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SAMUEL, SR., SAMUEL, JR., AND JOHN F.

(From "The State" of yesterday afternoon)

A sweet product of our civilization since the war is Mr. John F. Slaughter, of Lynchburg, familiarly called "Jack," and sometimes "Bug."

When the war began there was a Samuel Garland, Sr., of Lynchburg, a lawyer, who had no children, but three nephews, his partners - Samuel, Jr., Charles R., and John F.

Samuel, Jr., was rich, Charles R. and John F. poor.

During the war Samuel, Sr., died, leaving a great fortune; and Samuel, Jr., died in battle, a brigadier general, at Crampton's Gap.

To Charles R. and Samuel, Jr., was left the administration of Samuel, Sr's, estate, the bulk of which was left to the widow of Samuel, Sr., but very large legacies to Samuel, Jr., and Charles R., John F., with a trifling bequest, being left out in the cold by Samuel, Sr., who knew John F. well. The war ended; John F. took administration of the estate of his brother, Charles R., who had died in the meantime, and with it that of his uncle, Samuel, Sr., his cousin, Gen. Samuel, having been killed on the field.

From that moment he thrived. He, who had been without means, or character, or credit, swiftly grew into a millionaire, while, after the see-saw fashion, his rich uncle's rich widow grew poorer and poorer till she was glad to get her living by taking in plain sewing for the family of the fat cuckoo, John F.

John F. became a man of might, shareholder, director, president of banking and insurance companies, bought springs properties, saw that deposits of railroads and fees of railroads were good, and declared for consolidation. To help in that he was one of the Committee of Nine (which "did a great deal of good"), got to be counsel for the Miller estate, and took a big slice; set up still other banks and companies, and prevailed fatly in the City of Hills, where jackasses starve and Jews fall into bankruptcy.

Disappointment in not being chief and only counsel for the consolidated road, whose director he was, and smuffing danger in the year 1873, he grew averse to all railroads, and, according to his nature,

began his new career by deserting and decrying (since it was in difficulties) the one to which he owed all he had, outside of what he had of his uncle's estate, to the prejudice of his aunts.

Having resigned as director, he chose his time, and assailed the other day publicly with many recantations of his former opinions and many suspicions as to the use made of money he saw handled, and helped to handle, assailed the man to whom he had paid constant court, to whom, of all other men, he was most indebted (saving always his uncle, who never trusted him), assailed the man whom he had echoed and flattered and caressed, and deceived.

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A sweet party is John F.; full of all the vices of the time, devoid of all the virtues of the time, and blind to all the tendency of the time. He is good to observe as an example, good to use as an experiment (*experimentum in corpore vili*), and since he has thrust himself upon the public to question the plans himself advised, to show dishonesty where himself was guardian, and waste where himself was charged to save, and boasted he did save; therefore we speak of him thus publicly; and also because we have long observed with interest the problem now working itself out before our eyes. Whether our civilization admits of complete and enduring success to the men like Ben F. Butler and John F. Slaughter, who are nothing but attorney-sharks, with the craft of the one, the hunger of the other, and the keen but short-sighted eyes of either.

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