

INTRODUCTORY

The other evening while ensconced in a big easy chair at the plantation home of Senator John Caffery (that most affable great-grand-son of John Gaudin Richardson) I picked up the original of the following publication. I did not put it down until I had finished and was calling for more when the end came. It was so good that I decided to have a hundred copies printed so that each member of the family who might be interested would have one.

The writer, I knew very well in my youth. He was the uncle of my father and of course my great-uncle. I could tell a lot about him, but I think as good a description of him as could be given was told by his son-in-law, C. A. McBride, of Springfield, Mo. Mr. McBride said, "Tom, while visiting here, the old Colonel almost ruined every farmer in this county. Instead of quitting their work with the close of day they would quit at two o'clock and would come up to the house around three o'clock and listen to him tell how they used to do things a hundred years ago."

The Colonel was an entertainer whose ability thereat could only be surpassed by his hospitality, and the way he brings out the main characters in the following booklet is interesting to any reader, and to us of the family it is doubly interesting. The love affair of our Grandfather with Mary DuBose makes us realize why it is that nearly every family in the connection has some child with the DuBose name. She must have been a wonderful personality, and it is well that we revere that name for she has added much to the family history.

It was a strong and able parentage we had in these two—Mary DuBose and John Richardson—(my father's name was John DuBose). I say they were a wonderful parentage for I have known most of their descendents. Among all of the feminine portion there are none whom I would not take a pride in introducing to the President of the United States. They carry themselves well, can converse on subjects of the day with intelligence and always marry well (a number have shown this last point as they have a tendency to marry back into the family—my wife is one of them). The more years they have added onto them the more wonderful do they become, and adversity only develops them into finer and finer types of womanhood.

As to the men, they, with very few exceptions, stand for the best things that are in politics, society and every day life, and are usually outstanding characters in the community in which they live.

So much for our ancestors—but it is up to us to remember that every tub must stand on its own bottom. John and Mary cannot steer us by remote control! So, with these few forewords I pass on to you the story of "Our Richardson Ancestors" and as the family name of Richardson passes out in this generation, treasure the little book that the oncoming generations may know of their parentage in this country while the country was still young.

TOM LEE GIBSON,

Friars Point, Mississippi, Christmas, 1930.

OUR FAMILY



"Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day."

—Watts.



Each revolving year piles up its layers on the graves of the past, and thickens the oblivion of man's common destiny. While we bow in humble submission to the inevitable, yet we would fain leave some footprints to show where we have passed along. We would seize upon the debris in the rolling stream, and freight our bark with all the records within our reach to be left at our last harbor. Moved by this instinct so akin to self-preservation, we have gleaned from history and tradition, and draw from our own store house of memory, all in our power relating to the "RICHARDSON FAMILY". In so doing we have been painfully made to feel that this labor of love has been too long delayed, for much important data and matter is lost, which could have been supplied by those who have so recently passed away. What is left is fast fading into oblivion, and on a single life, now far gone into the "sear and yellow leaf", hangs the historic thread of a numerous family. This dilemma forces itself upon the mind and heart of the author, the necessity of at once leaving on record all in his power for those who are to come after him; and as the stream glides on towards eternities ocean, may it bear on its bosom for each successive generation, a more precious freight, all to be left at the harbor of eternal repose.

THE RICHARDSON FAMILY

CHAPTER FIRST

Our first American ancestors were emigrants to Virginia about the year 1680, and with a large English Colony settled on the James River. John Richardson was by birth a Welchman and his wife was English. They were poor, but came with stout hearts and willing hands to carve out a home and a name in the new world. As a plain farmer and nothing else, he commenced the cultivation of tobacco, in which he was so successful, that, in a few years he found himself the owner of a good farm, and in the full enjoyment of life's comforts. Here he remained for over twenty years, becoming fully identified with the growing prosperity of his adopted country, and died leaving a numerous family.

Several of his children, early in 1700 removed to Cape Fear River, North Carolina, then recently acquired from the Indians, and to which there was a great rush of emigration, mainly from Virginia. Here this branch of the family settled and became an important element in the stirring future of that great state, and there many of their descendants still remain. The oldest son in the second generation became a prominent character in the history of this state, as a delegate to the Continental Congress, and a very conspicuous member of it. During the recess of Congress a large amount of money was placed in his hands to pay off the soldiers in his district, and in the discharge of this trust, he was way-laid and murdered in Robertson County, by a band of Tories who were afterwards caught and executed.

Here we leave the Richardsons in North Carolina to follow that branch of the family to which our immediate ancestors belong. In 1750 they came to what is now known as Sumpter District, South Carolina and settled on the high hills of Santee where many of them remained until 1809. They were generally planters, leading plain good lives and worthy citizens. During the internal struggle of the state with the seven lord proprietors, they were active and vigilant in defense of their rights, exerting great influence in the Santee settlement, and were much dreaded by those representatives of royalty. But it is not our purpose to follow the family in the aggregate, but to single out the oldest son of each generation and follow him. Arthur Richardson was born in North Carolina in 1730; of his early history

there is nothing to distinguish him from the common boys of the period. At thirty-five we find him a cotton planter in easy circumstances, and with a numerous family. The lord proprietors question had been settled in favor of the people, which gave peace and security throughout the state. It was during this period that many of those princely fortunes were laid that have since dazzled the world. The importation of slaves was at its height, and Northern competition brought the prices so low that a negro fellow was worth no more than a good mule or horse. The planters were the princes of the land, and here we must record our conviction that this Continent has never given birth to a race of men of truer nobility of character, who without aping the age of chivalry, possessed in an eminent degree its ennobling virtues, of this fact all the pages of the Revolution abundantly testify, for none of the old Thirteenth went into that death struggle with such fearful odds against her as South Carolina. Her numerous Tories and slaves, made the conflict doubly terrible, and we have but to look into Ramsay's History of the State, to form an idea of what a noble people, determined to be free, had to endure.

At the breaking out of hostilities, Arthur Richardson was among the first to report to Captain Marion for duty. The little Frenchman had won the hearts and confidence of his neighbors, and he found them ready with their knap-sacks and shot guns to lay down their lives in defense of their country. To follow our soldier ancestor through the succeeding eight years would be but to rewrite the bloody pages of the Revolution in that section of South Carolina. But the long dark night had its dawning, which looked out upon a wild wreck of homes, of fortunes and of families. The saddle had been his home, by day and his pillow by night, for eight long years. When not engaged in the regular service with the army, he was detailed as a scout, and as such had become famous and a special terror to his country's foes, so much so, that a large reward had been offered by Cornwallis for his head. From one of the records of the times we copy as follows:

"During the struggle for Independence, Captain Arthur Richardson of Sumpter District, South Carolina, was obliged to conceal himself, for awhile, in a thicket of the Santee Swamp. One day he ventured out to visit his family, a perilous moment, for the British had offered large rewards for his apprehension, and patrolling parties were almost constantly out in search of him. Before his visit to his family

was ended, a small band of soldiers presented themselves in front of his house. Just as they were entering, Mrs. Richardson, with a great deal of composure and presence of mind, appeared at the door, and found so much to do there at the moment as to find it inconvenient to make room for the uninvited guests to enter. She was so calm and appeared so unmoved, that they did not mistrust the cause of her wonderful diligence till her husband had rushed out of a back door, and safely reached a neighboring swamp.

During all those dark years of war, the care of his family and property devolved mainly on the heroic woman, and most nobly did she perform her part with the aid of her oldest son, Francis, who was twelve years old at the beginning of the Revolution. But she could not ward off the general doom of destruction which fell on every part of the State, but with most crushing force in the regions of the high hills of Santee. It is the estimate of the faithful historian, Ramsay, that over twenty thousand slaves were taken away from South Carolina alone during the war; thousands perished on works of defense, and as many made their escape into other States and Countries. The large cotton and rice plantations which had been cultivated by their labor had shrunk into small truck patches; stock of every description had been taken for the use of the British Army, fences gone; pile on the rails and make the camp fires burn was heard in every direction, so that now where the fleecy King once stood and beckoned his orders to the shipping of the world, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild weeds were resuming dominion where once stood the lordly mansion, now the wife and children look out from many a negro cabin with fearful glance at the wild desolation.

