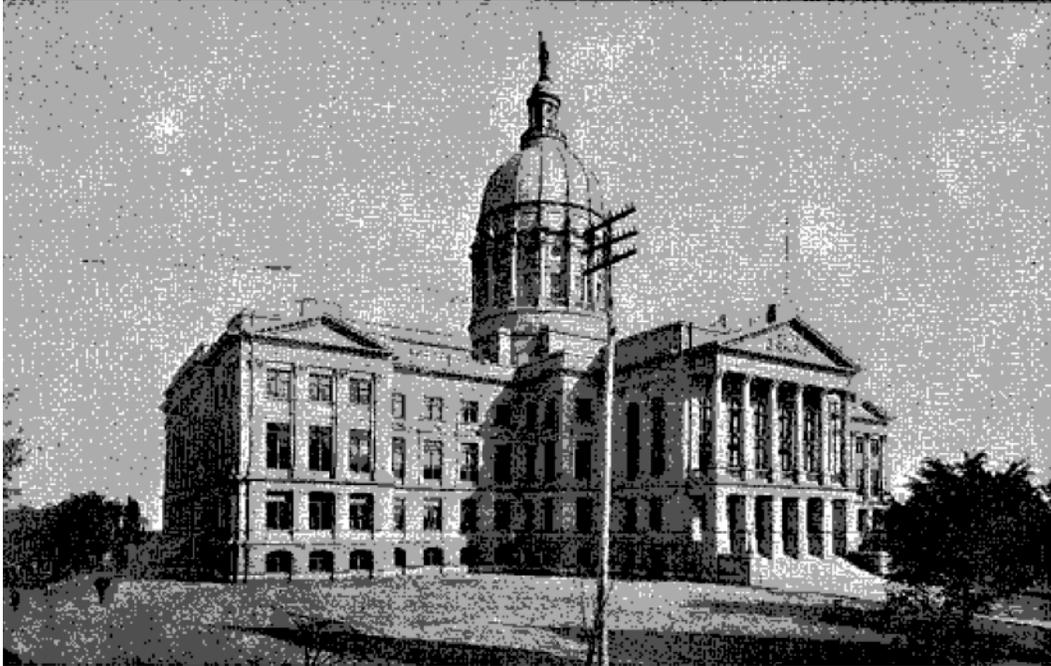


The New South Atlanta

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State House, Atlanta

George Leonard Chaney

The evolution of a city is not altogether determined by natural selection. Human selection has something to do with it. But nature has her word to say in the matter, and there are notable instances of arrested development in towns and villages which lacked nothing that human wit and intention could give them. In that suggestive book by Charles C. Jones, Jr., entitled *The Dead Towns of Georgia*, we read of settlements that seemed at the start to have all the promise and potency of civil greatness in them. But they never came to full stature as cities. Frederica, that darling plant of Oglethorpe, on St. Simons Island, perished with the cessation of the military necessity which created it; and in spite of salubrious climate, fertile soil, hardy Scotch settlers, and a resolute founder, it proved no continuing city. Sunbury, the planting of the winnowed colony from New England, grew only to perish in its youth. Its ruins are its monument. Evidently, therefore, it is not wholly of the wit or will of man that cities start and grow and flourish. There must be a concert of action between nature and man, or the city is not forthcoming.

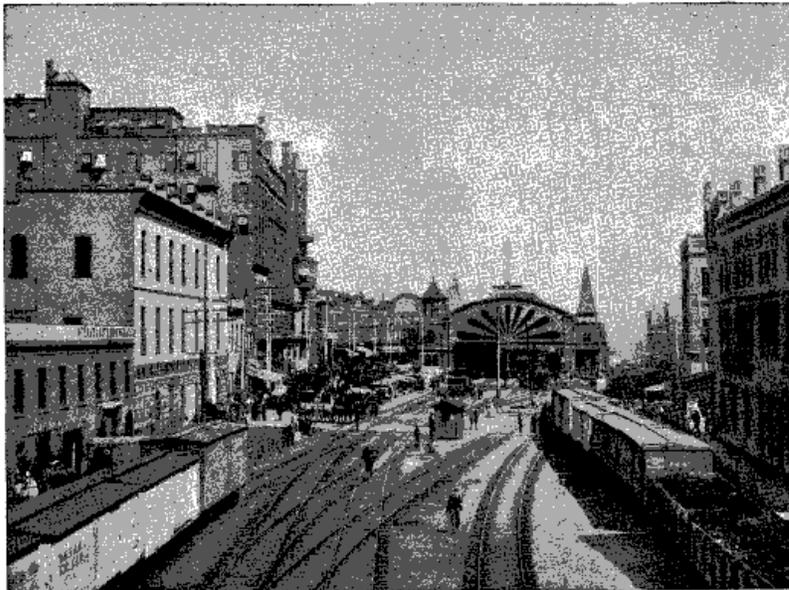
Atlanta has had this concert of action. Her site is as fortunate as her settlement. Located on a spur of the Blue Ridge, where the great ranges of the Alleghany system of mountains converge and radiate

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again in ridges of moderate height, suitable for cultivation and residence, the city is the natural centre of the vast hill country. It is also near the source of the rivers that flow into the Atlantic on the one side and the Gulf of Mexico on the other. The confluence of the hills, the effluence of the streams, Atlanta has a natural calling to be a great distributing centre. In 1845, John C. Calhoun foresaw and predicted its commercial importance, showing how all the railroads begun or projected at that time necessarily united at this point. His prediction is fulfilled. Already eight great railroad lines centre here the Central, the Georgia, the Richmond and Danville, the Atlanta and West Point and Western of Alabama, the Atlanta and Florida, the Georgia Pacific, the Western and Atlantic, and the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia. The Marietta and North Georgia, and the Georgia, Carolina, and Northern are nearly built, and on their completion Atlanta will have ten trunk lines.

Over these roads the raw materials needed in numberless manufactures may be easily and cheaply transported, and the



Railway Station Atlanta

manufactured product may as easily seek and find its market.

The productiveness of the soil in every direction and at convenient distances around the city seems only limited by the intelligence with which it is cultivated.

Whatever grows at all, grows luxuriantly there; and nothing but skillful agriculture seems needed to produce abundant and varied harvests. Already the demands of a large city are creating their own supply. Market gardens are multiplying. Dairy farms are finding profitable returns for the capital and labor bestowed upon them. But the growing proportions of Atlanta are pushing the farms farther and farther into

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the country. Lands which command twenty dollars a front foot, although situated two or three miles from the centre of the city, cannot be kept for farming. The introduction of electric railways and the extension of rapid transit into the suburbs have opened to residents, a large extent of hitherto unoccupied territory. Many charming rural precincts are already laid out and fast building up, thanks to the enterprise of land companies, metropolitan railroad companies, and an overflowing population. Inman Park, Edgewood, Copenhill, are all attractive and growing suburbs. West End is really a suburb of Atlanta, although independent in its municipal government. Its citizens are engaged in business in Atlanta and should be counted among its population.

