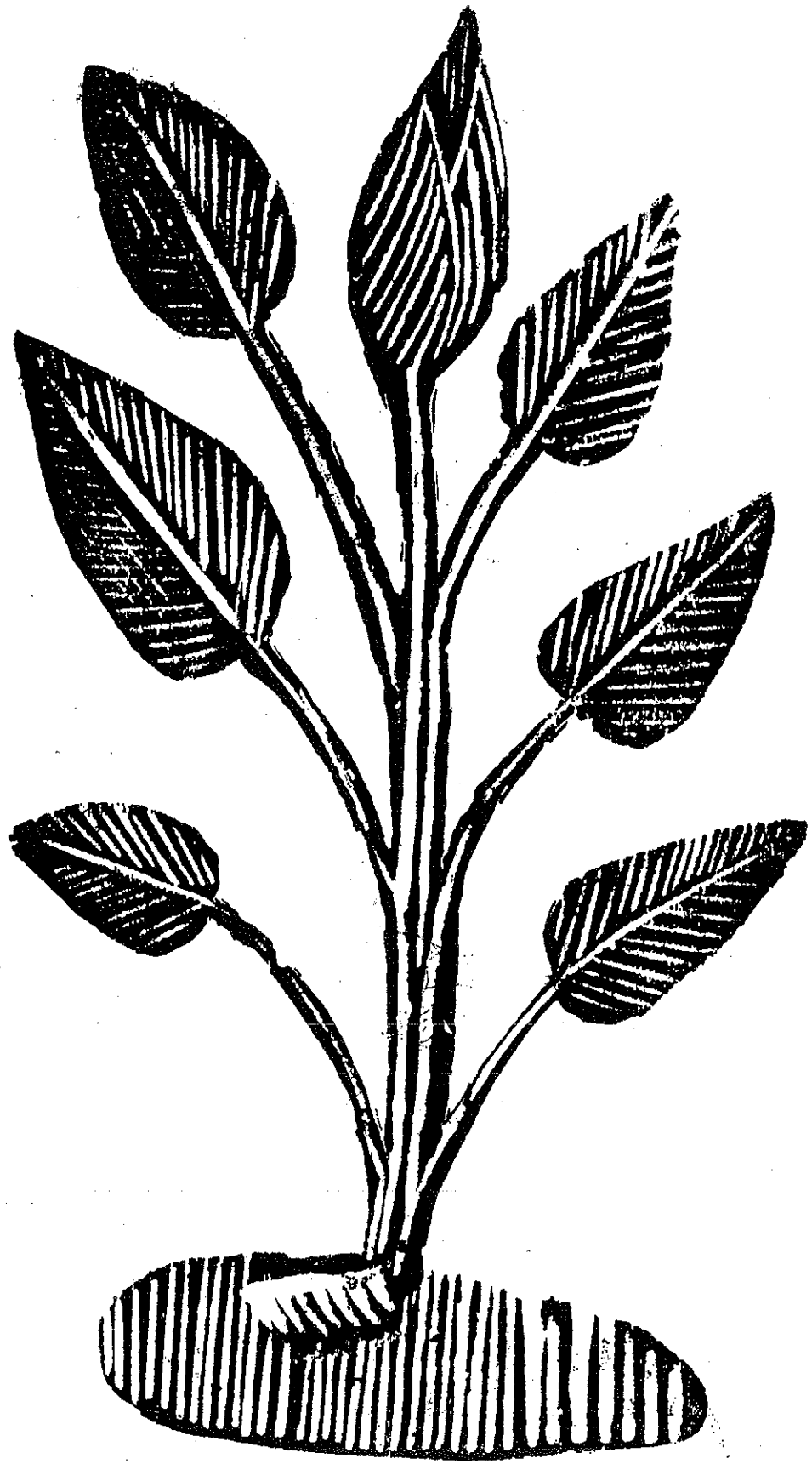


H A R V E S T
T I M E :
BEING SEVERAL ESSAYS
ON THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
SWISS, GERMAN
& DUTCH FOLK
IN
EARLY AMERICA
NAMED
BAUGHMAN, LAYMAN,
MOYER, HUFF
& OTHERS;
Across New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia,
Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas And
Four Centuries.





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SHENANDOAH HISTORY
PUBLISHERS
POST OFFICE BOX 98
EDINBURG, VIRGINIA 22824

FOR MY SON
AND
MY FATHER

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PREFACE

WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH, THAT SHALL HE ALSO reap. *Galatians 6:7* The title of this book suited me for two reasons: as a symbol of writing any book, but a family history, especially; and as a meditation on the law just described.

This book is the harvest from a five year search. It has taken hours, days, and weeks of digging just to find the smallest scrap of ancestral life. Every spare moment I have been able to steal has been plowed into libraries, museums and antiques shows.

I crave to know what my ancestors saw, what they tasted, smelled, read about and said about it. Is there any small thing left for us to see that they laid their own eyes on as well? A weathervane, a flag, a leader's face?

Why did they leave so little behind for their great great grandchildren who only wish to know them a little better?

According to a Mennonite historian named Samuel W. Pennypacker, who served as Pennsylvania's governor from 1903-1907, "Fame is only one of the vanities, and the desire for it but a form of worldliness... has led them in the past to destroy, rather than to preserve, those materials which are the ordinary sources of historical information. When a book was written, the name of the author did not appear; when a meetinghouse was built, no tablet told the date..." 390:28

When Some Ancestors of the Baughman Family was written, whole decades were dispensed with in a

sentence. In Harvest Time, it seems as though 40 pages can barely say enough.

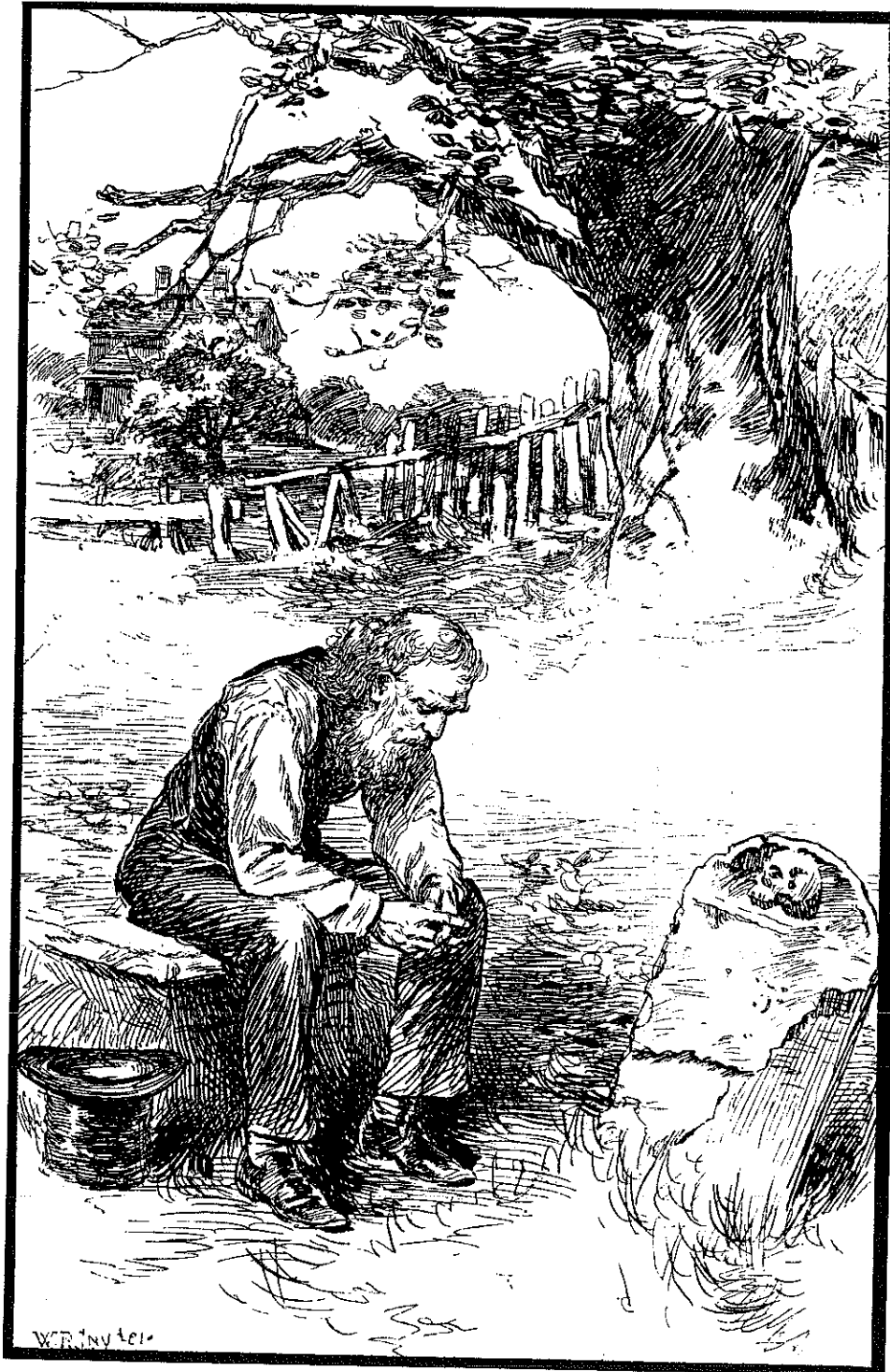
Every effort was made to find drawings of and from the era depicted. When hunting for the last few items in Henry Jr.'s inventory, only the help and generous contributions from family and friends made it all possible. I would like to thank Maxine Wolf Zirkle and her husband, Blair, Bernice and George Weir, Dorothy Harz and her kind, late husband Harold, Pat Guthman, Frank Kravic and Chris Machmer.

The research would have gone much slower if it were not for generous and clever people such as Jim Baughman, Lois Bowman and Harold Huber from the Menno Simon Library at Eastern Mennonite College, Wallace Myers, Mary L. Shirer, J.T. Massey, and Linda Rolufs from the Holland Society of New York.

With the support and faith of Carolyn Wenger at the Lancaster Mennonite Historical Society, this effort will find a wider audience.

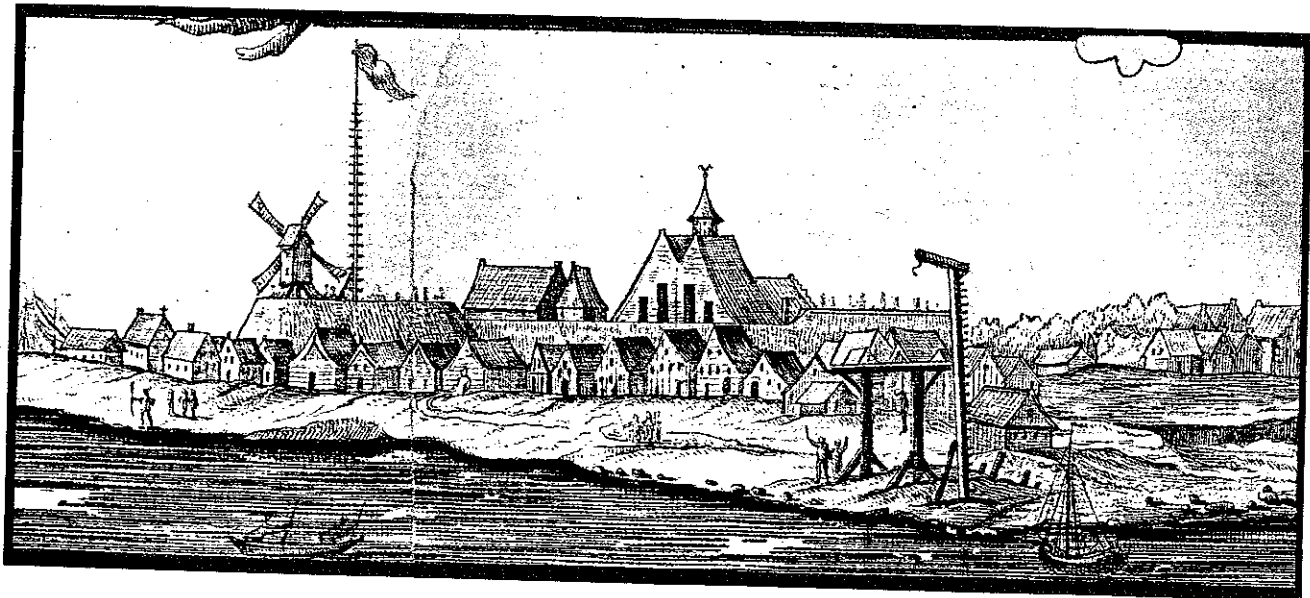
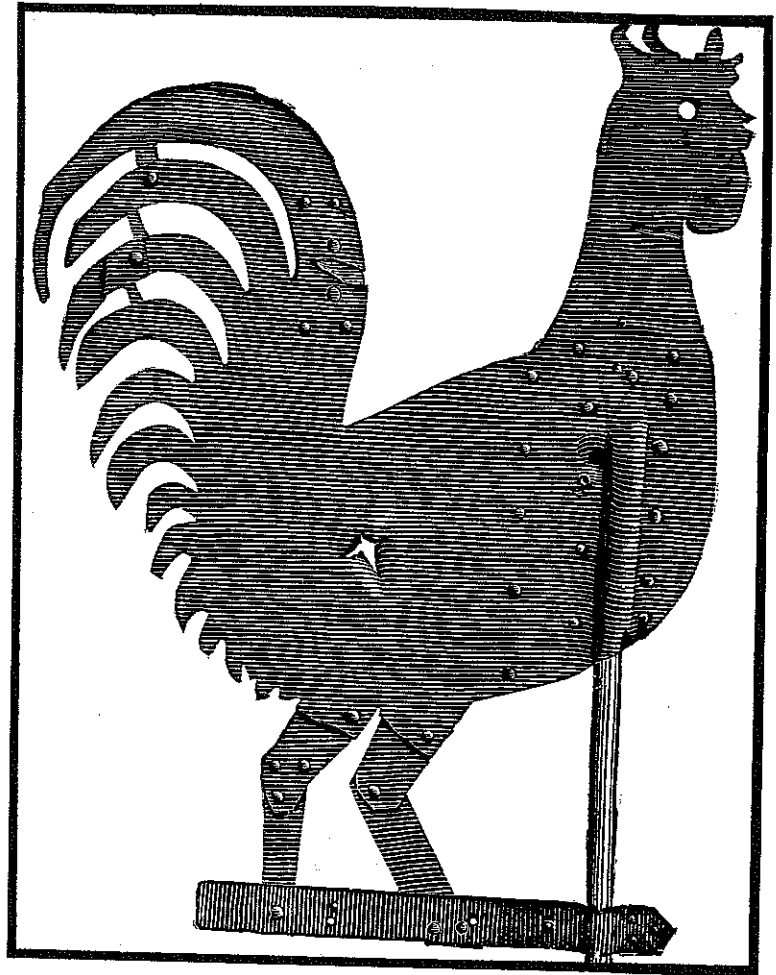
But most of all, my heartfelt thanks go to Klaus Wust, friend, publisher, sounding board, tireless answerer to countless questions. I will have to go anywhere at any time and attempt anything he asks of me to repay his many kindness and generosity.

The publication of this book coincides with the 240th anniversary of Henry Baughman's Fairfax survey. That celebration also happens to fall on Father's Day. Dad, thanks for never letting me down.



SECTION ONE

EARLY MATERNAL LINES



SIGHTS OF NEW NETHERLAND
THE COLONY'S SEAL; FORT ORANGE'S WEATHERVANE, THE OLDEST IN AMERICA;
NEW AMSTERDAM ON THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN, AS SEEN FROM LONG ISLAND, ABOUT 1656

THE NEW ADAM
PAULUS DIRCKSZEN ARRIVES IN NEW NETHERLAND
1651 - 1785

WATCHING A FELLOW SETTLER TAKE HIS FIRST STEP ON solid ground in this New World, a poet from the Dutch town on Long Island called New Utrecht silently christened him "the New Adam."^{78:35}

In Baughman family history, the earliest European ancestor to settle in America may have been a contract employee of the Dutch West India Company named Paulus Dirckszen. His great-great-great granddaughter, Elizabeth Huff Sutton, was the mother of Charity and therefore, mother-in-law to Henry Baughman (IV).

Paulus's wife was known as Geertje, pronounced as beginning with a breathy Germanic "ch." English speakers heard this as Haritry and converted it to Charity, even though the exact English translation of Paulus's wife's name should have been Gertrude.^{18:17} If this was the inspiration in naming a little girl six generations down the line, it may be the best example yet of continuity on our family tree and an early awareness of detailed genealogy.

Two documents establish all the fundamentals about the early years for Paulus in America: a loyalty oath he took in 1687 clarified that he had arrived in New Netherland 36 years earlier; and his age and the age of his eldest son Dirck can be roughly deduced from both their presences as adults on Long Island in 1663. In order to have a full-grown son at that time, Paulus would have been at least 45 years old or more. Because the policy of the West India Company was to relocate entire families to New Netherland, it is likely that at least Paulus, his wife Geertje and son Dirck came over together in 1651 from Holland.

Also arriving in 1651 and remaining life-long neighbors and in-laws to Paulus were Teunis Jansen Coevert and Thomas Lambertszen.

When Indians along the middle Atlantic coast had their first encounter with a European, it happened to be explorers from West India Company that became a permanent memory in their oral history. The early Moravian missionary John Heckewelder translated this Algonquian tale and committed the story to paper:

"The man with the red clothes gave them beads, axes and hoes, and said they were going home but

would come back next year with more presents, but at that time they would want a little land to sow some seeds in order to raise herbs to put in their broth.

"When the whites returned they laughed at the Indians, who had the hoes and axes hanging from their necks as ornaments... Familiarity daily increasing between them and the whites, the latter now proposed to stay with them, asking only for as much land as the hide of a bull would cover, which hide was brought forward and spread on the ground. This request they readily granted, whereupon the whites took a knife, and began to cut the hide into a rope not thicker than the finger of a child, so that by the time the hide was cut there was a great heap. Then this rope was drawn to a great distance and brought around so that both ends met, and it encompassed a large piece of ground.

"The Indians were surprised at the superior wit of the whites, but did not want to argue about a little land, for they had enough. The whites asked them from time to time for more land, proceeding higher up the Hudson, so that they believed they would soon want all their country..."^{291:155}

The most famous land deal in early America was the "fair-and-square" exchange of 60 guilders worth of tools and trinkets for the island of Manhattan. By 1630, however, the Dutch started to insist on written deeds with the Indians, who never appreciated the notion of ownership and had a habit of selling the same piece of real estate again and again.

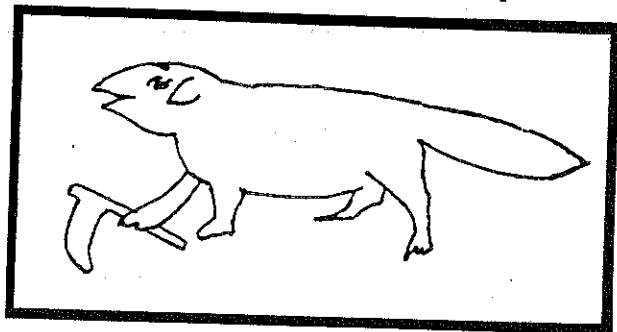
In the early 17th century, fur had become the height of fashion in Europe, and the Dutch West India Company prospered from the start. Dutch hatters had tried using the fur from a rabbit, sheep, otter and even a muskrat for making felt, but they decided that the best by far came from the moffoon, or underfur, of North American beavers. If they had their choice, the best of the best came from dirty and greasy pelts that had already been worn to tatters and discarded by the Indians.^{403:64}

Beavers were not unfamiliar to Europeans, but simply quite rare by the 17th century. A powerful mystique also surrounded them, certified by the ancient

Roman naturalist Pliny in his encyclopedia *Historia Naturalis*. The Greek name for the creature was *castor*, a word later used synonymously for the broad-brimmed hats made from their fur. The name was not tied to their fur though, but rather to their testicles, which were regarded as a precious medicine. If hunters were close to catching one, folklore and Pliny believed that the *castor* would castrate himself with his teeth and leave the parts for the hunters, which the creatures knew to be the prize of the chase. These beaver cods were named *castorium*.

The 17th century Dutch believed in a long list of therapies and cures guaranteed by careful use of *castorium*. A simple whiff would produce sneezing and cause sleep, though mixed with oil of roses and hog lard it would produce wakefulness. Greasing the stomach with it was thought to be good for dizziness, trembling, rheumatism, lameness, and apoplexy. Applied directly and in full strength, it could stop a toothache or an earache.^{113:110} A perfume was concocted by blending the castor essence with the bark of the root of the spice bush. When smoothed onto stiff leather, this same stuff was guaranteed to restore suppleness.^{257:12} Mixed with the best honey and rubbed into the eyes, sharpness of sight would be restored. Jaundice could be cured by scraping the yellow off a beaver's teeth and swallowing this residue. The swelling of feet and ankles brought on by gout could be reversed by wearing slippers or shoes made out of beaver skins.^{113:111}

The art of hatmaking involved a long process of preparing the felt and forming the crown. The tiny, natural barbs on the hairs were made to interlock by twanging a large catgut bow over layers spread loose on a table. Lots of kneading by hand interrupted the damping and shrinking stages, followed by a very hot soak in mild acid. While stretching the boiling felt over a head form, the only way a hatter kept from



THE SPIRIT OF THE BEAVER
FACSIMILE FROM AN IROQUOIS TOTEM

scalding his hands was by constantly dipping them in cold water.

A well-made beaver hat lasted 50 years, but the demand was so high that every man in Europe who thought his head deserved the best bought one. Beaver fur hats were so expensive to buy and so treasured thereafter that wills frequently provided instruction on who would be the next owner.

For a number of years, the guilds in the Netherlands jealously kept this process as their own monopoly, but by mid-century, fur hats were also being made closer to the source of raw materials by their countrymen in the New World. The collecting point for beaver pelts in the Dutch colonies was Fort Orange, later renamed Albany by the British.^{403:65}

At the dawn of the 17th century, the North American beaver population numbered in the many millions. Because the Indians believed in living harmoniously within nature, all animals until then were hunted sparingly, and could only be caught with the consent of the great Keeper of the Game. Indians said the beaver also had the special power to change himself into other animal forms, which made hunting for him all the more difficult.^{291:103} The most prized delicacy of the Mohawk diet was the thick, fleshy beaver tail.

The West India Company monopoly employed adventurous men called *boschlopers*, literally woods-runners, who trekked more than 200 miles deep into the Hudson River Valley and beyond in search of the beavers. The *boschlopers* brought different values into the Hudson Valley, and worked hardest during the cold months when the beavers' coats were thickest. In air pockets under the ice, hunters trapped beavers and then skewered them with long sharp rammers. They had no hesitation either about stabbing into or just tearing up the beaver dams to get at them, some of which had been regulating the flow of streams during the dry season for centuries.

More and more, *boschlopers* enticed Indians to do the hunting for them and then traded for those pelts with forbidden rum, kettles, knives, hatchets and firearms. When employment contracts expired with their patroons or the West India Company, many of the Dutch woodsmen kept at their lucrative fur trade, returning as freelancers in competition with their former bosses.^{113:117} To gauge this entire economy, both above-board and under-the-counter, 37,640 beaver pelts, worth eight guilders each, along with 300 otter skins, were shipped from Fort Orange in 1658

alone, nearly glutting the market in Holland. The Dutch became so single-minded about this harvest that the official seal and coat-of-arms of New Netherland was simply a beaver.^{428:103}

To Settle Honorably and Prosperously

In 1609, Henry Hudson had stumbled into Beaver country while on his way to the never-found Northwest Passage, an economical waterway across North America to the riches of the Orient. The Dutch colony extended from the Connecticut River south to the Delaware Bay, and as the old documents define it, "as far in as the Indians will allow."^[Maps on pages 280-282]

The Dutch West India Company, through its *patroon*, Jan van Rensselaer, assigned Paulus Dirckszen first to Fort Orange, 156 miles up the Hudson River. Since 1617, this spot remains the oldest enduring town in the original 13 colonies, second only to Plymouth as *the* original European settlement in English-speaking America.

On Manhattan Island, little New Amsterdam was only a loading dock for the beaver pelts, and was not firmly established until 1626.

Following independence for their country from Spain, the Dutch West India Company was created as an economic scout against Spanish imperialism. The company first issued stock in 1621, and remained an attractive investment for 20 years. But the financial scene in 1643/1644 saw the company's market worth decline by half, due, in part, to a disastrous five-year war then at its peak.

Because of the intractability of the colony's director, Willem Kieft, 1,600 Indians were killed and the colonists themselves were nearly wiped out. By 1651, shareholders had little more than their dreams and 27 percent of the original issued value. The Company had no credit to speak of, and was for all practical purposes bankrupt. Day-to-day expenses became a problem; funds needed to equip ships required further borrowing and deeper debt.

Patroonships, a 20-year-experiment in feudalism in Dutch America, were also drying up. In order to spread around the risks and potential profits of the fur trade, large private estates were devised that granted a few wealthy investors wide powers in the New World over their Dutch employees.^{188:III:7}

The Dutch States-General agreed to let the

patroons keep one-tenth of all pelts, grains and fruits as rental payment from the settlers. But in exchange, the patroons had to invest in erecting all the buildings and supplying all of the tools.^{78:33}

"The following is presented to all those who, as colonists, desire to withdraw to the New Netherlands... by the approbation of their High Mightinesses, the States-General of the United Netherlands... upon the authority of the Council of this City, and commissioned, will hold their sittings provisionally at the West India House, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, in the afternoon at half-past three o'clock.

"The colonist going thitherward, together with their families, needful of household furniture, and other necessaries, shall be carried over in proper ships.

"The [City of Amsterdam] shall pay the transport money, by form of advance, which shall hereafter be repaid in the manner hereafter mentioned.

"The City shall advance to the colonists, to enable them to settle honorably and prosperously, as follows... to a fruitful land, of a temperate and healthy climate, watered and lying against a salt, navigable river; for which an agreement has been made with the West India Company... [and] shall provide a suitable piece of land on the bank of a river for a secure and proper dwelling place... [and within fortified walls] inner ground laid out with streets, a market, and in lots for the advantage of merchants, mechanics and those who will pursue agriculture — the whole to be done at the cost of the City.

"The City shall send to the said place a capable person to serve as a schoolmaster, who by provision shall be a preacher of the Holy Scriptures... also provide for and pay the salary... as well as a blacksmith, wheelwright and a carpenter...

"The City shall supply [the colonists] with clothing and necessaries for one year, and also with seed grain; ... at the same prices of this country, the [shipping costs] of this company not charged... with a warehouse for the storage [of these supplies].

"They shall first have a *Schout* [sheriff] as chief of the police, installed as is done here... in the name of their High Mightinesses, and of the West India Company, for the Deputies of Amsterdam, who, for that purpose, shall give authority to the Director. There shall also be three Burgomasters, to be chosen by the common burghers from the honestest, rightest, and most capable men.

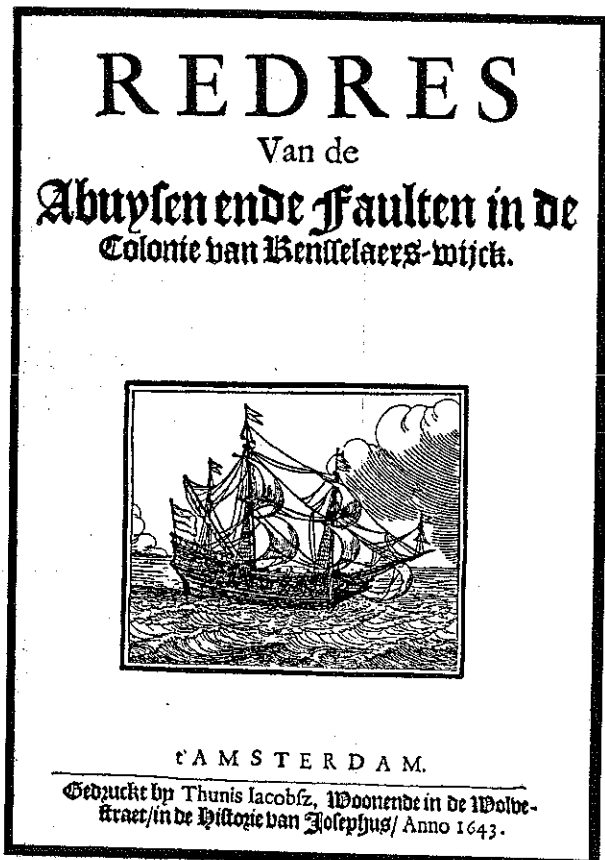
"Whenever the city or town shall have increased

to the 250 families or more, then the burghers shall elect a council of 20 persons... [to, in council with the burgomasters] resolve upon all subjects relating to the state of the said city.

"To every person who desires to pursue farming, there shall be granted in firm ownership, as much tillable, pasture and hay-land, as he with his family can till and require, from [60-90 acres] and more, upon condition that... within two years... [it] be brought into cultivation, upon pain of forfeiture...^{113:134}

Somewhat Rough and Loose

For each employee, usually a young man plucked fresh from the farm, contracts committed them to three years' service, although sometimes up to six, earning 125 guilders a year or about £12-10s, with free food, drink and usually lodging. With hard currency scarce later on, the company often paid in beaver skins at a rate of six to eight guilders per skin. The Dutch used the term guilder interchangeably with florin, and



A WARNING AT THE PATROON'S TOLLHOUSE
PAMPHLET ON VIOLATORS & PUNISHMENTS AT FORT ORANGE

abbreviated both with the mark *f*.^{188:IV:12}

A new family might subsist on such terms, but their purchasing power had to contend with steep and fixed prices: for a horse, 200 guilders; a milk cow, *f* 100; ^{412:189} for the two deerskins needed to make a pair of breeches, *f* 26; a velvet hat, *f* 8; farmer's shoes or a woman's laced leather bodice, *f* 4; ten gallons of good beer cost *f* 6; a pound of pork or a pound of butter, *f* 0.6 — when 20 stuyvers made one guilder.^{202:69}

The colonists were, however, to be free from all custom duties or taxes for 15 years, after which the customary taxation of 'tenths,' or 10 percent of all produce and wealth would be enforced. However, to protect the textile industry back in Holland, colonists were forced into oaths that they would not weave any cloth in the new country "on pain of being banished, and as perjurers to be arbitrarily punished." This limitation made everything from shirts to bedsheets quite precious.^{428:34}

The settler was under contract not to abandon his farmstead without permission. If anyone tried to quit the pioneer life in America, and without a proper letter sneak aboard a ship headed back to Europe, the ship's captain would be fined 600 guilders. The same crime in the opposite direction was not so serious. If a Dutch stowaway was discovered bound for America — inevitably a new recruit for the Company, anyway — only a 50 guilder fine would be lodged against the captain.^{52:626}

Beside the fur trade, the woods around Fort Orange were bursting with blueberries and bilberries, just waiting for anyone to harvest and take to market. But all settlers had to give the patroon a first bid on their produce. To say the least, overt trade with the Indians, with New Amsterdam or with other Europeans was stifled. A mid-river tollhouse was to be festooned with warning signs and stacks of 14-page pamphlets describing the patroon's power over violators of his feudal territory.^{282:42} Beyond the pocketbook, Patroon van Rensselaer tried to dictate other parts of a settler's personal behavior. The patroon's sheriff was supposed to make sure that no one drank to excess and that all attended the religious service on Sundays. He was also supposed to enforce a list of fines for sexual offenses: anyone having intercourse with "heathen women and girls... the first time a fine of 25 guilders"; if the woman became pregnant, the fine was raised to 50; and if she gave birth, it doubled again to 100 guilders.^{113:xxi}

Holland was enjoying an era of rapid middle-class growth and few groups or classes had the motivation for emigration. Nonetheless, in 1650 it was reported that if there were six times more accommodations or ships, they would all be filled. In part, this might have been due to the relatively enlightened terms offered by the West India Company, but it was the desperate refugees from neighboring European countries that made up half of the demand for passage.^{247:49}

In all of New Netherlands, including the three English towns on Long Island, only 300 men were capable of bearing arms in 1650, according to estimates about that time by the colony's boss, Director Peter Stuyvesant.

During the 1650s, 177 traceable arrivals were made up of farmers (43%), soldiers (28%), craftsmen (25%) and a half dozen servants and fisherman making up the balance.^{80:13} At Fort Orange, there were fewer than 200 male employees during the 1650s. So to keep the colony viable, the company took pains to hire at least one each from the following trades: tailor, skipper, shipping agent, blacksmith, tanner, cobbler, cooper, gunsmith, accountant, potter, brewer, confectioner and locksmith.^{428:103}

The few upriver settlers there prior to 1648 had settled on the east bank of the Hudson. Fort Orange was a mere handful of huts, although the patroon's land extended 12 miles both north and south, and 48 miles wide. Father Isaac Jogues, a French priest that passed through the area eight years before Paulus arrived described it as "a miserable little fort... built of logs with four or five pieces of Breteuil cannon... a colony comprised of about 100 persons, in some 25 or 35 houses along the river, as each found most convenient... houses merely of boards and thatched, with no mason work except for chimneys. The forest furnishing many large pines, they make boards by means of their mills, which they have here..."^{78:32}

A schoolhouse seemed necessary by 1650, and Andreas Janszen van Ipendam was elected teacher on 9 September. By 2 February 1655, he petitioned the court for the exclusive right to keep day and night school.⁷⁸

The only real houses were for the patroon's representative and another for a minister, should he arrive. When the first Dutch minister to Manhattan, named Michaelius, paid a visit to Fort Orange he found citizens "somewhat rough and loose, but good people and respectful to their minister."

Johannes Megapolensis, another Dutch clergyman,

gave sermons around Fort Orange during the 1640s, and found himself preaching to Indians. A dozen of them would attend his regular service, "each with a long pipe, made by himself, in his mouth and would stand a while and look and afterwards ask me what I am doing and what I said, that I stand there alone and make so many words while none of the rest may speak." Megapolensis replied that he was admonishing Christians not to steal, commit lewdness, get drunk or commit murder; at which the Indians said he did well, but why, then, did the Christians continue in their ways?^{78:34} Of his six years among the Mohawks, Megapolensis complained, "When we pray, they laugh at us."^{291:157}

To Serve Out His Bounden Time

When the Dutch government drafted the charter of Freedoms and Exemptions of 1629, it created the system of patroons. Kilean van Rensselaer took his first steps to becoming a patroon by organizing a court on 1 July 1632 for his colony at Rensselaerwyck.^{409b:7}

By November of 1633, van Rensselaer complained bitterly to the Dutch West India Company that his freedom to make the colony thrive was being abridged



DIRECTOR PETER STUYVESANT
LEADER OF NEW NETHERLAND

in favor of the fur trade. Specifically, that already in place were people and animals enough to start five farms, but the Company refused to permit carpenters, smiths and others to go upriver who would supply his farmers, and exchange services for grain and dairy products.^{409b:8}

In addition to his annual salary of 900 guilders, Director and Sheriff Brandt van Slichtenhorst would have been presented with a silver-plated rapier with its bandoliered leather sheath, and a hat with a plume. When his term began in September 1647, he was also allowed to keep several kinds of court fees, along with one third of the fines and proceeds from confiscated property.^{409b:15}

At that early stage around Fort Orange, only three houses were left standing under its protection, following a series of Hudson River Valley floods. Within a year, five more were built. By April 1652, 100 houses had blossomed between the fort and the western riverbank, making van Slichtenhorst the true founder of the colony's future capitol. The Dutch name for the hamlet around Fort Orange was deFuyck, using the word for a fisherman's funnel-shaped hoopnet which the layout of streets resembled.^{409b:21}

In July 1649, the brewery near Fort Orange, but on the opposite bank of the Hudson River, was owned by Teunis Dirckszen van Vechten, who later formed the town of Bedford with Paulus Dirckszen and a dozen other families. Because of back taxes and quit rents that van Slichtenhorst claimed were due to the patroon, Teunis was forced into bankruptcy. On 7 March 1650, the tavernkeeper Gysbert Corneliszen hosted an auction for Teunis' "house, caldron, vat, tubs and whatever else pertains to the brewery."^{409b:86}

In most other parts of daily business, the Dutch used Indian money with each other, because in turn, Indians could be persuaded to part with that other standard currency, the beaver pelt. Wampum, known to the Dutch as *seawan*, was a corruption of the Algonquian word *wampompeag*, for the small pierced seashells slipped onto strings or woven into belts, used as money but also as tokens of good faith for trading with the Indians.^{17:17} The individual shell chips, painstakingly finished by hand, were called clipcunts. These were strung together into semi-standard strands, made either the length of an adult human hand or a six-foot fathom.^{75xxxv}

"Court proceedings, June 30 Anno 1650. The ordinance of the Honorable Stuyvesant and the Council of New Netherland, in regard to the regulation and change in value of the wampum, dated 30 May 1650 is approved and ratified ... so that every one is to govern himself accordingly. Concerning the depreciation of the wampum, now posted in Fort Orange, have for pregnant reasons ratified ... the same. [Five citizens] having examined the seawan of the patroon which was received before the depreciation of the seawan, find that the same must be valued at eight for one stuyver and as the greater part of it is strung, those who take it in payment shall receive according to the custom and the provisions the ordinance ... it is decided that the patroon shall stand the loss."^{409b:117}

"13 December 1650. Steven Jansz, carpenter, upon examination by the director, declares that on the 12th of this month a certain company of persons came to this house to drink, having played golf for brandy, which they drank there. And that one Teunis Jansz, sailmaker, accused the wife of said Steven Jansz of having erased two strikes at the same time, although she had tapped two glasses for it. Whereupon one Philip [Pietersz de Laedemaecker], the gunstock maker, also took part in the dispute, wanting to have a voice in it... Steven Jansz, after some words, struck Philip with his fist on the forehead, whereupon they clinched.

"Gysbert Cornelisz, the tavernkeeper, got into a dispute with said Philip ... with the result that he, Gysbert, received a wound in his left breast, but does not know how it happened or who did it, as three or four persons were wrestling together."

For striking taverner Gysbert and Claes Andriesz with a golf club during the brawl, Steven Jansz was fined 20 guilder.^{409b:137}

On 9 October 1650, "Jacob Lambertsz, being armed with a sword on his side, dared... in the highest manner to insult the director who came there to perform his duties, without giving any reason... In the presence of Teunis Dircksz and Gysbert... he wanted to compel the director, first, to drink with him and then to fight a duel with him. Furthermore, he used such vile language about the court, his past crimes, and his arrest, that one can not well put it down with the pen... so that finally Teunis and Gysbert had to take Jacob away.

"Teunis Dircksz, Gysbert aende Berch and Tys

Evertsz ... which by handshake instead of an oath they declare to have thus taken place."^{409b:137}

At an extraordinary session of 20 January 1651, a pattern of animal mutilation and disembowelment each winter for the last four years was recounted and blamed on the savages.^{409b:144}

"Court proceedings, 2 February 1651. The honorable director, plaintiff, against Teunis Dircksz and Cornelis Teunisz van Westbroeck, ... as administrators of the estate of the late Cornelis Maesz, defendants.

Teunis Dircksz van Vechten inflamed an already difficult relationship with van Slichtenhorst with many public insults, calling him on at least 17 occasions "a thief and a rascal." These provocations were on top of a 12-year failure to file "an itemized account and statement, inclusive even of the fur trade, and make payment [of ten percent tithes] ... notwithstanding ... as often as twice a year, by public ordinance (in addition to many verbal reminders by the [director]) have given abundant warning that every one must within certain days..."

Finally, at 9 a.m. on 16 February 1650, Teunis burst in while the director was busy writing in his office, and stabbed van Slichtenhorst with his own pen knife in the presence of his own son as well as the director's two grandchildren.

For part of his penalty, Teunis was forced to appear before the entire court, "and resting on his bare knees pray God, the court and the director for forgiveness; that he shall then with his right hand slap his mouth and say as many times as he has slandered with it, 'Mouth, thou hast spoken falsely and lyingly.'" Each slander cost him 300 guilders as well, with two-thirds paid to the director and one-third to be made a gift to the poor.

More fines heaped up as witnesses swore that Teunis was a brawler, had caused panic and alarm in the community by illegally and repeatedly firing a gun at night, and had cruelly left horses to stand out in very cold weather.^{409b:145-152}

By 30 November 1651, Teunis Dircksz had all of his property attached at the request of the director.^{409b:174}

"Thomas Chamber complains that Adriaen Dircksz from Bil refuses to serve out his term and wastes and neglects his time, claiming to be free, contrary to the

contract signed by him, dated 24 March 1651.

"Adriaen Dircksz acknowledges his signature to the contract. He says that he does not want to stay with Thomas Chamber, to whom he is bound.

"For the maintenance of good order and justice and to curb the refractory spirit and intolerable insolence of the indented servants ... Adriaen Dircksz shall *de facto* be taken into custody by the officer and for 14 days be kept on bread and water at his own expense and that Thomas Chamber may at the expense of said Adriaen hire another servant to take Adriaen Dircksz's place.

On 7 October 1651, "Through the mediation and upon the persistent request of certain petitioners, Adriaen Dircksz, a prisoner ... is graciously released from confinement on condition that he, Adriaen Dircksz, promises to perform his duties faithfully and in all obedience, without in any wise acting sullenly, or opposing his master in whose service he is, and serve out his bounden time, under penalty of double punishment, as the case may deserve..."^{409b:163}

Van der Donck reported back to the States-General in Amsterdam with a harsh critique of Stuyvesant and the Dutch West India Company. They had failed from the first to encourage permanent settlement of their new lands, so that its contract workers "so soon as their time was up... returned home carrying with them nothing except a trifle in their purse and, for the country, the bad reputation of great hunger." High duties and taxes, especially the one on beer "produced great strife and discontent." The Company's privateers had captured African slaves from Spanish ships were mistreated and abused. After long service, some were given their freedom, though "their children continue slaves, contrary to all public law."^{113:xxxii}

The Journey to Fort Orange in 1651

In April 1650, the States-General approved a "Provisional Order Respecting the Government, Preservation and Peopling of New Netherlands." Besides hoping to reform the problems outlined by van der Donck, it made a fresh contract with the Dutch West India Company to send 200 new colonists — half of them "farmers and farm servants" — to revitalize the fur trade.^{113:xxxv}

The van Rensselaers recruited settlers for Fort

Orange from the Dutch villages around Nijkerk, in Gelderland, where the family's manor was located just three miles south.^{202:66} Rensselaer itself means "the deer's lair," and refers to one of the prime pieces of land in Holland (the one-time "Woods-land") awarded with a title of feudal nobility to Kiliaen's forefathers. More than any other place in Europe, Nijkerk deserved to be called the mother town of New York State, having bore much of the early leadership for the colony, with the surrounding province of Gelderland supplying more of the workers in New Netherland than any other province.^{179:93}

A little village named Hoef sits just four miles northeast of Nijkerk. Others willing to emigrate came from the vicinity of Huizen, where Kiliaen van Rensselaer, the jewelry merchant to Europe's crown heads, had his country estate Crailo.

In 1651, Kiliaen's third son, Jan Baptiste, engaged a dozen men who were natives of villages within five miles of Amersfoort to take their families to Fort Orange. Amongst the teenage boys and young men was Roelof Dirkszen, 19 years old, from Bunschoten, and the 40-year-old Adriaen Dirkszen "v. Bil," indicating the nearby de Bilt, Utrecht.^{202:67} Though residing in central and eastern Netherlands, many of the recruits were born in France, Belgium, Germany



THE OLD DUTCH PREACHING-HOUSE AT FORT ORANGE
BUILT IN 1656 AS A BLOCKHOUSE IN TIME OF WAR

or Scandinavian countries. Other towns and regions of their most recent residence included Amsterdam, Almeloo, Heemstede, Loendersloot, Simmeko, Utrecht, Vechten, Friesland and Gelderland.^{78:36}

Although particular passenger lists have not survived, the arrival of the new director, along with the families of his 200 contract employees, can be readily surmised. Out of a season of 11 ships arriving in New Netherlands that year, three stand out as the only flotilla: the *King Karel*, *Prince Willem* and *The Golden Bloom*, docking together on 19 September.³⁵⁰

Jan Baptiste van Rensselaer reached Fort Orange shortly thereafter to begin a seven-year stint as Director of his family's colony. His acting director in Rensselaerwyck was Brant van Schlichtenhorst, who showed an inability to control the sometimes riotous behavior of his peasant employees. After New Year's Eve that year, van Schlichtenhorst could only complain about the soldiers that "shot burning fuses on the roof of the patroon's house and also on the house of the Director, which is covered with thatch, so that the fore part of the house seemed ablaze and the director's son, in the intense cold, was moved to spring naked out of bed to extinguish several papers."^{428:92}

Van Rensselaer found a nasty rivalry developing between the soldiers of the West India Company at the fort, loyal to Director-General Peter Stuyvesant, and the civilians busily making a living around them.

In April 1652, Stuyvesant tired of the rivalry acted out by the patroon Rensselaer and arrived in person at the fort with his own detail of armed troops. He declared that the fort and the surrounding community were too important to the Dutch West India Company to be operated by van Rensselaer as part of the million-acre Rensselaerwyck; that everafter it was to be independent in the midst of the patroon's land holdings, entitled to its own court; and its new name would be Dorpe Beverwyck — more or less "Beaverville." When the patroon's agent, van Schlichtenhorst immediately protested, Stuyvesant had him arrested on 18 April and eventually shipped back to Holland.^{78:33} His successor as director was Jan Baptist van Rensselaer and the powers of sheriff were carved away so that one person could ever again rule singlehandedly.^{409b:19}

That year, Rensselaerwyck got its new minister, Dominie Gideon Schaats, who served as *predikant* for five years until Beverwyck took him on its payroll. The patroon also engaged Schaats to visit Schenectady every three months for services there, along with

baptisms and marriages. The Dominie, a rather colorful character, refused to answer summons from the Beverwyck court and raised a daughter who insulted officials and presented him with an illegitimate grandson.^{78:50}

New Year's Eve and the following day found men celebrating by firing guns at the latched doors of each neighbor. The men of the house answered the door and saluted them, and invited the gathering to share liquid refreshment.

Then the whole group was expected to proceed to the next home and repeat the process until all of the village's men had been collected for a rendezvous of athletic sport and target firing. Later on in 1654, Beverwyck got its first public tavern which was opened by Jansen Appel.^{381:50} A popular year-round recreation came from playing golf along the narrow streets of Beverwyck.^{412:32}

On 8 February 1654, a Sunday, crowds of New Netherlanders joined in the raucous Shrovetide sport of "Riding the Goose." This popular tradition, rooted in the Rhineland, involved seizing the neck of a greased goose hung on a rope while riding rapidly under it on horseback. The most devoted sportsmen in this event prepared their hand-eye coordination with large quantities of beer, wine and rum. Director Stuyvesant had often prohibited it, but with little effect upon its enthusiasts.

"It is altogether unprofitable, unnecessary and censurable," Stuyvesant blustered, "...to celebrate such pagan and popish feasts, and to practice such evil customs in this country, even though they may be... looked at through the fingers in the Fatherland."^{247:53}

By December of 1655, Stuyvesant and the Council of New Netherland felt it necessary to ban any celebration surrounding the planting of May Poles, or the use of guns, drums and brandy toasts on that day.^{80:159} It was still legal to celebrate Easter and Whitsuntide each Spring, and the annual harvest fair that came on 28 September.^{412:33}

When the Hudson River flooded that year, a great part of Fort Orange itself was washed away. The clustered homes of the first settlers, near the foot of present-day Madison Avenue, had to be moved to higher ground (along modern Broadway) which gave the fort's cannons a better range of fire, anyway.^{197:10}

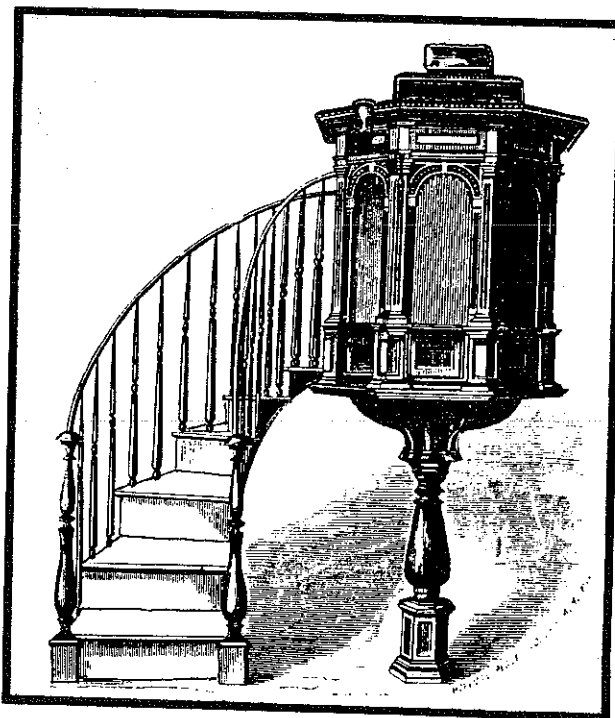
After such natural disasters, and the complete worsening of the beaver trade by 1657, homeless and

destitute folks began to appear around Fort Orange. Until 1656, there were only a half dozen, but this doubled and tripled within three years. By the time Paulus Dirckszen quit Fort Orange, two dozen were being subsidized with relief money.^{412:46}

Though encircled by palisaded walls, many of the newer houses in June 1656 were quite a distance from the original fort. It was decided wise to erect a blockhouse for their our defense, which would also serve as "a handsome preaching-house" in time of peace.

Besides a raised pulpit and a bell presented by the directors of the West India Company, a copper and brass weathervane in the shape of a rooster was also brought from Holland and installed on top. Having survived all these years, it is now the oldest weathervane in the Americas. Three cannons also crested the roofline.

The pulpit was procured from Holland with a contribution of 25 beaver skins and 75 guilders donated from Amsterdam. The congregation worshipping there (at the corner of Albany's present-day Broadway and State Street) nearly rivalled the largest church in the city of New Amsterdam, even though the other upriver Europeans, the Lutherans, refused to attend.^{197:10}



THE IMPORTED DUTCH PULPIT
AT A COST OF 25 BEAVER SKINS AND 75 GUILDERS

Respite on Manhattan Island

Paulus' daughter, Geertruyd, was baptized in 1654 at New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island, by then capitol of the Dutch Colony, suggesting the end of a three year contract for her father in Fort Orange. The most popular of Dutch nursery songs has been passed down from those days, loved everywhere from Rensselaerwyck up the Hudson, down to Jamaica Bay on Long Island.

*"Trip a trop a tronjes,
De varkens in de boonjes,
De koejes in de klaver,
De paarden in de haver,
De eenjes in de waterplass,
So groot myn kleine Geertje was."*

Translated freely to mean that Papa's or Mama's knee was as happy a throne for a child as little pigs might be among the beans, the cows among the clover, the horses among the oats and the ducks splashing in the water. For the last line, Paulus or Geertruyd would have tossed their daughter as high as possible in the air and said, "So great my little Gerty was."^{407:95}

Early records show that a respite in New Amsterdam frequently took place between the end of an upriver contract and the start of life as a freeman. That Paulus returned to Fort Orange is confirmed by three later documents.

New Netherland was home to another line of Baughman ancestors by way of some Germans named Vaught and Hill. They descend from Claes Martenszen van Rosenvelt, an early farmer in Manhattan and the patriarch of the family that would give America two presidents.^{32:7} By 1655, "Little Claesie" bought a triangular, 48-acre farm in the middle of Manhattan island straddling present-day Park Avenue between 29th and 34th Streets, but he died less than five years later. On 10 December 1660, the minutes of the Orphanmasters of New Amsterdam stated that "Jannetje Tomas, widow of Cleyn Claesie, commonly called so, has lately died, leaving besides some property five minor children..." namely, Christaen, Elsje, Anna Margaret, Christina and Nicholas, who all began using Roosevelt as their last name.

Nicholas was the forefather to both the "Oyster

Bay" and "Hyde Park" Roosevelts that remained in New York and, six generations later, produced Theodore and Franklin Delano, fifth cousins to one another.^{385:III:197}

Nicholas' older sister, Anna Margaret, married Heyman Aldertszen Roosa, and it was their third child, Wyntie Roosa, who married Willem Crom and moved the family line well into the 18th century. In eight more generations, Patricia Jane Hill was born, this author's mother.

While their progressive contributions to America included universal public education for "the uplift of a well ordered republic", at the same time Dutch leaders invented the awful practice of paying money for every enemy scalp that the Indians could bring in for them.^{407a:1:174}

On 15 September 1655, a hard-drinking war party of 500 northern Indians passed through Manhattan on their way to fight other Indians on Long Island. They paused in a peach orchard belonging to Hendrik van Dyke, and though no record gives a sequence of provocations, van Dyke fired his blunderbuss and killed a young Indian girl. Three more Indians and two colonists died in a sharp skirmish later that day. The Indians pulled back from the fort, recrossed the Hudson River and that night, torched the Dutch settlements around Hoboken, killing or kidnapping all of the settlers there.

In two days, they repeated the destruction on Staten Island, until a total of 50 Europeans had been killed, over 100 women and children were hostages, 28 plantations along with their granaries were sacked and incinerated, and 500 cattle stolen. A little less than half of the prisoners were ransomed within a month, but by 28 March of the following year, 20 Dutch children were still being held as a result of The Peach War.^{247:47}

A Touch of Home

On 7 August 1656, an appeal for the necessary permission and funding of new shiploads of colonists was addressed to the High and Mighty Lords at the Chamber at Amsterdam to the States General:

"...Some Colonies to be planted in New Netherland... which are immediately and extremely necessary for the augmentation of the population and the maintenance and security of those countries...

[since] your High Mightinesses made not the least objection in the year 1651, to grant similar approbation and ratification... for the postponement thereof can only ensure to the greatest inconvenience of the Company and of the inhabitants of New Netherland, who with heart and soul are longing for such and similar augmentation and increase of people for their relief..."

The request was granted.^{52:627}

Despite the ruggedness of their circumstance, Jeremias van Rensselaer thought that the settlers of Beverwyck would appreciate a touch of home. Aboard the vessel *den Otter*, he imported 739 items of decorative glassware for sale at his establishment later that year.^{377:38}

A visiting New Englander recorded that the Dutch were fond of holding auctions or vendues "very frequently and make their Earnings very well by them, for they treat with good Liquor Liberally and Generally pay for't as well, by paying for that which they Bidd up Briskly for, after the sack [wine] has gone plentifully about, tho' some times good penny worths are got there."^{377:58}

On 22 July 1658, Paulus Dirckszen attended an auction of the belongings of Jan dē Groot at Fort Orange. To buy a loose-fitting garment known as an "innocent," a very popular item worn around 17th century European homes, he bid *f* 23.10, the third highest amount of the day, following 37 feet of uncut duffel cloth that went for *f* 38, and a box of sugar that went for *f* 33.

The auction agents demanded payment from the 29 successful bidders within eight days, in beaver pelts, at the following rates: For everything less than four guilders, a half pelt; For everything between four and eight guilders, a whole pelt. Also at the auction was future Bedford neighbor Henderick Claessen, who got two jugs and a cravat; and a man named Toomas Poulussen, who got two new shirts. At another auction on 23 September, Paulus successfully bid a total of *f* 12.8 for three unbleached bedsheets.^{409a:53}

Confident in the future of Dutch commercial interests there, it was decided in 1657 that the government presence in Fort Orange needed a lift. The original courthouse was in such sorry shape that its north end had sagged and crushed almost completely the house of Lambert van Valckenburgh. The two-storied frame structure had measured about 20 by 26 feet, built all around of one-inch boards and

having a pavilion shaped roof, all covered with shingles. The second-story courtroom, without an interior ceiling or chimney, could be reached only by climbing a straight flight of stairs through a trap door.

Over the next two years, the same spot was built over, starting with substantial stones in the foundation that had to be hauled from 16 miles away. With the rest made of brick and covered with fired tiles, the courthouse became twice as wide and long. The director and his staff enjoyed "a strong, commodious and handsome structure," with chimneys, winding staircases, oval windows, bedrooms and a kitchen while they worked. Their peace of mind was all the more assured by an armory stored in the attic.^{409b:1:10}

To make their community more readily defensible, Beverwyck was rebuilt in 1656, the beaver-district and its fort took on the following shape: The compact but elevated Fort Orange sat back from the west bank of the Hudson River just far enough to watch over some 230 simple log buildings. Three streets, named Pearl, Jonkers and Handlers, along with 10 alleys, divided up these lots around 17 common gardens.²⁹³

Merchandise Cannot Buy Friendship

In the autumn of 1659, the French made preparations to invade the upper Hudson Valley, sending worried Mohawks at Kaghnuwage running to their allies at Fort Orange, 40 miles due east.

"The Dutch call us brothers and declare that we and they are joined together with chains, but that lasts only as long as we have beavers; after that no attention is paid us..."

"We have heard of the coming of our enemies, the French. If we drink too much liquor we cannot fight. We therefore desire you not to sell any brandy to our people... we will burn our kegs..."

"We desire that the smiths should repair our things, even when our people have no money... We ask that the gunmakers shall hurry making the guns and not let us wait so long and lose time... You must give us some powder, and when the enemy comes you must be willing to help us. You are too timid... Look at the French and see what they do for their savages when they are in distress. Do as they do and help us to repair our palisades... Come to us with 30 men and with horses... The Dutch can drag their wood sleds into the country."^{428:112}

The Dutch at Fort Orange looked to Stuyvesant for over two weeks to make a reply, but because of his illness, ended up drafting their own answer by 24 September 1659, which they delivered in person:

"Brothers, we have come here only to renew our old friendship and brotherhood. You must tell it to your children. Ours will know it for all time to come, and will be reminded of it by the writings which we shall bequeath to them. We shall die, but these will remain, and from them they will learn that we have lived with our brothers in peace...

"Merchandise cannot buy friendship. Our heart has always been good and still continues to be. If that is of no value to you, then we come not to purchase friendship even if the land were full of merchandise and beavers.

"Whenever some tribe or any savages, whoever they be, come to incite you to war and say that the Dutch intend to fight against you, do not regard them, do not believe them, but tell them they lie. We shall say the same of you if they tell the same of our brothers...

"But we cannot compel our smiths and gunmakers to repair the muskets of our brothers without pay, for the gunsmiths must earn food for their wives and children, who otherwise would perish from hunger. If the smiths were to receive no wampum for their work they would remove from our country, and then we and our brothers would be much embarrassed...

"You asked us for horses to haul wood, but horses cannot do it, for the hills are too high and steep, and your Dutch brothers cannot carry the wood because they have become too weak in marching to this place, as you may perceive by looking at them.

"Brothers, we now give you a present of powder and lead, which you must not waste if you want to attack your enemies. Rightly use it and divide it among your young men... Inasmuch as our brothers sometimes break their axes in cutting wood, we now present you with 15 axes."^{428:112}

Grateful Mohawk chiefs received 11 boxes of wampum, 75 pounds of powder, 100 of lead and a quantity of hunting knives. If any other Indians came to them with presents and asked them to fight against the Dutch, the Mohawk chiefs would be expected to kick them and say, "Begone you beasts, you pigs, depart from us, we will have nothing to do with you."

On returning to Fort Orange, the Dutch quickly erected a high wooden palisade to surround Beverwyck.

Dutchmen seldom doted on their relations with the Mohawk. In those days, tribal chiefs found it necessary to petition the Fort Orange magistrates "to forbid the Dutch to molest the Indians as heretofore by kicking, beating and assaulting them, in order that we may not break the old friendship which we have enjoyed for 30 years."^{17:38}

All thoughts of an Indian war at Beverwyck had subsided until June 1663, when at noon on the seventh, Indians massacred 21 Dutchmen and captured 42 more at the settlement called Esopus, 55 miles to the south.^{428:112} Ten of the victims had been "cruelly put to death by burning, scorching, hacking and cutting." The warring Esopus tribe attacked neighboring Wiltwyck next, on the site of modern Kingston, New York.

Stuyvesant's men retaliated harshly, murdering a group of Esopus truce negotiators in their sleep, and then taking their children hostage before selling them into West Indian slavery.^{78:75}

One of the 42 captured near Wiltwyck was Tjaatje, the 14-year-old daughter of Tjerck Claessen DeWitt and Barbara Andriessen. In his official capacity as a member of the court at Wiltwyck, Tjerck was among the seven who signed the following report to the Council of New Netherland on 20 June 1663:

"Between the hours of 11 & 12 o'clock in the forenoon of Thursday... [Indians entered] in bands through all the gates. They divided and scattered themselves among all the houses and dwellings in a friendly manner, having with them a little maize and some few beans to sell to our inhabitants, by which means they kept within their houses and thus went from place to place as spies to discover the strength of our men.

"After they had been about for a short quarter of an hour within this place, some people on horseback rushed through the mill gate from the new village crying out, "The Indians have destroyed the new village," and with these words, the Indians here in the village immediately fired a shot and made a general attack on our village from the rear, murdering our people in their houses with their axes and their tomahawks, and firing on them with guns and pistols; they seized whatever women and children they could catch and carried them prisoners outside the gates, plundered the houses and set the village on fire to windward, it blowing at the same time from the South.

"The remaining Indians commanded all the streets, firing from the corner houses and through the

our inhabitants, on their ways to their houses to get arms, were wounded and slain. When the flames were at their height the wind changed to the west, were it not for which the fire would have been much more destructive. So silently and rapidly did Murder do his work that those in different parts of the village were not aware of it until those who had been wounded happened to meet each other, in which way most of the others had also been warned.

"The greatest portion of our men were away at their field labors, and but few in the village, near the mill gate were Albert Gysbertsen, with two servants, and Tjerck Claessen DeWitt... [and about 16 others.] By these aforesaid men, most of whom had neither guns nor side arms, were the Indians, through God's mercy, chased and put to flight...

"We humbly and respectfully request your honors to be pleased to send us hither for the wounded by the earliest opportunity some prunes and linens, and some wine to strengthen them, and whatever else not obtainable here, your Honors may think proper; also carbines, cutlasses and gun flints, and we request that the carbines may be *Snaphaunce* [flintlocks], as the people here are little conversant with the use of the *Arquebuse* [fused matchlock]; also some spurs for the horsemen. In addition to this also some reinforcements in men inasmuch as harvest will commence in about 14 days from date."

After the brief war that followed, Tjaatje was exchanged for Indians that the Dutch had taken prisoner. At the age of 28, rather late for a colonial



TRADING FOR PELTS AND WAMPUM

woman to be married for the first time, Tjaatje found a husband in Matthys Matysen Van Keuren.^{108:12} It was through Tjaatje's older brother, Andries, that the Baughman family was blended seven generations later with DeWitts from the Walker-Thurman line.

According to family legend, Tjaatje's grandfather was a Dr. Nicholas DeWitt, thought to have accompanied Henry Hudson in 1609 aboard the *Half Moon* when New Netherland was first claimed by the Dutch. Back home in Grootholdt, in the Sunderland province of Holland, Nicholas spoke about the trip in such glowing terms that his three children, Tjerck, Jan and Emmerentje, made up their minds to go themselves, and did so after they were all in middle-age.

Tjerck got married in 1656 at New Amsterdam, and the next year sailed with his bride in their 50-foot sloop, the *Saint Barbara*, up the Hudson River to Fort Orange. Within three years, they traded their land near Beverwyck for another farm west of Esopus, "betwext Hurley and Kingstown." The agreement made with Madame de Hutter in September 1660 did not allow possession until the following first of May. The large stone house that Tjerck built there in May 1669 still stands, but is known by the name of a much later owner — the Suydam-Beaty farm, on Hurley Avenue in Kingston, Ulster County, New York. Tjerck served as Magsistrate of the Ulster County Court and amassed a fortune of £1,475. When Tjerck died there at the age of 80, everything was passed on to his son Andries.

Tjerck's great-great grandson, Simeon DeWitt should be noted as a direct ancestor in our family, but also notable in American history for his service to George Washington during the Revolutionary War and for working as New York State's Surveyor-General.¹⁰⁸

The Baughman family had four other direct ancestors living in Esopus during 1650-1670: Albert Heymanse Roosa, one of the first magistrates of Kingston; Wilhelmina DeJonge, nicknamed Wyntie, who was the wife of Albert; and her parents, Andries and Maria De Jonge, of Herwijnen, Holland.

While the West India Company's directors shot blame back and forth about the defensibility of Fort Orange in 1663, a small pox epidemic ravaged the settlers. In Beverwyck, every family had been hit by the "foul, putrid disease," causing the block house church bell to toll every day with more bad news.^{428:112}

In northern New Netherland that year, 1,000

Indians died from the pox. The many erupting boils from the epidemic meant special suffering for the Indians. "For want of bedding and linen and other helps," a 17th century Englishman observed of his Indian neighbors, "they fall into a lamentable condition as they lie on their hard mats, the pox breaking and mattering and running out into another, their skin cleaving ... to the mats they lie on. When they turn them, a whole side will flay off ... all of a gore blood, most fearful to behold. And then being very sore, what with cold and other distempers, they die like rotten sheep."^{17:16}

One of Paulus Dirckszen's future neighbors, Daniel Denton, wrote that "when the English come to settle, a Divine Hand makes way for them by removing or cutting off the Indians either by wars one with the other, or by some raging mortal disease."^{291:164} The Indians declared that within one generation after their encounter with Henry Hudson in 1609, small pox had melted their tribe by nine-tenths.^{113:64}

Bay of Foreigners

Paulus moved his family across the river from Manhattan Island to a place named Ihpetonga by the Indians, or by Dutch preference, Breuckelen, after a village back home in the province of Utrecht. They may have arrived when the weather would have been better for setting up a new home, but his first mention on Long Island was on 25 December 1662. To smooth his acceptance into a church downriver, the Fort Orange pastor had given him a letter of introduction, called an attestation.^{50:59}

Named on all the earliest maps of Long Island as the Mohegans, Europeans only realized later that these people were only one corner of the huge Algonquian language group that blanketed the Middle Atlantic colonies, from Roanoke to Plymouth Rock.^{381:21} Mohawks and the surrounding tribes call themselves *Katingahhirsch*.^{428:57} Most Dutch prided themselves in dealing forthrightly with the Indians, never taking land with brute force but instead waiting to negotiate and sign treaties or deeds of sale. In at least one case with the Canarsie tribe of southwestern Long Island, this tradition was turned on its head.

In early 1663, when eager Dutchmen from Breuckelen wanted to establish a hamlet behind Waale-Bocht Bay, they just went ahead. A deed for the part of Long Island that included Bedford was

signed in 1670 by several chiefs or sachems, named Peter, Elmohar, Job, Makagiquas and Shamese. The indigenous Marechawicks were not compensated until 13 years after the Europeans moved in.^{381:21} In 1676, the land in and about Rinnegackonck, or Bedford, was bought from the Indians for "100 guilders seawant [of wampum]", half a ton good beer, 3 guns, long barrells each with a pound of powder and lead proportional to a gun, and 4 matchlocks."^{145:86} This describes the traditional district as "beginning from Hendrick van Aarnrem's land, by a swamp of water, and stretching to the hills, then going along the hills to the port or entrance there, and so to the Rockaway foot-path..."^{381:90}

A document of 1 March 1663, entitled "Bet-fort" showed direct dealings between Stuyvesant and the families that had recently moved from Fort Orange to Long Island. "...With due respect the undersigned inhabitants of Brooklyn, Your Honor's obedient servants, that there is near Brooklyn a place very convenient for us to settle a new village with great advantage.

"It is the woodland well known to you Honor where there is sufficient room for 20 or 30 persons to have a good place and lot each. Except the annexed

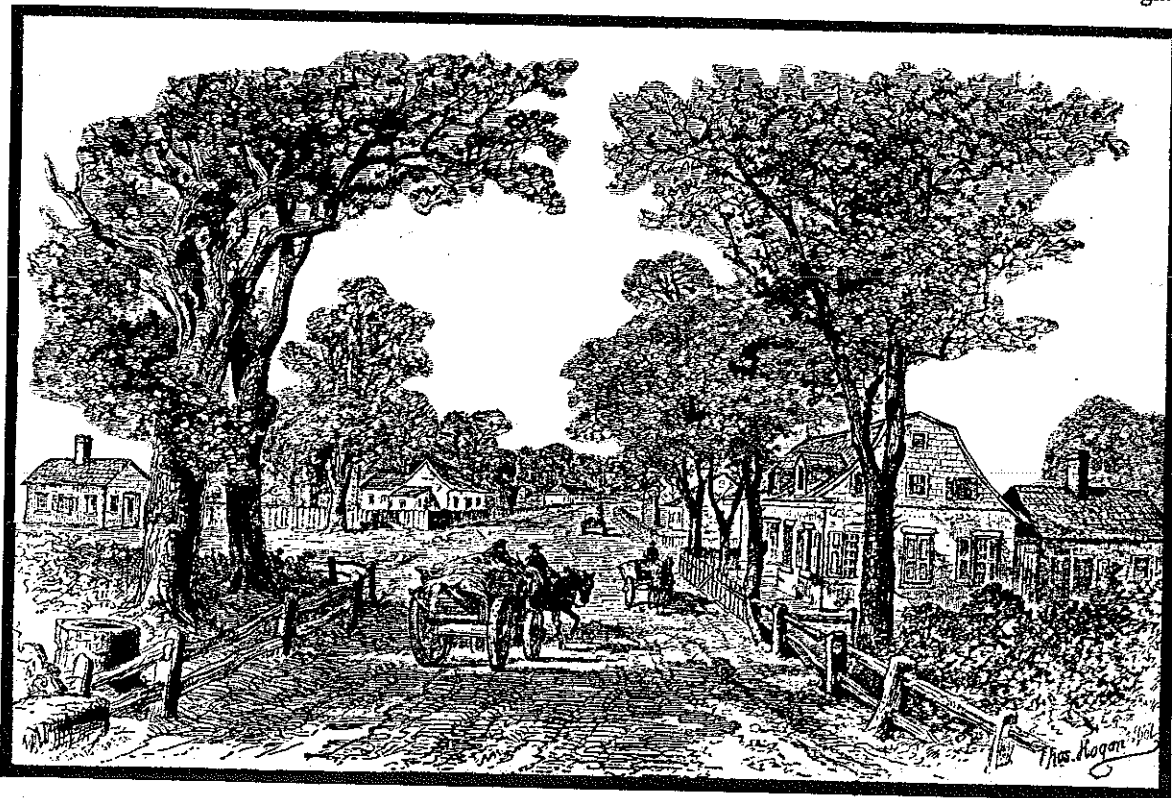
part between the 3rd and 4th kil [creek], there is no nearer place for making hay and providing our cattle with fodder, than the meadows adjoining this land... it is very difficult to bring in the hay dry and in good condition, for the preservation, with God's blessing, of our cows..."

This petition was signed by 28 men, including Teunis Dircksen, but not Paulus.^{104:14/522}

Many of this same group had failed three years earlier to start a town [a couple of] miles to the northwest on Walebocht Bay. They had erected a block house quickly, but problems arose. The little group then had to beg Stuyvesant for permission to remove the dwellings and salvage their building materials "on account of many rocks and crevices, your petitioners could not earn a bare living there by their hardest labor ... and the woodlands too full of stones [were also] too high for wells."

But for their latest venture, a follow up petition on 26 May 1663, was also titled "Betfort," and bore only 15 signatures, but this time at the top of the document:

"Thomas Lambertsen. Teunis Dirckson. Jan Damen. George Probatskin. Teunis Cornelisse. Wynant Pietersen. Hendrick Claesen. Dirck Jans Hoogland.



THE CROSSROADS AT BEDFORD

Evert Dircksen van Nas. Teunis Jansen (Coevert). Heyndrick Jansen Been. Peter Petersen. Joost Fransen. Paulus Dircksen. Dirck Paulussen.

