MY PEOPLE

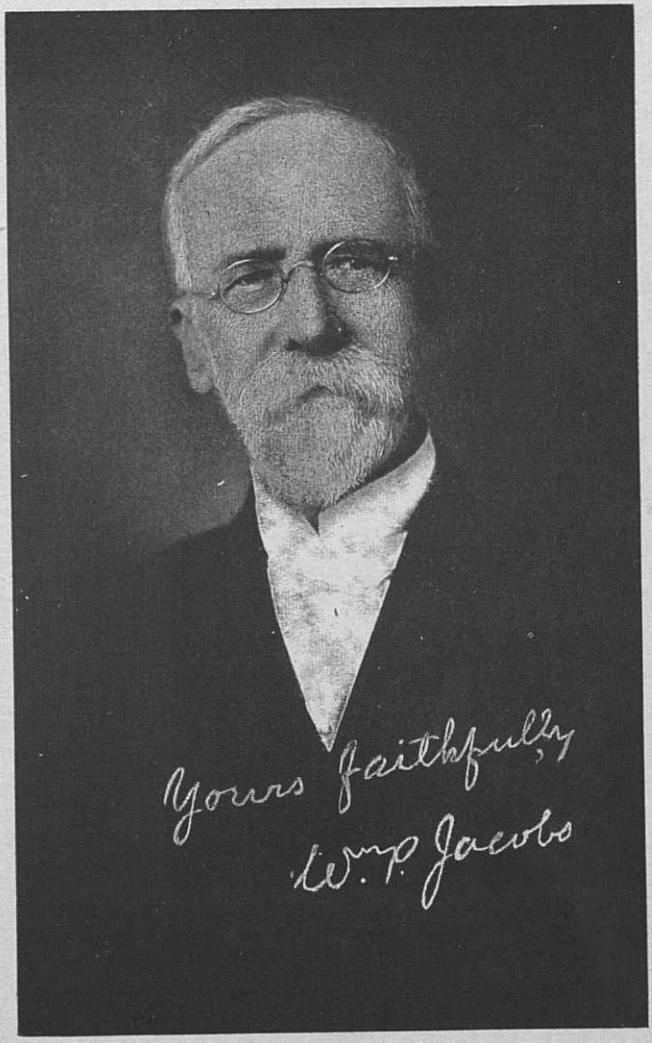
CHEW

by

Thornwell Jacobs

1954

Mary Jane Dillard, wife of Dr. Wm. P. Jacobs.



William P. Jacobs, for 47 years Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Clinton, S. C., Founder of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, founder and for over 40 years, President of the Thornwell Orphanage.

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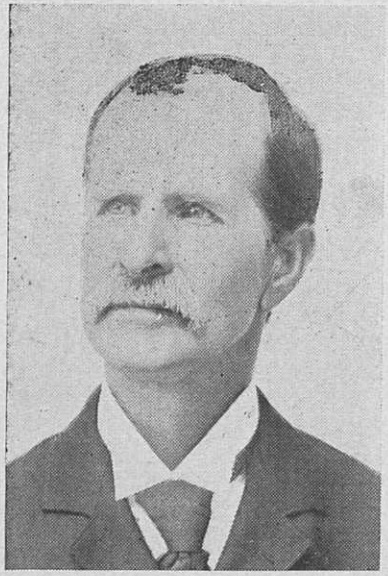
My People

"And I, only, am escaped alone, to tell thee."

Not long ago Mrs. George A. Copeland, of Clinton, S. C., gave me the pleasure and privilege of looking through a treasure chest of old pictures which I was doing eagerly when we made a most interesting discovery. Among the mass of photographs, there appeared a real estate deed. One glance at it showed that we had come upon a most interesting find for it read: *Amanda Ferguson to Wm. P. Jacobs,: Title to Real Estate filed this 18th day of January A. D.* 1881. We had discovered it on the 18th day of January 1951, exactly 70 years later to the day! I opened the deed and found, to my amazement, that it was the original title to our home lot adjoining the Thornwell Orphanage campus. How it got there and remained there for seventy years is a mystery. It was duly signed by Amanda Ferguson and witnessed by Thomas C. Scott and Robert S. Phinney and it was notarized by William States Lee.

Now, these three men—Tom Scott, Uncle Bob Phinney and Uncle States Lee were three outstanding characters in the founding of Clinton and especially of the Thornwell Orphanage, the Presbyterian College and the First Presbyterian Church. Tom Scott was quite unique. He was an Englishman and that was all that we ever learned about his past. He had lost one thumb by sucking it too much when he was a little boy, at least that was what he told me whenever he caught me sucking mine. He was a short, stumpy little man with dark eyes and black hair and a quick energetic disposition with a tendency to fire up on being crossed. He had a stiff, closely-cropped mustache and I remember him as wearing loosely hanging work-clothes, splotched with paint and grease and white-wash except on those Sundays when he hitched up old Bally and drove out to some country church to "preach".

One Sunday night my father had delivered a sermon on the importance of the individual, saying among other things that God has a special work for each and every person in the world to do. After the service, Mr. Scott came up to the pulpit and asked for his. My father gave it to him the next morning and for nearly a half century he performed it. He was Jack-of-all-trades at the Orphanage. He superintended the construction of the buildings for approximately forty years. He painted them inside and out, white-washed the fences every spring, cleaned up the grounds, hauled the freight and express and building materials and during the early days of the institution took me with him on begging expeditions into the surrounding country-side when the larder got low. We brought back everything from a cow to a carrot. His salary was increased gradually until it reached the peak of thirty dollars per month plus board and a



Tom Scott

Mr. Tom Scott's favorite dining place was in the open air just outside of the kitchen, Memorial Hall, Thornwell Orphanage. I took this picture as I was leaving to go to Princeton in the autumn of 1896.

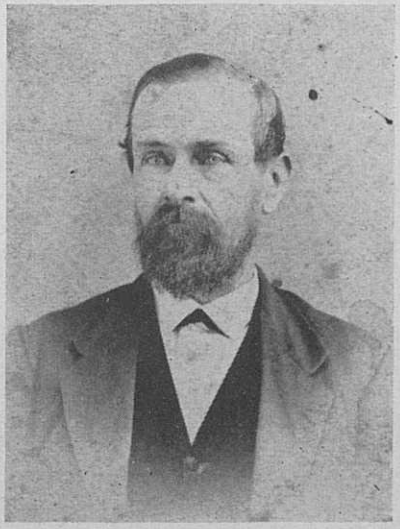
room in "Mr. Scott's House", the rest of which was given over to a paint and junk shop. Of this salary he "kept the tithe and gave the remainder" to the Orphanage. He was a voracious reader of history. He was one of the founders of a group that later became the Eukosmian Literary Society, which in time founded the library of the Presbyterian College. He loved turkey hash. His dining room was just outside the kitchen door. He died beloved by thousands and with the mystery of his former life still unsolved.

The other witness to the signing of the deed, Robert S. Phinney, was the outstanding Presbyterian elder of Five-points-Round-Jacket-Hell's-Half-acre—Clinton when he and a few friends called my father to be the first pastor of his church. He and George Pringle Copeland kept a little country General Merchandise store aided by a copperas-breeched young clerk named M. S. Bailey, who later became the financial center of Clinton. He was also postmaster and used to spread out the twice-a-week mail on the ground in front of his store if and when it came up from Columbia on the Laurensville Railroad which had renewed operations off and on (both time and rails) after the war. Sometime during the week most of the thirty-five or forty patrons of the post office would come by and pick out their mail and inspect that of their neighbors. He kept bees. Also, he kept open house, filling his rooms with visitors and charging them nothing. He might well have said with Bob Toombs when the citizens of Washington, Georgia, raised money to build a hotel for their town during his absence: "Hell, no! Give 'em back their money! Washington don't need a hotel. When strangers come to Washington if they're decent,

respectable citizens, they'll continue to stay at my house. If they are not decent and respectable we'll continue to run 'em out o' town." As a little boy I came into very close contact with Uncle Bob every Sunday morning and night at church. Always I sat in his pew and when my father began to preach I put my head on his shoulder. He put his arm around me and I enjoyed the sermon until the singing of the concluding hymn waked me up.

Of course, back of all Uncle Bob's greatness was a woman, Aunt Sake, reputed to weigh over two hundred and known to fill the larger part of the seat of the Gospel Wagon which she drove to help whoever might need a friend whenever they were in trouble. Aunt Sake and Uncle Bob were a mighty pair of oaks, towering above the forest of Southern citizenship, scorched and charred by the war.

The man who notarized the deed was William States Lee, Clinton's first scholar and teacher and presiding head of the embryonic Presbyterian College of South Carolina. He was a son of my step grandmother's brother, Dr. William States Lee, pastor for many years of the Prsbyterian Church on Edisto Island, S. C. Uncle States was one of the courtliest and kindliest of men. He quoted Latin. He lived in the High School building in which the college was being born, with a gentle wife and well-bred children. I believe that he and Uncle Bob Phinney were the first members of the Clinton Presbyterian Church ever to lead in public prayer. Unhappily, he did not live to preside over the freshly founded college after it was removed to the new building on the Southeast corner of the Orphan-



Robert S. Phinney, a strong pillar of the Clinton Church and a soft pillow for the author during its services.

William States Lee

age campus. He was the first of a long list of college men who have made Clinton a center of scholarly culture.

The giver of the deed was Amanda Ferguson. Miss Amanda, born 6-13-1841, was one of my father's warmest and most appreciated friends. She and her sister, Amelia, were daughters of Richard Spencer and Mary Beasley Ferguson. Amelia married Colonel B. S. Jones and to them was born one child whom they named Amanda Lou Jones. Miss Lou, as every one in Clinton calls her, married George A. Copeland and their children were Amelia Louise (now Mrs. J. F. Jacobs); Nancy B. (now Mrs. Horace Payne); George Pringle who married Edna Clayton of Central, S. C. and the twins, Ethel (Mrs. Peck Cornwall) and Ellen (Mrs. Brooks Owens, the "Little Giant"). "If you want to see Miss Amanda", Miss Lou told me once, "look at Ellen." Miss Amanda taught with Uncle States Lee in the high school and also in the new College Primary Department. She was a Sunday School teacher likewise and an important member of the Ladies Aid Society and one of the most constant attendants at church services. She died the year that Miss Lou and George Copeland

Photograph of the first and only home of their own, in which my father and mother lived in Clinton. It faces what is now East Carolina Avenue, and was adjacent to the First Presbyterian Church. The figures in the foreground are, Standing: Mrs. Amelia Jones, Joe Phinney and Mrs. Geo. A. Copeland; in the twin carriage are Mary Ellen Copeland (Standing) and Martha Ethel Copeland. It was in this house that my father, hearing an unusual noise in an adjacent room, discovered a wildcat in the window, close to which my baby brother, Dillard, was sleeping in an open cradle.

were married. Could there be any more interesting people to sign, witness and notarize that deed?

For the sum of $180.00, ninety dollars per acre, the deed conveyed approximately two acres of land on the Southwest corner of Broad and Centennial Streets. The tract had been cut off from the Orphanage lands and sold to obtain a little cash to pay the school's expenses. My father opposed the sale and when it was made anyhow, he went at once to Miss Amanda and bought it back. Shortly afterward, he began to build his house on the lot, six years after the orphanage was opened, four years after my birth and two years after my mother's death. When my father died, his executors sold the lot to the orphanage and the beautiful stone Presidentium is now located on it.

Ten feet from me as I write, is an old-fashioned dining room table. It is made of walnut and when fully leaved, is of a size suitable for accommodating eight persons comfortably. It belonged to my mother and I have always understood that it followed her from her ancestral home at Coldwater to the manse of the little Presbyterian church in the country village of Clinton (population 176) of which her husband had just become pastor. That was in 1865. The war had just ended. A strange new era had begun.

We were seven (father, mother, sister, and four brothers) for only a short while from February 15, 1877, my birthday, to January 16, 1879, the day of my mother's death, a little less than two years. Often, I try to imagine what things were like during that period. The kind of life my father was living is told us in his diary:

December sixth, 1877—I will record here today's work to show how my time is filled. First, there was a chapter in English, one in Greek, one in Hebrew, then a private admonition with each of three of the boys and a conference with Mary about them, then some reading, breakfast, worship, directions to the five boys about the work, then I consulted four or five authors on 'the garden of Eden' then I wrote a full sermon, in the middle of which I stopped to go down with the farmer and prize the wagon out of the mire. After that I prepared 200 reports for the mails—then some newspaper reading. After dinner, *Harper's Magazine*—then Mrs. Ferguson's funeral services—then a visit to Mr. Lee, a session of the farm committee—after that prayer meeting and an hour with the mail. So the days fly."

The three boys referred to above were Ferd, States, and Dillard, and the five were orphanage boys. "Sister" was 10-12 years old, and in a diary kept for a while by the Orphanage children she described the Clinton of that day:

Feb. 23, 1877—*Clinton.* Clinton is a small village in the northwestern part of South Carolina. It has a railroad. The train runs three times a week. It has two churches, one is a Presbyterian and the other one is a Methodist. It has three schools and eleven stores. There are streets running up and down and crossways. We live on Main Street; it runs from north to south. We have three grogshops, one drug store and one confectionary. People are building houses. Clinton will be a city someday.

Nov. 1, 1877—The Orphanage is a stone building, situated in the town of Clinton. It was opened two years ago with ten children. It now has eighteen. The Orphanage is a nice, rock building. It is painted nicely. It has two horses and two cows. One was presented by the Sumter Church and we call her Sumter. She is a prettie cow. The other one is Mae. We have a good many chickens too. Our teacher is a good one and I love her very much. She teaches music, too. We have a nice school room. We have some hogs. I love to stay at the Orphanage.

November twelfth, 1877—We killed the first hog that was ever raised on the Orphanage plantation today, weighed two hundred pounds."

The teacher that my sister loved very much was Miss Pattie Thornwell, later Mrs. Hague. We get a glimpse of my mother's life from an entry in my father's diary of September seventeenth, 1877, and in that of Annie Agnew's the following month:

"We sadly need a kitchen and piazza and an assistant for Mary. These are our most pressing needs. Mary has too much to do. We have either too many children or too little help. But the question is, who to get and how to pay her!

"October 11, 1878—Ferdie's birthday was on the 6th of October and Mrs. Jacobs' birthday was on the seventh of October. Ferdie was sick but he got a great many presents. He got a nice knife and a nice hat. He was ten years old—Annie."

About six week's previously Ferdie himself had become an author:

The New Piazza—A piazza has been built in front of the Orphanage. Alexander the great and Solomon the wise built it. The honorable Charlie Parks helped to put on the tin and dress some of the plank. A man by the name of Mr. Keene took the contract of the tin—*Ferdie Jacobs.* August 25, 1878. The piazza improves the front of the house very much."

When States was ten years old he also began to write:

"1881—Mr. Holmes has come and he works in the farm and goes up to the college to resight his lesson he is cutting down trees today and I hafter stay in today on spelling—*States*—me."

By the time that Dillard and I had become able to wield the pen the children's diary had been discontinued.

Toward the close of 1879 one of the girls, Julia Fripp, made this entry:

"*My Old Home*—For four years I have been one of the inmates of the Thornwell Orphanage and although I will leave in a few days I will always love my dear old home and the kind and loving friends who have left their happy homes for us. For three years Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs have taken the care of this house upon their shoulders. They both have been a mother and father to us all. At the end of three years our heavenly Father called her to join the angels' choir and to receive the reward he had promised to them that love him. Dear teachers, you may not have your reward in this life but you know you will receive one in heaven."

My earliest memories of the table above referred to, date from the eighties. The great comets of 1880 and 1881 had come and gone and Thad Stevens with them. General Grant had yielded the presidency to Garfield and Wade Hampton was the hero of South Carolina. His Red Shirts had only yesterday redeemed the State from carpetbagger-scalawag-Negro rule and industry was showing the first faint signs of reviving. My mother had died too early in my life for me to remember her and my father, though wounded sorely, had brought his little church to life, founded the Thornwell Orphanage and was proposing to found the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. His little family of four sons and one daughter ranged in ages from six to sixteen. My sister was the eldest. Then came Ferd(inand), 14; States, 12; Dill(ard), 10; and both last and least myself.

Edna Shell, kindly and capable young Negress was our cook, on part time basis, at first. One of my earliest memories and joys was being sent by my sister far out what is now East Carolina Avenue to tell her that we were going to have "tea" at home that evening and could she come and cook it for us. That happened on Saturday nights, usually, and meant that we would have oyster soup for supper, the oysters brought up fresh from Charleston by the now-at-last resurrected Laurensville Railroad.

Five hungry children gathered around the table to enjoy the treat of the week. Our father sat at the east end; sister at the west end; Ferd and States at Father's right and left; Dill and I at Sister's left and right; none of us except our father with any knowledge of the vast and marvelous world outside of our native village now grown to five or six hundred inhabitants less than half of whom were white nor of the blows and bouquets which awaited us in it.

Between the building of the house in 1881 and the beginning of home life therein my father planted a formal garden in the front yard. On each of its sides four triangular beds bordered with thrift were separated by walkways leading to a central circle. A broad walk, bordered by Euonymus hedges, led from the front porch to the Big Road, now South Broad Street. Through that highway, into and from the mysterious outside world flowed the religious and educational life of the community—the Session of the Church, the Deacons' Court, the Board of Visitors of the Orphanage and the College Association! With them there is associated in my memory the odor of tobacco smoke, particularly of cigars, something foreign to our home until later years when my Grandfather, having retired from the ministry, began to visit us regularly, adding the pipe to the list of my forbidden pleasures. To my awe-struck gaze these men seemed to be giants for my father never weighed over a hundred and twenty five pounds. They looked like men, they tramped like soldiers, they laughed and joked like buddies. They brought with them the incense of the fields from which they came (Kit Young, Jot Owings, Callie Copeland, Newt Young) or the musty atmosphere of their stores and offices (Mess Bailey, Capt. J. W. Copeland, Dr. John Young, Edgar Owens, Uncle Bob Phinney, Dr. Shands, Dr. Boozer). They knew all about the outside world. They had fought under Lee and Jackson and Hampton and the Johnstons all over it. Their kin were buried everywhere from Gettysburg to Vicksburg. They were poor. They had a job to do. Their country must be rebuilt. They had no one to aid them. They didn't want or need any aid, least of all from "the Government." They represented a strong, courageous stock from England and Scotland and Ireland who had won their homes from the Indians and built them with nothing but an axe and a rifle. Now, they were about to build a city, according to Intendant Shands. They had been my mother's friends and neighbors and one of them, Dr. Job J. Boozer, had welcomed me into the world. They were her kind of people.

My father was quite different. He came of a long line of preachers and teachers and printers. The hardest physical labor that I ever heard of his doing was to work in the vegetable garden and I never saw him do that. Always, he wore black clothes and white shirts and black bow ties. In my boyhood days I never saw him when he was not wearing a Prince Albert coat and, if outdoors, a black derby. His shoes and socks were always black. His soft, thin hair was parted precisely and was never ruffled. He never took off his glasses except to clean them. Always he was dignified, usually solemn, sometimes austere. He was a little man, very much in earnest about saving the world and unless he was smiling, all his children were reverentially afraid of him. I am now

older than he was when he died thirty six years ago and yet I feel the same way toward him today. I never knew him to do an unjust thing nor to laugh heartily; to do an unkind deed nor to hold one of his sons on his lap or in his arms; to tell a questionable joke nor to touch tobacco in any form nor to sip wine except around the communion table nor to go to a dance nor to ride in a train on Sunday. Looking back on him as he was in my boyhood I see a little spiritual giant, as quiet and powerful as a dynamo, devoting great ability and enthusiasm to driving himself and persuading all with whom he came in contact to adopt a life of rigid, devoted, self-denying piety and charity. The Bible was his constitution and by-laws. His great loves were God, Jesus, the Southern Presbyterian Church and Clinton. His hero was his teacher of Theology at Columbia Seminary. Dr. James Henley Thornwell, whose daughter, Miss Pattie, taught me my letters and for whom he named everything around the place. As he grew older, he mellowed sweetly; became milder-mannered; became intensely conscious of the personal courtesies that God had shown him; took more time out to admire the world around him (I remember that once in his later years, while we were sitting on the front piazza of Ferd's house, he remarked: "I never knew before that the world was so beautiful.") and to enjoy the marvelous success which he had attained by as earnest prayers as were ever offered by saints or disciples and as self-sacrificing labors as the church ever saw. He lived to see a so-called church that never took up a collection and that contained not a single member who would lead in public prayer become one of the most liberal and lovely in the entire Assembly; to see its scrawny little high school grow into one of the finest and most popular small colleges in the nation; to see his little family of a dozen orphan children become the largest and most exemplary Presbyterian Orphanage in the World. He gave up everything for them—verily, he had his reward! My professor of Psychology at Princeton, Dr. J. Mark Baldwin, used to tell us: "One must choose between living in the present or in the future." My father chose the future.

When I was a little boy it was my job to build a fire for him to get up by on winter mornings. He still lives in vivid memory, sitting there in front of it intently perusing his Greek Testament (which he read in its entirety hundreds of times) until the breakfast bell at the Orphanage would ring (promptly at 6:30), then hurrying to take breakfast with his orphanage children and then to prayers in the Seminary Chapel, as rigidly punctual as any monk at his rule. And he expected others to follow his discipline and like it. Those who did follow it, did like it. Gradually they became more or less like him. The imprint of his spiritual countenance is still to be seen everywhere thereabouts. Visitors to Clinton notice it. Newspapers write about it. As my brother States said to me decades later in Houston, Texas: "He gave us good rules to live by. He started us off right."

My father was a gentle-natured person, tender-hearted and kindly. He used to caution us: "Whenever you start to say something about anyone, ask yourself (1) Is it true? (2) Is it kind? (3) Is it wise? Unless it is all three, don't say it." During the long period of nearly forty years in which I was constantly near him, I never heard him say anything

about anybody that did not satisfy those three conditions. Consequently, everybody loved him. His manner to the orphanage children was one of fatherly tenderness. The little girls were often in his lap and the older girls at the Home of Peace gave him a good morning kiss each day as they joined him on his way to breakfast, which kept him with a cold all winter long. Practically every Sunday afternoon he visited the McCormick Home to tell stories to the boys. His diary is full of his affection for the children of his congregation. The same rules applied to his own children that applied to those of the orphanage. When, afterward I came in contact with obstreperous, discourteous, lawless young hoodlums who insulted and even murdered their parents who had petted and coddled them, I was persuaded that the firm courtesy with which he held us to good behavior is more to be desired than the soft, sloppy sentimentalism which spoils the conduct and destroys the obedience of modern children. After he had gone we realized that the greatest village pastorate in the history of the Southern Presbyterian Church, perhaps of the world, had ended.

But he did not baptize his orphanage with sacrificial blood one whit more unselfishly than did my mother. She died for it and for us, literally. When no one else could be found to do it, she, a young mother of four children the oldest of which was nine, undertook to mother the orphans also. Her ill health rapidly grew worse and she lived only two years after my birth, leaving a record of devotion to duty that was the full equal of her husband's. Fathered by a country doctor who was at the call of his patients night and day, and descendant of Revolutionary captains and majors, she could hardly have done otherwise. She was the first organist of his little church, the first mother of his orphans, his first and only wife, efficient, devoted and adored; that sort of thing was in her blood. It was her heritage from the Dillards and Parks and Hunters and Simpsons and McClintocks. It was her version of the Revolution and the Lost Cause. My one life-long regret has been that she did not live long enough for me to remember her living love and dying faith.

My father's life-span covered three quarters of a century (1842-1917) from travel by horseback to travel by airplane, but my mother's (1843-1879) was comprised entirely within the horse and buggy days. She never knew what it was to grow old. She was born and reared in the comparative opulence of ante-bellum times on the plantation of her father, Coldwater, in the Tylersville section of Laurens County, some six or seven miles distant equally from Clinton and Ora and Laurens Court House. About the year of her birth, Dr. Dillard had built his new home approximately a half mile back from the highway, and had bordered the private lane connecting them with an orchard of many varieties of fruit trees which were still flourishing when I was a boy. The house was of the type so familiar in the South: Forty or fifty feet long by some twenty-five feet wide, divided in the center by a hallway, parlor with the family portraits to the right as you enter and steps leading to an upstairs bedroom for boys; old folks bedroom to the left on first floor, with steps leading upstairs to girl's bedroom, kitchen in the rear. A path led down a steep hill to a bold spring of pure, cold water, from which the place got its name. Behind the house were the barns and pens for the stock.

