

I. ELIJAH HUNT

First Wife: Lavania (Vinny) Carter

Second Wife: Pheobe Mullins

(Records in Chatam, Va. Courthouse)

Children: Emily Hailey, Betsy Mullins, Mrs. Wade, Ryland Logan Hunt,
one daughter, unknown.

2. RYLAND LOGAN HUNT: Born March 28, 1818; died June 25, 1892

Wife: Emily A. Winfray Hunt - Born July 1827, Died April 1906
(She was a Burdette, records at Halifax, Va.)

Children: Joseph, George, Elijah, Robert, James, Sarah, John W.,
Mary, Zipora, and Cathrine.

3. JOHN WILSON HUNT: Born April 2, 1844; died April 29, 1928.

Wife: Antoinette Smith Hunt - Born March 4, 1849; died June 8, 1912.

Children:

Robert C. Hunt - Born Sept. 5, 1875; died Oct. 22, 1962.

Betty Andrew Hunt Farmer - Born April 30, 1873; Died Oct. 4, 1934.

Olivia Hunt Haraway - Born Nov. 17, 1877; died Feb. 2, 1963.

Clifton Columbus Hunt - Born April 4, 1879; died May 10, 1965.

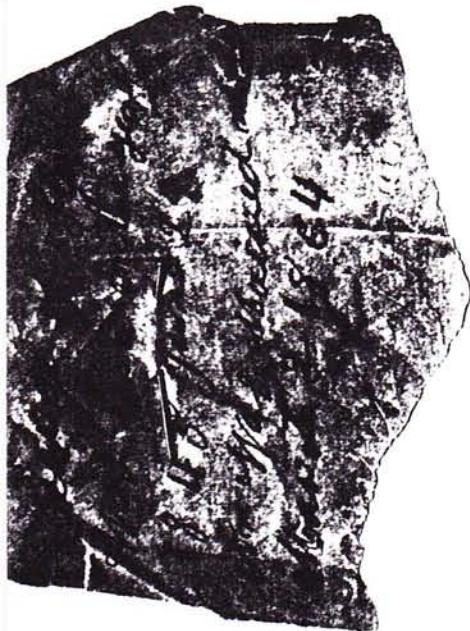
Hagar William Hunt - Born Jan. 11, 1882;

Walter Cleveland Hunt - Born Dec. 6, 1884; Died June 7, 1959.

Asa Butler Hunt - Born Dec. 22, 1887; died July 23, 1977.

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→ Married Dec 1, 1869



A short history of the Hunts that lived in Pittsylvania Co., Va. as furnished by Norman F. Hunt, 9610 Shelby Place, Norfolk, Va., dated Sept. 30, 1971. Norman was the son of James and Emma Jane Hunt.

The birth and death dates were found on the tombstones located in the old burial grounds near the original Hunt homestead. The history highlights were related to Norman Hunt by his father and grandfather.

The old cemetery has grown up and it is in a wilderness. However, the ground around the graves is fairly clean and the tombstones are in good shape and of a good quality.

Elijah Hunt is buried there. He lived to be ninety-eight years of age. He was a veteran of the war of 1812. He drew a pension as long as he lived. He was well remembered by his grandson, James Hunt. Elijah Hunt said his home was at the fork of Dan, near Clarksville where the Dan and Staunton Rivers join. He said his family all started West in 1816 or 1817. He was a grown man at that time and was supposed to go along. The night before they were to leave he went to see his girl friend. They sat by an open fire in her home. He didn't get a chance to talk with her but they looked in each other's eyes and that told a plenty! He went home and didn't sleep a wink. The next morning he said he wasn't going with the family. He remained and married this girl. They raised four girls and one boy. We have only three names of the girls: Emily Hailey, Betsy Mullins, and Mrs. Wade. Ryland Logan Hunt was their only son.

Elijah Hunt said his family left for Texas and he never heard from them again. There were rumors they were killed by Indians as they camped in Tennessee. Ryland L. Hunt's wife was of French extraction. After his death she lived with James Hunt for twelve years and Norman Hunt remembers her as being a very interesting person. She smoked a clay pipe and many, many times he helped her light it. She was the mother of twelve children, ten of whom lived to be adults. She died in April, 1906, and is buried in the old family burial grounds.

