

REVOLUTIONARY SERVICE OF
Col. John Walker and Family

and

Memoirs of Hon. Felix Walker



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FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The sketch of Colonel John Walker and his six sons, herein presented, is the result of more than a year's patient research in connection with the Revolutionary history of Rutherford county, N. C. Robert W. Walker, of Texas, recently released a manuscript "Genealogy of John Walker From Ireland, 1720, and Some of His Descendants," the consummation of more than twenty years diligent research on his part. After reviewing this monumental work by Mr. Walker, the author was inspired to place in permanent form a detailed sketch of some of the members of one branch of this extraordinary family, who are mentioned in Mr. Walker's book.

Aside from Mr. Walker's genealogy much material of value has been found in the Colonial and State Records of North Carolina, which is used freely in the sketch. The court records of Rutherford county have been examined and many items of interest added to these sketches, also many facts of interest have been supplied by Mr. Walker in his correspondence during several months.

Other principal sources of information include Arthur's "Western North Carolina, a History, 1730-1913;" Draper's "Kings Mountain and its Heroes." A large number of secondary references were also consulted, including Schenck's "North Carolina, 1780-81," Wheeler's History of North Carolina, and manuscripts touching on this family.

Thanks and acknowledgments are due Mrs. Estelle Oltrogge, Jacksonville, Fla., a great-great-granddaughter of Felix Walker, for her kind permission to use Hon. Felix Walker's Memoirs.

Mention should also be made of the kind assistance of Mrs. Clarence Griffin, (a great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Col. John Walker) whose urging and solicitous aid has been an inspiration and pleasure in preparing this sketch.

CLARENCE GRIFFIN.

Spindale. N. C., July 30, 1930.

COL. JOHN WALKER

Few, if any, families in that portion of Tryon county, N. C., now included within the bounds of Rutherford county, N. C., made a contribution to the cause of American Independence, 1775-83, equal to that of the family of John Walker. Their contribution consisted of service both in military and civil capacities.

Colonel John Walker, (a title which was applied to him while serving in that office in the militia) was one of the leaders in civic activities under the Royal Government prior to 1775. He resigned his offices at the outbreak of the war and he and six of his eight sons took an active and decided part in military affairs, while he continued active in directing the policies of the new government in state and county in a civil capacity.

Col. John Walker was born on Bohemia Creek, New Castle county, Delaware, in 1728. He was a son of John Walker, who emigrated from Derry, Ireland, in 1726, and settled in Delaware, where he died. Col. John Walker was apprenticed out at an early age, and after being released from apprenticeship settled on the south branch of the Potomac river, in Hampshire county, Virginia, (now West Virginia), where he married Elizabeth Watson, in 1751. He served as a volunteer under Colonel George Washington, and shared in Braddock's disastrous defeat in 1755. After the rout of Braddock's army the country was exposed to the depredations of the Indians. In consequence of this he shortly afterwards moved to Lincoln county, N. C., and settled on Lee Creek, about ten miles east of the present town of Lincolnton. While residing there he enlisted in Col. Grant's regi-

ment and served in a campaign against the Cherokee Indians in 1761. On his return from this campaign he purchased a beautiful spot of land on Crowder's Creek, about four miles from Kings Mountain, and removed there in the fall of 1763. He was a skilled hunter, and followed that occupation almost to the day of his death. In 1768, the range began to break, and game not being so plentiful, he purchased a tract of 400 acres of land in Rutherford county from a brother hunter, Moses Moore, for one Spanish doubloon. He moved to this tract of land in the same year. It is located at the mouth of Cane Creek, near the present Logan station (Itom postoffice) of the C. C. & O. railway, about five miles northeast of Rutherfordton. The house which Walker built on the tract was located on the east side of Cane Creek, about one-half mile above its mouth.

Walker was a man of marked character and prominence—holding several commissions under the colonial government, among them being the Colonel-commandant of the Tryon militia and a Justice of the Peace and judge of the court for many years. He was appointed by the legislature of 1774 as one of the commissioners to "select a site and build thereon the court house, prison and stocks" for the county of Tryon.

In 1774 the first clouds that presaged the storm of the Revolution gathered, and in 1775 the first battle of the war was fought. Highly influential and sharing the sympathies of the people he immediately resigned his Loyal offices. The Provincial Congress organized the district and county Committees of Safety, in which all governmental

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authority was vested. He was among the foremost in Tryon county in organizing and putting into operation the county's Committee of Safety, and for his outstanding activities along this line was chosen as the first chairman of that body. The minutes of that body for August 1775 contain an interesting document: "The Tryon Resolves" or "Association" reading as follows:

"An Association."

"The unprecedented, barbarous and bloody actions committed by the British troops on our American brethren near Boston, on the 19th of April and 20th of May, last, together with the hostile operations and traitorous designs now carrying on by the tools of ministerial vengeance and despotism for the subjugating of all British America, suggest to us the painful necessity of having recourse to arms for the preservation of those rights and liberties which the principles of our constitution and the Laws of God, Nature and Nations have made it our duty to defend.

We therefore, the subscribers, freeholders and inhabitants of Tryon county, do hereby faithfully unite ourselves under the most sacred ties of religion, honor and love to our country, firmly to resist force by force, in defense of our natural freedom and constitutional rights against all invasions; and at the same time do solemnly engage to take up arms and risk our lives, and fortunes, in maintaining the freedom of our country whenever the wisdom and counsel of the Continental Congress or our Provincial Convention shall declare it necessary; and this engagement we will continue in and hold sacred till a reconciliation shall take

place between Great Britain and America on Constitutional principles which we most ardently desire. And we do firmly agree to hold all such persons inimical to the liberties of America who shall refuse to subscribe to this association."

(Signed) "John Walker, Charles McLean, Andrew Neel, Thomas Beatty, James Coburn, Frederick Hambright, Andrew Hampton, Benjamin Hardin, George Paris, William Graham, Robert Alexander, David Jenkins, Thomas Espey, Perrygreen Mackness (Magness), James McAfee, William Thompson, Jacob Forney, Davis Whitesides, John Beeman, John Morris, Joseph Hardin, John Robinson, Valentine Mauney, George Elack, Jas. Logan, Jas. Baird, Christian Carpenter, Abel Beatty, Joab Turner, Jonathan Price, James Miller, John Dellinger, Peter Sides, William Whitesides, George Dellinger, Samuel Carpenter, Jacob Mooney, Jr., John Wells, Jacob Costner, Robert Hulclip, James Buchanan, Moses Moore, Joseph Kuykendall, Adam Simms, Richard Waffer, Samuel Smith, Joseph Neel, Samuel Loftin."