To the east were native oaks and almost under their shadow there was a wide-spreading scuppernong arbor. Partly hidden under the shrubbery bordering the front yard were some bee-hives. Beyond them was the carriage house. The road from the front porch to the Big Road was straight and level so the travelers along it could be seen from the front door and identified by their vehicles and horses, or mules or oxen.

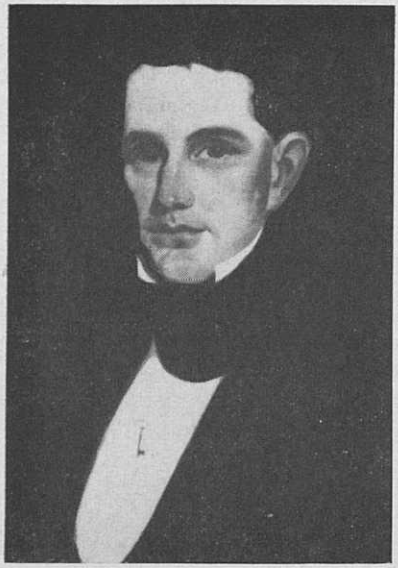
In front of the house was a formal garden, which my grandmother and her three pretty daughters had planned and planted, and the romantic walks of which at least one soldier boy recalled in a letter to my mother. My guess is that the garden in front of our home in Clinton was a replica of it. If so, old fashioned flowers predominated: peonies, violets, pansies, johnny-jump-ups, touch-me-nots, moss roses, larkspurs, holly-hocks, and doubtless the beds were bordered by pink thrift. Probably a lilac bush flourished on the north side of the house, and there must have been some azaleas and a wild crabapple tree for the cardinal to nest in. I remember a tall aspen, on the top boughs of which a mocking bird sang, and in the evening you could hear the antiphony of the thrushes in the valley of the Coldwater Spring, and the whippoor-will's call from the darkening woods. There were plenty of slaves to look after the plantation, the orchard, the vegetable garden and the stock, and some likely Negro girls to serve as maids for mother Dillard and her three charming daughters and for her mother, Nancy Hunter Park, who often visited them. So they were prosperous and happy until the war came. Then the pleasant scene passed away. Dr. Dillard died just as the struggle was about to start, November 28, 1859. The three pretty girls went like buttered buckwheat cakes. Eliza was married in 1864, Mary in 1865 and Sally in 1867. In the year that Sally was married, grandmother Dillard passed away and only her two young boys, my Uncles Jim and John, were left at Coldwater to face the terrible days of reconstruction. My great-grandmother, Nancy Hunter Park, who was an old maid of twenty-two when she married "bachelor" James B. Park, aged thirty-one, had died in 1867. It is quite remarkable that within eight years three members of the family died and four, counting Uncle Jim, married, and within four years two died and four married. The old house, after Uncle Jim had moved to Clinton, fell into a state of disrepair, from which it has recently been nobly rescued by the filial piety of Uncle Jim's youngest daughter, Irene, aided by the skillful superintendence of her nephew, Reese H. Young, Jessie's son. I never knew my mother's youngest brother, Uncle John. He went out to Memphis to grow up with the West, and died there when I was a little boy. I received a small legacy of fifteen dollars from his estate, and with it and two dollars of added interest I bought a little steel-rimmed bicycle, the diameter of the larger wheel being twenty-eight inches. It was the first bicycle of any kind ever brought to Clinton. Uncle John must have been deeply loved by his family. His brother, Jim Dillard, named his oldest son for him, and my mother named her fourth child for him. The name remains in the family, in the person of my brother Dillard's only son, John Dillard Jacobs, Jr., a well-known planter and business man, of Tennessee and professor in Vanderbilt University at Nashville.

Of all the Dillards of that generation, the one whom I knew best

was James Park, Uncle Jim. He was all that the kindest of fathers could be to "Mary's children." Each year, when I was a boy, as soon as summer came, the powers that be sent us out to Uncle Jim's. There we ate and slept and played, and grew fat as little pigs. Uncle Jim had been exceedingly fortunate in his marriage to Irene Byrd, a neighbor's daughter, and sister of the distinguished Presbyterian divine, Dr. Samuel C. Byrd. Aunt Irene was the embodiment of goodness, kindness and common sense. I can still hear her saying: "Now Jim, let him have another piece of pie—just a little piece—It won't hurt him." Immediately upon arriving at Coldwater, we were absorbed into their flock and we became one family. In fact, Uncle Jim seemed to me to be just a little jealous when Mary's children went over to visit Eliza's children at Ora. How they managed to hover all their chickens at Coldwater is a matter of amazement to me, still. Counting the old folks, there were sometimes thirteen or fourteen of us to be housed and fed, and only three bed rooms and one dining room table, but it was a glorious table, "a lazy Susan", and how I did love to turn the upper part until the apple pie was opposite my plate. Aunt Irene sat in her place, or sometimes stood for greater efficiency waving a long-handled fly fan, to one end of which strips of paper (copies of the Laurensville Herald, and/or the twice a week News and Courier were used) were attached. The house seemed to me to be immense. The old folks and the baby slept in the left-hand, downstairs room. The kitchen was in a little room outside and back of the house, and was connected with the dining room by a covered porch. I slept in a big feather bed in the upstairs boys' bedroom. The overflow boys were scattered all over the place. Of one thing I am certain, if anybody slept in a closet or on the front porch, it was not one of Mary's children. I remember those summers at Coldwater as glorious vacations, immersed in kindness and fun. Uncle Jim and Aunt Irene were always glad to see us come and sorry to see us leave. Everything they had was ours. They did everything for us and would never allow us to do anything for them. God, how I wish they were alive today so that I could thank them!

On the main highway, between Laurens and Spartanburg, there is a little village, Ora, named for my first cousin, Eliza Hunter's eldest daughter, who fell in love with and married the civil engineer who built the railroad connecting the three towns mentioned. On the righthand side of this road, near Ora, stand two churches, almost side by side. One is a Southern Presbyterian and the other is an Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. Back of the Southern Presbyterian Church is an old graveyard, and in it my ancestors on the distaff side, are buried. My first cousin, Larry Dillard, and his wife, recently took me and my youngest daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Koester, who are now living in Boston, to visit this old burying place. Our ancestors are interred in sarcophagi, which was the custom in the period before the War Between the States. The inscription on the cover slab of my grandfather Dillard's grave reads as follows:

"In memory of Dr. James Henry Dillard, who was born August the



Dr. James H. Dillard

Margaret Park who married Dr. James H. Dillard whose daughter, Mary Jane married Dr. Wm. P. Jacobs.

Mrs. Capt. James Dillard (1775-1842) *Nee Mary Puckett, mother of Dr. James H. Dillard, father of Mary Jane Dillard.*

Mrs. James Park ("Bachelor") Nee Nancy Hunter, mother of Margaret Park, who married James H. Dillard, father of Mary Jane Dillard.

29th, 1807, and departed this life, November the 28th, 1859. Age 52 years, 2 mos. and 29 days.

Friend after friend departs.

Who has not lost a friend?

There is no union of hearts

That finds not here an end."

Side by side with him lies his wife. There also is the tomb of my grandmother's mother, who was Miss Nancy Hunter, and who married bachelor James Park.

Dr. Dillard, my mother's father, died the year before the great war began. I never saw him, but he must have been a very fine man. He was a graduate of what is now the Medical Department of the University of Georgia, and was the Good Physician for all that part of Laurens County, greatly beloved by his patients and neighbors. It is significant of his character that he sent his daughters to college in a day when very few daughters went to college.

In the neighborhood of the old home were three Presbyterian Churches, Old Fields, Bethany, and Rocky Spring, in the latter of which Dr. Dillard had been an Elder. Miss Mary was playing its organ during a protracted meeting when my father first saw her. The dynamic little preacher, fresh from Charleston College and Columbia Seminary, who had just been called to the Clinton, Duncan's Creek and Shady Grove Churches, fell in love with her at sight, from the pulpit, and gave her no peace until they were married.

My mother was only seventeen when the war began, but she was already one of the most popular and beloved girls in the county, as well as one of the most beautiful. During the conflict, she kept up a desultory correspondence with some of the young men of her neighborhood who were in the army, as well as with her new suitor, the little minister, although he was only six or seven miles away. But those were days when the railroad might stop running at any time or place and there were no paved roads nor automobiles nor telephones, and often communication was through personal messenger. Their letters describe vividly the conditions under which she and they were living. Here for example is an excerpt from a letter of an "old friend," written in the early days of the war. My explanations are in parentheses.

"I received the scarf and cravat from James, (Uncle Jim Dillard) and beg leave to present my kindest regards and thanks to you for your kind remembrance of an absent friend. It is my greatest consolation while suffering all the hardships and privations incident to a camp life to know that I am not forgotten at home. We are *all* seeing a hard time, but if we succeed in establishing our independence, we will have enough to look back upon for the rest of our days. For one, I desire to see our independence established and meet my friends at home in peace. God grant it so. James is quite well today. He says he wrote home a day or two since, and requests me to tell you to be sure and send him the articles

he asked for. He and I and Mr. Rush Blakely have formed a union as tent-mates. We do not mess together, only sleep together. Young Wood sends his compliments to you all, and wants you to tell Cousin Lizzie to send him a pair of gloves and a nightcap."

The above letter was written in 1862. Here is another of the same year written from the camp near Pocotaligo:

"Cousin Mollie, I had a pleasant dream last night. I thought that we were together in a large partridge hunt, that several of our friends were home from the war and that we were having a regular good time. You were enjoying yourself delightfully. Sally carried the net, but we caught no birds . . . . . Mollie, you will be at Rocky Spring today. I wish I could be there. I would love to spend the day there and at Old Fields once in a while. I hear you are all wearing homespun and have the nicest little caps you ever saw. I want you to tell me what kind of caps you have. If you think I would like them, send me one. I heard a gentlemen say that the ladies look better than he ever saw them. He was pleased with the homespun and the caps . . . . . I would like to give you a description of some flower yards down here. There is one in a mile of this camp belonging to Daniel Howard. It was beautiful when we came here, but most of the flowers have been pulled off by the soldiers . . . . . I think you will see a specimen from the yard in your district. I am not sure, but there was a japonica sent up there . . . . . It is a beautiful flower."

The following excerpts from the letters of various correspondents of my mother during the war are included either because of interesting facts given, or customs shown:

"December 5, 1861. Cousin Mollie, I seat myself today to answer your very kind and welcomed letter of the 15th ult. . . . . Since writing the first page, I have been out on drill. Lieut. McCarley drilled us one hour, and we have eaten dinner. We had cracker hash, rice, potatoes and bread. The hash, we count very fine."

* * * * *

"This is a good country (Spottsylvania) for wheat. I have seen the best wheat that I ever saw in my life, and fine horses and cattle. The clover fields are fine with stock. Notwithstanding, butter is worth a dollar per pound in Richmond. There are also a great many beautiful ladies in this country. I have passed through a little village (Bolling Green), the County Seat of Caroline County, which for the size of the place, excells in the way of pretty women. Jim Dillard and myself went to a house from our picket post and took breakfast a few mornings since with a *nice* one. She complimented the S. C. Vs and that you know would make us vain."

* * * * *

"I will try to dream on the cake."

* * * * *

"Jimmie (Uncle Jim Dillard) is in a manner well by this time."

* * * * *

"Cousin, you ask me how I spent Christmas. I will assure you it

was the dullest Christmas I have ever experienced . . . . . You said you spent it very pleasantly hunting birds and rabbits. You will not object, I hope, to having a hunt, fishing or some other enjoyment when we return. I wish I could have been with you when you had your eggnog." (Note: no more eggnog after she married my dad!)

* * * * *

"I received your beautiful bunch of flowers and feel very much complimented. They bring to my mind your flower yard, with its beautiful walks so cunningly planned by yourself and sisters, also the happy moments I have seen there. Give my compliments to your Ma and Grandma, your sisters and brother, and yourself the same."

* * * * *

"I was no less surprised than gratified at learning that you were teaching at Old Sandy Springs. Your letter gave me the first intimation that I had had of the fact. Am proud to know that the noblest women of the South have patriotism enough to bring themselves down from the ease and affluence of a happy home and enter the confines of a country schoolhouse that they may in this way aid and encourage the defense of their country at a time of her greatest need. At the first outbreak of the war, I have no idea but many would have consented to take charge of a school under a false and mistaken idea of romantic patriotism. But she who now enters into such a contest, after having seen and endured the deprivations brought about by this most cruel war is a patriot indeed . . . . . Yes, I heard of the nice times you were having with the wounded soldiers Christmas from my little *Bee* who gave me the information."

* * * * *

"You say you have been fishing and ask me to guess how many fish you caught. Well, the first time you went you caught three and the next time, seven, and they were very small. I would like to help you to catch some of the little finny tribe. If you will come over here some warm evening, I will accompany you to the banks of the Rappahannock where you may sit and fish for brim, which is said to be the best fish known, and occasionally take out a blue cat, that will weigh three or four pounds. You can see the Yankee Cavalry on the opposite bank doing picket duty."

* * * * *

"But speaking of parties, allow me to give you a short description of a Tennessee Shin-dig. I attended my first last night. I had been prepared by some of the boys who had been attending them before to expect to find some of the ladies chewing. I was fortunate enough, immediately after I entered the house to get with a beautiful young lady of sixteen, and one that was really intelligent. Thinks, I, by Jove, I have met one at least who doesn't use the weed. Soon a cotillion was called. I was delighted to have the pleasure of dancing the first set with the Belle of the Evening. The music commenced, I was soon perfectly elated, almost carried away, twining partners, swinging corners, etc., had just gotten through with the first set when my partner said, "Lieut., can you oblige me with a chew of tobacco?" My surprise can be easier imagined than described. The dances were very similar to what we have at home, with

the exception that they dance more reels here than we do at present. I don't think, out of sixteen young ladies, there was one but used tobacco. I got accustomed to seeing them squirt their ambeer around, and enjoyed the party fine. We danced until two o'clock, when some of the girls found it was Sunday and we had to break up. Would have had another next Wednesday, but fear our move will break it up."

Dr. Dillard was an elder in the Rocky Spring church, but in effect, all of the churches in that neighborhood were one. They would have preaching services at Bethany one Sunday, at Rocky Spring the next, at Old Fields the next, and so on. In 1864, my father was called on to preach at a protracted meeting at Rocky Spring Church. As he ascended the pulpit he took a good look at the young lady who was to act as organist. From that time on until they were married the next April, neither of them had any peace of mind. All love letters are interesting, but those written under such circumstances as this young couple endured have a certain historical value also. In this one, for example, written on February 26, 1865, he tells of one of the most dangerous and disagreeable moments of his life:

"My ride home, as you may imagine, was none of the pleasantest, though the falling rain and rushing torrents gave me not a moment's thought. My mind was too busy with the recollections of the flushed face and feverish pulse that I had left . . . . . A few words now about my ride home. When I reached Rocky Spring, the sun had set. When I reached Milam's trestle it was too dark to distinguish objects. Two miles further, it was black and dark night, and one of the blackest and darkest, regular Egyptian. First, I lost sight of the horse's ears, then his head, and finally could see absolutely nothing, not even my hand before my face. I passed one traveler, though all I could see of him was his voice, shouting to his animal (I suppose it was a mule, as it was a darkie riding it). You may judge of my complete envelopment in darkness when I tell you of one incident. At R. H. Little's, my horse struck his foot some half dozen times and stumbled on. Just then I heard the whistle of the cars, seemingly but at few rods off. The thought flashed across me that I was on the track, yet I hardly dared stir for fear that if I were not on it, I would stumble across it. Just then a glimmer of lightning revealed a tree nearby. I knew that trees did not grow on the railroad, and so the next minute my hand was touching the tree. Scarcely had I reached it before the train whizzed by, crossing the very place that I had been on when I heard the whistle! What an obituary: "Killed on a dark night by the locomotive on his way home from his Lady Love's."

* * * * *

"The bell rings for Sabbath School. I will enclose this letter in an envelope to Brother Holmes and send it up by Mary Phinney this evening."

In the following letter he tells her about his friend, Reverend David Todd, and his run-in with the Yankees:

"I called last night on David Todd. The Yankees treated him

shamefully. They took everything he had except his books, the suit he was wearing—and what was perhaps the least valuable of his possessions, his sermons! They made him take off his gold sleeve bottons, but Dave threw them in the fire. One of the Blue Yanks made him take off his boots—wanted to swap, but unfortunately David's foot was too small and the Yankee's too large, and so he saved his boots. No houses were injured where the inhabitants remained. No personal violence was offered to any of the whites. Negroes were maltreated. All the Negro men and the mules and the horses were carried off, but the negroes all succeeded in escaping. The mules were not so fortunate. They also burnt all gin houses, etc.—no churches."

* * * * *

"There is one subject, however, dearest Mary, on which I would win your confidence, and which I would have to be a subject of frequent conversation between us. Mary, we are promised to each other, not only as travelers for time, but for eternity. We must seek to make our earthly pathway easy and delightful, but why, my dear one, may we not also smoothe our heavenly pathway. Will not our hopes, wishes and aims be one? Let us then act as both priest and confessor to each other, and by our frequent and untrammeled expression of our alternate hopes and fears we may act as mutual guides in our pilgrimage for heaven."

"I do not wish a wife only to caress and fondle and kiss. I want one with whom I may take counsel, with whom I may have sweet fellowship—one all of whose cares I may help to alleviate, by whom I in turn may be cheered and encouraged, one to trust in and who will confide in me, whose troubles I may divide by sharing them and whose joys I may increase by taking part in them. I do not wish a wife merely for prosperity but for adversity also, not merely to journey with me in life, but to lead me (and I her) even to heaven itself. The promise of such an ONE is MINE, only think of it—MINE! Surely I am rich in the possession of such a treasure. Dearest Mary, no heart knows but my own how precious—how very precious—your love is to me. It is worth more to me than anything else that ever was or will be mine. Daily do I feel thankful for this, "God's first, best gift to man,"—the pure affection of a noble woman."

* * * * *

"See how devoted I am to you. It was only this morning that I saw you. This afternoon I wrote you from Clinton and tonight at home, and near midnight again I am scrawling a few scratches to my own darling Mary. My letter from Clinton will not perhaps reach you for several days, but this one, I hope, will meet you at the first mail . . . . . Thus far had I written when my candle suddenly went out and left me in darkness. It is now Wednesday morning, a few minutes more and I must be off for Clinton on the train."

* * * * *

"Do not call me *too devoted* because though scarcely seated in my room, I have seized pen and paper and determined on a conversation with you. According to my program, I reached Laurens about six and

one-half last night, left early this morning and reached here just ten minutes ago, after a four hours ride on the Laurens Railroad all for two dollars. (Laurens is nine miles from Clinton) . . . . . As usual, on last evening I heard more praises of you. I wonder why it is that when I hear you highly spoken of, I feel as if I were also being complimented. Yestreen, as I sat at Father's desk writing a note, the dear old gentlemen stepped in, "Willie, let me look a moment at that picture." It was immediately forthcoming. Closing it he returned it saying, "Willie, she is a sweet girl." "*I* think so," I replied, and returned to my writing. Mrs. Lockwood met me not long afterward and assaulted me. "Well, my dear Willie, what is this I hear of you?" "What?" I asked. "Why, I hear you are about to carry off the flower of Laurens." Surely I am fulfilling Mrs. Phinney's prophecy: She has told me a dozen times in the last week, and fifty times in the last year, "it is better to be born lucky than rich." I have always replied: "I am thankful for the lucky, but wish the rich had come too."

However interesting the letters of my mother's correspondents may be, they do not compare in that respect, so far as I am concerned, with her own. Most unhappily, only a few of them remain, and they are all written to my father. When one remembers that they are from a girl barely out of her teens to a young man only a little older, and that they were desperately in love with each other, they seem to be models of restrained affection. I do not think that she would object to my adding a few of them to this little brochure about my people.

* * * * *

March 17, 1865

Dear Willie:

If it were practicable for me to write whenever inclination would lead me to do so, you would have no reason to complain of my remissness. I trust you know my heart better than to suppose for a single moment that my silence in the past has been for want of affection. Will you not forgive me if I promise to be more punctual in future?

I hope you are not sick from your exposure on last Wednesday, but I could offer no inducement whatever, and if you get sick don't say Mary was the cause of it. I took a ride in the afternoon of the same day, which I fear has given me a severe cold. Grandma and "Sister Sally" remained with us until Thursday evening, and on leaving, insisted that I should go home with them and spend the remainder of the week, and I did so. Yesterday, sister Sally and myself visited a soldier who has just returned from the Army. During our stay, the conversation turned to the subject of marriage, when one of the party turned to me and asked if I were going to take Mr. J—— from the girls about Clinton (this young lady had been visiting her relatives in Clinton.) The mother of this girl told me, "never to refuse a preacher. It spoilt them for everything. They could not study after such a thing took place." (Do you believe that?) And when she left, she took my hand and said, "Now Mary, be sure not to reject the preacher." I told her that I would

take her advice, for she is an old lady and ought to know how to advise "young people."

A lady friend of mine who spent last night with us said that she heard that "you came up and spent a week". I told her that was false, that you came home with us from R. Spring on Wednesday and left Friday.

Must I look for you Tuesday or wait 'til Saturday? Sister Sally is going to Laurens today and is now waiting for this letter. I do intend writing a letter someday that will weary your patience to read, but perhaps these short ones weary your patience. I will look for that letter from W—— this evening, and if I fail to receive one I will be most awfully disappointed. The flowers enclosed, please accept as coming from Sister Sally, and if it is impossible for you to come Tuesday, write so that I will not be uneasy, but be sure to come Saturday to see

Your Mary,

P. S.
Excuse haste.

(The above letter was written with meticulous care as were the others though she often apologized for them)

* * * * *

February 6, 1865

I wish the power of expression were granted me that I might give you some idea of my feelings when on the arrival of the mail Saturday afternoon a letter was handed me from Clinton. I did not expect one so soon, but knew I would receive some tidings of the absent one by the first mail . . . . . I would like very much to have heard the conversation between you and Mrs. P——. Was there anything very good said? To make the acquaintance of your friend, Mr. S—— would indeed be a pleasure to me.

The request made in your letter relative to the subject that you would have a topic of frequent conversation between us, I most cordially accept. I will be delighted to see you on Friday next, but cannot now tell whether or not I will be at my own home. If not there, I will be with my grandmother (at Ora). Sister Eliza came down Saturday. I wish you could have seen her, as well as my little nephew. (Oscar Hunter).

When I tell you that I could have written a half dozen letters to any other person while I've been writing this, what are you going to say? Tell me never to attempt such a thing again?

Mary

* * * * *

Home 1865

Dear Willie:

Again I find that I have undertaken the task of writing to one that is dearer than all others, yes, dearer than life itself . . . . . I received your letter this morning, and it gave me additional proof of the warmest affection of W——ie. Can it be possible that I merit such love as is bestowed on me? A voice from within whispers, unworthy, but I trust one of these days to prove to you that I am worthy of it.

My dear, dear grandmother is improving, is a great deal better than she was when you were here, although confined to her bed still. Ma has concluded to stay with her and let Sarah come down home. So when you come again, you will see "Sister Sallie." I am delighted with the arrangement, for I am so lonesome here at home with only John (who has almost entirely recovered from his sickness) that sometimes I feel as though every friend has deserted me. No, there is one who I believe will prove true, but still I am only occasionally honored with a visit from him.

Captain Cunningham spent Wednesday night with us . . . . . He said he was very anxious to see you, he had heard so much of you . . . . . The extract from a newspaper came with your letter, and I see that you have the months from July to December marked, and nearby written "this side". What do you mean? Do you want a certain event to take place during that time. If so, I am afraid that I will not be prepared to answer the next time I see you as well as I did the catechism.

Mary

* * * * *

Friday, March 10, 1865

My Own Dear Willie,

I am left entirely alone today, and can find no more pleasant employment than that of writing to the absent loved one, although I must confess that the reception of a letter from W——would give me a great deal more pleasure. I received the letter you sent by Mr. H—— on Tuesday. It was enclosed in an envelope addressed to Ma. What a friend you have in Mr. H——I wish my friends thought as much of me. I wish I could see the dear old man soon. I want to hear what all he has to say that is so good. What do you think he is going to lecture me about? Miss M's Sister was married the second of this month to a man that addressed her mother and married her younger sister (who died about eight months ago). He came out and spent twelve days at Mr. H's, during which he addressed and married her . . . . . My dear old grandmother's health is about the same. She thought of coming down (from Ora) to see me, but the weather has prevented. I think I will go up to see her in a day or two. It has been almost three weeks since I saw her. Sister Eliza wrote me that she would be down day after tomorrow. Perhaps you may see her on Monday if you come . . . . . W——, dear, am I not wearying your patience with all this nonsense? I know that you are saying, "I wish she would make her letters more interesting," but you find now that as I told you before, the corrrespondence is an unequal one, the advantage being all on my side. Is it not true?

