

## MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

### LETTER XXI.

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PINEVILLE, July 8.  
To Mr. Thompson:—Dear Sir—I expect you have begun to think I wasn't never going to write to you again, but the fact is I ain't had time to tend to nothin but the fourth of July ever since I wrote my last letter to you. But they ain't no use of apologetic words to my friends. I always take a long apology as the very best evidence that the writer don't mean what he says—it shows that he knows there's something wrong at the bottom, and he's tryin to throw dust in a body's eye.

Well, to proceed with no apology.— We had the most glorious fourth of July this year that ever took place in Pineville. It was one of them memorable occasions which don't happen more than once or twice in a man's lifetime, even in this country; and I s'pose don't ever happen in any other. We had a real temperance celebration, and though there wasn't no liquor on the ground, I never see the people in better spirits in my life. There wasn't no cousin and aunt and fighting like they used to be, and there wasn't no nose nor hair, nor bottles and glasses, nor dishes broke, and there wasn't no feller left under the tables for the hogs to root about till they got sober. But I must give you a regular account of our proceedings, according to the request of the "Pineville Temperance Club."

Well, it has been gin out all over the county that I was gwine to deliver the oration, and I believe every man, woman, and child for more'n ten miles round was out to hear it, affording a very strong evidence of my gratulatory popularity, even my look has been printed. It wouldn't be worth while for me to tell you about the shootin in the mornin. You know the boys always keeps up a most affixed racket on such occasions, till their powder gives out, and they used to get drunk and light, but this time they was all quiet and friendly, and when they was 'mong the shells, till the procession was formed and marched down to the spring, whar dinner was to take place.

The crowd was so large they couldn't all begin to get in the church, so seats was fixed all along the side of the hill, under the trees, and the proceedings took place out there, while the niggers was settin the tables for the barbycues down in the boiler. I wanted to go with Mary to keep her from gettin skeered, but her oration, of it day they wouldn't hear to no such arrangement, and I had to walk in the procession, with Mr. Mountgomery, who read the Declaration of Independence.

Mary and mother and all of 'em was in a terrible swivel all the time, for fear I'd git cowed and wouldn't succeed in my oration; and I felt a little jumpy myself, for I never see so many people together before in my life. But I was 'termined to make it, and I was 'termined, and while parson Storms was prayin and Mr. Mountgomery was readin the Declaration, I sot ther and screwed up my spunk to the very highest notch.

As soon as the readin and prayin was done, the boys raised a thunderin shout, and the old gentleman come to me and said, "Major, do your best." I felt kind of choky, but after they was all done hollerin and was still in mind, I took a gourd of water and cleared my throat two or three times, and stepped out onto the platform and began my oration.

"Friends and fellow citizens"—hem, see I (and I never felt such a roarin sound in my ears, and my heart seemed like it was gwine to jump right out of my mouth. I couldn't think of the first word to begin with, and I hem'd three or four times, and boked down to my feet and then up to the trees. I didn't know what upon yest to do. Jest then I happened to see Mary. Her face was as pale as a sheet and her bright blue eyes was filled with tears, and she looked like she was jest gwine to fly away. Ther was 'lectricity, or mesmerism, or something in her looks, for I never felt so brave and so determined to do or die tryin in my life, and I jest gin the end a bold look all round and stood like I was writtin purpose for 'bout half a minit. "My feelin's on an occasion like this can't find words to speak 'em in—(the idea took just rate)—"Hurray for Major Jones!" see all of 'em.—and my tongue has done silent homage to the sublime emotions of my heart.—Then I laid my hand on my bosom and gin 'em another look—"Hurray!" see they.

"What is this occasion? what day is this upon which we are assembled? It is the Sabbath day of freedom! the day upon which a great nation of freemen worship at the altar of liberty. While we are assembled here, millions are gathered from the great cities and towns of the north an east, from the broad valleys of the West, and the homesteads of the sunny South, to celebrate the declaration you have just heard—that great and glorious resolution in support of which was pledged the lives, fortunes and sacred honors of our gallant fathers—and to offer up thanks for the blessed privilege they bequeathed to us. What can I think of this occasion with feelings of a ordinary character? (Nobody, hurra, hurra!) Fellow citizens, I feel my unequalled for the task you have honored me with. I know I can't begin to do justice to this occasion, but I will do the best I can. (Go ahead! hurra for Major Jones!)

