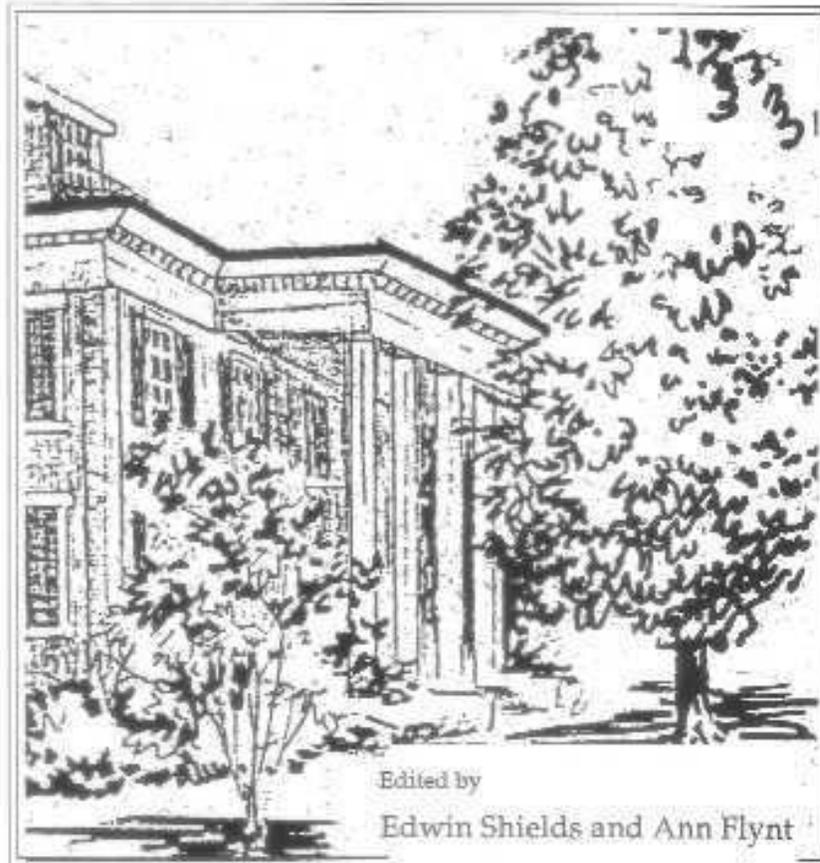


# Welch Journal

An Autobiography  
Commenced January 1, 1857

By  
Jacob Perry



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LCDA&H, INC.

LCDA&H, INC.  
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An Autobiography  
Commenced January 1, 1857

By  
Jacob Perry  
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JACOB PERRY WELCH

*The Lauderdale County  
Department of Archives and History, Inc.  
takes pride in announcing the acquisition  
of a copy of the original Welch Journal.*

*Mr. Jarvis A. Welch*

*6017 Lauderdale-Toomsuba RD.*

*Toomsuba, MS 39364*

*graciously donated the diary, on the  
understanding that it would be published  
and made available as an item on  
LCDA&H's regular publications list.*

*We appreciate the gesture, and  
sincerely thank Mr. Welch, great-grand-  
son of Jacob Perry Welch, for allowing us  
to make this treasured history available  
to readers of our day.*

*Jim Dawson*

*Executive Director*



I dedicate the following pages, imperfectly writ-ten, as they are, to my dear children and their off-spring, for their information and encouragement, when my voice is hushed in the unavoidable debt of nature, and the persons and places which know me now, will know me no more on earth.

Alamutcha, Mississippi —

January 1st, 1857

J.P. Welch



## PREFACE

As the following imperfectly written pages are dedicated, more particularly to my dear children, and their offspring in the course of time; it would therefore, seem useless to write any preface to the work. But it will be written. As in all books, valuable or not, of the present day, are usually honored with a prefatory sheet; I deem it no less important, also, to precede the body of the following work with a few lines of explanation, etc.

And it is well here to remark, that my intention in the outset is to give all the facts I have diligently gathered during many past years, in the most plain : and simple language; for as my early advantages were extremely limited, as will be seen in the course of the work charity would not expect me to be very polished or elaborate in the following production, even if it were necessary, which I conceive not to be the case. A plain relation of unvarnished facts, in plain words of truth, is the important matter, and to that I shall confine myself faithfully according to all information I have received, as I intend that all I write here and in this book, are to speak for me, to those I love, many years after I am numbered with the dear loved relatives and friends already gone from this poor world of sorrow and trouble; sincerely hoping in the fervency of my heart, that it may not only be valuable in instruction, but encouraging and cheering to those dear loved ones I leave behind me to the uncertain chances of life.

The idea of writing an account of my family and self, was conceived of, as far back as twenty years ago; and I have gathered an item of information from various good old respected persons and loved relatives then living but now dead and gone to rewards, I trust, in Heaven. A few yet linger on earth, but soon will pass away. I have applied to every reliable source for notes (suggested) to aid me, and have culled and selected information from every available quarter, and I shall endeavor to transmit the enlarged substance of this information to future generations of our family with full assurance on my part that I sincerely believe it to be as correct as my limited means have enabled me to make it. It is the first effort of the kind, so far as I have been able to learn, of any written account of our ancestry.

Alamutcha, Mississippi      May 1857

The Author

Correct information is that which I have sought after so long; and such as it is, I cheerfully give, believing that much of it will be of interest to you that survive, after I am dead and gone; and so little, (that which relates to myself), may be of some value in cheering, directing and guiding you through the checkered mazes of life, to blissful immortality, when I am no longer with you to advise. This will be a plain picture of my thoughts, set here with my own hands, to converse with you for me, when my voice is hushed in death; and whether that event will be sooner or later, trusting in God's right[e]ous will and mercy, I hope not to be forgotten by you whom I so dearly love and care for so much. But consult, occasionally, these imperfectly, but carefully written lines, and imagine me present, addressing you; and I believe, you will, as often as you do this, be rejoiced in having a word of consolation, admonition and advice from your loving father and dearest friend on earth, after you are no longer gladdened with my presence to participate in your joys or sorrows, and you will hear my voice no longer.

Yes, I know you will be rejoiced. I know it from experiences. I have preserved a few letters, which my dear father, and other loved relatives and friends, no longer on this earth, wrote to me "long long ago"; which I often read over and over again, with a joy which no heart can tell. I see, hear, and mingle with them main with all the recollection of the last hour; and thus it will be with you, I am confident. If I did not believe if [it] fully, I would not write a line more here. But I can lift the curtain and look through the long vista into the far off future and see the joy you will derive, my children, from these pages, even in your old age, when your heads have blown full white for the grave.

The memory of me and of your dear Mother will be as vivid to you mind's eye as the things of yesterday. The things of life — of many joys and sorrows, in which we all shared, will come up afresh in the mind; the cares and anxiety we both shared in looking after and providing for your wants, (many indeed) education and comforts in after life, will remind you, that the dearest friends on earth, have left you, and gone to that long and blissful abode in Heaven, we pray and trust, to which, you too, are bound, we hope; and all you will have of us, in words, that will be left with you, after death, will be the few vestiges of letters you may preserve, and the lines here dedicated to you, with purest and lasting affection.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
JACOB PERRY WELCH**

And an account of his ancestry and family, collected by himself from the most reliable sources, during many years.

My dear Wife — Children — Relatives and Friends, I have during many years, taken much pleasure and pains in obtaining, from the remains of my relatives and old friends and acquaintances of my beloved parents['] day, all the reliable information relating to my ancestry worthy of preservation. And believing that I have culled up all which it is possible to obtain from the living, at this late time of life's day; and being seriously and forcibly admonished, by the early departure from earth to eternity, of many dear, loved relatives and friends, much younger than myself, some of them my own darling children, whom I hope, through the blessings of Almighty God, to meet again in Heaven, that my sojourn here (having already reached the limit in age, which, but few of my family have passed) is verging rapidly to a close, it is therefore proper that I should not forget to "set my house in order," and make haste to be ready for the unexpected hour when I shall part with you and all this world, to meet again, I fervently trust, in the Paradise of God, with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, where sorrow and trouble will be at an end, and complete and perfect bliss will last during eternity; ages without end.

It is time then, yes high time, that I should be active in the finishing and closing of a purpose, which I have been anxiously contemplating during so many years of procrastination.

To Wife; Children; Relatives; and Friends.

I thank God, unworthy as I feel I am, that He has permitted me to live thus long. And when I have writ-ten down within these lids, all that is suggested from the notes I have taken, however imperfect in every particular it may be, yet, I shall be content, with the conviction (aside from composition) that the historical matter is correct, as the notes taken from different persons of reliance, fully correspond, and who resided, at the time of taking the notes, at great distances apart, and unacquainted with each other personally, yet all acquainted with the ancestry of the family

I shall begin with my father's family near Wales in England, the rise of one hundred and seventy years ago; and follow it up to the present time, as fully as my information extends.

I shall next notice the family of my Mother, in the same manner, as far as it is necessary, from all that it (is?) reliable.

I shall next give an account of my Father and Mother to the close of life, of their children; and then of myself to the present time.

I shall then give an account of the family of my beloved companion, your dead Mother, and of all you, as to date of birth, etc. And lastly, of the last illness and final sad closing scene of your loved brother, Warren Perry, who is now with Christ our dear Son and Saviour, on the Paradise of God. And may it be all of your lots to meet him again there, as he fervently requested in his last embrace of "good-bye," where we shall again, through the merits of our blessed Saviour, if we love and serve Him to the end, form a family in Heaven, to be separated, nor endure grief, no more for ever. So may it be. Amen.

With most sincere devotion: Jacob Perry Welch

## **The Welch Family**

### **JACOB WELCH, THE FIRST IMIGAANT.**

From the best accounts which I have been able to pick up, among those old respected remnants of the family, worthy of confidence,

I Jacob Welch, the father of my great grandfather Dempsey," was the first pioneer of the family in the "Western World, and was born near the mountains of Wales in Engald [England], about the year A.D.1662.

His parents tho' limited in circumstances, were honest respectable people, and gave him as good an education as their means and facilities of that time enabled them. He was also placed in youth, until of age, as an apprentice, and was fully instructed in the trade of a Brick Mason; of which he became to be master in every particular.

Soon after he became of age he married; and after a few years of economy, he acquired means sufficient to take him and his little family to the "Western Paradise," of North America, Colonies, subject of the Crown.

He had, with the rest of his humble family, early embraced the Reformed religion; which was in opposition to Popery, the established church by law, at that time. The reading of the English translation of the Bible was prohibited by severe penalty. The Catholics had got into power, after a long struggle with those humble followers of the cross, The Protestants; for which victory the "Te Deums" were sung in abundances throughout the land.

"And having been sadly rib-roasted by the protestants," (as they pled), "When in power," they determined, like good Christians, "Now that the tables are turned, to try on them the virtues of fire and faggot."

Whenever the Christians presumed to take out the Bible to read, from its place of concealment, it was necessary to guard

against persecution and for safety of person, to place watchers to give notice of the approach of an "officer of the Spiritual Court," as the Catholics called them. These things appear strange to us, who live under a wise republican form of government, which will not suffer the black gowns of one church to persecute those of another; yet, nevertheless such was the state of things at that time in England and other nations of the east; which caused many good people to seek the "New World," as our fair and loved country of North America was then called, in quest of more light and liberty.

And of the many pilgrims for America, Jacob Welch and his little family constituted a part; and in the year 1690, or about that time, he emigrated with his family from England to North America, and settled near Richmond, Virginia, then a colony.

Here he lived. for many years in happiness and prosperity, persuing his trade much of the time, with honor and profit.

He had five sons, namely: Isaac; Jacob; Michael; James; and Dempsey II. He raised them all to the full knowledge of brick masonry. They all grew up to manhood, married well, and raised families in honor to themselves. They were all honest, industrious, useful citizens. The old gentleman, their father, lived to an old age, to see his children married off, and all "doing well" in the world. He died about 1742, about 80 years old, in the Christian's faith and hope; in the "Old Dominion," near Richmond where he first halted on landing in America. I said he lived to see all of his children grown and married off. I should have excepted Dempsy, who was his youngest son. He was born near Richmond, Virginia, about A.D. 1725, and was some seventeen years of age when his father died. After which he was kept at his trade of

Bricknason, as an apprentice, until he became of age.

He was noted for his morality, industry, and manly bearing, and in all those traits which constitute the gentleman.

After the death of their father, there was a general breaking up and moving off, of the boys, who were married. Some of them went north, towards some of the older Colonies, while the rest, (except Dempsey, who remained a few years longer,) went South to North and South Carolina, whose offspring now, at this day, reside in many parts of the Southern and Western states, i.e. Tennessee — all of them that I have ever seen or heard of, are intelligent, high-minded, honorable people; and generally in good circumstances, sufficient for comfort.

I do not believe that I have ever heard of a Welch yet, truly of the original stock, who was really, by nature, lazy or denominated a gump.

Dempsey {II} Welch, the younger son, as before stated, remained about "the old place" near Richmond, for several years longer; likely with his mother, until her death.

He finally married Priscilla Perry, near Richmond, Virginia, a daughter of Dempsey Perry, whose wife, (Priscilla's mother) was a Lawrence.

This Mr. Dempsey Perry and his lady were near relatives to the Perrys and Lawrences who have figured so conspicuously in our country's history. Commodore Perry, of the navy, "the Hero of Lake Erie," and James Lawrence, captain in the navy, of our country, (He commanded the Hornet in the memorable capture of the Peacock) are of the same family; who are justly looked upon as ornaments to the name.

The Perrys and Lawrences came from England to America about the time of Jacob Welch, in consequence of religious

persecution; and settled, first, in Virginia. As they increased, some went north to New Jersey, Rhode Island, etc. and others South and West.

Dempsey Perry was a gentleman in very easy circumstances for that day, and highly respected. He was a mechanic in his outset in life, but after accumulating a landed estate, turned his attention to agriculture; in which he was very successful.

People in those days of America, were very different to those of the present day. Then there were very few doctors and lawyers. The best professions consisted of trades, in the mechanic arts. No one was considered honorable who did not work and labour with his own hands. Honesty and industry were the most respectable passports a person could wish; and the people lived more happy and quiet; and had less disease, and lived as long, if not longer, than they do now; with all the pettifoggers and lawyers — and the multitude of quacks and doctors; which crowd into every nook and corner of our country at the present day.

{II} Dempsey Welch and his wife, Priscilla, did not remain long, after marriage, in Virginia; as inducements in a newer country were very flattering. They moved, first to South Carolina, where they lived a few years, and then settled in Burke County, Georgia, where they continued to reside during the remainder of life;

**THE WELCH FAMILY - DEMPSEY  
WELCH  
SENR.,  
HIS WIFE, PRISCILLA PERRY,  
& FAMILY.**

Pursuing his trade successfully for many years, and thereby accumulated an estate of valuable lands with a number of negroes and other corresponding property.

He too, had five sons, as did his father. Viz. {III} Jacob was the first; James, was the second; Isaac, was the third; Michael was the fourth; and Dempsey was the fifth son.

He also had two daughters, Viz. — Sarah & Mary. He gave each one of his children a good, practical, English education; and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, taught all of the boys his trade of Brick Masonry.

If there was an exception, it was his youngest son Dempsey; And my impression is, that he too, was fully instructed in the trade.

I will remark here that it is a notorious fact, that great grandfather Dempsey Welch, and his sons, did about the first brick work ever done in Augusta, Georgia.

This fact I obtained, years ago from old persons of Burk, Richmond, and Jefferson counties of that state. There is no doubt of its truth.

He ( great grandfather Dempsey Sr. ) lived to see all of his children grown and respectably married off with easy estates; and several of his grandchildren grew up to man and woman hood during his sojourn on earth.

He and his sons witnessed many trying and exciting scenes, which prevailed during many years of their time. The colonies of North America had been planted by the oppression of the "Old Country". The early settlers had fled from tyranny into a then uncultivated land, where they were exposed to all the hardships which human nature is liable; and among others, to the cruelties of a savage earth. And yet, actuated by principles of true love of liberty, they met all these hardships with pleasure, when they compared them with those they suffered in the "Mother Country", from those who should have been their friends.

And when Old England began to care for them that care was exercised in sending persons to rule over them who were the deputies of some scoundrel sent to spy out their liberty, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them; and convert them into mere serfs. The "Stamp Act" of 1705, and other arbitrary acts of England, first kindled the spark of resistance in the American Colonies, which finally blazed forth into a flame that consumed all British authority within their limits, and laid the foundation upon which has grown up the greatest nation of earth.

Dempsey Welch and his sons, each and all, took active part in the great contest for Independence.

Franklin, Washington, Marion and other great names, were men to whom they clung through weal and woe until Clarion of Victory and eternal Liberty and Independence was sounded throughout the land. In all the storms of that great Revolutionary war, they never faltered in repairing to resist its mildest shocks.

They well knew the immense value of this lovely land, rich even then in its then aspect, and far richer in its future destinies, with Independence.

That great and powerful army of England, sent over to America by a haughty King, to crush the people's rights; strong in renown, and powerful in numbers, haughty from success and eager for spoil, had no terrors for the defenders of equal rights.

This formidable foe they met, and tho' inferior in numbers and discipline, tho' not furnished with regular means of defense, tho' hastily assembled from the various colonies, they determined to live or die free. They acted with concert, and fought under the greatest privations that ever fell to the lot of man - yet they wore the peculiar mark of the goodness of Divine

Providence. The justice of their cause gave them inflexible courage, and the favor of Heaven granted them victory - they conquered! And their days of toil and nights of watchings, and years of privations were requited with the glory of giving deliverance to their country and security and liberty to their posterity for future ages - for ever - I trust. They lived many years after the end of the long contest, to enjoy the fruits of peace and prosperity.

Dempsey Welch senr. (great grandfather) was blessed with health, generally except a sore leg which was caused from a neglected bruise or hurt in youth. The scarcity of physicians in those days, and the very few of the time, residing generally in towns and cities, placed medical aid often out of reach, or too costly to be employed but by few, except by those who lived convenient. Thus it was with Dempsey Welch's leg. He lived most of the time, many miles from a physician; and trusting to common remedies, which generally soothed pain, his leg was neglected until it got into a hopeless condition, when amputation was the only remedy, to which he refused to submit. If he had submitted to the amputation of his leg, he might have lived many years longer. He died in the year 1792 in the Christian faith, being sixty six years of age.

**Note.** It is more than probable, that after {1} Jacob Welch, (the father of {11} Dempsey, and first of the family who came to America) had stated favorably of the country, others of his brothers and relatives of the Welch name, no doubt, soon joined him in America. But of them I have no account; and which is not important.

It has always been considered that all of the name who use C in spelling their name, instead of the letter S "are of the original stock, or family."

*[Hand-written note: "N.B. Some of my father's own cousins use the letter "S" instead of "C." )*

### **COL. JAMES WELCH & FAMILY**

Col. James Welch, (uncle of my father) second son of Dempsey Welch, senr. was born about 1749. He was most successful of all his brothers, in the accumulation of property. He was, when I was a little boy, one of the wealthiest citizens of Burks County, Georgia; having a most valuable plantation, and a set of mills on Brushey Creek celebrated, even until this day, as the most valuable in that region of the state. The premises all, still retain their original value. This plantation and mills, belonged, a few years ago, to the Rev. Mr. Key, a Baptist minister of that County. It was only a few miles from this place, on Beaver dam Creek, that my father first settled after he was married and at which place I was born. It was at Col. James Welch's mills, that I saw my dear father catch the first fish I ever saw caught. It was here that I saw the first string of Perch I ever beheld. My Father's and Mother's relatives too, all lived near this place at that time. Now, there is only one or two members of the several families of the Kindred left in that region. Most all moved west. And all of the older members are dead and gone!

Col. James Welch married twice. His first wife was Clarissa Morrell. His second wife was Elizabeth Bryant. The old gentleman died about the time I was born, about 58 years of age.

He had five sons and one daughter. I think, mostly, if not all, by his first wife.

Their names (i.e. his children) were, William - James - Isaac - John - Michael and Elizabeth; and I see in my notes another daughter, Sarah, but no mention as to whom she married, if ever - she grew up to

be a woman.

William married Sharlotte Brown. Had a good property. William and his wife died young and had no children. Went, I am informed, to Tennessee where they died. James married first - Elizabeth Bryant a relation of his step mother's - his second wife was Esther Jones - and his third and last wife was Ann Emannel.

He, at one time, was very wealthy, and one of the most popular men of Burke County. His popularity led him into political strife. He was elected during many years, to the Legislature of the state of Georgia. During which time he became very intemperate and being a very liberal, free, open hearted man, he was often led into incautious security-ship, which finally ruined his estate; and he soon died from the effects of intemperance. And no doubt, a broken heart, for his irreparable loss of property and standing in the world. He had two daughters by his first wife - Frances and Rebecca. They went to Tennessee, and married there, so I was in-formed by old friends of the family.

His last wife still resides in Burke (1857) county, and is very poor, (once was rich, - poor woman) and lives with her brother-in-law, Mr. Phillip Robinson, or did when last heard of, a few years ago.

Isaac married a Miss Porter, daughter of Judge Porter of Bainbridge in Decatur County, Georgia. He had a good estate in 1830, the year he was married. But lived only a very short time after marriage. I don't know that he had any children. He was the youngest of his fathers children. And a most polished, elegant, intelligent gentleman.

### **JOHN WELCH & FAMILY**

John Welch was about the age of my father. He was gifted by nature with more genius than all else of the name. His

powers of mind were fully aided too, by an education equal to the best of his youthful days. Yet he never took that distinguished position among great men, which nature designed him.

He was of a wild, roving temperament — and took no care of the legacy left him, nor did he ever care to accumulate any thing of consequence. His first wife was Mary Franfield, by whom he had one son (Jefferson — who died about twenty five years of age many years ago). His second wife was Frances Arnold. By her he had some five or six children — two daughters, and four sons.

John was still living in Pike County, Alabama, last year (1856). Teaching school was his occupation. He is now, at least eighty years of age, and enjoyed good health and action, when last heard from. (A neighbor of his spent the night with us last year, fall, I think).

Elizabeth married, first, James Young. An excellent man, of good family. By him she had several sons and three daughters. Her daughter (youngest) married Dempsey Welch, Jr., a cousin of father, both cousins. Cousin of his wife. Her second and last husband was Charles Wheeler; by whom she had one or two more children. I shall always remember them with gratitude and sorrow.

Gratitude for the kind treatment I received from the family in 1828, when I spent some time with them, on my way, as a poor orphan boy, to Georgia. Mr. Wheeler was then in fine, prosperous circumstances, and possessed of as much human kindness, in his sober moments, as was ever met with.

I passed with his family several pleasant weeks — and worked daily with his sons in the field; and parted with them in much gloom. It is with sorrow, however, that I have to relate the fact that he was a

most cruel man to his wife, (one of the best women, in affection, ever created). When in a drunken spree; and to this, he was often addicted. He was a very intemperate man, in those days — and really deserving the appellation of drunkard. Many men, of such habits, prosper in the world; but there are some exceptions, and thus it was with Charles Wheeler. I visited that region again in 1836, and the ample estate which blessed the family in 1828, had been reduced, in consequence of the poisoning, drunken bowl, down to one or two little negroes, and hardly a place which the poor deluded inebriate could call his home. Poor Man. He lived to see the dreadful consequences of a bad spent life, entailed, not only upon his dear family, but sorely upon himself before he was released from the sorrows and troubles of earth. He was stricken with dead palsey in half the body, from the waist down (Partial Paralysis) for several years prior to his death. Being perfectly helpless, for ten of the closing years of his existence. Oh, what a comment upon the ill consequences of the drunkard's reward. He had to repent of his evil days in a long train of helpless hours. Oh, that he may have found pardon through the merits of a crucified Saviour, in exchanging the evil ways of earth for a blissful eternity. He died in 1855 in Copiah County, Mississippi.

His dear good lady, whom he so often and cruelly abused in his best days of prosperity, survived him only a short time. She too, died in full triumphs of faith and hope of blissful immortality, in 1855. May the smiles and glory of heaven be hers for ever.

In my poor orphan days of need, she was a friend indeed. I shall ever remember her with purest gratitude. She had but little power to do much for us, but that little she did with open arms like a mother; God bless her. She is gone from earth, and I

believe, nearly, or quite all of her children. I hope to meet her in Heaven. Amen.

Michael Welch I think, I have been informed, died when he was a small boy. At any rate, he could not have reached manhood, as I have no knowledge of ever seeing him, or heard much said of him.

### **ISAAC WELCH**

Isaac Welch, senr. like his father, was a mason by trade, but after his father became a citizen of Burke County, and the possessor of a valuable landed estate, he, with the rest of his brothers, gave much attention to agricultural pursuits, by which, prosperity smiled with increasing plenty.

He never married, He had a wen on his face or jaw, which made its appearance when quite a boy; and physicians in those days being few and inconvenient, the wen was permitted to take its course, which in the course of many years, turned to an indolent ulcer, which finally terminated in his death. He was born about the year 1751. I know not the date of his death.

## CONTINUATION OF THE CHILDREN OF DEMPSEY WELCH, SENR.

NB. I see from a reliable note on the subject in my possession at this time (1857) that Isaac the son of Michael, mentioned in the succeeding page, married Mary White of Alabama.

### MICHAEL WELCH

Michael was born about the year 1753. He was a sober, steady, industrious, good citizen, but did not succeed in the world with the same degree of prosperity, as some of his brothers. He, however, was "a good liver." He married Mary Baryhill. They had two sons, and two daughters:

Isaac Baryhill, and Michael, and Elizabeth and Martha.

Isaac B.\* went to Alabama, and raised a respectable family, and left them at his death, in tolerable circumstances. A number of them still reside on the Alabama river, in prosperous circumstance, and highly respected. I am acquainted with several brothers of that name; we still claim relationship.

Michael\* went to Florida, where he still (1857) resides, as I am informed; he is dissipated, and has been, a long time, and consequently, does very badly. He has a number of children; but as the example set before them has been extremely bad, it is wonderful indeed, if any of them ever excels the father in the scale of usefulness and respectability. Another sad instance of the fatal and degrading consequences of grog shops and habitual grog drinking. Poverty, Ignorance, Dishonor, and Want, are the inevitable rewards of the drunkard. Oh then — ye, my children — dearly beloved offspring, shun the intoxication cup as you would the most poisonous serpent.

\* Isaac B. married Mary White of Alabama

\* Michael married Cathering Baley

## MICHAEL, HIS SON, CONTINUED

Michael's daughter Elizabeth married Jacob Young, and had several children. Of whom I know but little. The family of Youngs were very clever, intelligent people, and were in good circumstances. Some of them reside in Alabama and Mississippi; as I have learned.

Martha, married a Mr. Pool who now (1857) resides in Jefferson county. They have a number of sons and daughters, all grown, living in the neighborhood. They are now in comfortable circumstances. They are now old people — and reside not far from the places of their birth. Mrs. Martha Pool is an own cousin of my father; and is venerated by me for having been my first nurse in infancy. She was spending some time with my mother at the time of my birth; and was the first person to clothe me, as she states. I love her memory — and have had the joy of expressing my thanks in person to her.

**Note** — Miss Betsey Kirklin, now Mrs. Riddin Ballinger, was another lady, now living, (1872) who was at my father's, residing — when I was born. She was then some 15 years of age — a cousin of mother. The first squirrel I ever saw killed with a gun, was killed by her brother, Julius, then living (an orphan) with grandfather McCullers. Mrs. Ballinger resides now (Nov. 1872) in Enterprise, Mississippi, and is enjoying good action and fine health — a fair type of dear Mother. 1877 — died very recently at Enterprise.

## DEMPSEY, SON OF DEMPSEY WELCH SENR.

Dempsey, the youngest son, was born about the year A.D. 1755. He, like all the family, was very lively, and cheerful dispositioned; was always fond of company — and having a natural talent for music, learned "by ear" to per-

form very well on the "Fiddle" or Violin. He was always full of fun and frolick, and had many friends every where he went. He was noted as being very "bow legged," and yet was quite an active man. There were but few that could out run him, on a foot race.

He married Milly Wilkins and after residing a number of years, after marriage, in the old native state, Georgia, the exciting stories of the wonderful advantages, and superiorities of the "new country west," induced him to move to the Territory of Alabama. He moved out about 1810, before Jackson's War with the Creek Indians, and settled on Bassetts Creek, Clark County.

He and his family, therefore, participated deeply, in all of the troubles caused by the savage war of the Creek Indians. Many settlements near by him, and possibly his own improvements, were destroyed by fire by the savage indians. Many of his acquaintances and neighbors too, were murdered and scalped in his "settlement" or neighbor-hood. He and his family had to flee west of the Bigbee River for safety. His son Dempsey, continued night and day on the road, for the safety of their lives, west to Winchester, in the Territory of Mississippi; in the greatest possible haste, leaving all his stock, of every description behind, which was destroyed or driven off by the Indians. I have heard his good lady, and his children, relate many an exciting incident and adventure, of those fearful, trying times, which caused the hair, almost, "to stand on end."

He had two sons and three daughters:

Hansford and Dempsey, married his cousin, Miss Jordan.

Mary married John Wilson

Jemima married Mr. Foster.

Maria married Arthur Brown.

He accumulated an independent, comfortable estate, and died, I think, in the year (fall) of 1822, at his residence on Bassetts Creek in Clark County not many miles from Suggsville. After his death, likely the next year, his widow and her sons moved to Copiah County, Mississippi, where she soon married again, to Jacob Neely residing at the time on Neely's Creek near Strong River in Simpson County of that state. He soon purchased a place, afterwards, Georgetown, on Pearl River, in Copiah County. If my information is correct, they both have been dead several years.

I lived with Mr. Neely in 1824 and can truly say that kinder people never lived, so far as my knowledge ex-tended. "Aunt Milly," as I always called her, was as kind and affection-ate to me as a mother. I shall always remember her, and Mr. Neely, with purest gratitude. She was truly a pious woman, and I trust, is now enjoying the eternal rewards of the christian in Heaven.

Hansford Welch, the eldest son of Dempsey, Jr. first married a Miss Latham. She died in Copiah County, Mississippi, in the spring of 1824 and he married again in the fall of the same year to a Miss of Amite County, Mississippi. He finally moved to Arkansas, and died in Union County near Camden on the Washita River, of Billious fever, in the fall of 1854. He had several children — all of whom reside now (1857) in that region of country. By diligence and industry, he acquired a comfortable estate, and, I am informed, left all his children in easy circumstances. I went to see him, and others of his father's family, then living in that section of country and near him, several times in the spring of 1825, and always met with a hearty welcome. He was a very peaceable, retired gentleman, and much esteemed by his neighbors, of Copiah County, Miss.

Dempsey married his cousin,

Elizabeth Young, and raised a large family of children. And I believe, they all re-side, at this time (May 1857) in Covich County, Mississippi, where they were mostly born. Their father (Dempsey) moved to that county, from Bassetts Creek Alabama with his brother and mother, about the year 1822, (as be-fore stated in the remarks on his mother) and settled in Covich when that was quite a new country. He still lives at the place he first settled,. and has accumulated a large estate. His good lady died in 1855, after a long and painful illness, which she bore up under with Christian fortitude. She has gone, I trust, to join her dear loved mother in the regions of endless bliss, in Heaven.

Dempsey, was celebrated in his early manhood and during many years, for his wonderful activity in jumping. I have been creditably informed, that he could jump — in three leaps, on a dead level, forty eight feet (48) which is six-teen feet to the leap. This, I suppose, he has often done. And there were none to equal him in powers of activity in this particular. His hair, when I saw him last, was "coalblack," and that was in the year 1825 about the 4th of July. I learn that he yet looks quite youthful, with hardly a gray hair in his head (1857).

Mary, his eldest daughter and child, I believe, was born in Georgia. She remembers with lucid clearness, all of the exciting circumstances of the "Creek War." And can relate many dreadful, cruel circumstances and depredations of the savage indians; and many laugh provoking anecdotes of those time. I will relate one in point; When her father was hurrying with all possible speed, with his family and other neighbors, away from the awful devastation of the savages in 1813; the danger being so great, that they mostly left on foot, in a run, without horses. They traveled night and day until almost totally exhausted. After they

crossed the Tombigbee river, and got into the Choctaw Indian Country, which nation was friendly with the whites; feeling themselves some more secure, than they did on the east side of the river, some of them began to give out, and lag behind. One of the company, full of mischief, dropped back, unnoticed, some distance behind the tired and exhausted portion of the company — and all at once, came up in a run shrieking aloud, "Indians! Indians!! Indians approaching behind us! run! run! run for your life !!!" All forgot their exhausted condition and as tho' they had obtained new vigor and activity, they all bounded along with the agility of young antelopes and soon reached Winchester with accounts of "the woods full of indians." When likely, not an Indian had been seen. She married before her father left the state of Georgia, before my father did, I presume, as her eldest children were older than myself, and I am the eldest of fathers children. She married Captain John Wilson. They moved out to Alabama in company with her father, and subsequently to Covich County, before her fathers death. Capt. Wilson was a good Democrat and a very popular gentleman, and was sheriff of Covich several years. He finally moved to Carrol County, Mississippi, in its early settlement and placed his home near Shougalo on the Big Black River, where he died. An accepted member of the church, in the close of 1849, of Pneumonia. They had sons — John, James, Milton, and one daughter, Mary. She married a Mr. Shamburger in 1827. They both died near Shougalo. I have visited their last resting place. They had four children: — three sons and one daughter, now Mrs. Harvey. Dr. William F. Shamburger is one of the children. He resided with us a year or so. James, I think, did not marry; he and his sister died about the same time, so did her husband, of an

epidemic which prevailed there at that time.

Milton married a Miss Jane and has several interesting children. And being the only heir left, (except his mother, who is yet living [1857] and in good health) he is in good circumstances. Poor fellow, I learn, how-ever, that he is in the last stages of Consumption, and consequently, must soon go the way of all the earth.

The old lady, as I said before, is still living, and is not far from seventy years of age, if not quite that old. She enjoys unusual good health for one of her years. She rode, "a horse back," all the way from Shougalo, on a visit to this county (Lauderdale, Miss) the year 1855, and has repeated the visit in the same way since, in 1856. She spent some time with us, on her first visit.

She is an own cousin of my father and speaks often of him in the highest terms of praise. May she live long to enjoy the bounteous, honest earnings of an industrious life. It is, as though it were but last week, that I used to see them all in merry, cheerful health, seated around the welcome family hearth, in their happy home, in Copiah County, where I often visited them, when I was a poor orphan boy, long time ago.

I can see them all as they then were, clearly with my mind's eye, and almost hear them speak. But oh! they have nearly all passed away; and forcibly admonishes us, that we too, must soon bid adieu to the ties of earth. Death will soon come for us, and we must go sooner or later. Oh then let us try to prepare for a better world.

### **MARIA**

Maria was the youngest child, and always of a gay, cheerful, lively, turn of mind. My dear father had not a cousin in the world of whom he thought more highly. In her girlish days, and long after she

became to be a grown lady, she was passionately fond of good music; and as my father was a "great violinist," he was, consequently, a great favorite. I have heard her often speak of the many cheerfully, happy times which passed away in his presence. But few relatives, in those young, sprightly days, ranked higher in the seals of noble manliness, in her estimation, than did the name of "Cousin Warren Welch." And so he thought of her, as he did of her dear father and family. I remember well when, after she was married, they lived but a few hundred yards apart (on "Old Flat Creek," as it is now termed but then [1825] it was quite a new country) and I can truly say that the very best feeling and friendship always prevailed.\*(Monroe County, Alabama)

It was here, even in my orphan days, quite young as I was, that I enjoyed life, poor as I was, about as well, and as free from trouble, as at any period of my life. Nothing bore heavily upon my mind, except the loss of my dear mother who has ever been present in my mind; and the absence of my be-loved brothers and sisters yet in Louisiana. Every body lived plainly, and in-variably expressed friendship for me.

She married Mr. Arthur Brown about the year 1823. One of the finest and most, clever gentlemen, all things considered that I ever know; and I have known him intimately for a long time. He began the world a poor boy, without means, or education; and by strict honesty, with an industry that has never tired, after many long years of toil in cultivation of the earth, (being a planter and farmer in the true sense of the term) has accumulated an easy, independent estate. He now resides at his plantation, six miles north of Marion, Lauderdale County, Mississippi, on the Daleville road, which is very productive, and handsomely situated, and one of the very healthiest

locations any where in the same latitude. He has been blessed in his entire family, with almost universal health. Never, I believe, ever had any deaths in his family; particularly among his children. And they have ten in number. They all live within the same neighborhood, within a "horn's blow" of each other, and all are in prosperous circumstances and doing well.

