the defendant, put the latter in jail, and, later, bailed him out—which last act brought about his ears both trustees and people. A most temperate and conservative statement having been prepared, chiefly geographical and philosophical, designed to give the trustees a clear view of the colony, the opposition at oncé attacked it with vehemence, analyzing with great freedom the character and future of the signers, and finally, disposing of them as a crowd of time-serving office-holders. The feshet of abuse rose rapidly and soon reached the highest mark. A young preacher, who had started for Georgia with the munificent endowment of twenty pounds, found himself in a short while at the end of his fortune and applied to Oglethorpe for aid. That great man was charged with replying that unless the ecclesiast "would depend solely on Him who feeds the ravens, etc., he (Oglethorpe) neither could or might with security give him credit there." Mr. Watson, happening to ask Mr. Oglethorpe what laws he intended for the colony, the latter,

being for the moment indisposed to deliver a lecture on jurisprudence, replied: "Such as the trustees thought proper, what business had poor people to do with laws." Mr. Perkins concluded that because he had accumulated eighteen tame hogs, a general order had been issued for the slaying of swine. Mr. Coram was quite certain that unless Oglethorpe was promptly taken in hand the colony would speedily become a Jewish settlement; and Mr. Roberson was convinced that such had been the conduct of affairs his property had become valueless, and he sadly remarked that it made no difference anyhow, for even if the general or the trustees did not seize it, it had already become worthless by the course of events; and he implored the King, speaking from this disinterested standpoint, to be graciously pleased "to save his subjects from the severities of the said Oglethorpe." In the pamphlet entitled "A Brief Account of the Causes Which Have Retarded the Progress of the Colony," it is observed that since his (Oglethorpe's) appointment there is scarcely any species of oppression, short of life and limb, which may not be unanswerably proved to have been arbitrarily exerted by this gentleman who has publicly appeared an invader of the natural rights of mankind, and the particular privileges of his fellow-subjects." But the climax was reached when the subject of drink was touched. Each of the disaffected felt at liberty to fire in any direction he pleased on ordinary occasion, but around this topic all rallied and fired by volley. Availing themselves of the Englishman's right of petition, they sent up a prayer loud and earnest. This man, they said, has ruined the colony. He has forbidden slavery—and white men may not toil here. But worse than this, he has prohibited rum. As your majesty knows, the trade of the colony consists in indigo and lumber which we sell to New England in exchange for rum to be sold at large profit to the Indians. This he has taken from us. In addition to this loss, as your majesty well knows, the waters of all the

colonies are bad, but particularly do the waters of Georgia and Carolina need qualification. A practice which seems to have survived the introduction of artesian. Such is the vitality of colonial traditions. And so it goes, page after page of the Journal covered with complaints and abuse, until the Earl, in sheer weariness of spirit after forgiving the Salzburgers a small debt for reason that they were the only colonists who had ever repaid their loans, inscribed it as his opinion that the rest were given over to drunkenness and laziness—a view in which, in the main, Whitfield coincided. How small it appears at this interval of time. But light began to break at last. The discontented gradually found their way to Carolina, where they kept up fire at long range—and the colony thus purified began to prepare itself for the crisis which was upon it.

In England, Georgia's fate had long hung in the balance. In the Parliament and in court circles, it had well-nigh been determined to give over the struggle and yield to Spain's contention, but pride saved the day at last. So, on July 5, 1738, Oglethorpe having received his commission from the King as general and commander-in-chief of the forces in Carolina and Georgia, set sail from Portsmouth, with most of his regiment, arriving in Jekyl sound on September 18, a detachment of his troops having previously sailed on May 7. With these latter came George Whitfield, an earnest and brilliant man, the successor of John Wesley, whose lasting memorial still exists in the Bethesda Orphans' Home. Fixing his headquarters at Fort St. Andrews on Cumberland, Oglethorpe at once proceeded to establish communications between Frederica and the fort at the south end of St. Simons; and beset with many anxieties and under the necessity of increasing vigilance to detect and frustrate the designs of the Spaniards, he was suddenly confronted with a mutiny in his regiment, which came near being fatal to him. For a few months

