

REV. DR. J. W. BACHMAN AS PASTOR AND CITIZEN

One Who Knew Him Tells of Minister Who for Fifty Years Gave His Life to Works of Piety

When Dr. J. W. Bachman died, on Sept. 26, 1924, Chattanooga grieved as never before or since. His long-continued, self-denying and useful pastorate, which began in October, 1873, and ended only with his death, was as a beacon light to the community. He was an exemplar of Christian manliness, of industry and piety.

he gathered his little flock about him and at prayer every morning read the Ninety-first Psalm:

"Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terrors by night; for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that walketh at noon-day."

The last verse of that psalm was on his own dying lips years afterward.

As soon as it was certain that we were in the midst of a yellow fever epidemic, he made up his mind what he would do. His decisions were made quickly and rarely ever regretted. He determined at once that he would stay here and help the people among whom he had cast his lot.

He sent his wife and five children to stay with his brother, the Rev. John Lynn Bachman, at Sweetwater, and he stayed alone in his pleasant old home on McCallie Avenue, then a large cottage on a lot which ran through from McCallie Avenue to Oak Street. By great sacrifice he bought and paid for this place himself, and later added another story, doing part of the carpenter work with his own hands.

It was a sad parting, for in August he and Mrs. Bachman had buried a beautiful child, Carrie Van Dyke Bachman, her father's pet, who used to sit by him and sing vigorously with the book upside down.

He kept very busy, and there was no time to grieve; always capable, he often got his breakfast with his own hands. Usually he took his noon meals at the old Read House.

Brave, Active and Cautious.

While brave and active, he was cautious—the mystery of yellow fever contagion was puzzling then, and he, like others, was always seeking for an explanation. But he never hesitated to go to sick patients of every race and color, and he nursed them himself.

He had no fear of contagion, but was always careful to keep himself between the sick person and the open door, and while frequently with them in extremis, during the dreaded black vomit, he was careful to bathe and fumigate as soon as he reached home.

And home was a pleasant place of refuge when he had time to rest there in the late evenings, for he literally had his own vine and fig tree, and his old neighbors, Major Van Dyke and Major Cliff, were close at hand, and there was much to confer about.

Then, too, he had his garden to attend to—the vegetables he gave away,

May God bless and keep you all. Your own

JONNIE. P. S. I see that Mrs. J. B. Weaver died of yellow fever. It is pleasant to believe the separation was short between her and her husband.

My Duty Is Here.

Oct. 10, 1878, 8 P. M. Dearest Wife: I get your letters right regularly, but am afraid, "mid my many labors and cares, I forget to acknowledge them.

I do not wonder at your anxiety. You would not be the good and loving wife I have ever known you to be were it not so, but I pray that God may give you grace to endure. Your lot is harder than mine. I wish you could know how fully I feel in regard to the souls of these perishing ones, and how many of them have in their dying hours given thanks to God that I am with them to instruct and comfort them.

I have had but one conviction from the beginning and that is—my duty is here.

I have never felt that I would fall, I gave myself to God specially, or tried to do so, when the plague commenced. And I feel safe here, because it is the path of duty, and I feel that I am discharging it most fully when I am doing God's will. If it be His will to take me now, I know He will care for you and the children.

You remember His words, "Leave the widow and the fatherless ones to me." But, as I wrote you yesterday, I believe God has happy days for us yet, even here on earth.

I have laid the matter before the Chairman of our Committee about each Pastor looking after his own people, and we are pressing the matter on the negro pastors.

Miss Hattie's pastor is away, so I must see to it. I am afraid I will die. She is a noble woman. [This was an allusion to Miss Hattie Ackerman.]

Foot Mrs. Bell has always manifested warm feelings for her race, and it may be that now necessity was added. All revenue was cut off, and to make bread for her body as well as to help suffering humanity, she went to the sick room to nurse and die. I think we will care well for her children. You see, our Camp is named for her. It is an honor. Her boys have a nice bed in a large tent and are doing well.

