

*Our Family History*  
by a lady 80 years of age  
Mrs. Emma Eve Smith  
(1798 - 1882)  
copied by Mrs. Mary E. Miller Eve, 1907  
transcribed by Patricia E. Kruger, 1994

My father, Oswell Eve was born in Philadelphia of English parents in 1754 and married a lady in Charleston, S. Ca (sic SC) by the name of Aphra Ann Pritchard whose parents were of Irish descent. She owned a house in the city and a plantation on Cooper River and many negroes.

My grandfather Eve was captain of a vessel named "Roebuck" and his son Oswell followed his Father's occupation until his marriage when he abandoned the sea and became a planter. He called his place "Middleton" and resided there till he had six daughters. After selling this place he removed to Ninety-Six SC and lived there many years. Five children were born while there.

In 1800 Father came to Georgia and purchased "Goodale" near Augusta and a fine plantation on the Savannah River. Here he built a large house called Frog Hall, for a winter residence, and a Cottage near for a summer retreat.

Father was educated in Philadelphia in the class with Shipping (sic Shippenn), Rush and other prominent men of that day, but was so dull at the commencement of his school exercises that the whole school had holiday when he had learned his letters. After commencing however he grasped knowledge with surprising avidity and became prominent in many positions of trust. His mind was very comprehensive.

He brought up his children in the fear of God and by precept and example taught them the way of life. Himself, the patriarch of his household he conducted the church services at home when no place of worship was within reach and when accessible going through heat and cold, wet or dry weather to worship at altar. He was particularly faithful in his duty to his numerous slaves - having those around him at family worship every morning and evening. He built for his plantation a church on "Butler's Creek" which he had dedicated by four ministers and which is still in use by the negroes. Father was an Elder in the Presbyterian church in Augusta, his contribution to which entitled him to the ownership of three pews.

Father always loved the Indians. A number of Cherokees used to visit us every summer and he would lend them a house and they would do their own cooking as they had a hatred for and suspicion of the negroes. "Old Sawney" was the name of the leader who came for a long time to our house. On one occasion when the doctor had prescribed a dose of oil for him he insisted upon my sister's drinking some first for fear of poison. They used to bring us presents of beads, bows, moccasins, etc.

Father's health declined for a year or two and he closed a long useful life in 1829, having previously buried my mother in 1821.

Of my mother, I can safely say she was a true helpmeet (sic helpmate) from the Lord. She was wealthy when she married but did not raise her children in indolence on that account but taught them the strictest economy and order and management. They were made to go into the kitchen and learn how to cook everything. To take charge of the dairy by the week, giving them the profit of all the butter they could sell while thus engaged. Each one had her own bureau, or trunk and the property of each was strictly respected. Thus she instilled justice in the little things as well as great.

Our home was the seat of hospitality. Every Saturday the house was filled with a happy group of children, grandchildren and strangers whom my married sisters would bring with them from Augusta. Our parents united with us in all our sports, going with us to the balls and parties and encouraging and contributing to all our enjoyment.

Mother was very large in person. She had a fair complexion and large blue eyes. She always wore silk and when in full dress, a velvet mantle trimmed with wide lace. Instead of a cap she wore a muslin turban so plaited as to stand high upon her head. She was Father's banker. He knew that she would take care of what he made and he trusted her with everything. After suffering for a long time she died in 1821 "at peace with her God at peace with herself, and with the world". This was her own language as she was departing.

Sister Anna or Nancy as we called her was the first child. She was a tall majestic woman at the age of seventeen when she attended Miss Hornby's school in Charleston. Here she met a wealthy tobacco merchant named Charles Cunningham, whom she married. He owned much property and they kept house for some time in Charleston. After this he took her to Nassau and left her there with his parents, who were very infirm, while he returned to Georgia and stayed on his plantation in Jefferson County. For eight years sister remained in Nassau a faithful attentive nurse and daughter and in that time she saw her husband but once, and not one of her own family.

When sister returned to her home which she had left a beautiful fair girl, her friends did not recognize her. The sun of a tropical climate having turned her complexion to an olive color. The Rev. Mr. Thompson, first pastor of the Presbyterian church of Augusta went to Nassau for his health and died in her home. She was left a widow with four children at the age of thirty-three. She resided on her large plantation in Jefferson County, and under Father's direction took care of her own place. She called her home "Solitude" in expression of her loneliness there.

She early became a Christian and was the soul of large hearted generosity, giving always bountifully of the abundance with which she was blessed. Well, so I remember her frequent arrivals at the "Cottage" with her carriage loaded with good things for Mother and the children. Her gold thimble, gold needle case and scissors were always objects of interest to the little ones. After months of intense suffering which she bore with characteristic fortitude she entered into rest in 1841.

Sister Sarah, the second daughter, was the beauty of our family. Delicate and refined in appearance, highly cultivated, but very retiring, she was universally beloved and admired. She spent much of her early life in Charleston with Mother's Sister, Mrs. Christopher Fitzsimmons

and travelled with her to the North every summer. On one of these visits to Newport, she was unpacking Uncle F's trunk and came across a beautifully written order from one of his clerks for two volumes of poetry. "Campbells pleasures of Neope" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and imagining that the young gentleman with such a literary taste must be superior to most of her admirers she became favorable to his suit which soon followed her return to the South.

Mr. Adams was a very handsome young Irishman and splendidly educated. He was her beau ideal of a perfect gentleman and she idolized him. They resided in a pretty house of their own which they called Adams and Eve's paradise, and had everything to make them happy excepting children. Mr. Adams was a commission merchant and frequently had slave ships consigned to him. The owners of the young slaves would when they reached the plantations arrange the men in one row and the women opposite and Father, intionating (sic motioning) to them by signs to choose every man his wife, would read the marriage ceremony to them and thus save time by settling their matrimonial affairs.

The young people of the family would select names from the works which they had read and from other sources, as Juno, Cato, Hector, Caesar, etc. and sew these names to the clothing of each. Sister Sarah chose two little maids, Martha and Fatima. The former was very good but with Fatima she had a great deal of trouble. Through patience and perseverance she succeeded in making her a beautiful seamstress.