The infancy, youth, and maturity of the city are associated with the three names it has borne Terminus, Marthasville, and Atlanta. As the eastern end of the Western and Atlantic railroad, it was first called Terminus, and for several years the name expressed all that was significant in the place. In 1836, the little log cabin of Mr. Hardy Ivy was the one house in or near it. In 1839, Mr. John Thrasher, with an old woman and her daughter, were the only inhabitants. So slow was the growth of the infant city, that in 1842 there were not more than three or four families in it, and Mr. Thrasher was at the close of that year in apparent despair of its progress.

However, three eventful things happened in the year: the first two-story building was erected, the first steam-engine was brought to the town, and the first land sale was made at public auction. In 1843, the people secured a corporate name and charter from the legislature, and Terminus became



The Kimball House

Marthasville, so named in honor of a daughter of ex-Governor Lumpkin. The first factory, an old tread saw-mill; the first newspaper, the *Luminary*, the first through train from Augusta to Marthasville; the first schoolhouse and church, both in one,

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distinguish the years '44 and '45; and in '46 the first important mass meeting was held in celebration of the completion of the Macon and Western road. Three more newspapers showed that the village had reached the talkative age. They helped develop the ambition for greater things; and, in 1847, a charter was sought and obtained for the city of Atlanta. The first city election occurred on January 29, 1848. And now the growing period is fairly reached, and henceforward there is only progress in numbers and enterprise to chronicle. Of course the city had to pass through its ugly age, when impulse had to learn obedience, and passion yield to principle. There was the usual struggle between the orderly and disorderly element. But in 1851, under the mayoralty of Norcross, the supremacy of municipal authority was vigorously asserted and maintained. From



Pryor Street

this time onward, until the disasters of the Civil War, Atlanta pursued its course like a well-fed river, increasing as it ran. And since the destruction of 1864, the wonderful renewal and advance of the city have made its calamity seem like a waterfall in the river, which is the concentration and demonstration of its power rather

than its ruin. Already, in 1861, the population was about 13,000, and the growth in business had kept pace with the increase of population. Despite the departure of many of its leading citizens, caused by the claims of war, there was a steady increase of its people, owing to the new enterprises and industries which were created by the war. In 1864, nearly twenty thousand people called Atlanta their home. In September of that fatal year the cruel necessities of war made them

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all homeless. The destruction of the city followed close upon its depopulation. Less than three hundred houses out of three or four thousand were spared. Hardly one stone was left upon another in the business centre, except in a few cases of peculiar deliverance; and the refugees who returned to the site of their old city found before them a task of restoration even greater than the original upbuilding had been. With the same patience and resolution and energy of recuperation which have shown themselves in so many parts of the South within the last twenty-five years, these returned exiles rebuilt their Jerusalem, working like their Hebrew prototypes, with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other. Within a year after its



Post Office and Custom House

reoccupation by its citizens, its chief business street had put itself in thorough repair, and handsome blocks and two new hotels gave the city some of its old-time attractiveness.

Of the military era there is little need to write. The story is known of all men.

American constancy and valor were nowhere displayed more conspicuously than in the battles around Atlanta. So bravely were the battles fought on both sides that the glory of the victory was only rivaled by the honor of the defeat. In number IX. of the "Campaigns of the Civil War," Major-General Jacob D. Cox has given an account of the taking of Atlanta, which has been accepted on both sides as fair and true. His closing reflection upon the dreadful but inevitable conflict of which these battles were a part, we gladly repeat as our own:

“When the struggle is over, and the fearful spectacle of suffering and



The State Library

bereavement is forced upon us, when we must reckon the cost by the unnumbered graves and the almost incalculable destruction of wealth, the only comfort or consolation which can be found must be the conviction that the cause was so holy a one as to be worth the sacrifice. The men never doubted this who fought under Sherman. Their opponents, too, were worthy of them; for they also had persuaded themselves

that they fought for independence and

liberty. Brothers of a common stock, of equal courage and tenacity, animated by conviction, which they passionately held, they did on both sides all that it was possible for soldiers to do, fighting their way to mutual respect, which is the solid foundation for a renewal of more than the old regard and affection.”

We have seen how quickly its former residents returned to Atlanta after its evacuation by the Federal troops, and how resolutely and successfully they set to work to restore it. Like a field cleared by fire of its old grass, the city put forth fresh life. Its thrift and prosperity have steadily increased from that day to this, until in the lawful pride of a solid establishment, worked for and attained by superior energy and public spirit, Atlanta smiles at its days of small things and finds nothing impossible in its visions of a brilliant future. Why should it doubt concerning its future? The past, if it were not already accomplished, would seem as incredible as the brightest anticipations to-day. The same causes which have combined to make her present prosperity are at work still, only augmented by new railroads, new

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industries, new people, and new ideas. The talents committed to her charge have become ten talents more. The energetic people who planted and re-planted the city have drawn to their company, by natural affinity, enterprising men from all parts of the Union; and to-day Atlanta holds a variety of population in stable equilibrium, which makes it truly metropolitan in the country, if not strictly cosmopolitan. Natives of all the states are here, and what is more satisfactory, they seem to adopt the city and to be adopted by it, without wholly losing their native characteristics. It would be premature to announce or to expect the integration of these varied people, in one common and distinguishable type. That is yet to come. Meantime, the process is going on and it is most interesting. To one accustomed to the slow and cautious methods of older cities, the stir and audacity of Atlanta are astonishing. Enterprises that far richer cities would postpone or never undertake are promptly essayed, and in a surprising number of cases brought to a successful issue. Whatever can be done quickly, Atlanta does well.

