HISTORY OF THE HARRIS FAMILY

The first part of this will be taken from the history of the family as given to my Father in 1830 by Mr. Nelson Harris of Louisa County a relation of ours who was at that time 80 years old.

Nelson Harris says that early in 1600, no one seems to know the exact date that ~~their~~ three brothers emigrated to America from England. And from one of these three brothers our branch of the Harris family sprang. Their names were Thomas Harris, John Harris and William Harris. But from which one of these brothers Nelson Harris or my Father's family came from he did not know. They settled in Eastern Virginia and bought from the Hugenots that emigrated from France a body of land that was ten miles square that was called Manakin Town (and is known to this day by that name 1895). This land was a grant from the King of England to the Huganots from France. And is situated in Powhatan and Chesterfield Counties. Only a small portion of it lying in the uper portion of Chesterfield. On James River commencing ten miles above Richmond and running twenty miles up the river. At the time the land was bought by the three Harrises all of that portion of Virginia from the ~~sea shore~~ crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains was called Henerico County. They gave fifty cts and acre for it. The other settlers tried to persuade them not to buy it. They said that the low ground and other lands bordering on the River was considered of no value as the timber on it was so large and heavy particular the low grounds that it never could be cleared for cultivation. But these three Harrises were

500 of this was granted to Col Wm. Byrd + 5008 acres granted to French.

Jas. River at Chas. City Co. line + mouth of Appomattox River. (Wm. Ts notes) - Jan. 1932

made of different stuf and thought different and layed out nearly all of their money for this heavily timbered land at fifty cts per acre. In this way the three Harris brothers and their desendents became the owners of the ten miles square which is known as the Manakin Town Settlement1 And these Harrises became very wealthy in consequence of their purchasing these lands which afterwards became so valuable bringing one hundred dollars and in some instances one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. They seem to have been very friendly and all worked together for several years. And what they made the first year went to the oldest brother and what they made the second year went to the next oldest and what they made the third year went to the youngest brother. They worked in this way for several years and then one of them settled at a place called Green Yard in Powhatan County and another at the Mount. and the other at Burch Hill in Chesterfield. (These places are known by that name to this day 1895) (C. Harris). I will now copy from my Father (Hanible Harrises) history of the family. He says that the one that settled at the Mount is my Great Grandfather. My Grandfather had five sons and one daughter. He married a Miss Sarah Bailey is all that I know of her. Their names were Thomas, James, John, William and Francis. The daughter married Mr. John Crouch of Gouchland County. Her name was Lucy. At that time the oldest son according to the old Colloniel law inherited all ~~half~~ of his Fathers landed estate ~~and the father could not prevent it~~. So that Thomas being the oldest got ~~half of~~ the estate. He was afterwards Col Thos. Harris of the Revolution and settled on the lower part of the estate and married the widow Mosely and became very wealthy. James, I do not know who he married but he has sons and daughters and lived at the Mount. John married

French up Jas. River in year 1700

They could not have done as some still owned by descendants- Mrs. Fo notes-

Mrs. F. marked This →

a Miss Branch and lived in Buckingham County. Had a large family of children and owned fine property. I will now speak of Francis the younger brother and then I will tell of my father William. Francis married a Miss Nancy Thorp a sister of my Mother and lived in Goochland Co. Had a fine family of children, all dead but one who is a Mrs. Robert Nelson of Louisa County who was alive six months ago (that was in 1876) My father William Harris married Miss Dosia Thorp of Bedford Co. Virginia. She was the daughter of Francis Thorp. I will now tell you who Francis Thorp and his wife were and then we will have things straight. Then I can tell of my own brothers and sisters. Francis Thorp was raised in Culpeper Co. Virginia. Had only one sister Mildred. This sister married a man by the name of Hughes by her came the Hughes and Wolfolk families of Culpeper and Orange Counties. Many years ago I met with Col. Wolfolk a member of the legislature from Culpeper who made himself known to me and claimed kin because I was the grandson of Capt. Frank Thorp of Bedford and when we came to compare notes found that he was the grandson of Mrs. Mildred Hughes and I the Grandson of Capt. Frank Thorp and they were brothers and sisters. He gave me much information about that branch of my family which is not necessary to repeat here. Capt. Frank Thorp married Miss Elizabeth Caloway of Bedford. I do not remember what her fathers name was. My grandfather, -Francis Thorp. had seven children their names were Thomas, William, Sophia, Betsy, Kitty, Polly, and Dosia. Thomas never married. William married Robert Prices daughter of Bedford. He died and most of his family moved to Missouri. Sophia married Maj. Nathan Reid a revolutionary officer. They had six children all dead but one, Dr. Frank Reid who was living

in Tennessee the last I heard from him. Betsy married a man named Vennerson had four or five children, they never did well. Kitty married a Capt. Grayson ran away to get married, moved to Natches Miss. Had children became of some distinction there. I never saw but one of their children--he was a clerk in one of the departments in Washington City. And he left there on account of his Democracy he seemed to be well educated and gentlemanly. Polly married James Gwatkins of Bedford they had three children. Cousin Elizabeth Royal of Lynchburg is the only one alive now, and there was no nobler or better woman than she is, (Cousin Elizabeth died in 1892 she was known by all the young people of Lynchburg as "Grandma Royal" she was upwards of eighty years old. (By Chas. Harris) Doshia Thorp married my father William Harris on the 15th day of April 1781. They had twelve children never lost a child until after they were grown. There names were Elca, Frank, Elizabeth, James, Sarha, Thomas, William, Hector, Hannibal, Fredrick, A. Mary M. and Francis R. Harris. Elsa as I have been told had several fine offers but married a man named Joseph Clayton against the consent of the family. Left no children. Frank died about the time he was grown with consumption. Elizabeth married Thomas Woolfork of Amherst. He died leaving two children. Amanda her eldest daughter died young. Matilda married Capt. W. C. Leftwich of Bedford Co. Then Elizabeth married Col. Sam Read of Bedford and moved back to Bedford. She had one child by him named Elizabeth. He willed all of his estate to his wife and daughter which was worth $75,000 or $100,000. She died on the 21st day of July 1869 at the age of 84 years. James never married went to Charleston on the Kanawha and bought the Saltworks there and went to making salt. Sold out at Kanawha and

went to Alabama to buy land, the Alabama fever was raging then but he did not buy and started back to Virginia was taken sick at the Olimpean Springs in Kentucky and died and was burried there. Thomas was an officer in the war of 1812. The war was of no advantage to him it seems he never could settle himself but finally went to Tennessee and settled on a plantation and died there. Sarah never married and died at the age of 22 or 23. William was raised and schooled by our Uncle, Col. Thomas Harris of Powhatan spoken of before, a brother of my father. He was put in the printing office with old Col. Augustus Davis who published the Virginia August at Richmond and was doing well but our uncle Thos. Harris died, and he knowing that our uncle had left him considerable property, left his buisness and came home. Married Miss Betsy Penn the daughter of Maj. Jamen Penn near New London in Campbell Co. (now called the Bedford Alum Springs 1895). Our uncle Col. Thos. Harris had willed him $30,000 with other property and he settled in what is known as the Cotton Town neighberhood in Bedford Co. it was a fine farm and was owned a few years ago by Chas. Scott, the old railroad contractor that built most of the Norfolk and Western Rail Road. He sold out at Cotton Town and moved to Alabama and bought land at an enormous price and broke and died there he and his wife. He left five children. To Hector, our old uncle Col. Thos. Harris left handsome property he was educated for a doctor and had a successful practice for many years. He was always called a nice successful farmer but he never increased his wealth as he might have done. Hector married Catharine Alexander they had five children. Thomas A. William W., Nickolas C., Frank, Alice, and Fredrick H. Thomas married Fannie