Tradition has it that Walker not only wrote out the Association himself, but was the master mind back of it, and threw his entire influence forward in securing the signatures of the more timid freeholders of Tryon county. The monument recently erected on the site of the old Tryon county court house, halfway between Cherryville and Bessemer City, N. C., bears on one side a bronze plate on which appears the names of the forty-nine signers of the Association, Walker's name heading the list as chairman of the body.

In the same month he was elected

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as one of the six delegates from Tryon county to the Third Provincial Congress, held in Hillsboro. These delegates were selected after Samuel Johnson requested the various committees to send only the most levelheaded and experienced men available. Ashe, in Volume 1, page 475, says that the delegates to the Third Provincial Congress "were strong and mighty leaders, speaking the patriotic sentiments of the west. The northern counties and the eastern as well as the Cape Fear section, sent their most trusted and experienced men. Such gathering of Great North Carolinians, forceful and determined, had never before assembled to take counsel of their liberties Indeed all the giants of that generation gathered there to secure and maintain the freedom of their country."

At this session of the Congress two regiments of Continental troops were ordered raised in North Carolina. John Walker was immediately selected as one of the captains of a company in the First Regiment and was commissioned September 1, 1775. He went north with the first detachment of troops and was promoted to major April 26, 1777. He resigned December 22, 1777. His resignation was offered sooner but the state legislature would not accept it at first. Walker gave as his reason for resigning that his health was not good, and, being fifty years of age, felt that a younger man or one in a better state of health could bear the rigors of a northern climate and perform the exacting duties devolving upon him in a better manner. Too, he had six sons already in service, and a wife and two small sons at home exposed to the mercies of

marauding bands of Indians and Tories. (State Records, Vol. 13, p. 474: same, Vol. 16, p. 1180). State Records, Vol. 17, page 256 shows that Walker drew, in 1793, 385 pounds sterling, 13 shillings and 8 pence for "Revolutionary Service," length of service not stated.

It may not be amiss to correct here an error that has in some manner crept into a few publications, also, Heitman's Register of Officers.

Heitman, in his "Register of Officers of the American Revolution," 1893 Revisal, and his revised "Register of Officers of the Continental Army," 1913 edition, shows Col. John Walker's military record as already given above, but adds that he was a lieutenant-colonel and aide-de-camp to General Washington, 17th Feb. 1777, and that he died December 2, 1809. In these last two respects Heitman has Col. John Walker confused with Senator John Walker, of Virginia, probably a distant relative. Senator Walker was also an officer in the Revolution, and served on Gen. Washington's staff for a short time, and was later a senator from Virginia. (See Congressional Biographical Directory of the American Congress, 1927 revisal, page 1659). Senator Walker died December 2, 1809.

In making this correction in reference to rank, it is not with the intention of detracting from the well-earned glories of Rutherford's pioneer father, but solely to keep history straight. As it is, John Walker had sufficient honors heaped upon him to keep forever green his memory in the hearts and minds of his descendants and others. He was in line for promotion, and would soon have become lieutenant-colonel had he re-

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mained in the service, and doubtless a colonel later. Feeling that he could render his state a greater service in a civil capacity, the state legislature accepted his resignation from the Continental army, it being understood in spirit, if not in word, that he should return to Tryon county and use his influence among the disaffected. Here a wide field of usefulness and service opened itself to him. Tryon county (afterwards Rutherford and Lincoln) was characterized by several as being among the most loyal counties in the state to the King, a fact which led Ferguson to later invade the county, hoping to augment his forces by enlisting the Tories under the Royal standard.

Here Walker worked untiringly, reviving the drooping spirits of the Whigs, and urging the cause of American independence. He continued an active participant in the civic and political life of the county and state, and when Tryon county was erased from the roll call of counties, and Lincoln and Rutherford took its place in 1779, Walker was appointed a justice of the peace in the new county of Rutherford, a position which he continued to hold until about the time of his death. The first session of the Rutherford County Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions was held at the home of Walker, near the mouth of Cane Creek.

Tryon was abolished by an act of the Legislature of 1778, and Rutherford and Lincoln took its place the next year. The act designated John Walker as one of the four commissioners to survey the dividing line between the two counties and assist in setting up a government in the counties.

In 1784 the legislature noted that "a considerable quantity of lands, tenements, hereditaments and movable property, which have been confiscated under some one or the other of the laws of this state commonly called Confiscation Laws, yet remains unsold; and it being just and necessary that the same should be sold for the use and benefit of the state," and appointed six commissioners for the state, one for each of the judicial districts, to be known as Commissioners for disposing of Confiscated property. For the western district, or Morgan District, John Walker was appointed. (State Records, Vol. 24; pp. 661-62.)

Three years later, 1787, he moved to the forks of Green and Broad rivers, in Rutherford county, where he purchased a large tract of land and resumed his agricultural pursuits. He died there January 25, 1796, in his sixty-eighth year, and was laid to rest on the plantation. A few years later his faithful wife was placed beside him. The two solitary graves may be seen today on a gentle knoll, at a spot about three hundred yards west of the point where Green and Broad rivers unite, and the same distance west of the present Rutherford-Polk county line, in Polk county. Two rude stones mark the last resting place of this devoted couple. The writer recently made application to the War Department for a Government marker to be placed at the grave of Col. John Walker.

Much more material of interest regarding Col. John Walker and his activities will be found in Hon. Felix Walker's "Memoirs of a Southern Congressman."

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Felix Walker.

Felix Walker, eldest son of Col. John Walker, was born on the south branch of the Potomac River, in Hampshire county, Va., (now West Virginia), July 19, 1753. He attended a country school on the Congaree River, near Columbia, S. C., and in Burke county, N. C. He moved with his father to what became Lincoln county, N. C., and then in 1768 to what became Rutherford county. He was apprenticed as a merchant's clerk at Charleston, S. C., in 1769; also engaged in agricultural pursuits after his return to Rutherford county. He, in company with Henderson and Boone and others founded the settlement of Boonsboro, Ky., in 1775; was clerk of the court of Washington District, (most of which is now in the state of Tennessee) in 1775 and 1776, and of the county court of Washington county, (now in Tennessee) in 1777 and 1778. Fought in the Revolutionary and Indian wars; lieutenant in Capt. Richardson's company in the Rifle Regiment commanded by James Stuger, from Mecklenburg county, N. C., in 1776; and was captain of a company of light dragoons on the Nolachucky River in 1776, and part of 1777; went as private on several tours of few weeks each in 1778-1779. He was appointed clerk of the court of Pleas and Quarter sessions of Rutherford county, N. C., in October 1779, a position which he held until 1787. Was a member of the State House of Commons six times, serving in 1792, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802 and 1806; resumed agricultural and trading pursuits and was also a land speculator in Haywood county, where he removed in 1808. He

was elected to the United States Congress, as a representative from the western district in 1817 and served three terms, or until 1823. He was an unsuccessful candidate for re-election in 1822, being defeated by only a few votes. He moved to Mississippi about 1824, and engaged in agricultural pursuits and trading, and died in Clinton, Hinds county, Mississippi, about 1828. (The above sketch is condensed from Walker's "Autobiography," with occasional notes from other sources.)

