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Nashville, Tenn.

A  
Diary of Public events,  
and  
Notices of my Life  
and family - and,  
Of my private transactions,  
including  
Studies, Travels, Readings,  
Correspondence, business,  
Anecdotes, Miscellaneous  
memoranda of men,  
Literature &c.

From  
January 1st. 1845  
to

and  
Sketch of my Life from Infancy.  
By  
Samuel Hovey Laughlin

1.  
A Diary, &c. for the year 1845.

Introduction.

I the year 1834, commencing in the month of December, during a Journey from Nashville, Tennessee, where I then lived, to Washington City, made for the purpose of concluding arrangements for the establishment of a Newspaper at Nashville, to be called "The Union", I commenced and kept a journal of my travels, embracing remarks on political events, discussions, notes of consultations &c. which is preserved among my books and papers, bound up with a similar diary kept during my journey to the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in May 1840, and also Notes made during my journey to the Baltimore Convention of 1844, by which J. K. Polk was nominated as a candidate for the Presidency. These

are the  
available

(Introduction)  
2. former Diaries and journals, I refer to as containing my notes and remarks on men and events, and my personal participation in the several transactions to which they relate. They also contain in separate Diaries (but bound together) of my participation in the legislative measures of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, at its several Sessions, from October 1839 to perhaps January, 1844, I having served in the State Senate from the district first composed of the Counties of Warren and Franklin, and portions of the new Counties of Coffee, Cannon, DeKalb, and Van Buren, and subsequently under the new apportionment of 1841-2, of the Counties of Warren, Cannon, Coffee, DeKalb, and the territory now composing Grundy County. In 1839-40, at the instance, and on petition of Uriah York, Wm. Armstrong as a surveyor, and of three or four hundred citizens living on Caneys fork of Cumberland, Rocky river,

(Introduction)  
3. Cane Creek &c. I procured the new County of Van Buren to be established, and, as there were then a majority of democratic members in both branches of the Assembly, I had the honor of giving the name of Mr. Van Buren to it; and the Seat of Justice, Spencer, was named by Mr. Samuel Jimmy, a Senator from White County. In 1843-4, on the petition of large numbers of Citizens living on the head of Elk river, Hickory Creek, Collins river, and Cumberland Mountain, I assisted zealously in the State Senate, in getting Grundy County established, and by my pertinacious perseverance, got it named after my old and valued friend Felix Grundy, who had died in November 1840, while holding the appointment of Senator in Congress, which I had aided in bestowing upon him in the winter of 1840, and in inducing him to resign the office of Attorney General of the U. S. which he then held under an appointment from President Van Buren. In May, 1840, as a member of the Baltimore Convention, he had



4.<sup>o</sup> <sup>(Introduction)</sup> aided powerfully by his wise counsels and eloquence, in producing harmony in that body, resulting in the unanimous nomination of Mr. Van Buren for re-election to the Presidency, and a unanimous agreement to nominate no democratic candidate for the vice Presidency. This was done to produce harmony. Col. Johnson desired a renomination. In Tennessee, in the Assembly in 1839, I had introduced, and the democracy had carried a legislative nomination of Mr. Van Buren and Col. James K. Polk for these high offices. When the Convention was about to meet, to prevent all collisions of claims, Col. Polk had magnanimously withdrawn his name. — But these matters are all noted in the Diaries referred to, and form only a digression and brief repetition here. One word however, in regard to Mr. Grundy before I proceed with this introduction. In the recess of Congress in 1840, he labored incessantly in public discussions and speeches in favor of Mr. Van Buren's

re-election. <sup>(Introduction)</sup> He returned home from Washington in the Spring and early Summer, after Congress adjourned, through Virginia and East Tennessee, by way of Abingdon, Knoxville, McMinnville &c. to Nashville. Accompanied by Hon. Hopton S. Terry, and Harvey M. Watson, they being representatives in Congress, he made speeches to the people. (Messrs. T. & W. doing the same) at nearly every town and place of public note on the whole route. At McMinnville, my County town, my residence being at Hickory Hill, one mile distant from it, these gentlemen, Mr. Grundy leading, all made speeches to a very large and attentive assembly of people, including many ladies. This was in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Mr. G. although indisposed, laboring under an untorate derangement of the bowels, made one of the happiest efforts I had ever heard him make. I had been in the habit of hearing Mr. Grundy at the Bar, and in the Assembly, and before the people, and then more recently in Congress from the fall of 1815, when I removed from McMinnville to Murfreesboro, for the purpose of concluding my studies, and engaging in the practice of law. After

<sup>(Introduction)</sup>  
I came to the Bar, and had been elected  
Attorney General, at the very outset of my  
professional career, in 1817, I was thrown  
into constant professional and social  
inter-course with him. He honored me  
thus early with his confidence and  
friendship, and it continued without  
abatement - in fact greatly increased  
on both our parts - up to the day of his  
death. He was a really great man.  
He never was a hard student as far  
as reading books was concerned; but  
he read men - he understood men  
at first sight, as if by intuition, better  
than any man I have ever known.  
He was in another sense and intense  
student. He was more in the habit  
of what Mr. Wirt, in the British Spy,  
denominates "Close and solid thinking",  
than was known generally, even to his  
most intimate friends. In the progress  
of the trial of great causes in Court,  
especially Criminal cases, his habit  
was to take but very brief notes of leading  
facts and points. When the Court would  
adjourn over to the next day, Mr. G.

<sup>(Introduction)</sup>  
was always among the first to leave the  
Court room, and retire to his lodgings,  
and from that moment until after tea  
or supper, he mingled with every person  
about him in all manner of cheerful  
conversation, telling anecdotes, which  
he did inimitably, and in hearing and  
joining in the heartiest laughs at those  
told by others. He always seemed to have  
forgotten the cause in hand, even if  
it were one of life and death. But  
after this relaxation, and eating temperately,  
he immediately retired to his room. He  
generally preferred to have some friend  
with him in his room at all times. On  
such occasions, I have no doubt, I have  
spent a hundred nights in his room,  
rooming together, during the fifteen  
or sixteen years we attended Courts  
from our respective homes together. If  
the weather were cold, he always, if  
the beds were large, preferred sleeping  
together. After going to his room, unless  
some indispensable consultation prevented,  
he was always the first to propose.

8. <sup>(introduction)</sup>  
going to bed, and he always had the  
unusual and extraordinary power,  
by abstracting all his thoughts, of going  
to sleep in two or three minutes after  
the time came when he chose to sleep.  
Going to bed, and to sleep thus early, and  
always sleeping soundly, he usually  
awoke about one o'clock in the morning.  
It was then, and not till then, that he  
commenced the intense and profound  
study and preparation of his case, and  
arranged in his own mind, all the  
heads of the speech he had to make  
the next day, or before the case  
closed. If the trial lasted three or four  
days, as many important cases,  
civil as well as criminal often did,  
this nightly task of study and preparation  
was regularly taken up every night,  
but always with more care and system  
the night before he had to deliver  
his argument. Even in chancery  
cases, after the reading of all papers  
and records, and notes taken of  
dates, facts, leading points fixed

<sup>(introduction)</sup>  
and concluded by proofs and depositions, <sup>9.</sup>  
he made the same nocturnal preparation.  
Even the splendid sentences, and occasional  
poetical or eloquent quotations by which  
he embellished his speeches before juries, were  
thus prepared, perfectly committed to  
memory - and nothing committed to his  
memory was ever lost or forgotten - and the  
order and connexion in which he would  
introduce them, were all thus arranged  
and prepared. To me, for many years,  
he made no secret of his art. To those  
who heard him in court, and saw him  
scarcely ever looking at or taking a note,  
unless it were in the conclusion of a speech,  
when he would occasionally turn over and  
look at his notes, out of abundant caution,  
for fear the warmth of debate had caused  
him to overlook some fact or authority, I  
say, to the lookers-on, all this appeared  
perfectly extempore, when in fact it was  
the effect of cautious and careful  
preparation. Such, however, was the  
exuberance of his splendid imagination,  
and the excellence of his memory, that upon  
thousands of occasions, upon incidental  
points arising, offhand, and altogether  
extempore, he made many of his most  
masterly speeches, both for eloquence



10. <sup>(Introduction)</sup> and argument. Scarcely any man ever lived, who needed the discipline and preparation to which he school'd himself, less than he did. But he felt it to be a duty to his client, to his cause and himself, lest, by a more careless method, he might perchance pretermitt some arguments, or some ground which would be beneficial to his cause. In all cases, when the proofs were all submitted, he saw at once, with perfect intuition, the very point - or the several points - always few however - upon which the cause must turn. To justify and maintain these, throwing all extraneous matters to the winds, was his method. Hence, generally, his speeches were not labored or very long - never apparently too long or too short. The great controlling faculty of his mind was his profound and clear judgment. He was imbued with a greater share - always ready and always at hand - of common sense than any man I was ever

11. <sup>(Introduction)</sup> acquainted with. The man nearest to him in this respect, whom I have known, is his favorite pupil and friend, James M. Polk, the present President of the United States. Mr. Grundy by his labors in the public cause of democracy, in which he believed the best interests of his country were at hazard, during the presidential canvass of 1840 - his travelling to distant places, over-fatiguing himself - and neglecting the constant disordered state of his stomach and bowels - caused the disease to become so permanently seated, that he was compelled at length to retire to his own house, and shortly to be confined to his own room. I saw him repeatedly after he was confined to his house and room. He was still cheerful, apprehending no immediate danger, although he suffered much, and had become considerably emaciated and enfeebled. He still took a lively interest in the pending contest, and all his regrets were occasioned by the madrahs, folly, ribaldry, and infatuation of the whigs and people misled by them, under their glib professions and promises, and their ridiculous emblems of coons, cans on dry land, and other absurdities. - He continued,

18.  
(Introduction)  
however, to grow worse and worse, and weaker and weaker, until his kind physicians, Dr. Saml. Hogg and Philip Robertson - two of his oldest and best friends - despaired of his life. He was surrounded by a most affectionate family, and his excellent wife - the beloved wife of his youth - were unremitting in ministering to all his comforts. At last, it was foreseen that he must die. He was in his perfect mind, and believed so himself. One of his physicians, while he pressed his hand, and with eyes suffused by tears, and a choked voice, whispered kindly to him, that they had concluded it to be their duty, to tell him as a Christian man, that he could not live much longer. He returned the pressure of the hand, and said calmly, the Lords will, not mine, be done. This was nearly the last words he uttered.

After his death, in winter of 1843-4, at the request of Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Edw. M. Baps, his son-in-law,

19.  
(Introduction)  
consulted me, and put into my hand, various drafts of inscriptions to be put on a monument which they had bespoke in Philadelphia, and which was nearly completed, except the inscriptions. One was by Mr. Silas Wright, now Governor of New York, with whom Mr. Grundy had served long in the Senate of the United States, and the other, intended for a different side of the monument, or rather cenotaph, by Mr. Baps himself. I made copies of both at Hickory Hill, adding some points in the public life of Mr. Grundy, which I obtained from Marshall's and Butler's histories of Kentucky, which had escaped the recollection of Mr. Wright and Mr. Baps. With these additions, the inscriptions may now be read on the monument at the public burial ground, near Nashville, where Mr. Grundy's remains repose. Prior to his death, from about the year 1822, Mr. Grundy had been a professed Christian, and member of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Edgar



14. (Introduction)  
of Nashville, his Pastor, for whom he had  
a warm regard, preached his funeral  
sermon, which was published at the  
time, but the worthy Doctor, not being  
either eloquent or a master of literature,  
it fell very far short of doing justice  
to the great man in whose honor it  
was delivered.

These reminiscences, hastily and  
promiscuously inserted here, before I  
commence my brief journal of passing  
events, I have deemed it proper to  
enlarge by the following miscellaneous  
Souvenirs of the same kind, mostly  
in relation to my own past life, and  
my ancestors and family, in the  
hope that they may hereafter not be  
wholly uninteresting to such of my  
children as may not remember, or  
who may, perhaps, never see my  
memoranda formerly made, in a  
leap permanent diary, which has a  
printed title page, with names of  
months, days &c. I therefore think proper  
here to add the following memoranda  
in regard to my ancestors and myself.

(Introduction) 15.  
room my grandfather, John Laughlin, and  
John Duncan (who sometimes spelled his  
name ~~Laughlin~~ <sup>Laughlin</sup> Dunkin, being a  
Scotteman by descent) and from my father,  
my mother in her lifetime, and from  
my Great Uncle Benjamin Sharp, of  
Warren Co. Missouri, I have learned  
the following particulars concerning  
my forefathers.

John Laughlin, my great grandfather  
came from Ireland, with his family, consisting  
of three sons, John, James, and Alexander,  
James being the eldest, and Alexander the  
youngest, and three daughters, Jane,  
Elizabeth and Margaret, and on arriving  
in the then Colonies, at Philadelphia, about  
the year 1740, removed first to Chester  
County, and then to vicinity of where  
Harrisburg now stands in Pennsylvania,  
now Dauphin County, I believe. About  
the year 1760, <sup>or</sup> Benjamin Sharp my  
great uncle believes, (see his letter to me in  
my books of letters of 4 January 1845, written  
from Warren County, Missouri) and  
about the year 1764 as my father remembers  
from family tradition, my great grandfather  
and his family, and many of his

16. (Introduction)  
 Connexions, intermarriages with the Sharps,  
 Dunbars &c. having been formed, removed  
 from Pennsylvania to Virginia. My  
 grandfather John Laughlin had  
 married Mary Price in Pennsylvania,  
 removed to what is now <sup>Hotel Court</sup> ~~Washington~~  
 County, near the place where the town  
 of Fin castle stands previous to the  
 year 1766, for in that year his second son  
 John, who is my father was born at  
 that place. All the others, on removing,  
 settled near the same place, or went  
 on farther west and settled in what  
 is now Russell County. My grandfather  
 and great grandfather afterwards also  
 removed to what is now Russell County,  
 and before the commencement of  
 the Revolutionary war two or three  
 years, to what is now Washington  
 County, Virginia near Abingdon.  
 There my great grandfather died before  
 I was born. My grandfather John,  
 finally settled on the head of a creek  
 under the knobs, as a chain of  
 mountains are called, called I believe  
 Sharp's Creek. He lived there until his  
 death about 1813 or latter part of 1812.  
 My father John Laughlin, was  
 born on November 9th. 1766.  
 My mother Sarah Dunbar was

For an account of the boundary of the present counties of Harrison and Clinch, see the  
 case of Abingdon now stands as they. See also the case of the same in 1842, in 1 vol. of the  
 American Pioneer, published at Cincinnati, page 333.

(Introduction)  
 born on Sept. 3rd. 1773, in what is now  
 Russell Co. Va.  
 My great grandfather's son John married  
 Mary Price, as has been stated, and had  
 a numerous family of children. His final  
 residence, about nine miles south west  
 of Abingdon, the farm having been inherited  
 by his youngest son Alexander now (1845)  
 being a citizen of Coler Co. Illinois, is now  
 with the old farm of 7 or 8 hundred  
 acres the property of John Thomas of  
 Sullivan Co. Tennessee; and on the final  
 adjustment of the boundary lines, by Cued  
 Taylor and others Commissioners on the  
 part of the State of Tennessee and Virginia,  
 was ascertained to lie in the former State.  
 In the time of the excise taxes of Washington  
 and Adams' administrations, it was  
 claimed by both States, and lay in a  
 strip of Country a few miles between  
 different lines, run by different boards  
 of Commissioners, and neither State by  
 law having exclusive jurisdiction, and  
 even the acts of Congress being enforced  
 in neither between these lines because

18. <sup>in England</sup> of some defect, the whole country, and every farm where water could be procured, was the site of a distillery. The repeal of the excise laws put an end to this state of things.

The sons of my grandfather were Thomas, who died in June 1844 in Whitley Co. Kentucky at an advanced age, and married my mother's elder sister Elizabeth Duncan, who is yet living. They reared a numerous family of children. Thomas their eldest son is a citizen of Philadelphia, Monroe Co. East Tennessee, who has a numerous family of sons and daughters - one of whom, his son Marshall Key, a graduate of East Tennessee University, is now (March 1845) a student of law at my house, and in my office at Hickory Hill, Warren Co. Tennessee. - My uncle's second son, John Sharp, is an old bachelor, of my age, and lives with his mother in Kentucky. He was a member of the Kentucky Assembly in 1823, in Old and New Court times.

<sup>(in Kentucky)</sup> His other sons, Alexander, Joseph &c. live in Missouri. His eldest daughter married Andrew Craig of Knox Co. Ky. about 1808 or 1809, and is now dead. His second daughter Jane, married Isaac King, and lives in Whitley Co. Ky. His daughter Eliza, and other children, have emigrated and settled in the west after marriage, but where, I do not know. -

My uncle Thomas fought gallantly in the revolution at Kings Mountain, and commanded a Battalion in Col. Micah Sauls' Regiment of Kentucky volunteers at the battle of the Thames in the late war.

Alexander, the third son of my grandfather, married Lavinia King, daughter of the late venerable William King of Sullivan Co. Tennessee, and with a numerous family, lives in Illinois. Many letters from him will be found in my bound books of letters from friends.

My grand uncles, James and Alexander



20. died, the former <sup>(in his old age)</sup> about 1811 in Washington  
Co. Virginia, at the place at the mouth  
of Spring Creek where Jonathan King,  
Esq. now lives. His children married  
and removed West. His two sons,  
James and Alexander, died in Puttifer  
Co. Tenn. many years ago. - The latter,  
Alexander died in Sullivan Co. Tenn.  
near Peperwith, about the year 1816.

of my grandfathers sisters, Jane,  
Elizabeth and Margaret, Jane  
married Richard Price of Ruffel, Va.;  
Margaret married Samuel Vance,  
a remarkable man who survived  
her some years, after rearing a  
numerous family, and died about  
the year 1834, aged about 90  
years, near Abingdon, Virginia.

His sons Robert, Samuel, and  
Andrew were merchants of Clarksville  
Tennessee, now all dead. James, one  
of his sons, lives near Abingdon. John  
another, lives near Memphis, Tenn.

Elizabeth, my grandfathers sister,  
married John Clark of Sullivan

Co. Tennessee. They were married early <sup>(in his old age)</sup> 21.  
after, or about the time of the removal of  
the families from Pennsylvania. He was  
a soldier of the revolution, fought at King's  
mountain, and was with my grandfather  
John Burnham, <sup>(Joseph Burnham)</sup> a member of the Convention  
of North Carolina, <sup>for preparing Constitution of U.S.</sup> ~~for preparing Constitution of U.S.~~  
~~for preparing Constitution of U.S.~~

in 1788. The place where they then lived,  
was at that day believed to be in  
what is now, and which then included  
all East Tennessee, Washington County,  
Tennessee, then North Carolina. By  
an honorable life of frugality and  
industry as a farmer, he made a large  
fortune. His wife, who died before  
him, was deformed for some years  
before her death. He had a number  
of daughters - Sally, married to Thomas  
McChesney of Washington, Va. now  
both dead - Ann married to Gerson  
Longacre of Sullivan Co. T. both alive,  
and surrounded by a numerous  
family of married and prosperous  
children - Margaret married to the  
late Col. George W. Craig, of Knox Co.  
Ky. - Mariamne, married to Thomas  
McConnell of Washington Co. Va. now

\* My grand father's true name is Duncan - see page 163 of this book - and belongs to the Scotch-Irish - and is mentioned in the member's name, page 218 - 180 C. 3. Elliot's Dublin.

dead, though his <sup>(in today's time)</sup> husband survives and is married again - Clarissa, married to <sup>James</sup> Sullivan, who is, I believe also dead. He had no sons.

John Duncan\* (sometimes called Dunkin erroneously) my maternal grandfather, was a native of Chester Co. Pennsylvania, and married Eleanor, sister of the foregoing John Sharp, before the families emigrated to Virginia. About <sup>1764 or 1765</sup> he and his family, with many of their relatives, removed to Kentucky, by way of Cumberland Gap, and the Crab Orchard, and settled in the country around about where Lexington now stands, then, as I have often heard him describe it, one of the most beautiful and rich new countries the eye of man ever beheld. He located and settled on a little river called Kingston's Fork <sup>of Lexington</sup> as I believe. In the year 1780 - or between 1779 and 1781 - Butler and Marshall's Histories of Kentucky will show the date, and a statement in regard to which

<sup>(introduction)</sup> was communicated in 1842, and published at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the American Pioneer, by Benjamin Sharp, my grand mother's brother, in allusion to the affair (see that work, Vol. 1. p. 259) my grandfather and his family, and all his friends, with all the persons captured in Riddle's and Martin's Stations, old and young, black and white, were carried as prisoners by a party of British and Canadians, and a large number of Indians, and carried to O Canada. They were carried down the Pickering river to its mouth, between the two present Kentucky towns of Newport <sup>& Covington</sup>, where the United States have extensive Barracks, and Covington, and opposite to the present City of Cincinnati. From thence they were taken in boats and canoes down to the mouth of the great Miami, twelve miles, and thence up that river, and then by land and water to Detroit, now the Capital of the new State of Michigan, and finally to Montreal. There, they were



24. retained as prisoners until the close of  
the war when they were exchanged, and  
returned to the United States through  
what is now northern and western New  
York, and through New Jersey to Philadel-  
-phia, where Congress was sitting, and  
thence to Western Virginia, from whence  
they had removed four or five years  
before. My grandfather on returning  
to Virginia, settled on the north bank  
of the South fork of Holston river,  
above the mouth of Spring Creek, just  
above an island where he died  
about the year 1878, his wife having  
died in 1876. By negligence in  
attending to his head-right or  
occupant claim for his land in  
Kentucky, it only requiring his  
personal attention to identify it  
which he never gave, he lost it. In  
fact, after his captivity, he never  
seems to have recovered his  
previous energy of character. He  
commanded one of the companies in  
Riddle's Station. After he was conveyed  
to Montreal, his eldest son John,  
who afterwards married my father's

Sister Polly, and died in Kentucky 25.  
about the year 1877, made his escape  
from Montreal in company with one or  
two young Americans, and made their  
way through the mountains and woods  
of Western New York, and got in safely  
to Washington's army, having come very  
near starving on the way, having been  
driven to eat a polecat, and such  
wild winter berries and roots as they  
could find. From the time of this escape,  
my grandfather was thrown into close  
prison, being suspected for being the  
author of it, until he was exchanged.  
In truth, he knew nothing of it,  
his son, and one or two of his elder  
girls, who prepared provisions and  
clothes for their brother, being the only  
persons of the family entrusted with  
the secret. They kept it secret so as  
to save their father from implication.  
John rejoined his family after their  
return to the United States.