Read daughter of Dr. Frank Read of Tennessee. He lives in Parkersburg, West Va. has one daughter. William W. married a Miss Nellie McCoy of Missouri. Nickolas C. married a Miss Harding of St. Louis Mo. Frank married a Miss Nelsie Rice of Farmville. Alice married a Mr. James of Parkersburg West Virginia and Fredrick married Miss Harriet Warren of Edenton N. C. Fredrick was the best educated of any of the sons and he and James were the best business men of any of us. He was a man of good judgment, industrious persevering and was prospering when he died. He married Mary Slaughter the daughter of Capt. Joe Slaughter of Bedford Co. He had two children Maria and Jas. W. (better known as Crow) Maria never married. Died of consumption. Jas. W. inherited all his fathers estate. His father Fredrick died in 1838. Mary his wife lived for several years after Frederick died. His son Jas. W. married Miss Calloway. Mary M. married Clark Penn of Patric Co. Va. ~~She died leaving no children.~~ Left two children they are both dead years ago. ~~There was no better~~ This line should be in here -

The last I heard of Peter Penn he was alive and had married again. I have given a history of our ansestors as it has been handed down in part by record and what I was told by many old men many years ago. Which I think is as about as correct as can be come at. I have given an account of my brothers and sisters from my own knowledge and what I have learned from our own family when they were alive.

There was no better

Frances married Peter Penn of Patrick Co. Va. She died leaving no children -

I have now to give an account of myself which is harder to do than all the rest of the twelve. I am the only one alive and I feel like the lonely sparrow on the housetop, bemourning my fate that nearly all my near and dear relations are gone and left and nearly forgotten. I complain not that I am here but feel truly thankful that I am spared and have such comfort and care taken of me by those remaining and prey and hope they may see

the reward in this life and the life to come.

I Hannible was willed some property by my old uncle Col. Thos. Harris. The land and house was poor and much out of repair and the negros were woman and children. And with a hearty good will I went to work and in the course of time, made the property somewhat valuable. I married Mary Elizabeth Harris daughter of Jas. & Obedience Harris - the 5th day of August, 1828. We had six living children, Ellen C., J. Hector, Thomas Edward, Laura J. and Charles. (This only five, Jan., 1832, By Annie.) I then made money and done well for some time and then my wife died. I then married Mary Elizabeth Sampson. We had four children, only one of them alive, which is Emma Katherine Harris, who is now with me at Saltville, Ve., 1876.

I then found that I was overrun with company and other grievences and sold out, paid all my debts and moved to Bedford and bought land in Bedford and did very well until the war come on and from the beginning of the war, luck and everything seemed to be against me and I continued to decline in all my business. From the beginning of the war to this time my creditors pressed me hard and some of my relations pressed me as hard as any, if not harder and I was forced into Court for a settlement of their claims and there it is and yet, as in all matters that fully get into Court no man comes out profited. I fear when the court turns me loose, I shall be a pauper and a beggar upon the face of the earth. I have lived many long years and have seen many ups and downs in a long life and must conclude with Accleseastes, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit in this life. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Hannibal Harris

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The above is copied from the history of the Harris family written by my father. Some of it is taken from old records of the family and some was told to him by old Mr. Nelson Harris (that he speaks of in the first part of history) and other old men and most of it from what he knew of the family himself. And as I Chas. Harris of Abingdon, Va. am the only one of my fathers children that is now alive 1895 it is a duty and pleasure devolving upon me to continue the history of the family believing that future generations, if not this will take pleasure in reading it and knowing what has become of the family that has been so widely scattered since the war. My father has written the history of the family up to 1876 and rounded it off with the exception of his brothers children and their famlies. And his own children & their families Page 9 Also And the history of his own life is not as perfect as I remember what he has told me and what I know of it myself.

I will commence by telling what has become of my fathers brothers children and their famlies as I remember nearly all of them except those that died young. I will say very little about his brothers and sisters (my uncles and aunts) for all of them were dead before I could remember except Uncle Hector Harris and Aunt Elizabeth Reid. Some of my uncles and aunts had no children and I will speak of my oldest uncles children first. My aunt Elizabeth that first married Mr. Wolfork of Ammerst (Amherst?) and after he died married Sam Reid left one child Betsy Reid, Sam Reid only lived a few years. Betsy Reid married Mr. Mumford W. Radford of Bedford son of old Col. Radford near Forrest Depot. My aunt gave him a fine plantation about two miles northwest of Forest Depot. They had several children Only one of them

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(living I guess he means, (By annie) but this was left out) Elizabeth that married a Mr. Talbut on Franklin St. in Richmond. After my aunt gave Munford Radford the farm near Forrest he wanted to move down on it but my aunt being a strong Presbyterian, and there being no Presbyterian church in that neighberhood would not do it until she made Mumford deed her back three or four acres of land near the road to build a church on and then she moved and built the church and paid the preacher as long as she lived. The church is called now Mrs. Reid's Church. She died on July 21st 1869 age 84. My old aunt had a negro that drove her carriage named Sam that played the banjo and every few nights after supper he would take his banjo and go up to the house and play and sing for "Old Mis" and Miss Bettie. And My old aunt generally had three or four negro women and girls about the house and among them was one woman about twenty-five or thirty, named Sarah. And as soon as Sam would commence playing you would see her commence patting her foot and shaking. And she would soon slip out of the room and get out in the hall, or out on the porch and she would dance as long as Sam would play. She did not seem to be able to keep still when she heard music. My uncle William that died he and his wife in Alabama, broke and lost all of his property. He left five children. And my father Uncle Hector and Uncle Fredrick brought the children to Virginia and educated them. Three of them died before I could remember but John and Francis lived to be 30 or 40 years old. John went to Texas in the cotton brokage buisness in Galveston married and died with yellow fevor in a few years. His wife was still living there several years ago. Francis lived with my

father. She married Mr. Peter Porter of Powhatan. She is now dead and lift several children. Her husband was alive several years ago and was very prosperous and had accumulated large property.

My uncle Dr. Hector Harris lived near Forest Depot on the Norfolk and Western R. Road. Was very successful both in his practice and farming. He married a Miss Catherine Alexander daughter of old Col. Alexander near New London, now called the Bedford Alum springs. She was a noble old Christian lady, of the old type, and I used to think there was none better. They are both dead some years ago. They had five children. They were all well educated, graduated either at the Virginia Millitary Institute or the University of Virginia, except Frank and Fred who were at school when the Civil War commenced. There names were Thos. A., William W,, Nicholas C., Frank, Alice, and Fredric H., Thomas was a practicing phisician in Bristol Tenn. (it was a very small place then the Norfolk and Western R. Road had just gotten there.) and when the war commenced he left Bristol and came home and joined the Confederate army. Was soon detailed and made Sargent and put in charge of the post around Richmond. He married the year before the war, a Miss Reid of Tennessee a daughter of Dr. Frank Reid spoken of by my father in his history of the family. After the war he moved to Parkersburg West Va. (During the war that portion of Va. was cut off and named West Virginia.) and settled and is practicing medicine there yet. He had one child a girl, I have forgotten her name, she is married now. His wife died some years ago and I do not know whether he ever married again or not. William W. studied medicine and after he graduated he went to Missouri and settled in some town near St. Louis. He married a Miss Nellie Mc. Coy of Missouri. A noble