Ryland Logan Hunt and John Wilson Hunt, his son, joined the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861, and were told the war would last only a short time; but Ryland Hunt fought in Lee's army for four years and was at the surrender at Appomatox on April 9, 1865. He was a wagoneer. At the surrender, General Grant ordered the soldiers who had charge of horses should be given them to take home. Ryland Hunt brought a very poor one home. They had been very short on food. He said it took them several days, maybe a week, to get home. When they came to the Green Hill Ferry on Staunton River, they only had confederate money and he gave the ferry man all he had to put them across the river. He arrived home and began trying to rebuild their fortunes. His wife said she and the children kept raising and saving tobacco--she hardly knew the reason why. The English and other people were anxious to buy tobacco, for they had been unable to buy any for four years. They received the unheard of price then, twenty-five cents a pound. The total amount received was between seven, and eight hundred dollars and this enabled them to get on their feet in a hurry! That was a lot of money then.

"The date is August 31, 1977, and I am Alfred W. Haraway, the grandson of John W. Hunt. My grandfather lived with us for many years before he passed away and he told me many of the things that happened to him. He and his Dad enlisted in the Confederate Army when the war first broke out.. He was seventeen years old. He was trained in Richmond Va. While he was in Richmond they were reviewed by Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederac and he said Jefferson Davis shook hands with him and told him he was a strong, husky boy and would make a good soldier. He said shortly after that he was put on the train and sent to Marlin, Va. expecting to participate in the first battle of Manassas but the train wrecked on the way up there. Two trains ran together and the train he was on wrecked so he didn't make it in time for the battle. He could hear the guns being fired but by the time they obtained transportation and got up there the Yankees were on the run and the Confederates had won a stupendous victory. He told me many things about his experience during the four years he was in the war. He was in all the major battles of the Civil War. He fought in many battles in the defense of Richmond, Va. He told me about an incident that happened at Malvern Hill which was very impressive. He said they were going up the ridge at Malvern Hill, one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War, and the color bearer was shot, another man grabbed the colors before they fell to the ground and they killed him. Another man grabbed the colors and they killed him, and another man grabbed the colors and he was killed and the colors fell to the ground. Evidently a sharp shooter was killing the color bearers. Captain Carter who was Captain of his company said, 'Boys, who is going to take these colors?' Wouldn't anybody volunteer because they were afraid they would be killed like the others. The colors were lying on the ground which caused Captain Carter much concern. He turned to a young man that came from Halifax County near the area where he lived and he said, 'Alek, you'll take the colors won't you?' Grandfather said Aleck reached down and picked the flag up off the ground and marched up the ridge and they followed him to victory. This boy carried the colors for two and a half years for the duration of the Civil War and he never got a scratch.

"Another interesting thing he told me was just before the second battle of Manassas, he and Abe Singleton was there in the area where the first battle took place. They were scouting around in the woods to see what they could see and find, and he said they came across a Yankee soldier that was killed in the first battle of Manassas and of course his body had deteriorated. He said he kicked his boot and the bones of his foot fell out. He said to Abe Singleton, 'Abe, let's get us a bone of this old Yank just as a souvenir of the war.' So he said they picked up a couple of his bones and took them back to camp and boiled them in a tin cup and put them in their knapsacks. A few days later when they were on the march preparing for another battle, Abe said, 'John, what's that old Yank going to say to us on Judgement day having part of his feet as souvenirs of the war?' Grandpa said he got to thinking about that and he threw that bone away and Abe Singleton did too.

"I recall an incident Grandfather told me that happened around the campfire one night. He said they observed a man that nobody knew. He appeared to be a stranger and they became suspicious of him. One of the men went down and reported it to the Captain and he sent a couple of men up there and arrested him and took him to the Captain's quarters. They pulled his Confederate uniform off and he had a Northern uniform on under it. He was spying on the confederate forces. The next morning they resumed the march and they saw that fellow hanging in a tree near the campfire.