The mail is so irregular that it seems almost like an age since I heard from Willie. I wonder what you think of my letters when you get them? Do you appreciate them as highly as I do yours? No, I fear not, but they do not deserve as much. Please excuse all errors and bad penmanship, and think sometime of your devoted.

Mary

March 28, 1865

My Own Dear Willie,

I had almost come to the conclusion not to write today, but I thought of a promise that I made you on Saturday, and am also very anxious to hear from Willie, for it seems like a month since I received your last letter, and almost as long since I saw you. You have no idea how much pleasure your type (ambrotype) gives me. How often do you think I have looked at it? You, perhaps, will think me silly for acting so, but it looks so much like the original that I can't help it! I wonder if you prize mine as highly. No, for it does not deserve so much.

Have you seen your father since you left here on Saturday? I would like very much to know how he was pleased with his visit and what he thought of Mary, and the other members of the family. I fear that I have failed to captivate him, but if so, will try again.

We are looking for Brother James everyday. Mr. Blakely says he left him in Richmond. He was not very well, but thought he would be home in a few days. Our friend, Lieutenant Sloan, is still in prison. I had thought that I would have the pleasure of seeing him soon, but will have to wait longer yet. We had four soldiers with us Saturday night. They were very fine looking men, but I did not fall in love with any of them. One of them played well on the piano. Willie, what do you think I heard day before yesterday? That I was to be married last night or next Tuesday night! Mrs. Hipp says she saw you pass last week and she thinks there must be something in the wind. You see it is some of your good people that are telling tales. A young lady asked me the other day to come to see her, and to come before I married, when her sister replied "no, wait till you are married and bring your *old man* with you." Who do you think they were alluding to? I did not ask them . . . . . Ma is sending to the village earlier than I thought she would, and this will have to be the short one. When you see your father's family, give them my love. I believe I will love them almost as well as I love my own mother, they think so much of Willie and I do too. And then he loves them so much . . . . . This letter is not worthy of an answer, yet I must ask you to reply very soon and never doubt the affection of

Your Mary

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Home April 7, 1865

Dearest Willie,

Can you imagine the pleasure it would give me to be reading (instead of writing) a letter from my own dear Willie, if so, I know you would write often, very often . . . . . I would like very much to be at Clinton on Sunday, but dare not go. I am too well found out. Sarah and James may go, they speak of it now. Did you see your brother Ripley? When is he going back to the Army? I would like so much to see him. Did you tell your father of our walk, and what did he say? I expect we will hear of it soon. It was a delightful walk to me, being as you said, the first we had ever taken together and perhaps the last until after the 20th of April, but after that, I hope to have many such. Mrs. H——

insisted on my coming to Presbytery. Said I *must* come. I did not tell her that I would not go,but had no intention of doing it. Under other circumstances, I would be pleased to attend, but now, my being there would only make it unpleasant to you and not very agreeable to me.

Sister Sallie is with us for a few days. She is very often speaking of her being so lonesome after the 20th. She says she can't live as she has been doing. She must come to her old home. I hate very much to leave her, but some day she will find someone that she loves better than me, and then I would be left alone. She says she is going to take your friend, S——'s advice and "wait till the war is over." Lieutenant Sloan says he intends to marry while at home. I wish he would, for I know he deserves a good wife, and I want him to get one. He is a true friend of mine, and I like to see my friends doing well. I know you will like him when you know him more intimately. With much love as

Ever Your Mary

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The following letter was written from Clinton on May 21, 1871. They were living in their first home immediately opposite the Presbyterian Church.

My Dear Willie,

I put off writing yesterday in order that I might tell you about the Sabbath School and how it got on without you. After being two hours in assembling (for some of the chidren were there an hour before the bell rung) Mr. West conducted the exercises and opened the school with a prayer by Mr. Phinney. After one hymn he heard the Shorter Catechism, then another hymn and the recitations, then a hymn and a closing prayer by Ripley. The exercises were very short indeed.

Oh, you don't know how glad I was to get your letter from Columbia, for it does seem to me that I will go crazy before you get back. I spent Tuesday with Aunt Sake, and Wednesday at Decatur Simpson's with Aunt Sake . . . . . Dr. Harris came after you left to see Ferdie. He seemed to think that he was pretty sick, and left medicine for him saying that if he was not better the next morning to send for him again, but he is a great deal better and is standing by with a piece of buttered light bread that you would not think a sick person could devour.

The rest are well. Jim (servant boy) is getting on finely with his work. There is not a sprig of grass in the front yard or garden, and I suppose the same is the case with the patch.

I received a letter from mother (Mrs. Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs, President, Laurensville Female Semminary) yesterday too. She said Florence was well and enjoying herself finely. She had been talking about me, but did not want to come home yet. I am glad that she is so well satisfied, but I am so lonesome, with you and Florence both gone. I can do very well when I am away from home, for then I don't miss you so much.

The strawberries are nearly gone, but we have had as many as we wanted every day since you left. Mr. Phinney has been in and says Mr. Elkin, a Baptist Minister, asked to preach in our Church this evening at

five o'clock. He says he thinks Mr. E—— would like to preach every third Sabbath if they can get the use of our Church. I saw Mr. McKittrick riding down the road yesterday. I suppose he will be here tonight. It seems like a month since you left, but I know the time will come for you to come back. I shed more tears when I read your letter than I did when you left, but I just could not help it, and almost every time I think about you being gone it is the same. You must write often.

May the lord bless you and keep you safe till you get home.

Your affectionate wife,
Mary

* * * * *

Twice in each lifetime it is given to us to feel life deeply: in youth and in old age. Youth is the time when you drink of the joy of life, the wonder of its mysteries, the throb of its adventures. In old age, one senses the romance of the passage of time and the sublimity of its unending changes. Only in old age does one really meditate, and without meditation there is no wisdom. As one sees the generation which owned and operated the world when he was born into it, one by one sink into the ground, and then sees the generation that came with him follow them; when he observes the world of his fathers change into his own, and his own change into one that is entirely different, he is filled with a charming sadness. It is charming because the rhythm of it is so perfect. It is sad because the loss is so complete.

Today, in the country of which I am writing, cities and the hurry of bustling towns dominate the State. The manufacturing plants, the banks, the stores, the colleges, the churches, the costly homes and beautiful yards are concentrated in the urban centers. But, then, it was not so. "Befo' de waw" the wealth, the comfort, the enlightenment, the power of the State was to be found in the country and was in the hands of the planters, as were the best homes, the highest culture and the widest knowledge of affairs. In the whole of South Carolina, there was only one city, Charleston, population less than 50,000, two-thirds Negro slaves. Two little villages were within forty-five miles of Coldwater, Greenville and Spartanburg, each with a population of about 1,000 white people. "The village", Laurens, was six miles away, with a white population of about three hundred, and Clinton, seven miles, had a total of one hundred and seventy-six inhabitants, counting pickaninnies. Excepting Charleston, the wealth, leisure and luxury of the State were to be found on the plantations.

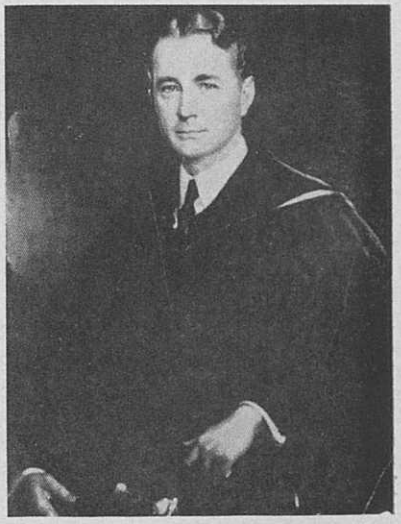
Only the remains of that hour may now be seen, often in the form of an old farm house, usually abandoned except where it has been restored by the filial piety of some nostalgic descendant. Almost always, they present the aspect and design of Coldwater. If you enter one of them, you note that the architecture is strictly functional, not a wasted corner nor an unnecessary bracket, admirably, yet severely planned for its purposes. There was no running water in the homes of those days, so you would find no bathrooms. There was a china-ware bowl and pitcher in each room for washing faces and hands and, usually a large metal tub

was filled with hot water from the kitchen for more complete ablutions. The remainder of the bath-room was usually in the vegetable garden at the rear of the house, often hidden behind fig trees or lattice-work covered by honey-suckle or woodbine or yellow jessamine vines. There were no electric lights, nor gas stoves, nor telephones, nor typewriters, nor radios, nor television sets. When a planter slaughtered a steer, he divided it with his neighbors for there were no refrigerators. There were no screens to keep out mosquitoes, flies or hornets. One had to be careful about serving honey on the tables, or the bees would find it and then you would have a mess. There were no good, not even graded roads, and in a rainy season, one stayed at home. The family was almost the sum total of that civilization, and marriage was final. There was no divorce. Immediately after marriage the young couple went to work "raising" a family which might number from five to fifteen—or more. The young folks had church picnics to look forward to and old fashioned country square dances. Then there was fishing, and partridge hunting with nets, and horseback riding. When you went to call on your neighbor, you took your sewing with you and stayed all day. A real visit was for, at least, a week. There were no hospitals, few doctors and no dentists. Protracted toothache meant that *it* or *they* had to be pulled out to stop the pain. Few persons could boast of having all their teeth in their mouths at the age of thirty.

That was especially unfortunate because there was so much to eat, and it was so good. There were no hot city stalls to desiccate the vegetables. They were gathered only an hour of so before they were cooked. The hen had hardly ended her cackling before mother said to one of the children: "Go get the egg!" The coffee was ground on the spot, and the cider made in the backyard. The whole-wheat flour was from the neighboring mill. The quail on toast were those caught that day. The roasting ears, the beans, the peas, the tomatoes, the melons were gathered for the occasion, as was the chicken for the pie—or fry. The fruit was fresh from the tree and the grapes from the vine. That was what made those apple pies so good. And there were no air-conditioned kitchens. A wood fire was started early in the morning in the cookstove, and it was kept hot until after dinner at mid-day. If the weather was too torrid, the supper was cold.

They are all gone now, they and their way of living. The old plantation houses are "Not fit to live in," nowadays, yet, in imagination, I try to picture them with tenderest affection: The country doctor mounting his horse, brought to him by the stable boy, and examining his saddle bags full of medicines; the mother, planning the day's work for children and slaves; the three pretty girls watching the long front road in hopes that a passerby might be bringing a letter; or crocheting a fancy addition to a new frock; the singing Negroes busy in field and garden and orchard; the neighbor dropping by to borrow a plow-share or a whiffle-tree, and staying for dinner and a little friendly gossip; the preacher happening in to inquire why Miss Mary wasn't at church last Sunday, and to get her promise to play at Rocky Spring for the protracted meeting; the excitement over a setting hen coming off the nest with a dozen pretty little chicks; the worry over when it would rain; the preparations for the visit

Florence Lee Jacobs, who married Wm. J. Bailey and devoted her life to her husband, her children and her church.

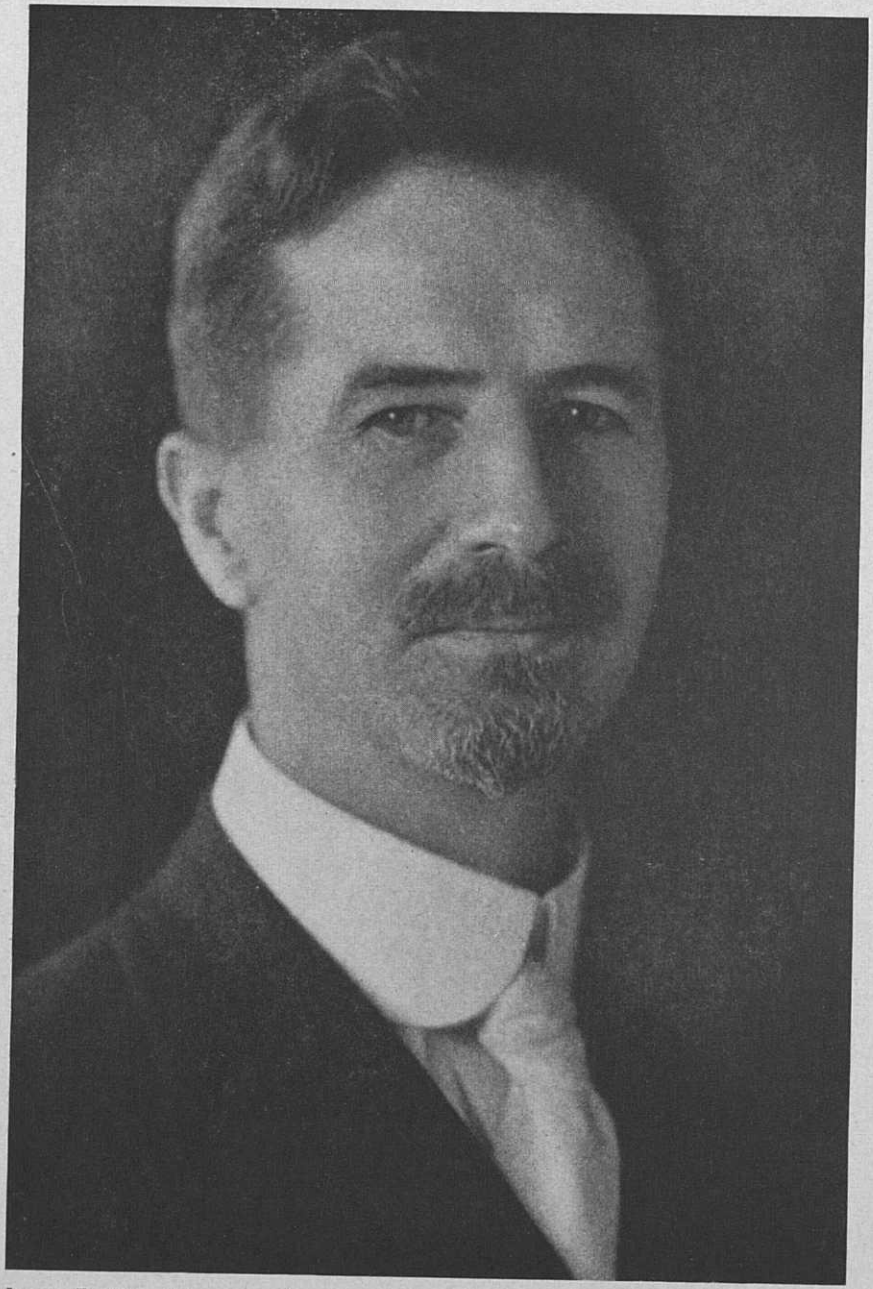


Thornwell Jacobs, son of William P. Jacobs. This portrait of the Writer is included here upon the insistence of his younger kin, W. P. J.

to Granny Park's at Ora—they are all gone now. Only a blackened chimney, or an old deserted "Big House" remains. The war came, and every planter's son in the State went away to fight under Lee and Jackson and Hampton. Afterward, there came the great change, and a desolate countryside.

It is often said that the Thornwell Orphanage, the Presbyterian College, the Presbyterian Church and, indeed, the whole town of Clinton are monuments to my father but his lovely little wife had her monuments too. One of them was my sister, Florence Lee. Her father used to say that she reminded him constantly of her mother, both in looks and deeds. Just as soon as her feet could reach the treadles she, also, became the organist of church and Sunday School. My earliest memories of her reveal her doing just what my mother would have been doing for me—pinning stiff, broad white collars around my neck for Sunday School, giving pretty, little colored cards to all of us in the "Infant Depatrment", trying to make me eat vegetable soup. Later, I remember her kind helpfulness in teaching me Beginner's Latin. She it was who selected and mothered the old-timey flowers for our front-yard garden—roses, peonies, touch-me-nots, thrift, zinnias, Johnny-jump-ups, violets. She it was who told Edna what to have for supper. As a girl she was always happy, friendly and pretty. No wonder young Will Bailey fell in love with her.

They were married when I was still only a child. I remember that every body in Clinton crowded into the church to witness the ceremony and that my brother, Ferd, told me what an important wedding it was.



James Ferdinand Jacobs, who devoted his life to the building up of the religious papers of the nation by developing their advertising departments and to many public and charitable enterprises.

They spent their wedding night in our home and we all ate breakfast together the next morning after which Will went back to his duties at the Bank. Their first home was over on "Baptist Hill" and became later one of the Cotton Mill cottages. It was there that I carried to her my present of a beautiful, spangled, Old English game rooster. I had gotten him from Aus McClintock and he was really gorgeous in red and white and shiny green until Dill and I, unable to resist our cock-fighting habits, pitted him against an older cock-o-the walk. The result was disastrous. My beautiful rooster was a wreck! So, boy-like, I gave him to Sister. Mother-like, she cared for him until he died. For me, it was a terrible tragedy that such beauty should have been so suddenly and foolishly destroyed. I have never gotten over it. For her it created a preference for pacifist Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes.

My brother, Ferdinand, was more like his father than any of the other children, inheriting his love for Clinton and a devotion to South Carolina that flavored every deed of his career. They were life-long companions and admirers. His father wrote of him once that in many respects the son was superior to the father. Ferd was the first of the brothers to be graduated from his father's freshly founded college. Afterward he spent a year in Princeton Seminary and two years in Columbia Seminary but his best education came from the reading of history and literature which he did voraciously. He was a student all his life and a very clear thinker.

I remember him best during the years which he devoted to raising money for the first three structures on the present campus of the Presbyterian College, to preaching in the country churches around Clinton, to editing and managing the *Southern Presbyterian* and to founding and operating the *Religious Press Advertising Syndicate*. Love for and imitation of his father was heavy upon him during these years and increasingly thereafter. Half of his time he devoted to his private affairs and the other half to building Clinton and South Carolina. He was one of the men most responsible for the construction of good roads in South Carolina to which the Jacobs Highway is a witness. I never drive over the Savannah River bridge on the road between Atlanta and Clinton that I do not salute his memory. Long before the Wright Brothers he had drawn detailed plans for a heavier than air flying machine which doubting States described as the first sign of insanity in the family. He and his brother-in-law, Will Bailey, brought the first automobile to Clinton. He became a nationally known figure in the advertising world and he both achieved and deserved the title of Citizen of South Carolina. He held the highest political office that any member of the family reached, the Mayoralty of Clinton. For loyalty to his ideals, for love of his home and country, for everlasting stick-at-itiveness, he had few equals. He married the daughter of soldier-farmer-sheriff, one of his mother's war correspondents, Thomas J. Duckett. Elliott was as kind and good to me as was my own sister. She came from a family of fine girls who wrote their names deeply in the hearts of many friends.

John Dillard Jacobs, Secretary and Treasurer of the University of Nashville Medical School, who later was notably successful in business.

For gentle, personable lovableness, my brother, Dillard, was the outstanding member of the family. He was born a gentleman. Everybody liked him. In our immediate family all of us loved all of us alike except Dill; everybody loved him the most. He had golden, curly hair, a fair faintly pinkish skin, unusually even, attractive features, and his mother's talent for music. He made me learn how to play enough on the guitar and flute to accompany his singing and mandolin playing when he went out to serenade the girls, particularly Misses Annie Copeland and Emma Bailey, thought by many to be the prettiest young ladies in South Carolina. He was of good size—about 5 feet 11 inches high, weight about 165 pounds. He was a first class baseball pitcher. The battery of Jacobs and Jacobs (Dill and States) was rarely beaten. He was a fine student. After finishing the Presbyterian College he attended and led his class in the Medical College of the University of Nashville—he would have made a wonderful doctor—and then went into business. As a business man, he made a small fortune. Of all my family I saw him most often for we lived as buddies and room-mates during our Clinton days and almost side by side in Atlanta from 1912 to 1945 and I do not recall a single unkind word or unfriendly act of his toward me in all those years. He was a very fine gentleman.

So far as the general public was concerned, States was the most outstanding of the brothers. He was wholly a Dillard. Where Ferd and Dill were loved most deeply by the inner family circle and their intimates where they sought the privacy of retirement, States was the hero of the multitude. Wherever he went he was a "hit" immediately. As a mixer, no politician of his day surpassed him. He had as many personal friends and more enthusiastic admirers than all of the rest of the family put together. He was a very handsome man and he had the finest speaking voice I have ever heard. More remarkable still was his infectious laugh, his contagious enthusiasm, his inspiring confidence. He was strong of body and mind and his human helpfulness and universal friendliness is a tradition at Houston, Texas, where for over thirty years he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church which he found with only a few hundred members and built up into the largest church in the Southern Assembly. He was a natural-born leader. He went at things with such amazing zest and enthusiasm that everybody else wanted to join him in what he was doing, from playing ball to saving souls.

Wm. States Jacobs, who became the Pastor of the largest Southern Presbyterian Church and the dominant figure in the Brahman cattle world.

The quality of his aspirations and abilities led him out and up to personal friendships with many great men and in that sphere he was most fortunate in having persuaded Laura Harris, of Columbus, Miss., to be his wife. Laura was the type of person depicted as the perfect heroine in one of Thomas Nelson Page's novels of Old Virginia. She was a

Family Group: Dr. Wm. States Jacobs, seated, and his wife and son, Wm. States Jacobs, Jr., standing.

combination of the social graces, the cultured outlook, the refined manner with artistic talent, good looks and sweet gentleness. In that field I have never known her superior; if she had not been my sister I would say her equal. Together, they met multitudes of the most prominent and important men and women in the United States, entertaining them with her sweet grace and his striking personality for a long life time. Laura's paintings of roses, lithographed by the million, are known all over the United States and when her vision darkened, she continued to paint with her pen, sending her messages from the inner world to the outer, instead of from the outer to the inner. She was a very great lady.

In one respect father and children were all exactly alike. In common with most of their neighbors they shared that richest of gifts—poverty. Wise men know that it is the struggle for life that has given us all the good things and all the great powers of life. Excepting their parentage, genteel poverty was their greatest asset, as they began their careers.

My sister set them an example by first fully developing her intellectual and social gifts, becoming very early in her life an excellent musician, teacher and housekeeper. Soon, she married a handsome young cashier who had borrowed $20,000 from his father to found his bank. Later he was able to stop doing his own book-keeping, establish and control his own Cotton Mill and accumulate one of the largest and hardest-earned fortunes in South Carolina. My brother, Ferd, by intense toil and anxious struggle became, as has already been described, a blessing and honor to his beloved Clinton and an outstanding "Citizen of the State." States's life-long fight for the other man in Houston, Texas is a tradition in that city and the character it developed is an inspiration to hundreds of thousands. In spite of many "trials, toils and tears" and largely became of them, Dillard developed into one of the courtliest of gentlemen. Starting from scratch and swept by the storms of two terrible world-wars and an intervening world-wide depression, all of them built up considerable fortunes and kept them safe until their deaths. They aided in making the era of "Rugged Individualism" of which they were outstanding examples, one of the greatest in the world's history and the chief glory of the South.

It is to me an interesting fact that while the father and mother of our family devoted their lives to one type of activity only, the same cannot be said of their children. The father was first, last and always a preacher.

To him, his orphanage, college, and literary work were only by-products of his pastorate. His eldest son, Ferdinand, began life as a photographer, having learned that art of his Uncle John Wren, of Florida, who used to come up to Clinton for a visit each summer and take pictures of all and sundry. Not satisfied with being Clinton's first resident photographer, with Will Jennings he opened up a General Merchandise store on the site of the present Clinton Hotel. After that, he went into the Presbyterian ministry. Before he had finished his senior year at Columbia Theological Seminary he was elected Professor of Biblical and Religious Literature in the Presbyterian College. Learning that Dr. James Woodrow was willing to sell the *Southern Presbyterian* he led the movement to transfer it from Columbia to Clinton. For some years Dr. Wm. S. Bean was its scholarly editor. Then Ferd bought it and built up its subscription list from a few hundred to over ten thousand. Its editorship led him into his real life career, the organization of most of the religious papers of the South—all denominations—into the Religious Press Advertising Syndicate, which saved the lives of many of them and aided greatly the development of them all. One of his most important services was that of guiding the destiny of Thornwell Orphanage for a while after his father died. Thus, at different times he was photographer, merchant, preacher, professor, editor, acting Orphanage president, and advertising expert and to these seven should be added his notable services as Mayor of Clinton and his vigorous editorship of the Clinton *Chronicle*.

