## CHAPTER NINE

# SOME WASHINGTON COUNTY GENEALOGY

According to Lord Macaulay, "people who take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants." This is one of the principles that inspires the study of genealogy, and the following papers, which were presented to the members of the Washington County Historical Society, are valuable additions to the available printed genealogical information on Mississippi's distinguished families.

### *Blanton-McAllister Families*

By

O. M. BLANTON[28]

William Whittaker Blanton came to Washington County in 1828. He located on section four, township eighteen, range eight, west, where the greater part of Greenville is now situated. He secured this land from the United States government. He engaged in cotton planting and land speculation, following the government surveys.

William Whittaker Blanton was born in Winnsboro, South Carolina. His father, John Blanton, was a native of Cumberland County, Virginia, from which place he moved to Winnsboro, where he married Miss Patsy Whittaker. He then moved to Shelby County, Kentucky, and engaged in farming and stock raising. After some time he sold out, and moved to Mississippi, settling below Pettigulf, now Rodney, on the Mississippi River.

He studied under Keene O'Hara, a splendid Irish teacher in Kentucky, prepared himself for law, and practiced his profession in Jefferson, Warren, and other counties. In time he abandoned the law for planting and land speculation.

In 1818 he married Miss Harriett Byron McAllister, daughter of Captain John McAllister, at the plantation Open

[28] This paper was read by Mrs. Gracia Walton before the Washington County Historical Association on April 14, 1910, and on May 2, 1910, in two parts.

Woods, in Warren County. Of ten children, only two survived to manhood, Dr. Orville Martin Blanton and William Campbell Blanton. The latter served in Company D of the Twenty-eighth Mississippi Cavalry, C. S. A. Dr. Orville Blanton was at Vicksburg during the war, and was a volunteer surgeon to the First Louisiana Artillery, stationed on the river front, commanded by Major Harry Clinch. When Farragut's fleet ran by the city, Major General Martin Luther Smith noticed him for services at the battery.

William C. Blanton was owner of Greenway plantation, now divided into park and fair grounds. Dr. Orville M. Blanton owned Belle Aire plantation, north of the city.

Mrs. Harriett Byron Blanton, afterwards Mrs. H. B. Theobald, owned section four, township eighteen, range eight, west, now the center of Greenville. Dr. O. M. Blanton married Miss Martha Rebecca Smith. William C. Blanton married her sister, Miss Georgianna Smith. William W. Blanton died in 1838. His widow married Dr. Samuel Theobald of Lexington, Kentucky.

### *Frederick G. Turnbull*

Frederick G. Turnbull came to Washington County in 1826, settled on Lake Washington, and brought his family. He engaged largely in land speculation. In the late forties he sold to Wade and Christopher Hampton, the former of Civil War fame. Frederick G. Turnbull married Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of Colonel Thomas Fitzpatrick. Their daughter, Miss Gracia Turnbull, was born at Linden plantation, on Lake Washington. She married Mr. J. Floyd Walton of Natchez, and had one child, Mrs. Claudia W. Tilford.

Colonel Fitzpatrick commanded the squad of men which captured Aaron Burr at the mouth of Coles Creek, in Jefferson County. The next settlers after Frederick Turnbull were William Drumgoul and William Eley.

### *Physicians*

About the year 1833, in the spring, when the river was at the top of its banks, a young man in a canoe landed in front of Colonel William W. Blanton's home, and requested

to be entertained for the night. He stated that he was a native of Pennsylvania, a graduate of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and was looking for a location to practice his profession. Colonel Blanton invited him to make his house his home, and practice there, as the neighborhood had no physician. He was Dr. Samuel Reed Dunn.

Dr. Edward Church came some time afterward. He was a highly educated physician, and a graduate of Hotel Dieu Medical College, of Paris, France.

Dr. Philip Schuyler of Vermont, a nephew of Governor Schuyler of that state, came afterward. He was a refined and thoroughly educated physician, and was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. John Louis Finlay came about the same time.

Dr. Spencer Ball of Virginia, of the F. F. V. from the Washington-Ball stock, was one of our prominent physicians. His wife was Miss Lavinia Bateman. His children were Mrs. Lavinia Yerger, Harry Ball, and William Ball.

### *Squatters and Outlaws*

Along the banks of the Mississippi River from about 1820 to 1826 were settled a class of poor whites. They were honest and happy in the possession of a cabin, a few acres of corn, a garden, and dogs to hunt with. By cutting cord wood for the steamboats they managed to secure some cash. Then there were others, the worst outlaws of the land, fugitives from justice, engaged in counterfeiting and robbery of all kinds. There were then no civil officers, and if any person was molested there was no recourse. The early settlers were forced to be politic with this class. With the squatters the planters were very considerate, for if they incurred their enmity these people might do them serious harm. It was considered quite an accomplishment to gain the good will of the squatters.

### *Early Times*

When anyone wished to be married, they were compelled to cross to Point Chicotto, Madame De Villemont's, and

there the probate judge of Chicot County met the happy couple, and tied the knot. Dr. Samuel R. Dunn and Miss Elizabeth McAllister, daughter of Thomas McAllister, of Waterproof, Louisiana, and Miss Louise Berthe, niece of William W. Blanton, and Colonel Rice Ballard, were married there. They constructed a bateau, and with stout negroes rowed up the river to Point Chicot, where they met the probate judge, and returned in high glee, their boat laden with all the luxuries of the season. The flow of champagne was only surpassed by the river.

The planters of those days were men of wealth and refinement, highly educated, and created excellent society. In those primitive days everyone rode on horseback many miles through bridle paths in the canebrakes to dinners which were generally on Sundays. During the week they often met for a dance, the music furnished by negro musicians who performed well for reels and cotillions.

There were no levees at that time, and in the spring when the overflow was at full height the river flowed over the country everywhere, except where the high ridges were located. By this flood of waters every stream, pond, and lake was filled with immense quantities of fish of every kind. In August, September, October, and November fish fries were frequently in vogue, principally on Saturdays. The negroes were encouraged to hurry their work to have Saturdays as a holiday, and with cooks supervised by the ladies, fish were prepared in every style, and we returned home well supplied, and the negroes had all the fish they would need for their families.

Fishing with a pole and line was the sport. Gentlemen enjoyed themselves at hunting with dogs, as there were great quantities of deer and bear, also some wolves and panthers. Wild fowl were in immense flocks, and a few hours hunting would furnish delicious living.

No people enjoyed themselves in their social gatherings more than the planters in these early times. They built a steamboat called the *Southerner*, Captain Hart master, with its cabin on the lower deck aft the shaft, with berths on each side with curtains and screens, a dining table in the

center, office and cook rooms in front of the shaft. They made up parties and had delightful excursions to New Orleans, Natchez, and Vicksburg. Everyone brought game, meat, and vegetables to fill the larder. This steamer was the old style. After this came many steamers, the ***Walk in the Water***, and the palatial ***Eclipse*** and ***Robert E. Lee.***

*Names of Bends in the River*

About 1830 my father, William Whittaker Blanton, gave a dinner, to which he invited his neighbors. There were present Major W. E. Hunt, Thomas Warfield, James McCutcheon, Alfred Carter, Dr. Samuel R. Dunn, Pinckney Montgomery, and others. At the dinner the question of what to name this bend in the river was brought up, and as the men could not decide, it was left to my mother, Mrs. Harriett Byron Blanton, to give the bend a name. She remarked that as there were no married men at the dinner, except her husband, all the others being bachelors, she proposed to name it Bachelors' Bend, which was adopted.

In the upper portion of the county Georgetown Bend was named after Georgetown, Kentucky. Miller's Bend just below was named for Mr. Miller, who settled on it, but abandoned his place on account of overflows. Below it on the Arkansas side was Spanish Moss Bend, from the first Spanish moss found on coming down the river.

Lake Lee in the early days was a part of the river, and was named Shirt Tail Bend, from the squatters who sold their cord wood to the steamboats. When the boats landed at night, these squatters would come to the boats in their shirt tails for their money.

