

My Father's House

An Abridgment



Family Surnames

*Ashbrook, Barker, Beeson, Bond, Bratton, Capps, Fulk,
Mattix, Nisbett, Onyett, Sharp, Sidenbender, Smith,
Van Gundy, and Other Related Families*

Compiled by Richard (Sharp) Martin
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Introduction

It was only a few months ago that I realized that I should make an abridgment of My Father's House. At first, I didn't like the idea because I realized it would take a lot of work, but as I thought about it I knew it would be worth the effort. I reviewed each of the fourteen histories within this compilation and chose the accounts that I believed were most interesting. Then I edited them and brought these histories together into this book. It was a challenge at times, deciding what to leave out and what new information to add, but the process was rewarding because it caused me to think about the lives of my relatives once again.

This is not a rewrite and on occasion the accounts may be too long. If a history seems to lack something it is often because there just isn't enough information about that person or situation, but it is included here because it has a certain merit. As I reread these histories, my heart was touched by the lives of some of my ancestors. Everyone has some private sorrows that they don't share with others and certainly they suffered afflictions and discouragements that they kept private. One relative once wrote, "I get the blues now and then," and isn't that the way everyone feels at some time or another. One recent study revealed that everyone has 3.2 down days in a month and even if you eat right and exercise regularly you will still have 1.7 down days during the same period. We're not always at the top of our game and we're not always enthusiastic or happy. Few people have written anything about their lives so we don't know how they felt on the whole. Most of the histories contained in this record are only outlines, but when we get something that they wrote, I've made it a point to include it in this abridgment because it is so rare.

Headings are used to emphasize some interesting aspect of the story, but often some other parts of the narration are just as important. The histories begin with the first book in My Father's House, The Ashbrook Family, and continue to the final book, The Van Gundy Family, with some exceptions.

Most of the relatives mentioned here are great-grandparents of Richard T. Martin and his relatives, but many great-grandaunts and great-granduncles are also included. Cousins are entered only when they have an interesting story, such as Richard Mendenhall (1737-1773) and his brother, John Mendenhall (1739-1773), who were killed by Indians along with James Boone, the son of the famous frontiersman, Daniel Boone, in 1773.

Summary

A quick overview reveals that some relatives accomplished extraordinary things within their lifetimes. Two examples among many are Ulysses S. Bratton (1868-1947) and Capt. William Washington Nisbett (1836-1889). Bratton was a prominent Arkansas attorney and once Postmaster General of Arkansas, who was the only white attorney in the state who would defend the Blacks after the Elaine race riots in 1919. He saved twelve innocent men from being hung, but he and his family became targets for abuse and soon relocated to

Detroit. Nisbett did the first of nearly everything in Jonesboro, Arkansas, which in 2020 had a population of over 80,000. He was the town's first lawyer, operated the first tavern, the first cotton gin, the first gristmill, the first sawmill, and the first brickyard. He built the first schoolhouse and was sheriff of Jonesboro after the Civil War. In addition, his father, James Nisbett (1811-1880), built the first frame house in town.

Everyone in the following list is related to the compiler, most are great-grandparents, great-granduncles, or great-grandaunts: John Ashbrook (1660-1729), a Quaker, sailed from Belfast, Ireland, to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1682; Aaron Ashbrook (1703-after 1751) assisted George Washington as a chainman on the North River in Hampshire County, Virginia, in 1750; Thomas Ashbrook (1758-1848) was a Revolutionary War soldier who was "in the Battle of Yorktown from the beginning to the end" and guarded the prisoners after the battle; Aaron Ashbrook (1732-1810) was also a soldier in the Revolutionary War; Thomas Ashbrook (1839-1887) was a Union soldier and "shot through the knees" in the Battle of Perryville in 1862; George W. Sharp (1831-1862) was a soldier in the 38th Indiana Infantry and died a month after the Battle of Perryville; John Ashbrook (1842-1864) was a Union soldier, also in the 38th Indiana Infantry, and was captured after the Battle of Chickamauga—he died while in Danville Prison in 1864; William Ashbrook (1867-1939) was a U.S. Congressman from Ohio, who after visiting the ancestral sites of his family in 1937 wrote, "Why should we poor mortals be so proud as we briefly strut upon life's stage when in 100 years no one can find where we are buried and not a half dozen in the whole world would be interested sufficiently to make the vain attempt. Truly, vanity, vanity, all is vanity"; Lt. William D. Martin (1916-1945) was a Mustang fighter pilot in World War II; Edward Beeson (1652-1714) immigrated to Delaware in 1682 and lived among the Quakers; Henry Beeson (1743-1819) was the founder of Uniontown, Pennsylvania; Capt. Edward Beeson (1757-1837) served as a captain of North Carolina militia and fought in many skirmishes with the Tories; John Grubb (1752-1708) was the last of the Grubbs to live in Stoke Climsland, Cornwall, England, and immigrated to New Jersey in 1677—he eventually settled on Naaman's Creek in Chester County, Pennsylvania, where his home is still standing; Henry Grubb (1617-before 1674) became a Quaker and was placed in Tremont Castle prison in Cornwall, England, for many years because he wouldn't pay the church tithe; Peter Grubb (1700-1754) built Cornwall Furnace, "the best surviving example of early Pennsylvania Ironworks"—his home, Hopewell Forge Mansion, is still standing; John Mendenhall (1715-1771) built a blockhouse fort in Martinsburg, West Virginia, in 1755 that is still standing; Edward Beeson (1719-1746) built a "fortified stone home" in 1745—now called Aspen Hall, it is the oldest home in Martinsburg, West Virginia; Benjamin Franklin Lewis (1803-1838) was killed in the Haun's Mill Massacre in Missouri in 1838; Tarlton Lewis (1805-1890) was shot in the shoulder in the Haun's Mill Massacre, but managed to get away—he was a member of the original pioneer company that entered Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847; David Lewis (1814-1855) "had ten bullet holes in his clothing" at Haun's Mill, but wasn't wounded—he wrote an important account of the massacre; Laura Lewis (1865-1954) willingly became the second wife of Peter Howard McBride, a popular musician; John Moss Lewis (1829-1894) was in the original company with Brigham Young that entered the Salt Lake Valley in 1847; Neriah Robert Lewis (1843-1913), Benjamin Marion Lewis (1841-1926), and William Hendricks (1837-1905), brothers, all served as bishops in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for a total

of 92 years; William Millikan (1717-circa 1800) was a well-esteemed, zealous Quaker, whose home was burned down by Tories during the Revolutionary War; William Millikan, Jr. (1753-1838) was a Revolutionary War soldier from North Carolina—weighing not less than 300 pounds, he later had a blacksmith and gunsmith shop; Alford Gamon (1795-1841) fought in the Tennessee Militia at the Battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815—he also fought in the Battle of Horse Shoe Bend in 1814; Rev. Elihu Millikan (1785-1864) fought at the Battle of New Orleans—he was a Baptist preacher for 25 years, well-off, and owned slaves—one of them said, “He fed and clothed us well, and had reasons about him”; Richard M. Beeson (1842-1863) was a Confederate soldier who died in the Battle of Gettysburg on July 2, 1863; Sir George Beeson (died 1601) was one of the chief commanders in the battle with the Spanish Armada in 1588; Benjamin “Cuff” Bratton (1814-1905) was one of the first settlers of Searcy County in northern Arkansas—he died when a train ran over him; Francis Marion Bratton (1843-1938) refused to fight for the South during the Civil War and consequently was arrested with others, chained together, and marched for six days to Little Rock, Arkansas; James Bratton (1838-1920), John Bratton (1841-1923), Francis Marion Bratton (1843-1938), and their younger brother, Benjamin Bratton (1847-1936), all served together in Company I, 3rd Arkansas Cavalry in the Union Army during the Civil War, and no one “got a scratch,” although they were in many skirmishes with the enemy; Ed Mays (1883-1951) was a successful banker, and president and financier of Continental Life, a large bank in St. Louis, Missouri—he contracted to have a 23-story building erected in downtown St. Louis in 1928, which is still standing; John Garrett Williams (1790-1846) built the first mill in Cedar County, Missouri; John L. Redman (1795-1866) was a soldier from South Carolina in the War of 1812; Ambrose Bratton (1856-1912) built a nice hotel for its day in Leslie, Arkansas; John Kelly Clark (1773-1850) was 16 years younger than his wife; Dr. John Marion Townes (1827-1877) wrote an interesting letter in 1865 while he was stationed in Shreveport, Louisiana, during the Civil War—he said, “I think Shreveport one of the most wicked and corrupt places on earth. Everybody seems to be for self and all manner of debauchery, and swindling is carried on to perfection. All seem to take a share in it”; Malinda Nevill Thompson (1758-1869) made a journey from Missouri to Lakeport, California, when she was 96 years old, and lived to be 111 years old, as noted on her gravestone; Ina Josephine Shipman Jennings (1880-1915) suffered terribly for seven months after she was burned in a fire; Dr. Mansil Walter Matthews (1806-1891) attended General Sam Houston after he was wounded at the Battle of San Jacinto in 1836; John Mansil Crisp (1824-1862) was a church deacon and a blacksmith, who was hung after a mock trial on October 19, 1862, with 39 other men in Gainesville, Texas, because of his Union sympathies; John Warren Matthews (1807-1862), who was very rich, was governor of Mississippi from 1848 to 1850; Nathaniel Newlin (1663-1729), one of the largest land-owners in Chester County, built a gristmill in Concord, Pennsylvania, in 1704 that is still operational and in excellent condition; John Mildenhall (1560-1614) was the first Englishman buried in India [Agra] in 1614; Thomas Pierson (1653-1722) was a surveyor for William Penn; John Wythe (died 1557) has a grave slab in Droitwich, England, that dates from his death in 1557; General John Neville (1731-1803) was a central figure in the Whiskey Rebellion in 1794; Presley Neville (1755-1818) was General Lafayette’s aide-de-camp for two years and married the daughter of General Daniel Morgan; French Forrest (1796-1866) built the Merrimack for the Confederate Navy in 1862; John Neville (1662-1733) was kidnapped in England and taken to Virginia, but because he had a good education, ended up

with a good estate and had many important descendants; William Harriman Neville (1843-1909) rode a bull on his honeymoon in Hot Springs, Arkansas, in 1886—he was later a U.S. Congressman from Nebraska, and his son, Keith Neville, was governor of Nebraska from 1917 to 199; Harvey Neville (1805-1877) was a lieutenant from Illinois in the Mexican War, where in the Battle of Buena Vista his clothing was shot through by bullets; Capt. George Neville (died 1774) owned a plantation, an ordinary, a sawmill, and operated a still; Nimrod Capps (1806-1876) was a noted bear hunter and community leader; Mary Tommie Harris (born 1854) saved Dr. John Wallace Bryan from being taken away and killed by clinging to him and not letting him go when jayhawkers tried to force him from his home in 1864; Lucy Capps (1814-1891) built a home in on Crowley's Ridge in Greene County, Arkansas, in 1840 that was the oldest home in the county for many years; Capt. John Mattix/Mattocks (1753-1780) was killed in the Battle of Kings Mountain in 1780; Benjamin Cleveland (1738-1806) was one of the most famous leaders in the Battle of Kings Mountain and has two cities named after him; Jesse Nevill (1759-1842) fought in the Battle of Kings Mountain; Martin Johnson (1758-1820) was in the 3rd Virginia Regiment of the regular U.S. Army from 1776 to 1778 and fought in the Battle of Trenton with the lieutenant of his company, future U.S. President, James Monroe—he later fought with a militia company in the Battle of Kings Mountain; Charlie Henson “Arizona Charlie” Meadows (1859-1932) was World Rodeo Champion and later did stage performances around the world; Charles Edward Mattix (1931-2016) was a Mattix family genealogist extraordinaire; Alexander Nisbet (1731-1773) was born at sea when his family immigrated to North Carolina or South Carolina; William Nisbett (1753-1831; private, captain, and colonel), John Nisbett (1759-1829; served as a major with Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans), James Nisbett (1765-1845), and Joseph Nisbett (1770-1825), all brothers, were Revolutionary War soldiers and some or all saw action in the battles of Rocky Mount, Hanging Rock, Camden, Hunk's Defeat, Cowpens, Guilford Court House, Hobkirks' Hill, and Eutaw Springs; John Gillon (1753-1833) was in a company of North Carolina cavalry during the Revolutionary War and was “cut so severely” that it was believed that he would die, but recovered because a Rev. James McRee dressed his wounds; Elizabeth Clifford Smith Calvert (1879-1973) was foster mother for 36 orphan children; Hugh Ross Rodgers (1827-1865) was a Confederate soldier from Alabama that died in Camp Douglas, a prisoner of war camp in Chicago, Illinois; William Matthew Rodgers (1838-1918) was in the 54th Georgia Infantry, which defended Fort Wagner against the 54th Massachusetts Infantry on July 18, 1863, which was made famous in the Hollywood movie, *Glory*, filmed in 1989; William Onyett (died 1836) was a flat boatman in Chatteris, England, and immigrated in 1820 to Philadelphia, eventually settling in Evansville, Indiana, and continued his occupation on the Mississippi River until he died in 1836 and was buried in New Orleans; Mathias Schaub (1685-1750) emigrated from Germany to Philadelphia in 1732 and settled near Massanutten Mountain in Rockingham County, Virginia; George Sharp (1767-1830) was a renowned bear hunter, and once, when surrounded by Indians, was able to escape with a companion, but had to travel over ten days without eating any real food before reaching a white settlement; Aaron Sharp (1773-1821) built a large home in 1816 on Hardwick Creek in Powell County, Kentucky, which is still standing; George Johnston (1758-1843), a Revolutionary War soldier, settled in Maury County, Tennessee, where he became friends with the future U.S. President, James K. Polk—they signed a \$100 dollar note together in 1823; James Simpson Sharp (1807-1877) became one of the leading citizens of his community

in Monroe County, Indiana; Reuben Coffey (1772-1851) built a log cabin on his plantation near Ellettsville, Indiana, in 1825 that is still standing; Capt. Robert Cleveland (1744-1812), a famous Revolutionary War soldier who once rescued his captured brother, built a large log home in Wilkes County, North Carolina, in 1779, which is now the oldest home in the county; Nathan Blevins (1856-1932) had become well-off, but wanted to get rich so he mined for gold in Colorado, but the venture failed; James Simpson Sharp (1858-1926), Carlos Lee Sharp (1882-1937), and Marion Carlos Sharp, Sr. (1905-1988), three generations, all worked for the Rock Island Railroad; Abraham Sharp (1744-1827) was away when Indians raided and burned his home—his wife and three children were captured, but he was only able to get enough horses to buy back his wife and one daughter, Catherine Sharp (born 1780), so the Indians took the other two with them north of the Ohio River; Solomon Sharp (1763-1847) was a Revolutionary War soldier who fought in the Battle of Guilford Court House in 1781—he married his cousin, Catherine Sharp (born 1780), who was once captured by Indians; McCaleb Coffey (1801-1881) built a large home for its day in the early 1800s in Caldwell County, North Carolina, which is now the second oldest home in the county still standing; Col. Holland Coffey (1807-1846), who had the “grandest home in north Texas,” defended the honor of his wife in a fight and was killed in 1846; Sophia Sutfenfield Coffey Porter (1815-1897) warned a Confederate colonel and saved him from capture and possibly death; Carlos Lee Sharp (1882-1937) lost his wife and then married a woman that was between 24 and 28 years younger than he; Wilson David “Pete” Burness (1904-1969) created Mr. Magoo and won two Academy Awards; Earle Franklin Williams, Jr. (1917-1944) was killed in action on June 6, 1944, D-Day in Normandy, France; George Walton Bush (1797-1881) in 1841 wrote a love letter to his future wife, Eliza Crankfield (1818-1906), which she kept all of her life—he wrote: “Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other’s mutual comfort, and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful with respect to each other’s frailties and imperfections to the end of their lives”; Josiah Collins (1819-1902) was the Presiding Jackson County Judge, the same office later held by U.S. President, Harry S. Truman; Elias R. Parks (1826-1897) built a home in Lancaster, Texas, in 1892 that is still standing; Fred Lee Rawlins, Jr. (1922-1964) was a pilot in the U.S. Army Air Corp. in World War II; William Madison Edmondson (1849-1925) could play on four snare drums, one base drum and a cymbal at the same time; George B. Bandy, Jr. (1897-1935) jumped from an eighth story window of a hotel in downtown Dallas, Texas, in 1935; Union Pvt. Samuel S. Sharp (1840-1912) was seriously wounded in the Battle of Jonesboro in 1864, but survived; Betsy Janice Beebe (1947-1995) was killed in the Oklahoma City bombing in 1995; Velma Mae Sharp (1904-1940) took her life after spending the day with her daughter and mother—a photograph shows them together just 12 hours before she died; Francis Allen Rawlings (1840-1862), a Confederate private in Company F, 6th Texas Calvary, was killed in the Second Battle of Corinth—two of his brothers and six cousins served with him in the same company; Neill R. Sheridan (1921-2015) had a 12 year professional baseball career and hit the longest recorded home run at 613-feet in 1953; Marion Carlos Sharp, Sr. (1905-1988) played professional baseball for seven years on the Little Rock team of the Southern Association Baseball League; Marion Carlos Sharp, Jr. (1924-1980) was a tank commander in World War II and earned seven battle stars—he wrote a letter from the front while he was in Germany that was published state wide; Johann Phillip Brendel (1716-1799) emigrated from Alsace, France, to Phila-

delphia in 1738; Milberry Ann Sidenbender (1837-1928) and her husband, Lafayette Snyder (1836-1888) built a home two miles north of Rockford, Ohio, in 1865 that is still standing; Henry K. Smith (1841-1924), a sergeant in the 99th Ohio Infantry, was mayor of Rockford, Ohio; George Washington Brendle (1852-1911) was killed by his son-in-law, and afterward, his daughter stayed married to him; Philip Schmidt (1725-1814) was a captain in the German Army and immigrated to Philadelphia in 1750—the cabin that he built in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, in 1769 was still standing in 2004; Henry Smith (1752-1838) was a Revolutionary War soldier and a spy—his home was still standing in 2004, but was on its last leg; Dole McClure Smith (1894-1918) died while serving as a soldier in the American Army in France during World War I—he was a chemist and a bacteriologist and died of Influenza fifteen days before the war ended; Philip Smith, II (1761-1838) was a Revolutionary War soldier and fought in the Battle of Sandusky in 1782—he suffered many hardships on his way home and barely escaped capture and death; Peter Van Gundy (1712-1758) emigrated from Switzerland to Pennsylvania in the early 1700s where he built a gristmill near Martindale, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1738; Christian Van Gundy (1742-1812) built a gristmill, operated a ferry, and kept a tavern, on the Susquehanna River at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania—later he moved to Ohio and built a gristmill in Ross County—as a sergeant of militia during the Revolutionary War, he tried to save an older couple with six men under his command, but were attacked by 15 to 30 Indians—after fighting them off for a time they tried to escape, but all were caught and killed except Christian, who, after being chased for several miles, managed to allude them—he later said, “I never expected to get out alive.” He was shot in the leg during the initial attack.

This abridgment is 146 pages long, and has 301 photographs, drawings, maps, and reproduced documents.

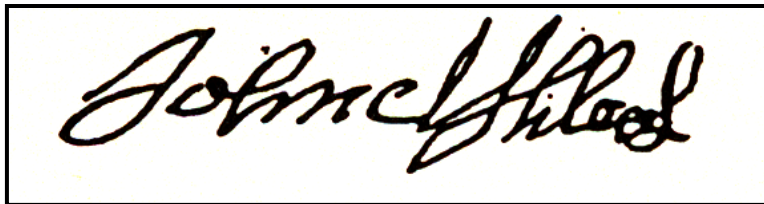
My Father's House

An Abridgment

This special book has been created to help the reader find what the compiler believes are the most interesting facts and stories recorded in My Father's House. Because the book is over 3,100 pages long, only the most intrepid reader will peruse the entire publication. Therefore, this abridgment will help the reader get through the names, dates, and places, which are necessary parts of genealogy, to the highlights of the book.

Quaker Immigrate and Haunted Cemetery

John Ashbrook (8th Great-Grandfather; 1660-1729) sailed from Belfast, Ireland, on the

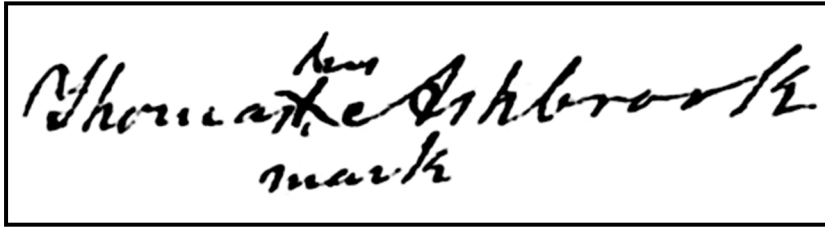


Top right: Signature of John Ashbrook (8th Great-Grandfather; 1660-1729) on his will dated in 1727. Right: Ashbrook's Burial Ground, where John Ashbrook, the immigrant, is buried in Glendora, New Jersey. He donated the land for the cemetery. (There is much information on the Internet about it being haunted.) Above: Statue of George Washington as a surveyor. Aaron Ashbrook (7th Great-Grandfather; 1703-after 1751) assisted George Washington as a chainman in 1750.

first settler. It is likely that

he searched for the site in an Indian dugout canoe, since four brig *Antelope* on October 1, 1682, as an indentured servant. Six years later, after completing his indenture in Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, he moved to Deptford Precinct, Gloucester County (later Camden County), New Jersey. "It was along the Gloucester River at the abandoned site of Armewamex (an Indian village that had 200 inhabitants in 1634 and dated back some 3,000 years) that John Ashbrook selected land for his plantation, becoming Runnemede and Glendora's

years later he was still not being taxed for a horse, and according to the inventory of his estate, he did own a 'canew.'”



John Ashbrook eventually owned 443 acres and became “Ye High Sherife” of old Gloucester County, New Jersey. (Ashbrook

Above: Mark of Thomas Ashbrook (5th Great-Grandfather) on his pension application in 1834. He was in the Battle of Yorktown (bottom) “from the beginning to the end.” Right: His gravestone in Secrest Cemetery in Owen County, Indiana, which was erected in 2007.

Family, pages 1-8; MFH—*My Father's House*, pages 151-158)

Chainman for George Washington

Aaron Ashbrook (7th Great-Grandfather; 1703-after 1751) assisted George Washington as a chainman in a survey he did for George Phipps on the North River in Hampshire County, Virginia, on April 13, 1750. Four days later, George Washington surveyed four hundred acres of land for Aaron's brother, John Ashbrook (born about 1732; died before 1777 when he was thrown from a horse), also on the North River. (*Earliest Settlers—Eastern Hampshire, Virginia*, page 216, by Grace Garner.) (Ashbrook Family, pages 9-10; MFH pages 159-160)

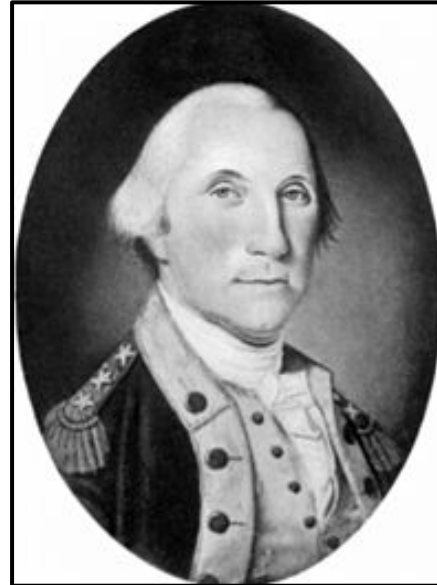
Revolutionary War Soldier at the Battle of Yorktown

Thomas Ashbrook (5th Great-Grandfather; 1758-1848) was a Revolutionary War soldier who enlisted June 20, 1781, as a private in Captain Edward McCarty's company of Colonel Dark's Virginia Regiment. According to his own account, his regiment “was raised on the south branch of the Potomac River” in Hampshire County, Virginia. They marched across the Potomac River to a place near the border of North Carolina and Virginia and from there to a place called Bottoms Bridge, about a mile from Williamsburg, Virginia, (perhaps a mile west of Providence Forge on Highway 60) where they stayed about three months. He enlisted for three months and when this time expired, he reenlisted because “the officers of



Cornwallis TAKEN!
 B O S T O N, (Friday) October 26, 1781.
 This Morning an Exprels arrived from Providence to HIS EXCELLENCY the GOVERNOR, with the following IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE, viz.—
 ————
 PROVIDENCE, Oct. 25, 1781. Three o'Clock, P.M.

the company solicited earnestly that we should not return home but stay and defend the



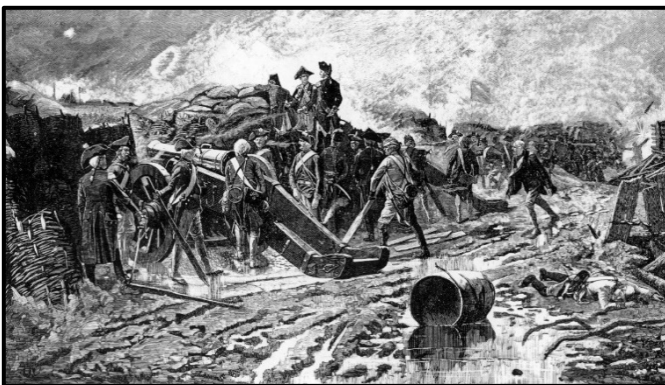
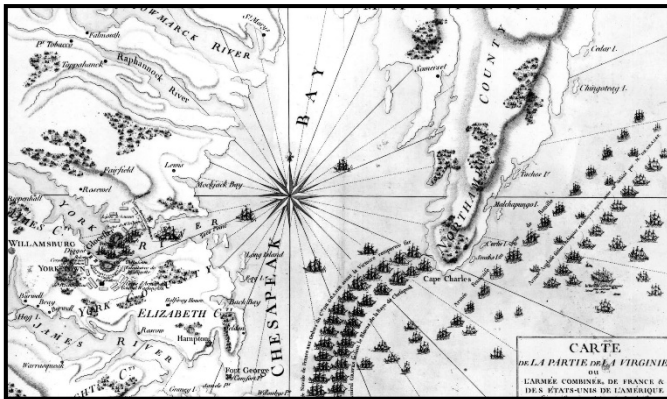
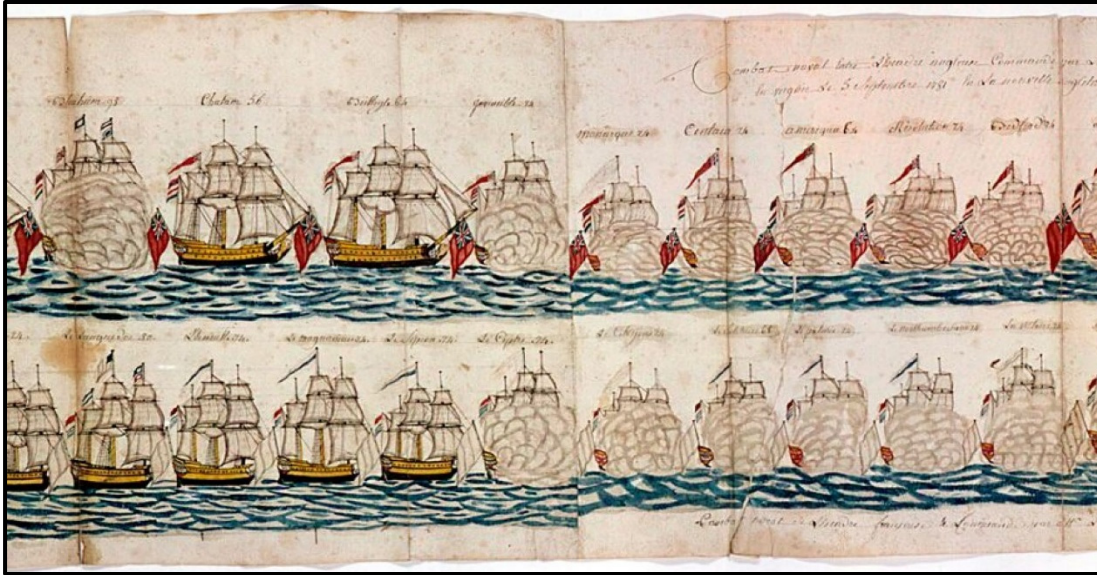
country from the enemy and that soldiers at this time were scarce and the demand great.”

About five weeks later, “they were marched in the night by General Matthews to a place called Allen’s Ordinary for the availed purpose of taking on a small number of British.” Allen’s Ordinary (tavern; also called Six Mile Ordinary because it was six miles northwest of Williamsburg) was located at or near the intersection of Highway 60 and Road 614. They were halted in the lane and were permitted to sit down. Suddenly, “the British Light Horse came on up and Matthews came riding back and shouted to us, ‘Fight them boys to the 17th generation!’ We jumped over the fence on either side of the road and fired on the Light Horse that were pursuing Matthews. Fifteen of our numbers were killed and some wounded.” There was a peach orchard on the side of the road where the battle took place. The date of the battle was probably April 21, 1781. After the Battle of Allen’s Ordinary, Colonel Darke succeeded to the command of the company in the place of Matthews. Thomas Ashbrook and his company then marched from Allen’s Ordinary along the York River and “commenced the works for the battle at that place which was soon after.”

Above: General Thomas Matthews (c. 1742-1812), who led Thomas Ashbrook’s company and was chased by the British at the Battle of Allen’s Ordinary. He was Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates from 1782 until 1793. Left: Portrait of Colonel William Darke (1736-1801), who took over the command of Ashbrook’s company after the Battle of Allen’s Ordinary. He was “the commanding colonel of the Hampshire and Berkeley regiments at the capture of Cornwallis”—Wikipedia.

Thomas Ashbrook “was in the Battle of Yorktown from the beginning to the end.” He said, “that while I was there and during the battle I saw three ships blow up, two in the evening and one in the morning.” After the battle, Thomas was “part of the guard, guarding the

prisoners down to near Winchester, Virginia, and to the barracks in Berkeley County,



Above: Two lines of warships at the Battle of Yorktown firing broadsides. From a French logbook held by the Henry Huntingdon Museum. Left: 1781: French map of the coast of Virginia showing Cornwallis' army entrenched on the York River with the American and French armies laying siege around it. French Admiral de Grasse's fleet blocks the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. Lower left General George Washington (center) inspects the French battery on the opening day of the siege of Yorktown, October 28, 1781. Lithograph by Zogbaum published in 1881. Thomas Ashbrook (4th Great-Grandfather; 1758-1848) dug one of the first trenches enveloping Cornwallis and witnessed his surrender on October 19, 1781. Ashbrook guarded the British prisoners after the battle.

Virginia.” In Berkeley County Thomas was discharged, but re-enlisted as a substitute for another man and his “employment was to guard the prisoners who were taken at Yorktown.” He enlisted for two more three-month tours of duty and each time he took the place of another man as a substitute. The last two tours of duty he served in Captain Elisha Bell’s company and Captain John Perrill’s company, both under Lieutenant Levi Ashbrook, his uncle. (Levi Ashbrook was later a Baptist minister, who had 15 or 16 children.) Their duty was

to guard the Yorktown British prisoners in the barracks near Winchester, Virginia, but located in what is now Berkeley County, West Virginia.



Above: 1931 U.S. Postage Stamp, commemorating the 150th anniversary of the victory at Yorktown in 1781. Right: Military monument of Thomas J. Ashbrook (3rd Great-Granduncle; 1839-1887) in Ellettsville, Indiana. He was severely wounded in the Battle of Perryville and sent home a few months later. Below: Perryville Battlefield.



Thomas Ashbrook served his country in the Revolutionary War from June 1781 until October 1782. In 1834, while living in Owen County, Indiana, he was granted a pension for his war service. In the application for his pension, he stated that he was born in 1758 and



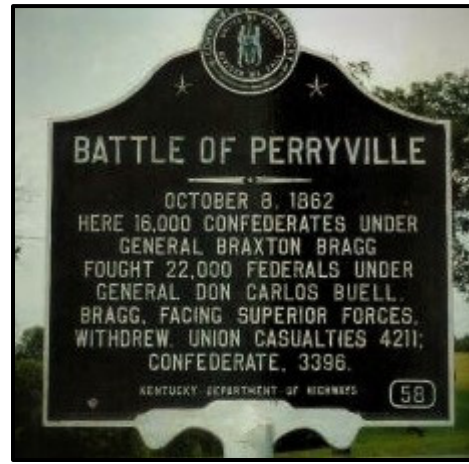
raised on the Potomac River in Hampshire County, Virginia. He moved with his father's family to Redstone Old Fort, Pennsylvania, in 1786, and after two years he moved to Bourbon County, Kentucky. Fifteen years later (1803), he moved to Harrison County, Kentucky. In 1821, Thomas moved to Nicholas County, Kentucky. In 1824 he moved

to Old Chillicothe, Ohio, and finally in 1828, he moved to Owen County, Indiana, where he lived the rest of his life. When he died in 1848, his entire estate consisted only of his pension as a soldier of the Revolution. (Ashbrook Family, pages 18-24; MFH, pages 168-174)

Aaron Ashbrook (6th Great-Grandfather; 1732-1810) also served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War. **Mr. Baker** (5th Great-Grandfather; born about 1760—his first name is not known) was also a Revolutionary War soldier. He later settled in Kentucky. (Ashbrook Family, page 25; MFH, page 175)

Wounded in the Battle of Perryville

Thomas Ashbrook (3rd Great-Granduncle; 1839-1887) served with his younger brother,



Above left: Gravestone of John Ashbrook (3rd Great-Granduncle; 1842-1864) in the National Cemetery at Danville, Virginia, in 2003. He was captured after the Battle of Chickamauga, which in terms of casualties, was the second largest battle of the Civil War. John died on January 16, 1864, in a Confederate prison in Danville. Above right: Kentucky (top) and Georgia state historical signs. The Battle of Perryville was the largest Civil War battle fought in Kentucky.

John Ashbrook, in the same regiment (Company G, 38th Indiana Volunteer Infantry) during the Civil War.

“During his time in Company G, Thomas was promoted to corporal. He received a medical discharge due to wounds (‘shot through the knees’) received at the Battle of Perryville, Kentucky, on October 8, 1862. On May 4, 1863, shortly after his release from the Army, Thomas applied for a veteran’s invalid pension (app. #21,045; cert. #24,438—Indiana). He never married. (Ashbrook Family, pages 66-67; MFH, pages 176-177).

George W. Sharp (3rd Great-Grandfather; 1831-1862) died a month after fighting in the Battle of Perryville. Many other relatives were also in Company G of the 38th Indiana Infantry, which was noted for fighting bravely throughout the war. (Sharp Family, page 107)

Died in a Confederate Prison

John Ashbrook (3rd Great-Granduncle; 1842-1864) was a Union soldier in Company G,



Above: Drawing made by Henry Vander Weyde of the interior of Danville Prison; Weyde was incarcerated in Danville. This was one of six tobacco warehouses that were used to house Union soldiers from 1863 to 1865. 1,323 died here, mostly from smallpox at the beginning of 1864. John Ashbrook (3rd Great-Granduncle; 1842-1864) died on January 16, 1864, probably from smallpox. Right: Danville Prison Building Number 6.

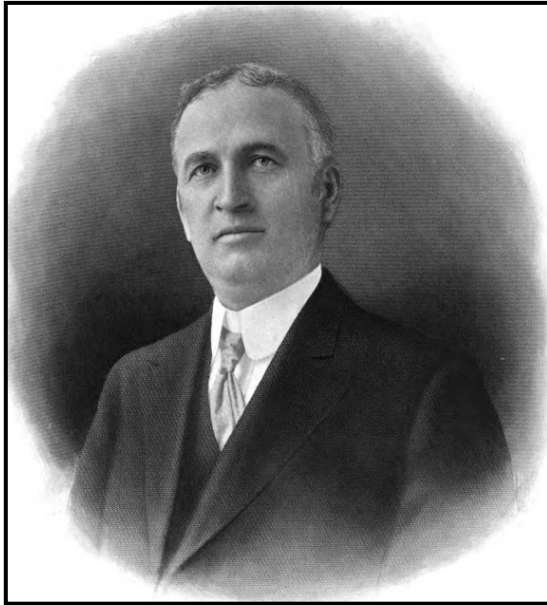


38th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, during the Civil War. He enlisted in 1861 but was taken prisoner by the Confederates after the Battle of Chickamauga, and died while at Danville Prison in Virginia, on January 16, 1864. The prison consisted of six converted tobacco warehouses in downtown Danville. In the space of a year, 1,323 of 7,000 Federal prisoners died of smallpox, malnutrition and intestinal disorders. John Ashbrook was later buried in the United States National Cemetery in Danville. (Ashbrook Family, pages 28-29; MFH, pages 178-180).

United States Congressman Visited His Ancestral Home

William Ashbrook (1867-1939; son of William and Lucy Ashbrook; grandson of Rev. Eli Ashbrook and great-grandson of Levi Ashbrook, 6th Great-Granduncle) kept a daily journal until his death on December 31, 1939. This is his entry on August 15, 1937, about his

visit to his ancestral Ashbrook home near Romney, West Virginia: “Ever since I was at



Hampshire Club near Romney in June 1911 when I first learned my great-grandfather Elder Levi Ashbrook was buried there, have had a desire to go back and try to find his grave. This morning, I decided to satisfy that longing and at 7:30 had Delmar drive me to Romney, West Virginia [from Washington D.C.], a fine little village of 1400. We went via route 50 through Winchester. The first fellow I chanced to meet in Romney was Bob Brady, who runs a filling station and is a brother-in-law of ex-Governor John J. Cornwell, whose guest I was at the Hampshire Club. Cornwell's grandmother knew my grandfather very well as he had been at her parent's home many a night when he was an itinerant preacher.

Above: William Ashbrook (1867-1939; son of William and Lucy Ashbrook; grandson of Rev. Eli Ashbrook and great-grandson of Levi Ashbrook, 6th Great-Granduncle). He wrote a history of his family and served in the U. S. House of Representatives from Ohio's 17th district, 1907-1920 and 1934-1939. After a trip to West Virginia he wrote in his journal, “Why should we poor mortals be so proud as we briefly strut upon life's stage when in 100 years no one can find where we are buried and not a half dozen in the whole world would be interested sufficiently to make the vain attempt. Truly, vanity, vanity, all is vanity” Right: Romney, Hampshire County, which is the oldest town in West Virginia, established in 1762.



Brady related much Ashbrook history to me, but strange to say there is not one by the name now living around Romney. We drove out to the old Ashbrook farm three miles north of Romney, which is now owned by H. M. Vance and has been in the Inskeep-Vance family over 100 years. My great-grandfather died on this farm in 1810 and my grandfather, Elder Eli, was born there in 1782. Naturally, I got a big thrill to stand on this sacred ground to me. Vance is 63, a Presbyterian and had gone to church, but his good wife showed me where the old Ashbrook home stood which is now a part of their garden. A

fine big brick house built 100 years ago by the Inskeeps stands within 50 feet of the old Ashbrook cabin. The old well believed to have been dug by my great-grandfather still furnishes good cool water from a windlass and old oaken bucket. I drew a bucket and

refreshed my thirst for the day was hot. There stand some log cabins about collapsed, but who built them is uncertain. The old burying ground is not far distant and is about 300 feet west of the B. & O. Railroad and near the banks of the south branch of the Potomac, quite a wide stream. I had a long hunt to find the old burying ground. It is said the first person buried there was a white man who had been scalped by the Indians. Finally found a few broken and fallen sandstone tombstones. The private cemetery was covered as thick with vines, ivy, bushes and undergrowth as a neglected spot could be. Could not find an Ashbrook stone, but it was 127 years ago since my great-grandfather had been buried there and not an interment made for over 100 years. How many ever think or care about an ancestor beyond the second generation? My ambition and desire was satisfied, but my disappointment keen. Vance now home from church gave me such in-



Right: Lieutenant William D. Martin (1916-1945; son of Helen May Barker Martin, Great-Grand-aunt), decorated, combat, Mustang fighter pilot in World War II. Lower right: Fighter plane (P-51 Mustang) that Lt. William D. Martin flew in Europe during World War II.



formation as he could, which was quite meager. He is a clean, intelligent looking man. He owns 640 acres which he valued at \$16,000, about 40 fertile, the remainder worthless. How I would loved to have my dinner on that old farm, but he forgot to invite me and so we returned to Romney and had a poor bite and then motored back to the capital of our great nation. My friend Cornwell still keeps his home in Romney but spends most of his time in Baltimore where he is General Counsel of the B. & O. Railroad. The mileage of this trip was 242 miles and at about 5:30 was in my office once more. *I thought why should we poor mortals be so proud as we briefly strut upon life's stage when in 100 years no one can find where we are buried and not a half dozen in the whole world would be interested sufficiently to make the vain attempt. Truly, vanity, vanity, all is vanity*" [italics mine]. (Ashbrook Family pages 57, 61-63; MFH, pages 207, 211-213)

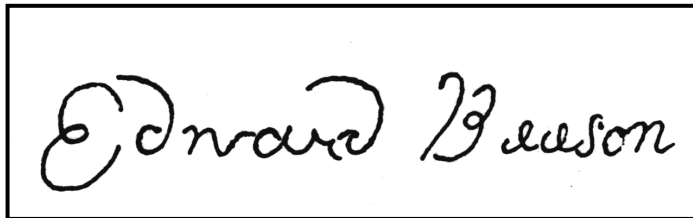
William Ashbrook's final lines are poignant and so true. There is a touch of melancholy woven into his journey entry and justifiably so. He died less than three years later. I took a similar journey to this Ashbrook property with my brother, Ron Martin (1948-2012), in June 2012. We arrived late in the day, enjoyed our visit, and like the congressman, ate in Romney. My brother and I talked about some good things as we enjoyed a surprisingly good pizza in town. Just three weeks later, Ron died of a heart attack.

World War II Fighter Pilot

Lieutenant William D. Martin (1916-1945; son of Helen May Barker Martin, Great-Grandaunt) flew a P-51 Mustang fighter plane in Europe during World War II. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross for his service but died in an airplane crash in Texas on July 18, 1945. He left behind twin boys that were born less than a year earlier. (Barker Family page 12; MFH, page 410)

Quaker Friendly Immigrant

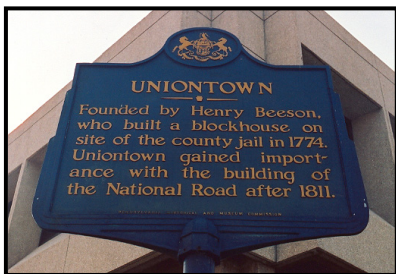
Edward Beeson (9th Great-Grandfather; 1652-1714) emigrated from probably Lincolnshire, England, to what later became the ninth ward of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware, in 1682 or 1684. Apparently, he was never a Quaker, but he lived among them and all of his children were of that faith. (Beeson Family, page 1; MFH page 439)



Above: Signature of Edward Beeson (9th Great-Grandfather). He came to the Delaware Valley between 1682 and 1684. Below: Pennsylvania state historical sign, noting that Henry Beeson (1743-1819; son of Richard Beeson Jr., 7th Great-Granduncle) was the founder of Uniontown.

Uniontown Founded by Henry Beeson

Henry Beeson (1743-1819; son of Richard Beeson Jr., 7th Great-Granduncle) was the founder of Uniontown (first called Beeson's Town) in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. He erected a mill after 1770 and laid out the first 54 lots for the town on July 4, 1776. He later built a mansion "near a beautiful spring." The city had a population of over 21,000 people in 1940. (Beeson Family, pages 31-33; MFH, pages 469-471)

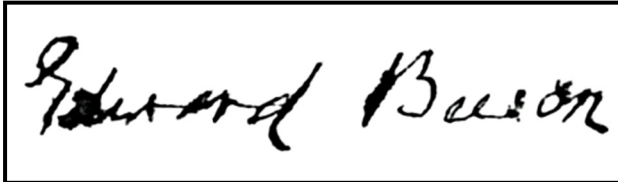
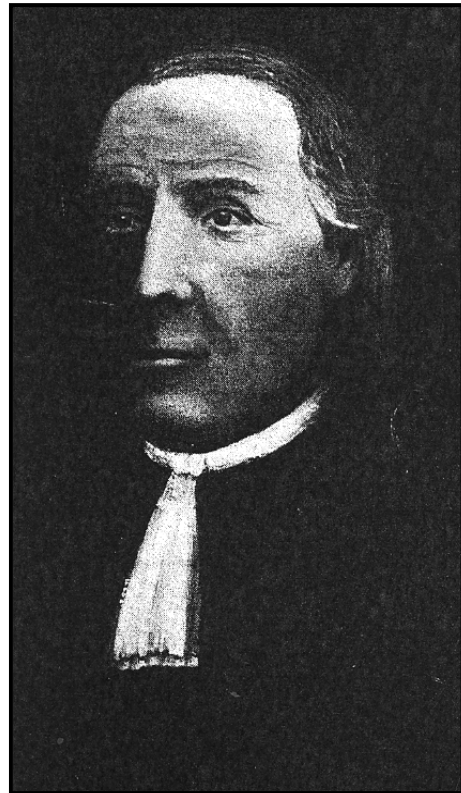


His grandson, Henry White Beeson (1791-1863), was a Colonel in the Fayette County Militia and a U.S. Congressman (1841-1843).

Revolutionary War Soldier in many Battles

Captain Edward Beeson (6th Great-Granduncle; 1757-1837) was a Revolutionary War soldier. According to his own account, in the spring of 1778 he joined the Army of the

Revolution from Guilford County (now Randolph County), North Carolina. He began his service as an Ensign in Captain David Brower's Company of Colonel Thomas Dugan's North Carolina Regiment. A few days after Edward enlisted, "Captain Brower and three men were killed by the Tories who waylaid them" on Brush Creek in North Carolina. "The Tories were command-

ed by Major Rainy and flew on them from Steep Hill on the dive of Brush Creek." After Brower was killed, Edward was promoted to Lieu-

Above: Henry Beeson (1743-1819; son of Richard Beeson Jr., 7th Great-Granduncle), who was the founder of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, in 1776. Top: Signature of Edward Beeson (6th Great-Granduncle; 1757-1837) on his Revolutionary War pension application dated November 7, 1832. Edward served four years from 1778 until 1782. He also assisted Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812. Left: D.A.R. gravestone of "CAPT. / EDWARD BEE-SON / N. C. MIL. / REV. WAR. / BORN / JAN, 1757 / DIED / JAN 16, 1837" in Beeson Union Cemetery in St. Clair County, Alabama.

tenant. "They pursued the Tories about forty miles to Fork Creek and there besieged them." In the morning, Colonel Dugan joined them and ordered "half of our company to the back of a house as a concealment of our plan while the rest of the company was to attack in front. Those in front were to feign a retreat to draw out the Tories, which soon occurred. Twenty-one were killed, seven at the house and fourteen at the place where (the landowner) kept his horses; the Tories having fled there but were encircled."

Edward's Company then marched to Cape Fear or Fairtown and from there to Brown Marsh near Wilmington where they again had a battle with the Tories on open ground. "There again we defeated the Tories who then were reinforced by the British from their shipping at Fort Johnson; they returned and defeated us in turn. From thence we returned by Cape Fear or Fairtown to Randolph County, North Carolina, and were discharged. Soon

after this the Tories gathered and took Hillsborough when we were again ordered out. I was elected Captain of the Company. John Johns was my Lieutenant and William Brown my Sergeant. We marched down to Hillsborough and joined the rest of the Army. Then we



Above: A Revolutionary War image from Hulton Archive/Getty Images. The war in the South was often brutal and merciless.

Edward was commissioned again in April 1779, as Captain of a Company of Foot in Colonel Thomas Dugan's Randolph County Militia. The Tories "had burned Colonel Dugan's house and Colonel Belford's house, and at the same time killed Colonel Belford; They also killed John Brown and burned his house; also, [William] Millican's (6th Great-Grandfather) and Collyer's house were burned." His Company arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, "at the time the British were lying at St. John's Island. We were at Charleston at the time of the surrender to the British, but my Company managed to escape."

Edward served in North Carolina militias under Colonel John Litteral, Colonel Reed and Colonel Bletcher. He continued to serve after the surrender at Charleston, South Carolina, but his application for pension record ends there because he did not have to prove any further duty to receive his pension.