after their arrival, extra provisions had been issued to the troops. This, some of them came to regard as a part of their pay, and upon the discontinuance of the allowance a conspiracy was formed to kill the general. He was insolently approached by a soldier, who, upon being rebuked, ran to his quarters, and arming himself, returned with some four or five associates. Approaching Oglethorpe, he fired at point blank range, the powder scorching the general's face and clothes and the bullet narrowly missing his head. The musket of the second conspirator missed fire, whereupon a third drew his hanger and endeavored to stab his chief, who, having drawn his sword, parried the blow, and before it could be repeated, the soldier had been run through by an officer who had hastened to the spot. The remaining conspirators were seized, court-martialed and executed, and the affair was ended. The general situation was becoming each day more ominous. Fomented by the Spaniards, a slave insurrection had broken out in Carolina, and a large company of negroes were making their way toward Florida, murdering and plundering as they went. Fortunately, this was suppressed before the Georgia line was reached. But the frequency of these attempts to arouse the Indians and negroes against the English persuaded Oglethorpe of the necessity of immediate action toward securing the friendship and alliance of the great Creek nation. Setting out in July, 1739, with a retinue of three or four officers, he pushed his way for three hundred miles through the wilderness and swamps of Georgia, probably to the neighborhood of where Columbus now stands. There he found the Creeks assembled and considering the expediency of war upon the whites. Such was the impression made upon them by Oglethorpe—particularly his boldness in coming among them with so few followers—that they renewed their relations with the English,

and pledged their co-operation in the approaching hostilities with Spain. This secured neutrality, at least, of seven thousand warriors and was a magnificent illustration of the fortitude, skill and powers of endurance of the general. On his return he learned that war had been declared between England and Spain. In the midst of these military preparations and anxieties, death took from him one of his truest friends and most loyal allies. On the 16th of October, 1739, died in his own town, at the age of 92 years, Tomochichi, the king of the Yamacraws. As his end drew near, he summoned his followers about him and urged upon them that they persevere in their friendship for the English. He expressed the greatest tenderness for Oglethorpe, and was troubled that death came at a time when he might have been of service against the Spaniards. As he had induced the Creeks to sign the treaty and thus assisted in the founding of the town, he desired that he might be buried in Savannah, among the English. And so when life departed, they bore the old warrior, as he had wished, to Savannah, her prominent men being his pallbearers, followed by the Indians, the magistrates and the people. And reverently and in honor, to the martial sound of minute guns, they laid him to rest in the heart of the town. And over his grave, by order of Oglethorpe, they erected a pyramid of stones, in testimony of their gratitude. We pass the spot each day—for it is in the court house square—but in our harder times we have thrown down the simple monument they raised, and there he lies, with our busy life above him, forgotten. So it is with your greater friend, old warrior. Upon our streets rise other monuments to brave and goodly men, and even the brutal Spanish chief who cut his murderous, plundering way from south to north through Georgia's length, has his memorial

in our midst. But you who toiled and fought and gave and suffered for her good—rest, you forgotten. Such is your fate.

“To the rescue, spirits bold!  
To the rescue, gallant men;  
Let the marble page unfold  
All his daring deeds again.”