The following interesting incident regarding Felix Walker is taken from Arthur's "Western North Carolina, a History, 1730-1913," (Felix Walker) "was a man of great suavity of manner, a fine electioneer, insomuch that he was called "Old Oil Jug..... When the missouri Question was under discussion Mr. Walker secured the floor, when some impatient member asked him to sit down and let a vote be taken. He refused, saying that he must "make a speech for Buncombe," that is, for his constituents. Thus, "Bunlum" as it is usually spelled, has become a part of our vocabulary."

This biography of Felix Walker is purposely made brief, as he gives a detailed account of his activities through life in his memoirs, which appear elsewhere in connection with this work.

Heitman's "Historical Register of Officers of the Continental Army, 1775-1783," 1914 revisal, page 565, gives the following:

"Walker, Felix, (N. C.) Lieutenant-Colonel North Carolina Militia at Kings Mountain, October, 1780."

No references on Kings Mountain battle show that Walker participated either as an officer or private. He

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says, "the war was now raging in its utmost violence (1779-80). I was occasionally with the Whig or Liberal party, though took no commission as I might have had." Speaking of the battle of Kings Mountain Walker says: "a battle was fought on Kings Mountain 7th of October, 1780, where a complete victory was obtained by the Americans, being all militia, over the British regulars and Tories, commanded by Major Ferguson, who was shot from his horse, bravely exhorting his men. Seven bullets went through his body, it is said. He was a brave and meritorious officer from Scotland, and it was well he was killed to prevent his doing more mischief." No other reference is made by him to that battle, which would lead to the opinion that he did not participate in that engagement.

John Walker, Jr.

John Walker, Jr., the second son of Col. John Walker, was born in 1755, in Virginia. He removed to North Carolina with his father and continued to reside with him until after the Revolution.

His first service in the Revolution came when he was appointed a second lieutenant in one of the ten companies of Minute Men, ordered raised in the Salisbury district, by the Third Provincial Congress in August, 1775. At the same time two regiments of Continental troops were ordered raised in North Carolina for service, and his father, John Walker, was appointed a captain in the First Regiment. (Schenck's "North Carolina, 1780-81," page 22; Wheeler's "Historical Sketches", page 80).

John Walker, Jr., was appointed a

second Lieutenant in one of the four additional regiments of Continental troops ordered raised by Congress April 16, 1776. (Colonial Records, Vol. X, page 519).

James Reuben Walker.

James Reuben Walker, third son of Col. John Walker, was born within the bounds of the present county of Lincoln, N. C., in 1757. He married Sarah McHerd (born in South Carolina in 1758) in 1784. He removed with his father in 1768 to the plantation located one-half mile above the mouth of Cane Creek and about one mile from Brittain church in Rutherford county. He was the only member of this family of six patriots who served throughout the War of Independence in the capacity of a private soldier. Sometime after the war he removed from Rutherford and settled in Burke county, N. C.

On October 24, 1832, he applied for a pension for his Revolutionary services. He was allowed a pension on his claim No. S. 3447, while a resident of Burke county. His declaration follows:

"In 1776 three months with Capt. John Hardin's Company; Col. Bateman's Regiment, and went to Cross Creek against the Scotch-Tories a little later. Three months in Captain Thomas Lytle's Company, and was out against the Indians.

'In 1777 Captain Hardin's company was out against the Indians, and burned some of their towns, and took prisoners; length of service not stated. Three months in Captain Joseph McDowell's Company.

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"In 1781 three months in Captain McFarland's Company, Col. Charles McDowell's Regiment.

"On his return home from service he was arrested by the Tories and his discharge was taken from him."

In 1836 he moved to Knox county, Tennessee, where he died. He had eleven children, and among his descendants of today are numbered the Pattons, of Buncombe; the Foxes; The Dorseys of Cleveland and Rutherford; Coopers, Bettis, Hennessees and Erwins, of McDowell, Burke and Buncombe, and Clays of Rutherford and McDowell, also the Walkers, Russels, Foxes, Wardells, and Smiths, of Tennessee; Walkers of Kentucky; Walkers, Adkins, Bogers and Collins, of District of Columbia; Walkers and Taylors, of Texas; Jones, Coons, Sturgeons, and Brewers, of Illinois; Reeves of California.

Essential facts of the above sketch are gathered from "Genealogy of John Walker, from Ireland, 1720, and Some of His Descendants" compiled by Robert Walton Walker, of Fort Worth, Texas.

William Walker.

William Walker, the fourth son of Colonel John Walker, was born in 1758 in that portion of Tryon county which has since been formed into Lincoln county, N. C. Heitman's "Historical Register of Officers of the Continental Army, 1775-83", 1914 Revision, page 566, states that he was a lieutenant in a company in the Second Regiment of Continental Troops raised in North Carolina; was taken prisoner at Charleston, S. C., 12 May 1780; exchanged 14th

June, 1781. No date of commission is given. The Roster of Continental Troops from North Carolina, appearing in Volume '16, North Carolina State Records, page 1189, shows a William Walker as private in Captain Blount's Company of the 10th Regiment, enlisted August 3, 1779. It is probable that this was the same person as Lieutenant Walker, and that he enlisted first as a private, and later became lieutenant, as a number of Continental officers were promoted from the ranks.

State Records, Vol. 17, page 257 shows that he received, in 1793, thirty-five pounds, eight shillings and two pence "for Revolutionary Service," length of service not stated.

Thomas Walker.

Thomas Walker, fifth son of Col. John Walker was born in 1759 in the present bounds of Lincoln county, N. C. He removed to Rutherford county with his father, and was residing with him at the time of the Revolution. He enlisted in the First Regiment of Continental Troops, probably in his father's company, on 5th April, 1777; commissioned D. W. M. Gl., same date and omitted Sept. 1777. His enlistment period was "For Duration of War". (State Records, Vol. 16, page 1180).

The author has been unable to find any other reference to him after his commission expired, however, it is likely that he served out his enlistment period.

At the July 1810, session of the Rutherford county court of pleas and Quarter sessions a guardian was appointed for his minor son. This would indicate that Thomas Walker

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died sometime between April and July, 1810.