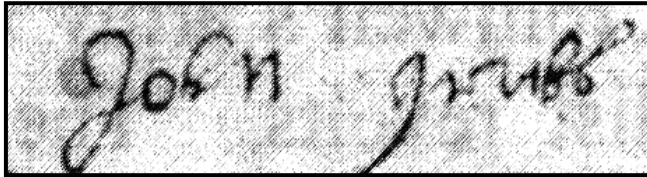
A summary of Edward Beeson's service during the war is given as follows: "During the Revolutionary War Edward fought with the North Carolina militia for which service he received a pension beginning September 29, 1833. He was an Ensign, Lieutenant, and Captain, in Capt. David Brower's Company, Col. Thomas Dugan's Regiment. He was commissioned Captain in April 1779. As proof of his service his commanding officers wrote: 'State of No. Caroline, Randolph Co. This is to all whom it may concern. Captain Edward Beeson has a mind to move to some furing country and he applied for recommendation for he was of unblemished corrector. He served under us 4 years as captain of Melish in Many actions with us after the Tories and British at different times and states he will and repass on disturbed and or Milisted. Given under our hand this 18th day of August 1814. Thomas Dougan & R. M. James, Mager, Johnson Mills.'" (Beeson Family, pages 43-48; MFH, pages 481-486)

marched to Cane Creek and there attacked the Tories at which time John Litteral who acted as our Colonel was killed and a number of our men. We were defeated and returned to Randolph County. In the skirmish, the Tory General H. McNeil was killed and their Colonel Fannon had his back broken."

Edward was commissioned again in April 1779, as Captain of a Company of Foot in Colonel Thomas Dugan's Ran-

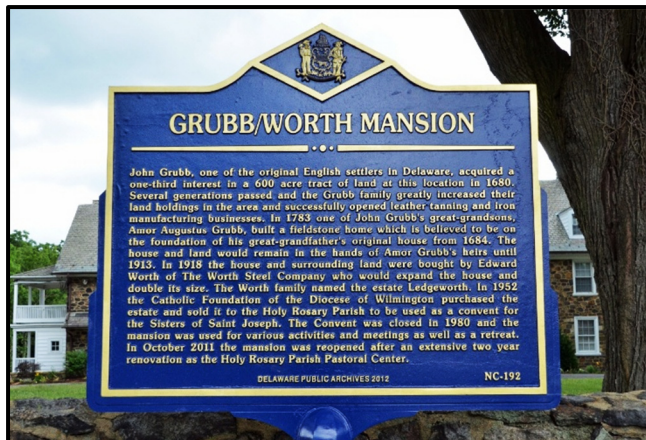
Early Settler of Pennsylvania

John Grubb (9th Great-Grandfather; 1652-1708) sailed with his brother, Henry Grubb, from London, England, on the *Kent* and first settled in Salem, New Jersey, in 1677. He soon became one of the first settlers on the west side of the Delaware River and met with William Penn when he arrived at New Castle, Delaware, to start his new colony. He purchased 200 acres on Naaman's Creek in Chester County, Pennsylvania, that would be the Grubb family homestead for almost 300 years. (Beeson, pages 49-51; MFH, pages 486-488)



Ancestral Home of the Grubb Family in Cornwall, England

John Grubb (9th Great-Grandfather; 1652-1708) was the last of the Grubbs to live in Stoke Climsland in Cornwall County, England, before immigrating to Pennsylvania in 1677. His father, Henry Grubb, Jr. (10th Great-Grandfather; de-



Top: Signature of John Grubb (9th Great-Grandfather; 1652-1708) on the estate paper of his brother, Peter Grubb, on January 28, 1674. Middle: Home of John Grubb in June 2012, which was built in 1684 in Claymont, Delaware. The original home has been built over and expanded many times. Above right: New Pennsylvania state historical sign placed in front of the Grubb home in June 2012. Above left: Old stone well in back of house and possibly dug by John Grubb (9th Great-Grandfather) about 1684.

scribed as a “butcher of Stokeslymslande”), grandfather, Henry Grubb, Sr. (11th Great-Grandfather), and great-grandfather, Thomas Grubb (12th Great-Grandfather; he was of England’s yeomen class, similar to our middle class—at the time of his death his assets were valued at 137 pounds, a substantial amount) were all born and died in Stoke Climsland. It is most likely that his ancestors lived in or near Stoke Climsland even further back in history, for the Grubbe name is on a record from 1329 and they were probably Anglo-

Saxons. Grubb or Grubbe means a digger or a coarse person. Stoke Climsland is in the heart of Cornwall's ancient tin mining district. (Beeson Family, pages; 76-81; MFH, pages 514-519)

Confined in Prison for His Quaker Beliefs

Henry Grubb (10th Great-Grandfather; born 1617 in Stoke Climsland, England; died before 1674), in the mid-1650s, be-



Above: Stoke Climsland, the ancestral home of the Grubb family in Cornwall, England, and where John Grubb (9th Great-Grandfather; 1652-1708) was born. Left: Rebecca Martin in April 2004, age eight (11th Great-Granddaughter of Henry Grubb), at Trematon Castle in Cornwall, England, where Henry Grubb (10th Great-Grandfather; 1617-before 1674) was kept in prison for years. He was a prisoner of conscience for non-payment of the mandatory church tithe.

came one of the earliest Quakers in Cornwall, England, and “had a tendency to challenge authority.”

On November 11, 1662, Henry was arrested and imprisoned briefly for non-payment of the tithe. In 1663/1664 Henry was arrested again and imprisoned in Trematon Castle for several years for non-payment of the tithe. As a result, he lost his lease on his land.”

Trematon Castle (with a thirteen century keep and gatehouse) is located one and one-half miles northwest of Saltash, an old borough on the Cornish bank, which borders Plymouth. (Beeson Family, pages 76-80; MFH, pages 514-518)

A Founder of Pennsylvania's Iron Industry

Peter Grubb (8th Great-Granduncle circa; 1700-1754) built Cornwall Furnace, the “best surviving example of early Pennsylvania Ironworks. Now a State historical shrine.”

The charcoal iron furnace operated from 1742 to 1883. Peter's home, Hopewell Forge



Above: Hopewell Forge Mansion, home owned and built by Peter Grubb (8th Great-Granduncle; 1700-1754). Peter discovered iron ore in the Cornwall hills in Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, “which literally comprise three mountains of almost pure magnetic iron ore.” He purchased the mountains and built what became the oldest operating iron furnace in the United States, 1742-1883. Peter Grubb named the town of Cornwall in 1742 after the county in England where his father was born. Top right: Outdoor furnace at Cornwall Iron Works.

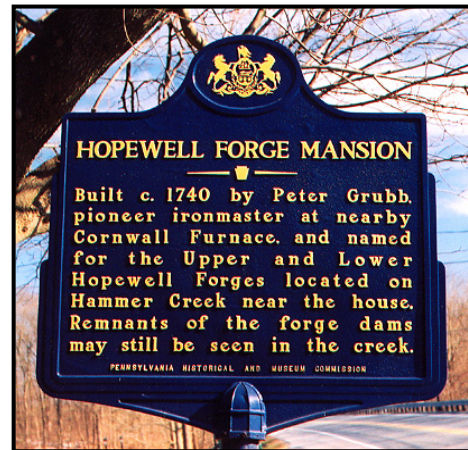


Mansion, is located nearby. “The site is the only intact charcoal-burning iron blast furnace in its original plantation in the western hemisphere.” (Beeson Family, pages 68-76; MFH, pages 506-514)



Killed with Son of Daniel Boone

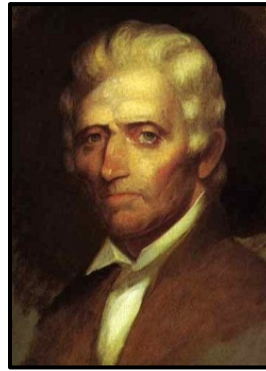
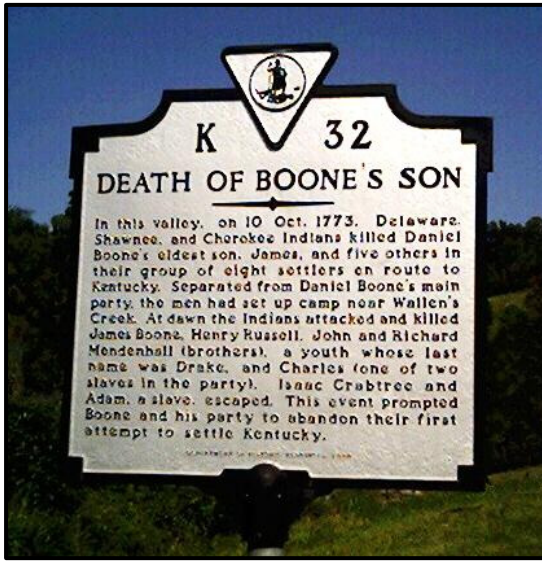
Richard Mendenhall (1737-1773) and **John Mendenhall** (1739-1773) (sons of Charity Beeson Mendenhall, 7th Great-Grandaunt) were killed by Indians along with James Boone, son of Daniel Boone, while on the way to meet up with Daniel Boone's party. (James Boone was tortured to death by the Indian war party.) They were buried at the site of the attack in the woods, about ten miles east of Cumberland Gap in Lee County (Stickleyville), Virginia. A state historical sign marks the approximate location of their deaths. (Beeson Family, pages 124-126; MFH, pages 562-564)



Old Fort in Martinsburg, West Virginia

John Mendenhall (6th Great-Granduncle; 1715-1771) built a blockhouse a story and a half tall in Martinsburg, West Virginia, in 1755. His brother-in-law, **Edward Beeson**

(6th Great-Granduncle), had earlier in 1745 built a “fortified stone home” 20 by 20 feet and



2 ½ stories tall of coursed rubble limestone nearby, which is the oldest home in Martinsburg, West Virginia. This home was expanded and improved by his son, Edward Beeson II, and called Aspen Hall. “There was once



Top left: Virginia state historical marker near the place where James Boone (son of Daniel Boone), John and Richard Mendenhall (sons of Charity Beeson Mendenhall, 7th Great-Grandaunt), and three others were killed by Indians in 1773. Top right: Daniel Boone (1734-1820), famous western frontiersman; his parents were Quakers and friends with the Mendenhalls. Right: Mendenhall Fort in May 2014, built about 1755 by John Mendenhall (6th Great-Granduncle; 1715-1771) in Martinsburg, West Virginia John was a millwright and knew how to build out of stone. He “built this blockhouse a story and half tall, with upper and lower rows of loopholes. Round beams supported a fighting platform from which the defenders fired while down on one knee out the top slits. Defenders along the bottom would fire standing up. In all, a dozen musket men could shoot at once from the 16-foot square room.” Above: Home of John Mendenhall, located next to the fort. Built in 1755, it is the second oldest home in Martinsburg.

a wooden stockade that extended from the blockhouse to surround Mendenhall’s and Beeson’s homes. Mendenhall’s home was built in 1755, making it the second oldest home in Martinsburg.”

“The fort was built to defend the area against Native American attack during the French and Indian War. The fortification was noted by George Washington in a communication to Colonel William Fairfax in 1757. Col.

Washington garrisoned troops at Mendenhall’s several times. House of Burgesses can-

didate Washington attended a wedding at 'Mendenhall's Mill' in 1761. The property was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1980." (Beeson Family, pages 127-132; MFH, pages 565-570)



Brothers Wounded and Killed in the Haun's Mill Massacre

Benjamin Franklin Lewis (1803-1838; son of Neriah

Frederick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt) was killed in the Haun's Mill Massacre on October 30, 1838.

Left: The oldest section of this house was a 20 by 20 foot "fortified stone home, 2 ½ stories tall" that was built by Edward Beeson (6th Great-Granduncle) in 1745. His son, Edward Beeson II, a wealthy Quaker farmer and miller, enlarged it into a Georgian Mansion and named it Aspen Hall. It stands a few hundred feet from Mendenhall Fort that was built by Edward Beeson's brother-in-law, John Mendenhall (6th Great-Granduncle; 1715-1771), in 1755. The property was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1980.

(The Haun's Mill Massacre: On October 30, 1838, segments of the Missouri militia numbering 240 men attacked a settlement of Latter-day Saints at Jacob Haun's mill, located on Shoal Creek in eastern Caldwell County, Missouri. Because the attack was unprovoked in a time of truce, had no specific authorization, and was made by a vastly superior force with unusual brutality, it has come to be known as "The Haun's Mill Massacre." Seventeen Latter-day Saints and one friendly non-Mormon were killed. Another fifteen were wounded, including one woman and a seven-year-old boy. No Missouri militiamen were killed, though four were wounded.) (Wikipedia)

Benjamin Franklin Lewis had converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Simpson County, Kentucky, in March 1835, moved to Macoupin County, Illinois, and then Haun's Mill in Caldwell County, Missouri, in the summer of 1837. "When the mob attacked the place on October 30, 1838, he received a bullet wound in the breast, while in the blacksmith shop, but managed to reach his home, a distance of about one hundred rods, where he expired in about one hour, after having vomited up the ball. His remains were not thrown in the well, where several of his fellow martyrs were buried, as he was not killed outright, but his brother, Tarlton Lewis, dug a grave near the well, where he buried him. Bro. Lewis left a wife and six children." (*LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*, Volume 3, page 670, by Andrew Jensen.)

Tarlton Lewis (1805-1890), brother of Benjamin Franklin Lewis, "took a bullet in his shoulder, but managed to get away." His brother, **David Lewis** (1814-1855; see autobiography below), "had ten bullet holes in his clothing, but was not wounded."

“The spring after the massacre, (1839) Tarlton was recovered enough to move his family to Quincy, Illinois. They didn't stay there long and in October of that year moved to

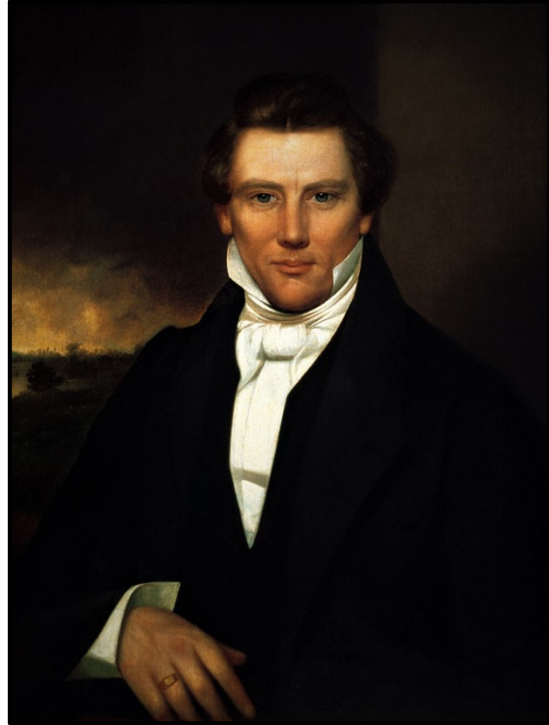


Above: Carl Christian Anton Christensen's (1831-1912) depiction of the massacre at Haun's Mill. Benjamin Franklin Lewis (1803-1838), Tarlton Lewis (1805-1890), and David Lewis (1814-1855) (brothers and sons of Neriah Frederick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt) were all present when 240 Missouri militiamen killed and wounded 32 Latter-day Saints on October 30, 1838. Among those killed was Benjamin Franklin Lewis, and wounded, Tarlton Lewis. David Lewis miraculously escaped even though he was repeated shot at, at close range.

Commerce, (Nauvoo) Illinois. At one time, the family, were in the Nauvoo 2nd Ward. In May 1839 Tarlton was ordained as a Seventy. In October 1839, Tarlton was ordained a High Priest by Joseph Smith. Tarlton was one of the men considered as bodyguards of the Prophet. The winter of 1841-1842, Tarlton spent in the Wisconsin woods. He and nineteen others were called on a mission to cut wood for the Temple, the Nauvoo House, and for homes.”

“In August 1842, Nauvoo was divided into ten wards. Tarlton Lewis was Bishop of the 4th Ward. He was set apart by Joseph and Hyrum Smith. They also ordained him a High Priest. He continued to be Bishop until the Saints left Nauvoo in 1846. Tarlton was also in the Nauvoo Legion. He was a second Lieutenant in the 2nd Company, 1st Battalion under Alva Tippetts. In May of 1841 he was promoted to Lieutenant. While in Nauvoo, Tarlton lived about two blocks from the Temple. Tarlton was then put in charge of the large cranes that were being used in building the Temple. On Saturday, May 24, 1845, the Capstone of the Nauvoo Temple was laid. The stone was lifted to its place by ten men, including Tarlton Lewis. When the Temple was far enough completed, Tarlton and Malinda took out their endowments on December 17, 1845. They were sealed on February 6, 1846.”

“In 1846 most of the Saints were driven out of Nauvoo, Tarlton and Malinda were among them. They crossed the Mississippi and lived in a covered wagon with their five children.



Above: Original portrait of Joseph Smith (1805-1844) from 1842. Top left: My favorite photograph of Brigham Young (1801-1877) taken about 1847. Left: Tarlton Lewis (1805-1890; son of Neriah Fredrick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt) and his wife, Melinda Gimlin (1811-1894). Tarlton associated closely with both leaders. He was ordained a High Priest by Joseph Smith and served him as a bodyguard. On July 24, 1847, Tarleton entered the Salt Lake Valley in the vanguard company with Brigham Young. He later fulfilled many other assignments and callings given to him from Brigham Young.

They then traveled across Iowa to Winter Quarters. In July 1846, Tarlton's oldest son, Samuel volunteered for the Mormon Battalion.

In October 1846, Tarlton went back to Nauvoo, to help the remaining Saints leave the city. Tarlton and Malinda with their children spent the winter of 1846 at Winter Quarters. While they were there, they lost their seven-year-old son, Ed. Malinda had gone to the frozen river for water. He slipped and fell through the ice into the river.”

“In the spring of 1847, Tarlton was asked to be in Brigham Young’s Vanguard Company to search out a settlement in the West. Tarlton was one of the three captains of 50. He took care of the ox teams and was one of the foot hunters. They entered the Valley on July 24,

My Father's House an Abridgment

1847. Brigham Young remained in Salt Lake only a month before returning east. Before his departure, "he orchestrated a survey of the site, and the appointment of a presiding



Above: Parowan Utah. Tarlton Lewis (1805-1890; son of Neriaiah Fredrick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt) was wounded at Haun's Mill in 1838 and entered the Salt Lake Valley with Brigham Young on July 24, 1847. He became the first bishop of Salt Lake City, and later served as Bishop of Parowan, Utah, and Richfield, Utah (2nd Ward). Left: The "Old Rock Church" in Parowan, Utah, in 2016, where Tarlton Lewis served as Bishop. The meetinghouse was completed in 1867. Parowan is in southwest Utah.

Bishop, Tarlton Lewis, the first Bishop of Salt Lake. Under the direction of Bishop Tarlton Lewis, the brethren of the valley continued their labors on the houses which were being erected in the stockade." Tarlton had hoped to return to Winter Quarters and bring his family west but stayed at Brigham Young's request. Tarlton's son, Samuel, who had

been in the Mormon Battalion, made his way to the Great Salt Lake Valley by December of 1847."

"Tarlton served as Bishop of the entire community for five months, until the city divided into several different wards. When they divided, Tarlton was Bishop of the North half of the old fort. In the fall of 1848, Tarlton led some men east to meet Brigham Young who was returning to the Valley. Malinda and the children were traveling with this group, and Tarlton was able to escort them into the Valley."

"The next year, Tarlton was among those called to settle a new town in southern Utah. George A. Smith led the settlers to Parowan. They were later called the Iron Mission. Tarlton was a Captain of ten as they traveled. Parowan was laid out and slowly took shape. In February 1851, the camp was organized and divided into four Wards. Twenty-six lots on the west side were the Second Ward, and Tarlton Lewis was Bishop. Both Tarlton and Anson Call were also elected as Magistrates. Many of the settlers became discouraged in Parowan and returned to Salt Lake City. By that first spring, only 25 men remained in Parowan. Tarlton was one that remained. After settling in, he sent for his family. In October 1854 Tarlton went to Salt Lake. He led 30 wagons to pick up newly arrived Saints. He and Phillip Klingensmith from Cedar City gathered 150 newly arrived Saints and took them to Parowan and Cedar City. Many of the Saints were Danish emigrants."

"While exploring the surrounding territory, rich deposits of lead and iron were found in the

mountains. In November 1858, Tarlton, William Barton, and Isaac Grundy took ore specimens to Brigham Young, and they were asked to open the mines and to locate a settlement nearby. Minersville was settled in May 1859. Tarlton and Malinda lived in Minersville for about 14 years. In 1873, they and several of their children's families and others were called to Joseph City, Utah. Here they lived in the United Order for a few years. When the United Order broke up in 1877, the family moved to Richfield, Sevier County.”

“In 1877 Tarlton was called to be Bishop of the 2nd Ward in Richfield. He was set apart in July 1877 by Erastus Snow and Orson Hyde. Ill health forced him to resign. He was then set apart as patriarch of the Sevier Stake by Wilford Woodruff. Again, ill health forced him to resign. Around 1885, their son Beeson came and took his parents to his home near Teasdale, Wayne, Utah. Tarlton died in his sleep on November 22, 1890, at the age of 85. He was buried in the Teasdale Cemetery. Malinda died on June 5, 1894, in Richfield, and was buried in the Richfield City Cemetery.” (*Latter-day Light*, Tarlton Lewis, published April 23, 2019) (Beeson Family, pages 196-202; MFH, pages 634-640)

Survived the Haun's Mill Massacre

This is a rare autobiography, written by David Lewis a year before he died, with an addition made by one of his daughters.

David Lewis (1814-1855; son of Neriah Fredrick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt) survived the Haun's Mill Massacre. He wrote an autobiography in 1854, recalling some events of his early life and his trials in Missouri in 1838, which are recorded here. The entire record is now in the Huntington Library in San Marino, California.

“I was born in the state of Kentucky on Easter, 10 April 1814, in the county of Simpson. I lived in the same state and county until I was 22 years of age. I was married in my twentieth year. It being November 23, 1834. My wife's name was Duritha Trail. She was born January 5, 1813. She being one year, three months and five days the oldest. We were both baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the year 1835. I lacked 17 days of being 21 years old, when we were baptized. In August 1834 I was ordained an Elder under the hands of Benjamin, my brother. We Left Kentucky our native land on the 29th of April 1837, for the state of Missouri where the Church of Latter-day Saints was gathering. I was the sixth son and the ninth child of my parents, they having twelve children in all, eight boys and four girls. My father was a large man; he weighed about three hundred and thirty pounds. His name was Neriah Lewis. He left Kentucky with his family and went to Illinois State, Macoupin County and there he died in about his sixty third year. My mother was also a large woman; she weighed about two hundred and forty pounds. Her name was Mary, her maiden name was Mary Moss, her father was named Samuel Moss, her mother was Rachel, and lived in South Carolina, Pickens County or District. My father's father lived in South Carolina, his name was David, and his wife, I think, was Rosannah.”

“My father emigrated from South Carolina to Kentucky, among the first settlers or emi-

grants to that country. My mother died in the state of Illinois when she was about sixty-five years old. My mother and father were not professors of religion, nor none of my connections with whom I was acquainted. My father's mother [Ann Beeson] was turned



Above: Photograph of David Lewis (1814-1855; son of Neriah Fredrick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt). He miraculously survived the Haun's Mill Massacre, and wrote an autobiography.

out of the Quaker Church for marrying my grandfather, who was not a member of the church and refusing to acknowledge that she was sorry for the deed. My father and mother believed in a universal salvation but belonged to no church. I believe they were both honest, and I know they taught their children to be honest. My father was a farmer and possessed a sufficient substance to make his family comfortable."

"At my first recollection I was a very fleshy little boy with very black hair and blue eyes, which both was often spoken of by the neighbors. I was not grossly mischievous only to plague and tease the other children which often caused me stripes, sometimes when I was innocent, because I was so often guilty no excuse would redeem me. My oldest sister Ann often screened me from the lash by telling my mother that all that had happened was accidental and not by design. I was kept closely at home and taught all, or most all, the lesson of labor that was com-

mon for boys of my size and age to know. I was not allowed to go off the place without the consent of one or both of my parents. I was not allowed to have no little boy's notions without giving a strict account of who and how I got it. I was seldom allowed to go in company and learn the ways of the world so that I thought myself green, or more inexperienced than others of my size. I often felt embarrassed on this account and did not enjoy myself on this account when in company. I was not quarrelsome with other boys and never had but three fights in all my life; I came off conqueror each time. The last time I had my oldest brother's consent, under whose charge I was at that time. I was about ten or eleven years old, but very well grown, when a very bad, saucy boy came to my father's orchard and after pulling and thrashing down fruit of many descriptions and was about to leave (and I having had a fight with his brother for abusing my youngest brother who was very small) I told him to tell his brother if he did not pay me for the marbles I sold him I intended to whip him. He replied, 'What did you say?' My brother said to tell him again, and I did so. He then commenced to curse me and said if I would come over the fence he would whip me. My brother said to me go and whip him. Well, this was an unexpected privilege as I had never before been allowed to fight under any circumstances whatever. I went and did what I was told and rejoiced at the chance and when my brother thought that the boy had had enough, he said to me, 'Let him up, he is whipped enough.' I immediately obeyed him and the boy started for home. Why I mention this circumstance

was because it was connected with a cruel act that the same boy committed on the next day. Next morning a boarder in the presence of the boy's father whetted a sharp pointed knife and told the boy to take it and stick it in me. 'Yes,' said the father, 'I am determined that my boys shall defend themselves.' George and Turner Miller were the boy's names and James Miller the father's name. 'Go my sons,' said James Miller to his two sons, 'and defend yourselves.' They had scarcely got out of sight of his dwelling when screams was heard to the alarming of all those present. They immediately ran to the two boys, who had fell out by the way, about which one should kill a bumble bee. The youngest, having the knife, plunged it full length in his brother's breast."

"Fighting with knives, dirks, stones and clubs was common in my country, but I never had taken a part in no such wickedness. I have often seen several in number, on each side fight with these weapons with intent to kill until all would be so tired that none was able to do each other harm, come black eyes, other bloody noses and others in gores of blood which was frightful to see."

"My father had four hundred acres of beautiful land, about one hundred acres in farm and the remainder of land was timber land, a large two-story double house on a public road three miles east of the town of Franklin. A beautiful yard surrounded the house about one acre square, neatly covered with blue grass, two beautiful mulberry trees and one beautiful cedar tree growing in the south yard. Beautiful cherry trees grew on the south end of the yard about a rod distance from each other. These mulberry and cherry trees bore splendid fruit. A beautiful orchard on the west which joined to the yard; in it was most all the varieties of fruits that was common for the country. There were apples, both early and late, sweet and sour, pears, peaches, plums, persimmons, and cherry, and on the farm, fruits were all very good."

"We chiefly raised corn in our country, wheat, oats and tobacco, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, beans, peas, cabbage, onions, melons and pumpkins, cotton, flax, and rye. But wheat was the most uncertain crop we tried to raise. It was a very mild and pleasant climate; the land was not very rich; it takes a great deal of work to cultivate the land. Time was plenty and good range for stock is poor; wild game scarce! The people are generally very kind to each other, except when angry at each other, then they are cruel."

"When I was twelve years old, I was taken from the farm to aid my mother, as my two oldest sisters, Ann and Martha, were married and left home. I was put to cording and spinning cotton and wool, as it was common for women to make their own wearing apparel in that country, I soon became skillful in this business so that I could even beat my sisters that was grown, at cording and spinning. I was also trained at the wash tub, at cooking and all the common house work and spent three years of my time in helping my mother in this way. This was not common employment for boys or men folks in that country so I often felt ashamed when the neighbors came in, but, at about fifteen I again went to the field."

"I well recollect the first time I ever heard my mother talk about God and the devil. She said that there was a good man and a bad man—lives above in the clouds—and if I done bad the bad man would get me when I died! But if I was a good boy and would mind her

and father and wouldn't tell lies nor swear nor steal, that when I died the good man would take me to live again with him up in the clouds, and told me of many good things that I would be entitled to by being good. This had a deep impression on my mind, I told my older brother the story when they came from the field, thinking it would be news to them. I then firmly thought I would be good. I remember at another time when very young. My mother was combing my hair, and she said to me there was a mole on my neck and that is a sign if you ever steal anything that you will be hung. This alarmed me very much and often I have thrown down apples after I had commenced to eat them because I remembered the mole on my neck and knowing that father had told me not to pull the apples. I have thrown them down, I have thrown down flints and little rocks that I thought was very pretty, after picking them up for fear that it was stealing and the mole on my neck would cause me to be hung."

"My parents, not being religious folks, they very seldom told me anything about heaven or God, and seldom went to meeting and when I did, I got no understanding of the plan of salvation, and as there were Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterian, Universalists or Dunkards, and they disagree about the scriptures, I asked father which one of these was right. He said he did not know, and I thought it strange that my father did not know about those things. So I always wanted to know that thing, and if I could find a little book like I had heard of John the Revelator having one, given to him by an angel, I should be better pleased than with any other present, provided it would decide that point, or teach to me the true plan of salvation for this was a subject that I greatly desired to know. Although I was young, and to all appearances, thoughtless of any such matter, I was often vexed at preachers exhorting the people, telling them to come to Christ and never telling them how to come. I never got any understanding from none of the preachers how the plan was, but I always thought if I could find out to my satisfaction I would obey it and I promised to myself when I got to be a man I would then find out to my satisfaction and do right and be honest and try to get to heaven where the good man lived."

"I do not intend to give a full history of my childhood for it would be tedious but nearly touch on few things and pass on the things that I have passed through and witnessed myself. The persecutions, trials, and hardships on the account of 'believing and obeying the gospel of Christ, which I know to be true and of God.'"

"I commenced to write this book January 18th, 1854. In two months and six days I will have been in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for 19 years. I am in my 39th year of my age and on the 14 day of next April I will be 40 years of age, and as my portrait or likeness in the first part of this book, I will also give a description of my size, and in after years the rising generations will know what my size and looks was. I am six feet one inch high, my weight two hundred pounds, I am well built with black hair and blue eyes. I am fair skinned and in full vigor of life and health."

"At the commencement of the book I give a sketch of my birthplace, my baptism and first ordination, and left the subject which related to my going to the gathering place in Missouri, which I now will take up again and continue my subject from that date, but I shall only speak of right, of some of the most important things which take place under my own observation."

“The distance from Kentucky, my birthplace, to Missouri, the gathering place was about six hundred miles. I stopped in Caldwell County, entered land, built me a house, commenced to make a farm and to till the ground when the cry of war was heard around us, the people that lived in that country became alarmed to see so many people gathering in one place, all of one religion and politics. They raised many false accusations against us, in order to have us driven away from the state that they might possess our homes and farms, we being too few in number to defend ourselves against them, many thousands gathered against us. They commenced stealing our cattle, driving them off by the droves and all manner of robbing and abusing us, was carried on by the people of Missouri. A history of which has been fully given, but as there are some circumstances that came directly under my own observations I will write them, that others may know what I passed through and witnessed.”

“I lived about eighteen miles east of Far West, and Shoal Creek around one quarter of a mile from Haun's Mill where a bloody butchery takes place, wherein I was present and one who barely escaped. I will now proceed to give an account of the massacre at Haun's Mill and the circumstances connected with it.”

“Some weeks previous to this transaction the people living on Grand River about 6 or 8 miles north of the mill began to come over to Shoal Creek settlements where the Mormons lived and drove off a drove of our cattle and made some threats that they intended to come and burn the mill. We then sent delegates to them to see if we could not compromise with them and live in peace. They met our delegates with guns and in a hostile manner, but finally they agreed with our men that they would be at peace with us. We had mostly gathered at the mill awaiting to hear from our delegation and to organize so that if they should come in hostile force we might be the better prepared to defend ourselves, for about thirty of them had come and taken the guns of all them that lived at the mill, except Hyrum Abbotts, who would not give up his, although they had snapped their guns at him several times. There was also several brethren stopped at the mill that was just moving into the country from the eastern states, amongst whom was Joseph Young the present President of the Seventies and a brother of Brigham Young, the president of the church. There was several tents in the mill yard with wagons, horses and all their substance and there was inter-mixed with women and children, there being but thirty men with guns only. We were in no state of defense, for we were not expecting but that they would abide the treaty we had made with them and felt as if we were safe.”

“Although we had been counseled by Joseph the Prophet to leave the mill and go to Far West, our being deceived by the messenger we sent to him for council, we understood it not, for our messenger asked Joseph, ‘What shall we do that is at the mill?’ Joseph said, ‘Gather up all of you and come to Far West.’ ‘What,’ said the messenger, whose name was Jacob Haun the owner of the mill, ‘Leave the mill and let it be burned down? We think we can maintain it.’ If you maintain it you will do well—do as you please [The message as related by Haun, which was not what Joseph said]. The messenger returned and said if we thought we could maintain the mill it was Joseph's council for us to do so, if we thought, ‘No,’ to come to Far West and we thought from the way the thing was represented, we would be cowards to leave and not try to maintain it. And as they agreed to be at peace, we

thought to gather up all our effects and leave our houses would be useless, for we did not know that it was Joseph's decided council for us to do so."



Above: This lithograph is entitled. "Massacre of Mormons at Haun's Mill." The Latter-day Saint families that had gathered at Haun's Mill believed they would be safe after they had negotiated a peace with the Missourians.

"And while thus situated on Tuesday the 30 day of October 1838 about three-hundred-armed men on horseback came in full lope towards us, until they got in about one hundred yards of us, when they immediately halted and commenced firing at us. At their first appearance we did not know but they were brethren of the Church and did not try to place ourselves in a situation to defend ourselves, but soon we found them to be a hostile force deprived of all humanity or mercy, for so many of our people cried out for mercy with uplifted hands when they were immediately shot down. David Evans was our captain; he cried out for quarters, they gave none and he immediately fled, giving no official orders. By this time, we were completely surrounded. We then, seeing ourselves surrounded, immediately ran into a blacksmith shop. This was a fatal move, for the shop was very open, it being made of large logs. One log was entirely out on the north side, on the west was a window, on the south was a door, and the cracks all open. We were surrounded by a raging force, who screamed as loud as they could yell, every breath, and fully determined to say, 'I killed a Mormon.' Each bullet as it passed through these openings was bound to prove fatal to some of us within. The first man that fell was Simon Cox, he was standing close to my side when he received the fatal blow. He was shot through the kidneys and of all the pain and misery I ever witnessed a poor soul in, he seemed to excel. It seems as though I could yet hear his screams."

"They came there about four o'clock in the afternoon and continued about one hour and a half. There was eight of our numbers fled at the start. Such groans of the dying, such

struggling in blood. I hope that none of those that reads this account will ever have to witness such a thing, unless it is in avenging the blood of these that was slain, for truly they shed innocent blood, which must stand against them until it is avenged.”

“I remained calm in my feelings without being muted, excited, and realized all that was happening. I thought for a moment that perhaps in the next minute I may be like these, my brethren, struggling in my blood, and my spirit take its flight to the spirit world. But soon this thought left me, and I possessed an unshaken faith that my life would be spared, although to all-natural appearance, there was no way for my escape.”

“They were still continuing their firing with an increased rapidity and closing the circle around us as they were not meeting much resistance from the few that were left. I looked to the west and I discovered a ruffian who had crawled within about forty steps of the shop and had secured himself behind a large log in the yard of the mill. His head was raised above the log, I went immediately to the west window and stepped upon a block to make myself high enough to shoot at his head, I then saw his gun was to his face and he had a sight on me. I immediately desisted from trying to shoot at his head and dismounted from the block. When I did another mounted the same block and was immediately shot down.”

“Our number had now decreased to about seven or eight, when Hyrum Abbot, the man who had refused to give up his gun, said, ‘It is useless to stay in here any longer, let us leave.’ I believing him to be a brave man, thought myself justifiable in leaving, he started himself and three others. As they left the door of the shop he was immediately shot through the body which proved his death. I nursed him in my own house for five weeks and he was removed to his father’s and died. My brother, Tarlton, was one that started with him, he was shot through the shoulder, but his wound was not mortal. The names of the other two I do not remember. There were now four on foot besides me: Benjamin Lewis, Isaac Leany, Jacob Botts and Brother Yokem.”

“I now left the shop alone; I went towards the east where it seemed to be the most strongly guarded. I thought at first I would go into their ranks and surrender myself their prisoner, but seeing the way they were shooting and yelling as demons, I felt as no mercy would be shown me, I concluded to try and pass them. I went almost in their midst and then turned down a steep bank of the creek, crossed the creek and ascended a steep bank on opposite side of the creek in front of Haun’s house. I then passed around the house and went towards the south and crossed the fence which was about two hundred yards from the shop. While crossing the fence close by my side, they had me in fair view for two hundred yards and constantly firing at me, the bullets seemed to be as thick as hail stones when it is falling fast, and none of them entered my flesh or drew blood, but five holes were shot through my clothes three in my pantaloons and two in my coat.”

“Here let me remark that I did not run one step of the way, for I had been confined to my bed for three months with the fever and at that time was just able to walk about, and it was about the second or third time I had left the house. The distance from my house was about a quarter of a mile. I proceeded on towards my house, my tongue had lolled out of my mouth like that of a dog; by being overcome with fatigue and the whole distance was up

hill. A little ways from my house I met my wife who had been in hearing of the whole scene, for she had heard the first guns that had been fired.”

“Her first salutation to me, ‘Are you hurt; are you wounded?’ I told her I was not hurt, and we went with Arminda, our only child, and secreted ourselves in a thicket until dark.”

“I will now return to the fate of the four I left in the shop—Potts while leaving was shot in his legs he crawled to my house, caught a horse at my door and rode home. Leany was seriously wounded having either four bullets in his body, or two pass threw his body in direct opposition to each other, leaving four wounds in his body, and several other severe wounds, but he survived and is now alive in the valley. Yokem fell just as he crossed the mill dam, he was taken in Haun’s house and laid on the floor without attention until the next morning. He was shot between the point of his nose and his eye to the back of his head, leaving him senseless on the ground. He was also wounded in the leg, which has since been cut off, he is also alive.”

“Benjamin Lewis, my brother, was found about three hundred yards from the shop by some of the women who had him concealed in the brush during the fracas, he was yet alive and in his proper senses. I went to him with the aid of a horse and slide, I got him to my house. He lived for a few hours and died. I dug a hole in the ground, wrapped him in a sheet and without a coffin buried him.”

“Early the next morning I returned to the shop to learn the facts of the rest of my brethren. I first stopped at Haun’s house, where I found McBride laying dead in the yard. He was a very old man, he left the shop before me and started to go the same route I went but stopped in their ranks, as I first intended to do, and when he did, he gave up his gun and himself a prisoner. He was shot with his own gun, as I was informed by a sister that was concealed under the bank and witnessed the scene, and Jacob Rogers then took an old scythe blade and literally gashed his face to pieces. He was taken and laid in the yard where I found him the next morning. Merick and Smith was also lying dead in the yard. York and Yokem was in the house of Haun, but entirely senseless. York soon died, but Yokem lived. Leany, Kights, and Haun was also in at Haun’s house and wounded, all of which recovered, and none of them had the aid of a physician to probe or prescribe for their wounds.”

“I then went over to the shop where I found Fuller, Cox, Lee, Hammer, Richards, and two small boys dead on the ground, and several others whose names I do not remember, but whose names has been given in history of our persecutions. The dead numbering in all eighteen, the wounded fifteen. A few of the brethren who assembled there, with myself, dragged the slain to the side of a well, which was about 12 feet deep and tumbled them in, as we had not time to decently bury them, for we knew not how soon they would be upon us again. This was the most heart-rending scene that my eyes have ever witnessed. There two little boys was not shot accidentally, by being in the crowd, but after all the men was down and gone, and none to resist, one man discovered these boys concealed under the blacksmith bellows and he deliberately stuck his gun in a crack of the shop and fired at them as they were concealed together. One of their own men reprovved him, saying it was a d—d shame to shoot such little fellows and he calmly replied that little shoots make big

trees, as much as to say they will make Mormons after while if not killed. They, perceiving all to be dead or dying that remained in the shop, came in the shop and all that was struggling they shot again, taking deliberate aim at their head and then boasted that they had killed a Mormon—and afterwards to the wives of those that were killed saying, ‘Madam I am the man that killed your husband.’”

“There was many other acts and circumstances which was equally aggravating that I will omit writing for I have no design to enlarge on the tale but to tell the plain facts as they did exist, that following generations might see and know the things that I have witnessed.”

“I was then in the twenty-fourth year of age, and my own life was miraculously spared for some unknown purpose to me, but I am willing to bear testimony to all mankind that God will save and deliver those that exercise an unshaken faith in him, for I did exercise an unshaken faith in him at that time, and fully believed that I would make my escape and my life be spared. And then I said, ‘Lord thou hast delivered me for some purpose and I am willing to fulfill that purpose whenever thou makes it known to me, and to do all duties that thou enjoins upon me from this time henceforth and forever.’”

“On the second day after this bloody transaction took place this company of murders returned to the shop blowing there bugles, firing their guns, and yelling like demons. As I lived near I could hear all their proceedings, and myself and Joseph Young went and concealed ourselves in the brush nearby, for fear they would come to my house and renew their slaughter. The weather had now become cold, and it began to rain. We had no cover with us but one thin quilt, very much tattered. We lay down on the ground covered with the quilt and slept comfortable, knowing they could not find us, neither could they set the brush on fire on account of the rain, and although I was just recovering from a long spell of sickness, I taken no hurt from the exposure, whereas I would expected in a common case it would have produced sudden death. I cautiously crept to my house next morning, not knowing but some of them was at my house awaiting to take my life. These murderers now had taken possession of the mill. They ground the grain that was in it for their own use, killed hogs, robbed and lived well, going from house to house, taking all the guns and ammunition they could find—their faces was often painted which made them look disgraceful to the human race.”

“I kept out of their way for nearly three weeks, when a scouting party came across me, and as I was not fond of their company. I was about to leave them when one of them told me to wait until the captain seen me. The captain, whose name was Nehemiah Comestock, said, ‘Mr. Lewis have you heard of the new orders of the governor!’ I told him, ‘No sir.’ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘Our orders from the governor is that all Mormons must leave the state forthwith.’ ‘Indeed,’ said I, ‘I thought we was to stay until spring.’”

“‘That,’ said he, ‘Was the first order, but he has now changed his orders and you must be off by Wednesday at ten o'clock.’ It then being Sunday evening I replied, ‘This was a very short notice for one to start in and it is now cold winter.’ I then told him I had no wagon or team, my wife was sick and I did not know how to go so soon. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘You must either go now or deny your religion, or go to Richmond and stand trial for your life, for’

said he, 'There was one of our men killed at the blacksmith shop and said he you was there, and all that was there will be tried for murder and be hung.' And said Hyrum Comestock, the captain's brother, 'If they are not hung they won't none of them get back again for our boys don't intend for any of them to escape.' I then said I would not mind being tried for my life by the laws of the land for I have not violated any law, but I would not like to be tried by mob law for 'I know,' said I, 'That no Mormon could have justice done to him in this state while their prejudice is so high.' I said to him, 'I believe Joseph Smith was once a Prophet, but as whether he is dead or alive now I know not, for the last that I heard of him he was a prisoner and it was supposed he would be killed.' 'Then,' said he, 'You must leave the state by next Wednesday.' I then said that the ferry and roads is all guarded so that no Mormon could pass safely. 'I know that,' said he, 'But I will give you a pass and then you can go safe.' He then gave me the following pass: 'November 13, 1838. This is to certify that David Lewis, a Mormon, is permitted to leave and pass through the State of Missouri in an eastward direction unmolested during good behavior. Nehemiah Comestock, Capt. Militia.'"

"I took my pass and studied on it and thought to myself it would be death to undertake to go, and it can't be no more if I stay and if I have to be killed let it be at home, for I thought it was too bad to take my flight in winter. So Wednesday came and I had not gone, so they sent up a guard from their encampment, headed by Hyrum Comestock to see if I was gone, and with them a Mormon prisoner, whose name was Kelly, although he was a stranger to me. Mr. Comestock said, 'Mr. Lewis do you know that man?' I replied that I did not. 'Have you ever seen him before?' 'I believe I have.' 'Where?' 'Over on Muddy Creek, if I am not mistaken in the man.' 'Was he at the mill on the day of the battle?' 'I do not know, but I think not.' 'Is he a Mormon?' 'I do not know, but I judge not.' 'You know his name do you?' 'I do not.' 'Go with us Mr. Lewis to our encampment.' Hyrum Comestock said to me, 'Mr. Lewis, you have lied. This prisoner is a Mormon. He was in the battle. He says he knows you perfectly well and you have been lying to us trying to screen him.' The prisoner said, 'That aint the Mr. Lewis I know.' 'Hush your mouth,' said Comestock, 'And wait until you are spoken to before you speak. You may consider yourself our prisoners.' Their entire number gathered around me and the following interrogations took place."

"Mr. Lewis, who of your neighbors was in the difficulties that was in Davis County?' 'I do not know.' 'Who among'st you is Danites?' 'I don't know?' 'Are you a Danite?' 'What is a Danite?' said I. 'All those that has taken an oath to kill and rob and steal plunder, take bear meat, and sweet oils.' 'I am no Danite,' said I, 'For I never taken no such oath.' 'Let us now have him sworn.' 'It is of no use to swear him,' said a voice, 'For he would just as soon swear a lie as the truth.' I then said, 'Gentlemen I am your prisoner and you can talk to me as you please, but I have seen the time when with a fair chance that I would not take such talk as that. You know gentlemen, that kind of talk did not pass current in our country. I am a Kentuckian, but now I am your prisoner.'"

"Dinner now came on, which consisted of stewed pork and bread, each taking a piece from a large pot, and with the aid of a jack knife each worked his piece to his own notion. I stood around as an orphan for a while as though I was not going to get any dinner, when Hyrum Comestock said to me, 'Mr. Lewis, won't you eat something with us, our fare is very rough,

but if you will eat come up.' 'Oh yes,' said I, 'For I am just recovering from a spell of sickness and my appetite is very good.' I gathered a bone which was well supplied with meat, they handed me a hunk of bread and I went at it as though all was well. 'Come,' said they to the other prisoner, 'and eat.' 'No,' said Kelly, 'I am well and I cannot eat.' Said they, 'We will have hands laid on you brother Kelly and you will then get better.' Said they, 'Mr. Lewis is this man given to be delirious and swearing. He swore harder last night than any man we ever saw. He curses Jo Smith.' I said, 'I know him not,' still picking my bone as though times was better with me than common."

"They seeing that I was enjoying myself better than they wanted me to, turned their discourse on me. 'Mr. Lewis are you not a good hunter?' 'I do not prize myself at that business.' 'We want you to take a hunt with us after dinner. We do not care much for the game, but some of our boys is of the notion to try it over with you again. We hear that you can't be hit with a bullet and our boys is good marksmen and they want you to go out with them this afternoon so they can have another chance. What do you think about dying?' 'I don't think much about it. If I could have my freedom, life then would be sweet, but without it I care not to live. Who told you I said that a bullet could not hit me? I think,' I said, 'They came very near hitting me,' showing them the holes in my clothes. 'How,' said one, 'Did you get away without being killed?' 'I walked away.' 'Well, I suppose you had so much faith you couldn't be hit.' 'If I had faith, I had works to put with it, and my works was to try to get away as fast as I could.'"

"I then spoke to them as follows, in order to touch there humanity, if there was any in them. 'Gentlemen I think this is a pretty pass we have got things to. We are living in the same country and almost neighbor. We speak the same language and should be able to understand each other better than this and communicate our grievances to each other before making such rash moves. Our fathers no doubt fought side by side to gain liberty; why not us, their children, maintain this liberty and be willing to have it extended towards each other? If we differ in our religions or political views we should not make it a matter of shedding each other's blood, but know the world is large and there is room for us all. You shot at me very carelessly the other day, although when you came to this mill and was detained all night I fed you and your teams, and you slept in my home free of charge. Many of us came from the same state and the same soil nourished us, and there is a better way to settle difficulties than to take each other's lives. What crimes have I done that I must be thus treated?' And one cried out, 'Poor Tray. He was used bad for being in bad company.' This talk seemed to have good effect, for they ceased to threaten me or talk of trying me over again, but seemed to soften down, and said to each other, 'That man has too good a countenance to be a thief.'"

"Evening soon came on and I said to the captain, 'Can you let me go home to chop a fire of wood, my wife is sick the widow and orphans of my brother that you have killed is there, and a wounded man is there.' 'What!' said Hyrum Comestock, 'Do you mean Abbott that was wounded, there?' I replied, 'Yes.' 'Well,' said he, 'Damn him, he ought to die, I snapped at the—rascal seven times, because he refused to give up his gun, but it was a gun I had just taken from a Mormon and the damn thing wouldn't go off. If it had been my own

gun I should of killed the damn rascal.' 'Well can I have the privilege to go or not? You can send a guard with me if you cannot trust to my coming back.'"