On the 15th of November, 1739, the Spaniards began hostilities by shooting two Highlanders on Amelia Island. Oglethorpe at once gave pursuit, and, failing to overtake the assailants, pushed on to the St. John's, landed on the main and burnt three outposts. Marching in the direction of St. Augustine, and attacking and defeating a detachment of Spanish horse, negroes and Indians, he attempted to take Forts St. Francis and Picolata, but failed for want of artillery. Returning on January 1, 1740, he surprised and burnt Fort Picolata and captured Fort St. Francis. This placed him within twenty miles of St. Augustine. In all of these expeditions he was accompanied by the Indians from the Yamacraws. By this time the home government began to interest itself in Georgia affairs and Admiral Vernon was dispatched to make a demonstration against the Spanish West Indies, whilst Oglethorpe was to invade Florida. It was agreed that a regiment of 500 Carolinians should meet the Georgia force at the mouth of the St. John's, and runners were sent to the Indian allies. The naval force, after the West Indian service, was to rendezvous off the St. John's bar and blockade the north channel and the Mantanzas pass, whilst a detachment of sailors erected batteries on Anastasia Island. St. Augustine, thus menaced from the sea, was to be invested on the land side by the army under Oglethorpe. About the middle of May, 1740, the army, 2,000 strong, consisting of regulars, militia and Indians, moved on St. Augustine. Capturing Fort Moosa, which was two miles from the town, preparations were

made for the attack. The signal for the assault was given the fleet, which did not respond. Given a second time without result, the unsupported attack from the land became impracticable. This lack of co-operation compelled Oglethorpe to convert the plan of assault into a seige, which continued for three weeks without result. The fleet finally weighed anchor and sailed away, and the garrison, having been provisioned and reinforced, Oglethorpe raised the seige and, ill of fever, began his homeward march. At this juncture the Carolinaians, forgetful of the traditions of their brave state, behaved badly. They had not lost a man during the expedition, but as the troops began to withdraw such was their perturbation of spirit that they broke into a disorderly retreat, leaving the remainder of the force, thus depleted, exposed to an attack which was promptly delivered, and as promptly repulsed. As they hurried along they invited an Indian chief to go with them. He replied: "No, I will not stir a foot until I see every man belonging to me marched off before me." The army reached Frederica in safety on July 10. With the experience which came to many of us in the tremendous conflicts of the late war in America, the military operations in which the colony of Georgia engaged, however momentous and serious to those of that day, are apt to seem trifling affairs to our broader observation. But however contracted the scope of his opportunity, one cannot but be impressed with the military genius of Oglethorpe. He had been reared in a stern and capable school and knew war as it was understood by the ablest generals in Europe. His strategy was perfect, and his soldiers recognized in him that high quality of a commander which carries him wherever he is willing to order his men to go. Indeed, it was only on rare occasions when his presence was elsewhere demanded that he did not actually move, on land and on sea, at the head of his command. Intrepid to the last degree, the instant an expedition or seige became futile

he turned toward his base. His energy was enormous. Delivering a blow today, all the chances were that, irrespective of success, he would be back on the morrow. The Spaniard became worn through loss of rest, and his fleets hastened to put the ocean between them and Oglethorpe's scout boat with its swivel gun. He invaded Florida before and after the battle of Frederica, and he contemptuously patrolled the St. John's a dozen times. His movements sometimes bordered on recklessness, but he was never indifferent to the safety of his command, and fighter as he was, never risked the lives of those under him when the object in view could be attained by stratagem. The stage was small, but it was the same great actor who had won the applause of Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

While he was representing to the home government the urgency of naval support, the storm was gathering fast. No vessels arriving, and the lieutenant governor of Carolina having declined assistance, Oglethorpe made his preparations to meet its fury alone. It burst upon him in the summer of 1742. A Spanish fleet of fifty-one sails appeared in June. In one way and another the vessels of this fleet were separated, and so badly used in detail that it finally disappeared, to be replaced on June 28 by another fleet of thirty-six sails, which together made the Cuba and St. Augustine squadrons. This Oglethorpe succeeded in retarding until July 5, when, after a hot engagement, lasting four hours, it passed the batteries and got out of range toward Frederica. Whereupon Oglethorpe, getting off some of his craft to Charleston in the face of the fleet and destroying the rest, fell back upon Frederica, the enemy landing at the south end. On July 7 the Spaniards moved on Frederica, and Oglethorpe advanced to meet them. As they came in view he charged at the head of his Indians, Highlanders and Rangers, and utterly routed them, driving them back to an open meadow, at the edge of which he