Randolph — Lillian — John — Arthur — and Jane are married. Margaret — Jasper — Franklin — Lucinda and Anna Maria are yet with their parents; that is at this date (1857, in May) the three last are yet, small.

The manner in which their children which have married off, and settled themselves comfortably, around near their father and mother; is certainly one of the rarest instances of affection, and which is seldom met with. It is remarkable too, that all, or nearly all of his brothers (Arthur Brown's) and sisters reside near him. Exhibiting an attachment rarely met with in other families.

I was introduced to the acquaintances of his brothers and family about the time I first became acquainted with himself, and know them to be, after many years acquaintance, useful and valuable citizens and highly respectable. With his brother William, who is now dead and gone, I have spent, in my boy-hood, much gay and lively time. I valued him with the estimation of a brother. He married Martha, eldest, and I believe, only daughter of Capt. John Hambrick, an old friend of mine and of father. William Brown died of Dysentery, after suffering many days in great pain, in the summer of 1853. He, too, had acquired an easy estate, and had just reached that condition of means which would have soon enabled him to accumulate property rapidly. Truly verifying, that industry is its own reward. He raised up and interesting fami-

ly. He was highly respected, and his untimely death was much regretted. Peace be to his name.

### **SARAH**

Sarah, his eldest daughter was born about A.D. 1769. In Burke County, Georgia. She grew to be a woman, and married Wiley Sharp about the year 1798. He was an industrious, honest planter; with little or no education; for schools in those days, were seldom met with, and it was the fewer number, in-deed, who ever attained to even the distinction of a good reader and writer.

They were much beloved by the entire kindred and all who knew them. For he was "well to do" in the world, and of a most amiable and friendly disposition as was also his kind and liberal lady, which made them objects of general admiration. They had one son, and three daughters: viz: Clem — he grew up to manhood and married the daughter of a respectable old gentleman by the name of John Roberts who re-sided in the neighborhood. Clem lived only a few years after marriage.

Liddy married Benjamin Davis and raised up to man and womanhood several sons and daughters. They were very kind people. They resided near Monticello in Pike County, Alabama, in the year 1828 where I visited and spent some time with them in the month of July of that year. They left there after a few years and went farther west. I am informed that they are both dead and gone from earth several years since. Thus we all soon pass away. They were quite "well off" and she (Liddy) was very lively when last I saw her.

Mary and Kipiah each married brothers by the name of Outlaw or Outler. I visited one of them in Emannel County, Ga., in June 1830. They possessed several likely negroes and other corresponding property; I believe they still survive (1857)

but their husbands have been dead many years. The last one of the Mr. Outlers died about 1840. Some of their children visited me in Sandersville, Ga. a year or two before we moved away from there. The family had moved away from Emannel County, and resided, at the time last heard from in Dooly County, Ga. They were all in easy circumstances, and tolerably educated. There are several sons — one a regular bred physician; and several daughters — fine looking.

### MARY

Mary married Robbin Berryhill in Burke County, Ga., where they were both raised up. They remained in Burke a few years after marriage. She was born about the year 1765 and he about the same time. They were married about 1782. They lived, I think, some time in Jefferson Co. Ga.

Soon after the territory of Louisiana was ceded by France to the United States in 1803 great inducements were held out for adventurers to settle Louisiana and Mississippi — then a wilderness Country. A number of persons from the old neighborhood in Burke County who had lived a long time together as sincere friends, sold out their possessions, and on pack horses, moved all together, numbering several families to the "far West." These families consisted in part, of the following persons, Viz:

Josiah Grey — became one of the wealthiest men in West Philistrana Parish where he settled in Louisiana.

William Germany — a mere cooper in Burke, made a fortune in Louisiana.

Shade Anderson — Daniel Magaha, Wm. Butler, Robbin Berryhill, John Dye, Thomas Tolbert and many others whose names I forget. But those mentioned, are the most intimate of father's friends. Possibly too, Dempsey Welch, father's

uncle, moved about this time with those above, and halted in Clark Co. Ala. on Bassetts Creek where he lived and died.

Robbin Berryhill halted in Amite County some seven miles from Liberty, and settled in the edge of the piney woods on the margin of a creek where he and his good lady lived happily over thirty years, and died about the year 1832 as I have been informed.

They had a comfortable estate, and no family, I venture to say, ever stood higher in the community than did they, in every quality which highly adorns the friend and christian. They cherished peace and good will for all. My father halted and settled near them after moving from Ga. via Ala.

I visited him in company with Bro. Warren — George and Sarah in March A.D. 1828, on our way from La. to Father in Monroe County Ala. They were anxious for Bro. George and Sister Sarah to remain with them.

I shall always remember their interest and advice on parting with them. "We shall see you no more, we reckon, in this world. May God bless and protect you all for ever on earth, and bless you for ever in the blissful year of eternity. Dear orphan children — good bye." The tears which flowed down their anxious and sorrowing cheeks, declared the sincerity of the heart. They have gone to their rewards in Heaven.

They had several children grown and married off around them then; all their children married when I last saw them. His eldest daughter married Thomas Tolbert who lived, at the last heard from in the "Thick Woods" in Wilkerson County, Miss. and is very wealthy and has a large family grown up.

### GRANDFATHER JACOB WELCH III

Of the sons of great grandfather Dempsey Welch, I am not absolutely certain that Jacob, My grandfather, was the eldest; but I think I have been so informed. Certainly he was one of the eldest, if not the eldest son.

He was born about 1746 or 7, and died about A.D.1807 or 8. He was tall, and elegantly proportioned; and a hand-some, noble looking gentleman.

He had a valuable residence and farm on Beaver Dam Creek, 14 miles from Waynesboro, in Burke County, Ga. well improved. His dwelling was one of the best buildings in that region, in those early days; being a well arranged frame building, with brick chimneys; which was not common in those times. His house was a one story only. I re-member well how it, and every thing about the premises appeared; altho' I was very small and young the last time I was there; not more than six or eight years of age, if that old.

There were but three other better improvements in the neighborhood; viz: The residence of his brother James, his neighbor, John Rutledge, (who in after years married Jacob's widow, my grandmother) and Col. Bryant's. Mr. Rutledge's residence was a two story, plain building, on the "big road." Col. Bryants was an elegantly finished two and a half story, large building, painted red on the roof and white body.

This last was the first painted building I ever saw. All built by Grandfather McCullers. He was buried (Grandfather Jacob) under a large, beautiful Mulberry tree, some two hundred yards from the residence. I have been to it often, And its (with others of the family at the same place) the first grave I ever saw.

He was a planter, and in easy circumstances. He had several negroes —

and plentiful stock of all kinds. He was an intelligent gentleman, and highly respected, and general beloved by all who knew him. He was retired and unassuming; always perfering the joyous ease and bliss of home to the honors of public life.

No man ever loved a family more than he did his; and few (of his means) ever provided better. He delighted in the business of stock raising, and could always boast of a fine horse; superior cows and sheep; but above all else he excelled in the superior quality of hogs, of which he always had a large number.

I was named Jacob after him, and Perry, I suppose, after his Mother's maiden name, or after Commodore H. Perry, a relative. It was his wish (so related to me by my father) that, if I reached manhood, and the cares of a family, and used stock of any kind, I should adopt his mark; which was "A crop and split and an under bit in the left ear; and a crop off of the right ear."

This request I yet intend to comply with if I live until I can make the change; for it is surely a safe, certain, and distinct mark, hard to alter.

In his time, very little attention was given to raising of cotton. I can well remember when there was the smallest imaginable quantity of cotton made. I presume that Burke County in Georgia, makes as much cotton annually now, as the entire United States made in even as late as 1812. I can well re-member seeing my grandmothers and aunts using very little else than the small flax wheels, driven by the foot upon a treadle. Flax and Indigo and corn & bacon & stock were the principal items furnished for market in those days; and people were less subject to disease — lived longer — and equally as happy, if not more so, than in these extravagant cotton making times.

Grandfather Jacob Welch was quite

a moral gentleman in his entire deportment; and altho' I am not positive that he was a member of any church at his death, yet I have often been impressed with the information that he put his eternal trust in the Lord Jesus Christ in whom he believed as the son of God, with unwavering faith; and shortly before he left the ties of earth he expressed the cheering hope of blissful immortality in heaven. His death was greatly deplored, by his family and friends.

He married Mary Cole, an orphan girl, of Wake County of North Carolina (2nd wife); a young and handsome lady of good family. They lived happily together in contented prosperity until his departure from the toils and troubles of earth. They constituted one of the first families in Burke, and all of their children were educated to the extent of the facilities of those times, and were esteemed in the highest repute.

### **JACOB**

Grandmother Welch married again about A.D. 1709 to Biron James. They lived together only a few years. He was accused of some depredation amenable to the laws of the country, which sank him so low in the estimation of the family, that he went off to some other section, and died, (I think I have been informed) from an epidemic disease in Savannah or Darien. They had only one child, her name was Melvina or Levina, I am not certain which. I used to call her Aunt Vina. She was nearly grown when last I saw her. She was most kind and friendly in disposition, and very affectionate to me and the rest of mother's children, and she spent much of her time in my father's family, whom she loved very much.

Grandmother married again to John Rutledge, an old neighbor, in A.D. 1818 or about that time. I remember him and his residence well. He lived near my father; and was quite "well off." He had a large peach

and apple orchard, and a distillery, and made large quantities of brandy, of the very best quality; and was very salable at high prices, and yielded him much profit. He sold out his valuable premises in Burke and moved to one of the upper counties, I think Morgan or one adjoining and they both terminated this life about 1834 or 1835, 6 or 7 without an heir, I believe.

She (grandmother) died of cancer of the face; aged some 84 or 85 years, She never enjoyed that degree of connubial happiness after the death of grandfather Jacob Welch which happily blessed her during the many years they lived together, and to which she could not refrain from often alluding in after years as long as she lived. She was the mother of seven children by grandfather Jacob Welch, who all grew up to be men and women except one son that died in infancy. Viz.

Warren II, Born in 1780

Priscilla. Born about 1782 named for grandmother

Barbery. Born about 1784

Sarah. Born about 1786

George Walker. Born about 1788

Michael. Born about 1790

Mary. Born about 1792

Melvina or Levina James was a half sister of the above and was born about 1805.

I shall leave the history of Warren, my father, of the above children until I have given my account of each of the other children so far as I have been able to ascertain.

### **AUNT PRISCILLA**

Married Jonathan Day; a tall, hale, fine looking gentleman of good family and circumstances. They soon left Burke county early after marriage and settled on Hard-labour Creek in Morgan County Ga. some eight or ten miles from the town of

Madison.

I can remember them about as far back as I have any recollection of any thing. My father first went with his family, (then very small) on a visit and spent some time with them. It was there, at Uncle's Day, that I saw the first Orange I ever beheld. That fruit was very seldom met with in the interior of the country in those times. A small bit of peeling was as much valued then as a bottle of Cologne would be now. Then, by the slow process of travel by horse and oxpower, it required. as long a time to visit Augusta and return, as it does now, drawn before the force of steam, or drawn by it, for a person of New Orleans to visit New York and return. And the consequence is, that the luxuries of all parts of the earth are generally diffused throughout all the width and breadth of this, the most favored and prosperous portion of earth.

Aunt Priscilla lived to have several children, and died in full hope of blissful eternity when I was quite young. She was esteemed a good Christian. My father moved to the neighborhood about the time of her lamented death, but did not live there long; but long enough for me to have indelibly fixed in memory most or all of the children several of whom I have often seen after I became grown in Georgia, where, at last accounts, they still live. One or two are ministers of the Methodist Church, and one or two, are superior mechanics. They are all poor.

Their father lived single many years after the death of their mother, but finally married a woman that treated them badly, as most step-mothers do. The children soon left the old gentleman, to shift for themselves away from the sound of that harsh tyrannical voice of a step-mother, whose harsh and repulsive conduct towards them was so different from the affectionate care of a dear mother, whom

they never could mention without the starting of a tear of sorrow.

### **PRISCILLA**

Dear children who have kind and affectionate parents to look after and provide for their many wants, never know how greatly above all price they are, until they are forever gone. The great Christ, commands us to honor father and mother. To love them and cherish them for the great love and care they have given us.

No one but those who have raised children, can ever know the great trouble and anxiety and sleepless nights, and the thousands of menial offices with which the parent is taxed, until the reality is learned by experience. The child, if he were to live as long again as the common lot of men, and use unceasing diligence, could never overpay the parent — he mother, particularly, for the cares, nursing, attention — and solitudes which is given to infancy.

Her children, all boys as well as I recollect, never forgot the devoted love of their departed mother. They often spoke of her to me with tears of sorrow for her loss, tho' she had been dead then at least thirty years.

Jacob — John — and Baldwin I remember as well as I do my own brothers. Jacob lived, in 1850, in Twiggs County, Georgia, on Big Sandy Creek. John, I believe, also lived there at that time. Baldwin was at my house in Sandersville, Ga. about 1845. A Methodist Preacher. And lived in Meriweather County. I think there was one or two more children, but don't remember their names.

This Aunt (Priscilla) as before stated was named for her grandmother Welch, whose maiden name was Priscilla Perry.

### **AUNT BARBARY WELCH**

I have no recollection of ever seeing this dear aunt, and think she died about the time I was born i.e. in 1807. She was born in Burke Co. Ga., about A.D. 1784, and married Benjamin Williams about the year 1800. He was an excellent man. Honest and industrious (the best passport to a young man in those days,) but in limited circumstances. She lived only a few years after marriage. She had only one child, name Priscilla, she, I remember well, and I shall, so long as I live; and when I die thro' the love of Christ, I want to find Cousin Priscilla, in Heaven.

She was some 12 years old in A.D. 1815 (the same Spring father moved to Ma.) when last at my fathers in Monticello Jasper Co. Ga.

Oh yes — I remember her as tho' I saw her but recently — she loved me with a love seldom known. And although I was very young when she kissed me with "goodbye," the last time, and knew little of sorrow, she was the first young person that ever impressed me with the certainty of death. It was the verge of my father's leaving for Alabama, with his family, to return with them no more to Georgia. And she, with her aunts, had come on a farewell visit. They stayed several days; and during the time she often impressed me "we shall meet no more after we part." It caused me much trouble, small as I was and I would cry heartily. She would pacify me, by saying — "Oh, Cousin Jacob, don't cry about one not meeting here again — we will meet again in Heaven, with Mother and grandpa and father, and many good people, and be happy for ever."

On the day they left, there was much weeping by all — even father wept. And on embracing me, she said "Good bye dear Cousin Jacob until we meet in Heaven." This has been a long time ago, when I was

not more than nineyears old, but it has been fresh in my memory ever since. Her father, (Uncle Benjamin Williams) died in the spring of 1810, and she was left an orphan, without father or mother, and she was a loved pet by all her mothers relatives, but it did not spoil her. She was a pious little girl, and only lived a few years after we parted, and went to join her father and mother in the joys of rest and bliss eternal with Christ in Heaven. Oh may we meet again in full recognition; away from the toils and sorrows of earth.

Uncle George W. Welch administered on the estate of her father and was her guardian until her death. He always spoke of her as his "dearest niece

### **AUNT SALLY OR SARAH**

Was the fourth child of Grandfather Jacob Welch. She was born about A.D. 1786 and grew up to be a fine looking lady. She married Mr. Reuben Mathis about the year my father (her brother Warren Welch) moved to Alabama (1815). They raised a considerable family of children, both sons and daughters. They were, when I saw them last, in 1847, residing in Wetumpka, Ala., in quite indigent circumstances. After that they moved back to Pike County, Georgia, where they had formely resided for many years.

She informed me that Aunt Mary (or Polly as she was mostly called) had married a person near, or at Columbus, Ga. where they still resided when last heard from. But I have forgotten the name of her husband, if she informed me, which I do not remember.

She also informed me that Aunt Luvina, a half sister of him and father, married Peter Quarterness, a carpenter by trade who moved to Columbus.

Aunt Sarah was living, and enjoyed good health, a few years ago; and if she

still survives, she is about all of my father's family who has not paid the debt of nature.

### **MAJ. GEORGE W. WELCH**

His fifth child was a son, whom he named George Walker. After Mr. Walker residing near him, whom he esteemed as a dear relative, and that good feeling was not erased even by the force of time. For long after Grandfather Jacob Welch had been numbered with the dead — and uncle George Walker Welch had grown up to the verge of old age — even to the close of his sojourn upon earth, the same estimation and attachment, as of old time, still existed between him and the Walker family.

There was only two more children younger than Uncle George, Michael and Mary. Michael died in infancy — and Aunt Mary was only some four years younger than Uncle George. She was born about 1799. Grandfather did not live long after her birth. Died I think, a year or two after.

Uncle George was, consequently, with the other children left an orphan, to shift for himself and get along the best he could — the estate not being sufficient to afford him much aid.. He was born about A.D.1788. His early inclination was to acquire an education.

Uncle George, after the death of his father, lived with his Uncle James Welch until he (James) died, which was in a few years. Uncle George then went and lived with his cousin John Welch for some time. John was the son of his (George's) uncle James.

It was his cousin John that taught him all he ever knew of surveying — and he was considered proficient in this science — being in after time, one of the States Surveyors in running off the land between the Oakmulgee and Flint rivers — His field was mostly confined to that portion of the estate which is now known as Houston

County, Georgia.

Uncle George W. Welch was also considered well versed in Vocal music, in his time, and was the head of (?) "Singing Schools," a while; and ultimately was employed as clerk in a Mr. Foolwood's store, in Dublin, Laurence County Ga; and after a few years thus employed, became a co-partner in the business with Foolwood, during a number of years; and was very successful, having accumulated a nice little property, by industry and economy. He was strictly temperate in every particular, and equally moral; which all rendered him very popular. No man was ever more affable and friendly in all of his deportment, to rich and poor; high and low. And none, I presume more sincerely and purely pious.

During his commercial alliance with Foolwood, he addressed, and finally married Mary Thomas Griffin, daughter of Col. Archibald Griffin, of Rocky Creek, Laurence Co. Ga. A wealthy gentleman, whose family was one of the highest standing and first class of community. They remained in Dublin some two or three years after marriage, until the close of the commercial business.

Uncle George then purchased a valuable plantation on Turkey Creek, in Twiggs County, Georgia, near Haydens Store, now a smart, educational village known as Jeffersonville Seminary. Here he resided, pursuing successfully, the business of agriculture until his death; except an unfortunate re-entrance into commercial business in Macon Ga. with his brother-in-law, Col. B.S. Griffin, in A.D. 1838 and the speculation of the purchase of cotton (Note — This was probably 1828). In this business he lost some thirty thousand dollars, as he of-ten informed me; and was much involved at his death. Which sad event took place on the 6th day of November A.D. 1838. After a long-protracted illness of

Chronic Diarrhea. He had a large contract of grading on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, where he was much exposed — he was also an excessive smoker; all of which, combined, no doubt, to hasten his end many years in advance of an age he may have reached with more care. He was only about fifty years old.

Uncle George W. Welch and lady never had any children; and yet they were very craving for riches. Aunts Brother, Col. B.S. Griffin, first married a Miss Brajeul who lived but a short time, having had but one child, a daughter, Mary Thomas, named after her Aunt Welch, who adopted her.

I visited Uncle Welch in July 1828 for the purpose of getting his aid and assistance in an education; but the aid was, indeed, but very limited; as will be more fully exhibited in succeeding pages. I do not desire to reflect any hard feeling for this neglect; for he was a man of a kind heart naturally; but he dearly loved his dear Companion, who greatly influenced him; and as she was induced to esteem me lightly, at the time, by the sinister views of a Yankee girl by the name of Caroline Starr, who had resided with Aunt many years, as an object of Charity, dependent upon his bounty; She and Aunt, no doubt, were the real cause of Uncle's careless neglect. I was confirmed in this opinion by many forcible circumstances in proof of the position.

Uncle George W. Welch's widow, Aunt Mary Thomas, married the Reverend Charles D. Mallory, an eminent Baptist Minister, extensively known for his piety, and as a Religious Author, throughout the southern country.

Aunt did not persue the course lain down in Uncle Welch's will; but kept all the property together for several years, except a few negroes, by paying highpercent,

which soon doubly involved the estate; and at its final winding up, it had, by bad management, dwindled down to a very small amount.

The following is a true copy of my dear Uncle George W. Welch's will, which was made before I reached him. I was with him constantly, night and day, during two weeks before his death. He, at times, appeared to be much better; and then would earnestly address me — "My son, oh that you would remember your Creator in the days of your youth. I shall soon leave you all in this poor world of toil and sorrow — Oh Jacob, my beloved nephew, I want you to prepare to meet me again, in heaven. These hands which now pulsate and are warm with life, will soon be stilled and cold in death; And you will hear the council of my voice no more on earth my last parting wish is that you will love and serve God through our. Blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; for you too, must soon die and go hence; and a pure religious faith in the Blessed Saviour is the great consoling thought in the last trying hour." Uncle Welch was a good and pious membe of the Baptist Church, and had been for several years. Whe he saw there was no hope for his recovery, he fervently prayed God to "Come quickly, and take me home, from this suffering." "Oh my heavenly father, if it be thy will that my time on earth is near at an end, let it hasten to the relief of your helpless, suffering humanity. Blessed Lord Jesus, I resign all into thy hands. My dear son, my loved nephew, I have neglected you -I have not done as I ought to towards you, my inclination was far different; but the views of others turned my designs. But it is too late for regret now. I have remembered you, my son, my own dear brother's son, in the instrument I leave, as a directory, in the disposition of the effects, with which God has been pleased to bless my poor humble

efforts in life."

A day or so before my dear uncle died, he upbraided Aunt, for having been the cause of his neglecting his only brother; Warren Welch, my dear father, who visited him in 1828. And again in 1832, for the last time, for a little aid in the purchase of a small place of land, as a homestead. My father was sorely afflicted with Rheumatism, from which cause he died soon after he returned home in 1832 in Butler Co. Ala. Uncle George, tho' rich at the time, did not aid my father at either visit, one dollar in money; not even furnishing my father, who was very poor, a suit of flannel to protect him from the cold of January, on the road, altho Dr. Lamar of Macon, Ga., who was on a visit to Uncle, urged its great importance. Uncle simply remarked that, "to use flannel, as an under dress, would be to encourage an extravagant habit." What folly — what folly indeed; Such a reply to a case of the nearest kindred, where a few dollars of charity would have relieved an only brother in sore distress!! But no! the "almighty dollar" was more precious than that of relieving the suffering of him, who was an offspring of the same parents and who had been nursed with the tender love of a mother's care and solicitude at the same breast; But oh the innocent days of childhood, when they had grown up, loved and prattled together around the parent hearthstone, had passed, and were no more remembered. The brother of youth, had become a stranger in age; and my poor, dear old father departed from his affluent brother unaided and never to return another visit on earth, he died soon after reaching home, "unwept and unsung" no doubt, by his more prosperous brother. Uncle Geo. W. Welch, on his death bed, a few days before he died, attended to the circumstance with deep sorrow, and remarked that aunt was the cause of his

acting as he had done in wilfully neglecting his only brother in a time of his greatest need. Poor, dear Uncle, whatever may have been the cause, it matters not now; he died in a few days after, and he long since parted with the follies and the allurements of earth; I trust he has received full pardon for all the errors of this poor, toilsome, life of temptation. And oh my God — I do fervently hope that he and my dear departed father have again, long since, joined each other with childhood's pure affection, in the Paradise of God, in waiting for the few remaining remnant of the family on earth, to join them in that happy land, to rejoice and mingle with them in bliss for ever more.

The will of Uncle George Walker Welch — before attended to —

*In the name of God; Amen; I, George W Welch do make and publish this my last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by me at any time heretofore made.*

*And first. I direct that my body be decently interred in such place as wife, if she be the survivor, may select. And as to such worldly goods as it has been pleased the Almighty to entrust me with, I dispose of the same as follows: First: I give unto my beloved wife, Mary T Welch, all my property, of whatsoever character, which shall remain of my estate, after subjecting it to the following legacies and regulations. And first, I give to my sister Sarah Mathews the usufructuary right to a certain plantation, upon which, she now, with her husband, Moses Mathews resides, the number not now known, by which the land is designated. It being the land conveyed to George W Welch by Moses Mathews; the said land to be held for her use and the heirs of her body during her life time, and at her death, to become the property of the female heir of her body in fee simple — I further*

*bequeath to the said sister and the heirs of her body the sum of one thousand dollars.*

*I also give and bequeath to my nieces Mary Ann Pugsby and Sarah Jane Welch, the sum of five hundred dollars each, which said legacies in money I direct to be paid over to the said Legaters so soon as it can be raised from my estate, after the payment of my debts – To my nephew Jacob F. Welch I give all the property which I own in the town of Wetumpka, and state of Alabama. I also direct that my executors shall sell the plantation on which I now reside for its reasonable value, together with the cotton, corn, fodder, farming utensils and stock of every description, either at public or private sale, as they may think best. I also leave the terms of sale to the discretion of said executors; and I do hereby vest in my said executors full power and authority to dispose of both my real and personal assets in fee simple or otherwise, in as full and a manner in every respect as I would myself do if living. Also, I do direct that all the Bank Stock which I own be sold in the same way by my executors; and I further direct that the money, or property, be applied to the payment of my debts.*

*And I do hereby make and ordain my beloved wife Mary T. Welch, and my esteemed friends, Joseph J. Griffin and Josua R. Wimberly executors of this my last Will and Testament. In Witness whereof I, George W. Welch, the testator have to this my will, set my hand and seal. This the twenty third day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty eight.*

*Signed, Sealed and delivered  
In the presence of us  
George W. Welch (Seal)  
Thomas P Smith  
Green H. Brazeal  
Joshua R. Wimberly*

Georgia Twiggs County I, Lewis Solomon, Clerk of the Court of Ordinary for said county, do certify that the above and two foregoing pages, contain a true and perfect copy of the Last Will and Testament of Geo. W. Welch, as now appears on file in my office. Given under my hand and private seal, there being no seal of office, This 26th day of February 1842.

Lewis Solomon  
Twiggs County

It has been stated that Uncle George W. Welch died on the 6th day of November 1838, just at the beginning of a severe and lasting money crises. Property and cotton had previously for years, maintained high prices — cot-ton 15 to 18 cts pr. pound; and negroes \$1200 to \$2000.

The estate was in debt some \$18,000 and times had been so long prosperous, that, altho' property within a few months had greatly depreciated in value, yet, the executors of Uncle's will thought surely there would be a re-action and property and cotton get back to its recent value; it was, therefore deemed prudent to defer a compliance with the will in the sale of the specified property, for a while, at least, and borrow money at high rates of percentage to pay up immediate demands. This course was adopted, and was finally fatal to the estate.

At the time the will was Probated, negroes would have sold at \$1500. When they were finally sold the average was not more than \$700. And the land equally depreciated and sold low; When, finally, the estate was closed up, which was not until some twelve or fifteen years after, there were only a very few negroes left, some six or seven — I believe, as was reported to me by Aunt on my last visit to her in 1848. Aunt remained single some two or three

years; and altho' she affirmed of-ten after the death of Uncle, that she would never marry again; She married Rev. Charles D. Mallory a distinguished Baptist Divine, who still resides (1861) at Albany Ga. when not absent on his numerous appointments. Aunt never having had any children, is said to look very young for one of her age; the rise of sixty, I presume, at this date. (June 1861.)

### 1862

Since writing the preceding pages, I have been informed by Rev. G.W. Welch, who learned at Mr. Saml. Hanson's in La. — when on a visit to Texas this fall & winter, that Aunt Mary T. Welch Mallory has also paid the last debt of nature and has gone from earth to eternity. It is stated she died during the present year 1862. She was a great Christian.

### WARREN WELCH SR.

Warren Welch, my dear father, was the eldest son of grandfather Jacob Welch. He was born in Johnston County (on Poplar Creek near Nance River 17 miles from Rawleigh) near the line of Wilks, in North Carolina, in the year, 1780. Soon after he was born, his father moved to Burke Co. Ga., where he continued to live until his death. (His father's death)

Warren Welch, my father, was of a very social, lively disposition and popular with his associates, not only in youth but in after life. He was remarkable for a very superior, natural gift in instrumental music, on the violin, which loaned its charms in making him still more popular, than the ordinary fortune of men. He was truly distinguished as a superior, natural musician, far excel-ling the greater mass of performers who had enjoyed all the aids of science.

He excelled the best masters of the

South, in his day; and was employed, whenever his services could be had, in all important occasions, when superiority was requisite to give eclat to the occasions. And not-withstanding the constantly advancing steps of science in North America, from his youthful days to the end of his stay on earth, he maintained his celebrity as a superior violinist, without any study whatever. If he chanced to hear a piece of music on any instrument, it was instantly fixed in his mind, and he could take up his violin, and perform — the composition on its appropriate key, in the most elegant, charming manner, with only a few minutes practice. And yet, he had no knowledge of written music; but could perform the most difficult pieces, in that novel and superior manner, that spellbound all judges and lovers of profoundly charming music, "off hand," with the best masters could not attain with days and weeks of the most elaborate study & effort;

He spent some time in Savannah, and on his first visit to that place, by solicitation, aided the bank of music in the Theatre, and drew forth the greatest admiration.

In the year 1805 — 25th December, Christmas Day, he was married to Mary McCullers and settled on Beaver dam Creek, in Burke County, Georgia; fourteen miles from Waynesboro.

### CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF JACOB WELCH AND JOHN MCCULLERS, SENRS

[Section of unknown length missing from the typescript —Editors]

occurrence, I confess that it still remains a mystery to me, and is seldom absent from my mind. Grandfather &

Mother McCullers, had a nephew & neice (orphans) brother & sister, that lived with them, Julius and Betsey Kirkland. In fact they raised Julius to be a man, and he went to Ala. & married a Miss Peters of Monroe Co. I saw him for the first time in 50 years, last year at (I write at 1862) his sister's — Redden Ballenger's — in Kemper County Miss. Julius Kirkland was in very bad health at the time.

Mr. Kirkland returned home to Amite County Miss. and died in May or June last 1861. His sister Betsey, married Reddin Ballinger before Julius was grown. They were the old associates of my parents; Familiar with all the particulars of early days, and they are es-teemed not only as relatives but also as extra friends. They are in easy circumstances, and of several children, they have but one living — Mrs. Lizzie Webster.

Grandmother died not long before grandfather McCullers, the same year I think. 1813. She arose in the morning with her usual good health and extra industry; and put all of her household in its accustomed neat & trim condition. For no lady was more particular in these matters than she was. In fact, tidy neatness seemed to be a part of her nature. After she had "set her house in order," she indicated by expression that her last labor was done.

And strange to say, altho' in apparent good health when she made the remark; yet, in a few hours after, she was taken ill of something like croup, and was a corpse before bed time! Thus passed away, (to heaven, I trust and believe) and of the best of women. They had four sons: Needam — Duet - Cholson — and John. They had three daughters: Nancy — Mary & Sarah. Uncle Needham McCullers edited a pa-per in Columbia, S. Carolina for some time. He then went to Louisville Ga. and was connected with a man by the name of

Pitcher, as a sportsman — & died there. Uncle Duet died before grown, I am of the impression. He was named after the maiden name of Mother's grand-mother McCullers; who was Liddy Duet.

My Grandmother's Mother's maiden name was Mary Ann Cholson; of Colson — hence the name of his thirdson, Cholson. He was a good carpenter, but poor man; he fell a victim of intemperance. He died about 1839 leaving a large family in the depths of poverty.

John McCullers married Rachel Hudson or Hutson, and raised a family of two sons — Isaiah and Alexander — and four daughters — Jane — Louise & Eliza — Rebecca. Uncle John accumulated a very pretty estate — He died in 1845 of pneumonia; his wife — daughter Eliza & son Isaiah having died not long before, and were all buried at John Long's in Washington Co. Ga. Her remainders still reside there & in Jefferson Co. Ga. to this day (1862).

Aunt Nancy McCullers married Johnathan Baker who died many years ago. She still survives and resides near Auburn Ala. where all, or most of her children are living. (1862) Aunt Sarah McCullers married John Dye, who moved early to Wilkinson Co., Miss. & settled on Beaver Creek. They accumulated property, & had some three or four children — They parted about 1839, and were divorced. She went to New Orleans — having married a Mr. Clark I believe. John Dye still lives in Amite Co. Miss. (1862). Aunt Sally is, no doubt, dead & gone.

I come now to the task which I can perform in part from personal knowledge — The History of the lives of Warren Welch Senr. and Mary McCullers; who were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock, on the 25th day of December A.D. 1805, at the residence of her father, John McCullers

Senr. as I have been often informed by them and others. And as they are my own dear parents, there can be no mistake in the matter here related.

They settled on a very pleasant plantation on Beaver dam creek in the county of Burke, fourteen miles from Wainsboro, State of Ga. a few miles from father's mother and some seven miles from the parents of my mother, being in the midst of their relatives and friends with whom they had been raised from childhood. They resided on this place some eight years. Until a year or so after the War commenced between England and the United States in 1812. About this time my father (Warren Welch Senr) was drafted with many others of the county, to go in defense of his country. He was a member in Capt. Emmanuel's company and went to Savannah, thence to Darien, and finally to Point Peter, and in a short time he and the rest of the company was discharged as not being needed, and he returned home.

About the time, or soon after my father returned from the army, my dear old grandmother McCullers died suddenly, as before related. And after her death my mother became dissatisfied, and through her influence my father became equally so. They therefore sold out their residence to Benjamin Davies who lived near & had married Liddy Sharp, an own cousin of father, and moved up in Morgan County on Hard Labour Creek, near Johnathan Day who married my father's sister, Priscilla; It was here about 1814 that I saw the first orange. My parents remained here but a short time, made only one crop on rented land. During the time my grand-father McCullers also died, which rendered my Mother still more unhappy; they therefore moved back for a final division of the estate of my grandfather McCullers. They rented a place in the old neighborhood, until they

received their portion of the estate. My parents then moved over to Eason Allen's on Turkey Creek in Laurence County Ga. My parents soon left Laurence county and bought a plantation near Irvington Wilkenson County Ga. but soon sold it again and moved into the village. I ought to have stated before that they had four children before they left finally, Burke Co. Georgia. Viz.: Jacob Perry, their eldest son, (myself) — Wiley Sharp who was born in A.D. 1809, Warren who was born in 1812, and Mary Ann who was born in A.D. 1814 and was an infant when they left for Laurence County. Brother George W. Welch, Sr., was born in Monticello, Jasper County, Georgia in May A.D. 1815. It was in Irvington or Irvington Wilkinson Ga. that I first saw a show of Wax figures of important men and women. My father soon moved to Monticello Jasper County Ga. and here he resided some two years, where his sisters visited him often, and his brother George W. Welch, once or twice. My father was well and comfortable situated in Monticello, having a desirable residence, a good piece of land adjoining town & several likely servants. It was towards the latter part of his residence here that I witnessed the awful sight of seeing a man hung for the first time in my life. Oh! Awful indeed it was! And its impression is as fresh upon my memory as if it had taken place only yesterday.

There had been a long grudge and prejudice existing between two personal friends of father, by the name of Castellow and Slaughter; both in good circumstances and highly respectable citizens. They both had to pass out by father's residence in going home. They had both visited town on the same day, on a public occasion, became intoxicated, & left town together, quarreling as they pass'd by, And as they went on, some two miles from town, Castellow (both being on horse back)

reached over with his drawn knife, and at one swipe, cut Slaughter's throat, who soon bled to death! The corpse of Mr. Slaughter was found on the side of the road during the night, with his hand clenched on the place cut, his horse having gone home bloody, from which circumstance, his friends & relatives took the alarm, & immediately commenced the hunt and soon found the body.

The circumstance under which he and Castellow left town, at once settled the murder upon the latter. After a long trial Castellow was condemned to be hung; for the first man in many years in that place; I think it was said that sentence of death was never passed upon a person in that county before. The dreadful day finally arrived, and an immense crowd of people from many miles in every direction, assembled to witness the sad consequence of deliberate murder. Castellow was brought out of jail dressed perfectly white, even to his hat. A very strong guard was placed around him. He walked behind his coffin which was drawn on an oxcart pulled by a yoke of steers. It was, in-deed, a most solemn procession to the gallows a mile distant, situated in a con-cavity of many acres.