*Caving Banks*

The immense changes in the banks of the Mississippi River caused great loss to the planters living on them, as instanced on Argyle plantation, which has entirely caved away and is now located on the sandbar above Greenville.

When I was a boy the river at Warfield's Point ran almost in a straight line to Woodstock, known by the pilots as "Long Reach," bearing close upon the Arkansas shore, where there is now located a sandbar.

In time the river gradually wore to the eastward, washing away first in front a small island known by the steamboat pilots as "Towhead," then it gradually encroached upon Island 83 of about 700 acres, wore that away, and then occupied the chute east of it, the name of which was Bacon Chute, from the fact that the counterfeiters on the island in the early times swindled a flatboatman from the Wabash out of all of his bacon.

The river as steadily encroached upon the Mississippi shore just above Greenville, first occupying the Argyle plantation, then 400 acres of the Scott plantation, and about 300 acres of the Belle Aire plantation.

### *Topography of the Country*

The Mississippi River is believed to run on a ridge. When the United States engineers, a number of years ago, made a geodetic survey of the river, I was informed that they ran levels from the bank of the river near Greenville to the base of the hills near Greenwood, where the alluvial deposit at that point touched the hills. It was thirty-two feet lower than on the bank of the river sixty miles distant.

I do not give this as exact, but by reference to the geodetic survey records at Washington it can be established.

The streams of the county alternate as to the height of their banks. Rattlesnake Bayou, bank high; Black Bayou, low; Deer Creek, high; Bogue Phalia, low; Indian Bayou, high.

### *The Names of Streams*

Rattlesnake Bayou gets its name from the immense number of rattlesnakes driven to its high banks by the overflow of the river.

Black Bayou, so named on account of the color of the water stained by the leaves.

Deer Creek was Issaquena, from the Indian name.

Indian Bayou from the Choctaw Indians.

Bogue Phalia, the Indian name meaning long river.

Hush-puck-a-haw, Indian for Sunflower River. I always believed that Sunflower was the name given by early settlers, and is not a translation from the Indian language.

*McAllister*

Captain John McAllister was a captain in the British army during the Revolution. He served under Tarleton; was captured at the battle of Cowpens, was paroled and remained in Dinwiddle County, Virginia, where he married Miss Elizabeth Smith, and became a citizen of America. He moved to Greensboro, Georgia, where his four children were born; Thomas Keith; Augustus William, Harriet Bryon, and Charlotte.

Thomas Keith McAllister was a private in the Mississippi cavalry at the battle of New Orleans. He married Miss Bass; moved to Waterproof, Louisiana, where he possessed a large plantation. He left one son, Thomas, and a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Dr. Samuel Reed Dunn.

Dr. Dunn was one of the first physicians of the county. He was a native of Philadelphia. His plantation was on Deer Creek, at the mouth of Williams Bayou. His son was the late Dr. Samuel R. Dunn.

Charlotte, Captain McAllister's youngest daughter, married Major Joseph Newman, who settled at Catfish Point in Bolivar County. Their daughter is Miss Mag Newman.

Augustus William McAllister moved to Washington County in 1828. He died after the war on his Wildwood plantation. His first wife was Miss Longly, by whom he had one son, Augustus, and one daughter, Bettie, wife of Thomas Shelby. His second wife was Miss Caroline Mosby, daughter of Dr. Mosby of Louisville, Kentucky. By her he had four children, Mrs. Louisa Negus, Mrs. Hallie Baugh, Gervais, and Charles.

*Shelby*

Robert and Thomas Shelby settled near Princeton. Thomas Shelby married Miss Polly Prince, a lady of bright intellect, great energy and force of character, well fitted for pioneer life. They had three sons, Thomas, Bayliss, and Evan, and two daughters, Mrs. Kate Blackburn of Lake Providence, and Mary, who married Dr. William Knox, and afterward Dr. John Butts. Thomas Shelby was for a

long time sheriff of the county. He married Miss Bettie McAllister, daughter of Augustus William McAllister, and niece of Mrs. Harriet Byron Blanton. They left two sons and four daughters, Augustus, Bayliss, Mrs. Annie Holmes, Mrs. Bettie Olin, Mrs. Kate Spiers, and Mrs. Harriet Latting.

### *Martin-Anderson*

Just at the northern county line lies the large estate of Port Anderson, settled by Major John Lewis Martin and his son-in-law, John Anderson, of Louisville, Kentucky. Major Martin was a nephew of Lewis who was with Clark in the discovery of the Columbia River. He amassed a large fortune, both in the city of Louisville and at Port Anderson plantation. His wife was Miss Catharine Blanton, sister of William W. Blanton. His property was left to his grandchildren, Colonel Blanton Duncan, son of Garnett Duncan, United States senator from Kentucky, and to John Anderson's children.

### *Offutt*

South of Port Anderson was settled by Dr. Offutt of Kentucky, a prominent citizen of Scott County.

### *Campbell*

William R. Campbell came from Virginia. He was of the F. F. V., of Washington blood. He was a merchant of Vicksburg. He located above Greenville, on the Argyle plantation, which has been obliterated from caving. A brother, George Washington Campbell, was a large sugar planter in Louisiana.

### *Scott*

John A. Scott was the son of Abram Scott, the first governor of Mississippi. He located just south of William R. Campbell's plantation. His sons, Guignard, Calhoun, and John, served throughout the war in the Confederate States Army. Guignard and Calhoun were killed, and John died later. Two daughters are still living, Mrs. Sarah Lee and Mrs. Caroline Gibbs of Columbia, South Carolina.

Cousins of the Scotts were Calhoun and John Haile of Bolivar County, and Mrs. W. Z. Bedon. Calhoun Haile was captain of a company in the Twenty-second Mississippi Infantry. John Haile was a sergeant in Company D of the Twenty-eighth Mississippi Cavalry. He was killed near Atlanta.

### *Pelham*

John Pelham was one of our oldest settlers. He was a native of Virginia. He was highly educated, and a planter by profession. He was father of the present Mrs. Anne B. Finlay, widow of Dr. John Lewis Finlay, who was one of the most prominent physicians of the county. Mrs. Finlay, nee Pelham, in her girlhood was educated in Kentucky with Louise Berthe, niece of W. W. Blanton, who was afterwards Mrs. Rice Ballard. Mrs. Finlay's education was supervised by Mrs. Harriet Byron Blanton.

By his first wife Mr. Pelham had one daughter and two sons, John and Thomas. The latter died of consumption. John was first adjutant on the staff of Colonel Yell of Arkansas, in the Mexican War. He was killed at the battle of Buena Vista, by the side of Colonel Yell.

Miss Sally Pelham, a daughter by Mr. Pelham's third wife, lives with Mrs. Finlay.

### *Carter*

John Hill Carter, of Loughborough, and Alfred Carter, of Woodstock plantation, were Virginians, and claimed descent from King Carter, who received a grant from the King of England for land between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers.

### *Ireys*

Henry T. Ireys was one of the oldest settlers. He bought land on Williams' Bayou, where he spent a large part of his time. He was a native of Rhode Island. His son, Henry T. Ireys, held the property for many years, but sold later, and devoted himself to mercantile pursuits.

*Montgomery*

Pinckney Montgomery was among the first citizens of the county, a man of sterling worth. He settled on Rattlesnake Bayou. Several years afterward his brother, Alex Montgomery, settled just south of him on Swiftwater plantation.

His sons were the late lamented Dr. D. Cameron Montgomery, Captain Mack Montgomery, who served through the war as captain of cavalry in the Confederate army, and died at Loughborough plantation on March 19, 1910, and Eugene M., who served gallantly through the Civil War.

*McCutcheon*

James McCutcheon was from Ohio. His plantation was a mile below Greenville. He was one of our best citizens. He married Miss Susan Mosby, a sister of Miss Paulina Mosby. Mrs. McCutcheon, after his death, married Dr. L. L. Taylor, a prominent physician of Florida.