"... We have lately obtained from your Honors the grant of a piece of land in the rear of the Walebocht near Marcus plantation and as your petitioners have cleared their enclosed lots, some of them have already planted and sown, while others are beginning to plant and as we would live very far from our property, we request altogether, that we may be allowed to form a hamlet there among ourselves to protect our property... ^{104:14:527}

According to the deposition of Catherine Trico, one of the earliest settlers of this corner of Long Island, their first dwellings were crude and temporary "hutts of Bark." The secretary of New Netherland, Cornelius van Tienhoven, gave a more detailed description of this emergency home building:

"Those... who have no means to build farm houses at first according to their wishes, dig a square pit in the ground, cellar fashion, six or seven feet deep... case the earth inside with wood all round the wall, and line the wood with the bark of trees or something else to prevent the caving in of the earth; floor this cellar with plank and wainscot it overhead for a ceiling, raise a roof of spars, clear up and cover the spars with bark or green sods, so that they can live dry and warm in these houses with their entire families for two, three, or four years..."^{80:41}

Indian Threats Against Long Island

In July 1663, during widespread Indian attacks, Stuyvesant proposed that Breuckelen should furnish 8, 10 or 12 men, to be "kept ready for the protection of one or the other place in danger, which may God avert!" Meetings in the Dutch towns on Long Island followed immediately, at which every person present was ready to aid in protecting their neighbors, but it was deemed that "the town was not strong enough to furnish so many men." In dispatches from Amersfoort, Gravesend, Midwout and New Utrecht, the same reservations were conveyed, including doubts about the safety of evacuation routes to Manhattan.^{381:121}

Sheriff van der Donck, after living near and talking to many Indians around Fort Orange for several years, came to the following conclusions: "They are artful in their measures, furious in their attacks, and unmerciful

victors. When their plans are hazardous, then they are conducted covertly and privately by night. They always practice hindrances, deceptions, and ambuscades against their enemies. Face to face, in the open field or on water, they are not soldiers. They usually run away in time, if they can; but when they are surrounded and cannot escape, then they fight obstinately, and as long as they can stand, to the last man.

"The victors accept of no ransom, nor are the captives certain of their lives, until they are given over to persons who have preciously lost connections by blood in war.

"They seldom destroy women and children, unless it be in their first fury, but never afterwards. If it be in their power, they carry them all with them to their own abode. The women they treat as they do their own, and the children they bring up as their own, to strengthen their nation. They all serve as volunteers in war, and they receive no pay to retain them in service...

"Persons are very seldom doomed to death among them, except captives taken in war, whom they consider to have forfeited the rights of man."^{113:99}

Father Megapolensis studied the language and ways of the upriver Mohawks and made these notes. "They paint their faces red, blue and other colors, and then they look like the devil himself. They smear their heads with bear's grease, which they all carry with them for this purpose in a small basket. They say they do it to make their hair grow better and prevent their having lice...

"They are very cruel toward their enemies in time of war. They first bit off the nails of the fingers of their captives, and cut off some joints, and sometimes all the fingers. The captives are afterward forced to sing and dance before them stark naked; and finally, they roast their prisoners dead before a slow fire for some days, and then eat them. The common people eat the arms, the rump and trunk, but the chiefs eat the head and heart...

"They have a naturally a great opinion of themselves. They say *I hy Othkon*'— ('I am the devil'), by which they mean that they are unequalled. In order to praise themselves and their people, whenever we tell them they are very expert at catching deer, or doing this and that, they say... 'All the Mohawks are very cunning devils.'^{428:61}

The Bell Rope Falling into Their Midst

On 27 February 1664, sometime after his wife Geertruyd's death, "Paulus Dircksen from Wallabout" was nominated to be deacon of the Dutch Church of Breuckelen. His daughter-in-law's father, Teunis Janszen Coevert, remained as Elder.²⁰⁷

The culture of New Netherland was not entirely homogenous then. Already in 1646, the Jesuit missionary Isaac Jogues had recorded that "there may well be four or five hundred men of different sects and nations: the Director General told me that there were men of 18 different languages... No religion is publicly exercised but the Calvinist, and orders are to admit none but Calvinists, but this is not observed; for there are in the Colony besides the Calvinists, Catholics, English Puritans, Lutherans, Anabaptist, here called Mnistes, &c. &c."^{382:54}

Despite the Dutch tradition of religious tolerance, Stuyvesant tried to drive out Quakers from New Netherland, but was reprimanded for it in 1663 by a letter from the Dutch West India Company. While their New England neighbors became obsessed the death penalty for witchcraft, the Dutch refused to recognize sorcery as a crime, or to give hearing to suspicions held by anyone against another.

The Dutch church felt strongly about educating all children to read and write, not only in Dutch but also in English, when a knowledge of that language gave greater advantages to their children. While the Dutch church paid the salary of each settlement's schoolteacher, the English authorities did little to encourage universal learning in 1664 by stopping such payments.^{407:19-22} In Flatbush, the local Dutch farmers paid their schoolmaster's salary in wheat, "wampum value."^{407:50}

The Dutch prototype for a proper church was the octagonal design, patterned after the first Protestant church built in the Netherlands.^{377:63} Killae van Rensselaer directed his agents at Fort Orange to stick to this plan, saying, "It ought not to be a very complicated matter, the shape being mostly that of an eight-cornered mill." Englishmen, unaccustomed to the look, likened them to fat lighthouses.^{247:82}

Inside an octagonal church, the men sat on benches around the wall, while women sat in rows of chairs in the center, with the bell rope falling into their midst, and the high pulpit, backed by a large sounding board, covered the wall opposite the door.

During 1663 in Kings County, the Reformed Dutch Church in Flatlands was made this way, as were others at New Utrecht and Bushwick some 40 years later. None of these unusual buildings survives today.

The homesick Dutch on Manhattan Island built a tidal inlet to remind them of the canals back home. A cobblestone lane ran along either side of this canal, and a bridge that crossed it was a favorite trading spot for merchants. After the English took over, the canal was filled in and renamed Broad Street, and the site of the old bridge later became the Stock Exchange.^{403:73}

Dutch Home Life

Dutch women wore many petticoats, but they were striped and, in contrast to those of English women, short enough to show some stockinged ankle. A tightly cinched corset closed around her waist, and from it was hanging decorated pouches or on individual ribbons and chains the other necessities: keys, scissors, pincushions. A loose, full-sleeved jacket might be worn over her chemise. The hair was drawn back beneath a quilted cloth cap.^{403:76} The Dutch women "wear French muches [called *mutjen* in Dutch] wh^{ch} are lik^e a Capp and head band in one, leaving their ears bare, wh^{ch} are sett out wh^{ch} Jewells of a large size and many in number. And their fingers hoop't with Rings, some with large stones in them of many



AN OCTAGONAL DUTCH CHURCH
ON LONG ISLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY

Coullers as were their pendants in their ears, which You should see very old women wear as well as Young.^{377:58}

The first floor of many homes in New Amsterdam was turned into a shop, often run by women. They forwarded the supplies upriver and received the furs, grain and tobacco from Fort Orange in little single-masted sail boats called sloops. By 1656, Stuyvesant established Saturday as market day in New Amsterdam since "people from the country bring various ware, such as meat, bacon, butter, cheese, turnips, roots, straw, and other products of the farm to this City for sale."^{80:111} When the Hudson froze solid, with few breaks between Christmas and late February, commerce stopped; but vital communication continued in the shoulder bags of lone messengers who skated the length of the river.^{403:76}

The prosperous Dutch in New Netherland's towns built brick homes, two and three stories high.^{403:66} At first, even the bricks were imported from the Fatherland, but there was soon constructed a brick kiln in Flatbush. The low ceilings were necessary where the rooms were only heated by open wood fires.^{407:64} Their architectural preference from the outside was for a tall, narrow look, intensified by steep rooflines, a central chimney and the front door traditionally on the shorter, gabled walls.

The front door was split into an upper and lower half — by opening only the top half, breezes could come in but not the family livestock.^{407:66} Eventually each window got protective wooden shutters, and so that the light of the early dawn might pass through them, crescent moon openings were cut into the upper ends. Two heavy benches stuck out from the wall on either side of this entrance, facing off and framing the raised platform upon which they sat. This *stoop* became the favorite place for parents and children to sit and visit on pleasant evenings, and passers-by were expected to stop and lose track of time.^{407:61}

The country folk at that time made the dwelling house and barn into one building, covered outside with shingles on the walls. The back part was for the cattle, which stood in rows on either side, with large open space in the center where the carts were kept. A large arched double door led into it, while the thatched roof came down low on either side. Leading from the stable into the living room was a small door, with a window to enable the inhabitants to see what was going on among their friends of the fields. In the

most remote, rural, poor and old-fashioned settlements, these features persisted through the mid-1600s.^{247:86}

Labadist travelers visited such a home in western Long Island, and after supper one night prepared for sleep in a straw covered loft "spread with sheepskins, in the midst of the continuous grunting of hogs, squealing of pigs, bleating and coughing of sheep, barking of dogs, crowing of cocks, cackling of hens, and especially a goodly quantity of fleas and vermin, of no small portion of which we were participants, and all with an open barn-door, through which a fresh north wind was blowing... We could not complain, since we had the same quarters and kind of bed that their own son usually had, who now, on our arrival, crept in the straw behind us."^{381:47}

In typical design, a 42 by 18 feet layout had a stable and threshing floor in the back; the livestock occupied the low areas under the roof along the sides, and the family lived in the smaller quarters in front. Everything underneath the roof was kept dry by some 900 thatched bundles of reeds. Later, the animal quarters became a separated barn, though the family did not gain much more room. These houses were one-story high, often with a five or six-foot rough stone wall covered by the overhanging eaves of a steep roof. The low-browed rooms had no special ceilings, but opened right up to the roof, except for sleeping or storage lofts. Windows were small and few. Fireplaces were stone, though chimneys were made of boards plastered inside with mortar or mud.

Houses were not scattered about in the English style, but were purposely arranged in what the Dutch termed "concentrations." Just as they had always lived in Europe, where land values were more dear, as well as for sociability's sake and for defense against Indian attack, dwellings were side-by-side and farmers commuted to their fields. Strong, well-appointed palisades made a defensible wall around their houses.^{407:63} By all accounts, the colonial Dutch obsessed on unblemished cleanliness. Visitors from the English colonies noticed that unpainted woodwork, even the ceiling beams, were scoured to a whiteness, and thought it eccentric, if not a bit annoying.^{403:67} Puritans from New England said the Dutch kept their houses cleaner than their bodies, and their bodies cleaner than their souls.^{291:161}

The wood plank floors of a colonial Dutch kitchen were kept scoured with white sea-sand. After a wet scrubbing, and while the floors were drying all

day, small heaps of sand were put about which family members were careful not to tread upon. The next day, these were spread over the floor and lovingly combed about in geometric or swirling patterns.

In the earliest times, the principal kitchen with its hearth was also the family sitting room; so especially there, fresh linen window curtains were changed every Saturday afternoon, as was a ruffled linen valance around the hearth flue.^{407:76} For carefully brushing out all of the hearth's ash, the preserved feathery wing of a dinner goose was set aside.^{407:69}

Since New Netherland had no banks, savings were converted into expensive silver tankards, basins and boxes, proudly displayed. Beds, however, were nowhere to be seen. Instead, each room had folding doors that hid a raised, closet-sized chamber, just long and wide enough for a pair of feather-filled mattresses used as underpad and cover, along with a few pillows. Not only were these alcove beds closed off in the daytime, but many people had the habit of going to bed and locking themselves in.^{403:69} In most houses during the winter months, water left overnight in the outer rooms and halls would surely freeze by morning.^{407:96}

Our Daily Bread

Commercial bakeries had the price of bread fixed by law, and Stuyvesant felt it necessary to prohibit the sale of good white bread and cake to Indians, thinking it would deprive Dutch citizens of their rightful share. Back in Fort Orange, a baker named Jochem Wesselsen had arrived at the same time as Paulus Dirckszen and been given permission on 28 September 1651 to open up shop.^{409b:164} Wesselsen tested Stuyvesant's bread law in 1653 by selling a sugar-dusted bun to a Mohawk Indian. Spotted in the act by neighbors, Wesselsen was penalized with a stiff 50 guilder fine. Most of a family's daily bread, however, and the rest of their diet, came from the hearth at home.^{332:37} From 1657 onward, Thursday of each week had been declared Market Day in the town of Breuckelen.

In Autumn, each family put up large quantities of dried, salted or pickled food in their stone-lined, white-washed cellars. Natural, underground insulation kept the crocks of food from freezing in the winter or getting so hot in the summer. Only the great heaps of potatoes, turnips and parsnips were expected to

develop a reeking scent by late Spring.

According to a German visitor, for the Dutch "tea was unknown to them, and they breakfasted either upon bread and butter, or bread and milk... with slices of dried beef. They never put sugar into the cup, but take a small bit of it into their mouths while they drink. Their dinner [the noon meal] is buttermilk and bread, to which they add sugar on special occasions, when it is a delicious dish for them, or fresh milk and bread, with boiled or roasted meat." Beer was also a popular drink at any meal.^{377:62}

From the Indians came a staple of everyone's diet in North America, a corn mush they named *Sappaan*, though pronounced *suh-pawn'*. For the Dutch, it was the favorite supper from cradle to grave.

"In the evening they made a porridge of corn, poured it as customary into a dish, [and] made a large hole in the center into which they poured fresh milk, but more often buttermilk. They ate it taking half a spoonful of porridge and half of milk. As they ordinarily took more milk than porridge, the milk in the dish was soon consumed. Then more milk was poured... After that they would eat some meat left over from the noonday meal, or bread and butter with cheese. If any of the porridge remained from the evening, it was boiled with buttermilk in the morning so that it became almost like a gruel. In order to make the buttermilk more tasty, they added either syrup or sugar, after it had been poured into the dish. Then they stirred it so the all of it should be equally sweet."^{247:112}

The Dutch usually served their cheese grated, in the belief that its flavor was improved. Their habit of buttering bread puzzled the English as something they hadn't come around to yet. Other tasty variations on bread invented and brought to the New World by the Dutch included *koekjes* (cookies), pretzels, waffles, pancakes and doughnuts. When they minced and soured or sweetened their cabbage, *kool slaa* (cole slaw) was invented. Poultry was easily raised, or the skies often provided for wilder tastes with flocks of Passenger pigeons. Their numbers were so enormous that their passing made a smell, and if roosting, large trees could be broken under their weight. Venison and wild turkey could be bought for pennies.

In 1641, the population in New Netherland totalled 1,500, which included 100 in Rensselaerwyck, 800 in Manhattan and 600 spread across the rest.^{113:xxvi} In 1650s, the Dutch total was 2,000 people, with most in Manhattan. A sense of the population: 8,000 in

1664; down to 6,000 in 1673; to 10,000 in 1680 and 18,067 in 1698. In the whole of Kings County in 1698, Europeans totalled 308 men, 332 women and 1081 children. Additionally, there were 296 residents of African origin, almost all slaves.^{377:57}

These increases were all of the Dutchmen's own making, according to Gov. Dongan in 1687. "I believe for these seven years past, there has not come over into this province 20 English, Scotch or Irish families. But on the contrary on Long Island the people encrease soe fast that they complain for want of land & many remove from thence into the neighboring province [of West New Jersey.]"

The English Arrive

In 1664, King Charles II of England decided to disregard the claims of the Dutch to New Netherland and granted to his brother, the Duke of York and Albany, afterwards King James II, the whole country from the Connecticut to the Delaware Rivers. A fleet of four warships, carrying 450 troops under Colonel Richard Nicolls was sent to conquer Fort Amsterdam with its ten soldiers and cows grazing up on the ramparts.^{381:10} On 3 September, Stuyvesant surrendered without the shedding of one drop of Dutch blood.

Eight years later, England became embroiled once again in a war with Holland. On 30 July 1673, the Dutch grabbed the chance to retake the fort at Manhattan, which again exchanged hands without bloodshed. When a fresh peace treaty between the two old enemies was finalized six months later, on 9 February 1674, the English were awarded with New York and New Jersey once again.^{291:159}

The bloodless overthrow of Stuyvesant by the English had little effect on the Dutch culture. By the terms of the surrender, their religious privileges and even their laws of inheritance were not interfered with. When the English conquered New Netherland and superimposed names to honor their own royalty, such as New York, New Jersey and Albany, the Dutch felt obliged to convert their own public speech right away too. In church worship though, English did not overtake a whole sermon for another century; Dutch was not officially phased out of the Reformed Church in New York City until 1803.^{377:65&80}

Even late into the 18th century, when elderly people met together socially, it was quite common for

them to drift gradually into the use of the Dutch tongue, though they had begun in English. A little confidential talk between old ladies was sure to be in Dutch. So gradual was the change that the elderly members of a family would often consult with one another on any important matter in Dutch and turning to their children, address them in English. This interchangeable use may have prolonged a knowledge of a quaint Dutch word or odd expression. A troublesome child was said to be "krankie," or a bit sick. The Dutch language lingers in New York down to present times with place names and everyday useage: Catskill for Cat's Creek; Yonkers for *jonker*, a young nobleman, specifically Adriaen van der Donck; sloop, spook, stoop, yacht and boss.

In the mid-17th century, Dutch and English calendars were ten days apart which meant that the days of the week also differed. To illustrate: Sunday, 10 April with the English was Wednesday, 20 April with the Dutch. To add to the confusion in New Netherland, the Dutch and the English began their years on different dates. In the old style English calendar, March was the first month of the year and the New Year began on 25 March. The Dutch at that time stuck with 1 January to start things off. During the brief resumption of Dutch rule in New Netherland in 1673-1674, record-keeping included both calendars, even though the English citizens of the New World had already been trying to make the official switch for over 21 years.^{407:55}

Converting Dutch units of measure into the English system also demanded patience. An *anker* was a cask for alcoholic spirits, filled with 10.128 gallons of wine or 9.812 gallons of brandy; an *ell* put lengths of cloth at 27 inches for the Flemish or 45 inches for the Dutch; a *kan* measured 1.266 quarts of any liquid; a *lapp* was any fraction of fabric or skin, i.e. less than a full beaver pelt; a *morgen* was equal to 2.069 English acres for the Dutch, but 2.103 acres in the upper Rhineland; a *mud* measured four gallons of dry grain; a *mutse* held 2.15 ounces of liquid; a *paertie* held two pints; a *schepel* held 0.764 of a bushel of dry grain or 1.29 bushels of salt; a *vaatie* equaled an English barrel in alcoholic drink or a variable tub for dairy foods.^{74:xxv}

The curse on the van Rensselaer holdings had not finished yet. The next year, Jeremias van Rensselaer reflected on three straight years of bad crops on top of a threat by the new occupying English commander, Sir

George Cartwright, to confiscate all the family's land. "How it will go with our colony I do not yet know," he wrote to his brother Jan Baptiste in October, "but I have been summoned by Governor Richard Nicoll to come down to show him our patents and what right we have to the colony. You know how few documents thereof with seals we have here."^{78:75}

As if God would not be satisfied until Fort Orange was erased, a terrible ice flood in April 1666 carried away "full 40 houses and barns... and brewery, the new as well as the old."^{412:48}

The Bedford Dutch had their anxieties about discrimination and persecution soothed. Their new English neighbors were obliged by the new English courts to get along with them, and on 1 October 1666 permitted a cart path for convenience sake to cross his land.^{104:14:589}

In 1668, Bedford saw a license for the establishment of an inn or "ordinary for man and beast" extended to Thomas Lambertse, neighbor and friend of Paulus Dirckszen. Although Governor Nichol had issued this permission for one year only, no record indicates it was ever revoked. The same year, Robert Hollis in nearby Breuckelen received the exclusive privilege to sell strong drink in his town.^{381:90}

In 1670, the Dutch of New York helped set the stage for the American Revolution, though still a century off. A new tax crafted by the English governor, Francis Lovelace, would allow repairs to the fort at New York, but to his great shock and dismay, all of the towns voted to refuse paying unless "they might have the privileges that other of his Majesty's subjects have and do enjoy." Lovelace's tax was apparently never collected; thus the battlecry of "No taxation without representation" was successfully born into American history. On Long Island, the first permanent Assembly of people's representatives renewed the call in 1711, and never dropped it again until the English crown no longer mattered in America.^{381:28}

In a tax roll taken in Bedford on 20 August 1675, the property of Paulus Dirckszen included "12 morgen of land and meadow" (a bit more than 24 acres) given a standardized value of 24 guilders. His livestock was valued far higher, totalling f122.10 for two horses, two oxen, seven cows, two heifers, five calves and three hogs. Dirck Pauluszen was listed immediately beneath on the tax roll, with his own farm of equal size.

Compared to his father, Paulus had livestock worth only about half as much: a three-year-old horse, three cows, four heifers, three calves and a hog.^{74:499}

In September of the following year, another tax assessment showed Paulus was rid of two of his cows, but had added three new calves and two hogs, raising his total property value by less than five guilder. The value of Dirck's livestock was up to f 76.10, since, although he was rid of the hog, he had picked up another horse and cow. Compared to the acreage held by his fellow founders of Bedford, it seems likely that Paulus had been willing to subdivide his own farm with his son, perhaps as a wedding gift.

Neighbor Thomas Lambertse was one of the most prosperous residents in Bedford, with a fortune almost as big as both of their's combined: besides his tavern, he had 46 acres for his five horses, four oxen, ten head of cattle and four sheep. Dirck's father-in-law, Teunis Janszen, was even more wealthy, with 46 acres and livestock adding up to f 215.^{74:562}

The first supplies of livestock came from the patroon, and then every three or four years, the original animals were returned, along with half of the number of their new offspring. The tenants kept the remaining young livestock free and clear. The Dutch employed a community herder, responsible for tending the grazing animals on the commons from April until November. Branding or other marks kept ownership clear in warm weather, and in the cold, the animals were divided up to their respective barns. Sheep resembled the Cheviot breed, raised primarily for their coarse, harsh wool rather than for the mutton. Most of these had grey faces, long necks, long, grey legs and weighed about 16 pounds apiece. Some had horns. Goats were more popular because of their milk, their prolific breeding and because it was not so dangerous for them to become lean.^{80:123}

Flackbosch

Bedford village sat on the cusp of influences between Brooklyn and Flatbush, founded in 1651 as the county seat of Kings. The younger town was known first as Midwout, after the same name of a town in Holland, but later renamed Flackbosch. The hairsplitting of citizenship between towns on Long Island must be kept in perspective with the relatively low numbers of their total population. In all of Kings County at the end of the 17th century, there were

only 308 European men, along with 332 women and their 1,081 children.^{407:42}

For Paulus Dirckzen and his son Dirck, the churches in Brooklyn and Flatbush were about the same distance away. Dirck and his family showed up on the congregation rolls in Flatbush in May 1680, and again in 1685. Paulus stayed put in Bedford and Brooklyn through 1677, but moved to Jamaica, or at least bought property there in 1678.

The Flatbush Reformed Dutch Church records implied an overlap of jurisdiction and membership near Bedford, still as part of Brooklyn, from 1677 to 1685. In this short list were recorded most of Dirck's wife's family: Jan Hansz Bergen and wife Janetie Teunis, Dirk Pauluszen and wife Aagje Teunis, Hans Teunisz and wife Marritje Teunis, Lucas Teunisz, Marriy Teunisz, and Teunis Janz and wife Barbara Lucas. All of the children of the last named couple are obvious by the second name variations of Teunis.

In 1680, Paulus Dirckszen has meadowland at the "Sea Side" just east of Teunis Jansen, described in a Flatbush deed "touching ye green wood greate as all ye lotts..." Also mentioned are other original Bedford families, being those of Stoffel Probasco and Laurens De Dean.^{23:209}

During the 1680s, Johannes van Eckellen served in Flatbush as the schoolmaster and at the same time, clerk of the church. His contract in 1682 was very specific about what the community expected of him:

"(1) The School shall begin at 8 o'clock in the morning and go out at 11 o'clock. It shall begin again at 1 o'clock and end at 4 o'clock.

"(2) When the School shall open, one of the children shall read the morning prayer as it stands in the Catechism and close with the prayer before dinner. In the afternoon, it shall begin with the prayer after dinner, and close with the evening prayer. The evening school shall begin with the Lord's Prayer, and close by singing a Psalm.

"(3) He shall instruct the children in the Common Prayer, and the Questions & Answers of the Catechism on Wednesday and Saturday to enable them to say their Catechism on Sunday afternoon in the Church. He shall demean himself patiently and friendly toward the children in their instruction and be active and attentive in their improvement.

"(4) He shall be bound to keep his School nine months in succession from September to June, and always to be present himself.

"... His salary shall be 400 guilders in wheat of wampum value deliverable at Breuckelen Ferry, and for his services from October to May, 234 guilders in wheat... with the dwelling, pasturage and meadow appertaining to the school."^{145:98}

A visiting Englishwoman, fluent in Dutch, gave the following account of childhood in New Netherland:

"The children of the town were all divided into companies, as they called them, from five or six years of age, till they became marriageable. How these companies first originated or what were their exact regulations, I cannot say... Every company contained as many boys as girls... A boy or girl of each company, who were older, cleverer, or had some other pre-eminence above the rest, were called heads of the company, and, as such, were obeyed by the others.

"Each company, at a certain time of the year, went in a body to gather a particular kind of berries, to the hill. It was a sort of annual festival, attended with religious punctuality... Every child was permitted to entertain the whole company on its birthday, and once besides, during the winter and spring. The master and mistress of the family always were bound to go from home on these occasions, while some old domestic was left to attend and watch over them, with an ample provision of tea, chocolate, preserved and dried fruits, nuts and cakes of various kinds, to which was added cider...

"The consequences of these exclusive and early intimacies was that, grown up, it was reckoned a sort of apostasy to marry out of one's company, and indeed it did not often happen. The girls, from the example of their mothers, rather than any compulsion, very early became notable and industrious, being constantly employed in knitting stockings... they even made all the boys' clothes."^{203:213}

New Netherland parents allowed their offspring to "chuse for themselves" in all matters, even while they were yet quite young. By putting them into companies, however, the children grew towards each other as the years passed, learning each others' likes and dislikes, and learning to become life-long helpmates.

"Love," observed the visiting Englishwoman, "was here fixed by the powere of early habit, and strengthened by similiarity of education, tastes, and attachments... Marriage in this colony was always early, very often happy."^{203:270}

The Reverend Casparus van Zuren, from Gonderac, Holland, was installed as the Flatbush Church on 6 September 1677 and served there until returning in 1685 to his former church in the Fatherland.

Weddings were celebrated in the house of the bride's parents. The marriage fee paid to the church averaged six guilders. The service itself took place in the early evening, with only the immediate families attending the happy couple.^{407:149} Under Dutch law, the groom had to be at least 25 years old, versus 21 for the English. Nevertheless, the median ages of 26 for the grooms and 23 for the brides does not differ much from New England towns of the day.

A ring was generally a wedding gift, but it was not used in the ceremony of the Dutch Church. Handsome fabric was chosen for the bride's dress, but cut in a style that would be appropriate for wearing at other occasions, the Dutch being far more practical than romantic. The groom who could afford it might coordinate part of his suit to the same colors she had chosen, for instance, with a blue satin waistcoat to match her petticoats.

Invited guests assembled soon thereafter, and the bride and groom were expected to wait on their every wish. A groaning table of every known food was attacked, with the older guests giving up early, but the younger ones undefeated until after midnight.

One of the main expenses for any celebration — from a christening to a funeral — was for beer, brandy and wine. The popular "pipe" held a standardized 126 gallons of Madeira wine, and if a young man could afford one for his wedding day, the rest was sometimes known to be laid aside to celebrate a future child's birth or for his own wake.

On the morning after the wedding, the whole party was moved to the home of the groom's parents and restarted.^{226:III:11}

Town of the Jamecos

The Indians from this part of western Long Island were known as the Canarasset, or Carnarsie tribe. One clan within this tribe, called the Jamecos, dominated the large island-dotted bay on the southern shore, so that it and their village was named after them. The first reaction of the Dutch was to call it Bever Pond van Jameco, but in 1655, it was officially renamed Rustdorp. The English briefly tried

Crawford, but went back to Jamaica since that's what all of the locals already called it.^{382:20}

The main road from Brooklyn to the other end of Long Island also made a direct connection between Bedford and Jamaica. What the Dutch called simply the highway is known today as the Jericho Turnpike.^{145:87} Dirck's land was described as east of town and just north of the main road, behind the small lots on the east side of Foster's River. His immediate neighbors in March 1687/8 included Wait Smith and John Hanson, with one boundary up against a small five-acre lot and the old path by Captain Carpenter.^{157:I:131&150}

Unfortunately, a better description of his property did not survive. Much of the public record in Jamaica between 1678 and 1695 has disappeared, or during those years may never have been made in the first place. Dirck's name was still listed in Jamaica in March 1701.

When Dirck's family changed church membership, their new pastor in Jamaica was a Mr. Prudden. He had been there since 1670, except for a recent interval of two years, 1675-6, filled by William Woodrop. Pastor Prudden remained until 1692, when his duties were promptly taken over by George Phillips. Their congregation's meeting house, measuring 26 by 26 feet, was built in August 1663. The population and congregation of Jamaica grew so quickly that a second meeting house, 60 by 30 feet was filled by 1692.^{145:204}

A Puzzle of Names

Colonel Thomas Dongan, New York's colonial governor from 1683 to 1685, attempted to bring some order into the official records. He asked all citizens to select a last name for future use, for the Dutch had long persisted with the Old Testament habit of calling a person by the father's first name. The final -z on a name is a written shorthand for *zoon* or son, and is also shown as -se, -sen or -szen. Descendants of America's old Dutch families might still have gone on to notoriety, but without Dongan's decision they would never have had the surnames of Brokaw, Dirksen, Fonda, Jansen, Joffrey, Rutgers, Spiegel, Springsteen, Tyson, Vanderbilt, Van Cleefe, Van Dorn, Van Dyke and Vorhees.^{78:79}

On most official records, a Dutch female of the 17th century retained her given birth name, and was not absorbed into the husband's family. She had

property rights and a separate legal identity from husband or father, her rights being better protected than those of her English female contemporary.¹⁸

Many Europeans, and especially the Dutch, held onto the Biblical practice of adding place names to an individual's first name, such as Jesus of Nazareth and Simon the Canaanite. Van der or den translates simply as "of the." Early Dutch-American surnames might refer to one's own hometown, or even to the home of the one's employer, such as van Rensselaer. As a variation, a surname might derive from a local feature of the terrain, such as Roosevelt (the rose field) or Bogaert (the orchard), or for a notable piece of terrain, such as Stuyvesant (the quicksand).

One of the van den Bergh families is an instance of a surname derived from a farm in America. In 1654 the lease "of the farm called de Hoogberch" on the van Rensselaer patroonship was renewed by Gijsbert Cornelisz van Breuckelen, referring to his Dutch hometown back in the province of Utrecht. Because of his American farm, called the high hill, he was often referred to as van den Hoogenberch or as aen den Berch. His sons perpetuated the name as van den Bergh, and this may be the source for the later Annenberg family.

The question arises: "Is the 'van' part of the name? Should it, or should it not, have been



COLONEL THOMAS DONGAN
COLONIAL GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, INVENTOR OF NAMES

translated?" On Dutch records, the van is never capitalized unless it happens to start a sentence. Only English-speaking editors have created the inaccurate 'Van' and the compressions that sometimes yield 'Vanderhof.' For those who realized what van actually meant, it was easily discarded.

Some Dutch surnames came from nicknames of personal description. A light-haired or fair complexioned man would be called de Witt, meaning "the white one." Someone who was bent or crooked, in the sense of being a cripple, was called Krom, which often became Crum for the English. A chronically sick or invalid person would be named Krankheyt or Cronkite. The tall man would become known as de Lange, while the pious or wise one would get the name Vroom.¹⁸

The Dutch were fond of nicknaming, and even in New Netherland court records we find Friendly John, Little Claes, Cross-eyed Harmen, Hans the Boore, Mad Nan and Top Knot Betty to help distinguish them in the overlapping system of patronymic titles.^{381:48}

A Dutch first name like Katrina, still obvious to English ears as Catherine, became unrecognizable as a diminutive nickname Trientje. Similarly disguised was Christina when recorded as Stintje, Cornelia as Neeltje, Dorthea as Dirkje or Dortje, Margaret as Grietje, Mary as Morritje, and Phoebe as Femmetja.

Dutch titles of honor can confuse the English reader. Dom was not a first name but rather a frequent abbreviation for *domine* or reverend. Dr. most often indicated a lawyer, for the degree of doctor of law; while Mr. or *meister* was added not at all like the English overuse it, but reserved for the best of a profession or trade guild. *Joffr* or *Juffrouw* meant "important married woman," and the title *Mevrouw* was saved for a very important woman, usually someone in Europe; rarely meaning one in New Netherland.

Brothers usually acted as sponsors for each other's children in baptismal registers. No such relationship should be assumed until a record to that effect is found. Children were almost invariably named for relatives, and it was customary to name the eldest two boys and the eldest two girls after their four grandparents. In many families, the name source for each newborn was alternated between the husband's and wife's list of elders.

While full-blood brothers would have the same second name, half-brothers with a mother in common

might not. Those with the same “last” name in a Dutch village can never be assumed to be related, but rather be coincidentally born to fathers with the same first name, a not uncommon possibility in a culture with only a few dozen favorites from the Old Testament. Conversely, even first cousins will rarely have the same second name.¹⁸

In dozens of appearances of Paulus Dirckszen in New Netherland and New York records, there is never a birthplace, hometown, profession, nickname, father or brother tied to him; and this is rather unusual considering Governor Dongan’s edict and the frequency with which other Dutch folk are better identified. Three people in close association with Paulus at Fort Orange and, later, on Long Island all hailed from the Dutch town of Vechten, southeast of Utrecht: Jannetje Janse (his second wife), Teunis Dirckszen and Jan Corneliszen. Other clues clarify Paulus’ roots in the Netherlands: the consistent spelling of his name as Dircks points to a northern province, while if he was from the south, Dierckx would show up. Several records spell his second name as Dirckse, a style most common in the northern coastal Zeeland.^{368:7}

Paulus’ son, Dirck Pauluszen, started using the name Hof late in his life in New Jersey, and this evolved into Huff by the next generation in Virginia. In the early-to-mid 18th century, there was a Cornelis Vanderhoeff living near Paulus’ old farmstead in the heart of Bedford village on Long Island, as well as the family in Middletown, New Jersey, that included Michael, Cornelius and Styntje van der Hoef, as well as a Maria Hof on the Reformed Dutch Church register there.

The Certainty of Death

To the Dutch, girls were equally important as boys; but since English law held primogeniture to be sacrosanct, Dutch wills were written to make certain of their validity by including a token special legacy to the eldest son. This legal requirement meshed nicely with a Dutch custom of providing in advance for the cost of one’s own funeral. In the form of an old and valuable coin passed down through the generations, the silver piece-of-eight or possibly a gold dubloon would never be spent, but became instead a sentimental heirloom.^{18:10}

“To All Christian People to whom this present writing shall come Paulus Dirckszen and Jannetje Janszen his wife send greeting in the name of the almighty God... considering the uncertainty of a man’s life, the certainty of death and unknown the hour and not willing to part out of this world before they should have disposed of their worldly estate and that in manner following

“...after both their deceasing to Dirck Paulus, the son of Paulus Dirckse procured by his former wife Geertie Williamse for that he is the oldest son one piece of eight and further they give after their deceasing to the children of the said Dirck Pauluson and the children of Lysbeth Paulussen procured in lawful marriage each party 25 pounds money of this province if the estate after both their deceasing shall amount or be worth soe much and the overplus shall be divided as their heirs by name Dirck Paulus, Lysbeth Paulusen equaliter.

“...Witness whereof signed & sealed at Bedford within the Jurisdiction of Breucklyn in the Kings County this 29th day of March in the fourth year of his Majesties reign Anno Dom 1688.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Thomas Lamberstson, testator | Paulus Dirckse (seal) |
| Jan Gertse Dorlandt, testatrix | Jannetje Janse (seal) |

...In the presence of me Jacobus van de Water, Public Noti

“Recorded this 24th day of May 1692
per Henry Filkin, Clerk & Register”

Shortly after the first document was completed, some family discussion prompted the immediate drafting of an addendum on the same day:

“...It is further the will of the testators that what was omitted in the within menconed will and testament that Lysbeth Paulys shall take out of the common estate after both their deceasing for reason for moving to it all the beddings & apparel thereunto belonging... [and] have the said bedding, viz as a free gift or legace before the said estate shall be divided...”

Shortly before, Dirck readied his family to leave Jamaica, although his name lingered in the deeds of neighbors for ten more years. In the early Records of the Town of Jamaica, Long Island, the following deed appears:

"To all Christian peopell to whome thes presents shall come Derrick Pollsen of Jamaica in Queens County sendeth greetting. Know yea that I... with Sarah my wiffe... sould unto Stophell Romain of Gravesend in Kinges County all my accomadation lyinge & beinge within y^e boundes of Jamica afors^d viz 40 acres of land lyinge & beinge eastward of y^e Towne under y^e hilles... more or less running from y^e high way northward parrellell with y^e rest of y^e naybors and otherwiss bounded as it lyeth within the fence together with all fencing timber trees orchyards gardens howesings barnes closses prevelidges prophitts & benefitts therunto belonging with five acers of meadow more or less as it was laid out at y^e further East Neck buting estwards by the end of the other lotts and west runing to the end of the island joyning to y^e said meadow together with all y^e rest of my out lands... excepting seven acers & a half lying between y^e Little Plain Rune & Freemans path joyning to Nath Denton... [who, along with Daniel Denton, was a founding land patent holder in Jamaica.]

"... setting to our hands & sealls this 27th day of February in y^e fourth yeare of y^e reigne of Their Majest. & in y^e yeare of our Lord Christ 1692/3.

...in presence of
Derrick (X) Pollsen
Sarah Powlsen

John Stewartt
Samuel Ruscoe [court clerk]

The Melancholy Cry

With a severe shortage of certified clergy, each community looked to its lay sexton, called the *voorleser* or *aanspreker*, to read a sermon or register a baptism or marriage. He was also expected to dig the seven-foot-deep grave himself, or arrange for it, and then to cry out the news of a death or funeral service from house to house. According to old Dutch beliefs, any seriously ill person unlucky enough to hear the *aanspreker's* melancholy cry would be the next to go.^{393:1:9}

Childhood mortality in New Netherland was often higher than the high birthrate among the Dutch. In New Amsterdam, a family that had 20 children only saw one who outlived the father. The father had started to carve their initials on the front door posts as they were born, but the posts were not tall enough and he had to complete his record on the stone door step.

Tradition required a funeral shroud over the body, called a pall, but a sufficient ten ells (or 270") of the fine black cloth cost 240 guilders. In 1691, one church charged six guilders to rent the pall for the funeral of an adult, and half that for a child, where moth-eaten and frayed shrouds could be retrimmed to shorter lengths. Services were held in the home of the deceased.

A small but first-class funeral in 1690 produced the following bills:

| | |
|--------------------------|---------|
| Coffin & spirits | f 25.10 |
| Half keg beer | f 15.16 |
| Flour & milk | f 6.05 |
| Sundries | f 15.05 |
| Aanspreker | f 19.10 |
| For carting the goods | f 3. |

Total f 85.60

On top of this, the wealthy might try to please their fellow mourners by throwing in a large loaf of lump sugar, a half dozen nutmegs, a half gross of long smoking pipes, four pounds of tobacco and six loaves of bread. Black silk handkerchiefs were often passed out as gifts.

At burial time, a drum was beat or if the congregation's building fund had been able to afford it, the church bell was rung. The body and coffin was born on a sort of hand drawn wheel barrow. Coffins were simple boxes of wood, broad at the shoulders and tapering off towards the feet. The youngest boys in the family led the funeral parade. As a rule, women did not accompany the body to the graveside.^{393:1:10}

Though Bedford had a village burial ground during colonial days, tradition offers conflicting accounts of where Paulus and his second wife might be interred. One preference was that early church members, especially a founder of a church, be buried under the floor or in the walls of the building itself. This is verified by records of the *aanspreker*, who after digging the grave was responsible "for removing all of the excess dirt from the church floor." On the contrary, the Long Island historian Henry Stiles described a Dutch tradition for private or family burial grounds, without monuments.

One funeral custom among the Dutch involved "telling the bees." Because honey was an important household sweetener, every farm house generally had

beehives out back. Sometime shortly after a death in the family, one member was designated to go knock on the hives and announce it to them, "lest the bees should leave."^{393:11:14}

As Dirck undertook to move his family out of New York, one last mention was made of his father's property in Bedford. On 17 March 1694/5, Isaack Deschampe, a merchant from Manhattan, sold a lot to the bricklayer John Smith next to Theunis Jansen and Paulus Derickson, formerly in possession of Maillord Journy and Dirick Storme. It is possible that Dirck moved his family from Jamaica in order to help out at his father's farm in Bedford.^{201:42}

Blending Into the World of the English

Dirck resettled in western New Jersey at Maidenhead in Hunterdon County, known later as Lawrenceville, falling in Mercer County.

Back in 1664, the Duke of York gifted part of the spoils in New Netherland to two of his friends, Lord John Berkeley and Sir John Carteret. Berkeley soon disposed of his territories in New Jersey to the prominent English Quaker, Edward Byllinge. In financial difficulty by 1676, Byllinge and one of his backers named William Penn struck a compromise with his creditors, and was allowed the piecemeal sale of those lands as "100 proprietaries," of several thousand-acres each.

The largest single buyer became the West Jersey Society. Formed in 1692, this London corporation snatched up 20 percent of the offering, including most of old Hunterdon County. In a few cases, families that arrived early to till the land found the chance to own it; but most often, absentee landlords kept it in their families' control for another 100 years.

By 1703, as soon as the local Indian tribes had been paid to clear away their titles, Hunterdon was split up among many recent residents of Long Island, 60 miles due east.^{348:53}

From Long Island's Queens County, in the area around Flatbush, came Hoffs, Jansens, De Witts, Brokaws, Hoaglands, Opdyckes, Suydams and van Dorns. They did not arrive on a straight line, but followed the rivers instead, settling along the way. Hunterdon's countryside, however, had always been a favored goal.^{200:6}

On the Maidenhead, Hunterdon County, New

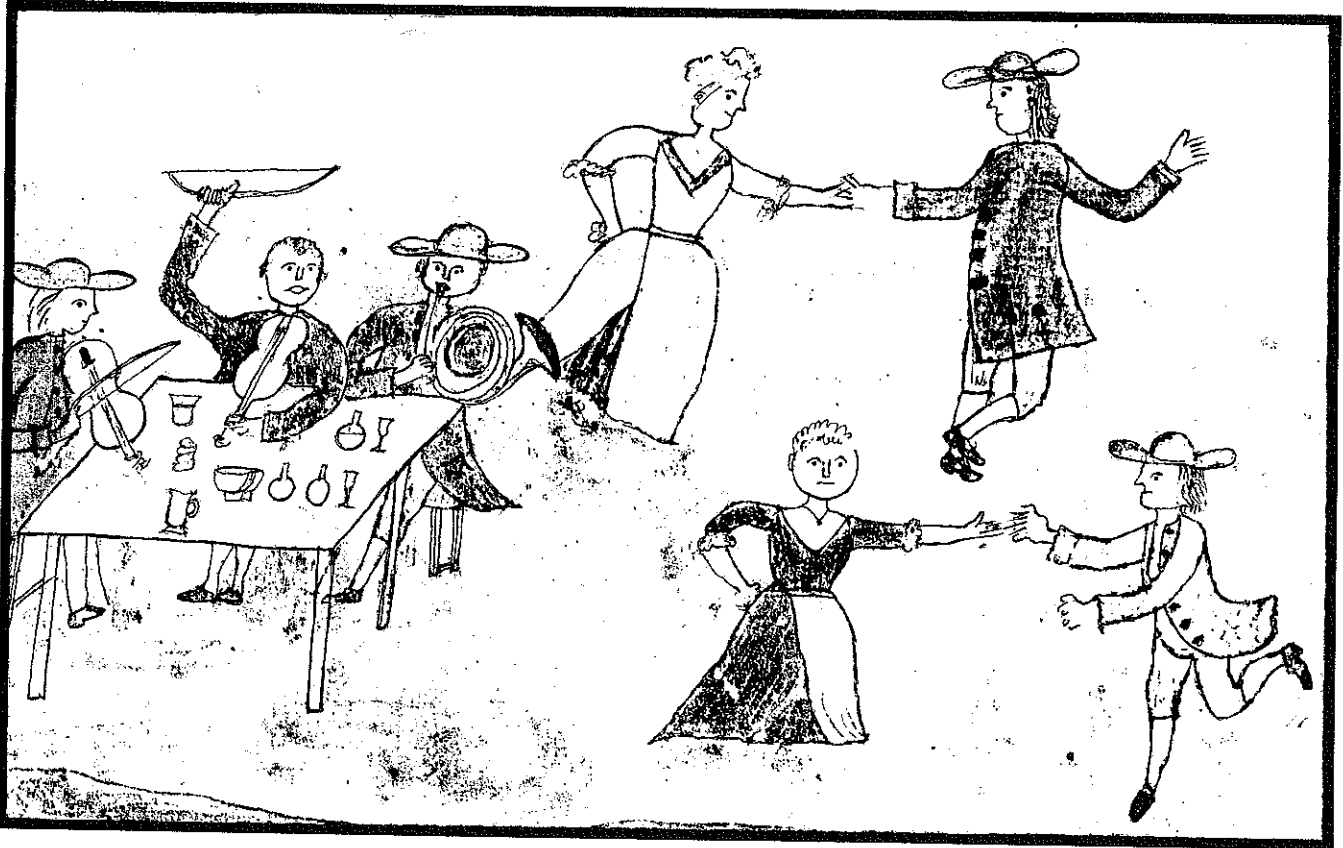
Jersey tax list of 1722 are Joseph Huff, a single man with no recorded livestock or land; Tunis Huff, with no single men in his household, but owning four head of either cattle and/or horses on 50 acres of land; and Charles Huff, similarly endowed with livestock on 100 acres. Thomas Huf had six sheep, but nothing else to list; while William Huff was apparently the most prosperous in the family, with five head of livestock, one sheep and 500 acres. Only four other people in the county had comparable land holdings.^{206:6}

Dirck's children also spread out to the opposite side of New Jersey, at Shrewsbury in Monmouth County. The two settlements called Shrewsbury and Middletown were first called the "two towns of the Nevsink" river by the British in 1675. In March 1683, Monmouth became one of the four original counties of the proprietary.^{128:101} When Dutch farmers settled around Middleton in 1730, they were obliged to write the Amsterdam church authorities, "... families have come from time to time from New York to take up their abode in this adjoining province of New Jersey. Many have also come from Long Island... At first they were ministered to by the preachers of Long Island, who, by turns, at certain fixed times of the year came over... But it was too difficult for them to continue, and all not without peril, on account of the great bay they had to cross, and the considerable distance. For they made the journey in a small vessel and under fierce winds."^{217:70}

In the early 18th century, many of the Dutch in New Jersey turned to the Great Awakening as foreseen by the young pastor Theodorus J. Frelinghuysen, in the spirit of the German Pietists. Part of his appeal came from the evangelistic energy that the staid Dutch Reformed Church had seldom seen. He threatened, cajoled and abused his flock into disregarding clerical authority, telling them to seek deep religious experience for themselves.

Two of his fellow movers and shakers were the Swiss-born John Henry Götschius, and the Dutch minister and populist Guiliam Bertholf.^{217:79} Some historians believe that this trio, beside establishing the colleges that became Columbia University and Rutgers University, helped greatly to set the stage for the American Revolution.^{80:175}

By tasting water from the Great Revivals, and pulling out their roots in the Reformed Dutch Church, the Hoefs became the Huffs and more easily aligned their destiny with the Baughmans in Virginia. ■ ■ ■



WINE, WOMEN AND SONG
GERMAN-AMERICANS ENJOYING WORLDLY ENTERTAINMENT
AT A TAVERN DURING THE 18TH CENTURY,
AS DRAWN BY THE ASCETIC PIETIST LUDWIG DENIG

chapter 2
FOUR GENERATIONS
OF THE MOYERS OF VIRGINIA
1717-1801

GORGE MOYER, DORTHEA'S FATHER'S GRANDFATHER, arrived in Virginia in 1717 under the most discouraging circumstances. George had signed up in his Rhineland hometown of Gross Sachsenheim to sail for Pennsylvania. Readied for their Atlantic voyage in London, George and his fellow recruits suddenly found that their ship's captain had been arrested for bad debts. The impoverished emigrants were stranded for several weeks waiting for his release, and had no choice but to start eating their voyage provisions. This made food shortages a tragic certainty during the three-week journey to come, and several of their number starved to death aboard ship before reaching America.^{371:ix} [Map on page 295]

The 80 Germans who survived the voyage were Lutherans, natives of the Black Forest in Württemberg, of Speyer and Alsace, and were made up of some 17 families and about seven young single men. Instead of arriving in Pennsylvania as had been promised, Captain Scott claimed that bad winds had required him to land in Virginia. Scott decided to keep all the personal trunks and baggage, after selling his passengers into eight years of hard labor in the iron ore mines belonging to the colony's governor, Colonel Alexander Spotswood.^{204:5}

Moyer and nearly 120 other Germans worked Spotswood's second settlement near Germanna, named to honor in the same breath their homeland and Britain's Queen Anne, and where it was hoped they might strike silver. They were following in the footsteps of a smaller group of Germans already working over the last three years for Spotswood.

Two years earlier, a visitor to Germanna named John Fontaine described the fortified work camp "by the bridge over Wilderness Run" in his diary:

"We walked about the town, which is palisaded with stakes stuck in the ground, and laid close the one to the other, and of substance to bear out a musket shot... [There are] houses built all in a line, and before every house, about 20 feet distant from it, they have small sheds built for their hogs and hens, so that the hog-sties and houses make a street. The place that is poled is a pentagon... and in the very centre there is a block-house, made with five sides, which answer to the five sides of the great inclosure: there

are loop-holes through it from which you may see all the insides of the inclosure. This was intended for a retreat for the people, in case they were not able to defend the palisades, if attacked by the Indians... The Germans live very miserably."^{342:18}

George Moyer's father was born in the town of Reterschen, Switzerland, as Hans Jacob Mayer, the son of Jacob Mayer. The elder Jacob reportedly fled Switzerland during the 1640s on account of religious persecution, suggesting an Anabaptist faith. In the safe haven Jacob found for his family in Württemberg, the Evangelical Lutheran church baptized his children.

George Moyer came to America at the age of 43, and had been married for ten years to Barbara, her family's name so far unknown. Their first four children made the journey with them. During the voyage, Barbara may have been pregnant with their son Jacob. His birth in King William County, Virginia, happened within a year after their arrival.

After seven years, with their trust in Spotswood disintegrating, the Germanna immigrants walked away from the mines. When he left office as colonial governor soon thereafter, Spotswood found it a bit more difficult to force their further indentured servitude. Spotswood resorted to suing Moyer and 17 of the others by 7 July 1724. The ex-governor refused a court order to produce a copy of his indenture contract with them, so some of the settlers were freed by September and the rest, including Moyer, before the end of the year.

Moyer applied in 1724 at Williamsburg for his first grant of 400 acres "in the first fork of the Rappahannock" river, better identified later as straddling a creek called Island Run, just west of the Robinson River.^{204:30} The standard price for wilderness land patents was one pound sterling for every 100 acres, usually paid at an exchange of 1,000 pounds of tobacco. Land that had already been "improved" — cleared for planting fields and the occasional farm lane, or planted with fruit orchards — might command one pound sterling for only five acres. Creative bargaining set a price of 4,000 pounds of tobacco and 4,000 handwrought nails for a neighbor's 400 acre tract in

1728. After 1730, official currency was supposed to regulate all sales.^{342:23}

The original Moyer farmstead lies on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge Mountains, about 500 feet above sea level, in Virginia's Piedmont. The Robinson River Valley, named for one of the area's earliest European explorers, is the widest and deepest in the region. Its waters pour eventually into the Rapidan River, named to honor the English monarch as a contraction of her nickname, Rapid Anne.^{99:8}

On 6 July 1725, a group of Moyer's neighbors were given the "privilege" by the Spotsylvania County Court to build the German's Mountain Road. It traced from the ferry at Germanna to Moyer's neighborhood at Smith's Island — where Island Run creek joined the Robinson River near Hebron Church — and thereafter up to the Rapidan.^{99:27} Ten years later, three more roads were added, being one from "the German Road to Potatoe Run," "from the Chapple Road to the Rapidan Cave Ford," and "from the Mountain Road along Mr. James Taylor's 'rolling' road and thence to the Rapidan River." A rolling road referred to the trails over which farmers rolled large hogshead barrels of tobacco to market.^{99:38}

George Moyer's original land grant also happened to sit on the richest soil in the area, having been part of a single 1400-acre lake bottom in an earlier age.^{99:12} The village of Madison grew up on the southside of Island Run creek, a mile south of Moyer's place. It became the seat of the county of the same name by century's end. Three miles north, along the creek called Deep Run which joins the Robinson on its opposite bank, Moyer bought another grant of 498 acres on 28 September 1728.^{204:30} [Map on page 283]

The remainder of the Germanna settlers took up land within an eight-mile radius, creating 54 plantations that averaged 400 acres each. After eight years, the Island Run community numbered 300 souls. Families names represented there, such as Carr, Rouse, Tanner, Weyland and Wilheit, remained woven with the Moyers for centuries to come.

By 1728, the county court had seen its order for building a prison fulfilled on the land of Thomas Chew: "a log house, seven and one half feet pitch, sixteen long and ten wide, of logs six by eight at least, close laid at tip and bottom, with a sufficient plank door, strong hinges and a good lock." Chew and his fellow workers were paid with "200 pounds of tobacco and a cask," presumably of wine.

The Orange County Court was quick to hand out

the death penalty for seemingly minor offenses, including a second conviction for hog stealing. Punishments for African slaves were supposedly made severe so as to set an example for other slaves: a hanging was deemed necessary for the slave that stole \$10 worth of merchandise from a store. After a slave was hanged for killing his master, the executed man's head was cut off and stuck atop a pole in the court yard.

The County Court was also charged with enforcing public moral well-being. An Orange County man named Dodson neglected to have his children educated in Christian principles in 1742, and found them taken away from him and bound over to church wardens.^{99:41}

The Moyer family helped to start the Church of Good Hope, which was the immediate predecessor of the Hebron Lutheran Church built on the property of their next-door neighbor Andrew Kerker.^{342:21} The original part of the church building dates to 1740, making it the oldest Lutheran church in the South, as well as the oldest Lutheran church building in the United States in continued use by Lutherans. The great girder beam, incised with the date of completion, held together a frame structure 50 feet long, 26 feet wide by 30 high. Stairways led to galleries at either end, and other steps were built to reach the goblet-shaped pulpit.^{99:79}

An even older "German Chapel" existed 15 years earlier, although its site is unclear. Reverend Johannes Casper Stöver became pastor there in 1733, receiving an annual salary of 3,000 pounds of tobacco. Following his death in 1739, the assistant pastor Georg Samuel Klug was promoted. The congregation paid a symbolic ten shillings for 878 acres of farmland to serve as a parsonage, called the "Glebe," along with church-owned slaves who worked the plantation and provided the pastor with a living income. A Jacob Moyer appears in the Hebron church record in 1762.

During services there in the early years, two sentries were placed at the door of the church to guard against Indian attack. Although Moyer and his fellow Lutheran congregants were on friendly terms with these tribes, a watchful eye was kept on the glowing campfires on Haywood Mountain. When braves passed through the Robinson River Valley, the Germans reportedly coaxed them into their homes for a visit and treated them kindly.^{99:18}

In 1742, the following court record described an event near the Moyer plantation:

"Sundry Indians among them Manincassa, Captain Tom, Blind Tom, Foolish Zach, and Little Zach were before the court for terrifying one Lawrence Strother, who testified that one of them shot at him, that they tried to surround him; that he turned his horse and rid off but they gained on him till he crossed the Run. Ordered that the Indians be taken into custody by the sheriff until they give peace bonds with security, that their guns be taken from them until they were ready to depart out of this colony, they having declared their intentions to depart within a week and gave bond."^{99:18}

John Mercer, esquire, was unanimously recommended by the Orange County Court to be the King's prosecutor, while James Wood was commissioned to be county surveyor. Other significant names in Baughman family history crop up. Milum Gap in the Big Meadows, where the headwaters of Hawksbill Creek and the Rapidan River can be found, was where Governor Spotswood's expedition likely made it's first entry into the area in 1716, 13 miles north of Swift Run Gap in Madison County.^{99:10}

Today's Madison County was originally a piece of Spotsylvania County 1724-1734, then Orange County from 1734-1748, then Culpeper 1748-1792 until it became an independent county.^{99:47}

In 1754, George made a gift of all his livestock and tools to his son, George Jr., after having sold him his entire land holdings. Barbara's name does not appear in any of the deeds of sale that year, suggesting that she may have already been dead; and a similar shift in language suggests that the elder George died around 21 October 1756.

Within one more generation, almost all the Moyers had left Culpeper and Madison Counties. Only a Christopher Moyer appears on the tithables list in Culpeper County at the end of the Revolution.

Young Jacob Goes to War

From a letter written by Walsie Baughman Ruble on 16 November 1978 to her niece, Adeline Baughman Cantrell:

"I have documented proof of this. Dorthea's father, Jacob Moyer, was among the young men that George Washington got together in Virginia. All was

young. George Washington was around 23 years old, and they went to take back a fort that the French had taken from the English. His group of young men had no idea what they were getting into...

"When I read this I said hurrah for great, great, great grandfather Jacob Moyer. He must have had a good horse and a tough young hide. He was given a great plot of land for being in the first battle of the French Indian War that our side finally won."

On 21 Jan. 1754, Major Washington, as Adjutant of the Northern Neck District, was authorized to enlist 100 of the militia of Augusta and Frederick Counties. The Indian trader, Captain William Trent, was directed to raise 100 of "what traders and other men he can to annoy the enemy" among whose property and livelihood were most threatened "in Augusta and in the exterior settlements of this Dominion. Dinwiddie hoped that these 200, along with 400 to be requested of the General Assembly, and "with the conjunction of our friendly Indians," expected to be some 1000 Cherokee and Catawba warriors, would all combined, "make a good impression on the Ohio and be able to defeat the designs of the French."

Fifty of the men, each to be paid with 15 pounds of tobacco per day of service, were to be supplied by Lord Fairfax, County Lieutenant from Frederick, and dispatched by 20 February to Washington's Alexandria headquarters. If insufficient volunteers stepped forward, Virginia law called for a draft by lot. Each man over 21 years was subject to call, or to pay for his own substitute, and to show up with specified arms and ammunition. Washington hurried to Frederick to act with Lord Fairfax, thinking that a surveyor's familiarity with the Valley from only six years earlier would be useful. But among the Valley brethren, militia barely existed, and Fairfax had nothing more than tax lists for preparing a roster. There was virtual defiance of the proposed draft. Washington wrote, "You may, with almost equal success, attempt to raise the dead to life again, as the force of this County."

Ten men from Frederick County even refused to guard French soldiers held prisoner there, and were forced to choose on 3 September 1754 between a fine of 10 shillings each, or a 20-day imprisonment for themselves.^{148:329}

To stimulate recruiting, Governor Dinwiddie proclaimed on 19 February that fortifications would be made in the wilderness, and that 200,000 acres would be set aside — half adjacent to the fort and half near

or on the Ohio River. Upon completion of service, the lands would be divided among the volunteers, based on military rank, and would be free of quit rents for 15 years.^{400:207} Field officers were entitled to 5,000 acres, captains to 3,000, and so on, down to privates, who would get 50 acres. These bounties would be in addition to the standard pay in tobacco.

After a week of hard persuasion, Washington enlisted the first 25 individuals, whom he described grimly as self-willed, ungovernable, "idle, loose persons, that are quite destitute of house and home," but didn't at first have the resources to put them in uniform. "There is not a man that has a blanket to secure him from the cold and wet," complained the young commander.^{251:159}

In early April 1754, with his force of Virginians grown to 120, Colonel Washington hoped to find enough wagons and provisions for the long trip at Winchester. In a straight line, 32 miles northwest of Winchester, the roads would run out at Wills Creek, the furthest settlements on the south branch of the Potomac River. From then on, no portage other than single-file packhorse could make it through the 168 miles remaining of mountainous backcountry.^{148:343}

Because none of the Valley farmers volunteered their wagons and draft animals, Washington decided to proceed on somewhat shaky legal ground and commandeer them. He was obliged by Commonwealth law to first find "two good and lawful men" to make



WAR TROPHY
FROM THE FRENCH & INDIAN WAR

an appraisal and to fix, in tobacco, a reasonable daily rate for the army's use of the property. But even when Washington diligently tracked down 74 stout wagons, and got two neighbors apiece to say what their friend's rig was worth, only ten were stubbornly delivered up after a week's wait.^{148:347}

Around 18 April, Washington and his 159 men finally left the grumbling owners behind, and began their trek to the forks of the Ohio. They soon learned that 1,000 Frenchmen had overtaken the British outpost, renamed it Fort DuQuesne and were once again on the offensive.^{148:353}

Even though Governor Dinwiddie wished him to proceed cautiously, and that more supplies and reinforcements could be arriving shortly, Washington decided to forge ahead on his own. Every man pitched in to make the trail wide enough for wagons. The column was only able to advance two to four miles a day, all in the mud of a continuous rain. After two weeks and barely 20 miles of this, the Virginians reached a swollen creek that took two days to bridge.^{148:358}

Frustrated and discouraged by these delays, the 22-year-old Colonel chose the site of his first home-base on instinct alone: two natural gulleys suggested a barrier against infantry attack, and by extending a trench modestly, a small creek would guarantee water during a siege. Erecting a small storehouse for his munitions and clearing away the surrounding undergrowth for his gunners' sakes, Washington decided that this place would be "a charming field for an encounter." Completely inexperienced in the "art of battle," Washington failed to see the weaknesses of where he wanted his first taste of it to come: in the middle of a meadow surrounded by the forest within easy musket-range on three sides, with a nearby hill overlooking it.^{148:368} [Map on page 285]

Washington's Indian scouts brought back word of a company of French troops half a mile off. On 28 May, even though France and England were not yet in a state of war, Washington and his men left the fort and ambushed the French. The skirmish left Washington exhilarated, and he recalled that the whistling of musket balls back and forth was "charming." His Iroquois ally Tanacharison, nicknamed Half King by the English, had other scores to settle. The French had killed, boiled and eaten his father, and so for the start of his revenge, Half King had six of his warriors "knock the poor, unhappy

wounded in the head and bereiv'd them of their scalps," according to Washington. With some difficulty, the young colonel kept Half King away from the 21 unwounded French prisoners.^{148:372}

The commander of the French expedition, Jumonville, died during the attack at the hands of Half King — "personally" the Indian chief boasted. The papers found near his body, and translated for Washington back at the fort, identified Jumonville as an ambassador, carrying peace negotiations to the British. Momentarily, Washington considered letting the rest of the French party go, but Half King argued that the French never intended to come otherwise than in hostility; and if the English were fools enough to let them go, Half King never would assist in taking another Frenchman. Washington decided that the taking of the British fort on the Ohio had already been an act of war, and that the stealthy manner of the French troops proved that they were on a reconnaissance of his fort.^{148:374}

Dispatching his prisoners back to Winchester, where Governor Dinwiddie was visiting, Washington sent along a letter that cautioned His Honor against the "smooth stories" of the Frenchmen concerning their alleged embassy. "In the strict justice," he wrote, "they ought to be hanged as spies of the worst sort..."^{148:376}

For lack of wagons, resupply was not forthcoming to the Meadows. About 180 reinforcements arrived, on 9 June, in the form of three companies raised along the Virginian frontier under Captains Andrew Lewis, Robert Stobo and Lieutenant George Mercer, the son of Orange County Prosecutor, John Mercer. Few of these new recruits had ever fired a rifle at anything other than meat for the supper table. Their convoy had few supplies but had brought along nine small swivel cannons.^{148:382}

The final strength of Washington's Virginia Regiment now included:

JAMES CRAIK, Ensign and Surgeon [who was later awarded 1,794 acres in bounty land]

HENRY BAUGHMAN, private, [of Greenbrier County, who was listed as serving variously in Captain Peter Hogg's and, after the battle, with Captain Stobo's company, recorded in the Pay Roll of the Virginia Regiment from 29 May through 29 July in Captain Lewis' company as earning the standard £2-0-8]

CHRISTIAN BOMBGARDNER, private, Lieutenant George Mercer's company [who was listed with bounty patents filed at the Land Office in Richmond]

GODFREY BOMBGARDNER, private, Captain Jacob Van Braam's company

RUDOLPH BRICKNER, private, Captain Jacob Van Braam's company [who was wounded at the battle]

CHRISTOPHER BYERLY, private, Captain Jacob Van Braam's company

THOMAS BYRD, private, Captain Andrew Lewis' company [who was wounded at the battle]

BERNHARD TREXLER, private, Captain Jacob Van Braam's company

JACOB FUNKHAUSER, private, Captain Jacob Van Braam's company

BENJAMIN GAUSE, private, Captain Andrew Lewis' company [who earned £2-0-8]

JACOB GAUSE, private, Captain Peter Hogg's company

GEORGE GOBELL, private, Captain Jacob Van Braam's company

JACOB GOWEN, private, Captain Peter Hogg's company

CHRISTOPHER HELSLEY, private, Lieutenant George Mercer's company [who received bounty money for his service]

ADAM JONES, private, Captain Peter Hogg's company



COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
YOUNG DEFENDER OF THE VIRGINIA FRONTIER

MATTHEW JONES, private, Captain Andrew Lewis' company
 ADAM LEONARD, private, Lieutenant George Mercer's company [who received bounty money]
 NATHANIEL LEWIS, private, Captain Peter Hogg's company
 JACOB MYER, private, Lieutenant George Mercer's company [who was listed as having "received His Excellency's bounty money"]
 HENRY NEILE, private, Captain Peter Hogg's company
 WARE ROCKET, private, Captain Peter Hogg's company
 FREDERICK RUPART, private, Lieutenant George Mercer's company
 BENJ. SPICER, private, Captain Jacob Van Braam's company
 GEORGE TAYLOR, private, Captain Jacob Van Braam's company [who was wounded at the battle]
 JAMES WOOD, private, Captain Peter Hogg's company [who was later a leading citizen of Winchester]

Out of the many hundreds of extra troops that had been promised to Governor Dinwiddie from New York to the Carolinas, only one Independent Company from South Carolina arrived. Because these were professional soldiers and their captain, James Mackay, had been commissioned by the King, they refused to hear orders from any officer, even a higher ranking one, if that rank had been conferred by a mere colonial governor. Governor Dinwiddie tried to finesse this question of command, promoting Washington to commander-in-chief of the expeditionary force, but warning him at the same time not to alienate the King's troops. Washington felt at such an impasse that he turned the fort over to the royal soldiers on 16 June, and headed all his men out on patrol. Some 13 miles north, at a tradepost settlement founded by Christopher Gist, Washington got reports of the approaching French attack. Having no wagons to speed their retreat, Washington volunteered his own riding horse to be loaded down with gunpowder and lead, hoping his fellow officers would do likewise. To get his private baggage back to the fort, the colonel then had to bargain with some of the privates to carry it on their backs, labor dearly paid for by four flintlock pistols with which he paid them.^{148:399}

The exhausted and hungry Virginia Regiment arrived back at the fort with barely enough time to strengthen its defenses. The enlarged design of trenches and sharpened-stake pallisades became a lopsided rectangle, with sides varying from 60 to 100

feet.^{148:402} A stockade in the center, measuring 14 feet square and covered with bark and skins, held the gunpowder and few remaining provisions. Half King called it "that little thing upon the Meadow." Washington had already dubbed it Fort Necessity.^{251:147}

Washington's Iroquois allies, who had given him the name Caunotaucarius, sensed that disaster now surrounded him. Half King later explained that on top of Washington's inexperience, he refused to take advice from the Indians, whom he ordered around as if they were slaves. All of Half King's braves melted back into the forest. Out of the 400 white men in Washington's army, sickness and exhaustion left only 284 as effective fighting men.^{251:137}

It rained all morning on 3 July, and the entire meadow seemed to drain into the fort, filling the trenches with waist-deep mud. About 9 o'clock, one scout came back to report that a large force of French and Indians were within four miles, "and all of them naked." At about 11 o'clock, the French emerged, fully clothed, descending along the road from the southwest, into a clearing about 600 yards away, arranged in three columns.

Washington lined his troops for defense against an infantry charge, but after the French shouted and their Indians gave a wild yell, the enemy dropped to the ground only 60 yards away. "They then," wrote Washington, "from every little rising, tree, stump, stone and bush kept up a constant, galling fire upon us..." Their first targets, though, were every horse, cow and dog around the camp, until, with the battle only begun, Washington realized that he had lost all his transport and meat. Being a concentrated target, the English soldiers exposed themselves every time they tried to squeeze off a shot, whereas their opponents had every tree in the forest to hide behind.^{148:403}

All afternoon the casualties kept mounting and the rain kept falling. A third of Washington's effective forces had been killed or wounded, and even the powder in the driest spots inside the stockade were soaked. For so many of the useless muskets, clogged with damp powder and misfired lead balls, only two of the crucial tools needed to reopen the barrels could be found. To feed all of his men, he had very little more than two bags of flour and some bacon, perhaps enough for three days. As darkness fell, some of the men discovered a supply of rum and began to drink what had been intended as a gift for the Indians. About half of the remaining wet and chilled soldiers were now undependable, firing without aiming.^{148:405}

In the face of these shortcomings, the young colonel was quick to consider surrendering when the French broached the idea. By quitting the fort and promising not to return for one year, and leaving two captains behind as hostages, Washington would be allowed to retreat with full honor: flags flying, drums beating and fully armed, with the wounded seen to by their own comrades.

One of Washington's officers, Adam Stephen later described the negotiations, which were carried out by Captain Van Braam, whose weakest of three languages was English: "We were obliged to take the sense of [his translations] by word of mouth; It rained so heavily that he could not give us a written translation of them; we could scarcely keep the candle light[ed] to read them; they were wrote in a bad hand, on wet and blotted paper so that no person could read them but Van Braam who had heard them from the mouth of the French officer."^{148:548}

The French tallied all their losses as two killed and 17 wounded. Without animals to help with the transport, the British were forced to disable and abandon their cannons. As Washington's men left the following morning, on the 4th of July, the French burned Fort Necessity and on their way home, Gist's new settlement as well. For the rest of his life, Washington later wrote, that date could never be a happy one for him, because of the memory his first test as a soldier, which had been such a failure.^{148:414}

After five days, the sorry British column dragged itself up to the stronghold at Wills Creek, later to become Cumberland, Maryland. Immediately after the battle, they had numbered 263 officers and men, but by the time they reached safety, further death, wounds, detachment, lameness and desertion whittled them down to 165. With a heavy heart, Washington wrote out his first battle report with a list of the names and fate of all his men in the battle, including the 30 killed, 70 wounded and two taken hostage. He misspelled a great many names, but in most instances the proper etymology of the name at once suggested itself.^{143:412}

Jacob Moyer was one of 22 men in Lieutenant Mercer's company reported fit for duty after the battle, along with Christoph Bombgardner, Christoph Helsley, Adam Leonard and Frederick Rupart. Losses for their company amounted to 50 percent, from those killed (2), wounded (4), left to tend the wounded (4), left lame on the road (5), missing (3), absent on leave (1),

sick in camp (2), taken prisoner (1)

As a further coda, Washington wrote out, "Recruits which joined at Wills' creek after ye Battle of ye Meadows:

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| Jacob Cat | Jacob Kiblar |
| Jacob Havely | Henry Leonard |
| George Hoarst | Jacob Perkley |
| [has bounty patents filed at the Land Office in Richmond] | John David Wilfer |

DESERTED

| | |
|--|---|
| Jacob Arrans | Jacob Funkhauser |
| [also reported by his officer, George Mercer, as having been taken prisoner on 9 July | Jacob Heffley Jacob Helsley George Hurst Henry Leonard |
| Jacob Beil | Jacob Perkley |
| John Beil | P. Pesenlegar |
| Jacob Catt | William Stroud ^{143:412} |
| Baron Draxilla | |

Piling humiliation upon defeat, a sharper translation of the surrender document revealed that Washington unwittingly signed a confession to the assassination of Jumonville.^{251:147} Horace Walpole realized what impact this would have on French, English and European politics at large, as well as on the start of the Seven Years' War there, which was the world's first truly global conflict. "The volley fired by a young Virginian in the backwoods of America set the whole world on fire."^{251:147} Of the long-term price of the disaster at Fort Necessity, the Indian agent Daniel Claus wrote: "There was never the like seen how quick the nations turned after Colonel Washington's defeat." The Iroquois went over to the French side, who they thought would win in the end.^{144:107}

Washington's defeat was followed by General Braddock's in 1755, and together they spelled danger for the Shenandoah Valley, 80 miles by road southeast of the Wills Creek fort. The only settlement that could be defended with ease was Winchester, with its 60 buildings, mostly log cabins. Peppered through the thick forests between Winchester and the Carolinas were countless small farms — many that Washington had surveyed himself. Hit-and-run attacks over the next several years sent hundreds of families fleeing out of the Valley, and the Tidewater aristocracy feared that

the Blue Ridge Mountains might not hold back the threat much longer. The Virginia Assembly underwrote a new regiment of 1,000 men, as well as four companies of rangers made up of 50 frontiersmen apiece.^{144:136}

Within a few hours' walk northeast of the Moyer place on Mill Creek, one of the most notable raids of the French & Indian War took place in 1758:

"About 50 Indians and four Frenchmen came to the large log house of George Painter [Georg Bender], in which a number of neighboring families had taken refuge. The place is about nine miles southwest from Woodstock... There probably was some effort at defense; at any rate Mr. Painter was shot and killed. The others surrendered. The house was plundered and then set on fire, with the owner's body thrown into it. Four small children were hung up in trees, shot in savage sport, and left hanging. A stable, in which were a number of sheep and calves, was burned. The marauders then set off with 48 prisoners, among whom were Mrs. Painter, five of her daughters, one of her sons; a Mr. Fisher and several of his children; a Mrs. Smith and several of her children. Two of Painter's sons and a young man named Jacob Moyers, having been hidden near by, escaped capture.