After searching the place, surrounded as it was by many thousands of human beings even filling the adjacent trees, to get a good view; then a brief pause for prayer. poor Castellow got on the cart, and mounted upright upon his coffin, centrally under the gwillows, when the Sheriff fixed the fatal rope around his neck, and Castellow having bid a last farewell to his dear wife, children & friends; the word was given, and the steers slowly moved off with the cart, and left Castellow swinging to and fro, who was soon launched into eternity!! And altho' this has been about 40 (hung in A.D. 1814) years ago, its impression is as vivid as if it had only taken place last year.

During my fathers residence in Monticello, Genl. Jackson with a portion of his grand army, passed through the place en rout for Pensacola, prior to the battle of New Orleans. This was an-other grand sight. I also will remember the illumination which took place in Monticello after the glad tidings of the great Victory of our army under Gen. Andrew Jackson at New Orleans on the 8th of January A.D. 1815. Soon after this, the glorious, welcome news of peace also came. England & the Indians were sorely worsted, and cried "enough" and came to terms of an honorable peace. The state of Georgia, at that date, extended only to the Oakmulgee River; the little place of Fort Hawkins on the east bank, and east of the now. great town of Macon, being a frontier post. My father visited the Indian Springs with his family, in the Indian Nation, long before they belong to the whites. The Indian Nation of Creeks, at that date, extended from the west bank of the Oakmulgee river to Line Creek near the Alabama River, a distance of about 180 miles, with no high-ways but Indian trails — difficult fords and frail bridges. But the great, expansive territories of Alabama, Mississippi, & Louisiana, were then open for emigration with the most charming and flattering inducements.

My mother's sister Sarah, married John Dye, as stated in preceding pages, went with her husband to Wilkerson County, Mississippi and settled a few miles west of Beaver Creek, in what was called the "Thick Woods," as rich an upland region as is found upon earth. Many of my father's intimate friends, and acquaintances of early days had also moved to the same section. Such as Josiah Gray — Wm. Alexander — The Andersons — James Germany, ect, ect, ect. All of whom wrote often of the great, untold superior advantages of the country in every particular. My

mothers parents being dead, she, therefore wished to get near her favorite sister, Aunt Sallie Dye. My father being anxious to get into a country full of game and rural sports was, also, after the close of the war eager to go west.

And as his property was valuable, he soon sold out for a good price, receiving part payment in several likely, young negroes. All of fathers sisters, mother, and his only brother, called to see him & spent some time with him before he left for the "great west." My mother's relatives & friends too, paid them a last visit. My father having purchased some five or six choice horses, and pack saddles, packed up such things as were most needed and could be well carried on horse back — and finally, after closing up all of his business, set out on pack horses, in the month of October A.D.1815 for

Montgomery Ala. then called New Philadelphia; a distance from MonticelloGa. of at least 240 (?) miles. A Mr. Brooks and family also accompanied him on the journey. Making the toilsome route more interesting than it would have been without company. There being no roads larger than Indian trails, the travel was generally in Indian file making a pretty long string, as there were some twenty five persons composing the two families. It was a dry pleas-ant time of the year, but the journey did not progress rapidly in consequence of delays at the crossing of large water courses. They were delayed four or five days at Flint River where the Indians were repairing an old flat or ferry boat, and would not permit a crossing until they pleased. At Chattahoochee River a delay of eight or ten days took place, for the completion of a new flat — the old one being sunk in the war of the preceding year. At Oochee Creek too, the old bridge was destroyed, and they had to construct rafts

to cross on, which took several days; so that they were about four weeks in reaching Line Creek, the first white settlement.

There were great rejoicings on getting thro' the Indian Nation, for they (the Indians) were very impudent, and they indicated at various times, intended violence, and all felt safe when we reached the white settlements, and really were safe.

New Philadelphia (now Montgomery, Ala.) and Alabama Town, only a mile or so below the former place, were places of most attraction, being rivals; yet, at that time (1815) hardly worthy the name of villages, there not being a frame house in either.

After halting a few days in the neighborhood of Line Creek, at Mt. Meigs, a small village, twelve or fifteen miles from the two places above, which then was larger than either of them; father, with Mr. Brooks went on with their families to New Philadelphia; and halted for a settlement. Father soon purchased a lot in the near town, and set in pre-paring to make a crop for 1816, which he did. Provisions were very high — having to pay as high as five dollars a bushel for corn, & equally high for every thing else. This was a heavy draw on the purse of new corners. Father and Mr. Brooks, however, fared better than most of persons; for they were good hunters and superior marksmen, and deer being exceedingly abundant, they killed more venison that their families could consume. I have known them to kill seven and eight deer of a night "fire hunting" on the prairies. And all the surplus venison they could spare sold readily for a high price, which materially aided in their expenditures. Yet so great was the expenses, that father not only got rid of a large amount of money he brought with him, but before he left New Philadelphia, he disposed of two of his negroes — and horses he brought out.

If he had remained here in Alabama, and been prudent and saving he would have been a rich man, as his circumstances were much better than many who became to be very wealthy. The great attraction was still west however, and his relatives and friends in Mississippi and cousins were often writing him of the great inducements and superiority of those sections. Uncle John Dye, too, who married my mother's sister Sarah, wrote very pressing for us to go on to the Eldorado of the west; which made my mother exceedingly anxious to go on and settle near her sister. So after "laying by" his crop in 1816, he sold out for a good price and made preparations to move off on a Mr. Eade's barge so soon as completed, which was then building at the ferry, and was really the first boat of any size that was ever built and floated off from what is now Montgomery, Ala. By the last of September the boat was launched, and was soon ready to depart. As the roads below were as yet little else than trails, and frail bridges and bad fords on water courses, father deemed it prudent to move down as far as Fort Clairborne on Eade's barge as several other families were going in the same way. The boat with its cargo of movers, floated off from the landing, about the 1st of October, 1816 and the river being very low, it was some three weeks in reaching Claiborn. The passengers enjoyed themselves finely on the way, particularly my father and a few other hunts-men; in killing deer, turkey and other game, and catching fish of nights, as the boat always halted at an island of nights.

Father landed at, and remained in Claiborn several months near which place (15 miles) on Bassett's Creek Clark Co. Ala. his uncle Dempsey Welch resided. Father finally purchased wagons & teams and set out for Uncle John Dye's in

Wilkerson Co. Miss. in what month I don't remember, but it was before Christmas I think. And altho' winter, the whole move was attended with remarkable dry & warm weather. He passed by way of Pine Jackson on the Bigbee River and state of Alabama. Winchester too, in Mississippi, was quite a town & place of business. At Winchester, father halted a few days, for his team to rest, and to obtain meal, there being a mill on a small stream, near where the present depot on the railroad at that place is situated. After a few days, we set out again — by way of old Green court house on Leaf River, and halted a day or two at Dantzler's where he obtained some corn at \$5. pr. bushel. It is wonderful to see the changes that have taken place since that time, in the face of the country. Then the grass was hip high all along the road, and every river bottom, creek, branch hollow and depression of soil was thick with cane & reed. Now, it has long since disappeared; and the range has become ordinary; and places where cane and reed used to be abundant, will now hardly afford a pipe stem. And where then were immense hords of cattle, there are hardly any to be seen now. As the range gave way, so did the stock of cattle disappear.

Father, proceeded on his journey, by the way of Ford's Ferry (now Ford'sville) on Pearl River. Up to this place, the road was very lonesome, there being no settlements only on rivers, and at long distances. From Pearl River — on, the lands increased in fertility, and the population began to increase; settlements being pretty plentiful along the road.

Father and all of us began to feel rejoiced that we would soon be at our journey's end, having passed the regions of any danger, and again got into a civilized section of country. We passed on by the regular beaten route, via Holmesville on

Bogue Chitto River, on to Amite River, which took us into Amite County, Miss. (then a territory) where quite a number of father's relatives re-sided. He soon reached the town of Liberty, the county site of Amite County; which was in seven miles of Robin Berryhill's.

Next day after reaching Liberty, we set out, and by twelve o'clock reached, "old Uncle Robbin Berryhill's." It is use-less to say that there was great rejoicing on both sides — in fact I never saw more. All of the old gentleman's children — came in to see and greet us; in a few days, all of his children that were near, paid us a visit.

Uncle John Dye, who married Mother's youngest sister, Sarah, residing in Wilkerson County, in the edge of the "Thick Woods" some 12 miles distance; hearing of our arrival, also came over to Uncle Berryhill's on a visit to us. Here was renewed rejoicing as several years had elapsed since Aunt Sarah and my mother had met. There was, in those early times, always much interest excited on the arrival of a "new comer" from the old states, particularly from Old Burke County, Georgia; from whence, most of the population in miles around of Uncle Berryhill had emigrated.

And there was, consequently much eagerness to hear from the dear relatives and friends left behind; and "new corners" from that section could relate much more than letters, which came over tedious, slow routes but seldom. A person therefore, just moved in, required several days to get through a history, often repeated, of persons and matters left behind. Father being at his journey's end, was pressingly solicited by his Uncle to remain with his family, on his premises until he selected a home. This was accepted -and after remaining with his Uncle several weeks — after visiting various places, finally purchased a nice

little farm, of 160 acres, 80 acres cleared, and well improved, on Ellis' Creek, adjoining a Mr. Cagle above and Mr. Wetherspoon below, in three miles of Uncle Robin Berryhill and nine miles from Uncle John Dye. Father soon got on his new purchase and all were well pleased; this was the beginning of A.D. 1817.

The health of the place was remarkable — the land was new and good --range for hogs & cattle good and a good neighborhood. But it cost father two more of his negroes to pay for his land & lay in provision, tools, ec.ec. This I think left us but one negro girl. Father, however made two good crops on this place, and accumulated plenty of stock. Here Mother had two children, the first born dead — the second in 1819, Sister Sarah (see below). Bro. George I think was an infant when we left Monticello in 1815. I regret to say that since we left Georgia, Father was some what in-temperate. He would occasionally leave home and be gone several days, & of-ten return home quite intoxicated. This rendered Mother unhappy, for there was never a more industrious and frugal woman than she was. Her unhappiness, made father unhappy; and I have often heard him in conversation with Mother, say that he was relieved from the sorrows of his misfortune only when he was in liquor! We finally at the close of 1819, sold his farm and negro girl to Mr. Wetherspoon, and moved to Liberty in 1820. Here he remained until fall, and after Mother was able to move, having had another son (James Madison) in October, he sold his house and lot and moved down, and halted temporarily near Thomas Tolbert in Wilkerson County who married one of uncle Berryhill's daughters. My Mother was in exceedingly bad health, and a Mr. Vanhowen and family close by, rendered important services — they were excel-lent people. Father remained here a

very short time, and moved down to Wm. Alexander's in Louisiana West Phillisiana Parish. And finally to Saint Francesville on the Mississippi River bluff some mile or so from the water's edge; Bayou Sara being a small town between the bluffs.

**Note:** Sister Sarah Jane was born on Ellis Creek, Christmas Day A.D. 1819 Amite Co. Miss. A little brother was born about May. A.D. on Ellis Creek, died same day.

Father rented a small house on the left of the street as you go into town, (there is only one street in the place) it being situated on a ridge. My dear Mother's health was still exceeding bad; so much as to confine her to bed; My father, being entirely without means of any consequence, having spent all he had, except a horse, some bedding and household furniture, and some three hundred dollars, and no employment; was, consequently, exceedingly despondent.

He intimated to my dear Mother his intention of returning to his Uncle Dempsey's in Clark County Ala. who, he thought, would assist him to return to his neighborhood, and aid him to making support for his family. My dear Mother employed him to remain and see the last of her, and take care of the children; as she was convinced that she could not live but a short time — that she would be "dead and gone to her beloved Saviour before he (father) could possibly go and return from Alabama. She entreated him time and time again with tears flowing down her pallid cheeks not to leave her and the dear little children.

He would get up and walk off, down town to "hunt work," as he said. Thus matters stood for several days, my father all the time appeared very sad, having but little to say — my dear Mother too, appeared to get worse of her disease daily, yet

endeavored to cheer father up. She would call him to her bedside and talk kindly to him a long time. I was young and thoughtless like most of children would be, but seeing her weeping one day, I approached close to the bed and heard her addressing my father whose hand she held in hers

"Oh Warren (my father's given name was Warren) my dear loved husband I know our condition is sad in-deed, but if I could only have good health again, I could make us a support. We are not the only persons who are in adverse circumstances — others have lost their all as well as us. You are comparatively young and active yet, and in this new country there is certain prosperity for those who are frugal and industrious. Some of these little ones — Jacob, Wiley and Warren will soon be of great help to you. Go into the country and rent a little, healthy farm, of good soil, and there are many. You have a good horse and money enough to purchase provisions for a year. Meat and corn, you know, are very low here. Corn, on the flat boats was only twenty five cents a bushel, and good bacon from three to five cents pr. pound. Little Mary Ann too, will soon be big enough to cook — until the boys can cook and wash; Jacob & Wiley can cook and wash very well now; they have assisted me very much, as I have taught them to do so. Take courage my dear husband and don't leave us here with strangers — if you will only pursue the proper course, you will be happy and independent yet."

"Remember my dear husband, Josiah Gray, (Mr. Gray was very wealthy and lived some ten miles from town) he, you know, ran through all of his property in dissipation, before he left Burke County Ga. and left there, as every body thought, a ruined man, yet, you see what he has accomplished out here, by industry, and frugality and sobriety, which last quality he

has adopted since he left Georgia -and you see the great reward he has obtained. Look too, at the prosperity of Mr. Alexander and old Mr. Wm. Germany, both very poor in our old neighborhood in Burke Co. Ga.- Mr. Germany as you know, was a cooper and among the poorest of the county — see how fortune has smiled upon these men of sober industrious habits. I cite these cases to cheer you up, my love. You may yet regain all we have lost, and thousands besides."

"Stay — oh stay here, for the sake of our dear children — for I tell you my loved husband, my dear Warren, I am now on my death bed! Oh yes — I know it!! I shall soon be gone from the sorrows and troubles of this world — and if you go off, these poor little children will be left motherless and fatherless; to the cold charities of earth!!! And be scattered to the four winds; oh my husband, I implore you, do stay and take care of the children — they all love you dearly; how can you consent to leave this dear little babe -little — lovely James Madison? Must he lose his mother and father too? Great and merciful God, forbid it, I pray!!!"

The remark of dear Mother that the children dearly loved their pa was indeed most true. For there was never a set of children that devoted more upon a parent that did those of my father and mother, even as small as they were. My father appeared very gloomy and had none of the cheerful mien and expression as in former times — he would go off and stay for hours, leaving my mother and the children alone, and when he would return he would sit down in deep silence and gloom, saying but little to any one except my mother would get him to answer her anxious inquiries. For she well suspected from his manner that he was fixed & determined upon some movement that would bring additional sadness to

her sick bed. So confident was my dear mother that father would forsake her and leave her soon, that a few days before he left, after he had gone out of the house with gloom upon his features, and walked off down town, she called all of the children to her bed side and told us all that "in a short time, my dear innocent helpless children, you will have no one here to take care of, and look after your wants; I am afflicted with disease that will soon kill me, and I shall be taken from you and all of this world for ever."

This scene, even to the little children that were strangers to sorrow, was sufficient to melt the heart of the most callous. Oh, how vividly do I recollect that and other scenes of those days "long time ago"! Up to that time most of the children had never seen a corpse, except Mother's still born babe that occurred at our place on Ellis Creek, Amite Co. Miss., and they, consequently, had no idea of the horrors and terrors and sorrows and bereavements which death deals to mortal man. They did not understand the sad prediction of dear Mother, that she was soon to die and leave us for ever. For altho' I understood what she said, with a heart full of grief, yet most of the rest of the children did not comprehend any thing more than that she would leave them to be gone on a visit to return again. For the little innocents pleaded "Ma! let us go, too, let us go with you!" and after that would often go to her bed and inquire, "Ma, when are you going away? Wont you let us go too?" The ignorant and innocent replies of the children seemed to trouble dear Mother very much. She would try to explain to them— but they still pled to go with her. She offered up many prayers, fervent and long, for the protection and care and blessings of God in our behalf — none was ever offered up with more earnestness or fervency than hers.

After impressing upon us her convictions that she would soon pass away from earth, never to mingle with us again here; she also said that we would be "separated and left to the cold charities of strangers!" Possibly, some of us would be taken away so far from the rest that we would never know the condition of each other, & if we were ever permitted to meet again on earth, which was doubtful the time would be so long, and each of us so altered by growth and circumstances, that we would be as strangers to each other. That when father left us, and she passed away from earth, and her dear children scattered over the land, the once happy family circle of Warren & Mary Welch Sr., would be forever severed! and so really it turned out.

Dear Mother repeatedly appealed to me, as the eldest of her children, never to forget her and her advice; but so long as I had it in my power, to look after the rest of the children, particularly my little sisters and infant brother James Madison.

I don't know how my mother ever took up the notion — yet she was firm in her convictions on this point, which she often expressed as far back as I can recollect, and more particularly so in her last illness, up to the day of her death, that I was "to live to a great age, and be blessed with astonishing action at a period of life, when it is usual to be childish and decrepid. That I was unaided (except by Providence) to accumulate a fortune; and exercise much influence among men.

I have always desired not to be superstitious — and really believe I am pretty clear of it; and yet, my mother told me so many things and predictions, in my youth, which have really come to pass in after years, under the most unfavorable auspices — that it really seems that she beheld the far off future, so faras relates to myself, with, truly, a prophetic eye. And I

boldly confess that the correctness of her oft predictions has so inspired my reverence and confidence for her memory in this matter, that amidst the darkest days of my life, beset with disappointment, trouble and sorrow; her consoling remarks are always present in my memory to cheer and buoy me up.

And her admonitions have prompted me more to effort, than all else. And I have tried to comply with her request relative the children, as my sisters well testify, in my efforts to educate them. Poor little babe — brother James Madison, did not live but a short time after my mother's death. She suggested that he would hardly live long. That when we separated, she wanted us to embrace each other affectionately, as it would likely be the last time we (the children) would ever meet again, all together, upon earth. And as it really turned out, as will be seen before the close of these pages.

But I am digressing from the direct drift of circumstances — and will resume. After father had been out some time in town one morning, he returned home, sat down, and remarked to Mother — "Polly, I can find no profitable employment here, and I am compelled to do something. I have concluded to leave in the morning for Uncle Dempsey Welch's on Bassett's Creek in Clark County Ala., and get his assistance in assisting me to move back to his neighborhood. I will try and return soon — I will take the horse, which is an expense to us here, in feed; (Corn only about 25 cts. per bushel) and I will leave you all the money, except ten dollars, which I will try to make bear my expenses — I have finally decided to leave in the morning." He could not conceal a tear; the first I ever beheld in his eye! My mother covered her head in grief — and wept and sobbed for some time, holding his hand in hers.

Finally becoming some what composed, she remarked — Warren, my dear husband, the purpose you have now announced, I have been expecting, listening for and dreading, during a month past; I know from your depressed manner, and sad and gloomy deportment, that you intended Something serious; and oh! how serious it is that we are to part forever on tomorrow morning! Yes to part to meet no more on earth. But thus it must be; my entreaties are unavailing — my pleadings are worthless; I can only give myself up to God and implore him to shield and protect these, our dear children, for he, alone, knows what will become of them. We, my husband, will never meet here again! You will never return; and, if you do, I shall not be here! I know I shall be soon called away from my long suffering of disease; and from trouble and sorrow. If I knew the dear loved children would be kept together and affectionately provided for, I could die satisfied; but the idea of their being scattered over the land, far away from each other, and likely becoming strangers to each other, troubles me much. But if it is God's will, be it so.

As for you, my husband, I know you have been a victim of circumstance — our once ample estate is gone, and if you think I have contributed to our misfortune, in persuading you to move out to this country, as a pleasure to myself in being near my sister, (Mrs. Sarah Dye) all I can do, in the candour of one upon the verge of the grave, is to ask your forgiveness. I was prompted by the best and purest of motives — we were young. The west was a new and vast country; and our relatives and friends wrote to us in the most flattering and encouraging terms — you had many relatives here — your old uncle Robbin Berryhill and all of his family of children, several of them grown and married and

residing not far from him, wrote you many inducements, together with many old acquaintances of Old Georgia, who had moved and settled out here; and while many of them have met with great prosperity, we have found adversity and disappointment. Yes sad disappointment. But the blessings of God would smile upon proper effort yet. And as we shall soon part to meet no more on earth, I trust you may yet be blessed with prosperity.

If I never see you more, my last prayer will be offered up for you and our dear children; and my last request of you when you depart from us in the morning, will be that you will give more thought upon things of eternity, and prepare to meet me in Heaven. I am as confident, as it is possible for one to be in this life, that I shall soon go home to heaven, where I shall find many dear relatives and friends to greet me. Yes, methinks my beloved parents will be foremost of all — may God enable you to prepare to approach the last hour of your life here, with the same resignation and confidence I enjoy relative my future state beyond the grave.

Oh, Warren, my dear husband, if we had all the wealth of earth, with all the honors known among men; it would ultimately fade away; — at the farthest we soon pass away, either for weal or woe. But if we can become heirs of heaven, we meet with no more death — nor trouble — but bliss and joy for ever. I shall soon be gone from the anxious cares of this life; and altho' you may survive our parting many long years, yet, time moves rapidly on when you too, will be called to give up the things of time, and part with earth. Oh, that you may be prepared for that hour which is sure to come, and find peace with God, is my prayer for Christ's sake."

Father remained with mother and the children — during the day, fixing up his

saddlebags of clothing and wallet of provisions. Mother sitting propped up in the bed, with her needle, arranging, as well she could, all of his apparel he took with him. They then counted over the money they had on hand — he took some ten or twenty five dollars — I think Mother prevailed on Father to take twenty five dollars, and I think, from my memory of what they said, that he left her, two hundred and fifty five dollars, after paying rent for the premises, two months in advance.

They gave each other keep-sakes in locks of hair and promised to pre-serve them during life. I don't know what father did with his, but Mother tied the lock of hair she took from him, around her neck; and after he left, she re-requested that it should remain there when she died, and be buried with her; which was done, to my personal knowledge. The relation of this fact to my father, years after, affected him more than I ever saw him before. It so melted him that he wept aloud, and manifested much grief, and remarked — "Almighty father of heaven, have mercy upon me a poor sorrowing sinner — thou knowest my heart — look with compassion upon my imperfections, and enable me ultimately, to meet again, my dear departed Polly — my affectionate and much neglected companion now in heaven. God bless her. God bless her. God bless her." But I find myself digressing again; and I will go again back to the eve of parting.

Mother slept but little that night, and father took but little rest. Mother desired to spend all the time in conversing with him, as she considered it her last hours with him. She offered up several fervant prayers for him and the children — which seriously affected him, and assured her of his intention to soon return. She told him it would be too late; that before he reached his journey's end she would be gone from this

world of trouble; and implored him to cherish her memory as one that had never ceased to love him. She implored him earnestly too, not to forget the jewels of their pledges — the dear children, that would soon be friendless orphans. "Where, Oh where will they go when I am dead and you are not here to look and take care of them?" The night was spent between them in this way, and in arranging his clothing in his saddlebags; a ham, too was boiled, and some corn bread, and an oven of biscuit, and all carefully put up, in a wallet, as provisions to last him to Alabama.

Father said that to save money, and expenses, tho' a cold and wet season of the year, he intended to lie out every night by a fire in the woods, when it did not rain. He therefore, at the request of Mother, took two heavy blankets. At length morning came, and father soon had his horse bridled, saddled and packed, ready to leave; Poor mother was sobbing in grief, with the children — the last sad moment for parting had now arrived — and it melts my heart, even now to relate it, tho' it happened in January 1821— forty three years ago. (this is 1864) Father led his horse to the door and handed the rein of the bridle to, I think, brother Wiley. He walked to the bedside, and affectionately embraced my Mother, begging her to "be of good cheer — he would soon return." He gave her a parting kiss and said, "Good-bye," putting his handkerchief to his face. He embraced each one of the children in the same manner, promising them that he would soon return, which reconciled them very much, for they had never been disappointed in any previous promise he ever made them. My mother was much affected at the time she could not speak. Father had gone out, and was at his horse, and was about to mount. Mother called him back to her and said, "Oh my husband, why is it that fate should

make it thus with us -why leave us so! It is hard to realize that you will go; oh can it be truly so?"

My father plaintively replied — "Polly — I must go; good bye my dear wife — I am sorry to leave you thus; but I will return by the first of April — Good bye!" Then my dear mother raised up in the bed, wiped away her tears, and with a composed, firm and affectionate manner embraced him with a kiss and remarked; "After you leave us now, we shall see each other no more in this life. Our parting this morning, will be our parting for ever on earth; I shall be laid away in the silent grave before you return — then promise me to forgive me of my faults, for like all human I know I have many. I have claimed no perfections in life except a thorough, consistant anxiety and devotion to efforts to make you and my dear children happy and comfortable. My strength and means have been inadequate to my desires; and this morning closes our united efforts as a family; how different the contract between this day and that of our marriage vows; but why dwell upon this sad subject and detain you; again, I ask your forgiveness of all my errors which have rendered you unhappy -for I have not in all my life, done any thing, disguisedly, to make you so; our father who is in heaven, bears witness, that my every thought, effort and desire through all the time, since we were married, has been to increase our means of happiness, notwithstanding we have rapidly traveled down the road of adversity — and if I am to blame, oh my husband, forgive-forgive-forgive me; and forget it if you can — I thought I counseled you for the best — we, like many others have been equally disappointed as to the prospects of the future; you, I know, will admit that I was not deficient in industry and efforts to do all in my power for our prosperity until prostrated upon my bed of

disease which is soon to carry me to my grave! Oh tell me, then, in this last parting, that you freely forgive me of all you think I have done amiss — take care of the simple keep sake I gave you the other day — I will carry yours with me to the grave — don't forget me, as one who will pray for your salvation so long as I live." My father sitting on the bed rail, by mother's side, pressed her to his bosom, and with an affectionate kiss and tears in his eyes, remarked — "Polly, my dear wife, I freely forgive you of all you ask — I will never part with the keep sake of hair you gave me — here it is, suspended near my heart, invisible to others but always present with myself to keep alive my memory of my dear wife so long as I live, if we should never meet again in this world, as you predict. I want you too, to forget my errors — forgive me of them — for they have been many — yes many — I have much more to blame myself with, than I have to complain of you. A long train of misfortunes have made me a different man to what I was in more prosperous days. In fact, my scanty means of late, with no prospect of redemption, have well nigh run me crazy, which, I know, increased your sorrow in your affliction. I pray for better times yet, and beg you to cheer up; I hope to soon return with better prospects." And again embracing her with a kiss, he said, "Again good bye, I hope you will be well on my return."

My mother held him by the hand and remarked — "How sad it is to part — how hard it is to give you up — Dear Warren, believe me; we will never meet again — I know it — if you don't return send for the children; and as we now part for ever on earth, receive my poor, but earnest benediction: My beloved Warren, my husband, prepare to meet me in heaven — give your thoughts to God thro' Jesus Christ, his beloved son — love, fear and keep his

commandments — seek the prosperity and glory of heaven — where I trust, we may meet again — and now, as my last words to you as a parting blessing — May the mercy, blessings and protection of our heavenly father, shield you from harm during future life, and enable us to meet again in his paradise of bliss, where there will be no more sorrow, nor parting. The chain of time is now run out with; the parting of our hands, breaks the last link! Oh how hard it is to say, farewell!! farewell a long and last farewell!!!

My father then, evidently, with a heart too full for utterance, silently shook hands with the children — kissing the smallest, got upon his horse, and left! The only street was a straight stretch of near a half a mile up to the big pond, from our house, to where the road forked. One leading to the right hand to Jackson La., and the left in the direction of Woodville, Miss. The children all, except the babe, were out of doors, and strained their eyes to get the last glimpse of father as he passed along. We saw him all the way up the street, plainly; and saw him turn to the left at the fork of the road, and was soon gone out of sight; which was the last we saw or heard of him, for several long, anxious years. The babe, James Madison, and my brother Wiley, next eldest to myself, never saw him more. Little James died the next Spring, and I think brother Wiley died the year after him. After father was gone, and the children returned into the house; it yet being quite early — not sun up — Mother got up out of the bed and placed herself in the attitude of prayer, the children all kneeling by her side — when she offered up to heaven to have pity and compassion on her and her dear children, in their hopeless and helpless condition; I have ever heard in all my life. I shall remember it, the longest time of the faroff future, if I should live to reach it.

A Mrs. Brooks, (the same, I presume, that moved out with us from Georgia to Alabama, as I understand that after father left New Philadelphia, Mr. Brooks moved on West to East or West Philisiana Parish, La.) lived near us, came over, as usual, after breakfast to see mother; and attended to her closely daily, as long as she lived. It was matter of astonishment to all, that father had left. My dear Mother began to get worse from the morning my father left. A sorrowing, broken heart of grief soon placed her beyond hope.

In the middle of the following week after the departure of father, in the dead and dark of midnight, not a soul present, but the children, Mother awoke me, and told me to make a light as soon as I could and wake up the children so that she could tell them good bye — for she said in earnest solemn terms — "I am dying, and shall not live to see day." I awoke the children and they all hurried to her in sobs and tears — "Mama don't die — don't die. Oh Mama don't die."

She told us to help her off the bed — we did so, and knelt down with us, all kneeling around her, when she prayed God to relieve her of the sufferings which tortured her — that she was resigned to die — and gave and resigned her dear little helpless orphan children into his hands, and implored his fatherly care and protection in their behalf; and remarking "it is finished," and embracing us all with the most tender affection, said, "Farewell world of disease — want — sin, trouble and sorrow; farewell my dearly beloved children. I leave you to the mercy and care of God; — Love one another — remember my advice to you - always be kind to each other — visit and be together as often as you can -you will soon be separated among strangers — but don't become strangers to each other — Be good children — and as you grow up, if you

should live, practice piety, try to please and serve God and prepare to meet me in heaven. I am fast failing — make down the bed upon the floor, and lay me upon it, and rub me — lay little James at my breast and let him stay until the people come, in the morning. When I am dead, turn me on my back and straighten me out. Tell Mrs. Brooks, good bye for me — She thought I was mending but will find me dead! Bring me the trunk and I will show you the clothes I have prepared to bury me in — they are all put away to themselves. Don't let them take this keep sake from my neck — it is a lock of hair your papa gave me; let it be buried with me — tell him, Jacob, if you ever see him again, that I prayed for him as I was dying — tell him I did not forget him in my dying hour, and not to forget his firm promise to try and meet me in heaven.

Rub me my children, life is most gone — see this cold, clammy sweat, the harbinger of death. Father of heaven, forgive — oh forgive my husband's sins, who knows nothing of the troubles of his abandoned family left behind. Open his eyes and awake and impress him with the importance of preparing to meet me in a better world in eternity. Again my dear children, come near and kiss me — a last embrace — God bless you all — God bless you all forever — Oh Lord, I give back these little ones to you -protect them — oh protect them by thy powerful arm of mercy. Good bye my children — Good bye my loved orphans — I would live for thee — but I must go quickly — I am ready — I see my Mother and my Father waiting happy, oh happy eternity! good bye — good bye — a last good bye!!" and she ceased to breathe. Oh God, she was dead! How melting and heart rending it is to relate it — I see all, as vividly as of yesterday! Dark, mid-night, my motherly dead on the bed upon the floor and not a soul present, but her little chil-

dren!! How awful oh indeed how awful! We did all she suggested; rubbed her, raised her up, turned her over as she directed — and every thing we could do was of no avail — she died as she said she would, and went to heaven. We placed her straight in the centre of the bed as we could, and sat around, close to her, weeping until the people came in the morning — poor little babe, James Madison remaining at her breast, as she requested.

I can look it now, with my mind[']s eye, in my manhood, advanced in life as I am — and of all scenes I have ever beheld, it was the most heart rending! An infant babe at the breast and six other small children, sitting around and close to, and weeping over their dead mother! was the melting scene on the arrival of neighbors in the morning!!!

Mrs. Brooks and others that came in to assist, prepared and shrouded my Mother in the clothes she had long since prepared and kept ready for the purpose. The keep sake lock of hair, remained upon her, and was buried with her.

Oh, how painful and melting to my soul, even at this late day, when I retrospect the sight and sorrows of that gloomy scene, which is as fresh in my memory as tho' it had happened on yesterday! As my mother lay shrouded, a lifeless corpse, the little children, whom she had aided in dressing, the morning before, would go up to her and call her to help them put on their clothes — they thought she was asleep, and tried to awake her, asked why she did not get up and lie in bed; they would tell me to "wake Ma up and let her lie down in the bed"; but it was still more touching on the following morning when her last remains were placed in the coffin — the children had never seen such a sight before, of a grown person; They would inquire "What makes Mama sleep so long" and when she

was placed in the coffin and the lid screwed on, their grief was great when the corpse was placed in the herse(hearse), all the children were permitted to ride by the side of the coffin, in the herse. They cried "Let me see my MaMa," so repeatedly that the lid of the coffin was removed, and the body exposed to the view of the children, to the grave; the route being a dead level all the way, about three fourths of a mile to the place of interment. My Mother looked as natural as life, with a placid smile of ease and happiness — she was at rest. The corpse did not purge a particle, being quite cool the last of January, 1821, not exceeding two weeks since the sad departure of my father. Various and touching were the questions of the children on the way to the grave — "What is MaMa in that box for — why don't she get out — she sleeps so long- Ma!-Oh, Ma, wake up. Buddy wake her up!" and a thousand such expressions.

Arriving at the grave, the corpse was taken out of the herse and rested at each end upon two chairs by the side of the grave — My Mother's face being exposed to view, the children were told to draw up close, and take a last look, and parting kiss. When little sister Sarah had raised up from kissing her, she remarked "MaMa opened her eyes and kissed me too" — This astonished the persons present and all were soon around the coffin to see if there were the least signs of life — but it was a delusion in poor little Sallie — Mother was surely dead, and had been ever since the morning previous. The children all kissed her again, and holding her by her cold hand, in death — said — "good bye poor Ma, good bye poor Ma!" I, the last one to go up to her, viewed her features closely — and if I die in my proper mind, I shall remember her appearance, which was perfectly natural, to the day of my death. It was my Mother as natural in features, as in life, tho' in death.

It was my Mother. I looked for, and saw the lock of hair suspended by a neat, silk tape string, she had placed there with her own hands. I took her cold, lifeless hand in mine, and kissing her cold cheeks & brow, with tears from my eyes falling upon her face, pronounced the last sad "good by — Oh! — good bye my Ma — My dear Ma! No more can we call on you, or hear your voice! — you are gone from us to return no more! — Oh! My dear father — where is he! gone — gone too!! Oh what shall we do!!"

I turned from her in despair, and soon heard the earth tumbling upon the plank upon the coffin as they filled up the grave. Oh how miserable the condition — the children of that family on their return to their home of desolation. No father, Mother or relative to give a word of advice or direction. Strangers soon arranged for us. — Mrs. Brooks, I am certain, took all the money, as she did every thing else of the premises — the beds — the bed clothing trunks — contents and all of the household and kitchen furniture; and there was considerable. To hear this woman talk, one would suppose, from her assertions, that she would sooner part with her life, that she would take any thing from an orphan wrongfully. At any rate, all that was in the house was soon taken away. Mrs. Brooks sent a wagon at night and took off the chairs — bed steads — pails — tube -i.e. The children being about in town. I went to Willis Dortan's, a blacksmith, who, at the time, kept Bachelors hall.

Brothers Wiley and Warren went to Peter Biggs, who was a hatter by trade. Bro. George went to Mr. Bradshaw's, a wagon maker. A Mrs. Post took sister Mary and dear little James Madison, home with her. Sister Sarah went home with Mrs. McDonnald, 14 miles east, to the town of Jackson, where she lived. She being on a

visit to St. Francisville at the time when Mother was buried.

The children all remained with the families named, until after I left St. Francisville, which was in the month of February of the next year, as will be more fully detailed here after.