These were the scenes and the homes to which our war-worn veterans were to return. Captain Richardson saw what was before him, and with that same fortitude which had borne him so stoutly up through the bloody scenes of the Revolution, he set about to retrieve his losses. His wife and eight children had been left to welcome his return which was enough to inspire him with fresh zeal and courage to gather up the fragments of his scattered fortune in common with his friends and neighbors; among these was Wade Hampton, the great-grand-father of the present (1878) Governor of South Carolina. Throughout all their boyhood life and sports, they were the same warm friends, now more closely cemented by calamity, A general misfortune is much lightened by common sympathy and co-operation among neighbors and friends; a temporary stock law does away

with the necessity of field fines, and in many other ways are misfortunes lightened, so that, by the end of the second year, many of the war scars were gone.

Captain Richardson was so fortunate as to recover about half of his slaves which had been taken away by the British and Tories, which added to those who could not be induced to leave the Plantation, gave him a good force to start afresh. The most rigid economy came to be the fashion in every department of life, and soon brought its reward. Cotton was bearing a good price, and long lost prosperity seemed to be returning to all. The state was rising like a giant to shake off the horrid nightmare of revolution, and take her proud stand before the world. In all of this new social life, Captain Richardson was as conspicuous as he had been in fighting the battles of his country, in rubbing out the war scars, and building up the waste places, so that, in the second year after the war, a new era was dawning on the country. But alas, in the mysterious decrees of Providence it was doomed to dawn, but not for him; of the sad details of his untimely death, many were the conflicting rumors of the day; but at this distant date we can only give the account as the writer had it from the son and grand-son of the deceased soldier.

In the Spring of the second year after peace was restored, he learned the residence of a Tory who had caused great trouble and loss to his family while he was fighting the battles of his country. He was more dreaded by the women and children, who were left the guardians of home, than the British themselves, for his means of information extended to every hiding place, and he was the pilot of every foraging party of the enemy. This man was now ascertained to be living in an adjoining district, where he had bought property with his ill-gotten gains, and was carrying on a large carpenter and wheel-wright shop in the town of Darlington. With such a man as Captain Richardson, it was but to resolve and to do, leaving consequences to care for themselves. He knew that his valuable stock had gone from him forever; he knew also that the man who had robbed him still lived unpunished. In the tragedy that followed, many and various were the conflicting rumors of the times, all of which finally settled down into the following version:

The visit to the Tory was intended for information in regard to certain valuable stock, perhaps a stallion, and if possible some finan-

cial satisfaction, and as a last resort a severe corporeal chastisement. The only weapon he took with him was a heavy butted horse whip, at that day, usually carried by gentlemen when riding. After a short rest and refreshment at the tavern and getting the location of his man, he went to his shop. After a brief conversation and positive refusal to give any information or satisfaction, the whip was turned upon him with a vengeance; seizing a two inch chisel laying upon the work bench, he plunged it into the stomach of the soldier, who then knocked him down with the butt of the whip, and no doubt would have killed him if others had not rushed in and prevented it. The stab was mortal, and in a few hours that brave heart which he had so often bared to his country's foes ceased to throb, his wife a widow, and eight children fatherless. Ah! sad was the day when the old Army Ambulance brought back his remains to his home, and sadder still the following, when a long line of war-scarred veterans slowly marched to a funeral dirge with their dead gallant leader, and looked for the last time on his commanding form. Slowly they turned from the grave of the dead with fresh sympathy, and vowed that his widow and her children would never want a friend while one of them survived. That time has long passed; one by one they were called to join their beloved captain in the spirit world, but true to their promise, while one of them lived, she and hers ever had a friend. But it was not many years she needed their offices, and many of the same troupers bore her remains and placed her by his side in the grave yard at Statesburg.

To sum up the leading features in the life and character of Captain Arthur Richardson as impressed upon the mind and memory of the writer from details heard from his son and grand-son, cannot be accurate, but they are all we have to give. In person, he was a little above the ordinary size and of great strength and endurance, with uncommon energy and firmness of character. His education was gained more from contact with the world and experience than from books. He was a man of the world in the accepted sense, not a member of any church, though his family and connections were generally Presbyterians, was keenly alive to everything tending to promote the prosperity and interest of his country. The loss of the old Richardson family Bible is a very serious obstacle in the way of these memoirs, as for want of the records therein contained we are unable to give the names of all his children, which is believed have have been eight. Of

these were Francis, Henry and Stephen; one of the daughters married a Cordell and was grand mother to the Sessions family of Adams County, Mississippi. Another married a Jackson, whose descendants became very numerous throughout Mississippi and Louisiana, so that Eislie Jackson, in the third generation counted over three hundred of his descendants together on one occasion. A third married into the family of Andersons. There was a sister of Capt. R's born in Virginia, and who died in South Carolina aged 104—see Ramsay.

After the death of the widow, the Estate was administered on by the eldest son, Francis, and divided satisfactorily among the heirs.

CHAPTER SECOND

Francis Richardson was born at the old family residence near Stateburg, Sumpter District, S. C., 1760, a period during which the all absorbing thought of the people was the inevitable coming struggle with the Mother Country, which in a greater or less degree shaped the destiny of society, and each particular member thereof. On the high hills of Santee, school masters were teaching the young idea how to shoot their country's foe, and the whining school boy was longing to follow to the field a Marion or a Sumpter; amid such surroundings, was passed the boyhood of Francis Richardson, and early manhood found him with but a small stock of book learning. He had been kept too busy watching his Father's stock of horses and cattle, aiding his Mother to keep the Tories from stealing them for eight long years, to know or care much about the rudiments of Grammar. It was thus he grew to young manhood, stout, fearless and daring, more familiar with danger than the derivation of words. The welcome notes of the truce sounding bugle found him approaching maturity, and life with its responsibilities came fast and thick upon him. The sad untimely death of his father ushered him at once into the midst of its busy arena, which after all has been so often found to be the best school. After settling the affairs of the estate, at the age of twenty-four, he married Martha Gaulden, in her day very remarkable for her beauty and personal attractions; a more complete specimen of man and woman could hardly be found this side of the first garden. Their appearance after they had turned their full half century, is most vividly impressed upon the memory of the writer, for as their first grand-son, he was their special pet, and most of his

young boyhood was spent with them, and the tales of a grandfather are sweet treasures of life's young dream. At that time his usual weight was two hundred, with no surplus flesh, six feet in his stockings, strong Roman nose, splendid physique, knee breeches, and high top boots of the time, a hero made to order. She too had well retained the grace of womanhood, especially her activity, so that, with a little advantage of rising ground, she could, with an ordinary sized horse, place her hands on the pommel of her saddle and jump into it.

But we anticipate and must go back to the other days, and follow them on. After his Mother's death he bought the homestead and engaged actively in its improvement. The invention of the cotton gin in 1793 gave a new impulse to that great staple. Though four years after the close of the Revolutionary war, the African slave trade was prohibited by the great powers, still New England enterprise was fully equal to the emergency, and they kept the market well supplied. Once landed on the American coast it was difficult to distinguish them from those brought over and landed before.

A few years of diligent frugality and industry placed the new beginners in easy and prosperous circumstances, so that, before the year 1790, Mr. Richardson bought at Charleston, at one purchase, thirty negroes, mostly fine looking men and women for about one hundred and fifty dollars a head; they were clothed and brought home with no little difficulty, being about as wild as baboons of their own native land. In bringing them on the farm an incident occurred of a singular character. They had shown so much surprise and amazement at everything they saw, that Mr. Richardson concluded to bring them into the wide hall of the dwelling that his wife might enjoy their surprise; at one end of this hall was a large mirror, and several of them were brought before it. In a moment they seemed to grow frantic and ungovernable, made wild gestures and awful screams, so that their keepers had to be brought in before they could be quieted down at the sight of the whip. After a few words to their interpreter, he explained it thus: Seeing themselves for the first time in a glass, they thought they were all at once back in Africa among their fellows, which made them shout for joy, which at once accounted for their singular behavior. Putting these Africans to work in the fields for the first time, was like breaking young mules, and any amount of patience and sometimes something a little stronger was required. The women of this lot, in the first generation had very few children, but became prolific in the second,

which seemed to be the case with Africans imported generally. These thirty all turned out well, and became good and valuable servants; long lived, most of them were handed down by inheritance to the third generation. One of the last survivors was a woman, Leah, who became the property of the writer, was long a consistent, pious member of the Methodist Church; she died in the Parish of Iberia, La., in 1877; thus, allowing her to be twenty on arriving in America, would make her one hundred and seven years old at the time of her death.