Dillard varied almost as widely from his father's example. First he was foreman of the Thornwell Orphanage printing plant, then professor in a Medical College, then member of the advertising firm of Jacobs and Company, then founder of a General Advertising Agency, then owner and president of a proprietory medicine company, with five careers to his credit. In every one of them he was highly successful.

States still further narrowed his field. From college he went into the ministry, rising rapidly from the pastorates of Edgefield-Johnston-Trenton, S. C. to Columbus, Miss., to the Woodland St. Church of Nashville, Tenn., and then to Houston, Texas. Then, upon his retirement from the ministry, the Dillard in him took charge. He had always been interested in Brahman cattle, Arabian horses and game chickens. He purchased land near Houston and before many years became the best known and most highly esteemed Brahman cattle man in the United States and an outstanding breeder of Arabian horses. He received the highest honors ever awarded to an American in the Brahman cattle industry from the *Sociedade Rural do Triangulo Mineiro* of Brazil and from the *Associacion de Criadores de Ganado Zebu de Cuba*. He was one of the principal founders and a member of the Board of Directors of the American Brahman Breeders Association, one of the organizers and first President of the Pan-American Zebu Association and for a quarter of a century owned one of the only two herds of full-blooded, one hundred percent AA Brahman cattle in the United States. The names of his bulls and cows became as famous and more widely known than governors, senators and many presidents of the United States. Millions saw the full-page picture of Tippu the Great in *Life* but Maroto the Great, Quinca,

Tippuquin, Elephantus, Optimus, Old Bob and Heroe are just as well known in the cattle industry. So, the first half of his life he made a magnificent success of being his father and last half of his life he was an equally great success in being his mother.

In physical appearance the three boys differed very widely. Ferd at his heaviest, right after a big dinner, weighed about 150 pounds; Dill about 165 pounds and States, at his maximum, about 245 pounds. Their heights varied similarly. Ferd's was about 5'8"; Dill's about 5'11" and States' slightly over six feet. States, of over-average weight, was also the longest-lived. Sister died at 64 years of age; Ferd at 63; Dill at 72 and States at eighty. With his brothers there was a tendency to lose their hair on the forehead border line and on the crown as they grew older. Not so with States. At eighty, he had a splendid head of hair—not one lost—grey of course, but as full and glossy as it had been when he was twenty. He was endowed with many talents and he used them magnificently. Rarely indeed is it given to a man to rise to the top of two professions, differing as widely as preaching and cattle-raising but he did it. When he left his church, it was the largest in the denomination. When he died he was the Dean of Brahman breeders industry in North America.

In our family there was a sharp and interesting division between two widely divergent types of character of which my brothers, States and Dillard, are illustrations. On the one hand was the public servant type, affable, self-expressive, seeking leadership in public affairs, devoting all

On Sunday, June 9, 1895, I made the following entry on the margins of my Greek Testament: "Rendered Esther, the beautiful queen, Friday the 7th. I was King, Dill was Mordecai, Mrs. John Langston was Queen, Mr. Robertson was Haman. Miss Emma Bailey was Zerith. Hennies is in town, and we will probably have our picture taken." (The other figure in the picture is Mrs. John Robertson.)

On June the 12th, 1895, I made the following entry: Esther is to be repeated on Friday the 14th. F. Cornwell Jennings (Dill's boyhood buddy) preaches his sermon for licensure that night."

or a large part of life to community enterprises, hail fellow-well-met with the multitude—that was States, orator, democrat, friend of humanity who gave away a fortune. On the other was the modest, diffident, home and quiet loving type that was content with loving and enjoying a few friends, with being a good citizen and with conducting his business efficiently and successfully as a strictly private affair rather than an enterprise undertaken to "help the town" or to bring public applause. That was Dill, who kept his budget balanced, ran his business for profit rather than philanthropy and who preferred conducting it as a minor pleasure rather than as a major headache. These two divergent flairs show up in preceding and succeeding generations and their marked contrast indicate a widely differing family inheritance.

We are told by the geneticists that each one of us is only one of the 281,474,976,710,656 children that our parents might have begotten. No wonder then, that there were some sharp differences in appearance and talents among my brothers besides those already noted. One of these had to do with letter-writing. Ferd would answer my letters as soon as he finished reading them. I would usually hear from Dill in a week or two. My sister was more likely to take a month or two. I remember receiving a letter from States in the early nineties of the last century and another about 1915 and one in 1946. He answered letters practically never. If the letter seemed important enough to demand a reply it always came by telegram or by telephone, or by letter from Laura.

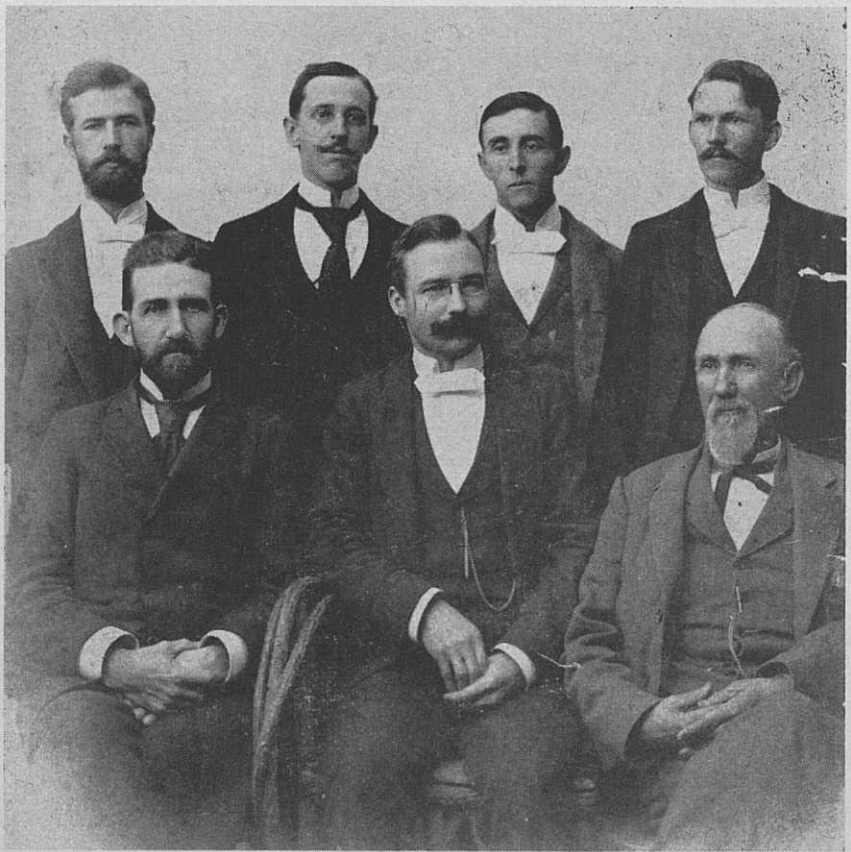
Beard wearing was another interesting difference. I have never seen a picture of any of my Jacobs ancestors wearing a beard or even a mustache except my father. He wore both all his life. So did my brother Ferd. States and Dill were clean-shaven from start to finish.

My father's brothers exhibited similar differences. His younger brother, Presley, was a Confederate soldier and died at Gettysburg. His eldest brother, Ferdinand, was a wanderer over the face of the earth as his father Ferdinand had been before him and I have always understood that he joined the Union Army in Kansas where he had become a Recorder of Deeds and afterward was never heard from but once. His brother, Samuel was killed accidentally in a railroad accident and is buried in the cemetery of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston, where the family lived at the time. Thus of these four sons of the same father and mother, two certainly and three probably died violent deaths. My father who had seen his father make something like a dozen changes of residence during his professional career and his brother Ferdie vanish into the far country, settled down in the "Hell-hole of South Carolina" in 1865 and staid put. All of which goes to show that while it is true that everything is like everything else in the world, nevertheless, no two families—no two brothers, no two grains of sand are exactly alike.

According to the Mendelian Laws of inheritance when two dissimilar strains are crossed, the progeny show characteristics: one fourth like the father, one fourth like the mother and the other two fourths, a fifty-fifty mixture. Take size, for instance. Ferd was about the size of his father; States was large like his mother's people and "Sister" and

Dill were of medium height and weight. Take chocolate candy: if there were ever any two people in the world who loved chocolate candy (or chocolate in anything) more than my father and Ferd, I never heard of them. Again, Sister and Dill merely *liked* chocolate confections and States practically never touched them. His taste ran to beef, cabbage, tomatoes, eggs, watermelons, and almost any kind of pickles.

In religion, there was an interesting divergence of belief. When my father joined the church, he joined all over. I doubt there ever having been a fiercer case of conversion in the history of the whole world. Of most men their religion is a thing apart; it was my father's whole existence including the doctrines of the church set forth in the



Group photograph of the faculty of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina in the year 1894. *Beginning at the bottom and reading from left to right: Dr. William S. Bean, Prof. of German, J. I. Cleland, President and Prof. of Latin, Civics, and humanities, Dr. Job J. Boozer, Prof. of Physiology. Top row: J. F. Jacobs, Prof. of Biblical and Religious Literature, Prof. A. E. Spencer, Prof. of History, Greek, French and Bookkeeping. D. M. Frierson, Prof. of Physics, Mathematics and the Sciences. J. B. Townsend, Prof. of Chemistry.*

Family group taken about 1897 *on the front porch of the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bailey, Clinton, S. C. Reading from left to right, and beginning at the top: J. F. Jacobs, William States Jacobs and W. J. Bailey. Second row: Mrs. J. F. Jacobs, J. F. Jacobs, Jr., Mrs. William States Jacobs, Dr. Charles E. Little, Mrs. W. J. Bailey. Third row: Dr. William P. Jacobs, with the little chap who is later to be Dr. William P. Jacobs, also, directly in front of him, Thornwell Jacobs, Mrs. Caroline Lee Jacobs, Mrs. Dr. C. E. Little, John Dillard Jacobs, with Cyrus Bailey seated directly in front of him.*

Westminster standards. He accepted and taught them to us and to all with perfect faith and devotion from his conversion to his death.

My sister, likewise. In all her life I do not remember having heard her express a doubt concerning any of the tenets of the church. My brother Ferdinand began life with the same full faith but as time passed and his business life led him out into a world unknown to his youth, he began to hold some of the scientific and related sections of the Confession of Faith with a wavering loyalty. I doubt whether States ever took Theology very seriously. His great life of highly successful preaching was devoted largely to the correction of social injustices and the betterment of living conditions in his community. He never questioned publicly the "faith of our fathers" concerning the creation of the world in six consecutive days of twenty four hours each or the creation of woman

from the rib taken from a sleeping Adam; he simply left such stories to take care of themselves and concentrated on feeding the hungry. Dillard studied medicine, including Biology and early in life found it necessary to favor a modern, scientific way of interpreting the Bible, without in any way invalidating the fundamentals of his religious faith. To the end, all of them loved the church of which their father had been a life-long slave.

Politically, there was the same interesting divergence of thought. My father, who, as a young man, had reported the Secession Convention for the Carolinian in 1860 was really stirred up on those political questions, only, that directly affected the church and religion. He led the movement to make Clinton a dry town and he kept it so as long as he lived. Otherwise he was simply a Democrat, but never a democrat. My sister's politics were identical with his except that she took no public part in any kind of organization except those of a charitable or genealogical or religious nature; least of all was she a Woman's Rights woman. Ferd was a Democrat in name only; at heart he was an independent. In the great Free-Silver campaign of 1896—Bryan-McKinley—he was a "gold bug". He was a Princeton man and therefore a great admirer of Woodrow Wilson until he got us into the First World War. He died before the days of F. D. Roosevelt but had he lived so long he would have opposed the New Deal. States held the opposite view. He was a Roosevelt man and the only really fierce argument that he and Dill ever had was on that score, for Dillard, being in business as was Ferd, was definitely anti-Roosevelt.

Different as they were in their lives, they were, nevertheless, similar in their deaths, except States who, as in many other respects was up to his last moment strictly *sui generis*. My grandfather Jacobs had just finished reading the first volume of a book on immortality and had placed the second volume on the table by his bed to be begun tomorrow. That night, at the age of eighty-five, he died quietly in his sleep. My father, at the age of seventy-five, awakened his nurse in the early morning hours with cries of pain, and died a few hours later, a passing typical of coronary thrombosis. My sister, in her sixty-fifth year, after suffering for months from Angina-pectoris, died quite suddenly. My brother, Ferdinand, weakened by a number of operations, and worried by the great depression suffered a massive cerebral hemorrhage and died within a few days. Dillard suffered a partial stroke and eighteen months later died of what seemed to be a coronary attack. States, always overweight and defiant of doctors and diets, would have been picked by any life insurance company as a poor risk on account of his family's death record combined with his own physical condition, yet he lived longer than his father or sister, or brothers, had no cardio-vascular defects and died of something else entirely. Stricken suddenly, he was under protest, taken to a hospital for the first time in his life at the age of eighty, although his sister and brothers had preceded him there many times. It is a remarkable coincidence that each of the wives of my brothers also died of cardio-vascular failure.

Most dramatic of all the deaths of the family was that of my sister

Laura. She had outlived her husband by two years, having reached her eighty-second year with the universal love and admiration of a host of friends. In former days, in addition to caring for her family, and aiding her husband in his church work, she had devoted much time to art. She was a skillful baker of fine porcelains. As a painter of roses and landscapes, her reputation was nation-wide. Then she lost her sight and perpetual darkness closed down on her life. Afterward, at my insistence she took up, again, the writing of poetry. Many years before, she had prepared a volume of lyrics for publication, and it had been accepted by an eastern firm, but most unhappily, while she was making final corrections of the manuscript, a housemaid mistook it for waste papers and destroyed it. Later, I found that some stray poems had survived, scattered among her papers. To these she added others, and they were published by the *Westminster Publishers* in 1949, running through two editions.

Now the time had come for her to die, and with the strange insight of the blind, she seemed to have a premonition of the near presence of death. She and I were the last two left of our generation in the immediate family. One night she telephoned me to come to see her, and warned me that if I did not come soon, it might be too late. She spoke of the same fear a number of times to her attendant, also. She had suffered recently from pains over her heart, and her physician had confined her to her upstairs bedroom, but she was downstairs to welcome me when I arrived on the 15th of May, 1953. She seemed bright and cheerful, but her faithful attendant, Lula, told me that several times lately she had been unable to stand, and had crumpled to the floor. Nevertheless, she was determined to live in her accustomed way up to the very end and she had always received her visitors in person and welcomed them as they entered her home. When, on the evening of my arrival I remarked that I hoped to give a little luncheon to some of my fellow-poets of Houston and wondered if she and Ruth (Mrs. W. S. Jacobs, Jr.) would be able to attend, they immediately suggested an afternoon tea at their home. When all preparations had been made and invitations issued, a problem arose. All of us feared the effect of her descent and ascent of the stairs, as also did her physician. After trying various methods of dissuading her from the venture without avail, I finally succeeded by telling her that I had planned to read some of her poems to the assembled poets, and that I was afraid if she were present it might be mistaken by them for a subtle form of self-advertising. Ever a stickler for propriety, she agreed.

The guests came, and were just beginning to drink their tea and eat the sandwiches when Lula hurriedly summoned the family. Laura had been stricken. It was a coronary occlusion. The doctor came quickly. She was taken to the hospital in which her husband had died two years before, and by the same ambulance.

Among the guests, that fateful afternoon, was Dee Walker, well-known banker of Texas City, who had just been elected alternate Poet Laureate of Texas. Mr. Walker conducts a poetry hour on a powerful radio

station every Sunday afternoon. For years Laura had been one of his fans, and had never failed to listen to his broadcast. She had been taken to the hospital on Friday, and on the following Sunday he devoted his entire program to the reading of her poems. When her son heard of it, he went immediately to her bedside and said:

"Mother, something wonderful has happened! Dee Walker devoted his whole program this afternoon to reading your poems."

She must have understood, for she murmured softly:

"Dee Walker! My poems . . . Wonderful!"

Then she went away happily.

Doubtless my own descendants who may read this little brochure will wonder why their ancestor did not describe himself along with the other members of his family. The explanation is that my life-story is told in "STEP DOWN, DR. JACOBS" except for the year 1943 and afterwards. In November of that year I resigned the presidency of Oglethorpe University. The glamorous stories of my aged grandfather about the former Oglethorpe in which he had been a professor created in my soul the romantic dream of refounding that school—it had been dead and buried for forty years. So, in 1911 I resolved to try to do it. Beginning with nothing, by November 1943 when I resigned, I had gotten together: a campus of some seven hundred acres valued at over $500,000; buildings valued at over $2,000,000; equipment (including a library of some 50,000 books and brochures) and furniture, laboratory and cafeteria equipment, etc. valued at $100,000, grand totalling well over $2,500,000. In addition, when I resigned we had approximately seven hundred students. The catalogue, June 1942, lists eight hundred and thirty-two (832) of whom one hundred and seventy six (176) were in the School of Liberal Arts, although most of the boys had volunteered or been drafted for Second World War services. In addition, there were some two hundred students in our Medical School. The 1942 catalogue lists twenty two members of the faculty, not including the Medical faculty and eleven (11) faculty assistants. Students filled every bed of every room of every dormitory on the campus and the last bulletin of the Adult Education Department announcing courses for 1943-44, issued just before I resigned (November, 1943) and prepared by the Dean of that department stated: 'Last year more than 500 teachers were in attendance In the near future we shall have 1500 teachers with an A. B. or A. M. from Oglethorpe University.' Through the Crypt of Civilization, the discovery of the grave of General Oglethorpe, successful alumni and victorious athletic teams, Oglethorpe had become, considering its age, the most famous small college in the world. It was firmly established and successful. In spite of the heavy drain of a terrible world war, the budget was balanced and its friends were generous.

Perhaps best of all, after my resignation, money from my friends kept pouring in. When I resigned there was a small remainder of a bond issue which the Board of Directors had put on the property, still unpaid. I had succeeded in reducing the original amount from $375,000 to approximately $50,000. There was, also, a relatively small floating indebted-

ness. We had about $20,000 cash on hand. But, my friend William Randolph Hearst who had been helping me since 1913 continued his generous gifts after I left, first by paying a large outstanding subscription and then by other gifts, as he had promised me he would do. Also, two large legacies left to the University by Mrs. R. J. Lowry and Mrs. E. Rivers while I was president, were paid after I resigned. Also, much of the campus that I had purchased was sold after I left. All together, I understand that the receipts from these four sources amounted to enough to pay all of the debts of the University and give it an endowment fund of over a million dollars! So, after my resignation, I had the exquisite pleasure of watching Oglethorpe continue to gather the fruits of my former labors until its net assets amounted to a grand total of over $3,500,000. Unfortunately when I resigned many members of the faculty and administrative staff resigned also; and many of the students did not return after the term during which I resigned had ended. But when the war was over the student attendance at the Liberal Arts College returned to normal so that, although the Adult Education Department (500 students) and the Medical School (200 students) had been discontinued, the student body (1952-53) now totals, I am told, approximately two hundred.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to me also that since leaving Oglethorpe I have striven successfully to locate two churches—Presbyterian and Christian—on commanding sites over-looking the campus of the University.

Shortly before I resigned her presidency a little circular was printed by the University Press listing some of her rather remarkable attainments. I quote it partly:

1—The portion of the members of her faculty in Who's Who in America is larger than that of any other college or university in the United States, according to a recent survey.

2—The campus of the University is perhaps the most remarkable of any college in the South in that it embraces seven hundred acres of woodland and meadow, including an eighty-acre lake, located in the suburbs of the capital of the South and on her best highway and railway lines.

3—The buildings of the University are beyond doubt the handsomest in the State of Georgia, being constructed of Elberton blue granite, covered with variegated slates, collegiate Gothic architecture and as fireproof as human skill can make them.

4—Oglethorpe University possesses the only known contemporary portrait of General James Edward Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia (the forgotten site of whose grave its President discovered) and one of the few contemporary oil portraits of Sir John Percival, president of the Board of Trustees which established the commonwealth.

5——Oglethorpe University was the first university or agency in the world to conceive and effectuate the permanent preservation of the record of modern life in its totality. In her Crypt of Civilization every form of record is being preserved to give a complete picture of America

during the first half of the 20th century. It will be sealed "Not To Be Opened Until the Year 8113 A. D."

6—Oglethorpe University is the only college for men in the State of Georgia which offers a complete course in Commercial and Fine Art.

7—Oglethorpe University is the only college or university in Georgia to possess a complete set of college chimes. These chimes are broadcast during the regular sessions of the university and have been heard all over the United States.

8—Oglethorpe University is the only college or university in the South and one of the few in America which owns and operates its own University Press, all of the work being done by student labor. The University Press not only prints the college paper and annual, including a literary quarterly, one of America's oldest poetry magazines, but also prints and publishes volumes of poetry, science, novels and other literary works.

9—Oglethorpe University has built the first section of what is believed to be the only college granite stadium in the United States.

10—Oglethorpe University is believed to possess a roll of honorary alumni whose standing and achievements are proportionately unequalled by any small college in the United States. It includes two presidents of the United States—Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Delano Roosevelt; the greatest publisher on earth—William Randolph Hearst; national leaders in commerce, business administration and finance such as J. T. Lupton and Bernard M. Baruch and T. J. Watson; world famous scientists such as Harlow Shapley, of Harvard; senators and governors, college presidents, deans of universities, bishops and ministers and internationally known editors, educators and poets. A remarkable letter from President Wilson, accepting Oglethorpe's first honorary degree and reciting his family's association with the former Oglethorpe at Milledgeville hangs on the walls of the President's office, side by side with the priceless Oglethorpe diploma of Sidney Lanier and one of the first diplomas ever issued by the University of Georgia. This latter was handwritten on parchment and signed by the first President of the University.

11—Oglethorpe University is the only university in America that, having died for her country rose again from the dead after a sleep of half a century. The history of the old Oglethorpe dates back to 1823. As a classical institution of learning her doors opened in 1835 and she was thus the oldest independent college or university between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, south of the Virginia line. Such names as Sidney Lanier, Samuel K. Talmadge, Joseph R. Wilson, B. M. Palmer and J. H. Thornwell are associated with her early history and make her memory glorious.

To the above should be added the fact that Oglethorpe University was the first institution in the United States to conduct a "College of the Air", broadcasting standard courses in French, German, Spanish, English, History, Economics, Education and many other subjects which was done over the University's own broadcasting station, WJTL.

This account would be out of place in this brochure if it were not for the fact that Oglethorpe University would never have existed except for the aid and inspiration of "*My People*". It was my grandfather Jacobs whose stories first implanted in my heart the desire to refound Oglethorpe. It was my mother who gave her life that I might have the opportunity of doing so. It was my father who showed me how to do it by, himself, founding the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. It was my sisters and brothers, including Will Bailey, my brother-in-law, whose constant encouragement and financial aid once saved the life of the University and always forwarded its progress. Oglethorpe is the latest of four institutions founded and developed by "*My People*", the others being the Presbyterian College, the Thornwell Orphanage and the First Presbyterian Church, all three of Clinton, S. C. It seems to me, therefore, to be appropriate that I should mention here this memorial to their love of God and man and education.

As I try to record the days that are gone and to picture the life of my people, I realize that it is impossible for me to draw them so clearly that you can see them. If you reach the age of seventy five or eighty and come to the time when your father and mother and brothers and sisters have all gone sadly and silently to rest, then, as you look back over the past, you see them shrouded with a veil of purple mist, glamorous, romantic and very lovely but you can't describe them. As they disappear, one by one, into the glow of the sunset and you find yourself alone, a strange feeling, like no other that you have ever known, fills your mind and heart. You wonder where they are. No matter how kind and thoughtful you had been to them, you wish you had been more so. You realize that all earthly memory of your happy days together will perish when you go—which cannot be very long—and vanish whither? For you wonder what will become of all their hopes and loves and toils and disappointments and high achievements. At such a time you review your life, treasuring every memory of kindness and affection shown them and regretting remorsefully every word and deed—and neglect—that gave them pain. It is as my friend Henry Harmon once wrote:

"When lights are lowered in the hall, if we
Into the future's hidden face could see,
And know that but a little span remains,
How tender would the goodnight kisses be!"

GENEALOGICAL RECORDS

The Dillard Family

My mother, Mary Jane Dillard, was the daughter of Dr. James H. Dillard (1807 - 59) and of Margaret Park, born 1820, died 1867. Dr. Dillard's father was Captain James Dillard, who was born in 1749, in Culpeper County, Virginia, and who was a distinguished officer during the revolution. The inscription on his grave stone reads:

"A HERO OF '76 AS HE HAS FULLY SHOWN,
A STATES-RIGHT-MAN OF THIRTY TWO
HIS FRIENDS WILL TRULY OWN—
BUT HE NOW IS DEAD AND HERE WAS LAID
BENEATH THIS HEAVY CLOD
HE HAS THE DEBT OF NATURE PAID
BUT LIVES NOW WITH HIS GOD.
BLESSED ARE THEY WHO LOVE THE LORD
FOR THEY SHALL EVER BE
THE SUBJECTS OF HIS GREAT REWARD
TO ALL ETERNITY."