During Orphan Court on the first Monday in February 1821, brothers Warren, Wiley and myself were taken to Jackson 14 miles east of St. Francisville, and bound out to trades. Bros. Wiley & Warren were bound to a hatter, Peter Biggs; the same person who took them home with him, after the death and burial of Mother. I was bound to Robert Perry a blacksmith; in copartnership with Willis Dorton, a bachelor also, but each living to themselves, and both single, at the time.

Not long after I was bound to Mr. Perry, he married an excellent lady, a Miss Thompson 7 miles east of Jackson in East Philisiana Parish. She proved to be a most noble lady. Mr. Perry had a half brother by the name of John Perry who lived with him. They were, in some degree, both sportsmen. Yet "Jack" was much more so inclined than Bob. "Jack" Perry was a good friend of mine — taking my part on many occasions—and on one occasion came near taking the life of a dutchman by the name of Lewis End who was employed by the year in the shop, and a very good smith.

A block of timber was placed near the forge, under the handle of the bellows, for me to stand on to blow the bellows for him. On taking of heavy heats, I had not the strength to blow with the power necessary, but doing all I could to exhaustion. End would, therefore often take me off the block and not only whip, but beat me unmercifully.

One day when he was treating me in this manner, Jack Perry happened to step into the shop unperceived by End — when

I called on him to protect me, for mercy's sake! Jack Perry picked up a stick, an old axe helve, I believe, and without a word to End, knocked him down, and beat and bruised him so that he was unable to do any work again in a month. Jack always protected and treated me kindly — so did his half brother Bob to whom I was bound.

I regret, that I learned since, a few years ago Jack Perry came to a bad end. He was so much predisposed to gambling, that in the fall of 1821, he ran away from his half brother Robert Perry, who had raised him, got on a steam packet and went to Cincinnati, and became a regular gambler. I saw him in Feb. 1828 at St. Francisville, for the last time. He was then considered very well off. He and his half brother Robert Perry were deeply concerned in a horse race that came off at that place, for ten thousand dollars aside. They proved the victors, and won the race.

In 1852 I passed up the Mississippi River by Baton Rouge and St. Francisville on my way to Vicksburg and was informed by a gentleman that lived in the vicinity of Robert Perry near Jack-son La. that Jack Perry about 1840 killed a negro man, for which he was sent to the penitentiary at Baton Rouge and died there before the completion of his time. Robert was living at that time (1858) near Jackson La. a retired planter, quite well off.

Willie Dorton died in St. Francisville in the summer of 1827 of yellow fever. I saw and spent some time with his lady and family, in the month of February 1828 while on a visit to that section to obtain my brothers and sister, to carry to my father in Monroe County Ala.

There was many an anxious look up the street, for the return of father, after dear Mother's death, but as she often predicted, he never returned. The summer of 1821 was a fatal year to many in that section. In

fact, the yellow fever carried off many victims in every village as well as city upon the Mississippi River and tributaries. I was taken one Sunday morning while playing marbles in the yard. In ten minutes after I was insensible to every thing, and so remained for days. I finally recovered, by the kindness no doubt, of Mrs. Perry and her husband. When I began to convalesce Mr. Perry permitted me to go into the country fourteen miles to an old acquaintance, Mr. Wm. Germany's, near Laurel Hill La. where, in the social, joy--ous -society - (they were all glad to see me) of the boys (his children were all boys) I mended rapidly, and in four weeks, I returned home to St. Francisville, recovered in health. This Mr. Germany was one among several families in that neighborhood (Laurel Hill), who moved from Burke County, Georgia, and old friends and neighbors of father and mother in their youth. They all left Georgia quite poor about the year 1808 and became in Louisiana quite wealthy. Hence this kind and friendly treatment to me while with them sick.

Sister Mary Ann with Mother's babe, dear lovely brother "little James Madison," after the burial of dear Mother, was taken by a Mrs. Post to her house, who was always spoken of by sister Mary Ann as a most kind and affectionate lady. Poor little infant brother James, after the death of Mother, began to decline in health; food they had to feed him did not agree with him, and a chronic diarrhea seized upon the dear little angel, which gradually wasted him away to- skin and bone and he, after several months' affliction died calmly as in a sleep of ease, in the lap of his devoted little sister Mary Ann — who was almost heartbroken at the sad event.

It was another severe stroke of sorrow to us all, to part with our dear infant brother, we so much loved; but it, no doubt

was the will of God to restore him to his sainted Mother in heaven, and relieve him from the future cares — sorrows and troubles and sins of earth. He was buried by her side.

After the death of dear little brother James Madison; little sister Mary, (not more than 6 or 8 years of age) went and lived with a Mrs. Sterling at her request, until her Uncle Daniel Magaho (really not her uncle but a half brother of Uncle John Dye) went after her to St. Francisville, and carried her home with -him — he lived in Wilkinson County, Mississippi, forty miles from St. Francisville — she rode behind him on a horse all the way home. He, Magaho, was then in easy circumstances, and was a kind gentleman — but misfortunes finally reduced his estate, and he died poor, many years ago. Sister Mary lived in his family a short time, when by solicitations she went to live in the family of Uncle John Dye, whose wife was Mother's youngest sister. Here she resided a year. or two, and then went home with old cousin John Welch who then lived near Gallston, Copiah County, Miss. Here she remained until I accidentally found her in the winter of 1824 & 5 as the sequel will show.

I remained with Mr. Perry until February 1822 when, by the persuasion, directions, and assistance of various friends, I concluded, tho' young and inexperienced as I was, to try and find my Father, who continually occupied my mind. My little brothers and sisters too, were very urgent for me to make the trial and try and get them all to him. I had no fault of Mr. 86 Mrs. Perry, they were both kind and seemed attached to me; but my father, tho' he had left us to the mercy of the world, was yet superior in our estimations to all others — and I resolved to make the attempt. So I went to see my little brothers Wiley, Warren and George, the evening of

the night I left, and advised them of my intentions at once, of trying to find father and then return and carry them all to him. That it might be years before I would see them all again, and possibly we would never all meet again on earth; but implored them to so act as to enable us to meet again at dear Mother's in heaven, if we should not all see each other again in life. We all pledged our little honors to do so — and never forget to pray for each other and not become strangers, tho' separated by years. Sisters Mary Ann and Sarah Jane being miles away from us — Sarah in Jackson with Mrs. McDonald and Mary at Dan'l Magahos. My brothers were to send them word by letters which would be written by a gentleman in town, a warm friend. After spending several hours with my little brothers with tears of sorrow, I bade them — each "Good bye," and went home to my room; after a while brothers Wiley and Warren stole off and came to my room to see me once more before I left. It was night, they remained but a short time. Their bedroom was next the street — I told them I should leave before day, and would silently, stop at their window and tap, and again bid them good bye. They went home.

I lay down a little while, but it was not long before Mr. James Hunter — I think was his name — a true friend to us orphans, who was living with Mr. Perry, and slept in my room — awoke me, and aided me in fixing up my little budget of clothes — I had fourteen dollars (\$14.) in silver, saved from various little items, as gifts ect. This young man having given me seven dollars himself, to me. It was some three hours to day light. He went with me about a mile out of town and put me in the direct road for Liberty in Amite Co. Miss. On our way out of town I stopped at the room of bros. Wiley and Warren, the window was open and they awake, in waiting for me. They got out

of the window and went on until Mr. Hunter put me in the proper road — the moon shone bright, but we saw no body. While embracing each other and about to part, a negro boy came up on horse back — going the same road eight miles. He had been after a doctor in town who would not go to see the patient until morning. Mr. Hunter and all of us soon prevailed on the boy to let me ride behind him as far as he went — giving him fifty cent. I soon bade them good by — got up behind the boy, and on we went. My brothers re-turning back to their room in town with their kind friend Mr. Hunter. This meeting with and arranging to ride with the boy was a lucky circumstance for me, for I had to pass two grave yards with white head and tomb stones along the road, which were very frightful to me — apprehending that I was "born to see ghosts," and I had been informed by my loved Mother who was superstitious on the subject.

We reached the place at which the boy had to leave the road at twilight, about four miles from Mr. William Germany's. I bade the boy John good bye, after kindly thanking him for the ride — and went on my way. Mr. Germany lived off the road, i.e., the main road, about two miles. I soon reached his plantation in advance of his house, a half mile or more. It was a cool frosty morning, and his sons and a few young negroes were burning cotton stalks which had pulled and heaped up; they were at work some fourth of a mile from the road that led to his house. I got over the fence and went to where they were at work, they were glad to see me, but surprised, it being so early in the morning. But they were soon relieved by my truthful story. They did not go to the house for breakfast until about eight o'clock.

By some means Mr. Perry got information early, that I had left. And immediate-

ly persuaded me on a swift horse. He rode up to the house and inquired if they had seen any thing of me, they re-plied they had not, which was true. He was not satisfied, and examined the house in and about the premises — stables — lofts, etc. He then left for the main road by Laurel Hill in the direction of Uncle John Dye's and went that road, as I learned years after, some twenty miles.

When we all went up to the house for breakfast, Mr. Germany remarked that Mr. Perry had just left. I confessed that I was a run-away and began to cry. He said it was against the law for me to be harboured by any one, and that it was likely Perry would be back there shortly — I was so frightened that I could not eat my breakfast — for I was fearful if I was caught, I might be severely punished. Mr. Germany appeared uneasy and remarked — "wife we had better fix him up and send him in an unfrequented route in an opposite direction for Liberty where there will be no possibility of finding or overtaking him. She replied, "Yes, I will attend to it."

She told James, her son, older than myself, to take an old lumber road and go to a certain place and there wait for her, as she wanted to fix up some pro-visions for me. The old gentleman bade me good bye with his blessing and hope that I would be successful in my escape and fortunate in finding my father. I bade good bye, with tears running down my cheeks -to all — and left with James. We were not long at the appointed place before Mrs. Germany came with a good supply of boiled ham — beef — biscuit and corn bread — enough to last me several days nicely fixed in a little wal-let. She had prepared a letter written to a widow lady — a Mrs. Thompson living in a mile of Jackson — East Phillisiana Parish La. where my little sister Sarah was living. Mrs. Thompson was an old acquaint-

tance and friend of my departed mother. Mrs. Germany requested her to send me around town and get me with some wagon that was going towards Liberty if possible. Waggoing (waggoning) was a general business in those times. She and her son James went on a mile or so farther on foot with me, and placed me in a plain way on to Mrs. Thompson's, fourteen miles distant. We shook hands and I left them with their prayers for my success.

I had no difficulty in finding the way and reached Mrs. Thompson's about sunset. I presented the letter, which she read; and welcomed me cordially. I stated my condition and my object — that I had run away not from bad treatment, but that I wished to find my father, so as, ultimately to carry my little brothers and sisters to him. I remained with her the night, and early in the morning she awoke me and directed a trusty negro man of hers to take me thro' town, before any one got up, to a wagon on the Liberty road camped there at a small creek not far from town, and tell the driver, who belonged to an acquaintance on Beaver Creek some twenty miles from Liberty, to conceal me in his wagon during the way. We got to the wagon just as he was ready to roll off, intending, as he said to make some twenty miles that day. He had called at Mrs. Thompson's the evening before — and he really fixed me snugly among the goods in his wagon, which had a cover on it.

I bid farewell to Frank as I did to his kind Mistress and family thanking them kindly for their goodness. And Ben the driver moved on with a fine team of six mules. He had a black boy, Pete, with him, about my age, who swapped hats with me. About ten o'clock we passed the plantation of Mr. Thompson the father-in-law of Mr. Perry, to whom I was bound. I saw the old gentleman in the field and Henery his son with

whom I was very intimate, but was afraid to make myself known. Mr. Thompson was no relation of this widow with whom I staid the previous night.

In the morning, in going thro' town, I passed by the residence of Mrs. McDonald with whom my little sister lived. The temptation was great to see her, but no one was up, and as several persons knew me there, I knew it would be dangerous to stop. So I went on with a sorrowing heart hoping to see her in future under better auspices. During the day we passed several persons I knew, but by night I began to consider myself safe. Bob belonged to a Mr. McKeechocl on Beaver creek on the line of Wilkerson and Amite counties. About two o'clock next day Bob got to the road that left mine — he was loaded for Woodville. Here we had to separate and he seemed to regret it, and expressed many good wishes for my success; and said I would yet make a great man. I shook hands with him and Pete — and with my budget and wallet of provisions went on my lonely way. Some seven or eight miles on my way after parting with Ben, I met a gentleman who said he was a minister living some six miles from Uncle Dye. His name was also Thompson, his family was formerly of Burke county Georgia and old friends of Mother's and Father. He said he feared I was too small to accomplish so great an undertaking, and insisted upon my going home with him and staying until I got larger and older where I could see my sister occasionally. That he would make it to my interest to do so. I told him that I was an apprentice and subject to be apprehended and returned to Mr. Perry, and thusly disappoint my promise to my little brothers. That I had no fault to find of Mr. Perry — but all praise was due him and lady for their kind treatment of me during my stay with them. But my parent, altho' he had forsaken us under

the most heart rending, trying circumstances, yet was high and above all others in the estimation of his children. He then said he must pray for me — and we bowed down and he offered up one of the most fervent affecting prayers in my behalf I have ever heard. We arose and he shook me affectionately by the hand, and said, good bye my noble little son — we may never meet again on earth, if so, oh may we meet with your dear mother in heaven — God's everlasting blessings attend you. It has now (April 1866) been forty six years since parting with this Rev. Mr. Thompson who seemed then to be about thirty years of age — and if still living must be in the neighborhood of seventy five years of age. I never think of this good man without the assurance in my very soul that he is certainly an heir of heaven. Our merciful father never could consign so good a man to any place than heaven. May God bless him forever. I never think of him with-out feelings of the purest gratitude for the heaven born interest he manifested for me on that occasion — He gave me all the money he had with him, some fifteen dollars in gold and silver — and would have me take it -he had a roll of paper money, but said it would be of no use to me as I passed on east — he said he was well off and would not miss the amount he gave me. We parted and I noticed that he wept, as I did also.

I went on and staid all night with a gentleman seven miles from Liberty. He wrote a line too with his pencil, who was a christian and treated me kindly. He knew my father and mother well — I forget his name. They treated me kindly and wished me to stay until breakfast, but I arose early and went on my way. I crossed Beaver Creek about half hour by sun, and came to a house in a mile from the creek where a lady was at the cowpen near this road, milking; I asked if I could get a bole (bowl)

of milk and bread. She responded, "Yes; go to the house — I will soon be thru and fix you something to eat, ` . I told her I wanted nothing but some milk and bread, not having had any milk, (of which I was very fond) in several years. She asked what was used in its place where I came from. I replied — tea and coffee, beer, ec. She soon had me a large pone of bread baked, and at least a quart of rich milk, and a large plate of fine yellow butter placed before me, all of which I enjoyed equal to any meal of victuals I ever ate in my life, before or since. The lady must have been alarmed at my greedy appetite, tho' I partook of none of the meats on the table, of which there was a bounteous supply. I asked the lady her charge — she said she would have nothing from a little boy like me. Her name was Brooks and knew my father and mother when they lived at Liberty, which was only seven or eight miles ahead, as well as I recollect. She would have me to leave the remnant of what Mrs. Germany put up for me, and take a fresh supply. I begged her to excuse me, but she would not hear to it — re-marking that the bread -biscuit and meats would be ready in twenty minutes and that I must rest awhile — she insisted upon my going by Uncle John Dye's and see my sister and other relatives — Tolberts — Berryhills ec. — in that neighborhood -I told her that such a course might be hazardous — at any rate would delay me. She soon fixed up my wallet of provisions- and after cordially thanking her — bade her adieu and went on.

In an hour or so I reached Liberty, and altho' some two years or so had elapsed since our family resided there, every thing looked perfectly natural —there was no perceptible change about the place. I cast anxious eyes at the old residence where we were once joyous, prattling children with our dear father and mother to look after and care for our wants —

every portion of the place and inclosures was the same as when we left it. But strangers lived there then — there was no father and mother nor little brothers and sisters to gladden and welcome me there as of days past! Yet the place was so natural to my view that I could not avoid anxious looks for the dear ones who used to make the place joyous to me; but also these were gone, and some of them — not for me to see again upon earth!

I passed on with a sad, heavy heart, thro' the center of town; and met old gentleman Fisher near his tavern which he had kept for many years, he being one of the early settlers of the place, and an intimate friend of father and family — He delayed me a little while in asking many questions about father, mother and the children — He re-quested me to spend a few days with him and rest myself; I insisted upon going on, and as he knew what a number of relatives lived in the country not many miles off, where he presumed I was going, he remarked that I could get out to Uncle Berryhills (seven miles) in the course of the evening, who would be very glad to see me. I was glad that he took the notion that I was going there, and I told him no better, for I was fearful to let it be known that I was a run-away, for fear of being taken — back to St. Francisville; and I felt a kind of liberation — when I shook hands with the old man, and went on; not that he would do any thing else towards me than what he deemed a duty and benefit. I knew all the roads about the place, and I took the big road going east for Fordsville on Pearl river, the old beaten high way to the "Old States." As I passed the horse rack near Mr. Fisher's tavern, a large fine horse was standing ready for travel with full saddlebags and vallice (valise). I hoped it was some traveller going on my way, and so it turned out; for in half an hour the gentle-

man — overtook me, to whom I unfolded every thing about myself, and that I was bent upon finding my father if possible. He seemed pleased with me and urged me to persevere, and that he was going to Georgia, and we would be company to Clark County, Alabama; that he would go slow and let me ride occasionally, and took my wallet. His name was Churs, and he was a man of noble heart. During the day when he was some hundred and fifty or two hundred yards ahead of me on his horse with my budget, a man on horse back passed him, going toward Liberty and meeting me, suggested that he thought I was run away — that I suited the description given in the papers of an apprentice who eloped from Natchez. I was much alarmed and altho' not a run-away from Natchez, yet I was a run-away, and much frightened — at this stage Mr. Churs called to me — "come on" — and I told the man that was my uncle, and he seemed to be as much confused as I was, and spurred up his horse and rode on, and as I gladly moved on in a smart pace up to Mr. Churs, and after that kept pretty well up with him. Mr. Churs was vexed that any one should stop me in that rude way. It was the only time in all my ramblings, that any one ever manifested any disposition to trouble me in the leaSt. And I have always thought that my being with Mr. Churs on that day, was providential; otherwise, I no doubt would have been taken up, and the future course of my life would, have been in a different channel.

I forget the name of the gentleman with whom we spent the night, but he was an old acquaintance of my parents — charged me nothing but cheered me on. The next day we crossed the Amite river; and at the first house on the east side of the river, we stopped to get some water. There was a little store there and several

gentlemen present, and one of them knew Mr. Churs and prevailed with him to go and spend a few days with him. A Mr. Jacob Allford was also present, and insisted that I should go home with him and stay until Mr. Churs got ready to go on. Mr. Churs advised me to do so, as we would be but two miles apart — and he would inform me when he would be ready to go on.

I found Mr. Allford, lady and niece (all that composed his family) very kind people; and soon became very much interested in me — he was quite well off and had no children; and proposed that if I would live with him until grown, he would give me a splendid education and make me an heir of his estate. He argued that one so young, small and in-experienced would hardly succeed in such an undertaking as that which lay before me. That the road was long and tedious, thinly settled and hazardous — and it was not certain that I would find my father even after reaching Clark county Ala., that as we had never heard from since he left St. Francisville, he consequently might be dead -- in fact, it looked like it, as no living man of tender feelings for his legitimate offspring could be silent concerning them. It re-ally had a dampening effect upon me — and many such arguments almost made me give up ever seeing my father again — and I was often on the verge of accepting the pressing offers of Mr. Allford and lady to become an adopted heir. But I would think of my parting promises to my brothers — and my Mother's dying request for me to look after the interest of my little brothers and sisters — and I felt that I could never depart from my promises and I really kept them and faithfully carried them out as will be shown within these pages, before their conclusion.

Mr. Churs soon informed me that information by letter received from Georgia, dispensed with the necessity of his visit to that state. He was very friendly to me, and I often met with him; he was well acquainted in that section, and was a popular gentleman and lived, I think, in Amite County. He urged my acceptance of the offer of Mr. Afford provided there was no hope of ever finding my father — but if there was hope, to "go ahead" and find him and get the children with him and have an approving conscience of having fully complied with my promises to my dying Mother, and to my little brothers whom I had left behind on the "tip toe" of expectation.

I lived with Mr. Afford some three months — and the first plowing I ever did in my life was for him — with a "bou shear plow," which was then very common. I became soon to be quite an expert "plow hand" and aided in breaking up and planting considerably. My anxiety about my father — brothers and sisters, not the least abating, and the wet weather having passed, I concluded to move on my journey. During my stay here, a report got out some how, that a little orphan boy in attempting to cross Amite river (a small river) on a log, in high water, fell in and got drowned. It was said to have been purposely circulated to put an end (if any) to pursuit. At any rate, the report spread to my relatives, and I was supposed to be drowned, and opinion prevailed years, until my return to them.

I left Mr. Allford's alone, about the first of May, having stayed with him about two and a half months. During the time his niece, who lived with him, got married. The old lady supplied me fully with provisions — and I bade them farewell. The first day I went to the "water holes," a natural curiosity, and spent the night with an acquaintance of Mr.

Allford. The next day I crossed Pearl River in the afternoon, and spent the night at last house in the neighborhood of Fordsville going east. From then on it was said to be some forty three or four miles to Black creek settlement, which I had to make before coming to a house where any one lived. So I started very early — it was truly a long lonesome day for a little boy to travel on foot by himself, without seeing a soul on the day, of hearing the crow of a chicken, low of a cow, bark of a dog or any other familiar noise. I was informed that I would pass over a broad flat of piney woods before reaching Black Creek. And towards sun down I began to get quite tired and anxious to reach the ferry — as I was informed they kept a float for crossing the stream there. I was also told that I would have to cross over before coming to a house. I was, therefore, very anxious to reach the ferry before night, and walked steadily with very little resting, during the day; but the task was more than my powers could overcome. Dusky night overtook me some mile and a half from the ferry and I camped under a pine log or tree, that rested on another near the road, that had fell across, and a log cut off and rolled out of the road up to the side of the one I selected to lie under. I gathered up a quantity of straw and placed under the log for a bed, and placed a quantity of lighted knots and chunks on the unprotected side of my berth, ate a snack and with my "Spanish, spring back dirk," open in my hand and a good club I had prepared by my side, I lay down and was soon in a sound sleep.

Some time before day I was aroused by a tremendous howling of a seeming multitude of dogs. They came so near, some of them, that I could distinctly hear their tread on the log. I kept still for awhile, but soon arose with my knife and club and making all the noise I could, they

silently left. Day soon began to dawn, and I gathered up my bud-get and soon reached the creek where there was a horn hanging to a post which I half managed to blow, and it happened that the owner of the ferry was not far off feeding his hogs on the opposite side. He came up to the bluff and hailed me — and inquired "where is the rest of your company?" I replied, I am all! He said I was certainly mistaken and came over with his horse in the flat. I told him where I camped, some mile and a half back — he requested me to get up behind him on his horse, and we rode back to the place where I camped and he was amazed — astonished — and remarked that it was a wonder the wolves did not destroy me, and eat me up, as they had killed two calves in his cow pen that night. I went home with him and spent several days with him. I forget his name. During the time I was there several persons in his neighborhood visited the place I spent the night at, and named it the "Orphans Camp," by which it has been known ever since, now forty years since.

Between Black creek and the Chickasawhay and in fact to the Tombigbee river, there were immense herds of cattle, being at that time, A.D. 1821, the finest ranges in the world — reed brakes were visible in every branch and depressions, no matter how small. After leaving Black creek I went on some twenty miles and by urgent solicitations took up my home at a Mr. Weldy's who had a grist mill on a creek of the same name, and a large stock of cattle. I remained with him some time, and then went to live with a Mr. Ross who had married a Mrs. (widow) Ousley. They treated me very kindly as long as I remained with them. I went to school with the Ousley children some three months to a teacher who taught near a Mr. Carter whose children also went — one of his sons, and a daughter about grown, and

with whom I have met in Lauderdale county since I moved to Miss., and who recollects all of the circumstances of those days. Parson Carter of Enterprise was then a young man — grown, and went to school with me. He is now dead. His eldest sister, I think, married Mr. McLemore of Meridian; she was an old maid. She also went to school with me, and remembers the circumstances tho' something over forty years ago.

In the beginning of summer Mr. Ross, with a one horse cart, some chickens, eggs, some peaches, and some cucumbers, went to Mobile, then (1822) a very small town. I went with him, hoping to see some one down there on the boats that knew father and could give me some tidings of him. On parting with the family, they showed much regret, and requested that if I could learn nothing positive of father that I must be sure and return with Mr. Ross and make my home with them. This inducement was considerable, because the life of Mr. Ross and family, and every body there in those days were easy and happy, requiring but little labor to live. All had an abundant stock of cattle and hogs, which were always fat on the spontaneous production of the range, which in those days was superior to any thing imaginable since. A few acres of corn was all that was necessary for a large family. The woods were full of game of nearly all description, which was an amusement, rather than labor, to hunt and obtain them. I have sat in the humble cottage door, at Mr. Ross's and often counted, on a branch near the house, not over two hundred yards distant, twelve and fifteen deer, seemingly as gentle as the calves with which they often mingled. Turkeys, too, were so numerous as to require some one to mind them and keep them out of the field in pea time. Fish of many kind were numerous and easily taken

in Leaf River near which (3 miles) he lived.

I had a pleasant time with Mr. Ross on our trip to Mobile some 65 miles distant. Every body appeared to be happy, and in a social good humour, every where. Mobile was then a very small town, with none but old flat one story Spanish houses. The old Spanish Fort was then being taken down. It stood, I think, where the present new market stands, or near it. Mr. Ross went with me to the boats, from up about Claiborn, and enquired after my father; describing him as well as I could. Three gentlemen from the neighborhood of the Upper Peach Tree said they knew him well — that he was dead! That he had died only a few months before they left home -they lived in Clark County Ala. This information was awfully depressing upon my feelings blighting my hopes of ever seeing my dear father again -in this world, as I supposed.

The information of my father's death, turned out, happily for me, of being incorrect, which I learned several years subsequently. It was Dempsey Welch, senior, an uncle of my father, who died in Clark county Ala. at the time stated by the three gentlemen — mentioned above; who supposed him to be my father. Mr. Ross - and others, there-fore advised me to return back home with him, which I did, which seemed to rejoice the whole family. I worked with the family in his small farm until the crop was laid by and then went to school with his children to the same man and place near Mr. Carter' s — until "cotton picking time." The good teacher giving me my tuition; he was a good man. I forget his name — his benevolent act is, no doubt recorded in heaven. By the first of September (1822) I began to pick out cotton with Mr. Danzler near old Green Courthouse in Perry County, Miss. This was the first cotton I ever picked — and got 754 per hundred pounds picked out. Tho'

small at that time, I soon became an equal with grownhands, and was noted and admired for my skill in that line. I vested (invested) most of what I made in clothing made in the country; the most of apparel in that section, at that time, was made in the country at home, by the spinning wheel and loom. The inhabitants there then, as now, were mostly Scotch—very neat about their premises, and tasty in their domestic fabrics. They still keep up the policy of making their own apparel at home, and live as free from in-cumbrance as any people in this civilized world, that is those who are industrious — there are many indolent "don't care" sort of folks there, as else-where; and only a few of the many give much attention to education.

About the month of December, a Mr. John Tuttle of Laurens county 14 miles from Monticello, on Whitesand creek, Miss. who formerly lived in Perry county; visited the neighborhood in which I was picking cotton, and prevailed with me to go home with him. I was advised to do so as his acquaintance gave him and lady a good name, he being in good circumstances. I agreed to do so, and after he got thro' the business he came to attend to, I bade farewell to many good friends I had formed and got up behind Mr. Tuttle on his horse, (he had a large, dark, splendid horse) and after four days ride, reached his house in Laurens County. I found him well situated with an amiable family, in a delightful piney woods country interspersed with superior lands, pure water and limpid small streams, with an intelligent surrounding population. In the midst of the piney woods were many lively valleys from a quarter to a half mile in width, and in some instances a mile wide, with a limpid branch of pure running water in the midst of as fine, mellow soil as was ever met up with any where. It was purely alluvial, producing, with ordinary till-age,

fifty to sixty bushels of corn pr. acre — or a bale or more of cotton.

These valies, extended the whole length of the branches — in some instances twenty miles long — increasing in width as the branches augmented in size; and the superiority of the soil, easy tillage and great yield, soon caused them to be settled up, and cleared from end to end. Schools and churches prevailed in that area (section) — even in that early day - and it became, (I am in-formed by many who ought to know) to be one of the very choice sections of Mississippi, for health, prosperity, religion, and intelligence. Col. Shannon, present editor (1866) of the Clarion, was born, raised and mostly educated in six miles of Mr. John Tuttle.

The whole family gradually became to be as dear to me as my own relations. I believe Mrs. Tuttle loved me as she did one of her own children, and strangers who often stayed with them (they lived on a public road, and kept entertainment) supposed me to be a son of theirs so much like that of their own children. When I went to live with Mr. Tuttle, a Mr. Overstreet was overseeing for him, whose acquaintance I had formed at his father's on Thompson's creek, in the neighborhood of old Mr. Young Gaines on Leaf river in Perry county. He was much attached to me, and it was the ready means of making me a most popular "orphan boy" at once, on White Sand (the name of the neighborhood).

Even the servants all loved me. And everybody, male and female of the community, showed me as much favor, and appeared glad to see me about them. A Mr. Parker, a most worthy citizen from Georgia, residing near Mr. Tuttle, had several children, all daughters, three of them — about grown. I was at his house on Sunday — the young ladies, with some visitors were much interested concerning me — one of them

gave me a nice pair of socks - another a pretty checked handkerchief, and the other a neat pair of suspenders woven by herself, requesting that I would sit down and give them a history of myself, which I did. Some weeks after I was there again, when they requested me to re-peat the circumstances I had before related. At this time Mr. and Mrs. Parker were present, and it turned out that they both were formerly acquainted with my father and mother, I think, in Monticello Ga. I had to often give a history, verbally, of myself; for the purpose, likely of testing the truth of my relation — but there was no discrepancy — my story was always told in accordance to the circumstances as they transpired, which was indelibly fixed on my memory, by which I write down the facts herein stated, without study of decoration or embellishment — but a simple rehearsal of facts as they occurred.

Two of Mr. Parker's daughters were remarkable for their diminutiveness, neither not weighing over seventy pounds. They both married large men - Adam and John Tyrone, two brothers of Tennessee. I am informed (1866) they still reside near the old residence of old Mr. Parker, on Whitesand; both having raised large families.

In the summer of 1823 Mr. Isaac Biggs of St. Francisville to whom was bound brothers Wiley and Warren, sent out a wagon load of hats thro' the country to sell — and altho' the section of country in which Mr. Tuttle lived was a long distance from St. Francisville, yet Isaac, a blackman -of Mr. Biggs, with my two brothers Wiley and Warren called at Mr. Tuttle `s one day about twelve o'clock, bought some corn and fed their horses. Oh how I did wish to speak to them, but I was afraid it might lead to my apprehension, and result in my being taken back to St. Francisville — so I con-

cealed myself in the kitchen — until they left. My brothers seemed to be joyful and lively while I gazed on them with tearful anxious eyes from my concealment. This was the last time I ever saw my dear brother Wiley, who died the following summer in St. Francisville, La.

They both had heard that I was drowned in Amite river the month I ran away — so that if I had made myself known to them when they stopped at Mr. Tuttle's to feed — it would have been a joyous surprise to them -I have regretted a thousand times that I did not make myself known to them, notwithstanding it might have changed the cur-rent of future events.

In October 1824, Mr. Allen Roberts, of Simpson county Miss. who was an itinerant tailor, worked at Mr. Tuttle's for the neighborhood until a week before Christmas; he was a very lively, social person, of winning address — he prevailed on Mr. Tuttle to let me go home with him and spend two weeks, when he promised to return with me. This request was granted, and in due time we set out on foot, and reached home in two and a half days. His lady and her sister were very tidy, neat, and clever persons, with plenty of comforts — and glad to see Mr. Roberts. The country along Strong river was thickly settled but quite a new section — with extensive cane brakes and plenty of game — Westville, five miles above had just been settled upon as the county seat, consisting then of only one residence Mr. West, and a little log cabin store or grog shop. Mr. Dickey lived at the ferry below and was a prominent man in the neighborhood. Mr. McCaskell, three miles below, was another prominent citizen, and also Mr. Jacob Neeley, on Neely's creek, five miles below was another prominent citizen, each having a few negroes — the rest of the people being "good livers" but of limited means.

During my stay with Mr. Robertsall was egg-nog — fun and frolick. I could play on the violin pretty well for a boy — in fact a perfect musician to any one in that section at that time — Mr. Roberts had a very good violin and could play a little himself, and had taken special care on his way home, at a store, to provide all necessary string. I was, therefore quite a lion as a musician in that section — and quite popular among all the citizens, and looked upon as an odity for smartness in the musical art for one so young, being then (1824) about 17 (seventeen years of age) and every young person male and female sought my favor and society. On Christmas day there was a "big frolic" at old Mr. Dickey's who had four or five strap-ping, big daughters. It was truly a big affair for a country so new. Mr. Roberts also gave a considerable party, and so did Mr. McCaskell, and several other persons, in the neighborhood — a Mr. Fread Trailor had his father to give one likewise — he was a fine looking man, and quite a beaux in the neighborhood — He and Roberts were superior dancers — and delighted in the sport. It was an easy matter to get up a "Frolic" -just get some sugar — whiskey -kill a hog — bake — stew — and fry some — kill a deer — some turkeys, ec. Get the youngsters together at a quilting for the la-dies, and a cane cutting (clearing for the men) after which they would play and dance all night. And if any people ever truly enjoyed themselves fully, it were those there in days forty-two years ago, many of whom have long since passed away from earth to rewards in another word. And I, by the grace of God, am still here! Forty two years more will pass away many more now living — I cannot expect to live near that long — these pages, however may be in the family for whom I write them.

At the party of Mr. Dickey and also,

at that of Mr. McCaskel, was Mr. Thomas Neely, a son of old Jacob Neely, who lived on Neely's creek three miles from Mr. McCaskel. The old man Neely had, a few years previously, married old Mrs. Milly Welch, widow of Dempsey Welch of Clark Co. Ala. who with her children had moved out to the adjoining county of Covich soon after the death of her husband. Thos. Neely on his return home from the party, stated to his father and step mother that an orphan boy by the name of Jacob P. Welch was at the party and performed well on the violin — The old lady prevailed with him to return immediately and get me to visit her. He made two visits to me before I agreed to go — finally I went and called on her. She was dressed up tidily, with everything in cleanly tasty order about the house. She politely invited me to take a seat — I did so — She also took a seat near me, and remarked "I understand your Sir name is Welch? My first husband was a Welch and I thought you were likely some relation. What is your father's name?" I remarked — Warren Welch. And briefly went over all the circumstances which had transpired since my mother's death up to that time. I saw tears rolling down her cheeks — and in a moment she cried out loud, throwing her arms around my neck "the dead has come to life] — the dead has come to life!!

