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LIFE
OF
SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER



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SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER

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SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER

Being an Autographical Sketch, edited
and supplemented by his son
Samuel H. Miller

J. P. BELL COMPANY, INC.
LYNCHBURG, VA.

PREFACE

At my request, my father, SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER, in his old age began the preparation of a sketch of his life. For a few days he wrote with great interest, but soon grew tired of the task and abandoned it. I could never induce him to resume the work. It has occurred to me it would be well for me to add a few chapters to the sketch and have it printed for the benefit of numerous descendants. This is to me a labor of love, though I cannot hope to give the completeness and charm to the narrative which his pen would have imparted. He wrote with a freedom and ease which gives life to the story and holds the interest of the reader.

I wish to place a copy of this little book in the hands of each of his descendants, with the hope that it may create in them sentiments of veneration and affection somewhat similar to those which I entertain towards my father. I shall trace the history of the family from its founder, Thomas Miller, who came from the north of Ireland and settled in Cecil County, Maryland early in the eighteenth century; and I shall add an appendix, giving the names and the dates of birth of all the sons and daughters of my father and mother. I have not found it practicable to carry out my original intention of giving the names of all their descendants, who number now (January 1911) about one hundred and sixty-five, scattered through many cities and states.

Samuel H. Miller
Lynchburg, Va., 1911.

INTRODUCTION

It is much to be regretted that my father, when a boy, did not obtain more information from his grandfather about his ancestry. No doubt Samuel Miller could have given him much information on that subject. But boys seldom care for such things; it is only when one grows older that he inquires into the antecedents of his forefathers, and then, too often, as in this case, the opportunity is lost.

This history can only begin with Thomas Miller, who was the founder of our family in America. Of him my information is very limited. It can only be said of him that he emigrated to America from the north of Ireland and settle in Cecil County, Maryland, probably between the years 1720 and 1730. He was a staunch Presbyterian, and of that Scotch-Irish stock which has left its impress wherever it has gone, and has given to our country some of its most famous leaders in war, politics, science and literature. It is likely, though it cannot be affirmed, that his father too part in the struggle between William and Mary and James II, and he may have taken part in the famous defense of Londonderry. However this may be, it is certain that his sympathies were with the Protestants, and that he cherished the love of liberty which distinguishes his race.

The only anecdote I ever heard of him illustrates his courage and his freedom from superstition. It is as follows: In company with several other gentleman, one dark night, as they were riding home they heard groans proceeding from a graveyard. The other gentleman put spurs to their horses and galloped away. Thomas Miller stopped, dismounted, tied his horse and proceeded to investigate. Guided by the sound, he soon found a drunken man who had fallen into a sunken grave and was lying in an uncomfortable position. There he might have frozen, for the night was cold. Thomas Miller lifted him up, and good Samaritan-like, placed him on his own horse, and ministered to his necessities.

Thomas Miller left two sons, Samuel and Thomas, born in Cecil County. Thomas went to the northern neck of Virginia. Of his descendants (if he left any) I have no knowledge. Samuel Miller was the father of seven sons and four daughters, whose names are given by my father in his narrative. Six of the sons died without issue. The oldest son, Thomas, left only one son—my father, Samuel Thomas Miller. He was therefore the only representative of the Miller family bearing the Miller name in his generation. It does not now seem probable that the family will ever again be reduced to a single representative.

Of the four daughters of Samuel Miller only two left issue; Jane, who married Mr. Killen, and went south. Of her descendants I know nothing. Mary (or as my father affectionately called her, "Aunt Polly") married Mr. Clendenin. She left on son, Thomas, and two daughters, Nancy and Mary.

My father spend two years when a boy in the family of Mr. Clendenin at Lancaster, Pa., where he attended the school of a famous classical teacher, Mr. James Ross. He always cherished a grateful recollection of his Aunt Polly, who endeared herself to him in many acts of kindness.

Thomas Clendenin left only one daughter. Nancy Clendenin married Mr. William Freeman, of Philadelphia. She bore him five sons, James, Miller, George, Edward, and Samuel Thomas, named for my father. Of these, only Samuel Thomas is now living. Mary Clendenin never married. I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with both of these estimable ladies. Mrs. Freeman, in particular, was the most intelligent woman I ever met.

My father in his narrative speaks with bitter self-condemnation of his own shortcomings and sins. It must not be concluded from this fact that he was a very wicked man. On

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the contrary it only proved the tenderness of his conscience and the general rectitude of his conduct. He was a man of warm and generous impulses, and his indignation was quickly aroused by any instance of cruelty or unkindness, especially to a woman, a child, or a servant. His courage was of the highest order. He always dared to do what he thought was proper, regardless of personal consequences. In fact, I never knew him to exhibit any symptoms of fear. Perfect truthfulness and honest were among his distinguishing traits of character.

When my brother William, at the age of sixteen, was about leaving home to go into business, my father gave him some parting advice. Among other things he said: "My son, whatever faults may have been imparted to the Millers, there are two things of which they have never been accused—lying and dishonesty. I hope you will never lower the family standard of morality or bring reproach upon the name." I was then a boy of seven years, but the words made a deep impression on my mind, and I resolved then and there never to bring reproach upon the family name by committing the faults mentioned.

It is high praise to my father and mother that they brought up eight sons and six daughters to maturity, not one of whom has ever brought a stain on the family name, and all of whom occupied high places in the communities in which they lived.

With this brief introduction I now commend the reader to the following pages written by my father, Samuel Thomas Miller.

Samuel H. Miller

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART I

CHAPTER I

Cedar Forest,
Pittsylvania County, Va.
July 3, 1863

At the suggestion of my son, Samuel Hartshorn, I commence my autobiography. It is possible that some of my posterity may have a curiosity, if not an anxious desire, to know something of my personal history, as also of my family connections; and if a knowledge of the events of my life may be of any service, either by pointing out my errors with their consequences, or enforcing the advantage as well as the duty of faith in Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of the world, and in God's overruling Providence, it may be of use to record the leading events of my life, as an incentive to virtue, and yet more as a warning against sin.

I do not propose a full history of my life. I have not the time for that, and my memory would fail me; but I will not intentionally misstate any fact. I cannot bring myself to detail some of the transactions of my life, from sense of shame and mortification. The narration would be too painful to me, and I doubt whether the benefit that might result from a full statement, with all my wounded feelings and regret, would compensate the possible evil of the example as a justification to some who might be content to be no more than their ancestor; and may God in His mercy forbid that any of my descendants should be either as guilty or as miserable, consequent on that guilt, as I have been.

I was born in Richmond, Virginia, the 22nd day of November, 1789, being the third child of my parents, Thomas Miller and Ann, formerly Ball. They had children before me, viz.: Susan, who died at about five years of age, and Polly, who died before my birth.

My father was the oldest of eleven children, of whom two died in infancy and nine were raised, viz.: My father, Thomas, Jane, William, Nancy, Polly, John, James, Samuel and Deborah. I suppose my grandfather was earnestly bent on having a son of his own name, as the two that died in infancy were both named Samuel, as was also the youngest son. My grandfather was the son of Thomas and Agnes Miller, and born on the same place. He had a brother named Thomas Miller. My grandmother had three brothers, Thomas Maffitt, Samuel Maffitt and John Maffitt; the latter I understand was never married; the other two married sisters, Misses Strawbridge. Thomas Maffitt lived at a little village at the head of the Chesapeake Bay, called North East, and Samuel Maffitt lived about three miles from there. They were people in good standing and comfortable situations.

Cecil County used to send four members to the Legislature, as I believe the other counties of the state did at that time. My grandfather was one of the representatives or delegates for many years, as was also Thomas Maffitt, and, I think, at some time, Samuel Maffitt; but of this I am not so certain. In the division of parties that ensued about the time of the adoption of the new Constitution, my grandfather and his friends ranged themselves on the Republican side, in opposition to what was denominated the Federal-

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ists. About the year of 1799 or 1800 my grandfather was defeated and Philip Thomas, a Federalist, was elected in his place. He was then, I suppose, too old to take an active part in politics, being over sixty years of age, and Philip Thomas being much younger and more popular, from his wealth and connections.

My uncle, Dr. William Miller, who was zealous, well educated and talented and of a popular turn, then took the field and was triumphantly elected at the next election, in place of Mr. Thomas, and continued for many years to represent Cecil County, either in the House of Representatives or the Senate of Maryland, and was a candidate for Congress at the time of his death.

My father entered the army at sixteen years of age and continued through the whole period of the war (the Revolution). Though a native of Maryland, through the intervention of some friend he obtained a commission as ensign in the Virginia line, and was in many principal battles, as Germantown, Monmouth, Eutaw Springs, Guilford, the Cowpens, and I think Yorktown; and was promoted during the war to a lieutenancy. He was wounded either in the battle at the Eutaw Springs, or at the Cowpens, and I have in my possession a letter written to me by Colonel Howard, who so distinguished himself in one of those battles, I think at the Cowpens, mentioning his remembrance of my father and his participation in the campaign under General Greene.

My grandfather was among the respectable class in Cecil and was a very conspicuous magistrate for many years. He was a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church of West Nottingham. He was a man of austere bearing and kept his children at too great a distance from him, but I believe he was a strictly honest and upright man of good principles. There was a considerable vein of talent in the family, and I have known but few smarter and more intelligent women than his daughters, Nancy, Polly and Deborah. His eldest daughter, Jane, married a young man of the name of Killen, without my grandfather's consent, and he forewarned her that in the event of her marrying him, he should renounce her. She persisted, however, and after her marriage, she and her husband removed to South Carolina, where they raised a family, near Aversysboro. I suppose she had to struggle quite hard. I never saw her but once and that was whilst I was living in Baltimore. She stopped at a Mr. Randall's, a connection, I think, of her husband, and was accompanied by a son of hers, of some sixteen or seventeen years of age, and going on a visit to my grandfather. My uncle told me that the interview between her and her father was affecting. She was not known by the family until she announced herself, and was about falling on her knees to implore his pardon, but he lifted her, and was reconciled. He gave her some relief, and she and her son, after a tarry of some weeks, returned to her family, and I think they then sold out and moved further south. When last heard from, they were either in Georgia or Alabama.

With her example before her, my third aunt, Polly, in the face of my grandfather's refusal, married Samuel Clendenin, a man of but a little property but of some talent and education. The rest of the family did not coincide entirely in my grandfather's sternness, and they kept up an intercourse with my aunt. She, however, did not obtain my grandfather's formal forgiveness until she had been married some seven years, under circumstances which I shall mention more particularly hereafter.

Uncle William Miller was the most conspicuous of my grandfather's children. He had a good education, a high sense of honor and self-respect, was warmhearted, high-spirited and undaunted. He studied medicine under Dr. John Archer, of Harford County, Mary-

land, a man of high standing, who, when I first went to Cecil County, was the representative of that district in Congress. I believe he was a cousin to my grandfather. He raised a very respectable family of sons of whom I have seen John and Robert Archer, both physicians, and Stevenson Archer, a lawyer, who at one time represented the district in Congress, and for many years was a judge of high standing. During the War of 1812 my uncle was a major and served in the campaign at Baltimore when it was attacked by the British under General Ross.

My other uncles never married, and in the course of life threw themselves away by yielding to intemperance. My uncle John, when I went to Maryland, was a clerk in one of the land offices in Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and was one of the neatest and most genteel young men I ever saw. He was in receipt of a good salary for many years and afterwards had a clerkship in the Bank of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, but he, too, became too fond of the excitement of spiritous liquors, and finally retired to Cecil County on the small patrimony left him by my grandfather, when he might, with ordinary care and prudence, have saved an independent fortune. James died in consequence of a long course of intemperance, at the mill which he inherited from my grandfather. James in youth, though awkward and bashful, was yet upright and noted for his candor and love of truth and integrity. Samuel never had any self-respect, and finally, after growing up to manhood, moved to Ohio, where he threw himself away and died before he was thirty years of age.

My Aunt Nancy was first married to Major John Hartshorn, a very intelligent and respectable man, in good circumstances, who for several years represented Cecil County in the legislature. They had no issue, and once Major Hartshorn was preparing to set out for Annapolis, the seat of government, after making, as he thought, all necessary preparations, my Uncle William jocularly remarked to him that he had omitted one thing. Upon the Major asking him what that was, he asked if he had made his will, upon which, and looking grave, he replied, he had not, but that he would now do so, and accordingly he prepared it and made my aunt his sole heir, both of his real and personal property, and under this will, some few years later, she became possessed of his estate.

The circumstances of his death were affecting. On a Sabbath morning they had both laid aside the books they had been reading, of which they were fond, and were conversing on some of the subjects that had engaged their attention. A pause ensued in their conversation—he sitting and leaning back against the wall and she looking into the fire. Hearing some unusual noise made by him, she raised her eyes and perceived he had a fit of apoplexy, and running to the door she screamed out to his bachelor brother Joshua, who lived within call. He came immediately, but every effort to restore sensation was ineffectual, *and she was a widow*. As they had lived in great affection and harmony she, of course, was deeply distressed.

The brother above named, Joshua, was by trade a tanner, and a young man who had learned the business under him by the name of Thomas Williams, and who had been raised in the neighborhood, became an occasional visitant, and ultimately proposing to my aunt, was accepted by her, and became her second husband. My grandmother, who was in general of most inoffensive demeanor, was taken by surprise when informed that Mr. Williams and Aunt Nancy were going to be married, and dropped the expression, “out of the kitchen into the parlor,” an expression of disapprobation that was long remembered with resentment. Her second marriage was not as happy as her first had been;

not so much from any positive unkindness on Mr. William's part, as from the original inequality of their rank, and a coarser and more unpolished manner on his part. Another circumstance that conduced to raise Mr. Williams in his own self-estimation was his success in his subsequent business transactions. It seems his father, who was a man in moderate circumstances, but of sagacity of speculation, early after the surrender of Fort Pitt, concluded to go out and invest what scanty funds he could command in lots in the newly laid-out town of Pittsburgh, and in lands not far off, which I suppose was then pretty much such an object of speculation as the Western country afterwards became on a much more extensive scale. A friend in whom Mr. Williams had great confidence, a resident of that region, a Major Kilpatrick, was made his attorney to attend to his lands, lots, etc. This friend proved faithless, and on the death of old Mr. Williams, Mr. Thomas Williams made a trip to Pittsburgh to hunt up his father's property. He found the attorney in possession, having as agent sold the lots, and perhaps the land, and bought them himself. Mr. Williams, though neither a man of education nor very general information, was a man of shrewdness and determination; and either by threat of legal prosecution or intimidation, compelled Kilpatrick to restore the lots and lands to the rightful heirs. These were divided amongst old Mr. William's heirs, and Thomas Williams, by purchase and exchange, became possessed of several valuable lots in Pittsburgh. These lots he leased on five-year leases, and at each expiration they became more than doubly valuable. They were afterwards the rage for speculation, and ran so high that Mr. Williams let out his lots on perpetual leases at a very high quitrent to lessees, who put up valuable costly buildings, without any expense on his part. But after a few years, times took such a change that the property all reverted to him by the failure of his tenants, and then he became quite wealthy. He was also a very successful farmer, and by adding the farm of Joshua Hartshorn, sold at his death, to that left to my aunt by Major Hartshorn, he got in possession of the nicest little farms that I have ever seen, and by judicious cultivation he rendered it highly productive and profitable. After accumulating quite a large fortune, he died suddenly intestate, and my aunt became quite a wealthy widow; and Mr. William's nephews and nieces came in for quite handsome legacies, in addition to having some of them educated at his expense. One I remember, a namesake of his, Thomas Williams, a lawyer of Pittsburgh, became a conspicuous politician about the time of Van Buren's presidency. Since my aunt's death I have heard little or nothing about them.

As connected with my own personal history, I will here follow out the history of my grandfather's other children, leaving my father's history to be brought up hereafter.

My Uncle William, I think, had been married about four years when I first went to Maryland, which was in November 1801. This would place his marriage about the year 1797 or 1798. His wife was a Miss Sophia Cox, raised in the lower part of Cecil, in what was called Sassafras Neck, formed by Sassafras River and Chesapeake Bay. His wife, by her father's will, was entitled to five hundred pounds, Maryland currency, besides a negro girl. It was some years before my uncle received the whole of this legacy from her brother, John Cox, who was the executer. Mrs. Miller was a tall, slender, rather delicate woman, and never bore any children. She had been genteelly raised and moved in good society, but she was of a weak mind, and though professing much love and attachment to my uncle's family, was never believed by them to be very warm or sincere in her affections. My uncle was a good physician and highly esteemed as a man, but he was a bad collector and never made his practice as many with far inferior abilities.

