

## THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF JAMES NORMAN SMITH

in

His Early Life, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age

(Dated July 21, 1871)

I was born in the County of Richmond, State of North Carolina on Little River, about two miles above its mouth. Little River empties into the great Pee Dee River, three miles below Standback's Ferry. The Pee Dee River is about five hundred yards wide at the ferry.

My father's name was James T. Smith and my mother's name was Constania Ann Ford, she was born in the State of Maryland in Charles County. My father was also a native of the same county and state but in his early life, before the Revolutionary War of 1776, he moved with his father to Halifax County, State of Virginia. When about seventeen years of age my father was a volunteer in the Revolutionary War and joined a company which was commanded, as Captain, by his uncle, James Turner. My father was wounded at the Battle of Guilford, in North Carolina. His thigh bone was broken and all the bones came out from his hip to his knee. He lay on the field of battle for some hours but was finally taken to the house of Mr. Walter McCustion who lived some three or four miles from the battlefield. He remained there for more than twelve months before his wound was sufficiently healed to permit him to be moved to his home. The doctors wanted to cut off the thigh near his hip bone but he would not consent to the amputation. The large artery of his thigh was not injured, new flesh and shin formed and the wound healed. After some years he was able to walk without crutches. When he went to Maryland to see my mother, before marriage, he walked with crutches. He was married on the 4th day of May, 1784. They lived awhile in Virginia and then moved, with his father and mother, to Richmond County, North Carolina. Also his uncle, James Turner and his

mother, a very aged woman, came with his father's family and settled in Montgomery County which adjoins Richmond County. An uncle of my father whose name was Joseph Morehead and who had married a sister of my grandmother Smith also settled in Richmond County, North Carolina.

My father and mother had five children, two daughters and three sons. Their names and births were as follows:

Annie Ford, born August 1, 1785

Richard, born September 24, 1787

James Norman, born September 14, 1789

Charles A. (My twin brother) born September 14, 1789

Elizabeth Ford, born March 23, 1792

These children of my father and mother are all dead, except myself.

It has already been stated when and where my twin brother, Charles A. Smith, and myself were born. My twin brother was born with a remarkable birth mark on his face; his face was entirely red with the exception of a little white skin on his temples. As we grew up he was always more playful, more lively and had a greater stock of jokes and anecdotes than myself. When we were little boys we were very mischievous. The earliest recollection of my infantile days, which I remember well, was as follows:

My brother, Charles A. and myself were quite small and wore small coats or frocks as we had not yet begun to wear pants. One day in our Mother's room we were playing before the fire with broom straws and setting them on fire. We first thought that we would set the counterpane on fire to see it burn but as we were afraid our mother would chastise us we decided to let it alone. My brother said to me, "Brother, let me set your coat on fire". I said, "Very well". My clothes were already very warm as we had been sitting for sometime by the fire. My brother set a handful of straws on fire and placed them under my coat which immediately blazed and we could not put the fire out. I ran

through the room into the parlor and on the porch, flames of fire were all around me and I was screaming loudly. My mother heard my screams, as she was in the kitchen a short distance away. She ran out to see me fall on the floor, my clothes all in a blaze, and running to me and pulled off what remained of my clothes which was only a small part of my shirt around my shoulders and the collar about my neck. I was dreadfully burned on my left side from my hips and groins up to my breast, the flesh being burned off entirely. My neck, shoulders, and face were greatly blistered. It was several months before I could go out to play. I have now a large scar on my left side which is smooth and hard. The flesh on my whole side was burned to my ribs which were exposed for some time. The doctor came and furnished remedies and for many months my burned side had to be dressed and something put on it which was very painful. My Aunt Ward came over every day and dressed the wound. She was an aunt on my father's side, a widow, named Mrs. Mary Ward. While my burns were dressed and more medicine poured on, I would cry out, "O Aunt Ward," "O by Geese, by Geese, by Geese, How it hurts." I suppose I said those words hundreds of times before I got well. After I did get well if at any time I got hurt I would say, "O By Geese, By Geese!" which words became a saying of mine for many years after. Perhaps this kept myself from swearing by a more Holy Name.

About six months after I got well another fire occurred which also made a lasting impression in my memory of the early life of my childhood. This was the burning of my father's house. He had just build a large new house at a distance of about three quarters of a mile from the old plantation house on the river where he had lived for several years. It was a large frame house with many rooms and had a large stone stack chimney in the middle with fireplaces in all the rooms, up and down stairs. One Saturday night there were a number of young people, nieces, nephews, and other young people assembled at my father's house to stay all night. It was a custom in those days to have what was called "Cotton Pickings". They would pick the seed out of the cotton as there were no gins or machines in those good old days. When the "Cotton Picking" was over the young people would play "Old Sister Phoebe" and other plays of amusement as well as often times dance. It was for one of these "Cotton Pickings" that

this large company of young people had assembled. After the playing and frolics were over and the young people were about to retire to their different rooms for sleep the fire was discovered. It had caught in the ceiling of one room which was all in flames. The house had been built of pine lumber which was almost as inflammable as a match used to light candles at the present day. My father had only a few negroes who stayed at the house and they were only women and boys. The older negro men and women lived at "The Quarters" as it was called on the plantation in those days. My father ascertaining that the house could not be saved made all the young people assist in taking out the household furniture. The neighbors seeing the great light were soon assembled, but all in vain, the house burned to ashes. The fire was so great and hot that many of the beds and furniture were burned after being taken out of the house. When the fire first started, my brother Charles A. and I ran off in a fright to our Grandmother's about a mile away. While we were running as fast as we could we met our Uncle on his way to help put the fire out. We ran along puffing and blowing and crying out, "Uncle Bennie, house all on fire!, Uncle Bennie, house all on fire!". After the excitement had somewhat ceased my mother missed her twin boys. She was almost frightened to death and cried out, "My twins are burned up, my twins are burned up!". My Uncle Bennie came up and told her to cease crying as he met us on the way to our Grandmother's. She sent a runner over to verify the fact and then became calm and satisfied that we were safe.

We soon grew large enough to ride a horse and our father would take great pleasure in teaching us to ride about. He would often tell us many little pleasant stories about the war and teach us many little songs. When we were permitted we would ride on a horse with a bag of corn to the mill which was about two miles away. There were many little negro boys, much larger than we, who could go to the mill but our father humored us by allowing us to go. We rode together on the bag of corn, I would ride in front and my brother behind. One day when we went to the mill there was a very rich man, who owned about 100 negroes, who also went to the mill and took his little daughter with him. His daughter was younger than we so she rode on the bag and her father led the horse. She went all over the mill with us and looked at all the wheels, etc, We saw how the meal would run into a great chest and how the miller would shovel the meal up into

the bags. We had a nice time. We were quite small, perhaps six or seven years old. I used to call this little girl “my sweetheart”. When I got home I told my father that I had seen my sweetheart at the mill and called the little girls name. My father would say to me, “James, did you court her any?” I would say “Daddy, (in those days we used to say “Daddy” and “Mamma” instead of “Pa” and “Ma”) I kissed her once, is that what you call courting?” He would say, “Well, that will do for a beginning”. He then said to me, “I will teach you a little song about kissing”. It was as follows:

“Dear Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter no girl ever gave,  
And now in the height of my blisses  
Would you ask me how many I’d have.

Count the stars that are placed in the heavens,  
Count the sands that doth lie on the shore,  
And when so many kisses you’ve given,  
I shall be asking for more.”

In year after year I have heard this little song sung by grown young ladies and gentlemen. My father took great delight in singing to my brother and me and would also tell us many anecdotes about the war. He told us how he used to sing while he was wounded and had to lie on his back and could not move his leg. My father was a man with a very lively disposition but with a very strong mind. He would never give way to a despondency of mind under any trial he might have to undergo. He could bear pain and affliction of body with more fortitude than anyone I ever saw. I can recollect that while I was quite young sometimes his wounded thigh would pain him but he would be cheerful and merry. I remember he once taught us a little song while he was in great pain. It was not so lively and full of fun as were some others. He said, “Learn this one my son so that you will remember it when you are old and in trouble”. It was like this:

“In all situations, a man may be glad,

He never was created for woe,  
Let him seek and he'll find that content may be had,  
And a great deal of comfort below."

He would often repeat to us this little ditty about being industrious about our work:

"Go to the plow, go to the hedge or ditch,  
Some honest calling choose, no matter which."

When I was about six years old my father provided us a school master (as he was called in those days) and my brother Charles A. and myself were sent to school with our older brother and sister. The schoolmaster's name was Philip Brooks, an Irishman. There were few such teachers as this Irishman in those days or afterwards. He first taught in my father's house, while a bachelor, but afterwards he married and lived in the neighborhood for years. He had a large school of young men and girls as well as little boys and girls. There were but few school books in those days but he did not seem to need books in his school. He appeared to know everything and it did not seem necessary to have Arithmetics, Grammars, or Dictionaries in his school. He seemed to know them all by heart. He used to write our exercises and rules on paper, a sheet of fools cap paper folded so as to make sixteen pages. He wrote a beautiful plain hand and could print almost as well as type. He taught the Smith children to read handwriting as soon as they could read printed books. Every day at our playtime he would write on one side of the paper our lesson (or exercise as he called it). This we had to learn at home that night or next morning and repeat to him during school hours. He would then write a new "exercise". If we did not know them well he would keep us in during the play hours. By this means we generally had the lessons well prepared as we never wanted to be kept in the house during playtime. These little exercises always contained many useful as well as entertaining histories, little pieces of poetry, etc., many of which in after years I have read in Peter Parley's works, the English Reader and other school books of the present day. Noah Webster's spelling book had just been printed at that time. We used Dilworth's Spelling Book and Dyke's but finally put them all aside for the new

Webster's Spelling Book. I can now remember a great many little pieces of poetry, anecdotes, etc. that were learned from those little exercises, such as:

"See how the little busy bee,  
Improves each shining hour, etc."

and

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite, etc."

as well as many others. He used to make us write words in our spelling books (or he would write them for us) and then he would write the meaning or definition of these words beside each word, like it is in the dictionary. We had to learn these words and meanings for our next day's recitation. So in my very early life I knew the meaning of very many words before I had ever seen them in the dictionary. Such words as Crucifix, a cross, Diadem, a crown, luminous, a light, and so on. One day I wrote down a list of words for him to write the meaning after them. One of the words I wrote was "Gimlet". His meaning written against it was, "Any foolish boy knows". The next day I had to recite the lesson by heart and he made me give the definition of "Gimlet" as he had written it. He then took me by the hair of my head and slapped my jaws and cheeks well, saying at the same time, "James, you knew what a gimlet was, every negro man and boy your father has knows what a gimlet means, you knew too, when you put it down." He would then slap me again. It was the only time, I believe, he ever whipped me. I hated a gimlet after that so much that I have not used one since. Although in after years I always keep one about the house I will never use it. The schoolmaster would say to me "James, I want you to learn the meaning of words which will be useful to you, never write words when you already know their meanings."

When the pupils were able to learn Arithmetic, Mathematics, Surveying, Calculations of Astronomy, etc., he always wrote the rules and exercises in their books. He was indeed a great scholar and had every rule in his head. As I grew older I learned arithmetic, chronology, surveying, trigonometry, navigation, and astronomical calculations, all before I was thirteen years old. While I was studying the calculations of astronomy, surveying, etc. he told my father to buy for me "Gebona Surveying" and "Fergunn's Astronomy". My brother and I always studied together. We were able to make

calculations of the eclipses of the sun and moon which will take place up to the year 2000. I have often compared the eclipses of the sun from 1810 to 1840 with the calculations made in my Exercise Book and always found them to be correct, making further calculations for the difference in latitude and longitude.

In the study of Chronology as was defined in our Cyphering book, was to know how to find the Leap Years, The Epact, The Moon Age, The Solar Cycle, The Dominical Letter, etc. Also to be able to tell what day of the week any day of the month would be on any date in years past or years to come. For instance, what day of the week was the 4th of July, 1776. or what day of the week would be the 8th of January, 1895, and so on. The rule he gave us for this calculation I have since seen in Almanacs and elsewhere. It is this:

“At Doer, Dwells, George Brown, Esquire,  
Good Christopher French and Davy Friar.”

The way to use the rule is like this: First find the Sunday or Dominical Letter of any year and that will stand for Sunday that year through. The Capital letters of each word in the above verse stand for each month in the year. Thus if “E” should be the Sunday letter, then the table

A	B	C	D	E	F	G
0	6	5	4	3	2	1

E stands for Sunday that year and if you want to find what day of the week the first day of any month would be, say for instance the first day of May, then E stands for Sunday all the year and B stands for May, then A B C D E F G – E Sunday, D Monday, C Tuesday, etc. so the first day of May would be Saturday. Again if E is the Sunday letter and you wish to find what day of the week would be the first day of November, as above E is Sunday and D is November. E would be Sunday, F Monday, G Tuesday, A Monday, B Thursday, C Friday, and F Saturday. The rule to find the Sunday letter is: add 1/4 of the date of year to itself and divide by 7, the remainder is the Sunday letter by the table as already given.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G
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0 6 5 4 3 2 1

In a Leap Year there are two Sunday letters, the first to March 1st, and the second to the end of the year.

My teacher never taught me to work problems in Algebra. When I would occasionally visit other schools I would examine their Arithmetics and looking over the different rules I noticed the rules of False Position and True Position. As I know nothing about these rules I requested my teacher to give me some questions on the Rule of Position. He wrote the rules for each in my Cyphering Book but also wrote this in my book:

“James, this is a good rule for exercise in figures but it is of no use to any man who wishes to attend to practical business, nevertheless I will teach you how to work the questions”. He wrote several questions for me to work out. For every rule he gave to us he would always require us to write down the whole statement as well as the calculations and sums at which he arrived under the different rules. He used to write many of his questions in poetry. One he gave in position was:

“A young man a courting did go,  
Fond was he his lover’s age to know,  
My age, said she, if multiplied by three  
And two of that product three times be  
And the square root of one fourth of that product will be four,  
Tell me my age or court me no more.”

Another problem he gave me when I was studying right angles and triangles in Trigonometry was:

“I am constrained to plant a grove  
To entertain the maid I love,  
The form in which the question goes

Is nineteen trees in none straight rows,  
And in each row five trees must plant,  
Or else lose the maid I want.”

In the exercises which he gave us there would be a great deal of poetry. One day a dog ran by the school house with four or five after him crying out, “Mad Dog”. At playtime our teacher wrote in all the pupil’s exercise books the following piece of poetry which we had to read next day. I have since read in the “Vicar of Wakefield” a similar poem but the words are different:

#### Poem about a Mad Dog

“The dog was sick and some did say  
I believe he’s going mad,  
With sticks and clubs they drove him then  
And no compassion had.

Until at last in his defense,  
He bit the first he could,  
He is surely mad they cried, and then  
Like mad men they pursued.

The wound did look both sore and sad  
To every Christian’s eye,  
And while they swore the dog was mad  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
Which showed the men they lied,  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

(They killed him)

I will relate some other poetry which I learned from my father. He used to sing these to us at night, after we had returned home from our school. My father's song entitled:

Johnny Blount or Bar the Door, O.

"There was an old man lived under the hill  
And Johnny Blount was his name, Sir,  
And he kept beer and ale to sell  
He bore a wonderful fame, Sir.

The wind did blow very hard from the North,  
It blowed all over the floor, O,  
O, do, Johnny Blount, the old woman said,  
Get up and bar the door, O.

A bargain, a bargain, a bargain, they made,  
A bargain they made full sure, O,  
That they who spoke the very first word  
Should rise and bar the door, O.

There came two travelers from the North,  
They traveled it late in the night, Sir,  
Until they came to Johnny Blount's house,  
No candle or candle light, Sir.

They took the old woman out of the bed,  
They dragged her all over the floor, O,  
But never a word the old woman said,

For fear of barring the door, O.

They went to the cupboard, they ate all the meat,  
They drank all the beer in the cellar,  
And that did cause Johnny Blount for to speak,  
And talk like a clever fellow.

Saying, you've eat up my victuals,  
You've drank all my drink,  
You've made my old woman so poor, O  
O, there Johnny Blount, you spoke the first word,  
Get up and bar the door, O.

My father used to sing us another song, called:

#### Sweet Nan of the Vale

"In a small pleasant village  
Where nature's complete  
Lived a few honest shepherds.  
In a quaint retreat,  
There lived a young lady  
Of so noble a mien  
That she often at balls  
And at Court could be seen.

The lads of the village  
All strove to assail  
And called her in rapture  
Sweet Nan of the Vale.

Young Hodge spoke his passion  
Until quite out of breath,  
Saying, Zounds, he could hug her  
And kiss her to death.

But Dick with her beauty  
Was so much oppressed  
That he laughed at his food,  
His board, and his dress.

But she could find nothing  
In them to endear,  
She sent them away  
With a flea in their ears.

Saying, Sure no such boobies  
Could tell a love tale  
Or bring to their wishes  
Sweet Nan of the Vale.

Young William, the smartest  
Of all the gay green  
Took a voyage to Virginia  
For improved he had been.

Came home so much improved  
That he made his address  
And boldly attacked her  
Not doubting success.

Saying, sure nature never formed

Those lips to be kissed  
He hugged her so close  
That she could not resist.

And taught the young lady  
The right way to assail  
And brought to his wishes  
Sweet Nan of the Vale.

During the time I went to the school of Mr. Philip Brooks there were number of large boys and young men who also attended. Two young men boarded with my father. Their names were Benjamin H. Covington and his brother John W. Covington. Benjamin H. Covington was a natural off-hand poet. I will give a few of his poems which he recited off-hand. There was a young man by the name of Cash. He came from Jonesborough, Tennessee, to see his brothers. One of them lived in Richmond County and the other kept a hotel in Wadesboro, Anson County, North Carolina. Young Cash was about twenty years of age when he came to attend the school of Mr. Philip Brooks although there was an academy at Wadesboro where his brothers lived. He brought his horse with him and applied for board at several places, they were families who knew his brothers very well. He would stay only one week at a place and then move to some other place. He stayed one week at my father's. None of the families would charge him board for such a short time, and thus he continued, while going to school, for some three months. One day someone found a short piece of poetry. Some of the pupils thought that Benjamin H. Covington had written it but I was of the opinion that it had been written by a Scotchman by the name of McMillan.

The little verse ran like this:

“A gentleman of wit and art  
Who lately came into these parts  
From Tennessee, with wondrous skill  
His head with learning for to fill.

To Philip Brooks he soon applied  
That he as teacher must preside,  
A boarding house he must procure,  
For hunger he could not endure.

A boarding house he soon found out  
And there he stayed a week about.  
This lad so fast in knowledge grew  
He thought his horse must study too.

The horse not willing to obey  
Had rather browse about the hay  
And thus he rode both night and morn  
And feed his horse with hay and corn.

The teacher very quickly saw  
His horse would never study law.  
Away he sent the horse to town  
Perhaps to study under Brown.

- (C) Can any man find out my name
- (A) Among so many men of fame.
- (S) Should any wish his name to know.
- (H) His name the last four lines do show.”

Mr. Cash didn't like this piece of poetry, became much dissatisfied and left the school.  
He went back to his brothers in Wadesboro.

My father and mother with all the children as well as the two Covingtons who boarded with us, were invited to a Quilting Party which was given one afternoon by a very wealthy and near neighbor. His name was Joseph Hinds and his wife's name was Betty.

Squire, as he was called, was a very liberal man but would sometimes take his toddy rather freely although this time he kept quite sober. After the company were all seated at the dining table the young men including Benjamin H. Covington and others were about to carve the turkeys, pigs, etc. Squire Hinds, who never was in the habit of asking a blessing at his meals, spoke to Benjamin H. Covington. The Squire wanted to surprise Covington and make him ashamed before the ladies. The Squire said "Mr. Covington, will you ask the blessing or say grace for us?". Ben. H. Covington approached the table and while standing with his hands outstretched said off-hand the Grace as quoted below:

"Here is hoping all  
Both great and small  
That's seated 'round this table  
May eat with might and appetite,  
As long as they are able.

Our sins forgive and let us live  
We pray the Lord for pity.  
What we receive, I do believe,  
Comes free from Joe and Betty."

The old Squire jumped up and ran to Ben saying while he patted his shoulders, "Ben, you are the smartest young man in Richmond County." The whole company were full of glee and laughter. Hereafter I will quote more of his poetry as he could make up verses on any subject, right off-hand.

During the years of 1800, 1801, and 1802, there were great Revivals of Religion in different parts of North Carolina. People would come from parts of the State from a distance of over 150 miles. They would bring their wagons, teams, tents, and quantities of provisions, meeting together in some convenient neighborhood to form a camp ground. They would stretch their tents and after dark with torches, lamps, and large



open fires it would make a very brilliant appearance. A great many stands or pulpits would be built for the different preachers from which to preach. A camp meeting was held within ten miles from my father's house. Our whole family attended with many of the servants. This camp lasted for over fifteen days and was carried on mostly by Presbyterian and Methodist preachers although there were some Baptist preachers. There was a row of pulpits, ten in number, situated over one hundred yards apart. The different preachers would preach from these to their various congregations. During the whole period of the camp it was stated that there were over thirty thousand people in attendance. During the whole time of the camp at practically all the tents there would be prayers and songs during breakfast. At 10:30 o'clock in the morning the preaching would commence from the different stands. During the preaching all the people would remain very silent. In the afternoon the singing and prayers would again commence. After three days great excitement prevailed such as had not been seen by anyone who had not already attended one or more of these camp meetings. This excitement would start after the preaching services and during the time the singing and praying was going on. These meetings started in Kentucky and Tennessee and came on east through North and South Carolina. In these times of excitement there appeared to be a sympathetic kind of feeling among the people which can be described as like electricity. Many of those who were thus excited would fall down suddenly and to all appearances would be as silent as death. All pulsation through the arteries would cease and those taken in this way would be entirely stiff and helpless as if they were dead. Usually the ladies who were struck down in this way would be taken to their tents as if dead. I have seen young men and young ladies walking along together through the encampment, laughing and talking merrily among themselves. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, one would drop down stiff and helpless, then another would fall as if shot through with a bullet. Thus this feeling or as described, electric shock, was not confined to the serious persons alone. It was an unaccountable mystery. A great many who would be thus exercised did not even profess religion but thousands of others did. I heard old Christian men walking around the camp grounds, exclaiming and saying, "Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, the mysterious Providence of God." One Sabbath afternoon my brother Charles A. and myself made an agreement that we would walk around together and

count the men who were lying stiff on the ground, in all appearances like dead men. On that afternoon we counted over eight hundred men. The women had all been taken to their tents. The doctors were walking around feeling the wrists of the men to ascertain if there was any pulse in them. I have known some men to lie on the ground in this way for more than twelve hours before they moved. I even saw one of the doctors who was making an examination of a man on the ground, instantly fall down and become as stiff as the patient whom he had been examining. It was indeed a great mysterious and solemn thing.

There was a very eloquent Presbyterian preacher who attended this camp meeting. He was quite a talented man. He came from the Waxsaw Settlement in South Carolina. This preacher's name was Rev. John Brown. He could say more words in one hour than any man I ever heard in my life and these words would all be plainly and distinctly pronounced. The young men who were not pious, but thoughtful on religious subjects, called this preacher, "The Waxsaw Bully". Rev. Brown afterwards moved into our settlement which was near the camp meeting grounds. He preached to two different congregations which were twenty miles apart. After the camp meeting these two neighborhoods erected houses of worship, built up Presbyterian congregations and called Rev. Brown as their pastor. He also erected and taught in an academy in Wadesboro, Ann County, North Carolina, but continued to preach once a month to the two congregations in Richmond County.

After Mr. Philip Brooks, my great teacher, left us I learned to plow on the farm and was much pleased to continue this plowing for a year. My older brother was sent to school at Rev. Brown's academy. My brother Charles A. was too much afflicted to work, he had been badly salivated by taking calomel to break up a fever. This was given him by a new doctor who practiced in a different neighborhood. I got disgusted with plowing and was determined to let it alone, so my father boarded my brother Charley and myself with a relative and let us attend the school with our older brother, Richard. As we then thought we were great scholars in mathematics we decided to study Latin. Our two sisters, Annie and Bettie, were dead. Annie my oldest sister as well as the oldest child of

my parents, was a very beautiful girl. Bettie was nearly two years younger than I, Annie was very smart and full of life. She looked lovely in death. As Annie was several years older than myself, Bettie and I were a great deal in each other's company. I must confess that I loved Bettie a great deal more as we spent many playful hours together. Bettie was a very beautiful girl and I always thought that she would have made a more beautiful woman than my sister Annie. There were other people who thought differently. As I now remember these sisters of mine were the first dead bodies I ever saw. Their deaths made a serious and lasting impression on me which has never been entirely erased.

The great Pee Dee River was a fine river to catch shad. The shad would come up in large numbers in the winter and spring. Often, while I was quite young, I would go with my Uncle to see them haul in the seines with the shad. In the fishing season they would catch wagon loads of these shad. The Little River, on which I was born, was a great stream in which to catch herring. This river was not more than thirty yards wide. We would catch the herring in this manner: the herring would go up the river in large schools and could be plainly seen. When a large number of these fish would be up the river three or four men would stretch a seine across and hold it fast. The seine would have balls of lead on the bottom side which was called the lead line. This would keep the seine at the bottom of the river so the herring could not pass under it. There would also be a line at the top of the seine full of cork balls, this would keep the top of the seine on the top of the water. The seine was made of strong twine and the meshes were so close no herring could get through. On each side of the river two men would hold it fast. A great many large as well as small boys would go up the river for some distance and wade and swim down. They would carry poles and make all the noise possible. The herring would swim down the river to the seines when two men on one side of the river would haul up the seines taking their end across to the opposite side where they would haul it up on the bank full of herring. I have seen over five hundred caught at one time. The way the fish would try to get out was very amusing to the little boys.

My brother Charles A. and myself quickly learned to swim quite well. Before I was ten years old I could swim across the Pee Dee River, which was over 1000 yards wide. I could go over and return without stopping to rest. We used to do our swimming, or nearly all, on the Sabbath Day. While I was growing up there were no Sunday Schools. Neither the large or small boys were kept in the house on Sundays and until after the camp meeting, about which I have related, there was but little preaching in the neighborhood. One Sunday while I was swimming across the Pee Dee River with several other boys, a large sturgeon jumped at least five feet out of the water and fell back not more than fifteen feet from where I was. Had he landed on me I would have been sunk. The sturgeons are very large fish weighing more than 100 pounds. They come up the river with the shad but not many are caught in the seines as they can jump so high they usually get away. Sometimes they are caught in fish traps which are placed in the falls and shallow parts of the river. I have often thought in after years that it was a kind Providence that kept the sturgeon from falling on me and causing me to be drowned.

As my brother and myself went to Rev. Brown's Academy to learn Latin, we quickly learned all the Latin grammar. Our teacher, Rev. John Brown, was very much more strict in his school than was our old Irish Teacher. He would whip both the large and small boys if they disobeyed or broke his rules. I have seen him make large young men take off their coats and he would "cow hide" them well. They would have to submit to it or quit school.

My father moved an old widow lady, with four sons, from the State of Maryland. This lady was a sister of my mother's. She was older than my mother and was poor as regards property. He settled her near us. Her two oldest boys were large enough to work so my father furnished them a place so that they could farm. This aunt had married a Mr. Smoot who died a short time after his youngest son was born. Her sons were named Samuel, Jack, Charles A., and David Smoot. David was just the age of myself and brother Charles A. We were often with all these boys especially the two youngest who seemed more like brothers than cousins. My father sent the two youngest boys,

Charles A. and David to school with us while we were with the Irish Teacher. He did not send them to the Academy. My brothers and I had not attended the Academy for quite a year when Rev. Mr. John Brown moved out of our neighborhood, going to Wadesboro to teach as well as preach. My brother Richard went on with him to attend his school at Wadesboro. My brother Charles A. and myself stayed at home and did not attend school for a year. It was a year of pastime for us. We spent much time with our cousins, Charles A. and David Smoot; my mother would always be satisfied if we were with our Aunt Smoot. When we were at our Aunt's house she was always very kind and attentive to us.

I went around in the neighborhood more than my brother Charles A. as he was not well from his salivation. He was lame in the ankles, hips and shoulders. He finally outgrew his afflictions which were caused by taking calomel.

During the year of absence from school I was permitted to go with my father's negro men to take our tobacco hogshead to Fayetteville on the Cape Fear River, about sixty miles from our plantation in Richmond County. This city used to be called Cross Creek in those days by many people. There were two creeks which ran through the city and almost in its center these creeks crossed at right angles. Hence the name of Cross Creek. The way in which we took our tobacco to market was as follows: Two large wooden pins were driven into each end or head of the hogsheads, which served as an axle tree. A wooden frame was placed on these pins and a tongue attached to the frame so that two horses could pull it. The hogshead of tobacco would roll over as the horses went along. Often I was permitted to drive one of these hogsheads of tobacco to the city of Fayetteville, which was to me a great source of pleasure. As we camped out on the road frequently there would be many tobacco rollers camping together. Before they went to sleep they would pass the time in laughter, songs, and anecdotes. On one trip we traveled with an old Scotchman who was also rolling his tobacco hogshead. In crossing a small creek called "Que Whiffle" he drove his horses too near the edge of the bridge and turned his hogshead over into the mud and mire. Our negro men helped him to get it out but the frame and tongue, with which the horses worked, were entirely

broken. The old Scotchman took his horses out and turned back home to send his sons to take the tobacco to market. He spoke out loudly, "The back of my hand to you, "Que Whiffle"." He said he would never cross that creek again. This anecdote became a saying as when anybody became disgusted or did not like anything they would say, "The back of my hand to you, Que Whiffle".

At the end of my year out of school my father persuaded my Aunt Smoot to move to Wadesboro and keep a boarding house. He purchased a house and lot in town for her. My brothers Richard and Charles A. and I all boarded with her. Her son David Smoot went to school with us. The three oldest boys learned trades. Sam and Jack became brick masons. Charles A. learned the hatter's trade.

Living in town was a novelty to my brother Charles A. and myself. Time passed off quietly and smoothly while we were in school. There were nearly 150 students, male and female, at the Academy. With our other studies we had to learn speeches. Before the school was dismissed each afternoon, three or four of the students would speak. Our teacher Rev. Mr. Brown, would write little speeches in poetry for the smaller boys. As with our Irish Teacher, Mr. Brooks, we learned many pieces of poetry in this school. Having never seen them in print I will relate some of these speeches, my own as well as those of several of my classmates, I still retain them in my memory.

Speech taught by Rev. John Brown

"A good old farmer of the Country  
who ne'er had much of learning's bounty  
Had heard that it would help the Nation  
to give our sons more education.

Resolved tho' Tommy was no fool,  
To send his darling boy to school,  
To Mr. B. he soon applied,

That he as teacher must preside.

He came, he bowed, and thus began  
For here was a well spoken man.  
Now Mr. B. as I hate arguing  
'Tis best forehand to strike a bargain.

Name you your terms, or high or low,  
And then I'll answer, yes or no.

Then says the teacher, or my skill  
You'd have subservient to your will  
To teach the lad the price is here  
Precisely, Sir, three pounds a year.

Why sure, my friend, you are in jest,  
Three pounds would almost buy a beast,  
Three pounds, you say? Three pounds a year?  
Why Mister B. 'tis dreadful dear.

Come Tom, let's go, we need not stay,  
One can't give all one has away.

You're right, says Mister B. in jest  
Three pounds would help to buy a beast  
But more than you have said is true,  
Tom and the beast will make you two.

Another speech we had was on spectacles.

Speech on Spectacles

“Begin my muse and tell the story  
Of an old man with head so hoary,  
Whose name I dare not plainly tell,  
But you all know him very well.  
In old Virginia he was born  
And made tobacco, peas, and corn;  
From early life, but true indeed,  
He never learned to write or read.  
He chanced one day to go to preaching,  
Where a good man was loudly teaching  
That aged people ought to look,  
Of Sundays on their Bible book.  
For that by reading they could tell  
How folks would fare in Heaven or Hell,  
Whether a harder lot or softer  
Would be their portion in hereafter.  
Old white head thought as he must die,  
It would be well the case to try.  
He had an old church Bible left by father  
Well bound in strings of calf skin leather.  
A better Bible ne’er was needed  
By man or child who could but read it.  
On cupboard shelf did safely lay  
For many a year from day to day.  
The old man hastened home and took  
From cupboard shelf the Holy Book,  
On walnut table laid it down,  
Unloosed the strings and turned it round.  
He looked and looked but could not tell  
Whether in heaven or in hell,



Whether a harder lot or softer  
Would be his portion in hereafter.  
About to lay the Bible by,  
And swear the preacher told a lie,  
He just remembered to have seen  
In many places he had been,  
Old people carry things about them,  
And could not read a word without them.  
Little glass things which placed on nose  
Would make them read in verse or prose.  
In a merchant's store he lately saw them  
With strips of paper tied between them.  
The thought is happy, off he goes,  
To get a saddle for his nose.  
The merchant's at home and all is well,  
He only wants his goods to sell;  
Behind his counter takes his stand,  
First views his goods and then his man.  
"Pray hand me down some of those things  
Which you have there tied up in strings";  
"These? These?" "No them"  
"Oh spectacles; sir, here they are;  
A pair to suit you we will find.  
Here is young and old, and every kind".  
Our aged friend begins to look;  
The merchant hands him down a book;  
He looked and looked, and looked again;  
But still he looked and looked in vain;  
Tried them all over, pair by pair,  
But could not read one letter there.  
The merchant then grew tired and vexed,

Declared he could not read the text—  
“Not read; confound you for a fool,  
If I ever went to school  
I would not give cash for things like these  
To put a saddle on my nose,  
No sir, you cheat, you shall not miss  
The honest truth is simply this;  
You have good things for food and clothing  
Your spectacles are good for nothing”.

I will relate one more of the little boys speeches recited at the school in Wadesboro.

#### The Ram and the Wig

There was time in days of yore,  
Queen Mary’s days or days before,  
The time is no great thing to you,  
Provided that my tale be true,  
The common custom, then was said  
To wear a wig upon the head,  
These wigs were made I know not how,  
Of a long tail of horse or cow,  
But I have heard old people say,  
The most of them were brown or grey;  
In these old times it seems, somehow,  
Matters were much as they are now,  
In time of preaching some would weep  
And others nod and fall asleep;  
On a certain Sabbath says my song,  
Old Parson Holdforth preached so long,  
That one of these same sleeping gentry,

Just then seated in the entry,  
Began to bow his wig and head,  
Regardless what the preacher said.  
He now adores that sober Bob,  
Where number worship is a nod,  
With half a dozen nods or more,  
And every nod a little lower;  
At length by nodding rather low,  
Attraction caused the wig to go  
He takes it up with some surprise,  
Looks at the Parson, wipes his eyes,  
In haste git it on once more,  
Places the hinder part before,  
And in this awkward situation  
He bows to all the congregation.  
Who gazed upon him for a while;  
The Parson scarce suppressed a smile,  
“Don’t laugh good friends, I do protest,  
You’ve not yet gotten half the best.”  
Before they raised the song of praise,  
A ram who had been there to graze,  
Chancing to cast his eyes that way,  
Saw the wig so large and gray,  
Making at him such kind of motion,  
As quickly filled him with a notion,  
That this should be some ram or whether,  
Swearing they should not graze together  
Without a moment’s cool reflection,  
The ram prepares for close connection.  
He first steps backwards on the grass,  
Then at the wig he makes a pass.

Crown met with crown, a dreadful clatter,  
Blood spouting round, the ladies scatter,  
Down from his seat falls honest Ben,  
And yonder lies his wig again.  
Poor Ben cried as he sprawled along,  
“La Parson, but you reason strong,  
That argument of yours, I know,  
Has given me a dreadful blow”.  
The ram looked stern and cried, “Baa”;  
And turned around and went away.  
The affair broke up the congregation,  
So now you’ve gotten my oration.

When I was about ten or eleven years old and while I was going to school to my Irish teacher, Mr. Philip Brooks, I would often visit at my Grandmother’s. In those young days we called our Grandmother “Granny” and our Pa and Ma we called “Daddy” and “Momma”.

In those days it was very fashionable for young men and young ladies for amusement at parties to play cards. At this day and time, A.D. 1871, it is still the fashion. This fashion claims a longer age than any of the ladies’ fashion, for they change every few years. My old Irish teacher used to write in the Exercise book of the girls’

“Never follow the fashions,  
But let the fashions follow you.”

One day my Granny saw me have a pack of playing cards. She said “Jimmy, are you learning to play cards?”. I replied, “Yes Granny, I can play three cards, 3 up and all 4’s. I know how to count the game. I know how to count High, Low, Jack, and the Game.” My Granny said, “Well, Jimmy, I will teach you to read and count the cards a different way, your Granny will teach you how to read them a better way. Get a sheet of paper and

write down the twelve verses I will give for the twelve cards. You know there are thirteen cards in each suit, that is for Diamonds, Hearts, Clubs, and Spades. I will leave out the Queen which will leave twelve cards for each suit. I want you to learn the twelve verses which your Granny learned when she was fifteen years old. She is now seventy-five years old.”

## Verses on the Twelve Playing Cards

### Ace, or One Spot

One God there is, of Wisdom, Glory, Might,  
One Truth there is, to guide our souls aright  
One Faith there is, for man to practice in,  
And one Baptism, to cleanse our souls from sin.

### Deuce, or Two Spot

Two Testaments there are, the Old and New,  
In which the Law and Gospel you may view;  
The one for laws and works do precepts give,  
The other says by faith the just shall live.

### Trey, or Three Spot

Three Persons is the Holy Trinity,  
Which makes one God in Unity,  
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost — these three,  
Forever equal and eternal be.

### Four Spot

Four most divine and righteous men,  
Who did the life of our Redeemer pen;  
Twas Matthew, Mark, yea Luke and John likewise,  
Whose righteous truth every Christian tries.

#### Five Spot

Five senses doth to every one contain,  
A governing power both to rule and reign;  
This tasting, seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling,  
Which at our death must leave us and our dwelling.

#### Six Spot

Six days, O may thou hast to labor in,  
How Good and Merciful our God has been;  
Of seven, to himself He claims but one —  
O rob Him not of that, and leave him none.

#### Seven Spot

Seven liberal arts, by the Great God's decree,  
Unto man's knowing soul united by  
Reading, writing, logic, and geometry,  
Arithmetic, Music, and Astronomy.

#### Eight Spot

Eight people in the Ark of Noah were,  
When God could this world no longer spare;  
Sin did abound, wherefore this world was drowned,

And in that ark was only safety found.

#### Nine Spot

Nine muses their harmonious voices raise,  
To sing our Great and Kind Redeemer's praise;  
They are the source from which all blessings flow,  
To us poor mortals living here below.

#### Ten Spot

There's Ten Commandments which we should obey,  
And yet how apt we are to go astray,  
Breaking them all, our follies to pursue,  
As if we did not fear what God could do.

#### The Jack

Eleven disciples did with Jesus pray,  
When Judas did the Son of Man betray,  
He was crucified between two noted thieves,  
But now in heaven reigns and ever lives.

#### The King

Twelve patriarchs among fathers old,  
Twelve articles our Christian faith doth hold,  
Twelve gates in New Jerusalem there be,  
Into which city Christ may bring you and me.

My Grandmother used to give me lectures on each card and verse. These verses were memorized by myself and I believe I have never played cards since.

During the late War between the States, the Confederate Government had an office of the Cotton Bureau stationed at Clinton, DeWitt County, Texas. All cotton raised in Texas, North of the Guadalupe River, had to pass through this office when it was then sent to Brownsville and Matamoros on the Rio Grande River. The office of the Cotton Bureau was in the Court House adjoining my own offices as I was at that time Clerk of the County Court of DeWitt County. The clerks on the Cotton Bureau slept in their office at night while I slept in mine. The Cotton Bureau clerks were frequently playing cards. The Principal Clerk, a polite man who had formerly been Sheriff of a county in Kansas, called to me one night to come into their office and play cards with them. There were two young men, citizens of the town, who were with them. They had been playing for some time before I was invited in. I went in and it was proposed that I should take a hand with them. I told them that I would handle the cards awhile but that I had learned to use them in a very different game from theirs. Then they insisted that I should show them how I used the cards and what I had learned about them. I took the twelve cards of the diamonds out of the pack and laid them in a row and repeated the above verses as well as some lectures I had learned in early life from my Grandmother. When I had finished, the Principal Clerk said "Uncle Jimmy, that is the best lecture I ever heard on cards." I told them that I anxiously hoped that they all would finally be brought into that Grand City with twelve gates, where the King in all His Glory presides. The Clerk, who at times was dissipated but was a talented man, insisted that I make him a copy of the verses as perhaps thereafter they might be a benefit to him. I have often desired that might be a benefit to him. It was the first time I had ever written the verses for anyone, not even my children. I requested the editor of the Bloomington Democrat, a weekly newspaper in Bloomington, Illinois, to publish the verses in his paper which he did in either October or November, A.D. 1870. I suppose they had never been printed before that time or at least for 150 years. My Grandmother had learned them when fifteen years old, which is about 145 years ago.\*\*



\*\* (Note in the original record: The part of my history in regard to the Clerk in the Office of the Cotton Bureau should not be recorded at this particular place, but should have been inserted in the account after my removal to Texas.)

While we were in Rev. John Brown's school at Wadesboro my brother Charles A. and myself read Latin. We were in his school only seven or eight months as in that time he left and taught an Academy in Salisbury, North Carolina. My brother Richard went with Rev. Brown and continued his studies at the Salisbury Academy.

A sister of two boys, who were our classmates in the Wadesboro school, was married while we were there. These boys persuaded their father to send my brother Charles A. and myself an invitation to the wedding. My other brother, Richard, as well as his classmates, some of them young men, were not invited. Indeed none of the students, except relatives, were invited except my brother and I and we felt highly honored. We went to the wedding. There was a large company of grown people, men and ladies, old and young, but not many little boys of our own age. We had a playful and happy time and a fine supper and continued on a long time after supper. Our little classmates were very attentive and would insist that we take toddy and cakes frequently. Some of the large boys got to mixing the spirits, rum and brandy toddy mixed together. My brother had refused for some time to take any more, but I took a drink every time it was offered. It was just a few mischievous young men who had mixed the drinks unbeknown to the older ones in the company. My brother left and went to our Aunt's where we were boarding, sometime before I did. Our Aunt lived about 200 yards from the house where the wedding took place. There was a large brick yard between the two houses and a deep circle, about 100 feet in circumference, where the horses trampled up the mud to make the bricks. This place was near the path between the two houses. After while I felt my head getting very heavy and I could scarcely hold it up. I told one of my classmates that I felt very curious and funny and believed I could hardly keep my head on my neck and that one of the boys was already down drunk. Immediately I started home, was conscious of my condition and was very fearful that I would get into the circle where the horses trod up the mud and went a hundred yards away from it. I knew that if I fell into

the circle I would be unable to get out before the sun came up. I managed to get home but it was very hard to keep my feet on the ground and I was afraid of falling for fear I would not be able to get up. I got home and, as I thought, went silently to sleep. My Aunt heard me scrambling into my room. I became very sick and began to throw up. "Hey–houp, hey–houp, hey–houp–houp, houp, etc." My Aunt heard, got up and gave me some boiled milk and other things so that I got easy and was not so noisy. It was the first time I had ever been drunk. I have been sometimes merry with liquor since but have never been drunk again.

It was sometime after my brother and I left Wadesboro that my father sent me to see my Aunt Smoot. He sent something, by me, for my board. My cousin, Jack Smoot, insisted on riding my horse and taking me behind him. He wanted to visit some of his cousins in Richmond County. At that time he was a grown young man. When we got to the ferry on Pee Dee River, fifteen miles from Wadesboro, I told Jack that we could go and stay with my Aunt Billingsley. She was a widow who had a son of my own age as well as older children. Her husband, who was dead, was a brother of my Uncle Billingsley who had married my aunt, a sister of my Mother's and Aunt Smoot. When we arrived there we found that the whole family had gone to a wedding in the neighborhood, at the home of an acquaintance and particular friend of my father. My cousin, Jack Smoot, persuaded me to go with him to the wedding although we had no invitation. We were pleasantly received by the family and I had a fine time with boys of my own age who lived there. A little after midnight, but before we were all ready to go home, my cousin, Jack Smoot, had a quarrel with some one at the wedding. The gentleman of the house put Jack out doors and told him not to come back again. He went away cursing and swore that he would get powder and blow up the house. I was afraid that he would ride my horse off so I got my hat and left the house to go with him. The lady of the house heard that I was going and told her husband that my father might think that I had been turned out of the house also and that he would be quite offended. The gentleman came out to find me and Jack Smoot had just had my horse brought out to ride him off. The gentleman scolded my cousin Jack for acting so badly and told him to behave himself and to go back into the house with me. He said that I should not leave and that he had not known that I was there as he had not noticed me with the little boys, he asked me to stay all

night. It was all made up and cousin Jack went back into the house. After the company had broken up cousin Jack and I went home with my Aunt Billingsley and her children. She had two girls and two boys. The week after some one went to my father's house and told my mother how cousin Jack had behaved at the wedding. It was nighttime when my mother was told and I had already gone to bed. She told my father and he asked me how it was that I had gone to a wedding without an invitation. I told him all about it. He said that I should have come straight on home and should not have allowed my cousin Jack to ride my horse with me behind, that he could have visited here some other time. He scolded me and said that he believed that he would whip me in the morning. I felt so badly that I could not sleep as I was afraid that my father would whip me. He had never whipped me in all my life but my mother used to spank us sometimes. In the morning I trembled and begged my father not to whip me, he said, "No, James, I will not whip you but you must not go to weddings without an invitation." These two weddings made a lasting impression on my memory. One when I went with an invitation and got drunk and the other when I went with my cousin Jack Smoot, without an invitation, and he got drunk.

My brother and I did not go to school any more after we left Wadesboro. We had Latin as far as Virgil, having read the books then used in school, viz: Aesop's Fables, Nepos, Caesar's Commentaries, and Virgil. We had read most of Virgil through when we left school. As we had but little to do after leaving school we reviewed our mathematics, etc. and our Latin. Our Latin Grammar was different from those now in use. It had a little poetry mixed with some of the rules. In these after years I have often made the students at Academies and Colleges laugh at some of the rules in my grammar. For instance the formation of Verbs, Supines, and Gerunds.

#### A Latin Rule in Rhyme

From O is formed AM and Em

From I — Ram, Rim, Ro, See, and Sem

Us and Rus are formed by Dum

All other parts from Re do come

As Bam, Bo, Rem, A, E, and I  
Ns and Dus, Dum, Do, and Di.

I told this rule one day at the Baptist College at Concrete, DeWitt County, Texas. Not long since I gave the students a lecture on their studies as well as deportment and behavior during school and during their hours of recreation. There had been a difficulty some little time before with the students about card playing. Two students came very nearly being expelled. I lectured them on piety and religion and told them what my old Irish Teacher had taught me to read and write when I was a boy:

“Be studious and you will be wise,  
Be religious and you will be happy.”

I also repeated the verses about playing cards which my Grandmother had taught me while I was a little boy. Neither the students or teachers had ever heard them before. Neither had they heard the rules from my old Latin Grammar about the formation of Verbs, Supines, and Gerunds. This rule made the students laugh a great deal.\*\*

\*\* (note in the original)

This part of my history, regarding the Concrete school should have been omitted here and used in the part giving the account after my removal to Texas. It should have been mentioned with the Texas items.

While we were going to school taught by our Irish Teacher our father had made a compass and chain for us to use in the study of Practical Surveying. This compass was made by a gunsmith in the neighborhood who also made a shotgun for my father which was used by my brother Richard to kill deer and wild turkey. The compass was different from the common compasses. It only cost \$5.00 but it answered as well as if it had cost \$60.00 or \$70.00. It was made thus:

A piece of wood was planed very smooth in the shape of a stock lock, about 9 or 10 inches long and about 6 inches wide, or thereabouts. There was a half circle cut out on

the top and filled with lead which was made smooth with the surface. This half circle was divided in 90 degrees at the North end and 90 degrees at the South end. There was a groove cut about six inches long and perhaps 1 1/2 inches wide, in the center was a pivot on which the needle was to rest, which needle could be thrown on or off the pivot at any time, there being a clasp over the groove. When not in use the needle was always thrown off. On each end of the groove was a perpendicular black line, precisely opposite the ends of the needle when it was entirely settled. On one edge of the compass, precisely opposite the 90 degrees in the lead circle, was fastened in the wood a brass screw on which to place the sights of the compass. The sight was a cast piece of brass or copper as long as the compass and in the center a screw hold was cut that it might be fastened in the compass. At each end of the sights was an upright part of the same material with small apertures to look through when taking sight of objects at a distance. At the bottom of the sights a small aperture was cut out, one side perpendicular and then a bevel side. The bevel or slanting side was to cut the degrees on the circle. Under the bottom side of the compass a hole was bored about an inch or more deep into which hole the Jacob's Staff was placed. The needle had only about an inch or so to traverse in. The compass had to be turned on the Jacob's Staff so as to make the needle settle precisely on the two perpendicular lines. When the needle became entirely settled to these lines it was precisely due North and South. You would then keep the needle perfectly at rest and turn the sights on the lead circle to any degree you wished to run, letting the bevel side cut the degree. After the needle had become perfectly still opposite the perpendicular lines you had to count the degrees of variation to the West of North. For instance if you had to run North 40 degrees East, you would have to place the sights on the 30 degrees in the circle. That is allowing 10 degrees variation which is the variation generally allowed in Western Texas. If you wished to run South 40 degrees East you would have to make the sights cut the 50 degrees on the circle. The opposite course would be North 40 degrees West, and so on. To run a due East course, after the needle settled you would have to let the sights cut the 80 degrees on the North side of the circle. You will notice that with this compass the sights are turned around in order to run the course desired. With other compasses the needle turns entirely around and sights are stationary. This old stock lock compass as it

was called is still in use and runs a perfectly correct line. With this compass our teacher taught us how to take courses. We would keep the field notes of our surveys and he would make us plot them and calculate how many acres had been surveyed.

My father had three neighbors named William Cotton, James Pickett, and Thomas Blewett. These men had to go together on business for about sixty miles. The first day they traveled thirty five miles and stopped for the night at a widow lady's house. She had a nice house and farm and was in the habit of taking in travelers. They had a fine supper. After dark the lady placed a large pile of seed cotton before the fire on the hearth. Her children and several little negroes were on the side of the hearth picking out the cotton. About the time this was finished and the gentlemen were ready to retire to their rooms the lady inquired of the travelers saying she would like to know the names of those who stopped with her. The first gentleman said his name was Cotton, the other said his name was Pickett, and the third said his name was Blewett. The lady got into a passion and said, "Gentlemen, I did not expect to be insulted in my own house, just because I had some cotton picked tonight. I am tempted to make the negro fellows bring out your horses and send you somewhere also to spend the night." Mr. Blewett, who was a member of the Baptist Church and a mild clever gentleman, addressed the lady: "Madam, upon my honor as a gentleman and a Christian, which I hope I am, these are our real names which we have had since childhood. We did not intend it as a jest or an insult when we told you that our names were Cotton, Pickett, and Blewett." The woman was satisfied and they were permitted to stay all night. They told the joke to my father and Mr. Blewett said he believed that he would not travel any more, where he was not known, with Cotton and Pickett.

My father bought a cotton gin a short time after this. It was the first ever started in the County of Richmond, North Carolina. After that the cotton picking frolics were no more. I used to attend the cotton machine. weigh the cotton and take out the toll for ginning the cotton, which was one—eighth part.

For the Christmas vacation when my brother Richard was about to leave Salisbury I was sent in a buggy to bring him home. Salisbury was about seventy miles from where we lived. I made the journey in two days. The first night I overtook a young man and his sister, a young lady about sixteen years old. They were going a few miles above

Salisbury to see an uncle. I soon became acquainted with them as they lived in Richmond County. The next day, as they had but one horse, I tried my best to get the girl to ride in the buggy. She rode the horse and her brother walked. She refused to ride in the buggy because she said she knew that from the way I looked at her the night before I could not drive the buggy well if she were in it. I would be constantly looking at her and perhaps would drive the buggy into some gully or run over a stump and turn her over. She would not risk her life in the buggy with me. I drove on for some time with them, the young man walking slowly. At least, I thought, I could let him ride with me. We traveled that day together and arrived at Salisbury. After spending a day or two in Salisbury waiting on my brother we started home. My brother waited in Salisbury to attend a party which was given by the Hotel Keeper to the students of the Academy. We arrived safely at home a few days before Christmas.

My brother was quite well. He visited in the different neighborhoods and attended parties during the Christmas holiday.

My father and mother gave a New Year's party. It was a large affair and included young and old. When my father had a gathering at our house he always included all his neighbors. There was a large assembly of neighbors and kinfolks, Uncles, Aunts, Cousins and Grandmothers were all present. You may rest assured there was a splendid dinner. My mother was said to be the best woman in all the country to fix up a fine dinner or supper. All the assembly were loud in their praise of my brother Richard. He had just grown up and had spent several years at schools in fashionable towns and cities. He was very polite and dressed tastily, and in fashion. In a day or two afterwards my brother Richard was taken sick with a very severe fever. Our family physician, called in, pronounced it inflammation of the brain, and told my father it was a very doubtful case. He paid very strict attention to the case and for a short time had hopes for his recovery. My two bachelor uncles, my father's brothers, and other young men in the neighborhood attended my brother day and night. The day he died he appeared that morning to be easy and calm and the doctor directed that he be kept quiet and have little company. About two o'clock in the afternoon he was taken with a severe derangement of his mind. There were no men present but my father who was sleeping in his room. My brother, C.A. and myself were present. He began to scold us and then

his mind turned to a negro man of my father's who, in his frenzy, he imagined was present. He became outrageous, before any white men could be gathered, my mother called in tow negro men, belonging to my father, to keep him from jumping out of the bed. In his delirium he wanted to run after the negro whom he was scolding. These tow strong negro men were scarcely able to keep him on the bed. My uncles came over with the doctor and my father was also in the room. Such a scene occurred as I had never seen before and hope to never witness again. His agony was so great that it almost makes me tremble now as I write the account of the death of my dear brother Richard. His strength was so unnaturally great that it took two strong white men to hold him in the bed. His voice was raised in such a pitch of frenzy toward the negro whom he continued to scold, that he could plainly be heard three hundred yards away while he was uttering threats against this negro. The doctor gave him some soothing medicine but his mind was still agitated and he died in his delirium. The death of my brother was a sore trial to my father and mother. He had just completed a classical education and expected to attach himself to the Presbyterian Church. At the next meeting of the Presbytery he intended to ask to be licensed as a Presbyterian minister of the Gospel. My father and mother bore the bereavement with resignation to the will of Divine Providence. My brother died January       , A.D. .

At the beginning of the next session of the academy in Salisbury the students and his former classmates met in the Academy to give vent to their feelings on account of this death. One of his classmates delivered the following address, a copy of which was sent to my parents.

Address by a Classmate of my deceased brother, Richard, to the students in the Academy at Salisbury, North Carolina:

My friends and fellow students:

You have devoted this evening to friendship and devotion. The late event which calls you to this duty is indeed distressing. In common with all of you I feel the solemn call, perhaps I feel it more sensibly than any of you as I have but lately arisen from a bed of sickness in which I narrowly escaped death. Mr. Richard Smith, our friend and not long since a classmate and fellow student in this academy is dead. He is gone from us and we lament. He is buried in the cold and silent grave and we deplore. Not so much the



crepe you wear as those tears you shed, bear me witness that I speak the truth when I say he is dead. Yes, my dear fellow students those hands are now stiff and motionless. Yes, those eyes which have often looked upon us with brilliancy and delight, those eyes are now closed in death. Yes, my dear fellow students, that voice that we have so often heard, that voice which so often spoke and poured forth in strains of powerful eloquence—and eloquence was our Richard's favorite theme—that voice is hushed in death. Well my friends we must submit. It becomes us to be submissive. We must check our feelings and say "O God thy will be done". But loving parents of the darling son, we see you weep, we hear your sighs, and we sympathize with you in your distress. We hear you grieve for your oldest son. We see your tears on this occasion and this bereavement is accompanied by circumstances which gives pungency to sorrow and redouble distress. We see this lively son of yours just ready to tread the threshold of public life with a mind well stored with religious and scientific and classical knowledge. Whose intentions were settled and whose desires were ardent. His mind was fully persuaded to become a minister, a preacher of the Gospel of Christ, and to declare glad tidings of salvation, by the death and suffering of his Blessed Redeemer, to a dying world lying in sin and misery. We see your expectations blasted and your comfort dead. But dear parents of this departed son let me not provoke your tears. Let me rather suggest some thoughts for your consolation. We are glad that your first born son was not stricken by the violence of disease until he had reached his parents home and the home of his childhood. We are glad that he was permitted to spend the last week of the year with his familiar friends and relatives who had grown up with him from childhood and to spend so many convivial entertainments both by oral and auricular conversation. We are glad that his death bed and dying pillow was surrounded by his friends and relatives. We are glad that there was tender mother and father at his death bed to soothe him and soften his pillow during his dying moments. Alas that there were none to relieve him from death. But you my dear parents of this departed youth must not sorrow as those who have no hope. You must submit to your bereavement. It is your duty to be submissive for it was the wise and Powerful hand of God that has caused this distressing calamity and you should and must say, "O God Thy Will be Done". And now

dear parents of this departed son we muster all the powers of our souls and bid you an affectionate farewell with the request that you will put this epitaph on his tombstone:

“The youth who here enjoys this calm repose  
Sought not that fame which pride to flattery away,  
His goodness given, His wisdom takes away.

After my brother's death my uncle Benjamin Smith, my grandmother, my two uncles John and Charles, aunt Ward, my grandmother's brother James Turner, his son-in-law James T. Sanford, and my father's cousin Joseph Morehead, all moved to Tennessee and settled on Duck River in Maury County.

A family by the name of Daughtry was to have moved with my uncle Benjamin but his son was taken sick which prevented his moving. During the illness of this youth, who was about 14 years old, my uncle John and myself went to sit up with him. During the night his fever was very high, he became delirious and was entirely out of his senses. I advised my uncle to put a blister plaster on the back of his head which was done. The doctor afterwards said it perhaps saved his life. The youth had two grown sisters. My uncle persuaded them to lie down and endeavor to sleep as we would sit up during the night. Sometime during the night the young ladies got up, one of them looked very earnestly at her brother and let out a shriek crying out that her brother was dying. She fainted away and fell in my lap, to my great terror as I thought she would die before I could get her up. My uncle procured camphor and smelling bottles and rubbed her face and also threw water on it. In about half an hour she came to herself which was to my great relief as she lay in my lap all the time. This family afterwards moved to Tennessee and then to Texas. Perhaps I will say something about them hereafter.

I gave up the idea of going to school as my father sold out his land and farm with a view of going to Tennessee. He sold to a Mr. Terry, a Methodist preacher who married a Miss Leak who was a daughter of a neighbor of my father's. The year after my uncles and grandmother moved to Tennessee my father went with a neighbor to Tennessee and Kentucky to look at the country. I went along with my father. We rode horseback and had an interesting travel for many weeks. The mountain scenery was new to me and I was greatly delighted to look at the wonderful high top mountains. As we crossed these

with the clouds and rain below while we rode in the sunshine on the top it seemed strange. It looked quite fearful as we rode along the banks of some of the rivers, especially the French Broad River, and looked at the hanging rocks one hundred feet above our heads, which appeared almost ready to fall on us. It was a wilderness at that time, the way we traveled the nearly two hundred miles distance from Knoxville, Tennessee, to the Cumberland River. There were only a few houses, at convenient distances apart, for the entertainment of travelers. Our neighbor and traveling companion, Mr. Smith, parted from us after we crossed the Cumberland River. He went to Kentucky, near Bowling Green, to visit his sons and old neighbors, the Covingtons. My father and I went on to Nashville and near there, on Mansco Creek, we found my father's uncle, James Turner and his cousins James T. Sandford and Joseph Morehead. They had stopped, rented land, and remained for some time. They raised two crops then purchased land in Murray County on Duck River and its waters. They all settled in convenient neighborhood distance of each other. My father, after visiting with his uncles and cousins for a few days went on to his Mother's and Brother's on Duck river. I was delighted with the neighborhood of Mansco Creek and made many acquaintances with the young people near my relatives. We spent some few weeks on Duck River. My father made a purchase of some land from my Uncle Benjamin as he had bought nearly 1500 acres on the river. My father had heretofore settled a debt of \$2500 for them and that caused our visit to Tennessee to see the land.

While on Duck River our horses ran off. The large horse which I had ridden on our journey had been purchased out of a drove of Kentucky horses a few months before we started on our journey. That horse by instinct had a knowledge of the country and left the good range of Duck River for the Kentucky barrens. My father borrowed a horse from my Uncle Benjamin and started to hunt for the horses as both had left us. He got on their trail before we reached Nashville and after a few weeks found both horses. When my father found them they had been taken up as strays and were both working in a horse mill.

On our return to Duck River he spent some time with his Mother and Brothers. My Aunt Ward had been taken sick on the road near Abingdon, Virginia, where my Grandmother had a cousin living who was a relation on her mother's side. (The Norman relations). My

Aunt retained a negro woman and a small girl to wait on her and sent the balance of her negroes on to Duck River to stay with her mother and brothers. We then went to Kentucky as we had many relatives in and around Bowling Green. Our old fellow traveler, Mr. Smith, was there awaiting our visit as he intended to travel back to North Carolina with us. As my father started to Kentucky and before he left the Duck River he had heard that the land he had purchased out of his brother's land was likely to have the title contested by a gentleman who lived in the vicinity of Nashville. We called to see the gentleman who was making a claim to the land. It was uncertain whether or not the claim would cover the land which had been purchased. We rested a day with the gentleman and found him quite a clever man.

