

# Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES

**VOLUME II**  
(ILLUSTRATED)

BY

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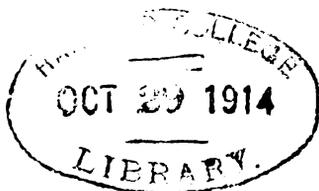
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## CHAPTER XXIV

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### Roswell: The Home of Mr. Roosevelt's Mother

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**T**HERE is scarcely to be found in Georgia a community of eight hundred inhabitants which can boast anything like the historic memories which belong to Roswell. Situated on the western slopes of the Châttahoochee River, in the extreme northeastern angle of Cobb County, this former abode of wealthy slave-owners is today only a straggling village; and, though reached by a little branch railway, which meets the main trunk line at Chamblee, some ten miles distant, it seems to be effectually hidden from the world in an obscure pocket of the mountains. There are still a number of fine old families left in Roswell; but the population at the present time is chiefly dependent upon the mills. The splendid water facilities at this point have made the manufacturing establishments at Roswell famous among the industrial enterprises of Georgia; and the products of these local plants are shipped in large quantities to various parts of the South. But the stately pomp which formerly reigned in the elegant mansions upon the hills has long since disappeared. The luxurious life of the old regime, like the water which can never again turn the wheels of the old factory, has vanished forever down the stream.

For a distance of nearly three miles, the homes of Roswell at the present time are strung along the main road, and the tenacity with which they hug the old highway has caused Alex Bealer to dub Roswell "the shoe-string town of Georgia."

But what a world of history has been written in this secluded hamlet. It was the home of Dr. Goulding, who wrote "The Young Marooners." It was the home of Theodore Roosevelt's mother. It boasted a President of the United States, by whom it was visited when he was clothed with the mantle of his high office. It gave an Admiral to the Confederate Navy. It produced the officer who fired the last shot from the gunwales of the ill-fated Alabama. The old Presbyterian Church, at Roswell, is one of the landmarks of Cherokee Georgia, while the bell which summons the flock to worship in this ancient little structure was fifty years old when it was first brought from Savannah to be hung in the tower. It is said that the first residence in Cherokee Georgia to be supplied with window glass was built at Roswell. There was no little wealth centred at this point during the pioneer days. The people reared substantial homes from the very start, employed the best educational instructors to teach the village school, and gave to the virgin wilderness an atmosphere of culture, while the tracks of the Indians were still fresh. Dr. Nathaniel Pratt for years taught a select school at Roswell, and some of his pupils afterwards became eminent in public affairs. He was also pastor of the Presbyterian Church for two full decades.

As a center, both of trade and of population, Roswell was for years a more important town than Marietta. It was not until the Western and Atlantic Railroad was built that the latter began to flourish. It was then on the main highway of travel. But some time elapsed, even with this advantage, before it could measure strides with the little town to the north.

Roswell King, for whom the town was named, was no ordinary man. He was a native of New England and a descendant of Captain John King, of Northampton, Mass. His maternal uncle was John Fitch, the celebrated inventor, who made successful experiments with the steamboat on the Delaware before Fulton launched his

craft on the Hudson. Roswell King therefore came of sturdy stock and inherited from his ancestors a genius for practical affairs. It is said that he discovered the water-power of the Chattahoochee River at this place, when on a visit to the Cherokees, with whom he enjoyed friendly relations. Impressed with the possibilities of the site for manufacturing purposes, he here founded the town of Roswell, established the famous cotton and woollen mills at this point, which he successfully operated for years, and accumulated an ample fortune. The earlier part of his life in Georgia was spent near Darien, and when he settled upon the Chattahoochee River he brought with him a colony of thrifty people from the Georgia Coast.

