

Winter 2011

The LEGACY

A Publication of Watson-Brown Foundation, Inc.

the
BREATH
of
HELL'S
DOOR

THE DEVIL AT FREDERICKSBURG

MUZZLES
and
MINNOMS

A WALK THROUGH CUZZY'S WOODS

PASSION
PLAY

THE PAST THROUGH TOMORROW

WILLIAM GILMORE
SIMMS

A HOUSEHOLD NAME?



UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

In our fall edition we provided a complete list of Watson-Brown Scholars and the schools they currently attend. The list that made it to print inadvertently deleted the heading for (of all colleges) University of Georgia, thus giving the false impression that the University of Chicago enrolled a record number of students from our neck of the woods.

We regret the error. Congratulations to Scott Davis, William Wansley, Katie Brown and a host of Bulldogs who caught the error within moments of our magazine's delivery. We have been wearing red and black as penance ever since.

Go Dawgs!

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GEORGIA HISTORIC MARKER

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OUR MISSION

The Watson-Brown Foundation, through creativity, diligence and financial support, labors to improve education in the American South by funding its schools and students, preserving its history, encouraging responsible scholarship and promoting the memory and values of our spiritual founders.

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CAMPUS NOTES



Watson-Brown Scholars in Action



Justin Jensen, Junior, University of South Carolina–Columbia: “I am beginning my Junior year in the International Business and Chinese Enterprise program (IBCE)—a program where you spend your Freshman and Junior year in the U.S., and your Sophomore and Senior year plus two summers in Hong Kong. (The program was recently featured in the *Harvard Business Review*.)

“After a two-week language internship in Xi’an, China, I returned to Hong Kong last summer. I took Level 4 Business Chinese (Mandarin) through the Chinese University of Hong Kong’s Yale-China Chinese Language Center. I was also hired by the University of South Carolina’s Moore School of Business to conduct a research project I designed independently in Hong Kong. My project, which I am in the process of drafting an article on, researches the political effects of mainland China’s recent accession of Hong Kong on the Hong Kong finance industry. After returning to the U.S., I successfully ran

for Junior-chair and IBCE-chair of the International Business Student Advisory Council (the only official student body of the Moore School of Business). I am also a Research Ambassador for my school. As an Ambassador, I present ‘tabling events,’ student club/group meetings about the opportunities for undergraduate research at USC. I was recently featured in *Bloomberg Businessweek*’s article on ‘Best Undergraduate Business Schools 2011.’ ”



Rose Almeter, Junior, Augusta State University: “As I entered the fall 2011 semester at Augusta State University, I found my determination and passion put to the test. Being a social work major and a psychology minor, I have an extreme passion and drive to help children who have been abused and neglected. This drive has pushed me to work extra hard in school and to jump through hoops that others may find daunting. At the beginning of the semester, however, my advisor told me that at my rate I would be graduating a couple of semesters early! While this may seem

like a reason to celebrate, this news threw me for a loop. I quickly realized that I had done nothing to start my 400 internship hours, and I certainly didn’t realize that I should be getting ready for graduate school anytime in the near future. After thinking about this information, I took a big breath and told myself to focus on my goal. There are so many children and people that need help in the world, and if I am going to finish my education a year early, then that is one more year that I can help make the world a better place. Since I got the news, I have turned in graduation information, contacted graduate schools, and even secured my internships! I have already seen the fruits of my labor as I work with different programs to help children who are suffering. Thank you, Watson-Brown, for giving me the means and ability to pursue such a great opportunity! Without your help I wouldn’t be graduating early, and I wouldn’t be able to help all those children who will need me in that time. I am certainly a blessed individual to have such awesome opportunities.”





SHANNON LOONEY

Karin Hauffen, Sophomore, Augusta State University: “Thanks to the generosity of The Watson-Brown Foundation, I have been able to dedicate much more time toward my education and have had a successful fall semester so far. My grades are where I want them to be, and I enjoy this feeling of pushing myself to improve. As a Hull Scholar, I’ve been responsible for representing the Hull College of Business at ASU by participating in business-related events on campus. I’ve joined FBLA-PBL [Future Business Leaders of America-Phi Beta Lambda] and have had the opportunity to volunteer in the community and will be competing in various competitions next year. Joining the club has proven to be an excellent opportunity to network with individuals and companies in the community, and I am very grateful to have the extra time to participate. Overall, I have to say that returning to school last year has been a fantastic experience, and I did not realize how much I missed it!

“I am proud to say that my career has

been as equally successful as my studies. Thanks to the Undergraduate Research Apprenticeship Program (URAP) sponsored by U.S. Army, I have had the opportunity to continue working at Georgia Health Sciences University as a research apprentice. Dr. Jay Hegde’s flexibility with my schedule has allowed me to continue to improve my computer programming skills and has allowed me to contribute to important research in the field of vision and perception—all while going back to school to continue my education. As a result of my contributions over the past spring and summer, I have been published in the *Journal of Visualized Experiments* as the first author in our latest submitted research paper. I was also recently offered a position at ESi Acquisition, Inc, which I have accepted in order to broaden my skills and continue to add more job experience to my resume.

“Life has certainly been exciting for me, especially in the past few months. I have had many opportunities come my way, and I am very thankful for them. I hope that

each of the other Watson-Brown scholars have enjoyed their summer and fall as much as I have!”

Shannon Looney, Senior, University of South Carolina–Columbia: “After spending the fall semester studying in Rennes, France, and the spring semester studying and researching in Mali, Africa, I was overdue to re-evaluate my goals, values, and habits this summer. So I took a job as a day-camp counselor at a local tennis and swim club along with various babysitting jobs, while I considered the whirlwind of my past year. I was tired, emotionally and physically, but my time at home gave me vigor and joy in a way it never had before. And the children at my camp and those whom I babysat reminded me that sometimes the most important concern should be how creative you can be in jumping off a diving board or how many feathers you can fit onto your craft of the day. In the meantime, I was applying to medical school and remembering how great the past three years have been, each one incredibly different from the next. But again,



LINDSAY HINNANT

introspection was the most important part of the summer, and here are a few of the things I figured out.