While there we visited a neighbor and relative of the man we were with. My father was generally inquisitive and tried to find out where the people had lived before they moved to Tennessee. There was a great emigration at that time to Tennessee from North Carolina and Virginia. He inquired of this family as to from where they had moved and found that they had come from near Guilford County, North Carolina, the place where my father had been wounded at the Battle of Guilford Court House, during the Revolutionary War of 1776. He asked the gentleman if he knew a Mr. Walter McCustion. That was the name of the man with whom he had stayed for twelve months after being wounded as he was unable to be moved to his home in Virginia. The gentleman told my father that he ought to know Mr. Walter McCustion well as he had married his daughter, Sallie. She was the beautiful young lady who had been with my father a great deal after he was wounded and had waited on him very kindly during his confinement. My father was always lively. He looked awhile at her then sprang from his chair and said "Sallie, O Sallie, is this you? Don't you remember the wounded soldier who stayed twelve months at your father's house? I am that soldier." She jumped up and said, "Mr. Smith is that so? Is it possible?". They rushed into each others arms, breast to breast, knees to knees, arms to shoulders, and gave each other many pleasant and warm kisses. And the husband seemed delighted to see it. I stood astonished and looking upon the old lady's daughter, a beautiful young lady about 16 years old. I ran up to her and seized her around her neck and waist. I told her that as your Mamma and my Daddy are kissing each other so lovingly we must kiss each other. I imprinted on her sweet, rosy

and tender lips several sweet and pleasant kisses. It was an afternoon of kisses in a strange land. The old gentleman laughed very much and said, "Daughter, if Mr. Smith kisses your mother you have the right to kiss his son". The old people talked much about the times of their youthful days and I talked much with the girl about the new country and the young ladies of the neighborhood.

The same evening we left them and pursued our journey to Kentucky. The next day we stopped and spent several days with my father's cousins, James T. Sanford and Joseph Morehead. I became acquainted with several young ladies in the neighborhood. As they were intimately acquainted with my cousins I gave them all kisses as I had known them from my childhood.

I was then nearly eighteen years of age. My cousin Joseph Morehead had a beautiful little daughter, five years old, named Elizabeth H. Morehead. She was much pleased with me as she called me then "My North Carolina Cousin, Cousin James N. Smith". She would tell the young ladies about my twin brother, Charles A. Smith, who had such a pretty red mark on his face. The ways of Providence are so very mysterious. If anyone had told me that she was to be my future wife I would have not believed it, although in after years it became true as she did become my beloved wife.

We went on our way to Kentucky. We passed through the settlements of my father's old neighbors from Richmond County, North Carolina. The Mr. Colex, Mr. Strong, and others. We stopped with them for a day or two. We arrived at Bowling Green and made inquiry about our old acquaintances who had moved from North Carolina. There were two or three families of the Covingtons and Smiths. We found our former traveler, Mr. Smith. He was with his son who had married a daughter of old Mr. Covington. We had quite a joyful meeting with these old friends. We also asked about my father's relatives who had moved from Virginia to Warren County, Kentucky. Besides the Moreheads there were the Randalls, Donaldsons, and Brigs who had married into the Morehead family. They met us with all warmth of love and friendship as could be desired from any relatives. All the older ones of these families were our first cousins of my father's. We spent nearly a month here, with old acquaintances and relatives, with great pleasure. The sons and daughters of old Mr. Covington, some still living with him not yet married as well as those who had married and had homes of their own, all seemed like relations

to me. Especially was this true as I had known all of them very well in North Carolina. Two of the young Covingtons had once boarded with us while with me they attended the school of old Mr. Brooks, our Irish School Teacher. I was much pleased with the Misses Covingtons as they were beautiful girls. Especially Miss Rachel who was about sixteen years old.

Before starting back to North Carolina and leaving Kentucky my father and I went to see some other near relatives in order to bid them a formal farewell. Afterwards we went back to the Covingtons.

While staying at Mr. Covingtons I was reading and examining several books which were in his library. I found about half a dozen with the name "James N. Smith" written in them. I thought I was held in great esteem by the young ladies and that they had written my name in these books so that I might be remembered. I took the books and sitting down by Miss Rachel I said that I was so glad that she wished to remember me as she had written my name in these books so often. I told her that I had her name written plainly on my heart where it would remain much longer than if written on paper with pen and ink. I took a kiss from her to witness it. She blushed and appeared not a little confused with my familiarity and rudeness but by taking another kiss we made friends. She said that she did not know that I had an "N" in my name but that this was the name of her nephew who had written his name in the books.

The young ladies gave me some locks of their hair to take to their cousins in North Carolina and we parted after taking leave of all the family.

My father, old Mr. Smith, and myself all started back to North Carolina. We traveled a different route from Knoxville. Instead of going up the French Broad River to the \_\_\_\_\_ Gap in the mountains, we went on by the way of Abingdon, Virginia, crossing the Allegheny Mountains at Ward's Gap. We called to see my Aunt Ward who was stopping with a Mr. Jones who lives about twenty miles from Abingdon. He was also a cousin of my father's by the Norman relation. My Great Grandmother Turner was a Miss Norman. My Aunt Ward was most delighted with our call and visit. We found her very well but more fleshy than when she lived in North Carolina. We tarried there three or four days with our cousin Jones and found him well situated. He had a nice farm and several married children whom we also visited. One of the daughters of cousin Jones

had married a Mr. Houston and I found out that he was a near relative of General Sam Houston who afterwards became President of Texas.

We pursued our journey passing over Allegheny Mountains once more into North Carolina. I had much pastime and pleasure on the road. Whenever we stopped for dinner or to stay all night on the way, I would generally make up an acquaintance with the young ladies of the families with whom we would stop. From my boyhood I was always very fond of the girls.

When we arrived at my father's former home we found my mother and brother, Charles A., quite well and glad to see us again. My father had left my mother and the family at my Uncle Billingsly's who had married my mother's sister. We spent a short time with them as my father had given up the possession of his house and farm. We left uncle Billingsly's after we had rented a house and land from my father's cousins, Charles, Mary, and Nancy Morehead. These were an old bachelor and two old maid sisters, all living together. Our rented house was within one-half mile of theirs.

As my father was not yet ready to move to Tennessee I obtained a position as a clerk in a store in the neighborhood. This store was about three miles away. I boarded with Mr. Benjamin H. Covington who when a young man had boarded with my father as he went to the school of our Irish teacher, Mr. Philip Brooks. Mr. Covington lived at the store in which I was a clerk. He had a pleasant family consisting of a wife and two children. I told them much about my visit with his father in Kentucky. The store was a country store and in time was not always occupied. I had considerable time for reading and study. Mr. Covington would write for me many original pieces of poetry. As I have stated sometime back he was a splendid off-hand poet and could write on any subject.

While I was living there a brother of my cousin Charles Morehead came with his family to visit. He lived on the Dan River near the Virginia line about 150 miles from the Pee Dee River. The older son was about two or three years younger than myself and in after life he became Governor of the State of North Carolina. There was a daughter whose name was Prudence Morehead. She was a beautiful young lady about 18 years old. I was most delighted with both her and her brother and they spent much of their time at my father's.

One day I requested Mr. Covington to write some poetry for me about my cousin, Prudence Morehead, which he did as follows:

Poem to Miss Prudence Morehead

Written by Benjamin B. Covington

at the request of James N. Smith

My mind I'll disclose to her I adore  
But alas, she well knows, I have told her before,  
But perhaps she'll attend to my poetic strain,  
And make me amend for enduring such pain,

This girl I admire, she is my sole theme,  
My heart is on fire, my life is a dream,  
All pleasures have fled, no more to return,  
Unless we do wed, all my days I shall mourn.

O, shall I indulge such thoughts of distress,  
And my sorrows divulge when I ought to caress,  
Her name as a balm can remove all my cares,  
And with soft hands she may wipe off my tears.

I know she is young and I am not old,  
I am blessed with a tongue and my heart is not cold;  
O, how could any human refuse for to wed  
To fine a young lady as Miss Prudence Morehead?

When I mention her name pungent darts do I feel,  
She's the model of fame, and to her all must yield,  
My case is before her, my pain and my grief,  
And I sincerely implore her to give me relief.



This poem I memorized and gave her a copy. Since that time I have often written it putting in other names in place of hers.

During the time I was living with Mr. Covington there was a gay young man who rode a gay looking horse. He used to bridle with seven silver plated buttons, like stars, placed in the brow band. He also had a very fine saddle. The girls and young men would call him "The Seven Stars". There was a young lady in the neighborhood whom he loved very much. The young lady's name was Miss Annie Pate. He requested Mr. Covington to write him a poem about this young lady. It was written and was as follows:

Poem to Miss Annie Pate

Written by Benj. H. Covington

Come neighbors all, both great and small,  
And listen to my fate,  
Without a joke, my heart is broke,  
By seeing Annie Pate.

I started out to take a route,  
The distance was not great,  
Away I went with full intent,  
To see Miss Annie Pate.

When I got there I do declare,  
My bashfulness was great,  
No mortal knows what pleasure flows,  
By courting Annie Pate.

I drew a chair and asked her  
If she would be my mate,  
She told me plain it was in vain

To court Miss Annie Pate.

I mounted Bay and rode away,  
With sorrow and regret,  
With broken heart from her did part,  
And left Miss Annie Pate.

My life is reeled, my will I yield,  
As I will now relate;  
My fervent prayers and whole affairs  
I leave to Annie Pate.

And I do intend these lines to send,  
To her my cruel mate;  
I am forced to tell a long farewell  
I die for Annie Pate.

My cousin Charles Morehead and I used to ride about the neighborhood a great deal. He was taken sick and died during that year, about 1808. His two sisters continued to keep house after his death but the youngest sister married a short time before we started to Tennessee. The older sister married after we had left. Cousin Nancy (the younger) married a man by the name of Daniel Thomas who was a new neighbor. Cousin Mary (the older) married an old widower by the name of Stanback.

We started to Tennessee. My cousin Sam Smoot who had married a daughter of the widow Billingsly went with us. He owned a negro woman who was a wife of a negro fellow belonging to my father. My father did not want the negroes to be parted so he persuaded my cousin Sam Smoot to move to Tennessee with us.

I had a fine time on the road. At night we generally camped out as we had a fine large cloth tent. I had nothing to do with the fixing of the camps as the negroes attended to that business. Often, as I passed along, I would stop on the road for hours at a time, talking to girls. As we traveled slowly I could easily overtake the wagons and did not hesitate to stop many times by the way. After we had been traveling for a week or more

we passed through a small town. We passed a fine large house where there were several young ladies on the porch of the second story who were looking down on the wagons and train of negroes walking along. My father and mother rode in a carriage and my brother, Charles A., often rode with them, but sometimes he rode horseback. Many days I would walk. I was looking at the girls on the porch. I heard one of them say, "look at the wagons and travelers moving to Cumberland". (On account of the Cumberland River, Tennessee was then called "Cumberland") They said "Look, a gang of negroes and but one young man riding in the carriage with the old people". One of the girls spoke to me and said, "God love your pretty face, I wish I could go to Cumberland with you". I ran in the house, downstairs, and asked for some water. I asked if I could go upstairs and see the girls. The lady said "Yes, you will find a merry set of them". I ran upstairs and was among them and asked what young lady it was that wanted to go to Cumberland with me. One said "That is she", and pointed to a neat looking girl. I caught hold of her and said, "We'll talk about it". She pulled away and said "It isn't me, it is that one". So I went around from one to another until I had taken hold of all the girl's hands. As it was early in the day I stayed with them nearly an hour. I had a fine play and romp with them as I have been fond of girls from my childhood. I was obliged to leave and had to walk fast as well as run to overtake the wagons.

When we reached the Allegheny Mountains which we then called the "Blue Ridge Mountains" we had to "double team" as we then expressed it. We would take the horses from one of the wagons and put them to another, using two teams to haul it to the top. We would then bring the teams back for another wagon, and so on until all wagons were carried to the top of the mountain. By the way of the road this was about a mile and one-half. My father, mother, and brother went to the top with the first team. While I was staying with the remaining wagons at the foot of the mountains, a young girl about 15 years old came by. She was going up the mountain. She stopped and asked some of the negro women where we were moving and where we came from. They told her that we were going to Cumberland and Duck River, and that we had come from way down the country, from the sand and long leaf pines on the Pee Dee River. When she started to her home up the mountain I told her that I wanted to go with her. She said that I could do so but that I could not keep up with her. She said that no boy raised on the longleaf

piners and sand hills could keep up with the mountain girls. I told her that I would try. She walked with me for sometime in a seeming slow walk, then she would dart forward like a wild deer and leave me behind endeavoring to overtake her. She would stop awhile and say, "Come on, Sand Hill". I found that she could indeed outwalk and outrun me and not mind it at all, while I would be running puffing and flowing and almost out of breath. She was a lively, funny mountain girl. She told me that I could not keep up with her as every day she ran up and down the mountain and that "practice made perfect". I must confess that I had no idea that walking fast up the mountain would cause me to be so much fatigued. The girl passed our wagons and went home. I was very faint and weary. My mother said, "Son, what makes you look so bad, you seem almost ready to faint". I said "Mama, I have been trying to keep up with that girl, I was determined to do so if it almost killed me". My father laughed and said, "That's right, my boy, old Virginia never tires".

I had much pastime on this journey. Would often stop at houses and ask the girls to give me some buttermilk from the cool looking spring houses on the road. This they often did and we would have fun and pastime.

As we moved on we got into company with other families moving to Tennessee. When we were near to Abingdon, Virginia, we went to our relatives, Mr. Jones, where we supposed our Aunt Ward was still staying. She had left Virginia and had gone to Blountsville, East Tennessee to stay with a relation of hers, on the Norman side, a doctor Delany by name. She had left Mr. Jones on account of a law that had been passed in Virginia. This law concerned people who came into the state with slaves. If they owned slaves and stayed for twelve months or more their slaves would be forfeited and sold for benefit of the state. On account of this law, or one something like it, she left Virginia and went to Tennessee. We rested two or three days with our relations. Mr. Jones and family. The negro women employed their time in washing our clothes, etc. When we arrived at Blountsville, we stopped with Mr. Delany. We found that Aunt Ward had gone on to Duck River as one of her brothers came after her to take her to her mother's and brother's. Mr. Delany was a very fine man, well settled in Blountsville and esteemed very much as a physician. He appreciated our relationship and knew the whole history of the Moreheads, Smiths, Turners, and Sandfords, and also others of the

Norman relations. My great-grandmother Turner was a Keren Happuck Norman before her marriage with my great-grand uncle, James Turner.

There was a family moving with us who were going to Elk River, Tennessee, which was beyond Duck River. The family consisted of a man named Mr. Lop, his wife, and a child eighteen months old. There was also a man and his wife (but no children) traveling with them. The man owed Mr. Lop some money so Mr. Lop was bearing his expenses and moving him from North Carolina to Elk River, Tennessee. This in order to get the man to help work in the new country and thereby collect the debt he owed him. Mr. Lop appeared to be a fine gentleman and Mrs. Lop a fine lady, quite intelligent but hasty in temper and sometimes quarrelsome. Mrs. Lop was especially quarrelsome with the lady traveling with them. This lady said she was well acquainted with Mrs. Lop and did not mind her temper. We traveled hundreds of miles together, but sometimes my mother could hardly bear Mrs. Lop's temper although she would often let her and her little son ride in the carriage with her. Mrs. Lop would often say to my mother that she was afraid some of the negro women would steal her clothes while we were camping nearby. My mother told her that she had raised our negroes and knew them to be honest. One day Mrs. Lop gave her little baby a silver dollar to play with while we were all at dinner. The dollar could not be found and Mrs. Lop said she knew some of the negro women had it. Her negro girl said it was lost. My father told our negroes that if any of them had it he would give them forty lashes on their bare backs. Mr. Lop said he knew that none of our negroes had it. The man and his wife who were with the Lop's thought that the negroes had the dollar so it looked like there was going to be a fuss in the camp. After much inquiry among the negroes it was found that Mrs. Lop's own negro girl had it in her clothes. For some days after we did not camp near each other. As Mrs. Lop was enceinte my mother again let her ride in the carriage as it was much easier on her than to ride horseback or in a crowded wagon.

One night we got within a mile of some town in East Tennessee. I believe it was Rutledge. The road was near the end of a wide lane with a large farm on each side of the lane. There was a good running branch near the road so my father thought this a good place to camp for the night. There was a nice residence, a large frame building about 300 yards from the road, up the lane. We struck camp with Mr. Lop's family near

us. My father rode his horse up to the house to buy corn and fodder for his teams. It had been raining some and looked like it would be a rainy night. He inquired of the lady of the house about the corn and fodder and she let him have what he wished to buy. Her husband was not at home. He asked if he could get rooms for himself, wife, two sons, and nephew and wife traveling with us. She told him that he could certainly have the rooms for the night. My father said that he would have his negroes bring beds and bedding down from the wagons but the lady said that he need not do so as she could let us have beds, that it was a rainy night and his bedding would get wet. My father returned to the camp and told my mother and her niece to go to the house to spend the night. Mr. Lop went also to get corn and inquired if he could get rooms for the night for his wife and the other lady. The lady told him that he certainly could so we all went up to the house. The lady of the house was very kind and insisted that we all have supper with her free of charge. She prepared a large room for us upstairs. There was a bed prepared for my father and mother which had curtains all around it. Also a bed with curtains for my cousin and his wife. There was a nice bed placed on the floor for my brother and I. At a little distance from our bed there was another placed on the floor for Mrs. Lop and the other lady. After sitting up for some time we all went upstairs to retire. The lady of the house went up with my mother to show us the different beds and then we went downstairs. When Mrs. Lop found that she had to sleep on the floor she declared that she would not stay in the house. My mother spoke to her and told her not to get mad but to lie down on the bed. She would not listen to my mother but took her baby and went downstairs where she had quite a quarrel with the lady of the house. She said that she would not stay in the house, that because my father and mother were rich and had a quartet of negroes that she had put them in the nice beds with curtains, that because she had but one negro she was placed on the floor. She talked very loudly so that we all heard her. The lady of the house told her that she did not know how many negroes were at the camp nor to whom they belonged, that my father was the first to speak to her about his family spending the night. She said she only had the two beds so she prepared them for my father's family. She told Mrs. Lop that she had better go back upstairs to bed because she was determined not to give up her own room and bed to her. Mrs. Lop left the house in a rage and returned to the camp. My mother finding that

she was leaving the house would make me go with her to help carry the baby. The lane was very muddy and it was over 500 yards to the wagons. I got up and went with her and helped to carry the child while she was all the time quarreling about the lady of the house. Mr. Lop told his wife that she was very foolish and should have stayed all night at the house. The lady traveling with Mrs. Lop said that she got mad because she had to sleep with her. The next morning the lady of the house would accept pay for nothing except the corn and fodder. She said that she hoped that we had a good night after the quarreling was over, that she did not like to hear of husbands who mistreated their wives but she did not think it would have been very much wrong if Mr. Lop had given his wife a few lashes with the wagon whip when she went back to the camp. In a few days after this we parted from the Lop family as we went different ways so thus we got rid of the Lop family.

As we traveled through the wilderness between Knoxville and the Cumberland River one day a friendly Indian came to the road and made us understand that he had wounded a deer. He wanted our dogs to go after it. A negro man of my father's said that if I would go with him that he would go and take the dogs along. It was the first Indian I ever saw. We went miles with him. The negro man said that this Indian might get us into trouble and that we had better return to the road. Just then the dogs startled the wounded deer. The Indian yelled and ran as fast as the dogs. We left the Indian and dogs, went back to the road and followed after the wagons. When we overtook the wagons the Indian was already there with the deer and the dogs. My father purchased the deer from the Indian who left us and went off into the woods.

We had very rough roads through the wilderness and some large mountains to cross. We crossed one which was called Spencer's Hill. It was named this because a man named Spencer was killed by Indians on this mountain many years before. It was a very steep hill, or mountain, for the wagons to go down. We had to cut good size trees and fasten them to the hind part of our wagons to keep them from running down too fast. At the bottom of the mountain there were hundreds of tops of trees which had been brought down by other wagons. My mother had to walk down this steep mountain and was very much fatigued. She said that if we had any more such hills to go down that we had better leave the road and go down some other way.

When we crossed the Cumberland River, near the mouth of the Caney Ford, we got into very rich lands, well cultivated with many farms on the road. My mother was well pleased with the looks of the land and farms. When we got within thirty miles of Nashville we gave out going to Duck River until the fall or winter. My father said that he would go to the Messers Cole and Stone's neighborhood and hire out the negroes. He and mother would then visit his Morehead relations in Bowling Green, Kentucky, during the summer.

Just before we arrived at the Cole and Stone settlement my brother Charles A. was taken sick. We reached the settlement and found a schoolhouse which was vacant. Mr. Cole said that there would be no school during the summer and that we were welcome to stay in it. We stopped there. My brother had a severe spell of sickness, but with medicine and care got well in a few weeks. My father put up some little cabins for a kitchen, smoke house, etc. With the exception of one negro man, a woman, and a girl he hired out his negroes until December 1st. As he could get none nearer he rented a field ten miles off and the negro man made a fine crop of corn on these 15 acres. My brother and I had a fine time of it there that summer. There were several young men and girls in the neighborhood with whom we spent much of our time. The summer and the fall passed.

My father did not visit in Kentucky but he and I visited Duck River, spent a week or two there. We rode down in a buggy. As we passed through Nashville we heard that there was to be, about twenty-five miles below Nashville, a Masonic funeral with a large Masonic procession. We concluded to stop there, see the procession and burial and hear the address. As we left Nashville there were a number of Masons going to the burial. Several of them asked me to take charge of their umbrellas and keep them in the buggy during the procession. It was the first time I had ever seen a Masonic procession and I thought it was a beautiful sight. There were Royal Arch Masons with the blue and red aprons trimmed with Masonic emblems. To me it was quite a novel procession. Mr. Felix Grundy delivered the address. He had just that year settled in Nashville. There were a large number of people, men and women. Before the company was broken up there was a shower of rain. I ran to the buggy to get our umbrellas. There came by the buggy seven young ladies who were walking together in the rain. I handed out all the



umbrellas, which were in the buggy to these young ladies and stood with them under the umbrella and trees in a grove. The owners came after awhile for their umbrellas and I told them to pay me for my trouble in taking care of them that I had let the young ladies have the use of them during the rain. They said, "All right, young man, we see that you are a ladies man". So they stood under the trees during the rain.

We found all our relatives well on Duck River. When we returned we stopped for dinner at a house on the road. There were seven grown young ladies there. I supposed it was a Quilting Party as I saw a quilt in a frame in one of the rooms. I was always fond of getting acquainted with young ladies as I traveled about. I inquired if there was a quilting there that day with so many young ladies together. They answered "No, Sir, we are all sisters and live here, don't you remember the young ladies to whom you loaned the umbrellas during the rain at the Masonic burial? We are the girls to whom you gave the umbrellas, we are glad you were there as it kept us from having a shower bath. Some of us liked to have fallen in love with you". That was sufficient for me. I told them that I would have to kiss them all in order to find out which one I loved the best. We had quite a playful time before dinner was ready.

We returned home and the last of November all started for Duck River. With the hire of his negroes my father sought some cows, calves, and a few hogs. He sold his crop of corn in exchange for goods from a store in Nashville. The Cole's settlement went by that name as there were three brothers there of that name, all living with their families near each other. Before we left there my cousin Jack Smoot came to Tennessee to see his brother Sam who had come with us from North Carolina. Cousin Samuel Smoot had gone to Duck River to make some brick chimneys for our cousins Sandford and Turners. Cousin Jack came up to see us at the Cole Settlement, stayed with us for awhile and went with us to Duck River.

Once more we were on the road with the wagons, carriage, etc., moving to Duck River. We had some new additions to our company. That was the cows, calves, hogs, etc. It was about the 1st of December and the weather was quite cold and it was a rainy time. We arrived at the ferry on the river at Nashville. This was called the Lower Ferry. There were also two other ferries near the city of Nashville which is on the South side of the Cumberland River. They were called the Upper and Middle Ferry and were all within

one-half mile of each other. It was late in the afternoon and my father was anxious to cross over, to go through the city with the wagons, etc. and to secure a camping place for the night. My father and myself had often crossed at this ferry and were known to the gentleman who owned it. The owner of the ferry was sick and confined to his room. His son, a young man about twenty years of age, was about to start to a wedding about six or seven miles in the country. He told my father that it was too late to cross the wagons and stock over and he must wait until in the morning as he was going to ride away. The way he spoke was very abrupt. My father got into a passion as he was a hasty tempered man. He told the young man that he would not be delayed, that he would take the flat boat and make his negro men ferry us over. The young man was on his horse just ready to ride off. My father was determined to cross over. The young man said that he dared my father to touch the flat boat. My father made two negro men go to the flat and moved it so that the hogs and cattle could go on, as they were to be taken over first. The young man seeing my father so determined became a little fearful to interrupt him. Everything was ready to drive the hogs down to the flat. It so happened that we had a large sow in the flock which was quite poor. Her ribs plainly stuck out and her backbone was as crooked as the curve in the rainbow. There was a very large bully looking man about 30 years of age who had been listening to my father and the young man who lived at the place. When the hogs started down the bank the old sow was quite weary and she could scarcely walk along. This fellow came up to my father and said "Stranger, I see that you are determined to cross over but I wish very much to make a trade with you before you ferry the hogs over. I wish to purchase that fine looking sow of yours for a breeder. She looks like a fine blooded sow". This made the young man, who was on his horse, laugh aloud. My father walked with a very heavy silver headed cane. He instantly rushed up to the fellow and caught him by the throat and raised his cane in a threatening manner and said "You infernal \_\_\_\_ I am a great mind to knock every tooth in your head down your throat". The man appeared to raise his hand as if in defense. My father still shaking his cane said, "You insulting rascal, if you raise your hand one inch I'll jerk your arm off at the shoulder blade and beat your brains out with the bloody end, you \_\_\_\_!". My mother in the carriage screamed aloud. The man became alarmed. I ran up to my father who still held the fellow by his shirt

collar and said, "O Daddy, let the man alone, do pray Daddy!". Cousin Jack Smoot ran up and said, "Uncle, knock him down for his insolence, I'd stamp him well". The young man on the horse got off and ran into the house to tell his father. It was a terrible time. The fellow endeavored to apologize to my father but he would not let him speak, threatening again that if he opened his mouth that he would knock his teeth down his throat. After awhile my father became calm and said to him, "begone, you dog, don't you ever attempt to insult me again. If you do I'll make my negro man tie you up and whip you within an inch of your life, you may depend on it". So he let the man go who appeared very glad to get away. By this time it was getting too late to cross over. The old gentleman who owned the ferry sent a polite message to my father to come in the house and see him. When he went in the old gentleman knew him and said he blamed his son for what he had said about the flat but he had been anxious to go to the wedding. He told my father that he could occupy a vacant house which was near the ferry landing and in which he himself had been sleeping at night. That he could put our cattle and hogs in his cow pen lots for the night. My father then said that he would stay and that the negroes could stretch their tents on the banks of the river so as not to interfere with the road. After the terrible scene my father told the young man to "Hasten to the wedding". We all enjoyed a pleasant night of rest.

The next morning we crossed over and passed up into the city. As we stopped to make a purchase for our corn crop we saw the man who wanted to buy the sow. I heard him tell a friend that the old man in the carriage was a very hasty, high tempered man and that he could make General Jackson himself cave in under to him if he insulted him. We proceeded on our journey and got to the big Herper River to camp that night. We arrived at our Uncle's and Grandmother's on Duck River and found them all well. The affair at the ferry was the only time my father got mad on the road from North Carolina to Maury County, Tennessee. He was always of a lively disposition and not often out of humor.

My father settled on the land he purchased from my uncle Benjamin but it was lost in a law suit which my uncle afterwards had in regard to that part of his land. He built on the place where he desired to settle and put up a cotton gin and press. My father gave up the purchase he had made of Uncle Benjamin but there was only a part of the land

which he had purchased that was lost in the law suit. He afterwards purchased lands on the South side of Duck River which were lying immediately opposite the land he had first bought and settled on.

My father's place was about ten miles from his cousin Turner's and Sanford's. They often visited each other. My brother Charles A. and myself had nothing to engage our attention but to visit our relatives and to ride about. During the first year after we settled on Duck River, we reviewed our studies, both in mathematics and Latin.

During the latter part of the summer my brother decided to make an almanac for the next year. He made the calculations complete. There was then no almanac printed in Nashville or any other part of West Tennessee. Almanacs were all brought from other states. As we often visited in Nashville my brother became acquainted with the printer there and show him a copy of his almanac. The printer said that he would obtain suitable type and offered to buy the copy of the almanac at a good price, provided he would accept one half of the price in almanacs. He offered my brother \$50.00 for the copy, one half to be in almanacs at a low price, which my brother accepted. The printer wanted my brother's name, as the author, attached or printed in the almanac, but to this he would not consent. There were but few schools of any kind in Maury County as it was a new county on the frontier, as that part was then called. The almanac was printed and my brother realized 100% profit on his share of the almanacs as there were none in the West. It was made known about Nashville and Columbia that "the little red faced Smith" was a great scholar and astronomer and that he had made the almanac. It was as public as if his name had been printed in the almanac. This caused it to be said that we both were very learned young men.

In October of the next year, that is the year after the almanacs had been printed, I was very much solicited to teach a primary school. My father's own cousins, James T. Sanford and William Turner, lived about ten miles from my father's. At my cousin Will Turner's request I agreed to teach school for one year so that his children could attend the school. He and Col. Sanford both lived on Rutherford Creek but there were more settlers on Carter's Creek and as this was near enough for them to send to the school, my school house was built near Carter's Creek. I boarded one year with my cousin William Turner, whose house and mill, which he had built on Rutherford Creek was

about 1 1/2 miles away. His little sons and daughters would walk to school with me. A Mr. Brooks had built a mill on Carter's Creek and he also sent pupils to my school. My school had about thirty pupils nearly all of them in their spelling book but some few reading in "The Columbian Orator", a school book of those days.

Major Samuel Polk lived not far from the school house, perhaps 1 1/2 miles, so he agreed to send two pupils, his oldest sons. Both had already attended school awhile. James K. Polk was the older boy, and could write and cypher a little. When the boys came Major Polk sent me a short note and said that he wished James to learn mathematics and surveying, if he could get that far along before I ceased teaching. I use the method of writing short exercise and rules as I had learned when young and taught the younger pupils to read handwriting very soon. The only reason I had for teaching this school was to gratify relatives and friends.

I did not care very much for the pecuniary emoluments as my father furnished me with all the necessary money and articles of dress. I must confess that another reason that had some influence on me was that the neighborhood was much more wealthy and refined than where I resided and there were more grown young ladies near my school than there were in my father's neighborhood. After I started the school Major Polk informed me that he did not wish his son James to study Latin, he thought dead languages were of no use to any man unless he expected to become a graduate for a literary occupation and that he intended James to become a merchant or practical surveyor. I told him that I was only capable of teaching the first primary rules of the Latin language and that I would not attempt to teach it in any way whatsoever. After a few months had passed I concluded to make all the boys, old and young memorize speeches and to recite them publicly once a month— the last Friday in each month. I put this into practice and quite a number of ladies and gentlemen would come to hear the pupils speak. When I told James K. Polk that I wished him to memorize a speech for these occasions he said that he did not want to speak in public, that he expected to be a merchant or to be in the woods surveying and that it was not necessary for him to learn one. I told him that I wanted all the boys to learn one. I said to him, "James, perhaps when you are grown we may send you to Legislature or to Congress from these cane breaks". He said "Never, but Mr. Smith if I do have to learn a speech do not let me learn

it out of the “Columbian Orator”, you must teach me one that was never in a printed book”. I told him very well that he should have one that had never been in print. I wrote one that I had learned when at school with the Rev. John Brown in Wadesboro, North Carolina.

#### First Speech of James K. Polk

I make a speech before so many ladies?  
Not I, indeed, my genius but a jade is,  
I’ve tried often, and I know full well,  
In public speaking I shall ne’er excel;  
My fears and bashfulness will so prevail,  
If I attempt it I shall surely fail—  
Of my fine speech forget at least one—half—  
Stand quite confused, and raise a general laugh.  
Ye boys with flippant tongues, and brazen faces,  
Go show the ladies how you learn the graces,  
Play well your parts, and suit them to the time,  
Scholastic boys and nonsense most sublime;  
For me I’ve no such talents to display,  
But only wish to keep myself away,  
And not expose deficiencies today.  
Well, ladies, you have heard each learned speech,  
Good sense no doubt but far above your reach;  
Sound, more than sense, delight the lady’s ear,  
There are but few can think, but all can hear  
For instance, first a Latin declamation,  
Pray, were you not made wise by that oration?  
If there be wisdom in such kinds of speech,  
It must be far above a lady’s reach.  
Now in the North there is a certain college,

In which they've gotten a strange kind of knowledge,  
I'm told, they try by learned dissertation,  
To prove that all the wonders of creation,  
Are only visions of imagination;  
Trust what we see and feel and taste, they call  
Nature's sleight of hand, deception all.  
O rare Philosophy, O skill divine,  
Pray ladies, is not this extremely fine?  
Alas, 'tis pity, that you beauteous maid  
Should only be the shadow of the shade;  
Her glowing cheeks, her lips of deepest dye,  
Her panting bosom and her sparkling eye,  
Are all delusions, so we have been taught,  
Existing only in the lover's thought.  
My teacher tells me, that to gain much knowledge,  
I must learn first with him, and then go to college.  
He says, there professors sit in due decorum,  
The school boys standing in a row before them;  
The President then speaks to them all in Latin,  
A language which he is now very pat in.  
In Auctora tattum qua fuit consituta,  
You've begun good boys, of that there's no dispute,  
In culpis rei, here it is my laddo,  
Hoc little scroll of parchment, tibe irde,  
This in your pocket fortune can't deceive;  
But all the world for learned men receive you.  
And now, dear ladies, without a joke,  
You've heard a speech from James K. Polk.

This speech pleased James K. Polk very much and he spoke it often before the ladies  
with much vivacity and eloquence.

(Note: Not in the original — this speech of James K. Polk, afterwards president of the United States, was learned and recited when he was about fourteen years old.)

When my school was about one half over I had to leave it for nearly two weeks to sit up with and attend my uncle John Smith who was sick and died while I was with him and absent from my school. His death made a solemn impression on me. Just a few days before I had to leave the school, one of my pupils, a lad about twelve or thirteen years old, stopped at a house where there was a still and whiskey was made. His older brothers and sisters came on to school but he would not come with them. He stayed at the whiskey still house and kept drinking the beer and whiskey until he got beastly drunk. At playtime his brother went to see about him but could not find him. The boy had left the road and had gone into a thick cane break and lying down had fallen asleep. About the time his brother and sisters were going home from school he got over his drunken sleep and went home with them. His parents scolded him but did not chastise him. The next day was Friday. Just before I dismissed the classes for their playtime I had him to stand up before the school. I told him that he had acted very wrong in stopping on the way to school. He said that he did not think it was very wrong. I asked if his parents had whipped him for it and he said “No, sir”. I then told him that I would have to whip him but he said he guessed not. I was determined to make him humble for his acts as I made him take off his coat and talked to him for some time. I gave him five lashes then talked to him again but he did not seem to mind it. I gave him five lashes again when he begged me to cease and said that he would not do it again. It had a good effect on him and the pupils likewise. I told them Monday morning I was not at the school but had secured the assistance of a young man, who was studying surveying with me, to teach the school for me while I was absent attending to my sick uncle. That morning the father of the lad, supposing me to be at the school came to give me a whipping. He came again, later, after I had returned to my school. He was a very large man, fifty years old and a member of the Presbyterian Church. It was playtime when he came the second time. His son, whom I had whipped, was with me in the school house and was asking me to write for his exercises about people getting drunk. He had made friends with me and had said that he was glad that I “had him up” for getting drunk. The



father took a seat and requested that I send his son out to play. I did so. He commenced talking and said, "Mr. Smith, you may thank Providence that you had to leave school to attend a sick uncle. On Monday morning I came to your school to whip you for whipping my boy. Had you been here I would have given you the worst beating you ever had in your life". I spoke up very quickly and asked if he had come to give me the beating then. He said "No sir, I am now more calm and free from passion. I am thankful to my Maker that he kept you from school the day I came. Had you been here in my rage and passion I would have hurt you very much. I have come now to talk with you but not to whip you. If my children do wrong make them obey your rules but never again make one of them take off his coat to be whipped like a negro. That is what made me so mad. I will not suffer my child to take off his coat to be whipped like a negro. Never do it again". After that the old gentleman was well pleased with me and his children learned well. I believe that the boy whom I whipped, who is now dead, has a son who is a Presbyterian minister of the Gospel. I had many pleasant visits in the neighborhood while teaching school on Carter's Creek, Maury County, Tennessee. At that time I taught only one year and it was for my pleasure and to please my relatives. The next year I rode about and did not attend to any particular business. Occasionally I would plow in the field for a week or two with the negro men. During the summer my brother, Charles A., went up above Nashville to visit at the Sulphur Springs. They were situated near the Cole's Settlement where we had formerly lived. The year I taught school he had been going to school. A Presbyterian preacher had moved to Maury County and settled on Rutherford Creek. He taught Latin and English school and would preach for the neighborhood on the Sabbaths. My brother attended this school and finished a liberal education of Greek, Latin, etc. My brother stayed longer at the springs than we expected and did not write to us. My mother became very uneasy and would send me to see him or to inquire about him. I was very glad to make the visit. When I arrived at the Cole's I found that my brother had gone about twenty miles away, with some of the Cole young men, to visit a family of Blewetts, who lived in Kentucky. They had been acquaintances of the Cole's as well as my father before they had moved from North Carolina. While there my brother, in company with some young men and ladies, had ridden out in the barrens of Kentucky to visit some of the neighbors. While returning

my brother's horse became frightened and ran away, throwing my brother off and dislocating his hip. The Cole young men took him to Mr. Blewett's where they had been obliged to leave him when they came home. This was sad news to me. I went on after him. My brother spent two or three weeks at the Blewett's in great pain. They treated him very kindly and after some days sent after a doctor to see him. My brother would not permit his hip bone to be broken loose and pulled by force back into place. He knew that he had some Morehead relations in Bowling Green, Kentucky. As Mr. Blewett was going to Bowling Green one day he insisted that he be put on his horse and allowed to ride with him. They did so. Mr. Blewett and my brother had to ride very slowly. Before they reached Bowling Green they passed near the house of Mr. Thompson Briggs who had married a Morehead cousin of my father's. Mr. Blewett knew of the relationship and told my brother that he had better stop there with Mr. Briggs. My brother consented and told Mr. Blewett that as the house was but a short distance from the road that he could ride there alone. It was about one o'clock P.M. and Mr. Blewett had to go to Bowling Green and get back home, so my brother went on to the house alone. Although he was in much pain he was full of life and merriment. When he arrived at the gate it was about twenty yards from the house. He hailed the house alone. Although in much pain, he hailed the house and asked if Mr. Thompson Briggs lived there. The sons and husband were in the fields. Cousin Betsy Briggs went to the door. My father and I had been there before we had moved from North Carolina and had told her of my brother's red face. Mrs. Briggs called out and said "as I live that is cousin Charles A. Smith from Duck River, Tennessee. I know you by your red face." My brother answered, "Yes, Madam, I am the lark." She ran to the gate and said "Alright, alright, Cousin Charles." My brother told her in a merry way that he was used to having people wait upon him when he got off his horse, that he had someone to hold his bridle while others held the stirrups, before he would get off from his horse. My cousin Briggs, supposing that he was a funny kind of young man, told him to alight, that her husband, sons, and negro men were in the fields, to get down and come into the house as dinner was then on the table. My brother then said "Cousin Betsy Briggs, I am crippled as my hip is out of joint, I am in great pain and I cannot get off my horse until someone lifts me off." Mr. Briggs and his sons came up just at that time. Cousin Betsy told them who it was and that he was

unable to alight from his horse unless help was given. Mr. Briggs with the help of his sons and negro men, took my brother gently off of his horse, carried him into the house and laid him softly on the bed. This was my brother's first introduction to that family of his Kentucky Morehead relations and where he afterwards lived for some years.

When I arrived at Mr. Briggs, as I had found that my brother had left the Blewett's, I found my brother quite lively. He was sitting up in a rocking chair with brass rollers to move him about the house. I went up to him and spoke to him but I was so full of grief that I could only say, "I have at last found you, my twin brother." And I burst into a flood of tears. My brother looked at me and laughed and said, "You cry and I'll laugh." I only spent one night with him and then went back to Tennessee to let my father and mother know about my brother's misfortune. I went fifteen miles the first night and stayed at a Mr. Owens on the road. He had two beautiful daughters and I soon became acquainted with them. There was preaching that night in the neighborhood by a Methodist preacher who I had become acquainted with in the Cole settlement. I asked permission to ride with the oldest daughter to church and to attend preaching with them. When I was coming up after my brother the Methodist preacher was at the Cole's. I had been told that it was thought that he would marry Mr. Cole's daughter so I asked the young lady about the wedding and that her cousin had said that she was going to marry the preacher. She had said that as I had come from Tennessee that we would "pass the preacher by". We had lived near each other when we first moved to Tennessee and she had been called my sweetheart. She was a beautiful girl and I loved to be with her but had no thought of courting her although we would laugh and joke together very much. I believe she thought I would court her. The night I went to the preaching with the Owens young lady the young preacher came home with us. As he was on his way down to the Cole settlement to preach the next Sabbath I traveled with him for two or three days and then stayed near to hear him preach at his different appointments and did not hurry home to let my mother hear about my brother.

I continued to travel with the Methodist preacher at short distance each day until we would get to the Sabbath preaching which would be entirely Methodist. I had but little thoughts on religion at that time but loved to attend preaching. During my travels with the preacher he asked me if I were courting Miss Cole. I told him that I was not but that I

had heard that he was. He said that it was true but that her mother wished her to marry someone who was rich. He thought that a Mr. Covington was in the way. I told him that I had almost fallen in love with the Miss Owens who had gone to preaching with me. He said that he had some thought of courting her himself but did not know if the parents would be willing. I told him that if I were in his place and the girl would marry me, if the parents were not willing, I would steal the girl and get married. He said that would be wrong for a preacher, but afterwards he courted the youngest sister, the parents were not willing. He took my advice and ran away with her and got married. Afterwards he made friends with the old people.

When we arrived at the Cole's the next day, Miss Cole was going to Nashville with a young man and his sister, who lived near Mr. Cole. They were going to purchase goods. The young man and his sister had started that morning without Miss Cole, thinking that she had given up the idea of going with them to Nashville. The family told Miss Cole that as they knew they would travel slowly that they thought she could easily overtake them, so she went on with me. We had a pleasant ride of some twenty miles before we overtook them at the ferry near Nashville. I must confess that I was glad to have her company that far on my way home. After a week's travel, which should have been only three days, I reached my home.

My mother was in great distress when she heard of my brother's accident. She said that I ought to have returned home sooner. The day after I got home my father and mother started in a carriage

## Volume 2

On the 17th day of January, 1812, I saw the sun rise as a married man. On that day my wife and I, with a number of invited guests, dined at my father's house. My wife's home was nearly ten miles away from his. When we arrived many of the neighbors had collected to participate in the festivities of the day. They were plain, industrious people, not so refined in their manners as were those in the neighborhood of my wife's former home on Rutherford Creek; that neighborhood had been settled with more wealthy planters, mostly from Virginia. My mother had prepared a most sumptuous and splendid dinner and we all enjoyed the day with mirthful hilarity and glee.

The year before my marriage my father had purchased a fine tract of land on the south side of Duck River. It was immediately on the river and opposite the place where we were then living. My mother was taken sick and died about six weeks after my marriage. Notwithstanding the best medicine and kind nursing of friends and relatives she died in a few days after being taken sick. After my mother's death my brother, Charles A., went back to Kentucky to the place where he had spent months of pain with his dislocated hip. He lived again with cousin Thompson and Betsy Briggs. For a year or two he taught school near Bowling Green, Kentucky, and had many promising young men studying Latin, Greek, etc., who in after years were talented lawyers, doctors, and members of Congress.

My father commenced to build on the south side of Duck River before I married. We did not move until the Fall after my mother died. My father desired to build a good house, plant an orchard of apple and peach trees and make the new place comfortable before we moved into it. The new home was on a beautiful hill about a mile from where we were living. His land lay principally in a large bend of the Duck River. The house on the hill was about four hundred yards from the river's turn and the farm was over a mile below the house in the bend of the river. The river on the east side of the house to the river on the west side was four miles around with the meanderings of the river. My father would spend his time mostly with the hands across the river, returning at night. He had hired a white man, who was over six feet high to cut and hew timber for the new house, kitchens, barns, etc.

In the latter part of March or the first of April my father was over the river at a log rolling near our new buildings, when there came an express from the Colonel of a regiment in an adjoining county to a Colonel of a regiment of militia in our county. It stated that there was a large body of Indians who had crossed the Tennessee River at Muscle Shoals and had destroyed the town of Huntsville, Alabama; that they had arrived in Giles County, Tennessee, and had killed over fifty families on Bradshaw's Creek. Our Colonel upon receiving the express sent an express to the Captain of the Militia in our neighborhood, a Captain Kilpatrick. The letter was directed to my father to forward to the Captain. The people at the log rolling heard the letter read and went to their different homes to spread the alarm. My father did not immediately go home but went to some of

his neighbors to give them the news. At about two o'clock in the afternoon my wife and I were sitting in the shade of the house in the yard. The tall workman of ours came home, his countenance frightful with fear. He threw down his broad axe so that it stuck in the ground and said that he never expected to strike or hew another lick with it. I could not understand what was the matter. I supposed that he had not done his work as well as my father had required. My father was very particular with his workmen and made them do their work in accordance with his directions. I supposed that he had not done his work as well as my father required, and had dismissed him. I asked the workman what was the matter. He handed me the letter which my father had sent for me to deliver it to Captain Kilpatrick and cried out, "Indians!! —————Indians!" He then ran off and left us. I sent the letter to the Captain and my father came home before sunset, had his horse fed, and we had supper. My father started out to ride all night to spread the news. I had horses saddled for myself and wife that we might go to her father's and have her brothers ride off in another direction. My wife would not ride the horse but rode behind me on my horse. The negroes were given orders by my father to get all the guns in order and to stay at home until he returned or sent them word what to do. They were not to cross the river to work. My wife and I reached her father's house about ten o'clock and informed them as to why we had come. They were all much distressed and alarmed. My brothers-in-law and I rode all night, until sunup the next morning, giving the alarm. The news spread almost like lightning to the different neighborhoods and counties. My father came to the Jenkins home the next morning and the three Messers Jenkins, my father, and I all went to Columbia, the County Seat, to get more news about the Indians. I had taken a very distressing farewell of my lovely wife who was in tears and great lamentation as we did not know if we would ever see each other again in this life. I then thought that I had started to battle with the Indians. When we arrived at Columbia we found Brigadier General Roberts and a large company of soldiers preparing for a battle. My three brothers-in-law wanted me to keep with them but I did not belong to the same regiment and did not want to forsake my own Captain and company. My father and I hastened home. When we arrived we found that my Uncle Benjamin's family, Aunt Ward, Uncle Napier, and Aunt Sallie had all moved off to the more thickly settled neighborhoods. These families had settled in our neighborhood the

year before. Also all of our neighbors had moved off. Two or three negro men of ours had stayed at home but the negro women and children had gone with my uncle's families. My father and I started alone to join our Captain's company which had already gone. We went by our new house and looked at my mother's grave. She was buried under some large shady oaks at our new place, but she died before we moved over there. We rode about twenty miles and met our Captain who was returning. It had been fully ascertained that it was a false alarm and that no Indians had crossed the Tennessee River in a hostile manner. The newspapers stated that during this alarm there had been over thirty thousand men under arms. Before they heard that the alarm was false over two hundred men came from Lexington, Kentucky, to Nashville.

The alarm started in this way: Some Indians went to Huntsville, Alabama, to purchase blankets, powder and shot, etc. A gentleman, who lived about three miles from the Tennessee River, was in town and saw them. He said that the merchants ought not to sell powder and shot to Indians, that he was afraid that they would come and fight us. That night some mischievous young carpenters and brick masons disguised themselves as Indians. They went to this man's house and raised the Indian war whoop, rushed up to the house, firing off their guns. The man ran off like a wild horse, ran to Huntsville and raised the alarm of Indians. He said that they had killed his family and burned his house. The men disguised as Indians had carried lighted torches, as it was a dark night. The owner of the house fully believed that his house had been burned and his family killed. It was all confusion in Huntsville and some families moved off to Maury County, where they had formerly lived, and spread the report. During the night the people in Huntsville sent to the man's house and ascertained the truth, finding out that it was a false alarm. It was many days before the truth was fully known and many hundreds of people moved from their homes in the frontier counties while thousands of men were under arms.

My wife and I spent the summer very pleasantly at my father's but in the fall of the year moved to our own new place. Our house was not finished but there was an old school house on the place into which we moved until our home was ready, While we were living in the school house my wife gave birth to a beautiful little daughter who was born in November, A.D. 1812. She was named Constance Ann Ford, after my mother. My new house was so nearly finished that my father and the carpenters were living and

sleeping in it at the time my little daughter was born. During my wife's confinement my Aunt Sallie Napier stayed with her and was as kind and attentive as a mother could be. She lived within a mile of us and would occasionally go home during the day but would return to stay during the night.

My Uncle Napier was an industrious, hard-working man; but unfortunately, was given to hard drinking of liquor. After the birth of my little daughter he became more and more given to intoxication and was very cruel to his negroes as well as his wife and children. My Aunt endured it very quietly for some time and said very little to anybody about it except myself. Some years back Mr. Napier had been very cruel to his family and he and my Uncle Benjamin had an altercation about it as his wife was my Uncle Benjamin's sister. It almost caused a separation at this time between Aunt Sallie and Uncle Napier but my father interfered as a peace maker and they had lived happily together, for some years, but he would still drink hard at times. My Aunt told me that he had commenced his cruelty again and it increased so that it was thought he might endanger her life in his drunken fits. My father went to see them and suggested to my Aunt that she have the Court bind him over for good behavior, which was done. My Uncle Napier could not make bond and so was confined in jail as it was several months before the Court was convened. Uncle Napier had created debts and there were executions issued against him and his property was sold by the Sheriff. My new house was finished so my Aunt came and lived with me. We had several rooms in it so she and her children occupied one of the rooms. She lived with me for some time. My father had to leave home for awhile on business. I always called to see Uncle Napier whenever I went to Columbia. One day he made the proposition to me that he would go to his old mother's home in Virginia to live if I would furnish him a good horse and money for expenses. Upon the condition that he would leave immediately and before my father's return, I agreed to get him out of prison, furnish him with a good horse and \$150.00 in money, and to raise and educate his children. I told him that he might see his children before he left but that he could not see my aunt. She did not wish to see him for fear that she might give way to her feelings and that she could not bear the separation. He said that he did not wish to see her but before he left he would like to see his children. I sent my aunt over to her sister Ward's and my Uncle Napier went to my house and took leave of his small



children. I gave him the money and the horse and he left for Virginia. When my father returned he approved of what I had done. On the advice of a lawyer it was thought best that my aunt petition for a divorce which was done and in due time the decree was granted.

My brother, Charles A., was still in Kentucky teaching school. After he had been there a year or more he became engaged to a Miss Elizabeth Lanier. Her father was married a second time. While she was quite young she had been taken to the home of a wealthy man who had raised her. His name was Major Loving and he was a great friend of Mr. Lanier and his first wife. He had given her a fine education. During my brother's courtship they were living at Major Loving's but they were married at the home of her father who lived in Warren County, Kentucky. My brother wrote to his father and asked his consent to the marriage and invited all of us to the wedding. My father was much pleased to hear about it. He had said that he was afraid that my brother would never be able to marry, that with his red face and being a cripple that no girl would ever take a fancy to him. My father was unable to attend the wedding but my wife and I made the necessary arrangements to go. We also prevailed on a young man and his sister, acquaintances of ours, to go with us. It was about 120 miles from where we lived. We got within about ten miles of our destination when night overtook us and we were compelled to stop for the night with strangers. The young man going with us had his horse to get very sick and about midnight the horse died. We hired a horse from our host and proceeded to the wedding. We arrived at our relatives, where my brother was staying before he had started. They were to be married at 1 o'clock, P.M.. My Kentucky relations were pleased and delighted with my wife as well as the young man and his sister who were relatives of my wife's. Quite a number went with us to Rev. Mr. Lanier's where the ceremony was performed.

The next day Major Loving gave a dinner party in honor of the new married couple. There was a great company in attendance, many from Bowling Green and the surrounding neighborhoods. A number of my Morehead relations were present. My wife said that she did not know that I had so many although one of her sister had married a Morehead many years before. She was delighted with them. Our cousin Thompson and Betsy Briggs gave them a supper party with many guests. The night was spent in social

conversation with great hilarity and mirthful glee. Two days after the Briggs party there was a dinner given by one of our Morehead relations in Bowling Green. There was a numerous attendance of the fashionable and aristocracy of the city. We had a nice time indeed at our brother, Charles A.'s wedding. His wife was a splendid beautiful, gay, and intelligent bride. After spending two weeks my wife and I and the young man and his sister all returned home and reported to our Maury County relatives and friends the happy account of the event.

After his school was over my brother and his wife left Kentucky and came to Maury County, Tennessee and lived about three miles from me. He taught school in a church building near his house for several years.

After my return from the false alarm of the Indians, which has been related, I joined a company of light horse or mounted cavalry and was elected its First Lieutenant. When the war commenced with the Creek Indians, General Jackson was Commander-in-Chief, there were so many volunteers that orders were sent that only two men out of the companies of cavalry in each regiment could be accepted. There had to be a lottery or drawing to see who would be the two fortunate volunteers. In my company the two fortunate soldiers selected were my brother-in-law, Walter S. Jenkins and a Mr. Henderson, who was a near neighbor. All the men who were chosen were ordered to meet in Fayetteville, Lincoln County, Tennessee, and there to elect officers to command the companies of cavalry. My brother-in-law, Walter S. Jenkins, was elected First Lieutenant in one of the companies to serve during the Creek War.

The plan of drawing only two men from each company of cavalry pleased me as although I was not fortunate enough to be drawn I was permitted to stay with my beloved wife. My love of my country was very great but I believe my love for my young wife was greater. I felt rejoiced that my name had not been drawn. My wife said she fully believed that her prayers had been answered as she had earnestly prayed, with strong faith, that I might not be drawn.

My sweet little daughter, Constance Ann, died in A.D. 1813. She was a most delightful and pleasant little baby, she could crawl about the house with great speed and would often play and hide from me. It was the most distressing time I ever experienced. I had lost sisters, brother, and mother by death, which was to me great grief and sorrow, but

these were nothing to compare with this bereavement. Since my marriage I had often serious impressions on the subject of religion and I engaged in secret prayer often. My wife would also frequently converse with me on the subject of religion. Very often at night, after my father had retired to his own room, at my wife's earnest request I would kneel down with her and engage in family prayer. This was done often but I was endeavoring to work out a righteousness of my own in my own way. After the death of my sweet babe I became more serious but I was still striving in my own strength. At length I became hardened in my rejection of religion and was neglectful of those things. I requested my wife never to mention those things to me again, that we could converse on many other subjects of love and affection but not to mention religion to me anymore. For several years I was a hardened sinner and to all appearances had lost all of my serious impressions. I still was regular in my attendance to the stated preaching services on Sabbaths in our neighborhood. Our preacher was a Presbyterian and my brother and my wife were both members of his church before I was married.

Just before the Creek Indian war General Jackson was sent down to Natchez with 1,500 men, in order to go to Red River near Shreveport. When he arrived at Natchez he was ordered to dismiss the men there. It was generally supposed that they were to be dismissed at that time and place so that the Recruiting Officer of the United States Army might enlist them in the United States Army, under General Wilkerson, who was stationed on Red River. It was also supposed that Aaron Burr would also be there to organize a company against the United States. General Jackson would not obey the orders which were sent to him. He marched his men back to Columbia, Maury County, Tennessee. When they arrived there they were dismissed with the roar of cannon and firing of muskets by platoons. Although I lived twelve miles above Columbia I heard this distinctly. My father went there to see the soldiers but I had no desire to see them.

Afterwards I was much troubled in my mind that I had not gone to see this great parade and dismissal of the soldiers. Mr. Carroll, who was afterwards Governor of Tennessee, and Thomas H. Benton were aides to General Jackson in this expedition.

Mr. Carroll, before this time, had owned or was interested in a nail factory in Nashville. The newspapers in Nashville and elsewhere published a piece of poetry entitled "The Nail Machine". When but a small boy I had learned this and have for years past while

traveling in Texas and elsewhere taught it to hundreds of little boys and girls. I have never found any person of fifty or sixty years of age who ever heard it. I will write down what I remember of it but it is not the whole of the original poem:

### The Nail Machine

Pray have you seen the nail machine?  
Tis all the people's wonder, O,  
It thumps away both night and day,  
It makes a noise like thunder, O,  
There's canks and jams, and battering rams,  
They keep such perting, pouncing, O,  
That all the ground is shook around,  
By reason of their bouncing, O,  
With a battery bang, clattery clang,  
Battery, Clattery, Bang, they go.

Spoken: Now you must know that I had a whole lot of cousins, come all the way from Vermont to see the fashions and all the cute and curious things—a-jigs of the old colony. "By Golly" says cousin Zachary Diggins, "I'll insigh to see the nail works, if it costs my pie—bald colt. Uncle Fife told us that it had ten thousand rattle traps, which went:

"With a battery bang, clattery clang,  
Battery, clattery, bang they go"  
So off we set with Tom and Bet  
Dick, Durphy, Dup, and Dolly, O.  
And Joe and Josh, and Bill Magosh,  
And Shackleford the jolly, O;  
And Susan Mudd, and Bill Mudd,  
They rode behind on pillions, O,  
And Sarah Slack, she made such clack,  
You'd think there was a million, O,

With a battery bang, clattery clang,  
Battery, clattery, bang they go.

Spoken: So we passed along through mud and mire, quite in the style of the fashion, until we reached Squire Clinker's nail works, when out screamed Cousin Betty Diggins, as loud as a screech owl; "Oh, the wonderations!" what a nation sight of jigamarees! "Old rabbit, bet, hold your gab there," says Tom. "Take care, John, don't go nigh them rollers there, they will take your head off as quick as a hog could crush a walnut. O the old sneezer, how it shells the nails out!", cries Bill. And there was Cousin Susan, who cried "O fags and catnips; I am all over goose pimples. I'll be soused all over in a butter tub if I ever saw the like before in all my born days".

On the 9th day of August, A.D. 1814, I had another sweet and beautiful little daughter born, whom we named Elizabeth Hungerford Smith, as her grandmother Jenkins' maiden name was Hungerford. As my father and aunt both lived with us it enabled my wife and I to visit often among our relatives. We had a son born in 1816 and I was so rejoiced that I had fourteen muskets heavily loaded and fired for each State at that date comprising the United States. Those guns were heard for miles up and down the river. Many people came to our house thinking that the Indians had come again although the Indian war had been over for years past. I had a merry time rejoicing with my neighbors. We named our son James Brown Smith. The middle name according to the wish and desire of my wife, was for our preacher, Rev. Duncan Brown. I always insisted that it was for my teacher, Rev. John Brown, to whom I had gone to school in my boyhood. (\*Footnote: This was the man known in Presbyterian history as "Waxhaw Brown", a truly remarkable character. With 18 months formal schooling, received after he was 16, he became a great preacher and teacher. He was professor in the University of South Carolina and President of the University of Mississippi. [W.A. McLeod, Cuero, Texas, 1/10/1937])

My father was solicited to go to North Carolina to settle a law suit for the heirs of the deceased father of these heirs. He had been the Executor of the deceased father of these heirs. Both sides had written him and earnestly requested that he come instead of sending depositions. My father made preparation for the journey and went in company

with his cousin James T. Sanford. While there he visited many of his old acquaintances in Richmond and Anson Counties. Both sides agreed to leave the matter of the law suit to his decision so he made a compromise which was satisfactory to all parties who became friendly with each other.

While he was in North Carolina my father decided to make a second marriage. He addressed a widow Turner whose deceased husband was an own cousin of my father's. Her father was a Captain Marshall who lived in Anson County and for many years had represented that county in the state legislature, also his sons and grandsons, William and Clem Marshall, were able members of the Legislature from the same county for many years afterwards. My father's second wife, Mrs. Lucy Turner, had been a widow for some years and had eight children. Her oldest daughter was married.

My father returned to Tennessee in 1817 and divided his land and negroes equally between my brother, Charles A., and myself. My Aunt Ward had died while he was in North Carolina and had given him two negro men. He retained these two negroes and purchased from my Uncle Benjamin Smith a negro woman with two or three children. These were taken on a debt which my Uncle Benjamin and Rev. John Brown had made while they were in North Carolina. My father remained with us a few months and started back to North Carolina with the negroes he had purchased and those two left to him by my Aunt Ward in her last will and testament. The woman he bought was a wife of one of the negro men. My father was in bad health when he started on this trip.

After my father's first trip I had persuaded an old man, the same age as my father, by the name of Mr. Sylvester Chun, to live with me and be my overseer. This old man's father and mother had died when he was three years old and my grandmother and grandfather had adopted him. He was brought up with my father, Aunts, and Uncles whom he always called his sister and brothers. My brother and I called him Uncle Sil Chun. He was with my father in the same company under Captain James Turner, through the Revolutionary War up to the time my father was wounded at the Battle of Guilford.

As my father was in such bad health when he started with his negroes I went with him but after two or three days travel he insisted on my turning back and returning to my wife and children. He said that his negro men and woman could wait on and attend to

him. A son of my old Uncle Sil Chun, with his family, was also along as they had decided to go back to North Carolina as this man's father-in-law lived in the same neighborhood there with my father. I did not want to leave my father but thought it would be all right as this Mr. Chun said that he and his wife would look after him should he get sick on the road.

Before my father had returned to Tennessee I was one day in Columbia, our county seat. As I rode past the public square a very fine blooded horse was being sold at auction. Some small bids had been offered and as I rode along I made a bid of \$150.00 and the horse was sold off to me. The man who owned the horse had given \$2,500.00 for him some years before. I had also raised some fine colts from this same blooded and celebrated stallion. It was a surprise that he was sold so low. The horse was about eighteen years old. My Uncle Sil Chun took great interest and pains to keep him in good shape as I sent the horse to my farm. When my father started on his trip he said to me, "James, I will take your horse with me to North Carolina and will pay you \$150.00 for him when I get home." I told my father that I would give him the horse as he had just deeded me the fine tract of land where I was living and had given me twelve or fifteen negroes, large and small. He said that he would take my horse and ride him as he rode so much easier than his horse.