The party of British who took  
these early Kentuckians prisoners, were

(Introduction)  
26. commanded by a Col. Bird. Among  
the Indians were many amegate  
white men. The famous Simon Girty  
was among them. The white prisoners  
were retained by the British, but all  
negros and slaves, and property of  
all descriptions was given up as  
plunder to the Indians allies. Thus,  
my grandfather lost a number of  
valuable slaves, and all his personal  
property. He afterwards, on her being  
restored after the treaty of Greenville,  
recovered possession of an african  
negro woman named Ann Dignah,  
the mother of an old warrior  
named Easter, now in possession  
of my uncle Joseph Duncan in  
Coffee County, Tennessee. Joseph  
was my grandfather's second son.

My mother, at the time of the  
captivity of the family, was about  
seven or eight years old, and retained  
to her death a distinct recollection  
of the capture of the fort, given  
up by what was suspected to be

Richell's treachery, <sup>introducing</sup> and of the voyage?  
down Licking, down the Ohio, and up  
the Miami, and across the wilderness.  
She perfectly recollected the clear, limpid  
water of the lakes, and of the appearance of  
the Canadian population, their customs and  
manners—much in regard to the shipping  
on the lakes, and of the conspiracy with  
which she passed through Philadelphia,  
and along market street on their return  
home, it appearing to her youthful  
and backward imagination that  
Philadelphia was surely the largest  
city in the world at that time. She lived  
afterwards, however, to be extensively read  
even in her younger days in history,  
geography, travels &c. and when I was a  
child, often recounted all the adventures  
of this captivity, with her fears, feelings &c.  
on the various occurrences of the scenes  
through which the family passed. Capt.  
Francis Berry, married to a sister of John  
and Benj. Sharp, was one of the captives.  
The Sharp family, John having married  
my grandfather Laughlin's sister, as

28. before stated, consisted of three brothers  
as far as I remember, John, Thomas,  
and Benjamin. A notice of John  
has been inserted. Thomas, who  
married a Maxwell - a relation of Judge  
Maxwell, Esq. who lives near Nashville -  
removed to Barren County, Kentucky,  
and reared a numerous family.  
Col. Solomon P. Sharp, who was appointed  
at Frankfort by Beaman Champ, about  
the year 1823-4, who had been a  
member of Congress in 1814, and  
afterwards Att. Gen. of Ky. and who  
was a member of the Kentucky  
Legislature when he was killed, was  
one of his sons. Fidelo Sharp, Esq.  
of Bowlinggreen, Warren Co. Ky. is  
another son. Dr. Maxwell Sharp,  
formerly of Bowlinggreen was another,  
as is Dr. Leander Sharp of Ky. He  
had two daughters, one named  
Eleanor after my grandmother  
Duncan, her aunt, and another  
whose name I do not know. One  
of these, was the mother of V. K.  
Stevenson, and Volney S. Thomas,

29.  
merchants of Nashville.  
As Mr. V. K. Stevenson told me on the  
Ohio, in February, 1845, as we came to  
Washington City in the suite of President,  
on his way to his inauguration, that his  
father was a curious man in collecting  
old matters of family biography, I had  
a copy of old Benjamin Sharp's letter  
of the 4th of the preceding January made,  
and sent it to him from Washington  
to Nashville in March, 1845.

The daughters of my grandfather  
Duncan, the sisters of my mother, married  
as follows, as nearly as I can ascertain.  
Elizabeth, the eldest, who was nearly  
grown at the time of the Canadian  
expedition, after the return of the family,  
about the year 1787, married Thomas  
Laughlin, my father's elder brother.  
Polly, also older than my mother, married  
James Hignight, who died in Powell's  
valley some years since, about 8 miles  
east of Cumberland Gap, in Lee County.  
He left a numerous family. - Faithful,  
another sister, married Abram Locke,  
who in 1810, removed from Lee Co. Va.  
to Chariton, Missour, where he and  
his wife both died near the close of the



year 1843, or early in 1844, leaving a large family and a handsome estate in lands. He, in his lifetime, and his son H. P. Locke, have been my correspondents. (See their letters in my letter books). - Eleanor, another, and the youngest of my mother's sisters, married Samuel Campbell in Washington County, Va. about the year 1808 and removed to Chariton, Missouri, with my uncle Locke, and he and his wife, surrounded by numerous children, some married, still reside there. - Anne, an older sister than the last mentioned, married William Martin in Washington Va. some time before the year 1797, and in 1798 removed with my father from Virginia, and uncle Thomas, to what was then Knott County, Ky. My father and Uncle Martin settled on Indian Creek, as is hereafter stated - then Martin moved to what was called "Crown or Laurel", about 8 miles above the mouth of Laurel river on the road from Barboursville in Knott

County to Tomersville, in Pulaski Co. Ky. This was then a wild region, the great falls of Cumberland, with Spruce and Doglegger creeks (named by my father - the latter because of the number of drops he had killed on it in bear hunting - all being in his vicinity). Certain Cherokee Indians, under a reserve of hunting grounds in their treaties of 1805-6, continued to camp in a large cave or Rock house near Mr. Martin's in the years 1807, 1808 and 1809. A Col. George, as he was called was the principal man among them. About the year 1804 or 1805, the Indians - two striking fellows, murdered a man named Johnson for his gun a few miles north of where Martin afterwards settled. About 1806, two others stole horses from my uncle Thomas L. on Wally. These murders in both cases, on application at the Cherokee agency, at South West Point, at the mouth of Clinch, where it empties into Tennessee, Col. R. J. Meigs being Agent, were arrested by the Indians, given up, the property restored, and punished.

The place where Mr. Martin lived, being a poor, pine woods country,

<sup>(Martin)</sup>  
high cliffs of rocks, and overhanging  
precipices, on the creeks and rivers,  
with immense trichets of Larch  
both the valley and the Mountain  
Larch, abounding  
for the time in endless wild game,  
wild bees, and sulphur caves, he  
became dissatisfied, and in 1807,  
removed to Tennessee to the three  
forks of Duck river, near where  
Davis Mills, and J. L. Armstrong's  
bagging and rope factory now  
stands. From thence he removed  
to Illinois about 1820, and now  
lives with his wife, surrounded by  
many children, in Livingston Co.  
Illinois, near Nave's Store post  
office, at which place his son  
Thomas J. Martin is postmaster. Both  
being my correspondents, as my  
letter books show. W. Martin is  
a man I have always greatly loved  
for his kind, affectionate, and happy  
disposition.

My mother's elder brother John,  
married my father's sister Polly.  
He removed to Kentucky about  
the time my father died, and  
died in Shelby Co. near Williamsburg.

<sup>(Martin)</sup>  
on his farm, now owned and occupied  
by Judge Tunstall Swank, a number of  
years since, and is widow, and nearly  
all his children, at, except one - now  
lives in Illinois, not far from Wm  
Martin's. - Joseph my other uncle of  
my mother's father, as before stated, lives  
in Coffee County, Tennessee, where his  
wife (Ann, a daughter of my grandfather's  
brother James Sanghlin) died about 16  
years since. His sons, Thomas, Alexander  
and Deane, all removed to Texas, and  
the two first died there about 1836-7.  
Deane, who had been to North Carolina,  
after a legacy of his wife, a Miss Scott,  
whom he married near Bolivar in  
Tennessee, died in East Tennessee on  
his return home, at Captain Eskridge's  
in Roane County, in 1838 or 1839,  
from the inflammation and mortification  
of an incision in his arm in letting  
letting blood. Myrd, Mr. Duncan's  
only surviving son, is married to  
his cousin, a daughter of his uncle  
John and aunt Polly Duncan, and  
lives in Illinois, near W. Martin's.



34. <sup>(Introduction)</sup> Mr. Jos. Duncan eldest daughter,  
married to a man named Russell,  
lately living in Walker Co. Alabama,  
died in the fall of 1844 - leaving  
children. His daughter Eleanor,  
married to George E. Patton, who  
once lived at the fork of Elk river,  
on the north side, on the road  
from Winchester in Franklin Co. to  
Manchester, in Coffee Co. Tennessee,  
died in 1838 or 9 - leaving several  
children. His only surviving daughter,  
and youngest child, Henry, I think  
is her name, is married to James  
Lusk, who lives near the old man,  
two or three miles South East of  
Hillsborough in Coffee County,  
who is a prosperous man.

The old man lives alone on a farm,  
well improved as to his lands, but  
when his wife died, he let a good  
house rot down which he was  
building, and still lives in his  
old cabins. He has ten or a dozen  
valuable slaves, who make him  
nothing in profit. He has spent  
more in building a framed tombstone,  
and stone monument over his

late wife's grave, in a beautiful oak  
grove near his house, than in all his  
other improvements. Seeing the loneliness  
of his life, my father and mother spent  
the winter of 1838, and Spring of the  
same year with him. His son Alfred  
is an intelligent man, and affectionate  
son, and urged him much in 1842-3,  
when he visited him to remove to  
Missouri, near him - or to rent out  
his farm, or get some person to take  
charge of it, and amuse himself by  
travelling about to see his children,  
grandchildren, and numerous kindred  
in Kentucky, Virginia, Missouri &c.  
but he refused to consent to leave  
home, although he had been all the  
way to see his sons in Texas the year  
before Alexander and Thomas died.  
He is an active old man - small  
in stature - but vigorous, and still  
for health and pleasure, and from  
old habit, works with his negroes on  
his farm, and rides all over the  
Cumberland Mountains (living at its  
base on the north side) attending to his

30: <sup>(no memory)</sup> live stock, having a large stock of horses, mules, cattle, sheep and hogs. — His attachment to his present residence (he first lived on Stones river on the head of Rowdy's fork when he removed from White's Creek, Whitley Co. Ky. to Tennessee and to Ky he removed from Lee Co. V. adjoining his brother in law Riquight and Locke) seems to arise from an unwillingness to leave the place where his wife remains are inter'd. I have no doubt, he wishes to be buried beside her. My father, my mother in her lifetime, his only remaining son, and myself, have all intreated him to remove, and live among his old friends, but he will not listen to it. Between his labor, and some reading he seems to be contented. His kind and obliging disposition, has from time to time, for many years past, compelled him to pay large sums for persons as surety, many of whom have never been entitled to his confidence. One Roddie, for whom he has paid large sums, and whose family he has mainly supported for years, is an ungrateful, drunken, mean man.

31  
One of my mother's sisters, Peggy, not mentioned before in connection with her marriage, removed to Ohio just before the late war, with her husband John Loughlin, called Big John, who was a son of my grandfather's brother James, and who was not herein before mentioned in connection with his brothers James and Alexander, whose deaths are mentioned at page 20, ante. This John Loughlin and his wife both died in Ohio before 1820 as I learn. Their eldest son, John B. Loughlin, five or six years older than myself, while his father lived in Kentucky, and while I went to school to one Jeremiah Sulgan, hereafter mentioned, was one of my earliest friends and advisers. He married a Miss Sally Gelleff of White's Creek, and emigrated with his family. He lived, when he died, in Indiana, in what is now perhaps Johnson County, near a place since called Gregory's store post office. He has a brother James I think, and his widow, still living near the same place.

One of my father's sisters, Hannah, the youngest, married Wm. Early, a worthy man, who died soon after the late war, in Whitley Co. Ky. leaving his widow, still living, and a

(Introduction)  
 number of children. His son, James  
 Hervey Earley, was a member of the  
 Kentucky legis.ature (of the W. of R.) from  
 Whitley in 1844-5. (See letters from him  
 of 1844-5 in my bound collections).

My father's sister Jane, I think,  
 married Maj. Samuel McGaughey, of  
 Blount Co. Tenn. and in 1830 lived in  
 North Alabama. A cousin son of his  
 named William visited me several  
 times while I lived in Nuttfield, Tenn.  
 His son, Maj. John McGaughey, lives  
 in Greene Co. Tenn. and has often  
 represented that county in the Assembly.  
 In 1832-3, I drew up for him, which  
 he introduced and had passed - perhaps  
 it was 1831 - strong resolutions against  
 the United States Bank, and approving  
 General Jackson's policy.

My father's sister Sally married  
 a man named Robert Boyd, also  
 of Blount Co. Tenn. She died early,  
 perhaps childless, and I have  
 never heard of what became of Boyd.  
 I can just remember to have seen  
 him at my grandfather's when I was  
 an infant.

Mother, another sister of my father,  
 married Maj. George Singleton, who  
 removed at an early time from  
 Sullivan Co. Tenn. to Wayne Co.

(Introduction)  
 Kentucky. He lived there many years, I  
 much esteemed, and represented the district  
 in which Wayne County was included, one  
 term of four years in the State Assembly,  
 it, or before the close of which, about the  
 year 1800, or 1810, he removed to  
 Louisiana, Parish of Opelousas, or  
 Attakapas. He succeeded well there,  
 on the Lafourche I think as a sugar  
 planter, but he and his wife both died  
 soon after the late war. He was a  
 Philadelphian by birth, and inherited  
 from an uncle, a bachelor of Blountville,  
 Tennessee, who was all his days a  
 cracker and 'clock, a good property, and  
 a fine library of the best old English  
 standard works. The uncle's name  
 was John Williams. From this library,  
 in those days a rare thing in western  
 Virginia, East Tennessee, or Kentucky  
 south of Green river, he became a  
 cultivator and well informed man.  
 He left several sons, with whom I  
 have no acquaintance. One named  
 George, I think is still in Louisiana.  
 Another, Owen I believe to be his name,  
 came back to Wayne, and possibly  
 still lives there. He married a  
 daughter of John Langhlin, a son  
 of my father's uncle Alexander L.  
 who married a Miss Newton in Virginia  
 or East Tennessee, and removed to Knott  
 Co. Ky. first, and then to Wayne, and  
 finally, perhaps to Red river, Louisiana.



40. <sup>(Introduction)</sup> In this tedious, desultory, and confused way, I have gone through "the books of generations" of many, but not half, the numerous kindred of my family; a matter which, possibly, may some day to some of my children, or to myself in old age, be of some interest in taking a retrospect of old things. There is a good deal more to be added, for I have not come home to my own immediate family yet - nor to some of the Kings, Porters, Berrys, McFerrins &c. who will yet be in some way, noticed according to the best recollections I have.

My father I have stated, was born on the 4th of November, 1766, in Virginia, and my mother on the 3rd of September, 1773, in the same State.

They were married in Washington County Virginia, at the place where my grandfather lived and died after the Revolution, sometime in the year 1794. I was born of that marriage, on the 1st day of May, 1799, in the same State and County.

My father and mother had the following children that lived to years of discretion - myself, Nathan Montgomery, John Randolph, Henry Clinton, Sydney Nelson, Nelson & Singleton, ~~Washington~~ <sup>Washington</sup> ~~Shelton~~ <sup>Shelton</sup>

See page 15 et seq.

41. <sup>(Introduction)</sup> Laura Matilda. Of these, Nathaniel Matilda, my married in Virginia, and removed with his uncle and cousin John Dr. Langhlin to Ohio, and then to Indiana, I think Hamilton County, where he died in 1842, leaving a widow and numerous family, yet living there - John Randolph, came to Tennessee, by my request in 1816, wrote in the clerk's office in Murfreesboro, Rutherford County, under Gen. Robert Lewis Coleman, until he resigned his office in 1821 or 1822, when my brother was elected in his place as County Court clerk, and held the office until the change of the Constitution in 1834-5, when he went out of office, and was not a candidate for re-election. With me he had studied law in 1817, 18, and 19, and obtained a license, and now practiced but a short time, but such were his habits of general study, and his regular habits, and clearness and strength of mind, that with attention to his profession, he could have risen to its first honors. About 1821, or 1822, he married Nancy Ledbetter, sister of W. Ledbetter long a member of the House of Representatives, and now cashier of the Bank of Tennessee. The father of his wife, was the late Isaac Ledbetter of Rutherford, formerly of Brunswick or Greenville Co. Va.

By his marriage, my brother had two children, a daughter and son. His daughter, Elizabeth, is now grown, and is a lovely girl. His son, whose name is John, was born in the fall of 1837, or early in 1838, just after his father's death.

In 1837, my brother (John R.) being a candidate for the legislature, in which he was defeated by the falsehoods and slanders of one Beverly Randolph, and Alexander Blair, my brother just before the election, at a public meeting at Paces in July (the election was in August) took occasion to come Blair in company. Just after the election, at a public collection of people at Maj. John Bradley's, at the fall races, Blair sought an opportunity, having been furnished with a knife by one Henderson, his kinsman, insulted my brother so grossly, that he again raised his cane, when Blair ran in under, no one at the moment thinking of a knife, except those who know his intent, and stabbed my brother in the groin or pelvis, and in other places, before he could be prevented. Of the

first mentioned wound, he died in seven or eight days from mortification. When it happened, it being in September, I was staying with my family, during the sailing season, at my place called Rennetts in Cannon County, Georgia. A messenger arrived at my house, twenty six miles from Maconborough, before day the next morning, the having happened late in the evening. I got to his house in Maconborough, by breakfast time next day, in company with my sister who then lived in Woodbury, and found that he had been removed from Bradley's home, two miles, and after his wounds were dressed, was easy and doing well. I staid with him several days. He seemed to improve hourly. He reciev'd visits from friends from all parts of the County, and sat up in bed, and wrote some short letters. He was deemed almost wholly out of danger. I returned home, and the second evening after, Maj. Ledbetter boy Benny (now Reid's) came to me with a message that my brother was dead - that his wound had mortified.

I again returned to Maconborough, and attended his funeral with my daughter Sarah, who had gone down to see him a day or two before, from Squin. Penny Goodles, where she had



44. been on a visit when the vaccination  
occurred. He was buried, and now lies,  
where an infant child he had lost, was  
previously buried, at the old Lebbett  
place, two and a half miles South West  
of Manassasborough. Requiescit in pace.  
A nobler or better heart was never laid  
cold by the hands of death - and never  
had any man more nobly sustained,  
by pen and in speeches, and his whole  
conduct through life, the cause of  
republican principles, and his own  
honor, amid the fiercest persecutions,  
in which his brother in law Lebbett,  
a Whig, and Geo. A. Abbott, another  
Whig who had married his wife's  
older sister, all assented him. He  
fell, the victim of party persecution  
and party rancor. His party were  
and still are in a minority in  
the County (Rutherford) and have  
ever been since Le J. White, under  
the traitor Bell, became a candidate  
for the Presidency in 1835. There is  
not now a democrat in Rutherford  
who does not love the memory of  
Edm Langdon. In 1839, owing  
to the personal unpopularity of  
Charles Ready, Col. Yoakum beat  
him for Senate, but in 1841, the  
Whigs again triumphed, and elected  
Lebbett to the State Senate over

Yoakum. (Introduction) 45.  
My brother's wife, still in widow's  
with her brother Rich and Lebbett, as  
does her children, in Holmes Co. Miss.  
Geo. A. Abbott, who deserted, and joined  
the wretched Beverly Randolph to  
destroy my poor brother, has been broken  
up and disgraced since - Randolph  
has fraudulently taken the benefits  
of the Manassas Law of Clay and  
the Whigs of 1841 - by perjury - as is  
in perfect disgrace. Wm Lebbett, though  
a better man than either of the foregoing,  
has lost his popularity, and if the  
democracy elect majorities to the  
Assembly next August (1845) he will  
lose his office - though all in all,  
he is nearly the best full-blooded Clay  
Whig I have known.

My brother, Nathan and John, both  
died full of Christian hope.  
My Brother Sydney M. died of influenza  
fever at my old farm, now owned by  
Daniel Hopkins, on the East fork of  
Stones river, in 1832, and is buried  
in the Presbyterian Church burying  
ground in Manassasborough. He was a  
good, industrious, faithful young  
man.  
My still younger brother (John) and  
Washington Sharpe, died of the  
same kind of fever, in his seventeenth  
year, in Manassasborough, in 1831 - and  
he and Sydney lie together, buried

(Introduction)  
side by side. In life, they loved like brothers,  
and in death, they are not divided, as  
I hope they will not be in the resurrection.  
My brother Henry Clinton, a bachelor,  
removed to Indiana going out with  
John W. Lawfulin about the year 1827  
or 1828, from Virginia, John D. having  
been in on a visit, and to call an  
interest in lands inherited from his  
father. He lived with my brother Nathan  
until his death, and then, in 1820-1,  
removed away farther west with a  
son of my brother Nathan. I have  
not been able to hear where he is for  
the last three years.

My brother Nelson Congleton, went  
from my house in Nashville, where  
I then lived, in 1834 to Mississippi,  
from thence, he went to West Feliciana  
in Louisiana to live with one Perkins,  
and I have had letters from him up  
to Summer of 1844, promising to come  
and live with me and my father  
at Hickory Hill, but from that  
date I have heard no more of him,  
though I have often wrote to his  
address since.

My sister Laura M. married  
Maj. Henry Roth, of Northford, in  
1830. They soon moved to Woodbury,  
Cannon Co. from my house Northford,  
where he became a merchant on

(Introduction)  
The death of his brother in Law Henry Wiley  
In 1840, in September they parted. On  
a divorce being granted, he immediately  
again to a Miss Barnack Law, and they  
have parted several times, on one  
of which occasions, I interfered to  
get them together again, to save his  
section to the Assembly in 1843 from  
Cannon. He succeeded in both - but  
they have had quarreling since, and  
separations temporarily. He is a drunken,  
libidinous beast, keeping several  
concubines - one Jonathan Kimbrel's  
wife being one with whom he staid  
more than half his time before my  
sister left him. - Since the divorce,  
my sister is married to a man  
named James M. Brown, who is  
some kind of cutter, or contractor  
at some small U. S. post in the  
Indian Country on the west of  
Arkansas.

