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Fred Bussey Lambert

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MS 76
BX 5
NBK 12

Hite & Buffington
The Benjamin Drown Family.
Mrs. Mildred Henderson Family (near back)

MS 76
BX 5
NBK 12

The first time I met "Mamma" (Agnes Goodrich Ruffner, daughter of Col. Chas. Ruffner) she was with the Ruffner girls. They had been to Barboursville to a funeral and I had been in a valley up there and as I was coming home I passed them on the road walking with John Thornberg. I stopped, John introduced me to "Mamma", telling her I was one of the best Confederate Veterans in the County. I asked him if one of the ladies would like to ride. One of the girls said "Goodie, you have such a headache, you get in and ride." Goodie and Anne Rolfe who was about 15 years old, rode with me. After leaving them at their house I thought nothing much more about "Mamma". But, later we got very much "mixed up" and in love, and a couple 7 years later we got married.

Simmons 2

SOME EXPERIENCES OF SAMPSON SANDERS IN THE CONFEDERATE
ARMY.

Sampson Sanders Simmons, son of William Simmons (who was born in Baltimore ^{Co} Maryland, May 7th, 1797.) and his wife Mary Kilgore (born in Cabell Co. Virginia August 27, 1806, Died Nov. 20, 1845) was born Nov. 15, 1843, near Milton, Cabell County, Virginia. He enlisted in the Confederate Army March 20, 1862, when he was a little over eighteen years and four months of age, in Co. E, Eighth Virginia Cavalry, known as the Border Rangers, Commaned by Gen. Albert J. Jenkins. He was wounded at Morristown, Tenn. Dec. 9th, 1863 and shipped to the hospital at Montgomery White Sulphor Springs in Virginia. He returned to his Reg. April 15, 1864 in Taswell Co. He was captured at Morefield, Hardy Co. on the South Bend of the Potomac, on August 16, 1864, and sent to Camp Chase prison in Ohio, where he remained from August 16, 1864, to March 18, 1865.

In connection with his capture a very unusual incident occurred.

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At that time he was riding a mule and leading his little bay horse, which was suffering with foot-evil, when a Lieut. whose horse had been shot from under him, asked him to let him ride his bay mare. Lieut. Robinson afterwards took the mare to Col. E saying he felt sure its owner had been killed. The horse was sent up to pasture until such time as some trace could be found of her owner. While in prison one of young Simmon's fellow prisoners told him about it and said: "Your horse was sent away up in the valley of Virginia with a man named Fulwiler." This was only the information or address he had. Eight months later when the poor boy, weak and forlorn, was released from prison, and on his way home from Richmond to Christiansburg, the sun was set, darkness was obscuring the landscape and the boy had no idea where he was, the train stopped at a water tank beside a woods pasture field to get water for the engine. The boy crawled out of the car and saw a lone elderly man leaning against a tree in the darkness. He approached him and asked if he knew any one named Fulwiler. The man replied, "That is my name." The young soldier then told the man about his horse and gave his name. Fulwiler took a note book from his pocket, then said, "I am the who had your horse. I kept her until my feed ran out then sold her for four hundred and fifty dollars. I'll give you your money." He pulled a leather wallet from his pocket, charged fifty dollars for his care of the horse and gave him four hundred dollars. By the time the engine had taken water the transaction was closed and the soldier got back on the train with the money in his pocket. The money being Confederate currency, it proved to be of no value.

On March 1st, 1865, the subject of this sketch, with seven hundred eighty four other prisoners were packed into box cars, fifty-six men to a car, to remain for six days and nights, no room to lie or sit down and no water to drink. Their rations being half a dozen soda crackers

each day. They were being taken from prison and one of the prisoners died, Harry Spenser, from Baltimore. Young Simmons had a small piece of blade of a case knife on which he had filed saw teeth, this he had concealed in his shoe, with this he managed to cut a small hole in the end of the car for ventilation, which helped to keep the men alive. The men fought each other for a breath of fresh air from his hole. While in prison they ate rat, bacon rind and any thing to sustain life. Four cases of smallpox were taken from under his blanket, two of whom died and two returned to prison.

We will let him tell a part of the story. He said:

"When we left Camp Chase on the 18th, we rode through to Bellaire (Ohio) which is on the Ohio River 10 miles below Wheeling. When we got there the river was over it's banks and we were left on the side tracks. Left in the car for six days with flood waters all around us and not a drop of water to drink. We were given only six soda crackers each day in the afternoon. We would all have suffered terribly if I hadn't been able to cut those holes, through the car. After that six days we rode through to Baltimore and had to walk two miles to Fort McHenry in Baltimore. We took a vessel there and went up the Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the James River. We boarded the vessel all so hungry, starved, and weak. A keg of salt brine pork was brought on deck and the head knocked ^{out} ~~in~~. We were given that terrible, gaummy, pork right out of the brine. We ate it. It was as bad as having nothing since we had not fresh water, the Bay being salt water. Sometimes I think that all those hardships must have been night-mares for how--how!, could any man survive them. We went up the James River to the rear of enemy lines. We walked through that enemy territory and through our own lines where we took vessel again, back of the

4. Confederate lines, to Richmond. It took 10 days to make the trip from Camp Chase to Richmond. In Richmond we only received a small piece of corn-pone bread. We left Richmond for Christiansburg for the Patrol Camp. When we got to Christiansburg a guard came and ordered us all up into the street to march to Camp which was about two miles out of town. There were five of us who did not go to the camp. We slept that night in the vestibule of a church, the floor was cement or dressed stone about six feet long.

The next morning I told the boys that over in Monroe County I had some friends that I would stay with, while waiting ~~for~~ my exchange from the camp. The each said that they had places to go and stay so we shook hands and all said goodby. I never saw a one of those men again. I started out walking the 33 miles to Wm. Peck's. I was so weak and hungry I could only make 11 miles a day. It took me three days to make the trip. I was received with open arms at Wm. Peck's. While I was there I received word of Gen. Lee's surrender. Then there was no more fighting, no more anything.

As I walked from Christiansburg to Monroe County I was hungry and so tired I could hardly walk. I asked a man along the way where I could get something to eat. He told me, "Now, if you can just hold out to get to the Widow Cummings, she'll give you something to eat, it's about good three miles." I wondered if I could get there. When I finally got there to her huge log house, I came to her garden first, there by the side of her house. She was just over the pailings taking up her beets. I said, "Is this Mrs. Cummings?" "Yes, and who are you?" "I have been a prisoner of war and am nearly starved to death and a man I met down the road said you might be able to give me a little bit to eat." I can see her now, wiping her hand on her house home-spun apron, directing me to go to the house. She went through the garden

to the house. It seemed an age until it was ready, but she had six biscuits, two fried eggs, and a saucer of honey. I ate five of the biscuits. I could have eaten twice as ~~almost~~ many but it was so long since I'd had much food that I was afraid too many would make me sick.