*Jackson*

Stephen Jackson was one of our early settlers. He was a native of Petersburg, Virginia. He located just south of James McCutcheon.

*Hood*

William S. Hood was a native of Kentucky, and an early settler on Shirt Tail Bend, now Lake Lee. Afterward he sold to Dr. Brooks and purchased land on Deer Creek, the plantation now known as Magenta. He was one of our most enterprising citizens, and far ahead of his time. His late son, William Hood, was a valuable citizen of the county. His children now own the property.

*Carson*

Andrew Carson settled on Black Bayou. He was engaged by W. R. Campbell and W. W. Blanton to manage their saw mill. His wife, Elizabeth Carson, lived in her single days with W. W. Blanton's family. She lived to a great age, and

was always a pure Christian. Her son, Andrew Carson, was sheriff of the county.

*Loughborough Plantation—Samuel Burks*

The Loughborough plantation was owned by John Hill Carter and the Blanton estate, jointly. It was sold to Samuel Burks of Jefferson County, Kentucky, who sold his farm there to purchase this property. Samuel Burks was a man of Herculean frame, and was one of "God's noblemen." He died on his plantation, leaving a son, John, and a daughter, Eliza. The son died of consumption. The daughter married Gervais Mosby, brother of Miss Paulina Mosby. One child survived this union, Carrie Mosby, who married Captain Mack Montgomery, a distinguished officer in the Confederate army.

*Hunt*

Major William E. Hunt was a native of Vermont. He came to Natchez about 1825. He was most successful in business, and was induced to visit Washington County. About 1834 he purchased land on Bachelors' Bend, known as LaGrange plantation. He continued to be successful, and purchased other places, among them the Mounds, and also a place near Lamont. He proved to be a public spirited citizen, and was for a long time president of the Board of Police, now Board of Supervisors. He married Miss Prue Blackburn. He left three sons, George, William E., and Flournoy, and four daughters Mrs. L. [?] Chinn, Mrs. Kate Stone, Mrs. Prue Rodman, and Mrs. Alice Johnson. George was a captain of infantry during the Civil War, and distinguished himself in battle at Belmont, near Cairo. William E. Hunt was captain of Company D, Twenty-eighth Mississippi Cavalry, and was in a great many engagements. Flournoy was with General Morgan on his many raids. William E. Hunt was afterwards sheriff of the county for many years. His wife was Miss Maria Crittenden, of Frankfort, Kentucky.

*Warfield*

Thomas Warfield located on a plantation just south of Major Hunt. He was from Fayette County, Kentucky.

### *Elliott*

Dr. Elliott located on Glen Mary plantation, adjoining Mr. Warfield. He was a highly educated and accomplished gentleman from Kentucky.

### *Griffin*

Just below Dr. Elliott was Francis Griffin, one of our largest planters and a worthy citizen. He died on his plantation Refuge, where he requested to be buried on a mound in the center of the cemetery of his negroes, who had made his fortune. His son, Judge John Griffin, died a few years ago, followed by two of his sons, John and William. The former was sheriff of the county, and the latter one of our foremost lawyers. Two daughters, Mary and Nellie, are still living, also Frank and Gerald.

### *Peters*

Dr. Peters located near Avon plantation, and became county surveyor.

### *Dane*

William C. Dane settled on what is now Lake Lee about 1832. His son-in-law, John Robb, possessed the property. The present Joseph H. Robb is his son. He had one other son, Eugene, and two daughters, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Seay, of Nashville.

### *Buckner*

Thomas Buckner's plantation adjoined Mr. Robb's. A brother, Dr. Bernard Buckner, located on Deer Creek, afterwards moving to Madison Parish, Louisiana.

### *Egg*

Joseph Egg entered Section One on Egg's Point. In time he became a wealthy planter. He left two daughters, Mrs. Seth Cox and Mrs. Phil Cox. A son died at an early age.

### *James*

Jeffery James settled about 1835 on Granicus Bayou. By energy and close economy he amassed a large property.

### *Jackson*

James Jackson settled on Granicus Bayou. He married Belinda James. After her death he married again, and moved to a plantation on Deer Creek, on the opposite side of the creek from the Urquhart plantation. He was a member of the Board of Police (Board of Supervisors) from Granicus district, and treasurer of the county for many years.

As treasurer of the county he never kept a set of books. His method of accounting for the public funds was as follows: Scene in the office of the Board of Police, Major W. E. Hunt presiding. Major Hunt asked, "Mr. Jackson, are you ready to render your account as treasurer of the county?" "Yes sir," responded Mr. Jackson, as he stepped forward with two bags, and emptying one on the table, said, "Here is the money I have received." And as he emptied the other which was filled with a large number of papers, he said, "These are the vouchers for money I have paid out. Hope you will find them correct." Major Hunt turned to Dr. John Finlay and said, "Dr. Finlay, please make out a statement for Mr. Jackson." The next day Dr. Finlay met Major Hunt, who asked, "How do the accounts of Mr. Jackson stand?" "They balance to a cent," was the answer. So was honest Jim Jackson, pure and correct in all of his dealings.

### *Prince*

Berry Prince settled on Lake Jackson about 1832, and the county site, Princeton, was named for him. His son, Berry Prince, inherited the property, afterwards his grandson, whose widow is now in possession. Colonel Prince stood high with the early settlers. His widow afterwards married John A. Miller.

### *Smith*

Benjamin Smith, one of our earliest settlers, settled Longwood plantation. He left one daughter, Miss Fannie Smith, who married Alex Bullet, editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*. Mr. Bullett, after her death, married her niece,

Miss Williams, who in her widowhood married Mr. Merritt Williams.

*Miller*

Mr. Harvey Miller was a Kentuckian. He located on Stella plantation. He was the father of our late sheriff, Harvey Miller.

*Worthington*

Samuel Worthington was one of our most prominent and wealthy citizens. He first located north of Leota Landing, but this plantation caving away, he moved to Wayside, on what is now Lake Lee. His brother, William Worthington, settled adjoining him. Isaac Worthington, another brother, settled at Leota Landing. Isaac Worthington was the father of our present sheriff, Mr. Thomas Worthington. All the brothers became very large planters.

*Metcalfe*

Albert Metcalfe was a Kentuckian, and one of our early citizens. He located near Princeton. He had one son, Augustus, who married Miss Priscilla Miller, daughter of John A. Miller. Augustus Metcalfe died on his plantation, Newstead, in 1883. His widow, with her sons and daughters, are prominent citizens of the county.

*Bass*

Council R. Bass, one of the early settlers near Princeton, was a large planter, and as a citizen stood in the first rank. He was a native of Tennessee. His widow married Count Bertinatti, ambassador from Italy to the United States.

*Ward*

George Ward came to Washington County about the time Captain Henry Johnson came. He was one of the most popular gentlemen of the neighborhood. His sons, George and Junius Ward, are among the first citizens of the county.

*Johnson*

Captain Henry Johnson settled on the north of Lake Washington about 1828. He was a Kentuckian, and a mem-

ber of the mounted rifles in the regiment of Colonel Richard Johnson, in the War of 1812.

Captain Henry Johnson had five sons, Robert, Henry, Claude, Matt, and Benjamin, and four daughters, Mrs. Erwin, afterwards Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. Blackburn, afterwards Mrs. Carson, and Mrs. Tilford, afterwards Mrs. Bartlett.

*Kershaw*

Thomas Kershaw was from South Carolina. He came to this country in 1838, and settled Palmetto plantation.

*Chapman*

Dr. John L. Chapman was a Tennessean. He settled on the south of Lake Washington.

*Knox*

Andrew Knox was from North Carolina. His plantation was on the head of Lake Washington. His brother, Ambrose, also settled on the lake.

*Redd*

Major Redd bought the Chapman place on Lake Washington. His son, Thomas Redd, is president of our Board of Supervisors.

*Connelly*

D. W. Connelly was a prominent citizen. He was county engineer, and later a member of the legislature.

*Guion*

Judge John I. Guion was state senator from the county, and when the name of the last county site was discussed in the legislature, he proposed that as the county was named for the father of our country, that the county site should be named Greenville, for General Nathaniel Green, Washington's faithful general and bosom friend.

