

Memoirs of Morton Boyte Howell

Family Stories from Virginia and
Recollections of Boyhood in
Nashville in the 1840s

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Beersheba Springs Historical Society

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*Morton Boyte Howell in Masonic regalia, circa
1870*

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Preface

These memoirs are the story of a family in and around Norfolk, Virginia, from the 17th century up through the first third of the 19th, followed by first-hand recollections of boyhood in Nashville in the 1840s. One might, however, reasonably ask why they are published by the Beersheba Springs Historical Society.

Morton B. Howell (1834 – 1909), their author and hereafter MBH, is the progenitor of a large tribe of people who love Beersheba. Everyone connected with the Howell Cottage, the White House, T'other House, Ten Pin, Nanhaven, Indian Rock, Wholemeal, Vallée Noire, Laurel Point, Lovers Leap, Backbone Inn, the Stewarts' Cottage, or Indian Spring Cottage is his descendant or spouse of a descendant. Trabues, Taylors, and Caldwells are all related to descendants. And everyone else who loves Beersheba is an honorary cousin. So his story is our story.

In the summer of 1870, MBH sent his three children in the care of Bettie Curd, the sister of his recently deceased second wife, to the Hotel, open again for the first time since the Civil War. By the next summer, Bettie was his third wife and they began a second family, which was to number nine children. In 1873 Bettie and her sister bought the house now known as the Howell Cottage, and it played a major role in the lives of the twelve children.

Unfortunately, he did not live to finish the memoirs, which would certainly have been a rich source of Beersheba stories. In the part he did finish, however, he recounts stories of his ancestors in Virginia, mostly around Norfolk. Then his father, R. B. C. Howell, was called to be pastor of the First Baptist Church in Nashville. He recounts the move, his father's work, his schools and teachers, swimming in the Cumberland, and running barefoot all over Nashville. A few murders, a cholera epidemic, an explosion of a

powder magazine, a life-threatening accident stood out in his memory.

His professional career is recounted in the following biographical sketch from the Tennessee State Library and Archives.

In 1945, R. B. C. (Boyte) Howell, a son of Morton B. and a judge of the Tennessee Court of Appeals, edited the drafts of his father's memoirs and brought out a mimeographed edition which he gave to family members. My mother, Louise Howell Almon, a granddaughter of Morton B. Howell, was given a copy, and it came down to me. My father told me to take good care of it because someday I would want it. Last year, I pulled it off the shelf and was delighted with it and immediately want to share it.

Ralph Thompson did the bulk of the work in bringing out this new edition by scanning the mimeographed version and correcting countless errors in the scans. The Tennessee State Library and Archives provided the photograph used as the frontispiece, as well as the biographic sketches of the author, his father, and his first cousin. This cousin became a professor at the Harvard Divinity School, and I reproduce a brief biographic sketch and photograph from the Harvard web site. The Norfolk Public Library has helped with material on the Marine Hospital, where two generations of the author's maternal family lived and worked. The Baltimore Museum of Art has contributed a picture of silver work by MBH's great grandfather. My warmest thanks to all of you!

All footnotes and subheadings and material in square brackets are my additions. I have occasionally modernized spelling, punctuation, and capitalization or slightly rewritten a long and awkward sentence to make for easier reading. I have moved one sentence that was plainly stuck in where there was room on the mimeograph master rather than where it belonged. Otherwise, the text is unchanged.

In particular, it has not been changed to make it “politically correct.”

I hope you will enjoy reading it and feeling in personal touch with Morton B. Howell. I join my great-uncle Boyte Howell in hoping “that every member of the Howell family will preserve a copy and hand it on to future generations.”

Clopper Almon

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Biographical Sketches from the Tennessee State Library and Archives

Robert Boyte Crawford Howell

1801 March 10, born in Wayne County, North Carolina, son of Ralph Howell and Jane Crawford Howell and grandson of Henry Howell and Rachel Boyte Howell

Attended "Old Field" schools in North Carolina

Joined the Baptist Church

1824 In the fall of the year went to Washington and entered the Preparatory Department of the Columbian College in the District of Columbia. The name of this school was changed in 1904 to George Washington University

1826 Dismissed from Theological Department of Columbian College at his own request

1827-1834 Minister at Cumberland Street Baptist Church, Norfolk, Virginia

1834-1850 Minister at First Baptist Church, Nashville, Tennessee

1844 Published *Howell on Communion*

1846 Published *The Deaconship*

1850-1857 Minister at Second Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia

1852 Published *The Evils of Infant Baptism and the Way of Salvation*

1857-1867 Minister at First Baptist Church, Nashville,
Tennessee

1857 Published *Early Baptists of Virginia*

1868 April 5, died in Nashville

Morton Boyte Howell

1834 October 2, born in Norfolk, Virginia, son of Robert
Boyte Crawford Howell and Mary Ann Morton Toy
Howell

1842-1849 Attended schools in Nashville run by Preston,
Davis, Mason, Graves, Chamberlin, and Gossett in
the order given

1849-1850 Attended school at Union University,
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

1851-1852 Taught at Botetourt Springs, Virginia

1854-1856 Attended University of Virginia and received
LLB degree

1856-1858 Taught at Richmond Female Institute

1858 Married Isabel Howard Elliott. She died ca. 1866 or
1867

1865-1871 Clerk and Master of Chancery Court

ca. 1868 Married Patty Curd who lived one year

ca. 1870 Married Bettie Curd, sister of Patty Curd

1874 Mayor of Nashville

1875-1905 Practiced law in Nashville

1909 January 23, died in Nashville

Crawford Howell Toy

- 1836 March 23, born in Norfolk, Virginia, son of Thomas Dallam Toy and Amelia Ann Rogers
- 1856 Graduated from the University of Virginia
- 1856-1859 Co-founded and taught at the Albemarle Female Institute in Charlottesville, Virginia
- 1859-1860 Studied at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Greenville, South Carolina
- 1861 Professor of Greek at Richmond College, Virginia
- 1861-1863 Served in the Confederate Army
- 1864-1865 Professor at the University of Alabama
- 1866-1868 Studied at the University of Berlin
- 1868-1869 Taught at Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina
- 1869-1879 Taught Old Testament Interpretation at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and removed with it to Louisville, Kentucky, in 1877
- 1877 Edited a translation of *Erdmann's Commentary on Samuel* in Lange Series
- 1879 Resigned from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary because of change in theological opinions
- 1880 Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental languages and Dexter lecturer on Biblical Literature at Harvard University
- 1882 Published *History of Religion of Israel* Fifth Edition published in 1887
- 1884 Published *Quotations in the New Testament*
- 1890 Published *Judaism and Christianity* and numerous magazine articles
- 1919 May 12, died

Foreword

My father, Morton Boyte Howell, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, on October 2, 1834, and died at his home, 1230 South Market Street, (now Second Avenue, South) in Nashville, Tennessee, on January 23, 1909, having been first stricken with paralysis on March 14, 1905.

After he had become incapacitated, he wrote with pencil many pages of data as to his ancestors and his early life,

It is regretted that he was prevented by ill health [– a second, more sever stroke –] from writing of any occurrences after 1850 when his father resigned as pastor of the First Baptist Church and moved to Richmond, Virginia. My father returned to Nashville in 1858 after having received his LL.B. degree at the University of Virginia on June 27, 1856, and having taught at Richmond College in Richmond and Hollins Institute near Roanoke. He was appointed Deputy Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court at Nashville and served as such until he was appointed Clerk and Master by Chancellor Samuel D. Prierson in 1865 and served until 1871. He was elected Mayor of Nashville in 1874 and served one term, and then began the practice of law and was an active practitioner until March 14, 1905.

What follows was prepared from these pages and I hope that each member of the Howell family will preserve a copy and hand it down to future generations.

ROBERT BOYTE CRAWFORD HOWELL,

Nashville, Tennessee 1945.

Memoirs of Morton Boyte Howell

R. B. C. Howell's Genealogical Note

January 23, 1909

Many years ago, my father [Robert Boyte Crawford Howell, hereafter R. B. C. Howell] wrote on the blank leaves in a copy of *Henry's Commentary*¹, the following:

October 2, 1834

*My great grandfather, Ethelred Howell of the house of Tudor in Wales emigrated to Jamestown, Virginia, where my grandfather, Henry Howell, was born, in 1693. He [Henry] raised a family of four sons, near South Quay, on Blackwater River, in Nansemond County, Virginia.*²

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- 1 Mathew Henry, *Commentary on the Whole Bible*. The first edition was in 1706. Complete text now online.
 - 2 The South Quay story is told in the Wikipedia entry for the Blackwater River. "The political authority of Virginia was centered on Chesapeake Bay. Most of the other rivers used for travel in Virginia at the time emptied into the bay, which helped Virginia's government control the colony's affairs. The settlers using the Blackwater River, however, were drawn away from Chesapeake Bay to the relatively lawless settlements of Albemarle Bay. This played a role in the emerging "southside" society, as the region "south of the James River" became known. As early as 1713 a place called South Quay six and a half miles downriver from Franklin was becoming an important trade port. By 1777, South Quay was known as the leading interior port to the Tidewater area. Large warehouses were storing tobacco, pork and other goods for export and import. The South Quay venture eventually also became a shipyard and built two ships that helped defend the coast from the British fleet in 1777/78, they were the Caswell and the Washington. Unfortunately on July 16, 1781 English Colonel Banastre Tarleton came from Portsmouth

After his wife died, Henry removed with his sons to Neuse River, Dobbs, near Wayne County, North Carolina³. There, in his old age, he married Miss Rachel Boyte, a descendant of the Huguenots, by whom he had several children.

My father [Ralph Howell] was of this marriage, and born when his father was eighty-two years old. My mother was Jane Crawford, daughter of Robert Crawford of Virginia, a descendant of the Scotch. Her mother was Anna Cogdell, daughter of Lewis Cogdell, descended from an English family, original settlers on the Neuse, N.C.

Mrs. Howell's⁴ grandfather and mother on the maternal side were emigrants to Williamsburg, Virginia from Scotland. Their name was Morton. Her grandfather, on the paternal side, was a Swede, named Toy, who emigrated to Baltimore, Maryland, where his descendants now live.

with 700 forces and burned South Quay to the ground. That pretty much ended ... Old South Quay's history of commercial activity." South Quay Road, VA 189, seems to be the only trace of the name.

In 1972, Nansemond County was merged with several other counties to form the independent city of Suffolk. The Howell place was in the extreme southwest corner of the present city where, for a few miles, the Blackwater River is the boundary of the City – and was the boundary of Nansemond County.

- 3 The new location seems to have been near Goldsboro, NC, which is on the Neuse River and is the county seat of Wayne County, which was formerly part of Dobbs County, which is now extinct. The move was about 100 bee-line miles.
- 4 The reference is to the wife of the writer, Mary Ann Morton Toy Howell (Mrs. R. B. C. Howell).

I respectfully protest against the statement that any ancestor of mine belonged to or had any connection with the "House of Tudor in Wales."

In the first place, I object to the necessary inferences thereby implied. Secondly, there never was a "House of Tudor in Wales".

The history of that particular family known in England as the House of Tudor, and why it was so called, is quite simple and plain.

King Henry V of England, in 1413, asked of her father Charles VI of France, the hand of his daughter, Katherine. The proposal was accompanied by the demand of a large dowry in money and the restitution to England of the provinces once held in France. The proposal was rejected. Thereupon Henry made war on France and was so successful that the French Court was compelled to comply with his demands.

During this war was fought the famous battle of Agincourt, at which a Welsh soldier named Owen Tudor, or Theodore, behaved with such bravery that he was made a squire of the King's body.

King Henry received Katherine as his wife in 1420, and with her the provinces in France claimed by him, the regency of France during the life of Katherine's father – who was either an idiot or a lunatic – and the reversion of the sovereignty of France.

In 1421 a son was born, who was afterwards known as King Henry VI. In 1422 King Henry V died, his son being then eight months old. What happened then may be read in histories, and in Shakespeare's King Henry V and King Henry VI, 1st, 2nd and 3rd parts.

Some while after the death of Henry V, when, nobody knows, the widowed Queen secretly married Owen Tudor. To this marriage were born two sons, Jasper and Edmund.

Edmund was created Earl of Richmond, and marrying Margaret Beaufort, the heiress of the house of Somerset and representative of the junior branch of John of Gaunt, became the father of King Henry VII and the ancestor of the Tudor line of Kings. This Henry VII was the father of Henry VIII. His accession in 1485 ended the wars of the Roses, and the Tudor line were kings and queens until James I began the Stuart family.

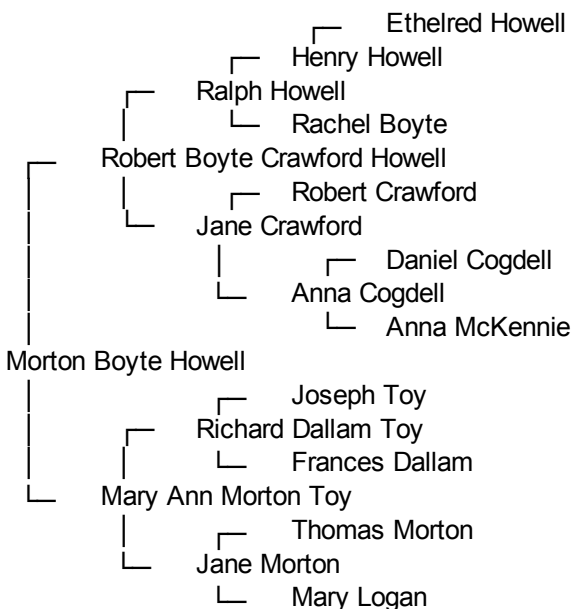
Now, what show of right has any Howell to belong to "The House of Tudor in Wales"?⁵

Howell is a common name in Wales. There is a tradition in Wales that a king called Howel Dha [Howell the Good] died in the year 950. Nobody of the name so far as I can find, has ever since been charged with belonging to any "House".

My father says that Miss Rachel Boyte was a descendant of the Huguenots. She probably was, since we know that many good French people were driven from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV in 1664, and that some of them came to the Carolinas. But none of them spelled their name Boyte. They spelled it Boyett, and there are very many of them remaining in North Carolina. Large numbers of them are in West Tennessee, and they invariably spell it Boyett, as I have taken pains to ascertain.⁶

5 M. B. H. clearly wants no connection with the Tudor kings, but equally clearly his argument does not prove that Ethelred Howell did not have Tudor ancestors.

6 In the family, Boyte is pronounced to rhyme with *adroit*. In 2011, there were 63 telephone listings in Tennessee for people with the family name Boyte. There are also many Boyett listing. Also in North Carolina there were many listings for Boyte. The name sounds a bit French, so I searched Internet pages in French and got about 8,000 hits for Boyte, and 4,000 each for Boyett and Boyette. Boyté produced only 20 and only one or two them were a surname.



Ancestors of Morton Boyte Howell

Whether the Crawfords and Cogdells⁷ were Scotch and English, respectively, or not, is of no consequence. I don't think anybody knows.

My father also says that my mother's "great grandfather on the paternal side was a Swede named Toy who emigrated to Baltimore, Maryland, where his descendants now live." My [first] cousin Crawford Howell Toy⁸ wrote me on November 23, 1907, as follows: "The Baltimore tradition is that the Toys came from England to

⁷ See note on Cogdells below.

⁸ Crawford H. Toy became a professor in the Harvard Divinity School. See addendum to this book.

this country early in the eighteenth century, and settled first in New Jersey.... I have found in Oxford, in the Dodleian Library, a number of Toys, Masters of Arts of Oxford. There was also, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a line of stationers of the name; I have a copy of Urry's Chaucer, in which Robert Toy is mentioned as selling Chaucer's works in St. Paul's Churchyard in 1646."

We are safe in saying then, that the original American Toy was not a Swede⁹, but good old English like the Howells and the rest of them and that he was not of any "House".

Ancestors of R. B. C. Howell

But setting aside all these matters, my father handed down to us the tradition that Ethelred Howell immigrated from England to Jamestown, Virginia, and that his son, Henry Howell was born there in 1693.

Henry Howell settled at South Quay, on Blackwater River, in Nansemond County, Virginia, married and raised a family of four sons. But the information given me by my father which I wrote down at the time, was that the children of the first marriage were:

1. Maria, or America, married Ben Howell
2. Lazarus
3. Keaiah, married Thompson
4. Elizabeth, married Daughtry.

He also told me that the children of Henry Howell and Rachel Boyte were:

9 The Swedes were the first successful white settlers of the Delaware valley, where Toy's family had been for generations, and it is altogether probable that he had some Swedish ancestors. There is probably more to the family tradition passed on by his father than MBH believed, though to say that Richard Dallam Toy was "a Swede" is clearly an exaggeration.

1. Henry
2. **Ralph [ancestor of Morton B. Howell]**
3. John

Henry Howell is said to have been a tall man of very great physical strength. It is related that he was once attacked out in a field by a bull or ox, and that as the animal rushed at him he stepped aside and struck it a blow with his fist in the head and killed it.

It is further related that one morning he went out into his tobacco patch, and while sitting upon a log he suddenly fell backward and died.

His widow, though only seventeen years of age when she married him did not remarry but lived with her three children upon the farm near her step children. She was much younger than the youngest of the step children and my father told me that he remembered her as a young looking, black haired woman, while his uncle Lazarus, her step son, was an old, gray, decrepit man.

Ralph – pronounced Rafe [to rhyme with “safe”] – the second son of Henry and Rachel Boyte Howell, married Jane Crawford, the fifth child of Robert Crawford¹⁰ and his wife Anna Cogdell. The children of Robert and Anna Cogdell Crawford were,

1. Margaret – married Hamilton
2. A daughter – married Powell
3. Arthur
4. Henry
5. **Jane – married Ralph Howell**
6. Nancy – married Henry Howell
7. Charles
8. Robert – married Anna McKennie

¹⁰ William Crawford, a wealthy merchant, ship owner, and land owner, established the city of Portsmouth in 1752. Whether he and Robert Crawford were related is an open question.

The parents of Anna Cogdell Crawford were Daniel Cogdell and his wife Anna McKennie.¹¹ Their children were:

1. A daughter [Susannah] – married Oates
2. A daughter – married Stephens of Albermarle County, Virginia.
- 3. Anna – married Robert Crawford**
4. Daniel
5. Lewis

While I was at school in 1849, in Murfreesboro, as will be afterwards related, one of the boys that boarded in the same house with me, who lived near Courtland, Alabama, was named Oates. On my father being informed of this, he told me that there was a tradition in the family that old Daniel Cogdell was mysteriously murdered, that his son in law Oates was suspected of being his murderer, and that soon afterwards Oates, with his family, went to Alabama, which was then the wild west, in which a criminal could easily escape, The young fellow at Murfreesboro was possibly one of his descendants.