"I love the French language more deeply than I ever thought possible. Running is my addiction, and I could never live for an extended period in a place where pollution or cultural stigmas limit me from doing that. Sleep, silence, and prayer are important, and I am finally ready to start valuing them truly rather than touting their importance and then being too 'busy' for them all the time. Focus is essential: Sometimes you have to say, 'no,' and sometimes you have to make a decision rather than making a compromise. I want to live my life being more environmentally conscious than ever; I never fully understood the negative power of trash until I saw it burning on the side of the street, being eaten by animals, and dug through by women hoping to re-use plastic bottles. I am quickly turning into a flexible vegan after a visit to the meat market in Mali and a visit to the doctor post-French cheese. Finally, I understand anew the value of relationships—especially family ones.

"I would encourage every college student to either make time for reflection throughout their college career or to spend a summer like I did, working relaxing jobs

and figuring out who he or she is. I know that because of my introspective summer, I feel entirely prepared for the medical school interviews coming my way and comfortable in my own skin. Who could ask for a better situation after one's third year?"

Lindsay Hinnant, Senior, University of Georgia: "The summer going into my Senior year at the University of Georgia has by far been the best yet. During the break, I served as a Citizenship Washington Focus program assistant at the National 4-H Council in Chevy Chase, Maryland. As a program assistant, I became a licensed Washington, D.C., tour guide and had the opportunity to lead high school age 4-Hers throughout our nation's capital. I visited Capitol Hill, Arlington National Cemetery, Mount Vernon, and all the spectacular national monuments on a weekly basis. From speaking with congressmen and attending a church service at the National Cathedral to hearing President Obama give an address on Memorial Day, I certainly had an authentic D.C. experience that I will never forget. As I pursue a master's degree in history in the upcoming year, I will look back on my time in D.C. with fond memories, and I certainly hope to return there very soon."



WILL CALDWELL

Will Caldwell, Freshman, North Greenville University: "I am a Revolutionary War re-enactor and a member of the South Carolina Independent Rangers. Our group portrays militia from the Carolinas in the 1750s to 1780s. We dedicate ourselves to historical accuracy, so when I am not studying for tests I am researching. I travel around the Southeast teaching programs about Colonial life at museums, schools, churches, and historical parks. I am pursuing a degree in history and hopefully a master's in American history, with the goal of working at a state or national park.



Amber Ivey, Junior, Fort Valley State University: "This year has been a great one for me so far and seems to be getting better by the day. This summer I had the opportunity to participate in the Summer Medical and Dental Educational Program in Houston. There I met new friends, established networking opportunities, took prep classes, and received a closer look on my future career, dentistry. I am now a mentor/tutor, Senator at Large of the Student Government Association, a new member of the Beta Kappa Chi Scientific Honors Society, a part of the National Institute of Science, and a Dean's Scholar. This summer, I plan to complete an internship at the University of Virginia, where I will conduct biological research to later present in a scientific conference. My matriculation here in college has been a great one thus far, and I look forward to even greater things. I am a firm believer in working hard to reap great benefits later, and success will be my future outcome."

Kimber Kirkland, Senior, Georgia College and State University: "I am currently a senior at Georgia College, where I am majoring in biology. During my free time, I intern at Oconee Regional Hospital. Through this experience, I hope to be better prepared for the hospital environment that plan on working in one day. I serve on the executive board for Tri-Beta, an honors society for biology students. With the help of this organization, we have been able to start a recycling program for our science building. After graduating from Georgia College, my plans are to attend Emory University's anesthesiologist assistant program."

"This past summer, I participated in a study abroad trip to Trinidad and Tobago. I studied the impact that microbiology can have on coral reefs and lakes. It was also apparent that these reefs have had a great deal of human impact, as well. I learned about oil-degrading microorganisms found in Trinidad's Pitch Lake. The lake is the largest natural asphalt lake in the world. Surprisingly, a few species of plants and

fish are able to live around it. I was also able to see many animals that I had never seen before. During a hike in the Asa Wright rainforest, we saw edible termites. Many of the locals actually eat the termites right off of the tree. I saw and learned about sea turtles. Because these animals are endangered, it is important to learn how to better care for them. During our last day in Trinidad, we were able to explore many of the extravagant temples there. They contain elaborate coloration and inconceivably tall statues. Through this study abroad program, I had many experiences that I will carry with me for the rest of my life."



Jonathan Wetherbee, Senior, University of Georgia: "I am an English and history double-major at the University of Georgia. I am the Ventures Director for Nourish International-UGA, an on-campus organization. I oversee the fundraising 'ventures,' which we use to sponsor a sustainable work project focused on diminishing the effects of poverty in a developing nation. This year we are funding the House of Hope to help the upstart and maintenance of a hospital that has been struck hard by the AIDS epidemic in Africa. I am a member of the Demosthenian Literary Society, an on-campus debate society. Demosthenian was established in 1803 and is the university's oldest student organization. I also act as the representative for the UGA English department on the Student Advisory Board to the Dean of Franklin College of Arts and Sciences. I plan to take a year off before studying law."

Maria Cain, Freshman, Augusta State University: "During the first few weeks of school, I was promoted to Vice President of the Augusta State University Film Club and auditioned for two plays. To my delight, the club received several new faces and great enthusiasm for our shared passion, and I was cast as Helen in "The Women of Troy" and Amelia Tilford in "The Children's Hour." It's been a great

deal of work, but I wouldn't trade the rush of excitement when the curtain opens for the first time for anything in the world! I spent my Freshman year focusing on my grades, but now that I am accustomed to the college lifestyle, I can start to enjoy all that my campus has to offer. I am looking forward to what the future holds (and cannot wait for my ASU Theatre debut)! For more information, visit www.aug.edu/pat/theatre.php.

Stephen Martin, Senior, Paine College: "Over the past summer and fall semester, I found more strength than I knew I had. I recovered from surgery and worked on my research for The Mellon Mays Undergraduate Fellowship. I finished coursework that I had to make up from the previous semester and managed to maintain my grades this semester. (Twenty-seven credit hours in one semester is not suggested!)"