little woman she was. He and his wife were at home on a visit to his father and mother when the war commenced. They went back to Missouri and he joined the Confederate army and he was Sargent in Gen. Prices command for four years. After the war closed he went back to his home in Missouri. And is a druggist and practicing medicine there yet. He has several children I do not know how many. He and his wife are both alive. Nicholas C. had just graduated at the Virginia Military Institute when the war commenced was made Capt. of one of the Cavalry companies that was made up in our neighberhood. (Company B) And served during the four years. After the surrender he came back home and stayed a month or so and then went to St. Louis Mo. in the commission business. He married a Miss Harding of St. Louis the only daughter of a very rich widow lady. His wife had two hundred thousand in her own right and at the death of her mother she would get two hundred thousand more. She was a vain, fashionable, childish, frivolous, woman. And Nick although well educated was never blessed with more good hard sound practical sence than the law allowed one man. And he and his wife never seemed to take very kindly to their poor Harris kin in Virginia, for we were all poor after we got through with the four years war, particular the people in Eastern Virginia. He had one daughter. They are still living in St. Louis Mo.

Frank is now living in Bedford Co. on a portion of his fathers farm that he got at his death. He married a Miss Nelsie Rice of Farmville, Virginia a daughter of old Col. Rice. That was in 1868. I was at his wedding had a regular old fashioned Virginia wedding, dancing and frolicking for two or three days. Met with a numbe of old soldiers that we had not seen since the surrende

and you can hardley imagine how we enjoyed talking over soldier days and telling jokes on each other. But there were some sad rememberances in our jokes sometimes that were brought up. Many a brave man that started out with us in Company A. 2nd Virginia Cavelry in 1861 was missing that caused a pang in every heart. Two of them their blood stained the ground not far from where we were,--Loundes Saunders and Lieutenant Wilson of Co. A. 2nd Va Cavelry. They were killed on the day of the surrender on a picket post defending a road they had been left to guard. Two as brave men and as good soldiers as ever buckeled on a Saber or answered to a bugle call to form ranks. Peace to their ashes. My prayer is that when the last bugle call is made to call up the great army of brave men that have gone before they may answer, "Here I am." Old Col. Rice had twenty-five years before put away twelve bottles of wine and twelve of brandy and marked it, and said that he did;not intend to open it until the marriage of his oldest daughter. He opened two bottles of it, that night, all he had. The yankies had gotten the rest of it. When the Yankies were around there he carried it, and the silver out in the garden and burried it. And after the yankies had searched the house for silver, that they knew he had, and not finding it in the house, they dug up the garden and got the silver and all the wine and brandy except these two bottles which they had missed in some way. The markes had gotten rubbed off and he did not know until he opened them what they were but it so happened that one was wine and one was brandy, and we all had a taste around. Before the war you would never go to a gentlemans house in Eastern Virginia particular if it was just before any meal that he did not sit out a decanter of good whiskey on an old fashioned sideboard in the diningroom and ask you into take a

tody (as they called it then, instead of a drink as we do now). And at every wedding or party that you would go to at one of those old homesteads there would be a room off from the parlor and diningroom that would have an old fashioned sidebord or probably a table with a few chairs, with several decanters of good whiskey and wine sitting on it with a negro man in charge of it to wait on you. And any of the guests would go in and take a tody or a glass of wine whenever they felt like it. And yet you never saw a man at any of these places the least under the influence of either. Yes, I can remember on one occasion, a young fellow named Harry Brown feeling a little what he had drank. But it was caused by a mischievous cousin of ours, Crow Harris, sliping around in the room where the whiskey and wine were and mixing it all up together and then asking Brown and several others to take a tody with him. And Brown was young and not used to it, so he felt what he drank for an hour or so. Everybody found out the trick Crow had played on him and we all had a good deal of fun with him. But I have strayed along way from Frank and must get back.

After Frank married and old Col. Rice (being quite wealthy or owning a good deal of property, and very little money, for all of us, as I have said before were poor in the way of money after the war) being an old tobacco manufactur borrowed some money in some way at big interest and commenced business and took Frank in partnership with him. They worked for several years and the interest ate him up, and they broke all to pieces. And Frank moved back to Bedford on a piece of land he got in the division of his fathers estate, and is living there yet. His wife died two years ago. He has five children. One or two of

them grown but none of them married. Alice the only daughter of Uncle Hector married a Mr. James of Parkersburg West Va. and is now living somewhere in Ohio. I have never seen her since she was married. I do not know whether she has any children or not. Fredric married a Miss Harriet Warren a cousin of ours from Edenton North Carolina, daughter of Dr. Edward Warren who after the war moved to Baltimore to practice his profession. She had a brother Dr. Edward Warren Jr. that became a noted physician in Europe after the war. He was Sargent in the Condederate army and after the war he went to Egypt as Sargent of the army, on a biy salary, in some war that was going on there, was detailed from the army as private Sargent for the Kedeve of Egypt. Stayed there for several years until the war was over, then came to Paris France and was a private physician for the Presidents of France up to his death two years ago. He was a noble fine looking man. I can say nothing better of him than to say that he never forgot his old Mother he would write to her regular and would send her presents up to the time of his death. Fred was at the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington when the war commenced, came home and joined Gen. John H. Morgans command and served during the war in Tennessee and Kentucky. Came home after the war and was soon married as stated above, and settled on a part of his fathers estate that he got in the division. He got the dwelling and two hundred acres of land which was a plenty for him at that time. But Thos., Willy, Nick, and Alice being out west and wanting to sell their portion of the land they got from his fathers estate and like a great many people not wishing to see his fathers land go in the hands

of strangers bought it from them and the intrest ate him up and he was forced to sell it all. It is now owned by Mr. Adams of Lynchburg. He moved to Lynchburg and went in the real estate and insurance buisness. He is living there yet. Has four children two or three of them grown none married. His wife died two years ago. A good woman. My uncle Fredric married Miss Mary Slaughter of Bedford. The daughter of Cap. Joe Slaughter. He owned the old Harris Homestead in Bedford Co. He and his wife died years ago. He left two children, Maria, and Jas. W. Maria when she was bout twenty-five had consumption and her brother took her to Florida to try and restore her health. She died there in a few months, was brought back and burried at the old family homestead. Jas. W. (Crow was his nickname and two thirds of the people that knew him did not know that he had any other name) was always full of life and fun and watching out to play a good joke on some one and never seemed to let a chance slip by and is the same way not. He had an old negro woman named Nancy (she was known all over the country as "Old Aunt Nancy" by old and young) that was his housekeeper and nothing did him more good than to play a joke on Aunt Nancy. He went off on one occasion, on a trip, for about a month and about that time paper collars had just commenced being worn, he thought they would be a good thing to play a joke on Aunt Nancy and put them in his valice and brought them home. When he got home he unpacked his valice and called Aunt Nancy and told here there were some new collars he had bought and as he had to go on another trip in a few days he wanted her to take the collars and do them up nice for him, not to give them to the regular wash woman, but