While on his journey my father got in such bad health that he had to stop eighteen days in Asheville, Buncombe County, North Carolina. He persuaded young Mr. Chun and his wife to go on as he said that he did not need their assistance, that he would stop at a hotel and his negroes would wait on him. The morning he left Asheville he wrote me a letter and told me how long he had been detained and said that he had hired a large wagon with a swinging bed in it, that he was very anxious to go on and to arrive at his home before his death. He got within fifty miles of home when his bodily strength failed and he was compelled to stop. He arrived at my Uncle Benjamin Smith's brother-in-law's, a Mr. John McCullough who lived eight or ten miles from Salisbury, North Carolina. He sent one of his negro men with a letter to his wife to come to him as he knew that he could only live a few days. His wife arrived two or three days before his death and he was in his perfect senses until he died. Before his death he made a short will and left his six or seven negroes, horses, etc. to his wife for the term of her life. His

wife was expecting to give birth to a child in a few weeks and there was a provision in his will that should the child live that at his wife's death all the property, with increases, should go to the child; that should the child not be living at the mother's death then the negroes, with increases, should go to my brother and myself. My father claimed no interest, whatever, in my step-mother's estate. She was a very wealthy widow and guardian for her children.

At my father's death my step-mother took his remains home and buried him in the family burial lot with her first husband. She wrote me of his death and sent me a copy of the will. His wife and myself had been appointed Executrix and Executor. She requested in her letter that I come to North Carolina so that the will could be probated and we could both qualify as Executrix and Executor at the March term of the Court in 1818. My step-mother gave birth to a child a few days after the burial of my father. He was named Robert Benjamin Smith, after her brother and my father's brother.

Here I want to relate that scarcely ever do I have dreams in my sleeping moments but on the night of my father's death I dreamed that he was dead. My wife awoke me, as I seemed in great agony and distress, and inquired what was the matter and I told her that my father was dead. I told her that I had dreamed that my father had gotten on his journey so far as Mr. John McCullough's, the brother-in-law of my Uncle Benjamin Smith, and that from there he had sent his negro fellow, Asa, with a letter to my step-mother asking her to come to see him before he died. I dreamed that my step-mother went to him as requested and was with him when he died and that she took the corpse home and had it buried in the family grave yard where her first husband was buried. There were many other incidents that happened in my dream. My wife endeavored to pacify me and said that the dream was caused by the letter I had received from my father telling me he was sick while on the road. At that time it took quite a while for letters to come and go by mail from North Carolina. Some days after my dream I received the letter from my step-mother saying that my father was dead, and she gave the account just as I had dreamed it.

I made preparations to go to North Carolina and persuaded my Uncle Sil Chun to go with me so that he could see his children in Richmond County. I was glad to see my step-mother also to see my sweet little fatherless brother, Robert, but it made me very



sorrowful and sad. While resting there several days I visited an Uncle who had married my mother's sister. My step-mother and I went to Wadesboro and as the Court was in session we had the will proven and were qualified as Executrix and Executor. We sold his crops, horses, wagons, etc. My step-mother gave back the horse for which my father had said he would pay me \$150.00. She also let me take a negro fellow to Wadesboro to sell but I was unable to effect a sale. I took the horse to a fairground in Richmond County to try to sell him. A friend, who was a wild and merry young man took the horse around the grounds and offered him for sale. The horse was about the best formed animal I ever saw and was of the best blooded, both by his sire and dam. My friend led the animal around and he had many admirers, he offered to make a race with him. He was a wealthy man and said that he would put up \$5000.00 that in one month from that date the horse could beat any other horse in the state. No one would accept the offer as they were all afraid. The horse had a sprightly and active walk but was really incapable of running as he was old and very stiff in his joints when he was made to run or gallop fast.

I visited my Uncle Sil Chun at his son's. As his children were all married he decided to return with me to Tennessee and to live with me as my overseer. His son, Henry Chun, bought my horse and paid me \$150.00 in cash. So my uncle Sil Chun and myself went back to my stepmother's before stating to Tennessee. I found it necessary to first go to Raleigh, the capitol, about 120 miles from where my stepmother lived, in order to receive the money which was due my father as a pension. This pension was due for two years past and was on account of his having been a wounded soldier in the Revolutionary War of 1776. When I reached Raleigh I found that the Pension Office had been moved to Fayetteville. That was the place where I used to roll the hogshead of tobacco when a small boy. While at Raleigh and Fayetteville I found many of my father's old friends and acquaintances who were glad to see me and asked many questions about Tennessee. While at Raleigh I became acquainted with some of the Hungerford's who were related to my wife's mother also some of the Turner's, related on my father's side. I drew the pension and returned to my stepmother's going back through the neighborhood of my youthful and boyhood days. While I was away at Raleigh and Fayetteville my Uncle Sil Chun awaited my return at his son's in Richmond County. I

stayed two days with my stepmother and while there her father, Captain Henry Marshall, died. He left her twenty-five negroes and \$1000.00 in cash. Thus she was a more wealthy widow than when my father married her.

I arrived home after a fatiguing journey on horseback from Tennessee to North Carolina and return. My Uncle Sil Chun was with me. I found that a little daughter had been born just two weeks before I got home. I had fully expected to be home before this event but was detained on account of my trip to Raleigh and Fayetteville. My wife got along as well as usual in such cases. We named our little daughter Jane Catherine.

When my Aunt Ward died she had left about twelve negroes, consisting of men, women, and children, and also her farm and homestead to my Aunt Napier, who had obtained a divorce from Uncle Napier. My Aunt Napier had left my house before I made the trip to North Carolina and had moved to her own farm left to her by Aunt Ward. My Uncle Charles Smith, an old bachelor, lived with her and died two years after the death of Aunt Ward. He left a negro man and a small tract of land to my Aunt Napier who now had sufficient means to educate her children. I had obtained a situation for her oldest son, James C. Napier, as a clerk in a store in Columbia.

In the summer of 1819 our preacher, Rev. Duncan Brown, had an appointment to preach at Mr. Carthel's who was married to a cousin of my father's. This Mr. Carthel and his wife, in their old age, had made a profession of religion and with several of their children had joined the Presbyterian Church. As this family lived some distance from the church building Rev. Mr. Brown had made an appointment to preach at Mr. Carthel's under a fine shady grove.

There were several of his members who lived in this neighborhood as well as a thick settlement around, so the appointment was made for the whole neighborhood. The preacher and his two daughters came to my house on the Saturday afternoon before and spent the night at my house. The next morning my wife was unable to attend the services, as she was not in good health and had symptoms of consumption. I accompanied the preacher and his daughters to Mr. Carthel's. I was thoroughly unconcerned as regarding religion, the serious impression made some years before had all passed away. I was a hardened sinner notwithstanding that I had a religious wife and was raising a family of children.

The preacher commenced and there was a large attendance. The text was from Hebrews 6:18–20 verses inclusive; “That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedes.” The preacher proved the scriptures to be the Word of God and he often referred to the precious promises which are contained in them and the consolation they were to the Christian. He urged all to lay hold upon the hope set before them and said the Christian would positively find it to be an anchor for the soul, sure and steadfast. I listened with intense interest and felt the soft impressions upon my heart more sensibly than I had ever felt before. The preacher also gave attention to the 4th, 5th, and 6th verses of the same chapter, viz, “For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good work of God, and it’s powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh and put him to an open shame,” The preacher said these words did not relate to the Christian but to the sinner, to a sinner who had been raised by Christian parents, to a sinner who had been raised up under preaching of the Gospel, to a sinner who had often felt the soft impressions of the Holy Spirit and was convinced that the scriptures were true; but who through his mind had almost seen the glories of the heavenly world, had hardened his heart against the convincing proofs of the religion of Jesus Christ; this sinner was in the dangerous situation of being lost eternally. He said that the Spirit would not always strive with the sinner. There was a point in the human life when a sinner, who had experienced those feelings in his heart and reflected upon them, would be left by the Spirit of God who would depart from him and he would never after that feel repentant, but would be lost forever. He urged sinners to pause, reflect, to that day hear the voice of God and not to harden their hearts. This exhortation and description of a sinner’s ruin was to me alarming. I felt that I had enjoyed all the privileges which had been pointed out and was in danger of being lost forever. I then and there made a solemn vow that I would give myself to the Savior,

sinner that I was, that then and there by the Grace of God assisting me, that I would live a new life and accept salvation on the terms of the Gospel. I made these resolutions with the condition that the Savior would help me to carry them out and I earnestly and devoutly prayed to Him that I might on that day become a faithful follower of the Blessed Redeemer. No person knew my feelings and resolutions at that time. The preacher and his daughters accompanied me home but did not stay all night. I had been in the habit of profane swearing when I was mad with a brute beast or with my servants. I was afraid that if I made a public confession of religion that this besetting sin would overcome me. That evening I made a matter of private prayer and in the deepest sincerity and faith I asked Jesus Christ to help me overcome this sin. I rejoice to say that up to this time I have never sworn an oath since.

My wife saw that I was uneasy in my mind but as some time before I had requested her never to mention religion to me, she said nothing. I believe that I can say that never had I ever sworn in her presence for fear of hurting her feelings. After several secret prayers I felt relieved and was ready to tell my wife about my resolutions and determination. But that time it was late at night and the little children were already in their beds asleep but my wife was in her room waiting for me. I told her of the change of heart that I had experienced that day and night, that as I had once told her never to mention religion to me I then wanted to tell her of the change. I now wanted her to speak to me often of the happiness and pleasure of the soul who trusts humbly in the Blessed Redeemer. I wanted her to pray that I might be enabled by Grace Divine to follow the Redeemer and become an heir of salvation. You may be sure that it was to her a most delightful time. She said that she had often prayed for me and would constantly pray for me and greatly rejoiced that her prayers had been heard and that both hers and mine had been answered. We had a happy time.

I told my wife that we would have family prayers. I called the negro families in to join with us in prayers. It was like a clap of thunder, this strange and sudden request. They came in and I told them of the resolutions I had made and told them that I had hopes that they too might "cease to do evil and learn to do well." I opened the Bible without selecting a chapter to read. I opened it at that passage which commences, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, etc."

My wife's health continued to grow worse and she grew more feeble. It was evident that she had consumption – not hereditary but from a sudden cold which had settled in her lungs some years before. The doctors prescribed medicines but were of the opinion that the disease was too deeply seated to be cured. They told me that she would likely die with child birth which she was expecting in a few weeks time. She herself was of the opinion that she would not survive this event. A few weeks after I professed religion there was a camp meeting held at the church we attended. My wife wanted to attend the meeting so I built a nice camp for her, had a chimney in one room so that she would not be too much exposed to the cold in the night. I took great pains to fix up the camp so that she might be comfortable, which she was and spent the time with much religious feeling. I applied for membership in the Presbyterian Church, was examined by the Session and received as a member. In a short time there was a Ruling Elder to be elected and the votes being taken I was unanimously elected and afterwards publicly ordained and installed.

The days before my wife died she appeared in better health than usual. That day I had invited my neighbors to help shuck my corn as I had raised over two thousand bushels. Generally these frolics of corn shucking were at night when the negroes would enjoy singing while working. I had this corn shucking in the day time. We finished the corn husking before night and then all, both negroes and visitors, went to the house which was about one-half mile from the corn pile. The negroes carried me on their shoulders from the field to the house, singing merrily as was their custom. Every one had supper and returned to their homes a little after dark. My wife and I sat up quite late and she said she was glad the corn pile was finished so soon. Before we retired she asked me to have family worship as was then my custom. Her feet and ankles were very much swollen so she had them bathed with warm water. After retiring we conversed much on the subject of death. She said that she was prepared to go and felt happy in the prospect of eternal felicity in heaven, and that she could leave the world with much more satisfaction since I had become a Christian. She gave me some directions about the three little children and how she wanted me to dispose of them after her death. We then went to sleep. About one o'clock she waked me and asked me to send for the doctor as the time for her confinement had come. Immediately I sent for my Aunt Sallie

Napier, who lived two miles away, as well as the doctor. The little children were asleep and I was entirely alone. I called in two or three of my negro women and in a short time my Aunt Sallie arrived. In about fifteen minutes after her arrival my dear wife gave birth to a little son who was attended to by the negro women. In a short time my aunt told me that my dear wife could not live. I sat by her bedside and although sinking in death she talked freely. She told me that it was as she had expected and that it was all over with her as she would die and in a short time would meet her Savior in peace. She talked a little more about the children and said that it was a happy thought to know that I was a Christian and would bring the children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, that she was taking her last farewell of me until we should meet around the throne of God in heaven. She was calm and composed and I sat by her bed watching her dying moments. Her last words were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The doctor did not arrive until after she was dead.

I gave way to sorrow and grief. She was bound to me by such strong cords of love and affection that no wonder when these cords were torn asunder they bled abundantly. The funeral sermon was preached by our beloved pastor, Rev. Duncan Brown, to a very large gathering. His text was her last words, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It was twelve months before I ever spent a night anywhere except my own house or with a very near relative. My brother moved and lived about one-half mile away, so I spent much of my time with him. I placed my little daughters with their aunts but kept my son with me, he spent most of his time with his uncle Charles A. Smith. The little motherless infant we called Benjamin and he was nursed with great care and attention by my Aunt Sallie Napier and my two sisters-in-law, the Misses Jenkins, who all stayed with me for awhile. The little baby died when about eight days old.

My old Uncle Sil Chun lived with me several years but finally married, bought land, and lived a few miles away. His son, to whom I sold the horse, came from North Carolina and brought the horse with him. Major Joseph Morehead, who lived near me and whose daughter I afterwards married, bought this same horse from Henry Chun and sold him to Major Joseph B. Porter, the Clerk of the County Court. Major Porter lived near Columbia where the horse had been owned many years. He gave Major Morehead 160 acres of land in Tipton County, Tennessee, and near the county seat of this county. I am

relating the purchase of this horse because of the events which took place in relation to this horse. While I was riding past the public square where the horse was being offered at auction I had not an idea of making a purchase. I made a casual bid and to my great astonishment and contrary to my wishes, I became the purchaser. I have often reflected upon the results of that purchase. Had I been five minutes sooner or later I would never have made the purchase. When my father came to see me from North Carolina he asked to take the horse back with him and agreed to pay me for him when he got home and sold his crops. On his way home, in his sickness, he found that the horse carried him with much more ease and comfort than his own. He rode him over four hundred miles, perhaps with more ease than he would have with any other horse. I sold the horse in North Carolina and he was afterwards sold to Major Morehead who in turn sold him and received 160 acres of land. Major Morehead afterwards lost all of his property which was sold to pay his debts and the land was reserved as a homestead for his family after his death. So had it not been for my original purchase of this horse my mother-in-law, Mrs. Morehead, and her children would never have settled in Tipton County, Tennessee.

The year after my wife died I boarded my older little daughter, Elizabeth, with the family of Rev. Thomas J. Hall, a Presbyterian clergyman, and for more than a year she was sent to school. Mrs. Hall was a nice lady, very industrious, and had a little daughter about the same age as my own. She also had two grown daughters whose names were Liza and Celia. They took great pains to teach my daughter to read and write as well as to be polite in her manners and conversation. My sister-in-law married a Doctor Joseph G. Hall and they lived a few miles away and kept my younger daughter, Jane Catherine. For a few years I rode about a great deal in the neighborhoods of my county as well as other counties. I had a negro man who could manage my farm and would make the younger negroes do their work well. I left the farm to his management and knew that although I was often away from home that he would manage the business well.

Three or four years before my wife died I taught school near Major Joseph Morehead's who had married my wife's oldest sister. My father was then living with us and I could teach school as he attended to the hands on the farm. I had three boys boarding with me, two of them nearly grown, who attended my school. I had a full school. Major

Morehead sent six children, four boys and two girls. There were two deaf and dumb pupils, a sister and a brother. They were children of a wealthy man in the neighborhood who also sent several other children. The two deaf and dumb children came only for pastime and to please them. I taught them to read, write, and spell. They were smart children and I wanted their father to send them to a deaf and dumb asylum but he would not. I got some thick harness leather from a saddler and cut up fifty pieces about half and inch square. I printed the alphabet, capital and small letters, on these pieces. These children knew how to converse by signs, and they knew all the pupils. I would show them a boy's name, John, and then place the letters in a row from A to Z both in the capital and small letters. I would take out the proper letters and place them in order to spell John. It was astonishing how quickly they learned. I would mix all the letters and let them arrange them from A to Z themselves which they did as soon as any normal boy or girl would have done. They soon learned to spell every boy and girl's name in the school and would never forget them. I taught them to spell horse, cow, etc. They would look at the horse or cow and soon learn the letters that would spell them. I would then point to a horse, etc., and they would spell them out in a moment. They were greatly amused and their father could not keep them at home as they would come to school. They also learned to write the words. They kept my leather letters for years after and used them.

Doctor Joseph H. Hall moved to Mount Pleasant, a small town below Columbia. It was about twenty-five miles or more from where I lived. They took my little daughter, Jane, with them. This separated my little daughters by about forty miles. As I would visit each of them every few weeks it was reported that I was courting some of the girls. Some said that it was the preacher's daughter, others that it was a young lady near Mount Pleasant. Thus I became a very conspicuous character throughout the country for liking to be with the young ladies. This was true although for fashion and eloquence I never much was much of a ladies' man yet I always liked to be with them.

At length I selected in my own mind a young lady who was industrious and neat at home. She was the daughter of a widower who lived about half way between my house and the home of old Mr. Jenkins, my father-in-law. She did not belong to the aristocracy or the "upper ten" but she was very much beloved by her neighbors. I was of



the opinion that she would be a good wife and make a good mother for my children. No one suspected me of courting her as we were not together very often. I let her know my desire to converse with her on the subject of marriage. It was not long before she thought that she could be willing to marry me. I had said but little to others about it and we had not set a day for the marriage when she told some of my female relations about it; these ladies told my sisters-in-law who were greatly surprised. My sisters-in-law were never intimate with her but had always treated her with respect when in her company. They became excited and told my relatives that they would keep my little daughters and that they should not live with this lady. They said that they were surprised at my choice and that if I wanted to marry again that there were many young ladies who would suit me better. My relatives reported all this, and perhaps more, to the young lady. When I saw her again and asked her to set the date for the marriage she said "perhaps never", and was vexed with my sisters-in-law. She said that perhaps it would be better for us to recall our promises as my sisters-in-law would never like her. I told her that I had consulted no one as to my marriage and that I would not court any one whom I did not want to marry but that if she desired to recall our promises that I was willing and that we would continue to be friends as before. After that I visited around among the ladies as much as ever and did not mind what was said about this engagement which had been broken off.

Sometime after I decided to converse with Miss Elizabeth Morehead on the subject of matrimony. I had known her from infancy and knew her to be a devoted Christian and thought that she would make the best wife of any of my lady friends. She was a daughter of the sister of my first wife and a second cousin to me by blood relation. This I could hardly reconcile to my feelings and although I loved her I was about ready to give up the idea of courting her, but I could not give it up. I commenced the courtship. She was surprised and for some time would not consent to marry me. At length she promised to marry me and I consulted with her parents who had no objections except as to our relationship. We did not set the date for the wedding. I consulted with my pastor respecting the marriage as there had been many trials in the Church for such marriages. He said that he did not oppose such marriages and that the highest court in our Church, the General Assembly, had always sent such overtures back to the

Presbyteries and Synods to legislate on the matter when such marriages occurred in their bounds. He said that he hoped that he would not think it was wrong to marry a deceased wife's sister. He thought though that to marry a deceased's wife's niece or sister's daughter was objectionable. I continued to visit the object of my love. Before we set a time for the marriage there was a marriage in the immediate neighborhood where the same kind of relationship existed. A man who lived in an adjoining county married a daughter of his first wife's sister, who lived in our neighborhood. The engagement had not been suspected and the marriage caused a wonderful talk, especially among the female sex. Everyone seemed to condemn the young lady who would consent to such a marriage. After the talk caused by the news of the marriage had subsided and the clamor of the females had ceased, I asked Miss Morehead to fix the time for our marriage. She said that she had further considered the matter and had observed that the females were harder on their own sex than were the males. She wanted us to mutually agree to break off the engagement. She said that we would be friends and would have a love and affection for each other as relatives. I must confess that it grieved my heart and soul but I had to agree to break off the match. She was younger than I by thirteen years. I knew that she was right and that she would be the subjects of many harsh sayings by the female sex and her feelings very much hurt. Her father, Major Morehead, had but little property and was greatly embarrassed with debts. Many people would therefore say that she did not love me but had married me because I was more wealthy than she and that she would have a good home with lots of servants to wait on her.

Thus in my two attempts to effect a second marriage I was completely disappointed. Both were in a short space of time. I must confess that I felt the last disappointment with much more mental agony than I did the first. As my disappointments in these two love affairs were very generally known I decided to leave Tennessee for awhile and visit in Virginia and North Carolina and perhaps find a second wife in one of those places. Before I left I was one day with my father's own cousin, Col. Sandford, who was a very rich man. He had several grown daughters who were my second cousins. He told me that I ought to marry again. He knew about my two disappointments. He said that the two girls were poor girls and that I ought not to think of marrying a poor girl as I was

young and handsome and that I could as easily marry a rich girl as a poor one. He was of the opinion that rich girls made as good and loving wives as poor ones.

I was then on the eve of starting to North Carolina. I said to him, "Cousin James, if I desired to make riches the object of my second marriage, I could hardly find in Maury County as rich a young lady as your daughter, Cousin Mary. I know we love each other very much as cousins and if married we would love each other devotedly. You married your own cousin who was rich and I know you love your Cousin Winfred greatly. Cousin Mary is your oldest single daughter, I believe I will ask her to marry me." This was a thunder clap to him. He said that he knew Mary did love me as a cousin but that I was not rich enough for her to marry.

All three of his daughters did marry rich men. The youngest married a bachelor 45 years old while she was only 17. She was as wealthy as her father in land and negroes. It was always supposed that Col. Sandford made the match. She was a beautiful girl while he was a very great drunkard. She lived only two years after and left a little son. Cousin James Sandford had several poor nieces. He was kind in a way to them but was never generous with them. Before my wife died one of his nieces lived with me for two years. She was a young widow, very poor. She married a second time. She always said that her Aunt Sandford and her daughters were very kind to her but that she loved my wife and I, her second cousins, better than her Uncle.

I made my arrangements to go to Virginia. My brother, Charles A. wanted me to look after property there which belonged to his wife, also my father-in-law, Mr. Jenkins, gave me a Power of Attorney to sell for him his land and old homestead in Virginia. He let his son, Barton W. Jenkins, who was about sixteen years old, go with me. One of my neighbors heard that I was going and also gave me a Power of Attorney to collect \$1,000.00 from his Agent there. He offered to pay my expenses both ways for doing this. This was acceptable to me as I had been spending money freely for some time. Before I left my brother effected a sale of his wife's property but while in Virginia I visited these relatives anyway.

While I was away I was leaving no one to look after my negroes. My brother was still living about one half mile away. My little daughter, Bettie, was at Rev. Thomas J. Hall's attending school and my other daughter, Jane Catherine, was at Mount Pleasant with

her aunt and uncle, Doctor Joseph G. Hall. I left my son, James B., with his Uncle Charles A..

My oldest negro man had a wife who lived about four miles away. She was a very nice old negro woman, about 45 or 50 years of age. This negro woman was an excellent seamstress, could cut out garments and sew as nicely as any white woman. She had been raised as a house servant in a very wealthy family. She could also read very well and was a good Christian. She had learned to read while going to school with her young mistresses, carrying their books and lunches to the school house. I decided to sell one of my little negro girls, Queen, who was about ten years old, in order that I might purchase this old negro woman, Sallie, who was already the wife of one of my men. He could then stay at home on Saturday nights and Sundays. Queen's mother, Mary, was willing for me to sell her daughter so that I could buy old Sallie because she thought it would be such a great help to her in sewing and making the children's clothes. I sold Queen to a Mr. Blanton who lived about six miles away and near Mr. Jenkins, my father-in-law. I bought Sallie and after she came I had the negro man build a nice little log house for himself and his wife. They had no children. She fixed things up nicely in the house and kept her bed and bedclothes as nicely as any white woman. She was a great help to the negro families of women and children.

When I was ready to start to Virginia my brother-in-law Barton W. Jenkins, joined me at my house after I had told his father and family goodbye. We spent the night with my brother Charles A. and Sister Betty. The next day we went to Major Morehead's and stayed all night there. I took my little son, James B. with me there. The next day we bid them farewell. My cousin Elizabeth H. Morehead gave me an affectionate parting. We had mutually agreed to break our marriage promise and to be friendly. She said that she hoped that I would marry some lovely young lady in Virginia or North Carolina and I told her that I rather thought that I would do so.

Major Morehead had a near neighbor by the name of Captain Nat Smith who had several sons and daughters. He had a son named Captain Williamson Smith who was about my age and had been my constant companion with the girls of the neighborhood. I thought that he had courted my cousin Elizabeth Morehead but she told me afterwards

that he had not. He had married the year before, a cousin of his, a nice rich girl in Virginia.

Old Captain Smith also had a sweet looking young daughter named Maria. She and my Cousin Elizabeth lived only one-half mile apart and were together almost every day. It was thought by many that I would court Maria. I liked her as well as her family and was glad to be in her company as well as other girls of the neighborhood. There was a son-in-law of Captain Smith's who kept a hotel in the town of Rutledge, East Tennessee, which place we would pass through. Mrs. Smith's mother, an elderly widow, kept a lodging house in Virginia, which was also on our road. There were two or three other relatives, old settlers, who lived on the road which we were to travel. I carried letters to all of these.

We had dinner with old Captain Nat Smith before leaving. The guests with there included: Major and Mrs. Morehead, their daughter, Elizabeth Morehead, Misses Warren, Misses Carrs, and Miss Huggins. These were relatives of Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Morehead and were all there to see us off. It was and always has been my habit to kiss my female relatives and close friends when I take leave of them, so when I left I kissed all of them.

That evening we went as far as Rev. Thomas G. Hall's. This was where my little daughter, Bettie, was at school. We stayed there that night and took leave of the family the next morning. The two daughters, Liza and Celia Hall looked very lovely so I had to kiss them as well as my little daughter. I asked Miss Liza to take good care of my little girl and to be a kind mother to her. That made her blush and her sister Celia laugh.

We went only fifteen miles that day and stayed in Shelbyville, Bedford County, at a hotel kept by Mr. Robert P. Harrison, who when a young man, had come to Tennessee with Mr. Jenkins' family. Colonel Harrison lived near Mr. Jenkins when he lived in Virginia. It had been reported that when this young Robert B. Harrison went with the Jenkins family from Virginia to Tennessee that he intended to court and marry Miss Sallie Jenkins. I married her myself as she was my first wife. A short time afterwards he also married. My brothers-in-law, the Jenkins, always thought well of and loved this Mr. Harrison. He also sent letters by me to his father, mother, and sisters back in Virginia.

We traveled four days and only got thirty–five miles from home. Barton Jenkins, who had not traveled much was afraid that it would take us six months to get to Virginia. He said that I had too many friends to visit with. We were mounted on good looking, fat horses and so hurried on our journey. For several days we had no traveling companions and as Barton W. was a steady but silent young man, I had rather a lonesome time. It was only I who would try to make acquaintances when we stopped for meals or to spend the night.

We reached Clinch River, which runs into the Hoston and French Rivers and makes the Tennessee River. There we overtook a traveler with his servant boy who were waiting at the ferry. He inquired where we were going and I told him to Virginia. He swore an oath and said that he was glad as he was going to Danville, Virginia. He inquired our names which we informed him. He told us that he was Joe Clay and that his servant boy, who was almost as white as we were, was named Harry. We waited awhile when Mr. Clay took a large holster pistol out of his saddle bags and loaded it. He also took two pistols in a belt at his sides and loaded them. He then took a black quart of whiskey from his saddle bags and asked me to have a drink and that he wanted a dram for himself. As we were not then members of a temperance society we took a dram with him. He also gave his boy a drink in a tin cup which the boy carried with him. He told me that he and his brother had lived a year about six miles from Knoxville and that they had moved out from Virginia. They had been young men at that time but he had been married for several years. He said that while living near Knoxville that he and a gentleman there very nearly got into a fight but that friends had interfered and that they had afterwards made it up between themselves. He had a dream that this same man would be in Kingston, which was just over the river, and that the man would attempt to fight or attack him as he passed through Kingston. He was a very profane man and swore an oath saying that if he were attacked he would give him a real battle and he wanted me to stand by him and help out. I told him that it would be my purpose to make peace between them as for twenty years past I had been a peace maker. We went on through Kingston and stayed all night and had no fight.

We stopped for dinner in Knoxville. We got to a Mr. Cain's who lived in a striped house. Part of the bricks were painted white and part red and they were laid in white and red

waves or stripes. We spent a day and night there as Mr. Cain insisted and would not let Mr. Joe Clay leave sooner. Mr. Cain had a handsome daughter who had just finished her education in Baltimore, Maryland. She had a fine new piano on which she could play many pieces. I could not read music and did not know the names of the pieces. While alone in the parlor I examined her music book and ascertained the names of the tunes which were nearly all new and just published. When Miss Cain would be at the piano I would call for such and such a tune, which I had seen in the book. She would play it but was greatly surprised that it was known and played in Maury County as it had only been published a short time. I would reply that we had all kinds of new pieces there and would she play some other tune, which I had already seen in her book. She would play it but had it been something else I would not have known the difference. She thought that I was well versed in music and knew the pieces.

As we went along on our journey there were a great many movers on the road. I would stop at nearly all the wagons to inquire from where they were moving and where they were going. The others of my party would go on ahead and I would have to ride very fast to overtake them which was hard on my horse. One day I asked a man where he was moving, he had then stopped to purchase provisions. There were several ladies in the wagons and carriage, and it looked as if it were a widow and her children. The old lady seemed to be over fifty years of age but the men were all quite young. The man I spoke to said that they were going to Maury County, Tennessee. I asked what neighborhood. He said that he was going to a 'dogery' on Globe Creek. I told him that there was no such place as Globe Creek, that I had lived in Maury County for many years and knew all the people and places there. He replied with some warmth that he knew better as he had been there himself the year before and bought land near the 'dogery' and was moving to it. It was the first time I had ever heard even the word. I told him to move on and settle at the 'dogery' as I supposed that none but dogs lived near it. He was getting mad and we almost quarreled. The ladies told him not to mind me, and that he knew where he was going. He had told me that his name was Littlejohn Wilkins so when I returned home I asked about him. I found that Major Morehead knew him as he was the son-in-law of his sister, Mrs. Tanner. That he had settled near the

Fitzpatrick Grocery on Globe Creek. It was the first time I ever heard groceries called 'dogeries'. I made friends with him afterwards and we had much laughter about it. We passed a creek which was very rocky and there were several families of movers who were going West. I offered to help the children over the creek by taking them on my horse. Some of the girls were fourteen or fifteen years old. I made numbers of trips across taking the children behind me on my horse for which they thanked me a great deal. When I finished I had to ride very fast to over take my companions as they would not wait for me. Indeed my brother-in-law, Barton W. Jenkins, would never stop at any time to talk to people and had but little conversation with me on the way.

The day we arrived at Rutledge, Joe Clay, (he would not let me call him Mr. Clay) asked me to let him swap my horse. My horse was a good looking horse but was the hardest trotting horse I ever rode. He had an easy gallop and could walk fast. Joe Clay said that when my horse was in a fast trot that he almost jolted me to pieces, and that he could get a good trade for me as he was a great jockey. He thought that he could for a horse which I would like much better and get me money to boot besides. I told him that he was at liberty to make a trade for me. At Rutledge we stopped at the hotel which was run by the son-in-law of Captain Nat Smith. I had several letters to deliver to the hotel keeper and his wife. After supper I became acquainted with Mrs. Smith who inquired about all her family and especially her youngest sister, Maria, who was about twenty years old. She wanted to know if Maria had any beaux. I told her that I was one as I was a widower and that the young man with me, Barton W. Jenkins was another and that he was very much in love with Maria. She wanted to meet Barton so I brought him in the ladies parlor to meet her and also brought in Joe Clay who I introduced as my traveling companion. We had a very pleasant time in conversation. Mr. Clay was a good talker and he kept the ladies amused by telling them about his travels and many laughable anecdotes.

The next morning, before breakfast, Mr. Clay noticed a negro man on a horse whose gait he admired. He called to the negro and asked him who owned the horse and was told that the horse belonged to a doctor who lived in the town. Joe asked if the negro thought that his master would trade the horse and was told that his master often swapped and sold horses. So Joe told the boy to tell his master to come to the hotel,



that he wanted to see him, as he wanted to swap or purchase his horse. Joe said to me that he was going to make a trade. Just as we were having our horses brought around from the stable, the doctor came. Joe Clay told him that we had a very fine looking horse but that he did not ride easily when in a trot, that he had observed his pony horse and that he seemed to have an easy gait. He said that as he was traveling to the Eastern part of Virginia, a long journey, he would like to swap. The horses of ours were brought out. In crossing the creek with so many rocks so often, my horse had become lame in his hind foot. Mr. Clay did not know and had not noticed this, as he was still looking at the doctor's horse. Mr. Clay pointed out my horse and told the doctor that was the fine black horse which he wanted to swap. The doctor said, "You cannot impose on me, sir, by trying to swap me a lame horse". Mr. Clay then saw that my horse was lame. The doctor told the hostler to lead my horse around while we looked and to Mr. Clay's astonishment my horse was quite lame. I took a hand then and told the doctor that the black horse belonged to me, that he was a hard trotting horse and that I had agreed to let Mr. Clay dispose of him for me and swap for another as he was a good judge of horses and that I was not. I said also that neither of us knew the horse was lame until he was brought from the stables that morning. I told of my helping the children over the rocky creek the evening before which probably cause the lameness. If he wanted to sell his horse I would like to buy him and would give him his price as I liked his horse and felt that I was obliged to purchase one. The doctor said that as he had then found out that we were not horse jockey swindlers and that my horse had become lame by helping children over a creek that he would accommodate me and sell his horse. He said that he would make a lower price than he would to anybody in the town which would be \$75.00. I paid him the money and took the horse which I found had just been shod so I was not delayed for the purpose. It was the best purchase I ever made as the horse carried me with great ease all the way to Richmond, Virginia, and back to Tennessee and I had no trouble to keep him fat. I named him Doctor and he very quickly learned his name. When I got back to Tennessee I was offered \$125.00 for him. There was a gentleman named Moore who had a son named John T. Moore who lived in Maury County, Tennessee. I had traded with this Mr. John T. Moore for many years. The old Mr. Moore was about to move to Columbia, Tennessee, so I wrote to him and

asked that he take my black horse along, that he was a little lame but I thought he would soon get well and perhaps he could use him on the trip. He was very glad to take my horse and afterwards told me that it was of much service as he traveled and that the horse got over its lameness before they started on their journey. This was fortunate for me as it saved me any expense in getting someone to take care of the horse until I returned from Virginia.

As we were traveling along, one evening a nicely dressed negro man overtook us and rode in company with Mr. Clay's servant. After riding some miles he rode up to Mr. Clay and said very politely, "Sir, your servant has informed me that your name is Clay." Mr. Clay said, "Yes, my name is Joe Clay, what did you wish to know about me?" The negro replied, "I wish, sir, to inform you that you have a cousin who lives just two miles off the road. She is my mistress. She married a Mr. Rose Scott, a Presbyterian preacher. You ought to call by to see her as your brother, Master Matt Clay, always comes to see us as he travels this road from Alabama to Virginia." Mr. Clay told the man that he was in company with us and perhaps his master could not entertain so many but the man said to come and see. Mr. Clay asked Barton Jenkins and myself if we would go with him to spend the night there, to which we consented. Mr. Clay then said that his cousin had married a Presbyterian minister and he did not know whether or not he would keep from swearing while visiting them. He said that he did not mind swearing before us but that Mr. Rose was a stranger to him as well as a preacher and if he could he was going to refrain from swearing while there. Mr. Clay told us that the Rev. Mr. Rose was a very wealthy man which we found to be true. He had a fine large brick building, the finest I was ever in and in addition had two additional fine brick buildings, one on each side built at an angle of forty-five degrees and about twenty-five or thirty yards away from the center building. The largest building was in the center and was about 120 feet long by 60 feet wide. The parlor was eighty feet long and there was an entrance room forty by sixty feet. There were only these two rooms on the first or lower floor. The parlor was nicely furnished. There were about three dozen of the nicest chairs which had been brought from France and on each side of the room was a settee or sofa. There was a piano, a large harpsichord, two or three violins and a number of French flutes. The floors were of cherry and polished to shine as well as the piano, they were as smooth

and slippery as ice without a dent to be seen. It was positively dangerous to walk on those floors, especially by country people. There was no carpet on the floor. Joe Clay said that he wished he had his skates as he could easily write his name on the floor and it would remain there as long as the floor remained. The second day Joe swore for the first time before the preacher. While in this large parlor, he asked the preacher, with an oath, what had caused him to spend so much money to build these fine buildings and to furnish them with such costly furniture. Mr. Rose replied that he had built the buildings so that he might entertain his friends and that he had built them separately for protection in case of a fire. One of the buildings was for the use of his wife and children while the other was for his friends who might visit him and he had one room for very aged people and of easy access to them. That room had very costly furniture. The side board had displayed on it some elegant cut glass decanters and wine glasses which had been imported from Europe. The decanters contained the very best of wines, brandies, rums, etc. that could be obtained. I did not visit that part of the house occupied by Mr. Joe Clay and his servant nor the house occupied by Mr. Rose's family. Mr. Clay told me that he had been invited into the building occupied by Mrs. Rose and that he found that house as well as the one in which he stayed were both furnished as well as the parlor. Rev. and Mrs. Rose and their little girl, about twelve years old, entertained Barton Jenkins and myself in the parlor for some time. Mr. Clay asked his cousin Mrs. Rose to play for us on either the piano or harpsichord. She agreed, saying that she would try but that she had not touched any of the musical instruments for a year past. She said that she had been fond of her music when a young lady but that now while she was a mother of six children with numerous household duties, and although they owned more than sixty negroes, she never found time to play. She said that she was fond of vocal music but that the prattling voices of her children were sweeter music than any instrument.

The Rev. Mr. Rose now has charge of a Presbyterian Church in Huntsville, Alabama. The General Assembly met there in May of this year, A.D. 1871, which I attended and met Mr. Rose again. He has now a second wife. He remembered me very well and recalled my visit to his home with his first wife's cousin Mr. Joe Clay. I asked him about his fine house and furniture and he said that those things had passed away.

We continued our journey and after we reached Virginia we stopped at a hotel kept by an old lady, Mrs. Mambey, who was the mother of Mrs. Nat Smith who lived near us in Maury County, Tennessee. She asked all about her daughter and grandchildren. After we had left there, Joe Clay informed me that he had informed the old lady that I intended to marry her granddaughter, Maria. I told Joe that he ought not to have said that. He said that the reason he had told her was that he had heard me mention Maria to her a great deal and that he thought by telling her that, she would make no charge for the tavern bill. He found that the story was for naught as she made all of us pay our bill. Mr. Clay parted company with us but we agreed to meet him again in Salem, North Carolina, as we both had to go there to transact business. It was agreed that we would wait there one or two days for the other in order that we might travel together when we returned home.

Barton Jenkins and I stopped with Mr. Hampton in Pittsylvania County, Virginia. He had married a sister of my first wife and also a sister of Barton W. Jenkins. He had a daughter about fifteen years old, a son older, and several smaller children. When we reached his house it was after dark so we called out to know if we might spend the night there as travelers. He said that he did not entertain travelers but that there was a public house about five miles away. We insisted that he let us stay with him so after a while he consented. They gave us our supper and afterwards we were seated around a warm fire as it was cold December weather. Mrs. Hampton had not recognized her brother Barton as she had not seen him for a number of years. Mr. Hampton asked us where we lived and we told him Tennessee. He said that they had a great many acquaintances who lived in Tennessee and mentioned the Perkins, Dabneys, Stones, Warrens, etc who lived in Williamson County and I said that I knew them all very well. When Mrs. Hampton heard me say that I knew those people she asked me if I knew Mr. Philip Jenkins and his family living in Maury County. I replied that I was well acquainted with them and wanted to introduce to her a son of Mr. Philip Jenkins and also that my name was James N. Smith and that I had married her sister, Sallie Jenkins, who had died several years before. You may depend on it this announcement threw the family into great confusion and excitement. There was crying and laughing and great joy. Kissing went around with both old and young very deliciously. Mr. Hampton asked why in the

name of wonders I had not made that announcement at first. We had a happy evening together and sat up until midnight.

I spent two weeks in the neighborhood. I sold Mr. Jenkins land, executed the deed and collected the money. The Dan River divides the states of Virginia and North Carolina. Mr. John Morehead lived in Rockingham County, North Carolina which was a few miles away. I crossed the Dan River and visited him and his family. He had two sons, John Motley Morehead and James Turner Morehead, who were lawyers. John Motley was married and lived at Guilford Old Court House which was near the place where my father was wounded in the Battle of Guilford Court House in 1776. John Motley Morehead afterwards moved to Greensboro, the new County Seat of Guilford County, and later he became Governor of North Carolina. I had an enjoyable visit with old Mr. Morehead. He was the presiding judge of Rockingham County at that time. He also had two grown single daughters and a married daughter, the latter lived in Tennessee. As I claimed them as my relations I of course had to kiss all the ladies including old Mr. Morehead. I spent a week and then returned to Mr. Hampton's. Barton Jenkins stayed there and I went on my journey. I left the money I had collected in the care of Mr. Hampton and started down the Roanoke river.

I spent a day and night with Col. Harrison who was the father of Mr. Robert P. Harrison who lived in Shelbyville, Tennessee. He had two grown daughters, fine lovely girls. I felt very much at home with them all. I crossed the Stanton River at Mosely's Ferry and arrived at the Court House of Macklinburgh County, Virginia. The town was called Boydtown. I met some of the Boyd's there. Also Mr. Edward B. Littlefield, who afterwards moved to Maury County, Tennessee, having married a widow, Mrs. Skipworth.

The first time I ever ate oysters and had oyster soup was at Boydtown. The lady at the hotel asked me if I would like some oyster soup. As it seemed to be a luxury I told her that I would but that it was the first time I had ever eaten any or seen any, although I had often heard my mother express her fondness for oysters. The whole company gazed at me and wanted to know where I lived. I told them in Tennessee and that as there were no boats or barges on the Cumberland River there were no fresh oysters shipped there or at least I had never seen any. I did not relish the oyster soup.

After I left Boydtown I spent a day at Brunswick County Courthouse. It was the 8th of January, 1824. In the evening many carriages with ladies and gentlemen began to arrive and with the many who came on horseback there was a large company assembled. I asked the hotel keeper, Mr. Rice, if it was a party in celebration of General Jackson's victory at New Orleans. He said "No, that there was to be a marriage as his adopted daughter, whom he had raised from a child, was to be married that evening at candle light." He was quite a sociable gentleman and asked me many questions about Duck River and I told him many anecdotes about Tennessee. I was then thirty-five years old but looked much younger. He introduced me to all the young ladies as a young widower from Tennessee so the evening passed off very enjoyably, there was much talking, laughing, dancing, and promenading. It was quite a fashionable party. About two-thirds of the company were named Jones, Smith, and Williams. I have never before or since been in a gathering as large where such a big percentage of those names prevailed.

One of my neighbors had requested that I collect a bill from a Colonel Rogers but when I reached his house he was not at home. Col. Rogers was a member of Legislature which was then in session in Richmond, Virginia. I had then traveled more than one hundred and twenty miles out of my way so I felt compelled to see Col. Rogers. I decided to go to Richmond. On my way I spent the night at Petersburg and saw some sailing vessels for the first time. There were several on the small river at Petersburg. When I reached Richmond I stopped at the Bell Tavern, which was the principal hotel there, and that Col. Rogers was stopping there also. I met him and showed him my authority to collect the money. He said I would have to wait until he could raise the money by having some tobacco brought to Richmond and sold as he did not have the money and could not pay the account otherwise. He offered to pay my expenses at the hotel if I could wait as he wanted to pay the bill and not disappoint his friends back in Tennessee. I agreed to this and had to wait eleven days. While there Col. Rogers took me over the city and showed me the vessels in the James River, the trade at the basin, the Governor's Mansion, and other public buildings. He introduced me to many of the members of the Legislature. In all I had a very pleasant stay in Richmond. Col. Rogers was a young widower like myself and we became intimate friends. He permitted me to

read a letter from his sweetheart who lived in North Carolina. They were to be married as soon as the Legislature adjourned. The letter was of fine diction and written in a beautiful hand. It was so well written that I could see that she was a lady of great accomplishments.

Col. Rogers suggested that I become acquainted with a young widow who was a friend of his. He said that she was very wealthy, well educated and had no children and as I went back through Danville it would be only twenty miles out of my way to call on her. I found that I knew her brother who was a doctor and lived in Maury County, Tennessee. I rode the extra twenty miles to see her but she was not at home and as she was sixty miles still further away I was unable to see her.

There was a fine building on the road and as it was just about sunset I stopped to inquire if I might not spend the night. I was told that they did not entertain strangers but there was an "Ornery" seven miles away. The Virginians called hotels or public houses "Ornerys". I repeated my request to stay all night with them, as I had already entered the house, and told both the gentleman and lady that it was too far to go to the Ornery, that I was a stranger two thousand miles from home and that I had always been told of the hospitality of the Virginians. The lady asked where I lived and when I told them the gentleman said that if I lived that far I might stay. He said that he knew people in Maury and Williamson counties and as we talked after supper I found that I knew many of his friends and relatives. Some of them were related to my deceased wife. They invited me to spend several days with them and would hardly consent for me to leave. I told them that I was obliged to go on as I had already overstayed my time and that my brother-in-law, Barton W. Jenkins, was waiting for me and would be very uneasy over my delay. When I got back to Mr. Hampton's I found Barton and everybody well so I spent a few days with them and started back to Tennessee. The first night we stopped and spent two days with my cousin John Morehead then we went on to the Pee Dee River in Richmond County. We spent a day at Guilford Court House where cousin John Motley Morehead lived. He was a lawyer and as he was going to attend court in Randolph County he rode a day's journey with us and we spent a night at the hotel with him. We spent two weeks in Richmond County and visited my relatives, Messrs. Thomas and Standback's who had married cousin Nancy and Mary Morehead, who were sisters of

Major Joseph Morehead. While in Richmond County the days of my boyhood rambles were brought fresh to my recollection. I visited my Uncle John Billingsly who had married my mother's sister and who lived at that time in Montgomery County, North Carolina.

We visited my step-mother who had married again about twelve months after my father died. His name was Waddell and I found him to be a very worthy gentleman. There was a son by this marriage, a little fellow named Matthew Waddell. He and my little half brother Robert Smith had been told about me and were anxious to see me. They had manifested great interest and were constantly on my knees calling me Brother Jimmy Smith and asking many questions. My step-mother told me that little Robert was very anxious for my comfort while there and had said to her that morning, "Ma, let us have a good dinner for brother Jimmy Smith today, have a pig and a lamb and fine roast turkey, apple pie, apple dumplings and everything good you can while he is here". I spent a week in the neighborhood and visited with my relatives, the Turners, Billingsly's, Marshalls, etc. My step-mother invited me to spend the summer and advised me to marry again. She said that there were many fine young ladies there, any one of whom would make me a good wife. We were obliged to leave. I have never seen my little brother Robert since that time although he is still alive. He has been married twice and has a house full of children. I was told by a Presbyterian minister at the General Assembly in 1871 that he was well acquainted with my brother Robert as he lived in Rockingham, Richmond County, North Carolina, and that the children were well educated.

There was a large female school in Salem, North Carolina, where I went as my relative Col. James T. Sanford had three daughters in the academy. I had the money which he had sent me to pay their tuition and board. Salem was a nice town. The inhabitants were altogether Moravians as they had settled there in a body and had made their own city regulations. There was no competition in any business whatever in the town. There was only one mercantile store, one drug store, one wagon shop, one saddle shop, one blacksmith, one hotel, one church, etc. There was only one of a kind of any of the various industries or occupations of a like character. The city had a beautiful appearance as the many buildings were handsome, large and commodious. We spent



two nights and a day at Salem. I called on the president of the school, who was also the preacher there and paid him the tuition for which he gave me his receipt. He permitted me to see the young ladies who were overjoyed to see someone from home and asked me many questions about their family, friends, etc. It was a custom there to permit relatives to invite the young ladies to the hotel for supper so I asked the President if the Misses Sanford might have supper with me at the hotel and if they might have some of their school mates to come with them as I wanted to have supper prepared for at least six young ladies. He consented to this, but when he found out that I was a widower he would not allow the Miss Sanfords to choose classmates of their own age but sent three small girls who were under twelve years old to go with them. Barton Jenkins had not seen the Sanford girls and was glad to hear that they were to be at the hotel. We had a nice supper and invited the girls again the next night also asked them to go to church with us but they said that would be against the rules but it was all right for us to attend church.

At church that night we found all the pupils there who were attended by one of the sisters of the church. These sisters all live together in rooms adjoining the seminary. They were all single women ranging from eighteen to fifty years old. They are not forbidden to marry but if one of the men in the brotherhood wishes to marry one of them he must choose one at least thirty years old. Those of that age are expected to marry first and any can marry when they reach that age if a man wants her. They, as well as all the girls, wear white linen night caps which come over their ears and is tied under their chins. They look very well. I told my cousins the next day that I had never seen such a display of night caps in all my life.

For a joke, I told Barton W. Jenkins, and he took it to be quite true, that the city rules were that any single man who spent as much as three days at a time in the city was compelled to marry one of the thirty year old sisters provided one of those sisters took a fancy to him and wanted him. In this case if he did not marry her he was fined \$100.00. Barton said that we had better start the next morning. I suggested that we stay over another day and night and invite the Misses Sandford to supper again as he had liked them very much and knew them while they were at home. He said that he was afraid of

the town laws, and did not have the \$100 to pay a fine, as he would not marry one of the sisters for \$1000.00.

The hotel keeper told us that Mr. Joe Clay had waited there two days for us. Said that he had his servant and twenty dogs. He had told the hotel man that we were expected and left word that he had been there and waited for us. The hotel keeper had gotten very tired of him and his dogs. He said that he made too much noise by continually blowing his horn for the dogs and that he had become disgusted with him.

I bought five pounds of candy kisses. They were new at that time at least to the people in the mountain regions. Each piece of candy was wrapped separately with a verse inside. I had a great time giving this candy away as I traveled along. It was quite cold and the snow was four or five inches deep. One evening about sunset we met six or seven girls and boys who were going home from school. Two of the girls were nearly grown. I spoke to the crowd and asked them what they were studying. I then spoke to the largest girl and said "Miss Nancy, would you mind handing me a handful of snow?" She picked up a handful of snow and said "How did you know my name was Nancy?" I told her it was because she looked exactly like a young lady of that name who was a sweetheart of the young man with me. That caused Barton to blush as he had little to say to people we met on the road. He said, "Mr. Smith, let us go on as it will be dark soon." The young lady asked if he would like some snow but he said it was too cold to eat snow. The balance of the pupils were about to leave and Barton rode on. I stopped them and said that I would like to give them some kisses before I left. They started off again but I told them that I carried my kisses in my saddlebags and took out a handful and offered them to the larger girls who would not take them. I then gave some to the little girls who unwrapped them, read the verses and began to eat the candy. The larger girls then read the verses so I threw down a lot on the snow and they all began to scramble. Miss Nancy said that she had never known any one to keep kisses in their saddlebags before; the others said that it didn't matter where I kept them, they were mighty good, and they wished there had been more.

We stopped one day at a good looking house to get our dinner and have our horses fed. The lady and gentleman were very talkative and had a beautiful niece who was staying with them. I gave them all some of my candy kisses. The niece unwrapped one of hers

and read the verse which read: "Before this little gift is tasted, with kisses sweet I must be feasted." I immediately took hold of her and said that I must kiss her. She pulled away and ran upstairs. Her uncle said that she only ran upstairs because she wants you to follow her and then we won't see you kiss her. I thought this gave me liberty to run after her so I ran up after her and followed her into a room. She ran out and as the key happened to be in the lock on the outside, she quickly locked me in the room. She laughed very loudly and ran downstairs. I felt very foolish and decided that I would not try to give away any more kisses. I found a book and amused myself as best I could by reading. I was kept locked in for about twenty minutes. The young lady told the company downstairs that she had her bird caged and that she would keep him there until dinner time when she could let him eat and fly away. So, just before dinner, I was released.

I arrived safely home after my home after my long ride and spent the balance of the year visiting my friends and children and told them all about my travels. During this year I had several deaths among my negroes. One young married girl had twins, two fine little babies. When they were about two weeks old she smothered one of her babies in her sleep. In less than three weeks after that she smothered the other one. When these two babies died I was not at home. Not long afterwards the mother was taken sick and I called a doctor to attend her but she died also. In the fall when my corn was gathered, it had to be hauled about one half mile to the barn and cribs which were located about 150 yards from my house. As I was not there at the time, a negro man had a little boy, about seven years old, to mind the gate or gap. As it was cold a fire had been built nearby. The mother of one of the little negro girls, who was about four years old, had just made her a new dress. She ran down to the barn where the negro boy was watching the gate. They played together for some time when the boy began to jump across the fire and told the little girl to jump which she did several times, but finally her clothes caught fire and the little boy was unable to put the fire out. The girl ran toward the corn field and into the woods where she fell and was burned to death. The boy ran after her at first but became so frightened that he returned to the gate and was afraid to tell about it. After two loads of corn had passed through the gate he told the man, who

was his uncle, that Mary had run way down on the woods, that her dress had caught fire but he could not catch her; she had fallen down and would not talk to him. The uncle made the boy take him to the place where she lay, but she was dead. As they were nearer to my brother's home than my house at the time the man went there and told those there. They came over and by that time the negroes had heard and all ran to where the child lay but nothing could be done. She had fallen on her face and her clothing was burned off entirely. The mother of the child was in delicate health and immediately was thrown into spasms. A physician was called and for awhile we thought the mother was going to die too. I did not return to my home until two days after the child had been burned. I decided that I would remain at home more.

Not long afterwards there was a camp meeting near my Aunt Napier's. All of my negroes, who desired, were permitted to attend. There was a young negro man about twenty years old who became much interested and excited over the meeting. He remained on the camp grounds until Monday night. The father of this man belonged to my aunt and the father brought him home Monday night. On Tuesday he would not do his work and would not talk about anything but religion. My negro man who looked after my place was a rather wicked negro but he was very industrious himself and would make all the negroes on the place do their work. He brought the boy to me and said that he would not work and was idling away his time; it had been almost a week now and the boy had done nothing. He asked my permission to whip the boy unless he worked. I told him to make him do his work. He took him down to an apple tree and made the boy take off his shirt. I was not there and did not see it. The man was an uncle of the young fellow, he told his uncle that he might whip him but that he never expected to work again as he was going to heaven. He proceeded to exhort his old uncle about religion. The old negro came back to me and said that he just could not whip the boy so I went down to talk to him. He talked a great deal about Heaven and said he would soon be there and that he never expected to work again. I tried to reason with him but soon decided that he was deranged and certainly unwell. I sent for a doctor who examined him and said that he was in a dangerous condition as he had been in great excitement for a week. The doctor came every day to see him but he died in a few days.

Thus in the short space of six months I had buried two of my grown negroes and three little ones.

Just before Christmas my sister Betty told me that I ought to court a widow who lived with her uncle Fanning Jones in Bedford County. She had one child and lived about ten or twelve miles away. My brother, Charles A., taught Colonel Jones' children at the home of Colonel Jones as well as some of the neighbor's children. My brother would go each Monday and not return to his home until Friday. He boarded during the time he was away with Colonel Jones and another family alternately. His wife, my sister Betty, would visit often with the Jones family and was well acquainted with this widow, a Mrs. Childs. I had seen the lady once or twice and did not think she was pretty but she was well educated. I was the deputy surveyor for that district consisting of several counties and it so happened that Colonel Jones called on me to do some surveying for him and I stayed at his house several days after I had finished as there was a heavy snow and the creek became swimming full and I was unable to cross. I proposed to the lady while there and she said she would consider the matter. She told me that she was not wealthy as was generally supposed for although she owned about thirty negroes they were all mortgaged. I assured her that I was able to support a family although not wealthy myself and urged her to give her consent but she put me off. Meanwhile her uncle died and I went to attend Presbytery which met in the northern part of Alabama and was gone several weeks. When I returned it was decided that we would wait six months when she would give me a final and definite answer. Before the six months was up Mrs. Childs decided to move back to North Carolina and left with her brother-in-law without seeing me. She left word for me that she had been compelled to leave but if I would visit her in North Carolina that she would marry me. I called on Colonel Fanning Jones as soon as I found out that she had gone and he advised me to follow after her and overtake her on the road which I decided to do. I therefore rode after her for about sixty miles and expected to overtake her the next day. I was caught in one of the most terrible rain storms that I was ever in. I stopped under a large tree while trees all around me were being blown down. I stayed there for over an hour while the lightning flashed and the thunder roared all around me. When the storm was over I deliberately said out loud to

myself, "I will let the widow go." I turned back but on my way home went about thirty five miles out of my way in order to visit a relation.

At Murphreesboro I came across a young man by the name of Elam Alexander who lived in North Carolina. I knew him very well as he had often visited at my home as well as the home of Major Joseph Morehead. He had authorized me to rent his land for him which was located near me. He said that he had just called at my home and had spent a day with my brother, Charles A., also had spent three days at Major Morehead's and had fallen in love with Miss Elizabeth H. Morehead. He asked me if I would not take her a little book which he had selected for her. It was Fanny Woodberry's Letters and Sonnets and was of a religious nature. This book I now have in my library in Texas with my wife's maiden name written in it as well as "Presented by Elam Alexander".

When I got home I had to serve as a juror in our district court and was not dismissed until the Friday before Christmas. Major Morehead had become greatly embarrassed and some of his property, a wagon and team of horses, were sold at auction to satisfy some of his debts. I managed to bid these in myself and gave them to his boys to haul cotton to Nashville. As I went home Friday I bought a nice leghorn bonnet and a large tortoise shell comb, these were all the fashion at that time, to give to my cousin Elizabeth Morehead. I went to Major Morehead's and found that he and his wife were away but Elizabeth was there keeping house for the rest of the family. I gave her my present as well as the book which had been sent by me. She thanked me a great deal and said that I was too generous with them all.

After the New Year's I visited there again and decided that I would propose to Elizabeth once more. We talked a great deal and finally she gave her consent and said that she would marry me regardless of what people might say about our relationship. The matter was all settled and the consent of her parents obtained. We were married on February 7, A.D. 1825.

Before the marriage I talked with the Rev. Duncan Brown and told him that he was preferred above anyone to perform the wedding ceremony but that I was afraid that his Presbytery might prefer charges against him if he did and for that reason I was going to have the Justice of the Peace. He said that was all right, and he was glad, but that if I

insisted he would not have denied me. There were only a few of the neighbors besides our relatives at the wedding.

I brought my little daughters and son home. My son had been at home all the time but stayed a great deal with my brother, Charles A.. They were delighted to be home once more and to have the watchful care of one of the best of step-mothers.

Before my second marriage I would often invite all of the little boys and girls of the neighborhood to visit at my house to amuse themselves. I had a large house and plenty of room for them to romp and play and always kept a supply of fine apples on hand for them. One summer a lot of the young people told me that they expected to attend the preaching at the Flat Creek Church on a certain Sabbath and would come by and eat dinner with me as I lived about one-half way on their road. I told them I would be glad to have them and would meet them at the church and we would all come home together after preaching. I then invited Captain Nat Smith and wife and Major Morehead and his wife to come also as their daughters had promised to come with the party. On Saturday I told my negro woman to prepare a nice dinner for at least eighteen or twenty people. We had on hand plenty of fat pigs, turkeys, strawberries and apples and I left it all with her as I did not stay at home but spent Saturday night with my Uncle Benjamin Smith. After preaching the party started home and as there were several young men in company with the girls I invited them to come also. When we reached my house the young people were ahead so I rode up and told them all to come in and renewed my invitation to the young men who were escorting the young ladies. They all hesitated and seemed to be waiting to see who would make the first start to alight from their horses. They then told me that they were only joking when they had invited themselves to my house for dinner and that anyway that there were now entirely too many of them and that it would be an imposition. I told them that we had prepared for them and that there was plenty for all but could not prevail on them to come in and all except the older people rode away. Captain and Mrs. Nat Smith and Major and Mrs. Morehead complimented the dinner a great deal and said they would scold their girls for not stopping and that they knew that they would have come in if it had not been for their friends who were with them would not stop.

Before my second marriage the son-in-law of Captain Nat Smith, whose name was Major Nat Smith, was elected to the State Legislature of Tennessee. His wife, the daughter of Captain Nat Smith, visited with her father while the Legislature was in session. I talked with Major Smith while he was there and he told me that the Legislature was going to elect or appoint a surveyor for each county, and not have only one for each district as heretofore. As I was then the Deputy Surveyor for that district he suggested that I attend the Legislature and offer myself as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor for Maury County. He said that there was one district, consisting of several counties, which would be continued and that he himself was a candidate for the surveyor of that district but that he would do all he could to help me to get the position in Maury County and that while I was there I could also use my influence to help him get his appointment. My support would come from the members who were from the Eastern part of the state while his would be from the Western part. He thought that he was going to have a very close race with his opponent, a Colonel Bradford. The proposition did not appeal to me very much at first and I told him so, as there was very little good land in Maury County to be surveyed. As I had very little to do I told him that I would go to Murphreesboro with him and help him. After we got there I decided to become a candidate myself for the surveyor of Maury County. Major Smith had already told a great many that I would be. Colonel James K. Polk was then a member of the legislature and I spoke to him as well as Captain Benjamin Reynolds who was the Senator from my county. Captain Reynolds said that he was very sorry but that he did not know that there would be any opposition and had already promised to vote for his neighbor, a Mr. Johnson, who would be my opponent. Colonel Polk said that he was sorry that I was opposing Mr. Johnson but that as I was his warm friend and former school teacher that he would support me. He suggested that I talk with Mr. Johnson and that we effect a compromise. The county could be divided and one of us could be the principal and the other a deputy. I agreed to make this proposition to Mr. Johnson and went back home to talk with him but he was not willing to make the agreement. He thought one surveyor was all that was necessary. He seemed sure of his election and said that he did not intend to go to the legislature again as he felt that he already had enough votes promised to assure his election. I told him that I intended to go back to Murphreesboro,



and do all I could to be elected myself. I received much encouragement from the members generally. The election was to be on Wednesday night and on Saturday before I decided to visit a cousin, Mr. John Billingsly, who lived about thirty miles away, also some other families whom I had known in North Carolina. Before leaving I had a talk with Colonel Polk and told him that should I not get back in time for the election, I was counting on him and that I knew that I had the promise of other friends sufficient to elect me. He said that he would see that I was put in nomination. I had no experience in politics in an active way but had always been a Democrat. My first recollection of these matters was the presidential election when John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were opponents. At that time they were known as Federalists and Republicans. When Mr. Benjamin Reynolds, in the Senate, found that I would very likely be elected he went to Major Nat Smith, and told him that unless my name was withdrawn that he would lose many votes himself and that his opponent, Colonel Bradford, would be elected. As I had told Major Smith at the first mention of the matter, that I was not particularly interested, he promised Mr. Reynolds that he would withdraw my name and that he would make it all right with me afterwards. I did not get back in time for the election and the nominations were made. Captain Reynolds placed Mr. Johnson in nomination and Colonel James K. Polk nominated me. The ballot started and Colonel Polk himself passed them around for me and Captain Reynolds for Mr. Johnson. Before the ballots were cast Major Smith got up and in a loud voice announced that I had authorized him to withdraw my name. As his name was the same many thought he was a relation and they also knew that he had been supporting me. There was therefore no inquiry made as to his authority to make the withdrawal and Mr. Johnson was immediately elected by acclamation.