"I needn't tell you anything about the revolution—I needn't tell you how our forefathers lit, bled and died for their country. You all know that as well as I do. We haint got nothin to do with the past—the present and future is what concerns us; and if we does our duty to our country, if we performs our part as well as our great-grandfathers did theirs, we'll all come out straight in the end. But that's

bring in new dishes, right hot out of the kitchen, and I believe ther was as many baskets full of oranges left when we was all done as would feed all the people in Pineville. After supper Mary found some of her old acquaintances from the Female College, and I left her in the parlor to talk with 'em, and went out on the porch and smoked a cigar and talked politics with the gentlemen till bedtime.

The next day was Tuesday, and after breakfast I took a walk down to the college avenue to see the crowd, and such a crowd of every sort, size, condition and circumstance, from the Governor of the State down to free negroes and dandies. Ther was members of Congress and judges and big lawyers from every part of the State, and some from Carolina, and Senators, and Junior Freshmen and Sophomores enough to keep Georgia in a stew for a century to come.

"Hurray! Amen! Glory! Hurray! Hurray!" shouted all the fellers, and the girls waved their parasols, and the chaps like a perfect harrycane, and old Mr. Mountgomery shook me by the hand for more'n a minit—"Why, Joseph," see he, "you have excolled yourself."

The fellers all crowded round me, and the girls all got round Mary, congratulating her, and I couldn't git a chance to say a word to her till the drum beat for us to go to the table. Ther was lots of everything that was good to eat ther, but my appetite was all gone, and Mary couldn't get no talk about my speech. She sot she was half scared to death when I first commenced, and if I hadn't got started when I did she was jest gwine to go right straight home. I can't tell you half what mother sed, and old Miss Stallion.

After the dinner was over, Squire Rogers and Mr. Mountgomery read the toasts, but they would be so long I s'pose wouldn't like to put 'em in the "Miscellany." It was particularly understood ther was to be no political toasts, and nobody was fool enough but Cousin Pete to bracke the rule. He was dyin to make himself conspicuous, and the first chance he got he jumped upon the table and boller'd out as loud as he could, "The honorable Mr. Martin Mas—" "Stop," see Squire Rogers, "we don't have no political toasts here, Dr. Jones." "No, no," see the fellers, "git down, if that's yer game. I thought Pete would faint before he could git off the table. I didn't see him no more that day. Everything went off perfectly smooth, and quiet, and the day was very pleasant. No more from

Your friend, till death,  
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P. S. I see some feller in Charleston is advertisin for sale "Major Jones' Courtship, by Judge Longstreet." That's a most blameable mistake, for the Judge never writ a line of my book. I don't know whether he feels flattered by havin my writings attributed to him, but if he does, I am even sated with it, for I take it as a very grate compliment to myself.

I wish you would tell Mr. Holmes of Augusta that I ain't no candidate for President, and if he's got enny friendship for me he won't put me in the papers for President any more. I haint got no very grate opinion of myself, but I've always tried to live a honest man and what little character I is got I want to keep.

### LETTER XXII.

Pineville, August 8.  
To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—You know I promised you, when I saw you in Athens, to give you a account of the Commencement and other matters and things as soon as I got home. Well, if there's anything I do bominat, it's a man what brakes his promise to a printer, or don't pay him for his paper when he ought to—so the first thing I done when I got home was to write a letter to you.

After supper I went to the Commencement of the Female College in Macon, I've had a monstrous curiosity to see how they done things at a regular boy college, and as soon as I found out the time it was gwine to take place, I told Mary I was gwine to Athens. Her lip drapt in a mist.

"Oh, yes," see she, "you don't care nothin for me now—you'd jest as leave away from me now as you'd. I didn't think you'd get tired of me so soon. But it's always the way with men."

I told her I wasn't tired of her at all, but jest wanted to go up to Athens, and she could go along with me in the buggy.

