

## Letter to Aunt Pearl

The following is a letter written to Pearl (Alexander) Bolton. It seems to be from her aunt Euphemia. There is no date on the letter . I have transcribed it here from a Xerox of the original. There is information about Stephen Henninger Alexander and

MaryAlexJones originally shared this on 29 jul 2008

Pearl, you asked the date of birth of your grandpa and grandma Alexander, who were, of course, my mother and father. My pa was born

Stephen Henager Alexander March 20, 1821

Died May 10, 1887

Mother was born September 12, 1842 and died July 24, 1914, and they are buried in a cemetery near Graysville.

They were both religious and were regular church goers and my mother denied herself things. One summer she done without coffee so she could fix us little girls up well enuff to go to S.S. You see my daddy died when I was a little over a year old. My pa and Mother were Methodists; he was a Mason (Grand Mason); she an Eastern Star. they were both raised by religious parents.

Here are the names of my Daddy's brothers and sisters. I don't give them by ages, but will say my daddy was not the oldest or the youngest. There were 12 of them. Uncle Summer was born when Grandma Alex. was 50 years old.

Thomas	Linda, who married an Ables
George	Melindy; died young
William	Annie; married a Green
John	Sarah (called Sallie) married a Morgan
Jamesv	Elizabeth, who married a Hixon
Stephen Henager	
Robert	
Summer	

My Grandpa Alexander's name was William; he married a Davis. I'm almost sure her name was Mary, and she was an own cousin to "Jeff" Davis, the only president of the Confederacy. My Grandpa did not believe in slavery so was called the white son-in-law.

Since you seem interested in the history of your Dad's family, here is a little might interest you. When my Grandpa and Grandma married, her Dad wanted to give Grandpa a slave to do his work, but he refused as he did not believe it right to have slaves. Well, he wanted to give Grandma a colored maid as a cook; she said no, if William can do his work, I can do mine. Her daddy had plenty and some of her folks said he married for money, but he said "no, I don't want one dot of it". He done very well, though, and owned a river bottom farm east of Dayton, Tenn., but went on his brother-in-law's note (one of the Davis sons) and when he couldn't pay it, my Grandpa sold off all his farm but a little homestead and paid it off. Some one told him they wouldn't do it, but he said "yes, he calls me his white son-in-law and I'm going to do the white thing". My Grandma and Grandpa died the same day. It was like this; they didn't know she was much sick, so like they used to have 2 beds in same room. Well, they started to hang up a blanket by his bed. She said take that down, I know why you are doing that and there's not been any thing between us and I don't want any thing now. I'll soon follow him. So she died that evening. She was able to get his breakfast tho' not well; said I've always fixed his breakfast and I want to now.

Well, I hope you can read this little bit of family history. O, one more thing my Granddad fought in the battle of New Orleans as a Captain under Andrew Jackson. Your Daddy said you could find that in the Meigs county history.

Well enuff of this; it's all in the past and don't matter.