She embroidered handsome dresses for sister. Martha was sister's waiting maid and when Mr. Adams health made it necessary for them to return to Ireland, she took Martha with her. There she was of course a curiosity and frequently had to take her mistress' arm to protect herself from the crowd which followed her in the streets.

Oswell, the first son after six daughters accompanied Sister Sarah to Ireland to be educated. He remained there while Sister and her husband returned home. They visited Ireland a second time and there Mr. Adams died. Sister and brother Oswell then started for their home but when they reached Liverpool, brother was taken suddenly ill and died the day before they had appointed to sail. Crushed to the earth and praying to die, Sister was put on board a ship under the Captain's care. After being at sea thirty days the vessel was captured. It was recaptured by an English man-of-war and taken to Halifax. Sister embarked on another vessel and sailed to Philadelphia. There my father met her and brought her in his own carriage to Georgia.

Greatly reduced in health and strength, she had also lost all her husband's property and now she commenced her life work. She kept her room for eighteen months and took in sewing for her support. Though in the bosom of a devoted family, she resolved not to eat the bread of dependence and to divert her mind from her great sorrow she was allowed to indulge every desire. She and Martha cut out and made the negro clothes and did fancy work in feathers and embroidery which they sold and thus procured occupation and support for themselves.

When mother died, Sister Sarah took care of Father and the younger children and was a second Mother to us.

My sister Henrietta died and left five children, three of them to Sister Adams. She took them to her cottage and clothed, educated and cared for them till her death. Often did she deprive herself of luxuries to advance their interest and lived economically that she might leave them comfortable at the end. This she did as they inherited her home, servants, etc. and a good support besides.

This self-sacrificing sister slowly declined in health for several years and brightened in Christian loveliness each day as death advanced. She was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church to which she generously contributed. In 1851 she fell asleep, surrounded by a large circle of mourning friends.

Catherine our third sister was the lively sweet-tempered industrious child of our household. When she was fifteen years of age she was left in charge of the family while Mother went to Charleston to visit her sister. I had just recovered from the measles which left one of my eyes in a bad condition. A young physician named Anderson Watkins used to come every day to apply some remedy and while attending to my eye he was cutting "Sheep's eyes" at Sister Kitty. Her tenderness and firmness combined made him think her particularly suited to the office of a physician's wife and as he was very promising and had a comfortable home to take her to, Father consented to her marrying altho' (sic although) she was only sixteen and used to play with her dolls at the time.

They lived in happy usefulness for twenty-five years. Singing through her daily round of household work, she was the most cheerful and hospitable hostess imaginable. Dr. Watkins and sister were members of the Episcopal church. He, by his practice, amassed a large amount of property and at his death, left Sister very comfortable. She resided in a large house on McIntosh St, Augusta and with her nieces and nephews always had company. She was admired and courted by many while a widow and in five years married again.

Her second husband was a bachelor named Mr. Robert Campbell, an Irishman by birth. He was devoted to the cause of emancipation and immediately after his marriage sent to Liberia all her well-trained servants. She was thus deprived of her cook, laundress, driver and seamstress, but she cheerfully commenced the teaching of others and never murmured though for many years she had none of the repose attending efficient service.

Mr. Campbell was also violently opposed to the use of spirituous liquors and he deliberately poured into the sand all her first husband's fine wines. He was very kind to me and my son after my husband's death. Sister Kitty adopted as her own child, sister Longstreet's oldest daughter, Aphra Ann, who brightened her home by her wit and uniform cheerfulness. Her brilliant mind acquired knowledge very rapidly and she was the object of her aunt's pride and admiration. This idol was taken away in early life, just after she had married and become a mother. Her husband was Rev. R. C. Ketchum. When dying she left to Sister's care, her infant son, Colden.

Mr. Campbell owned a beautiful mountain home in Habersham County to which they traveled every summer and which they took great pleasure in beautifying. Sister was known all through the state and welcomed wherever she went. In the summer of 1869 while in Clarkesville, she had

a terrible fall from her piazza, which so injured her that she died from its effects on her homeward journey when she had reached Athens.

Sister Mary Eliza was the next daughter of the family. She was a fair beautiful woman in face and form. Her arms, neck and feet were particularly well-formed and she had a lively disposition which made her a great favorite with the gentlemen of her day. Among these was a very handsome widower with one daughter (Sarah). He was a merchant of great integrity and industry by name Mr. John Carmichael. He was an Irishman but had resided here from his youth. She married him and he took her to a comfortable home where they raised a large family. When he died, he had amassed fortune enough to leave them all well off. Among his relics was found a bag of silver labelled "This was left in my store by accident and kept for its owner."

W. S. Carmichael says that his grandmother had this silver (for which no owner was every found) made into a fork with her initials MEC on it and that it is now in his possession (Nov. 21st 1907). Sister Mary was more like my mother than any of her sisters, keeping everything in perfect order and reigning a queen in her household.

This death of her oldest son Osswell Eve, who was a noble, cultivated young man of thirty-one years almost broke her heart, but his happy death drew all her family nearer to heaven. She died in the midst of her usefulness in 1855.

Of Sister Elizabeth words are inadequate to tell of all her virtues and her usefulness. At the age of thirteen she took charge of all the younger children, particularly of one. She never married though often courted and frequently by ministers. She devoted herself to the care of the sick and suffering. The negroes would bring their sick children to her and she would take them in her arms and administer to their wants. Frequently after all had retired she would slip from the house to sit up at some bedside among her humble dependents. She died of consumption and her death bed scenes are well worth recording.

Her Father, entering her room she clasped his neck and said "Father, you have not only been all a fond earthly Father could be in this world, but you have taught me to love my Heavenly Father and to Him I am now going". One of sisters said to her "Must you leave us, dear! "Yes,said she, pointing to the setting sun, tomorrow's sun will light me to glory." This was only ten months after Mother's death. Her gravestone bears this inscription "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all".