My father and mother emigrated  
to Kentucky as has been before  
incidentally stated, about the year  
1798. My father thinks 1797, but  
I think it was nearer 1799 or 1800.

As they, and their friends were moving  
out towards Cumberland Gap, in  
what is now Scott Co. Va. my mother  
was riding along on a quiet horse,  
in a calm, beautiful autumnal  
day, when a cloud broke from an



(Introduction)  
1788 oak tree, about three or four feet long,  
weighing 15 or 20 pounds - dead but still  
with cotton-fells from a height of thirty or  
forty feet - without noise - not a breeze  
or breath of wind being perceivable - and  
struck my infant sister in my mother's  
arms on the temple. Her name was  
Emily - about six or eight months  
old. The blow caused the horse to  
start, which occasioned my mother  
a sudden fall to the ground but  
without hurt. The limb was seen  
just as it struck in my mother's  
lap where the child was asleep,  
as she rode along, but no one  
saw it in time to give any alarm.  
In families, there were thirty or forty  
persons along. The child was found  
to be stunned, and with death  
in the evening, and never was  
recovered from the stupor into which  
it was thrown, it is supposed its  
skull was fractured. The death  
of this infant - the first in our  
family - happening so strangely -  
was a sore blow to my father and  
mother. The whole caravan of  
of mules stopped and camped  
until the next day when the child  
was interred - and then we proceed

(Introduction)  
1788  
us without any new accident to Kentucky.  
In Kentucky, on Indian Creek, Knose County,  
where my father had secured two hundred  
acres of land by Head Right - that is by  
being the head of a family, and having  
built a cabin and cultivated a crop of  
corn of six or eight acres, which he enclosed  
by a good fence the previous season. We  
removed early in the fall, going from  
Washington County, Virginia, out through  
Lee County, by Jonesville to Cumberland  
Gap - the old oak orchard road down  
Yellow Creek and across the Cumberland  
river - and thence down the north side  
by the place where Barboursville now  
stands, crossing Richland Creek, down  
to Indian Creek.

On Indian Creek, my father's family,  
and uncle Wm. Bluntin's family lived  
for some time in the same cabins. During  
the winter after our arrival, my father  
and uncle killed great numbers of fat  
bears, deer almost without number,  
turkey's &c. A good stock of cattle,  
easily kept fat on the corn which  
abounded all over the bottoms and  
rich sides of hills. We therefore had  
milk and butter in plenty. Salt was  
procured from Powell's valley. There  
were then no mills in the country,  
and meal had to be packed  
fifty miles also from Powell's valley -  
across the mountains. We lived in



30. quite comfortable and plenty. Persons looking  
out for lands visited the country constantly  
from Virginia and elsewhere. So we  
were never lonesome. Although the  
distance of the whole removal was only  
150 or 160 miles, yet in those days  
even that distance was considered a  
long way off.

At this place, my father lived  
several years - until the country became  
very thickly inhabited. He then  
removed to the Laurel country, on  
a branch of Spruce creek, near  
uncle Martin's, and near where one  
Arthur built a small tub-mill. From  
1805 to 1806 or 1807, he lived at this  
place, and hunted much; and  
with great success in the country  
around the falls of Cumberland, a  
fall of 70 or 80 feet perpendicular  
in that river, ten or fifteen miles  
on a straight line above the mouth  
of Laurel river. Below the falls, the  
river abounds in all the varieties of  
fine fresh water fish - above, there

are none but minnows, and endless numbers  
of the lamprey eel, even in the creeks. It  
is about 150 miles above the falls to the  
head branches of Cumberland river, in the  
Virginia and Kentucky mountains - spurs  
of the great Alleghany chain - bordering  
on the heads of Sandy, Kentucky, and  
other rivers running north and north west  
into the Ohio.

About 1807 - the year before or year  
of the Embargo - the time of the attack  
of the Indians on the Chesapeake in  
Hampton Roads, our family removed  
from Laurel, as we called it, to a  
fork of Watts creek near my uncle  
Thomas Laughlin's. I think we were  
removed there in 1806, when there was  
a remarkable eclipse of the sun.

While we lived on Indian creek,  
my mother gave birth to two sons who  
died in infancy, Thomas and Joseph,  
who are buried on a hill, above  
where our cabin stood at the mouth  
of a branch. The exact appearance  
of the whole place, as it then looked,  
with every locality, is fresh and vivid  
in my memory.

After remaining here until 1810, after the  
death of my grandmother Laughlin, my  
father, mother, and all our family removed  
back to Virginia, in the fall, and settled  
on the place which my father had bought,  
from which uncle Thomas Laughlin had  
removed when he went to Kentucky.

about a mile and a half north of Grandfather Duncan's old place, on which my father afterwards lived, and where, in the late Mrs. Maxwell's, to whom my father sold it, lived at the time of his death, about the year 1850.

On the death of my grandmother Duncan, about the year 1816, my father and family moved on the place, and into the house with my grandfather. He died about the year 1818. My father and his family, except myself and John R. who had gone to Tennessee - lived on this place, having purchased it after the death of my grandfather, until the fall of 1829, when I removed the old people, and my brothers Sydney H. and Nelson S. to Northford County. In the year 1828, John and myself had removed our brother Washington Sharp to Tennessee, to educate him, where he died, as afterwards did Sydney and John as is before noted. I must not forget to mention, that my sister, Laura, about 14 years of age, removed with my parents. I went after them all myself, carrying a servant girl named Judy, to wait on my mother on the road.

When I removed my parents to Tennessee, I was living on the east fork of Stones river, on an excellent tract of land below the mouth of Doubly's creek, opposite John L. Giddens, brother of James Gordon. In 1832, in March, I removed to Nashville, leaving my parents, and brother Sydney, and some negroes on my farm. In removing my parents to Tennessee, they both having become measurably helpless from decrepitude occasioned by rheumatism, I hoped to consult their ease and comfort for the rest of their lives. Shortly after my mother's removal she became wholly helpless, and for the last twelve years of her life never stood alone, or walked a step. For the last ten years, up to October 1843 when she died, she had lost the use of her hands so far as to be unable to knit or use a needle, in which she had previously taken great pleasure. She was, however, an incessant reader, and her eyes continuing good, especially with the aid of glasses, she read from ten to fourteen hours out of every twenty-four, and her faculties were sound to the last, with, perhaps, a slight defect of memory of recent events. She was a most exemplary and wise woman.

My father, now (March 1845) in his 79<sup>th</sup> year, though so lame and crippled by rheumatism, by which he has been more or less afflicted since his 30<sup>th</sup> year, has general health sound and vigorous, and no failure of mind except in memory of late events,

walks about with the aid of a staff, or rides a quiet horse a mile from Hickory Hill to McBlainville to the post office, to see his grandchildren, or to vote in elections. In 1799-1800, he aid actively in the election of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency, as I have all his life been a warm Democratic republican, and in 1824, 1828, and 1832 warmly supported Gen. Jackson for President, as he did Mr. Van Buren in 1836 and 1840 - and President Polk in 1844. He never voted for a federalist or whig for any office, high or low, in his life. Both he and my mother were extensive readers of newspapers - and both more minutely read in the details of our national history than any two persons I have known.

My great grandfather John Langhin,<sup>\*</sup> of the date of whose death I have no knowledge, is represented by Mr. Benjamin Sharp in his correspondence, who knew him well, and by my father and grandfather - all of the same name - as having been a most exemplary man. He was a native of, and came from the County Down, Ireland. My grandfather John, as I have heard him repeat often, was sixteen years old when they arrived in the United States, then Colonies. My grandfather, as his father was before him,

was a man of remarkable piety, benevolence, and active cheerfulness. They were both of the branch of the Presbyterian Church denominated Seceders. In the latter years of my grandfather's life, he contributed himself nearly the entire support of the Rev. Mr. Spier, a clergyman of his own sect - but his charity, as was that of his father, was universal for all sincere Christians. I have a very full recollection of the person and character of my excellent grandfather. Up to extreme old age, he had all the cheerfulness and vivacity of a boy. My father is of the same temperament. My grandfather Duncan, ever after I knew him, was a taciturn, serious and rather melancholly man. He was a large, stout man, and in his younger days, and until his spirits were broken and his health impaired by his Canadian captivity and the loss of his property, had been a man of great vigor of mind and body - and fond of hazardous and arduous enterprises. He, as my father assures me, kept a journal of his whole captivity, which he remembers to have seen in manuscript late in his life. I have been trying, but without success so far, to recover possession of it if it is not destroyed. It would supply an interesting desideratum in the History of Kentucky, and as a family

\* For another case more interesting particular of both my grandfathers, see their families - more authentic that what is here stated, see History of the State, at page 162 of the first volume. See also page 22 of the book.



memorial, I should consider it above all price. Marshall, Butler, Inlay, and all who have written the history of Kentucky, and of Bird's expedition, and the capture of Martin's and Riddle's stations, seem to have had but few authentic materials.

My grandfather considered Riddle not Ruddle as his name is commonly written as a bad man. When confined on parole, or in close prison at Montreal, he often saw Riddle, who was his senior officer in the station when it was surrendered, walking the streets, finely dressed, and under no restraint, or associating with British officers. On the march to Canada, and at Detroit and Montreal, he often saw among the Indians, and associating with the British officers of rank, the renegade and incarnate Devil, Simon Girty. This demon in human shape dealt large in the scalps of American men, women, and children bought and paid for by the British authorities. Girty's influence among the Indians was very great. In history, his name descends embalmed in the execrations of all mankind.

Mr. Samuel Porter of Rubin was married to a sister of my grandfather Sam. So was Capt. Francis Berry to a sister of my grandmother Bird's (Eleanor Sharp). Mr. Porter had a numerous family of sons, several of whom once lived in Putnam County, Tenn. Among these, as I remember were Samuel, Hugh, and James. The latter a Methodist preacher. They lived on Bowler's fork, near the place where Bowler's mill now is. About the year 1830, they removed to Missouri. Another brother of theirs, a Methodist preacher, a man of much worth, married the widow of Thomas C. Sumner in Williamson Co. Tenn. He afterwards died at Galveston, Texas, about the year 1839. He was a worthy man, but was persecuted by Gen. Johnson, Ruf. Wagon, the greenback nephew of his wife's first husband, who left a large estate and no child - Ruf. Wagon being his principal heir at law.

John Berry and Lewis Berry, two of the sons of Francis Berry removed to Kentucky, Moore County, while my father lived there. John settled on Spruce creek, above Arthur's mill, and one of his sons, Dr. Berry is now married to a daughter of my Cousin Thomas Laughlin, and lives at Philadelphia, Moore Co. Tenn. Lewis removed to Richmon Co. Tenn.

after he married, and, I believe, died there, soon after the late war.

Another branch of our family consists of Mr. Ferriss. Old Mr. Ferriss, married a sister of my grandfather John Laughlin, and had a number of sons and daughters. Col. James M. Ferriss, his oldest son, married a Berry in Washington, Virginia, where his father lived, and removed to Nuttallford Co. Tennessee. He was a Captain of Volunteers in the expedition of Gen. Jackson to Washington Mississippi in 1811-12. He served again in the Creek nation in the war of 1813-14. After the war, he embraced religion, joined the Methodist Church, and resigned his commission as a Col. of militia, and became a popular preacher. He removed to Jackson County, Alabama, where Thomas Berry who had married his sister had previously removed from Nuttallford. He became in time a travelling preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Commission, and removed again to the western district of Tennessee where he was a Presiding Elder, and died in the year 1840, universally respected and esteemed as a good man - and for his limited early education - an able and useful

Minister of the Gospel. His brother Burton L. M. Ferriss removed from Tennessee to Mississippi some years since. William, another brother, lives in Cannon Co. Tenn. and has several sons, Alexander and Burton, neither very much esteemed, being two of them. - Old Mr. Ferriss, who sold his place on Holston river, adjoining my father's old residence in Virginia to Wm. Berry, removed to Tennessee. He was still alive last fall, about 95 years old, in the Western District, living with C. Curlee, Esq. who married one of his daughters.

Col. James M. Ferriss left several sons and daughters. John B. M. Ferriss, a Minister of high standing in the M. E. Church, now Editor of the South Western Christian Advocate, is one of them. Wm., another son is also a popular preacher in the same Church. John B. I esteem as one of my most respected friends. I think him a sound Christian, and warm hearted kinsman. I hope some of his letters, may be found in my letter book.

If ever this is read by any one save myself, he, she, they, or it will think it time I should say something of myself, and my own career in life, and thinking the same thing myself, the remainder of this introduction will contain little of any thing else, wishing

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of course for egotism. Autobiography,  
however, is nothing but egotism. Egotism  
sometimes highly interesting, but which I  
have no hope will prove so in the present  
instance, except to my children, or  
grandchildren, or such partial friends,  
in whom I repose confidence for every  
measure of indulgence, as may happen  
henceforth to see these pages.

Q 30  
x 47  
448  
197  
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I was born, as is perhaps before  
stated, in the County of Washington,  
Virginia, at the residence of my  
grandfather Berman, on the banks  
of Holston river, on the 1st day of  
May, 1799. Before my father's  
removal to Kentucky, although  
I was the first born and exceedingly  
weak and feeble in infancy, my  
excellent mother had taught me my  
alphabet. To keep me out of mischief,  
I was also permitted to accompany  
Elihu Lankin, a bond boy of  
my grandfather Laughlin, to school,  
where perhaps I learned my a b c's,  
&c. My father then lived in a cabin,  
near a spring, on a branch, about  
a quarter of a mile from my grandfather  
Laughlin. The first teacher I thus  
went to school to, although too young  
to learn any thing very useful, was  
Robert L. Fennell, whose school  
house was near David King's, near  
the state line between Virginia

(Introduction) 61.  
and Tennessee. At that school I formed  
an attachment for Jonathan King,  
David's son, a grandson of old John  
Shaffer, who now lives at the mouth  
of Spring Creek, Washington Co. Va. which  
has lasted through life & many of his  
excellent letters enrich my collections.  
The next teacher, at the same place,  
to whom I was sent to school, was Geo.  
W. Craig, afterwards Col. Craig of Knave  
Co. Kentucky, com. in. Law of a  
grand uncle John Shaffer, whose  
death is mentioned in a former page.

Col. Fennell, then plain Robert L.  
Fennell, married a Miss in Washington,  
Va. and removed to Cumberland Co. Ky.  
before my father removed to Kva. He  
became a respectable citizen, and commanded  
a company, in King's Brigade of Ky.  
volunteers, at the battle of the river  
Raidon. He saw the body of Tecumseh  
after the battle, and from all he heard  
on the spot, does not think Col.  
Richard M. Johnson killed him. That  
what he saw of Gen. Harrison in  
that campaign, and his being a mile  
in the rear with the reserve when the  
battle was won, he does not think  
that Vice General was a man of any  
but very moderate military capacity,  
and that is over-caution, and tardy  
doubting habits, rendered him unfit  
to command an army. — Col. F. after  
the war, removed to Overton Co.



Temper, when he now lives on the West fork of Obich's river - a good old, intelligent, pious man - unswervingly beloved. He rose to the rank of Lt. of militia soon after the war - Genl. Craig, became the first, or one of the first land surveyors in House County, Kentucky, and died on Yellow Creek, where he had built a fine house, about 1829 or 1830, from intemperance. He was much esteemed, and never had but the one bad habit, which overtook him in his latter days. His brother Andrew, married my cousin Sophia, a daughter of uncle Thomas Saughtin. She is long since dead, and he married again. Isaac King, who married her sister Jane, yet lives on Walt's Creek. - At these schools, I learned nothing that I remember distinctly, as I only went as company for Lambin.

After my father removed to Kentucky, and lived on Indian Creek, I went to school to one Jos Ball, a lame man, whose school house was near the mouth of the Creek, between Logan's at the mouth, and David Bruce's. Here I learned to read - or rather improved in reading in the Spelling book (Dilworth's) and in the Testaments, for my mother had taught me to read in both at home previously. In fact I cannot remember when I did not know my letters, and can spell, as well as beginning to read under her kind tuition. At this school

also, I began to make pictures, and try to write. Under my mother's instructions, I had learned before, how to make small letters with a pen on paper, and with a pencil on a slate. Ball was both a poor scholar, but a rigid disciplinarian, and had a taste for making pictures with a pen on paper. Thinking this a quite accomplishment, away is he hard-begged sheet of paper I procured from my mother, to scratch up into staring pictures of men, beasts and birds - and to make them more showy, I learned to add the use of the juice of puccoon root and father berries, to the blotchings and rough discolorings of ink. All was done with a pen, his idea of a brush for painting ever entering my head. About this time, my father procured from some neighbor, a copy of Frazer's, or somebody's travels in South America, illustrated with fine engravings of scenery about Lima, and of gentlemen and ladies of that city in full dress, inserted as descriptions of the customs and manners of the Doos and Donnas of Lima. To imitate these in my "pictures," as my rough paintings were called, afforded me great pleasure, and improved my capacity for using the pen, and reducing my figures to something like human shape. The exercise, enabled me to improve my early hand writing. In the meantime, the

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 various things related in the book itself,  
 gave me a thirst for reading. I had  
 read the Bible and Testament both  
 over by themselves, but with an imperfect  
 understanding of them. About this  
 time I read, and listened to my  
 mother while she read, Robinson's  
 Crusoe. This was a wonderful book.  
 My father and mother read alternately,  
 and to each other, and to me, the  
 book of travels just mentioned also.  
 Afterwards, I worked my slow way  
 through both myself, as best I  
 could, running to my father or mother  
 every minute to explain names,  
 and teach me the pronunciation  
 of hard words. In this way, with  
 these books and others, before I was  
 eight years old, I spent days and  
 weeks within doors, when almost any  
 other boy would have been out and  
 at play. To this reading, followed  
 a mutilated copy of Salmon's  
 old Geography with maps, the  
 general purpose and outline of  
 which I learned to understand. It  
 was the abridged portions of history,  
 of men, kings, princes, empires,  
 and battles by sea and land,  
 as far as I could understand them,  
 that attracted my greatest attention  
 and interest. An old life of

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Frederick the great of Prussia, and a  
 history of the the Scotch Rebellion of 1745,  
 in favor of the B. tender, which I borrowed  
 from my uncle Thomas Laughlin, were  
 in like manner imperfectly gone through,  
 or their reading by one or the other of  
 my parents listened to with the most  
 inquisitive attention. I began to hear  
 something of the Revolutionary war,  
 and of Washington and his army.  
 Not having access to any printed history  
 of these events, I hung for hours and  
 hours together out, and begged and  
 begged of my father and mother,  
 or any person who could relate any  
 of the events of the war, or of  
 Washington's life, listened to relations  
 of such parts of these events as they  
 were able to relate, to me orally.  
 Many and many a time I have  
 gone to bed, after thus hearing  
 history traditionally related, and  
 dreamed all night about Washington,  
 and Napoleon, and British, and  
 Tories, and Indians, and battles. I  
 was thus enabled to dream of Washington  
 and his character, just as I do now,  
 that he was one of the greatest and  
 best men - greatest and best in mind  
 of himself - and the greatest benefactor  
 of of mankind that ever lived, or  
 that may, perhaps, ever live on earth.

While my father still lived on Indian Creek, and I may be in error as to the date, when he arrived to Samuel, my uncle Higginth and Joseph Duncan paid us a visit from Powell's valley. Uncle Higginth professed my parents, as we had no school then in our neighborhood, to let me go home with him, and go to school with his children to one Powell who was teaching near his residence near Col. Charles Cox's old mill - and of whom he spoke highly. My consented, and I went home with him, and remained five or six months, young as I was. At this school, I improved in reading and spelling, but in nothing else, for I was too young. My aunt Polly Higginth, my mother's elder sister was very kind to me. But while absent from home, I lay awake some times quiet portions of the night, thinking of home, and often wept sorely in private at my absence. Uncle Higginth, uncle Jos. Duncan, and uncle Abram Locke all lived in sight of each other. I was much cared for in all the families. It was during the spring and summer I remained there. In the fall, or latter part of the summer, one of my uncles going on a visit to Kentucky, I went home with him. I will remember, that when I got home, I was so overjoyed at meeting my mother and my little brothers, John, Clinton, &c. that it was some time before I could speak. This was my first absence from home.

After we removed to Spruce Creek, as is before noted, we had no school in reach of us. While we resided there, myself, John, and uncle Henry Clinton, all helped to work in our little farm, both in the lighter work of clearing, felling and in making our crops of corn, potatoes &c. When not so engaged, our sports was fishing for small fish in Spruce Creek, and in shooting with bows and arrows. The first fall after we removed there, the Indians under St. George, came on their annual hunting excursion, and his son, a year or two older than myself, who often came to our house, or met me at uncle Wm. Martin's, in company other Indian children and my brothers, taught us all how to shoot with the bow and arrow. He taught us how to straighten young canes or reeds, and fasten feathers on them for arrows. At camp, where we often visited, the Indians all shot bows and arrows for amusement. It is astonishing the distances and precision with which they could shoot. The bows were comparatively short, made of black hickory, and all made to bend towards the heart of the wood. This added greatly to their strength and elasticity. The feathers of wild turkeys, from the tail or wings were fastened in a peculiar manner with the sinews taken from the back of the common deer, just over the kidneys. The bowstrings were made of the guts of the bear, twisted



into a cord, and dried, like a hatless bonstrung. In this sport we spent two fall and winter seasons with these young Indians.