The children of Ralph and Jane Crawford Howell were:

1. Elizabeth – married Standifer
2. Ferebee – married Edward York
3. Edith – married Zelus Howell
4. William Rigdon, born 1798, died 1878

11 Cogdell genealogy on the Internet considers that John Cogdell, the immigrant, and his two sons, Charles and George, came to America in 1710 with Baron Christopher DeGraffenreid's party from Switzerland and settled in New Bern, NC. The colonists, however, were not all Swiss. It seems – but there is not total agreement – that George had a son (or grandson) named David (b. 1753), and David had a son named Daniel, who married Anna McKennie

5. Robert Boyte Crawford, born March, 10, 1801, died April 5, 1868.

6. Sarah – married 1. Jernigan, 2. Alford.

7. Serna – married 1. Spencer, 2. Macaulay, 3. Smith.

8. Alfred Cogdell, born Sept. 12, 1808, died Sept. 24, 1862.

9. Ralph, born 1813, died about 1846.

Except that his grandfather, Henry Howell, was born in 1693, his brother Rigdon in 1798, Ralph in 1813, and himself in 1801, my father gave no other dates. I think he did not know them, and I much doubt whether there was a record of births and deaths kept in his father's family. I do not know when my grandfather Howell was born nor when he died. The same is true as to my grandmother Howell. I never heard my father speak of either of them.

But my father said that his grandfather [Henry Howell] was born 1693, and that the old man was eighty-two years of age when my father's father [Ralph] was born. This would make 1775 the year of my grandfather's birth. But here another difficulty arises. My father never said when his sisters Elizabeth, Ferebee and Edith were born, but he did say that his next older brother was born in 1798. [The difficulty is that it seems that Ralph Howell was only 23 when his fourth child was born.]

I have been corresponding lately with Luther Burleson Howell, a grandson of Rigdon, and he stoutly insists that his grandfather was born Feb. 23, 1791. He says the old man always declared that to be his birthday that he never varied from it, and that very many people had often heard him say it. My cousin says he died on April 20, 1878, and that he was then 87 years 1 month and 17 days old.

If Ralph was born in 1775, it is impossible that his fourth child should have been born in 1791. It is somewhat nearer probability that Rigdon was born in 1798, but even then his father would have been only twenty-three at the

time of the birth of his fourth child. This is not by any means probable. There can be no doubt that my father, the fifth child, was born on March 10, 1801. The conclusion to which I am driven is that the whole tradition is misleading and incorrect. Either old Henry Howell was not born in 1693, or he was not eighty two years of age when his son Ralph was born. However it may be, I am at sea and without sail or rudder.¹² Doubtless somebody made the same sort of mistake as to this that my Uncle Rigdon made when he said he was born in 1791.

I have never heard anything whatever in regard to Elizabeth, the eldest child except that she married a man named Standifer.

The second child, a daughter named Ferebee, married Edward York, at what date is not known. My cousin Crawford Howell, now of Huntland, Franklin County, Tennessee, writes me that the Yorks went from North Carolina to Giles County, Tennessee, in 1824 or 1825. They were living there in 1846. In that year my brother Alfred rode there from Nashville on a horse (Stephen) which Esquire Jesse Sikes had given to my father, and paid a visit of several weeks to the family. Since that time, I have never heard from them or of them, except that my Cousin Crawford says they were a consumptive family and that they are all dead. They were the first to leave the old neighborhood on the Neuse River, and it seems likely that, having set the example, they were instrumental in bringing Rigdon, Alfred and Ralph to this country.

My father said that Edith, the third child, married Zelus Howell. We have no information as to who he was. If Henry Howell who went from Nansemond County,

¹² Internet sources, which do not seem to have used this memoir, give a date of birth for Ralph as 1775, as implied here. Perhaps a solution to the problem of the age is to suppose that there was a pair of twins in the first three girls, or even triplets.

Virginia, to Neuse River, was the progenitor of the Howell family this Zelus might have been a son or grandson of Lazarus, or he might have been a son of Henry or John, her father's brothers. We shall never know how this was, nor where they lived. It looks as if there must have been several families and a large number of Howells in North Carolina at that time.

In March, 1871, I received a letter from Thomas Charles Davis Howell, then living at Clifton, Utah Territory, in which he says, "I was born in North Carolina, Wain [i.e. Wayne] County, near the mouth of Neuce [i.e. Neuse] River, in the year 1814. My father's name was Caleb, the son of Archibald Howell, who then lived in that locality. My father emigrated in 1817 to the West part of the State, and then from there to West Tennessee, Gibson County, in the year 1825. My mother's maiden name was Cealy Boyett, a daughter of Thomas Boyett, who lived near Goldsborough, Wain Co. My father died in 1836, and my mother died two years thereafter."

The writer having been born in 1814, his father, Caleb Howell, who died in 1836, must have been contemporary with my grandfather Ralph Howell. He surely must have known the family of Ralph, living as he did in the same County, and having married one of the Boyett's, or as my father wrote it, "Boytes", of which family was Ralph's mother, my great grandmother.

His grandfather Archibald was doubtless older than my grandfather. But no such names were given to me by my father. It follows that there were other Howell's besides our ancestors in Wayne County.

I have said that Edward York came to Tennessee in 1824 or 1825. Rigdon followed promptly. It seems that about that period there was a general exodus of the Howell family.

Perhaps I am mistaken in saying that I have never heard anything of Elizabeth or Edith, the first and third daughters, as the following circumstance, which occurred in 1843, will indicate. I think it was the fall of 1845, or it may be 1844, I was going to school to a man named Davis in the basement of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church [in Nashville]. My father's residence was on the corner of Summer and Deaderick Streets. Between his house and the Baptist Church was a vacant lot. My recollection is that it was in October. When I went home to dinner at noon, I saw an ordinary two horse wagon with round covered top hitched to the front fence of the vacant lot, the horses standing across the sidewalk – there was no pavement. To the back end of the wagon were tied two hickory split bottomed chairs. On going into the house I found sitting with my mother in her room, two middle aged women, with white cotton dresses, and sunbonnets, and coarse, heavy shoes. Their dresses were “prints” and common and cheap, as white domestic was the usual dress for poor people, especially in the country. Their clothing and shoes were stained with the yellow clay of the road.

The two women took dinner with us. I saw no one with them. If I had, the fact would certainly have been impressed upon my memory. While there must have been some man or boy with them, no such person appeared. I went back to school in about an hour, so as to be present when school began at 2 o'clock. When I returned home after 5 o'clock, the wagon and its passengers were gone. My father never spoke of the visitors in my presence. In answer to my very earnest and persistent inquiries, my mother told me that they were sisters of my father. She said that one of them was Edith, but if she mentioned the name of the other I have no recollection of it. It must have been Elizabeth, because Ferebee was then living in Giles County, and the other two sisters Sarah and Serena were also in that neighborhood. But I cannot undertake to say which one it was. It would be a mere guess.

Those two had been, my mother told me, to "the Illinois" and that country having been found to be too unhealthy – too much chills and fever – they were on their way back to where they went from; but where that was, was never told me. I always thought it was North Carolina, but that could not have been. Nobody that emigrated from there ever went back. However that may have been, I have never since heard one word of these ladies.

William Rigdon, the oldest son, or Rigdon, as my father called him, was said by my father to have been born in 1798. Many of his descendants live in Hardeman County, Tennessee. My son Joe, while travelling as a drummer in that County in October 1807, accidentally discovered some of them, and I have since been corresponding with Luther Burleson Howell, the youngest son of Rigdon's son David Crawford, who lives at Middleton. He says that his grandfather said that he was born February 33, 1791, and all his family hold that belief. He died April 20, 1878. Luther B. writes me, "I cannot find anyone who can tell at what time grandfather Rigdon came to Tennessee, although there are many people here who remember him, and some who were present at his death and burial. He must have come to this country about 1824 or 25." Everyone without a single exception agrees with me that he was born in 1791. Of course they only had his word for it, but he said repeatedly that he was eighty seven years old. Now, subtract 87 years, 1 month and 17 days from the date of his death, and that gives the date of his birth if he was not mistaken in his age.

He further writes me that Rigdon first went to Wayne County, Tennessee and stayed there a short time. He then went to Hardeman County, and there, in 1826, he married Ann Fulgham. She died shortly after the birth of her daughter Winnie, which is supposed to have been in 1835, and six weeks after her death he married Mrs. Nancy Brown Demps. He afterwards moved to Giles County, near where Edward York lived, in the neighborhood of Elkton.

In 1849 he returned to Hardeman County, and remained there the rest of his life.

Luther B. Howell writes, "He was a missionary Baptist preacher and it has been said that he was most eloquent in prayer, but a sorry preacher. He was a man of powerful physique and was hale and hearty just a week prior to his death."

I never heard whether Sarah continued to live in North Carolina or anything about her.

As to Serena, forty years ago I was told by Col. Holman of Fayetteville that she was living near that place and was very poor. I have a faint recollect of hearing of a Macaulay son of hers who was proposing to be a preacher of some denomination but I never saw any of them, nor heard any more than I have mentioned.

In my father's "Church Book", I find that "Alfred C. Howell, licentiate", was received into the Baptist Church in Nashville, "on application", on March 10, 1839, and was "dismissed by letter. Dec. 11, 1842."

In the latter part of 1907, I accidentally learned that one of his sons, Crawford Howell lived at Huntland, Franklin County, Tennessee, that another son Ralph Howell, lived at Nila, Jackson County, Alabama, and that both of them are Baptist preachers, I wrote to both of them. Ralph Howell did not answer my letter. Crawford Howell did answer and I have had some correspondence with him.

From him I learned that his father's name was Alfred Cogdell Howell that he was born Sept. 12, 1808, and died Sept. 24, 1862. He, also, was a Baptist preacher.

He married, in Wayne County, North Carolina, Sarah Langester, about 1826. His son Crawford was born July, 20, 1834, and soon afterwards the family moved to Jackson County, Alabama. His wife died, in 1845, and he married

Dacey Taylor. Ralph Howell, born March 10, 1846, is of the second marriage. These two sons are the only children now living, though there are many descendants of other children who are dead.

Crawford Howell could not tell me how his father came to be a member of the church in Nashville from 1839 to 1842, nor whether or not he lived there during that period. I remember to have seen him about that time at my father's house, but can recall nothing more than his general appearance. He made a visit to my father in 1860. He was a tall, sandy haired, blue eyed man. I never saw him after the time of that visit, and he died two years afterwards. Ralph Howell. I am informed by Crawford Howell was at his brother Alfred's house in 1846. He, too, therefore must have come west, but what he did or when he died, nobody knows. It does not appear that he ever married.

During the period of enforced leisure of 1862 and the ensuing years, my father wrote "A Memorial of the First Church, Nashville, Tennessee, from 1820 to 1863," the bound manuscript volume of which my brother Robert now has. In Chapter V of this book he gives an account of himself as the fourth pastor of the church, with particulars as to his early life and education. If, in this narrative, I find myself compelled to depart from the statements there made, it must be ascribed to the necessity which requires the compliance with historical and unquestionable facts.

Life of R. B. C. Howell

Robert Boyte Crawford Howell, fifth child and second son of Ralph and Jane Crawford Howell, was born March 10, 1801, in Wayne, County, North Carolina, on Neuse River, two miles from West Point, the then county seat. His father was a farmer. The land was very sandy and poor. The chief crops were corn and sweet potatoes, to the latter of which the soil was specifically adapted. The houses were built of logs, of one story, and weatherboarded or not

according to the ability and inclination of the owner. While the people lived comfortably, that is, had plenty to eat, they had very little money. There was no market for their crops, which was the only means of obtaining money. Hence they possessed no luxuries, and not much of what in these days are looked upon as the necessities of comfortable life.

The schools were of the kind called "Old Field", taught by pedagogues who kept soul and body together by their meager tuition fees, and whose course of study was commensurate with the scantiness of their receipts. About the extent of their labors was to teach the children to read, write and cipher. My father used often to say that he never studied grammar. This was all the education he received until he was about twenty-three years old.

When he reached his majority he was six feet high, weighed two hundred pounds, with very large hands and feet, sandy or reddish hair and gray eyes, and a powerful frame.

His family were accounted Episcopalians, as was every respectable person in Eastern Virginia and North Carolina at that time who was not actively connected with any other denomination. There was no church near and services were rarely held in the community.

About the time he came of age some Baptist preachers, chiefly from Raleigh, which was forty-five miles distant, went about in Wayne County, preaching and holding meetings in private houses. They seem to have caused considerable excitement in the commun

What my father was then engaged in doing he has not said. He was not going to school. It is fairly to be assumed that he was acquainted with "the three R's". He says in the "Memorial" that his intention was to become a lawyer. But he had no books, nor money with which to procure them, and there was no indication in the life he led of any movement towards that end. He evidently became very

much interested in the religious meetings, and it was not long until he was converted and baptized and joined the Baptist church. Immediately thereafter he began to speak at the meetings, and, as the phrase is, to exhort, and such was the effect of his speaking that the whole neighborhood, including the members of his own family, joined the Baptist church. It has been mentioned that two of his three brothers became Baptist preachers.

His exceptional elocutional or oratorical ability and his earnest zeal in religious matters impressed these ministers from Raleigh especially, and they made the necessary arrangements for him to obtain a better education.

In 1821 Columbian College had been established in Washington City by the Baptist denomination, for the purpose of furnishing literary and theological courses of study. Various institutions of this kind were put into operation by the Baptists at different places at about the same time. In this manner Richmond College was organized under the name of Richmond Baptist Seminary. One of the main purposes of these institutions was to equip young men who intended to become Baptist ministers with a literary and theological education, and specially to aid such as were without money or financial resources.

What these clerical friends did for him in the way of procuring the necessary funds we do not know and have no way of learning. In the fall of 1824 he went to Washington, and entered the Preparatory Department of "The Columbian College in the District of Columbia."

I wrote to the President of this institution asking him to give me my father's record while he was a student there and received from him the following answer.

December 31, 1906

My dear Sir:

I have your letter inquiring about the record of Mr. R. B. C. Howell, a student at Columbian College between the years 1821 and 1825. A search through the old records has been made and I enclose extracts from the Minutes of the Faculty, which will give you as full information as we have. I am also sending you, under separate cover, a copy of the Historical Catalogue in which, on page 174, your father's name is mentioned; and a copy of our latest catalogue.

By the enclosed announcement you will notice that in September 1904, the name of the University was changed to the George Washington University, which accounts for the fact that the "Columbian University" does not now appear in the World Almanac.

I shall be very glad to furnish you any further information regarding the University.

Very truly yours

Chas. W . Needham

[To:] Morton B. Howell, Esq.

Nashville, Tennessee

Enclosure No. 1

Records from the minutes of the Faculty of The Columbian College.

"Nov. 8, 1824, Robert B. C. Howell, Wayne Co. N.C. , was admitted as a member of the Preparatory Department.

May 19, 1826, Robert B. C. Howell, of the Theological Department, at his own request, received his dismissal from this institution.

"Sep. 7, 1837, Resolved.....That the Rev. R. B. C. Howell of Tennessee be recommended to the Board as a proper candidate for the Honorary Degree"

Enclosure No. 2

Oct 4, 1837.

The Seventh Public Commencement of this Institution for conferring Degrees in the Arts and Sciences, was hold this day in the First Baptist Church, Wash. City.

The Exercises of the day were honored by the attendance of the President of the United States, the Heads of Departments, distinguished strangers and citizens.

The First Degree was conferred on the following gentlemen ----- and the honorary Second Degree on the Rev. R. B. C. Howell, Tenn.

From this record it is evident that he was in the Preparatory Department of Columbian College from Nov. 26, 1824, until the close of the session. At that time and for many years thereafter the sessions began in September, certainly not later than Oct. 1, and closed in July. The vacations were from two to two and a half months. So when my father entered the Preparatory Department on Nov. 8, the work of the school had been going on for more than a month.

What he did and how he occupied himself during the vacation we do not know. But we know he did not go home. He never did go back to the old place until 1866, and then he went alone'. However he may have passed the vacation, in the next September or October he returned to the College and seems to have entered the Theological Department, for on May 19, 1826, he was, at his own request, dismissed as a member of the Theological Department.

Excluding the vacation which at the shortest was two months, he was in the Institution from Nov 8, 1824, to May 19, 1826, or sixteen months and eleven days. He did not graduate in anything and he was not a student for a whole session either as Prep, or as Theolog.

In the year 1827, as we learn from the Historical Catalogue, Columbian College suspended and was not resuscitated for some years afterwards. Thus, "the Seventh Public Commencement of the Institution for conferring Degrees in the Arts & Sciences", was held on October 4, 1857. As the College began in 1821, in 1837 should have occurred the Seventeenth commencement, and it follows that there were no degrees conferred previous to 1831. Consequently when he said in the "Memorial" that "he entered the Columbian College at Washington City, then under the able .Presidency of William Staughton, D. D., and enjoying its palmiest prosperity. Here he finished his Literary and Theological Course, with which he also connected, not for practical but purely educational purposes, most of the departments of Medical science in 1826, and in due time recived all the honors of the College," he was mistaken in view of the facts as we know them. This is a very strange statement and evinces a singular aberration of memory.

When he left the College in May 1826, he did not go back to Wayne County. I do not know whether his father or mother were living or not. His oldest sister had gone to Tennessee, so had his brother Rigdon, and the probabilities are that most of the family had gone. There was no inducement to go there, so far as he was concerned. He says he was offered a place as missionary of the General Association of Baptist of Virginia, with headquarters at Norfolk. This he accepted. His district included thirty-one churches and he was expected to preach at each place at least once every month, which required him to preach every day, and sometimes twice in one day. He bought a "sulky"¹ and a good horse by means of which he could

travel freely without being dependent upon anybody. After some months his labors became so great that he employed one B. Creath to assist him, and paid him out of his own salary.

During all this he says that it was his intention to study law. If he had had the money to enable him to study with some old lawyer – there were no law schools then, I wonder what he would have done.

He must have made a good impression while he was holding this missionary post. In 1827 he was called to the pastorage of the only Baptist Church in Norfolk, but he calls it “the Cumberland Street Baptist Church.” He accepted this offer, was ordained, and entered upon his duties. In a note at the end of his "Pastor's Book", written in 1867, about a year before he died, he said. “I was a licentiate about five years before I was ordained, most of which time I was at college, and a missionary of the General Association of Virginia.” Therefore, if he was ordained in 1827, he must have been licensed to preach in 1822, when he was just twenty one years old. He went, to the College at Washington on Nov. 8, 1824. He must then, have preached in the neighborhood of his father's old home in Wayne County, for about two years.

Now, having seen him installed as pastor of the church and presumably, all fancy for the law finally suppressed, we turn to the other side of the house.