"The captain said, 'We will hold a council over you and let you know.' Then Bob White, an apostate Mormon who was with them, pled to let me go for said he, 'I know that Mr. Lewis has been sick and is now unable to stay in our camp while it is as cold.' This kindness White done because he hated Haun as he did Lucifer, and he knew that I did not like Haun, and I believe he thought it done him good to have me help hate Haun, and for this reason he had before been kind to me. But White, in my estimation, was no better than Haun, for self-interest had caused Haun to stand up for us, whilst White was fighting against us, yet for me it had good effect."

"So they agreed that I might go and stay, until next morning if I would promise to be in encampment by sunrise next morning. This I agreed to and went home and after chopping a fire of wood I was taken with a severe chill and then a fever for I had not as yet recovered from my sickness."

"Next morning I was on hand according to promise. 'Well,' said the captain, 'You are on hand.' 'Yes sir,' was the reply. 'Well have you not got a gun?' 'Well I had one the other day, but on the evening of the difficulty I left it in the brush! I have not seen it since.' 'Take a guard of six men and go with Mr. Lewis and find that gun' 'I do not know that I can find that gun.' 'We can make you find it.' So I was marched as near the place as I knew, and after we had searched about one hour and had not found it they began to threaten me and accuse me of not trying to find it, but this was false, for I knew that they would show me no mercy if it was not found. The snow had fallen very deep on the ground and the place assumed a very different appearance. At length we found it. We then started to the camp and we passed by a door, I then stopped in my yard and asked the privilege to go cut for my family a fire of wood. They halted and granted me this privilege, after chopping a few sticks I became faint and weak and I said to them, 'Gentlemen won't one of you please to chop a few sticks for me?' Their immediate replies was, 'I shant; Well I be damned if I do. Well if he wants it chopped let him do it himself,' and so on. I then thought, Oh wicked and degraded wretches, how far you have sunk beneath the honor of man. Had I Lucifer a prisoner as you have me, I could not of denied him so small a favor as to refuse to help him chop, a fire of wood. After chopping my wood I politely invited them in to take a warm. They accepted the invitation and went in. After warming we again went to the camp taking with them my two guns, for I had another gun in the loft which they got when they went in. These guns was never returned to me or paid for and one cow that they drove off, which has not been settled for."

"But I will go on with my story: They made some parade over the guns, their conversation was chiefly in presumptuous talk about those that was dead in the well—I heard one say 'Damn it, hand me the bottle.' Another, 'Damn it, got further.' Another said, 'Quit eating my back.' Old York they talked of making soap grease of because he was so fat. These words they thought so shrewd they produced great laughter; this was the entertainment of the day."

"Toward night I again asked for the privilege of going home, this was granted on the same

conditions as on the evening before. I went home. In the night it rained very hard so as to raise the creek that was then between us, so I could not get to them or they get to me. I went to the bank and hollered for them to get me across. This I knew they could not do. They seemed to be vexed at my impertinence and consulted among themselves what to do. They finally hollered to me to go about my business for they could not get over. So, with joy I obeyed their orders and went to my home.”

David wrote, “The things that I have written are true, according to the best of my knowledge, for I desire my children to know what I have passed through, and for their benefit I write this.”

In February of 1839, David's family left Missouri with several others. “I now had to sell my land and improvements for a small sum, not one fourth its value,” he wrote. In March, they “crossed the Mississippi River and stopped in the town of Quincy, Illinois.” They stayed in Quincy for one month before going to Kentucky. Duritha and Arminta lived with Duritha's parents while David served a mission. David traveled to Tennessee and preached along the way. In Overton County, Tennessee, he ran into Julian Moses. They became missionary companions and “soon baptized many and organized a branch of the Church.”

“Later in Tennessee, David ‘met with strong opposition.’ The people thought that he was a spy for the church. He was now alone, as ‘Julian Moses had gone over into Kentucky.’”

“Regarding this time, David wrote, ‘I soon received notice that I must leave their country immediately and hold no more meetings among them. These orders I did not comply with but preached and bore my testimony of the work of God in the last days, and brought forth the plan of salvation, calling on them to repent and be baptized for the remission of sins.’”

“In the fall of 1839, David rejoined his family in Kentucky and spent the winter with them. Preston Lewis was born November 15, 1839. In the spring of 1840, David ‘started for Nauvoo, but stopped in Carlinville, Illinois, until the spring of 1841.’ David's parents and brothers lived there. David then joined the saints he had been with during the Missouri persecution. He discovered that his property ‘had been consumed by fire.’ He wrote, ‘I was left to start anew for housekeeping, with scarcely a change of garments to begin with.’”

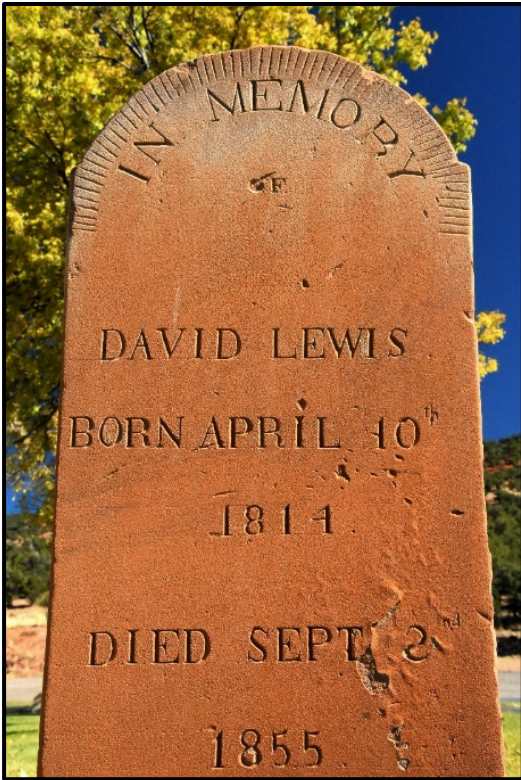
“David's family moved to Nauvoo during the summer in 1841. They purchased land and built a home. David worked as a barrel maker and became a mason. In 1843 he was a school trustee. Duritha organized their house and joined the Relief Society.”

“David served a mission in southeast Illinois from 1843 to 1844. He served with David Evans and Jefferson Hunt. They ‘raised up quite a branch.’ He also served with John Butler. They didn't have as much success but ‘gathered out some few honest in heart.’”

“During the winter of 1845-1846, David visited his brother Neriah and taught him and his family the gospel. Neriah's family believed and all were eventually baptized. They gathered to Nauvoo with the saints. Neriah's son later became a beloved leader in Lewiston, Utah, and the city was named after him.”

“David’s family continued living in Nauvoo until they were driven off with the rest of the saints in 1846.”

“In 1849, David’s family moved to Preston Township. His son wrote, ‘mobs composed of men prejudiced against our people, because of religion, came upon us, took all the property



This page: Monument of David Lewis (1814-1855) in Parowan City Cemetery in Parowan, Utah. He was the first white person buried in Parowan and died unexpectedly when he was 41 years of age. His autobiography shows that he was an exceptionally good and likeable person.

they could carry or haul away and burned our homes from over our heads. In some way my father got together an outfit consisting of a team and light wagon or double buggy and took us all back to Kentucky.’ Duritha’s father,

who was a plantation owner, had died. She inherited a few slaves and equipment that helped them in their upcoming trek.”

“The Lewis’s ‘were stationed for a time in Iowa.’ At this time, David’s work (he was a cooper by trade, making barrels, tubs, and kegs) was in great demand by the saints and he had more orders for work than he could do. He ‘was so much in demand that he hired a young fellow named George Baker to help him.’ Arminta was 14 and very pretty. She and David’s new assistant fell in love. One night, Arminta sneaked out and left with George on horseback. The Lewis’s never heard from her again. Duritha ‘never really got over losing her and was always hoping to hear of her or that she would return.’ Not long after, the Lewis’s started their trek west.”

David was made a captain over a smaller part of the John Smith Company going to Salt Lake City, Utah. “Eventually, David’s smaller company of 68 people traveled independently. On August 22, 1851, the company clerk wrote, ‘We have had but little sickness, and no deaths. We still keep our spirits up and are anxious to get through.’ The company made good time and ‘reached Salt Lake Valley in advance of all the 1851 organized companies.’”

“After arriving in the Valley, David ‘located a vacant adobe house and moved the family

into it.' David married Clarissa Williams that fall. Regarding that winter, Siney wrote, 'The winter was long and very cold for us as we were used to a much milder climate. Father hauled wood for the one fireplace from the canyon near where Ft. Douglas now stands. The wood was green and very slow burning, and it was hard to keep us little children warm.'"

"The next spring we planted what little grain and seed we had left expecting a good crop. But that was the year of the 'grasshopper plague' and we were not fortunate enough to save any of our crop.' Duritha gave birth to William in June of 1852. Siney [David's son] wrote, 'He was a joy and comfort to all of us.' David married Elizabeth Carson on August 4, 1852. Regarding the following winter, Siney Lewis wrote, "The winter of 1852-53 was just as hard if not harder for us than the previous one had been. We had very little to eat and that caused us to feel the cold more keenly. Mother bought a little home and about 15 acres of land not far from where the City and County Building now stands.'"

"The Lewis children helped their parents. Siney wrote, 'We all worked as soon as we were old enough and each had his job or chores to do. In the fall after the harvest, mother would take the younger children with her to some field recently vacated by the reapers. Here we would glean the few stalks of grain they had left and put them in mother's apron. When we arrived home we would thresh this grain out of the stalks with sticks or by rubbing it between our hands and blow the chaff away. It was then ground through an old coffee mill, mixed with cold water into a batter by mother and fried in an iron skillet held over the coals raked to the front of the fireplace. We were each given one of these cakes with a small cup of milk each evening and morning.'"

"David and Elizabeth had a baby in June of 1853. The next month, David posted the following ad in the newspaper, 'Come and see the old daguerreotype room, formerly occupied by Cannon. Will be open for customers, visitors, and spectators each day of the week except Mondays and Tuesdays and foreigners can be accommodated if their circumstances require by making application. David Lewis, Daguerrean Artist.' The ad ran for about two months, ending a few days before General Conference.'"

"During the General Conference of 1853, David and others were called by Brigham Young to serve in the Southern Indian Mission. David spent time studying 'the Spanish language under Apostle Parley P. Pratt.'"

"David and the other missionaries traveled south to Fillmore, Utah, and on April 25, 1854, met Chief Walker's warriors. He settled in Parowan, Utah, with his wife, Elizabeth Carson, and their young child. She stayed at the home of his brother, Tarlton Lewis, as she was expecting another child."

"He and the other missionaries had good success among the first Indians that they met and baptized over eighty."

"David visited Duritha and their children in January of 1855. Later in the month, Brigham Young sent David to visit Ute Chief Walker. David brought a letter and gifts from Brigham

Young to the chief, who received David as a friend. Unfortunately, Walker was sick at the time and died a few days later.”

“David was a diligent missionary, ‘making several visits among the Indians on the Rio Virgin, Santa Clara, and the head waters of the Sevier. By his discreet course among them, he gained the confidence of Chief Walker and many other chiefs.”

David’s death at the age of 41 came unexpectedly because he had generally had good health most of his life. He died of a stroke and bilious fever on September 2, 1855, in Parowan, Utah. He was buried in Parowan Cemetery, and his grave is the oldest for a white man in Parowan. David “died in full faith and fellowship, leaving a numerous family and many sincere friends longing in hope for a reunion.” (Beeson Family, pages 272-290; MFH, pages 710-728)

Didn't Mind Being the Second Wife

Laura Lewis (1865-1954; daughter of Samuel Edward Lewis, son of Tarlton Lewis, son of Neriah Fredrick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt) “liked the choir director very much and one night they were having a birthday party for him. She gave him a present and then he wrote her a poem, which was kept by the family for generations.”

“Mother (this is written by her daughter, Laura Smith, 1884-1982) and Father [Peter Howard McBride, 1850-1934] thought a lot of each other and he asked her to marry him. Her parents did not like the idea of her marrying a man with a wife and family. (It was the custom in those days for the Mormon men to marry more than one wife.) She had other boyfriends, but her heart was set on this man, so after much deliberation, Ruth, his wife, gave her consent and it was decided that they should get married.”

They married in the St. George Temple on November 1, 1882. On their way back home, they had a wedding photograph taken of them.

Laura, “Aunt Ruth,” and Peter worked hard on their farm in Arizona. He went to Mexico a number of times to avoid being arrested for polygamy. Finally in 1891, Laura got her first home that she could live in all by herself. “Mother planted a garden on the lot so we could have plenty of vegetables. We moved into this house when it didn’t have a window or door. Mother would hang sheets up to the windows and a quilt up to the door. She was so happy as this was the first time in her married life, she was able to live in her own home. She had fruit trees and everything and was so happy, but something always had to spoil it. Father had gone back to Mexico and either mother or Aunt Ruth had to go, and it was mother’s turn. So, we left the new house and went to Mexico.”

“Mother must have stayed in Mexico until the next summer as we came home in warm weather. Mr. Johnson was coming home and brought mother and us three children with him. While we were gone father sold the house and lot in Pima so we all lived down on the farm together again. It was there little Cora was born on June 10, 1893 [died July 18, 1894]. She was a pretty baby, with golden hair, blue eyes and we did love her so. Soon after

she was born father tore up the old granary, hauled it up on the corner of his farm and there built mother a shanty to live in—one room with a bush shed halfway around it.”



“Aunt Ruth talked Dad into mortgaging the farm for a thousand dollars

Left and above: Laura Lewis (1865-1954; daughter of Samuel Edward Lewis, son of Tarlton Lewis, son of Neriah Fredrick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt), her husband, Peter Howard McBride (1850-1934), and his first wife, Ruth, Burns (1857-1932), who the children of Laura Lewis McBride called, “Aunt Ruth.” I included their story in this history because of the fascinating nature of their relationships. Laura willingly married Peter McBride even though it meant being his second wife. When Laura went to Mexico with Peter in 1885, she and another lady were “the first Mormon women to colonize in Mexico.”

to set the boys up in the business of cattle raising. Mother wanted some of the estate, but she didn't want a mortgage on it so she talked Dad into deeding her 20 acres of raw mesquite land way up on the south end away from neighbors and all alone, so he did just that. She got settled and lived the rest of her life there. Little Cora got sick and passed away; she sure did suffer. Mother took in work and Dad took her flour and food and gave her two cows, made corrals, brought in hay and Mother was fixed up quite comfortably. We had lots of dry wood close by and that helped. We didn't have a well there and we went to Foster's to get water for the washing and everything.”

“On October 21, 1895, Clyde was born in this little house. Grace came along in 1897. Ether, Della and I had to walk to school through mesquite thickets and sandy roads winding around the hills to get to school, but we were seldom late. Mother was scared or worried at times living so far away, but she put up a bold front. We had lots of trouble with rattle snakes in the native land. One more little baby came to live with us and mother named her Keturah Flo, she never liked that name, but that was the way with all of us.”

“We lived in that old shanty with a shed and a closed-in tent for several years, then in 1906 when I married Hyrum, Ether got lumber and other material to build mother a house and Hyrum came over weekends and holidays from Eden and helped on the house.”

“During these years Dad was always busy with the Pima Dramatic Club and all of his choirs, and teaching music.”

“Mother had several cows and calves and it took her and the children a lot of time tramping the country over hunting cows. Mother would hunt until after dark then sometimes not find



Above: Peter Howard McBride (1850-1934; front right) “and his mistral troop.” Peter was involved in music all of his life. He may have been the equivalent of a rock star in a pioneering community. He married Laura Lewis (1865-1954) as his second wife and had a total of twenty-two children, fourteen by Ruth and eight by Laura. Nineteen are listed on Find a Grave.

every day for 10 days, not too long before she died. (This is Arminta Smith typing this and I saw that bird come fluttering at her window, and Mother Smith and I talked about it then.) I witnessed this several times as I was staying with her during that time, and we both thought it so strange. The lizards would pause on her screen door and peak in at her. Several snakes came in to see her, and she guided them out with the broom, keeping her distance, of course. So many interesting things happened at Mother's home, but I can't begin to relate them here.” (Beeson Family, pages 236-244; MFH, pages 674-682)

Members of the Original Pioneer Company

John Moss Lewis (1829-1894; son of Benjamin Franklin Lewis, son of Neriah Frederick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt), was in the original company with Brigham Young that entered the Salt Lake Valley on June 24, 1847. His father was killed in the Haun's Mill Massacre in 1838. As mentioned earlier, John's uncle, **Tarlton Lewis** (1805-1890; brother of Benjamin Franklin Lewis), who was wounded at Haun's Mill, also was in the vanguard company with Brigham Young and became the first bishop of Salt Lake City.

them. One evening she went after them and looked all over where they often grazed but could find no sign of them. She went up as far as the Pima Wash and coming back just at dusk, she was going through an old weedy pasture. It was getting dark and as she continued walking along searching for the cows, she felt a restraining arm holding her back. She looked down and there in the weeds was an old open well. One more step and she might have gone down to the bottom—how deep she didn't know. There was no one living close enough to have heard her call for help and who knows what might have happened. She is sure her guardian angel was near.”

“Many little incidents that happened: Mother used to pause a moment and wonder about such as the time when a big brown bird flew against her kitchen window. It would flutter against it trying to get in then go to the front window and do the same. This happened about the same time

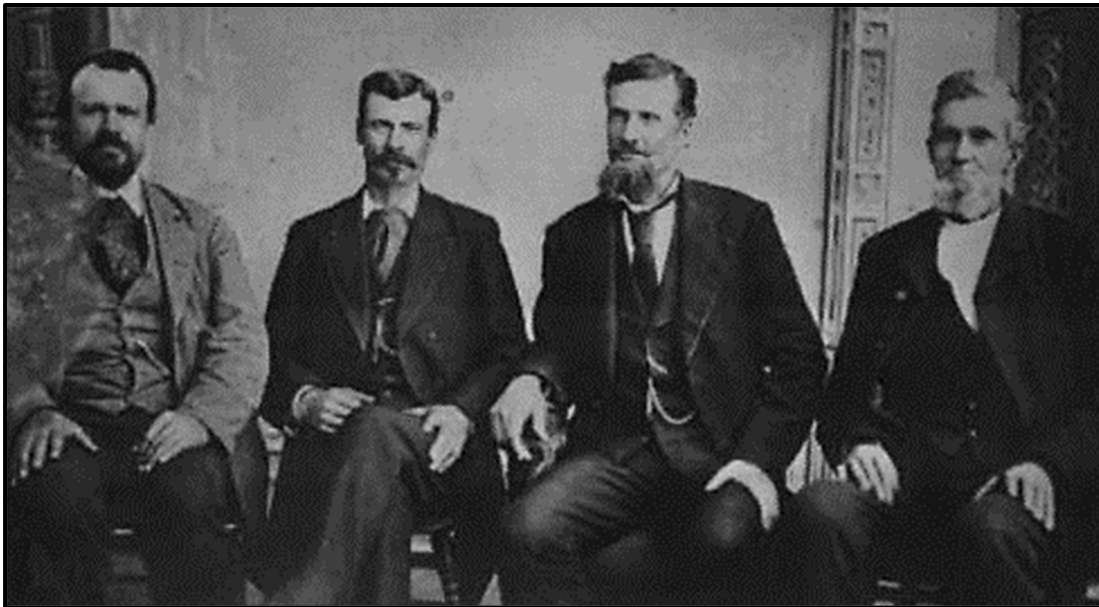
Three Brothers Served as Bishops

Neriah Robert Lewis (1843-1913), **Benjamin Marion Lewis** (1841-1926), and **William Hendricks Lewis** (1837-1905), sons of **Neriah Lewis** (son of Neriah Fredrick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt), all served as bishops for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for a total of 92 years. (The town of Lewiston in Cache County, Utah, was named after William Hendricks Lewis and is located north of Logan on the Idaho border.) (Beeson Family, pages 293-303; MFH, pages 731-741)



Revolutionary War Soldier

William Millikan, Jr. (5th Great-Granduncle; 1753-1838) was a Revolutionary War soldier who served from North Carolina. In state records, a William Millikan is listed as a private in Captain Adam Alexander's company, made up of men



Top right: John Moss Lewis (1829-1894; son of Benjamin Franklin Lewis, son of Neriah Frederick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt), whose father was killed in the Haun's Mill Massacre. He was in the original company with Brigham Young that entered the Salt Lake Valley on June 24, 1847. Above: Neriah Lewis (1816-1890; son of Neriah Fredrick Lewis, son of Ann Beeson, 6th Great-Grandaunt) on far right with his three sons (left to right): Neriah Robert Lewis (1843-1913), Benjamin Marion Lewis (1841-1926), and William Hendricks Lewis (1837-1905), who all served as bishops for a total of 92 years. Photograph from Rebecca Hendricks.

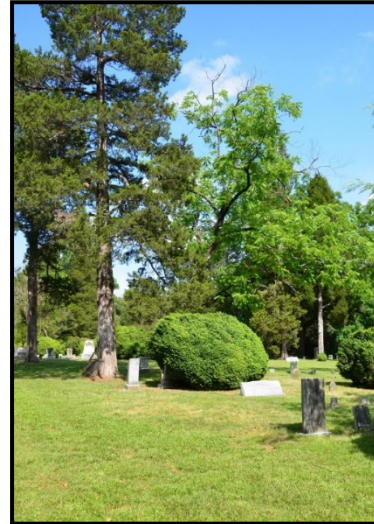
from Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. After the war he settled on a grant of 400 acres not far distant from New Salem, North Carolina (about 25 miles west of Charlotte). Here he worked as a farmer, blacksmith, and land surveyor. He crossed the Great Smoky Moun-

tains in 1792 and settled on a tract of land three miles northwest of Morristown in Hamblen County, Tennessee. On the east part of his land there was a cool spring of limestone water. From his land he could see the Clinch Mountains ten miles to the north. He built his 20 by 30-foot two-story house of large chestnut logs, hewed square, with a large cellar underneath. Two, two story porches were on both sides of the house, and some parts of the house could still be seen in 1903.

“William was a man of enormous size, weighing not less than three hundred pounds. His



Some believe that William Millikan (circa 1717-1793/1804) and Jane White Millikan (circa 1720-1758) (6th Great-Grandparents) are buried in Springfield Friends Cemetery (right) in High Point, Guilford County, North Carolina. Their monument (above) is in front of the large bush: June 2012.



eyes were blue, his hair rather light and his complexion fair and florid.” Near his home he

had a blacksmith and gunsmith shop, where he made farm implements and guns, as well as some silversmith work. (Bratton Family, page 18; MFH, page 926)

Tories came to Kill Him—Instead, Burned his House Down

William Millikan (6th Great-Grandfather; circa 1717-1793/1804) was a “zealous Quaker, an advocate of liberty and took an active part in civil affairs of the county. He enjoyed in an eminent degree the esteem and confidence of the public.” When Randolph County was formed on March 8, 1779, William, an original landowner, “was chosen as one the Justices for holding court. At the same time, he was elected Register of Deeds. He later served as County Clerk of Courts. Family tradition calls him a lawyer, and he certainly did considerable business as an acting agent or attorney”

Although a member of the Society of Friends, William was in favor of independence, which made him an enemy of the British. An account of how his home was burned by Tories during the Revolutionary War is recorded in some histories of North Carolina.

On Sunday March 10, 1782, Colonel Fanning went to the house of William Millikan, Esq., who lived on Back Creek, about two miles from Johnsonville (the first county seat) on the old crossroad. “As Millikan was away (William was driving his cows home when he

discovered Fanning in time to hide) from home they burned his buildings and destroyed everything they could. Colonel Fanning would have killed William if he had found him. While the house was on fire, Mrs. Jane Millikan (third wife of William) carried out a favorite feather bed, but they carried it back and threw it on the fire. When the bed began to burn, they twisted a stick into the feathers and scattered them over the house. As the blazing feathers flew in every direction through the room some caught in a bundle of yarn, which was hanging on the wall. The men taunted Mrs. Millikan and said, 'Look at your yarn old woman.' When leaving Millikan's place they compelled his son, Benjamin (5th Great-Granduncle), to



Above: Depiction of British soldiers on their way to burn a patriot's home. Tories burned the home of William Millikan (6th Great-Grandfather), a Quaker, in 1782. They would have killed him if they had been able to find him.

go along and pilot them to the house of Colonel John Collier. There is a tradition that Colonel Fanning took Benjamin Millikan and another young man out to hang them and that while they were stringing the other up to the branch of a tree, Benjamin managed to escape. There are men now living (1903) who remember seeing the stump of the tree on which the young man was hung" (*Millikans in Randolph County, North Carolina*, page 641; also see pages 631-650, published 1903). (Bratton Family, pages 5-8; MFH, pages 913-915)

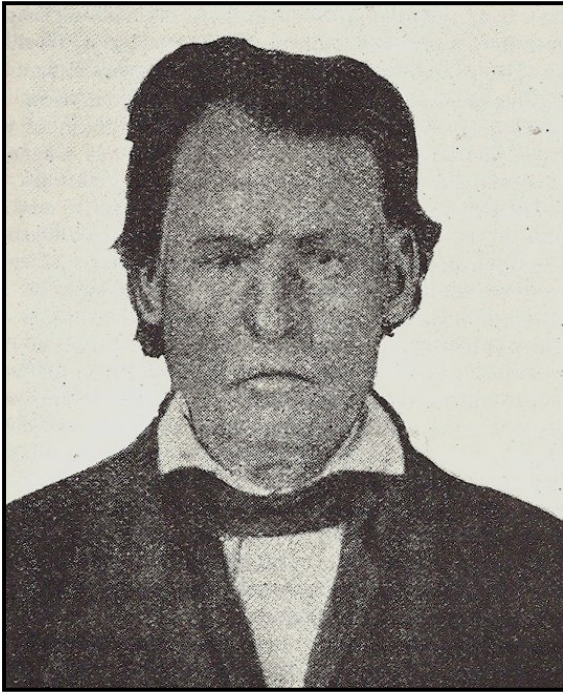
Fought in Battle of New Orleans

Alford/Alfred Gamon (1795-1841; son of Elizabeth Beeson, daughter of Edward Beeson, 6th Great-Granduncle) was in James MacMahon's Company, Tennessee Militia at the Battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815. Previous to that battle he fought in the Battle of Horse Shoe Bend on March 27, 1814, which crushed the Creek Indians and opened a large territory to white settlers in Alabama.

After the war, he married and moved to a farm near Scottsboro, Alabama, where he taught school, farmed, and was a Justice of the Peace. (Beeson Family, pages 308-310)

Elihu Millikan (1785-1864; son of William Millikan, 5th Great-Granduncle) fought under Andrew Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans. His father was a Quaker and his mother a Baptist. He was ordained by Bethel South, now the First Church of Morristown, on September 18, 1825. "His first work was as co-pastor of Bethel South. Later he moved his membership to Buffalo Creek in Grainger County, Tennessee, and served as pastor for about 25 years, resigning in 1859 on account of the infirmities of age. William Haynes,

who knew Elder Millikan for years said, 'Brother Millikan was a strong doctrinal preacher and was successful in revivals. Everybody had confidence in him. He had a good influence



Left: Rev. Elihu Millikan (1785-1864; son of William Millikan, 5th Great-Granduncle). Elihu Millikan served as a captain of militia under Col. William Johnson in the War of 1812 for six months. In 1815 he fought in the Battle of New Orleans. Elihu was a Baptist preacher and minister of the First Baptist Church of Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1843. Above: Stamp issued on January 8, 2015, commemorating the bi-centennial of the Battle of New Orleans. Alfred/Alford Gamon Beeson (1795-1841; son of Elizabeth Beeson, daughter of Edward Beeson, 6th Great-Granduncle) and John Nisbett (5th Great-Granduncle) also fought in the Battle of New Orleans. John was a veteran of the Revolutionary War and knew Andrew Jackson's (1767-1845) family well.

in the community and few preachers, if any, built up the Baptist cause more than he.' At various times Elihu was pastor of Buffalo Creek, Mossy Creek, Mouth of Richland, Head of Richland, Shady Grove, Blackwell's Branch, Indian Ridge, Powder Spring, Little Flat Creek, New Market, Bent Creek and Lick Creek."

"Speaking of Elder Millikan's voice, Uncle Sammy West of Buffalo Church said that he heard the sound of the preacher's voice one night from the church to his home, a distance of two miles."

Elder Millikan was affluent. In 1860 his real estate was valued at \$4,000 and his personal property at \$5,450. He owned a good farm and Negroes. One of his slaves, Uncle Jerry, had been "waiting boy" to Elihu, saddling his horse and "such like turns." A staunch Baptist, he said about his former master, "He fed and clothed us well, and had reasons about him." (Bratton Family, pages 19-22; MFH, pages 927-929)

John Nisbett (5th Great-Granduncle; 1759-1829) was fifty-six years old when he served as a Major with Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans. (Nisbett Family, pages 40-41; MFH, pages 1652-1653)

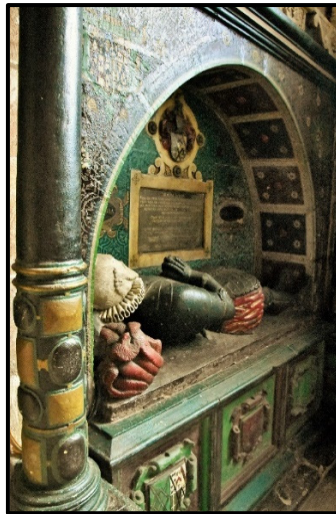
Died in Battle of Gettysburg

Richard M. Beeson (1842-1863; son of Edward Franklin Beeson, son of Richard Dunn

Beeson, son of Edward Beeson, 6th Great-Granduncle) died at the Peach Tree Orchard in the Battle of Gettysburg on July 2, 1863. He was a private in Co. K, 13th Mississippi Infantry (his brother, John P. Beeson, served in the same company). (Beeson, page 311; MFH, page 749)

Fought the Spanish Armada and Won

Sir George Beeston (possible distant Great-Grandfather;



died 1601) was one of the chief commanders in the battle with the Spanish Armada in 1588 and was knighted at sea. He has a magnificent tomb in Bunbury, England. (Beeson Family, pages, 353-358; MFH, pages 791-796)

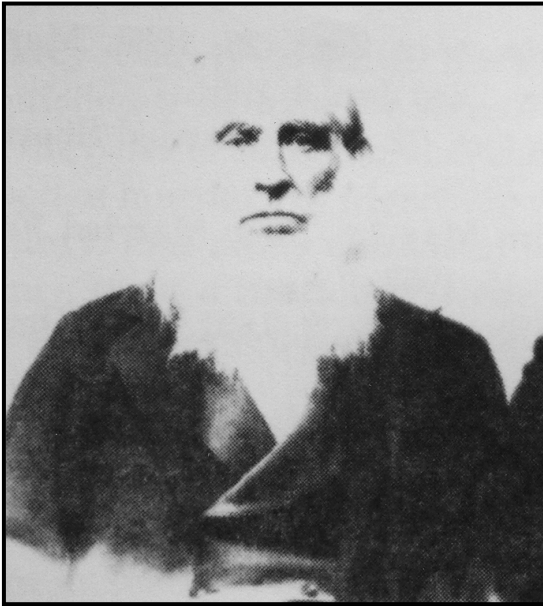
Among First Settlers of Searcy County, Arkansas

Benjamin "Cuff" Bratton (3rd Great-Grandfather; 1814-1905) married **Laura Lucinda Wil-**

Above: Monument near place in Gettysburg, where Pvt. Richard M. Beeson (1842-1863; son of Edward Franklin Beeson, son of Richard Dunn Beeson, son of Edward Beeson, 6th Great-Granduncle) died on July 2, 1863. Top and right: Tomb of Sir George Beeston (possible distant Great-Grandfather; died 1601) in St. Boniface, Bunbury, England; 2016. He was one of the chief commanders in the battle with the Spanish Armada in 1588 and was knighted at sea. He was a great-nephew of Sir Hugh Calveley (died 1394; possible distant Great-Granduncle), who also has an effigy (above) in St. Boniface's Church. He was over seven feet tall, which is confirmed by his effigy.

liams (3rd Great-Grandmother; 1817-1893) in 1837, in Hardin County, Tennessee, and

moved to Arkansas in 1839. In 1841 he purchased 160 acres on Round Mountain in Wileys Cove in Searcy County, Arkansas, and they lived there for the rest of their lives.



A local reporter interviewed Benjamin "Cuff" Bratton about 1903 and printed the following story: "FROM AN OLD SETTLER. In discussing zinc affairs the other day, says the *Maryhattiana Herald*, **Ben Bratton, Sr.**, the grandfather of Deputy Prosecuting Attorney, U. S. Bratton (Great-Granduncle, who defended the Blacks in 1915), of Little Rock, down at the Jack Pot, on Buffalo River, recounted the past, and said: 'There is the very spot where I camped, sixty-two years ago last Christmas time. All up and down Buffalo River at that time was a cane brake, filled with deer, bear and almost every 'varmint' you could name. It was a glorious Christmas time though, and my then little family was very happy. We

Above: Benjamin "Cuff" Bratton (3rd Great-Grandfather; 1814-1905) was one of the first settlers of Searcy County, Arkansas. Right: Leslie Train Depot. It was near this station that Benjamin Bratton, Sr. lost his life in a tragic accident in November 1905. He had just exited the evening train and was walking down the railroad tracks when the engineer started moving the engine. He blew his whistle, thinking that Benjamin would leave the tracks, but being hard of hearing, he didn't turn around and before the engineer could stop the train he had run over Benjamin. It was recorded that afterward the engineer wept and wept.



were from Tennessee and of old-line Whig stock. O, yes, I am tolerable pert for a youngster, almost ninety years old and propose to banter by sixty-year-old son, Ben Jr. (2nd Great-Grandfather), for a foot race one of these days. Ben is a good boy, but he gets old too fast for me. That red bluff you want to know about, eh? Well, while I was camping in the bottoms opposite it sixty-two years ago I named it 'United States Land Office,' because it was the biggest and prettiest thing about here. Yes, I am glad to know that it is a zinc field all about here and it seems probable that I may see great zinc works here before I die. Educated and learned men tell me that it is an immensely rich county. I hope so."

Account of the early days by **James Bratton** (2nd Great-Granduncle; 1838-1920): "To the *Mountain Wave* I send you a little history of my residence in Searcy County. I was born in Hardin County, Tennessee, October 3, 1838. My father, with others, moved from Tennes-

see the same year to Searcy County and settled at the mouth of Spring Creek on Buffalo River, and made one crop. While living there I had forty shakes of the ague and didn't miss



Above: Round Mountain in Wileys Cove, Searcy County, Arkansas, in October 2000. Benjamin Bratton, Sr. (3rd Great-Grandfather) lived most of his adult life on Round Mountain and is buried at the top of the mountain. His home was located in the middle of this photograph, about two-thirds the way up the side of the mountain. Right: Benjamin Bratton's gravestone.



a day and was rocked in a turtle shell for a cradle. My father had a pet bear and it would throw me down and suck my ear. My father left there and moved on the Cowen's Barren's close to Yellville, Marion County, Arkansas, and stayed there two years. He then moved down to the forks of Big Creek and Long Creek in Searcy County, but lived there only two or three months, when he moved to Wileys Cove and settled a place near the old homestead, then bought the old home place, where I was raised."

"I wasn't as lucky as Uncle Vol Williams was, killing six deer in three shots. But when I was a boy, I killed nine wild turkeys in one day with an old long rifle gun, and when I was going on 21 years of age, I killed fifty squirrels in one day. When I was first married in 1859, I moved to the place that I am now living on, and have never been off the place, only when in the army. Just after the war I killed many deer and bear. The first bear I ever killed was in a cave located up what we called Happy Hollow. The cave is in Peter Adam's field. After this, in the hills of Buffalo, I killed several bears by going into caves after them and running them with dogs. I helped to kill and catch seventeen bears one winter. My brother, John Bratton, and I killed a bear on Big Creek by setting a pistol and wounding it, and John finished it with an axe. I was in one panther killing. I have fired as many as nine shots at a bear in a cave. I have had them and the dogs fight all around me, and no further than eight or ten steps away. But I did kill one dog by trying to save him. I have saved some dogs by just putting a pistol against the bear's head and firing it."

"I am going on 77 years of age and can still see how to shoot a rifle and find bees in the timber. Leslie, Arkansas, May 18, 1915, JAMES BRATTON, SR." (*Searcy County Ancestor Information Exchange*, Volume 3, Number 4, page 4). (Bratton Family, pages 39-43, 49-52; MFH, pages 947-951, 957-959)

Run Over by a Train

It wasn't long after the above interview was taken with **Benjamin "Cuff" Bratton** (3rd



Above: Photograph taken in Searcy County, Arkansas, in the early 1900s. Such a train as this ran over Benjamin Bratton, Sr. in 1905. Left: Francis Marion Bratton (2nd Great-Granduncle; 1843-1938) joined the Arkansas Peace Society, a group of men who were for the Union and refused to fight for the South. They were arrested and marched from Northern Arkansas to Little Rock where they were forced to enlist in the Confederate Army. His brothers, James and John Bratton, were also forced to enlist. They deserted after the Battle of Prairie Grove on December 7, 1862, and went home, worked in the Confederate Salt Peter works in Searcy County, Arkansas, for about a year and then joined the Arkansas 3rd Cavalry in the Union Army on December 17, 1863.

Great-Grandfather; 1814-1905) that a sad event took place. “TRAGIC DEATH OF BENJAMIN BRATTON, SENIOR. About 7 o'clock Monday evening, the town (Leslie) was horrified at the news that ‘Uncle Ben’ Bratton had been run over and ground to death by the train. A number of citizens ran streaming headlong toward the depot, where the mangled form of the venerable old man lay writhing in anguish and pain; he was found lying about one hundred yards from the depot, just opposite the water tank, where the terrible accident occurred. Mr. Bratton had been a passenger from Marshall on the evening train, which, for some cause was late.”

“Benjamin Bratton, Sr. was ninety years of age, according to the best authority, and was one of the pioneer settlers of North Arkansas, settling in this county in the late 30s. Notwithstanding his age, he could get about with considerable ease and was possessed of remarkable vitality. Just a short time ago, he walked from Leslie to Marshall, a distance of 9 miles, canvassing for a book concern, and was engaged in that work when he met his untimely end. His life had been a busy one, and he always wanted to be doing something. In his death Searcy County loses one of her grandest old citizens, and one who did a noble and self-sacrificing work in helping to carve out of the wilderness a garden spot for future generations. (*Mountain Wave*) (Bratton Family, pages 46-47, 152-155; MFH, pages 954-955, 1060-1063)

Member of the “Chained Gang”

Francis Marion Bratton (2nd Great-Granduncle; 1843-1938) was one of the “Chained

Gang” [members of the Arkansas Peace Society—it also had other names]. He and another eighty-six men from Searcy County, Arkansas, refused to fight for the South during the Civil War. Consequently, everyone in the group was arrested, chained together, and marched to Little Rock.

“The march was a tiresome one [it took six days] and many strong men wept like children. When at last they reached Little Rock they were marched to the State House and given a lecture by Governor Rector. He accused them of jayhawking and robbing, called them traitors and that was death by the law. He said if they would volunteer and go into the Confederate Army they could do so, but if they stayed there in jail and waited a trial he was sure they would be hanged. The prisoners were helpless and volunteered. Their chains were removed and a captain and three lieutenants were appointed over them before they left the hall.”

The “volunteers” left four days later for Memphis. From there they were ordered to a place twenty-five miles north of Bowling Green, Kentucky, where they had been “insufficiently fed and clothed, but were well armed.” They were thenceforth placed in active service and were reluctant participants in the major Battle of Prairie Grove (Arkansas) on December 7, 1862. (*Searcy County, My Dear*, pages 49-53.)



Above: Sergeant James Bratton (2nd Great-Grand-uncle; 1838-1920) in his Union uniform in 1864 or 1865. James served in the 3rd Arkansas Cavalry. This is the only known photograph of a Bratton in uniform.

Francis escaped from the Confederate Army and later joined the 3rd Arkansas Cavalry, Volunteer Union Regiment with two of his brothers on December 17, 1863. His youngest brother, Benjamin Bratton (2nd Great-Grandfather), joined the 3rd Arkansas Cavalry on August 25, 1864 (see the following). (Bratton Family, pages 55-56; MFH, pages 963-964)

(Note: In spite of the state having the third smallest white population in the South, more white Arkansans enlisted in the Union Army than in any other seceded state, except Tennessee.)

Four Arkansas Brothers for the Union

James, John, and Francis Bratton joined the Federal Army on December 17, 1863, serving in Company I, 3rd Arkansas Cavalry (Union). James served as a sergeant, John as a corporal

and Francis as a private. Later their younger brother, **Benjamin Bratton, Jr.** (2nd Great-Grandfather), joined the company on August 25, 1864. All four of the brothers were



mustered out with the regiment on June 30, 1865. James wrote, “[We] worked in a saltpeter works on Buffalo and Big Creek, until in December 1863, when Captain Napier (commander of Company I), out recruiting for the Union Army, came into the cave, and I and John and France went out with him and stayed with the Federal Army until we were discharged. There was four of us in the Federal Army and we went through and neither of us got a scratch, or hurt, and we are still living. I and John’s family moved to Lewisburg, where we were stationed. France and Ben were single men and when the war was over and we were discharged, we came home in the summer of 1865. Our houses were all burned and fences down” (*Searcy County Ancestor Information Exchange*, Volume 5, Number 5, page 45).

The Third Arkansas Cavalry was put on duty almost immediately after its organization because of the need to put down Confederate guerrillas. This meant that there was little time for training and the Third “always had a rough appearance, more like guerrillas than regular troops.” They were eventually stationed at Lewisburg, now gone, but near the present town of Morrilton. This place became a haven for the families of the soldiers, who



Left, left to right: Francis Marion Bratton (1843-1938), John V. Bratton (1841-1923), and James Bratton (1838-1920) (2nd Great-Granduncles). During the Civil War, all three were conscripted into Company F, 32nd Arkansas Infantry (Confederate), but later joined Company I, 3rd Arkansas Cavalry, in the Union Army until the end of the conflict. Their younger brother, Benjamin Bratton Jr. (2nd Great-Grandfather; 1847-1936; not pictured—gravestone above), served with them in the same Union company from 1864 until 1865. Not one of them was hurt or “got a scratch,” although they were in many skirmishes.

came out of the hills as refugees, and the regimental quartermaster was hard put to find



Above: Benjamin Bratton, Jr. (1847-1936) with his wife, Mary Fredonia Redman Bratton (1846-1886) (2nd Great-Grandparents), and their daughter, Sarah "Sallie" Bratton (1875-1957), about 1877. Benjamin served with his older brothers in the 3rd Arkansas Cavalry in the Union Army during the Civil War.

food for the soldiers, because he spent so much on their families. A report made to the

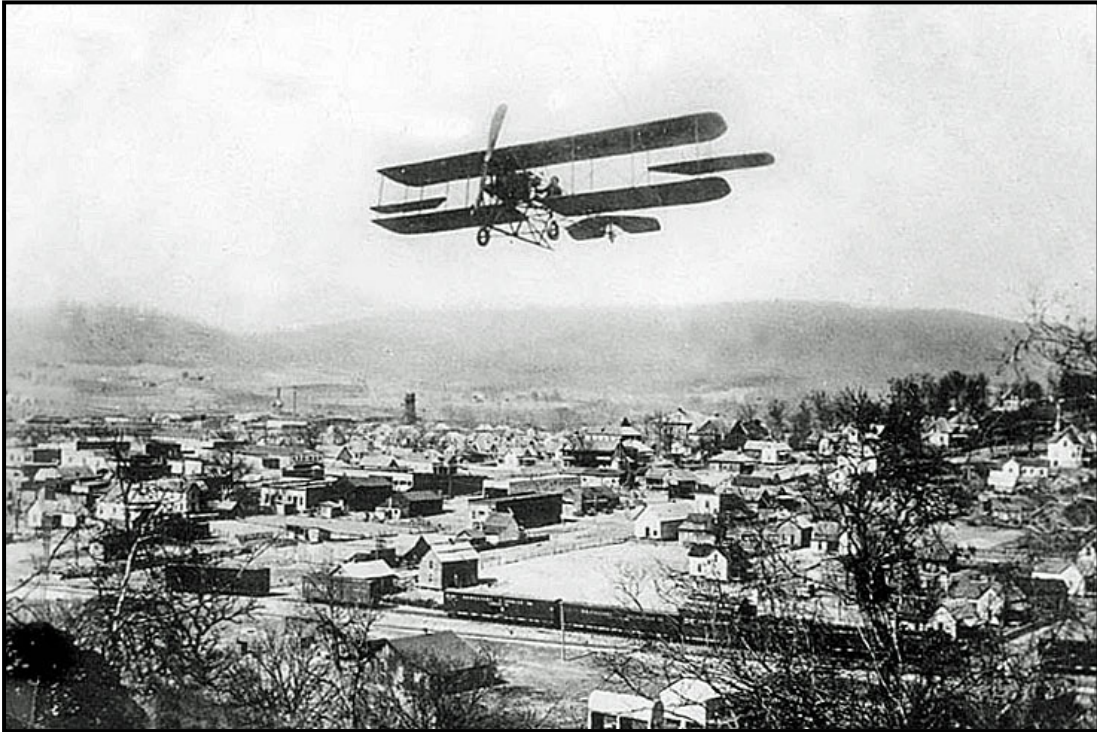
Adjutant General of the State of Arkansas on February 4, 1865, by First Lieutenant Frank Pease of Company H explained the duties and accomplishments of the 3rd up to that date.

“On the organization of the regiment, two battalions were sent up the Arkansas River to hold a large scope of territory infested by numerous guerilla bands, who were robbing and murdering Union families in the most barbarous manner that human depravity could invent. Territory held by these marauders was soon wrested from their hands by the 3rd cavalry, and comparative quiet restored. One battalion remained in camp at Little Rock until an expedition was sent out to the Ouachita River under General Steele; that battalion accompanied the expedition and participated in all the engagements of the entire campaign.”

“The regiment, since its organization, has been engaged in clearing the country of the numerous predatory bands which have cursed this district with their infamous operations since the inception of the rebellion, and by it a large number of them have been killed and wounded. Being an extreme outpost to Little Rock, the regiment has necessarily performed a large amount of labor, sometimes subsisting on half or quarter rations. The extent of territory protected and occupied was large, and, at the same time, to avoid being cut off from our base of supplies by greatly superior forces, we were taught vigilance and the imperative necessity of giving the enemy a wholesome dread of the regiment.” (*Searcy County Ancestor Information Exchange*, Volume 5, Number 5, pages 45-46).

“The 3rd Regiment Arkansas Volunteer Cavalry was involved in the following Operations: Operations in northwest Arkansas January 16-February 15, 1864. Expedition from Batesville to near Searcy Landing, Arkansas, January 30-February 3, 1864 (detachment). Dardanelle, Arkansas, March 15-17, 1864. Steele's Camden Expedition, March 23-May 3, 1864. Skirmishes on Benton Road, Arkansas, March 23-24, 1864. Skirmishes at Rockport and Dover, Arkansas, March 25, 1864. Skirmish at Quitman, Arkansas, March 26, 1864. Skirmish at Arkadelphia, Arkansas, March 29, 1864. Skirmish near Camden, Arkansas, March 30, 1864. Action at Spoonville and Terre Noir Creek, Arkansas, April 2, 1864. Skirmish at Okolona, Arkansas, April 2-3, 1863. Engagement at Elkin's Ferry on Little Missouri River, Arkansas, April 3-4, 1864. Battle of Prairie D'Ane, Arkansas, April 9-12, 1864. Camden, Arkansas, April 15-18, 1864. Battle of Mark's Mills, Arkansas, April 25, 1864. Battle of Jenkins' Ferry on Saline River, Arkansas, April 30, 1864. Operations against Shelby north of Arkansas River May 13-31, 1864. Skirmish at Cypress Creek, Arkansas, May 13, 1864. Skirmish at Princeton, Arkansas, May 27, 1864. Stationed at Lewisburg, Arkansas, until September 1864. Skirmish at Lewisburg, Arkansas, June 10, 1864. Scout from Lewisburg, Arkansas, June 20-23, 1864. Operations against guerrillas in Arkansas, July 1-31, 1864. Skirmish in Searcy County, Arkansas, July 4, 1864. Skirmish at Petit Jean on Arkansas River, Arkansas, July 10, 1864. Skirmish near Pine Bluff, Arkansas, July 22, 1864 (detachment). Scout in Yell County, Arkansas, July 25-August 11, 1864 (detachment). Operations in central Arkansas and skirmishes, August 9-15, 1864. Skirmish near Dardanelle, Arkansas, August 30, 1864. (The youngest brother, Benjamin Bratton, 2nd Great-Grandfather joined the 3rd Arkansas Cavalry on August 25, 1864.) Skirmish near Beattie's Mill, Arkansas, September 1, 1864. Skirmish near Quitman, Arkansas, September 2, 1864. Operations about Lewisburg, Arkansas, September 6-8,

1864. Skirmish at Norristown, Arkansas, September 6, 1864. Skirmishes at Point Remove, Arkansas, September 7-8, 1864. Skirmish near Glass Village, Arkansas, September 8, 1864. Ordered to Little Rock, Arkansas, September 10, 1864, and duty there until February,



Above: Great photograph of a biplane flying over Leslie, Arkansas, in 1912. Leslie was a prosperous Searcy County town, boasting a population of over 5,000 in the early 1900s. Today, fewer than 500 people live there.