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Mr. Clendenin had a clerkship in some of the public offices under the government, when the seat of government was in Philadelphia, and in courting and marrying Aunt Polly, though he could not obtain my grandfather's consent, he was agreeable to all the rest of the family. He had a respectable education and a pleasing address, and for several years he and my aunt, as I have reason to believe, lived very pleasantly together. When the seat of government was removed from Philadelphia to Lancaster, they, of course, changed their residence.

Uncle John Miller had been taken by a Mr. Heron out to Pittsburgh when he was about sixteen years of age, to keep store, and became an admirable clerk, writing with great rapidity and correctness. After attaining his majority he came in from Pittsburgh and obtained a clerkship in some of the public offices and moved to Lancaster at the same time of Mr. Clendenin's removal.

CHAPTER II

My mother's maiden name was Ann Ball—called, however, by her family, Nancy; the fourth child of James and Susan Ball, whose maiden name was More. My mother was born in New Kent County. My grandfather, James Ball, as I have heard, and have reason to believe, was descended from some of the early settlers of Virginia, who had located themselves in the northern neck of Virginia, many of whom are noticed in Bishop Meade's account of the old churches and families of Virginia. I have heard my mother say that when her brother, William Ball, of Broadrock, used to be in the racing line, amongst the many visitors that used to come there, drawn by the sports of the turf, was a Colonel Ball from the northern neck, a member of Congress, who used to tell her brother that they were of the same family, and that if he would go with him home, or visit him, he would acquaint him with the entire genealogy. My uncle, however, never went, that I am aware of, but it is the received opinion of the whole family that such was the fact. It will be remembered that it was one of this family, Mary Ball, who was the second wife of General Washington's father, and the general's mother.

My grandfather, like the waves of emigration from the original location, moved from New Kent to Chesterfield Court House. He was a man of business qualifications and was in a fair way to accumulate a large fortune when hurried off by death. Besides a small tract of land at or near the Court House, he had a fine plantation on Appomattox River, called the Bent, and two smaller tracts on Skinquarter Creek, and an interest in a store and in a vessel on James River, and something near forty negroes. He died about the year of 1781 or 1782, leaving my grandmother with nine children, six sons and three daughters. These ranked according to age: Valentine, William, Daniel, Nancy, James, Patsy, Archibald, Elizabeth and Isham. Under the law of Virginia, as it then stood, the eldest son was entitled to all the land of an intestate (and my grandfather died without a will), and to all the personal property at valuation. Valentine, the eldest son, declined administering on my grandfather's estate, and it was administered, so far as it was ever administered at all, by Uncle William and a lawyer of Chesterfield, named Jesse Cogbill; but Uncle William, who was a gay, wild and frolicsome young man for a long time, left the sole management of the estate to his co-administrator, who, according to the opinion of my grandmother, my mother, and the other interested parties, was a very dishonest manager, and permitted the estate to sustain great damage, permitting young negroes to be sold, himself becoming the purchaser, and, as they believed, in collusion with fraudulent claims. The two tracts of land on Skinquarter, which had been purchased, but not paid for, were bought on tobacco contracts, a mode of purchase then very common. These lands ultimately, by the appreciation of tobacco, became very costly.

Valentine Ball, with the consent of my grandmother, took the Bent plantation, to which she relinquished her right of dower, on condition of his letting his three younger brothers, James, Archer and Isham, have the three other tracts. The only approximation to a division ever made, I remember, was once at Uncle Archer Ball's on Skinquarter, when the negroes were called up, for the parties to divide, but owing to some dispute it was postponed. Meanwhile, William Ball, from time to time, removed to his home most of the negroes, one or two, viz., Beck, Elleck and Polly, being left with my grandmother to wait on her. So that there never was a formal and legal division of the estate. Meanwhile

my grandmother lived, first with Archer Ball, and then with Isham Ball, at whose house in Powhatan she died in the year 1808.

Whilst my grandfather kept tavern at Chesterfield Court House, my father was stationed there as a recruiting officer. My mother then just rising into womanhood, my father paid his addresses to her, and they became engaged to be married; but being called off to the army in the South under Generals Gates and Greene, some years intervened before they again met with each other. He renewed his addresses after the war ended, and they were married in 1784, by Parson Leigh, an Episcopal clergyman, the father of Benjamin Watkins Leigh and Judge William Leigh. My father at that time was an agreeable and handsome young man, and having been a gallant officer, my mother was strongly attached to him. His association in the army had, however, a ruinous effect upon his morals. When he should have been training up to habits of self-restraint and business, he became addicted to the vices and intemperance, extravagance, gambling and lewdness, seeking his enjoyments in loose company and not applying himself to regular business.

Soon after marrying he took my mother to my grandfather's in Cecil, where my mother, by her refined manners and industrious habits, soon won the affections of all his family, but my father himself would not apply with steadiness to any business. After setting up housekeeping within a mile of my grandfather's, and remaining until the birth of my sister Susan, and my mother recovering her health so far as to enable them to travel, they returned to Virginia, and my father rented the plantation from Valentine Ball, but his loose habits and inattention to business prevented him from doing anything useful. After moving about for three or four years he sold the certificates given him by the government for military service, his land warrants, etc., and attempted a small grocery business in Richmond, where there was a fine opening for business to the industrious and frugal; but his habits became worse. Meantime a second child was born to them, named Polly, who lived about a year. Affairs become worse and worse with them, and though my mother struggled with all her industry and zeal to keep up, he was becoming unkind to her, and so intemperate as, at last, to become partially deranged, when she had to hire a man to accompany him to Maryland, to be under Dr. Miller's care. After a while, becoming better, he returned, but again fell into his former habits, so as to induce her brothers to think her longer remaining with him inconsistent with her safety. She, however, remained with him until he used personal violence upon her. She had before apprised him, when threatening her with violence, that if he ever so far forgot what was due to her as to assault her, she would leave him. This produced a separation—at a time when I was about a year old. My father wandered off and my mother went to her mother's, living with the rest of the family at the Bent.

About the time of my mother's marriage, Uncle William Ball married Elizabeth Cheatham, of Chesterfield. Valentine Ball married a Miss Mosely some time later, and I suppose his marriage occasioned my grandmother to move with the younger members of the family to Skinquarter. Daniel Ball used to go to sea. My first recollections are connected with the place on Skinquarter, except on solitary event: I remember, whilst at the Bent, being taken up in the road by a negro man who coaxed me by the gift of a large red apple to get on his shoulders and let me carry him. I afterwards learned that my mother had gone over the river Appomattox to a Major Oglesby's in company with my uncles and aunts to a party, leaving me in my grandmother's care, and that I stole away to follow my mother, thereby occasioning great anxiety when I was missed. My grandmother

roused all the household, and negro who had a wife there, to go out in all directions to see if they could track me, and this negro man took the way I had gone, and on overtaking me, won me back with the apple. This is the only remembrance which I retain of the Bent, and I must have been very young, for I remember wearing petticoats at Skinquarter.

Whilst I resided at Skinquarter, my two aunts, Patsy and Betsey, were married, the former to John Hendrick, a widower with four children, of Manchester; and Betsey to William Jackson, a handsome young man, a bricklayer, of Manchester. Uncle William Ball was then living in Manchester, merchandising, and as I have no remembrance of Aunt Patsy's marriage, I presume she was married at his house. I remember Aunt Betsey's marriage at Skinquarter. My Uncle James Ball married Patsy, daughter of Arthur Mosely, and niece of Valentine's wife.

Valentine Ball's wife had but three children: Maria, who died whilst young, and James and William, who were raised. After the death of his wife he remained a widower some years and then married beneath himself, and moved to Kentucky or Tennessee. He became intemperate, and what family he left I never heard, nor when he died.

James Ball, after attempting storekeeping in one or two places in Chesterfield, finally moved to Georgia, whither his father-in-law had gone several years before. When I knew him he had three children: Susan, and a son and daughter whose names I have forgotten. His wife was a cheerful, pleasant and industrious woman, and I have no doubt did her part well. James Ball himself became a sot, and whether ever he ever did well I have never learned.

Archer Ball married a Miss Hill, of Chesterfield, and by her left several children. She had a good property—a plantation and several negroes—but she was the poorest apology for a housekeeper that I ever saw. They had a son, William, that I understood was a promising young man. He died just after he was grown up. Their oldest daughter, Martha, went to live with my mother and myself at New London. There were two or three younger daughters, whose names I do not remember. They are still in Chesterfield.

Uncle William Ball's wife had only three children, of which only two were raised. Susan first married a Mr. John Friend, of Chesterfield, by whom she had three children, whom she raised: Alfred, William and Edwin, all married and in Chesterfield and Petersburg. After the death of John Friend, Susan married a Doctor Dudley, a Yankee, who survived her and to whom she unwisely made over her property.

My uncle's other child was Thomas Ball, of the same age as myself, and we were very much together the first eight or ten years of our lives. Uncle William died out at the Sweet Springs about 1816 or 1817. Mrs. Hendrick raised five children—James, Ann, Louisa, Susan and Amanda, besides three whom she lost in infancy. She survived her husband and kept tavern in New London, where she died in 1816. Mrs. Jackson died in 1805, leaving only one child, Alexander, having lost two before. She was a lady of a mild, affectionate and gentle disposition, though unhappy in her marriage. Her husband, William Jackson, became intemperate.

Daniel Ball never married, became a sot and finally died of intemperance. He must have been a good-natured, affectionate fellow, as I remember lolling about his lap when I was very small, and my mother always retained an affectionate remembrance of him. From him I first learned my letters, as he was fond of newspapers, and I would ask him what each large letter was. Of this I have no personal recollection, but was so informed by my mother, and I can readily believe it from the curiosity natural to children, and the

general good nature of my uncle. He and Uncle William were both officers in the Revolutionary War; for how long I do not know.

In the dispositions and characters of my uncles and aunts there was, I presume, a considerable difference; some were openhearted, affectionate and generous, others were close and selfish. Some were frugal, others were loose-handed. Those most cherished by my mother were Uncles William, Daniel and Archer and Aunt Betsey. For my uncles, James and Valentine, she retained neither respect nor affection. For Uncle Isham she had more regard for his good management than love for his generosity; for in the latter quality he was singularly deficient. He was twice married, first to Sally Hendrick, by whom he had four children—Ann, Harriet, Susan and Martha. She was the youngest daughter of John Hendrick by his first wife, and of her I have but little personal recollection. She was, I presume, a very poor apology for a wife. It was against his family's advice that he married her. She died in Powhatan County. His (Isham's) second wife was Jane Morriss, daughter of John Morriss, of Amelia County, near Clement-town. She proved to be a very good woman and an excellent wife. My uncle was remarkable for his frugality and economy. He kept tavern many years at what was once called Tredway Tavern, and afterwards Ballsville. As he accumulated he put out his money at interest, and gradually became forehanded, and at length exchanged places with his son-in-law, William Netherland, who thenceforward kept up the tavern, and Uncle Isham became a farmer.

Having premised this much about my mother's brothers and sisters and their families, as well as my father's, I now return to my own personal history.

CHAPTER III

I suppose it was early inculcated in my mind that I was to be a scholar. Whether this proceeded from my mother's partiality and parental vanity, as seeing something in my capacity beyond common, or whether I was really precocious, my inclination was early turned to reading. My mother's personal characteristics were neatness of person, industry and refinement, with a strong admixture of vanity and love of praise. She was, no doubt, for many years, deeply distressed at my father's self-abandonment, and at having all her youthful hopes of happiness and respectable position in life utterly dashed; but her acquaintance in the highest walks of society, her refined manners and her persistent efforts to maintain herself in decency, opened many a door for entrance, and many a heart. Without any settled home for many years, she supported herself and me by her needle, and interchanged her abiding place between my grandmother's in Chesterfield, her brother William's, and Mr. Jackson's in Manchester, then in Buckingham. I don't think she ever had to pay for anything for her own boarding, but after I became some six or eight years of age, I became a charge upon her, and no doubt proved a tax upon her efforts as well as an unceasing source of anxiety.

My father, in the meantime, had so far degraded himself as to enlist as a common soldier. After serving out one term of five years, he returned from the southwest, and on his way called to see mother and myself at Skinquarter, but did not stay all night. Passing by my grandfather's, I understand my grandfather said to him, "Tommy, I never more wish to see you in the regimentals." The transient visit to my mother, or rather "call-by," is the first remembrance I have of my father.

How long I remained at Skinquarter I cannot conjecture, but my mother left me there with my grandmother and Uncle Archer after Aunt Betsey's marriage, and remained most of her time in Manchester, as I suppose, taking in needlework.

At length Mr. Jackson came up and took me down behind him on horseback. I remember my apprehensions on this occasion. I suppose, either from my relations or the servants, I had heard of a very large river at Manchester, and as we did not reach that place until dark and were descending on of the ravines that were in Manchester, I asked Mr. Jackson if we were going down into that great river, but he quieted my fears.

My mother had taught me to spell and read thus far, with the exception of a short time that I had gone to an old-field school kept by a Mr. Pittman, a Baptist preacher.

After being at Manchester some time, at length I was put to school to a Mr. John Dunn, an Episcopal preacher. Amongst my schoolmates here I remember Ballard Smith, a young man, grown; William and John Robertson, lately a judge; James Conway, who, after growing up and studying medicine, married a daughter of William B. Gates; Susan and Thomas Ball, my cousins; Richard Baugh, Henry and Lavinia Heth, of Manchester. I suppose Mr. Dunn, who was a foreigner—either English or Scotch—was a man of education, but my recollection of him is of a tyrant and cruel pedagogue. Bishop Meade speaks of him in his account of the old preachers in terms of kindness; but my remembrance of him is only that of a cruel, relentless brute; and if he is justly characterized by Bishop Meade, I can only account for it by a radical change and religious influence. One circumstance that occurred whilst I was under his care made an indelible impression on my memory. Tom Ball and myself were whispering when we should have been getting our lessons, and he discovered us and called us up for chastisement. Tom took his flogging and

sat down; I struck at him with the back of my book, by what impulse I cannot account to this day; perhaps by one similar to that of the poor, terrified goat, thrown into the cage of the boa-constrictor, to be swallowed alive: The poor creature, shivering with terror, begins feebly butting at his mortal foe, which lies motionless for a few moments, but eyeing the terrified creature, then quick as a flash of lightning seizes it by the back of the neck, and coiling himself around it whilst the poor animal expresses its terror and pain under the tightening folds of its dreaded enemy, expending its last breath in faint cries until life is fairly extinct. The book was snatched from me, and as long as it would answer, was applied to my head and jaws right and left, then the right hand and the left hand until, stupefied, I sat by the partition wall reeling like a drunkard. The servant who waited on Mr. Dunn was then sent down into the garden, where there were three or four willows of the kind called "golden rods," having many sprouts about their roots. When these were brought up I was then taken into another room, when my pantaloons were unbuttoned, my shirt turned up and a chastisement inflicted, leaving stripes that several days later one of my schoolmates accidentally saw. Knowing how they came there, he asked me why I did not tell my mother and exhibit the marks to her; but I declined doing this, not knowing what further lashing I might incur.

How long I continued with Mr. Dunn after this I do not know, but an unpleasant event occurred which induced my mother to go up the country to Buckingham to stay at her sister's, Mrs. Hendrick. That event was my father's coming to Richmond. He rented a small tenement near the market house and opened a grocery, and my mother, I suppose at his insistence, sent me over to visit him, under the care of Mr. Jackson. I was so strangely affected as to shed tears, which seemed to myself a most unaccountable circumstance, for I was much gratified to see my father, and wondered why I should cry.