*Johnson*

Edward P. Johnson was one of Kentucky's first citizens, where he was the owner of a system of stage coaches. He came to the county about 1835.

### *Meisner*

Charles F. Meisner, a native of Reitz, Prussia, came to America when quite a young man, and settled in Mississippi. He married Miss Louisa Hecla, a native of Vicksburg, at that time living at Rodney. They came to Greenville before the war, and proved to be excellent citizens. They had born to them seven children, George Hecla, Charles F., Henry William, John Nicholas, William Bismark, Mary Helena, and Frederick Louis Meisner. Only two of the children survive with the widow, Henry W. of Texas, and Frederick L. Meisner of Greenville.

There is no lady of this community who is more beloved and esteemed than Mrs. Louisa Meisner. She has with her in her pleasant home her son, Frederick, and his wife and child, to comfort her in her old age.

### *Trigg*

Judge Windham Trigg, a native of Virginia, came to old Greenville in 1850, and located to practice law. He there married Miss Nannie Hurst, a daughter of Judge Hurst of Vicksburg, who was then making her home with Dr. John L. Finlay.

Mr. Trigg served in Company D, Twenty-eighth Mississippi Cavalry, during the war. He was afterwards elected to the state legislature, and later appointed chancery judge of the district. He died October 8, 1904, leaving a widow, three daughters, Mrs. Ellen Riggs, who has recently died, Misses Susie and Mary Trigg, and two sons, Campbell and Thomas.

## *History Of The Archer Family*

By

STEVENSON ARCHER[29]

The Archer family, of Maryland, was descended from Nathaniel Archer, of Umberslade, Warwickshire, England, whose ancestor, Fulbert L'Archer, came to England with William the Conqueror. Robert, son of Fulbert L'Archer,

[29] This paper was read by George F. Archer, II, before the Washington County Historical Association on December 5, 1910.

was tutor to Henry I, for which service he acquired the land of Umberslade. Thence, John Archer, born in 1680, moved to Ireland, thence Thomas Archer, born in 1720, moved to Maryland, Harford County. His son John was born May 5, 1741, graduated at Princeton with an A.B. degree in 1760, and with an M.A. degree in 1763. He was graduated from the Medical College of Philadelphia on June 21, 1768, having previously tried the ministry, but losing his voice from quinsy, chose medicine.

He was the first graduate of medicine in America. Between 1786 and 1800 he trained fifty medical students at his home, Medical Hall.

From 1774 to 1776 he was a member of the Revolutionary Committee of Harford County, Maryland. He enrolled the first military company. In 1776 he was commissioned and placed in charge of a battalion of the Revolutionary Army. He was a member of the State Constitutional Committee from 1777 to 1790, then commissioner of peace. He was afterwards a judge of the Orphan's Court.

In 1797 he was presidential elector of the Jefferson ticket. In 1801 he was elected to Congress, and continued in that office till 1807.

He was the first to discover the power of Peruvian bark to arrest the periodicity of chill and fever. This was developed by Power and Weightman, chemists, in Philadelphia, by process of crystallization into quinine, and the vast fortune of this firm, consisting of $50,000,000, was recently turned over to the sole heir, a lady.

Dr. Archer's youngest son, Stevenson, afterwards chief justice of the state of Maryland, was appointed United States district judge of the Mississippi Territory, extending from the Chattahoochie to the Mississippi River.

James Archer, eldest son of Judge Stevenson, came to Mississippi later to settle some business for his father, and met Mary Ann Hunt, whom he persuaded to marriage. From this union came Stevenson Archer, of Greenville, Mississippi, Mrs. Ann Brandon, Mrs. John Finlay, George F. Archer, and John G. Archer, of the same place, and James

Archer and Mrs. Olivia McCaleb, of Jefferson County, Mississippi.

Dr. John Archer married Catherine Harris, daughter of Thomas Harris, of Tuscarora Valley, Pennsylvania. Thomas Harris founder Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

## *Ante-Bellum Slave-Holding Aristocracy Of Washington County*

By

SAM WORTHINGTON[30]

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what
they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine
despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the
eyes
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are
no more."

TENNYSON

In days of yore and in times long since gone by, a feudal aristocracy reigned supreme over fair Washington County.

But before entering into detail of a time now as much past as Pharaoh's, I will go back some years to the "first settlers." I have often heard my father, Samuel Worthington, say that he came here when this was the Choctaw Indian reservation, and that the Indians squaws picked cotton for him. My uncle, Isaac Worthington, from whom my father was inseparable, came soon after. My father, Junius R. Ward, Captain Henry Johnson, and Edward P. Johnson, of Avon plantation, were absolutely the first white men to reach Washington County. Other planters, my uncle, Dr. W. W. Worthington, among the number, came in afterwards. That these gentlemen had some hardships at first goes without saying, that they rose to the occasion is evidenced by the fact that they all, in time, became millionaires. This brings me down to a time when, like Caesar, "a part of which I was." I was born on my father's Point Worthington plantation in this county, and spent the first

[30] This paper was read by Henry T. Ireys before the Washington County Historical Association on December 5, 1910, and on January 2, 1911.

years of my life in the house which had the first brick chimney ever built in Washington County. I think I may say then with pardonable pride that I am "to the manner born."

When I first appeared on the scene, it was the invariable custom of the planters to go North May 10th and return to Mississippi October 10th. They carried their families with them and always several slaves. This I know was the case in my father's family; we never traveled with less than five, and he always carried his own carriage and horses with him. The planters went North by steamboat to Louisville, Kentucky, scattering to the various watering places and seaside resorts; but go where they might, the "pregnant hinges of the knee" were bent to them everywhere. Bear in mind that I am writing now of a time when the Washington County planters owned from one hundred and fifty to one thousand slaves, and made annually from one thousand to eight thousand bales of cotton. There were practically no poor white people in Washington County then, and few white people who worked, and the line was sharply drawn against those who did. You can take it from me that a man who worked (except the learned professions) was wholly outside the pale of this charmed circle. The Medes and Persians had no more inexorable law. When the planters returned to Mississippi in October, the usual fall and winter plans for hunting were laid. Joe Manton and Wesley Richards guns (the then most celebrated English makers of double guns) were taken out and gotten ready. In those days even the finest guns loaded at the muzzle, and were fired with all outside hammer and cap. There was fine shooting then at all kinds of game, both large and small. I have even known of a few panthers being killed. I have often wondered what has become of the wild pigeons that used to darken the air in their flight for days at a time, and the little parrokeet, the counterfeit presentment of the Mexican Parrot, with its gaudy and lovely plumage; and the six feet high sand hill crane, with its immensely long legs and long bill built evidently for fishing but a grain feeder entirely. All these now are among the things that were. During the fall and winter,

the planters gave handsome dinners to which all of their neighbors for miles around were invited. The younger members gave balls and parties, sometime two or three a week. These were frequently very elaborate and costly affairs, and the entire county would be drawn upon for eligibles. There were many beautiful homes and nearly all houses were built with the view of entertaining on a large scale. My father's house at Wayside cost him, with the furniture, thirty-five thousand dollars, the stucco work alone cost three thousand dollars, and the chandeliers some three thousand more. Solid silver plates and cut glass of the handsomest and most costly kind were used by the planters and all female members of the planters' families had exquisite diamonds and other jewelry. Solid mahogany and rosewood furniture was used generally; I never saw any veneered furniture before the war in the planters' houses. There were pianos in every home, and accomplished musicians and well trained voices were by no means rare. To show the cultured state of society, Mrs. Ben Smith of Longwood plantation had what was considered in that day one of the finest and most costly collections of statuary in the United States. My uncle, Elisha Worthington, had the largest and finest collections of Camellia Japonicas, then a rare flower under glass, in the United States; he also had a five thousand volume library and a brass and string band composed of his slaves. He had them taught by a white music teacher for many years. My uncle, Elisha Worthington, was the owner of the Sunnyside, Redleaf, Eminence and So-So plantations in Chicot County, Arkansas, and was by far the richest man in Arkansas, having bought six hundred slaves at one sale.

