

**MEMORIES OF A
LONG LIFE
IN VIRGINIA**

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Memories of a long life in Virginia by Mrs. John H. Moore

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MRS. JOHN H. MOORE

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LONG LIFE
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Major General Andrew Moore

Memories of a Long Life
in Virginia

By
MRS. JOHN H. MOORE
Lexington, Va.

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PREFACE

The writer of these pages is now nearly eighty years old. She has been an unusually close and intelligent observer, and her memory is wonderfully vivid and accurate. She is one of the few people now living who knew well Stonewall Jackson before the War between the States, and General Robert E. Lee, and his family, when General Lee lived in Lexington after the war, as president of Washington College. Some of the friends of Mrs. Moore have thought that her recollection of these great men, and of other prominent people and events, were worthy of a permanent record, and at the insistence of these friends, this little book has been written. It is printed just as dictated by her, without editing, and it will doubtless be found that her original, and at times quaint style, will add much to the interest and attractiveness of the narrative.

ONE OF HER FRIENDS.

Lexington, Virginia,
December 1, 1919.

ANCESTORS

I am now in my eightieth year, health delicate, and nearly blind, but my friends have urged me to write some of my early recollections. I have not kept my letters or written a diary, so I must depend on my memory, and things I have heard from others, principally from my father and mother.

My father was Samuel McDowell Moore, and my mother was Evalina Alexander, youngest child of Andrew Alexander, who owned a large farm near Lexington, Virginia, where I was born on the 20th of May, 1840.

Andrew Alexander, my grandfather, owned many slaves, he would never sell one, thought it wrong. He had a school for his slaves, said he wanted everyone on his plantation to be able to read the Bible, and my mother told me of her teaching the maids in the house to read and write. The blacksmith on the place had a school; he was one of the slaves. When my grandfather died, my uncle, William Dandridge Alexander, his eldest son, a lawyer

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in Georgia, came on to settle up the estate. The negroes were given their choice as to whether they would stay in Virginia. A few who had wives on other plantations stayed, all the rest wanted to go with "Marse William." So they made a caravan of covered wagons drawn by mules and horses and moved to a cotton plantation my uncle had bought near Griffin, Georgia. This was about 1843. There were no railroads then. When the Civil War came on, my uncle built a large house on the plantation and invited his two brothers-in-law to move their families there, as Virginia would be the battleground, but we stayed in Virginia.

My uncle was a lawyer, and never married. He was well off, and he raised a company of soldiers—The Alexander Rifles (he was too old for the army himself), and equipped them, sent them to Virginia, and supported their families during the War. At one time he came on to Richmond, Virginia, during the War, to see about his company, when he heard of some of them being in the hospital there. After the war he divided his plantation out to his negroes, and tried to make them self supporting, and he left pensions to some of the older ones in his will.