At this stage of affairs, which greatly astonished and confused me. The old man Neely came in; anxiously enquiring the cause of such confusion. The old lady replied with much joy "This is Jacob Welch, whom we heard was drowned in Amite River — in the winter of 1821." No one ever expected to see him again in this world — Oh Jacob — how glad your little sister Mary Ann will be to see you, she lives with John Welch only fifteen miles from here — near Gallston in Covich county; near whom my sons Dempsey — Hansford and John

Wilson who married my daughter Polly, reside -you must go with me to-morrow on a visit to them. When Thomas Neely told me about you at the par-ties — I could not rest until I got him to bring you here, supposing you to be some relative — but never dreamed it was you -as we had heard long ago that you were drowned — Oh how rejoiced your father will be when he hears you still live." This was glad tidings for me, for I too had heard of his death, which turned out to be her husband. She informed me that my father was married again — been married about a year — this dampened my feelings — still I was rejoiced to know that he was still living. They all insisted upon an immediate visit to my sister and her children. So we set out early next morning and reached John Wilson's to dinner. And soon saw my sister and all the connections — there was great rejoicing. And before I left, to return with Mr. Roberts to Mr. Tutles, it was arranged for me to return and live with old Mr. Neely the year 1825. Cousin John Welch wrote a letter to Mr. Tutle stating satisfactory particulars — Mrs. Tutle and her children wept (wept) at the thought of my leaving them and so did I, for father and mother never treated a child more tenderly and affectionately than they did me — before leaving Mrs. Tutle took me and her children into her room and all of us kneeling down she prayed fervently that I would ultimately reach my father with all my brothers and sisters in safety — and prayed god to prosper me thro' a long and useful life — and that if we met no more upon earth prayed for us to meet again in heaven, where there would be no more sorrow nor trouble. She then embraced me tenderly, remarking "Farewell, Jacob, al-ways be the good boy that you have been here — we did hope you would always stay with us — but it is natural and just that you should seek your

parent for the benefit of your little brothers and sisters, may God crown you with success — don't forget us, for we love you — fare well, and kissing me as did all the children — I took up my wallet and left with my eyes flowing with tears — When I got to the turn of the road I looked back — where they waived their hand-kerchiefs as a last adieu, which was the last time I ever saw them. I am informed that nearly all the family have been dead many years — such people, particularly as Mrs. Tuttle, must have great reward in heaven. I trust they are all heirs of that blessed place.

When I reached old man Neely's he had disposed of his place in Simpson county to his son James, and purchased another for himself on Pearl river in Copiah county, and was engaged in moving over daily his stock and every-thing else. The distance was only five miles; and the movement was soon completed. This was a valuable enterprise of the old gentleman, for he not only got a valuable fertile situation on the south bluff of Pearl river, in a good neighborhood, but also a ferry which yielded a considerable cash income, as it was on a road much traveled. The country then being very new and but few roads. Only one inconvenience attended it — gnatts — musketoos and horse flies — so much so, that it was necessary to make log heaps i. e. and fire them every day or so to protect the stock. And also attach rolls of old rags to the traces and plow stock in plowing, burning, for the smoke to keep off the insects. Since the country has been cleared up they have pretty much all vanished.

Mr. Neely's place was soon built up into a town — being pretty good navigation — for steam boats to that point. The old man Neely soon proposed for me to live with him and make a crop, giving me a tenth part, he working some eight hands. I

accepted the offer — and he and old Milly (father's aunt, being old Dempsey Welch's widow) were very kind to me during my entire stay with them. The section they lived in was quite a new country, and there was a great many game; and among them bear was plenty, and quite destructive to hogs. A Mr. Ellis residing near, was quite a bee hunter, and often put out honey comb to trail by as bait. He missed his bait on several occasions and finally concluded to watch and see how his "bee bait" disappeared so often; and going to take his stand one morning, he and his dog came right upon a big bear that had just finished the "bee bait." The dog ran back much frightened with the bear close at his heels, when Ellis discharged his rifle at it, wounding it just enough to cause it to bleed profusely. Ellis told the news, and aroused the entire neighborhood — every man, gun and dog that could be started at short notice, was pressed into service. There was quite an excitement on that occasion. Old Mr. Johns who lived near, was reputed as old "Bear Hunter," and had a "Bear Dog" that is, a dog that would run bear. His name was Turk. So. Mr. John and his old dog Turk, were unanimously elected as leaders, and commanders in chief of the rest of the men, boys and dogs in the chase in the "Bear Hunt."

So, off the whole crowd went in pursuit of the wounded bear; he was easily trailed by the blood to where he crossed the river some mile and a half above the ferry. So we crossed over in canoes, and sure enough the trail was pretty fresh, as the bear after crossing had lain down a long time, as appeared from a large puddle of blood. Old Turk eagerly led and the other dogs followed with tremendous noise — they went right up the swamp, and were soon out of hearing. We all got to the outer edge of the swamp, halted and listened,

but could hear no noise of dogs — so we concluded it was a "lost ball," and divided into two squads, to steer a part some fourth of a mile, and meet at the canoes. We had not been separated more than ten minutes when John's (in whose squad I was luckily assigned) announced, "boys, the dogs are coming! prepare for battle a wounded bear is dangerous!! But don't be scared!!! We happened to be in the midst of a large opening, for a long reach, which seemed to have been made so by high water, there being only a few small black gums, and a few whirtleberry bushes. The sound of the dogs got louder and louder, every breath, indicating their rapid approach — and there were at least thirty dogs in all. Soon the great big black bulk appeared, approaching directly for us along the open space; Old Johns cried out, "Lord God men, its an old she bear; look out — take good aim:, and firing his gun off at it, dropped his gun and made for a small tree. Neely, that is Thomas Neely, and Ellis then fired and killed the bear. Old Johns had wounded it in the ankle. And had not got up the tree more than three feet from the ground. It was, indeed, a very large animal — the four quarters weighing 457 pounds, which I suppose was about half its weight, as its head, skin, feet, and entrails would have weighed as much more. This was certainly the most ex-citing hunt I was ever in up to this date (April 1867), and I am reputed a considerable hunter."

The present city of Jackson, Miss. , was commenced about that time. During the March winds, the limb of a dead oak fell on top of the head of old man Neely, while out in the field, snapping in twain, without prostrating the old man, tho' staggering him considerably. He preserved the two pieces of the limb for many years, likely as long as he lived. The incidents I am here relating are as fresh in my memory, as tho' of

recent date, over forty long years have passed away since that time. Then I was a mere boy of some 17 years without any cares but those for my brothers, sisters and anxious solicitude for my father. How changed the times and circumstances since those days.

Now, for many years, I have been the father of a large family; have drank deep of the sorrows incident to the loss of dear children, dear brothers — a sister — a father, and many other dear relatives and friends. And instead of seventeen, I am now rapidly virging upon sixty years of age, with vision and the powers of the system generally failing. It may be that not one of those who were in that "Bear Hunt" related above, except myself, are living. Certain it is, that nearly all, if not quite all of the men and women, I Knew in those days, have passed away from earth, and I am forcibly and seriously admonished that probably long ere the lapse of forty years more, I, too shall be numbered with the great, the immense army of the dead. May Almighty God, thro' the intercessions of the Crucified Redeemer, Jesus Christ, enable me yet to live in heaven after I pass away from earth, despite of my many sins. And may God in his love and mercy enable my dear wife and children so to live as to find an inheritance there too; so that we may recognize and rejoice in each others bliss for ever. Amen.

I remained with Mr. Neely until about the first of July, 1824. When, getting a letter from my father, and being exceedingly anxious to get to him; I pro-posed to sell out my part of the crop at whatever the old man would give me. It was a most favorable time too, to get my sister Mary Ann (my oldest sister) with me; as John Welch (cousin of my father) with whom she was living near Galleton Copiah Co. , Miss., was then absent on a visit to his brothers,

in Burke county, Georgia; and if he were at home, he would object to my sister's going as she was quite small, being not more than nine or ten years old, if that.

She was very anxious to go with me. So, the plan was soon arranged, I putting her clothing and my own, compactly, into a Knapsack; the old man Neely giving me for my crop, as well as I can now recollect, forty dollars in money — paying some forty more, that I owed, and an old double barrelled gun. We set out about the 10th of July 1824, and after a long toilsome journey, reached my father's house on the morning of the 28th day of the same month. John Welch had spent the night with father, on his return home from Georgia, and they had gone over to William Foster's to write me a letter — and father was writing when sister and myself arrived. John Welch was sitting in the piazza as we walked up. And we heard him ex-claim "Warren (my father's given name was Warren) if I live, yonder comes your children now!!" There, of course, was great rejoicing. And I was praised to the skies and was pronounced an oddity for my age in successful adventure. The whole populace, of that section, white and black, came, at various times, to see us, who, so young, had traveled so far, thro' a sparsely settled country, without any protection. I often heard the remark, "That boy is yet to be a great man none of his age can equal him — nature had done her part for him, let education do the rest." But ah, only a very limited share of education was allowed me; the little I managed to get, was acquired under the most unfavorable auspices, and the hardest study. If I could have had a little assistance I could have been in a few years, one of the very best schollars of the country — I was thankful, however, for the little I did get; which encouraged me, and if my children, today, only had that

practical part of education, which I possess, I would be satisfied as to their education.

My father lived on Flat Creek in Monroe County, Ala. which was then a new country; fine for stock, and great quantities of deer, bear, and turkey. And every one being equal, or nearly so, as to property—a few only having negroes, and never over five or six hands, there was more happiness, and enjoyment among the people there, in those days, than I have ever witnessed in any community since that time. That was before the country had been surveyed, no one residing on lands except that which he held by preoccupation, which was afterwards termed "presumption."

William Foster, who had a few slaves, a large stock of cattle, and the largest farm of any one in that section, at that time, was the "big man" of the neighborhood. He was the son-in-law of old Dempsey Welch, having married his daughter, Gemima, an own cousin of father. Arthur Brown also lived close by, who also married Mariah, Gemima's sister. Consequently, father lived amidst relatives and friends. Old man Gray kept stock at the cow pens, five miles distant, in the piney woods, for Mr. Foster. He had several sons and daughters they were "good livers" and social, lively people, fond of rustic pleasure. My father became intimate with the family, and finally married his eldest daughter Martha, and they were living in a small house near Brown, and Foster on the arrival of myself and sister. We were rejoiced to meet, once more, with father, but nettled considerably, at the idea of his new wife. We never called her mother, we always addressed her as "Patsey," like himself. We immediately made our home with him. He having a good piece of land in fine corn and pumpkins, in very good condition. We worked it once after our arrival;

and it made a large bulk of corn, notwithstanding the ravages of the bear. The supply of provisions the next year, was, consequently, plentiful. During the fall, I picked out several thousand pounds of cotton, at 75¢ per hundred, which was great help to father, in furnishing supplies extra, during the fall.

During the winter, father sold his improvements and purchased the "Foster Cowpens Place," five miles distant in the piney woods, being a good place of sandy, productive upland with some thirty acres cleared, and under fence, with good houses, and the boldest, finest spring of water in all the country; and situated in the center of a superior grazing section, and any amount of game. I resided with father all of the year 1825 and we made a fine crop of corn, making about 500 bushels of corn, besides peas, potatoes, ec.

In the fall I picked out cotton at 75¢ per hundred, for various persons, amounting to some eight thousand pounds, yielding me some sixty dollars, with which I purchased some clothing for sister and myself, and purchased two cows and calves and two sows with six pigs each. My cows were far advanced "with calf" and soon had them, all females, giving me six head in a few months after the purchase. My hogs too, rapidly increased. The branches could be traced by the abundant reed, thro' all their meanderings — and the grass was from knee to hip high.

In the neighborhood was the only water mill in twenty miles, making our neighborhood quite convenient in that and other particulars. I lived with father during the year 1826, and we made a fine crop. In the fall, as usual, I picked out cotton again at 75 cts. pr. hundred, and made some fifty dollars. The year 1827 I engaged to make a crop with Coliman Oguinn, who lived five miles below father in the fork of the creek.

He gave me the eighth part, of all that was made. We made a fine crop; and in the fall, I sold my share for, as well as I remember to Coliman Oguinn for \$180, and then purchased a horse, and a suit of gray cloth, which was made up forme, by cousin Sarah Dease, wife of Bryant Dease. All this was done in conformity with an arrangement made with old Cousin John Welch on his way to Burk county in September. He was to return the last of October, when I was to be ready to go on with him to Mississippi, and thence on to Louisiana after the rest of my brothers and sister. He came at the time appointed, and we left, in company, about the first of November 1827. We had a tolerable pleasant trip, passing by the way of Beall's Landing Ala. river on by Coffeeville on the Bigbee, thence on by old Washington Courthouse, thro' the edge of the Choctaw nation. I remained on Pearl river, near Georgetown, formerly the place of Old Man Jacob Neely (with whom I used to live) and about Galleton in Copiah Miss. with Cousin John Welch and other friends and relatives, until the middle of January 1828, when I bade farewell to that section and left for St. Francisville, West Phillisiana Parish, in Louisiana in search of my brothers and youngest sister Sarah.

I found brothers Warren and George, and was informed that sister Sarah still lived with Mrs. McDonald in Jackson, 14 miles distant. But dear brother Wiley was not to be seen by mortal eye — I could not gladly greet him, as I did the rest; God had called him away, to join my loved, sainted Mother and dear little angel, James Madison, in Heaven. He had died some two years before my arrival. I went with brothers Warren and George to his grave, where we remained for some hours at his and Mother's and little brother James' graves. Many sad tears were griefs offering

on that sad occasion. No soothing words came from my mother, as was her delight in life — no cheering farewell of my brother Wiley as when we last parted — and we could only imagine that we could hear the angel voice of dear little brother James Madison that "he and brother Wiley were happy with Mother in heaven," and beckoned us onward and upward, until we should meet again in the Paradise of God, to part no more. I regretted that brother Wiley was not buried near Mother and brother James, they were some hundred yards apart. We placed rude head boards at the head of each grave, and made many visits to them during my stay there. I believe I could go within a few yards of each grave, now, altho' near forty years have past, since I was at them.

I met with Robert Perry, the man I was bound to; he was on a big horse race, he and his half brother Jack Evans, called Perry. They won the race of several thousand dollars. Mr. Perry manifested kindness and respect, asking many questions relative my escape from him, and seemed to be concerned relative my future prospects. He resided near Jackson East Philisiana Parish where he died, I am informed, in 1864. He accumulated a large estate. His half brother, Jack Evans or Perry died in the Penetentiary in Bottom Rouche, for killing a negro, as I have been informed.

Willie Dorton, who was copartner of Robert Perry, when I lived with him, and a most excellent man, and good friend of mine, died of yellow fever in the fall of 1825. His widow lived three miles from town, on the Woodville road, and I, by invitation, spent most of my time with her, with my sister and brothers before leaving with them for father, I soon went out to Jackson and saw my little sister Sarah, then about eight years of age. She knew me at once,

and we both rejoiced in meeting again. She implored me to take her along to Pa. and brothers and sister. Mrs. McDonald was wealthy, and as the finest schools in the state were located at that place, she intended to give my sister Sarah, a superior education and adopt her as an heir. I pictured to her, all of these advantages— but she begged to go, and Mrs. McDonald, tho' loth to give her up, argued that a parent was superior to all else, and properly so, with a child, and praised the inclination of my sister for the disposition she manifested, and eulogised me for the zeal I had used in collecting and carrying to my father again all my living brothers and sisters. So she fixed up sister's clothing as compactly as possible, and she had quite a quantity of them. And after embracing her affectionately and asking God's blessing for us both she bade me a last — long farewell and we left rejoicing for Mrs. Dorton's. A thousand pleasant reflections rose up before me in thus far having no trouble in getting together the living children and all anxious to go with me and buffit the hardships of a long journey mostly on foot, for my pony horse was necessary in carrying the bag of clothes and provisions and little sister and brother George who were very small. Bro. Warren and myself were to foot it all the way.

I did not know but that I would have to steal George and Sarah, but I was soon gladly relieved of the idea, by having them at their own will, with me, ready and anxious to leave at any time I was ready to go. -I was greatly elated too, in knowing that I would disappoint many, who did not believe that I would succeed, and I knew too, that I would be the instrument of much joy to father and the children in placing them with him, once more, even in a condition inferior to that they left. I pictured to them father's limited means, and the plain man-

ners and customs of the people of his section. I told them of the newness of the country, the numbers of cattle and hogs, and fine range, and abundant game, the milk and butter, ec. ec. all of which pleased them much — particularly the milk and butter, as they never got any pure good milk, in Louisiana. Mrs. Darton, kind good lady, had all of our dirty clothes washed and ironed, and provisions enough cooked, to last us eight days. And we purchased four blankets and two umbrellas, and some ammunition, brother Warren having a gun, and made a suitable pack wallet or bag for our clothes and provisions ec. And on the morning of the 5th of February, quite early, we had the pony horse snugly packed, with Sarah and George on top, and all embracing and bidding farewell to our good, kind friend, Mrs. Darton and children, we left by way of Laurel Hill, on by Thomas Tolbert's and Liberty in Amite County. About 2 o'clock we reached Mr. Germany's, 12 miles distant, an old friend of father and mother, (the place where I eluded Perry when I ran away from him) and we spent the night. Mrs. Germany prepared us a quantity of biscuit, some beef and a boiled ham, in addition to what Mrs. Darton fixed up for us. So we had plenty of provisions for ten days.

Next morning we parted early with all the family, with an affectionate fare-well, with their best wishes for our safe journey, making us promise to write them on our successful arrival which we did.. We soon reached Thompson's Creek, which was full to swimming. I carried all over on a foot log, took off the pack and carried it over too, and then for the first time in my life, swam the horse over. We soon packed up again and was on the pad. In two days we reached Thomas Tolbert's on the last edge of the "Thick Woods". He married a Miss Berryhill, an own cousin of father, we were

fairly in the piney woods, where settlements were ten to twenty miles apart. The range was fine, and in-variable supplying me with two feeds of corn, when leaving a settlement some distance from another, so that our horse fared well on corn and grass the latter being luxuerant, the winter being the mildest in years; there had not been enough cold to injure the grass. In somefifteen days, we made the trip to father's, who was much delighted to see us. Many were the congratulations, ex-pressed by the whole community, on our safe arrival. I felt an approving con-science that I had done my entire duty, and had fulfilled my sacred promise to Mother a few hours before she died, that I would, so far as in my power, look after and take care of my dear brothers and sisters. I felt that my whole duty was accomplished, when I had safely delivered those living, to my father at his humble residence. He was the proper one then, to assume the remnant of the burden. I now began to reflect upon the importance of an education; I considered the county, in which my father resided, too new and destitute of condition, to offer any inducement in that particular. The schools were few, and the limited number of teachers to be met with, were quite limited in letters.

I knew I had a wealthy uncle in Twiggs County Georgia, who had no children, and who was the only brother of my father. I was cogently urged by old Cousin John Welch and father, and others, to go to him, and ask his assistance. So I resolved to do so. I therefore left my cows, hogs and horse with faher to make use of, as his own, provided I should not return in a year. I gave him also some forty dollars in money, reserving only two dollars and a half for my-self, intending to make a sufficiency on the way to bear my expenses. The neighbors deemed it proper that they should give me a certificate of good char-

acter, to enable me to pass favorably among strangers. Two were drawn up and signed, one by my father and the other by Coleman Oguuyuss. I paste them both here as valued relics of the past, of my youth. They will hardly interest any one living, as they do myself. I don't put them here for any merit in composition, but as a testimony of the estimation in which I was held when a very poor boy. It is sad to reflect that all the persons who subscribed to the certificates are dead and gone, many years! It does seem deplorable that life is so short! (certificats in my behalf-

(The certificates are missing from the book. A.J.W.)

Having arranged my stock and horse as a gift to father to enable him to take care of the children — and giving him nearly all the money I had, and my few clothing being packed snugly in a knapsack; on Thursday morning, the 15th. day of May 1828, I bade adieu to my brothers and sisters and father and left them all for Georgia, on foot, and alone. After going some fifteen miles I was pursued by a polecat, over a mile. It excited me very much and I was glad to get shed of it. In a few days I reached old Cousin John Welch's who had recently moved from Copiah county, Mississippi, to Pike County, and settled near Charles Wheeler, who married his sister.

I remained in the neighborhood until after the 4th of July, and made a little money, then continued my journey in company with Wayne Adams who was going to see some relatives in Upson Co. Ga. We reached Columbus during the sale of the lots in the place, which then resembled a camp ground more than any thing else. We remained there and rested several days, and went on two days journey, and with much regret, sepperated (separated). I received some three letters from him after-

wards, and never heard from him more. His father lived on Pee river and had a respectable family, in limited circumstances.

In a few days I reached the vicinity of Macon, Ga. It was then quite a small place. I called and spent the night with a Mr. King who was an intimate acquaintance of Uncle Welch. In fact, hiswife's sister, Caroline Star, was then residing, and had been for many years, a member of his family. There appeared a cold indifference concerning the nephew of G. W. Welch. This was all very mortifying, but I was mute on the subject, tho' never forgot it; and took plea-sure in alluding to it in after years when I had become independent. I paid my last dime, in crossing the ferry at Macon, and about sun down, on the 28th day of July 1828, I reached the residence of Major Welch. He lived in such style and elegance; being quite wealthy. I was received with much coolness. So much so, that after sitting a little while, I proposed to spend the night with his overseer. This seemed to arouse him and he insisted that I would stay with him. I told him that I was black and dirty from travil and fatigue, and so soon as I got washed up, I would call again. He remarked that as I "Professed to be the son of his only brother, it would be a reflection upon him, if I left under the circumstances."

Mr. King had written him a letter by me, and I presumed that he had signified in his letter, the probability of imposition. I stated to him that I had overheard the intimation at Mr. King's, that I was likely an imposter and possibly he might suspicion my profession. I, therefore, begged to leave until he could be satisfied by writing to my father. He insisted upon my staying, as he wished to ask me many questions. I agreed to remain, conditioned that I might rest on a pallet, instead of a finely furnished

bed. He laughed at the re-quest. I had a letter from my father to him, also one from his cousin — John Welch , together with the certificates, but I chose, under the circumstances, not to show them until he had the full benefit of King's letter.

He sat in the plaza, until supper, his lady never coming nigh neither did Miss Starr. When supper was announced, he went in to the table; and turning to me said "My lady and Miss Starr — Mr. Welch." I bowed awkwardly and took the seat pointed out to me. I was very hungry. He asked where I took dinner: I told him I had none."Then we have had the advantage of you" -- wife have some meat. It was brought and I ate no doubt, greedily. After supper we took our seats alone, and he asked a multitude of questions, which I answered to his satisfaction as they related to family matters, with which I was conversant, tho' uneducated. He came to greatly, before bed time, and was very social. He went to the bedroom with me, and sure enough, a pallet was made on the floor; which he hastily took up, and said I must sleep on the bed. I told him I would prefer the pallet as it was more cool and pliant. He called a servant and had a mattress placed on the bedstead and I lay on that, and slept soundly all night, being very tired, and worn out. I happily, and fortunately awoke early next morning, and was up, and out as early as the earliest. For I properly appreciated that my habits would be closely watched.

The Major (my uncle) was a pretty early riser, and was so on that morning particularly. Aunt (his wife) and Miss Starr remained in bed until near break-fast. I was greeted by uncle, with a stiff "good morning Sir" — and a batch of inquiries as how I rested, i. e. After breakfast, uncle proposed that we would walk out to the field, a portion of the plantation a mile distant. His crop, under the management of a fine over-

seer, was very fine for the land (being old and much worn) and was in fine condition. His possessions of land of his residence, consisted of about two thousand acres; and his negroes numbered about sixty; working about thirty hands.

When we went out to the field we sat down under the shade of a mulberry tree, and he went over the interrogatories and conversation pretty much of the evening before, no doubt, to see if there would be any discrepancy in my statements. I reckon he was satisfied; as I had no motive but honesty to accomplish, my story was always, equivalently, the same relative of facts. He went into many other inquiries as to where I was born — how many times my father had moved before he left Georgia — where he lived when he set out for Alabama in 1817. All of which answers finally convinced him that I was no imposter, but really and truly his only brother's oldest son.

He finally remarked "I am now satisfied and convinced that you are the child of my brother." I told him that I had additional proof of the fact; and asked him if he was familiar with the writings of John Welch and of my father? He said he was; and knew their writing as well as he knew his own. I then handed him a letter from my father, and one from his cousin John Welch. He appeared surprised, and read them attentively. The letters recounted the devotion and adventures, and final success in gathering up all of my living brothers and sisters, and carrying them to my father, and giving him all of my stock of cattle, hogs, and my horse, and taking my knapsack and two dollars and a half, and setting out for Georgia in pursuit of an education. These letters eulogised me much, and forcibly appealed to the generosity of my uncle, and asked his kind aid in my education.. He asked why I had not handed him the letter

on my arrival. I stated that inasmuch as I was suspicioned as being an "Impostor," and marks of coolness manifested, I was, therefore, not disposed to urge my claim, as a relative, all at once; if I did at all. "Why" — he remarked, "You are very poor, with not a dime, as you state, in your pocket, and what could you do without help from some one, among strangers?" I remarked that it was true, that just then, I was destitute of money, having paid my last cent to the ferry man at Macon, Ga. But that work would enable me to get more; that I have given father all I had, over and above the amount expended in going after my little brothers and sisters, except a little I had started to Georgia with, and some more I had made on the way in the farm at Mr. Wheeler's. (who married his cousin) that I was not afraid of work, which, if faithfully rendered would always support any one. That during the last night, I had decided to abandon the course, Cousin John Welch and my father had induced me to take. He asked what they had advised? I remarked that their letters informed him on that point — as I had heard them read when they were written. That I was informed that he had no children — that he was wealthy — he and Lady both well educated -and resided near an Institute of learning, of high order. And, consequently, the probabilities were very evident that aid would be willingly offered me. And notwithstanding my own doubts upon the matter, yet, I was persuaded to make the experiment.

I was now satisfied on the subject and felt better satisfied in reference to the matter — which had not cost me much, not as much really as the information was worth. It taught me properly to rely upon my own energies for my future prosperity. That I thought it best for me to work about, and get a little money, and return to Monroe County in Alabama. I told him that I had

come to see him truly for aid in my education, not to ask this aid as a gift, but as a loan. That whatever expenses he might be at, on my account would be doubly returned, if I lived, out of the first earnings I should make after accomplishing my studies. That strict economy, in every particular, would be my motto. And if it pleased God for me to die in my uncle's debt, the loss would not be great, as I proposed to work for him on Saturdays and at other times he might wish me to, in the blacksmith shop, or anywhere else. I could do pretty good work in the Smith shop (and turned out to be of great benefit to his plantation). I told him that in deciding to return to my father, I deemed it proper to make these statements to clear myself of the imputation of impostor. I had no mean, sinister motive in visiting him — notwithstanding my poor, humble garb and appearance, no doubt, indicated it. That I was not insensible, even before reaching him, of my poor, humble condition which, really was the prompting motive of my visit, to relieve myself finally, by an education. Yet I did not come to ask alms — but aid, to be honestly and faithfully returned, if life lasted.

But that feeling so cramped from my great poverty, in a nation where everything seemed to be estimated by dollars and cents, gay and fine apparel and costly fashion; I felt out of my element, and that I had better return to my former sphere and mingle with birds of my feather. "Well," he said, "You are tired by your long walk, and should have several days rest, before deciding as to what you will do; think awhile before you act." I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Sandiford, uncle's overseer.

He and lady were very kind and friendly to me, and I spent nearly all of my time with them. I engaged board and washing with them at ten dollars pr. month. The Major (Uncle Welch) had a blacksmith

shop, and I was permitted to use the tools — I, therefore, put up a "Cole pit" by my own labor and burnt a quantity of good cole. And Sandiford and I went up to Grantham's gin shop at Hayden's cross roads, a mile distance, and engaged three hundred gin ribs to make for him at 20 cents the rib. I soon made them in a very nice, acceptable manner, having obtained some small, bar iron of the exact size, of James Hayden, for four cents pr. pound, on a credit — Sandiford standing my security. I worked almost night and day, and finished them in four weeks, clearing some sixty dollars, which left me fifty dollars after paying my board. I did many other jobs also, amounting to a few dollars more, besides ironing a wagon — and doing other work for Uncle. I therefore, soon had plenty of money to return to Alabama.

I bought me a pair of shoes and some cloth to make me a coat, pants and shirt and got Mrs. Sandiford to make them for me, she being a good seamstress. I also paid Mr. Hayden for the iron I got from him. He asked me if Uncle was going to do any thing for me. I told him that I had been received coolly — and was supposed by Miss Starr to be an imposter (Miss Starr was the Yankee girl that had lived with Uncle and aunt for many years) and that I expected soon to return to my father. Mr. Hayden remarked that it was a shame upon Major Welch, who had no prospect of children, to treat his own nephew in the manner he did — while he took so much pains in providing for a Yankee girl that was of no relation to him whatever and said that he, in consequence, had lost in the estimation of the community. And remarked that his personal friends out to council him on the subject, and said that he would talk to him, himself, on tomorrow.

It is likely that some one or several did say something to him on the mat-ter.

For about the close of the next week, the day before I was to leave for father`s, Uncle returned from Macon and sent over to Sandifords where I was staying, for me to go over to his house, as he had special business with me. I soon went over, and to my surprise, found him and his lady sitting together in the piazza with an extra chair near. I had on new clothes, made by Mrs. Sandiford, the wife of his overseer; I had my new shoes also, and a nice, new wool hat given me by Mr. Hayden. They both received me much more cordially than at any previous time — praised my clothing and appearance — asked all the particulars of how I came by them ec.

I told them all about it in my simple way; all of which I had fixed up preparatory to leaving for my father's, and that tomorrow was the time for my departure. This appeared to surprise them, and remarked that they thought I came to stay. I stated that such was my original expectation, prompted by the persuasions and representations - of Cousin John Welch and my father. That it was not my wish when the matter was first suggested, to go among strangers, even relatives, to ask for aid. But they and others pressed the subject, and I acted according to their wishes, which I now regretted. For had I remained in Ala. among those who knew me, I would have been in profitable employment, and where I would be esteemed as honest and respectable and be among (more) social, congenial spirits than I found there. I met but little favor or friendship in Georgia. The people were too polished, too rich, too independent for a poor boy like me. It was not pleasant and cheering to meet the cold shoulder on every turn. I had, therefore, determined to return to my friends in Alabama, and rely upon my efforts for the future. Uncle remarked that as I was a total stranger to them, it was natural that there

would not be at first, that degree of sociability, which is common with intimate friends — that as we became acquainted with persons, gradually, and found them worthy, so did they gradually increase in estimation. As to honesty no one had suspected any such thing, as dishonest, and as to respect-ability, he did not suppose that any thing had been stated to the contrary. That all persons rose in the scale of respectability according to their standing in society. I asked him if he could esteem an imposter, a false pretender, as honest? He said no, not if a person was accused of an epithet of contempt, which turned out to be false, it did him, in the end, more good than harm. His lady, for the first time, remarked "We now believe you to be truly the son of Warren Welch, the only brother of my husband. At first, it was suggested as doubtful, and we were not hasty in extending a warm welcome to an uncertainty we are satisfied now by the test of many questions, which you have answered without reserve, at various times, indicating no discrepancy in your story, that it is our duty as well as our pleasure, to extend you our welcome, and regret now that we did not do so before. But there having transpired within our knowledge, instances of imposition, we were therefore cautious." The Major remarked, "I did not show wife the letters of Cousin John Welch and your father, until a few days ago, so that she was not as well posted concerning you as I was." "I forgot to inform her of the letters, until she asked me some questions about you: She with me, is now perfectly satisfied and reconciled concerning you; and I want you to remain with us, and prepare at once for entering school — I will aid you in every thing needful in your studies. On this you may rely. I want you to quit Sandiford's and come and reside and live with us."

I stated that I had arranged to leave

on tomorrow, that I had got Mr. Hayden, ten days since, to write a letter to my father, informing him of my intention, and did not wish to disappoint him. Besides as the impression had gone out of supposed dishonesty on my part, as an imposter, it would consequently- be a long time before it would be corrected, and that I was anxious to get out of sight of the frowns and sneers of displeasure — That my friends in Alabama, would receive me with open arms of gladness, and if they were not as rich as the people generally in Triggs County, Ga. were, they had plenty for comfort, in their simple mode of living — and that there was no deception in their pretensions. That I could make a living by my own efforts, and have the pleasure of being among equals, whose manners and customs were agreeable to each other. Here, among the wealthy, educated elite; it could not be expected that I would be an agreeable, accepted associate; particularly with the unfavorable impression which has gone to the public, that I am an imposter. I have fully considered the matter; and summing up everything connected with my appearance here, I prefer to return, and trust to my own efforts. It is possible, that if you should expend money in my education, I might not be ever able to return it for life is very uncertain — besides your assistance would be afforded reluctantly, under the impression that I am "too old to begin the rudiments of an education and learn any thing of consequence." I am well aware of all the disparity and unfavorable auspices with which I should have to contend. Yet, I believe I could overcome them, if I had the means; but that I have not and I don't wish to trouble those, on whom I have no claims. And I here, in this our last interview, to ask your pardon and forgiveness for ever having troubled you with my presence in this matter. I have already explained to you the

motives which prompted me to do so. Whatever of sin there is in the matter, I wish you to place, in part to the charge of Cousin John Welch and my father, who persuaded me to make the experiment.

My remarks seemed to arouse them, or it may have been from the odium they feared from the public, as several of the community had lectured them concerning their neglect relative to me, when they had lavished so much upon a Yankee girl, of no relation to them whatever. This I learned from Mr. Hayden and Mr. Sandiford and others. At any rate, Major Welch and his lady (I call them by the cognomen the public recognized them, for up to this time I never presumed to say Uncle nor Aunt) began in earnest, for the first time to insist upon my remaining with them, making many kind promises. That I would be fully provided for in clothing - boarding — schooling and every thing not uselessly extravagant; and impressed me with the importance of entering the High School at Jeffersonville at once; apologising for their "seeming neglect," which he placed to the pressure of business. Pledging that I should be more noticed in future; and stated that altho' I had written to father of my intention to return, he would set that all right by writing him himself which would explain all satisfactorily.

His and her remarks were so pressing and inducing, that I yielded my consent to remain. And in the course of a week, I appeared at the academy in my Spelling Book, commencing at Baker, by the advice of Mr. Jefferson Bryant, (long since dead, died at Tuskegee Ala. a most feeling and noble gentleman and a sincere friend of mine, whose memory I shall always revere.

I appeared in the ordinary suit that Mrs. Sandiford had made me with my wool hat ie. I had but one suit, which did not last long; I began school about the second

week in August, and by November my shoes and clothing had nearly given out; I bought a little osuaberg and Kentucky Janes, on a credit and got Mrs. Sandiford to make me a shirt, coat and pants (drawers being out of my line of apparel in those days.) all on a credit. I had no socks, and only a coarse pair of russett shoes, got of Mr. Hayden. I would here state that soon after I entered school, Bennet S. Griffin, brother-in-law of Maj. Welch, arrived from Alabama, with his bride, as he had recently married Mrs. Martha Ware, widow of Dr. Ware of Montgomery county. She was a relative of my mother; but I did not know of it at that time. "Col. B. S. Griffin was, at that time, quite wealthy; but not satisfied with what he had, concluded he would double his estate by engaging in extensive commercial business in Macon, Ga. which then (1828) had just started into existence. He pictured the certainties of success in such charming colors to Maj. Welch and lady, (I had not presumed to "Uncle and Aunt" much yet;) that he at once entered into copartner-ship with him, and all of the two families moved to Macon and occupied the residence of Major Wright a widower, one of the best improved residences in the city at that time, paying a high rent; and also rented an extensive establishment in the central part of town for their extensive wholesale business. I was left alone at the plantation; to abide the commonest fair imaginable.

I continued thus until the first of February 1829, when I was requested to pay up for tuition and other little debts I had contracted for simple, plain, scanty clothing. This alarmed me, for altho' I worked in Maj. Welch's black-smith shop, for the plantation every Saturday, and some time several other days of the week, yet, I never saw, nor heard of the Major and it was important I should look out for myself, and

make something to pay up my little liabilities. I therefore engaged with Capt. Harison, Sheriff of Twiggs county, to drive his wagon. Waggoning to Savannah and Augusta, in those days with a regular annual team, was a lucrative business, to all who were able to carry it on, as it was the principal means of transportation of goods to the interior. Capt. Hanson was to give me \$20, for each trip to and back from Savannah with a load of cotton down, and the load of goods back, I had got acquainted with two experienced wagoners, who had wagons and teams of their own, which they drove and managed, viz. George Jones and John Wright. They appeared partial to me and prevailed on me to go into the business for Capt. Hanson. Promising that if I would travel with them (they always went together) that they would render me every possible assistance. I did so, and proved them always true to their promises; and under their assistance, I soon became to be one of the very best wagoners on the road. Before leaving Maj. Welch's premises, I got Mr. Hayden to write a few lines for me, which I copied with great care, and sent to the Major, as follows:

Maj. Geo. W. Welch,

Dear Sir: In agreeing, by pressing solicitation of yourself and lady, to re-main and go to school, I was promised necessary aid and assistance in the prosecution of my studies; notwithstanding, I am now nearly naked, and am in debt for tuition and other:little unavoidable necessities; and must quit school and seek employment to make the means necessary to pay up; this explanation, I presume, is sufficient. Wishing you and yours all the prosperity you desire, I remain, respectfully.