But back to the Richardson Family; years passed over them, with the changes and incidents common to human life, but they were not those of sorrow or affliction, for olive branches had sprung up around their table, and each succeeding year found their store of wealth increased. No funeral pall had darkened their doors, and they had abundant cause of gratitude to the Giver of all good. But the head of the family was restless and uneasy at seeing the soil he had so long cultivated gradually wasting away, and this was the general feeling of his friends and neighbors. At best it was never good and Southern-planter-like, of those days, took no steps to improve it. Indeed the fields were literally ploughed to death, so that it took acres to make a bale of cotton; nor did those who raised indigo fare any better. Such was the case after the year 1800, when reports first reached them of the great fertility of the lands in the far off Territory of Mississippi, bordering on or near the great river. Pioneers had been there and found their way back, reporting immense yields of from two to three bales of cotton to the acre, and the Indians were all leaving for other hunting grounds. It was not long before steps were taken to investigate this important matter, in all of which Francis Richardson and his friend, Wade Hampton, took the lead. Their investigation extending over several years, finally culminated in emigration, which took out of the old State a large number of her best citizens.

Here we have to follow our ancestor like Abraham of old, with his tents and large family, his slaves, flocks and herds, during his long sojourning through the State of Alabama into the wilderness of Mississippi which occurred in 1810. After great toil and hardships, opening roads through the wild cane brakes, and building bridges over which to pass their vehicles, the new Eldorado was reached in safety. His first entry of land was made seven miles east of Woodville, in Wilkinson County, which was largely increased by purchase. Here the usual first-settlers' log cabins were made; their smoke went

up among the wild forest trees. Two years afterwards, all was changed as if by enchantment. Instead of log cabins, a beautiful mansion crowned the summit of rising ground, surrounded by a park of picturesque forest trees, destined to move their generous branches over unborn generations, as well as those who walked beneath them in all the beauty and pride of young manhood.

Francis Richardson was at once assigned, in his new home, that position which common consent ever gives to character and wealth. He, with his eldest son, John G., were among the commissioned to select the site and lay off the County Seat, Woodville. He sought no office, but shrunk from no responsibility looking to the general good, and thus passed six years of his life in his newly adopted home surrounded by wife and children, and friends, and increasing in wealth and honor. But what are all these when the grim monster knocks at the door? The weakest point of our Ancestor's character was self-will, which nothing could control except the gentle influence of his wife, and alas, not always this, or he might have made his three score and ten, as by nature he was so well endowed to do, instead of falling a victim to an unprincipled quack, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. A Dr. Wright had located in the neighborhood to practice medicine, and was soon discovered to be a fraud by the profession. But Francis Richardson had known Wright's father in South Carolina, and would allow no reflection on the character of his son in his presence. It really seemed that the more violent grew the opposition to the Doctor, the more zealous became his defender for the character of his old friend's son, so that after his malpractice had been several times exposed, he still not only employed him on his large plantation with over a hundred slaves, but entrusted him with his own life during a severe attack of malarial fever; in vain did his family and friends endeavor to persuade him to change his physician, or at least to let them call in others in consultation; there was no use; and it really appeared that he would rather die by the hand of Dr. Wright, than be cured by anyone else. When at length they resolved to act, and two physicians from Woodville were called in, it was alas too late.

It was thus at the age of fifty-seven, this strong man with powers unimpaired by time, after seven days illness fell like a giant oak of the forest. Sixty years have now passed since that great throng of mourners followed his remains to that lonely spot he had selected

and ornamented for his grave. He was the first pioneer to that lone spot on the estate where so many others have since joined him. Nothing occurs to the writer as necessary to add in relation to the character of Francis Richardson, only to say that he was a member of the Methodist Church, and enjoyed in an eminent degree the fullest confidence of all who knew him. At his death there were six sons and one daughter, in the order of their birth, John G., James, Susan, Jarred, Arthur, Wade Hampton and Francis Rivers. The first two sons married and settled near their father. Susan married Hiram Singleton and lived adjoining. Jarred and Wade were married into the Harbor family, and died in West Feliciana, Louisiana. Arthur died unmarried. Francis Rivers, always called Rivers, married a sister of Gov. McGoffins of Kentucky, and died leaving his family in Kentucky.

Before we leave this ancestor we will follow his wife to the close of her earthly pilgrimage, which occurred sixteen years afterward, and they were years of great usefulness to herself, her family, and the world. Of a tall slender, wiry mould, self-reliant, of great decision of character, its impress was felt whenever she moved, whether in the Church of which she was a beautiful pillar, or in the management of her domestic affairs, or in the various charities of the day, all felt the magic touch of her influence. Her great physical activity has been before alluded to. In all newly settled countries, the travel is mainly on horse, and the most vivid reminiscence of the writer is riding behind her on a fine swift pacer, during one of her weekly visits to the Indian Camp about two miles north of her residence, on the hills of Buffalo. It was evening in the Fall. After crossing the main country road leading from Woodville to Liberty, we turned North into an Indian trail, straight and good enough to follow, except where wild cane grew too low down, when we had to stoop to conquer our way through; sometimes there was a log or fallen tree across the path. But this was a trifle, for that horse, Dick, could have cleared a five barred fence and no harm to him or his rider. The way to me was getting to feel a little long, when dogs commenced barking, and all at once there was the Indian Camp in full view, perhaps fifty or sixty huts of different sizes and shapes, wigwams, some covered with bear skins, some with wild cane, and some with straw. The men were all off to their hunting grounds on the head waters of the Homochitto, and in a few moments our horse was surrounded by squaws, children, picaninies, the little naked fellows all holding

up their hands imploring with a wild, beseeching jargon, reminding me now of so many pelicans imploring food from their mother.

Grandmother dismounted leaving me on the saddle scared nearly to death at the terrible looking old squaws. After what seemed an age, she returned from visiting the sick in their tents, followed by a few old women who spoke some English, and to whom she gave some medicine and directions. Then taking a handled basket from the horn of her saddle, she proceeded to distribute a quantity of cakes and nick-nacks among the children, who yelled out their gibberish thanks as we rode away, with me rejoicing at my escape.

A volume full of interest, to her numerous decendants might be written of this Mother in Israel, who so nobly and so well filled out her three score years and ten. But a more extended notice would not be in accordance with our plans, which are mainly to point out the land marks which have stood in the family pathway. But if we do stop here and there to admire the giant oak with its beautiful clinging joy, or drop a tear where fell the lightning shiver, those who come after me will not complain. Again the homestead now growing venerable in the hearts of the family is draped in mourning. A long procession slowly moved from the Chambers of Death, as silent as the shades around them, broken only by the sad forest requiem. Dust to dust again is heard from the tremulous lips of her venerable Pastor and friend, Dr. Winans; and thus, after sixteen years of lonely, lovely widowhood, again sleep, side by side, Francis and Martha Richardson.