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Perhaps the most famous landmark which time has spared in Roswell is Bulloch Hall. It was built apparently with an eye to the associations which were destined to invest it in after years. At any rate, the plans were carefully made by the original owner—Major James S. Bulloch. He superintended the work himself, and the mansion was substantially and handsomely built, not only upon a scale of splendid proportions, but of the very best materials. It was modeled upon the plan of the ancient Parthenon at Athens, with massive pillars in front. Major Bulloch was well connected. His grandfather was Archibald Bulloch, the famous old Revolutionary patriot. His mother was an Irvine, the daughter of an old pioneer physician of some note in Georgia; and to strengthen his social status still further he married first the daughter and afterwards the young widow of Senator John Elliott. The maiden name of the latter was Martha Stewart, and her father was General Daniel Stewart, of the Revolution. From this union sprang Martha Bulloch, the ex-President's mother. The name by which she was known to her intimate friends and relatives was "Mittie." Here at Bulloch Hall the mother of the future President spent her girlhood days, barring an occasional

trip to Savannah, and here, with visiting companions, she enjoyed the gay and happy life of an ideal country seat during the prosperous days before the war. The old mansion stands some distance from the main highway, enveloped in a grove of forest oaks. It is well preserved by the present owner, Mr. J. B. Wing, who keeps it in perfect repair, and much of the dignified air of importance which it wore in the old days, it still retains.

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Tradition states that it was on one of her visits to Savannah that Martha Bulloch first met the man of her choice—Theodore Roosevelt, Sr. Friendship speedily ripened into affection, and on an evening in December, during the fifties, the marriage ceremony occurred at Bulloch Hall. The occasion was marked by unusual splendor. It is said to have been bitterly cold out-of-doors; but the cedar logs in the deep open fire-places imparted a genial warmth to the four spacious rooms which opened upon the main hall. Lights shimmered from the many-branched candelabra, and from the countless tapers which were ranged about the elegant apartments, in candle-sticks of brass and silver. Besides the whole interior of the house downstairs was brilliantly festooned with holly and mistletoe, emblems which were doubly appropriate to the season. The marriage rites were solemnized in the spacious drawing room of the Bulloch mansion, Rev. Nathaniel Pratt, the pastor of the local Presbyterian Church, performing the ceremony, assisted by Rev. James Dunwody, a kinsman. The handsome bride wore a Princess gown of white silk, covered with a veil of delicate illusion, and was a picture of loveliness. The bridesmaids were: Miss Julia Hand, Miss Margaret Cooper Stiles, Miss Anna Bulloch and Miss Evelyn King. The groom's attendants were Corneille Roosevelt, a brother of the groom; Thomas King, Ralph King, and Stewart Elliott. Only one member of this youthful group today survives: Mrs.



**BULLOCH HALL:**

The Old Home of Ex-President Roosevelt's Mother, at Roswell, Ga.

William E. Baker. She was formerly Miss Evelyn King. The greater part of her long life has been spent at Roswell, where she is today the mistress of her girlhood's home: Barrington Hall. This stately old mansion is surrounded on three sides by a spacious veranda, whose handsome pillars form a magnificent colonnade; while the house itself is most delightfully embowered in a grove of forest oaks. Within an easy walk of the Baker home is another impressive old landmark, once the centre of brilliant social gatherings: Phoenix Hall. Here lived General Andrew J. Hansell, one of the courtliest men of his time and long president of the Roswell Mills.

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It is not the least among the claims of Roswell to distinction that it furnished two gallant officers to the navy of the Confederate States: Admiral James Dunwoody Bulloch and Captain Irvine Bulloch. Both were uncles of ex-President Roosevelt. These two distinguished officers were half-brothers. They were sons of Major James S. Bulloch, the former by his marriage to his first wife, the latter by his marriage to Mrs. Elliott, nee Martha Stewart.\* Irvine Bulloch, therefore, was an uncle of the full blood to Theodore Roosevelt, and an own brother to Mrs. Roosevelt. James Dunwoody Bulloch was related to them only on the father's side.