Martha Henrietta the sixth daughter was pale and delicate. She was a great wit, but always respectful of the feelings of others. She was also a great dancer, and a favorite in company, having a beautiful voice. She was married to a widower with one child, Mr. Gilbert Longstreet, whose first marriage was so romantic that I must record it here.

He had courted a young lady of Augusta whose parents forbade him their home but he managed through the intervention of friends to meet Miss Lee (sic Leigh)(his lady love) in Carolina where they married. The next day he brought his bride to his mother's in the city. Shortly after this as they were still unforgiven by her parents, they went to housekeeping. He was reading to his wife one night, a novel called the "Discarded Child". Had just read "Deep night, dark night a night

when barn dogs howl and screech owls shriek. Such a night just suits the work we have in hand" when he was shot through the window, several buckshot lodging in his neck. He survived this and after the death of his wife, he addressed my sister Henny.

She was the first one married at "Frog Hall" and had a grand wedding. Father had just purchased a French cook and they tested her skill in every department. Everything was done to make an elegant repast that wealth and art could devise.

The festivities were kept up for a week. Augustus Longstreet was there with his wit and kept us merry. Mr. L. was in good circumstances and was contractor for carrying the U. S. Mails. Sister Henny kept a beautiful home. She raised five children. When it became necessary for her husband's interest she moved far into the country and was compelled for their good to be separated from her three eldest children as they remained at school in the city.

This was a severe trial and great was her joy when at their holidays she could have them with her. At these times she allowed them every enjoyment possible but at the same time led them to her Savior teaching them hymns and carrying them to prayer meetings in her neighborhood. She too was a victim of Consumption and came to Sister Adams at the Cottage to end her days. Her death was most triumphant. She sang and chanted out her joy at the last and all around her deathbed were amazed at her faith and hope.

At last my parents were blessed with a son, greatly to the joy of the whole family. He lived but a few weeks.

Another son, called Oswell, was born the following year and upon him was lavished all the devotion possible from his parents and six sisters. When fourteen years of age he was sent to Europe to be educated with Sister Adams and her husband. During his absence of four years Father built his new house called "Frog Hall" in which was a room prepared (Note: Frog Hall Station is now known as Westover -1907) expressly for his son, a horse was trained for him, a negro boy taught all the duties of a body servant and everything was in waiting for our brother, when the news reached us that he had suddenly died at Liverpool on his homeward journey.

The younger girls were at Miss Hornby's school, now removed from Charleston, S Ca (sic SC) to Burke Co, GA not very far from our home and as we saw the carriage approaching which Mother had promised to send as soon as Sister Adams and brother should arrive, we ran for our hats, shouting for joy. A note from Sister Henny was delivered containing these words. "Instead of sending for you to rejoice with us, we send for you to mourn. Our brother is dead."

Maria Fitzsimons (Barney as we called her) was tall, well formed and proud in her bearing and much more ambitious than the rest of us. She was courted by a young Irishman, John Bones. They were married at the "Hall" and Uncle Joseph Eve's daughter Mary Roma was married at the same time and place to Mr. James C. Campbell. On the following morning, these words appeared in the newspaper. "In former times it was said that Eve was converted out of a bone, but the Rev. Mr. Joice has found a method of reconvertig Eve into bones. A still more astonishing phenomenon occurred at the same time and place. Eve turned into a Campbell".

Sister Maria had thick chestnut hair a yard long and large blue eyes. She spent her winters in Augusta and her summers at the Cottage and when there we were all as merry as children. She adopted sister Henny's second daughter, Hannah and was to her a thorough instructor. She came to an early end from consumption and like Sister Henrietta who survived her only four months, passed joyfully from suffering to glory.

I was born next, but will write my history last and proceed to describe my brothers.

When I was two years old, my brother John Pritchard was born in South Carolina. He was a noble hearted, generous and fine looking boy and was devotedly attached to Mother. Kind and helpful to Father also he worked with him in the farm and his mechanical genius enabled him to be particularly useful in the mills of which Father always had several in operation. He was never much from home excepting when at school at Philadelphia and Athens.

He married Mr. John Carmichael's daughter, Sarah, a beautiful young lady who had been raised by Sister Mary. They had many children, but raised only six. He moved to many parts of Georgia and always built a mill, a church and a school house if he found none on his place. His wife died in 1851, only forty-one years old. He married again in a few years Miss Mary Olive of Augusta, whom he had addressed before his first marriage and who made him a true devoted wife through the many moves of the troublous (sic) years of the Civil War and until his death at the old home place, Waleska, on the Etowah River near Rome GA.

The Federals burned twenty-eight buildings there for him with other depredations and caused them to refugee several times. At one time, near Marietta, they had placed the rope around his neck and would have hung him but for the prayers of his carriage driver, Ephraim (and the other servants) but who later on left him to follow the Federals. In 1861 after the first battle of Manassas, he buried his son, Oswell Bones by the side of his mother. His oldest son, John C. married the third year after the war, Mary Miller of Augusta and he came in his feebleness and suffering to the marriage saying he had had his last wish gratified when he saw John marry Mary. Two weeks afterward on June 13th 1868 sitting on the foot of his couch he quietly passed away.

He was a devoted church member and Elder in the Presbyterian Church. His was the third burial in the up country Eve graveyard at Waleska which he had made sacred ground when he buried his wife Sarah and son Oswell there. Waleska is now known as Eve's Station and has been in the possession of his grandchildren by John and Mary till a year ago (1906).

The first child born in GA was called Augusta. She lived but nine months.

William came next. He was a farmer and a very enthusiastic one. By close attention and good executive qualities he amassed a comfortable fortune. He lived at the Cottage and took care of Sister Adams and me until his marriage. He was fond of hunting and many a fine deer have I seen brought home by him. At Father's death, William took charge of all the plantations and paid off the portions to the other heirs. He was very benevolent to the poor and each winter appropriated a certain amount for their use which he delivered to the Mayor. When the famine occurred in Ireland, he sent five hundred bushels of corn to the sufferers. When the yellow fever

visited Augusta in '9' he sent every vehicle and horse on his plantation and moved the poor to the campground seven miles in the country.