Sometime during the interval elapsing between my parents' separation and this period, my grandfather had written to my mother, expressing great tenderness for her and promising to take charge of me and raise me, if she could contrive to send me to him. Also my Uncle William had, when we sojourned at Skinquarter, whilst on his way to visit Aunt Jane in South Carolina, called by to see my mother and myself. Of that visit I have but one recollection, and that is, being raised up by a servant to bid my uncle goodbye, which I resisted by crying and struggling. My mother afterwards accounted to me for this apparent waywardness. She had held out to me the prospect of being sent to Cecil, and my uncle, in the tenderness of taking leave of her, had mounted and started, but recollecting that he had not bid me farewell, returned for that purpose, and she supposed I apprehended he was about to take me away with him then, and therefore struggled against it.

When my mother went up the country I was left to board with Uncle Isham and his newly married wife. I was now in a great measure dependent upon the care of an old African servant named Rachel, who watched over me in her humble way with maternal fidelity. For some reason my uncle was harsh and unkind to me. I became fond of visiting at a widow Leith's, who kept a tavern, and as she had several children, I suppose she must have treated me kindly. I recollect when staying there one night, and while participating in the plays until late, I heard the voice of Polly, my uncle's maid, inquiring for me, and I slipped off unobserved by her and went home about two squares off. The next morning my uncle gave me a horsewhipping.

My father meantime had abandoned his grocery business and enlisted in the provisional army under Captain William Edens and Lieutenant Alexander Duval Pope. I eloped and joined my father in the barracks. I suppose my mother heard of it and became uneasy, and got Mr. Hendrick to come down and entice me back. I recollect one scene of violence occurring at a corner of Main Street in Richmond. It was on a Sabbath evening. I was walking beside my father going down to Main Street, and just around the corner we met Uncle Isham and Mr. Jackson. Some conversation ensued between them, and soon they were engaged in a fight; and as my uncle, being younger, larger and stouter than my father, soon had him down, in terror I ran off, Mr. Jackson merely looking on the fight and not minding me. I ran to the barracks, and, crying, told the soldiers that my uncle was killing my father. Several of them started off and after some time my father returned. Of the cause of the encounter I knew nothing; but I became remarkably adverse to returning to my uncle's, and no doubt I gave my mother much uneasiness. I remember Mr. Hendrick once visiting me and giving me some money. My mother no doubt prevailed upon him to go down and get me out of the barracks. Of the circumstances attending my return from the barracks I have no distinct recollection, nor how long I stayed there. I do not think my father made any serious effort to allure me thither.

After returning to Manchester, my mother got a young man of the name of Cheshire, who owned and drove a wagon, to call and take me up to Buckingham. This young man was of a plain, though honest, family, that kept a tavern in Cumberland, on the main road, that was then denominated by Buckingham Road. I was delighted to go with him, for though my mother was strict and tight with me, and it must have been some months since she left me, I was no doubt much neglected. Mr. Cheshire was loaded with goods, and his trip took him nearly a week. At length, Mr. Cheshire started again and I was with him. He indulged me by permitting me to ride the off-horse, and as we were going along he said to me with a smile, as we approached a good-looking house: "Here is where your Ma is." I did not believe him, but thought he was merely joking; but on getting opposite to the house my joy was great to be received in my mother's arms.

After a short tarry there she placed me under the care of Mr. Richard Gordon, of Cumberland, who was teaching school near Clover Forrest, about three miles from Mr. Hendrick's. This must have been about the year of 1799, and I, consequently, about nine or ten years of age; for I have some indistinct recollection of hearing the death of General Washington and Patrick Henry. Mr. Gordon was a worthy, intelligent and conscientious man. He had been a carpenter, but had long since quit the trade, having some thirty or forty negroes and a plantation of near eight hundred acres of land; and had taken to teaching, more for the sake of properly teaching his own children than a means of making a support. He had a family of some seven or eight children, of whom three, Robert, Betsey and Archer, were older than myself, and were well advanced in their education—so far as Mr. Gordon could carry them. My time was pleasant, and I made rapid improvement in reading, writing and arithmetic; and I was kindly treated by both Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, as well as the children. He had at one time about forty scholars, and there was a good deal of emulation amongst them. I recollect that Robert and Betsey made a pet of me, and undertook by helping me to push me on, that I might overtake a boy of the name of Williams, larger and two or three years older than myself. I had plenty of ambition and, withal, was fond of praise. As I drew nearer to Williams he became dissatisfied and threatened to tell Mr. Gordon if Robert and Betsey did not quit helping me on.

At that time there were no such things in school as arithmetics, but the teacher wrote in the ciphering book the rules and sums, and when the sums were performed they were set down by the scholar in the ciphering book. After long division, then succeeded a rule called "division of crops," which was very difficult to scholars who knew no other rules than the four elementary ones of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division; and indeed it required the application of vulgar fractions to perform some of the sums. But though I had availed myself of Betsey's and Robert's assistance, I applied all my powers of thought to master the rule. I was now able to read Scott's Lessons fluently, was amongst the best of the spellers, and improving rapidly in writing, and, could I master division of crops, was fairly up with my rival in every respect, and in some before him. He could not endure in silence any longer the exultation of Robert and Betsey, and with a long face informed Mr. Gordon that Sam Miller didn't do any of his sums, but that Betsey and Bob did all for him, just in order that I might, as he expressed it, "catch up with him." "Ah," said Mr. Gordon, "come up here, Sam; what's this Williams tells me about you?" I denied the charge strenuously and insisted upon it that I understood all that I had been over. Williams disputed it. "Well—well!" said Mr. Gordon, "I'll soon find out how it is." So taking my slate he at once set me a sum different from any that I had already done, but of a similar nature. "Now," said he, "sit down there and do it yourself." The whole school was now looking on and I resolutely applied to it, and in due time finished my sum and proved it. Mr. Gordon examined it gravely and carefully, and then pronounced it all right, whilst Bob and Betsey were standing behind him exulting over my success and sniggering at Williams. The mortification of the defeated Williams wouldn't let the matter rest here, but he firmly determined that a younger brother of his could and should whip me after school was out. Accordingly, on some frivolous pretext, the boys tarried behind, whilst Mr. Gordon and the girls went on home. But one of the younger girls, Polly or Patsy, after they had gotten a considerable distance, told their father what was on hand. Meanwhile the boys, after ascertaining that Mr. Gordon was fairly out of sight, formed a ring and we had a regular set-to. But, as I was too strong for my antagonist, I soon made him cry "enough." Then, gathering up our books and baskets, we hurried on and overtook our party before they reached home, not thinking Mr. Gordon was aware of the cause of our lagging. When we came up, to our surprise he abruptly asked us "which whipped," and Bob related the whole affair. "Very well," said he, "if no fuss is made about it, I shall say nothing about it; but if any complaint is made I shall whip you both." But the thing died away without any further action.

I do not know how long I remained with Mr. Gordon, but during my residence with him he sent Robert off to Hampden-Sidney College, about twelve or fifteen miles distant. After his being there some months, he was taken with a very severe spell of sickness, thought to have been occasioned by a severe fright given him by the other students, and his father was called off to attend on him. This broke up Mr. Gordon's school, and he then put me and his son Archer to school to a young man whose name I think was Tinson. Between the two teachers I mastered arithmetic to Decimal Fractions, including Practice, Loss and Gain, Barter, Simple and Compound Interest, Single Fellowship, Double Fellowship, Allegation, Medial and Alternate and Vulgar Fractions, and I was thorough in these rules.

I was wild and mischievous, ready for any frolic. I remember one evening as we were returning from school, there were some seven or eight of us, and we either me or over-

took an old man of the neighborhood to whom we bowed respectfully, and saluted him, but as he did not respond to us in the same manner, either by word or deed, in resentment we pulled off our hats and threw at him and his horse, and came near making his horse throw him. The old man complained to Mr. Gordon, and calling up Archer and myself, he gave us both a sound flogging and advised us never to behave so ill again to an old man.

About a week after this, one evening our teacher, just before he dismissed the school, called us all to form a line. When we had done so he gravely remarked that he had “a crow to pull with us.” We understood the phrase, but did not know to what he alluded, until he explained that it was the insult that we had given the old man. Archer and myself stepped forward and informed him that Mr. Gordon had already had a settlement with us about the same matter. He questioned us pretty tightly whether he had given us a sufficient whipping, and on being satisfied as to that, we got off, leaving our companions to undergo their punishment.

As I have ever retained a kindly remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, I must have met with judicious kindness on their part. Their son Robert, to great quickness of apprehension and pride of opinion united a great deal of eccentricity. In afterlife he had such an end as was naturally to be expected. At one time he offered as a candidate for Congress, but his vote was not a flattering proof of his standing, in the estimation of his district. I learned he manumitted his slaves by his will and very deliberately committed suicide.

Mr. Gordon was a professor of religion, belonging to the Presbyterians, and according to my remembrance, they claim descent from some of the Scotch families or clans of Gordons; and he had a brother in some of the lower counties named Dunbar, after whom Robert was named—Robert Dunbar.

My mother had returned some months previously and sent up to Mr. Gordon to send me down by stage to Manchester. I do not now remember the stage driver’s name, but his stage was drawn by three horses; and his son, a boy a little over my age, rode the lead horse. I stayed all night at a tavern kept by a Mr. Langhorne, a few miles below Rain’s Tavern, and remember being a good deal frightened by the landlady, who was a termagant, and spent a good deal of the night in a violent altercation with her husband. I was lying with a considerate young man, a boarder, who quieted my apprehensions of her breaking into our room. He also informed me that this kind of life had been going on for a long time between Mr. Langhorne and his wife, and that from being originally a man of good property, he was now almost stripped of everything. It has fallen to my lot several times in life, having lived in many different families, to witness quarrels between husbands and wives, and they were always to me the most unpleasant scenes.

CHAPTER IV

I suppose my mother, when she sent for me, expected soon to be able to send me to my grandfather's, but if so, she was disappointed, for I was soon sent up to my grandmother's, on Skinquarter, where I must have remained some months. Uncle Archer and Uncle Valentine Ball, with his son James, were both living with her. Uncle Archer was the owner, and Uncle Valentine and son must have been boarders. Our living was moderate, and as I did not go to school or have any regular employment, my sojourn there has not left any reminiscence on my mind of a pleasing nature, except that I remember reading the Scriptures to my grandmother, particularly the Book of Genesis. My mother, at length having a prospect of conveying me to Cecil, sent for me at Manchester, and in about a fortnight or three weeks had furnished me with all the necessary clothing, etc. I was to go in a double gig with Mr. John Quarles. He at that time a bookkeeper for Mr. Henry L. Biscoe, of Manchester. He had in his younger days resided in Harford County, Maryland, and formed an acquaintance with a Mrs. Husband and her family, living near Deer Creek, and ultimately married one of Mrs. Husband's daughters and brought her to Manchester, where Mr. Quarles had been raised. But for some cause, he and his wife, not being satisfied, determined to move to her mother's in Harford County; Mrs. Quarles had already returned some time previously. My mother availed herself of the opportunity to send me to my grandfather's, in compliance with his invitation, and put me in Mr. Quarles' care.

I can never forget the sorrowful parting from her. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, about the middle of November, 1801. She carefully packed up all my clothes, with which she had exerted herself to have me well and genteelly supplied. Mr. Quarles was ready in his gig, and nothing remained but the sorrowful "God bless you." She had held out till then, but in a moment she burst into a flood of tears, and such was her excess that Mr. Quarles started and told me to come on, that he would not drive fast. The recollection is as vivid on my mind now as though it was but last week. Mr. Jackson bade me a tender farewell. My aunt was nearly as much affected as my mother, and with a choking "God bless you, my son," I left her and had to run some distance to overtake Mr. Quarles.

Our first day's journey was but short. We stayed all night at a tavern called the White Chimneys, and the next at Todd's, ten or twelve miles short of Fredericksburg. We passed successively through that place, Falmouth, Dumfries, Colchester, Alexandria, Washington City and Bladensburg. Mr. Quarles called between Washington and Baltimore on an acquaintance of his, a Mr. Snowden, a very genteel and I suppose wealthy family, where he tarried one or two days, and where we were very kindly treated. We then continued our way through Baltimore, where Mr. Quarles made a short tarry, and where he purchased for me a pair of "Sunday shoes," very sharp-toed, as was then the fashion. After one more night's tarry we reached Mrs. Husband's on Saturday evening, and I spent the Sunday with the family. As they were acquainted with 'Squire Miller's family, I was treated very kindly. On Monday Mr. Quarles took me to the Susquehanna River, there about a mile and a quarter wide, and leaving our horse on the Harford side, we were ferried over to Creswell's, on the Cecil shore. I rode behind Mr. Quarles from there to my grandfather's, only about four miles. On reaching the place as described to my guide, we went in, and found an old lady and her daughter about twenty-two years of age, the only whites about the house.

LIFE OF SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER

"Is this 'Squire Miller's?'" said Mr. Quarles.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is John Quarles; I bring you here a little kinsman."

"Is it Tommy's son?"

"Yes, ma'am."

I was at once greeted with the utmost love and cordiality. Mr. Quarles stayed for dinner, and after receiving repeated thanks for his care of me, left me.

I inquired where grandpa was. He had gone that day to a little town, Charlestown, on the Northeast River, about six miles distant, and would be back about night. Many were the questions and examinations by my aunt and grandmother and my Uncle James and Samuel, and they seemed to take me at once, not only to their house, but to their hearts. By night I had made great way in becoming acquainted. About dusk my grandfather, an old man rather under size, of a stern countenance, in top boots, walked in. On a hint from Aunt Deborah I walked up to him, and said, "Howdy, grandpa."

"Who is this?"

"Why, it is Tommy's son."

"It is, really; how is your mamma?"

"She is well."

"Poor thing! Poor thing! How did you get here?"

"Why, a gentleman named Mr. Quarles brought me here today. He is himself going to live over the river at Mrs. Husband's. He married one of her daughters."

"Well! Well! Dear me! Dear me!"

The day I arrived was the 22nd of November, 1801, which was my birthday, and I was just twelve years of age. Here I at last found a home, after being sent from one relative's house to another, and no place that I had any right to call *my* home."

The household consisted of my grandfather and grandmother, both well stricken in years; my Aunt Deborah, about twenty-two years of age; my two uncles, James and Samuel, of whom the former kept the mill, distance nearly a mile—the other, Samuel, worked on the farm; two bound boys, John Crowley and Jack Bennett; a negro man Harry, a very large mulatto of about twenty or twenty-one; a negro boy Abe, about my size and age; a negro woman, Luck, and one or two girl children. The house was an old-fashioned one of many years' standing, a porch in front, kitchen adjoining the house, the usual position in that country; the house one-story high, consisting of a common sitting-room with large fireplace, two small lodging rooms, in one of which my grandfather lodged, and in the adjoining one, my aunt; a comfortable back room with a fireplace and pretty well lighted, and two rooms upstairs where my uncles and the bound boys slept.

Two days after my arrival my grandfather took me up to see Aunt Nancy and Uncle T. Williams, and thence by where Uncle Williams lived, though neither he nor his wife was then at home, as he was a Annapolis at the legislature, and she down in Sassafras Neck on a visit to her brother, John Cox. (I may here remark that it was near four years before I saw my mother again, but we kept up unintermitted correspondence by letter.)

That winter I went a little to a teacher named James Cassiday, close to my Aunt Williams', but in February or March Uncle William returned from Annapolis and Aunt Sophia from Sassafras Neck, and I was then taken by him to his house, and he commenced setting me tasks in English Grammar; but though he was educated himself, and talented, he was not qualified to teach. In the first place, his practice and his public engagements

put it out of his power to pay regular and uninterrupted attention to my recitations; and in the next place, he was too impatient to succeed in explaining and encouraging a wild and playful boy. He was very fond of me as well as proud of my talents and acquirements. I was very thoughtless and too easily led away by frolic and fun.

