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MAPS

Of the State of Georgia and of the United States. This is the map we are offering with a year's subscription to our Semi-Weekly for only \$1.00. The Georgia Map has all the cities and towns and you can locate any of them without trouble. The "ailroads are all on and in traveling you know what road you go over.

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William Longstreet, came to eorgia. William Longstreet was by trade a builder and contractor. David seems to have been a clerk, and of him we know nothing more than that he was clerk of the house for several

William Longstreet was married, and had a small family, when he came to the sprightly growing town of Au-gusta, then under the government of the trustees of the Richmond academy. His wife was Hannah Randolph, who descended from a stanch New Eng-land Puritan, and was of the same stock from which John Randolph, of Roanoke, descended. His new home was on Reynolds street, not far from St. Paul's church. Augustus Baldwin was rector of the Richmond academy and died in Augusta. Whether he was a kinsman of the Longstreets or not, I cannot say, but when a baby was born to William and Hannah, in 1790, the new-comer was named Augustus Baldwin Longstreet. William Longstreet was not a very thrifty man. He was over given to projects. He believed that steam could be used to propel boats, and, although it was somewhat difficult in those days to construct engines, he successfully made one, and crossed the Savannah in a steamboat long before Fulton steamed up the Hudson. Before Eli Whitney made his cotton machine, he made what he called a cotton picker, which was de-signed to do the same work. None of these schemes made him rich and the thrifty Hannah kept a boarding house on Broad street.

Little Augustus was quite a lad when one day Mr. Meals, of the firm of Meals & Calhoun, saw on a cotton cart a little red-headed country boy, whose bright replies attracted him, and he asked him if he would like to be a clerk in a store, and told him if he would, to come to Augusta and he would give him a place. One day soon afterwards little George McDuf-fie, with all his belongings in a cotton

andkerchief, reported. Little George was to have his victu-Alls and clothes as his ways, and the firm boarded him with Mrs. Long-street, and he was put in the attic with her incorrigable boy, Augustus. Augustus, I am sorry to say, at that time was a sad little reprobate. He was bright as a dollar, active as a kitten and mischievous as a monkey. He was going to the Richmond acade-my, where the old-time teachers used the old-time birch to but peer purpose to make him study. The little Sco was engaged to sell goods and boy who was engaged to sell goods and attend the store paid scant attention to his mercantile work, and gave much time to reading and study. The old judge told me: "I taught him Latin, and he taught me arithmetic." It was soon evident to Meals & Calhoun that while they had a scalar in the total while they had a genius in the store, they certainly did not have a prom-ising salesman; so one day James Calhoun said to his brother John: "I've a boy here who will never make a merchant, but he will make a lawyer Let us give him an education. You pay for his schooling to Dr. Waddell, and William will give him his board and I William will give him his books and 1 will clothe him and give him his books." And so George McDuffle and Augustus Longstreet were thrown to-gether at Dr. Waddell's school among