His negroes were cared for well and like Father he built them a church on his place. He married one of the belles of Georgia, Miss Philoclea Casey, who was cultivated and handsome. They raised three children. Brother William died at his residence on lower Broad Street in Augusta during the war. His children were Eva who married Col. C. C. Jones and left one son, Edgeworth Eve Jones. Berrien who died leaving a family of four girls. One daughter was born after his death, and Capt. Edge Eve who is the last living male member of his branch of the family. He has no children though he has been married twice.

Berrien Eve married Orrilla Moye. Their children: Gertrude Elihu, William Joseph, Theodora Horatio Eaton, Philoclea Edgeworth Casey and Irma Berrien.

Paul Fitzsimons was the last son. Our baby brother of whom we were very proud. He possessed great energy of character and studied hard as a boy. He soon rose to positions of importance wherever he went. He studied medicine in Philadelphia and Paris.

While in the latter place, the Polish war was in progress and he volunteered to go as a surgeon. Through the influence of Lafayette and others, he was accepted and while there was promoted each week. He came home with the star of the "Legion of Honor", on his breast. He was just twenty-three at this time. Soon after his return home, he married a young lady from the country. Miss Louisa Twiggs whose loveliness of person and disposition made her a charming friend and companion. She had several children, but raised only two. Anna Lou and George. He and his wife often visited Paris together for her health, but with no good results for she died when very young.

Not very long after, brother married again. The handsome Miss Duncan was his choice. They moved away from Augusta and for many years lived in Tennessee where he has been at the head of medical colleges in different cities. He had by his second marriage three children.

To him was given the honor of delivering an address, at the Centennial on the subject of Surgery, 1876. He and I are the only two remaining in this world of our large family of fifteen and on him I have concentrated the love I once shared with all. He tenderly writes to me very often and visits me when he can. He resides in Nashville. At his death, he was buried in the Cottage Graveyard, but some years later Mrs. Eve had him and Louisa (his first wife) removed to the City Cemetery. The tall handsome monuments were placed over them again. Now she lies on the other side of him in an unmarked grave.

The last child of my parents was named Aphra. She died when five months old and was buried in a graveyard selected by my Father on a hill near the Cottage. For her the ground was opened in 1804 and since that day one by one of my dear kindred have been laid to rest in that sweet quiet spot. There are our parents and eight sisters. Uncle Fitzsimons' family, Uncle Joseph's family including Cousin Mary with whom each path and seat and spring is associated. There lies my dear husband and sweet babes. His daughter Louisa so like an own child to me. Sweet Aphra and

sister Lou: All there are there and I am left. For God's own wise purpose this is so. I murmur not, "He has spread a table before me My cup runneth over"

I am not lonely. My own son, Oswell, his wife and five children keep my heart young while my flesh and strength decline. The daughters of sisters Mary and Henrietta and my brothers are like my own Harriet and Annie in their love and tenderness and for their gratification I will now endeavor to write my own history.

The "Eve Graveyard" near the "Cottage" and "Rosney Chapel" on the Savannah Road is surrounded by a brick wall covered with jasmine vines and has cedars and evergreens throughout with many handsome monuments. The Eve descendants who have lived at the "Cottage" and "Sunnyside" have always cared for the sacred spot and kept it in order. It is surrounded by acres of land in its name so that no encroachment can be made on its borders. Hannah Longstreet left one thousand dollars to it ten years ago.

"Rosney" Chapel" was built by Capt. Osswell Eve on land which he gave for religious purposes and was named for a French Count who lived at Chalk Hill. Count Roson had a beautiful home and there is still a spring bearing the name Rosney. The first "Rosney Chapel" was improved twice and afterwards destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt three years ago near the same spot and is now used for union services.

The first recollection was when I was very young riding in front of Father on a pillow to see his new home at "Goodale". I was nicknamed Curly Pate and being the youngest was indulged in every way and therefore dreadfully spoiled. Father had a governor for his children and a dancing master came twice a week to give us lessons. Father used to dance with me as his partner. He wore knee breeches with gold buckles on his knees and slippers, lace frills to his shirts and his hair was curled and powdered. I was an invalid for three years after I grew up and had every contrivance for my comfort. A rocking bed to imitate the rolling of the sea, a carriage arranged for me to recline in while driving and a saddle horse taught to carry an invalid. When well, I was obliged to say my lessons, attend to the dairy, as were the other girls, and do my task of sewing.

In winter, I went to Charleston and visited Uncle Fitzsimons' family and was a great deal with his daughter Anna who afterwards married Col. Wade Hampton. Cousin Anna was very pious, and very retiring. I recollect with great distinctness her wedding. I was one of her attendants and Eliza Ryan another. I waited with Benj. Taylor and Eliza with Jack Brown.

Cousin's dress was of white tabinet and lace of the finest quality and she wore ornaments of pearl. The bridesmaids were dressed in white silk, etc. The supper was elegantly prepared by a colored man (and his wife) named Jehu Jones. Uncle gave Jehu five hundred dollars for the supper. Everything was furnished for this. The china, glass and all and served by six handsomely dressed waiters in white kid gloves. The cakes were made in various forms of swans, rabbits, squirrels, etc besides many large steeples which were set on plate glass. Cousin Ann's marriage portion was "Goodale" (Father's old place), seventy- five negroes, and money. The Colonel was very fond of the turf and took me to the races with him on one occasion. My dress was a purple silk skirt, a scarlet velvet jacket, scarlet turban with white ostrich

feathers, and slippers of scarlet velvet. Cousin lived in great luxury, was the honored and beloved mistress of numerous slaves to whose wants and troubles she was always a ready comforter.

She died young leaving a large family of little children. On her death bed, she took her husband's hand and placing it on her wedding ring intimated to him her desire that he should never marry again. He kept his promise.