After we removed to Little Creek, near uncle Thomas, a new schoolmaster was engaged, who had come from Tennessee, from about Bean's Station, or Chubuck Road, with one Gile Smith, his name called. His name was Jeremiah Sulger, a native of New Haven, Connecticut. He was a graduate of Yale College. His father being a merchant, had entrusted him in his youth as a supercargo of some Adventure to Jamaica, or some of the West India Islands. Jerry had spent the cargo, and afraid to go home, had gone to Charleston, S. Carolina, where he was found by Smith and brought to Tennessee. On coming to Tennessee, he had kept store, and posted books for Col. Ore, who had a store above Bean's Station in Cranger, and for Iphie Chubb (I think his name was) at the aforesaid crop woods. Becoming intemperate, he got out of these employments, and Smith on removing to Shown County, Ky. and settling on Cumberland river, brought him over as a school master. Being employed in our

neighborhood, a school house was built for him in a remote part of the County, near Capt. James Stoltz's. Here, I and my father John R. and Henry Clinton, went to his school, with interruptions during the cropping season, in which we worked for nearly two years. He imparted to me nearly all the education I ever acquired at school. He made me a proficient in correct reading, correct writing, and in the useful branches of arithmetic. He was a melancholly man, then prematurely getting gray, and occasionally drank brandy, but seldom allowed it to interfere with his school hours. He wrote well, and had a taste for compositions in blank verse. He was about or upwards of thirty years of age. He often wrote to his family, and especially to a kinsman named Ives, Dr. Levi Ives I think, at New Haven, but his family seemed to disown him. His father had died in the meantime. He left our neighborhood about the year 1809 or 1810, and went to Wayne, and then to Cumberland Co. Ky. He married there about the beginning of last war. In the war, he served among the Kentucky volunteers, as a kind of Antislavery Club. After the war, he raised a family of sons - and after the death of his wife, lived in 1840, in Creelsburg, Russell Co. Ky. with one of his sons who was a tavern keeper. They followed trading up and down the Cumberland,

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but were never successful in business and I have heard. In 1840, old Long, in answer to a friendly letter I wrote him from McMinville, wrote me a very long letter full of respects and regards from myself and parents, but to which he added a page or two of old, vulgar, exploded arguments in favor of Abolition. He must have been over 80 years old when it was written. I never wrote him but one letter afterwards, in 1841 or 1842, and receiving no answer, I have supposed him dead. I never saw him after he left Horse Co. Ky. and I never saw any portion of his family. He was a kind teacher to me, however, and I feel indebted to him for all my early knowledge of the branches of education I have mentioned. May he rest in peace - and be happy if alive - and may he, before death, discard all his infidelity!

At the same time I went to school to him, Betty Craig, a daughter of John Craig, who afterwards married Joseph Gillisp, now State Senator from Whitley and Knox, and my Cousin Sally ~~Gitting~~ Duncanson, daughter of my uncle John, who afterwards married Elijah Gitting, and now lives in Mississippi, and also my Cousins Thomas and John Sharp Loughlin, went to the same

school partly, <sup>(with me)</sup> and at the same time. I was greatly attached to these two girls, and for them both, felt the first feelings of youthful affection and first love, sometimes called puppy love, which I was felt for many of the years. They were both a little older than myself. Miss Gillisp, I learn has been dead some years. I never saw her, after we returned back to Virginia, or Cousin Sally since the fall of 1870, or Spring of 1871, when she visited her relations in Virginia in company with her mother and husband. She had children married I understood - and once lived in Illinois, or Iowa, but has removed to Missouri, since her mother, my father's sister Polly, has removed to that country. At this moment, which I am writing, I feel a strong desire to remove to the same country, and spend my old age, which will soon be one, among the friends of my youth. God knows, whether I shall ever be able to realize these wishes, and castle-building day dreams. The older I get, however, the more they haunt me. My father and my boys, have the same wishes. In Livingston and Chariton Counties, Missouri, great numbers of the relations and kindred, to whom I was most attached in youth - such as Curviss, near here; and among them, if I had a home, improved and prepared, I believe I could, with a moderate competency, spend a comfortable old age.

In the reminiscences of my grandfather, Laughlin, and my father, I have omitted to mention in the foregoing narration, that a fierce Indian war broke out on Holston, about Abingdon, in the year 1776, and that the people, among whom was my grandfather's family, were for a long time confined to an old stockade fort, called Bluff fort, which stood on the hill, just south of the public part of Abingdon, across the little creek. On this subject, see two letters of the 13th of July, and 15th of June, 1842, in Williams' American Pioneer, printed in Cincinnati, Ohio, in that year, at pages 133, and 358.

I ought also to have stated, that my father, besides being in 1788, in Austin's Campaign to look-out Mountain, was in other expeditions, and that my uncle Thomas, and numbers of my relations were at the battle of King's Mountain. Also, that my brothers Nathan, John, and Elision, all served tours of volunteer duty at Norfolk, and the Coast of Virginia, during the late war. Two of them, Nathan and John had serious and severe spells of sickness at Norfolk, and returned home sick. Two of them served under an old lawyer of Abingdon, formerly a member of Assembly of Virginia, Henry St. John Dixon, who now, I understand lives in Mississippi.

After our family settled in Kentucky, our principal dependence for meats was for many years on my father's skill in hunting. For the first year or two, fat bears was plenty, and in the fall could be found in Indian creek, Watts creek, and in all hills and mountains round about. In the winter, they were found in hollow trees, caverns in the rocks, and in caves, hibernated, from which they were driven by fire, smoking, cutting down the trees, or fought out by dogs, of which every hunter kept four or five. Sometimes the hunter himself, with the aid of a torch, would venture into a rock house or cave, often crawling on his hands and knees, in order to shoot the bear in his hole, where he refused to be expelled by dogs or smoke. Some were so killed, and then dragged out. My father had many dangerous and fearful adventures of this sort, especially



(Introduction)  
74. after the principal seat of hunting adventures  
was transferred to the inaccessible country  
around the falls of Cumberland. I  
remember one hunting expedition of  
a week or two in which Uncle Ben  
Martin and father - and it was during  
the last late fall or early winter we  
lived in the Laurel country - hunted  
about the falls, and on both sides of  
the river below the falls. After they  
had been out some time, Uncle  
Martin came home, twelve or fifteen  
miles for horses to pack home the  
meat they had killed, bear and  
venison. I returned to the hunting  
ground with him to help to manage  
the horses. When we got the river,  
my father was at a camp on the  
other (south) side. After hobbling  
the horses, Uncle Martin soon  
made a raft of an old sycamore  
hollow log we found drifted up  
high and dry among the rocks.  
We crossed on it, with ease and  
safety, though the river is rapid

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and rough, dashing all the way through  
narrows and rapids, with high cliffs  
on both sides, from the mouth of Laurel  
up to the falls. One adventure, was  
near the mouth of Dogbloughter  
creek. Staying on the south side  
one night, we found feller, and  
all crossed over with the meat  
and skins on hand the next  
day, and camped near the  
river, in a Laurel thicket, the  
next night, our horses being safe  
out on the hills in the wild pastures  
of grass and late pea-vines. The  
night we so camped, several  
foxes came in hearing of ~~our~~ us  
and barked fiercely in their peculiar  
way. At a greater distance, great  
numbers of wolves kept up a fearful  
howling nearly all night. We  
had a good warm fire, some  
blankets and many dried skins,  
so that we were quite comfortable.  
That night, for the only time in  
my life, I slept with my head  
on the body of a trusty old hunting  
dog, who lay quietly all night, for  
a pillow. Hunters were frequently  
in the habit of such indulgence in

76. (Introduction)  
very cold weather, and when they  
wished the dog as a faithful watchman  
to warn them of the approach  
of animals or persons to near the  
camp. On this occasion, we got  
home safely next day, loaded  
with fat bear meat, and fine  
venison. In the midst of these adventures,  
and when sitting around the camp-fires  
of long evening - while cooking the frugal  
meal and baking the johnnycake at  
which my father and uncle Martin  
were both proficient - or while they  
were smoking the social pipe after  
a day's laborious sport, or chewing  
the Virginia weed - neither being  
disciples of King James the 1<sup>st</sup> - they  
related hundreds of anecdotes, and  
recounted hundreds of hunting  
and youthful adventures, or  
often launched out into relations  
of their reminiscences of the  
closing scenes of the Revolutionary  
war, or of Indian adventures  
and expeditions, chiefly against  
the Cherokees with which they  
were both still more familiar.

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When my uncle Thomas happened to be  
of the Company, being the oldest man,  
and having often served against the  
Indians, and been in the hottest of the  
fight, at Kings Mountain, where  
Ferguson was defeated and slain, he  
frequently was more minute and  
exact in his relations. Of my old  
uncle John John Sharp - my great  
uncle - who commanded a company  
under Shelby at Kings Mountain,  
he related the following story - true  
and witnessed by himself - which is  
characteristic of Capt. Sharp, as  
well as of the true Whig soldiers of  
the Revolution. Capt. S. with his  
company of choice men was  
stationed at an important point  
as part of a reserve by order of  
Col. Campbell the comm. and in  
chief himself. After the fight  
grew warm, and the firing was  
incessant and general all round  
the Mountain, and it was without

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78. That the Americans were steadily ascending  
the mountain on the advance, hemming  
the British and Tories more closely in,  
and no sign of a retreat anywhere,  
Capt. S. could stand it no longer.  
He gave his sword for a good rifle  
to one of his men, gave the orders  
to his Lieutenant which he had received  
himself - ordering him to fulfil them  
to the letter whether he ever returned  
or not - then he bounded off up  
the mountain to the battle, rushed  
into the nearest and fiercest  
point of conflict, and advanced  
from tree to tree, and sometimes  
in masses with the troops, he  
continued to fire away as fast as  
he could load and discharge  
his rifle. He was a first rate  
hunter and rifle shooter. Near  
the close of the conflict, and  
after the day was won, the  
firing having begun to subside,  
Col. Shelby or Col. Sevier came riding  
by, and finding Capt. Sharp  
absent from his post, covered with  
dust, smoke, and sweat, firing  
away like a man fighting for  
his life, called out to him - in  
the name of God, what are you  
doing here Capt Sharp, a

<sup>(Introductory)</sup>  
mile from your post." Deliberately 79.  
bringing his gun to an order, and  
bowing, for his head was gone in the  
heat of his pursuit, he said  
deliberately, Colonel, I came to help  
and kill and whip the vile,  
murderous, robbing Tories, and  
as I was placed where my very  
purpose in coming out to the field  
was about to be defeated - and  
by which my word to my wife  
and father was about to be  
broken - you see me here, doing  
what I said I would do. I  
have kept my word. If they  
are defeated, I submit to an  
instant arrest, and court  
martial as soon as you please,  
but if they are not whipped, let  
me fight on till the battle is over,  
as it will make my ears no  
worse, and then I will voluntarily  
bring you my sword, and  
submit to a voluntary arrest.  
I regret that I cannot remember  
whether it was Shelby or Sevier  
to whom he addressed himself. They  
both knew him as a tried soldier,  
and I need not say, that he was  
never arrested for deserting his  
post and disobeying orders. The  
old anecdote, with his very words,



7 80 I have heard <sup>(written on stone)</sup> my uncle Thomas Laughlin who was standing by at the time, and my two grandfathers who were both his brothers-in-law, repeat a hundred times. My father who was not in the battle, tells me it was a standing good story in the neighborhood where they all lived, after the war, for a great many years, and was always repeated in connexion with Capt Sharp's name, and King's Mountain Battle as long as he lived.

In Kentucky, while we lived on Indian Creek, I learned to swim, an exercise I have ever excelled in, and been delighted with. I love water and bathing now, at the age of forty seven or eight, as well as any boy in the city where I am writing.

From Indian Creek, myself and other boys, accompanied generally by grown persons, learned to go to mill - and in the summer season, we went to Barboursville to mill, some nine or ten miles. Here, I first remember to have seen the business of retailing dry goods in a store. It struck

me as a most pleasant business - infinitely preferable in gentility and ease, to working on a farm. Now my opinion is precisely the reverse.

After we had lived on Laurel, and returned to Wata's Creek, and I had acquired some rudiments of useful general knowledge under the teaching of Mr. Aulcyer, and from reading every sort of book I could get hold of, I made a trip in a dry season, when the country mills were stopped for want of water, to Cox's old mill at Barboursville. As we went from our neighborhood, several in company - the distance being nearly twenty miles - we were detained a day and more, waiting for our grists, as the mill was very much thronged with persons who had gotten there with grists before us. - During the delay, I wandered up to the town - the county town of Knox - where a circuit court was sitting in a large old log house. I inquired the name of the judge, and all the lawyers, as they engaged in speaking, or were employed in reading, writing, talking with clients, or lounging about the side bar. The judge was the late (or perhaps present) Judge Wofford - a rough, honest, Irish spoken man as I remember him.

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The late Col. Samuel McKee, afterwards in Congress and a Judge, was one of the lawyers. The late Wm Logan, a very neat, smooth spoken little man was another. He and the late George Walker of Nicholasville, Jefferson Co. Ky. argued a case, upon some point of law, upon demurrer, at great length. In the debate, I heard for the first time, the word demurrer, and the word venue. The question was one of jurisdiction, arising in some attachment case, for then I also heard for the first time, the word attachment in a technical and judicial sense.

Turnstall Duncas, since in Congress now a Judge, and who owns my old aunt Polly Duncans old residence in Whitley, near Williamsburg, was also present, one of the finest, best dressed, and vainest looking men I had ever seen. Col. Rhodus Goeth of Wayne was also present, and a lawyer named Jack Kinnor, both very young, unemployed, looking men.

Joseph Eve, who had

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then represented Tennessee one year in the assembly, and Wm McKitt from Knoxville, Tennessee, were present as young lawyers. Eve became a Judge afterwards, and was by Gen. Harrison, or Tyler, in fulfillment of Harrison's promise, appointed Minister to Texas in 1841, and died there at Galveston in 1842 or 1843. He was succeeded by Gen. Tilghman A. Howard of Indiana, who also died there in 1844. - McKitt tried the law at Barboursville - got married to a Miss Sewell - could not succeed - and went back to Tennessee. He went to Bedford County as a Land Surveyor at an early time, and a few years ago - in 1840 - was living in Henry Co. West Tenn. a vagabond old schoolmaster, separated from his second wife. When I thus saw him in Barboursville, about 1808 or 1809, he was a very gay, fashionable young man.

Nearly all those I there saw as lawyers, are long since dead. Logan became distinguished, as did McKee, and Thomas Montgomery who was also there. He spoke in the Law Court I have mentioned. He was once afterwards prominent in Congress.



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84. From the time I witnessed these incidents, when I was eleven or twelve years old, I contracted, and never lost sight of a most ardent desire to become a lawyer. I had the year before, read in one file of Virginia newspapers, a report of Burr's Trial, with the speeches of Whit, Batts, Wickham, Hay &c. at full length. This had kindled the flame - the witnessing of discussions in a respectable court, the first such I had ever seen, conducted by able men - some of them noted for wit and correct speaking - blew up the fire of my secret desire to a perfect flame. In 1806 and soon, I had read some debates in the Kentucky Assembly in a paper I think called the Western World, edited by one Street, which was sent to my uncle Thomas. The report of Burr's trial I first read in the Staunton Eagle, and then in a book - an abridged, but correct report I think, by Wm Thompson, then a lawyer of Spingdon, and brother of the talented young Thompson of Petersburg, then dead, who wrote Curtis's letters to John Marshall, against the federalists

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85. in old John Adams's time. I had also seen some straggling numbers occasionally of the National Intelligencer and Richmond Enquirer in 1805-6-7, containing Debates in Congress. These things, all conspired to make me pray night and day, that at some time I might become a lawyer and public speaker. For fear of ridicule however, I kept my secret and consuming desire a profound secret. - I read, however, with a view to acquiring general knowledge, for which I had an insatiable thirst, every book I could get hold of - I read the Bible, for history, again and again. A man named Woodson - Wade Woodson, an intemperate, and unfortunate old lawyer, with an amiable family, bought or rented, and went to live at Arthur's old mill on Spruce creek in 1808. That was the mill we attended to get meal. Finding Woodson had many good books, and that he and his wife loved to encourage reading, even in an awkward uneducated mill boy, a stranger to them too, I continued always for a year or eighteen months



80. months, <sup>(into practice)</sup> to get myself sent to a mill  
every week or fortnight, to Woodson,  
where I had an opportunity of borrowing  
and returning books, and of getting  
the advice of Mr. Woodson and  
his husband upon my course of  
reading. After I had heard the  
lawyers speak in Barboursville,  
of which I gave Mr. Woodson an  
account, he explained to me, as  
well as I could comprehend it,  
all the hard words they used.

These excellent people - he a  
perfect gentleman and she a lady  
of the old school - both intimate with  
Mr. Jefferson and his family before  
they had removed to Kentucky -  
were of infinite service to me.

From them, I borrowed and read  
carefully, an edition of the Spectator  
in 8 volumes. I read it so studiously,  
as was for a long time to remember  
the exact substance, and much  
of the language, of Mr. Addison's  
admirable criticisms on Paradise  
Lost - criticism which first brought  
that great poem into its merited  
appreciation in England. - I  
borrowed and read several volumes  
of Senlavin's French revolutionary  
biography, illustrated by engraved  
portraits of the heads of the great  
leaders in that wonderful  
political event. Among other

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Smaller works, I borrowed and read  
an answer to Paine's Age of Reason, by  
a Jew named Levi. As far as the  
old Testament was concerned, it was  
a calm, able, manly defence, full  
of charity and good feeling, and  
made the first strong and lasting  
impression my mind received in youth,  
of the truth of the Bible. I esteemed  
the author himself - a Jew - whose  
people had continued always known,  
and ever unchanged - holding  
the Bible as an unchanged record  
received from from his fathers, always  
known as a revelation from God,  
and never denied or doubted, by  
the very people to whom the revelation  
was originally made in their own  
tongue - and among whom, sacredly  
preserved, the Bible - at least all the  
canonical books - and others of more  
doubtful authority - have been kept  
without alteration from the earliest ages  
of the world. They were collected, as  
preserved, carefully transcribed, and  
deposited in the temple after the return  
from the Babylonish captivity. These  
facts, of the preservation of these books,  
of the records unchanged being kept by  
an unchanged people - such books in  
matter and manner - is wisdom, moral  
truth, and sublimity of composition, as

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1. uninspired man never could have made such compositions as man of himself in no other age or nation ever has made - is to me proof, and when I read, Mr. Leoy's argument in infancy comparatively, and which I have not seen for thirty-five years - was conclusive proof of the truth of the Bible itself, as a revelation from God. Of the truth of the old Testament, every living Jew is a living witness - as much so as one of the most eminent of the prophets would be if he had lived like the fabled wandering Jew down to this day, and was now living among us.

Mr. Woodson also had Watson's (Bp.) answer to Paine - but these were books his excellent wife read more than he did. - Among his books for the first time, I met with and read a translation of Ovid by different hands into English verse. He furnished me also, I believe, Dryden's Virgil.

About this time, I somewhere met with, and read Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and Peregrine Pickle - with all the novels and Romances written from Fielding and Smollett's time down to Sir Walter Scott.

From an old man, a Mr.

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Barton, I think, I received, and my mother and myself read Bishop Newton's on the Prophecies, and a work by Berham, on natural religion and natural history, called Religio-physico-medico-theologic, as well as I remember. My grandfather sent me about 1809, Goldsmith's Natural History, large Richmond edition, in 4 volumes, with fine plates. I considered it a rich present - and read, and re-read it, until I was master of the history of nearly all the animals in the world.

After my father removed to Virginia, in 1809, as before related, I went to school, during part of the year 1811, or fall of 1810, and 1811, to a gentleman named Burnough's (Sr.) at the old Bovell meeting House, near Shugarts' old place, boarding at my grandfather Duncans. We lived at about one mile or mile and a half's distance from the old man, as near the school house as where he lived, but as he and grandmother were lonesome, they wanted company. Mr. Burnough taught me English Grammar, from a grammar by Harrison, and an abridgement of Murray's Grammar. He added by his instructions to my knowledge of arithmetic. During this time, the late Thomas McKenney,



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90. who had received a sound early  
classical education, became my friend,  
and encouraged my habits of reading  
and study. He had a tolerably good  
library for the country and furnished  
me with many books. He had  
Helen Maria Williams' Letters on the  
French Revolution which I read,  
and Pomeroy's Life of Washington.  
I borrowed from him and also read,  
Cudworth's Intellectual System, a  
book entirely beyond my depths of  
comprehension. Mors's large  
Geography, with maps, was of more  
use to me, than any book of his  
I read. Either Gordon's or  
Snowden's history of the American  
Revolution fell in my way and  
was read about this time. In  
all these desultory readings, and  
by a constant habit of written  
compositions - mostly in correspondence  
by letters - I aimed at improvement -  
and in improvement, faintly hoped  
that at some time, in some way,  
Providence would open a door  
by which I could sometime become  
a lawyer, though from what I  
now felt and know, from  
what I saw daily, I was aware  
of the insuperable defects of my  
early education, and which I

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saw no possible way to overcome or remedy, <sup>It</sup>  
I never believed I could rise even to  
mediocrity in that or any other profession  
requiring learning. I looked with great  
admiration on all learned men. I saw  
Edward and John Campbell, and Henry St.  
John Dixon, as lawyers, and Mr. Powell  
(Rev. Stephen) and Mr. Harper as clergymen,  
and I envied them nothing but their  
scholarships. I prayed and toiled for  
knowledge - and thought if I had learning  
enough to enable me to read all good  
books understandingly, and only had  
a good library, or access to a good  
library, that I should be a happy  
man, and content to live even in  
want of all luxuries and finery - all  
superfluities of all sorts, if I could  
only become wise. Knowledge was  
all it seemed to me I wanted to  
make me happy.