"My current research concentrates on peer mentorship and the effects of mentoring on African-American undergraduates. I have found several trendings and would love to explore the results of my research with further study at graduate school. I am preparing to graduate in May 2012. I have also begun the process of preparing graduate school packages while studying for the GRE. I presented part of my research at the Georgia Sociological Association annual meeting in Savannah, Georgia, on October 22, and I am preparing to also present my completed research at the Mellon Mays regional conference hosted by Duke University in November."

"I can truly say that I have a lot to be proud of. However, the things that I am most proud of are my children and my wife. Both have put up with me pursuing my education. My six-year-old is doing wonderfully in her first grade class, and my four-year-old is also at the top of her pre-K class. My wife started her graduate work and is halfway to a master's degree. I feel that my accomplishments pale in comparison, because they did all of this while supporting me in my endeavor to get an education. I am truly thankful for the sacrifice and support of my family and friends, and for generous contributors, such as the Watson-Brown Scholarship."

CATHERINE YOUNG



Alumni Spotlight

BY SHANNON FRIEDMANN HATCH

Mosquitoes have earned their sordid reputation: They swarm from putrid pools, inflicting painful bites at the least and spawning epidemics at the worst. These winged Nosferatus are called bloodsuckers and pests—and yet, Catherine Young calls them beautiful. “If you smack them on your arm, they all look the same,” says the Ohio Northern biology professor and Watson-Brown alumnus of the insect that numbers 3,500 species strong. “But if you look at them under the microscope, some are metallic blue, others iridescent green.”

Catherine has been closely examining the natural world since she could crawl. “My mother had to stop me from picking up spiders,” she says. She grew up in Vallejo, California, a mid-size town in the San Francisco Bay Area. The marsh across from her house was her playground. “I spent my childhood turning over rocks,” she recalls.

When her family relocated to Leesburg, Georgia, in 1996, Catherine went from full-speed city life to a rural community with two stoplights (one, brand-new). Shock gets packed on cross-country moves, especially when you’re at the tender age of fifteen. Catherine dove into school, taking AP courses and joining her high school’s

academic quiz bowl team. She always had a strong interest in biology but had yet to study the subject in depth in school until her senior year. It became clear that her instincts were dead-on during a graduation exam. In addition to the SAT, students were required to take a subject test. Catherine registered for chemistry but decided to

switch to biology on the day of the test. She made a perfect score.

She enrolled at Oxford College of Emory University and began studying biology in earnest. The small-campus atmosphere allowed her to work closely with her professors in classes such as field botany and freshwater biology and take over leadership rolls such as teaching assistant as early as her sophomore year. As graduation loomed in 2002, she began to search for graduate schools with medical entomology programs (the study of the impact of insects on human health). “I wanted to help save the world from malaria,” she says. But the same month she began her Ph.D. work at Notre Dame, the West Nile Virus, which had started spreading in the U.S. in 1999, hit Indiana.

To research mosquitoes, you first have





PHOTOGRAPHY: KEN COLWELL

to catch them. Catherine worked with the local health department, setting up traps everywhere from downtown to backyards. The battery-operated devices churn a fan, which disseminates sublimating dry ice into the air as bait. The unsuspecting insects read the carbon dioxide fumes as animal's breath and are lured into nets where they are collected and transported back to the lab. Catherine spent hours hunched over a microscope, listening to books on tape, as she identified tens of thousands of mosquitoes caught, doing genetic sequencing on the ones she thought could be likely candidates for infection. Her work led her to pen a monograph titled, *Mosquitoes of the Ohio River Basin*. "It's the field guide I wish I had," she says of the soon-to-be-published illustrated catalog of every species in the five-state area.

In 2009, Catherine accepted a position in the biology department at Ohio Northern University. Unlike some schools that push their professors to obtain multimillion-dollar grants, Ohio Northern allows Catherine to focus less on research and more on teaching. Her Intro to Biology class covers everything from atoms and protons to DNA and genetic manipulation. She also teaches epidemiology to upper-level students. "I've learned more from teaching the subjects than taking them," she says. "I always think, 'What if someone asks me this?' It's really cementing my own knowledge."

It's no small wonder that the girl who spent her childhood turning over rocks unearthed a lifelong passion for science that led her to a career in teaching. Passion

often begets eccentricity (the walls of Catherine's office are decorated with paper wasps' nets and watercolors of the mosquito species from her book, and a lab skeleton keeps her company), and any scientist will testify that deviations from the norm get noticed. "Even students who are just taking my class as a requirement write on their evaluations that they can tell I enjoy the subject," Catherine says. And if they leave her classes with a deeper understanding of creation—maybe even consider a mosquito's beauty—she has done her job well.



AN IRISH DEVIL AT FREDERICKSBURG



BY SAMUEL N. THOMAS, JR.

William McCarter was just twenty-one years old when he took part in the Union charge against the stone wall at the battle of Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862. Born in 1841 in County Derry in Northern Ireland, McCarter was a veteran. His regiment, the 116th Pennsylvania Infantry, was part of the already famous “Irish Brigade.” Along with the 63rd, 69th, and 88th New York and 28th Massachusetts, the Irish Brigade was well known for its substantial number of native-born Irishmen. During the Civil War nearly 150,000 Irishmen fought in Union regiments; McCarter was among their number.

Returning fire from across the stone wall was a fellow Ulsterman from neighboring County Antrim. Emigrating from Belfast in 1832, Robert McMillan was the colonel of the 24th Georgia Infantry, part of Thomas Reade Rootes Cobb’s newly created Georgia Brigade. He was one of an estimated 30,000 Irishmen who fought in Confederate units.

Approaching sixty, McMillan was a bit old compared to his fellow soldiers and especially to McCarter. Born in 1805, McMillan probably immigrated through the port city of Charleston, South Carolina. He immediately struck out for the interior

of Georgia, became a naturalized citizen at Augusta in 1833, and then moved to Elberton to establish a mercantile business. Three years later he married Ruth Ann Banks. At twenty-eight years old, he joined the Georgia Militia and in 1834 he took part in the forced removal of the Cherokee Indians from North Georgia. McMillan abandoned his mercantile business in 1839 and entered into the practice of law.