posted three platoons of the regiment and the company of Highlanders. Against these the Spaniards again advanced with negroes and Indians. In the encounter some of the platoons retired in disorder, but the firing continuing, Oglethorpe concluded that his force had not been dispersed. Advancing to its support, he arrived in time to see the enemy routed. The Spaniards retired into the ruins of the old fort, where they entrenched under the shelter of the guns of the fleet. For want of artillery, Oglethorpe fell back on Frederica. A Frenchman of Oglethorpe's command having deserted to the enemy, the general conceived a bold scheme to turn the desertion to account. Surmising that the deserter would give information of the weakness of his forces, he composed a letter in French and induced a prisoner to carry it into the Spanish lines. When found upon him he was to acknowledge that it was intended for the deserter. In it the latter was urged to persist in representing the inferiority of the Georgia army, and it was confided to him that if he would so thoroughly impress the Spanish commander with this fact as to induce him to engage in battle that not only would the English arms prevail, but the deserter would be given a large sum of money in addition to what he had already received. The scheme worked like a charm. The emissary was arrested and searched, and reluctantly admitted that the letter was for the Frenchman. In vain did the latter protest his innocence. He was court-martialed and found to be a double spy. Confining all the French, the Spaniards hastily embarked and evacuated St. Simons with such precipitancy that they left their cannon and their dead. Bringing up under Jekyl, the Cuba squadron finally stood out to sea and that of St. Augustine returned to Cumberland sound, from which, upon Oglethorpe's pursuit, they put to sea. And this was the last time that any force not speaking the English tongue ever set foot on Georgia soil with hostile intent. In the terse and reverent language of the gen-

eral: "The Spanish invasion, which had a long time threatened the colony, Carolina and all North America, has at last fallen upon us, and God hath been our deliverance." And the good Whitfield added: "The deliverance of Georgia from the Spaniards is such as cannot be paralleled but by some instances out of the Old Testament." In March, 1743, Oglethorpe conducted another expedition against St. Augustine. Driving the enemy into his fortifications, and the English being too weak to attack, the expedition returned to Frederica. This was practically the last of the war. The fortifications on St. Simons were kept up until the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, when the troops having been withdrawn, they fell into decay.

And now, his work accomplished, the great soldier began to think of the rest he had earned and of the home across the seas from which he had been so long an exile for the good of mankind and the glory of England. On July 23, 1743, after ten years of arduous toil and constant, pressing responsibilities, he set sail for England, leaving behind him, where he had found at his coming a wilderness, the sure foundations of a free and enlightened commonwealth, and bearing with him the affection of the discerning and the applauding recognition of the English speaking world. In a long and honored life he never forgot the people for whom he had labored. When in the great crisis of their existence he was offered the command of the British army, he declined it, and insisted that justice and not arms would retain the American colonies. Surrounded by the cultured and the great—the friend of Johnson and Burke, and Reynolds and Goldsmith; sung of the poets and applauded by mankind, he passed to his rest on the 1st of July, 1785, at the great age of 96 years. No marble shaft uprears its graceful lines to remind us of his deeds and virtues. But so it is, that whenever Georgia's name is called that of Oglethorpe springs instant to

the memory. He who has Georgia as a monument may well forego the cold and speechless marble.

And so Georgia was made. To English, and Scot, and German, in time were added the Virginian and the New Englander, and from them all have sprung a race as brave and self-reliant as ever stood in the line of battle or conquered in the fierce struggles of peace.