If I am spared, I will meet you at the earliest day. I am trying to shield myself in every possible way. Use disinfectants constantly and remain but a little while with the sick. You must not be alarmed at our number of new cases. You see, our death rate is not very large. I think we are now under treatment over 150 cases.

Atlanta has come nobly to our relief. She sends us three physicians, who will establish a hospital

passed our worst. I think our work is almost done. If the sick will not go to the hospital, nor the well to the camp, we will feel that our duty is about executed. I am very anxious to see you. I am feeling a great deal better about the plague—think the Lord will soon deliver us. Your own

Episode of a Telegram.

Oct. 19, 2 P. M., 1878.

Dearest One: Your telegram received, and my first impulse and every feeling of my heart was to answer that I would be with you tonight—but, as you know, I answered differently. After consultation with Dr. Sims and others, it was thought best that I remain,

pass to Bristol and return. Write me daily. As ever your own,

J. W. BACHMAN.

Like a Soldier From the Field.

He did get away when the plague was over—bronzed and thin, like a soldier returned from a long campaign. He had been tireless in his work—walking three times a day to Terrace Hill to see after Mr. Crandall and his family; now visiting old Father John, the Catholic priest, who had the fever; consoling in his last hours the German preacher, the Rev. G. H. Brewer, who died with it, and, being without a home or a place for a grave, Mr. Bachman buried him

on the south coast of Cuba, march overland and give the Spaniards twenty-four hours to leave for good.

Devised Flood Signal System.

His interest in the flood situation here led him, with Captain Goulding and Allen Burns, to begin a flood signal system, which was afterward adopted by the United States Government.

Always interested in helping the poor, he was the moving spirit in organizing the Associated Charities and, with his many cares, served as superintendent for three years without any recompense.

He was instrumental in having bills drawn and passed by the Legislature

THE REV. DR. J. W. BACHMAN AND HIS HOME



This Residence Was Formerly Known as 227 McCallie Avenue

and, if matters still improve, go away the last of next week and

on his own family lot in the Citizens' Cemetery.

founding industrial schools, and Bonny Oaks was his delight. He was

ticularly dogs, and they were devoted to him, old Sandy embarrassing him by following him into the pulpit.

He made a little bench for a corner of the yard under the mimosa tree, where the little children and small dogs could stand and look over the picket fence, which was a boundary set beyond which they could not pass without permission.

Devoted to His Studies.

Naturally a student, he took pride in his library and was interested in every form of research, exploration and archaeology, and he loved to compare Latin, Greek and Hebrew texts. This devotion lasted as long as he lived.

He was well acquainted with the work of the great archaeologist, Dr. Schliemann, and visited him in his own house in Athens. He was most hospitably received. Mr. Bachman greatly admired his vases from old Troy.

The great event of his life was when, with his faithful wife, he visited Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land in 1890. He knew what he wanted to see before he went there, and had his notebooks neatly made out. He was always prepared and knowing that he wanted to measure the great stones of Baalbeck took his tape measure with him, and then in his own fine hand wrote out all the dimensions on the margin of the tape.

He took his kodak and fishing tackle through the Holy Land and brought back many interesting pictures, and he records in his notebook that one day he caught fourteen small perch in the Sea of Galilee. Late in November he stood on the shore of Lake Galilee and led the singing of "Tell Me the Old, Old Story." He took a good swim in the lake at dark; he was then over 53 years old.

He had such an understanding heart that he could communicate with people whose language he could not speak. On the Turkish border, when an official wanted to confiscate his Bible and no one could make him understand, Mr. Bachman patted it affectionately and said, "My Koran," and got it through.

An old priest in the Garden of Gethsemane gave him some marigold seed, which he brought home and distributed to his friends, and the brilliant glow of those flowers brightened gardens in many States.

