

5-8-1947

1947, May 8 - Falba Love Johnson

Falba Love Johnson

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.gardner-webb.edu/fay-webb-gardner-correspondence>

Recommended Citation

Johnson, F. L. (1947). [letter]. Fay Webb Gardner Collection, Gardner-Webb University Archives, John R. Dover Memorial Library, Boiling Springs, NC.

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Series 1 - Personal Papers, Diaries, Scrapbooks at Digital Commons @ Gardner-Webb University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Gardner-Webb University. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@gardner-webb.edu.

1819 G St., N.W.
Washington 6, D. C.
May 8, 1947

Dear Mrs. Gardner,

The friend with whom I live has just returned from a month's stay in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kyle Davenport at Sarasota, Fla. When she mentioned the fact that I was trying to trace the Love family in North Carolina Mr. Davenport suggested that I should write to you.

My great-great-great grandfather was Lt. Col. David Love, of Anson County. In the late 1700's, however, he went to Georgia and settled in Greene County on lands that the state had set aside for veterans. I have Bible records for every generation since David Love, but I know nothing of the family before him except such information as is contained in the enclosed letter written to my grandmother by her first cousin, W. H. Sparks. Sparks spent much of his boyhood with his grandmother, the widow of David Love. Col. Robert Love of Texas was lost at sea, and this letter was written in response to my grandmother's desire to know whether she had any claim to the property that he left. Apparently he had no family.

Any information that you can give me of the early history of the Loves I assure you will be greatly appreciated.

Yours very sincerely,

Falva Love Johnson

New Orleans, La.
September 1, 1876.

Mrs. Falby Johnson,
Arolton, Mississippi

My Dear Madam:

Yesterday I received your letter, and it is fortunate that I have a wife who has fine eyes, or I should have remained ignorant of its contents - so pale and indistinct was the ink with which it was written. She decyphered it however, and now master of its contents, I proceed to answer it.

I knew very well the Col. Love who was in the Texan army. I think you are right as to his name, Robert Love. We many times discussed our relationship. He was a son of a half brother of our grandfather. Our great grandfather was twice married, and reared two families. Our grandfather had one brother and two sisters, were the children of the first marriage, that brother's name was Henry Love. He died leaving a family. One of the sons of this brother of our grandfather was named David after him. He took and reared this boy and gave him by will an equal portion ~~to~~ of his estate with his own children. This David Love married the daughter of Woody King who resided adjoining to your father at the head of Shoulderbone Creek, in the County of Green, Georgia. He died leaving quite a family to share his large fortune. Three of these sons reside in Mississippi. Henry and William familiarly known as Dr. William Love reside twenty five miles below Memphis, at Love's Station on the Memphis and Grenada railroad. Dr. Love inherited his father's aptitude for money making and is a very rich man. Henry is poor. The third brother Columbus Love resides in Aberdeen, Mississippi. He and his two sons are merchants there, and are the three finest looking men in Mississippi. The half brothers of our grandfather went two of them to Tennessee, one to Kentucky, one resided in Henry County, Tennessee and was at eighty five years of age the president of the Senate in the Legislature of that State. It was then that I met him, and he was as fine a specimen of an old fashioned gentleman as I ever met. The other resided in Davidson County and within a mile of Nashville, and is buried in the garden of his home. He was a great friend of General Jackson who was devoted to him. I was at his funeral and stood by General Jackson and saw the earth shoveled upon his coffin. He died very wealthy - the other brother I never saw. He was the father of Col. Robert Love. And if he had any other child I do not know it. Col. Robert Love was elected when very young to Congress from the Hopkinsville district. At a subsequent election he was defeated and got into a difficulty, which resulted in the death of his antagonist, which caused him to remove to Texas where he became prominent and where he died. The youngest half brother of our grandfather when more than seventy years of age removed with his only son to this State. Both of these died on Red River in 1834. Of the female portion of the family I know nothing. I presume there are an hundred heirs to the land of which you speak, and I doubt if any one of all of these could establish a claim the law would sustain to this land. If we were in possession, our title might not be assailed and if it was it would be incumbent upon the attacking party to show a perfect title as he would have to recover upon the strength of his own and not the weakness of that of him who was in possession. We as claimants would have to do the same should we attempt to oust the present possessors.

our father was the first white male child born west of the Ogeechee River in the State of Georgia. Should you get a copy of my book, "Memories of Fifty Years" you will find there all about our grand parents, and something about your father. Your father was married in Hancock County, which adjoins the County of Green. I knew well when a boy your grandfather and your uncles, and your grand uncle Samuel Alexander. Your grandfather's name was Asa. The history of the family from the revolution, I am well acquainted with. If I ever see you I can give you some interesting information about the different members of our family - and that of your mother's. You ask me to come and see you. How should I find you. You do not live on a railroad, and old people only travel on railroads now. I was once at Black Hawk to see a Carolina widow who resided a few miles from there on some business for Samuel Sparks of Pee Dee. I left the railroad at Goodman and staged it to Black Hawk. I ask you how should I find you not with any intention of coming to see you, but to know the route should I ever determine to do so. Should the yellow fever make its appearance here I might run up to your house.

I am pained to tell you that my daughter Ada is now little better than a maniac - at times she is completely deranged - turns upon all her relatives and more vindictively upon me than any other. She was a woman of the finest intellect I ever met. It is broken now. It is too painful a subject for me to pursue. Like everyone here we are all poor and have to labor for our bread. This bears hard upon me now at seventy seven years of age - but I am stout healthy and vigorous - and I have a helpmeet in a wife who is ever cheerful never sad never out of temper. She is magnificent in appearance a blond with twinkling blue eyes, golden hair, more than four feet in length, and in profuse abundance. She is a Russian. These you know all have fine skins fine teeth and glorious hair. She is just forty six years younger than I am. Everybody loves her who become to know her. She is careful of me as tho I was a baby and I am very happy with her. I know that I am old but I have not a shrunken muscle, a bunion or a corn on my feet. My hand is as steady as it was at twenty. My father's sister died three years ago at 105 years of age and why should I not live as long as she did.

A word to Judge Johnson. I sincerely reciprocate to the desire to see him and you. As to Rossein the beau I received a year since from a Philadelphia publisher, a request for the words of the song the history of its writing and my photograph. He is collecting American songs - and was pleased to say my face should be the vols frontpiece as my song was the best American song ever written save Payne's, Home Sweet Home. I will try and find and send my cousin a copy of the Memories of Fifty Years. Continue to write to me and

farewell,

W. H. Sparks