Aunt Fitzsimons had another daughter, much younger, named Catherine. She married Mr. James Hammond who occupied the positions of Senator and then Governor of South Carolina. Uncle Joseph Eve lived very near Fathers. He had one daughter, Mary and three sons, Joseph, Edward and Francis who died when twenty-one years old. Mary and I were constantly together, learning poetry, reading romances and roaming through the woods. She married Mr. Campbell's brother James, when very young. They had taken a ride together to see a steamboat invented by her father, with many others, and when they returned to dinner, they were engaged. They were marred on the same night with Sister Maria, who became engaged to Mr. Bones, on the same occasion.

Cousin Mary had three sons, two of whom survived her and her husband and are very eminent physicians. Drs Henry and Robert Campbell. Another dear friend of mine was Jane Ringland, a niece of Mr. Carmichaels and who married Joseph Eve, a nephew of Fathers. They lived in Augusta and raised four children. She had great strength of character and good judgements and taught me many valuable lessons. She is one of the few living of my contemporaries and we love to meet and talk of our days of happiness and our day of sorrow when we sang to sister Betsy on her deathbed. Louisa Watkins was another friend of mine. She was young and beautiful and had been married to Mr. William Smith but six months when consumption ended her bright career. He then married another friend of mine and had three daughters.

I must say something about Miss Hornby's school where most of us were educated. Every other Saturday we came home and when we did not, Mother would send to us our clothes and all the nice eatables so acceptable to school girls. Our teacher was very strict and very particular about our health. One day I made Sister Maria so angry that she gave me a slap. This kept me crying till I got a headache. When Miss Hornby heard I was sick she brought me a dose of oil which I was made to swallow and compelled me to remain in bed till day.

We had in the school a boy who was named Josiah Walker who behaved so badly one day that he was put in the corner and the teacher's chair in front of him. He grew tired and gave her cap a pull when off it came bringing her wig with it. He ran home at the sight of her bald head, screaming "the devil, the devil" and left the whole school in an uproar.

Father got a private teacher next. A Northerner who though possessed of much lore from books had no common sense. One day, he was putting up a horse in sister Mary's yard and finding stiles between the two lots he endeavored to pull the horse over by the bridle and begged the cook to push him in the rear while the animal showed his disgust by kicking. There was a fire near us one night and while all around were hurrying off, he was found shaving himself before appearing among the ladies. He wrote me a love letter and placed it in my French Bible.

After leaving school, my health failed again and I was an invalid for years and many times my friends came to take a last farewell of "poor Emma". Most of the time however, I was able to entertain company in my room and all my gentleman visitors were also invited in. Among them was Mr. William Smith, now a widower, the second time. I soon understood that he was in search of a wife and this had a wonderful effect upon my health. As soon as I found I had a beau I got well and commenced preparations for my marriage which occurred in 1831 when I was thirty-five, quite mature enough to assume the care of his three little girls. Mr. Smith spent his summers in Virginia where we frequently had the pleasure of entertaining our relatives and friends from Georgia. After ten years we decided to change our summer retreat to Clarkesville, Habersham Co. There Mr. Smith's mother came to live with us and remained till her death.

(NOTE:There appears to be a page missing from the original - PEK 1994)

My sister Campbell to the same village. We found the natives in a most illiterate state, and very wicked. My niece Aphra Carmichael and my two daughters commenced missionary work in great earnestness. They gathered the children into schools and commencing with the Alphabet and Mr. Jones catechism taught them constantly. They encountered some very hard cases as for instance, Attending a country church one day I heard the preacher say "I don't believe in your Sacred Gospel. The Bible speaks for it self. It is a by bill, it is done away with, laid by. I believe in the pure adulterated word of St. Paul. I don't believe in your Geograffy, nor any of them schisms. If any of you people come to me with tracks, I will soon show you how to make tracks out of my house". Often when the girls were in earnest conversations on the solemn themes of eternity, they would be shocked by their scholars asking "How do you get your hair to twist so pretty or Do learn me to make a dress like youren".

I once went to see a sick woman and asked her husband what he had done for her. "He said he had taken her to a doctor who had told him to put her on the floor and drag her across the room nine times by her hair and that he had done so, but it did not make her a bit better."

A girl came to see us one day while we were eating some honey. We offered her some but she refused saying "she never ate such vegetables. They gave her the colic". We labored much and long in this place and through my husband's influence many dram shops were closed and we saw the fruits of our efforts many years afterward in the temperance and industry of those who had been under our influence.

My daughters were the best of children to me. Never had a stepmother more comfort and less trouble with stepchildren than I. They all married well. Louisa to Mr. Carmichael's son, Robert. Harriet to Mr. Bean of New Hampshire and Annie to Mr. Jesse Ansley of Augusta. Louisa died very young, leaving two little sons, William S. and John.

While we were living in Clarkesville my dear husband died, leaving me with one son named for Father. I had lost several infants. I took my boy to Roswell, Cobb Co. (where was a fine school) to be educated and remained there three years. There I endured many trials but was blessed with a comfortable support and the best of servants. I next removed to Bartow County, near Kingston to be near Brother John, bought a plantation adjoining his on the Etowah River and lived there ten years. Oswell married Sue, the youngest daughter of Mr. Benjamin Hall of Augusta. Oswell B. Eve married Ann Helen Hall an older daughter of Mr. Hall and my nephew Anderson

Longstreet married Miss Laura Ayre of Oak Hill, Dr. T.C. Ayer's only daughter. These three cousins settled near each other and commenced life together.

Oswell Eve was twice wounded at the first battle of Manassas in 1861, lingered in great suffering a month, then died leaving four sons, Ben Hall, John Pritchard, Robert Campbell and Oswell who died young. Afterwards we moved to Effingham county where the other two cousins lived like brothers.