~~When I was wounded the minni-ball did not lodge in the saddle but glanced off the saddle skirt downward, on an angle, and went into my upper leg. The Doctor had to cut the ball out.~~

In our retreat from Morristown about 40 or 50 of us were wounded. I was taken back of the lines by Ambulance with two other injured men. It seemed that one was lying on my injured leg all night as we drove, for the ambulance was only supposed to carry two men instead of three. We stopped once during the night and were carried into a farm house, but only stayed about a half hour when orders came for us to go on. We covered 21 miles that night. In the morning we stopped at a log cabin, where fifteen wounded men laid on the floor without a matting of any kind, not even straw, for fifteen days. The weather opened up and then the boys got together enough for the horses and hitched them to a wheat fan wagon. A wagon that peddlers used to haul about the county wheat fans, it was about 20 feet long and would hold five or six of these fans. We were hauled on this to Jonesville, Tenn. From there we were taken to White Sulphur Springs, Virginia."

Another very unusual incident occurred when young Simmons was released from the hospital. He had been shot through the thigh. A large minni-ball, as large as his little finger had passed through his little finger on right hand and then glanced off the saddle skirt and went on an angle back into the leg above the knee and had to be cut by the doctor. After weeks in the hospital the poor, weak, ~~emaciated~~ ^{emaciated} and ~~emaciated~~ soldier boy was on the train, trying to get back to

6, Washington County, Virginia, to his Aunt Martha Morris and other relatives. His immediate destination was the little railroad station, Glade Springs. Besides his crutches he had a bag and three blankets. It was cold and dark and a snow was falling. The train slowed up and some one called out "Glade Springs". He crawled off the train pulling his baggage with him, just as the train moved off scarcely giving him time to clear himself from the high step. He then discovered that the train had stopped at a siding some distance from the station and that he was alone in the dark and cold with the only visible signs of civilization being a pile of cord wood by the railroad. He was too weak and sick to follow the train into the station. Standing there in his dilemma, wondering what would be his lot in the next few hours, he saw a pale glimmer ~~or~~ like star light below the horizon. With his eyes on the little spot of light, he dragged himself and his crutches and bag, and blankets over the snow-covered cordwood, the fallen tree trunks and stumps. Finally, exhausted, nearly frozen, he reached a small house with high, ice covered steps up which he managed to crawl, and knocked on the door with his crutch. When he was admitted he was taken through a long hall to a room in which there was a big log fire burning. In the back of the room there were two beds. As he sat warming himself and talking to the man of the house who was asking him questions, one of the men in the bed, in the rear of the room arose and asked: "Is that you Sampson?" It was George Hackworth, who his aunt Martha Morris, had sent to look for him. He had searched diligently through all the hospitals and failing to find any trace of him and supposing him to be dead, he was on his way back home without the young soldier, having been taken almost direct from Morristown (place of injury) to White Sulphur Springs. he had not entered any of the hospitals between the two points where

Hackworth had looked for him.

Of this story he tells us:

"When I got off the train at Glade Springs the snow was boot top deep. I had such a terrible time getting over the branches and broken ties, they were so hard to see covered with snow.--I got in bed with Hackworth that night and in the morning we got on a short line and went down to King's Salt Works. John Clarkson, who was in charge of the Salt Works furnished us with a mule and a blanket for a saddle. I was in agony with my bad thigh all the way. I rode the mule all the way but George would get on too when we forded the river. Going up the Holston River those seven miles to Aunt Martha's we had to ford the river so, so many times." He always said this was the guidance of Providence.

Of the family of nine children of William Simmons and Mary Kilgore Simmons four lived to ripe old age. When an older sister, Mrs. Linnie Galaher, was past eighty, ~~three~~ years of age, she was killed in an automobile accident. Anne Love 77 when she died. Mrs. Fannie Vinson lived past ninety-five and the youngest child, Sampson Sanders is living, now in his ninty third year.

When the two youngest, Mrs. Vinson and Mr. Simmons were celebrating their ninetieth and eighty-seventh birthdays, respectively, together (for their anniversaries were only eleven days apart) and he had come all the way from California to West Virginia that they might celebrate together, They were sitting before the fire hand in hand, with their children around them when this conversation ensued. "Fannie, I made you cry once and I have felt badly about it ever since, will you forgive me?", "Why Sampson, I didn't know you ever made me cry, when was it?" "When we were little, you and I were sent down in the lower meadow to blow the

horn for the farm hands to come to dinner. I wanted to blow the horn and you wanted to blow ^{it} the ~~horn~~. I won, and took the horn away from you and blew it myself and you cried. It is the only time we ever disagreed and I have always been sorry. Please forgive me." It was a touching sight to see those two dear old people ~~in~~ as they recounted their only disagreement in their long lives.

Could the youths, of the present, be carried back to the days before the war,¹⁰ and see how few facilities, their ancestors had, for acquiring an education, I think, they could ~~not~~ look over all their errors of speech.

Prior to the Civil War schools were scarce, and each pupil was supposed to pay from one to five dollars per month for their tuition. The schools were called Subscription schools. There was usually an article of agreement which the parents or guardians of the children signed stating how many scholars they would send. These articles, as they were termed, was much more efficacious than two or three Truant Officers, for the tuition had to be paid whether a scholar attended a single day, and every one wanted the worth of his money.

Teachers did not have to pass an Examination but Society demanded the services of ladies and gentlemen and it would have been useless for them to apply, as an education in expensive thing it was only

who could afford one. A teacher, in those days, was required to be familiar with classic literature as well as all the leading topics of the day, and

We had very few regular school buildings. There was one brick building in Guyandotte, (which still stands, but remodeled) and Marshal Academy as it was then called, was another school building, but the Marshall of that day never dreamed of the edifice that is our pride today. Those two with a few log buildings through the country were all I remember. We taught in any room we could secure for a reasonable rent, that was large enough to accommodate our pupils. who were supposed to furnish their own seats and desks.

The books used were varied, I have had as many as three different Grammars in the same school. We used the McGuffey's Readers, and Mitchel's Geography, generally we had a good many books to recite, and we tried to have as many as some text books as possible.

There are very few of the old teachers left. Almost every one of Cabell Co's old instructors are gone ^{but few are} left to tell the tale. Professor Thackston Mrs. Kate Alberto (nee Jewell) and myself are all that I know who are still living. We all taught, both before and after the war.

We knew very little about the management of Free Schools at first, and I suppose if our School Examiners could see just how teachers were examined they would smile; in fact, the teachers themselves smiled at some of the questions asked, but I must say we were very successful in advancing our pupils, whatever we taught, we were thorough in it, and required perfect lessons and good order.

Each teacher had their own rules for governing their schools (and but very few had to call on a trustee to reprimand a pupil).

We had no school houses at the beginning of our Free Schools but as fast as the work could be done, houses were built and

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furnished, not with such nice desks
and blackboards as they have
now, but still a vast improvement
over what we had at first. I taught
my first free school in Mason Co, I believe,
an old Carpenter's shop (I think) There
was one long desk fitted up against
each side of the room, with a long
bench for the pupils to sit on, the
ones, with their little feet dangle
in the air. My next school was in
Barboursville, I had about the same
kind of room but the desks were
much better. These were fair
samples of the houses in use for
schools just after the war.