Joseph Walker.

Joseph Walker, sixth son of Col. John Walker, was born in what is now Lincoln county, N. C., in 1760, and removed with his father to Rutherford county, where he was residing when the storm of the Revolution broke.

His first service in the war for independence was in 1776. He was appointed a first lieutenant in one of the independent companies authorized by Congress on April 29, 1776, for defense of the coastal towns of North Carolina (Colonial Records. Vol. 10, page 546).

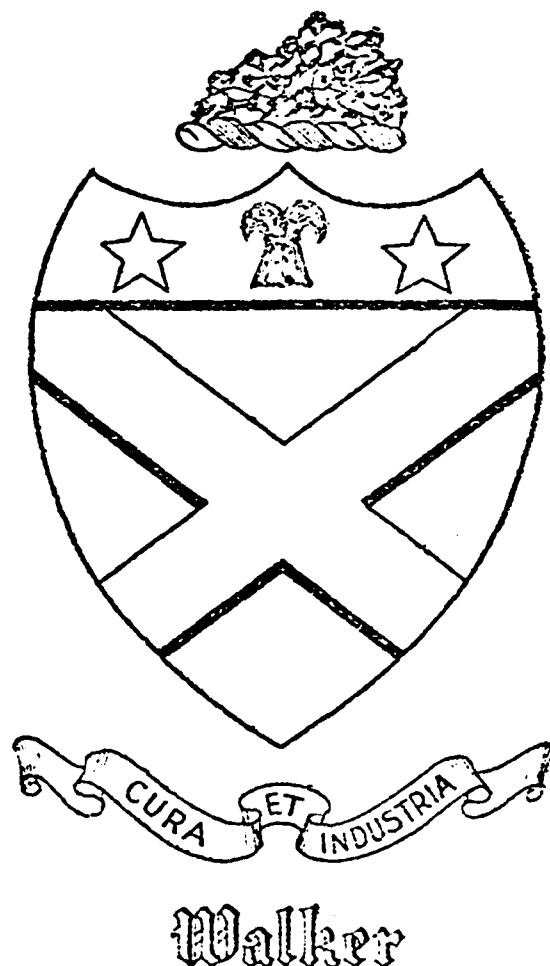
His record in the Revolution is

given by Heitman, in his "Historical Register of Officers of the Continental Army, 1775-1783," page 565, as follows:

"Captain, 7th N. C., 28th November, 1776 omitted 1st January 1778."

Volume 16, page 1185, State Records, gives identically the same information as is contained in Heitman's statement. The same record appears again in the Colonial Records, Vol. 10, page 949.

While Joseph Walker was extremely young to hold a position of such trust and responsibility, it was doubtless through the influence of his father that he secured the commission.



Coat-of-arms of one Branch of the Walker Family. Loaned through courtesy of Robert Walker, of Fort Worth, Texas.

Memoirs of Felix Walker

(This transcript from the original manuscript of Hon. Felix Walker, written in 1826, is officially presented by permission of Mrs. Estelle Trichelle Oltrogge, of Jacksonville, Fla., a great-great-granddaughter of Congressman Walker.)

In attempting to give a history or biography of our ancestors, I cannot look back and avail myself of eminent family distinctions as others may do and have a right to do; honest poverty appears to be the lot of our inheritance.

The only honorable title we can claim by birthright, on which I can proceed with certainty, although we might have a claim on the merits of George Walker, a dissenting clergyman who distinguished himself in the wars of King James, in Ireland, about the year 1690, in saving the city of Derry, by his valor and stratagem, when it was thought all was lost when besieged by the King's troops.

From the information afforded by my father, and what I could collect from an old and respectable citizen, Mr. William Smart, (an elder of the church in Rutherford county, North Carolina, now deceased) relative to our family descent, states that my grandfather, John Walker, was an emigrant from Ireland about the year 1720, settled in the state of Delaware about or near a small town called Appaquinimey, lived and died in that State, was buried in a church called Back Creek church on Bohemia River.

I passed the church in my travels through that country in the year 1796. Mr. Smart related that my

grandfather Walker was a plain, honest man (a farmer), in moderate circumstances, of upright character, and respectable in his standing. He, Mr. Smart, made one or two crops with him when a young man. We must suppose he died in the meridian of life. He left two sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, died young; my father, the youngest, was bound to the cooper's trade, and followed it some years within my recollection after he had a family.

One of my father's sisters married a man by the name of Humphreys, father of Colonel Ralph Humphreys, who died at or near Natchez about thirty years past, the father of Geo. Humphreys, who lives in that county. One sister married Benjamin Gruble (Grubb?), a respectable farmer of Pennsylvania, but removed to South Carolina and died there. The other sister married Colonel Joseph Curry, settled about five miles below Columbia on the Congaree River. I was boarded there to school in the year 1764, at eleven years old. The school house stood on the site where Granby is now situated. It was then nearly a wilderness, a sandy desert, and so thinly inhabited that a school could scarcely be made up, and now a considerable commercial town.

My father, John Walker, after his freedom from apprenticeship, went up the country as an adventurer, settled on the south branch of the Potomac in Hampshire county, Virginia. Being a new country and game plenty, he became a hunter of the

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first order, famous in that profession, in which he practiced nearly to the end of his life. He was with General Washington in Braddock's Army in the year 1755. Previous to that time he married my mother, Elizabeth Watson, of a good family from Ireland, by whom he had seven sons, no daughters. I was the eldest, born nineteenth day of July, 1753. The names of his sons after my own were John, James, Thomas, Joseph, George and Jacob. I like to have forgotten William who was the eighth son, although the fourth in succession, and only now living (William, Jacob and myself). After Braddock's defeat, which happened on the ninth day of July, 1755, the country exposed to the depredation of the Indians and in continual jeopardy, my father removed to North Carolina, settled in Lincoln county on Lee Creek, about ten miles east of the village of Lincolnton, worked at his trade and hunted for his livelihood according to the custom of the times: game was then in abundance.

About this time the Cherokees, a powerful and war-like nation of Indians, broke out and murdered some of the inhabitants on the frontier. He went out as a volunteer against the Indians, joined the army from South Carolina, under Colonel Grant, a Scotch officer, marched on to the Cherokee nation (a battle was fought at Estitoe, a town on Tennessee River about fifty miles distant from my own residence) in the fall of 1762. Colonel Grant was there repulsed with considerable loss, yet in the event, the Indians were partially subdued and made peace, for

a time. It did not continue long; the war broke the year after.

