

days. I was born on the 13th day of May, 1818, at my father's home, called Clover Hill. After my father's death, which occurred on the 23d of January, 1836, my mother and her children removed to Kentucky. A new county was formed from the counties of Prince Edward, Buckingham, Charlotte and Campbell, which new county was given the name of Appomattox from the fact that the Appomattox river takes its rise near the center. Clover Hill was selected for the site of the county seat. Appomattox Courthouse has become noted on account of the surrender of General Lee to the Federal army under General Grant in April, 1865, which was the virtual ending of what is called the War of the Rebellion. The terms of the surrender were written in a house not two hundred yards from where I was born.

My recollection is that Clover Hill was a beautiful place when it was our home, but I have no idea of its appearance since it has become a town, for I have not seen it since the summer of 1839, my last visit to the old home, I being eighteen years of age when it ceased to be my home. There is no spot on earth so dear to me as the home of my childhood, as the place of my birth. I have not seen it for over forty-two years, but no changes of time, seasons or places can ever obscure, much less efface, the scenes of my boyhood. (God keep my memory green.)

My father was a just, a benevolent, an active, an industrious and prosperous man. Besides being liberal to his children in pecuniary matters, he was remarkably so in giving to benevolent causes and in feeding and clothing the destitute. He considered himself a steward of the manifold mercies of God. He also used his money liberally in educating his children. The longer I live the more deeply