"Yes," said old Miss Stallion, "you can go along with Joseph, and it'll be good for yer health."

"But, mother," says Mary, "you know I ain't well enough to travel."

"Oh, yes you is, child, and it'll do you good," see the old woman.

The girls all 'lowed it would be the very best thing for me, and I promised I would drive as careful as could, and after a while she consented to go, but I believe it was more because she didn't want to be away from me than for the good of her health.

Well, it took 'em about half a day to fix, and when we got loaded up, I was afraid old Bose was gwine to have more'n his match to pull us, they'd put in so much plunder. We had two trunks, and a box of course, and lots of provisions, and some vials of medicine that was hid in a piny woods doctor's shop, and harrycane and sawsawed enough to kill all the vermin in Georgia.

Notbin serious didn't happen on the road, only Mary was monstrous skeery every now and then when we come to a bad place, and like to make me upset three or four times by catchin hold of the lines when I was doin my very best drivin to get round the holes.

We got to Athens a little before dark, and I left you when, I was a good deal disappointed in the place. It's a monstrous hilly and hollerly place, but it's a right smart sort of a town, and has got some pretty conspicuous buildings in it. I haint no idea it was anything like so large nor so handsome. But I needn't tell you nothin about that. I stopped at the Planter's Hotel, whar we got a first rate supper, and whar I never see so many people at one table s'fore in my life. At first I ate rather spare, thinkin ther wouldn't begin to be enough for 'em all, but the niggers was all the time

bring in new dishes, right hot out of the kitchen, and I believe ther was as many baskets full of oranges left when we was all done as would feed all the people in Pineville. After supper Mary found some of her old acquaintances from the Female College, and I left her in the parlor to talk with 'em, and went out on the porch and smoked a cigar and talked politics with the gentlemen till bedtime.

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mind to spill anything all to pieces in my life. To think the bominable creature should come and scare Mary almost out of her senses. But I had to take care of her, and so I had to let it go on.

Mary was so overcome I had to take her right back to the hotel and stay with her all the evenin', and give her sawsawed and hold the harrycane to her nose. It is a outrageous shame that such walkin' scarecrows should be allowed to go as large to frighten the women and chaps in the city. I wouldn't had Mary see the ugly cuss not for anything in the world, for ther ain't no tellin' yet what may be the consequences.

The next day we went to hear the graduates speak, and to see 'em git ther diplomas. The speeches was all first rate, but I noticed one thing which I believe was the case with the junior class too. Them that was the winners made the best speeches, and didn't have more'n a reasonable quantity of hair on ther heads, which goes to strengthen me in the opinion that it is only uneducated brutes that rust all to weeds. If I had a son and wanted to make any thing out of him, I would keep his hair out close to his scalp.

After the speeches was over, the President give each of 'em a piece of paper tied with a blue ribbon, and told 'em to go home and be good boys, to dress like gentlemen, and be gentlemen, and try to git along gently through the world. Ther he called up a whole lot of fellers and made 'em Masters of Arts, and gin 'em a paper tied with blue ribbon. Somebody ax'd me if I wasn't gwine to take the degree, I told him so for I took the "Miscellany." He ax'd me to hand the degree of Master of Arts; "Oh, yes," see I, "I don't know what aim to say and what I went away I ax'd Mary what it was. She said it was a title what they give to scholars. Not havin' much book larnin' myself, I didn't put 'em to the trouble, and we went home to our hotel.

The next mornin we went to hear Mr. Fickens of South Carolina make his speech, and such a thunderin' crowd and such a gathering of carriages, rigges and horses I never see as I kep a sharp lookout for the hairy man for fear he might give Mary another scare, but I didn't see him. I s'pose he got lost durin' the night among his whiskers and hair, and couldn't find himself in the mornin' in time enough to come to the oration. You heard Mr. Fickens' speech and know how that it was as well as me, so I won't make no long letter any longer by sayin' anything about it.