The children of both sexes were taught at home by private teachers until they were old enough and advanced enough to be sent to some of the universities. Well educated young men were the rule.

There were graduates from the University of Virginia, the University of Mississippi and several of the more northern universities and a few from Heidelberg and Bonn, Germany.

The girls were mostly sent to Patapsco, Maryland; this female school occupying the position before the war that Vassar and Wellesley do today. Many young ladies were sent to New Orleans to finish their education in French and music, which included two nights a week at the French Opera, then the only all-season opera house in the United States. There were no banks then except the Princeton and afterwards Ash at Greenville, the planters buying what they wanted in Louisville, Kentucky, and New Orleans, and their money was kept with their commission merchants and banks in the above named cities. My father usually kept his in the Canal Bank, New Orleans, and the Northern Bank of Kentucky at Louisville. Gold and silver money was used almost entirely, paper being rarely seen.

Flatboats passed along the Mississippi River almost daily, carrying "produce," that is to say, almost everything. My father got his supply of winter apples and his "Calhoun plows," the plow then generally used, from a flatboatman named Clere. I remember this man's name because he always sent me, the baby of the family, ten pounds of candy and a big bag of nuts when he came along. He also brought down some straight Kentucky whiskey which he sometimes sold to the planters for their negroes at fifty cents a gallon by the barrel, there being no government tax on whiskey before the war.

There were no barrooms in Washington County before the war, but a cut glass decanter of whiskey and brandy was usually to be seen on most sideboards and wine was frequently served at dinner, but over-indulgence was considered exceedingly bad form then as now, and met with the same marked disapproval it now obtains. It is not to be thought from the foregoing that life was all "beer and skittles" as Trilby would say, for such was not a fact, there being many devout Christian men and women, and there were churches and many members of the church in every neighborhood; these were earnest Protestant Christians in the full sense of the word and thoroughly and widely tolerant, for they all went regularly to hear the Methodist preachers (there being no other), though they were of all the different denominations of the Protestant church.

There were many beautiful yards and the loveliest flowers possible. My father imported a professional gardener named Downing from Ireland, who superintended the grounds and flowers at Wayside. When he left us at the breaking of the war, he took charge of Jackson Square, New Orleans.

There were libraries, and in many instances, large and well selected ones too, in every home. All the daily newspapers were subscribed for, and Harper's periodicals and *Godey's Ladies Book* were taken for the female members of the family. *Bonner's Ledger* was also to furnish the "penny dreadful" stories by Sylvanus Cobb, for the callow youth of the period.

There was no coal oil before the war; candles made from wax or sperm (whale oil) were used. Tallow candles were burned during the war, but they only, as my mother used to say, served to make darkness visible.

There was no coal burned by the planters before the war, open fire places and ash wood being the rule. Even steamboats running on the Mississippi River burned nothing but cordwood. There were wood yards every few miles along the river; boats would land and take several hundred cords at a time, paying from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars and fifty cents per cord for it.

There were some fast and magnificent steamboats running the river in those days. The *Eclipse, Shotwell, Belle Key* and *Fanny Bullett,* running to Louisville, and the *General Quitman, Mary E. Keen, James Battle,* etc., running to New Orleans. In fact boats passed daily up and down. They blew up in those days too, with alarming frequency. A brother of Hon. Thomas S. Redd and several others were killed in one of these explosions.

The planters raised their own corn and hogs, never buying either. Instead of raising hay, they pulled fodder, which, as everybody knows, is race horse feed and the finest possible roughness. All planters raised some cattle. My father, having immense cane-breaks back of his Mosswood and Redleaf plantations, had three thousand head which were used afterwards to fatten the Yankees in the Civil War.

Mules were bought in Kentucky and cost usually one hundred and fifty dollars for a fifteen and a half to to sixteen hand mule. The planters' horses, both saddle and harness, were the pick of the "Blue Grass" stock. When my father was at his house in Louisville, Kentucky, the mayor of the city always borrowed his horses and carriage when any celebrities were to be driven around "in state."

A bale of cotton to the acre was an average crop though more was often made and thirteen or fourteen to the hand was made, and in exceptionally good years as high as sixteen bales to the hand. Cotton brought about ten cents a pound and around fifty dollars a bale, before the war. Rope was used instead of iron tires around the bales. Cotton seed was valueless and considered a positive nuisance.

There were steam cotton gins with corn meal mills attached, on every plantation. The planting business was so sure, that I never heard of but one man breaking at it; he was a large planter, too, but when he started down hill, it looked like his wheels were greased for the occasion.

It may interest some people to know that the site of Princeton, the first capital of Washington County, caved in the Mississippi River a year or two ago and the old house, formerly the Princeton Bank, and later the Bass residence, was sold, rather than see it cave in the river, to a planter near Leota for four hundred dollars by the Countess Bertinatti, who was formerly Mrs. Bass and a famous beauty. The house was torn down and a gin house made with the lumber. Mr. Bass was the owner of the land upon which Princeton was built.

Speaking of Mr. Bass brings to my mind this fact, that he was the only man, so far as I can remember, shot in a duel, Mr. Thomas Kershaw having shot him in the leg. Nearly every planter in this county owned a pair of Tranter, Mills, or Derringer pistols, and would have accepted a challenge if sent, for a show of cowardice was the unpardonable sin.

If I recollect, the law, or it may have been an unwritten law, required a white overseer on every plantation. There were also several negro foreman or drivers as they were

sometimes called. The average salary paid a white overseer was about a thousand dollars a year. These men, for the most part, were illiterate, sometimes brutal, and frequently of northern birth, their very existence ignored by the planter's family and sincerely and cordially hated by the slaves. I never knew the overseers to go armed and there was never any uneasiness or fear of an insurrection among the slaves, although there was such a vast number of them. I can only remember one overseer being killed by a slave, his name was Van Dycke, and he was on my Uncle Isaac Worthington's Leota plantation. Mr. Thomas Wilson, a planter, of Louden plantation, was also killed by one of his slaves. As a rule, the slaves were docile and while they hated the overseers, they seemed to idolize their owners and the "quality white folks." They bragged of their master's wealth and the number of "niggers" he owned. It may be a matter of surprise to know that it was against the law to teach negroes to read and write.

My father always said the negroes were the happiest race and freer from care than any other people on earth. My recollection is they were always fiddling and dancing every idle minute they got; every plantation could boast a fiddler or two and all negroes could pat and dance even when no fiddler was around. It is a great mistake to think that all slaves were whipped. On my father's plantation ninety-five percent never had a lash. On every man's plantation there were a few incorrigibles who ran away and spent two weeks out of every month in the cane-break, at the end of two, if not caught sooner, they would come in, take a whipping and go to work for two weeks, and then take to the woods again. They were the same men all the time. Both white and black children were dreadfully afraid of "runaway slaves." When I was about five years old, my mother gave an entertainment. During the night while the entertainment was in full progress, one of our dogs commenced to bark in that aimless sort of way in which a dog "bays the moon." A friend of ours, who like Silas Wegg "dropped into poetry" now and then, quoted the lines from Byron, " 'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch dog's bark, bay deep mouthed welcome as we draw near home." I created a

great laugh by speaking right up and saying, "I do not like to hear dogs bark at night, because I thought there must be 'runaways' about." There was never any occasion for this fear, beyond making the night hideous for both white and black children. I never heard any harm the runaways did. All negroes before the war could see "spirits" (ghosts) and they could tell perfectly hair-raising tales about them. Until I was six or seven years old, while I did not believe in ghosts, like Madame De Stael, I was afraid of them, all the same.