"After nightfall, Moyers and one of the young Painters ran over eastward 15 miles into Powell's Fort Valley to Keller's Fort, for aid. On this heart-breaking run they were shoeless, hatless, and only scantily clad. A small party came back with them the next morning, but when they learned how large the force of the invaders was they gave up pursuit. The Painter boy who had remained in concealment had been able to count the enemy.

"At the Indian towns, one of the Fisher boys was burned at the stake... After about three years some of the captives got back home."^{423:65}

The foundation of Painter's house can still be seen on the Middle Road [Route 614] just east of the old village of Hamburg, along with a stone wall that surrounds the cemetery where the raid's victims were buried. A tall fieldstone memorial resembling a chimney was built on the opposite side of the road from part of the old building's scattered remains.

The bounty lands, where Washington took 3,953 acres for himself, were located on a branches of the Ohio River named Miller's Run and Sandy Creek, just west of the junction with the Allegheny River where Pittsburgh lies.^{143:6:16&400:219}

Jacob Moyer's commanding officer, George Mercer became George Washington's favorite officer as a result of the travails of Fort Necessity, receiving promotions, becoming his personal aide, purser, and even his companion and confidant during the pursuit and courtship of women for the next 25 years. Moyer's appearance as a corporal at George Washington's Valley Forge headquarters was all the more inevitable, as old comrades reunited for future battle.^{144:145, 157, 216}

For "being ordered out into actual service" during the French & Indian War, Jacob Moyer of Augusta County was paid 12 shillings on 14 September 1758.⁴¹

Fort Necessity was excavated in 1954 as part of the remembrance of this first battle of the French and Indian War, and archeologists were later able to make precise recovery of its materials and layout.

Resettled on Mill Creek

On 3 June 1762, Jacob Moyer received a grant from Lord Fairfax for 400 acres on the headwaters of Mill Creek, tucked beyond a gap in the Little North Mountain on the western edge of the Shenandoah Valley. Receiving one's grant on parchment often lagged well behind the surveyor's visit. Like several of his neighbors, Moyer may have begun clearing his land in the Forest in early 1754. [Map on page 286]

The next mention of the Moyers of Mill Creek appeared on 5 May 1768, when Jacob was listed with a few neighbors on a deed, including Frederick Lock, and three of the Joneses.^{215a:11:94} Jacob reached out a helping hand when a couple more neighbors moved next door to him, carrying chains for Conrad Hulver's survey by Richard Rigg in May 1771, and doing the same for Jacob Taylor the following August.

Mill Creek powered Pennywit's Mill, which later evolved into the town of Rinkerton. Sometime between 1747-1767, Pennywit opened for business as the first grist grinding facility in the valley. The creek, and several branches and runs that feed it, all spring from Supin Lick Mountain in Rockingham County, and enter Shenandoah County just behind the source of Holman's Creek, running along the western flank of Little North Mountain. In the late 18th century, a dozen mills ran off its strength.^{259:64,86}

There were other Moyer families living in the forest thereabouts: Michael had 200 acres next door to the

Baughmans, and Christian lived a couple miles farther up Holman's Creek, having bought a 368 acre farm there from George Räder.

By 24 November 1772, Jacob and his wife signed "a lease and release" with Daniel Waller for their 400 acres at a price of 5 shillings, and annual rent of one peppercorn, paid on Lady day. This transaction, witnessed by Jacob Rinker Jr. and Christian Dellinger had an uncertain effect, because the Moyers were still living at the same place in June 1773.^{165:34}

Fighting Again for Washington

On 29 August 1775, Jacob Moyer and his wife appeared at his old home church, Hebron Lutheran, to sponsor the baptism of Jacob Jönke.³¹⁹ This visit might account for why Jacob's name vanished from official records in the Shenandoah Valley, especially if memories and old friendships from the French & Indian War caused him to volunteer for the Revolution.

A Jacob Moyer enlisted with the German Battalion, a unit that required its men be "German or the son of a German," and showed up as a corporal at General George Washington's Valley Forge headquarters on the muster roll of May 1778. Other enlistees in the Battalion included Conrad and Phillip Böhm, Phillip Henkel, Christian and David Mumma, Frances and George Myers, William Rader, and Adam Rohrbach.

Washington's personal guard had been dissolved after English assassins were discovered to have infiltrated it.^{28:40} A whole new unit was instituted, though still commanded by Captain Caleb Gibbs.

The new guard was Steuben's creation and still consisted mostly of infantry, though some were horsemen of repute from Berks and Lancaster counties in Pennsylvania. To make it harder for English agents to penetrate, the ranks were filled with Germans, closely associated with the new mounted Provost Guard commanded by Captain Bartholemew von Heer.

Like Steuben, von Heer had served under Frederick the Great and was an equally strict disciplinarian. Confirmed members of Washington's bodyguard at Valley Forge — named the Independent Troop of Horse — included Colonel Jacob Meytinger, John Ignatius Effinger and Frederick Fuchs, the last two being Hessian defectors who both became well-

regarded residents of Woodstock, Virginia, after the war.

The commanders of Moyer's unit had military careers taking them back to Washington's first experiences in the French and Indian War.

Colonel George Stricker, born in 1732 of Swiss parents in Frederick County, Maryland, served as a 23-year-old officer in the defense of western Maryland against Indians attack after the defeat of General Braddock in 1755.

Colonel Ludwig Weltner, a fellow officer in 1755 with Stricker in Maryland, was in charge of the remnants of the German Battalion at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777-1778. He became the Battalion's field commander that April, leading them at the Battle of Monmouth, and in the campaigns of General Sullivan against the Indians of western New York and Pennsylvania. Weltner and the Battalion retired on 1 January 1781, allowing the colonel to resume life in Frederick County, where he was active in the affairs of the Lutheran Church.

The first captain of Moyer's company was Daniel Burchart, who commanded them in the Battles of Long Island, Harlem Heights, White Plains, and Fort Washington, all around New York City, and in the ensuing fighting at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth in New Jersey. After the harsh winter encampment at Valley Forge, where he was in charge of one of the two companies of the German Battalion, Burchart was promoted to major and served on the frontier until 2 July 1779.

Captain Peter Boyer was Burchart's successor. Boyer had joined the Battalion when it first formed on 27 June 1776, and stayed with it throughout the war.

To thank them at the end of the war for long years of loyal service, General Washington chose 12 of his German soldiers to be an honor guard escorting him home. From his farewell at Fraunces' Tavern in New York on 4 December 1783 through a visit with Congress in Annapolis, Maryland, they stayed by his side, all the way to Mount Vernon by Christmas Eve. Among them were "three of the colonels who had been his aides."

Jacob the Schoolmaster

Around the time of the French & Indian War, a fortified log meetinghouse was built in the forest about

eight miles south of Holman's Creek, beside a stream later named Fort Run Creek. Anthony Räder owned the property and served as captain of the local militia with Adam Jr. as his vice-Captain. Räder also became the first and long-time Justice for the area. In the custom of the day, Räder's fort was the site of Sunday worship, and so too the schoolhouse for the community's children.

On the same spot, the well-known brick church was built in 1806, owned jointly by the Lutherans and the Reformed Church for most of the 19th century.^{319:E}

"On [December] the sixth [1782], Wednesday, I preached for the first time in the old Rödgers Church," wrote the traveling Lutheran pastor, Paul Henkel. "Peter Zink, the preacher's brother, accompanied me there. Jacob Mayer, who was the German schoolmaster there, had come to the neighborhood of Stony Creek, and he sought to have me ride with him to his house and had made arrangements previously for a few hours of the afternoon."^{142:224}

Jacob and Peter Zink, along with the school teacher Jacob Mayer conducted Henkel from place to place, and sent messengers from house to house that each one might know of the appointed service in his neighborhood.^{70:48}

Heading each school in the early days was the *lehrer*, or reader, serving as teacher and songmaster. Since most learning was oral, and engraved upon the students' memories through rote repetition, the title fit the job. Studies centered on the New Testament, reciting catechism, the alphabet, elementary arithmetic, long division and penmanship. The Lutheran schoolmaster was often an elder in the local congregation and could act as a lay clergyman for funerals and confession.

Between 1766 and 1806, when regular year-round schools had not yet been established, a schoolmaster might also offer weekday tutoring for a fee to the wealthier families of the Valley, and stay for some time as an honored guest in their homes.⁴⁵²

Contrary to typical European attitudes of the day, Martin Luther urged the education of young girls, in his *Epistle to the Christian Nobility* (1520), with at least a one-hour daily reading from the gospels. Menno Simon had also insisted that children learn to read and write, as well as other hearthside duties "such as spinning, necessary and proper work, suited to their years and persons."

Lutherans and Mennonites were equally adamant about keeping their children in church-run schools, although many outsiders misunderstood this to be the same as opposition to all education. On the contrary, both groups were well-aware that their first leaders had been university-trained, but each group had come to see the dangers of worldliness, pride and bigotry. The German Protestants simply didn't trust that the state could resist tampering with the lessons as written. Questions about the fairness of school taxes were also never answered to their satisfaction.^{390:54}

A celebrated 18th-century, German-American schoolteacher named Christoph Dock described his classroom method in detail:

"Now concerning how I admit children into the school... First he is welcomed by the other children with a handshake. Then I ask him whether he will study diligently and be obedient. If he promises this he is told how he is to conduct himself.

"When he can say the A-B-Cs correctly and point out any letter asked of him, he is put into the A [section]. When he gets that far his father owes him a penny, and his mother must fry him two eggs for his industry. When he begins to read, I owe him a [hand-drawn fraktur] certificate... In addition, he is, however, also told that if one becomes lazy in studying or disobedient, the note is taken away."^{390:273} The methods of *School Management* set forth by Christoph Dock produced "happy schools."

"At Rödgers Church," Henkel continued, "shortly before Easter... I preached for several days. During dinner, a storm came up and struck [church elder] Andreas Zirkel's daughter Catharina dead. She was at the home of Conrad Bens carding wool in one of the rooms. Bens, his wife and a daughter, and another young person were all struck down, and no one knows how long they lay before they regained consciousness."^{142:320}



VIRGINIA'S "PENNY"

A 1773 COPPER COIN, INTENDED AS A HALFPENNY

On the fifth Sunday after Easter, Henkel reported, "I preached in the Old Rödgers Church. The congregation gave me a written request and a call to be their pastor... The old schoolmaster Berger, who when the singing was to be led, came to me in front of the Church and wanted to excuse himself, saying that he could not lead the singing because he had been sick the week before. He looked pitiful, too, and wanted me to lead. I made ready with my book... but when he began, together with the young people he had taught, I soon fell silent. I could only listen in amazement, so wonderful was the singing. The man's voice rang out to the roof of the house, and the sound of his chorus accompanied his own. I no longer heard myself. I thought, "If you are sick and can sing like that, how would it be if you were well?" I shut my book and did not let myself be heard."^{142:303}

On the Banks of the James River

Between 1780-1800, many Scots-Irish farmers in Botetourt County moved west and sold their land to Swiss and German families being crowded out from farther north in the Valley and Pennsylvania. The first in this wave were Lutherans, Calvinists, Dunkers and United Brethren, and included familiar names such as Ammen, Baughman, Bender [Painter], Boch [Poague], Coffman, Hershberger, Huff, Kreider [Crowder], Layman [Lemon], Mumme [Moomaw], Pitzer, Räder, Reynold [Rinehart] and Zirkle [Circle]. There were also Suttons and Pattons in Pattonsburg (Buchanan).

Many names of little streams and brooks recall these early German settlers: Craig Creek, south and west of Locust Bottom, running into the James River; Deisher Run, draining southward at the first hairpin turn of Craig; and Lemon branch, arriving at the same angle three miles further west.^{61:6}

In Thomas Jefferson's 1785 writing, *Notes on the State of Virginia*, the approach to building roads was described: "Such bridges as may be built without the assistance of artificers [skilled craftsmen]... If the streams be such as to require a bridge or regular workmanship, the county employs workmen to build it at the expense of the whole county. If it be too great for the county, application is made to the General Assembly, who authorize individuals to build it, and to take a fixed toll from all passengers. Ferries are admitted only [where] pointed out by law.

Residents of the county were responsible for maintaining roads for the five miles nearest their property, and all men between the ages of 18 and 65 were required to work on the roads, hire substitutes or be fined for not doing so. The roads were required to be five feet wide, "to accomodate a waggon as well as riders of horses... following the easiest route around mountains, rather than over them."^{61:58}

In Botetourt County, settlers were eager to enhance their property with public roads. On 14 November 1772, Leonhard Huff, Robert Poague and James Keachery layed out a route to the top of Bent Mountain. Huff also took the assignment for plotting another road, along with Jos. Willis and William Bell, to join Thomas Tosh's ford up to Bent Mountain with William Bells on the Settle River.^{61:59}

When Jacob Moyer's family entered Botetourt County, they turned right off of the Great Wagon Road at Cherry Tree Bottom, later named Buchanan, and followed the Indian trail through the upper James River Gorge north and west, passing just to the east of Rat Hole Mountain. An opening in the side of the mountain served as an emergency shelter for the newcomers, as well as the homeless poor and ruffians, who were nicknamed "rats."

The next fording north was over Long's Entry Creek, just before the old Indian burial ground. Then they had to cross Tom's Creek or as it became known later, Sinking Creek. When the Indian trail veered back towards the east bank of the James River, the Moyer's new farm at Locust Bottom came into sight.^{386:155} [Map on page 287]

On Sunday, 10 July 1783, Jacob Moyer bought 269 acres on the north and east side of the winding James River, in Botetourt County, from Michael and Catherine Carnes.

In an Enumeration of Botetourt County, these three families appear close together on page 9, all belonging to Captain Pryors Militia Company as of 8 February 1785: Jacob Moyer, with a total of 11 people in one dwelling, with 4 other cabins; Michael Moyer, with a total of 5 people in one dwelling, with 3 other cabins; and Henry Boughman, who had 5 people and only one building, his dwelling place. On page 2 was William Sutton, whose family numbered five.

On 14 June 1787, Jacob Moyer's household was described for local tax purposes as having two young white males between the ages of 16 and 21, no slaves, six horses and 15 head of cattle. Soon, other Moyer

households sprung up nearby, headed by an Edward, a Conrad, a John and/or John Henry. A George Moyer living in the same settlement had a family of children that married about the same time as Jacob's children.

Baughman family researcher Walsie Ruble felt that, for several reasons, Sally must have been Jacob's second wife. First and foremost, Walsie reasoned, it would have been unusual for Jacob to have had all of his 12 children with one woman. When Jacob died and Sally remarried, Walsie felt that this would have been much more likely if Sarah, nicknamed Sally, was considerably younger than Jacob. There was also the persistence back in Shenandoah County of a Jacob Moyer married to a Barbara. He could be accounted for much better as Jacob, the teacher, rather than some extra cousin.

Souls Sheltered on Locust Bottom

Because the Moyer's new neighborhood was without a church in the beginning, it is possible that they returned for fellowship and friends two years later at the Old Pine Lutheran Church near Holman's Creek. According to the church register of 29 May 1785, Jacob and Salome Meyer celebrated the baptism of their not-quite two-year-old daughter, Dorothea. Everything about this blessed event matches the Moyers who moved south in 1783, except the date of Dorothea's birth disagrees by two years.^{225:94}

The first house of worship for Lutherans on the upper James River was Zion, also known as Locust Bottom, near Glen Wilton. It was built upon an acre of land given 11 April 1786 by Jacob and Sarah Moyer to the "Dutch Calvinist and Lutherans... for building a church upon and a burying place; and on the said acre of land is now a yard paled in for the purposes above mentioned, the said lot 20 poles by 8."^{70:167}

"We traveled [in September 1787] to Jacob Meyer's house on the James River," wrote Paul Henkel in his diary. "He was the man who first brought me into the Rödgers Church, in the year 1782. We stayed there from Friday evening until the following Monday. I preached in Meyer's home on Sunday, and on Monday we rode down the stream and came to Peter Müller's house [in Fincastle]. We spent that week there and I gave instruction."^{142:347} Henkel kept up his preaching circuit until 1823.

A margin notation shows the Locust Bottom church land was later deeded to Peter Circle. The

oldest legible stones in the burial ground include one for John Poague (1780-1806) and numerous Zirkles. Dozens of upright fieldstones dot the ground. One of them, more than likely, was put above Jacob Moyer early in the summer of 1795.

The original log church, not far from the Moyer's family dwelling, was used for services in the late 1780s. It was replaced with a brick building shortly thereafter, with an old-time gallery and pulpit. An even smaller chapel was built upon the original site in 1920, using for its construction the original bricks. It was affiliated with the North Carolina Synod, which met there in May 1826, and by October 1831 with the Virginia Synod.^{70:22}

The Reverend Johannes Georg Bottler, member of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, who moved to Howrytown about 1796 [present-day Greenville, south of Fincastle], appears to have been the first resident Lutheran minister. He served churches throughout Roanoke, Floyd and Montgomery Counties for nine years. When he relocated to Cumberland, Maryland in 1805, there was no resident clergyman until 1818, though two ministers from the North Carolina Synod, R.J. Miller and Jacob Scherer tried to include the church on their circuits. Because the Lutheran flocks were without a shepherd, they became the prey of "impostors," and this period was spoken of as the darkest hour of the Lutheran Church in Botetourt.^{386:376}

Three young Moyers were married about this time without record of who officiated: Elizabeth, on 16 June 1789 to Michael Derrick; Henry, on 13 December 1790 to Mary Beckner, daughter of Nicholas Beckner; and Adam, on 26 December 1792 to Catherine Jones, with Peter Zirckle and Edward Moyer as witnesses.

But beginning in 1794, the Moyers seemed to embrace wholeheartedly marriage by evangelical Methodist ministers: Conrad, on 8 February 1794 to Catherine Miller, performed by Henry Ogburn; Mary, on 21 January 1795 to John Minnick, performed by Samuel Gray; Sally, after being Jacob's widow for two years, on 28 January 1797 to Peter Dysher, performed by Samuel Mitchell; Polly, daughter of John Moyers, on 30 November 1801 to Thomas Shields, performed by Edward Mitchell; and Dorothea, on 21 January 1805 to John Baughman, performed by John Helms. One more marriage of a Moyer during this time period did not have a recorded preacher: John, on 18 December 1805 to Catherine Niday, daughter of David Niday.

July 1795 - Jacob Moyer personal property appraised at £205-8-5 by George Poage, Peter Circle and John Nivewinger, "returned to Court & Delivered to be recorded." [Wills A-p.402-403]

| | £ | s | p |
|---|---------|-----|-----|
| One dark brown mare | 18 | | |
| One bay filley | 10 | | |
| One brown colt | 8 | | |
| One spotted red & white 3-year-old heifer | 2 | | |
| One white cow & calf | 3 | 5 | 6 |
| One red and white heifer & calf | 2 | 3 | |
| One red cow | 2 | 10 | |
| One white face branded Cow | 2 | 15 | |
| One red cow white tail | 2 | 10 | |
| One white faced red heifer | 1 | | |
| Four calves | 1 | 16 | |
| 23 head of hoggs | 4 | 7 | 6 |
| 10 head of sheep | 2 | 14 | |
| One wind mill | 2 | 5 | |
| One cutting box & Irons | | 6 | |
| Two bells & a quantity of old Iron Tools 45/6 | 2 | 19 | 6 |
| One Cotter [coulter], 2 pair ____ 2 Ditto Drawing Chaines & log Chaines | 1 | 13 | |
| Two green hides & old Gear | | 11 | |
| One Shott Gun | | 15 | 6 |
| One Large Kettle 90/ Two potts 10/ 1 Dutch oven 10/ | 1 | | |
| One loom and (tankline?) 50/ 2 B__ Sc__ 10/ 2 plows 30/ | 4 | 10 | |
| One Iron Harrow 10/ 1 set spooles 6/8 7 head Geese 16/ | 1 | 10 | 8 |
| One barrel 3/6 2 flax wheels 15 one stove 55/ | 3 | 13 | 6 |
| One chest 10/ Sundries 6/ 1 bed & furniture 40/ Ditto Ditto | 4 | 12 | |
| One bed & furniture 30/ 1 Dittoo Ditto 30/ Cubord & furnishings 20/ | | | |
| Sundry articles 13/6 Wooden vessels 18/ 1 Table & Trough 6 | 1 | 7 | |
| 2 tubs 4/ Pot racks 4/ 4 Bags of feathers 10/ | 1 | 4 | |
| a Quantity of books | 5 | | |
| One bond | 20 | | |
| One ditto | 25 | | |
| One ditto | 62 | | |
| One (Pour?) | | 6 | |
| | <hr/> | | |
| | Total £ | 205 | 8 2 |

George Poage
Peter Circle Appraisers
John Nivewinger

9 Aug.1798 - The estate lands of Jacob Moyer on James River were divided into northern and southern parcels, with his widow Sarah receiving No.3 in both sections; Dorthea Moyer (who married John Baughman) receiving No.4 in both sections; Susannah Moyer receiving No.1 in the north and No.2 in the south; Peter Moyer receiving No.2 in the north and No.5 in the south; and Adam (who married Catherine Jones) receiving No.1 in the north. Large lots shown to belong to Circle. [See Map on Page 287]

THE ESTATE OF JACOB MOYERS. AN ACCOUNTING BY THE ADMINISTRATORS

| | | | |
|--|-------|----|----|
| | £ 32 | 1 | 10 |
| No.1 To Michael Koins receipt for | 14 | 4 | - |
| 2 To paid Peter Zirkle /2nd Bond | | 8 | - |
| 3 Mary Woods receipt | | 1 | 6 |
| 4 Sheriffs receipt | | | |
| 5 do. | 1 | 12 | - |
| 6 Clerks note | | 6 | 0 |
| 7 To William Davidsons receipt | 1 | 8 | 6 |
| 8 To Peter Zircles do. | 1 | 0 | 3 |
| 9 To Frederick Pitzers do. | 1 | 14 | 4 |
| 10 To Peter Zircles do. | 1 | 3 | 9 |
| 11 Area Taxes for 83, 84 & 85 | | 2 | 4 |
| 12 To Clerks note | | 6 | 9 |
| 13 To Matthew Howrys receipt | | 7 | 6 |
| 14 To Sheriffs do. | | 16 | 8 |
| 15 To Henry Bogges do. | 48 | - | - |
| 16 To John Moyers receipt | 6 | 4 | 6 |
| 17 To Michael Bo__ks receipts | 3 | - | - |
| 19 To Baker Davidsons do. | 14 | - | - |
| 20 To Michael Koins do. | 13 | 8 | |
| To Compensation to the Administrators & County Court _ | | | |
| | £ 149 | 10 | 8 |
| | 72 | 1 | 10 |
| To Ballance due from the Administrator | | | |
| | 231 | 12 | 6 |
| | 67 | - | 1 |
| By Amount of Vendue Bill | 24 | 7 | 6 |
| By John Moyers for sundries at appraisment | 20 | 18 | 9 |
| By Peter Disher for do. at do. by the Widow | | 12 | 7 |
| By Cash | 1 | 3 | 7 |
| By do. receipt of Jacob _ | 20 | - | - |
| By 1 Bond for | 25 | - | - |
| By 1 do. for | 62 | - | - |
| By 1 do. for | | | |
| | £ 221 | 12 | 6 |

In the presence of an Order from the County Court of Botetourt we have settled the above amount with the administrators & find a Ballance of seventy two pounds one shilling & ten pence due from them to the Widow & Heirs of said Estate. Given under hands this 14th September 1802.

Jno Jordan
Wm Davidson

Dorthea Moyer was only nine years old when her father Jacob died. At that age, she may not have yet received all that he could offer her as a teacher, or that his library of books could either.

Reviewing the 18th century immigrant arrival lists, 75 percent of the Germans arriving in Philadelphia were literate. Benjamin Franklin complained that the Germans had as many printing presses and newspapers in the colony as the English did. At least some of the Mennonites were even comfortably tri-lingual. Besides his German and Dutch, Dielman Kolb liked English well enough to write his family's Bible records in it.^{390:29}

That German-Americans wanted very much to blend in finds evidence in Christoph Saur's bestselling 1757 Grammar, with its parallel columns of English and German conversation. Through such a book, German folk on the frontier could learn how to have

aristocratic exchanges with a neighbor or shopkeeper.^{390:44}

If she had wanted to, Dorthea could probably have opened up one of these popular books by Saur or Liebert and learned how to turn popular German sayings into English.

On the subject of Honor, for instance, 18th-century Germans in America liked to say:

All by love, nothing by force.

An unlawful oath is better broke than kept.

Words are a sack yet to be filled.

To reserve judgment on the meaning of Success:

Contentment is above wealth.

Enough is as good as a feast.

He is rich who hath no debt.

Out of debt, out of danger.

Poverty is no sin.



A CAT NAP IN THE KITCHEN

A GERMAN HAUSFRAU LOSES TRACK OF POTATO-PEELING

To promote Circumspection:

Fields have eyes, and woods have ears.
 Wide ears and a short tongue is best.
 Good to begin well, better to end well.
 It is better never to begin,
 than never to make an end.
 Threatened folks live long.
 None is born a master.
 Where nothing is, the king loses his right.
 Rage will easily find weapons.
 Laws in war have no authority.
 War, hunting and love are as full of trouble and
 pleasure.

To celebrate Self-Discipline and Hard Work:

We must eat to live, and not live to eat.
 Quick at eating, quick at work.
 They must hunger in frost, that will not labor in
 heat.
 Use and moderation defy the Physician.

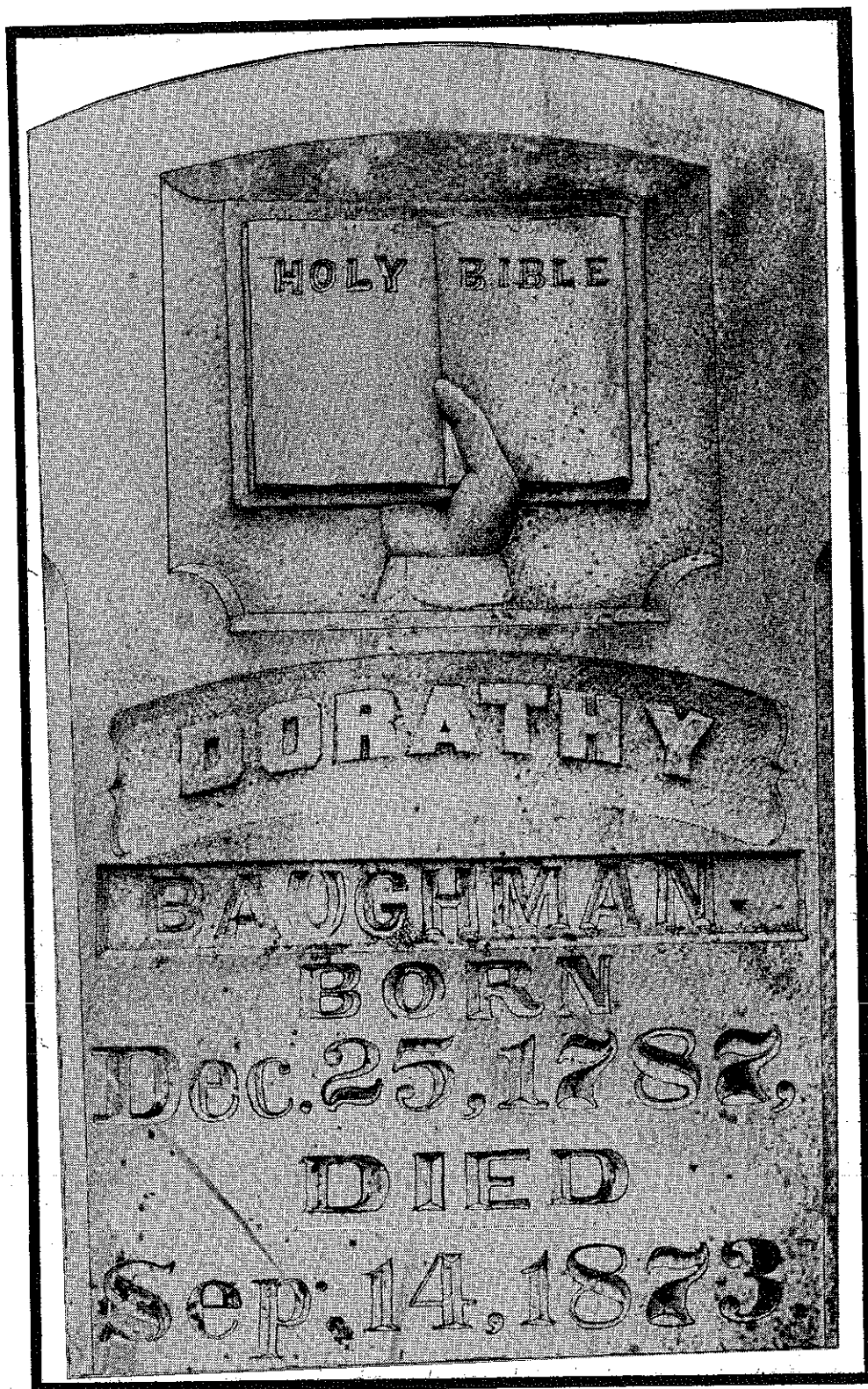
To ponder Justice and Destiny:

Who keeps company with a Wolf, will learn to
 howl.
 Pardon all but thyself.
 Many kinsfolk, few friends.
 The apple does not fall far from the tree. [Like
 father, like son.]
 Young men may die, old men must die.

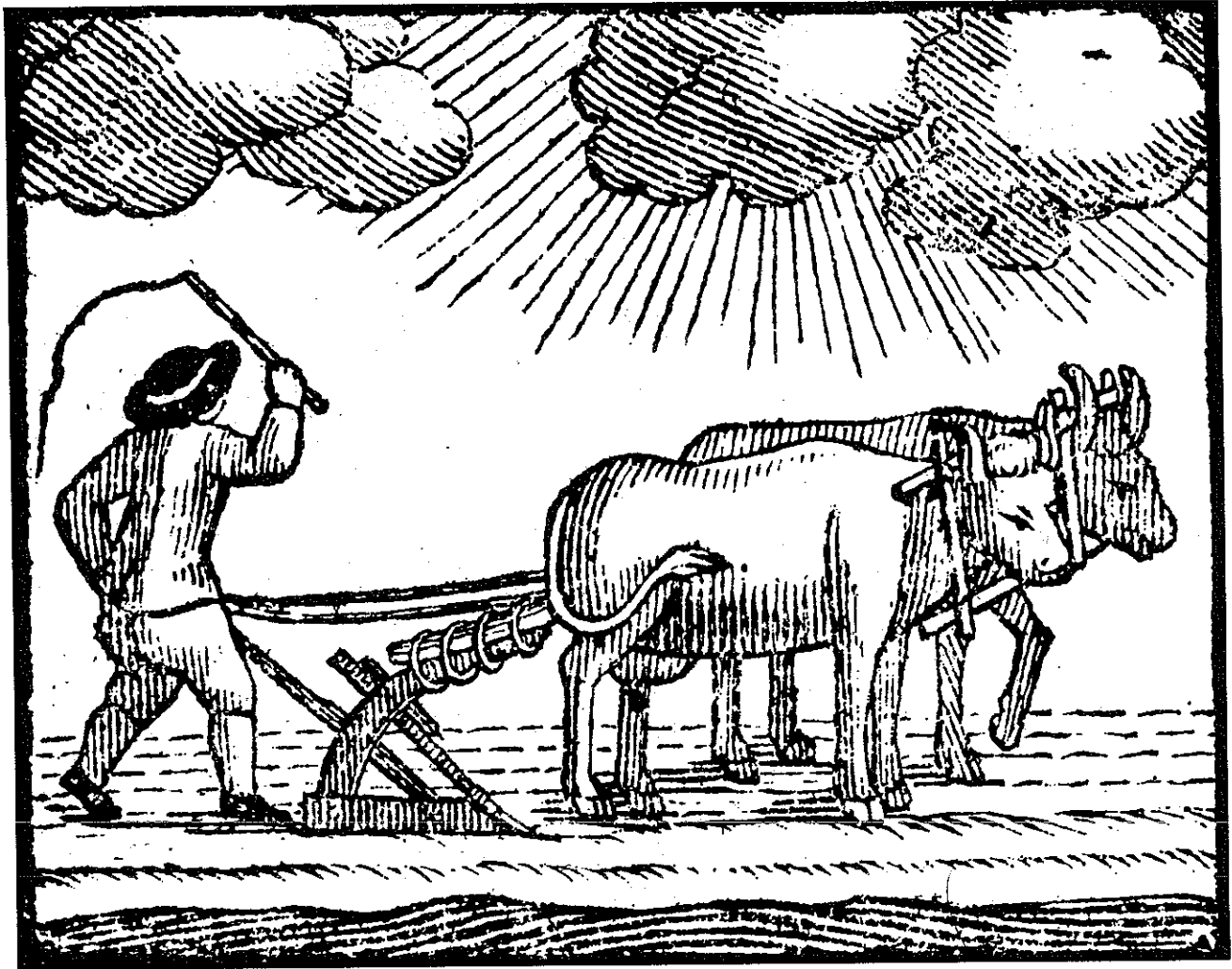
But Dorthea remained German. She avoided joining the English-speaking flock at her husband's church in Tennessee for 17 years. For much of the 19th century, her children and grandchildren stepped back to the German spelling of their surname at least by one letter. For the federal censustaker in Missouri, and for Henry and his son Peter, the name often became Bauchman.

From a letter written by Walsie Ruble to her grand-niece, LaVonna Wood, came one reply to assimilation. "Jacob Moyer was the father of Dorthea Moyer, that married John Baughman. Your Aunt Sina and Elisha Lovett once owned the place that John Baughman and his wife Dorthea lived. The log house was in good condition where they lived there. Any building a Baughman built out of logs was built to last.

"Grandmother and Grandfather [Lewis Sr.] Baughman visited them when their first child, Nicholas, was a baby. Grandmother said that the house was so clean, she was afraid to let him off her lap. And great great grandmother kept smiling and motioned to let him down. She could not speak English. Grandmother said that great great grandmother Dorthea Moyer Baughman was a short woman, plump and fair, and her house was very clean, and her cooking was the best. I was so glad Grandmother saw her." ■ ■ ■



DORTHEA MOYER'S GRAVESTONE NEAR MARBLE CREEK, IRON COUNTY, MISSOURI



THE GOOD STEWARD
AN EARLY AMERICAN SETTLER URGES HIS OXEN NOT TO STOP

CROSSING PATHS WITH THE LAYMAN FAMILY
1751-1801

DURING THE 1750s, WHEN BAUGHMAN ANCESTORS fanned themselves out in the Shenandoah Valley, a dramatic preview was concluding in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, begun just ten years earlier. Ties between some of the families have eluded documentation, but the few that have, combined with patterns of land ownership that are overwhelmingly similar, leave no reasonable doubt about their family links.

When John Baughman of Hempfield Township, Lancaster County, bought 1,499 acres in 1751 from Lord Fairfax in Virginia, he was thinking of his Mennonite neighbors, who also happened to be his in-laws. Some Virginia researchers have called John Baughman a land baron, but more likely, he was serving as family banker, a normal role within colonial German-American communities.

In 1726, an estimated 100,000 squatters had settled on Pennsylvania farmland without any title.^{390:73} This might explain the difficulty in tracing the first land deed taken up by John Baughman. As early as 10 November 1741, surveyors called him an adjacent neighbor in Hempfield to Henry Bower.^{269:G28} But the record of a George Smith having title to the same land John Baughman was occupying suggests some kind of son-in-law, tenant or indentured service relationship. Sometime between 1 May 1749 and 26 July 1750, George Smith died, and John's clear right to the land became evident.^{269:K13} None of the available records, as yet, clarifies this. [Maps on pages 288-289]

In Hempfield, five of Baughman's six daughters married the boys next door, among the Layman, Mummer, Bower, Weidman and Young families. John Baughman's other neighbors within a two-mile circle were the Neffs, Musselmans, Witmores, Coffmans and Pattons. The Haldemans, sometimes known as Holeman, lived just on the other side of Lancaster town in the early 18th century.

John Baughman bought 1,499 acres west of the Shenandoah River's North Fork between 20-22 November 1751. Because the Baughmans were the first on that spot in the Shenandoah Valley to turn it to agriculture, folks in the area just four miles west of Millerstown (later renamed Woodstock) naturally named things after them. The creek that watered his

land was called Bohman's Run in November 1750, when John Baughman was described in a neighbor's deed as occupying the adjacent land. The creek was first renamed McNeese's and then Pugh's Run in honor of later owners.^{215a:f:25}

Following John Baughman's death in 1763, his second child, Barbara, married a Mennonite named Benjamin Layman Jr.; and young Benjamin's sister Mary Layman, wed Henry Baughman Jr., although a bloodtie between the elder John and the younger Henry remains unestablished.

Surnames of the farmers surrounding John Baughman — such as Borden/Bauden, Hudlow/Huddle and Whistler/Witsel — happen to match several families surrounding Henry Baughman farther south on Holman's Creek.

◦ ◦ ◦

The Mennonite Peter Lehman fled Switzerland on account of religious persecution. Early records show his surname as Lemman, which coincides with a common spelling of Leemann for the family in Canton Zürich.^{436:1274} The more commonly recognized root name is spelled Lehman, and in the history of German surnames means "vassal."^{370:32}

Peter arrived in America on 24 August 1717, and soon thereafter bought his first piece of land. It adjoined Lancaster's town boundary line in Hempfield Township and was long known as the "County Farm."^{454:134} On 19 December 1728, Peter Lehman purchased 500 acres of Lampeter Township near Rohrerstown, three miles west of Lancaster.^{269:B551} Peter is also shown in May 1735 as having property in Hempfield Township within three miles of John Baughman's farm, and was described as a neighbor to Henry Neff and Henry Bower.^{269:B197} Before his death in April 1741, Peter's Lampeter property had become well-known as the Lehman Homestead, and it stayed in the family far into the next century.

In Peter's family was one son named Alexander who died as a young man, and another named John Lehman who earned a nickname for himself of "The Hunter." John frequently struck off for the Valley of Virginia, visiting the Warm Springs there for his health and spending time at Cresap's Stone Fort, near where

his descendants afterward settled. While off in the woods, John Lehman had countless friendly dealings with the Indians, and spoke their languages fluently.

Benjamin Layman had proven and circumstantial bridges to Hempfield Township but nothing ties him yet to Peter Layman. Benjamin readily fits the description of a brother to John, who was already well on his way south, and appeared in Frederick County, Maryland, records by 1750 as a road overseer. John's descendants became important citizens of western Maryland, at such an early time that no other Lehman or Layman family yet resided there.

Few documents have survived to clearly identify individual membership in any one of the 18th century Anabaptist churches on the frontier, and especially in the Shenandoah Valley. In 1772, four Mennonite leaders from Krefeld and Utrecht, in the Netherlands, sent to America a copy of their magazine, "Name List of the Mennonite Preachers." They sought information, opinions and updates on the Mennonite community from three Pennsylvania bishops, named Christian Funk, Izaak Kolb and Andrew Ziegler.

On 1 March 1773, Christian Funk was the likely scribe for reporting that their forefathers "left little or nothing in writing," and that for their brethren in the second generation "every unoccupied hour went to those economic & spiritual duties." The bishops then used three sentences to describe the previous 60 years among the 50 communities of Mennonites in America. The most substantial declaration explained that "if a person marries out of the church, he or she is excluded from the Kiss of Peace and the Lord's Supper..." until "expiation has been made to the community."^{336:142}

They went on to list the Mennonite elders in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia as being "Hans Gluck, *Oudste* [or Bishop], Michil Kaufman and Jakob Strukler."²⁹⁷

This is a clear reference to John Glick, Sr., long thought to be an early leader for the Church of the Brethren, a group that set itself steadfastly apart from the Mennonites. At least Glick's sons always stuck with the Brethren and described their father as doing likewise. The other two elders mentioned are also well-known Mennonite leaders in the Valley of Virginia.

This brief document has a more specific impact on the Baughman family also, since Glick lived nearby to the Layman property, had frequent business dealings with them, and married Barbara Baughman from

Holman's Creek, the widow of Henry Sr.

A little over three years after John Baughman's death, Benjamin Layman took up the northern parcel of his land in Virginia, on 3 September 1766.

Like so many other pioneers whose mother tongue was German, Benjamin Layman hungered first for preaching in his own language, and second, for evangelistic energy in the sermons. This is clear by how readily he welcomed non-Mennonite pastors to his home, and by the library of hymnals he kept from other denominations, either pushed upon him by such visitors, shared during all-faiths union revivals or that he had picked up during his own circuit of fellowship.

Benjamin's daughter, Mary, was about ten years old when her family moved into the valley. If the Layman schoolhouse mentioned years later in their neighborhood existed when Mary was at her studies, a very specific glimpse of a Mennonite schoolgirl's life is available. In Christopher Dock's guide for the proper upbringing of Mennonite children written in 1750, some timeless qualities of human custom can be enjoyed, as well as a few of the peculiarities of colonial households. Dock's rules have been long regarded as the first American book on the subject of etiquette and manners. German-American parents and schoolmasters so eagerly bought up copies that the first printing sold out instantly, and the publisher, Christoph Saur rushed the publication of a second edition that same year.^{390:339}

From a section called, "In the House of its Parents," and further defined as subsection "a. In the morning, during and after rising":

6.) Instead of idle talk with your sisters and brothers, seek while dressing to have good thoughts.

7.) When you wash your face and hands, do not splash water about the room.

8.) Rinsing the mouth with water each morning and rubbing the teeth with the fingers serves to preserve the teeth.

9.) In combing your hair do not stand in the middle of the room, but in a corner.

From the subsection "b. In the evening, on retiring":

13.) After supper do not sit down in a corner to sleep, but attend to your evening devotions — song, prayer and reading, before retiring.

16.) Do not scatter your clothes about the room, but lay them together in a definite place, that you may readily find them in the morning.

19.) If you should wake during the night, think of God and His omnipresence, and cherish not evil thoughts.

From "At meals":

21.) During grace, do not let your hands dangle, or move them otherwise, but let them, with your eyes, be raised to God.

25.) Avoid everything that indicates excessive hunger, such as looking greedily at food; being the first one in the dish; cutting one's bread all into pieces at once...

32.) Do not lick your plate with your tongue or finger, nor lick the outside of your mouth...

39.) As often as something is put upon your plate, acknowledge it by a nod of the head.

45.) It is very bad form: ...To drink simultaneously with a distinguished person.

From "Conduct for a Child at School":

61.) Toward your fellows act lovingly and peacefully, do not quarrel with them, hit them, dirty their clothes with your shoes or ink nor give them nicknames...

From "Conduct of a Child on the Street.":

73.) In summer do not bathe in the water or go too near it. Do not take pleasure in pranks or indecent games.

74.) ...Do not run about at fairs, ...nor watch lewd dancing, for you can learn only wickedness.

From "Conduct in Meeting or Church,":

80.) Do not talk during the sermon, and if others talk to you, do not answer. If you are sleepy, stand up a little while and try to keep it off.^{390:162}

Three farms west of Benjamin Layman's place lived John George Maphis. Regarding a visit to their neighborhood on 7 December 1782, the traveling preacher Paul Henkel wrote in his journal, "Mefius, the presiding elder of the congregation, took me home with him. The next day, Friday, I preached in another schoolhouse, called Lehmann's schoolhouse. My sermon pleased Mefius so much that he rode to Woodstock and Millerstown on Saturday and made arrangements for me to preach there on Sunday."^{142:302}

The Holy Words

Benjamin Layman's estate was appraised 6 March 1788 and the auction was held on 22 April of that year. Included was a list of his 12 books: a "Menonest Song Book, a German Brisebeterian Song

Book, a Lutheran Song Book, an old song book, Song Book, psalter, Old Psalter..." *Die Wandelende Seele* or Wandering Soul by Jan Philipsz Schabili, prayer book, a Bible, two copies of the New Testament and *Christliches Gemüth Gespräch* or Heartfelt Christian Conversation by Gerhardt Roosen.⁴³⁹

Because Benjamin kept a schoolhouse on his property, believed in education and owned a number of books, it can be imagined that he took the ideas of these books to heart. Outside of the *Bible* and the *Martyr's Mirror*, two of the most popular titles in 18th Century Mennonite homes are extracted here.

From *The Wandering Soul* by Johann Philip Schabilje, 4,000 years of history according to Christian Scripture, told as a conversation between the ever-curious Wandering Soul and, in turn, Adam, Noah and Simon Cleophas. The following extracts convey the cadence and tone of Schabilje's writing, though most of the text simply retells Bible stories.

Opening the first dialogue between the Wandering Soul and Adam:

W.S. "O, reverend father! I desire to be instructed; happily to finish the course of my pilgrimage... for I understand that you have lived many years; nay, your very appearance indicates it."

A. "O, son! ... To continue longer in this ruined world, I have no desire."

W.S. "For the very purpose have I come to you, to learn... that I may profit by it."

A. "My son, be silent; for I cannot think of it without shedding tears... Do not grieve me in my old age with such questions."

W.S. "Why, father?"

A. "O, when I think! when I remember!"

W.S. "Father... be not vexed to instruct me, your junior. You must have seen glorious things..."
"Which is the most noble part of man?"

A. "The heart; for out of it are the issues of life... O! I had to experience so much sorrow occasioned by my children!"^{340:16}

W.S. "What had you to experience, father?"

A. "The first-born of the world! But there is something more precious than knowledge."

W.S. "What is that, father?"

A. "Love, charity."

W.S. "How can I love that of which I have no knowledge?"

A. "Love is within you, and if you never commit or do any thing evil, then it will not be necessary for you to learn to know love."^{340:35}

During the second dialogue, between the Wandering Soul and Noah:

W.S. "I am anxious to know what befell you, for you say that you have lived many centuries; and since all things change... you know much to relate."

N. "O, son, were I to relate every thing minutely, which I have seen and heard, it would require a century. I did not only live many years, but have lived to see Two Worlds. Further, were I to attempt to think of all things past, tribulations would seize hold of me... Say not so much concerning it now."

W.S. "Yonder I see a very aged and reverend person; and, at his side is a very anxious youth; who, as appears, is receiving instruction: who are they?"

N. "It is my son, Shem,... the young man's name is Abraham... He is very anxious to examine every thing — he comes frequently to my son and to myself; then I tell him of many things which happened, and he oft forgets his meal in giving heed to things related..."

W.S. "Were there no fair and virtuous women among the children of God?"

N. "According to appearance they were as fair as others; but they did not adorn themselves much with gold and fine apparel... They were not so highly esteemed as the daughters of Cain, who were constantly altering and changing their dress; following the fashions of that day. The consequence was that when the daughters of the pious saw themselves forsaken of men, they did also imitate the fashions, so that this stream of evil overwhelmed the pious more and more."

W.S. "It is a wonder that you were not carried off by it!"

N. "... I thought much on the pious examples of our ancestors... From that time the world became more wicked; for there were daily so many falling off, that I thought I should be left alone. I could scarcely persuade myself to get married, because I feared that my children might also be led away..."^{340:46}

"Give heed, my son! Instead of being lord to rule all things becomingly, man began to gratify himself; to chase different animals, to hunt them down with horses and dogs, was a favorite sport. Nay, different animals were brought together to fight with each other; such as the lion to fight the bear, the leopard the wild swine; yea, they set dogs at one another, and cocks so that they killed each other. By this boisterous conduct of man, the forests resounded with the roaring of infuriated animals, and the more innocent animals fled for fear; and the birds of the air

were not secure from man. Thus did the animals become more rude through the wickedness of man..."^{340:50}

W.S. "I am astonished how these animals would all lie down together, as some of them are very fierce and bloodthirsty."

N. "God made them all tame. There was not the least difficulty on that account; even the most venomous animals were harmless; for we had dragons, different species of serpents, and other venomous animals... the spider was busily engaged in weaving itself a web in the ark to catch the small insects and flies, but she, as well as the serpent, did not give any sign of her malicious nature; the wolf did not grin his teeth at the sheep... but they were all as prisoners, endeavoring to save each others' lives..."^{340:64}

N. "Afterwards God made a covenant with me... that there should never be a flood any more; and he appointed the rainbow of various hues to be a token of it."

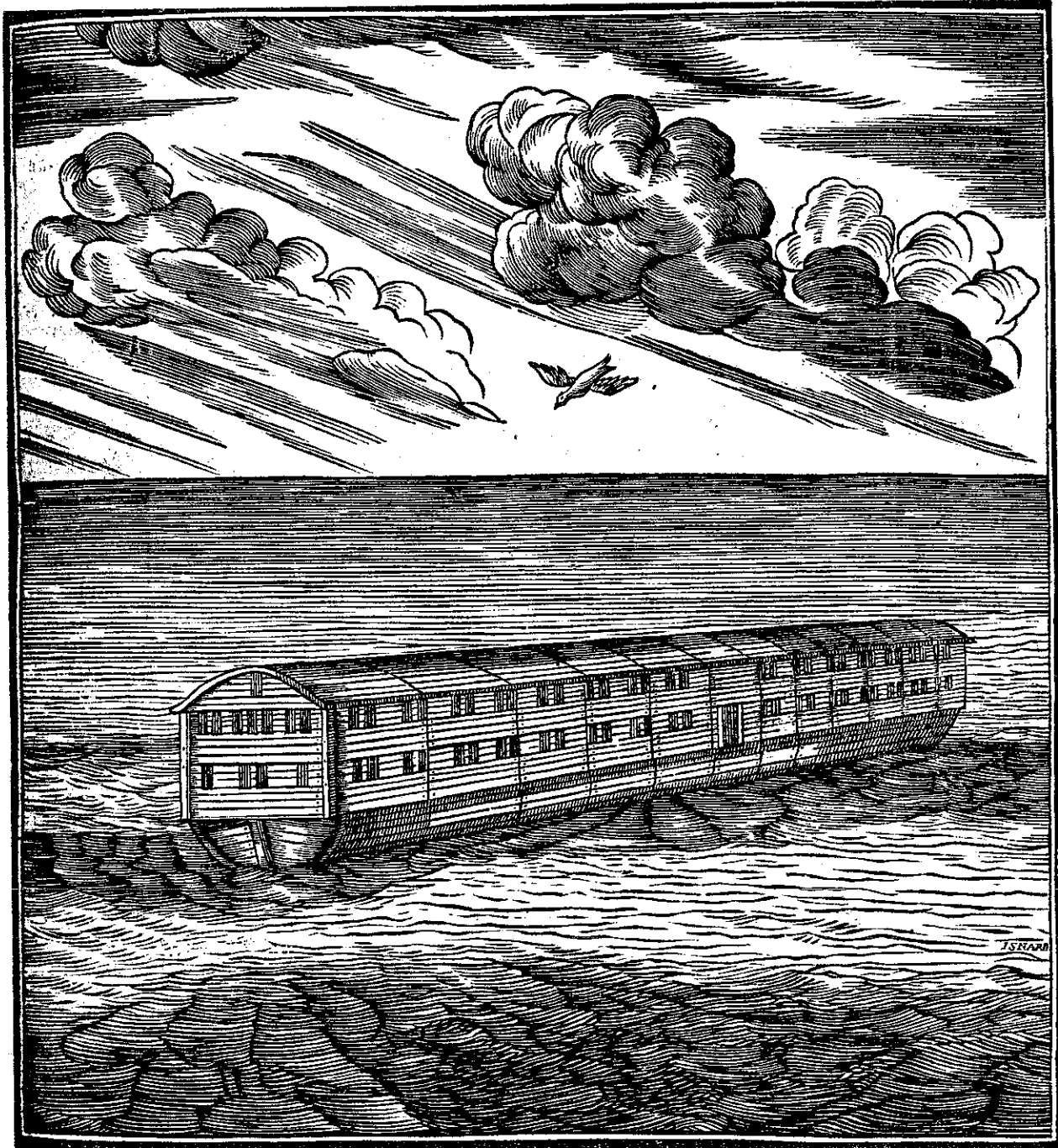
W.S. "I thought the rainbow was made by the sunbeams shining upon the falling rain, and not by a special work of God, as a token of nature."

N. "It is true, that it is made by the sunbeams shining upon the falling rain; but the sun of himself could not give it those perfect hues as we see in it. The blue signifies that the world was destroyed by water; the green signifies that the earth shall be ever fruitful; the red signifies that the world is to be destroyed by fire. If it were not that the finger of God had an agency in it, how could the different colors be separated from each other, and not be in chaotic confusion, as we see that it is the case a drop of rain when the sun is shining upon it..."

W.S. "But we see sometimes that the sun and the moon have a halo of diverse colors around them."

N. "I am ready to admit, that it is sometimes so in nature, for I saw such halos myself before the flood; but never the rainbow, until... as God did, contrary to nature, cause it to rain 40 days, so he does make the variegated rainbow contrary to the laws of nature..."^{340:78}

Throughout the book, special attention is drawn to genealogy, such as the account of Japhet's children migrating to the west mentions Gomer, who started the nation in Galatia, and Thuiscon who went into Teutschland, also called Germany. Magog took possession of Scotland, and his children and grandchildren took the islands of the west.^{340:83}



NOAH'S ARK
FROM A BIBLE ILLUSTRATED BY ISNARD, PUBLISHED IN SWITZERLAND IN 1778

In *Heartfelt Christian Conversations*, Gerhard Roosen (1612-1711) drafted a question-and-answer catechism for Mennonites.

PART ONE
HOW TO ATTAIN
TRUE GODLINESS, DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE

“Many wise heathen came to great knowledge, through which they endeavored to bring other men, who from inattention forgot themselves, and lived more like brutes than men, to a better and higher knowledge by their ingenious sayings, among which the best and most useful is considered to be the one: ‘Know thyself.’ ”

Question 7: “Are the sayings of the wise heathen sufficient whereby to come to this high knowledge of God?”

Answer: “The saying of the wise heathen are not sufficient... although we may learn something from them...”

Question 9: “Do the Holy Scriptures also teach that we should come to a knowledge of ourselves?”

Answer: “...It would be superflous to quote it here... The king and prophet David saw that many men forgot themselves, and did not discern the glory of their Creator.”

Question 93: “...According to the doctrine and practice of the apostles, no infants or small children be baptized?”

Answer: “... Very young children are not capable of receiving the doctrine of the Gospel, nor have they committed any sins of which they can repent, or of which they can amend their lives. Much less can they receive any matter of faith or believe in Christ Jesus, as Paul plainly speaks of the acceptance of faith: ‘How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?’”

Question 117: “Article Sixteenth, on Revenge ...How then must a Christian act in this matter, when he is to show love towards all men?”

Answer: “...This is expressly taught by Christ: ‘...Resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on they right cheek, turn to him the other also... Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, ... If ye salute your brethren only,

what do ye more than others?’”

Question 119: “Article Seventeenth, on the Swearing of Oaths ...Are there yet more such matters, to which Christ alluded and which are practiced by worldly governments, which are forbidden in the law of Christ?”

Answer: “Christ directs His people... ‘Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God’s throne, nor by the earth; for it is His footstool...’”

Article Seventh, of Holy Baptism: “...All penitent believers who through faith, the new birth, and renewal... whose names are recorded in Heaven, must, on such Scriptural confession of their faith... be baptized with water in the reverential name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, to the burying of their sins...”

Article Eleventh, of the Washing of the Feet of the Saints: “...The Lord Jesus did not only institute and command the same, but did also Himself wash the feet of the apostles, although He was their Lord and Master; thereby giving an example that they also should wash one another’s feet...”³²⁶

* * *

"We the Subscribers being appointed to appraise the Estate of Catharien Lamon Dec.d have appraised as follows

| | £ | s | d |
|---|---|----|-----|
| one Gray hors | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| one young Red Cow | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| one black Do | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| one old Red & whight Do | 3 | 10 | 0 |
| four head of Sheep | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| one Sow and Pigs | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Two old Shovels | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Two old hoes | 0 | 1 | 10 |
| one Jurn and butter tub and old bucket | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| one old Plow and Doble trees | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| one bewter bason and diver spoons | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| one Flax hachel and sordes | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| fieve bewter Plate; and four spoons | 0 | 4 | 6 |
| two oven laidels and one fork | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| one iron Pot | 0 | 4 | 6 |
| one Bibel and Sam book and Priching book | 1 | 3 | 6 |
| one Taylors goose | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Small frying pan | 0 | 0 | [-] |
| one old Woman's Sadel and bridal | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Two Pair of horses geers | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| one bed and bed sted | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| one old fether bed and two coverleds | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| fifty bushals of wheat at 2/6d per bushels | 6 | 5 | 0 |
| seventeen & half bushels of Corn at 1/2d per b. | 1 | 9 | 2 |
| one old Pien Chest | 0 | 8 | 0 |
| one boshel of [strawberry ?] | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| a quantity of Earthenwair | 0 | 8 | 0 |
| Two old Spinning wheals | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Two womens hats | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| one womans jacket and two short Gowns | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| one petite Coat & Short Gown | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| one bottel and a salt box | 0 | 13 | 0 |
| one bag of wool | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| one tabel | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| one Waggon Load of hay | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| one D° D° | | | |
| 3 & a half bushels of barley at 2 /pr b | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| 10 & a half bushals of Ry at 2 / per bushel | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| 11 & a half bushals of [poke ?] at 1/3d pr bushel | 0 | 19 | 32 |
| A small quantity of flax and hemp | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Sixteen bushels of Potatos at 1/5 per bushel | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| a small quantity of Cavage | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| four old bread baskets | 0 | 0 | 6 |
| one old Veneker Cask | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| an old bag & one old pair of shoes | 0 | 1 | 6 |

£ 43 11 0

Witnessed by David Golladay, George Frants and Jn.o Bushong

Witnessed by David Golladay, George Frants and Jn.o Bushong

At a Court held for the County of Shanandoah on thursday the 25th day of Dec. 1788.

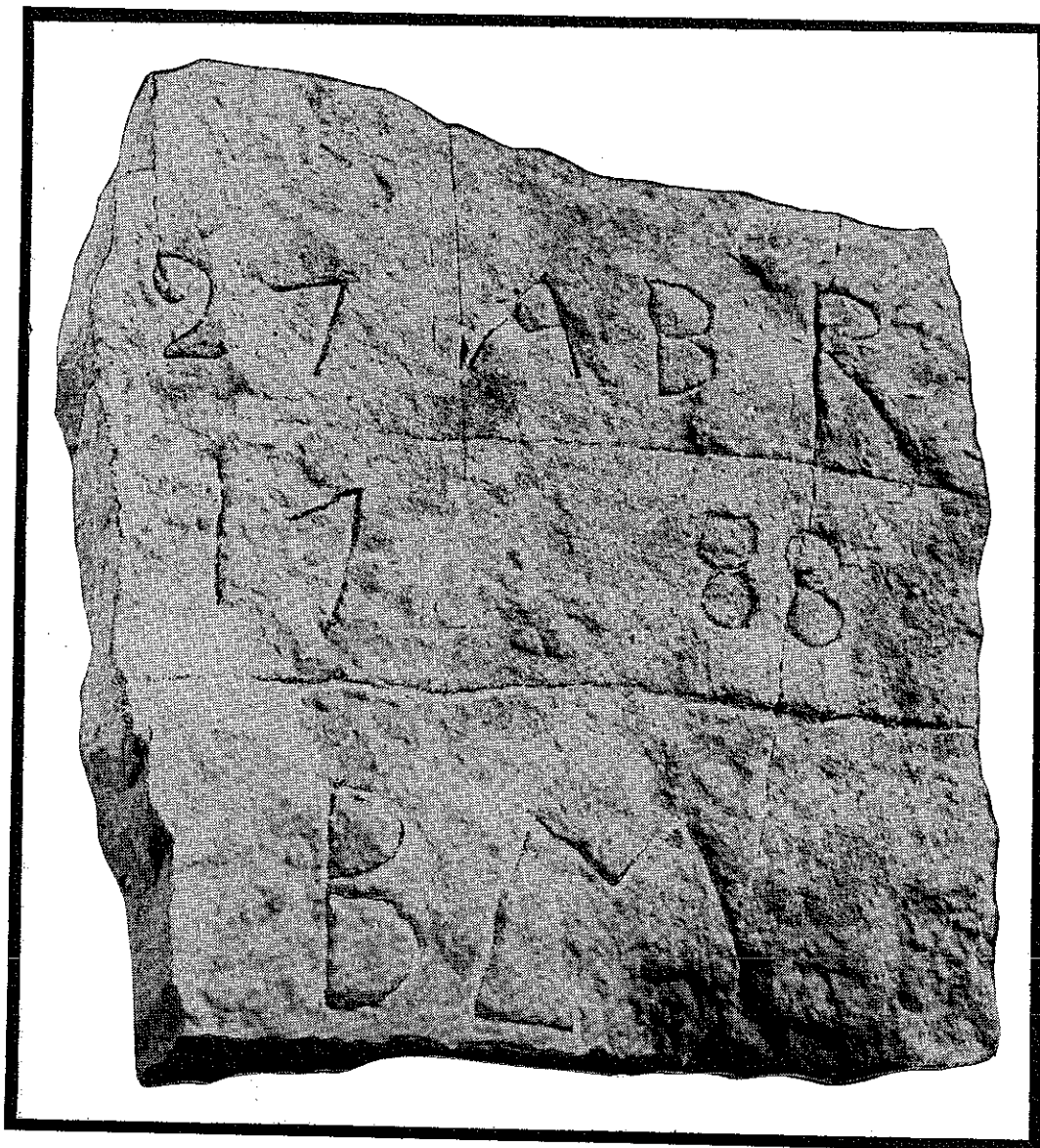
The Inventory & appraisement of the Estate of Cath. Layman Dec.^d was Exhibited into the Court to & ordered to be recorded.⁴⁴⁰

Test
John Williams

| PERSONS NAMES | ARTICLES SOLD | £ | s | d |
|------------------|--|---|----|----|
| Henry Tronner | 1 Shovel & 1 hoe | 0 | 1 | 8 |
| David Funkhouser | To D° D° | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Maddelon Cofmen | To 1 butter tub | 0 | 1 | 11 |
| Jacob Welker | To 1 old Jurn | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Maddelon Cofmen | To 1 small washing tub | 0 | 0 | 8 |
| John Lamem | To 2 bewter basons | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| D° | To 6 D° Plates | 0 | 5 | 6 |
| Maddelon Cofmen | To 11 Spoons | 0 | 2 | 3 |
| Nichles Lamem | To 1 old Plow | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Henry trinner | To 1 frying pan | 0 | 3 | 5 |
| Jacob Welker | To 1 D° | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Tobias Mily | To 1 smal pan | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| Elizabeth Lance | To 2 oven laidels & 1 fork | 0 | 5 | 3 |
| Henry Lance | To 1 flax heckel | 1 | 6 | 6 |
| Maddelon Cofmen | To 1 oven pot | 0 | 5 | 1 |
| Jacob Shiremen | To 1 bibel | 0 | 19 | 2 |
| Henry Trenner | To 1 Sam book | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| John Effinger | To 1 Priching book | 0 | 3 | 7 |
| Tobias Mily | To 1 Taylors goose | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Elizabeth Lance | To 1 old womans sadel & bridel | 1 | 11 | 1 |
| Tobias Mily | To 1 Pair of horse gears | 0 | 12 | 3 |
| Henry Lance | To 1 Pair D° | 0 | 19 | 1 |
| Jacob Shiremen | To 1 walnut tabel | 0 | 7 | 1 |
| Maddelon Cofmen | To 1 bed and bed sted | 1 | 12 | 1 |
| Nichles Bower | To 1 D° | 1 | 13 | 0 |
| Maddelon Cofmen | To 1 womans fir hat | 0 | 2 | 10 |
| D° | To 1 wooling D° | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| David Golinay | To 1 bag of wool | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Maddelon Cofmen | To 1 Cloke & Peticcoat | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Maddelon Cofmen | To 2 Short Gowns & 2 Jackets | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Henry Trenner | To a basket of [taumbery] & pr shoes | 0 | 2 | 5 |
| Jacob Shiremen | To a quantity of Earthern wair | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Joseph Laymen | To Eleven Earthern Crocks | 0 | 3 | 2 |
| D° | To 1 old spinning wheel | 0 | 4 | 10 |
| Tobias Mily | To 3 & a half bushesls of barley at 1/10 per t | 0 | 6 | 5 |
| Tobias Mily | To 1 & quarter of tye at 2/3 per c | 1 | 3 | 6 |

Other people present at the sale included:

Henry Bair, John Cook, Jacob Hofmen, Samuel Clayton, Jacob Cofmen, Samuel Cofmen, John Williams, To Williams' Negro g.y, George Gladys, Nichels Saum, John Effinger, ___ Kritzer, Frederick [ploh], and Joseph Layman.



AN 18TH CENTURY GRAVESTONE UNEARTHED
AT THE LAYMAN BURIAL GROUND;

ONE OF THE OLDEST EXISTING MARKERS IN SHENANDOAH COUNTY;
INCISED WITH THE INITIALS B L-M, ITS DATE
COINCIDING WITH BENJAMIN LAYMAN'S LIFESPAN

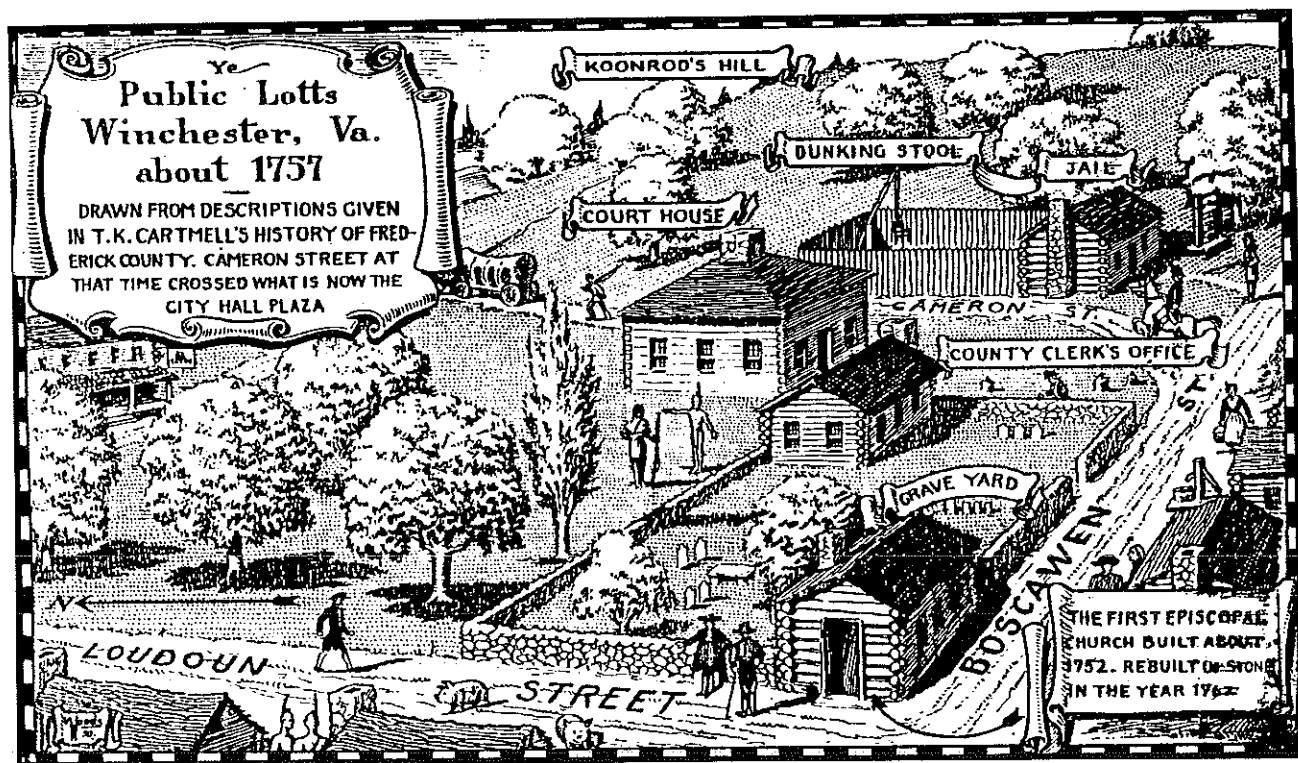
In order for Benjamin Layman's daughter Elizabeth Shireman to sell land in 1800 that she had inherited from him, her sisters were all obliged to prove the clear title and restate their consent. Barbara and Susannah signed in German; Mary and Anna sent their signatures in from Ohio; neither Catharine with her husband Godfrey Wilkin, nor Mary with her husband Henry Baughman forwarded their signatures.⁴³⁹

The following year, on 7 September 1801, when Mary and Henry Baughman sold their land in Botetourt County, Virginia, Jacob Lemmon served as their witness.³⁹²

Mary Layman may not have brought a traditional dowry into her marriage with Henry Baughman Jr. in 1773. In his estate inventory, however, there was a reference to two chests, one larger than the other.

Among many other possible interpretations, it may be that the smaller one was a traditional painted pine chest filled with the outfitting or *aussteier* that most girls' parents would have set aside for them. For later generations, this careful planning and laying away of items evolved into a little daughter's Hope Chest, and kept that name even when the items were not stored in any kind of chest.