to get some warm water and do them nicely herself. The old woman commenced bowing and scraping and saying, "Oh yas Master I will fic dem up nice and well, Sar, and have dem ready for you, Sar, in a little while." She went out with the collars and Crow sat down with a book to read and wait results. In about ten or fifteen minutes here came Aunt Nancy with both hands holking the paper pulp. She came in and said, "Foo God sake Mars Crow jes look at dese hea collars, Sar, I never saw nofim like dis before de clof in these collars want a bit account, Sar, da just come all to pieces soon as I make de fus rub at dem, and don know what make it." She was a great old woman, would switch the little negros, and us too when we were small, if she caught us in any mischief and made everything around the house stand around generally. Crow married a Miss Linda Calloway a daughter of old Col. John Calloway of Bedford in 1858. When the war commenced in 1861 he joined Company A. 2nd Va. Cavelry and went in the army. His wife died in the fall of 1861 and it was said that his going in the army caused her death she seemed to just give up. She left two children, Emma and Minnis. Emma died when she was about eighteen years old. Minnis went to St. Louis in buisness and married there. Crow soon after the war, married again a Mrs. Calloway of Bedford who was formally a Miss Mag Paton of New York. They had one child, Kyle who is about grown and living with his father. Crow was a good buisness man but went security for several and had large amounts to pay and had to sell out all of the estate he got from his father. Paid off his debts and bought another farm in Bedford and although now upwards of sixty is still a pushing stiring man and is succeeding, and is getting back some of his former fortune.

My father Hannibal Harris was born February 6th 1798 in Bedford County at Norwood the old family homestead. He went to Powhatan county to live when he was twenty one years old an took charge of the farm called Judes Ferry on James River. It was the farm given him by his old uncle Col. Thos. Harris. It is on James River twenty five miles from Richmond and about two miles from the upper line of the Manikin town settlement. And just here I will say something about the Manikin Town Settlements as that section of Powhatan that was first bought and settled by the three Harris brothers that emigrated from England is known by that name to this time. It was a section of land ten miles squear fronting on James River and run back ten miles the line commences ten miles from Richmond and runs ten miles up the river. I was quite young when my father moved from Powhatan but I remember a great portion of the land very well. It was a mgnificent body of land and is now divided up into hundreds of farms some of them splended estates known most of them by the names of the plantations such as Milwood Norwood, Popler Hill, Greenyard and many others. In that section of the country years ago (and I suppose it is so now) you could travel through that country and meet a man probably ten miles from where you wanted to go and ask him the way to Mr. So and Sos house and he could not tell you but if you asked him the way to Milwood, Norwood, or Greenyard and he could tell you in a moment. Those old familias residences were known better by the name of the farm than by persons that owned them and always will be I reckon at least until they are cut up in very small farms. Some of those estates could not be bought now for less than one hundred dollars per acre and probably not for that. There was only two of the estates when I was

there last that was owned by any of the very near Harris kin. That was Milwood owned by Mrs. Dr. McCrew and Popler Grove owned by old Col. Edward Johnson who was an officer in the war of 1812 and Mexico. There are a great many other kin but not very near. Most of the children of the three brothers settled in different counties in Eastern Virginia. One of them went to Pennsylvania and the town of Harrisburg Pa. is named after him.? The Hugenot Springs is on the Settlement. Sulfer Springs that the people from Richmond, Norfolk, and Petersburg visit in the summer. So is the Middleotian coal pits where coal has been mined, I suppose for seventy-five or a hundred years. My fathers first wife my mother was Miss Mary Elizabeth Harris a distant relation of his. She was the daughter of James and Obedience Harris near Powhatan Court House married August 5, 1828. My mother had several brothers but no sisters that I ever heard of all of them died before I could remember but uncle Thos and Alfred T. Harris. Uncle Thomas never married was an old batchelor and lived at my fathers. He always kept a fine riding horse and was very particular about my brothers riding them. He was a good man died I think in 1850. Uncle Alfred T. was an old Commission merchant of Richmond made a large fortune died about five or six years ago. I have forgotten who he married. They had several children all of them died young except Katy and Alfred T. Jr. Katy married a man name Tally of Richmond and I think owns Uncle Alfreds old residence on East Franklin Street Richmond. I do not think he was a man of much energy or business capacity from what I have heard I have never seen him. A gentlemen from Richmond that knew him told me a few days. ago that he never made anything in his life just living off

(Mrs. ?)

more like 200 yrs. (Mrs. Fathergills note)

of his wifes property left by her father. I do not know whether they have any children or not. Alfred T. Harris Jr. went to Louisville, Ky. in the tobacco business. Is a shrude energetic business man. Takes after his father. He made big money in Louisville and married there but I do not know who. He came back to Richmond build him a fine house on West Franklin St. costing several hundred thousand dollars. Said to be the finest house in the city. I have seen some of his children. He is living there yet. Uncle Alfred was a fine speciman of an old fashion Virginia gentleman tall and dignified a fine business man and very particular and exact in all his business. My father and Mother had five children. Ellen C., James Hector, Laura C., Thos, Edward and myself Charles. My sister Ellen never married. She died when she was eighteen years old. All that I can remember of her is being at her death bead when she died. My brother James Hector went to Richmond when he was about eighteen years old and kept books for uncle Alfred for several years. And then him and an old gentleman name Jeeter formed a pardnership under the name of and firm of Jeeter & Harris and went in the Commission business they ~~done~~ did business together until 1861 when my brother went in the army. He was soon detailed and put in charge of some of the department offices in Richmond and never saw any active service in the field. After the war I do not think he had any regular business for several years. He was what is called an expert bookkeeper and had his office and was employed by banks and different firms that ~~done~~ did business before the war to straten ~~straten~~ up their books. And after he quit that he want in the firm of J. P. George & Co. large tobacconist in Richmond and stayed with them until he died in 1894. He married I think in 1858 a Miss Jennie Taylor of Richmond. He left one girl and four boys. Jennie, Jimmie, Taylor, Charlie and Willie. The boys are all grown and are in business. None

of them married. They are all living with their mother, No. 104 West Grace St. Richmond, Va. A nice high toned lady. I have gotten a little too fast as the saying is I have let the cart get before the horse. I did not finish the history of my father before I commenced on his children. I will go back and finish his and then come back to my brothers and sisters. My mother died in 1838 I was only six months old. My father married again on July 2nd 1840. I will speak of her and her children farther on. She died on Nov. 24, 1849. My father at that time was very much involved by security debts for different people and in 1850 sold his farm and every thing on it and part of his negros paid off all his debts and with what little money and negros he had left moved back to Bedford County and bought a farm about one mile South East of Goodes Depot on the N. & W. R. Road. And as he says in his history was prospering and doing well until 1861 when the war commenced. Ah, now comes the times to try mens soles (and women too) to see what sort of stuff they were made of. Our lovely Country was shaken from center to circumference by the call to arms to defend our homes and firesides and those we loved. Times that tried the stoutest hearts of brave men and fair women but there was no sound of revelry by night to chase the glowing hours with flying feet; The only sound heard was the beat of the drum, rattle of musketry, or the boom of artilery. Old men stood in ranks with grey heads by the side of boys sixteen years old. When, our country was drenched with blood from brave men, the pick and and flower of the Confederacy. Particular the eastern portion of our state where both armies frequently marched backwards and forwards along the same road three or four times a year frequently. First one and then other retreating and advancing with many a brave Confederate Solder lying on the roadside broken down too weak to go any

farther with his regiment. Clothes all dirty tattered, and torn and no shoes on his bleein feet had probably been without anything to eat for a week but a few hard crackers and what he could get by forageing as he marched along. When brave mothers wives and sisters (for they were as brave as any man that shoudered a musket) would raise their hands high above their heads and fall upon their knees and cry to God of Heaven to spare their loved ones and bring them safely back. But there was many a vacant chair left at the table that was never occupied again. And many a bleeding heart at home as well as in the army. But enough of this it brings up too many sad memories that I would frequently be glad to shake off. The Yankees never whipped us. They starved us out in the four years and crushed us down with human weight from every nation in the world. No nation in the world ever had an army made of such metal as the Confedracy. Not eccepting the old Romans. If we had had no one but the native Yankees to fight we would have run them over the Cannadian line or into the Atlantic Ocean in six months. But they had the money and imported men from every nation to cruch us out. You could go in the Yankee army, and you would not find one man in twenty that was a native born Yankee. They were nearly all foreigners.