I think there were quite a number
of teachers used to come into our
County from Ohio, and teach
our schools and carry our
money into their own State.

All, or a great many, of our
early disadvantages are being
overcome, and where ignorance
used to be the general heritage
of the poorer classes, now the
poor are or can be a
educated if they choose.

Child
Fair

5-

have
they

14

to apply themselves. There has been wonderful
progress made in the last thirty years in
this County but still the field is open and
in need of much more.

Helena, C. Hanna (nee Jewell)

HUNTINGTON ELECTRIC LIGHT AND STREET WAILWAY CO. 15

Incorporated June 21, 1884.

Principal office Huntington, W.Va.

Authorized capital stock \$50,000.

Incorporters:

R. A. Mathews, Huntington, W.Va.
W.H.H. Holswade, "
A. B. Palmer, "
Leon G. Brown, "
Robert Shore, "
B. W. Foster, "

Change of name from HUNTINGTON ELECTRIC LIGHTING CO.
June 13, 1888.

(over)

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THE TRIPPLE STATE NATURAL GAS COMPANY ON

Incorporated May 5, 1898,

Principal office Franklin, Pa.

Authorized capital stock \$5,000,000.

Dealing in natural gas and oil etc.

Incorporators: F. M. Simpkins, D. D. Wallery,

L. G. Brown, E. E. Uran, E. H. Sibley, all of Franklin.

THE HUNTINGTON WATER COMPANY

December 29, 1886.

Principal office Huntington, West Va.

Supplying water for domestic, manufacturing, sanitary
and fire purposes, etc.

Authorized capital stock \$200,000.

Incorporators:

Wm. S. Kuhn, McKeesport, Pa.
John McIntyre, "
J. F. Cockburn, Muncie, Ind.
Toney Hefel, "
D. B. Ludwick, "

Decreased to \$5,000. May 9, 1918.

Dissolved June 16, 1925.

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CONSOLIDATED LIGHT AND RAILWAY COMPANY

Incorporated July 14, 1892.
P.O. Office in Huntington W Va
Capital stock \$1,000,000
Decreased to \$50,000- April 30, 1901
Changed its name to CONSOLIDATED LIGHT HEAT & POWER COMPANY
January 27, 1912.
Increased to \$530,000 November 1916
Increased to 865,000 April 18, 1921 and was
Dissolved September 27, 1923.

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OHIO VALLEY ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY

Incorporated Aug 2, 1899. P.O. Huntington, W.Va.
Capital stock \$1,000,000
Change of name to CAMDEN INTERSTATE RAILWAY COMPANY
December 17, 1900.
Increased to \$2,000,000.00 Febry 24, 1903.
Change of name to OHIO VALLEY ELECTRIC COMPANY- Feby 18, 1908.
Increased to \$2,400,000.00-- Feb 18, 1908.
Incorporators: Thos. J. Bryan, Henry S. Cato, C. W. Watts,
H. C. Dundan, Jr. and Lindsay Vincent, Huntington, W.Va.

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HUNTINGTON & CHARLESTON RAILROAD COMPANY

Incorporated Feb 24, 1904. P.O. Huntington, W.Va.
Capital stock \$20,000.
Dissolved by Decree of Court July 11, 1922- non payment tax.
Incorporators: W. R. Thompson, E. M. Watts, T.J. Bryan,
A. E. Bush and Z. T. Vincent all of Huntington, W.Va.

Incorporators for Consolidated Light Heat & Power Co. are

J. L. Caldewell, C. L. Hafner, Sr. C. Molter, Rufus Switzer,
Geo. N. Biggs, D. W. Emmons, J. A. Emmons, R. A. Matthews,
B. W. Foster, Geo F. Miller Jr. F. L. Doolittle, F. F.
McChillough and D.G. Smith of Guyandotte, W.Va.

(Had to go to the Value for these)

Dec. 25, 1862

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Skirmish on Big Sandy.

The following events occurred about the 11th inst., which week we were absent from town, and by neglect have been omitted up to the present. Knowing them to be interesting to many from this locality we insert the following as reported to the Portsmouth Republican:

About two weeks since Col. Dills, of the 39th Kentucky, whose regiment is at Pikeville, on Sunday sent a force of 200 men, under Capt. Thornsburg, to Cattleburg, to guard several boatloads of arms, munitions, clothing, provisions, etc., which were intended for the 39th Kentucky. The expedition proceeded safely as far as Wireman's Shoals, about five miles below Prestonsburg, where it was attacked by a force of rebels estimated at about 800, and commanded by George Floyd, a brother of

After skirmishing with the enemy a short time, Capt. Thornsburg ordered a retreat, which was executed in good order. The Federal loss was two killed and fifteen missing. The enemy's loss was much greater in killed and wounded. At the first fire from Thornsburg's men about forty saddles were emptied, and most of those who fell were killed.

There were seven boatloads of arms, etc., consisting of about 700 muskets, 40,000 rounds of cartridges, several hundred uniforms, and a large supply of provisions, all of which fell into the hands of the rebels.

Dec. 25, 1862

Page 2.

Skirmish on Big Sandy continued

Among the killed on the Federal side was Col. L. J. Hampton, Adjutant of the 39th Kentucky, a resident of Catlettsburg. He was with the expedition, on his way to join his regiment. When he saw there was no prospect of repulsing the enemy, he told the boys to save themselves as best they could; that for his part he would be obliged to surrender, as he could not run being a cripple. He then seated himself on a log, lighted a cigar, and calmly waited his fate. When the rebels came up one of them shot him dead. They then stripped him of all his clothing and dragged him about 100 yards. Col. Hampton was an old and highly esteemed citizen of Catlettsburg. His body was brought down to Catlettsburg on Thursday, and buried with military honors.

The Ironton Register²⁰
Thursday, June 25, 1863.

Advertisement of an Honest Rum-seller.

Editor Register:—

In looking over my pile of scraps, I found the following, which you may republish if you think proper. I do not know what paper first published it, but it contains so much sober truth, that it may do good in this community. I commend it to the hearts and consciences of all who sell the "Liquid Fire" and to all who drink the fiery stuff. The truth is, men had better stop drinking if they do not wish to be burned up soul and body, now and forever.

Sam.

Friends and neighbors! Having just opened up a commodious shop for the sale of Liquid Fire, I embrace this early opportunity of informing you that on Saturday I shall commence the business of making drunkards, paupers, and beggars for the sober, industrious and respectable to support.

I shall deal in "familiar spirits" which shall excite men to deeds of riot, and robbery and blood; and by so doing diminish the comfort, augment the expense, and endanger the welfare of the community.

I will undertake at short notice, for a small sum, to prepare inmates for the asylum, the poor house &c. &c. D. H.