And what of the State which has been made! From weakness unto strength; from storm to peace, her steps have led. Where, in the olden days, the minstrels of her tangled wilds poured out their hymns at nature's shrines the harsh discordant cries of trade from iron throats now sound across the ripening corn and echo through the snowy acres of her fruitful fields. No more the restless waves beat lonely on her shining sands, but as they break and clamoring pass away, the answering ripples of her seaward craft call to her ancient shores their prophecies of hope and gain. Her rushing streams are voiceless in the constant roar of wheel and rod, and all her blue and rounded hills bleed from the wounds of furrowing plow and delving spade. And as she moves resistless through the contending ranks, with wreaths of commerce round her imperial brows, in her triumphant train come memories which know not trade nor steam nor greed: Memories of names which reaching up aspiring hands toward the very heights of fame, yet kept their loving touch upon her heart: Memories of simple folk who died on honored fields with Georgia's name upon their lips and Georgia's glory in their hearts: Memories of empty sleeves and broken hearts; and memories which like heralds speak unto a listening world that never yet within her bounds hath freedom called in vain, or sought the courage which she did not find. Pass on, old State, with all thy glorious memories, to better things—if any be! About thy honored form

cling all our hopes and aims, and round thy sacred head  
—a saintly halo shining through the years—glows soft and  
bright thy children's love! Pass on in splendor to the un-  
tried times, a conquering spirit in our earthly days, thy  
greatness moving through the lesser shades like sunlight  
through the summer clouds!

Make way for our sovereign State!  
As she passes along the years.  
Her eyes are soft with remembered tears,  
And her heart with the thoughts of her great;  
Of her sons who fell where the battle raved  
Like the demon of storms elate,  
Of the daughters whose cheering courage waved  
Their faith in the face of Fate.

Let her pines bend low as she passes along,  
And the sprites that crooning sway  
In their tops, and whisper of wave and spray,  
Pour into her ears their song;  
And her gold-eyed thrush with the witching lay,  
And her streams and her blue hills strong,  
And her winter skies and her fragrant May—  
Let them join in the praising throng.

Let her dead and her living attend her feet—  
Her son from over the wave—  
The dusky shade of her Indian brave—  
And her toilers from field and street;  
And her statesmen wise and her bards who sing,  
And her soldier lads who died,  
And sinner and saint—'till the whole world ring  
With her children's loving pride!

Make way for the State we love!  
Wherever her footsteps go  
We'll follow them though the tempests blow,  
Or her skies show fair above;  
And whether we come from rounded hill,  
Or dwell where her waters move,  
We'll circle our hearts about her still—  
Make way for the State we love!





## OGLETHORPE

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A county, a ward, a street here and there and a dilapidated and abandoned fort on the banks of the Savannah, which in the fullness of its strength could not have withstood the least dangerous of modern ordnance for ten minutes—these are the memorials in Georgia to the Englishman who made the state possible.

The county and ward seem to have been conferred with something of generous appreciation; one of the streets at least, was yielded reluctantly after a struggle of years, and the fortification having served for upward of half a century as an imperishable monument to the glory of Andrew Jackson was abruptly withdrawn from that honorable employment and appropriated to the fame of James Edward Oglethorpe, which has and does deserve a better fate at the hands of a people who, in their strong history, still feel the impulses which he imparted in the days of their weakness and their youth.

With the rapid and weedy growth of heroes, which has come upon us, such expedients are doubtless necessary. Fifty years is a long time for any one man to continue to be a hero in America, and the shades of the fighter who held his raw troops steady behind the cotton bales at New Orleans and sent the best infantry of Europe in panic from the field of battle, should remember, if it is given to shades to reflect, that since his day we have had more heroes than counties and forts and monuments—Cuban heroes—South Sea heroes—China heroes, and even as we meditate

upon the possibilities, a threatened eruption of Bulgarian and Macedonian heroes, to say nothing of heroines.

But for the occasional mistake in putting the label on the wrong man, the memory would sink under the burden of remembering those who have filed their claims to immortality—and pensions.

Peace was never so blessed as in our day. For whilst it is sad to reflect that peace also has its heroes, they are not so lurid and clamorous and claiming as the bestriped and bespangled specimens who climb over the Alps with Tartarin and live to tell us how it was done.