* * * * * *

There is an interesting paragraph about Major Dillard in *Draper's Kings Mountain and Its Heroes* reading as follows:

James Dillard was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, about 1755, removing to what is now Laurens County, S. C., about 1772. He served as a private in 1775 and in 1776 in the defense of Charleston. In 1778, he went on the Florida expedition as sergeant Major and served in the frontiers in 1779. He was chosen Captain in Williams's Regiment in August 1780, serving at King's Mountain, Hammond's Store and Cowpens, and in 1782 on Pickens's expedition against the Cherokees. His heroic wife, Mrs. Mary Dillard, gave Sumter notice of Tarleton's approach toward Blackstock's. He became a Major in the militia and died December 4, 1836—*Kings Mountain and Its Heroes*, Chapter 20, page 468.

Major Dillard was the son of James Dillard, and grandson of James Stephen Dillard (Jr.) and great grandson of James Stephen Dillard (Sr.), who came from Wiltshire, England in 1658. The latter was preceded by his father, George Dillard, who settled in James City, Virginia, and was referred to by the Governor of the State as an outstanding merchant of James City. The original name of the family was D'Illard. They were French Huguenots, and the progenitor of the family fled from France to avoid persecution and, passed through England to the North of Ireland. The first American Dillard came to this country with the Scotch families who emigrated from Ireland about the middle of the eighteenth century.

My mother's mother, Margaret Park, was the daughter of "Bachelor" James B. Park and Nancy Hunter, and Nancy was the daughter of John Hunter and Margaret McClintock.

James Park was the third child of Andrew and Nancy Simpson Park. Nancy was the fifth child of William and Mary Simpson. A short summary of these genealogies follows:

The Hunter Ancestry

John Hunter and Margaret Bryson, his wife were natives of Ireland, County Antrim where they were married and whence they emigrated to America some

years previous to the Revolution and settled in the lower edge of Laurens C near Milton, where they continued to reside until their death. They left children to wit:

Isabella, Nancy, Elizabeth and *John*.

Isabella married Daniel Thompson	(James (and (Mary Anne.
Nancy married William Thompson	(Elizabeth (Isabella (Jane (Abraham

Elizabeth did not marry.

John married Margaret McClintock	(James (John (*Nancy Mary* married James Park (James Mills (William Caldwell (Two infant daughters.

The Simpson Genealogy

William Simpson, Belfast, Ireland

William Simpson, the first ancestor of the Simpson family of whom anything is known, was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1729. He married Miss Mary Simpson the eldest child of another Simpson family, and after rearing a large family emigrated to Laurens County, South Carolina, about the year 1770, and settled near the place afterwards called Belfast in the southern part of the county and died in 1806, aged 77 years.

During the Revolutionary War, which commenced in 1776, he removed his family for safety to one of the forts near Charleston, and it was owing to exposure and fatigue connected with their surroundings that Mrs. Simpson contracted a disease which shortly terminated her life.

Their five children all born in Ireland, came to this country with their parents, except Col. John Simpson, who went to England and remained fifteen years before he followed.

The following are the children of William and Mary Simpson:

1. Alexander	b. 1748
2. Robert	b. 1750
3. John	b. 1751
4. James	b. 1753
5. *Nancy*	b. 1759

Nancy Simpson, fifth child of William and Mary Simpson was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1759, and married, May 15th, 1784, Andrew Park, who came from Ireland when a young man. He died July 17, 1809, and she died March 19th, 1844, aged 85 years. They had the following children:

1. Mary	4. William
2. Isabella	5. Nancy
3. *James*	6. Sarah

James Park, third child of Andrew and Nancy Simpson Park, was born January 1, 1788, married Oct. 13, 1809, *Nancy Hunter*, daughter of John and Margaret Mcclintock Hunter, and grand daughter of Margaret Simpson McClintock of Ireland, one of four Simpson sisters. He died April 2nd 1836, and she died in 1866. They had three children:

Margaret Hunter Park
Andrew
John

Margaret Hunter Park, was born June 28th, 1820, married February 7th, 1837, James H. Dillard. They had the following children:

Eliza
Sarah
Mary
James
John

Mary, third child of Dr. James and Margaret Park Dillard was born October 7th, 1843, and was married to Rev. W. P. Jacobs April 20th, 1865. They had the following children:

Florence
Ferdinand
States
Dillard
Thornwell

Summary of Dates of Births, Deaths, Marriages

James Park born 1st January 1788 (Grandmother Dillard's Father) Died Apr. 26, 1836
Nancy Hunter born 7th April 1797, died September 10, 1866.
Margaret Hunter Park born 11th Feb. 1820, died Dec. 29, 1867.
James Henry Dillard born 29th August, 1807, died Nov. 28th, 1869.
Nancy Mary Dillard born 16th October 1837, died October 31st, 1837.
Eliza Eveline Dillard born 6th October 1839, died July 9th, 1881.
Sarah Postell Dillard born 28th November 1841, died June 17th, 1896.
Mary Jane Dillard born 7th October 1843, died Jan. 16th, 1879.
James Park Dillard born first of December 1845, died Mar. 7, 1909.
John Hunter Dillard, born 14th August, 1849, died Apr. 25, 1886.
James B. Park and Nancy Hunter were married Oct 13, 1819.
J. P. Hunter and Eliza E. Dillard married Mar. 29th, 1864.
William Plumer Jacobs and Mary Jane Dillard married Apr. 20, 1865.
R. O. Richardson and Sally P. Dillard married Dec. 24, 1867.
James P. Dillard and Irene Byrd married Dec. 1, 1868.

Early Records Of The Chew Family

The first record of the Chew Family is concerning Hugh deCheux, (a French name pronounced Chew) in Normandy, France.

About the time of William the Conqueror of Normandy, 1066, A.D., the Chew Family seems to have gone into England, settling in the 'shires of Somerset and Worcester.

There is a record of a John Chew, born 1549, and died in 1639, who lived in Brewlley, Worcester. Today, there is in Somerset, England a postoffice at Chew Stoke, in the Bristol district; and another post-office at Chewton mendip, in the Bath district, near Cliveden, (pronounced Clivdone), all of them are near Bristol.

A John Chew born 1590 and died 1655 came from Chewton, Somersetshire, England in the ship "Charity" to Jamestown, Virginia, in 1610.

Silhouette of Joseph Chew, ancestor of Mrs. Presley Jacobs.

Joseph remained in Virginia, while Samuel's branch of the family extended through Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania and a descendant of that family, Benjamin Chew, became the Chief Justic of Penna., and lived at Third and Walnut Sts., Phila. His summer home at Germantown called "Cliveden" became historic during the Revolution because a battle was fought there between Washington's forces and the British. The property is still in the hands of his descendants.

Another John Chew possibly the son of the John Chew 1549-1639, who lived in Worcester: John Chew according to the judgement of several Chew genealogists, went to Flushing, Long Island, N. Y. He married Ann Gates of that place, daughter of Steven and Ann Hill Gates. John Chew died in 1672 and was buried at Flushing.

John Chew born 1590 at Chewton, Somersetshire, England, landed on Hogg Island, opposite Jamestown, Virginia. He was highly respected in Virginia, enjoying the personal friendship of Sir William Berkeley, then governor of Virginia. John Chew built the first brick house in Virginia, bringing the bricks for his home from England, using them as ballast in the boat. Twenty-five years after his arrival in America the family moved to Maryland where large grants of land were assigned to them. He settled at Herring Bay, (Herrington) in Calvert County. By his first wife, Sarah, he is claimed to have been the father of five sons, of whom only Samuel and Joseph are named. About 1651 he married Rachel Constable. John held many Colonial offices.

JUDGE ROGER CHEW OF CHARLESTON, VIRGINIA

Roger Chew, son of John Chew of Loudon and Margaret Reeder was a brother of Elizabeth, wife of Presley Jacobs, and lived at Charlestown, Virginia (now West Virginia).

He was the Civil Judge of the Court in 1859 when John Brown the Abolitionist made a raid on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, capturing it and taking sixty of the leading citizens as hostages.

He was vigorously attacked. Later a small band of Marines under Col. Robert E. Lee over-powered him and he was imprisoned in Charlestown Jail until his trial which soon followed.

Judge Roger Chew was the Civil Judge before whom he was tried, convicted and sentenced to death for treason, conspiracy and first degree murder. He was hanged soon after.

Later Judge Chew was carried to Pittsburg, Pa., by Federal Officers and imprisoned. Later he was released but died afterward from exposure in jail.

His son, Col. Robert P. Chew, who was prominent in the Confederate War in Virginia, married the daughter of John Augustine Washington, great nephew of George Washington, who inherited Mount Vernon and was living there when he sold it to the association.

This information was given me by my aunt, Mrs. Myra Webb Poplar who lived in Havre de Grace, Md., (my grandfather Webb was born there 1812)

She died many years ago at the age of 87.

Signed:
Emily Pruitt

CHEWS IN AMERICA

In pursuance of the Royal Charter a fleet of three small vessels under the command of Christopher Newport and under sealed orders set sail from England December 19,1609. Among those on board were 50 "gentlemen", one minister, 11 laborers, 4 carpenters—etc. John Chew at the age of 19 was one of the 50 "gentlemen" to land at Hogg Island. After a time he returned to England where he married Sarah Bond. In 1622 he returned in the ship "Charity"; his wife Sarah followed him the next year in the "Seaflower". Some accounts say she brought her two sons, Samuel and Joseph. John Chew located on Hogg Island, just opposite Jamestown, Virginia. He was highly respected in Virginia enjoying personal friendship of Sir William Berkeley, then Governor of Virginia. John Chew built the first brick house in Virginia, bringing the bricks for his home from England using them as ballast in the boat. Twenty-five years after his arrival in America, The family moved to Maryland where large grants of land were assigned to them. He settled at Herring Bay, (Herrington) in Calvert Co. By his first wife Sarah, John is claimed to have been the father of five sons of whom only Samuel and Joseph are named. About 1651 he married Rachel Constable.

John held many Colonial offices. He was Colonel of the Provincial Forces; Burgess from Hogg Island and York County; Justice from York Co. He died 1655. (From Annals of Philadelphia by Watson Vo. 2, p. 166 and from Virginia Magazine and Biography published by Virginia Historical Soc. See Vol. 1, page 87.

Gen. 2. Samuel Chew, Col. born 16—— died 1677. Resided in Herring Bay in Maryland as early as 1648. He became member of the house of Burgesses in 1657; in 1659 he was made Justice of Provincial Court and the Court of Chancery; in 1669 he became a member of the Governer's Council; in 1669 prominent member of Provincial Government. He is described, the year before his death as "Col. Samuel Chew, Chancelor and Secretary". He was, last, a planter and married Ann Ayers died 4-13-1695. She was the only daughter and heiress of William Ayers of Nansemond Co., Va. a prominent member of the Society of Friends and monthly meetings were held at her home on Herring Bay. Samuel Chew was High Sheriff of the Council; Keeper of the Seals of Ann Arundle Co. Md. and surveyor General. See Maryland Arc. Vol. 1-2-4-5.

Gen. 3 Joseph Chew of Ann Arundle Co., Md. married Mrs. Elizabeth Hanslap Battie (D. 5-1716) She was the widow of Henry Battie. (From abstracts of wills by Edwin Pollock) Elizabeth Hanslap will A. A. Co., Jan. 1702 names daughter and son, Elizabeth and Joseph Chew. Joseph Chew's first wife was Mary Smith, Nov. 1685 and he married before 1699 Mrs. Elizabeth Hanslap Battie, daughter of Capt. Henry Hanslap and Elizabeth Gassaway. Md. arrchives Vol. 5-462-554-8 Vol. 199-242. Vol. 15— p. 253

Gen. 4. Joseph Chew Jr. born 1694 and died after 1756 married Mary Ford. The will of Joseph Chew 1705 entailed the land, the two deeds dated June 1791 in book J. J. 422 at Upper Marlboro, Prince Georges Co. Md. states that Roger Chew Jr. was the Grandson and heir at law of Jos. Chew and had inherited Yarrow Head and Yarrow from his Grandfather Joseph Chew Sr. The same Yarrow and Yarrow Head had been left Joseph Chew, Jr. by his father Joseph Chew Sr. The deed dated May 1818 Book G. No. 2 Folio 319, Alexandria, Va. proves that Roger and John were Brothers. Roger Chew Jr. died without issue.

Gen. 5. Roger Chew married Ann Moxley. At Leesburg, Va. we find "Appraisal of property and settlement of estate of Roger Chew with dower right by Ann Chew. Roger died in 1791 and is buried in Christ Church yard at Alexandria, Va. His son is also buried there in 1811.

Gen. 6. Lieu. John Chew of Leesburg, Loudon Co., Va. was born 1749, died 1839, married Margaret Reeder, b. 1762 married Sept. 17, 1777. Lt. John Chew's commission was under Capt. Towels dated 1777 and Reference to will in Book Y. p. 221, Leesburg, Va. dated June 11, 1838.

Gen. 7. Elizabeth Chew born June 11, 1778 died Nov. 28, 1829 married Presley Jacobs in April 1801. They are both buried in Old Presbyterian Cemetery outside Alexandria, Va.

Line of Descent from William d' Albini

1 WILLIAM d' ALBINI, A Surety for the Magna Charta
2 William d' Albini m. Albreda Bisset
3 Isabel d' Albini m. Robert de Roos Isabel was the daughter of William The Lion, King of Scotland M. C. S. D. - 1226.
4 William de Roos m. Maud Vaux
5 Agnes Roos m. Payne de Tibetot
6 Auda Tibetot m. John de Mohun
7 John de Mohun m. Christian
8 Margaret Mohun m. John Carew
9 Elizabeth Carew m. Thomas Lewknor
10 Thomas Lewknor m. Philippa Dalingrigge
11 Joan Lewknor m. Henry Frowick
12 Thomas Frowick m. Eleanor Throckmorton
13 Henry Frowick m. Anne Knolles
14 Isabel Frowick m. Thomas Bledlow
15 Thomas Bledlow m. Elizabeth Starkey
16 Catherine Bledlow m. John Goodwin
17 Jane Goodwin m. Thomas Hanslap
18 Nicholas Hanslap

19 Thomas Hanslap m. Elizabeth Chaplin
20 Thomas Hanslap m. Mary
21 Capt. Henry Hanslap m. Elizabeth Gassaway
22 Elizabeth Hanslap m. Joseph Chew II
23 Joseph Chew II m. Mary Ford
24 Elizabeth Chew m. Presley Jacobs
25 Ferdinand Jacobs m. Mary Elizabeth Redbrook
26 William P. Jacobs m. Mary Jane Dillard

The Hanslap Branch

Col. Nicholas Gassaway who died before 1691 in which year his Will was proved, was of South River in 1650. Married Hester or Ann Beesen, daughter of Capt. Thomas Beesen. (2) Major Thomas Gassaway, son of Col. N. and Hester or Ann Beesen was born 1683 and died 1739. Married Susanna Hanslap in 1701, born 1682. She was the daughter of Capt. and Elizabeth Hanslap. Capt. Henry Hanslap died 1698 and his widow 1702. Pages 614 of the *Colonial and Revolutionary Families Penna. Vol.* R.

Col. Nicholas Hanslap — Thomas Hanslap — Thomas Hanslap
Hester or Ann Beesen — M. Elizabeth Chaplin — M. Mary

Capt. Henry Hanslap — Elizabeth Gassaway Hanslap
M. Elizabeth Gassaway — M. 1st. Battie then *Joseph Chew*

Col. Nicholas Gassaway was born in England 1630, d. 2-27-1692
M. 1660 Hester Beesen in Anne Arundle County, Md. All Hallows P. E. Church

Capt. Thomas Gassaway
1683-1739 M. 1701
Susannah Hanslap
1682 - 1740

Edward Beesen came from Lancaster England 1682 with Wm. Penn settling in Chester, Pa.

Capt. Thomas Gassaway 1683 - 1739 was the son of Col. Nicholas Gassaway. Capt. Thomas Gassaway Married Susannah Hanslap 1682-1740, daughter of Capt. Henry Hanslap D. 1698. Was in Md. 1678 High Sheriff A.A. Co. 1685. Capt. of Foot 1689 m. Elizabeth their daughter Elizabeth Gassaway Hanslap m. Joseph Chew the second. John Chew came from Somersetshire, Eng.
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Genealogical Data Of The Chews and Dillards

1a. Florence Lee Jacobs, born Clinton, S. C., April 11, 1866, died June 12, 1930.

1b. James Ferdinand Jacobs, born Clinton, S. C., October 6, 1868, died June 7, 1931

1c. William States Jacobs, born Clinton, S. C., March 8, 1871, died December 25, 1951.

1d. John Dillard Jacobs, born Clinton, S. C., July 11, 1873, died October 17, 1945.

1e. Thornwell Jacobs, Jr., born Clinton, S. C., February 15, 1877.

9—John Chew (qv); arrived Jamestown on "Good Ship Charitie" (1620-22).

8—Samuel (1625-77) moved from Virginia to Maryland ante 1659, settling in Anne Arundel Co.; burgess, 1659; mem. Assembly, 1661; high sheriff, 1663; justice, 1665, 68; mem. Council, 1669-77; sec. of the Province; col. of Provincial forces, 1675; surveyor gen. for Md.; m. ca 1658, Anne Ayres (1635-95); William 9 of Nansemond Co., Va., and Md., m. Martha -);

7—Joseph (ca. 1662-65-1704-05) of "Sanetley", Anne Arundel Co.; m. 2nd ante 1690, Elizabeth (Hanslap) Battee (ca. 1670-1716) Henry Hanslap 8 (d 1698) of Anne Arundel Co.

6—Joseph (ca. 1689-post 1766), inherited "Yarrow Head", "Sanetley" and "Chew's

Meadows"; removed to Va. ante 1756, residing at Alexandria; m. 1st 1710 Mary Ford; m. 2nd Widow Mauduit; issued by last wife;
5—John (b 1713) of Alexandria, Va. m. Margaret Reeder;
4—Elizabeth (1778-1828), m. 1799, Presley Jacobs (1774-1852); Thomas 5, only male member of family to survive the Revolution,
3—Ferdinand, D.D. (1808-95) minister and educator; pres. Laurensville College and Lucy Cobb Institute at Athens, Ga.; founder and president Seminary for Young Ladies, Charleston, S. C., m. Mary Elizabeth Redbrook, daughter of John and Elizabeth Redbrook of Wilmington, N. C.; recently from England.
2—William Plumer (2 below)
8—George Dillard (b. 1634) from Eng.; settled in James City, Mo., Va.
7—James Stephen, came from Wiltshire, Eng. 1658; m. Louisa Page;
6—James Stephen (b. 1698) m. 1724 Lucy Wise;
5—James (1727-94) m. 1748 Mary Ann Hunt;
4—Capt. James (b. 1749) Culpeper Co., Va.; served in the Revolution. m. 1st Mary Rammage; m. 2nd Mary Puckett;
3—Dr. James H. (1807-59) of Laurens, S. C.; m. 1837 Margaret Park (b. 1820)
2—Mary Jane (b. 1843, m. 1865), William Plumer Jacobs, D.D. L.L. D. (1842-1917) A. B. Charleston College, '61, A. M.; Grad. Col. Theological Seminary, 1864; pastor First Pres Church, Clinton, S. C.; Pres. Thornwell College; a founder of Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C., and Thornwell Orphanage (for issue see Vol. 5, page 279, Compendium of American Genealogy)

THE JACOBS ANCESTRY

When I began to trace my Jacobs ancestry, it became very quickly apparent that a great catastrophe had occured in the family during the Revolutionary War. My great-grandfather, Presley Jacobs, was born near Colchester, Fairfax County, Virginia, in 1774. The ancestral record was clear from the present back to that date, but I came upon the fact that there was no written record to testify to the tradition in the family that the name of his father was Thomas. However, the tradition itself was clear enough. When Thomas, third son of my eldest brother, J. F. Jacobs, was born in Clinton, my step-grandmother, Caroline Lee Jacobs, told his mother, Elliott Jacobs, that he, Thomas, would carry on the name of his great-great-great-grandfather, Thomas Jacobs, the father of Presley Jacobs. Again, my Aunt, Bessie Chew Jacobs Little, of Nashville, Tennessee, visited Cousin Alfred H. Jacobs, son of Cornelius Jacobs, son of Presley Jacobs in 1912, and from her visit, during which she talked frequently with Alfred Jacobs and made many inquiries of him she gained the following information: "No one seems to know positively the name of great-grandfather Jacobs, though it is most probably Thomas." . . . . . "Cousin Alfred gave me this of great-grandfather Jacobs. Grandpa's grandfather was killed at the Battle of Monmouth, New Jersey. This grandfather's brother died on one of the prison ships in New York Harbor."

With the above quotation, compare this excerpt from a letter written from Nashville, Tenn. by my grandfather, Ferdinand Jacobs, to his son, William P. Jacobs, on March 14, 1893: "Your inquiry I cannot with certainty answer, in regard to the battle of Germantown. I remember having heard my Father say that two of his brothers and (I think) his Father, were killed in that battle. This he spoke of as the cause of his not knowing exactly the year of his birth. His Mother in her grief at the slaughter of so large and dear a portion of her family, tore from the Family Bible the Family Record that the Conscription

Officer might find no evidence that her yonuger son, Presley (my Father) was of sufficient age to be mustered into the army. The leaf was lost, and the year of his birth was forgotten. I have no knowledge whatever of the portion of the army in which my uncles were serving. I am sorry I know so little about my ancestry. I have no native, propensity for tracing kindred; and therefore have been (perhaps reprehensibly) negligent in that respect."

The apparent discrepancy between the battles of Germantown and Monmouth may be explained if we suppose that one or more of the family perished at Germantown and at Monmouth.

The name Thomas has been very prominent in the family history. A letter from my Cousin Laura Jacobs from Arlington, Va. says: "My niece and I went down to the Methodist Church last Thursday and went over the old records. They went back to 1829. Most all of the meetings were held at the home of Thomas Jacobs . . . . Presley Jacobs and his wife are buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery . . . . Their graves are well kept and the stone is in fine condition . . . . Thomas Jacobs presided until 1854."

Again, my cousin, Mrs. Emily Pruitt of Thomaston, Georgia, advises me that a tradition in her branch of the family was that Presley's father was named Thomas. Other branches of the family agree including Rose Montgomery of Orlando, Florida and Edna Jerman and Emma and Laura Jacobs of Fairfax, Virginia. The family tradition therefore is positive and universal.

As to the actual documentary evidence, we know that:

1. In 1731 a Thomas Jacobs was born to Thomas and Tabitha Hicks Jacobs, Henrico County, Bristol Parish, Virginia.

2. In 1773, a Thomas Jacobs bought land in Fairfax County, Virginia.

3. In 1774, Presley Jacobs was born near Colchester, Fairfax County, Virginia. He had older brothers, none younger.

4. In 1777, a Thomas Jacobs married Anne Mather. Witnesses to the marriage were Lemuel Godfrey and Thomas Jacobs. (Note that Presley Jacobs had a son named Lemuel).

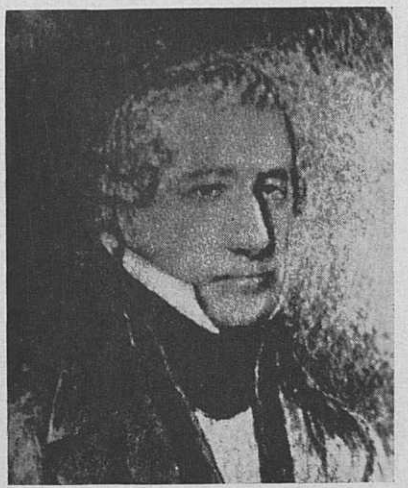
5. In 1778, late in the year, the Battle of Monmouth was fought, at which tradition has it that "my father's father and two of his sons were killed."

6. An oil painting of Thomas Jacobs, Presley's brother, who may have been named for one or the other Thomases, father and son, mentioned above, hangs in the Methodist Church Alexandria, next door to the Christ Church Cemetery. This Thomas Jacobs (Presley's brother) was one of the original trustees of this church, and the portrait was given by Emma Jacobs Molling, daughter of Cornelius Jacobs, son of Presley Jacobs, at the hundredth anniversary of the church.