J.P. WELCH

Twiggs Co. Ga. Feb. 5th. 1829.

I was very successful in giving full satisfaction to my employee, Capt. Harison, who paid me up punctually each trip — which enabled me to settle up all demands against me. The false promise of Maj. Welch; had sunk him very much in my estimation, yet I made no complaint or remark about him to no one. Yet I prayed, in my soul, that I might be able to avoid meeting him any more. And so it turned out for a long time, notwithstanding I hauled one load of goods for the very adjoining store to him, and for different merchants in Macon while in the wagoning business, without meeting him.

On my last wagon trip to Savannah, on my return, being "bogged down" on the way, Col. Bennet S. Griffin came up in a sulky (a sort of buggy) well dressed; yet, he alighted and assisted me out of the bog. During my wagon visits to Savannah I formed several valuable acquaintances, among them Richard Gilding, Mr. Grimes — and Edward Norris -the two last, sons of Mrs. Grimes who kept the wagon yard. (She had married twice) Mr. Rich Gilding was the son of a large wholesale merchant of the city. But doing business for himself at "Sprint Hill," near Mrs. Grimes.

They all seemed much interested for me, after learning a history of my-self. They pressed the propriety of my leaving off wagoning and going and re-siding in Savannah, where I could make four times as much in the same time that I could at wagoning and live easier, be in better society and learn a great deal more. Mr. Gilding said he would board me and give me twenty dollars the first month, and double my wages if he liked me, and aid me in reading — writing — grammar and arithmetic in idle time, which would be considerable. I accepted the offer gladly for it enabled me to get away from Major Welch's sight, and offered a surety for income and improve-

ment in letters.

I returned with Capt. Harison's wagon and team in fine condition, with a profitable load of goods, to Twiggs County, and relinquished the business of wagoning, after five successful trips, making me about one hundred dollars. I had some sixty dollars in money. I then returned to Savannah with my friend John Wright who still wagoned as a business, and continued three or four years afterwards, and finally married and became very rich and settled near Providence Meeting House (Baptist) in Wilkinson County near Twiggs — where he lived when I left the state in 1851.

I soon formed many valuable friends of wealthy, educated, influential young men of the city. I had, by natural talent, become to be quite an extra master of the violin, which I constantly improved, and which was of great advantage to me then and in after life. I never, even in youth, prostituted my talent to low and mean purposes, but would always gratify the polite educated and refined, in my leisure hours, when requested.

Always avoiding illicit and rowdy company. I began first, to exercise my musical talent, on a reed fife, in St. Francisville, which I made by boring holes for my fingers, like fluit holes; and next, on a "gourd fedelle," made by a negro man of Mr. Wm. Jarmany near Laurel Hill, on Thompson's Creek, 14 miles from St. Francisville. Not having any means, at the time, to purchase better instruments. At the age of about 15 years I got to performing so well on these rude instruments, that friends soon furnished me better; and without instructors or teachers, by the aid of the ear alone, I made wonderful progress, being generally very correct in execution, and tasty in selecting the best pieces of fine music. If I could have had proper means and advantages, under superior masters,

at this early day, to have given full scope to my talent, I would have been one of the greatest masters of music of the age. I delighted in it, and notwithstanding the many and continuous unfavorable auspices with which I had to contend, I finally became one of the best performers on the violin in the South. In after years, when I had acquired a tolerable education, and an easy estate, I devoted considerable attention to it as a written science, and composed some pieces, pronounced fine, by good judges. But the cares and responsibilities of life, after I had passed the age of fifty, cured me, in a great degree, of my great passion for music, and caused me almost entirely to neglect it. My musical acquirements were at all times, of immense advantage to me. It was a ready and powerful means of introducing me, into the best society, even among strangers. I always avoid being vain — haughty and proud of my talent. Even when I knew well my great superiority, I affected diffidence, and among strangers, would try to excuse myself, and take the instrument with reluctance when requested to perform. Never forward in mortifying inferior performers by my superior execution, notwithstanding I was often annoyed and tortured by the squeaking, scraping, grating gums in the art. Yet, I would stand aloof, with no remark, of its ever being known to the crowd, that a master of the violin was present.

I would relate many interesting and laughable incidents to show the winning, captivating charms, which can be produced among strangers by a fine, elegant master of the violin; but I will relate only a few. On one occasion, when returning in my sulky (I then travelled privately by myself, mostly in a fine sulky with noble horse) from a visit to Wetumpka and Montgomery Ala. from Sandersville, Ga. I came up to an elegant

residence where there was a jolly crowd of young ladies and gentlemen, and every appearance of wealth connected with the premises. I hailed at the fine gate near by, where a well dressed, polite gentleman of middle age, came out. I told him that I was quite tired, and as he had all the appearance of comfort, I would be pleased to spend the evening and night with him. He stated that a few relatives and friends were on a visit to him, and consequently, he was a little crowded; yet, he reckoned he could provide for me. My small trunk had my name on the top. As a servant carried it and other baggage in I noticed some of the young ladies advanced to the trunk to see the name. I went in, and by invitation, took a seat in the piazza, it being warm and pleasant. I knew no one present, and no one appeared to know me. The gentleman of the house, Mr. Abercrombie, soon approached and informed me that my room was ready, as I had requested one to change clothing. I found every convenience necessary, and I soon washed, shaved and elegantly dressed myself, (I was quite particular and tasty in those days) and with a medical pamphlet Mr. Yancy gave me, then editor of the "Wetumpka Argus," I returned to the piazza and sat down, perusing the pamphlet. The gentleman of the house requested that I would excuse the apparent impoliteness of his guests as they wished to have a little dance and music in the parlor, and asked me to go in. I excused myself, as being tired and a stranger, preferring to remain for a while in the piazza.

A young starchy looking gentleman by the name of Philips was soon handed a nice looking violin, which was in good order, and which, from its tone, I knew to be a fine instrument. He performed, or rather butchered several portions of different reels and cotillions, and an imitation of

some waltzes, to which they all danced in high glee, and praised Mr. Phillips as a fine performer. They then had very good music on the piano, by several young ladies, one a Miss Lucas from Mount Meigs and another, Miss Taylor from Tuskegee. Supper was soon announced about dusk. About this time two gentlemen rode up, who proved to be Mr. Wood and Mr. Mitchell both acquaintances and distant relatives of mine. They appeared exceedingly glad in meeting me so unexpectedly. They were intimates of the family and they soon introduced me to all present, and we sat down to supper which was truly elegant. After supper, all repaired to the parlor, and after some conversation, Mr. Wood remarked to Mr. Phillips — "Did you ever hear Dr. Welch perform on the violin?" — Mr. P. of course said no, as that was the first time of our meeting. Mr. Mitchell remarked, "Well ladies and gentlemen, if you can prevail on the Dr. he can treat you to the most captivating strains of music you have ever heard from any artist." "Yes" — says Wood, "that is so."

A general request then arose from the ladies, "Do, do play a few pieces for us." Mr. Philips appeared surprised and mortified at the probability of his skill as a "fine performer" was about to be cast into the shade. I tried to excuse myself under the plea of being tired and out of practice, but to no purpose — play I must, which was the entire request. Misses Lucas and Taylor approached me with the violin. I took the instrument, tuned it, and soon electrified the whole audience. Playing over several attempts of Philips, who remarked that he would give it up that he could never reach such perfection of exquisite strains of music if he could live and try for a hundred years. They all appeared astonished with delight. Mr. Abercrombie remarked, that this evening had impressed him a lesson

which he would not forget — never to turn a stranger off from entertainment, if he had the deportment and appearance of a gentleman. And said, "Young ladies and gentlemen, I came near turning the Dr. off, but his good appearance, and genteel demeanor prevailed, which has resulted in this extraordinary feast in music. " And turning to me — "We hope sir, that this accidental meeting will not let you forget us in future — we will certainly remember you, and hope that you will not fail to call on us whenever you pass this way. " I thanked him cordially for his compliment and generous invitation, but never passed that road since. Neither have I seen any of the party except Wood and Mitchell. My music made me the "observed of all observed" on that occasion, and implanted a favorable impression on all present in my favor. Some of them remarked that they would not grudge a large fortune if they could only possess such an enviable accomplishment. "Yes," remarked Mitchell, "but the Dr. began life a poor orphan boy, and unaided, he has, by his own efforts, and superior talent not only accomplished perfection in music, but has acquired a finished education — is profound as a physician, and has accumulated a large fortune, and is still a young man. " This was laying it on thick, which embarrassed me much — Mr. Mitchell was a son of Dr. Mitchell who resided on the Tallapoosa river above Montgomery Ala. a brother of Mrs. Col. B. S. Griffin, and formerly assisted in the large business of Welch and Griffin of Macon Ga. and was well acquainted with my history, and delighted to boast on me.

On another occasion, I was a passenger on a fine steamer plying from Mobile to Columbus Miss. with a large and gay crowd of ladies and gentlemen, also passengers from that section. I was a total stranger to every body on board, except

Capt. Barnes, who commanded the boat. A gentleman by the name of Tucker, was along, as escort for a lady or two, his relatives. He had a very good violin, and could play tolerable well, and was frequently at it, in the ladies saloon, and here I was not permitted to go, as I had no lady along. Capt. Barnes, knew me as a musician, and after Tucker had been amusing the ladies with his music, for hours the Capt. came and took me to one side and remarked — "Dr. if you will play a few pieces, it will silence Tucker. I am tired of his stuff, and I want to see the effects of your music on the crowd of ladies, who seem so carried away by Tucker's music; Will you play a few pieces?" I re-marked that I was a stranger to the ladies and gentlemen — that it might not be agreeable to Tucker, with whom I had not the remotest acquaintance — that I knew a little of "Old Dan Tucker" from history, but did not think the present Mr. Tucker of any relation of "Old Dan. " He laughed heartily, and said, "We must have some fun; I want to see these ladies electrified. " He left me and went into the lady's Saloon, and entered into conversation with two or three ladies. I soon saw a conversation among them; and directly the Capt. approached me in company with Mr. Tucker — Mr. Spark, and Turner, who, after being introduced to me, said they were a delegation from the ladies, with a request that I would give them some music. I saw a number of ladies anxiously looking towards me. I was carefully dressed, as was my custom in those days. While we were conversing, other gentlemen came up and were introduced, who also added their request. I, of course, had to comply. The violin was a good one, in fine order; and my music on that occasion produced a greater effect of delight than I had ever witnessed before. Tucker was almost frantic with delight. The ladies

appeared enchanted. A Mrs. Becket, a young widow, approached and thanked me in behalf of the ladies — and remarked "Dr. Welch, how is it possible that you can be so selfish as to keep such charming music to yourself, when it had such an enchanting effect as you see exhibited here? We never knew, before, the great superiority of the violin over other instruments. You are certainly a married man, else you would have been more liberal towards so many gay, fine looking ladies, as are here." I remarked that the ladies must remain in agreeable suspense as to my having a "better half" — that I was a long way from home, a stranger, and could not expect to inspire admiration or interest in strangers. She replied — "Your re-marks are true, ordinarily speaking; but my dear Sir — your appearance, your modesty, and above all, your enchanting music of only one hour's duration, give you years of advantage over others more talented and fortunate. You have been, up to this hour, a total stranger among fellow passengers, your talent has introduced you, and made a lasting impression upon us all. Other strangers may come and go unnoticed, but we shall not forget you, and shall be glad if we should ever hear of your being in our section; for none but a good noble, generous soul could ever attain to such perfection in music, and your other traits are presumed to correspond. We know you cannot have an evil spirit." This was laying it on thick again.

I, from this time, until I left the boat was perfectly at home, as tho' among old acquaintances, and there was much shaking of hands and regrets expressed on parting, among ladies and gentlemen. I have met some of them since, who manifested as much interest as if they were old friends. My music was of much avail to me in Savannah; introducing me to many

young gentlemen and ladies of first families. I was employed at times to perform in the theatre, and was looked upon as one of the best musicians of those times; and my ear was so good and correct in the performance of difficult pieces, that I was supposed to be perfect in written music, which I really knew but little about.

As I before stated, Mr. Richard Guiding gave me my board, washing, and lodging and twenty dollars pr. month and instructed me in my studies, with a promise to increase my wages. He also advised me to go on the city watch 4 hours each night at \$20 the month, until I accumulated a smart purse. I did so, and lost but little sleep. All the guard there were poor men 40 in number. Many have become wealthy since. which I consider remarkable. I was very active, and possessed great strength for my age and it was the re-mark of all that knew me, that my physical powers were superior to any and of my weight and age in the city, and it was composed of thirty thousand at that day.

Edward Norris was boasting of my powers on a certain occasion, in presence of an Irish sportsman by the name of Swann, who rather made light of Norris' remarks, and said that "Welch would do among boys, but he could not shine among such men as he was. " Norris and his half brother Thos. Grimes immediately took Swann up, and offered to bet him that I could lift more than he; could jump farther than he; and could throw him down; and offered to bet him one hundred dollars on their assertion; Swann said he had only twenty dollars, and proposed to bet that on my throwing him down. It was accepted and the day fixed. Quite a number of persons were present; particularly the city watch and old man Shiak, the captain of the watch (he was succeeded by Capt. Harmon). I felt confident of my superiority;

and simply remarked to him that he must not get mad. He promised not. We first clinched in "Old Indian Hug" — and I threw him three hard falls in succession. He then proposed, "Arms Length. " In this I threw him so completely clear the third time, that his hip and left arm were much injured, and when he got up he could hardly walk. The judges, unanimously, gave the prizes to Morris and Grimes in my favor, and a tremendous shout of "Hurrah for Welch" went up, long and loud; which greatly mortified Swann; who was considered a "Bully." I made no demonstration of triumph or rejoicing, but took the whole matter coolly and without the least excitement. Everybody considered me, remarkable for strength, activity and prowess, dreaded and respected me after that. And I studied not to be boastful, but quiet and modest, and rather reserved. Everybody appeared to respect me. Capt. Harmon, of the city guard, one day, came up to me, and remarked that he had a curiosity to examine my muscles, as he supposed from my superior strength and activity, that they were larger than usual. When he found that I was not possessed with more than muscular enlargement, he remarked, that they were not overly large, but that they were remarkably hard and firm, like a hard, twisted grass rope, "bearing the relation to other men's muscles, that hemp or flax does to cotton."

On a certain occasion a Mr. Barlow of Laurens County, was loading his wagon at the store, putting in sacks of salt, and a whiskey barrel, in the body. I noticed that he and a negro boy, he had along, could not put it in. Guilding remarked, "I'll bet that Welch can put it in the wagon by himself. " Barlow said he'd bet a horse he couldn't. " Guilding said, "let's bet a big `Knogg' (or egg nog). It was accepted. And I soon put the barrel of whiskey into his wagon unaid-

ed by any one. I took hold of the ends of the barrel, and rested it on my knees and placing it on the scantling they had resting from the ground to the body, I, seemingly rolled it in with perfect ease. Yet, I acknowledge it was a tremendous lift for a man of only 175 lbs. weight, being unhandy as it was. Barlow said that he had heard of men having giant strength, but had never seen one be-fore; He paid the egg nog, cheerfully, and we had a merry time. And, in consequence, my name was heralded thro' all his section as a person of extraordinary strength.

After a month, Mr. Guilding increased my wages to \$40. pr. month, with board and washing. And finally to sixty dollars pr. month with many presents, among them a fine violin contributed by several young men. I, in a few months, had learned considerable as a clerk. And I was often sent to Charles-ton on his and his father's business, as they carried on a large concern. I often visited the Bookstore of Mr. S. Williams of Bay street, an extensive establishment of the kind; I was very fond of books, which, I suppose, was noticed by this gentleman. At any rate Mr. Williams proposed to me one day that if I would live with him six years, he would bind himself to give me a good education, and ultimately set me up in business. To this I agreed.

In the mean time, Mr. Williams wrote to my uncle, Maj. Geo. W. Welch, stating many things in my praise, and that he was about to make me one of his family. He intimated too, that he and others thought the Maj. had greatly neglected me. It was but a short time after when I received a letter from my uncle urging me to return to him in Triggs county; promising to aid me, in every respect, to obtain a finished collegiate education. He stated that I could return at once, in a new carriage, his friend, Mr. Martin near Macon, Ga. , had sent his

servant with horses, after. I showed the letter to Mr. Williams; who, from its many and pressing promises and inducements, advised me to return to my uncle.

I had a large trunk full of elegant fashionable clothing — a box of books and stationary, & ec. with over four hundred dollars in cash. I had given me also a large box of sperm candles; and many other things such as writing paper — ink — pins, & ec. I returned to my uncle, as he requested in Mr. Martin's carriage and was greeted as Mr. Welch. When I went off, in my duds and tatter, I was simply greeted as "Jake." I had improved, educationally, wonderfully. I had acquired a very good knowledge of Bookkeeping — could read and write very well and had a good knowledge of practical arithmetic. My costume, too, was superior, to what it was when I left Maj. Welch's two years before. My clothing was fashionable and abundant — in clothing of the best quality — two hats — boots — shoes, ec. ec. I could also mingle with ease, in the first circles of the elite, and being a fine musician, was esteemed an equal of the best grades of society.

My uncle proposed to borrow my money at 20 pr. cent. (he was giving others, the Toloman's 25 pr. cent) I loaned him \$400. keeping \$75 in hand. My return to Maj. Welch's was in June 1832. At once I was advised by Uncle to begin with Latin and Greek — I therefore took up Latin & studied it until fall — learning the Grammar, reading "Hestoria Saera" Cornelius Hepos, and most of Caesar and Virgil. At the close of the year Uncle Welch informed me that he was unable to aid me longer, being ruined in property by Blunt S. Griffm, his brother-in-law, who had to-tally failed in merchandising in Macon. Ga. The failure of B.S. Griffin involved seriously, many of his relatives — his liabilities being about one hundred thousand dollars. Maj. Welch lost

about ten thousand dollars by him, or security.

His information was sufficient, and I therefore in February 1832 took a school near Peter G. Thompson, six miles from Uncle. Made three hundred dollars in teaching there two and a half months. I was then tendered the Rectorship of Stone Creek Academy twelve miles south east of Macon in Twiggs county, at twelve hundred dollars pr. ten months, and board found. Here I taught one year with great success, loaning my money to Uncle. I was then employed by Mason Allen of Laurens Co. Ga. as private teacher of his family at the rate of one hundred and twenty five dollars pr. month and board. I taught for him five months, and was employed at Troup Academy on Rocky Creek, Laurens County, at the rate of fourteen hundred dollars pr. ten months. My school ended here about June 1833. And collecting my money, or rather a portion of it, I went to Charleston and Savannah and purchased some negroes, which sold in the fall at a large profit. In January 1834 I again took charge of Stone Creek Academy. In February of that year, fell the largest snow known in that section for many years — foolish exposure in it came near ending my life — I was con-fined with pneumonia during eight or ten weeks — and but for the skill of good physicians and kind and attentive nurses, I could not have lived. Prior to this I had been reading law, intending to make it my profession; but being raised from the dead, as I considered, by the science of Medicine, under extraordinary skill of physicians, I, therefore, abandoned law and took up the study of Medicine under Dr. Josua R. Wimberly, Maj. Welch's family physician, and would ride down to his residence (8 miles from the academy) and resite every Saturday evening.

My school terminated in the fall, and

I then boarded in his family several months, and then went to Macon Ga. and prosecuted my studies under Dr. Ambrose Baber, an eminent physician of that place. After fully preparing my-self; I went to first the Medical College of Augusta Ga. and then to the Medical College of Philadelphia in attendance upon Medical Lectures. In the spring of 1837, being prepared for practice, I returned to Georgia, and located at Mrs. Hudson's near "Mays Meeting House" in Jefferson County, Ga. I had not located long before I received a most friendly pressing letter from Dr. Isaac Stokes to join him in practice. And as he had great reputation, and an extensive practice, I at once accepted his proposition, which was half what we both made. This, indeed was great luck for me for our books footed up about ten thousand dollars, and very little of it charitable. In the summer of that year (1837) he got married, and went on a two months visit with his bride, to his relatives in South Carolina; and left me, for the time, in charge of the entire practice, which I managed successfully.

Here my musical talent prevailed again — Dr. Stokes was passionately fond of music, which was the prompting motive (I have always believed) which induced him to invite me so pressingly to join him in practice. At any rate, it put me many years ahead in my practice, introducing me at once into an extensive practice, which continued during my sojourns in the state. Dr. Stokes married a lady of considerable property (her name was Angeline Hopson) and having made considerable himself by his profession, in the fall or close of the year 1837, he concluded to engage largely in agriculture. So we sold our medicines and location at Cool Springs (at the corner of Laurins — Twiggs — Wilkinson -and Pulaskie) to Dr. Andrew Ard, at considerable profit. The Dr. (Stokes) moved to

Baker County Ga. And I to Hebron Washington County, in the winter (February) of 1838. Here I was very popular and successful in the practice of Medicine; I was invited by the citizens of Sandersville, early in 1839, to locate in that town, twelve miles from Hebron. I therefore sold out to Dr. McBride, and located in Sandersville in May 1839, where I was very successful as long as I remained there during many years.

In A. D. 1840, on Tuesday evening the 14th of July I was married to Martha S. Whitaker, daughter of William and Mary Whitaker of Baldwin County Georgia. Revd. Walter R. Branham performed the ceremony. Our marriage took place at the then residence of Col. Wm. Wretherford, near Milledgeville; where Mrs. Whitaker (my wife's mother) re-sided at the time. Our attendants were Jabes Jackson; John Hammon; Ann Smith and Olivia Jordin.

Wife having considerable property and a part negroes, who did not wish to be sold from us, I therefore purchased of Col. Wm. Wretherford the "Buffalo Pond Plantation," four miles from Sandersville, and carried on planting, successfully until I left the state adding several hands in addition to wife's. We had the best improved residence in town; and prospered while we remained there.

Mary Cantey, daughter of Martha S. and Jacob P. Welch was born in Sandersville Georgia, on Saturday morning, sunrise, the 12th. of November 1842.

Warren Perry, son of Martha S. and Jacob P. Welch was born in Sandersville Georgia, at sunset, on Wednesday evening, the 15th. day of April 1845.

William Thomas, son of Martha S. and Jacob P. Welch, was born in Sandersville Georgia, at 8 o'clock, Fri-day morning, the 16th. day of April 1847.

George Washington, son of Martha

S. and Jacob P. Welch, was born at "Buffalow Pond Place" near Sandersville, Georgia, 10 o'clock Tuesday evening the 30th. day of October, 1849.

A dear lovely son of Martha S. and Jacob P. Welch was stillborn at Alamutcha Old Town, Lauderdale County Mississippi, on the 10th. day of September 1851.

Sarah Crowell, daughter of Martha S. and Jacob P. Welch, was born at Alamutcha Old Town, Lauderdale County, Mississippi at 3 o'clock in the morning of Saturday the 3rd. day of September 1853.

Jacob Warren, son of Martha S. and Jacob Welch, was born at Alamutcha Old Town, Lauderdale County, Mississippi a few minutes after 9 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, the 21st. day of August 1855.

Martha Susan Whitaker (named in full for her dear mother) was born at Alamutcha Old Town, Lauderdale County, Mississippi, a few minutes before 7 o'clock, in the morning of Thursday the 22nd. day of October 1857. Dear daughter of Martha S. and Jacob P. Welch.

Samuel Wiley, son of Martha S. and Jacob P. Welch was born at Alamutcha Old Town in Lauderdale County Mississippi, half after 12 o'clock, M. of Saturday the 5th. day of November 1859.

Eugenia Almeda, daughter of Martha S. and Jacob P. Welch was born at Alamutcha Old Town, Lauderdale County, Mississippi, 7 o'clock Wednesday morning, the 23rd. day of April 1862. A very fair and clear day.

James Madison, son of Martha S. and Jacob P. Welch, was born at Alamutcha Old Town, Lauderdale County, Mississippi, 7 o'clock in the morning of Monday the 22nd. day of January 1865. A beautiful fair, pleasant, calm day.

A dear boy child, son of Martha S. and Jacob P. Welch was stillborn at Alamutcha Old Town on the third day of

January, in the morning A. D. 1867.

So ends the gifts of God to us by children up to this date (May 1870) and likely no more will be born to us as, we, each, are getting too old.

In October and November 1847, I visited old relatives and friends in Mississippi for the first time since my youth. I went as far west as Shougalo Carrol Co. Miss. to John Wilson's who married an own cousin of father. Captain John Wilson was a kind hearted man in whom I had great confidence. I proposed to lay out money in "Sunflower lands" on the Yazoo river. But he was not favorably disposed towards that section, not more than forty miles from him, and dissuaded me out of investing money there. The old gentleman did it (his advice) from pure motives, but it turned out that I could not have laid out money in a more profitable way, as those lands soon increased a thousand per cent in value and are really the very best lands in the state, and as good as the worlds. I remained with him some ten or twelve days and left for Arthur Brown's in Lauderdale County, who married a sister of Mrs. Wilson, youngest daughter of Dempsey Welch senr. , own uncle of father. I remained several days with him. He is a good souled man; plain and kind hearted. (1870) Poor fellow is totally blind now. He went with me to Mr. Wm. Wiggins's at Alamutcha Old Town, who had a charming place, which I contracted for affi in 1850, on a second visit, I made a final purchase of his and Mrs. Marsh's lands.

(January 1871) Arthur Brown is no more upon earth — He has ceased from his labors here, which have been many — and has gone to reap his ever lasting ease and quiet in Heaven. He was the son of rude, course, uneducated parents, who were the early settlers of Alabama in its wild savage infancy — yet he grew up one

of the most honest and industrious men of his day, and raised up an honored family, and lived and died respected by all who knew him — the noblest work of God, a truly honest, pious man. He died of inflammation of the brain on

Believing, like most of young upstarts, in the outset of life, that there was a more prosperous field opened to me in the west, I therefore sacrificed my valuable property in Washington Co. Ga. , viz. My town property in Sandersville, to Dr. Williamson for \$3000. And my plantation to Henry R. Jackson of Savannah for \$3500. And a total sacrifice of house-hold furniture — stock of all kinds, plantation tools, etc. , and left, in most awful health, myself, for Alamutcha Lauderdale Co. Miss. , in January 1851; sending wife and the children \_ in carriage and.. buggies in advance.

After many breakdowns and delays, we finally reached Wetumpka Ala. and then divided — sending the negroes and wagons on with carriage, ie. direct by land, by Mr. Prossers. And self and wife and children took a boat for Mobile, thence up the Bigbee to Tompkinsville and out 31 miles to Alamutcha Miss. by private conveyance and reached my future home at that place on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1851. This was one of the rainiest seasons for many past years — and the rivers were higher than they had been since the country was settled by the whites. The warehouse situated on a bluff sixty feet high at Tompkinsville, was under mined and washed down and much freight lost, I lost considerable.

Plantations too, were much injured, and crops much delayed in consequence of late freshets in the Spring, continuing until May. The cotton enemy, boll worm and caterpillars, vere very destructive, commencing their ravages the 20th August.

Crops turned out ordinarily, even corn. My new home turned out to be a sort of hell for several years.

A clan of infamous hellions by the name of B.R. Bragg, and salalitis Dr. Odom, Dr. Knott, Dr. Moody — Corn Ray — a petafog of lawyers and other sui generia of the community, waged war against me, during several years after my residence, until finally conquered in a long, costly contest at law — which condemned Bragg's son and nephew, Dave James and others of his clan, to the penitentiary. Old Bragg was totally broken up — and finally, died a pauper. Of ten or twelve of those infamous devils, who conspired to take my life, nearly all have died miserable deaths — there being now, only two of them left — who now, profess to be my best friends. (And I freely forgive them all this November 1893) (A footnote added later. A.J.W. )

I have never succeeded in my pecuniary affairs, as well here as I did in my old, loved, native State of Georgia. My only profits being from the natural increase of property and from the purchase of lands.

At Alamutcha, Miss.

On the 10th. of September 1851, wife was delivered of a finely formed son, still born — the first sad bereavement among our dear children. No one knows the force of such sorrows but those who have endured them.

On the 3rd. September 1853, 3 o'clock Saturday A. M. wife was delivered of a fine daughter — whom we named Sarah Crowell in honor of a dear Aunt of her mother's.

Jacob Warren our seventh child was born about 9 o'clock A. M. August 21st, 1855. I named him in part, in memory of his dear departed brother - Warren Perry who died on the 9th day of June 1854, who was

(is) almost a precise likeness, at the same age. May God bless him with the pure nature of his brother who has gone to bliss in Heaven.

*[From here on to the end of Dr. Welch's writings, the handwriting is al-most illegible , because of his age — 86. A.J.W.]*

This is the resumption to continue the narrative of myself and family after a delay of several long years, which I regret, for increasing age has seriously acted upon my nerves and caused my hand to be very unsteady.

This day eighty six years ago, on Sunday morning, the 25th day of October 1807, I was born into this world; an age to which not many reach, yet a few go beyond it. It has now been a long number of years since I left off writing this biography; and prior to that time we had many trying items of deep trials of sorrow but since then our sorrows have been greatly multiplied, in the loss by death of dear ones of our family, and we know not what is yet in store for us before we leave this world.

*This page and the previous one (255) are so badly written that I will commence anew on page (257).*

On October 25th, A. D. 1807 I was born and today, Wednesday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1893, is my birth-day making me (86) eighty six years of age. And I will try and resume this narrative to a finish if it may please the Lord for me to do so, for it has now been many years since I left off writing; since (1870) during which time several of our darling children have passed away leaving us in great grief and sorrow in our old age and decrepitude. And many, many sad things have happened in the time. All things connected with a four

year's war have taken place during the time, which were most awful in the loss of billions of property besides the least the loss of a million of lives lost on the Yankee side; and one fourth that number on the Confederate side. And the war beginning in the early months of 1861, which with 1862, both years being fail-ures in crops, in consequence of unprecedented drouths throuout the southern states, made the chances more unfavorable for success of the south. And a severe task for the people to supply provisions to supply the needs of the army.

But our statesmen held out the hope that it would last but a short time — but oh what folly and disappointment! Instead of a brief and successful contest, it lasted four long years with the loss of our slaves and nearly every thing else that we formerly had in abundance with ruinous taxes and heavy tithes — having myself to pay a tax during the war, in one year, of \$1280 — and 1200 bushels of corn, besides able servant hands to work on forts, railroads and government works, besides other provisions such as food — clothing — mules — horses — beeves, ec. ec. Oh, it was an awful time! Indeed it was!!

In 1864 Gen. Sherman with an overwhelming army of the Union side, came from Vicksburg to Meridian, where Gen. Polk was at the head and command of our Confederate army of about 8000 men, who, not being strong enough to contend with Sherman; re-treated for Demopolis, Ala. and halted a day and night here at Alamutcha, filling the whole neighborhood with soldiers — who took nearly all the provisions of corn and meat — stock — oats — potatoes — in fact every thing they could find for supplies — and it being quite cold weather (February 14th, 1864) they burnt up all the rails of my fence around home, and along the road reaching east across

Alamutcha creek to adjoining Mr. Ben Portis, nearly two miles in extent, amounting to many thousand rails. They left us, out of a large crib of corn, only about forty bushels to feed a large family. Altho' I had already paid my tythe tax of several hundred bushels. They also took nearly all of the pork we had, and left us almost with nothing to live upon and therefore had to rush off a large portion of our family servants with four wagons and teams to the old neighborhood in Georgia to be fed, in the care of our young son William T. Welch — going with him myself, to help him on, as far as Selma, and see them safely across the Bigbee river at Tompkinsville, and Alabama river at Selma, Ala.

My dear son made the trip very successfully and returned home in due time. This sending servants, wagons, mules, etc., took place before the Con-federate army reached our neighborhood, else we would hardly had any-thing of stock or vehicles left us; for our army was nearly as bad, in seizing upon any thing wanted, as was the enemy, with the exception of burning up houses, ec. We had nearly two hundred head of sheep — nearly one hundred head of goats and an equal number of cattle — and a large number of hogs — a number yet in pens for pork that we had yet to slaughter. The most of the fattening hogs they took and killed, be-sides several thousand pounds of pork we had put up in the smoke house to supply us the year. Fortunately a few days before the army reached our place we sent off the cattle, sheep, and goats to the neighborhood of Tompkinsville, 39 miles east in Choctaw County Ala. on the Bigbee river, else the soldiers would have made way with them too. As it turned out I never got back but very few of the stock sent off. So many of them, and no trusty person to look after them (we were afraid to confide so much to

negroes) the stock many of them strayed off which I never could find. We sent off to Georgia twelve mules with wagons and most of the servants, for want of supplies to support them here — keeping two yoke of oxen and a few cows for milk, and the army took the steers for beef, despite of me. Wehad several banks of potatoes, at least 100 bushels. At my request, a guard was put over them for protection which we hoped were safe, but after the army left we found the potatoes all gone. The soldiers stole them! Oh, those were awful times, indeed they were.

General Leonidas Polk was Commander in Chief of the Confederate army that halted here a few days, and his headquarters were at Salem Church; and the other generals, his aides, located at our house — being Gen'l. Loring Lee and Ferguson. Son, William T. Welch had not quite reached the age subject to Army duty but he would be in a few months. And Gen. Loring suggested that it would be a favorable time for him to join his command and go on with him. That if he would do so he would make him one of his escort, and take care of and look after his safety as much as possible. So we accepted his proposition to follow on after the army in a few days, as soon as we could hastily fix him up. Gen. Polk fearing that Gen. Sherman, who had just reached Meridian with an immense army, might try to overtake or entrap him, moved in haste to cross the Bigbee river at Demopolis,Ala. Our soldiers, in their hurry, left an immense quantity of guns — lead — powder — gun caps — shot — balls — and various implements to repair gun locks — and bars of lead of ten or twenty pounds each, cans of powder, and many other things. I gathered up after the army left some fifteen or twenty army guns — ten or fifteen cans of rifle powder, at least a keg of coarse cannon powder and some dozen or

two of musket caps, boxes and all of fifty pounds of large bar lead. So the neighborhood was well supplied with guns and ammunition. After our army left, we looked for the approach of Sherman every hour, and expected to be burned out, as I had, in early outset of our troubles written some sarcastic comments relative to the prowess of the northern red mouth Yankee, which got into some of the New York papers (New York Daily -owned by a relative) which Sherman had read, and Gen. Loring had found that Sherman in consequence, had resolved to burn me out if he reached here; but he too, in a few days took alarm and hurried back to Vicksburg

[Page(s) Missing?]

Son William soon bade us good bye and followed on, and soon reached Gen Loring's quarters, at Monta Vallo Ala. and remained a faithful soldier during the war, and although in many trying conflicts was never injured or seriously sick. He was within six miles of Gen. Polk when (Polk) was killed by a can-non ball, from the enemy two miles off.

At the beginning of the war in 1861, cotton was worth only six cents per pound — immediately after the surrender, it was worth fifty cents per pound. I owed Rushing and Mahan \$1200, on verbal promise of letting them have cotton at 5 cents pr. pound. (all it was worth at the commencement of the war) to pay the debt at the close of war, and carried out my promise -I ought to have paid them in money, as others did, and saved a large amount, which I found in the long run.

In the early days of the outbreak of military callings for volunteers nearly every body, particularly young men, and even boys, wanted to join the army; as it was thought it, the contest, would soon end and

be nothing more than a jolly frolick, Consequently, a large company was soon raised here at Alamutcha, and Peter H. Bozeman of Toomsaba, was elected as Captain. But instead of a grand holiday frolick, it turned out to be an awful four year's carnage — for there were over two million lives sacrificed in the contest; with the total emancipation of slavery within the United States!! This was a loss of several billions of property to the South and left slave owners largely in debt for negroes purchased which they had to pay for even after their emancipation. This was equivalent to so much thrown away and was ruinous to a great many families. After losing my slaves, I had nothing left except a large body of land and some stock of cattle — horses and mules, which were heavily taxed to a degree that put us up to the greatest effort to meet. I was enabled however to give each of my children pleasant homes of good productive lands as nearly equal shares as I could fix them, which was a great boon to them.

At the formation of the Volunteer Company Mrs. Martha S. Welch was requested to address the company — she therefore composed and delivered a very patriotic and cheering speech to them; and Miss Sopronia McElroy presented them an appropriate flag. Mr. Benj. Porter and myself also made remarks.