CHAPTER THIRD

John Gaulden Richardson was born February 28, 1785, at the old homestead, in Sumpter District, South Carolina. So short a time after the great Revolution was not a good time to be born, for all the social relations of life had been badly disrupted. Schools, churches, with all requisites of refinement and amenities, were sadly neglected; all his early memories were associated with this period, when every nerve was strained to repair the broken fortunes of the planters by the severest thrift and patient industry. In a few years, however, this was rewarded with success which rendered the labor of himself and brothers comparatively easy, and gave them opportunities for mental improvement, but which were sadly neglected to their lifetime sorrow. The early bent of his mind was for present enjoyment, and as he grew

up towards manhood, the more marked became these propensities. At maturity he was of medium size, with wonderful activity and powers of endurance; a joyous boon companion, no hilarious gathering was complete without him; but the fox chase and race course were his special fascinations; and here it may be as well to record, that all through a long and useful life, he never recovered entirely from these controlling influences, which threw such a magic spell around his young manhood. He was fond of confessing that the strains of the violin acted strangely upon his nerves; and the good points of a horse were to him like diamond in the ore; a good hound ever had a faithful friend, and no fox or wild cat was ever safe with the sound of his clarion horn. The character of John G. Richardson, at the age of twenty-two, was an unusual compound of pleasure and business, and his judgment was as confessed in one as in the other. There are under currents in human life, scarcely at first perceived, but fed by hidden springs, gradually increase in strength and volume, till it attains the mastery and sways the mighty river. Of all traits of character, there are perhaps none so potent in influence upon the masses as personal bravery, and this he possessed in an eminent degree. Indeed, it may be said of him that the principle of fear was wanting in his character. As liberal with his purse as with his blood, he was ever ready to make the cause of injured innocence his own, leaving consequences for after consideration. His long life was full of lessons to show the dangers and the folly to which such impulses lead, but he never learned them. At this period in history, his time was about fairly divided between the homestead in South Carolina, and two maternal uncles near Savannah, Georgia, who were devoted to him.

It was during one of these protracted visits that a meeting was called in Sumpter District, to take into consideration the subject of emigration to Mississippi Territory, then the all-absorbing social problem in South Carolina. After much deliberation and comparing rumors and reports from that great unknown wilderness, so far beyond postal facilities of that day, it was finally resolved that if John G. Richardson would go out as a pioneer, remain one year, make a crop of cotton and corn, they would all abide his decision. No higher compliment could have been paid to a young man, when we consider the character of the families represented in that assembly, and of which immediate information was at once conveyed to him, and to which his answer was favorable and prompt. Indeed, no suggestion could have

touched a more kindred cord than this to him. Opening up as it did a rich field for enterprise and adventure so congenial with his nature he soon returned home and devoted his attention to every minutia necessary to the outfit of an undertaking so important to himself and others. He selected two African slaves to accompany him, Caesar and Pina, of the lot before mentioned of thirty, who had for years proved themselves first class servants, faithful and true; a two horse covered wagon drawn by two powerful, well broken mules, and in which was stored seeds, farming and kitchen utensils, indeed everything necessary to begin life in the wilderness, a little, miniature Noah's Ark.

The first Monday in December, 1808, was a day of great interest at the old Richardson homestead, for a large crowd had assembled there to witness the departure. In front stood the wagon, all harnessed up and equipped, while Pina held Ma's John's famous saddle horse, well equipped for the journey. He had decided on making the whole trip on horse-back, as the saddle was his most delightful home. The leave taking was sad but soon over, for the Richardsons are a very demonstrative people. His mother feared she was looking upon her first born for the last time, when she thought of all the dangers through which he would have to pass. But the last words were spoken and he was gone, and no braver heart ever turned face to danger.

By a glance at the map of the United States it will be seen that his route lay diagonally through a portion of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama to the Southwest part of Mississippi Territory; a distance, as he had to travel it, of over a thousand miles. While inside the borders of civilization his way was smooth and fair enough, and it was not until he had passed its confines that this fearful task began to be realized. Several hundred miles of his route lay through almost unbroken wilderness, with nothing but Indian trails to make his course. Camping out, often near the Indian villages, the greatest vigilance had to be used to prevent the loss of all his property, and even their lives at the hands of the treacherous savages. Often he would have to wait for days for swollen creeks to run down, and often a bridge was required before he could proceed. Wild game was abundant all along this portion of his route, and many carcasses he had to leave in the wilderness, except the skins, which Pina and Caesar were skillful in saving. Feeding his stock was much more difficult than feeding themselves; indeed this was their greatest trouble. His route struck Pearl River at the little trading post called Monticello,

and great was his joy at once more meeting and mingling with people of his own race. Here he stopped for several days to recruit his animals and himself and negroes as well; and here the latter found a good sale for their bear and deer skins. From the proceeds of which they astonished the whole trading post with their new outfit, and on the strength of which they gave a general exhibition of a genuine Congo Dance.

Leave taking was celebrated at the post by a farewell ball the night before, at which everybody, with their wives, and especially their daughters, were present, and though we record it without permission, we have no doubt but that the young South Carolinian gave them an exhaustive display of Virginia reels, break downs, and pigeon wings with many other varieties of Terpsichore. From this point his route, onward, was easy in comparison to what he had passed through, lying entirely through the Choctaw Nation; but he had wisely engaged the services of two experienced and influential Indian guides, which made it comparatively safe to pass through this Country. Early in January he reached the settlement of some friends from Georgia, who had made the move by sea, and up the Mississippi River, and here he found a good old lifetime Southern welcome. He found them located near where the town of Woodville now stands, and all well pleased with their prospects. Here leaving his negroes and equipments for a few days, he prospected in every direction for a future home. He finally settled on a location fourteen miles east, on what is now known as the Woodville and Liberty road.

Here he entered a section, and bought a quarter of a section from a squatter named Clarke who had opened a few acres on it, and that one hundred and sixty acres is called Clarkesfield to this day. Arriving here in January, he at once proceeded to cut logs for necessary buildings, and here was the first of his new home. The log cabin of the pioneer is a picture too deeply engraved on the mind of every American to need repeating here. All his other necessary out-buildings were of a like inexpensive character, and early spring found him cutting down wild cane and opening up new ground for planting. Here, for the benefit of unborn Richardson boys, who, it is fair to presume, will have no opportunity of knowing personally about cane brakes, and new countries, we will record some particulars as to how their ancestor, John G. Richardson, managed it all. All of Wilkinson County was, in 1800, one vast cane brake which grew from fifteen

to twenty feet high. In the midst of one of them he settled in 1808, and commenced clearing by cutting off the cane at or near the ground, falling it one way on a bed of forest leaves, so that when laying down flat it made a mat of from six inches to a foot deep; upon this was cut down all the saplings or small timber, well lapped up and the branches thrown over the cane, leaving nothing standing but big trees, which were girdled and left to rot down, or be split into rails. All this was left to dry on the ground till it was wanted for planting. when some windy day was selected for a burn, and it all goes off right, it is the most grandly, beautiful sight on earth. The bursting of the cane resembles the continued roll of small arms of contending armies. It far surpasses the best prairie fire, in that it climbs up dead vines to the top of the tallest timber, and wreathes its fiery festoons and garlands around the heads and all over the great, giant oaks of the forest, and gives a vivid panorama of creations winding up. A day or two after this grand conflagration the ground, with its fine coated top-dressing of ashes, is ready for planting, and in this way fifty acres was put in cotton and corn by the first of April.

In the cultivation of the first crop no ploughing is necessary or even possible, but the hoe must be actively used to keep down a rank growth of weeds, and most extraordinary crops are realized the first year. Wild game, especially deer and turkeys, was very abundant, also wild hogs, and he was able to lay in a good supply of meat for the year; in all of which his two South Carolina hound pups came well in play, and had already made quite a name for themselves. He tried hiring Indians to work on the farm, but they were not reliable, only as hunters. By October his crop was mostly gathered, and after engaging a good overseer, he was ready to return home; so selling his cotton in the seed, for the gin had only been invented a few years and had not yet gone into general use, he was ready to leave.

Taking generally the same route he had come over, but making many short cuts and with no encumbrance he arrived at his father's house about the middle of November. His favorable report had been received in advance, and he found the whole community getting ready to move. Never was a hero crowned with laurels more warmly welcomed, and the old Richardson Mansion was thronged from day to day to get particulars of their new, far-away home. His sales of cotton, planted and cultivated mainly by Pina and Caesar saved him volumes of words. Without a dissenting voice, he was again selected

to arrange all particulars as to time and manner of making the move; for all knew there was no safety except in reunion. In order to get out in time to make a crop, it was necessary to leave in November or December, cold and disagreeable though it might be, but better this than to lose a whole year's work, and to this all energies were now directed. Everyone had their especial arrangements to make; but in his estimation all were small in comparison to the greater matter which weighed upon his heart and mind, which we will now go back and bring up.