Mary was anxious to git home, and as soon as dinner was over we started and got home the next day at about noon. Mary says she thinks Franklin College is a first rate institution, but she s'pose she was a professor she wouldn't rather belong to the Female College in Athens, for she says ther wouldn't be had no such danger of gettin' wholped no never of 'em as there is when they have boys to deal with. She says they didn't whip none of ther professors when she was in college, though they used to make ugly faces at 'em sometimes. But she says boys is always worse than girls any way you can fix 'em and I'm very much of her opinion. Georgia boys is monstrous rough customers if they git ther' dander up, and it won't do to fool with 'em. No more from

### THE DANGEROUS GASOLINE.

Considering the number of deaths from the explosion of gasoline, it is a very serious question whether the sale of that dangerous fluid ought not to be prohibited altogether. Three persons lost their lives as a result of gasolines explosions last Tuesday, and the fatalities throughout the year are alarming. There are some restrictions upon the sale of gasoline, but it is evident that they are ineffective. The city authorities should consider the advisability of prohibiting its sale entirely.

The late, hearty, healthy man is a controversial question. It is a question of the relation of the root of the hair to the skin of the man, and of a large proportion of the goodness of his blood. The man, who is a goodly and healthy man, is a man who is a goodly and healthy man. The man, who is a goodly and healthy man, is a man who is a goodly and healthy man.

## BILL ARP ON GHOSTS.

HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN THEM, BUT HAS HEARD REMARKABLE STORIES.

When in an old mansion—An old Colonel's House—Experience at President—A Modern "Old Mortality" Arrives.

"Old Mortality" was one of Walter Scott's most interesting characters. This long-bearded, venerable man spent all the latter years of his life in going about from cemetery to cemetery in recheolting and remarking the marble slabs that covered the graves of the dead. Not only that, but he cleaned them, and made the best speeches that could be made on the subject of respect for his dead kindred and friends. Nearly fifty years ago I visited Laurel Hill, the beautiful home of the dead of Philadelphia, and the first thing that greeted me at the entrance was a brownstone statue of Old Mortality, working on a weather-beaten marble slab. A little dried up, spectacled old gentleman with a pair of white whiskers and a pair of spectacles on his nose, he looked at me and said, "You don't know, but I thought of him the other day as I wandered through the streets of the dead in Myrtle Hill at Rome, Ga. It has been about forty years since I helped to lay off that cemetery, and people have been moving their bones and a good motto to them over the gate would be: 'For men may come and men may go, but I go on forever.'"

An old-time friend was with me, and I can't help but think of him as "Old Mortality," for he has been nursing and cherishing that graveyard for over thirty years and has made it a place of beauty and a joy forever. He has long since made reputation as an able lawyer and a learned judge, but I know that he never looks at the old graveyard with a different eye, especially when he is standing and adorning that lovely and romantic place. He has spent hundreds of dollars there out of his own pocket. His own lot, with its Italian marble monument to the memory of his wife, is a marvel of exquisite beauty. I saw where he had righted up and placed a new foundation under the monument of the wife of a far distant friend. Within the last year or two he has been to Macon and returned and renewed the monuments that mark his parents' graves. He has been to Raleigh and worked on those of his brothers and sisters who died in the long ago, and has placed tombstones over the graves of his grand parents. He talked to me feelingly about some neglected graves of our friends who sleep in the old graveyard at Rome that nobody cares for and is well nigh abandoned. "When I get through with them," he said, "I shall feel satisfied and take a rest from this business and endeavor to be ready for my own funeral." If he is not Old Mortality now he will be if he lives long enough.

Well, I like that. We all like it; that is to say, all kind-hearted, religious people. Some people are afraid of a graveyard, especially young people, who have a horror of death; but it is a foolish fear and wears off as we get older. When I was a youth at a country school there was a braggart sort of a boy named Baldwin who said he wasn't afraid of ghosts. Jim Linton bet him a dollar that he wouldn't go down to the rocky field that night and set a sassafras bush that was near an old grave and bring it to the house. The money was put up. Just about dark Jim slipped around and hid behind a rock pile that was near the bushes that had grown around the grave. When Baldwin got there and was about to cut the sassafras Linton said solemnly in a deep bass voice, "Hewar! That's my grave," and Baldwin ran home with Jim after him and liked to have fainted at the door. When I was the little mill boy and had to pass a county graveyard on the way to my home, I was in the habit of getting my grist from the miller it was a strange on my youthful courage to go slow by the sacred mysterious place. But go fast you can't on an old sawyback mare with a bag of meal under you. For three or four years I was on the lookout for a ghost in the twilight, but I never saw one and I reckon it helped me later on, for my wife lived next the village graveyard and when I was courting her and kneeling at her feet I had to pass near it every night or two and it was a task of my love and my devotion, for neither rain nor darkness intimidated me, which proves that love is stronger than fear. Some moonlight nights when I was a little premature I have walked inside of this time-honored place and set upon the tombstones and peered at the epitaphs and the epitaph for it is a redemption leit in our humanity to spend a few minutes of the evening upon their tombs.