It is too soon to gauge the quality of her permanent institutions. They



Governor's Mansion

are still in the gristle. But already her schools, both public and private, are well organized and conducted with spirit and efficiency; her many churches are largely attended and administered with all the zeal and sacred competition which the multiplication of sects is fitted to inspire. If the money test is preferred to that of

education or religion, Atlanta may point to its bank

account with comfortable pride. During the last five years, its banking capital has increased largely, and it is estimated to-day to be about \$5,000,000. The amount of deposits is \$9,765,000 against

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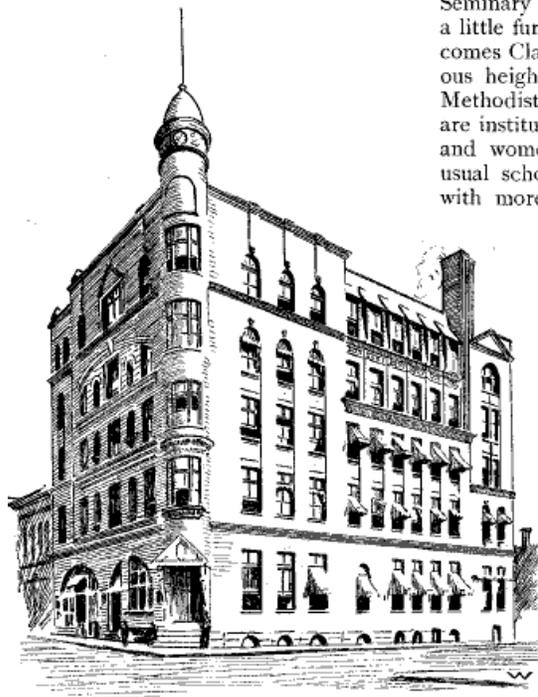
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\$2,000,000 in 1885. Eighteen banking companies divide this fund



Exposition Building

between them. Add to this the building and loan funds, amounting to over \$3,000,000, and the amount of active capital is seen to be almost commensurate with the present needs of the city. Meantime, the advance in the value of real estate has been steady and remarkable. The real estate returned for taxes in 1859 amounted to



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2,760,000. In 1870 it was \$9,500,000; in 1881, \$13,282,242; and in 1890, it was \$29,373,600. These returns represent only 62 1/2 per cent of the actual value; and the non-taxable property would add over four millions to the total amount. It is claimed that no one has received less than he gave for real estate purchased in Atlanta, unless driven by private necessity to sacrifice his property. However high the price paid, eligible property knows no decline. The highest rate thus far reached by central property was

\$1300 per front foot for land on North Broad Street, near Marietta. Choice lots on favorite residence streets being from \$150 to \$200 per front foot. But while these rates are obtained for land in the best localities, there are less eligible sites to be bought at reasonable prices. Indeed with the extended car-service now in operation, and the ample suburban territory, there is no difficulty in finding lots suited

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to every need and ability. It is claimed that prices are lower in Atlanta than in many cities of its size. That depends upon the location. But if prices of land are high it is because the demands of a rapidly growing city give it value. The population which stood at 21,788 in 1870 had increased to 37,409 in 1880, and to 65,591 in 1890. The white people outnumber the blacks two to one. The character of the growth in population is as satisfactory as the growth itself. Only the active and enterprising are attracted to Atlanta. The idle rich find greater diversion in older and larger cities. The idle poor are not encouraged to prey upon a community whose charities are not sustained by rich and inexhaustible endowments. Organized charity, indeed, is yet in its tentative stage. Neighborly kindness and church care of its own are still the popular ways of relief. But within a few years the idea and partial practice of associated have found hopeful recognition hospitals, industrial homes and schools, and temporary asylums.

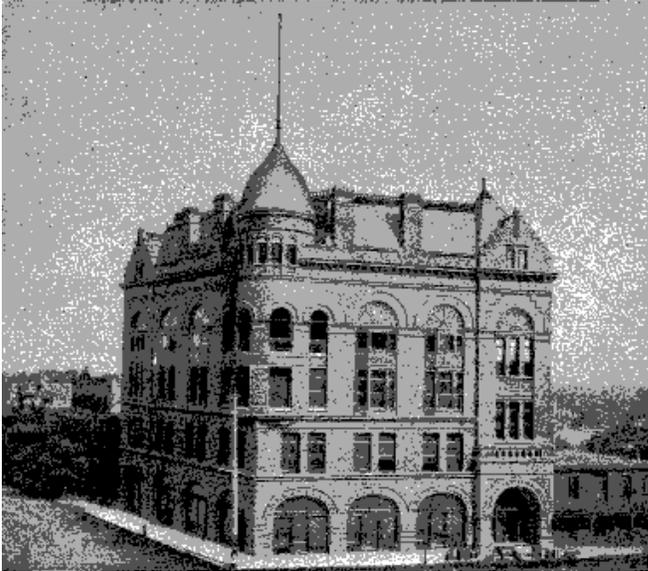
Colleges and schools of various kinds, under the auspices of one or another religious sect or association, have flocked to this city as their natural centre. The hills around Atlanta, once occupied by the forts and ramparts of war, now bristle with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Every prominent height has its school or college.

Atlanta University, founded by the American Missionary Association in 1867, crowns the western ridge with its halls and laboratory. Spelman Seminary for colored young women and the Atlanta Baptist Seminary for young men occupy the hills a little further towards the south. Then comes Clark University, on its conspicuous height, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal church. All these are institutions where colored young men and women receive instruction in the usual school or college studies, together with more of manual training than the traditional college provides. Continuing our circuit of the city, we find the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, with its beautiful and commodious edifice, the Moreland Park Military academy, and the Georgia School of Technology, a noble institution recently founded by the state and secured to Atlanta by the munificent contributions of its citizens. It has been modeled upon the Worcester Free Institute in Massachusetts, and has had the supervision of some of the teachers from that institution. The writer of this paper toiled up the hill on which this school is placed, on the occasion of its first commencement, in company with a stranger who said: "I little thought when I dragged

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cannon up this hill twenty-five years ago, that I should live to see a school like this here." It is this happy contrast between warlike memories and peaceful occupations, which makes Atlanta a perpetual surprise and delight to its thoughtful resident or visitor. The city that was first in war is first in peace. Add to the arsenals of education and mercy, which we have already noticed, the medical



Young Men's Christian Association Building

colleges, the musical institutes, the Business Universities, the Church Academy, the Gordon School for boys, the Washington Seminary for girls, and the public schools, with the model high schools at their head; and the educational advantages of Atlanta, for all its varied inhabitants, will be seen. These educational privileges constitute a large