the beeches in Abbeville. Young Longstreet was eighteen years old when he went to Wellington and old when he went to Wellington and twenty-one when he left it for Yale. In that inimitable book, so little ap-preciated, and now almost unknown, "William Mitten," he gives a graphic picture of this Rugby of the south. It was the one school of Georgia and South Carolina. The finest youths of these states were sent to the doctor to be made ready for college. I know no more delightful chapter in Tom Brown, of Rugby, than the one which Judge Longstreet tells of Dr. Wad-Judge Longstreet tells of Dr. Wad-dell and his boys in the seclusion of Abbeville. There was no need of the birch to make young Longstreet study. The old judge said to me: When George McDuffle Wellington I was studying Virgil. The doctor put him in the grammar, REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR. he went through it in four days, though of course he had studied it New York Press. before. We were permitted to read all the Latin we could. One day when The top rungs of the social ladder are redthe old doctor came to the school room, the usher was far behind. 'What's the matter?' said the doctor. Twins make a bigger family than twice that nany spread over more time. The best investment any man can make in a judicious compliment here and there. 'I have been hearing that Virgil class,' said the usher. 'How much did they read?' 'Four hundred lines,' said the How much evil there is in the world depends on how much evil we are determined to usher.' 'Augustus Longstreet can't do that to save his life.' 'Well, he did Vanity begs for an invitation where it not wanted, and then flatters itself it honored. do it today.' Til hear that class to-morrow myself,' said the doctor. The boys were thrown on their metal. The doctor told them to read. They read The same kind of people that speak of the "guests" of a boarding house would call the nen who spend their money in a rum-shop its one hundred, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight hundred lines. The Domine looked at them in amazement. The saving grace of a woman is that, however w she fails, there is always something which an make her blush. "Well,' he said, 'how much have you read?" 'Twelve hundred lines.' 'He nearly made me work myself to death," the old judge said. "When POINTED PARAGRAPHS. Longstreet was twenty-one he went to Chicago Daily News. Longstreet was twenty-one he went to Yale and graduated in 1818, when he was twenty-three. He spent another year at Litchfield studying law and in 1815 he returned to Georgia, and was admitted to the bar. Men of leisure seldom have time to do any The artist always has the best of it in a frawn battle. drawn It is not every client who is able to keep his wn courisel. He settled in Greensborough to prac-tice law. There was a fair young Never judge an insurance company by the plotter it gives away. tice law. There was a fair young maiden of an old Virginia family, lovely as a dream, and an heiress, who lived in the same small town. The result might have been predicted. The Habits grow on a man, but a small boy soon utgrows his habits. A philosopher has an excuse for any old thing except the toothache. result might have been predicted. The young lawyer and the heiress married. He was made a judge when he was thirty-two and a judge was an august personage in those days. He was a stanch Republican and there was a It is the man who snores loudest who ways manages to get to sleep first in a sleep sar. Many a young man gets to the front by se-turing a job as a motorman on a trolley car. A toper must think his stomach is a spirit amp, judging by the way he pours in the alfierce political fight going on, so he entered the field as a candidate for congress. Life was all sunshine to him Photographers are very charitable; they are always anxious to take the best views of man-kind. then. He had talents, wealth, youth, popular favor, a wife he adored, and a child he idolized. Then the shadows When a married man wants anything for wn use he never tells his wife he can't fell and all the world was changed, for his little boy died. No man who heard his merry jests, who heard his witty tales, who heard his notes on the flute, could have dreamed of the depth of his It is a great deal easier to teach an old dog new tricks than it is to make him forget his old ones. nature and the wildness of his grief at this bereavement. He was living with Mr. Torrence, who was his wife's step-Job holds the record for patience-but t he never had to buy Christmas presents for his wife's relations. It isn't necessary to speak the truth at al times, and even lies should be given a rest be tween political campaigns. father. He was a lovable man and was a Christian and the young judge was an infidel. Mrs. Torrence died the next day after his child died. The judge was in such agony that he felt he would go mad, but Mr. Torrence with a deeper grief was calm. Morning and evening at his fireside the good and evening at his fireside the good man prayed with the family. He was calm because he believed in God and heaven. The judge then began to pray. Then to study the Bible. This result-ed as it always does, in his becoming a believer. He was three years a Christian in private, before he con-nected himself with the church. One night Adiel Sherwood preached and my grandfather exhorted and as we Methodists say, asked up mourners. The judge came. Then he and his wife joined the Methodists.