Family of Mary Ann Morton Toy

It is recorded in the family bible, that "Robert Boyte Crawford Howell and Mary Ann Morton Toy were married in Norfolk County, Virginia, by Rev. S. A. Woodson, on Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, the 23d of April, A.D. 1829."

My mother, Mary Ann Morton Toy, the only daughter of Richard Dallam and Jane Morton Toy, and was born at

Ferry Point, Virginia, now Berkeley, between Norfolk and Portsmouth, April 25, 1808.



A 1873 bird's eye view looking northwest down the Elizabeth River with Ferry Point and the site of US Marine Hospital in the foreground, Norfolk on the right and Portsmouth on the left. The Cumberland Baptist Church was at about the middle of the right border. Courtesy Sargeant Memorial Room, Main Norfolk Public Library.

Jane Morton was born at Williamsburg, Virginia, April 5, 1786. Her mother was Mary Logan Morton. She had several brothers, but all trace of them has disappeared. She told me that when she was three years old she could repeat

the ballad of John Gilpin and his famous ride.¹³ A printed copy of this poem was framed and hung over the mantle in her father's house, as was the fashion of that day. For the entertainment of visitors, her brother Thomas would hold her up in his arms in front of the frame and she would recite the whole piece, giving those who heard her to suppose [that] she was reading it. It caused much surprise that so young a child could read. We know nothing of her father and mother, beyond the fact that my grandmother told me that she came from Glasgow, Scotland, to Williamsburg with her father and mother when she was twelve years old. All we know of the old people is that their name was Logan. After her arrival in Williamsburg, she frequently declared that she would never marry anybody but a Glasgow man. When she was about grown, Thomas Morton from Glasgow made his appearance; and she married him, but in what year is not known.

We have never learned what became of Thomas Morton or his sons. Jane was the only daughter. It must have been that they all died before the end of the century, or before the year 1800, but in what year we do not know. Mary Morton, with her daughter Jane, went to Norfolk and took the position of matron in a hospital for sailors. This hospital¹⁴ was situated on Ferry Point, and its grounds

13 "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," a poem by William Cowper.

14 This hospital was located on what is now called Washington Point at the confluence of the Eastern Branch and the Southern Branch of the Elizabeth River. Ferry Point is another name for Washington Point, derived from the fact that the ferry from downtown Norfolk used to tie up here. Peggy Haile McPhillips, Norfolk City Historian, in a piece entitled "United States Marine Hospital," writes as follows. "During the 18th century, as maritime industries grew, the problem of what to do with seafarers who became ill far from home became acute. In 1787, Virginia built the first hospital in the nation dedicated to caring for men who made their

extended down to the water. She continued to hold this place until her death in 1814.

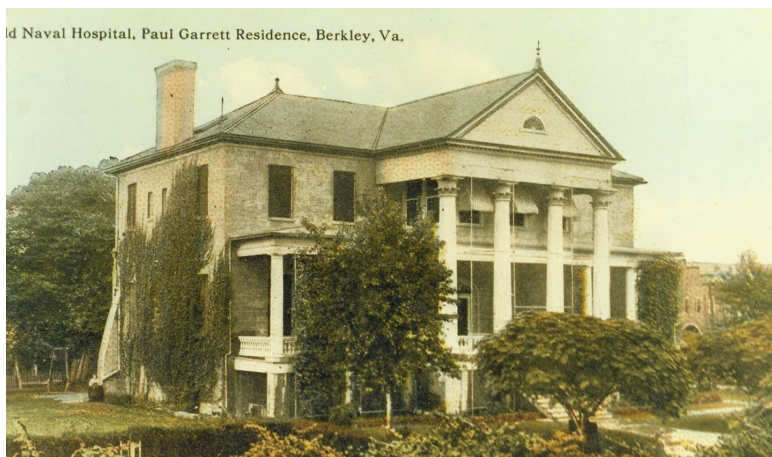
For many years I had a formal bill of sale, whereby for the consideration of Four Hundred Dollars, Penelope and her two children, slaves, were transferred to Mary Morton. It was dated in 1810. I gave this paper to my daughter Elizabeth and she had it passed on linen cloth. Since her death on April 20, 1907, it cannot be found. It is supposed that it was destroyed in fumigating her room. This Penelope was the ancestress of all the Negroes the family ever owned. There is a legend that Mary Morton bought her because her husband belonged to a man named Carson

living at sea. It was located in Norfolk County in the Town of Washington (now [the] Berkley [neighborhood of Norfolk]). It was sold to the Federal Government in 1800, 2 years after the "Act For the Relief of Sick and Disabled Seamen" established the Marine Hospital Service, and was the first United States Marine Hospital. The building was used as a barracks by Confederate troops at the beginning of the Civil War and [as] a US Army hospital during the years of Union occupation. After the Civil War, seamen were cared for by contract at St. Vincent's Hospital in Norfolk, and the Marine Hospital building was sold. It served as a military institute and a private school during the 1890s, and later as the residence of [Paul Garrett,] the owner of a Berkley winery. During World War I, the Imperial Tobacco Company purchased the building and opened it to servicemen as a recreation club. It was torn down to make way for the Downtown Norfolk-Portsmouth Bridge-Tunnel (1952). In 1912, all US Marine Hospitals were consolidated under the US Public Health Service, and a new hospital was built on Hampton Boulevard in 1922. The hospital's clientele included seamen of all kinds – fishermen, crewmen of tankers and container ships, Coast Guard members, foreign sailors and merchant marines. In 1982, citing "under-utilization," the hospital was closed, and the US Navy acquired the property. From: <http://www.npl.lib.va.us/history/history42.html>

who lived next door to the hospital, in order to keep her from being separated from her husband.

The hospital building had a porch from which a view was afforded down the Elizabeth River. My grandmother told me that in 1812 she sat on this porch and, with a glass, saw the attack made by the British upon the Americans at Craney Island, about five miles away. She said that the attack was made in a very large row boat called the Centipede and that as this boat came near the shore of the island the Americans fired a chain shot which cut in two the man standing in the bow. She did not see what other execution was done, but the boat was pulled back and she saw the Americans rush out and take the bodies of men who had been shot and bring them on shore.

She also told me that there was considerable trade in mahogany logs brought from Honduras. It was the custom when a vessel arrived in Hampton Roads to throw the logs overboard, with a buoy attached to show where they were



The building of the US Marine Hospital at the time that it was the home of Paul Garrett, owner of the Garrett Wine Comany. Picture courtesy of Sargeant Memorial Room, Main Norfolk Public Library.

lying on the bottom. This is what the common law calls *ligan*. Some man stole some of these logs, and having been arrested and convicted was condemned to be hanged. He was hung on Craney Island and she saw the execution through her glass from the porch of the hospital building.

My mother was only about six years old when the old lady died. She remembered her as a rigid, strict, stern Presbyterian of the ancient Scotch kind. She always sat up straight and never touched the back of the chair. My mother never sat down in her presence without having been specially requested to do so.

On Oct. 4, 1804, Jane Morton married Richard Dallam Toy.¹⁵ He was from Baltimore, Maryland, but we have not

15 Richard Dallam Toy was a son of Joseph and Frances Dallam Toy. Joseph Toy, son of Elias and Elizabeth Wood Toy, was born in Chester Township, Burlington County, New Jersey, in 1748. He attended boarding school in Burlington until he was 20. In 1770, he married Frances Dallam, daughter of Richard and Frances Dallam of Bush River, Maryland, on the upper reaches of the Chesapeake Bay. The couple moved to Trenton, NJ, where Joseph learned the trade of silversmith. In 1776, they moved to Maryland, close to where the town of Abingdon was soon founded. Here he practiced his trade as a silversmith. He was a founder and one of the three original professors at Cokesbury College, the first Methodist college in America. His subjects were mathematics and English literature. The college opened in 1787 but burned in 1795, was rebuilt in Baltimore, but burned again and was discontinued. In 1888, after the death of his first wife, he married Mary Sparrow. In 1800, he was ordained a methodist minister and worked actively in that capacity for many years.. He died in 1826 without a will.

Joseph's oldest son, Isaac Nicholas Toy, also became a silversmith and also had a son named Richard Dallam Toy, who became a doctor but died in 1827, before his father. He was therefore not mentioned in his father's will and has been mistaken by at least one genealogist for a son, rather than a grandson, of Joseph Toy. The Richard Dallam Toy who went

the date of his birth. He must have been quite a young man at that time. We have his journal, as he called it, in his own hand, which is merely an account of his movements or travels, and not a diary. It begins Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1799, and it seems to me that he had run away from home to go to sea, and without any money or means of any kind. The first entry is,

Left Balt. on Wednesday Sept. 11, 12th at Washington City,

13th on the banks of the Potomac.

Saturday, Sept. 14 left Alex[andria] at noon. A dreadful thunder storm at 7 P. M. At a house between Alex and Port Tobacco, [Maryland].

Sunday, Sept. 15th. At Fort Tobacco with Cornelius Wright.

Monday Sept. 16th. In the morning left Port Tobacco, passed through Alex stayed at a small house.

Tuesday, Sept. 17th. On the way to Fredericksburg.

Wednesday, Sept. 18th. Got into Fredericks^g. J. Kirgan. went on board a sloop for Norfolk.

Thursday, Sept. 19. Left Fredericksburg. Very heavy rain. Staid at a tavern

Friday, Sept. 20th. On the way to Richmond.

to sea had to have been the son of Joseph and Frances Dallam Toy. (This note based on several Internet sites and a visit to the Baltimore Art Museum.)

Saturday, Sept. 21st. Got into Richmond¹⁶ and on board the Sch. Lady Washington to Portsmouth. David Placestead master, a black man.

Saturday, Sept. 28th. Got into Norfolk.

Monday, Sept. 30th. Went on board the Brig. Maria of Norfolk, Livingston master.

Thursday Oct. 31st. Sailed from Hampton Roads, bound for Kingston, Jamaica

Friday, Nov. 25th. Arrived in Kingston. Tuesday, Dec. 24th. Sailed from Port Royal, bound for Norfolk.

1800.

Wednesday, Jan. 8th. Arrived in Norfolk.

Tuesday, April 8th. Sailed from Hampton Roads bound for London, in the Brig Maria of Norfolk, John Livingston, Master.

Tuesday, May 20th. Arrived at the Nore¹⁷.

Saturday, July 5th. Sail from London, bound to St. Ubes, in Portugal for salt.

The Journal then proceeds to set out the daily events of his various voyages to the islands of the West Indies, to Portugal, England, Russia and other countries. Some of the items are as follows:

1801.

16 Though Fredericksburg and Richmond appear far inland on the map, their rivers – the Rappahannock and the James, respectively – are actually tidal as far as these cities. They were therefore reachable by small vessels, probably more by tidal than by sail power.

17 The Nore was a Royal Navy anchorage in the Thames estuary, site of a famous mutiny in 1797.

Saturday, May 8th, Sailed from Port au Prince bound for Norfolk.

Monday, May 17th. Fell overboard with Jas. Steady, reefing the mainsail. Steady was drowned – the boat picked me up.

Thursday, May 20th. Arrived in Norfolk.

1802,

Tuesday, July 5th. Shipped mate on board the Schooner Ann Ballard of Portsmouth, Wm. Moffath master.

1804,

Thursday, Sept. 13th. Arrived in Norfolk.

Immediately after this is the entry.

Monday, Oct. 15th Left the Schooner Ann Ballard.

In the interval between these two dates, he and Jane Morton were married. The only record regarding the family in my grandmother's big "Brown's Bible" is in her hand and the following words:

Richard Dallam Toy and Jane Morton were married on the 4th of October 1804. To them were born Joseph Alfred Toy, born 11th of August, 1805. Mary Ann Morton Toy, born 25th of April, 1808. Thomas Dallam Toy, born 20th March, 1814.

This Brown's Bible was published in London in 1816. There are no places provided in it to register Births, Marriages and Deaths, as is the rule now, but on the first fly leaf, after the words, Norfolk, Virginia, are these:

Michael Anderson – Born January 17th 1787

Louisa Anderson – Born Sept. 28th 1789 and were married March 12th 1817

I have often heard my grandmother speak of Mrs. Louisa Anderson as one of her most intimate friends. This book was obtained from the Anderson's not earlier than 1817 and how much later than that date we do not know.

Below the Anderson entries, just given, and on the same page, is the following list of Penelope's children and grandchildren, under the heading "Negroes Ages":

Mary, born 22 July, 1805, Armistead born 15 January, 1808, George, born 10 January 1813, Jordan born 12th December, 1814. Jonas, born 20th February 1817, Kitty born 24 February, 1819. Agnes born November 17, 1821. Moses born 12 November, 1822. Eliza, born 10th September, 1824. Barbara Ann (Mary's child), born March 25th, 1828, at 1 o'clock A. M, Adeline (Mary's child), born December 12, 1828, Eliza died November 1825. Joshua, (Mary's child) died April, 1827.

My grandmother did not write these names, and I do not know whose handwriting it is. I am surprised that she did not make an entry of the date of the death of her mother or of her husband, both of which deaths occurred before she obtained the Bible. On the other side of this first fly leaf, in my grandmother's hand is the entry of the date of her marriage and the birth of her children, respectively. At the top of the next fly leaf is her name – Jane Toy written by herself. There is nothing else whatever written in this Brown's Bible.

There is no mention of or allusion to his marriage in his Journal by Richard Dallam Toy, the marriage having taken place on October 4, 1804. After noting that on Monday, October 15th he "left the Sch Ann Ballard", the next entry is "1804, Thursday, Nov. 29th. Shipped on board the Brig Thomas of Norfolk, Andrew Hannah, master. "

On Dec. 4, the Brig sailed from Norfolk bound for the island of Tobago. Returning, he arrived at Norfolk on April 9, 1805.

On May 20 the Brig again sailed out of Hampton Roads bound for the Isle of Rhé,¹⁸ France. It reached there on July 31, and, being from there ordered to go to Bordeaux, they arrived at that port on August 19.

While he was at Bordeaux, his son Joseph Alfred was born. On September 3, he sailed from Bordeaux and arrived at Norfolk on December 20, 1805, having been absent about seven months on this voyage.

He continued to sail on various vessels sometimes as mate and sometimes as a common sailor, and when my mother was born, on April 25, 1808, he was "beating up the Categat"¹⁹ on the way to Riga, Russia. He had "gone on board" the Brig Ruby, Capt Thomas Chapman, on Saturday, August 1, 1807, left Norfolk Sept. 28, and was detained by adverse winds, "beating about" in Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay until Saturday, Oct. 10, when, at 8 p.m., the Brig "stood off to sea". He did not know, there being no telegraph nor swift sailing steam ships, what commotions were taking place in Europe, and that, before he left Norfolk, on September 2-5, the British fleet had landed at Copenhagen. He arrived at Rotterdam on Saturday, December 26, 1807. Here in consequence of the operation of the famous Berlin and Milan Decrees, the latter pronounced on December 17, a week before they reached Rotterdam, all business was in dire confusion and commerce dreadfully hampered.²⁰ The Brig, after many arrests and detentions by British war vessels and much slipping around in the inland waters of Holland and

18 An island off the Atlantic coast of France, near La Rochelle.

19 "beating up the Categat" = sailing against the wind up the Kattgat, the body of water on the east side of Denmark. The name means "Cat gate" or "Cat hole" and refers to the narrow passages which must be navigated.

Belgium, afraid to venture outside, on April 21, 1808, sailed from Antwerp bound for Riga, Russia, where she arrived on May 7.

The Journal says that, on Sunday, June 5th, the "freighters Mr. Vail and Mr. Brennan endeavored to obtain permission for the Brig to sail, the Admiral having refused to let her pass." But on Monday, June 6, permission having been obtained with great difficulty, got under way and stood out to sea."

After various interesting and startling experiences with men-of-war and convoys, the Brig arrived at London on Wednesday, Aug, 17, 1808.

On Monday, Sept. 25, he left the Brig Ruby, and Wednesday, Oct. 5, he "shipped on board the Brig Aimé, Capt. Robert Aitkin, bound for the Island of Grenada, West Indies." This Brig left London on October 10, got out to sea on November 3, and reached Grenada December 12, "having been out 39 days."

At Grenada, he records that on December 17, "a Negro bit my hand quite through", and on Sunday, January 15, 1809, still at Grenada, he "fell in with J. Kirgan." This was the man who had left him at Fredericksburg, September 18, 1799, and that he "fell in with him" is all he says about him.

On April 7, 1809 – my mother was then nearly a year old – he sailed from Grenada for London, and arrived in England May 15. He then went back to the West Indies, returned to London, and on February 10, 1810 "joined the Ship Hamilton". In this vessel he again went to the West Indies, and again back to London. On January 25, 1811, he

20 The Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon authorized French warships and privateers to capture neutral ships sailing from any British port or from any country that was occupied by British forces, or any ship that submitted to search by the British navy on the high seas. (Source: Wikipedia)

left the Hamilton, and on the 31st “went on board” the Ship Christopher. He sailed to Jamaica, and there on Friday, July 25, 1811, he “engaged the mate of the wrecked ship Harriet of Glasgow, Capt. Stuart (Mr. Rankin), to take my place and left the Christopher.”

On August 1 he sailed from Santa Cruz, passenger on the Brig John Howe, for Philadelphia, where he arrived on August 16. On Aug. 20, he sailed for Norfolk on the Schooner Sally of Petersburg, Virginia.

Here the journal ends. It took some days to sail to Norfolk, and he does not say on what day he arrived there; but, supposing that he got to Norfolk on August 25, 1811, he had been away three years, ten months, and twenty-seven days, having left on September 28, 1807. When he arrived, my mother, whom he had never seen, was three years and four months old.

When he and Jane Toy were married, she was a girl eighteen years of age living at the Sailors's Hospital of which her mother was Matron. There can be no doubt that they became acquainted by his being a patient there or by visiting some friend who was a patient. They had been engaged for a considerable time before they were married. On the return voyage from Demerara²¹, in the Schooner Ann Ballard, of which he was the mate, he wrote a very neat poem consisting of eighty-two verses, dated May 1st, 1804 and addressed to “Miss J. M.”. The first few lines are as follows:

Across the Atlantic, trim and gay
Th' Ann Ballard homeward steers her way,
From Demerara's sickly shore,
Where noontide suns their lustre pour,
Where noontide splendors dim the sight,
And dewy damps descend by night,

21 Demerara was former Dutch colony in what is now Guyana in South America.

He also wrote another piece of the same metre addressed "To a sister, on the death of her sister and husband," which is without date. Another poem is dated October, 1806, and is entitled, "An ode to the 4th of October 1806," which was the second anniversary of his marriage.

