

of the Battle of New Orleans, duelist, who killed Dickinson for a remark about his wife, and crowning all was President of the United States, and was more truly than Lincoln the savior of the Union in his nullification fight with John C. Calhoun. May the Good Lord rest the old General's soul along with Teddy Roosevelt's for the remark of Quinton Roosevelt about his father was equally applicable to Gen. Jackson. Quinton said one day to his father: "Papa, I do believe that you will be greatly grieved that you can't act as chief pallbearer at your own funeral." (To be continued).

W. W. DIXON.

## MR. W. W. DIXON CONTINUES HISTORY OF CONCORD CHURCH

Mr. Editor:

Someone writing under "Mossy Dale" has ventured out of his latitude of praising the pink cheeks of young ladies to assume the character of a third paleontologist out anutting in the fossilized forests of history and blows off his mouth about Jack Germany's parentage.

Item 1. He says Col. W. J. Alston picked up a pair of Germans in Charleston. This is refuted by the testimony of Bill Pearson, a brother-in-law of Jack's who is still living. Mr. Pearson says old Jim Germany was brought alone to the Alston plantation, that attaining manhood he married Mary Goins.

Item 2. Walter Holley says that he has known the family when farming near Jenkinsville, years before they moved to D. G. Ruff's. The place is still known as the "Germany Place," that the boys and the old man plowed an ox.

Did you know that Jack got his brother, Butler, to fire for him on the old Spartanburg and Columbia Railroad? In those days trains did not run on Sunday. Butler stole Jack's engine out of the round-house in Columbia and made a Paul Revere dash for Spartanburg. He burnt out the boilers in his mad career, lost his job, but in his old days was given the position of flagman at the Union Station, Columbia.

Item 3. There was a girl whom Jack Germany loved. He kept her picture on the side of his cab window. When he was killed the picture was taken out and sent to his sisters. One of them gave it to Walter Lewis, who has it now in his possession. By the way, Mossy, please tell us if that mad dog that was killed by

the police force and Herbert Linman a few days ago at Ridgeway was the same breed of dogs as the one that took up your scent at Billy Sunday's tent in Spartanburg and chased you to Broad River, where being at bay (so Muck Robertson tell me), you doubled your right fist and ran it in the dog's mouth, clean on through, then unclenching your hand, grabbed the tip of the dog's tail, jerking backward you completely turned the log wrong side outwards?

Mossy, you must be the most henpecked husband in the world! We saw Tom, Jr., with his lovely bride at the ball the other night in Winnsboro and asked them how you could always be keeping an eye on the fair sex, and your pen dripping love words about them, without exciting mother's curiosity. They said she was just deferring the day until she got a pair of sheep shears and then she would crop your hair closer than Delilah did Sampson's. So be careful. Remember that some Lotharios love "not wisely but too well."

Another mistake Mrs. James M. Smith calls our attention to: Robert Morrison married an Atkinson instead of a McFadden. Thanks, Mrs. Smith. You had worthwhile relatives in these Morrisons. Jack was a gentleman, well versed in standard fiction, learned in history, and great in friendship. One thing I remember about Bob. He, John M. Brice and R. L. Douglas went off to Medical College. Bob had to give it up because the sight and scent of a corpse in the dissecting room nauseated him. He could never be inured to it, and abandoned the idea of becoming a doctor. He made an admirable instructor in the Rock Hill Graded Schools.

We come now to that period in the dissension of Concord Church, the subject being the singing of hymns and psalms. One Sabbath the minister announced before the communion table: "While we are singing a hymn those who believe in singing hymns will come forward and commune. Afterward we will sing a psalm and those believing in using the psalms will come forward and commune." At this juncture an elder, John Sterling, arose and said: "God's house has become a house of dissension. There is no need to sing for me." One of the Brices said something of like nature and all those wishing to sing psalms in the worship, walked out and formed the old Covenant Church, which was built two miles below Woodward, the only traces of which left today are the grave stones in the burial ground called Sterling Graveyard.

I can give no authority for this, but maybe someone can. It is said that the congregation worshipped here for years, until a New England minister was sent as a supply. He preached against slavery. People other than his congregation became highly incensed against him and visited him with tar and feathers. At any rate before the Civil War its membership went to New Hope and some came back or their children did, to Concord. Many moved to Ohio and Illinois.

For the benefit of our young Judge Clowney and that impudent boy, Thad Coleman, another relative, I take the following quotation from Vol. 1 of Dr. Howe's History of the Presbyterian Church, page 535:

"An incident occurred in this region which may not be devoid of interest. Samuel Clowney, an Irishman, and a most determined Whig was out on a scout, accompanied by a negro man of remarkable fidelity to his master, and withal a strong Whig. As Mr. Clowney was approaching the margin of a stream, he heard a party of horsemen approaching from the opposite bank. It was dark. He conjectured that they must be Tories, and determined to try his hand with the whole party. He gave the negro an intimation of his intention and of the part he should act. They remained quietly at the brink of the creek till the Tories were within the banks. He then demanded who they were. They answered: friends to the King. He ordered them to come out instantly and give up their arms or be cut and shot to pieces. They obeyed. He directed his men as though he had a dozen or two, to gather up the arms and surround the prisoners. He then ordered them 'Forward March', under the custody of their guide, and conducted them safely to his own party. The prisoners were much chagrined when they found that their captors proved to be only two in number, and one of them a negro.

It comes over us with a smile that this old veteran of the Revolution must have been of the same cloth that the Clowneys of the present day are made. At least we believe Mr. S. T. Clowney could have acted the part.

W. W. DIXON.