In 1851, McMillan, with his wife and six children, moved to Clarkesville in Habersham County. In Clarkesville, McMillan took an active part in religious affairs and in local politics.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, McMillan raised, armed, and equipped a company in Habersham County. The “McMillan Guards” were quickly accepted into Confederate service as Company K, 24th Georgia Infantry. McMillan was soon promoted to colonel and given command of the entire regiment. “We go,” McMillan wrote, “a thousand true men from Northeast Georgia, to reason with them [the North] through the mouths of our muskets, and impress our arguments with the point of our bayonets.” McMillan was fifty-six years old at the time; twenty-one years over the upper age of required servicemen in the Confederate army.

The 24th Georgia served on the North Carolina coast through most of 1861. The spring of 1862 found the regiment incorporated into the Army of Northern Virginia as part of Howell Cobb’s mixed brigade. Howell Cobb’s younger brother, T.R.R. Cobb, was unimpressed with what he saw. “I am surrounded here by other camps,” Cobb wrote, “. . . the 24th Ga. (McMillan’s) is just behind. [It] is the most undisciplined set of rowdies that I have seen in the service.”

Undisciplined or not, they proved to be good fighters. Under McMillan’s capable leadership, the 24th served through the Peninsula Campaign, Seven Days, Malvern Hill, South Mountain, and Antietam. In November 1862, as luck would have it, McMillan’s regiment was consolidated into T.R.R. Cobb’s Georgia Brigade.

It was at Fredericksburg that McMillan showed his true mettle. As Burnside’s Federals began crossing the Rappahannock into the city of Fredericksburg, Cobb moved the men of his brigade into the defenses at the bottom of Marye’s Heights. He placed them in the Sunken Road behind a stone wall with the 24th Georgia holding the Confederate center.

Union Major General Ambrose Burnside ordered two major attacks against the stone



wall. Both were repulsed. Determined to take the stone wall, Burnside ordered a third attack by General Edwin Sumner's Division. This Division included Thomas Meagher's "Irish Brigade" in which Private William McCarter served.

As Confederate forces prepared for the third Union assault, an artillery round mortally wounded Brigadier General T.R.R. Cobb, and he was taken from the field. Colonel McMillan assumed temporary charge of the brigade. Hoping to bring "shock and awe" on the approaching Irish Brigade, McMillan ordered his men to hold their fire until he gave the command. "We had orders not to fire without command," wrote a private in the 24th Georgia. When the approaching Union soldiers were within fifty yards, the Confederate line nervously protested. Recalled one Confederate infantryman, "The Colonel, seeing he could not restrain us longer, cried, 'Men, if you do shoot, shoot low.' Then the roar of musketry commenced with such deadly effect that the enemy faltered—fell back—rallied, and came again . . ."

Despite the futility of the charge, the Irish Brigade was particularly gallant. Another Confederate veteran recorded afterwards, "[T]he Federals halted a second or two to

reform their lines; and then, . . . shouting 'Erin go Bragh,' . . . rushed impetuously forward against a storm of grape and canister that, as long as the guns on the hilltop could be sufficiently depressed, tore great gaps in their ranks . . . But wavering not, they closed together and rushed onward until within fifty yards of the stone fence, when in one grand, simultaneous burst of light, sound and death, came the blinding flash, the deafening roar, the murderous destruction of two thousand well-aimed rifles, the wild, weird, blood-curdling Confederate yell, and two thousand Irishmen sank down wounded or dead and a cowed and demoralized remnant sought safety in inglorious flight."

Private McCarter survived the charge by the Irish Brigade and recorded his account of the day's fighting:

When a large part of the distance had been gained and we were within fifty paces of this wall, Cobb's solid brigade of Rebel infantry, said to have been then 2,400 strong, suddenly sprang up from behind it. They had been entirely concealed from our view until that moment. The Rebs poured volley after volley into our faces, at once stopping our further progress . . . It was simply madness to advance as far as we did

and an utter impossibility to go further . . . To my right and to my left, as far either way as I could see, solid rows of Union soldiers were advancing up the slope to attack the enemy. Brigade after brigade and division after division were hurled against him time and again, but like my own, were blown back as if by the breath of hell's door suddenly opened. Shattered, disordered, they ran pell-mell back down the declivities amid the shouts and yells of a victorious foe which made the horrid din demonic . . . The sudden flashing fire of their muskets . . . so illuminated the faces and uniforms of this part of the Confederate army that the men looked strangely red and savage—more like devils than human beings.

Although McMillan did not leave any substantive account of his fight against the Irish Brigade, one account states that McMillan identified the attacking force. "That's Meagher's Brigade!" he cried, "Give it to them now, boys! Now's the time! Give it to them!"

Destroyed in all but name, the Irish Brigade retreated and Colonel Meagher tried to recover the fragments of his shattered command. He could rally only 280 men of the 1,200 that charged the stone wall.

Private McCarter was severely wounded in the arm about fifty yards from the stone wall, but was able to crawl off the battlefield after nightfall and return to the Union lines. When a surgeon examined him the next day, he pulled McCarter's bedroll from his shoulders and "a shower of Rebel bullets, forty-seven in number, dropped out of it around his feet." The luck of the Irish apparently was with McCarter.

Robert McMillan was also wounded in the arm during the fight, although it was only a slight injury. He resigned his commission the following year, reportedly due to his health, though he had also been passed over for brigadier general.

McMillan applied for and received a pardon in 1865 and resumed his law practice in Clarkesville. He died at his home in Clarkesville the evening of May 6, 1868, and was buried in the Old Clarkesville Cemetery.

In 1912 his grandson and namesake, Robert McMillan, was presented with the Confederate Cross of Honor for his grandfather's service to Georgia and the Confederacy. The Irish Devil finally received his due.

THERE'S A LIGHT



Dr. Todd Hagstette unveils the mysteries of William Gilmore Simms

BY LEGACY STAFF

In the Thomas Cooper Library at the University of South Carolina, Todd Hagstette quietly organizes and prepares one of the most significant literary and historical manuscript collections on campus: The Papers of William Gilmore Simms.