One adventure I remember well; it occurred in my uncle's absence. He had two horses that he rode alternately; one had a habit of kicking in the stable whenever a lock of hay or fodder or anything similar touched his rump. A negro boy, a hireling, who was also mischievous, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and myself, undertook to break him of this habit, and our plan was for me to get up in the loft and Tom to place himself outside the stable, and first provoke the horse to kick up and then jab the pitchfork in his rump when he kicked up. We continued this frolic until we were entirely satisfied, without once thinking of the probable damage to the horse. My uncle came home at night, and next morning discovered his horse was very seriously injured and stiffened, and on examination was soon convinced of the manner in which it was done, and the parties. Tom and myself pretended ignorance, but our countenances too plainly convicted us. My uncle in his passion called me "you damned little rascal," and jerked up a switch and gave me several smart cracks. Tom was also properly corrected. I am surprised now that I should have been so thoughtless, but as my uncle in his younger days had been at least as mischievous as myself, his anger did not last long, and I supposed in telling it at my grandfather's, he related an adventure of his own and another school-fellow whilst at school at the Rev. Francis Latta's. They had gone on a fishing or bathing expedition to the Susquehanna River, and finding a horse there in rather low order, managed to drive him into the river, and jumping into a canoe drove the horse across the river where it was over a mile wide. As they neared the shore they headed the horse and drove him back again, and as it was swimming nearly all the way, the horse was worried as long as he could stand it, and was near being drowned. The owner hearing pretty soon who it was that had served his horse so, went to the schoolhouse, and finding my uncle standing by the house, came directly up to him and only prefacing, "How come you to serve my horse so bad?" mad a violent blow at him. But my uncle, being very active and quick-sighted, eluded the blow by dexterously dropping down and then springing off, and the side of the house instead of his head received the blow. He then aggravated the offense by laughing at the man. I was, however, cured of my horse-jabbing fun.

About the middle of April my uncle asked me if I thought I could find the way to Lancaster, as he was in want of some medicines. I unhesitatingly assured him I could. He therefore had me rigged up and started me to find my way to that place, about thirty or forty miles distant. Though I knew no person there, nor a foot of the road, I started, full of life and confidence, eager to gratify my craving curiosity, as well as to see my uncle John and Aunt Polly and her family. I suppose he gave me plain directions and money enough to bear expenses, for I have no recollection of getting lost or even embarrassed. After getting within fifteen or eighteen miles of Lancaster I was wonderfully taken with the beauty of the country; fine, luxuriant wheat and rye fields, green meadows, large, regular orchards in full bloom, gardens as gay as abundance and variety of flowers could make them; fine two-story brick houses, large thatched barns, immense haystacks; and cattle and horses, for number and size and fatness, surpassing anything I had ever seen or imagined, and these increasing rapidly in number as I approached the town. And then the bridge over Conestoga, Whitmores, and the Turnpike Road, the first I had ever seen.

My sense were almost bewildered by the number and variety of interesting objects perpetually occurring. At length the town was in sight, apparently half-screened by thousands of fruit trees in full bloom.

Near the center of the town I was shown Slaymaker's Tavern, where my uncle boarded. On alighting, my horse was soon taken and led off to the stable, and as I reached the door I met a nice, pleasant-looking young man, apparently four or five and twenty years of age, and modestly asked him if Mr. John Miller lived there. "Oh yes," said he, "do you wish to see him?"

"Yes sir, his is my uncle, but I do not know him, as I have never seen him."

Looking kindly at me, and taking me by the hand, "Let us sit here," said he, pointing to a little bench beside the street door, and he began conversing in a very friendly manner. But in four or five minutes, or even less, across the street a little beyond us, a very spruce, genteel but small young man stepped nimbly out of a store, starting across towards where we were.

"That" said Mr. Mott, the gentleman by me, "is your uncle."

I felt a strange choking in my throat and looked eagerly at him, as he came up. On reaching us, Mr. Mott blandly said to my uncle,

"Here is a little nephew of yours."

Turning instantly to me and taking my hand, he asked me if I was Tommy's son. On replying I was, he seemed nearly as much surprised and pleased as I was myself. After reading the letters which I carried, and some natural inquiries of family matters and my trip, etc., he asked if I wouldn't like to see my aunt. So we started immediately for North Queen Street, some three or four squares off, for her residence. Slaymaker's Tavern was on East King Street. We soon passed over the intervening space, he asking a thousand affectionate questions and I as willingly answering them.

My first interview with my aunt was in no respect less affectionate or interesting than that with Uncle John. I remained a day or two, enjoying myself very much, and during my stay, as there was a very celebrated classical teacher in high repute in Lancaster, Mr. James Ross; and my friends, understanding that it was intended to give me an education, after discussing the matter amongst themselves, came to the conclusion to propose to my grandfather and Uncle William to enter me at Mr. Ross's school at the opening on the 3rd of May. It was then vacation. Mr. Clendenin and my aunt proffered to board me gratis and my uncle to assist in clothing me.

On my return my friends closed eagerly with the proposal and in a week or two I returned, some few days before Mr. Ross's school opened, Mr. Clendenin meantime pointing out my first lessons in the Latin Grammar. I was highly elated with the thoughts of learning Latin, both on my own account and knowing how it would gratify my mother; and as my relations had satisfied themselves by inquiry and observation that I had great aptitude for learning, I waited in eager expectation for the opening of school.

CHAPTER V

On Monday, the 3rd of May, 1802, Uncle John accompanied me to the school room and entered me at Mr. Ross's. There were about forty scholars, many of them sons of the best families in Lancaster and the surrounding county, some about my age a few younger and several older. Mr. Ross supplied me with a new grammar, the first edition of his own compilation, and set me to work, putting another in a class with me. Falinstock, my classmate, soon proposed that we should divide our labors, I getting one part of the lesson and he the other, that we might get along quicker and with less labor; but I had no idea of deceiving the teacher or fooling, and left my proposed classmate the second day. I was soon mated with one about my own capacity, about a year or two older than myself, William Houston, son of Dr. Houston, of Columbia. As there were many beginners, and each eager to measure swords with his rival, we soon learned our respective acquisitions and capacities. Mr. Ross was himself somewhat deceived as to my powers of acquisition, and could scarce be persuaded by my relations that I had not been some time learning Latin, which indeed was only true of the two or three days that had elapsed from the time I returned to Lancaster till the commencement of the school. My friends were delighted at my progress and their praise was very stimulating. Houston and myself soon passed many that commenced with us. Before we were permitted to leave the grammar we were very thorough in it, as we had not only to go over enough to master it ourselves, but to give our duller classmates a chance to become perfect. We chafed a good deal at this and did not bear our being held back very patiently. At last a class respectable for numbers, made up of two or three classes, entered Cordery. We were required to parse every word of the lesson. Our rapidity of progress would every now and then enable us to join a class in advance of us. This sometimes excited envy and caused grumbling, but we soon found our new classmates very willing to receive us, as, instead of being a drag, we helped them along. On one occasion this bore very hard upon me for a time. Two classes were consolidated when we began Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and I had no Ovid, and as there were none to be had in the bookstores in Lancaster until a fresh supply was procured from Philadelphia, I remember lingering about the schoolroom after school was dismissed; and as there was always someone not careful to carry home his books, I would pick up that one that was carelessly left behind, and diligently, night and morning, study it. In this way I hobbled on until I got a book of my own, and began to be able to manage Ovid. Houston and myself were soon at the head of our class, and asked no favors in the way of helping to translate.

One other difficulty we had to surmount whilst with Mr. Ross: After pretty thoroughly mastering the Latin Grammar, we were put into Wittenhall's Greek Grammar, the text of which was all in Latin. We were made to pursue the same course in this as in the Latin, that is, to drag up the idlers, and we were more restive now than we had been before, as we had a larger class and more dunces. We were now reading Virgil in the morning and *Selecta e Profanis* in the evening. Under all these embarrassments we had so completely committed to memory our Greek Grammar that I think we could have repeated almost without mistake the whole of it. That was required before we began the *Testament*. This made us very importunate with Mr. Ross to let us commence the Gospel of John (which was the usual course in his school) after the grammar. He held us back, however, for some time, until a good deal of mutual dissatisfaction took place. At length he reluctantly came

to the ungenerous conclusion that we might commence John, but he would not abate a line either of *Selecta e Profanis* or Virgil. This proved so great a damper that only three of us dared venture—Houston, myself and Tom Henderson, I believe. We determined to persevere, and as there was a tradition in his school that the greatest first lesson in John that any of his classes had ever rehearsed was seven verses, we determined to get that number for our first, and we did it thoroughly, translating from the Greek into Latin word for word, and getting the parsing of every word and its derivation. But to our indescribable mortification, when we went up to recite he would only hear us recite and parse three verses. This mortified us very much, but we persevered until he finally suffered us to drop *Selecta e Profanis* and recite only Virgil and the Greek Testament. Notwithstanding Mr. Ross was annoyed by us, and misused us in these instances, we yet were general favorites with him. As we had Mythology at our finger's ends, we were the *dernier ressort* to answer every collateral question in history or fable. He was so pleased with my eagerness to learn that he lent me his Pope's Homer, which I rather devoured than read, confining myself to it, and denying myself our customary plays, until I had so thoroughly mastered it that there was scarcely a character, either Grecian or Trojan, or an event in it which I was not perfectly familiar with.

I used to enjoy the plays as much as our studies. We agreed very well, in general, but occasionally a quarrel, and sometimes a fight, ensued. I remember three—one with John Hubley's brother, which was promoted by John; another with John Wilson, and one with Barton, which grew out of some offense in school. He was the largest of the class and attempted to domineer over us, and on resenting this and returning his insult with defiance, he challenged four of us for a fight after school was dismissed. This we readily agreed to, and getting in the rear of our schoolhouse, which was at the extremity of the street, we soon showed that four to one was entirely too many. I remember that in the fight, not thinking I could hurt him enough with my fist, I pulled off my shoe, and, holding it by the toe, I banged him with the heel. Meanwhile the other three were diligently pummeling him, and he soon cried, "enough!" Our astonishment the next morning was great to find that Mr. Ross was made fully acquainted with the whole affair. Barton appeared, not a fellow culprit but as our accuser. My being the most forward of any, I resented his accusing us and maintained that he was just as culpable as we were, on which Barton turned to Mr. Ross and said he was willing to forgive every one but Sam Miller. This excited my indignation to such a degree that I burst out crying. We all felt that Barton, whose father was a leading man in Lancaster, was acting an unmanly and cowardly part, and that Mr. Ross was not acting impartially. I think we all got off without punishment, but Barton lost standing in school and was ever after unpopular and disliked.

I continued under Mr. Ross's tuition two years, and made good use of my opportunity; and have often felt that I was under great obligation to him for the thoroughness with which he taught whatever he undertook. He was not a man of general attainments, nor was he well qualified to manage boys. I remember to have heard it asserted that he never could demonstrate a proposition in Euclid, though of this I know nothing personally. But he was ardently devoted to Latin and Greek.

After I left him, in a few months his school broke up for want of due discipline. There were some symptoms bordering on it whilst I was with him. Robert Coleman, son of Robert Coleman, a man of great wealth, had taken Mitchell Cochran's dictionary to his seat. Cochran went to get it, and on turning to leave Coleman, the latter put out his foot

and tripped up Cochran and occasioned him to fall headlong on the floor. Mr. Ross, who saw it, started up from his chair, and advancing to Coleman, gave him a lick, upon which Coleman arose and struck Mr. Ross a severe blow on the side of his face and then ran out. Mr. Ross was so astounded and surprised by the blow that he seemed at a loss what to do. He then went to the door and told Coleman he had better come in and attend to his business, or something nearly tantamount to this; but whether from feeling that he had not sufficiently maintained his authority, and that he must do something more, he went to Cochran and chastised him for leaving his seat against the rules of the school. Cochran was a mild boy of about fourteen years of age. Coleman was well grown and between seventeen and eighteen. I understood that both parents were seriously displeased—Coleman at the tolerance of his son's misconduct, and Cochran at the unjustifiable punishment of his son.

A second case was that of John Evans, a son of Dr. Evans, of Chesterfield County, Virginia. John was a good-natured, indolent, careless fellow, not much good nor much harm; rather insensible. Mr. Ross was about to correct him for some misconduct, and when he drew near, Evans seized the hand and arm that had the cat-o'-nine-tails, and had a long scuffle, Mr. Ross endeavoring to flagellate and John to disarm him, and Mr. Ross had at length to give up the matter *re infecta*.

The third case, I am ashamed to confess, was my own. I had displeased him by some means, perhaps talking when I should have been studying, and as a punishment he had placed myself and Tom Henderson, my fellow culprit, on a bench to ourselves. We each straddled the bench, and instead of applying to my lessons, I began to amuse myself in some trifling way which I knew would irritate Mr. Ross. Meantime Henderson was to give me the wink when Mr. Ross should come, as I expected to be chastised. It was not long before he started hastily towards me. Henderson whispered, "He's coming!" I jumped up and ran. Our schoolroom was large, near thirty feet square, perhaps more, and we coursed around it two or three times at our best speed, all the scholars meantime enjoying the sport infinitely, jumping up, clapping hands, etc. After my frolic I finally stopped on the end of a bench, and having on an overcoat, let that hang down and take the half dozen licks that he intended for my legs, whilst they were drawn up.

Mr. Ross, at length losing his school and standing, moved to Philadelphia, where, I believe he taught to quite an advanced age.

On finishing my two years with Mr. Ross, one day my aunt told me they did not expect to board me any longer; that if any of our friends, my grandfather, Uncle William, or any of the rest should express any disappointment or dissatisfaction, I might say that she had done all for me that she expected to do from the first, and that it was more than any of the rest of my friends had done; that boarding was about forty pounds (Pennsylvania currency) a year, and therefore her benefaction was fully equivalent to eighty pounds. In Pennsylvania seven shillings and sixpence was a dollar.

I now feel and gratefully acknowledge that, considering the times and accompanying circumstances, her kindness was very important. It gave me any early start for a classical education, and whatever may have been her or her husband's motive, they were kind and encouraging to me; and she treated me like an affectionate mother. I felt at home at her house, and loved and was beloved by her children, of whom three were born before I went to live with her—Margaret, Nancy and Thomas; and one, Mary, whilst I was living with her.

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It had been customary for several years for my aunt to go to the country in the summertime and spend some weeks at Aunt Nancy's and Uncle William's, and it was usual for her mother and brothers and sisters to visit her on these occasions. The summer after I commenced school with Mr. Ross, she went, as usual, and whilst she was either at Aunt Nancy's or Uncle William's, my grandfather, hearing that she was down, sent her word she might come home; and when she, in compliance with this invitation, went there, he received her kindly. Whether time had worn down his resentment, or whether her generosity and that of her husband in regard to me produced this alteration in his conduct, of course I know not; and whether her conduct was expected or designed to bring about this change, I am equally ignorant. But although I would not indulge the thought that such was her design, yet it is not unreasonable to suppose that his feelings would become softened towards her, and it would afford me pleasure to think that I had been the cause, though the undesigning cause, of this healing of a distressing family breach.

As to Aunt Polly, she was naturally warmhearted and benevolent, as well as generous, and the unfeigned regard she professed for me as long as she lived convinced me that her best feelings were gratified by her timely ministrations to me, and she had, moreover, when my mother sojourned in Cecil, been cordially friendly with her.

CHAPTER VI

After returning to my grandfather's I lost some months to little or no useful purpose. My grandfather was divided in his opinion whether to send me to Newark Academy, in Delaware, a Presbyterian Institution, or to Mr. Samuel Martin, a Presbyterian preacher, who kept a boarding school at Slate Ridge, just over the line between York, Pennsylvania, and Harford County, in Maryland. He finally decided in favor of the latter. Mr. Martin and Uncle William had been old schoolmates under the Rev. A. W. Latta, in Chestnut Level, and Slate Ridge was nearer, and as the price of boarding and tuition was but one hundred dollars per annum, and moreover my grandfather was personally acquainted with Mr. Martin and highly esteemed him as a preacher, I was put under his care in September, 1804, and Uncle William took me up there.

A somewhat ludicrous circumstance occurred to us as we went. I had to ride behind Uncle William, and this "carrying double," with my necessary clothes and books, must have been burdensome to the horse. At length my uncle observed that we would "ride and tie," and got down. "Go on," said he. The phrase was new to me, and supposing I understood its meaning, he walked on for some time, I not very far ahead. At length he became tire, and seeing no sign of my dismounting, called to me: "Why in the devil don't you tie?" I then stopped until he came up. He then asked me why I hadn't gone on, and seeing that I still was in the dark, asked me if I didn't know what was meant by "ride and tie." I told him candidly the phrase was entirely new and unintelligible to me, which led him to explain that when two persons rode one horse, by way of relieving the horse one rode it on ahead for some distance and then, dismounting, tied the horse and set off at once on foot, the hindmost one walking on until he reached the horse, then mounted in his turn and rode on until, passing the foremost, he gained a proper distance, and in his turn, dismounted, tied and moved on.