Advertisement of an honest Rum-seller -
I will furnish an article that will increase the amount of fatal accidents, multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render them incurable,

I will furnish a drug which shall deprive some of life, many of reason, most of their property, and all of peace; which shall cause fathers to be fiends, make wives widows; children orphans; and all mendicants.

I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, and prove a burden and a nuisance to the nation.

I will cause mothers to forget their children; virgins to forget their innocence & purity.

I will corrupt the ministers of religion, defile the purity of the church; obstruct the progress of the gospel; and cause temporal and spiritual death eternally; if any be so impertinent as to inquire why I had the audacity to bring such accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy land, my honest reply is "Money"!

The spirit trade is the most lucrative, and professing Christians give it their cheerful countenance.

I have license from the court, and if I do not bring these evils upon you someone else will.

I live in a land of liberty, I have purchased the right to demolish the character, destroy the health, shorten the lives, and ruin the souls of

The Drontou Register

Thursday May 19th 1864.

Mustered Out.

Let me lie down,
Just here in the shade of the cannon-torn tree,
Here in the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat; and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer.
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand,
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share,
The tempest - its fury and thunder were there;
On, on, o'er the entrenchments, over living and dead,
With the foe underfoot and our flag overhead.
Oh! it was grand.

Wearied and faint
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah how can I rest
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought
Say I fought till I fell; and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of sharpnel and shell
Through, without faltering, clear through with a yell;
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of Doom!
Oh! that last charge.

May 19, 1864.

Mustered Out - continued.

It was a duty!

Some things are worthless, and some things are good,
That nations that buy them pay only in blood.
For freedom and union each man ^{owes} ~~pays~~ his part,
And here I pay my share all warm from my heart
It is a duty!

Dying at last!

My mother, dear mother, with meek tearful eye,
Farewell and God bless you, forever and aye!
Oh that I now lay on your pillowing breast
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first pressed:
Dying at last!

I am no Saint,

But boys say a prayer. There's one that begins
"Our Father", and then says "Forgive us our sins";
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say "Amen".

Ah, I am no saint.

Hark there's a shout!

Raise me up comrades! We have conquered I know!
Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!
And there flies the flag! With the stars & spangles bright
The promise of glory, the symbol of right.
Well may they shout!

I am mustered out!

Oh God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!
Oh land of Earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod,
I die for the Union, the Union and God.

The Dayton Register Thurs. Sept. 18, 1862.
Aug. 30th: Summary of Jenkins's Raid.

He captured the town of Buckhannon, at which place a great amount of Government stores fell into his possession, which he either destroyed or supplied his men with. His course was then through Weston, Arnoldsburg, Spencer and Ravenswood.

At Spencer, Col Rathbone surrendered a force of 400 men, without firing a gun. Jenkins paroled all the privates but retained the officers. Capt. Van H. Beckly, with one company aided by the citizens, attempted to check his onward course at Ravenswood, but were soon overwhelmed. On the 3rd inst. he crossed the Ohio river at Buffington's Island and proceeded leisurely down the river road to Racine. At this place the rangers swore terrible vengeance on Point Pleasant and Gallipolis, and but for the prompt turn out of the Militia of Gallia and Meigs Counties, they would have effected their purpose. The whole number that crossed the river was 350.

They informed the citizens of Racine that if they were molested, they would burn the town and that their purpose was to secure horses and arms. Having secured about a dozen of the best, they left town about midnight, and continued down the river to Wolf's Bar, about five miles above Pomeroy, and crossed into Virginia.

For the 5th he was only a few miles above Point Pleasant but feared to attack that place, since there was an equal force opposing. The next day he struck Buffalo on the Kanawha and spent Sabbath in Barboursville 1200 strong. A portion of his force had spent the forenoon on Jenkins' farm opposite Swan Creek, 18 miles below Swan's Creek, but had rejoined him before the attack of the 2nd Virginia Cavalry at Barboursville.

Since their rout on Sunday night at Guyandotte nothing definite is known, further than that they are bushwhacking the country over, and are hourly expected to make a dash across the river at Guyandotte or Ceredo.

Page 1.

The Ironton Register May 14th 1863.

Location of the 5th Virginia

A friend sent us the following which has been delayed a few days, yet as no changes have occurred since, we insert.

Col. Paxton took 550 of his regiment (2nd Virginia Cavalry) last week and made a rapid march for Lewisburg, to surprise a force of rebels stationed there; but by carelessness of some of his pickets, the rebs got notice of his approach and were ready for him. The consequence was, he commenced to skirmish with them about 20 miles out of town and was repulsed and had to turn back without seeing the town, with a loss of four killed and ten wounded and several missing. Capt. Dove was severely wounded in the foot and a Lieutenant received a flesh wound in the thigh. Maj. McMahan was the only field officer with the Colonel, Gen. Scammon is concentrating his forces more than they have been, with the exception of the 5th Virginia, which he has disposed of as follows; Companies D, E, F, and H, and I are at Barboursville, B. & C. are at Mud Bridge, Company A at the mouth of Coal river, company K at Point Pleasant and company G. at Guyandotte. Capt. S. Miller offered his resignation on account of ill health and it has been accepted, so he is no more in the service. B. his position is...

Page 2. The Montreal Register Thurs. May 14, 1863.

Location of the 5th Virginia continued.
lost one of its best and bravest officers.
The regiment is downcast and in mourning from the loss of Col. J. L. Zeigler who has been compelled to resign by the order of the "Board of Examiners". This order was owing to his deficiency in tactics, I suppose. How blind we are to the welfare of our country. Such men as Col. Zeigler we need more than tactics. Humanity, bravery, zeal and love of country, which are the characteristics of Col. Zeigler are worth more than all that ever have been or ever will be produced.

The man that has led the regiment in the various battles under Gen. Schenk, Milroy, Fremont, Seigel, and Pope, for two years out of the three for which the regiment enlisted, must now be turned off for lack of tactics. If this is right I can't see it.

Calos.

29

The Inonton Register Thurs. Apr. 9th 1863
 From the Point Pleasant Register Apr. 2nd.

Battle of Point Pleasant.

On Mon. last, at 10 A.M. this Point was surprised by Jenkins's scurvy, thieving, ragamuffins. Capt. Carter with his Company (E) took position in the Court House, and maintained the unequal contest till near 3 P.M. and all their attacks on him being repulsed and reinforcements coming by boat from Gallipolis the thieves beat a hasty and inglorious retreat. Capt. Carter when summoned to surrender the town told them to "go to h—ll" whither 20 (we know of) unwillingly went.

The casualties on our side, considering the duration of the fight, are remarkably small. Fitz: Lieut. Hawkins severely wounded, one private killed, one mortally wounded, and 13 taken prisoner and paroled and one citizen slightly wounded. Rebel loss ~~28~~ killed, 25 wounded and 27 prisoners. Lieut. Col. Samuels, two Captains, two Lieutenants and one Surgeon; while dead rebels are still being brought in and scores of wounded were carried to "Dixie". The rebels were commanded by the renegades Jenkins and Fitz Hugh. They burned two cribs and one stable and stole an amount of government clothing and a quantity of goods from two Union stores (B. Gilmore, and Leonard and Gates) part of which have been recovered.