When I was a small boy I stayed in the room with my grandmother. One day, it must have been about 1844, but I do not know in what year it was, she showed me an old, yellow sheet of foolscap paper, on which were written the lines to Miss J. M. The original of these poems have long since disappeared, but my brother Robert has copies of them which were made by me.

When Richard Dalian Toy married Jane Morton, he went to the Hospital, and she did not change her residence. As has been seen he was nearly all the time off on a cruise. It is to be presumed that he sent his wages, or a part of them, to his wife. What they amounted to I have no idea. While he was away the last time, nearly four years, there is no mention made of meeting any vessel going to Norfolk nor of seeing any person by whom money could be sent there, and while it is hard to conclude that he left his family to take care of themselves, or to be taken care of by Mary Morton, there is room to think that such was the fact.

Perhaps he quit the sea because of the persistent searching of American merchantmen by British war vessels and the "pressing" of men from their crews, numerous instances of which he gives in his Journal. But it was well that he quit the seafaring life at the time he did. The war of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States began a few months after, and had he remained, his occupation would have been gone.

But there was another reason why he did not return to seafaring that must have been as effective as the action of the British men-of-war. My grandmother told me that when he got back in August 1811, she plainly informed him

that if he went to sea again she would cease to consider herself as his wife and he might stay away. She was a little woman, less than five feet high and never weighed more than one hundred pounds, but she was as brave as a bantam hen and of most determined character and inflexible will, and he knew that she would do what she said she would. For this reason as much as for the other he stayed at home. She was fully able to maintain herself and not obliged to depend upon him for support.

He took up his quarters at the Hospital with his wife and her mother, and found employment of some kind in Portsmouth. My mother told me that he found work in a printing office, but what it was she did not know. His literary acquirements and ability well qualified him for employment of this character.

His end was peculiarly sad. The Hospital where the family lived, was, as has been stated, on Ferry Point, and in order to reach Portsmouth it was necessary to cross the Western Branch²² of the Elizabeth River. It was his habit to go from the Hospital wharf or pier on the Point over to Portsmouth in his own boat, which he moored to a wharf there to await his return. One very stormy night he did not come home, and the next morning his body was found by the side of his boat, his feet sticking fast in the harbor mud. It was evident that sometime in the night he went to his boat, the tide being out, and, in the wind and rain, in attempting to jump into the boat, he missed it and stuck in the mud. Not being able to extricate himself the tide rose over his head and drowned him.

This was in 1816. Mary Morton had died in 1814, and was buried in a private burying ground on the Point not far from the Hospital. He was also buried in this private ground. My mother went there in 1866 and tried to find these graves, but every trace of them had been obliterated. The town of Berkeley had been built upon the spot, streets

22 Actually, the Southern Branch.

laid out, and houses were standing where the graveyard was. Headstones with inscriptions on them, some of the names being familiar to her, were laid on the pavements and were scattered over vacant lots.

My grandfather also wrote a little story entitled "The Adventures of Selas, an African Prince," the manuscript of which I now have. It begins with an imitation or paraphrase of the first sentences in Johnson's *Rasselas*²³, and shows throughout that he was an educated and well-read man. The hero, Selas, was captured in Africa, brought as a slave to America, and after some years of slavery escaped and returned to his country. It is, in effect, a denunciation of the slave trade and of slavery.²⁴

When Mary Morton died in 1814, her place as Matron of the Hospital was at once taken by her daughter Jane Toy. She was matron when her husband was drowned in 1816. The oldest son was about eleven years old, my mother was eight, and the other son about two. The death of her husband seemed to make no change in the family affairs or situation.

Neither my grandmother nor my mother ever told me anything about the hospital, and I am surprised now that nothing ever occurred to draw out these facts. The first intimation of it that was brought to me came about in the following manner.

When my father returned from Richmond to Nashville in the summer of 1857, Grandma, and Rob²⁵ and Barbara, one of the servants, were left in the house with me, they to go on to Nashville later, and I to remain there. In the

23 Samuel Johnson, *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia*.

24 Richard Dallam Toy had clearly been given a good education by his father, Joseph Toy, who survived him by ten years. Why he broke so sharply from the family is puzzling.

25 Rob was a younger brother of MBH, born in 1846.

middle of a July night, the moon shining brilliantly, and there being no curtain to obscure the light, I thought I heard someone at my door. I did not move, and in a few moments, Grandma opened the door very softly and peeped in, and, catching my eye, she drew back and ran across the hall and ran across the hall into the vacant room on the other side. I immediately followed her and found her standing at the window looking down toward the front gate. She had only her night dress; her gray hair was disheveled and hanging loose over her shoulders. She was very pale, but her eyes were brilliant and she was trembling violently. I asked her what was the matter. She said that the sheriff was at the front door, that he had come to arrest her, that she had killed hundreds of people; and as proof of this, she pushed up the sleeve of her gown and showed me the letters "J. M." tattooed with India ink on her left arm a little way above the elbow. She said something more about having killed many people, but I do not remember what it was. I tried to pacify her as much as I could, and led her back into the rear room where her bed was. I heard no more of her that night. She appeared to be as usual next morning, and though she stayed there several months, the incident was never alluded to, and nothing else ever occurred. This was the only time I ever saw in her any appearance of insanity or aberration of mind.

I said nothing and wrote nothing in regard to this occurrence. But when next I saw my mother, a year afterwards, in July 1858, I told her about it and asked what it meant. She said that during the time her mother was matron of the hospital, she had done most of the compounding and had administered vast quantities of strong medicine; that many patients had died, and that she had doubtless taken up the fancy, after so many years, that the medicines she had given had been the cause of these deaths. My mother expressed great surprise when I told her of the letters tattooed upon her arm. She had never heard of it. She had observed from childhood that her

mother always had her sleeves made long, coming down below the elbow but she never thought it was more than a whim of hers, nor imagined that there was a reason for it, and she had never seen the letters. These letters, being the initials of her maiden name, must have been put there before she was married. I have not even a conjecture as to when or by whom it was done, further than that living there amongst convalescent sailors, and that this tattooing being then common amongst that class of people, it was done as a jest.

Jane Toy's elder son, Joseph Alfred, born August 17, 1805, my mother said was named by his mother for two of her friends, and that, afterwards, having fallen out with the one for whom the first name was given, he was always called Alfred, dropping the Joseph. He must have been possessed of unusual and remarkable talents and ability. My mother always spoke of him with intense love and admiration. When his father died he seems to have taken the place of the head of the house. He superintended the education of his brother. He looked after his sister, sent her to a dancing school, and took care that she should have every advantage.

I know nothing of what school or schools he attended, There were no public schools. Judging from the exercises in Latin and Arithmetic that Thomas wrote on the blank pages of his father's Journal, the teaching was thorough. He was only ten years old when these exercises were written, and they are as far advanced as the average boy of fifteen at the present day.

Joseph Alfred was an ardent and brilliant student. My mother spoke of his unusual proficiency in Latin. He read medicine in a doctor's office in Norfolk, and took the prescribed course in a Medical College in Philadelphia, where he received the degree of M. D..

Soon after he came of age he married Miss Penelope Bushel of Perquimmons County, North Carolina, and

settled in Hampton [VA] to practice medicine. He was very successful and quickly made a reputation. He had been in Norfolk highly esteemed. The well known author Hugh Blair Grigsby, born 1806, died 1881, said to a relative, shortly before his death, that Dr. Toy was the best friend he ever had. In 1859, a woman was pointed out to me on a street in Hampton upon whom he had performed the Caesarean operation successfully.

After having resided in Hampton some years, three children having been born, he was attacked by an obscure and wasting disease that neither he nor any of his medical friends were able to understand. He was finally obliged to give up his practice and was confined to the bed. At this time he found in the London *Lancet*, to which he was a regular subscriber, an article by Dr. Richard Bright describing a disease to which his symptoms pointed. He at once communicated with his medical friends in Norfolk, Portsmouth and the adjacent country, inviting them to come to his house on a certain day. This was a considerable undertaking, the only means of reaching Hampton then being by sailing vessels. On the appointed day, a number of them were present. My mother was there, and she said that he handed the copy of the *Lancet* to one of them to read the article to the company. While it was being read he told them of his symptoms, and they were all convinced that his disease was the same as that described by Dr. Bright. This was the first information those doctors had received as to that dreadful malady since so well known as Bright's Disease.²⁶

He did not long survive. I have not been able to learn in what year he died. I made diligent search for his grave in Hampton where he was buried, hoping to discover some memorial, but found nothing. My mother was present

26 Bright's disease is a generic name for a variety of inflammations of the kidney. Today more specific names are used for different types.

when he died, as was also his mother. They left Norfolk in November, 1834, so his death must have occurred before that time. I am sure that he was not over twenty-eight years of age when he died.

His wife and three children all died very shortly after his death. His property, being all personalty, was in accordance with Virginia law divided equally between his mother and Mrs. Bushel, the mother of his wife.

My mother's younger brother, Thomas Dallam Toy, went to school until he was thirteen years old, and was then apprenticed to Dr. Santos, who had the largest drug store in Norfolk. He told me that [as] the first work given him to do on entering the store, Dr. Santos showed him a large bottle or jar on a shelf, filled with white crystals and told him to put a handful of these crystals in a mortar and pulverize them. He got the mortar, put into it a quantity of the crystals, and then, went to the back end of the store and pounded them with the pestle. In a few minutes, to his surprise, the mortar was filled with water instead of the white powder that he had expected to make. Supposing that the water had gotten into the mortar by some accident, he poured it out, went back to the large bottle, put a quantity of crystals into the mortar and repeated the pounding. The same result followed as before, and then being completely mystified, he went to Dr. Santos and told him about it. Dr. Santos then said that he had given him that salt to pulverize in order to teach him that some salts are what is called deliquescent; that when the crystals are broken the water of crystallization is given out, and they cannot be reduced to a powder, and that this salt was one of them. This generous and paternal treatment soon made the apprentice a valuable assistant in the store.

The boy soon observed that Dr. Santos, being of Portuguese birth and that being his native language, had all the trade of Portuguese war and, private vessels that came into the port. Sometimes a customer would call when

the Doctor was out, and then there would be no one to attend to him. Thereupon he quietly procured the necessary books, and studying at night, with the aid of a good knowledge of Latin, -which he chiefly owed to his brother Alfred, he soon acquired a respectable knowledge of the Portuguese language. In a few months, he was able to assist Dr. Santos in supplying and holding the trade of the vessels of that nation.

A large number of French vessels, public and private, came into Hampton Roads, and it very naturally occurred to him that it was also desirable to acquire a knowledge of that language. In those days the medicine chests, even of war vessels, were not constructed to hold a large supply, and what is of more consequence, the crudeness of the *materia medica* did not allow long keeping. The result was that when a European vessel arrived at an American port, those supplies had to be replenished. So my uncle went to work on French and soon acquired a fluent speaking knowledge of that language. When he arrived at twenty-one years of age, he became a member of the firm and that firm had all the druggist trade at Norfolk of the vessels of France and Portugal.

In April, 1850, my brother Alfred and I went to Norfolk, as will hereinafter be related. The steamer landed late in the afternoon and we went at once to his store. We found him in his counting room in active conversation with three gentlemen who were arrayed in gorgeous uniforms. He afterwards told us that they were officers belonging to a French frigate then lying in Hampton Roads.

His son Joseph Alfred Toy told me that his acquaintance with Latin was marvelous to him; that "he would occasionally pick up a copy of Horace which one or another of his boys was studying and read off-hand the most eloquent and beautiful translation of an ode or satire. He was extremely modest and retiring and few persons out of his family knew of his linguistic proficiency. It is very

vivid in my memory that, at his house one day in 1850, he had been talking to me of Fenelon's *Telemaque*, when he asked me where the emphasis was in a French word, I answered that it was on the last syllable. He said, "No, there is no emphasis. One syllable is pronounced with the same force as another." This is true, but I have never seen it so stated in any grammar.

My uncle continued to carry on the drug business in Norfolk except from 1833 to 1840, when he lived in Nashville. I heard him say to my father in 1852 that his net income from his store averaged ten thousand dollars a year. But he never saved any money. He and Mr. Dye, a rich retired tailor, whose son afterwards married his oldest daughter, paid the pastor's salary and all the expenses of the Freeman Street Baptist Church, and this cost him near four thousand dollars annually. . He lived comfortably without ostentation and spent his whole income. In 1862 the Yankees drove him out of Norfolk and he lived in Baltimore till 1866. He then returned and reopened his old business, and died soon afterwards.

When my father was called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Norfolk, he was only a Licentiate. He accepted that call, was ordained on January 27, 1827, and immediately entered upon his duties as pastor. During the next two years he boarded at different places in Norfolk until on Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, April 23, 1829, he and my mother were married. Upon their marriage, he followed the example of his wife's father and went to the Hospital to live with her mother, the Matron.

Here they continued to reside until after their first child, Alfred Thomas was born on April 7, 1830. I think they went to housekeeping in a rented house on Cumberland Street, two doors east of the church about the beginning of the next year, but am not certain. Her mother remained at the Hospital until in August 1831, when the slave insurrection, led by a Negro named Nat Turner,

terrorized the community. This villain started out in Southhampton County, which lies along the North Carolina line next west of Nansemond County, with the announced purpose of exterminating the whites. He and his crowd went from house to house killing every white person. At the first house they murdered a woman and her ten children. They killed about sixty persons, mostly women and children, before they were driven into the Dismal Swamp and all killed or captured. Nat Turner and thirteen others were hung.

Having a number of Negroes, the descendants of Penelope, who before that time had died, and being alone in the house she resigned her place as Matron and went to live with her daughter. The money obtained for the hire of her Negroes supplied all her wants. During all the rest of her life, she remained with her daughter and received the Negro hire. She died in Nashville on May 16, 1859.

The Move to Nashville

After having been pastor of that church for something over seven years, the desire seized my grandfather, as it had previously taken possession of all his brothers and sisters, to go west. He said he specially wanted to go to New Orleans, but, in the spring of 1834, he received a letter from the Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society in New York City, in which was enclosed a Commission as a missionary to Nashville, and offering to pay him five hundred dollars a year. He afterwards learned that the Society had done that at the instance of the Nashville Baptists. He determined to go to Nashville and see for himself. He started by way of Washington, Wheeling and the Ohio and the Cumberland Rivers and reached Nashville about the middle of July. He found a small but respectable and influential body of white members and about four times as many Negroes. The latter

should not have been counted as members of the Church, but they were.²⁷ The Church had the public room of the Masonic Hall in which to hold its services, and Rev. Peter S. Gayle was pastor.

The Baptists had owned a commodious brick Church building on Spring [Church] Street next west of the present Veadome Theatre, where the Mills Building now stands. In 1828, Rev. Philip S. Pall, the pastor, and the entire membership except about half a dozen, accepted the religious doctrines of Rev. Alexander Campbell, and the new denomination took possession of the property and kept it. The Baptists, however, reorganized in 1830, and Rev. Peter S. Gayle then became pastor.

On his arrival in July, 1834, he was warmly welcomed by Mr., Gayle, and by Anderson Buffington, Joseph Link, Henry Bateman, Mrs. Lucinda Garner, John McIntosh, Moses Wright, Aaron Wright, (twin brothers), Joseph H. Marshall, William W. Wallace, James Thomas, David Read, Samuel M Allen, William Gossett, and other men of position and their wives. I remember all of these people, especially Link, Mrs. Garner, the Wrights, Marshall, Thomas and Gossett. They offered him the pastorship of the church, and he at once accepted it. He remained in Nashville about six weeks, and in September started back to Norfolk for his family. His Church book shows that the first person he baptized was William M. Allen, the father of the Allen Brothers wagon makers, on July 27; and the second, on August 17, was Miss Fanny Priscilla Dickinson, who married William L. Murfree, and was the mother of Miss Mary Murfree, better known as Charles Egbert Craddock, [her pen name].

²⁷ This is probably an economic statement, meaning that, on the basis of the size of the congregation given him, he had formed an exaggerated idea of the financial capacity of the membership.

He never spoke of going anywhere in Tennessee during that visit but to Nashville, nor does he mention any other place. In the Spring of 1871, in the letter written to me by Thomas Charles Davis Howell, and from which I have previously quoted, the writer said, "In the Fall of 1834, I saw your father at a Baptist Association in West Tennessee, Gibson County, and heard him preach. He was then on a tour to the West for a location. He told me that the people of Nashville had offered him twelve hundred dollars per year to preach for them, and he thought that he would take the offer. After this, I learned that he did so. He told me he then lived in Norfolk, Virginia."

Whatever may be thought of the accuracy of the memory of the writer as to the details of this conversation, there can be no doubt that my father was in Gibson County at the time stated. Why he never spoke of or alluded to this excursion, I do not know.

The oldest son, Alfred Thomas – named for his mother's brothers – was born at his grandmother's house on Ferry Point, at 5 P. M. Wednesday, April 7, 1830. The [second] son, Richard Crawford, was born at his father's residence in Norfolk, at 12 M. Sunday, June 17, 1832. The third Morton Boyte, named for the maiden names of Jane Morton Toy, his grandmother, and Rachel Boyte Howell, his father's grandmother was born in Norfolk at 3 P. M. Thursday, October 2, 1834.

About this time my father came back from Nashville, and it was the happening of this event [– my birth –] that had to be awaited before the family could leave Norfolk.

I have hereinbefore spoke of the purchase of the Negro woman Penelope and her two children by Mary Morton in 1810, that she was the wife of a slave belonging to a man named Carson who lived near the Hospital, and that it was to insure her remaining with her husband that she was bought. I first heard this during the war when, after Lincoln's proclamation of freedom to the slaves, George

began to call himself George Carson. After her mother's death my grandmother inherited Kelly and her children. By 1834 Nelly and several of her children had died. One of them, Amistead, I think, developed a disreputable character and was sold. The family saw him on the levee as they passed through New Orleans on their way to Nashville.

Negro slaves could not be taken through a Northern State without danger of losing them and they therefore could not go to Nashville by way of the Ohio River. There was no public road or means of conveyance through the country, and it was altogether impracticable to attempt that route. Accordingly, about November 1, 1834, passage was engaged in the Packet Brig Ajax from Norfolk to New Orleans for the whole party. The family consisted of Grandmother, Father, Mother, the three boy babies, and the Negroes, viz Mary, my "mammy", 29 years old; George 21; Agnes 14, Moses, 12 and Barbara, Mary's child, 10.

The Brig was towed by a steamer down to Chesapeake Bay, about twenty miles at least, and then sailed out into the Atlantic Ocean and through the Florida Strait. The weather was very stormy and the Brig was blown out of her course and so delayed that my grandmother told me we were six weeks in making the voyage to New Orleans. She said that so long was the passage that the owners or agents in New Orleans became alarmed and took out additional insurance upon the vessel.