On his return from the expedition he purchased a beautiful spot of land on Crowder's Creek, about four miles from Kings Mountain, in the same county, and removed there in the fall of 1763, being then a fresh part; he cultivated some land and raised stock in abundance and I can then remember that my mother and her assistants made as much butter in one summer as purchased a negro woman in Charlestown. My father hunted and killed deer in abundance and maintained his family on wild meat in style. I remember he kept me following him on horse to carry the venison until I was weary of the business, which also gave me a taste for the forest. He resided on Crowder Creek until the year of 1768 the range began to break and the game not so plenty, his ardor for range and game still continued. He purchased a tract of land of four hundred acres from one, Moses Moore, a brother hunter for one doubloon, which at this time could not be purchased for five thousand dollars, such the rapid increase of the value of land in half a century. This is the farm and plantation at the mouth of Cane Creek (or second Broad River) in Rutherford county, settled by my father in 1768, on which he resided until he raised his family until they were all grown, and on part of said tract I lived for seventeen years, and had six children born, Betsie Watson, Elvira, Felix Hampton, Joseph, Jefferson and Isabella.

In the year of 1787 my father removed to the mouth of Green River in the same county (about ten miles distant) where he lived until he died

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on the twenty-fifth of January, 1796, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; left that valuable inheritance of land in the forks of Green and Broad River to his youngest son, Jacob Walker, who lives on it to this day. My mother died on Easter Sunday in April, 1808, about the age of 75, and buried by the side of my father in the family burying ground on the plantation. I trust she was a good woman and gone to rest.

My father bore several commissions under the old government; was colonel-commandant and judge of the court for many years in the county of Rutherford, but on the commencement of the Revolutionary War he resigned all his commissions, both local and military, and united his interests and efforts in defense of his country against the oppressions of the British government and was a member of the First (Third) Public Convention held in North Carolina at Hillsborough in July (August) 1775, on the Revolution of the American States. I was with him at that place. He took an early and decided part in that war, was appointed a regular officer in the Continental army. His grown sons were all active in that war in defense of their country. He was in person a man of slender habit, full of energy and swift on foot; a suavity in his manners that was graceful and attractive, and a cultivated understanding for his times and his day, and proper enthusiast in his friendship. Among my acquaintances I knew no man of a more liberal, hospitable and benevolent disposition (even to a fault) which often proved injurious to his pecuniary circumstances, but have thought he was wanting in that cool,

deliberate, calculating faculty so necessary in all the occurrences of life, to balance the scale of our existence; yet he maintained such a consistency of character as insured him the confidence and friendship of society through life and left a good reputation and inheritance to his children. This is a narrative of our ancestors down to the present generation so far as my information extends.

When I proceed to relate the reminiscences of my own desultory walk through life, variable as the winds that incessantly charge through the atmosphere, I blush to record the working of the needle in the compass of my mind which has played and vibrated in every direction, like the fool's eyes to the ends of the earth. A restless and enterprising anxiety was my constitutional misfortune, which in my later years I most sensibly see and feel, and has lost me half a life-time of repentance, and, to speak comparatively, ten thousand disappointments. But to do the same justice to myself, and that I would to others, can acquit myself on the ground that my irregularities were entirely and exclusively my own, and, on the most scrupulous and strict examination, I cannot charge myself in any of my transactions through life, intentionally with malice or fraud aforethought, of doing injury or injustice to my fellowman. Honesty, truth and integrity has been my guiding or polar star through all the vicissitudes of my variable and checkered life.

At the age of sixteen my father bound me to a merchant in Charlestown (Mr. George Parker, an English gentleman of high standing in

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trade) for 5 years. He had three pretices of very singular names, one Noy Milly Stuckings, one Atlard Belin, and myself, Felix Walker (the youngest). He used to boast that he had three young men of such singular names none such to be found in the city of Charlestown in one house, either for name or service. I was highly gratified with my mode of life, well approved by my master, carressed by my mistress, who treated me with the sympathy and kindness of a child. I lived most delightfully for a time while the novelties of the city arrested my mind and occupied my attention.

At length those pleasures began to lag and I became weary and satiated with the continual sameness of the city. My restless and anxious propensities began to prevail and I thirsted and sighed for those pleasures that variety afforded. Some more than a year after being bound, I solicited my master to give me up my indentures and permit me to go home for a time, under promise to return and serve out my apprenticeship. This he absolutely and promptly refused, saying he could not, nor would not do without me; my father's and my own acquaintance in the country brought in a great custom. At length my father coming to town, I renewed my solicitations to go home and through the influence of my father, and he seeing I was determined to go, he let me off with seemingly great reluctance. In this I believe my father committed an error in taking me away. He ought to have compelled me to business, and I have since thought that too much indulgence to a child, particularly in the rise or dawn of life,

is the greatest injury we can do to them. I have experienced something of this in my own family.

During my residence in Charlestown in the Christmas of 1769 I heard the celebrated Dart Whitefield preach with great power. He was the greatest awakening preacher that perhaps ever filled the sacred desk. He had most crowded congregations. I felt the power of the awakening spirit under his preaching but it soon went off.

On my return home my father put me to work on the farm, which did not well accord with my feelings. Yet I submitted and worked faithfully for a while. I applied myself to music, for which I had a predominant taste, and soon acquired a great proficiency in performing on the violin (then called a fiddle) in which I excelled and although accustomed to frolic, I could never learn to dance. My father, discovering I had neither inclination or capacity for a farmer, he put me to school to Doctor Joseph Dobson of Burke County, from whom I received the best education I have ever been in possession of, although no more than the common English, so-called. I returned from school in less than a year and lived at home nearly two years without much restraint, yet I obeyed my father and mother with the greatest punctuality, but at the same time living according to the course of this world, fulfilling my desires of the flesh and of the mind and of the vanities of life with the greatest avidity. At length, becoming weary of so limited a circle, I solicited my father to suffer me to go to Kentucky (which was then called Louisville) with Colonel Richard Hender-

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son, who had made a purchase of that country from the Cherokee Indians. He consented, and according my father and myself set out to a treaty held for that purpose, on the Watauga in the month of February 1775, where we met with Colonel Henderson and the Indians in treaty. I there saw the celebrated Indian Chief called Atticullaculla—in our tongue “the little carpenter.” He was a very small man and said to be then ninety years of age and had the character of being the greatest politician ever known in the Cherokee nation. He was sent as an agent or plenipotentiary from his nation to England and dined with King George the Second with the nobility, so I heard him declare in a public oration delivered at the treaty. He was an eloquent orator and graceful speaker in his Indian way. The name of “Little Carpenter” was given him by similitude. The Indians said he would modify and connect his political views so as to make every joint fit to its place as a white carpenter can do in wood. You may find his name mentioned in Weem’s “Life of General Marion.”