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When the war commenced we all went in the army and left my father at home with Sister Ganeah and children. (She had married A. W. Saunders) and Emma my half sister. Father got on as well as the people generally did for such sturring times until 1864 when the Yankees made a raid on Lynchburg and was met by Gen. Jubal A. Early about two miles west of town and driven back. Father had a negro man named Ryal (Royal?) who up to that time was one of the best

and most trusty negros I ever saw. So when he heard that the Yankees were coming, knowing that they would pass down the roads, that ran on both sides of him and like every one else fearing that they would come to his house and take his horses, provisions and everything they could carry off. So he loaded up two wagons with meat, lard, flour and other things and started Rigal off with six horses and the wagons a yoke of steers and watches and all the jewelry him and my sister had and all the negro men and boys over twelve years old except a boy about eighteen name Washington that stayed about the house and told him to take them over in a large piece of woods near by and stay there with them until the Yankees had left. And to send Powhatan a likely young yellow negro man about 24 years old back to him every night to report how they were getting on. Powhatan was to stay at home at night and go back to where Ryal (Royal?) was camped every morning. The second night he came back and reported that the hams and stock were all well and getting on nicely. The next morning he went back to camp very early and was back home about sunrise and said that, that night Ryal had gone off to the Yankees. (Who were then retreating as Gen. Early had met them and whipped them back.) And taken horses wagons cattle and everything and all the negros except two, Jordan and Thomas. He asked father what he must do. Father told him that he could not do anything. He had married a year or two before that, a girl belonging to Old Maj. West that lived about two miles from fathers. And he told father that he wanted to go over there and see how his Wife and child was getting on and father told him to go on. He started off and was gone until about twelve oclock when he returned and told father that his wife and all of Maj. West negros had gone off with the

Yankees. Said when he got there that they had just started and he followed them for a mile or so trying to persuade his wife to come back and that she wanted to come but her father and mother would not let her. Father asked him what he wanted to do. Said he wanted to get his wife back if he could and father told him to go after her and try to get her back if he could not to stay with her and that was the last he ever saw of him. Ryal came back about a year afterwards and said him and his wife were living in Ohio. Ryal as I have said above was up to that time one of the most trusty negros in the country he was a carpenter and shoemaker and was known all around in the country as he worked around for all the neighbors at his trade made his own contracts, collected the money, and was as good as free all his life. When he heard the Yankees were coming he was at Old Uncle Hector Harriss near Forest Depot about eight miles below fathers. He went to Uncle Hector, and told him that he heard the Yankees were coming and that he was going home to help take care of Mars Hannibals things. Maj. West said afterwards that the first thing he thought of when he heard that the Yankees were coming was Ryal. (Royal?) Said he wanted him to take his horses, cattle and everything off and take care of them. Ryal told when he came back that as soon as he got to the Yankees that they took the horses and everything he had taken off with him from him and put him and all the negros a foot and made them follow the army into Ohio and turned them loose. He is living now in Lynchburg working at his trade. Father had lost all his property by the war except his land. Was getting old lost all of his energy prest and vim and seemed to give up. As there was a great change in the way of doing business and everything else. You could find a great many old men after the war that were fine business men but after the war seemed to just completely break down

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and give up. Father tried to farm for a few years but could not do any good at it and debts had accumelated on him during and after the war so he sold out his farm and paid off all his debts which took everything in the world he had. I was then living at Saltville, Virginia. I brought him and my half sister Emma out to live with me and he lived with me until he died on May 31, 1878 age a little over 80 years. Peace to his ashes. I will now go back as I have gotten the horse before the cart now, and finish the history of my brothers and sisters. The next one, is Thomas. Edward, went to Richmond to live when he was about eighteen years old, with E. H. Skinker & Co. Wholesale groceries, and stayed with them until the war commenced. Or rather he was at home when the war commenced and I do not remember whether he had left Skinker & Co. or was just home on a visit. At any rate he never went back to Richmond. Joined the 2nd Virginia Cavelry and went in the army and served four years. Was wounded once shot through the thi. Came home after Lee surrender at Apomattox with one broken down horse. Stayed at home two or three months and then him and Tom West another member of Company A 2nd Virginia Cavalry concluded to go to merchandising. Both of them had nothing but a broken down horse apiece they sold them for money enough to take Edward to Richmond and Baltimore. Edward having been in business in Richmond with E. H. Sinker & Co. knew most of the wholesale business men, but Richmond was all burnt up the principal business part and he knew that he could not buy any goods there before he went, but he went there to get letters of credit from the business men that he knew to use in Baltimore. He succeeded in getting letters of credit and went on to Baltimore and bought a stock of three thousand dollars

worth of goods and him and Tom West went to merchandising at Norwood, Bedford County, Virginia. They started on a pay down system no goods to go out of the house until they were paid for either in money or in produce. And they made some money for two years and then Tom married and wanted to quit the business and Edward bought him out. At the end of two years several Stores commenced starting up in a few miles of him and were doing a credit business and he found he would loose his trade so he was forced to do credit business he went on the credit system for three years got large accounts out that he could not collect was forced to close out his business and went to Lynchburg in the Commission brokerage business. Many of his old store debts were never collected and never will be. He done very well at his business until about 1876. I do not remember the date. He had in the mean time married about 1870. A Miss Goode daughter of Mr. John Goode at Goods Depot in Bedford and sister of the Hon. John Goode Jr. of Washington City a lawyer of national reputation. At that time him and his wife and baby were boarding at an old hotel in Lynchburg on Main Street. His wife and baby the day before went up to Goodes to see her sister and bout midnight all one corner of the hotel colapsed and caught him in the ruins. They did not get him out until the next day, how he escaped from instant death seems to be a mericle. Three I think were killed. It was thought for several weeks that he could not live. But he finally got up after several months and got so that he could go about, but his back was so badly injured that he never recovered from it. For several years poor-fellow he would go down town to his business and try to work when he ought to have been in bed. I helped him and then his wife all I could until his daughter got large enough to teach and support her mother. Finally he was taken down and lingered