The next day when I reached there, many asked why I had withdrawn as I would have been elected otherwise. When it became known that I had not authorized the withdrawal many prominent members advised that I petition the Legislature for another election. I did not like what had been done very much but I said that I would not do that as it might injure the election of Major Nat Smith. His election did not come up until that Thursday night and it was going to be very close. I really wanted him to be elected.

Everything got on very well with me for a time after my second marriage. I stayed close at home and looked after my farm for more than a year. A pretty red headed little girl was born March 1st, 1826. We named her Sarah Ann Smith. After another year had passed we had another little girl whom we named Mary Morehead Smith.

Major Morehead's health was bad for more than a year before he died. He had been troubled with dyspepsia for years. For some time before his death he was confined to his bed. He had become greatly embarrassed with his financial affairs and had to dispose of his homestead. He expected to move to Tipton County where he owned 160 acres of land which he had purchased from Major Joseph B. Porter as has already been related.

Our little Mary Morehead died a short time after Major Morehead which gave pungency to sorrow and redoubled distress to my dear wife. We buried Major Morehead in our family grave yard where my mother, my first wife, and two little babies and afterwards our little Mary Morehead are now lying in silent dust. It took everything left by Major Morehead to pay his debts with the exception of his personal household goods and the land in Tipton County.

Major Morehead had purchased a patent right to a small grist mill. It had mill stones about twelve inches in circumference and could be attached to a cotton gin or run alone. He purchased the rights to the Western Counties and I purchased the rights to the counties in middle Tennessee. These rights were purchased from James Turner Morehead and John Motley Morehead who were nephews of Major Morehead in North Carolina. They had one mill set up and run for us to see. I had agreed to pay \$1500.00 for my territory and Major Morehead was to pay \$600.00 for his. \$300.00 was paid in horses and the rest was on credit. The major sent four of these mills, which made a wagon load, to his western district by his oldest son who sold them for \$75.00 each. I sold only two mills for which I received \$100.00 for the two. I had a little model made which I carried around to show. I also had a larger one made to run by hand which I took to Mount Pleasant at a general muster and kept it running all day in a demonstration. If I had been a Yankee I might have sold one hundred rights to make the mill at \$5.00 each and thus got my money back but I thought I could make more by having the mills made myself and selling them. I sold that day two mills at \$60.00 each

which were to be made and delivered later. There was a workman who owed me some money so he made the mills and I delivered them. They were all made well of seasoned material. The workman then moved away and I had to employ another who was not a good mechanic. The work was very badly proportioned and not as strongly constructed. When I made a delivery and set the mill up it would not work properly and would almost fall to pieces. I then decided that I had better sell the rights and not try to make them myself. I carried my little model and rode about seventy miles to see a man who I thought would buy. He already had a patent for running a mill with water and said that he had all the work he could turn out with his own patent. He looked at my model and said that if made right it would do for a business operated on a very small scale. I rode at least 150 miles and did not sell a single patent right. I went home and told my wife that I was disgusted with the whole business as I had made a bad trade. I induced the Moreheads to release me from the trade and debt and they gave me back my note. The family of Major Morehead came to my house to live. Armested, the oldest boy, did some hauling to Nashville and other places with the wagon and team which I had secured for them. At my suggestion Armested decided to move down to the land in Tipton county with his five brothers, viz., Phillip, Madison, Walter, William, and Joseph. They were all able to work. I promised to keep with me their mother, and their two sisters, Jane and Susan, and other brother Thomas, until they could get their farm fixed up. I thought this could be done in a year's time as the boys were all good workers and knew how to hew logs, split rails, etc. so that they could build their house, barns, and other houses on the farm. Their younger brother, Joseph, was to do the cooking. They got the wagon ready and loaded it with their bedding and working tools which consisted of axes, wedges, plows, hoes, etc. It made a good load but they had a fine team of horses. With their oldest brother as their counsellor and adviser the six boys started in the best of spirits. Mrs. Morehead, my wife, and I were praying people so we prayed for their welfare and safety on the road and while away from us. The boys wrote that they had arrived safely and had gone to work. Their uncle and aunt, Doctor Joseph G. Hall and wife lived in Covington which was only four miles away from their farm. The year before I married there had been a terrific hurricane or tornado which extended for one hundred miles but seemed to average about six hundred yards in width. It

passed about one quarter of a mile south of my house and every tree in its path was blown down. Had it passed over the hill where my buildings were located all of them would have been blown off as well as the top of my brick chimney was blown off as well as the roofs off of the negro houses and cabins. The storm came in the night and while I was away from home. The negroes were greatly frightened and said that they had never seen the like before. It all passed in a short time but while the storm was on it was dark as pitch but suddenly the lightning would flash, the thunder roar, and the clashing and falling of large trees would make the very ground shake. Where the storm had passed it took a wonderful lot of work to even clear the roads of the fallen trees. The white oaks, red oak, and poplar over tow feet in diameter, some of this timber I tried to save. I wrote my commission merchant in New Orleans and he told me to have the white oak timber all cut to a certain size for white oak staves. In the fall and winter I had my negroes do this with the view of sending them to New Orleans. I had built a large flat boat for this purpose but as I did not know its capacity I had many more staves cut than I could carry. At that time I had no intention of getting married that winter or the next spring. For many years it had been the custom for these boats to start about the first of December and I had everything ready to start at that time. Perhaps it was a Providential circumstance that the river did not rise enough for a loaded flat boat to get away until the following first day of April as by that time I was a married man again.

It was a great consolation that I could leave my newly married wife with her mother, sister, little brother, and my children who were all at my house and would keep her company otherwise she would have had a lonesome time. My little son, James B., as well as tow extra men went down on the boat with the regular boat hands. The extra men were to go as far as Columbia to assist in crossing the mill dams should assistance be necessary. I rode horse back to Columbia and James B. was to take the horse home, which he did. At Columbia I got on the boat but we were only able to get about forty miles down the river when the water got so low we were grounded. We had to unload the boat, put the staves on an island and wait for the water to rise. This was a sad affair for me and I did not want to wait on the boat as I was not used to such life. I purchased a horse from a farmer who lived nearby and went home. I told the hands on the boat that I would be back soon but to load the boat again and be ready for a rise in

the river. I rode fast and was able to reach home by nine o'clock that night but stayed there only two days. By leaving early in the morning I also made the trip back to the boat in one day and stayed with the man from whom I had purchased the horse. This man and one of his negro men agreed to go with us as far as the Tennessee River. Two of the hands I had were only going that far but wanted to turn back then so I dismissed them. Duck River flows into the Tennessee River. Fortunately the next night the river rose two feet and we were able to float on down into the Tennessee River and on into the Ohio River. This was a new sight to me. The steerman on the boat had been to New Orleans eighteen times and was well acquainted with the river.

As we floated down the Ohio River and into the Mississippi River there were many novel scenes. Until after we passed Memphis we did not run at night. Memphis was then a small town on the Checkasaw Bluffs. It was called by that name before it built up.

On board the boat we had a full set of blacksmith's tools consisting of anvils, bellows, hammers, etc, which we were taking to the Moreheads in Tipton County. As I did not at that time know the geography of Tipton County I stopped some distance above Randolph at a place which was then called Fulton and was in Tipton County. I found a commission merchant and told him that I wanted to store the blacksmith's tools with him and had them taken off the boat. When I informed him for whom they were intended and where they were to go he told me not to leave them with him as they would probably not be delivered for months. He said to take them to Randolph which was a little town just below the mouth of the Big Hatchie. This was honest of this man, a Mr. Lamb, as he could have collected storage for many months. Therefore we carried the tools on to Randolph.

While we were still on the Ohio River we had overtaken a man who with his wife and little girl, three years old, were floating on a ferry flat which was nearly worn out. He asked me to take him on our boat as he was going as far as Vicksburg and he thought it would be dangerous for them while on the Mississippi. I took them on.

If in my power I have always been ready to assist any person when requested to do so. I have assisted many hundreds of people who were in distress. Since my youth it has always been my endeavor to be a peace maker and to prevent fights. Also I have attended and waited on many drunken men when they were incapable and unable to

help themselves. As I have a twin brother myself it is always my delight to give some present to twins.

On our arrival at Randolph I told the Captain of our boat to wait there a day or two as I wanted to ride over to Covington, the county seat of Tipton County. It was my desire to visit my brother-in-law, Doctor Joseph G. Hall, also the Morehead boys who lived near him. I hired a horse from the livery stable for three days. I found them all well. The boys had built a comfortable house, kitchen, stables, etc., and had a field under fence for cultivation. Armstead Morehead went back with me in his wagon to Randolph for the blacksmith tools and also bought some provisions for himself and Doctor Hall.

While I was away a lady had asked permission of the Captain to go on the boat about thirty miles down the river to visit her daughter. He told her she would have to have my consent which I gave upon my return. I told her though that it would be rather inconvenient as we already had one lady with her little girl on board and we had but a very small cabin room. However, she got on and we reached her destination before night.

While waiting at Randolph the old ferry flat, which belonged to the man and his wife, floated past. We did not run at nights but in several days we overtook the old flat. Our passengers asked if they might not fasten it to our boat for old acquaintances sake which I permitted. After that the lady would often take her little girl and with her knitting would sit in a chair on the old flat and watch the river, the houses on the banks, the scenery, etc. for many hours at a time. From our boat she could see nothing unless she went up on the top of the cabin or deck of the boat. We did not run our boat at night until after we reached Lake Providence, Louisiana, which is about one hundred miles above Vicksburg and on the West side of the river. At this place our friend sold his old ferry flat to a gentleman who owned a wood yard. The wife did not want to consent to the sale but I told her that she would soon be at Vicksburg and that she might sit on the top of our boat until we reached there, also that the money would do her more good than the old flat.

The man who owned the flat refused to help in the work of getting us out of a large eddy in the river. The captain fell out with him on account of this and swore that he would put there people off the boat at least fifty miles above Vicksburg but I prevailed on him to let

them stay on the boat. There were three hands on the boat who were under entire control of the captain until we arrived at New Orleans. When this man got on the boat he became one of the working hands in order to pay his passage to Vicksburg. We kept oars on top of our boat to be used whenever needed and especially whenever in peril or danger from shoals, eddies, snags, etc. At this man's refusal to use these oars when ordered to do so the captain felt his dignity and was extremely angry. If I had not acted as peacemaker there might have been a difficulty as the man got his rifle and swore that he would not take off his goods, that was his bedding, etc, or his wife and child. They made friends and took gulps of toddy together. Before leaving Columbia I had put on board a twenty gallon keg of whiskey to be used by the captain and his hands. On arrival at Vicksburg we put the family ashore and they were greatly pleased that we had given them the passage and landed them safely.

I was well acquainted with Col. Jarman with whom this man and wife had lived on the Tennessee River and as he now lives in Texas I have since told him about taking this family on board my boat.

We arrived at "Natches—Under—the—Hill" and tied up our boat for the night. I had often heard of "Natches—Under—the—Hill" as being the most vile place of theft and mischief on the Mississippi River. The city of Natches was then on the high bluff of the river, a beautiful and fine city. The bluffs were from 80 to 100 feet high, perhaps higher. The land under the hill was a strip about 100 yards wide and several hundred yards in length. The people who lived on this strip were of the worst sort, both sexes. One or two commission merchants had their warehouses located there to receive and forward freight but their families lived up on the hill. The captain had often been down the river and knew all about this "Natches—Under—the—Hill". He told the hands, who had never been there before, that they must not go far from the boat and warned them that there were thieves and robbers always about. They seemed willing to take his advice. There were at least thirty flat boats there that night. One boat was loaded with cotton which had come from the Tennessee River from near the Muscle Shoals. It was tied just above our boat. Its captain knew some of my neighbors who had moved from Maury County to near Muscle Shoals. As was always my habit when becoming acquainted I had inquired of the captain where he lived and had learned of mutual acquaintances. We had much

conversation and a social time together as we visited backwards and forward between our boats. This captain permitted three of his hands to go on shore and visit a saloon. It was a night of bright moonshine and they wished to see the place. He told them to stay but a very little while and that I would stay with him on his boat until they returned. They were gone but a short time when a dreadful affair happened. The hands passed by a house where the windows fronted on the street. It was a dance hall of no great respectability, and there were a number of men and women in them. Some of the girls were not dancing but were sitting by the windows to get cool. They wore on their heads very large and fine tortoise shell combs and as they were sitting very close to the windows when the three boatmen passed each pulled a comb off of a girl's head and ran toward their boat as fast as they could. The girls cried out "Thieves, Thieves!" Both men and women rushed out of the house after them and when they had nearly reached the boat, the boatmen were overtaken, the combs were taken away, and the three men beaten badly as they cried, "Murder, Murder!" and the girls were crying "Kill them! Kill them!" All the boat hands who were near ran to their assistance, otherwise they would have been murdered. One of the men had his arm broken and the others were badly bruised.

We left early the next morning and in a few days arrived at New Orleans where we found more than a thousand boats tied up and down the river at the lumber boat landing. There were more white oak pipe staves than had ever before been there in one year. On the first of the year the price for these staves was from \$55.00 to \$60.00 per thousand. When my boat reached there the price for these staves was from \$20.00 to \$25.00. I sold my load for \$25.00 and in tow days after the price fell to \$15.00. I had a very choice load of staves and sold them to an agent for a Frenchman who had established a new lumber yard. The owner came to the boat later, looked at the staves and said that he would pay only \$20.00 for the staves and that the man who had agreed to buy them was not of his company. I stopped the men from unloading the boat until we could settle the matter. I then went down the river about one-half mile and asked the owner of the yard there, an American, if he would not buy the staves. He was quite a gentleman but would only offer me \$18.00 per thousand. He had previously offered me \$20.00, the same day I sold to the Frenchman. He advised me to go ahead and unload



my boat and sue the Frenchman as the man was his agent. He advised that I take someone with me who could speak French and tell the man of the contract which had been made with the agent. I did this and told the Frenchman that I was going to hold him on the contract. I had already started the hands unloading once more. He then offered me \$22.00 which I refused to accept and finally he paid me as had originally been agreed. There was some cedar logs at the bottom of the boat which the Frenchman would not buy. I sold these to a sawmill a little further down and also the empty flat boat. The captain and boat hands were paid off and dismissed and they went back to Maury County.

While my boat was unloading, I boarded with a man by the name of Smith, whose brother, a lawyer, as well as some of his other relatives I had known back in Maury County, Tennessee. I continued to board with this family for a week or two. The Frenchman who bought my load lived about three miles away and I had to go there to collect my money. I had counted the staves and had unloaded 15,650. When I went to collect, I took a young man with whom I was acquainted, with me. The Frenchman paid me for 15,000 staves and asked for a receipt which I would not give as I told him there were 650 additional for which he had not paid. He said that he bought by the thousand and not by hundreds and swore that he would not pay me any more. We had some words about the matter and I told him that I was going to collect the balance and would file a suit in the morning for the amount. He had much conversation in French with some of his men who were present and then paid over to me the balance due. I then gave him a receipt for the whole amount. He said that "By Tom", I was a very hard gentleman to trade with. I told him that I was a fair one and would not be cheated. He replied that "By Tom", he believed it. He then brought out a bottle of wine and said "Come, come, Captain, let us make friends over a bottle of wine, youse got the monies, I have got the staves". So we took a glass of wine together and have not seen each other since that night.

A few days after I found my friends and neighbor, Col. Wilkinson Smith, sick and very low in health. He had come down on a flat boat loaded with cotton but as he had to be in New Orleans a while longer had sent his brother and boat hands home. He was rejoiced to see me. He had another friend with him and we would sit up at nights with

him. At times he was very low spirited and wanted to write home to tell his young wife to come as he had not been married long. I prevented him from doing this and assured him that he would get well and that I would remain and wait on him as long as he was sick. I told him that as soon as he was well that we would go home together to see our young wives. I had to spend a month with him before he was able to leave New Orleans. We left on the steamboat Nashville which was commanded by Captain Minor. This boat ran up the Cumberland River to Nashville. There were but few boats running on the river at that time, especially the Cumberland River. We got on board and found several old acquaintances who were going to Nashville. Among them were Col. Newton Cannon of Williamson County, a member of Congress from the Nashville district, Gen. Rusworm of Williamson County and Col. Hunter of Mt. Pleasant, Maury County. In those days the boats ran very slowly. We left New Orleans about the middle of June. There was a great deal of sickness on the boat but it was not dangerous. A number of the passengers were afflicted with a running off of the bowels which seemed to be the usual thing with passengers and was generally called river sickness.

On our arrival at Natches—Under—the—Hill we stopped for about half an hour. Several got off and went to a saloon or to rest awhile and get ice water or a toddy. While there a man, who seemed to be a gentleman, as he was dressed well and was very polite, took out of his pocket a nice looking patent silver watch and said that he wanted to sell the watch as he was out of money and was compelled to go on the boat that night to Paducah, Kentucky. He said that rather than miss the boat, that he would sell the watch for ten dollars. Col. Cannon examined the watch and said that he thought it was well worth \$60.00 but that he did not wish to buy it as he already had a good one. Others also looked at the watch and finally a plain looking farmer who was a passenger on our boat and lived in Sumner County, Tennessee, and was well acquainted with Col. Cannon, asked Col. Cannon if he thought it was a good watch. He told the farmer that the lowest estimate he considered was \$50.00. This farmer was returning from New Orleans where he had just sold his crop of tobacco, and he had worked as one of the hands to carry his crop down the river on a flatboat. He carried in his pocketbook over \$1,500.00. As he supposed he was surrounded by friends he did not think there would be any risk to show his pocketbook. In order to get a \$10.00 bill he took it out and there

was exposed a number of \$100.00 as well as \$50.00 bills. He laid his pocketbook on the counter before him for an instant, took the watch, and handed the man the \$10.00. The man did not take the bill, but instead snatched up the pocketbook and ran for the door. The farmer started after him when a stranger cried out "I know him, he only did it in fun; he will bring it back". But this fellow and the one who snatched the pocketbook made their escape. They left the farmer his \$10.00 bill and the watch. There was no use to look for them as the night was very dark. The farmer said that he had the numbers of the large bills and that he would advertise for them as well as report the robbery in the Natches papers. He went on with us that night. Col. Cannon told me a year after that the farmer never got any of his money back but that fortunately he had lost only one-half of the amount he had with him. It seems that he had divided his money and had another pocket book with him. This had been arranged before he left New Orleans. On this trip we had two men from New York on the boat. One was a cadet from West Point who had a very high opinion of himself. He talked politics a great deal and was very much opposed to Gen. Jackson. Although Col. Cannon was a strong Democrat he was also opposed to the election of Gen. Jackson as well as the West Point Academy. This cadet and Col. Cannon had a great many arguments about it. Col. Cannon dressed very plainly and by his appearance would not have been taken for a Congressman. Their argument was listened to very attentively by all the passengers. At last the cadet said that it was no use to argue with a man who had never seen the West Point Academy and knew nothing about its regulations. Col. Cannon told him that he was much mistaken as he had been there often and on two different sessions of congress had been appointed on a Committee to visit this "Academy of Aristocracy". This cadet was finely dressed and wore a large gold watch chain and guard. He was in the habit of speaking about things on the boat which he did not like by saying that they were as mean as a Militia Colonel. After he had talked this way for a number of days the Colonels on the boat could not stand it any longer, so they got together as there were several of them, viz., Col. Cannon, Col. Rusworm, Col. Williamson Smith, and Col. Hunter. The last, Col. Hunter, said to the cadet, "Sir, we have heard your remarks about Militia Colonels and will not stand for them any longer. I am a Colonel of a regiment of 1,000 men, three fourths of these men are much better looking than yourself. There are

also other Militia Colonels on this boat besides us. You can either cease your remarks or get off this boat". The cadet was greatly surprised and promised that he would make no more remarks. He then said "But gentlemen, if all of you are Colonels, where in the name of Heaven are the Majors? I have been up and down the Mississippi River three times and have never yet seen a Militia Major, it seems that none but Colonels go up and down the river". This caused much laughing among the passengers. The next day the cadet talked to me privately and asked if these men were really all Colonels and if Col. Cannon was a member of Congress. I assured him that it was all a fact. A few hours later a boat came up on the other side of the river and stopped to take on wood. We were also taking on wood. The cadet and his companion decided that they would get away from the Militia Colonels and get on the other boat. They asked the captain to let some of his hands ferry them over in his skiff. The captain told them that he could not do so as he would be ready to leave before the skiff could get back, but that there was an old skiff at the wood yard, they could get some of the wood yard hands to take them over. This was done and they started over the river. The old skiff leaked badly but the ferry man told them that there was no danger. The two men got greatly alarmed and got him to turn back. Our boat had started when they hailed us and begged that for mercy's sake they be taken on. Many of the passengers told the captain not to take them but as the boat on the other side had also started, I asked the captain if he would not let them on, which was done. This calmed the cadet down very much and he never again said anything about Militia Colonels.

When we reached Randolph, at the mouth of the Natches River I was very weak with river sickness. I told the captain that I wanted to get off the boat and go to Covington which was about sixteen miles in the country. My sister and brother-in-law lived there. Col. Wilkinson Smith decided to go with me. We offered the captain our full fare to Nashville but he would not accept it. Our arrival at Covington was unexpected but my sister and her husband Dr. G. Hall were very glad to see us. He gave us both medicine and we soon got better but were still very weak. We went out to see the Morehead boys who were still improving their land. They had a fine crop of corn and had built some more houses since I had been there. Col. Smith bought a good horse and Dr. Hall loaned us their carriage but on the condition that I would bring my little daughter, Jane,

down to stay with her Aunt Ann. So we got safely and much improved in our health and found our families all well.

After a few weeks I went back to Covington to take my daughter Jane. On the trip we talked a great deal about wolves and wild cats. One night we had to stay with some very fine people but in a very small house. There was an old man and his wife, three grown daughters, and a little granddaughter about fifteen months old, all in one room. After supper, we went to bed. I was put in a bed in one part of the house, the old man and his wife in another part, and the girls were on the floor before the fire and my daughter Jane and the little grandchild were with them. In the middle of the night the little child waked up and crawled up in the bed with me. The child had been left with the grandparents by its mother in order to wean her. While I was sleeping I suppose the weight on my breast caused me to dream about wild cats as the child felt around my breast and got her hand on my neck. In my dream I thought a wild cat had me by the throat. I gave a loud scream and with my open hand I threw the little child into the middle of the floor. I waked up the family, the old lady jumped out of her bed and cried out that I had killed her child, but it was not much hurt. It was about midnight. I told about my dream and about my thinking that the little fingers of the baby were the claws of a wild cat about my neck. Everybody had a good laugh and I was mighty glad that the baby had not been hurt. My daughter Jane has often laughed about this affair. Even now, since she is a grandmother herself, everytime she sees me she asks if I had any more wild cats at my neck while down in Texas.

About six miles from Covington was a neighborhood which had been settled by North Carolinians and around Covington there were many Virginians. The Virginians would often insult the Carolinians by making remarks and jokes about them. There was a muster of Captain Harper's company of cavalry which was a splendidly drilled company. At this muster some remarks were made and two or three fights started which were stopped by the town's constable. The keeper of the hotel, a long arm man, got into a fight with a Mr. Burleson, who was a heavy set, broad shouldered man from Buncombe, North Carolina. The crowd would not suffer them to be parted and it was a terrible affair. The mob ran over a little board shanty used as a whiskey house and knocked it down. There was a brickyard nearby which was full of soft bricks which had just been

moulded. After the fight you could see the print of the men's fingers in more than fifty bricks where they had endeavored to pick them up to throw at each other. The town constable could do no good. There was a drunken man by the name of Johnson who was lying on his back unable to get up and the fight went on all around him. As an onlooker I was an entire stranger to all except a few from Covington. The battle ceased for a few moments and there were many gouged eyes and bleeding noses to be seen. As they started again to fight I stepped up on a horse block which was near the crowd as well as the hotel and cried at the top of my voice "Peace in Covington, Peace in Covington, I command the peace!". Old Mr. Johnson, the drunken man, held up his arms and clapping his hands called out, "Glory, Glory, Glory, That's the best, that's the best words of peace I ever heard, who commands the peace?" This caused many to laugh and it stopped the quarrel for awhile. Many were calling out with laughs, "Who commands the peace?" I afterwards became acquainted with many of the men both from North Carolina and Virginia and advised them to be my friends and live peaceably together like we did in Tennessee. In my own mind I am confident that my action as a peacemaker prevented several other fights that evening. Twenty-four years after this I visited Gen. Burleson in Texas and we talked about our first meeting in Covington when he whipped the hotel keeper and I commanded the peace. A few days after this fight I started back to Maury County, Tennessee.

My Uncle Benjamin Smith had been entirely broken up and his property had been sold. He asked me to assist him to support his helpless family of girls. Before he died two of his daughters married but he left a wife and two single daughters, also two step-sons, one who was married. He was in his senses when dying and on his death bed again requested me to help his family. I did so while I lived near them. All the daughters married well and at this time I believe two of them are still living. The mother, two daughters and youngest boy were afterwards taken down to Tipton County by his two step-sons and Armstead Morehead.

I was summoned as a juryman to attend the United States District Court at Nashville. The court lasted seven weeks but at the request of Mr. Felix Grundy I was released for two weeks in order that I might be a witness in two important suits at Columbia. Judge Felix Grundy had an important murder trial in the district court of Columbia and received

a fee of \$5,000.00. The same client also paid him \$3,000.00 in a land suit. Judge Grundy wanted me to serve on the jury in the murder case but I objected as I had already made up my mind. He argued before the court that I had not been at the inquest and as I had made up my mind merely from common rumor it did not disqualify me to serve as a juror. Judge Grundy cleared the criminal, who was a young man and a grandson of the married man. Had I been on the jury I never would have consented to acquit him as I knew too much about the quarrel and threats which this man and his mother had made against the grandfather and father who had been murdered.

After I had served as a witness in the land suit I returned to Nashville and served out my term as juror in the United States District Court. While there I applied to the U.S. Marshall, Gen. Purdy, to be appointed as a Deputy Marshall for the purpose of taking the census of Maury County and he promised to appoint me.

While Major Morehead was alive there was a hard working but very poor man who lived near him and worked for him. His wife gave birth to three babies at the same time, but one of the babies died after about six weeks. This man, the father, was killed soon after by the falling of a limb from a large tree during a severe storm. The neighborhood all joined in to assist the wife and remaining babies. As I was a twin myself I always like to give presents to twins and the neighbors, knowing this said that I ought to give more than the rest and I told them that I wanted to do so. The legislature was then in session so I wrote a petition and stated about this woman having the three babies at one time and about her husband's death as well as the fact that she was in great need. I asked in the petition that the legislature of the States make a donation to this widow and helpless children. Many of the neighbors joined with me in signing the petition. I went in person and presented the petition and solicited votes in its behalf as I was well acquainted with many of the members. A law was then passed giving to this widow and to the three children 160 acres of land each. This could be 640 acres all in one tract or four different tracts of 160 acres each which could be located on any of the vacant lands of the State. The law further stated and was enacted that this would apply to any lady in the State of Tennessee who should give birth to three children at the same time and could furnish and present affidavits of the physicians, midwives, etc. as witnesses and also to be attested by the seal of the County and County Clerk where the births took place.

Strange to say that after this law was passed in less than two years the records of the state showed that land was granted to over forty women who had given birth to three children at one time.

Gen. LaFayette visited America and was in Nashville a short time after my second marriage. It was my desire that my wife go with me to Nashville to see him but she did not want to go. I went to Nashville to see him. There was a large assembly there. Four thousand militia men were ordered to Nashville three weeks before Gen. LaFayette arrived. They were encamped, and with the exception of Sundays, had to drill every day. On the day of the General's arrival there were people there from all the adjoining counties. Gen. LaFayette and Gen. Jackson marched arm in arm with their aides through long files of open ranks. Gen. Jackson introduced Gen. LaFayette personally to each individual person as they passed through the lines. Beginning with the militia, Gen. LaFayette shook hands with each person to whom he was introduced. The ladies and gentlemen were in different places. My brother, Charles A., was opposite to me as Gen. LaFayette passed. It was a great pleasure to me to shake hands with this great general and I had heard my father tell many things about him. My brother told him that our father had fought with him through the War of 1776. The Masons were separated to themselves and Gen. LaFayette shook hands with each of them. The different degrees of Masonry had been conferred on him during this visit to America (1825). There was a Mrs. Skipworth (or Mrs. Littlefield) who was the daughter of Gen. Green of North Carolina who was a general in the Revolutionary War. This lady wrote a note to Gen. Jackson and requested a private introduction to Gen. LaFayette as she did not want to be introduced to her father's friend in such a public manner. This request was granted and Gen. LaFayette went to a private residence where he met her and a few of her lady friends.

My wife wanted to live near her mother and brothers who were then in Tipton County. I was considerably embarrassed with debts as I had spent considerable money for five or six years before and on many of my debts was paying double interest. In order to pay up these debts I decided to sell all my land, negroes, stock, etc. I sold the land to an old gentleman to whom I was in debt and while he gave me my price for my land, I owed him almost as much as the land brought. I allowed the married negro men to choose



their masters but would not sell them unless their wives were bought with them. The balance of my negro women, men, boys, and children I sold on credit, the mothers and their children were all kept together. It took nearly all of my property to settle up my debts and after everything was sold I was ready to move. I hired an old gentleman, who owed me money, to move me down and he got a wagon and team from his son-in-law for that purpose. He was a poor man and insolvent. He owed a small debt of \$30.00 to some other neighbors who came to tell us goodbye and this man was at my house when they came. He wanted me to assume his debt and I told him that I would do so provided a Mr. Gill advised me to do so, but Mr. Gill told me not to do so. This caused a little dispute between the man and Mr. Gill. We got the wagon all loaded. My wife and I and little daughters, Bettie and Sarah Ann, rode in a two seated carriage, but my little son, James B., rode in the wagon. I had a barrel of good cider which had been saved for the winter and we had served some of this to all our neighbors and friends who came to say farewell. I gave what was left to a near neighbor and good friend, said goodbye to all and left my old home with a very sorrowful heart.

We traveled on for days, camping out at nights. Old Mr. Gill who was on the wagon was full of anecdotes and gave us many laughs. One night after we had passed the Hatchie River the roads were very bad and Mr. Gill's horses were mired down several times. He was anxious to get through the bottoms that night so when the horses mired down he would whip them cruelly. I insisted that this should not be done but it was of no avail. He was a swearing, wicked old man and would curse the horses, curse the roads, curse the Hatchie River bottom, and would curse the people who had passed before and through these bottoms. As I could not prevent these oaths I had to bear with them. After awhile we reached some high and dry land and I prevailed on him to strike camp. All were wet and muddy. My carriage had often been bogged down and he had helped me out.

There were no fire matches then so when we stopped Mr. Gill got out his knife, flint, and spunk to make a fire. The old man arranged them and the first lick he made the fire caught from the spark. My little son, James B., said "Mr. Gill, you caught it quickly". The old man, who talked through his nose, said, "Yes, James, but if the spunk had been dry it would have caught much sooner". James said that as he had made the fire the first

lick it could not have been made quicker. The old man said, "Why, James, sometimes as I draw up my knife to strike the flint the fire will catch". This made us all laugh.

We arrived at Covington the next night and had a happy meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Hall and my little daughter Jane who was staying there. The next day we went on over to the Moreheads and my wife was rejoiced to see her brothers whom she had not seen for a long time.

I rented a house from Armstead Morehead and started to teach school. I had taught school for some months when I received from Gen. Purdy, United States Marshall, the appointment of a Deputy Marshall to take the census of Tipton County for the year 1830. This was a surprise to several applicants there. This appointment had been promised to me for Maury County so when Gen. Purdy heard that I had moved he sent my commission and instructions to take the census of this county instead. It was a good appointment and enabled me to become acquainted with the citizens and families there. It afforded me considerable amusement in visiting some of the families who did not understand the meaning of the census. They could see no reason at all why I should travel around to take the names of all the babies, young children, young men and young ladies, old men and women. In the country some refused to give me any information. I would then read the law to them and tell them the amount of the fine they would have to pay if they refused to give me their names and the number in their families, both white and black. They would then sing it out to me. If present I was bound to talk to the heads of the families but should the head be absent I could then get information from any who were present. It was not necessary to go to the home should I see the head of the household elsewhere but I must be certain that it was the head of the family. One day I went to a quilting party at the home of a wealthy man and he gave me the number in his family, white and black. I had to take them by their different ages. He then introduced me to several married ladies present and I took their names and information on my census rolls. There was one lady present to whom I had not been introduced. She was quilting and had on a cap. I asked her for the information about her family. She got into quite a passion and told me that I already had her name and age which had been given by her brother and that she was not married. She was in a great rage. I asked her to excuse me as I supposed she was a married lady. She said "No Sir! I have never been

married but I will let you know that many offers have been made me to marry!". I told her that I had

no doubt of that as such a nice looking lady must have had many offers to marry. She looked like a mad tigress and cried out loudly that she would not stand for any of my fun and that even if she was an old maid that I should not make fun of her and that she would not put up with it. I begged her pardon again and said "Madam, I really did not intend to insult your virgin age." That made her madder than ever and she continued to scold me. I told her that I would let her alone as I knew she would always be fretful and peevish until she got married and I hoped that she would soon marry as I knew she would make a pleasant wife. This made everybody laugh and the old maid got in a better humor.

As I went through the country I had some amusing experiences and also some which made me feel sorrowful. While at the house of a widow I took the number of her children, ages, etc. Her oldest boy, eleven years old, came in very much distressed and said that the man who owned the mill had refused to let him have any meal without the money. The lady was very sad and said that they had no breakfast and that it would be a few months before they would have any money. She told the boy to go milk the cow and that they would have to have milk for their breakfast without bread. She seemed to be a very pious woman. The Bible Society of Covington had given me a few Bibles to distribute to the poor people in the county and as I found this lady had none I offered to present her with one. She took it and was very thankful, said that she had left her Bible on the boat when she came down the river and as she had only been there two months she did not know anyone but the miller who was about six miles away. She had paid him for all the meal she had bought but that morning she had written to him to let the boy have some meal and that she would pay for it in two months. They had been waiting on their breakfast until the boy returned but as the miller had refused her she was very sorrowful and did not know what to do for bread. She said that she thought she would go over to Randolph which was about ten miles away and try to get some of the merchants there to credit her for some flour and perhaps she would find someone

there not hard hearted as the miller. She was glad to get the Bible and told me she knew the precious promises it contained. One was:

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve  
them alive; and let their widows trust in me."

I told her that there would be a way provided for her and her children and while she had hope in her Saviour that hope would be an anchor to her soul—"Sure and steadfast." I told her that I did not have but a little money with me but I would give her all I could which was but \$2.00 and that she must accept it. She received it thankfully and said that I had given her precious gifts. Some years after I saw her again and she and her children were doing well.

My census was nearly completed but there were a few houses on the banks of the Mississippi River above the mouth of the Hatchie River which ran through Tipton County. I decided to go up the Mississippi on a steam boat to the farthest house and then get a skiff or small boat and go down the river stopping at all the houses to take the census. By the river this would be over thirty miles. I bought the skiff and started down. It was in June and very warm weather. In going around an island the water was so low that I had difficulty in getting my boat over the sand bar. I had to get out and wade and pull the boat by hand for more than two hundred yards before getting it into deep water. I reached home safely but the exposure in the hot sun on the water caused my eyes to become much inflamed and I was taken with a severe bilious fever. The doctor said that I nearly died. My eyes were so inflamed that it was more than ten days before I could see at all and in all I was confined to my bed with fever and inflamed eyes for over two weeks. As soon as I was able I prepared my census rolls, left a copy in the Clerk's office of Tipton County and carried the original roll to Nashville and delivered it to Gen. Purdy, U. S. Marshall for Tennessee. He approved it and allowed me \$100.00 for my services. My county was very sparsely settled. The appointment gave me great satisfaction as it enabled me to become well acquainted throughout the county and the fee I received was much needed. On my way home from Nashville I visited some of my friends in Maury County.

On returning home I resumed my school. When I first went to Covington my wife and I joined the Presbyterian Church whose pastor was Dr. Chapman who at one time had been president of the University of North Carolina. I was elected a Ruling Elder in this church and I had also been an elder in Maury County in the church of which Rev. Duncan Brown was the pastor.

Messrs. Jenkins and Langtree, merchants in Columbia, wrote me that they could sell me \$15,000.00 or more of merchandise giving me twelve months time to pay under the firm name of A. Morehead & Co. of Tipton County, Tennessee. After consulting with my brother-in-law Armstead Morehead he consented to join the company with me.

Before this partnership was made I had told Mr. James Alston that I would go to Pulaski in Giles County, Tennessee for him and bring back to his place near Randolph a small family of negroes. It consisted of a negro man, his wife and two small children. For this service he was to give me the hire of an old negro man for one year. The old negro was to work on a small farm and it would assist me very much. I had a small Jersey wagon and a good horse sufficient for the trip so I started out. On the trip I was water bound for two days at a creek which ran into the Tennessee River. While waiting at this creek I learned that about one mile below there lived a man who owed me \$40.00. He was across the creek. This man had lived near me in Maury County. I walked down the creek and as it was not wide I called him. He was glad to see me and said that he would pay me the money he owed me and invited me to stop and visit with him awhile as well as two or three other families I knew in Maury County who he said were living near him, I told him that I would not have time to do this. We talked with each other over the creek for an hour or more and I was glad to know about my old friends and neighbors and that they were doing so well. It was entirely by an accident that I learned that he was there and I collected an old debt of \$40.00 which I never expected to get. The next day I was able to pass over the creek and continue my journey. I decided to go out of my way some little distance to see an old friend who lived in Florence, Alabama. I met a man with a wagon load of apples who told me he was going to Florence and said that if I

would take three or four barrels of apples for him in my wagon he would make me a present of some apples. It was but a little out of my way so I assisted him with his apples and he gave me one—half a barrel. I did not want to take them but he insisted. I retained a few to eat and sold the rest when he sold his.

I had to stop at a blacksmith's shop to have my horse shod. I had put \$35.00 of my money in a piece of paper in my pocket book so as to keep it separate as I did not expect to need it. I took this out and laid it on the seat by my side and I was looking in my pocket book for some Alabama bills as they did not pass in Tennessee. I paid the blacksmith and started on and had gone about one—half mile when I discovered that I had lost my \$35.00. I turned back and had not gone far when I met a genteel looking young man and I asked him if there were still many people at the blacksmith's shop and he told me that most of them had gone. I then inquired if he had noticed a white piece of paper on the road as he came along as I had dropped it and there was \$35.00 in it. He said that he had seen no white paper on the road. I hurried on and had gone about one hundred yards when he came galloping after me and called me to stop. He asked how much money I had lost and I told him that there was three ten dollar bills and one five all on the bank at Nashville, Tennessee. He then said that he had not seen any white paper on the road but that he had found the money as I had described. He held them in his hand and said that he presumed that was the money I had lost. I said that I was sure that it was and that one of the bills had the name of James Overall on the back of it. He looked to see and said that was right. I told him that I was mighty glad as I was nearly two hundred miles from home and had but little money and that I would give him a reward for finding it. He still held the money in his hand and said that intended to keep a ten dollar bill. That was more than I had expected to give him and my temper got up a little and I said that he would have to keep it as I did not intend to give him \$10.00, that his conscience must have made him come back as he had told me a falsehood when I first asked him if he had seen the money. I gave him plain talk. He gave me the money and said when I had first stopped he did not think I had lost the money. I offered him \$3.00 but he refused to take that little and rode on ahead of me.

After dark I reached a house and asked a gentleman there if I might stay all night and he said that I could. He told me to sit by the fire and get warm, that the family were at supper but that he would have some prepared for me as soon as I got warm. I heard him ask his wife how many wanted supper and he told her there was only one man who was traveling in a small Jersey wagon. I then heard the young man, who had found my money, say that he lived in Kentucky and that I was the man who had lost some money on the road which he found and returned for which he was very glad as I had told him that I was over two hundred miles from my home and had but little money and was mighty glad to get back the amount I had lost. Those at the table finished their meal and came into the room where I was and I went in to eat my supper. The lady told me that she had heard about my losing my money as the young man had told them about it and how glad he was to find and return it to me. I then told her that I had overheard him telling about it and it was true that I had lost the money and that the young man had found it but that it was also true that he had told me a falsehood as when I first met and inquired of him he said that he had seen no money although I told him the amount which had been lost. He had ridden on but evidently his conscience checked him as he suddenly turned back and told me that he had found it but intended to keep \$10.00 of the amount for himself. It was not necessary for me to tell the lady all about it but I had become indignant when I heard him tell that he had found the money and that I had it back and that not many would have returned it to me as he did.

After supper I became acquainted with the family and when the lady found that I lived in Tipton County she wanted to know if I knew anyone by the name of LeGrand whom I knew well and his two sons who were young physicians. She said that this Col. LeGrand was her uncle and wanted to know all about them. She was greatly pleased to hear about her relatives and in the morning refused to let me pay her for the night's lodging. The next morning was the Sabbath and they induced me to spend it there and attend preaching service with them which I consented to do as I had met the preacher who was with them the night before (they were Methodist people) and this preacher was related to the Methodist preacher in my home county. I met a number of people at preaching that Sabbath. The next morning I went on to Pulaski and found the negroes

and carried all of them back home to Mr. Alston without any accident. By this trip I received the hire of a good negro man for one year for my trouble and also collected an old debt of \$40.00 on the way but very nearly lost \$35.00 of it.

Armstead Morehead and myself went to Columbia to buy the goods for our store. We selected them and had them invoiced and packed ready to load on the wagon. I spent the day with my brother who was glad to hear that I was going into business. His wife was very anxious that we take him in as a partner but I advised against it as I thought it would be a great risk for him and that we might not succeed. I had no property left and Armstead had none but he had much property in land and negroes and I thought that he had better not risk the liability of the partnership. But his wife was very anxious that he go in so she went to Columbia herself and mentioned it to Mr. Barton W. Jenkins as well as Mr. Lantry, the merchants there, and asked them to insist that my brother be made one of the new firm. They were pleased at the proposal as it would make them entirely secure for their \$15,000.00. I then told Jenkins and Lantry that the understanding was that Armstead Morehead and I were to get the goods on our own responsibility and unless it was that way we would not take them. We waited another day and then decided that we would take my brother in as a silent partner. Mr. Lantry wrote up the articles of co-partnership and all of us signed the paper as well as a joint note to the bank for the amount of the invoice. My brother was to continue on with his academy and his farm and would not be an active partner.

We rented a store building and I rented a house and both Armstead Morehead and I moved into Covington and became merchants. As was the custom we sold our goods mostly on credit and year after year we sold many goods and did well. We bought another assortment of goods from Jenkins and Lantry but after that our credit was so good that we were able to buy in New Orleans, Philadelphia and New York and we purchased from all those places as we were selling a great many goods. I would go to New Orleans and buy groceries, dry goods, etc.

On one trip to New Orleans I stopped at Memphis and was paid \$1,015.00 in United States currency for the sale of a piece of land which I sold as agent. I did not want to



take the money until on my way home but the gentleman wanted me to execute the deed before I went to New Orleans. This was done and he paid me the money and I had to take it along with me. As I had no intentions of using any of this money I put it by itself in a small pocket book and secured it well in a pocket in my drawers. I thought this would be safe until I could give it to the owner who lived some distance from me. As I was going down the river I met a Mr. Kendall whose relatives I knew in Tennessee. He lived in Mississippi and was going to New Orleans to purchase goods also, said that he expected to pay cash for all his purchases and as I was known in New Orleans he would be glad to have me tell him of the best places to purchase. I advised him to deposit his money in a bank as soon as he landed and leave it there until his goods were purchased, which he did. I also had with me \$7,000.00 belonging to a Mr. A. o. Shelby, a wealthy planter in my county, which he wanted me to pay to the firm of Martin and Pleasants for his account. Soon after we landed I paid the money over to this firm and got their receipt for it. The Bishop Hotel was the principal one on the city and Mr. Kendall took a room there with me but we had separate beds. I did not deposit the \$1,015.00 as it was a small amount and I thought it would be safe. I spent some days there with Mr. Kendall and one night I went to see a gentleman who had married a cousin of mine, was in bad health and was on his way to Cuba. He asked me if I had any United States Currency which I could exchange for Tennessee money and I told him that I had about \$1,000.00 which he could have and I got out the little pocket book. He then he said never mind as he couldn't get his own money then and that as he would not leave for a week and also wanted a larger amount than I had he would attend to it later. I thought that I would wait until I returned to my room to put my money back in my drawers pocket so instead put it in my coat pocket—a new coat which I had purchased that day. When I returned to my hotel I found that nearly everybody there had gone to the theatre. It was the night of February 22, Washington's birthday, and there was a new play to commemorate that event which had been written by a Mississippian and there were many scenes which had been taken from the Revolutionary War. The clerk told me that it was at the American Theatre and that I ought to see it. So I went to the theatre and was delighted with the play. There was an Indian fight. Col. Gaines was then stationed in New Orleans and had permitted twelve of his soldiers to be used on the

stage for the Indian fight. While in the theatre I remembered that I had my money in my coat pocket and was very sorry that I had forgotten to put it back in my drawers pocket where it would have been secure. I had it on my inside coat pocket but often would feel on the outside of my coat to ascertain that the pocket book was there. When the play was finished I kept my hand over the outside of my coat where I could feel my money was safe. We had to go down a stairway which was about twenty feet down. They allowed only about twelve to go down at a time but when I started there was a great rush and in order to keep from falling I had to let go of my pocket and put my hands on the shoulders of the man before me and those behind me did this also. We went down the stairs in a hurry and there were many who fell to the ground. as soon as I got out of the rush and on the street I felt for my pocket book and lo, and behold, it was gone as well as my \$1,015.00. It had been safe when we started down the stairs. There were no lights in the street and nearly everyone carried lanterns and I asked a gentleman, who was with several Ladies, if he would loan me his lantern a moment as I had dropped my pocket book during the rush. He gave me his lantern and asked if I had much money in it and I told him that I had some. He asked if I was in the habit of attending theaters and I told him that was the third time I had ever done so. He told me that I ought never to carry money with me to a theatre, only enough for my ticket and some change over. After looking around he said that thieves had taken my pocket book and asked where I had it. We then examined my coat and found that it had been cut, it was a right new coat, and I then knew that my money was gone. I went back to the hotel and found my room mate, Mr. Kendall, was already there and I told him that I had been to the theatre. He said that he had also been there but had not seen me, that he greatly enjoyed the play and that he had no doubt but that I enjoyed the performance also, I then told Mr. Kendall about my loss but requested him not to say anything about it. He insisted that we go back immediately to the theatre and make a more thorough search but I told him that I knew it would not be any use. He went with me and we found the keeper and there were still lamps burning. We searched at the place where I was seated, all about the house, the steps and on the street but could find no pocket book.

I did not tell very many people about this loss and I really did not mind it very much. At this time I would feel the loss of \$10.00 more severely than I did the loss of \$1,015.00 that night. Then I had unlimited credit and could get whatever money I needed. There was a man in the hotel who owed us \$10,000.00 for cotton which we had sold to him. That year we made a profit of at least \$30,000.00 on the sale of cotton alone. This man's debt was not due for thirty days but I went to him and told him that it would be an accommodation to me if he would let me have \$1,000.00 on account. I had made larger purchases of groceries, etc. than I had intended and did not want to draw on our commission merchants. At my request he paid me the \$1,000.00 and when I returned home I sent to the man whose land I had sold, his \$1,015.00 and said nothing about having lost his money.

We continued to do a good business and sold many goods but mostly on credit. I decided to open another store in a new county which was North of the Hatchie River. It was to be under the name of James N. Smith & Co., and was composed of A. Morehead, Wm. Morehead and myself. My brother, Charles A. had no interest in this firm. My oldest daughter by my first marriage, Elizabeth H. Smith was married to Mr. William Calhoun and lived north of the Hatchie River at a place called Hurricane Hill. It was at this place that we opened the store under the name of J. N. Smith Co. When I took the census of Tipton County I had become acquainted with almost every family and was popular among them which, caused many people to buy goods from us.

My son, James H., also opened a store in Covington, Tipton County, with Wm. B. Vincent as his partner. The firm was called either Vincent & Smith or Smith & Vincent, I have forgotten which. James H. had been a clerk at Columbia with Jenkins & Langtry for several years. When he became of age he decided to go into business for himself. His partner, Wm. B. Vincent, had also been a clerk with Jenkins & Langtry at the same time James B. was there. When they opened their store at Covington many thought that I had an interest with them but I had no interest except to wish them success. When I went to Philadelphia to buy goods my son, James D. went with me. From Columbia we traveled by stage through Nashville to Lexington and Maysville, Kentucky

and on across the Ohio River through the State of Ohio. I was well acquainted with the passengers on the stage, most of them were from Tennessee and there was a Col. Washington from Kentucky, When we passed through Ohio one morning I noticed two young ladies all dressed up who looked a little distressed. We had stopped for breakfast and as I always like to be acquainted with people I asked these young ladies if they lived there and they said that they did. They told me that they had expected to go on the stage that morning to a protracted meeting about thirty miles away but as the stage was crowded their mother had told them that they must wait until the next day. I told them just to keep their pretty dresses and after breakfast I would see that room was provided for them if they would let me sit between them. I told them that I had a good looking son along and another young man with whom I was acquainted and I would ask them to ride on top of the stage and they could occupy their seats inside as I would get the consent of the driver to do this. Their countenances lit up with great delight and they said that if I would make these arrangements that there would be a green spot in their memory for me always. James B., his young companion and the stage driver all agreed to this arrangement. There was one passenger, a peevish married man with whom I was well acquainted, who was much displeased that the young ladies got on and said that I had been entirely too accommodating and that he would get off the stage when we reached Wheeling, Virginia. He said that we were too crowded and that so many passengers and that it might cause us to overturn when we crossed the mountains. The girls reached their destination and got off after thanking me many times as well as each giving me a kiss. They were members of the Methodist Church.

When we reached Wheeling, Virginia, which is on the West side of the Ohio River a number got off and a number of new passengers got on. There was a merchant who lived there whose name was Thompson, he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church; his daughter was with him who was a beautiful young lady, about 21 years of age. They were going to Philadelphia and Boston. There was also another gentleman and his wife who lived in St. Louis and were going to Philadelphia. It was quite a congenial crowd. We went by the way of Lancaster, Pennsylvania and it looked very dangerous as we went at great speed down the steep mountains. When about seventy-five miles from Philadelphia we left the stage and got on the rail road which I believe was the only

railroad then in Western Pennsylvania. I remained in Philadelphia for a week or two and purchased a fine assortment of goods for both A. Morehead & Co., and J. N. Smith & Co. My son also purchased for Vincent & Smith, he was a good judge of merchandise and we usually bought from the same concerns. I purchased one bill of goods amounting to about \$2000.00 from a firm with whom I was not acquainted. The clerk was an older man than I and helped me with my selections after I had told him about what I wanted. When ready to make out the invoice he asked the name of my firm and I told him A. Morehead & Co. He paused a moment and said that was a name he had known all his life and he had sold goods to a firm of that name in Kentucky. He said that his name was Turner Morehead. I told him that I was related to the Moreheads and that his father had visited mine in Tennessee and had his daughter Susan with him at the time. He was overjoyed to meet me and paid me very special attention. He said that his wife was away on a visit to Baltimore, where she had formerly lived, but that I must spend the night with him. I introduced my son, James B., and we visited with him that night. My son told me that he knew that I always hunted up my relatives while traveling but he did not think I was going to find any in Philadelphia. My cousin Turner Morehead advised me to close out my mercantile business and collect in all the accounts which were due me. He said that he was sixty-five years old and had been selling goods for fifty years and he predicted that in a year's time there was going to be a crash in the mercantile and business world. He said that if he had wound up his own affairs in 1816 he would have been worth \$120,000.00. If I had taken his advice I also would have been worth \$50,000.00 from my share of this partnership.

Before this trip to Philadelphia I sent my daughter, Jane, my youngest daughter by my first wife, also the sister of my second wife, Jane Morehead, to Nashville Female Academy at Nashville. Although they boarded at the academy I asked my old friend, who was called by all who knew him, uncle Tom Crutcher, to look after them and to provide them with everything they needed including books, clothing, etc. Everybody loved "Uncle Tom Crutcher". The Legislature was then in session and when I started home one of its members, Col. Searcy, requested me to take under my care his wife and little son together with the sister of his wife, Miss Hooker and a friend a Miss Bettie

Calmes. They were anxious to go home and lived in Covington where I lived at that time. We were to go down the river on the boat and Col. Searcy selected the state rooms for the ladies and left them. The boat was very crowded but Mrs. Searcy and the young ladies knew numbers of the passengers and the trip down the Cumberland River was pleasant. When we reached the Ohio River at the mouth of the Cumberland our boat returned to Nashville and we had to wait about one half of a day for another boat and when it arrived it was also greatly crowded. The ladies' cabin which was upstairs on the boat was overflowing. I asked the Captain for passage for myself and the three ladies and little boy. He said that he could not take any more ladies unless the ladies who were already on the boat would give their consent.

I then went up to the ladies cabin and found that there were already too many ladies there for comfort. I made a feeling appeal to the lady passengers and told them about the three ladies who were under my care. I said that they were not of my family but that they were ladies of the highest type and rank, most intelligent and well educated, one being the wife of our representative to the Legislature. They had been away from home for two months and we were all very anxious to get home. They all consented except one lady about forty years old who objected. She said that we already had too many children on board. I told her that the little boy had his nurse with him who would look after him and I was sure he would not worry her. I told her that I hoped she would soon get out of her state of single blessedness and enter into a state of married felicity so that she could learn to appreciate wives and children. This caused everybody to laugh and everybody was in a good humor except the old maid.

There was a gentleman by the name of Col. Anthony who had come down the Cumberland River with us from Nashville. He had with him his wife, his wife's mother and sister and seven small children as well as sixty negroes and a years supply of provisions. He was moving to Mississippi and I was well acquainted with him. At first he had said that he would wait for another boat and I did not know his plans were changed when I asked the ladies in the cabin to let the ladies with me come on board. When the Captain of the boat found how much freight Col. Anthony had and with the sixty negroes how profitable it would be to take them on board he consented to take them. So Col.

Anthony's family and my company of ladies went up to the ladies cabin. I did not see them go up as I was busy looking after the baggage and a lot of flowers and shrubbery which the girls had brought from Nashville. The plants had to be placed near the boilers to keep them from freezing. It was about one half an hour before I joined the ladies upstairs as I waited to see Col. Anthony get his negroes on board. He had told me about the Captain consenting to take his family, negroes, and freight. Meanwhile Mrs. Anthony and her family had gone into the ladies cabin but when Mrs. Searcy started in she was told by some of the ladies inside not to take her little son in unless she wished to be insulted. This aroused her Virginia pride and she would not allow the girls to go in either and the three with little Robert and his nurse waited on the bow of the boat until I came. It was very cold and ice was floating down the river. When I went up to the ladies cabin I found Mrs. Searcy and the girls sitting outside, almost in tears. Mrs. Searcy said that she had been ordered out of the cabin and had been told that she would be insulted if she took her little son, Robert, inside. Seated near my party on the bow of the boat were also a gentleman and lady with some children. I requested Mrs. Searcy to take my arm and with the girls to go into the cabin with me, which was done. We found Mrs. Anthony with her family seated by the stove. She arose and gave chairs to Mrs. Searcy and the young ladies so that they might sit down and get warm. After looking around I made a general remark to all the ladies that they seemed very much crowded. Several of the old ladies then took me to task and said that I had promised them that there were but three ladies in my party but that I had brought in thirteen. They said that they thought I was telling the truth and wanting to get home to see my wife and family but that they knew that I had not told the truth as my wife was with me sitting by the stove and that they had heard that I had seventy or eighty negroes also on the boat. I had told them a falsehood. They were assured by me that they were mistaken as there were only three ladies with me. The other ladies were not under my care but were with Col. Anthony. When I was first in the cabin, I said, it was my understanding that Col. Anthony and his family had decided to wait over for another boat and that he was the one who owned the negroes as I did not own any negroes at all. I further remarked that we ought to be friendly as we were all floating down the stream of time as well as the river; we did not know when all would be landed in eternity but I hoped that when our pilgrimage on earth

was ended that we were prepared for a safe and friendly landing on the other side. I got all reconciled finally and during the trip I often visited in the ladies cabin. Little Robert Searcy became quite a pet with the ladies and I believe the maiden lady often had him to sit in her lap.

When returning from Philadelphia I passed through Kentucky and stopped at Bowling Green to see my Morehead relations. I spent a day with them and also saw my Aunt Sallie Napier for the last time. She was there with her daughter but she returned to Mississippi soon afterward and died

. There was a shipment of goods to me from Pittsburgh and Louisville, Kentucky, valued about \$2,000.00. This was on a boat which struck a snag about seven miles above Randolph and sank. I went to Randolph to see if I could identify any of my goods. The wreckers had saved a great deal of the freight which was taken to Randolph. All I could identify was about 100 yards of steubenville jeans, which was then in great demand in Tennessee, and two barrels of linseed oil. This was all we saved of the shipment. We always insured our shipments from Philadelphia, New York and New Orleans but as this was a small shipment and river quite safe for shipment at that season we had not thought it necessary to insure these goods.

While I was at Randolph a young man was taken up who was suspected of belonging to the Murrell Gang which had begun to spread alarm in our county as well as other counties. The people were enraged and a multitude assembled who wanted to hang the young man and carried him to the river bottoms for that purpose. The mother of the young man followed the mob weeping for her boy, she was a widow. I also followed the mob and succeeded in my efforts with the leaders to bring him back for a further trial. It was then decided to leave it to a vote of those present as to whether he would be lynched or whipped or permitted to leave the state within twelve hours. There were about 500 present. It was decided that he be allowed to leave the state but if he were ever found in it again that he should be hung. None but citizens were allowed to vote. Col. Orville Shelby, a wealthy planter on the river below Randolph, was one of the



judges of the election. A tall man, who had lately settled in the neighborhood, came up to vote but Col. Shelby challenged this vote as he thought he was a boat hand on the river. The man proved his right as he was a settler in the county and lived not more than four miles from Col. Shelby. It all seemed to be settled but that evening there was a crowd of men on the boat at the wharf as well as a crowd on the bank of the river nearby. The man whose vote had been challenged had been drinking but was not drunk. He saw Col. Shelby on a boat at the landing and began to curse and abuse him and said that he intended to whip him before he went home, said that while he was on a steam boat he was not a river hand and that he would find out who he was before he got through. Col. Shelby remained cool while the fellow got on the boat and rushed toward him. Shelby then drew a pistol, cocked it and pointed it at the man while he said to the company on the boat that he did not want the blood of any man on his hands but that he notified this man and the company around that if this man came one foot nearer that he would shoot him dead. The man stopped but continued to curse Col. Shelby who told him that he did not mind his abuse but if he moved a foot nearer him that he would kill him. I was standing near Shelby and was about to take hold of him as I always wanted to be a peace maker, when he said for me not to touch him as he was always cool and calm in the presence of danger but that he would not suffer any man to touch and while he continued to keep the pistol pointed at the man he said that if he stepped one inch nearer that he would shoot him down. I then said to the man, who was a complete stranger to me, that he had better leave which advice he decided to accept. Col. Shelby then went up the bluffs of the river to a store. As both men had been threatening each other I told the sheriff that he ought to take both into custody and have the magistrate put them under a peace bond but he only laughed and said that all law had been set aside and that it was useless to talk about law, He reminded me that they had tried to hang a man that morning. I then went back and talked to the stranger and tried to pacify him, told him that he lived near Col. Shelby and that he would find him to be a gentleman so he said that he would go with me and make friends with Col. Shelby but when we got within about ten yards of Shelby the man drew a dirk and rushed toward him. Col. Shelby drew his pistol and pointed it at the man but it snapped and failed to fire. He quickly drew another pistol, and said that he knew that one would fire.

The snapping of the first pistol stopped the man who put up his dirk and Col. Shelby put up his pistol. The friends of each then kept them apart and Col. Shelby got on his horse and went home and the man also went home. The next morning one or two merchants went over to see Col. Shelby and a compromise between the two was effected and they became good neighbors and friends. Col. Shelby afterwards presented the man with his pistol and told him that as he had come so near shooting him with it that he would present him with the pistol but on the condition that he would promise never to shoot a man with it except only to save his own life,

While I was in business at Covington I received a letter from my cousin, Charles A. Smoot, my aunt Smoot's son with whom I had spent my youthful days and a cousin I loved very much. He wrote that he was married and had three children but at the age of 35 years had become totally blind. In an effort to restore his sight, with doctors both in North and South Carolina, he had used all of his property. He had several surgical operations but to no purpose. As he had heard that I was selling goods and doing well he would endeavor to procure means to come to Tennessee and would like to live with me. This was done by putting his wife and children in a small horse wagon and by holding on the hind part of the wagon by himself walked all the way from the Darlington District on the Pee Dee River, South Carolina. His wife drove the wagon with the oldest boy holding the baby. They arrived and spent a few weeks with me. I purchased a small farm, a tract of fifty acres and gave it to him. It was near my son-in-law, Col. Wm. Calhoun, who had married my oldest daughter, Elizabeth. Col. Calhoun helped him and attended him sometimes and his oldest son would lead him about the neighborhood. I furnished him provisions and the neighbors were very kind to his family. He and his wife were members of the Baptist Church and there was one near where he lived.