At New Orleans we went on board the Steamer Ohio, which after many delays caused by fogs on the Mississippi River, at the end of ten days landed us at Smithland, the mouth of Cumberland River. The Steamer Ohio went on up the Ohio to Wheeling.

From Smithland to Nashville, two hundred miles, we took the Steamer Shoalwater, a small flat-bottom boat, built, as its name indicates, to run in the shallowest water,

and reached the wharf at Nashville on January 2, 1835, the day I was three months old.

When I was a small boy there was a story that may have been “Negro talk.” and not true, but I believed it then. It was that when the Brig Ajax sailed from New Orleans to Norfolk on her return trip, she disappeared and was nevermore heard of, that the steamer Ohio, going from Wheeling to New Orleans, struck a snag in the Mississippi and was lost and that the Shoalwater, on its return down the Cumberland ran aground on Harpeth Shoals and stayed there. If all this were true it would make us out regular “Jonahs”, and I am not willing to believe that.

The family went from the boat to the Union Hall, a hotel that was situated on the east side of Market Street [2nd Avenue] , where the Brandon Printing Company now is. The hotel was on the Market Street [2nd Avenue] end of the lot and the County Jail on the Water Street [1st Avenue] end. This hotel continued to be operated until after the war, but the name was changed to the St. Charles Hotel.



No map of Nashville in the 1840's could be found. The image above is a modern map of Nashville with both old and new street names. Some streets closed since 1850 have been "reopened" on this map. From 8th Avenue to the river along Commerce Street is half a mile. Base map from Google maps.

My grandmother hired George and Moses to the proprietor of the Union Hall and they continued there for a number of years, One of my earliest recollections is being carried there by my mammy and seeing George and Moses in the kitchen. My attention was then attracted by the stable in the rear, one end of which opened out on Water Street [1st Avenue] below the jail. At that time all hotel guest living out of Nashville came by steamboat, stage, private conveyance or on horseback. It was as essential that a hotel should have accommodations for horses and vehicles as for people.

The two chief hotels were the Nashville Inn and the City Hotel. The Nashville Inn was on the north side of the Public Square at the east corner of Market Street [2nd Avenue]. Its stable was a large brick building standing where the Police Station now is. The City Hotel was on the east side of the square, directly opposite the Court House. It had two stables; one on the ground now occupied by the annex to the store house at the south end of the City Hotel block, with one end towards the river, the other parallel to and along the bluff back of the hotel. In this bluff there were wet weather springs which made the ground unstable, and several times the stable slipped over the bluff into the river. The last time this occurred there were thirty-six horses in it and all of them were lost except one that belonged to Dr. Charles K. Winston. Efforts were made to hold the earth by stone walls built up from the rock below. But the water turned the wall over, and finally pens of cedar logs were built up to the line of the ground. The openings between the logs allowed the water to pass through and these pens are standing now. They may be seen from the bridge and form quite a contrast to the stone retaining walls on either side. Those cedar log pens formed the abutments of nearly all the early bridges over creeks, and they well answered the intended purposes. The bridge over Brown's Creek on the Lebanon Turnpike Road rests

on such abutments besides a pillar on the middle. The cedar seems to last indefinitely.

It must have been but a short time that we remained at the Union Hall, for besides being uncomfortable it was doubtless expensive. My father rented the house on the southeast corner of Summer Street [5th Avenue] and Cumberland Alley [Commerce Street]. It has long since been pulled down and replaced by two modern brick residences. We lived in this house until 1843. My father had bought a parcel of ground fronting sixty-five feet on the east side of Summer Street, and running back along the south side of Deaderick one hundred feet. On this lot he had built a brick residence and we moved into it in the Fall of 1843. In this old house my next older brother Richard Crawford died; my next younger brother Charles Trabue²⁸ was born and died; and my sisters Fanny Dickinson and Jane Crawford were born.

Church Affairs

When my father became the pastor of the church in January 1835, the church had for several years been renting what was called the Masonic Hall to hold services in. The building which was the property of Cumberland Lodge, No. 8, was on the lot now occupied by the Masonic Temple and was burned July 9, 1856. The ground between the building and the street was about six feet above the pavement. There was a brick wall with stone foundation along Spring [Church] Street and the level of the ground inside was reached by a flight of stone steps beginning at the inside of the wall, with an iron gate at the bottom. The

²⁸ Charles Clay Trabue was elected Mayor of Nashville in 1839, and must have been admired by R. B. C. Howell. Years later, a grandson of R. B. C., Alfred E. Howell, married Jennie Thompson, a granddaughter of Charles Clay Trabue. Through the Howell connection to Beersheba Springs, the Trabues also became attracted to it.

house²⁹ stood at least twenty feet back from the wall and extended from the alley on the east entirely across the lot. The retaining wall on the alley side – which was the same as that in front, except that the ground being lower, more stone foundation showed – is connected in my memory with Mr. John Bateman's white horse. Mr. Bateman lived on the northwest corner of Kayne Avenue [11th Avenue] and Division Street. He was what was then known as a "noteshaver"³⁰. He came into town every morning and hitched his horse to a hook in that wall. There the animal stood all day, and I remember the two holes in the ground made by his fore and hind feet.

The large room that was rented for public assemblies was on the first floor, and was as long as the building and parallel with Spring [Church] Street. Its floor was several feet above the front yard. Going up the stone steps from the yard, a large door gave entrance to a hall about twelve feet wide. At the right hand was the room used for a ticket office, when tickets were required, and at the left or Western end was the stairway leading to the Masonic private rooms on the upper floor. Opposite the large door of entrance was another large door through which one entered into the great room which was meant popularly when people spoke of the "Masonic Hall". It was used by the Grand Lodge of Masons during one week in each year, and was, at other times, rented for lectures, concerts, balls and all kinds of public assemblies. It was the only large room in Nashville available for such purposes. A ball was given in this room to Ex-President Monroe in June 1819 and one also in May 1825 to Gen. Lafayette.

Before my father went back to Norfolk for his family, in September 1834, he had announced in a prospectus that in the succeeding January he would begin the publication

29 Presumably the Masonic Hall is intended.

30 Note shaver is another word for loan shark, someone who buys notes at a discount greater than the legal rate of interest.

of a monthly paper, to be called *The Baptist*. The first number appeared in January, as promised, and he must have prepared the long Introductory with which the number begins and the other editorials between the time of leaving Nashville and his return. I have the two bound volumes for the years 1835 and 1836. For 1835 the paper was published by A. Buffington & Co. – the same Anderson Buffington who has been mentioned before – and for 1836 by W. Hasell Hunt.

When my father took charge of the Nashville Baptist Church I do not know whether or not he knew what was coming. A large number of Baptists of Middle Tennessee were of anti-Sunday-School, anti-missionary belief, as – it is my opinion – on the early settlement of the country all the Baptists were. They composed the party called by themselves Primitive Baptists, and by others, "Hardshells". He soon announced that on a certain Sunday morning he would preach a sermon on Sunday Schools and that he would begin one in the Masonic Hall. He did so, and the fight began. Many members left his church and the Hardshells made it hot for him for years. All this sort of thing ceased long ago. There are still Primitive Baptists and they have churches, but they have no influence and trouble nobody.

Another characteristic of the population was given me by Captain Calvin G. Cabler, dead twenty years ago. He said he was a boy about twelve years old and his family lived on "College Hill", that my father used to preach and go to see the people there, that he wore silver shoe buckles, silk stockings and fine broadcloth clothes and the people thought he was so "stuck up" that they wouldn't have anything to do with him for a good while, but when they discovered that he was courteous, genial, and not proud or haughty, they changed their minds and he became very popular.

On August 12, 1836, E. A. Raworth sold to certain gentlemen as Trustees of the First Baptist Church a lot on Summer Street [5th Avenue] beginning at Josiah Nichol's corner and running north 130 feet, by 180 feet deep, for \$3250.00. Considering the small number of the missionary Baptists and their lack of means, this was a great achievement. Mindful of the loss of property occasioned to the Baptists by the change of principles in 1828, before referred to, by the great majority of the members, my father wrote the deed and in it he provided that the Trustees should hold the property for the use of those who professed the Articles of Faith which are set out in full in the deed, and that one member who continued faithful should be the beneficiary in preference to any number that should abandon the articles of faith. It also provided that "should, at any time, even all the members depart from the present doctrines, the property shall still be held by the Trustees, subject to the use and occupancy for religious worship of any others, in this city, or Davidson County, or both, or, if there be none here, any from any other part of the country, who may come here to reside, and may now profess or hereafter embrace, the present principles of the Church." This deed was registered in the Registers Office of Davidson County in Book 4, pages 256-259.

In August 1836, number of *The Baptist*, the editor announced that the Building Committee had succeeded in purchasing an eligible lot for their new house of worship and the work would go rapidly forward. In 1837 the church was erected and continued to be occupied until 1884 when the property was sold to the Lutheran Church which now holds it. See deed in Book 85, page 381 in Register's Office,

On October 11th, 1838, the Trustees, by direction of the Church sold 44 feet of the northern side of the lot to Samuel Watkins, for \$1200.00 cash.

But I am not writing the life of my father or the religious history of the times or of the church.

Our House

The ground between the lot sold to Samuel Watkins and Deaderick Street, fronting 65 foot on Summer Street [5th Avenue], and running back, along Deaderick Street, 180 foot, had belonged to one Anthony W. Johnson, who had divided, it into 9 lots each fronting 20 foot on Deaderick Street, and running back 65 feet to the church or Watkins Lot. On February 28, 1840, my father bought lots 1, 2, and 3 of this subdivision for \$1282.50, in cash, and on August 11th, 1841, he bought lots 4 and 5 for \$636.00 in cash, this making him the owner of a lot fronting 65 ft. on Summer St. and running back 100 ft. along Deaderick. He immediately began the construction of a residence on this lot, George W. Burton being the contractor.

The first story, or basement, was of stone. In the rear it was on a level with the yard and on the front the stone work was about throe foot above the street. Above the stone work the building was of brick. There was a hall through-the middle and the front was two stories above the basement with an ell of one story. The house was flush with the pavement on Deaderick Street and about 10 feet back from the fence in front. At the front door was a porch supported by Ionic columns with a railing round the top. There were three steps which went directly up from the pavement on to the porch and at each end of these steps a pediment.

The front door was double and in the hall was the stairway which led up to the two rooms on the 3rd story. The rear end of the hall opened upon a broad porch, and at the back end of this porch was a stairway against the end of the house toward Deaderick Street, leading down to the ground. The ell basement room was occupied by my grandmother. Directly over it was my mother's room, and in front of my mother's room connected with it by folding doors, was my father's study.

The corner room of the basement was the kitchen and servants' room. The other basement room was the dining room and at the end of the hall between the dining room and kitchen was the store room. From this lower hall a stairway led to the hall of the second floor, it being directly under the stairway leading to the third floor. On entering the front door, the parlor was on the right and my father's study as before stated, on the loft. Alfred and I occupied the room over the parlor. The room over the study had in it cases containing my father's books and was reserved for company. At the front end of the upper hall was a double door like that below through which one went out to the balcony over the front porch. In the dining room were two windows at the front which opened upon an area enclosed by a brick wall to the level of the street. Similar windows and area were in front of the kitchen. From the rear corner of the house on Deaderick Street there was a brick wall along the street to a wagon gate at the rear corner of the lot. This wall was covered with a cedar coping and through it a few feet from the house was a door held by a latch on the inside, which could be lifted on the outside by a thumb piece. Many times in attempting to go through this door, and finding it fastened on the inside, I used to put my foot on the thumb piece, get on to the wall and drop to the inside. I say, put my foot, but 'generally it was my big toe, because the better part of the year I went barefoot. I really do not know when I put on shoes or took them off, but two circumstances that I recall vividly may serve to form an idea.

One afternoon in the spring of the year 1846, I went down to the bank of the river to go in swimming at "Beaty's Rock". To reach this rock I went down Church Street, climbed down the bluff and then about 50 foot away was the rock. It was in the rear of John Beaty's candle factory. The south side of the factory building which was of brick, was continuous with the north side of Spring [Church] Street and on the river side its foundations were on the

walls of the bluff. On the right of the place where I went down was an old stone foundation about 10 feet square which had been built up from the lowest rock near the water's edge. The top of it was considerably below the level of Water Street and had the appearance of never having been finished or of having been torn down, I did not know which. The boys called it the "old mill". I never knew when or by whom, or for what purpose it was build. I went in swimming at Beaty's Rock, came out of the water, put on my clothes, which consisted of shirt, pants, jacket and hat and started home. At the top of the bluff, I met P. Lindsley Nichol, who told me that Judson had just killed Porterfield and that the officers had Judson in the Court House. Curious to know what the date of this occurrence was, I went over not long ago to the old City Cemetery and read upon the tombstone at Robert B. Porterfield's grave that he died on March 24th, 1846. From this circumstance and the tombstone, I know that I was barefoot and went in swimming on March 24th.

The other circumstance is that I know it was my custom to bruise my heel and stump my toe, and keep them in a general state of disquiet. One day in the fall of the year I was going to school in the morning, and I remember distinctly walking along the pavement in front of S. D. Morgan's residence on Summer Street [5th Avenue], which was next north of where the Thompson and Co. store is now. There was ice on the bricks of the pavement which was damp and I was choosing the dry bricks which had no ice upon them to step upon. I had a stone bruise on my left heel and stumped my right big toe and could not wear shoes. I do not remember anything else about that morning except the selection of bricks upon which to step in front of Mr. Morgan's. From this I know that I continued barefoot until there was ice on the ground.

On the south side of the lot upon which Father built his house there was also a brick wall running from the street to the back end of the lot. The front yard which was

on a level with the street and six foot above the rear portion of the lot was supported by a stone wall which went from the corner of the house to the brick wall. Along the end of the house was a stairway and that led down to a brick pavement and turning to the loft there were two more steps that led along the rear part of the dining room to the brick pavement under the porch. There was also from those two stops, running parallel to the brick wall to the rear, a stone wall just high enough to make a terrace between it and the brick wall. My father was always an ardent grower of trees and flowers, and along this stone terrace thus supported, he planted, a great number of peach trees, each at an angle of 45 degrees, making a sort of lattice work. He gave a great deal of attention to those trees, but my recollection is that they never bore any fruit. At the rear end of the lot was a plank fence. On the 20 foot lot back of us lived a Negro named Jordan McGowan, who was an excellent fiddler, and whose business was to play at dances. About 15 feet distant from this brick fence was a fence of lattice work, which separated the back or woodyard from the garden, as we called it.

When Deaderick Street was widened, the entire house was pulled down except the south wall of the front part which had been used by the man who built next to it as a party wall. My father had an elm tree planted in the center of the plot behind the dining room, and that tree is there now. After my father went to Richmond, an agent whom he employed sold the property to Dr. John D. Winston, and I believe it was fully five years before he got the money. It was an unfortunate bargain for him.

Parades and Conventions

I think the house was finished in 1842 and that we moved into it during that year, but it may have been early in 1843. I know that we were in the Cumberland Alley [Commerce Street] house in 1840 and that we lived in the

new house in 1844. I remember distinctly being held up on the front fence of the Cumberland Alley house during the election excitement in 1840 by Aggy, to see a company of "Cadits" go by. There were boys in uniform, and they marched into the front yard of the old house across, and further down the Street, so long occupied by R. Z. Weakley. I also remember the "Straightouts", whose uniform was a Scotch plaid and who carried hatchets. Both of these were Harrison boomers.

There was a great Whig meeting and procession. I was with my father on the pediment of the First Presbyterian Church which was afterwards burned. Henry Clay was there. The procession came on Spring [Church] Street from the west, I never knew where it started, and turned north down Summer Street [5th Avenue]. There was a great ball set upon axles on a four-horse wagon with Porter, the Kentucky giant, behind and turning it. Porter was more than eight feet high. I suppose the ball was to remind the crowds of Benton's famous words, "Solitary and alone I set that ball in motion." Mr. Clay was entertained by Dr. Boyd McNairy whose house was where the Wilson Block is now. The ball, when it had served it's purpose, was deposited on the lot which is still vacant, on the north side of Locust [Laurel] Street between Market Street and the river.

During the great Convention of 1844, enormous processions marched by our door. The Whig convention was held in the beautiful grove then known as McGavock's Pasture, which later was the site of the Walnut Racecourse, and was near the present corner of Monroe and Buena Vista Street. The Democratic Convention was held in a grove on the south side of the Charlotte Turnpike or Cedar Street near the present Centennial Park.

Drinking Water

On our porch, which – as I have said – was directly upon the pavement, were tubs of water with dippers for the

men of both parties, impartially, upon the occasions of both conventions. The water in these washtubs was thankfully taken by the dusty, perspiring crowds, but in these fastidious, times would not be considered potable. There was no ice in it, nor was there any ice to put in it. The only cool water we had in the summer was obtained from wells and springs. These natural waters were not contaminated then as they are now, but they were strong limestone and were bad enough. When we lived on Cumberland Alley [Commerce Street], Aggy used to go with a bucket to the Tanyard Well, on Summer Street [5th Avenue] opposite the present Pearl School, which has been filled up, or to Goodwin's well on a lot on the north side of Broad Street across from the present Baptist Church. After we moved to Deaderick Street, we got water from Mr. John Wright's well on High Street [6th Avenue] next south of where Gen. Thruston now lives. There were men, both white and black, who rigged a barrel on the axle of a cart, removing the body, and filled the barrel with water from the spring known as McNairy's or the Judge's Spring, so called from having been the property of Judge John McNairy. This spring was in the Sulphur Spring bottom, and was situated close to the east side of Vine Street [7th Avenue] – that is [to say], Vine Street, when afterwards extended, passed just west of it – and a six inch iron pipe had been so placed that the water flowed through and out of it. The Spring was free to everybody. How the City of Nashville acquired it I never knew. But about 1895, the City sold the Spring, with the lot on which it was, at public auction, and it was bought by the Howe Ice Co. The factory of this Company was east of Cherry Street [4th Avenue], and it asked and obtained permission from the City to extend the iron pipe over to its factory. The Ice Co. had been buying water from the City, and when it had thus secured the water from the spring it notified the City that it would not use any more water from the reservoir.

The schools obtained water in the warm weather in the same manner from wells and springs. Two boys would take a bucket suspended on a broom handle or stick between them and get it full. When it first reached the school room it was cool and refreshing. When it got warm, as on a hot day it would do in an hour or two, it smelled bad, tasted worse and had to be thrown out.

The barrels these water carriers used were ingeniously prepared. The bung hole being turned down, a hole a foot square was sawed out of the opposite side. A round stick was fitted into the bung hole from the square opening, and the barrel thus made tight. The barrel, laid hung hole down on the double axle of the cart, was filled through the square opening, and when the purchaser placed his bucket under it, the end of the stick being pulled up allowed the water to go through and fill it. Pushing the stick down again stopped the hole. The carts supplied customers three times a day, and I think the charge was twenty-five cents a week.