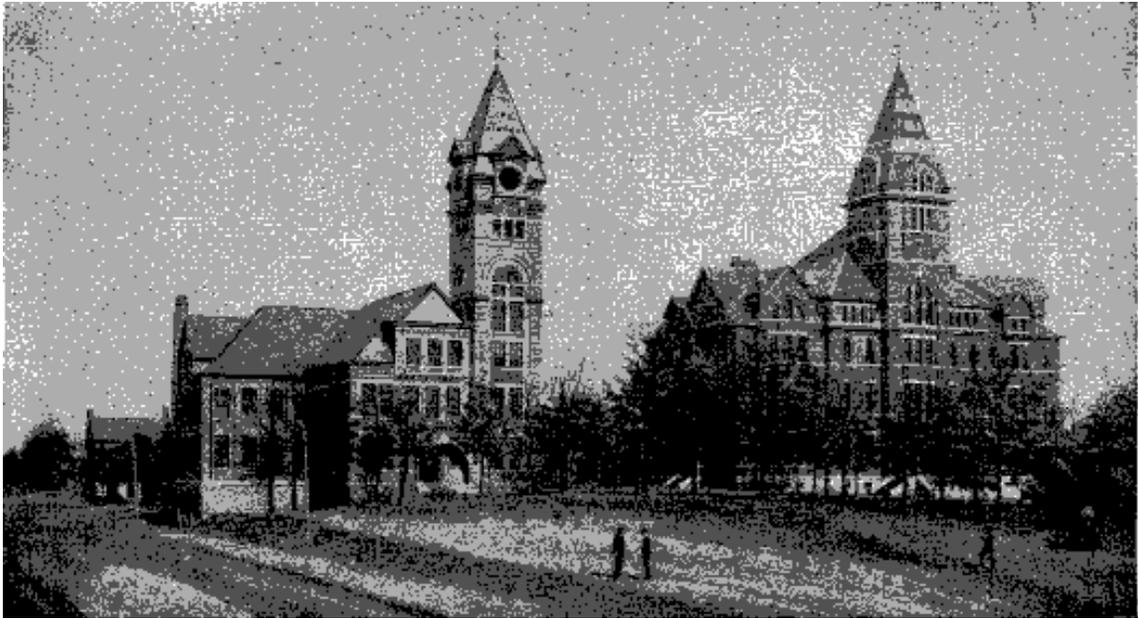
part of the attraction of the place for families seeking a wholesome climate and a refining home, combined with opportunity for profitable occupation.

Few cities have so large a number of pleasant days, taking the year from beginning to end. The heat commonly as associated with its location Atlanta is in latitude 34° north - is relieved by its altitude, 1085 feet above the sea-level. Were it not that the weather is always exceptional, whenever strangers visit Atlanta, one might confidently boast of its climate as perfect. It is certainly remarkably favorable to evenly good health to such as lead regular lives. The extremes of heat and cold are each relieved, the one by cool nights and the other by the brevity of its duration. The water supply is ample for all domestic purposes and for such manufactures as are already developed. It is furnished by a carefully kept and filtered reservoir and an artesian well. The sewerage is well provided for, and whatever has been lacking in the past in sanitary provision, is now supplied by a vigilant board of health and generous city government. No malignant or epidemic diseases prevail here, unless they are stirred up by

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private or public indiscretion. Cholera and yellow-fever do not find the conditions of their propagation here. So safely does Atlanta trust in her proved exemption from these scourges of the South, that her doors are always kept open to the refugees from plague-infested cities. The death-rate during the last ten years has been nineteen in a thousand, and only twelve in a thousand among the white people. Of these; fifty per cent were children under five years of age.



Institute of Technology

No wonder so wholesome a city finds an increasing number of people eager to make it their home. Those who go there to stay usually like the city better the longer they abide. The place is interesting. Its very faults are interesting. There is no cold symmetry or cloying perfectness about it. It is a city making, not made, and with all the provoking charm of youth in it. It is small enough to be comprehended, and yet large enough to have large interests and aims.

The rapidity of its growth has not encouraged solidity of structure, but the provisional buildings are rapidly making way for permanent edifices of dignified proportions. Such business buildings as that of the Gate City Bank, the Law Building, Equitable, Chamber of Commerce, and Chamberlin and Johnson, not to mention others, mark the beginning of a solid and continuing city. The number of elegant and costly homes would be noticeable and creditable in any old city of the land. Peachtree Street, Capitol Avenue, and

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Washington Street, are avenues of beautiful grounds and artistic residences. The public buildings are worthy of the capital city of the state. Few post-offices in the country have so much architectural merit as the post-office building here; and its intelligent, enterprising, and accommodating administration is giving increasing satisfaction to the people. Its financial statement for the year ending December 31, 1889, shows an aggregate for receipts and disbursements of \$2,687,855.53. The Fulton County Court House is a striking building. The new State Capitol is a really magnificent building. Without imitating the national Capitol at Washington, it is a distinct reminder of it, in its style and proportions. It was built and paid for by a state appropriation of one million of dollars, and so faithfully and well was the money expended, that the cost came within the appropriation, with a small margin to spare a unique instance of exactness and economy in the erection of a state capitol. Its exterior is of oolitic limestone, but the interior is finished in polished native woods and the famous marble of the state, which is found in such rich abundance and beauty within easy reach of Atlanta. Stone Mountain, which is almost in the suburbs of the city, is a mass of solid granite, whose base measures a square mile, and whose summit is 1600 feet above the sea.