The treaty being finished and a purchase made, there associated and collected together about thirty men. Mr. William Twitty with six men and myself were from Rutherford; the others a miscellaneous collection.

We rendezvoused at the Long Island in Holstein. Colonel Daniel Boone was our leader and pilot. Never was a company of more cheerful and ardent spirits set out to find a new country. We proceeded and traveled, cutting our way through a wilderness of near three hundred miles, until we arrived within about

twelve miles of Kentucky River when, on the twenty-fifth of March, 1775, we were fired on by the Indians while asleep in our camp; Mr. Twitty and his negro man killed, myself badly wounded, the company despondent and discouraged. We continued there for twelve days. I was carried in a litter between two horses to the bank of the Kentucky river, where we stopped and made a station and called it Boonsborough. I well recollect it was a “lick”. A vast number of buffaloes moved off on our appearance. I saw some running, some loping and some walking quietly as if they had been driven. It was calculated there were near two hundred.

But let me not forget, nor never shall forget, the kindness, tenderness and sympathy shown me by Colonel Daniel Boone. He was my father, my physician and my friend; attended me, cured my wounds, consoled me in my distress and fostered me as his own child. He is no more, has gone to rest, but let me pay my tribute of gratitude to his memory and his ashes.

In a few days after we had fixed our residence, Colonel Richard Henderson, Colonel Luttrell and Colonel Slaughter (from Virginia) arrived with about fifteen men, who stationed with us. This addition, our company consisted of about fifty men, well armed with good rifles. Colonel Henderson, being proprietor, acted as governor, organized a government. We elected members, convened an assembly, formed a Constitution, passed some laws regulating our civilization ever attempted in that little community. This assembly was held about the beginning of May,

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1775. This was the first feature of flourishing and enlightened state now called Kentucky.

From the recent occurrences of so unexpected an event, my friend and protector, Mr. Twitty, taken dead from my side, myself deeply wounded without much expectation of recovery, brought me to solemn reflections should I be taken off, what would be my destination in the world to come. I could make no favorable calculations as to my future happiness. Under these impressions I was indeed excited to make every possible exertion to meet death, prayed much and formed solemn resolutions to amend my life by repentance should I be spared; but on my recovery, my feelings wearing off, and my duties declining, I gradually slid back to my former courses and pursued my pleasures with the greatest avidity.

Such is the instability of all human resolutions and legal repentance, no power on earth can change the heart but the omnipotent power of the grace of Almighty God. During the time we were there we lived without bread or salt. In summer, perhaps in July, my wounds being healed, although very feeble, I was able to sit on horseback by being lifted up. I set out in company with Messrs Decker and Richard Hogan and returned by the way we came to Watauga, a dangerous route. It was a merciful Providence that preserved us from being killed by the Indians, who were then in open hostilities with all the adventurers to Kentucky. However, we arrived safe to Colonel Robinson on Watauga, and from there in a few days I returned to my father's in

Rutherford. I lived at home about three months, when that spirit of novelty began to prevail. I wished to be moving, but what course to pursue was undetermined. At length concluded to go to Watauga (This river is a branch of Holstein, heads up in the mountains opposite to Ashe County, in N. C.,) where I had formed some acquaintances, on my way to Kentucky. And now being my own man (but with the consent of my father) I set out in October '75, and arrived at Col. Charles Robinson's in a few days, being about ninety miles.

The country being newly settled, in a short time they organized a county and called it Washington. I was appointed Clerk of the Court. It was then a county or district of self-government, not incorporated in the state of North Carolina until some years after. It was then taken in by Act of Assembly and so remained until it was ceded to Congress in 1789, and since a part of the state of Tennessee. This was the first court ever organized in that section of the western country. I continued in this office for nearly four years.

The war of the Revolution commencing about this time, I considered it a favorable opportunity, a fine theatre, on which to distinguish myself as a young man and patriot in defense of my country.

Accordingly I went to Mecklenburg county, and meeting with some recruiting officers, by the recommendation of General Thomas Polk (father of Col. William Polk of Raleigh) I was appointed Lieutenant in Capt. Richardson's company in the Rifle Regiment, commanded by James Stuger (then a Colonel) and was

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there furnished with money for the recruiting service. I returned to Watauga and on my way throughout that country I recruited my full proportion of men and marched them to Charlestown in May, 1776, joined the Regiment, and was stationed on James Island.

Sir Peter Parker with his whole fleet arrived in the bay while we were stationed on the Island. General Lee arrived in Charlestown and took command of the troops, but did not tarry long; he went on to Savannah to assist the Americans against the British and Indians, and to regulate the troops. Sir Peter Parker commanded an attack on Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island on the twenty-eighth of June 1776, was repulsed with loss of two British men-of-war and a number of men; did not succeed in the reduction of Charlestown.

The war now becoming general through the American provinces, the British stimulating the Indians on the frontiers, the Cherokees breaking out and murdering the inhabitants of Watauga and Holstein, where my property and interests lay, I was constrained to resign my commission, contrary to the wish of the commanding officer, and return home to engage against the Indians in the defense of my property and country.

I was appointed to a command of a company of Light Dragoons to range on the frontiers, was stationed at Nolachucky for a year and prevented the Indians from making any depredations on the inhabitants.

The war subsiding with the Indians, I returned to Watauga, attended to the duties of my office as clerk

of the court. Having experienced some of bitters with the sweets of life, I became more local in my disposition. Thinking it necessary to become a citizen of the world, in its utmost latitude, concluded to marry.

Accordingly, I was married to Susan Robinson, a beautiful girl of fifteen on the 8th of January, 1778, daughter of Col. Chas Robinson (where I had resided for three years past). In March ensuing, my wife and self paid a visit to my father in Rutherford, designed to spend the summer. On the 28th of June, my dear girl had a miscarriage, which terminated her existence. She died on the 9th day of July, 1778, six months after our marriage.

This was the most momentous and eventful year in which I lived, through the whole period of my life. I was so shocked and impressed with so unexpected an event, that my mind was almost lost. Absorbed in grief almost unsupportable, I felt so deeply afflicted that I thought all my prospects of happiness were buried with the woman I loved. However, happy for man, that in cases of the most deep and deplorable affliction, the constitution of our nature affords some resources for recovery, and finds his way from under the most pressing calamities; but as excess of any kind is not intended to last, after some time I began to collect my scattered faculties and realize what would have been the consequence had I been called off in place of her that was gone, and although it is now 48 years since (1826) that melancholy scene, yet I tremble as I write when I consider the goodness and merciful forbearance of Almighty God in

sparing me to this day, who am a sinner, through all the vicissitudes and vanities of life which I have been destined to fill. To Him be the praise forever, under the alarm of so feeling a dispensation, I became seriously and solemnly impressed with mighty concern for my own salvation.