Upon his return he lectured to crowded houses and THE CHATTANOOGA TIMES printed these addresses. He had skill in presenting things and drew his own maps and plans.

He also gave lectures for the tourist classes, and so close had been his

CITY CHURCHES IN 1878

THE CHATTANOOGA TIMES IN 1878 carried announcements of these churches:

Second Presbyterian, Clipping-gier's Hall; pastor, the Rev. J. C. Irwin.

First Baptist; pastor, the Rev. J. M. Phillips.

Second Baptist; pastor, the Rev. St. M. Mathes.

St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal; rector, the Rev. H. H. Sneed.

Pine Street Methodist Episcopal, Sixth and Pine; pastor, the Rev. S. A. Winsor.

Whiteside Street Methodist Episcopal, South; pastor, the Rev. J. W. Smith.

St. Peter's and St. Paul's, Catholic; Father Ryan.

First Presbyterian, Seventh and Market; pastor, the Rev. J. W. Bachman.

German Evangelical, Wheeler's Hall; pastor, the Rev. G. H. Brenner.

Methodist Episcopal, South Eighth and Market; pastor, the Rev. R. H. Parker.

Hebrew Synagogue, Poss's Building, Lay Rabbi Julius Ochs.

upon our country, just going into war.

There were 100 stars upon the service flag of his church, and each Sabbath during the World War he would pray in his rich voice, "and, now, O Lord, keep Thy hand, Thy great hand over these boys," and not one star on that flag turned to gold.

When over 80 years of age he marched at the head of a procession up the steep Sixth Street hill, helping to enlist recruits for the Red Cross, where there was a lack of interest—the good gray head had grown white now, but his step was still firm.

He made many patriotic speeches, and Mayor Richard Hardy created for him the office of "Pastor of the City of Chattanooga," though he had long been that in the hearts of the people. In that capacity he made the prayer at the dedication of the Memorial Auditorium.

He was growing feeble then. He came in, like Moses of old, with a young soldier of the Legion on either side supporting him, but his tender voice rang out rich and clear as he prayed God's blessing upon his people and his beloved city.

Last Days Spent in His Garden.

His last days were spent peacefully in his old garden, among his flowers, and here, after he had read the Word, he would lay the Book and his

ly was remarkably versatile, but whatever he did was well done. Anticipation reared, he could ride and swim and shoot, and the amazing physical activity of the man always interested me.

He was usually in his study before o'clock in the morning, and his rooms and vast correspondence were neatly written in his own clear handwriting, and all of his office work finished before noon. This left a few hours free for pastoral visiting and calls upon the sick, in pursuit of which he walked all over this town, continuing this labor until he was more than 70 years old.

Rowed Into the House.

In March, 1875, we had the big flood, when a steamboat came up Market Street as far as Fifth Street, carrying that a parishioner of his as quite ill on Chestnut Street. Mr. Bachman quickly got a skiff, and I member the dexterity with which he seized the oars, rowed across the gong torrent, tied his boat to the misters, and in a few moments was the sick room on the second floor. In December, 1876, came the great snow. He got a sleigh fastened on pipe runners and, like a happy boy, piled all the children of the neighborhood in and, to the sound of merry bells, drove up hill and down the

He worked willingly with his hands, and that year he laid the first sidewalk on McCallie Avenue, from above a residence to Houston Street, for which he bought himself the flooring on an old flatboat which had been "knocked down" here—great planks two and a half inches thick and twenty-five feet long. These were laid lengthwise across small runners six inches high, to keep out the mud. This walk was used until the first brick sidewalk was laid.

No period of his life, not even excepting his varied war service, was more momentous than his yellow fever experiences.

In 1878, Chattanooga was a thriving little town which had struggled through war, panics and floods and had now reached a serene level.

The yellow fever was then raging in the Far Southern States, but no fear of it was felt here, on account of the elevation and the pure mountain air. THE CHATTANOOGA TIMES as foremost in inviting the refugees to come here, as many of them did.