My son has five children all nearly grown. He has a very comfortable house and a large plantation. As the Northern Army paid us a visit in passing through Georgia, I must attempt to describe it. On this afternoon on the sixth of December while we were at dinner, we heard a whooping like the Indians and a large body of Federal cavalry entered the yard, tearing down the fence. I had been instructed to meet them and to throw ourselves upon the protection of the commanding officer. I therefore walked forward and asked who was the commander and what they wanted. The reply was "we will soon show you what we want" while I was pushed to the wall with a sword. My housekeeper was a spirited colored girl named Mary who now came forward and offered to unlock the doors, drawers ,etc. They did not wait for her to do so, but entering my room, drew out the drawers and pulled out the clothes. When I saw my new silk dress appropriated, I asked "what do you want with that, it will be of no use to you" The reply was I want it for myself." Oh well, I said, if that is the case, as it will not fit you, let me call my seamstress and have it altered. For if you are a man,which I doubt, the dress will need some alterations.

He then drew out some other piece of clothing and asked "grandma what is this?" "Don't you call me grandma said I or I'll slap your face. I thank God not a drop of my blood runs in your veins". The man called out from my window. Come up here, Colonel. Here is the spunkiest old rebel you ever saw. The Colonel came up and took the silk dress himself. By this time the infantry had filled the house and place and were making havoc of every thing. My daughter and the governess sat on their trunks to save their clothing while I followed them round to rescue what I could. Everything in the house was either destroyed or taken off. My caps and nice muslins were put into the duck trough and molasses poured over them. The bags of peas were emptied on the ground and a hogshead of syrup poured over them. Barrels of sugar were taken or wasted. Twenty-five banks of potatoes each containing thirty bushels soon disappeared. Three thousand bushels of corn were hauled off by them and the corn crib left entirely empty. All the fodder and hay, every horse, many cows and sheep and all the poultry were taken. For three days an army of many thousands camped within sight of our house and during that time some of them were always within its walls.

Our servants were most faithful to us. The girl Mary was as indignant as we were at their conduct. A rope was put round her neck to make her tell where our silver was secreted, but she would not. Jenny, the nurse was equally true. She could not excuse the liberties they took with her clothes and the pocketing of her fifteen dollars. She came up to me and said "Cuss um misses, cuss um". Of all my treasures my books were the dearest. These were in a basement room and were thrown on the floor and the horses kept in this room trampled them under foot. My family Bible was carried to a pond and thrown in. Of bedding, I lost thirty quilts, every sheet, pillow case and blanket. The china was willfully smashed to pieces. There were dark scenes

during those three days. We had not one thing left to eat. The children were crying for bread. The food prepared for the baby was dashed from the nurse's hand before it reached him. After promising me that they would not burn the barn, I found them lighting some fodder for that purpose and the officer who made me the promise handing out the match. The rice, wheat, cotton and cotton gin were all in this barn and all were burned to the ground. My son, who was in Forest's army stole home in the night as he saw the smoke and feared it was his dwelling. We hurried him off for fear he might be made a prisoner. I then went to bed in despair for the first time. I thought God had forgotten me. "Never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread" are His words, but here was I though a miserable sinner myself, a child of a righteous man and woman and we were starving. Not long did I suffer these horrors for soon a shout met my ear, Uncle Paul is coming". Sure enough my dear brother hearing of our distress through a courier had packed a buggy with every necessary for our immediate wants and in a circuitous route had reached us safely at the risk of his life. He made arrangements for our immediate departure for Augusta and picking up some stray horses left by the Federals we were soon on the road.

All we had eaten till brother came was some corn left by the horses in the woods which we washed, beat up and boiled and a peck of meal sent by a neighbor. One of the cavalry officers was kind to us, seeing our distress he gave me a pair of ducks which we killed and ate in the night. Not only was this man kind to me, but through the intervention of friends we were sent back to our home in six months, on the wagons of the federal army, free of charge.

My son was now at home and we had to commence life anew. As all the railroads were destroyed he drove a wagon with merchandise between Augusta and Savannah. Our struggles were very great. I sold every thing I could, to feed my children and negroes, one table cloth for one thousand dollars, a cologne bottle for fifty dollars and seven wax candles for seventy five, fifty of which went for one bushel of meal.

Mary, the colored girl, was a good seamstress and took in sewing and I gave her half of what she made. After she was free she brought me two half dollars in silver her first earnings. I told her to take them as she was now free and they were hers. She burst into tears and said "Mistress are you going to throw me away"? At night I found she had placed the money under my pillow.

We had to do our own work for some time. All the negroes left the country and crowded into the cities. I did the cooking for the family and Susie the washing and we all worked in the garden. Gradually things have become better but even now we have great difficulty in make the negroes keep their contracts. On one occasion my son's overseer complained that he could not finish a piece of work because "old Ned" said he would not work on Saturday. Osswell went to the field and the following conversation occurred. "Well, Ned, I hear that you say, you won't work to day." "Yes sir, I want Saturday for myself" But Ned, have you not heard of the Civil Rights Bill" "Yes Sir. I hear all the time bout this Shibble rights, Shibble rights, but I don't exactly know what it means". Well, Ned, it means you must do exactly like a white man, If the white man works on Saturday you must do the same. "Oh well, replied Ned, if that the meaning of Shibble rights, I spose I blige to work".

The negroes frequently had a large sum of money at the end of the year when it was not given out by the month. One of our hands went to Savannah at Christmas with fifty dollars and came back with five umbrellas, long earrings and a breast pin for his wife, and a guitar. For his boys he bought red top boots. His wife said, "He had bought her a fiddle, but the fool nigger had forgotten to bring a bow for it, and had to make one". The next day while the father was working in the sun, one of the boys in his red top boots was holding an umbrella over his head. He kindly offered to lend us one when we needed it.

"The Lowest rail on top" was exemplified one day when one of my nieces' old servants brought her two pieces of pie saying "I brought you this pie some we had for dinner yesterday". This was meant in kindness, but it sounded very strange.

About seven years ago, my niece Hannah Longstreet concluded to open the Cottage which had been (sic) unoccupied for years and was much out of repair. She collected all the old furniture, the remains of the china, glass etc and fixed up the dear old house of fathers with every comfort and attraction and I came to live with her.

The house Sister Adams had built in the front of this was burned down in 1862. Here I stayed two winters or more occasionally returning home for several months at a time. We had sweet days and I enjoyed the intercourse with my old associates and friends, very much.