JURIST, WIT, DIVINE, SCHOLAR, TEACHER, EDITOR He was a leading member of the Methodist church and he was already a local preacher when he wrote this rollicksome book. The articles were published weekly and created a great nsation. The absurd statement has sensation. The abstrd statement has a been made that he was asharged of the book and tried to suppress it. Nothing could be falser. He was as proud of this bantling as any other author ever was. It was the first book of realistic short stories ever written on this continent, and is still one of the best. It has held its place for over 60 years in popular favor. But he grew weary of law and of political life. He was a local preacher and he determined to give up the bar for the pulpit. He was fond of the legal profession, but his duty called him to other fields. He was wanted and needed in the work of the minis-try. He was admitted into the conference and appointed a junior preacher to Augusta. He was calm, dispassionate, argumentative in preaching, so much so that Uncle John, his old slave, used to say, "Mars Gustus can't preach, he just gets up and laws it." He bore himself nobly when Augusta was swept by yellow fever. Then he became president of Emory, but after he was elected to this office, he won out Tom enlisted in our company, at Jonesboro, Ga., and while we were drill-ing and making other preparations for our departure to the war. Tom became involv-ed in a dispute over some trivial matter and was violently assaulted by three stal-wart ruffians who made a desprate afcase in the court for the famous German Schultz, and received a fee of \$10,000. Then he fixed his home wart ruffians, who made a desperate ef-fort to punish him for his indiscretion in differing with them in opinion. By means of dexterous and well-aimed blows, with where Dr. Dickey now lives in Oxford, and here I first knew him, sixty years ago. He was a Methodist, but he loved his formidable fist, Tom very readily re-pulsed them and inflicted the greater part the flute and the fiddle and would pat his foot when the band played a liveof the punishment upon them. Notwith-standing his victory Tom immediately left our company and joined another that was his boys, 'es he was called to distinguish

him from a soberer kinsman, stole his gig and put it in his front perch. The judge had it taken back to the carriage house and after breakfast, when "Devil Seab" had been unusually demure, he said to him: "Mr. Jones, why did you take my

gig from the carriage house and put it in my porch?" "Well, sir," said the detected cul-prit, "I was worn out by study, and I

did it for recreation. I am very sorry if it caused you any annoyance." "Well, Mr. Jones, your motive was commendable, but it seems to me you did not act wisely. When you are ex-hausted again, come over to the house ord the cirls will give you some music and the girls will give you some music, and I will play you some airs on my flute.

Weeks passed, all was forgotten, when one night Mr. Jones appeared about 9 o'clock in the evening. The judge met him and asked his mission He told him he was really exhausted and needed recreation. The judge went into the parlor and played his flute, but Seab did not go. Miss Jennie and Miss Fannie did not appear. Shylock was unrelenting and so the bond was paid, the girls came in and gave the concert. Then the courtly Jones, gracefully retired, completely restored to vigor. When he reached the gate the judge called: "Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones! restored to next time you come, take the sulky

sulky." Then he went as chancellor of the University of Mississippi, then to South Carolina, then the war came, and after its close he went back to Mississippi, where his daughters, Mrs. L. Q. C. Lamar and Mrs. Dr. Bran-ham, were living, and when he was 80 he passed sweetly and calmly away. What a contrast does this Christian statesman, this man who lived to do statesman, this man who lived to do good, present to some of his great co-temporaries and friends.

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PRIVATE TOM JOHNSON.

BY D. I. WALDEN, OF THE TENTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

any good men in the ranks and physicians, and reported for duty Georgia, many true and About this time he was armed with a of the Tenth Georgia, many true and faithful soldiers who could be depended upon to do their full measure of duty on all sorts of occasions, in all sorts of emergencies, but there was one among us, Thomas Johnson, whose sincere devosigned to special duty as a sharpshooter, and from that time forth, we saw him tion to duy, daring bravery and skillful-ness in the use of his weapons seemed to entitle him to special consideration. He was large and portly, ruddy, light-hearted, only when he made us an occasional visit We heard many thrilling accounts of Tom's daring exploits, but unfortunately, not having personally witnessed any of them, very few are remembered with sufjovial and endowed with a remarkable ca-pacity for promoting mirth, cheerfulness and merriment among those with whom ficient distinctness to admit of their por-trayal with any degree of accuracy. He became one of the most efficient and reand merriment among those with whom he mingled and he enjoyed the sincere friendship and esteem of a very large proportion of his acquaintances. He had made quite a reputation, in his native neighborhood, near Jonesboro, Ga., as an expert marksman, by his aptitude at hitliable scouts in the service and was fre-quently sent around in the rear of the enemy's lines on important missions, and being ever faithful to the trusts reposed in him, he won the unbounded confidence and esteem of his superior officers. ting the bull's eye, at shooting matches and his readiness in bringing down game. He had been to Kansas as a member of