Apprehensive of the Fever.

It was a very hot Summer, and there was much illness; strange fevers prevailed, which were called pernicious, "malignant" and "vicious," but no one seemed to have a remission till suddenly the plague came.

I said no one—but I do remember seeing Mr. Bachman say that he was apprehensive from the first, as during the war he was in the siege of Vicksburg, and had heard tales of the horrors of the disease, and he felt the shadow before it fell.

For ten days before the prevailing illness was pronounced yellow fever

It was a time of gloom and despair, but he was always optimistic, and did all he could to cheer others, as he believed it wrong to dishearten people. I remember hearing him say after Vicksburg that the only one of his men he ever threatened to have shot was a young officer who constantly intimidated the soldiers by making them believe they could not hold out during the siege, and so it was here—during the long hot Autumn, he was always hoping that it would "frost soon."

Letters to His Wife.

Some of his letters of the period are before me, and they give a picture of the sad time; so a few extracts may prove of interest. They are to his wife, Mrs. Eva D. Bachman, Sweetwater, Tenn.:

Chattanooga, Oct. 9, 1878, 8 P. M. Dearest Wife: This has been another of our bad days. As I wrote you, most of our volunteer corps of physicians are down, and today they have fallen on the right and the left, mostly negroes, and no one to look after them.

Today I have heard them plead for a doctor, but none could be had. Some doctors will arrive from Atlanta tonight and will go to work at once. Most of our physicians who are not sick are almost worked down.

We look for better times tomorrow.

So soon as any one is taken, he will be removed at once to the hospital and receive the best of treatment. This will lighten the labors and lessen the dangers of all.

"Outlook Now Is Cheering."

Friday, Oct. 11, 2 P. M. After making some visits and inquiries, I find all our sick better, except Dr. Frazer and Miss Hattie. Outlook now is cheering—cleared up bright, rather warm, but there is a north breeze, which indicates cooler weather.

Mr. Crandall is sitting up reading the papers. I am in most excellent health, for which I am thankful. Every pastor here and at work, except two.

Try to rest on your faith. May God bless and comfort you. Your own

JONNIE. P. S. Miss Hattie says, living or dying, she is the Lord's—so it is well with her.

Two bright little girls were given to me a few hours ago by a mother who is supposed to be near the end. They have been sent to the Orphans' Camp, and in the event of her death I will send them to her sister in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Oct. 15, 1878. My Darling Wife: Your letters of the 10th and 11th received today. It was the only one for two days. Cleveland did us much damage in deranging our mails. Everything has to go by the way of Dalton.

I feel sure now that we have

proved. Good frost last night and still cool. Very few new cases and few deaths. Thanks to God. You have neglected yourself for me and the children. God knows and I know how you gave up books and society for your husband and children. Many thanks have I given and still give to God that he gave you to me. What I am and have done has been as much through you, if not more, than myself. You are all the world to me, and I would not be without you for all the world contains.

I will try to take care of the fruit, jellies, &c., and have onions planted before I leave.

Write often—God bless you. Ever your own

JONNIE. [The telegram, referred to in the above letter was one which Mrs. Bachman sent when the Knoxville papers erroneously stated that Mr. Bachman had fallen a martyr to the fever.]

October 21, 1878. Dearest: I write this hoping Major Cliff can throw it off tonight as he goes to Knoxville.

I am in excellent health—have been gardening most of the day. Everything all right about the house.

Quite a number of new cases have been developed by the frost, but they are chiefly among the negroes. Think I will surely get away by the last of the week. Wrote you this morning, but you will probably not get it till tomorrow evening. Major Van Dyke has sent me a

poor and needy, both black and white, whose wants he always considered, and he kept a house which "was known to all the vagrant train."

Upon the death of President Garfield, he was sent with a delegation of citizens to Cleveland, Ohio, to bear the condolences of the City of Chattanooga to Mrs. Garfield, who received them in her own home and responded in a touching manner to the sympathetic words; and later he was sent on a similar errand to Mrs. McKinley upon the death of her distinguished husband, the President.