The times called for men, and there was born in Surrey, England, on December 21, 1688, James Edward Oglethorpe.

Gentle by birth and college bred, at the age of 22 he entered the military service as ensign, and with some interval devoted to diplomacy, found himself in 1714 a captain-lieutenant attracting the attention of the great Marlborough, and by him passed on to the Prince Eugene to become a marked participant in the Danubian campaigns, which, in 1717, resulted in the rout of the Turk.

Leaving the army when peace was concluded, he was returned to parliament, where he sat as a burgess for Haslemere for thirty-two years, having succeeded to the inheritance of Godalming in 1722.

A chance visit to a distressed acquaintance detained in the Fleet prison, aroused his sympathy with the sufferings of the imprisoned debtors, and his indignation at the treatment to which they were subjected. This led to a parliamentary inquiry in 1728, resulting in the amelioration of the sad conditions which surrounded these unfortunate people.



The one wrong suggested others, and in 1731 we find him concerning himself with the oppression of the Protestants of Germany.

It is to be learned from his speeches in 1732 that he was a friend of the colonies, and that about this time he had become interested in the possibilities of silk culture. Thus became grouped at the historical moment a great man, great wrongs and a great industry. The righting of the wrong under new conditions followed naturally, and Georgia was the logical conclusion.

Men had struggled to better their kind and failed, and were destined to other struggles and other failures.

The glory of this man is not so much that he succeeded, but that the elements of greatness in him assured success and enabled him to discern in what would have been to others the indicia of failure simply the danger signals along a practicable route, as the skilled mariner reads deep water in rocks and favorable winds in storms. It would be idle, speaking to an audience instructed as is this in the facts which make the history of Georgia, to trace in detail the work that fell to the brain and hands of Oglethorpe. It was putting the race horse to the plough and the field-marshal in the sutler's tent, but the work was done and done so thoroughly that it is not impossible in some parts of the state to point to the tangible facts which come from his wisdom and care. The broad statesmanship which in a day made of the Indians devoted allies, could not have overlooked the weaknesses and shortcomings of the passengers who sailed with him in the good craft *Anne*, described by Dr. Tailfer as "the first forty." He could but know that the simple processes of fresh air and ample food would not transform at once the freed debtors into the stubborn material wherewith great states are constructed.

Had this been all in the scheme he had in view, it would have been better for humanity doubtless to let the experiment end before it had well begun.

It is scarcely probable that the depressive and unwholesome influences of prison life ever wholly departed from this advance guard which never altogether got rid of the idea that they were escaping and might be recaptured and that it was, therefore, expedient to enjoy life on the theory that each day was the last. When they had debarked at Yamacraw Bluff with the five tuns of wine from the Island of Madeira and found that this was a land teeming with the toothsome and unsuspecting terrapin, little dreaming of the combination fate had in store for him—the end was well in sight.

They neither worked nor fought in a working and a fighting community; but they talked and wrote until they had covered everybody with abuse from Oglethorpe and the trustees down to the lighthouse keeper on distant Tybee. Considering the many things they said about Savannah, it gives me pleasure to remind you that they scoffed at the pretensions of Augusta to be known as a great trade center and openly declared that you caused the garrison here, consisting of twelve men, to move around in a circle from the rising to the setting of the sun, counting each man every time he passed a given point and with a truculent disregard of the moral responsibilities inherent in the taking of a census, announced the result as population.

In time, a short time, they degenerated from Madeira to New England rum and having, like Frankenstein, constructed a monster who called himself Causton, between them they contrived to make the stocks and calaboose of Georgia the best known institutions in America. They

finally crossed the river and whilst the colony continued to hear the distant rumblings of their wrath it was only far off thunder and did no damage. It was of the wisdom of Oglethorpe that the philanthropic feature of the colony was neither its main nor its strongest support.