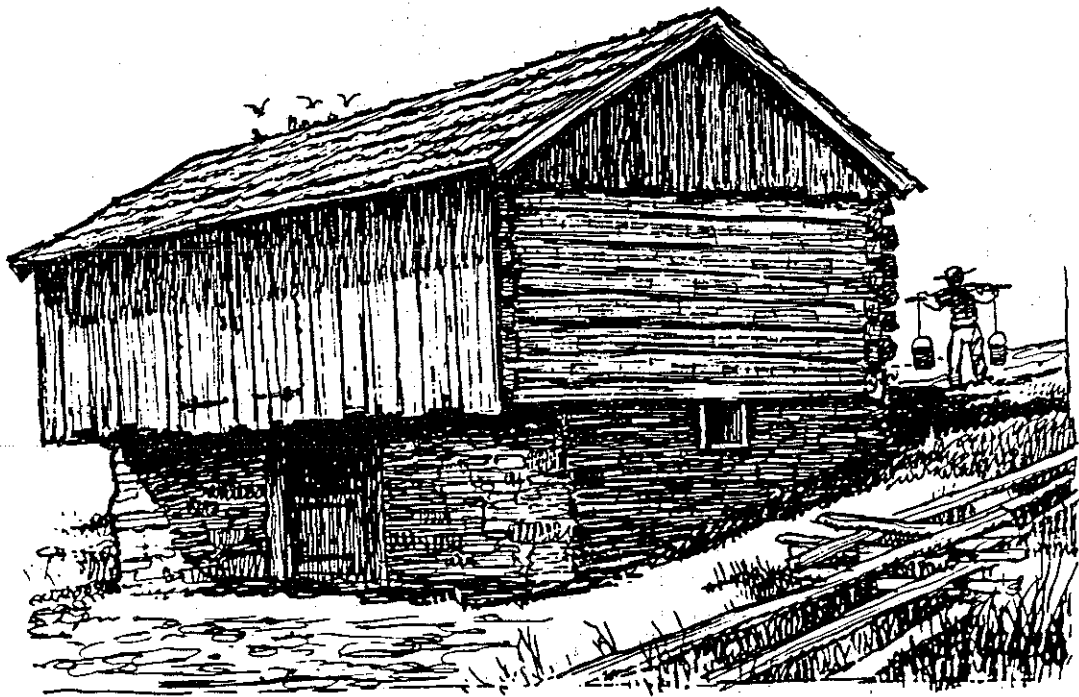
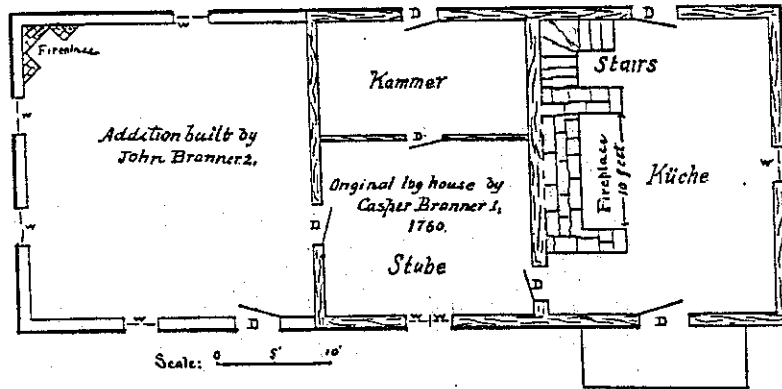
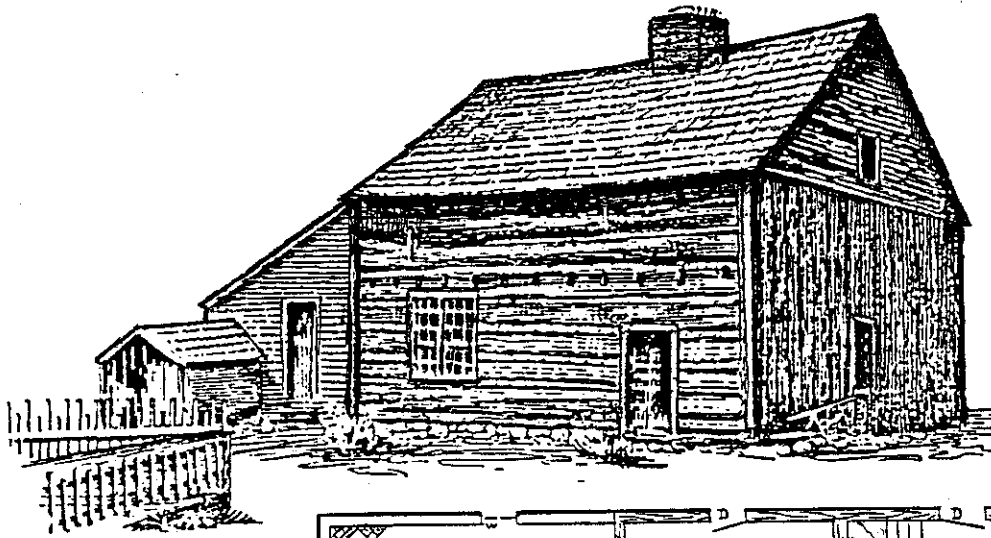
A wide range of outfittings might arrive with a bride: a spinning wheel, garden tools, pewter and earthenware, a table, a cow or pig, grains and food. Parents outfitted their sons with items such as axes, chains and rifles, traditionally set aside for the exclusive use of the male. Otherwise, the most popular items given to both sexes included beds and bedding, blanket chests, salt boxes and Bibles.^{240.39} ■ ■ ■



his
Benjamin Layman

SECTION TWO

BAUGHMANS IN THE EASTERN MOUNTAINS



A SETTLER'S FARM NEAR HOLMAN'S CREEK
CASPER BRANNER'S 1760 LOG HOUSE; AN EARLY SWISSER BARN DOCUMENTED BY ERIC SLOANE

A GERMAN FARM IN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA:
THE BAUGHMANS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS
1754 - 1807

IN COLONIAL VIRGINIA, THE STYLE AND PROPORTION OF Swiss farmhouses matched the design used in Europe since Medieval times. The oldest surviving Mennonite building in the western hemisphere dates to 1719, made by the Herr family out of the limestone of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In old Europe, where trees were rationed by the state, farmers had to get the most out of their wood by erecting "half-timbered" walls filled in with mud and straw caulking. Although stone was hard to work with, it was the frequent choice for a strong wall or two when trees could not be spared.

In America, Swiss settlers faced the opposite challenge, especially in the forest of the Shenandoah Valley watered by 11 miles of Holman's Creek. Newcomers from Philadelphia were amazed by the thick canopy of branches above, and the fertile soil below that was almost devoid of undergrowth, save a natural bluegrass sod, well put to grazing livestock. This openness, they remarked, could permit a coach and horses to be driven through it in any direction.^{225:3}

The plentiful pine and oak in this forest would have reminded them of the upper Rhine River Valley, but theory holds that Germanic farmers were mostly looking out for black walnut trees. It was not only a fine and favorite hardwood for building tools and furniture, but walnut trees preferred the same acidic limestone soil that Swiss and German yeomen knew would yield good crops.

Many dozens of mature trees had to be gotten rid of just to allow sunlight in for a family garden, let alone the acres of clearing necessary to plant profitable crops. A good deal of this cut wood was stacked and burned just to make potash, one of the frontiersman's best cash crops at market. By wetting down piles of firewood ash, colonial farmers could siphon off the crude lye that seeped out below. This liquid was boiled down, allowed to dry out and was then scraped off the inner walls of the huge pots. Tidewater Virginia had plenty of soap makers, called chandlers, eager for the sooty "black salt," which was crucial to the production of cheap glass and yellow soap. With a lot more trouble and long hours of revolting odor, the potash could be recooked into pearl ash, the key to

making fine crystal glass, white soap and dye mordants.^{402:118}

So in contrast to their cousins in Pennsylvania who still used a great deal of stone, the house, barn, springhouse and other outbuildings in the Valley of Virginia were naturally made of logs. For the site of a house, a cool-water spring would always be a magnet. Failing that, however, convenience to the creek had to be balanced against the predictable ruin of regular flooding.

Farmers tended to build with a couple of other practical concerns in mind. To lay out the house, they chose ground so hardened with limestone that plowing it would have been impossible anyway — a spot good for nothing else than building. This rocky hardness was also counted on to provide firm foundation for the house, because they also liked to build on the lower spots where clay might otherwise become waterlogged.

Those who built on low ground would be rewarded at the end of every day thereafter. For hard-working farmers, dragging field tools home *downhill* at the end of a wearisome day was much better than dragging it home uphill, or being tempted to leave it out. The extra effort going uphill in the morning did not feel so bad to a well-rested and just-breakfasted set of muscles.

No buildings from the 18th century survive on Henry Baughman's old land, but his next door neighbors built a grist mill and a house that have survived most of the 20th century.

Andrew Zirkle chose a site on Holman's Creek for an overshot wheel, milling wheat flour and corn meal. He assembled the three-story building with huge virgin timbers shortly after a deed from George Brock Jr. for the surrounding 224 acres was signed over on 7 June 1757.^{443:165}

Just below Holman's Creek, Casper Branner built his one-and-a-half-story house well before the Revolution. The pine logs were so large that only 11 of them were needed to stack up to the eaves. The sill was square-hewed oak, while the pine was chopped flat on just two sides. Warmth inside the house was guaranteed by the walls' great thickness and the well-plastered chinking between each joint.^{49:82}

The porch and front door opened into the kitchen, and just like 80 percent of other Germanic log houses in the Valley, the kitchen was to the right of the chimney.^{72:7} The opening of the fireplace there was ten feet wide and just over five feet high, arched above by a smooth square oak beam two feet thick. An early fireplace such as this may have had raised hearths in the Swiss tradition, which would have reduced the size of cooking fires, and made cranes, trammels and hooks — seldom seen in German household inventories along the Shenandoah — quite unnecessary.^{223:21} The overall chimney, made of roughly dressed field stones, measured 14 feet across.

A house built by a German was instantly recognized by its chimney, which came out of the middle of the roof. The English tradition was for putting a hearth at one end of the cabin, but Germans built their fireplaces between the kitchen and the living room, making the most efficient use of radiant heat from the backside of hearthstones. They also developed iron box stoves that opened from and were fed through the kitchen side of the wall, but that protruded into the living room and radiated extra heat there.

The living room, or *Stube*, was not plastered, and its front wall was opened by a double window made from rows of small glass panes. Although a family spent most of its waking time indoors in the Kitchen, or *Küche*, they sat down to their meals at a long table in the living room. One or two sides of this double-plank table were pushed up to built-in benches made fast to the wall. The parents slept in a narrow, unheated bedroom called a *Kammer*, behind the living room.^{72:7}

The Branner's upper half-story was supported by smooth, eight-inch-square joist beams. Storage lofts and the children's sleeping quarters there were reached by a small winding stairway in the rear corner of the kitchen. The roof beams were usually exposed from underneath, but in some Valley homes, the upper peak of the attic was floored off to make a grain bin. Everywhere, the interior woodwork was scrupulously cleaned.

Casper's son, John Branner, felt a need to nearly double the house's square footage. His addition included a root cellar and over it a single large room with walls lathed and plastered, a small corner fireplace, wainscoting trim and large windows. Some early cellars were planned directly over a spring of fresh water, and combined with stout, vaulted cellar

ceilings gave frontier families an extra sense of security. Should their homes become besieged or set afire, at least their safe haven below could withstand the crush of collapsing, burning beams.^{72:10}

Swiss pioneers of the early 18th century built modest log bank barns. Along the outside walls, piles of cornstalks helped to insulate what the crude clapboard planks could not. The cantilevered overhang was developed back in Switzerland as a bit of roof-like shelter for livestock. For more protection against harsh winter, stall doors faced south.³⁶³

In as Straight a Line as Possible

Valley records show that more than a few settlers got their farms well underway "without benefit of a land title."^{28:30} Even when many years had elapsed, the lord proprietors office was usually understanding; and as long as the yearly quit rent payments began to roll in, eviction was not likely. The three-part process of gaining a grant made it very unlikely a second petitioner would apply for land already occupied. Besides, the pace of surveyors appointments was always years behind the rate of new arrivals.

Henry Baughman got a visit on 19 June 1754 from Robert Rutherford, one of the dozen surveyors hired by Fairfax to map out his six million acres in the Northern Neck of Virginia. A strip of Dunmore County due east was being steadily surveyed for the last six years by a friend of Lord Fairfax's family, the 22-year-old George Washington.

For a plantation as big as Henry's 257 acres, running a survey over a winding creek and through several odd corners meant a day-long effort, requiring help from several neighborhood volunteers. Deed books from the same time in Pennsylvania frequently list interested parties who came just to watch.²⁶⁹

Over the years, Baughmans often helped out their neighbors during a survey, and on this particular Wednesday, Christian Funkhouser and George Brock came over from their farms next-door to serve as chain carriers. The unfamiliar might imagine a slave breaking his back with coils of stout utility chain, but on the contrary, surveyors used the elegant, lightweight Gunters chain, named for the inventor of the standardized 7.92 inch link that when strung 25 together made 16.5 foot poles. Four poles made up a chain. Many of the new world's dimensions were not accidental, such as the width of a road or length of a

city block, but were rather the exact multiples of the Gunters system.^{286:143}

Rutherford could have found locally made surveyors equipment being produced as a sideline by Valley clockmakers, but more likely he outfitted himself back in Virginia's Tidewater. Surveyors were some of the most prosperous and well-connected gentlemen in colonial America, and their success showed in the beautiful, precision instruments they carried, often adorned with brass tags, scrolled engravings and even miniature painted landscapes.

With his protractor, sighting compass, tripod and just-rehearsed hand gestures, Rutherford directed Henry to walk out and then adjust position by scant degrees. Chain carriers George and Christian grabbed metal stirrup handles at either end of the 66-foot chain and then tried to get over hill and dale to meet Henry in as straight a line as possible. They kept track of how many chain lengths it took, and little dangling brass tags helped them to count fractions by the link.

As the Marker, Henry's job was also to scar the trees or boulders that Rutherford noted as landmarks at the eight corners of his property. Because Henry let his livestock roam free, and branded them with an "HB" to prove they were his, he may well have cut his monogram into the bark of the trees that Rutherford pointed out to him.

The paperwork was so backlogged at Lord Fairfax's office near Winchester that Henry didn't receive final approval to the survey or his grant application until eight years later.

Moving About the Valley

For all of the 18th century and the first third of the 19th, Henry's county included not just the immediate valley, but also the mountains and the next valley to the east. This boundary embraced the whole river valley, with both the north and south forks of the Shenandoah. The Massanutten Mountains in between were hardly enough to keep the Mennonites from Holman's Creek and the Hawksbill Creek apart.

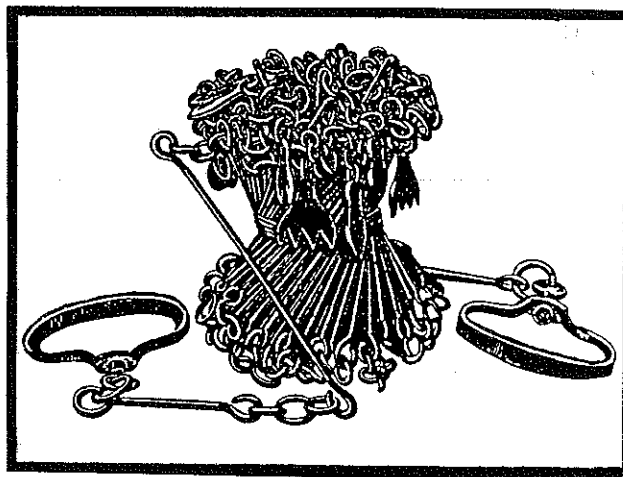
The word *massanutten* means "Indian basket," a perfect name for a geological formation which is actually a valley within a mountain within a valley.^{259:11} Abraham and Jacob Baughman must have used the gap in the Massanutten at Crossroads often, or perhaps they went farther north to King's Crossing, named for a family of Germans named König who

settled there.

The several hours it took to cross the mountain was nothing for a couple of lovestruck brothers on their way to court Esther and Elizabeth Musselman, whose family came from the Hawksbill. Courting couples could spend supervised hours together at husking frolics or snitzing parties. Large gatherings spent an evening or a whole day making play out of food work. Shucking corn was done in pairs — a male working with a female — and romantic tradition allowed whoever discovered a red ear inside their husk to claim a kiss. Courting couples got accused of hiding such an ear beneath a jacket or belt just so it could be rediscovered again and again.^{369:13}

Because Baughmans always kept orchards full of apple trees, the Musselmans may have paid a visit when it was time for peeling and quartering a crop of Spitzenburgs or Newton Pippins to make cider and apple butter. Courting couples were given seven-foot-long wooden stirring paddles to share, as well as little rhymes to chant, while making sure that none of the mixture stuck to the sides of the kettle and burned. Other unmarried grownups were paired off by lottery and told that if they sloshed the butter while stirring it, they would have to pay a fine to each other of one kiss.^{369:18}

Early settlers traveled mostly on their feet, walking six to eight miles to their church services and returning the same day. That's about how far it was to cross the mountain from the Baughman plantation on Holman's Creek to the Mennonite meetinghouse on Mill Creek where the Musselmans and Coffmans



A SURVEYOR'S CHAIN
USING GUNTERS LENGTHS OF A LINK, POLE AND CHAIN

attended.^{54:21}

Heading northeast, the 13-mile-walk from Holman's Creek to the courthouse at Woodstock made this more of a special trip. Until the age of modern transportation, plain people didn't think twice about walking just about anywhere, such as the journey Ambrose Henkel made from Crossroads, then renamed New Market, to Hagerstown, Maryland, just to learn more about the printer's trade.^{424:174}

Facing west, past Little North Mountain and Jacob Moyer's place was the Allegheny Ridge. The most traveled breech across it was called the Devil's Hole, and by taking it, a body could walk 13 miles west and reach the Lost River, which a number of Baughmans did.

A small creek named Three Springs Run feeds into the river, but a mile past their junction, this notable mountain artery simply disappears. Explorers in 1750 called it the Lost River because it didn't seem to go anywhere. They may not have realized at first look that the waterflow twists underground for two miles to reemerge as the Cacapon River.

The Lost River and Three Springs Run flow side by side for several miles beneath Break Neck Ridge, over rolling bluegrass land just southeast of present-day Route 259 and four miles south on Private Road 23/7 from McCauley, West Virginia. The Baughmans liked the five-mile-long by one-mile-wide valley enough to linger awhile and build a settlement. Jacob Baughman appeared on the 1810 census for Hardy County with one other tithable in his household, no slaves and five horses. Early 19th-century records showed a Henry and John Baughman sharing 234¼ acres beside the Lost River. The neighbors also included on Jonathan Branson's 1810 enumeration of the Eastern District included Carrs, Clarks, Coffmans, Collins, Cunninghams, Deishers, Fries and Funkhousers.

Young people from as far away as Harrisonburg would make the 30-mile trek for one of the big Mennonite camp meetings there, and the Baughman Church, also called Bachman's, was well known in the 19th century. At one time, up to 40 schoolchildren attended daily classes at the meetinghouse, which later became the Mt. Moriah Lutheran Church. Descendants of Baughman, Blosser and Hulver families can still be found there, and hold a reunion each fourth Sunday in June.^{54:292}

The First Lamb Was Born

From a series of journals kept through the mid-18th century by David Schultze, the lives of other German-American Mennonite farmers can be imagined.^{154:114}

January — 4-5: Threshed grain. 9: Made a log sled. 11: Winnowed grain. 13: Manured the stables. 15: The first lamb was born. 15-16, 18-20: Cleared forest. 22-23: Finished threshing wheat and got 87 bushels in all. 24: Butchered a calf. 25: Hemp plucked. 26: Carried firewood. 29: Cut wood. 30: Nailed clapboards on. 31: Butchered the old sow, only 104 pounds of meat.

February — 3: Manured the stables. 5-7: Finished threshing grain. 10: Butchered a calf. 13, 19: Oats threshed. 24: Manured the stables. 27: Cleansed oats. 28: Threshed again.

March — 1: Threshed oats. 3: Cleansed 16 bushels oats for seed. 6: Made rails [for fencing]. 7: Wood carried, etc. 10: Cleaned the stables. 13-17: Made rails. 20, 22-23: Kitchen garden fence repaired. 24: Plucked hemp. 26: Made rails. 28-29: Sowed 100 perches [1,650 feet] with flaxseed. 30-31: Two more quarters [½ acre] of flaxseed sown.

April — 4: 1½ acres of oats sowed and by this time the pond cleaned. 7: Hauled some manure. Cleaned trees. 10: Sowed another ½ acre of flaxseed and two acres with oats. 14: Sowed 1¾ acres with oats. 18: Sold two cows. Seeded 9½ acres with oats for ourselves. [Market] price of wheat was 4s-1p for 30 bushels. 20: 2¾ acres of oats sowed. 21: Sowed ¾ acres with oats. 25: Fed the last turnips to the cows. 26: Sowed oats for the last time this year. 27-28: Made fence and plowed.

May — 1-2: Plowed up about 1½ acres of old meadow. 2: Received a bee swarm already! Sheared sheep, 14 pounds of wool from four white sheep. 3-4: Plowed the new land for buckwheat. 5: Fed the last oats straw. 7-9: Plowed for buckwheat. 9: Made rails and carried wood. 10: Began to plow in the field to the South. 18: Finished plowing.

June — 22: Finished sowing buckwheat, more than five acres. Finished making hay, 12 little fields. 25: Cut 580 sheaves of grain. 30: Almost finished harvesting, 1240 sheaves. 1100 sheaves of grain in the barn and 140 bundles of hay.

July — 4-5: Cut grain and bound 1680 sheaves. 10: Finished picking flax. 11: Began to mow oats.

12: Sold two sheep. 13: Bound 65 sheaves. 14: Bound 65 sheaves. 17-18: Bound 113 sheaves. Till now 370 sheaves. 21: Began the second plowing. 27: Hauled manure.

August — 9: Finished the second plowing and shifted the fences. 15-17: Threshed wheat. 21: Began to sow a little. 27-31: Continued seeding.

September — 9: The brown cow had a calf. 11: Began to mow. 12: Finished sowing rye and wheat. 12-14: Joseph mowed. 26: Began to mow buckwheat. 29: Continued to mow buckwheat. 30: Rode to town to the election.

October — 1: Election Day. 2: Returned home. 3: Hauled the second crop of hay home. 4: Cut buckwheat. 5-9: Threshed some buckwheat. 19-20: Finished threshing buckwheat. 20: Finished making the second crop of hay. The cider from my apples was made this month. 26: Began to dig out the turnips. 30: Brought in the cabbage.

November — 12: Cleaned the stables. 16-17: Made the new bakeoven. 26: Had a flax breaker, Joseph.

December — 9: Much rain and high waters. 12-13: Threshed rye. 14: Cleaned rye, 15 bushels. 15: Cleaned stables. 17: Butchered the first hog, brought 95 pounds. 20: Threshed wheat. 21: Butchered at Abraham Jäckels. 23: Cleaned wheat, 9½ bushels. 24: Sold the wheat.

At harvest time, it was a tradition among the German farmers in the Shenandoah Valley to form small alliances they called rings. Such cooperation ensured that a man wouldn't have to own more tools than his own family members could use, or try to outbid his neighbors for hired help in bringing in the crop. They labored for each other without pay, but with the understanding that each other's tools and facilities had to be equally and freely available. Such a degree of sharing explains why tools were so frequently initialed, signed or even decorated.^{369:7}

Smaller children tottered back and forth with waterbuckets, ready to quench the thirst of sweaty harvesters. Women busily prepared a light noon-time meal, because tradition in the Valley held back the really big feast until the task at hand was finished.

By 1777, Henry Baughman Jr. had already built a house on the south bank of Holman's Creek where he lived with his wife, Mary Layman, and their children, including Barbara, 10 and John, 3. Because neighbors

reassembled as the same crew every time one of them needed a house or a barn, individual tastes in design naturally gave way to tradition, habit, efficiency and the one or two forceful personalities used to leading. Henry Jr.'s house probably looked just like the neighboring Branner house, south of Zirkle's Mill.

Unfortunately, the dissolution of his father's estate over the following eight years forced Henry Jr. to sell the land where he had been farming his whole life. Henry Sr. willed Henry Jr. the 175 acres surrounding the site of his new house, and gave the larger northern piece to his other son John. But in the same breath, Old Henry ordered them to create a fund of £300 that would be shared equally among all his children. Henry Jr.'s share into this fund was to be £120, with John paying in the balance since his inherited landtract was bigger. By the time Henry Jr. sold his land to Andrew Zirkle for £155, then paid off the estate fund, and took back his share of the legacy, he had £45 added to his pocket but no chance to buy a farm of comparable size near by.

Only after his widow Barbara's death, when her second husband John Glick Sr. prepared to honor her own legacy in his will, did a nearly full list of Henry and Barbara's offspring surface into official record at Woodstock. The passage of time between 1779 and 1805 complicated the list, since the implied full shares of children and fractional shares of grandchildren blurred among all of the genealogical possibilities.

The first of two documents filed in Woodstock under Glick's estate settlement was dated 19 March 1805, and in it were the following instructions:

"My son John shall pay £50 current money of Virginia one year after my death unto the children which my deceased wife Barbara had by her former husband Henry Bachman which is to be equally divided among said children excepting always that Jacob Bachman shall have no part of said £50, but his children which he had by his wife Catherine Neff shall have their father's share of the £50 equally divided among them."

Glick's will was not probated until 9 May 1814,⁴⁴⁰ but it took John Jr. more than seven years to track down all of his step-brothers and -sisters, scattered from Tennessee to Ohio. The final payments were also recorded at the courthouse:⁴⁴¹

| | £ | s | d |
|--------------------------------|---|----|---|
| 1812 June, by cash paid | | | |
| Henry Baughman _?_, his legacy | 5 | 11 | 1 |
| [a son, being Henry Jr.] | | | |

| | | | |
|---|----|----|---|
| 1815 March 14 | | | |
| Abraham Baughman, his legacy | 13 | 11 | |
| [a grandson, by John's Abraham] | | | |
| John Layman, his legacy | 5 | 11 | 1 |
| [husband of Barbara] | | | |
| 1815 June 28 | | | |
| Robert Stritchberry, his wife's legacy in full | 13 | 11 | |
| [husband to John's Ann] | | | |
| 1815 November 13 | | | |
| Abraham Baughman, his legacy in full | 5 | 11 | 6 |
| [a son] | | | |
| 1815 December 6, by cash paid | | | |
| David & Christian Baughman, their legacy in full | 1 | 7 | 9 |
| [grandsons, by John] | | | |
| Samuel Landis [for] Jacob Hunseger | 5 | 11 | - |
| [husband of a daughter, name unknown] | | | |
| 1815 December 7, by cash paid | | | |
| Abraham & Daniel Baughman, their legacy in full | 1 | 7 | 9 |
| [two great-grandsons, by John's Abraham] | | | |
| 1816 Jan ^y 3, by cash paid | | | |
| Henry Baughman, his legacy | 1 | 17 | 6 |
| [a grandson, by Jacob's Henry] | | | |
| 1816 March, by cash paid | | | |
| George Hepner his wife Barbara's legacy in full | 1 | 17 | 6 |
| [a granddaughter, by Jacob] | | | |
| 1820 Oct. 12, by cash paid | | | |
| Jacob Huft [for] William Dugan his wife's legacy in full | 5 | 14 | 1 |
| [a daughter, name unknown] | | | |
| 1821 Feb ^y 17, by cash paid | | | |
| [Helen] Landis Jacob Baughman rec'd | 13 | 10 | |
| [a great-grandson, by John's Jacob] | | | |

After the Revolution, many of the younger generation around Holman's Creek decided to pack up and head south and west.

On 8 February 1785, Henry Boughman was listed in the district of Captain Pryors Militia Company in Botetourt County, Virginia, heading a household of 5 whites living in one dwelling place with no other buildings. He paid taxes that year of £4-10, a noted and standardized low rate that averaged 1 shilling & 6 pence per acre. This was levied 1½ years before he

finalizes the purchase of 60 acres from Mary Lawrence and her son William, of Rockbridge County, Virginia.

On Monday, 21 May 1787, Henry's family was described for tax purposes as having no grown white males between the ages of 16 and 21, no slaves, two horses and three head of cattle. A number of his old neighbors from the Forest around Holman's Creek were again living nearby, including Conrad and Jacob Moyer, Peter Zirkle, Christopher and Jacob Shavor. By 1787, Botetourt has become home to many other families from Henry's past, as well as to his grandchildren's future: Compton, Dagger, Draper, Gibson, Good, Hill, Huff, Moore, Ogle, Patton, Persinger, Sutton, Walker, Wood and Yell.

Henry Jr.'s family probably arrived from Shenandoah County riding on a Conestoga wagon, and because a pair of spurs remained among his personal effects, the two horses listed on the 1785 tax assessment served as the family transportation and were likely a trained team. In 1806, the year before Henry's death, son John headed off to Tennessee with his new bride, perhaps taking the horses, a wagon and other livestock along as his dower gift. In the 18th century, a pair of horses, their gear and a wagon could be worth as much as 100 acres of land. The value of one working horse was equal to two and a half cows, or 24 hogs or sheep. Rather than oxen, horses did most of the field work on German farms.

The same list mentioned three cattle, and the inventory's churn suggests at least one milk cow. Shears, wool cards and the spinning wheel suggests that sheep may have given Henry their wool. The three hogs most likely ran wild, and at an average in those days of 175 pounds were much trimmer and smaller than modern breeds. Even though Henry had mortgaged away and then finally sold his farm to his neighbors, the Pitzers, he probably wasn't going hungry. The old expression "living high on the hog" came from days when a humble family could eat quite well — at least for awhile — after the butchering of a hog.

Because the names of some inventory items are a bit general, such as "five knives," it is reasonable that a hunter's blade might have been thrown together with a kitchen utility knife and mismatched table knives. Another label, "two rings," is impossible to pin down even by its placement next to other items. Mennonites did use simple silver wedding bands, but the inventory rings could have served more practical purposes at work, and been made out of wood or wrought iron.

THE ESTATE INVENTORY OF HENRY BAUGHMAN II
DECEMBER 1807, BOTETOURT COUNTY, VIRGINIA

In obedience to the December Botetourt Court, we the underneath, have proceeded to appraise the estate of Henry Boughman, deceased.

| | £ | s | d |
|---|--------|-----------|-------|
| | pounds | shillings | pence |
| 1 rifle gunshot bag & mold | 2 | 14 | |
| 2 axes 1 wedg 1 ring moll | | 14 | |
| 1 kettle, one oven, 1 small pot 1 frying pan 2 pore crocks | 1 | 10 | |
| 3 augers 1 anvill 1 hammer 2 pair sheers 3 sickles 1 gimblet | 16 | | |
| 1 German Bible 6 others assorted | 1 | 4 | |
| 6 pewter plates | | 7 | 6 |
| 1 pewter bason | | 4 | |
| 1 cullender & tin pan | | 2 | 6 |
| 5 tin cups, 4 table spoons 1 tin quart & funnel | | 5 | |
| 2 rings, 1 lamp 1 pair spurs 1 pair candle molds | | | |
| 2 flesh forks, 5 forks, 3 knives | | 4 | 6 |
| 1 bucket 1 pale | | 4 | 6 |
| 1 tumbler 1 salt box | | 1 | 6 |
| 1 handsaw 1 pare cards 1 plane 1 swingle tree + hangings | | 2 | |
| 1 vinegar bag 1 small fat tub 1 small jug 1 sad iron 1 pare stilyards | 10 | 6 | |
| 1 salt sack 1 churn 1 pickling tub | | 6 | |
| 1 pare drawing chaines | | 6 | |
| 1 small chest 1 table & sifter | | 6 | |
| 1 small looking glass & chest | | 7 | 6 |
| | 10 | 5 | 6 |
| 3 hogs | 1 | 16 | 10 |
| 1 mattock, 1 grinstone 1 hoe | | 9 | |
| 1 shovel 2 pot bearers | | 2 | |
| 1 spinning wheel 6 spools | | 6 | |
| 1 bedstead & bed | 1 | 16 | |
| 1 ditto | | 12 | |
| | 15 | 6 | 6 |

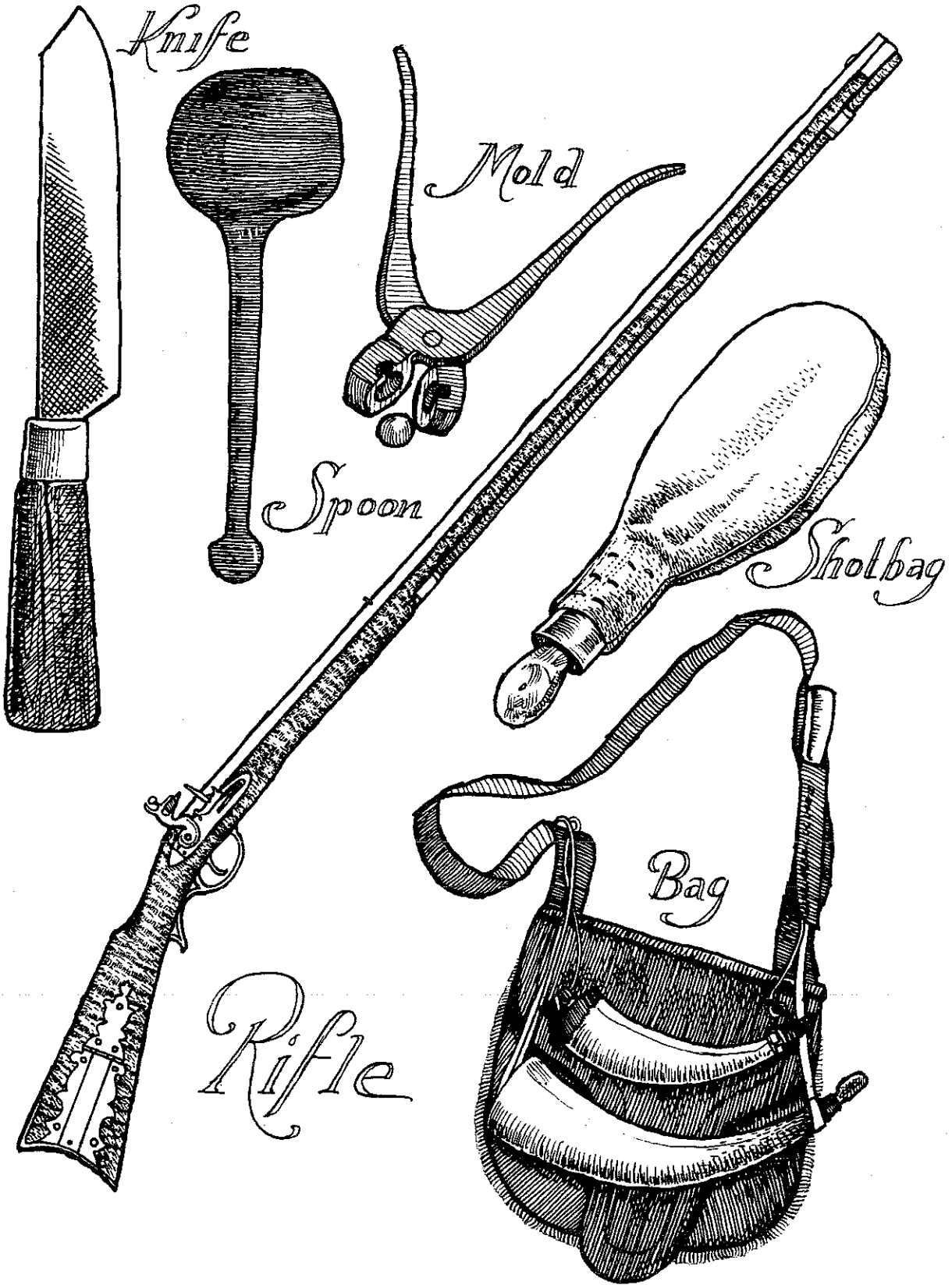
[signed] Arch McClung
Fred Pitzer
George Pitzer

At Botetourt February Court 1808

This Inventory & appraisement of the Estate of Henry Boughman, deceased, was returned to court in order to be recorded.

a copy teste

[signed] H[enry] Bowyer¹¹⁵



RIFLE: 40" octagonal .50 caliber barrel mounted on a Pennsylvania/Kentucky flintlock with tiger maple stock and brass patchbox. Disassembled, there are no markings to positively identify the maker, though this rifle has been appraised by Robert G. Ruben, a collector and dealer in fine antique firearms from Oyster Bay, New York, as being of the type produced around 1795 by Swiss-German gunsmiths trained in the Pennsylvania style.

The distinctive tulip-shaped brass patchbox on this rifle resembles styles found in both Berks County, Pennsylvania and western Virginia. Several early gunsmiths along Virginia's frontier, including George Fisher of Strasburg, G. Grandstaff of Edinburg, and William Miller Sheetz of Shepardstown, all had patchbox designs of a very similar pattern.¹⁹⁴ Gunsmiths often showed pride in their workmanship, especially in brass, by staying with the same design throughout their careers.

In 18th century Pennsylvania, 30 percent of Mennonite households showed rifles on estate inventories.^{223:23}

MOLD: Iron $\frac{3}{4}$ " high x $4\frac{3}{4}$ " long x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wide plier-style clamp. By pouring molten lead into its opening, a single .50 caliber ball can be made for use in a flintlock firearm. Molds had to be custom made by each gunsmith to match the bore created by their barrel-making methods.

SHOT BAG: Leather $7\frac{1}{2}$ " long x $2\frac{1}{2}$ " wide soft bag fitted with a pewter spout and wooden stopper.

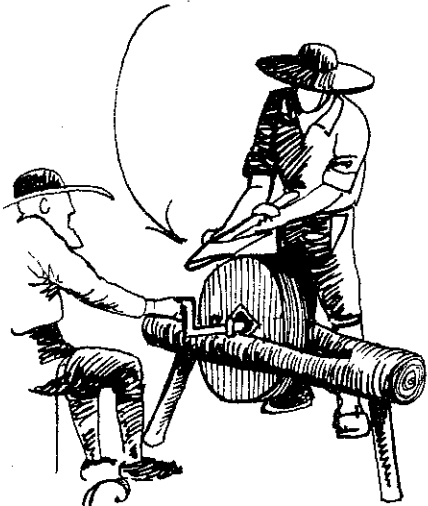
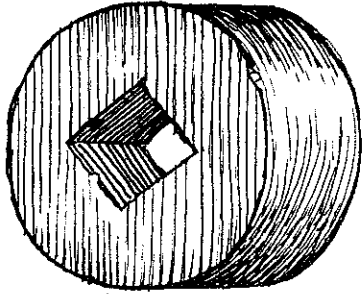
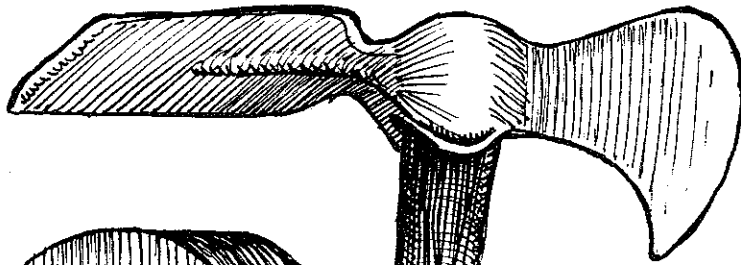
Such pouches were used for carrying small lead pellets known as birdshot, which were sometimes fired from flintlock rifles when hunting for fowl. Similar bags were used for storing extra lead balls so that the hunter would be relieved from fumbling while reloading. Fancy shot bags were sometimes fashioned out of a gourd or a sealed turtle shell.^{175:186}

Or as a **BAG:** Leather 9" high x 9" wide, with a 36" strap and two attached powder horns. Hunters required a convenient shoulder pouch for the many supplies and accessories needed in firing a flintlock rifle. The double-chambered bag held the many "possibles," such as lead balls, powder measure, a fire hole pick and brush, extra lead and flint, patch scraps, bullet mold, compass, turkey call, a fire-starting kit of steel striker and tow tender, spoon, pocket knife, smoking pipe, tobacco and a snack of jerkey meat. For the sake of quick access, the bag's long-tongued

flap was held closed only by the weight of the two powder horns — the smaller filled with fine powder used on the primer pan, and the larger horn holding the standard black gun powder. Stitched on the strap, a sheath kept the utility knife ever-ready.^{175:187}

KNIFE: Iron and wood, $10\frac{1}{2}$ " overall length. Working knives, in this case reshaped from an old file, had the blade's tang imbedded in a wood handle. A banded ferrule clamped the junction and discouraged splits in the wood.^{300:216}

SPOON: Lead $7\frac{1}{2}$ " long, including an irregular $2\frac{3}{4}$ " bowl. In camp, a woodsman might be desperate enough for a spoon but too hungry to spend the time carving one out of wood. Within a few minutes, he could convert some of his lead balls into a soft but serviceable spoon, and he was always free to melt it back into bullets after eating. Due to the value of the lead, along with its soft, unstable stem, these pioneer utensils were seldom saved and are quite rare today. Only during an archeological dig might bits and pieces of a camp spoon be recovered.³⁰⁰



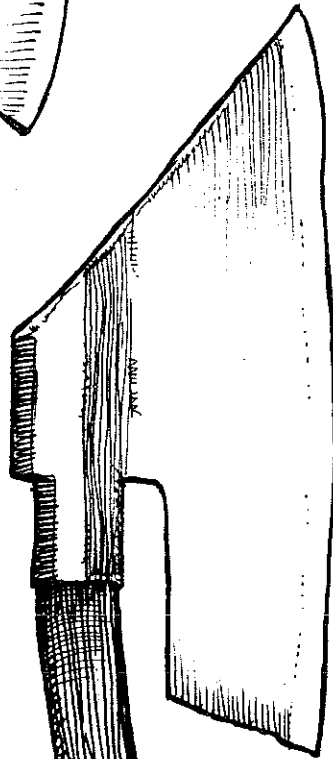
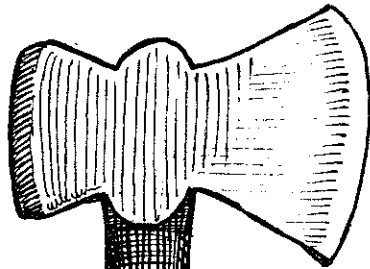
Grindstones were set in tree forks and made for 2 man-operation

Mattock

Combined an axe and hoe for grubbing out virgin undergrowth

Handforged Kent Axe

circa 1780

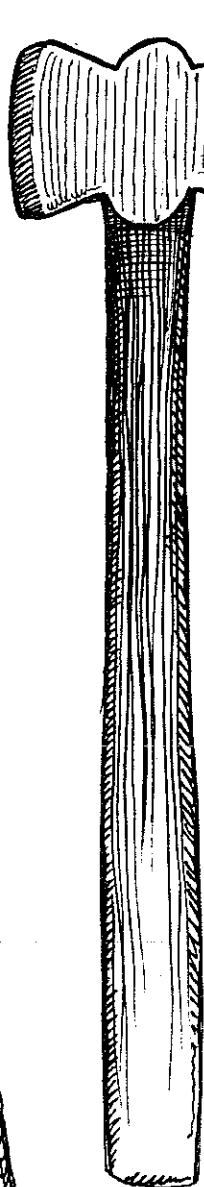


Germanic Gosewing Axe

for hewing square beams



The angled handle was bent away from the log to protect knuckles



AXES: Iron 17" high x 8" wide x $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick goosewing blade mounted on a 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ " canted wooden grip for a total weight of seven pounds, of the design for hewing square surfaces from a log.^{338:63} The goosewing's curving edge is bevelled only on one side, just like a chisel, being here on the right, away from the work. Hewing blades ground on the opposite side are intended for left-handed users. Swayed ax handles kept the user's knuckles from scraping against the tree, and were designed this way by offsetting the angle of the ax head's eye, using a curved handle, or both.

Such axes were the main tools for the medieval builder in squaring a new log. Guide lines were first snapped against a log with taut strings powdered in red ochre.^{402:24} Expert colonial axemen could square a 16-foot timber in a couple of hours. Compared to the common English broadaxe, the goosewing axe had a much longer cutting edge — the lower extension being called the beard — allowing an experienced German housebuilder to work faster than anyone else.

Since the inventory mentions two, also represented is a handwrought iron felling axe 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " high x 8" wide x 1" thick, roughly patterned after Kent axes, mounted on a 28" wooden handle, all totalling seven pounds. One difference between the hewing and the felling ax is that to chop down a tree efficiently, the cutting edge of the latter was tapered and ground evenly on both sides.

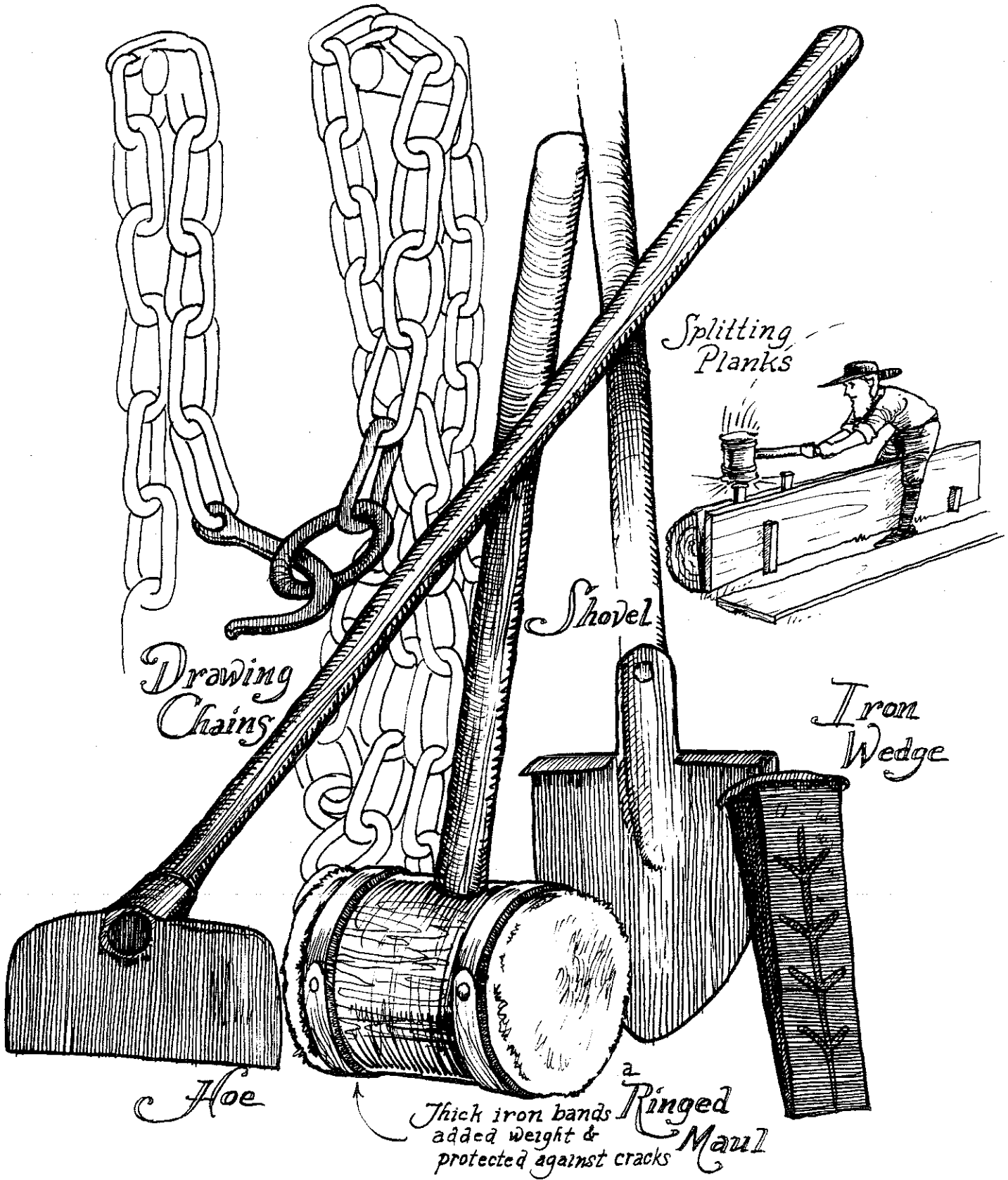
A blacksmith in 1780 forged the ax head from a sandwich of trimmed, flat slabs of iron. The cutting edge was created by inserting a bar of much harder and more expensive steel into a bevelled channel on one side. The blacksmith then fused together the softened, white-hot pieces by a flurry of hammer blows, leaving an opening for the handle to fit into called an eye, which was carefully shaped against a cold, removable metal form. Careful examination of an old handwrought blade could reveal how stingy the smithy was with the amount of steel inserted. The ax's wooden handle, or helve, lasted best when carved from hickory or ash, appreciated for their strength and spring.²¹⁹

When frontiersmen worried about a friend getting upset, and as a result, getting dangerous to be around, they were thinking of a loosened ax head that might "fly off the handle."^{95:128}

MATTOCK: Iron 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ " high x 14" long x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide five-pound handwrought tool head combining an axe and a hoe, mounted on a 37" wooden handle, used for

clearing virgin land of brush and small trees, including the grubbing and cutting of tree roots so the land can be plowed for crops.

GRINDSTONE: Sandstone 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ " diameter x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide wheel for sharpening tool blades when mounted on a wooden axle and frame, which in primitive frontier style, was frequently a sawed off fork of a tree braced two feet off the ground. During brisk rotation, water was continuously poured onto to the wheel to reduce heat and friction. Because of its small diameter, this stone has evidently seen great use, being worn down to "a fare-thee-well." Manufactured stones were between 12 to 40 inches in diameter and up to five inches thick.^{338:216}



HOE: Iron 6" high x 8" wide handwrought blade mounted on a 49½" hickory wood handle. While the most common 18th century English design for a hoe was a narrow vertical rectangle, this is a rare example of an early handwrought hoe of wider proportions.

RING MAUL: Wooden mallet hammer, with a 7" diameter x 7" wide head mounted on a 32" handle, weighing a total of seven pounds. Both ends of the hammer are fitted with iron ¾" diameter rings that prevent the wooden head from splitting, besides adding weight to the drive of each blow.

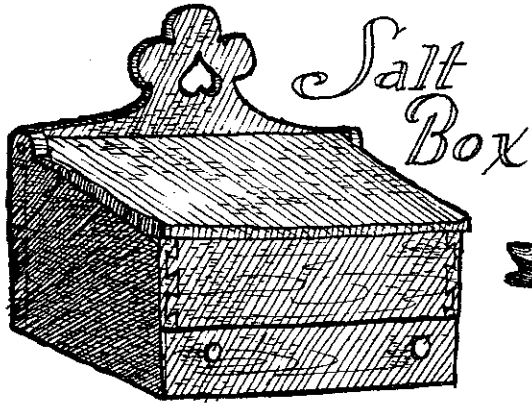
Together with iron wedges and wooden gluts, it was used for splitting logs into boards or kindling. When Abraham Lincoln made up rail fences for his family's farm in Illinois, he was splitting long logs in just this way.

WEDGE: Iron 8" long x 2¼" square at the head, incised with tree runes. To some degree, the intersecting lines made a grid surface that helped prevent the wedge from moving side to side as it was driven into the log.^{184:41} The fluted incisions were also thought to relieve the pressure of air built up while driving into sappy wood.^{338:503}

Alternately represented as a RINGED GLUT, 15" overall that mounts a wooden grip with a reinforcing wrought iron ring to the top of a similar iron wedge; either used for splitting and felling logs.

SHOVEL: Iron 12" long x 8" wide handwrought head, held by a single rivet to a worn, octagonal wooden handle, 49" overall. These ordinary farmer's tools were used until worn out and discarded, making it quite rare for a handwrought example of a field shovel to survive through the 20th century.

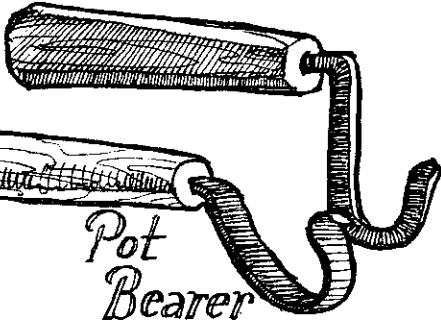
DRAWING CHAINS: Iron 7 foot length of chain, with ½" diameter bars handwrought into 4" long x 2" wide links, ended with 4¾" diameter ring on one end and a 5½" x 3½" hook on the other. Two chains are mentioned on the inventory, and could have been used for hitching draft animals to a plow, hauling logs or a finished beam, or yanking a stubborn boulder or tree stump out of the ground.



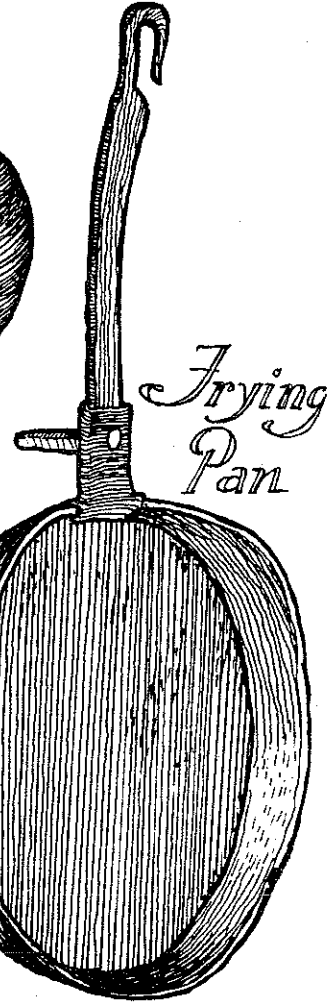
Salt Box



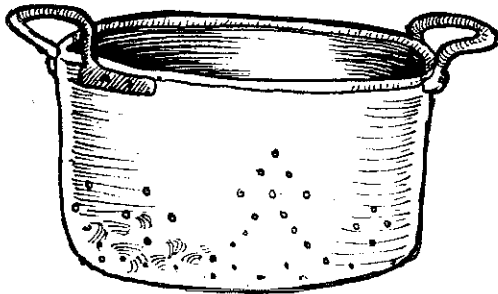
Kettle



Pot Bearer



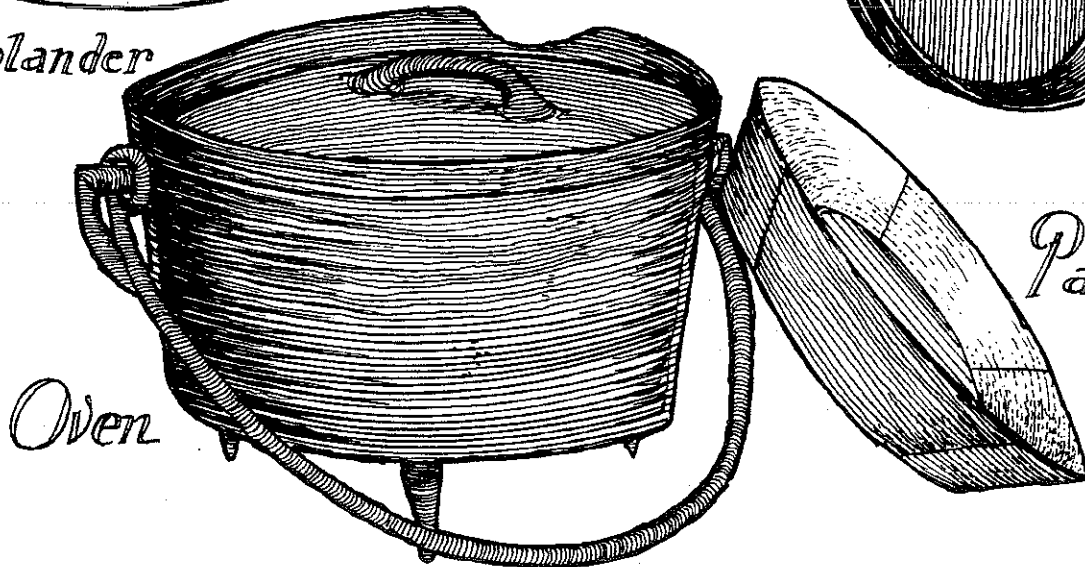
Frying Pan



Colander



Small Pot



Oven

Pan

SALT BOX: Wooden 13" high x 13½" wide x 8" deep hearthside container made from stop-dovetailed walnut boards. An inverted heart pierces the shaped backboard to serve as a hanging hole. The lid has mortised hinges and a 1¾" deep front drawer for other spices.

KETTLE: Cast iron 10" high x 11½" wide x 7½" diameter with a gooseneck spout and upright handwrought handle set by rivets, three-quart capacity, used primarily for boiling water and making hot drinks. An extra pivoting handle called an idleback saved the trouble of removing the hot kettle from over the fire to pour hot water.^{41:15}

COLANDER: Brass 6½" high x 14¼" diameter pot formed from one piece of metal hammered over an iron rod brim and later made into a colander by the patterned addition of irregular-diameter holes. Rivets fastened on two curved handles to the brim, each measuring 2½" x 3".

POT BEARER: Iron 4½" handwrought hook mounted on a 5½" wooden grip; and as a smaller variant of 7¾" overall measurement. The inventory mentions two. Few of these once-common hearthside helpers survived outside of museum collections by the end of the 20th century.

SMALL POT: Iron 5½" high x 7" diameter, half-gallon capacity, with swinging handle, cast in a ribbed potbelly style, sometimes called a gypsy pot, sitting on three tapered 1¾" legs and topped with an early handwrought lid. Such a pot would have useful for a hunter's individual use during long camp hunts, or for making a small side dish on the Germanic style of hearth described below.

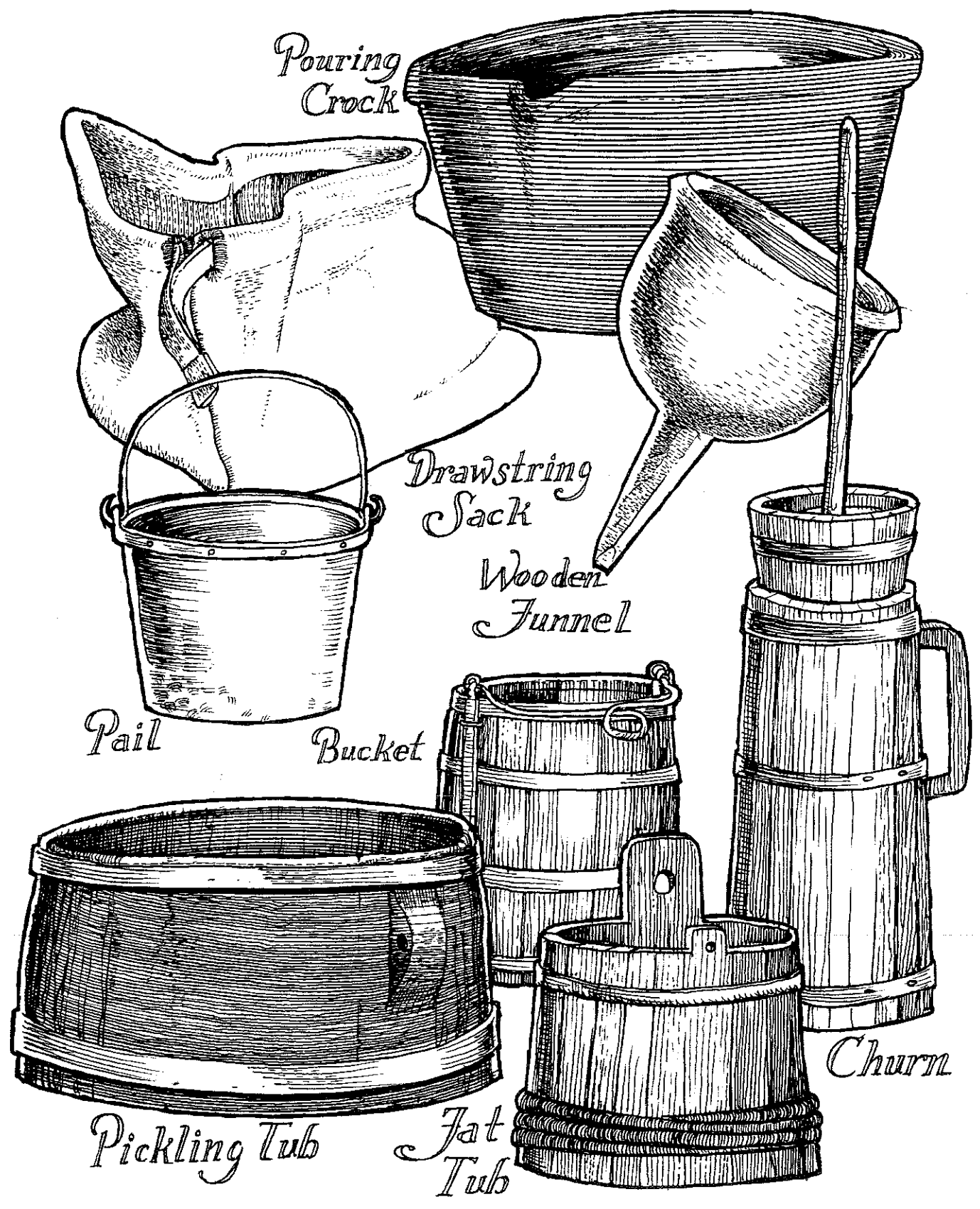
FRYING PAN: Iron 12½" diameter x 1½" deep handwrought pan on a 12" handle with its own support leg.

A German family often built up cooking platforms in their hearth out of stone or brick so that separate small fires, using smaller amounts of wood, could heat at heights more convenient to the cook. Such an arrangement would explain the support leg and relatively short pan handle. When the English thrust their frying pans into a wide roaring hearth, they had to have as much as three feet of handle to avoid the heat.

OVEN: Iron 11" high x 17½" diameter Dutch oven design, standing on three legs. A round sprue on the bottom of the base characterized 18th century furnace casting technique. The 1" raised rim of the lid permitted hot coals to be heaped on top during high-temperature roasting or baking.

PAN: Tin plated iron 3¼" high x 12¼" brim diameter pie pan.

The steeply angled sides are made up of four sections seamed together. This size of pan fit perfectly in to the large Dutch oven described above, and allowed a cook to bake pies without need for a brick oven recessed into the chimney. This basic design remained popular well into the 19th century, and was what many of the Gold Rush miners carried to California in 1849 when they went panning for streambed nuggets.



Pouring
Crock

Drawstring
Sack

Wooden
Funnel

Pail

Bucket

Pickling Tub

Fat
Tub

Churn

SALT SACK: Homespun linen tow cloth bag 12½" high x 13½" wide, with a drawstring closure, suitable for carrying half a bushel, the most common amount of salt sold from general stores and trading posts to American family farmers in the 18th century, usually at a price of two shillings.³⁷⁵ In a slightly more refined, but still very similar weave, unbleached linen was called Oznaburg to honor the town of Osnabruck, Germany, where it was thought to have originated.^{223:19}

VINEGAR BAG: Homespun linen tow cloth bag 12" high x 10" wide, with a drawstring closure, suitable for carrying the milky-grey, gelatinous vinegar culture, called the "mother," which neighbors would readily loan one another for starting a fresh batch.

CROCK: Redware 6" high x 12" diameter bowl with a glossy brown interior glaze and a pouring lip, designed for a 1½ gallon capacity, commonly used for separating cream from fresh milk, and called a pour crock; and as a nesting matched 4" high x 7½" diameter bowl.

While a crock was any earthen vessel, this list refers to a pair, suggesting a matched design. The name redware came from the clay naturally colored by iron oxidants, ranging from pink to scarlet. The fired surface of redware was still soft and porous enough to "sweat" many liquids through, and was thought of as leaky. By adding a sixth or fifth part of white sand to the clay, a better strength was achieved. A glaze, painted at least on the vessel's lining, slowed down the sweating- through of liquids left standing too long. The next improvement over redware, called stoneware, required powdered flint get mixed into the clay.^{402:119}

FUNNEL: Wooden 6¼" high x 4½" diameter handcarved pouring aid, with a turned upper bowl tapering to a ½" neck.

PAIL: Brass 6¼" high x 9¼" diameter hammered from one piece, one-gallon capacity, with a handwrought iron brim band fastened with four rivets, with a free-swinging rat tailed iron handle.

PICKLING TUB: Wooden 8½" high x 16" irregular oval diameter, with two handwrought iron bands, made from a single hollowed out section of tree for a five-gallon capacity, sometimes called a gum.^{402:22}

BUCKET: Wooden 13" high well bucket, 9½"

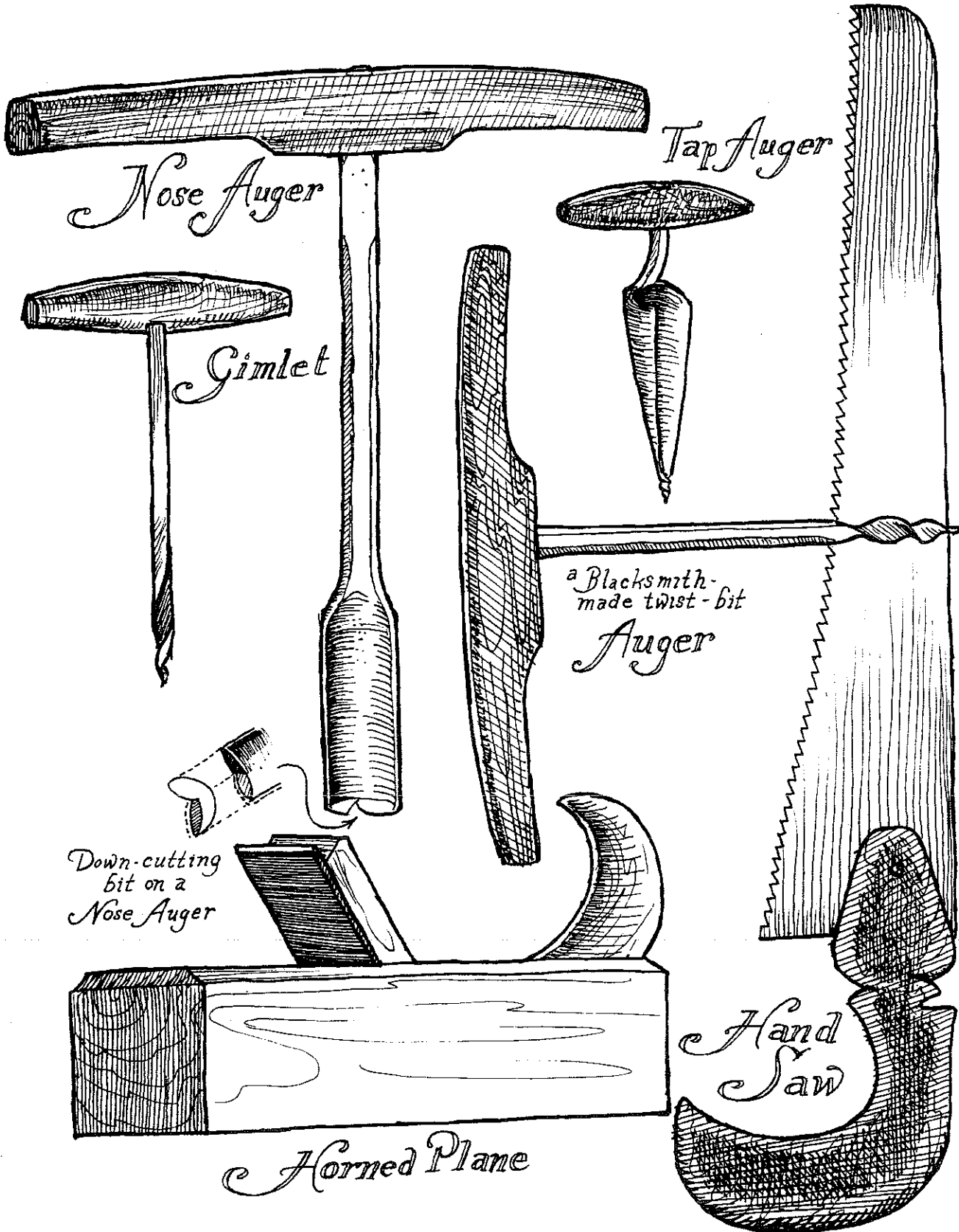
maximum diameter, four-gallon capacity with four wrought iron bands and handle.

CHURN: Wooden 16½" high x 7" base diameter upright two-gallon butter maker with a 30" long dasher, four handwrought iron bands and a wooden handle on the side. If the butter was especially pale in color, a little carrot juice was added, but this shortened the shelf life considerably.^{172:189}

FAT TUB: Wooden 13¼" high x 12" diameter piggin or firkin style vessel, with three lower cedar bands and an upper 1" wide iron band. Opposing slats rise above the brim, each with a hole. The making of coopered containers was the largest single craft among American Southerners, due to the vast numbers of barrels and kegs necessary to export their agricultural bounty. In 1754 alone, a quarter of a million coopered casks filled with molasses, rice, tar, wheat, corn, tobacco, beef and pork were shipped from Charles Town, South Carolina.^{51:13}

Large coopered vessels in early America were given names according to their size:

an anchor = 16 gallons,
 a runlet = 18 gals.,
 a barrel = 31½ gals.,
 a tierce = 42 gals.,
 a hogshead = 63 gals.,
 a puncheon = 84 gals.,
 a pipe or butt = 126 gals.
 a tun = 252 gals.^{315:214}



AUGER: Iron 7" long cupped, triangular reaming blade with a 4" double-tapered wooden grip, for the cooper or chairmaker to drill 1" beveled holes, or if cut deeply enough, straight holes.

Also represented as an iron 7½" handwrought spiral shaft with a twisted bit mounted into a 15" wooden grip, for drilling ½" holes; and as an iron 19¾" handwrought shaft with an open shell bit for drilling 1½" holes, commonly known as a nose or pod auger, mounted into a 17" wooden grip, preferred by tradesmen for making long holes.^{338:42} The inventory mentions three.

Two house beams were joined together "tongue-into-groove," with the aid of a large bore auger. Mortise and tenon joints were held fast with heavy tapered wooden pins, called trunnels, pounded into an auger hole.^{402:25} Contrary to what some parents advise their children, tapered square pegs were forced into round holes and ended up holding better than any other shape.

GIMLET: Iron 8" handwrought side-cutting shaft, first developed by the Germans, with a 4½" wooden grip, for drilling ¼" holes. Next to the tiny bradawl, it is the smallest boring tool, used for refined carpentry and tool repair.^{205:82} The elliptical and tapered wooden grip was typical in the 18th century, and the improved "starting worm" or screw tip was first added widely in the last quarter of the century.^{281:203}

This description helps explain a favorite old insult among mountainmen: "If you bored a hole in that feller's head, you wouldn't find brains enough to grease the gimlet."^{95:128}

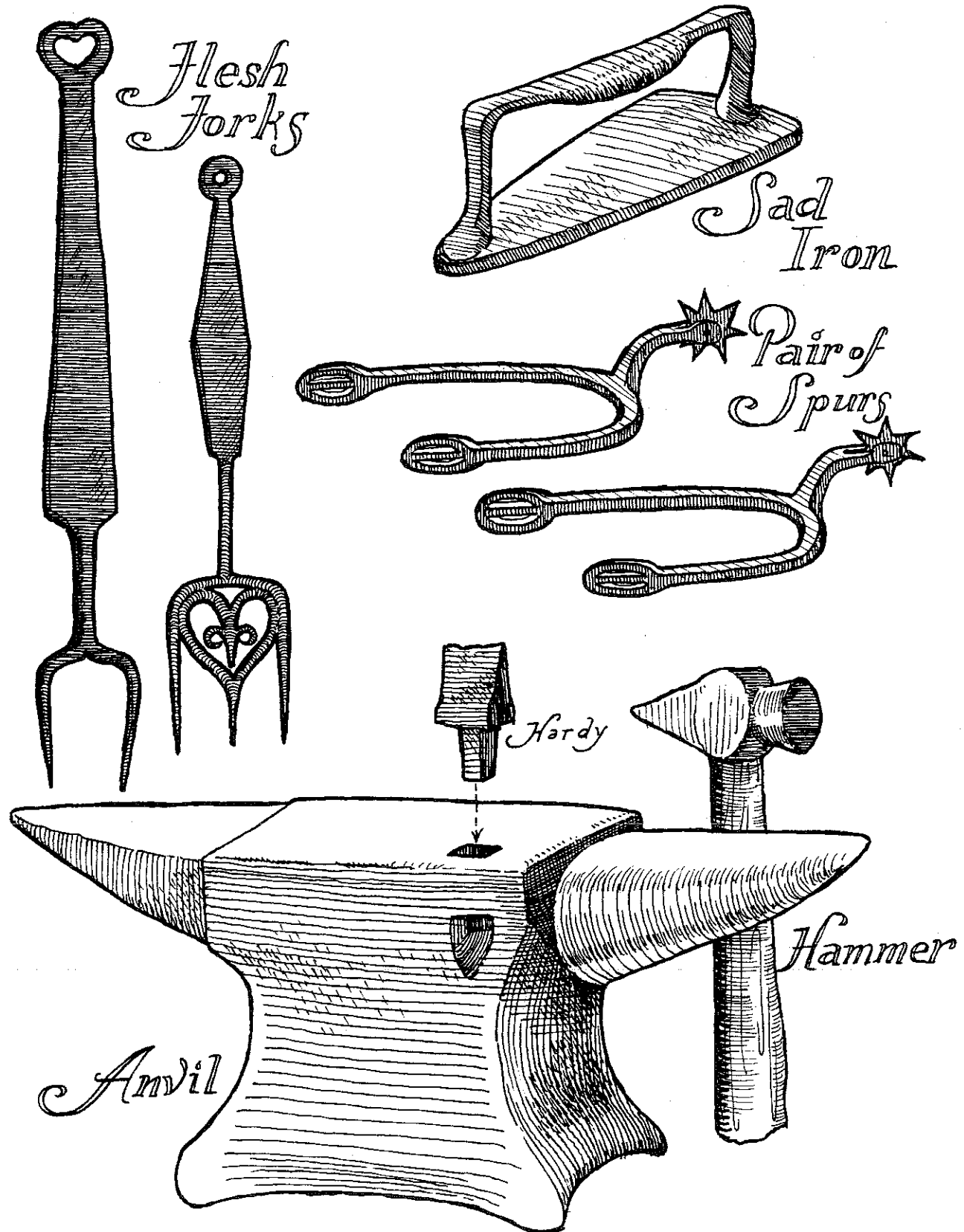
HANDSAW: Iron blade rivetted to a handcarved wooden handgrip, measuring 16" overall. A farrier's or handsaw, 18 to 28 inches long with coarse teeth made for cutting green timber. Also as a wooden 14¾" high x 36" wide framed bow or turning saw, with double handles and a pivot blade that allowed interior or exterior angled cuts. A twisted leather thong maintained the handwrought iron blade in a taught position, but the angle of teeth permitted pulling in only one direction; otherwise buckling the blade would result.^{338:418}

PLANE: Wooden 4½" high x 10¾" long x 2¼" wide smoothing plane favored by Germanic carpenters. The gripping horn, or *Nase* in German, dated back at least to a Dutch example from 1596 that made transitional

improvement on the medieval block shape used in Switzerland and neighboring lands.^{169:64} Also as a wooden 6¾" high x 22" long x 3" wide bench model, known as a jack or fore plane, used for evening out the roughest cut wood. The offset closed or grasp handle is characteristic of 18th century tool design.