Sometime in February, 1811, Mr. Thomas  
McCheeny informed me, that Mr. Samuel  
Fulton, living twelve or fifteen miles from  
my father's - an old country man and of  
the firm of Samuel & Andrew Fulton - Samuel  
being the active man, Andrew living on a  
farm in Augusta County, was about to set  
a man up in business, and send him to the  
West with a stock of goods, named Andrew  
Buchanan - that Buchanan would perhaps  
want a clerk or store keeper and that, as  
he knew Fulton well, he would give me  
a letter to him to enable me possibly to get the



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92. situation. He gave me a letter. I had never seen Mr. Fulton, or any person on his place. He had a store, a large farm, and carried on large blacksmith's shops, Sadler's shops &c. making farming tools and saddles to supply his various mercantile establishments in which he had set up many young partners in different parts of the County. Of such establishments, he had some interest in many. He had set up one John M. Moore, at Monticello, Wayne Co. Ky. -

W. B. Carter, since a member of Congress, at Elizabethton, Carter Co. Tenn. Maj. State new Kings salt works - and John D. Dayler in the same part of the County. On his own account, Wm. Glenn and Francis Portefield (who died of Cholera as a merchant in Nashville in 1834 or 1835) kept a store at Sparta, White Co. Tennessee, and Wm. Snodgrass one at Blountville, Sullivan Co. E. Tennessee. - Andrew Buchanan, now, in a partnership, was going to McMinnville, Warren Co. Tenn.

I delivered my letter to Squire Fulton, whom I found to be a dignified, kind old gentleman. I remained at his house a few days by his request, stayed about the store, and was treated with much kindness by the clerks. James Lowry and John H. Fulton, Andrew Fulton's son, and afterwards a lawyer of Abingdon, and member of the Virginia Senate, and member of Congress in 1834-5, were two of the clerks, and were, about that

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time admitted to a partnership, in the business there at home, under the name of John H. Fulton, Jas. Lowry & Co. - I got acquainted with Mr. Buchanan, whose parents lived in the neighborhood, who was then buying off his goods from a new stock just received from Baltimore, where the Fultons bought all their goods, and from whence they were all conveyed in wagons to the western part of Virginia, by way of Frederick, Harper's Ferry, Winchester, Staunton, Wythe Court House &c. I found Mr. Buchanan to be an inquisitive, plain, worthy bachelor, who asked me a thousand questions. He seemed pleased with my handwriting, my arithmetic, and love of books. At that time, and nearly through life I have labored under a peculiar timidity in approaching, and making the acquaintance of strangers. Besides I was excessively awkward in my manners, and plain and common in my common homespun Country dress. I had no other kind of clothing. All my clothes were made by my good mother - sometimes with the assistance of my grandmother, and aunt Eleanor Campbell, who lived with her husband at my grandfather's plantation, his Cabin standing precisely where the House stood in which my father afterwards lived after the death of my grandmother, and until 1829, when I removed him to Tennessee.

Mr. Buchanan agreed with me, that if I would go home, and return to

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34. Mr. Fulton in a few days, he would give me an answer as to whether he would employ me. I told him frankly, that wages was not as much an object with me, as to obtain an opportunity of learning the business and of acquiring knowledge generally.

On the day appointed I started, near the last of February, 1811, and the next day, he engaged me to go out to what was then West (now Middle) Tennessee, and keep store for him for one year, at McMinnville, for Ninety dollars per annum - he finding me boarding and washing, and I finding my own clothes the first year; and if we agreed, and I should stay longer with him, the wages for future time was to be the subject of a new agreement. I was then in my fifteenth year, and would be fully fifteen on the first day of May, after making this agreement. The country I was going to, was three hundred miles from home - was a new country - having been purchased from the Cherokee Indians in 1805 or 1806, and had began to be first settled in 1807. In the Gen. Assembly at Knoxville, of 1807, the County of Warren had been created in November, and taken from White and Smith &c. In December, at the same session, finding there were people and

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territory enough, Sumner County, had also been laid off and established. They had both before, for some years, constituted a portion of White County, and the first Courts had been held at Rock Island. Maj. Isaac Taylor, who was one of the early Sheriffs of White has told me, that he several times had to travel from his residence on Taylor's creek, in White, to Bean's creek, twelve miles below where Wirt Chester stands to simply serve subpoenas or witnesses.

At Mr. Fulton's, they furnished me a few articles of goods for clothing, charged to Mr. Buchanan, and a few dollars to bear my expenses. Mr. Buchanan was to leave at once, go ahead of the wagon that was to carry the goods, and get a store house prepared. The wagon - for the whole stock of dry goods and groceries for a retail business made but one five horse team wagon load, and was to be hauled out by the late Lewis Shell for about nine dollars the hundred pounds - and the goods, by invoice, only cost about \$2500 - I say, the wagon was to leave in a few days afterwards, and I was to follow on after the wagon, as soon as I could.

I went home, got my few articles of clothing made - one thing being a coarse great coat - and set out into the world, my own man, to seek my fortune. I left my father I think, about the 10th of March. Many tears between myself, my mother, and little brothers, were shed



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96. at parting. My father and some friends went  
with me as far as my grandfather Laughlin's.  
The night before, I had taken leave of my  
grandfather and grandmother Duncan,  
and uncle Sam Campbell's family.

My excellent old Grandfather Laughlin,  
had given me a young horse, and  
saddle, bridle, and saddlebags. When  
I called to take leave, he added ten  
dollars in specie to his gifts, with  
which, and receiving his blessing,  
and parting with my father and  
other friends, I set off on my  
journey with a heavy heart; but  
being young - the whole world fresh  
and before me - full of hope and  
full of a wish to see and hear -  
with no experience of the troubles,  
pains, and vexations of life, all  
my melancholy soon left me.  
Since I have become a man, and  
since I have known the world, and  
have felt how indispensable the  
society of kindred and confidential  
friends are to all happiness in this  
world, I have been surprised, and  
wondered again and again, how  
it happened, with my strong love  
of home and my family, that  
I ventured, and was enabled  
to command courage to leave  
home under such circumstances.  
I believe, however, without attributing

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small occurrences, relating to our personal  
affairs to any special Providence, that  
under the general providence of God,  
my lot was so cast, and that all my  
future course in life was to be altered,  
and dependant upon the very incidents  
of my leaving home at that time,  
under the engagement I had made.  
Making the engagement - the accident  
of Mr Cherry hearing that Buchanan  
was going west, and my hearing of it,  
and obtaining his letter to Fulton,  
which procured me the place, humble  
as it was, all seem the effect of  
chance and accident - but as things  
have gone with me in life, as hereafter  
related, I ascribe it all to Providence  
- to the good Providence of God, to  
whom I owe a greater debt of gratitude,  
for my preservation through innumerable  
ills in life, and for thousands of  
mercies, than any man now living,  
old or young.

The first night after I left home, I  
went to Blountville, and stayed at the  
late Dr. Elkanah D. Dulaney's, who then  
kept a tavern. Finding I was the son  
of John Laughlin, and the grandson of  
his old friend of the same name, who  
lived in Sullivan, he refused to charge  
me any bill. I found out Bro Dyer  
who kept store in that town for the  
Fultons, and slept at the store  
with him.



98. On the next morning I set off very early, long before sunrise, and travelled all the way, passing Kingsport and the mouth of Reedy Creek, to Pop's old iron works, then in a state of disrepair on the North Fork to breakfast. This place, belonging to David Pop, of Richmond, Va. and now to his son Rev. Frederick Pop, had been improved by the late Thomas Hopkins. This place was then Mr. Hopkins' home, as the agent of Pop, and extensively engaged in business for himself in locating and securing Western lands, by which he accumulated a large estate before his death in 1836. When he died, his home was at Minnville, Tennessee, where he had lived many years. - To return from a description, the tavern and ferry then kept at the ford of the North fork, a mile or more above where the road crosses now on Pop's bridge, were the property or in charge of Mr. Hopkins. - As I descended the chestnut hills, below Holly's old place, where the Abingdon and Blountville roads fork, seven miles west of the latter, I overtook two men named Whitworth, Edward and Samuel, brothers, who lived as they said, and as I afterwards learned, near the ~~three forks~~ <sup>mouth</sup> of Fishing Ford, <sup>on the</sup> ~~river~~ <sup>in</sup> Bedford, now

99. in Marshall County, Tennessee. They had been to North Carolina with a drove of horses, and were returning home. They told me the place I was going to, was forty or fifty miles east of their homes, and that they were going by McMinnville or near to it. I proposed to travel with them, and they said my company would be agreeable. Edward was the older man, and loved his grog - Samuel, who was much younger, said his purpose was, being unmarried, to study Law in Tennessee with Judge John Hayward, who, he said, lived near Nashville. After we breakfasted together, and travelled on through Hawkins, I discovered that they had travelled the road often as drovers. On getting within a few miles of Knoxville, having breakfasted in Granville County, at the house of the late Squire Clay, father of Hon. R. C. Clay of Alabama, I found that at the fork of the road at Blain's store, these gentlemen recommended the Emory road, as nearest, it crossing Clinch over at Sutherland's old ferry, and passing twenty or thirty miles north of Kingsport and fifteen or twenty north of Knoxville. I regretted this, as I wished to see Knoxville, but for the sake of company, being a boy and a stranger, I went on with them. Being very green I told them all my business

and prospects: I never knew the men after this journey with them, but find as they were slippery fellows. I discovered from the haste and averted faces with which they passed the Red House Tavern in Cranger I think, and some other places, that they passed without wishing to be known. I afterwards learned, from overhearing their private consultations, that the reason for such conduct was this: as they had gone east, with their horses to market, they had stopped at these places, and had run up bills for provender and lodging, which they had not paid, and were now sneaking by without calling to pay them as they had promised to do. This I thought to be strangely dishonest at the time, and regarded them with suspicion while I remained in their company afterwards. I had never heard before of any such trick of evasion of paying just debts, and looked forward with anxiety to the time when I should part with them. This happened sooner than I expected, for after crossing the Mountains to the Crab Orchard,

a noted place thirty-six miles east of Sparta in White County, being of the same name of a famous place in Kentucky history, I suddenly overtook Mr. Shell, with his wagon load of goods, lying by on account of a heavy rain then falling. He was glad to see me, and said if I would stop, my horse being tired, and the day wet, that in two days we would reach Crater together, where Glenn and Postufiles kept a store for Messrs. Huttons, and that there we should find or hear of Buchanan who had gone on a week before. I agreed to it - and here the Whitesetts left me, and I never saw them again, though I afterwards learned, that they really lived near the ~~the~~ Fishing Ford on Duck river, near where Farmington now is.

Next day, I went on with Shell, travelling slowly with the wagon. The road from Sparta to Crab Orchard, called Simpson's Turnpike, had then just been cut out and opened by Gen. (then Maj.) John W. Simpson. It was new and full of bumps. There were scarcely any houses on it. We camped one night, without fire, sleeping in the wagon, and fastening our horses as wagoners always do. It rained in the night was cold. Our camp, so to call it, was on the high hills east of the Cane fork, and in hearing of the running water, near where Maj. Eastmond's house



now stands. Next day we arrived safely in Sparta, and met Buchanan, just returned from Mt. Morrisville, twenty six miles further west, where he had been and procured a small shanty or cabin built just to open the goods in. Here I met and got acquainted with Glenn and Porterfield - and Dr. Nourse, since dead, and for the first time saw Gen. Geo. W. Gibbs walking the streets with his wife, he having moved to Sparta, not long before, from Monticello, Wayne Co. N.Y., and had been appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court of White Co. Tenn. Buchanan had known him while formerly in Kentucky, keeping store for John M. Moore. I have known Gen. Gibbs ever since, sometimes as a friend, and sometimes as an enemy, growing out of politics.

The next day, we went on to Mt. Morrisville. Buchanan and myself, for the present, as there was no tavern in the town, which had just been laid out into lots the fall before, took lodgings

at Maj. Joseph Colvilles, more than a mile east of the town on the Sparta road, and lived in the same house now belonging to Charles Scherer, and sold to him by Geo. R. Smutt. Here we staid, till the store house was fixed and our goods opened. Then we boarded at Mr. John Randolphs, the father of Mr. Geo. R. Smutt, and Mrs. Doct. Paine, whose house or cabin stood near what the Cumberland Presbyterian Church now stands. We found our board plain and neat, and as good as the new country afforded. Mrs. Randolph, whom I ever knew as an excellent old lady afterwards, and lived to nurse and take care of my grandchildren (Dr. Smutt's children) only died in the latter part of the war 1844.

The late Captain Wm. White, father of Wm. White, called Buck, and the father of the lady my friend Mr. Buchanan afterwards married, removed the same Spring to Mt. Morrisville from Williamsburgh, Jackson County, for the purpose of building the Court House for the County, in the new town, which he had contracted to do with the Commissioners. He first brought a number of his negroes and workmen, and built a double cabin where Mrs. Green's large stable now stands. His negro woman



cooked for us, and we took up our board among his carpenter and bricklayers, and with himself, at this or so quarters as it might be called, and slept in the store. Capt White, as soon as he built the House, now sometimes occupied as a grocery, and partly as a workshop, right in front of the south door of the Court house, and on the corner of a street and the public square, just before and where you begin to descend the Hill towards the tanyard; I say, as soon as this House was built, with three rooms - the front one being the bar-room - Capt White removed his family to McShinnille and opening this house as the first tavern opened in the place, we board with him. The back room below, was the family apartment. At the west end of the House, towards the brick House built by the late Edward Hoop, a large one story frame room was soon added, which contained four or five beds, and was a great addition to the establishment. In this last room, and afterwards in the upper rooms of the Court House after it was covered, beds were put

when the Courts were in session, which increased the accommodations for the lawyers very much. At a former time, and from 1808, when the County Courts were first held in the County, the Courts sat over the river, on a Hill, near a Spring, on the road to Berkeba Springs. In those times, and previously, the old District Court system was in operation, and the District Court for all the Warren, White, Overton, Jackson, Smith, Sumner, and perhaps other Counties composing the territory named sat at Carthage in the County of Smith. Jurors and jurors had to attend at great distances from home. In 1809, the Circuit Court system was first proposed by the Legislature, mainly at the instance of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, now of Illinois, who then represented Williamson County in the Territorial State Senate. That system, directing a Circuit Court to be held in each County, twice in each year, went into operation in 1810. N. W. Williams, formerly clerk of the District Court at Carthage, was elected Judge of the Mountain District Circuit - and held some of his first Courts at the Old Court House in Warren. When this was the case,

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106. The Judge and Lawyers boarded  
about in the neighborhood as best  
they could. Most of them stopped at  
the house of old Thomas Wilcher,  
two miles from the place of holding  
the Court, he living at the place  
now owned by Buck White, where  
the old man Wilcher died many  
years ago, and where the late  
Joshua Coffee lived.

At that time, the late John  
H. Bowen, Bennett H. Henderson,  
the late Alexander Gray, who was  
a Captain in the late war and  
afterwards died while a judge in  
Missouri, the late Thomas K. Harris,  
who once represented the district  
in Congress, the late Jacob C. Isaacs,  
and the late Francis Jones, both  
of Winchester, and both of whom  
were afterwards members of  
Congress, were among the lawyers  
who first practiced in Warren,  
as was the present Col. A. W.  
Overton of Smith. Shortly  
afterwards, Adam Hunterman,  
Gen. G. W. Gibbs, the late Maj.  
James M. Campbell, an early  
friend of my father, and under  
whom I studied law, and  
Isaac Thomas, now of Alexandria,  
Louisiana, who also went to  
Congress in 1874-75, or 1875-76, all

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107. came out and practiced in the Circuit  
Court. In August, 1811, I saw the first  
Circuit Court in session in all Shinnells  
I had ever seen in the State. Judge  
Williams presided, and the Court sat  
under a covered shelter, made of  
a carpenter's work bench for a  
bar, and seats in front for the  
jury, with a more elevated seat  
for the Judge behind the jury box.  
All was covered over by a shelter  
of planks and lumber Capt. White  
had collected for building the Court  
House. It stood about twenty  
five steps south from the South  
East corner of the Court House on  
the public square. That term of  
the Court was attended - in addition  
to the lawyers I have named - by the  
late Judge Wm. W. Cooke, the Reporter,  
by the late Judge Joshua Bushell,  
by the late Lemuel P. Montgomery,  
and by the late Maj. John Read,  
Gen. Jackson's Biographer, who  
commenced the Life, finished  
by Eaton. Geo. W. Witt also, then  
of Fayetteville, now dead, was  
also present, and had previously  
attended the Courts of Warren.  
At this Court, was the first time Maj.  
M. Campbell attended. Somewhat  
afterwards, he came to all Shinnells  
to live, from Jefferson in Rutherford,  
and went to Wythe County, Virginia,



for his family. He afterwards lived at Spartan as a lawyer and tavern keeper, and from thence went to Kentucky on the west, and I never knew his final fate, or when or where he died.

Witnessing this Court and hearing the lawyers and hearing them speak, especially Judge Cooke, who was an able and energetic man, again renewed and inflamed my scarcely slumbering desire to become a lawyer. To gain a knowledge of law and forms, I voluntarily wrote for Maj. Colville, the clerk of the County Court in his office. Pleasant Henderson, who was killed by lightning in his own house in Columbus in 1837, was clerk of the Circuit Court, and also kept Col. Wm. Mitchell's Land Office - the Surveyor's office of the district in which lands were entered by virtue of North Carolina Land Warrants - and was considered the most knowing business man in the town. The late Wm. St. Wilson had a store in town kept in a log house, since destroyed, which stood on the corner of the next lot east of the present dwelling and store house of J. M. White. Charles Sullivan, the father of the wife of the late J. M.

Wilson, also kept a small store in the log house, across the street, and on the south side of the square, opposite to the old tavern house before described. Wilson got broken, and moved to the Western district in 1820 or 1821, and died. Sullivan left his wife and family, and took up with a girl called Gully Taylor, had a new set of children, and was killed some years ago, in a brook or fracas with a kinsman on a steamboat in the lower Mississippi. A man named Wm. Bennett was sheriff, and John McLean, and Lepta V. Isbell his deputies. Barnett, as sheriff, was succeeded by Gen. Wm. Smartt, and he by Isham Perkins, and he by Lighton Ferrill - since dead - and whose farm, Richway Hill, is now my property and home.

A post office, at which a weekly mail, on horseback passed from Knoxville to Nashville, and returned, generally in each week, but sometimes failed. Maj. Colville was the first postmaster, and as his deputy, he living out of town, I kept the office for him. At that day, we never contemplated to see daily and triweekly stages running over the same route and distance. The horse mail passed through Sequester's Valley - the



stages now running, pass by Epworth; while horse mails cross the country in almost every direction at this day, and have for a great many years.

In the summer of 1811, Mr. Felix Grundy, then living at Nashville as a lawyer, where he had removed from Kentucky in 1808, became a candidate for Congress. Under the Census of 1810, all of what is now the State of Tennessee, constituted a Congressional district. Col. (the late) Barkley Martin of Bedford, the late Col. Wm. P. Anderson who then lived at Nashville and others got up a public meeting as popular resolutions against Mr. Grundy's election - and published them in a hand-bill signed by Martin as the Chairman of the meeting. Mr. Grundy answered in a circular letter. The late Gen. Isaac Roberts of Maury County was run in opposition to Mr. G. In August, when the election came on, Mr. G. was elected by so large a majority. I do not now remember whether Col. Robert Weapley (who died in Feb. 1845) or the late Jesse Wharton had been Mr. Grundy's predecessors. P. M. Miller I think, was the member from the Knoxville District for the latter part

of the term of 1809-10 & 1810-11, which had expired on the 4th of March 1811, filling out the second year of an unexpired term of G. W. Campbell, who had been elected to the Senate. I saw Miller on his way home, as I travelled with the Whitworths - he passing Squire Clay's in Greengrass, or Mrs. Coker's, while we were eating and waiting for breakfast. It was the first time I had ever seen him.

After I went to Memphis to live, in Oct. 1815, I got acquainted with Mr. Grundy, of which more hereafter.

After Maj. M. Campbell, a lawyer, and old acquaintance of my father, came to McMinnville to live, I disclosed to him my wishes to study law, and fairly set in to reading every spare hour I had from some time in the year 1812, when I was about 18 years old. I read Blackstone's Commentaries with great diligence - and on being frequently examined as to my studies by Maj. M. C. he encouraged me to persevere. In the winter of 1812-13, we formed a debating society, meeting at Capt

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112. White's Tavern, and of which Andrew Buchanan, the late Hugh Barwood, the late Loughton Farrell, Dr. Lemuel Gilliam now of Jackson County, Alabama, and others were members. and in this society, I made my first essay in public speaking, on such questions as are usually discussed in such societies. I found that I labored under an unconquerable (as I believed) timidity and diffidence; though time and practice wore it off very much in subsequent years after I came to the bar in 1817-18. But up to this hour, I have never risen in any public assembly, to speak on an important subject, or one in which I felt a deep interest, without feeling all the nervous timidity and tremulous anxiety, and fear of failure, often producing a stammering, which I felt in my earliest attempts. It has ever been the case with me whether in the Courts, the Legislature, or before assemblies of the people, I have never yet, and at any time

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of life, I never expect to overcome it. I don't feel a desire to do so, for I have ever found, that in proportion to my excitement, interest, and diffidence in commencing any speech, have been the success of the efforts I made in the end. I never made a reasonably good speech in my life, when I felt a calm unconcern at the commencement of it. So, I commenced reading Law a doubtful beginning of an endeavor which I had determined from early boyhood to make, if ever opportunity offered. On its becoming known in the village, that such was my design, and such my studies, some laughed at me for the attempt, while others, sober minded friends who knew me best, encouraged me, saying that if I ever failed in succeeding at the Bar, yet I would find myself greatly improved and made more respectable by it. So, I persevered - and besides reading Law, in the summer and fall of 1812, I read Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire - the same copy of the work I now have in my library, and which I afterwards purchased of the late John A. Wilson. It was then an era in my fortunes to become possessed of such a work.



In the summer of 1812, before I commenced reading law regularly, I became acquainted with the Hon. John Catron, now an associate judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was then engaged as a partner with a brother or kinsman of his, in buying beef cattle and steers, and driving them to market, or in buying for the Germans or Swissmen, dutchmen who were kinsmen of his. They had all once lived in Wythe County, Virginia. The Catron family, all Pennsylvania Dutch, were there called Catherines or Katherines - and all the family that remained there, still continued to be called so. But the judge adopted the spelling of Catron - and I think induced his father and family to do so. The old men of the family could scarcely speak English and perhaps could never read or write it. - The way I came to know the Judge was this.