My pastor, Dr. Irvine frequently visited us and as my deafness presented my attending any church he would always read and pray with us. Mr. Campbell too came often and spent the morning bringing with him the papers and hearing them read for he was now quite blind himself. These were very pleasant times to me. The repose of mind and body was delightful, but they did not last long.

Hannah's health failed and she did not feel able to keep up the place, much as we all desired it. Her nerves received a dreadful shock too which destroyed all the sweet repose of the place. While sleeping by my side one night she heard some one sawing at the window blind of the pastor and jumping up she opened her window on the piazza and rang a bell to call her servants from the yard. Just then a man ran towards her and said (with a pistol in his hand) "I'll kill you" "You dare not" she replied. "God is in this house and you dare not". and she immediately commenced singing in a very loud voice, a hymn of praise.

All was still outside and we dressed, built a large fire and sat there till daylight not knowing where our enemy was. In the morning we found two men had been there and had left at the window a large club. Nothing more was ever discovered as to who they were or what they wanted.

Five years ago my nephew Anderson Longstreet died very suddenly at his home six miles from our house leaving four children who with their step-mother, who was Mary Carmichael, still live there. Our two families often meet and talk of our dear ones gone to rest. My time at home is spent chiefly in my own room as the cares of housekeep, Etc. are all assumed by my children. With my quilt piecing, writing and receiving letters, I pass my days very quickly. My daughters

and brother write to me frequently and I am thankful to be able still to read a good deal and at night I lie awake and repeat the many hymns I learned in childhood.

Oct 3, '79. (Note: Paul Fitzsimons Eve died in 1877) Two months ago, I was very anxious about my dear brother and had written to enquire after his health, when I received a card in his own hand saying "I am well. Thank God, quite well". I put this card under my pillow and slept sweetly at the thought that he was well but at daylight I was wakened with the tidings that a messenger had been sent for me to attend his funeral at the Cottage. Yes, this last cup of bitterness had been held out to me and I must drink it.

I came, I looked on his noble face, asleep in death and his busy useful hands folded over his loving heart. We laid him beside his wife and children and I turned away a stricken, lonely sinner the last of fifteen children. "Even so Father" I bow before thee in the dust. I will not think of myself, but of his joy as he now stands in the presence of his savior surrounded by his dear ones.

Six weeks after this, our loved and respected Cousin Edward A. Eve was taken from us. He had been present at brother's funeral and his death was a great shock to his many friends and heart broken family. "One, the skillful surgeon the other, the no less skillful physician have died with their armor on". "Both are now gathered to their father's and laid to rest in the quiet burying ground where the same forest pines which shouted melodies to their infant slumbers will shout a requiem over their couch of day". I love to walk there every day to lay fresh flowers on their graves and to commune in spirit with my dear, dear, dead. I feel now that it will not be long before I will be summoned, and I pray that I may be found ready. I am sustained in this great sorrow by the thought that those dear to my heart are rejoicing round the throne" and Father, Mother, Sisters, Brothers and Husband 'are watching and waiting for me".

"Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate  
At whose feet I long have lingered,  
Weary, poor and desolate.  
Even now I hear their footsteps  
And their voices far away  
When they call me I am waiting  
Only waiting to obey.

Now the pen of Emma Eve Smith is laid down and she has passed to the great beyond. She died and was buried at the Cottage Graveyard. Her son, Oswell Eve Smith, gave the copy of her recollections (written from her dictation, by Mrs. Anderson W. Carmichael, the original having been burned) to Addie Carmichael Williams, who also has been laid to rest in the sacred precincts of the Cottage Graveyard.

Frog Hall was burned, but the name is still used for the land where the old homestead stood and which is now owned by William K. Miller, the nephew of Mary Miller Eve who has copied the foregoing recollections of the aunt of her husband, John C. Eve, oldest son of John P. Eve.

Oswell Eve's family Bible contains dates of Births, marriages and deaths. The original copy of his funeral sermon, written by Rev. Mr. Modderwall is in this Bible and has been since his death, August 14th 1829.

At the request of Mrs. Anna Lou Eve Stevenson and by permission of Mr. Frank H. Miller, his stenographer, Charles Skinner made six typewritten copies of it, several of which she gave to different branches of the Eve Family.

John C. Eve was born near the Cottage. He used to tell of his father's strict probity. On one occasion his Aunt Adams told him he might take a peach from the basket on the table in the hall. His father saw him take it and followed him out of doors. Not knowing that John had had permission to take the peach he was beginning to whip him when Aunt Adams came out and slapped her brother's face for striking the boy who ever after thought her one of the greatest women in the world.

Goodale was named for its first owner, J. Goodale from who it was bought by Oswell Eve who lived there many years and then sold to Christopher Fitzsimons. While living there he made much powder, furnishing it to the authorities during the War of 1812.

He also made brandy using three large boilers holding fifty gallons each. They were taken by his son John P. Eve up to the Eve homestead in Floyd Co. where one of them is still being used as it was built in a furnace by his grandson, John C. Eve.

The following is copied from records of Edgeworth Eve Jones.

#### Oswell and Ann Moore Eve

Four sons and one daughter, John Eve, Sallie Eve, William Eve, Oswell Eve, Joseph Eve  
Captain John Eve, Mariner

Jane, his wife (1781)      Charity, his wife (1790)

Little Ose & Bets (children) of the Journal

No further record.

Captain Oswell Eve, second child of Oswell and Anne married Anna Pritchard of Charleston.  
Children of this marriage two daughters and five sons.

Anne Pritchard

Oswell born & died same year

Sarah      Oswell

Catherine      Maria Fitzsimmons

Mary Eliza      Emmeline Oswell

Elizabeth      John Pritchard

Martha Henrietta      Augusta

William Joseph      Paul Fitzsimmons

Aphra Watkins

Anne Pritchard Eve married Charles Cunningham, their children were, Robert (was murdered, left no children). Charles married Anna White have four children surviving. Margaret married George Schley.