Our militia (town) were mostly without arms or more of the filthy vagabonds would have "hit the dust". Long have these "gallant chivalrous friends" of some of our townsmen, desired and threatened to take Point Pleasant, but this is their first attempt at capturing it, and as they received so thorough a thrashing, we doubt not that hereafter they will "let us alone."

Hurrah for Capt. C. and Company E, and those of the Point Pleasant militia that could find a gun to use.

Page 2.

The Battle of Point Pleasant continued.

We thus, for want of time, briefly chronicle the second battle and second victory of Point Pleasant. Hurrah for the Union, West Virginia and Point Pleasant.

N.B. The most dastardly act of all was the cold blooded murder (about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile out of town) of Maj. Waggoner, 82 years of age, and one of our most beloved citizens. He repulsed the British at Craney Island in the War of 1812, and died for the Union in 1863.

Brave old hero, Requiescat in Pace, Est Dulce Mora Patrie.

29

The Dayton Register. Thurs. July 30, 1863.

More of Morgan's Doings.

Portsmouth, O., July 19. P.M.

I am indebted to Maj. Raney, better known as Bill Raney, the Cincinnati detective, for most of the incidents following, as his position as a chief of scouts brought him into direct knowledge of, and contact with them. The recital does not cover the entire ground, but aims only to give types of the raid.

At Miamitown, O. Raney's scouts first came in direct contact with Morgan's men heading for Cincinnati. They formed a portion of the advance guard. Raney had but 23 men, but these were well armed and posted behind trees and fences, so as to command the road for some distance without being exposed themselves. As soon as the extreme advance came up, twenty three rifle balls whistled around its head and stretched two men dead and wounded three. These were abandoned; but the return volley killed one of Raney's most valuable members of Collins' battalion; 11th Ohio, recruited for Indian service.

While the skirmish was going on, a portion of the rebel force was engaged in pillaging the neighborhood, where they got several hundred dollars in small sums, a quantity of jewelry and silver spoons. It was not the object of Raney to fight the rebels although his ambush certainly turned them from Cincinnati, as soon as the advance headed off, which it did when fired on, the scouts mounted and rode forward to pick up strag-

Page 2. The Dayton Register Thurs. July 30, 1863.

More of Morgan's Doings - continues
Three prisoners were taken, among them Lieutenant Kirby of the 10 Kentucky (rebel). This chivalrous (!) officer when taken swaggered in true Kentucky blackguard style, and riding up to Maj. Raney, demanded to be treated as a prisoner of war, for he was an officer and a gentleman, and from Kentucky and was therefore entitled to respect etc. etc. Raney replied that he always treated a man as a gentleman until he found him to be otherwise, and always treated man as honest until he found him to be a thief; and by way of illustrating his principle he thrust his hand into Kirby's shirt bosom, and drew out half a dozen pairs ladies kid gloves, some ribbon, ladies silk hose, and some other articles of finery stolen from a store or wardrobe of a lady of means.

The next object of interest encountered by the scouts was an old feeble man, evidently a discharged soldier, leaning on the arm of a sturdy sunburned countryman, who, to all appearances, had humanely offered assistance to the returned veteran. This sham would have succeeded had not the sunburned countryman looked a trifle too sharp out of the corner of his eyes as he passed. Raney thought he spied the twinkle of a rogue's eye and he ordered the fellow to be taken in custody, when upon examination, he proved to be Ike Snow, one of Morgan's most valuable and efficient scouts.

At Harrison, Ohio the rebels were out to set fire to three mills and a distillery, but upon entreaty decided to spare them upon the payment of \$1000 for each building, which was immediately handed over and pocketed by the ubiquitous John

Page 3.

The Dayton Register. Thurs. July 30, 1863.

More of Morgan's Doings. Continued
 at Sharon, O. The main body, with which Morg
 was riding, stopped and honored a butternut
 tavern keeper by the name of Myers, with a
 visit. Morgan ordered dinner for himself
 and staff, but Myers demurred on the
 ground that he could not make a fire
 and cook food for so many in a short time.
 Morgan replied that he could do so soon
 make a fire, and he would see that the
 cooks were expeditious. At the suggestive ~~int~~
 imitation the host set about dinner with a
 will, and by way of showing his devotion to
 his guests descended to the cellar and brought
 forth a bottle of old Otard, and pouring out a
 liberal "smile", asked Morgan to take a little
 drink of pranty by way of pitters before tinner.
 Morgan, not accustomed to be gotten ahead of,
 said, "Yes, sir, but after you". Myers swallowed
 half the liquor, when Morgan also "smiled."
 Myers continued to make himself agreeable to
 his guests, and furnished them with all the information
 they required, together with a fine horse, and upon
 their departure received \$200⁰⁰ in "green backs"
 as a cataplasm for his wounded honor and patriot
 ism, for he it known, for no one so heartily
 abused Morgan - after he was gone - as Myers.

The most wanton murder perhaps perpetrated by
 Morgan, was that of Mc Dougall, at Picketon, Ohio.
 He with two or three others were taken prisoners, and
 as he was the best informed of the party, Morgan ord
 ed him to act as a scout or a pilot for a body of rebel
 Mc Dougall refused and expostulated with the ruffians
 but they refused to parley, and pushed him against a
 fence and riddled him with bullets. Then the horsethief
 and pillagers entered the town, sacked it, insulted
 women, burned the railroad depot, tore up the track
 burned the bridge above town. Their deeds of plunder
 and shame, can't be...

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The Ironton Register. Thurs. Jan. 21, 1864

Gen. John Morgan

This jail bird and highway robber reached Richmond on the 7th inst. when a public ovation was tendered him. From his speech as reported in the Richmond papers we glean the following facts relative to his escape: - After 36 days of unremitting labor, during which time some were digging, others making knives, twisting towels, making rope ladders etc. The time arrived for their escape. The particulars of their escape etc. has been given heretofore. As soon as they emerged from the tunnel and scaled the wall they divided. Morgan and Capt. Clines went direct to the depot and paid their fare to Cincinnati. When a few miles from the city they jumped off the car unobserved by the brakeman. They went direct to the river and hired a small boy to ferry them over. Once over they went to a friend's house, secured horses and pursued a leisurely course through Kentucky. He had many narrow escapes, and was twice recognized by friend, but that placed him in immediate peril. The particulars of his escape across the Tennessee river are correct. Thence through middle Tennessee. Morgan is now residing with his wife in Danville, Virginia.

Page 1.

The Inonton Register Thurs. Feb 4, 1864.