Captain Irvine Bulloch was an officer on the famous Alabama. He was in command of one of the big guns on board the vessel, and it was reserved for him to pull the lanyard which fired the last shot as the noted cruiser sank to her grave in the English channel. He was afterwards sailing-master of the famous Shenandoah. Upon the decks of this ship he was engaged in an open battle

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\*Major Bulloch's first wife was the daughter of Senator John Elliott, by his first marriage. The only child by this marriage was James Dunwoody Bulloch. His second wife was the widow of Senator Elliott, nee Martha Stewart. The children by this marriage were Irvine, Anna and Martha.

upon the high seas some three weeks after General Lee surrendered. The wireless system of telegraphy was then unknown.

Admiral James Dunwoody Bulloch was sent to Europe at the beginning of the war as the special agent of the Confederate government to secure vessels for the navy, which then existed only in prospect. He purchased the *Florida*, the *Alabama*, and the *Shenandoah*, all of which he succeeded in putting afloat under the Confederate flag. It was a distinct violation of the laws of neutrality for England thus to aid the South, but the sympathies of the people were with the secessionists. Moreover, the shrewd commander employed the arts of diplomacy to good advantage, in avoiding trouble with the governmental authorities. Subsequent to the war, he wrote a "History of the Secret Service of the Confederacy in Europe." Mr. Roosevelt once said of him that he was the embodiment of Thackeray's beau ideal creation: Colonel Newcomb.

This accomplished officer made his home for several years in Scotland. The exact locality is not recalled by his surviving kindred in this country; but some time ago a son of Barrington King, when travelling abroad, undertook to make inquiries. At first the search promised to be fruitless; but finally he discovered his magnificent estate among the Highlands. It was a residence fit for an officer of the crown; and over the massive gateway which opened upon the grounds was chiseled the magic name: "Roswell."

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October 20, 1905, is a day long to be remembered in the calendar of the little town of Roswell. It was the occasion of Mr. Roosevelt's visit to his mother's old home. He was then holding the high office of President of the United States; but clothed in the mantle of authority though he was, Mr. Roosevelt nevertheless found time to visit this remote little country town, on a pilgrimage

of filial devotion. He was met at the village station by a committee of citizens, headed by the mayor. But there were thousands of people in Roswell to meet the distinguished visitor. They came by every road leading into the town and they came from every plantation within a score of miles. Most of them had never seen and never expected to see a President. The reception was held in the little Presbyterian Church, to which, on account of the pressure of the crowd, it was necessary to limit the attendance to invited guests. Senator Clay, who accompanied Mr. Roosevelt to Georgia, and who acted as host during his stay in the State, introduced him to the people; and a young student at Mercer, Mr. Charles W. Reid, made an eloquent address of welcome.

Though only two hours were spent by the President in Roswell the time was improved to the best advantage, and he was taken to the various places of interest by the committee, who made good use of automobiles. Something like half an hour was spent at Bulloch Hall. He inspected the old mansion from cellar to garret. On account of the briefness of his visit, he was obliged to decline an invitation to breakfast at Barrington Hall. But he made a call upon his mother's old friend. Mrs. Baker greeted him with tears of joy in her eyes and called him "Theodore." The President was most profoundly touched by the interview. It was a scene which no brush can paint. More than all of the garish pomp of the great pageants which he had witnessed so often it must have touched the heart of Mr. Roosevelt to receive from his mother's people a welcome so cordial, welling up from thousands of honest hearts around him, like the crystal mountain springs of the great Blue Ridge, clear and limpid. Nor least among the choice recollections which he carried back with him to Washington was the picture of an old black mammy—the very one, so it is said, who held his mother in her sable arms and crooned the tender lullabies, which were destined to become his cradle songs.

## CHAPTER XXV

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### Dr. Francis R. Goulding: The Author of "The Young Marooners"

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FAMILIAR to thousands of readers on both sides of the water is the name of an author who lies buried on the banks of the Chattahoochee River at Roswell: Dr. Francis R. Goulding. He was an old Presbyterian preacher, who achieved renown rather late in life by writing a tale of adventure, whose recital has charmed three generations: "The Young Marooners." It is said that when the manuscript of this wonderful classic was first submitted to the publishers it was rejected, but before the story was returned to Dr. Goulding it chanced to fall into the hands of a child, who read it with the most absorbed interest. From this circumstance it gained favor, was re-read by the publishers, appeared in due season thereafter, bound in attractive covers, and proceeded at once to take the world by storm.