7. In 1784, Anne Jacobs, widow of Thomas Jacobs, married George Godfrey, evidently a relative of the Lemuel Godfrey who with a Thomas Jacobs witnessed the marriage in 1777 above referred to.

8. In 1790, Mrs. Jacobs was buried in Christ Church Cemetery.

The frequent and close association of these three Thomas Jacobses with Fairfax County, Alexandria, the Christ Church Cemetery, and the Methodist Church next door to the Christ Church Cemetery, is highly significant. Confirming this is the statement made by my father that the Presley family had good voices and sang in the choir at Alexandria. What it looks like is this: The Jacobs family of Anne Arundel Co., Maryland, passed over into Virginia. One of the family named Thomas married Tabitha Hicks, and to them was born a son whom they named Thomas after his father. This second Thomas was the father of a number of children, among them another Thomas born in 1771, and Presley, the youngest, born in 1774. When Presley was only three years old, the war of the Revolution broke out, and "my father's father, and two of his sons" were killed in the Battle of Monmouth late in 1788, when Presley was only four years old, and his brother Thomas was only seven years old. In the meantime Presley's mother had died, and his father, the second Thomas, had married Anne Mather. The marriage was short lived, as Thomas was killed almost immediately thereafter. Anne Mather Jacobs then married George Godfrey 1784, but herself died shortly thereafter - 1790, when Presley was only six years old, and his brother Thomas only nine years old. The family having been completely wiped out with the exception of two little boys, it is no wonder that there is a break in the written records of the family ancestry at that point.



Presley Jacobs, 1774-1852.

Under the name of Jacobs there appear to be four distinct lines, one is descended from Nicholas Jacobs of New England, a second from John Jacobs of Anne Arundel County, Maryland, a third line runs through New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Western New York, and a fourth through Virginia.

Miscellaneous Records

EXCERPT FROM THE LODGE OF WASHINGTON, Page 82

December 27, 1826. In view of the inclemency of the weather, the ceremonies of the day comprised the installation of the officers and a collection of twenty-one dollars and ninety-seven cents for the benefit of the poor. There were present: . . . Presley Jacobs . . .

From Page 158

Presley Jacobs was born near Colchester, Fairfax County, Virginia, in December, 1774. He moved to Alexandria in 1792. During the War of 1812-14 he served as a Non-Commissioned Officer in the Independent Blues, a volunteer infantry company of Alexandria, commanded by Capt. Charles McKnight, and participated in the Battle of the White House, Potomac River; died at Alexandria, August 24, 1852, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His daughter, Margaret, married William H. McKnight, Esq., June 21, 1832.

From Page 192

MASTER MASONS

Present: Presley Jacobs . . .

BURIAL OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

General George Washington was buried with Masonic rites and Presley Jacobs was one of the order who participated.—Mrs. Samuel Y. Pruitt, Jr.

* * * * *

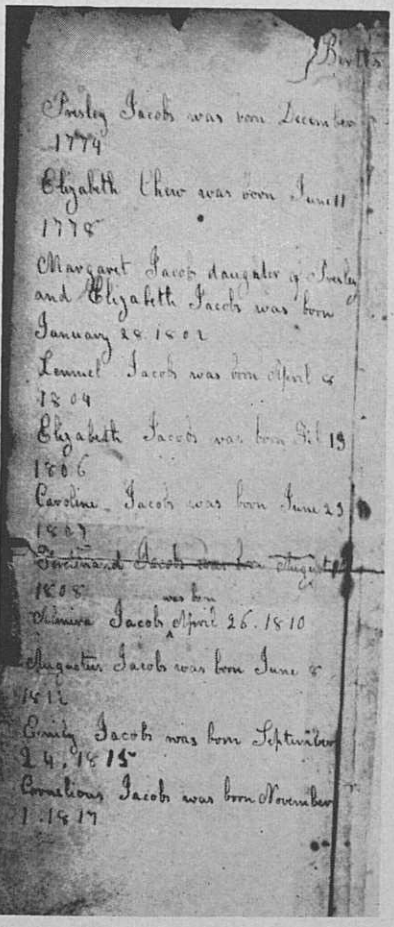
MEN OF MARK IN SOUTH CAROLINA

BY J. C. HEMPHILL — PAGES 244-5

WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS

JACOBS, Rev. William Plumer, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Clinton, S. C. One of the founders of the Presbyterian College at Clinton, and of the Thornwell Orphanage, often a commissioner to the General Assembly of his

Family Group: Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs, son of Presley Jacobs, with four of his granddaughters: Beginning with the upper right hand corner and reading counter clockwise they are: Bessie Lee Sperry, Annette Sperry, Sarah Sperry and Mary Sperry, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sperry, of Nashville, Tennessee.



Births

Presley Jacobs was born December
1774

Elizabeth Chew was born June 11
1775

Margaret Jacobs daughter of Presley
and Elizabeth Jacobs was born
January 28 1801

Lemuel Jacobs was born April 6
1804

Elizabeth Jacobs was born Oct 19
1806

Caroline Jacobs was born June 25
1809

~~Ferdinand Jacobs was born August 19~~
1810
was born
Delmira Jacobs April 26. 1810

Augustus Jacobs was born June 6
1812

Emily Jacobs was born September
24, 1815

Cornelious Jacobs was born November
1. 1817

Photostat from the Bible of Presley Jacobs, showing the names and birth dates of his wife and children.

church * * * was born at Yorkville, S. C., March 15, 1842. His father was the Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, D. D., President of Laurensville College, and of the Lucy Cobb Institute at Athens, Georgia * * * Mrs. Mary Jacobs, his wife (of Ferdinand Jacobs) died when their son William was not quite three years old.

The Jacobs family was among the earliest settlers of Maryland, coming from England about 1646.

Thomas Jacobs, the great grandfather of Dr. W. P. Jacobs, was killed in the battle of Germantown (Monmouth? Ed.) His early boyhood was passed in the city of Charleston, from 1848 to 1861 * * * In 1865 (April 20) he married Mary J. Dillard, daughter of Dr. James H. Dillard, of Laurens, S. C. They have five children * * * In politics he is a Democrat. He is a Mason. He has published a number of volumes.

* * *

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBSTONE OF
MARY ELIZABETH REDBROOK JACOBS
MOTHER OF WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS
YORK COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA

MARY ELIZABETH
WIFE OF REV. FERDINAND JACOBS
BORN JULY 3, 1813

DIED BUT TO LIVE AGAIN
FEB. 1, A.D., 1845

IN HER ARMS SLEEPS
AN INFANT

WHICH WAS BORN ONLY
TO PASS WITH ITS MOTHER
TO A GLORIOUS IMMORTALITY

* * *

DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM PLUMER AND MARY DILLARD JACOBS

I: Florence Lee was born in Clinton, S. C., April 11, 1866, and died on June 12, 1930. On September 12, 1888, she was married to William James Bailey, who was born on December 12, 1865, in Clinton, and who died on April 11, 1948. Their children were: (1) William Cyrus, who was born on August 6, 1889, and died on February 8, 1920. On April 5, 1916, he married Marion Erwin Fleming at Augusta, Georgia. She was born April 8, 1892. (2) Marie Dillard, born March 4, 1893; died March 21, 1893. (3) William Jacobs, born on November 8, 1900, Clinton, S. C., and died on July 11, 1901.

The children of William Cyrus and Marion Fleming Bailey were (a) Frances Fleming, who was born on June 7, 1917, and on June 13, 1942 was married to George Mercer Brooke, Jr., who was born on October 21, 1914, and (b) Florence Jacobs who was born on December 31, 1918, and on August 3, 1940, was married to John Buchanan Adams, who was born on June 22, 1914. The children of Florence Jacobs are: John Buchanan Adams, Jr. ,born Dec. 17, 1944 in Atlanta, Ga. and Florence Bailey Adams, born April 15, 1949, in Winchester, Virginia.

The children of Frances Fleming are: George Mercer Brooke, III, born February 12, 1945 in August, Ga., and Marion Bailey Brooke, born Nov. 2nd, 1947 in Augusta. Georgia.

II. James Ferdinand Jacobs was born on October 6, 1868, and died on June 7, 1931. On September 9, 1891, he married Mary Elliott Duckett at Clinton. She was born February 28, 1869, and died on October 16, 1938. Their children are: (1) William Plumer, II, who was born on August 18, 1893, and who died on July 25, 1948. On October 25, 1916, he married Edna Cornelia Shockley of Spartanburg, S. C. She was born at Spartanburg, on July 31, 1894. Their children are William Plumer, III, who was born on October 3, 1918, at Clinton, and who married Evelyn Frances Fitzgerald on August 16, 1944. She was born at Mt. Kisco, N. Y., on January 8, 1920. Their children are William Plumer, IV, who was born on December 16, 1947,

at Greenville, S. C., and Susan Wood, who was born at Clinton, S. C., April 16, 1952. (b) Hugh Shockley, born on June 2, 1920, at Clinton, S. C. On June 2, 1945, he married Elisabeth Lunsford Sims at Rock Hill, S. C., where she was born on February 2, 1925. Their children are Edna Shockley, born November 4, 1948, at Greenville, S. C., and Hugh Shockley, Jr., born June 11, 1953, at Greenville, S. C. (2) James Ferdinand, who was born on February 17, 1895, at Clinton, S. C., and who, on April 20, 1916, married Amelia Louise Copeland. Their children are (a) Louise Copeland, who was born on January 24, 1921, at Clinton, S. C., and who on June 13, 1942, was married to Robert Faris Black at Clinton, S. C. He was born at York, S. C., on July 31, 1918. Their children are Ame Lou, who was born on December 25, 1944; and Lillian Elizabeth, who was born on October 22, 1947. (b) Mary Elliott, who was born on April 24, 1922, Clinton, S. C., and who married John William King, Jr., on March 3, 1944. He was born at Summerville, Georgia, on May 16, 1923. Their children are Edna Elizabeth, who was born on December 28, 1948, and Mary Elliott, who was born on April 5, 1951. (c) Ame, born at Clinton, S. C., April 25, 1925, and who, on July 13, 1944, was married to William Malcolm Shields. He was born at Norfolk, Virginia, on September 1, 1921. Their only child as of 1952 is William Malcolm, Jr., who was born on February 9, 1946, at Clinton. (d) James Ferdinand, who was born on October 10, 1929, at Clinton, S. C. (3) Thomas Dillard, who was born on July 3, 1898, in Clinton, S. C., and who was married to Nell Copeland in 1919. Their children were (a) Thomas Dillard, Jr., who was born on December 23, 1930, and who lost his life in World War II in March, 1945, and was buried in Greenville, S. C.; Nell Copeland Jacobs, who was born on December 23, 1930. (b) James Copeland, who was born in 1924, at Greenville, S. C. Thomas also married Ayliffe Robinson on April 30, 1927, at No. Ave. Presbyterian Church, Atlanta. They have one child: Ayliffe, born Nov. 1st, 1929, who on July 19, 1951 was married to Kenneth H. Bogle of California. They live in Nashville, Tennessee. On March 23, 1938, Thomas was married to Frances Marian Cox of Greenville, S. C. She was born on March 23, 1910, at Simpsonville, S. C. Their children are John Dillard, who was born on February 27, 1940, at Clinton; and Mary Jane, who was born on December 2, 1944.

III. William States, who was born on March 8, 1871, at Clinton, S. C., and died in Houston, Texas, on December 25, 1951. He is buried in Forest Park Cemetery. On November 18, 1896, he married Laura Harris of Columbus, Miss., (Noxubee County) who died on May 25th, 1953. Their only child is (a) William States, Jr., who was born on November 9, 1898, at Columbus, Miss., and who married Ruth Linfoot Farrington on December 17, 1944, at Ellington Field, Texas. They have one daughter, Mary Laura, who was born on August 26, 1950.

IV. John Dillard, who was born on July 12, 1873, at Clinton, S. C., and who died on October 17, 1945, at Daytona Beach, Florida. On April 20, 1904, he married Louise Burr. They have one child, John Dillard, Jr., of Nashville and Franklin, Tennessee. He was born at Clinton, S. C., on June 16, 1911. His second marriage was to Ruth Rutledge who died on January 1, 1944, leaving no children. He is buried in Clinton.

V. Thornwell, born February 15, 1877, Clinton, S. C. On June 30, 1903, he married Maud Kistler Lesh at Newton Center, Mass. She was born at Tannersville, Pa., June 14, 1880. Their children are (1) John Lesh, who was born at Newton Center, Mass., on August 28, 1904, and who on June 15, 1933, married Marjorie Franks Evatt at Brookline, Mass. She was born on October 24, 1910, at Ashmont, now part of Brookline, Mass. Their children are: (a) Pressley, who was born on November 25, 1934, and who died on November 11, 1939; (b) Caroline Lee, who was born on February 27, 1940, in Atlanta, Georgia; (c) Elizabeth Redbrook, who was born in Atlanta on October 14, 1942. (2) Fred Lesh, who was born at Nashville, Tennessee, on April 4, 1908, and who on April 5, 1929, was married in Tufts College Chapel, Mass., to Thelma Louise Sulis, daughter of Caleb Gorden and Edna May Woodworth Sulis. She was born at Somerville, Mass., on January 19, 1908. Their children are: Henry Frederick, who was born on March 5, 1931, at Albany, Georgia; and Maude Kistler, who was born on October 29, 1935, at Hapeville, Georgia. Henry Frederick, married Jane Mason Barker at Weymouth, Mass., on Sept. 9, 1950, in the 1st Congregational Church, Weymouth Heights, Weymouth, Mass. She was born on July 1, 1930, at Boston, Mass. They have one

child as of 1952, Cynthia Marie, born November 12, 1951, at Boston. (3) Thornwell, Jr., who was born on September 26, 1910, in Atlanta, Georgia. On November 17, 1934, he married Barbara Annette Noot in Atlanta. She was born on July 4, 1914, and died on October 4, 1950, and was buried in Westview Cemetery, Atlanta. They had one daughter, Harriett Anne, who was born in Atlanta on April 12, 1936. On August 22, 1951, he was married to Roberta Philo Dudley, who was born in Bath, N. Y., on June 19, 1912. (4) Harriet Margaret, who was born on January 28, 1913, and on June 18, 1932, was married to Edward Olsen Field, who was born on March 19, 1906, at Weston, Mass. Their children are (a) Charles Leicester, who was born in Weston, Mass., on January 24, 1935; (b) Edward Olsen, Jr., who was born on July 10, 1939, at Weston, Mass.; (c) Henry Frederick, who was born on June 3, 1941, at Weston, Mass.; (d) Joseph Hooper, who was born on December 28, 1946, at Weston, Mass. (5) Maude Kistler, who was born on June 24, 1916, at Atlanta, Georgia, and who, on August 26, 1939, was married in Weston, Mass., to Herman ("Bud") Koester, Jr., who was born on July 27, 1915, at Waterbury, Conn. Their children are (a) Margaret Elizabeth, who was born in Boston on June 23, 1941; and (b) Susan Hatfield, who was born in Boston on July 17, 1943.

COLLATERAL GENEALOGIES

My grandfather, Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, D. D., was married three times. His first wife was Mary Elizabeth Redbrook recently of England. Their children were: Samuel, Ferdinand, Presley, and William Plumer, my father. His second wife was Annie Osgood Ripley, of a distinguished New England family. Their children were: James Ripley Jacobs, born August 8, 1850, at Midway, Baldwin County, Georgia. He married Nancy Catherine Caldwell, at Cuero, Texas, January 20, 1881. She was born on September 9, 1856, and died on May 28, 1940. Their children were: Bessie Caldwell Jacobs, who was born February 23, 1883, and died June 22, 1946; James Ripley Jacobs, born Sept. 26, 1885, who married Beryl Martin on August 29, 1917, and Henry Sperry Jacobs, born May 4, 1891, and who was married on February 18, 1928.

The children of James Ripley and Beryl Martin Jacobs were: Eugenia Rosamond Jacobs, who was born at Alton, Illinois, Sept. 24, 1920; and Nancy Caldwell Jacobs, who was born at Manlius, N. Y., July 2, 1928. James Ripley, now a retired Army Officer. He was born in Uvalde, Texas, Sept. 26, 1885. The son of James Ripley and Nancy Catherine Caldwell Jacobs. He received his Bachelor's Degree from the University of Texas in 1908 and his Master's Degree from the University of Chicago in 1922. His daughter, Eugenia, is now Mrs. B. P. Cucolo. Maj. Jacobs began as a 2nd. Lieut. in the U. S. Army in 1912 and retired in 1922, after serving in Mexico, France, Germany, the Mississippi Valley and the Southwest. He became a member of the Manlius (N. Y.) School Staff, where he taught until 1925. He became Chairman of the Social Science Department in 1930 and retired from active work in 1952. He is now (1953) engaged in research work to complete the history of the U. S. Army from 1783 to 1846. He is a member of the American Historical Asso., the New York Historical Asso., the Onondaga Historical Society. He is the author of TARNISHED WARRIOR, BEGINNING OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY (1783-1812), and of numerous articles on military subjects.

The other child of Ferdinand Jacobs and Annie Osgood Ripley Jacobs was Annie Nisbet Jacobs (Aunt Minnie). She was born in Charleston, S. C., on November 10, 1849. She married John Wren, at Columbia, S. C., in April 1880, and died on January 28, 1913. The third wife of my grandfather, Ferdinand Jacobs, was Miss Caroline Lee, daughter of Rev. William States Lee, D. D., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church on Edisto Island, S. C., for many years, and she was a sister of Prof. William States Lee, already mentioned in this brochure as the first President of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

The children of Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs and his wife Caroline Lee Jacobs were: Mary States Lee Jacobs, born Sept. 30, 1860; died Sept. 16, 1942. Married Nov. 6, 1884, to Henry Sperry, born March 5, 1836; died Dec. 14, 1916. Their children were:

Bessie Lee, born April 18, 1886, married Nov. 8, 1911, to Thomas Callender Keeling.
Thomas Callender Keeling Jr., born Nov. 19, 1912
James Leonard Keeling, born June 30, 1917, died Sept. 3, 1936
Henry Sperry Keeling, born May 2, 1922

Annette, born Nov. 6, 1887; married Charles Arthur Moore, Jr., in 1907, and Spencer W. Stewart in 1920, both marriages ended in divorce.
Elsie Annette Moore, born Feb. 10, 1908
Charles Arthur Moore, III, born August 28, 1909
Henry Sperry Moore, born July 21, 1912

Sarah, born Dec. 10, 1888, married Nov. 30, 1909, to John Gill Knox (born Nov. 28, 1888)
John Gill Knox, Jr., born Aug. 18, 1910
Mary Anne Knox, born May 31, 1920
Sarah Sperry Knox, born March 22, 1929

Mary, born March 9, 1890; married June 8, 1910, to John Vaughan Blake (born Jan. 12, 1888)
John Vaughn Blake, Jr., born September 25, 1911
Henry Sperry Blake, born Nov. 14, 1912
Colin Duncan Blake, born Sept. 25, 1914
Charles Little Blake, born Sept. 14, 1920
Daniel Bigelow Blake, born Sept. 20, 1926, died Feb. 8, 1950

Henrietta Grace, born May 16, 1893; married June 11, 1915, to Oscar Gustaf Nelson, (born July 25, 1890)
Faith Nelson, born Nov. 12, 1920
Henry Sperry Nelson, born Jan. 16, 1923
Charles Andrew Nelson, born Aug. 10, 1926

Ferdina, born June 7, 1895, died July 21, 1945; married George Himes in 1914, divorced later married Frederic R. Harris, who died in 1947 . . . no children.

Wade Randolph, born March 8, 1899, married June 25, 1923, to Harriett Woolwine, (born Jan. 21, 1902)
Virginia Woolwine Sperry, born Aug. 31, 1925

Edgar Jacobs, born Oct. 14, 1902; married Feb. 12, 1940, to Josephine Towler, (born Sept. 8, 1914)

The second daughter of Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs and his wife Caroline Lee Jacobs was Elizabeth Chew Jacobs (Aunt Bessie), born Nov. 13, 1863, died Oct. 10, 1938; married Sept. 18, 1894, to Charles Edgar Little, born Nov. 25, 1865; died Sept. 11, 1945. They had one child: Caroline Lee, born Oct. 25, 1905; married August 12, 1932, to Joseph Turney McCary, (born Sept. 27, 1905). Their son, Charles Edgar Little McCary, was born June 30, 1933.

I

TRIBUTE TO MARY DILLARD JACOBS

A Tribute to Mrs. Mary Dillard Jacobs, By Her Husband, Dr. William P. Jacobs

Kind reader, may I not draw nigh to you today as to a sympathising friend? It is thus of you that I have felt for the years we have journeyed together. Since last you received this paper, ties that made life very sweet and home very happy have been sundered. Things that I thought could not happen have come upon me—and that too with such a woeful suddenness (so to me it seemed), as leaves me like one coming back to sense from a stunning blow. Pardon me, then, dear reader, and indulge me a little. What fills all my sky it seems to me should reach at least to your horizon.

MRS. MARY J. JACOBS, wife of Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs, fell gently asleep in Jesus on the 16th day of January, at half-past eleven in the morning. Although for some months in declining health, yet as she seemed even then to be recovering from a severe attack, and as she had been sitting up for six hours, or more, on Tuesday the 14th, to her husband at least, the stroke seemed to fall with surprising suddenness, and indeed to most of her friends it was altogether unexpected. Her whole illness had been without pain, and her dying hours were absolutely free from it. At four o'clock, on Wednesday, she roused a little from the effects of an opiate, told us that she was breathing easier, and then saying, "In God, my Savior, is my only trust at this hour," sank back again to sleep. In this state she remained until within an hour of her departure. Then, though past the power of speech, she again became fully conscious—recognised and gave the last farewell to husband, brother, sisters, children and friends, who in goodly company had gathered around her dying couch—and with her eyes resting upon them in love, she gently, and oh, so calmly, with two or three long breaths, let go her hold on the frail bark of life that she might cling the closer to her Saviour's side.

Mrs. Jacobs was born October 7, 1843, in Laurens county, S. C. She was the youngest daughter of Dr. James H. Dillard, who during his life was a physician of note, and a ruling elder of the Rocky Spring Presbyterian church. At the early age of thirteen she united with the same church herself, and for twenty-two years sought by her faith and zeal to show that her love for the Lord was a real love. For several years she pursued her studies in the Johnson university, of Anderson, and afterwards graduated with a high stand in the Laurensville Female college, then under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Buist. There also she remained for some time after graduation, pursuing an advanced course.

On the 20th of April, 1865, she became a partner for the rest of her brief and useful life of the Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs. Right ably did she aid him in his pastoral work. As long as her health was spared she not only looked well to the ways of her house, caring for her own children, but was a constant teacher in the Sabbath school, and from the 1st of October, 1875, as matron of the Thornwell orphanage, entered upon a more extended field of usefulness. That she could win the hearts of the fatherless and motherless committed to her care, so that they mourn for her as for a mother, was both natural and expected. But she did more than that. The sixteen children of this family, who partly through her prayerful sympathy were won to a public profession of attachment to the Lord, are evidence of the manner of work she did. Upon them all, her zealous, active, unselfish ways have made their impress with an effect that eternity alone shall reveal. Oh, God, thou knowest her self-sacrifices, her patience, her utter self-abnegation—and that for her is enough.

Our little village is so small that in the afflictions of one all are afflicted.

But this affliction seemed to be that of all, and not of one. She was borne to the grave by the young men of the village, a distance of nearly half a mile, received there by elders and taken into the church, where the whole community had gathered—every store and business place in the town being closed, in testimony of the esteem in which she was held—and there Rev. A. P. Nicholson, of Laurensville, held the funeral service. Thus ended the earthly part of a sweet and noble life.

He that pens these lines will not intrude his own sorrows on those that could not feel as he does—and her memory is too dear to be tarnished with what to others might seem only the "fulsome flattery of an obituary," but this simple record and unfilled outline of a precious life will, he is assured, be a gratifying possession to her many friends.

II

DEATH OF REV. J. RIPLEY JACOBS

A son of Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, D.D., and his wife, Annie Ripley Jacobs, of Charleston, S. S., was born August 8, 1848, and died May 23, 1930, at his home in Marfa, Texas. He is survived by his wife, two sons, Major James Ripley Jacobs of Manlius, N. Y., and Henry Sperry Jacobs, of Marion, Ohio; one daughter, Miss Bessie Caldwell Jacobs, and two sisters, of Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. Henry Sperry and Mrs. Charles Little.