"On the way to Gettysburg they were marching through a city in Maryland singing, 'Maryland, My Maryland'. He said the populace were lined up on the streets and as they marched through the city on the way to the invasion of Pennsylvania and the Battle of Gettysburg, he said he and Abe Singleton were marching together and they saw a beautiful girl wearing a corsage. Abe said to her, 'Lady, we charge breastworks.'

"Grandfather told me of many hair-raising experiences that he had. He said just before the Battle of Gettysburg there was a man from Halifax county that enlisted the same time he did (I've forgotten his name) and he said he was a very religious man, a very devout Christian. He came to him just before the battle and he told him, 'John, I'm going to be killed in this impending battle. I have a letter I want you to give to my wife as I feel you are going through it, and through the war and return home. I have this expensive watch I want my little son to have who was born since the war started and since I enlisted in the army. I know I can trust you with these things and I have a feeling you are going through the war and not be killed, but I am going to be killed in this battle.' Grandpa said he was near him going up little Round Top Mountain. He heard someone say, 'Oh God, they've gotten me.' He looked around and the man had his arms thrown up and he fell face down on the ground. He paused for a moment and turned the man's body over and it was the man who had told him he would be killed. A bullet hit between his eyes as if it had been placed there. My grandfather said he took care of the letter and the watch and turned them both over to this man's wife down in Halifax County where they both lived and enlisted in the Confederate Army.

"At the Battle of Gettysburg they were massed in a wooded area before a field of grain preparing for the charge of Round Top Mountain. General Pickett (I didn't mention Grandfather was in Pickett's Brigade which was considered the sharp shooters of the South.) rode down in front of them back and forth and said, 'Boys, you've never failed me and I know you won't fail me this time.' Pretty shortly after that he gave the orders to advance. They advanced up Round Top Mountain and by the time he got to the top of the mountain and got one leg over the rock fence that the Northern Army was fortified behind, he said he looked around and there wasn't a Confederate soldier to be seen to his right, left, or behind him. In front of him he could see what few Confederates that had gotten over the rock fence being bayoneted and he didn't see any reason for him being captured or killed so he said he turned around and said to himself, 'Old Yank, I'll give you a chance to get me going back since you didn't get me coming up here.' He fit out back to the Confederate lines across a clear area, and going back, the heel of his boot was shot off. That's all the injury he suffered in the Battle of Gettysburg.

"Another experience recalled at the battle, he said, going across a field before getting to Round Top Mountain, a bullet hit right in front of him and ricocheted and struck him in the stomach. Hitting the ground killed the force of the bullet and when it struck him it fell to the earth and didn't injure him. He thought that was one of the closest calls he had during the time he was in the army.

"One time my grandfather said he went absent without leave from the Army. When he enlisted he was told he could come home in six months. He had been in about three years and they had never given him a furlough and he was homesick so he decided to go home. They were moving to the defense of Richmond so he wasn't very far away from home, so he came home and stayed a few days. Due to the desperate need for men in the Confederate Army, they put out a plea for all men who were not in active service to return to their former companies and brigades, and so my grandfather went back. He was sent before Col. Edmons who talked to all the men of his brigade that had gone absent without leave and he said, 'Hunt, you had as fine a record in this brigade as any man in it until you took off.' Grandpa said, 'Well

Col. when I joined the army they told me I could have a furlough in six months. I've been here three years and never had a furlough. I was homesick so I decided to go home. If I get that idea again I'll do it again., Col. Edmons said, "Hunt if you do it Again I'll have you shot." and motioned for me to move on.

On one occasion he told me he he was sent out with a detachment of troops to intercept a Northern patrol. The Northern patrol didn't suspect the Confederates of being anywhere near them so they came through a wooded area on either side of the road and opened fire, killing practically all of them. He noticed one gun, (all of them threw their guns down and ran,) this gun had a man's initials on it. He took that gun up and looked at those initials and remembered them all through the years. Many years later he went to a joint reunion of Northern and Southern soldiers and these old fellows were talking of their experiences and he said he told of being in this detachment that intercepted this patrol and he noticed the initials on this gun. One of the fellows in the group said, "That was my gun, I was in that patrol and when you all fired on us I threw it down and ran as hard as I could as you had killed most of us."