~~and lingered~~ for several months and died on Dec. 11th 1884 and was burried at the old Goode family graveyard at Goodes Depot. A devout Christian. He left one child Ruthe. His wife is now living in Lynchburg a devout Cristian woman. That is enough to say of anyone. His daughter Ruthe has been teaching for two years in one of the schools in Lynchburg and supporting her mother. Laura J. my sister married about 1858 Mr. Abram W. Saunders a gentleman that lived in the neighborhood. He bought a farm near fathers and went to work. When the war came on he left his wife and two children at fathers. Served four years in Company A 2nd Virginia Cavelry. After the war he came home (had sold the place he bought in the mean time and spent the money to clothe himself and family during the war for the Confederate soulders got no pay except once and a while they would get a little Confederate money that would take twenty five dollars to buy a pound of coffy, if you could find it to buy and from two to three hundred dollars to buy a barrel of flour. And went to farming again but never made a success at it. Never seemed to be able to settle down to steady work and business. My sister died I think in 1866 and was burried in the old family graveyard at his mothers. A good woman had passed over the River to rest. My sister left five children Annie, Warwick, Carlie, Harry and John. Annie married a cousine of hers David Sanders. He is farming and they are living in Bedford and have some children. Warwick went to Ammerst Co. and edited a paper there for a year or two. Married a Miss Ellis and went to Platt Center Nebraska. And is editing the Platt Center paper now. He has three or four children. Harry was raised and

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and adopted by his fathers sister Mrs. Mayer. The last I heard of him he was with Warwick in Nebraska. After my sister died Abram married again and moved to Tenn. took his other tow sons Charlie and John with him. I have not heard from him in two years he was then in Bermingham Alabama. Now I Charles Harris the writer of this was born at Judes Ferry in Powhatan County Jan. 25th 1838. The only one of my fathers children that is left. It is a sad thought and lonely feeling. If I allow myself to think of it. I feel like one that treads alone some banquet hall deserted; by brothers and sisters. My mother. Mother, the sweetest word in the English language. Who can measure the length bredth, or depth of a mothers love. Alfa and Omega. Has no begining or end. I often think of it and it seems to me that no one can see the sublime beauty and love that is in that one word like I can. All love and gentleness seem to cluster around it and crown it with all the gems that can be expressed by words in our language.

You who have had a mother dear cannot feel the pain
of my sad woe.
I cannot check the silent sigh or stay the heart felt
silent tear;
If I could call her back again I would kneel once more
down by her side,
I would lover her better than before,
I am lonly, since, my Mother died.

You who have a mother, love her, treasurer her, above all others upon earth. You will never have another, and you will never know how you ought to love and cherish her, until she has passed over the beautiful River that flows by the Throne of The Great I am.

I have a strange feeling sometimes. I do not know that anyone else ever had it. At least I have never heard

anyone speak of such a feeling. I see men walk along the streets sometimes with their old mothers holding on to their arms and a feeling of envy and jealousy seem to come over me and I feel like I want to go up to him and shove him to one side and tell him to stand back that I wanted his place myself. Several years ago while I was living at Saltville I think it was in 1876 I had a long spell of sickness. I was taken one night about one or two o'clock with rhenmatis (which I had been subject to for years) and by morning I was as crazy as a bed bug and did not know anything for three weeks or a month and the Dr. and all my friends except my wife thought there was no hope for me ever to recover, finally in a month or so I commenced to improve and got up and had been hobling around on two crutches for a month or more and one nice Saturday evening I concluded I would hoble up to the store. All of the wood haulers, furnice hands and mechanics would come in Saturday evening to get provisions for the next week and I knew them all and liked to talk to them was why I want up there. I went in the store and the men were moving about buying a pound or two of coffee or sugar and other things to take home. I was talking to some of them and watching them mooving around and about large, stout, healthy men. Full of life, energy, health and vim. And a strange feeling came over me that I never had before. And it seemed to me that I envied and hated them because I was not strong and stout like they were. I felt like I could do them some injury if I was strong enough. I stood there for a while and could not shake the feeling off. I turned round hobbled out of the store on my crutches and went back down to the Hotel and stayed there until I got strong enough to walk. I never had such a strange feeling before and hope I never will again. I started

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to say on page 27 that my mother died in 1838 when I was only six months old and I never knew a mothers love. After the death of my mother I was sent to Grandmothers on my Mothers side and raised by a colored woman name Harriett. My black Mammy, In Eastern Virginia before the war ypu would always find on the farms some old black woman that watched over the white children and they called her mammy. She was respected, loved, and looked up to by the children almost as much as their own mother. And I expect you can go through Eastern Virginia now and you will find a number of men that are getting along in years that has some old colored woman that lives near them and comes to see them every week or two that they call Mammy. I know an instance now of a cousin of mine that is fifty-five years old. His daughter spent a month with me and has just left. In talking to her about her father and her grandfathers old servants she said that her fathers old black mammy was alive and lived not far off and would come to see him three or four times a year and would always have to give him a good hug. My father married the second time in 1840 and my grandmother died about that time. So Mammy and myself were taken back to fathers. After Grandmother died Mammy belonged to my Uncle Thomas Harris that lived with father. She stayed with me two or three years longer and my father having servants enough did not need her so Uncle Tom hired her out to old Mr. Rheuban Raglin. She was raised and trained up in the house by Grandmother. And was what was called in those days a fine seemstress. Every farm had one or two seemstress, that made course clothes, shirts and so on for the hands. There was no milinary establishment in the south in those days to make ladies dresses or taylors to make gentlemens suits except in the large cities. And Mammy was a fine seemstress.

Cut and made ladies nice tice dresses and gentlemen shirts and suits. And done work all round in the neighborhood. It was a sad day for me when Mammy left me to live with Mr. Ragland about three miles off. But every two or three Sundays she would walk down to see her boy. And every Sunday morning I would watch the road until eleven o'clock for Mammy. Could see up the road for half a mile. And then I would run and meet her. She would always have cakes, candies, apples or something for me. The black Mammies would always have something good to eat hid away for their children as they called us when we were young and we always expected it and we were sure to get it. Then after we would grow up to be eighteen or twenty the tables would change. And we never went away from home on a visit to stay two or three days or a week or two that when we came back both young men and ladies that we did not have to bring Mammy something and she was never forgotten. She was always the first thought of when we started home. And she would be the first one to meet us at the gate and give us a good hug. My Mammy died a good many years ago. A good old soul. Then was broken up all the ties that bound the servant to his master and the master to his servant. Those good old days of pleasures and joys are gone never to return. The present generation will never know the pleasure of a black Mammy.

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Father had mooved to Bedford Co. and I had grown up and went in the army. I did not leave home when the Company did. I was taken sick the last of January 1861 and had a long spell of rheumatism and for a month or so they thought I would die. But in the spring I commenced improving and soon got so that I could hobble around on crutches, And ride after they would put me on a horse. In April the Company left for camp. I stayed at home until the first of June.

I had gotten so then that I could get on a horse and ride nearly all day but I couldnot walk very far. I left for the army about the first of June and joined Company A 2nd Virginia Cavelry about fifteen miles below Manassas. About the 10th of July the Yankees commenced advancing from Washington. And we commenced to fall back to Manassas. On the 20th of July we were in camp on this side of Bull run about half a mile below Stone bridge. The Yankees were in camp at Centerville five miles from Stone Bridge down the pike and had made a feint the day before on our men about three miles below us where the Manassas road crossed Bull Run and had a rite sharp picket and artilery shirmish but no regular battle they wanted to make us believe that they would make the main attact there. I was put on picket that night with five other men in charge of a Sargent. We did not leave camp until after it commenced getting dark, We had had nothing to eat since the day before except what we got by foraging. As our Commessary wagons had gotten separated from us in some way. An officer went along with us on picket stationed us about a quater of a mile from the top of the hill on the other side of Stone Bridge. Four men and the Sargent were to stay back in the rear and two to be sent forward to the top of the hill. The officer gave the Sargent orders that we were to stay in the saddle not to dismount. And to send two men forward to the top of the hill and relieve them every two hours. The two men in front had orders if they were fired on by the Yankees to fall back to the picket post and if the firing continued we were all to fall back to camp. We were expecting the Yankees to try to cut us off and the officer ordered the Sargent that if there was any firing in our rear that we were to retreat back to camp the best way we could. But we were not to leave the picket post until the two men stationed