He came from an unbroken line of ministers from the early colonial period of our history. They were all militant servants of Almighty God, and at least two of these preachers were generals of the Colonial armies, and another died fighting in the Texas revolution. As a boy of fifteen Mr. Jacobs served in the Confederate army, and through his two sons he served in the World War.

After the Civil War and his graduation from Davidson College he came to Texas with his college friend, Rev. Josephus Johnson, disembarking from a sailboat in Corpus Christi Bay in 1879 to take charge of the First Presbyterian Church of Corpus Christi. In 1881 he married Miss Nannie Caldwell, daughter of the Rev. W. E. Caldwell, a former pastor of the same church.

With his devout and faithful companion he set about his life work in the Southern Presbyterian Church in Texas, the remaining years of his life being spent in that, his adopted State.

His work for a long period called for much travel by horseback and mule-drawn stage coach. His work was as a peacemaker and builder and during the period of his active ministry he built churches in Uvalde, Vernon, San Marcos, Alice and Marfa, and secured manses in Corpus Christi and San Marcos. He also had pastorates in Hillsboro and San Antonio, and wherever he labored he helped to build up the churches of the surrounding communities.

To his last days he was an eager student of national and world affairs. He knew nature and called the wild birds by name. He watched each tree and flower that grew in his home town at Marfa and delighted in its beautification.

Worn with long years of labor, his end came with sweet serenity, for he had kept a vision of another and more beautiful country before him. His strength had been spent for others. His eager plans were made without thought of self; his work had been for the good of his family and that of his friends. Life for him had been a round of service and a strict adherence to his high ideals. To such a program he held with a spirit that knew no flagging, a faith that never wavered. Thus he closed a long, clean record of kindly, generous usefulness to others, and with his last words he blessed those who stood beside him.

He was a consecrated, hard worker in his Master's service, and the people loved him.

III

DEATH OF BELOVED WOMAN

Mrs. W. J. Bailey Passes Suddenly At Her Home. Was Esteemed and Loved By a Host of Friends.

Mrs. Florence Jacobs Bailey, 64, wife of Wm. J. Bailey, daughter of the late Dr. Wm. P. Jacobs, and one of the city's most beloved women, died suddenly at her home on South Broad street last Thursday morning shortly after nine o'clock following a heart attack from which she passed away quietly within a few minutes. Her unexpected death came as a great shock to the family and her large circle of friends here and throughout the state.

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Thornwell Memorial church, conducted by her pastor, Dr. D. J. Woods, Dr. L. R. Lynn and Dr. D. M. Douglas of Columbia. Interment followed in the Presbyterian cemetery. The attendance filled the large church auditorium and the pulpit was banked with many floral offerings, mute tokens of the affection and honor in which she was held. The flowers were among the prettiest ever seen at a funeral in Clinton, beautiful pieces being sent by friends, relatives and various organizations.

Active pallbearers were nephews of Mrs. Bailey: Geo. H. Cornelson of Spartanburg, Fred Jacobs of Atlanta, Dillard Jacobs, Jr., of Nashville, Tenn., Walter S. Montgomery, Jr., of Spartanburg, P. S. Bailey, W. R. Sperry, J. F. Jacobs, Jr., T. D. Jacobs and W. P. Jacobs, all of this city. The nieces of the deceased had charge of the flowers.

Mrs. Bailey was born on April 11, 1866, in Clinton and spent all of her life here. She was one of the first graduates of the Presbyterian college founded in 1880 by her father, Dr. W. P. Jacobs, and was the honor member of her class in 1883. The other two members were Miss Rebecca S. Boozer, daughter of the late Dr. J. J. Boozer and now Mrs. R. S. Thompson of Walhalla, and Miss Jessie Lee Copeland, daughter of the late "Uncle Ebb" Copeland and now Mrs. John W. Earhardt of Newberry. Mrs. Bailey was also one of the first children of the Thornwell orphanage, likewise founded by her father, and only two days before her death attended the annual meeting of its alumni association and gave a lovely garden party at her hospitable home in honor of the large gathering of former Thornwell sons and daughters in the city for the grand rally reunion.

Mrs. Bailey was widely known for her fine integrity, her generous and charitable spirit, her charming personality, and her many beautiful traits of character. She was a devoted member of the First Presbyterian church, strong in her religious faith, unselfish and always thoughtful of others by her many acts of kindness. Until declining health overtook her and she became a semi-invalid, she was active in every forward civic movement of the community. She was a past regent of the local chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and took an active part in its activities, both local, state and national. She contributed liberally to this organization's work and to the Tamassee school where she served for several years as a member of its governing board.

The death of Mrs. Bailey brings much sadness into the hearts of many who knew and loved her. Along with the sorrow which her departure has caused will follow that long retinue of good deeds by which her beautiful life was characterized.

Mrs. Bailey is survived by her husband, two grand-daughters, Florence and Frances Bailey, daughter of Mrs. Wm. Cyrus Bailey of Augusta, and by four brothers: J. F. Jacobs, Sr., of this city, Dr. Dillard Jacobs of Atlanta, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs of Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, and Dr. W. States Jacobs, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Houston, Texas. Her husband, W. J. Bailey, is president of the Clinton Cotton Mills and of M. S. Bailey & Son, Bankers of this city. —*Clinton Chronicle*

IV

LETTER TO WILL BAILEY

March 31, 1939.

My dear Will:

I heard yesterday that you had gone to the hospital in Spartanburg and had already had an operation. My sympathy is yours, whole heartedly. It seems only yesterday that I was under the surgeon's knife in a hospital in Atlanta.

I found my experience to be a very wonderful one. While there was much suffering and a great deal of anxiety and considerable danger connected with it, nevertheless, I would not have missed it for anything. It gave me two things that a man is almost never able to get in the hurly burly of hard, every day life. The first was, it taught me that there were at least a few friends in the world who stuck with me through trouble and pain. I think that any man is fortunate who can win a half dozen such real friends in a whole life time.

Another thing that I learned was to look on life as a story that is told and to prepare myself for the dark chapters as well as for the bright. I think when one lies on his back for a long while, oftentimes despondent, oftentimes worrying about what will become of his work when he is gone, he has the best opportunity given us during our whole life time to give things their true value. He realizes that money and success, whether expressed in colleges or cotton mills or railroads or in any other way, are valuable only in proportion as they tend to set forward the progress of the human race to that far off event toward which the whole civilization moves.

While you have time and opportunity and while the occasion fits, I want you to think over your whole past life, to see what an outstanding career God has given you to attain, to realize how much you have meant to Clinton and Laurens County and South Carolina and to the South at large and, incidentally, to Oglethorpe University; to enjoy the realization of the simple fact that your life has been more important than a million other lives of a different sort have been, and to lay your plans to see that after you and I and all whom we love have gone, your influence and power and example will still undertake to help men and women and children forever.

Accept my sympathy, not only, but also my genuine affection and high regard.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

Mr. W. J. Bailey,
General Hospital
Spartanburg, S. C.

V

A CITIZEN OF THE STATE

Clinton was his home and he was one of that community's chiefest assets but J. F. Jacobs, whose death has saddened a host of friends, was thought of as a citizen of the state.

Such he was, giving freely of his time and talents in the promotion of the best interests of South Carolina and of worthy enterprises in South Carolina.

The state needs nothing more than more men of his breadth of vision and willingness to labor unselfishly for the common good. —*From Greenville Piedmont*

For extended newspaper obituary of J. F. Jacobs, see "Step Down Dr. Jacobs."

VI

LETTER TO UNCLE CHARLES WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF AUNT BESSIE

October 11, 1938

Dear Uncle Charles:

I had hoped to be with you tomorrow but a matter came up involving an appointment which had already been made and which could not be cancelled and makes it impossible for me to come. I regret this genuinely because I wanted to offer what little benefit my presence and sympathy could afford. Even those of us who, like yourself, know most of the philosophy of life, nevertheless feel at times that they are encouraged and strengthened by even the simplest expression of friendship on the part of others.

I have always associated you in my mind with the very best things that life holds—with the highest scholarship, the truest religion, the finest character. I know, of course, that nothing I can say or do could add to the consolation which you have always found and will now find in that faith and courage which is built upon knowledge and love but I do want you to know that your life and Aunt Bessie's have meant a great deal to me personally and that the fine way in which you both have always stood for that which is noble and great has encouraged me more than I could ever possibly describe to you to keep my own heart warm, my brain clear and my courage strong.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

Dr. Charles E. Little,
Peabody College
Nashville, Tenn.

VII

DR. DILLARD JACOBS

Funeral Service To Be Held Here Friday at 3 O'Clock at Home of Nephew

Word was received here yesterday afternoon of the death of Dr. John Dillard Jacobs at Daytona Beach, Fla., where he had spent the past year on account of ill health. His condition had been critical for the past several weeks.

The body will arrive here today by rail and the funeral service will be held Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Jacobs on Calvert avenue.

Dr. Jacobs, who was pleasantly known here by many friends and acquaintances, was born in Clinton, a son of the late Dr. William Plumer Jacobs and Mary Dillard Jacobs. When the Thornwell orphanage was founded by his father in 1875 he was two years old and the youngest of the first group of children moving into the Home of Peace.

Dr. Jacobs graduated from Presbyterian college. He then entered the medical department of the University of Nashville, Tenn., from which he graduated with the M. D. degree. He taught in the medical college eight years.

In 1907 Dr. Jacobs moved here from Nashville and became associated in business with his brother, the late J. F. Jacobs, under the firm name of Religious Press Advertising Syndicate. In 1912 he moved to Atlanta and established a general advertising agency, the Dillard Jacobs Agency which has operated since then under his ownership and direction.

—Clinton Chronicle

VIII

A LEADER IN ALTRUISM

South Carolinians, who are up on the job, will tell you that William P. Jacobs (grandson of Dr. Wm. Plumer Jacobs) is the most versatle citizen of the State.

Mr. Jacobs has so many titles and prefixes to his name to designate his identity with various organizations and institutions that we despair of even attempting to single them out.

But these do not show the full stature of this man's amazing energies and services in behalf of some other fellow or some other cause.

For example, the annual award he makes to the best football blocking backs selected in the State of South Carolina, the Southern Conference and the Southeastern Conference, is a case in point.

This is his own thought, and for several years he has been giving handsome trophies to these players selected as outstanding in this particular phase of football playing, the occasion being one that draws together a large assembly of interested people of the South and Southeast to the campus of Presbyterian College at Clinton, S. C., of which he is president.

With no desire at all to indulge in effusive praise but merely to do honor to one to whom simple honor is due, we must conclude that the people of South Carolina long ago must have reached the verdict, without a dissenting voice, that Mr. Jacobs is one of the most valuable assets of that commonwealth.

The spirit which he has exhibited in planning this annual event and the thoughtfulness which it so clearly indicates is typical of his boundless energy and high vision and of that unselfishness in service which has driven him, often it must be at the expense of his own physical well-being, into manifold tasks in behalf of the common good and public welfare.

One doubts if in the entire State of South Carolina is his equal for sane and constructive influence among all classes of the people of this commonwealth: certainly, there is none who is going about his many-sided errands for others with greater zeal and enthusiasm and with a more unselfish and sacrificing spirit.

Some of these days, perhaps, it may occur to his friends and the public generally of his state to tender him a testimonial dinner such as this he has been giving annually for several years in order to show proper appreciation to the unsung heroes of the football field.

For in the combat of business and industry and education and social progress in South Carolina, it seems to us that he is entitled to similar singling out for the remarkable services he is rendering his fellow man.

—Charlotte Observer

IX

TRIBUTES TO STATES

Dr. W. S. Jacobs Is Dead At 80

Dr. William States Jacobs, who preached the Sermon on the Mount in the pulpit and lived it in the market place, died at 6:30 P. M. Tuesday at Hermann Hospital.

He was 80 and he had spent about as full and busy a life as a mortal can—preacher, philanthropist, civic leader and cattleman.

For 26 years, Dr. Jacobs was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Under his ministry it grew until it became the largest congregation of the Southern

Even though he was wont to say himself that he had passed the peak of his ministry in 1932 when he left the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, he continued in the ministry for 14 years more.

He founded the Independent Church and was its pastor until 1946. Although always a Presbyterian himself, Dr. Jacobs invited men of all creeds to worship with him in the Independent Church. Its services were held in a downton theatre—the old Palace, which was in the Milam Building.

Dr. Jacobs made a fortune in registered Brahman cattle after he was 61 years old and after financial adversities which would have wrecked the determination of a man less steadfast than Dr. Jacobs.

These adversities came during the days of the depression. Beset as he was, one day in his pulpit at the First Presbyterian Church, he forgave all of his debtors of all the debts they owed him—and they amounted to some $135,000. A HOUSTON POST picture caption called him: "Santa Claus in the Depression."

At the same time, he owed $1,250,000. This year he told the story of those days to a POST reporter and said then:

"Although I had what I considered twice that much collateral, it probably would not have bought that much at a sheriff's sale in those uncertain days.

"More Than 100 judgements were pressed against me and I was forced to put them off because most of my money was tied up in real estate.

"But I have lived to pay off every one of those judgements and not one of them was settled at a discount—I paid each man in full."

Actually it was through his ministry that he became interested in cattle breeding. In 1908, he went to the Shanghai Pierce ranch near Mackey to conduct a revival at a little ranch chapel which had been built by A. P. Borden, manager of the ranch, and Mrs. Borden. There he saw his first Brahman cattle.

He was interested but too busy in his ministry to do more than think about cattle raising some day. It was not until 1920 that he bought his first Brahman cattle.

The hoof and mouth disease wiped out a herd of his in 1924. Through W. A. Smith, now president of the Citizens State Bank but then an engineer building a railroad in Mexico, he heard of a herd of full-blooded Brahman cattle whose owner was stranded at an exposition. Dr. Jacobs bought the herd for $45,000.

That was the herd he built into the million-dollar herd that roams his ranch at Webster now.

Dr. Jacobs was preeminently a minister, for all of his interest in ranching and agriculture. He looked upon himself as an ordinary man. There was, it is true, little of the cloister or the study about him, although he had about seven college degrees.

He was, as his friends always said especially interested in the welfare of the ordinary man. His out-of-the-pocket philanthropies in many years outran his means.

During the depression he established a breadline at his church. In 1932, as many as 1,500 men were fed in a day at the church. Once Dr. Jacobs said:

"That was the high point of my ministry in many ways. For it says in the Scriptures: 'If you love Me, feed my lambs.'"

Dr. Jacobs was born March 8, 1871, at Clinton, S. C. His father was a Presbyterian minister before him, and as a matter of fact, Dr. Jacobs was the third of three generations of Presbyterian preachers. He was ordained in 1893.

After pastorates in Mississippi and Tennessee, he came to Houston in 1906. He had lived here ever since. From the first day, he was active in community affairs as well as church affairs.

Dr. Jacobs was a longtime member of the Houston Chamber of Commerce and was the coiner of the phrase that was often used as a slogan for Houston. The phrase was in a speech he made at a civic banquet, where he described Houston thus:

"Where 17 railroads meet the sea, there will arise a great city even if it were in the Sahara Desert."

Dr. Jacobs was active in the agitation to make Houston a deep sea port. His name is on the corner stone of the City Auditorium, a magnificent structure in its day, as a member of a citizens' committee active in bringing about its building.

In later years friends and associates in the cattle industry found him the same tireless worker. He helped organize the American Brahman Breeders Association and has been a director for years. He is a past president of the Pan American Zebu Association and of the Herd Book Zebu of North America.

—*Houston Post*

Houston's Grand Old Man . . . Dr. W. S. Jacobs

Houston's grand old man, Dr. William States Jacobs, after a long life of fruitful labor in the Lord's vineyard, has answered the call from Above.

A colorful and dynamic personality Dr. Jacobs came to Houston in 1906 and lost no time in putting his shoulder vigorously to the city's wheel of spiritual, cultural and material progress.

He excelled in all three endeavors; he was a leader, a wise counsellor. Men and women in distress found in him a source of comfort, a haven in time of need. During his tenure as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church from 1906 until his retirement in 1932, and as pastor of the Independent Church which he founded, he was an inspired servant of the Lord. He was famous for his eloquence as a preacher.

Keenly interested also in the material welfare of the community an ardent cattleman, he pioneered in introducing the disease-resistant Brahman cattle to Texas ranches and became internationally known as a breeder of pure Brahman stock.

A lovable and kindly man, Dr. Jacobs was regarded with affection and esteem by all who knew him. His memory will long be cherished.

—Houston Chronicle, 28 December, 1951.

More Beautiful Than The Dream

Excerpt from the Diary of Dr. Wm. States Jacobs

This afternoon, just as the scaffolding had been torn away from the spire of the New Presbyterian Church on Main Street, I saw for the first time its incomparable and glorified simplicity outlined against the Western sky. I had spent the day in the city—that incorrigible conglomeration of grossly materialistic pragmatics. I was tired of the hard pavements, the stuffy elevators, the dumb, dumb waiting rooms, the inane conversation, the slavish business conventionalities, the sprawling egotism and self-importance of subaltern officials, of bent and tottering forms of once strong men, of the noise and confusion and smell and poison gases of the streets, of the motley masses of meaningless faces and the vast towering temples of Mammon crowded from pavement to pinnacle, with money-mad men running to and fro.

As I eased out of it along Main Boulevard and came in sight of that superb heritage of the past, the spire of the new Presbyterian Church, I rejoiced in silence for no words can tell of the triumph of such a spiritual monument among material and temporal things.

True, the atmosphere was better out there, in that center of art and culture and science and learning and ecclesiastical modernity. But all of these level off far below the incomparable, indescribable and ineffable finger of faith pointing triumphantly, gloriously and serenely heavenward.

Out there are architectural interpretations of religion in varied human conceptions inherited from the past, but here is one that is stripped of every device of ambitious artistry, where the draftsman, in absolute self-effacement, has simply unveiled the symbol of pure and undefiled religion, which stands guard over the altars of worship, and the quiet aisles of prayer, and serenely points to Him who sits in the circle of the heavens, Who from heaven, His dwelling place, hears and answers the prayers of the faithful.

Other towering monuments in that cultural center speak eloquently of the wealth, the genius and the generosity of man, while this matchless spire speaks only of God; and I thought of the apostle of old who fell down to worship at the feet of the angel that showed him many wonderful things; and the angel

We Lost a Friend . . .

on Christmas Day when Dr. William States Jacobs passed away at 6:30 in the evening. Dr. Jacobs took sick Monday while driving to his ranch at Webster and was taken to the Hermann Hospital Monday evening, December 24th. In his 80 years on this mortal sphere, he lived a full and useful life as a minister, philanthropist, civic leader and Brahman breeder.

Dr. Jacobs was one of the founders of the American Brahman Breeders Association and was one of its directors for 26 years. He was a past-president of the Pan American Zebu Association, and at the time of his passing on, he had formed the Herd Book Zebu of North America, the purpose of this organization was for the perpetuation of the breeding records of imported, full-blood Brahman cattle. His work and unselfish promotion of the Brahman breed will live for generations to come.

Many times Dr. Jacobs had driven hundreds of miles to speak a word of comfort or to offer aid to a friend. He passed on as he had lived—thinking of others. We were with him for a short time on Christmas morning and as we sat there we realized that Dr. Jacobs was praying. We did not fully understand what he was saying until he closed his prayer with ". . . and take care of them forever and ever."

said to him, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them that keep the sayings of this book. Worship God!"

I drove on to the medical center where I visited awhile with the sick, and as I returned the day was dying in the west and, reflected in the last rays of the setting sun, I could see faintly a star atop that exquisite spire—a gleaming memory of the past and a resplendent prophecy of Jehovah's kingdom to come, and I thought of a star in the east and of the Wise Men following afar off, and shepherds guarding their flocks by night on the Judean Hills, and of the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will to Men", and of the manger in Bethlehem of Judea, and of the words of the prophet, "For unto us a child is born, unto to us a son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulders, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," and as I drew nearer, Lo the star was a flaming cross and the words of Jesus came to me, "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me," and my spirit that had been tortured and torn in the maelstrom of material things down in the city was quiet now, and peace that passes all understanding came over my soul.

And I dreamed, and I thought that they were patriarchs and prophets and apostles and martyrs and saints that have told us of God over the tumult of the centuries, and now in this, hard, busy, eager, troubled, sinning world, this marvelous symbol of religion will still be telling the passing throngs in the words of the angel of Patmos, "Worship God!" And I recalled from memories of the past that I had once dreamed of this spire, but the reality is transcendently more beautiful than the dream.

Dr. Jacobs Sees God's Power Revealed In Wonders Of Grand Canyon in Arizona

Not only in the Bible, but in the book of nature is God read, Dr. William States Jacobs, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Houston, declared in a recent radio address during the chapel hour in the skyline studio of KPRC. the *Post-Dispatch* broadcasting station, during the course of which he gave an entrancing description of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona.

Several years ago, following his return from a visit to the canyon, Dr. Jacobs in a sermon from his pulpit vividly described the canyon, and his word picture of the great natural wonder so thrilled his hearers that many asked him to present them with copies of it. The description was published in the old Houston *Post*, and so great was the demand for copies, The *Post* published it a second time. Since Dr. Jacobs gave his impressions of the canyon two Sundays ago over the radio, he has again been besieged by hundreds for copies of his address, and The *Post-Dispatch* is printing it below for the third time:

Dr. Jacobs said:

The Grand Canyon

There are two volumes of revelation—one of nature and one of inspiration. From the book of nature we learn of God's power, His wisdom and His greatness. It is in the presence of these most striking manifestations of His power as a creator that the truth is driven home to our minds and there comes naturally to a man when he stands on a mountain peak, on the rim of a canyon, in the depths of a gorge, or looks out through the Golden Gate, the inspiration attaching to the splendor of the scene, and he can think of nothing but the mighty impress of the greatness of the deity. And it is an easy step from the visible wonders of the natural world at least to acquiesce in the infinitude of its Maker. Any man who doubts the little miracles of water and wine and the loaves and the fishes will find all his powers of reason baffled and his doubts thrown to the winds in the presence of these mighty miracles.

I have not yet traversed the globe, but I have seen the world wonders of America and Europe, and the memory of the wonderful spectacles, whether the workmanship of man or God, is a source of perpetual inspiration. It matters

not how depressed I may feel or how weary in spirit and jaded in body, it is easy to arouse myself by taking a mental stroll among the treasures of consciousness that are kept in the "salons of memory," and I have been eager to add to the long list that masterpiece, "The Grand Canyon of Arizona."

I had seen pictures of the Grand Canyon which seemed to me must be overdrawn for advertising purposes, and I had heard the evtravaganza of superficial tourists as they tried to describe it with ejaculations and exclamation, and I attributed that to the natural inclination of the untrained mind to deal in superlatives. I had noticed, too, the inclination of serious thoughtful people to utter one word such as "wonderful" or "majestic," and then lapse into a dreamy silence. But not till I stepped from the train at the quiet station and walked eagerly to the rim of the canyon for my first view did the vastness and splendor of it have any real meaning to me—and bear in mind that this is not an effort to describe it—that is impossible. The finest photographs and paintings and the boldest rhetoric are but a fraction nearer a real portrayal of its splendors than the remark of a befrizzled maid of some 18 summers whom I heard observe as she turned to leave. "It's a perfect darling. I certainly am crazy about it." The vastness of it overwhelmes you.

I saw a Spanish eagle start on its flight across the canyon at a point where the United States geological survey says it is 23 miles wide, and I watched its course across the deeps of silence till it seemed to weary of its flight and turned toward Hopi point to find a resting place.

Thunderstorm Raging In Canyon

I saw a thunder storm raging at Grandview, 14 miles to the right, and on my left 40 miles across the sleeping mists I saw the rising sun like a high priest pouring the sacramental light of a new day over radiant steeps that guard the "Angel's Flight."

I saw an electric storm playing along the granite gorges where the ruddy torrent of the Colorado dashes through the canyon, while I stood on its rim among the flowers under a cloudless sky. I saw that storm as it swept out of one tributary canyon across the Colorado to lose itself in another, and all under the shining eye of the rising sun, like some hunted beast, and then I saw a throng of rainbows following in the lingering mists.

The moods of the canyon are marvelous. It rages and smiles. It storms and sleeps. It lures and it threatens. It appalls and it inspires. I saw the morning sun pour over its rim like a thousand Niagaras aflame, filling its far depths with the glories of a wondrous day, and at evening I saw the rising tide of night as it flooded uncounted temples', domes and spires, filling it with silence and darkness to its rim and rolling its rising mists on the heels of retreating day. And then I saw the soft rays of a summer moon crown those mists with the arch of a halo radiant as a rainbow, and then lull them to sleep with her silences to dream in her deeps till dawn.