On another occasion they were fortified in a wooded area expecting the Yanks to attack. He and Abe Singleton, his buddy, were sent off to intercept this patrol and report back. As they reached the edge of the woods they saw the Northern soldiers coming into view. The Northern soldiers did not see them so they ran to a cabin that was in a little clearing just beyond the wooded area where they were observing. When he went across he and Abe Singleton laid a gun up in a tree and fired at one of the men. He fell and to his knowledge that was the only man he killed or possibly killed during the entire war.

Later on they were sitting around with a gathering of Confederate soldiers, resting and having a good time when here comes a Northern General Calveryman riding a horse. He rode right into the camp before he knew he was among Confederate troops. One of the men in the group stepped out and said, "Sir surrender." The old Yankee General ducked his head down over his horse's neck and wheeled that horse around and took off. They were so surprised at him trying to escape that he got away. They shot at him but he got out of shooting range before they could get prepared to shoot him.

The troops had to eat anything the country provided. They had to force as they went through the country. They ate parched corn or anything available. Sometimes they would run across cattle and they would take cattle and the officers would give the people that owned them certificates of credit on the Confederacy for the value of the cattle.

Grandfather was in Col. Edmons Regiment. He was Commander of the Danville Military Institute at the time the war erupted. He joined the Confederate Army and was made a Colonel. On one occasion they were quartered near a cattle farm Col. Edmons owned.

They were hungry and half starved. Col. Edmons sent to his farm and got enough head of cattle to slaughter and feed his Regiment. Grandfather said they had a genuine feast off those fat cattle that had been grazing on rich pasture land. Col. Edmons was killed in the Battle of Gettysburg.

He told me about visiting reunions and talking with old comrades and when they began to have joint reunions they enjoyed very congenial attitudes toward each other and they exchanged stories of their experiences.

Grandfather gave me a souvenir of some bullets collected on the battlefield at Gettysburg, and among these souvenirs were two bullets that came together in the air, one coming from the Northern lines and the other from the South. I took pride in those things and tried to keep them safe but I didn't have anywhere to lock up anything. I was just a boy and somehow someone got those things and disposed of them. He gave me many mementoes of that terrific battle at Gettysburg and I regret that those things got away from me.

Grandfather told me that after many battles there would be Federal money scattered over the ground or in the pockets of Northern soldiers. They didn't collect it because they didn't think it would be worth anything. They figured on the Confederacy winning the war and the Confederate money was the only thing worth anything to them.

When Gen. Lee surrendered at Appomattox Grandpa said they had been fighting and marching for several days and the men were tired, hungry, thirsty, and ragged. Gen. Lee returned from a conference with Gen. Grant and he told them, "Boys it's all over, I've surrendered to Gen. Grant." Grandpa said these old Confederate soldiers many of them, went up and caught Gen. Lee's horse's bridle and told Gen. Lee not to surrender, "We will fight until we die." Gen Lee said, "No boys it's no use, it's all over, Gen. Grant has been very charitable." He said the Cavalrymen can take their horses with them and the infantrymen can take their guns because they will need those things when they get back home. That consummated the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox. Of course other Generals surrendered as is well known a short period of time after that.

My Grandfather told me that a short time after the war he decided to go to Calif. to dig gold. He went to Cincinnati by train but that was as far as he could go by train. He stopped in a hotel there in Cincinnati. The river that runs through the city was up to the lower rooms of the hotel but it didn't reach him. He stayed there until the wagon train started west. He got aboard a wagon train as that was the only means of travel going west. They told him in Cincinnati if he was going west he'd better buy a good pistol if he didn't have one because he would need it to fight Indians. He paid \$25.00 for a high class pistol to defend himself against the Indians but his wagon train was not attacked and he went as far as what is now Omaha, Nebr. At that time Omaha was a tent city, just a bunch of tents along the Platt River. While he was there scouts for the Union Pacific Railroad were looking for men to cut cross-ties for the Union Pacific Railroad.