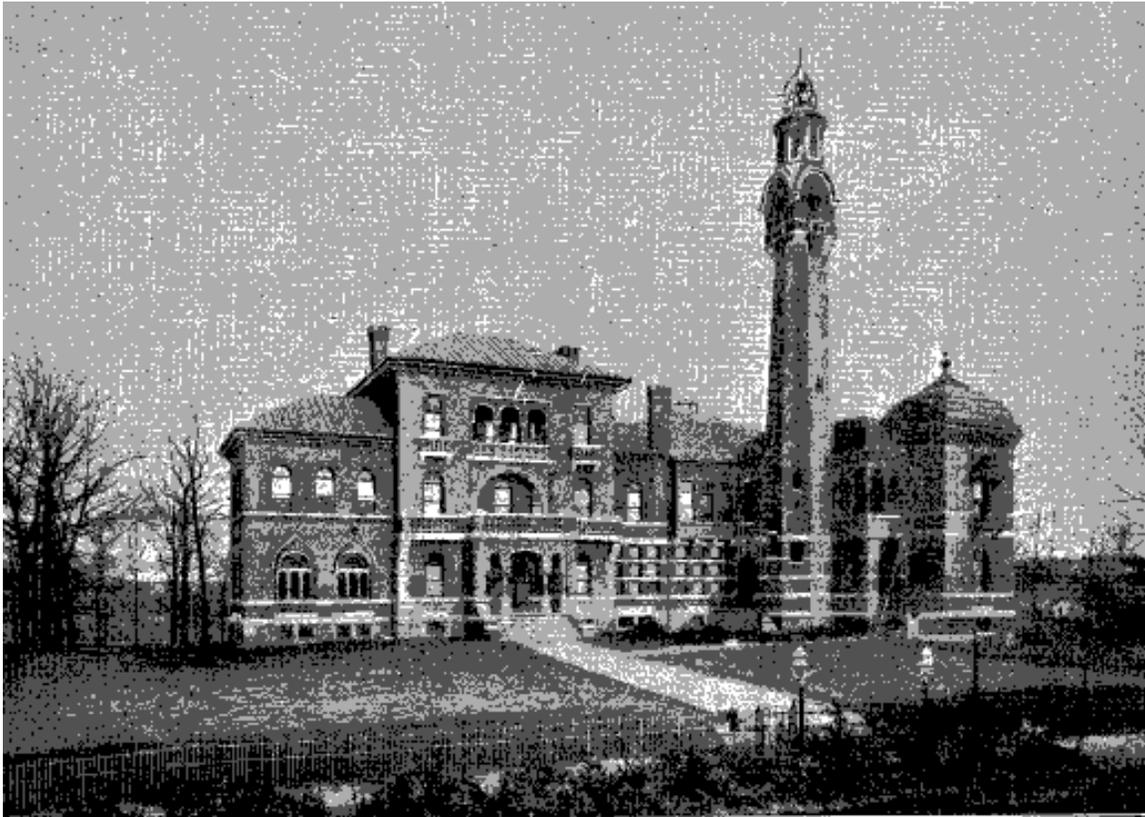
With coal and iron and timber on either hand in limitless supply, and so many avenues of approach that the raw material of numberless manufactures can be easily brought together in the city, and as easily distributed when converted into articles of commerce, the industrial development of Atlanta must be rapid and permanent.

With half the pecuniary inducement which less favored cities in the West have offered to prospecting manufacturers, there might be double the present number of manufactories in and about the city. Already the increase in such enterprises is remarkable. In 1880 there were only 196 manufactories. In 1890, there were 585; while the value of their products has risen from two millions to twenty-eight millions. The total amount of lumber handled here in 1889 was 70,000,000 feet, according to the report of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce for 1890. The reader is referred to this report for detailed information on the industrial subjects referred to in this paper. Emphatic illustration of the advantages of Atlanta as a manufacturing city is given in this report, in the fact that without water power, there

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are now 40,000 spindles employed in cotton manufacture, and provision making for 70,000 in another year. Three cotton-seed oil mills have a crushing capacity of 400 tons per day; and what was once the refuse of the cotton-plant now rivals in value its snowy lint



Hebrew Orphan Asylum

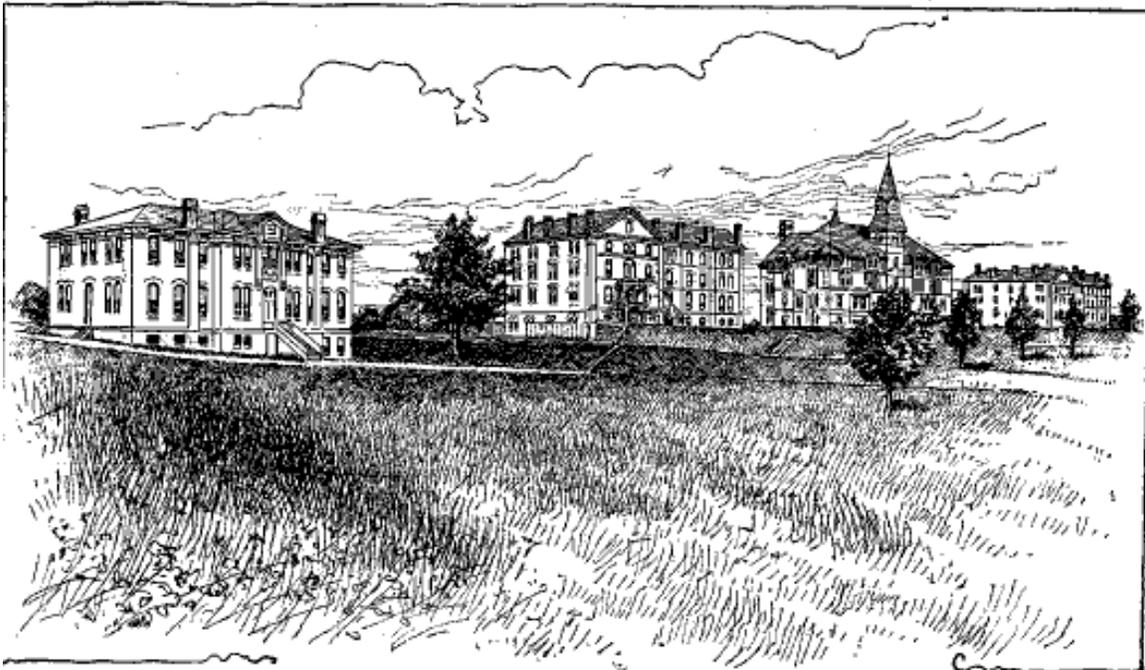
The variety of manufactures is as gratifying as their number and extent. "Everything is made here, from a coffin to a locomotive" - so says our comprehensive reporter, with felicitous collocation of cause and effect. When some one from the river city of Augusta taunted Atlanta with having no stream at hand, the typical Atlanta spirit replied: "We can have one when we want it." The Chattahoochee is only six miles away, and the "world is challenged to produce the parallel of that peerless river."¹ With a fall of "more than 700 feet in about 125 miles (air-line), and a flow varying from 930 to 3,000 cubic feet per second, it has more than 125,000 horse-power, a power sufficient to manufacture 2,000,000 bales of cotton annually." The same flowing pen, later on in its industrial rhapsody, shows that this

¹ See pamphlet on Atlanta, the Capital of Georgia and the Coming Metropolis of the South, published by Atlanta Manufacturers Association.

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Jordan of the South has an ample supply of water for a population of 11,000,000 people. No wonder with such a resource as that the writer historic does not fear the immediate water famine in the city. The government of the city is in the hands of responsible citizens; the honor, rather than the profit of office being a sufficient motive with this public-spirited community. Indeed, the one word which holds the secret of the success which has always rewarded Atlanta enterprise, is public spirit. Never was a city more heartily beloved and generously served by its citizens than this city has been. The rate of taxation



Atlanta University

under its charter cannot exceed one and a half per cent except in critical cases to be decided by the mayor and general council. But when some candidate for the people's voices undertook to curry favor with them, by proposing to reduce the rate of taxation, the people protested against the reduction, the only instance that has happened to come to the writer's knowledge of a popular demand for high taxes. The indebtedness of the city is \$2,213,000. The taxable value of real and personal property is assessed at \$37,000,000; but that it is actually \$70,000,000.