Reflecting on my past life, I found that I had been traveling from Jerusalem to Jericho, had lived in a state of sin and rebellion against God, ungrateful of his goodness, and trampled his mercies under my feet. I resolved to reform and turn from my wicked ways and be a good Christian, and so ignorant was I that I thought all was in my own power with my good intentions; and but endeavoring to obtain forgiveness for all my sins through the merits of the Redeemer (delusive hope) which I fear thousands are carried away on the quicksands of their own confidence.

In this resolution I was serious and determined. Accordingly, I read my Bible, prayed much, abstained from every evil as I could avoid, declined corrupt company, was sober and reserved in my manners and morals, and so continued until I thought I was not only an almost, but a real Christian indeed, and in truth so I was settled on the fatal rock of self-righteousness, that when the rain descended and the wind blew and beat upon it, it fell and great was the fall; indeed, it swept away the refuge of lies; but glory, honor and praise be to Him who sits on the throne, and to the lamb forever and forever.

I was not suffered to rest on so fatal a delusion; the Lord by his spirit cautioned me that all I have

been doing was as filthy rags and then the commandment and sin renewed and the purity and extent of the law was discovered to my mind with irresistible force, and I was constrained to say "what shall I do to be saved?" The spirituality of Divine Law was as a piercing sword in my back, with condemning power

This produced a deep sense of the depravity of my nature and pollution of my heart, and my utter inability to save myself by the utmost exertions of my moral powers. In this deplorable and depressed situation, almost to desperation, I remained for a time in inexpressible anguish of spirit, until it pleased the Almighty in His mercy to discover to my mind the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ as a Redeemer and Savior for lost sinners, such as I found myself to be, and at a certain time on a certain day, which was Sunday, I received power to believe in His Name and obtain pardon for my sins to my inexpressible joy and comfort. It appeared to me indeed that old things were done away, and all things become new, or as if I had really been born in a new world, for which may I be enabled to praise Him through the ages of eternity; so confident was I at that season of happiness, that I did then believe that all men on earth and all devils in hell could through their insinuations never prevail on me to do what I have since done; but since that period my course through life has been such medley of inconsistencies.

Could I write in tears of blood the many failures, backslidings and

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self indulgences of which I have suffered myself to be the victim, I could not describe the heartfelt inquietudes I have experienced as the consequences; and in truth confess that sinning and repenting has filled up the measure of my days, which I lament and deplore before Him that knows my heart, and regret with the deepest sensibility that I was not more faithful and watchful and grace-given and not permitted the old traitor without, combined with my own traitorous within, to place me on the dark mountains of unbelief, and left me neither the pleasures of a saint or sinner; but thanks be to Him that opens and no man can shut, who did not entirely abandon and forsake me in that state of double rebellion, but gave me such intimations of His Grace as enabled me to maintain a habitual disposition to press forward through fears without and fightings within, and often times like a lost sheep wandering on dangerous ground, has brought me back to the fold again, and by the grace of God I am what I am.

As this narrative of my passage through life may be read by my children while I am mingling with the dust I have trodden for 73 years, I have been more copious on the experimental part (for their encouragement) that if any of them should travel the same thorny road I solemnly warn them of the danger of deviating from the narrow path of rectitude of virtue and religion. Not to wander on foreign and forbidden ground.

The wages of sin is death, and be assured a man's sin will find him out. If they have been the chief of sinners, so am I; if they are backslid-

ers, so have I been; if they are struggling and striving for victory over a corrupt heart and degenerate nature, so am I, at this time, and have a hope that through the broad righteousness of our Great Redeemer's merits, I shall in the end arrive on the shores of a happy immortality; and (oh! transporting thought) if the father and mother, sons and daughters, would be participants of that happy region, what a happy consolation beyond expression to be found worthy.

"With rapturous awe on Him
to gaze, who taught the light
for me,

And shout and wonder at
His Grace through all eterni-
ty."

If this be read with the same interest and feeling with which it is written, I trust it will not lose its effect.

Having given a concise view of my times so far, I return to the narrative as it relates to my further progress through life.

I continued at my father's as a home for about sixteen months under the pressure of a wounded and broken spirit, rather in a state of despondency, spending my time without much effect. The war now raging in its utmost violence, I was occasionally with the Whig or Liberty party, though took no commissions as I might have had. The county of Rutherford was at this time stricken off from Tryon, and made a new county. I was appointed Clerk of Court in October 1779, which brought me into business.

After some time, my spirits began to revive and gradually emancipate me from under my drooping sit-

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ration, and viewing myself as a young man and must travel through life on some ground, thought it best to marry and become a citizen of the world once more. Accordingly, after some preliminary acquaintance, I was married to Isabella Henry on the 10th of January, 1780, in the 27th year of my age and the 17th of hers, a daughter of William Henry, Esquire, of York, South Carolina. Mr. Henry was a reputable citizen, a plain, honest, reputable character; was a member of the Legislature, and was one of the first settlers in the frontiers of the Carolinas. He raised a reputable family of sons, all of whom took an active part in the Revolutionary War; of a decided military character, invincible courage, feared no danger, and always ready for the most eventful enterprise.

Grandfather Henry (it is asserted) was descended from a wealthy family in Ireland, the only son of his father, who possessed a large estate. His mother dying young, his father married a second wife, and he not liking so well his next mother, eloped from his father about 18 years of age, came to America and never returned to ask for his hereditary inheritance. He settled in Augusta county, in Virginia, there married your grandmother Isabella McKown, of a good family. My acquaintance with her enables me to say she was a woman of the first class in her time and her day. She died about the age of 56. Mr. Henry removed to Carolina about 75 or 80 years past, and resided in York District, South Carolina, for 65 years, and died at the advanced age of 102 years, a complete cen-

tury, which one in ten thousand never arrives to. Thus you have a transient account of both the paternal and maternal line of your ancestors, so far as my information extends; but have something more to relate as respects my further progress through this world, where woods and wild promiscuous shoot, and gardens tempting with forbidden fruit.

I was highly gratified in my second marriage, happy in the woman of my choice, and believe I could not have selected a better had I traveled and traveled till this day. I resided at my father's and father-in-law's alternately for a while; no place a home, but in camp, the War being so severe and Tories all around.