Whilst the preamble to the charter recites that "many of his majesty's poor subjects were, through misfortunes and want of employment, reduced to great necessities and would be glad to be settled in any of his provinces of America," it sounded the very highest and bravest notes when it also declared that the colony was designed to be the military frontier of Carolina and a home for the oppressed and persecuted Protestants of Europe.

The Anne was yet on her way when began that exodus of stout hearts and strong arms from the beautiful hills of Salzburg, toiling its slow length along the ancient highways of Europe; whilst from England and Scotland began to rally to the post of danger the free subjects who had never known the prison bars of London. Here was the material out of which states are builded and history made, and this was the end Oglethorpe foresaw. These built the towns and manned the earthworks of Georgia, as ready with the axe as with the rifle. And as commerce sought her streams and from her fruitful soil sprung in their seasons the varying fruits, there grew under her genial skies a self-reliant, brave and tolerant spirit—loving liberty, reverencing the law, and capable when the day did come to work out the highest ideals of free and enlightened government.

It is safe to say that had Oglethorpe been other than he was the colony would have been known in history as another failure in the long list of Utopias. With infinite patience he worked out the details of government, sword

in hand. Keeping the Indian in check by diplomacy, he made the Spaniard mark time before the points of his bayonets.

There was no burning of witches nor scalplings by savages and whilst the musketry was rattling where the majestic Alatomaha pours its affluent waters into the deeps of the Atlantic, on the Savannah the fields were growing greener and the sounds of industry swelling stronger and louder.

In ten years his work was accomplished, and when his departing glance caught the last gleam of the beacon on Tybee he could reflect that where he had found a wilderness he had left a State; that where he had encountered the distrusting Indian he had left friendship and peace, and a lasting refuge for the oppressed of earth fixed for all time, and that the military colony of America had not only kept the firing line with gallantry, but that the Spaniard had fled from the soil of Georgia forever in disastrous retreat.

He could count it compensation for these precious years of his manhood that he had been patient and just and brave and honest and tolerant. One of the brightest intellects of his day, he had given his thought to the aid and happiness of others. One of the bravest soldiers of his time, he had devoted the skill which had commanded the admiration of Marlborough and Eugene to the obscure emergencies of Bloody Marsh.

Years after the Revolution some of his heirs wrote to Washington inquiring if Oglethorpe's estates in Georgia had been confiscated.

The President replied that he could say, without seeking the facts, that whatever belonged to that great man so far

from having been destroyed would have been conserved with loving care. Upon investigation it was ascertained that there never had been such an estate—his priceless work had no price and all that he asked of Georgia was the opportunity to do good.

Nothing can be pleasanter than the contemplation of his remaining years. His great services had attracted the attention of the civilized world, and he moved through life observed and honored. From his delightful country home it was his habit to visit frequently the metropolis and commune with the kindred spirits which then made glorious the ancient seat of the race.

The picture most familiar to us represents him a tall, sturdy figure, reading without spectacles a book from the library of Dr. Johnson.

He was then upward of ninety, vigorous and active.

His comrades and friends were falling fast about him. Boswell pauses to tell us that he "was as remarkable for his learning and taste, as for his other eminent qualities, and no man was more prompt, active, and generous in encouraging merit." He had called on Boswell on the occasion of the publication of the "Account of Corsica," and that delighted soul recalled with enthusiasm the verses with which Pope had years before immortalized his visitor. Dr. Johnson had a high regard for him and was so affected by his praise of "London," then just published, that he seriously considered writing his life.

It is pleasant to recall that Goldsmith was one of his friends and that he talked politics with the great Burke. Pope and Thomson sang of him, and no man was better known or enjoyed more thoroughly the respect and admiration of his fellows. Nor were his conquests confined to his

own sex. He was a favorite visitor at the home of Mrs. Montagu, she of the "Blue Stocking Club," where he met Miss Hannah More, who in 1784 wrote: "I have got a new admirer; it is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He was foster-brother to the pretender, and is much above 90 years old; the finest figure you ever saw. He perfectly realizes all my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great; his knowledge of the world extensive; and his faculties as bright as ever. He is quite a *preux chevalier*--heroic, romantic and full of the old gallantry."

