

**SECOND SERIES OF THE MAJOR
IN WASHINGTON CITY: SOME
AMUSING AND AMAZING
LETTERS
FROM A SOUTHERN STANDPOINT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649103577

Second series of The major in Washington City: some amusing and amazing letters from a Southern standpoint by John Albert Cockerill & F.Tennyson Neely

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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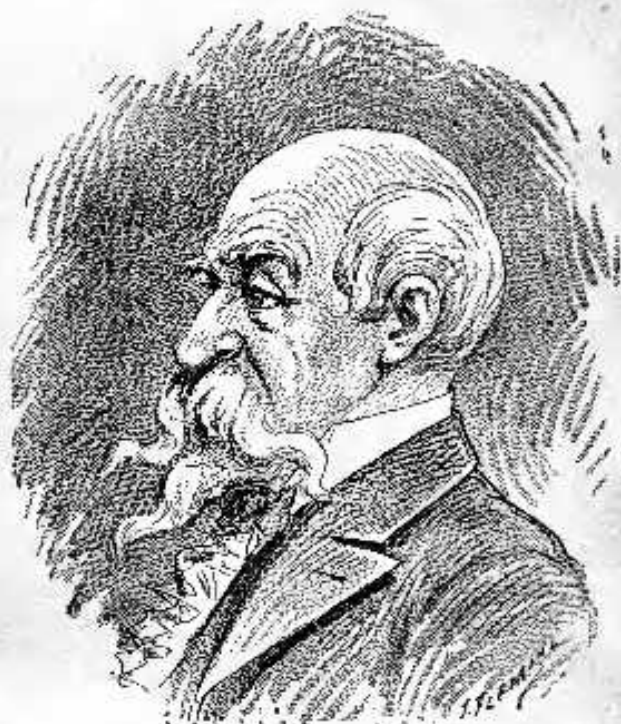
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THE LYNCHING.

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SECOND SERIES OF
THE MAJOR
IN
WASHINGTON CITY.



MAJOR RANDOLPH GORE HAMPTON.

SOME AMUSING AND AMAZING LETTERS FROM A
SOUTHERN STANDPOINT.

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F. TENNYSON NEELY
Publisher

CHICAGO NEW YORK
1894

PS 1356
C675
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1874

INTRODUCTORY.

THE success which attended the publication of "The Major" in the columns of the MORNING ADVERTISER and subsequently in book form has induced me to present the public with a second series of these casual letters.

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the first volume, into whose hands these pages may chance to fall, it may be said that Major Randolph Gore Hampton is a peculiar but not altogether rare type of the Southerner. Born in Alabama in the slave period, he came into possession of his father's estate, near Tuskegee, in 1858. His father, Colonel Calhoun Hampton, had lived in careless luxury, as did most of the slave-owners in that period, and his only son, "The Major," as we know him, grew up as most Southern youths, with little or no taste for education, but with boundless capacity for sport and outdoor amusement. His father's estate when he inherited consisted of 1,500 acres of cotton land, a strong force of slaves, and the horses, mules and machinery incident to a plantation of that period. At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion the Major had so mismanaged in his prodigal way as to

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reduce the plantation to 1,000 acres, heavily mortgaged.

A firm believer in the South and its institutions, he promptly enrolled himself in the Eighth Alabama Regiment and rose from Captain to Major before the close of the War. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia with marked bravery and devotion and was at Appomattox when the surrender of Lee practically closed the terrible contest between the sections.

In the Spring of 1865 the Federal General Wilson, marching ruthlessly with cavalry through Tennessee, Alabama and into Georgia, called at the Major's plantation, designated as "The Juleps," Briar Root P. O., and left it in desolation. Thirty of his negroes followed the Federals, as did a number of his mules, and all his cotton was given to flames. Returning in bitterness, he became an Implacable and a leader among the Unreconstructed.

The election of 1892 resulting in the complete triumph of his party, he felt that the time had come when the South could assert itself as the potent and dominating force in the Union and he interpreted that victory as a guarantee that all the wrongs of his beloved South would be righted and all the damages growing out of the War, which he held to be unconstitutional, promptly adjusted. Having a claim against the Federal Government for \$50,000, interest included, he was induced by a few of his neighbors to go to Washington City in August, 1893, to urge the complete fulfillment of the Chicago platform and the prompt payment of the Southern War Claims.

He arrived in Washington full of hope. He finally took up his residence in Hominy Hall, a boarding house kept by Sylvester Toombs, a venerable Georgian who had gone to Washington some years previous, to urge a War Claim, and who was forced to maintain himself by entertaining such of his Southern friends in the Capital as desired the comforts of home and congenial Southern society. The chief boarder in this Southern retreat was ex-Judge Fairfax Carter, of Virginia, an attorney for Southern claimants, with whom the Major established pleasant relations at once. He soon found that his faith in President Cleveland was misplaced and, despite his heroic efforts, he discovered an unwillingness upon the part of Congress to pay Southern War Claims, re-establish the State Banking system or curtail the pensions of Union Veterans—all of which the Major solemnly believes to be the religious duty of the said Congress. The hopes, the disappointments, the discouragements and the vicissitudes of The Major are set forth in his frank and disingenuous letters. He is presented as an exaggerated type of a class of fierce Sectionalists now slowly passing away. He is the natural result of environment, false education and unbridled prejudices. Unaccustomed to writing, he expresses in a crude way the thoughts and impulses which rise as events unfold around him. His chief points are his seriousness and the fixed belief, under all circumstances, that he is a chivalric, high-keyed gentleman. He is proud of his birthright, of his State and his Cause, and entirely unconscious of the weakness and irregularity of his orthography. A superficial student of politics, he manages to express

some trenchant thoughts and is the unconscious channel of some homely, vigorous truths which it is just as well, perhaps, that the country should hear at this time.

And such as the bibulous, aggressive Major is, the country is welcome to him.

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK, April, 1894.

UNION OF
CALIFORNIA

THE MAJOR AND THE BATTLE FLAGS.

HE REBUKES A CONNECTICUT YANKEE—HOW A
MEAN YANKEE LIVES—A CARD SHARPER INVADES
HIS POKER ROOM—A CALL FROM AN EX-UNION
SOLDIER.



"SEE HERE, OLD NUTMEG, SEZ I."

HOMINY HALL,
WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 7.

I see that the survivors of a Mississippi ridgement,
C. S. A., are to return the colors to the Fifty-third