I never saw a piece of ice in the summertime until after I went to Richmond. There is no stream or pond or lake from which it could be obtained near Nashville. An effort was once made to dam Marrowbone Creek and saw ice there, but the hauling made it too expensive. Then it was brought from the upper Mississippi, but it was not until the factories made it that it became common.

The Negro Side of the Family

When the family arrived in Nashville the Negro slaves were Mary and her daughter Barbara Ann, George, Agnes and Moses. George and Moses were hired to the City Hotel, the women remained in the house, Mary as cook, and Barbara and Aggie as housegirls. Mary died in Richmond in 1851 and Moses shortly afterward. Mary was known as my "mammy" but I think Aggie was my nurse. Barbara had a son named Allen, who went to Texas with Alfred in 1860. Her other children were Todd, Cornelia and Sally. Aggy

had a boy called Charles in Nashville, and in Richmond another named Oliver. When the family came back to Nashville from Richmond, George, Aggy, Barbara, Nelo, Sally, Todd, Charles and Oliver came also. George was again hired to the City Hotel and my grandmother received the money until her death on May 16, 1859, and after that it went to my mother as long as there was any hire. When the Negroes were freed by Lincoln's proclamation, George received his own wages and Barbara and her children left the house. Aggy remained and would not listen to anybody who talked to her of freedom. In my mother's later years she did little else but bake rolls, at which business she was an adept. One morning, a year or so before my mother died, Aggy came into the breakfast room with a plate of rolls; the tears were rolling down her cheeks and she appeared to be in great distress. It ought to be said that she had remained in the family, as she had been all her life without a word as to freedom or wage or anything of that kind. My mother asked her what was the matter. With a burst of sobs she said she was no longer of any account, not worth her salt and she was going away. My mother and Anna and Rena and Rob, who were the only ones present, scolded her sharply, and Rob pushed her out of the room and told her to go back to the kitchen and make more rolls. Nothing more was ever said on the subject. After my mother's death she went to live with Anna and remained with her to the end of her life. Anna resided in an old College building on the corner of College and Peabody Streets, where Dr. Briggs now has his Infirmary. Aggy had become very fat and did nothing but pretend to nurse the children. She had her room in the upper part of the house into which Anna had put a rocking chair made large and especially for her. One morning in June, 1884, she was found sitting on this chair dead. The funeral was held in the broad hall-way of the house, and after a few words by Dr. C. H. Strickland, Pastor of the First Baptist, I made

some remarks. We buried her in Mt. Olivet Cemetery across the foot of my grandmother's grave.

George never married, saved his wages and bought a lot with a small house on Line Street. When the City Hotel was torn down he secured employment at the Maxwell House. In the last week of his life he sent for me. I went to his house and wrote his will, whereby he appointed me Executor and directed me to reduce all his possessions to money and to divide the money amongst his nephews and nieces, that is Barbara, Oliver and Charles. He died in December 1895. I qualified as Executor, found no personalty, and sold his house and lot for \$500.00 cash. After paying funeral expenses, back taxes and a few small debts there remained for distribution \$236.36.

Oliver was Aggy's son, born in Richmond in 1853. He turned out badly, was put in the Nashville penitentiary, and when his time was up frequented the lowest Negro society. On inquiry the best information we could get was that he went to Louisville, fell overboard in the canal and was drowned.

Charles, her other son, was born in Nashville in 1846. He grew up in the family and developed ability as a cook. In 1863 while I was living in Edgefield, I took him to my house in that capacity. He stayed with me several years, then found employment as cook in a restaurant and continued in such places until he became too fat and unwieldy. He has been living for many years, with his wife and children, and now lives on the corner of Vine Street [7th Avenue] and Lee Avenue.

Barbara had left the family during the war and when George died was living with her daughter Cornelia, who had married a Negro named Bush, in a house across Lee Avenue across from where Charles lives.

Barbara's oldest child called Allen, was born about 1842. In 1860 he was serving as a waiter at the St. Cloud

Hotel, having become quite a skillful gambler, and was well known in that capacity. Alfred was at home on a visit in December, 1860, and when he returned to Texas early in 1861, Allen went with him.

She had another son born in Richmond, called Todd. The last I heard of him, twenty-five years ago, he was steward or waiter on a Mississippi River Steamboat. [My brother] Rob saw him on a boat at Memphis.

Cornelia and Sally, Barbara's daughters, were born in Richmond. George's money was divided equally between Barbara and Charles.

On April 2, 1897, Barbara died. Her daughters sent me word that as I had made remarks at Aggy's funeral, they wanted me to do likewise at hers. The services were held in Taylor's Chapel and after Taylor had preached a sermon I followed with a speech which the Negroes seemed to like. This Preston Taylor is a quadroon³¹, who is a preacher and undertaker. He owns a very nice brick church on Lee Avenue and the Cemetery on the Chicken Turnpike known as Greenwood. Back of the Cemetery and extending to the Lebanon Turnpike he also has established Greenwood Park for Negroes. The Cemetery and Park comprise about 100 acres of land.

Soon after Barbara's death, Cornelia went to Chicago, and is there now. And so we have done with the Negro part of the family.

Boyhood in Nashville

My next older brother, Richard Crawford, born in Norfolk, June 17, 1832, died in Nashville, May 15, 1835.

My next younger brother, Charles Trabue, born in Nashville, Nov. 3, 1836, died July 22, 1839. One of my

31 A quadroon is a person with one fourth African and three fourth Caucasian ancestry.

earliest recollections is seeing my mother and Dr. Kelly putting him in a tub of water. I was standing on the porch and looking through the window into my mother's room. I was there only a moment, but the scene is as vivid to me now as if I were looking at a photograph of it.

In 1835 my uncle Thomas Dallam Toy married Amelia Ann Rogers. In 1836 their oldest child, Crawford Howell Toy, was born. Afterwards my uncle and his wife and child came to Nashville to live. He opened a drug store on the north side of Union Street, one door east of College. At the Commencement Exercises of the University of Nashville held in the Presbyterian Church, it must have been in June of 1839, I was present. My uncle was in a pew on the Summer street side of the house, and I remember that in the midst of the exercises some man came in, whispered to him a moment, and the two went out together. Afterwards I asked him what was the occasion for his going, and he told me that a young salesman in the drug store had taken down a large glass bottle from an upper shelf and, in attempting to put it back in the usual way, it had broken and cut the palm of his hand severely. He said the young man died several months afterwards from the effects of it. This picture of the church and my uncle being called and going out is also photographed upon my memory.

Whether before, or after this I cannot say, but I think it was before, my father and mother went to Whiter Creek Springs for a day. The hotel there was then kept by Dr. D. T. Scott. I do not recall anything of our going or coming or being at the hotel, but there is another photographed scene before me. I am standing on a road that leads around a point of rocks and up a hill. On the right, as I stand, is an opening in the bluff several feet wide and ten feet high. On my left is a small stream of water running down by the side of the road. A little way from me, and up the hill as I look at him, stands my father cutting the small branches from a stick that he holds in his hand. Nearly thirty years afterwards, I told him of the picture on my mind, and

asked him what it meant. He said the picture was correct, that he had walked up the road taking me with him, and that he had cut a dogwood stick and was trimming it. He then told me that he was walking along the street in Nashville one day soon after this with this stick in his hand, when he came to the drug store of McNairy and Hamilton, on the southwest corner of the square and College Street, and he went in and asked Mr. Wm. H. McNairy commonly called "Pick", in Mr. Hamilton's presence, to put it in oil for him until it should be well saturated with it. He then forgot all about the stick. Some years afterwards Mr. Mortimer Hamilton brought the stick to him, and said that it had been dropped through the hole in the top into a tank of linseed oil that was four feet wide at the base and ten feet high; that both he and McNairy had forgotten it, and that when the tank was cleaned out, as it was rarely and at long intervals, he had found the stick and brought it to him. My father said it was indeed thoroughly saturated with oil and as heavy as lead. He gave it to some preacher from Kentucky who asked him for it.

My aunt Ann Toy was much dissatisfied with Nashville. I don't know where they lived. I think they boarded in the house on High Street [6th Avenue] afterwards owned by Judge John C. Gaut. After remaining here something less than two years she went back to Norfolk. My uncle remained to close up his business. He left on a steamboat on the afternoon of Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1840. My father and I went down to the wharf to see him off. The boat had been advertised to leave at 12 M.³² but, as the custom was, late in the afternoon it had not moved, and my father and I started home. We went along the north side of Broad Street. The city authorities were putting down water pipes in the street, and in the middle of it just opposite the Yeatman residence, now the Broadway House, a blast was being prepared. I begged my father to stop and see it go off. He refused to do so, and taking me by the left

32 Noon.

hand he pulled me along with him, I holding back and looking over my shoulder. Just before we reached Summer Street [5th Avenue] I saw a boy apparently about eight or ten years old run out of the carriage gate of the old Johnson residence, and go to the edge of the pavement. At that moment the blast went off, and a rock as large as a quart cup was thrown against the side of the house known as Norvill's Hall, fifteen feet up, behind the boy, then came back and struck him on the back of the head. He leaped several feet up and fell back upon the pavement. My father took me in his arms and ran back. By the time we reached the house quite a crowd had assembled. I saw the boy propped up on a bed, insensible and his head covered with blood. He died in about an hour. This is another picture that is very vivid.

I afterwards learned that the boy killed was David Johnson, six or seven years old, son of Mr. James Johnson, of the firm of Johnson, Rayburn and Company.

I do not know when I began to go to Sunday School. Doubtless it was at such an early age that my memory does not extend that far. The book that made the deepest impression upon me and that I remember more distinctly than any other was one of questions and answers, after the manner of a catechism. It began with "Who was the first man", and continued through the Old Testament. There was no public school then and the little ones were taught the alphabet and to read in Sunday School.

There was a school commonly called "The Free School" but no one attended it except the children of the very poorest people. It was regarded as disgrace to be a free school boy. The Free School house was on about the middle of the one hundred feet on the east side of High Street [6th Avenue] next north of Cumberland Alley [Commerce Street]. There was only one teacher. Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Warner successively had it. I never was acquainted with a boy who went there, nor did I ever know how many

pupils there were. Even the Negroes spoke of it with contempt. It ceased when the Public Schools were established but the bad odor of the "Free School" was transferred to the new schools, and for years many people refused to permit their children to go to them. The lot and house were bought by Spain and Coleman, Carpenters, and converted into a shop and lumber yard. It continued to be so used until after the war and both partners had died.

The Sunday School was a very tame and dry affair. The library part was the only commendable feature of it. This was presided over by Mr. Alfred H. Hicks, Librarian and Treasurer. He came to Nashville from Wake Forest, North Carolina, as a youth, and was employed by A. A. Cassiday, a China and Crockery merchant. When Mr. Cassiday died he succeeded to the business and continued it until his death in March 1876. The Library consisted of a large number of instructive and interesting little books chiefly printed by "The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" in London. I remember specially "The Mutineers of Ship Bounty", "Tabite receiving the Gospel" and others of that kind. Every child who could read was given a library book to be brought back the next Sunday. I think these books gave me my first impulse towards reading history and geography. At first, the lessons consisted of the questions and answers in the book I have mentioned, and afterwards of reading a chapter in the Bible, each boy reading a verse as his turn came. I do not now recall but two of my teachers, and these for precisely opposite reasons. One was Charles William Anderson, who afterwards was Inspector General on Gen. Forrest's Staff, and is now living on his farm in Rutherford County, near the station named for his sister Florence. I don't remember any lesson, but after the lessons were finished it was his custom to select some book from the library and read to his class until the school closed. Neither do I remember now anything he read, but I was anxious to go to Sunday School solely on this account. It is said that a woman who was spreading linen on the

grass to bleach was accosted by the curate who asked her if she went to church, and on her saying that she did, she was then asked what the text was on the previous Sunday, and she said she did not know. The curate said there was no good in her attending service if she could not remember anything about it. The woman answered that the water she poured on the linen went through it and was lost in the ground but the linen was all the time growing whiter. So, I know that I was being interested and learning something, but I do not remember what it was. The other teacher was Mr. James Thomas, the father of the late and grandfather of the present president of the N. O. & St. L. Railway. He distributed the Bibles to the boys, and they began to read. The boy at one end read the first verse, the next the second, and so on. It was my custom to see what verse would come to me and, when my turn came, to read it and then count down to my next verse. There was no word of comment or explanation and when the chapter, long or short, was finished, Mr. Thomas turned his chair around and sat there with his back to us, motionless, until the school closed.

The Superintendent was a man whose name I shall not mention. In opening the exercises he generally gave out the hymn "Another six days work is done, etc.", and then he took up a collection,

I do not recall that he ever said anything. There were no copper cents in circulation here then, and what money was collected was in small silver pieces. Mr. Hicks was the Treasurer, and it was his business to take, up the collection, but the Superintendent always did it. A few years before he died, Mr. Hicks told me that in those days the Superintendent always paid to him as Treasurer on Monday what he said he had collected on the previous Sunday, but always in even dollars in bank notes, one dollar being the lowest denomination, the silver he needed for small change in his drug store. Besides, small silver usually bore a premium.

It can well be understood that going to Sunday school became at last a disagreeable duty. One Sunday morning when I was about twelve years old, at the breakfast table I told my father about it, and urged him to let me quit. He did not say much, but at last he told me that if I would come to his study every Sunday morning and read to him a chapter in the Greek Testament I need not go to Sunday School. His proposition was joyfully accepted, and I began that morning. As the first Chapter of Matthew is what Miss Fan Thompson³³ called the "Chapter of begats", the first lesson was soon ended. And thus ended my experience as a pupil in Sunday School.

For some while, I don't know how long I went to the study after breakfast on Sunday ready to translate the Chapter, but he was occupied with visitors or intent upon his sermon and so often unable for some reason or other to hear me that before long the reading ceased, and I was free from reading the Greek Testament as well as from Sunday School.

I am not informed as to other denominations, but the Baptist of that day, 1835 to 1850, demanded a large amount of "spiritual provender." My father used to preach three times on Sunday – morning, afternoon and night – and on Wednesday night, and hold prayer meeting Friday night. The Sunday program, as I now recollect it, was always the same. No Yankee puritan ever spent the day more dully than we were required to spend it. But this strictness rapidly changed very much during the decade from '45 to '55 and by 1860 had almost disappeared.

Schools and Teachers

My first school teacher was Preston L. Lake. He had come to Nashville in 1839, and opened a school in the

33 Frances Thompson, known as Fan, Fannie, or Nan was the sister of the wife of MBH's son Alfred. She was the purchaser of the Beersheba house now called Nanhaven in her honor.

small house in the rear of the Campbellite – originally the Baptist – Church. This house stood back of the Church on the spot now occupied by the stage of the Vendome Theater. I began my education at this school on the first day of January, 1842.

At that time and until the Public Schools were established in 1853, there were two sessions annually, from January 1 to May 30, and from July 1 to November 30, the months of June and December being holidays. There were two daily sessions, from 9 to 12 A.M. and from 2 to 5 P.M./ In the winter time the whole day was spent in school. I never heard teacher or pupil say or intimate that it was harder or more uncomfortable to study in summer than in winter, and the idea never occurred to me.

In 1839 my brother Alfred was sent to Moses Stevens, who lived in a one story brick residence which was afterwards built upon and enlarged by William N. Bilbo, and is now known as the Bilbo house. The school house was a two story frame near Spruce Street [8th Avenue]. Mr. Stevens owned the ground lying between the Franklin Turnpike and the country lane on the west which later became the Middle Franklin or Granny White Turnpike, still later Kayne Avenue, and is now 12th Avenue South. On the south it was bounded by the lands of J. H. Currey and Dr. James Overton, along which line Bilbo Avenue was opened, now called South Street. The Stevens residence fronted towards the north and now South Street runs near the rear end of it. On this land was an underground stream, which was reached by stone steps and used as a spring. The whole region is now covered with houses, and the spring, with its original steps, is under the front door of a dwelling house at the southeast corner of Stevens and Overton Street.

At Christmas 1839, somebody gave my brother Alfred a copy of Aesop's Fables, in which at the beginning of each fable was a woodcut indicating the chief feature of the

fable. This book interested me as much as any book has since. I could not read but my mother read them to me, and I soon could give the substance of any fable on being shown the picture. I have often wondered what became of that book.

When I was sent to Lake's School, Aggy went with me, to take care of me and to show me the way. It seems that we were early and the teacher had not arrived. The door of the school house – which was locked – was reached by three wooden steps, and on one of these steps sat a boy whom I afterwards found to be Thomas Callender. He was two years older than I, and he and I are the only ones of the School who are now living, so far as I can learn. I think I knew the alphabet, and not needing any book but a primer was given a chair placed out in front of the line of desks. The most prominent figure in my mind amongst the boys was Billy Eichbaum, whose father lived on the southwest corner of Vine [7th Avenue] and Cedar Streets [Charlotte], and who had a book store on College Street where Timothy's Dry Goods house now is, the only book store I think, then in the city except that of W. T. Berry and Co., which was on the Square where the Transfer Station now is. Billy was learning to spell also, and we were put in a class together. In this way he and I became close friends and I remember that one day I went home to dinner with him. Billy never made any progress in his spelling and it soon became evident to me that he was an "incapable", the euphemism is "feeble minded". In a little while I was put into arithmetic and given a desk, and I lost sight of Billy. He never learned to read but in after years was a constant attendant at Sunday School and Church. He died about 1880, without ever having gone beyond where he was when I first met him. I think he was about my age.

Mr. Lake left Nashville at the end of 1842 or 1843 and after the war I heard that he was at Grass Valley, California. I do not remember how many sessions I went to his school, nor how far I advanced there. My next teacher

was Henry G. Davis, whose school room was the basement of the Cumberland Church on the corner of Cumberland Alley [Commerce Street] and Summer Street [5th Avenue]. This house was pulled down and another built in 1866, and the new house is now in process of demolition for the widening of the alley, or rather the conversion of the alley into Commerce Street. I think I began with him in January, 1843.

There was a large platform, reached by two steps, at the west end of the room, probably put there for Sunday School purposes. Mr. Davis sat on the platform, and out in front near the edge was an old-time desk with a top that raised up. The desks for the boys were just like it, but double. My seat was the first to Mr. Davis' right, and the other half of the same desk was occupied by a boy named Clint Gilbert. He was about sixteen years old. His father was a steamboat Captain, well known in those days, who also ran a hotel or boarding house on Cherry Street [4th Avenue] just back of Mrs. Yeatman's. The boys being assembled on this the opening day, the first business of the morning was to learn their names. Mr. Davis first called on me, being the nearest, and I gave him my name in full. He next looked at my deskmate, who very deliberately said: "My name is Julius Ceasar Napoleon Bonaparte George Washington DeWitt Clinton Gilbert". Mr. Davis appeared to be startled when the boys all snickered; and I think that I, then a little over eight years old, almost snorted. He rose from his seat, walked to his desk, unlocked it, took out a whip which then and now seems to me to have been a large horsewhip, and turned towards Clint. While the teacher was unlocking and opening his desk Clint had raised the top of his desk and taken out a very large slate without a frame, and as Mr. Davis turned around he saw Clint with the slate held on his right hand, the end of it leaning against the upper part of his arm. Davis made one step, then turned about, put the whip back and told the boys they could go. It was a clear back out on the teacher's part.