Lawyer, journalist, legislator, and Southern partisan, Simms was best known as perhaps the most prolific writer of his day, certainly in the South. The vast majority of his writings are at USC. For the first time Hagstette, curator of the "William Gilmore Simms Initiatives," a project largely funded by the Watson-Brown Foundation, readies the enormous collection for its digital debut.

The Legacy invaded the otherwise quiet domain of Hagstette to inquire about the project and its value to scholars and Southern culture.

LEGACY: The Simms Initiative—what we've been calling this project now coming on three years—is kind of a vague name. Tell us what the Simms Initiatives are. If you could put some skeletal structure on that it would be nice.

HAGSTETTE: No problem. I'll tell you from an ideological standpoint what it is, then I'll tell you a little about the physical output of the project, if that's acceptable.

The Simms Initiatives are all about taking one of the leading figures of the antebellum Southern literary scene and making him accessible to a modern reader and a modern audience, turning William Gilmore Simms back into a household name of sorts at least in academic circles. Now the way we want to do that is we want to take the materials that are floating around in these special collections, primarily here at the University of South Carolina, and put them into

a format that is widely accessible. We have three basic wings of the project.

First of all, we are creating an online digital edition of Simms' collected works. These are all of his separately published titles. They will be digitized, diagrammed in metadata, and available online with full search, browsing, and other access capabilities.

The second major output of the project is a bibliography of Simms's complete works (or as complete as we can get it to be); this includes a listing of everything that he published and the relationship of those things to each other. I should qualify that just a hair: because he published so much in so many different venues and so many formats and under so many different pseudonyms, to call it complete is a bit misleading. But to the bibliography will be as complete as possible.

The third is to produce a print-on-demand edition of Simms' complete works and

separately published titles. These are going to be the "final versions" of his novels and major works. When I say final versions, I mean the last versions Simms himself had influence over in his lifetime. Those will be available through USC Press coming out over the next couple of years.

LEGACY: You mention that you're bringing Simms out of obscurity. I think students of the South will recognize that Simms has been in obscurity for a long time, but for the benefit of our readers, perhaps you could place Simms in terms of historical import and literary import.

HAGSTETTE: Sure. Well, Edgar Allen Poe in 1845 opined in a review of Simms that he was "the best novelist which this country has, on the whole, produced."

Simms in his day was considered to be on par with James Fenimore Cooper. He was more popular than many of the so-called canonical writers that we study today. He was one of the most instrumental figures in framing white Southern identity and consciousness. He was widely read, a very prolific writer, and just very, very well regarded in his lifetime. You know his career obviously had some peaks and valleys, but by and large Simms was a household name in his day. Today, not so much.



LEGACY: Why the obscurity?

HAGSTETTE: Well, there are several reasons for it. One is political. Simms was an antebellum white Southerner of his day and so he held some opinions that are unsavory today in terms of pro-Confederacy, pro-slavery. Part of it is literary. Literary tastes by the end of his life had shifted away from the style of much of his writing. Some of it also has to do with the biography of Simms that came out in 1892 by a man named William P. Trent. Many scholars today consider this biography to be something of a hatchet job. It really did not paint Simms in a flattering or even a proper light and more or less encouraged his obscurity.

So I think those three prongs contributed to his current state. And then, of course, in the twentieth century, scholarship moved away from studies of figures of this kind as it opened up the canon to disenfranchised writers. As a white, Southern male, Simms would crowd those efforts.

LEGACY: We talk about Simms's prolific output across all kinds of genres. Can you quantify that or qualify that a bit for our readers?

HAGSTETTE: Let's see. He has, depending on what you include, eighty to ninety separately published titles. James Kibler has estimated that Simms wrote on average one poem and one periodical contribution (like a book review) per week every week of his publishing career. He has some dozen volumes of poetry. He has several orations that have been published and circulated. He has written several histories, a handful of biographies, collections of short stories. He has a drama that he penned. I mean, you name the genre and Simms has worked in it. He has worked in virtually every genre that you can imagine and was successful in almost all of them.

LEGACY: That is remarkable. Is it fair to say that much of that original material is here at the South Caroliniana Library?

HAGSTETTE: Absolutely. We have, I think, the best collection in the world, the largest collection in the world of Simmsiana. Almost all of the published titles are here; almost all of the known works we have available in some form.

LEGACY: That must have made for a daunting project when you pulled the wraps off this thing. I mean the pagination alone is staggering. Tell us a little bit about the



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRISTHELEN

process and some of the surprises that you have found, whether it be in terms of actual digitization or just coming to terms with the organization of the collection.

HAGSTETTE: Daunting is a good word for it. It was a long process; it was a long and involved process just getting a handle on what we were dealing with, much less getting to the actual work of inputting material. When dealing with the the works of a nineteenth-century writer, you find that it is tough to make the records as up-to-date or usable as they could be. We found texts with variant dates. We found texts that we assumed were separate titles but were really re-publications of others.

We found all kinds of complications in just gathering the list of titles from which

we would work. That is to say nothing of all those periodical publications that we have mentioned a couple of times already ready that are just dispersed within the nation's publications and periodicals. Many of them known and many of them not known. We'll have to find those eventually, too. So just getting a handle on the materials was a challenge.

Then trying to figure out how to detail these texts, how to dissect these texts in a way that could deepen their meaningfulness for the researcher, that could make them more useful to the researcher was the next step. We had to determine how to bring them to an online environment, how to set up a database that could accurately describe a novel, a collection of poetry, a printed oration, a drama, a history, a biography, etc. All of these

forms have different structures, different rules, different things that define them. And we had to come up with a database that could accurately reflect all those many genres. That was a tough process.

To help, we formed a task force of experts in the field. There were some two-dozen experts in various fields in that group. We had a couple of meetings and conference calls, to discuss this very aspect of the project, to get ourselves situated and grounded in the process. Bibliographic scholars, history of the book scholars, of course historians and literary scholars, scholars of the nineteenth-century Southern culture, some scholars of American culture, etc.—all these minds came together to begin to shape what would become our database, and that's really the heart of the project. It feeds the digital edition, it is the format for the bibliography, and through the digital edition it also provides the materials for the print-on-demand series.