A year or so after my Cousin Smoot came there was a so-called celebrated oculist who came to Memphis and the papers were full of his advertisements and his wonderful cures on his way from New York to New Orleans. It was advertised that he was coming down the Mississippi River and would be in Memphis on a certain day. My cousin Charles wanted to go to Memphis which was more than sixty miles away. I took him and

his son in my carriage and we were in Memphis the day before the oculist arrived. As soon as the oculist arrived he went to the office of the Memphis Inquirer which was edited by Col. F. S. Latham, who not long afterwards married my daughter, Jane. The oculist had hand bills printed giving notice of his arrival. I visited his room that afternoon together with my cousin Charles and his son. The oculist examined Cousin Charles' eyes and said that one could never be restored but that he could cure the other so that he could read and stated that it would be a blessed thing to be able to read the Bible if only with one eye. The advertisements had read that the poor would be treated without charge. I left my Cousin Charles with him and while I was gone he examined his eyes again and said that he could be cured. Cousin Charles told him that his son and read to him and that he had promised to attend the poor gratis and that he expected him to fulfill the promise in his advertisements. The oculist said that he was an Englishman and that we Americans did not know his meaning about poor people as he scarcely found any poor people in America. That his meaning of poor people was those who had no friends at all and nothing to live on. He said my cousin was poor but he had friends and a cousin who had brought him sixty miles to visit him, therefore he was not really poor and had friends but that he would not charge him very much. When I returned I asked him what would be his charge to treat my cousin. He took three small vials of eye water and said they would be sufficient to cure one eye and that as my cousin was a poor man he would charge him but very little which was \$25.00 for each of the three vials or a total of \$75.00. I paid the money to him and he dropped a few drops in his eyes and said that would be all that was needed and that we need not stay over but I told him that we were not leaving until the next day. The oculist's business hours were from 10 A. M. The next morning he wrote an advertisement and sent it to Col. Latham. In a post script he asked that it be used as an editorial and published in the morning paper. The purport of the article was that there had been many visits to the oculist Williams the afternoon before and among them was a little orphan girl who lived in the city totally blind. The aunt of this girl had brought her to him for treatment and the next morning her eyesight had been so restored that she could discern persons and had told how many chairs were in his office, this in the presence of her aunt. When Mr. Latham received the request to use this article as an editorial he came over to the hotel like a mad bear, showed the

article to the doctor and cursed him very much. He asked if he thought he would make an editorial of something he knew nothing about and pronounced the oculist a grand imposter. He proposed that the little girl and her aunt be brought to his office and if what is stated is proved by people with whom he was acquainted he would accept the advertisement. He took the lady to his office and asked her to certify to the statement but she refused to do so as she could not perceive that the little girl's eyes were any better. She said that the little girl told her that the oculist had given her \$2.00 and then told her how many chairs were in the room, four on one side and three on the other, which she was to tell when with her aunt the next morning. This the lady told in Mr. Latham's office in presence of several gentlemen. This confused the oculist and he told the lady that she was ungrateful as he had treated the little girl without charge which the lady said was true but that she could not tell a falsehood about the matter. Mr. Latham was more enraged than ever and told the oculist to leave his office and that he had better leave Memphis lest something shocking, happen to his sensibilities. A number of young men of the city determined to drag him through a pond of green, stagnant water near the city. Someone told the tavern keeper about this and advised not to let him wait for the stage but to take him at once to the next stage stand. These young men also intended to make the oculist refund to me the \$75.00. Before this had happened in Mr. Latham's office I had my carriage brought out to start home and went in to see the oculist again. He had made a note out for \$500.00 payable to Williams the Oculist for me to sign. He told me orally that this would be on the condition that my cousin Charles Smoot could read the Bible in three months. This made me very mad and I asked him if he thought I was a fool. I told him that I would give him my note for \$2,000.00 payable at the bank in Memphis provided my cousin could read in twelve months but he was to pay me back my \$75.00. He asked why I mentioned the \$75.00 as he had that already which I said that I knew and that I thought he was an imposter. The hotel keeper told the oculist that he was going to be handled roughly by the populace and that he had better not wait for the stage as they had already assembled and were coming after him. The oculist consented to be taken in a carriage to the next stage stop and the hotel keeper got him off in a hurry. Williams the oculist did not help or do any good to the eyes of my cousin Charles A. Smoot. He went to Nashville, Tennessee, and was driven from that

city for the same offense. He hired some young printers to make a false statement in a paper edited by Rev. Dr. Smoot, stating that an old man of 70 years had been blind ten years and had his sight restored in two days. Dr. Smoot had him hurried out of Nashville and gave the young printers a good scolding, for putting the statement in the paper. They said that they had been paid well. The oculist received only \$75.00 in Tennessee, which I paid to him.

I believe it was in the year 1833 I had a severe spell of sickness and during this sickness, one night while the doctor was sitting up with me besides several of my friends because they did not think that I would live through the night, that night there were a great many brilliant meteors falling toward the ground. It appeared that the whole starry heavens were falling. It was called by many the falling of the stars. Those who were with me that night were the first to see them in the town of Covington. They had the Court House bell rung to wake up the people that they might see these falling meteors. This caused great alarm to many of the citizens. Many thought that the end of the world had come and went to the church for prayers. The next day I was better but very weak. My friends came in to see me and they all had to talk about the stars. During the whole day different ones would come and at last I requested that they did not talk about the stars or they would kill me. I could not see them myself and if I had not put a stop to my friends talking about it so much the next day I know that it would have killed me I was so weak.

A few years after this my brother Charles A. and his first wife came from Maury County to see me and my family. There were some creeks near the Tennessee River which were so high they could not pass and they had to go out of their way to cross them. On the way they passed some iron works and there were some hands who were working with some coal. My brother, who was so remarkably marked with his red face, stopped his buggy to ask the way to the ferry. One of the hands was throwing coal into a wagon with a spade, stopped, laid down his spade and looked with great amazement at my brother's red face. My brother knew that the man was looking at his face so he said, "Stranger, what is the matter with your face, is it the coal which makes it look so

strange?" The fellow wiped his face and said that nothing was the matter with his face but that he had never seen such a face as my brother's in all his life. My brother said , "I presume not because my face has been red ever since the stars fell that night." It afterwards became noticed in all that region that a man was alarmed the night the stars fell that it made his face entirely red and that it had remained so permanently. My sister Betty would always laugh about this. At the time they visited us she was in bad health and I never saw her afterwards as she died in a few weeks after their return to Maury County.

After about two years after his wife's death (Sister Betty) my brother moved to Paris, Henry County, Tennessee and took charge of an academy in that town. His oldest son was in the North at college where he graduated. My brother, Charles A. married a second time to Mrs. Mary T. Morehead of Bowling Green, Kentucky, who was a widow of James T. Morehead. My brother had been well acquainted with her in their youthful days. They were married in Bowling Green, July 12th, 1836. His daughter, Martha, was married in Paris, Tennessee, to Rev. Mr. Edmiston who taught a female school at the time. My brother's second wife was his second cousin. I visited my brother at Paris after this marriage as I attended Presbytery also Synod which was held there.

In about the year 1835 there was a flat boat going down the Mississippi River from Marysville, Kentucky, which was loaded with, flour, etc. .It ran aground on an island below Randolph and the owner hired a number of hands on the Arkansas side of the river to help him get his boat off. They unloaded the boat when both his own hands on the boat and the Arkansas hands made the owner of the boat a prisoner and after raising the boat took the flour into Arkansas. They threatened the owner and told him that if he ever informed on them they would take his life. They put him ashore on the Arkansas side and went on down the river to sell the flour. About three days after this the owner came to Randolph to report the robbery. His boat as well as the cargo was insured. The owner also went to Covington and informed the sheriff of his misfortune. The island where the robbery occurred belonged to Tennessee. The sheriff called a town meeting and I was made the chairman. I told about the outrage which had been

committed and stated that the object of the meeting was to call for volunteers to pursue the rogues. I suggested Col. Hockley (afterwards Secretary of State under President Houston and Secretary of War under President Lamar of Texas) to be Captain and Col. Calmes, our sheriff, as Lieutenant of the Volunteers and they were elected. Col. Greville D. Searcy, a lawyer, was elected second Lieutenant. There were about eighty volunteers at Covington. Col. G. W. Hockley then addressed the company and said that as we had taken the law in our hands and that he would expect every one to be subject to his command just the same as the United States soldiers were to their officers, that they should go just as far as he did and not be discharged until he gave such orders. Everyone agreed to this, preparations were made and marching orders given. We went that evening to Randolph where we stayed all night. The company was increased to 103 men who all agreed to be under military rule and subject to the captain's orders. The next morning we took possession of an old flat boat which had been used for stock or cattle shipments and had it cleaned out and thoroughly disinfected. All were armed with either shotguns or rifles and a few pistols. The man who had been robbed of the flour, etc. went with us and had with him an inventory of his shipment and was able to identify the private brands which were on his flour. We started down the river with our brave 103 volunteers but about one 'clock there came a tremendous rain storm and we were forced to stop awhile. All got very wet as our boat had no substantial roof. It was a mixed company consisting of merchants, lawyers, blacksmiths, house carpenters, and farmers but all were anxious to do their duty as soldiers. On board were sufficient provisions, cooking utensils, cups and coffee pots for all the men. There were several demijohns of the best brandy and there were many on board who were very fond of drinking. We searched no houses until we got below the island where the robbery occurred. At the first house we stopped to examine we found two of the barrels of flour with the owners brand on them. The house was located at the upper end of a bend in the river which bend was about twenty miles around but only about three miles straight across from the upper to the lower end. It was called the Shawney Village Bend and the town was about three miles from the river and consisted of about fifty families. There lived in this house a man who was a widower with three boys and a girl about sixteen years old. We took the old man and his three boys prisoners and when the girl, his

daughter, came home her brothers told her that we were going to take them on our boat and continue our search for the flour. The girl ran away and was soon out of our sight but previously some of our men had been smoking and threw a cigar on the top of a small house which was covered with grass and it caught on fire. The girl ran to the Shawney Village and told the citizens there that we had taken her father and brothers prisoners and had burned up the place. The people armed themselves and came down to the river to watch for our boat. It was perhaps about nine or ten o'clock at night when we noticed men on the river at the Shawney Village landing. Col. Hockley hailed them and asked what landing it was. They said that it was no landing for us and asked who commanded that boat. When told they replied that we would land in hell if we stopped there. Col. Hockley told them that we were going to land and ordered his men to arm themselves. We could see that there were many people on the shore. The steersman threw the boat into the middle of the river. Col. Hockley and Col. Calmes took hold of the steering oar to throw the boat to the landing but it drifted down and below. A council of war was held and it was decided to cross over the river and make camp for the night on the Tennessee side. We had breakfast by sun up the next morning and crossed to the Arkansas side and landed under a high bluff. Col. Hockley divided the men into two lines and left me with six men and the prisoners to stay on the boat. Col. Hockley commanded one-half of the men and Col. Calmes the other one-half. Each line ascended the bluff and kept about eighty yards apart but when they reached the first house they found three men who ran out and endeavored to escape but after being fired at twice they gave up and were sent back to the boat as prisoners. When the two shots were heard the old man on the boat turned pale said that we had killed Floyd the sheriff who was sick in bed. The men brought in the three additional prisoners, left them with us and returned to their company. The men arrived at Mr. Floyd's the sheriff of that county, and who was acquainted with Col. Calmes. Sheriff Floyd advised them not to go to the villages unless he sent his negro fellow (a fellow man) with them and that none but Col. Hockley, Col. Calmes and Col. Searcy go and that by no means should he march the whole company there. The negro man with a letter from him would protect them. The sheriff said that his brother had seventy men under arms and that they could whip twice our number as they were well armed and were acquainted with every ravine



and hiding place in the whole bend of the river. Col. Hockley took this advice and left his men about a mile away from the village while he with Col. Calmes and Col. Searcy went to the village sending the negro man on before with a letter to the sheriff's brother asking him to meet them. It was agreed at this meeting that if our Captain could identify any of the men in the village who had taken the flour that they would surrender such men to our company. The owner of the flour then designated three men, one who had been one of his friends and two others. These three men immediately ran away to the thickest part of the woods and were fired upon many times but were not hit. Floyd promised that he would hunt for these men as well as any others who had taken part in the robbery of the boat. Thus peace was restored but Col. Hockley and his company did not return to the boat until about one o'clock P. M. The three last prisoners I had searched and their pocket knives taken from them. The seven prisoners were all tied loosely around their wrists. In searching these men we had also found two packs of cards and some gambling apparatus for throwing dice, etc., a blank book, pen and ink and a small book written in cypher or hieroglyphics which we could not read. There were about fifty pages all written in this book and a little was written in the other blank book. The man who had these inquired if there were any lawyers in our company and said that his name was Foreman and wanted to know why we were arming ourselves in such a manner. I told him that we had several lawyers and why we were armed and he seemed somewhat alarmed but said that he was sorry that we had taken him a prisoner for so slight a cause as robbing a flat boat as he dealt in much higher things. He referred to his books and said that none could read them but those who had the key. He said that he was in correspondence with governors of States, officers in the United States Army and persons of eminence in the different States. All of these had a key to his cypher and could read his books. He said that he was a counterfeiter of bank notes and could change \$10.00 bills to \$100.00 bills, \$1.00 bills to \$10.00, etc. He stated that he would take these changed bills to Memphis and exchange them for good bills. He kept his type, apparatus, etc. hidden two feet deep in the outside corner of the house where he had been found. When our company got back to the boat and on board I introduced this Mr. Foreman to Col. Searcy and he told him the same story which he had already related to me and a Mr. Clarkson, a merchant from Covington, who was

also with me guarding the boat. We continued to keep Foreman a prisoner and started down the river from this place for Memphis. Our boat was tossed about a great deal by the waves of the Mississippi River. It was a very warm afternoon. Our demijohns were empty. Our men were very fatigued as they had been backward and forward a great deal from the Shawney Village to and from the boat. We were crowded and the boat had a leak which let water in and covered the bottom of the boat. The water had a very offensive smell. Many became sick which was like unto sea sickness. As the whole company could not sit on or occupy the covering or small remnant of a top, all were forbidden to sit there. About one-half hour before sun down while we were waiting and drinking our coffee one of our men had a hard fit or spasm. He was a hard drinker and had sometimes had these fits at home so we did not think much of it. In a short time another man, who had weak nerves but was not a drunkard, had a fit. There were three or four doctors on board and they attended these men. Sickness soon became more or less general among the company, I advised Col. Hockley to land the boat so that we might get some pure air and away from the disagreeable odor of the boat. There was much dirty bilge water a strong stench from the cattle which had been carried. I told Col. Hockley that the last man who had fainted was very bad off. He swore an oath and said that the boat would go on as he had seen many hard drinking men have fits. In a short time there were a number of other men who fainted and everyone began to be alarmed. Some one said that there was cholera on board. This had been prevalent a short time before in Tennessee as well as New Orleans. Col. Hockley seemed determined to reach Memphis that night but with a few exceptions the whole company began to cry out, "Land the boat, Land the boat!" So he finally gratified them by giving the order to land on the Tennessee side. I verily believe that if this had not been done at least two thirds of the men would have fainted. The sick were all carried off the boat to the shore and soon got better. All enjoyed the fresh air and the sickness subsided. We spent the night on shore and all slept well. We returned to the boat and started for Memphis the next morning. There was great excitement when we arrived there on account of our mob expedition. Memphis was but a small place at that time and the citizens received us with enthusiasm as Col. Hockley was known as a great military man and was requested to drill his men and show off some of his tactics. He did this and the men

seemed to enjoy the marching and drilling about the town. That night we got on board of a steam boat to go back to Randolph and Tipton County, Tennessee. The captain took us free of charge and promised to let us stop and land at any place we wished on the Arkansas side so we stopped at every house to search for flour and we took many more prisoners. The men living on the Arkansas side of the river were all alarmed. We stopped at a wood yard and a little girl came to sell us some milk. At Col. Hockley's suggestion some of our men inquired of her to know if there were many men up at her house. She said that all the men had gone, because they were afraid of the Tennesseans, except two and her mother had hidden them under the feather beds. Three of our men then went with the little girl to the house and purchased some more milk. One of the men was a Mr. Clarkson who was a merchant and also my assistant to guard the prisoners. He told the lady that he was very weary and wanted to lie on the bed awhile. The two men with him said that they wanted to lie down also so all three threw themselves across the bed their feet hanging over the side. In a short time the men who were under the feather bed began to cry out for mercy and said that they were being smothered. Our men jumped off the bed and took them prisoners and brought to the great John Murrell who at that time was causing such great excitement as a land pirate by stealing slaves etc. His headquarters were at the Shanwney Village. I had known this John Murrell as well as his brother we had captured when they lived in Wilkinson County and I was living in Maury County, Tennessee. At that time they were poor hard working men and no one suspected them of being counterfeiters or of stealing anything. When Murrell came on the boat he knew me and requested Col. Hockley to let him deposit his money with me and when they searched him they found in his pockets \$250.00 in bank notes, all good money, besides \$50.00 in counterfeit \$10.00. We landed at Randolph in the afternoon and our prisoners were tried before a justice of the peace. Five were held and committed to jail for stealing the flour from the flat boat and were to wait their trial in our district court. The two gamblers and most of the others were found not guilty but our sheriff suspected them of being in the Murrell clan so took them to the Arkansas side of the river and gave them quite a good lynching and let them go. Mr. Foreman, the lawyer and counterfeiter, gave himself up as a fugitive from justice as he had been charged with passing counterfeit money. He wished

to be committed to jail for this as he said there was \$500.00 reward offered as soon as our sheriff notified the Governor of Mississippi or the sheriff of Jefferson County, Mo., he would be sent for. This notice was sent. Col. Calmes did not put him in jail but kept him at his house on his word that he would not attempt to escape. The proper authorities sent for him. Foreman always said that he would never have to stand trial as those men who were high in office would see that he was released. I presume that he must have told the truth as Col. Hockley saw him afterwards at the Battle of San Jacinto in the Texas Revolution. He knew Foreman although he had changed his name to Smith and was a lawyer living in San Antonio where he died some years afterward.

A short time before this expedition to capture the flour thieves Col. Calmes had lost two of his negro fellows. They had either been stolen or had run away. He suspected the Murrell clan of stealing them. As there was no charge against this Murrell we had captured he took him home with him after I had returned his money and Col. Calmes had torn up the counterfeit bills. Murrell had given a satisfactory account about his possession of the good money and had said that he had received it on a debt due him by a man in the Shawney Village. Col. Calmes then took Murrell to the Hatchie River bottom, and gave him a severe castigation in an effort to make him tell all about the Murrell clan and also to see if he knew anything about the negroes who were stolen. He could not get any satisfaction from him so he let him go free fully believing that he was not in the clan. The prisoners who were being held in jail made their escape before the District Court met and this ends the account of the flat boat expedition for the stolen flour.

The wealthiest farmers around Covington were given to much drinking of spirits and it was quite fashionable among the young men. While I kept my store I took great pains to endeavor to get them to cease their habits of intoxication. In the winter time I would take care of any who were drunk in the streets very late at night. There was a friend also a customer of mine, as he made all his purchases from our firm, who told me that I ought to let these drunkards alone as I could not take care of all of them and if I would let them alone they would all die out. It was my practice to take up these drunken men when

lying in the streets and take them to the hotel or to my store—house as to protect them from the cold. This friend and customer of mine was a rich man and had a fine family of sons and daughters and he himself was a hard drinker. He had the title of General in the militia. One time there was a protracted meeting in our court house as the Presbyterians had no church building. There were many serious persons at this meeting who were inquiring the way of salvation. This friend of mine would attend the meeting with his family as well as other friends in the vicinity who were in the habit of drinking. One night his wife and daughter were at the “anxious seat” as it was called, with a number of other ladies. I was a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church. It was late at night and this General came in with the sheriff and others who had been drinking hard. When he saw his wife at the anxious seat he said to me that he was sorry to see her there and asked me to go tell her that he wished to go home. I asked him to stay awhile longer and let his wife remain where she was kneeling. He refused and said that if I would not go tell her that he would go after her himself so I told him that I would go. The court house was crowded as well as the galleries overhead. The General and his friends were next to the jury rooms and not in the midst of the congregation. I started to go to his wife but before I reached her side the sheriff's wife and some other ladies, who were professors of religion, stopped me and told me not to interrupt her. I then went back to the General and he asked if his wife was not coming out of that place. I told him that I had not spoken to her but thought I would come back to him and persuade him to let her remain. He said that he was going after her himself so I then promised that I would go tell her. I went through the crowd of people and knelt down by her side and told her how glad I was to see her there but that her husband had sent me to ask her to go home. She whispered to her daughter and she then took my arm and I led her through the congregation to the General. He said to her very kindly, "My dear, I sent Mr. Smith to tell you that I wish to go home, you can have your devotions just as well at home." she replied, "certainly I can. I am ready to accompany you home. She afterwards became a member of the Presbyterian Church.

A few months after this the Methodists held a quarterly meeting in the Court House. There was a large assembly and the meeting continued for many days. Col. Calmes,

our sheriff, was a very wicked and profane man but still he was a very benevolent man as he would give general donations as well as contribute to all in distress and to the different churches. His wife was a devoted pious Christian, a member of the Methodist Church. Before this meeting Col. Calmes would always entertain the traveling preachers of all denominations at his home. He had formerly kept a hotel and before the Courthouse was built the preaching would be at his house. A short time before this particular meeting was held he had become very much prejudiced against the Methodists. He had two daughters who were boarding at a female school some distance away which was taught by a Methodist preacher. While his daughters were attending this school they made a profession of religion at a protracted meeting and were received as members of the Methodist church without their parents knowledge or consent. This so much displeased Col. Calmes that he took his daughters out of the school and was much incensed against Methodist preachers generally. The presiding Elder of this conference held in the Court House had many years before been a circuit rider preacher and when he preached at Covington would always make Col. Calmes house his home. During this meeting he stopped with me but knew nothing of Col. Calmes prejudice against the Methodists. On Sunday night during this meeting, there was much religious excitement. The Presiding Elder went among the congregation singing and shaking hands with those in the congregation. Mrs. Calmes and her two daughters were seated together and Col. Calmes started toward them first telling me that a preacher should not shake hands with his wife or daughters because if he did he would cut his throat. I saw that he was enraged and a little in liquor so I followed and stood by him. When the preacher reached Mrs. Calmes and daughters and was about to shake hands the Colonel stopped him and with a profane oath told the preacher to keep his hands off and that if he touched any of his family he would cut his throat. He then drew a dirk and told the preacher that he would as soon kill him as a rattlesnake. The preacher wanted to know what in the world was the matter with him. Col. Calmes raised his hand with the dirk and said, "You may speak or talk to them but hands off, touch them not, if you do I will cut your throat!" I always wanted to be a peacemaker and could have influence with my friends in their drinking sprees. I told the preacher to pass on and he did so. I asked Col. Calmes to walk with me to the outside of the

congregation and near the jury rooms so he went with me. The affair with the Presiding Elder had not been noticed much because there was so much singing and talking going on and there were other preachers also passing through other parts of the congregation. I kept close to Col. Calmes until after the preaching and excitement was over for the night. The Presiding Elder was not a coward because while the other preachers led the singing and prayers for the mourners he went to the outside of the congregation and walked across the vacant part of the court house near the jury rooms. With his arms folded across his breast he passed Col. Calmes who was also walking while I was keeping near him. They seemed to look at each other like two mad wild bulls as I watched them closely and managed to keep between them as they walked past in silence. When the congregation was broken up I took the Presiding Elder and another preacher home with me for the night. The Presiding Elder was much astonished at Col. Calmes and could not account for his rude attack until I informed him of the cause. The meeting continued for several days without further interruptions.

While in Maury County I had joined the Masonic Lodge and in Columbia had taken the degrees of the Royal Arch Chapter. A lodge being chartered in Covington, Tipton County, I was admitted as a Master Mason to membership. In 1825 when I was made a member at Columbia the lodge consisted of the finest class of citizens, lawyers, judges, merchants, and farmers. The lodges at Covington and Randolph were also composed of many valuable citizens. When President Jackson visited Nashville and the Hermitage I was about to go to Philadelphia and New York. Mr. Barton W. Jenkins, of the firm of Jenkins & Langtry, was a brother-in-law by my first marriage and had written me from his home at Columbia saying that I was to come to Columbia and bring with me Mr. Wm. T. Morehead, my brother-in-law by my second marriage and connected with me in the firm of James N. Smith and Co. He proposed to go with us to New York and Philadelphia provided we would travel under his direction. He would furnish a carriage and nicely matched horses with a good coach driver and would bear all of our expenses. We were to travel only eight or ten miles a day and to stay with him until our return home. We accepted his proposition.

We went first in a hired hack to Jackson, Tennessee, then took the stage to Nashville. When we reached Huntington, we found that the direct road was entirely out of repair and the stage could not pass. Because Trace Creek was overflowed from its head to its mouth and other creeks being overflowed also we had to take the stage route through Paris and intersect the stage line running from Smithland to Nashville through part of Kentucky. When we arrived at Dover we were detained because of a false statement of a hotel keeper that the stage could not pass because the road was out of repair and that it would be three or four days before it could get over the road. He stated that the mail was sent by a little horse wagon. We stayed part of two days when we found out that the stage had been running each day to the Cumberland River at Dover and the hotel keeper had been sending the mail to the Ferry. The stage would then turn back to the route on the North of the river. The stage driver and the hotel keeper had made this arrangement so that passengers either way were imposed upon. It was nearly night of the second day when we found this out. We paid our tavern bill and had our trunks taken in a hack to the river where we met the stage on the north bank and went eighteen miles that night to the first stage stand. We had to start before day the next morning in order to catch the Smithland stage to Nashville.

There was a General Davis who was a member of Congress from Mississippi (I do not know whether or not it was Jefferson Davis, afterwards our Confederate President) also a Colonel Kyle with whom I was acquainted, who came to Dover that night on the stage and were on their way to the Jackson dinner at Nashville. The hotel keeper told them the same story saying that they would have to wait two days before the stage could take them. This caused them much alarm for fear they would not reach Nashville in time to see the President or attend the dinner. That night after supper they went over the town of Dover and tried to hire horses to take them eighteen miles that night in order to catch the stage. After they were unable to procure horses they told When President Jackson visited Nashville and the Hermitage I was about to go to Philadelphia and New York. Mr. Barton W. Jenkins, of the firm of Jenkins & Langtry, was a brother-in-law by my first marriage and had written me from his home at Columbia saying that I was to come to Columbia and bring with me Mr. Wm. T. Morehead, my brother-in-law by my second



marriage and connected with me in the firm of James N. Smith and Co. He proposed to go with us to New York and Philadelphia provided we would travel under his direction. He would furnish a carriage and nicely matched horses with a good coach driver and would bear all of our expenses. We were to travel only eight or ten miles a day and to stay with him until our return home. We accepted his proposition.

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the hotel keeper that they would pay \$45.00 for three horses and a man to bring the horses back to Dover. The hotel keeper made a little calculation and found that this would make him more than their hotel bill so he offered to let them have the horses and his son to bring them back. They gladly made the trade and rode hard to catch the stage. We were just getting into the stage when they came up in a fast gallop calling to the driver to wait. The seats were all taken but we crowded one another and took them in. When we reached the stage stand on the Smith land route to Nashville the passengers from Smithville had the preference and the stage was full. The agent for the stage line was there and provided a large stage or omnibus to make the trip to Nashville. We had sixteen passengers – some were on top with the driver.

When General Davis found out that the hotel keeper at Dover was falsely detaining passengers by his arrangement with the stage driver he informed the Agent and said that he would also report the matter to the Postmaster General. The Agent assured him that he knew nothing about it and that he would dismiss the stage driver and remove the stage stand from the hotel keeper's place as well as refund all of our extra expense at the hotel and the \$45.00 for the hire of the horses. Thus we got our hotel expense at Dover paid back.

We had to travel slowly and it was late at night when we reached Nashville. Among our passengers were a young lady and

her uncle from North Carolina. The young lady was a Miss Murfree the granddaughter of the man for whom Murfreesboro, Tennessee, was named. She had been at school in Raleigh, N. C. Her uncle had never before been in Tennessee and was a Mr. Roberts. She sat between her uncle and myself and I knew many of her relatives both on her father's and mother's side. When we reached Nashville all the principal hotels were over-flowing. The dinner for the President was to come off the next day. I applied at the Nashville Inn for Wm. T. Morehead and myself and for Mr. Roberts and his niece but the clerk said that we could not stay. Col. Kyle and General Davis got in at the City Hotel as they were both well known there. The Nashville Inn said that I could be accommodated but there was no room for ladies. It was after midnight and Miss Murfree said that she would stay in the ladies parlor until daylight but they would not allow this. We drove around to many other hotels and boarding houses but were refused. There was a cousin of Miss Murfree's, a wealthy man who lived there in a large fine house and I told her that she ought to get the stage driver to take her and her uncle there. She said that as she had not seen her cousin for several years she did not like to go so late at night. I knew that if I saw the keeper of the Nashville Inn again that he would take in Wm. T. Morehead and myself so I got Miss Murfree's consent to have the stage driver take us to the home of her relation. It was in a part of the city

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which I knew well. We hailed the house and her cousin got up, dressed and came out and we made ourselves known to him. He said that he had considerable company but would be glad to have me stop also but he would not have room for Mr. Morehead so I did not accept his invitation. All of the passengers on the stage were now accommodated except Wm. T. Morehead, a man from Alabama who was a stranger, and myself. I told the driver to take us to the Inn and on arrival I asked for the

superintendent who was glad to see me and said that he would always accommodate me. He made room for my brother-in-law, Wm. T. Morehead and myself on the second story. The Alabamian then took me aside and said that as I was so well known there for heaven's sake get him in with us. I spoke to the superintendent and he had a mattress placed on the floor in our room. This was the most annoying trip I ever made to Nashville. The next day all was in commotion. The dinner was to be about two miles below the lower ferry. With great difficulty I at last procured a nice white horse to ride down to dinner. My Tipton County friend wrote back to Covington that I was no longer a Van Buren man but that I had mounted a white horse and was going it rapidly. It was my pleasure to shake hands with General Jackson before dinner and I was also honored by being at the first table. heard all the toasts which were drunk at the first table. In the afternoon I was fatigued and went to my white horse to ride back to the city. General Jackson and his suits had ridden down to the dinner in a carriage but horses had been provided to take them back and it so happened that they were hitched near mine. General Jackson mounted mine and I rode near them. Col. Gillespie, who was one of the party, noticed me and said that as they had been with the President for several days that I could ride by his side until they reached the Rev. Mr. Gwins where they would stop to rest. This was quite a treat to me. The President referred to his first settlement in Nashville and related many incidents of his life including the troubles of the Creek War, the British War, etc. He said that he had never endured in all those exciting scenes such intense suffering in body and mind as he had experienced since being placed in the Presidential chair. He said that the majority of the senators were directly and violently opposed to the adoption of any measure which he proposed but that according to their numbers they were the most talented body of men in any of the kingdoms of the world. He then conversed on the Presidential election and said that he was sorry that Judge White had become a candidate for the Presidency and it had caused him to shed tears as Judge White had long been his intimate and bosom friend and he had offered him a place in his cabinet but it was not accepted. The President then said that he saw the division it would make with his friends in Tennessee, which was very distressing and that Judge White would carry but this single state in the whole United States. The division it would make in Tennessee was very distressing to General Jackson's mind

and feelings and he said that he absolutely pitied Judge White for the great defeat he would meet. The President also observed that had the Senate not rejected

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but confirmed his appointment of Mr. Van Buren as Minister to England, which appointment was made during a vacation of the Senate, that Mr. Van Buren would never have been a candidate for the presidency. He said again that the Senate was opposed to him and would always reject his recommendations but that if he ever recommended anything that was or had a tendency to be prejudicial to the interest of the United States that it was an error of the head but not of the heart. He said that he was charged with coming to Tennessee in the interests of Van Buren but that it was not a fact as his personal presence in Tennessee was actually needed at that time as the Hermitage had been burned and some wealthy estates had to be settled in which he was individually interested. Also his family affairs were such that they needed his personal presence and council in their management. These were the reasons for his present visit. This was the longest conversation that I had ever had with General Jackson and I was much delighted, I took leave of the President and went by stage to Columbia to meet Mr. Barton W. Jenkins and start on our trip to Philadelphia and New York.

In a few days we went to Nashville where Mr. Jenkins secured a nice carriage and horses. The party consisted of Mr. Jenkins, Wm. T. Morehead and myself besides John, a nice colored man, who was Mr. Jenkins body servant. We made short travels each day and stopped at several places before we reached Lexington, Kentucky. In Lexington there was a big show of horses and other fine live stock, cattle, etc. We had a letter of introduction to Hon. Henry Clay and during our stay in Lexington we visited his residence and farm. As Mr. Jenkins intended to purchase a carriage and horses in Lexington, the next day after our arrival there he sent back to Nashville our carriage and horses by the driver. We spent a week in Lexington when Mr. Jenkins decided that it was not necessary to make the trip to New York, etc. He advised that we send our order soon and return home, which we did.

At this time I was Post Master at Covington and had been for a year or so. Major A. Morehead and a Mr. Rice, one of the clerks in my store, were my deputies and attended to all matters in my absence. When going home we met General Jackson and his suite

on their way back to Washington via Lexington, Kentucky. We stopped while with them. Before leaving Kentucky we got a negro man belonging to Mr. Matthew Scott who was president of the bank at that place. Mr. Scott gave us permission to employ this negro and take him to Nashville in our hack. When going up the bank of the Kentucky River we broke one of the wheels of our hack and had to stay all night at the town of the Shaking Quakers. We were much edified by the worship of the Shaking Quakers, as well as other things we saw at this place.

During this time I lived at Covington, Tipton County,

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Tennessee, and I had four children born, Viz:

Charles A. born March 14, 1830

Benjamin Franklin born November 11, 1833

Martha Jenkins born May 14, 1835

Joseph Morehead born December 26, 1837

My son Charles A. died August 18, 1833, and my son Benjamin Franklin died October 1833.

There was a constant customer of mine who lived about two miles from Covington. His name was Mr. Samuel Holiday and he owned lots of fine property in land and negroes but he was given to intoxication and in his drunken sprees he was very quarrelsome. I had considerable influence over him when he was drunk and would often prevent and keep him out of quarrels. He had a brother-in-law whose name was Col. Garland, who lived in Arkansas near Red River, who was visiting him at this time. Late one evening Col. Garland came into our store and told me that Holiday was trying to have a quarrel with him and if I saw him to tell Holiday that he was leaving with his wife on a visit to his wife's mother but that they would come back to Holiday's house in a few days. In a short time after Col. Garland left I saw Mr. Holiday and gave him the message which he said was all right.

Near by my store was a hotel which was run by a Col. Stone and near the hotel was a drinking saloon. Holiday had visited this saloon a little before sun down and with some of his friends was very hilarious., I had some business with a Col. Green and found him

standing with Col. Stone at the horse blocks not far from the corner of the hotel. I had my conversation with Col. Green and then we three stood awhile talking with each other. As the first bell rang for supper Col. Green told Col. Stone that he had a singular dream about him the night before as he had dreamed that he saw a man shoot him dead in the street. Col. Stone said that he did not like for people to have such dreams about him and that his wife had also waked him up the same night by screaming and crying out in her sleep and when he had inquired what in the world was the matter she said that she had dreamed that someone had stabbed him to the heart with a spring back knife and that she thought she had seen him fall dead. Col. Green observed that it was a very singular dream and I observed that there was nothing in a dream. Col. Stone said that he hoped that neither dream would come to pass and as the sun was then setting he invited us to go into the "grocery", which the saloon was then called, and have a drink before supper. Col. Green went with him to the "Grocery" or saloon but I returned to my store which was on the opposite side of the street and but a little distance from the West end of the hotel. When Col. Stone and Green went in the grocery there were several people inside with Holiday who invited Stone and Green to take a drink with him. The wives of

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Stone and Holiday were cousins and Holiday remarked to Col. Stone that he would bring his wife over to see him and that they would all go fishing. They all had their drinks and were about to repeat when Holiday caught hold of the lapel of Stone's coat. He had on a new broadcloth suit which he had bought from me only a few days before. Holiday said, "Col. Stone, how can you afford to wear such a fine coat, I am much richer than you are and I cannot afford such clothes, I am going to tear it up." Stone asked him not to tear his new coat but Holiday held on and as he turned around laughing with the crowd he slipped and fell to the floor but still held on to the coat, Stone was pulled down with him and over him with his hands on the floor and kept telling Holiday to let go of his coat. I was then standing in the door of my store with a Doctor Fisher who said that there was a fight. I ran over and said to Col. Stone, "Don't hurt Holiday". He said that he was not hurting him as it was all in fun but that he did not want him to tear his coat which Holiday still was holding on to by the collar. Stone told me that Holiday had taken

out his knife with his other hand so I caught hold of the hand which held the coat and got it loose. Stone then got up very quickly saying that he did not want Holiday to hurt him with that knife and immediately left the house starting to the hotel. He had nearly reached the door of the hotel when Holiday got up with the open knife in his hand and ran after him. Col. Green cried out to him to run in the house just as Holiday reached him and plunged the knife into his breast. By this time I had reached them and caught hold of Holiday and tried to take his knife away. Stone put his hand over his breast and said "Great God, I am a dead man, and for what?" Several men came up and carried Stone to his room in the hotel. When I went in Dr. Fisher told me that Stone was dying and to secure Holiday. I went back to Holiday who was still standing where he had struck Stone. Col. Green and several others were also there. I said "Sam, you have killed Col. Stone, give me that knife and go to jail." He said, as he handed me the knife "It was all in fun. I was only telling him that 'I would tear his new coat, but I see blood on my hand. Have I cut it with my knife?" He had cut himself by trying to close the knife. I told him that I would take him to jail myself but that I had no authority to do so. A crowd had gathered and about thirty went with him to the jail, I went back to see Col. Stone but he was dead. It was almost incredible to believe that he had lost so much blood. The bed, bed clothes and floor were literally covered with blood. Mrs. Stone had just reached the back of the hotel as she had gone to see a Mrs. Smith that evening. As I left Mr. Stone's room I met her. Her brother was endeavoring to keep her out of the room. She had been told about the affair but did not know that he was dead. I did not want her to see him at that time either so I asked her to go to her room and be calm awhile, she was just on the eve of giving birth to a child.

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She threw her arms around me and begged me to take her to her husband. She said, "Oh, Mr.,Smith, how can you be so cruel as to keep me from seeing my dying husband, they have already told me that he is dying." I told her that she could go in after a little while and finally said, "Mrs. Stone, let us take you to your room for awhile and then you can see him. Col. Stone is dead." She uttered a loud shriek and fainted away in the arms of her brother and myself. We took her to her room and the doctor and lady friends took care of her during the night. About two weeks after this her infant was born. It was

a most awful affair. Mrs. Holiday was notified and hastened to the jail and was permitted to see him. She then went to see her cousin, Mrs. Stone, and sat up with her during the night. Mr. Holiday was not permitted to have bail but was kept in jail for about twelve months before his trial. His wife was allowed to spend many days and nights with him in jail. At his trial he was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. There was a petition sent to Governor Cannon for his release. I had a conversation with the Governor and he asked me what the people generally thought of the matter. I told Governor Cannon that many were of the opinion that he ought to be pardoned as he had stayed in jail for twelve months before his trial and that the friends of Col. Stone thought that Holiday had suffered sufficiently for his hasty drunken passion. When in Nashville I visited Holiday often. While in the penitentiary Holiday made a profession of religion and was baptized by immersion. A few months after he was sent to the penitentiary Mrs. Holiday gave birth to a son. I saw him about a week after the child was born and when he inquired about his family I informed him of the event. He shed tears and sobbed silently when he heard about it and said that when his boy grew up he hoped that no one would tell him that his father was in the penitentiary when he was born.

I have witnessed many scenes of sorrow when trying to help drunkards and have also seen some laughable ones. As I have already related it was always my practice to take care of them when possible and also to endeavor to be a peacemaker between them in their quarrels.

Not long after the murder I heard a wealthy friend of mine, a Mr. Daniel A. Dunham, in the hotel cursing and swearing with much warmth at a neighbor, a Mr. Glass who had a farm but not much wealth. He lived not far from Squire Dunham. Both Dunham and Glass loved their liquor. Glass began to annoy Dunham in the hotel by telling him that he loved to be with rich neighbors and friends but that he looked down in contempt on his poor neighbors. This was not the case with Dunham as he was always very friendly and liberal with the poor as well as the rich, but he was very passionate and sensitive when drinking. As I heard a Loud speaking and quarreling I went over to the hotel and found that Glass was fretting Bonham about being rich.



Dunham ordered Glass to keep quiet and not to annoy him anymore. There were several gentlemen present, some of them strangers who were traveling and had stopped for dinner. Glass would laugh and turn his eyes up to Dunham, who was a very tall man, and say, "If you are rich I don't care, I know your uncle in East Tennessee." Dunham had not seen his uncle since he was a little boy and therefore did not know much about him. Dunham would storm at Glass and ask him what he knew about his uncle. Glass would just say, "I know that you are a rich squire but I know your uncle." Dunham would swear again and again at Glass and ask what he knew about his uncle but Glass would simply repeat what he had said — that he knew his uncle. I got between them and told Dunham not to mind Glass as he was a little in liquor. Then I asked Glass what it was he knew about Dunham's uncle. Glass then said that his uncle was a rich man and a good man and that every body liked him. Dunham then cursed Glass again and asked him why he had not told him that in the first place as he had thought that he was going to say something mean about his uncle. He then said, "Let us now be friendly, come take a drink, gentlemen, all come and drink, I am glad that my friend Smith came in and settled this matter. If he had not come in I certainly would have given Glass a mighty whipping just because he knew my uncle. This made everybody roar with laughter and from that time Dunham and Glass were friendly.

Not long after this Squire Dunham become very sick which the doctors said was caused by so much drinking. He finally got well but while he was so sick I sat up with him several nights and he told me that he would always respect me for going into the hotel and making peace between his neighbor GLass and himself. Shortly afterwards he moved to Texas taking most of his negroes with him but at that time his family did not go with him.

Squire Dunham, Col. Calmes, and Major Hockly visited Texas and made a purchase of a league of land with fine improvements called \_\_\_\_\_ Retreat. It was expected that the capitol of the State would be located there. Doctor Fisher, a son-in- law of Dunham's went to Texas with him. Squire Dunham was taken sick again and died before he got to Retreat. Doctor Fisher wrote to his wife about the death of her father. It was a distressing time. I was selected to bear the news to Mrs. Dunham and she was almost inconsolable. About a year after she moved to Texas and since I have not seen

any of the family except Dunham's son, Robert, who was on his way to the Rio Grande in a company under Cameron. Dunham, ten men of this company were taken prisoners and were ordered by Santa Anna to be shot. These ten were chosen by the drawing of black beans and Robert Dunham drew a black bean.

My daughter, Jane C. Smith, returned to Covington from Nashville where she had been attending the Nashville Female Academy. Soon after her return she was visited by a young man

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named Francis S. Latham. He was the editor of The Memphis Inquirer, a newspaper published in Memphis. He solicited her to form a marriage union. Mr. Latham had lived in Randolph and had been the editor of a paper published in Randolph, Tipton County, Tennessee, but had moved to Memphis while my daughter was in school. He was a Whig in politics, while I was a Democrat and the postmaster at that time. They agreed to marry and the ceremony was celebrated on the 4th day of November, A. D. 1837. There was a large number of my friends at the marriage supper. More than four hundred were invited and none made excuses — all attended. It was a happy time, my house and large yard were filled to overflowing.

(Note written in the original record by Thomas C. Smith: "James K. Polk served in Congress from 1825 until 1839 and voluntarily withdrew. He was the Speaker of the House for five sessions or until March 4th, 1839.)"

I was in Nashville a short time before Col. James K. Polk went on to Congress for his last session. He had been in Congress for years as well as Speaker of the House of Representatives. I met Col. Polk in Nashville and asked him who would be his opponent at the next election. He said "Mr. Smith, I will never be a candidate for Congress again. I have been a member of it for many years and have had offers of the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to other nations but have refused them all. I intend to return from Congress and to become Governor of the State of Tennessee. That will be the highest honor I ever expect to obtain from the people. There are very few of my friends who know of my intentions and as you live hundreds of miles away I am telling you now in confidence. Do not let my intentions be known until I announce as a candidate myself." I said, "Col. Polk, you will be beaten. Judge White's candidacy for the

presidency has divided Tennessee and you will be defeated. You know that Mr. Armstrong was beaten in the last election for Governor by a majority of 27,000 votes. You will not succeed." He replied, "Mr. Smith, I am determined to seek the office. After the election I will be able to make the best map of the State of Tennessee that ever was or could be made. I shall go to every creek in the State from the head to the mouth and visit every family living on these creeks. I wish you to send me a list of the Masons as well as other prominent citizens in your county and adjoining counties of whatever political party. Whigs or Democrats and whether White or Van Buren men. Send me the list before Congress adjourns."

After congress adjourned Col. Polk became a candidate for Governor of the State of Tennessee. Mrs. Smith and myself went to Columbia to visit some of our friends and relatives in Maury County. We spent the day with Col. and Mrs. Polk while there. It was the last time we were ever in Columbia. Col. Polk presented me with his photograph which likeness was taken while he was Speaker of the House of Representatives. After I returned

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home I had this picture nicely framed and hung it in my parlor that my friends in Tipton County might look upon it. We dined with Col. Polk, his family and a few other friends. He inquired about my children especially my grown daughters. He knew my son, James B. Smith, well as when 18 to 21 years of age he was a clerk in the store of Jenkins and Langtry in Columbia for several years. I told him that my two daughters by my first marriage were then married. The oldest Elizabeth H. married a Mr. Calhoun who was a colonel of the militia of his county which adjoined mine. He had quite a lot of influence with his regiment and was a strong Polk man in the race for Governor. My other daughter, Jane Catherine, had married a Mr. Francis F. Latham who was the editor of the Memphis Inquirer, and he could guess who was his favorite candidate for Governor. Col. Polk observed, "Is it possible that Col. Latham married your daughter? He is the best Whig editor in the State of Tennessee and his paper does me more injury than all the other Whig papers in the State. I know also that your brother-in-law, Doctor Joseph C. Hall is in opposition to me notwithstanding that his father-in-law, Mr. Jenkins, is married to my aunt."

Col. Polk came to Covington on the 4th day of July and made a speech. There was a large assembly and a fine barbecue. It was the last time I saw him.

(Note inserted in the original record by Thomas C. Smith: Col. Polk was elected Governor by a large majority and took the oath of office on Oct. 14, 1839. But in 1841 he was defeated by a Mr. Jones, the Whig candidate and again in 1843.)

There was a General Tipton who had been clerk of the District Court. He was a hard drinking man and after some days of much drink had been confined to his home and the doctors were attending him. One night while the Court was in session in Covington, I was sent for and requested to spend the night with him. He was able to be up and about but by constant drinking was almost deranged by *namia portia*. It was about ten o'clock when I reached his house and before I went in I could hear his talking very loudly. As I entered the room he was standing at the side of the wall and had his hands up in the loft over- head. There was a place to get up into the loft by means of a ladder. The house was being repaired and several rooms had been completed and there were stair steps in a passage going upstairs, between the rooms. The room that he was in was not completed and there were cracks in the logs of the walls. He had his feet in some of these cracks and managed to have his hands through the hole in the loft. There were two negro men who had hold of his ankles to keep him from falling. As I entered I spoke to some ladies who were in the room. Mrs. Tipton said "General Tipton, here is Mr. Smith who has come to see you." He asked if I were Mr. Peyton Smith who was a preacher in the Christian Church who lived near by. I told him that I was the Mr. Smith from Covington. He still kept his hands in the loft, and said to me, "Mr. Smith, did you ever see heaven? I see it now." He then gave a beautiful description of it as he was a well read man

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both in the Scriptures and secular readings. He said, "I am trying to get there but the devils are holding my feet and trying to keep me from Heaven." I replied to him and said, "O, General don't try that way. Come down and enter the right way. He that entereth in the wall is as a thief and a robber and you know it." He said that he was glad that I told him that and that it was indeed foolish to try to get to heaven by climbing up a wall. He then came down and said that he would humble himself and go the right way. I

told the ladies that the General and myself would go to the other room and that they could retire and get some sleep. We went into the next room where there was a fire. I made the negro men stay with us and I spent the night with him. He did not sleep any during the night and was very much enraged in his mind and talked all during the night. He lived but a few days after and died while sitting in his rocking chair just after he had become much fatigued by running through the garden in his delirium tremens. He came in the house, seated himself in his chair and sang a hymn, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand". He then slept a little while, awoke and said some words about heaven and expired. There were many rich men around Covington on whose deaths were caused by hard drinking. I visited many of them while in their delirium tremens.

In the year 1838 times were getting very hard in Mississippi as to pecuniary matters. Many banks were failing. The firms of A. Morehead & Co., and James N. Smith & Co, had received a fine assortment of new goods. As we gave a general credit we had a considerable amount of money due at this time. The Tennessee banks, as well as commission firms, had decided that it was necessary to have at least two endorsements, by good farmers, on notes given to banks or drafts on commission houses. We did not owe anything to Philadelphia, or New York firms. The new goods we had just received had come from these cities, but had all been paid for at the time of purchase. The debts were mostly due to banks in Tennessee, or to commission merchants in New Orleans.

My brother Charles A. had moved to Covington, and was teaching an academy there.

The partnerships of the two firms in which I was interested were as follows: A.

Morehead, James N. Smith and Charles A. Smith were the partners of the firm of A. Morehead & Co. This firm sold goods in Covington, Tipton County, Tennessee. James N. Smith, Armstead Morehead and William T. Morehead composed the firm of James N. Smith & Co. This latter firm sold goods in Ripley, Lauderdale County, Tennessee.

It was decided by both firms that they would sell all goods then on hand by giving a credit of twelve months time, which was done. It was thought that by the collection of the notes taken for these sales, as well as notes already owing from previous sales, that we would have enough to pay all of our debts, as well as leave a handsome profit for

each firm. This would have given each partner quite a competency. In order to secure our creditors and endorsers, we gave a Deed of Trust on all the notes and profits

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to be due us, and appointed a clerk in each firm as trustee, who was given the power to collect all notes as they became due; and pay off our debts as they matured. We retained the privilege of attesting all the acts of the trustee, and continued the oversight and management of the business.

The year 1838 passed, and we still thought that we would have quite a little profit left, but in 1839, the times got much worse. Firms all over the country began to fail. Many farmers and others who owed us were failing. I was still the Postmaster, and the banks sent a great many notes to my post office for me to protest. On this account I resigned as Postmaster, although the salary from the office would have been a great help.

Although my household property was not included in the Deed of Trust, it was sold at auction to satisfy the firm's debts. My son and son-in-law purchased my household furniture and allowed me to continue to use it. At that time there were no homestead laws in Tennessee, and all property was subject to an execution of debt, and could be sold, with the exception of one bed and bedding and one year's provisions for a family, etc.

Thus we found that after our debts were paid we would have very little, if anything at all, left. Nearly everyone had failed who had been engaged in trade, as well as many farmers.

The property surrendered under the Deed of Trust paid all debts with the exception of a few small amounts. There was a claim of \$200.00 for some combs which had been purchased from a Philadelphia firm. This was not included in the Deed of Trust, and in 1839 it was sent to a lawyer for collection.

It was necessary for us to go to Nashville in order to take an insolvent oath and to file an inventory of all property. My brother, Charles A., had already taken this oath the year before, and had moved to Holly Springs, Miss. Where he had opened an academy and was teaching. It was necessary that he take the oath before leaving the State. I had moved to Randolph, Tennessee, on the Mississippi river, and was on a place which belonged to my brother-in-law, Barton W. Jenkins.

When we arrived at Nashville, we had to wait several days. The oath was to be taken in the United States District Court, which appointed the fourth day of the Court for that purpose. I had supposed that there would not be more than one half dozen to take the oath, but there when I went into the Court were nearly one hundred persons who desired to take the oath and file an inventory of all property. You had to file a statement that you did not have more than \$20.00 over and above the schedule of property filed.

–136 After this was completed, Major Armstead Morehead and myself, together with our families, made our preparations to move to Texas. Major Morehead came to my house at Randolph to find out what day we could take a boat to New Orleans. As it turned out our trip was delayed for some days and Major Morehead finally decided not to go with me.

Some years before this, my firm had bought a crop of cotton from an old farmer for \$1,000.00. We gave him notes of our customer to this amount, which we endorsed. He had his choice and made his own selection of the notes and he knew all the signers. He could have collected all of these notes, but had waited on them for years, as he was collecting a high rate of interest. In the year 1839 he collected all of these, with the exception of one small note for about \$50.00. He sued on this small note and got an execution but there was no property left. The man who originally had given the note was then unable to pay although it could have been collected years before either from the maker or ourselves. The owner of the note demanded that we take the insolvent oath again which was entirely illegal but we were willing to do so. We found that we would have to wait twenty days before we could do so. I had to go to Covington and make a bond in order to keep out of prison until the twenty days were passed. I stayed with my brother-in-law, Doctor Joseph G. Hall, and while there also worked in a store during the twenty days. The merchant, for whom I worked, gave me a broadcloth suit for working for him. We took the oath again. My lawyer wanted me to sue the old man for false imprisonment but I did not wish to do so.

About the last of February, 1840, I started with my wife and three children to Texas. My son-in-law gave my wife and children a present of about one thousand pounds of nice bacon, sugar and flour. This was provisions for one year. These provisions, together with our household furniture were placed on a wharf while we waited for a boat to come

down the river. A number of our friends came to the wharf to take leave of us and many told us that they would pray for our future welfare and happiness. We finally got on board of a steam boat before daylight and I found that I was well acquainted with the captain. He knew about my failure and circumstances and told me that on account of all the freight he had carried for me while in business, I had paid him considerable amount, there would be no charge for

our passage to New Orleans. I thanked him very much for the kind offer but told him that we had to stop in Memphis to visit my daughter, Mrs. Jane C. Latham. We arrived at Memphis and the captain took leave of us and went on.

Previously I had written to my son, James B. Smith that I intended to stop in Memphis on my way to Texas. This son was living in Alabama, not far from my cousin, John Napier. He was working in a merchant's store and receiving good wages. On my arrival at the house of my son-in-law, Mr. Latham, I found

—137 my son James with his sister in Memphis. We spent some days there. My son said that he was going on to Texas with me, but I advised him to keep his job. He insisted on going with us, which he did.

When we got on board of another steam boat we found a Mr. Abner Matthews and his family who were moving to Texas. He was an acquaintance of mine from Tipton County and had formerly lived in Maury County. His wife and four children were with him and he had one son who was already living in Texas. His oldest daughter was about the age of my daughter, Sarah Ann, who was about thirteen years old.

Mr. Latham had given me some money to assist me, and my son had some funds which he had saved from his wages. We arrived at New Orleans safely but had to wait one day for the steamship New York which was commanded by a Captain Wright, and whose clerk was a Mr. Phillips. While waiting in New Orleans, I called on some of the firms of commission merchants with whom I used to do business. There was a firm of N. & J. Dix, also Martin & Pleasants, Cather Caruthers and Harris & Co. My largest volume of business had been done with N. & J. Dix. All of these firms were pleased to see me. I told N. & J. Dix that I thought that a small balance was still due them but that I had paid out all that I had. They told me that my firm had done a great deal better than the majority of their customers, and that if the others had paid them as much as our firm



that they would be in good shape. They said that about all of their former customers in Tennessee and Mississippi had failed and left unpaid a great many large accounts. He assured me again that we had done a great deal better than almost any of their old friends and customers. When I got on board of my ship I found with my freight a barrel of flour marked for me as well as "Receive this from a friend," I had no way of telling who sent it, but always thought it was from N, & J. Dix.

We made a contract with Captain Wright to take us to Galveston as also did Mr. Matthews who had a great deal more freight than I had, including one or more wagons. Our contract was for steerage passage, as it was much cheaper than the cabin rate, and more comfortable than the deck quarters. We had good berths as well as other conveniences, but had to provide our own meals. With the consent of the captain we arranged to pay the regular cooks on board to prepare our meals for us. Our two families, Mr. Matthews and my own, had engaged all the berths in the steerage but two, these two berths were on opposite sides. To go into the steerage we had to go down a stairs from the cabin. Those on board were cabin, steerage and deck passengers. The rates for the cabin were the highest, the steerage next and the deck passage was the cheapest. All accommodations were filled.

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The night before the ship started we were all on the upper deck until late in the night. It had an awning over it and was a comfortable place to sit. There were several families who had taken deck passage to Texas. As we sat on the deck with these, as well as other passengers, we looked over the city and enjoyed the cool breeze. There was an old lady, who lived in Texas, who had her son with her, who was about fifteen years old. She had been in New Orleans to buy various family supplies for herself and for some of her Texas friends. She had been in Texas during the Revolution there, and called herself a Texan.

All were engaged in pleasant conversation and laughter, Mr. Matthews was full of anecdotes and talked and laughed very loudly. At the request of Captain Wright the clerk, Mr. Phillips, came up on deck and in a very polite manner said that it was the Captain's order that we did not talk so loudly, as it was disturbing the cabin passengers. Squire Matthews told the clerk that he had never been on that kind of a steam boat

before, but that he could not talk in a whisper as he did not know how to whisper. He said to tell the Captain that if he was not allowed to talk, to have his freight taken off the boat, and that he would remove his family. I then told Mr. Phillips that if Mr. Matthews got off, I would get off also. The old lady from Texas spoke up very roughly, and said that she wanted no favors from Captain Wright, who was a "crabbed old sea Captain", and to tell him to put off her freight also, as she would wait for the boat "Neptune", which was expected there the next day at about two o'clock in the afternoon. She said that the Captain of the Neptune was a mild and pleasant man, and that the officers were all gentlemen, and that she would tell all others who were going to Texas to wait for the Neptune.

The clerk reported to Captain Wright all that had been said, and he sent word that he would like to talk with me. We had not paid for our passage, and were not to do so until our arrival at Galveston. The Captain said, "Mr. Smith, I am pleased with you and your family and do not want you to leave the ship." I told him that if the other families were leaving that I would get off too. I told him that while Mr. Matthews was given a little to drinking, that he was a gentleman of character and in good standing with his friends and neighbors and had a fine family. The Captain knew that the Neptune would be in the next day so he told me to go up and ask the rest not to leave and that we could enjoy ourselves. I went back and persuaded the others to stay on board as well as requested Mr. Matthews not to talk as loudly as it was he who had been doing most of the loud talking.

The boat started and our two families went down to our rooms. Our families retired on opposite sides and there were curtains around the berths. Squire Matthews and myself did not retire. An old friend to us both had come on board after dark and engaged cabin passage. When I lived in Maury County he had been a neighbor to both Squire Matthews and myself. His name was John T. Porter, and he had been clerk of the County Court of Maury County for twenty years and was an old settler there. He had married the daughter of General Isaac Roberts and was the oldest son of Major Joseph B. Porter. At the time of his marriage, while a young man, he had moved to the Western District of Tennessee. I had not seen him for many years until that night. All of his family,

on both sides, were citizens of the finest character but this Mr. John T. Porter had become a hard drinker.

After our families had retired and were asleep the three of us sat for sometime. Squire Matthews' little boy, about twelve years old, had gone to sleep in one of the vacant berths as he did not know that anyone claimed it. Squire Matthews and Mr. Porter were talking about Maury County, both were a little in liquor. Unknown to us, the berth in which the little boy was sleeping had been engaged by a barber, a free Mulatto, who came down into the steerage. As he came in he observed, "Gentlemen, I see I have company in the room, I have a berth here also." He went to the berth where the little boy was sleeping but there was still one vacant berth in the steerage. While Porter and Matthews continued their talk the Mulatto began to wake up the boy who was in a sound sleep. He pulled him about and cursed him, telling him to get out of the berth or he would pull his eyes open. He cursed him again and called him a little rascal. Matthews jumped up, took hold of the Mulatto, and told him that was his son and ordered him out of the room. Porter also jumped up, drawing a large spring back knife, he caught hold of the barber's throat and told him that he would cut it in a moment if he did not leave. I got between them keeping Porter away. Matthews called to Porter to cut the impudent rascal's throat. I endeavored to pacify Matthews as the barber had got up close to the vacant berth and was afraid to pass out. The women waked up in great fright. I told them to remain lying down and to keep quiet. It required all of my energy and power to keep Porter and Matthews away from the fellow. The little boy was crying and said that the Negro had pinched him badly. Matthews continued to call out to Porter to cut the Mulatto's throat. After while I got them a little pacified when I told the barber that I had saved his life, but that I was much insulted by his insolence and at his swearing in the presence of my family. The Mulatto seemed very humbled and frightened and said that he did not know that there were ladies present. I then let him pass out without being hurt. The Mulatto went to the captain and complained, reporting it much worse than it was. It was bad enough any how. The captain sent the Clerk, Mr. Phillips, to talk to us who came down a little vexed. He said to me "Mr. Smith, do you and Mr. Matthews expect to have command of this boat, or to control the steerage room?" I got a little vexed too and told him that I had saved the Negro's life, and that one of the cabin

passengers had drawn the knife on him, but that I would have driven him out myself as I would suffer no Mulatto by insolence to insult me or my family. Neither would I suffer Captain Wright himself to insult me. I then mildly told the clerk that the Mulatto could not –140 occupy the vacant berth nor anyone else who insulted me or my family. I informed him that it was Mr. Matthews' son who had been cursed and pinched and that my family had not been interfered with unless they heard the oaths and quarrels. I told him that I knew Mrs. Matthews overheard it for I heard her ask the boy, while he was crying, if he had been hurt badly. I told Mr. Phillips that I would pay for the two extra berths and that our two families would occupy the whole steerage until we reached Galveston. He accepted this proposition. The barber was given passage on the deck as there were many negroes up there whose masters were cabin passengers, all moving to Texas. Thus the second outbreak on the vessel was compromised and settled.

In time we got into the Gulf. I never saw so many people sick at one time. While going down the river it was pleasant and delightful, but when we got into the Gulf nearly all the passengers were sick. We landed safely in Galveston, and I settled with Captain Wright who appeared to be much pleased with me. He said that he was sorry that I was associated with such drinking men as Matthews and Porter. They continued drinking in Galveston and Porter and Captain Wright came very nearly having a dreadful affray. While staying in Galveston I had to use my best efforts to get them pacified.