Having been left an orphan at an early age, he had a peculiar sympathy for the widow and fatherless children.

In 1857, with Mrs. Bachman and others, he visited Cuba (Rabbi Julius Ochs was one of the party) and made a study of conditions there. On the Sabbath morning he went to mass and was much touched by the devotion of the natives, and that night he preached to a native church (through an interpreter), of which the Rev. William Diaz, a native, was pastor.

This was eleven years before the Spanish-American War, but he wrote then that the records of Morro Castle were kept only in Heaven, and that he would like to land an army

of the orphans, and when he had time he went out with his elders and gave stereopticon entertainments for the little negroes. Mrs. Steele wrote once that "Mr. Bachman kept me out of the penitentiary when vicious people testified against me."

He always cared for the negroes, and in his early ministry preached regularly to them. His kitchen was a refuge for helpless old ones who came to get their meals "without money and without price."

When old, black Aunt Cinda's boy was hanged for murder and she was in much distress for money, he not only relieved her wants but spent part of his busiest time securing a pension for her husband, who had fought on the Union side.

He was always diligent in business and constantly working at something between his hours of study and visiting his flock, the process of which amounted to "foot gospel."

His garden was his first care, and if he had any vanity it was displayed there. He was always happy when he could be the first to distribute radishes and lettuce.

He planted acorns and walnuts more than fifty years ago, and named his trees for the great commanders under whom he served—Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

Reminders of the Old Farm.

He kept willow trees and mint growing around his minnow pool to remind him of the old farm; a bed of calamus was growing close at hand and, like Br'er Rabbit, he always kept a little piece of calamus roots in his vest pocket to nibble on.

His old cistern for more than a generation supplied cool water to all who came by, and many a tired policeman on his night beat stopped to refresh himself.

He kept his minnows ready so he could go fishing when a free hour came, and this was always his favorite recreation. In his prime he could wade the trout stream in North Carolina over knee deep for hours at a time, or do game fishing in the Great Lakes with reel and fly, and once, in the Gulf of Mexico, he landed a big tarpon which weighed 162 pounds and was six feet long, after playing him almost all day long. An English army officer who was with him said afterward that he would rather hunt in the jungle in India—that it was less dangerous.

He invented many useful things, one of which was a fly brush which ran by water, and when a meal was ready he simply turned the hydrant on and kept his waterwheel going till the meal was over. There were no screens then and no water meters, and flies and water were both plentiful.

A sewing machine was a joy to him; he had the first one ever in Rogersville and brought it to Chattanooga with him, and between times would run it like a mechanical toy, hemming long, heavy sheets to relieve the tired little housewife.

He was fond of all animals, par-

his sermons were never neglected—he gave his people "beaten oil" and expounded the Word like a prophet of old, with a "thus sayeth the Lord."

He loved to sing and sang with the spirit and the understanding, and for prayer meetings selected the old, familiar hymns the people loved to sing.

One who observed him closely for years said that what impressed him most was his perfect ministerial courtesy—that he was always the first to see a brother minister in the congregation and invite him to come to the pulpit to pray.

His dignity in the pulpit was marked. He came in on the stroke of the clock and, trained with military precision, on his lifting of his hands his people rose as one man for the invocation.

He was a poet of no mean order and The Central Presbyterian of Richmond, Va., selected a poem from his pen to use in the obituary of the Rev. Moses D. Hoge.

He was not a person to do things in a corner, though the place sought him and not he the place.

In April, 1896, he was a member of the National Arbitration Conference which met in Washington and made an address before that body on the subject, "The Advantages of a Permanent System of Arbitration." On the same program were Professor John Bassett Moore of Columbia University, President Merrill E. Gates, LL. D. of Amherst College and others of distinction.

