

He [Simpson] said he believed General Washington was the greatest warrior in the world and ought to be called Joshua, that the King of France had made him one of his mareschals, and he was sure would never rest till he got him into his service.

On someone's mentioning that the Jews of Amsterdam were about to purchase a large tract of land on the back part of Georgia for the purpose of establishing a colony of Jews exclusively, he observed that it would not do, for that the Jews prospered most when intermixed with other nations.

He delivered his sentiments with conciseness and perspicuity. His only failing consisted in being somewhat deaf. He said in all his life he had not kept his bed two days from sickness, that he had never observed any particular regimen, had used spectacles for forty years, till of late he could see without them. He was easy and cheerful and benevolent of his blessings on us.

A Poem by Joseph Lyons

Joseph Lyons was born in South Carolina, probably in Columbia, in 1813. He received an excellent education in Charleston and, at the age of twenty-two, passed the bar examination at Savannah, Georgia. The following poem is found in his diary under the date of May 23, 1834. Lyons died of consumption the following year in Paris, France.

May 23, Friday. A fool told me today she was sorry for me, and I thought what I here write:

You are sorry for me!!!
 Eternal God! am I then that *thing*
 As to excite pity!
 Give me deep scorn, without disguise,
 Most rancorous hate, abhorrence,
 Anything but pity!
 By heaven, 'tis what you feel
 For the unresisting worm you've
 carelessly crushed,
 And you pity it for its impotence
 To escape or to retaliate.
 Am I so gifted—Am I a poor,

Crawling, weak, despicable reptile?
 If I am, *then* be sorry for me.
 But whilst I feel in my capacious
 soul
 A comprehensive power to enfold
 Passions that in their expansion
 Would shatter your pigmy soul
 Into indiscernible atoms,
 Dare not to reduce me
 To your petty pitiful size
 And be sorry for me, as
 You would for your fellows.