LEGACY: I imagine gnomes packing up collection boxes from the South Caroliniana and hauling them across the campus to the Cooper Library for their preparation and digitization. In that process, no doubt, you're looking at texts and manuscripts that perhaps have not seen the light of day in many moons. Were there any wonderful surprises that stick out in your mind?

HAGSTETTE: Well, there were a couple of interesting things drifting around. We discovered, for instance, that the date of the Redfield edition of *The Yemassee*, which was one of Simms' most enduring titles, was actually published two years earlier than we thought. That was a fun surprise. We also have a copy in my office of a very intriguing piece called "The Power of Cotton." That is an oration that is attributed to Simms. All we have though is a photocopy of an original that has had the name of the author razored out of it, and it comes to us from the library of Theodore Parker up in Massachusetts. We don't have the original, and the library that supposedly had it apparently does not have it anymore. So we have this very interesting speech on cotton culture that touches on the antebellum economy, slavery, and other relevant issues, purportedly by Simms. And we've got to figure out where it came from and whose it is.

LEGACY: Nice disclaimer on the Web site when that one pops up.

HAGSTETTE: Yeah, announcement is forthcoming. It is forthcoming, but I just

can't tell you when, but we'll do that mystery research in a little while. We have a few fun things like that that have popped up. It is just interesting to open up some of his texts and get them considered and assessed. You know there are all sorts of printing anomalies that we've come upon: chapters that are misprinted in the heading, reversed pages, and things like that that make these texts unique.

LEGACY: Beyond the project itself, that is, the physical digitization and the construction



of some sort of Web site that can distribute and facilitate comment of and on Simms' work, what are other aspirations?

HAGSTETTE: Well, the goal is access, so the aspiration is for people to actually take advantage of that access. We want to take these collections that are now going to be universally available and turn them into materials that are usable by large swaths of the population. Obviously, we want the academics to re-adopt Simms into their considerations. After all, if you are writing about antebellum Southern literature or life, or culture, you really need to have an appreciation of Simms in there. Obviously we want that for the academics.

But we also want for these materials to be available in schools. And we want to develop

education-based curricula and materials that will access this collection and make use of it. We want to have Simms available to those who are interested in historical tourism, for instance. We have mapping capabilities that we're developing in conjunction with the Web site that will allow you to take a snapshot of a particular moment in Simms' life, a walking tour of Simms' Charleston for instance. Something like that. Any way that we can imagine to make these collections meaningful and available to groups, that's what we want to do next. In other words, we don't want to digitize, create a bibliography, and create a print-on-demand edition that just sits on the digital shelves like its counterpart on the print shelves. We want for it to be taken down and used.

LEGACY: This is a living beast.

HAGSTETTE: That's right. The fact is: Simms matters. Simms matters, and you cannot fully understand or appreciate many aspects of our history if you don't consider Simms' influence on them. He was heavily plugged into the major political, artistic, and social networks and across the culture of his day. He had influence in New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston, and all over the place. And he was an influential writer, a well-known figure, a political activist, and I mean he was somebody whose opinions you have to know. So we want to make that possible.

LEGACY: Very good. You've been kind with your time. You're in beta phase now. You actually pulled the wraps off this and go "live," as they say November 15th?

HAGSTETTE: Monday the 14th we're having a launch preview, which is to celebrate the official launch, which is to take place on Tuesday the 15th. That said, the site is available in its current state right now: Simms.library.sc.edu. Go on, visit it, and poke around, and know that content will be added. Changes will be made, but it's a usable workable resource right now.

And I should point out one more thing: the project is designed to be a collaborative effort; the Web site a communal space. We have invited contributors from all walks to offer commentary, expertise and, of course, wayward texts. That functionality is really one of the most important aspects of the site and its immediate future.

LEGACY: Well, congratulations. Thank you for your time.



JUNIOR BOARD UPDATE



Sticks & Stones

BY MICHELLE L. ZUPAN

Hickory Hill is pleased to welcome new members to the Thomson Chapter of the Watson-Brown Foundation Junior Board. This year we have members from Georgia and South Carolina from public, private, and home schools.

The Junior Board is in its eleventh year and continues to execute its mission thoughtfully. Comprised of high school students, the Watson-Brown Foundation's Junior Board of Trustees seeks out and financially supports historic preservation projects in surrounding counties. These opportunities have included historic preservation, artifact conservation, and operating assistance to organizations that preserve the past for future generations.

The first chapter of the Junior Board was established in Thomson in 2000. It was expanded to Milledgeville in 2006, and that chapter operates from the Old Governor's Mansion. In 2007, a third Board chapter was launched from the T.R.R. Cobb House in Athens.



Pictured: (bottom row) Charmaine Marshall, Hannah Ward, Kelly McGahee, Rebecca McGahee; (middle row) Kohen Wolfe, Leila Knox, Ann Gore, Casey Thomas, Marlee Garner; (back row) Taylor Robertson, Max Swann, William Wright, George Shepherd, Ty Cummings

DRAMATIS PERSONAE



Forest for the Trees

DEXTER RHODES GROUNDSKEEPER, WATSON-BROWN FOUNDATION, INC.
SYDNEY PENDEN EDUCATOR, HICKORY HILL

SCENE

Front lawn, Hickory Hill

TIME

Any given workday

ACT I

DEXTER: Sydney, I've had a revelation. At my age I've finally figured out you can't stuff genies back into lamps.

SYDNEY: [*Aside*] Oh, no. Here we go again. [*To Dexter*] Dexter, are you feeling nostalgic?

DEXTER: My plumbing is working just fine, thank you very much. What I'm gettin' at is that time runs away with everything, and he's clever. Just when you think you've stared him down, time creeps up in another place you didn't expect him and *Whamo!* He pokes you in the back.

SYDNEY: You're feeling old?

DEXTER: Yes. I mean, no. I mean take this historic property, for instance. Hickory Hill, the house, was well built and well designed, planned to last the ages. Seems to me it hasn't changed since Tom Watson was writing in his upstairs office.

SYDNEY: Well, that's not entirely true. Remember part of it was destroyed in the thirties and then reconstructed seventy years later for programming purposes.