An ordinary field hand slave was worth, if in good physical condition, a thousand dollars and that price could be easily obtained for any number of them. There were no slaves for sale at any price in Washington County, the supply being obtained from Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky and Tennessee, large numbers being brought from these states every year. That families were frequently divided at these sales was long recognized by the planters as one of the most distressing features of slavery. Some of the negroes who were particularly skilled in any line of work brought enormous prices, my father paying as high as thirty-five hundred dollars for a carpenter, twenty-five hundred dollars for a blacksmith and fifteen hundred dollars for a cook. Negro slaves were given four pounds of bacon and a peck of corn meal a week as an "allowance." It was not called "rations" then. They had sweet potatoes and hominy, all they wanted, and they made for themselves quantities of lye hominy. This with beef, though beef was eaten under protest always, was their winter food, all of course home grown. In summer they had all the above, together with vegetables.

The negro men had clothing made of linsey furnished them for winter, and clothing made of cotton for summer. The women had plaid linsey for winter and plaid cotton dresses for summer, all usually of the brightest, gayest colors and from the leftover pieces of which, bed quilts were "fearfully and wonderfully" made. The women were furnished with head handkerchiefs of the brightest colors to wear on their heads; the men wearing caps made of left-over pieces of cloth. All negroes knew the number of shoes they

wore. These numbers were sent direct to the manufacturers, usually in Massachusetts, where they were made to order; they cost two dollars and fifty cents a pair, and were tan colored. Cotton cards were furnished them to comb their hair. They kept their hair, many of them, tied up in plaits during the week and "carded" it out on Sunday.

Slaves, as a rule, were exceedingly healthy, this climate agreeing wonderfully well with them, and they frequently lived to a great age. I never heard of any serious losses from death among the slaves except in the case of Captain Henry Johnson of Lake Washington, who lost some forty, from what was supposed to be cholera, in one season.

There was never much talk or thought of high water and levees, before 1858, the levees being, previous to that year, very insignificant affairs, and as a matter of fact in some localities there were none, until the disastrous overflow of 1858, when the levees were broken from one end of this county to the other and nearly the whole county overflowed. The planters were at once aroused, and vigorous measures were immediately taken to prevent a recurrence. The Levee Board was not able to meet such heavy expenditures as were contemplated. Levee bonds were issued and the whole issue immediately taken up by the planters, my father, among others, taking a large amount. Mr. Minor Merriwether, an engineer of conspicuous ability, was placed in charge as engineer-in-chief. Contractors began pouring in, Mike and John Daly, Pat Carroll, Mr. Biggins and others, each with about two hundred Irishmen fresh from "Dear Dirty Dublin," Cork and other parts of Ireland. They ran the levee up in astonishingly quick time, usually with only wheelbarrows and spades and long plank runs. Beside dearly loving a scrap and a "drap of the crater," your true Irishman has a keen sense of humor while at work. I remember that certain men in each gang seemed to be telling funny stories at which the entire gang laughed. The fact that a "jigger" of whiskey was given them every half hour by the jigger boss may have had something to do with the good humor. After the earthwork was completed in localities, cottonwood posts were put in the ground sixteen feet apart and two inch cypress plank nailed thereto as a breakwater. There

was a mile of this at Wayside, which was afterwards to furnish most excellent fire-wood for the Yankees in their numerous trips to Wayside during the Civil War.

In the spring of 1858, Marcus Johnson, who was owner of what is now an island across Lake Lee, conceived the idea of making a "cut-off" and so making an island of his plantation, then a part of the mainland of Arkansas and caving badly.

The river then, as Lake Lee does today, formed a perfect horseshoe, being fifteen miles around and only three hundred yards across the "heel of the shoe." Marcus Johnson and some other planters who were interested, took their slaves at night and with the aid of gunpowder made a ditch across the three hundred yards which separated the river. This was done when the river was at its highest and a fierce current soon washed a channel wide enough for steamboats. The cut-off then was an accomplished fact and Lake Lee became then, as it is today, with its cerulean water, "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

I think it is not generally known that Washington County went against secession, but such is the fact, for wealth is always conservative.

I believe it will be a matter of surprise to know that the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, who figured so prominently in politics just before the breaking out of the Civil War, owned a plantation and slaves, near Silver Lake in Washington County.

The first real war I saw was in March, 1863. I waked up one morning and looking out of the upstairs windows at Wayside, saw thirty gunboats and transports anchored in front of the Wayside house; the levee bristled with cannons and armed Yankees; both infantry and cavalry swarmed everywhere. This alarming state of things had been brought about by the fact that the Confederate government had stored twenty thousand bales of cotton a few miles back of Wayside; my father also had several thousand bales, and some other planters had a considerable lot stored in the same place. It was a rich find for the Yankees and they immediately started with one hundred wagons and six hun-

dred mules taken from my father and others, to haul this cotton. They were a month to the day getting it all hauled, the roads being in the usual fearful February and March condition. There must have been at least ten thousand men on this expedition for their camps were scattered all over my father's Wayside, Redleaf and Mosswood plantations; they wrought fearful havoc during this month; they carried off all the mules and horses and ate a thousand head of cattle and a thousand head of hogs, and fed and destroyed at least ten thousand bushels of corn for my father.

This cotton, some twenty-six thousand bales, was taken to Memphis, Tennessee, and auctioned off at fifty cents a pound.

Our next experience was with General Steel, who in about a week after the cotton was taken, came with a large fleet of transports and carried the negroes all off. They were at Wayside fully a week gathering up the negroes and collecting what loot the other vandals had overlooked. On this trip, they carried away thousands of negroes to Omega Landing, Lake Providence and other places along the river in Louisiana, and with them, an effort was made to make cotton for the United States government. All the young and able bodied men were drafted into the United States army and the women and children guarded by United States troops while they worked.

Our next experience was with Admiral Sampson, then Captain Sampson. I never did know what brought him up in Lake Lee to Wayside. When the gunboat anchored, Captain Sampson, as he then was, came with his officers all in full dress uniform to my father's house at Wayside; they seemed to be paying a social call; I recollect one of the officers sat down to the piano and played Von Webber's last waltz. Among other things, Sampson said that he regretted to have been obliged to burn Greenville, but some indiscreet persons had fired into his portholes; he said he had shelled the town once or twice for the same offense, but it seemed to have no effect. While the officers were talking, I heard a disturbance among the chickens and on going out, found a

picturesque ruffian, with his head tied up in a red rag in real pirate style, with a half dozen hens. Rushing back into the house I told Admiral Sampson, who immediately told one of the officers to arrest the man and put him in irons; he said that he had issued orders for no one to leave the gunboat. This fellow, I found out afterwards, was the cook; he promised, as he was being led off, to kill me the first time he had a chance.

Admiral, or Captain Sampson's officers could not resist the temptation to carry off a few souvenirs. I suppose they eased their conscience by calling the articles taken by that name. They took a pair of pistols made by Mills, a valuable hunting knife belonging to my brother, William Mason Worthington, and a pair of gold shoe buckles which had belonged to my grandfather on my mother's side, and a lot of trifles. The officers wandered all over the house and grounds, for my father's house was good to look at those days, as were also the grounds, though the usual smart appearance of the grounds had been seriously injured by frequent raids.

You will think we had been sufficiently robbed by this time, but they wanted to get the county in such a condition that a crow, flying over, would have no inducement to alight.

In 1863, Colonel E. D. Osband, with the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, was stationed at Skipwith's Landing in Issaquena County, and from there raided Washington County every week. On one of these raids, my brother, Albert D. Worthington, was killed by them. He was a member of Company H, First Mississippi Regiment, and was at home at Wayside on furlough for a few days. He had just gotten into the house when the negro servant came rushing in to say, "The Yankees are coming." My brother ran into the pasture back of the house into some very tall weeds. He might have escaped, but a pack of hounds belonging to us, and with which he had been hunting, took his trail in full cry. This of course led to his discovery and one of the Yankees, being somewhat in advance of the others, shot him with a Sharps rifle carrying an ounce ball. I heard the shot and one of the servants came rushing to say my brother had been shot.