Frontier woodworkers often made their own planes, and with a smithy's talent could even fashion the iron cutting blade. Through a slot in the center of the plane, called a frog, the blade could be kept at the desired depth by a wood wedge jammed in place. A sharp blow to the top of the plane could loosen the wedge when an adjustment of the blade became necessary. To prevent splitting or damaging the plane during this step, a wooden plug called a button was planted into the right spot in the plane to receive the blows.^{402:27}

The variety and number of woodworking tools proves how dependent settlers became on the forest to build a comfortable life for themselves. Henry owned all the tools he needed to ready his house building materials, as well as for making other tools, furniture and harvesting fuel for the hearth. He could topple a tree and hack out troublesome roots. He could haul the logs, square them up, split off boards, smooth them down, cut them up, drill holes for wooden pegs or make his own nails for hammering them together.^{223:19}



Flesh Forks

Sad Iron

Pair of Spurs

Hardy

Hammer

Anvil

ANVIL: Iron 9" high x 20¾" wide x 4¼" deep, 103-pounds, with a round tapering point one side and a flattened point on the other called pikes or beakhorns, which blacksmiths used for curving heated metal, such as chain links or horseshoes. The double-pike configuration, made up from as many as 14 different pieces welded onto a center block, was unknown among 18th century English blacksmiths, and so identifies this one as being of the central European or Germanic style.

Anvils were commonly mounted on a two-foot-high tree stump, or at whatever height would bring its surface up to the knuckles of the standing blacksmith. The working area or face of the anvil has an opening called the hardy hole into which the early-styled ½" square shank of the blacksmith's many forging tools can be anchored. Most 19th century anvils took ¾" wide shanks. On this anvil, the hardy hole also serves as a pritchel hole, with a right-angled exit chute to permit punched out scraps of iron to fall freely to the side. To allow ease of handling during its forging, the anvil also had holes positioned underneath each pike and on the bottom.

Whether or not Henry did blacksmithing for others, he would certainly have been ready to repair his own tools or hinges, shoe a horse and make nails and other items from scrap or bar iron. The early American blacksmith was also an expert in the diseases of animals. Without the benefit of formal education in medicine, a well-regarded smith could also pull his neighbor's aching tooth.^{402:21}

HAMMER: Iron 1¾" high x 4¼" wide x 1½" deep a handwrought three-pound blacksmith's cross peen head mounted onto a 11¾" wooden handle, favored by farriers.^{21:116}

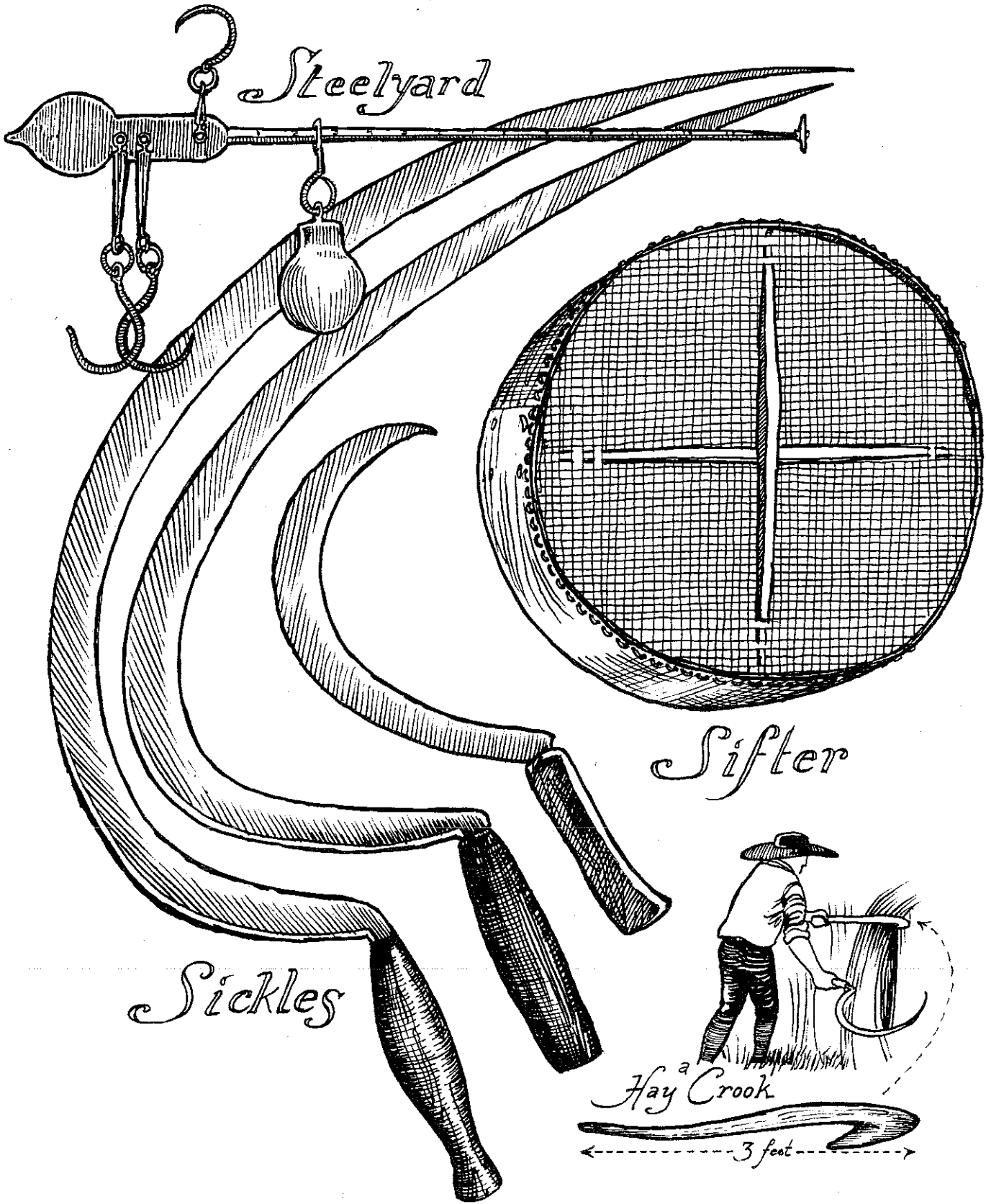
FLESH FORK: Iron 14½" long x 3" wide hearth tool with three tines, the center one being drawn down from the tip of a decorative heart.

And because the inventory describes two, it also appears as a 16" long x 1¾" wide fork decorated with a heart-shaped hanging hole. Used for a tuning fork, lifting and steadying meat during winter.^{299:203}

SAD IRON: Iron, a wrought handle rising 3½" above a 7½" long x 3" wide triangular plate pressing iron for clothes, heated directly on the hearth or against an iron plate oven. Also known as a flat iron, the term "sad" is an archaic equivalent for heavy, and in this

case is 2½ pounds. Heavier, long bricks of iron hold heat considerably longer as a tradesmen or anyone into a large amount of ironing would need. Because of their shape and the long handle that twisted up from the thick base, these were often called a "tailor's goose." Completely cleaning the carbon and soot of a fire heated sad iron was difficult, if not impossible. The occasional smudge was the trade off for a neatly pressed appearance. Cleaner ironing came later with triangular iron boxes made to hold and conduct heat from thick iron slugs slipped into them.^{36:10}

SPURS: Iron 3" high x 4" wide, with rotating ½" diameter eight-pointed rowels, still threaded with early, brittle leather straps that would secure them around the instep and shank of footwear.



SICKLE: Iron 12" high x 24" wide reaping hook arc mounted on a 5½" wooden grip, used for cutting grain in a sweeping motion away from the body. Another measured 11" high x 19" wide.

Sickles were sometimes edged with tiny saw teeth, although this was rare on the larger reaper hooks.^{309:134} The presence of three sickles on the inventory, most often used for reaping grains or flax, pointed to a full-family effort at harvest time. Long-handled scythes were favored for cutting grasses that would be stored as hay for feeding to the livestock.^{223:18}

SIFTER: Wooden 3¾" high x 18" diameter sieve with ¼" square openings between the woven oak strips, used for separating a variety grains from their chaff. A wooden cross with tapered ends partially weaves into and supports the sifting surface. The rim's overlap seam is fastened with four clinched handwrought nails. Sometimes also called a winnowing sieve.^{172:15}

A whitecooper's favorite wood for make sifters or oval boxes was finely shaved poplar or bass wood. Some sifters were covered with shaved, stiff sheepskin, perforated with a red-hot iron point. As iron wire became cheaper and more readily available, its durability was appreciated for weaving into a farmer's sifter.^{402:23}

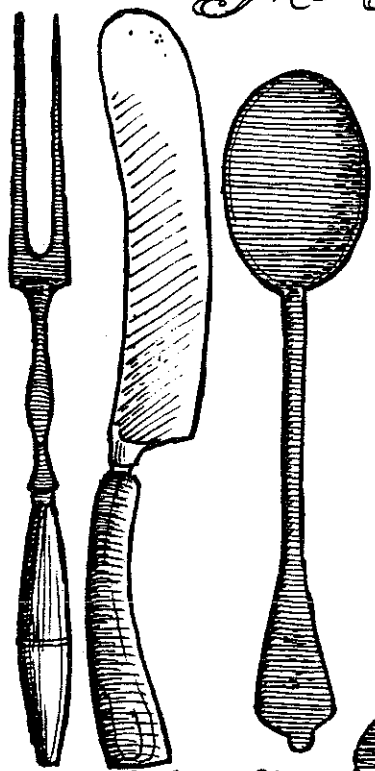
STEELYARD: Iron 19¾" long x 13" wide hanging armature of scales, with four handwrought hooks and a counterbalancing two-pound pear-shaped weight, marked for weighing two objects that total up to 100 pounds. When the rear mounted hook is upright, a scale for 2 to 25 pounds appears on the top of the cross bar, but when the scale is inverted and hung from the forward mounted hook, the bar is marked for 30 to 100 pounds.

Because of the double-sided measuring arm, a single scale was referred in the idiom of Appalachian Virginia as a pair of scales, also harkening back to the ancient balancing scales. When hay was sold it was weighed on a steelyard, a scale that was by oldest tradition a steel bar measuring one yard long.^{414:133}



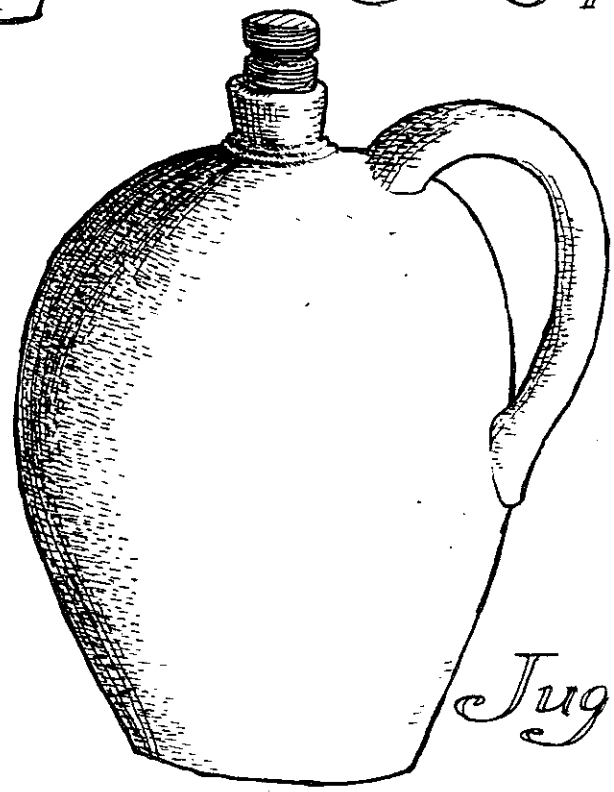
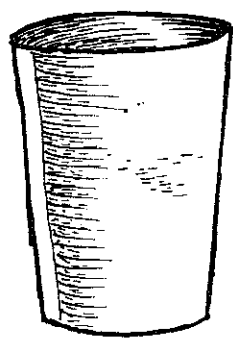
Quart Measure

Tin Cups

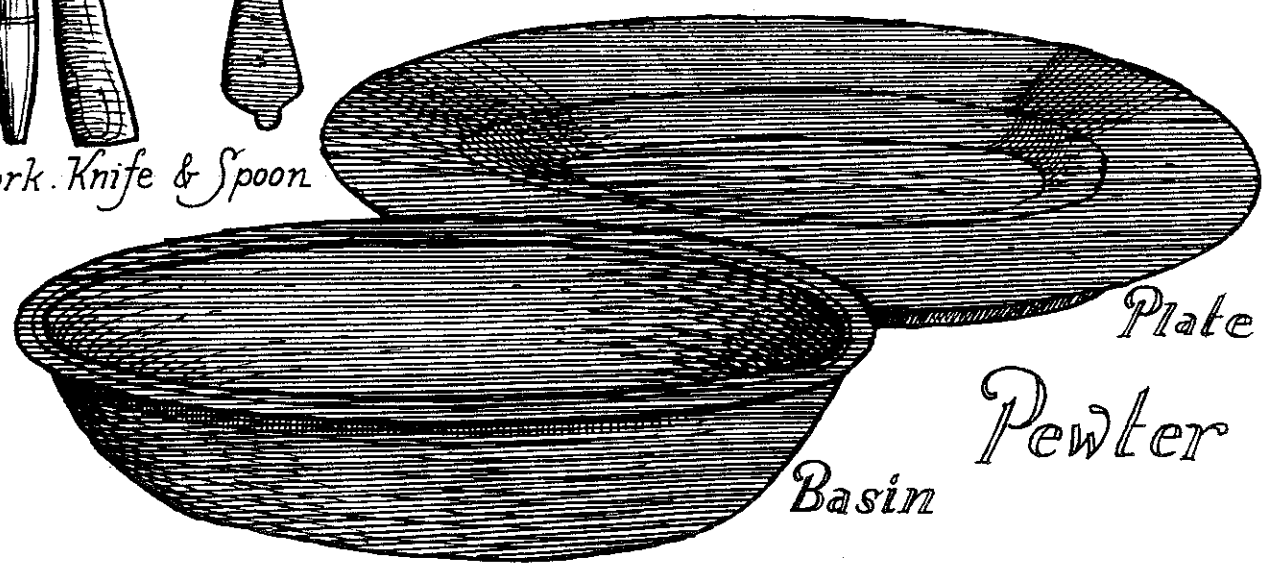


Fork, Knife & Spoon

Tumbler



Jug



Plate

Pewter

Basin

TIN QUART: Tin plated iron 5¼" high x 4" base diameter measuring and pouring container, with side handle.

TIN CUP: Tin plated iron 3" high x 4¼" diameter with rolled edges and a handle, one-pint capacity. Another one-pint cup measures 4¼" high x 3" base diameter, and the small double-gill is 3¼" high x 2½" base diameter. The inventory mentions five.

Tinsmiths found it necessary to strengthen their cups with a rolled rim, which also made them more comfortable on the lips. Molten solder made of one part lead and two parts tin sealed the joints. The best whitesmiths would make a lap lint with no solder showing.^{402:66}

FORK: Iron 8" overall two-tined table fork, with a period repair and replacement of its handle with a 3½" wooden spindle. Four others average 6¼" in overall length and have handles of bone, horn and wood.

Forks were placed to the left of the plate, with the sharp-tipped tines facing down. The knife was set at the right. Matched sets of knife, fork and spoon were unheard of among common citizens of 18th century America. Sharp forks made the pointed tips of table knives obsolete.^{299:299}

KNIFE: Iron 10" overall, as a table knife with a rounded tip and a 3½" wooden grip. Three are mentioned in the inventory.

TABLE SPOON: Three pewter spoons measure 6¼" overall, including the oval bowls. Though too soft for forks and knives, pewter was adequate for spoons.⁷² A wooden spoon measures 9" overall, including a 2½" oval bowl.

TUMBLER: Horn 4" high x 2¾" diameter drinking cup, which customarily held a double-gill, which was 8 ounces. Common cow horns got turned into powderhorns, spoons, hair combs and cups such as this one. After sawing off both its ends, the hornsmith had a cylinder in need of a bottom. A good sized scrap was soaked for several days, and then boiled in oil until softened. After trimming the right shape, the horn could be tempered by plunging it into cold water. Because of the horn's natural taper, the disc could be readily wedged into place. Before hand polishing with vinegar and rottenstone, any final rough spots got scraped away.^{402:55}

JUG: Earthenware 9" high x 7" diameter small five-pint vessel for liquids, with a dull brown glaze finish.

Early American folk pottery was extremely simple in design. It was unsophisticated and plain and directly reflected the culture in which it was produced.^{188:83}

In mid-18th century America, a one-gallon jug of whiskey sold for 25 cents, including the price of the jug.^{188:155} Alcoholic beverages were an integral part of the diet of early American Germans and Swiss. Consumption allowances were frequently spelled out in wills, where apple liquor was guaranteed between a range of 35 to 140 gallons per person per year.

The alcoholic content of early hard cider probably varied between 7.5 and 10 percent. The average person drank 80 gallons of spirituous cider, or about one quart per day. Rum was promised at an average of 10½ gallons per person per year, or just under four ounces per day.^{223:22}

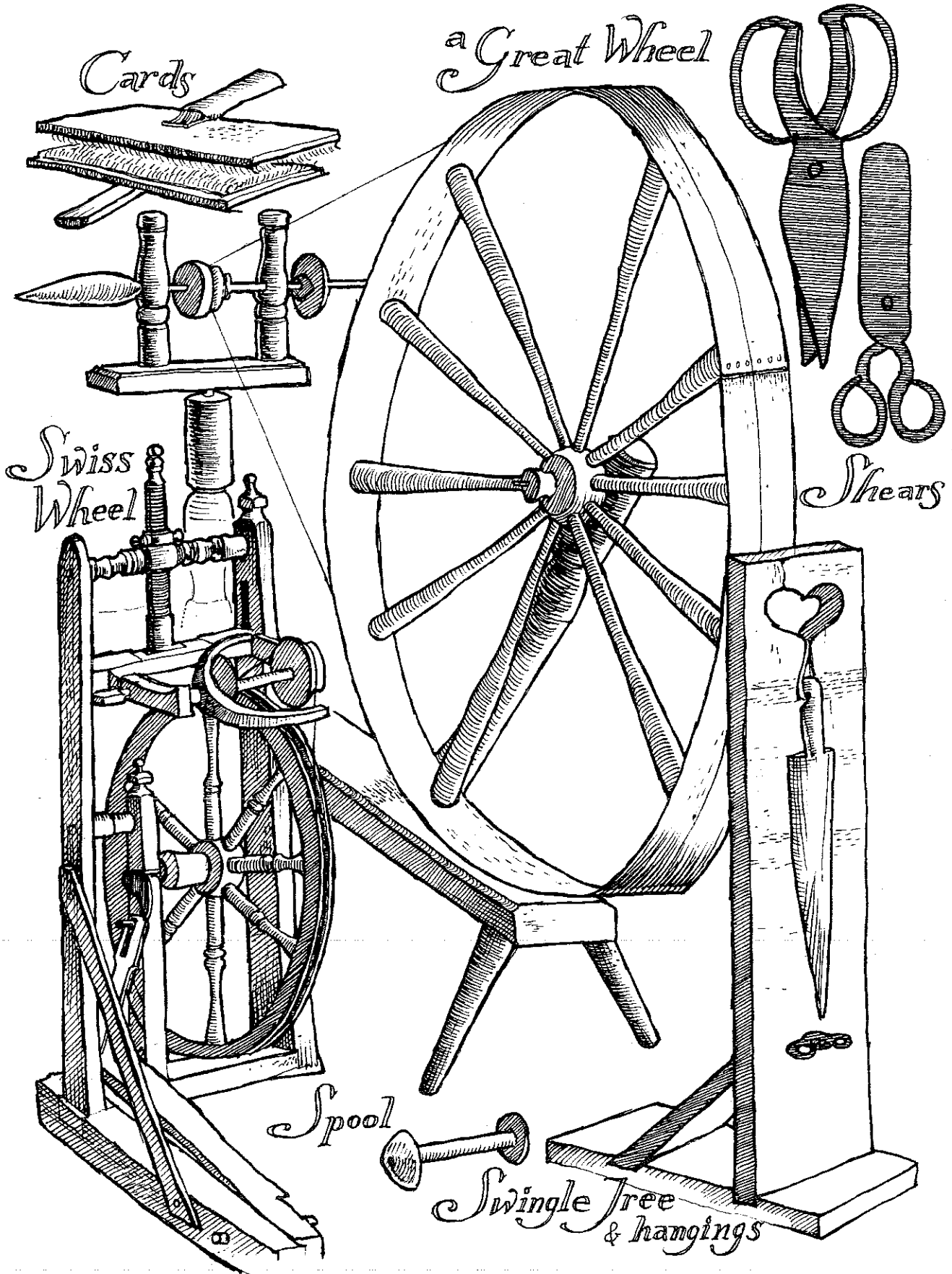
PEWTER PLATE: Pewter ½" high x 8½" diameter.

The inventory lists six plates. Many Mennonites during the 18th century used pewter exclusively as their everyday table setting. As in many of their designs for making a house and its contents, the German habit was to overbuild. The same was true for German pewter, which averaged 5 to 20 percent heavier than what the English made.^{223:22}

While the gentry ate from China and silver, and the poor ate from wooden plates and pottery bowls, the Baughmans and many other German-speaking Americans enjoyed a middling success reflected by their pewterware.

BASIN: Pewter (88% tin alloyed with 12% lead) 2" high x 8" diameter one-quart bowl.

The rounded sides that slope gradually into a flat bottom indicate a manufacturing sometimes between 1750-1790.^{298:278}



SPINNING WHEEL: Wooden 45" diameter Great Wheel mounted on a bench to stand 60" high x 72" wide. Also known as a Walking, or Wool wheel.

Three legs were more stable than four on the uneven colonial floors. The spindle on American wheels was made to be easily removable, to permit moving the wheel in bumpy covered wagons without damaging the delicate parts. With the large wheel, spinners walked back and forth toward it as they drew out and wound up the twisted, spun thread.^{245:16}

Also as a **SWISS WHEEL:** Wooden 18" diameter wheel mounted to a spindle frame stand 32" high x 26" wide x 10" deep.

With this design, common to the wider Alpine regions of central Europe, the spinner sits to the side parallel to the vertical wheel. Much better for packing into a Conestoga wagon than the Great Wheel, the little Swiss wheel proved equally adept at spinning flax, hemp or wool.^{245:13}

SWINGLE TREE & HANGINGS: Wooden 33½" high x 8" wide board, mounted with a wrought ram's horn bolt to a 13" base. A pierced heart decorates the top of the board and also serves as a rubbing hole during the scutching process. As a small upright platform for breaking flax with a 19½" long wooden sword, known as a scutching knife among the English. The German word for the Scutching knife is *Schwingelblatt*, and the Rhine River Valley had a tradition for everyone sharing the town swingle tree.^{20:23} Swinging frolics brought neighbors together to share the many steps of flax processing.

This difficult task most often fell to the females of a family, and began with the worker whipping a handful of bruised flax against the board's edge briefly and then vigorously twisted it back and forth across the top, or through the board's opening. At the same time, the flax was whacked with the wooden swingle knife in the order to remove the bark and other debris from the flax fibers. The long fibers that survived this beating were further refined by being pulled several through the long iron needle sharp teeth of a hachel. The soft, pliable threads could then be spun into thread, while the shorter "chaff" fibers called tow were spun into burlap and cord. At this stage, the skeins of thread got dyed by a variety home brew recipes:

Hickory bark yielded yellow, oak and maple gave purples, sumac berries could turn things from pink to red, a blue-black came from logwood. Even without a loom, frontier women managed to make narrow bolts

of homespun tow cloth on small rigs of warp thread hanging from a wall.^{309:173}

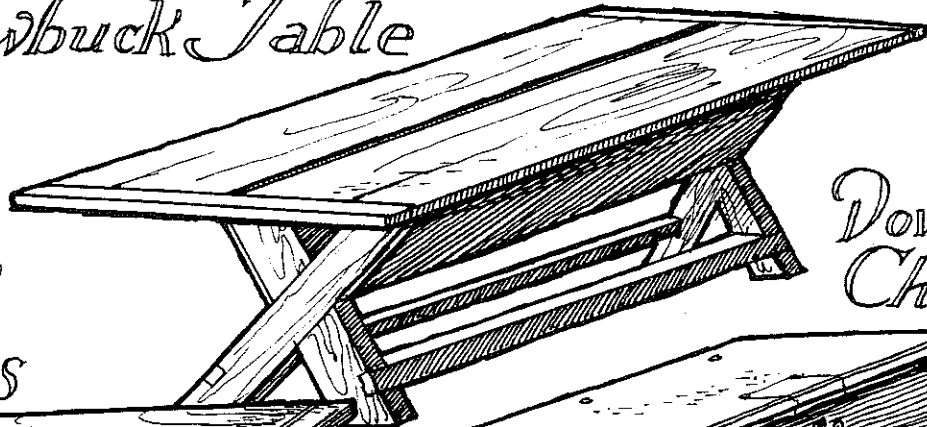
The production of linen was so important in Switzerland that extra affection was given to carving these basic home tools, refining their shapes and decorating them with hearts.

SPOOL: Wooden 7½" long x 2" end diameter for rolling and storing newly spun thread from the spinning wheel, ready for the loom. The inventory lists six.^{227:106}

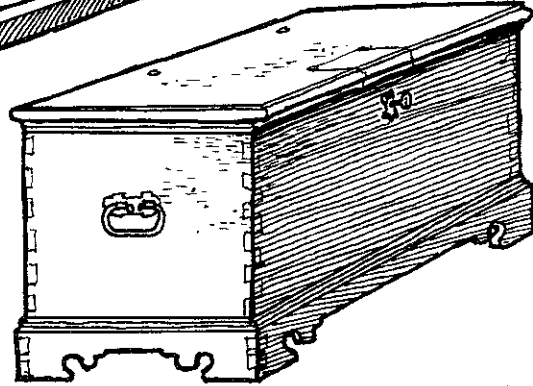
CARDS: Wooden 9¼" wide x 9" long twin paddles with many hundreds of crooked iron needle teeth, for fluffing and brushing raw wool fibers into alignment before spinning it into yarn. Sometimes, the many rows of teeth were fashioned from rose bush thorns. The setting of wire teeth into cards was a slow process, superceded in 1784 by an American invention that could cut and bend 36,000 wire teeth an hour, and a companion machine that pierced these into leather pads.^{122:205}

SHEARS: As Scissors, Iron 8" x 3" wrought with rat-tail finger grips; and as Wool fleecing shears, 12" long x 4" wide.

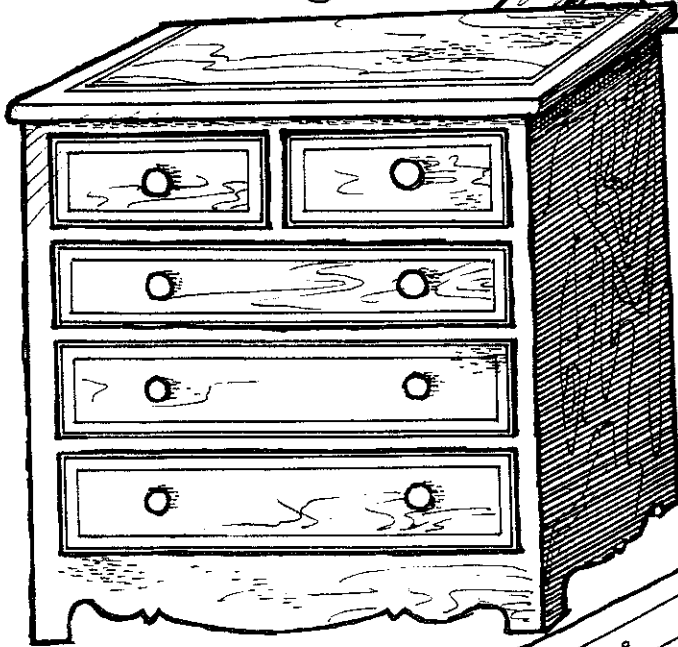
Sawbuck Table



Dower Chest



Chest of Drawers



Bedstead

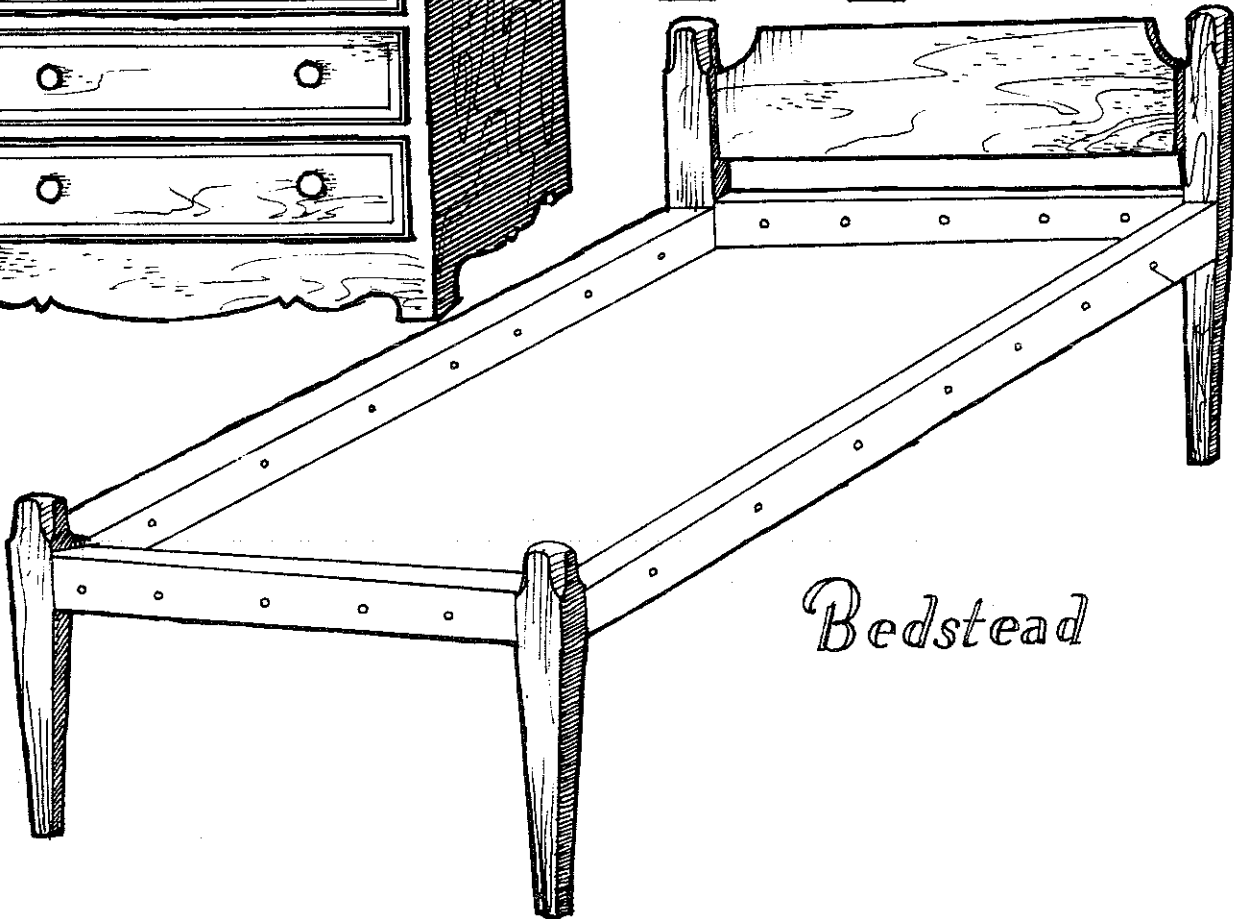


TABLE: Wooden 28½" high x 73" long x 26½" wide farmer's sawbuck table, constructed of black walnut legs, with upper stretchers in the form of a "crumb catcher" trough and lower stretchers as foot rests; a two-plank top (possibly cherry), with breadboard ends, is cleat-mounted to the base with four removable wooden pegs. Sawbuck derives from the Dutch term *zaag bok*, meaning saw goat, and refers to the helpful carpenter's base adapted for the "double-X" legs of the table.^{281:148} Instead of using chairs, frontier German families kept the table pushed close into one corner of the great room into sort of a booth completed with benches.

CHEST: Wooden 24½" high x 53" wide x 22½" deep storage trunk, known as a dower or blanket chest, or to the Germans as a *kischt*, made of dovetailed Southern Pine, in original worn layers of blue paint; a lefthand interior till compartment included a small hidden drawer below; original handwrought iron included long "tulip" hinges, side handles, working lock and key. Early on, the lid received a crude but solid repair after the upper lock latch was cut out by auger and saw. The *kischt* was frequently the only place that could be locked for storing family papers, deeds, cash and books.^{223:20}

Also as a CHEST OF DRAWERS 41¼" high x 41¼" wide x 20½" deep in an early Federal transitional/Hepplewhite style, of walnut with inlays of satinwood banding and turned cherry drawer pulls. The sideboards are mortised into the top, and the nails, used sparingly, are all roseheads.

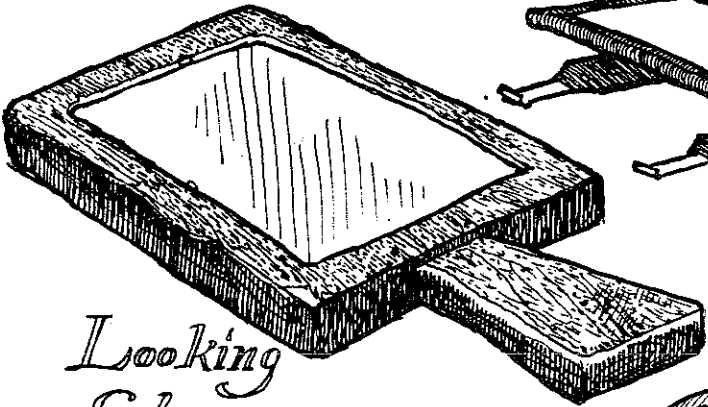
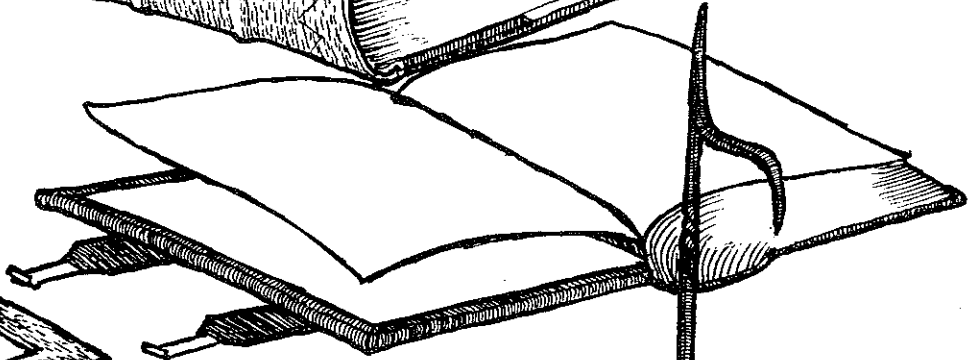
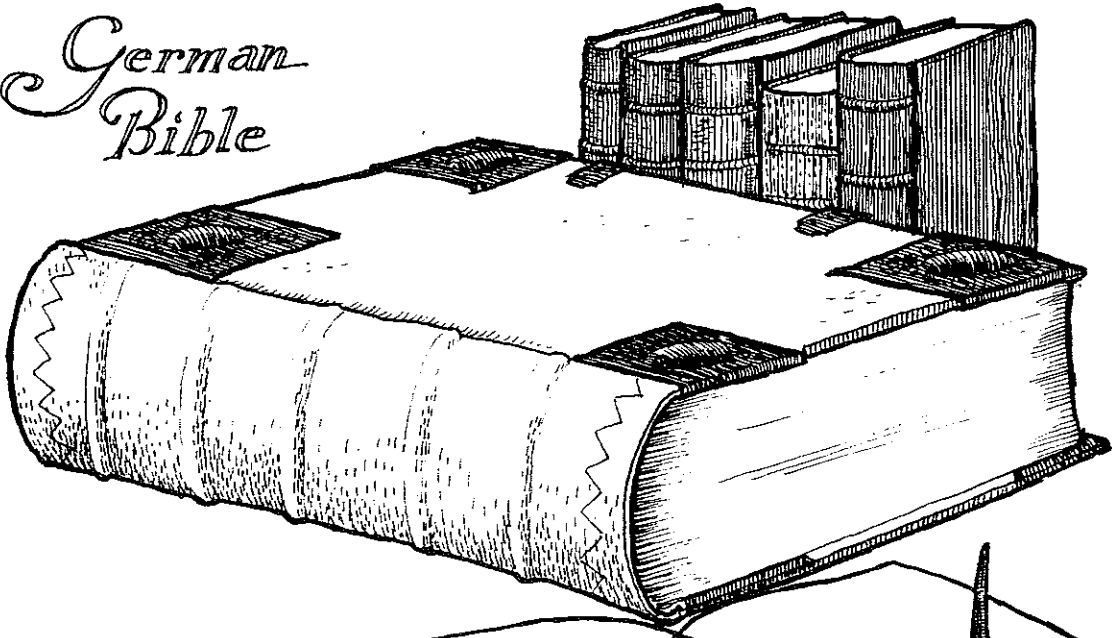
BEDSTEAD & BED: Wooden ¾-proportioned rope bedstead 68" long x 46" wide with 28" headboard posts and a 20" high footboard, with worn but bold blue and red paint trim; and as a Hepplewhite bedstead of slightly larger proportions, with worn dark green paint. The inventory listed two bedsteads.

Great strength was required to twist the simple wooden tool, called the "key," tightening the single rope that had been strung into a web. One person was stationed at each corner to keep it from tipping, while the strongest exhausted his strength and patience to get the ropes tight enough to suit the wife or mother standing at one of the corners inspecting the work. The old bedtime salute, "Sleep tight!" refers to the good habit of adjusting one's ropes to get decent support for the back.^{407:89}

A brown home-made linen bag filled with straw,

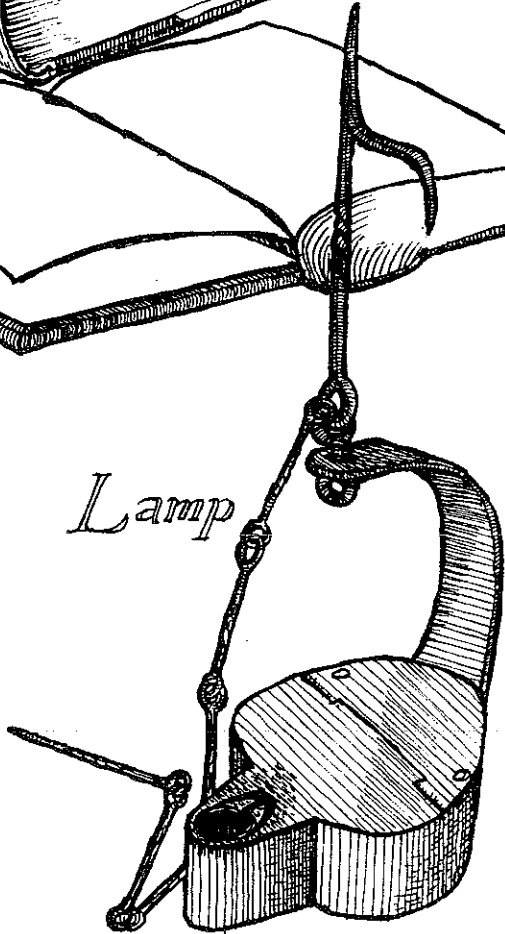
cornhusks or rags was placed over the ropes to serve as mattress, and it was this that was called the bed. When making up an old fashioned rope bed, the next layer was a handwoven linen sheet that the person slept upon, topped by one or more quilted, fustian feather bag comforters. Pillow cases were also of linen, and colorful patchwork quilts offered more warmth. Quilted coverlets made the top layer, sometimes in handwoven check patterns but most often in white.^{240:61} Over 30 pounds of feathers were needed to finish two pillows and the upper and lower feather quilts.^{223:20}

German Bible

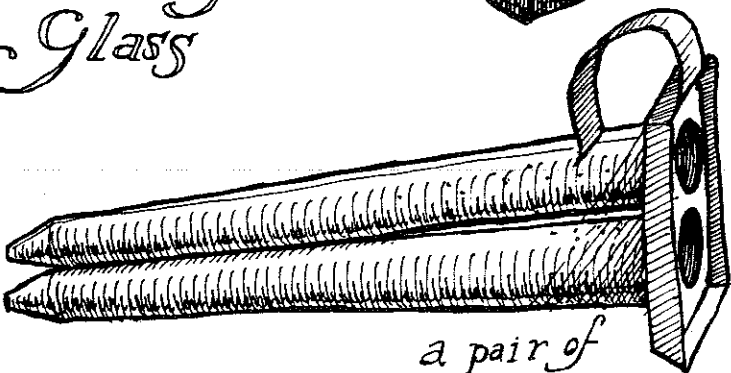


Looking Glass

Lamp



*a pair of
Candle Molds*



GERMAN BIBLE: *Biblia, Das ist: Die Gantze Heilige Schrift Alten und Neuen Testaments [The Bible, The Complete Holy Scripture, Old and New Testaments]* (Verlag Emanuel Thurnensen, Basel [Switzerland], 1778) 4to, 1088 pp., with ten ¾-page woodcuts by Isnard that include the Tower of Babel and Noah's Ark; covered with pale brown leather over heavy boards and brass corner protectors and two clasps. [10" x 15"]

During the 18th century, 75 percent of Mennonites from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, listed more than one book in their estate inventories.

Ausbund, das ist etliche schöne Christliche Lieder ... [Paragon, a few beautiful Christian Songs ...] (Leibert & Billmeyer, Germantown [PA], 1785) 8vo, 925pp. leather cover; the oldest collection of Protestant hymns, still in use among Mennonites and the Amish today, this standard text gives account of the persecution and suffering of the Swiss brethren during the 16th & 17th centuries, including events in Zürich that involve Rudolph Bachman, on pp. 44-45 of the appendix. [4" x 6¾"]

Cist, Carl. *Americanischer Stadt und Land Calender ... [American Town and Country Calendar]* (Philadelphia [PA], 1807) No. 104, 8vo, 42 pp.; a paper-covered almanac with court and liturgical calendars, as well as astronomical charts that were used to guide agricultural operations, and for predicting the flow of the four elements and four humors of the human body to enable good timing for bloodletting and cupping. [6½" x 8"]

Liebert, Peter ed. *Eine nützliche Anweisung, oder Benhülse vor Deutche um Englisch zu lernen ... Nebst einer Grammatic ... [A useful Instruction, or help for learning by the English of German... including a Grammar ...]* (Peter Liebert, Germantown [PA], 1792) 8vo, 282 pp.; a leather bound copy of the "fourth and enlarged edition" of a very popular dictionary and phrasebook used by the German-speaking Americans to learn English. [4¼" x 7"]

[Lobwasser, Ambrosious] *Neu=vermehrte=und vollständiges Gesang=Buch Worinnen sowohl die Psalmen Davids [New enlarged and complete Songbook wherein are also the Psalms of King David]* (Christoph Saur, Germantown [PA], 1763, 2nd ed.) 16mo, 839 pp.; used widely by the Reformed Church; though also popular among Mennonites. One of the few early hymnals to include musical scores and notations along

with the lyrics. [4" x 6¾"]

Roosen, Gerhard. *Christliches Gemüth Gespräch [Heartfelt Christian Conversation]* (Typis Societatis Ephrata [PA], 1769) 8vo, 168 pp., leather cover; an extremely popular text for pietists, with 183 questions and answers along with 18 articles that set out the Mennonite view of Christian doctrine and life. This is the first American edition of Roosen's book. [5" x 7¼"]

Schabalie, Johann Philip. *Die Wandlende Seel [The Wandering Soul]* (Christoph Saur, Germantown [PA], 1771, 2nd ed.) 16mo, 486 pp.; a popular retelling of history in the scriptures, written in 1635 with a Mennonite perspective. [4¼" x 6¾"]

Tersteegen, Gerhard. *Geistliches Blumen=Gärtlein inniger Seelen... [The Little Flower Garden of Young Souls]* (Michael Billmeyer, Germantown [PA], 1800) 24mo, 576 pp. [3½" x 5"]

Zimmerman, Johann Georg von. *Solitude Considered with Respect to its Influence upon the Mind and the Heart* (Johnson & Preston, Wilmington [DE], 1797) 12mo, 298 pp.; the English translation of a very popular text among German American immigrants and the Quakers. [4½" x 7"]

LOOKING GLASS: Wooden 10" high x 4¼" wide x ½" deep frame with handle holds a 3¼" x 5" mirror, most likely imported during the 18th century. fixed on two sides by small nails. [Newmann/80]

CANDLE MOLD: Tin-covered iron 10¾" high x 4" wide, arranged for making two candles. [Phipps/229] Candles were not widely made in American homes until after the Revolution, since using the tallow from beef was too precious. When butchery became more common, wives still tried to stretch their candle making with bayberry wax, which strengthened the candles in warm weather and gave off a pleasant smell.

LAMP: Iron 5" high x 2¾" wide x 4½" deep wrought "Betty" for burning grease or animal fat with a lighted wick. A mounting pike and hook are fixed to the top of the handle along with a chain-link wick pick. The term Betty has been thought to be an anglicized corruption of the German word *Besser*, or better, since this was regarded as an improved design over the earlier "Phoebe" open-top grease lamp. The Germans usually referred to the foul-smelling but economical alternative to candles as iron or oil lamps.

German parents often made dowery presents of a Betty lamp so as to ensure that even in the leanest of times, their daughters would always have a portable light.

In obedience to the Procton Court Decree her Court we the undersigned have
 Henry Baughman proceeded to appraise the Estate of Henry Baughman dec'd

| | | | |
|---|---|------|---|
| 1 Rifle Gun shot long & snob | 2 | 14 | 0 |
| 2 Axes, 1 Hatchet, 1 Ring Wall | 0 | 14 | 0 |
| 1 Kettle one ^{iron} small pot 1 Broiling pan 2 pore Cloths | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| 3 Augers 1 Awl 1 Compass 2 pair shears 3 sickles 1 Gun bar | 0 | 16 | 0 |
| 1 German Biber 6 others assorted | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| 6 pewter plates | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| 1 pewter Basin | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| 1 Cull under & Tin pad | 0 | 2 | 5 |
| 5 Tin Cups 4 Table Spoons 1 Tin Quart 1 Funnel | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| 2 Rings 1 Lamp 1 pen Spuns 1 pen 6 and 2 fish fork | 0 | 4 | 5 |
| 5 forks & knives | 0 | 4 | 5 |
| 1 Bucket 1 pale | 0 | 1 | 5 |
| 1 Trencher 1 Salt box | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| 1 Hand saw 1 pore bar 1 plane 1 Swing saw 1 change | 0 | 10 | 5 |
| 1 Nungas bag 1 small fat Tub 1 small bag 1 Saw Iron / pore etc | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| 1 Salt sack 1 shaver 1 pick ling Tub | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| 1 pore Drawing Chances | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| 1 ^{Metal} Chest 1 Table & after | 0 | 7 | 5 |
| 1 small Locking glass & chest | | | |
| | | \$10 | 5 |
| 3 Hops | 1 | 15 | 0 |
| 1 Mattock 1 Gun stone 1 hoe | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| 1 shovel 2 port knives | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| 1 Spinning wheel 6 Spools | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| 1 Bedstead & bed | 1 | 15 | 0 |
| 1 Bed | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| | | \$15 | 8 |

Archie W. Blaney
 Fred & Peter
 Geo. Peterson

At Procton Court February 10th 1805

This Inventory & appraisement of the Estate of Henry Baughman dec'd was returned to Court in order to be recorded

Henry Baughman

During the last couple years of his life, Henry Baughman Jr. found himself more and more alone. He had recently become a widower, married off the last of his children, and seen his son John pack up head for Tennessee. Instead of going with them, Henry decided to stay on Tom's Creek alone. He most likely gave John as much as he could, including the wagon and team of horses listed by the tax collector a few years earlier, just to help the boy with a good, comfortable start.

During the 1790s, the larger Baughman family would have made or collected a wider range of tools and household items. Henry Jr. would have had plenty more blacksmithing tools than just the one hammer — starting at least with a few pairs of tongs or pincers. Beside the kitchen hearth, the family at one time must have had more cooking pots, cups and knives. In the midst of his pared-down world, one place that the 56-year-old father could find comfort was inside his books.

One book quite popular among Mennonites, was *Solitude Considered with Respect to its Influence upon the Mind and the Heart* by Johann Georg von Zimmerman. Not only did it address Henry's current circumstance, and the spiritual loneliness of all frontier folk, but one well spring of solace for the author happened to be Richterswil, a village on Lake Zürich in Switzerland. The book could have been recommended to Henry for that reason alone, and for the detailed description Zimmerman devoted to the town where Henry's forefathers were born and raised. Zimmerman had been born in 1728 in Brugg, where the Aar and Rhine rivers meet in northeastern Switzerland.

On the 26 January 1785, a royal courier, dispatched by the Russian Envoy at Hamburg, presented M. Zimmermann with a small casket in the name of her Majesty the Empress of Russia. The casket contained a ring enriched with diamonds of an extraordinary fire and lustre, and a gold medal, bearing on one side the portrait of the Empress, and on the other the date of the happy reformation of the Russian Empire. This present the Empress accompanied with a letter written in her own hand, containing these remarkable words: 'To M. Zimmermann, Counsellor of State and Physician to his Britannic Majesty, to thank him for the excellent precepts he has given to mankind in his Treatise upon Solitude.'

The first edition of *Solitude Considered...* in English appeared in 1793 in Philadelphia, two years before Zimmerman's death.

"I love to recall to my mind the cool and silent scenes of Solitude; ...to reflect on the powerful consolations they afford when grief corrodes the mind, when disease afflicts the body, when the number of our years bends us to the ground; to contemplate in short, the benign influence of Solitude upon all the troubles of the heart.

"Man in a state of perfect freedom possesses an innate right to follow the suggestions of his fancy... Some there are to whom even the visits of friendship are displeasing; who, to avoid the painful intercourse, confide themselves eternally at home, and consume their hours in writing books, or killing flies.

"The term Solitude does not, I conceive, always import a total absence from the world. Sometimes it conveys to my mind the idea of dwelling in a country village: sometimes I understand it to mean the library of a man of learning: and sometimes an occasional retreat from the tumults of active life.

"A treatise, therefore, upon the real advantages to be derived from Solitude, appeared to me a proper means to assist men in their search after happiness. The fewer external resources men possess, the greater efforts they make to discover in themselves the power of being happy; and the more they enabled to part, without regret, from their connections with each other, the nearer they most certainly approach to true felicity. The pleasure of the world appear to me unworthy of the avidity with which they are pursued...

"The Alps in Swisserland are inhabited by a race of men, sometimes unsociable, but always good and generous. The severity of their climate renders them hardy and robust, while their pastoral life adds softness to their characters. An Englishman has said, that he who never heard thunder in the Alps, cannot conceive any idea of the continuity of the lightening, the rolling and the burst of the thunder which roars round the horizon of these immense mountains. The inhabitants of the Alps therefore, who have never seen better houses than their own cabins, or any other country than their native rocks, conceive every part of the universe to be formed of the same rough materials, and a scene of unceasing tempests.

"...Immediately after the most dreadful tempests, the hemisphere clears itself by slow degrees, and becomes serene. The heads and hearts of the Swiss

are of a similar nature; the kindness succeeds to anger; and generosity to the most brutal fury...

"This is the characteristic disposition of the people who inhabit the Alps of Switzerland; alternately mild and violent; perhaps rude and unpolished... their hearts are improved in kindness and good-nature by the tranquility of their fields; following in the extreme the dictates of bold and lively imagination. Their passions and affections experience the same vicissitude as their climate.

"...It was the landscape and the lake of Zürich which inspired the Idyls of the immortal Geffner, the most agreeable of all the poets of nature.

"Oh! if my friends, whom I have left in Switzerland, knew how frequently, during the silence of the night, I pass with them those hours which should be sacred to sleep; if they knew, that neither time nor absence can efface from my mind the remembrance how dear they have been to me from my earliest youth to the present moment...

"If the misfortunes of those who [we] love always make us unhappy; if the grief of those whom we observe under sufferings tear our hearts; if the acute feelings of compassion for the unfortunate poison all our pleasures, envelope the appearances of the world in shades of the darkest melancholy, render our existence painful, our faculties incapable of exertion, and deprive us even of ability to practice the virtues which we feel; if we for months and years vainly endeavour to deliver ourselves from the most cruel sufferings, we must then absolutely fly to Solitude.

"Amidst the concatenation of passions and misfortunes of which I was the sport and victim, I knew no hours more happy than those in which I forgot the world and was forgotten by it. These happy hours I always found in the silence of the groves. All that oppressed my heart in public life, all that in the vortex of the world only inspired me with disgust, fear, or constrains, then fled far away. I admired the silence of surrounding nature... Petrarch would have found this tranquility in his Solitude...

"Men daily become less annoying to me; for I place them either far before or much after me... to induce a separation from the world."

"Solitude," says [Zollikofer], 'secures us from the aspersions of light and frivolous minds, from the unjust contempt and harsh judgment of the envious; preserves us from the afflicting spectacle of follies, crimes, and misery, which so frequently disgraces the theatre of active and social life; extinguishes the fire of

those passions which are too lively and ardent; and establishes peace in our hearts.'

"Every injustice, every low and trifling care vanish like smoke before him who has courage to live according to his own taste and inclination. The restraint of the world, and the slavery of society, alone can poison the pleasures of free minds, deprive them of every satisfaction, content, and power, even when placed in a sphere of elegance, easy in fortune, and surrounded by abundance. Solitude, therefore, not only brings quietude to the heart... and raises it above the malevolence of envy, wickedness, and stupidity, but affords advantages still more valuable... In Solitude, Man recovers from that distraction which had torn him from himself; ...that he lives more within himself and for himself than in external objects;... but, breaking through the shackles of servile habit and arbitrary custom, he thinks with confidence and courage...

"To be obliged to speak a word,' wrote the French philosopher Rousseau, 'to write a letter, or to pay a visit, are to me, from the moment the obligation arises, the severest punishments... This is the reason also why I have so much dreaded to accept of favours; for every act of kindness demands an acknowledgement; and I feel that my heart is ungrateful, only because gratitude becomes a duty.

"I never recall to my memory without feeling the softest emotions, the sublime and magnificent scene which I enjoyed in the year 1775, when, during a fine day... I experienced nearly the same sensation which Brydone describes himself to have felt upon the top of Aetna.

"...As we are rafted above the habitations of men, all low and vulgar sentiments are left behind..."

"I included in one view the city of Zürich, the smiling country which surrounds it, its tranquil and expanded lake, the high mountains, covered with fruit and snow, lifting their majestic heads to Heaven. A divine tranquility surrounded me while I beheld this scene."

After a painful recollection about the "learned critics" from Zürich, and how their small-minded drove the best from among them, Zimmerman described the village of Richterswil at length, and the peaceful retreat he took there.

"At the village of Richterswyl, a few leagues from Zürich, in a situation still more delicious and serene... surrounded by every object the most smiling, beautiful,

and sublime that Swisserland presents, dwells a celebrated physician. His soul is as tranquil and sublime as the scene of nature which surrounds him.

"The village is situated on the borders of the Lake, at a place where two projecting points of land form a natural bay of nearly half a league. On the opposite shores, the Lake, which is not quite a league in extent, is inclosed from the north to the east by pleasant hills, covered with vine leaves, intermixed with fertile meadows, orchards, fields, groves, and thickets, with little villages, churches, villas, and cottages, scattered up and down the scene.

"A wide and magnificent amphitheatre, which no artist has yet ventured to paint except in detached scenes, opens itself from the east to the south. The view towards the higher part of the lake, which on this side is four leagues long, presents to the eye points of land, distant islands, the little town of Rapperswil built on the side of a hill, the bridge of which extends itself from one side of the lake to the other. Beyond the town, the inexhaustible valley rises in a half-circle to the sight. Upon the first ground-plot is peak of land, with hills about half a league distant from each other; and behind these rise a range of mountains, covered with trees and verdure, and interspersed with villages and detached houses. In the back ground are discovered the fertile and majestic Alps, twisted one among the other, and exhibiting alternate shadows of the lightest and darkest azure. Behind these Alps, rocks, covered with eternal snows, rear their heads to the clouds. Towards the south, the opening of the amphitheatre is continued by a new chain of mountains. A scene thus enriched always appears new, romantic, and incomparable.

"The mountains extend themselves from the south to the west: the village of Richterswyl, is situated at their feet upon the banks of the lake: deep forests of firs cover the summit, and the middle is filled with fruit trees, interspersed with rich fallows and fertile pasture, among which, at certain distances, a few houses are scattered. The village itself is neat, the streets are paved, and the houses, built of stone, are painted on the outside. Around the village are walks formed on the banks of the lake, or cut through shady forests to the hills; and on every side scenes, beautiful or sublime, strike the eye while they ravish the heart of the admiring traveller. He stops, and contemplates with eager joy these accumulated beauties; his bosom swells with excess of pleasure; and his breath continues for a time suspended, as if fearful of interrupting the

fullness of his delight.

"Every acre of this charming country is in the highest degree of cultivation and improvement. No part of it is suffered to lie untilled; every hand is at work; and men, women, and children, from infancy to age, are all usefully employed.

"The two houses of the physician are each of them surrounded by a garden; and, although situated in the middle of the village, are as rural and sequestered as if they had been built in the heart of the country. Through the gardens, and in view of the chamber of my dear friend, flows a limpid stream, on the opposite side of which is the great road, where, during a succession of ages, a crowd of pilgrims have almost daily passed in their way to the convent of the Hermitage. From these houses and gardens, at about the distance of a league, you behold, towards the south, the majestic Ezeberg [Wädenswyl castle] rears its head; black forests conceal its top; while below, on the declivity of the hill, hangs a village with a beautiful church, on the steeple of which the sun suspends its departing rays every evening before his course is finished. In the front is the lake of Zürich, whose unruffled waters are secured from the violence of the tempests, and whose transparent surface reflects the beauties of its delightful banks.

"During the silence of night, if you repair to the chamber-window, or indulge in a lonely walk through the gardens, to taste the refreshing scents which exhale from the surrounding flowers, while the moon, rising above the mountains, reflects on the expanse of the lake a broad beam of light; you hear, during this awful sleep of nature, the sound of the village clocks echoing from the opposite shores; and on the Richterswyl side the shrill proclamations of the watchmen blended with the barkings of the faithful dog. At a distance you hear the little boats softly gliding down the stream, dividing the water with their oars; you perceive them cross the moon's translucent beam, and play among the sparkling waves.

"On viewing the lake of Geneva in its full extent, the majesty of such a sublime picture struck the spectator dumb; he thinks that he has discovered the *chef d'uvre* of creation; but here, near the lake of Zürich at Richterswyl, the objects, being upon a small scale, are more soft, agreeable, and touching.

"Riches and luxury are no where to be seen in the habitation of this philanthropist. You are there seated upon matted chairs. He writes upon tables worked from the wood of the country; and he and his

friends eat on earthen plates. Neatness and convenience reign throughout. Large collections of drawings, paintings, and engravings are his sole expense. The first beams of Aurora light the little chamber where this philosophic sage sleeps in peaceful repose, and open his eyes to every new day. Rising from his bed, he is saluted by the cooings of the turtle-doves, and the morning songs of birds who sleep with him in an adjoining chamber.

"The first hour of the morning, and last at night, are sacred to himself; but he devotes all the intermediate hours of the day to the assistance of diseases and afflicted multitudes, who daily attend him for advice and assistance. The benevolent exercise of his profession engrosses every moment of his life, but it also constitutes his happiness and joy. All the inhabitants of the mountains of Switzerland, as well as the Valleys of the Alps, resort to his house, and vainly seek for language to express the grateful feelings of their hearts. They are persuaded that the doctor sees and knows everything; they answer his questions with frankness and fidelity; they listen to his words, treasure up his advice like grains of gold, and leave him with more regret, consolation, hope, and virtuous resolution, than they quit their confessors at the Hermitage. After a day spent in this manner, can it be imagined that any thing is wanting to complete the happiness of this friend of mankind? Yes; when a simple and ingenious female, who had trembled with fear for the safety of her beloved husband, enters his chamber, and, seizing him fondly by the hand, exclaims, 'My husband, Sir, was very ill when I first came to you; but in the space of two days he quite recovered. Oh, my dear Sir, I am under the greatest obligation to you!' this philanthropic character feels that which ought to fill the bosom of a monarch in the moment when he confers happiness on his people.

"Of this description is the country of Switzerland where Doctor Holtze, the ablest physician of the present age, resides; a physician and philosopher... His mind, active and full of vigour, never seeks repose; but there is a divine quietude dwells within his heart...

"The man who does not ask for more enjoyments than he possesses is completely happy. Such a felicity is easily found at Richterswyl, upon the banks of the lake of Zürich; but it may be also more easily found than is in general imagined, even in such a chamber as that in which I am now writing this Treatise upon Solitude, where, during seven years, I had nothing to look at but some broke tiles, and a vane upon the

spire of an old church."

"It is rural life alone that true pleasure, the love, the honour, and the chaste manners of ancient days are revived. Rousseau, therefore, says with great truth to the inhabitants of cities, that the country affords pleasure which they do not even suspect; that these pleasures are less insipid, less unpolished than they conceive; that taste, variety, and delicacy may be enjoyed there; that a man of merit, who retires with his family into the country, and turns farmer, will find his days pass as pleasantly as in the most brilliant assemblies; that a good housewife in the country may also be a charming woman, a woman adorned with every agreeable qualification, and possess graces much more captivating than all those prim and affected females whom we see in towns."

The Talk of Ephrata

Another source for comfort and common sense among German-Americans was *Erster Theil der Theosophischen Lectionen...*, a book published by the Ephrata Brotherhood in 1752. Authorship at the Ephrata Cloister, like every other labor there, was a collective effort. Although most of this book's *Theological Maxims* or *Rules for the Solitary Life* have been sourced to Conrad Beissel, his partner at the cloister, Peter Miller, most likely collaborated.

No. 57: "Whoever can preserve his solitary life, will see sorrow overcome in the end. If you are already humiliated by unfruitfulness, then you will see the harvest on that day of joy..."

No. 95: "...Be busy about getting rid of yourself in all that you do, and in all that you lose of yourself, see to it, that you find yourself in God.

No. 105: "How long should my seed remain in so much pain? How gladly I would like to see the full harvest? I suffer, I endure, I hope in all kinds of difficulties. Oh God! When will I be free once and for all? Yet hope can likely give me an answer as to what will become of me..."

No. 204: "Honor your mother and forget not how bitter you made things for her, for she carried you under her heart, and cared for you, so that your lot would be pleasant..."

No. 207: "Therefore see to it that you do not take a wife in the land where your mother bore you, [and likewise] that you give your seed to no foreigner and thus debase your blessed lot and inheritance."

No. 209: "Do not make light for the blind... for the expense is in vain and the effort is lost. Yet cause him no offense; so that you in no way must bear guilt."

No. 219: "He who loves his life, will lose it; and he who loses it, will find it."

Folk Tales of the Swiss Germans

The most enduring literature of a people can be found in its folkways. Long before books were published or ships could sail across the sea, even long before Christ's Passion, people swapped tales. Only the stories that rang most true have survived.^{66:188}

Long, long ago, huge flying serpents crawled on the earth, when they lived in the lakes and the rivers and in the caves in the rocks. One particular dragon was white, as white as new snow. With her huge wings outspread, she could fly over mountains as high as the highest ones here.

On her head the White Dragon wore a gold crown, and in the center of her forehead there hung a diamond as big as an eagle's egg. Men called this jewel the Dragon's Eye, because by its bright light she could see in the blackest dark. When she flew through the night the herdsmen often caught sight of the gem and of the flames she breathed out of her open mouth. Sparks dropped from her fiery tail like a spring shower.

The people believed that in winter time the White Dragon lived in their lake. When its ice began to break up in the spring, mothers said to their children, 'The White Dragon is waking.' And they watched on clear nights in the hope that they might see the great serpent fly up to the sky.

When the White Dragon left the lake, her broad wings beat on the water. It was as if a hundred crystal fountains were splashing and splashing in the bright moonlight. Sometimes jewels fell from the scales of the great beast as, with a mighty leap, she soared up toward the clouds. Girls and boys, even women and men, searched the lake shore in hope of finding a

lucky dragon stone.

"Since the White Dragon came to live among us," the people said, "our cows give twice as much milk as they did before. Our sheep have twin lambs, and our goats never stray. The White Dragon is our friend."

But as often happens, not all the valley folk were content with their good fortune. "How many more cows I could buy if only I could get hold of the diamond eye of the Dragon," one greedy herdsman said to his wife.

"How could you ever take the diamond eye from the head of the White Dragon?" his wife asked, alarmed at her husband's daring. "The Dragon guards her diamond as if it were her life. And no wonder either. Without it how could she see her way in the night? She would be as lost in the sky as I should be on the mountain, if I went about in the dark without a lantern to show me the way."

"True, wife, that is true. Yet I have heard that the White Dragon takes off her precious diamond eye when she goes into the river to take her bath. Lest it be lost while she twists and turns in the water, she lays the diamond on a rock on the river bank. Why should I not seize the jewel then?"

"Take care, my husband, take care!" the woman warned him. "Many a man has tried to steal the Dragon's Eye. To get that diamond eye of the Dragon needs far more cunning than most men possess. Bad luck will come of it if the Dragon is angered."

But the greedy man would not listen to reason. He worked and he worked to build a strong box. He made it of wood, and he bound it with iron. In its sides he drove nails with their sharp points sticking out. Then, when it was finished, he hid himself in the bushes beside the river where the Dragon came every morning.

From up in the sky there came a rushing sound, and the White Dragon flew down to the river bank. As the man had been told, the creature took the glittering diamond from its place on her forehead, and she laid it on a high stone where it would be out of harms' way. Then the Dragon's white body slipped in to the river with no thought of danger.

Quietly the herdsman came forth from his hiding place. With trembling fingers he picked up the Dragon's Eye from the rock, and he locked it away in his nail-studded box. He hid the strong box beneath a thick bush on the river bank. Then he went back into the forest where he could safely watch what the

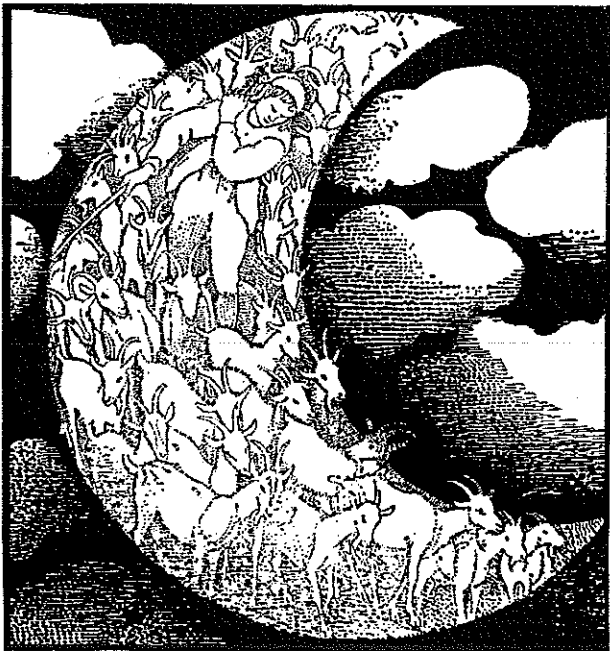
Dragon would do when she found her diamond gone.

After a time, the White Dragon came out of the water but could not find her diamond. But so bright was its light that it shone through the thick sides of the box, and the White Dragon found it under the bush.

The good Dragon tried to pick up the box, but the pointed nails were too sharp. Blood flowed from the wounds they made in her claws and in her twisting tail. The earth began to shake. A huge scarlet cloud came down out of the sky. Then the South Wind rushed through the valley and swept the red cloud, with the Dragon inside it, up to the heavens. Never again was the White Dragon seen in that part of the land.

The greedy herdsman unlocked the nailed box and carried his prize home in great triumph. He bought many cows with the money he got by selling the White Dragon's diamond eye. But the cows in that valley did not give as much milk as cows had given before. No longer were twin lambs born on those pastures. The goats often strayed away and were lost. The good luck of the people flew away with the angry White Dragon who lost her diamond eye.

The herdsman's boy grew up careless, and never learned to value the good things which God gives to us. Often and often he spilled milk on the hut floor. In spite of the herdsman's warnings, he let the salt for



SWITZERLAND'S MAN IN THE MOON
THE CARELESS GOATHERDER BANISHED TO THE MOON

the cows fall on the damp ground instead of on the dry rocks. At table he cut off more cheese than he could eat, and he even threw butter into the fire to make the flames brighter. He lost the milk funnel, and he broke the cheese press.

At last one fine day, this careless boy was out with the goats on a far meadow. He went fast asleep, and when he awoke the herd was gone. In their place there stood an old man who spoke to him sternly. "The Good God is angry at your wasteful ways, Goatherd," he said. "To punish you for your carelessness you are to be sent away to live in the sky. But the Good God allows you to choose where you will dwell. Shall it be in the sun where the weather is burning hot? Or shall it be in the moon where the weather is freezing cold?"

Well, the boy was used to icy winters in his high valley. "No place," he thought, "could be colder than here!" So he chose the moon. And ever since then, on clear nights like this, if people look well, they can see that wasteful herdsman in his far-away home in the heavens.^{66:188}

A young herdsman, named Georg, lived with his two herdboys, Otto and Anton, alone on a mountain. The three knew well how to take care of the herds, but all were wild young fellows forever in search of fun. Life on the alp did not suit them at all, for their hut was far, far up the steep mountain, and there were no other young people near.^{66:220}

"Every day it's the same thing," they said to each other. "No one to dance with us. No one to laugh and sing and make us merry. What we need is a pretty maid to cheer our lonely hut." Again and again the three comrades sang this sad song.

"If we cannot have a human playmate, why should we not have a make-believe one?" Georg said one day. "We could cut a doll out of wood. We could dress it up like a girl."

The others were pleased with this new idea. At once they thought how they could turn it into a merry game. So they went to the forest, where they cut down a tree. They chopped off its branches, and they stripped off its bark. With their sharp knives they cut it and carved it until they had made a wooden doll, large as life. They painted her face, with round eyes and a red mouth. Her cheeks they made pink, and her hair, which they wove of straw, hung in two braids

over her shoulders.

The three young herdsmen gave their new friend a dress with a skirt and a petticoat, a blouse and a vest, and a bright-colored apron. They put shoes on her feet, and a shawl on her head. Then they seated her stiffly on the wooden bench by the door.

"Ho-la, sweetheart," Georg cried mockingly, making a low bow. "There is no more beautiful maid in all this long valley. You will do nicely to keep us from loneliness. We must give you a name. How will Rösli do? Yes, we'll call you little Rose to match your rosy cheeks."