He said he had never made but twenty-five cents a day on the farm and they offered him \$6.00 a day to cut cross ties. He said that was a gold mine to him so he decided to wait awhile before going to California and he began cutting cross ties. After a while he was cutting trees suitable for cross ties along the Platt river and he cut his foot real bad. He was homesick anyway, so after this happened he made his way back to the place he was staying. The place he stayed was cutting cross ties on contract for the Union Pacific R.R. There his foot was bound up and taken care of. He told the man where he lived that he was going back home. He wanted him to stay on but Grandpa told him he was homesick and disabled and he had decided not to go to California. He boarded a train and come to Illinois. A big rancher lived there by the name of Mr. Richardson and he was hiring men to work at the ranch where the stagecoach stopped. Grandpa said Mr. Richardson was offering big wages for help to work on his ranch and farm so he agreed to work there for a period of time, didn't say how long. He worked there quite a while. Mr. Richardson was very wealthy and had a beautiful daughter. She was quite a horselady and had a very fine horse that she rode from time to time. She was especially attentive to him and he said finally she told him, "Mr. Hunt, I'm in love with you and I want us to get married." Well, he said it was quite a surprise to him she was a very charming girl, but he was on his way back home and had his mind on girls back home so he passed up her proposal.

My grandfather told me after he came back east that this man he was living with in Nebraska was killed by the Indians and his family was taken off. The Apaches came down out of the Rocky Mountains and swept that whole area for hundreds of miles and killed all the settlers and in many instances took their children and wives off with them.

(In Norman Hunt's memoirs of John Hunt he recalls his return from the north in a fine wagon and two of the finest black horses that had ever been seen in that area, and his pockets full of money.)

Other incidents recalled at a later date by Alfred Haraway.

Grandpa had a chum in Halifax County that came from a prosperous farm family. One day he came by the tobacco field where he was working and told him he was leaving the area. He had a very fine horse and he told Grandpa he was going west, he was riding the horse into Tennessee. When the Federal troops occupied Tennessee to prevent it from seceding he joined the Union Army. He was captured by the Confederates in the fighting around Richmond and in some way found out his dad and two brothers in the Confederate Army was near where he was imprisoned. He got a message to them and requested that they come to see him. His dad sent him word that he had disowned him and he was no longer his son, that he was fighting against him and all that he and his brothers stood for. Shortly after the war ended he was found one morning hanging in a big sycamore tree that grew in the back yard. After being released from prison he had returned home and hung himself.

When I was a boy I worked in the finishing department of Riverside Mill. There was a young man who came to work in the same department who was much older than I was. One day we were talking

about the war and I mentioned my Grandfathers name. He said, "I know him I came from the same area of Halifax County he did." That evening when I returned home I told my Grandpa about the young man, and he told me this story about his family. He said shortly after the war a young Yankee horse trader came through the country trading horses. When night overtook him he obtained lodging with the boy's grandfather. During the night the grandfather killed him and buried him under a stone slab that served as a step at the front door. No one ever discovered the crime. His relatives in the north traced him to Halifax County and there his trail ended. When the man was on his death bed he confessed to the crime and the stone was removed after his death and the skeleton of the horse trader was found.

Grandma Hunt was a very lovely person. When I was about six years old I used to go to her home to get table scraps to feed our hogs. Uncle Clifton was a wonderer when he was young. He would go away and Grandma would not hear from him for many months. One time when he was in Mass. Grandma did not know where he was and had not heard from him for months. She was worried about him and would talk to me about him. One morning I walked in and she had a smile on her face, I can see her now as plain as the day it happened, it made such an impression on me. She said, "I am going to get a letter from Clifton today. I prayed last night and the Lord revealed to me that I would." When Mr. Johnson, the Postman, blew his whistle that morning he had the letter. In those days mailmen blew a whistle when they left mail for you.