He came by our store one afternoon, having known Andrew Buchanan when he was a clerk for John M. Moore at Monticello, Kentucky. He had been missed, and his father's family then lived near Burkesville, Cumberland County, Kentucky, where the Simmermans also lived. When he called, Buchanan was not at home. He told me he was an old acquaintance, and was then

engaged in buying and driving cattle. He had in the store a fine copy of some book, of Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric I think, and he wished to buy it on credit - said he would be paying and pay for it soon. Being a decent looking young man, but exceeding unworldly and self-impatient, I trusted him for it, and he did pay for it as he promised. At that time, he had the same nasal twang of voice, the same self-consequence that has ever marked him since. He was then, however, exceedingly illiterate, and Mr. Buchanan, who had a good knowledge of books, and of Mr. Catron, laughed very much at the character of his purchase. He afterwards, perhaps in the fall of the same year, or in beginning of 1813, came from Kentucky to Ohio, and commenced reading law and history, and Geography in the office of Gen. Gibb, in White County. About the season he came to me, on the season before, he had kept a stallion for his father called Agricola - and many stories are told, by way of characteristic anecdotes, of his manner of showing off and prasing his horse to the people on public occasions. Harry H. Brown formerly of the Tennessee Senate from Perry - Adam Huntman formerly a member of Congress from the westward district, and others who witnessed these displays, used to repeat them with



and with much effect, and greatly to Mr. Catron's annoyance after he came to the Bar, and to the Bench.

After Mr. Catron commenced study, he read much and diligently; but although he acquired knowledge of a knowledge of facts, history, and in his profession, yet, properly speaking, he has ever remained illiterate. He has never learned to pronounce, or speak pure English, adhering to the old nasal, and cant word kind of style in which he was bred - and he has never learned to write his mother tongue or any other tongue. His mother tongue might be said to be Dutch, which he forgot in youth - but I mean, he has never learned English. About the year 1835-6, since he had been a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, he and his wife visited the falls of Niagara. He wrote a description in a letter to his wife sister Mrs. Marshall, which she published in the paper at Nashville. It was a most ridiculous piece of bombast. Thomas Washington, a lawyer of Nashville, who always hated him, wrote a criticism on it, in the same paper, which the Judge will never forget. I took the skin off.

After Mr. Catron came to the Bar, on the resignation of Isaac Thomas, now of Alexandria, Tennessee, he obtained the appointment of Attorney General as they were called, for prosecuting state cases in the white and warden circuit then called the 3rd circuit. This was at the war. While a student, he served a volunteer campaign in Tennessee. He was not, perhaps, one of those who were afterwards called retrograders - those who insisted on having Gen. Jackson's camp teaching up the country, or on a full or supposed expiration of the time for which they had been drafted - but it is understood, he was of the dissatisfied party, and it is understood that he was the victim of Smith's one of the few bitter enemies of Gen. Jackson ever since, whose enmity grew out of his disingenuous course in working to return to Tennessee from the position at an improper time, and a written certificate or statement of some sort from under Judge Catron's hands given about that time, which was behind, the Judge would give thousands to be able to recall.

After practicing law for a time in the third circuit, part of the time as state attorney, and after Gibbs had gone to Nashville, after the war, he went to Nashville to live and practice also. He opened great consequence at the Bar, and because he affected professional learning,

and had no capacity for public speaking, having never delivered an argument before a jury or court that deserved the name of a speech, he had acquired among the people, as well as among the lawyers, the name of a man of deep law learning. His dignity he acquired, and his wife, by frequenting the mansions he frequented, and his social intercourse with the common people added to his reputation for knowledge. He went to Nashville and there opened the bar, and still maintained his constant habits. He continued to make and lose money. After a year or two he married the daughter, a daughter of the late John Childers, who had long been United States Marshal for the district of West Tennessee. By which office, and a few other minor articles, he acquired a considerable estate. After this, about the year 1821 or 1823, on a change of the judicial system of the state, as related to the Supreme Court, he came to Nashville, where the Assembly sat from 1819 to 1825, and was elected. When he first mentioned his pretensions, I know that Mr. Felix Grundy, and Andrew Buchanan, who were both

members at the time, one being a representative from Madison and the other from Warren, the subject of his claims were treated as matters of fact; but in a few days from his assumptions of pretensions and dignity, it became pretty clear he would be elected, as no lawyer of distinguished standing, who had a good practice desired it. He elector for the office incessantly, and it was during this canvass, that Henry H. Brown, then a member, told the story, that ten years before, when he was a pedlar with a horseman's pack, and Catherine a groom to the Italian Apricola, who would have thought they would ever meet again, as they had then met at Murfreesboro, one a State Senator, and the other a candidate for a Judgeship on the bench of the Supreme Court. After his election, he continued on the Bench, having become Chief Justice under the system adopted under the old constitution of 1796, until he went out of office under the constitution of 1834, ratified in 1835, by vote of the people in the Spring, and under which the newly organized and appointed legislature met in October 1835, to adopt a judicial system, and fill all the offices vacated by the new constitution, of which the Chief Justiceship was one. He had taken sides against Judge White's nomination for the Presidency in 1835, and was otherwise unpopular



and could not be re-elected. In 1836, he became a warm friend of Mr. Van Buren in the Presidential election. wrote many articles - some signed Kinderhook - all rewritten by me, and published in the Union. In this way, he scribbled and electioneered himself into the nomination for an associate Judgeship on the bench of the Supreme Court, on an increase of the number of circuits and Judges, by which he, and Howell Kinley, still a lighter man, and a shag, came on the bench. He was nominated by Mr. Van Buren, and since his elevation, has assumed great and vast dignity. Although profoundly aristocratic in all his habits and bearing - as all men raised to wealth and station by a concurrence of accidents and false pretensions would have been and always will be - yet he still professes to belong to the democratic party, and was in favor of Van Buren's election in 1840 and of Mr. Polk's in 1846. At one time, he and his law had all the federal offices in Tennessee worth having. He was a circuit Judge, pay \$4500 p. ann. His brother-in-law Morgan W. Brown - a shallow pretender who was starving at the Bar at Nashville for want of

talents and want of energy and want of character - the worst appointment Gen. Jackson was made on Mr. Gandy, as Senator was elected to - was appointed District Judge in place of Judge John M. Nairn at \$2000 p. ann. Saml Marshall since a defeat who has ruined his activities, Judge Catron, Morgan W. Brown, G. K. Stevenson, nor none of his new kin being of them - who was another brother-in-law - all these named having married Childreps - was S. S. Marshall for the District, an office worth five or six thousand dollars a year. Benjamin Lottin, another of the same, was by the family, procured to be appointed clerk of the Chancery Court at Nashville and Franklin, an office worth from two to three thousand dollars. All these men were unpopular and mean - but pretension and intrigue carried every thing - as they too often do. After reading law with Maj. M. Campbell, hard and diligently, I obtained a licence, and in October or September, 1815, removed to and settled in Memphis by advice of Col. Mitchell and other friends. Col. James Wilson, who once lived at the Fox Camp in Rutherford, lived during 1814 and 1815 in McMinnville, in the log house, east of G. D. Mercer's



staid - then considered a large house, and kept tavern. I had boarded with him. After he removed back to Nottingham, he persuaded me to go to that County.

In 1814, while I still did business for Mr. Buchanan to support myself, I went with John M. Lowry in the employ of the Puttens, with a drove of horses to Pennsylvania, having gone by my native home on the way, saw my parents and family, and gone through the valley of Virginia by Linton, Charlestown, Wythe, C. N. Stanbur, Harmanburg, Winchester, Woodstock, Martinsburg, Light's Ferry at mouth of Canawhae, crossing the Potomac there, thence by Hagerstown in Maryland, across the mountains to Gettysburg in Pa. and by York, Lancaster, &c. to Philadelphia. I kept an old journal at the time - very brief and obscure in its remarks - of all this journey, which is among my old family papers and memoranda.

On my return I engaged in practice in 1815, and well remember the first speech I tried to make in the County Court, in the present Court House in Millinville. It was upon a

motion to disorganize write of Centronis as it was called in our practice - upon purely a question of legal forms and practice. After I was done, I was and had been so much confused, that I have no recollection, and had none at the time, of one word I had said. The present Judge Saml. Anderson, who had then just come out from Knoxville to practice law in Middle Tennessee, and who about that time settled in Lebanon, was engaged in the same cause. After staying at Lebanon a short time, he also went to Memphis to live a few months before I did. A month or two after I went to Memphis, Saml. N. Tucker of Nottingham also had a licence, came to town to live. Charles Burrus, a son of the late Col. Jos. Burrus, also came to Memphis to settle and practice about the same time. He died the next year. The late Judge, Joshua Washell, who died at Jackson a few years since in West Tennessee, after having been a Judge for some years, had also settled in Memphis, having married Nancy Needy, a daughter of Chas. Needy Sr. of Needyville, to practice law. In 1820 or 1821, he was elected a Judge for the Western Circuit, and moved to Madison County. He died at

Jackson, Madison Co. Tenn. about the year 1832

When I went to reside at Murfreesboro, I found a very different condition in the state of society from that which exists there at present. It was just after the war. Gen. Robert Purdy, who afterwards was Quartermaster of Middle Tennessee, after the death of the late John Childers, after having risen to the rank of a Colonel in the United States Army, being disbanded on the reduction of the army to a peace establishment, came and settled in the neighborhood, on a farm inherited by his wife who was a Miss Philips, a sister of the present Judge Joseph Philips. He was a man of the most liberal hospitality. His wife was an excellent woman - a perfect lady - fond of gaiety, fashion and company. The late Mrs. Nancy Lytle, wife of the late Capt. Wm. Lytle, an old revolutionary officer, was and had always been the leader of fashion, and patron of all balls and parties at Murfreesborough, as she had once been at Nashville in her younger days. In her former life, there had been many doubtful circumstances, in relation to a Capt. Nicard of the army, and the late Judge John C. Hamilton of Paris when a young

man, but her husband's wealth, and her liberal hospitality, living in sight of the town, where her son Wm. Lytle now lives, and the fact of her raising a large family of handsome, virtuous, and rich daughters, who all married respectably, had enabled her to outlive all these old tales. The late Joel Dyer - the old gambler, famous in the old traditions of East Tennessee and Nashville - also rich, and whose handsome daughters had also married respectably, and afterwards married respectably, lived in town, having removed there from his farm where John W. Dyer now lives, about the time I went to live there, kept a tavern in town, where Col. Wm. F. Lytle now keeps tavern. Col. Wm. Mitchell, who was principal land surveyor of the Mountain District, who had been distinguished in the Creek war, and at New Orleans at the siege of 1814-15, as a Major of volunteers, also lived in town and kept tavern in the Old Lettens House, on the East side of the public square, where Col. Robt. Smith afterwards lived for many years.

Mr. Joel Childress, a merchant, owned and lived in the framed portion of the tavern house on the west side of the square, now owned and kept by Capt. Geo. Allen Cullitt. Mr. C. was a highly respectable man, and was the father of Mrs. Sarah Polk, the lady of James K. Polk now President of the United States. He had only three other children - a son named Anderson, who died when quite a young man, as did his wife, of consumption. His other son, Maj. John W. Childress, a married man with a family, now lives on the farm where his father died about the year 18 of fever. His other child - his oldest except Anderson, is Mrs. Susan Pucher, wife of Dr. Wm. Pucher of Memphis. Capt. Childress' widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Childress, now lives in Memphis. She was a sister of Col. Whitsett, once of Sumner County, Tennessee, where Mr. C. married her. Col. Whitsett once lived at the old miserable place in Northford, and afterwards removed to, and died in South Alabama.

John M. Telford, now of Warren Co. Hickory Creek, was a prosperous merchant in Memphis when I went there to live. He was cousin-law of Capt. W. and Mrs. Lytle. Nicholas Telford, and James M. Telford, now both dead were merchants there at same time. The widow of Nicholas, now the widow Brandon, lives near Redgills on Stone's river, below Woodbury. The late William Barfield, and James D. Caruthers, and Joseph D. Smith, were also merchants, as was one Jonathan Estle, now all dead. In 1816 and 1817, the late Jonathan Carrin, and the late David Wendel, came there as merchants, Carrin from Franklin, in Williamson Co. and Wendel from East Tennessee. Old Alexander Carmichael, and James D. Rawlings, both deceased, were taxion keepers. Dr. W. F. Butler, and Dr. W. J. Henderson, and Dr. Elisha B. Clarke, a cousin of my late father in law, and Dr. King Hornes, were all practicing physicians. Hornes now lives in Mississippi, and Dr. Butler in Jackson, Tennessee - The others are dead. Maj. Bennett Smith, a remarkable man,



still living, had come over to town to enjoy his fortune, about the time I went to the place to live. He pretended, however, now and then, especially when drunk, to engage in the practice of law. He is the son-in-law of the late Gen. Jos. Dickson, for whom Dickson County is said to have been called - a revolutionary soldier, who was in Congress from North Carolina when the contest took place between Jefferson and Burr in 1800-1. He often told me, that he was the man in the North Carolina Delegation, who caused the vote of that State to be changed in the final result. His son-in-law Smith, I have heard Indef John Hayward say, was the only man he ever knew to amass a fortune at the Bar in five dollars fees. - The late Gen. Blackman Coleman, before noticed, who died some years since at Brownsville Tennessee, a son-in-law of old Joel Dyer - lived in town, and was clerk of the County Court, then a valuable officer. My brother John

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R. Laughlin (notice of whom see at pages 11-12, 43 and 44 ante) succeeded him in his office. In the neighborhood, Col. Robert Henry Dyer lived - a son of old Joel - a gallant officer wounded at New Orleans, who afterwards died in the British District. Dyer County was called in honor of his name. When B. Haggy, now deceased, the father-in-law of James Haggy, a son of Felix Haggy, and a son-in-law of old Joel, also lived in the neighborhood - both gay men.

I cannot enumerate all those who then lived in Memphis, but of those who were their business associates, scarcely any remain, and most of these are dead. Gaming was then a most prevailing and fashionable vice, and was carried on almost openly. Cards were played for money by almost every body - and Billiard tables were a common resort.

Pop. About December, 1865, was the first time I saw Law President Park. He was then a very young man, little older than myself, and was a student at the Bradley Academy, an institution which had been removed from near Col. Nelson's to Memphis, and was under the care of the late Samuel P. Blackman, an excellent and learned man. The old Academy House was a spacious log

building, and stood near where the brick Presbyterian Church now stands. About the date named, Mr. Black held an examination of his students, which concluded with the enacting of portions of Plays, and the delivery of orations. In attending this examination, called an exhibition, I saw and was remarkably struck with young Mr. Polk. He was small for his age - like myself not arrived at his full growth - and his hair was much fairer and of lighter color than it became afterwards. He had a fine eye - was neat in his person - boarded, I think at old Capt. Lytle's - and evinced the finest capacity for public speaking I had ever heard in a youth. In one of the Plays, I recollect perfectly well that he enacted "Jerry Speakers the Mayor of Gooch," in which he manifested infinite humor. I remember after leaving the examination, to have taken a ride with Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Greene boarded, and Capt. Samuel Wilson, that he was much the most promising

young man in the school, and that if he lived, he would rise to high distinction. I became acquainted with him shortly afterwards - before he went home to Maury County where his father lived - and that acquaintance has ripened into a friendship which has lasted ever since. I believe that shortly after that examination, he went to the University at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, having completed his preparatory studies under Mr. Black. At the University, on finishing his course, he afterwards graduated with the first honors. His subsequent history is before the world.

The same Academy House was used on sabbath days as a place of public worship, until it was afterwards set on fire and consumed by a cleavage man from Kentucky named Forsyth. The Rev. Jesse Alexander, still a preacher, and other Presbyterian clergymen preached, and held sacramental meetings in the House. At this House, about 25th of December 1815 - it was on the Sunday succeeding Christmas day in that year - an event happened to me which I shall never forget - can never forget.

Samuel Wilson

On the day last mentioned, having heard that a Miss Bass - I had not heard her Christian name - and several other young ladies, who were staying at Maj. Bennett Smith's, with his daughter Margaret, (afterwards married to Thich Cummins and since dead) and attending a sacramental meeting at the place mentioned, I went to hear preaching there on the day under consideration, getting there late, in company with Daniel Barnes and others, we could not get into the House, so great was the crowd. We stood out by the door, and could hear and see in the House. Near the conclusion of the service, with Miss Smith, and in a few near the door, standing up during the concluding prayer, Miss Bass was pointed out to me. She had her face towards me, so that I had a full view of her countenance and person. She was dressed in white, and stood resting on the staff of a folded parasol. Her countenance was meek, modest, very youthful, and her whole attention seemed engaged

by the prayer which I think was made by the Rev. Mr. Alexander before mentioned. I was greatly struck by her appearance. From having heard Dr. Clarke, then a Physician in Newbury (a Quaker and Cousin of her father) mention Miss Bass, and having heard Daniel Barnes, then a Clerk in Exeter Street, and Wm. Smith, now General Smith speak of her, I had gone to the meeting, not being well at the time, more with a desire to see her than any other person - and more from that desire than to hear preaching. When I saw her, all I had favorable to her person and talents fell far short of what I at once conceived to be her due. Although I had not seen her move, except to turn round and take her seat at the conclusion of the prayer, and had never heard her speak, and although I withdrew and went home to Mitchell's Tavern without seeing any more of her, I had from that hour a presentiment that she was at some time to become my wife. I was young and poor, but full of ardent ambition, and never feared but what I could make my way in the world if I should continue in health. I had no view or purpose, however of marrying. I had formed no such



resolution or wish. I had only wished to see Miss Bass from no other motive than the natural desire of youth of either sex to see persons of the other sex whom they have heard praised. But from the moment I saw her, I determined to see her again and learn more about her face to face. I knew Dr. Clarke visited at her father's, six miles West of Memphis, where he lived on a large farm on the old road from Nashville to Shelbyville.

Three or four days I think, as well as I can remember, after the foregoing adventure - I should perhaps say incident - Dr. Clarke got into one of his occasional fits or sprees of drinking. He was an old bachelor, of great skill in his profession, and was universally esteemed. He had become very friendly to me. His friends were on this occasion, persuading him to take a ride into the country for exercise, and ride back and he would be over his frolic. He said he would do so if I would go with him. I told him at once I would. I never thought, nor did he, of the place we would go to, or how far. We ordered our horses, and Col. Mitchell gave the Doctor, at his earnest intreaty,

a glass of toddy to start on. We mounted our horses, the Doctor taking the lead, when he started off out of town, down the old Nashville road by Wilson's Shoals, which led down on the north and northwest of Squire David Dickson's plantation. He kept on ahead, with but little to say for some miles, when he commenced telling of his adventures in Virginia (in Brunswick and Petersburg I think) of his being captivated in love - of his extravagance by which he had spent a good patrimony all occasioned by his disappointment in love. He spoke of a friend of his, Mr. Ambrose House, who had lately removed from Virginia to Cumberland County in the neighborhood of Memphis, near his kinsman Capt. James Bass, and said we would turn back, and come home by the house of his friend Ambrose after we got as far down the Nashville road as he wished to go. We dashed on until we got to old Mr. Hartwell Murables, another old Virginia friend of his. Here we stopped and went into the house, he introducing me to the old people. He had gotten nearly sober. He did not ask for any thing to drink, but <sup>went</sup> out and up the road a short distance where we had passed a blacksmith shop, where he got some whiskey, and presently he was so much intoxicated again, as to set his tongue to running. He

refused when he went back to the House to stay for dinner, pretending he was in a hurry to get home, and had to go by Mr. House's and Capt. Bafes. We set off, and took the Shelbyville road which turned off at the corner of Mr. Manab's fence to the South, and crossed the creek (Stewart's) through what was since Searey's now Watson's mill dam. We rode on to Mr. Bonin's, where I hoped he would stop, as I did not wish to go to Capt. Bafes' with him when he was drinking. We found Mr. House and his negroes out clearing new ground, the land where I think his orchard now is, and he invited us to his house to stop and stay till next morning. The Doctor refused to light from his horse or stop, saying he must go home and call at Capt. Bafes' on his way. So off we went again, he still showing the effects of his drink and soon got to Capt. Bafes', it being only about a mile.

Here we got down, and went in. Capt. Bafes was not at home - or at the House. He introduced me to Mrs. Bafes, to her daughter Temperance Smith, then the wife of Thomas B. Smith, a son of Bennett Smith,

who was then a mere child in Fayetteville Lincoln County, and to Miss Mary Clarke Bafes, her sister, who afterwards, in less than a year became my wife; and whom I here first saw at home, in a fine plain dish of meat homespun, which had been made by some of the relations of the family, and sent to her as a present, and which, as I afterwards learned, she and her sister had just finished making (that is in the needle work, the spinning and weaving having been done by the family who presented it) and which she had just put on. If my first impressions at the first sight in Memphis were favorably, those I now received were more so. I had an opportunity of exchanging a few words with her and her sister. I told them while Dr. Clarke had gone into another to beg Mrs. Bafes for some toddy, that I was riding out with the Doctor, whom I much esteemed as a stranger, to try to get him sober, and by arrangement of myself and his friends - that I hoped to succeed. He had previously told me, that when he first came to the Country, and when he had stopped to practice medicine I think at old Godfrey Shelton's, thirteen miles East of Nashville, and even after he had gone to Memphis, that he had been in the habit of going



to Capt. Baper and staying for weeks to rest, and to adieu off from his species. I therefore knew that the ladies knew his habits, and Mary's middle name had been given in honor of the Doctor's father, and her first name for his mother. — They expressed a hope that I might succeed. From the moment I heard her speak, some strange, presentimental emotions arose in my mind and heart in regard to Mary. I was dressed in my everyday office clothes — a lead colored suit of lead colored gray coat and pantaloons — a brown frock coat, and long fair topped boots, buff cassimere vest, and black hats. I remember it well now, though probably I did not in three days or a week afterwards. I remember it, because Mary, afterwards, and all her after days my most affectionate wife, often repeated to me, after our marriage, the precise garments which I wore. — It would almost seem that our meeting was providential and pre-ordained, for she has assured me a thousand times, that the moment she saw me, on my being introduced

and before she knew who I was except by the name by which I was introduced, she was strongly struck with a strong presentiment that I was to become her husband. Miss Susan House, the eldest daughter of Mr. Ambrose House, then grown, who afterwards married Thomas B. Newby and is now dead, was at Mr. Baper's, or came in while Dr. Clark and myself were there. After we left, and during the same evening, Mary told Miss House, as they both afterwards often told me, that she was perfectly satisfied I would pay my address to her, and that I would become her future husband. — These are facts. I am not superstitious — but I have a firm belief in these unexplained and inexplicable presentiments which all persons I believe sometimes have, whether they notice them or not, of coming events. — I state the facts exactly as they occurred — and must be pardoned for entertaining my own honest opinion of them. —



The doctor and myself went home that evening, after he got a glass of toddy from Mrs. Baps, refusing to stay all night as we were invited to do, and in a few days he got sober.