It was claimed, upon apparently good authority, that a bullet from Tom's rifle killed General Sedgewick, and for many years we heard of no attempt to contra-dict the claim, but more recently the performance of that important deed has been claimed for another and the difficulty of verifying such a claim at this late day, after the witnesses have probably all mass. the southern delegation that went out to oppose the John Brown faction in that memorable struggie for party supremacy that characterized the early history of that territory, and he was sometimes call-ed "Kansas Tom Johnsons," to distinguish him from other Tom Johnsons in the same neighborhood. When our divil war broke out Tom cellsted in our commany at after the witnesses have probably all pass-ed away, will leave the question in perma-nent doubt, but Tom's friends will always believe that he killed him or at least, as one of them has expressed it, "We know that Tom killed him if the opportunity was afforded him."

We have never claimed that the Tenth We have never claimed that the Tenth Georgia regiment was present or took any part in the firing upon the general. Tom Johnson, was, at that time, detached from our regiment entirely. I remember something of an account of an encounter Tom had with two mounted Yankees in which Tom killed both his antagonists. and when he visited us afterwards, he showed us two bright new Colt's pistols, being formed in the neighboring town of Fayetteville, but owing to the fact that of the latest improved pattern, which he had taken from the bodies of his victims, but the details of that exciting struggle the Jonesboro and Fayetteville companies the Jonesbord and Fayetteville companies both joined the Tenth Georgia regiment, we still kept Tom Johnson with us. After entering into actual service Tom's fear-lessness and skill won for him great fame and his services were in almost constant demand for difficuit and dangerous un-dertakings and his network large advanare not well remembered. Tom was killed September 17, 1864, while he and a companion were attempting to return through the famous Chickahominy swamp, from an expedition in the rear of the enemy's lines. They were passing near the edge of a dense thicket of bushes, when they were suddenly fired upon by a company performance of duties from which others, less venturesome than himself, would have instinctively shrunk. His faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause was were suddenly hred upon by a company of yankees in ambush, and Tom's thigh was broken. He hopped rapidly away, on his other leg, about forty yards, to a rail fence, and while attempting to climb the fence, he was shot again through the steadfast and unwavering and he would never under any circumstances admit the possibility of our defeat. body and fell upon the ground apparently dead. His companion made good his es-cape and afterwards related to me these particulars of Tom's tragic death, al though his name and much of story are

possibility of our defeat. While on the retreat from the peninsula to Richmond, as we were passing through an old field, somebody discovered the form of a Yankee soldier, in the top of a distant tree, apparently watching the movements of our army and Tom John-son's attention was called to him. Tom thought he could kill him, but others con-tended that he was entirely too far off to be in any danger from even Tom's sun. forgotten. In November, 1865, fourteen months after Tom's death, his widow received a letter from a man in Virginia who claimed to have found Tom, after he had been mortally wounded, picked him up, carried him home with him, and cared for him till the time of his death, which occurred be in any danger from even Tom's gun. After parleying for a few minutes, Tom observed that it was a question that adabout twenty-four hours after he was shot. During that time he gave the man the name and address of his wife, dicobserved that it was a question that ad-mitted of proof and stopping on the read-side, he said: "Now, you just watch and see how he behaves when I shoot," and adjusting his gun sights to the longest possible range, he reised his gun to his shoulder, took sim, fired and the Yankee dropped from the tree. Of course it was impossible for us to obtain any particulars of the man's injuries, but there was no doubt that he had fallen from the tree. was tated a farewell message to her and the children, and requested that it be sent them as soon as postal communication should be restored Tom Johnson's family are still living in