Centre College of Kentucky conferred the degree of D. D. upon him, and later Washington and Lee gave him the same honor at the time they conferred it upon J. Merle D'Aubigne of France. Oglethorpe University conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. with the commendation, "Shepherd, Seer, Friend of Man and God."

In 1910 he was made Moderator of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, sitting at Lewisburg, W. Va., into which town he had marched barefoot, a ragged Confederate soldier, many years before. The papers stated that in all the deliberations of that court he was ever "fortiter in re, suaviter in modo," winning friends he never lost.

Rode With Ease of Youth at 76.

When he was 76 years of age he rode through the streets during the Confederate Reunion of 1913 beside General Bennett H. Young, Commander-in-Chief, and sat upon his big gray horse with the ease of the sixties.

For the last ten years of his life he was Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans; at the Washington convention in May, 1917, he made the prayer, standing beside President Woodrow Wilson, who listened intently to every utterance as the old warrior, in a voice of ringing cadence which could be heard to the bounds of the great hall, invoked the aid of the god of battles

must the heavenly country be?"

And here his great-grandchild, played around him, and he told them stories of the old farm, where he and all the brothers and black Alfred played together, and how, when he heard old Alf was dying in Knoxville, he took the train and went up there to see him and ask if there was anything he wanted, and Alf said, "Johnnie, what I want most is a cool drink from the old spring under the elm tree on the old farm"; and the patriarch said, "I can't get that for you now, Alf, but there is a country with a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," and held his hand till Alf went out into the other country.

And now that he is gone, that the old prophet of the Lord has gone, too, into that celestial country, and I have time to recall the many things he did and said; when I think of his pleadings in the pulpit that man oppress not the poor, nor defraud the hireling in his wages and to remember that only God is great; when I reflect upon all this kindness to the old and the sick and little children, and his merciful ways with helpless old negroes, I realize that it will be a long time ere there come again any such spices from Arabia, and that Virgil said there was a second man who ran the race and that he was next to the foremost man, but that he came next after a long interval.

"Proximus huic longo sed proximus intervallo."

