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1826

Reminiscences of a bank employee and his travels along the coast of Georgia, 1826

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1826.

The year after removing the specie from the Darien to State Bank of Georgia I was sent by the same Bank to Augusta with one hundred thousand dollars in new bills issued by the Bank in that City, & its different banks (branches, through out the state, and to bring back all the mutilated notes of that amount. I left Savannah in Stage (by our rail roads) arriving at Ebenezer I found the Bridge there had been swept away by a recent freshet I was there detained for a week awaiting return of the Stage & repairs of the road. meanwhile I amused myself shooting at marks with the Germans there with my pistols they suspected me of being on my way to Augusta to fight a duel & I did not undervise them. I found there an old man quite ill & a little daughter of the landlords. I got their consent & administered some medicine to them & learned afterwards of the recovery of the aged man and of the death of the Child.

On my arrival at Augusta, I was politely received by the directors. I invited to go into the room for an introduction to the Officers but declined the offer that I might go to the Barbers for a shave after which I returned to the bank to ascertain that all was correct for which I took a receipt. feeling relieved of my responsibility I went out & finding some old friends had a

jolly times. From Augusta I went to Washington from
thence after spending a few days I went to Cherokee
Corner where I had a sister at the Seminary procuring
board near by. I took her by surprise & so very joyful
upon seeing me burst into tears I told her if I had
anticipated her tears I would not have come. There were
at the school two friends Miss Courne Elliott & Miss Lee
Jones whom I noticed they were allowed to leave their
studies & we would sit together on the rocks at the Springs
and talk about home. I passed my summer mostly be-
ween this place and Athens where I had a brother at Col
lege. Was I Henry. I noticed the family of Mr & Crawford,
my father's friend. Also Dr Gourdon who had accompa-
nied my brother Mr Crawford on a visit to my father's
in Sar. I went to Madison Springs in Carriage with Mrs
J & her sister Miss Bass who I told jokingly, was²
of her Element & ought to suck the salt water
after spending one week at the Springs where I made
the acquaintance of Gen Fottle who was in miserable he-
alth with Cough & Fever, having tried many physicians
in Burke Co. without any benefit. He recommended
him to depart from his old habits for once & try
Pome & guinine. I met him at a hotel in Athens two
weeks later he addressed me as Doctor. I said may I
was the best doctor he ever tried. I was in the habit of ^{going}
with the landlord & a friend of his to see them shoot their
rels along the pine branch one day we stopped at Burke

strongly they put up a mark to shoot at 100 yds off & asked
me to try my hand. I told them I had never shot a rifle
in my life. I prevailed upon me to try. I beat them ^{too}
they said it was a chance shot I told I was aware of it &
did not wish to try again. I did try however by their persuasion
soon & hit the mark. Some days after it was agreed we ^{should}
shoot for a "tripe supper", these two men with their re-
fles 100 yds off. I with an old double gun loaded with ^{duck}
"duck shot" 75 yds off - the one that struck nearest to mark to
win. I shot at a mark the size of my hand, posted on a
board fence on the declivity of a hill. I fired first & going
on alone. I found I had not only missed the mark but even
the fence. I punctured with my pencil about twenty holes in
the paper - the lead leaving the impressions. On my return
upon being asked what sort of a shot I had made, I
told them it was not for me to say. They then fired & all
went to see the result. Erwin said I had made the best
shot he ever did see. That he would have given anyone
the old gun if they wanted her but that now he would ^{not}
take fifty dollars for her. I had the year before taken
the plume prize for making the best shot at a target a
quarter mile off. (In the Old Chatham Artillery) This the
students from Savannah knew. & hearing of & having
intended my shots up here they wanted me to teach
them shoot their muskets as they were expecting soon to
continue for a prize in a Volunteer Co. commanded by their fel-
low student Chas. Dupont of Fla. I got my name up as a
marksman.

In my ride to & from Athens to fill in with his Honor,
Judge Daniels - a half breed of the Cherokee Nation -
~~judging~~ learning that I was from Savannah he enquired particu-
larly after Mr Gannan - a young Lawyer whose mother was
a half breed Cherokee Indian. I told him but for intemperance he would
do well in his profession, that I knew him well, and that some of the first men
in the City were his staunch friends. He said that he had been up in the Cherokee
Nation and staid some time with him, he then invited me to come up and see him
tell me that I might suppose that they were all Savages, but that he lived about one day
ride from Athens in a two story brick house with marble facings to his doors and windows
that the marble quarry belonged to him (there is a slab in Medway cemetery from
this quarry) over Mrs Stevens grave) to crown all, he informed me, that he had two
daughters that had recently graduated at Sparta Georgia, The judge was just from
Washington City with the treaty for the removal of the Cherokees West, he said that
he would have some spare horses along with his own to meet him in Athens, and that
I could ride one (my time was nearly out from my absence from the Bank,
and I had to decline) that he was going to call a meeting of all the Chiefs in Council,
and that I could take a seat on the bench with him, and hear all of their speeches. I never
regretted any thing more in all my life, than not being able to attend. Mag'r Porter
on my return to Savannah said that I could have remained, a month longer,
as there was no business doing in the Bank and he would have given One hundred
dollars to have had me gone, and heard my description of it. When the time came
for me to leave Athens for my home in Savannah, I stopped at "Cherokee Corner"
and took my sister along with me in the Stage, we proceeded on to Augusta, and
remained a few days among friends, then started again, for home. We had to travel
day and night, we had a crazy fellow ^{male} along, which took quite a liking to me,
and as my sister would give her candy and kisses to eat, she would pass the kiss
papers to me, she would read her Testament that she had along, and play on
a Jew's harp, the music was very disagreeable to some of the passengers (one
(continued))