The Thirteenth Virginia

A member of the 13th Virginia wrote under recent date from Barboursville to the Point Pleasant Register, some particulars of a scout from that place, sent after Col. Ferguson's rebel force. The same that cut up Company 1, 31st Kentucky so badly a few weeks ago; - We have had another water haul. For some three weeks past, a constant excitement has been kept up in this section of the country through certain rumors to the effect that there ^{was} a considerable force of rebels fortified out at Trout's Hill in Wayne county under the command of Gen. Ferguson. Accordingly preparations were made to settle the question and restore peace and quiet again to the distracted minds of the more fearful of the neighborhood. Lieut. Col. Hall with some two hundred and twenty men and Capt. Witcher with his company of cavalry were ordered to leave this post on Fri. evening the 16th inst. and to march the same night to the Falls of Guyandotte river, where they were joined by four companies of cavalry or mounted infantry from Charleston. These forces moved on toward the place where it was supposed the rebels were camped. Trout's Hill. That night at 11 o'clock the mounted force which I believe was commanded by Capt. Gilmore of the 2nd Virginia Cavalry while the infantry was left in the rear as a support, charged into the town, but to their utter astonishment and chagrin not a rebel soldier was to be found. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that there had not been over 150, and perhaps less, in the place, and they had stayed only T. -

Page 2.

The Ironton Register, Thurs. Feb. 4, 1864.

The 13th Virginia—continued.

The cavalry and mounted infantry started in pursuit of them in the direction of Logan C.H. since which we have had no information from them. The force under Lieut. Col. Hall, after remaining over night and feasting on some of the good things secreted in cellars and closets by the rebels, started for camp and laid over night on or near the waters of Twelve Pole, where they were fired upon by some eight or ten bushwhackers but without doing any injury. This was on Sunday night the 18th. The next day they reached camp, but one man who was left on the road sick, and a detachment of twenty five men under Lieut. Griswold for the purpose of attending to some few rascals that were still prowling around in the neighborhood.

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The Ironton Register. Thurs. Feb. 25, 1864

Col. Jamison Ferguson

On Sat. ~~night~~ last, Col. Jamison Ferguson rebel, and sixty privates arrived at Cattlettsburg having been captured the day before by a portion of Col. Gallup's force only a few miles east of Louisa. We gather from the particulars, that this rebel force was a part of the force that captured Gen. Scammon. At any rate they had in their charge Capt. Tinkard, Scammon's Quartermaster. Lieut. Millwood of the 9th Virginia, and a Sargeant of the 91st Ohio; all of whom no doubt were killed by the rebels in the engagement although they say our troops did it. The engagement lasted but a short time, resulting in a rebel loss of six killed and sixty prisoners. Investigations are being made, and if the murder can be fastened on the guilty parties hemp will be their portion. Suspicion rests upon the rebel commander, and it is hoped it will be ferreted out. Ferguson was captured by Col. Zeigler's regiment in the Fall of 61, and along with some half dozen other Confederates placed in the County jail for safe keeping. Shortly after their transfer to Camp Chase their change was effected since which time Ferguson has been the most active bush-whacker in West Virginia.

LOUISA YOUTH'S INJURIES FATAL

LOUISA, Ky., May 3. —Funeral services for John Bill Peters, 19, of Louisa, who died at 3 A. M. in Huntington hospital today of injuries suffered in an automobile accident at 3 A. M. yesterday at Busseyville, will be conducted at 2 P. M. Wednesday at the First Baptist Church by the Rev. J. C. Hager. Burial will be in Pinehill Cemetery.

Mr. Peters was driving alone when he struck a head wall at a bridge in front of the home of W. H. Bussey, six miles west of Louisa on Route 32.

The crash caused the horn button on the car to stick, and Mr. Bussey found the youth unconscious on the highway when he went to see why the horn was sounding.

The victim suffered head, chest and internal injuries and did not regain consciousness.

Born March 1, 1931, Mr. Peters was a son of Jarret and Jewel Damron Peters of Louisa. He attended Louisa schools, was a member of the First Baptist Church and an attendant at the Triangle Service Station one mile south of Louisa.

Survivors include the parents; a sister, Mrs. Ray Dimitroff of Huntington; a brother, Jarret Peters, Jr., at home, and the paternal grandfather, Millard Peters of Clifford, Ky.

The body will be taken to the residence at 10 A. M. tomorrow from the Young Funeral Home at Louisa.

Brief History of The Hatfield Family.

Andrew Hatfield was born in England about the year 1730. The date he came to America is not known, but he settled in Giles Co. Virginia. He served as Capt. in the Va. Militia in Montgomery Co. which adjoins Giles Co., just after the Rev. War. He later moved to Cabell Co. then in the state of Va. and settled on what was known as the Mathers farm, now occupied by the Farleys, on the Guyan river opposite the Roach R.R. Station. There he lived the remainder of his life and was buried in the bend of the Guyan river, however, there is no marking on his grave to show its exact location. The date of birth or death is not known.

When Andrew Hatfield came to Cabell County records show that he brought at least one son with him by the name of Adam (born Oct. 19th, 1774 - died June 18th, 1855.) and was married to Mary Williams, (born Feb. 12th, 1782) of Dutch descent and spoke English very brokenly.

Adam and Mary Williams Hatfield had six sons and six daughters:

Moses,	Mrs. Betty Hatfield Hinchman,
Lewis,	Mrs. Katy Hatfield Swann,
Henry,	Mrs. Emily Hatfield Beckett,
George,	Mrs. Susan Hatfield Henderson,
Pete,	Mrs. Mary Hatfield,
John,	Mrs. Polly Hatfield Stone,

THE JOHN J. BROWN STORY.

The State of Ohio deeded Rebecca Brown Lot #5, of Section #29, Township No.1, of Range 10 Lawrence County, Ohio. This was a portion of the Ohio Company's land, set apart for religious purposes by an appropriation of an Act of Congress. Rebecca Brown was the wife of John J. Brown. The consideration was Eighty Dollars (\$80.00).

2. John J. Brown died, leaving a will in which he bequeathed Rachel Fanny Brown \$150.00 and C.C.Brown \$250.00. Did not get date of John J. Brown's death.

3. One of his daughters married James McVey, of Huntington, W. Va. Sarah Brown, another daughter, married Ebenezer Swartwood May 13, 1841. They separated, and Sarah married John McCormick, of Cincinnati--or they may have moved to Cincinnati after their marriage.

4. Rachel Brown, a daughter, first went to Cincinnati, and then to California. She married a man by the name of Hinkley, or lived with him without being married. She left California, traveled widely, lived with a number of rich men. We do not know how many of these rich men she married.

5. Rebecca Brown, widow of John Brown, married John White.

6. John White and his wife, Rebecca Brown White, made two deeds to C. C. Brown, a son of John Jacob Brown, of Lot #5, of Section 29, Township No.1, of Range 15, the west part containing 88 acres, and the east part of fifty acres. Deed to the 88 acres Nov. 11, 1851. Deed to the east part of 50 acres Aug.26, 1851.