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO HIT WITH BROOM UPHELD

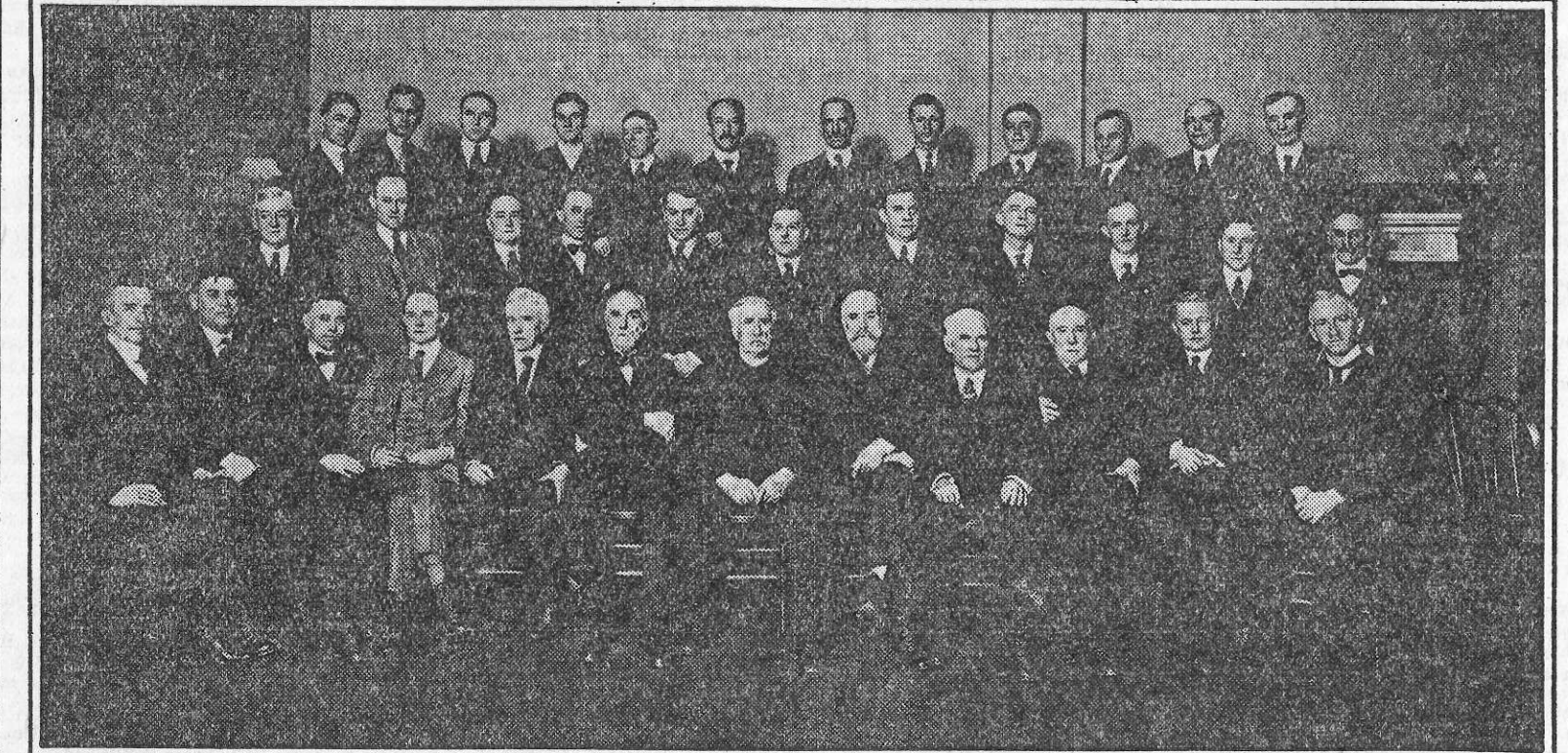
Few communities ever held a more interesting genius than the late Justice J. A. Holtzclaw. He was an inveterate student, delved into ancient tomes and would halt any trial to tell a funny story.

He had painted on his window the legend, "Justice of the Peace," in ten different languages, under the Roman maxim, "Summ Quique," While the learned understood that this meant "To each his own," the herd promptly determined that it really said "Sue 'em Quick."

An example of his quaint sessions may be found in this decision, rendered in the case of a woman who had been brought before him charged with having leaped over her front gate and struck a man with a broom:

"The cannon is the weapon of nations. It has been established that its range is three miles, and hence the jurisdiction of any country extends three miles out to sea. Any nation may employ this weapon within this limit. It seems to the Court that, by analogy, we find the crux of the present case. A broom is the natural weapon of a woman. It is the judgment of the court that a woman is entitled to use a broom as a weapon as far from her own premises as she can reach."

IN 1921 Pastor, Assistant Pastor, Elders and Deacons of the First Presbyterian Church.



Top Row: W. J. Troutt, W. C. Johnson, J. L. Bibb, S. E. Drake, R. C. Jones, W. H. Trotter, F. H. Dowler, J. F. Finley, J. C. Sharp, J. P. Hoskins, C. E. Bradford, T. R. Preston. Middle Row: R. C. Campbell, dec'd, Matt M. Clay, Theo. F. King, dec'd, D. S. Henderson, J. R. Curtis, dec'd, A. E. McDonald, O. K. LeBron, F. K. Rosamond, R. T. Faucette, J. Y. Bayless, James Chapman. Bottom Row: F. A. Nelson, W. A. Martin, H. H. Pitzer, Asst. Pastor, W. N. Jones, R. W. McBryde, H. A. Chambers, dec'd, J. W. Bachman, Pastor, dec'd, Alex Scott, W. C. Stephens, dec'd, J. W. Wells, dec'd, W. L. Frierson, W. B. Swaney.