Sarah married John Adams had no children.

Catherine married first Dr. Anderson Watkins, no children. Second Mr. Robert Campbell, no issue.

Mary Eliza married John Carmichael, their children as follows.

Anna married John Edgar, no issue.

Oswell died unmarried

John married (first) Henrietta Bishop, one son, Oswell

(second) Addie Seymour, children surviving

Robert married Louisa Smith , left two sons, William & John

Isabel unmarried

Anderson married Elizabeth Longstreet, first cousin: Nine children.

Willy Paul married Bessie Elliott (daughter of Bishop Elliott), three children.

Mary married her cousin Anderson Longstreet, no children.

Catherine married John R. Dow, five children

Henrietta married William Stevens, several children.

Elizabeth, daughter of Oswell & Anne Pritchard, no children

Martha Henrietta married Gilbert Longstreet, children were

Aphra, married R. C. Ketchum, D. D. one children, Colden

Hannah, unmarried

Elizabeth, married Mr. Anderson Carmichael

Emma married Josiah Sibley, four children

Anderson married (first) Laura Ayre, four children

(second) Mary Carmichael

Oswell, died in Ireland, unmarried

Maria Fitzsimmons married John Bones, no issue

Emmeline Oswell married William Smith, had one son who married Sue Hall, have four children, lost many infants.

John Pritchard Eve married (first) Sarah Carmichael, Rachel, John, Mary Ann, Oswell & Sallie  
(second) Mary Olive, no issue.

Augusta died

William Joseph married Philoclea Edgeworth Casey, Their children an infant son died. Eva Berried married Charles C. Jones, Jr, one son Charles Edgeworth. Francis Edgeworth married Lizzie Lamkin no children. McPherson Berrien married Rilla Moye, one daughter, a babe, now living.

Paul Fitzsimmons married (first) Sarah Louisa Twiggs, their children, George Twiggs Eve who married Jennie Sutherland, they have three little children. Anna Louisa who married old Dr. Verner R. Stevenson becoming his fourth wife, they have two little children, Paul Eve and Eloise. (second) Miss Sallie Duncan and their children are Duncan who married Alice Horton, Sallie and Paul.

Sallie Eve engaged to Mr. Rush died 1773 or 4 (sic 1774)

William Eve married left two sons, Joseph Eve and William O.

Joseph Eve married a lady who died, then her companion married Hannah Blaine their children were Mary, Joseph & Edward. Mary married James Campbell, left two sons, Drs. Henry and Robert Campbell.

Joseph married Sarah Coombs, had many children

Edward married Sarah J. Raiford, has six children.

Notes to the MSS. Journal of my great aunt Sally Eve.

"Gov. William Denny was feasted by the Assembly Aug. 1756." On the Eve family. From Aunt Emma Smith's letter to me May 1876, My grand parents must have come over England about the year 1750 for my father was the second child and he was born in 1754. There were four sons and one daughter: These were John, Sarah, Oswell, William and Joseph. The grandparents of my aunt were Osswell Eve and Anna Moore, they lived according to the same letter in a large stone house in Philadelphia, the sons and daughter were educated in Philadelphia and my father was a classmate and associate of Dr. Rush, Shippen and James. His father was the owner and captain of the British war brig "The Roebuck". My uncle Joseph had his fathers commission in his possession. As soon as his two eldest sons John and Osswell were large enough he took them to sea with him leaving the rest of his family at a place near Philadelphia where his wife and daughter lived until the war commenced in very comfortable circumstances seeing a great deal of company. It was then Dr. Rush became engaged to my Aunt, but she died three weeks before the event was to take place. When the war broke out my grandparents went to Nassau and lived and died at Uncle Joseph's house in "New Providence". In the "history , Civil and Commercial of the British Colonies in the West Indies" Vol. 4, 1806, occur these entries viz. of the Eastern parish Church.

This building erected by Mr. Joseph Eve, who informed me that he had made the roof low to avoid hurricanes, has a modern air, but it is not yet apparently finished". Also in enumerating the most experienced and intelligent planters among other names is that of "Eve and nine other gentleman". In the list of subscriber's names to the publication is that of "Joseph Bennett Eve".

From a letter of my cousin Hannah Longstreet speaking of the old Journal Aunt Adams used to tell us of her father's love for his only sister who was so beloved by a large circle in Philadelphia. Her hair though red was always fashionably dressed and her appearance was stately. On one occasion when a companion said she was "too proud" another answered there was more humility under Sally Eve's high head than under many a Quaker bonnet". Duche Sept. 1774. Mr. Duche was finally chosen to open the session and in full canonicals read the usual petitions and the 35th Psalm. When its sublime invocation of God's help is extremity had been read, Mr. Duche broke into an extemporaneous prayer which brought tears into the eyes of every many present and made them one by an electric sympathy.

July 8th 1776 Even the bells of Christ Church joined in the chorus as merrily, aye, and as steadily as if the Rev. Jacob Duche' its pastor had that day espoused the patriot cause"

"then the aristocratical exclusives of Christ Church and the Assembly". The dames of fashion in Philadelphia during the earlier part of the last century lived most probably on Market Street below third, there and on the waterfront the merchants had their dwellings and shops usually under the same roof. Many of these merchants opened a shipping trade to the West Indies and England and from small ventures grew colossal fortunes.

The town extended no farther than Fourth Street until after the Revolution. The Town House stood at Second and High (market) Streets. Seventh Street was quite out of town. The Philadelphia City Directory for 1793 mentions a John Eves, Sea captain, 60 Vine Street. In that for 1807, "Joseph Bennett Eve's, merchant" also "Eves & Wister merchant's. The name of Oswald Eve appears as a Captain in the Pennsylvania forces, in the new series of the Penn. Archives. Joseph Bennett Eve (Founder of Philadelphia Free Schools) born in New Castle Delaware, Apr 22, 1779 died Sept 1831 of yellow fever on his plantation "Monte Vides" near Baton Rouge LA. A picture of him in possession of a certain Joseph Eves Hover, 416 Race Street, Philadelphia.