When I reached Mr. Martin's, who lived about five miles from Peach Bottom Ferry, we found several agreeable boys (boarders), some about my own age, some older, some three of whom, William and Edgar Clymer and Hugh Ross, had been schoolmates with me in Lancaster. I then went into a class with Thomas Worthington, of Harford County, Maryland, and we studied together quite agreeably for a year. In this time I read some more in the Greek Testament, Lucian's Dialogues, four books of Xenophon's Cyropaedia, six books of Homer's Iliad, and Longinus, and in Latin, six book of Virgil, Horace, Juvenal and Cicero. All this, which I read in one year, should have taken up at least two years. But Mr. Martin, though possessed of much more information than Mr. Ross, was not near equal to him as a linguist. I also may remark that all my Greek was translated into Latin. The method of teaching Greek then was nothing like as efficient as the present system.

Our boarding was quite rough, and our fare very plain and not very plentiful. At dinner we seldom or never had over one dish of meat, and by long habit Mrs. Martin could carve that into exactly as many parts as there were plates to help. There was therefore no second helping. Sometimes we had dessert, but not often. Our coffee was either half rye or half potato. We but seldom got butter. Sometimes we had a relish of salt fish or salted eels for breakfast. Our supper was sometimes buttermilk and mush, sometimes buttermilk and potatoes, sometimes bread and cider. Our milk or cider was served to us in tin cups, which frequently were not half full, scarcely ever full, and sometimes there was a studied effort to put us off on Sunday without any supper; but by perseverance and half-

suppressed mutterings we had this altered. I think I might safely say none of us ever rose from the table fully satisfied, yet we all enjoyed uniform good health.

When we rose of a morning we went to our schoolroom to study till summoned to prayers. On our way thither we passed the springhouse, where we washed our faces and hands in the branch and wiped them with our pocket handkerchiefs. We changed linen once a week and did our own mending and patching.

Mrs. Martin was a large, coarse, Scotch-Irish woman, pretty well informed, but with but little refinement. She was crafty, and contrived to get a good many jobs of work out of us. We used to spade up the garden of a spring, pull the flax, cut the wheat, help make hay, and sometimes go to the mill for the family; and we were expected to get our own firewood for the schoolhouse, though it cost us only the labor of cutting and hauling, as Mr. Martin let us get it off his lands. We spent the forepart of the day in recitation and the latter in studying for the next day. In the evening we went to the barn or the field or the schoolroom, wherever we chose to study. When company visited them, which was frequently the case, to supper or tea, they took their meals with their company, leaving us to take ours at the usual place, and as on such occasions the fare was scarcely up to our ordinary standard, there were sometimes sour looks and suppressed murmurings; but when any of our friends visited, or when we laid by our books and performed any of the before mentioned jobs, we had as good fare as they could afford. Over all this management Mrs. Martin presided, her husband ignoring the whole matter.

Mr. Martin was a sensible, well-informed man, and a very agreeable conversationalist, and would render himself very entertaining without ever losing his dignity. After supper, if in a social mood, he would sometimes entertain those of us who were fond of converse a good while, and his anecdotes were both instructive and amusing, and mostly the result of his own observation. There were some amongst us who did not take so much interest, and they would occasionally take a nap.

I remember one evening, Ned Clymer, who happened to be sitting near Mr. Martin, judging we were in for a good, long bout, leaned his chair back and propped his head against the wall and fell into a profound sleep. When Mr. Martin went to prayers, somewhat late, he omitted reading and singing as usual, and we all kneeled down at once. After we were all fixed, the boy nearest to me gave me a gentle push, and as I turned my head to him, without speaking, he pointed to the other side of the room where Clymer was, next to Mr. Martin, in all the happiness of unconsciousness. Every boy's head was soon turned that way, and we found it difficult to keep from bursting into a laugh, especially when Ned Gill slyly and noiselessly picked a crumb of bread from the table and threw at Clymer to hit him, wishing to see his confusion when he should awake. But Clymer was totally undisturbed, even by the removal of the chairs, when we arose, and knew nothing until Mr. Martin, with a friendly jog and a smile on his countenance, awoke him, with the sly remark, "Why, Neddy, you sleep sound."

After commencing teaching I often thought what an inestimable aid it would be to me if I could have acquired Mr. Martin's indescribable art in managing his boys. He scarce ever scolded or quarreled, and of the worst recitation he would, at its close, not express his opinion in stronger terms than some such as: "You seem not to have succeeded well in studying this lesson," or something not harsher.

He did once give us a lecture that I am confident none of us ever forgot. I arose from the following circumstances: Mr. and Mrs. Martin spent the evening with a neighbor a

mile or two off, and as they did not come home until late, we supped and had prayers without them, old Mr. Irvine, Mrs. Martin's father, as usual in his absence, praying. We were all in high glee; for by some means we had gotten some liquor, and instead of studying, had been frolicking, playing *hustle-cap*, and some other wild indulgences, and when at last summoned to prayers, came running in half out of breath, helter-skelter and with some rudeness. Old Mr. Irvine, a pious good old soul, was a little discomposed, but soon engaged in prayer; but the boys, knowing the old man was hard of hearing, got to pinching and sticking pins in each other and some similar pranks, and some were so loud that the old man became disconcerted, was put out, and when he struck into prayer again began at near the commencement, for some of us could nearly repeat the whole of the old man's prayer, from having heard it so often. One of them therefore gave Joshua Bond a push and pretended reprimand, saying to him, "Now Josh, see what you have done with your noise; you have put Daddy out, and he has struck in almost at the beginning, and we shall have to stay here another quarter of an hour." The snickering and disorder which this occasioned did not escape Mr. Irvine, and after we had retired to bed and dropped to sleep, Mr. and Mrs. Martin came in and found Daddy sitting by the fire crying like a child. Upon Mr. Martin inquiring the cause, the old man related very clearly and consistently how we had misbehaved, and expressed his fears that dreadful judgment would certainly befall so graceless a set as we were.

The next morning on our way to breakfast and prayers, one of the housemaids briefly hinted to us what Mr. Irvine had communicated. The first glance at Mr. and Mrs. Martin's countenances but too truly confirmed the news. So, after prayers and breakfast were over, with a calmness of tone which contrasted singularly with the ominous dark frown, he commenced:

"I thought I had a parcel of young gentlemen boarding with me, as I well might, from their family connections, but I am mortified to find that I have none but a parcel of young blackguards. Not contented with drinking, you have taken up with that meanest and lowest species of gambling that has been heretofore confined to negroes and the most unprincipled whites—more degraded than even the negroes. Not satisfied with that, you have abused my indulgence in granting you leave to go to Peach Bottom Ferry, under pretense of fishing, by making yourselves beastly drunk. And to crown all, you have proceeded to such a degree of profanity, that, not content with treating old age with unpardonable rudeness, you have even insulted the Majesty by mocking while pretending to kneel at worship."

This is a mere outline of what was calmly, earnestly, slowly and distinctly pronounced by one whom we had never before heard use a disrespectful word to us, and who had so often entertained us as one gentleman to another. When he finished, we sneaked off like sheep-killing dogs with their heads hanging down and their tails tucked under their legs. We retired to the schoolhouse and talked over the matter amongst ourselves; and harsh as the language had been, every one admitted its applicability, and expressed his shame and mortification, and his astonishment that, with so full a knowledge of our misdeeds, he should yet have forbore so long and continued to treat us as if he had heard or known nothing of all our most secret and scandalous conduct.

I think it was about a fortnight before a gleam of his former blandness of behavior returned, and the relief that this afforded was pretty much like a pardon to a felon under the gallows. He never had to give us another lecture on behavior, and Josh Bond, our

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leader, said he never should forget the nailhead in the floor, for he had not removed his eyes from it for one good half hour.

CHAPTER VII

I have not continued my narrative for many months, and have but little expectation of ever bringing it down to the present, but will occasionally resume it.

At the expiration of the first year at Mr. Martin's (his school was called Slate Ridge Academy, it being near a ridge abounding in slate), Mr. Martin wrote to my grandfather proposing to give me my boarding and tuition on condition of my assisting him in his school. This was considered by my grandfather and uncle so advantageous and flattering an offer, that they both acceded to it, so far as their consent was needed; but I suppose they felt desirous of my mother's consent, and as I had been now near four years from her, they talked strongly of permitting me to visit her. But owing to some impediment, the design was temporarily abandoned, and I wrote to my mother to that effect. It took her at an interesting juncture and produced a deep disappointment, for independently of her ardent desire to see me, that she might gratify her maternal affection and her pride at my improvement, she had just lost her nearest and most affectionate relative, Aunt Betsey Jackson. Aunt Betsey had been up in Buckingham at Aunt Hendrick's on a visit of some weeks, during which she attended a Methodist camp-meeting; and as she had met with much sorrow and disappointment in her married life, she became convicted and finally professed conversation, which I can readily suppose was genuine. She was taken with a fever of a violent nature and soon died in the triumph of faith. She left but one child (Alexander), and it was said that on the approach of death, when her little boy was brought to her, at her request, with a sweet smile she held out her hand, and her last words were "Bye, son."

My mother was deeply grieved at her death, and had none to sympathize with her, for a little after this event the celebrated race between Colonel Taylor's horse, "Peacemaker," and Uncle William Ball's horse, "Florizel," took place, and as races were then very popular and drew immense crowds together, and as my uncle was then proprietor of Broadrock Race Grounds, and living there, he had to entertain, and for some weeks before the races all was bustle and preparation for that event.

The race was a match race for three thousand dollars of a side, and as my uncle's horse had hitherto won every race in which he ran, there was confident expectation of his success in this; and as the event proved, such confidence was not groundless, "Florizel" winning the race without being put up to his speed.

Meantime, whatever was the impediment which had led my grandfather and uncle to prevent my visit, it was removed, and Uncle James Miller very kindly lent me his riding horse, and being duly equipped I started, and the first day reached within three miles of Baltimore. I had a very pleasant journey, sometimes by myself, sometimes falling in with an agreeable companion, and never feeling lonesome, for my heart was exulting at the anticipation of seeing my mother, my uncles and aunts, my cousins and old acquaintances. Nothing very interesting occurred to me on the road that I remember. I think the night before my last day's travel, I was informed of the great races at Broadrock, and this increased my eagerness to reach there, but I soon learned that they were to end that day and the my uncle's horse was the winner of the match race. I remember with what eagerness I crossed Mayo's bridge, though the sun was very low and my horse quite weary, but I was doomed to meet with a damper. I drew near to Mr. Jackson's, from whom I had so

sorrowfully departed four years before, and meeting a negro man in the street, though so near, I inquired of him about my mother and Aunt Betsey Jackson.

“Mrs. Jackson,” said he, pausing, as if recollecting, “why, Mrs. Jackson is dead.”

“How do you know?”

“Oh, she’s been dead four or five weeks.”

I began to fear from his positive affirmation it must be so, but as I had heard nothing of her sickness, for our correspondence had been interrupted, I still cherished a hope that there might be a mistake. I then rode up to Mr. Jackson’s (he lived in a sequestered situation on one of the back streets), alighted and went in and found Mr. Jackson complaining a good deal. My worst apprehensions were soon realized. My aunt was really dead. Mr. Jackson very kindly invited me to spend the night with him, but as I found on inquiry that Broadrock was but three miles distant, I could not think of deferring my interview with my mother longer than it would take my weary horse to travel it.

I had never been at Broadrock, for my uncle had moved there after I went to Maryland, but Mr. Jackson told me if I would go, there would be no difficulty in finding it, as it was a public place, on a public road, and as all the settlers and other were breaking up their encampment, I would no doubt meet many on the road. I remounted, and taking the public road, found it as he expected—filled with footmen, horsemen and many kinds of vehicles. After three-quarters of an hour I found myself on a large flat rock, crossed by a branch, and not doubting this was the place, I inquired of some bystanders where Mr. Ball lived.

“Oh,” said the man, “cross the branch and go ‘long one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards, and then turn down to your left hand in the lane and you will be at the house. If it wasn’t so dusky, and the chinquapin bushes weren’t in the way, you could see the house now.”

“Thank you; goodbye.”

I moved on, found it as he described, alighted, and a servant being there, I asked if Mrs. Miller was there.

“Who, Miss Nancy? Oh yes, and a heap of other folks too.”

The front door was closed. I went around to the back door and, entering the passage, passed out of it immediately into a room full of merry company. I recognized my mother on the opposite side of the room, sitting by the window. I hurried across the room and took her hand, with “Howdy, Ma.” She sprang instantly to her feet with the question, “Is this my son?”

I was instantly surrounded by most of those present and received many kind congratulations, my mother meantime giving vent to her feelings by a copious showing of tears. What a moment it was!

Many explanations were given and received. Next day, or the day after, my mother and myself went to Manchester and saw little Alek, poor fellow, with a large boil beside his nose, and looking indeed like a motherless child.

CHAPTER VIII

I spent some weeks on my visit, during which I accompanied Uncle William and Cousin Tom to the races at New Market, near Petersburg. I spent three or four days at Mr. John Friend's, Cousin Susan's husband, and found him a most pleasant, friendly, sociable fellow. I had left Susan a young lady, just about setting out in life, and now she was a matron with two or three children, an admirable housekeeper, and well fixed.

On my return to my grandfather's, I went back to Mr. Martin's in acceptance of his offer, and commenced hearing the recitations of my late school-fellows, most of whom were my seniors. I commenced Euclid's *Elements* and *Duncan's Logic*, and afterwards studied Navigation and did a little at Composition. But excepting Euclid, I don't think I learned much. Indeed, about this time I began to devote more time to general reading and newspapers than I ought, and as Mr. Martin left me pretty much to my course, I think the last year was less profitably spend by me than it should have been.

Mr. Martin and my grandfather, who was an elder in West Nottingham Church, were both anxious for me to study Divinity and become a Presbyterian preacher. I was reluctant and had conscientious scruples, not believing I had a call to the ministry, and fearing I could not maintain that correctness of conduct becoming such a sacred calling. It was not insisted on; an application was made, however, in my behalf by the Rev. James Magraw, the pastor of West Nottingham, to the Faculty at Princeton, to know if I could get an appointment as tutor, but no vacancy occurring, that scheme fell through.

The plan then adopted for me was for me to live with Uncle William, commence the study of medicine, and after duly qualifying myself, to attend the lectures at Philadelphia, he bearing the expenses of one session—in the meantime, that I should do what I could towards clothing myself by taking a little neighborhood school, which was to be taught at the Session's House. It commenced; the scholars learned satisfactorily; but there was one modifying condition. Amongst the elders was a Mr. William Johnson, a very respectable old bachelor, who, from conscientious motives, wished two of his negro children taught—a boy and a girl. Mr. Magraw and my friends thought it would not do to disoblige Mr. Johnson by refusing to take and teach his negro children, but it was gall and wormwood to me, and withal they were exceedingly dull.

I did not study medicine with much zeal, indeed, general reading and newspapers were so much more to my taste; and my uncle, though fond of me, not being adapted, by disposition, to communicate knowledge, I made but moderate progress.

During the summer season, according to the custom in large cities, some friends of Mr. George Handy, an Episcopal clergyman of Cecil County, came out from Baltimore to spend a few weeks during the summer heat. My uncle, who practiced in his family, sent me with some medicines and prescriptions, whilst Mr. Dashiell's family was at his house. My presence and deportment gave rise to some inquiries, and I was invited to go and see Mr. Dashiell in Baltimore, as he was at the head of a Charity School, connected with St. Peter's Church, and as they already had an English Department in operation, they wished to add a classical one. My uncle, with some reluctance, consented that this visit should be made, and to make the trip as conveniently and economically as practicable, I went to Mr. Thomas Verey's (a particular friend of my uncle's) to borrow a gig, and Mr. Verey, an old acquaintance and friend of my uncle's wife, took the opportunity to send my aunt a basket of peaches. I got within one hundred yards of my uncle's, when, driving too carelessly

on a sloping road, the gig upset, with myself and the basket of peaches deposited in the road. The horse took flight, dashed off, and striking against the corner of the fence, left the gig in fragments. My uncle was justly vexed at my carelessness, and said curtly: "Well, now you may go by yourself." I did so, engaged the place at \$750, and after collecting enough from my petty school to rig myself decently, I set in at St. Peter's Church in the fall of 1807, not quite eighteen years of age. My Miller friends were offended, except my uncle's wife, whom we never thought willing to be troubled with me, though I always treated her respectfully. My grandfather, I suppose, was vexed that I did not follow up his wishes of being a Presbyterian preacher; and Uncle William, I suppose, felt that I had been too ready to leave him, though he still evinced decided affection for me. I wanted to have more freedom and more means to dress myself. I unquestionably ought to have exercised more self-control and to have confined myself to professional preparation. I loved my uncle and he loved me, and he was proud of my talents. He was thenceforward much taken up, as he had been for some time, with politics.