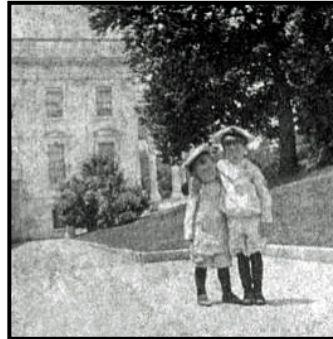
1865. Expedition from Little Rock to Fort Smith, Arkansas, September 25-October 13, 1864 (detachment). Affair at Clarksville, Arkansas, September 28, 1864. Skirmish at White Oak Creek, Arkansas, September 29, 1864. Skirmish at Clarksville, Arkansas, October 9, 1864. Reconnaissance from Little Rock toward Monticello and Mt. Elba, Arkansas, October 4-11, 1864. Expedition to Fort Smith, Arkansas, November 5-23, 1864. Skirmish in Perry County, Arkansas, December 3, 1864. Operations in Arkansas, January 1-27, 1865. Skirmish at Dardanelle, Arkansas, January 14, 1865. Skirmish at Ivey's Ford, Arkansas, January 17, 1865. Skirmish at Boggs' Mills, Arkansas, January 24, 1865. Duty at Lewisburg, Arkansas, and operations against guerrillas in that vicinity until August 1865. Skirmish near Lewisburg, Arkansas, February 12, 1865. Scout from Lewisburg, Arkansas, into Yell and Searcy counties March 12-23, 1865." At the end of the war the regiment was mustered out, and the four brothers were honorably discharged on June 30, 1865. (*A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion*, pages 998-999, by Frederick Dyer.) (Bratton Family, pages 49-54; MFH, pages 959-964)

Biplane over Leslie, Arkansas

In 1912 a biplane flew over Leslie, Arkansas, home to many Brattons. It was just nine years after the first manned flight by the Wright brothers on December 17, 1903. It was a major event for the entire community of some 5,000 people. (Bratton Family, page 122; MFH, page 1030)

Defended Blacks When No One Else Would

Ulysses S. Bratton (Great-Granduncle; 1868-1947) “was a prominent Arkansas attorney



in the first part of the twentieth century. His advocacy on behalf of the state's African-American population made him enemies in the white community, and in

Left: Ulysses S. Bratton (Great-Granduncle; 1868-1947) when he was about twenty-five years old. Above: Ulysses Bratton when he was about five years old with his younger sister, Paradine Bratton (Great-Grandaunt), at the White House in Washington D.C. in 1873. Ulysses accompanied his parents, Benjamin Bratton, Jr. and Mary Redman, to Washington D.C., but whether it was for business or pleasure is not known. Benjamin possibly went there to attend a Civil War Veterans meeting.

the early 1920s he left Arkansas and resettled in Detroit, Michigan, where he established a successful law practice.”

“Ulysses Simpson Bratton was born on July 28, 1868, in Leslie (Searcy County) to Benjamin Bratton and Mary Redman Bratton. (He was probably named for General Ulysses S. Grant, as his father served with Union forces in the Third Arkansas Cavalry during the Civil War.) According to Fay Hempstead's *Historical Review of Arkansas*, Bratton studied at Searcy County's public schools and at the Rally Hill Academy in Boone County. He was admitted to the bar in 1892 and practiced in Marshall (Searcy County). He later continued his study of the law, graduating from what is now the University of Arkansas School of Law in 1897. A member of the law firm of Bratton, Frazier and Bratton, he was admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court by 1910.”

“On July 28, 1887, he married Martha T. Bryant. The couple eventually had six children, two of whom died in infancy.”

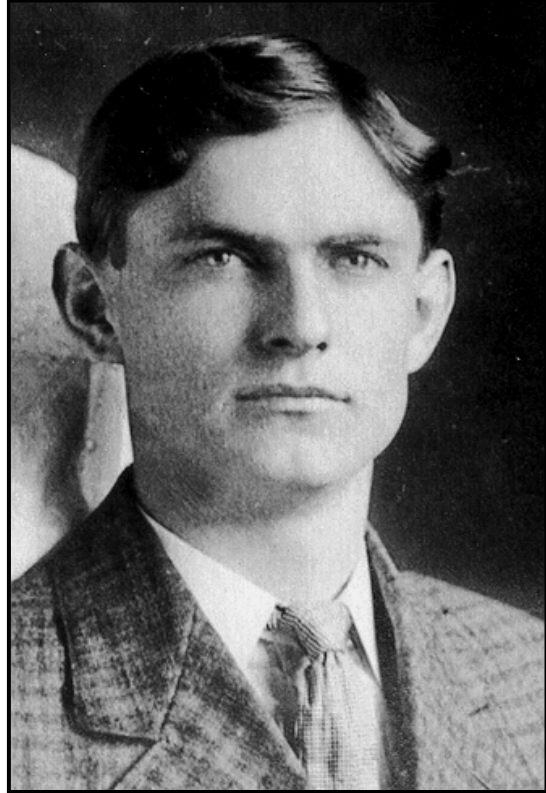
“Bratton quickly became involved in the community and the Republican Party. In 1893, he was elected county judge for Searcy County, and then in 1894 and 1896 he was elected to represent Searcy County in the Arkansas General Assembly. In 1897, he was appointed by President William McKinley to the position of assistant United States district attorney at Little Rock (Pulaski County), a job he held until 1907. In this position, he often sued Delta planters for violating federal laws against peonage, or debt slavery. In 1898 and 1899, he was active in the Marshall Mining Company with his father and other men in his

family. The company was successful in zinc mining east of Marshall, taking the ore to Rush (Marion County) and Buffalo City (Baxter County).”

“In 1900, he was the unsuccessful Republican candidate for the U.S. House of Representatives from Arkansas’s Fifth District, and in the early part of the 1900s he was president of the Arkansas State League of Republican Clubs. Bratton was an influential supporter of William Howard



Right: Grover Bratton (Great-Granduncle; 1884-1914). Grover was also a lawyer and worked for a few years with his older brother, Ulysses Bratton, in Little Rock, Arkansas. Above: Monument of Grover Bratton in Sulphur Springs Cemetery, Leslie, Searcy County, Arkansas. He helped a man that had Tuberculosis and caught it himself. He was treated in Little Rock, but died at the age of twenty-nine, leaving behind a wife and three young children. The inscription reads: “GROVER BRATTON, OCT. 12, 1884 / SEPT. 7, 1914.”

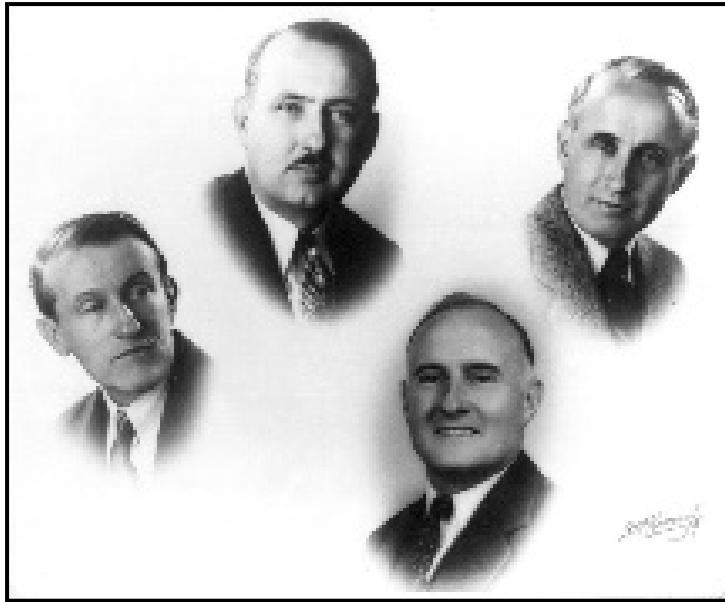


Taft in Arkansas in 1908 and was a delegate to the 1908 convention that nominated Taft for president. Taft appointed him postmaster at Little Rock in 1910. The appointment was for a four-year term ending in February 1914, but Bratton, a sometimes-controversial figure in the state’s political circles, resigned in late September 1913, tired of assorted political attacks, including charges that he had given preference to African Americans for post office jobs.”

“Returning to private practice with the firm Bratton, Frazier and Bratton, the man who had once successfully prosecuted white farmers under federal peonage laws became involved with the effort of the state’s African American sharecroppers to unionize. Bratton had long spoken out against the exploitation of the sharecroppers and felt that unionization would help the situation. In fact, shortly before the Elaine Massacre, he and his son had been hired by the Progressive Farmers and Household Union of America to sue landlords for the members’ share of the 1919 cotton crop. Bratton’s son Ocier was meeting with the sharecroppers when the violence broke out, and he was in one of the first groups that local authorities detained and questioned.”

“In the aftermath of the Elaine Massacre, Bratton played an important role in the effort to achieve justice for those falsely accused of murder. The interview he gave to National

Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) staffer Walter White helped shape the narrative about the events in Elaine that the NAACP and black news-



Above: Four sons of Ulysses S. Bratton. Left to right: Ocier, Bryant, Guy and Uly Bratton. Part of an interview of Uly Bratton made by James D. Johnson in 1978 is presented in this history. He was intelligent and had a down-to-earth personality. Top right: Little Rock, Arkansas, homes of Ulysses Bratton (Great-Granduncle) at 1123 West 23rd Street, 1899-1916 (top), and at 2700 Chester, 1916-1921 (middle). Right: Southern Trust Building in downtown Little Rock. Ulysses' law office was on the top, tenth floor. Ulysses was a successful Arkansas attorney until he was forced to leave the state in 1921/1922.

papers were presenting. Bratton was able to share with White his previous work, making it clear that the black sharecroppers were victims of a peonage system. Bratton also was actively involved with the NAACP's legal effort, and when the case arrived at the U.S. Supreme Court, Bratton split duties with NAACP President Moorfield Storey in arguing the case before the Court."

"However, while he could take great pride in the Court's ruling in *Moore v. Dempsey*, neither the higher profile he gained from his work on the case, nor his continuing support of the black sharecroppers endeared him to the white elite of Arkansas. In fact, he and his family became targets for abuse; they soon relocated to Detroit, as his major remaining client, a labor union, was located there."

"Bratton and his family kept a low political profile after the move. After World War II, Bratton and his son Guy were partners in the founding of one of the large Detroit banks, City Bank, which was located in the Penobscot Building. According to one of Bratton's grandchildren, he also helped build a local school. He continued to practice law, serving as the senior partner in the firm Bratton and Bratton. After a lengthy illness, Bratton died in

Detroit on December 11, 1947.” (*Encyclopedia of Arkansas*, by William H. Pruden III; article updated on December 14, 2020)



Above: Family of Ulysses Bratton, Great-Granduncle, in 1913; taken in Little Rock, Arkansas. Left to right: Ulysses, Sr., Uly (Ulysses, Jr.), Nora (not related), Ocier, Guy, Terry (not related), Bryant and Ulysses' wife, Mattie Bryant. Right: Ulysses and Mattie in front of their home in Detroit, Michigan. Ulysses lived in Detroit from the early 1920s until his death in 1947.



In 1978 Arkansas historian, James D. Johnston, taped an interview he had with Ulysses S. Bratton, Jr. of Royal Oak, Michigan, over the telephone. Thea Bratton Crosier typed the interview in 1995. Mr. Johnston: “Well, what about the Elaine trouble? How did your father get involved in that?”

Ulysses: “Well, I guess I’d have to go a little back beyond that. He was the Assistant Attorney General there and he prosecuted some planters for ‘peonage’ and convicted them. And I guess there wasn’t much love between the planters and the Bratton attorneys. The heck with that. But he had a reputation arising out of that and defending the colored people and he was about the only white attorney in Little Rock that would do that. Some of the sharecroppers came to the office in Little Rock and said they were being ‘short changed’

or cheated by the scales the planters were keeping. My oldest brother was a stenographer and my dad asked him to go over there to a church near Elaine, I guess it was, I've forgotten just where, somewhere out in the country, and take notes and testimony from them and see what witnesses they could produce. And so my brother went over there, I'm not sure where he got off the train, and was going through the country where the little church was, and apparently the night before, in anticipation of his arrival there was a meeting of the colored sharecroppers in the church. The planters got word of it and they sent some fellas over to shoot out the windows and the lights. And apparently one of the colored boys that was there had a shotgun and he shot back and that started the Elaine Riot."

"So the next morning, my brother arrived on the train and was going out there and the white mob picked him up and had ropes and said they were going to hang him. He didn't know what was going on of course, and the sheriff's posse finally came out and rescued him, and they took him to jail and held him there for four or five months without any charge. Cause there was nothing to charge him with. The guard was called out, and they killed scores of colored boys out in the woods. I had lunch in Little Rock one day, about that time, and I sat next to one of the guardsmen and he said they were 'shooting them down like rabbits.' He didn't know who I was of course. But it meant a lot to me, because I knew who was involved. And my older brother Guy, he went over to see my brother in jail and, I guess as he was leaving, he was told by the sheriff or bailiff that he better not go through Mississippi, because they had word that they were laying for him on the road over there and they were going to 'take care of him' once he was on his way back. But they put him on the train, and he got safely back to Little Rock. And eventually they let my oldest brother out of jail and sent him back to Little Rock with no charges at all. They said they kept him in jail for protection. There was a mob outside the jail every night. And the rest of the story is pretty short."

"About twelve of the older colored men in the area (sharecroppers) were arrested and convicted and sentenced to death. And they asked the Supreme Court to affirm the decision, and a fella named White who was a colored head of the NAACP came to Little Rock and asked my dad if he would appeal the case with the Supreme Court of the United States. I went with my dad to the penitentiary. I had taken shorthand in high school, and I took notes from the colored men at the penitentiary. My dad went to Washington and reversed the Arkansas Supreme Court decision and that's the end of the story. We were so ostracized because of all that, we moved. We left Arkansas and came to Michigan."

Mr. Johnston: "There was no thought of going back to Searcy County?"

Ulysses: "Nope, that was all up."

Mr. Johnston: "Did you get to Searcy County any as a boy?"

Ulysses: "On yes, many times—every summer—I loved to go up there. Oh, I forget what the name of that valley was—Wileys Cove, I think. My other Grandfather Bratton (Benjamin Bratton, Jr., 2nd Great-Grandfather) had an Alberta orchard up in Elva, Arkansas. But he had another orchard on top of the mountain there that my younger brother

and I used to go up there and climb up the trees to help him pick—and we'd eat more than we'd pick! We had a lot of fun. As a boy I went fishing back in the mountains; went back to the Buffalo River out of Marshall there and fished all day. We had a Model T Ford and as we started home the axle broke before we could start up the mountain. We walked twenty miles to Marshall, and we fell into bed at one of our ancestors' homes—and I don't think we woke up for two or three days. We were so dogged tired. Fond memories. They can't take those away."

Mr. Johnston: "Searcy County had a reputation for voting against the 'separate poach law' and school segregation and 'that sort of thing.'

Ulysses: "Well, my dad was a man of top courage. No one could frighten him. If he thought something was right, he would stand up for it, no matter what the cost. We were not one way or the other. We felt that all people, regardless of the color of their skin, were human beings and should be treated fairly. And because of this, naturally, my father was willing to accept their cases and defend them. I was in the office one day with my dad and one poor old colored guy came in with a big old gash in his head and said the overseer had clubbed him and he wanted my dad to take the case. And subsequently somebody representing the planter came in and tried to 'buy my dad off.' And of course, you know how far he got with that. I was in the office when this happened, and it didn't make me feel too good. Nobody ever bought my dad off; that's the truth."

Mr. Johnston: "Did your father talk much about his early days in Searcy County?"

Ulysses: "No, not a lot, except he said he was a 'teetotaler' and he used to tell about some of the boys who liked the booze and used to try to force him to swallow it. They'd try to get a hold of him and force it down his throat, but he wouldn't take it; he'd spit it out. He was a 'teetotaler' all of his life."

Mr. Johnston: "Where did your father get his law training?" Ulysses: "A baby on each knee and a Blackstone in the middle." Mr. Johnston: "What was that now?"

Ulysses: "It's true, a Blackstone, you know, that's the law. He had two of his children, one on each knee and reading Blackstone, and that's the way he got his legal training. And I never met a lawyer who was a better research man than my father. He was excellent, and a good trial lawyer. When he got to Detroit, his fame, as you might call it, from representing the colored was apparently coming through the underground and most of the traffic that got to him was the colored boys. I used to go over to court with him sometimes, and once in a-while when I would be talking to the judge about something else, he would say that when my dad came into Court, it was like a 'breath of fresh air.' The judges all highly respected him."

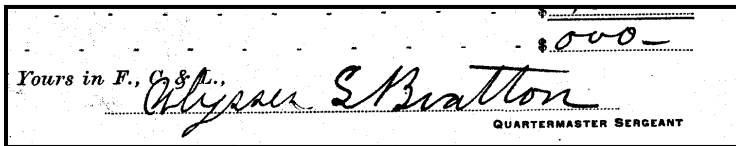
(Ulysses recalled that while visiting his grandparents in Searcy County, Arkansas, he and his brother rode from Leslie up to Marshall.)

Ulysses: "While we were going up one of my 'wicked uncles' (said affectionately) came riding up and slapped my brother's horse in the rear to make him mad and it started going

fast and we weren't much used to it. Oh, my cousins, they used to love to have fun with us kids from the 'big city.' I remember going up in a wagon once, up to Elva and going



through there and sleeping overnight out in the woods. And that scared the day-lights out of us when we were kids. That was a very rough road of course, going up the back way. But I remember seeing a hawk grab a snake and flying off with it—with the snake in its claws. I remember seeing that as a boy.”



Top: Gravestone of Ulysses S. Bratton (Great-Granduncle) in White Chapel Cemetery in Troy, Michigan; 2006. Above: Signature of Ulysses S. Bratton. Below: The twelve innocent men that Ulysses saved from hanging.

One Searcy County man noted that the first automobile that he ever saw was the one that Ulysses S. Bratton drove up from Little Rock, Arkansas.

1897. He lived at 1123 West 23rd Street from 1899 until 1916, when he moved to 2700 Chester Street. He lived on Chester Street until 1922, when he moved to Detroit, Michigan, to get away from the persecution he personally received for successfully defending the Blacks from Elaine. Things had gotten so bad that Ulysses and his son, Guy Bratton, had non-published addresses in the 1920 Little Rock City Directory.

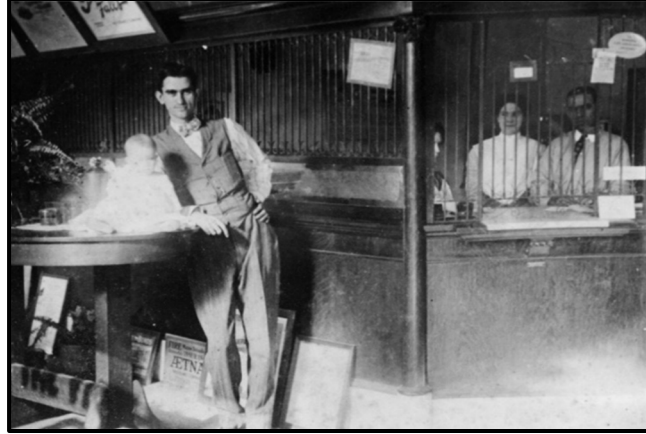
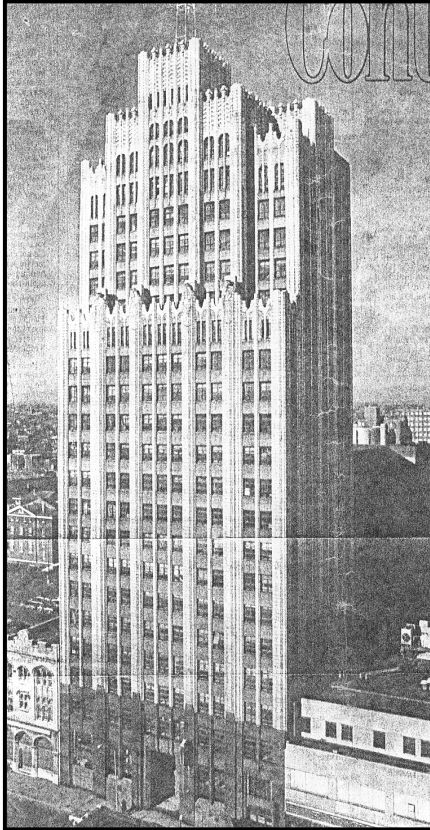


Ulysses Bratton moved to Little Rock, Arkansas, about

His business name and location changed throughout the years. In 1900/1901 he was Assistant U. S. District Attorney at 101 Arkansas Building. From 1902/1903 until 1904 he worked under “Myers & Bratton.” He moved to a new building in 1905 when he became U.S. District Attorney at 2 Fulk Building. In 1908 he was practicing law under “Bratton & Bratton” with his younger brother, Grover Bratton (1884-1914; Great-Granduncle), at 1017-1018 Southern Trust Building. They worked together until 1911, when Grover went back to Searcy County, Arkansas. That year Ulysses formed a new partnership with Garner Frazier under “Bratton & Frazier.” In 1913 Ulysses became U. S. Postmaster for the state of Arkansas. In 1914 Ulysses and Garner Frazier moved their business to 1-2-4 Kahn Building. In 1915 Ulysses’ son, Guy Bratton, was added to the partnership. The following year, Garner Frazier left and their new name was “Bratton & Bratton (Guy)” at 1 Kahn Building. They continued at 1 Kahn Building until they both left Arkansas in 1922.

Built Skyscraper in St. Louis

Drucilla Bratton (Great-Grandaunt; 1889-1977) married Edmund Mays (1884-1951) in 1910. Ed became a very successful banker and was president and financier of Continental

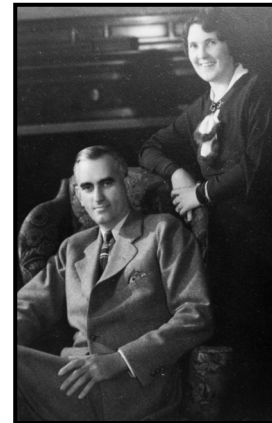


Above: Ed Mays (1883-1951; husband of Drucilla Bratton, Great-Grandaunt) with one of his daughters and two of his assistants inside Farmers Bank in Leslie, Searcy County, Arkansas, about 1913. Left: Continental Life Building in St. Louis. Ed Mays contracted to build the 23-story building in 1928 for one and a half million dollars. During his prosperous days he hired many people from Searcy County. Below: Ed Mays and Drucilla Bratton.

Life, a large bank in St. Louis, Missouri. He employed many Searcy County people in his business, including Mary Smith (Great Aunt; 1903-1988), daughter of his sister-in-law, Cora Bratton Smith (Great-Grandmother). He became wealthy and bought fine furniture and rich oriental rugs. In 1928 Ed contracted for \$1.5 million to build a twenty-three-story building in the mid-town area of downtown St. Louis, Missouri. The top three floors of this building served as his family's living quarters.

“The penthouse apartment was the next best thing to home for the financier, who had its walls painted with scenes of his native Arkansas, the floors tiled with Arkansas flagstone and the ballroom walls covered by the bark of Arkansas timber. The apartment also included a large pool filled with goldfish. Mays, whose salary was \$25,000 a year, paid \$1,000 a month rent for the place” (“Continental Drift,” an article in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, pages 8-9).

The depression adversely affected his business and the bank eventually closed. After the bank failed, Ed moved with his family back to their 2,200-acre ranch in Wileys Cove. Later, he had successful lumber and livestock businesses.

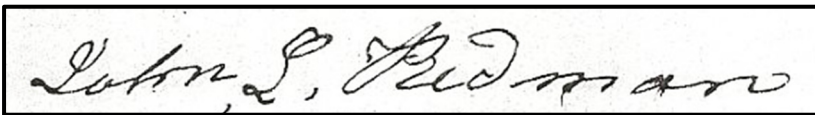


Drucilla and Ed were the parents of two children: Virginia Mays (1911-1994) and Edna

Lee Mays (1913-1997). Edna inherited her parent's home in Leslie in Searcy County and lived there until she died in 1997. (Bratton Family, pages 113-116; MFH, pages 1021-1024)

Builds First Mill in Cedar County, Missouri

John Garrett Williams (4th Great-Granduncle; 1790-1846) was born on December 21,



1790, in North Carolina, and died on December 26, 1846, in Cedar County, Missouri, where he is buried in Hackleman Cemetery.

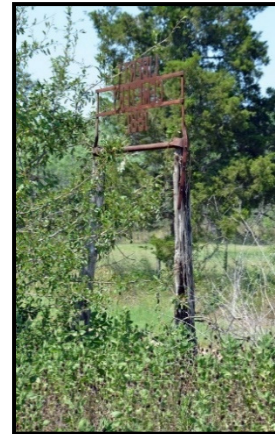
“At one time John Garrett Williams represented Cole County in the Missouri State Legislature. In 1830 he moved to St. Louis and in 1837 to Cedar County, Missouri. He was a mill wright and built Cedar Mill, the first mill in Cedar County. He lived in a very neat log house, and aside from his mill, he cultivated a nice garden with many beautiful flowers, every row equal distant apart and beds and walks perfectly straight. He was a great lover of books and had a large library for that time. He took great pains with his small grandchildren, Francis Marion and Nancy Jane Williams, to teach them to be honest, truthful and to love and learn their books. After a few years his mill washed away, then he moved to Sac River and built another mill. He was a man respected and loved by a large circle of friends. He died of pneumonia at the age of fifty-two years.” (Bratton Family, pages 60-61; MFH, pages 968-969)

Above: John Williams (4th Great-Granduncle; 1790-1846) built a mill on the Sac River before 1846. This, Caplinger Mill, on the Sac River in Cedar County, Missouri, may have replaced the one he built. Left: Signature of John L. Redman (3rd Great-Grandfather; 1795-1866) on his application for bounty land on April 23, 1855.

War of 1812 Soldier

John L. Redman's (3rd Great-Grandfather; 1795-1866) War of 1812 Bounty Land Affidavit in 1853: “State of Arkansas, County of Searcy. On this seventh day of December AD one thousand eight hundred and fifty three personally appeared before me an acting Justice of the Peace only authorized to administrate oaths within and for the County and State

aforesaid, John L. Reaman [Redman] fifty eight years old and resident of Searcy County in the State of Arkansas who being duly sworn according to law declared that he is the identical John L. Reaman [Redman] who was a private in the company commanded by Captain Manly Ford in the Regiment of volunteers commanded by Col. Means in the war of the United States against Great Britten [Britain] of 1812 that he volunteered at Spartanburg District in the State of South Carolina and was mustered into service at Union District South Carolina on or about September AD 1814 for the term of six months and continued in actual service in said war for the term of five months and was honorably discharged at Orangeburg, South Carolina, on or about March AD 1815 on account of having served the full term required by the officers in command of said company (having in the meantime been attached to the Battalion commanded by Major William Shields and was discharged with the Battalion under his command) and will appear



Top right: Monument of John Bratton (2nd Great-Granduncle). The inscription on the gravestone of John Bratton reads: “JOHN BRATTON / BORN 1812 / DIED JAN. 6, 1907. We shall meet again sweet / father. In a brighter June / than this. Where the an- / guish of this world of ours / is lost in deathless bliss.” Right: Bratton plot in Liberty Cemetery in Gonzales County, Texas, and view from the road (middle); June 2012.

by the muster rolls of said company he not having his original certificate of discharge now in his possession.”

“He makes this declaration for the purpose of obtaining the bounty land to which he may be entitled under the act granting bounty land to certain officers and soldiers who have been engaged in the military service of the United States before September 28th 1850 never received or knowing that he is entitled under any former act of Congress. But this is the second application for bounty land for the afore service but for some cause unknown to him no certificate for land has ever come to his hands and he further declares that he never sold or conveyed nor authorized any other person to sell or convey the same.”



“John L. Redman.” (Signed in John’s own hand with the “d” somewhat obscured, but obviously there.) There follows the signature of the justice of the peace, Andrew Melton, and then several others attesting to the authority of Mr. Melton, etc. (Original copy from National Archive and Records Administration. Posted on Internet by John Stevens.)

John L. Redman received 120 acres in Searcy County in 1860 based on his service in Lieutenant Colonel John Ashe Alston’s 3rd Regiment South Carolina Militia. He was a private in Captain Ford’s Company. Warrant number 54841. He was in the same company as a William Redman. Detail of John’s land patent: Township 014N, Range 015W, Aliquots E ½ SE ¼ Section 18 and NW ¼ SW ¼ Section 17. (Bratton Family, pages 210-212; MFH, pages 1117-1120)

Last Genealogical Visit

My brother **Ronald Marion Sharp/Martin** (1948-2012) and I drove back from Provo, Utah, to Houston, Texas, in late June 2012. On the way we stopped at three family history sites and the last one was the grave of John Bratton (1812-1907), our 2nd Great-Granduncle, who had moved from Searcy County, Arkansas, to Texas in the late 1800s (see previous page). Just a few months earlier I had discovered



Above: Ronald “Ron” Marion Sharp/Martin (1948-2012), brother of Richard Martin, when he was about 40 years old. Below: Bratton Hotel in Leslie, Arkansas, built by Ambrose Bratton (2nd Great-Granduncle).



where he was buried, so we drove down a gravel road and made our visit.

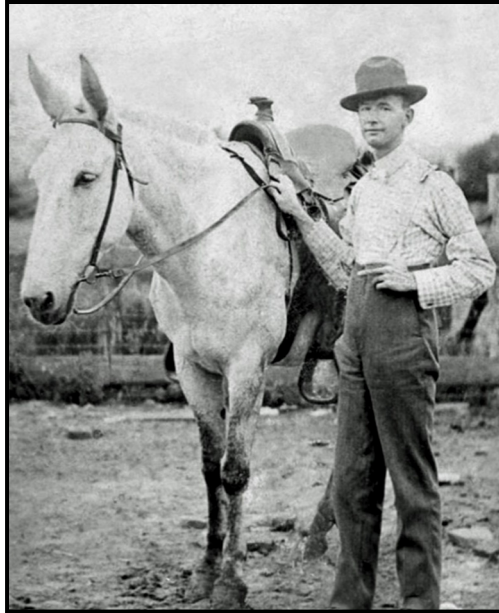
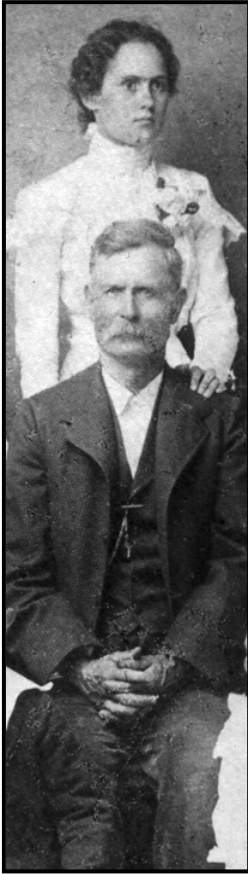
where he was buried, so we drove down a gravel road and made our visit.

Ron dropped me off at the car rental place and we said goodbye. It was the last time that I saw my brother, for he died just twelve days later of a sudden heart attack. I’m glad that we had a couple of quality days together doing meaningful things on our last trip together. Over the years, we took

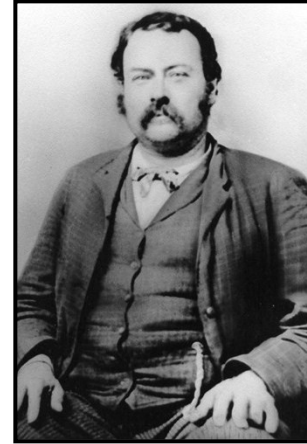
Built Hotel in Leslie, Arkansas

Ambrose Bratton (2nd Great-Granduncle; 1856-1912) was too young to join his older

brothers in the Union Army, but he built a hotel in Leslie, Arkansas. He named it the



Left: Cora Bratton (Great-Grandmother; 1881-1966) with her father, Benjamin Bratton, Jr. (2nd Great-Grandfather; 1847-1936). Above: Clyde Van Smith (Great-Grandfather). Top right: Ambrose Bratton (2nd Great-Grand-uncle; 1856-1912—brother of Benjamin Bratton, Jr.).



Bratton Hotel and it was another proud symbol of the prosperity Leslie experienced in the early 1900s. It was here or at the Bratton Hotel in nearby Marshall, Arkansas, that **Cora Bratton** (1881-1966; Great-Grandmother) met her future husband, **Clyde Smith** (1868-1919; Great-Grandfather). Born

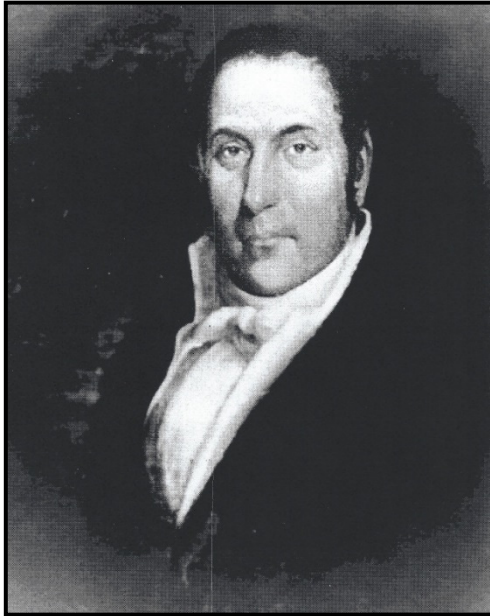
in Ohio, Clyde was a civil engineer and had a contract from the state to make a map of Searcy County. Cora was working for her uncle (or cousin if it was at the Bratton Hotel in Marshall) at the time. After they married in 1900, they lived in Searcy County, Arkansas, for most of their marriage (1903-1919). (Bratton Family, pages, 176-179; MFH, pages 1085-1088)

Sixteen Years Younger than His Wife

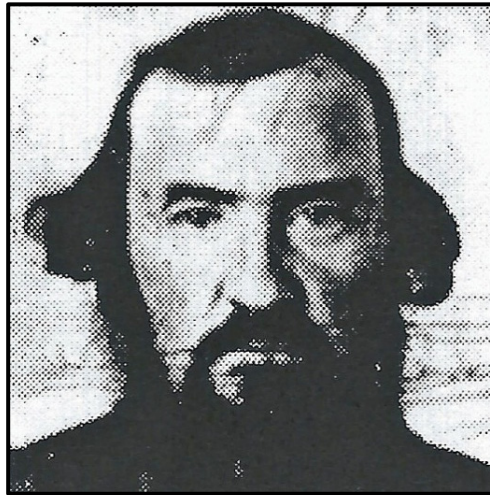
John Kelly Clark (1773-1850; son of Samuel E. Clark, 5th Great-Granduncle, and Rachel Bratton, 5th Great-Grandaunt; equivalent to 4th Great-Granduncle) served in the War of 1812 and was a member of the Tennessee Legislature. He lived in Fayetteville, North Carolina, in 1815, and eventually moved to Huntingdon, Carroll County, Tennessee, where he was buried in Clark Cemetery, which land he donated and was named after him. He married Rebecca Covington Clark (1757-1848). Their daughter, Julia Benson Clark, married Colonel James T. Townes (born May 26, 1786, in Mecklenburg County, Virginia; died November 10, 1857, in Huntingdon, Tennessee; son of Joseph Townes and Isabella Hopkins Smith Townes) on December 15, 1815, at her parents' home in Fayetteville, North Carolina. "James T. Townes was a soldier in the War of 1812 and the Seminole Indian wars, becoming a colonel in the Fayetteville, North Carolina Flying Artillery. In 1832 James moved his family to Huntingdon, Tennessee, where he had a dry good business. His business failed and he lost all." (Bratton Family, pages 136-137; MFH, pages 1045-1046)

Interesting Civil War Letter

Dr. John Marion Townes (grandson of John Kelly Clark, equivalent to 4th Great-Grand-



Left: John Kelly Clark (equivalent to 4th Great-Granduncle; 1773-1850). Interestingly, his wife, Rebecca, was sixteen years older than him. Above: John Kelly Clark's grave (enclosed with the iron fence) on land he donated for a cemetery in Huntingdon, Tennessee. Lower left: Dr. John Marion Townes (1827-1877; grandson of John Kelly Clark, equivalent to 4th Great-Granduncle), served as a medical doctor in the 12th Regiment, Tennessee Infantry. He wrote a letter home from Shreveport, Louisiana, in February 1865 stating, "I think it [Shreveport] one of the most wicked and corrupt places on earth. Everybody seems to be for self and all manner of debauchery and swindling is carried on to perfection. All seem to take a share in it."



uncle) attended Emory College in Atlanta, Georgia. He began his practice as a medical doctor in Henderson County, Tennessee, in 1850. During the Civil War he served as a medical doctor in the 12th Regiment, Tennessee Infantry. He wrote a letter home from Shreveport, Louisiana, in February 1865: "This is a town of considerable

size say four thousand inhabitants, before the war, some very fine and handsome houses, the business part of town lies on the bank of Red River but I think it one of the most wicked and corrupt places on earth. Everybody seems to be for self and all manner of debauchery and swindling is carried on to perfection. All seem to take a share in it. Citizens soldiers male and female, all high-fellows well met."

"The street is lined and thronged with the gay and mirthful fancy draped ladies and brass mounted officers carriages, hacks fine horses and everything else pertaining to a gay life in time of peace, and the aristocracy give those big officials a big ball about three nights in a week and have two or three brass bands serenading the town every night."

"I am seldom out of camp myself for I am too low spirited to enjoy anything of that kind

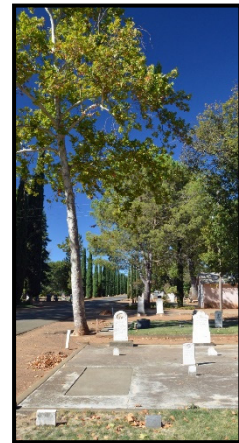
even if I had plenty of means to do so. We are all out of money in our company, not even enough to pay for our washing and no talk of drawing any soon.”



Left: Gravestone of Malinda Nevill Thompson (5th Great-Grandaunt; 1758-1869). In 1858 Malinda “crossed the plains with an ox team and spent the remainder of her days with her sons John A. Thompson and James Townsend Thompson” in or near Lakeport, California. Malinda was 96 years old when she made the journey west from Missouri and lived to be 111 years old. Above: Rebecca Martin, 6th Great-Grandniece of Malinda Thompson, standing next to her monument on October 14, 2012. Below: Overview of Hartley Cemetery in Lakeport, California.

“There is plenty of goods here but the prices out of the reach of a common soldier. Half of our company have

gone to Texas to purchase horses for the artillery so I have but little to do now as the men are generally healthy. We only eat two meals a day. Our rations we draw being quite short in the way of corn meal and blue beef but yesterday very much to our surprise we drew a good mess of flour and some nice lard and Lincoln Coffee. Also, three plugs of tobacco to the man. The boys all said peace was made. We got plenty of corn for our horses. There is a great talk here of the citizens giving this Div. a big barbecue of dinner on the 18th. I think they will be badly fooled if they undertake to feed five thousand half-starved soldiers but I am anxious for them to try it for I never have seen a spark of their patriotism displayed here yet. The majority of them would not give a soldier shelter out of the coldest of weather but however perhaps this state of affairs will end sometime or other.” Signed: John Marion Townes. (Bratton Family, pages 137-140; MFH, pages 1045-1048)



Lived to be 111 Years Old

Malinda Nevill Thompson (5th Great-Grandaunt; 1758-1869) lived to be 111 years old.

When she was 96 years old, she made the journey west to Lakeport, California, from Missouri to be with her sons, John A. Thompson and James Townsend Thompson. In 2012 I made a special trip with my daughter Rebecca to see her grave and to photograph her monument that does indeed state that she was aged 111 years when she died in 1869. (Bratton Family, pages 74-76; MFH, pages 983-985)

Burned in Fire

Ina Josephine Shipman Jennings (1880-1915; daughter of Mary Bratton Shipman, 2nd Great-Grand-aunt) died from burns she received when attempting to start a fire with what she thought was coal oil, but



turned out to be gasoline. In the explosion she was

“burned most frightfully” and suffered terribly for seven months until her death. She gave birth to a baby girl three hours after the accident and the “child was fine.” (Bratton, pages 180-184)

Oldest Log Meetinghouse in Kentucky

“John and Sophia Sims, parents of Parish Sims, who married **Nancy Matthews** (3rd

Top right: Ina Josephine Shipman Jennings (1880-1915), daughter of Mary Bratton Shipman (2nd Great-Grand-aunt). She died from burns she received when attempting to start a fire. Above: Mulkey Meeting House, named for John Mulkey (1773-1844) a preacher who “subscribed to the reform theology of the Christian Church.” He was a friend of Joseph Matthews (4th Great-Granduncle). The mother and father-in-law of Nancy Matthews (3rd Great-Grand-aunt) were members of the church here. It was built in 1804 and is the oldest log meetinghouse in Kentucky.

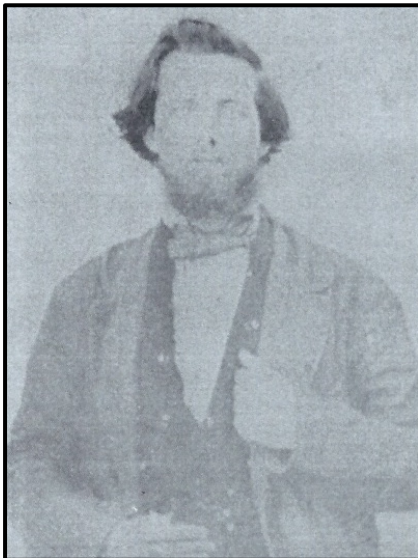
Great-Grand-aunt), were members of the historic Old Mulkey Meeting House,” which is located southwest of Tompkinsville in Monroe County, Kentucky. Built in 1804, this is the oldest log meetinghouse in Kentucky, and now a state memorial. **Joseph Matthews** (4th Great-Granduncle) was especially close to the former Separate Baptist preachers, John Mulkey (1773-1844) and Benjamin Lynn. The meetinghouse was named after John Mulkey. In 1805, Benjamin Lynn, did “freely give and grant” to Joseph a 31-year-old slave named “Sesor” strictly out of “love and goodwill.” (Bratton Family, page 220; MFH, page 1128)

Doctor with Sam Houston at San Jacinto

Dr. Mansil Walter Matthews (son of Joseph Matthews, 4th Great-Granduncle), minister

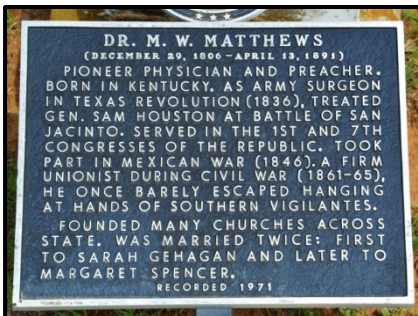
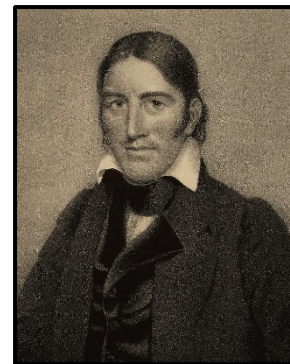


and physician: "When the doctor was a youth, his family moved to Tennessee where he



Above: *Surrender of Santa Anna* after Battle of San Jacinto in 1836. Painting made in 1886. Mansil Matthews (son of Joseph Matthews, 4th Great-Granduncle) "was made army surgeon, and was with Houston attending his wounds, when Santa Anna was brought in a captive." Other Matthews family members also enlisted in the Texas Army in 1836. Bottom: David "Davy" Crockett (1786-1836), famous frontiersman, who died at the Alamo on March 6, 1836. Mansil Matthews became acquainted with Crockett after he moved to Gibson County, Tennessee. Crockett and his men journeyed for a time with Mansil when he made his move to Texas in 1835/1836. Left: Photograph of Dr. Mansil Walter Matthews about 1846. Lower left: Texas historical marker next to his monument.

was reared to manhood. He returned to Kentucky and studied medicine, then returned to Tennessee where he married Sarah Gehagan (whose inheritance and slaves apparently formed the foundation of Mansil's future wealth; she was born on February 9, 1811, in Virginia; died on February 8, 1870, in Thornton, Texas) and practiced his profession. Sometime before he went to Kentucky to study medicine, he taught school in



northern Alabama where he met the D'Spain family, and where he came in contact with the Restoration Movement. Shortly after his obedience

to the Gospel, he began to preach. He continued to preach and practice medicine as long as he lived. During his long life, he never accepted a cent of money for his preaching.

“After making their families secure at Clarkesville, most of the men, including Dr. Matthews, hastened to join Houston’s army. The recruits arrived too late for the Battle of San Jacinto, but Mr. Ewell, in his *History of Hood County*, says: ‘Dr. Matthews was made army surgeon, and was with Houston attending his wounds, when Santa Anna was brought in a captive.’ (*Supplemental Sketch of Somervell County*). He served three months in the Texas Army in 1836 and drew the sum of twenty-four dollars for this service. This sum of money was drawn from the Acting Paymaster General, George W. Poe, by Sydney O. Pennington, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and to whom Dr. Matthews gave the power of attorney, on October 13, 1836, at Columbia. Of course, he was later adequately paid in



Above: I’m standing next to the monument of Dr. Mansil Walter Matthews (1806-1891; son of Joseph Matthews, 4th Great-Granduncle) in Paradise Cemetery, Paradise, Texas, on April 12, 2014. From the time that I learned Mansil was my relative I wanted to visit his grave; so, this was a significant moment for me. Mansil had seventeen children by his two wives.

public lands. He was a member of the First Congress of the Republic from the County of Red River which convened at Columbia on October 3, 1836, and of the adjourned session at Houston May 1, 1837. He resigned from Congress and was elected president of the Board of Land Commissioners for Red River County in 1838 by the Third Congress, regular session. He was a member of the Seventh Congress which met at Washington (on the Brazos) on November 14, 1842. This is the extent, with the exception of ranger service and service during the Mexican War with Company F, Texas Rifles, of his services in official capacities to the republic and to his state. He never aspired to public office, but he willingly served his county to the best of his ability during emergencies, and his record as a public servant during times which tried the souls of men is worthy enough to stir his Brethren in the Faith to admiration. (All of the above data is authenticated by official records.)”

“Of course, we delight in the services which our fathers rendered the Republic and State as civil servants, but we are particularly interested in their contribution to the cause of Christ in Texas. Dr. Matthews lived in the vicinity of Clarksville until 1843 or 1844, when he moved to lands near the present city of Rockwall. He was one of the principal factors in

maintaining the Church at Clarksville while he was a resident of that section of the Republic. When he moved to the Rockwall area, he opened a Church in his house. He preached throughout the territory adjacent to his home. Brother R. C. Horn, when a youth, heard him preach at Old Mantua." (Jewell Matthews, *Historical Sketches of the Early Disciples of Texas*, Unpublished Documents from the Matthews Papers made available by Texas Christian University.)

Mansil Matthews was the most noted member of the Matthews family in Texas. Eight pages are dedicated to his history in Terry Cowan's Matthews book.

"Mansil achieved his greatest distinction as a preacher of the gospel, associated with the Churches of Christ or Christian Church. This did not prevent him, however, from practicing medicine and law, speculating in land, dabbling in politics and farming, as well."

When Mansil moved to Gibson County, Tennessee, he became acquainted with David "Davy" Crockett (1786-1836) and they journeyed together for part of their move to Texas in 1835. Davy Crockett died in the Alamo on March 6, 1836.