A year before he went to Mississippi Territory, he had met at a party, near Campden, Miss Margaret DuBose, and which meeting was fatal to his peace of mind. Strange freak of nature which draws us to our opposites. She was the only young lady in that brilliant throng who did not join in the dance, and as dancing was his native element, he was so filled with amazement that he sought an introduction, and for once in his life forgot to dance, the balance of the evening. Seating himself by her side he begged to know her reasons, and in the explanation which followed, he discovered a rich vein of mind, conscience, duty, self-control, with all the fascinations of beauty in the dark-eyed brunette. The persuasive strains of music went on, but for once in his life he heeded it not. "Saul among the prophets" caused no more wonder, and he returned home with new and strange visions floating around him. He had gone to the party to meet a Miss Dick, a cousin of Miss DuBose, but a greater than Miss Dick was there. Several interviews followed, which only served to sink the arrow deeper in his heart, but no other progress was made.

His character on the turf, and as the best fox hunter in Sumpter District, did not recommend him to the staid widow of Capt. Daniel DuBose, a staunch old Huguenot family, who had left behind him a splendid revolutionary record, and had received the warmest acknowledgments of General Sumpter in his farewell address to his army. Too fast," said Mrs. DuBose "to be a suitable match for my daughter, Margaret," who had been reared to know and do her duty, and so the matter stood, when he was elected as Pioneer, by a large colony to brave a year in the wilderness with savages and wild beasts.

They were now to part, perhaps forever; woman-like, she could not hide her fears, but no promise came to lean upon in his far off wanderings, but there is a sympathy in a woman's heart as

irrepressible as the weird music of the passing gale, revealing often more to another, than is known to themselves; and thus they parted, he on his long and perilous journey with no facilities to lighten up irrepressible as the weird music of the passing gale, revealing often his lonely future, and she to commune with her own heart, as only women can commune, on a new-born idea, so deeply involving her all of life and happiness. And now a year had passed since then, and he was again at the house of Mrs. DuBose as a visitor, but how changed were the circumstances. The whole country around was ringing out his exploits, and his successes, which made him quite a hero, and a very practical one in the estimation of the planters.

The cordiality of his reception by Mrs. DuBose greatly surprised him, and he felt that time had rolled away a great stone from his door, but a far greater one was rolled from his heart. At the closing of the interview with her daughter, the simplest narrative of his life, since they last parted, was in itself enough to draw out all the sympathy of human nature, but when told with the earnest pathos of love's own words, every cord of her heart responded, and tears glistened in her dark black eyes. He told of his lonely night-watchings through pelting rains beating on his bark-covered hut, surrounded by howling beasts of pray. Yet how through it all, her image hovered around him like a guardian angel to shield him from harm. Soon he would have to return to his new far-away home; must it again be without you? Her answer came by giving him her hand and saying "I will go with you whenever you want me to."

Over seventy years have passed since then, and from dust to dust they have long since returned. A large family rose up to call them blessed, and now point back through long misty years to their own loved "Isaac and Rebecca."

Next morning, with the full concurrence of Mrs. DuBose, the sixteenth of November was appointed for the marriage which for the want of time had to be a hurried and quiet one. To make it unnecessary to again return to this subject, we will here record, that on the evening of the day appointed, a select company assembled at the residence of Mrs. DuBose, and a joyous gathering it was. The Miss Dick before referred to, acted as bridesmaid to her cousin, and Mr. Miller, afterwards Governor Miller, of Georgia, officiated as groomsman. Two days after the marriage the bride and groom took up their residence at Richardson Mansion, where his presence was

needed every hour to direct the great move which was fixed upon for the last week in November. We remember of no such extensive exodus from any one State having ever occurred, as that from South Carolina, begun in 1808, and extending through 1810, to the then newly acquired Mississippi Territory. For twenty years afterwards it was the constant theme of conversation in Wilkinson County, where most of the emigrants located, so that every incident became thoroughly daguerrotyped on the mind and memory of the writer. Many interesting incidents we refrain from giving as they would lengthen these family reminiscences much beyond our original intention.

The last Monday in November, 1808, was a day long to be remembered in the old Richardson neighborhood, as family after family fell into line, each with wagon, teams and equipment. Negro boys generally rode mules, while the women and children were stowed away in the wagons. A long line of family carriages followed in the rear and completed this army of emigrants numbering over a thousand grown persons besides children. By common concurrence, it had been decided that John G. Richardson should be chief in command of the moving party, and as their route led through the Indian Nation, it was necessary for safety to keep in as compact a body as possible. A select number of picked men was arranged as avant-couriers to be kept a day's journey in advance, to select camping grounds, arrange ferriage, inspect bridges, and detect as far as possible any lurking danger. Their young Moses with his splendid horse and equipment ready for any emergency, was everywhere along the line, looking to the wants and comforts of all; with every day came its annoyances and accidents, enough to fill a volume, but he showed himself equal to every emergency, and no doubt deserved more laurels than many a General has received for conducting and advancing or retreating army.

In January, 1810, the locality of their future home was reached, and permanent tents were struck, stock enclosures made, and for a time most of the families went into winter quarters, which however proved to be very mild and open. Land sharks and agents were soon thick among them, each offering for a trifle to show "the richest land that ever a crow flew over." so that before a month had passed, the great company were mostly scattered, some never to meet again. The usual results followed, of conflicting claims, trespass and law-suits, in which George Poindexter and other legal luminaries laid

the foundations of their fame and fortunes; the location, of our ancestors, has been before given, and we have now but to follow them to it. J. G. Richardson found his new home, which he had left under contract, well under way, but not completed, so that the newly married couple had to pass some of their time in the old log cabin. Here life began with them in earnest, with all its cares and responsibilities common to human existence. The amount of property brought in marriage, was about equal and consisted mostly of slaves, of which there were about 30 all told. The improvements on the plantation were pushed rapidly forward; first the completion of the dwelling sacred in memory of all the children but the last; there were the negro cabins, cottages on the hillside, and then the large barn and stables; and at last the great gin house, at the head of the long avenue leading to the dwelling from the public road. But opening land and extending the field was the main work of the plantation hands, so that by May a fair crop, for the force, was put in.

They tried again to utilize the Indians as farm laborers but found them too lazy and unreliable, except one called Indian John, who remained for several years as a sort of gardener and hunter, but whiskey was his great trouble. The crops of 1810 and 1811 were very remunerative and the smiles of Providence seemed to have gathered around their new home. The first year, August 1st, added a daughter to the family, now Mrs. M. L. Gibson, and the proud mother of a numerous family in Missouri. But when did the stream of life ever flow smoothly without dashing against the rocks, over rapids and around eddies. The second year came near shrouding their new home with gloom, for the life of its fair mistress was for weeks despaired of by her physicians, and everyone else, except good old Parson Mathew Bowman, who came daily with his prayers and strong faith in her recovery. She became very happy in her affliction, and even joyful at the prospect of death, which for her, had lost all its terrors; and yet for the sake of her dear husband and child, she was willing to live. Her protracted illness and wonderful recovery was very impressive, and seemed almost miraculous, especially to him whose life was so much bound up in her. Now follows the sequel. He had seen and felt it all as only a devoted young husband can, when the idol of his soul is being taken away forever. Her resignation and willingness to go and leave him and her child was all a new revelation to him, and he determined to analyze and realize it all for himself. With him it had ever been to

resolve to do, so with this intent, he communed with old Father Bowman, and no man could better give him advice and instruction, under which, for the first time in his life, he commenced reading his Bible and religious works; this he continued for over a month, with each day adding to his deep contrition for his past life. To use his own words, relief came when least expected, as if a great burden was suddenly lifted off him. From that time till the day of his death he was a changed man, fully as much as was Saul after his journey to Damascus the whole current of his life and thought seemed to flow in a new channel. We do not purpose to argue cause and effect, but simply to record facts from which all are at liberty to draw their own conclusions. His first step was a family altar, and he would allow nothing to prevent the morning and evening sacrifice. Soon after, three of his former boon companions from Woodville called in to pass the night; they had not heard "that he had seen a vision." As bedtime approached, he became nervous and embarrassed, which he confessed to his wife. Her advice was, "husband do your duty and all will be right," and the service that night was sweet and refreshing. In a short time the first midway church was under contract, his subscription being first and largest, and of which he was for many years a leading member.