About this time I was in the habit of going to Beasley's Baptist meeting house, two miles south of Capt. Baps's, on the Shelbyville road in company with sundry young gentlemen and ladies from town. It was a pleasant Sabbath ride - being six miles from town and a good road. I had been introduced in town by Dr. Clarke to Capt. Baps after our call. The old man, who held old Virginia, open house hospitality as part of his moral creed, was in the habit with his whole family, when there was no Methodist preaching in the neighborhood, of attending preaching at Beasley's on Sundays. The first time I met him there, after our introduction, he invited myself and two or three other young men from town, after sermon, to go home with him to dinner. I most cheerfully did so, for of all things such an invitation was what I most wanted. In going to his house, and after we got there, although I did not ride with her, I had opportunities of seeing much more of Mary than I had seen before. Again, I had the

same invitation and accepted it. On leaving in the evening on the second time for home, I had a general invitation from Capt. Baps, and his son James - James being nearly as old as myself - to visit his house for country recreation, whenever it suited my convenience, and I thankfully promised to avail myself of the permission as I considered it. I had been perfectly distant, but respectful in my intercourse with Mary - I admired her modest, timid, yet dignified and becoming deportment more and more at each interview.

I was intimate in town with a young man named Argyle Campbell, a nephew of old George Washington Campbell, who had just completed his course at the Bowdley Academy under the late Samuel P. Black, who was preparing to study law under the patronage of his uncle. He had a sister named Eliza at some school in Ruthturford who had become intimate with Miss Baps - she afterwards married the Honorable David Hubbard of Alabama and is dead. Argyle wished to pay his addresses to Miss Baps, and was in the habit of going there with

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his sister as an excuse for his frequent visits. He told me all his secrets. He had commenced his courtship, but had met no encouragement, but an absolute rejection, as he had made no direct definite proposal. I went out to Capt. Baf's with him one Saturday evening, in March 1816 I think to stay all night, and go to Beasley's the next day.

After we got there in the evening, in playing some game of forfeits, I obtained an opportunity, when the forfeit to be paid by me was to court some one of the girls, covers being present, or on some such incident, when it seemed matter of course for me to speak aside to Miss Baf's, and when no one dreamed of my purpose, or that I had such a wish, to ask her with great earnestness, and in perfect sincerity - stating that it was the first opportunity, and the first time I had dared - though I had desired to do so from the first day of our acquaintance - for leave to pay my addresses to her as a professed admirer, and as one whose plain object and purpose was, if she should find me worthy, was to obtain her hand in marriage.

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She at once comprehended me, gave me credit in her own mind for sincerity, and instantly, as accorded with what she ardently wished herself, as she afterwards informed me, gave me her full consent that I might pay my addresses to her and make proposals when I should find it proper or convenient. No one present was dreamed that a serious word had passed between us. She was in her 16th year, and I would be twenty on the first day of May following. The next day I rode with some one else to Beasley's, but rode back to dinner with her - falling somewhat behind the company. Campbell rode with her to Beasley's. On that two miles ride, I poured out my whole heart, or its feelings plainly to her - told my age, situation, prospects, poverty - but hopes of rising in my profession in time through the patronage of friends of whom I had many, though a mere boy as it were among strangers. With perfect sincerity, for she was fully satisfied of my sincerity, she told me, on my direct proposal of marriage, that if no obstacle existed of which she was then advised, that she was perfectly willing, in accordance with

the feelings and wishes of her heart to marry me, but desired some time to consider before she would make a definite engagement, which she hoped I would readily allow her, as she had met my plain candor, and direct proposals, with the same plain, direct candor with which I had made it. I readily agreed to it. We agreed in all our future intercourse to deal in plain, direct words - to always speak the plain direct truth - and to accord to each other full and entire confidence, whatever might be the final result. When we got home, to her father, I was as happy, I could scarcely sit still, sit down to dinner, or conceal my excited feelings.

The next time I went to her father's, I again went with Argyle Campbell. It was on a Saturday again. We found the late Col. Jos. Burrows there, with his daughter Betsey, now Mrs. Judge Saml Anderson, and his son Fayette. Betsey and Mary had been educated together at Mrs. Clopton's school on Fall Creek, Wilson County. Fayette, who afterwards married a Miss Ready,

was a dull youth - the son of a rich old man, who had brought him to Capt. Bufs as an essay writer to Miss Mary. He never came on such but once more. Mary told me what his business was. As I never came to ask her separate conversation - seldom rode or walked with her except by accident - no one dreamed that we had a full and perfectly confidential intercourse. She had informed her mother promptly of my proposals and her answer. She also told Susan House, a truly good and discreet girl every thing. I afterwards met the late Samuel C. Rucker at Capt. Bufs on the same business. He came but once. I also met Benjamin Rucker, who afterwards married her elder sister Temperance some years after her divorce from the Route Smith who abandoned her for a wild prostitute with whom he connected himself, and after the death of Benjamin's first wife. I say I met Mr. C. Rucker there, a cousin of Samuel C. Rucker, and he being



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 a good brother methodist in the Church with Mrs. Bels, and being sick, and having the old lady's good will, he came several times before he would be put off. I met him there twice - we slept in the same room - he told his business and hopes - I staid at a distance, let him have all opportunities of talking, walking or sitting with Mary - while at the same time, we had as full and perfect an understanding with with each other of all Mrs. Rucker said and did, as we were had of her conversations and intimacies with persons after our marriage. I advised her to hear him fairly, patiently, and dispose of his suit kindly and respectfully. She did so, as she did with Burns, S. C. Rucker, and Joseph Campbell, a gentleman married Anthony, Robert Dickson of Fayetteville, Dr. H. Holmes, now of Mississippi, and several others. When I found such company at her father's, I kept at a distance - hardly approached her, and never in separate conversation, but when Miss House was there,

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 which was almost constantly, it was my way to tell her any thing and every thing I wanted to say to Mary, and for Mary to do the same as to any thing she wished to say to me, and Susan instantly communicated it. In this way, in the course of an evening we frequently sat and viewed a dozen communications to each other, without a soul perceiving it, and had our own amusements, and often hearty laughs, no one knowing for what reason, or always supposing a wrong one. My attentions were all supposed to be directed to Miss House. These were pleasant days - their memory is full of sweet melancholy - and I pen these events here, knowing that no eyes but those of my children, grandchildren, or those who will hold my memory in equal respect, will ever see what I now write. I wish my father or grand-father had written and left just such a true, unreserved, and full memoir, however badly or hastily written. I scribble this down (it is now 17 April 1848) in the recess of office hours and business.

After Miss Bap and myself had agreed to be married in the course of the ensuing Fall, she having entered into a full engagement to me in the Spring, I asked the consent of her parents, which was readily given. But in a few weeks, certain anonymous letters were written to Capt. Bap, postmarked at Huntsville, Alabama, which slandered me outrageously. I never learned who wrote the principal letter, which Capt. B. placed in my hands, but I always suspected Jonas J. Bell, and Frederick Jones, the latter the son of Rev. Edmund Jones who lived near Mr. Bap. Frederick had a store in Huntsville, and Bell was his clerk. Frederick had made proposals to Mary. My friends hearing of it from me, that I was thus slandered, Gen. Gibbs, Col. Mitchell, friends in Virginia, and others, wrote to Capt. Bap through me, giving direct contradiction to the slanders. The charges were chiefly, that I was poor, and loved money. The first was true - the latter false.

(continued)  
When the letters were received, Mary told me of it instantly, as soon as she met me one day when I went out to her father, meeting me at the door, her mother being out, and seated on the right hand side of the door, in the old porch. She had given no credit to the letters, and said she told me of it at once, because she had told her parents, that such things could not shake her resolutions, or her confidence in me. I demanded the letter of Capt. Bap. I asked him to suspend any opinion until I could trace up the slander. That was all. But Mr. Alexander or Cargill would write anonymously in such a case. He said he had not changed his opinion, but I might take my own course. I told and wrote to some friends. They wrote to Capt. Bap, but neither myself or friends could ever trace up the true author. I kept the letter suspended to be many years, and then burned it.

At page 40 I have stated the ages and genealogies of my father and mother, and my own birth. In the notes made in an old diary, marked 1840-1842-1843-1844-1845, is contained a family record of my own family, but which I have copy in a more permanent form, and better preserved.

My father was born Nov. 4, 1766.

My mother was born Sept. 9, 1773.

I was born, Washington County, Virginia, May 7, 1796.

Mary Clarke Bass, daughter of James and Temperance Bass, was born in Brunswick County, Virginia, June 16, 1801. Her father and mother were natives of Brunswick Co. Va. her maiden name having been Saunders, and were descended from old Colonial families of that State, and removed to Tennessee first to Davidson County, and then to the place where he lived and died, in 1826, and 1807. He, Capt. Bass, died at his own house, after a lingering illness, brought on by a fall from his

in the year 1826, in September. Mrs. Bass his wife, afterwards died at her son Thomas Bass, Athens, Limestone Co. Alabama, in the fall of 1839. They had a number of children, this Thomas being the eldest. The next son Gordon, died in Mississippi about 1843, and his widow and some of his children, she being a sister of the Rev. Peyton Smith, removed from Mississippi to Washita, Louisiana, or Arkansas, in 1844-5.

The next child of Capt. Bass was Temperance Weston, who first married Thomas B. Smith, and then Benjamin Rucker, and died of Consumption in 1830. Nancy, the next daughter married the Rev. Peyton Smith, a Baptist Preacher, raised on Mill Creek, Davidson Co. Tenn. and now lives with his wife near Covington, Ripston Co. Tennessee. The next son is James Bass, who married a daughter of Mr. Ambrose House, and lives in Rutherford Co. Tennessee. The next child was Mary Clarke, my late wife. Hartwell Bass, was the youngest son, and died of Consumption in 1825 or 1826, having married a Miss Richardson. He left his wife and one child - both since dead.



After this genealogical repetition, I will here state, that Mary Clarke Balf and myself were married at her father's house, Rutland County, Tennessee, by the Rev. Edmund Jones, an old local Methodist preacher, on the 24th of October, 1816. My W it ns as they were called in those days, were the late Gen. Wm Brady, and Capt. Samuel Wilson, then late of the U. S. Army - Mary's visitors were, Miss Susan House, afterwards Mrs. Kerley, and Miss Caroline Ready, afterwards Mrs. Dr. Hancock. Gen. Brady died in 1835 of Cholera, and Mrs. Kerley soon after her marriage in 1829 or 1823, of fever. Dr. Hancock the husband of Miss Ready is dead, but she is living. Wilson now lives in Mississippi.

I will here, make a record of the children and offspring of my marriage:

Ellen Temple Laughlin, born Rutland Co. Tenn. July 18, 1817.

Sarah Louisa Laughlin born, Rutland. April 3, 1819.

Mary Virginia Laughlin, born Rutland May 13th. 1821.

A son born, surviving but a few hours, Rutland, Tennessee, May 4, 1823

Isabella Smith Laughlin, born Rutland, Tennessee, May 3, 1824.

Samuel Houston Laughlin, born, Rutland, Tennessee, December 12, 1826.

John James Laughlin, born Rutland, at Mrs. (late Mr. Balfour's place) Balfour, Rutland, Tenn. Aug. 8, 1832.

Andrew Jackson Laughlin, born at Nashville, Tenn. June 22, 1834.

A female child born dead at Kammicide, Cannon Co. Oct. 15, 1837.

A male child born at McMinnville, Tenn. which survived a few minutes, August 19th. 1838.

Cora Keyser Laughlin, born at Hickory Hill (my present residence though I am now writing in Washington City) Warren Co. Tenn. Sept. 5, 1839.

### Deaths

Mary Clarke Laughlin, my wife, died at Hickory Hill, Nov. 11, 1840, and is buried, with a plain monument and suitable inscriptions at Liberty Meeting House, near McMinnville.

My excellent mother died at Richway Hill, while I was absent, serving in the State Senate, at Nashville, on the 5th day of November, 1843, having just entered upon her 81st year. Soon after she removed to Tennessee, in Oct. 1829, having been almost helpless for many previous years, she lost the use of even her hands, from the effects of rheumatism, so as to disable her from using a needle, or even from knitting as I have elsewhere remarked. The distortion of the joints of her knees, her wrists, hands, fingers, ankles and feet, were the effect, I presume, of an improper use of mercury, under a prescription of the late Dr. Elkannah P. Dulaney of Blountville, as well as rheumatism. She lies interred beside my wife at Liberty Meeting House burial ground (Cumberland Presbyterian) two miles South of McMinnville. She died in the full faith of a happy resurrection, having long been an humble believer in the gospel of truth and salvation to all who believe.

My dear wife died with myself, Dr. Smutt, my daughter Isabella, all my sons, standing around her bed. Her disease was congestive fever. My father and mother were at my house, but

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not in the room. On the slab covering tomb, the plain monument having been made at Nashville, under my direction, is inscribed the following:

Sacred  
to the memory of  
Mary Clarke Laughlin,  
wife of  
Samuel Harvey Laughlin  
Born  
Brunswick County, Virginia,  
June 14th. 1807.  
Died,  
Warren County, Tennessee,  
November 11th. 1840.  
Requiescent in pace.

A day or two after her death, as soon as I was sufficiently composed to write, I wrote the following obituary notice, being unwilling to intrust the commemoration of her virtues to any other hand. It was published in the McMinnville Central Gazette of

The 16th of Nov. 1840:

"Obituary."

It is an awful thing to die;  
Yet the dread path once trod,  
Heaven opens its everlasting portals high,  
And bids the pure in heart approach their God.

"Died, at Hickory, the residence of her husband in this County, on the 11th inst, after a painful illness of ten days, Mrs. Mary C. Laughlin, wife of Col. Samuel St. Laughlin, in the 39th year of her age. A life devoted to the faithful performance of every conjugal, maternal, filial and social duty, was closed in perfect resignation to the will of God, with every bright hope that gilds the evening of a Christian's day, unobscured by the smallest doubt in the promises of her Redeemer.

"The vanities of the world, its idle ceremonies, and its insincerity, she avoided as well in youth as in matured years, with a uniformity and consistency which were the result of moral and religious principles. Her affections were neither vitiated nor wasted by a general intercourse with the world—her benevolence, kindness and good will were extended to all, and none within

her ability to relieve or comfort ever asked her favor in charity in vain. Without pride, she moved through life with humility in the sight of her creator. She would not have deviated from sincerity and truth to have gained the applause of the whole world.

"She felt for her husband, her children, and family that deep, generous, self-devoted affection, which, in retirement, springs amid mutual charities, mutual purity, and mutual feelings, and connects itself with every interest of life, and twines itself with the hope of heaven. She was a wife twenty-four years. To the tenderest sensibility of soul, in her was united the purest and warmest heart, a sound judgment, a disposition kind and placid, a firm, constant, self-devoting attachment, pure delicacy of sentiment and feeling, an enthusiastic love of domestic life, a deep and solemn sense of her obligations to God and her neighbor, a full knowledge of all her duties, and a soul intent upon their faithful performance. If all these qualities combined could render the conjugal state happy, her husband and family were peculiarly blest. They were so blest, and fully reciprocated her constant affection and fully appreciated all her virtues. May God support the mourners in



their affliction, and convert this severe temporal chastisement to their eternal good."

I feel conscious at this hour that there is not a word of eulogy in the foregoing obituary sketch which was not fully deserved. My heart - my undying affection for her memory - which I cherish in the blest hope of again meeting her in a better state of existence than this world of sorrow affords - approves fully of every sentiment I have expressed in regard to her excellences. All my affections and feelings - my sorrow for her loss - are as fresh and poignant at this moment, though sobered by reason, religion and philosophy, as they were in the hour of bereavement. May heaven keep, and preserve me in a condition to insure my meeting with her and my departed little ones in the Kingdom of God in Christ. Amen.

My beloved daughter Isabella Smith Laughlin, who was named for Mrs. Isabella Smith, the wife of Maj. Bennett Smith of Memphis, who was a daughter of the late Gen.

Joseph Dickson of Rathfriland, once a member of Congress from North Carolina in 1800-1, and once Speaker of the House in the Tennessee Legislature, perhaps in 1811-12 - I continue, my dear daughter was living in the Spring and Summer of 1841, and in Spring of 1842, with her sister Ellen and Mr. Koger in Nashville. She had lived with them almost altogether after the death of her mother. She had a tumor on her neck, resembling a small wen which continued to grow. In <sup>May</sup> 1842, it was thought advisable to have it removed by a surgical operation. A Doct. Walter, a ~~Prof~~ Parapsian of much pretension and popularity, was employed to perform it. He did so with seeming success. This was done about 23rd or 24th of ~~the~~ <sup>May</sup>. I arrived at Nashville a day or two after it was performed. She seemed to be doing well. I remained three or four days, and returned home. Little did I apprehend what the sad result would be. About

The lot of <sup>some</sup> ~~the~~ wound made by the operation became inflamed. She was feeble, delicate and nervous. It grew worse and worse. She was alarmed, fearful, and her kind brother-in-law Roger, at her constant entreaty, sat day and night by her bedside, holding her hand. He afterwards told me, that whenever he would move, she would intreat him not to leave her while she could speak. Symptoms of gangrene or mortification appeared. All remedies failed. To quiet the poor sufferer, opiates were given. I was sent for post haste when news she was deemed to be in danger. I hastened to Northwick, riding all night, getting there too late even to see her remains. She died on the 5th of June, and was interred on the 6th at the Public burying ground, south East of the city on the afternoon of the 6th. I arrived soon after dark at Mr. Roger's on the same evening. My feelings I cannot, will not endeavor to describe. She was a sweet temper.

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affectionate child. I remember when her mother died, when Mrs. Rowan (since dead herself) forced Isabella to retire to a room where I was, and lie down, that after Mrs. Rowan retired, she prayed most earnestly for her mother and herself - prayed and besought God, as I had heard her do in secret the day before her mother died, that if death must visit our house, that he would be pleased to take her - to let her die, and spare her mother to take care of her little brother and her infant sister. Her whole soul was offered up with tears, earnestness, and deep devotion in these petitions. From the moment I heard this, I seemed, without knowing whence it came, to love the dear child with a new and increased affection. She now, I doubt not, rests in heaven, with her dear mother, and dear little sister Cora Roger, who only survived her three months. The next evening I saw my

beloved Isabella in life, she was able to sit up, have her wounds dressed, and play "The plaintive air of 'Long Time Ago'" for me, (repeating the pathetic words of the little song) on the piano.

On the 4th of September, 1842, my dear Cora, then the adopted child of Mr. Rogers and Ellen, died of Congestive fever at Mr. Rogers's House, in the McHairy Range of lots, in the same room where her sister Isabella had died so shortly before. I was sent for to Richway Hill to see her, and arrived twenty-four hours before the little Angel - for she was the sweetest and most precious child I ever knew, was called home to heaven - being one of those precious souls, pronounced by our blessed Redeemer himself to be a fit subject for the "Kingdom of Heaven." These two heavy visitations of a chastising but blessed providence, falling

on me so near the same time - and in less than two little years after the death of my beloved wife, was almost more than I could bear. They for a time prostrated all my energies - and, but for the love of the surviving remainder of my family - my children and aged parents, then inmates of my house, I believe I should have wholly lost my reason; for then I had not learned to repose my sorrows and afflictions, through prayer, on my father in heaven, whose name be ever hallowed.

The deaths of my mother and brothers are herein before stated. See pages 40, 41, &c. and pages 152, 153.

August 13th. 1845.

These desultory notes I continued to write out at Washington City, lying in the family of my esteemed friend Maj. Hampton C. Williams, in the Spring of 1845. In April, various engagements compelled me to lay the work aside. On resuming it to-day, I find myself in possession of fuller and additional facts in relation to my Grandfather Duncan's Life and Character.



and also some facts in regard to my grandfather Laughlin, which I think it proper to state before I go on with my narrative. These facts have been furnished me in a letter of the 3rd of August, 1845, from Marshall N. Laughlin, the son of my Cousin Thomas Laughlin of Monroe Co. Tennessee, who is a student in my office at Hickory Hill - the facts being dictated by my father, and written down by Mr. L. The letter will be found in the current volume of my bound letters. I am collecting materials from my father's great uncle Benjamin Sharp and others for Lyman C. Draper Esq of Baltimore who is preparing a volume of Biography of Western Pioneers, and in which I hope to have my grandfather's name inserted.