DEXTER: But the rest of it, Sydney, appears like all the photographs you archive and study and teach from.

SYDNEY: Well, in many ways, yes, it hasn't changed too much. Its natural decay was checked and/or delayed with careful curatorial and preservation techniques. The ensuing snapshot a visitor gets, then, is pretty close to accurate.

DEXTER: Right. So you leave work every day feelin' pretty good, 'cause you've painted this swell portrait of life in the early twentieth century. But what do you say about the surrounding landscape? It looks much different now than it did a century ago. And it changes every second, in a more dramatic fashion than the house. And it's not necessarily decaying. It might be growing all healthy-like.

SYDNEY: You don't go home feeling good about how you keep these grounds?

DEXTER: Not everyday. Look at all these huge trees. Some are 150 years old. They were saplings when Watson was alive. You can't exactly say, "Mr. Tree, we'd like to interpret you on this here historic property

as you were 100 years ago. So please be accommodating and halt further growth. You're looking old and out of place."

I don't think that's any way to treat a tree, and it's darned futile to boot. Tryin' to keep the landscape in check is like chasin' genies. There's no sense in it. I'm wonderin' if I should consider a career change.

SYDNEY: You're feeling depressed because the plants are growing? Dexter, you've made a career out of caring for landscapes.

DEXTER: I mean consider that banana shrub. Now Tom Watson planted that, we found the receipt from Fruitlands Nursery, and in 1910 it was knee-high to a grasshopper. Look at it now. It's half the height of the house. That ain't in keeping with your plan of interpretation. I prune it to help its rejuvenation and to keep it kind of shapely. But I can't cut it to the ground or turn back the clock. My work here is hysterically pointless.

SYDNEY: Historically pointless. Slow down, Sophocles. This is called a midlife crisis, not a career conundrum. Let's get back to time and landscapes and reason. Remember the corn you grew for our field trips this summer?

DEXTER: Yup. Used an heirloom variety of sweet corn. Yummy stuff.

SYDNEY: It was full of bugs.

DEXTER: Well that's a helluva way to make an old man feel good about his work. It was full of bugs, Miss Organic Farmer, because you wouldn't allow me to use pesticides to zap the larvae I told you would inevitably grow in the ears.

SYDNEY: Bingo. We didn't use modern farming practices, we simply planted heirloom corn for our school kids. Then they came, harvested the corn by hand, and then shucked and cooked and ate the corn. You grew something that took them back to the turn of the century. For a moment in time, those school kids were practical farmers of 1900. Think of it.

DEXTER: Hmm. What did they say about the bugs?

SYDNEY: They were fascinated. So we ate them.

DEXTER: You fed corn earworms to our kids?!

SYDNEY: I was the guinea pig who ate the bugs. I've been studying up on entomophagy.

DEXTER: Sounds like something they used on me at my last physical.

SYDNEY: No. entomophagy is the time-honored practice of eating insects for food. Not accidentally in our sleep, but eaten with care and selection. Cooked and uncooked, bugs are deliberately chosen for their high protein content and uncanny capacity to take on other flavors! I've heard mealworms compared to tofu; bland and somewhat texturally ambiguous on the pallet, but packed with protein and low in fat. We explained all this to the teachers and kids. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

DEXTER: I like fried okra. It's a better story.

SYDNEY: It's kind of counterproductive to deep fry the bugs. Like your earworms, mealworms are not technically worms

stick-like. Americans, and a few Western European nations, are alone on Earth in our firm stance against insects as a food source. It seems crispy, crunchy wings caught in the teeth are a major turnoff.

DEXTER: This conversation is turning gross. I think I'm gonna get nostalgic.

SYDNEY: Dexter, maybe we can start growing bugs here. Within a few months a mealworm can grow from egg to "worm" in a bin on the back porch and can subsist entirely on a diet of dried oatmeal. From an ecological perspective, this is so much cleaner and more "green" than industrial poultry or a herd of gassy bovine. Think about it, Dexter, as global populations rise, and the competition for space, land, and calories grows ever more tumultuous, even those of us fortunate enough to sit on 256 acres of prime Thomson forest need be mindful. Bugs are the answer. So next summer, let's plant and protect our garden spot, perhaps we ought to celebrate our garden critters; rather than shuffling them off our crops into the compost heap like so much organic refuse, we can cultivate caterpillars, and steel our stomachs to make a lunch of larvae.

DEXTER: Sydney, I'm about to lose my lunch and I think you've been in the sun too long. And I'm not about to try to convince the boss to include money in my 2012 budget for bugs to feed our kids. I've got work to do. *[Exit Dexter]*

SYDNEY: Well bug out then, genie-man. But don't forget who drove you to hug the trees!



at all, but rather the larval stage of the Darkling Beetle, or *Tenebrio Beetle*. Many such insects are consumed in a state of youth, before their exoskeletons are fully hardened and their legs grow long and



THE FLIP SIDE



Miss Georgia

BY TAD BROWN

“Only once did I know her to make an unkind remark, and the gesture was so silent, so playful and so universally understood and appreciated that it endeared her forever to us children.”



Before she grew into her teens and knew better, my daughter would occasionally join me for leisurely romps through the woods of our ancestral farm. I used the moments to gift what I knew about our natural world, especially trees.

The two of us alone would walk the ragged edges of fields, across briar and honeysuckle and broomsedge (she not used to the depths of the woods through which I dragged her older brother) and point, grab, and climb our subject matter.

"What type of oak is this," I would say, snagging a low hanging waxy, dark green leaf shaped like a teardrop.

"That's a water oak," my student would reply.

"Good. What do we know about water oaks?"

"That their acorns are usually the first to fall in the autumn."

"And so ..."

"We hunt near them during bow season."

Directly we would come upon a tall tree with dark, closely broken bark shaped like cracked ice and leaves like the tip of a Masai warrior's spear. "Okay, try this one. It's not as common here as our oaks."

"Hmm. The bark looks like a dogwood."

"Yes, but look at its height and check the leaves."

"A persimmon!"

"Bingo!" I cried. "And what do we know about persimmons?"

"That there are boy and girl persimmons and only the girls make fruit."

"Excellent. Anything else?"