But all his plans of usefulness in the church and neighborhood were suddenly broken into by the rude blast of the War of 1812, General Jackson's proclamation reached the town of Woodville, calling loudly for volunteers to save Pensacola, which was environed by the warlike Creek Indians, and there was not a moment to lose. On the day appointed the streets of Woodville were crowded with volunteers, of which one hundred picked men were enrolled in a cavalry company and at the election of officers, John G. Richardson, was almost unanimously elected captain. A week under the drill of one of General Sumpter's old veterans, and the first company of cavalry, ever raised in Wilkinson County, was ready to leave. His commission, as captain, now lies before me, dated March 3, 1813, and bearing the broad seal of the Territory of Mississippi, under Governor David Holmes Venerable parchment! Seared and yellowed by time—how vividly it brings back to life fading memories long past, and of "the stout hearted, who have all slept their last sleep." The former prestige of their chief gave him the entire confidence of his men, who felt that they were under a boon com-

mander; by forced marches he reached Pensacola, and received a cordial welcome from his commander-in-chief, who was soon, by other reinforcements, enabled to take the offensive, and add fresh laurels to his rising fame. The Wilkinson troops continued with Jackson's army till the close of the Florida war, when they were disbanded and returned to their homes. It was a great and gala day for the town of Woodville, when the head of the column appeared in sight, for the families and friends of the troopers had assembled in great numbers to welcome them to home and rest.

In his military career, Captain Richardson had held fast to his integrity, and well illustrated the life of a Christian soldier. His plantation affairs he found in good condition, under his overseer, David Jackson (who here laid the foundation of his subsequent large fortune), and with a hearty good will he resumed his former life and duties. The writer will not be accused of egotism, for omitting in its proper place, that before leaving for the war, his family had increased by twins. Francis and Mary, and now he returned a proud father as well as a soldier, to enjoy the comforts and sweets of domestic life. But, alas! The vanity of all human calculations. Before a year had passed, the war cloud again darkened the country. Packenham had suddenly appeared with his army before New Orleans, and threatened the city with a terrible doom in which Louisiana, and the new State of Mississippi were involved.

Again General Jackson stood in the breach, calling for volunteers, when Captain Richardson's cavalry was at once reorganized, and in a few days in the Crescent City, reported for duty. Here his energy and activity, with perfect drill, made his company conspicuous during the terrible conflict that ensued. Incidents and details crowd the mind of the writer, so often the story of the battle at evening fireside was told, but it is to be hoped that all of his descendants will be conversant with the history of their Country, and especially with the battle of the 8th of January, 1815, in which their ancestor acted so prominent a part. Entering the war as Captain, then Major, he was now Colonel of his regiment. Thirty-seven years afterward, his eldest son was mainly instrumental in having a memorial monument erected by legislative appropriation on the plains of Chalmette, on which the names of all the officers were to be inscribed. And here is broken the bow and the shield and the sword and the battle.

Home again with wife and children and friends, Colonel Richardson resumed the care of his estate and the many responsibilities devolved upon him. While he had been away from his home, fighting the battles of his country, its fair mistress was winning the victories of peace. In this tribute the world is ever ready to pay to female loveliness of character, that which made his home quite the center of attraction. Four children had now blessed their union, and to train these "Olive Branches" claimed their first attention. His aim was to surround them with literary association, and the neighborhood, physician, teachers and ministers all found a home in the family. Looking back now through a long vista, we are satisfied that more practical knowledge and foundation of character is gained by such surroundings in early life, than is gained in the schools. Nor do we remember ever to have heard an oath, seen a drunken man, or a game of cards ever played in our father's house. His life was shaped in no small degree by the writings of John Wesley, to which we mainly attribute his ideas on redeeming of time. To this end, he ordained four o'clock A. M., as the hour of family worship, at which time Moses, son of Winter, the negro preacher, blew blasts so loud and shrill as to be heard "over the hills and far away", while every hound in the pack joined in the wild chorus, and even the geese united their cracked mistaken melody to break the stilly night. At one side of the large room called the hall, the blacks brought in their long benches, the whites on the other. A chapter was read, a hymn was sung and then the beautiful and fervent prayer closed the service of the morning and evening sacrifice.

Diligent in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord, seemed to be the motto inscribed upon his heart, and acted out in his life. It would be reasonable to suppose that such a life would be one of financial success, and so it was to some extent, for year after year found the small surrounding farms, one after another absorbed into his estate until it became one of the largest in that section. But yet Colonel Richardson was not a money-making man in the accepted sense of the term: for here again Mr. Wesley comes in with "make all you can, save all you can, give all you can," and if any part of the injunction was lost it was sure not the last. His charities were not spasmodic, but a living principle ever beating with the pulsations of a generous heart. The support of the Church was like providing for his own household. He warmly espoused the greatest enterprise of the day, that of planting civilization in Africa

by means of the free negroes in America, headed as it was by his political star, Henry Clay, as President, and himself as one of the Vice-Presidents of Mississippi. It was indeed a grand scheme and deserved a better fate. Millions went into its treasury, but it was stabbed in the house of its Northern friends by Abolitionists, and finally buried by Emancipation. All through the years of his life, he was often called upon to settle estates of widows, who had a sort of sunflower instinct of turning to him in time of need, and they never turned in vain. Of the several orphans he reared and educated, his experience was not encouraging. But the greatest trial of his faith came from his free tenants, mostly Irish emigrants, sheltered in different corners of his estate, with a few acres to cultivate until they could do better, but who often preferred letting well enough alone. Very often, no doubt, he was made to feel, with the witty and sarcastic Talleyrand, that "the gratitude of the human heart consisted in a lively anticipation of favors to be received." But there are some lessons, some men can never learn, and he never did. Strange, too, with such a near neighbor, friend and brother-in-law as Dr. William Winans, whose name lives in history as one of the greatest Divines the South has ever produced.

In 1824 he commenced building on the Woodville and Liberty road, about a mile from the old home, which had become too small for his growing family. In two years the new home was completed, and presented a very imposing appearance, in the midst of a splendid forest park, with its tall, graceful pillars as if it had all grown from the ground up. It so captivated our young hearts that there was no sorrow or sighing on leaving the sweet, dear old home of our birth, but youth is not the time for sighing.

Eighteen hundred and twenty-six found us in our new abode, six in number, the yougest died in infancy, and in a few months we were all rejoicing over a new-born sister, to our young hearts a fairy gift, to us and our queen mother. There are periods in the drama of human life when we would love to let the curtain fall to rise no more. There is a mysterious Providence which often leads mortals to the highest pinnacle of earthly happiness but to be dashed into the deepest abyss below. The year which had opened so bright and beautiful upon us looked out upon a household wreck. The light of our lives had gone out; all was dark in our hearts, as it was in the deep buried coffin of our mother. The golden bowl was broken and our treasure scattered, the silver cord was loosened which bound us together. We had seen our noble

hearted father, who had braved death in a thousand forms, tremble under the blow, and cry out, "All is lost, all is lost"; we had all loved and learned too much, forgetting that she was mortal. It was our first great sorrow, and so deep did it enter, that even long, heavy years now pressing heavily upon us has never dimmed the memories of that dark day, or the sad train of events which followed it. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." None knew this better or felt it more than Col. Richardson, and it was here he renewed his strength for the battle of life. His zeal in religion seemed to increase, and he resumed the active duties of life, but his friends generally said that he never was the same light-hearted, genial, joyous man. The social elements of his nature, which had scattered sunlight all along his pathway, seem tinged with a sternness before unknown. The condition of his children was a burden on his mind, for in his nature there was little of the domestic motherly elements, and he felt the necessity of providing for their wants, so that in the second year of his widowhood he married Mrs. Winningham, a cousin of our mother's, and to whom she had been much attached. It was a wise choice, for she was a good woman, and would have done her duty well, but he was doomed again; In four months she was in a grave beside our mother, and our home was again draped in mourning.