Well, the three wild young fellows had great sport with their Rösli. They sat her down at the head of their table at meals. They poured spoons of coffee upon her red-painted mouth, then scolded her roundly when it spilled on the floor. When they went to the pastures they set her astride the queen cow. And at night they made her a bed of soft pine boughs, like their own, up in the loft. Oh, they handled her handsomely some of the time. But more often they jeered at her. They spoke to her teasingly with scorn and with sneers, and they talked to her shamefully, making rough jokes.

One dark day, gray mist hung over the mountains. There was nothing to do inside the hut. Then Georg said to the others, "Our treasure has a name. But she has not yet been baptized. We should have a christening party." Anton and Otto were silent. They looked almost afraid. Even young folk, as wild and as merry as these two herdboys, knew that one should not make a joke of the Church. The two others hung back, but foolish Georg would not heed their warning words.

Georg himself took the part of the priest. Shamelessly he used the cowbells to mimic the sound of the church bells. Anton and Otto brought in a pail of spring water with which he could sprinkle the head of the doll.

"I christen thee Rösli." Georg had just said these words when there was a knock at the door. The three young men were greatly surprised at the sound, for few travelers ever climbed so high as this mountain. The door opened, and into the hut there stepped a little old woman, dressed all in gray, the color of the mist outside.

"Good young men, I am thirsty," she said. "Can you spare a cup of milk for an old woman?"

"No, we have none to spare," heartless Georg said, angered at having his game interrupted. "We

already have one old woman to feed. Just see how she eats!" And the wicked fellow poured a whole cup of good milk upon the doll's painted mouth. The eyes of the old woman in gray blazed with anger. They almost burned the young herdsmen with their flashing fire.

"Good! So shall it be!" she cried. "I go away thirsty, just as I came. Yes, your woman shall eat. But you do not yet know how much she shall eat."

Georg and his two friends laughed recklessly, as the bent figure in gray stepped out into the mist. The joking herdsman once more raised the cup of milk to the painted mouth of the doll. But he quickly dropped it again. For the red lips had opened. The black-painted eyes opened in the round wooden face. The wooden arms moved. A wooden finger pointed straight at the young man who was now pale with fear.

"Indeed I can eat. Get me food!" the wooden doll screamed.

Terrified, Georg ran to get a cupful of cream. This was gone in one gulp, and the doll still called for food. Bread, butter and cheese the doll-girl ate in great quantities. That night nothing at all was left in the hut for the supper of the three foolish young men.

All three of the herdsmen feared the wooden doll, Rösli, that had come alive. They shuddered when she was near. But they could not get rid of her. During the day she followed them about, with her rolling eyes and grinning mouth. She hung over their cheese kettle. She watched them at their milking. At table she sat with them, eating and eating.

No longer was there laughter and merriment in that little hut. Fear had taken the place of fun for the three comrades. "If only the summer would come to its end and we could go down below," they said to one another.

Well, the autumn mists gathered, and the first snow fell. At last the day came when the herds were to go back to the valley. The stools and the pails were loaded on the cows' backs. The three young fellows shouldered their butter and cheese, their kettles and blankets. Then they stepped toward the door.

"Oh no, my fine fellows," said Rösli, grinning as she blocked the doorway. "You do not leave me alone here through the dark winter. I need a companion, just as you did. One of you three will have to stay behind with me."

There was nothing to do but to draw lots to see which one should stay. For they knew if they said no, the wooden doll, Rösli, would tear them all to pieces

with her sharp-pointed fingers. Heedless Georg was the one that drew the unlucky short twig. So it was he who had to stay behind with the terrible doll.

"Go!" Rösli cried to Anton and Otto. "Go! But I warn you. Do not look back until you come to the path's third turning."

With trembling steps and chattering teeth, Otto and Anton walked down the mountain. Then they reached its third turning they stopped and looked fearfully up at the hut. Their hair rose on their head as they saw Rösli, the wooden doll that came alive, standing high on the hut roof against the sky. She waved her wooden arms at them and threw them a mocking kiss. Spread out at her feet, was something that had the shape of a man. Anton said it was the hide of their poor comrade, Georg. But Otto could not be sure. They only thing they both knew was that they never again saw their wild, heedless friend who had broken the laws of the Church and the mountains.^{66:230}

To Sell Goods & Buy Skins

Everybody that could obtain a stock of goods turned into a merchant or peddler. After 1766 in Botetourt County, Alexander Baine took over the early Boyd store, including stocked shelves valued at £1092, full of every kind of textiles, from diaper cloth to damask, blankets, bonnets, hats, hammers, tools, hardware, gunpowder, skillets, mirrors, buttons, saddles, bridles, dishes of all sorts, tea, pins, Bibles, other books, skins, clothing, horses, cattle and window glass, to list only a small fraction of it all. New stores sprang up after an arrangement by an established firm was struck with a local merchant or agent, to sell goods and buy skins and other products on a percentage basis; or for a large firm to sell a stock of goods to a local dealer and take a mortgage on a tract of land that he was occupying.

The *Fincastle Weekly Advertiser*, published every Friday by J.& D. Amen, was the first newspaper in Virginia published west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. After 1770, the Courts were required to issue licenses to merchants. George Peterson made and repaired rifles, but the best known gunsmiths were John Sites and John Painter. Skillfully made cabinets came from George Sawyers and Thomas Murphey, living and working in the Sweet Springs area. Charles Aunspaugh, the talented apprentice of John Welsh,

made clocks and coin silver pieces of serviceware and cutlery. Wholesale agents for general merchandise included Israel Christian, William Chandler, Messrs. Hoops and Walker, Contractors, and Joshua Willson. Thomas Rutherford and Thomas Brown were agents with goods to sell; so was James Crowder; John Hamilton kept a stock of goods at Dunkard Bottom.

John Pitzer kept a store at his place, where Sinking Creek and Long's Entry Creek bracket the settlement at Gala Water, before the clear, cold, parallel streams gush into the James River. Pitzer lived four miles downstream from Henry Baughman Jr., and two miles west of the healthful sulphur waters at Daggars Springs. It was long thought that Gala had been the site of an ancient Indian village, though artifacts were not uncovered from a large burial ground until the roadbed for the Richmond and Allegheny Railway was dug up. They can now be seen at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C.^{386:65}

On 10 September 1799, as the success of his farm began to sour, Henry Baughman mortgaged his entire property to John Pitzer for £40. Nearly two years later, to the day, Henry and his wife Mary sold the remaining value of his place to Pitzer for another £51, signing the deal with their initials before witnesses Jacob Lemmon and Baker Davidson.

BOTETOURT, to Wit Inquisition and _____ John and Frederick Pitzer in the County aforesaid, the 12th Day of May, 1798, in the 22nd year of the Commonwealth, before me, William Davidson, one of the Coroners of the Commonwealth, for the County aforesaid, when the view of the Body of Francis Allen, late of said County, then and there lying dead and whom the oaths of Archibald McClung, Nicholas Sharkey, James Sharkey, James Ocheltree, Adam Moyers, Peter Circle, Peiter Disher, William Crawford, George Stull, Jacob Lemmon, Michael Moyers Jr., Robert Bell, Good and Lawful men of County Aforesaid, who being sworn and charge to inquire on the Part of the Commonwealth, when, where, and how and after what manner the said Francis Allen, came to this death, doth say upon their oath, saith, CHARLES, a negrow slave, late of the County aforesaid, not having God before his eyes, but being made Seanced by the Instigation of the Devil, on the 10th day of this instant, with force and armes, at Frederick Pitzers in the County aforesaid, in answer when the said Francis Allen, then and there being in the Peace of God, and

of the Commonwealth, feloniously and voluntarily and of his own malice and forethought, made an assault of the said Charles, [who] then and there with a certain spade, maid of iron, and still of the value of five shillings, which he, the said Charles, held in both his hands, the aforesaid Francis Allen, in and upon the left side of his head, then and there violently feloniously, voluntarily Struck and gave... one mortal wound of the breadth of half inch and of the length of three inches, of which said mortal wound said Francis Allen, then and there died.

Given under our hands and seals the 12th day of May 1798; Signed: [By the above witnesses and Coroner Davidson.]

This was followed two days later by a document entitled:

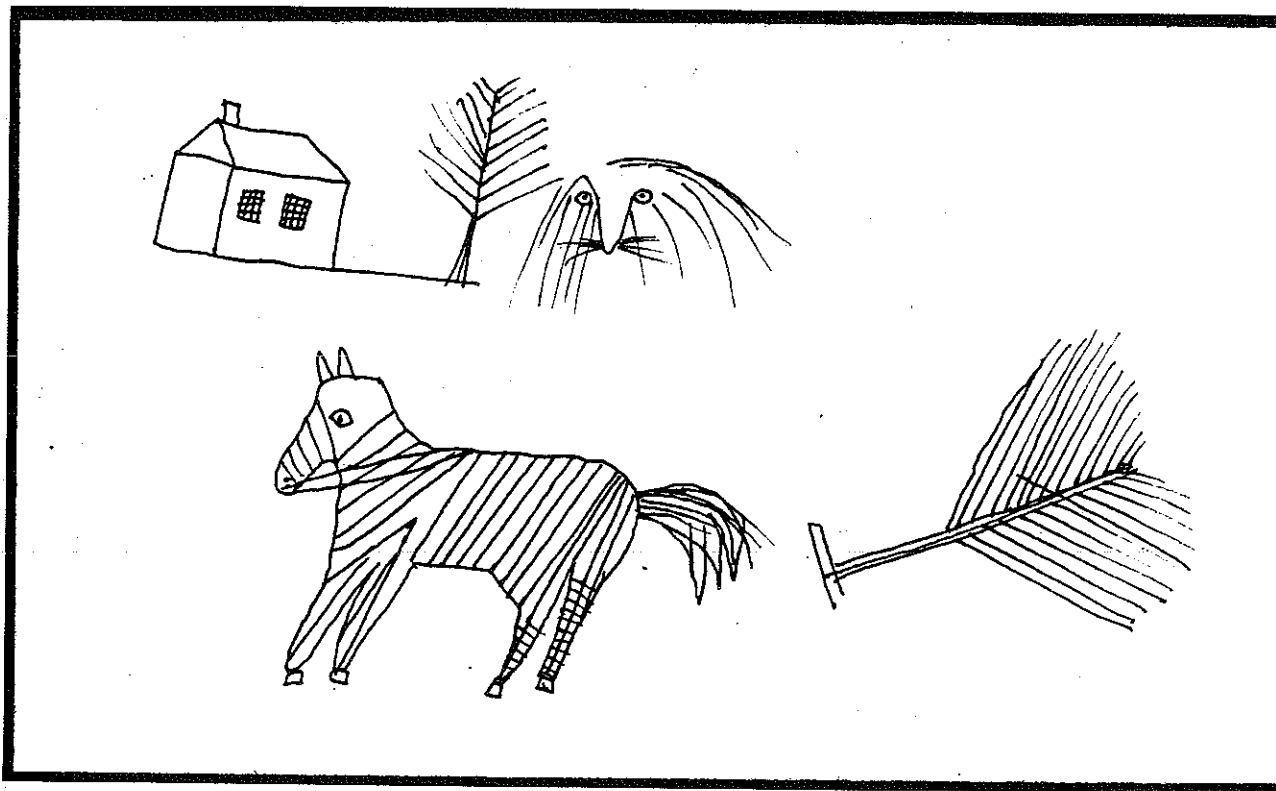
PETITION IN CHARLE'S DEFENCE

To all whom it may concern

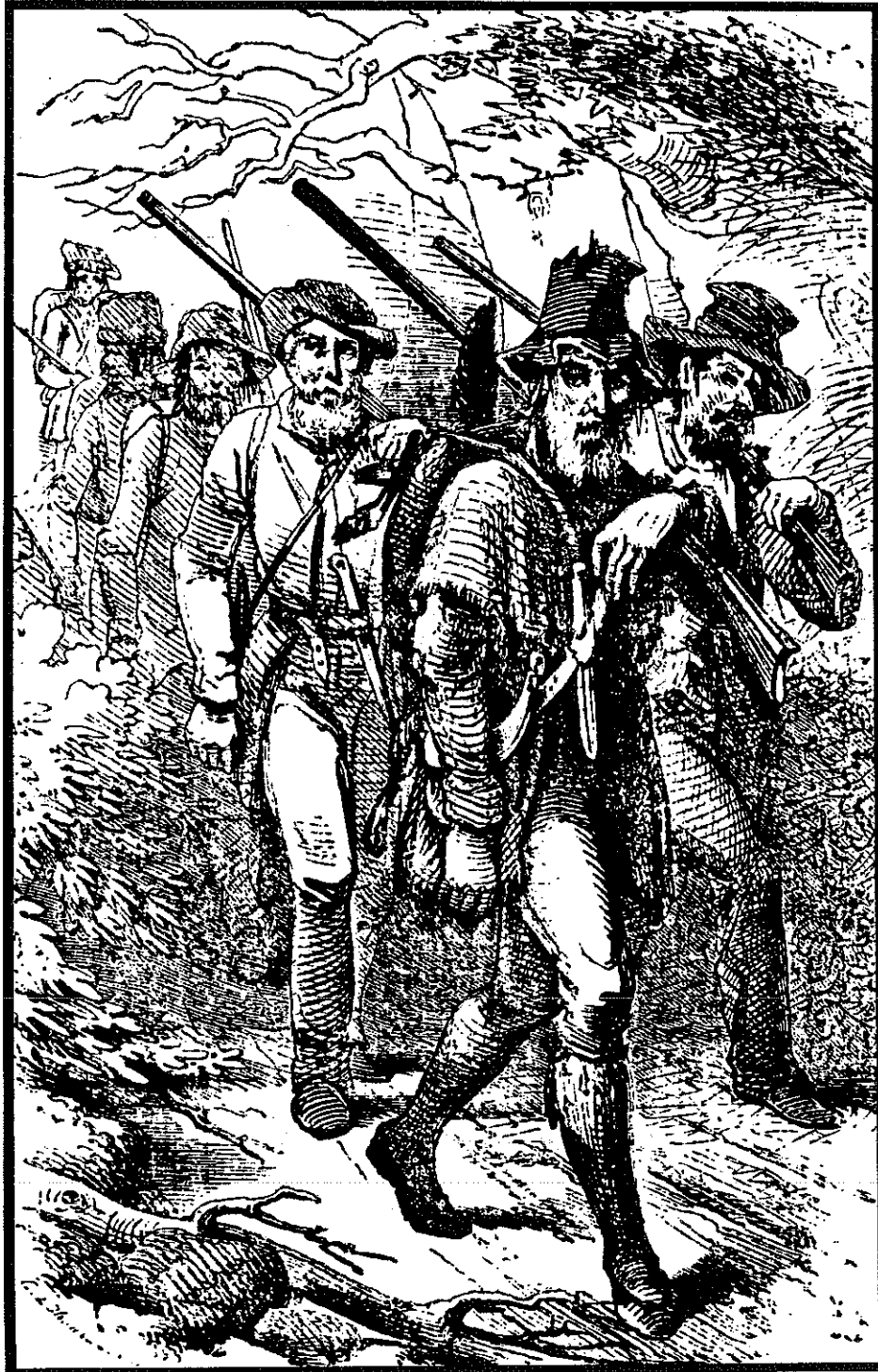
At the request of John Pitzer, we the under

named subscribers do certify that we have been for many years acquainted with Charles, a slave, the property of said Pitzer, that he has ever been considered a peaceable inoffensive negro, free from quarling or any riotous behavior and that he appeared to have a sense of the obligations which he was under, both to God and his fellow creature, as much as any of his color that we have been acquainted with. Witness our hands this 14th day of May 1798; Wm Davidson, John Gearhart, Peter Circle, George Poague, James Sharkey, Nick Sharkey, John McBride, Henry Boggess, Malcom Allen."^{61:16}

In the late 18th century, the soil of Virginian farms was already turning up poor crops. Corn and tobacco had been rotated year after year through the same fields, and only time or great expense might restore its fertility. Thomas Jefferson pointed west and said, "We can buy an acre of new land cheaper than we can manure an old one."^{257:xxxiii} ■ ■ ■



FACSIMILIE OF SCRATCHED DRAWINGS ON AN EARLY AMERICAN POWDERHORN



RIFLEMEN ON THE FRONTIER

EVERY SOLDIER IN OUR ARMY HAVING BEEN INTIMATE WITH HIS GUN FROM HIS INFANCY

FROM THE BARREL OF A GUN
1756-1815

THE IMAGE OF A MENNONITE MIGHT, IN SOME MINDS, be one of defenseless pacifism. In fact, a number of Swiss brethren were among the best gunsmiths and marksmen in colonial America. It should be no surprise, therefore, that the first item on the estate inventory of Henry Baughman Jr. was his rifle. It was the most valuable thing in his house, both in cash appraisal and for the food it could put on the table. The "shot bag" mentioned after it might have been a pouch full of lead pellets which many hunters loaded into their rifled barrels, regardless of the damage that repeated firings could do to the grooves, in order to hit a bird for supper.

In the estate of Henry's brother, John Baughman, dated 11 October 1802, can be found "1 old gun" — that because of its age may have belonged to his father — valued at £1. This weapon completes the portrait of a rifle-toting pacifist even more strongly, since John Baughman petitioned Virginia in 1785 to be excused from bearing arms in the fight with Great Britain.

On 27 July 1770, the most exciting thing in the Shenandoah Valley that Jonathan Clark found to write about in his diary was a "Shooting match for beef," and again for 23 November 1771, "Shooting match for deer skins."⁷⁶ Though the rules may have varied from one locality to another, one clear description of a shooting match is offered by the Appalachian pioneer, Colonel Davey Crockett:

"In the latter part of summer, our cattle get very fat... and some one, desirous of raising money... advertises that on a particular day, and at a given place, a first-rate beef will be shot for. Every marksman in the neighborhood will meet, with his gun... [and] a subscription paper is handed around: " 'A.B. offers a beef worth 20 dollars, to be shot for, at 25 cents a shot.' Then the names are put down by each person, thus:

| | | | |
|------|--------------------|-------|--------|
| D.C. | puts in four shots | | \$1.00 |
| E.F. | " " eight " | | 2.00 |
| G.H. | " " two " | | .50 |

"And thus it goes round, until the price is made up.

"Two persons who have not entered for shots act as judges. Every shooter gets a board, and makes a

cross in the centre of his target. The shot that drives the centre, or comes nearest to it, gets the hide and tallow, which is considered first choice. The next gets his choice of the hind quarters, the third gets the other hind quarter, [the fourth and fifth choose up the fore quarters]; and the sixth gets the lead in the tree against which we shoot.

"The judges stand near the tree, and when a man fires they cry out, 'Who shot?' and the shooter gives in his name, and so on... The judges then take all the boards, and go off by themselves, and decide what quarter each man has won, sometimes one will get nearly all."^{94:78}

Survival on America's frontier required nearly everyone to practice with a flintlock at hunting and marksmanship. Loading one first required pouring the right amount of black powder down the muzzle and packing this tight behind a greasy wadded patch of cloth or thin leather. Besides keeping the powder from pouring back out the barrel, the wad held a lead rifle ball. In shotguns, a sandwich of two patches held several smaller balls, buckshot pellets or even gravel. All this was tamped firmly into the back of the barrel with a long ramrod.

The only way to ignite the gunpowder behind the patch was to send a spark through a tiny hole at the back of the barrel. Sparks flew beside the hole when the gun's cocked hammer, clenching a piece of flint, tripped against a steel plate above a small pan of primer powder.

Because everyone was familiar with the temperamental mechanism of the flintlock, a whole vocabulary of folk expressions grew up around it. An eager person was described as "all primed to go." If someone was startled for a good reason, folks would nod and say, "Now wouldn't that cock yer pistol?"

When a rifle's fire hole got clogged, only the powder in the pan would flash if the hammer was tripped, and the weapon could not fire. When any plan for pioneers failed to deliver, it was just "a flash in the pan."

To "give 'em both barrels" meant trying as hard as possible to succeed, and traces back to the way an unsure hunter could hit a bird in flight with his double-barreled shotgun. Fearful hunters loaded twice

the precious gunpowder needed to knock down their likely game, and from that, any anxious person overready for emergency was said to be "loaded for bear." To describe the completeness of anything, such as losing property in an accident or fire, or selling out one's entire farm, comparison was made not just to one part of a hunter's gun but to "the whole lock, stock and barrel."^{95:120}

To keep the rifle ever ready, many historians have imagined that it was balanced on pegs above the fireplace, the focal point of every log house. In fact, early hunters would never have felt safe with their black powder so close to the heat and sparks of the hearth. A truly handy rifle would be pegged inside and just above the front door frame: out of the children's reach, but fully loaded for predators, varmints or the hunt.^{146:101}

A firearm could become so important in a pioneer's life that it would be given a proper name and assigned human qualities. "Whenever Old Betsey speaks," promised one frontier hunter, "you can be shore there'll be meat in th' pot."^{95:120}

The Art and Mysteries of the Rifle

At the beginning of the 16th century, spiral rifling in a gun's barrel was first used in the ancient German city of Nuremberg by Augustus Kottler, and the improvement in accuracy was instantaneous. Even 200 years later, though, most firearms used the inaccurate but easy-loading smoothbore barrel.^{222:1}

The German-made Pennsylvania rifle, known widely as the Kentucky rifle, was developed about 1730 for frontier needs. The flintlock had been invented about that time to replace the unwieldy matchlock with its sputtering fuse.^{337:18}

Direct ancestor of the Kentucky rifle was the Germanic *Jäger*, or "Hunter," at 30-40" in length, a short .65 calibre weapon, poorly balanced, 20 pounds, and with a punishing recoil, used for hunting wild boar. These qualities were not problems on a one day hunt in Europe.^{337:56} German and Swiss settlers brought their *Schützen* or *Jäger* rifles with them. But in eastern America, there was no need for the bone-shattering slugs that stopped European elk in their tracks.^{253:35}

In colonial America, long hunting trips required a lighter weapon, used mostly for lighter game, permitting less of a gun weight, as well in lead shot

and powder, which were also too expensive to load in excess. For the sake of economy, early designs were .45 calibre.^{337:57}

The early gunsmith had to buy or make many crucial tools: bellows, forge, files, pliers, compasses, grinding wheels, saws, vises, tongs, scales, crucibles (for melting brass), engraving tools, cutting irons, screwdrivers, hammers, calipers, mandrel, barrel anvil, boring machine, rifling machine, bick irons, woodworking knives and tools.^{222:142}

Each part of the lock had to be cut out and shaped by hand, which many Pennsylvania gunsmiths could do, but preferred to buy ready-made from Birmingham or Liège.

The hardest job of all was making the octagonally shaped barrel itself, requiring six or seven shovel-shaped pieces of iron called skelps. These were then heated and hammered into a continuous sleeve around an iron bar called the mandrel. All this took a skilled gunsmith weeks to complete, including the six or seven rifling grooves that were slowly gouged inside, as well as the steps required for polishing, adding the breech plug and touch hole.^{253:14}

Barrels ranged from 40-48 inches, although anything over 44 inches was quite rare in the 18th century. Rifling usually made one full twist in 40 inches.^{222:19} The golden period of the American flintlock rifle continued a third of the way into the 19th century. In the earliest days, the American bore was at its smallest (.40 calibre) while the barrel was at its longest (averaging 44½ inches). In the last two decades of flintlock use, the bullet size increased to .45 calibre and finally to a .53 calibre lead ball. At the same pace, the length shrank, first by just a quarter-inch and then to barrels 38" and under.

The farther west the early mountain men explored, the bigger their game, such as bear, buffalo and elk. The favorite design for the last great flintlock was a .50 calibre weapon with a 36" barrel, known as the Mountain Gun.^{337:61}

Curly maple stocks were wrapped spirally with twine. After being treated with saltpeter, the string was set afire to burn handsome tiger stripes into the wood's finish.^{337:57} The forestock was frequently split or broken away by a rough or indifferent user, requiring one of the most common repairs to the gun's wood.^{222:20}

Patches that were wrapped around each lead ball could be stored in a compartment on the right side of

the stock. A greased patch permitted up to a dozen shots, before cleaning out the leftover burned powder from inside the barrel. Without the patches, only two shots at best, before the barrel became dangerously clogged.

Brass metal patch boxes identified the German-American gunsmiths of Pennsylvania and Virginia, especially by primitive leaf and floral shaped borders common to every other kind of their decorative arts. The typical patchbox of the late 18th century was a four-piece design. Plain ones tended to be of the earlier type, as engraving became quickly and increasingly popular. The daisy finial came from Lancaster County, drooping feathers from York County, and the spear finial from Berks County, where very few gunsmiths of the late 1700s signed their guns.^{222:14&14}

Gunsmithing apprenticeships, like many others, ran seven years, in order to learn the "art and mysteries of the trade," usually from the age of 14 to 21, but shorter when locks and barrels were bought from suppliers.

At the end of an apprenticeship in Germany, graduation came after a *Meisterstück* or "masterpiece" had been completed and a certificate had been awarded from the guild. Thus the end of the *Lehrjare*, or learning years, was almost always followed by *wanderjare*, three or more years of travel during which the tradesman might broaden his perspective, observe other practitioners of the craft, and perfect both his skills and his personal character.^{222:147}

War Across the Valley

Every day the fields got plowed along Holman's Creek became a harvest time for arrowheads. Evidence of deliberate stone chipping can still be found in the stream bed itself, proving that the lush meadows and forest land there had been a favorite Indian hunting ground for centuries. To strike down man or beast, it is said that Indians first extracted the venom from the fangs of a rattlesnake, then, boiling it down into a sticky paste, they daubed the poison on the tips of their arrows.^{424:172}

The neighbor just south of Henry Baughman's place on Holman's Creek was Caspar Branner. One of Caspar's granddaughters, Mrs. Sallie Pence, passed down the following account of colonial life in *der Wald*, as early German settlers spoke of the deep

forest in their part of the valley. The mysteriously named Third Hill mentioned by Pence is a landmark 1522-foot volcano on the north edge of Baughman land. To better appreciate the story, it should be known that a direct line between the Branners and the hill would have crossed either Baughman land or the next farm west, belonging to the Zirkles. The two events she recounted took place sometime between 1756 and 1758.

"An incident, which took place at Third Hill near Forestville, is very interesting. A pioneer was putting a roof on his house. While he was working, he heard repeated gobbling in the direction of Third Hill. It would not have been strange for the man to have left his work and gone in search of the game; for wild turkeys were often seen in large flocks. But he continued at his work, seeming not to give any of his attention to the noise on the hill-side.

"At length, a fellow pioneer came along. Being interested in his neighbor's welfare, he stopped to assist him with his work. He started to climb on the building to help put on the roof, but the workman beckoned to remain on the ground a few minutes longer.

"Now, go up on the roof,' he began as he jumped to the ground, 'and hammer away as I did. Even if you do not drive a nail or put on a shingle, keep pounding away. I am going over on the hill and see about that wild game. Stay on the roof and keep at it till I come back.'

"He shouldered his gun and started for the hill. He did not go direct to it, but made a circuit through the woods to one side. After a time, he gained the hillside, beyond the place where the gobbling was. With all precaution, he moved nearer and nearer the noise. He saw nothing; he heard the same noise down the hill a little beyond him.

"When he had gone as far as he thought was safe for him, he concealed himself among some underbrush. He again heard the gobbling, which seemed very near him. He moved a few feet nearer and kept his eyes fixed steadily on the spot where the noise seemed to be. He again heard a loud gobble, and at the same moment, saw the head of an Indian rise above some fallen logs. With his rifle ready in hand, he fired at the blood-thirsty Indian and killed him instantly.

"In the same neighborhood, though at a little later period, another incident occurred. A young woman, who had spent the day with her mother some

distance away, was returning home. She had often travelled the same way, so she was not especially particular to follow the same path each time. This time she had gone farther from her usual path than what she had done before.

"While she was hurrying along in the woods, she came within a few rods of an old bark hut. With a glance, she saw an old Indian inside eating pie and, around him, several well-filled baskets. She ran from the spot and began to retrace her steps. She had not gone far before she heard voices. Being afraid to go either way, she hid among logs and brush, until dark when she went through the forest to her home.

"Upon arrival, she found that the Indians had visited her home that day. The pies and bread she had baked the previous day were missing; much of the hard earned provisions had been stolen. What was not stolen or destroyed was thrown about in the house or on the outside. Everything was in a confusion, the new home had been practically ruined."^{191:695}

The Massacre at Fort Greenbrier

One of the most ambitious families in the economic and political life of Virginia descended from an Irish immigrant named John Lewis, founder of Staunton. Some of his family settled between the headwaters of Holman's Creek and Mill Creek, in *Der Wald*. So when John's son Andrew wanted to recruit settlers for his 100,000-acre tract on the Greenbrier River, the land hungry Germans of the upper Shenandoah Valley were asked first.⁶⁰

In a history of the Greenbrier Baughmans written by Olene Large Cagle, a detailed view of the Lewis settlement surfaces along with one of its first customers, a Henry Baughman with tantalizing but not documentable bloodties to Holman's Creek and Bohman's Run. A review of old court documents shows that this Henry Baughman spoke and wrote in German, as did his wife. All of his close acquaintances, including those who joined with him in making purchases from the Lewises, were German speaking settlers.

"Henry Baughman purchased 780 acres from Andrew Lewis, probably in 1753 when Lewis was most active in his land business. However, a deed from Lewis to Baughman was not issued at the time Baughman took possession of his property. In fact, a patent for the property was not issued until 1759...

[and] was then conveyed to Henry's heir, Jacob Baughman, who was still a minor."^{60:2}

"Baughman's 780 acres lay at the mouth of Muddy Creek, a tributary of the Greenbrier River, and near where the town of Alderson and a run called Wolf Creek can be found. Baughman's settlement was located on the outermost edge of westward migration, and nothing lay between him and hostile Shawnees except the virgin wilderness which stretched from the Alleghenies to the Great Lakes. The nearest militia company was located at Fort Dinwiddie more than 70 miles of torturous terrain back east on Jackson's River. In a letter to Andrew Lewis in 1755 written by Virginia governor Robert Dinwiddie, Baughman's settlement was referred to as Fort Greenbrier.

"While the Indians had been content to merely scout the area during 1754, on 9 July 1755 the situation changed drastically. On that date General Edward Braddock and his force... supplemented by several companies of Virginia militia, including some of those from Augusta County, were routed at the Battle of the Monongahela. The Indians concluded that the English and Virginians were weak and could not stand against them.

"On the morning of 12 August of 1755... a large party of Shawnees [loyal to] the war chief Hokesqua, better known to the Virginians as Cornstalk, was hidden in the forest just beyond the edge of the clearings around the fort."^{60:4}

The Indians killed and scalped Henry Baughman, while Walter Fischpaugh was killed along with his wife and five children. John Couse and his father-in-law were killed, as was Mrs. Ineny, George Weiss, John Thomas, Mrs. Consler and her daughter. Another victim was later identified merely as "Old Christopher," a designation which suggests he may have been a slave. Still another victim was identified only as 'a school teacher,' an occupation which suggests how far the Baughman community had progressed in its short existence.

"Details of the Baughman massacre did not reach the outside world for five weeks. In its issue of 19 September 1755, *The Virginia Gazette* published the following bulletin:

"By an Express from Augusta we are assured That about the last of August, Fifty Indians, supposed to be Shawneese, appeared on Green Brier River in that County, and that they killed and captivated Fifteen People, burnt Eleven Houses, and drove off

500 Head of Cattle, Horses, etc. Several of the Inhabitants fled to a small Fort, they had built in the Neighbourhood for their Security, and were there blocked up by the Enemy Four Days. As soon as Capt. Lewis, who was then on Jackson's River, about 70 miles off, had Intelligence of it, he marched with his Company to their Relief, but the Indians were gone off Two Days before he arrived."

A member of Lewis's militia, Matthew Lindsay, added insult to all the injury by looting several things from the Baughman home just before escorting the grieving widow and her three little boys back east. Lindsay was taken to court over the matter well afterwards, causing neighbors Hugh Young, his wife, John Warrick and others to testify regarding the rightful ownership of the items. Some of Lindsay's fellow militiamen also testified against him, including Mathias and Felthe Yoakum. Unfortunately, no records explained what Lindsay took, or what the decision of the court ultimately was.^{60:9}

"The destruction of the Baughman settlement completely unnerved other communities along the frontier. Dozens of settlers fled from their homes for safety, many of them leaving Virginia altogether and crossing into North Carolina.

"Governor Dinwiddie, who had been largely responsible for the outbreak of hostilities between England and France over the Ohio country, was greatly alarmed. In the 26 September 1755 issue of *The Virginia Gazette*, Dinwiddie chastised what he believed were faint-hearted settlers with the following proclamation:

"Whereas it has been represented to me, That many of the Inhabitants of the County of Augusta, have most shamefully deserted their Plantations for Fear of an Enemy, which a small number of them, with a proper spirit, might easily have destroyed, and that they are still so afraid, as to think of leaving every Thing that they have, and seek for Settlements in some other Country; I thought it might not be amiss to inform Them, in this public Manner That they may return to their Estates with the utmost Security; That the Five Companies of Rangers, and an independent Company, consisting of such as have voluntarily offered to assist in defending the Frontiers, are stationed in the best Manner to provide for their Security, and the Men under Col. Washington, will be disposed of, so as to answer the same purpose."

Despite Dinwiddie's optimism, no one else was willing to return to Baughman's Fort for five more years. Henry Baughman's widow, Anna Marie, remarried within three years, to a Johann David Wölper, well-known in Augusta County for being at odds with the Lewis family, and for serving as recruiting sergeant for Captain Peter Hogg's company when it followed Washington to Fort Necessity.

A few of the more adventurous souls reestablished their homes on Muddy Creek by 1760, but Cornstalk let them farm for just three more years before sending his warriors back. The entire white population was killed or taken hostage, except for one man, Conrad Yoakum, who managed to escape and tell the tale.^{60:6}

A Fort on Holman's Creek

By the spring of 1756, Indian and French raiders brought war across the Shenandoah Valley. From Fort Loudoun on the northeast edge of Winchester, Colonel George Washington took on the responsibility for guarding the back door into Virginia. To assure this, he ordered that 22 more forts be erected in a chain stretching south to the North Carolina border.^{423:64} Washington imagined powerful garrisons that could send forth, in constant succession, strong scouting parties that would sweep the countryside of marauders.^{209:145}

Often though, these kinds of orders just meant that settlers added a stockade of pointed logs as a fence around their homes, and fill their cellars with enough provisions to hold out in a siege. These "links" in Washington's chain were usually 20 miles apart. Even at Washington's headquarters, emergency calls for defensive militia brought few forward. In April 1756, nine communities were ordered to steer as many of their militia company volunteers to Winchester as possible, but only 15 men appeared.

Anguished refugees begged for safety inside Washington's fort at Winchester. In a letter to Governor Dinwiddie, the young colonel portrayed the exhaustion of his resources:

"I am too little acquainted with pathetic language to attempt a description of these people's distresses. But what can I do? I see their situation; I know their danger, and participate their sufferings, without having it in my power to give them further relief than uncertain promises... The supplicating tears of the

women, and moving petitions of the men, melt me into such deadly sorrow..."^{209:143}

In the spring of 1756, during the height of the alarm, 100 armed members of the tidewater aristocracy volunteered to ride to the Valley to rescue it. Peyton Randolph, the popular attorney-general of Virginia, commanded these "Gentlemen Associators." While they fired up the imaginations and expectations of Williamsburg, they also fired off almost all of their powder and lead in target practice and during the march west. Unfortunately, before they got anywhere near the scene of danger, the Indians melted back into western Pennsylvania.^{209:146}

A family just east of Henry Baughman, that of Jacob Holeman and his father, Daniel, turned one of their plantation buildings into a fort and stocked it without any help from the Colonel Washington or Virginia's military. Word of approaching Indian war parties drove a great many people inside Fort Holeman during one summer in the late 1750s.^{10:113} By then, the Indians had become so bold that they even attacked some Valley forts in broad daylight. The people there were scarcely strong enough to defend themselves since many of their best fighters had already been sent out on scouting patrols.^{209:141}

The descendants of John Brock, one of the survivors of an Indian raid in those days, preserved an account of it in verse:

*Tw'as near the time when Braddock's army passed
The rugged mountains and the trackless vast.
Struck with dire terrors at the shocking scene,
The farmers leave their vales and brooks serene;
Resign their homes to the marauding foe
And gather on the banks of Shenandoah;
There in a band consult some proper mode
How to prevent the storm which now forbode.
There, on each side, where fertile plains extend,
And shrubby banks in broken turf descend;
Where now is seen the crossing road below,
Where the clear waves in shallow ruffles flow;
A fort they build, well known by Holeman's name,
Where many families for protection came.*

After a few days of this crowded and nervous confinement, an elderly settler named Jones, who shared a boundary with Jacob Moyer near Mill Creek about seven miles away, left the fort to go check on

his livestock and crops since harvest time was drawing near. Jones arrived at his place, named Walnut Grove, in full safety, but while admiring a field of ripening wheat, he was discovered by Indians who immediately set upon him and took his scalp.

A young man traveling with Jones escaped the scene and made it back to Fort Holeman with this bad news. Jones' son immediately organized a party to go in search of his father. For the rest of the afternoon, every effort was made to find his father's body, but without success. At the approach of dusk, the young Jones mounted his white horse to return to the fort. While riding past a bluff, an Indian hiding on top of the rocks shot and killed Jones, sending his companions fleeing for their lives. The next day, a third party returned and buried the younger Jones near the place where he had fallen.

The account in poetry was first put to paper some 75 years later by Joseph Salyards, a teacher in a little one-room schoolhouse located on Walnut Grove, the plantation of the Evan Jones family. The details had been given to him by Mrs. Ephraim Rinker, a granddaughter of the younger Mr. Jones.^{424:72}

Washington made a personal inspection of Holeman's Fort along with all of the Shenandoah Valley's garrisons during a tour that took up most of the autumn of 1756. Accompanying the colonel was his friend, Captain Hugh Mercer, recently recovered from battle wounds. The tour intended to survey spots where a fort most needed strengthening, and then to recruit or draft, if necessary, the citizenry who could do the work.

Instead, Washington found himself waiting for several days in one fort for anyone to answer his summons for a roll call. In one place, only five men showed up; and in another, where three companies had been ordered to the relief of a fort under Indian attack, only a captain, lieutenant and eight men could be found. Approaching one fort, Washington and Mercer heard quick firing for several minutes; and so, thinking it under attack, the two rushed up to counterattack only to discover militiamen there placing bets on a shooting match.^{209:149}

Surprise raids by Indians, instead of Washington, caught the militiamen equally off guard. One war party rushed up to the very walls of a fort and pounced upon several children playing beside it, carrying them all back into the woods before even being detected. Many grownups were massacred when the same tactic was sprung at another fort.^{209:50}

The civil authorities frequently simplified their records with the word "Quaker," instead of tracking Mennonite or the many other Anabaptist churches. One Valley Mennonite in making an affidavit refused to take the oath and the authorities said that "being a Quaker, he affirmed."^{54:28}

In a letter written 25 June 1756 to Governor Dinwiddie, Washington asked for advice on how to deal with religious pacifists he found among the Valley folk. When Washington referred to Quakers, he was probably describing German Mennonites.

"There remain in confinement six Quakers, who will neither bear arms, work, receive provisions, or pay, or do anything that tends, in any respect, to self-defence. I should be glad of your Honor's directions how to proceed with them."

To which came the reply:

"If the six Quakers will not fight You must compel them to work on the Forts, to carry Timber &c. if this will not do confine them with a short Allowance of Bread & Water till You bring them to reason [and added as an afterthought] or provide others in their room."^{209:296}

Washington's hopes for the militia system were shattered. The waste in provisions had been tremendous. On patrol, militiamen refused to carry the weight of even a few days' food in their packs. Instead, their habit was to prowl for breakfast until the first cattle were encountered. Then, putting these to their own use, they would then march on to repeat the process at dinner and again for their supper, until Valley farmers voiced bitter protest.

Without a military code, militiamen did whatever they felt like and spent endless hour quarreling about even minor plans of action. If any man's advice was neglected, that was often grounds enough for hurt feelings and desertion.

In May 1758, a particularly brutal and bloody Indian attack rolled over the forest around Holman's Creek.^{28:39} Valley folk who had earlier been taken prisoner, and had only recently managed to escape, revealed that the Indians had come from Ohio. Much to Washington's dismay, these same reports told of how the young Virginia colonel's former allies, a war chief named Shingus and a sachem called Captain Jacobs, led the warriors as they killed 50 settlers and sent 200 families fleeing for their lives. One entire Mennonite family was killed, though they had not lifted a hand in their own defense, and the wives and

children of Jacob Holeman and John Stone fell, too.^{209:147}

The gentleman who made surveys of the same plantations on Holman's Creek just a few years earlier found himself with a far more crucial bit of paperwork. Major Robert Rutherford wrote on 6 June 1758 pleading with his former fellow-surveyor, Colonel George Washington, to save the farms they had laid out together for Lord Fairfax:

Sir

Agreeable to what Past when last I had the Hon^r of Confering with You — Inclosed are copsy of the Instructions which I have given to the officers Acting under me — by which You'll discover that they are Divided & Weekend in such a maner that Puts them intirely in the Power of the Enimy as they must const^d Range — besides they cannot Be of the same sircive to the Inhabitants being unable to Oppose a strong Party that may sudinly Rush into the Country — You will further Discover that all the support that the whole of the upper part of the County has, is Ensign Fry & 25 of the Rangers. Where as it is Absolutely Necessary that Different Partys of the Militia should be in those Parts — Namely at the fine New Mill formerly Lewis Stephens's — Holemans Fort & Pennywitz Mill as the Inhabitants cannot subsist Except those Mills & that Fort is Kept up — & small Numbers at Each place would answer the End together With the Inhabitants — which would enable



THEIR HOME TURNED INTO A FORT
SETTLERS TRY TO HOLD OFF AN INDIAN ATTACK

Mr. Fry's Party to join Lt. McDowell, & then they could Range in a strong Body — Pray give me Leave to say it is absolutely Necessary for Militia to be Stationed at the affore said places Other wise the Communications Between Winchester & Augusta will be Emediately Cut off — I am truly sensible Nothing in your Power will be Wanting — I have Done every thing in Mine.

Am Obligated to set out to consult some skilful Physition.

May the Guardian Powers Protect you my Worthy Friend & give me leave

Dear Sir

to subscrib my self

Your Most Obligated

Huble Ser^t

Rt Rutherford^t

Enclosed with this letter to Washington were copies of three similarly-worded notes dated 23 May 1758, addressed to Lieutenant Joseph McDowell, Lieutenant Thomas Swaringen and the following to Ensign Fry:

Ensign Samuel Fry

Sir

You are to depart with all Imaginable Dispatch and March the Party assignd to you, by Lt. McDowell to Daniel Holemans Fort on the North River of Shannadoah which place you are to make your greatest Rendezvous from whence you are to Range Back as far as the Lost River and towards Potomack as far as the place agreed on by Lt. McDowell for his party & yours to meet and as your party is But small their greatest use will be for Intelligence which you are to give the Inhabitants and Lieut. McDowell on the Least discovery and then you are to Act as the Nature of the Case will Best admit of by Persuing the Enimy Joining Lt. McDowell or any other party most Convenient and Expedient for the Common good — you are to observe to Tread every step with caution you have a Crafty Warlike Enimy to Cope with which you are not to let Escape if ever in your power Nor are you to Expose your men Rashly I Depend greatly on your Resolution Care and Conduct in Keeping your Men in a Deep sense of their duty as men & Christians and the Constant care they owe to their fellow subjects in this Branche of Business.

I wish you success —

& am your Respectful Friend

R Rutherford

The first mill Rutherford referred to was actually owned by a German named Ludwig Steffens, at the union of Cedar Creek and the Shenandoah River near present-day Strasburg, about 20 miles south of Washington's headquarters. The Pennywitz Mill was located on Mill Creek, also near the Shenandoah, about 40 miles south of Winchester. Fort Holeman was only a few more miles farther south.¹

By early July 1758, Washington equipped Major Lewis's militiamen who were all dressed in Indian buckskins. Writing to Colonel Bouquet, he explained, "My men are bare of regimental cloathing and I have no prospect of a supply. So far from regretting this want during the present campaign, if I were left to pursue my own inclinations, I would not only order the men to adopt the Indian dress, but cause the officers to do it also, and be the first to set the example myself. Nothing but the uncertainty of obtaining the general approbation causes me to hesitate a moment to leave my regimentals at this place, and proceed as light as any Indian in the woods. It is an unbecoming dress, I own; but convenience rather than show, I think, should be consulted." Colonel Bouquet agreed so completely that his army adopted buckskins as well.^{186:353}

On 28 September 1757, another full-scale Indian attack fell on the Valley, and followed up in 1758 by their taking of Fort Painter. The attacking French and Indians disappeared from the Shenandoah Valley on their own, well before Virginia's politicians did enough to chase them away.^{424:8}

Perhaps the most lasting result on Holman's Creek was the crop of new leaders that raised up during the emergency. Jacob, Daniel and Thomas Holeman, descended from the Haldemans in Germany, were the closest thing that the Forest had to nobility.^{215a:L:25} They may have been descended from one of the earliest settlers west of the Blue Ridge, a Mennonite named Hans Huldeman who arrived in America aboard the *Adventure Galley* on 2 October 1727 and moved to the south fork of the Shenandoah.^{54:13}

Holman's Creek had been named after them since 1736, and soon enough Daniel's family owned 1,365 acres along its banks. By 1772, Jacob Holeman was appearing in local records as a "Gentleman," and signing his name with "Esquire" at the end. On 25 June and 11 July of that year, Jacob hosted barbecues, followed by "a race at the Chappel." At the July gathering, "B. Harrison won."⁷⁶

About the same time, Jacob received a royal appointment to serve as one of the original Shenandoah County magistrates. It is likely but not certain that Holeman sat before the hearing on 27 April 1773 when neighbor Henry Baughman and Jonathan Langdon acted as defense attorneys for George Ruddell and Daniel Kingery. They successfully put off the complaint from James Mercer, Esquire, regarding an alleged debt, and no follow-up was mentioned in the county order books.

In the 1770s, Jacob Holeman owned the first African slaves out of the 14 he would eventually be using on his plantation. Daniel Holeman owned three slaves, and his daughter, Rebecca Holeman Cathay, owned at least five, while John Branner and John Brock had two each.^{164:13} Following Daniel's death, Jacob consolidated control of his father's land by buying out Rebecca's inherited acreage in exchange for five shillings, five slaves and any future children of the slaves.^{164:87} Lawrence Snapp listed four slaves at the top of his will, wishing them to be passed along to his son John, who served the county as a justice of the peace. Although most of their Swiss and German neighbors did not own slaves, the Baughman family was nearly surrounded by the few who did.

As a magistrate, Jacob was also called on to arbitrate deed disputes between his neighbors, and along with William McDowell and Evan Jones, sat in this capacity on Christmas Eve in 1777 and made judgement against George Easterly.^{215a:III:7} Jacob Holeman thought so highly of his family's property that he took William Kennedy to court for no other charge than trespass.^{215a:II:94}

The Harrison family, founders of Harrisonburg as well as members of Holeman's circle of friends, also proved themselves in the French & Indian War. Daniel Harrison turned his large home into a fort, but after 1760, resumed summertime barbecues there with Holeman.

In 1765, John Sevier acquired land in New Market, and moved to the county seat at Woodstock five years later. The call of frontier opportunity was irresistible, so by 1773, Sevier left the Valley for his destiny in eastern Tennessee.^{424:8}

Another important figure in the Shenandoah Valley's preparation for war was, ironically, born a Quaker. In 1763, Isaac Zane Jr. left behind his wealthy, pacifist Philadelphia family and bought into an ironworks on Cedar Creek, a few miles south of Winchester. Within eight years, he bought out his

Quaker partners and renamed his enterprize the Marlboro Iron Works. Each week, his 150 workers turned out four tons of bar iron and two tons of cast kettles, pots, field tools, pestles and mortars. Zane soon amassed 20,000 acres, and on it many buildings constructed out of stone — the mansion, fountains, stables, stillhouse, sawmill, blacksmith shop, countinghouse, liquorhouse and springhouse. He lived with "Miss Betsey McFarland, his kept and confessed Mistress, and their young son."

Zane started out in 1775 as a lieutenant in the militia company formed by Captain Jacob Holeman, but was promoted to colonel soon thereafter. No doubt the ironworks had something to do with his rise, since Zane's company kept Virginia's rebel army well-supplied with cast iron cannon balls. For his own pleasure, Zane collected 400 books and added to them one of the finest private libraries in colonial America from the estate of William Byrd III.^{51:25}

In the spring of 1775, and especially in the weeks just before the Battle of Bunker Hill up in Boston, a fever for military drilling swept the countryside. Marching even became the favorite game for armies of little boys.^{336:145} As vigilant captain of the neighborhood for 20 years, Jacob Holeman surprised no one by putting out the call for a company of volunteers. The call to arms may not have sounded all that voluntary to the Mennonites of Holman's Creek.^{336:145}

"A list of Men's names in
Dunmore County Militia under
the command of Capt. Jacob
Holeman:

SAMUEL BEARD
MATTHIAS BEEVER
ABRAHAM BIRD
MOUNCE BIRD
SAMUEL BIRD
JACOB BLESSING
HENRY BOUCKMAN
HENRY BOUCKMAN JR.
JOHN BOUCKMAN
PETER BOWMAN
GASPER BRANER
JOHN BRANER
JOHN BRANER JR.
ABRAHAM BRENERMAN
ABRAHAM BROCK
HENRY BROCK
JOHN BROCK
RUDOLF BROCK
EDWARD BULGER
HENRY CAGE
MICHAEL CARN
ANDREW CIRKLE
MICHAEL CIRKLE
PETER CIRKLE
GEORGE CLARK
GEORGE CLAUSE
CONRAD COULD
JOHN COULE
DANIEL DAVIS
ABRAHAM DIRST
ISAAC DIRST
EVIN DOBKIN
JACOB DOBKIN
REUBIN DOBKIN
CHULIS DOTHERAGE
CHRISTLEY DUNDORE
JOHN DUNDORE
MATTHEW FARMER
BENJAMIN FAUCETT
ANDRES FINE
JOHN FINE
PETER FINE
PHILIP FINE

WINENOT FINE
WILLIAM FLIN
JOHN FRY
PETER FUNK
JACOB GIGER
HENRY GORE
THOMAS HARBINE
GEORGE HARRISON
THOMAS HENTON
THOMAS HENTON JR.
GEORGE HOLVER
JOHN HOLVER
JOHN HOLVER
HENRY HOUSER
ANDREW HUDLON
FRANCIS INGRAM
ADAM JACKMAN
RICHARD JACKMAN
PETER JACOVEY
ABRAHAM JAMES
JOSEPH JAMES
EVIN JONES
MORDICA LEWIS
REESE LEWIS
ROBERT MACCOY
CHARLES MANN
JACOB MAUL [MOYER?]
REUBIN MORE
JOHN NEAS
MICHAEL MEESE
ABRAHAM NEFF
CHRISTIAN NEFF
JOHN NEWMAN
JONATHAN NEWMAN
WALTER NEWMAN
JOHN O NEILL
ROBERT O NEILL
DAVID O ROOKE
ADAM PENCE
JOHN PENNETT
GEORGE RADER
CHRISTIAN RICHARDS
ADAM RINEHART
HENRY ROUSE
JACOB ROUSE
JOHN ROUSE JR.
PHILIP ROUSE
JOHN ROWLER
ARCH RUTHERFORD
THOMAS RUNNILDS

JOHN SEEHON
NICHOLAS SEEHON
JOSEPH SEVELY
JOHN SKULL
WILLIAM SKULL
GASPER SWORD
JACOB SWORD
JOHN SWORD
JACOB TAYLOR
DANIEL WALTERS
HENRY WELLS
ROBERT WELLS
JAMES WEST
WILLIAM WEST
JOSEPH WILLIAMS
CHRISTIAN WISLERS
EDWIN YOUNG

"By virtue of the power and
authority to me given as
Lieutenant of the County of
Dunmore, I do hereby enlist the
within named men under the
Command of Capt. Jacob
Holeman.

"Given under my hand this 29th
day of May 1775."

[signed] Isaac Zane

On 26 February 1776, Captain Holeman held a meeting for the militia company at his home, according to the Jonathan Clark's notebook.⁷⁶ For at least a few, participation in Holeman's militia had already begun to unravel. John Fine, Philip Fine and John Rouse had left at least by the previous November, because they showed up on the Romney and Winchester Pay Rolls serving Captain Joseph Bowman. Two other Valley men, Paul Henkle and Henry Nase were found to be serving in the company of Captain John Harness. If the man listed as Jacob Maul was actually Jacob Moyer, he too left for another unit. No other documents have survived to describe the marching strength of Dunmore County's company.^{216:223}

Referring to all the backwoodsmen who had been signed up with their long rifles in June 1775, John Hancock said, "These are the finest marksmen in the world. They do execution with their a rifle guns at an amazine distance." The *Virginia Gazette* boasted that a "rifle-man killed a man at a distance of 400 yards."^{337:53} Another Virginian was reported to have put eight successive shots through a 5" X 7" board placed 60 yards away. Copies of these stories made it back to England, and created considerable excitement.^{312:40}

In July 1776, Washington sought to exploit British troops' fears of the backwoodsmen's deadly skill, recommending all troops adopt the look of a hunting shirt and long breeches. "A dress justly supposed to carry no small terror to the enemy." Jefferson wrote to a friend in Europe in 1778 of "our superiority in taking aim when we Are, every soldier in our Army having been intimate with his gun from his infancy."^{337:54}

Whatever his uniform looked like, the required gear for the military rifleman included wadding, grease for patches, six flints, one pound powder, a smelting ladle, bullet mold, 40 leaden Bullets, two powder horns — one with coarse powder, the other for fine powder used on the ignition pan.^{222:128}

The draw-back to the American weapon was in its slow loading time, compared to the smooth-bore muskets of the British Army. Unfortunately for the colonials, more battles during the Revolution were decided up close, rather than with long-range accurate rifle fire. One British soldier, reporting on the American riflemen's effectiveness, or lack thereof, boasted, "They are to be pitied more than feared, for

they cannot reload in less than a quarter of an hour, in which time we are upon them with the bayonet."

Henry Baughman Senior was in such a "lo state of Health" on 15 July 1777 that Jacob Holeman was called over to his house to witness and sign the old man's Last Will and Testament. It is questionable whether Baughman ever got back on his feet again long enough to muster again or march with the Dunmore County Militia.

The Virginia Militia, including its Dunmore unit, grouped on 3 October 1777 at Frederick, Pennsylvania, after the Battle of Germantown. On 7 December, Morgan's and Gist's Riflemen defended Washington's Camp at White Marsh, and then went on to Valley Forge on 23 December 1777.^{458:9}

During the darkest days of the Revolution 30 years later, Washington imagined making his final stand against the British from behind the natural rock walls of the Massanutton's Buzzard Roost.^{424:174}

Late in the war, men appearing on Captain Holeman's original company muster roll stepped forward as "Mennonites and their related brethren" and solemnly asked to be excused from bearing arms. Identity across these two contradictory lists matches for many families, including the Bachmans (as Bouckman), Freys (as Fry), Hottels (as Hodel & Hudlon), Neffs and Wislers; and matches exactly for several individuals, including Henry Senior's son Johannes Bachman, and neighbors Abraham and Christian Neff.

The following list has been extracted from *Virginia Revolutionary War Public Services Claims Court Booklets*, a wide ranging but by no means complete index of civilians seeking repayment for goods and services taken by the Continental Armies for the war effort, primarily between 1779-1781. Brent Tarter, of the Virginia State Library and Archives in Richmond, gave the following cautionary note in his introduction to their recent publication:

"The appearance of a name in the Public Service Claims is no positive proof that person voluntarily contributed to the American military effort, and the absence of a name from the Public Service Claims is no sure proof of loyalism [to the Crown] or even of inactivity."

Several families of the men mustered into the Dunmore County Militia sought compensation for their impressed goods and services afterwards,

including Capt. Holeman, the Birds, Huddles, Pences and Sircles. Matches line up between the list of Mennonites or conscientious objectors and those compelled to aid the Revolution:

The Hottels (as Huddle), Maggard (as Machir), Stickleys, and the individual Peter Stauffer (as Stover).

John Bershong (24 days wagonning £12)

Abraham Bird (6 bushels corn, 5 bushels rye, sheaves oats, 200 lbs hay, 7 days wagon hire £6-5-6)

George Bird (12 days wagon hire £6)

James Cuningham (1 day wagon in service 10s)

Jacob Funkhowser (three claims, with a total of 65 days of wagon in service £47-10, and a wagon lost)

Jacob Holeman (34 days wagon in service £15-6)

George Huddle (4 bushels rye 10s, 8 bushels oats 13s-4)

Jacob Lance (15 bushels wheat £2-5)

Benjamin Layman (3 days wagon in service £1-10)

Alexander Machir (cart hire £21-5)

Tobias Mosley (42 days in service £2-2)

Lewis Pence (2 days waggoning £36)

Joseph Pugh (1 bushel corn 2s)

Andrew Sircle (12 days wagon in service £6)

Lawrence Snapp (125 lbs. hay 7s-6)

Jacob Stickley (36 days wagon in service £18-3-2)

Christian Stover (1 day horse, 8 days self £8)

Peter Stover (2 bushels corn 4s, 3 bushels wheat 9s., ½ bushel oats, 1385 lbs. hay £1-15-4)³⁹⁴

A Demi-Savage, Demi-Quaker Figure

America fought a second War of Independence 31 years after winning the first one. Many Germans born in the Valley, including Henry Baughman's grandson John, had moved west by then to the mountains of eastern Tennessee. John was descended from peaceful Anabaptists, and like many other Germans stranded on the frontier, joined up with the English-speaking Baptist church, thinking that all of its important positions were identical to his grandpa's. When war came again, and the American Baptists were eager to fight, some Germans had to tear away from their new Baptist friends. But others, just like John Baughman, did not.

The young nation's new capitol was burned, and two years into the War of 1812, word of the British threat to New Orleans reached Tennessee in November. The men of Sevier County were called into the militia and organized into the 5th Regiment. No complete muster roll has survived, but through a few officer's commissions and the veterans or widows who later claimed their bounty land, a faint shadow of their ranks can be seen.

One of General Andrew Jackson's subordinates, Brigadier General Thomas Coulter oversaw the 5th, but he was always under the eye of Major General William Carroll, who had been summoned to Jackson's aid.

Immediate command of the 5th Regiment was given to Colonel Edwin E. Booth, who, in the tradition of the times, most likely raised the companies out of his own pocket. In exchange, the unit was named after him. Already commissioned as junior officers from Sevier County were captains Wilson Maple, John Porter and Robert Shields. They would have been joined in November by at least two or three more, each in charge of a company of about 80 to 100 men. Jonathan Langley and William Smith, also from Sevier County, were both lieutenants, and Henry Armbruster had been made an Ensign in another outfit, the 11th East Tennessee Regiment. By mid-November 1815, John Baughman, Robert Cureton and Jeremiah Wells were sworn in as privates.

The pace of enlistment was brisk — about 1,500 men per month. This is suggested by the fact that the 2nd Regiment of Tennessee Militia had been filled with about 1,000 men only 60 days earlier, and that regiments were numbered as the ranks were filled. One of its privates was Archibald Yell from Bedford County, destined to become Arkansas' first congressman and then governor.

The Tennesseans were described as wearing "woolen hunting-shirts of dark or dingy color, and copperas dyed pantaloons [ferrous sulphate, melanterite or green vitriol] made, both cloth and garments, at home by their wives, mothers and sisters, with slouching wool hats, some composed of skins of racoons and foxes... with belts of untanned deerskins...[and] long unkempt hair and unshorn faces." "Remarkable for their endurance and possessing that admirable quality of being able to look after themselves."^{320:236}

To equip all the Tennesseans, the following

supplies were signed out on a six month requisition, commencing 13th November 1814: two smith vices, two bellows, two sledge hammers, one drill box, two sets of tools, four large rasps, four long flat files, one anvil, 90 bushels of coal, two vice benches, one gross wood screws and brass screws.⁶⁹

"The dullness of the sky," wrote one of the riverbound Tennesseans, "the rains which frequently fell & the coolness of the air from the 6th to the 10th December rendered a situation in the boat more agreeable than one where the objects of nature could be more advantageously observed." [On the way down the Mississippi River] "...about eight miles below, on the left side, on a low situation, stood the town of Warrington from which several salutes were fired."^{315:32}

"Having a number of sick men who could not receive in the boats that careful attention which their condition demanded, this day was spent in establishing a hospital for their reception [as well as the first opportunity for all of the men to wash their clothes.]^{315:40}

[On morning of 15 December, the flotilla resumed its river trip, some 35 miles north of the Red River junction.] "Orders were issued that all the muskets and rifles should immediately be put into the hands of the men who were fit for service" [just north of Baton Rouge.]

[Under stiff winds, General Carroll's boat had to be towed along by way of a rope run along the bank. A voyage of 1339 miles with a little fleet of near 50 sailboats, arrived at New Orleans] "...without a single unfortunate accident on its passage."^{315:44}

"On the morning of 28th December... [the British] cautiously advanced along the edge of the [northern] swamp. General Carroll ordered a detachment of 200 Riflemen, commanded by Lt.Col. James Henderson to... take post behind a straggling fence... [but] this gallant officer marched directly forward. [It became impossible to support him with American artillery because of his closeness to the British line, and when well-defended fire was poured upon] "these raw troops, it was returned with deliberation and effect."

[On 1 January 1815] "On the ensuing day, General Carroll and a detachment of volunteers from his division reconnoitered the Enemy's situation and skirmished with a party that opposed them."^{315:57}

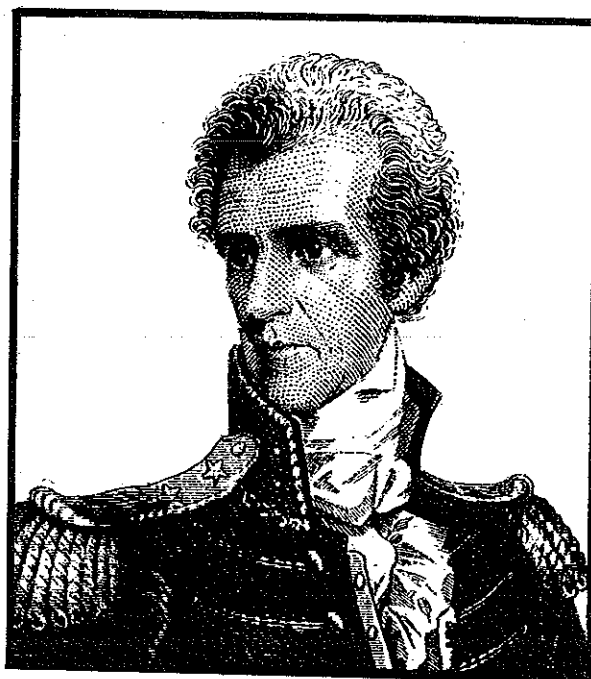
"Pakenhams troops had suffered great hardships

after they left the fleet... Since the 28th [of December 1814] they had been almost continuously under fire... from Tennessean "dirty shirts" who hunted them like game.^{320:283}

Battery 6 had ten men commanded by Brigadier General Garrigue Flaujeauc, with one 18-pounder and one 6-pounder under Captain Jean Hudry's Orleans Volunteers.^{177:105} Battery 7, just south or at the right hand side of the Tennesseans, had a long 18-pounder and a six-pounder served by a regular U.S. artillery crew of 17 men commanded by Lieutenant Samuel Spotts. Battery 8 had ten men with a 9½" howitzer under Lieutenant Harrison.^{320:291} Many of the 314 Tennessean Riflemen took the north side of the inverted redan, although Carroll commanded another 1,100 with muskets along the entire left two-thirds of the line.^{305:164}

The total of Jackson's forces before the battle: 3,918 men on the main line of Chalmette; with 506 supporting the rear of the line and 976 across from them on the south bank of the Mississippi.^{177:108}

On the night of the 6th [of January] an American deserter fled the entrenched line, eluding sentinels, and went over to the British side. Trying to curry favor, he pointed to the center of General Carroll's division [of Tennesseans] as a place occupied only by militia, and recommended it as the most prudent and safe point to attack.^{156:370}



GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON
OLD HICKORY'S PORTRAIT IN 1815

Arranged four ranks deep, so that two could fire while two reloaded, Tennesseans were instructed not to fire at the British until they could see the whites of their eyes.^{177:109} [Map on page 290]

As the battle on 8 January commenced, a grizzled sergeant from among Carroll's Tennesseans, named Sam Williams, saw General Jackson all alone "standing straight as a ramrod" atop the breastworks. Williams leaped up on the mound as well, waving his arms like a choirmaster and broke into a negro spiritual.

Jackson only turned toward him with a benign look, but General Carroll exploded at his reckless clowning.^{67:253}

"... On the memorable 8th, a 32-pound [cannon] ball passed through the apartment usually occupied by General Carroll and staff. It took off the head of a Servant who was standing in the middle of the floor."^{315:73}

From the British Quartermaster E.N. Burroughs: "In less time than one can write it, the [Regiment of] 44th Foot was literally swept from the face of the earth... within five minutes... half of it lay stricken on the ground. No such execution by small arms has ever been seen or heard of."^{67:254}

An elite unit, the 93rd Highlanders, renewed the assault but this regiment was literally torn to pieces with grapeshot and rifle fire. Never getting closer than 150 yards, though the officers used the flats of their swords, kicking and cursing, the British soldiers would advance no more.^{305:160}

An English officer, taken prisoner, described one Tennessean just opposite his battlefield position: "Instead of firing from behind the breastwork, he would stand on top of it where, balancing himself... [he would] fire as deliberately as though shooting a herd of deer... I could not for the life of me help smiling at his grotesque demi-savage, demi-quaker figure, as he threw back the broad flap of his castor [hat] to obtain a fair sight... I verily believe he brought down one of my men at every shot."^{67:257 & 94:68}

As the red-coats thinned out before them, the Tennesseans one by one, and then in groups, sprang to the top of the parapet, shouting and waving their hats in glee, firing their rifles at anything that moved. Officers had to grab at their legs to pull them down.^{67:261}

After defeat, British officers felt the American deserter they had listened to before the battle must have lied to them, pointing out the fortifications held by the best American troops, instead of mere militiamen. Despite his solemn protestations of truthful innocence, the man was hanged from a tree, even though the British and Americans had already arranged an exchange of prisoners.^{156:392}

By 11 February, the remains of the British threat on the Gulf were erased at Fort Bowyer. Jackson did not find out until 13 March that the war was over. A peace treaty had been negotiated in Europe even before the Battle of New Orleans took place. Tennessee troops got a farewell speech from their commander on 19 March in New Orleans, and immediately set out for home.^{156:401}

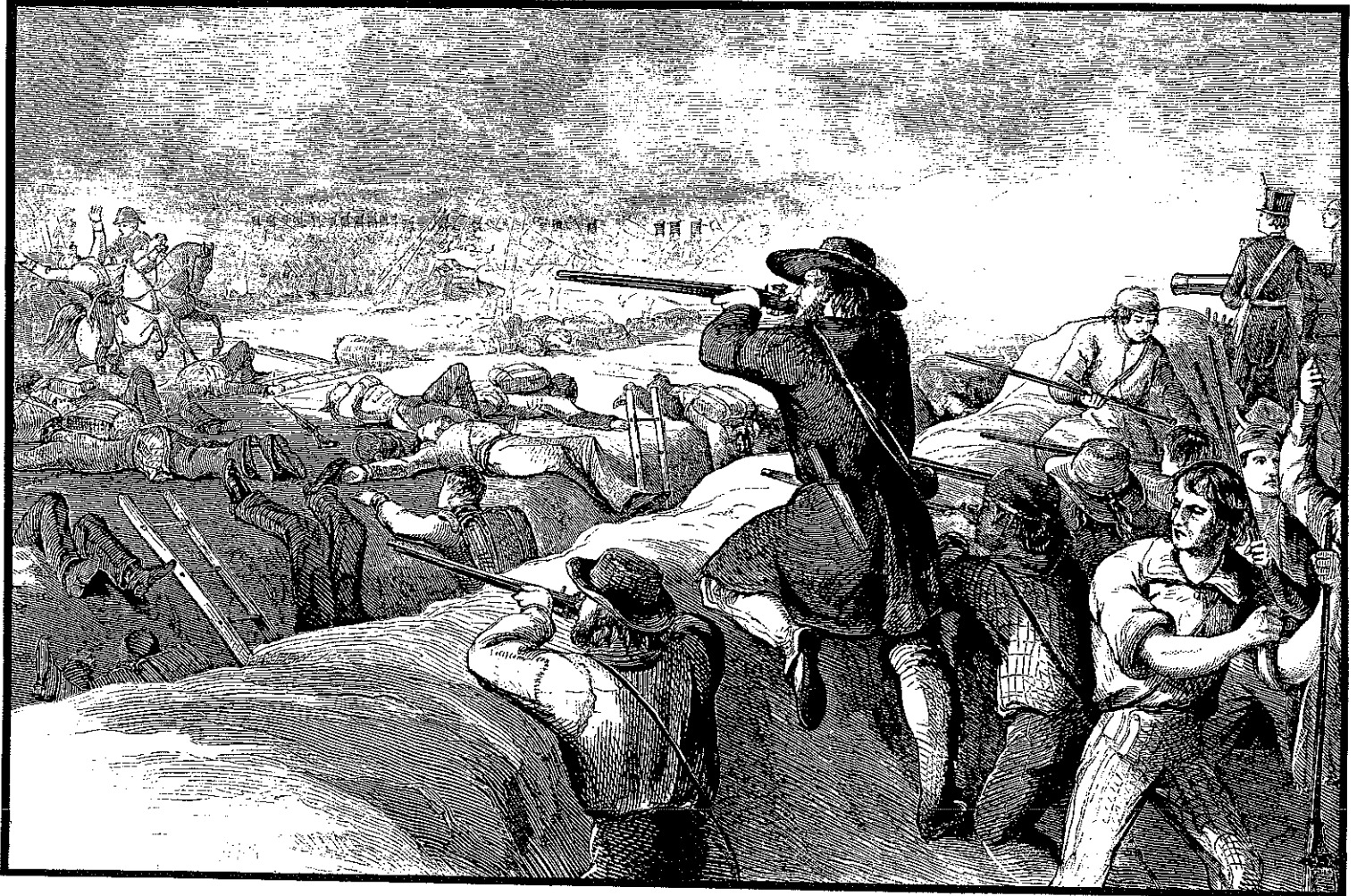
"During their stay at Camp Henderson, disease made dreadful havoc among their ranks which the enemy, in vain, endeavored to destroy; the bones of three or four hundred were left to moulder on the soil which they had contributed to preserve."^{315:86}

Two hospitals were set up on the return journey for the sick who were unable to walk, with the first at Wharton.^{315:90}

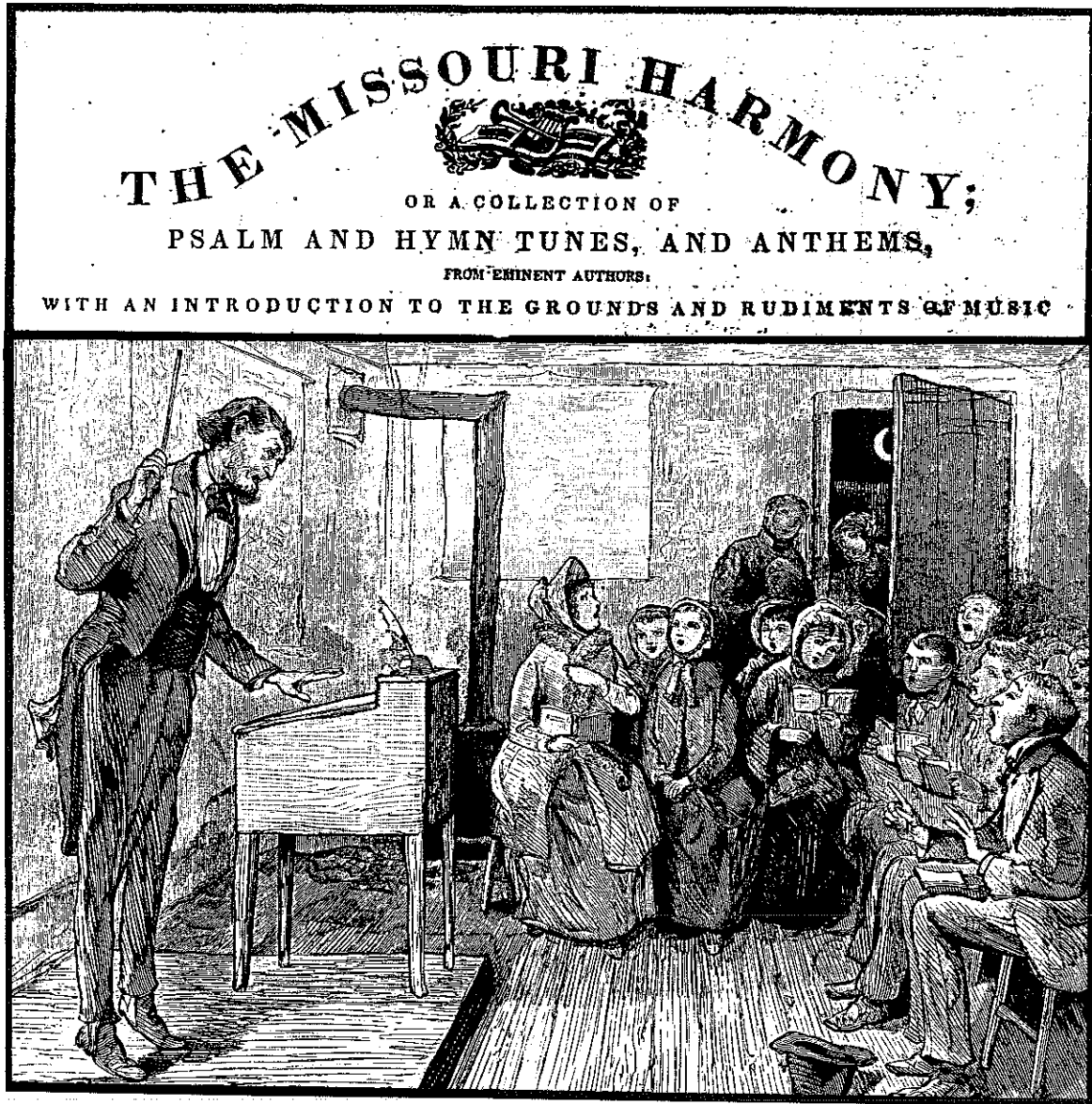
Carroll's farewell address to his soldiers: "You encamped on a low & marshy field, exposed to piercing blasts and chilling rains, where you experienced those nights of watching and days of fatigue which are known only to the soldier" [for more than three weeks.]