CHAPTER IX

I was quite attentive to my school, and getting along very well with it and the trustees, and especially with Mr. Dashiell, who evinced a considerable regard for me, and sent three of his children to see me. I had, however, after awhile, an unpleasant difference with one of the trustees, a Mr. Jessup, which broke up my contract with them. He had a son named Joshua, rather a wild and headstrong lad, whom he removed from some other school and put under me; and whether he thought me too young to exercise authority, or for what cause, when we engaged he advised me if the scholars gave trouble, to make them stand until I could send for some of the trustees to come and investigate their conduct. I did not refuse, but had no idea of so dilatory and milk-and-water kind of government as that, and withal thought I could get along much more successfully with my own way. Besides, most of my scholars, with only one or two exceptions, were of the small order. Things went on very well for some time, but at length Joshua Jessup and myself came into collision in this wise:

The war and volunteer fever was at its height, as the public feelings were at a high point of exasperation, occasioned by the recent attack on the *Chesapeake* by the British ship *Leopard*. Every day some company in splendid uniform would march through the streets, going out to the suburbs, and as such matters present an almost irresistible attraction to boys, they generally followed in large numbers. One of those companies was coming up the main street, accompanied by drum, fife, etc. Joshua happened to be out at the time and was waiting at the door on the street to see the company pass. My schoolroom was on the second story, and but a short distance from the main street. One of the other boys, wanting to go out, informed me that Jessup had been out some time and was now standing at the front door waiting for the passing of the company. I looked out at the window and ordered him to come up, and not doubting his immediate compliance, again went on hearing the lesson on hand; but Jessup, instead of obeying me, went off to the main street. The other boy, after waiting in vain for him to come up, again complained to me, saying that Jessup was now standing at the corner of the main street. I felt irritated at his disobedience, and sent two boys after him. When he came up, and with ruler paddled his hand. This only made him more angry, and as he retired to his seat, muttering and resentfully shaking his head, I jumped up with a round ruler and gave him so severe a blow on the head that he seated himself at once and seemed intimidated. But after an hour or two he again go leave to go out, went home and complained to his father. As he stayed out some time, I said to Mr. Oliver Norris, who was then studying Latin with me and Divinity with Mr. Dashiell, that I expected Joshua was gone to tell his father.

"Oh, I reckon not," said Mr. Norris; "he would hardly be so foolish."

But my conjecture was right, for soon his father accompanied hi, and in a very wrathful mood, inquired what his son had done to be treated so. I replied, he was disobedient and disrespectful.

"Why, sir," said he, "if he had ben a negro you could not have treated him worse."

"Well, sir," said I, "if he gives the same provocation again, he will receive the same treatment."

"Well, sir," said he, "that doesn't satisfy me."

"Then," said I, "get your satisfaction in any way that suits you."

He walked back and forth for a few seconds, and I expected a personal assault, but he then ordered his son to take up his books and leave. As Jessup was a large and strong man and of violent temper, and was said to have broken one teacher's arm in a personal encounter, I expected for some time a street attack, but I never encountered him. He, however, notified the Board of Trustees that he considered I had violated the contract, and would not be bound for the salary. I was too impetuous and hotheaded, but his son was unfit for any respectable school.

My school went on very well and soon was worth more to me than the stipulated salary. As I was young and inexperienced, I was treated very kindly and hospitably by many of the most respectable families belonging to St. Peter's Church, and the children learned well. I associated with the members of the church, attended the prayer meetings, and soon became seriously impressed on the subject of religion, and ultimately joined the church and the choir, and a very close connection was formed between myself and Oliver Norris and Alfred Henry Dashiell, Mr. Dashiell's eldest son.

My uniting with the Episcopal Church still further, I apprehend, cooled my grandfather's feelings toward me. No open breach, however, occurred between myself and my relatives on this account, but I was straggling off from them further and further.

The families where I was most intimate, besides that of Mr. Dashiell's, were Mr. John Horne's, Joseph Young's, William McMechen's, Mr. Rutter's, Stephen Williams' and John Creery's. I boarded first with the latter, and I have never met a more conscientious man. He had just gotten married before I went to Baltimore, and was the teacher in the English Department. Mrs. Horne and Mrs. Young were sisters of the Ridgely family.

Mr. Dashiell was a very talented man and one of the most impressive preachers I ever heard. He afterwards fell into disrepute and left the Episcopal Church and became a Presbyterian preacher.

Oliver Norris became a preacher and settled at Alexandria.

Amongst my scholars was Alfred H. Dashiell, who became a preacher, and having seceded with his father from the Episcopal Church, became a Presbyterian preacher. I loved him with the warmth of a brother, and through my instrumentality he was chosen teacher at the New London Academy, in Bedford County, Virginia, where he taught very acceptably a year, and then returned to Maryland. I had also John D. Godman under my tuition all the time I taught in Baltimore. He was a poor boy, but very talented. After I left Baltimore he was put with a printer, Mr. Warner, but during the War of 1812 he ran off and joined the navy. He was later reclaimed, took to study, became eminent as a physician, and a scholar and writer, lived a while in Cincinnati, then in Philadelphia, then in New York, where he occupied a high standing as a professor at Rutgers's College. He has now been dead several years, after leaving a good many well received literary works.

As I was able to dress genteelly and had plenty of pocket money, I was received favorably in good society. I look back on the two years and over that I spend in Baltimore as amongst the pleasantest parts of my life. Mr. Young, who had a share in the public library, very kindly allowed me to use his name, and by courtesy and respectful demeanor to the old French Abbe, who was the librarian, I got along in this respect very well. Though the little old man was habitually testy, he was never rough with me, but became so civil as to invite me to visit his family, which consisted of a sister and her son.

I concluded I must use my opportunity to acquire a knowledge of French, and on making inquiry for a teacher was recommended to take lessons from a Mr. Brown, who

kept a night-school. So Alfred Dashiell and myself waited on him one evening and engaged him to give us sixty lessons for fifteen dollars each. Whilst we waited on him, several young men, his scholars, were reciting, and amongst them a young Mr. Tyson, who seemed to read it so fluently and pronounce so volubly, that I secretly wondered whether I should ever be able to acquit myself as well. We used to wait on Mr. Brown three nights alternately in the week, and on further acquaintance I found him a polished, courteous gentleman, well qualified for his profession. He told me, that though born in England, he was taken by his father to Paris at four years of age, and there remained until twelve years old. Then he was taken to Germany and acquired that language by colloquial intercourse, as well as at school. As I was eager to acquire the French, and very respectful to Mr. Brown, we got on admirably together, and before the expiration of sixty lessons Mr. Brown suggested to me, as a relief both to myself and to him, to drop the tediousness of translation and to read my French recitations to him, to perfect my pronunciation, and if I met with any sentence or expression which I did not fully understand, he would explain it. I now regret deeply that I did not continue longer with him and in the same way acquire the German, but it never came in my head to do so. After reading my recitation to him one evening he complimented me very warmly, assuring me that he would be willing for a Parisian to hear me read French, and that he would not, after listening to pages, be able to say that I was not French. This must have been rather high-colored, though I have since, on various occasions, tested my pronunciation, and was always assured that it was correct.

In order to acquire it orally I moved my boarding to a French family, an old Mr. LaReintree, a refugee from the West Indies during the trouble at St. Domingo. The family consisted of father, mother and son; and the two old people were remarkable for their politeness and good-breeding. As they could not speak English, my intercourse with them was necessarily carried on in their language, but such was my bashfulness that I was generally a silent listener when any others were by. When I was with them only, I conversed freely and they behaved so kindly and affectionately that I became much attached to them. I quit them after some months on account of the inconvenient hour of dining. Their son was a clerk in the Union Bank and did not come out until three o'clock. Of course this hour regulated the dinner hour. My school, like all others opened for the evening at two o'clock, so I was obliged to leave my school an hour every evening, which I began to fear would injure my school. Therefore, after explaining the necessity to Mr. and Mrs. LaReintree, and settling up, I left, in company with my friend and fellow boarder, John Duir, to go to board with a Quaker family, Mr. Sheppard. Old Mrs. LeReintree, in parting with me, said she regretted it, for I was a "*bon garçon*."

I was very well pleased with my fare and treatment at Mr. Sheppard's, though it was hardly so stylish or so well cooked as at Mr. LaReintree's. I think I never enjoyed coffee so highly anywhere as at the latter place. Coffee and milk were both boiling hot, the sugar dish set on the middle of the table, and each sweetened for himself, and the servant when around serving each with coffee and cream.

On a review of my residence in Baltimore, I have much to be grateful for, and much to regret. I should have mingled more in society, and thus have become more accomplished and acquired more knowledge of men and things. I should, too, have concentrated my reading to a particular point, either law, medicine or divinity, and withal I should have husbanded my funds more economically. But I was sadly in want of one

thing, and that was some old, sincere, judicious friend to advise me, encourage me; and, in a word, to supply a judicious father's part towards me. But though fond of reading, I strayed pretty much at large through the field of literature; and though neither extravagant in spending my money nor immoral in my way of living—for my associations were mostly religious and moral—I ought to have had more mental improvement, more funds and a wider circle of respectable acquaintances.

In the summer of 1808, at the usual time of suspending schools in town, I concluded to visit my mother. She was then residing with Uncle Isham Ball in Powhatan County. So, applying to my obliging Uncle James to lend me his horse, and equipping myself genteelly, I set out by way of Frederickstown and Harper's Ferry. My trip through a beautiful and highly improved country, and I had for a considerable part of the way two agreeable companions. I traveled up the Valley, after gratifying my curiosity at Harper's Ferry and other places, and before reaching Staunton, diverged to the left to see Aymon's Cave, which was a late discovery and much frequented by travelers and sightseers. From there, crossing the mountain, I passed through Charlottesville, and passing down the country crossed James River at Columbia. I made my way very agreeably to my uncle's, and on arriving there had the pleasure of meeting my dear old grandmother, whom I had not seen for seven years. I saluted her affectionately by the title of "Grandma"; but taking her by surprise in the tavern house, a few yards in front of the family house, and she not recognizing me, I hurried past to where my mother was, with her *cortège* of eight or ten young ladies, leaving my grandmother somewhat surprised at what she thought too familiar a salutation from a stranger. My grandmother inquired of one of the house servants who that was calling her "Grandma."

"Lord, old missus," said the servant, "don't you know Marse Sam Miller?"

My grandmother soon made her way to where all were howdyng, kissing and saluting, and took her full share of rejoicing.

I spent my vacation there very pleasantly and just left myself time enough to return to my appointment in Baltimore, returning by Broadrock, Manchester, Fredericksburg and Washington. I never saw my grandmother again, as she died in the fall. Her death occasioned a stop to my mother's school, for my uncle had to induce her to change her vocation and to manage his tavern and family. He had four daughters, and his house was in very good repute as a place of entertainment.

I went on with my school and again the next year visited my mother.

My friends now began to press me to return to Virginia, assuring me that I could get as good a school as I would wish. My mother was becoming tired of living in other people's houses, and hoped, by my returning, we could soon become established and set up for ourselves. These views were all most agreeable to me, and about that time my cousin, Thomas Ball, thought he saw a most promising opening for me that would bring him and myself into close contact, and as I had always loved him more like a brother than a cousin, I listened very contentedly to his scheme. He was at that time over head and ears in love with Martha Branch, eldest daughter of Colonel Tom Branch of Chesterfield, and she met his advances with corresponding ardor. An old Irish teacher, Sam Boyle, had been teaching in that neighborhood several years, until they began to want one of higher literacy pretensions, he being only an English teacher. So Tom suggested to Colonel Branch and the other interested neighbors that if they could prevail upon me to take a school there, they would be fitted most advantageously. I was personally unknown to

them, but our families were acquainted for years, and as Tom did not fail to eulogize me extravagantly, I was invited to come by on my return. I did so, and the proposition was made to me. I agreed, if three responsible gentlemen would insure me a school of five hundred dollars per year, that I would come at the end of the year (1809). I then returned to Baltimore.

I must here remark that my uncle was aware of Tom's engagement, or at least of his courtship, at colonel Branch's, and was decidedly opposed to it. Colonel Branch, though in respectable standing, had a large family, rather a poor plantation, and he was but a moderate manager. My uncle wanted his only son to do better. He also objected to the pride and extravagance of Mrs. Branch's family. She was a daughter of Colonel David Patterson, of Chesterfield, and they generally had the reputation of being extravagant, high-minded and high-tempered, mixing, however, in good society.

It was unquestionably a weakness on my part to leave a school of rising reputation in Baltimore, yielding me an income of a thousand dollars, to come to the poor county of Chesterfield to take charge of one at five hundred, and to pay my board. If I had the necessary enterprise, I might have made more money at teaching or could have more easily changed my calling, in a place of such business as Baltimore. After a longer delay than I expected, an offer was sent me by Colonel Thomas Branch, and Jesse Anderson, to insure me the five hundred dollars. I accepted, and closed my school at Baltimore, paid a farewell visit to my Cecil friends and came on at Christmas 1809, having been out of my native state eight years.

Although rather out of place, I must not omit to mention an adventure of mine, showing a degree of thoughtlessness that would scarce be excusable in a lunatic. It happened thus: Between myself and Mr. Duir, who, as before mentioned, was a fellow boarder, quite a warm friendship had grown up, notwithstanding the dissimilarity in our manners and inequality in age, he being, I suppose, over thirty years of age and, though entirely urbane, yet somewhat reserved; I eighteen or nineteen and rather inconsiderate, though guileless and openhearted. Duir was at the time a clerk in the Union Bank, and in commercial transactions there would frequently accumulate considerable funds of the Bank of Virginia, which would from time to time be remitted to the bank in Richmond. Duir, knowing my purpose to visit my mother, and as I was to come by stage through Richmond, and considering it would be a safe and convenient opportunity to remit a considerable amount of Virginia bank notes then on hand and save the expense of sending on expressly, asked me if I would take charge of a package of notes—about \$24,000. I unhesitatingly consented, and put the package and accompanying letter into my traveling trunk, and taking the mail stage, traveling night and day with no other delay than what was indispensable for opening the mails and getting meals, I arrived in Richmond safely in forty-four hours from Baltimore, just about daybreak. After washing and refitting my dress, I started to Mr. Brockenbrough's (the cashier of the bank) with the letter and package of notes. When I reached Mr. Brockenbrough's, who, as cashier, occupied the banking house, I rang the bell and in a short time a house maid came to the door, who informed me Mr. Brockenbrough was not yet up and dressed. I was now within three miles of Broadrock, Uncle Ball's residence, where I expected to procure a conveyance to Powhatan, and such was my impatience to get on, that after a moment's consideration, I handed the letter and package to the maid to hand to her master, and hurried off to my uncle's. I then dismissed the subject from my thoughts and never recurred to it until on

my return as I drew near to Baltimore, when all at once a thought flashed through my mind—what if the maid should have secreted the package and failed to deliver the letter? What reasonable excuse could I give for my thoughtlessness? Would any grave person believe that one of my sense would run so wanton a risk, and what would be the consequence to me if anything wrong had occurred about the money? My terror rose almost to agony. I could think of nothing else, and though resolved to communicate to my friend Duir without delay my embarrassment, yet I dreaded the interview and acknowledgment. But after our mutual salutations were over and a few commonplace remarks were made about the news of the day, I brought forward the subject of my trip, and as smoothly and as plausibly as I could, though tremulously and apprehensively, I frankly communicated my indiscretion and my consequent uneasiness. He looked at me a few moments with looks of surprise and compassion, and at length said: if any one else had told him that one of my understanding would have acted thus recklessly, he would never have believed it.

“But, however,” said he, “make yourself easy. A letter came in due time by mail from Mr. B. informing us of the receipt of the letter and package.”