After her death his great desire seemed to be to leave the country, which was the fatal error of his life, and brought with it all his woes. With this intent, he visited the far-famed Teche Country, and returned with the general admiration of that country, of which an admirer once said: "If there be a spot on all this sin-cursed earth, where God in His Mercy left to remind man of Paradise he has lost, it is here." He became so entirely satisfied of this fact, that before leaving it, he had purchased for \$10,000.00 the beginning of a sugar plantation, eight miles below New Iberia on the Teche, long afterwards known as the Richardson place, now Hope Plantation.

In October, 1829, leaving half his force in charge of a long-tried Overseer, while the others he removed to his new purchase, where he arrived in time to put up seed cane, and prepare for the following crop, which was doomed to be almost entirely destroyed by the tornado of 1830. These three successive years are sad memories with the old sugar planters of Louisiana, with two storms and an untimely freeze. Sugar planting was in its infancy, except in expense, which came early to maturity, but he was fairly embarked upon the sea of trouble, and had

to cross or sink, consequently he sold his cotton plantation in Mississippi and concentrated all his means and added largely to his sugar interests. The second year of his Louisiana life, he married his third wife, Miss Lemon of Adams County, Mississippi, which we only record for the truth of history. The increase of investment in the sugar plantation gave no corresponding increase of profits; but in spite of his poor success, there was for him an infatuation in the business which short crops only seemed to increase. Eight hogsheads to the hand was always in the next crop, which seldom reached four; and the same may be said of all the American Planters who settled in that section at that time, yet he was never heard to regret his change from cotton to sugar.

Though eight miles away his place at church was never vacant; but how small were his religious privileges compared with former days, strange faces, strange tongues, a people "who knew not Joseph", and though he lived long among them they never did. He made strong personal enemies by enforcing the law against some of his neighbors for cruelty to slaves; but with him it was duty first, consequences afterwards. In 1840 he sold his property to his two sons, Edward and Daniel, and retired from business for a while, but becoming restless, he purchased a sugar plantation above New Iberia, in Fausse Point, with which he had about his former success, and in a few years gave it up, and with it, all active business. His children had, in the meantime, married and settled in different sections of the country, where with each, a warm welcome awaited him. He greatly enjoyed traveling, and extended his last trip into Canada, from which he returned to find himself elected Officer of the Day to command the veterans at the approaching celebration of the eighth of January, 1856 in New Orleans. But that day found him a victim of the most violent form of pneumonia, and in a few days his chequered life, at the age of seventy-one came to a close. We append the following obituary, by that gifted author and divine, William Winans, D. D., of Mississippi.

BIOGRAPHICAL



Colonel John G. Richardson, son of Francis and Martha Richardson, was born in Sumpter District, South Carolina, February 28, 1785. In 1809 he married Margaret Du Bose, a daughter of Daniel and Mary Du Bose, of the same state. In 1810 he emigrated to Mississippi Territory, and settled in Wilkinson County. He had scarcely established himself in his new home when war with the Indians, and with Great Britain, called him to share its dangers, privations and hardships. He commanded a volunteer troop of horse and acquitted himself in a manner so much to the public satisfaction, that he was chosen successively Major and Colonel in the regiment in which he had served. In his command he was brave, prudent, strict in discipline, and kind to his men, at once a popular and model officer.

After a union of 18 years, he and his excellent wife were separated by the death of the latter. This was a stroke under which his reason reeled, and no wonder that his anguish was nearly unendurable, for a better wife was probably never the portion of man. She had borne him eight children, all of whom, except one daughter who died in infancy, survived him. He was afterwards twice married, his second wife living but four months; his third wife survived him four or five years. Before his death, and within a short time of that event, two sons, a daughter and a son-in-law, in quick succession followed each other to the grave. From his moral constitution he was peculiarly sensitive to these bereavements, but his piety found consolation in a well-founded assurance that there was hope in the end. In 1829, he removed to St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana, where he continued to have his domicile, till transferred by death to a better home in Heaven. Pecuniary litigations and difficulties occasioned him much perplexity and annoyance for several years, but he outlived them all, and attained to circumstances with which he was content. In youth John G. Richardson was proud, irascible and fond of pleasure, a worldly-minded man. He was, however, high-toned, despising what he considered to be mean, abhorring what he considered dishonorable. His passions were easily excited, and under their impulse, his action was prompt and reckless of consequences. Ardent in temperament, his resentments were violent, and his friendships were warm-hearted. He feared nothing an enemy

could do against him, nor grudged aught he could do for a friend. He would with like ardor have shed his blood in conflict with the former, or, in defense of the latter; a genuine speciman of Southern chivalry.

The conversion and pious example of his wife were instrumental, mainly, in bringing him from "darkness into light," and "from the power of Satan unto God." Affliction, severe and protracted illness, was the minister of mercy to her. Under its rude discipline she was trained to a renunciation of the world which she had previously loved too much to put her whole trust in her Savior, to devote herself to the service of God, and to submit without repining to the dispensations of an infinitely wise and gracious Providence. Always amiable and lovely, she was now consecrated to God in all her attractive qualities; she came out of the furnace of affliction "as gold seven times tried in the fire," purified, refined with added lustre. Her husband felt and yielded to the influence of her sanctified loveliness. His pride and stoutness of heart gave way; he sought to become a companion, meet for her society, a fellow-servant of her God, a partaker with her in the blessings of the new covenant; a joint heir with the saints of light; nor did he seek in vain. After severe struggles against the corruptions of his fallen nature, and against the habit of rebellion against God, he obtained deliverance at once from the dominion and guilt of sin, and rejoiced in spiritual freedom in hope of eternal life. This important change took place in 1813, or 14, so that he was more than 40 years a follower of the Savior. He was long an efficient class-leader and steward in the Church. He became a member of the M. E. Church from a thorough conviction of the scriptural character of her doctrines, and the religious and moral wholesomeness of her discipline, and in this conviction he never faltered.

There was more simplicity and less suspiciousness in him than in any man of his age, and who had been as much in the world as had he, whom I ever knew. This was to him a fruitful source of discomfort and trial when he found his misplaced confidence not justified by the character and conduct of those he had trusted; he felt personally injured by the disappointment. He was himself the very soul of frankness, and he looked to be met in an equally open-hearted manner, and that he was often disappointed need not be stated. A more benevolent man would be hard to find than was Colonel Richardson. No form of human want or woe appealed to him in vain. His liberality was dis-

criminating only in the amount of his contributions, which were large in proportion to the importance which belonged to the claim to which he responded. The spread of the Gospel and the African Colonization Society drew most largely, I believe, on his liberality. How well he judged in preferring those to other claims, need not now be argued.

Until near the close of his life, religion, its obligations and consolations, were themes on which he loved to dwell, and though delirium, in affliction, rendered his mind a chaos, no abatement, in his confidence in God, can be imagined. Doubtless he has rejoined his loved ones, who went before him, and that they all now rejoice in the presence of Divine Glory.

May the surviving members of his family follow to that bright and happy abode, and may I, who so long loved, and was beloved by him and them, join them when called hence.

(Signed) WILLIAM WINANS.

Centerville, Mississippi, February 17, 1856.