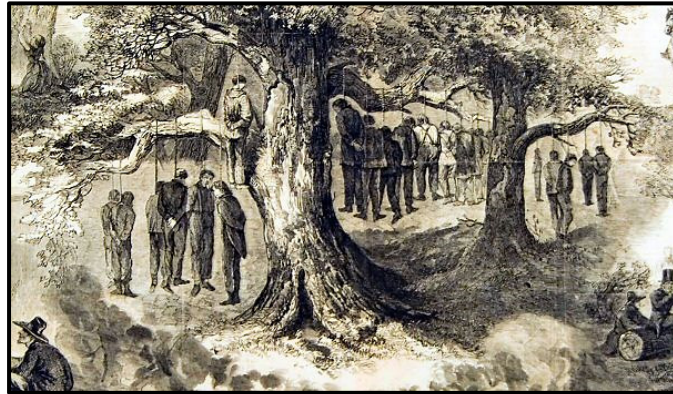
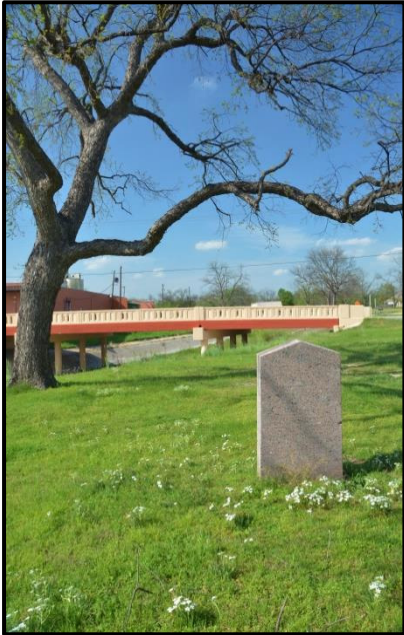
"Mansil Matthews traded large tracts of land throughout northeast Texas. The 1840 census shows him as the owner of 4,605 acres and six slaves. He apparently made a good living off his land and slave business." An example of his transactions in 1857 is given by Cowen: "As always Mansil was involved in a flurry of real estate transactions in his brief stay in Cooke County, Texas. Many involved the buying and selling of slaves. The callousness which even religious leaders engaged in the sale of humans is jarring to our modern sensibilities. In January 1857 he sold 'Martha A., a negro woman aged twenty-five years, dark coular, chunky made, together with her two youngest children: Albert, a boy aged four years, dark copper coller and Annie Ann, a girl aged two years, dark copper coller.' The price was \$1,550. In February 1857 he sold for \$800 'a negro slave, a girl called Polly Ann aged about ten years, dark colored which negro I warrant to be sound in body and mind and free from all incumbrances.' In May 1857 Mansil recorded an old, unrecorded deed from Hopkins County for the purchase of Charity, a 'certain negro girl slave of a copper color aged about twenty-one years.' In June 1857 Mansil sold a 'boy of black coler named Jim aged about 8 years' to his son-in-law, McNeese Crisp. On a trip back to Hopkins County in July 1857 Mansil purchased a 'negro boy David 25 years old.'"

The census in 1860 revealed that Mansil had real estate valued at \$12,000 and a personal estate worth \$10,000, with twenty slaves.

Mansil endured his greatest crisis during the Civil War. Despite being an affluent slaveholder, Mansil opposed secession and made no secret of his Unionist sentiments. Like many Unionists, he joined one of the frontier brigades guarding against Indian depredations to avoid active Confederate service.

In 1862, Forty Unionist were hung in Gainesville, and one was a member of the Matthews family. Mansil was almost hung in 1864, but was saved by a Masonic brother, E. M.

Dagget of Ft. Worth. He convinced the judge that “Matthews’ mind was with the North, but his heart was with the South.”



Left: Site in Gainesville, Texas, where forty men were hung in October 1862 for being members of a Unionist organization. John Crisp (son of Elizabeth Matthews, 4th Great-Grand-aunt) was one of the men hung on October 19, 1862. Some of his Matthews relatives were also arrested, but he was the only one hung. (A total of 150 were arrested.)

“A granddaughter of Collin McKinney wrote of Mansil Matthews: “I remember him quite well. Tall and very straight, must have been over 6 feet; blue eyes, hair white and whiskers always so nice looking. He often came to our house, always so pleasant. I can remember his preaching at Mantua. He always smoked a pipe with a long-crooked stem.”

In Paradise, Texas, Mansil “preached for his home congregation and delivered a message on the Sunday before his death in 1891. He was 84 years old and had preached the Gospel for over 65 years. Mansil was the father of 17 children, born over a 50-year span, with the youngest being born when he was 71.”

Mansil and Sarah Gahagan Matthews had 13 children: Joseph, Sarah, Nancy, Thomas, Elizabeth, John, Margaret, Alexander, Oliver, Alexander, Robert, Benjamin, and Eliza Matthews. Mansil and Margaret Spencer Matthews (married in 1870; she was “a much younger widow”) had 4 children: Mansil, E. Frank, Margaret, and May Matthews. (Bratton, pages 228-232; MFH, pages 1135-1139)

Hung for Union Sympathies

John Mansil Crisp (son of Elizabeth Matthews, 4th Great-Grand-aunt) was born on June 23, 1824, in Monroe County, Kentucky, and died on October 19, 1862, in Gainesville, Cooke County, Texas.

John was a blacksmith by trade and also farmed east of Gainesville. He served as a deacon in the local Christian Church.

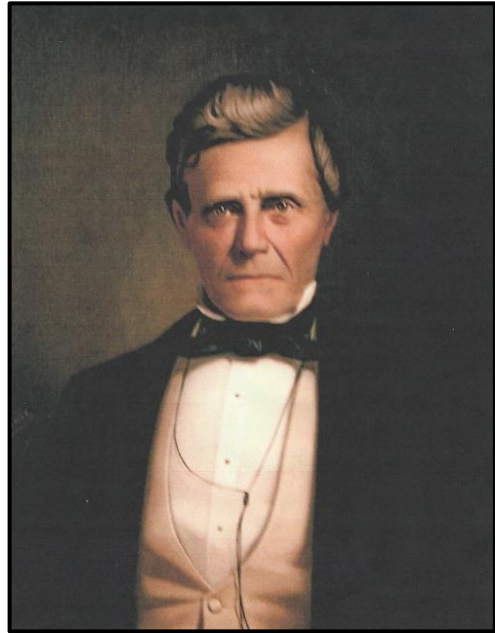
“Cooke County along with other North Texas counties voted against secession in 1861

but these counties remained firmly controlled by the wealthy planter oligarchy. The Crisp were of Unionist sentiment during the Civil War, which caused local Confederate authorities to view them with suspicion. John Crisp joined the Union League, a secret organization of Federal sympathizers in North Texas... The membership was discovered and mob hysteria overtook Cooke County. 40 men, including John Crisp, were quickly hung after mock trials.”

John's wife, Alicey Hawkins Crisp (born in July 1839), and their children lost their home and belongings and fled Cooke County. In 1880 she and her two children were living in Montague County, Texas.

John's first wife was Harriet Pittman and they had one child: William L. Crisp (born 1854).

John and his second wife, Alicey Hawkins, had two children: Mary E. Crisp (born in February 1858) and John Mansil Crisp (born November 10, 1859). (Bratton Family, pages 321-322; MFH, pages 1172-1173)



Above: Governor Joseph Warren Matthews (1807-1862; son of Robert Matthews, 4th Great-Granduncle). He served as Governor of Mississippi from 1848 to 1850.

Governor of Mississippi

Joseph Warren Matthews (son of Robert Matthews, 4th Great-Granduncle) was born on August 3, 1807, in Laurens County, South Carolina (Wikipedia, below, says near Huntsville, Alabama), and died in Palmetto, Georgia. He was buried in Matthews Cemetery in Benton County, Mississippi.

The first historical reference to Joseph W. Matthews is his marriage in 1829 to Sarah Hatley in Hardeman County, Tennessee. She died early in their marriage and had no children.

He was a member of the Christian Church and a Royal Arch Mason. At one time he was an active preacher in Mississippi during the early days of settlement.

“Matthews was born near Huntsville, Alabama. During his early manhood he came to Mississippi as a government surveyor, engaged in laying out the newly purchased Indian lands (beginning in 1836). (Joseph Matthews eventually owned over 31,000 acres of land in the Chickasaw Cession.) Soon after the Chickasaw purchase he located as a planter in Marshall County, near the now extinct town of Salem. His plantation, which contained about 1,000 acres, actually touched the western boundary of the Chickasaw Cession. The southeast corner of Matthews' plantation is the northwest corner of the modern Village of Snow Lake. Although Matthews lived in Holly Springs in Marshall County, his plantation was located 11 miles to the east, in what was then Tippah County. This portion of Tippah County was split to form a new county, Benton County.”

“In 1840, he was elected representative to the legislature from Marshall County and was senator from that county from 1844 to 1848. On June 7, 1847, the Democratic State Convention nominated Matthews for governor on the third ballot by a majority of fifty-one to twenty-seven for the other candidates. Matthews won the gubernatorial election over the Whig candidate, Major A. H. Bradford, also of Marshall County, by a vote of 26,985 to 13,997.”

“Mathews was a plain-spoken man and was derided by the aristocratic Whigs for his humble beginnings. A surveyor, he worked for a time as a young man as a well digger, thus earning him the derisive nickname, ‘Old Copperas Britches.’”

“By the time Matthews was inaugurated January 10, 1848, Mississippi’s economy had recovered from the panic of 1837 and the depression that followed. The American Mexican War had created another period of prosperity for the old Cotton Kingdom. Because of that recovery and the state’s bright future, Governor Matthews proclaimed in his inaugural address, “Our citizens are most free from debt, our storehouses abound with plenty [and] our march is onward and upwards toward prosperity and happiness.”

“Governor Matthews’s administration was almost entirely free from the political turmoil that had so often characterized Mississippi politics. That relative tranquility was due largely to the excitement and preoccupation of the people with the war with Mexico and the general prosperity of the late 1840s.”

“During his administration, the state adopted a new legal code, established an institution for the blind, and the University of Mississippi opened for its first session in the fall of 1848. The Jackson-Brandon railroad also began operation, and telegraph service became available in Jackson and other parts of the state.”

“In 1862, Matthews accepted a commission in the Confederate Army, but died in transit at Palmetto, Georgia. There is a large monument to Matthews located in the Matthews family cemetery on his former plantation. This monument is in a wooded area approximately 1,000 feet due north from the intersection of Hoover Road and Bonds Loop, and is not visible from the road. It was placed by the Sons of Confederate Veterans.” (Wikipedia.)

Joseph Matthews took as his second wife, a young widow, Mrs. Martha Ann Jones Davis (born about 1813 in North Carolina; died April 11, 1875, in Holly Springs, Mississippi) about 1836. Close friend, Jefferson Davis, gave the young couple a decorative bowl as a wedding gift, which has remained a prized family heirloom. She had married Dr. John Davis, who died leaving her with three small sons: Edward, William, and John Davis. In 1837 Joseph W. Matthews was appointed guardian for the three boys. Edward died in the Mexican War, while John “perished in the Mississippi bottoms.”

In the 1860 census, Joseph Matthews had personal property worth \$85,000 and real estate valued at \$600,000, in addition to 58 slaves. His wife saved their plantation house from being burned during the Civil War by giving the commanding officer a Masonic sign. “She and her family were immediately offered protection by the Union men.” The mansion house did burn though, but at a later date.

Joseph wrote a letter in the mid-1850s, giving advice to his daughter, Bettie Matthews; “Dear Bettie, As this book may survive him who pens these lines of advice to her, who is



Above: Newlin gristmill, which was built by Quaker, Nathaniel Newlin, husband of Mary Mendenhall (8th Great-Grandaunt) in Concord, Pennsylvania. The mill has been grinding grain since 1704. Mary Mendenhall Matthews (6th Great-Grandmother; born 1712) and her father, John Mendenhall (7th Great-Grandfather; born 1688), were born in Concord. Below: Gravestone of John Mildenhall (possible 12th Great-Grandfather; 1560-1614) in Ajmer, India. “His is the first recorded burial of an Englishman in India.”

dear to him as life, I hope you will read this council of a father monthly and let it be your rule of life. First look to Heaven as your future home and let it be the business of your life to secure a place there and qualify yourself for the society of God...Look to the Bible, the chart which God has given to guide you through the stormy sea of life, as your chief counselor, obey its precepts and enjoy its rich store of Heavenly wisdom. Let it be your study to do good, to be a blessing to your fellow creatures, take pleasure in relieving the distressed, soothing the des-

pondent, whispering in the ear of despair, words of hope and consolation...”

and Martha had eight children; four died as infants: Sarah, Samuel, Elizabeth, James Hamilton, Margaret, Robert, Joseph, and Martha Matthews. (Bratton Family, pages 242-246; MFH, pages 1150-1154)

Old Gristmill Still Standing

Mary Mendenhall (8th Great-Grandaunt) married Nathaniel Newlin in 1685. He came from Tyrone, Ireland, in 1683. He was a Friend and served as representative in the Provincial Assembly for seven years. He held a large estate and was very influential. They settled in Concord, Pennsylvania, where he built a gristmill in 1704 that is still operational and in excellent condition. (Bratton Family, pages 287-291; MFH, pages 1195-1199)

First Englishman Buried in India

John Mildenhall (1560-1614; possible 12th Great-Grandfather in some secondary sources, but I haven't found proof of this—he is certainly a close relation) was born in 1560 in Little

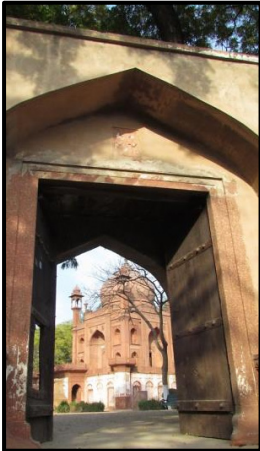


Bedwyn, Wiltshire, England, and died in June 1614 in Ajmer, India, at 54 years of age.



Right: Grave of John Mildenhall (possible 12th Great-Grandfather; 1560-1614) in the Roman Catholic Cemetery (above) in Agra, India. The inscription reads: Here lies JOHN MILDENHALL, / Englishman, who left London in / 1599 and traveling to India through / Persian, Reached Agra in 1603 and / spoke with the Emperor Akbar. / On a second visit in 1614 he fell / ill at Lahore, died at Ajmer, / and was buried here through / the good offices of Thomas / Kerridge merchant.” Photographs courtesy of Iain McFarlaine; 2011. Below: Signature of Thomas Pierson (8th Great-Grandfather; 1653-1722).

John “was a British explorer and adventurer and one of the first to make an overland journey to India. He was a self-styled ambassador of the British East India Company in India. His is the first recorded burial of an Englishman in India.”



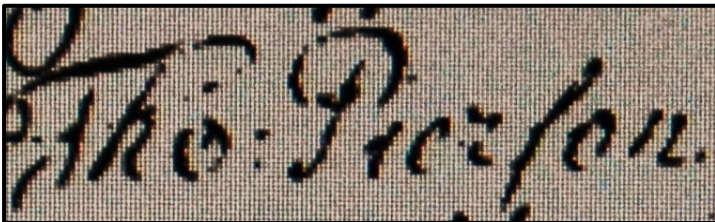
In addition to his son, **Thomas Mildenhall** (possible 11th Great-Grandfather),

“John Mendenhall also had two illegitimate children, a son and a daughter, to a Persian woman.” (*Mendenhall Family History-Thirteenth Generation*)

(See Wikipedia for his biography) (Bratton Family, pages 293-296; MFH, pages 1201-1204)

Surveyor for William Penn

Thomas Pierson (8th Great-Grandfather; 1653-1722) was born on January 1, 1653, of Bristol, England, and died on September 29, 1722, in East Caln, Chester County, Pennsylvania. He was a deputy surveyor for William Penn from September 10, 1684, until 1709. (Bratton, 301-303)



He married fellow Quaker, **Rose Dixon** (8th Great-Grandmother; born in Ireland), in 1690.

Old Grave Slab with Coat of Arms Still Exists

John Wythe (13th Great-Grandfather) died in 1557 and was buried in St. Peter De Witton,



Left: Grave slab of John (died in 1557) and Isabell Moore Wythe (died in 1545) (13th Great-Grandparents) in St. Peter De Witton Church in Droitwich, Worcestershire, England. It is the oldest known grave marker of an ancestor on the Mendenhall line. The inscription reads: “buried.../Ochr in the year 15.../ Isabell wyfe to the / syde Jo / Wythe and dowgt and hryr to the / sonne and hrye of John Moore / and Rose his wife: wch Rose was / Daught and hryr to Willa Brace / The sayd Isabel Was Buried Ye 30 day of Mach / Anno Domini / 1545. / John Wythe [coat of arms] eldest sonne / To the sayde John Wythe / and Isabell his Wyfe.” This is the oldest memorial in the church of St. Peter De Witton (below).

Droitwich, Worcestershire, England. He married **Isabell Moore** (13th Great-Grandmother; died in 1545, also buried in St. Peter De Witton). Their daughter, **Eleanor Wythe** (12th Great-Grandmother; died in 1571), married **Robert Collier** (12th Great-Grandfather) about 1560. (Bratton, page 311)

A Central Figure in Whiskey Rebellion

General John Neville (6th Great-Granduncle; 1731-1803) “was an American military officer, land speculator, and state official who served in the French and Indian War, American Revolutionary War, and, as a tax collector, was a central figure in the Whiskey Rebellion. He was the father of Presley Neville.”

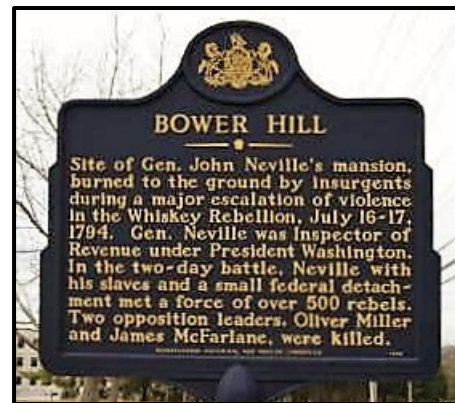


“Neville served with British General Edward Braddock during the French and Indian War, and fought in Dunmore's War in 1774. Commandant at Fort Pitt when the Revolutionary War began, Neville served in several regiments of the Virginia Line, rising

to the rank of colonel and seeing action at Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, and Mon-



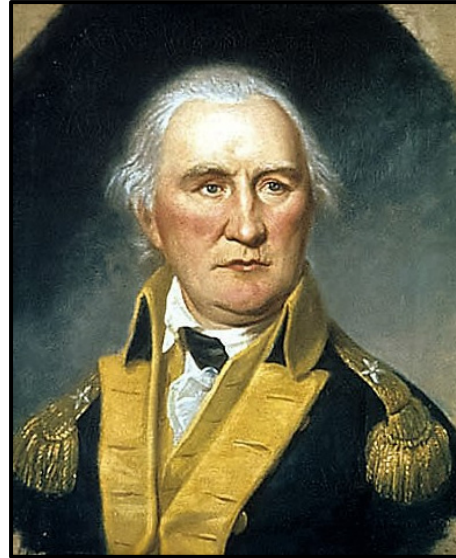
Right: Likeness of General John Neville (6th Great-Granduncle; 1731-1803). Middle: Pennsylvania historical marker at the site of the mansion of General John Neville that was burned on July 16-17, 1794, during the Whiskey Rebellion. Lower right: Neville Island Bridge, which carries Interstate 79 across the Ohio River to Neville Island. The island is named after General John Neville who lived there, and is located 11 miles northwest of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Above: Woodville, near Heidelberg, Pennsylvania. The oldest section was built in 1775 by General John Neville and a main section completed ten years later. It is one of the oldest houses in Allegheny County, preserved and restored to its original condition, and is now a National Historical Landmark. Neville came to the region in 1774 from Winchester, Virginia, shortly after buying 14,000 acres five miles south of Fort Pitt, located at the forks of the Ohio in what is today downtown Pittsburgh. He took command of the fort on behalf of the Colony of Virginia the next year and served in that capacity until Edward Hand relieved him in 1777. Neville was an officer of the Continental Army for the rest of the Revolutionary War. “He built another home, Bower Hill, and let his son Presley live in Woodville. During the 1780s he continued his public career, serving in several posts, including as representative to the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention in 1787.



mouth. At the end of the Revolutionary War he was awarded a brevet promotion to brigadier general.”

“After the war, Neville was an inspector of revenue under the excise laws, which the newly formed United States Congress imposed on distilled spirits to help pay for the cost of the Revolutionary War. There were two methods of paying the whiskey excise: paying a flat charge or paying by the gallon. The tax effectively favored large distillers, most of whom were based in the east, who produced whiskey in volume and could afford the flat fee. Western farmers who owned small stills did not usually operate them at full capacity, so they ended up paying a higher tax per gallon. Thus, large producers

ended up paying a tax of about 6 cents per gallon, while small producers were taxed at about 9 cents per gallon.”



Left: Portrait of Lt. General Marquis de Lafayette in 1791. Presley Neville (1755–1818; son of John Neville, 6th Great-Granduncle) served as the Marquis de Lafayette's aide-de-camp for two years during the Revolutionary War. **Above:** Portrait of Daniel Morgan, one of the greatest American generals in the Revolutionary War. Presley Neville married Nancy Morgan, daughter of General Daniel Morgan. Presley served as one of the first mayors of Pittsburgh in 1804-1805.

“Events climaxed in 1794, according to Alexander Hamilton, when shots were fired at Neville and a U.S. Marshal he was escorting through the area to summon to court farmers who had not paid the tax. On July 16, 1794, a group of men surrounded the Neville mansion, demanding to see the U.S. Marshal. The confrontation led to Neville’s shooting of one of the protesters. This further angered the people, and the next day, over 500 again surrounded the home. At least one more protester died, and Neville's home, ‘Bower Hill,’ was burned to the ground.”

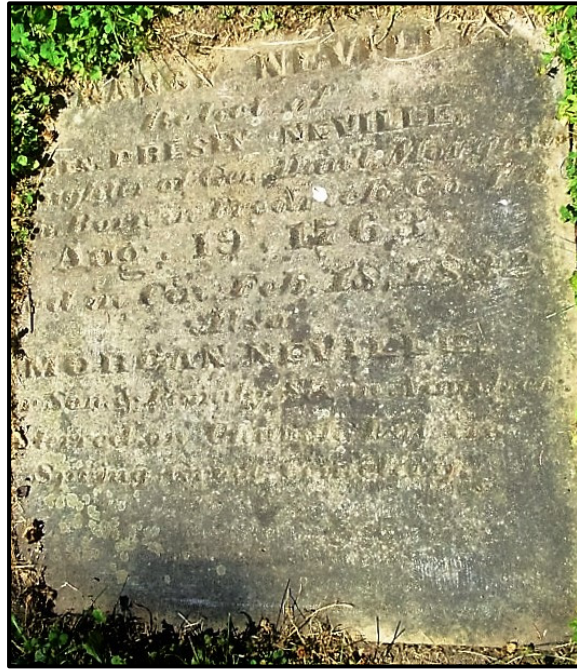
“This incident persuaded President George Washington to take the drastic action of leading a militia force of 13,000 men into western Pennsylvania to squelch the uprising. This response marked the first time under the new Constitution that the federal government had used a strong military presence to exert authority over the nation's citizens. In 1802, the tax was repealed.” (Wikipedia) (Bratton Family, pages 392-402; MFH, pages 1300-1310)

Lafayette’s Aide-De-Camp—Married Daughter of General Morgan

Presley Neville (1755–1818; son of John Neville, 6th Great-Granduncle) “was an American military officer, and state official who served in the American Revolutionary War.” (He had a horse killed under him at the Battle of Monmouth.)

“Presley Neville was born at the family home in Winchester, Virginia, to General John Neville and Winifred Oldham Neville. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania. Neville served as the Marquis de Lafayette’s aide-de-camp for two years. Both Presley and his father, John, were captured in the Siege of Charleston in 1780. Following his release in 1782,

Right: Grave slab of Nancy Morgan Neville (1763-1839; daughter of Daniel Morgan, the famous Revolutionary War general) and her son, Morgan Neville (1783-1839), in Spring Grove Cemetery in Cincinnati, Ohio. Nancy was the wife of Presley Neville (1755-1818; son of John Neville, 6th Great-Granduncle). The inscription begins: “NANCY NEVILLE / Relic of / PRESLEY NEVILLE / Daughter of Gen. Dan’l Morgan...”



Presley married Nancy Morgan, daughter of General Daniel Morgan. They lived at Woodville near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where they were caught up in the Whiskey Rebellion, and raised a family. Presley served as Chief Burgess of Borough of Pittsburgh (pre-city charter equivalent of mayor) from 1804 to 1805.”

“He is the namesake of the village of Neville, Ohio.” (Wikipedia) (Bratton Family, pages 402-403; MFH, pages 1310-1311)

Built the Merrimack

French Forrest (1796-1866) was the husband of Emily Douglas Simms, daughter of Emily Morgan Neville, daughter of Presley Neville, son of John Neville (6th Great-Granduncle).

“Civil War Confederate Naval Officer. French Forrest was the builder of the Confederate ironclad ‘CSS Virginia,’ better known as the Merrimack. Born in St. Mary’s County, Maryland, he was appointed midshipman in the United States Navy on June 9, 1811, serving aboard the USS Hornet; he saw action in the War of 1812, during the Battle of Lake Erie, and the Mexican War. In the latter he was a captain, commanding the Cumberland and the Raritan, in which he commanded the landing operations of General Winfield Scott’s troops in action off Vera Cruz. He was also the Adjutant General of the land and naval forces during this time. From 1855 to 1856 he was the head of the Washington Navy Yard. Resigning his commission, he was appointed commander-in-chief with the rank of captain in the Virginia Navy after that state seceded. On June 10, 1861, he received the same rank in the Confederate Navy, becoming third in seniority, which, he believed, entitled him to an active command. Placed in charge of the Gosport Navy Yard at Norfolk, after the Union fleet had abandoned it, he was ordered by

Confederate Navy Secretary Stephen R. Mallory to rebuild as an armored ship the hulk



Left: French Forrest (1796-1866; husband of Emily Douglas Simms, daughter of Emily Morgan Neville, daughter of Presley Neville, son of John Neville,, 6th Great-Granduncle). Above: Chromolithograph depicting the Battle of Hampton Roads; the first battle in the world between ironclads in March 1862. French Forrest built the CSS Virginia (better known as the Merrimack), which fought the Monitor to a standstill in this historic battle.

that was the USS Merrimack. This he did, despite misgivings, resulting in the CSS Virginia, the South's first ironclad. Though he expected to command the Virginia, the position was given to Captain Franklin Buchanan, which bitterly disappointed him. Three months after the Battle of Hampton Roads, on March 8 and 9, 1862, Mallory replaced him at Gosport for slowness in repairing the Virginia for service. He became head

of the Office of Orders and Details until March 1863, when he finally received the command he coveted, becoming Flag Officer of the James River Squadron. The squadron, however, was not involved in any significant action during his tenure, and in May 1864 he was replaced by Commander John K. Mitchell. He later would serve as acting assistant Secretary of the Confederate Navy. Not long after the end of the war he succumbed to typhoid fever." (Bratton Family, pages 406-408; MFH, pages 1314-1316)

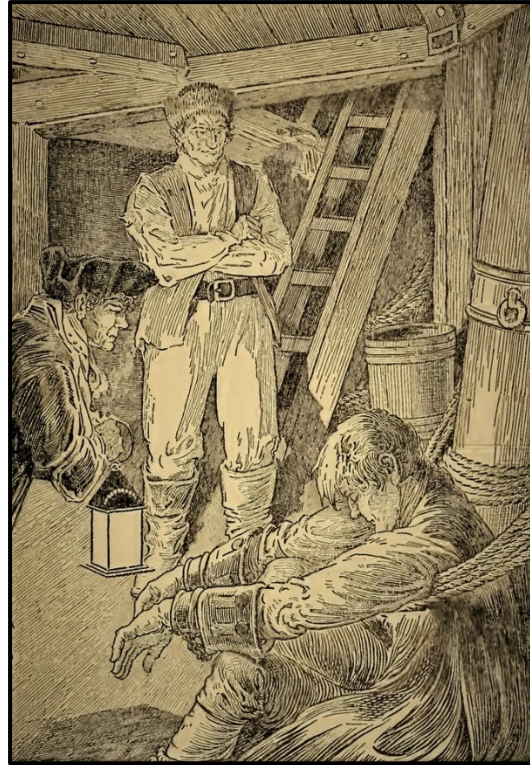
Kidnapped and taken to Virginia

John Neville (8th Great-Grandfather; 1662-1733) was born 1662 in probably Warwickshire, England, where he was kidnapped and taken to Virginia. He died in 1733 in Gooch-

land County, Virginia. He married **Miss Weeks** (born about 1662 in England; died about 1760 in Virginia).



Right: Depiction of a man tied up in the bough of a ship and being taken by his captors to America. John Neville (8th Great-Grandfather; 1662-1773) was kidnapped in Warwickshire, England, and taken to Virginia, but because he had a good education, eventually ended up with a good estate in Gloucester County, Virginia (above), and had many important descendants.



NOTE: “This is the translation of the letter [written by Presley Neville, the son of Gen. John Neville, 6th Great-Granduncle] preserved at the LaMoyn House in Washington, Pennsylvania.”

“The following is the only history of my family which I am in possession of and which I this day collected from my father Gen. John Neville on February 8, 1803. In the early settlement of Virginia it was common to kidnap or steal young people in England, Ireland and Scotland, but particularly in the former and bring them to the Colonies with a view to profit by either selling them, or using them as clerks or overseers as their abilities seemed to promise the most advantage. My great grandfather was brought to Virginia in this way about the year 1679. Altho a small boy, he had a good education as such and remembered well coming from Warwickshire—by exposing the circumstances of his being forced from England he made friends on arriving in Virginia and escaped a servile situation. How he spent his life for some time is unknown but he finally had a good estate in Gloucester County which was afterwards sold to a Col. Carey and is in his family at present. He was married to a woman by the name of Weeks who was my great-grandmother. Her history is this, a family of distinction by the name of Shipworth whose head was a Knight had settled very early in Virginia and with a lady of that family called Lady Joice Shipworth came from England with Miss Weeks as a companion, friend or maybe a poor relation. She was uncommonly educated for those times and remarkable during her life for her genteel and cultivated manners. To her John Neville was married and had several children, one of whom was called Joice after the Lady with whom she came to America. Joseph Neville, my grandfather, one of the sons of the aforesaid couple was born about the 1700 in

Gloucester County, Virginia and was bred a planter, he married a Mary Barget a very handsome and genteel woman. She was an only child, her marriage and the death of her parents caused the name to become extinct in Virginia. They had many children of



Above: William Harriman Neville (1843-1909; son of Harvey Neville, son of John Neville, 5th Great-Grand-uncle) at Hot Springs, Arkansas, on his honeymoon with his second wife, Irene Morrison Rector, in October 1886. He was a U.S. Congressman from 1899 to 1903 and his son, Keith Neville, was Governor of Nebraska from 1917 to 1919.

which my father called from his grandfather was the eldest. He was born about the year 1730 and married in 1754 to Winifred Oldham, some small account of whom I shall note hereafter. The three generations of Neville here mentioned, my great-grandfather, grandfather and father were remarkable for sound understanding—great activity, bodily strength and violent dispositions—anecdotes of which hereafter. I have frequently seen a piece of gold which King Charles' tied around the neck of my great-grandmother as a prevention or cure for some disease. She died about the year 1760 aged about 100 years. Whenever she was indisposed, she applied to King Charles gold which she thought always made her better."

"My grandfather Jos. Neville died about the year 1799 aged near 100 years. John Neville, my father, died July 29, 1803 aged 73 years."

"A correct copy from Gen. Presley Neville is in the possession of his son. Signed: Presley J. Neville" (Internet—John Neville Jr., 1662-1733)

In the above letter it is confirmed that **Presley Neville** was the son of **General John Neville** (6th Great-Granduncle), who was the son of **Joseph Neville** (7th Great-Grandfather; born about 1700 in Gloucester County, Virginia), who married Mary Barget. Joseph Neville was the son of **John Neville** (8th Great-Grandfather), who was kidnapped from Warwickshire, England, and prospered in Gloucester County, Virginia. He married a Miss Weeks. (Bratton Family, pages 415-416; MFH pages 1323-1324)

Rode Bull on His Honeymoon

William Harriman Neville (1843-1909; married 1st Mary Keith; 2nd Irene Rector) graduated from McKandree University and served as a sergeant in Company H. of the 142 regiment of Illinois Infantry during the Civil War. He was a member of the Illinois House of Representative in 1872 and began practicing law in 1874. William was elected U.S.

congressman for Nebraska in 1899 and served until 1903. He then moved to Arizona where he died in 1909. After his first wife died, William married Irene Rector in 1886 and went



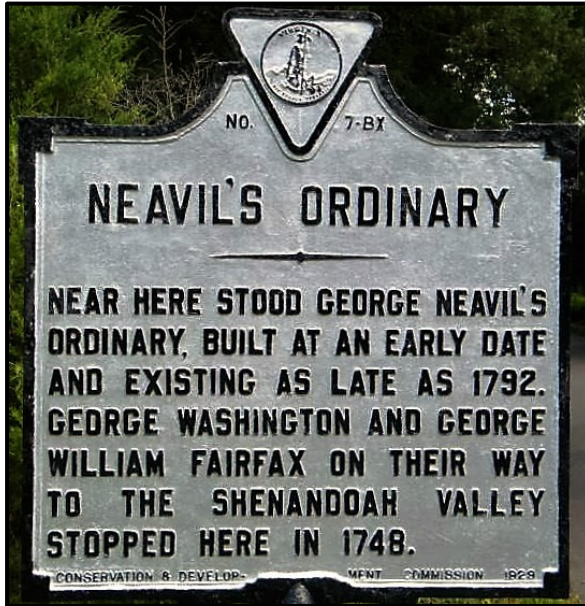
Left: Harvey Neville (1805-1877; son of John Neville, 5th Great-Grand-uncle; almost a 4th Great-Granduncle, because his mother was his father's first cousin). Above: Battle of Buena Vista, painting by Carl Nebel, published in 1851. This battle in the Mexican American War took place on February 22-23, 1847, in northern Mexico. Harvey Neville, 1805-1877, served as Lieutenant of Company A, Second Illinois Regiment at Buena Vista "where his clothing was shot through by bullets." Harvey Neville also served as a captain for three years during the Civil War and took part in the battles of Belmont, Stone River, and Chickamauga.

on their honeymoon to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he had a photograph taken of him riding a bull (see above). His son, Keith Neville (1884-1959), was governor of Nebraska from 1917 to 1919. He was nicknamed the "Boy Governor" for his youth, being only 32 years of age when he was elected in 1916. (See Wikipedia articles about both men) (Bratton Family, pages 421-422; MFH, pages 1329-1330)

Mexican War Soldier—"His Clothing was Shot through by Bullets"

Harvey Neville (1805-1877; son of John Neville, 5th Great-Granduncle, and Melinda Neville, John's cousin—note Neville was originally spelled Nevill and sometimes, Neavil) was born February 22, 1805, in Barren County, Kentucky, and died May 26, 1877, in Chester, Randolph County, Illinois. "On the breaking out of the Mexican War he entered the service as Lieutenant of Company A, Second Illinois Regiment. Before this he had occupied the position of Lieutenant Colonel of the militia of Washington County, with E. C. Coffee as Colonel, and the two went into the Mexican War respectively as Lieutenant

and Captain of the company raised in Washington County. Lieutenant Nevill served a year in Mexico, and took part in the Battle of Buena Vista, where his clothing was shot through by bullets. On his return to Washington County, he was chosen Probate Justice of the Peace and held that position for two years.”



Above: Virginia state historical marker in Fauquier County, Virginia, noting that George Neville (7th Great-Granduncle) operated an ordinary (tavern) nearby in the 1700s.

“Judge Nevill came to Chester in the summer of 1851 and took charge of the ferry on the Mississippi for a year. In 1853 he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law. In May 1861, on the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, Mr. Nevill entered the Union service as Lieutenant in the Twenty-second Illinois. In February 1862, he was commissioned as Captain. He served nearly three years, and took part, among other battles, in those of Belmont, Stone River, and Chickamauga. He resumed the practice of law on returning to Randolph County. In the fall of 1865, he was elected County Judge. Judge Nevill has five children living. The only daughter is the wife of Captain Williams, of Chester. One son is living in Randolph County; James is United States Attorney for the District of Nebraska; Joseph is a physician of Ava, Jackson County, and Wil-

liam, the youngest, is a lawyer of Omaha, Nebraska. In his early life Judge Nevill was a Whig but became one of the earliest Republicans of Randolph County.” (Bratton Family, pages 421-425; MFH, pages 1329-1333)

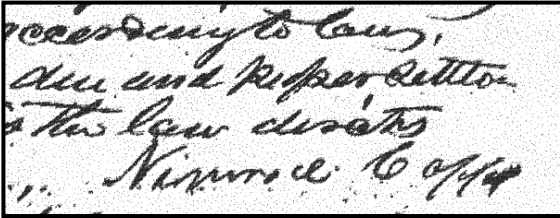
Owned Ordinary, Sawmill, and Still

Capt. George Neville (7th Great-Granduncle; died 1774; son of John Neville, 8th Great-Grandfather) owned a plantation that was “beautifully situated on elevated and productive land, near what is now Auburn, Virginia, on the main road by way of Ashby's Gap from Fredericksburg to Winchester, about six miles southeast of Warrenton.” In addition to his plantation and a sawmill, he had an Ordinary which was a combination Inn and Tavern. He operated the mill and Ordinary until his death in 1774. Afterwards his widow, and then his son-in-law, Ambrose Barnett, operated them until 1792. “It is interesting to note that George Neville had 23 slaves to will to his family plus 100 pounds current money in 1774. He also left each of his daughters over 125 acres of land and probably their houses were paid for or built by him. He must have also produced a little whiskey for use at home and in his Ordinary, as he left a Still in his Will as household property.” His plantation of 241 acres was in Fauquier County, Virginia, about 55 miles southwest of Washington D.C.

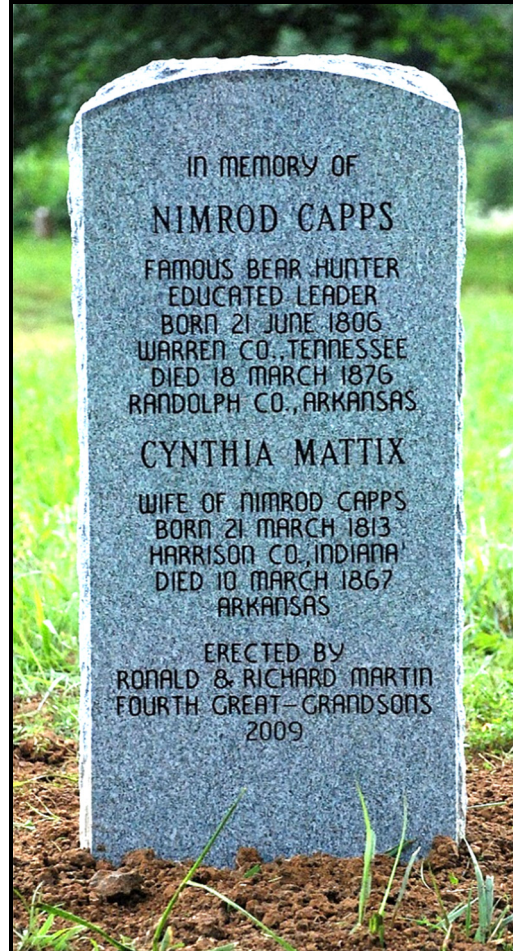
His sawmill was located on Cedar Run. (Bratton Family, pages 432-437; MFH, pages 1340-1344)

Famous Bear Hunter

Nimrod Capps (4th Great-Grandfather; 1806-1876) was living in Lawrence County, Ar-



Top left: Original gravestones of Nimrod Capps (4th Great-Grandfather; 1806-1876), broken pieces, and Mary Cinderella Capps (3rd Great-Grandaunt; 1848-1888), small upright stone. Above: Signature of Nimrod Capps. Right: New monument for Nimrod Capps and Cynthia Mattix, erected in Randolph County, Arkansas, in 2009.

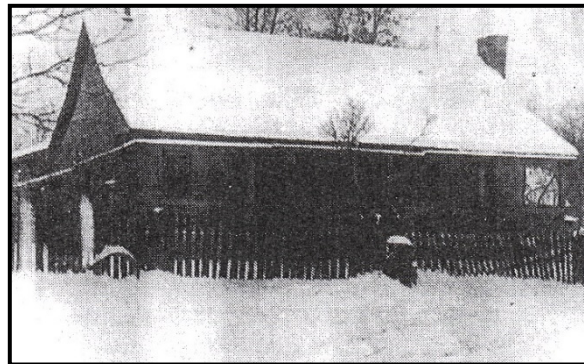
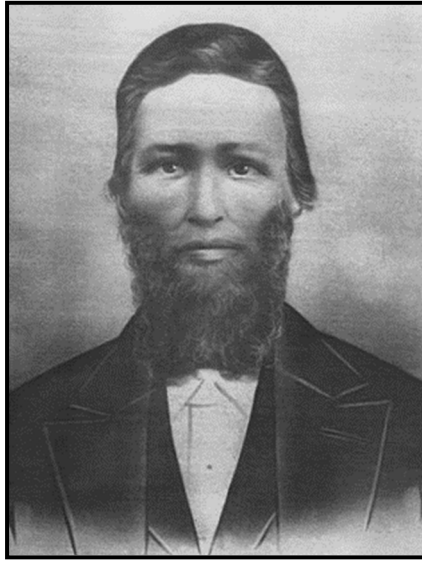


kansas, when he married his wife, Cynthia Mattix (4th Great-Grandmother; 1813-1867), in 1830. Cynthia's grandparents were active members of the Quaker religion. Nimrod is described in *The History of Craighead County, Arkansas* as, "A great hunter of the pioneer period." Another account says that he was a "noted bear hunter."

H. B. Crowley, who may have personally known Nimrod Capps and who was related by marriage to the Capps family, wrote that Nimrod owned a large peach orchard, ran a still and was the founder of Mount Zion Church. (He also operated the Bay Mill, located "above Doniphan," perhaps on Capps' Creek.)

"There was then no revenue on whiskey or brandy and there were numerous stills in the country where corn liquor and peach brandy were made in abundance, and it could be bought for fifty cents a gallon. A liberal supply of one or more of their liquid refreshments was thought to be indispensable at every log rolling, house raising or harvest occasion. To

this supply of whiskey or brandy everyone helped himself whenever he felt so inclined and worked right along. It was very seldom that you saw anyone out of the way with drink. As an illustration of how public sentiment has changed on the subject of drinking in the past forty or fifty years. It was then thought nothing of a church member to engage in the manufacture and sale of whiskey and brandy and many of the very pillars of the early churches in the country drank anything and as often as they liked. Old man Nimrod Capps, the leading man in founding the Mount Zion Church, ran a still at which he made up his fruit crop into brandy and sold it to the men and boys of the country. He owned a fine peach orchard and that was the only way he had of utilizing his large fruit crop.”



“Should a fellow get drunk and misbe-

Top left: Dr. John W. Bryan (1826-1880). He married Jane “Jennie” Capps (3rd Great-Grandaunt; 1842-1878) as his second wife in 1871 and they lived in this house (above), which he built in 1853, east of Dalton, Arkansas. Top right: Sarah Miranda Capps (3rd Great-Grandmother; 1835-1927), his future sister-in-law. Her daughter, Tommie Harris, was ten years old when Jayhawkers took his money and were in the act of forcing him to go with them when Tommie clung to his arm and would not let him go alone, which made them release him at the gate. Dr. Bryan was sure they were going to kill him and said that she saved his life.

have he was ostracized from the best company and this served to keep self-respecting young men from drinking to excess” (*History of Greene County, Arkansas*, by H. B. Crowley, published in 1906 in the *Paragould Soliphone* and reprinted in *The Greene County Historical Quarterly*, Volume 4, Number 3, page 22). (Capps Family, pages 5-6)

Little Girl Saved Doctor

Sarah Miranda Capps (3rd Great-Grandmother; 1835-1927) was born in Lawrence County, Arkansas, and named for her mother, Sarah Williams, and aunt, Miranda Capps. When she was eighteen years old, she married Thomas S. Harris (1835-1854) and together they had one child, Mary “Tommie” Harris (2nd Great-Grandaunt), born in 1854 in Greene County, Arkansas; died July 1, 1920; buried in Pocahontas, Arkansas.

Mary "Tommie" probably saved Dr. John Wallace Bryan (husband of Jennie Capps, sister of Sarah Capps) from being killed by Jayhawkers in 1864. Dr. Bryan had invited the men into his home for dinner, thinking that they were soldiers. When inside, they pulled guns on him and stole his money. They were in the act of forcing him to go with them when ten-year-old Tommie Harris clung to his arm and would not let him go alone. At the gate they released him, in spite of knowing that he would probably follow them, which he did. He was able to recover his horses, which were also taken, but not his money. Ever afterwards, Dr. Bryan contended that the girl saved his life. Her mother, Sarah Capps, witnessed these events. She is described in this account as "a widowed woman schoolteacher, who was boarding with the Bryan family" (*History of Randolph County, Arkansas*, page 259). (Capps Family, pages 11-12; MFH, pages 1425-1426)

Oldest House in Greene County, Arkansas

Lucy Capps (4th Great- Grandaunt; 1814-1891), married Wiley Crowley about 1835. They built their home about a mile north of present-day Crowley's Ridge State Park, across the highway from Warren Chapel, in Greene County, Arkansas, between 1835 and 1840.