7. C.C.Brown then deeded to Rachel Fanny Maria Hinkley 31/100 acres for a family cemetery for a consideration of

Five Dollars. She then had her mother removed from the Rome Cemetery and buried in the family cemetery. She then had erected a handsome monument. Date of deed of C. C. Brown to Fannie Maria Hinkley Aug. 15, 1857. Deed Book 18, page 185. The words on this monument are as follows:

8. C. C. Brown and Frances Elizabeth Brown, his wife, deeded all of said tract of land except cemetery lot, to William D. Hall (Deed Book 18, page 389, dated 22nd day of Sept. 1857.

This is the story, so far as the Brown family and Paddy Creek, are concerned. However, it should be stated that Fanny Rachel Hinkle, or other assumed names, perhaps died at New Orleans, of starvation, with \$70,000.00 under her pillow in Government bonds and money. She also owned quite a bit of real estate, paid for in full. She claimed she did not have any heirs. Many claims for unjust and dishonest bills were filed against the estate. Her brother, C.C.Brown, of California, probably inherited the residue. He claimed the estate. He had reliable evidence from a number of different places to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that she

was his real sister. She traveled under different names, and a part of the time, in men's attire.

DEED BOOK NO.1. Page 190.

This Indenture, Made this 15th day of November, one thousand, eight hundred and eleven, , between Robt. Rinick, Attorney for William Ward, of the State of Ohio, and John William Toney, of Cabell County, and State of Virginia, Witnesseth: That Whereas, ~~Robt~~ Robert Rinick, attorney for William Ward, has this day bargained and sold unto the said John and William Toney, all that tract, or parcel of land containing five hundred acres, be the same more or less, survey for William Ward, bearing date the 24th day of Sept. Ninty six, made in Kanawa County and know Cabbe on the Guyandotte River, know the County of Cable, for the sum of two hundred ~~seventy~~ five dollars the rect. whereof is hereby acknold and bounded as followeth, to-wit; Giving at begining of a large hickory on the west side of Guyandotte River, corner to William Ward, a survey of Five hundred Acres, E 77, and running thence N. 65 degrees, W 380 poles to a black and white oaks N. 50 degrees, W 274 poles to a black and sugar N. 80 degrees W. 280 poles to an Ash; North 136 ~~po~~ poles to Yellow Lynn, on the wast side of Guyandott River N. 78 degrees, E. 354 poles to a large elm, S. 60, E. 644 poles to an ash and Shugar, corner to the above mentioned survey, and with the line of the same S. 31 degrees, W. 80 poles to the Beginning, to have and to hold the said tract, or parcel of land to their hole sole youse and bennifit, with all the write, tital and benefites of h the same forever, in testimony whereof, I, Robt. Renick, attorney for said William Ward, do warrant and forever defend the said tract of land, the saide William Ward and his heirs, or any person caaiming under them. In Witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hands and seals the day and year above written.

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Signed, sealed and delivered
in the presence of
Matthew Peter,
Ezekial Elkins,
Edmund Toney

Robert Renick Atty (Seal)
for William Ward.

Recorded 28th day April, 1812.

Later in life I made contact with the Hartman Stock Farm at Columbus Ohio, importers and breeders of pure bred livestock and poultry.

For several years I served as sales promoter of purebred Belgian, Percheron, Clydes, Shires, Hackney, Cobs, and Arabian horses.

In 1906 I operated a horse show at the Lewis-Clark Exposition in Portland, Oregon. In 1907 I made contact with the McKell Coal and Coke Company at Glen Jean, West Virginia and worked as a book-keeper and payroll clerk. In 1910, I married Henrietta Callaway, who, at that time was teaching school at Sun, West Virginia. She was the daughter of W. G. Callaway of Raleigh County, on Marsh Fork. In that year, we moved to Huntington and I opened the W. W. Payne Feed Company which developed into the wholesale and retail sales and manufacture of livestock feeds. In 1929, and 1930, I served Huntington as President of the Chamber of Commerce. In 1930, and 1931, I served as President of the Rotary Club of Huntington. In 1948, I was elected Mayor of Huntington on Democrat ticket and took office January 1, 1949. In 1951, I was re-elected for a second term as Mayor.

Frank F. McCullough

F. F. McCullough is a native of Ashland, Cabell county, W. Va., where his birth took place February 15, 1858, his father being Patrick Henry McCullough. The latter was born in Washington county, Penn., July 12, 1816, and when twenty one years old, was graduated at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. He went to Wellsburg, W. Va., where he practiced medicine for three or four years, then removed to Ashland where he remained about ten years and in 1862 located on a farm, the present site of Huntington. After a lengthy and successful career, he retired from practice in 1888, being the oldest physician in Cabell county, and one of the oldest in the state. In 1883 he represented Cabell county in the house of delegates of West Virginia. Dr. McCullough was twice married, first to Rachel W. Thornberg of Ohio county, W. Va., by whom he had six children, viz: Isadore H., wife of J. W. Rider; Julius W. (deceased), Emma F., wife of Judge T. H. Harvey; Robert C., Frank F., and Georgie Lee, wife of C. B. Harrold. The mother of these children died in May, 1865, and Dr. McCullough, in 1867, was wedded to Fannie M. Williams. The subject of this sketch, after the usual education in the country schools, attended Marshall college in Huntington, also one term at the Virginia State University at Charlottesville, Va., where he studied law. In 1881 he settled in Huntington, where he practiced law until 1884, in which year he was elected clerk.

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of Cabell county court for a term of six years and re-elected clerk of county court, November, 1890, for the term of six years. December 10, 1884 in Allemeda, Cal., Mr. McCullough was happily married to Miss Alice V., daughter of Gen. John S. Witcher, who is a paymaster in the regular army. This union has resulted in the birth of two children: Flora, born June 18, 1887, and Frank W., born May 3, 1889. The family enjoy high social rank and very general esteem.

John Lewis Hensley

m. 1. Susan Ann Smith, daughter
of Ralph (Rafe) Smith, and
sister of Joanna and Lettia
Smith (Lettia was Mrs. Geo. Dolan)

They had several children:

1. George Hensley ("Brud") was
murdered up Guyan River
His mother was — Clark,
indicating he was by another
marriage.

2. Georgia Hensley

m. Henry Bishop.

They lived in Huntington

They had two sons and
a daughter:

Garnet Bishop

Ray Bishop

Emmett Bishop

Garnett and Ray did
live, in Huntington.

m. 2. Catherine Clark (^{Woodyard}~~Woodrum~~) of Ohio. Both widowed.

Children:

1. "Bud" (George)

m. Mary Hatfield,
daughter of Devil Cuse
Hatfield

Margaret - Single
Lived in Louisville, Ky

2. Rufus Hensley

m. Eugenia Stephenson,
dau. of Henry and Jane
Hillon Stephenson of Davis
Creek. Large family

3. Charles Hensley

m. Ann Gray, sister
of Philip Hensley's wife.

4. Willie Hensley

m. Oakley Bowen,
Son of ——— Bowen
of Four Pole Creek.