What a vivid picture of a gentleman! Let me add that he was also the friend and comrade of one of the greatest Georgians who ever lived, Tomochichi, the Mico of the Yamacraws, whose memory has been preserved to the State and her people by the noble work of the Colonial Dames of Georgia, who, carrying into effect the wishes of Oglethorpe, have caused to be placed over the spot in the heart of Savannah where he lies, a granite rock from the hills of Georgia on which we read that he was

THE COMPANION OF OGLETHORPE,

AND THE FRIEND AND ALLY OF THE COLONY OF GEORGIA.

Oglethorpe had declined the command of the British forces in the Revolution. He could not consent to draw his sword against the people to whom he had given the best years of his life. He urged upon the ministry that the colonies would never be won back by force; that what they were battling for was justice, and that justice alone would reclaim their allegiance to the crown. When that momentous struggle was at an end and the United States had accredited John Adams as their minister to England, Oglethorpe, who had done more than any other to implant in America the seeds which were to expand into the growth

and blossoms of liberty, was among the first to greet him with generous words for the people he represented. With faculties unimpaired, and full of years and honors, his work accomplished, and mankind the better for his life, he died at Cranham on the thirtieth day of June, 1785, in his ninety-seventh year. Surely, our duty looks us in the face and challenges our delays.

If on a summer day when the breeze flows free from the southeast and there are just clouds enough to throw occasional shadows across the long stretches of the bending marsh grass, of which Lanier loved to sing, you take your way through the inland route of the Georgia coast, there are things to see which will live in your memories for years.

You will follow the classic way of Oglethorpe and his soldiers as they toiled with oar and sail in their rude periaugers bound for the historic site of Frederica. Your journey lies through winding creeks and rivers and broad expanse of sounds—here, the limitless marsh; there, the hammocks with their sweeping oaks and singing pines.

The "silver-footed wind" touches lightly the responsive tide, leaving the gleaming impress of its step, and song of birds and whispering of trees are ever in your ears and souls. On your left, the islands of the sea—Ossabaw, Wassaw, Saint Catherine, Sapelo; on your right, Bonaventure, the Ogeechee, McAllister of glorious memory, the Medway flowing from the parish of Saint John, Sunbury, Darien, the Alatomaha, scores of ancient homes of Georgia folk, full of memories of a life that has gone forever, like the bloom from the cheek of youth.

At last, Saint Simon's with its spreading oaks and lofty pines and tangled undergrowth and vine: Far to the east, the sand dunes and then the restless sea thundering its

eternal summons to the land. Between woods and ocean, a wide sweep of marsh and just where the trees end a causeway—and he is a weak-hearted and a poverty-stricken soul who can look down its narrow stretch and not thrill with enthusiasm knowing that this is Bloody Marsh, and here, at his feet, was fought to a finish the old quarrel between England and Spain, and that through the instrumentality of Oglethorpe's brain on that day the Almighty had willed that the civilization of Georgia should alway remain Anglo-Saxon.

Landward, a shaded graveyard filled with the names of English soldiers; a breastwork on which grow ancient oaks; a tabby fort with time and tide and wind eating its strength away inch by inch, its broken bastions eloquent of military skill and fighting with silent courage the relentless waters creeping closer and closer and tearing at its base, as if it knew that it was the only monument in Georgia to the great soldier who saved her when her destiny hung upon the steadiness of his nerve and the soundness of his heart, and brought her out of the struggle with that pride and character which carried her in desperate conflict through the darkest days of the Revolution and in after times for four long years of war made her name a word to cheer the bravest souls to highest deeds.

“To the rescue, spirits bold!

“To the rescue, gallant men!

“Let the marble page unfold

“All his daring deeds again!”









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