I had not yet decided where I would go from Galveston. I had about decided to go to Grass Retreat as I had many friends there. After hearing of my failure, Mrs. Dunham had written to me to move to Texas and to settle near her. She said that she would assist me and that as long as she owned a negro that Mrs. Smith would not have to do hard or drudgery work. Just before I left Randolph a Mr. Robert Smithers had started to Texas. He had married Elizabeth Calmes, a daughter of Col. Calmes. He had settled near Mrs. Dunham at Grass Retreat. I had thought of going with them but as I had to stop at Memphis he could not wait and had gone on ahead. The day I reached Galveston it was my intention to go to Grass Retreat but as Mr. Matthews was going to Matagorda and then on to Austin, I decided to go that way. Mr. John T. Porter was also going that way as he lived at Bastrop on the Colorado River. I had many old acquaintances who had settled in and around Bastrop.

On my arrival at Galveston the first to come on board the New York was a Mr. Cornelius O'Connor who had moved from Covington, Tennessee to Mississippi and I had not seen him for three years. He was an Irishman and I first became acquainted with him in Philadelphia some years before. He and his cousin Patrick were waiters at different hotels in Philadelphia and Patrick was the waiter in the hotel where I was stopping. He was a good waiter. Both were young men, sober and industrious, who had just come over from Ireland. When I was leaving Philadelphia

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I told Patrick that he and his brother had better save up their money and come to Covington, Tennessee, and start a grocery store. The following spring they both did come to Covington and opened a grocery store. They did well. They also had a large grocery store in Galveston when I arrived there. Cornelius O'Connor was delighted to see me and would not permit me to go to the hotel but insisted that I spend the days with him as he would arrange to have our bedding taken there and we could enjoy ourselves and that as the stair steps were on the outside of the building we could go in and out without in any way disturbing him in the store. We accepted this kind invitation and were very comfortably fixed while we stayed in Galveston. After spending two days in Galveston we made a contact with a Captain Noyes who had a schooner, to take us to Matagorda. After paying him in advance we had our freight put on board. Nothing was said about it but with my freight I found a large cheese, weighing thirty pounds or more. It was wrapped up and marked, "A present from C. O'Connor." Our captain cast anchor and carried us out a mile or more from land where he detained us for five days. He told us that the winds were contrary and we could not pass over the bar but the fact was that there was an attachment on his vessel and it took him all that time to raise the money. He had never been to Matagorda Bay and got bewildered and lost in the Gulf for seven days. It took us fourteen days to get from Galveston to Matagorda while it should not have taken more than three or four days sailing.

While in Galveston we met the son of Mr. Abner Matthews whose name was James. He lived at Austin, Texas, and had come to Galveston to meet his father. He was about 22 years old and was well acquainted with my son James. They were good friends. Before

leaving Galveston, Squire Matthews obtained a two gallon jug of brandy to drink up on his way to Matagorda. While out on the Gulf my wife became very sick with fever. There was a doctor on board and I employed him to wait on Mrs. Smith. The Captain had a medicine chest filled with medicines. The Captain had given up his cabin to our two families but we were very much crowded. My son and James Matthews stayed below in the hold of the vessel as well as Mr. John T. Porter and Squire Matthews. Mrs. Smith was very dangerously sick for some days and as we were so closely confined in the single room of the schooner I was fearful that she would not live. The doctor paid her very close attention. Squire Matthews would often go into the cabin to see Mrs. Smith as well as his wife and family. He would stand by the bedside and ask Mrs. Smith if he could do any good by staying in the cabin. He would constantly say to her, "I am ready, willing and waiting to assist." His breath would smell strongly of brandy. Mrs. Smith told me that he must not be allowed to come into the cabin. His son found the brandy and poured it all out into the Gulf. After that the Squire was sober until we reached Matagorda. Mrs. Smith's fever finally began to subside and as the brandy was all gone Mr. Matthews was permitted to come in to see his family again. He again

–142 talked to Mrs. Smith saying, "I am ready, willing and waiting to assist." One day the doctor said that it would help Mrs. Smith if she were taken out of the cabin awhile and allowed to sit out on the deck. Mrs. Matthews and her daughter as well as my daughter, Sarah Ann, assisted her to get ready. We put her on the bow of the boat on a rocking chair and she enjoyed the change for a short time but the exertion and change of air was too great and unexpectedly she fainted away and to all appearances she fell dead upon the deck of the boat. The doctor applied remedies and she was restored. Squire Matthews was very officious, saying, "If I can do any good I am ready, willing and waiting to assist." This became a saying with my daughter, Sarah Ann, for years after. Whenever she helped her mother in any work she would tell her mother, "I am ready, willing and waiting to assist." Mrs. Smith was taken back to her cabin and gradually began to mend.

As stated, Captain Noyes was lost in the Gulf but after changing his course several times we finally came in sight of land to the great joy of all on board. It was the point of land which came down between Matagorda Bay and ended at what was called Deckro's

Point. We crossed the bar, got into Matagorda Bay and reached Matagorda. It was about eighty miles from the Point to the city of Matagorda. Our boat could not get to the landing at Matagorda on account of a bar and we had to take a lighter to carry us six miles. The schooner cast anchor and we got on the lighter about one-half hour before sun down. My son James, together with James Matthews and John T. Porter got into a skiff and going into the city stayed there all that Saturday night. They were to rent a house for us as we would have to stay for some days in Matagorda. Squire Matthews would have to purchase teams to take his wagons to Austin.

Our light boat was a small concern and had no railing around it. We had a ten gallon pot placed in the center of the boat which was filled with wood and a fire made to keep us warm. It also made a light to enable the hands to see to work the boat. We found that it was too late to get the boat into the harbor so we had to sleep on the lighter. The three hands and I sat around the fire for sometime when Squire Matthews walked up and was talking very loudly and was very merry at the thought of getting on land the next morning. He started to walk around the pot of fire and as there were no banisters he walked off into the bay. Fortunately the water was shallow — not quite up to his breast. The old man of the boat called to him and asked if he could swim. Mrs. Matthews and the girls hearing the noise called out to know what was the matter. A hand cried out, "Nothing at all but that old Mr. Smith has fallen overboard." I laughed and called out, "Old Mr. Smith is still on board, it is old Mr. Matthews." We got Squire Matthews back on board. He went down into the lighter all wet. All of his clothes were in a cotton bag in a place to itself but it could not be found.

—143 His wife and daughter hunted for it and cried out, "Where is the poke. Where is the poke? We want to get father's dry clothes." The poke was found and Mr. Matthews got dry and warm. It was the first time my children had ever heard a bag called a "poke". In after years they would often laugh about "hunting the poke".

On Sunday morning our lighter got us to the shore. Our trunks and boxes had to be opened by the Custom House officers. We had our freight put in a warehouse and went into the house which had been rented for us. While on our way to our house we saw quite a number of men and women coming from church. Our arrival was published in the newspaper giving all our names, number of children and the place from where we

had come. After dinner Sunday, Squire Matthews went into the city and stopped in some saloon. It had been ten days since he had liquor and he drank freely and it was not long until he felt it. We saw the citizens again on their way to Church and Squire Matthews said to me, "Let us go and see what kind of preaching they have in Texas." There were not any of the members of our families with us. Squire Matthews and I went in the building but there was no preaching that afternoon, it was a Sabbath School and there was a lecture given. After the school was dismissed an Episcopalian minister came up to meet us. He addressed me first saying that he had noticed in the paper the account of our arrival and that we were from Tennessee. I introduced myself as well as my companion telling him that Mr. Matthews was also from Tennessee. The minister inquired if I was acquainted with Bishop Aley and also an Episcopalian minister by the name of Leonidus Polk, and I told him that I knew them both. He made some other inquiries and then addressed Squire Matthews who had picked up a common prayer book and was reading it. Squire Matthews was feeling his liquor but could stand upright. The preacher, Mr. Ives, told him that he might take the book home if he desired, saying also that books were very scarce in Texas. Squire Matthews bowed to him and said, "Thank you, Sir, thank you, Sir, but I have a box full of books and some theological ones. I have Rouse's Psalmody, the Bible, etc., etc., I will take your book along just to let my family see what sort of a thing it is." He then said, "I don't like you. You are the second Episcopal minister I ever heard preach. I heard Bishop Oley once in Columbia, Tennessee, the one that you asked Mr. Smith about. I don't like you Episcopalians, you have too much form, you are too much like the Masons, I don't like you." All the time Squire Matthews was making bows as he could not stand straight, and he was talking loudly. My own face got very red and burned like someone had thrown a dish of live coals on it.

In a few days Squire Matthews bought teams for his wagons and was ready to move. On the Tuesday night following our visit to the Sabbath school we noticed the house lighted up again and Squire Matthews asked me to go hear the preacher again. We started but on reaching the building we found that it was a Masonic meeting upstairs. There were several gentlemen down



—144 stairs but the lodge had opened upstairs. I told Squire Matthews that he could go on home as I intended to go to the lodge meeting and would be home after the lodge adjourned. He was not a Mason and advised me not to attend as he said that I did not know what kind of people the Texas Masons were. I applied for admittance, was examined by a Committee who found me worthy and I was admitted as a Master Mason. There were more than forty Masons present and I became acquainted and spent a sociable evening.

The next day I made arrangements to stay, for a short time, about fifteen miles from Matagorda. This was at the home of a Mr. Robinson who kept a ferry on the Colorado River. He was the grandson of an old Mr. Robinson who was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church in Covington, Tipton County, Tennessee, and with whom I was well acquainted. The Robinsons had inter-married with second and third cousins and there were about fifty four of the Robinson family, including children, grand-children and great-grand-children who were members of the Presbyterian Church at Covington, Tennessee. At that time they all lived near Covington and were called by the people there, "The tribe of Judah". Before I left Covington, however, this family had all moved to Arkansas, about one hundred miles up the White River. They had induced the Rev. Daniel Gray to move with them and be their pastor in Arkansas. The Mr. Robinson on the Colorado River in Texas was not a professor of religion but was quite a wicked man. He would converse a great deal with me about his relations and said that he had left them when a boy, going to Louisiana and then on to Texas. Mr. Matthews had taken me to the Robinson Ferry as he went on to Austin, spending the night with us there and then going to Austin with his family. The women and children of these two families never saw each other after this.

After staying a few days with Mr. Robinson a gentleman came who was on his way to Palacios, a little town on the bay. He lived at Bay Prairie above Matagorda. He became sick and requested me to take a letter to a Mr. Robinson who lived at Palacios, saying that the message was very important. He had a gentle fine riding horse. It was about a thirty mile ride and the road was made plain by two furrows being plowed through the prairie. I got to a place on the bay which was called Van Buren and it had been laid off as a town but there was but one family living there which was the family of the captain

of a schooner which sailed in the bay. To get to this place I had to go around in a circle. The plowed furrows stopped at Van Buren and I inquired of the lady there how to get to Palacious. She told me to ride along the side of the bay until I came to an old skiff which would be tied at the mouth of a small bayou. At this place I was to go through the bay by following the stakes placed in the water as it would be shallow and there would be no danger. I went on down to the bay and found the mouth of a little creek with a skiff tied and I could see the stakes in the water for some little distance. The waves were running high and as I rode into the

—145 water they would crash on the side of my horse which frightened him. When I reached the next stake it got much deeper and I decided to turn back and stay all night at the house. I told the lady that I had tried to follow the stakes in the water. She said that the bayou she was talking about was one half a mile up the coast and that the stakes I had attempted to follow were the stakes placed to guide the course of the schooners when the tide was low; that it was well the horse was frightened as I would soon have been in the bay where the largest vessels ran. She said that she did not know about the little skiff being tied there at the mouth of this little creek. With new directions I reached the right bayou and saw the right stakes. I followed them without trouble as the water was quite shallow. I have since often told my friends how I was swimming across the bay from Van Buren to Palacious. This time I reached Palacious safely and stayed all night with the Mr. Robinson to whom I carried the letter. It concerned a law suit about the town of Palacious. The next day Mr. Robinson went to Matagorda and went on with me as far as the ferry on the Colorado River.

After I had been a week or so at the ferry I received a proposition from a gentleman who lived at a little place called Tide Haven which was on Wilson's Creek, where the tide water came up from the bay. There were only two families living there and no others within fifteen miles. This gentleman said that he would give me \$300.00 to teach his three children for a year and that there was a vacant house and a farm of ten acres near by. There was a good peach orchard on the place and he said that he would plant seven acres in corn and potatoes and work it for me. The three acres of peach trees would make a fine crop of peaches. The property belonged to a Col. Duncan who was a rich

sugar planter. I talked with Col. Duncan and he said that I might have the place without any charge except that he would reserve a part of the peach crop for himself.

I then decided to take Mrs. Smith to see the place. Mr. Robinson loaned me a cart with a yoke of oxen and my son James B. went along to help drive them. My daughter, Sarah Ann, stayed at home with the two children of Mr. Robinson. We found the people of Tide Haven very kind and much pleased at the prospect of having their children taught to read. One family had two children, and the other only one, who were large enough to attend school. My wife was pleased with the situation as well as my son James, who said that he would help us to move and then he would get a clerkship in a commission store in Matagorda.

While I was away on this trip to Tide Haven a gentleman by the name of Blair stayed all night at the home of Mr. Robinson. He lived in Gonzales County on the Guadalupe and was on his way to Matagorda in the interest of a law suit. He found out from my daughter, Sarah Ann, that we had moved from Tennessee and that her "Pa and Ma" had gone to Tide Haven and expected to take a school at that place. Mr. Blair told Mr.

Robinson to tell me not to go there as the place was very sickly and that he  
-146 knew people had been moving away from the place or dying every year for the past three years. He left word that he would like to see me on his return, which I did. He proposed to get me up a fine school in Gonzales county and would furnish me with a house in which to live as well as send a wagon to Lynville, on the bay, to move me.

There would be about thirty pupils in the school. It was Mr. Robinson's advice that by all means I accept the offer which I decided to do. I had not made a particular engagement with the families at Tide Haven but I saw them and informed them of the other offer I had received. Although they wanted me there they also advised that I accept Mr. Blair's offer and said that it was true that Col. Duncan's place was sickly, much more sickly than their own places on account of its peculiar situation.

In a few days Mr. Robinson moved us in his ox wagon to Matagorda. Our freight, consisting of bedding and provisions, was still in the warehouse as we had intended to have our friend Dr. Brown come down from Bastrop and move us there. I had written Dr. Brown that we had decided to go to Gonzales.

As we were putting our freight and baggage on the schooner, which was to take us to Lynville, about twenty of the men who I had met in the Masonic Lodge came to the landing to see me. They thought that I was moving back to Tennessee and came to persuade me not to go. They said that if I would stay awhile longer in Texas that I would be much better satisfied. When I told them of my plans they were all much pleased that I did not intend to leave Texas.

We had a pleasant voyage on the schooner Tom Paine to Lynville, except that we got on a sand bar for a few hours which was very annoying. On the boat was a young man by the name of Ewing who was a partner of a Col. Watts in a commission business and they had just built a new warehouse in Lynville. He was also the Custom House officer at Lynville. The warehouse was not quite finished but he gave us permission to store our baggage in it as well as leave to occupy it with my family while I stayed in Lynville. There were but few families in the place and the hotels were crowded with newcomers to Texas, lately landed.

There was a family by the name of Murphree who had landed a day or two before we arrived. He was from Tennessee and a son-in-law of Mr. Ledbetter. They were staying at the hotel. Mr. Murphree had five or six daughters and two sons, nearly all grown. He also had a son, Judge Murphree, who at that time was living in Victoria. I had lost my hat while in the bay and Mr. Murphree had lost his hat while in the Gulf and we both arrived in Lynville bareheaded. We met while each was buying a new hat and formed an acquaintance. I did not see him again after leaving Lynville as he died in Victoria that summer.

Afterwards I became more intimately acquainted with the Murphree family and will mention them again later.

–147 In a few days I hired a Spanish pony to ride to the Cuero Creek settlement in Gonzales County in order to see Mr. Blair about moving myself and family. I reached Victoria the next day after traveling across the prairie all the way. I stopped at the hotel and found the owner to be an old acquaintance from Tennessee, a Mr. A. James, whose children had attended my school in Tipton County, Tennessee. I also met Col. Miller, another old acquaintance, who had once been a commission merchant in Randolph, Tennessee. I also found Mr. David Murphree, the son of the Mr. Murphree I had met at

Lynville, with whom I had been acquainted while he was with Messrs. Lawrence & Moon in Memphis, Tennessee. While I was at Lynville I had not known that this was the son of the Mr. Murphree I met there.

The next morning after I had started on my way I met a man driving a wagon and inquired if he knew a man by the name of Blair who lived on Cuero Creek. He said that he lived with Mr. Blair and was on his way to Lynville to move a family the name of Smith. The man driving the wagon was named B. Craig. I went back with him and after staying all night in Victoria went on to Lynville and was moved to Gonzales County. We found Mr. Blair to be a very pleasant man. The house he had prepared for us was about thirty yards from his own house. The neighbors soon cut logs and built a comfortable school house after I had gone to the town of Gonzales and secured a lease from a Mr. George W. Davis. The house was built on a league of land in a lot of timber near the Cuero Creek. I had about thirty pupils who paid \$2.00 each per month for tuition.

When I was returning from Gonzales I met some six or eight gentlemen on their way there. As I passed I heard one say, "There is man I know but I have not seen him for many years." I stopped and found him to be my old friend James M. Baker, a step-son of my Uncle Benjamin Smith. He introduced me to his companions, one of whom was his son-in-law, Mr. I. R. North, who was then a widower. Mr. North had moved his negroes to Texas who were then on the waters of the Lavaca River camping out until he and Mr. Baker could examine the land on the Guadalupe River and with which they were pleased. When they found that I lived near that river they moved their camp of negroes to Cuero Creek near to me and Mr. Blair's end camped there for a few weeks. There were several others with them, viz: a Dr. Brown, and a Mr. Broch from Mississippi, a Mr. Hunt from Georgia, who had been a member of Congress from Georgia, two Scotchmen by the name of Grimes, who were from Liverpool, England, and a Mr. Duck, an Englishman, from London. The three last settled at Mr. Blair's. The two Grimes had a small stock of dry goods and ready-made clothing and the doctor had a drug store and practiced medicine. My son James became well acquainted with them, they were all good friends and constantly together. Mr. Duck was a fine physician.

—148 My school was a mixed one of boys, girls, young men and young ladies. There were several young men and ladies who lived in what was called the upper and lower

settlement. These young people would gather at Mr. Blair's on Saturday evenings to sing and take vocal instructions from Mrs. Smith who understood vocal music very well. We knew these young folks as well as Mr. Benj. Craig and a Mr. Ballard, the latter who lived on the Lavaca River. They would all come over on Saturday evening which we very much enjoyed.

Mr. Duck proposed to my son James and the two young Scotchmen that they organize an amateur theatre and put on some plays which he himself had written. They were very good. Some of the evenings these plays would be given instead of the singing. Large numbers would be present and be much edified by the performance. If there had been a charge made for admission they could have made a great deal of money, but it was all free. One night while the men from Mississippi and Georgia were still camped near us a new play was put on. The plot consisted of some love scenes and the recruiting of men to enlist for Indian Wars. A young man in the neighborhood had a part which he did not do very well. The man, who had been a Congressman from Georgia, dressed up in a uniform that belonged to one of the Scotchmen. It was an officer's uniform with short buff breeches, silver buckles and silk stockings, a coat with epaulets and silver lace. When he came in there were many who did not recognize him. He had the part of the recruiting officer. One of the Scotchmen took the part as an old lady and caused great amusement. My son James also acted the part of a lady but a young lady and created quite a sensation, many wanting to know who the young lady was. In all it was a most brilliant affair.

Mr. North purchased a league of land from Geo. W. Davis and Lockhart League. He got me to move about a mile further down on this place. Mr. Baker and Mr. North went back to Mississippi, leaving Mr. Baker's son on the place. Mr. North asked me to assist young Joseph Baker who was about 17 or 18 years old. He had to manage the negroes. The negro women were to assist Mrs. Smith with the household affairs in cooking, washing, etc. By this arrangement my wife, and Sarah Ann were relieved of much drudgery. The road we were on was traveled a great deal. Wagons were constantly passing, hauling from Gonzales and Austin as well as numbers on horseback. Many had come from the United States to see the country. I had six boarders who lived with me and attended my school, viz: Josiah Pipkin, Rufus and James Taylor, all young men who

were nearly grown; their young sister, Jane Taylor, eleven or twelve years old, also little Creed Taylor, a son of Mr. William Taylor, and a nephew of the other pupils by the name of Taylor. They brought me a few cows and calves to help pay for their board. They kept their horses staked out on the grass and would ride them home every Friday night.

—149 A short time after starting my school I started a Sabbath School. This was the first that was on the Guadalupe River. I had a box of Sabbath school books. Mr. Grimes, who was a pious young man, assisted me with the school. As I lived in the center of two neighborhoods it was largely attended. Mr. Grimes suggested that we make it a prayer meeting which was done. He and I conducted the meetings, having singing, reading of the scriptures, prayers, etc.

The man who had sold out to Mr. North moved over to the San Antonio River. He had a number of cattle to drive and got four or five of the young men in the neighborhood to help him. The older of the two Scotchmen went with him. My son James was very anxious to go and made preparations. But upon the strong objection of my wife he gave the trip up. There were five young men who went and as they were returning home they were surrounded by Indians and four of the young men, viz: Lockart, Powers, McCarey and Grimes, were taken prisoners and killed. A small boy by the name of Jonah Powers, perhaps about 13 or 14 years old, was not killed but was taken prisoner and carried into the mountains above the head waters of the Guadalupe River. They whipped him severely. One night after being badly whipped he chewed the raw hide, with which he was bound, in two, and made his escape. When he reached the Guadalupe River he thought that was what it was and kept on down until he reached a Col. Seguin's ranch. This was not far from the town of Seguin as now settled. He reported the murders to Col. Seguin but was so sick and exhausted from his cruel treatment and sufferings from his travel that he was not able to go on home. Col. Seguin sent an express down to us and reported the affair. Captain D. B. Friar, the brother-in-law of young McCarey raised a company of men to go to where they had been murdered. My son James went with them. Young Powers, although quite a youth, described the place of the murder so minutely that though it was an unsettled part they had little difficulty in finding the place. The bodies were all eaten by wolves and buzzards so that they had only their hats and clothing to identify their bones. Young Powers told them that they were tied up

separately and shot with their own guns. Thus the company had to march up the river about 65 or 70 miles in order to ascertain the place of the murder and then back the same distance, when found it was only about twenty miles away from their bones. The bones were buried, the company came back and the neighborhood was in mourning. My school continued to do well. Also my Sabbath School. Mr. Duck was very anxious to see the Guadalupe settled up. He showed the copy of an advertisement to me, which he had prepared. It gave a description of the neighborhood and stated that there was a post office, a store, a good physician, a school of the best quality, and regular Sabbath preaching by Presbyterians from both Scotland and the United States; also that the settlers were of the best society of the United States and other Governments of England, France, etc. I objected to the statement

—150 that we had regular preaching so he changed the advertisement to say that there was a fine school through the week and a Sabbath school on Sundays. I cannot say whether or not this advertisement was ever printed at Austin but it was circulated around that many settlers were purchasing land on the Cuero Creek who were refined and pious citizens.

There were a great many false alarms about Indians being in the neighborhood. The Tonks (Tonkawas) were always very friendly and visited the prairies often. Strangers who crossed the prairies would see them and becoming much alarmed would put spurs to their horses and come dashing into the settlement, saying that the Indians were down. The Tonks, seeing their fright, would take after them to let them know that they were friendly. Thus it happened that many were chased by Indians.

In 1840, one morning in August my little girl, Martha, got up early and told her mother that the Indians were down in large numbers and had killed several people. She said she had seen them in a dream and was greatly frightened. She had seen their guns, their shields and their arrows. Her mother told her that dreams were nothing. Some of the boarders said that the night before as she was going to bed, that it was now a bright moon and very light and that they expected the Indians had come. Soon after breakfast a company of nearly fifty men besides many Mexicans came from Victoria to alarm the settlement, and to gather up the fighting men. They said that the Indians (Comanches) had been to Victoria and killed several men and taken some women prisoners and had



gone to Linnville. This company was securing volunteers to go after the Indians. When my little daughter saw the Mexicans she said that they looked just like the Indians she had seen in her dreams.

The neighborhood gathered. All the men went to Victoria except a few who were left to guard the women and children. As I had a good deal of room in my house many of the women and children came there. There were several negro men at my place who belonged to Mr. North. Mr. John J. Tumlinson\* was elected captain and Mr. Daniel B. Friar, 1st Lieutenant. They got ready in quick time and started off. I did not go with them. Most of the families came to stay with my family. My son James had been sick and was just getting well. He wanted very much to go to Victoria with a young man who was going the night the Indians camped on Spring Creek, near Victoria. My wife insisted that he was too weak to ride so the young men promised to return the next day when they would ride to the Colorado and Brazos Rivers on a visit. The young man rode away and rode into a camp, supposing them to be the friendly Tonks. He was pursued and they ran him for over six miles. He had a very swift horse and out ran the Indians, making his escape into the river bottom where he spent the night. Thus my son's life was saved again by the entreaties of his step-mother. If he had gone he would have been captured as his horse was a dull pony.

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(\*Note: John J. Tumlinson was appointed a Captain in the Texas Rangers in November 1835. Refer to "The Texas Rangers" by Walter Prescott Webb, page 24.)

We kept a guard all night around our house composed of myself, the Negro men, my son and young Joseph Baker, who did not go with the men for the reason that he had run a large thorn in his foot the day before and could scarcely walk about. There were over fifty people at my house, mostly women and children. They stayed several days. The Indians went on unmolested to Linnville\* which was burned down and all the merchandise taken. The residents were few in number and seeing that they were unable to defend the place, got into skiffs and boats and went out of gun shot into the bay. The Custom House officer, Col. Watt, had recently married a Miss Ewing who went to Linnville from Matagorda with my family. Her brother, Mr. Ewing, was Mr. Watt's

partner. Col. Watt lived about four or five hundred yards from the business part of the town in the finest building in the place. Seeing the commotion in the town he and his wife made for the bay. The tide being low it was shallow water for some distance and they had gone out in the water quite a way and were beckoning to a skiff to come after them when the Indians saw them. When about waist deep in the water the Indians surrounded them, shooting Col. Watt with many arrows. He fell dead and his young wife tried to hold him up. The Indians did not hurt her but took her prisoner. They had another lady as a prisoner who they had taken at Victoria. After taking all the merchandise in the place besides many mules and horses they went up the bay towards Texana and camped on the Carcert Creek.

Our men went to Victoria and then pursued the Indians after they left Linnville. Captain Benjamin McCullough and a few men found the Indian trail above Gonzales and followed after them, notifying the neighborhoods as he went along and getting the men to join him in the pursuit. His party joined the company from Cuero and Victoria and they pursued the Indians to the Carcert Creek where they had a battle. The Indians claimed the victory as they killed one or two men. Night came on and the Indians camped on the field of battle while our men made camp about a mile away. Captain Tumlinson and Mr. D. R. Friar sent an express to Cuero informing them of the battle and telling the neighborhood to stay together and keep a lookout as it was thought the Indians would go back up the river. Mr. Lawrence, a brother-in-law of Mr. Friar, was sent. He went to Victoria that night and then came to my place where his wife and children were staying. The next day, about sundown I received word from Mr. Friar to leave Cuero and go to Gonzales and alarm the people as they were then sure that the Indians would go back by the same route that they had gone down. I secured one of Mr. North's mules and took an old shotgun which I had inherited from my brother Richard. A little after dark I started alone to Gonzales. After riding about ten miles or more I stopped to give the alarm, was given a cup of coffee and went on. After riding some miles I reached Peach Creek where I heard some persons riding after me, very fast. I thought they were Indians and galloped on awhile and then left the road and got behind some little

(\*Note: This battle is described in some detail in "The Texas Rangers", W.P.Webb, page 57.) brushy woods. As they passed I saw that they were white men and called out to them. I found that it was Captain Ben McCullough and one of the young Taylors who boarded with me. Captain McCullough sent me up the creek where his brother was living and told me to tell his brother to go to Big Hill to see if the Indians had crossed the road. If he found that they had he was to hurry on to Gonzales and raise men to rush to Plum Creek near Lockhart. He said that he would cross the Guadalupe that night and get Captain Caldwell's company to hurry on to Plum Creek. At Gonzales we raised a company and elected Mr. Bird as captain. We went to Plum Creek and camped for the night. The Indians were camped a few miles below on the creek. General Felix Huston and Col. Bell came to our camp from the city of Austin. Captain Caldwell's company also joined us when we had had about 104 men from the Guadalupe River. Col. Burleson had camped about fifteen miles away with about 100 men. In the morning a council of war was held and General Felix Huston was made Commander of the companies and Officer of the Day. Capt. McCullough had stayed in Lockhart and came just after General Huston was made Commander-in-chief. He joined us and was to command the Guadalupe men. They sent after General Burleson that he should hurry on and join us as well as command the Colorado (River)soldiers. Captain Ben McCullough was anxious to attack the Indians before General Burleson's arrival and while the Indians were in the bottom and on the creek. But General Felix Huston said that it was best to wait for General Burleson. McCullough said that if we would attack them while in the bottom they would run and scatter and then we could take them easily as we followed them to the bay. He said that if he lived 100 years he did not expect to have such another opportunity to kill and take Indians. If they got on the prairie they would make a long front, give battle retreat, and then outrun us and all get away. He said that we should not wait for Gen. Burleson but make an immediate attack. General Huston would not consent to attack until Burleson and his men arrived, The Indians left the creek and we overtook them about six or eight miles in the prairie near a skirt of post oak timber on the left. The Indians formed on the prairie and in a few hundred yards of them Gen. Huston ordered a halt. Capt. McCullough's men were near the timber and Burleson's men were some distance from us. The Indians rode around our men with their guns,

shields and arrows. They rode like lightning. All this time we waited, unmounted for an order to attack. While these Indians were riding around us some of the warriors were getting into the timber and near enough to shoot our Guadalupe men. Captain McCullough noticed it and rode up to Gen. Huston who was in front, and said "In the name of God, General Huston, order a charge through the timber and through their front ranks. The Indians are shooting my men." At this time a man was shot down not more than fifteen feet from me, and Col. Switzer had his arm shot through with an arrow. A charge was ordered and the

—153 Indians retreated. Just as the charge was ordered I was getting the arrow out of Col. Switzer's arm. As soon as it was tied up with a handkerchief, he mounted his swift horse and left me. I had a bottle of water in my old saddle bags which was tied to my saddle. We had been ordered to leave all our blankets, bags, etc. at the place where we had met Gen. Burleson, but as my old saddle bags were carefully tied to my saddle I did not leave them. I went to the wounded man and gave him a drink of water. As our whole force was in full pursuit of the Indians this left me and one other man more than three or four hundred yards behind. I left the wounded man with his father-in-law and brother and hastened on to overtake the company. At a very boggy branch there were several Indians killed. The Indians out rode us and leaving their merchandise, mules and horses, made their escape. Some of our officers and soldiers pursued them for ten miles or more. All were ordered to take up the merchandise, mules and horses and carry it back to our first place of encampment where we camped for the night. It was reported that there were about twenty Indians killed. We had three men wounded in General Burleson's company and two men in Captain Caldwell and Bird's companies. When I returned to camp I came across Mrs. Watt who the Indians had taken prisoner at Linnville. As they retreated they had shot her in the breast with an arrow and the wound was very bad for some weeks. As soon as she saw me she became very much excited as I was the only person she knew. The doctors made me leave her for fear the excitement would make her worse. Mrs. Crosby, the lady who was taken prisoner at Victoria, had been killed the morning before the battle, also her little child. The merchandise taken from the Indians as well as the horses were divided by lot among the soldiers. I received a bolt of calico and two horses but as I did not know how to

throw a lariat I let a friend who could do so have one of them. The horse I took was a gentle riding horse and did me much service.

When the battle first started and according to orders I was standing on the battle field holding my horse, the bullets and arrows were flying rapidly about me. I was standing on the extreme left of our company and was much exposed to the fire of the Indians who were in the timber. I felt composed and could not help repeating a verse or so which had been taught to me by my father while I was a boy. He had told me it had been found in the pocket of an officer who fell on the field of battle during the Revolutionary War. It ran as follows:

"Why should vain mortals tremble at the sound of  
death and destruction on the field of battle,  
When death and carnage clothe the fields in  
crimson and death groans sound.  
Death will invade us by the means appointed  
and all must bow to the King of Terrors.  
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared, in whatever  
shape it may come."

—154 There was an Indian woman and a little child who were taken prisoners. The woman said that the child was not hers. We placed the woman on a mule and told her to make her escape, which she did. While in camp the little boy cried all night. Judge Bellinger took him to Gonzales but in a few years he died. Besides the horse I also got a nice beaded shot bag with Roman crosses on it. In the bag was a letter written by a Mexican to an Indian officer which said that they would meet each other at Corpus Christi or Linnville. There was also a little image of Our Saviour which I first thought was gold but it was only brass. This was the only battle I was ever in.

(Note: Inserted by Norman H. Smith in regard to the above mentioned little image.)

(The little brass or copper image of Christ was given to Norman H. Smith by his mother after the death of his father. It has been deposited for safe keeping in the museum of Baylor University of Waco.)

To the great satisfaction of my family I finally returned safely to my home. It had been reported to them that I had been killed. ,After this battle my school did not flourish so

well as many were afraid to send their children from home. I still kept up my Sabbath school.

After the death of his brother, Mr. Grimes bought a tract of 200 acres of land on the river. It was very rich prairie land with about 30 acres of land on the river bottom with trees of pecan, elm, etc. He had also purchased a few cows and calves. He received a letter from his father asking him to come back to Liverpool which he did after selling his land to me. I had it deeded to my little son, Joseph M. Smith. I paid him some money and gave my note for the balance, His fine cows were left with me, I have never seen Mr. Grimes since he left Texas. Mr. Duck moved to Corpus Christi and afterwards informed some of my neighbors that Mr. Grimes and his father's family were lost at sea on the way to the East Indies.

In the fall of that year there was a Methodist circuit preacher sent to preach up and down the Guadalupe River. He made my house a stopping place and preached once a month at my school house on the Sabbath day. About Christmas time of this year Mr. James M. Baker and Mr. North returned and I rented a little farm of seven acres of land. In the year of 1841 I was still keeping up my school but it was not as large as before the Indian War. My daughter, Susan S. Smith, was born in July and she was a week old when the appointment came for Mr. Snead the Methodist circuit preacher, to preach on the Sabbath. He had been to conference and missed a month. Judge Baker and I had requested

—155 Rev. Blair to come up from Victoria and preach for us but he did not come for some time. We also requested Mr. Snead to organize a Methodist Church and we would all join as members until some minister of our own denomination should come. Judge Baker and family were Cumberland Presbyterians while my wife and I were old school Presbyterians. We thought it best to have a church organized by any denomination. While Mr. Snead was away two Cumberland Presbyterians came from Kentucky and preached at my school house. We induced them to organize a church and Mr. Baker and I became ruling elders in the church. When the church was organized the two men preached twice but said that they could only come every two months. When the time for Mr. Snead's appointment arrived I knew that there would be only a few in attendance as he had been absent for two months. He failed to get to my house but spent the night

with a Mr. Dowbarn, a member of the Methodist Church. I was expecting Mr. Snead at the school house to preach. As already stated my little daughter was only about ten or twelve days old and there were some ladies of the neighborhood who were visiting in my house. They did not think it was the time for Mr. Snead's appointment. I told the ladies that as they were there, to stay with Mrs. Smith and I would go to meet Mr. Snead. After I reached the school house there came up Mr. Snead, Mr. Dowbarn, Jane Taylor (the step-daughter of Mr. Dowbarn) and Mr. Dowbarn's little son who was about four years old. Jane Taylor boarded at my house and the little son was to ride her horse back home as she would stay with me. These were all who attended this service. Mr. Snead started, read a chapter from the scriptures and had us sing a hymn. When about to have a prayer Mr. Dowbarn said, "Mr. Snead, stop: don't go any further with your service. I am a Roman Catholic and I like to confess as I go. You know that you stayed all night at my house but I was so drunk that I did not know that you were there. Now if you were ever drunk you know how a drunken man feels when he becomes sober. You must know that I cannot hear one word you say. It seems like there are forty katydids in my head. As I cannot hear a word I won't interrupt the congregation, Mr. Smith, I will just put these two benches together and lie down. I do not wish to interrupt the congregation and if I go to sleep and snore too loud, only touch me and I will stop. I do not wish to interrupt the congregation." All this time Mr. Snead's face was getting redder and redder. Mr. Dowbarn then proceeded to lie down and said "Mr. Snead, you may go on, I won't interrupt the congregation." Mr. Snead then went ahead and preached the longest sermon that I had ever heard him preach. He was only about one-half through when Mr. Dowbarn waked up and said, "Mr. Snead, aren't you done yet? If you will give me leave I will take my hat and go over to that large live oak tree over yonder and get some breeze. Mr. Smith, I will not interrupt the congregation." After the sermon was over Mr. Dowbarn put his little son on the horse and went home.

—156 My brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Morehead, came to Texas. He and my son built for me a very nice hewed log house on the land I had bought from the Scotchman, Mr. Grimes, and I moved to the place. During the fall or early winter the Rev. Mr. Hugh Wilson and Rev. Mr. Blair came to see me. They had been in attendance at the Brazos Presbytery. Mr. Wilson lived near Independence in Washington County. He came to

assist Mr. Blair at a Communion service in Victoria and to organize a Presbyterian Church there. I went with them and was elected a ruling elder in that church although I lived thirty-five miles away. Mr. Joseph Morehead and my son, James, started to Santa Fe with the expedition under President Lamar. James had been with a company of men who were ordered to San Antonio to make a march against the Indians. This was after the Battle of Plum Creek. He was delighted with the trip. They went above the head waters of the Guadalupe River and into the mountains. When the Santa Fe Expedition was about to start they went up as far as the City of Austin. By the advice of Major Hockley, then Secretary of War, they were persuaded to abandon this trip. They went on to the United States by the way of Houston and Galveston.

In the spring of 1842, a man working for Mr. W. K. Barton persuaded a negro man, who belonged to Mr. Ralph Campbell and a negro woman, who belonged to a Mr. Hicks, to run away with him to Mexico from there to go with him to Boston, in the United States where he lived. They were to start on Saturday night. The negro wished to take revenge on a Mr. B. Craig, and a Mr. Doolittle, before he started. There were a number of young people assembled that night at Mr. Blair's where they were singing and playing. The negro stole a horse which belonged to a young lady who was on a visit to her Aunt Blairs. He went up to Mr. Blair's. While the negro was away the white man went to Mr. Hick's where the negro belonged, and left word that they would not start until Sunday night as he first intended to steal the Sheriff's horse. The Sheriff was the son-in-law of Mr. Barton and he did not come home on Saturday night. Mr. Blair was in the habit of taking in traveling men as the road ran by his house. When the negro reached there he called at the west gate and asked to stay all night. Mr. Benjamin Craig, who lived there, carrying a lamp went out on the porch and asked who it was. The negro told him his name and that he belonged to Mr. Campbell. He said that he and his wife were going to Mexico in a few hours and that he intended to kill Craig and Doolittle before he started. He then fired his rifle at Mr. Craig, the ball passing through his coat collar. The negro called that he was going to gallop up to Mr. Doolittle's and kill him. The young men who were at Mr. Blair's fired at the negro with pistols, they did not have six-shooters but only light horsemen's pistols. The negro made his escape. Meanwhile the white man, with whom the negroes intended to run away, knew nothing of this shooting



–157 at Mr. Craig. The young men, with Mr. Craig, ran down the negro with dogs which bit the calves of his legs very severely. On Monday morning they took the white man and whipped him severely to make him tell where the young lady's horse was hidden. The horse was found in the timber bottom by the river.

On Tuesday the whole neighborhood was called together to punish the white man. Mr. James M. Baker, was made President of the meeting. He took the chair and addressed the assembly. He said that it was a very dangerous thing to take the law into our own hands but that sometimes it was necessary and that in this case it was justifiable. He proposed that a jury of twelve men be selected to try the case. I was selected as one of the jury. Ten of the jury were in favor of hanging the white man and allowing the owner of the negro to take his slave and sell him. I thought that the negro deserved death as well as the white man because he had called out a man in the night and shot at him. I thought that if one was punished that the other should be too. We could not agree so left it for the whole assembly to vote on. There were about forty voters and it required two thirds to render a verdict. It lacked two votes to hang the white man. The owner of the negro stated that if his negro was hung he would hang the white man. It was finally decided that the white man should receive one hundred lashes to be given to him by the owners of the two negroes and that the negro man should be taken out of the county and sold in ten days. It was also decided that I should tell the white man that a majority of the voters had been in favor of hanging him at two o'clock. When they hung him up I was to beg for his life and insist that he be whipped instead and taken out of the county. He was to think that the negro man had been hung first. The negro was brought by his owner to a live oak tree where a grave had been dug sufficiently large enough to hold them both. Before the white man was taken there the negro was laid by the side of the grave and a blanket thrown over his body. As the white man was brought up the owner of the negro cried out to the negroes who were digging the grave to know if it was large enough to hold both bodies. He then said to the white man, "Look at your partner." When I informed the white man that he was to be hung at two o'clock he wept much and requested a longer time. I told him that the assembly had already decided the matter as to the time. He then earnestly requested me to have prayers for him at the gallows as he knew that I prayed in the Sabbath school and in my family. I asked him if he wanted

me to tell his mother about him and he said no, that he never wanted her to know. He said that she was a very pious Presbyterian and that he knew that she prayed for him daily. At his earnest solicitation I consented to have prayers at the live oak tree although I knew that he would not be hung. I told Judge Baker and Captain Friar about my difficulty and that I scarcely knew how to make such a prayer. Captain Friar, who was then a very wicked man but afterwards became and died a Christian, said with an oath that

—158 it was a good time to have prayers. At an open grave perhaps it would make somebody good. He said by all means to have prayers. Nearly the whole neighborhood, including the negroes, were present to see the hanging. There were perhaps a hundred people there.

There was a rope put around the man's neck. It was a long rope and ran over the limb of the tree. They made an attempt to raise the man from the ground. I asked them to hold on a moment as the culprit had requested me to have prayers at the gallows and that if the crowd would be composed for a while we would pray for him as well as the whole assembly. I trust that it was an ardent prayer for all who were present. After this the men drew the culprit off the ground and as he struggled they let him down but drew him up again. I then, as it had already been agreed upon, began to beg the men to spare his life and let him be whipped instead. They then stripped off his shirt and laid him on the ground. On his bare back they whipped him. The two owners of the negroes were to give twenty-five lashes apiece until the man had received 100 lashes. The first man gave the 25 lashes and the owner of the second negro commenced with his. He was used to using a whip and when he was finished with his first 25 licks I begged the multitude to let him off with only 50 lashes. I believe that they would have killed the man had he received the additional 50 lashes. They consented to my request and guarded him out of the county.

A day or two after this hanging, during the same week, about nine o'clock one night someone rode up to my house and asked to stay all night. I lived off the road and it was but a faint track in the prairie to get to my house. When the person first called, Mrs. Smith advised me not to go out as she feared that it might be some of the friends of the man who was so badly whipped. I opened the door and asked who it was. The man

replied that he was a stranger. I observed that it was a difficult matter for a stranger to find my house. He said that was true as he had ridden up and down the prairie in the dark he had noticed my light and made his way to it. I did not ask him to get off his horse but perhaps a little abruptly asked his name and his business. He told me that his name was Atkinson and that he lived in Virginia and that he was a Presbyterian preacher. I immediately went out to him and asked him to get off his horse and come into the house as I was mighty glad to know that he was a preacher. I introduced him to my family and Mrs. Smith told him about my being afraid to let me go to the door for fear it was someone who would injure me. I then related all about the recent excitement. I told him how glad I was to know that he was a preacher and especially a Presbyterian preacher. He said that he had been to San Antonio and Gonzales and that the Cumberland preacher had requested that he fill his appointment there the Sabbath following. He handed me a letter of introduction from the Reverend John Foster of Gonzales. The Rev. Mr. Atkinson spent several days with us,

–159 preaching on the Sabbath. As there was a Fast day proclaimed by the President the next Wednesday, I persuaded him to stay over and preach that day also.

It was a time of excitement in the country. The Mexicans had gone to San Antonio and taken the city. They had taken as prisoners the Judge of a District Court as well as the jury and lawyers. Our officers were raising men and were about to gather forces to drive the Mexicans back. Captain Ben McCullough had a company of men stationed not far from San Antonio. He sent word to the Sheriff and citizens of Gonzales not to leave the county until he gave us orders. He would notify us if necessary to leave.

When Rev. Mr. Atkinson left I rode with him about seven miles to the home of Captain Friar. We spent the night there. Captain and Mrs. Friar had gone that day to Victoria but the children and servants were there. The two oldest boys had attended my school and were very polite boys. They paid the preacher much attention, had a fine supper and endeavored to make him very comfortable for the night. He was much pleased with this family of children. The next morning I rode on with the preacher about eight miles on his way to Victoria. He conversed much about the affairs of the country. He was fearful that we would all have to leave the Guadalupe. The Mexicans had left San Antonio and were camped on the Salado about six or seven miles from San Antonio. When about to leave

me he handed me a small paper with something wrapped up in it. He told me that it was a small amount of money he wanted me to accept from him and that it would have been more could he have had access to his trunk which was in Houston. Not knowing when he would be in Houston it was all he could spare at the time. I told him that I could not accept it and that for many years I had been helping to pay preachers for their ministerial labors. I begged him to keep his money. He said that I must take it otherwise he would be obliged to go back and hand it to Mrs. Smith or my daughter, Sarah Ann, with whom he had been much delighted while there. She was then about fourteen years old and had attended to most of the domestic duties of the family. He said that we were going to have very difficult times and that my neighbors, who were then so kind, would in time of difficulty and trouble be selfish and not act the same as when things went on well. I told him that although I had but little pecuniary means that I expected to get along very well. I trusted in a Kind Providence who had hitherto preserved me and comforted me under severe trials of pecuniary embarrassments that I had already undergone in the States. He said that it was perfectly right to trust in Him and that this was the leading of a Kind Providence toward me and my precious family. He then said that he could scarcely sleep the nights before as he thought of me and my family and how distressing it would be for us to have to leave the river and that he was impressed with the difficulties we would have to undergo. I accepted the money. It was \$25.00, consisting of a

—160 \$10.00 gold piece and \$15.00 in United States money. A short time after, this money did me more good than any money of this same amount ever did help me, before or since that time.

It was two days after this when we received news that the citizens of Gonzales and its vicinity had all left the river. The sheriff came to his father-in-law's and advised our neighborhood to leave also. In a days time the whole neighborhood was all in commotion. All the upper neighborhood, as it was then called, met together to march away the next day. That day I sold some cattle and bought an old horse cart for one horse. We took our bedding and a few things to cook with, leaving most of our furniture hidden out in the timber bottom. I had a good library of books which I put in a large pine chest bound with iron hoops and left it in the house which had the doors nailed up. I left

the old compass which has previously been described. We were much crowded in the cart but our beds were soft and easy to ride on. Our clothing was in trunks. My wife said she was going to take a few books if she had to walk and carry them. They were the Bible, Testament, Hymn Book, The Confession of Faith and a book entitled the Cases of Conscience. These books were taken with us.

I drove the cart and most of the time walked along the side. Sometimes my wife would drive. Martha, Joseph and little Sue were also in the cart. My daughter Sarah Ann got the loan of a horse to ride and drove the cattle. The first day we went fifteen miles and camped, some ten or twelve families were together. It was a fine time for the young people to drive the cattle along. There were several thousand head of cattle. I had about eighty head. Sarah Ann and the young girls of the neighborhood drove most of the cattle. The first night we camped we were covered with a tent cloth and when the beds were spread most of the women laid down to sleep. One of the camps was roused by a rattle snake near a bed, rattling loudly and coiled, ready for battle. Every man had a steel and spunk as there were no matches to make a light. The way the knives rattled on the steel and candles were lighted from burning spunk was quite amazing. One of the old men kept up a saying of "Tantalize the snake and don't let him run off." Finally the snake was killed and quieted down and to sleep.

The next day we struck camp on the Lavaca River, some miles above where Hallettsville, now the County Seat of Lavaca County is now located. The whole company decided to stay camped there for some weeks until we could hear from San Antonio. This with the exception of my family and the family of a Mr. Chenault who had been our neighbors. I went to Mill Creek which is near to where Round Top is now located. I had acquaintances and relations there. Mr. Chenault and family went to Fort Bend County on the Brazos River as he had a married sister living there. I soon started a school in the neighborhood. Mrs. Smith had a cousin living on Mill Creek, a Mr. Claiborne Thomas, then a bachelor. We stopped with him and he gave us his house and built a shed room adjoining for himself.

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He had several negroes and Mrs. Smith attended to his household affairs for a year, his negroes doing the cooking, washing, etc. One day while visiting at Col. Nathan Thomas'

house, a short distance from Claiborne Thomas, I saw some gentlemen ride up with a rifle and cartridge box. When he came up I found that he was an old acquaintance from Tennessee. He told me that my daughter, Mrs. Calhoun, and children and my son-in-law, Mr. F. S. Latham, were at Houston, and that several hundred volunteers had come over with them to help us fight the Mexicans.

I procured a little two horse wagon and started to Houston for my daughter and children. The first day I got to San Felipe, on the Brazos River. It was raining very hard and a very dark night. I stopped at the first house where I saw a light. The gentlemen, a Mr. Blair, kept a boarding house and took me in for the night. The next day the flat had sunk, the Brazos River was very high and I had to wait until evening before the flat boat was taken up. I found that Mrs. Blair was an old acquaintance as she had gone to school, when a girl, with my wife. I knew her father very well in Maury County, Tennessee. I wished to pay my bill for the night and day but they would take nothing, saying that our old acquaintance had already settled the bill. I crossed the river and was advised to go out of the main road in order to cross a creek which would be swimming by reason of back water from the river. The Ferryman told me to keep the main road as he knew to an inch where the creek would be swimming from back water and that I could pass over very well. I traveled on about six miles to the creek. There was an old German traveling with me. His horse had a sore back so he tied him to the wagon and rode with me. The creek was very high from the back water but he said that he had often crossed it and that it would not swim us. The horse soon got to swimming and I jumped out of the wagon to swim below them and guide them to the ford. My lines had become loose from the bridle. The horses kept aiming for a place below and got the tongue of the wagon under a cypress log and I tried to get them loose from the tongue of the wagon. I cut the ham strings, took off the harness and let the horses swim to the shore. In the meantime the wagon bed had floated off the wagon, and the German's horse was swimming about with the wagon bed. I swam to the horse and cut him loose and then swam back to the side from which we had started across. The German was still in the bed of the wagon as he could not swim. He made an attempt to jump out but I ordered him to hold on to the wagon bed and he did so. It was about eight feet from

some rafts in the creek to where the wheels had sunk and there was also a little island or vacant place in the water. I floated these rafts of logs tied together down to this –162 vacant place in the water and this made a bridge or a way for us to cross over the creek. I then floated the wagon bed down to the raft with the German still in it. So we got safely across the creek but the wagon wheels had sunk out of sight, the body being fastened to the raft. We went to the first house, about one-half of a mile. We secured my horses there and we spent the night there with a Mr. Wm. A. Miskell. The next day he took his negro men to the creek and by their assistance we got the wagon all out. I had lost my axe, ten buckets of butter, all my meat, bread and coffee. Mr. Miskell would make no charge. The German remained to look for his horse.

I kept on my way to Houston. It was a rainy time and the waters were all high. When I reached the Buffalo Bayou it was a mile wide. The banks overflowed. There were twenty or thirty wagons, all loaded with cotton on their way to Houston. A Mexican had tied up a large beef hide like a basket. It was large enough to carry a man and a trunk in it. He would swim himself and carry it along over the bayou. He said that he could swim my empty wagon over. There were three young men with wagons who were going to Tennessee. They said that if I would take them and their trunks to Houston that they would pay the ferryage, so I quickly consented. We got into the wagon and drove it near the banks of the bayou. We went more than a mile into the water and it did not run much into the bed. When we reached the deep water the man would swim over with one trunk and a man in his cow hide and by this means we all got safely across the bayou. We reached Houston about nine o'clock. I stopped in the suburbs where there were four or five wagons camped.

I drove the young men with their trunks to the hotel and went back to the wagons and camped with them. Mrs. Miskell had provided me with provisions as well as a coffee pot for my trip to Houston. I was about to make my own coffee at the wagons but they told me that they already had plenty of coffee made and that I was entirely welcome to it. I found it quite a social company. Before we went to sleep an old gentleman and a younger man came to our camp. He knew the crowd and he himself had three or four wagons at the bayou. This old gentleman had been a very wicked fighting man but for sometime had been a consistent member of the Baptist Church. Unfortunately he had

been overtaken with liquor while in Houston. This was the first time since he had been a member of the Baptist Church. This old gentleman asked me to loan him a dollar until morning as he had been insulted by a bar-keeper who had dunned him for his liquor bill although he knew that he had three wagons loaded with cotton, coming to Houston. He said that he wanted to pay him his dollar and then cut his throat. I told him that I –163 could not let him have it as I did not want him to kill anybody. He asked some of the others to let him have it and finally got it from a negro man who knew him. The negro man said, "Master Bill, take the money but do pray do not get mad with the man." The old gentleman stayed for sometime and was full of conversation. The younger man with him said to him, "You and I have different beliefs. I am a Methodist and you a Baptist. You believe there is no falling from Grace as that is a Baptist doctrine. I believe that there is such a thing as falling from Grace, as that is a Methodist doctrine. The old man rose up quickly and said, "I will leave it to this old gentleman," pointing to me, "If this is a time and place to discuss theological questions." He then drew out his springback knife, caught hold of the young man and said that he would cut his throat in an instant. As I was always a peacemaker and have many times been in danger of being hurt myself by interfering with quarreling men as I tried to make peace, I ran between. I took hold of the old man's arm and begged him to shut up his knife. The other man also endeavored to pacify him. At length we got him pacified and he told the young man never again to mention to him about "Falling from Grace."

The next morning I went to a printing office and found out where Mr. Latham was stopping. He had rented a house or a room for my daughter and children. My son James did not cross the Gulf with them but he arrived in Houston before we left. As the Mexicans had left, most of the volunteers had turned back so James also took leave of us and went back to Houston. I had written to my daughter Betty, to come to meet us, and my son James brought her and her children to New Orleans. When he heard that the Guadalupe River section had been broken up by the Mexicans he persuaded his sister to go back to Memphis. The citizens then called for volunteers and raised a company to go to Texas. My daughter Bettie, with her children then came on to Texas with the volunteers. Mr. Latham found an old acquaintance a Mr. Hunt, on the Brazos River and stopped with him a few days. Dr. Hunt let him have a horse to ride to Austin



and San Antonio. As I returned I stayed all night with my friends Mr. and Mrs. Blair at San Felipe. The next day while on the prairie there came up a severe norther and heavy hail. I had to stay in the wagon to keep the horses from running away. The children and my daughter wrapped themselves in bed clothes and kept warm for a while. Then the hail ceased & the norther was blowing extremely cold. It was as near to go on as it was to turn back to San Felipe. I kept on toward home. It was after dark when we reached the timber. My daughter endeavored to light matches to make a fire. I was so cold I could not stand still, My oldest grandson, Sam Calhoun, turned out the horses and hobbled them. I was wet and had been as well as exposed to the norther all the time. My daughter had a suckling child, not yet weaned. She had taken cold in her breast and it was very painful indeed. A few days after this it had to be lanced. She could not well use

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her hands to light the match. I was so trembling with cold that I could not stand alone. She lighted match after match but they would all blow out. I entreated her to be careful with the matches as our very lives depended upon getting a fire made. She tore up pillow cases and other cotton clothes in order to kindle a fire and almost burned up all the matches but at last succeeded in starting a good fire. We put bed quilts on the North side of the wagon and built the fire on the South. We built a very large fire with old back logs and brush and were able to sleep comfortably through the night. The next morning we were much refreshed and the day after arrived safely at home.

The next year I purchased fifty acres of land with a house on it. I made it a comfortable house by putting on a new roof and raising it a few logs higher. There was another neighborhood about five miles from where I had taught school. the year before. They built a fine large school house which also served as a preaching house. I had a good school. The same Methodist preacher who rode the Guadalupe River Circuit, a Mr. Snead, was sent to preach in this neighborhood. He preached again in my school house. Rev. Hugh Wilson lived about fifteen or eighteen miles away. As there was some eight to ten Presbyterians in the neighborhood I prevailed on him to come down and organize a church. This was done and he preached a month. I was again elected a ruling elder in this church. The Methodist also preached once a month. Rev. Blair came

over from Victoria to attend Presbytery and Mr. Wilson held a Sacramental meeting while he was there. It so happened that while they were there two neighbors had a quarrel. The house in which they were quarreling was a few hundred yards from my own and in sight. The little boy came running into my house just before breakfast and said, "Mr. Smith, Ma says you must run over quickly, as the two men are about to kill each other and Pa is not at home." I told the preacher that I was a peacemaker in the neighborhood and that they must excuse me for awhile but that I would get it all settled before preaching time. I ran over to the house. A man and his sister-in-law had gone to this neighbor's to see a boarder there who had formerly lived with them. He was going to whip the man there and had his gun. The man at the house had a hatchet. They talked over their dispute with me for some time. The man who had come to the house had his gun cocked and told the other that if he said anything but the truth he would shoot him down. The sister-in-law had come along as a witness. The man at that house was standing in the door of his room and the man with the gun stood in the passage between the rooms. The lady of the house and the sister-in-law were sitting near the door of the other room. While they were talking about their difficulty the man with the hatchet smiled. The one with the gun said, "Don't you smile at me, prepare for Hell because you'll be there in a minute." He fired his gun and as he fired I knocked it up a little and the man in the door fell down and

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I thought he had been shot through but he had only fainted with fear. I threw water in his face and soon brought him to his senses. I got them to make friends with each other and went back to the preachers. They had seen it all and when the man fell as the gun was fired they thought that he had been shot dead.

After this we went to the church and had a fine sermon. There was an appointment for a sacramental meeting the next day and on the Sabbath there was a large attendance. This near neighbor of mine and his wife would sometimes quarrel and on this Sabbath they did not go to preaching. Our little children and grand children were left at home and after the services we dined out with one of our neighbors. There was an appointment to preach at my house that night. I returned to my home in company with the preachers and the rest of the family. There were also two young ladies with us who were friends of

my daughters. In a little while my youngest grandson came running into the house and said, "Grandpa, grandpa, I thought that the horses were loose." I said, "What is that, my son?" My near neighbors were named Gibbs. He said, "Grandpa, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs had a mighty fight today, Mrs. Gibbs had taken off with the baby and says that she will not come back."

(End of Volume 3)

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Volume 4.

In 1842, a short time before I left the Guadalupe River, there was a general election for county officers, as well as representatives to the Republican Congress. It was the first election I had witnessed in the Republic of Texas. I was appointed as one of the judges of this election. The polls were opened and the voting had been going on for some time when a large young man by the name of Bennett got into a quarrel with an elderly man whose name was John McCoy. This interfered with the continuance of the election for a while. McCoy invited the young man to go out in the yard and nearly everybody went out of the house. As he stood in the door, Bennett drew a large horseman's pistol. As he had been working for me the week before I thought that I could persuade him to put up his pistol. I called upon the Deputy Sheriff to keep the peace and was standing near Bennett at the door. Some of my friends told me to get out of the door as someone would shoot at Bennett and perhaps kill me. I persuaded the multitude to stop quarreling and got Bennett to put up his pistol. The voting started once more. There was a man there by the name of Day, although at this time he had assumed another name. He told Bennett that if he hurt McCoy it would be over his dead body as he intended to protect McCoy at the risk of his own life. Bennett used rough language and while standing about thirty feet apart they both drew pistols and fired at the same time. Day was shot in the ankle and then ran around the house and got a pistol. Bennett rushed into the house and took up the rifle—gun. With the exception of one of the other election judges and myself the people were all in the yard. I caught hold of Bennett and told him to put down the rifle but he rushed by me and out of the house with the rifle cocked. He met Day at the corner of the house who was putting a cap on his pistol. He told Bennett not to shoot but to give him a chance as there was no cap on his pistol. When Bennett got within

about fifteen feet of Day he fired the rifle and shot Day in the heart. He fell down but jumped up and went for a few yards and threw his pistol violently to the ground which broke its breech. He then fell down again and died in a few minutes. As soon as Bennett fired he ran as quickly as lightning into the house and took up the double barreled shotgun and shot another man, breaking his thigh. The owner of the gun tried to take it away and fortunately during the scuffle the muzzle was pointed towards the ground. It went off and wounded a man in his great toe, the shot passing through his shoes. Bennett got hold of another large pistol but it was not loaded. Just at this time a man came up to the election carrying a five shooter rifle. I called to him and told him to shoot Bennett down, that he had just killed one man, had broken another's –167 thigh bone and wounded another in the foot. I spoke up quickly again and told him to shoot him down. The man cocked his rifle and told him to surrender or he would instantly put five bullets through him. Bennett gave up. I got a rope from the store and had him securely tied. The voting commenced again and was finished.

Bennett was guarded that night and the next day a jury of inquest was held over the dead body. The man with the broken thigh bone died in three days. Bennett was committed to jail but in the excitement of the Mexicans being at San Antonio and the breaking up of the people of Gonzales and Victoria Counties he was let out of jail. He went to Washington County and afterwards died a natural death within about fifteen miles from where I was living on Mill Creek.

As I have before related, Mr. Murphree's family came to Linnville at the time I landed there and settled on Mill Creek in my neighborhood. Mr. Ledbetter, their oldest son, bought land near that place and where Round Top has since become a town. The old Mrs. Murphree, with her sons and daughters, also settled near me. The two youngest children, Wm. Thomas Murphree and Virginia Murphree, attended my school on Mill Creek. My son Thomas Crutcher Smith, was born the 12th day of December, 1842, on Mill Creek and while I was teaching school there.

I left my little home and rented a house near Captain John York's and about two miles or more from where I had taught the year before. I had a much better school in this new neighborhood as nearly all my old pupils continued to come to school at the York school house. The Presbyterian preaching as well as the Methodist preaching was still kept up.

In January, 1845, I exchanged my fifty acres on Mill Creek for a place on Cummings Creek. It was some eight or ten miles from where I lived on Mill Creek. It was a fine little place and on March 1st I intended to start a school. Because I could not get possession of the little farm until after Christmas, I accepted an offer of a fine large house, free of rent, for several months.