Fayette county, Georgia, near where Tom left them

of the man's injuries, but there was no doubt that he had fallen from the tree. At the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, Tom was severely wounded by a ball that entered his body in front just below the breastbone, passed almost centrally through his body, among the vital or-gans and came out near the spinal col-umn. He was carried home in October, 1862, and remained with his family about two months, when although still suffer-YOUR RENEWAL MUST BE RE-CEIVED AT ONCE OR THE PAPER WILL BE DISCONTINUED. YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL. SO two months, when although still suffer-ing considerably from his wound, he re-turned to his command against the ear-SEND YOUR RENEWAL AND GET A PREMIUM. REMEMBER WHAT THE BLUE PENCIL MARK MEANS. nest remonstrances of his family, friends

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THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL. ATLANTA, GA.

In a Frightful Predictament. Exchange.

"Wrecked!" The excited man chased back and forth be-ide the train, as he gave uterance to this cry, "But it is not so bad," urged a cooler pas-

"It is horrible," exclaimed the excited man, "No one has been killed," insisted the cool

one. "As yet no one has died," admitted the ex-cited man. "And no one is likely to." The excited man paused and looked at the other pityingly. "Byidently," he said, "you don't know the worst. Listen." "Well?"

We were in the smoker, playing cards,"

"Yes." "The last firsk had just been emptied when e wrah carne." "What of 117" "What of 11? Why, man, there are five of us on Kenineky and we're wrecked in a pro-bition state."

at last the frightful nature of the opice was apparent to the man who had pal.



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joined the Methodists.

He was for these days a rich man.

under various nom de plumes.

but he was an ardent politician and a fine lawyer. He wanted a larger field, so he sold his estate in Greene

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The Semi-Weekly Journa ATLANTA, GA.

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and fixed his home in Augusta. He was a warm friend of Calhoun and a decided foe of Jackson. He took sides with the nullifiers and edited write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manuf'r., 335 North St., Adams, N. Y., giving the name of the deal-er from whom you buy your paints. Mr. Rice will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write today. The Augusta Sentinel in Augusta. While he was editor of this states rights journal, he wrote the Georgia

Winner's life, and when he died the other day he had achieved it to the full. Who does not know "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and "What is Home Without a Mother?" and yet who knows that both were the work of a Philadei-

dertakings, and his natural love of adven ture found abundant gratification in th

phian They are not great i leces of music, it is true. They are not "classic," and the devotee of Wagner and Dvorak will complain, perhaps, that there is more of bathos than of pathos in them.

But the people at large-the people for whom such songs are written—are not ex-acting as a form of technique. They merely know that a certain combination of words and musical chords stirs them, and has a trick of reaching to the inner-most sources of feeling. That, to them, is What else, indeed, is it to the classicists?

Septimus Winner-"Sep" he called himself-had that faculty. He was a "natura born" musician. He lisped in tunes, for the tunes came. He belonged to the same class of genius as Stephen Foster, who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home." Of late years "Sep" Winner has been silent, and now Death has forever stilled

his lips. It was nearly a half century ago that he wrote the "Mocking Bird," and a pretty story is told of the manner of its writing.

Winner was a very young man then-he was 76 when he died on Sunday-and he used to sit in his parlor of an evening and listen to a mocking bird singing in a neighbor's house across the way. One September evening in 1852 he sat thus entranced, when suddenly the song became a duet.

Thrilled by the music, Winner dashed out of the house. Sitting on the opposit curb was a tiny negro boy, his bare black feet curled up under him, and his lips puckered in a joyous whistle. And from those lips there poured forth such "pro-fuse strains of unpremeditated art" that Winner was speechless.