If the attempt were made to give in one article even a passing notice of Atlanta's creditable institutions, lively enterprises, original and distinguished people, historic places, grand occasions, memorable events, ingenious diversions, rousing campaigns, conventions of all

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kinds, religious, charitable, humane, and business, notable receptions, syndicates, schemes, corporations, - and all the other accompaniments of advanced or advancing civilization, this entire magazine would not contain the story that might be told. Even now we are reminded that nothing has been said - of the Young Men's Library, that early gift of the young men of the city to its educational and social resources. It has over fifteen thousand volumes, and is the centre and resource of the intellectual life of the people. The Young Men's Christian Association is also a flourishing institution, with a magnificent building and full equipment for its useful work. The story of the devotion, labor, wit, invention, generosity, and perseverance,



Grant Park

by which these two institutions were established and furnished with their fine buildings would better illustrate the genius and character of the city than whole pages of such cataloguing and commentary as our the report says order for a comprehensive view of Atlanta. requires at our hands. The way in which Mr. Grady, that wizard patron of every promising cause, fairly charmed, bullied, cajoled, and captivated the contributions that made such building possible, revives the fable of Orpheus with his cunning and edifying lyre. And when

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other means proved insufficient, the frank effrontery with which he advised "a robber fair," put the capstone on the enterprise.

It was the same electrifying personality which gave to the hard work of his associates in so many difficult undertakings the support and patronage of the people. From the platform of the *Daily Constitution*, with Grady as their mouthpiece, all the expositions for which the Gate City has been famous, have found their way to success and fame. The International Cotton Exposition of 1881; the Piedmont Expositions, with their revelation of material resources of nature and inexhaustible resource in man; the Piedmont Chataqua, which, though located at Lithia Springs, twenty miles away, is an Atlanta enterprise, and owes its existence and support to educators and capitalists of this city; the Home for Confederate Soldiers; the new City Hospital, which is to bear Mr. Grady's name, indeed, what successful and worthy institution appealing for its support to the broad humanity of the people has not found its ready and all-important helper in the *Atlanta Constitution* and its genial, hearty, and courageous editor, taken from us too soon for our happiness, but not before his own good fame was secure.

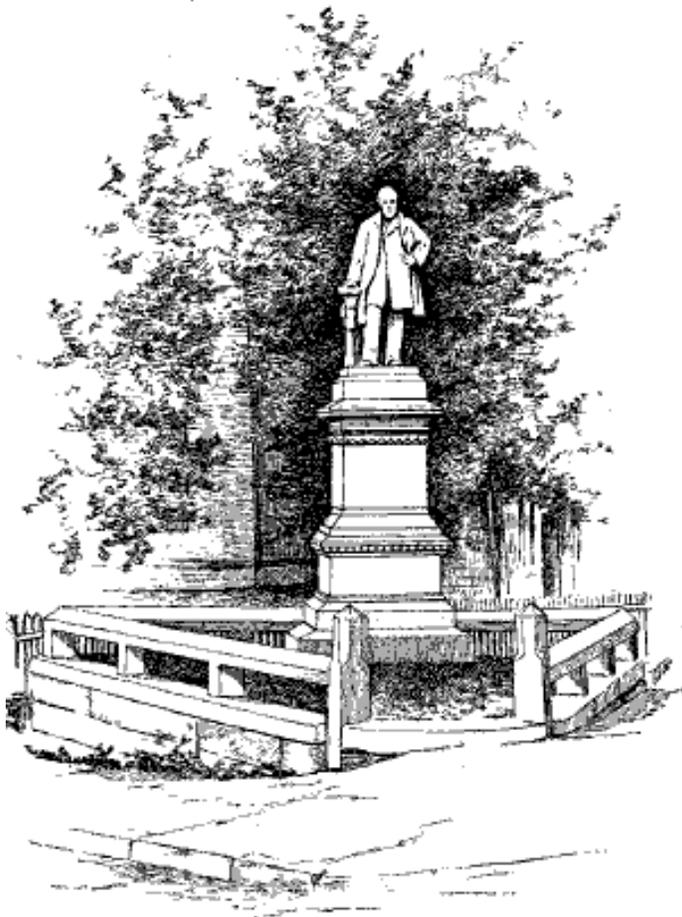
Thus far nothing has been said of the Capital City Club, or the Northern Society, or the Society of Virginia or of Tennessee, or of the various organizations, masonic, patriotic, charitable, or literary, with which this social and emotional city is filled. Neither have the military companies, which make the streets so lively with their brave apparel whenever they turn out, once appeared here. But no panorama of Atlanta would be worth seeing, which failed to depict the Governor's Horse Guard riding down Peachtree Street, or the Gate City Guards; or the Atlanta Zouaves, or Artillery; or the Rifles, fresh from taking the first prize in the competitive drill at Kansas City. So eligible is View in Grant Park the place for military establishment, and so congenial are its associations with the military spirit, that the federal government has selected it for the location of the McPherson Barracks. A fine driveway from the city to the barracks is nearly completed, adding another attractive drive to the many already existing. The parks, though in their earlier stages, and lacking something of that charm which only age supplies, are pretty and interesting. The L. P. Grant Park is a beautiful tract of one hundred and forty-five acres on the southeast edge of the city. Already above five miles of macadamized

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roads have been constructed, and four miles of walks. There are artificial ponds, a natural brook, fine woods, an undulating surface, and a curious zoological department, most admirably kept. The children of the city, inspired by their delightful friend, Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), of the *Constitution*, have raised the needful money by small collections, and presented the Zoo with a live elephant. The *Journal* the leading afternoon daily, not to be outdone by its morning rival, has led the way in securing a splendid lion. Whatever these two papers, the *Constitution* and the *Journal*, unite or compete in favoring is sure to succeed.

