

his father's sister was in the habit of exercising the right which the old English law gave to husbands to beat their wives. He took time to pay a visit to his aunt—to tie his uncle to his bed-post, and thrash him into most feeling experience of the pains of whipping, and to let him know, that if he again laid so much as the weight of his finger in anger on his wife, he would return from Georgia, whither he was going, and repeat the flagellation.”

The memoir which follows of a mulatto boy—his services in battle—his fidelity and adhesive attachments—is interesting in itself, while it illustrates a relationship between the whites and blacks of the South, which, inevitable from the conditions of the parties, it is yet difficult for the foreigner to understand. The story is of one Austin Dabney, a free negro.

“No soldier under Clarke did better service during the revolutionary struggle. In the battle of Kettle Creek, the hardest ever fought in Georgia between the whigs and tories, Austin Dabney was shot down, and left on the battle ground very dangerously wounded. He was found, carried home, and taken care of by a man by the name of Harris, who lived close by. It was long before Austin Dabney recovered. Gratitude for the kindness which he had received, became the ruling feeling of his heart. He worked for Harris and his children, and served them more faithfully and efficiently than any slave ever served a master. He moved with them from Wilkes county to Madison, soon after the latter county was organized. He sent his benefactor's son to school, and afterwards to this college, by the hard earnings of his own hands. He lived upon the poorest food, and wore old, patched clothes, that he might make young Harris a gentleman. When Harris left Franklin College, Austin Dabney placed him in the office of Stephen Upson, then at the head of the legal profession in Upper Georgia. When Harris was examined at the Superior Court of Oglethorpe county, took the oath of admission to the bar, and received the fraternal shake of the hand from the members of the profession, Austin Dabney was standing outside, leaning on the railing which enclosed the court, two currents of tears trickling down his mulatto face from remembrance of the kindness which he had received, and thankfulness for the power which had been given him to do something in return.

“The United States government allowed Austin Dabney a pension, on account of the limb which was broken at the battle of Kettle Creek. Austin Dabney went once a year to Savannah, to draw his pension. On one occasion he travelled thither with Col.

Wiley Pope, a citizen of wealth, his neighbour and friend. They were very intimate and social on the road, and until they entered the streets of Savannah. As they were passing along through the city, Col. Pope observed to Austin Dabney, that he was a sensible man, and knew the prejudices which forbade his associating with him in city society. Austin Dabney checked his horse, and fell in the rear, after the fashion of mulatto servants following their masters. They passed by the house of Gen. James Jackson, then Governor of the State. He was standing in his door as Col. Pope rode by; he suffered him to pass without notice. Recognizing Austin Dabney, he ran into the street, seized him by the hand, drew him from his horse, and carried him into his house, where he made him stay as his guest whilst his business kept him in Savannah."

The story thus given is a frequent one, confirmed by numerous anecdotes in all the Southern States, and in frequent fields of battle. In more recent periods, the slave of the Southern soldier has attended him to Florida and Mexico—fought beside him—assisted him, and been assisted; and has proved usually fearless, when fighting under the eye of his owner. At other periods the negro has not often shown himself indifferent to danger.

Of the first crude efforts of civilization, our author gives us some ludicrous and striking illustrations. Up to 1785, there was neither court-house nor jail in many of the counties. The court was held in private houses, taverns, or out-houses. The jurors frequently squatted upon a pine log, whittled their sticks, and discussed the evidence at leisure in the open air. Sometimes the discussion was ended in a row before reaching a verdict.

"One of the incidents arising out of these out-of-door consultations, is still related by the old people, who survive those times. Whilst a jury was seated on a log, engaged in deliberating upon a case which had been submitted to them for decision, a man who had been a tory during the war came riding by. One of the jurors recognized him, and immediately cried out, 'There goes a tory, let's have him,' and gave chase, followed by most of the other jurors.

"About the same time a horse was stolen from General Elijah Clarke; he arrested some trifling fellow in the neighbourhood, as the guilty person, and had him charged with the offence before the grand jury, at the Superior Court. The testimony was insufficient for finding a true bill, and the prisoner was discharged. Gen. Clarke