"...But your fire burst forth bright and vivid as the devouring flames of Aetna, and the volumes of smoke served only to veil for a moment the havoc made by your leaden showers... a miracle in warfare, such as has never heretofore been presented to the astonished world."

It took Jackson two more months before he arrived back in Nashville. John Baughman and the other volunteers from Sevier County were honorably discharged in Kingston, Tennessee, 50 miles west of home on 18 May 1815.^{315:96} ■ ■ ■



A TENNESSEE RIFLEMAN AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS
BASED ON A DRAWING BY REVEREND RICHARD O. CURRY OF TENNESSEE



A SOUND LIKE A MIGHTY THUNDERING
THE TITLE OF A POPULAR SHAPED-NOTE HYMNAL; A SINGING SCHOOL ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

SONG AND PRAYER IN THE MOUNTAINS:
WHERE VOICES WERE CLOSER TO HEAVEN
1767-1858

MARTIN LUTHER BROKE FROM ROME, IN PART, TO make a church for common folks. The music that monks chanted in Latin felt like stale nonsense to Luther and most other northern Europeans. Luther dug up new songs for his congregation but despaired that “the Devil has all the good tunes.”^{89:1}

Eventually, Luther assembled a wonderful body of chorales in what became the first music of the Protestant Reformation. He had simply dropped the earthy German vernacular from popular folk songs and refitted them with fresh German lyrics praising God.

Much later, the Methodist leader John Wesley crossed the Atlantic aboard the British merchant ship *Simmons* in the company of 26 United Brethren from Germany. During a severe storm that terrified the rest of the passengers, these Germans calmly stayed on deck singing their old hymns, unshaken by the sight and wallop of the towering waves. Wesley began at once to study their hymnbooks, as he noted in his journal on 27 October 1735.

Three years later in London, Wesley was the guest of Peter Böhler, who had been a leader of that amazing choir. While there, the reading of Luther’s preface to the Epistle of the Romans triggered an epiphany that Wesley called his “conversion:”

“About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith... I felt my heart strangely warmed... He had taken away my sins, even mine...”

Wesley was so struck by the Germans’ singing that he sent Luther’s folk tunes off to new horizons with his own English lyrics. This circulation only further cloaked the source for hymns that nearly every American Protestant denomination still uses and imagines to be English.^{73:44}

Some pioneers didn’t sing. Several denominations back in England — including most of the Quakers — felt certain that there was no singing in Heaven.

Swiss and German Anabaptists didn’t see it that way, and sang alot. Because they feared the sin of graven images, their devotion was never surrounded with stained glass and rich robes. So that the sin of pride could be avoided, their singing was often rough and nasal, on purpose. They felt quite at home with

the growing American Baptist church at the dawn of the 19th century.

These early American Christians sang the metrical hymns and psalms of Isaac Watts, using tunes passed through oral tradition long before melodies were transcribed into the first hymnals and tunebooks. His hymnal printed only the words to be sung, and were not intended to help each member of the congregation. Instead, only the singing leader would read from a copy, feeding one line at a time in quick monotone to his choir, ready for a reply in song.^{431:iii}

The nonconformist Dr. Watts denounced the older, strictly designed psalms in 1707 as “opposite to the Spirit of the Gospel: Many of them foreign to the State of the New Testament, and widely different from the present Circumstances of Christians...”^{73:41}

One of the most original musical voices in Colonial America came from Conrad Beissel at his cloistered community of German Seventh-Day Baptists in Ephrata, Pennsylvania. Beissel, an accomplished violinist and master of several other instruments, invented his own system of tune design and notation, setting it forth in his idiosyncratic *Dissertation on Harmony*. His followers were groomed for the cloister’s choir with special diets — one for altos, another for basses and so on.^{73:57}

Out of their repertoire of 1,000 songs, Beissel fit 750 scores into *Song of the Lonely and Forsaken Turtle Dove, the Christian Church*, compiled in 1746. Many visitors described the high, clear, falsetto harmonies as “unearthly,” including Benjamin Franklin, who had done some printing work for Beissel in the 1730s. Franklin took a copy of Beissel’s *Turtle Dove* to England, and was persuaded in 1775 to loan it to London’s Lord Mayor. Much later, the Library of Congress was able to acquire this unique volume and bring it back to America.

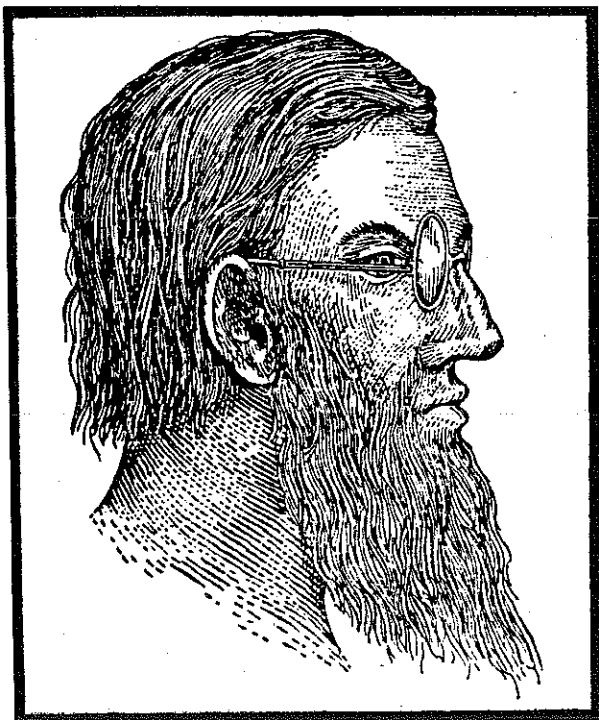
Pulling Away from Other Churches

John Baughman and Dorteia Moyer decided to be married by an evangelistic English Methodist minister, but this was not as clear of a break with their religious upbringing as it might appear. In its

place and time, the Articles of Faith for Methodists mirrored well those of the Swiss Anabaptists that Heinrich Bachman knew. Both groups included many who dearly wanted spiritual revival, besides their common belief in the baptism of adult believers only, in the humble example of washing a neighbor's feet, and of leading a plain and industrious life.

It should not be surprising that one of John and Dorthea's grandsons was named John Wesley Baughman, out of respect for that denomination's founder. John Wesley had been a student at the University of Oxford, in England, whose habits, studies and religious pursuits were so systematic that classmates derisively called them "methodists."

When Dorthea's widowed mother married Peter Deisher, they went to Samuel Mitchell, who along with his brother Edward, contributed more to the pulling away from other churches than any other early preachers. The Court Order Books of Botetourt show that Samuel Mitchell was granted license to celebrate the rites of matrimony on 11 August 1795, one and a half years before he tied the knot for Sarah Moyer Deisher. Mitchell himself had been converted by Methodist Preacher Henry Ogburn, the first known Methodist minister in the county, who also preceded Mitchell in the Botetourt records on 27 February 1790, having then received his license to perform



BROTHER PETER MILLER
A LEADER AT THE EPHRATA CLOISTER

marriages.^{386:365}

Other new churches of English descent sought to overthrow, or disestablish, the Episcopal Church of England as the state church, but the Methodists wanted no part of such dissent and aligned themselves with Antidisestablishmentarianism. Methodists were also early advocates of abolition and abstinence from alcohol. Edward Mitchell filed a 1790 manumission document in Fincastle, shortly after his own conversion, that freed his own 13 slaves; and then prohibited whiskey from his harvest fields, a thing unheard of in those days, and paid in money its value to his workers.

On the west bank of the James River in northern Botetourt County, Edward Mitchell held a Methodist conference and revival at his home on the mouth of Craigs Creek on Sunday, 25 May 1794 and preached to 1,000 souls, where 500 were "saved and converted." Methodist Bishop Francis Asbury, Co-Superintendent of the Methodist organization in America also preached "a searching discourse on Isa. iii,8."^{386:368}

"For Jerusalem is ruined, and Judah is fallen; because their tongue and their doings are against the Lord, to provoke the eyes of his glory."

This was but one early stop in what was to become Asbury's record of 275,000 miles on the frontier revival trail. The site of Mitchell's house is now marked by a mansion house known as "Annandale," owned by the family of Dr. A.A. Houser.^{73:207}

Asbury's circuit had taken in stops near Holman's Creek about the same time that Henry and Mary Baughman were deciding to leave there. In 1784, just a year after their important, organizational conference in Baltimore, the Methodists gained a meeting house in Shenandoah County. The old log building sat beside the Great Road, and was known as the Old Bethel Church. In present-day Red Banks on Route 11, it is today part of the house where Charley Downing lives.

Mennonites and Baptists overlapped at another corner of the old Shenandoah County, known as the meetinghouse on Mill Creek.^{451:73} Swiss and German neighbors there had cut large pine logs and dovetailed them together so well that the structure was still standing 250 years later, being the only colonial German church west of the Blue Ridge still standing. They whitewashed the walls of the 36-by-30-foot house inside and out, finished the roof with chestnut shingles, and surrounded the pulpit on three sides with heavy

benches.

Situated on a 270-acre tract owned by Daniel Kauffman, it was built sometime around 1750, or at least before the wars between 1755 and 1785 would have made such a large building project unlikely.^{54:20}

The early Mennonite elders near there included Martin, David and Michael Kauffman, as well as Jacob Strickler and John Roads. Elders Strickler and Michael Kauffman were known to associate John Glick, who lived across the mountain in the Forest, near Hudson's Crossroads.²⁹⁷ Passing visitors felt that the Valley Mennonites were ripe for spiritual revival. An early Moravian diarist stopped by Mill Creek and said the people there were in "a bad condition... nearly all religious earnestness and zeal is extinguished among them." Preacher John Roads was described as "a good pliable man, but without life."^{54:23}

Baptist congregations began to sprout in the Valley of Virginia by 1760, full of impassioned sermons delivered with "vehement gesticulation and a singular tone of voice" by the Reverend James Ireland. His vivid retelling of Christ's suffering and crucifixion brought a reliable "flood" of tears from all who heard him. Mennonite pastors were simply not ready to compete for their congregation's attention in the same way.

The Baptist faith reached Mill Creek with the evangelical conversion of John Koontz and Martin Kauffman Jr. Koontz created a strain of "Menno-Baptism" that greatly alarmed the Mennonite Church in Pennsylvania.^{54:24}

An evangelical Mennonite minister named Peter Blosser was dispatched to the Valley from York County, Pennsylvania, and caused considerable turmoil trying to counter the Baptists. By the end of the 18th century, Valley families including the Coffmans, Musselmans, Cagys and Ruffners became so uncomfortable with the struggle that they fled to Fairfield County, Ohio, and started the Pleasant Run Church in New Lancaster.^{54:39}

Baptists officially started using the old building on Mill Creek in 1798, and it eventually became better known as a union church called Mauck's, after Daniel Mag who bought the grounds and surrounding 270 acres in 1786 from John and Elizabeth Koontz.^{29:110} At the end of the 20th century, it could still be visited one mile west off Route 211 in Luray, where Route 766 passes through the village of Hamburg.

Mennonite congregations in America were plagued in almost every generation by a hunger for more

charismatic fellowship. The more passionate German Baptist Brethren, known widely as Dunkers, differed from the Mennonites only on the question of full immersion in water versus a symbolic sprinkling during baptism. This made switching faiths easier for the restless of heart and soul, and caused a historic grudge to develop between the two Anabaptist faiths.

Many Mennonites who became Baptists felt at home with their new articles of faith, but often misunderstood how willing their new brothers were to go to war — until it was too late. The swearing of oaths and toleration of slavery were also issues that would catch up with their children and grandchildren.^{54:27}

Revival

During the big May revival in Botetourt County, which was held just five miles south of his family's farm, John Baughman was 19 years old, though Dortha, only 7. Stith Meade, a 27-year-old preacher with the Methodists in Botetourt and throughout southwestern Virginia, formed these impressions of his flock — "a people & country poor in circumstances, rough in surface & rough in manners. Soon after from the Mountain filth, flees & buggs to the extremity of the low lands, Williamsburg & Gloucester Circuits, to fan & fight the flies & mosquitoes, and endure the shaking Fevers."^{386:392}

In their sermons, Methodist ministers preached John Wesley's beliefs about bathing. "Cleanliness is, indeed, next to Godliness," vowed Wesley, but he was advocating ice-cold baths, claiming that these could cure over 50 illnesses, from blindness to breast tumors. The call for a hygienic revival ran against not only the public's habits, but also against the prevailing moral judges of the day.^{392:132}

Colonial laws in Virginia either banned or limited bathing, and for a time in Philadelphia, anyone who bathed more than once a month faced jail. Early America's moral leaders reasoned that bathing was impure, since the practice promoted nudity, and that could only lead to promiscuity. These feelings were as old as the Christian church, which frequently discouraged cleanliness in response to the debauchery of the ancient Roman baths. "To those that are well, and especially to the young," commanded Saint Benedict in the sixth century, "bathing shall seldom be permitted." Pope Gregory the Great, the first pontiff to rise up within the ranks from a monk, felt bathing

once a week — particularly on a Sunday — could do no harm as long as it didn't become a "time-wasting luxury."^{392:128}

So eventually, communal baths became popular again, especially in Germany and England by the late 1600s. Soaking clients there were spoiled with floating trays of refreshment while they lingered in mineral water that guaranteed health, wealth, youth and fertility. In this atmosphere, romance came along, especially for the refined ladies of Karlsbad and Marienbad in southern Germany who were notorious for meeting with partners known as "bath shadows."

Back in Botetourt County, the sulfuric Dagger's Springs enjoyed a therapeutic reputation. The nearby Baughman, Garber, Good, Glick and Moyer families had perfect medical excuses to go there, and now as well, the blessing of their Methodist pastors.

Germans were significantly visible in the Methodist leadership, including John Kobler, who attended the Botetourt County conference as the presiding elder of the Holston District, and Nicholas Snethen, first aide to Bishop Asbury. A vivid account of a 1798 Methodist revival among German settlers was recalled by Henry Böhm, son of the "New Light" Martin, and a frequent traveling companion of Bishop Asbury:

"Great quarterly meetings were held... [that] began on Saturday, and while the presiding elder was praying the Holy Ghost filled the house where they had assembled. The work of the revival commenced, and such were the cries of distress, the prayers for mercy heard all over the house, in the gallery as well as the lower part, that it was impossible for Mr. Ware to preach...

"The brethren went to the penitent ones... assembled in different groups praying for the broken-hearted, and one after another found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. It was impossible to close the meeting, so it continued all day and most of the night. Sunday morning came, and they attempted to hold a regular love-feast, but all in vain. The cries of mourners, the prayer for mercy, and shout after shout as one after another passed from death unto life, made it impossible to proceed.

"On Saturday, when I beheld my niece Nancy Keaggy kneeling near me in an agony of prayer asking for mercy, the comparatively innocent child so intent on forgiveness, my heart was melted, my eyes were filled with tears, and again I knelt down..."^{42:32}

The elderly Martin Böhm was still riding the revival circuit in 1803, and preaching as he always did in German from a text of *The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come.'*^{42:92} English was far more often the language of these revivals, and only the power of spiritual calling seems to have helped Germans over the hurdle. At one Methodist revival in the upper Shenandoah Valley, Henry Crum recalled having thought, "I prayed in Dutch, I am Dutch, and must get converted in Dutch. These are all English people, and they get converted in English. I prayed and prayed in Dutch, but could not get the blessing. At last I felt willing to get converted in English or Dutch as the Lord pleased. Then the blessing came, and I got converted in English." Crum became a Methodist preacher himself, and turned 300 more into converts. Moses Henkel, a brother of the Lutheran missionary Paul Henkel, preached Methodism around the mountains of the Shenandoah Valley and into western Virginia.^{451:150}

On 12 July 1803, the Methodist Trustees bought a half-acre plot in Fincastle for building their first church in Botetourt. For £12, Patrick Lockhart and his wife conveyed the land to Edward Mitchell, Samuel Mitchell and John Helms, who was always listed as the third-ranking trustee. Later on, Lewis Zirkle became a trustee of the Big Hill Methodist Church, 20 miles north of Fincastle.

With Reverend Helms as one of the resident preachers there, this new and exciting church in Fincastle was likely the place where John and Dorthea were married in 1806. Fincastle's Methodists razed the original church building 37 years later and replaced it with the current one.

A report to the Virginia legislature during the Revolution put the number of Methodists throughout the Commonwealth at 3,000. By 1806, at just one camp ground in Botetourt County, Mitchell's following alone had grown to 3,000. Popular among the German settlers, a parallel church began to grow, known as the United Brethren or the German Methodists. Because the United Brethren were adamant about retaining their own language during services, any who wanted to blend in with the English were forced into the arms of the Methodists or out among the German Baptists.^{386:370}

The revival was a creation of the western and southern frontier, although the Great Awakening

among the Germans, led by Martin Böhm, dated back to the 1740s. The first mention in the English-language church histories of a camp meeting points to two brothers in Tennessee named Magee. Their idea to bring together Methodist and Presbyterian evangelism spread quickly through the East and North within five years.

During an 1804 Revival in Liberty, Tennessee, a young man recorded in his journal:

"Friday 19th. Camp-meeting commenced... here I saw the *jerks*... a strange exercise indeed; The people are taken *jerking* irresistibly, and if they strive to resist it, it worries them much, yet is attended with no bodily pain.

"Those who are exercised to dance (which in the pious seems an antidote to the jerks) if they resist, it brings deadness and barrenness over the mind; but when they yield to it they feel happy... Their eyes when dancing seem to be fixed upwards as if upon an invisible object, and they, lost to all below."^{73:210}

The revival movement reached its peak in the 1830s and 1840s, inspired for some by a prediction of the end of the world during the Spring of 1843. A 61-year-old farmer named William Miller obtained a Baptist license to preach and traveled around the countryside distributing every kind of persuasive printed matter. His religious forecasting was given a jolt by meteorological events, starting with a shower of glowing meteors in 1833. Halley's comet passed helpfully in 1835, and the so-called Great Comet of 1843 was right on schedule with Miller's calculations.

By the summer of that year, Miller announced a yearlong postponement for the Day of Judgment, to 22 October 1844. "Miller Madness" greatly helped sales of his songbook, *The Millennial Harp*, but elsewhere, among large segments of the American people, insanity and suicide were the only way to cope.

The world made it through that Baptist's deadline, and Miller himself endured five more years of disappointment before dying. His followers did not lose faith, but reformed as the church of the Seventh-Day Adventists.^{73:220}

By 1815, the fa-so-la singing methods of New England had migrated to Virginia, and a number of Mennonite, Methodist and Presbyterian ministers tailored the shaped-note musical lessons for Southern congregations.

Over 240 years ago, all Baptists were Old Baptists, country folk in the main and very much opposed to,

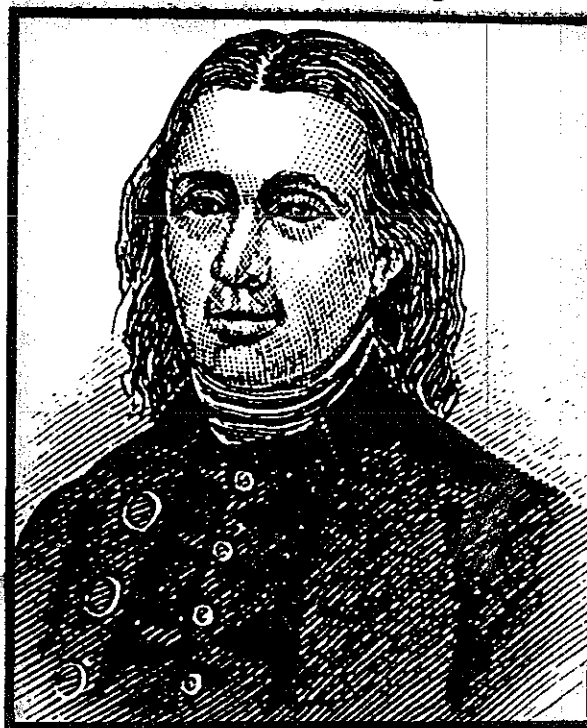
and opposed by, those other religious denominations which centered in the few cities and town along the eastern coasts and were linked with the government. As they grew in their antagonism to control either from the government or from any centralized religious (even Baptist) authority.

Freedom was the Baptist watchword. Baptists played important roles in the Revolutionary War against Britain, and in the drafting of the revolutionary new Constitution. At last they had a guarantee, so long striven for and so long denied, to worship according to the dictates of their own consciences.^{431:iii}

This same love of liberty assured an independent approach to singing in church, with each congregation choosing their own repertory, tempos and style.^{48:xiiv}

Shirtsleeve Music

The singing schools combined education, religion and pleasant socializing. Parents, children and grandchildren often attended together. In the late 18th century, these schools usually met in tavern sitting rooms for sessions that lasted three hours each evening and ran for a month. Farther west and later on, sessions in the community's meeting house seldom



BISHOP FRANCIS ASBURY

LEADER OF THE FRONTIER METHODIST REVIVALS

stretched beyond two weeks.^{89:2} The last night of classes was always an “exhibition” — a concert recital offered to the few remaining kinfolk who had not enrolled. When the singing master moved on to his next little town, he left behind pupils who looked forward to swelling their church’s choir.^{311:4}

Without Europe’s High Culture, frontier Americans found their own standards of self-expression and refinement. America’s hymnals were turned out by self-taught composers — mostly farmers by trade — who borrowed from the Protestant founders or simply transcribed the folk melodies passed down through their own families and neighbors in church.^{118:xxv}

Three “singing masters” who started such schools beyond the Mississippi River, and saw their methods travel widely, were Allen D. Carden, the reverend Timothy Flint and Professor Charles Warren. Their tool for accomplishing this with one of the most popular tunebooks of the 19th century — *The Missouri Harmony*.

The democratization of music echoed one key from the Reformation: just as the development of the printing press in the 16th century delivered affordable Bibles into every home, the chance for every family to read music was not possible until the invention of music score type for the printing press in 1767.^{311:6} Andrew Law claimed to have invented the system of shaped-note singing in 1785, but for financial reasons, could not obtain a customized font of printer’s type in order to publish the idea. On 12 May 1802, William Little was granted a U.S. patent for the shapes he matched to each of the four notes of the “Fa-so-la” (& mi) singing scale.

The new approach to singing helped many thousands of Americans to read music by sight. The

The diagram illustrates the 'shaped-note' musical scale for two staves. The top staff is labeled 'BASS STAVE NATURAL' and uses a bass clef. The bottom staff is labeled 'TENOR OR TREBLE STAVE NATURAL' and uses a treble clef. Both staves show a sequence of notes (A, B, C, D, E, F, G) with corresponding shaped-note symbols (me, law, sol, faw) and their positions on the staff (Space above, Fifth line, Fourth space, etc.).

| Staff | Note | Symbol | Position |
|-------------------------------|------|--------|--------------|
| BASS STAVE NATURAL | A | me | Space above |
| | B | law | Fifth line |
| | C | sol | Fourth space |
| | D | faw | Fourth line |
| | E | law | Third space |
| | F | sol | Third line |
| | G | faw | Second space |
| TENOR OR TREBLE STAVE NATURAL | A | me | Second line |
| | B | law | First space |
| | C | sol | First line |
| | D | faw | Space below |
| | E | sol | Space above |
| | F | faw | Fifth line |
| | G | law | Fourth space |

A SHAPED NOTE MUSICAL SCALE

old guard in America’s choirs and academies put up strong resistance, denouncing the shaped-notes as “buckwheat grains” that could only yield a “shirtsleeve music” for the ignorant and uncultured. Shaped-notes blossomed all across America, with at least 38 different tunebooks published in the first half of the 19th century, and most of these in the South.^{31:24}

The Missouri Harmony first appeared in 1820 and sold out nine editions at 75 cents per copy.^{31:2} During its 38 years in print, the exact total of copies is unknown, although tune-book publishers in those days ran as many as 88,000 books per edition.^{73:194}

President Andrew Jackson counted two copies of the *Missouri Harmony* in his personal library at the Hermitage. Abraham Lincoln and Ann Rutledge sang from it in her family’s tavern during their courtship in New Salem, Illinois. The book was sometimes the sole source of musical knowledge for several counties in a row, hopping from Georgia to the edge of Indian country. Carden’s book is older by one year than the state after which it is named; and it is also the first tunebook written west of the Mississippi River.^{31:2}

Carden lived in St. Louis, and only because an adequate publisher couldn’t be found there was he forced to print the book in Cincinnati. By 1824, Carden had found business alliances with a book agent in Nashville who place his music books in all of “the principal towns of Tennessee, Kentucky and Alabama.”^{210:42} His work was unique among all Southern tunebooks in that its popularity drew later editions to a Northern audience and a Northern editor, Professor Charles Warren, who tinkered with and “refined” the Southern tempos, accents, melodies and harmonization.

Early tunebook authors always felt free to borrow and adapt from one another, but Walter Scott of Hamilton County, Ohio, felt obliged in 1839 to credit *The Missouri Harmony* within the title of his *Collections of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs...* Its influence lasted over a century, with 14 of its tunes beloved for that long in the official hymnal of the Episcopal Church and 10 in the Methodist’s hymnal. In the introduction to his book, Carden credited John Wyeth’s *Repository* (1820) for some of his ideas in music education. He also borrowed songs from Ananias Davisson’s *Kentucky Harmony*, written and first published at Harrisonburg, in the Shenandoah Valley.^{210:40}

The range of shaped-note tunes rested first in church, but was theologically free to look elsewhere.

The old English pirate Captain Kid inspired a popular tune, and many others were named for the site of a full-blown revival or places where creativity had struck a wandering singing school master. *The Missouri Harmony's* index included:

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------------|
| Ballstown | New York Anthem |
| Babylonian Captivity | Ode to Science |
| Bethel | Pennsylvania |
| Bridgewater | Pisgah |
| Bruce's Address | Rockingham |
| Condescension | Schenectady |
| Funeral Thought | Silver Street |
| Hermit | Solitude New |
| Huntington | Sophronia |
| Idumea | Sutton |
| Jefferson | Vernon |
| Lover's Lamentation | Washington |
| Mear | Winchester ^{31:251} |
| Melinda | |

A revival drew as many as 5,000 to 10,000 people, and was organized by teams of preachers, frequently from differing denominations. At these huge campouts, a common source for reading the text only of many hymns was Isaac Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, first printed in 1709, but still used well into the next century.^{73:208}

Writing of one such collaboration, an exasperated Presbyterian recalled the Methodists and Baptists:

"They succeeded in introducing their own stirring hymns, familiarly, though incorrectly entitled *Wesley's Hymns*; and as books were scarce, the few that were attainable were cut up, and the leaves distributed, so that all in turn might learn them by heart."

A descendant of Rev. Frances Asbury recalled the old-time revival singing:

"The immediate din was tremendous; at a hundred yards it was beautiful; and at a distance of a half mile it was magnificent... Numberless little slurs and melodic variations... What they were there for was to hammer on the sinner's heart and bring him to the mourner's bench."^{73:223} No musical instruments were employed, not even a tuning fork. "It was said that the noise occasioned by the cries of the distressed and shouts of the saints was heard at the distance of three miles," according to one preacher.^{42:131}

Another witness recalled a camp revival in the American midwest of 1851:

"The Sound is like mighty thunderings, Some a Stamping with all their might and Roaring... Others turning with great Power and warring against the flesh, and at the same time a number Speaking with new tongues with such Majestic Signs and motions that it makes the powers of Darkness tremble..."^{73:230}

Refined choirs in the East introduced The Better Music movement and tried to bury the medieval, pentatonic sound of Fa-so-la singing, marked by parallel fourths and fifths, the crossing of voices and unresolved dissonance.^{73:187} *The Missouri Harmony* was written for three voices — namely, a bass line for the deepest notes, a tenor line placing the melody in a middle range, and females above on a supportive treble line.^{73:190}

Intellectual composers in Europe, especially in Italy, had their supporters in the American East. They endorsed only four-part harmonies, with sopranos leading the melody through sweet chords. Even "Singin' Billy" Walker, author of the Fa-so-la 1835 *Southern Harmony*, switched to the Better Music movement's four-part, full-scaled, seven-note system dubbed the Do-re-mi school. "Would any parent," Walker argued, "having seven children ever think of calling them by only four names?" The Shenandoah Valley's singing master, Joseph Funk, also switched from the four-note method to seven for his well-loved *Harmonia Sacra* tunebook, nicknamed the *Hominy Soaker* by the many grandchildren of the original Swiss and German settlers there.^{162:291}


Frequently, tunebook authors who claimed to compose a particular harmony had only rearranged it. In some instances, the same tune was claimed by several different "composers."

William Caldwell's 1837 tunebook *Union Harmony*

You may observe that the letters are named or called by the names of the four notes used in music. You see in the preceding staves that F is named *faw*, G *sol*, A *law*, B *me*, C *faw*, D *sol*, E *law*, and F *faw* again; every eighth letter being the first repeated, which is an octave; for every eighth is an octave.

9. Q. How many notes are there used in music; what are their names, and how are they made?

A. All notes of music which represent sounds are called by four names, and each note is known by its shape, viz.: the *me* is a diamond, *faw* is triangle, *sol* is round, and *law* is square. See the following example.



Q. But in some music books the tunes are written in round notes entirely. How do we know by what names to call the notes in these books?

A. By first finding the *me*, for *me* is the governing and leading note; and when that is found, the notes on the lines and spaces in regular succession are called *faw*, *sol*, *law*, *faw*, *sol*, *law*, (twice;) and those below the *me*, *law*, *sol*, *faw*, *law*, *sol*, *faw*, (twice;) after which *me* will come again. Either way, see the following example.

included 42 songs of "his creation." Caldwell admitted that "many of the airs which the authors has reduced to system and harmonized, have been selected from the unwritten music in general use in the Methodist Church, [with] others from the Baptist..."^{73:191}

At some revivals, bickering broke out in song when Methodists started in:

*We've searched the law of heaven,
Throughout the sacred code;
Of Baptism there by dipping
We've never found a word.
To plunge is inconsistent
Compared to holy rite;
An instance of such business
We've never found as yet.*

Which could only trigger the Baptist refrain:

*Not at the Jordan River,
But in that flowing stream
Stood John the Baptist preacher
When he baptized Him.
John was a Baptist preacher
When he baptized the Lamb.
So Jesus was a Baptist
And thus the Baptists came.*^{162:18}

The mountain Baptists had another, much older use for singing that dated back far beyond revivals and even America. "My parents," wrote LaVonna Wood, "said that in the early mornings at daybreak, when the men folks went out to do their daily chores, one would five out a yell or yodel, which would then be answered by others across the valleys and hills."

The many dozens of Protestant denominations in the American South were all shaped by the Baptist/Methodist religious establishment. Though the typical Methodist baptism was by the sprinkling of water, half of the Appalachian Methodist church baptisms used the full-dunking.^{162:71}

Shades of Baptist factionalism became difficult to follow as the 19th century unfolded, with the following list only partially accounting for the sequence of splinters: Primitive (or 'Hardshell'), Missionary, Southern, Independent, Regular, General, Separate, Free Will and Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit-Predestinarian Baptists.^{162:19} Despite religious feuds that sent each flock on its own way, all Baptists had much in common, including intense expectations for each

member's zeal, faith, uncompromising loyalty and personal moral discipline.^{162:20}

John Baughman was chosen to be deacon of two successive churches right in the midst of wrenching arguments over the future of the Baptist faithful. By tradition, claimed one 20th-century Primitive Baptist, the preacher "hasn't got any say-so at all in the Primitive Baptist church; it's the deacons that rule..."^{162:65} The preacher was not held up above the people, as happens in many churches. At least some Primitive Baptist meeting houses were arranged inside so that the congregation's benches surrounded the pulpit from three sides.^{162:71}

Before all the labels began to stick, John sided with the Primitive "purists." He would have likely felt comfortable with a much later declaration by Elder Howard Parham that "We believe that God's got it all planned... we're just hear to carry out what He has predestinated for us to do... good and bad. What we call 'bad' is for God's good to serve His purpose, and it brings out the good. All that we call evil brings out the good." This pillar of their faith preempts Sunday School, Foreign Missions and even musical instruments in church.^{162:61}

Primitive Baptists argued that an all-knowing God certainly knew what each person's future held, and it could only be contemptuous of His wisdom to struggle for or earn a redemption that was not already part of destiny. Regular Baptists disagreed strongly, as did the General Baptists, who believed that salvation was available "generally" to everyone. The Primitives were often misunderstood as being elitists in this matter, where in fact, they never claimed any certainty — even about their own salvation. "You don't ever know in this life," said Parham. "You'll never get [a Primitive Baptist] to tell you that they know they're saved or know they're a child of God. They'll say, 'I hope I am.'"

Primitive Baptists never made a habit of collecting money as offerings to support their church. They believed that if a person received a heartfelt inner calling to preach, this gift should never be tainted with a salary. A preacher's short-term expenses might be picked up, or the congregation might all pitch in on his farm to help him make up for any lost time, but the idea of hiring someone to testify about personal experience and Scriptural insight, or the idea of creating a specially trained class of clergymen all seemed like what went wrong with Rome.

Menfolk in the Primitive Baptist church argued

about the role of women during services. The usual footwashing ceremonies in August were always divided by sex, and some Primitive Baptist churches ordered women to remain in their seats as much as possible, to be silent in church and "not to speak 'til they got back home. [That] if they had anything to bring to the church, to tell their husband."¹⁶²⁻⁶⁷

Deacon Baughman's church was not absolute on the issue, although he did not seem comfortable with one Baptist sister briefly authorized by the congregation to preach.

BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH RECORDS
EXTRACTS FROM 1812 TO 1828
SEVIER COUNTY, TENNESSEE

John Baughman first established himself as a Baptist after moving away to Tennessee. A review of his new church's first decade provides a disturbing and sometimes heartbreaking view of the human spirit.

Throughout these records, leadership of each monthly meeting is rotated among several of the elder male members, who take the title of moderator. The duty of taking down minutes fell to the clerk, and the unvarying style of the brief entries began "The Baptist Church of Christ met at Bethel Meeting house [on, for instance, the 4th Saturday of a month and year] and After Divine Worship proceed to the affairs of God's house."

The starting time for services was listed as 10 o'clock in the morning, and before a mention of "agreeable adjournment" to the monthly weekend campouts, there might be a sentence or two describing new members joining or old ones leaving, as well as spiritual failings and group decisions about discipline. The following extracts offer a glimpse of what concerned primitive Baptists on the early American frontier.

August 1812 - "Elizabeth Walker is excluded from our fellowship for the Sin of Whoredom."

September 1812 - "Mary Car [is excluded from our fellowship] ... for keeping Samuel Pritchett about her house and breaking up her family."

May 1813 - Lydia Thomas is excluded "for Whoredom."

July 1813 - Josiah Maples is excluded "for sin of drinking too much spirituous liquors, got angry and curst."

October 1813 - The first reference to the

attendance at church of "Charity, a black woman belonging to William Breedon."

May 1814 - Rachel Wilkeson is excluded "for Whoredom."

September 1814 - In a complaint that was not settled until the following June, "Allegation laid against Brother [James] Bishop for overcharging, swearing, swapping horses and trading on the Sabath Day... then trying to hide it by deception." The charges were later expanded to include references "... to fight and to kill a man ... and to get drunk." Brother Bishop later came before the church and gave satisfaction for the charges.

June 1815 - A day of fasting is chosen, to be the 2nd Thursday in August.

October 1815 - As newly arrived pioneers sought membership in a church, they usually carried brief notes from their previous church elders recommending them for their good Christian character. "Admitted by letter Daniel & Sarah Laymon & 3 daughters Lydia, Hattie & Marget."

May 1816 - "Brother Layman and Brother Baughman to go and cite Sarah Richardson to our next meeting in course." If a member failed to attend service twice in a row, without a good reason, elders would be sent to urge a return to the flock.

February 1817 - Rachel Low is excluded for the Sin of Fornication.

January 1818 - "Charles Husk came to the church and confessed that he was overtaken with passion and swore and by giving satisfaction he remains in fellowship."

April 1819 - Marget James is excluded for the Sin of Fornication. She was readmitted one year later "on recantation."

May 1819 - "Query laid in by George Long[:]: Is it right for members of our society to distill liquor out of grain to make profits thereon [?] The query received and after having some conversation on the subject it was laid over till next meeting."

July through October 1819 - The debate over the distilling of liquor "was answered as follows[:] for everyone to act discretionary." In other business, a petition was put forward for the formation of a separate meeting house in the Jones Cove area. The original signatories to this effort were Brothers James Riding, Daniel Layman, William Maples, George Oldham, John Bauchman [Baughman] and James Breedon. The final petition of 52 church members

was made of 17 men and 35 women, and includes seven surnames of Germanic origin: Aln, Baughman [Bachman], Carr [Kerr], Houk, Knatcher, Layman [Lehman], Moon [Maen] and Riding.

November 1819 - "There be a fast held ... the 8 day of December for that purpose to pray to Almighty God for a revival of religion among us & to deliver us from temptation of Satan and ... the Evils to come."

January & February 1820 - Church met at Jasper Moon's house. Alternate 1st Wednesdays each month to meet at homes of George Oldham & Jasper Moon.

June 1820 - "Old church records to be recopied in new blank book ... Church grant Sister Nancy Maples liberty to exercise her Gift [to preach] within the bounds of the Church."

May 1821 - "A motion ... for the time on Saturday church meeting to be taken up in singing and praying when other deuitiss do not fill up the day. Answered in the afermative."

July 1821 - "Meeting house to be built on one eaker of land purches from Josiah Maples by George Oldham & William Maples ... a lot of land that Jacob Laymon saw mill is on ... to be fraimed 36 by 20 feet."

November 1821 - On the 4th Saturday, meet at the new meeting house. Wednesday meetings are cancelled.

March 1822 - On the 4th Saturday, "After a long Debate ... and being somewhat divided respecting a woman exercizing a publick gift" to preach, the congregation "finally concluded to revoke the said priviladg and leave the Sister and her gift whear they found her." Sister Nancy Maples was the cause of this action.

27 April 1822, Saturday - "Brother Layman was appointed last meeting to form a plan for the fixing of the Bethel meting house ... underpined and sealed up to the wall plates, and a sufficient number of seats ... Church appoints William Maples, Jasper Moon, John Baughman, John Gilband & George Oldham."

27 September 1822, Friday - John Baughman and Baptist Brother Jasper Moon are appointed to lay out the church's adjoining graveyard in rows, with the first measuring four feet back, presumably for children, followed by a margin of two feet, then a row measuring back six feet for the adults, and "so on in proportion."

28 December 1822, Saturday - "the Church agrees to set the Pulpit in the side of the Hous and lays it on

the Commiseners that apointed to fix the Hous to cary it in to Effect and the Church agree to pay the expence."

22 March 1823, Saturday - "...Agreed upon by the church that two of the short seats by the ends one be for the people of color. Agreed upon by this church that the male members is to get [provide] the wine for sacrament in rotation and whatever is left to be left in the hands of George Oldham for safe keeping till called for by the church."

26 April 1823, Saturday - "We the Baptist Church of Christ believe that baptism by immersion is the door into the visable church."

23 August 1823, Saturday - Dorthea Baughman is received into the church "by experience."

26 September 1823, Friday - "The general rule of baptizing is to be in the morning."

October 1823 - "The church granted Brother George Oldham license to exercise his gift in preaching the gospel ... wherever his lot may be cast."

27 March 1824, Saturday - "... Isbel Stephens Made oath that Josiah Maples is the father of her Children ... upon which Josiah Maples says Not Guilty. The Church belive fore the Safety of the Cause of Religion and of the Church that he Be and is No more a member of us till god in his provedence or Methods of his grace show his innecence or guilt, grant him Repentence."

April 1824 - Reference was made to the charismatic healing of church members in the phrase "... of the gospel by the laying of hands by Richard Wood and by Elijah Rogers."

May 1824 - "... Charge Brother [Thomas] Hill, a minister of the gospel, with committing an act of uncleanness with a bad woman, also with the sin of drunkenness. He pleads not guilty at the same time. Mary Maples enters a complaint against said Hill for some indecent conversation to her also. Pleads not guilty, and as Brother Hill is not a member here, we decline doing anything. Decision till the church on Big Pigeon is acquainted of the matter and have a chance to come and attend whereas Brother Hill insists to have his trial here where his conduct is best known."

24 July 1824, Saturday - "Brother Baughman brings in a complaint against Sister Nancy Maples for exercizing a public gift [of preaching the gospel] out of order."

5-7 October 1824, Tuesday-Thursday - Brother

Thomas Hill faced an inquiry into the charges first lodged in May, and spelled out in greater detail by Nancy Maples, Polly Maples and Sally Oldham. "1st ... three times being Drunk & Swearing. We think that he drank too much and that the rough harsh language he made use of was very unbecoming a professor and particular a preacher... 2nd [Nancy Maples] also charges him with wishing that a certain disease would come from [neighboring] Cocke County [Tennessee] and kill eight or ten persons... 3rd ... for threatening to whip and beat a certain man which we consider to be very wrong and unbecoming a minister of the gospel. Proved by his own Confession... 5th ... charges [Hill] with the Sin of Adultery ... which we consider to be not sufficiently authenticated. 7th, Sister Polly Maples charges [Hill] with Soliciting her Chastity, also Sister Sally Oldham charges the said Brother with four different times Soliciting her Chastity and upon the whole testimony we consider the charges to be just... We think him guilty and therefore exclude him from our fellowship."

Reverend Hill's rebuttal started with Item 8, charging "... Sister Nancy Maples with Immodesty saying that she loved men flesh better than all other flesh... 9th, [Hill charges Maples] with telling his wife that she intended to apply to the doctor for medicine for her husband to increase his desires for cohabitation with her also stated that she had given her husband two doses of her own menses and that it had greatly improved his courage which conduct we consider to be immodest, base and sinful and degrading to the female character much more to the Christian character. 10th ... We consider her to have acted Improperly in calculating evil reports upon her Brother and neglecting to take the gospel steps with him and continuing to live with him in Christian fellowship a number of years previous to exhibiting the charges against him until ambition prompted her to it and now for the above charges and conduct we exclude her from our fellowship. 11th, We believe that Brother William Maples has done exceeding wrong and sinned in joining his wife in her measures against Brother Hill. The said Brother came forward and made sufficient acknowledgement and was restored." Signed, Caleb Witt, Chesley ____, Hughs Taylor, Henry Randolph, William Colman, George Snider, Thomas Williams, Elijah Rogers - Moderator, John Driskill, Jasper Moon, Richard Wood, Duke Kimbrough, Charles T. Porter, Samuel Carson, Thomas L. Hale - Clerk.

25 December 1824, Saturday - "We have altered the prayer meeting from the first Sunday to the first Monday Evening in Every Month."

26 February 1825, Saturday - Brother Joseph P. Wood lodges four complaints against Brother William C. Maples and others: 1.) That Maples had falsely accused Brother [Daniel] Layman of stealing a maul that actually had been paid for; 2.) that Maples held "a jealousy against this Church or some members of this Church," and "making false statements about Josiah Maples Jr." in March 1824; 3.) that Sister Sally Oldham had falsely charged Rev. Thomas Hill during his trial during October 1824; and 4.) that Elisabeth Fain falsely presented a child that belonged to another woman in a paternity complaint against Elder Richard Wood. All these matters are tabled until the charges could be investigated.

23 April 1825, Saturday - Sally Oldham is "excluded from our fellowship" after the charges brought against her by Brother Wood were determined to be true. Regarding the charges against Brother William C. Maples, the church said "We think that ... Maples had done exceedingly wrong for which we exclude him from our fellowship."

28 May 1825, Saturday - Mary Maples is excluded based upon the charge brought in February by Brother Wood.

27 August 1825, Saturday - "... Item 3. Brethren John Baughman and Wm. Thomas for improper conversation in time of church meeting is laid under the censure of the church."

24 September 1825, Saturday - "Brother John Baughman and Brother Wm. Thomas came forward and gave satisfaction for the improper language they had last meeting."

22 April 1826, Saturday - "... a day to be appointed for fasting and prayer and agreed on to be the thirtieth of this instant [month of April]."

22 July 1826, Saturday - a "union meeting" of several area Baptist churches delays the regular Bethel meeting by one week.

26 August 1826, Saturday - "Brother George Oldham came forward and delivered to the Church the right of the land where in the meeting house now Stands." He also asked for a letter of dismissal but this was denied him because of an ongoing dispute about his "Blaming the Church with acting inconsistent" and leading 18 other members to secede

from their Bethel brethren. The meeting was adjourned without any further action on the matter.

23 September 1826, Saturday - The 18 secessionist are censured. Brethren John Bochman [Baughman] and John Gilbert are appointed to visit those secessionists not present and site them. John Baughman is chosen to serve as delegate, along with Daniel Layman and John Gilbert, to the Tennessee Association held at the Friendship Meeting House in Jefferson County on 7 October.

October 1826 - For the first time since its founding, the church's monthly meeting is cancelled "on account of the weather being Disagreeable."

24 February 1827, Saturday - "Br Oldham Senior Confesses that he has done rong for which the Church forgives him." Oldham is also given the letter of dismission he requested the previous August. This clears the way for reseating all of the remaining secessionists, but special counselors are asked to sit with us "in order to settle some difficulties Existing among us." The visiting counselors come from neighboring Baptist churches at The Forks of Little Pigeon, Boyd's Creek, Dumplin Creek, and the Cove Church.

28 April 1827, Saturday - The Church agrees to reexamine the 1824 case of "these sincere members" regarding Sally Oldham's charges against Thomas Hill, "... but could not settle it."

May 1827 - The controversy regarding George Oldham reaches to his new home in Indiana, when a Baptist church there sends a letter to the Bethel church requesting clarification on certain records that Oldham brought along regarding Reverend Hill.

4 September 1827, Tuesday - John Baughman and Daniel Layman are appointed delegates to an Association meeting in Anderson County. "George Oldham came forward and acknowledged that if he did Rong in the above Charge he is sorry for it and the Church forgave him and agree to Give him a letter of Dismission."

24 November 1827 - "... the fourth Saturday was our Stated day for Church business but few members met and nothing don."

26 January 1828 - "... the fourth Saturday being the Stated time of the Bethel Church meeting to be held at Brother Sanford Allens. John Gilbert and Jasper Moon, Br. Allen and his wife was all that met of this Body."

28 June 1828, Saturday - John Baughman's brother-in-law Matthew Howard was received into the Bethel Church "by experience."

19 July 1828, Saturday - "Item 1. Called for the reference of last meeting concerning choosing of Deacons the case taken up and after some conversation the church makes choice of Brother John Baughman."

27 September 1828, Saturday - John and Dorthea Baughman are granted letters of dismission from the Bethel Baptist Church that free them from their responsibilities to the local community, and serve as their introduction to join another church wherever they resettle. Brethren Samel Phariss [Ferris] and Samel Duggan are appointed to make a choice of one in place of Br. Baughman and agree to postpone the time of ordination till the fourth Saturday in November.

27 December 1828, Saturday - "the presbitery that was appointed to ordain deacons in the Bethel Church met and proceeded to ordain Br Samuel Pharissee [Ferris]." The ordination process was described in August 1829 as being accomplished first with "an examination ... of his faith on the plan of the gospel. Being found qualified, he was set apart to the office of a Deacon by solemn prayer to almighty god and by Laying on of the hands of the presbitery."

25 April 1829, Saturday - "1. The Case of Br Richeson taken up and after som conversation agree to Meet next Saturday and have Br Richeson's house made some more Comfortable." By the following November, a motion was approved for Church members to visit him every week "and get him wood if needed."

BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCHMEMBERS
SEVIER COUNTY, TENNESSEE
FROM 1819-1828

Those joining by experience or by letter after the initial charter have their dates noted. Some later members appeared in the minutes without record of their date of joining.

Allan, Sanford [by experience, June 1823; censured, September 1826; restored to his seat, January 1827]

- Ain, Lydia
 Baughman, Dortha [by experience, August 1823; dismissal, September 1828]
 , John [deacon; dismissal, September 1828]
 Black, Susanna
 Bodine, Caty [by letter, June 1822]
 , Winnie [by letter, September 1823; offered satisfaction for charges against her, November 1826]
 Breedon, Elizabeth
 , Hannah [wife of James]
 , James
 , Sarah [dismissal, September 1822]
 , Sarah
 , William
 Buckner, Barry [clerk, October 1825]
 Butler, Marget [dismissal, February 1823]
 Cambell, Mary [by experience, March 1820]
 , William
 Car, Hannah [dismissal, February 1825]
 , James
 Cear, Nancy [by experience, July 1823]
 Childers, Alice [dismissal, November 1825]
 Daubins, Jane
 Devors, Mary
 Driskill, John [moderator, August 1826]
 Duggan, Ann [dismissal, February 1822]
 , Daniel [by experience, March 1828]
 , Marget [dismissal, February 1822]
 , Mary [by experience, March 1828]
 , Samel
 Elledg, Nancy [by recantation, July 1823; dismissal, August 1824]
 Fain, Elizabeth [by letter, September 1823]
 Ferris [see Pharris]
 Floyd, Elisabeth [dismissal, November 1825]
 Gilbrand, John [by experience, October 1821]
 , Nancy [by experience, October 1821]
 Giles, Anna
 , John
 Green, Francis
 Haris, Catherine
 Houk, Lydia [dismissal, January 1822]
 Howard, Matthew [by experience, June 1828]
 Husk, George
 James, Edward
 , Marget [excluded April 1819; readmitted April 1820]
 , Mary
 Jenkins, Elijah [by experience, July 1820]
 Jones, Layman [clerk, September 1826]
 Knatzer, [also as Conalcher] Andrew [offered satisfaction for charges against him, November 1826]
 , Mary [wife of Andrew, mentioned November 1826]
 , Catherine [dismissal, September 1822; by letter, September 1824]
 Layman, Daniel [moderator]
 , Hattie
 , Marget
 , Peggy
 , Sarah [wife of Daniel]
 Lewis, Susanna [dismissal, April 1828]
 Long, Elizabeth [dismissal, January 1822]
 , Elizabeth [wife of George; by letter, February 1823]
 , George [by letter, February 1823; ordained as preacher, April 1824]
 , James [by experience, August 1823; dismissal, August 1824]
 , Moses [dismissal, January 1822]
 Longly, Sarah (Sally) [dismissal, February 1825]
 Malcolm, Margit [by experience, September 1823; dismissal, August 1824]
 Manning, Allison [dismissal, May 1824]
 , Elizabeth [by experience, August 1823]
 , George [by experience, September 1823]
 , Nancy [by experience, July 1823; dismissal, January 1825]
 Maples, Caty [by experience, October 1823]
 , Josiah [by experience, August 1823; excluded March 1824]
 , Lydia [wife of William; by experience, August 1821; dismissal July 1822]
 , Mary [excluded, May 1825]
 , Moses [by experience, August 1823; dismissal along with his wife, February 1828]
 , Nancy [excluded, October 1824]
 , Ruth
 , Viny (Levinia?, offered satisfaction by charges against her, November 1826]
 , William C. [longtime clerk; dismissal, July 1822; excluded April 1825]
 , William Jr. [by experience, August 1821]
 Mathis, Lydia [by experience, November 1819; dismissal, February 1823]
 Moon, Jasper [by experience, July 1820; clerk, mid-1820s; moderator, November 1825; dismissal, January 1829; departure, May 1829]

- Moon, Mary [dismissal, September 1825]
 Newman, Alice [dismissal, August 1824]
 Oldham, Alice [dismissal, September 1825]
 , George [dismissal, February 1827]
 , James
 , Mary [by experience, July 1823]
 , Sarah [wife of George, excluded April 1825]
 Phariss, Samuel [by experience, June 1828; ordained
 deacon, December 1828]
 Phildres, Elizabeth [by experience, October 1823]
 Profit, Mary [by experience, March 1820]
 Ridings, Charity
 , James
 Robards, Marget [dismissal, February 1822]
 , Nancy [dismissal, January 1823]
 Rogers, Elijah [cited as elder, April 1824; moderator,
 April 1827]
 Stenet, Nancy
- Stockton, Samuel [moderator, November 1825; clerk,
 February 1827]
 Thomas, Catherine [by experience, September 1823]
 , Eve
 , William [by experience, September 1821;
 forgiven, July 1827]
 Vinson, Hettey [dismissal, March 1823]
 Webb, Susanna [dismissal, December 1823; by letter,
 April 1824]
 Williams, Betsy [wife of Thomas, dismissal to the
 James Cove arm, April 1826]
 , Catherine
 , Thomas [dismissal to the James Cove arm,
 April 1826]
 Wood, Richard [cited as elder, April 1824]
 York, Alice [by recantation, July 1823; dismissal,
 August 1824] ■ ■ ■

SECTION THREE

CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI



IF THE WHITE PEOPLE WANT WAR, THAT IS WHAT THEY WILL GET
INDIAN BRAVES BREECH THE BEDROOM WINDOW
OF A FRONTIER FAMILY HOME DURING THE 18TH CENTURY

INDIAN BLOOD
CHEROKEE AND BLACKFOOT BRANCHES ON THE FAMILY TREE

BAUGHMAN BLOOD MINGLED WITH THE BLOOD OF TWO Cherokee women, both raised near a creek called Ooltewah in Tennessee, and both the eventual brides of White frontiersmen — traders and merchants named Sutton and Vann.

In Missouri, Henry Baughman's father-in-law was a half-breed named John Sutton, descended from Betsey of Ooltewah (pronounced Uhl'teh-wah). There was also a creekside town of the same name northeast of the Tennessee River, next to the old village Chattanooga in Hamilton County. In the 1835 census of the tribe called the Henderson Roll, Betsey Sutton's household showed eight half-bloods "and mixed Catawbas." Three of her brood were noted as accomplished with their spinning wheels. Only 36 other people, divided into six farmsteads, lived on Ooltewah Creek. Charles and Ben Timberlake, the half-blood descendants of Lt. Henry Timberlake, kept neighboring farms, alongside ten full-bloods in the homes of Red Bird and Chu-na-ha-ka.

Also near Ooltewah Creek lived the Cherokee matriarch Wah Li, whose father had been a great chief and whose mother's clan had lived near there for a long time. Wah Li's granddaughter was Celia Vann of the powerful mixed-blood Vann family of northern Georgia. The Baughmans added another fraction of Cherokee blood to their heritage a century later through Celia Vann of the Thurman-Coulter-Oliver line.

The founders of the state of Tennessee crafted Sevier County, in part, out of Jefferson County. Due west of there, Hamilton County was drawn in 1819 from Rhea, which came out of Roane County in 1807, which was born in 1801 out of Knox County, itself only nine years old.^{91:121}

The earliest surviving poll tax rolls from Jefferson date to 1800, and include among the 51 men in Captain McDonald's company John Sutton as the only taxable adult male in his household, but with no notation made of the acreage of his farm. This John Sutton could not be in the age range of Henry's father-in-law, who was only born about that time; but he was in the right place and of the perfect age to be John's father. Married into another Cherokee family was Elijah Sutton, who was about the same age as the elder John. In the neighboring jurisdiction, among the

45 men of Captain Carson's company, several familiar surnames appear: Daniel Moon, on 100 acres; Robert, Thomas and John Patton living side-by-side across 260 acres; with John and Edward Seeburn on 524 acres.^{91:121}

The Cherokee were the southern-most offshoot of the Iroquois nation. Their material culture strongly reflected the influence of their southeastern environment, and their language bore the least resemblance to that of their northern brethren. The gulf of time between the Cherokees and the northern Iroquois indicated a lengthy separation, of perhaps 3,500 to 3,800 years.^{176:6}

The Cherokees called themselves Real People, or in their own language *Yuñ'wiya'*. A proper name used often in ceremonies was The People of *Kitu'hwa*, after an ancient settlement on the Tuckasegee River that was their first home in the South.^{289:15} One of the "seven mother towns," its ruins lie buried just north of present-day Bryson City, in Swain County, North Carolina.^{289:182}

The age of their nation can only be imagined from a list of 29 successive chiefs who ruled between the time of their arrival in the Smoky Mountains up to the first encounter with Europeans. The word "Cherokee" has no meaning in their own language, but was imposed upon them by a Choctaw guide for Hernando De Soto in 1540. In that language, the reference was to People of the Cave Country, which matches the label other tribes used for describing them.

The Cherokee homeland rested primarily in the mountains, but was also in valleys and piedmont farms that stretched across 40,000 square miles of Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.^{125:7} Cherokees lived as far north as the landmark Peaks of Otter, where Blue Ridge mountains are split by the Staunton River.^{289:21} The journey there from the heart of their nation was accomplished by paddling up the Holston, hiding canoes along the riverbank and then walking up the Shenandoah Valley.^{263:23} Three dialects made up their language: Elati, spoken in the Lower Towns; Atili, used among the Valley and Over Hill Indians; and Kituwah, a variation in the Middle Towns.

Cherokee homes were spread out anywhere from two to ten miles apart in these communities, making their 30-mile long "towns" closer to the idea of an English township. At that time, 3,000 Cherokee men were of the age to take up arms, 2,000 women were in their child-bearing years, and living with them were 7,000 dependents — being children and aged elders.^{263:15}

In the last quarter of the 18th century, the explorer and naturalist William Bartram visited 43 of their villages and described the Cherokee as "the largest race of men I have seen. [Their women] are tall, slender, erect and of a delicate frame; their features formed with perfect symmetry, their countenance cheerful and friendly, and they move with a becoming grace and dignity." Their complexions were often described as very light compared to the other Southern Indian nations.

The adults wore loose robes over long buckskin shirts and loincloths. Moccasins with soft soles, sometimes topped by leggings and thongs, were best for hunting. An example of homemade leather shoes with additional soles has been excavated from a Cherokee warrior encampment site dating to the French & Indian War. In the old style, men shaved the sides of their heads, leaving scalplocks up above. Some wore plain brimmed hats, though others wrapped calico fabric around their heads into the form of a turban. In cold weather, leather gloves were worn. Generally gaudier than Cherokee women, the men proudly showed tattoos, silver earrings in their slit lobes, strung clamshell necklaces and bracelets. For special ceremonies, early visitors describe feathers, painting of the face and body, and horse tails tied to the back of a loincloth.^{263:15}

Cherokees built their family homes from logs stripped of the bark, notched on the corners and stacked seven feet high to the roof, ten feet wide and 14 long. More distinctive to their civilization than these simple log dwellings were their hot houses and councilhouses.

By shape alone, these structures echoed the great earthen mounds which their ancestors slowly built. Accounts of DeSoto's four-day visit there convince some historians that Old Coosawattee village was just such a capitol, with many dozens of small houses surrounding a mound and its rising thoroughfare, grand enough for six men, shoulder-to-shoulder, to ascend to the council house. The belief that earth was the Mother of All gave perfect sense to seating a

town's tribal authority atop the layered pyramid of sacred burial ground.^{263:12} Especially known for the ruins of ancient burial mounds was Coosawattee, which means "Old Creek Place."^{295:1}

When winter winds hit the mountains, every member of a family would wriggle through a narrow opening into a small, dirt-covered cone built next to the main house. A German named Martin Schneider shared such sleeping quarters one winter and left this description:

"After the Fire which is made in the Middle is burnt down, the coals are covered with ashes. Their couches of Cane fixed round about are their Sleeping Places, which they scarce ever leave before 9 O'clock in the morning. Then they make again Fire for the whole Day & at night they make another. The old People having but little & the Children, till they are 10 years old, no Clothes at all; they could not hold it out in cold weather without such houses."

Cherokee villagers forged their government and celebrated their most important ceremonies inside the council-house, what one surprised visitor thought was "a small mountain at a little distance." Up to 500 could be seated inside on large circular benches called sophas. A roof of bark and dirt was supported by a series of concentric posts. Shells sometimes decorated the walls and other furnishings of mats, seats and ritual musical instruments were ceremonially destroyed in a fire each year. In hot weather, the council met outdoors beneath an open pavilion.

The Cherokee capitol for much of the 18th century was Chota, "their beloved old town" held by sacred tradition as the safe haven where all Cherokees enjoyed perpetual immunity from punishment. Chota sprang up on the Warrior's Path just west from the future Sevier County in Tennessee. In 1763, an English trader named Abraham Wood accepted the following report from an exploring party under James Needham:

"This towne is seated on ye river side, haveing ye clefts of ye river on ye one side being very high for its defence, the other three sides trees of two foot over, pitched on end, twelve foot high, and on ye topps scaffolds placed with parrapits to defend the walls and offend there enemies which men stand on to fight... This forte is foure square; 300 paces over and ye houses sett in streets..."^{263:14}

From its earliest observation by Europeans, Chota commerce and defense was served by a fleet of 150 dug-out log canoes, far sturdier than the light frame

and bark design. Each Cherokee canoe was made from the burned out shell of a large pine or poplar tree, 40 feet long, two feet wide, sharpened on either end and ready to carry 20 men.^{263:23}

In all of the larger Cherokee towns of the 18th century, White traders became important residents. Beside playing the role of convenient salesman and buyer, these Whites became trusted advisers on military, diplomatic and administrative affairs. Their homes and trading posts were often the grandest buildings around, casting a light of prestige on the local chief. These bold entrepreneurs put down roots, hiring Indian women to cook and help run the store. As often as not, these same Cherokee women became the mothers of half-breed children, but without a trace of stigma from their kinsmen.^{263:14}

When the first lands were sold by the Cherokee, in 1721, a part of the tribe bitterly opposed the sale, saying that it would never end until the Whites had gotten it all.^{289:391} The Cherokee were ready always to sacrifice every pleasure and gratification, even to their blood, and life itself, to defend their territory and maintain their rights.^{263:16} [Map on page 291]

In the northern part of these lands were the Upper Towns, filled with Cherokees that had the most contact with the growing English settlements. By the end of the 1700s, 147 White men had married into these towns, and 73 White women had likewise. The offspring from these families became an important faction within the Cherokee nation. Raised in the tribal ways and considered full participants, half-breeds took up the clothes, habits, language, business skills and home-building tastes of the Whites. With a long tribal tradition of taking their defeated enemies into slavery, the Cherokees had no qualms about buying or abducting African slaves from the Whites, and held 1,277 slaves in that same census. Mixed Cherokee/White families became the tribe's buffer and broker with the oncoming future of America.^{289:112}

Spirit World

Through intermarriage, Cherokee culture and mythology became known to the outside world. Beliefs that were passed down ranged from harmless legend to the deepest world view.^{125:21}

Cherokee mothers soothed their children through

the stage of baby teeth by summoning the spirit of Beaver. When the loosened milk tooth is pulled out or drops out on its own, the child is instructed to run with it around the house chanting four times, "*Da'yi, skin-ta'!*" — meaning "Beaver, put a new tooth into my jaw!" With the final words, the child would throw the tooth up onto the house's roof.^{289:266}

A number of beneficent beings came down from the upper world to create the sun and the moon as sister and brother, who would then serve as their deputies and rule over the world that held the woman and man they also made.

Cherokees saw the moon as male for being vigilant and traveling at night, while most other cultures think of the moon as female. Germans say *Der Mond* and *Die Sonne* in perfect agreement with the Cherokee.^{289:440}

The sun hated the people of this earth, because they never looked straight at her without squinting. She said to her brother, the moon, "My grandchildren are ugly; they screw up their faces whenever they see me."

But the moon said, "I like my younger brothers; I think they're handsome." This was because they always smiled pleasantly at his mild glow in the night sky.

The sun was jealous of the moon's popularity and decided to kill the people. She sent down such sultry heat that fever broke out and many people died. The humans went for help to the Little Men. These men, who were friendly spirits, said that the only way for the people to save themselves was to kill the sun.

Humans sent 11 volunteers to attack the sun, some transformed into snakes for their mission, but they only succeeded in killing the sun's daughter, a red bird.

The sun wept tears that caused a great flood. With their whole world almost drowned, the people sent their handsomest young men and women to amuse the sun and stop her crying. This group danced before her and sang their best songs, but for a long time she kept her face bowed. At last when the drummer suddenly changed the song, she looked up and was so pleased at the sight of the beautiful young people that she forgot her grief and smiled.^{130:152}

When the Cherokee's ancient ancestor found pleasure in killing during the hunt, the surviving animals of the forest cursed mankind with disease. The plants of the forest came to the rescue, offering

themselves for as many cures as possible, though the curse remained.

Tribal elders listened to the forest at night and learned much from its lonely howls. Killing a wolf meant killing a messenger from the spirit world. Whoever killed a wolf caused game animals to disappear, and insured that whichever weapon was used would turn useless. Only a shaman's power might cleanse the bow or blade, but if such chants could not be invoked in time, the hunter could leave his weapon in a swift stream overnight before a thorough rubbing. Alternately, the weapon could be turned over to a child and become purified if it was treated as a toy for awhile. All this would not satisfy the dead wolf's kin, however, with their own code of revenge: death for death. The offending hunter willing to take two ritual baths a day might cleanse himself in the river while reciting sacred morning and evening prayers.

The spirit of deer held powerful dangers for people, or if heeded and respected, could promise great benefit. The invisible chief of their tribe was named Little Deer, who could be seen only by the greatest hunters. Whenever a man claimed a buck or doe, Little Deer was instantly there to bend low and ask the blood stains on the ground if they had heard the hunter's prayer for pardon. If the human had shown reverence and ritual atonement, all could be at peace. At other times, the spirit of the deer — properly invoked — could guard against frostbite, since the feet of deer were thought to never suffer in the snow.

But during the hunt, any hint of blood lust caused Little Deer to follow the tiny red droplets along the trail back to the hunter's bed. Unseen and unsuspected, Little Deer would insert into his body the spirit of arthritis and rheumatism, to rack him with aches and pains for the rest of his life.

Once in his life, a master hunter might catch of glimpse of Little Deer, who, unguarded, appeared as a miniature pure white buck with great branching horns. The fortunate marksman might have knocked him down and taken his horns, but the immortal spirit of Little Deer could not be killed, and so he always rose up again. Even the smallest piece of Little Deer's horn was a powerful charm. Unwrapped from its carrying pouch, the unfailing talisman drew the deer in and dazed them so that they forgot to run away.^{289:263}

A hunter was in the woods one day in winter when suddenly he saw a panther coming toward him and at once prepared to defend himself. The panther continued to approach, and the hunter was just about to shoot when the animal spoke, and at once it seemed to the man as if there was no difference between them, and they were both of the same nature. The panther asked him where he was going, and the man said that he was looking for a deer.

"Well," said the panther, "We are getting ready for a Green Corn dance, and there are seven of us out after a buck, so we may as well hunt together."

The hunter agreed and they went on together. They spotted one deer and another, but the panther made no sign, and said only "Those are too small; we want something better." So the hunter did not shoot, and they went on. They stalked another deer, a larger one, and the panther sprang upon it and tore its throat, and finally killed it after a hard struggle.

The hunter got out his knife to skin it, but the panther said the skin was too much torn to be used and they must try again. They startled another large deer, and this the panther killed without trouble, and then, wrapping his tail around it, threw it across his back.

"Now, come to our townhouse," he said to the hunter.

The panther led the way, carrying the slain deer upon his back up a little stream branch until they came to the head spring, when it seemed as if a door opened in the side of the hill and they went in. Now the hunter found himself in front of a large townhouse, and the trees around were green, and the air was warm, as in summer. There was a great company there getting ready for the dance, and they were all panthers, but somehow it all seemed natural to the hunter. The hunter danced several rounds, and then said it was growing late and he must be getting home.

So the panthers opened the door and he went out, and at once found himself alone in the woods again, and it was winter and very cold, with snow on the ground.

When he reached the settlement he found a party just starting out to search for him. They asked him where he had been so long, and he told them the story, and then he found that he had been in the panther townhouse several days instead of only a very short time, as he had thought.

He died within seven days after his return,

because he had already begun to take on the panther nature... If he had stayed with the panthers he would have lived.^{289:324}

The Experiment in Paradise

The mountainous terrain tended to isolate one Cherokee town from another, and even the various families within a community felt little responsibility for one another. The pure-bred Indians from the Lower Towns insulted their northern kinsmen as "frog-eaters" and "pipe-makers." One chief told his European visitor in 1725 that "the people would work as they pleased & go to Warr when they pleased, notwithstanding his saying all he could to them..."^{263:24}

This keen regard for independence and liberty may be rooted in their own legend about a long-past Cherokee revolution. By the 18th century, little remained of a Priest Class of extremely high rank in their society. According to the storytellers, these priests had so abused their privileges that the people rose up and massacred them all.

The Cherokee were briefly persuaded by the English in 1730 to choose a single Emperor that would rule their entire nation. The English nobleman Sir Alexander Cuming arranged an elaborate coronation for Chief Moytoy on 3 April 1730.^{263:26}

For a decade following the invention of Moytoy's reign, the English were used to having their way with the southern tribes. By 1743, however, the commander of Fort Augusta "on the main" sensed a new "remarkable intractability in the Creek Indians, in matters of trade." Captain Kent's agents traced the responsibility to "a White man, who had resided some time in the upper towns, after having been many years among the Cherokees, who always shewed him the utmost deference." Another Englishman familiar with the Cherokees, a trader named James Adair, was also aware of how someone had "inflated the artless savages, with a prodigious high opinion of their own importance in the American scale of power, on account of the situation of their country, their martial disposition, and the great number of their warriors, which would baffle all the efforts of the ambitious, and ill-designing British colonists."^{90:60}

In the most practical sense, the Indians had simply been taught the English system of weights and measures, and now armed with their own steelyards, Cherokees could check the honesty of British payment

for their skins and crops. Captain Kent did not yet suspect how much deeper and older this "treason" extended.^{90:55}

Back in Charles Town in December of 1735, curious advertisements had appeared three weeks running in the weekly paper *The South Carolina Gazette*:

"To be sold by Mr. Priber near Mr. Laurans the Sadler, ready made mens cloaths, wiggs, spaterdashes of fine holland, shoes, boots, guns, pistols, powder, a silver repeating watch, a sword with a silver gilt hilt, English seeds, beds, & a fine chest of drawers very reasonable for ready Money, he intending to stay but a few weeks in this Town." The only items retained by this gentleman was a supply of paper, ink and a trunk full of books.^{90:54}

A German political philosopher named Christian Gottlieb Prieber, later described as "a very extraordinary Kind of a Creature," capable of speaking "almost all Languages fluently, particularly English, Dutch, French, Latin and Indian" arrived at the Cherokee town of Tellico in 1736. According to suspicious traders, Prieber "by his insinuating manner Indeavoured to gain their hearts, he trimm'd his hair in the Indian manner & painted as they did going generally almost naked except a shirt & a Flap." [90/55] Before long, Prieber "ate, drank, slept, danced... with the Indians, so that it was not easy to distinguish him from the natives."^{90:48}

Prieber predicted the ejection of all the European powers from America, and urged the Cherokees meanwhile to perfect their empire. Prieber felt comfortable with Chief Moytoy and reproclaimed him "Emperor of the Kingdom of Paradise," while reserving for himself the office of Prime Minister.