Of the hotels the travelling public hardly need telling. The H. I. Kimball house is justly celebrated, far and wide. It prepares the visitor for the



Hon. H.B. Hill

size and importance of the city, as the other immediate surroundings of the railroads fail to do. Of private boarding-houses the city, like all youthful cities of large promise, is full. Two large and reverently kept cemeteries, Oakland on the east and West View on the southwest, keep watch above the dead. In the former a large space has been dedicated to the Confederate dead, and a large granite monument has been erected there. In the latter, which is the scene of the Battle of

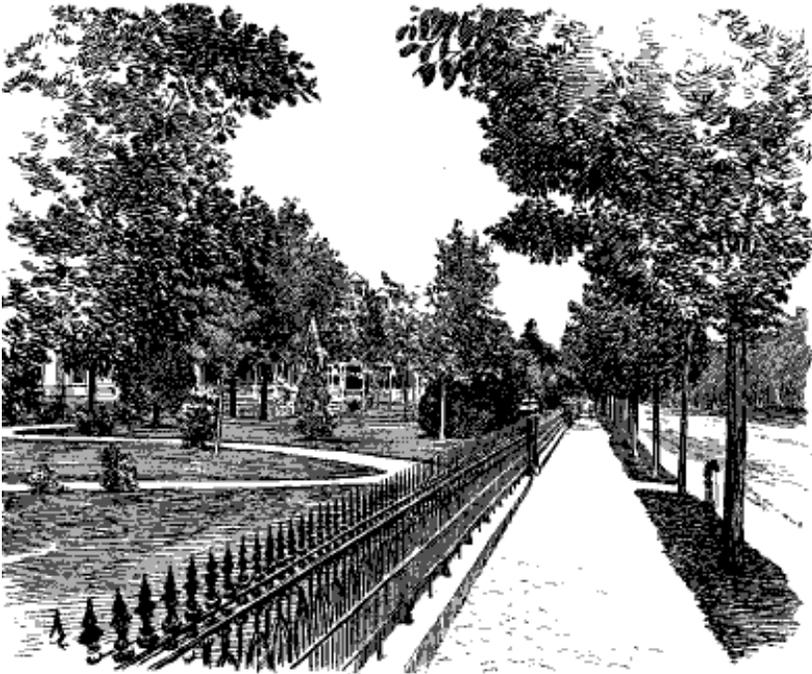
Atlanta of July 22, it is proposed to raise a monument of gray granite and blue marble, in honor of the dead of both armies who fell there, and an association composed of veterans

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from both armies has been formed to carry out this purpose. Hon. Evan P. Howell, senior editor of the *Constitution*, is its president.

A few years ago, Atlanta received and entertained the association



Peachtree Street

devoted to Prison Reform, with ex-President Hayes at its head. Her conscientious citizens are slowly feeling their way to a satisfactory prison discipline and a preventive treatment of incipient crime. A reform school for youthful criminals is already projected and resolved upon. Of its fire department Atlanta is justly

proud. No city can excel its skillful and prompt administration. Its police department is also said to be of superior excellence.

If people, as the writer believes, best reveal themselves in their worship and recreation, then the church and the theatre are good points of observation for the inquiring observer. Atlanta patronizes both. The crowds are always in the church or at the theatre. The appeal in both is primarily to the along the emotions. The two clerical Sams, Mr. Jones and Mr. Small, served their apprenticeship in this vicinity, and they often return from their starring tours to “astonish the natives with their audacious eloquence. The settled ministry of the city is not, as a rule, offensively sensational, the clergy pursuing their expected duty in the care of souls with fidelity and quietness.

Of society in Atlanta one must speak according to his opportunity to participate in it. There is surely no lack of elegance in its setting, or of beauty and grace in its company. Its coteries strike one as rather

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accidental than necessary, the result of favorable residence, equality of fortune or a common craving for reciprocal admiration, and not the clear crystal which comes of either chemical or spiritual affinity. But in what new world or new-time city is it otherwise? The writer would say, houses if asked his opinion, that this vastly interesting city of the New Old South was in all things eclectic rather originating. It takes the best it finds and can get all the world over, makes a thoroughly interesting combination of it all. Floral festivals from Florence, trade processions from this city, expositions from that, dog-shows, poultry-shows, wild-west shows, tournaments, races, athletics, tableaux, the kirmess, anything, everything innocent, amusing and money-making, all contrive to make the best show of all, Atlanta.



The McPherson Monument

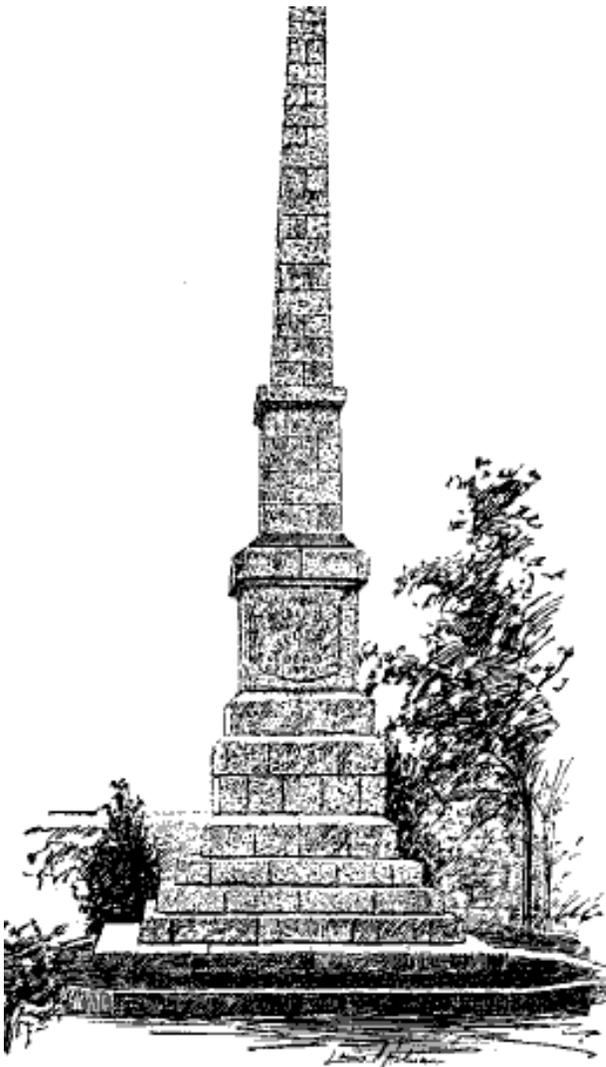
It has been called the Gate-City of the South, because it stands at the meeting of the roads that lead down along the mountain sides from the north and up river banks from the south, and opens its doors both ways for the intercommunication of the people. The name is a happy one; and it will always describe Atlanta's central position and mediatorial calling, between those portions of our common country, which are conveniently named from the points of the compass. But if I wished to describe the intrinsic quality of Atlanta, I would call it the Home City. It is preeminently a city of homes. The dwelling-

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outnumber the stores and shops, more than is usual in other cities. This is due than to many and sufficient causes. The climate and the exceptional healthfulness of the place; the schools; the friendliness of its people; the entertainment of its stirring and excitable life; its convenience as a centre for travelling men, all unite to make it a home city. Since business has taken the road, and the large and important profession of the travelling salesman has come into being, there is need of a central, healthful, and agreeable city where wives and children may live in safety and comfort, while husbands and

fathers are away from home; Atlanta is that city. Every city needs honorable traditions. What is lacking to Atlanta in age with its store of honorable memories, is made up to her in the shining heroism of her record in the Civil War. While no ruin of that war remains in the city itself all loss having been swallowed up in excess of gain, there are deep lines in all the woods that show where the battle was fought. The charitable mantle of forgiving nature is thrown over them, in vine and shrub and blossoming tree; but they are there, like the hard lines of character cut deep in the face and brow of mature manhood.