Before leaving Mill Creek I was invited to attend the laying of the corner stone of the Masonic Lodge in Brenham. All of our neighborhood went to see the procession. My daughter, Sarah Ann, went with me as well as the sons and daughters of Mrs. Murphree's family; our two families had formed an intimate acquaintance. After being examined by the lodges of both Master Masons and the Royal Arch Chapter, I was admitted as a visiting brother and marched in the procession of the Royal Arch Chapter. I had the necessary paraphernalia. There was a large procession of Masons, a fine dinner as well as music and dancing.

—168 Mr. John B. Murphree had been paying his addresses to my daughter, Sarah Ann, for sometime. A few weeks before Christmas he asked the consent of Mrs. Smith and myself to marry her, which consent we gave. They had the wedding ceremony on January 8, 1845, after I had moved from the neighborhood and into a large fine house. I invited a number of our old as well as new friends to the wedding. On the same day of the wedding, David Murphree, who was a brother of the groom, moved to Columbia, on the Brazos River.

As my school in the Cummings Creek district was not to commence until March 1st, I decided to visit in Memphis, Tennessee. I started the day after the marriage of my daughter, Sarah Ann. I went to Houston with one of my neighbors wagons and from that place I took a boat to Galveston. There I took the steam boat, New York, which was still commanded by Captain Wright, the same captain who first took my family in 1840 from New Orleans to Galveston. It was a pleasant trip as crossing the Gulf never makes me sick. I was in hopes that I would reach Memphis before President Polk left Tennessee for Washington but I missed him as he had gone on.

As I traveled up the river I met two young men who lived in Washington City. They were brick masons and plasterers. They were very decent young men. One of them became sick and was fearful that he had the the "black tongue" which had been prevalent and

had killed many. He got better and became cheerful. Just after breakfast on the boat we landed at Memphis and I went immediately to Colonel Latham, my son-in-law's house. He and my daughter were quite overjoyed to see me so unexpectedly. Just before sunset, that afternoon, we went to the boat landing where I found my two young traveling companions whose home was in Washington City. They were sitting on some cotton bales and I asked them where they were stopping. They said that they were not stopping anywhere but had been around the city searching for work which they were unable to find. They said that they had tried the brick yards and had also offered to work in gardens or on the streets but had found nothing at all to do. They were entirely out of money and did not know what they were going to do. They said that they would be willing to sell the coats off of their backs if it would raise a little money. The one who had been sick said that he would never consent to kill himself but that if somebody would just push him off into the Mississippi River that it would be a happy thing for him. I cheered them up as well as I could. They told me that the Member of Congress from Memphis had told their father in Washington what a good place Memphis was for brick masons to make money. For this reason both of their fathers had consented for them to go to Memphis. They were cousins. They had never been out of the District of Columbia before in all of their lives. They did not want to write home for money and even if they did so they had nothing to eat and would perish before a letter could go and return. I told them that they might go with me to my son-in-law's house and stay all night but they said that they were strangers and could not do that. I assured them that I could make them welcome and finally persuaded them to go with me. Col. Latham gave them a hearty welcome and told them there were many brick houses being built in the country and that it would be easier to get work in the country than in the city. I was well acquainted with many of the steam boat captains and the next morning I told them that I would get one of them to take them to Pittsburg. They said that their fathers were well known there. I found a boat and after talking to the captain he agreed to let them get on board. They parted from me almost in tears of joy and said that they would always remember my kindness to them.

After staying a few days in Memphis I went to Hermando, Mississippi to see my brother-in-law, Doctor Joseph G. Hall. I spent a day or two very pleasantly there and

then went to College Hill to see my brother, Charles A. Smith. On the way I spent a night with my brother-in-law, Mr. Walter S. Jenkins and also a night with another brother-in-law, Mr. Benjamin B. Smith. He married my first wife's sister, Catherine Jenkins. We conversed much about Columbia and Texas.

When I arrived at my brother's in College Hill I rode up to the gate and "hailed the house." My brother was engaged in a conversation with Reverend Daniel Baker who went out at another gate and my brother came to me. I asked him if he knew me. He said that he was getting old and could not recognize features as well as formerly but that he knew he had seen me somewhere although he could not exactly place me. I then said, "Well, place me as your brother, James N. Smith from Texas." He was very fleshy and he almost turned a somersault in jumping up to catch hold of my hand. For a few days we had a happy time together. This was the last time I ever saw him.

Returning to Memphis I stopped for a few days and then took the boat for New Orleans on my way back to Texas, On my arrival at New Orleans I found Captain Wright again and told him that I was short of funds and that I would have to take either deck or steerage passage. He said that I should go as a cabin passenger at the same rates as I had already crossed the Gulf several times with him. While we were waiting to start there came a plain looking man who told the captain that he wanted to go to Texas. He said that he had already sent on fifty or sixty negroes by land to Texas. He said that he had his wife and six or seven children, ten or twelve negroes, little and big, and some freight. He said that he wanted the boat to wait until next day as he had bought one half interest in an educated or learned pig which he wanted to show in New Orleans the next day. He had paid

—170 out all his money for the pig and could not go on until a young man came with it who would have the money to pay him \$500.00 for his one-half. He would then have the money to pay his passage on the boat. Including the price of his carriage horses he had already paid out \$1,000.00 for the pig and this young man had promised to pay him back for his one-half and was to meet him at either Natchez or New Orleans. The man showed the captain the large advertisements of the pig.

The captain told the man that he could not wait for the pig but to secure his passage money he might give him a mortgage on a negro woman he had who was about 18

years old. He also told him that it would be cheaper boarding in Galveston than in New Orleans and if the pig did come at all it would also come on to Galveston. The old gentleman had told the captain that they intended to take the pig to Texas. The man decided to take the boat and gave a mortgage on the negro girl to be paid in three days after landing. The old man was a little hard of hearing and thought that it was thirteen days instead of three. They all got on board. He had grown daughters who were beautiful women, quite intelligent and educated. One daughter was a widow, another was married. It was her husband who had gone on by land to Texas with the wagons and other negroes. Another single young lady was very handsome and there were two smaller girls of 13 and 11 years of age besides two boys. The old gentleman was the most credulous man I ever saw. His wife and the girls all thought that any well dressed man was a gentleman of the first character. The man told me that they had lived for some months near Memphis as they were going from Virginia to Missouri. They had a son who was a lawyer in Missouri. While in Mobile their son wrote to them to leave their furniture with a commission merchant and go on to Memphis and he would meet them there and they would move to Texas. The son had said that he knew Texas would be annexed to the United States. When they reached Memphis they found that their son had left word for them to hire out the negroes by the month and to go on to Texas in March or April and that he would meet them in Texas. While living near Memphis they met two young men, one kept a livery stable and the other had a confectionery store. These two young men visited their daughters and one of them courted the widow. As they were leaving Memphis they found two flat boats and the man made a trade for one of these boats to carry his family. On the boat with his family was the learned pig. The two young men who had been calling on the daughters went with them on the flat boat and at every town where the boat stopped they would exhibit the learned pig. When they reached Lake Providence the young men persuaded the old gentleman that it would be cheaper to send the negroes to Texas by land. One of them pretended to know all the best routes and roads to Texas so the old man consented to send them that way. They

-171 told the son-in-law who took the negroes to Texas to write to his father at Harrisburg, Texas. At that time there was not even a post office at Harrisburg as



Houston had been built up and Harrisburg was only remembered as the battle field where Santa Anna had been captured. One of the young men now suggested to the old man that he buy the pig. Put in his carriage horses at \$500.00 and pay \$500.00 in cash. They then suggested that the old man go on ahead with the pig and meet him at Natchez or New Orleans and would pay back the \$500.00 and retain a one-half interest. The old man had waited for several days in New Orleans before leaving on this boat. They told me all this story while we were crossing the Gulf and I knew at once that they had been cheated but they retained the utmost confidence in the young men. When we reached Galveston I rented a house for a few days and agreed to wait on them that long as I wanted them to settle in our neighborhood. I caused some young men of good standing to meet the young ladies. While staying in Galveston we heard several speeches in favor of annexation. Some young men took the young ladies and myself in a hack to ride around the beach and bay shore. When the three days had elapsed the captain came to see me and asked if that family were related to me and I told him that I had never seen them until they came on the boat at New Orleans. He said that the mortgage had become due and asked me to tell the old gentleman. When I told him he said that it was not due for thirteen days. Captain Wright then showed him the mortgage and said that the negro girl must be sold or the money paid, pig or no pig. I called on some commission merchants to see if they would not assist the old gentleman but they would not do so. Finally the old man had a little negro boy sold at auction who brought him over \$390.00. This paid the passage and freight and left something over as the bill was about \$350.00.

I persuaded the old man to leave Galveston and move to my neighborhood. He purchased two sacks of oats to feed the pig and he left word in Galveston as he had done at New Orleans to have the pig brought on. The old gentleman had a very fine closed family carriage. It had been left at the landing when we arrived at Galveston. There were two steam boats which ran to Houston, they were in opposition to each other. I got the old gentleman to have his carriage brought to our boat to take along with us. The boat was ready to start before it was put on so the captain said that he would bring the carriage up to Houston that night. We intended to stop in Houston anyway. The next morning we went to the boat to get the carriage when the captain said that the

man who had bought the negro boy had had the carriage attached because he said that he had been cheated in the negro boy he had bought.

We met a man from my neighborhood who had an empty wagon and we made a bargain with him to take us. He also agreed to rent this Virginia family a house as well as furnish them

—172 with provisions. Thus I got them all away from Houston. We stopped for a day or two to rest at the house of a Mr. Ghaston. There we had the wardrobe and clothing of the family washed and dried. The oats had sprouted quite long in the sacks and Mr. Ghaston was anxious to get them to plant but the old gentleman insisted on keeping them in order that he might feed the pig. I told him that he ought to let the oats go as we had oats and wheat with us so he decided to take meal for them. We got safely across the Brazos. As we got a little nearer home I left the company and walked to a Mr. Daughtery's as I wanted to get a horse to ride home. I ate dinner with Mr. Daughtery and asked him for a horse but he said that his horses were too wild except those he needed and was using to plough with. This Mr. Daughtery was in easy circumstances, had a nice farm and several negroes. I had known him when a boy in North Carolina and when his father was very poor. Once when he was very sick I had sat up with him all night in company with my uncle. That was the time when Mr. Daughtery's sister came in during the night and saw him and after looking at him she thought he was dying and fainted away, nearly falling in my lap. She was a beautiful young lady. I asked him about his sister who had married and was living near him. I also told him about my sitting up one time with him and he remembered the incident. I had often seen him before in the neighborhood but did not know that he was the man I had known so long ago. After we had talked for sometime he called one of his negroes and told him to bring and saddle a plough horse for me to ride. Thus by my remembering him as a boy I got a horse to ride home that night.

On my return home I found my children as well as grandchildren had the whooping cough. The rest of the family were all well. The next day I was obliged to take Mr. Daughtery's horse back home myself. The family from Virginia came through safely. The son-in-law though had a hard time with the negroes. He hired them out in Texas but could hear nothing from his wife or the family until finally he rode to Harrisburg and to

Houston. Within three days after he got with his wife and her family he was taken sick and died in seven days. During his sickness I sat up with him. During that same year the old gentleman died. He had told us his pig story many times and the young ladies told me about their beaux — the young men in Memphis. I found out the name of one of them whom had been talked much about by one of these girls. It was not one of the men who had the pig. I wrote to my son who was in Memphis and told my son, James, that if he knew this young man to tell him that he had better come to see this young lady at once because she was becoming acquainted with many young men in Texas. In less than a month this young man came to Texas to see her but she sent him back to Memphis as she had already many admirers. They all married well and they would often tell the pig story and how

—173 their father was cheated. It was soon after their arrival that I went with the girls to the Commencement Exercises of a Female College near LaGrange. There I told General Mayfield about this family and how this old gentleman had been cheated out of his fine carriage at Galveston. General Mayfield was a lawyer and he said that next day he was going to Galveston to meet his wife who had been on a visit to Nashville.

Mrs. Mayfield was a niece of old Uncle Tom Crutcher of Nashville, Tennessee. He said that he would take some carriage horses down with him and bring the carriage back. He called by to see the old man, who gave him the necessary authority. He succeeded in getting the carriage and bringing it back and made no charge except he had the pleasure of riding home with Mrs. Mayfield in the carriage. As the old man had told about his pig so much in Galveston they thought that they would cheat him out of his carriage as well as the man who had cheated him out of his horses and money.

My school was started and I moved over to my little home and fifty acres of land. I had a very good school. My children and grandchildren also attended this school. On the first of November, 1845, I sold my little place and as part pay got a cart and a yoke of oxen. I also had a wagon and team and I started to move back to my place on the Guadalupe River. When I had commenced my school on Cummings Creek there was a near neighbor who had married a nice widow lady with several children. Four of these children came to my school. After I had been teaching about two weeks this neighbor asked me how the smallest boy was getting along. This little boy was perhaps six years

old. I informed him that the little fellow had never been to school as yet. It was found that this little fellow would stop at the cotton gin and play about until school was over and the other children were going home. They would not tell on him and the stepfather did not know that he had not been to school. He said to the child, "My son, you must go to school and let Mr. Smith teach you how to read." Now his little boy loved chicken better than any other meat so his father said, "My son, if you will attend school regularly I will get you a little basket and you may have two chickens to eat, for yourself alone, every week that you go to school. If you study and learn well at school when you get to be grown you will become a Methodist preacher. You will then have chicken to eat all your life because wherever Methodist preachers go the people always kill chickens for them to eat." After that the little boy came to school regularly and attended the whole time I was there. He learned very fast and would often say that he was going to be a Methodist Preacher.

One Saturday while I was still living at Cummings Creek I went about eight miles to get about three bushels of meal which the miller owed me. There had been a very hard rain at the head of the creek on which I lived and which ran into Cummings's Creek a little below my home. On my return from the

-174 mill I reached the creek about two o'clock and found it very high and running very swift. I saw that it would be dangerous to ford it and waited for a few hours thinking that it would soon run down. I tied my horse to a small bush but did not take the bag of meal off of the horse. After a while the horse got loose and attempted to cross the creek below the ford. The bag of meal fell off the horse, floated down the creek and lodged on a small island. The horse could not get up the opposite bank and came back and I caught him and tied him securely. After some time I rode into the creek to get the bag of meal. I made several attempts to put it on the horse but as the meal was so wet and the sack so slick I could not get it on. I crossed the creek and went about one-half mile to a neighbor's and asked him to help me and we finally got it.

(Note: One part could not be read from the original.)

As was stated I started to move back to the Guadalupe River. I had about eighty head of cattle to drive. My grandsons helped me to drive them. When we got as far as the Navidad Creek, in the night there came a severe norther. It was so severe that we had to leave our camp before day and go into a house which was near. The family were very kind and we spent the next day with them. Our cattle had gone off so I sent the wagons and cart on with the family and my little grandson, Sam Calhoun, and I stayed to hunt for the cattle. After two days they were all found and we followed on. The family reached our home ahead of us but the next day we arrived with the cattle.

After Christmas I taught a school near where the town of Concrete is now located. While I had been on Mill Creek there had been quite a revival of religion in this neighborhood. There had been preaching in the Methodist Church for a year or two past. The members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church had all joined the Methodist but with an understanding that when they could secure a minister from their own church that they expected to withdraw and organize again a church of their own. A Cumberland Presbyterian preacher had come and was preaching a short time before I had returned. The old Methodist circuit rider was named Mr. DeVilbiss. He had ridden this circuit for a year or two but had gone to another circuit. It was while he was preaching at this point that the Cumberland Presbyterians had joined the Methodist with the understanding as was stated. My old friend, Mr. James N. Baker, had acted as class leader in the Methodist Church and while the Reverend Mr. DeVilbiss rode the circuit. It was a great pleasure for me to find that we were having preaching so near to me by both denominations. I went among the neighbors and got them to build a good large log meeting house. The owner of the land, whose family belonged to the Cumberland Church, made a deed to the church which included a few acres of land. When I got back to my home there the new circuit rider had not arrived. In the early part of the year 1845 he came, but sometime before the Cumberlands had withdrawn their names from the Methodist rolls and were having

—175 regular preaching by their own minister. There were then not as many Methodist members as Cumberlands. Before the new circuit rider came he had heard of these withdrawals. The Reverend Mr. DeVilbiss had appointed another class leader in the

place of Mr. Baker. The new Methodist class leader had recently professed religion and was not gifted in public speaking or prayer.

When the new circuit rider arrived for his appointment it was on Thursday, a week day. He was also to return and preach on the Sabbath. It was a very cold day and there were only a few present. I had just seen the new class leader and he showed me the class paper. I knew all the names on the list and saw that the Cumberlands were still on the list but opposite each name was written, "Cumberland" to show that they had joined but still called themselves Cumberlands, and intended to withdraw when their own church was organized. After the new circuit rider started he asked to see the class paper but the class leader said that he had forgotten to bring it although he was looking at it just before he left home. The preacher then inquired to know if there was any church business on hand. The class leader said that there was none. The preacher asked if there were not some members to be dismissed. The class leader did not understand this question and said that he believed not. The preacher said that he had understood that there were some members who had withdrawn their membership but had not been regularly dismissed. I saw that the class leader did not understand so I got up and said that I had just seen the class paper and noticed that there were several Cumberland Presbyterians whose names were on it but with a written statement that they intended to withdraw whenever they obtained a Cumberland preacher and that this had been done some months before. The preacher then said with a little warmth to bring the paper on the next Sabbath as he wanted to know who were Methodist and who were not and that all who wanted to withdraw would please do so as soon as possible. I supposed that he thought I was a member of the Cumberland church so I told him that I had just arrived and was not a member of either church. The preacher again said that he wanted all who intended to withdraw to do so immediately. The class leader then got up and said that he wanted his own name and the name of his wife to be taken off the list. A lady also said that she wanted to have her name taken off. The young preacher seemed greatly surprised that this class leader and wife as well as another member wanted to withdraw. He merely said, "Very well, sisters, wait until Sunday when I will examine the list." After the dismissal I made the preacher's acquaintance and told him that I was intimately acquainted with his older brother who was the presiding Elder of the Colorado and Mill

Creek settlements. I invited him to go home with me but he said that he had already promised a Methodist lady to go to her house. As I have always endeavored to be a peace maker between the dissatisfied and quarrelsome citizens so I endeavored to make peace between the Methodist

–176 preacher and the members of the Cumberland church but I did not effect it until late in the fall. The Methodist preacher did not want an introduction to the leading members of the Cumberland church and charged them with proselytizing, I believe that it was on account of my many conversations with this young preacher that a pleasant reconciliation at last took place. Although invited by the Cumberland preacher the Methodist would not preach in their building. The circuit rider, during the summer, held his services at a place where there had been a camp meeting some years before. There was a fine shade and seats but as no one lived at the place the cattle would make it a place to rest and lie, it being near the creek. A conference came on in October and they met at this camp ground. There were only a few men in attendance. As no one had attended to the cleaning up of the lot it was about as filthy as a cow pen. I had been requested to hand a letter to the Presiding Elder which had been signed by all the citizens of the neighborhood and which requested him to hold the conference in the church building. The preaching notice had been given out that preaching would be at that place the next day but the congregation had not left. I gave the letter to the Presiding Elder and he said that he did not know there was a church building in the neighborhood. He said certainly that the preaching should be in the church building. I then invited the Presiding Elder and his wife to my house and afterwards told him about the difference between the two churches and that the young circuit rider had often been invited by the leading members of both the Cumberland and Methodist Churches, he would never consent to preach in the Cumberland building. I could not help telling him that I thought that the young Methodist preacher was stubborn. There was a good congregation at this conference and the whole neighborhood was glad to know that a kind feeling was established between the two churches.

The Legislature passed an act that a new county should be formed out of the counties of Gonzales, Victoria and Goliad and that it should be called DeWitt County.

Commissioners were appointed to lay off a county seat which should not be more than

five miles from the center of the county. Captain D. B. Friar was one of the commissioners and he thought that his place would be well within the five miles limit. He got a surveyor to run an experimental line in order to ascertain the fact. There was a store and Post Office at his place but it was more than seven miles from the center. He lived on the north side of the Guadalupe while the center of the county was on the south side. Captain R. Chisolm had a league of land which was on the South side. The center was on his land. The commissioners asked him to either donate or sell at least fifty acres, if not more, for a county seat, but he would not do so. He had already deeded 640 acres to four men who had told him that they could have the county seat located at his Ferry. They had a Town Site laid off and promised lots to settlers who would build on them. These four men would not give a donation to the county for a County Seat. The commissioners then got 400 acres of land which was donated by two men. This was on the North side of the Guadalupe

—177 River and about three miles above Chisholm's ferry. All the officers for the new county were elected, the County Seat was laid off and the town was named Cameron. I was elected Clerk of the County and of the Probate Court. At first I opposed having my name put up for the office as I had a farm as well as a school which was ten miles above the County Seat, but after, without any opposition, I was so unanimously elected by the people, I consented to accept the office. I closed my school and employed a young man to cut me a number of clap boards out of my pecan timber. My grandson and I hauled these boards down to the County Seat in a large slide with oxen. We built a neat Clerk's office about eighteen feet, or more, square. In the winter I rented a vacant house and farm, which was near. I had to put a new roof on the house and make some other repairs. The place was about 600 yards from my Clerk's office. I moved to this place just after Christmas. The people of Clinton, which was at Chisholm's Ferry, petitioned the Chief Justice to hold his court at that place until a Court House could be built. We held the County and Probate Court in my office. When the District Court was about to be held the Chief Justice ordered the District and County Courts to be held at the house of Captain D. B. Friar. The district Judge decided that it was not legal to hold the Court at any other place but the Court house or the nearest house to it. As there were but two suits filed for the Court to be held at Captain Friar's house he said that he



would dismiss these suits and have new writs issued for the suits to be tried at the Court House. As there were but little costs to pay the parties involved in the suits should divide the costs. Therefore there was no court held at this time and it was adjourned to meet the next term at Cameron, the County Seat.

The Probate Court was held on the first Monday of each month and the next time it was to be held the Judge ordered it held at Captain Friar's again. This was a County or Commissioners Court. Some of the commissioners objected as the District Judge had decided that it was not lawful to hold Court away from the County seat. The Judge had the Court opened and said that he had his opinion as well as the District Judge and that as he was the Judge of that Court he would hold it where ever he pleased. The Sheriff made some objection about obeying the Judge. He had a part of the Clinton town at Chisholm's Ferry. The Judge was about to fine the Sheriff when one of the commissioners told him that he was wrong on his insisting on holding the Court there. The Judge said that he was going to hold it there as God and Nature never intended that Courts should be held in the prairies. The Commissioner said he would respect him but that he had no more sense than a goose. The Court then ordered me to assess a fine against both the Sheriff and the Commissioner for contempt of Court. I saw that there would be a difficulty. The Commissioner and the Judge were quarreling, while the Sheriff mounted his horse to go away. I called on the Sheriff to take the

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whole court into custody which included the Judge, Commissioners, Clerk and Sheriff himself. I saw that the Sheriff would not make an arrest so I said that he would not do so that the Magistrate present should take us all into custody and keep peace and that all should pay fines. The Judge then ordered me to make up the minutes and that he would sign them and adjourn the Court. I asked him when the Court would adjourn to meet and where. He said very loudly and angrily, "Adjourn until tomorrow morning, to meet in Hell, because I intend to send the Sheriff there before that time." I replied, "Judge, you must appoint another clerk to act because I will not be there. You and the County Commissioners and Sheriff can all meet there if it is your desire but I will not be there nor act as Clerk." After much confusion, we finally adjourned Court to meet at Cameron

in the Clerk's (my ) office. It came very nearly being a terrible affray because nearly all of those present had pistols or dirks about them.

After it was all over there were many still standing in the store and in the yard. The County Commissioner came near to me and slapping his waistcoat, he showed his side pistol while saying, "Uncle Jimmy, I can pay you my fine now." He was a bachelor who lived with some others who were all near neighbors of mine. This action made me mad. I called him by his name and said "Do you think that you can frighten me by showing a pistol? You are taking great pains to let me see that you have one. I have been where men have fired pistols at each other before this time. I say to you, Sir, that I am not afraid of either you or your pistol." He then said, "Uncle Jimmy, I had forgotten that I had my pistol. 'I shall always be friendly with you. It was my pocket book which I was slapping in order to let you know that I had the money to pay my fine." After that he was very polite and friendly and I succeeded in getting the Judge and he to make friends. As I have already said I was always called a peacemaker. The rest of the day we spent at the store and all were friendly. This is written as an account of the first courts which were held in DeWitt County.

At the first part of the next summer the County Court employed me to run the county lines of DeWitt County. These lines were to be well marked and blazed as they ran through large prairies. Stakes were placed to show where the lines ran. We went on horseback and carried our provisions. At night we would camp when we would have fine jovial times. I asked the County Surveyor of Goliad County to run the line between DeWitt and Goliad Counties. He did not prove to be as sociable as he ought to have been. I have heretofore described my old compass. He called it an old stock lock compass and said that it could not run a correct line. I told him that I could follow the lines of old surveys around leagues of land anywhere, that no surveyor could make light of my old half circle compass and that I could prove that my lines were correct. I had already made the corner of the county before he had come and had made several bearings from trees, or pointers, around the stake corner.

The course and distance of these had been noted in my memorandum book. I told him to use his compass and note these courses, etc., which he did and noted it down in his own book. We then compared our field notes and it was found that they corresponded exactly. This made the chain carriers and all the rest of our party laugh and they told the surveyor that he could not run down my old compass anymore. We were together one night and a part of two days and suffered greatly for water. This surveyor would not camp where one of my chain bearers asked him to camp and where there would have been plenty of water nearby. This surveyor said that he knew the county well and that he would take us to a place where we would find lots of water.

There was no water there, nothing but a deep dry creek bed. It was the next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon before we found water. We ate dinner together there and parted as friends. He returned to Goliad while I ran the other county line to the Guadalupe River and closed the lines of DeWitt County.

There were many attempts to move the county seat from Cameron. After the election, which made Cameron the county seat, there was a lawsuit which concerned the election. This suit was carried from one court to another and finally reached the Supreme Court of the State which decided that the Chief Justice's certificate was correct and that the town of Cameron was the county seat. I then gave up my rented land and bought ten acres of land and had a comfortable frame house. Before I left my rented place, I had a visit from the brother and sister of my son-in-law, John B. Murphree. They stayed all night with me while on their way to Victoria. Just before we were ready to retire, we heard a great noise outside and the cracking of a whip. A man was driving a closed carriage through a very boggy place in the field. He had mistaken the road and was in a very wet boggy part which extended for some yards. His horses were big and strong so at last he pulled out and came driving up to the house, which he hailed. I went out to him and he cried out loudly, "Why do you live in such a place? I have not had such a hard pull for my horses since leaving Indiana." It was dark and I could not see his face, but he seemed very angry. I replied, "Sir, we have to live as we can here in Texas. Did you come all the way from Indiana in a carriage?. He replied, "Yes, I did." I then asked him to get out but he said that he had a letter addressed to me and that he would not get out until I read it. I took the letter, but had to go back into the

house to read it. It was from my old friend, the Reverend Hugh Wilson, and introduced me to Reverend Mr. Charlotte, a Presbyterian preacher, from Indiana. I invited him with his family to get out and come into the house. With him were his wife, his wife's sister - a grown young lady, and three children. Introduced them to my wife, Mrs. West, and young Mr. Murphree. The preacher's wife and sister-in-law were pleasant and sociable ladies. He had an uncouth appearance and was of a singular temperament. I went out with him to take care of the horses and we fed them well and secured them for the night. We got supper for all of them and afterwards we sat up a while, as was our custom, and talked. I invited him to have family prayers with us which he did. Just before that night about 1500 mules had been herded for the night out on the prairie near us. They had been bought from the Mexican Government as the United States war had just been closed and these mules were bought to be sold out. That night these mules were stampeded and it shook the ground around us almost as badly as an earthquake. The preacher's horses had been tied behind his carriage, where he had a feed box, and it seemed as if they were going to drag his carriage off and break it to pieces. At first we did not know what was the cause of all the commotion but in a few moments Mrs. Smith said that it was the mules stampeding. About 500 of them passed not far from the house. As we got settled down again young Mr. Thomas Murphree said that he did not think that President Polk had ever seen so many mules together, as the number which had just passed. The preacher said "I wish President Polk had to ride every one of those mules because he caused the war." Mrs. Smith said "you must be careful how you talk about President Polk because he is a good friend of Mr. Smith's. When a boy of about fourteen years he attended Mr. Smith's school. Mr. Smith was then about twenty years old." This put an end to the conversation.

The next morning, Mr. West, Mr. Thomas Murphree, the preacher and all his family left for Victoria. I was anxious for the Reverend Mr. Charlotte to stay in Cameron and preach for us but he said that he was a missionary sent to Victoria. I knew that he would not be acceptable to the Victoria church and people but could not prevail on him to stay with us. It was only a week after he reached Victoria that the Reverend Daniel Baker also arrived there. Rev. Daniel Baker was the great revivalist Presbyterian preacher and he held a protracted meeting there for many days. Revs. Mr. Blair and Rev. Mr. Cook

assisted him. Dr. Cook had not then moved from Victoria but had given up his charge there a few weeks before and was about to move to Green Lake. It was a pleasant meeting of Christians and several professed religion. Mrs. Smith and I attended these meetings.

The members of the Victoria Church were not at all pleased with the Rev. Mr. Charlotte but Rev. Daniel Baker prevailed on them to keep him for four months when the Reverend Joel T. Case came to them as pastor. Reverend Daniel Baker held a protracted meeting for us at Cameron. We had an arbor on the river in which we placed seats and there was a large assembly for several days. Some made professions of religion at this meeting. I arranged an appointment for him on the Colette (Coleta?) Creek at the house of Mr. John Pettus who was an early settler on that creek. The appointment was for Saturday but on the Sabbath he was to preach in Clinton. Mr. Pettus' house was quite new — not entirely finished—

-181 but the floors were down and it had sufficient space for preaching. There was a large congregation. The text was, "Thou art weighed in the balance and are found wanting." The preacher said that he would weigh every body present. He preached an excellent sermon. He showed how the Devil held out inducements and would bait his hook with fame, sometimes popularity, or riches, high life, pleasures, pride, etc. He caught many sinners with all of these baits. He said, though, that to the common swearer he held out no bait at all but would just throw out a naked hook and strange to tell, dreadful to tell, that he would catch more sinners with a naked hook than with all his fine bait. It was a painful thought, but true, that common swearers could be caught with just a common naked hook. After the sermon and we had our dinner, Mr. Pettus said to me, "Well, the preacher weighed me, but you told him all about it." I asked him what he meant, that I had told the preacher nothing. He replied that he was certain that I had told the preacher what had happened and when I assured him that I had not he said, "I will tell you, this morning after breakfast I went to the creek with my fish lines and caught a fine string of fish for dinner. When I got home I placed my pole and lines on a rack in the house, over the door but my hook was left hanging down on the line. While I hurried out of the door the hook caught in the larger part of my ear, running it through and was very painful. My wife tried to get it out but could not as the barb of the hook could not be

drawn through. My mother came and tried but neither of them succeeded. The children stood around and laughed a great deal and talked about what a big fish had been caught. Now I had not sworn an oath before my mother for over twenty years and never before my wife and children since I had been married. They kept working with the hook and all were laughing and talking about the big fish. It was so painful to me that I began to curse and swear, uttering profane oaths at their nonsense. At last I caught hold of the hook myself and with a dreadful oath I snapped it in two pieces and drew it out of my ear. Now I was sure that you had been told about it and had informed the preacher before the sermon. I promise him that the Devil will never catch me again with a naked hook." As we went home I told the preacher the story.

It was a short time after this that the Indians on the Sandies Creek killed a Dr. Barnett, who was a friend of mine, also one or two others who lived on this creek. A band from the neighborhood got together and went in pursuit of the Indians who, finding themselves pursued, after crossing the San Antonio River, got in a secure place and lay in ambush. As our men passed they rode up and fired on them, killing four and wounding three badly. They killed Captain John York who fought at the Alamo when Colonel Crockett was killed. They also killed his son-in-law, Mr. James Bell and a Mr. Sykes, besides another man, Judge Young was badly wounded also James A. York a son of Captain York, besides others. I sent an express to Mill Creek where Captain York had formerly lived and a company of more than one hundred men came in a very short time.

—182 They pursued the Indians for many days but could not overtake them. The wounded were brought to Captain Tumlinson's and the next day I went to meet them. It was a mournful time meeting the two wounded men as well as the wife and daughters of Captain John York. The two wounded men, Judge Young & James A. York, were thought to be dying but they both recovered. The dead bodies were taken to their different homes and buried.

A short time before Captain York was killed he had promised my daughter, Mrs. Calhoun, that he would give her 160 acres of land on the waters of Deer Creek. She was to teach a school and he wanted his daughters to go to her. The school house was built and she started the school and was boarding with the family of Judge Young who

sent his daughters. Captain York often asked me to bring my compass and survey the land as well as write the deed which he would sign and acknowledge. I kept putting the matter off, and the deed was never made.

A Mr. John D. Barnhill bought a crop of cotton and a lot of hogs near Cameron. The river was between his place and Cameron. He was a widower but had no children. He visited my daughter often, while she was teaching school and boarding with Judge Young. After her school was finished they decided to get married, the second time for each. They were married on the 30th day of January, 1848. They lived across the river on the farm which he rented and during that year were about a mile away from me.

As already been stated, I was often called to visit the sick and dying because preachers were scarce. A severe norther was blowing one cold morning when a negro man hailed the house about two hours before daybreak. He said that he had been sent by one of the neighbors whose wife was expected to die. She had sent a request that I come to see her before she died. She was then at her father's house –about one–half mile away from her own home. When I got there her husband and little daughter besides her father, mother, brothers and sisters were all standing around in deep distress and sorrow. The sick lady was in her perfect senses and said to Mrs. Smith and myself that we must excuse her for asking us to come on such a cold morning and at such an early hour. She said that she wanted to see us once more before she died and that perhaps' she might not live to see the sunrise but that she was convinced that she would not live through the day. I told her that I hoped that she might live for many years as I thought that she was not dangerously sick. She said that she had sent for me to read and pray with her and that she wished to hear me pray once more before she died. I read a chapter and all joined me in prayer around her dying bed. She seemed to be much comforted and talked to her husband, father and mother. Her father and mother were members of the Methodist Church but her husband was quite a wicked man and not –183 a professor of religion. I conversed with her for sometime and asked her how long she had been thinking about the salvation of her soul. She said, "O, Uncle Jimmy, it was nearly a year ago that I was made to see my helpless condition and a lost sinner. It was at one of your Sabbath School meetings, one Sunday in last March, that I was made to feel that I had a hope in my Blessed Redeemer. It was while you were telling the

children about Noah's Ark and the flood and how Noah when he had finished the Ark was so anxious to get the people to come into the Ark before the flood came. There were none who would believe him except his own family. Then you told about the Blessed Saviour and that he was the only Ark of safety for poor sinners. That we were poor sinners and unless we came to the Saviour and accepted as the only Saviour and Redeemer for a lost and ruined world that we were indeed lost forever. It was then that I saw the need of my Saviour and from the Sabbath on I resolved to accept and follow Him. He is now with me in my bed of sickness. My hope is on Him as an anchor to my soul, sure and steadfast in my dying moments. She said that as there was no preaching near that she was not a member of any church as her husband did not like the Methodist she had said but little about her resolution to any but her mother and father. She then exhorted her husband as well as her brothers and sisters to go to Jesus as their Ark of safety. It was a mournful yet a pleasing time. About eleven o'clock that morning she breathed her last. I have no doubt but that she was a true and pious Christian, fully prepared to enter into Heaven with her Redeemer. As I am writing this account I hope and pray that many thousands of Sabbath school pupils may be made believers in this Redeemer, in time yet to come, through the influence and instruction of Sabbath School teachers. Of course aided by the influence of the Blessed Holy Spirit of God. It is a pleasing and blessed thought for anyone to know that he has been an instrument used by the Holy Spirit to convince a sinner of his lost estate and the necessity of a Saviour so that he is willing to go to the Ark of Safety.

The Legislature of the State granted another election to the County for a County Seat. In this election Clinton was selected. I sold my home and ten acres of land which adjoined Cameron and moved to Clinton. I was selected to survey and lay off 180 acres of land for the town site. There were blocks of 2 1/2 acres each to be situated on the East, West and South of the square of same size. There were streets, etc. The public square was situated on the North boundary of the 100 acres of town proper. The said Public Square being about 2 1/2 blocks with the streets, West of the East boundary line of the original 640 acres. Commissioners were appointed to lay off the lots in these blocks to the different owners, the County to retain one lot in each block. The other land



of the said town tract, South and North of the Public Square was also run off and divided by the Commissioners to the true owners of the 640 acre Town Tract.

—184 I purchased ten acres of land near Chisholm Creek which adjoined the West boundary of the 640 acre Town Tract. Also on the West boundary of the 100 acres laid off in blocks and lots. I built a comfortable house on this ten acres which was about five hundred yards or more from the Court House built on the Public Square. There were a few settlers in Clinton before it was established as the County Seat. It was a small place but there was such dissipation, drinking, gambling, etc. There was no preaching near. The different elections to select a County Seat had caused much opposition to Clinton. For a long time the stage, which carried passengers from the bay to Austin and elsewhere, ran about six miles away from Clinton on the North side of the Guadalupe while the stage for San Antonio ran about ten miles South of us. Thus Clinton was left alone and without a public conveyance.

I will relate some incidents which occurred before we left the old County Seat of Cameron. There was a store and post office about three miles from Cameron which was kept by a Mr. Cardwell. One day Mrs. Smith and I went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Cardwell. At the store we found a candidate for the Governor's Office and a few young men. It was a disappointment to the candidate because he had expected to speak to a crowd of citizens there but there had been a meeting the day before for the different candidates for office. After dinner the candidate decided to spend the night with Mr. Cardwell. A rich German was on the road from New Braunfels going back to Galveston. He had five wagons. They stopped for their dinner on the road before the store door. The drivers of the wagons were all Germans. They placed all their guns at the end of one of the wagons. They seated themselves on the South side of the wagons and started their meal. There were seven young men still in the store, the candidate had gone into the house with Mr. Cardwell and Mrs. Smith. The young men mounted their horses and started off in a body; they passed just South of the Germans. The wind was blowing from the South and it was dry and dusty road and the horses made quite a cloud of dust, which blew all over the Germans and their dinner. The rich German could speak English and he cursed the boys as they rode by. Thereupon they halted their horses and a wealthy young man rushed his horse up to the German swearing that no German

could curse him and he began to strike the German with his quirt or cowhide. (The Mexicans called their four platted whip a "quarto" while the Texas people called it a "quirt"). The German got up and caught the horse by the bridle. The young man drew a dirk. I rushed up and caught his arm and begged him to put it up. The other Germans ran for their guns but the six other young men stopped them, drawing their holster pistols on them. One of the young men struck a German over his bare hand with his holster pistol which cut it badly.

—185 I ran to the young man and pleaded with him to go away. After awhile they started away and got past the dwelling house. The Germans gathered their guns and cartridge boxes and went in a solid column after them. The boys got off their horses and drew their pistols and marched in a column to meet them. The two parties were about fifty yards apart and marching toward each other. I got between them and called to the boys to go back to their horses while I waved my white pocket handkerchief at the Germans and told them to keep back. Both crowds had their guns cocked and pointed towards each other while I was between. A man in the house called to me to get from between them as they intended to shoot and I would be killed. At last I succeeded in getting the Germans to turn back and the young men to mount their horses and ride away. Thus the affair was ended but I almost decided not to be a peacemaker if I had to be exposed to such great danger.

It was not long after this that a tragical affair occurred about a mile from Cameron. There were two young men, bachelors, who had lived together for several years making saddles. In 1843 they had also lived near me on Mill Creek but had moved to the Guadalupe River and settled near Cameron where they had bought land. One of them was a Frenchman while the other was a South Carolinian. The Frenchman had once killed a man in the State of New York in a duel. As his father was wealthy he employed a lawyer to defend his son. This lawyer found that the writ was not properly drawn and was able to have it quashed while he advised that the son be sent away before another writ could be issued. This was done and the son was sent to Charleston, South Carolina. There he enlisted in the Seminole Indian war and was badly wounded in Florida. The South Carolinian had also killed a man and likewise had fled and joined this army. When the Frenchman was wounded the South Carolinian came to him, waited on

him and nursed him as a father would his child. He was about twelve years older than the Frenchman. Before the younger man got well they were discharged from the army and went together to New Orleans, staying for some time in that city, There the Frenchman was insulted in a card game and killed another man when they fled again and came out to Texas where they established a saddle business and were partners. The Frenchman's name was Bruzzette and the older man's name was Poinsette. They were very industrious in business. Poinsette doing all the trading, etc. Bruzzette loved him as a father. Poinsette was one of the County Commissioners and was the one who quarrelled with the judge that day at Captain Friar's which has already been related. A law was passed by the United States which granted a pension to all soldiers who had been wounded in the Florida war.

—186 Bruzzette had his papers properly drawn and authenticated showing the necessary proof, when he went to New Orleans and drew \$1200.00 for the time he had been wounded. Upon his return Poinsette thought that he ought to have one-half of this money as his partner but Bruzzette told him that he would only loan him \$500.00 which should be returned to him should they ever have a final settlement or accounting of the business. They improved their land, bought a negro man and hired female servants to cook, wash, etc. They were making money.

Poinsette's health was not good so after a while he thought of going to Mexico. They had a settlement and Bruzzette consented to have Poinsette remain on the place while he would move about fifteen miles away to Sandies Creek. There he would set up a saddle shop of his own. He took his part of the saddles, etc, to Mr. Cardwell's store. It was an open prairie all the way there. Poinsette felt very much displeased with this action and he went out on the prairie, about half way to Cardwell's store and waited for Bruzzette to return which he failed to do. He had crossed the river and gone to his place on the Sandies. Poinsette came to my clerk's office and asked me if I had seen Bruzzette that day and I told him that I had not. He told me that Bruzzette was deranged and that he did not doubt but that he would be found dead on the prairie before long as he had been waiting all that afternoon for him but he had not returned from the Cardwell store. The store was near Sandies. The next day Poinsette went to Clinton as well as other places and told that Bruzzette was deranged and had tried to kill himself a few

days before by drinking a large quantity of Laudanum. Upon his return from Clinton he met Bruzzette when he drew a dirk and said that he had treated him very badly by leaving him and that he had a good mind to kill him. There was a young man with Bruzzette so Poinsette put up his dirk and said that he only wanted to frighten him. He invited both Bruzzette and the young man to his house to have some brandy which he had brought from Clinton. They went with him and every thing seemed to be all right for a while. Bruzzette went to work on a saddle but after some time Poinsette started a quarrel. The young man with them was afraid they were going to fight so he came to my office and asked me to go to them and try and make peace as he said that I was the peacemaker for the neighborhood.

When he left the house the negro women, who had worked there several years, were there. The negro man was in the woods cutting rails. The negro women left the house and went to the river bank to wash clothes, leaving Bruzzette still working on the saddle while Poinsette was lying on a bed or cot on the gallery. They were not far apart.

Poinsette sat up on the bed and drawing his pistol pointed it at Bruzzette, saying to him, "Bruzzette, one of us has to die and I would rather that it was you." Bruzzette got up quickly, with his saddle knife in his hand, and rushed

—187 into the house to get a rifle gun. He got over the door sill when Poinsette fired, the ball passing through one thigh and lodging in the other one. Bruzzette caught up the rifle and whirling around shot Poinsette through the head and fearing that he had not killed him he also stabbed him in the breast with the knife. The negro woman heard the shots and ran back to the house where she found Poinsette dead and Bruzzette lying on the ground near the cot, where he had fainted. She thought that both were dead and ran to get the negro man. A doctor Blackwell was passing by; he got off his horse and ran to the house where he found that one was dead and the other had fainted from the loss of blood.

The whole neighborhood was aroused and a jury to hold an inquest was summoned. They heard the testimony of the negro woman, the young man who ran to get me to come before the affair had occurred, also the testimony of Bruzzette and the doctor. Their verdict was that Poinsette came to his death by the hands of Bruzzette and that it was a justifiable murder, in self-defense. There was also a letter found on the person of

Poinsette which he had written to Bruzzette. It was thought, from the reading of this letter, that Poinsette had intended to kill Bruzzette on the prairie, the day he left the things at Cardwell's store.

It was about sundown when the inquest was finished and the company broken up.

There were about thirty persons present but I could not prevail on anyone to sit up with Bruzzette or lay out the corpse of Poinsette. Bruzzette had become delirious and the doctor thought that he might die during the night. At last I persuaded Mr. Ed Wright to stay with me. He was the young man who had been with them and had gone after me.

Poinsette was buried the next day but after a few weeks Bruzzette got well. He was very much surprised to hear that Poinsette had said that he had taken a large dose of Laudamum to kill and said that it was all a falsehood. He continued to live at the place until he died, keeping all the property.

(Note inserted in the original by Thomas C. Smith: Bruzzette was afterwards shot and killed at Clinton by a Mr. Panither.)

It was sometime before this tragedy that I had a very severe spell of sickness. It was the first illness that I had in Texas. My right hip was inflamed to my backbone. Some called it erysipelas but my doctor said that it was a species of the black tongue. I was confined to my bed for more than three weeks before I could even sit up. The inflammation was very severe and the doctor used three or four different washes including chloride of lime, sugar of lead, nitric of silver and a mixture of soda. These were continued for some weeks,

—188 clothes being saturated and which had to be removed every twenty minutes. All of this time some of neighbors would sit up and give me the necessary attention. After the inflammation subsided the place became a solid sore, full of small cores and with the appearance of a carbuncle. Part of the time I had a high fever and all of my neighbors thought that I would die; but the doctor never gave me up and finally I recovered and was left with no bad effects except that my hip still had an icy coldness about it. While I was still weak in my bed I read in the papers that in one county of Western Virginia over

one hundred persons had died with the same disease. It was stated that if the inflammation ever got higher up on the body than the hip that it always caused death. It was a few weeks after Reverend Daniel Baker had his protracted meeting that I wrote to Reverend Mr. Blair to come to organize a Presbyterian Church as there were a few members of that denomination in the neighborhood. He made an appointment and we met at the house of a Dr. Peebles, whose wife was a member. This house was the largest in the neighborhood so the meeting was held there. There was seven members at the organization, viz: Mrs. Doctor Peebles, Mr. Miles S. Bennett and his wife and I believe his daughter, besides my wife and myself and my daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Calhoun. Mr. Miles S. Bennett and myself were elected and installed as ruling elders. On the motion of Mrs. Peebles, the church was to be called or named the "Live Oak Church". This was the first of the Old School Presbyterian Churches in DeWitt County. For some years I had endeavored to establish churches and schools in the county but before this there were very few families who thought much of learning or religion. It was a short time after this that I persuaded a few members of the Masonic Lodge, whose membership was in Victoria, to withdraw and petition for a dispensation to organize a lodge in DeWitt County. This was done and for awhile we worked under a special dispensation. After awhile a charter was granted under the name of Cameron Lodge No. 76. Under this charter I was appointed as the Master. This was the first lodge of Master Masons in DeWitt County. We held our lodge in a large room upstairs over the store of Mr. Cardwell. It flourished and many new members were initiated also as the county began to be settled up many new comers were Masons, and settled among us. A little before the Masonic Lodge was organized we also had a Lodge of the Sons of Temperance established in DeWitt County.

While I was living in Clinton my son-in-law, John B.

—189 Murphree, also lived there a short time. He moved from Mill Creek and stayed at Clinton while he was building a house on some land which I had given him. This land was on Cuero Creek and near Concrete, a town which had been laid off by Dr. Hodge and for whom I had run off the lines. The town was called Concrete because concrete houses had been built in and around it.

I lived on the public road which ran from Victoria to Gonzales. It was about a mile from where I had lived on the river when elected County Clerk and it was also near to the place where I had taught school in 1846. The 200 acres I had owned on the river, which were near Cameron, I had sold. With the proceeds from this sale I had purchased 3200 acres of land on Cuero Creek and its waters. About one-third of this tract was timber land and the remainder was prairie land and almost as rich as the river land. I had given Mr. Murphree 1,000 acres of this land.

Several families settled in Clinton. Among them was a Mr. Robert E. Williams, a young Lawyer from Kentucky. He had been raised in Western Pennsylvania and was educated at Bethany College under the instructions of the Reverend Alexander Campbell and was a very pious man. The young owner of the hotel where he boarded was a Captain Richard Chisholm. He had owned the league of land on which Clinton was located. He was familiarly and generally called by everyone "Uncle Dick". He was a very dissipated man and his hotel was a rough place with many young men who gambled and dissipated generally. After staying there some months Mr. Williams persuaded me to let him board at my house. At this time my oldest single daughter was away at school. In July of the following year this daughter, Martha, returned to her home. Mr. Williams became greatly attached to her, courted her and obtained my consent to their marriage. Mr. Williams was a poor young man. When he came to Clinton he had only \$30.00 and a little pony worth about \$25.00. My daughter Martha and Mr. Robert E. Williams were married in December, A. D. 1851.

There was a merchant by the name of J. O. Wheeler who lived at Victoria who prevailed on me to sell goods for him at Clinton. My position as a county officer did not require a great deal of my time. He shipped me about \$12,000.00 worth of goods; also one of his clerks came to assist me to open up the goods and price them. This was in 1850. As I was not very well at the time I employed a young man to help me for a month but I did not find him very steady or dependable, his name was MaGee. There were two young men who were brothers and whose names were Robinson who had come from Tennessee to Clinton. Before this store was opened I had employed them to work at my home building outhouses, etc. They appeared very steady young men and their father had been well known to me. I employed the older of these young men from Tennessee

to stay at the store as well as sleep there at night with the Magee who was the storekeeper. I wrote Captain Wheeler that I had done this and

–190 I thought the young man was reliable and steady as I had known him in Tennessee and that he had already been working for me. I also wrote that I wanted him to come to Clinton and help me select another assistant in the place of MaGee. It happened that on the night before Captain Wheeler came that the town was very rowdy. There was much serenading and noise. MaGee began to drink and was very noisy while young Robinson got to drinking for the first time since he had been in Clinton. On the next day I had to attend the Probate Court and was not at the store. Captain Wheeler arrived and went to the store. He found Magee lying on a counter with a bolt of calico under his head, he was very drowsy and almost asleep. MaGee was a very large man. Captain Wheeler spoke out loudly, "Why what is this? A store in Clinton? Hurrah for Clinton, it is a growing town. A store in Clinton, well, well." MaGee got up and said "Yes, sir." Captain Wheeler wanted to know whose store it was. MaGee told him that Mr. James N. Smith had charge of the store but that it was owned by a Mr. J. O. Wheeler of Victoria and that he was the assistant. Captain Wheeler then told him that he was J. O. Wheeler and to get Mr. Smith at once. He then became angry and said, "I would rather have my goods burned up than to have such a great beef-eating lazy devil of a clerk lying stretched out on my counter with a bolt of calico under his head and in charge of my store. He then cried, "Away with such a clerk." and caught hold of the bolt of calico at one end and threw it across the room nearly unwrapping it for its entire length. With a voice like thunder he then ordered MaGee to go after me. MaGee was very surprised and also got a little mad. He came at once to the court house and told me that Captain Wheeler was at the store, very angry and insulting and that he wanted to see me. He said that Captain Wheeler had told him to "Go to the Devil." and that he (MaGee) felt like striking Wheeler in his own store but that on my account he bore the insult and refrained. I told him that Wheeler was a very fine man but rather peculiar and that he must overlook anything that had been said. When MaGee and I reached the store Captain Wheeler was very polite to both of us and talked a great deal, asking about the prospects of selling the goods, etc. After some time the young man Robinson came into the store so drunk that he could scarcely stand. MaGee introduced him to Captain



Wheeler. Robinson was six foot or more high and made several Grecian bows to keep from falling. Captain Wheeler spoke to him politely and then turned to me and said with a smile, "So this is the steady young man from Tennessee who sleeps in the store and keeps MaGee straight. A pretty assistant clerk, indeed." Robinson became very angry but I told him to keep silent. Wheeler had a good laugh at me over my clerks. We paid MaGee a month's wages and dismissed him. Before leaving he employed another young man to work there while and afterwards I taught my grandson to assist me and we did not need another clerk. I kept this store for Captain Wheeler for two years when his brother-in-law, a Mr. Brownson, came to Texas and was put in charge. The first year the sales amounted to about \$12,000.00 and the next year about \$18,000.00. Captain Wheeler rented the lower story of the building built by the Masonic Lodge. He stayed there a year and then built a large commodious storehouse near the southwest corner of the public square. I promised Captain Wheeler that I would close up all the open accounts, and turn all money and notes

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over to Mr. Brownson.

During the two years that I had charge of this store for Captain Wheeler I was at a very great expense for one of my limited means. My friends from many miles distant would come to buy goods as well as attend to business at the court and I could not allow my friends to come to Clinton without inviting them to my house for their meals. Many of these passed by other stores to buy of me. During these two years scarcely a day passed that I did not have company at my home. Even on Sundays, if happily we had preaching, there would be many in my house. I also paid for my assistants in the store. When I turned the store back to Captain Wheeler my account for the two years was \$3,200.00. He allowed me \$1400.00 for my services. This left a balance of \$1,800.00 which I owed him. Fortunately I had sold a piece of land, out of the tract which I had purchased on Cuero Creek at 35¢ per acre, for \$1,800.00 and I was able to pay Captain Wheeler the balance due on my account during the two years. After the settlement Wheeler said to me, "Uncle Jimmie, my arrangement with you to sell my goods has been a great disadvantage to you. I have heard as well as noticed myself that during the past two years you have had more company at your house than any hotel in Victoria or

elsewhere." He then said, with an oath, "You were not bound to feed every man and woman in the county just because they bought a piece of calico from the store." I told him that it was alright and that I did not mind it since luckily I had sold at a good price some of my land which had cost me but little and was able to settle in full with him. He said again that I should not have been at such an expense in feeding the people who came to Clinton. When I turned over all the notes and money we found that there were a few accounts not yet closed. I told him that I would get these closed with either notes or money. We noticed one account still open amounting to \$48.00 which was due by a Mr. Brown. Captain Wheeler knew most of the customers but he did not know this man and asked who it was. I told him that Mr. Brown was good but he had moved to another county about thirty-five miles away. I was sure that this account would be paid in a very short time. Captain Wheeler observed "Uncle Jimmie, if he has gone that far away I am afraid it will be a long time before it is paid. I will take \$3.00 for the account, just give me \$3.00 and you may have it." In just a few minutes a Mr. Kent came into the store and said that he wanted to pay off his note of \$80.00. I asked Mr. Brownson to get the note for me which he did. The note was paid as well as two months interest due on it. Mr. Kent supposed that I still had charge of the store so he then said "Uncle Jimmie, Mr. Brown told me to settle his account and that if he had not moved in November it would have been settled sooner." He then handed me \$50.00 saying that he thought that was the amount as Mr. Brown did not have a bill. I told Mr. Kent that the account was but \$48.00 and gave him a receipt and handed the money to Mr. Brownson saying at the time that I did not believe that I had agreed to Captain Wheeler's proposition. Captain Wheeler took \$3.00 out of the amount and struck the

—192 \$45.00 in silver which remained severely with his hand. It scattered the money on the counter and on the floor. He said, "I have my part, the rest is all yours if you will gather it up." He made me take it, so that morning I was paid \$45.00 for my services. Captain Wheeler was a noble, generous hearted man but very wicked. I will mention an occurrence. There was a Reverend Mr. J. M. Cochrane who married a daughter of Rev. Mr. Cook. Reverend Cochrane had charge of the Presbyterian church at Victoria and had been there one year when he was strongly urged to go to another field. He was a very talented preacher. The elders in his session were all very wealthy. He told his

session that he would have to leave Victoria unless his salary was raised to \$1,000.00 as he was scarcely being supported. The elders went out to raise the amount. Captain Wheeler had been in the habit of supporting the churches and schools so they went to him for a subscription. He told the elders that they ought to raise the amount among themselves and pay Reverend Cochrane the amount in advance, that they were wealthy and should not ask others for subscription. He said though that he would help them as he had always done and that Reverend Cochrane should not be permitted to leave. The next day Captain Wheeler went to Reverend Cochran's home taking \$1,000.00 in gold with him. He said to Mr. Cochran, "Your elders say that you want \$1,000.00 for your year's salary and they are not sure that they can raise it. They tell me also that you intend to leave Victoria unless they agree to pay you that amount. I say that you must not leave. Here is the \$1,000.00 in gold, you shall preach every Sabbath in my house." Now he had no family as his wife was dead but he had by far the largest and finest home in the town. His children were all away at school or working in his store. He repeated, "I want you to take this \$1,000.00 and preach at my house. It will hold a larger congregation than your church building but I say to you that not a single Presbyterian shall hear you preach during the year." Reverend Cochrane told Captain Wheeler that he could not accept his proposition. The elders finally raised the amount which included a subscription of \$200.00 from Captain Wheeler and Reverend Cochrane remained and continued to preach in the church building to Presbyterians as well as others.

For his second wife Captain Wheeler married a widow without any children. She was the only child of a rich lawyer living in Victoria. Captain Wheeler had four sons nearly all grown. His health was not good so he and his new wife decided to visit Europe and take an eighteen year old son with them. He always thought a great deal of me and I believed liked me as much as any other person who was not related to him. He was very anxious that I go with them saying that my children were all settled and for me to resign my office and go as he would pay all expenses. They intended to visit France, England and other places. He promised that if I would go he would buy me a new –193 suit every month and furnish me with all spending money. If my children had not objected so strongly I would certainly have gone with them. He never returned as he

died in Europe and his bones were sent back to Victoria to be buried. At this time his bereaved wife is in New York with relatives. Captain Wheeler was beloved by all of his friends and acquaintances in Texas.

In the early part of the year of 1850, during the winter and the months of January or February there came to my home a Presbyterian minister by the name of Balch. His family had stopped near Green Lake below Victoria. The day after his arrival he was taken sick with the flux. He had a physician called in who lived in Clinton. The physician's name was Leak and he had not practiced in my family. The next day, with the consent of Dr. Leak, he also called in a Dr. A. J. Hodge, who at that time was my family physician. As the preacher grew worse he became very restless and called in a Dr. Blackwell. At this time there was living in my home my son-in-law, Mr. Murphree and his family, two young men from Tennessee whose names were Robinson as well as some others who were boarders. They all assisted in waiting on the sick preacher. With Mr. Murphree was a youth of about sixteen or seventeen years of age. This youth was often sent for the doctors. Two of them lived about five miles away and another seven miles. The preacher would get very restless and sometimes would ask twice during the day for the doctor to be sent after. I had but one horse but he was a fine riding horse and did not tire easily. This youth would usually ride my horse but I would always caution him to spare my horse as the preacher was simply restless and not dangerously sick. A week passed during which one or more of the doctors had been called to see him twice a day. The preacher then insisted on sending to Victoria for a Doctor Goodwin who was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. I tried to reason with him and told him that Dr. Hodge's reputation as a physician was fully equal to the one living at Victoria and that Dr. Blackwell was much esteemed by all of his patients and friends and that it was not necessary to send to Victoria. At his insistence I finally humored him and wrote to Doctor Goodwin. I also wrote to Rev. Mr. Blair to advise Mrs. Balch about her husband's sickness. The preacher at Victoria was a Mr. Case and Dr. Goodwin was his brother-in-law. He decided not to advise Mrs. Balch until after Dr. Goodwin had seen him. Dr. Hodge was then the only physician who was waiting on Mr. Balch and he had checked the disease a great deal. Dr. Goodwin did not see Dr. Hodge but gave some medicine and left a note to be given to Dr. Hodge in which he stated what had been

prescribed. Dr. Goodwin was with Mr. Balch about two hours and then returned to Victoria. After hearing from his family through Dr. Goodwin, Mr. Balch seemed to be revived. On his return to Victoria Mr. Case decided not to send my letter to Mr. Blair as he expected to preach in Clinton on the following Sabbath and also it was Dr. Goodwin's opinion that Mr. Balch would soon be able to go to his family and that

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it would not be necessary for his wife to go to him. When Rev. Case came to Clinton Mr. Balch seemed a great deal worse than he had expected to find him and he insisted that I send for his family who were at Green Lake. Dr. Hodge had always thought that Mr. Balch would get well but at Mr. Case's insistence I decided to send for Mrs. Balch. I told Mr. Balch that and said that if he were not too weak he might write his wife a few lines. He wrote to her and told her to come and bring two of the small children and to leave the rest with Mr. Blair. While Mr. Case was there he administered the Sacraments to Mr. Balch and also held a communion service at another place.

The youth got ready to go after Mrs. Balch and I told him to get the horse that had been ridden by Mr. Balch. It belonged to Rev. Mr. Cocke. Mr. Balch heard me tell the boy to get his horse when he rose to his feet and said, "My dear brother, don't send that horse. I promised Brother Cocke that I would take care of him." I told Mr. Balch that the horse had been taken care of as he had been resting for over two weeks and that my horse had been ridden at least 500 miles to get doctors. I had but the one horse while Mr. Cocke was wealthy and had a number of horses. Should he lose fifty horses it would not hurt him as much as my losing one. But Mr. Balch still said that the boy should ride my horse to Green Lake which would be over 100 miles for the round trip. I told him positively that my horse should not be ridden. Mrs. Balch came with the two children in Mr. Blair's carriage which was sent back by the driver. She also brought a young negro about fifteen years old who was a very handy house servant. Mrs. Balch was a nice, genteel, pious woman and assisted Mrs. Smith with the household affairs. After her arrival Mr. Balch continued to mend and began to walk about. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Balch often sent the negro boy to town to get things for them. He was a very sensible

boy and the people in town liked him and would talk to him. One day a man told him that he wanted to buy him and to ask his master if he would like to sell him. He told the boy that he would like to have him and that he already had several young negro boys and girls. He told the negro to tell his master that he lived twenty-five miles from Clinton and that he would give \$1,200.00 in gold for him. The boy told all this to his master who decided to sell. Mrs. Balch owned the boy and she did not want to sell but he argued that they could buy a negro girl for less. The sale was finally made and a Bill of Sale given and recorded. Mrs. Balch and my wife missed the boy a great deal as the Balch family continued to stay with us. The youngest child, two or three years old, was taken sick with the same disease and died in ten days. Mr. Murphree and his little daughter, Mary, were also taken sick in the same way. Mr. Balch would not agree to have his little child buried in Clinton. A new cemetery had just been selected but no one had as yet been buried in it. There was a general burial ground two miles beyond Clinton. I told him that the new burial place would soon be occupied but nothing would do but that I take my carriage, the corpse, himself, his wife and myself and drive thirty-two miles to Victoria. Mr. Murphree and my little grand-daughter were then very sick besides a number of others in Clinton. Mr. Balch had then been

—195 in my house over six weeks while his wife, two children and the negro boy had also been there several weeks. The doctors had charged him nothing except the first doctor who was Dr. Leake. His charge was \$75.00 and the preacher disputed the bill but finally paid it. The doctor was about to sue him and have a warrant issued as he knew that he had the \$1,200.00 in his possession. This amount was mostly in gold doubloons. In looking over the money he found one piece which would only pass for \$15.00. Mr. Balch had a great deal to say about the loss of the \$1.00 but the man had already left Victoria.