5 Isabelle Hensley b. 1853

Francis J. v. 1846
 m. Marion Bryant. They
 Sept. 5, 1867
 lived on Davis Creek above church
 He son of Dennis & Malinda Bryant
 A daughter, Essie Runk
 lived in Milton.

A son Lucian Bryant
 lived in Huntington.

6. Georga Hensley
 m. Henry Bishop

7. Susan Hensley
 m. Stephen Alberto of
 Barboursville,

My grandparents on my mother's side were born in Berlin, Germany. My grandfather was quite active in Masonic work and at that time secret orders were being molested by the German Government, so the old folks came to the land of the free where they could live a life of freedom. They settled in Pennsylvania and the old gentleman became a prosperous building contractor.

My father's ancestors were born in Cork, Ireland and were Irish Methodists and because of religious disturbances in Ireland they decided to come to America where they could worship as free people and they settled in the ^{south}/somewhere in the state of Georgia. When the Civil War broke out my German grandfather joined the armed forces to fight for freedom. He believed that every man should be free regardless of color, race or creed. My southern grandfather responded to the call to the colors in the south, fighting for freedom, believing that every man had a right to own whatever he produced on his own plantation, whether it was a slave, a bale of cotton, or a bushel of corn.

My northern grandfather died as a result of a battle wound. My southern grandfather never came back from the war. My father's name was Kinsey Payne and was reared in the Scioto Valley just out of Chillicothe, Ohio. My mother's name was Barbara Schneider, daughter of J. J. Schneider. From their marriage there were three children. Two daughters and myself. My father developed in the business world in farming, canal boating and grist milling and was for many years business manager of the Standard Cereal Company at Chillicothe, Ohio, a company which made cereal from corn, wheat and oats. I came up in the atmosphere of grist milling, farming and canal boating, ~~many~~ many times driving mules on the canal.

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THE HAWKINS FAMILY

By Lev. Perry.

Thomas Hawkins, Sr. married Polly Ann Perry, a sister to Rev.

Benj. L. Perry.

Children:

They were buried at Union Cemetary and have monuments. At least Rev. Thos. Hawkins has. He baptized his mother when she was about 90 years old.

Children:

1. Ellen, married Allen Ramsey, of Lincoln County.
Lived near Hamlin.
2. Ann, married James McCallister. Lived at head of
Bear creek.
3. Sarah, married Wesley Morrison, of Upper Tom's
Creek. Parents of Asa, &c. Hayslip
married Hazlip.

A son, 80 years old, plus lives near Mt. Moriah
Baptist church, south of Hurricane, six or eight
miles).

Lucy , an old maid. Very entertaining. Her
sisters were very large, 200--300 lbs. She was
small.

Rev. Thos. Hawkins, a large, red-faced man, 200 to
225 lbs weight.

Our great, great, great grandfather, we believe, was Jacob Harshbarger who came to United States in 1753 from Basle, Switzerland, and settled in Pennsylvania at the age of about 30, making birth date about 1723.

His will was recorded at Chambersburg in 1791 and was read in November '51 by E. D. Harshbarger (copy ordered). His executors in this will were his three sons, Jacob H. Harshbarger, Samuel H., and Christian H., to whom his farms were willed jointly, they to provide support for his wife.

In 1796, a conveyance record shows a deed was signed by the three sons and their wives, the deed being made to David Sellers and Jacob Sellers.

No records of the families of these three sons of Jacob H., were found at the court house or in directories after 1796.

We were advised that they moved South to Virginia, now probably West Virginia, Greenbrier County.

In a long list of contemporary Harshbargers, we found no Samuel Harshbarger until we visited a community or family cemetery on the farm for many years owned by the Harshbarger family near Hilton, West Virginia.

In this cemetery, we find a tombstone marked Samuel Harshbarger died July 25, 1846 at the age of 76 years, 11 months and 15 days. The record of the death of Samuel Harshbarger is also given at the Cabell County West Virginia Courthouse, the same county wherein the cemetery is located.

This establishes Samuel's birth as November 1769, 16 years after his father Jacob landed in U. S.

This, I believe, establishes as a reasonable assumption that Samuel of Cabell County record is the son of the original Jacob H. Harshbarger, who came to United States in 1753 and died in 1791, and who mentions his son Samuel in his will recorded in Chambersburg in 1796.

We will have further records of births and deeds in Chambersburg and by Daughters of American Rev. Records.

We find also in Cabell Co. West Virginia Court House at Huntington a record of David Harshbarger, our great grandfather, who received a land grant in 1824 which is undoubtedly the farm on which the cemetery containing Samuel Harshbarger's tombstone is located. We are advised that our great grandfather was buried in the cemetery on this farm, but tombstone not yet located, probably upset and covered up.

We have not established the birth or death dates yet of great grandfather David, but by date of land grant, 1824, would estimate it at approximately 1790.

We believe that our great grandfather David is the son of Samuel, who was evidently buried in the family cemetery, located on his sons land grant farm.

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It is also well established that great, great grandfather David, who received the land grant estimated birth date as 1790, is the father of our grandfather David Harshbarger who was born in 1811 in Botetout Co. Virginia and died 1896 in Cabell County West Virginia.

I understand that our grandfather at one time owned this land grand farm and that he was born in Botetout County Virginia now Greenbrier County, West Virginia, and moved to Cabell County, W. Va. in 1824 the year of land grant at the age of 16. ✓

Records at Cabell County court house show records of a Jacob and Peter Harshbarger in deeds from 1840 to 1859 and I have reason to believe that they are brothers of our grandfather David inasmuch as I recall my father speaking of Uncle Peter who had located in the West. My father, J. H. Harshbarger, was born in 1846 at or near Milton, West Virginia.

Further investigation of Daughters of Revolution Records and birth and death records at Cabell County Courth House will no doubt clear up everything down to grandfather from where it will be easy to complete.

We believe the line is proven correct back to Switzerland, when we prove that Samuel Harshbarger born in 1769 and died in 1846 is the same Samuel as the son of the original Jacob Harshbarger who came to this County in 1783.

If Samuel Harshbarger recorded at Cabell County, West Virginia Court House is the same Samuel recorded in Chambersburg, he is our great, great grandfather and evidently moved in 1796 to Botetout County, Virginia of which Greenbrier County, West Virginia was originally a part.

Then we have the following ancestors:

Jacob H. Harshbarger, Born in Switzerland 1723
Died in Pennsylvania 1791
is our great, great, great grandfather.

Samuel Harshbarger, Born in Pennsylvania 1769
Died in Milton, W. Va. 1846
is our great, great grandfather.

David Harshbarger, Born in Pennsylvania Approx. 1790
and moved to Cabell Co. about 1824
from Botetout County, Virginia and
Died about 1870 in Cabell County,
is our great grandfather.

David Harshbarger, Born in Botetout County Virginia, now
Greenbrier County, W.Va. 1811 and
Died 1896.

From Mrs. G. R. Armstrong,
1119 7th St.,
Huntington, W. Va.