Few books have ever leaped more rapidly into favor. To meet the demand in Great Britain numerous editions were printed by leading establishments, both in Edinburgh and in London; and so widespread became the interest which the story aroused that it was translated forthwith into several different European languages. There is said to be nothing in English literature to compare with the chapter in which the author describes the abduction of the marooning party by a devil-fish, off the coast of Florida. In thrilling interest it vies with Robinson Crusoe and in dramatic elements it is not surpassed,

even by *Swiss Family Robinson*. Withal, it is wholesome, a book full of instructive lessons and of pure morals. It is chiefly as the author of this great juvenile masterpiece that Dr. Goulding is today remembered. But he also wrote numerous other books, an interest in which will doubtless some day be revived.

During the latter years of his life, Dr. Goulding wore a tightly fitting cap, in which he was usually seen in public, and most of the pictures of the famous author still extant represent him with his head covered in this manner. It was probably a precaution which he took against exposure to cold draughts. His erect figure as he stood in the pulpit or appeared on the streets of the little town is still vividly recalled by some of the older people of Roswell. Mr. Clinton M. Webb, a prominent citizen of the town, in a letter to the author, says: "I knew and loved Dr. Goulding as I have known and loved few men. Meeting him almost daily, during the years in which he lived in Roswell, I learned to appreciate him and to value his friendship. He was truly a type of the Southern gentleman of the "Old School." He greeted every one with a smiling face, and children especially were attracted to him by his genial ways. He possessed a vast fund of useful knowledge. In this respect, I have never known his equal. He was veritably an encyclopaedia of general information. One could hardly ask him a question which he could not answer. He was a broad-minded, deep-thinking man, and his place has never been filled in the town of Roswell. I have often thought that his memory should be honored with an appropriate monument. It could easily be accomplished by getting the children who have read 'The Young Marooners' interested in the matter. I hope to see it done yet." Mrs. Webb has a metrical version of the Twenty-third Psalm which Dr. Goulding composed and copied for her with his own hand, and she values it among her most precious keepsakes.

Dr. Goulding was born in Liberty County, Ga., September 28, 1810. His father was Dr. Thomas Goulding,

the first native-born Presbyterian minister in this State. Francis R. Goulding was licensed to preach at the age of twenty-three. He filled a number of pastorates. Greensboro, Waynesboro, Bath, Darien—these were among his earlier charges. As soon as he was licensed to preach, he married Miss Mary Wallace Howard, of Savannah. The health of his wife failing, he located at Kingston, Ga., hoping that she might derive some benefit from the mountain air. But Mrs. Goulding died in 1853, leaving him six children. He then opened a select school for boys at Kingston, and collected notes for a work on "Instincts of Birds and Beasts." Professor Agassiz, of Cambridge, Mass., the great naturalist, was a friend with whom he frequently corresponded. In 1855, he married Miss Mildred Rees, of Darien, who bore him two daughters.

During the Civil War, Dr. Goulding was a Confederate chaplain. In 1862, his splendid library at Darien was destroyed by the Federal soldiers. Encouraged by the success of "The Young Marooners," he was induced to write a sequel to this story, which he entitled: "The Marooners' Island." He also wrote the "Woodruff Stories." His other writings include: "Sapelo, or Child Life in the Tide-Water," "Tallequah, or Life Among the Cherokees," and "Nacoochee, or Boy Life from Home." But the great author's masterpiece is "The Young Marooners." Harold McIntosh and Frank Gordon are familiar names to the children of two hemispheres, and brave little Mary, too, has bewitched the world. Dr. Goulding settled in Roswell at the close of the war, where he died, August 22, 1881, after a ministry of forty-eight years, beloved by the people among whom he lived, and enrolled with the immortals, both of earth and of heaven.

## CHAPTER XXVI

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### Who Invented the Sewing Machine?