Descendants of John G. Richardson and of Margaret Du Bose
in the order of their birth, first and second generations

MARTHA LOUISE GIBSON

William Winans
Mary Frances
James Edward
Margaret Olivier
John Du Bose
Anna Louisa
Emma Gordon

FRANCIS DU BOSE

Francis Liddell
Bethia R. Caffery *Married Donelson Co. see an*
Eveline R. Bissell
Daniel Du Bose
Kate R. Davis
Eloise Dunbar
Helen Lee
Annie Craig
Mary Louisa

MARY ELIZABETH BOWMAN

Lizzie Bowan Dorsey
Frances Louisa Alexander

JOHN WESLEY

Mary Howard
Francis Rivers

EDWARD MOORE

Edward Loisel
Margaret Celeste
Frances Celestine

DANIEL DU BOSE

Mary Louisa Avery
Kate Richardson Taylor

MARGARET BOWMAN

No Descendants

plus

Beth Richardson married Donelson Caffery. Their children were: Donelson, Frank R., Ralph Earl, Gertrude, John Murphy, Charles S., Liddell, Bethia and Edward. Frank and Liddell died unmarried. Donelson married Martha Taylor. Their children were: Martha, Katherine, Bethia, Donelson, Mary Louise, Emma, Liddell and John Taylor. Gertrude married Henry H. Glassie. Their children were: Don Caffery, Gertrude and Henry H. Ralph Earl married Letice Deecier. Their children were: Eudalie, Frank R., Earl, Bethia, Letice, Helen and Aubry. John Murphy married Mary Frere. Their children were: John M., Don T., Mary and Cl^{and Eddie} gg. Charles S. married (1) Cora Nell Hunt. Their only child was Cora Nell; (2) Mary Gaines. Their children were Mary and Charles S. *and Susan*

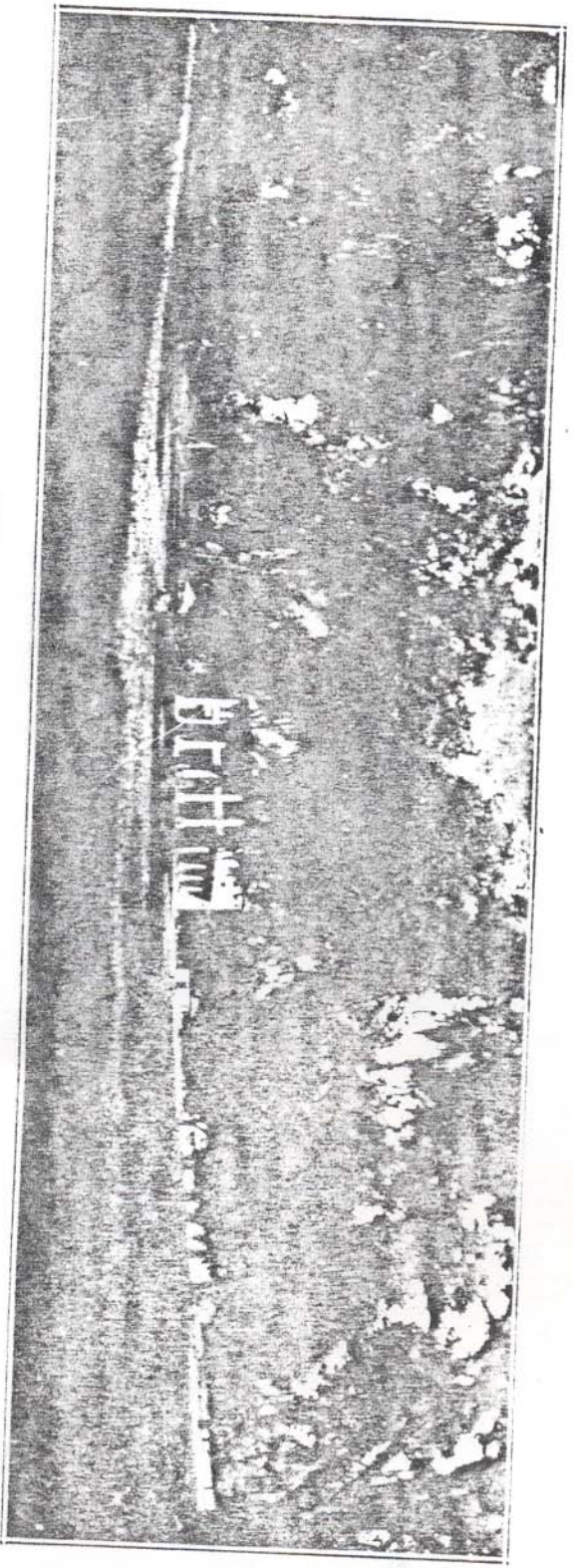
Donelson Caffery was born in 1835 and died in 1906. He was United States Senator from Louisiana, and was a man of rare gifts and character. He was the son of Donelson Caffery and Lydia Murphy. This Donelson Caffery died in 1835. He was the son of John Caffery and Mary Donelson. Mary Donelson was the daughter of John Donelson and ~~Katherine Davis~~ *Katherine Davis*. Katherine Davis *the mother of John D.* was the daughter of ~~Dr. J. Davis~~ *Dr. J. Davis*, fourth president of the College of New Jersey (afterwards Princeton.)

Daniel DuBose Richardson, brother of Francis D., was a member of the Louisiana Constitutional Convention of 1852. H. C. Castellons, the finest criminal lawyer in New Orleans just after the Civil War, declared that Daniel DuBose Richardson was the greatest speaker in the Convention.

Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Confederacy, and great Louisiana and English lawyer, was invited by a delegation from North Louisiana to speak on some notable occasion, but his duties forced him to decline, but, said he, "Daniel DuBose Richardson will be a good substitute for me, or better; he is always ready—a fountain of information and the best speaker in Louisiana."



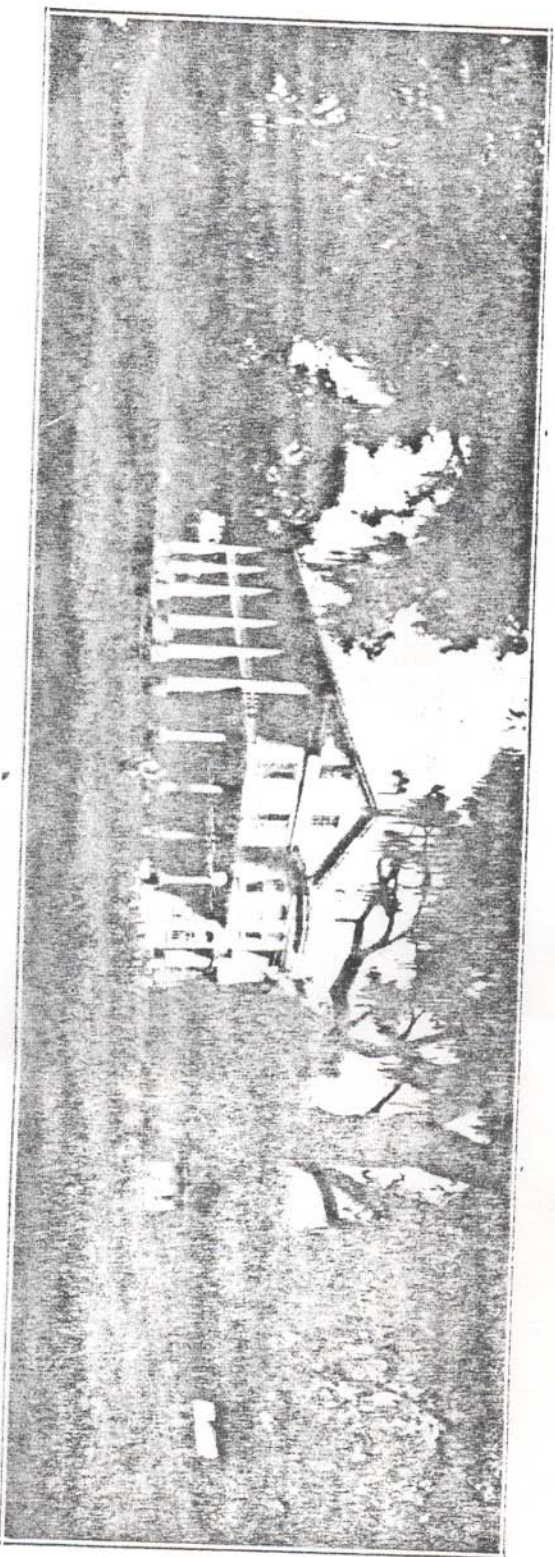
Francis DuBose Richardson



Bayside on the Teche

Another view of the Ancestral Home of our Family





Bayside on the Teche

Ancestral Home of our Family. Built in the Forests on the Teche
in Louisiana about 1800.