in front had come back and joined us. The officer then left us and went back to camp. Pritty soon a thunder cloud came up had a good deal of thunder and lightning but very little rain it was as dark as pitch, you could not see your hand before you except when the lightning would flash. About that time which was bout eleven o'clock we heard someone hollow and he was ordered to advance and give the countersign which he did. It was Col. Jas. W. Wats, now of Lynchburg who was then Lieutenant in our Company. He had a private with him and each of them had a blue bucket on his arm. After we left camp one of our wagons had come in that had some midlin, meat, and flour. They had nothing to cook it in so they hunted around and found an old piece of ten that had blown off a R. Road bridge they got the flower mixed it up with nothing but water on a piece of oil cloth baked it on the piece of tin. And he had one bluebucket with meat and the other one with nice bread. He gave each of us a piece of meat and bread and we sat there in the rain on our horses eating the meat and pulling at the bread that would nearly pull our teeth out and thought that it was the best supper we had ever had. We had not gotten use to being starved then as the Old Confeds did before the close of the four years. And it was good. Col. Wats left for camp and between one and two o(clock a rattle of musketry broke loose about half a mile in our rear. The Yankees in trying to surround and capture us the night being as dark as could be had run into an infantry picket post in our rear. Our Sargent (a man name Woods) as soon as the firing commenced ordered us to retreat to camp and he started off. Loundes Saunders and myself (I do not remember the other two men that were at the post with us) hollowed out to the men to stand their

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ground until the other two men in front came into the post. Woods ran off a little ways and finding that the men were not following came back. By that time the other two men were coming down the pike with the fire flying from their horses feet on the rocks. Woods had rod up and his saber which was buckled on his waist was rattling like he had it in his hand. He was scared nearly to death. Commenced hollowing at the two men coming down the pike before they got in two hundred yards. Of course they could not hear him. They rode up in about fifty yards halted gave the countersign and came on. I halieve Woods would have fired on them if we had not kept hollowing at him. We were armed then with the old fashon double barrel, muzzle loader shot gun with buck and ball. (I have some of the buck and balls now) which is a very dangerous wepon at close range. The men hollowed out the countersign and I don(t think they had gotten the word out before Woods had whirled his horse and was going down through the pines to camp as fast as his horse could carry him. I was riding ~~the~~ a Ky. horse that my cousin Crow Harris had bought of a drover the year before, that was as fine a sadler as I aver backed. But was the fradest horse of a gun that I ever saw and when the firing commenced in our rear the horse commenced dodging and junping, although it was a half mile or more off. You could carry a gun on him but just spring the lock and he looked like he would have a duck fit. As soon as the two men came up to the post we all started off down through the pines to camp, dark as pitch, and of course our horses were running over pines and stumbling around generally. We struck Bull Run just below camp where the brush and pines were very thick and banks on each side about twelve feet high steep and slick, we slided down and

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how our horses got out on the other side with us on them I cannot tell. Woods was cashired taken out of ranks and put to driving a team. Next morning was the 21st of July 1861 the first battle of Manassas and the first big battle of the war. Lounds Saunders and Myself were detailed from our Company and ordered to report to Gen. Evans head quaters as curiers. We reported early and soon Gen. Evans started out to look around. And a little after sun rise we were in a hollow on a branch about a half mile of where our camp was that night and the Gen. stoped and was consulting with some of his aids all sitting on our horses. I was thinking what I would do when the battle commenced as it was the first one, whether I could stand or would run when the balls commenced flying around. All at once BOOM went a piece of artilery on top of the hill beyond Stone Bridge. The ball went whistling rite over our heads about fifty yards in the air. My horse commenced running, dodging, and jumping first one way, and then the other, and it kept me busy for a while to keep my saddle. I did not finish thinking. And I have not desided that question yet. I do not know what I would have done if my horse had not kept me too busy for the next two or three hours to think about it. After that he got yousto it and did not mind it. We followed Gen. Evans until about two o'clock and was up on a hill. Saunders and a curier name Alexander from Camblell Co. and myself were with him. He ordered us to stay there until he came back said if we followed him it would draw the shot of Sharpshooters as they would know he was an officer. And he started off down, round, the hill. We did not see him any more that day. We soon saw that the Yankees had cut him off in that direction and we were about to be cut off too so we broke for tall timber in the rear. We kept together

and rode round over the field hunting for him. And about four o'clock we met up with one of his aids that told us he had been killed and ordered us to report to our regiment. We knew about where the regiment was and soon rode in to ranks just as they were forming to charge the Yankees cross Bull Run on the pike as they had commenced retreating. Gen. Evans was not killed. We charged them and had to go up through a large piece of woods. The boys commenced ~~to~~ The Rebel yell and the Yankees scattered in every direction. P. 42 Hrs. We did not get many prisoners in that charge. We got scattered and I came back to where we started about night, found one of our Co. name Williams. We hunted for the regiment and company and some soldiers told us they had gone toward Manassas we started back there rode about three or four miles and could hear nothing of them we came to an oats field that had just been cut and shocked we pulled down the fence and went in. Our horses and ourselves were both nearly broken down so we got some oats and gave our horses and layed down in the corner of the fence and went to sleep. We were wakened about three o'clock by the rain coming down in our faces. We went back to the battle field next morning and found our regiment in camp. The people in Washington City knew that the battle was going to be fought that day so several Congressmen and a good many ladies and gentlemen came out the day before in carriages and stayed all night at Centerville to go out the next morning and see the battle and the rebels run. Some of them saw both but not the way they wanted it. A good many of the ladies had their riding horses and saddles so they could ride to different points to see. About four o'clock they P. 43 Hrs. became disgusted with the music of the Rebel yell and thought they would fall back. They went back through Centerville.

Carriages at full speed, ladies under whip and lash with no escort in too big a hurry to stop and get their carriages. In fact they concluded they did not need them just then. One of the Confederate ladies that lived in Centerville told us that one lady passed through about five o'clock laying whip to her horse every jump and hollowing to her horse for God Sake to carry her faster. It was with her then. "Lay on McCuf and damed be he who first cries hold enough." We went down near Masons & Munsons hill in a few days and went in camp. I stayed with the regiment until the last of September when I was taken sick with Camp fever, Tyfoid fever, and rheumatis, all mixed up together. They put me in an ambulance and started my brother Edward back with me to the hospital in Lynchburg, * Just as the ambulance was about to leave Col. Watts cakked Edward to one side and told him when he got to Lynchburg to try and slip me pass the guards and get me on N.& W. R. Road and take me up home that I was bound to die and he had just as well take me home and let me die there. Edward got some soldiers that were on the train to help him and they carried me round and got me on the train for home. I got well and reported to Dr. Owen in Lynchburg in charge of the hospital. He examined me and said I would die with consumption, and sent me back home. And recomended that I go to Saltville in Washington Co. and inhale the salt vapor for my lungs. I went to Saltville and improved and went to making salt. Stayed there a year joined an artilery Co. that was made up around there and went back in the service and stayed until the close of the war. When the war closed I went home rented a farm on the South side of Bedford Co. of Mrs. Saunders of Lynchburg bought the stock, farming implements and everything, at $3000 valuatioh. The worst days