I don't believe in visible ghosts, but some strange things have happened since the Witch of Endor called up the ghost of Samuel. One night in Florida a number of us were giving in our experience when my old college friend, McKay, took his turn. He is too old to prevaricate or exaggerate. He traveled in Europe with his wife and educated his children there, and for eight years lived in Italy or in the cities of the Mediterranean, staying sometimes several months in one place. On arriving at Dresden he sought for a pleasant home to rent and found one on a hill in the suburbs, a large, massive, rock-built mansion of the olden time. He and his wife and daughter were pleased with the place and rented two rooms. The rooms were high and large and had a heavy cornice about four feet below the ceiling. On this cornice and just over the mantel was a portrait of a man. It was an old painting and the massive frame was fastened to the wall in the ceiling. There was a piano in the room and a set of the best old-fashioned furniture. The land-

lady was not a natural old woman. The first night of their dwelling Mr. McKay and his wife and daughter set up quite late and the piano was tried and found to be in perfect order. When they retired the lamp was snuffed and left daily burning. About midnight there was a racket up about the portrait and it was seen, to break loose from the ceiling and turn over sideways along the cornice to the corner of the room and then come down with a crash. Why gravity didn't catch it fell down by the mantel was the mystery. Next morning a servant came and removed the portrait. Next night after they had retired a heavy curtain that was between the bed and the window galloped around to the foot of the bed and fell with a crash. The lady came in next morning and removed it and it was fast in the position. She seemed crestfallen. The next night Mrs. McKay, who was given in room, played till quite late and after she had closed the piano and joined in the conversation with her parents there was an awful crash in the piano behind them. It sounded like everything had been violently broken by blows from heavy hammers and the piano was several times rattled and with crashing force. For some weeks after McKay and his wife and daughter looked and wondered and said nothing. Then he got up and approached the piano and inspected it closely. Then he ventured to open it and found every string and every key in order. The next night about midnight there was a painful crash of a chair falling in the room. The lady was turned up and a search for the chair was made. Sometimes it was in the corner, then in another, then up on the cornice and then out in the hall and then away off, but its cry was distressing, as though in great anguish. The lady was run for and came and when asked about the chair said there was no chair in the room, nor did her neighbors have any children. "Mother," did you ever hear the crying of a child in this room before?" She said she had, but it was a long time ago, and she learned from her that during the war with Napoleon the inmates of the house were all murdered for harboring some traitors. The man whose portrait fell and his wife and son and a little child. She thought that maybe the haunts had left the house by this time or she would not have noticed it.

"How," said "I" friend, "this all happened just as I tell you and my little wife will say to you that I have not exaggerated it." We looked at the little woman and she said "It was just that way." Of course they moved the next day.

Do I believe it? Yes, I believe Mr. and Mrs. McKay more than that my mind is not mistaken.

Bedroom Filled to Register Property.  
Boston, Nov., 1897.

"Well, how should I know they were married? They registered Mr. and Mrs. McKay on one to a room in the third story and the other on the second floor," said Mr. E. B. Scott, proprietor of the Syrian Hotel of La Porte, who placed a man and wife in an awkward situation one night last week. It was in the room of the Hotel that Mr. Scott was relating the incident to friends.

"They remained up one-half of the night in their respective rooms, waiting for each other to come in."

"How did it end?"

"Why, the man came creeping down the stairs between 12 and 1 A. M. to see what was the matter."