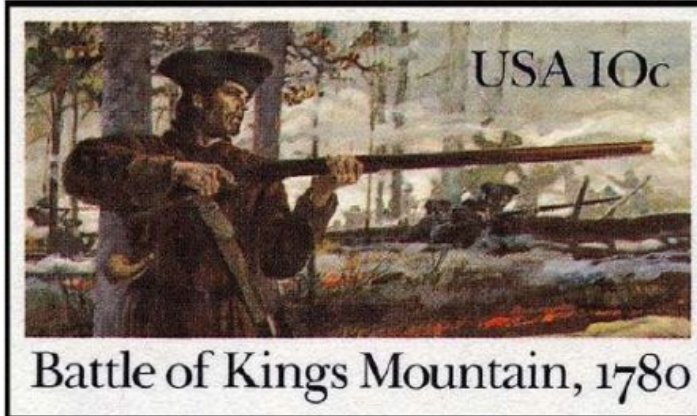
The house was written about in 1906. "It was built of large hewed pine logs, and these lay just as the neighbors placed them over half a century ago. The logs were cut and hewed by old Zachariah Hampton. It is claimed that at the raising of this house every white man in Greene County was present and assisted in the erection of the building. The day for the raising had been set in advance,

Above: Home of Wiley and Lucy Capps Crowley (4th Great-Grandaunt) built about 1840. The home was the oldest residence in Greene County, Arkansas, until it was torn down in the 1970s. Crowley's Ridge was named for Wiley's father, Benjamin Crowley (1758-1842).

and word sent around to the different settlements. Those who went from the remote parts of the county had to start the day before and some reached the home of Wiley Crowley late at night on the same day. Others reached points nearby and remained in camp or put up at the house of some neighbor overnight. After assisting in raising the big log house, they started home and went as far as they could before night overtook them and traveled the remainder of the way the next day. So, it took some of the neighbors three days to help old man Crowley raise his house. This service was all rendered free of charge, and the writer submits that no such neighborly relations ever existed between men in any other section of the country" (*History of Greene County*, by H. B. Crowley, published in 1906 in the *Paragould Soliphone* and reprinted in *The Green County Historical Quarterly*, Volume 3, No. 1, p. 20). (Capps Family, pages 1-2; MFH, pages 1415-1416)

Killed in Battle of Kings Mountain

Capt. John Mattix (Mattocks) (6th Great-Granduncle; 1753-1780) died in the Battle of Kings Mountain on October 7, 1780. A monument was erected near the place where he



Above: U.S. Post Office stamp commemorating the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Kings Mountain in 1980. Right: Bronze statue of Colonel Benjamin Cleveland (1738-1806; son of Elizabeth Coffey, 7th Great-Grandaunt) which was erected in Patriots Park in Cleveland, Tennessee, on April 19, 2013. It was sculpted by local artist, Joshua Coleman and is believed to be a true likeness—Benjamin was at least six feet tall and weighed 300 pounds. (Cleveland, Tennessee, was named for Col. Benjamin Cleveland, and has a population of over 40,000.)



fell to honor him and three other men killed at the same time, including his brother-in-law and friend, Major William Chronicle. He had two brothers that also fought in the battle, **Charles Mattix (Mattocks)** (6th Great-Granduncle; born about 1755), and **Edward Mattix (Mattocks)** (6th Great-Grandfather; born about 1757). Edward, who was wounded, fought for the Tories (British), but his life was spared after the battle by the intercession of his brother. He “was cured of his Toryism and became a Whig” after the battle. (Mattix Family, pages 1-10; MFH, pages 1535-1545)

Commander at Battle of Kings Mountain

Benjamin Cleveland (1738-1806; son of Elizabeth Coffey, 7th Great-Grandaunt) commanded the “Wilkes County Bulldogs” at the famous Battle of Kings Mountain on October 7, 1780, a much-needed victory for the American cause during the Revolutionary War. (Cleveland, Tennessee, a city of over 40,000, and Cleveland County, North Carolina, with a population of over 97,000, are named for Benjamin Cleveland.) His brother, **Capt. Robert “Bob” Cleveland**, was with him and played an important role in “rallying his militiamen during the heat of the battle.” Also, a cousin, **Benjamin Coffey** (6th Great-Granduncle; 1747-1834), served under him, but missed the battle because he lost his horse the night before. He guarded the prisoners the next day. (Sharp Family, pages 64-72; MFH, pages 1922-1929)

“Benjamin Cleveland’s horse was shot out from under him and Major Patrick Ferguson was himself killed in the battle. Cleveland claimed Ferguson’s white stallion as a ‘war prize,’ and rode it home to his estate of Roundabout” near Madison, Oconee County, South Carolina. A historically accurate depiction of Benjamin Cleveland, titled ‘Benjamin Cleveland’s War Prize,’ was completed in 2012. It features a victorious Cleveland leading his troops back home to Wilkes County on Ferguson’s white stallion. (Wikipedia)

Jesse Nevill (5th Great-Granduncle; 1759-1842) was born July 5, 1759, in Fauquier County, Virginia, and died July 25, 1842, in Walhalla, Oconee County, South Carolina; buried in Neville Cemetery in Walhalla, Oconee, South Carolina. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and fought in the Battle of Kings Mountain. (Bratton Family, pages 86-89)



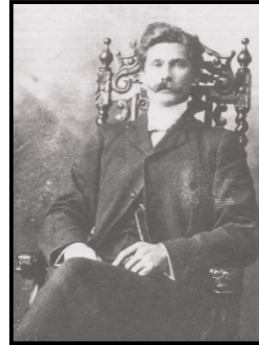
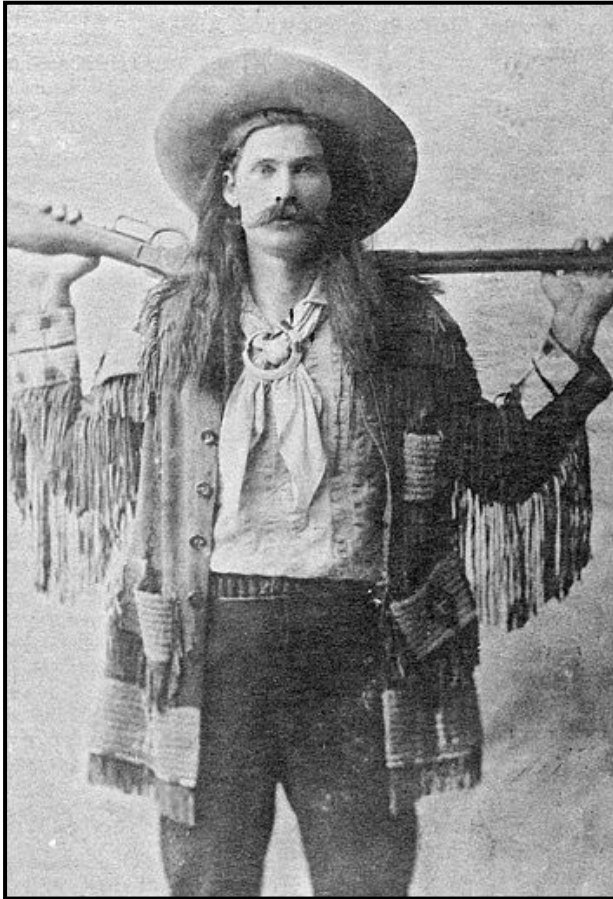
Above: “Benjamin Cleveland's War Prize,” by artist, Don Trojani in 2012. Left: Original signature of Jesse Nevill (5th Great-Granduncle; 1759-1842) on his pension application dated October 2, 1832, when he was seventy-three years old. Lower left: Signature of Martin Johnston (6th Great-Granduncle; 1758-1820) on his pension application in Clark County, Kentucky, on June 18, 1818.

Martin Johnston (6th Great-Granduncle; 1758-1820) served in the 3rd Virginia Regiment of the regular United States Army from February 8, 1776, to February 8, 1778, and fought in the Battle of Trenton on December 26, 1776. The lieutenant of his company was future U.S. President, James Monroe.

Martin fought as part of a militia company in the Battle of Kings Mountain. No doubt his experience helped the men in his company. (Sharp Family, pages 185-187; MFH, pages 2043-2045)

World Rodeo Champion

Charlie Henson "Arizona Charlie" Meadows (1859-1932; son of Margaret Ann Enlow



This page: Abraham Henson "Arizona Charlie" Meadows (1859-1932; son of Margaret Ann Enlow, daughter of Ruth Anne Mattix, 5th Great-Grandaunt), performing his sharp shooting skills at the "Denver Wheel Club Park" (above).

Meadows, 1831-1884, daughter of Ruth Mattix, 5th Great-Grandaunt) was World Rodeo Champion in 1886 in Prescott, Arizona. His father, **John Meadows** (a preacher and a rancher), was killed in July 1882 by hostile Apaches on his ranch in Arizona. His brother, **Henry Meadows**, died later from his wounds. Another brother, **John Meadows**, was wounded and survived, but was crippled for life. Charlie happened to be away that day, working as an army packer.

"He joined the Harmston's Wild West Show in 1890 and spent two years in the Far East doing stage performances and then spent a few weeks in London traveling with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Back in the United States he formed his own exhibition and toured this country and Mexico. Gold was discovered in the Klondike and Charlie took off to establish the first theater and dance hall in the Yukon, becoming a legend in the North Country over a period of several years. His Palace Grand Theater at Dawson City could seat 501 persons. From Alaska and the Yukon, he drifted down the Pacific coast promoting carnivals, street fairs, fiestas, and Wild West shows." (Don Meadows)

Charlie Meadows was 6 feet, 6 inches in height, handsome, and "of picturesque appearance." The epitaph on his gravestone reads: "World Champion Cowboy, Showman /

Frontiersman, Klondike Stampeder / Founder of the Payson Rodeo, / Palace Grand Theater, / Dawson City, Yukon.” (Mattix Family, pages 55-62; MFH, pages 1589-1596)

Fellow Genealogist

Charles Edward Mattix (distant cousin; 1931-2016) cared more about my Mattix ancestors than anyone else in the whole world. We providently met after the year 2000 and shared everything we knew about our common ancestors. His wife told me that when he received my latest compilation of the family history he was so excited that he acted like it was Christmas morning. A few months later, Charles passed away on May 4, 2016. (Mattix Family, pages 72-74; MFH, pages 1606-1608)



Born on Voyage to American

Alexander Nisbet (6th Great-Grandfather; 1731-1773), was born at sea.

He prospered in the Waxhaw area of South Carolina but choose not to own any slaves. He knew the Jackson family and was buried a couple of hundred feet from the father of future president, Andrew Jackson. When he realized he was going to die Alexander requested his wife to, “School and learn our young children as the estate left in your hands will afford.” The children probably went to the “Waxhaw Academy,” which was the same academy that Andrew Jackson attended. (Nisbett Family, pages 3, 33-35; MFH, pages 1615, 1645-1647)



Top: Charles Edward Mattix (1931-2016) at a Christmas dinner in his home in 2014. He loved his Mattix family. Above: The third gravestone from the left is that of Alexander Nisbett (6th Great-Grandfather; 1731-1773) in Waxhaw, South Carolina. He was born at sea on his way to America.

Waxhaw Family of Patriots

Alexander Nisbet (6th Great-Grandfather; 1731-1773) died shortly before the Revolutionary War began, but his sons served their country with courage and enthusiasm.

William Nisbett (5th Great-Granduncle; 1753-1831) lived and died within one mile of where he was born in the Waxhaw area of Lancaster County, South Carolina. He was twenty and the oldest son of Alexander Nisbett when his father died at the age of forty-two. He helped his mother manage the farm and care for his brothers and sisters. He served his country as a private and as an officer (captain and colonel) in the militia during the Revolutionary War. In his own handwriting he wrote part of his war record to qualify for a pension, which he later received.

“To the Speaker and Honorable House of Representatives. Met at Columbia the 22nd day of November, the year 1824. I will give a short account of Service done by me in the Revolutionary War.”



Above: Gravestone of Colonel William Nisbet (5th Great-Granduncle; 1753-1831) in Tirzah Cemetery. He shot the British major at the Battle of Hanging Rock,

“I served my first tour of Duty in what was called the Snow Camp, as a Private Soldier, and did my duty under the Command of General Richardson at Rebus Creek. Again, in a Campaign in Punisburg under Colonel Kershaw, again to Augusta and down to the Three Runs under the Colonel Kershaw. I was with General Sumter when he attacked the British at Rocky Mount, was with him at the Battle of Hanging Rock, was with General Gates when was defeated near Camden, and I continued in actual service night and day, until he was defeated. Was doing my duty under Major Kimbrel, when General Greene fought the British at the Big Sand Hill near Camden. I served a Campaign under General Marion near Orangeburg, from that to near Monks Corner, when the British burned Bigam Church, from that to Quimbee. I was lying near the great road above Camden keeping watch to see that the British did not steal a march. We took the other end of the road and we occupied the ground to the left. I will not trouble the House with anymore, enough has been said to show that I made it a point to do my duty, and as an Officer through the War, only my first Campaign.”

“I was born in Lancaster District and lived in it ever since. I am now going on 70 years old; I am upon the decline fast. My Petition, and request is that if as an old Soldier that has served his Country by night and day, I am entitled to anything for past services, I would still count it an Honor to be among my old Friends. So do what you believe to be right and while I live, I will do my duty to pray for you and the prosperity of My Country. Signed, WILLIAM NISBETT.”

William did not mention in his war record that he also fought under General Sumter in the battles of Cowpens, Guilford Court House, Hobkirk's Hill, and Eutaw Springs.

William was a captain in General Thomas Sumter's Cavalry. On August 18, 1780, at Fishing Creek, two hundred men of Sumter's command were bathing when the British surprised them. William was in his tent asleep at the first alarm but taking a horse from a wagon, he escaped up the river. William's brother, **John Nisbett** (5th Great-Granduncle; 1759-1829), was in the same company bathing at the time of the attack but also managed to escape. During the Battle of Hanging Rock, General Sumter ordered William to shoot the British Major, which he did through the head, thus ending the fight.

After the war, William returned to his farm in Lancaster County where he raised ten children.

Later, he was an elder in the Old Tirzah Church and a County Commissioner.

John Nisbett (5th Great-Granduncle; 1759-1829) served with his brother as a soldier in the



Right: Gravestone of John Nisbett (5th Great-Granduncle; 1758-1829) in Tirzah Presbyterian Cemetery (above) in Union County, North Carolina. The inscription reads: "Inscribed / to / The memory / of / Major JOHN NISBET / who died / March 21st, 1829 / in the 70th year / of his age."



Revolutionary War. He was twenty-one years old when he was first called into service. His war service was as follows: "April 15, 1780-May 27, 1780; 43 days on foot under Colonel Kershaw at Camden, South Carolina. June 11, 1780-October 16, 1780; 135 days in Cavalry under Major Robert Crawford at Hanging Rock. February 16, 1781-March 8, 1781; 21 days in Cavalry under Colonel John Marshall. April 23, 1781-May 10, 1781; 18 days in Cavalry under Lt. Colonel Frederick Tumble. May 21, 1782-June 14, 1782; 25 days on foot under Colonel John Marshall in camp at Hole Bridge."

John Nisbett also did service as a messenger for the army. John wrote in his appeal for a pension, "I shall only mention Hanging Rock, and Sumter's rout on the Catawba River, where I made my escape by swimming the river from bank to bank, and landed without one rag of clothes. But not discouraged by the disaster, I immediately took the field again and continued to serve my Country, faithfully until Independence and an Honorable peace was obtained."

"I am now 66 years old and in addition to the infirmities common to that period of life, I am lame, that at times with pain and difficulty I follow my daily labor."

When John was fifty-six years old, he served as a Major with Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans (War of 1812).

James Nisbett (5th Great-Granduncle; 1765-1845) helped raise food and supplies for the

American forces during the Revolutionary War. James was only thirteen years old when he began serving in his older brother's (William Nisbett, 5th Great-Granduncle) Company



Above: Gravestone of James Nisbet (5th Great-Granduncle; 1765-1845), Revolutionary War Soldier, in Grapevine Cemetery, Madisonville, Kentucky.

in 1778. He served as a Horseman with William from May 16, 1778, to July 1, 1781. Both James and his brother, William, fought in the Battle of Huck's Defeat at Brattonsville, York County, South Carolina, on July 12, 1780. This battle was fought on the land of Colonel William Bratton.

“Colonel Bratton and 75 of his men surprised and defeated the infamous Captain Christian Huck and his Tory force of 500 men. The day before the battle, Huck had called on Martha Bratton, the colonel's wife, and offered Colonel Bratton a commission in the British Army. When asked by Huck

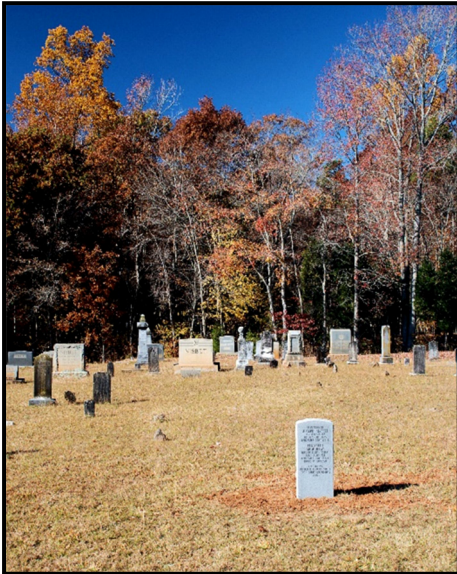
of Colonel Bratton's whereabouts, Mrs. Bratton told him that she did not know where he was and that she would not tell him if she did. One of his men took a reaping sickle from the wall and pinned her to the column with the hook around her neck. Still, she refused, and the threat was about to be carried out when the officer, second in command, intervened and saved her life. Colonel Bratton later returned with a Whig force and defeated Huck's forces on July 12, 1780. Huck's defeat at Brattonsville was the first patriot victory after the fall of Charleston” (*York County, South Carolina Historical Sites*, pages 12-15 and 79).

James Nisbett married Colonel Bratton's daughter on November 5, 1791. After the death of his mother and the settlement of his father's estate, James decided to move with his older brother, Alexander, Jr., to the west. He followed the Old Wilderness Trail (Daniel Boone Trail) and eventually settled in Madisonville, Kentucky, on Christmas Eve in 1800.

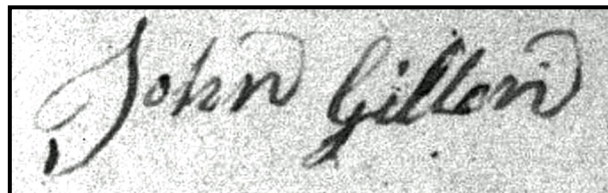
Benjamin Nisbett (5th Great-Granduncle; born 1768) Benjamin did not serve in the army during the Revolution, probably because he was very young, although his younger brother, Joseph Nisbett (5th Great-Grandfather), did participate as a horseman.

Joseph Nisbett (5th Great-Grandfather; about 1770-about 1825) was three years old when his father died. When Joseph was only ten years old, he began serving as a horseman in the American army during the Revolutionary War. His war record reads: “Joseph Nisbett served under Captain Collins of Colonel William Nisbett's (his brother) Regiment from June 15, 1780, through June 1, 1781. During this time, he also served in General Sumter's Cavalry from June 25, 1780, to September 14, 1780. From February 16, 1781, to March 8,

1781, he was in the Battles of Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock. From April 23, 1781, to



This page: Monument of Joseph Nisbett and his wife, Elizabeth McMurray (5th Great-Grandparents), in Tirzah Cemetery in Union County, North Carolina. His original monument, if he ever had one, is missing so my brother and I drove from Texas to North Carolina and erected this monument in November 2007. Below: Signature of John Gillon (6th Great-Grandfather; 1753-1833) on document dated February 11, 1822.



May 13,
1781,
Joseph

served under Colonel John Marshall at the Battle of Camden, South Carolina and also was serving at the time of General Gates defeat at Sandhill near Camden.”

“After the Revolutionary War, Joseph Nisbett and his wife settled on his farm in the Jacksonham District of Lancaster County, South Carolina.” (Nisbett Family, pages 35-50; MFH, pages 1647-1662)

Left for Dead

John Gillon (6th Great-Grandfather; born 1753 in County Antrim, Ireland; died September 6, 1833, in Cabarrus County, North Carolina;) was a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

John served as a private under Captain John Reid who headed a company of Cavalry in

Colonel William Davie's North Carolina Militia. John Gillon was wounded several times by "cuts of sword." In one battle he was cut so severely that "the prevailing opinion was that he could not recover." Rev. James McRee dressed his wounds and



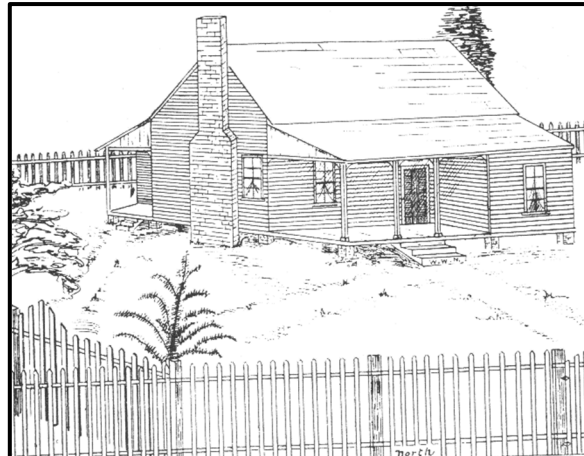
Left: Gravestone of John Gillon (6th Great-Grandfather; 1753-1833) in Coddle Creek Cemetery. During the war John was wounded several times by "cuts of sword." In one battle he was cut so severely that "the prevailing opinion was that he could not recover." Rev. James McRee dressed his wounds and he improved; John received a pension for his war service. Below: Drawing of the first frame house built in Jonesboro, Arkansas, by James Nisbett (4th Great-Grandfather; 1811-1880). Today, over 78,000 people live in Jonesboro.

he improved; John received a pension for his war service. (Nisbett Family, pages 60-61, 116-118)

First frame house in Jonesboro, Arkansas

James Nisbett (4th Great-Grandfather; 1811-1880) built the first frame house in Jonesboro, Arkansas. It was located where the downtown post office now stands.

James was a "farmer and a mechanic and kept a hotel in Jonesboro for some time." (Biographies of Arkansas, by Goodspeed, page 348) (Nisbett Family, page 63)



First of everything in Jonesboro, Arkansas

William Washington Nisbett (3rd Great-Grandfather; 1836-1889). "In 1853 W. W. Nisbett and his young wife moved to what is now Craighead County. He purchased 40 acres of land lying east of Church Street and south of Matthews Avenue. After Jonesboro was founded in 1859, he purchased 160 acres from his brother-in-law, Fergus Snoddy, who had given fifteen acres for the site of the new town. He then moved onto the land and lived there the rest of his life. This property lies in west Jonesboro. Two additions to the town were made from his farm."

"Shortly after his marriage, Mr. Nisbett studied law and was later admitted to the bar. However, he never practiced law more than to help his neighbors and attended to his own business affairs. He was the first lawyer in the new town of Jonesboro."

"Before the outbreak of the Civil War he also operated a mercantile business in Jonesboro. After the war he returned to Jonesboro and was engaged in the furniture business, selling

coffins on the side. In that day there was little or no embalming and coffins were usually sold as articles of merchandise. He 'was burned out three times,' the last time being in 1886. After that he decided to go back to farming and to whatever business he could carry on at his farm."

"W. W. Nisbett was a pioneer in the truest sense of the word. He had the restless urge all of his life to see progress made in his community. Several 'firsts' in Jonesboro can be credited to his efforts."

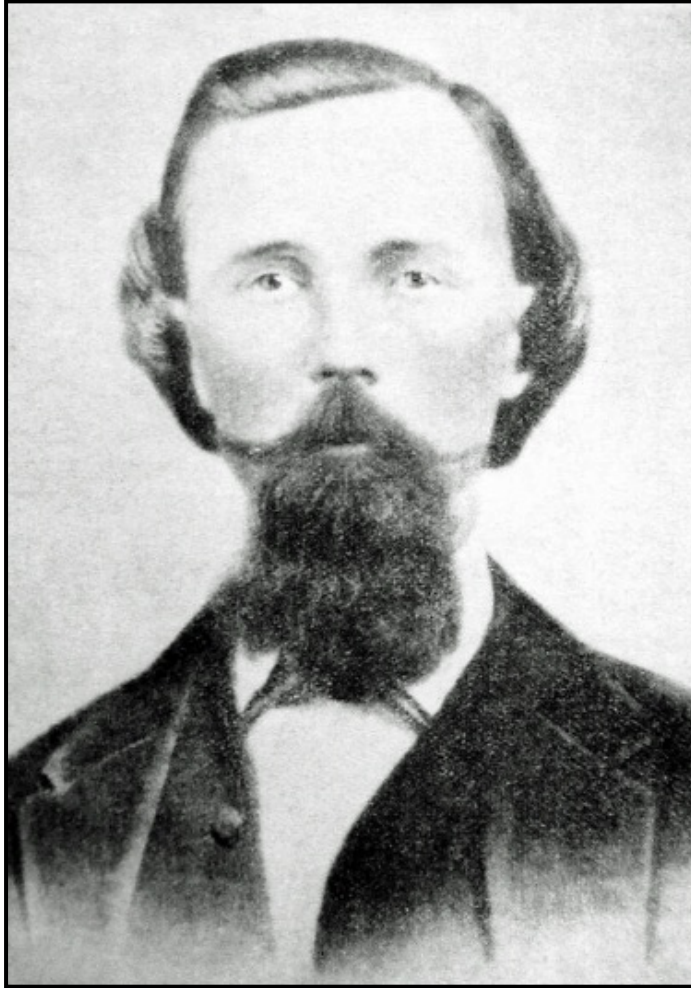
"He operated the first tavern in Jonesboro. It was located at the east end of Jackson Avenue."

"He built the first cotton gin in town. It was operated by a 'treadmill' on which oxen or horses walked to turn the machinery."

"He operated the first grist mill. He installed the first 'bolting' machine that sifted coarsely ground wheat into flour. He built the first sawmill in the town. He built and operated the first brickyard." (Making 35,000 to 40,000 bricks per day in 1888)

"The interesting feature of all these operations was that he performed all of them on his own property with the exception of the tavern."

"He was a religious leader also. He was superintendent of the first Sunday school in Jonesboro, a union service that was held in the first courthouse until it burned in 1869. It is not known if he built the first schoolhouse in Jonesboro, but he did build a schoolhouse on what is now Burke Avenue. All the lumber was cut at his sawmill."



Above: William Washington Nisbett (3rd Great-Grandfather; 1836-1889) in 1884. He served as a private and a captain during the Civil War and after he returned home, accomplished many firsts for Jonesboro. He became the town's first lawyer. He operated the first tavern, the first cotton gin, the first grist mill, the first sawmill, and the first brickyard. All were operated on his land with the exception of the tavern. He was superintendent of the first Sunday school and built a schoolhouse that was among the first, if not the first, in Jonesboro. He also served as sheriff during the difficult reconstruction days and never lost or had stolen any of the tax collections that he had to take periodically to Little Rock. He was head of the Republican Party and Master of the Blue Lodge of Masons.

“Mr. Nisbett was sheriff and collector of the county from 1867 to 1872. It will be recalled that this was during the bitter Reconstruction days after the Civil War. Nisbett had the very difficult task of preserving peace between local citizens and outsiders. Local citizens formed the Ku Klux Klan, and a company of militia was sent up from Little Rock to disband it. In a skirmish at ‘Burk Snort Hill,’ about 5 miles northeast of Jonesboro, John Tyler, a local citizen was killed. Several of the Ku Klux members were later arrested and jailed in the courthouse.”

“Mr. Nisbett made an effort to bring about a settlement. He offered to free any citizen who would turn in his ‘shootin iron’ until the trouble was over. A number of men did, and there was no more trouble. The job of taking tax collections to Little Rock at that time was extremely hazardous. Mrs. Armour says that her father (W. W. Nisbett) would always leave Jonesboro at night, and that his wife would never tell anyone where he had gone. He had to carry the money in his saddlebags, and one can realize what a risk was taken on every trip. But Mr. Nisbett never failed to deliver the money safely.”

“One interesting story about this man has to do with three Indians who came to his house several times to buy corn meal. It is well known that the Indians were moved out of Arkansas more than 20 years before Jonesboro was founded, but a few families must have remained in the Cache River bottoms for a number of years after their kinsmen were forcibly moved into Oklahoma.”

“Mrs. Mary Nisbett, widow of W. W. Nisbett, told a grandchild several years ago that she remembered the names of the three men who came to buy meal. They were Billie Moon Shine, Old Buckeye and John Big Knife. This is the only reference that this reporter has ever had of Indians living in what is now Craighead County after Jonesboro was founded.”

“Mr. Nisbett was a member of the Masonic fraternity, Master of the Blue Lodge, and High Priest of the Chapter. He belonged to the I. O. O. F., and also to the Eastern Star.” As a young man he learned the carpenter’s trade from his father.

“Mr. Nisbett died in 1889. In 1964 the only living children are Minnie (Mrs. C. H. Armour) and Ed, who now lives in Anniston, Alabama.” (Nisbett Family, pages 61-68; MFH, pages 1673-1680)

Foster Mother for Thirty-six Orphan Children

Elizabeth Clifford Smith Calvert (daughter of Mary Nisbett, 2nd Great-Grandaunt) was a granddaughter of Mary Mattix, wife of William W. Nisbett. After William died, Mary told her that in addition to their ten children, her husband had fathered a daughter, Willie

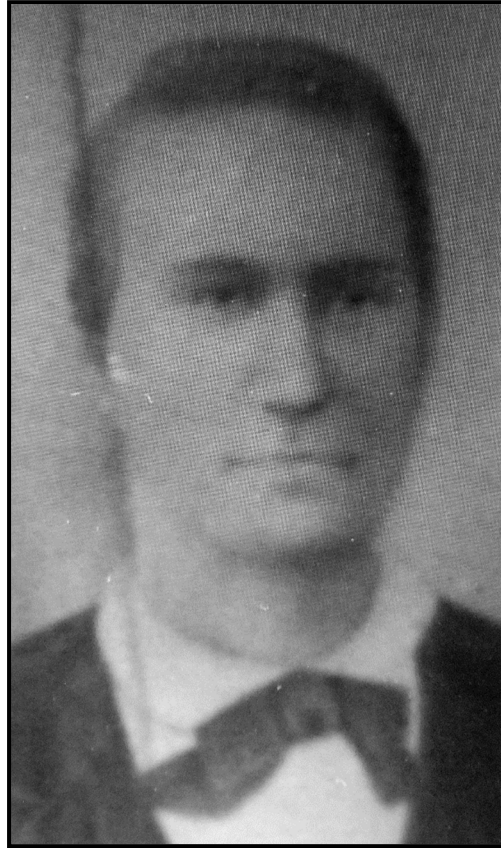


Above: Elizabeth Clifford Smith Calvert (1879-1973; daughter of Mary Nisbett, 2nd Great-Grandaunt). Elizabeth was the family historian. She was close to her grandmother, Mary Mattix, wife of William W. Nisbett (3rd Great-Grandfather). Elizabeth was foster mother for thirty-six orphan children.

Stephens (2nd Great-Grandmother), by her cousin, Sarah Miranda Capps (3rd Great-Grandmother). Elizabeth shared this information with my grandmother, Frances Massey Bowles,



Right: Hugh Ross Rodgers (1827-1865; son of Sarah Gillon, 5th Great-Grandaunt, and Matthew Rodgers, 5th Great-Granduncle, making him equivalent to a 4th Great-Granduncle) was a Confederate soldier, but he died in a Union prisoner of war camp about three months after his enlistment in January 1865. Above: Camp Douglas in Chicago, Illinois, where Hugh Rodgers died. This is another illustration of the awful suffering and waste of lives that took place because of the Civil War.



who recorded it and told me the story when I got older. If it wasn't for this, I would never have known that William W. Nisbett was my 3rd Great-Grandfather. Elizabeth Clifford Smith Calvert later became the family historian.

Elizabeth was a compassionate person and was foster mother for thirty-six orphan children. (Nisbett Family, pages 68-69; MFH, pages 1680-1681)

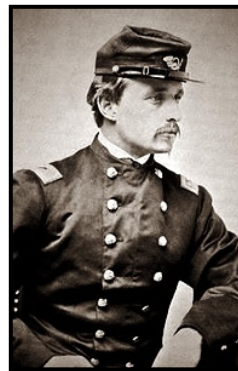
Died in Prisoner of War Camp

Hugh Ross Rodgers (1827-1865; son of Sarah Gillon, 5th Great-Grandaunt, and Matthew Rodgers, 5th Great-Granduncle, making him equivalent to a 4th Great-Granduncle) enlisted in Company C, 46th Alabama Infantry on October 26, 1864, and was captured by northern troops at Nashville, Tennessee, two months later on December 16, 1864. He was sent to Camp Douglas in Chicago, Illinois, and died of congestion in a little over a month. There he was buried in a soldier's mound. (Nisbett Family, pages 123, 125-126)

Fought at Fort Wagner Against 54th Massachusetts Infantry

William Matthew Rodgers (1838-1918; son of Adam Rodgers, 5th Great-Granduncle) served with many of his relatives in Company H of the 54th Georgia Infantry, which defended Fort Wagner against the 54th Massachusetts Infantry on July 18, 1863. (The 54th led the attack, one of the first major engagements of a black regiment in the Civil War. They were defeated but showed outstanding courage. The movie, *Glory*, made in 1989,

depicted the story of the 54th and its commander, Colonel Robert Shaw [see photograph],



who died in this battle. He also fought in the battles of the Atlanta Campaign, Hood's battles in Tennessee, and in the final major engagement of the Civil War, the Battle of Bentonville, on March 19-21, 1865.

Flat Boatman on Mississippi River

William Onyett (4th Great-Grandfather; died 1836), his wife Sarah, and their seven surviving children all immigrated to America on the ship *Bainbridge*, arriving in Philadelphia



Top left: Depiction of the Battle of Fort Wagner on July 18, 1863. This is the famous battle in which the 54th Massachusetts Infantry led the attack, their commander, Colonel Robert Shaw (top right), was killed in this battle. William Matthew Rodgers (1838-1918; son of Adam Rodgers, 5th Great-Granduncle), with many of his relatives in Company H. of the 54th Georgia Infantry, defended Fort Wagner. Above and left: Grave slab of William Onyett (4th Great-Grandfather; died 1836), his daughter, Ann Onyett (1814-1830), and other relatives in Lafayette Cemetery in New Orleans, Louisiana. Ann Onyett is the 14th oldest burial in Lafayette Cemetery, which now has over 8,000 burials and is a modern tourist attraction. William Onyett was a flat boatman on the Mississippi River and after delivering his goods, would return home to Indiana via the Neches Trace.

on August 23, 1820. He settled in or near Evansville, Vanderburgh County, Indiana, which is situated on the Ohio River. William Onyett is mentioned in the *History of Vanderburgh County, Indiana*, on page 39 and published in 1910.

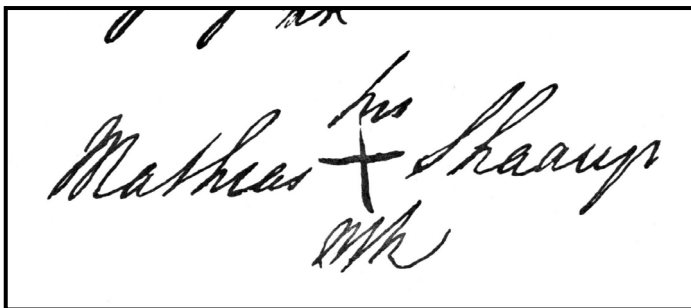
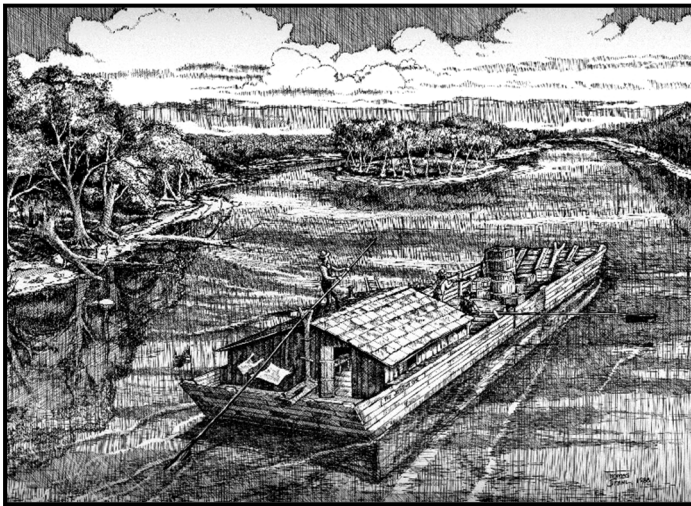


“Many of the best men we had, such as General Joseph Lane, Barney Cody, William Elliott, Tom Stinson, **William Onyett** (4th Great-Grandfather) and others were experienced flat boatmen. And they were the pioneer pilots who knew the river as well as the men made famous by the late Mark Twain.”

Another important note is made on page 37 of the same history: "In the early 1830s a band of Englishmen came here from Chatteris." (Onyett Family, pages 16-25)

Immigrated to America in 1732

Mathias Schaub (7th Great-Grandfather; 1685-1750) sailed to the port of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the ship *Pennsylvania Merchant* with 168 Palatines on September 11, 1732. The ship embarked "from Rotterdam, but last from Plymouth, England." Mathias could not write so he signed the ship's roll with his mark. The majority of passengers also signed the ship's roll with their marks. He was one of about one hundred persons who immigrated to America between 1728 and 1753 with the name of Schaub. The name was spelled many ways. (*Pennsylvania German Pioneers*, pages 56-62 and 65-70.)



After arriving in Philadelphia, Matthias moved to Virginia. He eventually moved to that part of Augusta County that later became Rockingham County, Virginia. He owned three hundred and fifty acres "near the upper end of Peaked Mountain" (now called Massanutten Mountain, the tallest mountain in the immediate area) (Sharp Family, pages; 3-6; MFH, pages 1861-1864)

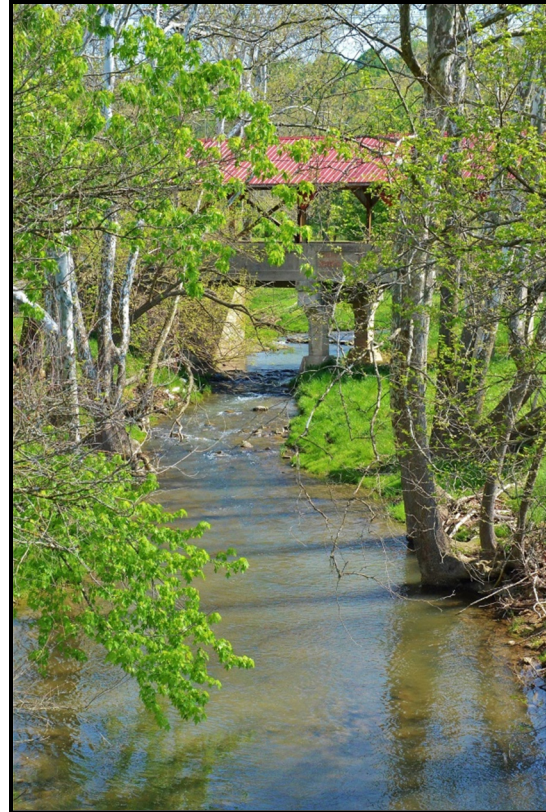
Top: William Onyett (4th Great-Grandfather; died 1836) was a flat boatman in Chatteris, England, before immigrating to Indiana in 1820. This drawing by Thomas Stahl, Copyright © 1988, is a good representation of the boats of his era. William probably captained many boats down the Mississippi River from Indiana to New Orleans in the 1820s and 1830s. He probably returned home on the Natchez Trace. Above: Mark of Mathias Schaub (7th Great-Grandfather; 1685-1750) on the roll of the *Pennsylvania Merchant* on September 11, 1732.

Moravian missionaries Visit Mathias Schaub

Mathias Schaub (7th Great-Grandfather; 1685-1750) welcomed two Moravian missionaries into his home on December 3, 1749.

About 1900 a discovery was made in the archives of the old Moravian Church in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, of a series of diaries that had been kept by Moravian missionaries, who had traveled through the Shenandoah Valley and adjacent parts of Virginia from 1743 to

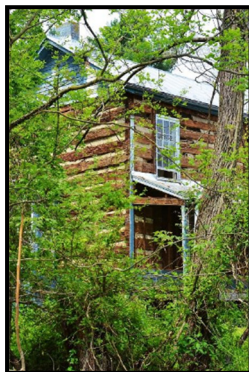
1753. The original texts were written in German. These were translated and published in *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, "Moravian Diaries of Travels through



Top: Approximate location of the farm owned by Mathias Schaub (7th Great-Grandfather; 1685-1750) near Massanutten Mountain on or near Cub Run (above), which flows into the Shenandoah River in Rockingham County, Virginia. Mathias owned at least 350 acres at the "upper end of Peaked (Massanutten) Mountain" in the 1740s. **Right:** Red covered bridge that crosses Cub Run, located north of Highway 33 and south of Massanutten Mountain. This was the main road in the 1800s/1900s between Elkton and Harrisonburg, Virginia. **Below:** Old, recently discovered cabin; 2014.

Virginia," Volume 11, pages 115-131, published October 1903.

Leonard Schnell, who had already made a number of trips into Virginia, made another missionary tour early in December 1749. He left Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, accompanied by Brother Brandmueller. They "came down from the vicinity of Staunton, into what is now east Rockingham County." Other Brethren had told them that in the Massanutten settlements were Germans of "all kinds of denominations—Mennonites, Lutherans, Separatists, and Inspirationists." They wrote, "On December 2nd we continued our journey the whole day, because we wished to be with the Germans on Sunday. Once we lost our way. But our desire to preach tomorrow strengthened us in our journey. In the evening we attempted to hire a man to go with us part of the way, but none was willing. We continued for a time down the Tschanator, and arrived rather late at the house of the sons of the old Stopfel Franciscus, who kept us over night."



“On Sunday, December 3rd, the young Franciscus went very early with us to show us the way to **Matthias Schaub's** (7th Great-Grandfather; 1685-1750), who, immediately on my offer to preach for them, sent messengers through the neighborhood to announce my sermon (Brother Schnell noted that the distance from Franciscus to Matthias' home was four miles.) In a short time, a considerable number of people assembled, to whom I preached. After the sermon I baptized the child of a Hollander. We stayed overnight with Matthias Schaub. His wife (7th Great-Grandmother) told us that we were always welcome in their house. We should always come to them whenever we came into that district.”

“Towards evening a man from another district, Adam Mueller, passed. I told him that I would like to come to his home and preach there. He asked me if I were sent by God. I answered, yes. He said, if I were sent by God, I would be welcome, but he said, there are at present so many kinds of people, that often one does not know where they come from. I requested him to notify his neighbors that I would preach on the 5th, which he did.”

“On December 4th we left Schaub's house, commending the whole family to God. We traveled through the rain across the South Shenandoah to Adam Mueller, who received us with much love (the distance from Matthias Schaub's home to Adam Mueller's, 'going back across the river,' was four miles). We stayed overnight with him.” (A footnote states that Matthias “Schaub died a month or two after Brother Schnell's visit. On February 26th, 1750, Jacob Nicholas and Valentine Pence qualified as executors of his will. See *Augusta County Will Book Number 1*, pages 312, 313. He evidently lived on the west side of the river, somewhere between Port Republic and Elkton.”)

“On December 5th I preached at Adam Mueller's house on John 7: 'Whosoever thirsteth let him come to the water and drink.' A number of thirsty souls were present. Especially Adam Mueller took in every word, and after the sermon declared himself well pleased. In the afternoon we traveled a short distance, staying overnight with a Swiss. The conversation was very dry, and the word of Christ's sufferings found no hearing.”

“On December 6th we came to Mesanoton. We stayed with Philip Long, who had his own religion. I intended to preach, but he would not let us have his house, assuring us that none would come, since Rev. Mr. Klug had warned the people to be on their guard against us. We had soon an opportunity to see how bitter the people were towards us. Hence, we concluded to leave, which we did, wishing God's blessing upon the district. An unmarried man, H. Reder, took us through the river.”

The missionaries continued their journey as far as the “valleys of the James River” before returning through Rockingham County and the Shenandoah Valley to Pennsylvania. (*A History of Rockingham County, Virginia*, pages 45-50, by John Wayland, Ph.D., published 1912.) (Sharp Family, pages 7-8, 128-129; MFH, pages 1865-1866, 1986-1987)

Famous Bear Hunter Escaped Indians

George Sharp (5th Great-Grandfather; 1767-1830) was born in Bedford County, Virginia. He moved with his father, **Adam Sharp** (6th Great-Grandfather; 1742-1816),

to Clark County (later Powell County), Kentucky, about 1787, where he built a log home and a mill on Stoner Creek. In 1799 he married seventeen-year-old **Sarah Johnston** (5th



Above: Old drawing of a Miami Indian Village in Ohio or Indiana. George Sharp (5th Great-Grandfather; 1767-1830) and a comrade escaped from Indians (tribe and state are not recorded—probably Kentucky) who had held them captive for some time. George hid in a hollow log, which the Indians even stood on while they were looking for him. He later said that he was so frightened that he felt sure they would hear his heart pounding. They traveled ten days without eating any real food (only roots) before killing a wild turkey and then went many days again without food before reaching a white settlement. Below: Bear knife of George Sharp in 1983.

Great-Grandmother; 1783-1861), daughter of **George Johnston** (friend of future U.S. President, James K. Polk), in



Clark County. George Sharp later moved to Maury County, Tennessee, and then to Ellettsville, Monroe County, Indiana, where he died at the age of 63.

George and eight to fifteen other heads of families erected crude log cabins on their lands in Ellettsville late in

the fall of 1816. They lived there during the winter and cleared the land for their 1817 crop. Early in 1817 their families joined them.

George is written as being an expert bear killer and he kept the settlers supplied with meat for the first winter. In *History of Monroe County, Indiana*, pages 500 and 501, published in 1887, an account of George's bear hunting abilities was recorded.

“George Sharp, the father of Johnston Sharp, was probably the most experienced bear

hunter ever a resident of Monroe County. He had lived before coming to the county in a



Above: *The Count of the Peelu Islands*, a book published in 1796 and owned by George Sharp (5th Great-Grandfather; 1767-1830). He took the book with him from Kentucky to Tennessee and then to Indiana, and wrote his name, his wife's name (Sally), and the names of all of his children on the back cover. He wrote: "George Sharp, Sally Sharp / Nancy Edmondson, Polly Rawlings / Malinda Parks, Hubbard Sharp / James S. Sharp, Celia Sharp / George Sharp, Amelia Sharp / Thomas J. Sharp, William P. Sharp." George listed his children in the order of their birth. In the book, John Sharp, ship's surgeon on the *Antelope*, and crew are shipwrecked on Peelu Island in 1783. After he heals the son of the king the natives help the crew to rebuild their wrecked ship and return to England. George Sharp was not related to this John Sharp, but may have thought there was some family connection, or he just enjoyed the book.

wild section of the South and during a surveying expedition of considerable magnitude, had been one of four or five scouts and hunters who supplied all the wild meat required by the members of the expedition. He averaged a bear a day for months, besides scores of buffaloes, deer and turkeys. He killed hundreds of bears in his time and had many narrow escapes from death, but his incredible strength, coolness, skill and knowledge of the animals always brought him through without serious injury. He went armed with a huge butcher knife, the blade of which was one foot in length, and carried a rifle, with ball heavy enough to bring down the largest game. His son, Johnston Sharp, yet has his knife, which is truly a formidable weapon and is greatly prized as a keepsake. It was used in killing one of the few bears taken in Richland Township."

“In about 1819, during the early winter and just after a light fall of snow, some man in the settlement, in going through the woods, saw a large and curiously shaped track, and could



Above: George Sharp (5th Great-Grandfather; 1767-1830) in “a surveying expedition of considerable magnitude, had been one of four or five scouts and hunters who supplied all the wild meat. He averaged a bear a day for months, besides scores of buffaloes, deer and turkeys. He killed hundreds of bears in his time and had many narrow escapes from death, but his incredible strength, coolness, skill and knowledge of the animals always brought him through without serious injury. He went armed with a huge butcher knife, the blade of which was one foot in length, and carried a rifle, with ball heavy enough to bring down the largest game.” (*History of Monroe County, Indiana*)

not account for the same. Old man Sharp was called on to decide and pronounced it the track of a large bear. The trail was immediately followed and led to a large hollow sycamore that stood a short distance north of Ellettsville. All the men of the settlement gathered around to participate in the killing, but were prohibited from using guns for fear, in the excitement, of shooting some person. The tree was cut down. While this was being done, Mr. Sharp, the only one experienced in the habits of bears, was plied with all manner of questions, such as, ‘Which way will it run?’ ‘Where shall I stand?’ etc., and answered all in a manner

to keep his neighbors on the ‘ragged edge,’ and make them feel their decided inferiority on questions of bear-hunting. The huge tree came down with a crash, split open and to the astonishment of all, revealed three bears—one large one and two cubs three-fourths grown. The dogs, to the number of about a dozen, immediately set upon the bears, which severely stunned by the fall, could at first offer only partial resistance and were readily dispatched with clubs and cautious rifle shots before they had recovered their usual strength.”

“One of the cubs caught a dog owned by Mr. Sharp, and was crushing the life out of it, when the irate owner, armed with the big butcher knife above mentioned, ran up and reaching over the bear, struck it to the heart from the opposite side. The yelping canine was instantly released and in a few moments the bear was dead. Several present could not understand why Mr. Sharp had reached over the bear and struck it from the opposite side from which he was standing. He explained that bears when struck with a knife always snapped at and struck with their paws at the immediate object hurting—in this case the knife—regardless of who or what was on the other side and he cited them to the fact that the bear when struck had bitten savagely at the knife, striking also with its paws and had he been on that side would, no doubt, have suffered injury. He had been in too many hand-to-hand (so to speak) conflicts with these animals not to know how to use the knife. The three bears were taken, dressed and parceled out among the settlers, all of whom enjoyed eating a large piece of juicy bear steak, which, it is said, tastes much like pork and can be fried in its own fat.”

George and the other settlers bought their land from the government land office in Vincennes for one dollar an acre. At the time of the sale all of the settlers were suffering from the ague except James Parks, a neighbor and close friend of George Sharp. He rode on horseback to Vincennes (the capital) to purchase land for George and all the other settlers.

There were Indians in the area when George first moved his family to Indiana. Delaware and Pottawatomie Indians were plentiful. They were quite friendly and would often come with their squaws and papooses to stay all night with the settlers. They had a trading house within a mile or so of the Ellettsville settlement.

James Parks said, "In early days, we had grand times at log rolling. When we got our ground ready for rolling, we would invite our neighbors to the frolic. Choosing our captains, they would in turn choose their hands and at it we would go" (*The Ellettsville Story, 1837-1987,* page 14)



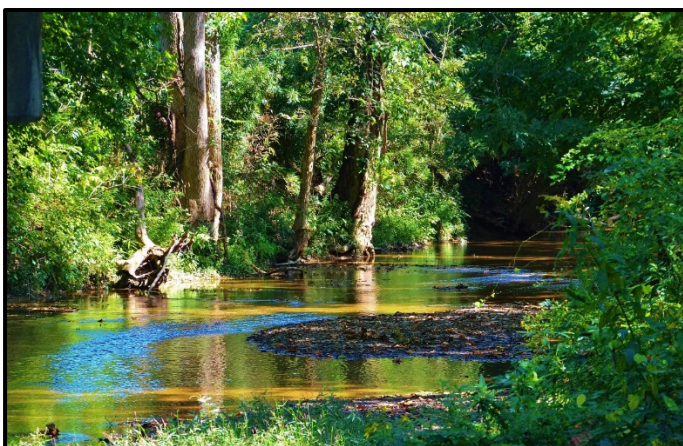
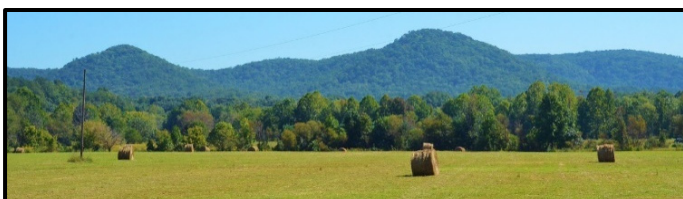
Top: Land near the Presbyterian Cemetery in Ellettsville, Indiana, in 1983 that was originally owned by George Sharp (5th Great-Grandfather; 1767-1830) in the early 1800s. It was later owned by his son, Thomas Sharp, who built a home on this very spot.