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**A**S AN author of stories for the young, Dr. Francis R. Goulding admittedly ranks with the great English dissenter: Daniel DeFoe. But did Dr. Goulding further increase the debt which humanity owes him by inventing the sewing machine? To this question, Joel Chandler Harris returns the following answer.<sup>1</sup> Says he: "The first sewing machine was invented by Rev. Frank R. Goulding, a Georgian, who has won fame among the children of the land as the author of 'The Young Marooners.' He invented the sewing machine for the purpose of lightening the labors of his wife; and she used it for some years before another genius invented it, or some traveler stole the idea and improved on it."

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Walter A. Clark,<sup>2</sup> of Augusta, has written a book in which he gives an account of some of the early settlements of Richmond. The old village of Bath, where Dr. Goulding held a pastorate at one time, is included among this number; and in regard to the matter in question, Mr. Clark says: "Dr. Goulding must have been a moderately busy man, for in addition to his ministerial and literary labors, he devoted a portion of his time to mechanics. In the early forties his hand and brain evolved a sewing-machine, which is claimed to have been

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<sup>1</sup> *Stories of Georgia*, p. 169. New York, 1896.

<sup>2</sup> *A Lost Arcadia*, pp. 112-113, Augusta, 1909.

the first invention of its kind operated on American soil. The practically universal use into which such machines have grown and the princely incomes secured by Howe and Wilson and Singer and others, from similar inventions, have led me to investigate the reasons why he failed to profit financially by his mechanical genius. Since I began this story the following variant accounts have been received:

“First, the inventor’s trip to Washington, D. C., in the interest of his patent, was delayed by flooded streams, and a rival claiming the same mechanical principle, in this way, reached the patent office in advance of him.

“Second, on the aforesaid trip, the stage was overturned, and, in the confusion incident thereto, the model was stolen and never recovered.

“Third, the model dropped from the buggy into a deep stream as he crossed it and was never found.

“Fourth, he failed to locate the eye or opening of the needle used, near its point, and, for this reason, the machine was never a success.

“I have been told also that Howe, during a visit to Augusta, was allowed by his friend to inspect the working of the model; that he saw the defects, applied the remedy, appropriated the motive mechanism, and secured a patent, which bountifully filled his coffers.

“The needle theory named above was given to me by my old friend, Mr. John H. Jones, whose memory, although he has passed his four-score years, is as retentive as a tar-bucket. It is also confirmed by my friend, Mrs. C. A. Rowland; and since they were both personal friends of Mr. Goulding, from the lips of whom they received the story, it is evidently the correct version of his failure to utilize his invention. After leaving Bath in 1853, Dr. Goulding lived for a time at Darien, Ga., but spent his last years at Roswell, Ga., where he died in 1881.” To the foregoing statement, Mr. Clark afterwards added this paragraph: “Since writing the above I have learned through a lady friend that Mrs. Mary Hel-

mer, of Macon, Ga., daughter of Dr. Goulding, has in her possession beautiful samples of the handiwork of this machine, showing conclusively that there was no defect in construction, and it must have been at last his kind consideration for the interest of the gentler sex that held his genius in abeyance."

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Miss Rutherford, of Athens, an educator of wide note, whose writings upon historical topics show thorough research, gives us the following piece of information: "In 1842, while in Eatonton, Ga., Dr. Goulding conceived the idea of the sewing machine, and to this Georgian is due the first practical sewing machine ever known. During 1845, the year before Howe's patent was issued, or Thirmonnier had obtained his, Goulding's sewing machine was in use. He said in his journal: 'Having satisfied myself about this machine, I laid it aside that I might attend to other and weightier duties.' Thus it happened that no patent was applied for." Dr. James Stacy, the historian of the Midway settlement, from which parental source Dr. Goulding sprang, is another witness to the latter's invention. He says that while visiting at Bath in the summer of 1848 he saw the remains of an old machine in Dr. Goulding's home; and in the opinion of this commentator the great author is undoubtedly entitled to the honor which the world has accorded to Elias Howe.