Charleston, S. C., was taken by the British the 12th of May, 1780, after which temporary victory and encouraged by the Tories they advanced up the country with the greatest rapidity, overran the country in the frontiers of North and South Carolina. Myself with many others were compelled to retreat over the mountains to Watauga and Holstein in Tennessee for refuge. I took my wife and property with me, and had to take a circuitous route by the head of Yadkin River through the Flour Gap, by New River to the head of Holstein down to Watauga in Washington County, Tennessee, waiting there the events of the war. At length an army of volunteers from the Western waters, under the command of Cols. Campbell, Shelley (Shelby), Sevier and Cleveland, marched through the mountains, joined a few militia from North and South Carolina, under the command of Col. Williams and Col. Hambricht. A battle was fought on

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Kings Mountain 1st (7th) of October 1780, where a complete victory was obtained by the Americans, being all militia, over the British Regulars, and Tories, command by Major Ferguson, who was shot from his horse, bravely exhorting his men. Seven bullets went through his body, it was said. He was a brave and meritorious officer from Scotland, and it was well he was killed to prevent his doing more mischief.

In February (January) following, the battle of the "Cowpens" was fought, and a complete victory gained by our troops commanded by Gen. Morgan over Col. Tarlton and his legions of horse and regulars. These two victories were a decisive blow to the British arms in that section of the Country, and the same fatality pursued them throughout the remainder of the War, until Cornwallis was taken at little York in Virginia, which was the last battle fought between the Americans and British in the Revolutionary War.

In April, 1781, I returned to Rutherford, built a cabin on my father's land at the mouth of Cane Creek. Betsy was born in September, 1782. I removed in a year to the mouth of Green River, settled, cultivated my farm and attended to the duties of my office as Clerk of Court there resided to the year 1787. These five years were my halcyon days, the millenium of my life. I gathered property, lived comfortable with my little family, in friendship with the world and generally at peace with myself.

But, alas, my restless propensity which I fondly hoped was abated, was only slumbering to rouse with double solicitude. A dazzling pros-

pect of the Western country presented to my view the ten thousand advantages that I might acquire, with such irresistible force, that I resigned my office with a fixed resolution to remove there in a few months.

"Fond man the vision of a moment made

Dream of a dream and shadow of a shade."—Younge.

This was the greatest error I ever committed in my temporal transactions through life. I had considerable property, owed nothing and resigned an office worth \$1,000 per annum. Col. Lewis, in whose favor I resigned office, made a fortune worth \$50,000 in thirty years. But being providentially prevented (as I believe) from going to the West, I went down to York District, lived there one year, 1790, returned to Rutherford, purchased a part of my father's old plantation at the mouth of Cane creek, settled and lived there 17 years. My children Betsy Stanhope, Elvira Watson, Felix Hampton, Joseph Emanuel, Jefferson and Isabella were born there, after I was settled and fixed in my residence. My acquaintance and intercourse had been and was then very extensive. I had the confidence and friendship of society in general. They put up my name for the Assembly, and I was elected, losing few votes, in the year 1792. The Assembly sat in Newbern, N. C.

On my return from the Assembly. I commenced merchandise with a tolerable capital, for the country, which prevented me from continuing in the Legislature. I pursued that line of business about five years. Went to Maryland and Virginia and

purchased several droves of negroes. I was now much in the spirit of the world, and like to have forgotten I was purged from my old sins, but on reflection, collected my scattered fragments and little remaining strength, abandoned the iniquitous practice of buying and selling human beings as slaves, which I found to be a violation of my conscience, in direct opposition and in the very face of all mortality and religion, and have ever since that conviction abhorred the principle and the practice.

In the year 1795 I engaged in a large land speculation in the western counties of Buncombe and Haywood, calculated I had made an immense fortune by entering lands. I was not mistaken, and had the line between the United States and the Cherokee Indians been run according to treaty, I would have realized a fortune indeed; but it was run otherwise by the commissioners, and divested me of 10,000 acres of the best land I entered. What I saved I was forced into a lawsuit with Col. Avery for 12 years. Although I gained it, it profited me little, having expended so much money in the defense of the suit.

In the year 1799, I was again elected to the General Assembly by almost a unanimous vote, and continued, with the exception of a few years, to represent the County until the year 1806, which was the last year I was in the Assembly. At length, becoming weary of the drudgery of legislation, I fled from the scenes of popular solicitations and removed to the mountains of Haywood in 1808, warned by the langour of life's evening ray,

thought I would house me in some humble shed, with full intention of lasting retirement for the remainder of my life. But, as says a great man, the spider's most attenuated thread is cord, is cable, to man's feeble ties, I consented to have my name announced for Congress. The competition was with Governor Pickens, late Governor of Alabama. He beat me by a small majority. I was then opposed by Judge Paxton. I obtained my election by a good majority, and continued to represent the District of Morgan for six years in succession.

My situation was so enviable that I was opposed at every election, but so feebly as scarcely to be felt.

In the year 1823, Doctor Vance of Buncombe, Genl. Walton, of Rutherford, Col. Reyburn of Haywood, all offered for Congress. Walton had 978 votes, Reyburn, 492, Vance and myself tied at 1913 votes each. The Sheriff of Burke gave the county vote to Vance and elected him. It was well known that Walton and Reyburn bore on my interest. Had Vance and myself met single hand, I should have beat him 1,200 votes; and it was afterwards ascertained I had a majority of 71 votes over Vance, although in counting the ballots they made a miscount or misdeal. The next election my name was announced as a candidate, but on considering my age and growing infirmities, and consulting my feelings, which seemed to forbid the bans, I withdrew my name from the list and dropped out of the circle, to the disappointment of the great majority of the district. Such was my standing when I shut the door on public life.

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Through the whole course of my life I have been a close observer of providential occurrences, especially as it regards myself and my similar concerns, and do verily believe it was a particular direction of a wise and unseen Director who knows what is the best for his creatures and cannot err, (by the unexpected event) to arrest my further progress in public life, to save me from some fatality to which I might be liable, and lessen my responsibility in the affairs of State; a gracious donation, to give my few remaining years to retirement, and appropriate the remainder of my days to obtain a better inheritance in a better world.

Since my release from the bondage of serving the busy world, I find myself perfectly regenerated, and so averse am I at the present,

that no compensation could induce me to accept of any public vocation.

My standing in Congress is pretty generally known. I took a share in public debates, with what credit society must judge. We must all submit to public opinion. I was one who advocated with the utmost ability the conduct of Genl. Jackson in the Seminole War. Also in most of the most interesting and popular discussions, I threw my mite on the floor—the Missouri question, the reduction of the army, the Revenue and Bankruptcy bill were all debated in my time. The State of Missouri the State of Mississippi, The State of Illinois, and the state of Maine (4 new states) were admitted into the union during my service in Congress, under Mr. Monroe's Administration.