When the song ended he grabbed the pickininny and said:

"Can you sing that thing with your blce, sonny?" "Yes, sah." answered the black boy, "I

can sing anything you gimme." "You come to my house this time to-morrow night," said Winner, "and I'll try

Next day the song of the mocking bird was in musical notes. The little barefoot negro was the first person who ever sang it. Before long it had swept over the country like wild-fire.

Now, it happened that next door to the house where the original mocking bird sang there was a woman who used to come out on her doorsteps of an evening with a baby in her arms and listen while

she called the baby names and mumbled kisses on its face, as mothers do so long as the babies stand it.

Several years afterward Sep Winner was going home one winter night, when

he saw the baby-now a little grown, of course-sitting on the doorstep, shivering with cold. Then he remembered that the mother had died a few days before, and mother has died a few days before, and that the father had hired a servant girl to care for the little one. Winner stopped and said: "Where is your father, my dear?" "He's come out " was the renty

"He's gone out," was the reply. "And where's the girl?"

"She's gone out, too, sir." "Well, what are you doing here in the cold?

"I am waiting here for my mamma." Instantly Sep Winner flung his arms

of the song, "What is Home Without a Mother?" were written, and not long afterwards all the land was singing them. But Winner also had vicissitudes. When But winner also had vicisaltudes. When the Army of the Potomac was one of the hands with which the Federal government sought to clinch together afresh a dis-rupted Union. Sep Winner wrote a song which incurred the implacable enmity of Secretary Stanton. It was called "Give Us Back Our Old Commender," and it referred of course

Commander," and it referred, of course, to the removal of McClellan from the

command of the Army of the Potomac. Winner happened to be in Washington when the men of "Little Mac's" command swept along Pennsylvania avenue, shouting hoarsely: "Give us back our Little Mac!" The rythm of the line beat in his ears until he reached home. Then he sat down and wrote:

Give us back our old commander. Little Mac, the people's pride; Let the army and the nation In their choice be satisfied.

It was not great poetry but # crystallized national feeling, and within a week eighty thousand copies of the ballad had been sold. A week more and they were futtering throughout the Army of the Potomac, each word a menace to the counsel prevailing at Washington.

Around camp fires by night and on the march by day, echoing in the very ears of Burnside, who displaying his inability to cope with Lee, the strains of that protesting song welled from a hundred thousand throats.

It was nothing more than protest, bu Stanton, secretary of war, realized that it invited insubordination. He issued an order making both the circulation and the singing of the ballad treasonable offenses. A few days passed and one of the secret service men, belonging to the staff of Colonel Boker, appeared at Winner's home and arrested him.

3

"You'll go to Fort LaFayette and stay his songs, because he usually sold t hem

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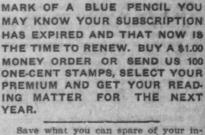
THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL, ATLANTA, GA.

there with the other rebels," was the

greeting of this officer. Taken before a military tribunal Win-ner, seeing no chance for clemency, prom-ised to discontinue the sale of the song, if SEMI-WEEKLY AND IF IT HAS THE given his liberty. This was done, but again the wisdom of the quotation at the head of this article was proved. Law could stop the sale of the ballad, but it could not stop the singing, which still was neard throughout the length and breadth of the country. Winner was his own first publisher be-

cause he had not the self-confidence to cause ne had not the sendomutate to submit his compositions to an established house But it was not long before he re-ceived invitations to do so. Lee & Walker then issued his songs and it was that firm that put the "Mocking Bird" out to the

public. It was a Philadelphia house and was succeeded by Ditson & Co., who have since controlled Winner's compositions. Winner never made much money out of



WATCH THE LABEL ON YOUR

Save what you can spare of your in-come, instead of spending it foolishly, and in your old age when other people are eating prunes you may be in a to eat strawberries, says a sage. Yes, and by that time you may find that strawber-Yes, and ries don't agree with you-while prunes do. So there you are.