From that moment, the boys had little respect for him. I don't think Gilbert stayed at the school many weeks. I heard, years after, that he had died in New Orleans of yellow fever.

On the opening day, Tom Callender was there. With the exception of Tom and me, it was a different set of boys from those at Lake's School. I can recall but few of those who went to Lake. Nearly all are dead and it is unnecessary to call their names. The only boy now living who went to Davis, besides Tom Callender and me is a stone cutter named Shelton. At the school I studied arithmetic, geography and grammar. There was nothing to excite any interest in what was taught and it seems to me that the teacher was as such, a poor stick. One Saturday morning, Tom Callender and I went to play with George Samuels, a boy about my age who lived in a small frame house which adjoined the church on the north. I cannot say who made the suggestion that we should go into the basement of the church, [where the school was held]. The sill of the window was on a level with the ground of the Samuels yard, it being up the hill, the right hand bottom pane of glass, about ten by twelve inches, was broken out, and with one accord we went in through the hole. Being in, the idea occurred that we should plug the key hole of the door so that the key could not be turned. This we did, pushing in gravel, glass, etc. On Monday morning Davis tried in vain to open the door, and finally had to send for a locksmith. No questions were asked, and consequently no lies told, but one at least of the three had an uneasy conscience for several days. The last I heard of George Samuels was several years ago [when] his sister, Mrs. Kirby, told me he was still working as a journeyman carpenter.

In the fall of 1844 or the Spring of 1845, either because I became very tired of Davis or he quit teaching, I don't know which, I commenced going to Mason. This man had come to Nashville in 1842 and soon afterwards had opened a school in the house built by Prof. Cross, of the University

of Nashville, in the yard of his residence on the south corner of Spruce Street [8th Avenue] and Cumberland Alley [Commerce Street], the door opening directly on the alley. He was a thin-skinned, red-faced, flaxon-haired, blue-bellied Yankee from Massachusetts, chock full of prejudice and spite against everything Southern. My brother Alfred was then going there. When it was decided that I should go the school had been in progress for sometime. Alf told me that the geography lesson would be about Russia in Mitchell's Geography and I memorized the entire chapter. On the morning of my entrance, I was assigned a desk and when the class in geography was called, early in the morning, I took my seat at the end of the line. There were about a dozen boys in the class. When a boy failed to answer a question the next was called on, and the one who answered correctly went up next above the first who had missed. On this morning the third boy from the head missed and so did all the others and when the question reached me I answered it and went up to third from head. In a few days I went up head, and stayed there the rest of the session. This lesson was to be learned at home, and I always knew it.

The session closed at the end of November. December was holiday. In January 1, 1845, the school again began and I was on hand. I recall nothing special until sometime early in the Spring. It was my custom to get all my lessons after supper at home.

Being less than ten years, old I stayed for some years in the room with my grandmother and slept on a little cot which was placed at the head of her large bed and between it and the window which opened directly upon Deaderick Street. This part of the house was of stone, and the seat of the window was fully two feet wide. The pavement there was high enough to just allow the outside blinds to pass over it in opening or closing. One William Miller had begun in 1833 in Massachusetts, where he was born and resided and died in 1849, to preach that within ten years the world

would be burnt and the millennium begin. He named a day in October, 1843, for this catastrophe to occur. He had many converts, amounting in number to 50,000 or more. I had heard much talk about the Millerites and looked forward with much curiosity and some anxiety to the coming of that day. About nine o'clock that night I had just gone to bed when some man on the pavement close to the window cried "Fire!". I jumped up, put on my clothes and sallied out. There were no street lamps then and any unusual brightness was the more easily seen. A light appeared in the direction of McKendree Church. I ran towards it and found that the stable in the rear of the house on N. E. corner of Vine [7th Avenue] and McGavock Street was burning. Within a few weeks other similar fires occurred and finally a Negro girl was caught in the act of setting fire to a stable and this incendiarism ceased. I got back home before ten o'clock, went to bed in peace, and have had no trouble from Millerism since.

My desk was near the bench on which the reciting class sat. One morning early in 1845, I was listening to the class in Latin. It was composed of Wm. L. Brown, Wm. Barry, E. D. Hicks and some others. When they were through, I asked Mr. Mason if I could study Latin. He said that if my father was willing I could. When I went home to dinner at 12 o'clock I asked my father and he readily assented. When I returned to school at 2 o'clock I told Mr. Mason what Father had said, and he directed me to get Andrew's Latin Lessons. The next morning I took this book to school with me and as soon as the geography class had finished its recitation, I asked Mr. Mason to tell me how to begin the Latin Lessons. He inquired if I had studied my grammar and arithmetic lessons, and upon my telling him that I had gotten these at home the previous night, he told me to learn the first declension. I began at once – but in a few minutes asked permission to go out in the alley and study, which was granted provided I did not go on the street. I went out and walking up and down Cumberland

Alley [Commerce Street] from Spruce to Vine Street [8th Avenue to 7th Avenue] in half an hour I learned the first declension thoroughly, so that I could say it backwards or forwards. I then went in and when the class then up was through I recited and was allowed to go back to the alley and learn the second declension. This also was learned in half an hour and was recited, but upon my asking to go out again and learn the third, I was told that I had done enough for one day. In this way I went on alone through this book including the Latin at the end, “Jacokus habuit duodecim filios, etc.” At different times other boys joined me, but no one lasted more than a day or two. Either they did not like it, or could not keep up, or for some other reason they quit, and I was the only one in the class. In a short time, I was advanced to Cornelius Nepos³⁴ and remained in that while I was at that school.

One of the sessions of Mason's School of this year was held in the Cross School house; and the other, in a frame one-room house situated about the middle of the lot now bounded by Church, Walnut [10th Avenue], Berryhill³⁵ and McLemore Streets [9th Avenue]. There was a clump of cedar trees beginning about fifty feet west from McLemore Street and under these was the house. Berryhill Street had not then been opened, and there was a cedar picket fence along the center of where the street now is.

One day at “play time”, which was from 12 to 2 while at the latter place, some of the large boys determined to “bar old Mason out”. Nearly every boy joined in it. After fastening the windows, of which there were three on each side and the front door, they took the transom from over the rear door and arranged to put a long plank with one

34 Cornelius Nepos (110 – 32 B.C.), a friend of Cicero, wrote principally biographic sketches of Roman historians.

35 Berryhill ran between 8th and 9th Avenues, about 150 feet south of Church Street. It seems to now be called Lifeway Plaza.

end on the floor and the other near the top of the door. They all then went out and left me, the smallest boy in the school, to put the plank in place and climb out through the transom opening. The boys then scattered. I went with the big boys that had helped me through the transom to the rear end of the lot, climbed the picket fence, and took post about where the N. C. & St. L. Railroad Freight House now is to watch "old Mason" and see what he would do. About 2 o'clock Mason returned. We saw him try to open the doors and windows. Failing in this he kicked the front door in. Some of the little boys went back but there was no school that afternoon. Next day things went on as usual and I never heard any more of the matter.

In January, 1846, my father sent me to a man named Graves, who opened a school on the west side of Spruce Street [8th Avenue] between Union and Cedar [Charlotte] in Gould's School house. This was a brick house, with one large room above and a cellar below, the ground there sloping rapidly westward, built by an old teacher named Gould, of whom I know nothing except that it was his son whom Gen. N. B. Forrest killed, as is related in Forrest's Life. This fellow Graves was a Vermont Yankee, and totally unfit by both temperament and education to be a teacher. He put me into Livy and very nearly turned me against Latin. He knew nothing about mathematics, neither arithmetic, algebra nor geometry, and to his unfitness to teach the latter two I attributed my early antipathy to them. The two sessions I spent in this school I then considered and still think were time lost.

In January, 1847, I went back to Mason, who had continued to teach in Gross's school house. Mason put me back into Ceasar, and I afterwards had no trouble with Latin. I read Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, Plautus and other authors and understood them. I also began Greek and made fair headway.

I stayed at this school until the end of June, 1847, when Mason went back to Boston. He was a Baptist preacher and sometimes used to read an essay which he thought was a sermon. He was a splendid teacher but he was as cold blooded as a fish, and was full of spite and venom as to everything Southern. He kept this artfully concealed during the six years he lived in Nashville. It was from him that I first heard the story that Mr. Clay, seeing a drove of mules going south said to Mr. Webster, "There go some of your constituents", to which Mr. Webster replied, "Yes, going South to teach school." He told this one day in school, and I remember that I then thought it applied to the asses that came here to teach, but I afterwards found what his meaning was. He returned to his own country to preach and vilify the people that had befriended him. At the beginning of the war he said that my father ought to be hung as a rebel, and he spoke similarly of the Nashville people. In the summer of 1867, I was at the Irving House in Boston. Tom Wright and I, standing in front of the hotel, saw him coming out of the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, of which he was pastor, but had so little respect for him that we declined to go across and speak to him. A few years afterwards he was killed in a railroad accident. The other Yankee school teacher, Graves, also became a preacher and was a vile creature that kept the Baptist Church in Tennessee at loggerheads for years. He went with the confederates during the war and finally died in Memphis. Fortunately the savor of both of them has long since cleared away from Nashville.

In July 1848, Mason's school was taken by a man named Chamberlin. I do not know how his name was spelled, nor anything about him. I do not remember what I studied there. I can only recall a row he had with Tom Callender, and that his school was a dismal failure. I have never heard of him since his school closed.

In January 1849, Harry Gossett began to teach in Gould's school house on Cedar Street [Charlotte]. I never

knew where he came from, but he was working in a tailor's shop on Deaderick Street and appeared to be then about twenty-five years old, but a small boy, as I was, has little idea of age. He joined my father's church on August 23, 1842 – I find this in the church book – and from that time was often at our house. His purpose was to preach, and he was trying to accumulate enough money to pay his way through a college. I think it was in furtherance of this purpose that he opened a school. I do not recall that he gave any special attention to mathematics, but he caused me to write a translation of the *De arte poetica* of Horace and of the first part of the *Odyssey* of Homer.

This reminds me that during that summer I was one day sitting in my father's study reading a yellow paper covered novel entitled “Big Dick” – a story of a Negro ruffian in New York – when my father asked me what I was reading, I handed him the work, and, without saying anything, he went to a shelf and took down and gave me [Washington] Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. I read the first chapter with delight, and then the second chapter, when it occurred to me that I could write like that. At once it flashed upon me that this was what Horace meant when he said in the work I had lately translated – in the lines beginning *Ex noto fictum carmen sequar* that he would so write that anyone, reading it, would think he could do it too, but, trying it, he would labor and sweat in vain. I remember how this circumstance impressed me at the time. Then and ever since I have wondered at the fact that men's minds and intellects have remained the same through all the outward changes of the ages.

I continued with Gossett during the first half of 1849, and until about September 1, when it was decided that I should go to Union University at Murfreesboro.

Gossett was as a man and a teacher respected by everybody. He died of consumption on July 16, 1853.

During the seven or eight years that I was a schoolboy there were various teachers in Nashville. During the Lake and Davis periods my brother went to Moses Stevens, as before mentioned, and to a Mr. Mulkey whose location I am not sure of, but I think it was on Broad St. near High [6th Avenue]. Alfred Hume owned the ground now occupied by the Fogg and Hume Schools, and his school house, a one- room frame building, stood where the Hume School now is. He taught there until the Public Schools began, except while the Hume building was being constructed his school house was on High Street [6th Avenue] where the Church of the Advent is. While I was at Mason's the first time, a Dr. Levi D. Ring had a school in a two story frame house where Nos. 134 and 136 Spruce Street [8th Avenue] now are. The ground was bought by Jas. Thomas, who lived there till he died. It was given to his daughter Ella who married J. Louis DeMoville. He built the two brick house on it in which his two sons-in-law, Jas. H. Campbell and W. Porter Rankin now live. John Todd Edgar built the brick house now in the rear of No. 135 Spruce St. on the corner of McLemore St. and the alley and taught there. Our play ground extended from the old McEwen residence to where No. 137 Spruce St. now is and from Spruce to McLemore. About the middle of this open lot and on the Spruce Street side there were five or six medium size cedar trees which furnished shade and were not in the way of our playing. When Edgar built his house, the play ground was diminished by the extent of his enclosure. The games we played were town ball and bull pen. I did more playing on this lot than at any other place. It was the only open lot within reasonable distance from the schools and all the boys used it. The two hours from 12 to 2 were intended and expected to allow the boys to go home to dinner, but they generally brought "snacks" – the word lunch came in later – and gave the whole time to play. This was during the Mason periods; the other schools had no play grounds and I always went home to dinner.

The whole hill side west of Spruce St. from Church to Cedar [Charlotte] – except one house that fronted on Church and four or five frame houses next south of Gould's School house to Cedar – was a dense cedar grove. A man named Marquis cut out about fifty feet square where Union Street now is and built a one room frame house there. I don't remember anything else about him.

It must be borne in mind that Nashville was not so large then as it is now. I do not know what the population was, but as there were in 1834 about 6000 whites, and in 1859, 19,728,³⁶ it may safely be put at not over 16000.

In the summer of 1844, a man named Dolbear came to Nashville and opened a writing school in the Masonic Hall.

There were several brothers of them, all writing masters. He had a large class. My father went and took me with him. On the first or opening day, each member of the class was directed to write "This is a fair specimen of my handwriting this day." I do not remember how long the instruction

Nashville's Population		
Census	Pop.	%±
1830	5,566	—
1840	6,929	24.5%
1850	10,165	46.7%
1860	16,988	67.1%
1870	25,865	52.3%
1880	43,350	67.6%
1890	76,168	75.7%
1900	80,865	6.2%
1910	110,364	36.5%

36 There was a city directory made for Nashville in 1859.

According to the introduction, "to secure a correct list of names for the body of the Directory, he [the publisher] visited in person every office and dwelling within the corporate limits of the city". "Within the corporate limits of the city we have 25,113 inhabitants as a total. Of these 5,885 are blacks, and of these 1,758 are free. Of 19,728 whites, 10,757 are males, and 8,971 are females. Edgefield has a population of at least 2,500; North Nashville, 1,200; West Nashville, 1,000; and Southfield 2,000. All of these villages belong to Nashville, which gives us a grand total population of 31,813." Cited from <http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~jjohnson/FAQ2a.htm>

lasted, perhaps two or three weeks. I worked faithfully at the exercises because I liked them. On the morning of the last day Mr. Dolbear brought out the original papers and each one was requested to write again the same sentence on the same paper. He then said that he would submit all these papers to a committee and that the one who was reported by this committee to have made the best improvement should receive a prize. I cared nothing for any prize and, the exercises being through, I went out on the street. In a little while some gentleman came out and called me in and to my great surprise the prize was awarded to me. It was a book of copper plate impressions of Dolbear's writing exercises, and it ought to be somewhere on my book shelves now.

Swimming

When I was about nine years old, the boys of all ages and sizes assembled at Beaty's Rock and City Rock to swim. The former was behind the Candle Factory; and the latter, a hundred feet below it. Both were rocks which had been blown or had fallen from the bluff. They were each cubical, with a surface of about six feet, lying with sloping top so that when the water was low, as it generally was in the summer, as small boy could walk out upon it, while on the outer side the water was five or six feet deep. It was at these rocks that I learned to swim. The boys living south of Broad Street frequented College Rock, which was under Rolling Mill Hill. The College boys went there and hence the name. It must be remembered that the town did not extend below Crawford Street³⁷ on the north, nor Lincoln Alley on the south, except that on Cherry [4th Avenue] and Market Street [2nd Avenue] there were residences as far out as the old City Cemetery. College Street stopped at the College Buildings, which extended along Franklin Street

³⁷ Crawford Street ran parallel to Union slightly farther north of the State Capitol than Union is south of it.

from Cherry to Market. Westwardly the houses went no farther than Spruce Street, north of Church Street and McLemore South of it.

One afternoon I had gone out the Deaderick Street gate on my way to the River, and had reached Talbot's Livery Stable which was behind the Planter's Hotel, when I heard the clatter of a running horse. In a moment a man well known as Blue Face Foster came down the street from Summer on a gray horse which was covered with foam. Mr., Talbot was standing in front of the stable, and as Foster rode up he threw the reins to Talbot and jumped from the horse, saying "Two great battles in Mexico, Americans victorious". He then ran on down Deaderick Street towards the square.

I have to-day (Dec. 16, 1907) examined the old files of the triweekly Whig of that period, and find that this occurred on Saturday May 23, 1846. Foster had ridden out the Charlotte Turnpike and to the river bank a mile or so beyond Richland Creek, had there intercepted a steamboat and obtained the New Orleans newspapers. How long he had waited there for the steamboat I have no idea.

I went on down to the river at City Rock. After an hour or two a steamboat appeared at the lower island, coming up. When she arrived opposite us we saw that she was covered with long strips of white cotton or canvas cloth, fastened to the guards below and to the hurrican deck above, on which were painted in large letters the accounts of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma which had been fought on the 8th and 11th. The boat had come all the way from New Orleans and thus had published to all the people on the banks of the rivers up which it had come the news of these battles. The Whig published an extra that afternoon, and in the paper of the next Tuesday copied in full what had been obtained from the New Orleans Picayune. This seems slow business to us now, but a few months afterwards the first telegraph wires appeared

coming from Louisville and going south on the Franklin Turnpike.

It was not an uncommon thing for me to go down to Beaty's Rock on Saturday morning, with three or four boys, to hide my clothes in a crevice in the bluff, swim across the river, walk up the bank beyond Pugsley's Gut, swim over to the island and spend the day there. In the afternoon we each got a rail from the nearest fence, by the aid of which we floated through the island chute and down the river to where we had left our clothes. On the next day the time was usually occupied in having my burnt back bathed with cream. It is a mystery to me now that, being in the water as much as I was, every day except Sunday, from March to September, I was never sick and nobody was drowned.

Guests

In his paper, *The Baptist*, of Aug. 29, 1846, my father wrote, "A little after midnight on Friday morning the 21st inst. the Southern mail coach brought to our door, and we joyfully received our beloved brethren Shuck and Yong."