"That deer like persimmons."

"And ..."

"We like deer ... especially with gravy!"

The application of our arboreal studies was not lost on my daughter who, consistent with her sex, translated otherwise mystical experiences with nature



into practical conclusions. As any remotely thoughtful modern man knows, the familiar adage is completely reversed: it is through a woman's stomach that a man earns his way to her heart. My daughter adored chicken-fried venison and milk gravy.

In the winter, a gun would accompany my daughter and me on journeys to procure mistletoe for Christmas decorations. She enjoyed shooting, and at any given time on

the gun range had no trouble wielding a .22, a 20 gauge, or even a .380 pistol. The rifle on that day was a not-yet-ancient Winchester Model 74 chambered in .22 short. Originally, it was owned by another Watson woman three generations distant from my daughter.

She was born of the land, was a student of history and came as close to being the quintessential Southern gentlewoman as any I have known. "Miss Georgia" was adored by all on the place who knew her, black and white, and in my memory her comings home were moments of great celebration. We knew her as "Cuzzy," the name she shared with my paternal grandmother, Thomas E. Watson's other grandchild. First cousins, they grew together like sisters, bound by name and place and the deaths of one parent apiece. They matured in the shadow of Hickory Hill and under the stern tutelage of their erudite grandfather, and though life took them in directions far from Thomson they knew of only one home. In time, tuberculosis robbed that home of my grandmother, and Cuzzy became the primary steward of property and memory of the family.

She was named for, and no doubt took after her grandmother, a former schoolteacher and devoted wife who privately endured the tumultuous political career of her husband. Georgia Durham Watson ran Hickory Hill with gentle competence: manager of the servants, keeper of the books for the tenant farms, and devoted soul mate to a legendary and fiery statesman too often embroiled with the travails of his day for adequate romance and warm companionship.

But their occasional walks through regal woods around Hickory Hill were great moments of communion, and though clouded by melancholy and loss, they still were delighted by natural life and hope that despite man's worst efforts another season yet loomed. Watson's woods were

full of memory. Dreams rode wings of bluebirds and yellow hammers, wrens and sapsuckers; familiar songs sprang from the throats of mockingbirds and red birds. Stories danced with the squirrels, flitted with butterflies, and rippled above the flash of silver minnows. Solemn thoughts of death hid in the hollows of live oaks.

Those reflective moments gave birth to published prose in which Watson often celebrated gentility of his bride—sorts of public apologies crafted with customary eloquence. Once the Georgia General Assembly was debating an appropriation to send city women to train country wives in the art of proper homemaking. Watson, no fan of any foreign missionary, recoiled but with uncharacteristic moderation replied:

“[I]f you ask me to carry you to the home of the true wife and the true mother, one who loses herself entirely in the existence of her husband and children, one who is the first to rise in the morning, and the last to retire at night, one who is always at her post of duty, and the one who carries upon her shoulders the burdens of both husband and children, one who is the keeper of the household and the good angel of it, utterly unselfish, happy in making others happy, with no thought of seeing her name in the papers, no thought of fashionable pleasure, perfectly content in quiet home life, in which she does nobody harm and everybody much good, taking as many thorns as she can from the pathway of her husband and strewing it with as many roses as possible, strengthening him by her inspiration as he goes forward to fight the battles of life, smoothing the pillow upon which he rests his tired head when he comes home, tenderly rearing the boys and girls who will in turn go away from the door some day for the last time—the boy to become a good soldier in life’s continuous warfare, and the girl to become some ardent suitor’s wife and to be to him what her mother has been to her father; and who, when all toils are done and her strength is departing, will calmly sit in the doorway, watching the setting sun, with

a serene smile upon her face, and never a fear in her heart—ask me to find where this woman lives, where this type is to be found, and I will make a bee-line for the country.”

In that familial context Cuzzy was raised. In time, she left its domestic order for Agnes Scott College and then to the University of Chicago to earn her master’s degree in history. At Chicago she met and married eminent American historian Avery Craven. Accompanying Craven through

*...walks through
regal woods around
Hickory Hill were
great moments of
communion...*



life and during his numerous visiting professorships, Cuzzy was distant from us only physically, and she kept with us by phone and letter and the occasional visit.

Consistent with her upbringing, Cuzzy was accommodating to a fault. Only once did I know her to make an unkind remark, and the gesture was so silent, so playful and so universally understood and appreciated that it endeared her forever to us children. Gentle people have a way

of communicating with children without pretense and condescension. Cuzzy knew this art instinctively and just as instinctively we knew she was one of us.

I was thinking of that while I searched with binoculars for the dark green clumps of mistletoe in the leafless hardwoods of December. My daughter cradled the Winchester. If she knew of the connection between that little rifle and its former owner she didn’t show it.

And just as likely she was innocent of the fact that Cuzzy had once held the deed to the Hamilton Place on which we walked. And that despite living on a professor’s salary half a country distant, she held tightly to all the riches of Watson land until another steward appeared, one she trusted not to break or abuse or neglect. And for a pittance she allowed nearly 2,000 acres, Hickory Hill and its priceless legacies to run like water through her hands; her only expressed hope that it should remain in the Watson family; the only written caveat that the black tenant farmers on the place were to remain for as long as they desired under the generous terms she had negotiated long before.

That was sixty-five years ago.

Today my daughter is a young lady whose interests have turned from the awkward ramblings of a father haunted by shadows and obsessed with the wild to those more attune to contemporary fashion.

But if blood is thicker than water, a season shall come when a sliver of memory will be delivered on the wing of a bird or the fall of a golden leaf; perhaps even the familiar touch of walnut and steel, and for a fraction of a moment she will be transported to the ragged edge of a field of inheritance.

And if for only her father’s benefit, she will smile.

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Washington and Franklin Hall at Randolph-Macon College was designed in 1871 as a hall for the two literary societies for which it was named. It is one of three campus buildings listed in the National Register of Historic Places and today houses the college's department of history.

Congratulations to Law Professor Al Brophy, UNC-Chapel Hill, for correctly identifying the building (and for reminding us of R-MC antebellum president William A. Smith's contributions to Southern jurisprudence).