Oh, what a relief did that information bring me! But the dreadful suspense I was in left an impression on my mind that will remain as long as I can remember anything.

CHAPTER X

Just before Christmas, 1809, I closed my school with the expressed approbation of my employers, settled up my few accounts and paid a farewell visit to my kind and affectionate relations in Cecil, and after two or three days returned to Baltimore on my way to Virginia. I recollect my ride from Havre De Grace, on the Susquehanna, to Baltimore, which was after supper, on one of the coldest nights I ever experienced.

Mr. Jo Young, who had been one of my patrons, put his nephew, John Williams Young, under my care, to bring on with me to Virginia and teach him. We came by stage through Washington, Alexandria, etc., as I had some relations in Georgetown, where I had several times stopped and been treated with much attention; I mean Mr. William Whann, cashier of the Bank of Columbia. I went on to Alexandria, where I left John Young, and hiring a horse, returned to Georgetown and spent two or three days very agreeably. I had two cousins, Sam and Thomas Maffitt, of whom I was very fond, and Mr. Whann had an only child, a daughter, just budding into womanhood. Mrs. Whann, formerly Jane Maffitt, a daughter of my old great-uncle Samuel Maffitt of Cecil, was much of a lady, and though initiated into all the usages of polished society, retained the warm and unsophisticated affections of country life. I was near falling in love with my second or third cousin, Ann Maria. I did not see her again until the year 1817, when I went to visit my relations in Cecil. She was then a married lady, Mrs. Mackall, living at her father's. After the partial downfall of their family, Mr. Mackall moved to Cecil County, near Elkton. Their oldest son was educated at West Point and was distinguished in the Mexican War, and I think he has since been a conspicuous officer in the Confederate army.

I stayed so much longer in Georgetown than I expected that John Young and the tavern-keeper both became alarmed, John from youthful inexperience, and the tavern-keeper from apprehension that I was an adventurer and that he would perhaps never see his horse again. My return, however, made all straight, and we came on, and in due time I set in to my school, boarding myself and John Young at Colonel Thomas Branch's. I had a full school, and as I was quite attentive, I believe I came at least up to the expectation of my employers. As I dressed well and played agreeably on the flute, I soon had an agreeable circle of acquaintances, and was, in the language of old people, considered a promising young man.

Pretty soon after my setting in, for some cause, mostly, I believe, from his father's and mother's opposition, Tom dropped off his visits to Colonel Branch's, and before many months was courting Elizabeth Flournoy, of Manakintown, on James River. After a few months he and Miss Flournoy were married. So the match between Martha Branch and himself being broken off, Martha Branch and himself being broken off, Martha was "in the market." She was very good-looking, considerably admired, and had been much in company ever since she was old enough, and was of an ardent temperament. This had been her second engagement, her first being with Jack Walke. Her first had been broken off by her parents, as Walke then was poor and had not yet acquired a profession.. At that time he was studying medicine with Dr. Mettauer, of Prince Edward, and was either seriously courting or flirting with another young lady, Miss Fannie Cooper. Martha was a year younger than myself in actual months, but in all the maneuvers and experiences of life she was a *full grown woman*, and I a raw boy of the most susceptible, if not romantic,

notions of love, marriage, etc. As a matter of course, our being constantly together and she so winning, before the first year was out I was desperately in love, deeply immersed in courting, and we were *engaged*. My mother, seriously concerned, set her face against it, as I was in no circumstances to think of marrying for years. Martha met my advances with equal and reciprocal ardor, and my high reverence for female purity prevented any other improper intercourse than the most passionate professions, and hugging and kissing whenever sufficient privacy permitted, which was daily. But I afterwards learned, how truly I cannot tell, that others partook of her favors as well as myself, though I had no suspicion of this at the time.

I remained two years teaching in the same neighborhood, but before quitting I saw Martha married to her first love, Jack Walke, who had gone through a course of medical studies and attended the lectures one winter in Philadelphia. He was married in the fall of 1811 and soon left to attend the second course of lectures, and Martha remained at her father's until he returned. I believe they agreed very well. He was popular and succeeded in making a good living, and they raised a family, of what size I know not. But she died a good many years since, and, as I heard, he married a second time. He was a jolly, open-hearted, spirited fellow, enterprising and of good address, and his mother was of a good family—an aunt, I think, of Watkins and Judge Leigh.

I made an abortive effort to engage in a school with my mother at the expiration of the first year, having come to Lynchburg, made inquiries and met with considerable encouragement from Mr. Sam Harrison, Mr. William Norvell and other influential citizens. But as I had verbally agreed to take the school in Chesterfield if they again insured me the five hundred dollars, whilst I was up at Lynchburg making arrangements of renting a house, etc., they, in Chesterfield, made up the sum required and maintained that I was in honor bound to teach the next year for them; and as I never could bear to be charged with a breach of contract, I remained greatly to my mother's chagrin and disappointment, she thinking it was owing in part, at least, to my engagement to Martha Branch. How much influence this may have had with me, I was perhaps not aware, but I still believe I was actuated by a sense of honor. Upon looking back, I think it would have been a great risk for me, at twenty years of age, to have been at the head of a female school, wherein would have been grown young ladies. 'Tis true my mother had every requisite for superintending such an establishment except the literary qualifications, as she afterwards showed herself well suited to win the respect and regard of young girls by her habits, her manners and deportment. But I think it was well as it was.

To return to my affair with Martha Branch: I found during the second year that if every her partiality for Jack Walke had been smothered, it was not extinguished and a little intercourse soon rekindled it; and as soon as I had my eyes opened to the true state of her feelings, I was released from my thralldom. I would not have been willing to marry a princess, who preferred another from motives of affection.

My next courtship was with Miss Betsey Morriss of Amelia, sister of Uncle Isham Ball's wife. We became engaged, with my mother's knowledge, though without any great desire on my mother's part that it should take place. Betsey was very pretty; not of a very good temper, not very educated and no great recommendations in point of family. In the fall that preceded our settlement in New London she had a long spell of sickness, and was attended by Dr. George Crump. After a partial recovery I visited her for some reason, not then, nor indeed ever, certainly known to me. She declined recognizing the engagement,

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and at the close of the year 1811, we moved up to New London and opened our female boarding school. I found out by many unmistakable proofs that Miss Morriss bitterly regretted her decision. My cousins, the Misses Ball, showed me, when I passed, her little complainings penciled on the walls. Aunt Jane, her sister, strove as effectually as modesty and self-respect would permit, to bring about a renewal of the engagement, but to no purpose. There was a latent but operative belief on my part that an advance from Dr. Champ was hoped for, and I had formed new acquaintances in Campbell and Bedford, and in a word I had gotten over the love fit. Betsey died unmarried. Her sister Jane, my uncle's wife, proved a good stepmother and a most estimable wife and mother.

PART II

CHAPTER I

BY SAMUEL H. MILLER

At this point my father laid down his pen, and he could not be induced to resume the task. It remains for me to continue the story as best I may, though I can only give an outline, lacking the minute details which lend such a charm to his narrative.

It is rather surprising that a young man of twenty-two should open a school for young ladies. True, his mother was at the head of the establishment, and she was a lady of refinement, well fitted to take charge of young ladies; but my father was the teacher. The school prospered and attracted pupils from the best families for miles around. Among them was my mother, Frances Elizabeth Fitzpatrick, the daughter of David Fitzpatrick, of Pittsylvania County, Virginia, who married Sarah Bailey Morton Pannill of Orange County, Virginia. But of this I shall speak a little later.

The school was suspended for a while during the War of 1812. My father enlisted in a cavalry company in Campbell County, commanded by Captain Adam Clement. The company was ordered to Norfolk, where it remained idle in Camp Holly, without any prospect of active service. My father grew tired of the monotony of camp life, and yielding to the solicitations of his mother, he put in a substitute, returned to New London and reopened his school. The venture was prosperous. The school attained popularity. My father bought property in the village, and continued to teach for ten years.

In 1817 he was married to my mother, who was then only fifteen years of age. She was of a good family, well connected, and was possessed of a farm of six hundred acres on Staunton River in Pittsylvania County, and a number of slaves left her by her father, who had died when she was only five years of age, leaving his widow with a son and two daughters.

A few years later, I think in 1821, my father gave up the female school and took charge of the New London Academy, an endowed institution which is still in existence. Here he taught for two years. Then in consequence of some disagreement with some of the trustees, he retired and opened a boys' school in New London. About this time he fell into pecuniary embarrassments, owing, as he says, to bad judgment. He loaned out a considerable amount of money which he held as fiduciary, without sufficient security. The money was lost and he had to make it good. This compelled him to sell his property in New London, and also some of my mother's slaves. The slaves, however, were redeemed by my uncle, John Fitzpatrick. My father ultimately repaid him the money advanced.

Under these circumstances the family removed to the plantation on Staunton River, in 1824. A few years later my grandmother removed from New London and took up residence with her son on the farm, where she lived until her death in 1840.

There was no house on the farm, and my father assisted with his own hands in felling the trees and building a comfortable, though unpretentious, dwelling. Gradually various improvements were added until Woodbourne became a very comfortable and pleasant home. But for a few years the family had a hard struggle with poverty. My mother adapted herself to circumstances with admirable good-nature, and by her uniform cheerfulness and industry, encouraged my father in his arduous struggles.

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As soon as the house was built, my father returned to his profession, teaching. He had to walk four miles to the schoolhouse at Straightstone, and the compensation was small, but it added something to the meagre income, and at the same time he was teaching his own children. A few years later he built a schoolhouse at Woodbourne and opened a boarding-school for boys. "The Woodbourne Classical School" soon became well known and retained a high reputation for many years.

Meanwhile farming operations were successfully conducted by the aid of an overseer. More land was bought, the number of slaves increased, the crops were good, and farm stock of every description was abundant. In short, the family was now in a prosperous condition and in easy circumstances, which continued up to the year 1861.

All the while the family continued to grow until the number of children reached fourteen—eight sons and six daughters—all of whom lived to maturity, and, I may be permitted to add, not one of them ever brought reproach upon the family.

CHAPTER II

My father used to say in his later days that his life had been a failure. I could never concur in that view. It is true that with his talents, which were much above the average, he might have had a more brilliant career; but it is doubtful whether he would have been more useful than he was.

He made several serious mistakes in early life. The first was in leaving his uncle, Dr. William Miller, who was much attached to him, and wished him to adopt the profession of medicine. Dr. Miller was both able and willing to assist him in finishing his education and preparing for a profession. But for some reason, perhaps from the love of independence, he decided to take the school in Baltimore when he was only eighteen years of age. There he taught successfully for two years, earning one thousand dollars a year.

The second mistake was in leaving Baltimore, where he had so many advantages and so many opportunities of improvement, and accepting a position in Chesterfield County, to teach at a salary of five hundred dollars. The motive for this change was the desire to be near his mother, from whom he had been separated for eight years.

I must think that a third mistake was in settling on a farm in Pittsylvania County, instead of taking up his residence in some city or town where his talents would have been more fully recognized.

But in spite of these mistakes, his life was far from being a failure. The man who brought up a family of fourteen children, educated them and brought them up for lives of usefulness; who trained and impressed himself on the characters of many hundreds of men and women; who took a leading part in all the public affairs of the neighborhood and the church, and withal accumulated a considerable estate, cannot be said to have been a failure.

Much of the success of his life was due to the assistance of my mother, who was possessed of many admirable qualities, among which may be mentioned sound judgment, good common sense, devotion to her children, and the most scrupulous honesty and fidelity in the discharge of her duties. From her the children learned their first lessons in the conduct of life, and the impressions remained with them through all their subsequent years.

CHAPTER III

In 1845, my father, then in prosperous circumstances, determined to build on another part of the farm, at a distance of one mile from Woodbourne. The spot selected was on a hill, commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect. There he built a much more commodious and elegant house than the Woodbourne dwelling. In a few years the out-buildings were all erected, the garden laid out, and the orchards planted; and Cedar Forest became a charming country home. I am glad to add that it is still in a good state of preservation, in the possession of Mrs. Hendricks. My father was always fond of planting trees and of cultivating flowers. The orchards of Cedar Forest contained trees of almost every variety, and produced an abundance of fruit of the finest. Even in his old age, my father was fond of working in his garden with his own hands, and greatly enjoyed watching the growth of the vegetables, flowers and trees.

He was always a humane master, and treated his slaves with much kindness and consideration, especially in case of sickness. He was very strict in the management of his children, and they used to think, too exacting; but his strictness was prompted by his solicitude for their welfare, and the results go far towards justifying his management. He certainly impressed upon them the importance of truth and honesty, and not one of them has ever fallen below the high standard which he set for them in that respect, both by precept and example.

My father always manifested a lively interest in politics. He began life as a Republican, being a great admirer of Thomas Jefferson, whom he frequently visited at Poplar Forest, which was not far from New London. When the parties reorganized he became a Whig, and an earnest supporter of Henry Clay. Like Clay, he deplored the existence of slavery, and favored some method of abolishing it. He often commented on the evils of the institution and the danger involved in it to the peace and welfare of the country, winding up with this remark, "I don't know where it will all end." He opposed secession until Virginia had actually withdrawn from the Union; then, as a matter of course, he went with the state. He believed in the abstract right of secession, but considered the exercise of that right as inexpedient and unwise.

My father possessed fine literary taste. He was always a great reader, but his reading was very miscellaneous, and he never undertook the production of any literary work, though I think if he had done so he might have produced something worthy to live. The fact is that he was too busy with his various pursuits to allow time for concentrating his thoughts on literary productions. His reading was largely for recreation. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and took great pleasure in the company of intelligent men and women. His treatment of women was always chivalrous and deferential.

With all his fondness for politics, he never sought public office. The only office he ever held was that of justice of the peace, which was thrust upon him without his solicitation.

He was thrown under Presbyterian influence in his childhood, as his grandfather, uncles and aunts in Maryland were all Presbyterians (as indeed were nearly all the Scotch-Irish), but in early manhood he united with the Episcopal Church, the church of his mother and the Ball family. Later in life, when there was no Episcopal Church in reach, he and my mother joined the Baptist Church at Straightstone, in which he became a leader. Most of the children followed their example and became Baptists.

LIFE OF SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER

After the war my father, at my suggestion, sold out the farm and removed to Lynchburg. He was then in very feeble health, having reached his eightieth year. By this change, his mind was freed from all business care, and he spent the last few months of his life in tranquility, calmly awaiting the end, which came only a few months after his removal to this city. His body was laid in beautiful Spring Hill Cemetery; and sixteen years later my mother was laid by his side. There they repose in the blissful hope of resurrection. The children have erected monuments over them in testimony of their affection.

CHAPTER IV

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE

I may be excused for inserting here a personal allusion to myself, for the double reason that it will bring into a clear light certain traits of my father's character, and at the same time furnish an occasion for the expression of my gratitude to him, and my appreciation for all he did for me.

The first twelve years of my life were spend at Woodbourne. When I was ten years of age I lost my sight by an accident. The picture of the old homestead remains as fresh in my memory today as if I had seen it yesterday. If I were a skillful painter I could reproduce the picture with perfect fidelity, including the dwelling, outbuildings, the yard and shade-trees, the garden and orchard, the surroundings, meadows, fields and woods, "and every loved spot that my infancy knew." I lived longer at Cedar Forest than at Woodbourne, but never saw the house; still I have as distinct a mental picture of Cedar Forest and it surroundings as of Woodbourne itself.

Before losing my sight, I had made fair progress in my studies, having learned something of geography, grammar and arithmetic. I have no more recollection of learning to read than of learning to talk. I must have begun school at a very early age, as I could read well when I was five years old. This I learn from a record in a book made by my father.