This is the way it always was. Whenever a Baptist preacher passed through Nashville, without previous notice, and generally in the night as in this case, he drove to my father's house. My father's salary never exceeded one thousand dollars, and this was paid, if at all, in driblets. How my mother ever stood it, for on her the burden fell. I wondered then and still do not understand. One T. B. Ripley of Portland, Maine, came one morning before day and stayed about six months. My father got rid of him by persuading Mr. Marshall, proprietor of the City Hotel and a member of his church, to take charge of him. Mary, my mammy, used to say that Mr. Ripley would come to the kitchen on Monday morning with his clothes tied up in, a red silk handkerchief and hand the bundle to her and say "Mary, have you chosen the better part", but he never gave her a pickayune. In 1841 "Prof" Cyrus Smith of

Murfreesboro, wrote to Miss Dorinda Lawson of New York to meet him at my father's house in Nashville and marry him. Neither of them was even a acquaintance. She came, stayed at our house and they were married there on October 7 of that year. These instances are merely samples of what was generally happening.

Rev. J. Lewis Shuck and his Chinese convert Yong Seen Sang stayed at our house several days. They occupied the upper front room on the corner. Yong was a fine looking man, nearly six feet tall. He wore his native dress, the finest silk. Crowds thronged the house all the time he was there. One afternoon he sat on the balcony over the front porch, and the people filled the street, gazing at him. Supper having been announced one evening and every one being there except Yong, my father told me to go upstairs and tell him to come to supper. Yong spoke no English, and turning to Mr. Shuck I asked what I should say to him. He answered, "say 'lok boy'". I went up to his room and finding him lying on the bed. I said "lok boy". Rising, he said "Come to supper?", and I replying "Yes sir, come to supper", ran back down stairs. Years after I asked my father why such care was taken that Yong should learn no English. He said that Yong understood that he was coming to a Christian country, and that on stage coaches and steamboats traveling through the country, he was liable, if he understood the language, to hear so many things that sounded unchristian, it was thought best that he should be kept in ignorance.

Several girls, at different times, lived at my father's house for the purpose of going to school in Nashville. The first that I can remember was Miss Sallie Goodwin, who married Dr. J. W. Morton. Soon after we moved to the new house Miss Bethunia Smith was there for a session. Then [came] Miss Mary Sikes, daughter of Jesse Sikes of Rutherford County. Several Junes and Decembers, our vacation months, I spent at his farm 22 1/2 miles [away] on the Murfreesboro Turnpike. These visits were begun I

think in 1846, but I am not sure and I know the last was in 1848. I remember that the last time I was there, there was much talk of the cholera coming, and I had an idea that everybody would die of it. This must have been in December, 1848. I was also there at Mr. Sikes' during June, 1846, and this may have been the time to which I refer, instead of December. My brother Robert was born March 1, 1846. When I returned on the stage at the end of June 1848, and had alighted at the house, the front door was half open and Rob was standing in it. He did not run to meet me as he had been accustomed to do, and as I expected he would. So I went to him and found that he had one end of a clothes line fastened around his waist while the other end was tied to the post of mother's bedstead. I was told that he had been going out into the street and straying away, and this device had been resorted to for the purpose of keeping him at home, the weather being too warm to keep the doors shut.

Cholera

During the first month of Gossett's school, January 1849, the dreaded cholera appeared. Some obscure people died of it, and everybody seemed anxious. The boys at school were closely watched by Mr. Gossett and every precaution taken. They did not know then how deadly was the water of our wells and springs. On February 8, John King, a boy at our school of about ten years of age, died of it. The school was suspended for two weeks. No other death occurred amongst the boys, but every few days some Negro or ignorant poor person was taken. During the month of June the disease prevailed generally and with great violence. I think now that the principal occasion for the outbreak of the disease was the use of the cool water of springs and wells when warm weather began, there being no ice. But it ceased about the beginning of July and as well water continued to be used perhaps it may not have been the cause of the sickness. At any rate the mortality has

always been greatest where limestone water was exclusively used, and least where the water was provided from cisterns or the river. The same is true as to the epidemic of 1846. Mr. James K. Polk died on June 14 but not of cholera. I remember that on the day he died I was standing on the corner of Cherry Street [4th Avenue] and Union Alley and saw many carriages and wagons go by, loaded with people and their baggage fleeing from the town. The sight was alarming to a boy and I got pretty badly frightened. My oldest sister had a bad attack of the disease, but recovered.

Explosion of the Powder Magazine

The most exciting event of my childhood was the explosion of the powder magazine on October 12, 1847. I was going to Mason. It had rained very hard during the afternoon, and was still raining so much at 5 o'clock, that the teacher kept in the smaller boys. About 5:30 he let me go. I went to Spruce [8th Avenue] and to Church Streets, and the gutters being full of water I rolled up my pants as high as I could and waded, not having shoes on. I ran down Summer Street [5th Avenue], through the side front gate, around the house and to the door of my grandmother's room which I pushed upon. There was no one there. At this moment there was a terrific roar and the sash of the two windows opening on Deaderick Street were thrown to the middle of the floor. Supposing that the house had been struck by lightning, I rushed up to my mother's room, and finding her there sitting in a chair, I took her in my arms and threw her on the bed. I had heard that the bed was a safe place during a thunder storm and I did not stop to consider that the lightning had already done its work. The windows in this room – immediately above grandma's – were also thrown out, but having cords attached, did not fall, though the glass was all broken. The front door was burst open, the bolt which held the right side having been torn from the wood. In a few minutes Father came. He was

very much surprised. He was in the Post Office – on the southeast corner of Cherry [4th Avenue] and Union – when the shock came. He thought that the house had been struck by lightning but no harm done beyond broken glass. He started home at once, going through Union Alley and down Summer [5th Avenue], on which route there was no house. Soon after he came, the fire bell began to ring and a Fire Company with engine was seen going up Cedar Street [Charlotte]. In a little while, we heard the powder magazine had been struck by lightning and exploded; and the shock had caused the breaking of doors and windows. This magazine was a brick building on a stone foundation, about 30 feet long by 20 feet wide, standing in an open field, about where now Pearl Street [Nelson Merry Street] goes under the railroad trestle³⁸. Several persons were killed by flying bricks and stones. There were few houses very close. Several frame houses on the south side of Cedar Street were filled with holes shot entirely through them, but no one inside was hurt. Nearly every house in Nashville having had its window panes broken, glass was much in demand. It was said at the time that the Superintendent of the Sunday School attempted to "corner" it, but the people preferred to wait till a boat load could come from Pittsburgh rather than to buy from him, and the most he made out of it was an addition to his reputation already unsavory

Friends

When we moved to Deaderick Street I became acquainted with John Meigs, a boy just one month younger than I, the third son of Return J. Meigs, the celebrated lawyer. The family lived on Cedar Street [Charlotte], opposite the present end of Park Street. With the exception of Tom Callender, it seems strange that I never ran with

38 The site seems to have been about a quarter mile "west" of the Capitol, measuring parallel to Charlotte Avenue.

any of my schoolmates. I think they were for the most part older than I was, or if of my age I was so much further advanced in my books that I thought they were younger. John did not go to school at all, or he may have gone now and then, spasmodically, at Mr. Alfred Hume's, the only permanent teacher in the town, that is, the only Nashville man who had made teaching his business and who was universally respected. He was the prime mover in the establishment of the Public Schools. The Hume School is named for him. He died of consumption in 1855. Mr. Meigs was not only a great lawyer but an unusually well informed man. He had an extensive library, and my first introduction to it was through the Peter Parley books. These books for young people, by Samuel G. Goodrich, consisting of about 116 volumes were very popular then, but have long since gone completely out. One of them could not be found now, even entombed in some old library. To me they were great, and I spent many an hour lying on the floor in his library reading them. John and I were very congenial and our chief amusement in pleasant weather was, on Saturdays, to go out into the woods and stay all day. We commonly took lunch and raw potatoes which we cooked in a fire built for the purpose. The original forests were still standing in every direction, and I remember going through the woods [on the south side of town] where Shelby Avenue now is and [on the north side of town, walking through woods on] the north side of Jefferson Street, which was then a country lane. The favorite direction was Farquharson's woods beginning where the Phillips & Buttorff Foundry now is and extending west. Occasionally, but rarely, Tom Callender would go too, but he did not like the tramping as John and I did.

Another boy that I was thrown with was James Woods. His father built the Planter's Hotel, across Deaderick St. from our house. He went to school to Graves. He was born

in 1836, became a lawyer and partner of A. G. Merritt, and died in 1859,

John Meigs has been a clerk in the Post Office Department at Washington since 1861, and is there now. Another boy that I went fishing with on several occasions was Phillip Lindsley Nichol. His father was a dry goods merchant and lived on the corner of Union Alley and Summer Street, where Calhoun and the French Piano Store are now. He went to school to Hume, as did all the boys of Presbyterian families. Lindsley and I would hire a canoe for ten cents, paddle up to the mouth of Mill Creek and fish there all day. I think we caught only drum fish. One time we went on his father's mule to White's Creek and fished near the residence of Dr. Searcy. I cannot tell where the place was now. The whole face of the country has changed. Lindsley Nichol is here now. I remember the names of many other boys, nearly all of whom are gone, but there were no others with whom I was intimate.

When we moved to the new house, the ground on the other side of Deaderick was vacant to Cedar Street [Charlotte]. Geo. W. Smith had a carpenter shop and lumber yard on the Cedar Street side. This ground was bought by the Roman Catholics, and a church or cathedral erected on it. Smith moved his shop to the vacant lot between Church Street and his residence, at the corner of Vine Street [7th Avenue]. All this property still belongs to his children and grandchildren. About the same time, Eli L. Woods built the Planter's Hotel. This hotel has been torn down and small stores built. Woods and his wife Dicey had no other child but James, and I was in the habit of running over there frequently. When Woods opened the tavern – that's all it was, though there was no bar – he erected at the corner of the pavement a tall post, as high as the eaves of the two story house, and to the top of it attached a cross piece from which hung a painted sign, with the words "Planters Hotel by Eli L. Woods." Such signs may still be

found in villages. The inevitable stable was in the rear of the hotel and fronted on Deaderick St.

I can see now, in my mind's eye, Bluefaced Foster coming around that corner, under that sign, when he was bringing the news of the battles in Mexico, in 1846. In 1845 one June day, I went out the alley gate and started to run across to the hotel. I say run, because it was my usual gait. It was a rare circumstance that I merely walked. But I didn't get there. The next thing I knew I was lying on a blanket on the floor of grandma's room, and Dr. C. K. Winston was putting court plaster on my foot. To my inquiries as to what was the matter, I was told that running across the alley, I had trod, being barefoot, on the sharp edge of a broken earthen-ware jug, which had cut lengthwise through the great toe of my right foot. A large artery had been cut, I had fallen insensible, and Dr. Winston said if I had not been speedily found would soon have bled to death. I knew nothing of it, and still do not recollect anything between starting across the alley and finding myself on the floor. The scar is still along the nail and on the bottom of my toe.

It is unfortunate that I have no pleasant remembrance of any of my fine school teachers except Henry Gosset. Lake and Davis have left no impression at all. I do not recollect having ever spoken to either of them except as a pupil from the class bench. Mason was a surly, vindictive, suspicious puritan; and he took every opportunity after returning to Massachusetts of showing that he hated the people of Nashville. There could be no social relations with such a man. Graves was a Vermont Yankee, out for the main chance, and ready to do or to be anything for his own private ends. He was not fit for personal friendship and he never had it. I have heard many a boy who went to their schools express his opinion in regard to them, and I have never known one who had any respect for Mason or Graves.

A Trip to Alabama



Bridge over the Tennessee between Florence and Sheffield, Alabama, in a 1937 photograph, looking upstream with Wilson dam visible at the upper left. (Source: Old Railroad Bridge Corporation website.)

The first excursion I ever made out of Nashville except to Esquire Jesse Sikes' was in June 1847. My father wanted to attend some Baptist Association near Courtland³⁹, Alabama, hired a hack and allowed me to go with him. On the day fixed, the hack came to the door, and behind it a covered carryall or express wagon in which were Schoolmaster Graves and a young fellow, his brother-in-law, whose name I do not remember. Before we had gone ten miles I was put back in the carryall. Graves and a bundle of hooks which I afterwards found he was selling took my place and they kept it. We stayed the first night at a tavern in Springhill, Tennessee. A regiment of volunteers on the way to Mexico was camped in an open field across the road. Getting up early the next morning, I went over amongst the men, and was told that a number of volunteers had left during the night and that as many more wanted to go, and would if they had a chance. The same night we went to the house of a little Baptist blacksmith named Portlock. After breakfast we rode down off the hill upon which the residence of Portlock and the main portion of the town were situated. The road wound steeply down until it reached the bottoms or lowlands of the Tennessee River and then went over a long wooden covered bridge, like the first bridge at Nashville was, but with only one

39 Courtland is on the south side of the Tennessee River, between Tuscumbia and Decatur.

place for vehicles. On the way down from the plateau, we came to a road which ran parallel with the bluff, on the other side of which was a row of two story frame houses, standing back twenty or more feet from the front fence. They were all empty and abandoned and gave evidence of decay. My father told me that the people who had lived there had been affected with miasmatic fever⁴⁰ to such an extent that they left their residences and moved up on top of the hill. I was never there but that one time. I was just twelve years old and possibly the picture in my mind is distorted by my imagination, but there is no mistake as to the abandoned houses. I would like to go there again and see how the place looks now. The bridge was situated near the end of Muscle Shoals and was very long. I believe it was washed away many years ago.⁴¹

40 An obsolete term for fevers connected with swamps. In this case, it was probably malaria, which was common in the Tennessee valley.

41 This bridge is surely the old bridge, a little over 2000 feet long, that crosses the Tennessee River between Florence and Sheffield, Alabama. A rebuilt version of the bridge is still standing and much used as a footpath for pleasure walking, though the turn-span over the channel at the north end has been removed because it impeded navigation. The historical marker reads in part as follows. *In 1832, the Alabama legislature authorized the Florence Bridge Company to construct this bridge across the Tennessee River. In 1840, it opened as a toll bridge. Twice damaged by storms, it was reopened in 1858 as a double-decked bridge by the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. Additional piers were added to support the large wooden superstructure, with trains using the upper deck, while the lower deck served as a toll bridge. In 1862, the Confederate Army burned the bridge.... After the war, both decks of the bridge were rebuilt and returned to service in 1870. In 1892, an engine and five cars crashed through both decks into the river. The superstructure was replaced with steel spans which are still visible.* I (C.A.) remember crossing the one-lane bridge in my grandmother's Packard, probably when I was 5 in 1939, the year when the

That day I had my first view of a railroad. It was the line that had been built between Tuscumbia and Decatur and was amongst the earliest of the railroads built in the United States. I do not know whether steam had been used on it or not. While we were near the line, a car passed drawn by two mules. This road became in after years a part of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.⁴²

I don't remember, if I ever knew, the name of the man at whose house we stayed that night, but I have a vivid recollection that I was so sleepy while we were sitting in the parlor after supper that I could not keep my eyes open and was afraid I would fall out of my chair. The next day we were at Ashford's near Courtland, and that night reached the place where the Association, or whatever it was, was held. I never knew what the meeting was about, nor what was the name of the man at whose house we stayed. It was a spacious country residence. There were many people present. The floor of a large upper room was filled along the two sides with mattresses, leaving an aisle down the middle, and the men and boys slept in two rows on these pallets. Here we got rid of Graves and his young man. I think he stayed to sell books. The next day Father and I started back by a different road from that by which we had gone. About the middle of the day we crossed the Tennessee River on a ferryboat. I have no recollection of the route. In two or three days we reached home safely.

parallel, four-lane O'Neal bridge opened.

⁴² The Tuscumbia, Courtland, and Decatur Railroad was incorporated in 1832 to provide a way around the Muscle Shoals in the Tennessee River. It started operation in 1832 and was complete in 1834. Most of the line is still in use today as part of the Norfolk Southern System. The original rails were wooden with a steel strip nailed to the top. The strip came in rolls, and on one occasion, several nails came out as a train was passing over, the strip whipped up through the wooden floor of the car and jabbed a passenger in the foot.

My Brother Alfred's Education

Since the foregoing was written, I have dug up some old letters by which my memory is refreshed as to the schooling my brother Alfred had. He went first to Mulkey, which was a sort of spelling school, the old man having been a crank on orthography and the author or compiler of a spelling book of which he was proud. His next teacher, about 1842 was a Dr. Levi D. Ring of whom I have before spoken. He seems to have been a disagreeable person, who quarreled with every boy. He fell out with my father for some cause, I don't know what. In 1843, Alfred was at Murfreesboro, boarding in the family of Dr. Joseph H. Eaton. He came home from Murfreesboro and was sent to Mason. He was at Mason's when I went there in 1845. In 1846 he entered the Nashville University, the buildings of which then stood where College Street now is, between the present Franklin and Peabody Streets. I do not know when he returned to Murfreesboro, but he was there in July, 1847, boarding first at Eaton's, and then at Mrs. Burton's and attending "Union University". He remained there – coming home, of course, during the vacations – until May, 1849. During the summer of 1843, he made an extended visit to the Ashford family at Courtland, Alabama, during which, as he says in his letters, he did a great amount of riding, fox hunting, going to parties, and such like stunts. At Lebanon where he went in May 1849, he attended the law school. He stayed there until we all went to Virginia in 1850. He came home from Lebanon, and we all went to Virginia together.

Addendum:

Crawford Howell Toy (1836-1919)

Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental
Languages, Harvard Divinity School, 1880-1909

by Clifford Wunderlich

<http://www.hds.harvard.edu/library/exhibits/online/hdsturncentury/toy.html>

Nashville Street Name Changes

New Name	Old Name
1st Avenue	Front Street = Water Street
2nd Avenue	Market Street
3rd Avenue	College Street
4th Avenue	Cherry Street
5th Avenue	Summer Street
6th Avenue	High Street
7th Avenue	Vine Street
8th Avenue	Spruce Street
9th Avenue	McLemore
10th Avenue	Walnut Street, Gowdey Street
11th Avenue	Kayne Avenue
12th Avenue	McNairy Street
13th Avenue	Morgan Street
14th Avenue	Hardee Street
15th Avenue	Stonewall Avenue
16th Avenue	Mulberry St., Belmont Avenue
17th Avenue	Williams St., Ewing St.
18th Avenue	Vanderbilt Avenue
19th Avenue	Douglass Avenue
20th Avenue	Boyd Avenue
21st Avenue	Oak Street
Laurel Street	Locust Street
Patterson Street	Cumberland Street
Commerce Street	Cumberland Alley

Church Street	Spring Street
Jo Johnston	Line Street
Hermitage Avenue	Fillmore Street
Lifeway Plaza	Berryhill Street
Nelson Merry St.	Pearl Street