Like the sunrise or sunset the canyon is never the same. The position of the sun, the shifting of clouds, the rising and falling of mists and fogs. The point at which you stand and many other considerations give it an ever changing aspect and an infinite variety of its views. It changes while you look. I saw a distant pile, gray and weather beaten, like the ruins of some ancient pyramid or temple, and as I looked I saw the sun stretch its beams through a rift in the sky and kiss it till it gleamed like a palace of gold.

Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary snowstorms have swept over its brink, cold as the Arctic from forest and plane, but never has one flake from the frigid snowy winds reached within a thousand feet of its tropic depths and only there to melt and swell the current that surges through its granite gorge and to water the flowers that bloom on its brink.

I looked over its gray abysmal stretches as the first light of dawn disclosed it to view and as I looked the fresh glories of the crimson East touched its domes and spires with morning splendors till they gleamed as if some mighty Midas had fingered them over with his touch of gold, and I watched and

wondered and worshiped there till the sunset sky paled and darkened into night, and glooms as wondrous as glories reigned in that sable silence while the silvery stardust settling out of the sparkling night edged all its somber splendors with fairy lines of light, and I thought with the singer of other days, "Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night showeth knowledge."

I saw the radiant east pour the spectral splendor of a summer dawn over the slumbering azure of its distant gorges, revealing sunken forests, rolling cataracts, gleaming mountain peaks and mimic domes and spires innumerable till wonder wearies in its explorations, vision folds its tired wings and imagination takes up the forlorn flight.

Under a leaden sky these mute memorials remind one of the somber ruins of the races that reigned in the ages of the world's morning, let down into a mammoth uncovered mausoleum with the centuries standing gloomily beside while under the unclouded noon is revealed an iridescent dream of mighty mansions and palaces, of delectable mountains and the quiet valleys of eternal peace between, with the high walls of eternity standing guard around the "city whose foundations are eternal, whose builder and maker is God."

I saw the shifting clouds of an unsettled sky rolling in silver mists over its far fathomless depths and I watched their racing shadows leaping from dome to dome and peak to peak—now tarnishing some gilded spire and now darkening the gleam from some distant turret of the past and in its changing moods I seemed to see an uncounted train of races born and buried and dazzling dynastics wax and wane till darkening skies rent with lightnings and thunders that shook the earth and heavens, rang the curtain of darkness down on the wondrous scene like a mighty judgement on the races of men.

Peered Into Labyrinths Of Time

I peered into its long labyrinths where old "Time" seemed to have left the places of dead dynasties and temples of hoary cults, battered and broken like outworn toys of the infant world and over this crumbling mimicry of the past a circular rainbow flung high a promise of the fruition of the countless hopes that lay buried there. I watched the waning light as it lingered caressingly about these grim memories of faith and ideals and as I looked I saw the relentless hand of time closing the weary eyelids of dying day, leaving them dark silent and alone like spectral visions in a land of memories and dreams.

As I looked at it in ceaseless wonder my soul inquired:

"Is it the mold of some lost continent
Or the lair of an empire that sleeps;
Is it the Mamartine of silences
Or is it the destiny of deeps?
Is it the bastile of all our splendors
Or the tomb of the tumults of time;
Is it the cradle of the oceans that surround us,
Or a mausoleum of memories sublime?"

Existence Baffling To Reason

Its very existence is baffling to reason and imagination alike. One brushes aside the pet theories of geologists as to its formation as utterly inadequate. By the process of erosion and denudation that are now in operation it never could have been formed. Time is too short "from dawn to doom." The horizontal structure of its strata refute at a glance any theory of volcanic upheaval such as is self-evident in the riot of the Rockies and the human mind, driven by the inexorable necessity of the law of causation, swings back over the lapse of eons and reverently lays its unanswered questions at the feet of the great First Cause. Till He breaks the silence of centuries mystery will shroud the spawning of her splendors.

The wild aborigine peered into its dizzy depths, wondered at its wildness and, awe-inspired, turned back into his native forests with new strength in his simple faith and new zeal in his weird religious dances.

The wandering Castilian in his winning of the wild came suddenly upon this sunken wonder-world and under its inspiration got a new religious fervor that never was on portal or altar or dome of man's device.

The infidel, loud in his profane babbling and noisy sacrilege, too egotistical for reverence, hurried in curiosity to its brink to find that here his fallacious phrases were futile and before this mighty miracle of his Maker, where he had come to scoff, he remained to pray.

The humble worshiper of the living God, whose faith had suffered many a strain, whose heart of trust had wandered under many a cloud and waited through many a starless night, stands speechless with ecstasy as the sable curtain of doubt is raised and another miracle is added to unfold the mystery of the being, the power and the glory of his Maker.

The miner with the urge of gold greed, the explorer in quest of worlds, the hunter on track of his prey, the pioneer, lion-hearted, in search of a home in the wilderness; the prospector entering the wild with a face of flint and the heart of a Viking, and then the oncoming vanguard of civilization in its westward course, have stood on its rim and seen a wonder new to the eye of man. And now a beaten path is made across the continent, through the wilderness and desert, over the mountains and seas, and they are coming from every race and continent and isle to look at its largeness to wonder at its wideness, to delve into its depths, to gloat over its glories, to muse on its moods, to rave over its rainbows, to inhale its inspiration, to rise in its resplendence and to write, transcendent over it all.

Dr. Jacobs Wanted Buckwheat Flour

By H. Mewhinney

Dr. William States Jacobs, who died here on Christmas Day, was something like old Abraham in the Bible. He was a religious leader and he was a cattle breeder. He was a patriarch. And he was 80 years old when he died.

One who never had many dealings with Dr. Jacobs except to say hello to him at Chamber of Commerce meetings—and once to find some buckwheat for him—can still regret that the good old man is gone.

He lent dignity to the Houston scene as well as goodness.

Not that Dr. Jacobs was a long-faced or sanctimonious man. He had a hearty sense of humor. That was how the episode of the buckwheat began.

As a boy a long time ago Dr. Jacobs had eaten flapjacks made out of pure buckwheat flour. Most pancake flour sold nowadays is a mixture.

Now Dr. Jacobs was a wealthy man and he could easily have sent a truck up to Virginia or South Carolina with instructions to the driver to keep going till he found a genuine buckwheat mill, then come back with a truckload of the flour.

Dr. Jacobs had noticed, though that this little part of the paper was offering to furnish information on almost any subject. So the doctor mailed in a letter asking where he could buy some pure buckwheat flour.

The flour was found for the doctor and that is a satisfying remembrance.

X

Wm. STATES JACOBS

By the publishers of The ZEBU Journal

On the morning of December 26, the entire Brahman and Zebu world was shocked to learn of the death of Dr. William States Jacobs of Houston, Texas—prominent minister, cattle breeder, and philanthropist. He had completed his stay on this sphere the day before, Christmas day, December 25, 1951, at 6:00 p. m., and the news wires were just beginning to flash the story over the state and nation—for Dr. Jacobs was a nationally prominent figure in many fields in addition to his famed cattle herd.

It would be futile to attempt any sort of measure or gauge of Dr. Jacobs' accomplishments while on this earth. His interests were so varied, and extended

in so many directions and to such far reaches, the complete tabulation cannot be assembled for many years to come. As in a large state or national election, the boxes will not all be in and counted for a long time.

Dr. Jacobs perhaps lived a fuller life than anyone of our acquaintance. He was active up to the day of his death, carrying out a program that would have wilted a much younger man, or a man with less persistence. At the age of 80 years, his daily schedule would have aroused the envy of an executive of a large corporation. He liked making new acquaintances, and loved renewing the old ones. As a result, he was almost constantly on the go—across the state or across the nation—or to some foreign country.

The word "compromise" might just as well have not been in the dictionary, insofar as Dr. Jacobs was concerned. He did not compromise with the devil in his pulpit. It is not in our province to determine whether or not he had the best Brahman herd in this country, but if he did not have the best herd it was simply because he didn't know how to assemble such a herd, for that was his life-long breeding aim— the very best herd in the land. He was a figure to arouse keen emotions in his fellow man. In all his broad circle of friends and acquaintances there were countless numbers who loved him deeply, and a few who disliked him just as intensely, but we know of none who had a mere luke-warm feeling toward him.

His influence on Indian cattle breeding in this country will undoubtedly be felt for many, many years to come. Cattle from his herd probably have been distributed to more individual herds, both in this country and abroad, than those from any other individual breeder in the United States. In addition to his Brahman cattle herd, he was a key figure in Brahman cattle organizations for more than a quarter century, having been a director of the American Brahman Breeders Association from that organization's inception up to about two years ago. He was president of the Pan American Zebu Association during 1950. He was the originator of the Herd Book Zebu of North America, for the registration of full-blood Zebu cattle only, in this country.

Dr. Jacobs' passing leaves a distinct void in the Brahman industry of this nation, and those leaders remaining will be compelled to redouble their efforts in order to compensate partially for the loss suffered by his death.

Man Of God And Builder

When Dr. William States Jacobs, Presbyterian minister, 26 years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Houston, Texas, died at the age of 80 Christmas day, there went from among men a friend and helper in the work of the church and a builder and developer that makes Earth more fruitful in the lives of men. He was the son of that devout servant of God who was a builder, Dr. William Plumer Jacobs, founder of the Thornwell Orphanage and of the Presbyterian College, both in Clinton, where his children were born and brought up. Clinton is a flourishing town of 8,000 people that owes its growth from a hamlet in large part to his vision, his faith, his unflagging diligence.

Dr. States Jacobs' mother was of Laurens, of the Dillard family, descendant of Laurens' heroine of the Revolution, Dycie Langston.

When "States" Jacobs, so his boyhood friends called him, retired from the ministry, he became a breeder of Brahman cattle, though from time to time he occupied a pulpit. He was an organizer of the American Brahman Breeder' Association which held its convention in Charleston in 1949. He could not be present at that meeting, but he was present in spirit and from him the City of Charleston received a testimonial of his affection, an oil painting of the first Brahman bull brought to the United States—to the Port of Charleston in 1849. The convention was the centennial observance of that arrival.

Between Charleston and the Jacobs family is a close kinship. Dr. States Jacobs' grandfather was Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs of James Island and his grandmother also was of a family of that island. His brother, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, has found Charleston a favorite theme in his writing and research.

Always South Carolina has been a contributor of able and good men to other States, especially to States of the Southwest. Between Texas and South Carolina the bond is strong, unbreakable, and the life of William States Jacobs was and will remain a link in it.

—The News and Courier

Houston Writer Pays Tribute To Dr. Jacobs

In the August 21, 1952, issue of The Houston (Texas) *Post,* there appeared the following item, written by William A. (Bill) Smith, Houston banker, construction man and philanthropist who was serving as guest columnist for George Fuermann for his regular "Post Card" column on prominent Houston citizens:

"When George Fuermann asked me to be a guest columnist on his 'Post Card' during his vacation, he said he wanted me to write my own column about friends I have been associated with in Houston, so here goes:

"Dr. William States Jacobs, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church here (in Houston) for many years, started his hobbies by raising roses. Finally ended up by having the finest roses in the country. Then he decided to raise chickens, and at one time spent $1,000 on a fine rooster. He then gravitated to the Brahman cattle business, bought 26 purebred heifers and several bulls, and shipped them from Brazil, via Mexico, to Texas. In 30 years, with this herd, he changed the complexion of the cattle business in the Gulf Coast country before he died."

Dr. Jacobs, who established the herd described by Columnist Smith above, died last Christmas Day, December 25, 1951. Now the active head of the internationally famous William States Jacobs Ranch is William States Jacobs, Jr., prominent Houston attorney and rancher.

* * * * *

March 5, 1951

Dear States:

Accept my congratulations and compliments upon your having so successfully navigated the stormy seas of eighty wonderful years,

Upon having attained the position of pastor of the largest Presbyterian Church in the Southern Assembly,

Upon having drawn to yourself the admiration and friendship of thousands of people, both humble and famous,

Upon having been the inspiration and pride of your family, home folks and thousands of devoted followers,

Upon having entered a new field of endeavor in which you attained, after years of disappointment and hardship the position of the most important figure in the Brahman cattle world,

Upon having with you today a tender, talented, loving wife, a strong, able and distinguished son, a beautiful, affectionate daughter and a healthy, adorable grandchild.

Affectionately,

THORNWELL JACOBS.

Dr. W. S. Jacobs,
506 Lovett Blvd.,
Houston, Texas

XI

RESOLUTIONS OF TEXAS LEGISLATURE

IN MEMORY OF
DR. WILLIAM STATES JACOBS

Mr. Miller offered the following resolution:

H. S. R. No. 278, In Memory of Dr. William States Jacobs

Whereas, In the passing of Dr. William States Jacobs, 80, of Houston, Texas, from this earthly life on Christmas Day, 1951, the State of Texas, and in particular the people of Harris County have suffered an irreparable loss; and

Whereas, The people of Texas and Houston mourn the passing of this God fearing and unselfish businessman, preacher, and civic leader, whose philanthropic and civic work have left an imprint on the life of our State; and

Whereas, Dr. William States Jacobs was for twenty-six years the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Houston, from 1906 to 1932, and then he organized what he called the Independent Church, of which he was pastor for fourteen years; and was a recognized religious leader and an inspiration to Christian youth and lay leaders; was much sought after as a Master of Ceremonies and after dinner speaker and was a pioneer religious broadcaster and radio preacher of note; and

Whereas, Dr. Jacobs was fundamentally a man of optimism and great faith who saw a fortune in breeding registered Brahman Cattle and made one in that field; he was cited by several Latin-American countries for his outstanding contributions in cattle breeding, however his cattle career was not all smooth sailing for his herd was wiped out with an outbreak of foot and mouth disease; undaunted, Doctor Jacobs purchased another Brahman herd which became the basis of the valuable herd now located on the Webster ranch; and

Whereas, Doctor Jacobs' generosity led him to help and feed as many as 1500 men a day during the depths of the depression in 1932; The depression caught Dr. Jacobs financially involved; he owed people and they owed him, but with characteristic decision he canceled the money owed to him but paid off his debts to the last penny; and

Whereas, Doctor Jacobs is credited with coining the now historic phrase relating to the City of Houston's location "Where seventeen railroads meet the sea."

Whereas, Doctor Jacobs was tremendously active in community as well as church affairs; he was an active member of the Houston Chamber of Commerce and helped organize the Farm and Ranch Club and the American Brahman Breeders Association, of which he was a director for several years; he was past president of the Pan-American Zebu Association; and

Whereas, Doctor William States Jacobs is survived by his widow, Mrs. Laura Harris Jacobs; a son, William States Jacobs, Jr., a Houston attorney; a brother, Thornwell Jacobs of Atlanta, former president of Oglethorpe University, and a grand-daughter, Mary Laura Jacobs; now therefore be it

Resolved, That a copy of this Resolution be transmitted to the members of the bereaved family as a token of our sympathy, and that a page in the permanent House Journal be devoted to the recording of this Resolution.

MILLER

The resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

"Well, I have finished my mission at conventions. Finally a preacher prayed last night from memory and not from manuscript and, funny thing, it was my old friend Dr. Jacobs of Houston and he is a cattleman in the week days. He raises Brahma cattle and Presbyterians". Will Rogers reporting Democratic Convention, June 27th, 1928 — *Omnibook* July 1952.

XII

MRS. W. S. JACOBS

Famous Painter And Poet

Funeral services for Mrs. William States Jacobs, Sr., author, poet and painter who died in a Houston hospital yesterday, will be held at 2 p. m. tomorrow at Pat H. Foley Funeral Home.

Dr. Robert H. Hopper will officiate. Burial will be in Forest Park Cemetery.

The 82-year-old widow of Dr. William States Jacobs, former pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, turned to writing poetry when she lost her sight 10 years ago.

Mrs. Jacobs was one of the nation's best known rose painters and many of the reprints of her works have been sold. Her writings included a collection of poetry called "In Each Unfolding Rose."

Her latest poem, "Her First Bow," was in the current issue of *Westminster Magazine* to which she was a frequent contributor.

Mrs. Jacobs was born in Columbus, Miss. She was educated at Mississippi State College for Women, New York City College and Columbia University.

She is survived by a son, William States Jacobs, Jr. of Houston; a brother, Edward Strong Harris of Birmingham, Ala.; and a granddaughter, Mary Laura Jacobs of Houston.

Excerpt from article in the American Brahman:

"The beauty of the creator was expressed in her paintings of roses and flowers and when fading vision made her lay her brush aside, Mrs. Jacobs began to paint with words and through her book of poems, "IN EACH UNFOLDING ROSE", the beauty of her spirit and thoughts will continue to touch us.

EVENSONG

As light is fading, far away
I hear the throstle's evensong:
I know the ending of the day
Will not be long.
When life is waning, may I go
While tenderest memories throng,
Easing my heart of all its woe
In evensong.

Laura H. Jacobs."

Historical Data Upon Which Application For Membership In The Daughters Of The American Revolution May Be Made By Any Member Of Writer's Family

(Note: As is shown later, the whole Jacobs family excepting two little boys, Presley and Thomas, lost their lives in the Revolutionary War but no official documents are available to attest their sacrifices.)

Thornwell Jacobs is descended on his mother's side from Major James Dillard who was born in Culpeper, Virginia on the fourth day of December, 1755 and who died in Laurens County, South Carolina on the fourth of December 1836, and who served in the war of the Revolution. Major Dillard was the ancestor therefore who assisted in establishing American Independence while acting in the capacity of Captain in the Revolutionary Army. His services in assisting in establishing American Independence in the Revolutionary War were as follows:

In 1775 and 1776 he served as a private in the defense of Charleston, S. C. He went on the Florida expedition as sergeant major in 1778 and served on the frontiers in the next year. In August 1780 he was chosen as captain in Colonel Williams' regiment and served at King's Mountain; Hammond's Store and Cowpens. The Mrs. Dillard whose heroic act is chronicled in "*Women of the Revolution*" was his wife.

Thornwell Jacobs is the son of William Plumer Jacobs and Mary Jane Dillard. Mary Jane Dillard was the daughter of Dr. James H. Dillard and Margaret Park. Dr. James H. Dillard was the son of Major James Dillard and Mary Puckett. The authority for the above statements are:

Sketch of Life and Career of Colonel James Williams by Rev. J. D. Bailey; Records in Columbia of Revolutionary Soldiers; Women of Revolution, Vol. 1 Elliott Draper; Kings Mountain and its Heroes, page 468.

XIII

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

From Special Report of Genealogical Bureau of Virginia:

"Memoradum from Bristol Parish Register (Bristol Parish was cut from Henrico 1642-1735)

'Thomas, son of Thomas and Tabitha Jacobs born Nov. 14, 1731. Baptized Dec. 30th . . . .

'Brunswick Co., Deed Book I, page 167—Deed dated Apr. 1, 1735, Recorded April 3, 1735: Robert Hicks and wife, Frances, of Brunswick to Thomas Jacobs and wife Tabitha, daughter of said Robert Hicks . . . . and after their decease to Thomas and John Jacobs, sons of said Thomas and Tabitha . . . .

'Among the list of voters shown in election returns for 1748 in Brunswick Co. are the names of Thomas Jacobs and William McKnight.

'The continuity of the names Jacobs and McKnight both in Brunswick County and in Fairfax County suggest that they may have migrated from Brunswick to the northern County together . . ."

Brothers and sisters of Mrs. Margaret Jacobs McKnight, mother of William Presley McKnight . . . Ferdinand Jacobs

From Lodge of Washington Library: "Presley Jacobs

During the War of 1812-14 he served as a non-commissioned officer in the Independent Blues a volunteer Infantry Company of Alexandria commanded by

Captain Charles McKnight . . . . His daughter, Margaret, married William H. McKnight, Esq. 6-21-1832.

* * * * * * *

Excerpt from letter of William Plumer Jacobs to Mrs. S. Y. Pruitt, Thomaston, Ga. Mar. 6, 1909.

"In regard to the Jacobs connection, my father, Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, born Aug. 10, 1808, son of Presley and Elizabeth Jacobs, told me that the family account as given to him was, that on the death of his grandfather at the battle of Germantown, and his three sons, enrolling officer called on his grandmother, asking for Thomas Jacobs to be enlisted. She affirmed that he was under age, whereupon he demanded the family Bible. She went to get it but tore out and destroyed the family register to save the fifteen-year-old boy from being drafted and that this is the reason there is no family record, as only Thomas and Presley Jacobs, Presley being only eight and Thomas 15 years old, were left."

I have heard my father make the same statement about the three brothers who came from Wales. He said that the family name originally was James, that it was Latinized into Jacobus, and on coming to America was shortened into Jacobs, that the Latinizing of its occurred in some college in Holland where some ancestor was Professor. There is an old gentleman in this part of the country named A. A. James with whom Father claimed kin, he having come from Welch ancestry and his branch of the family not having been Latinized."

* * * * * * *

Once, while on a visit to England, I had occasion to look up the registration of James Edward Oglethorpe, the founder of the State of Georgia, at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The President of the College found the signature but pointed out to me that it was not recorded as James Edward Oglethorpe but as Jacobus Edwardus Oglethorpianus. This Latinizing of the names of persons engaged in literary, educational and religious work was the custom for centuries in European institutions.

* * * * * * *

Excerpt from letter of Bessie Chew Jacobs Little written to Mrs. Samuel Y. Pruitt, Thomaston, Ga. Dec. 15, 1902: "After leaving Clinton, I went to Washington and was there for several weeks. I endeavored to look up some of my father's family and found Cousin Alfred H. Jacobs, son of Uncle Cornelius. He lives at 1221—13th St. N. W. I notice by your letter to my brother that you are related to his mother's family (Sutors), also, and thought you might care for his address. Cousin Alfred is very infirm and I think he appreciated my going to see him. In your letter to my brother you asked for the exact date of Elizabeth Chew's marriage to Presley Jacobs. I discovered it while in Washington and am glad to give it to you. Cousin Alfred has Presley Jacobs' Bible which he said he had entirely forgotten, but on my third visit to him he remembered it and got it out. There, in Presley Jacobs' own handwriting is the record:—'Presley Jacobs married Elizabeth Chew April 6, 1801.' You see the 1799 date is incorrect. Following that is the marriage, birth and in some instances, the death of his children, the later events in a different handwriting. If you do not know the order in which the children came, it is this: Margaret, b. 1802; Lemuel, b. 1804; Elizabeth, b. 1806; Caroline, b. 1807; Ferdinand, b. 1808; Almira, b. 1810; Augustua, b. 1812; Emily, b. 1815; m. J. N. Webb June 4, 1835; Cornelius, b. 1817 . . . . No one seems to know positively the name of Great-grandfather Jacobs though it is most probably Thomas. I suppose you have the record of Richard Dorsey as he was the grandfather of Ann Charlotte Sutor. Cousin Alfred gave me this of Great-grandfather Jacobs: 'Grandpa's grandfather was killed at the battle of Monmouth, N. J. This grandfather's brother died on one of the prison ships in New York harbor. In Philadelphia they have a record of these prison ship martyrs and if his name was known his service could be identified. If the name of Presley Jacobs' father were known his service could probably be traced by going to the War Department."

* * * * * * *

Excerpt from letters from Mrs. C. B. Elliott, of Columbia, S. C. written to the author on January 14, 1954: "I have verified more than once that there were two Captains James (Dillard), one of Amberst, who married Jane Starke, lived

and died in Amherst; and the other of Culpeper, Va. who married both Mary Ramage and Mary Puckett after he came to South Carolina, and who lived and died on our old 'Duckett Place' on the Enoree. One of the Amherst descendants, named Starke Dillard, now lives in North Carolina and has a thriving wholesale paper business. He is a brother of the young Mrs. Harvey, nee Dillard, who lived in Clinton a few years and was quite a favorite with Cousins Florence, Elliott, Clara and Larry . . . . In Culpeper is the will of a George Dillard, dated 3-2-1790, which names as children Major, Ann, John, Samuel, James, Elizabeth (m. Duncan), and Sara. Also in Culpeper is the will of Constance Major, dated 11-6-1764, which names a daughter Priscilla as married to George Dillard. Since we know that our James named his children John, George, Samuel, Priscilla, Elizabeth, James, Sarah—et al—it would seem to me that the father of our Capt. J. must have been George. What I hope to prove is that this George was a brother of the James who married Hunt and that the two captains were first cousins. I hope to write today to the National Archives for further evidence on George and James (m. Hunt). You know, do you not, that the James S. (m. Page) was one of the founders of Williamsburg? Henning's Statutes lists Cary, Dillard, Page, Wise, as joint owners of the 'Plantation' of Williamsburg."