The loss of my sight scarcely interrupted the progress of my education. My father determined to continue teaching me himself, though with greatly increased labor for him. Everything had to reach the brain then through the ears instead of the eyes. We had none of the modern appliances for teaching the blind, but without them my father determined to teach me all the usual branches of a liberal education. In looking back I am astonished that he should have undertaken such a task; but he not only undertook it, but persevered and overcame all obstacles. He was a very busy man, with the care of a large plantation, and some seventy-five slaves, a large family and numerous boarders and his school. Still, he found time to teach me. It was his habit to call me from my bed at four o'clock in the morning, and teach me Latin and Greek or mathematics until breakfast time. I never liked early rising, but I never grumbled, because I knew it was the only time he could devote to me, and even then I fully appreciated the sacrifices he was making for my benefit, and, I may add, I made good use of my opportunities. A few years later, my sister, Elizabeth, a very bright girl, studied with me, and this greatly lightened my father's labors. Together we studied Latin, Greek and French. My father himself taught me geometry. He thought at first he would have to make tangible diagrams for me, but he soon found that unnecessary, as I could construct mental pictures of them and refer to angles and lines with as much facility as one looking at the book. The study of geometry was a real pleasure to me. All my mental developments, and all the pleasure that literature has given me, and all the benefits that I have derived from intellectual exercises, are due to the assiduous efforts of my father in my behalf. I may add that if filial affection and gratitude could compensate for such efforts, he was fully repaid.

LIFE OF SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER

Let me close this chapter by reproducing here a written note to my father on the birth of my oldest son. I was then living just a quarter of a mile from Cedar Forest:

“Jireh,” Sept. 12, 1869.

“My Dear Father:

God has given me a son, for which blessing I am profoundly thankful. My gratitude is enhanced by the fact that He has given him to me during the lifetime of my father. If I can fulfill towards him the duties of a father as faithfully as you have done towards me, I shall be content. If I shall receive in return the same degree of affection and gratitude, I shall be perfectly satisfied.

Come and bless my son.

Your devoted son,
Samuel H. Miller.”

The feeble old man, then nearly eighty, came as soon as his tottering steps could bring him, and with tears in his eyes gave his blessing to my son, and I think that blessing is still upon him.



FRANCES ELIZABETH MILLER

CHAPTER V

MY MOTHER

My mother's father was David Fitzpatrick, of Pittsylvania County, Virginia. He was a man of sterling character, and stood high in his community for integrity and uprightness in his dealings. Mr. Samuel Pannill said of him, "If David tells me anything I believe it as implicitly as if I had seen it." He died when my mother was about five years of age. His father was John Fitzpatrick, who came to this country from Ireland. By industry and sound judgment he accumulated what was a considerable fortune in those days, and left each of his children a good landed estate. His wife was Behethaland Brent, of New Kent County, Virginia. I believe the Brents are still numerous in that section of the state. My mother's mother was Sarah Pannill, daughter of William Pannill, of Orange County, Virginia. His father bore the same name and was the first of the family of whom I have any knowledge. The Pannills were among the best people of the county and intermarried with other leading families, such as the Mortons, Baileys, and others.

President Zachary Taylor was a first cousin of my grandmother.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pannill (Stuart) was a first cousin of my mother. She, like my mother, was left an orphan at an early age, and their uncle Samuel Pannill was guardian for both of the girls. Mrs. Stuart was a woman of more than ordinary capacity. She was the mother of the famous cavalry general, J. E. B. Stuart. She and my mother were as much alike as two sisters; in fact, a photograph of the one might well pass for a likeness of the other.

There must have been a strong likeness between my brother, Lieutenant James Ball Miller and General Stuart. I was once talking with Mrs. Steward in her parlor in Danville, when she sprang from her seat and went towards the door, exclaiming, "There comes Jimmy up the street." She soon returned, saying, "It was Jimmy, but not my son; it was your brother."

My mother inherited the good sense and sound judgment of her ancestors. Her children are indebted to her for much of their early training in the ways of truth and uprightness.

After my father's death, in March, 1870, my mother divided her time between my sister, Sarah P. Payne, and myself. My wife was as attentive and affectionate to her as one of her own daughters, and I think she was loved more like a daughter than a daughter-in-law. My father left my mother seven thousand dollars, which was judiciously invested by my brother, John M. Miller, and brought her an income more than sufficient for all her necessities. She passed the last eighteen years of her life in tranquility, which she had richly earned by the arduous labors and constant anxieties of her former life. She was cheered and comforted by the affectionate attentions of her many children and grandchildren. Her end was calm and peaceful, in 1888, a fitting close for a useful and checkered life. During all her widowhood she spoke in the tenderest terms of her husband, and I never heard her give expression to the slightest criticism of him, or make reference to the least failure or shortcoming on his part. His memory was cherished with undiminished respect and affection to the last. Her chief happiness, during her closing years, was found in the society of her children and grandchildren, and in promoting, as far as she

LIFE OF SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER

could, their welfare and happiness; and in a confident trust in her Heavenly Father, and an unshaken hope of a blissful immortality.

CHAPTER VI

My father always expressed much affection for his Aunt Betsey Jackson, his mother's favorite sister, and for her only son Alek. After the death of Alek's parents, my grandmother took charge of the orphan boy. When she and my father settle in New London, in 1811, they brought him with them, then a boy of eight years. My father taught him with as much care as he afterwards bestowed on his own sons, and assisted him in acquiring his medical education.

After obtaining his degree of M. D., in Philadelphia, Dr. Jackson practiced his profession for several years in Halifax County, Virginia. He then removed to Tennessee and located in the town of Jackson. He prospered financially and soon became one of the leading citizens of the town. He represented his county in the State Legislature, and exerted much influence in society and politics.

His oldest son, Howell E. Jackson, graduated at the University of Virginia, and studied law. He represented his state in the United States Senate and, though a Democrat, was appointed by President Benjamin Harrison a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The second son, William H. Jackson, was educated at West Point and entered the United States army. When his state seceded, he resigned and became a cavalry general in the Confederate army.

My father used to say that his mother loved Alek Jackson as much as she loved him. Dr. Jackson and my father kept up an active correspondence for many years.

The doctor was very anxious for my father to remove to Tennessee. In the year 1835 my father, in company with the Rev. Robert Hurt (Dr. Jackson's father-in-law), and Mr. James C. Bruce, made a journey to Tennessee to visit Dr. Jackson, and with a view of settling in that state. The whole journey was made on horseback; but when they returned home he found my mother and the rest of the family averse to making the move, and he decided to remain in Virginia.

Dr. William Ball, of Chesterfield, the son of my father's favorite cousin, Tom Ball, became colonel of the Black Horse Cavalry during the Civil War, and made quite a reputation as a gallant officer. The love of horses has always been a characteristic of the Balls, and my father inherited that trait of his mother's family in full measure.

I will here reproduce an appreciative notice written by the Rev. A. B. Brown, D. D.—one of the most intellectual men I ever knew—and printed in the *Religious Herald* at Richmond. Dr. Brown was intimately acquainted with my father, and well qualified to estimate his character:

OBITUARY

SAMUEL T. MILLER

Messrs. Editors:—I crave a brief space in your columns for a tribute to the memory of Samuel T. Miller, Esq., of Pittsylvania, whose death occurred in Lynchburg on the 30th of March, 1870, in his 81st year. He was, for very many years, the most distinguished classical teacher in all that part of southern Virginia which lies west of Petersburg. He was a man of fine natural abilities, of intense, unflagging energy, and of great executive talent. Fatherless from infancy, and a teacher at sixteen, and thus early entrusted with the precious but perilous charge of a strong mind and warm impulses, he developed, as now and then an orphan does, great self-reliance and independence of character. His school was noted for thoroughness and discipline. It was the last resort for boys whom no one else could teach, and no one else could manage. He did not believe that boys could

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be coaxed with candy or hoaxed with flattery into learning and virtue. Yet he was not a very severe disciplinarian. Indeed, it would be a very curious and interesting problem how much suffering, from ignorance and vice, and even from the Stat's prison, he averted by a little timely sternness. What an influence streamed forth from his schoolroom for fifty-two years; yea, and will ever stream! For, thank God, moral light is not quenched when the moral luminary sets. All over the country there are advocates that reason more closely, farmers that till more intelligently, engineers that calculate more accurately, because Sam Miller lived and taught. But in that narrow circle in which his influence was most continuous, most unimpeded, most concentrated, our venerable brother still more palpably lives. Of his own children he was emphatically the intellectual and spiritual father. Fourteen did he and his most excellent wife rear to maturity, and eleven survive him. And, in all my acquaintance, there is not a family which reflects more credit on its training than these intelligent, honorable and industrious men of business, the accomplished and skillful teachers, these soundly educated, amiable and pious ladies. A still smaller section of his lifework give a still nobler illustration of his zeal and ability—I mean the education of his blind son, Mr. Samuel Hartshorn Miller. This son lost his sight at ten; and, that he might not grow up in mental blindness, the father, encumbered with the care of a large farm, his family and his boarding school, undertook and accomplished, without the usual aids, the herculean task of giving him a thorough classical education. Here was enthusiasm for letters! Here was paternal affection! Here, too, was patience—the patience of a nervous and irritable temperament—a patience sometimes ruffled, but infinitely more honorable than the placid dullness which sometimes usurps the name.

Bro. Miller was an Episcopalian till middle life. He then became, on personal conviction, a Baptist, and joined Straightstone church, in whose communion he died. He was an active Christian, a leading member of his church, and for many years the clerk of the Roanoke Association. His sense of personal depravity was so profound, and his standard of Christian excellence so high, as to fill his naturally sanguine spirit with occasional despondency. But his faith in the atonement made him generally serene; and his hope grew steadier and brighter as he approached his end. The love of Christ and the mercy of God were his constant themes during his last few months of life. He died in blissful hope.

My venerable friend was a bold, frank and honest man. He appears to have enjoyed a large share of the respect of the public, and especially of his numerous pupils. So resolute and decided a nature could scarcely pick its way through life without sometimes coming into collision even with the good. Yet I think it will be admitted that convictions so strong and a spirit so earnest are rarely associated with a more conciliatory temper, or more affable and courteous manners. He was eminently social, being particularly fond of the society of persons of literary taste, and he dispensed a liberal hospitality. His death will be widely regretted.

A. B. Brown.

FAMILY RECORD

*(Those marked with * are still living at this date, January, 1911.)*

Samuel Thomas Miller—born in Richmond, Va., Nov. 22, 1789; died in Lynchburg, Va., Mar. 30, 1870.

Frances Elizabeth Fitzpatrick—born in Pittsylvania County, Va., Jan. 22, 1803; died in Campbell County, Va., Aug. 8, 1888.

Samuel T. Miller and Frances E. Fitzgerald married at Green Level, Pittsylvania County, Va., Dec. 30, 1817.

THE CHILDREN OF THIS UNION WERE:

1. Ann Ball—born at New London, Campbell County, Va., Nov. 28, 1818; died in Lynchburg, Va., Feb. 10, 1894.
2. *Sarah Pannill—born at New London, Campbell County, Va., Apr. 25, 182-.
3. Frances Patrick—born at New London, Campbell County, Va., Jan 11, 1822; died in South Carolina, Dec. 17, 1903.
4. *William Alexander—born at Oakland, Pittsylvania County, Va., Mar. 5, 1824.
5. David Patrick—born at Woodbourne, Pittsylvania County, Va., Dec. 3, 1825; died at Oakland, Pittsylvania, County, Va., Nov. 8, 1854.
6. John Maffitt—born at Woodbourne, Pittsylvania County, Va., Oct. 5, 1827; died in Lynchburg, Va., Jan. 25, 1881.
7. _____ Nameless infant (male)—born at Woodbourne, Pittsylvania County, Va., Nov. 14, 1829 (lived only a few hours.)
8. MaryMaffitt—born at Woodbourne, Pittsylvania County, Va., Dec. 15, 1830; died in Pittsylvania County, at Cedar Forest, Oct. 29, 1854. (Never married.)
9. *Samuel Hartshorn—born at Woodbourne, Pittsylvania County, Va., Mar. 25, 1833.
10. James Ball—born at Woodbourne, Pittsylvania County, Va., May 29, 1835. Wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa.; died in hospital in Chester, Pa., Aug. 5, 1863. (Never married.)
11. Elizabeth Deborah—born at Woodbourne, Pittsylvania County, Va., Aug. 21, 1837; died in Danville, Va., Oct. 25, 1885.
12. Alfred Henry—born at Woodbourne, Pittsylvania County, Va., Sept. 4, 1839; died at Saltville, Va., May 8, 1892.
13. *Thomas Cecil—born at Woodbourne, Pittsylvania County, Va., Oct. 12, 1842.
14. *Catharine Agnes—born at Woodbourne, Pittsylvania County, Va., Feb. 28, 1844.
15. George Frances—born at Cedar Forest, Pittsylvania County, Va., June 20, 1846.

MARRIAGES AND ISSUE

Ann Ball Miller—married Rev. James T. McLaughlin, Sept. 11, 1844.

1. *Fannie Miller.
2. Sallie Trimble (Moore).
3. *James Trimble.
4. *Mary Sydnor (Clark).
5. *Cornelia Dabney.
6. Samuel Miller.
7. *William David.

LIFE OF SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER

Sarah Pannill Miller—married Robert Glenmore Payne, Dec. 24, 1839.

1. Susan Ann (Hunter).
2. Samuel Miller.
3. John Tazewell.
4. *Robert Alexander.
5. *David Miller.
6. Fanny Pannill.
7. Elizabeth Kate.
8. Henry Clay.
9. Edward Jenner.
10. Mary Washington.
11. *Alfred Thomas.
12. James Miller.
13. Ernest Hunter.

Frances Patrick Miller—married Rev. George Percy, May 30, 1846.

1. Samuel Miller.
2. Rebecca.
3. *John Hardy.
4. David.
5. Fannie (Mercer).

William A. Miller—married Margaret A. Henry, Nov. 20, 1849.

1. *Elvira Henry.
2. Samuel Thomas.
3. *Florence (Dabney).
4. *John Henry.
5. David Patrick.
6. Laura Cabell.
7. Lucy Gray.
8. *William Price.
9. Unnamed infant (female).
10. Kate.
11. *Rosa Cabell (Gammon).
12. *Wirt Henry.

David P. Miller—married Rebecca Ann Vaden, Jan. 10, 1849.

1. Frances Percy.
2. *Robert Terry.
3. Samuel Thomas.
4. David Patrick.

John M. Miller—married Mary E. Norvell, Nov. 3, 1858.

1. Charles Norvell.
2. *Edgar Patton.
3. James Ball.
4. Lucy Harrison.

LIFE OF SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER

5. *John Maffitt.
6. Lorenzo Norvell.
7. *Mary Norvell (Payne).

*Samuel Hartshorn Miller—married Mrs. Rebecca Ann Miller, Dec. 25, 1866.

1. *Mary Cecil (Woodroof).
2. *Ferdinand DeSoto.
3. *Ellen Vaden (Foster).
4. *Giles Henry.

Elizabeth D. Miller—married George G. Rosser, March 6, 1862.

1. *Lelia (Wilson).
2. Cabell Flournoy.
3. *Annie Elizabeth (Page).
4. *Fannie Miller (Carter).
5. *Ida Holmes (Kelly).
6. George Graves.

Alfred H. Miller—married *Rebecca D. Ficklen, Nov. 6, 1866.

1. James Cabell.
2. Alfred Leslie.
3. *Ada Lee.
4. *Nannie Ficklen (McGavock).
5. *Henry Alexander.
6. *Elizabeth Ficklen (Goetchius).
7. *Ellen Davenport (Jaycock).

Thomas C. Miller—married Mary Hunt Coleman, Oct. 23, 1873.

1. *Roberta Cecil
2. *Claude Hamilton.
3. *Sallie Hunt.
4. *George Coleman.
5. Fannie Fitzpatrick.

Thomas C. Miller—married (second time) Helen Gregory, Sept. 24, 1890.

No issue by this marriage.

Catharine Agnes Miller—married Leslie T. Hardy, Jan. 19, 1871.

1. Alfred Miller.
2. Kate Miriam.
3. *Fannie Miller (Reed).
4. Bessie Bell (Willingham).
5. *Frank Lewis.
6. *James Howell.
7. *Waller Cecil.
8. *Lacy Paul.

LIFE OF SAMUEL THOMAS MILLER

*Geo. F. Miller—married Rebecca A. Turner, Mar. 14, 1875.

1. *Jennie (Ward).
2. *Robert Eugene.
3. *George Frank.
4. *Fannie Fitzpatrick (Evans).

*Geo. F. Miller—married (second time) *Lydia P. Sutton, Sept. 5, 1888.

1. Mary Florence.
2. Unnamed infant (male).
3. Rhea Sutton.
4. Margaret Irwin.