I started immediately to find my brother, followed in a few minutes by my mother. When I reached my brother, I found him mortally wounded and lying on the ground with a number of Yankees standing around him. My mother came up almost at the same instant. Just as we came, I heard one Yankee say to another, "Beat the rebel's brain out with your gun before the lieutenant comes up, it will never do to let him hear him say you shot him after he surrendered." The Yankee spoken to stepped towards my brother and raised his gun to strike him, when my mother and myself instinctively threw ourselves over his prostrate body to shield him, if possible, from the murderous blows of this human brute. At that moment, the first Yankee who had spoken, called out to the one about to strike, "Wait, you are too late, here comes the lieutenant." At that moment the lieutenant came up and had my brother carried into the house. It would be impossible, even if desirable, to describe my brother Albert's suffering, and death a few hours later, and the bitter grief of the family. I only mention this in passing, to show that the planters and their families were made to drink the cup of bitterness to its very dregs.

The largest display of Yankees I saw during the war was when General Steel, on his second visit, landed with ten thousand men, whom he disembarked at Wayside. They marched out, passed the Wayside house and out on what was called the Deer Creek Road which led to Arcola. They soon came back, however; the countless thousands of logs cut across the road by the Confederates, it was supposed, discouraged them. Of course, the "stragglers" did the usual "looting," bee-gums with the bees in them being among the things carried off.

In 1864, I think it was, Captain Evans appeared with his Confederate scouts. They were sent to Washington County to break up Yankees who were trying to raise cotton near Skipwith's Landing. They were as wild a lot of outlaws as ever followed "Robin Hood." I verily believe they would have braided the tail of a cyclone if commanded to do so by Captain Evans. They caught some of the civilians who were trying to raise cotton, frequently, and the first stop they

made was at Wayside to get breakfast. They usually "lost" their prisoners going through the cane-brakes from father's Redleaf plantation to what was the Sims plantation just above Arcola on Deer Creek. Going out there once just after them, I scared the buzzards from three bodies they had "lost." They caught Colonel Dent, a kinsman of General Grant, on one of their raids, but my father saved his life, which fact was afterwards to be of great benefit to our family. Evans' scouts did not "play any favorites." One of their number, breaking into a house near Greenville and robbing it, was promptly shot. The Reverend Stevenson Archer was sent for to shrive the man and say a miserere over him. I merely mention this to show what a state of "admired disorder" this country was in.

The war being now over, a number of people, who, with their descendants are a credit to any community, moved into Washington County, but there also swarmed down upon this unhappy county, as well as all other parts of the South, the refuse of the social state, vagabonds who were more than a match for justice, bankrupt existences, consciences that had filled their schedule, scoundrels reduced to indigence, rogues who had missed the wages of roguery, men who had been hit in the social duel. Such were the constituents of this putrid mass. Now indeed had evil days fallen upon us, when "Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg." We had a negro sheriff, a "black and tan" board of supervisors, negro clerks of the courts, negro magistrates and constables. All contracts between planters and their negro laborers had to be approved by the Freedman's Bureau, and all disputes and settlements. The Freedman's Bureau was the court of last resort. I knew of several instances of men who were known to have money, being relieved of sums from three to five hundred dollars for "jawing back" at the Bureau. On these occasions they were arrested and sent to Jackson or Vicksburg and put in jail, when after a day or two, they were approached and told that three or generally five hundred dollars would settle the matter. This amount was usually promptly paid and the planters turned loose.

And this brings me down to a time which everybody should remember, but I feel I cannot close this sketch without saying something in praise of the old chivalrous slaveholding aristocracy, to whom my heart ever warms. In them was embodied all those generous virtues which belong to chivalry, disinterestedness, contempt of danger, unblemished honor, knightly courtesy.

This is in no sense a family history, but I find it will not be amiss to say a word of the Worthingtons who have been prominent in the county even before it was Washington County. My father and his brothers were descended, on their mother's side, (she was a Miss Mason) from Sir George Mason, one of the most distinguished men in the history of Virginia since the founding of Jamestown. The Hon. James Murray Mason, Confederate State Commissioner to England, was a near kinsman; his capture and the imminent danger of war between the United States and England in consequence are matters of history, and the "Trent affair" as it was called, should be known to all.

Beside my Uncle Elisha in Chicot County, Arkansas, my father had two brothers, my Uncle Isaac Worthington and Dr. William W. Worthington, both men of large wealth and influence in Washington County, and both men of most exemplary habits and intelligence of a high order, and I may say further of my Uncle Isaac, that his many virtues, graces of character and piety as a man, made him beloved wherever known.

My father, Samuel Worthington, was known far and wide for his infallible business judgment, his honesty, courage, generosity, and his punctilious observance of other men's rights. He had a magnificent physique and a handsome cultured face, high nosed and pale, with the steady well opened eye of a man whose pleasant lot had ever been to command and to be obeyed.

It must be a matter of sincere regret to all of us to see so many of the homes, once the pride of their owners, now gone so utterly to wreck, my father's Old Point Worthington being one of them, where I was born.

As I sit here now, I can see it in all its beauty, as it once was. In my mind's eye, it is summer again, all gold and

green. Avenues of magnolia trees in bloom rise up before me. In the leafy branches sit mocking-birds singing. In the borders are flowers dreamingly waving their fair heads, but now how changed, how desolate! Even the willows seem to hang their green tresses in agonized despair over the long-neglected, desolate spot.

As I recall these old scenes, I am reminded that there are many tombs scattered all over Washington County of her noblest and best of the "Old Regime," wholly neglected and gone sadly to decay, many of them with not even an inscription. But Clio has engraved thereon in invisible letters, her just sentence that will echo through the centuries like spirit voices.

## *History Of The Alexander Family*

By

MRS. GEORGE B. ALEXANDER[31]

The Alexanders came from Scotland and are descended from the Earls of Sterling. In the early part of the seventeenth century, nine brothers, with their widowed mother, left Scotland on account of religious persecution and came to America, having sold all of their possessions in Scotland and chartered a ship, in which they came to this country. The sons are referred to as the original nine. They settled in Pennsylvania, and from there scattered to the various colonies; and all of the Alexanders in this country are supposed to have descended from them.

One of the sons, William by name, from whom George B. Alexander's branch of the family descended, married an English woman by the name of Nettles. They went to Virginia first, and afterwards moved to South Carolina. William Alexander fought in the Indian wars. He and his wife had four sons and one daughter, the latter, Mary by name, married a Mr. Thompson of South Carolina and moved to the Mississippi Territory. The father and mother followed later with their two youngest sons, Reuben and

31 This paper was prepared by Mrs. George B. Alexander from data supplied by the late Mrs. E. J. D. Gray and was read by Mrs. Alexander before the Washington County Historical Association on December 2, 1912.

Isaac. The two older sons remained in South Carolina. One of these three sons was McNutt Alexander.

Reuben Alexander married and lived near Baton Rouge, Louisiana. They had one son named Joshua, who married a Miss Bullard. Isaac Alexander married and lived on Second Creek, near Natchez. He fought in the war of the Revolution. He had eight sons and one daughter, namely: Abraham, Jacob, Thomas, William, Isaac, John, Stephen, Amos, and Rebecca. Rebecca married Livingston Montgomery and had one child. William married a Miss Sessions, and had two children named Mary and Theodore. Thomas also married and had a family. Amos, who was George B. Alexander's grandfather, married Miss Lavinia Ford, whose parents came from Virginia and Maryland. Her mother was a Hood. They lived on Second Creek near Natchez; their place became the homestead of the Alexanders. They (Amos and Lavinia Alexander) had eight children: Jane, Flournoy, Austin, Laura, Amos, and two children who died in infancy. Jane married Dr. Preston Gray of Versailles, Kentucky. They had no children. After her husband's death, Mrs. Gray moved to Greenville, Mississippi, where she lived the rest of her life. She died in 1907, at the age of eighty-eight. Laura married Evard Baker and had six children. Walter died when quite a young man and was never married. Flournoy married a Miss Mellon of Natchez, Mississippi, and had no children. He was a physician and died of yellow fever during the epidemic of 1878. He was stricken while at his post of duty ministering to the sick and dying. There are many among us today who have cause to remember that sad time.