The true spelling of my grandfather's name, I am satisfied, is Dunkin, not Duncan. He was born in Lancaster (not Chester) County, Pennsylvania, in 1743 - of Scottish parents, his father claiming to be of the Clan claiming name and descent (as they yet do in Scotland) from good King Duncan - the true spelling of the patriarchic name, as my grandfather and great grandfather contended being Dunkin. My great grandfather's name was Thomas. He had early in life emigrated to Ireland from Scotland, and from thence to Pennsylvania,

having married in Ireland a lady of respectable family, named Elizabeth Alexander - she being, however of Scottish descent. He (my great grandfather) died in Lancaster Co. Penn. in 1760 - leaving one son, my grandfather, four daughters and his widow. John Dunkin, my grandfather, being an only son, and very young at his father's death, had his mother and sisters to support. He married very young, his wife being Ellenor Sharp, daughter of John Sharp, the father of my grand uncles John, Thomas and Benjamin Sharp\*, the latter still living in Missouri as before stated in these notes. By my grandmother Ellenor, he had three children born before he left Pennsylvania which was about 1765. He moved to what is now Russell County, Virginia, on the waters of Clinch river, and settled at a noted place called the Elk Gardens. This was the most remote north westerly settlement of Virginia West of the Blue Ridge at that time. At Elk Garden, he was appointed a Captain of Rangers by a Committee of Safety. His Company was a  
 (\* P.S. Sharp died in Monroe Co. Mo. Jan. 1846.)

small band of choice spirits, always ready as minute men, and qualified by experience and bravery for defending a frontier settlement against the cunning and barbarity of Indian enemies. On one occasion, while he thus lived on Clinch, a predatory band of Indians came into the settlement, and murdered a man named Bush and his wife, and took their children, three daughters and a son prisoners. The son was nearly grown. Capt. D. with a few men, followed the trail, and by hard marching, overtook them, killed three of the Indians, and rescued the prisoners without losing a man. Further to the North West, where Powell's Valley had begun to be settled, in what is now Lee County, Virginia, the Indians were in the habit of murdering travellers. Before the settlements had become permanent, the great Buffalo trace to Kentucky - or that part of Virginia now forming Kentucky - by way of Cumberland Gap, from 1766 to 1776, was a route for hunters and adventurous

explorers; and which numerous murders and robberies were committed by various tribes of Indians, but mostly by Cherokees and Shawnees. Capt. Dunkin and his little faithful band, frequently went out, and remained for different periods, on tours of duty, in protecting the settlers in their valleys and on the road. On one of these tours, he and his company fell in with a band of Indians, whom they instantly attacked, killing four and wounding a fifth. He followed the wounded Indian some distance to a place where he had entered a cave. The late Gen. Joseph Martin, under whom my father served in the campaign to Lookout Mountain in 1788 - and who had some establishment in that part of East Tennessee which now forms the lower part of Powell's valley, was along, having, with other rangers, and Capt. Dunkin's Virginia Rangers, was at the time of so tracing the Indian in company with Capt. Dunkin,

when it was agreed between the two, that while others kept guard without, they would enter the cave and take the Indians or kill him. They entered, each with a blazing torch in one hand (for the cave was totally dark) and a pistol in the other cocked and primed. After going in sixty or seventy yards, Capt. Dunkin saw the Indian's eyes shining in the distance, and taking deliberate aim, not knowing but that the Indian had a gun, and supposing others to be with him, was so lucky as to shoot him right through the head. Many were the manly and brave acts of Capt. D. and his gallant neighbors.

In the year 1777 he went to Kentucky, raised corn, and made improvements by erecting cabins in the fork between Kingston's and Stoner's forks of Licking River. He had removed his mother and sister with him to Clinch. After thus preparing in Kentucky in 1777-8, he removed his family, including his aged mother, and two sisters

and their husbands Samuel Porter and Solomon Litton, out from Clinch to Kentucky in 1779. I say he removed them, for besides being the head of his own family, he was the commander and leader of the Company of immigrants, though Porter and Litton and others who went along, were men of enterprise and good soldiers and woodsmen. These two had farms, also begun by improvements near Martin's Station. Martin's Station was on Stoner's river (or fork of Licking) five miles above its confluence with Kingston or Licking - Ruddle's Station (pronounced Riddles) was three miles below the junction or forks - consequently the posts were eight miles apart.

The winter of 1779-1780, was unusually severe, and is remembered in the history of the times, and traditionally as the Hard winter. (See Marshall's History of Ky. V. 1. p. 102). The rivers and streams were all frozen up - cattle and domestic animals died up by hundreds and thousands, as doubtless did the wild game. Wild meat when it could be procured by the border settlers was very poor; and the corn and grain was early consumed, and the people put to great straits to procure subsistence of any sort, however common or coarse. Settlers were reduced to the very point of starvation, so much so that they were compelled to live on the most unwholesome meats without bread. Many families, travelling



out to Kentucky, by way of Cumberland Gap and the Wilderness, were compelled to encamp, erect huts, Camps as temporary Shanties were called, and such other shelters as they could obtain, and subsist on the dead carcasses of their Cattle, Sheep &c. as died from the effects of the weather and want.

When the Spring of 1780 was ushered in, there was an unusual bustle among the new settlers in Kentucky. They had the finest lands in the world to cultivate, much of it easily cleared so as to fit it for corn crops, potatoes &c. The previous winter had admonished them of the necessity of making as much provision for the next winter as was possible. In the Spring there seemed to be but little danger from the Indians. In the vicinity of the forts, the planters pitched or planted large crops, and everything seemed to smile and promise future prosperity. They seemed to be removed from the constant dangers and troubles which the Revolutionary War still in progress, brought to the neighborhoods and doors of their brethren in all the Country east of the Mountains. In describing these scenes in Kentucky, Mr. Marshall N. Langhlin, in writing me from Hickory Hill, from the dictation of my father says: "Early the crops of corn began to ripen (summer of 1780) and harvest seemed to be suspending

the Cornucopia over the furnished land.

"There was a smile on every man's countenance, as he looked out upon the luxuriance of the growing Indian corn. There was happiness and security in the forts - happiness there really was and security there seemed to be - where they all lived, each fort like a great family, while living thus in snug and fancied security, they hung their domestic Te Deums around blazing wood fires, around which was also placed innumerable rich roasting ears of corn arranged at proper distances and positions, for being nicely roasted."

While this happy sylvan state of things however existed upon this fair frontier, Col. Boyd was busily employed at Detroit plotting their destruction in combination with the northern nations of Indians in alliance with Great Britain in our revolutionary war - a conspiracy against the peace and happiness of these unoffending frontier settlers which was soon to turn, all their rejoicing and supposed security into a scene of sorrow and mourning.

On or about the 1st of June, 1780, Colonel Boyd, a British officer, collected a body of about 600 Canadians and Indians at or near Detroit, and after marching by land to the Great Allegheny where it was navigable, they took canoes, boats, pirogues & and floated down that river to the Ohio, in sight of where Gen. Harrison's tomb at present stands at North Bend, they rowed up the latter river to the mouth of Licking, opposite to where Cincinnati now stands, and on the banks of which at its mouth now stand the two thriving towns in Kentucky of Newport and Crivington; thence up the Licking to the mouth of the South Fork of that river, a short distance below Rattlesnake Station (pronounced in Kentucky Riddle) and thence by land on the 22nd of June, they

appeared suddenly before Ruddle's station, as if they had fallen from the clouds or rose out of the ground by enchantment. The people of the fort hastily closed their gates, and began to prepare for defence, but the show of artillery, and the overwhelming numbers of the enemy appalled the stoutest hearts. They therefore surrendered on pledge of personal safety from the Indians, but the whole of their property was given up to the plunder and rapine of the savages.

After the fort was sacked, and the plunder was commenced, many prisoners were forced to carry the spoils on their backs for their captors. Every kind of property was taken.

Hearing the roar of artillery at Martins Station, which greatly surprised the people, two runners, a man named McGuire, and Thomas Berry, a relation of my grandfather, were despatched to ascertain what was the matter at Ruddle's fort. They were met on the way by the enemy, and on attempting to retreat were fired on. McGuire's horse was killed and he taken prisoner. Berry escaped back to the fort. On his report, the best preparations for defence were made which the time permitted. On the next day, the enemy appeared before the fort, and summoned them to surrender. Two hours were given these brave men in Martins Station to consider - and they were notified,

that if they did not surrender, that the Indians would be let loose upon them, to deal with as they pleased. They surrendered without firing a gun. Withers, in his History of Border Wars, says that Col. Boyd took pains, and had to exert all his authority to save the prisoners from slaughter. The prisoners taken at Martins, were united to the prisoners from Ruddle's. There was understood to be an agreement between the British and Indians, that the prisoners taken at Ruddle's should belong to the Indians, and those at Martins to the British. Let this be as it may, according to Marshall, Butler, Withers, and the other histories of these times, the whole of the property of all the Americans, including their negroes, was given up to the Indians. According to a letter of Maj. Benj. Sharp of Warren Co. Missouri, to myself, dated Aug. 11th. 1845, my grandfather John Dunkin, had ten or twelve likely negroes, and a fine personal property in stock and furniture &c. of which he was altogether plundered. After the Treaty of Greenville, I think he got back an old African woman named Dinmah, (mother of Euster a negro woman now the property of my uncle Joseph Dunkin) and ~~small~~ a boy. I remember Dinmah on Holston, but am not sure as to the boy. This robbery and captivity, reduced my



grandfather to poverty. As I have heretofore stated, nothing but a few rags of clothes (for all their best garments were taken) was left to him or his family. The prisoners were all taken down the di'ching, by the route by which the British had ascended, to the Ohio - down that river to the mouth of the Great Miami - up that river as far as navigable, and thence to Detroit, now in Michigan, and thence to Montreal. My grandfather, and my mother who was old enough to remember, often described to me the sight of the falls of Niagara as they passed round by a portage on their way to Detroit. My mother used, in recounting these adventures to myself and my brothers, to dwell upon the hardships of the whole journey from Kentucky. When the march was first commenced, grandfather missed one of his children. All packed what few clothes were allowed them. He said the British treated them humanely. The Indians who had the Ruddle's fort prisoners, sold most or all of them to the British for trifles. The British wanted them to exchange for their own prisoners then in the possession of our armies in the then colonies. The beauty of the lakes, the clear

purity of the water, and her surprise at the boats and small shipping of the British on the Lakes, were subjects on which my mother often entertained by long and circumstantial details, by our fireside, of long winter nights, when I was a boy.

I do not know, nor do I remember from the relations of my grandfather, or from the statements of my mother, or her older sister aunt Betty Laughlin, whether all the prisoners were carried down to Montreal. My grandfather was however, with his family, and the letter just quoted from uncle Benj. Sharp, gives the reason why he was imprisoned in jail while at that place. His eldest son John, as will be seen by Maj. Sharp's letter bound up in my books of letters, made his escape from the British at Montreal, and his father, who was known to have been a soldier and officer of standing, was suspected of having aided his son to escape to carry communications across the wilderness, through New York to Gen. Washington's army. Maj. Sharp says that uncle John and another had agreed to make their escape together, but that after they started, the other young man's horse failed, and he went back. Not so, says Maj. Sharp, with little Duncan. He made his way through the wilderness and over rivers to Gen. Washington's army, the



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head quarters being then perhaps in Pennsylvania, and reported himself to Gen. Washington, by whom he was well provided for until his father and family were exchanged, and met him in Pennsylvania on their return home - they having come through western New York, and by Philadelphia, and thence through Pennsylvania, Maryland to that part of Washington County in Western Virginia, where or nearly where he had removed from when he went to Kentucky, and there he continued to live for the remainder of his life. After his return, he never went to Kentucky to look after his lands and improvements, and thereby lost a head-right to one of the best tracts of land on the waters of Elching river.

After he settled in what is now Washington County, Virginia, the place where he lived was for many years considered as being in North Carolina, in that portion of what is now Sullivan County, Tennessee, the line between Virginia and North Carolina not being then finally settled. While the line was thus unsettled, and his residence being supposed to be

N. Carolina, the State Convention of 1788 was called in North Carolina, to prepare and ratify or reject the Constitution of the United States which had been formed in 1787. My grandfather and his brother in law Wm Sharp, their residence being supported in North Carolina, in Salisbury County, were elected members of this Convention, and both voted against ratifying the Treaty. See Elliott's Debates, Vol. 3, p. 218. They under the lead of Willie Jones, the great opponent of its adoption, and Gen. Wolfe, Davie was the Master Leader in its favor, saw the same objections which alarmed Patrick Henry and others in the Virginia Convention. Afterwards, however, when the subject was reconsidered in North Carolina, they both became advocates for its adoption. The Convention of 1788 however rejected the Constitution by a vote of 184 to 84. See same book.

My grand uncle Sharp, and my grand mother became Republicans - of the Jefferson and Madison school under the Constitution and so continued while they lived. When the State line was finally settled, my grandfather's residence fell in Virginia and my uncles in Tennessee.

My great grandmother, the mother of my grandfather Dunkin, came from Pennsylvania with her husband with him to Kentucky - was prisoner with

him in Canada, and returned to Holton with him, being seventy when captured, and lived many years after their return.

On the return from Canada, as my father states in a letter to one of the sons of Augustus, 1845, written by Marshall M. Laughlin, it is stated, and as my father received the facts from Grandfather himself, that the prisoners came by way of Lake Champlain, by Saratoga, the place of Burgoyne's surrender in 1777 - down the Hudson by water, and across through New Jersey to Philadelphia. My mother has often told of the astonishing scenes of rejoicing they witnessed in

Philadelphia, at the final achievement of our national independence as they passed through the city - and of the kindness everywhere of the people to them on their journey.

My Grandfather had two sisters, one married to a man named Porter of New York Co. Va. whose descendants are living in Illinois as far as I know. Another married to Eiton of whose descendants I have no knowledge. Mrs. Porter's name I think was James. The Hudson sister

named Mary or Polly, married to a brother of my Grandfather Laughlin, named James, who died at the mouth of Spring Creek where Jonathan King now lives, Washington Co. Va. His son John, married to my mother's sister Peggy, died in Ohio or Indiana. His son James died in Rutherford's Township, about 1817 - whose son James V. died also there - and his other son, Stubb Mead, died in Arkansas some years since.

The other son of my Grandfather, Alexander, died in Rutherford in 1829 of an abscess in the back, near his kidneys - his widow, who was a McCall, and his sons and daughters have gone, I believe, to Iowa.

My Grandfather's youngest sister married a man named Robinson or Robertson, in the State of Virginia, and took her back to Lancaster, Pennsylvania where he came from. Grandfather's name was named Dunkin - or as he spelled it - Duncan who came from Ireland or Scotland to Pennsylvania after he left that state, and either remains there, or went to Ohio - as my father remembers to have heard my Grandfather say - and I have heard the same from my Grandmother Duncan.

These notices are according to father's letter above referred to, dated 2nd August

1845, and Uncle Sharp's letter before quoted, and my own recollections. I write in a most desultory manner, at snatches of time when not employed in my office of Recorder of the General Land Office at Washington, and the sketches I can put down in these notes are full of repetitions; but as they are only for the eyes of my children and descendants who may be curious enough to read them when I am no more, it is not necessary for me to take pains with the composition, or to look back to avoid tautology in words, or repetition of events.

It is now the 4th of August, 1845, and I am still writing autobiographical sketches which I intended when begun as a mere introduction to a regular diary. I am trying to collect facts upon which to enable Mr. Lyman C. Draper of Baltimore, who is engaged in writing Series of Western Pioneers, to give a sketch of the useful and honorable life of my grandfather. My letters from friends, containing information and facts of family history will all be found in my bound books of letters; and the file of letters which I am daily

writing home from here to my father and family at Becking Hills, which will, I hope be preserved, will contain me only as full accounts of my employments here at Washington City, as a diary would. But I will try, in a few papers more, to bring up the lagging notices of my own very unimportant biography. I trust that I have recently received from my cousin Thomas Laughlin, of Philadelphia, Monroe Co. Tennessee; Thos. J. Martin of New's Town, Mo.; my nephew John W. Laughlin, son of my brother Nathan from Barry Co. Mo.; from John S. Campbell, son of uncle Samuel Campbell, of Onariton, Mo.; from grand uncle Benj. Sharp, of Warren Co. Mo. and from my family at home, showing the present condition of my dispersed kindred, will all be found in my bound letter books, as also letters from uncle Alexander Laughlin, in Coles Co. Illinois, and cousin James W. Early of Whitley Co. Ky. and perhaps from Jonathan King of Washington Co. Va.

I will here mention, that since I came to Washington City (my diaries will show my track) on the 9th of April, 1845, my son-in-law, Mr. Timothy Rizer, merchant of Nashville Tennessee, the husband of my daughter Ellen Temple, died at his own house at the city of Nashville, of dropsy of the heart. He wrote me on the 5th of



that he was recovering—but alas, how often  
in the midst of life, how near are we to death!  
He was a son. I esteem him in every respect  
as a son. He married my daughter in  
1833 or late in 1834, and from that time  
to his death, was ever one of my most  
just and faithful friends. Never did  
any man here a son who treated him  
always with more kindness and  
dutiful respect. In 1836 he and Ellen  
lost their infant son, named after me.  
In 1842-3, they had an infant daughter,  
Mary, now living, called for my  
wife; and since his death, in May  
or June, Ellen has had a son, called  
Frederick Timothy, for Mr. Rogers  
and his father. He has left his  
wife comfortably provided for in  
property—but what can repair  
the loss of such a husband and  
father? He died in the full and  
confident hope of salvation through  
the merits of Jesus Christ. What a  
consolatory fact is this in the death  
of any one we love. May my end,  
come when it may, be so ~~happy~~  
blest. My dear wife—my beloved  
mother, and others died in this  
blest hope. May it be my lot!

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My Story  
Supplements  
The order  
The Supplements  
Times

Do O

John J. Argo was born  
Oct 24 1853.  
Ella Argo was born  
Oct 19 1853.  
John J. Argo & Ella  
Argo was married  
Oct 21 1875.

D. G. Argo

John J. Argo was born  
Oct 24 1853.

Ella Argo was born  
Oct 19 1853.

John J. Argo & Ella  
Argo was married  
Oct 21 1875.

1 Jennie A. Argo daughter of  
John J. & Ella Argo was  
born July 17<sup>th</sup> 1876.  
died Oct 8<sup>th</sup> 1876

2 Anna M. Argo was born  
Oct 3<sup>rd</sup> 1877 died July 12 1878  
daughter John & Ella Argo

3 Emma Bell Argo daughter  
of John J. & Ella Argo  
was born Jan 28<sup>th</sup> 1879.



4 Ernest E. Argo son of  
John J. & Ella Argo  
born Nov 2 1880. died  
Nov 25 1881

5 Paul. L. Argo son of  
John J. Argo & Ella Argo  
was born Sept 24 1882

6 John G Argo son John  
& Ella Argo was born  
Feb. 12 1885 died July  
the. 7 1886.

7 Thoraee Argo son of  
John J & Ella Argo was  
born Oct 9 1886.  
died June 4 1887.

John J Argo died  
January 15 1888

my mother's  
died Sept 26  
Ann M. Moore 1906

Martin A. Moore  
died May 7 1907.

Paul G. Argo & Dabita  
Beatrice Davidson were  
married Dec. 2. 1903.

~~Alfred Laughlin Argo  
son of Paul G. &  
Sallie B. Argo~~

Alfred Laughlin Argo  
son of Paul G. &  
Sallie B. Argo was born  
August 5 1906.  
was baptized in Grove  
Memorial Church May  
22 1907.

Annabel Argo &  
James Woods Johnson  
were married Dec - 6  
1893

Eula Marie Daughter  
of James & Annabel  
Johnson was born Nov 27  
joined West Side Pres. Ch.  
on Sunday. - Jan 14, 1909

Annabel Johnson  
& J. O. Perkins were married  
Oct 9, ~~1899~~ 1901

Annabel Johnson Perkins  
died Dec 19, 1939

J. O. Perkins died  
Apr. 9, 1925

Both buried on Perkins  
lot, Mt. Olivet Cemetery,  
Nashville.

James Woods Johnson  
Oct 23, 1893

Eula Marie (born Nov 27, 1893,  
died March 16, 1919 - buried  
in City Cemetery Nashville)



Thomas C Argo aged  
died 1901

Ellen Gertrude Orntch  
daughter of Thomas C

A Mary C Argo died  
Oct 27 1902

David P. Argo son of the above  
 born June 1<sup>st</sup> 1817  
 married Mary P. Argo  
 family

Thomas Devise Argo son  
 of David and Temperance Argo  
 born Dec. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1817  
 married Aug 22 1839. to  
 Mary Virginia Laughlin.

Mary Virginia Laughlin  
 daughter of Samuel Laughlin  
 Hervey, & Mary Clarke  
 Laughlin born May 13<sup>th</sup> 1817  
 and married as above to  
 Thomas P Argo.

Samuel Hervey Argo son  
 of the above born 15<sup>th</sup> of  
 Aug 1840. died 27<sup>th</sup> of Sept  
 1841.

Alice Argo daughter of  
 the above born January 1841

copied from the old family Bible of the Thomas Argo family

- 3 Isabella Argo daughter of the above born March 28 1844
- 4 William P Argo son of the above born November 30<sup>th</sup> 1844
- 5 Thomas C Argo son of the above September 25<sup>th</sup> 1848
- 6 Ernest C Argo son of the above born December 2. 1850
- 7 John James Argo son of the above October 24. 1853
- 8 Ellen Gertrude daughter of the above born April 17. 1856

Isabella Argo died Aug 11 1863  
 Mary T Argo wife of J P Argo  
 died Nov 23 1865  
 Alice M Breene Daughter of  
 J P and Mary T Argo and  
 wife of E G Breene died  
 December 27<sup>th</sup> 1866  
 Thomas P Argo died husband  
 of Mary T Argo died  
 Nov 12 1879  
 John J Argo son of the above  
 died Jan 15 1885

Dear Mr. Jones  
June 24th 1864

I am sorry I like for  
you to send me my card  
as soon as you collect  
the rent for June I  
did not intend to bother  
you about it until a  
short Christmas but the  
gentlemen I am working  
for last week they had  
had a short time in  
by fire and it had  
not yet been so that  
I will send it.



May we ever be  
initiated as we are  
bearing witness  
to  
On My side and gentle  
know  
O. W.

Silver cake

Two cup. of sugar four cup.  
of flour one cup. of milk  
teaspoonful of soda  
two of cream tartar  
whites of eight eggs