A Reminiscence. In my long life of three score & thirteen (73 yrs) it is but natural that scenes must transpire that have somewhat of romance in them. I will relate one or two from memory. When twenty five (25) yrs of age I was one of the Book-keepers in the "Bank of the State of Georgia," located in Savannah - the Bank having assumed some eighty thousand (\$80,000) dollars of the Danen Bank - then in a failing condition - with the promise that it would repay it with the silver, ^{then} in its vault, I was deputized to select another officer from the bank and go after it with him. The Directors allowed me to select from the numerous coasting vessels then in port, any Captain that I felt confidence in - they to pay him \$200. dollars with the privilege to bring any freight back that he wished. I selected to accompany me Mr J. G. Davis the Porter of the Bank as he was accustomed to counting the silver as a part of his duty. I then called on my old friend Capt Sullowick an honest old seaman whom I had known all my life and offered him the job - he declined on account of a previous engagement. but recommended me to Capt. Howland of the Schooner ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Three Brothers~~, as a reliable man and I secured his services right away. The next morning bright & early my companion & I took passage in the old ~~Danen~~ ^{Danen} Stage. On arriving at the 17 mile post. the house then kept by Mr Lamb. we encountered at the breakfast table the "Mr Bar" just from Coast. knowing Davis & Secy. to be Bank officers - they said jokingly. they knew what

we were after. I would way lay us on our return. I thought
nothing of it at the time. We reached Jarrow that night &
put up at "Streets Hotel". The next morning after break
fast I went to the Bank and delivered Mr A Porters let
ter to Mr E B Rees cashier. In which as Cashier of the
Bank at Sev. he required me to count & weigh the spe
cie and give receipt for the same. Mr Rees said "there
was no use for that as he intended to sell all the
silver and we would continue to redeem their bills with
all that was over and above". In that case I told him I
could not receive it on his word. He said there was
one hundred and seventy five thousand dollars (175000!)
in the apparent kegs & boxes. That he had brought it
from Charleston when the Bank was first started &
that none of it had been used. I would bet me a
full suit of clothes that it would not fall short of
fifty (50) dollars or over run that amount. I told him
I would give him the following receipt or count the
money. Recd from E B Rees 20 kegs & 10 boxes said to
contain 100 thousand & 75 dollars subject to be counted
by "Bank of the State of Georgia" and if it over run the
80 thousand I come for the balance to be placed on
credit to the Bank of Jarrow. if it fell short, said had
to make it good. To this he agreed. After remaining
one week or more awaiting the arrival of the vessel
visiting my relatives, dining only once at the hotel by
special invitation of the land lord who said he would

then some nice soft shell turtle soup. The vessel being
around the Capt discharged his cargo. then got on a
boat and I had to have him conveyed aboard & put in
the bunk. I then raised the mate to hoist sail. the
tide being us, we had to remain at anchor that night
on the river. The sailors on putting the kegs & boxes aboard
were anxious to know what it was that so rattled within
we passed it off for nails which they stowed in the Cab
in. I remained on deck all night, armed with dirk & Pist
tol. Mr Dams was also like armed but was confined to
the Cabin by Sickness all the time. I remaining on ^{deck}
never entered the Cabin about 10 o'clock next day where
off Black beard the Capt came on deck & took command
On coming of port to Mr Waldburgs wharf on that Is-
land the Capt was hailed by Mr Jacob Waldburg & re-
quested to take his wife & family also his Brother to
Savannah. he was told that the Cabin belonged to me
& I was willing, he had no objection I heartily com-
plied & was glad of their company I went up & took a
drink with the two Brothers and Mr Chas Durham who
was managing their plantation at that time. nothing
occurred until we came to Rowley marsh when I
mentioned to Mr George Waldburg my having a large
amount of money aboard I requested him to keep a
sharp lookout whilst I took a good sleep with ^{my}
head on his lap. We proceeded until we anchored again
on Warsaw Sound when the Capt. observed to me that

there was a boat approaching with armed men in it. I asked if he had a gun aboard he said no I then called Jans from the Cabin and asked him if he remembered what I promised Mr Bullock the Pres^t of the Bank. It was that I would lose my life before I ^{could} see one dollar of the money. he replied "all right & if they proved to be robbers we would give them a shot or two. I thought of what the lawyers had said and that it got out that we were after money & nearing Wilmington Island I perceived a young lady on the bank of the river now, dressed all in white (here is the romantic part) she had been looking daily for one week for the vessel to pass. I recognized her & we exchanged salutations, she waving her handkerchief & by putting off my hat & bowing. That night we came to anchor in South river & the next day at 10 o'clock we were moved at the wharf of the City & procured drays & wagons to convey the money to the Bank. It took us nearly a month to weigh & count it out. & great was my relief to ascertain that it exceeded the amount stated by three thousand dollars.

& these men in the boat proved to be old acquaintances - a ~~fine~~ ^{horrible} ~~resonable~~ set who called themselves "Real times". They had been hunting on Warsaw island, owned by one of the party, were entirely out of liquor & boarded the schooner for the purpose of getting some. I requested the Capt; if he had any, to fill their bottles. which he did besides giving each a drink. I told them they did not deserve it for frightening me so.