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work I ever done, I stayed there that year and then took a Mr. Pullin in pardnership with me and I took two horses and went down on the north side of the county to farm thinking I would get a start by the time that my time would be out for the rent of the farm on the Southside and then I would sell out what I had on the Southside, pay out and have a start, but Pullin sliped stock and crop of tobacco off to Lynchburg sold it left me with the bag to hold and about twenty five hundred dollars to pay. I sold out what I had left on both places which reduced the debt with the interest to about two thousand dollars. I wnet then as conductor on the N. & W. R. Road and as fast as I could spare fifteen or twenty dollars from board and clothes I paid it on the debt and in the two years reduced it to six or eight hundred dollars. I left the R. Road and went in partnership merchandising with a Mr. Lowry at Montgomery Washington Co. Va. We done very well until Lowry got to drinking and at the end of the two years when I left him I had just lost two years work. I then on the first day of October, 1872 married Miss (Mittie) Mary Van Hook V. Davis of Washington Co. Va. daughter of Archimedes & Mary Virginia Davis near Abington, Va. After we married we went to Saltville rented the hotel and stayed there until 1880 when I rented the Colonnade Hotel in Abingdon, Va. and am here yet. My wifes father was born and raised near Abingdon. I do not know the name of his parents. He died in 1864. Mrs. Davis was a Miss Fulkerson of Tenn. I do not know the name of her parents. She has a brother now living in Bristol Tenn. Col. Abram Fulkerson of the 63rd Va. regiment who is quite a noted lawyer and politician. Mrs. Davis died in October 1892. She was a devoted christian woman loved and respected by all. Old and young, rich and poor, white and black.

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When she died the poor people in the neighborhood lost their best friend. Mr. & Mrs. Davis had twelve children Maggie, Abram, James, Bell, Archinnedes, Mittie, Sarah, Sam, Arther, Annie, Linnie, Bob, Maggie married John F. Sutton. She died several years ago. Left two sons. Arther & Davis Sutton ~~they~~ are living on the farm with their father near Abingdon. Abram went to Indiana after the war and married out there. He is engaged in boring Artesian wells. Is now near Chicage, Ill. with his machinery boring wells. Him and his wife are both alive. Have no children. James went to Indiana after the war and married. Is a farmer. Him and his wife both living. Has several childfen. Bell went west soon after the war to visit Jimmie and married while there, Mr. Broothe and Englishman and died in a year afterwards leaving one boy, Robert, After his wife died Mr. Boothe went back to England with his boy which is now grown and both in business. Archinnedes studied law and after he graduated went to Eureka Springs, Ark. to practice his profession and married there. He has several children. Him and his wife are both alive. Mittie V. & I Charles Harris married. Sarah went to Ark to visit her brother Archinnedes and while there mafried Mr. John Young of Ky. He is a farmer in Ky. .Both alive. They have no children. Samuel after he quit school went to Texas was taken sick came back home and married Miss Annie Clark daughter of John H. Clark near Abingdon. He lived about two years after he married, and died. He left no children. His widow a few years afterwards married Mr. Chas. Clice. Arther went to merchandising in Abingdon. Firm of Scott & Davis. He married Miss Bunny Bundell of Abingdon. Died in two or three years after he was married. Left no children. His widow a few years afterwards married Mr. Yates of Roanoke

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and is now alive. Annie has never married yet, is living at her Mothers old homestead near Abingdon with her brother Bob. Linnie left the United States in September 1892 as a Missionary to Korea. She is alive and well. Bob married a Miss Lagard daughter of R. T. Lagard near Bristol. He is a farmer living at his Mothers old place. He has two little boys. My wife and myself have had six children. One little baby boy that is dead, Mary Payne, Maggie Bradley, Chas White, Hattie Palme, Archinnedes Davis, Francis Fulkerson. Mary teaches Art & Education in the Stanford Female College at Stanford Ky. Maggie, Charly, Hattie & Francis are all at home. Charlie stays at home but is a clerk in a general merchandis store with Barrow & Doss. He is now seventeen years old. Archinnedes Davis died when he was a month old.

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and later I came along - Annie Laura -

I will now go back and finish up my fathers history and my step mother. As I have said before my Mother died in 1838 when I was only six months old and my father married the second time Miss Mary Eliza Sampson on July 2nd 1840. She was the daughter of Mr. Frank Sampson of Powhatan, Her father died before I could remember. But I remember quite well her old uncle Mr. Dick Sampson of Goochland Co. Va. who was quite wealthy and owned a fine estate on James River, called Dover. His estate was situated around what is now known as Dover Depot on the Richmond and Alleghany R. Road. I think the state bought part of his old farm last year for a penetenery farm. He was considered the finest farmer in the state in his day. And wrote a great deal on farming for the American Farmer and Agricultural paper that was then published in Richmond, Va. and I think is yet. I remember the old gentleman quite well although I was ~~quite~~ very young. I think he died about 1849 or 1850. My Step Mother had

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two sisters and one brother. I have forgotten the names of her sisters. One of the sisters married Mr. John T. Sublett of Richmond who was for many years before and after the war a very successful retail hardware merchant on Broad Street. He died several years after the war leaving large property. His wife died also about the close or just after the war. He left several daughters and one son. I think all of his daughters married and are now all dead except one living in Richmond. I have forgotten who she married. His son John T. Jr. is married and has some children I do not know how many. He continued the hardware business on Main St for several years, but failed two years ago and I do not know what he is doing now. The other sister married Capt. Joseph Wren of Powhatan. He was an old school teacher. He never accumulated much property. He was too good a man ever to make close trades or push his debtors to save much. His wife died before the war. (It may seem a strange expression to my children or those that will read this in after years but anything that occured or happened several years ago is spoken of as before or after the war. You frequently hear people ask particular old people if such and such a thing happened before or after the war.) He then moved to Lynchburg and lived with his children and died there about 1885 or 1886. He left three daughters and one son. Clara, Cornelia, Fannie & William. Clara married Mr. Hefferman and lives in Lynchburg has several children. Cornelia married a physician and they are living in Amherst Co. Fannie has never married and lives with Clara in Lynchburg. William married a Miss Tate of Smythe Co. Va. daughter of Mitchel B. Tate of Smythe Co. His father-in-law took him in business with him, the firm was Robertson, Tate & Co. Main St. Lynchburg, Va. He done business with them

for several years finally got in some trouble about money matters and ran off from Lynchburg to Texas left his family and died there in 1894. He had two children I think. Francis J. Sampson, my step mother, brother married— I have forgotten the ladies name now. Moved to Manchester, Va. just across the river from Richmond went in the real estate and insurance business and died there about 1887. He had several children but I think they are all dead except one son that continued his fathers business.

My father and Step Mother had four children. Richard, Royster, Emma K., Mary E. & Martha Ann. Richard, Royster & Martha Anm died in infancy. Mary E. Lived to be about six years old died before father moved from Powhatan. Emma K. was the only one of my half sisters that lived to be of age. Aftar broke up and sold out in Bedford Co., after the war I brought her and father out to Saltville to live with me. Father died at Saltville and when I moved to Abingdon I brought Emma with me. She lived with me until she was married to Mr. John F. Sutton of Washington Co. Va. a farmer and cattle trader living in one mile of Abingdon Va. She lived for several years after her marriage and died on Jan. 5th 1891. Scattered, Scattered Scattered. She left one child Mary Abbie Sutton. A nice little girl now about four years old living with her father.