The result of the war put all the seceded states under the most deplorable condition of humility — for the negroes were not only set free, but were clothed with equal political rights with the most learned and talented white men and statesmen of the south!! The lowest grade of humanity flocked from the north to the south in great numbers to rob and plunder -which they did to great success, during several years. It was frequent to see a man -- one that had served terms as prisoners

in different prisons -with no fitness for office occupying high positions with the grossest mal-practices. Those were certainly awful times, and it is wonderful that the South ever succeeded in overcoming them. But despite of all the trials and tribulations that for a time heaped upon the South, yet great prosperity is now (July 1894) visible in every portion of our Sunny South. And nearly all of the great leaders of our oppression have passed away to give an account of their unholy conduct in being the authors of so much slaughter, anguish and suffering in our land. The Author and Judge of the Universe will give them their just rewards!!!

So mite it be. — Amen.

In consequence of my serious declining health, and not being able to attend to and look after the business of the plantation of our surroundings to warrant success, and son, Samuel W. Welch being strongly inclined to go in business on the rail road, to which we, most of our family were very much opposed in consequence of the hazards of exposure, where so many have been crippled or lost their lives, I and wife, after consulting several of our children, proposed to son Samie that if he would abandon his railroad idea, and take hold of the management of the plantation; clear it out of debt and have the use and benefit of all the annual income of farm, stock, etc. extra of expenses and take parents, during their (our) lives — that at our deaths our entire estate, consisting of several hundred acres of land, stock of every kind, tools and of all belongings, should be conveyed to him. This he accepted; and a deed of gift was drawn up and delivered to him (as per agreement) on the 27th December A. D. 1883. He set in with remarkable ability and industry and matters progressed pleasantly until 1888,

when son Samie said that he was somewhat pressed and would have to borrow a few hundred dollars and could not do so the way things stood as a cautious (cautious?) mortgage was necessary to obtain a loan of the amount of money needed. Here was an opening for future trouble as it has turned out to be. I can see now how it would have been averted, i. e. I could have borrowed the money in my own name, by giving a mortgage as the property was still vested in my wife and myself, and in my son until after our demise, and thus saved the necessity of changing the deed of gift into a deed of conveyance and thus secured to ourselves the certainty of a homestead during life and avoided all possible future trouble. But he had married the daughter of Judge Mc. H. Whitaker, a relative and prominent lawyer, and consequently was able to get legal advice with little or no expense. And having the utmost confidence in our beloved son, that his love and affection for us would prompt him to extend us full justice, we were persuaded to give way to making him a warranty deed — which has turned out to be bad policy and causing much fear to wife and self as to the certainty of a future home for us. Our trust now is to the good Lord that the holy spirit will so operate upon the mind of our dear son Samie as to influence him to act in full justice towards his old father and mother as per written contract — we live in hopes.

Samie has just sold to Mr. Jas. Brewster (Nov. 1895) the old homestead with 200 acres for \$2000. under the plea that "he had better sell than to be sold."

*(Statement above correct. A change of deeds was made for fear of a few more unknown debts might come up against the estate as I had already paid more than was intended to be paid by me. S. W.)*

This, he says, gets him out of debt, with several hundred dollars in money ahead, and has also sold to Mr. LaFayette Shamburger 76 acres more (the church field for \$500) on time at 10. per cent interest. He says he will build anew close by the old home. We hope it may turn out for the best.

It would seem that, under the existing condition of the financial pressure of this nation, but of the whole commercial world, that property of every character being depressed down to the present "gold standard," is certainly an unfavorable time to sell real estate for its true value,

*(Statement above as to sellingland to Shamburgeris a mistake. I am owner oflands referred to. Dec. 27199 S. W. W)*

particularly in health, convenient, desirable neighborhood as our old home is — where we have now resided during the last 45 years, which makes so dear to us.

This present financial pressure which is called the "president's policy," is really the policy of old England and has been for more than forty years past. The old policy of equal gold, silver and paper money, as the American currency of the united States — the money established by Washington — Jefferson — Madison — Adams — Jackson and others of our presidential policy, under which our county prospered during 100 years.

*[Pages 282 — 185 torn out — see page 294 A.J. W.]*

*[This is a note written on page 286 of Dr. Welch's diary by someone. A.J. W.]*

The leaves torn our here express something that was not desirable, with certain members of the family, to be handed down for future generations to see — It

exposed a policy as black as the old "Inquisition" and meted out justice with-out gloves. The author when writing those pages let his wounded spirit escape through the medium of his pen and in handling the subject of his and his wife's unjust treatment after the conveyance of their home was just a little too much, and they were torn out and burned "Ashes give up no secrets. "]

Anxieties in the raising of their families that they will be brought to realize the great debt that children are due to their parents. But after thus corn-menting on what has come to light of recent date, we trust that no protest in the premises will be necessary, as the course of nature will soon call wife and self home from this world of turmoil, sin and trouble.

Surely our dear son and family will not get tired of us during the little time it may please God for us to remain on earth; for we are of little or no expense; for dear wife is blessed with wonderful health and strength for one of her age (near 70 years of age) and though to be relieved of toil by our contract, she renders great aid and help daily in the cook-room — ironing and in various numerous ways.

All the old furniture, library and 40. acres of land are our little possessions — with bedding, i. e. i. e. and we have thus far (September 10th. 1894) furnished nearly all of our clothing — and as the good Lord has so wonderfully blessed us there has been very little need of physician's aid to either of us for years. And we have done this, all along, willingly, to help our son as much as we could in his contest with the "hard times" which prevails our entire nation; as he, like thousands of other citizens, is in debt, and is struggling to get out. Although it is a hard contest, when cotton is now (September 20th/ '94) as low as 5 cents pr. pound. We feel confident that

notwithstanding the great pressure, our son, will "hold the fort" and come out all right ere long, if prudent economy is practiced, for if his statement to me is near correct, his vim, industry, and perseverance will carry him through triumphantly — I trust I and wife will have the joy to see him free of debt before we die; it would afford us such great consolation to leave him in worldly prosperity.

We placed a large estate in his hand tho' smartly in debt to Baum, a jew of Meridian, yet a contest through the court cut his claim down largely and the prospect was bright to soon relieve the estate of every demand, yet, altho' cotton and cotton seed were up at twice the price it now is, yet the estate has never gotten entirely out of debt. It looks like something "behind the curtain" has transpired to cause partial paralysis in this matter to the improper (improper) benefit of others. It was not hard to do something of the kind after the provisional deed of gift passed into a deed of conveyance. There is mystery about it, whether it be will founded or not; I hope it is not, and trust that all will turn out just and proper in the end at last, and all doubts and fears be reconciled.

*[Note added.]*

The sentence above, "behind the curtain," is there were \$1200. due J.H. Culpepper, John McKenzie \$800, A.J. Peck \$125, that had to be paid in consequence of my assuming indebtedness of J.P.W. This was not known at the first trade was made, i. e. , above debts.

*[This was presumably written by S. W. W. as the handwriting is the same and is dealing on the same subject. A.J. W.]*

All that wife and myself desire is that we be treated justly and kindly during the

remainder of our time in this world, which will not be long, as we are both quite old, and myself growing yearly more decrepid, feeble, deaf, and blind, will soon pass away to that blissful home, where there will be no more suffering, sorrow, and tears — Amen. The present hard times which now pervades all civilized nations is owing to the single gold standard of currency, in my opinion, and will not be relieved until silver is reinstated as of yore. In 1833 — 4 -cotton in price was worth only 5. and 6. cents per pound. In 1844 money was scarcer than it is now (i. e. 1894) and during several years succeeding General Jackson's veto of the re-charter of the United States bank, times as to money were much harder than at present. So that this great financial trouble now existing so extensively will ere long be rectified and take new life, and prosperity again gladden the nations.

Having now briefly glanced at some of the incidents of my life, will conclude by reference to individual ancestry of self and wife and close our immediate family.

*Continued from page 282*

wooden rollers by a crank, calling in the neighbors to help as a social frolic for the young. About this time a Mr. Whitney (of the state of Georgia, of Savannah, I think he was) invented the cotton gin; which immediately caused tremendous activity to the culture and production of cotton in the southern states, and soon was the means of great wealth and prosperity, and an immense blessing to the whole world. Notwithstanding its great blessing, it is greatly fluctuating in price. I remember that in 1825 it was worth 18 cents per pound in 1824 it was down to 5 cts. — in 1844 — again with 5 cents -in 1860 about 6 ct. — in 1861 — down to 6 cents — at the close of

the war 1865 went up to 25 cents pr. pound, but declined and kept declining, until 1894 — when the price at one time (Nov. and Dec.) got down to 4 and 5 cents, and now Oct. 1894 it is up again to 9 cents. So we can't tell this year what will its price be next year — yet it is the greatest and most important commercial commodity upon earth.

It is a sad time with me and dear wife in parting with our old home and residence where we have lived during the last 45 years — as son Samie has just sold it with 200 acres of land for \$3000. cash; having still left 470 acres of land still left — and relieving him of debt with several hundred dollars cash ahead of the world. He will build anew during the next year 1896, this is Dec. /95, so he contemplates. now. I am now approaching near the last pages of this autobiography -having written matters as given me by elder relatives of the family and what I knew from my own personal knowledge.

*Page 294*

A few pages back two leaves are torn out because I had expressed fear that an important document, relative great interest to wife and myself, had been destroyed or hid away by his connivance; but after expressing my fears, I fortunately found the document among other papers stored away — and it flashed upon me with sorrow that I had done him a great wrong, and I made haste to express my sorrow and ask his forgiveness, and took the leaves out so as to blot out the charge as false — which gives satisfaction.

For the information and pleasure of our children and posterity, I now proceed to give the lineal descent of my father and mother, as obtained from old members of each family, long since paid the debt of

nature. And I (i.e. J.P. Welch) am nearly ninety years of age as I was born on Sunday morning, on the 25th day of October 1807, so I have been told by father and mother, many times, and others of the family; and was so re-corded in the old family Bible, of long ago; and although getting partially blind and deaf yet I am of sufficient nerve to do this writing, which I esteem as a remarkable blessing for so old a man (to-day is the 6th of May 1897.)

It has been remarked to me by old members of both families that the Welch and McCuller families were neighbors in the old country, and emigrated to America away back in colonial times on the same vessel and settled near Richmond, Va. colony— Welch had the trade of a brick mason, and McCullers was a carpenter. They had a long and tedious voyage.

In those times the power and application of steam was not known, and vessels were driven only by wind sails — so that it would often require months to make the voyage from London to America. They first settled near Richmond Va. and multiplied in families; and the family of Dempsey Welch (my father's grandfather moved from Va. Colony and settled in Burke Co. Ga. He had five sons — Isaac — Michael — James — Jacob and Dempsey — and two daughters, Sarah and Mary. Sarah married Wily Sharp and Mary married Robbin Berryhill, whose posterity in part are in Amite Co. Miss.

Michael married Mary Berryhill (Mary Tool of Jefferson Co. Ga. 1850 is their daughter) James Welch married Clarry Morrell; had one daughter Elizabeth who first married James Young.

N.B. The notes from which I write are so badly arranged that I failed to place father's Uncle Dempsey, name above, as one of the sons of

great grandfather Welch - his son Dempsey married Willy Welky and had 2 sons and 3 daughters. Jemima married Wm. Foster — Mary — John Wilson, and Mariah, Arthur Brown. Dempsey married his cousin, a Miss Young. All went to Miss. and did well.

After the death of James Young, Elizabeth married Charles Wheeler and died in Copiah Miss. James' second wife was Elisa Bryant. James Welch, uncle of my father, had five sons — John — William — James — Michael and Isaac. John first married a woman of bad repute of Savannah, Ga. then Mary Tramfield a tinge of Indian blood, so said. William married Sharlott Brown. James married Elizabeth Bryant, then Easter Jones, and then Ann Emanuel. Isaac married a Miss Porter or Portis.

### **JACOB WELCH.**

My grandfather. He married Miss Mary Cole, second wife, an orphan girl of North Carolina, a lady of good family and of high respect. They had three sons born to them, viz. Warren, Michael and George W. and had five daughters viz. Barbary; Priscilla; Sarah; Mary, and Levina. Priscilla married Johnathan Day and had some eight or ten sons, had no daughters. Most, or all of the sons lived in Twiggs Co. Ga. when I left that state in 1851, and were doing very well. Their father and mother died about 1828, in Morgan Co. Ga. Barbary married Benjamin Williams, had one daughter Priscilla — and she was left an orphan, when only about seven years of age, her father and mother having died the same year. She was a most lovely child, every body loved her — after her parents died, her grandmother Welch took care of her, and her aunts and uncles doated

(doted) on her. She loved me as dearly as any-one on earth. Not long before father left Monticilly Jasper County Ga. for the then "wild west," his living sisters, Sally -- Mary and Levina, paid us a farewell visit and spent some time with our family, and brought Cousin Priscilla with them — for we all loved her dearly — that was in the year 1815 not but a few months after Gen. Jackson had conquered the Indians and defeated the British forces under the great General Packenham at New Orleans on the 8th. of January 1815, and this visit of father's sisters would be the last time we would ever meet again upon earth! And was full of grief and sorrow. I was then about eight years old and Cousin Priscilla nine. She would often remark "My dear little cousin Jacob, it will break my heart, when the hour comes for us to say good-bye! For it will be the last of our meeting upon earth! I did hope all along that Uncle Warren would give up the move, and settle some where near us but our hopes are vain now; and if it be the will of God that we meet no more in this world, I pray that we will all meet in Heaven where parting, grief and sorrow will be no more" — When the day came for us all to part, it was truly a sad trial — that was the first time that I ever saw my father shed tears — I hope to meet my dearly beloved cousin Priscilla and the rest of that dear company in Heaven — Priscilla only lived a few years after we parted; and died with bright assurance of eternal glory.

Aunt Sarah Welch married a Mr. Rubin Mathis, poor but honest and noted for his industry; but he never prospered in life, altho' Uncle Welch (i.e. G.W.) gave his sister Sarah a good home in the first right, not subject to sale for his, Mathis's debts, where they lived many years, but finally got shed of it. It was a valuable place near Zebulon Pike Co. Ga. I met with Aunt

Sarah and some of her children in Wetumpka Ala. some 25 years ago. They were in very limited circumstances, and I fear one of the girls, from what I saw, came to a bad end. I hope not. I have not been able to learn the name of the man Aunt Mary married.

Aunt Levina or Melvina (I don't know which is her right name, but think its the latter) married a Mr. Peter Quarternos.

Bart Welch, son of Grandfather Jacob one - half bro. to Warren Welch emigrated to Ireland about 1800, settled in Westmeath Co. where he married and raised a family of five or six children. A carpenter by trade; and the last time heard of lived in or near Caharoba Ala. She was half sister of father. Grand-mother Welch, after remaining a widowhood some four years, married a man, (a stranger) of fair appearance, named Byron James, but soon showed bad qualities, and committed some unlawful act that caused him to suddenly flee the country. Grandmother Welch then remained a widow some twenty years after the death of James — and in 1825 married John Rutledge, who had been born and raised in the county (Burke) and of good estate and honor-able standing — and after the Cherokee Indians sold their land in North Georgia, Mr. Rutledge moved and settled in Cherokee County — and after living happily together for over thirty years, died of a cancer on her breast in 1857, in her 65th year of life, having lived a christian life since early girlhood.

Michael died in infancy. George Walker, named in part for Mr. Walker, a near neighbor whose friendship continued even to old age. When a boy George W. manifested a great desire for learning, and he finally became quite a scholar; particularly in mathematics, and was appointed one of the government's surveyors in laying off the land purchase lying between the

Ocmulgee and Flint rivers in Ga.. And he ran off most of Houston County in sections and subsections, which gave a.-good start in the accumulation of property in life. He then went to merchandising in Dublin, Laurens Co. Ga., in company with a Mr. Fullwood during several years, and they were very successful in business. When they closed up his profits amounted to twenty five thousand dollars. He then married Miss Mary Thomas Griffin of Laurens Co. Ga. the daughter of a wealthy planter. He then purchased a valuable plantation of Turkey Creek in Twiggs County Ga. and with many valuable slaves pursued agriculture during the balance of his life and accumulated a large estate — they never had any children born to them. He was a devout christian from youth — he died in the fall (Nov.6th. 1838).

Warren Welch, eldest son of Grandfather Jacob Welch was born in the beginning of the year A.D.1780. I will leave a further account of his until I have related somewhat of the McCullers family.

John McCullers, my grandfather, sprang from the original stock that came to America in search of religious freedom of conscious [conscience], about the first emigrant of the Welch family — the Welches were by trade Brickmasons, and the McCullers were house carpenters — both of high standing in their trades — and they did about the first brick and carpenter work ever performed in the city of Augusta, Ga., then a mere village; being more than 100 years ago! Oh! what wonderful achievements have taken place since then. The Creek Indian Nations at that time (1780) extended from the Oconee river, to the Tombigbee river, a distance of over 350 miles, and all travel for several years after, then "great west," was by pack horses. Then and during years after, it required some two months in making the trip

through the nation. Usually a number of families would move together as being safer from outrage. Now the Indians have long since been bought out and except for a very few, have been removed far west of the great Mississippi river; and all of that great and vast country entirely settled up by our white race of people, and by the great and wonderful power of steam. It requires only two days now from Augusta, Ga. to Jackson, Miss. Oh! the wonderful strides of civilization!

Grandfather John McCullers wife was Sarah Dodd — she was the daughter of William Dodd. Robert Dodd of Ala. was her nephew and he and Green Wood were her own first cousins. Robt. Dodd's mother was a daughter of Maj. General Wood.

Grandfather McCullers had four sons — viz: Needham; Duett; Cholson; and John; and had three daughters, Nancy; Sarah; Mary. Needham McCullers was an editor of a paper in Columbia, S.C. and again in Louisville Jefferson Co. S.C. and then a sports-man and went to Savannah Ga. Duett died in boyhood. Cholson McCullers was a finished carpenter.

Grandmother's mother's maiden name was Mary Ann Colson; and her grandfather was Wm. McCullers who married Miss Liddia Duett. Golson or rather Colson, married in a good family, and raised up a family of several daughters; but as an exception to his father's family he became to be a confirmed drunkard, and, consequently very poor. John McCullers married Miss Gracy Hudson. They had five daughters and three sons — the old gentleman was a planter and stood fair in the land as "an honest man — the noblest work of God." The names of the daughters were Rebeca — Mary — Elizabeth -Elvja and Susan. Names of the sons — Alexander — Issah — and James who (i.e.) James graduated from the Medical College of Augusta

Ga. Aunt Sarah McCullers married John Dye, and they went to the western country about the time I (i.e. J.P.W.) was born, on pack horses with some 20 or 30 families in a strong body, well armed. They were some eight weeks in reaching their destination, some 400 miles distant — all from Burke County Ga. Uncle Dye and wife lived together until their children, only three, were grown; and then, for bad treatment of my aunt, she obtained a divorce from him, and after a few years, married a Mr. Clark of New Orleans, and lived and died there after several years.

Aunt Nancy McCullers married Mr. Archy Baker and raised a large family of sons and daughters — the names of whom is not remembered. He was a successful planter. The last time I had any account of the family they lived near Opelika Ala. and were doing well.

Mary Ann McCullers, my dear Mother, and my father, Warren Welch, were married on the 25th. day of December, A.D. 1806, Christmas Day at the residence of her parents, in the county of Burke, State of Ga. They had eight children born to them — viz: five boys and three girls; namely: Jacob Perry — Wily Sharp — Warren, Jr. — George Walker — and James Madison. Daughters: Mary Ann — Sarah Jane, and one stillborn. Brother Wily S. died in St. Francisville when about fourteen years of age. Warren married Miss Almeda Ainsworth in Sandersville, Washington. - Co. Ga. in . They had no children. He died of consumption at his home in the city of Mobile, Ala. in 1851. His widow then resided in our family until she married Mr. Duncan Kelly of Lauderdale Co. Miss. our neighbor, and noble gentleman; there were born to them three sons and four daughters: viz/ James, William and Angus.

[N.B. Martha married Mr. Eddy Boseman] Martha, — Estell — Lula and Almeda — the latter married Mr. LaFayette Shamburger and died some time after the birth of their only child very suddenly — James and William also are married; the rest single. Mrs. Kelly lives around with her children. Estell is also married to A. M. Jones — ran away with him. Brother George W. Welch married a Miss Nancy McNeal; and lived many years in the city of Mobile Ala; where he died a few years ago. They had born to them ten children; seven boys and three girls. Boys — George married and had five daughters, all pretty well educated at that noble state and city Charity Barton Academy. George died a few years ago. Milton — died young. Jacob P. died young. Still-born son, a twin. Warren is married in Texas and doing well. Charley — married and doing well in Texas. John — married, ec. ec.

[*Note: Someone has written this in diary — "Warren is now, 1903, in Galveston, Texas, and was living there when the city was swept away."*]

Daughters: Mary married a Mr. Jas. Pressnelle. Mirah married a Mr. Smith. Twin girl lived only a few months. Sister Nancy Brookin, brother George's widow, moved to Texas and lived with her daughter, Mary Presnelle, and died with paralysis not long after going there. Sister Mary Ann married Robbirt Pugsly, only brother of Dr. Sidney Pugsley. They had five children born to them — three boys and two girls — viz.: George W., Jacob P. and Sidney. The boys all married. George and Sidney died a few years ago. George left a large family. Jacob Perry, my namesake, has an interesting family and all prosperous. They had two daughters — Caroline who married a Mr. Williams, and had eight children, all

doing well. He died years ago.

Martha married a Mr. McClorror and had several children, and are prosperous and all live in Emanuel Co. Ga.

Sister Sarah Jane first married Jackson Dannel who soon died a drunkard. She then married John A. Stevenson — had one child born to them, Fanny, who married a Mr. Ulmer and lived in Jacksonville, Fla. Sister and Stevenson parted years ago, and sister is living with her daughter. Stevenson died three years ago. I write this in January 1898. I will write soon to my niece, Fanny Ulmer of Florida to learn if my sister Sarah is still living or is dead. It having been many years since I have heard from her or her daughter, and I leave the balance of this page for further remarks, if I get an answer from Fanny.

*[The following note has been copied in Dr. Welch's diary, page 318.*

*The note is pasted in book, and is not signed. A.J. W.]*

"Warren Welch died April 2, 1832,  
Monroe Co. Ala.

Mary McCuller Welch died Feb. 5,  
1821, St. Francisville,  
Louisiana.

Warren Welch, Jr. died June 26,  
1857, Mobile, Ala.

George W. Welch died Nov. 6, 1838,  
Triggs Co. Georgia.

George W. Welch, Jr. died April 3,  
1885, Mobile, Ala."

I now come to an account of my-self, and immediate family.

Jacob Perry Welch, eldest son of Mary Ann and Warren Welch, Sr., was born at Beaver dam place in Burke County Georgia, about sunrise on Sun-day morning, on the 25th day of October, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, eighteen hundred

and seven; (October 25, 1807). And it is now A.D. January 18th, 1898. Consequently I was ninety years of age on the 25th day of last October — and am now entered upon my 91st year of age.

I am firmly impressed that the holy spirit of my blessed Lord Jesus has been watchful of me ever since the death of my dear sainted mother. When I look back over the long years of the past of my life and remember the many hair-breadth escapes from death, I can but look upon it as the hand of God that protected me in them all up to my great age. Oh! bless his great and holy name for ever — Amen.

On Tuesday evening of July the 14th, 1840, at the residence of Col. William Rutherford, in Millway, near Milledgeville Baldwin County Georgia I and Miss Martha Susan Whitaker were united in the holy bonds of marriage by the Rev. Walter H. Brigham, a divine of the Methodist church, a personal friend — our attendants were Messrs. John Hammon, Jabes Jackson, and Misses Ann Smith and Sarah Wright. Mrs. Whitaker had taken charge of the residence there as a convenience to the high schools there; her two sons James and Samuel conducting the affairs of her fine residence and plantation ten miles below on the east side of the Oconee river.

*[Note: The following information is written on page 319 of Mr. Welch's diary not signed. A.J.W.]*

*(Dr. J. P. Welch was born 25th of October A.D. 1807 and died the 8th day of March, 1901, being 93 years, 4 months and 13 days of age.)*

Our first ten years of marriage were spent in Sandersville Washington Co. Georgia, where we had three children born to us and one at my plantation, known as the Buffalo Pond place, a nice and valuable

home. In 1850, we moved to the state of Mississippi; and on the 16th day of February we landed. at our home at Alamutcha Old Town in Lauderdale County, where we have lived ever since, being now 48 years — and our married life 58 years; We have had five sons and three daughters born to us here. Our first born in Sandersville was a daughter whom we named Mary Canty, being the maiden name of her grand-mother Whitaker. Mary Canty, was born sunrise Saturday, 12th November 1848. She was a beautiful child and grew up to womanhood as very attractive. She began her education in flush times, and I gave her extra advantages, and she married John Cameron, a young man raised up in the neighborhood. They had four sons born to them who grew up to manhood of much usefulness and high standing.

Milton, their first boy was born on 20th January, 1862 — and married Miss Louise Nelson, Sept. 1896. Had a daughter born to them, our first great grandchild.

William Edd — born 20th Nov. 1870 (*W. E. Cameron died Jan. 16, 1911 - A. J. W.*)

Jim Mack (*born 19th March, 1872 -- Jim Mack Cameron died Feb. 1, 1935. He married a young lady near Quitman, Miss. — Miss Nellie Brunson and they have three sons to bless this union. The above information was added in 1907—no name given. A.J. W.*)

Harris — born on the ??? Aug. 1876.

Daughter Mary Cantey Welch, married John A. Cameron, on the 3rd day of April 1867. Mary enjoyed good health during several years, until the birth of her last child when her health began to decline, and finally a cancer of the womb set in and despite of all aid to relieve her was of no avail, and during some two years

of the most awful suffering she died at our home on Saturday, the 22 (12th.) day of August 1881. Amidst all of her great suffering she bore it with the most astonishing resignation; She suffered many deaths!! But we hope and believe that she is now in glory with her blessed Saviour.

Our second son born to us was a beautiful son, born in Sandersville, Washington County Georgia at sunset 16th April, 1845, whom we named Warren Perry in part for his Uncle Warren and grandfather. Welch and Perry, as part of my name. He was a noble boy. I never have seen a more affectionate child to his parents and relatives. On a certain occasion, he and Edwin Sage, a son of a merchant of our village, and a good friend, had a little friendly romp in the parlor and in this tussle he ruptured a vessel internally in some way which brought on a slow, hectic fever, which despite of all we could do after some twenty odd days terminated in his death. Thus began our most heart-felt sorrows, and caused me to turn from my wicked course of life towards a more pious course of life. I was impressed with the remark of David in the loss of his son "he can't come to me, but I can go to him" in heaven, so I resolved right then to lead a devoted life to my blessed Saviour in future so as to meet my dear son in heaven. And so I have tried to live ever since his death, for I am sure he is now in the joys of eternal bliss, for he was a most pious child for his dear heart broken Mother had taught him all about Jesus as our glorious Saviour, and altho so young he loved Jesus. He died on the 9th of June 1854, at our home in Alamutcha Old Town, Lauderdale County Miss.

William Thomas Welch, named after his uncle Thomas Hudson Whitaker, and a cousin of mine. The third heir born to us was another fine son, born in Sandersville, Washington County, Georgia, on the 16th

of April, 1847. He grew up to perfect manhood, lived a bachelor life for a few years and finally found a wife in the young lady of Miss Ida May Blanks, daughter of Mr. Raff Blanks of Toomsaba of Lauderdale Co. Miss. Was married on the 14th of December 1887 by Rev. Mr. Cook, a Baptist minister. They have five daughters born to them; and the prospect of an additional heir, that is expected to arrive between now and October next (it is now 22nd. March, 1898). We all hope it will be fine son this time — The names and births of the children are as follows:

Mary Welch, born 12th Sept. 1888.  
Mattie E. Welch, born Oct. 6th 1889.  
Alma Welch, born Sept. 16th 1891.  
Ida Welch, born Sept. 25th 1893.  
Junie Welch, born July 15th 1895.

The fourth heir that blessed us was a fine son, born at our plantation 4 1/2 miles N.W. of Sandersville Washington County Georgia, known as Buffalo Pond Place." We named him George Washing-ton, after the first president of the U.S.A. and for his uncle and great uncle, G.W. Welch. He grew up to noble manhood. And he was blessed with a nature that caused all that knew him to love him. He was born on 30th of October 1849, and was married to Miss Junie V. Patton, by Rev. Mr. Joshua Hund on the 28th. November 1875, 11 o'clock A.M. and died 10th November 1888. My dear son, George W. Welch and his beloved wife, who was a daughter of General William S. Patton, had seven children born to them, namely:

Mattie Whitaker was born on December 6th, 1876.

Junie Patton born August 28, 1878 [ & died Dec. 24, 1878]

William Perry born Feb. 11th, 1880.  
George Webb born December 6th.

1881. Died Oct. 20th, 1888.  
Junius Patton born Oct. 3rd 1883.  
Virginia Irene born Jan'y 24th 1885.  
Mary Valinia, born 6th March, 1888.

The death of dear son George was a great bereavement to us all, as well as the other dear ones of our family that have died; for he was just entering into a career of usefulness and proffit in public life, that was inclining towards the highest honors in the gift of the people of the county — being already Tax Assessor of the County — and being previously a member of the Board of Supervisors. His great love and affection for his children was greatly manifested in the death of his little son Webb. His grief in this case was so great, tho' silent, was such as to bring upon himself that dreadful scourge — typhoid fever — which despite all human aid and effort, resulted in his own death. He was a true, strict, and faithful member of the Baptist Church. A good friend to all — truly an honest man "the noblest work of God." I am consoled in the firm belief and good hope that he, with the rest of our dear departed, is now enjoying the great reward of Heaven's blessings and eternal life, that our dear Saviour has promised to all that believe in and love him and trust in him -so may be.

J.P.W. April, 1898.

A dear little son, stillborn on the 10th of September 1851.

Sarah Crowell Welch, named for her Aunt Crowel, sister of Mrs. Mary Whitaker — was born on the 3rd of September 1853. And she was married to Mr. W. H. Smith on the 3rd day of January 1872, by Rev. George Bancroft. They have born to them up to this date (April) 1898) eleven children; viz.: eight sons, and three daughters, as follows:

First, a son, born 2nd day of November, 1872, and was named Wm.

Henry -he lived only until March 24, 1873, when he died. Their second son born, named Wm. Edgar, was born on the 30th of June, 1874, after growing up to perfect, noble manhood. He sought him a helpmeet for life and found her in the lovely person of Miss Betty Phillips, and they were married by Rev. Mr. Char. Elliott, 15th day of December 1897.

W. Allen Smith, 3rd son, was born on the 18th of August, 1876.

Annie W., their first daughter, was born on the 20th of August 1878. Eugene, 4th son, was born on the 18th of July — 1880. Roy. son, was born on the 5th day of April, 1885. Sallie May, 2nd daughter, was born on the 30th of September, 1887. Continued on page 337.

*These blank pages overlooked by mistake and hence W.H. Smith's family is part forward on page 337 in part. continued from page 334.*

*[See next section for Sarah P. Crowell & children.]*

James Warren Welch, named in part for myself — his dear departed brother, Warren Perry — his uncle Warren and grandfather Welch was born on the 21st of August A.D. 1855. He has grown up to perfect manhood -and altho' a little wild in youth, he has greatly re-formed, as advanced in life, and no man stands higher in the scale of honor and uprighteous-ness than J. Warren Welch. He has a pure, noble heart, full of charity, a noble, honest man, the noblest work of God. His home now is in Indianola, Sunflower County — where he had lived several years and prospered; being the popular county surveyor and successful engineer.

*Page 336*

8th child born to us, a daughter. We named her Martha Susan Whitaker for her

mother, and her grandmother Whitaker — She was born on the 22nd. day of October 1857. She, like all of our children, was, in disposition most affectionate and loving and obedient. About the close of her eleventh year of age, she was taken suddenly ill, and on the 7th. day of September 1868 she died; and like the rest that the blessed Lord had called home to Heaven, left us in great sorrow.

*Continued on page 338.*

*Continued from page 334* \_\_\_\_\_ G. Hudson, 7th son, was born on December 30th.

1890. Elsie A. 2nd. daughter, was born on the 22nd. of April 1894. Duncan McL. 8th son, was born 11th of March 1897.

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Martha Susan W. continued ---- Although we sorrowed for parting with our dear little daughter "Mattie" as I always called her, as I did her dear Mother, it was not because we had any doubt of meeting her again after a while in Heaven, where our blessed Redeemer is, but because her daily presence of purest love had so wrought upon us that it was almost like taking our own life away. A night or so before she died, and when not the remotest fear that she was in danger, I had a most remarkable and impressive dream — I am not superstitious, nor do I believe much in dreams, as was much confided in when our Saviour was in the world.

I dreamed that I was in a most wonderful and remarkable place, that all around in every direction was the most brilliant light which surrounded us, that I had ever beheld in my life before; everything looked new and charming beyond the power of description. There was a new building on one side of the great avenue and a beautiful young lady in the passage.

I asked her, what place is this? She said "this is holy land, and, this great avenue leads up to the most wonderful fountain of life about a mile ahead of you, where you behold such a great number of people. I went on my way walking and directly saw two tab-lets lying on the ground before me. I took them up — they had writing on them, and while looking on them a gentleman near came up and said -if you can't make out the writing there are soothsayers in that large building nearby who will explain them — the building was a very plain externally — I went to the broad entrance and looked in, and there appeared to be a great crowd of the most beautiful ladies and gentlemen I had ever beheld. I asked for a soothsayer and a noble looking gentleman came out and examined the tablets and said — this the thickest, indicates that we stand here on holy land where all good people live free from sin and trouble — this thinner tablet indicates that this is a passport full of joy, and that if you bathe and drink of the waters that flow so magnificently along the aqueduct and of the great fountain head, up yonder where you see so many people, you will be relieved of all disease and deformity, and all grief and trouble will vanish, and all tears be wiped away and washedaway!!! "I will," said he, "lay these tab-lets away for you, in this sacred building as a memorial that here you found them, as a great blessing.

I then left him, and strolled along towards the great fountain and soon met Arthur Brown, who has been dead several years. He seemed glad to meet me — he became totally blind before he died — he said to me that simply resting here had nearly restored his sight, but when he got less and he could bathe in the great fount, his sight would be restored. We stood and talked about the wonders before us — the flow of the diamond-looking gems that

sparkled as they flowed along the aqueduct was wonderful. We walked down to a great de-pot of a great railroad near, and I woke up — and was so impressed with my wonderful dream that I related it to wife, Mattie, and the other children. My dream was on Saturday night, and I related Sunday morning only to the family. All of us considered it a wonderful dream. Even dear Mattie seemed to think it strange — early of the day she seemed to be doing as well as we could expect, until the turn of the day when she got worse, and despite of all efforts of poor humanity the blessed daughter passed away on Monday evening, the 7th day of September 1868 in the evening and was buried on Wednesday following, and brother Rev. King Ryon preached her funeral — he asked if I had a text in mind. I said no.

I had made no mention of my dream to no one outside of home, and he knew nothing of it until sometime after. His text was the 21st. chapter 4th verse,

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying — neither shall there be any more pain, be-cause the former things are passed away." Rev. 4:21)

This text is so much like my dream that I feel that it was a message to us not to grieve for our beloved child, as she had gone home to Heaven and eternal bliss and glory —

Amen.

Samuel Wiley was born on the 5th. day of November 1859. Was married to Sallie P. Whitaker by Rev. Mr. Black, a Methodist minister on the 10th. of March 1886. They have had four children born to them up to this date (May 1898) viz: two sons and two daughters as follows:

Mackie V. She was born on the 27th of February 1887. Fannie Eleanor was born on the 8th of October 1889. Samuel Warren was born on the 5th of February, 1891. William Perry was born on the 5th of December, 1892 [died 1967]

Eugenia Almeda Welch was born on the 23rd day of April, 1862, at Alamutcha Lauderdale County, Miss., where all the other children were born and raised — four of the four first born to us, have their place of birth in Georgia, as stated in the proper places on previous pages. Eugenia A. was married to George E. Nettles, by Rev. Mr. A. J. Hearn, at his residence of Putnam, Marings Co., Alabama, on the 18th day of April 1888. They had two daughters and one son born to them, viz:

Martha Eugenia, born on the 11th of February, 1889. George Edward — born 19th September, 1890. Lilian Augusta — was born on the 10th of February, 1892.