We started to Victoria with the mournful procession. Mr. Balch had to lie down in the carriage. I had but the one horse and it was nearly dark when we reached Victoria. We went to Rev. Mr. Case's, put the little corpse in the spring house and locked it up for the night. Doctor Goodwin as well as the other elders in the church came to see Mr. Balch and had the grave prepared. I had to pay the ferryage down and back for the carriage. I could not stay for the burial. Mr. Balch took out his \$15.00 gold piece and said, "Good

brother Smith, take this and give me \$16.00 for it. I will lose \$1.00 if you do not. This was spoken before the whole company. I told him that I did not expect to see the man who bought his negro boy. He insisted that I lose the \$1.00 so I finally told him just to keep the gold piece and that I would give him a silver dollar which would make him even. I considered this the most penurious affair that I had ever witnessed. The man had received a good price for his negro, he and his family had been at my house for many weeks and I had brought them all to Victoria without any expense as I had even paid \$1.00 for the ferrage. After all this he made me pay him \$1.00 in order to make up \$1,200.00 for his negro. Every one in the company afterwards told me that I did wrong to give him the \$1.00,

On my arrival home my little grand-daughter died and Mr. Murphree had barely escaped death. A Mr. Thomas I. Waters stayed at my home for awhile and was taken with the flux and was there for two weeks before he could be taken to his boarding house which was near Concrete. During this epidemic of flux there were thirteen deaths besides many cases who had great suffering. The preacher received many curses from wicked men because he had brought this dreadful disease to Clinton.

Doctor L. L. Williams moved to Clinton from LaGrange and built near my house. The young Robinsons from Tennessee built his first house but he afterwards built a concrete house on a lot adjoining his which I let him have. He became an elder in –196 the Live Oak Church and was my family physician for many years after. The Reverend Mr. Wallis who was once a Cumberland preacher came to Texas and purchased land above Concrete. He expected to have a Cumberland Church at Concrete but after his return from Alabama and Tennessee he attached himself to the Old School Presbyterian and came with his family to the land which he had purchased. He preached for us in Clinton a part of his time. He then started a prayer meeting and Sabbath School. We had but a small house in which to preach. One night at prayer meeting our room was crowded to almost overflowing. I believe Dr. Williams opened the meeting by reading and explaining a chapter. He was a good expositor of the scriptures and very good in public prayer. After prayer I was called on to pray. I saw that there was much attention and seriousness and felt satisfied that the Holy Spirit was present and His influence felt by several. I made an attempt to address the audience before we knelt

for prayer. I told them that I was convinced from the serious and devoted attention of many that the Spirit of God was with them. I then told them of the danger in resisting the Spirit. I said that I was a great admirer of the anxious seat or mourner's bench and that I had seen, many good results by attending them. I told them of many cases coming under my own notice. I related a circumstance about a brother-in-law who had married a sister of my first wife. At this marriage he was a widower with two daughters and a son. He was not a professor of religion but on the contrary was a wicked and profane man. He attended preaching services but usually would find fault with the preachers. His second wife was very devoted and pious. Some years after this marriage, his oldest daughter was then nearly grown and both had been given a good education and were society girls. He went with his family to see his wife's father. While on this visit there was a meeting going on for several days and a communion service held. He attended the meeting and on Monday after the Sacrament there a great many present much seriousness during the preaching. After the sermon the anxious seat was prepared and many ladies, old and young, went up to the seat. The older daughter of my brother-in-law went forward in spite of the fact that her father had often cursed and sworn profanely about the custom. But while he sat listening to the sermon he had become convinced of the folly and wickedness of his opposition to the Gospel. When he was invited to come forward he arose and went down and when seated he observed his daughter there also. He went to her quietly and threw his arms around her and shed tears of joy. His wife went to them and it was a scene of joyful and prayerful motions. On the next Sabbath, in the town of Columbia, he and his daughter joined the Presbyterian Church and they, as well as all his five children, were baptised. These included his first wife's three children, as well as two children by his second wife.

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It was a pleasant sight to all. He who once cursed the preachers and anxious seat was now happy to tell about his conversion. I then said that we did not have room there for any benches to use for that purpose. I said though that if there was any one there who desired to follow the Saviour and change their present life it would give me great pleasure if they would just come forward and give me their hand. A young lawyer, a Virginian, came forward and took my hand, saying that he wanted to be a Christian.



(Note in the margin of the original written by Thomas C. Smith, a son of the writer of these Memories. This was young H. Clay Pleasants who afterwards became district judge and later Judge of the Court of Civil Appeals at Galveston.))

A young merchant then came forward, took me by the hand with tears in his eyes. Soon after this a man with his wife came forward to clasp my hand. It was a moving and pleasing sight to behold and it was at a prayer meeting in a small house.

The next Sabbath our preacher, the Reverend Mr. Wallis gave us a warm and interesting sermon. He also stayed and preached that night. The next morning three of those who had given me their hands at the prayer meeting came before the session and joined the Presbyterian Church. The young lawyer from Virginia had recently married a member of the Episcopal Church and he joined that church with his wife.

In the fall of this year (1851) the Presbytery of Western Texas met in Clinton. We had no church building or court house of any size then in Clinton. We had seats prepared in some very large Live Oak trees and the Presbytery was held in my house. It was a small meeting of both elders and preachers. During the day there was a large audience in attendance, sitting under the trees. I secured a tent and as I was building I had a quantity of planks of lumber. I built a floor or platform under the tent on which were laid mattresses or pallets sufficient to accommodate twenty five men. At night time it was generally full. After the preaching services on Saturday night the company were all retired to this tent. Under it were four preachers, six ruling elders, besides about twelve other men. The young man named Robinson was still living with me. He went to the tent late at night to sleep when a young Englishman there told him that he would have to sleep by an old Englishman who had but one arm. This man's wife and daughter were sleeping in the house with some other ladies. Young Robinson had been drinking very freely in Clinton and he took offense at the young man. He swore profanely at the young Englishman and told him to sleep by the side of his old

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countryman. Mr. Robert E. Williams, who was not married to my daughter at that time, endeavored to stop Robinson from swearing. Another man also told Robinson that he must not swear and that the tent was full of preachers and elders and he stated that Mr. Balch was in the tent. Now Robinson had faithfully and willingly waited on Mr. Balch

during his sickness in my house but when he heard that Balch was in the tent he began to curse more loudly and profanely. He began to abuse Balch very much. He told about his selling the negro boy for \$1200.00 in gold but that one piece happened to be worth \$1.00 less than the others and that he was so stingy and penurious that he would not let "Uncle Jimmy" rest until he had refunded him the \$1.00 although he had been taken care of by him for a long time in his house while sick. Robinson swore that Balch ought never to have been made a preacher. Fortunately Mr. Balch was fast asleep and did not hear the abuse which Robinson heaped upon him. Robinson could not be prevailed upon to cease his swearing. I heard the loud talking and noise and went to the tent and spoke abruptly to Robinson. I told him that he was acting very badly and that he was greatly insulting me on my own premises. He immediately asked my pardon and said that he would not insult me again and started back to town. I stopped him and told him that he should not go to town but must sleep in the tent. I said to him that he wanted to go among gamblers and drunkards and tell them that I had driven him away because I was entertaining preachers and elders. He still said that he intended to go. I then told him that if he did go, not to come back to my house again. Mr. Williams and another young man prevailed on him to lie down in the tent which he finally did. The next day he was very repentant for his conduct. I was glad that Mr. Balch had not heard him but the other preachers did and they said that they were surprised that I was able to stop Robinson from swearing.

At the meeting of the Presbytery on Saturday there were many people present. Many of the citizens were very anxious to hear Dr. Cock from Victoria preach. He had never preached in this community except the Friday night before during Presbytery when there were not many present. They insisted that I get him to preach on the Sabbath. Reverend Wallis was the Moderator of the Presbytery and had been our preacher in Clinton for some time. At that time it was usual for the Moderator to preach on the Sabbath during the meeting of the Presbytery. On the Sabbath morning I told Mr. Wallis that there were many there from the county and that they had requested that Dr. Cock preach that morning as there were many who had never heard him. Mr. Wallis said that as he was the Moderator that it was his privilege to preach on Sunday morning. I told him that we would be glad if he would consent to let Dr. Cock preach that morning and

that I had told a number that I would endeavor to arrange it. Mr. Wallis seemed very sensitive and said that if the people wanted Dr. Cock to preach that day they would be disappointed as he intended to claim his privilege as the Moderator and would preach the sermon. There was a large assembly present that morning but many were displeased at what they called the stubbornness of Mr. Wallis although he gave them a fine discourse.

After the preaching that day there were about sixty people besides my own family who dined with me. Nearly all expressed their disappointment and dissatisfaction with Mr. Wallis because he would not consent for Dr. Cock to preach. Mr. Wallis continued as our pastor awhile longer and then a Rev. James M. Connelly, a missionary from Africa, became our pastor. This was a year or so after the meeting of this Presbytery.

It had been my custom before moving to Clinton as well as while there to go among the saloons and gamblers and invite them to preaching. Whenever we were to have preaching I would say to them, "Come boys, we are to have preaching in the grove today. You must close your saloons and gambling places and come to hear the preaching". As a rule they would take my advice and come. Once, before moving to Clinton, I prevailed on a Cumberland preacher to come to my house on a Saturday night and preach in Clinton the next day. On Saturday morning I arranged to have a few more seats placed in the grove. On the Sabbath morning the preacher, Mrs. Smith, and I went to the grove which was near the river. There was a considerable number there. He preached a good sermon and before he left the grove I introduced him to several ladies and gentlemen. A Mr. Sykes came to me and said that his wife had taken Mrs. Smith home with her and the preacher and I were to go with him. I introduced him to the preacher and he told him that we were to dine with him. He then swore an oath and said to the preacher that he would not take a Methodist preacher who had recently preached there. He said that the Methodist had preached nothing but Hell fire and it seemed as if he wanted to take all by the hair of their head and shake them over Hell's fires, that was all the preaching he had given us. He then let out a horrified profane oath and said to the preacher, "You are my kind of a preacher". With another great oath he said, "You must preach again for us".

This caused me to say, "Mr. Sykes, you ought not to swear so much in the presence of the preacher". He replied "Uncle Jimmy, did I swear? I did not know it. I swear so much that I entirely forgot myself". He turned to the preacher and said, "I ask a thousand pardons as I did not know that I was swearing until Uncle Jimmy told me. Let us go to dinner as I promise that I will not swear again while you remain with me". I had a very busy time in Clinton with drunkards and gamblers. During the year of 1852 my son-in-law Robert E. Williams built a concrete house and went to housekeeping on a block of lots which I had given him. Dr. Williams also built a concrete house which was between my own and Robert E. Williams. Clinton began to grow and improve. The county sold off many of its town lots and also built of pine lumber a large frame court house. The whole of the upstairs of the court house was used as a court room. There were enclosed spaces for the Judge, Jury, Clerk's desk, Attorneys, etc. The balance of the room was large and spacious so that citizens could attend and hear trials, etc. Also on the Sabbath day and at nights this room was used for preaching services. It was a great convenience.

It was during this same year that my son, James B. Smith, came from Memphis, Tennessee, to visit us, spending the summer and part of the fall in Texas. He also visited his sister, Sarah Ann, who was living with her husband, Mr. John B. Murphree in Washington County. When James was there Mr. Murphree was on his march to the Mexican War. He afterwards got a furlough and came to see me with his mother, Mrs. Murphree, and her youngest daughter, Virginia. It was during this visit to me that my son James renewed his acquaintance with Virginia Murphree and they were married at her home in Washington County. They went to Memphis, Tennessee where they lived for many years.

In January of this same year I received a letter written from College Hiss, which is near Oxford, Mississippi, which gave an account of the death of my brother, Charles A. Smith. He had died on December 24th, 1851. Although we had for several years been separated by thousands of miles we had kept up a regular correspondence. The news of his death brought sorrowful as well as pleasing sensations. It was indeed sorrowful to realize that I had lost my beloved twin brother and that I would never again receive a letter from him or see him in flesh upon earth. There were mournful sensations of

sorrow and grief. But it was pleasing to know that my beloved brother was a follower of the Blessed Redeemer and that he had been for many years fully prepared for death by actual and habitual preparations. I had no doubt whatever but that he was then in the presence of the Saviour in that blissful Paradise of God where the wicked do not annoy and the weary are at rest.

Our little town of Clinton continued to receive many good citizens as settlers and we began to have more preaching by different denominations. I was anxious to see a good Sabbath School established. As I was going to my dinner one day I passed the gate of Dr. Williams and noticed a gentleman sitting with him on his porch. The doctor called me and invited me in when he introduced me to the gentleman who was with him. He told me that he was a graduate from the University of North Carolina located at Chapel Hill and that he was anxious to teach school in Clinton. I was pleased to hear it and told him that a good school could be made up provided he was a good teacher and could please his employers, that he would probably have to employ another teacher. He said that he could give satisfaction so he was employed to start the following morning. He could board with Dr. Williams or at the local hotel but he preferred the hotel as he did not like to board at private homes. He started with about thirty pupils and the next week there were seven or eight more. On the Saturday of his first week he came to my office and said his school was flourishing and asked about an assistant. I recommended one and told him that the future of the school would depend on his own conduct. If he showed a good moral character and had steady habits that in a short time he would have sixty or seventy pupils as the people were anxious to have a teacher of that kind as well as a graduate. He said that he knew the duties of a teacher and was the man who would please them.

The boys in his school were given strict orders to keep out of the saloons or as they were then called, "Groceries" and never to go around where they were gambling or card playing. He had four additional pupils in his school on the following Monday. There was a youth who attended the school, a son of Mr. Brownson's. His younger brother slept at nights in the store. On Saturday night this youth went to the store to sleep with his brother but the store was locked and he could not get in. He thought he might find his brother in one of these "groceries" so he went to look in a back room where they were

gambling. His brother was not there but his teacher was at the card table playing cards. The boy was not in the habit of visiting such places but he told his father that he had seen the teacher there. The teacher was drunk the next day but sobered up and was at school Monday morning. He had the son of Mr. Brownson up for visiting the "grocery" and being in the back room with gamblers and was about to chastise him when he ran away to his father's store and told him. He would not suffer his son to be whipped. The teacher had acted improperly at his hotel on Sunday. Dr. Matthews, Mr. Brownson the hotel keeper, and some others, all of whom were patrons of the school went to the school on Tuesday and dismissed the teacher from the school. He first said that it ought to be satisfactory if he was a good teacher during the week and that they should not mind what he did on Saturdays and Sundays. He came afterwards to my office and said that the prospects for the school were good and that if he had taken my advice he could have built up a large school. He told me that he did not regret stopping in Clinton for the two weeks or more as he had only \$3.00 but that he was leaving with over \$450.00 which he had won by gambling while there. He said that he was the best gambler as well as the best school teacher who had ever been in Clinton. He wished me a kind farewell and left. The only time I was ever in the city of Austin was in January, 1850, I believe. Our assessor and collector of taxes, Mr. John McGrubb, had made his assessments and collections and had paid over to a special agent part of the taxes. He became sick and requested me to take over his books and rolls and collect the taxes for him and he would then resign the office. I went over the county and made the collections, also made up a list of the delinquent taxpayers which I turned over to Mr. McGrubb. This was perhaps a year or more before he died when another assessor was appointed to fill the unexpired term. His wife did not want to keep the money in her hands but wanted to send all for which her husband was responsible to Austin and settle his part of the business. She asked me to take this money to Austin and agreed to pay my expenses. After much persuasion I agreed and took her brother-in-law, Mr. Jacob A. Miller and the Sheriff, Mr. Wm. P. Patterson to her house to see the money counted and put into my hands. It was mostly silver and gold. I went to Austin on horseback and settled the account with the comptroller and secretary. I spent two nights at Austin City and saw many old acquaintances. On leaving I spent a night with Mr.

Matthews who lived on the Colorado River some six or eight miles below Austin. This was the same family who had crossed the Gulf with me when moving from Tennessee. I returned home by the way of Bastrop and LaGrange. In Bastrop I spent two nights with my old friend Dr. Brown from Columbia, Tennessee. On my arrival there I found his aged father, a Cumberland Presbyterian from Maury County, Tennessee. He was generally called Col. Joseph Brown as he used to command a regiment in the Militia. He was a pious, devoted preacher but he became excited when preaching and at other times. He would sometimes have the jerks when preaching and would almost fall to the floor. He would give a loud whoop, almost like an indian, and could be heard a thousand yards. This practice of whooping when excited could not be helped by him. He told me that he had the habit from a little boy, long before he became a preacher. His father, mother, and all the rest of his family were all killed by indians near Nashville, before it became a town. It was at a Fort not far from Nashville. He was not killed, but was taken as a prisoner together with his father's negroes. An indian squaw took him under her care and treated him kindly. When he was about six or seven years old he became a little troublesome one day when an old indian Chief drew his hatchet and made an attempt to kill him. As he struck at the boy with his hatchet the old indian mother fell down upon him to ward off the blow and the hatchet went in to the handle in the old squaw's back. He told me he saw the hatchet raised so near his head that he gave a loud whoop like an indian. Ever since that time when— ever becoming excited from any cause he had these jerks and whoops. It was a pleasure to visit with him and his son. I heard him preach on the Sabbath and spent the night there.

On the night of my arrival at Dr. Brown's I slept in the same room with his father. As it was a cold night he suggested that we occupy the same bed so that we could talk more freely. Col. Brown's family was the first to settle south of the Duck River on their own land in Maury County. Before that time all the settlers had leases on the land as was the custom. The settlers usually took five or seven year leases. He told me many things about the first settlements and the laying off the town of Columbia. I told him about my first settlement on the Guadalupe River. When I told him about the few professors of religion who were there he became greatly excited and had the jerks as well as gave one of those loud whoops. I told him that if he did not stop his whooping that I would get

in the other bed so he promised to be quiet but we quit the subject of religion in the new settlement.

On my trip home from Austin I spent a night with Doctor Anderson who had married Miss Chloe Glasscocke of Virginia, a second cousin of mine. She had visited at my home in Tennessee and remembered me very well. She made many inquiries about her Uncle Sanford's family in Tennessee. She had visited his family when a young lady the same time she had visited me. When I got there Dr. Anderson's son was very sick. He was a lawyer and a member of the Legislature. He was pleased to see me but died a few days after I left his father's house. His first wife was a Miss Jones. By this marriage he had one son, Barry Anderson. His second wife was a Miss Erskine. I had known Dr. Anderson's son ever since I came to Texas. He was a good lawyer and much beloved by all who knew him.

I arrived home safely from Austin and was much pleased with the trip. One day while in the storehouse I heard a fight in a drinking house which was nearby. The owner of the liquor store had been very sick and his life despaired of but he got better and was able to walk around. He was in his house but not behind the counter when a large young man got into a quarrel with him and knocked the sick man down. Many rushed into the house but did not separate them. A Col. Ainsworth, who was an old man, ran in and pulled the large man off of the sick man. He abused the young man for being so mean and cowardly as to strike a man who was already almost dead. This made the young man angry and he said that he would whip old Col. Ainsworth who had three or four grown sons who immediately took up the quarrel. The friends of the young man came to his assistance and a general battle became imminent. The Ainsworth boys drew their spring back knives and swore they would kill the first man who struck their father. The sheriff was present but instead of stopping the quarrel he got very mad and swore loudly. I ran from my store and went up to the sheriff who had his pistol cocked and was singing. He said he always sung when mad a song with words like this:

"I had a little dog whose name was Rover,  
when he got mad he was mad all over".

I said to the sheriff, Mr. Jacob A. Miller, "Give me the pistol as I do not want you to be like Rover and get mad all over". I reached for the pistol and he gave it to me peacefully.



I told Col. Ainsworth to be peaceable and tell his sons to put up their knives, which he did. Peace was made. I am fully of the opinion that if I had not gone in there would have been a desperate fight as well as someone killed. I was friendly to them all and feel thankful that I had some influence over them.

There was a Mr. Creed Taylor who when a small boy with several of his uncles had gone to school with me. He married a daughter of Col. Ainsworth. One day when both were in Clinton his brother-in-law, Bill Ainsworth, as he was called, got mad with Mr. Taylor. An uncle of Ainsworth, a Mr. McGee, who once lived in the store when I first had charge of it for Mr. Wheeler, said that Ainsworth should whip Taylor. Magee, Ainsworth, and Taylor were by themselves that day although there was a large number in Clinton to hear some candidates speak. The crowd had all gone into the court house to hear the speaking. They began to quarrel. Taylor advanced on Ainsworth who had drawn a knife. Magee caught Taylor and held him while Ainsworth stabbed a knife into his heart.

Ainsworth mounted his horse and left the county. The news of this death became known and for awhile broke up the speaking. I got to Taylor in time to close his eyes. It was a terrible tragedy once more in Clinton. After the burial some of Taylor's uncles pursued Bill Ainsworth, caught him on the Trinity River and brought him back to Clinton where he was committed to jail. Just before Court, a party went to the jail in the night. There was a stairway outside of the jail which led to an upper room in the jail. There was a trap door on this upper floor which was to let down food, etc. when the lower doors were not to be opened. Ainsworth was chained to the lower floor of the jail. The door from the outside stairs was locked but this was broken open as well as the trap door. Several turpentine balls of twine were set on fire and thrown through the trap door to the lower floor. This made a light so that Ainsworth could be seen and shot. Two guns were fired at him and he was killed in the jail. When these balls of twine, soaked in turpentine, were lighted and thrown through the trap door Ainsworth's cries were so loud that those living near heard his piercing shrieks. They heard the guns fired and ran to the jail. Someone had keys to the lower floor doors which were opened but when they got in Ainsworth was already dead. The persons were not known but it was always believed that the relatives of Creed Taylor killed Ainsworth while he was in the jail. About a year after Col. Ainsworth with his sons moved away. It was supposed that they left to keep

from getting into a fight with some of the Taylor relations. Little Creed Taylor, as he was called, left two children. One of them was born after his death. His wife is still living in DeWitt County and she also has a married sister who lives in Clinton.

Rev. J.M. Connelly continued to preach in Clinton at the court house. The Methodists also organized a church in Clinton. It was arranged that the two services were not on the same day. Mr. Connelly lived near Concrete where he preached twice a month as well as twice a month in Clinton.

In the spring of 1855 my son, James B. Smith, with his wife and two small daughters, spent the summer with us. The father, mother, and brothers of Mr. Robert E. Williams moved from western Pennsylvania to Bloomington, Illinois. Mr. Robert E. Williams sold his property in Clinton and moved to Bloomington, Illinois with his wife and two small daughters whose names were Sallie and Mary. The daughters of my son, James, were named Lula and Ella. My son returned to Memphis with his family going with Mr.

Williams across the Gulf and up the Mississippi River. My wife's sister, Sue Morehead, had come with my son, James, to Texas. She did not go back with him but spent more than a year with me. She and my daughter, Sarah Ann, made many visits together. They went to a Presbytery meeting at Lockhart. While in that section they paid a visit to Mr. Edward Pettus, living on the Saint Marcos River. He was a brother-in-law of Mr. John B. Murphree, my son-in-law. Mr. Pettus married Miss Melvina Murphree.

On November 26, 1856, my daughter Sarah Ann Murphree was married for the second time to Mr. Lewis H. Delony. She was married at my home in Clinton and while Miss Sue Morehead was still visiting with us. She was present at this marriage.

My son-in-law, Mr. John B. Murphree, had settled on his land near Concrete and was doing well with his farm and stock. His brother, Mr. Thomas Murphree, settled near him on part of his land. He married a daughter of James N. Baker. While we were at this wedding my son-in-law John B. Murphree, was taken sick at Judge Baker's. He was taken to his home where he was confined for forty days before he died. My wife was with him most of the time during this sickness.

Sometime before this death I had purchased a negro woman and her daughter, who was about ten years old. I had once owned Queen when she was a little girl. I had sold her to a Mr. Blanton while I lived in Tennessee. Queen was about six years old then.

The widow of Mr. Blanton moved from Tennessee to Victoria, Texas, and brought Queen with her and had been living in Victoria about a year before I saw her. She also owned about ten of Queen's children. I spent part of a day in Victoria with them and was much pleased to see Mrs. Blanton again as well as her father-in-law, Major Patton, who was with her. He was older than I. It seemed strange that I should see my old neighbors as well as the old negro woman, Queen, who was a little girl when I had last seen her. But strange things do occur. What was also strange was that Queen's father was also living in Victoria. His name was Stephen and he had once been owned by an uncle of mine who sold him to a Mr. Kilpatrick who had married a cousin of my wife and afterwards moved to Victoria. During the year Mrs. Blanton had been in Victoria Stephen did not know that Queen was there. She was then 45 years old and had seventeen children. After visiting Mrs. Blanton and Major Patton, I went to see my cousin Nancy Kilpatrick. I spent the night there and told old Stephen about his daughter being there with his ten grandchildren. It was glad but a strange news and he received permission to visit them that night and it was a happy reunion. Old Stephen was a pious and devoted member of the Presbyterian Church. He was saving and industrious and gave old Queen and his grandchildren many presents while he lived. I relate this circumstance about Queen and her old father because it was singular that they were brought together after so long a separation and also that I purchased her again after selling her when a young child. During my wife's absence from home, waiting on Mr. John B. Murphree, something occurred which caused a great deal of trouble. There was an old Irishman by the name of Baker who had often worked for me as well as in and around Clinton. He received his pay for a cistern which he had just finished for a neighbor when he went to town and began drinking. He was quarrelsome when drinking but spent his money freely. At a place where he had spent many a dollar the proprietor got mad at him and struck Baker with a stick which broke his rib. Baker got on his horse but after riding two or three hundred yards he got off and spent the night under some Live Oak trees and lay there until twelve o'clock the next day. I took him some water as well as something to eat. As Mrs. Smith was away it was not my intention to take him to my house. I put him in a carriage and sent him to the hotel with a note asking that he be taken in and that I would pay for his board. The hotel keeper refused to take him. I then wrote a note stating that

if anyone would take him I would pay his expenses, but as no one would take him he was finally brought to my house. I had a room prepared and as old Queen was then with me she attended to his wants. I was compelled to leave in order that I see and stay with Mr. Murphree but I had the doctor attend to old Mr. Baker who was sick for eight weeks before he died. The young men of the town sat up with him. Just before his death I built for him a small frame house and had him moved into it but he died four days after. As Mr. Murphree died first my wife came home and took great pains to make Baker comfortable. Mr. Robert E. Williams brought a suit for damages against the man who had struck Baker but as Mr. Baker died before the suit was called, the suit died also. Rev. J. M. Connelly bought out Mr. Robert E. Williams before he moved so he came to my house and gave Mr. Connelly possession. Mr. Connelly started a fine school in Clinton and was of great assistance in our Sabbath School. In order to be of assistance to the school Mrs. Smith agreed to board six young ladies who said that they would not board anywhere else. The school prospered and we got a young lady to teach music. To assist her I sent my son, Tom C. Smith one session as a music pupil. At the public examination of the pupils all seemed to be pleased.

At the spring meeting of the Presbytery in the year of 1857 I represented the Live Oak Church. It was the Presbytery of Western Texas. At this meeting I was also elected Commissioner to the General Assembly which met in May in Lexington, Kentucky. The Rev. Mr. Chamlin, from Brownsville on the Rio Grande River, was also a commissioner. My daughter, Sue, with her aunt Sue Morehead, went with me to Memphis, Tennessee. I left my daughter with her brother, James B.. She also had three uncles living near Memphis. It was a pleasant trip across the Gulf but there was some sea sickness. From New Orleans we took the Steamboat Nebraska, which was a fine boat going to Memphis. My daughter and her aunt Sue made several acquaintances on the boat. One was a nice looking young widow who was on her way to Saint Louis to meet her uncle who was the United States Secretary of the Treasury. Her name was Guthrie. After spending a few days in Memphis I started on to Lexington and after passing through Louisville I stopped for two nights in Frankfort, Kentucky. The first morning there, having a little time to spare, I visited the cemetery which was located high on the bluff of the Kentucky River. I read the epitaphs on the monuments of many old heroes of

Kentucky and among them was the monument of Daniel Boone. He was the first of the emigrants whose history and fame I had read of in my early life. While viewing these graves which were hundreds of miles, yes, thousands of miles from my home and being so far away from my dear wife and children I felt very solemn and lonely among the tombs. That afternoon I visited the State House and finding the Secretary of State I asked if Governor Morehead was in his office. On being told that he was, I went in to see him and introduced myself as a relation. When he found out that I was related to the Turners, Sandfords, Smiths, and Moreheads he was most cordial and insisted that my trunk be sent to his house. I was taken there and introduced to his wife and children as a relation from Texas. I spent that afternoon and night very pleasantly at the Governors house. This was Governor Charles S. Morehead and I told him about seeing him when a boy of seven at his father's home. I said that if he had refused to see me that I would have been as independent as a Governor and would have immediately left but that his warm reception had awakened in me all the fine feelings of blood relations.

I took the cars from Frankfort to Lexington and arrived before the Assembly was organized. I was assigned to the home of Mr. Matthew Scott and with me there also were the Reverend Mr. Chamlin from Brownsville, Texas, Mr. Waddell, President of the Mississippi University of Oxford, Mississippi, Mrs. Waddell, and many others. Rev. Mr. Van Rousalier was elected Moderator of the Assembly. At the Assembly I found many of my old acquaintances as well as made many new ones.

On the adjournment of the Assembly I took the cars to Bloomington, Illinois, stopping again at Frankfort and spending another night with Governor Morehead. I visited my daughter, Martha, and son-in-law Robert E. Williams in Bloomington. My son, James and daughter, Sue, also came to Bloomington while I was there and we had a most pleasant reunion. I spent a few weeks there and with my son James, returned to Memphis by the way of St. Louis. In Memphis I visited my daughter, Jane, and her husband, Mr. F. S. Latham. From there I went on the cars to College Hill, Mississippi, to see my sister-in-law, Mary, and her children. She was the widow of my brother, Charles A. Smith. I spent a short time in Jackson, Mississippi, visiting my cousins, John C. Napier and his family as well as his sister, Mary, who had married a Mr. Nichols who had been dead for some time. They had one son. In Jackson I found also many of my

Morehead relations and the widow and two children of my nephew, George W. L. Smith. He was the son of my brother, Charles A.. He had married a Miss Dickerson and had been a great politician and lawyer. He died in Washington City.

The mother-in-law of my cousin, John C. Napier was going from Jackson, Mississippi, to Kentucky and Mr. Napier asked me to see her safely on the steamboat at Vicksburg, which I did. Before leaving Jackson I was told by Mr. Napier that he was going to present me with a nice walking cane. On the way to the depot we stopped to look at some but did not have time to make the selection as the whistle of the engine was heard and we had to rush to get on the train. On reaching Vicksburg I put the lady safely on her boat and went to the hotel where I found a Telegram requesting that I await the arrival of the next train and after doing this I received a package containing a nice gold-headed walking cane. It was a fine present.

On my return to Clinton, which was in July, I found my family and friends all well. It was a very dry season and all vegetation was about burned up. Everyone told me that I looked well and much improved by the trip. My wife told me that as the trip had been so beneficial to me that she thought she would go to Memphis to see her sister, Mrs. Latham and son James, and from there go also to Bloomington, Illinois to see her two daughters and grandchildren. It was her intention to take our youngest boy, Thomas C. With her and to go sometime in November and not to return until the following spring. On the first Sabbath in October of the year 1857 we had a sacramental service of the members of the Presbyterian Church. As I was a ruling elder I usually assisted in the passing of the elements but my wife specially requested that I sit by her side during this service so I was excused for this occasion and sat by her side during this communion. She seemed much excited and wept a great deal during the service. She said that while her thoughts were about the Redeemer's dying love for sinners, she was also thinking about our long separation soon to come, and that perhaps it would be the last time on earth that we could sit together and have the privilege of celebrating together our Savior's death. It so proved to be. My wife was taken sick with the inflammation of the stomach and bowels shortly after this service. The best medical aid was secured to check the disease. Besides our regular family physician several other doctors were called into consultation for many days, but it was all in vain. Two nights before her death

she told the doctors that she did not want to take any more medicine but that she would like to have all her family and friends called in that she might say farewell while she was still in the possession of all of her faculties. The night before she died she asked to see all of her lady friends who had waited on her, and with eyes sparkling with heavenly joy told them to "Meet me in Heaven". She then called in her children and grandchildren and said the same thing to them. Her two sons, Joseph M. And Thomas C. Were the only two children who were present as her daughter, Sarah Ann was confined to her bed by sickness in an adjoining room. She sent the same message to her. As her sons and grandchildren gave way to their grief she requested them not to cry loudly as it disturbed and distressed her head. She then called me to her bedside and embracing me fondly she said again, "My dear husband, farewell, meet me in Heaven". Exhausted by so much talking and grief she then clasped her hands and closed her eyes for some time, apparently dead. We were all afraid that she would die after this excitement but she fell into a sweet sleep and awoke seeming much relieved. The next day she seemed so easy and calm that I had a strong belief that she would recover. During the day she often requested her little granddaughter, Annie Murphree, to read several hymns. She said that she could not bear to have them sung but requested that Annie read "Rock of Ages", and "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood", also the 103rd Psalm. Just a short time before her mother died, our daughter, Sarah Ann, gave birth to a son. (Lewis S. Delony, born October 22, 1857) When this was told to my wife she said that she felt greatly rejoiced that the child was born. A little after midnight I went to my wife in order to wet her lips with a wet sponge. She said to me, "My dear husband, you cannot help me but my Jesus is with me and the grave is full of light and glory. He is leading me through the dark shadows of death and I fear no evil. My dear husband, until you come to die no one can tell of the preciousness of a Savior's love. He is telling me to follow Him to Glory". She then asked me to straighten the covers and laying her hands across her breast she sweetly and softly closed her eyes in death while I could hear her softly whispering, "O, the preciousness of a Savior's love". I can have no doubt whatever but that her soul was immediately led into the Heavenly World. Thus died this lovely and amiable woman on the 23rd day of October, 1857. She was loved and respected by all who knew her. We had been bound together by cords of love and affection for more

than thirty-two years and when these cords were cut asunder by her death no wonder they bled abundantly and will continue to bleed. But the weeping husband does not sorrow as "the sorrow of the world that worketh death". The ardent and sincere prayer of her aged husband is that he may die the death of the righteous and that the end of his life may be as calm and composed as was hers. Her death is recorded on the Sessional Records of the Live Oak Presbyterian Church. She was one among its earliest members. The headstone over her grave, in the Clinton graveyard, has a beautiful white hand with the finger pointing to Heaven and underneath is engraved her last words, "Meet me in Heaven".

After the death of my beloved wife I prevailed on my daughter, Sarah Ann, with her husband, Mr. Delony, to stay with me for sometime in Clinton. Soon afterwards I went with my youngest son, Thomas C., to Bloomington, Illinois, to bring home my daughter, Sue. My son, Tom, did not want to go and it was some time before I could persuade him. At last a lady said to him, "Tom, I would go if I were you because you will learn more by a trip of this kind than you will ever learn by staying in the Clerk's office or by going to Mrs. Connelly's school for a year". Just a few moments before the stage arrived Tom came to me and said that he would go. There were several of our lady friends to see us off. They gave us an affectionate farewell, most of them kissing me good-bye. There was a gentleman from San Antonio on the stage who was going to New Orleans. We did not see or notice him in the dark until after we had traveled more than a mile when he spoke to me, saying, "Uncle Jimmy, I never saw you before but from the way your friends said "good-bye" I see that you have lots of friends in Clinton".

We went to Port Lavaca and had a pleasant trip. It was the first time that Tom had ever seen the bay or had ridden on the cars. I spent a week at Port Lavaca and attended the Presbytery which was meeting there. There was a crowded stage from Port Lavaca to Indianola. There was a man on the stage who was very drunk. He was going to St. Louis to get his family and bring them back to Victoria to live. He talked with my son, Tom, a great deal and told him a great deal about his own son, Willie. When we arrived at Indianola the man was so drunk that he was helpless and it took four strong men to help him out of the stage and put him on a sofa in the hotel. The tavern keeper requested me to stand by while he counted the man's money. We found that he had



\$900.00 in gold and about \$40.00 in silver. We took passage to New Orleans, the outside route. When he became sober our drunken man proved to be quite intelligent and thanked me for being his friend and looking after his money while he was intoxicated. After we had been out for about two days I awoke one night, it was about midnight, and found that the ship was rocking a great deal and I imagined that a storm was coming. There was a shipment of beeves on board being shipped to New Orleans. I heard the Captain call out "Throw out the beeves" which alarmed me as I thought there must be danger. I lay still thinking about what I would do. My first thought was to wake up Tom C., but I decided to let him sleep until the danger was more apparent. I still remained still while I repeated over to myself the hymn "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord" when my mind became quite easy. I soon found out that there were several dead beeves on board and the Captain's order to throw them out pertained only to the dead ones as their odor was becoming offensive.

The Reverend Mr. Blair and his wife were also passengers on this boat. They were going to New Orleans as Mr. Blair was to attend the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church which was to meet in New Orleans. I could not wait in New Orleans to attend the Assembly as we would have to wait there a week before it was convened. Tom had been given a letter of introduction to a Mr. McCormick in New Orleans so while there we called on him. This letter was given to Tom by a Mr. Sam C. Lackey, a lawyer who lived in Clinton and who was a half brother to Mr. McCormick. He paid a great deal of attention to my son, calling him Master Tom, and it helped to make our stay in New Orleans very pleasant. While there I also outfitted Tom from head to foot giving him a fine new suit of clothes for which he was very proud. At that time he was just a little over eleven years old. We stopped in Memphis where Tom saw his uncle and aunt. Going on we soon reached Bloomington where we stayed a few days and then started back to Texas with my daughter, Sue. On our way home we again stopped in Memphis and spent a few days with the Moreheads, the Lathams, and my son James B. Smith. Arriving at New Orleans we found that the whole city was under arms and trouble was expected on account of a division about the election of a mayor of the city. There were hundreds of people on the roof of the St. Charles Hotel. The parks were crowded. One party had taken possession of the Navy Yards and turned it into a fort. All

courts had been suspended, the jails had been thrown open and everything was in confusion. I stopped at the City Hotel, securing a room for myself and another for my daughter. After supper I found a card from my nephew, Charles A. Smith. He had noticed my name on the Hotel Register. I had not seen him for over twenty years. I went to his room and we embraced each other. He was then living in Quitman, Mississippi, and was in New Orleans on business. I took him to my daughter's room and introduced them. There were several young ladies in the hotel who were from his town and were under his care. He introduced my daughter to them which was a great pleasure to her as she knew no one there.

A number of ladies and gentlemen were seated on an upper gallery which adjoined the ladies' parlor. They were watching the streets where the soldiers were marching to the Navy Yards and were looking for a fight very soon. My nephew and I were with the ladies when we heard a shot on a street corner, near the hotel and a cry of "Murder!". Going down into the gentlemen's parlor we found that they had brought a wounded man into the hotel. He had been shot by some unknown person who made his escape through the large crowd. That night the wounded man died. Spending some time downstairs I went up to look for my daughter. Passing through the ladies' parlor I went on the gallery where there were still a number seated. There was one lady, dressed in black, seated about twenty feet away from the rest. She was looking into the street with her back towards me. As I thought she was my daughter I went up to her and taking hold of her arm, I said "My daughter, why have you not returned to your room?" As she turned her face toward me I saw that it was not my daughter, Sue, but a lady of about fifty years of age. I immediately asked her pardon and said that I had not been able to see her very well but as my daughter was also dressed in black, I thought it was she. She told me that she had noticed several young ladies leave the room, one of whom was a neat young lady dressed in black which she presumed was my daughter. She then said to me, "Sir, be seated. Isn't this a horrid affair for the city of New Orleans? Everyone in arms and ready for a fight. I went out to take tea with a friend and if I had returned just a few minutes later I would have been within ten feet of the man who was shot. Just as I reached the steps of the hotel the pistol was fired". As we talked she also said "I live in the city of New York, I presume that you are a Presbyterian preacher". I

asked her why she thought I was a preacher. She said "From the manner in which you wear your cravat, Sir". I told her that for the last forty-five years I had worn and tied my cravat in that way, to which she replied, "Well, none but a preacher or a very dignified gentleman would wear it so". She also told me that she was the widow of the Reverend Randolph Stone who had died eight years before in the City of Montgomery, Alabama, and wanted to know if I had known or seen him. I told her I had not although I was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church and was acquainted with numbers of preachers in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas. She told me that she had stopped in Montgomery to visit his grave and was on a visit through the southern states to solicit money for a home for fallen women which was being built in New York City. The basement was already being built and she had collected almost enough to finish the building. She did not request a donation from me but talked for sometime about her work. She told me about her visit to President Buchanan on the behalf of a young naval officer who had been dismissed from the service for his misconduct but she could not get him reinstated. I introduced her to my nephew, Charles A. Smith and the next morning to my daughter, Sue.

After remaining for a year in Bloomington, Illinois, my son, Tom C. had a severe spell of typhoid fever and upon his recovery he wished to return to Texas so I wrote to him that I would go after him. My daughter, Sue, wanted to go again to Bloomington so I decided to take her as well as my granddaughter, Lizzie Calhoun, with me. Lizzie had two uncles living in Tipton County, Tennessee, both brothers of her father, Colonel William Calhoun. She wanted to visit them as well as some relations of her mother in Memphis. We stopped two days in Victoria visiting the first fair which was ever held there. We stayed the two days at a Judge White's who was a relation, and the girls enjoyed the fair. Arriving at Indianola we took a boat to New Orleans, stopping at Galveston. There were a number of passengers on board and there were many who were seasick. In New Orleans I hired a hack and took the girls all over the city. We went by railroad to Jackson, Mississippi, where we visited many of our relations. There was a State Fair in progress there in a few days and I wanted the girls to wait to visit it but they preferred to go on saying that they were satisfied with the fair they had seen in Victoria. I left the girls in Memphis and went on to Bloomington to get my son who returned with me. My

daughter, Martha, and her three children, Sallie, Mamie, and James, also went with us to Memphis. My daughter, Martha, and three children spent the winter there with her brother, James B. Smith and Uncle Morehead. Mr. Williams attended the Supreme Court of the United States and on his return he went to Memphis to get them and also took my daughter, Sue, on to Bloomington with them. From Memphis I went to Nashville, having promised a friend that I would take a family of negroes to Texas. My son, James B. Smith, was much opposed to my doing this and gave himself much concern about the matter. He at first said that I should not do it. On the Sabbath before, the funeral sermon had been preached for John Brown (of Harper's Ferry) and it was thought that it would cause many of the negroes to be in rebellion by Christmas. He said that it was not right that in my old age I should be engaged in taking strange negroes to Texas. I had not thought about any of these things but I told him that my promise was already given and I would have to go to Nashville. I was to see Col. Frazier, the guardian of the children who owned the negroes to be taken to Texas. Col. Frazier was from Henry County and was a member of the State Legislature. My son, James B., took me to the Charleston & Memphis depot and at 4 o'clock I took the cars to Nashville. I found on the cars some old acquaintances among whom were Messrs. Robert G. McLennon from California and Charles McLain. Leaving the Nashville railroad I stopped in Lincoln County to spend a day or so with old acquaintances, Mr. Joseph L. Baker who had married Col. Martin's daughter. A brother, James N. Baker, lived in DeWitt County, Texas, where I also lived.

I arrived in Nashville in December 1859. I had not been there for more than thirty years and I found very few of my old friends and acquaintances. Numbers who had lived there thirty years before had left this world of confusion, sorrow, and trouble and had gone into the Eternal World. Some were resting in Heaven in their eternal glory but others, no doubt were in an endless eternity of pain and torment. What a havoc among the children of men doth thirty years of time make in this world below.

While in Nashville I visited the State Legislature, which was in session, and found that there were many of my acquaintances from different parts of the state. I found Col. Frazier and presented my Power of Attorney to take charge of the negroes. He told me that I could not get the negroes until January 1st, (1860) and that he would be at him

home in Paris on Christmas and that I must visit him at that time. I called on the Reverend Edgar, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. I visited the Female Academy and found Miss Lucy Lanier who was one of the teachers. She was a half sister to the wife of my brother, Charles A. Smith.

I called on the widow of President James K. Polk in Nashville. After I sent my card in to her she soon came down to see me and expressed much pleasure at our meeting. The last time I had seen her was in Columbia when Mrs. Smith and I had spent a day with her and Col. Polk, who was then a candidate for the office of Governor of Tennessee to which he was elected. The last public speech I ever heard President Polk make was in Covington, Tipton County, Tennessee, while he was making his campaign for the office of Governor. Mrs. Polk told me that she had commenced a letter to me just a short time before but company had come in and interrupted and it was never finished. She said that it was a Kind Providence that brought me there. The letter, she told me, was caused by an article she read in one of the Nashville papers which printed the speech her husband had made in my school, when only fourteen years old. It was the first speech he had ever made in school. She knew that President Polk had attended my school, when both of us were young, but she did not know that he had delivered his first speech there until she read it in both the Memphis and Nashville papers. The letter she had started to write to me was also to obtain my shipping address. She was having a portrait made of Col. Polk, a copy of which she intended to have nicely framed and sent to me in Texas. My nearest shipping point was Indianola, Texas, which she wrote down and said that she would send me the picture when ready. At the time I called everything was draped in mourning. Her parlor was all draped in black, also the brick columns of the front porch or veranda were wrapped in black crepe from top to bottom. Nearly all of our conversation was about the President's past public or political life. She asked me about my children, how many were married and the names of my three sons who were then living. My oldest was James Brown Smith. He was named after my old pastor, the Reverend Duncan Brown, whom she had known well. My second son was Joseph Morehead Smith. He was named for his grandfather, Joseph Morehead. My youngest son, as well as youngest child, was Thomas Crutcher Smith. The Crutcher was after my old friend Uncle Tom Crutcher of Nashville. We had a most pleasant visit and

conversation but I found that I had stayed entirely too long but when I told her so she asked me to stay for tea, but I had an engagement. She then said that she knew that I would like to visit the President's grave which was not more than twenty yards from the East door of the house. We took an affectionate farewell and I started to the monument. I was about halfway there when she called to me, "Mr. Smith, I want to see you again before you get into your hack". Mrs. Polk went upstairs and when I returned from the monument I was at a loss to know what she wanted, but she came down and presented me with a small picture or likeness of the late President Polk. It was in a solid bronze frame which shined like it was of pure gold. The picture had been taken when President Polk was Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States. She told me that she had not seen it for about twelve years but as I started away she had remembered that she had it and where it was kept. She wanted me to give it to my son, Thomas Crutcher, and to tell him that Mrs. James K. Polk had sent it and to keep it as a remembrance of her as well as her old departed friend, Uncle Tom Crutcher of Nashville. The reason that I had sent President James K. Polk's first speech to be printed was because I noticed an article in "The Presbyterian", a paper published in Philadelphia. It was when Col. Bell was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States with Mr. Everett for the office of Vice-President. The article was about as follows: "As Mr. Everett has heretofore been a prominent person and is now a candidate for the office of Vice-President of the United States, some of the readers of "The Presbyterian" would perhaps like to read the first speech that Mr. Everett ever made. The speech was given to him by his teacher in school and when he became a boy of about twelve years of age". The speech then followed and of which I remember only a part. After reading the article I sent a copy of Polk's speech to the editor of the "Victoria Advocate" and it was published in that paper and afterwards in the Memphis and Nashville papers. My son Thomas C. has at this time the picture, which Mrs. Polk sent to him, hung in his office. The war came on soon after I visited Mrs. Polk which I suppose is the reason she failed to send the other presents she told me she intended to send. Leaving Nashville I boarded a steamboat for Memphis. It was a rather long but pleasant voyage. The boat would stop and wait for passengers at every railroad station on the Cumberland or Ohio Rivers. Our boat was filled with both men and women and I found

many old acquaintances and made a number of new ones. The clerk on the boat was a gentleman with a most cheerful disposition and very fond of jokes. He introduced me to many widows as well as married ladies on the boat. His wife and little girl came on board one night but I did not know who they were, as I supposed the clerk was a bachelor. He came up to me and calling me "Uncle Jimmy" said, "I want to introduce you to another widow who had just come on board", approaching her he said "Permit me to introduce you to Mr. Smith, we call him Uncle Jimmy". He did not call her name. He placed a seat for me near the lady and her little girl. We conversed for sometime on various subjects while I thought she was a widow. In a little while the clerk passed by when the little girl sprang up, and catching him around the neck, exclaimed "Papa, you haven't bought me an orange since we got on the boat". I realized then the joke and that the supposed widow was his wife. He told the joke on me, with considerable glee, to the other passengers on the boat.

One of the ladies was a married woman and lived in Arkansas and had been on a visit to Kentucky. She was returning home in company with her niece who was going to pay her a visit. The niece had two young friends who lived near her home in Kentucky and who were going down the river as far as Memphis. Their names were McCombs and McBride. I became well acquainted with the young lady as well as her aunt who was a member of the Presbyterian Church. They asked a good deal about Texas. I described the beauties of the Guadalupe River and the valley and told of its beautiful scenery. I told of the prairies all covered with lovely flowers of all colors and varieties; the large spreading shady Live Oak trees, many with boughs bending under the weight of numerous clusters of delicious looking grapes; the river bottom crowded with large pecan trees. I said that when the pecans were ripe that the ground beneath would be literally covered with the largest size of these nuts. Numerous cattle, though not upon a thousand hills, were thriving on the best of mesquite grass. These innumerable herds of fine cattle grazed over the wide and extended prairies. There are wild (not Arabian) mustang horses in droves of hundreds which with their different leaders would make the ground of the prairies tremble under the weight of their flight. The wild deer abounded with any number of herds of five hundred or more in droves. I told all this and more to the lady and suggested that she and her niece ought to visit Texas.

One of the passengers was a gentleman from Kentucky. He was a young widower and a member of Congress. He was a lively and social minded man with refined manners, full of fun and mirthful anecdotes. One morning the clerk on the boat told me that there were some ladies and gentlemen in the ladies cabin who wished to see me as there was a fortune teller there and they thought I would like to hear her tell the fortune of a young lady in the company.

Upon going into the cabin I found the young lady from Kentucky seated by a table with her hands on a large census book. The rest of the people in the room were seated or standing in a circle around the young lady. There was a vacant seat by her side and all insisted that I occupy it. I objected as there were many ladies standing but they would not have it otherwise. After I was seated, the young lady's traveling friend, Mr. McBride, came in. He was acting in the capacity of conjuror or the fortune teller. He had a long wand which he used to draw black circles on the floor and he would also place it on the head and shoulders of the lady while he would talk in latin and also use gibberish words while everybody would laugh. All of a sudden he opened the book on which the lady's hands were resting and drew out a sheet of paper upon which words were written. He read from it in a loud and guttural voice:

"For McCombs and McBride, I'll put them aside,  
I'll go on to Texas where the prairies are wide.  
With old widower Smith I'll spend the sweet hours  
Under large shady live oaks and gathering of flowers".

The whole company shouted in laughter while the young lady almost fainted. I felt as foolish as a school boy.

There was a Mrs. Plummer present who was a beautiful widow. She was delighted with the conjurors manner of fortune telling and laughed very much indeed when he read the lines. After composing myself I said to the young lady that he was no fortune teller and that she had better hold fast to either McComb or McBride as I was making no claims but after hearing what had been read my own poetical genius was awakened and that I must speak out. I made a low bow to Mrs. Plummer and said:

"My mind I'll disclose, to her I adore  
But alas she well knows I've not told her before,



But perhaps she'll attend to my poetic strain  
And make me amends for enduring such pain.

This lady I admire, she is my sole theme  
My heart is on fire, my life is a dream  
All pleasures have fled, no more to return  
Unless we do wed, all my old days I shall ever mourn.

I know she is young, and I am quite old,  
But I am blest with a tongue, and my cane is part gold.  
She is as pleasant and fair as a rose in midsummer,  
I don't know her first name, but her last name is Plummer".

The young widow was taken as much by surprise as the young lady had been who was seated at the table. The whole company were delighted and laughed very much indeed. Everyone thought that it was quite original and that I had made it up on the impulse of the moment. I had merely changed some of the words as this had been written for me by Mr. Benjamin H. Covington when I was but eighteen years old. The fortune telling was broken up with great laughter. Some of the ladies asked me to write out my little speech for them but I declined to do so. It was a whole day before I could get a word with the young lady who had been plagued so by the company or with Mrs. Plummer. Before we reached Memphis though we all became good friends and had many friendly talks.

On reaching Cairo we had to wait more than half of the day. While waiting and the passengers all at the dinner table there came on board a nicely dressed lady with her little boy who was about ten years old. She had also with her two Russian or Norway dogs with fine brass collars. The lady selected a stateroom and part of her baggage was carried to it. As I had been in the habit of becoming acquainted with everyone some of the ladies requested me to enquire of her how far down the river she was going. After dinner and when we were all seated in the ladies cabin I talked with her and she told me that her husband was a sugar planter on the river about fifty miles above New Orleans.

She and her little son had been visiting in Saint Louis for some time. As the river was freezing at Saint Louis she had come on the cars to Cairo where she had been waiting for the boat. After our conversation she joined her little son who was on the boat with his dogs but before the boat was ready to start she asked me to tell the clerk that she wanted to see him. When the clerk came she told him that she had decided not to go down the river that evening as she had telegraphed her husband to meet her there. As she had heard nothing from him she said that she thought she would return to Saint Louis. She told the clerk that he could refund her money or keep it, as he thought proper, but that she was getting off the boat. The clerk refunded the money she had paid for her passage. Her baggage was placed on the shore and she told her son to stay with it and the dogs while she went to the hotel and arranged for a dray to come after it. I had walked with her to where the baggage was placed and also offered to go with her to the hotel but she said that the hotel was in sight and that she would go alone but she requested that I stay with her son until the dray came. As she was crossing the railroad track a boat was coming down the river and she turned around to see it while standing on the track. A locomotive was coming and its bell was not ringing. She stood until it came quite near when looking up she made a spring to cross the track. Her foot struck the rail and she fell her full length across the track. She was instantly crushed to death, literally cut to pieces. Ladies and others from the boat ran to her aid but it was too late. The little son was nearly deranged with grief while I endeavored to console him. The corpse as well as the baggage was sent to the hotel and a short time after we started down the river. It was an awful tragedy. No one will ever know what caused her to change her mind so suddenly about going on the boat. To me it seemed that an overruling Providence caused her to stop on the track, that for she was permitted to go but no further. She was brought to the place where she would finish her earthly career as it was the end of her life on this earth at this appointed place. It was indeed a solemn thought and well may we all say that "We know not what a day may bring forth".

Arriving at Memphis I found that my son and family were all well. I spent a few days there and then went to Paris, Henry County, to get the negroes that I had promised to take to Texas. It was decided that I go after the negroes and return before starting to Texas. There was to be a Sacramental meeting of three Presbyterian churches in July.

My son was a ruling elder while his wife, my brother-in-law, and several of their children were members. So I gave up the pleasure of the Christmas dinner at Paris and went after the negroes before the holidays and was to return in time to attend the Sacramental meeting with my relatives.

The uncles of my granddaughter, Lizzie Calhoun, lived in Tipton County. They were John & George Calhoun. I took Lizzie with me to see them. She had had a severe spell of pneumonia and was scarcely well. It was very cold and there was a snow of a few inches deep but we arrived safely at her uncles' where I left her and went on to Paris. I passed through Trenton, the county seat of Gipson County, Mississippi. The widowed cousins of Mrs. Smith's lived at Trenton and also several of their married children. I ate my Christmas dinner with some of them and visited all of the cousins. It seems that a large part of the town were my relations. There were lawyers, doctors, and merchants. I had not seen any of them except the two old widows and one or two of the children when quite small. One of my cousins was a young widow who took me about the town and introduced me to the other relatives. I had to kiss all the lady cousins as well as friends. She took me to the family of a doctor where there was a dozen or more young ladies from fifteen years old upwards. In the company was an old lady about eighty-five years old. She was the grandmother and great-grandmother of several in the company. She was a very intelligent old lady. Sometime before I had heard her plead her own cause in a land suit. Her lawyer was James K. Polk, afterwards President of the United States. He was then quite a young man. When her case was called, Col. Polk was absent and she had not any time to employ another lawyer so she requested the judge to let her plead her own case which was granted. She conducted it as well as any lawyer and gained the case. Afterwards it was reversed by the Supreme Court. As my cousin introduced me to the young ladies I would tell them that I always kissed the ladies to whom I was introduced and would immediately do so. When we came to the old lady I said that I was already acquainted with her but that I was not going to pass her by without a kiss, to which she replied, "Certainly not, certainly not, you would not be so impolite". She was seated in an armchair with a crutch by her side. After I took a kiss she cleared her throat and straightened herself up in her chair and with almost a tearful eye she looked at me and said, "My dear sir, what have you done?". I thought the

old lady was childish and was feeling sorry when she put her finger on her lips and said in a most commanding tone, "Sir, I have kept that kiss on my lips for forty-five years to give to someone and now you have taken it". Looking at me in the face she made a threatening gesture with her hand and said, "Put it right back, sir, put it right back". I put it right back to the great mirth of all the young ladies when she said to them, "Girls, if you were as smart as the girls were when I was a young lady you could have got another kiss too. In my young days a young man never kissed a young lady but that she made him put the kiss right back".

Going on to Paris I asked the way to Colonel Frazier's where I spent the Christmas holidays and on the first day of January, 1860 I started back to Memphis. On this trip our large omnibus turned over but no one was hurt. When I told my son at Memphis that I was going to take the negroes back to Texas he told me not to do so and I thought of this when the omnibus turned over. It was after night before we could get it turned up again. The large body had to be taken off the wheels and then we rode on the open wheels, without the body.

After the Sacramental meeting I left Memphis. It was a pleasant time for me to sit at the communion table with my twenty-two cousins. With my son Thomas C. and the negroes we arrived safely at Indianola, Texas. My son went on to Clinton on the stage and I went on the steamboat to Port Lavaca with the negroes. From there I took the negroes on an omnibus to Jackson County. I had to stay all night and stopped at a fine looking house to ask permission to spend the night. A cold norther was blowing. The lady of the house told me that I could not stay as she was living with no one but her nephew who attended to the plantation and her negroes. She said that I could go across the river to another house. My hack driver, who was an Irishman, said that it was hard to cross the river and that we might turn over with the negroes in the river or creek. I told the lady that I would appreciate staying all night and that I was taking the negroes all the way from Tennessee to a Mrs. Jenkins who was a poor widow lady but with whom I was not acquainted. The lady then clapped her hands together and exclaimed, "Are those Sister Jenkins' negroes?". When I said that they were she replied that she was glad as she knew the negroes were in Tennessee but that many had told her that Sister Jenkins would never get them. The hackman and I were invited in, told that we might spend the

night and the negroes sent to the negro quarters. I found that "Sister Jenkins" was not a blood relation, but that they were "Sister Baptist". The next morning I met the nephew and found that I was well acquainted with him as he had formerly lived in DeWitt County. After breakfast while we sat awhile in the parlor he asked me if I was still keeping house since my wife died and I told him that I was not keeping house as I had sold my place. The widow, who was about fifty-five years old, seemed to take notice of our conversation and seemed to be listening earnestly when she heard that I was a widower. The next day I delivered the negroes and returned to Clinton.

During the summer there was a quilting party where I happened to be and the ladies were asking me about the widows in Tennessee and Illinois, I told them that I had found a nice old widow on the Lavaca River when I brought the negroes from Tennessee. I told them about spending the night at a plantation where a fine looking lady lived with her only nephew. As I described the place and mentioned the lady one of the women at the quilting party exclaimed, "Why Uncle Jimmy, that is my aunt". After a time I received several bantering messages from the widow through her niece who had given the quilting on Brushy Creek. One day while in Clinton this niece told me that her aunt had written her a letter telling her to take me down with her on a visit as the aunt was anxious to see me once more. We made an appointment to go the next Tuesday. The Monday before I had dinner with a number of my friends in Clinton. They were joking me about widows and I told them that I intended to see one the next day who lived sixty miles away in Jackson County on the Lavaca River. I said that I did not know what might happen as she had bantered me and I was determined not to take a banter. They wanted to know who it was but I would not tell. My daughter, Sue, was in the buggy waiting to take me to her sister's. She told me to come on as she was afraid of the horses and to do pray let the widows alone. I told her to never mind but I would take her to her sisters but that night I was coming up to Clinton so that I could start the next day on the sixty mile trip to see a widow. I told her that if I made a match I would return to take her to the wedding. As I stepped out of the house in great glee my shoe struck the top step and threw me down on the pavement of rock, skinning my elbow and knees and almost breaking my neck. I was carried to the buggy almost helpless. Thus my intended visit to the widow was defeated and overruled by Providence. Some twelve

months afterwards I received another banter from this same widow through her niece who told me that her aunt had written that she intended to marry the first respectable man who asked her but that she would rather marry me. The niece said that she had received the letter three months before but that was the first time she had seen me since. The niece said, "Uncle Jimmy, you must go see her; my aunt intends to marry someone". It was arranged that I go to her house on the next Wednesday night and we would go to see her aunt the next day. On Wednesday morning I saw her husband in Clinton and asked him if he were going home that afternoon and he told me that he was and that his wife was expecting me. He then said, "But Uncle Jimmy, you are too late as our aunt got married last week". Thus again I was disappointed but I looked on it as again as Providential and I was never again troubled about the widow.

This narrative ends with the writing of a speech which he delivered at a 4th of July celebration in 1860 and which has been omitted.

Copied from the typed copy made by Annie Brightwell, Cuero, Texas, in March, 1965. This was not proof-read and could possibly contain typographical errors or omissions.

Ruth Calhoun Shutt