Austin Fleetwood Alexander, son of Amos and Lavinia Alexander, married Cassandra Blackburn, daughter of George Blackburn and Julia Flournoy of Woodford County, Kentucky. They had one child, George Blackburn Alexander, born on October 9, 1856, on his father's plantation on Williams Bayou in Bolivar County, about ten miles north of Greenville, Mississippi. George Blackburn Alexander married Eliza Overton Green, on the 28th day of December 1881. She was the daughter of Grant Green and Kate Over-

ton of Frankfort, Kentucky. They had two children, Grant Green, born September 12, 1882; and Alice Hunt, born October 4, 1889. The latter died May 29, 1890.

Grant Green Alexander married Leila Lake Green, daughter of William Kirkland and Alice Lake Green, on the 9th day of October, 1907. They have one child, Alice Lake, born August 27, 1908.

In the early days, when Amos Alexander, with his family, lived on Second Creek, near Natchez, educational facilities were very poor in the South, and so he sent his sons to the St. Louis University of Missouri, at which place they were educated. He owned large tracts of land lying in the counties of Adams, Washington, Bolivar and Tunica, which after his children had reached maturity, and before his death, he divided among them, as well as 125 negroes which he owned at that time. The Bolivar County plantation fell to the lot of Austin, and his removal to and taking charge of that place led to his meeting with Cassandra Blackburn, who was at that time on a visit from Kentucky to her sister, Mrs. William Hunt, Captain W. E. Hunt's mother. Major and Mrs. William Hunt and their family were living on Lagrange plantation, about four miles south of the present site of Greenville, and at this place Austin Alexander and Cassandra were subsequently married.

George B. Alexander's mother died when he was three years old, and his father died when he was nine. After his mother's death, he was taken to Kentucky by his father and placed in charge of his mother's eldest sister, Mrs. C. G. Blackburn of Scott County, in whose family he remained until he was of school age. At this time, he was put in charge of his Aunt Prue (Mrs. William Hunt, mentioned above), and he was reared in her family as one of her own beloved children, so that he was never allowed to feel the great loss which he sustained by the death of his parents.

He, with his wife, Eliza; their son, Grant; with his wife Leila; and their little daughter, Alice; are at this time living in Greenville. As for little Alice—she runs the house.

## *A Sketch Of The Brandon Family*[32]

By

MRS. JAMES C. BRANDON

Gerard Brandon, only son of an Englishman who had held a government position in Ireland and had married Margaret Lindsey, who was of Scotch descent, was born in County Donegal in 1750. As a young man, Gerard Brandon espoused the cause of Robert Emmet. Subsequently, he fled with his mother, his father being dead, to France and thence to America, reaching Charleston, South Carolina, not long before the American Revolution. He served under Marion and in Colonel Washington's cavalry, and was in the battles of Cowpens and King's Mountain. The sword he wore was carried by General Brandon, his son, in the war of 1861-1865, and is preserved by Robert Brandon, a son who lives near Fort Adams, Mississippi. While the English were yet in control of West Florida, Gerard Brandon was an emigrant to the Manchac district near the Amite River; but after the invasion of Galvez, he moved to the Attakapas country, and thence to the Natchez district, where he obtained grants of land in what are now Adams and Wilkinson counties. He married Dorothy Nugent and had four sons and four daughters. He died at Selma plantation, about nine miles from Natchez, on June 27, 1823.

Gerard Chittocque Brandon, the eldest child of Gerard Brandon, was born at Selma plantation near Natchez in September, 1788, when Grand Pre was governor. He was prepared for college by the Rev. Dr. McDowell. He entered Princeton College, and from there, he went to William and Mary College in Virginia, where he was graduated, dividing first honors with the famous William C. Rives. He began the practice of law at Washington, Mississippi, about the time of the war with England, in which he gave creditable service as a soldier. In 1816, he married Margaret Chambers, of Bardstown, Kentucky, and abandoned the law for the life of a planter, making his home for a time near Fort Adams. He was a member of the constitutional convention

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32 This paper was read before the Washington County Historical Association on May 5, 1913, by Mr. George F. Archer, Sr.

in 1817, speaker of the house of representatives in 1822, lieutenant-governor under Holmes and Leake, and active governor to fill out both administrations. He was elected governor in 1827. He is noted in some publications as having opposed the further introduction of negroes slaves, a not uncommon sentiment in Mississippi in his day. He was solicited to accept the United States senatorship at the close of his term as governor, but declined the honor. His last official dignity was as a member of the constitutional convention in 1832, from which he resigned before the close of the session. He was not in favor of the experiment of the people's choosing their own judges. Governor Brandon was a typical planter, genial, honest, hospitable and satisfied to use brilliant capabilities for the entertainment of his friends. By his first marriage he had two children, Gerard and James C. Brandon. In 1824 he married Elizabeth Stanton, of Natchez, and they had six sons and two daughters. Governor Brandon died at his Columbian Springs plantation near Fort Adams, Mississippi, on March 20, 1850.

Gerard Brandon, the eldest son of Governor Brandon, married Miss Charlotte Hoggatt, of Adams County, on October 12, 1840. He made his home at Brandon Hall, ten miles east of Natchez, a beautiful, typical Southern home, renowned for its hospitality. There they reared a large family of children. The eldest son, Phillip, was lost on the great steamer, *Princess*, that plied the river from New Orleans to Vicksburg, when it blew up. Mr. Brandon was a successful planter, accummulating a large landed estate and many slaves. The worry and loss caused by the Civil War intensified his failing health and hastened his death, which occurred soon after the close of the war.

His third child, James C. Brandon, went with his father in 1862 to Texas, where they refugeed with their slaves; but, reaching the age of seventeen in 1863, he felt it his bounden duty to enter the Confederate service. From far off Texas, he rode horseback to the Mississippi River to a point above Natchez, which was then in the hands of the Federals. He crossed the river in a skiff, swimming his horse. Thence he rode to his home, Brandon Hall, tarrying but a short while for fear of capture by the Federals. He

then pursued his ride across the State of Mississippi, and through Alabama to Dalton, Georgia, where he enlisted in a Natchez company commanded by Captain Ned Blackburn, going into active service at once. After the defeat of Hood's army at Atlanta, he went with Hood's army through Tennesseee, engaging in the battle of Missionary Ridge as special aide to General Pat Cleburn. He was in the thickest of the battle at Franklin. General Cleburn's division attacked these formidable breastworks, fighting with the left flank on the Columbia and Franklin pike, immediately in front of the memorable "Gin House," through which the Federal lines came. It was within a few yards of this building that James C. Brandon was shot down while dismounting to give his horse to the general, the general's horse having been killed a few seconds before. As the general held the reins, preparing to mount, a volley from the enemy's works shot Mr. Brandon, wounding him in the shoulder and leg and completely riddling the horse. Thirty-two wounds were afterwards counted in the little mare's body, besides the cannon shot which took away both fore legs. General Cleburn took a few steps and was killed. At this junction, the Federals fell back, vacating the town.

The next morning the Confederates moved on the field to care for the wounded and the dead, the ground being literally strewn with them. Mr. Brandon's comrades left him in the hands of a true Southern woman, Mrs. Baugh, of Franklin, Tennessee, who nursed him tenderly until he was taken by the Federal and placed in Camp Chase, Ohio. There he lingered until the close of the war, but he never recovered from his wounds, having to use crutches until his dying day.

Returning home after the war, James C. Brandon began the life of a planter near Natchez, and later in Louisiana on the river above Natchez with varied success. He married the eldest daughter of James Archer, who lived near his childhood home. They reared three children and move to Greenville in the year 1892. He engaged first in planting and then in the insurance business. His friends then slated him for the treasureship of the county, and,

being a general favorite, he was easily elected. In the loss of his only son, Gerard P. Brandon, in 1906, his ardor and interest in life was blighted. His sudden death in 1909 robbed the people of a faithful officer and his family and friends of one greatly loved.