Dear daughter [Eugenia] died on the 5th of September 1892 — Her death was sudden and astonishing.

The eleventh child born to us was a son; whom we named James Madison, after my dear little brother, an infant at the death of my sainted mother, and who died in the lap of dear sister Mary, at the kind home of Mrs. Post in Sandersville (*Should be St. Francisville - A.J. W.*) Louisiana, in A.D. 1821, not long after Mother.

Our little son, James Madison, was born on the 22nd day of January, 1866, and we hoped he would grow up to manhood, but it was the will of God otherwise and despite all poor human could do, he died on the 15th of. October, 1872.

Our twelfth and last child, a son, still born 3rd. day. of Jan'y. 1868.

*(Thus ends the writing of Dr. Jacob Perry Welch. Copied by A. Jarvis Welch during the winter of 1951.)*

***Thus ended the writing of Dr. Jacob Perry Welch, as he died the eight/hundred day of March, 1901 at the age of 93. As noted on page 333 of his autobiography, the last date mentioned by him was April, 1898, when he was 91.***

***I have tried to copy his writings as closely as possible, however it was difficult, as in the beginning of the book his handwriting was beautiful but in the old style of writing, and from page 277, written when he was eighty six years of age, on to the end, barely legible.***

***I shall continue to copy some additions from the back of his book, that were put there by different members of our family, and also copy some of the newspaper clippings that are attached.***

***I shall, to the best of my ability, add to the family tree, bringing it down to the present time.***

***This autobiography is now on loan to me by my cousin, Mrs. Mattie W. Welch Jarman of Cuba, Alabama.***

***/S/ A. Jarvis Welch***

***A. Jarvis Welch***

***Great grandson of Dr. J. P. Welch***

***Toomsba, Mississippi***

***January 1, 1951***



## Children of Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Perry Welch

1. Mary Canty Welch - born Nov. 12, 1842 - died August 12, 1881.
2. Warren Perry - born April 10, 1845 - died June 9, 1854.
3. William Thomas - born April 16, 1847 - died.
4. George Washington - born Oc. 30, 1849 - died Nov. 10, 1888.
5. "A dear little stillborn son" - born x9 10 of Sept. 1851"
6. Sarah (Sallie) Crowell - born Sept. 3, 1853 - died
7. Jacob Warren - born Aug. 21, 1855 - died
8. Martha Susan Whitaker - born Oct. 22, 1857 - died Sept. 7, 1868.
9. Samuel Wiley - born Nov. 5, 1859 - died 1926.
10. Eugenia Almeda - born April 23, 1862 - died Sept. 5, 1892.
11. James Madison - born Jan. 22, 1866 - died Oct. 15, 1871.
12. "Our twelfth and last child, a son, stillborn, 3rd. day of Jan'y. 1868.

### 1. MARY CANTEY WELCH CAMERON

Mary Cantey was born November 12, 1842, in Sandersville, Ga. Named after her grandmother Whitaker. Graduated at Columbus, Miss., during the war. She married John Archibald Cameron April 3, 1867. Mary Cantey died August 12, 1881. Issue:

1. Milton Perry Cameron - born Jan. 20, 1868. Married Lou Ada Nelson Sept. 8, 1896, at Enterprise, Miss.  
Issue:

A. Mary Marie Cameron - born June 8, 1898.

B. Rosa Cameron - died at birth - 1899.

C. John Edward Cameron - born July 3, 1900.. Not married, disabled veteran of World War I.

D. Eugenia Cameron - born Feb. 6, 1902. Married Thomas L. Linton. Issue: Milton Thomas Linton

E. Milton James Cameron - born Nov. 16, 1903. Married Olive Standish Jones. Issue:

E. 1. Milton James II. - born June 26, 1935.

E. 2. Claude Lanier Jones - born Jan. 15, 1938.

F. Wm. Perry Cameron - born Sept. 16, 1905. Married Nan Nebanger in 1939.

G. Thomas Hugh Cameron - born Dec. 5, 1907. Married Nadeene  
Issue:

Billie Hugh - born Jan. 10, 1938.

H. Benjamin Horace Cameron - born Feb. 22, 1910. Married Elizabeth Holden. Issue:

H. 1. Benjamin Horace Cameron, Jr. - born 1936.

*(Continuation of family of Mary Cantey Welch Cameron)*

H. 2. Robert Nelson Cameron - born Feb. 15, 1938.

H. 3. Jerry Cameron (twin of Robert Nelson) born Feb. 15, 1938.

I. Jacob Welch Cameron - born April 17, 1913. Married Iva Lynn Eatman Dec. 25, 1939.

J. Warren Cameron - died at birth - Oct. 9, 1918.

2. William Eddy Cameron - born Nov. 20, 1870. Died Jan. 16, 1911.

3. James Mack Cameron - born March 19, 1872. Died Feb. 1, 1935. Married Mellie Brunson. Issue:

A. Howard Cameron - born

B. Curtis Cameron - born

C. William Cameron - born

4. Benjamin Horace Cameron - born August , 1876. Married Lillie Graham. Died Nov. 25, 1935. Issue:

A. Wallace Cameron - born B. Robert Cameron - born C. Mary Cameron born

### 3. WILLIAM THOMAS WELCH

William Thomas Welch, born 16th. of April, 1847, in Sandersville, Ga. Married Miss Ida May Blanks of Toomsuba, Miss. 14th. of Dec. 1887. Issue:

1. Mary Welch - born Sept. 12, 1888. Married April 17, 1912 to Walter Leonidas Parker, Bonita, Miss. Issue:

A. Paul Harmon Parker - born Jan. 11, 1913. Married Sudie Irwina McLemore June 10, 1939. Sudie Irwina died six days twins were born. Paul then married Lady Helen Ragsdale Jan. 7, 1948. Issue:

A. 1. Walter McLemore Parker - born Aug. 28, 1940.

A. 2. Mary Winona Parker - born Aug. 28, 1940.

A. 3. Paul Harmon Parker, Jr. - born Dec. 8, 1849.

B. Harold Oliver Parker - born June 26, 1914. Married Dorothy Sanders June 1948. Issue:

B. 1. Linda Susanne Parker - born Dec. 30, 1950.

C. Helen Parker - born April 28, 1916. Married Edwin Dudley Burwell, Jr. of Huntsville, Ala. June 2, 1940. Issue:

C. 1. Edwin Dudley Burwell III - born Sept. 12, 1943.

C. 2. Jackson Parker Burwell - born March 15, 1948.

D. Frederick Howard Parker - born July 9, 1918. Married Katherine Daylor Dec. , 1948.

E. Jackson Welch Parker - born April 13, 1921, Bonita, Miss. Graduated from the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. in June, 1942. Stationed aboard the destroyed Smith and killed in action October 26, 1942 in Battle of Santa Cruz, when a Jap. suicide plane hit.

2. Mattie E. Welch - born Oct. 6, 1889. Married Henry Allen Sept. 2, 1907. Issue:
  - A. Eugenia Henrietta Allen - born Aug. 2, 1910. Married Albert Boone July, 1936. Issue:
    - A. 1. Gary Boone - born Feb. 13, 1940.
    - A. 2. William Edward Boone - born July 17, 1944.
  - B. Thomas Vivian Allen - born July 29, 1912. Married Frances Jameson March 1936. Issue:
    - B. 1. Thomas V. Allen, Jr. - born Dec. 3, 1947.
  - C. Ruth Allen - born Sept. 23, 1915. Died at 3 years of age.
  - D. Henry Allen, Jr. - born June 5, 1924. Married Mabel Louise Hopper in 1946. Issue:
    - D. 1. Gregory Welch Allen -born Jan. 30, 1948.
3. Alma Welch - born Sept. 16, 1891. Married William Malone of Marion, Miss. in 1919. Issue:
  - A. Virginia Malone - born Nov. , 1920. Married William Oliver Scott in 1948. Issue:
    - A. 1. William Steven Scott - born , 1949.
4. Ida Welch - born Sept. 25, 1893. Married John Luther Price of Toomsaba, Miss. Sept. 25, 1911. Issue:
  - A. Evelyn Lucile - born Jan. 11, 1915. Married Charles J. Faulk. Issue:
    - A. 1. Charles J. Faulk, Jr. , born July 30, 1934.
5. JunieWelch - born July 15, 1895. Married Dan Shumate 1920. Issue:
  - A. Charles L. Shumate - born 1921.
  - B. David Shumate - died in infancy.
  - C. George C. Ronald Shumate - born 1938.
6. William Bryan Welch - born Aug. 17, 1898. Married Lucille Hand July 3, 1921. Issue:
  - A. William Bryan, Jr. -born July 1, 1922. Married Edwina Bishop in 1945. Issue:
    - A. 1. Cheryl Ann Welch - born1947.
    - A. 2. Jan Welch - born1950.
7. George Ralph Welch - born Feb. 22, 1901.
8. Lillian Ruth Welch, twin to George. Married Christian Read in 1934. Issue:
  - A. Robert Read - born 1935.
  - B. Ronald Read - born 1937.
  - C. William - born 1939.
  - D. Joyce Read - born1943.
9. James Warren Welch - born Oct. 23, 1905. Married Denny Sims Hopkins 1936.

#### 4. GEORGE WASHINGTON WELCH

George Washington Welch was born 30th of October 1849 – died 10th November 1888. Married Junie V. Patton Nov. 28, 1875. Issue:  
1. Mattie Whitaker Welch – born Dec. 6, 1876. Married Emanuel Berry Jarman Dec. 30, 1903. Issue:

A. Junius Jarman – born Sept. 30, 1904

A. 1. Wayne Thomas, adopted son, born

2. Junie Patton Welch – born August 28, 1878 = died Dec. 24, 1878.

3. William Perry Welch – born Feb. 11, 1888. Married Mattie Hardin Dec. 25, 1904. Issue:

A. Felix Welch – born August 6, 1906.

B. Webb Welch – born Dec. 5, 1918 – died Sept. 20, 1923.

4. George Webb Welch – born Dec. 6, 1881 – died Oct. 20, 1888.

5. Junius Patton – born Oct. 3, 1883 – died May 31, 1918. Married Clara Pigford. Issue:

A. Junius Patton Welch, Jr.

6. Virginia Irene Welch – born Jan. 24, 1885. Married Charles Sharborough of Laurel, Miss. Issue:

A. June Sharborough Married Henry Burkhalter. Issue:

A. 1. Sarah Virginia Burkhalter

A. 2. Carol Ann Burkhalter

A. 3. Charles Henry Burkhalter.

7. Mary Valinia Welch – born March 6, 1888.

#### 6. SARAH CROWELL WELCH

Sarah Crowel Welch named for her aunt Crowel, sister of Mrs. Mary Whitaker, was born on the 3rd of Sept. 1853. Married Wm. Henry Smith of Toomsaba, Miss. , Jan. 3, 1872. Issue:

1. Wm. Henry Smith – born Nov. 2, 1872 – died March 24, 1873.

2. Wm. Edgar – born June 30, 1874. Married Betty Philips, Dec. 15, 1897. Issue:

A. Marion- born Nov. 21, 1898

B. Lucile- born March 1, 1900

C. Stuart Edward – born Jan. 14, 1902.

D. Thomas Ellis – born Dec. 10, 1904.

E. Eugenia – born Nov. 1, 1906.

F. Annie Kate – born Dec. 20, 1908.

3. William Allen Smith – born Aug. 18, 1876 – died Nov. 9, 1907. Married Maude Welch, a distant relative. Issue:

A. William Allen Smith, Jr.

4. Annie W. Smith – born Aug. 20, 1878. Married Albert E. Woodall Dec. 1901. Issue:

A. Albert

B. Henry

C. Norman

- D. Allene
- E. Sarah
- 5. H. Eugene - born July 18, 1880. Died
- 6. Roy W. - born Nov. 16, 1882.
- 7. Hugh R. - born Apr. 5, 1885.
- 8. Sallie May - born Sept. 30, 1887.
- 9. G. Hudson - born Dec. 30, 1890.
- 10. Elsie A. - born April 22, 1894.
- 11. Duncan McL. - born March 11, 1897.

### 9. SAMUEL WILEY WELCH

Samuel Wiley - born Nov. 8, 1859. Died ; Married Sallie P. Whitaker, March 10, 1886. Issue:

- 1. Mackie V. Welch - born Feb. 27, 1887
- 2. Fannie Eleanor Welch - born Oct. 8, 1889. Died Jan. 13, 1946. Married Andrew Jackson Keeton, Toomsaba, Miss. , Feb. 1906. Issue:
  - A. Edwin Lorry - born Oct. 1, 1906. Married Alice Rogers, Nov. 9, 1947.
  - B. Velma - born Nov. 1908. Married R. L. Tinsley; divorced. Married second time to Dave Jaques.
  - C. Maud Eleanor - born; Married Harrison Smith.
  - D. Lucile - born; married William Bray.
  - E. Andrew Jackson, Jr. - born; died. Married Patsy (or Margaret) McDermot. Issue:
    - E. 1. Ann Jackson - born July 9,
    - F. David
- 3. Samuel Warren Welch- born Feb. 5, 1891. Married Helen Patterson. Issue:
  - A. Helen
  - B. Sarah.
- 4. Milton Perry Welch- born Dec. 5, 1892. Married Lillie Maud Saxon Aug. 27, 1916. Issue:
  - A. Milton Charles - born Sept. 25, 1917. Married Lottice Duffey of Dadeville, Ala. May 14, 1940. Issue:
    - A. 1. Beverly Jo - born Aug. 7, 1941.
    - A. 2. Sandra Kay - born May 19, 1944.
    - A. 3. Robert Charles - born May 14, 1946.
    - A. 4. Stephen Perry - born May 18, 1948.
    - A. 5. Edward Duffey - born Apr. 9, 1952.
  - B. Andrew Jarvis - born July 9, 1920.
  - C. Edith Maud - born Nov. 9, 1923.
  - D. Richard Hart - born June 13, 1930.

## 10. EUGENIA ALMEDA WELCH

Eugenia Almeda was born on the 23rd day of April 1862 at Alamucha Lauderdale County, Miss. Married George E. Nettles of Putnam, Maringo Co. , Ala. , on the 18th day of April 1888. They had two daughters and one son born to them. Eugenia Almeda died on the 5th of September 1892.

- A. Martha Eugenia – born Feb. 11, 1889.
- B. George Edward – born Sept. 19, 1890.
- C. Lillian Augusta – born Feb. 10, 1892.

## OUR WEBB KIN OF DIXIE

### A FAMILY HISTORY

Compiled from information gathered by W. J. Webb,

Published by William James Webb,

of Granville County, Oxford, N. C. , 1940.

### THE WEBBS OF GRANVILLE FAMILY CHARTS

#### The Parent Family

- A. James Webb (1705-1771) m. 1731 – Mary Edmondson (1712-1795)
- B. James Webb (1734-1778) m. Mary Smith.
- C. Mary Webb (1740-1827) m. Samuel Smith.
- D. William Webb (1745-1809) m. 1771 Frances Young.
- E. John Webb (1747-1826) m. Amy Booker.
- F. Thomas Webb (1751-1783) never married.
- G. Elizabeth Webb (1754-1830) m. Philip Vass.

#### Chart D

- D. William Webb – Frances Young (line).
  - D1. Rachel Webb – Mark Howard (family). 1. Groves; 2. Fanny; 3. James Webb; 4. Hannah; 5. Eliza; 6. Mary; 7. Susan; 8. Sally; 9. William Webb; 11. Henry; 12. Samuel; 13. Thomas; 14. John.
  - D2. James Webb – Ann Alves Huske (family). 1. Henry; 2. Frances H.; 3. Elizabeth; 4. Annie; 5. James; 6. William; 7. John Huske; 8. Mary; 9. William; 10. Thomas.
  - D3. William S. Webb – Mildred A. Turner (family). 1. Frances Y.; 2. James 5.; 3. Mary E.; 4. Henry Y.; 5. Sally; 6. William; 7. Thomas E.; 8. John R.; 9. Mildred A.; 10. Rachel M; 11. Samuel; 12. Josiah; 13. Elizabeth S.
  - D4. John Webb – Margaret Howard (family). 1. Martha Y.; 2. Mary E.; 3. Sarah H.; 5. Sam S.; 6. Lucy A.; 7. James; 8. Fanny Y.; 9. Margaret; 10. John Henry; 11. Elizabeth G.
  - D5. Thomas Webb – Martha Dickins (family). 1. Robert D.; 2. Parthenia; 3. Lucretia; 4. William T.; 5. Sally; 6. John H. Y.; 7. Mary F. ; 8. James; 9. Jesse S.; 10. Sidney V.; 11. Elizabeth.
  - D6. Mary E. Webb –Baxter Davis (family). 1. Amelia H.;

2. Thomas 2. William H.; 3. Baxter; 4. James Webb; 5. John M.W.; 6. Thomas W. ; 7. Baxter B.; 8. Frances Y.; 9. Polly A.; 10. Arthur; 11. Rachel; 12. Martha.

D7. Henry Young Webb - Elizabeth Forney (family). 1. Frances A. ; 2. William P.; 3. James D.; 4. Susan M. E.; 5. Henry Y.

D8. Frances Webb - Portius Moore. No children.

D9. Samuel Smith Webb - Ann Moore Dickins (family). 1. Frances A.; 2. John H.; 3. James T.; 4. Robert D.; 5. Stephen M. D.; 6. Junius Young; 7. Samuel Y.; 8. Mary S.

Samuel Smith Webb, son of William and Frances Webb, was born in Granville county May 1, 1791. He was lieutenant of the artillery in the war of 1812, and was stationed on Crony Island, Norfolk, Va. On March 12, 1817, he married Ann Moore Dickins, daughter of Jesse Dickins, and granddaughter of General Stephen Moore and of Colonel Robert Dickins, both Revolutionary patriots. On March 29, 1817, Jesse Dickins "for love and affection" made a deed of gift to Samuel Webb for a 300 acre plantation near Mt. Tirzah, where he probably lived until he re-moved to Alabama in 1827. If so most of his children were born there. He sold this home to his cousin Alexander S. Webb (E41) and it was the birth-place of United States Senator, W.R. Webb, better known as "Old Sawney" of Bell Buckle, Tenn.

Quoting from Dr. Robert Dickins Webb, his son:- "He (Samuel Webb) was a man of most amiable character; generous even to a fault; of stern integrity and sincerity of purpose. He was of a most genial disposition - was a member of the Methodist Church for over half a century, and an humble sincere Christian. His wife was remarkable for her gentleness of disposition, kindness, and sympathy marked every action of her life."

Samuel Smith Webb had eight children, besides several to die in infancy. Four were physicians and all have achieved distinction in their careers.

D9-1) Frances Ann, daughter of Samuel and Ann Webb, was born April 15, 1818. She married Colonel William Patton, a brave and \*chivralous [chivalrous] soldier of the confederacy. Their son, William Patton, Jr. , was also a soldier and lost his life at Melvern Hill. They had ten children, nine living to be grown.

D9 Samuel Smith Webb - Ann Moore Dickins Family.

Samuel Smith Webb m. 1817 - Ann Moore Dickins ( - 1861) 1. Frances Ann ( 1818-1865); 2. Dr. John Henry (1821- ); 3. Dr. James T. (1823 - ); 4. Dr. Robert Dickins Webb (1824-1894); 5. Dr. Stephen Moore Dickins Webb (1826-1886); 6. Capt. Junius Young Webb ( - ) 7. Major Samuel Young Webb (1836 - ) m. Mildred Boyle; 8. Mary Selina Webb (1838-1922). Alexander, Harriet, Wesley

and William Jesse died young.

D9-1. Frances Ann Webb - m. 1834 - Gen. William S. Patton (1813-1891), Meridian, Miss. 1. Dr. William 5. (1838-1861) - Killed at Malverne Hill; 2. Indiana M. E. (1835-1840; 3. Edna Ann (1839-1840); 4. Sarah Frances (1840-1875); 5. Virginia (1842- ); 6. Irene Vivian (1849-1917) m. Alfred White; 7. Juniata (1853-1917); 8. Jack Webb Patton (1855 - ); 9. Viola Jessie (1857- ); 10. Robert (1859- ) m. Mamie Bigelow; 11. Velmia (Velinia) ( - )

D9-14. Sarah Frances Patton - m. 1858 - Judge M. H. Whitaker, Meridian Miss. 1. Sallie Patton ( - ); 2. Mary F. ( - ); 3. William Mack (-1934); 4. Fannie Rushing ( - ); 5. Virginia Irene ( - ); 6. Lena Gibbs ( - ); 7. Edwin Hudson ( - )

D9-14-1. Sallie Patton Whitaker m. Samuel W. Welch. 1. Mackie V. ( - ); 2. Warren ( - ); 3. Elinor ( - ); 4. Milton ( - )

D91412. Warren Welch m. Helen Patterson. 1. Helen ( - ); 2. Sarah ( - )

D91413. Elinor Welch m. Jackson Keeton, Washington D. C. 1. Lorry ( - ); 2. Velma ( - ); m. Tinsley; 3. Maude ( - ); 4. Lucille ( - ); 5. Jack ( - ); 6. David ( - )

D91444. Milton Welch m. Lily Maude Saxon. 1. Charles; 2. Jarvis; 3. Edith Maud; 4. Richard H.

D9147. Edwin Hudson Whitaker m. Mary Gilbert; 1. Edwin Jr.; 2. Olive Virginia m. Mr. Watson.

D915. Virginia Patton m. David Hooper. 1. Mamie; 2. William m. Alva Witt; 3. David; 4. James Webb Hooper m. Gertrude Windham.

D917. Juanita Patton m. 1875 - George W. Welch. 1. Martha (1876- ); 2. Junie Patton Welch (1878-1878); 3. William Perry (1880- ); 4. George Webb Welch (1882-1888); 5. Junius Patton Welch (1884-1918) m. Clara Pigford (son Junius P. Jr. ); 6. Virginia Irene (1886-)m. Charles Sharborough (child J. D. Sharborough); 7. Lena W.

D9171. Martha Welch m. 1902 E. B. Jarman, Meridian, Miss. 1. Junius Thomas Jarman (1904-) m. 1938 Helen Kent.

D9173. William Perry Welch m. Mattie Hardin. 1. Felix Perry Welch (1906- )Prof. in Miss. State College; 2. Webb Welch (1918-1923).

D918. Jack Webb Patton m. Alice Tanner. 1. William S. Patton; 2. Jack Webb Patton, Jr.

D9181. William S. Patton m. Mary Duke. 1. William S.; 2. Fannie; 3. Margaret; 4. James.

D91-11. Veninia [Valinia] Patton m. Judge M. H. Whitaker (his second wife). 1. Vivian; 2. Junie C.

D91-11-1. Vivian Whitaker m. Virgie Parker. 1. Billy Whitaker.

In trying to finish the work begun by Grandpa years ago, and left unfinished by him at his death, I hardly know how to begin; but the best explanation as to why it is now in my hands and that I am finishing it is that on Grandpa's last visit to my home (his old home) sometime in 1900, he brought his autobiography with him and while he was here I became as much interested in reading it that he gave it to me to keep as my book. I have now had the book about three years, this being March 1, 1903.

Soon after Grandpa and Ma made me this last visit, Gr. Ma. had a blood vessel to burst near the brain and she would swoon and accordingly she would be just about gone before anything could be done for her, but she would finally be relieved and would get up and sometimes go several weeks before she would have another attack. She went on for about four months, during which time she had several of those spells, till on the fourth Sunday in August 1900, while heating some water for Grandpa to take his bath before going to preaching at Salem she swooned and fell so near the fire that her face got terribly burned.

This was early one morning and no one was in the room but she and Grandpa and he was in bed asleep. It is not known how long she lay in that condition. She sustained such injuries that after suffering untold agonies and paying a thousand deaths,

she died on the 24th day of September, 1900. 1:15 P.M.  
W.E. Smith

#### **IN MEMORIAM**

Died, Mrs. Eugenia Welch Nettles, at her home, Putnam, Ala., September 5th, 1892. She was born April 23, 1862, and united in marriage with Mr. George Nettles, April 8th., 1888. She leaves a devoted husband and three small children, aged parents, sister, and three brothers whomourn, but not without hope, for they are "persuaded that He is able to keep that which is committed unto him against that day." She gave herself to God, August 1877, and was baptized in the fellowship of Salem Baptist Church.

It is no praise to her memory to say she adored her sphere of wife, mother, sister and friend, illustrating in her life the noble virtues of them all. She made home bright and cheerful for her loved-ones, and it will be long ere we forget her always happy smile of welcome. But while tears dim our eyes and darkness of grief fills our hearts, at the irreparable loss, the memory of her happy life and beautiful character are a source of comfort and joy.

"We cannot explain this providence. The secret things belong unto the Lord our God. We can only wait and trust. Sometimes, when all life's lessons have been learned and the sun and stars forevermore have set, the things which our weak

judgment here have spurned, the things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet, will flash before us out of life's dark night. As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue; and we shall see how all God's plans were right and how what sorrow re-proof was love most true."

One Who Loved Her.

Mrs. Eugenia W. Nettles had a wide acquaintance and her friends and admirers were legion, and it is in memory of her many friends that more than one obituary is herewith entered. It is to my honor that I am of the same lineage and it was my pleasure to, in a measure, enjoy her confidence, love and respect. It is a sad, yet sweet privilege that I have of adding these few lines to poor old GrandPa's family biography.

W.E. Smith

Aunt Eugenia was sick only a few days, and when she realized that the end was near she begged most piteously to be kept alive till some of her family could reach her, and she had her bed arranged so that she could keep watch for her approaching loved ones whom she knew could not be far away, and during her last moments when she would ask "Do they come?" "Oh, I wish they would come on," were enough to break her poor husband's heart. She seemed to know that the attending physician did not understand her trouble and felt as if she would be relieved if

her Mother, sisters and brother could reach her; but God willed otherwise and a violent attack of congestion robbed her of her sweet spirit several hours before her relatives (sis Sallie Smith, sis Junie Welch, and bro. Sam Welch) reached her. And indeed long enough for them to make preparation to bury her at Putnam but the arrival of her bro. and sisters changed their plans and they brought her body home and buried her at the family burial ground at Salem Church.

W. E. Smith

The following is a newspaper clipping -

**Noble Woman  
Beautiful Tribute to the Memory of  
Mrs. Welch.  
Her Religious Belief was always a  
Shining Ray of light to Everyone.  
The Ravages of the Civil War -  
sweeping away fortune never  
affected her Sweet Spirit**

Died at her home at Alamutcha, Miss. on the 24th. day of September, 1900, Mrs. Martha S. Welch, wife of Dr. J. P. Welch, of paralysis.

Mrs. Welch, nee Miss Martha S. Whitaker, was born in Milledgeville, Ga., July 10, 1825, was married to Dr. J. P. Welch in 1840 and settled in Alamutcha in 1847.

It had been the privilege of the writer to know Mrs. Welch

for half century. In her life and character were found those beautiful traits, which make the pure and upright woman the most excellent of the handwork of God. In her early life, when she was possessed of that beauty grace and elegance, embellished with literary and musical accomplishments which render women attractive and lovely, though surrounded by wealth and splendor calculated to make an ordinary woman gaudy and vain, her companionship was sought and easily won by the humblest of her neighbors. Her sweet captivating influence shed a ray of comforting light around the bedside of the sick and the needy, and her bright, vivacious face with her ringing laugh of happiness and contentment ever made her the favored guest in all circles. She loved the companionship of her neighbors and always construed their faults in the least offensive light.

She was an untiring worker in her church and in all of her walks of life she endeavored to disseminate the principles of her religious Faith. She was the mother of a large family of devoted children. The beautiful manner in which she inculcated into their minds the principles of religious truth, justice and right is a monument to her memory which asserts itself. Her home was a paradise of love and comfort, until the ravages of civil war swept away her great fortune of wealth, which left her almost in abject poverty,

but this cruel transition from affluence to poverty wrought no change in her conduct or faith in God, but was as proud and faithful in her humble cottage doing her own work as when in her gilded home surrounded by every convenience and luxury.

From her early childhood she consecrated her life to the service of her Savior, and no cloud of adversity or sorrow ever became so dark that she could not find a consoling ray of light through her faith in Him, whose comforting staff caused her to fear no danger while under the most turbulent storms of her long useful life, a life in which she had fulfilled to her God's promise to David, "With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation."

For more than sixty years she was the pride and comfort by the side of her dear faithful companion who now, 94 years of age, lies in the little room left vacant by her death, pleading piteously to the same Merciful Savior, to take him with his blessed consort; that the joys of his earthly pilgrimage are all over, and though blind by the many years that have been allotted him by time, his visions of Heaven are resplendent with brightness.

His pleasant companion moved in her orbit with the steadiness of a star in its course; like to a liquid planet, she lighted the earth beneath with the glorious shining of her

brightening way, and when her course was run, her death was, as the setting of earth's golden sun, leaving nothing to him but the darkness of the pitiful sorrow which filled his heart; but, thank God, through the rifts of that cloud of sorrow he beholds the heavenly brightness of the morning's sun which displays the pearly gates, through which his precious companion has just passed into those Elysian fields of perfect joy, where he and she will receive the profound reward of eternal happiness for their faithful pilgrimage on earth.

W. D. Cameron.

October 1, 1900.

Georgia papers will please copy.

The following is a copy of a paper written by Dr. J. P. Welch, which proves that he was making notes for writing of his father's second family. See page 188 for reference to the above mentioned.

"Old Mother Gray died 10 August last.

Mr. Park died 25th April last.

George Gray (her brother) died 2 years ago. His little son, Raymond dead.

Paschal Park is keeping grocery in. Monterey.

Cornelius just came home from Miss., likes there very much.

Mrs. Priscilla Park is living in Monterey - hir sister Sallie and Billy are living with hir. The old lady Gray died with

a cancer in her ear.

Write Mrs. Priscilla Park, Monterey Butler County Ala."

The above was probably written prior to 1870, noted by the abbreviation of the letters "ss" into a letter that resembles a "p" in the word Mississippi - "Mipipippi". In Dr. Welch's autobiography, after 1870, he changed from spelling the word Mip. to Miss.

The following is a newspaper clipping taken from the Meridian Star Feb. 7, 1937. At the top of the page is a picture of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Welch.

### **"Dr. J. P. Welch Plantation Typical Of The Colorful And Picturesque Estates of Section 'BeFo De Wahl' "**

An example of a typical plantation existing around this section of the country before "de wah" was the one belonging to Dr. J. P. Welch, grand-father of Perry Welch, Mrs. E.B. Jarman and the late Mack Cameron, of Meridian, located in Oldtown, in Lauderdale county, four miles south of Kewanee. Dr. Welch was a prominent doctor and well known planter in that section of the county for many years.

The old plantation home still exists, but the rolling fields of cotton have long dwindled and the singing slaves in the fields have long disappeared. The home is now owned by

Ebb Gunn.

### **3,000 Acre Plantation**

In the days of its glory it rose proud and white in the middle of the 3,000 acres contained in the plantation, patterned after the colonial architecture typical of that day. It had wide verandas and thin columns extended to the upper porch and then to the top of the house. The homes in this section of the state weren't as elaborate as those to be found in the Delta and around Vicksburg and Natchez, with their marble mantels and crystal chandeliers and big ballrooms, but they were roomy and comfortable and their owners were as hospitable as any to be found. The Welch plantation home was two-storied. The downstairs contained the parlor, dining room and three bedrooms, with a hall running through the entire bottom floor and a porch separating the dining room and one of the single-storied bedrooms from the other rooms. The kitchen was separated from the main house by a covered bridge and, in the early days, the meals were cooked over a fire in the huge fireplace. The upstairs contained two more bedrooms and a large attic used by Dr. Welch as his study and dispensary. Here he mixed his own drugs and prescriptions for the patients he received in the parlor. His grandchildren still remember the skeletons and the giant mortar and pestle in the attic, which were significant parts of a doc-

tor's equipment of those days.

### **Parlor Is Papered**

The walls of the house were unplastered but the parlor was papered. Fireplaces were in every room to ward off the chill of the winter months. Horse-hair sofas and chairs, marble-topped tables and a combination bookcase and desk called a "library" constituted the main furnishings of the 20 by 30 foot parlor. Marble-topped bureaus and washstands, heavy wardrobes and high, four-poster beds furnished the bedrooms. Trundle-beds were used by the children and were usually pushed under the big beds during the day time.

Large-scale hospitality was the order of the day and entertainment of fifteen or twenty guests at a time was considered a mere trifle by the master and lady of the "big house." The dining room was necessarily large as the plantation family was usually a big one and there were nearly always guests at meals.

### **Hospitality Made**

The entertainment was made easy at the Welchs by the many house servants, b[c]ooks, house girls, nurses and coachmen, being selected from the 60 slaves on the plantation to serve as household servants. The others were used a[s] field hands.

The "quarters" where the

slaves lived consisted of rows of log cabins back of the "big house" and each cabin had its fireplace where the slaves could cook their "mess" of greens and "pot likker" and their corn pone. Rosh Davis, now living near the old homestead is the only known living exslave.

### **Beautiful Front Lawn**

The front of the home was cleared for the 50 by 125 front yard abundant with shrubs and trees. Palings surrounded the flower beds and boxwood hedge edged the garden paths. A profusion of fragrant jasmine, wild peach, pink crepe myrtle and honeysuckle ran riot, and magnolia trees shaded and spread perfume under southern skies.

Scuppernong vines and a grove of immense trees extended beyond the front yard. A garden and magnificent fruit orchard containing apples, peaches and pears were also on the plantation, besides the extensive fields of white cotton.

### **Is Self-Sustaining Life**

Life was self-sustaining in those days, as the nearest town of any consequence, Mobile, was a long journey from the plantation. Every thing was raised, including horses, cows, hogs, mules, goats and sheep, besides the vegetables and fruits. The 100plantation even had its own blacksmith shop, and meat was cured, cloth woven and clothes

made right on the place.

People didn't use much fertilizer in those old days. The fields were fertile and produced abundant crops without it. Cotton seed was considered worthless and hauled out in the woods and dumped. The cotton itself was ginned on the place by an old fashioned horse gin. It was operated by two mules who were hitched to both ends of a long lever and made to go around in endless circles.

Tomatoes were grown as decorative plants and not used for food, being called "love apples" at that time. They were so tempting in appearance that the children had to be watched to be kept from eating them. Finally it was discovered that they were good to eat and not poisonous."

Salt was not easily obtained on the plantation, as the nearest salt mine was near Bay Springs, and the condiment had to be hauled from there in wagons.

### **Transportation Primitive**

Means of transportation were very primitive in this section before the Civil War and for many years afterwards. Several plantation owners would band together annually and make a wagon caravan trip to Mobile to trade. As life was leisurely then, the round trip usually took several weeks. The mule or ox teams would make twenty to thirty miles a day, according to the condition of the roads. The

travelers usually camped wherever night overtook them and spent the night around a campfire. After the evening meal the jug of "merry water" made on the plantation was brought out to key up the spirits of the travelers and put them in a happy or fighting mood. Upon returning home, they were eagerly greeted by their families and the slaves, for they usually brought back presents as well as news.

Summer trips were made in carriages or on horseback. The Welches had carriages and a slave trained as a coachman, although the women of the family, as well as the men, made journeys to neighboring plantations on horseback. The social life was made up mainly of visits to neighboring plantations. Dr. Welch's home was the center of social activity in that part of the county, people coming from far and near to visit for weeks at a time. Amusements consisted of playing croquet, marbles and cards. Square dancing was enjoyed when a group got together and many gay times were had by the master and mistress of the house, their children and the coquetting ladies and their handsome beaux visiting them.

During the war Southern troops were stationed near the house and the officers made their headquarters in Dr. Welch's home. During the yellow fever epidemic after the Civil War, many refugees were welcomed there.

Plantation days, once so

vivid a phase of American life, simple and self-sustaining with their kind and hospitable "marsters" and "missuses" seem to have passed beyond the horizon, but the memory of that life "befo' de wah," fragile like an old fan, yet as precious as aged lace, will long linger in the minds of many.