George Sharp's bear knife was in possession of Helen Mills in 1983. My brother Ron and I traveled to Ellettsville that year and met Helen who is also a direct descendent of George Sharp. She showed us the knife as well as a book printed in the late 1700s that George had owned and brought with him when he settled in Indiana. Inside the back cover he had written the names of all of his children. He demonstrated good penmanship and had an above average ability to read and write for his day. Helen was having problems with her heart and died four years later.

George lived the rest of his life in Ellettsville. He donated land for the Presbyterian Cemetery in Ellettsville and was buried there in June 1830 at the age of sixty-three. His wife, Sarah Johnston, lived another thirty-one years and was buried next to him.

Mary "Polly" Minerva Parks Rawlins (1832-1906; daughter of Malinda Sharp Parks, 4th Great-Grandaunt) wrote the following story about her grandfather. "Here I will relate the experience Grandfather Sharp (1767-1830: George Sharp) had while a prisoner with the Indians, also his comrade. They had been with the Indians for quite a while and all efforts to escape had failed. To tantalize them the Indians told them that they would give them a chance for liberty. So, they formed a circle around them, each Indian with his hands full of sand to throw into their eyes as they tried to escape. But when a man's life is at stake, they are enabled to put forth a superhuman effort, as these two did and gained their freedom. They made good time after they had broken through the Indian ranks and then made their way to a hiding place. Grandfather crawled into a hollow log and was there but a short time before his pursuers mounted the log and called him loudly by his Indian name. He said in telling the experience that he was so frightened that he felt sure they would hear

his heart's loud beating. They traveled ten days without food of any kind except roots of such as they could chew and on the tenth day killed a wild turkey. They were nearly



Top: "Mansion House" built by Col. Aaron Sharp (5th Great-Granduncle; 1773-1821) on Hardwick Creek in Powell County, Kentucky, in 1816. Middle: View of his property from his house. Above: Hardwick Creek in 2014. Aaron had a sister (Rachel Sharp McPherson, 5th Great-Grandaunt; 1775-1878), who resided nearby that lived to be 102 years old.

crazed with hunger so that they only waited long enough to singe the feathers off before eating. After that was consumed, they still lacked several days reaching a white settlement, and so they were as hungry as ever when friends took them in and fed them. But in their starved and famished condition they were given only small portions at a time until they considered it prudent to give them what they wanted." (Sharp Family pages 31, 41-45; MFH, pages 1889, 1899-1903)

Home Still Standing

Aaron Sharp (5th Great-Granduncle; 1773-1821), built a home in 1816 on Hardwick Creek in Powell County, Kentucky, which is still standing. At the time of his death in 1821 he owned 300 acres, a "Mansion House," and eight slaves. His estate was sold for \$1,513.14, which was considered a large sum of money in 1821; his wife and three children received two slaves each. He also had a half interest in "a sawmill and some other buildings" he had built with his brother **Moses Sharp** (5th Great-Granduncle; 1777-1851) on Hardwick Creek about 1816. (Sharp Family, page 25; MFH, page 1883)

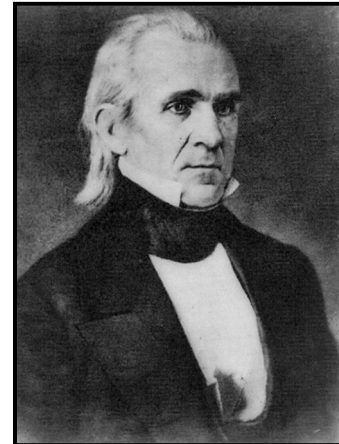
Friend of President James K. Polk

George Johnston (6th Great-Grandfather; 1758-1843) enlisted in Culpeper County, Virginia, as a private in the Virginia Militia during the Revolutionary War (Pension R5612 and S5645.)

After living in Clark County, Kentucky, for an unknown period of time, George Johnston

moved to Maury County, Tennessee, probably about 1807, and lived there until his death

Above: “Eighty-eight days after date we Promise / to pay to the bank of the state of / Tennessee or order the sum of One / Hundred dollars at the agency of Maury / County for Value received. Witness our hand / and seals this – day of August 1823 / William Parr (Seal) George Johnston (Seal) and James K. Polk (Seal).” George Johnston (1760-1843; 6th Great-Grandfather) signed his name on this note in Maury County, Tennessee, with the future president of the United States, James K. Polk. George was a prosperous, early citizen of Columbia in Maury County. He had a close relationship with James Polk for many years, and Polk served as his attorney. Right: Daguerreotype of James K. Polk. His administration, 1845-1849, was one the most important in the history of the United States. While he was president he accomplished the annexation of Texas, established the Oregon Territory, and acquired California and most of the American west after defeating Mexico in war. Below: Birthplace of James K. Polk (1795-1849) in Pineville (just outside Charlotte), Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in June 2012.

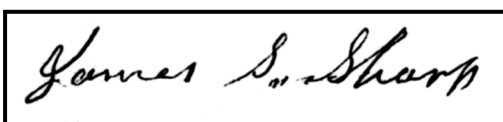
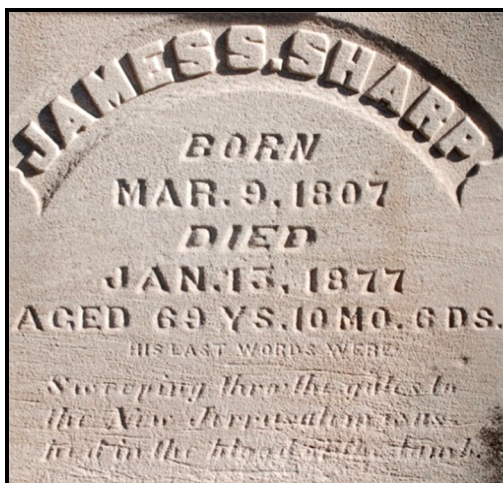


in 1843. He probably settled near Little Bigby Creek, about two miles southwest or west of the Columbia courthouse and became well off. Maury County was one of the most prosperous counties in Tennessee during the 1800s.

In August 1823, George Johnston signed a promissory note for one hundred dollars with William Parr (a daughter's father-in-law), and future U.S. President, James K. Polk (see above). He had a close relationship with the younger Polk, who served as his attorney.

On a settlement recorded on March 9, 1832, George Johnson signed as a Justice of the Peace. (*Maury County Deed Abstract Book D*, page 239.)

George Johnston made out his will on May 29, 1840. In his will he gave one hundred acres to his second wife, Frances (Estis), whom he had married on January 4, 1821, in Maury



This page: Monument (and signature) of James Simpson Sharp (4th Great-Grandfather; 1807-1877) in the Presbyterian Cemetery in Ellettsville, Monroe County, Indiana. It is the tallest monument of any relative in the Sharp family.



County. He also left her the smokehouse and four of his five slaves: namely Alley, Betty, Charles and Solomon. The rest of his estate he divided equally among his six children. His daughter Nancy had already passed away so he gave to two of her children her share of the estate. His son, William, also received one slave, Daniel, and George's silver watch. When he passed away in 1843, George's movable estate was valued at \$14,268.32 by his son in law, George Parr. \$6,056.54 in outstanding notes were paid, leaving \$8,211.78 to be divided among his heirs. This amount did not include the value of his land, houses and buildings. This was considered a very large estate for 1843. Attorney for George Johnston was James K. Polk, future President of the United States (1845-1849), who lived in Columbia (*Maury County Will Book Z*, page 116). In his will, George clearly lists **Sally "Sally" Johnston Sharp** (5th Great-Grandmother; 1783-1861) as his daughter. (Sharp Family, pages 39, 131; MFH, pages 1897, 1989)

Tallest Monument in Family

James Simpson Sharp (4th Great-Grandfather; 1807-1877) moved with his father, George Sharp, when he was ten years old, from Maury County, Tennessee, to Ellettsville, Monroe County, Indiana. He prospered and became one of the leading citizens of his community. When his son, George W. Sharp (3rd Great-Grandfather; 1830-1862), died in the service, he raised his children as his own, including James Simpson Sharp (2nd Great-Grandfather).

James has the honor, which he probably never sought, of having the tallest monument of any of his Sharp relatives. In fact, it may be the tallest of any direct line relative. (Sharp Family, pages 51-52; MFH, pages 1909-1910)

Closest Relative to Die in the Civil War

Many of my relatives fought in the Union Army and some died. Many of my cousins, and great-uncles served in Company G of the 38th Indiana Infantry Volunteer Regiment. My closest relative to serve in the Union Army during the Civil War was **George Washington Sharp** (3rd Great-Grandfather; 1830-1862). The first



major action that he saw was at the Battle of Perryville, the largest Civil War battle fought in Kentucky. Although he survived the intense fighting that his regiment endured, he became sick a few weeks later and died of dysentery. The most common cause of death among Union soldiers during the Civil War was disease—110,070 died in battle and over 250,152 died from disease. The Confederates lost 94,000 in battle deaths and 164,000 died from disease. (Internet; *Military History of the United States*) (Sharp Family, page 104; MFH, page 1963)

Old Log Home Still Standing

Reuben Coffey (5th Great-Grandfather; 1772-1851) built a log cabin on his plantation located about two miles southwest of downtown Ellettsville, Indiana, in 1825. My



Above: Broken gravestone of George W. Sharp (3rd Great-Grandfather), who served and died in the 38th Indiana Regiment during the Civil War. The inscription reads: "G. W. SHARP, / DIED / Dec. 11, 1862 / Aged / 32 Years." Left: Base of broken gravestone above. (A new monument was placed next to his grave in 2007.)

brother and I erected a monument over Reuben's grave in 2007 on land that was once



Above: The log home of Reuben and Naomi Hayes Coffey (5th Great-Grandparents); located at 4630 Thomas Road about two miles south of downtown Ellettsville, Indiana, in 1991. It was built about 1825. Top left: View of Reuben Coffey's cabin, barn and property in May 2002. Left: Monument to Reuben Coffey (1772-1851) and Naomi Hayes (1778-1857) placed over their graves in their family cemetery in 2007. Below: Monument of Capt. Robert Cleveland (1744-1812; son of Elizabeth Coffey, 7th Great-Grandaunt) in his family cemetery in Purlear, Wilkes County, North Carolina.

part of his plantation. His daughter, Celia Coffey (4th Great-Grandmother; 1800-1846), married James Simpson Sharp, and she descends through many known generations of Coffeys. (Sharp Family, pages 92-94, 243-244; MFH, pages 1950-1952, 2101-2102)

Oldest Home in Wilkes County, North Carolina

Robert Cleveland (1744-1812; son of Elizabeth Coffey, 7th Great-Grandaunt) was one of the bravest patriots in the Revolutionary War. He was an important leader with his brother, Col. Benjamin Cleveland, in the Battle of Kings Mountain on October 7, 1780, and by his courage led his company to victory over the Tories.

Dan White, another soldier at King's Mountain, wrote that "this brave Captain was due the success of this battle; for in the middle of the conflict, when all were giving away before Ferguson's bayonets Captain Cleveland stood firm and unmoved, sustaining the charge until Colonel Ben Cleveland could rally the troops and come to his assistance." (Cleveland Genealogy)



After Kings Mountain, Robert fought in the Battle of Cowpens on January 17, 1781, under

the great general, Daniel Morgan, which was another important American victory. (See earlier in this history for Presley Neville (1755-1818), who married Nancy Morgan, 1763-1839, a daughter of General Daniel Morgan).

(His first battle was at Brandywine on September 11, 1777, which had more troops engaged than in any other battle of the Revolutionary War. The Americans were routed.)

On April 15, 1781, Robert's older brother, Col. Benjamin Cleveland, was captured by Tories, but was saved when Robert "Bob" Cleveland, and friends attacked the camp. Only one Tories was wounded and the rest fled into the woods. As they attacked, Benjamin shouted, "Huzzah for



Above: The log home of Capt. Robert Cleveland (1744-1812; son of Elizabeth Coffey, 7th Great-Grand-aunt), which he built in 1779, now in Wilkesboro, Wilkes County, North Carolina; 2014. Robert's cabin was moved from its original site in Purlear, Wilkes County (left) in 1980.

Brother Bob! That's right, give 'em hell." It is certain that Benjamin Cleveland would have

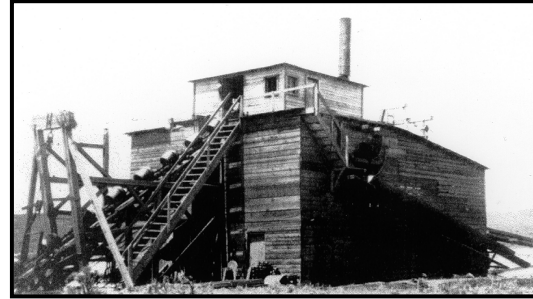
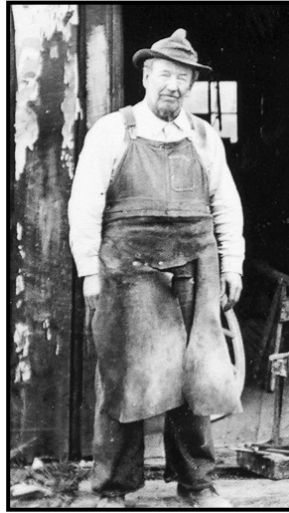
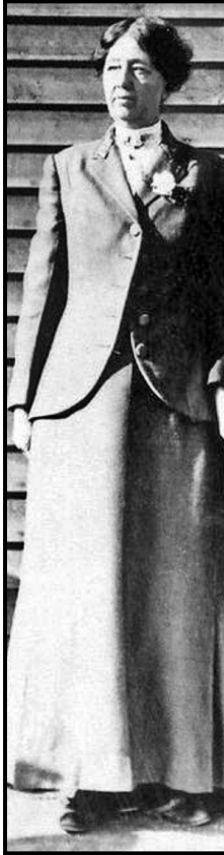
been hung if he hadn't been rescued. (This is known in some places as the Battle of Big Glades and took place in northern Watauga County, North Carolina. See Wikipedia.)

Captain Robert Cleveland built a log home in 1779, which is now in Wilkesboro, Wilkes County, North Carolina; 2014. His cabin was moved from its original site in Purlear, Wilkes County in 1980. It is considered the oldest home in Wilkes County, North Carolina. (Sharp Family, pages 64-71; MFH, pages 1922-1929)

Mined for Gold in Colorado

Sue "Luella" Sharp (2nd Great-Grand-aunt; 1862-1950) married Nathan Blevins in Ellettsville, Indiana, in 1877, moved to Aurora, Texas, where he was a blacksmith by trade,

owned two threshing machines, and eventually accumulated \$40,000 dollars (equivalent to 1.2 million dollars in 2020 money).



He moved his family to Oklahoma in order to take advantage of \$2.50 acre land in the land rush there. When a brother wrote to him that he was the owner of a placer mine in Jack Rabbit, Colorado (located eight and

Left: Luella Sharp Blevins (2nd Great-Grandaunt; 1862-1950) and her husband, Nathan Blevins (1856-1932). Nathan and Luella moved to Colorado in 1903. Above: Blevins gold pacer dredge on Lay Creek in 1906. The gold was there, but it cost too much to extract it from the soil, and Nathan lost most of his fortune.

one half miles north of Lay), Nathan decided to join him. In 1903 he and two of his brothers formed the Blevins Mining Company, but the venture went broke in 1910 and they sold their equipment to a venture group from the east. Nathan went back to work as a blacksmith in Craig, Colorado, until 1914/1915 when he moved back to Jack Rabbit. Luella was “far from being pleased with their new location near Lay.” She missed her children that were still back east and probably the amenities offered there. Nevertheless, they made their home in Jack Rabbit and Craig for the rest of their lives. Nathan died in 1932 and Luella in 1950. They are buried beside each other in Craig Cemetery in Craig. Their son, Thomas, was sheriff of Moffat County for eight terms of office, and another son, Earl, was the head of the Democratic Party in Moffat for many years. (Sharp Family, pages 108-109; MFH, pages 1966-1967)

Three Generations Worked for the Railroad

James Simpson Sharp (2nd Great-Grandfather; 1858-1926), **Carlos Lee Sharp** (Great-Grandfather; 1882-1937), and **Marion Carlos Sharp, Sr.** (Grandfather; 1905-1988) all worked for the Rock Island Railroad. In addition, **Louis Sexton Barker** (2nd Great-Grandfather; 1864-1929) also worked for the Rock Island Railroad.

James was a switchman in 1883 and then promoted to a watchman. By 1893 he was a locomotive engineer, which position he held until 1922 when he probably retired. He drove the first electrically lit locomotive from Little Rock, Arkansas, to Memphis, Tennessee, in 1905. Carlos was a master mechanic and probably a supervisor. Marion became an executive with the company. Louis was a carpenter and probably a supervisor later in his

career. These were steady, well-paying jobs that were highly coveted. (Sharp Family, pages 114, 121, 685-686)

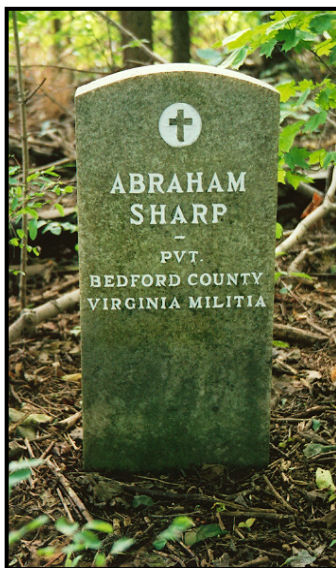
The Rock Island Railroad operated in Illinois, Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Memphis, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Texas.



Captured by Indians

Abraham Sharp (6th Great-Granduncle) and his nephew, Solomon Sharp were away when Indians raided their home. Their cabin was burned and his wife, Rebecca and three children, Catherine, Mary and William were captured. Another child, Priscilla, escaped by hiding in their well. Rebecca's sister was killed in the raid. The Indians demanded a ransom in horses for the release of the four

Above: Photograph of a Rock Island locomotive about 1880. James Simpson Sharp (2nd Great-Grandfather; 1858-1926) was a locomotive engineer for the Rock Island Railroad for most of his career. He drove the first electrically lit locomotive from Little Rock to Memphis in 1905. His son, Carlos Lee Sharp (Great-Grandfather; 1882-1937), and grandson, Marion Carlos Sharp, Sr. (1905-1988), also worked for the Rock Island Railroad for their entire careers. In addition, Louis Sexton Barker (2nd Great-Grandfather; 1864-1929) also worked for the Rock Island Railroad. Working for the railroad was a coveted job that was one of the best occupations in American from the 1800s to the 1960s. Below: Grave and monument of Abraham Sharp (1744-1827; 6th Great-Granduncle) on his farm in Mercer County, Kentucky. His wife and three of his children were captured by Indians who also burned down his cabin. Later, he was able to free two of them, but two remained with the Indians for many years and didn't want to return when they later had a chance.



prisoners. Only enough horses could be collected for the release of Rebecca and Catherine. The other two children were taken to an Indian village north of the Ohio River. A party of white men, who attacked and

captured the village, released them several years later. As they were returning to Kentucky, the party stopped at Corn Island (now Louisville, Kentucky) and Mary escaped and returned to the Indian village, where she married an Indian chief and raised a family. William also yearned to return to the Indians but was watched closely by his family to prevent

his returning. (This Indian attack is mentioned in *Draper's Manuscript*, but dates and details are missing.)

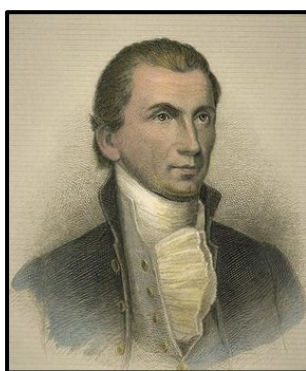
Abraham Sharp fought in the Battle of Point Pleasant in West Virginia in 1774, was a

private in the Virginia Militia during the Revolutionary War and served under General George Rogers Clark on his expedition against the Wabash Indians in 1786. (Sharp Family, pages 12-14)



This page: Home of McCaleb Coffey (1803-1881; son of Thomas Coffey, 6th Great-Granduncle) off Highway 321 near Patterson, Caldwell County, North Carolina, in 2014. Built in the early 1800s, it is the second oldest home still standing in Caldwell County today. Below: James Monroe (1758-1831).

Solomon Sharp (1763-1847; son of John Sharp, 6th Great-Granduncle; son of Mathias Schaub, 7th Great-Grandfather) was born February 9, 1763, in Bedford County, Virginia, and died 1847 in Mercer County, Kentucky. He was a Revolutionary War soldier and applied for a pension stating that he had served under Col. Charles Lynch at the Battle of Guilford Court House when he was 18 years old. He came with his uncle, Abraham Sharp (6th Great-Granduncle), to Mercer County, Kentucky, and married his cousin, Catherine Sharp (born May 28, 1780, in Bedford County, Virginia; she was captured by Indians and later rescued by her father, Abraham Sharp, who traded horses for her) (Sharp Family, pages 12-13, 305-312)



Second Oldest Home in Caldwell County, North Carolina.

McCaleb Coffey (1801-1881; son of Thomas Coffey, 6th Great-Granduncle) built a large home for its day in Caldwell County, North Carolina, in the early 1800s, which is still standing (2014) and is the second oldest home in the county today. (Sharp Family, page 153; MFH, page 2011)

Served in Same Company with President James Monroe

Martin Johnston (6th Great-Granduncle; 1758-1820) served in the 3rd Virginia Regiment of the regular United States Army from February 8, 1776, to February 8, 1778, and fought in the Battle of Trenton with General George Washington on December 26,

1776. The lieutenant of his company was future U.S. President, James Monroe. When Martin applied for his pension the transcriber wrote: "The said Johnston further states that he can prove that he was a soldier as aforesaid by his Excellency James Monroe President of the United States who was part of the time Lieutenant of the company in which he belonged and was present with him at the Battle of Trenton where the said Monroe was wounded."



Martin fought as part of a militia company in the Battle of Kings Mountain on October 7, 1780, an important patriot victory (see earlier). (Sharp Family, pages 185-187)

Killed over Insult to Wife

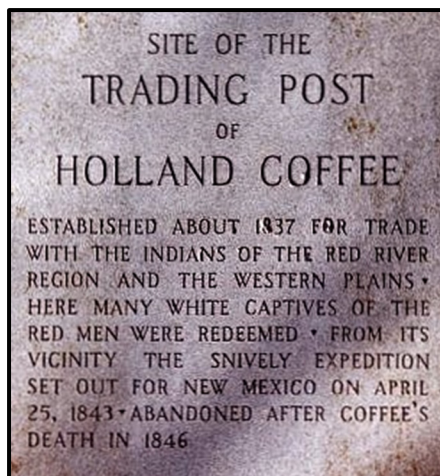
Col. Holland Coffey (1807-1846; son of Ambrose Coffey, son of Rev. James Erwin Coffey, 6th Great-Granduncle) (was born on August 15, 1807, probably in Kentucky. He was orphaned at age eleven and grew up in McMinnville, Tennessee, with an uncle, Jesse Coffee. In 1829 he arrived in Fort Smith, Arkansas,

Above: Depiction of the Battle of Trenton by Hugh McBarron, Jr. Martin Johnston (6th Great-Granduncle; 1758-1820) fought in this battle under the immediate command of Lt. James Monroe, who suffered a near-fatal shoulder wound in the battle. James Monroe survived to become the fifth president of the United States (1817-1825). Below: Home, Glen Eden Plantation, built by Col. Holland Coffey (1807-1846; son of Ambrose Coffey, son of Rev. James Erwin Coffey, 6th Great-Granduncle) for his wife, Sophia, in 1845-1846. It was considered at the time to be the grandest home in North Texas. Bottom: Sophia Suttenfield (1815-1897), wife of Holland Coffey.



with Silas Cheek Colville, James Mayberry Randolph, and several others. There he established Coffee, Colville, and Company. He supplied local settlers, Indians, and trapping expeditions, and made contact with Sam Houston, who was living at the time among the removed Cherokees. In 1833 Coffee conducted a trapping

expedition to the upper Red River. Afterward, he established a trading post at the old

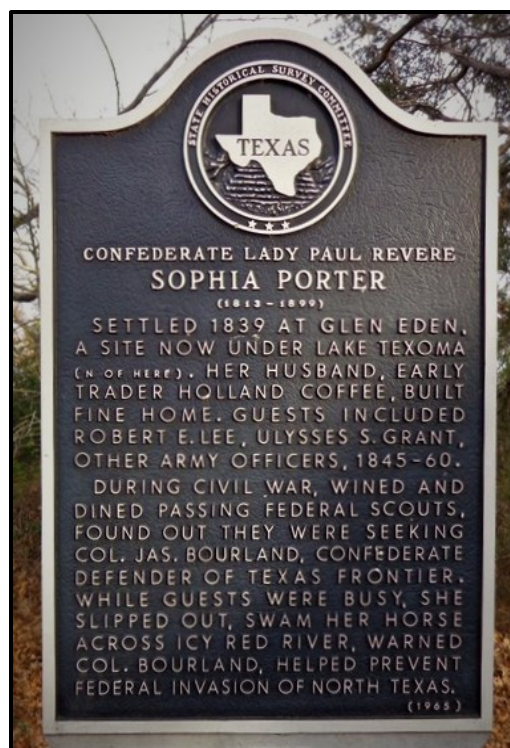


Pawnee village, probably the old north bank village of the Taovayas near the site of present Petersburg, Oklahoma. He was a major link in completing the Camp

Left and above: Site of the trading post established by Col. Holland Coffey (1807-1846; son of Ambrose Coffey, son of Rev. James Erwin Coffey, 6th Great-Granduncle) for trading with the Indians in the Red River region of North Texas. He was knowledgeable in Indian languages and customs and ransomed many Indian captives. The post closed after Holland's death in 1846. "On October 1, 1846, Coffee became offended over a remark about his wife (Sophia Sutenfield Coffey Porter; 1815-1897) and attacked Charles Ashton Galloway, a trader from Fort Washita, who stabbed him to death. Below: Texas historical marker noting that Sophia saved a Confederate officer during the Civil War.

Holmes Treaty of August 24, 1835, the first treaty to authorize the relocation of eastern Indians to lands west of the Mississippi. "Coffee moved west to the mouth of Cache Creek, near Taylor, Oklahoma, in early 1836.

He was respected by the Indians, became knowledgeable in Indian languages and customs, and ransomed many Indian captives. In April 1837 he was on Walnut Bayou, near Burneyville, Oklahoma, and by September he had moved across the river to Washita (Preston) Bend. Coffee was accused of aiding Indian depredations through trade—specifically by giving the Indians guns and whiskey in exchange for stolen cattle and horses and was investigated by the Texas Congress. In the winter of 1837 he visited Houston, where he made satisfactory explanations to the government. On November 16, 1837, President Houston appointed him Indian agent, and on September 2, 1838, Coffee enacted a treaty between the Republic of Texas and the Kichai, Tawakoni, Waco, and Tawehash Indians at the Shawnee village, near the site of modern Denison. Coffee was elected to the Texas House of Representatives from Fannin County for the 1838–1839 session. He married Sophia Sutenfield Aughinbaugh on January 19, 1839. Thereafter, he dissolved his partnership with Colville and turned to the development of Glen Eden Plantation in Grayson County. He furnished supplies for the Military Road expedition of William G. Cooke in the winter of 1840–1841 and participated in framing



the Texas Indian treaty of August 24, 1842. He developed the town of Preston near his trading post in 1845 and provided the supplies given to the Indians in the Comanche treaty of 1846.”

“On October 1, 1846, Coffee became offended over a remark

Right: Sophia Suttentfield (1815-1897) in her later years. She married Holland Coffey (1807-1846) on January 19, 1839, in Independence, Washington County, Texas. She was noted as a beautiful woman in her younger days and was married four times. The first time she was abandoned; second time her husband, Holland Coffey, was killed defending her honor; third time her husband was killed in an ambush during the Civil War; and the fourth time her husband, a judge, died of natural causes. She arrived in Texas at the time of the Battle of San Jacinto (1836) and nursed the wounded Sam Houston. Below: Carlos Lee Sharp (1882-1937) and his second wife, Anna Mae Dilbeck with their baby daughter, Lee Ann Sharp, in 1935. Carlos was 24 to 28 years older than Anna. Lee Ann as a young woman.



about his wife and attacked Charles Ashton Galloway, a trader from Fort Washita, who stabbed him to death. Coffee had no



children. He was entombed in a brick above ground crypt at Glen Eden; his grave was removed to Preston Cemetery at the time of the creation of Lake Texoma.” (Glen Eden Plantation is now completely underwater). (*Texas Almanac*, 2014-2015) (Sharp Family, pages 220-225)

Wife Much Younger

Carlos Lee Sharp (Great-Grandfather; 1882-1937) married



Anna Mae Dilbeck on June 18, 1932, as his second wife after his first wife died at the age

of 39. Anna was born on May 6, 1906/1910, which means that she was 24 to 28 years



younger than him. They had one daughter, Lee Ann Sharp, who grew up to become a beautiful, gracious woman. (Sharp Family, pages 271-282; MFH, pages 2129-2140)

Created Mr. Magoo

Wilson David “Pete” Burness (1904-1969; husband of Juana



Above left: Wedding Day for Lee Ann Sharp (born 1934; daughter of Carlos Lee Sharp). Above right: Carlos Lee Sharp (Great-Grandfather; 1882-1937) and his second wife, Anna Mae Dilbeck. Right: Wilson David “Pete” Burness (1904-1969), who married Juana Burgher. He created the image of Mr. Magoo and won two Academy Awards. Photograph from Papawrith. Lower right: Military Cross of Earle Franklin Williams, Jr. (1917-1944; son of Earle Franklin Williams, Sr., son of Franklin Simpson Williams, son of Julia Ann McKinney, daughter of Nancy McPherson, daughter of Rachel Sharp, 5th Great-Grandaunt) in Normandy American Cemetery and Memorial in Colleville-sur-Mer, Department du Calvados, Basse-Normandie, France. Earle was killed in action on June 6, 1944, D-Day, in Normandy, France.

Burgher, daughter of Norman Wesley Burgher, son of Rev. Pleasant Burgher, son of Nicholas Duncan Burgher, son of Frances “Fanny” W. Sharp, daughter of Aaron Sharp, 5th Great-Granduncle) “was an American animator and director, best known as the writer/producer of Mr. Magoo, animator on Looney Toons, and director of Rocky and Friends, Hoppity Hooper, and George of the Jungle.” He won two Academy Awards. (Sharp Family, pages 336, 349; MFH, pages 2194, 2207)

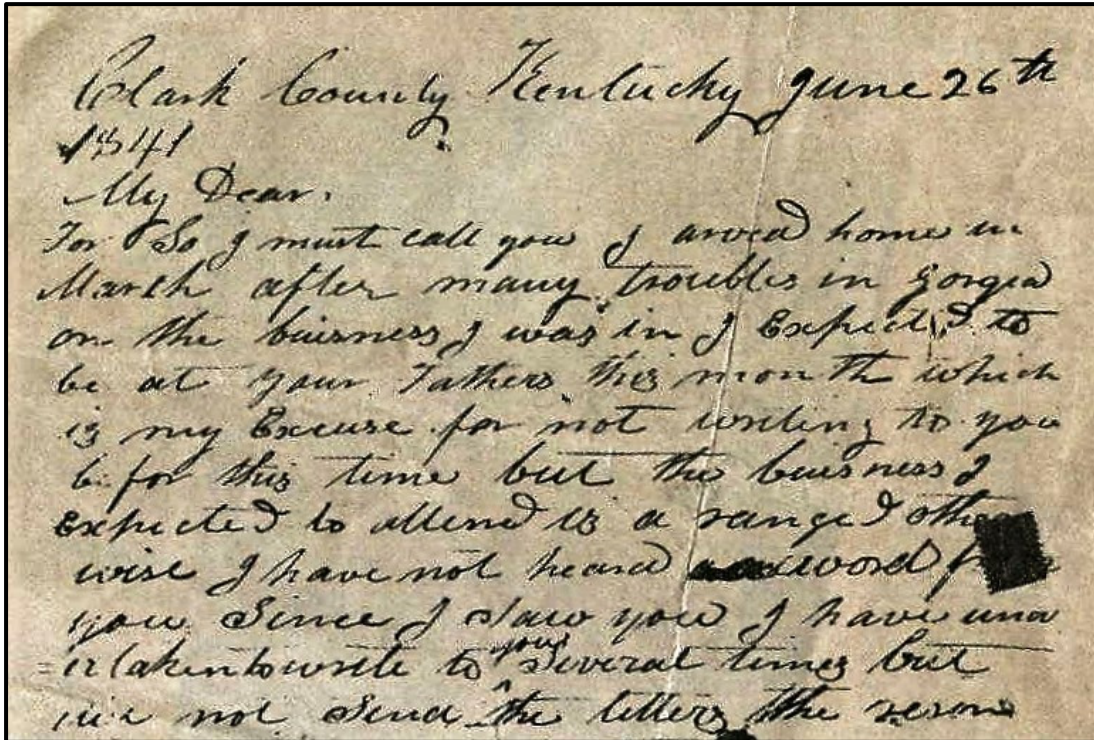
Killed on D-Day

Earle Franklin Williams, Jr. (1917-1944; son of Earle Franklin Williams, Sr., son of Franklin Simpson Williams, son of Julia Ann McKinney, daughter of Nancy McPherson, daughter of Rachel Sharp, 5th Great-Grand-aunt) was killed in action on June 6, 1944, D-Day in Normandy, France. He was one of 1,465 U.S. Army soldier killed on the first day. (Sharp Family, page 361; MFH, page 2219)



Love Letter

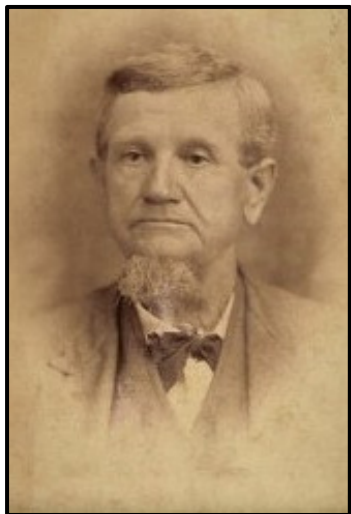
George Walton Bush (1797-1881; son of Elizabeth Sharp, 5th Great-Grandaunt) wrote a love letter to Eliza Crankfield (1818-1906) on June 26, 1841. They married five months



Above: Beginning of letter written by George W. Bush (1797-1881; son of Elizabeth Sharp, 5th Great-Grandaunt) to Eliza Crankfield (1818-1906) on June 26, 1841. They married five months later and “she went off to live with him in Kentucky.” Eliza took the letter with her and kept it all of her life. He wrote: “Marriage is an institution calculated for a constant scene of as much delight as our being capable of. Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other’s mutual comfort, and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful with respect to each other’s frailties and imperfections to the end of their lives...It would be endless to exhibit the various pictures of delight which my imagination has formed on the thought of being your husband, if I should be fortunate enough to obtain through the blessing of Providence...I am your affectionate lover. George W. Bush.”

later and “she went off to live with him in Kentucky.” Eliza took the letter with her and kept it all of her life. The complete letter reads: “My Dear, for so I must call you. I arrived home in March after many troubles in Georgia on the business I was in. I expected to be at your father’s this month, which is my excuse for not writing to you before this time, but the business I expected to attend to is arranged otherwise. I have not heard a word from you since I saw you. I have undertaken to write to you several times but did not send the letters, the reason was I expected to get there as soon as the letters. I hope you will pardon me for my ill treatment to you in neglecting you so much. I have long entertained an ambition to make the name wife the most agreeable and delightful name in nature. Marriage is an institution calculated for a constant scene of as much delight as our being capable of. Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other’s

mutual comfort, and entertainment, have in that action bund themselves to be good humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections to the end of their lives. Therefore, I hope you will forgive. You know all our obligations to each other, and I hope you have not become dissatisfied with me. I want to hear from you all very much. You may be sure I have not forgot you, though it looks like I have. I expect when I hear from you, to come to South Carolina, if it is agreeable with you for me to come, as it depends on your answer whether I come to the South or not. Direct your letter to Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky. It would be endless to exhibit the various pictures of delight which my imagination has formed on the thought of being your husband, if I should be fortunate enough to obtain through the blessing of Providence. My friends are all well as common. I am your affectionate lover. George W. Bush."



Above: Josiah Collins (1819-1902; son of Tabitha Sharp, 5th Great-Grandaunt). Photograph was taken in Lee's Summit, Jackson County, Missouri, and provided by K. C. Mellem. He was Presiding Jackson County Judge, the same office later held by President Harry S. Truman. Right: Home of Elias R. Parks (1826-1897; son of Malinda Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) in Lancaster, Dallas County, Texas, in 2018.

Together they lived "happily" on a farm by the Red River near Vienna, Clark County, Kentucky (this was near George's birthplace), and had eight children. Eliza's father was well-off and gave her "five colored folks" for a wedding gift. (Sharp Family, pages 383-385; MFH, pages 2241-2243)

Presiding Judge

Josiah Collins (1819-1902; son of Tabitha Sharp, 5th Great-Grandaunt) built the third house in Lee's Summit, Jackson

County, Missouri (today the city has a population of almost 100,000), was postmaster, and ran the local post office from his home. He was a lumber merchant, and presiding judge of Jackson County, the same office later held by President Harry S. Truman.

A granddaughter wrote that he was "the sweetest, kindest man I have ever known. I believe I loved him as much as I did my own father." (Sharp Family, page 439; MFH, page 2297)



Old Home is Still Standing

The home of **Elias R. Parks** (1826-1897; son of Malinda Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) at



Above: This photograph was taken on the porch of the Parks home at 111 East Third Street in Lancaster, Dallas County, Texas (see previous page), which was built in 1892. Caroline Fulton wrote: "The gentleman is Elias R. Parks (1826-1897; son of Malinda Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt). He was my grandfather's father by marriage. My grandfather, George Taylor Parks, was the son of Benjamin Parks (1837-1862; son of Malinda Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) who was killed in the Civil War. Uncle Elias married Benjamin's widow, Cyprissa Jane Harris. The baby is my cousin, Nell Orr, daughter of Taylor Orr and Jenny Parks (my mother's older sister)."

111 East Third Street in Lancaster, Dallas County, Texas, which was built in 1892, is still standing. There is a photograph of Elias R. Parks, wearing a suit, a top hat, and holding a cane, sitting on the porch of his house with a child (see above). It is an important photograph because there aren't many pictures of this generation of the Sharp family. (Sharp Family, pages 463-465; MFH, pages 2321-2323)

Pilot in World War II

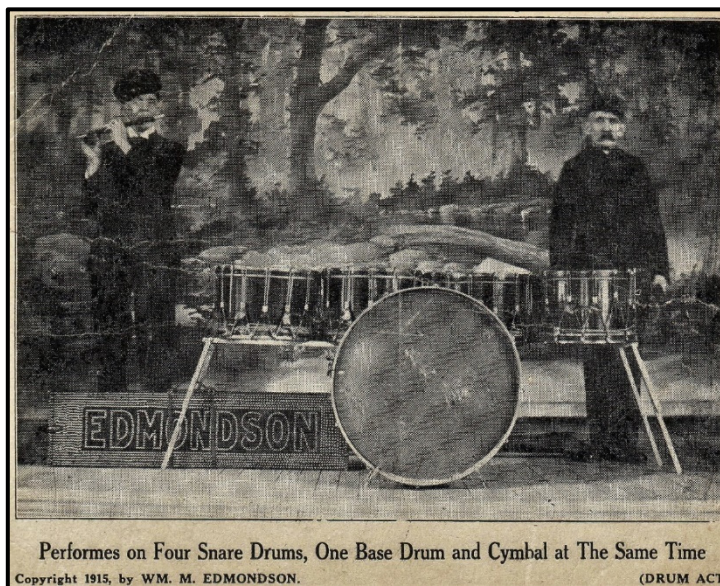
Fred Lee Rawlins, Jr. (1922-1964; son of Fred Lee Rawlins, Sr., son of James Alfred "Jim" Rawlins, Sr., son of Mary Minerva "Polly" Parks, daughter of Malinda Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) was a pilot in the U.S. Army Air Corp. during World War II. His father was a blacksmith and once "shod Teddy Roosevelt's horse when the Rough Riders came through Oklahoma." Fred Lee Rawlins, Jr.'s brother, was in the U.S. Navy during the war and saw combat in the South Pacific. (Sharp Family, pages 487-490; MFH, pages 2345-2348)



Above: Fred Lee Rawlins, Jr. (1922-1964; 2nd Great-Grandson of Malinda Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) was a pilot in the Army Air Corp. during World War II. He died when he was only 42 years old. Right: William Madison Edmondson (1849-1925; son of James Madison Edmondson, son of Nancy Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) was a performer, able to play four snare drums, one base drum, and a cymbal at the same time. The card printed in 1915 is entitled "Drum Act." William is standing on the right with a moustache. Right: Newspaper report of the death of George Braxton Bandy, Jr. (1897-1935; son of George Baxton, Sr., son of Amelia Ann Rawlins, daughter of Mary "Polly" Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt), who jumped from the 8th floor of the Jefferson Hotel in downtown Dallas, Texas, in 1935.

Performer Extraordinaire

William Madison Edmondson (1849-1925; son of James



Madison Edmondson, son of Nancy Sharp, 4th Great-Grandmother) could play four snare drums, one base drum, and a cymbal at the same time. (Sharp Family, pages 502-503; MFH, pages 2360-2361)

Plunge Kills Man

DALLAS, Feb. 4. (AP)—George B. Bandy, Jr., plunged to his death Monday from an eighth-floor window of a downtown hotel. Bandy, about 40, had been an employe of a Chicago Novelty company. Two street railway workers said they saw him sitting in the window 10 minutes before he fell.

W. Bryan Karr, assistant manager of the hotel, said Bandy had registered about an hour before the fall.

Jumps from an Eighth Story Window

George B. Bandy, Jr. (1897-1935; son of George Baxton, Sr., son of Amelia Ann Rawlins, daughter of Mary "Polly" Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt)

jumped from an eight-floor window of the Jefferson Hotel in downtown Dallas, Texas, in February 1935. He had registered about an hour before the fall. Two street railway workers said they saw him sitting in the window ten minutes before he fell.

He was married and had at least three children. This tragedy took place in the middle of the Great Depression and George, being a salesman, apparently was discouraged at his lack of success. One of the things that is sad about what happened is that in just a few years business was going to turn around and he would've probably been very successful. (Sharp Family, page 547; MFH page 2405)



Above: An old post card of the Jefferson Hotel in downtown Dallas, Texas. George Braxton Bandy, Jr. (1897-1935; see previous page) jumped from a window on the eighth floor of this hotel in 1935. Left: Depiction of the Civil War Battle of Jonesboro that took place in Georgia on September 1, 1864. Pvt. Samuel S. Sharp (1840-1912; son of Hubbard Sharp, 4th Great-Granduncle) was wounded and left for dead on the battlefield but recovered. Below: Betsy Janice Beebe (1947-1995; daughter of Clyde Beebe, son of Lillie Bernard, daughter of William Bernard, son of Mary Rawlins, daughter of Mary "Polly" Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt), who died in the Oklahoma City Bombing in 1995.



Seriously Wounded in Battle of Jonesboro

Pvt. Samuel Stephenson Sharp (1840-1912; son of Hubbard Sharp, 4th Great-Granduncle) enlisted in Company G, 38th Indiana Infantry on September 18, 1861, and reenlisted as a veteran on December 28, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tennessee. He was shot through the right arm, jaw, and neck, and left for dead at the Battle of Jonesboro on September 1, 1864, but survived. He was discharged because of wounds on May 27, 1865. Samuel was later a member of the Indiana Grand Army of the Republic, Post #93. He was married to Darthula Jackson/Acuff (born 1840) before the war and had two sons. (Sharp Family, page 517; MFH, page 2375)



Killed in Oklahoma City Bombing

Betsy Janice Beebe (1947-1995; daughter of Clyde William Beebe, son of Lillie Bell Bernard, daughter of William Edgar Bernard, son of Mary Caroline Rawlins, daughter of Mary "Polly" Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) died in the bombing of the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on April 19, 1995. (Sharp Family, page 556; MFH, page 2414)

Suicide

Velma Mae Sharp (1904-1940; daughter of Minnie W. Edmondson, daughter of William Madison Edmondson, son of James Madison Edmondson, son of Nancy Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) took her life after spending the day with her daughter and mother.



Velma married Lyle Merton Bennett (1898-1925) and apparently had a happy marriage. Unfortunately, he died of Tuberculosis when he was only 26 years old. They had a daughter, Janess Corinne Bennett (1924-2004). Velma



owned and operated the Dixie Beauty Shoppe in Los Angeles, California.

On the day that she died a photograph was taken of her with her mother and daughter. The picture shows her well-dressed and smiling. It is so sad to think that just twelve hours later this beautiful woman would end her life in a painful way by drinking Lysol. (Sharp Family, pages 502-508; MFH, pages 2360-2366)

Died in Second Battle of Corinth

Francis Allen Rawlings (1840-1862; son of Mary "Polly" Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) was killed on October 4, 1862, in the Second Battle of Corinth (Mississippi). He was a private in Company F, 6th Texas Calvary, C.S.A. He had two brothers and six cousins serve with him in the same company. (Sharp Family, page 567)



Top left: Velma Mae Sharp (1904-1940; on right; 2nd Great Granddaughter of Nancy Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) with her mother on far left and daughter in center. This photograph was taken on June 10, 1940. Twelve hours later, Velma committed suicide "by self-ingesting Lysol in the kitchen of her home." Left: Velma Mae Sharp owned and operated the Dixie Beauty Shoppe in Los Angeles, California. This is a rare contemporary photograph of her shop. Above: Late 1800s depiction of the Second Battle of Corinth [Mississippi], which took place on October 4, 1862. Francis Allen Rawlings (1840/1841-1862; son of Mary "Polly" Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) lost his life in this battle while serving as a private in Company F, 6th Texas Calvary. He was 21 years old. His two brothers, George Roderick Rawlins (1839-1865) and Franklin Frank Rawlins (1844-1871), and six Rawlins cousins were in the same company and fought with him. His older brother, George Roderick Rawlins, was wounded and hospitalized during his four years of service and died soon after the war in 1865.

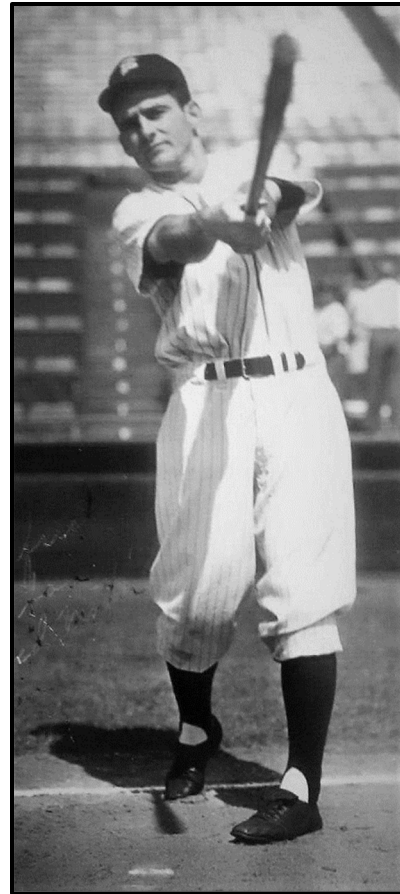
Hit Longest Recorded Home Run

Neill R. Sheridan (1921-2015; son of Helen Rose Rawlins, daughter of William Franklin Rawlins, son of Rev. Thomas Franklin Rawlins, son of Mary “Polly” Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt) hit a 613-foot home run in 1953, the longest home run ever recorded.

“In his 12-year pro career in the ‘40s and ‘50s, Mr. Sheridan played mostly in the PCL, including several stints with the San Francisco Seals and one with the Oakland Oaks—and played two games for the 1948 Boston Red Sox, striking out in his only major-league at-bat.”