Monument to the Confederate Dead

To one who came a stranger to Atlanta eight years ago, as the writer did, a living embodiment of what might fairly be regarded as least

acceptable there a Yankee, and a heretic, a Unitarian minister from Boston, the courtesy, tolerance, and kindness of the people have been delightful. Nothing could exceed the neighborly good-will he has

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found among the people, and their readiness to co-operate in all that promotes humanity, education, and culture. I believe it to be true, that a visitor or emigrant to Atlanta will find what he brings, so far as personal relations with his neighbors are concerned. Beyond that he will probably find in the men he meets one and the same nature which is found wherever man is found.

As the capital of the state, Atlanta has more than a local significance. It is a representation of Georgia as a whole, while other cities naturally secrete and offer to the taste their own peculiar flavor. In the lower house, the member from Chatham graciously inclines to the member from Cobb, and in the upper chamber the senator from Richmond affably greets the senator from Cherokee. Of three men meeting on the street corner, one says, Howdy? Colonel! Another answers, Howdy! Major! Let me introduce you to General. And major, colonel, and general laugh and talk together, like common mortals, as very likely they are. The writer who is neither old enough, wise enough, nor fixed enough to have earned the title from his alma mater at Cambridge, so partial is she to youth for office and to age for honors is always called doctor in Atlanta; the degree was instantly conferred upon him by that generous and confiding university the Southern public. Everybody is major-general by brevet, in the service of the South.

There is nothing cold, hesitating, or mean in the bestowal of titles. As I have taken my walks abroad, I have been accosted as captain, doctor, colonel, mister, and boss the latter being the favorite term of the colored man, in addressing his brother in white. It is not necessarily subservient in tone, but rather implies a sort of confidence in the person accosted. Thus, I have been appealed to on the public street as "boss", to read a letter from a colored boy in the North to his father in Atlanta, and then to write a brief answer on a postal card, which this unlettered highwayman produced for that purpose.

Besides the local celebrities if such a name can be given to residents of the city, whose fame has gone out to all the world there are always distinguished visitors in Atlanta. "There is Bob Toombs!", one said to me, a few years ago, in the rotunda of the Kimball House. The "Thunderer" had aged, and I found it hard to associate with this

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feeble-limbed old man the powerful speech which took men off their feet in the sweep of its resistless torrent. When at the death of Alexander H. Stevens, Robert Toombs spoke his word of tribute, handkerchief in trembling hand and tears in his voice and eyes, it was like the dying out of a great storm: harmless flashes and subdued muttering on the far horizon and among the spent clouds. The last decade has been mortal to the giants of the state. Not only Stevens and Toombs have gone, but Benjamin Harvey Hill, whose pathetic sufferings won all hearts which his fearless eloquence had not already captured. The statue of him, which stands in the grounds surrounding the State House, has the merit of looking like him.

There is nothing tame in the memorials of such men as these. They and their times were stirring. The stories of their encounters on the hustings, their differences, rivalries, and controversies, are quick still with their heroes' "wonted fires." Mr. Stevens was a bachelor. Mr. Hill was married. Over some critical controversy, involving as Mr. Stevens thought, his personal honor, he challenged Mr. Hill to fight a duel, the latter replied with tremendous wit and impudence: "No, I will not fight you. I have a wife and family to support, and a soul to save; and you have neither." There were giants in those days. Last of them, still lives Senator Joseph Brown, whose life is told in Mr. Avery's "History of Georgia," with a fullness which reminds one of Louis XIV's famous *mot*, *L'etat c'est moi*.

The last governor was General John B. Gordon who added civil eminence to the glory of military fame. In the pleasant suburb of Edgewood, speedily reached by Atlanta's ample railway service, is the spacious home of Senator A. H. Colquitt. Diriving up Peachtree Street, the visitor will be shown the house of Henry W. Grady, with a conscious inflection of sorrow with the pride that points to his late home. The impression made upon the people of Atlanta by the sudden death of this brilliant and sociable man, whose love of the city was rewarded by a love of the city for himself, will not be effaced so long as the circumstances of his death are remembered. When, after a perilous journey in the interests of a cause most sacred to him, the mutual understanding and appreciation of the North and the South, he returned to his home to die, the people did not realize at what a price he had rendered his country this consummate service. They hushed the tumult of their welcome as he reached the city and was

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borne exhausted to his carriage, and they surrounded his home with tender but not over-anxious concern from day to day. But when, on Sunday, December 22, it became known that there was no hope of his recovery, and the succeeding day confirmed their fears, it seemed as if the Christmas season had brought darkness instead of light to the world. His body was taken to the church on Christmas Day, followed by a city mourning its devoted citizen. If the honesty of sorrow is any test of the worth of its object, Henry W. Grady was a man of worth to his people.

If his services had not assumed national proportions, he might be claimed as the very embodiment of the city he so much loved and did so much to create. Or if Atlanta accepts as her mission a like service to the whole nation, then his genius and characteristic service may all the better represent her. In the privacy of his home, with none but sympathizing ears to hear him, he poured out to us the plan and purpose of his Boston speech. I have no personal ends to serve, he said. His ambition was satisfied with the means and the measure of influence he had already attained. But he did desire, with a noble ardor, to repeat, and if possible to surpass, in Boston, the service to genuine and intelligent reunion in the country which he had before rendered in New York.

If any one were competent to search out and report the character and life of Mr. Grady, I suspect that the story of his city would be found already written there. "I hate facts," he once said, at the beginning of a unique speech; "they hamper a man so." The facts and figures to be found in his more serious and studied speeches were largely collected for him or suggested to him by men who did not hate them. Atlanta has no reason to hate facts. The good things already done and now doing in her name are ample enough to commend her to her fellow-countrymen. But it may be confessed without discredit, that she does not love any facts that are not complimentary. Who does? What man or city can bear the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? If any city in the country of the size and opportunities of Atlanta, twenty years ago, can show more commendable progress in those twenty years, let it now speak. I know of none.

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Fort Walker