

This was written in my Mothers life time.

My grand oald Mother and her Generation  
Has nearly stocked the Amarican Nation.  
She has past her eighty-eighth year  
And with her past life has nothing to fear.

She had five Boys - Girls the same  
Only two of the Boys ever made a name.  
They boath got to bea cauld, "Doctor Jones"  
The other three was only comin drones.

Each one raised a familey of the oald fashion sort.  
There were mines, property, in childern not short  
In round numbers thar is Gran Childern Sixty-eight  
And they are well scaterd over two States.

Thar is men among them of evry Kind and Stamp  
Thar is Doctors, Teachers, Preachers, Farmers and the tramp.  
Grater Gran Childern, Gehovey, what a swarm,  
One hunderd and twenty eight of all sizes and formes.

Her gratest grat Grand Childern I am shore thar is  
They are now in the Grand Oald Loan Star State.  
I think this is as true as any thing can bee  
I hav roat it so all ho look, may see.

While her Childern mite hav dun a grat deal better  
They was raised strickley to come to the letter.  
It is true they was raised on the Arkansaw border  
But kep in perfect trim and good order.

Good schools and Church houses was vary scarce  
Far the like of those we may be som the worse.  
Game was plenty. We all liked the gun  
In the woods we went to hav our fun.

In killing game wee was what mit bea cauld expert  
But not so when it come to cultivating the dirt.  
From small game up to the Black Bair  
Foxes, Turkeys, Squirls and down to the bair.

We kild and skinnd far the Fur and pelt  
Where it was right or rong, on this We never dwelt.  
This was in the earlay days of Arkansaw  
Now go a head and hunt your flaw.

**My War Poetry  
by John N. Jones**

Come all you Jolly Countryman  
And listen to me.  
Never build your hopes  
At the top of any tree.

The greenest leaves will Wilter,  
The roots will decay.  
The strongest of sensation  
Is bound to give away.

Before this War,  
Our happiness was great.  
To get up something new,  
They voted out the State.

They drew up a forum, The Union.  
Conscrip law did pay.  
They swore they would whip Oald  
Lincoln for a breakfast steak.

The battle first Commenced at  
Manassas gap they say.  
They sent out all their state troops  
To open up the way.

They rote it back in dispach  
How they made the Yankeys run  
Still calling for more volenteers  
To come and see the fun.

Some did Volenteer,  
While others stade at home.  
Still hoping they would Compromise  
And let us alone.

But instead of getting better,  
The times got so at last,  
The Negor had all liberty,  
And the White Man totes the Pass.

They had treated us so plaged low  
Down mean.  
Before we would fight,  
We went to General Green.

They toald us a many fancy lye,  
As they had done before.  
They took us into home gard  
And drove us off to War.

They landed us safe at Pinebluff.  
Dam sure it was in grief  
They never give us half a-nuff  
Of their musty meal and beef.

Now I am going home  
And my song is vary true.  
I will lay out in the mountains  
Tel the Yankey's comes through.