“His best PCL season was 1947 when he hit .286 with

Right: Neill R. Sheridan (1921-2015; son of Helen Rose Rawlins, daughter of William Franklin Rawlins, son of Rev. Thomas Franklin Rawlins, son of Mary “Polly” Sharp, 4th Great-Grandaunt), who played professional baseball for 12 seasons (1943–1954) with the Oakland Oaks, San Francisco Seals, the Boston Red Sox, and other teams. Nicknamed “Wild Horse” and “Big Buffalo,” he played among such greats as Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams, and Lefty O’Doul. He still holds the record for the longest home run in the minor leagues at 613 feet. In his prime he stood 6’1” tall and weighed 195 pounds. He was called up to play for the Boston Red Sox in 1948, but only got to be in two games, and battled only once (see *Field of Dreams*).



16 homers and 95 RBIs, which prompted a trade to the Red Sox. He met Ruth in the spring of 1948, shortly before the Babe died, and got called up late in the season.”

“In 1953, while playing for the Sacramento Solons, Mr. Sheridan hit a ball 613.8 feet, as legend has it, the longest homer in history up to that point.”

“According to accounts in the Sacramento Bee and Sacramento Union, a man said he had found the ball in the back seat of his car with the rear window smashed. A parking lot employee claimed to have heard glass break at the time of the homer.”

“The Solons measured the distance at 620 feet and hired a local surveying company for a more precise reading: 613.8 feet.”

Mr. Sheridan’s career ended a year later. He worked at an Orinda grocery store and Pleasant Hill liquor store and lived with his wife Irene in Pleasant Hill for more than 60 years.” (*San Francisco Chronicle*, by staff writer, John Shea, 2015) (Sharp Family, pages 571, 575-576; MFH, pages 2429, 2433-2434)

Played Professional Baseball

Marion Carlos Sharp, Sr. (Grandfather; 1905-1988 was handsome and athletic. He



Above: Marion Sharp (Grandfather) played professional baseball for Little Rock in the Southern Association Baseball League, a Class A professional baseball league in the 1920s. He is pictured kneeling, second row, third from left. His father, Carlos Sharp (Great-Grandfather), is standing, the third gentleman in a suit from the left. He is standing beside two tall men, which makes him look shorter. Baseball was the most popular sport in America during the first part of the twentieth century.

was a lifeguard and an excellent swimmer and diver. He was so good that he was invited to compete in the 1928 and/or 1932 Olympic diving competition that was held in St. Louis, Missouri. He also played baseball for the Little Rock team of the Southern Association Baseball League, a Class A professional baseball league. Marion played for six or seven years, and he only quit because the Rock Island gave him a choice of either playing baseball or keeping his job with the railroad. This was about 1932. (Sharp Family, pages 681-690; MFH, pages 2539-2548)

Tank Commander

Marion Carlos Sharp, Jr. (Father; 1924-1980) was a tank commander in the U.S. Army during World War II. Near the end of the war, he wrote a letter to a girlfriend while he was

in Germany. She told someone about it, and it was printed on the front page of the *Arkansas*



Above left: Photograph taken of Marion C. Sharp “Junior” on February 16, 1944 (age 20), in Italy. Junior mailed it to his mother from the “Anzio Beachhead” on March 5, 1944. He wrote, “Love to Mother / Jr.” Top right: On the back of this photograph Junior wrote: “Italy [Rome], June 26, 1944. All My Love and Kisses, Junior.” Above right: Patricia Bowles (Mother; 1927-2006). They married in 1946 and had four children—the youngest was Richard Thomas Sharp (me).

Democrat, the largest newspaper in Arkansas. The article was entitled, “Vivid GI Letter received by Area 8 Typist.” It reads, “Sentiment of the G. I. Joe in the front lines is expressed vividly in a letter recently received by Janet Stewart, typist in the Inspection Office of Area 8 and written by Private Marion C. Sharp, who is now with General Patton’s Third Army. He has seen action in Africa, on the Anzio beachhead, Sicily, Rome, and was one of the first to go ashore in the invasion of Southern France, August 14, 1944. A native of Little Rock, Private Sharp attended Little Rock High School. He trained for field artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.”

“Somewhere in Germany—Hello Janet, Just a while back, I received a letter from you that

I liked very much. Gosh, I'd say those kind of letters to fellows over here would boost morale one hundred percent. Thanks a million."



Above: Junior with his firstborn child, Cathy Ann Sharp, in 1948/1949. (This is my favorite photograph of my father.)

"Over here when those damned shells come close, we think everyone has forgotten us...that is, all but One, and you know who that is. We ask Him to forgive us of things of the past so fast I don't know if He can keep up with all of us or not. I've been close enough to death to know how a rat must feel in a cage waiting for someone to come and mash his brains out. I and the rest know that you and the people back home do not know the meaning of death until it knocks at your very door; nor do we want you to have to go through that 'hell.' If we did, do you think that we would continue this battle?"

"If the people back home could go through a shell torn town and see babies crying, men shot to pieces screaming for a bullet in their heads to stop their misery, or a woman begging for crumbs of bread so she could exist for just another day—if the people could see these things I think they would stop spending their 'blood money' and get this

'hell's oven' off the earth as quickly as possible."

"I've heard fellows here wish that some of those non-combat soldiers over there in the States could come here and take their turn at fighting. Maybe that would be a smart move, but I don't want another man doing my fighting while I stay at home. It isn't that I would like to keep fighting, but it's something that we just can't turn our backs to."

"Do you know what Jerry would do if he should suddenly decide to strike and we refuse to shoot him? I'll tell you, honey. He'd blow the living daylights out of us. Or better still, just to be mean, he'd probably shove a bayonet through us. I'm not talking just to be talking. I know! I've all but had the devil shot out of me by those boys over on the other side."

"Well, I'll lay off my crying about the people back home if you want me to, but I hope they wake up and soon. Take my advice and don't believe those sharp fellows back home who are always telling about big 'I,' or when we get back, we'll punch a few guys in the nose. Love, JUNIOR" (Sharp Family, pages 691-702; MFH, pages 2549-2560)

Immigrated to American from Alsace, France

Johann Phillip Brendel (5th Great-Grandfather; 1716-1799) was christened on April 9, 1716, in

Sultzbach Lutheran Church in Langensoultzbach, Alsace, France (Alsace was once part of Germany). He immigrated to America on the snow *Two Sisters* from Rotterdam, Netherlands, by way of Cowes, England, arriving in Philadelphia on September 9, 1738. Johann Phillip Brendel married **Maria Christman**, the daughter of **Johan Heinrich Christman** or **Cressman** (6th Great-Grandfather), who was a linen weaver from Quirnbach, Germany. Johan Heinrich Christman arrived on September 21, 1742, in Philadelphia, Pennsyl-



Johann Phillip Brendel

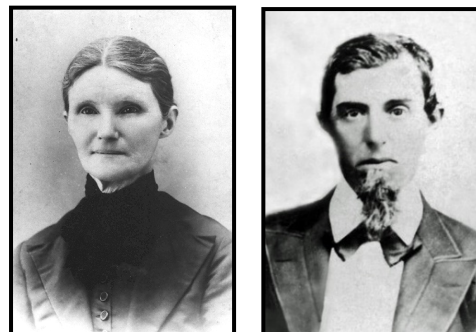
Top: Town of Langensoultzbach in Alsace, France, in April 2005, where Johann Phillip Brendel (5th Great-Grandfather; 1716-1799) was born. He was christened in the Sultzbach Lutheran Church on April 9, 1716. Two years earlier his father, Johann Heinrich Brendel (6th Great-Grandfather), had moved to Langensoultzbach from the nearby town of Oberbronn, to teach at the Lutheran School. He taught here for the next forty-two years (1718-1760) and was known as the "Right Honourable and Devoted Schoolmaster." He died here on July 2, 1764. Interestingly, in the record of his death it states that he had 7 sons and one daughter and that "three of the sons have left for the new world." As a young man, Johann Heinrich Brendel served as "Laquay of our Good Lady Countess" in Oberbronn. Above: Signature of Johann Phillip Brendel (5th Great-Grandfather) on the ship's roll of the snow *Two Sisters*, dated September 9, 1738. Below: Home of Milberry Sidenbender (2nd Great-Granddaughter; 1837-1928, see photo) and her husband, Lafayette Snyder (1836-1888; see photo), built about 1865, located two miles north of Rockford, Ohio; 2002.

vania, on the *Francis and Elizabeth*. (Sidenbender Family, pages 17-33; MFH, pages 2577-2593)



Home from 1865 Still Standing

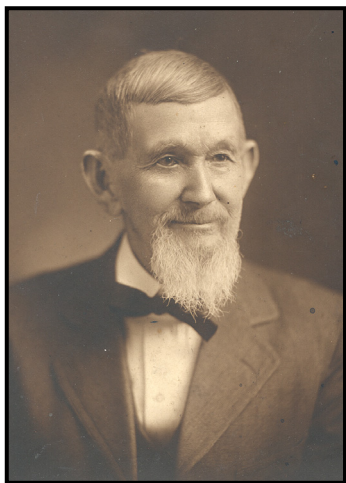
Milberry Ann Sidenbender (2nd Great-



Granddaughter; 1837-1928) and her husband, Lafayette Snyder (1836-1888) built a new home two miles north of Rockford, Ohio, about 1865, which is still standing. Milberry and Lafayette were happily married, but he died at the age of 52 and she lived to be 91. (Sidenbender Family, pages 44-46; MFH, pages 2604-2606)

Mayor of Rockford, Ohio

Henry K. Smith (2nd Great-Grandfather; 1841-1924) served for a time as mayor of Rock-



Above: Maria Jane Sidenbender (2nd Great-Grandmother; 1845-1928) and her husband, Henry K. Smith (2nd Great-Grandfather; 1841-1924). Henry was a Civil War veteran and served as mayor of Rockford, Ohio. He was a sergeant in the 99th Ohio Infantry Regiment and fought in the battles of Perryville (Kentucky) and Stones River (Tennessee), top right. Right: Monument to the 99th at Chickamauga. Below: Jesse Upton (with hand on chair) murdered his father-in-law, George Washington Brendle (1852-1911; Great-Grandson of Han George Nrendel, 5th Great-Granduncle), and his brother-in-law, William Brendle, on Christmas Day in 1911.

ford, Mercer County, Ohio. He and his wife, **Maria Jane**

Sidenbender (2nd Great-Grandmother; 1845-1928), lived in Mercer County, Ohio, all of their lives, and all of their married lives in the town of Rockford. Their parents were among the first settlers of Mercer County, Ohio, and in 1870 Henry and Maria lived just four doors down from Maria's father, **Joseph Sidenbender**. Before he married, Henry served as a sergeant in Company D or F, in the 99th Ohio Infantry Regiment, which fought in the battles of Perryville (Kentucky) and Stones River (Tennessee). He was a "successful dry goods merchant" in Rockford. (Sidenbender Family, page 49; Smith Family pages 71-77)



Killed by His Son-in-law

George Washington Brendle (1852-1911; son of Henry P. Brendle, son of John David Brendle, son of Joseph Brendel, son of Han George Brendel, 5th Great-Granduncle) was murdered by his son-in-law, Jesse Harrison Upton, on Christmas Day in 1911. Martha Palestine Brendle (1877-1959) had married a distant cousin, Jesse Harrison Upton (1868-

1944), in 1895. Jesse murdered her father, and her brother, William Manley Brendle, but apparently, Martha stayed with him. He shot them, allegedly, because they had taunted him for many years because of his short stature. He was convicted of murder, but the case was overturned and Jesse Upton never served any time in prison. (Note: This part of the family changed the spelling of Brendel to Brendle.) (Sidenbender Family, pages 96-99; MFH, pages 2656-2659)

Captain Immigrates to America

Philip Schmidt (6th Great-Grandfather; 1725-1814), later Anglicized to Philip Smith, was

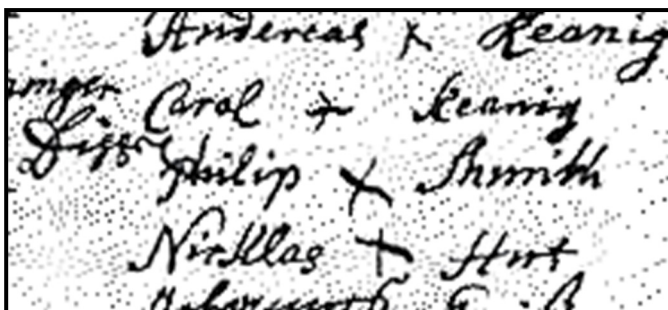


Top: Old print of Rotterdam in the 16th century. Philip and Barbara Merkle Smith (6th Great-Grandparents) left Rotterdam on the *Edinburgh*, stopped in Portsmouth, and arrived in Philadelphia on August 13, 1750. Most of the German immigrants to America in the 1700s passed through Rotterdam and made a stop in Portsmouth or Southampton, England, on their way to the New World. **Below:** Cabin built by Philip Smith (6th Great-Grandfather) about 1769, located one mile east of Jacob's Lutheran Church in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. He lived here until 1799.

born about 1725 in Germany. “He was of royal (noble) descent and held the rank and title of ‘Captain of Shamoka.’ As a young man he fell in love with a young commoner named **Barbara Markley (Merkle)** (6th Great-Grandmother; born about 1730 in Germany—possibly Cologne—died April 21, 1818, in Wayne County, Ohio). Asking permission to wed, he was refused because of the strict German laws and customs. Unable to accept the decision, he chose to leave the life of privilege and ease. He resigned his title and the young lovers eloped to Rotterdam, Netherlands, where they boarded the ship *Edinburgh* and sailed for Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, after a stop in Portsmouth, England. The ship arrived in the port of Philadelphia on August 13, 1750, with 312 passengers and a crew under the command of Capt. James Russell, Master” (*Biographical Dictionary and Historical Reference Book of Fayette County, Pennsylvania,*



pages 1107-1108, by Nelson, published 1900). His ship was one of fifteen that sailed from Rotterdam to Philadelphia that year.



Above: Close-up of the mark made by Philip Schmidt (6th Great-Grandfather; 1725-1814) on the passenger's list of the *Edinburg*, "Capt. James Russell, Master, from Rotterdam, but last from Portsmouth in England," on arrival in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on August 13, 1750. Right Ruins of the home built by Philip Schmidt/Smith in Steubenville, Ohio.



"After signing the oath of allegiance, Philip and Barbara soon traveled to Frederick County, Maryland (now eastern Washington County), where he took a patent to 68 acres of land and a mill house along Antietam Creek, called *Antietam Farms*. Here, eleven of their thirteen children were born."

"In 1769, Philip, about 44 years of age, took patent to a tract of 315 acres of land in western Pennsylvania, Fayette County. At that time, it belonged to Virginia's District of West Augusta. It was known as *The Cottage* and was located on the headwaters of York's Run, in the southeast part of George's Township, situated ten miles southwest of Uniontown."

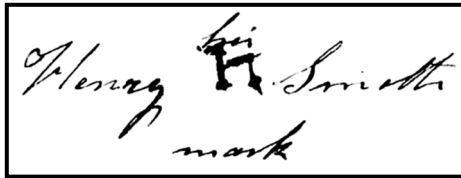
Thirty years after moving to Fayette County, Pennsylvania, Philip sold his holdings for 700 pounds sterling and moved to a site near Steubenville, Jefferson County, Ohio. By 1812, Philip bought 257 acres in Wells' Mill (Mingo Bottom; now Mingo Junction) bordering the town of Steubenville from Bazaleel Wells for nine hundred dollars (in Section 34, 2nd Township, 1st Range). An entry in a Steubenville ledger says, "Philip Smith, Sr. lives near Wells Mill on the hill" (*Spencer Ledger*, page 172). Valentine and Philip, Jr., two of Philip's sons, are also mentioned in the ledger (pages 114 and 116). He resided here until his death two years later in 1814. (Smith Family, pages 1-11; MFH, pages 2663-2673)

The ruins of Philip Smith's house near Steubenville were standing a generation ago, but I was unable to locate them in August 2004, even though I did find his property.

Revolutionary War Spy

Henry Smith (5th Great-Grandfather; 1752-1838) was born on February 25, 1752, on Antietam Creek in Frederick County (now eastern Washington County), Maryland, and died on March 10, 1838, in German Township, Fayette County, Pennsylvania. The oldest

child of Philip and Barbara Markley Smith, he was named Heinrich Schmidt, but later it



Top left: Close-up of Henry Smith's gravestone (above right). The inscription reads: "HENRY SMITH / who departed this life March / 10th D. 1838. In the 87th year of his age. Middle: Mark made by Henry Smith (5th Great-Grandfather; 1752-1838) on his Revolution War pension application on March 21, 1834. Henry was awarded a pension based on his testimony. Above left: Ruins of home of Henry Smith that are no longer standing in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. I took these photographs in August 2004.

was Anglicized to Henry Smith. He was a military scout, Minute Man, served in the militia, fur trader, and possibly a farmer.

Henry Smith did "make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the act of Congress passed June 7, 1832, that he entered the service of the United States under the following named officers and served as herein stated."

"That he volunteered under Captain Walters for a term of three months in the year 1774 to serve as a scout or Indian Spy and was marched to the head waters of Ten Mile Creek in Greene County, Pennsylvania, and was generally forted at Ruffles/Riffles Fort when not on the scout—After this tour, he again volunteered under Captain Joseph Brown for one month in the year 1776—He was marched to the waters of Whiteley Creek Greene County, Pennsylvania, and forted in at Garard's Fort. After this month's service was executed, he came home, but was again called out with his claf (the original pension record says 'claf,'

but perhaps should be 'claf') one month, the citizens were at this time clafed and each claf had to take its turn. This was in the year 1776; he was marched to Garard's Fort again on Whitely Creek and was commanded by Captain Joseph Brown—during this month he was



Above: College photograph of Dole Smith (Great-Uncle) about 1915. While serving in the U. S. Army in France, Dole contracted influenza and died on October 27, 1918, at the height of the pandemic, which eventually killed 20 to 100 million people worldwide. The war ended 15 days after his death. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

on the scout as a spy to protect the frontier—He further states that he was again called out with his Claf under Col. Springer for one month in the year 1779 and was sent to Col. Evans Fort in Virginia on the waters of the Monongahela River and was engaged during the month as a spy—(He was again called to go out in his Claf for one month in the year—he does not recollect—he was ordered to search to Dichern Creek by Col. Springer and was stationed at Barns' Fort—he does not recollect the name of the Captain who commanded him at the fort). He was after this called to go to Hannah's Town, which was burned by the Indians. He was called to go for one month, the year he does not recollect—But could not go and hired in his place his Brother Philip—After this he was again called to go with his claf for one month by Col. Springer, the year he cannot state. He could not go and hired for this month also a substitute whose name was Christy Cauffman—He was called out after the difficult times as a volunteer, but

can't tell how long—He however can safely say that he served at least Eight months in the Revolutionary War altogether exclusive of the two months for which he hired a substitute.”

“Sworn and subscribed this day and year aforesaid. Henry his H mark Smith. Samuel Nixon, Judge.”

Henry Smith was awarded a pension of “26 dollars and 66 cents per annum to commence on the 4th day of March 1831. Certificate of Pension issued the 12th day of April and sent to Uniontown, Pennsylvania, arrears to the 4th of March 1834—80 dollars. Semi-annual allowance ending 4th September 1834, 13 dollars and 33 cents for a total of 93 dollars and 33 cents.” This was all done according to the guidelines issued by the United States Revolutionary Claim Act of 1832. (Smith Family, pages 41-52; MFH, pages 2703-2714)

Died of Influenza in World War I

Dole McClure Smith (Great-Uncle; 1894-1918) died while serving as a soldier in the

American Army in France during World War I. Dole had graduated from Rockford High School and then went on to study chemistry at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Bacteriology from 1913 until he graduated in 1916. He then moved to Baltimore, Maryland, where he went to work as a chemist for Burrough Brothers Wholesale Manufacturing Chemist. In Baltimore, he lived at 108 East Madison. When the United States entered the First World War, Dole enlisted as a private in the Army on June 5, 1918, in Baltimore. He was assigned duty in the medical department as a chemist and a bacteriologist and attached to Base Hospital 42 of the 11th Infantry Division in France. While serving in this capacity, Dole became ill with bronchial pneumonia (actually Influenza) and died on October 27, 1918. The war ended fifteen days later. His grandparents, Henry K. Smith, and Maria Jane Sidenbender Smith (2nd Great-Grandparents) were very close to Dole all of his life and sorrowed at his passing. The dean of his college, Clarence Halball, wrote his condolences to Henry K. Smith in a letter dated January 2, 1919. (Smith Family, pages 79-83)



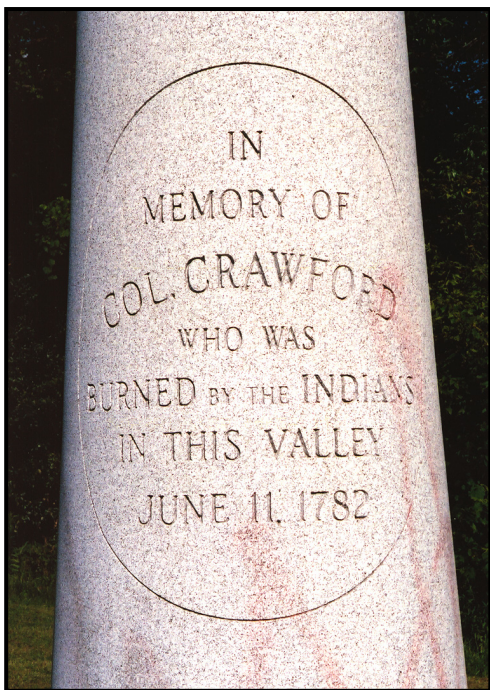
Above: Ohio historical marker near the Crawford monument, about two miles east of Crawford, Ohio. Philip Smith (5th Great-Granduncle; 1761-1838) fought in the Battle of Sandusky and suffered many hardships returning to Fayette County, Pennsylvania. His commander, Col. William Crawford, was captured and tortured to death by the Indians, the only American commander to suffer such a death in the Revolutionary War.

Escapes Capture and Death

Philip Smith, II (Philip Schmidt, Jr., 5th Great-Granduncle) was born in February 1761, on Antietam Creek in (now) the eastern portion of Washington County, Maryland, and died on March 29, 1838, in East Union Township in Wayne County, Ohio.

“Essentially, the war was over in the east when Crawford mounted his ill-fated expedition against the British and Indians at Sandusky, a minor skirmish, which took place on the banks of the Combahee River in Ohio, on August 27, 1782. It is considered to be the final battle on the eastern seaboard, although warfare continued in the American west and northwest. The Sandusky Campaign was an effort to eliminate the Indian raids, sanctioned and supplied by the British on settlers from Ohio and southwestern Pennsylvania. Furnishing their own provisions and equipment, approximately 350 volunteers, mostly from south-

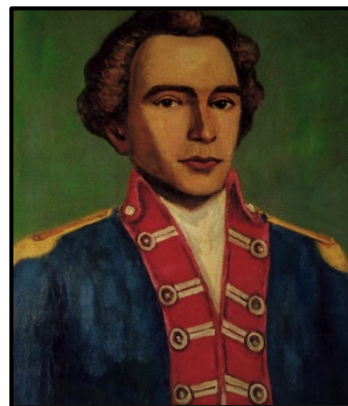
western Pennsylvania, left Mingo Junction (south of Steubenville, Ohio) under the command of Colonel William Crawford, a former associate of George Washington.”



Above: Monument to Colonel William Crawford, Philip Smith's commanding officer, who was tortured and burned to death near this monument east of Crawford in Wyandot County, Ohio. Below: Portrait of Col. Crawford (1732-1782) that was made in 1777.

Philip stated that, “The captain of my company was named Beeson; he was from that part of Westmoreland which soon after became Fayette County. Beesontown, later Uniontown, was named in honor of him.” (This would be Henry Beeson, 1743-1819, son of Richard Beeson Jr., 7th Great-Granduncle—see earlier.)

“For eleven days they marched through the wilderness, avoiding open trails to avert discovery. They advanced to a place near the line of Wayne County, Ohio, ten miles south of Wooster, where the army camped on Thursday evening, May 30th, 1782. That evening a seemingly trivial incident occurred, which caused great concern among the superstitious ones in the encampment. A fox, by some means, got into the lines, was surrounded by the men, but managed to escape unhurt. To the superstitious it seemed to be an ill omen, for as Philip is quoted as saying, ‘If the whole army is unable to kill a fox under such circumstances, what success can be expected against Indians?’ They proceeded westward through the area of Manchester, turning north and arriving in the Upper Sandusky, where a battle took place on June 4, 1782. After inflicting substantial losses on the enemy, Crawford's Rangers were forced to flee when numerically stronger British reinforcements arrived from Detroit. Colonel Crawford returned to the fray to rescue a relative, but was himself captured, then tortured, and burned at the stake.”



Many of the Rangers were lost and scattered in the retreat through the swamps in the area. Philip was wounded in the elbow. He said, “About a hundred feet off, an Indian was hid in

the tall grass, firing at me. I felt the bark of a tree, where I stood, fly in my face several times. Having discovered the position of the savage, I fired several shots; at the seventh one, catching sight of his body, I brought him down. No more balls came from that quarter. After waiting a reasonable time, I crawled along to find his body, but it had been dragged away. I could see plainly the trail of blood it made. I stood behind a small sapling to shelter myself from the bullets; but the tree was so small that I was compelled to stand with my shoulder to it. While in this position I was wounded in the elbow, which served to keep me in remembrance of the battle the rest of my life.”

The image shows a rectangular box containing handwritten text. At the top, it reads 'Philip Smith' followed by '19 14' in a small box. Below that, it says 'w. Burnet' and 'I appeared' with a large closing bracket.

Above: Signatures of Philip Smith (5th Great-Granduncle) and Jacob Smith (4th Great-Grandfather) made on October 9, 1816. Philip was wounded in the elbow, “which served to keep me in remembrance of the battle [of Sandusky] the rest of my life.”

“In the confusion attending the retreat, Philip became separated from his company.

With him was a companion named Rankin, about whom nothing is known. Both had lost their horses. They had their muskets and ammunition with them but were without provisions. Their guns were of little value to them, as they did not dare shoot for fear of the Indians. They were reduced therefore to a very meager diet, principally berries, roots and young birds, when they could be caught. They traveled usually by night, prudently avoiding all trails. After a while they came across an Indian pony, which they resolved to kill for food. As they were afraid to shoot it, Philip attempted to dispatch the animal with his tomahawk. However, the pony was reluctant to participate in the ritual, dodging all blows aimed at its head. Finally, Rankin held his hat over the pony’s eyes, permitting Philip to deal a blow, which felled the animal. The animal was eviscerated, its liver removed and broiled, providing the two men a welcome relief from the fiber diet they had been consuming.”

“The third night of their retreat, two men on horseback overtook them, and they continued traveling together until a stream was reached having high banks. As Philip leaned down to take a drink, they were ambushed by four Indians, evidently having followed them from the plains. A bullet passed harmlessly over Philip’s head, but the two men on horseback were killed instantly, falling into the stream. Seizing the gun of one of the men that had been shot, Philip ran up the bank and turned to fire at the Indians. The Indians perceiving their danger, dodged behind trees unharmed. In the meantime, Rankin, who was also unharmed, was running for his life. Philip threw aside the gun and ran after his companion. The latter, mistaking him for an enemy, three times turned to shoot him, but Philip, following the Indian’s example saved himself by ‘treeing.’ Rankin finally discovered who was so intensely pursuing him when he slackened his pace and was joined by Philip. The two ran on together and escaped the savages. Having been with them but a few hours, the men who were killed were unidentified. Philip and Rankin continued their escape into the

daylight hours, fearing pursuit by the Indians. Shortly afterward, they came upon a deserted Indian camp, which had just been abandoned. A man lay there, dead and scalped, whose



body was still warm. He had drawn his hand over the scalp-wound several times, indicating that he had been scalped alive. Evidently, he had been shot while still on horseback. It was the opinion of both Rankin and Philip that he was not one of the volunteers, as he rode a shod horse and, to their knowledge, none of the Rangers had ridden horses with shoes. Seemingly, the Indians had fled

Above: Bern, Switzerland, where Peter Van Gundy (6th Great-Grandfather; 1712-1758) may have been born or resided before he immigrated to America before 1738. Right: Raceway constructed by Peter Gundy in 1738 on his land next to Muddy Creek in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; March 2013.



immediately after the killing, for reasons unknown. The fires were still burning, over which hominy was cooking. This, the two half-starved men tasted, but did not eat for fear that it might be poisoned. After leaving this camp, no more Indians were seen, albeit, that night, as Rankin was making himself a pair of moccasins from the skin of a horse they had found (his moccasins having worn out), savages were heard at a great distance. They immediately extinguished their fire and continued their journey. Ten days after the battle they arrived home safely, but foot-sore, nearly naked and almost perishing from hunger” (*An Historical Account of the Expedition Against Sandusky Under Colonel Crawford in 1782*, by C. W. Butterfield, published in 1873; Some of the details in Butterfield’s account were drawn from the *Memoirs of Philip Smith*, furnished by his grandson, Albert Smith, of Centreville, Indiana). (Smith Family, pages 27-34; MFH, pages 2689-2696)

Swiss Mennonite Immigrates to Pennsylvania

Peter Van Gundy (6th Great-Grandfather; 1712-1758, also listed as Peter Von Gunten and Peter Gundy) emigrated from Switzerland to Pennsylvania in the early 1700s. One history says that he was “a Swiss Huguenot, able, wealthy, and distinguished in the history of his country, who aspired to the government of Bern, and being compelled to flee for his life,

sought asylum in France. He and his family immigrated to America and settled in Penn's



Above: Muddy Creek as it flows through the land once owned by Peter Van Gundy (6th Great-Grandfather; 1712-1758) in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; March 2013. The mill and race-way that he built in 1738 are on the right side of the creek (below).

colony; and from him have sprung the Gundys and Von Gundys.” (*History of Fountain County, Indiana*, page 200-201)

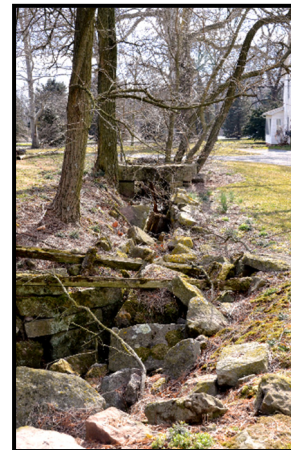
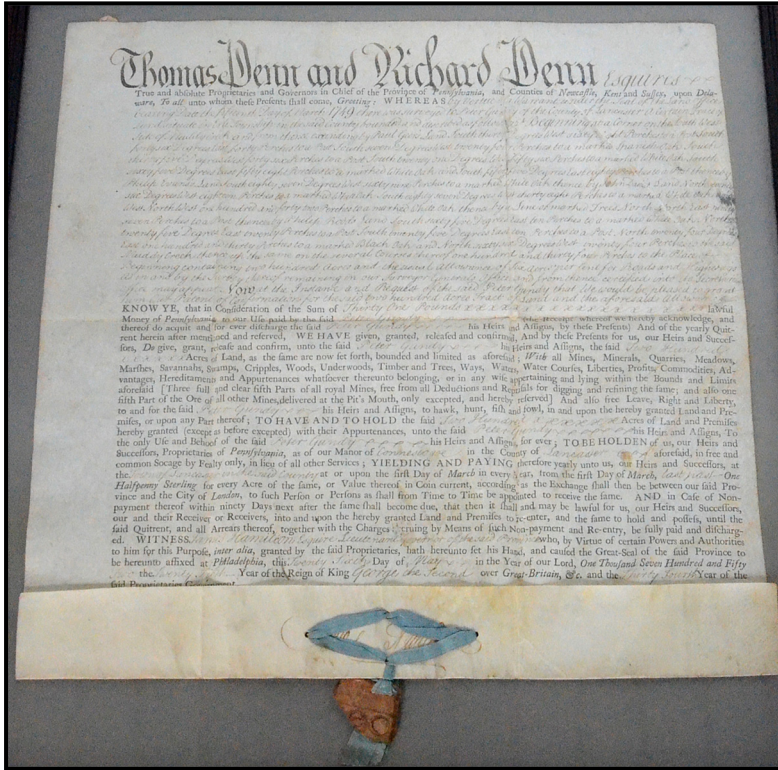
The records never say that he was a Mennonite, but he settled among them and his children were Mennonites. At the beginning of my research about Peter Van Gundy I found out that he settled on Muddy Creek in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, but I didn't find the exact location of his farm until 2012. In March 2013, I took my wife and daughter, Rebecca, with me to visit his home. I talked with the current owner, and she showed me the original deed issued from Thomas Penn and Richard Penn to “Peter Gundy” dated May 26, 1752. It was a meaningful moment for me because I didn't know until then that such a document existed.



“The earliest mill on this site was built by Peter Gundy in 1738. This was replaced by James Martin Fry's mill about 1798. The current 40' X 60' 3.5 story fieldstone mill was built by Jacob and Elizabeth Fry in 1848. In 1983 the mill was part of a florist shop where arrangements were made up and sold; it was still in the Fry family.” (Millpictures.com)

(Directions to the mill: Go south of Ephrata, Pennsylvania, on US 322; turn left (east) on Martindale Road. Go about 1 mile and turn left (north) on Frys Road. When you reach Frysville Road turn right (east) and then turn left into the first driveway, which will place you on the property once owned by Peter Gundy in the mid-1700s. This land is located

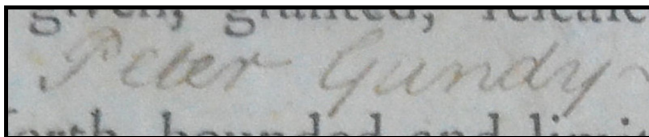
near Martindale, in Ephrata Township in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The original mill and later mills were powered by water from Muddy Creek.)



Above: Rare original deed from Thomas Penn and Richard Penn to “Peter Gundy” (6th Great-Grandfather) dated May 26, 1752. The survey was completed in March 1749. Today the deed is owned by Morton and Becky Fry. Below: Peter’s name as written on the deed. Right: Current mill built in 1848 by Jacob Fry on the site of the mill that Peter Van Gundy built about 1738 near Martindale, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, on Muddy Creek (at junction of Napierville/ Frys Road and Fryville Road). Middle: Water to the mill once flowed down this stone raceway.

“In 1743 Peter Van Gundy was still residing in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and his second child was born there

that year. On March 15, 1749, 200 acres of land were warranted to Peter. It was surveyed on May 6, 1752, and patented to him on May 26, 1752. The patent means he paid for it and received clear title. The first tax list still surviving in Lancaster County shows Peter Gunder with 100 acres. There is a note that his name has also been spelled ‘Dundy, Gunty, and Gunder.’



He was also on the county tax rolls in 1751 and 1754.”

“On December 13, 1755, in Earl Township, Peter and his wife, Fronich,

sold 200 acres to a Joseph Fox of Philadelphia for 100 pounds. He signed his name in German while Fronica signed with an X. In 1756 he was taxed for 60 acres. Also on the tax list were Rudy Zuck, John Wenger, Henry Sydenbender (5th Great-Grandfather; 1721-before 1784), and several from the Davis family, all names of in-law families. The final entry on the tax rolls for Peter Gunety was in 1757.”

“Peter's date and place of birth are taken from marriage records. A birth certificate was said to be in the possession of a John Wilkey of Covington, Indiana at one time.” My grandmother, Frances Bowles, contacted John Wilkey in 1949 and he confirmed that Peter Gunde was born in Switzerland, and if I remember correctly, Berne, Switzerland. I saw the letter myself thirty years ago, but unfortunately it has been lost. He said that he got this information from a birth certificate—Richard Martin.

“Most family listings have his death date as March 26, 1763, a date supplied by descendant Clara Van Gundy, but he may have died earlier as guardians were appointed for his children the day before that and tax records list his widow from 1758-1763.”

“The will book lists his name as Peter ‘Guntz’ and he died intestate. Circumstances and place of Peter's death depend on the story being read. One version says he died in Bethel Township, now Lebanon County, Pennsylvania; another that he was killed by Indians in Earl Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Since all records place him in Lancaster County, I choose to believe he died there, whether by Indians, is unknown.” (Van Gundy Family, pages 1, 48-56 MFH, pages 2791, 2838-2846)

Unsuccessful Rescue

Christian Van Gundy (5th Great-Grandfather; 1742-1812) married **Anne** (5th Great-Grandmother) by 1765. In 1771 Christian owned at least thirty acres of land, one horse and two cows in Earl Township of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Christian signed his name in German, and his wife made her mark on legal documents. Between 1771 and May 1773, Christian and his family moved to Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, settling on land that later became Union County. In 1773 he kept a tavern and operated a ferry at Strochecker's landing one-fourth mile below the present-day site of Lewisburg, Union County, Pennsylvania. In 1774 Christian bought 60 acres in Buffalo Township of Union County for 50 pounds. In 1779 he bought an additional 300 acres in Buffalo Township, where he built a gristmill and a dwelling house.



Above: Rare daguerreotype of George Fishley (not related), a Revolutionary soldier wearing his “tall, wide, Napoleonic-looking headgear with cockades. He marched in parades wearing the hat, which his obituary said, ‘almost vied in years with the wearer.’” He fought in the Battle of Monmouth and in a number of battles with the Indians, later serving on a privateer before being captured by the British. (*Passion for the Past—Original photographs of Revolutionary War Vets*, by Joe Bauman, published 2013.) Christian Van Gundy (5th Great-Grandfather; 1742-1812) as a sergeant of militia during the Revolutionary War, tried to save an older couple with six men under his command, but were attacked by 15 to 30 Indians. After fighting them off for a time they tried to escape, but all were caught and killed except Christian, who, after being chased for several miles, managed to allude them. He later said, “I never expected to get out alive.” He was shot in the leg during the initial attack.

The Six Indian Nations became restless in the summer of 1776 and voted for war against the white settlers. Only the Susquehanna Indians voted for peace. Just before hostilities



Above: This depiction of an Indiana attack during colonial times is very similar to the description given of what happened to Christian Van Gundy (5th Great-Grandfather; 1742-1812) when he tried to rescue an older couple during the Revolutionary War. He said that they boarded up the windows and the door and took water to the loft of the cabin. The Indians attacked in the evening and tried to set fire to the house. Christian got the fire out but was shot in the leg. The next day they made a run for it, but everyone was killed except Christian Van Gundy.

began, a group of some twenty Indians stopped by Derr's Trading post. **Christian Van Gundy, Jr.** (4th Great-Grand-uncle; 1766-1836) was ten years old when he witnessed the Indian's visit.

“He said that he saw the Indians come up the river, until they arrived opposite where they lived. They stopped, carried some things ashore, and left the women there, then crossed over to Derr's trading house. Christian asked his father (5th Great-Grandfather) for permission to go up to see the Indians. He said he saw Derr knock in the head of a whisky barrel and give the Indians tin-cups to drink with. They drank and danced and showed how they scalped by gestures. Most of them got beastly drunk; but one would not drink any. He then saw Captain John Brady approach, and kick over the barrel, which put an end to the frolic. He said the Indians would seize each other by the hair and go through the form of scalping, tearing off the scalp with the teeth” (*Annals of Buffalo Valley, Pennsylvania, 1755-1855*, published 1877, page 97).

The British encouraged Indian uprisings against the Americans during the Revolutionary War. Christian was serving as a sergeant in the militia when the Indians threatened to attack the settlements in May of 1779. Most of the settlers had gone to the fort for safety, but an old couple, John Semple and his wife, had not been seen. The couple lived in White Deer Township and was in great danger, so Colonel John Kelly sent Christian with a party of six men to bring them into the fort. Christian reached the house in the evening and prepared for an attack by putting slabs up against the door and carrying water up to the loft. The

Indians came after dark, against the door and windows, but the Indians did not begin their attack until about three in the morning. They surrounded the house, mounted a log on their shoulders and charged the door of the cabin to beat it in. Unsuccessful in this attempt, they set fire to the cabin. Christian mounted the loft and knocked off enough boards to reach the fire, which he was able to extinguish. Shots were exchanged. While putting out the fire, Christian was shot in the leg “which marked him for some time.” Another man of his company “had his side whiskers shot off.” One Indian chief was killed, and two other Indians were wounded. The marauding party consisted of more than fifteen Indians and possibly as many as thirty.

At daybreak, they put it to vote as to whether they should remain in the house or try to make a run of it. Two voted to stay and four to go. On opening the door, they found the Indian chief they had shot lying dead on the ground. Christian took the Indian's rifle, and



Above: View of the Susquehanna River near site of Christian Van Gundy's (5th Great-Grandfather; 1742-1812) ferry that he operated next to Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, in the 1770s and 1780s. He was one of the earliest settlers of Lewisburg. Left: Tall tree and millstone at the site of Christian's grist mill on Kinnickinnick Creek about seven miles northeast of Chillicothe, Ross County, Ohio, that he built about 1802.

another man took the Indian's powder horn. On leaving the house, the two wounded men and the old people were placed in the center for protection. About 60 rods from the house the Indians sallied from behind the barn. They held a hurried consultation and agreed to separate. Christian went to the left, while the old people and the rest of the party took to the right.

Another account says that “Christian with his two guns, took into a ravine and tried to get the old people to follow him. They refused and followed the young folks. Christian said he soon heard several shots. These killed the old couple, who were scalped and left to die.”

The Indians followed Christian for several miles. “Christian said he never expected to get out alive, but with his two guns he thought he could kill two at least. He made a circuit of



Left: Richard Martin (me) at the military monument of my 5th Great-Grandfather, Christian Van Gundy, Sr. in Grandview Cemetery, Chillicothe, Ross, Ohio, in May 2011.

seven miles and came out at Derr's mill.” Colonel Kelly pursued this party and killed several of the Indians. (*Annals of Buffalo Valley, 1755-1855*, published 1877, pages 171-174.)

Before the Revolutionary War, in 1773, Christian obtained a license for a tavern in Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, at Strohecker's Landing (just south of present-day Lewisburg) on the Susquehanna River on land owned by Ludwig Derr. He also built and “operated a grist mill and a sawmill on the river.”

In 1788 Christian and four other men laid out nine and a half miles of road in Union County, Pennsylvania.

A suit between Christian Van Gundy and Ludwig Derr for title of the tavern and ferry went on for many years and was eventually decided against Christian. (Ludwig Derr's excellent home is still standing.) The result of this decision led to financial ruin for Christian. This setback probably helped him decide to leave Pennsylvania and to go west to Ohio. In 1788 and 1789, Christian sold his 300 acres of land, household goods, and gristmill equipment to his two sons, Christian, Jr. and **Jacob Van Gundy** (4th Great-Grandfather; 1770-1854).

Sometime after 1790, Christian set out on foot for Ohio, "Carrying only a rifle and eight dollars in his pocket."

Christian settled seven miles from Chillicothe in Ross County, Ohio. The people had grown weary of traveling seventy miles to the nearest mill and requested Christian to build one. With the assistance of the other settlers he erected a gristmill, probably between 1798 and 1802. It was located on Kinnikinnick Creek in the northwest corner of section twenty-one. He then went to Wheeling, West Virginia, and by killing and selling deer, made the money with which to buy nails, glass and iron for his mill. He transported his accouterments back home on packhorses.

In 1802 Christian petitioned the court for a road to run by his mill. In 1804 Christian began payments over five years to purchase all of Section 21, Range 21 in Township 9 of Worthington's Survey in Green Township of Ross County, Ohio. The purchase consisted of 599 acres of land for \$1,198. After the purchase was complete, the land was divided among his son, **Jacob Van Gundy** (4th Great-Grandfather), his daughter, Barbara Van Gundy May (4th Great-Grandaunt) and her husband George, and his daughter, Mary Ann Van Gundy Conner (4th Great-Grandaunt) and her husband Isaac Conner. The land was divided four ways because everyone had pitched in together to buy the original property. Fifty acres was also deeded to Christian's brother, David Van Gundy (5th Great-Grand-uncle; 1755-1827). (Van Gundy Family, pages 6-13, 33-34; MFH, pages 2796-2803, 2823-2824)

Conclusion

It's interesting how the arrow of time goes in only one direction leading us from childhood to old age and death. If there wasn't an eternal plan for our lives it would be so meaningless. Otherwise, we would live a few short years, and regardless of how well we lived, go to nothingness. I don't believe that. I choose to believe that we have a kind Heavenly Father who has placed us on earth as part of an everlasting plan for our happiness. As the scripture says, "All things have been done in the wisdom of Him who knoweth all things. Adam fell that man might be; and men are, that they might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:28-29).

Every ancestor of mine that is recorded in this history, with only a few exceptions, has died. Most married, had children, lived here or there, grew old, and passed away with basically everything they possessed, passing away soon thereafter (few homes remain standing after a hundred years). They were as real as I am, but the law of entropy allows no one to live beyond a certain span of years. Everything breaks down from a complicated state to a lesser state, heat goes to cold, complex goes to simple; it is unavoidable. As another scripture states, "Death hath passed upon all men, to fulfill the merciful plan of the great Creator." (2 Nephi 9:6)."

I don't want this to turn into a sermon, but just to be living to live isn't enough. There must be a reason for all of this and I believe there is.

For example, when I look at the life of Ulysses S. Bratton, my great-granduncle, I'm impressed. Here is a man that could have chosen to live a simple farmer's life in northwest Arkansas but instead made the effort to improve himself and live a different life than most of his peers. He married, had six children, and was faithful to his family all of his life. He never drank alcohol. He studied law while his children were little and soon got a reputation as a good trial lawyer. He ran against the odds for U.S. Congressman twice and was later appointed by U.S. President William McKinley to the position of assistant United States district attorney, where he was noted for protecting workers from peonage, or debt slavery. When one of his sons was interviewed in 1978, he expressed how much he admired his father and said how one judge told him that when his father came into the courtroom it was like a "breath of fresh air" and "the judges all highly respected him." He went on to say, "My dad was a man of top courage. No one could frighten him. If he thought something was right, he would stand up for it, no matter what the cost. We felt that all people, regardless of the color of their skin, were human beings and should be treated fairly. And because of this, naturally, my father was willing to accept their cases and defend them." In a time when it wasn't popular to help Blacks, he stood alone as the only white attorney in Arkansas that would defend them in court, and in time saved twelve innocent men from being hung after the race riots in Elaine, Arkansas. He was disparaged for this, and he and his family were made targets for abuse, which forced him to leave the state for their well-being.

I believe that when we die we all go into the Spirit World and continue our lives until the Day of Judgement. Then we will all be resurrected and brought to stand before God and

give an account of our lives. I have to believe that a man such as Ulysses Bratton will not be afraid of such a moment but rather be honored. There's obviously much more that I could write about all of this, but what I'm saying is that life is wonderful, and if we use it well, we have nothing but glory and honor ahead of us.

In conclusion I want to say that I believe life is a miracle and it is amazing that almost everything around us is conducive for life. I reject the highly improbably assertion that we are all here because of an infinite series of accidents on inert matter. The list of external and internal factors that must be perfect in order for life to exist are amazing. Some things are obvious: If the earth was a little closer to the sun we would burn up, a little further away and we would freeze, but most are not that plain such as the existence of a magnetic field around the earth, called the Van Allen belt, which protects our atmosphere from destruction. The simple and unusual fact that ice floats makes life possible—otherwise all the oceans would be solid ice. It goes on and on, with the moon at just the right distance from the earth to keep it stable, and the spin of the earth at just the right speed. This discussion doesn't even address the complexities of our mortal bodies, where everything (the heart and circulatory system, the filtering system, the lungs, the muscles and skin, the digestive system, the nervous system and so much more) must all work together and function with precision for us to live. This is all fine-tuned to a point that is beyond the comprehension of anyone.

This also brings up the important point of how everything got highly ordered in the first place. The Second Law of Thermodynamics states that everything is always moving from a higher, more organized state to a lower, less organized state. The heat death. This is a fundamental law of the universe, as one physicist said, "If someone says that his theory goes against the Second Law of Thermodynamics you can know immediately that it is false." Yet we see order and complexity throughout the universe. What power is working against this law to make planets and life possible? Physicists admit that they do not have an answer, but obviously some power is making complex order possible.

So, why go to all of this trouble if there isn't some special reason for our existence? God has stated why he does it and it isn't for himself—it is for the ultimate good of his children. He said, "The Heavens, they are many, and they cannot be numbered unto man, but they are numbered unto me, for they are mine. And as one earth shall pass away and the heavens thereof even so shall another come; and there is no end to my works, neither to my words. For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:37-29). So, this world has been made for our benefit and when all is said and done we will join our ancestors in that eternal world. This truth is reflected in the words recited at a Viking funeral as recorded by Arab chronicler Ibn Fadlan in 992 A.D.: "Lo there do I see my father. / Lo there do I see my mother, / And my sisters and brothers. / Lo there do I see the line of my people back to the beginning. / Lo they call to me. / They bid me take my place among them, / In the halls of Valhalla, / Where the brave may live forever."