A dispatch from Minister Prieber to the royal governor of South Carolina demanded the immediate evacuation of the entire British staff. Meanwhile, Prieber felt that the term "Kingdom" should be dropped for "Republic," along with all social classes and ranks. The new capitol for this utopia would be established at Coosawattee, meaning Old Creek place, in northern Georgia.^{263:26} Prieber called for communal ownership of all property, and even uniformity in such details as the houses and furniture of all citizens. All children would fall under the guardianship of the State; marriage would be abolished. The Law of Nature would be the only acceptable law, and it was Prieber's plan that the longtime animosity with the neighboring Creek Nation

would be forgotten for "neither more nor less than to bring about a confederation amongst all the southern Indians."^{90:57}

Because Prieber adopted the name Pierre Albert, the English took him for an agent employed by France, their foremost worry in North America. In March 1739, the Commons House of Assembly of South Carolina appropriated £402 for the expenses of "Col. Joseph Fox, and two men, going to the Cherokees to bring down Dr. Prieber." Fox proceeded to Tellico hoping to seize Prieber at the council-house, but as he later related, "One of the head warriors rose up, and bade him forbear, as the man he intended to enslave, was made a great beloved man, and become one of their own people... [and that the British should not] reckon them so base as to allow any of their honest friends to be taken out of their arms."

The experiment in Paradise came to an end after seven years, when the British caught Prieber in Creek Territory and threw him into Frederica Prison in Georgia.

Prieber was allowed to make new acquaintanceships in prison, and from these people's detailed impressions his philosophy survives. The brief revolution Prieber devised with the Cherokee is unmistakably descended from Plato of the *Republic*, and at the same time a precursor to both Jean Jacques Rousseau and Karl Marx.^{90:49}

"His politeness," wrote one visitor known only by the pen-name Americus, "which dress or imprisonment could not disguise, attracted the notice of every gentleman at Frederica, and gained him the favor of many visits and conversations... [Prieber had] read much, was conversant with most arts and sciences; but in all greatly wedded to system and hypothesis."

Beside what was the first dictionary ever compiled of a Native American language,^{90:48} "there was a Book found upon him of his own Writing ready for the Press, which he owns and glories in...; He enumerates many whimsical Privileges and natural Rights, as he calls them, which his Citizens are to be entitled to, particularly dissolving Marriages and allowing Community of Women, and all kinds of Licentiousness; the Book is drawn up very methodically, and full of learned Quotations; it is extremely wicked, yet has several Flights full of Invention; and it is a Pity so much Wit is applied to so bad Purposes." Neither of Prieber's two manuscripts, or any other of his writing survived imprisonment. Any chance for Prieber's Utopia in the Wilderness died

with him soon thereafter his cell.

Politics and Human Nature

Every village had two parallel political powers. A Red Chief, or *Skayagustuegwo*, was chosen from among the warriors for a heroic deed in battle, and was almost always a man, although women were also renowned for their valor and cunning in war. A White Chief, elected by all of the people to preside in matters of peace, went by the title of *Uku* and was often a woman. The *Uku* held a power of review over the nomination of any war chief, but after 1750, when the Cherokee were almost continuously fighting, war chiefs took over most of the power.^{30:11}

The place of women in Cherokee society fascinated most White visitors, since a great deal of power was invested in their matrilineal tradition. All property was inherited and genealogy traced exclusively through the woman's side of the family.^{263:16}

A Cherokee woman did not remain in monogamous marriage for an especially long period, but felt free to have several fathers for all her children. On one occasion, a White man who wanted his marriage to a Cherokee woman to endure, took her to a White preacher, where he sought to have her understand and be converted to Christianity and its conception of marriage. A Cherokee child who lost his father, or even both of his parents, expected to be taken care of by his mother's brother. Widows reverted instantly to their maiden names, and their children often did, also. This identification even extended to families with a White father, where the children always considered themselves to be Cherokee, even when, sometimes, they had no more than one-eighth Cherokee blood.^{30:12}

The division of labor in Cherokee families bore scant resemblance to White society. The women took far more responsibility than cooking and sewing. Men chopped down suitable trees for making a home, but the women did all of the building. Women planted, cultivated and harvested all of the corn, cotton and other crops without male input; and then skinned, butchered and tanned the hides of every animal brought back from the hunt.^{263:16}

So that the family could enjoy a year-round diet of the beloved sweet potato, women were responsible for wrapping a cache in grass and keeping it buried nearby. Women not only did the cooking, but made

all of the crockery in which the cooking was done. Perhaps the only consolation was that they didn't do any of the cleaning afterwards. In the town of Kahiti, Schneider joined a family to feast on some boiled peaches. "My fingers served me instead of forks," he recalled. "They make themselves Earthen Ware... but these never washed otherwise than by the licking of the dogs."

The bark or root of an elderberry tree was boiled down into a hot tea and used to clear the bowels or induce vomiting. The towering black birch also supplied a healing tea, good for curing stomachaches and cramps; boiled rose root tea stopped diarrhea; while willow bark tea was used to treat the common cold. Childbirth among the Cherokee was eased with a drink made from the inner bark of a black cherry tree.^{254:50-5} Wearing beaded strings of buffalo hair was prescribed for complications during pregnancy. Ginseng root treated many illnesses. During 1738-1739, smallpox arrived, probably from South Carolina, killing hundreds, possibly thousands.^{263:30}

To guarantee against starvation, each village maintained a communal granary. Though every family had its own garden plot, the harvest was organized so that the villagers combined began at one end and did not stop working until every field was done.

Before the Revolution, cows were rarely seen among the Cherokees. With a cow around, the corn fields had to be protected behind strong fencing. The Indian method of salt preservation of meat did not succeed as well with beef as it did with pork. If a Cherokee war party wanted to sneak up on a White man's farm, the cows had to be the first beings killed since their nervous lowing otherwise gave warning of the attack.^{263:22}

They Shook and Flourished as They Advanced

In Cherokee country, the drinking of too much alcohol was a serious problem. Traders found it profitable to haul, legally or illegally, countless barrels of liquor into the nation. Even Presbyterian missionaries indulged in this trade. Indian resistance to the terms of a treaty was sometimes overcome with a budget for "fire water." In 1804, Chief Little Turtle told the United States Indian Agent that liquor sales in the nation must be stopped if the Cherokees were to make further progress. During the "drinking frolics" of the early 1800s, the Cherokees kept one custom

scrupulously, according to a White eyewitness:

"There was always one sober Indian. If two or ten were together, one was sober and took care of all the knives and pocketbooks and had a sad face all the time; but the next time he was the first man to get drunk."^{263:132}

Only war seemed as important to young Cherokee men as their ball-play, an early predecessor to lacrosse, but played then with each man wielding two rackets. Tradition claims that the spoils of an ancient victory over the Creeks was a large tract of land making up a good deal of northern Georgia. In 1834, the Coosawattee team battled the neighboring Hickory Log boys in ball-play on which the rival chiefs wagered \$1,000. Another popular game of athletic skill was *Chunkge*, played upon an acre of cleared ground. A stone discus was rolled in a wide arc while competing players tried to anticipate the stone's final rest and throw seven-foot javelin poles to that same spot.^{263:31}

The naturalist Bartram wrote: "The Cherokees, besides the ball-play dance, have a variety of others equally entertaining. The men especially exercise themselves with a variety of gesticulation and capers, some of which are ludicrous and diverting enough...; these seem to be somewhat of a tragical nature, where in they exhibit astonishing feats of military prowess, masculine strength and activity. Indeed all their dances... seem to be theatrical exhibitions or plays, varied with comic and sometimes lascivious interludes."^{241:18}

The Cherokee year held at least six major festivals:

The Festival of the New Moon of Spring, held when the grass started to grow; New Green Corn Feast, when the corn was first fit to taste was the first occasion for the Stomp Dance; Ripe Green Corn Fest, held 40 to 50 days after the second festival, when the corn was hard and perfect; First New Moon of Autumn, also known as the New Moon Feast; Propitiation Festival, held about ten days after the fourth one; and the Festival of Exultation, somewhat later.^{241:223}

The most important of these was the four-day Green Corn Ceremonies in July, a combination of fasting, feasting, purification and dancing performed "in a very solemn manner, in a large square before the town-house door; the motion here is very slow, and the song in which they offer thanks to God for the corn he has sent them [is] far from unpleasing," reported an English lieutenant, Henry Timberlake.^{263:40}

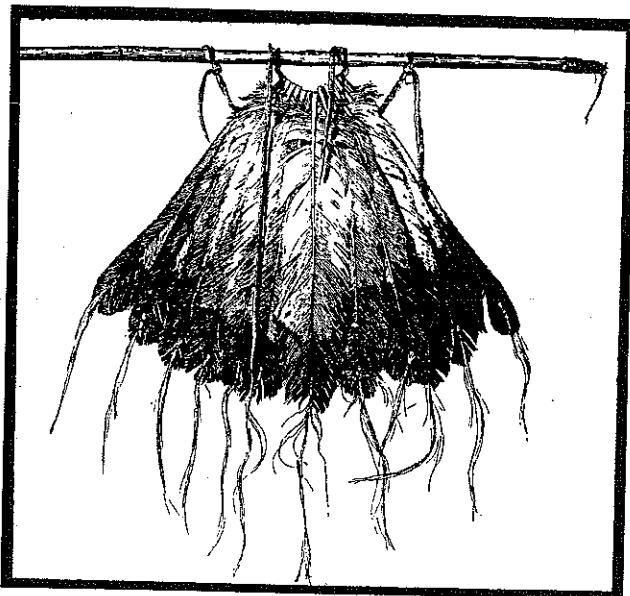
In 1756, Timberlake volunteered as an emissary to live among and befriend the Cherokees.

Timberlake's first impression gave him considerable pause, for out of a crowd of 400 greeters, a dozen stepped forward who were almost entirely naked.

"Painted all over in a hideous manner, six of them with eagle tails in their hands, which they shook and flourished as they advanced, danced in a very uncommon figure, singing in concert with some drums of their own make, and those of the late, unfortunate Captain Damere; with several other instruments, uncouth beyond description. Cheulah, the headman of the town, led the procession, painted blood-red, except his face, which was half black, holding an old rusty broad-sword in his right hand, and an eagle's tail in his left.

"As they approached, Cheulah, singling himself out from the rest, cut two or three capers, as a signal to the other eagle tails, who instantly followed his example. This violent exercise, accompanied by the bang of musick, and a loud yell from the mob, lasted about one minute, when the headman waving his sword over my head, stuck it into the ground, about two inches from my left foot; then directing himself to me, made a short discourse (which my interpreter told me was only to bid me a hearty welcome) and presented me with a string of beads."

After sharing a peace pipe with about 180 others in a nearby council lodge, Timberlake reported that "the Indians entertained me with another dance, at



A CEREMONIAL EAGLE TAIL
FOR GREETING STRANGERS, CURING ILLNESS & MAKING WAR

which I was detained till about seven o'clock next morning..."

Timberlake enjoyed his stay with them so much that he took groups on two occasions to England, to see "their father, the king."

The Eagle Dance was used to greet strangers, treat certain illnesses and make war as well as peace. A performance in the old days required the eagle's whole feathered tail, but as the great bird became ever scarcer, a sourwood wand was fitted with seven eagle feathers spread into a perfect fan.^{241:237}

The seven feathers symbolized the seven clans of the Cherokee, which included the Wolf, Deer, Paint and Bird clans. Children belonged to the clan of their mother, and marriage within a clan was forbidden. Their oral tradition hints that 14 clans originally divided up hereditary duties and privileges, but that these had dwindled by half through the 18th century.

An eagle cult developed among the Cherokees. Among them, anyone dreaming of eagles or even their feathers had to make a solitary retreat into the wilderness, all the time fasting. An Eagle Dance would have to be arranged immediately so that the health of other family members would not be in jeopardy. A clear omen of approaching death came to any dancer who stumbled while doing the Eagle Dance.

The last portion of the Eagle Dance often included the Scalp Dance, where a line of battle-dressed braves wielded the deadly trophies of their latest war party. Trotting in a circle and making frequent whoops, they would each have a turn yelling an account of their victories. Finally, the leader gathered up all of the wands and scalps and put them away, so that everyone could concentrate on the feast to follow, the ideal end for every Cherokee ceremony.

The Cherokees also celebrated the Ghost Dance, using more different kinds of masks than any other American tribe, save for a few among the Iroquois Nation or in the Pacific Northwest. Out of gourds or carved buckeye, the Cherokee gave themselves big noses, bushy eyebrows, red cheeks, beards and bald heads. Padding stuffed pouches over their abdomens and buttocks, since they wanted to look as grotesque as possible, particularly as a burlesque of the White man. The dancer who wore a hornet's nest as a hat represented all "mean creatures," and every rude, boisterous and vulgar manner that offended Indians was flaunted. The performers pushed each other around, tried to start fights, and when asked what they

wanted, always replied, "Girls!"^{241:243}

This dance was also called the Booger Dance, from the English word "bogy," because its target was all of the unwelcome spirits of "people from far away or across the water," this last serving as a metaphor for the afterworld as well as the Atlantic.

Around the great fires at night, with children trying to guess the identity of the masked boogers, these performances were enjoyed as comedy; but at the same time, they helped to remind Cherokees of the terrible things that had happened since Europeans arrived. The Ghost Dancers hoped to weaken the harmful powers of alien spirits, beings, or entire races who brought misfortune or disease.

The War Path

Cherokees sided with the frontiersmen fighting for England during the French and Indian War, and so enjoyed an edge of dominance over the northern and western Indian nations that were defeated. The way that the Cherokee pronounced the word "English" became the source for that enduring nickname "Yankee."

During the Revolutionary War though, Cherokees stayed loyal to the British crown and ended up losing to the new American Yankees under men such as Lieutenant Colonel John Sevier, who hailed from the Shenandoah Valley near Holman's Creek. Sevier, the son of a French Huguenot immigrant named Valentine Xavier, spent 40 years as an eager Indian fighter, and was elected to be Tennessee's first governor. Back in Virginia, Sevier had drummed up regular fighting matches for the sport of it, and took on leading citizens Joseph Pugh and Jonathan Langdon in back-to-back slug-outs on 6 July 1772.⁷⁶

On 4 January of 1781, Sevier and his commander, Colonel Arthur Campbell, sent the Cherokees a letter. A growing number of Cherokees spoke English but only a handful could read it. One of the chiefs, a half-breed son of a Scottish trader, could not only read English, but had several volumes of English poetry at his home. James Vann translated the following message for his fellow chiefs:

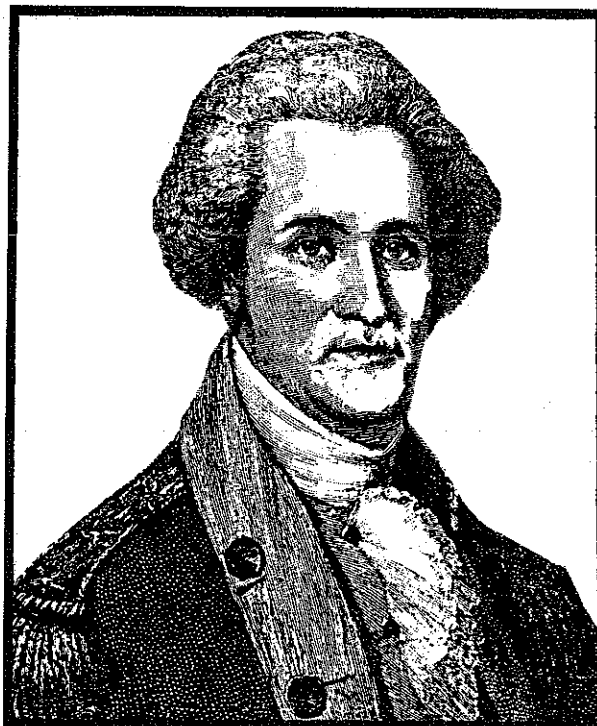
Chiefs and Warriors —

We came into your Country to fight your young men, we have killed not a few of them, and destroyed your Towns. You know you began the war, by listening to the bad Councils of the King of England...

If you desire peace, as we have understood you do, we, out of pity, to your women and children, are disposed ... to take you into friendship once more. We therefore send this by one your young men, who is our prisoner, to tell you, if you are also disposed to make peace, six of your Head Men must come to our agent, Major Martin, at the Great Island within two Moons. They will have a safe passport, if they will notify their approach by a Runner with a Flag... on Holstein's River, at the Boundary line. The wives and children... if they are willing to take refuge at the Great Island until peace is restored, we will give them a supply of provisions to keep them alive. Warriors listen attentively —

If we receive no answer to this message until the time already mentioned expires, we shall then conclude you intend to continue to be our enemies, which will compell us to send another Strong force into your Country, who will come prepared to stay a long time, and take possession though as conquered by us, without making any distributions to you for lands...^{125:16}

Entering into the war with Sevier were two Cherokee chiefs, Bloody Fellow and the Fool Warrior, intent on avenging the murder of their relatives at the



JOHN SEVIER

EAGER INDIAN FIGHTER; TENNESSEE'S FIRST GOVERNOR

hands of Sevier's militia. At the Dumplin Settlement, one of the 15 White victims was left with a note beside it, written for Sevier by Bloody Fellow: "...I did not wish for war, but if the White people want war, that is what they will get." In another raid, this time on a crew of surveyors north of the Cumberland River, Cherokees made a point of searching the abandoned pack horses for compasses, which they named "land stealers." By smashing the magnetic finders into little pieces against a tree, the compasses would never again aid the Whites in measuring Cherokee land.^{450:108}

Whites liked to work with which ever Indians were most cooperative, and these "ambassadors" were turned into the most wealthy and powerful of their tribe. Colonial businessmen, politicians and military officers exercised a kind of vote over who became chief, whether these particular Indians had enjoyed the confidence of their people before or not. It seemed that Whites always picked the warrior chiefs, never the shamans, as the tribe's had often chosen in the old days. Specifically, they were the warrior chiefs most willing to be bribed. One of them was a tough leader from the lower towns named Doublehead, a complex man thirsty for power, for the best horses and slaves, and eager for bloody revenge from time to time.^{125:40}

At his right hand, Doublehead favored a courageous and loyal warrior named Ridge, but came to doubt how ruthless he could be. Many thought that Doublehead's young protege was the son of some White trader named Ridge, but the source of the name for this young pure-blood was Ka-nun-ta-cla-gee, or Man Who walks on the Mountain.

On a trip to Kentucky, Doublehead's Cherokee braves ran out of tobacco. They ambushed a White family along the trail, taking their tobacco and killing them. When the warriors returned to camp, Ridge wept. Doublehead berated him for acting weak, saying the only Cherokee who should be crying were those not allowed to join the raiding party. Doublehead enlisted his brother, Pumpkin Boy, and his nephew named Bench, known to the English as Bob Benge, for more raids into western Virginia and northeastern Tennessee, where they captured many horses and slaves.

In 1793, at Dripping Spring, in Kentucky, Doublehead's party ambushed a well-known Indian fighter named Captain Overall, from Virginia, and his sole companion Burnett. Doublehead was not satisfied

with taking their nine packhorses and drinking their whiskey. After scalping Overall and Burnett, he convinced his braves that one further cruelty could scare away other White newcomers better than anything else. Doublehead cut strips of flesh off the two and broiled these, along with their hearts and brains, too. Pumpkin Boy and Bench would only eat a bite or two, but Ridge refused to even taste the heart, a sure sign of weakness in Doublehead's eyes. Ridge knew that devouring an enemy was never part of the Cherokee way, but that missed the point. Doublehead wanted Whites to find the bodies and assume that Iroquois had killed them, since their habit in these ways was widely known.^{125:41}

In retaliation, Sevier torched the Cherokee town of Hiwassee and ordered the assassination of several leading chiefs. Cherokee women and children were captured and sold into slavery in the West Indies.^{30:28}

When he heard of this latest bloody crusade, Governor Johnson of North Carolina issued an arrest warrant on the charge of treason, and Sevier's Indian-fighting was interrupted — temporarily — by a prison sentence of a few months. Within a year, Sevier was elected to the North Carolina state senate from Greene County and given back his rank of brigadier general.

On 12 December 1792, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson jointly signed the following proclamation:

"...Certain lawless and wicked persons of the western frontier, in the State of Georgia, did lately invade, burn and destroy a town belonging to the Cherokee Nation, although in amity with the United States, and put to death several Indians of that Nation; and whereas such outrageous conduct, not only violates the rights of humanity, but also endangers the public peace, it highly becomes the honour and good faith of the United States to pursue all legal means for the punishment of those atrocious offenders; I... issue this my proclamation, hereby exhorting all the citizens... and requiring all the officers... to apprehend and bring those offenders to justice. And, I do moreover offer a reward of Five Hundred Dollars, for each and every one [who] exercised any command or authority among the perpetrators of the crime..."^{125:42}

No one ever stepped forward to earn the reward. Further bloodtaking was traded around the

Holston River settlements, but Washington pushed for a negotiated settlement. A delegation of Cherokee chiefs traveled to Philadelphia to meet him. Doublehead was among the delegates and proudly took Washington by the hand. To soothe these Cherokees after one particular massacre of their people, President Washington ordered arrests to be made. The leader of a militia that had killed Whites and Indians at Watauga was put on trial, but because he was a close friend of Colonel Sevier, key irregularities to the proceeding assured his acquittal.

For their revenge, outraged war chiefs decided to destroy whichever large White town was closest to the edge of Cherokee land, which turned out to be White's Fort, on the site of Knoxville. Ridge, along with a White trader named John Joseph Vann and his half-breed son James were persuaded to join the 1,000 raiders.

The first obstacle in their path was a fortified log house at Cavett's Station holding but 13 members of Alexander Cavett's family. After the besieged settlers picked off five of his warriors, it was decided to assure their safety in exchange for complete surrender. The negotiation was handled by Bench personally, but Doublehead was not consulted. No sooner had the gate been opened to the little fort than Doublehead and his hotheads swooped in on the family. James Vann rode into the struggle, trying to save the White women and children, and pulled up one child behind his saddle. Doublehead jumped high, and with his battle ax cracked open the child's head.^{125:44}

In an exchange of insults, Doublehead also took a swing at Vann with his axe. The bad feelings and loss of face from this incident for the war chief John Watts caused the Cherokee army to split. Bench withdrew with his warriors. The remaining force continued north towards Knoxville, but before long, it blundered into a trap set by Colonel Sevier. Reeling back across the Coosa River, the Cherokees lost many men, guns, horses and supplies on the way. Sevier clashed with them again at Hightower, the principle Cherokee town known as Etowah, and dealt them a major and final defeat. The victors gobbled up vast Cherokee hunting grounds in Kentucky, and large portions of Tennessee and the Carolinas.^{30:30}

On 2 July 1791, the Treaty of Holston drew 1,200 Cherokee and 40 chiefs, including Doublehead and John Watts, into a delicate new era with the U.S. government.^{450:112} The treaty guaranteed the sanctity of the remaining tribal lands "as long as the rivers flow

and the grass grows."^{30:32}

Chief Bloody Fellow tried to cut a deal with the Spanish government to continue fighting, but when this did not work out, he decided to take a delegation to Philadelphia to meet with President Washington. Arriving on 28 December 1791, Bloody Fellow's delegation was not presented to Secretary of War Knox "until cloathed." Bloody Fellow prodded Knox:

"The treaty mentions ploughs, hoes, cattle, and other things for a farm; this is what we want; game is going fast away among us. We must plant corn and raise cattle, and we desire you to assist us...

"We wish you to attend to this point... Game is scarce and goods dear... We desire the United States to regulate this matter... We came to Philadelphia with our eyes full of tears. But since we have seen General Washington, and heard him speak through you, our tears are wiped away, and we rejoice in the prospect of our future welfare, under the protection of Congress."

So convincing was Bloody Fellow in his arguments with Washington and Knox that instead of the Holston treaty's \$1,000 in yearly payment, the United State thereafter had to pay \$1,500 annually to the Cherokee nation. Bloody Fellow was also made into a brigadier general by Washington, who personally gave him an impressive officer's coat and an American flag. Three years later, Doublehead pulled the same bluff with Washington, and pushed the annual fee to \$5,000.^{450:112}

The White Traders Arrive

The Cherokee Vanns could trace half of their family tree back 600 years into Scotland. Their old home ground was at Barnbarrock, near Wigton, in Galloway. Two brothers, John Joseph and James Clement Vann I came to America...^{410:ix}

In 1750, Vann was first identified as "a German immigrant," and one of the first to bring a "rifle gun" into the area, and to have built the first wagon in the Cherokee nation.

"On asking advice from the council, 1,500 pounds of powder and twice that of weight in bullets, half of it for the Choctaw and the rest for the Creeks and the Chickasaw, was delivered to Roche and Maxwell. For delivery they entrusted it to John Vann, one of (Charles) McNair's Company, then of the Ninety Six Community. Instead of three months or less, the

usual trip to the Choctaw from Fort Moore, Vann took eight, excusing himself on the grounds of floods and lack of forage."^{410:ap34}

"January of 1751, the hunting camp on the Savannah of some Cherokee from the lower town of Tugaloo, was rifled by some White men, of 331 deerskins. The Indians applied to Francis (the Indian Agent) who gave them written permission to search houses of those men they suspected."

In a response to this affair from Agent Francis to Governor Glen: "Benjamin Burgess, escaping from arrest for theft of the skins took refuge with John Vann the former Choctaw Trader, who now traded irregularly with the Cherokees. Vann maintained an establishment near Ninety Six Creek... of more unsavory character than that of Francis.

"(His party) including three negroes, a mulatto, and a Half-Breed Indian Woman, all bearing equal Character with Burgess, and which I believe there is not three families on Saludy would suffer any one them to Remain Four & Twenty Hours on Their Plantation."

This incident ignited the 1751 Indian Alarm on the thinly settled Little Saluda River, on the natural routes from the Congaree River to Fort Moore and from Ninety Six to Orangeburg.

John Joseph Vann lived in Charles Town, South Carolina as early as 6 September 1758, and eventually had a carpenter's shop at No. 93 King's Street.^{410:1} He learned how to play both sides against the middle just to keep his balance. In a letter to the British Colonel Joseph Martin, on 21 December 1761:

"Sir, Word came to me... from the Great Warrior... that on the 12th instant a number of pack horses arrived at Mr. Scotts with baggs, Powder & Ball... and a large quantity of goods and for the Settlements to be very much upon their guard... He expects there will be a great many Indians turn out... determined to try you this time for they are promised great assistance from the Creeks & he expects that they will strike him also, by the threats that he & his people lie under."^{410:ap35}

I am Sir with respect
Yr Very Humble Serv't

J. Vann

J. Vann [signature]

In 1764, Vann, his wife Agnes Weatherford and three children took up 150 acres in South Carolina below Keg Creek on the Savannah River at the mouth of Little River, on the lower east side. On 16 November 1773, Joseph Vann from South Carolina received 500 acres in Wilkes County, Georgia, listing a wife, three sons and four daughters between the ages of 7-16.^{410:ap1} Later, John Joseph Vann was living near Fort Ninety-Six in South Carolina when he deserted Agnes.

Vann got himself a poor reputation among the Whites for the following two events, in the spring of 1775:

"At the Treaty held by Colonel Richard Henderson & Co. with the Cherokee Indians at Wataugah in March of 1775, [Vann] heard Dragging Canoe propose to sell the land above the Kentuck to Col. Henderson... When Ocoonostoa and the Raven Warrior were about to sign the first deed, John Vann alias Joseph Vann took them by the hand and stopped them from signing [and] told them to take care of what they were doing... and if it was what they would, to sign, but to clear him of it, and not to blame him for it afterwards [as] Interpreter for the Crown, and not on any account of fraud or collusion on said Henderson's part in his bargain with the Indians."

Vann later side that Henderson and Co. had claimed more land than the Indians gave deed for.^{410:ap37}

"Ninety Six District, Before us James Mayson and John Caldwell, Two of his Majesty's Justices... a Certain Cherokee Indian named Mankiller of Keowee [present day Seneca] informed [us that] a certain John Vann Told the Indians in the Cherokee Nation that they must fall-upon the White People on This Side [of the] Savannah River and kill them [meaning the people of South Carolina] — that the other side [of the] Savannah River they must let alone... That the Indians told Vann they could not go to war — that they had no Ammunition.

Sworn to before us this 10th Day
of July [1775], at 12 Clock at Night.

The justices charged Vann with "treason of enticement of the Cherokee at Seneca House," but in short order, he was cleared of these charges.

In 1779, the same year that John Joseph's

brother, James Clement Vann came to Cherokee Country, Dragging Canoe and his Chickamauga Warriors made an unsuccessful attack against Knoxville. John Joseph Vann was reported as being with them and "of this tribe." His 16-year-old son, Joseph David Vann may also have joined in for this campaign.

Near Red Clay, the present-day site of Harrison, in Hamilton County, Tennessee, Colonel John Sevier torched a group of Indian villages called Vann's Towns in March 1781 at the beginning of his reprisal march through the Cherokee settlements of Bull Town and Hiwassee.^{410:ap38} Later, this was said to be where Rich Joe's ancestors "had lived for several generations earlier," clearly indicating the Cherokee side of the family, since the Vanns had not been in America several generations earlier.^{410:ap114}

A Private John Vann marched with the Loyalist South Carolina Rangers under Major John Harrison through several one-and-two-month musters, beginning from 4 June 1780 through 7 January 1781, when he was entered in the rolls as deceased. While this could have been the young son, John Isaac Vann, it is notable that in 1781 all records of John Joseph Vann in Tennessee, Georgia and the Carolinas ceased.^{410:ap86}

John Vann Makes His Bed

John Joseph Vann, a trader and interpreter for the crown, had been first married to Agnes Weatherford, a White woman, who he left behind in Burke County, North Carolina, in order to marry an Indian princess named Wah Li, daughter of an influential chief. Wah Li, who was also widely known as Mother Vann, was baptized with the name Mary Christiana by the German missionaries at Spring Place on 14 March 1819.

For half a century, the children and grandchildren that issued from John Joseph Vann and Wah Li became a powerful dynasty in Cherokee life. Two of their sons, James Clement and Joseph David went to school as youths in east Tennessee. Their daughter Nancy became the direct ancestor for part of the Baughman family.

By tradition, a tribe member could assign himself any unclaimed plot of land and set up a garden or pig pen, but no one had considered the impulses that Vann indulged. He inherited a trading post from his

father, John Joseph Vann, but single-handedly built his own little empire, including his father's store, an entire valley, a tavern, a river ferry, 400 head of cattle, 100 horses and scores of slaves.

Vann even expanded his business to other corners of the nation, building one of the first grist mills ever made by a Cherokee, as well as a second store in present-day Alabama.^{278:46} Vann, Ridge and just a few other Upper Town Cherokee became so successful with their plantations that beef and grain exports to the Whites became considerable.^{125:71} Doublehead kept ahead of their new wealth by taking bribes from Whites when he would "treaty away" the hunting rights of enormous tracts of Cherokee land.

In Governor John Sevier's journal of 1798, "[Chief] James Vann, a half-breed lives near this town [Estanaula], who from his wealth & extensiveness of his trade, together with his ability, has become a leading character, and is daily growing in consequence & importance in his nation..."

Chief James Clement Vann was married three times: to Jennie Foster, Elizabeth Thornton and Margaret "Peggy" Scott.

To better follow genealogical patterns among the Cherokee, some of their marriage customs aside from polygamy must be taken into account. Any man, if married to a Cherokee woman, and living in the Nation, was counted by the tribe as a Cherokee citizen or countryman. However, a year after her husband's death, a widow no longer carried her husband's name, no matter what his race, according to Cherokee custom.^{410:2-4}

James Vann, along with another half-breed chief, Charles Hicks, had become known as intellectual and business leaders of their nation.

A Hunger for Education

In 1798 alone, the U.S. government gave the Cherokees 300 plows, 30 pairs of cotton cards, large numbers of spinning wheels and looms, along with weavers to teach them. The women most eager for cotton and wool owned sheep, and were usually mixed bloods or full-bloods married to mixed-bloods. In general, the full-blooded families insisted on being hunters and warriors. These were the residents of the Lower Towns, whose ancestors had been bitterly pushed once by the Whites from the land in the east.^{125:58}

In the autumn of that year [1798], an old Cherokee chief named Arcowee received two German missionaries. Arcowee had been part of the delegation that negotiated the peace treaty six years earlier with President Washington; and so to meet these missionaries, put on the silver medal hanging from its long ribbon that Washington had awarded him. Arcowee told Steiner and de Schweinitz that the book called God's Word was the secret source of the White man's wisdom and power. Only in this way had the Whites been able to conquer the Cherokee. Arcowee asked the two men to share the secrets of this book, so that the Cherokee might regain their strength.^{125:58}

The two missionaries heard more than they had hoped for, and readily promised to send teachers of English to the Cherokee nation. They declared their true aim forthrightly to the chief, to acquaint as many as possible to the one and only God and convert them to Christianity.

To begin this work, a Moravian community would have to be built, with fields, orchards, mill and shops to support the missionaries.

Vann did not care much for religion, but allowed christian teaching to be brought in since it was the only way for his people to become educated, something he wanted very much.

The Cherokee council would have to approve land for them. At a council meeting in October 1800, Doublehead used his power as Speaker to resist the missionaries but he had to relent in the face of Vann's determination. Vann became the Germans' host and found a farm just a little over a mile off from Diamond Hill, along what became within four years the federal road to Knoxville. The missionaries christened the spot as Spring Place, for its proximity to a good source of drinking water.^{125:61}

Several interpreters helped the German Moravian missionaries, but religious services were often canceled when no one who knew both English and Cherokee was present. Many times, African slaves were the only ones besides the preacher who understood the sermons being given in German.^{295:23}

A traveler named Ebenezer Newton shared a meal at the Moravian mission in 1818 and recorded what their table was like:

"A dish of bacon occupied one end, next a plate of bread, after that a dish of stewed pumpkins and a pan of butter occupied the centre; towards the other end a dish of smoked beef chipped, then another plate

of bread & a vessel of pickled cucumbers, which were nearly as large as stuffed chickens. By the side of each one's plate was a large bowl or mug of tea with a spoon that each may sweeten to his own liking."^{295:26}

The Moravian mission was eventually taken over by a husband-and-wife team, Brother John and Sister Anna Gambold. Eight little Cherokee boys and three girls boarded at the school, and Sister Gambold took pleasure in teaching them English by way of the hymns they sang together. She noted, with good humor, how oddly layered their accents were becoming, with the flat Cherokee underneath German underneath the English. John Gambold wrote a letter describing a historically important moment for the missionary effort:

"Our [pupil] George wrote a letter [in English] to his mother in which he also told her something about our Creator and Redeemer. The Chief gave this letter to Mr. Charles Hicks who, surrounded by chiefs, had it read aloud at Vann's [tavern] and translated it... Doesn't that mean, dear Brother, that the Gospel was preached? O, yes... It is the children who are to proclaim the death of the Lord... even though the adults have no desire for it."^{125:89}

Vann wanted the road to become a federal thoroughway because he knew that franchises would be issued for inns, ferries, and stables along the way for mail carriers' horses. Additionally, the government would be paying for adjoining farmland so that the innkeepers and ferry-keepers could support themselves, their families and feed their customers. Vann expected to get not only a franchise for an inn but to become the official mail carrier for the entire distance from Georgia to Tennessee. Doublehead and his friends were bitterly opposed to the idea of a national road through Cherokee territory. The increased traffic, they argued, would only bring more chances for theft, drunkenness, brawls and bloodshed with the Whites.^{278:49}

So the stage had been set for a showdown between Vann and Doublehead. Vann and Ridge contemplated assassination. They were urged on by Vann's favorite wife, the sister of Doublehead's wife, since Doublehead had recently killed the baby still in his wife's womb, before eventually beating her to death.^{125:74}

It was decided that on the appointed night, Vann

would strike the first blow so as to avenge his sister-in-law. To prepare himself for the encounter, Vann began drinking heavily. He became so sick that Ridge and another conspirator had to leave Vann behind on the road. Doublehead arrived drunk at McIntosh's, his favorite tavern in Hiwassee. Sitting alone near a candle, Doublehead watched unafraid as Ridge walked over to him. Ridge blew out the candle and shot him point blank in the head.

Ridge and Hicks fled the tavern without knowing then that the bullet had only passed from under one ear through their victim's jaw, leaving him alive. Ridge went back, found out and trailed Doublehead until dawn, cornering him in the loft of a teacher's house. More shots and grappling followed. Finally, one of Ridge's allies buried a hatchet so deeply in Doublehead's skull that neither man alone could pull it out.^{125:75}

Showcase of the Cherokee Nation

Chief Vann decided to build a mansion for himself on Diamond Hill, 50 miles southeast of Chattanooga, near to present-day Chatsworth, Georgia. Vann wanted it to be the finest home ever seen in this part of the country, and showcase that would make every Cherokee proud.

The first phase of his dream began with the arrival in July 1803 of a German architect from Philadelphia named Vogt. To make the Vann house memorable, Vogt included a "floating" stairway with no apparent visible means of support. By approving the idea, Vann created the first example of cantilevered architecture in Georgia.¹⁵³

To complete the three-story house in under two years, a brick kiln was set up beside the springs that supplied water to the house. Every material used in the place was found or produced locally, except the glass window panes which were brought over from Charles Town. German craftsmen fashioned the elaborate indoor woodwork, and drove the price for finishing everything up to \$10,000.

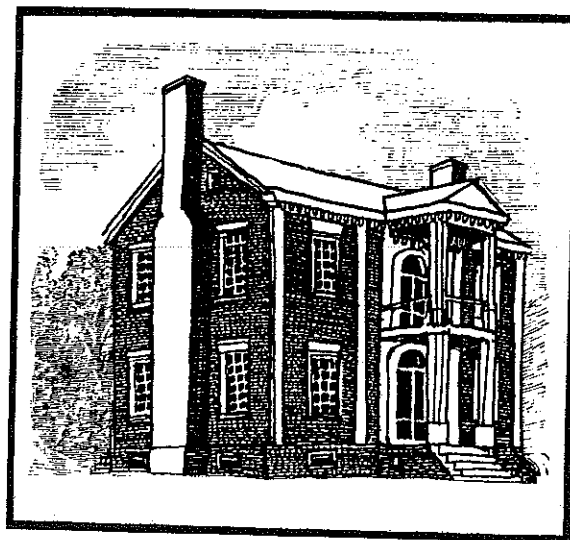
The "civilized" Cherokees took up billiards, card-playing and dice as some of their favorite indoor activities. Chief Vann took his violin out and played awhile in the yard, where cherry trees, china trees, catalpa, peach and apple trees surrounded him.^{295:30} Chief Vann's son, "Rich Joe" entertained President James Monroe during an overnight stay on 26 May

1819. Some say the Vann house later welcomed Andrew Jackson, Sam Houston and John C. Calhoun.^{295:9}

In the midst of his success, Chief Vann began to make drunkenness his daily adventure. His fair and steady personality crumbled into a wild and suspicious anger. His two wives put up with his rages, but they had plenty of reason to fear him. A bullwhip had become his favorite way to settle his disappointments.^{125:50} Inside his dream house, Vann turned part of the windowless wine cellar into a dungeon for disobedient Indian and African slaves.^{410:ap66}

Vann's son built a racetrack near the mission in 1822. A Baptist missionary at Coosawattee, by the name of Mr. Dawson, visited the Moravians at Spring Place. October 1825: "Big Ballgame about two miles from here... A certain sorcerer, who was accused of having brought on rain, was tried and thrashed."^{295:30}

By 1805, Vann had become very ill. The Germans missionaries came to his bedside and tried to chasten him for his drunkenness, fornication and wife-beating, hoping that a guilty conscience might yield a deathbed conversion. When they seemed to have concluded, and began to draw closer, Vann "jumped from his bed, seized a bottle and drank as much as he could in one gulp and said in anger that it was his house and he could drink as much as he pleased, dance, fornicate and what not and that it was none of our business."^{278:77}



THE VANN HOUSE
SHOWCASE OF THE CHEROKEE NATION

Through trade and bribery, as Vann's wealth grew, he became crazed with a fear of being robbed. By 1809, he became too quick and too severe in the punishments he dealt. Real and imagined transgressors were whipped and beaten cruelly, in complete disregard for Cherokee tradition, which reserved corporal punishment for adulterers. Vann accused a female African slave of stealing from him and, after a sadistic night of questioning, burned her at the stake.^{125:76}

Margaret Vann, his favorite wife, received many beatings from her husband, but simply went alone to the Moravians and prayed aloud in her broken English for his soul. Within days, one of Vann's many enemies poked the barrel of a rifle through the door of Buffington's tavern. The drunken king turned and saw his killer, but never spoke the name before he died.

Nancy & Celia Vann of Coosawattee

Joseph Vann was legally identified as the father of Chief James and Nancy Vann in Franklin County, Georgia Court Records, 16 March 1809, regarding the transfer of a slave named Rona and her "increase" named Caesar, Harey, Simon, Moses, Aggy, Hannah, Suckey and Joshua from James' estate to Nancy.^{410:ap47}

In 1798, Governor Sevier received a letter from James Ore: "I saw and conversed with Clem Vann [John Joseph's brother], a White Trader, and two Fallings, half-breeds who spoke English, and young men of good information. They said a number of Chiefs had consulted together at Estaunaula on their way from Tellico when the Nation received the Annuity where it was agreed the Treaty should be held at Estaunaula."^{410:ap52}

Listed in John Bell's Refugee School in South Carolina from 1 November 1781 through 21 January 1782 were Celia Vann and Sarah Vann along with 12 other girls and 13 boys. On a list which included sick and injured men, entitled "Return of Distressed Refugees under Inspection of Robert Gray, Charleston, South Carolina, 11 August 1782" are found Charity Vann and Rachel Rogers.^{410:ap86}

The duel between Chief James Vann and John Falling occurred near Spring Place. Falling and his wife Nancy lived near Coosawattee where several Indian ballgames were held. Under its other names of Guaxule and Carters, "Coosawattee Old Town" was

the oldest continually occupied settlement in northern Georgia.

Some say the duel came about after James abused his mother and beat his sister Nancy [Falling's wife] while she was with child. An early account:

"Vann met Falling. He charged him with Treachery. Words ensued. A challenged passed. Such an instance never before occurred in the nation; nor has it ever occurred since."^{295:23}

James Vann believed that Fawling was stirring up trouble among the Vann slaves.

"The parties agreed to meet at a certain cross path, where four roads intersect. They were to be armed at their own choice. Vann had a long French musquet, Falling a double-barrelled fowling place; each were loaded with 21 buck shot...

"At the hour fixed, each started at a full gallop. When they caught view of each other, each gave the war whoop, as they dashed onward. Their horses heads nearly struck together, ere they fired. The guns went off almost on the same instant. Vann's horse gave a slight dodge, and the charge grazed Vann as it passed. Falling dropped dead...

"It caused much excitement and it was thought prudent that Vann should not be seen until the excitement could have time to cool."^{410:4}

The Cherokee Council, with evidence unknown today, decreed that the killing was murder and that James Vann should pay with his life. According to Cherokee custom, when a death sentence was issued, the council would appoint a secret executioner, known only to themselves; but also by tradition, it was supposed to be a kinsman of the condemned man's victim.

The death went unavenged until 19 February 1809. To one of his ancient associates, Alexander Sanders, Vann had been very abusive... No one has ever known his slayer. The death of Falling by his hand had never been revenged and hence there was no search made to discover Vann's murderer.^{410:ap59}

After Falling's death, Nancy married George Harlan, another Coosawattee Indian resident. True to the matriarchal traditions of the Cherokee, Nancy seemed to take a whole slew of husbands in the years thereafter.^{295:23} Her comings and goings caught the eye of German missionaries, who wrote about Nancy and all of the Vann women in their diaries:

On 5 October 1817, "Mother Vann, Ruth Falling and Lucy attended our service!" On 2 August 1818,

"Mr. Tally, Nancy Vann's husband, a former overseer in our neighborhood was present at our evening [worship] service." On 30 August 1818, "George Waters from Georgia, the son of Mother Vann's sister, came...(etc.)."^{410:1tr}

Margaret Vann and her sister-in-law asked the Gambolds to devise a settlement for the tangled estate of her late husband. One of his wives had left him and so she and all of their children had been cut out of his will. Property and outstanding debts were left in a state understood by the dead Vann alone. The estate settlement was made more democratic than Vann had intended, in order to fit Cherokee customs of fairness. The great house and slaves went to Joseph Vann, the eldest son.^[125:92& 410:lap60]

Margaret Vann then formally asked the Gambolds to accept her as a Christian. For all the eight years they had been set up — since April 1801 — not one Cherokee had been baptized into Christ's cause at the mission. The Gambolds were delighted to baptize Margaret, but in a drawing of lots to determine God's approval, their willing initiate was rejected.

A second and third lottery were taken after some months, but Margaret was still rejected. The Gambolds were so dispirited that they talked about giving up on their mission. All their hard work was being crushed, not by a Cherokee vote, but by God's. All this was made more difficult by the scorn heaped on Margaret by her mother-in-law and sisters.

A fourth lot was drawn and God said yes to the baptism, but a fifth lot was necessary before she could be accepted into church membership. To the great distress and despair of the Gambolds, God said no again. More praying and waiting was needed. After the sixth test, Margaret was baptized on 13 August 1810.

At the same time that Margaret became the first Cherokee to embrace the White man's faith, many shamans denounced the widespread use of White man's clothing and his country dances. After dancing all night, some women would peel off their fine muslin dresses, shred them and toss the pieces into the fire. Beneath the clothes, however, the Cherokee had already become permanently changed. Before the Europeans arrived, the Cherokee had no words in their language to explain the idea of a lie or of forgiveness. Property and theft were similarly confusing in a world where all of nature's bounty had always been shared.^{125:95}

Love and Death

A traditional Cherokee wedding of the early 19th century was described thusly:

"The whole town were convened, all attired in the gayest apparel. The groom, accompanied by the young associates of his own sex, was feasted at a lodge a little distance from the council-house.

The bride, with her maiden associates was similarly feasted in a lodge equidistant... on the opposite side. First the old men took the highest seats on one side..., next the old women took similar seats on the other side. At a given signal, the companions of the groom conducted him to the... open space between the men and women... [with the bride] at the other end... and they now stand with their faces towards each other, but a distance from 30 to 60 feet apart.

The groom now receives from his mother a leg of venison and a blanket; the bride receives from her mother an ear of corn & a blanket. The groom and bride now commence stepping towards each other, and when they meet... the groom presents his venison & the bride her corn, and the blankets are united. The ceremony is a promise... that he will provide meat for his family, and... that she will furnish bread, and... that they will occupy the same bed."^{263:131}

The White trader Adair described the funeral of one chief, who was first "washed and annointed" and then lowered in a sitting position upon skins beneath an entombment of thick logs and clay.^{263:29} Grieving females began "the most doleful lament," according to a visiting preacher named William Chamberlin, with the words "*Ath quo tse* [Oh my son]."

After a few minutes the boy's father abruptly said, "It is enough!" With the arrival of each new mourner, the process began again. At the grave, a brother would take up the body's hand so that everyone in attendance could shake it, bid him farewell and utter hope about meeting him in the next world.^{263:136}

The early tradition was for all his important possessions to be piled around him for burial, and then for effusive speeches to precede the grave's closing. Under English influence later, valuable property was turned over to the legal heirs.^{263:29}

The Golden Age

The dark excesses of Chief Vann's day gave way for two decades of prosperity and dignity for the Cherokee.

Sequoyah, also known as George Gist, was the son of one of George Washington's good friends, a German trader from western Pennsylvania. But he will always be remembered for persevering through 12 years to invent the Cherokee alphabet. The specially made type required a custom-made printer's case to go with it, since no one in America had dealt with an alphabet of 86 characters. In 1821, the principal leaders adopted what was the first written language for a Native American people. The first edition of the bilingual *Cherokee Phoenix* appeared on 28 February 1828, although this remarkable newspaper was forced out of business after only six years.^{263:122}

A census of all Cherokees taken by the Phoenix showed that 93 percent of were harvesting crops on their land — a higher proportion than in the rest of America.

On 12 November 1825, the National Committee and Council of the Cherokee Nation issued a resolution to build a new capitol, called New Echota. At its birth, the capitol consisted of six buildings that formed its square, which a visiting Connecticut Yankee felt was "on a hansom spot... which would be called respectable in Litchfield." Other framed buildings were scattered nearby. During the legislative and court sessions, the streets and buildings hummed, but during the rest of the year, the town was no more than a small crossroads hamlet. According to a Cherokee named White Horse, a tourist visiting New Echota in the 1830s would see:

"That long house to our right with beautiful surroundings is the tavern of A. McCoy, clerk of the council, just over the hollow further on is the large beautiful residence of Elijah Hicks, member of the Senate from Cooseewatah. We pass the stone house of Lewis Ross and Lavender... [with] the council house to our right and supreme court building to our left. Further on we pass the office of the *Cherokee Phoenix*, and on the same street a large two story frame, with garden, orchard, and convenient out-house attached. This is the home of E. Boudinot, the editor... Not far off are two more taverns — one kept by J. Horn, the other by George Hicks..."^{263:120}

Cherokee leaders such as John Ross and Major Ridge caught bigots off guard by wearing the full

fashions of aristocratic gentlemen of the Old South, and maintained this posture with house guests and during their visits to Washington, D.C. Sensitive to another issue where their own tradition clashed most with White culture, the Cherokee legislature banned polygamy in November 1825.^{263:127}

Cherokees chose the path of White society because they saw how other eastern tribes, such as the Creeks, Chickasaws and Choctaws, had been evicted wholesale from their lands. Cherokees tried to blend in, hoping that as a "civilized" tribe they would not be forced from their ancient homelands.

Ten years before the removal, the Cherokee Phoenix surveyed the nation of 15,000 and tabulated 1,000 slaves; 22,400 cattle; 7,600 horses; 40,000 swine; 3,000 sheep; 1,850 spinning wheels; 2,450 plows; 700 looms; 120 wagons; 12 saw mills; 20 grist mills; 55 blacksmith shops; 6 cotton gins; 10 ferries; 9 stores; a turnpike; 6 public roads; steam-powered riverboats and a threshing machine, with a total appraised value of \$2,200,000.^{263:137}

In the midst of this prosperity at the dawn of the 19th Century, four White traders named Sutton, of a similar enough age to be brothers, put roots down in Cherokee country:

— Sutton married Betsey, a full-blood Cherokee who came from Ooltewah Creek in Tennessee, and had a half-blood son named John Sutton, who married Elizabeth Huff and had a daughter named Charity who married Henry Baughman.

Elijah Sutton married Elizabeth Ward, quarter- or eighth-blood Cherokee, and had a son named John W. Sutton, who married Mary Copeland.

Henry Sutton married about 1800 to Lucinda Collins, quarter-blood Cherokee

Robert E. Sutton married Bettie Blair, quarter-blood Cherokee, granddaughter of Quatie & Jonathan Blythe.^{376:391}

On 23 October 1823, an emissary from the U.S. government tried to buy the Cherokee chiefs off their land. When word got out, the strategic position of Chief John Ross was stronger than ever. came out federal commissioners attempted by bribery to get

| Cherokee Alphabet. | | | | | |
|--|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| D _a | R _e | T _i | Ꭰ _o | Ꭱ _u | i _v |
| S _{ga} Ꭰ _{ka} | F _{ge} | Y _{gi} | Ꭲ _{go} | J _{gu} | E _{gv} |
| V _{ha} | P _{he} | A _{hi} | Ꭳ _{ho} | Ꭴ _{hu} | G _{hv} |
| W _{ta} | Ꭶ _{le} | Ꭶ _{ti} | Ꭵ _{lo} | M _{tu} | A _{lv} |
| Ꭶ _{ma} | Ꭶ _{me} | Ꭶ _{mi} | Ꭶ _{me} | Y _{mu} | |
| Ꭰ _{na} Ꭲ _{na} Ꭶ _{nah} | Ꭶ _{ne} | Ꭶ _{ni} | Z _{no} | Ꭶ _{nu} | Ꭰ _{nv} |
| T _{qua} | Ꭰ _{que} | Ꭰ _{qui} | Ꭰ _{quo} | Ꭰ _{quu} | E _{quv} |
| U _{sa} Ꭰ _s | A _{se} | B _{si} | Ꭰ _{so} | Ꭰ _{su} | R _{sv} |
| Ꭰ _{du} W _{li} | S _{de} Ꭰ _{te} | Ꭰ _{di} Ꭰ _{ti} | V _{do} | S _{du} | Ꭰ _{dv} |
| Ꭰ _{da} L _{ta} | L _{tle} | C _{tti} | Ꭰ _{do} | Ꭰ _{tu} | P _{lv} |
| G _{tsa} | V _{tse} | Ꭰ _{tsi} | K _{tso} | J _{tsu} | C _{tsv} |
| G _{wa} | Ꭰ _{we} | Ꭰ _{wi} | Ꭰ _{wo} | Ꭰ _{wu} | G _{wv} |
| Ꭰ _{ya} | B _{ve} | Ꭰ _{yi} | Ꭰ _{yo} | G _{yu} | B _{yv} |

Sounds represented by Vowels.

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>a, as a in <u>father</u>, or short as a in <u>rival</u></p> <p>e, as e in <u>hale</u>, or short as e in <u>met</u></p> <p>i, as i in <u>pie</u>, or short as i in <u>pit</u></p> | | <p>o, as au in <u>law</u>, or short as o in <u>not</u></p> <p>u, as oo in <u>foot</u>, or short as u in <u>pull</u></p> <p>v, as u in <u>but</u>, nasalized.</p> |
|---|--|--|

Consonant Sounds

g nearly as in English, but approaching to k... d nearly as in English, but approaching to t... k, l, m, n, g, s, w, y, as in English. Syllables beginning with g, except Ꭶ, have sometimes the power of k. ALSO, are sometimes sounded ta, tu, tv, and Syllables written with Ꭰ, except Ꭱ, sometimes vary to Ꭲ.

Cherokee chiefs to give land to the United States. John Ross, then president of the Legislative Council and Charles Hicks, second chief, angrily turned down the \$12,000 payoff.^{450:147}

When President James Monroe was asked why the annual payments had never been made, he at first denied that such an agreement had ever been made. The Cherokee delegation crisply replied with their own copy of the treaty, signed by President Jefferson.^{450:149}

The fate of their nation was sealed by the discovery of gold in the middle of Cherokee country in northern Georgia, and by the election in November 1828 of "Sharp Knife," as the Indians had nicknamed Andrew Jackson since his days fighting them during the War of 1812.^{30:52} The same year, the Cherokees elected as their principal chief 38-year-old John Ross, the refined, blue-eyed son of a Scottish trader named Daniel Ross and Mary McDonald, the quarter-blood daughter of a British Indian Agent who lived among the Cherokee. Under the leadership of Ross, the nation enjoyed a few years of prosperity, before plunging into the worst nightmare a nation can suffer.

Jackson made no protest when Georgia passed a series of new laws aimed at driving out the Indians from the their northern homelands. On 1 June 1830, the laws now said that all contracts between Indians and Whites were null and void unless witnessed by two Whites; forbid the testimony of Indians against Whites in the Georgia courts; and forbade Cherokees to prospect for gold near Dahlonega [present-day Dalton] even if it was on their own property.^{450:159}

Instead, the first gold rush in American history was handed to White frontiersmen, who came flooding into tribal territory without regard for the Cherokee farms already there. Ross appealed to President Jackson for federal troops that could close down the gold camps and drive out the White men who were stealing food, taking over cabins and killing the Cherokee inhabitants. Jackson sent so few troops that continued mayhem was certain, opening the door for Georgia's hardline governor to send in the state militia. These soldiers kept the killing down but actually insulated the White prospectors who continued to mine the gold.^{30:59}

Nationwide outrage over the plan to erase the Cherokee followed, and included Congressman Horace Everett from Vermont who lashed out at Jackson, saying, "It is all unmingled, unmitigated evil. There is evil on the other side, but none commensurate with that of this compulsory removal... The evil, Sir, is

enormous; the violence is extreme; the breach of public faith deplorable; the inevitable suffering incalculable. Do not stain the fair name of the country..."^{450:160}

President Jackson pushed the Indian Removal Bill through Congress by only a slim margin. The Creeks, Choctaws and Chickasaws all signed individual treaties of removal, as required by the Removal Law. But the Cherokees refused. John Ross compared his nation to a "solitary tree in an open space where all the forest trees around have been prostrated by a furious tornado — save one."

John Ross had their case taken up to the United State Supreme Court. Chief Justice John Marshall penned the decision of the court.^{30:62}

"If courts were permitted to indulge their sympathies, a case better calculated to excite them can scarcely be imagined. A people once numerous, powerful, and truly independent, found by our ancestors in the quiet and uncontrolled possession of an ample domain, gradually sinking beneath our superior policy, our arts and our arms, have yielded their lands by successive treaties, each of which contains a solemn guarantee of the residue, until they retain no more of their formerly extensive territory than is deemed necessary to their comfortable subsistence. To preserve this remnant the present application is made..."

"These Acts of the State of Georgia were revolutionary and drastic efforts, showing a fixed determination on the part of Georgia to break up, absolutely, the Cherokee Nation and their government... The underlying theory of the laws was that the Cherokees would refuse to live under such oppressive Acts and would sell out and emigrate to the Indian Territory west of the Mississippi..."^{193:241}

"[Georgians] interfere forcibly with the relations established between the United States and the Cherokee Nation, the regulation of which, according to the settled principles of our constitution, are committed exclusively to the government of the Union. They are in direct hostility with treaties... which mark out the boundary that separates the Cherokee country from Georgia, guarantee to them all the land within their boundary, solemnly pledge... to restrain their citizens from trespassing on it, and recognize the pre-existing power of the Nation to govern itself..."^{193:247}

The work of Georgia's legislature was declared "repugnant" and "void." President Jackson refused to obey the court's reversal, saying to Massachusetts

congressman George Briggs, "Well, John Marshall has made his decision, now let him enforce it."^{193:248}

Georgia simply declared that the lands of the Cherokee nation were officially just another county in the state. By 10 December 1829, the state legislature carved up the Indian lands and had the surrounding counties of Carroll, DeKalb, Gwinnett, Hall and Habersham absorb it all.^{30:65}

In 1831, Georgia identified outside White males, such as sympathetic traders, missionaries and common-law husbands, as being troublemakers that were impeding the Removal. The legislature passed a law saying that all White males living within the Cherokee Nation without a license or permit from the governor or Indian agent must take an oath to the State of Georgia or they would be imprisoned at hard labor for four years. Since the German missionaries could not take oaths on religious grounds, they had to leave.^{295:32}

In 1832, Georgia legislators created the Cherokee Land Lottery Law with which all the Indian lands off to their northwest were raffled off to Whites.^{30:68} A tiny fraction of the Cherokee nation broke tribal and treaty law in 1835, led by Ridge and the newspaper editor Elias Boudinot. Instead of a majority of the nation's 17,000 citizens, a mere 300 Indians signed a removal treaty condemning the rest of their brothers and sisters to exile.

"Rich Joe", the son of Chief James Vann who inherited the lion's share of the estate, was forced by land-hungry Georgians to sell off and move away, though he still managed to be paid \$28,179.75 for his house and improvements.^{263:125} Joseph Vann moved to Hamilton County, Tennessee, along with 14 family members. Within one year, he redesigned his fortune to include 35 buildings, a mill, a ferry, 110 slaves and 300 acres cultivated with 3,200 bushels of corn.^{410:ap78}

In February, 1835, the Vann family was ejected from Diamond Hill by eager Georgians in the service of the state's militia. [Since the winter was not yet over, the Vanns moved to a small farm Joseph owned near Ooletawah, Tennessee. They lived there until about 1836, and meanwhile, Vann built a racetrack where he raced his favorite horse, "Lucy Walker."^{295:11} The first stop for James and Elizabeth Vann in late 1835 was Maysville, Benton County, Arkansas, just across the line from Indian Territories.^{410:9}

Though federal troops spent many months rounding up Cherokee families and putting them in stockaded prison camps for the winter, 247 households managed to hide in the nick of time. From 29 communities peppered across four states, 999 emerged after the Removal and managed to stay on in the eastern mountains.^{395:69}

Cherokees called the Removal *nuna-da-ul-taus-yi*, or The Trail Where They Cried. Four thousand died before the U.S. Government said they could stop.^{410:ap114}

In Arkansas

Several villages of the Osage Indians were located along Crooked Creek in the Ozark Mountains of northern Arkansas, with one of the largest just east of present-day Harrison, where the Baughman family settled in Silver Valley. When the United States Government pushed the Cherokees into Osage land, the government failed to enforce or even suggest a border between the two tribes. The theft, antagonism and bloodshed between them was likened to "what would come of putting two panthers in a bag." It has been estimated that once all the Indians were expelled to the western territories, the White population never rose to the total number of Indians who had lived there, even after a century.^{317:15}

REBECCA

OF THE BLACKFOOT PEOPLE

My Lover Sends You These

Sometime in 1847-1848, when Peter W. Baughman was just becoming of age, he married a Blackfoot Indian named Rebecca, two years his senior. Making their home on Crooked Creek, in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas, they had five children during the next ten years.

The Blackfeet called themselves the *Pahkees*. Because most Plains Indians detested facial hair, their most common epithet for Whites was "bear face."^{241:33}

Blackfoot men and women believed in "love-medicine," and carried the special plant and root powders in small buckskin bag strung around their necks. These treatments also required long-term prayer, and were most often directed at charming

indifferent hearts. Antidotes for love-medicine kept safe those who did not want to fall in love, but many feared that employing these spells could bring bad luck.^{273:83}

The most popular perfume among Blackfoot women was sweet grass (*Sevastana odorata*), which they called *Se-pat-semo*. With its clear vanilla fragrance, thick braids of it kept her clothing fresh, or skin took the scent when buffed by a necklace pouch stuffed full of it. Sweet grass was also blended into a shampoo, and burned as incense.^{273:325}

One feature of courtship was the Kissing Dance. The women chose their partners at these events by lining up however they wished across from the men standing in file on the other side of the lodge. The two lines drew closer together and, by turns, each chosen man ducked under his own blanket and the woman would join him.

Blinded by — but enjoying — their portable privacy, the two kissed and danced their way along between the length of the two lines. As thanks for being chosen, the man was supposed to offer a gift to the woman at the end, which was usually the blanket he had brought to put over their heads.^{273:280}

By old Blackfoot custom, the young couple would ride a horse together all night long — the girl in front — and sing the Riding Song in unison.

Like fathers around the world, a Blackfoot father discouraged his daughters from marrying anyone but a strong, good provider. A girl left the home of her parents and joined in with the people of her husband. There was no formal ceremony, but newly married, it was customary for the bride to carry food to the home of her man and to make moccasins for the members of his immediate family.

The groom was expected to make a gift to his father-in-law of several horses, and to share thereafter one third of the best prizes from hunting or the spoils from war. In return, the son-in-law shared fully in the future estate property.^{273:81}

Many of the items which might seem of little value to White men, such as a bag of dried beans, an old pot, a big knife or mineral paints, were cherished gifts in the eyes of Indian women. Such was the life of new Blackfoot wife, who might stretch a baby hammock between two trees, and sing the old Blackfoot cradle song while rocking it gently back and forth.^{273:291}

“Come, wolf, eat this baby
If she don’t sleep.”

Daughters received training, from their earliest ability, in the art of tanning skins and fashioning clothes and shelter. The knowledge of herbs and other wild plants became their special vocation, and no interference from men was tolerated.^{273:256}

The Blackfoot Nation had at least seven warrior clans, filled not by bloodties but by initiation. The hierarchy included the Crazy Dogs, Carry the Raven, Kit Foxes, Buffalo with Thin Horns and the Mosquitoes, for the youngest boys used on scouting and harassment missions. The most distinguished warriors belonged to the Prairie Dogs and served as the tribe’s police; although the Buffalo Bulls were the most revered society since only retired warriors of great reputation could belong.

Each society had, among many other symbols of membership, their own dance, performed nude, with weapons and full body paint. The Kit Foxes could be spotted not only for the fox skins worn over their shoulders at ceremonial events, but also for the fox jawbones or fox teeth they bored and strung across their foreheads from ear to ear.

In the early 19th century, the best account of the Blackfoot was made by a Swiss-German artist Karl Bodmer and his patron Prince Maximilian. They witnessed a Scalp Dance performed by armed women dressed as men. They also recorded a “dance of the braves, or warriors, who form a circle, within which several dance, imitating all of the movements of battle, and firing their guns, on which occasion their faces are painted so as to give them a fierce expression.” The intention of face paint in battle was not to frighten an enemy but rather for building a warrior’s inner confidence — by the paint’s symbolism of shape and color, but more importantly to mask a warrior from being later identified.^{241:334}

Myths and Legends

“Old Man decided that something was missing in the world he had made. He thought it would be a good thing to create a woman and a child. He didn’t quite know how they should look, but he took some clay and mud and for four days tried out different shapes. At first he didn’t like the looks of the beings he formed. On the fourth day, however, he shaped a

woman in a pleasing form, round and nice, with everything in front and back, above and below, just right.

"This is good,' Old Man said, 'this is the kind of woman I like to have in my world.' Then he made a little child resembling the woman. 'Well,' said Old Man, 'this is just what I wanted, but they're not alive yet.'

"Old Man covered them up for four days. On the first day he looked under the cover and saw a faint trembling. On the second day the figures could raise their heads. On the third day they moved their arms and legs. 'Soon they will be ready,' said Old Man. And on the fourth day he looked underneath the cover and saw his figures crawling around. 'They're ready now to walk upon my world,' thought Old Man. He took the cover off and told the woman and the child: 'Walk upright like human beings.' The woman and the child stood up. They began to walk, and they were perfect.

"They followed Old Man down to the river, where he gave them the power of speech. At once the woman asked: 'What is the state we are in, walking, moving, breathing, eating?'

"That is life,' said Old Man. 'Before, you were just lumps of mud. Now, you live.'

"When we were lumps of mud, were we alive then?' asked the woman.

"It is called death,' answered Old Man. 'When you are not alive, then you are dead.'

"Will we be alive always?' asked the woman. 'Will we go on living forever, or shall we be dead again at some time?'

"Old Man pondered. He said: 'I didn't think about that at all. Let's decide it right now. Here's a buffalo chip. If it floats, then people will die and come back to life four days later.'

"No,' said the woman. 'This buffalo chip will dissolve in the water. I'll throw in this stone. If it floats, we'll live forever and there will be no death. If it sinks, then we'll die.' The woman didn't know anything yet, because she had been walking on earth for just a few hours. She didn't know about stones and water, so she threw the stone into the river and it sank.

"You made a choice there,' said Old Man. 'Now nothing can be done about it. Now people will die.'"130:469

The spiritual father of the Blackfeet was Round-Cut-Robe, a poor and pathetic man who left his own people to wander in the mountains, hoping to find clarity and guidance in his dreams. He came upon a beaver lodge and began to cry and pray there for four days, saying, "O Sun! I put away all that is bad. Moon and Stars, pity me and give me power!"

A small beaver came out of the lodge. "My father invites you," it said, and led him inside. A large white beaver, surrounded by family, took pity on the human, saying:

"If you remain here with us through the winter, we will teach you many wonderful things; and in the spring you can go home again."

Through magic, they fed him well, and on the coldest nights, they kept him warm by laying their tails across his body. They taught him about paint, and how its proper use could ward off sickness and death. They taught him how to count the moons, and thereby, when to plant seeds; and which herbs could heal. They gave him the first tobacco seeds, along with the songs and prayers needed to grow them.

Most importantly, he received a bundle of ancient, beautiful pelts that held all of the spiritual powers of every animal therein. Along with the bundle came instructions for a long sacred ceremony that Round-Cut-Robe would have to perform at every new moon. From the Beaver Chief, he asked for only one thing, and was reluctantly given it: a plain-looking beaver-gnawed stick that hung at the head of the Old One's couch.

"With it goes my power with water," said the Beaver Chief. "If you should ever be in trouble and call upon Little Beaver, he will be your helper."

Round-Cut-Robe returned to his tribe after seven months, and not long after, the women held their own circle dance. If a woman loved a man, she dressed like him and took part in the dance. The whole tribe looked forward to watching, guessing the names of the secret men and joking with the dancers. Each man encouraged his several wives to join in, so that they were not afraid of their secret affections becoming known. The women had a good time and took pride in having side-husbands. Red Horn, the chief with three wives, teased and taunted his youngest one endlessly because she stayed behind in the tepee during the dance. She finally gave in, but shocked him by returning in Round-Cut-Robe's tattered cloak and with

her face painted as he now did. She spoke in front of the whole dance as though using Round-Cut-Robe's own words:

"I know my relatives are ashamed of me, but what I tell you now will come true. When the rivers are warm, I shall go to war. A river will be high, but deep water cannot stop me. I shall swim across and kill an enemy."

The crowd laughed at her, saying, "We know that her lover cannot do this. He is poor and has never been to war."

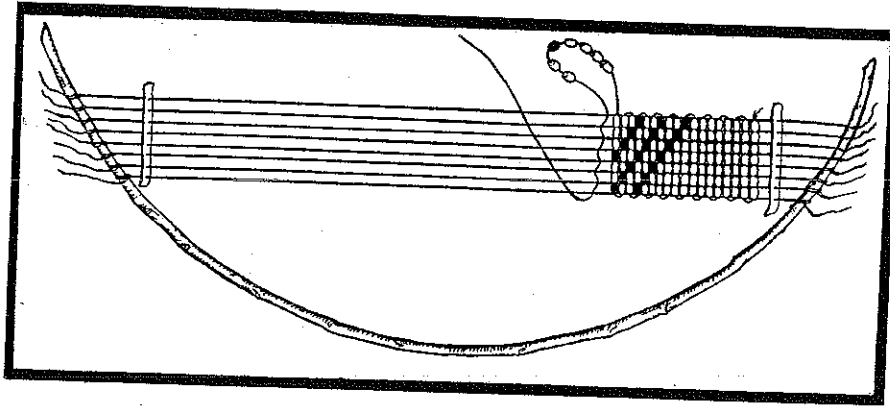
That summer, a war party headed south to find their enemies, the Snake Tribe, ancestors of the Shawnee. Round-Cut-Robe followed behind, armed only with his beaver-gnawed stick. The Yellowstone River in their path was treacherously swift and high, but the Snake Indians were camped just on the other side. Round-Cut-Robe clenched the stick in his mouth and dove under the water, surfacing mid-way to sing the beaver song.

The head chief of the Snakes saw him rising from

the river bank and sang his own war song before running down into the water. The Snake chief's spear flew straight at Round-Cut-Robe's head, but only hit the beaver-gnawed stick held fast between his teeth. With his own weapon, then, the Snake chief was slain, and dragged by his hair back across the river by Round-Cut-Robe. He dragged the body ashore and scalped it. Standing tall, with one foot atop the Snake's head, Round-Cut-Robe sang his own war song.

Returning home at the head of the war party, the new leader gave the scalp and spear to his sweetheart and said, "Give these to Red Horn and say, 'My lover sends you these, even though he is a poor man. Your other wives have rich lovers, but they have never done anything for you like this.'"

Red Horn gave a great feast, and facing his rival said, "He is above all of us. He gave me this spear and scalp. In return I give him his sweetheart and my tepee. As for myself, I will move into some other place."^{273:46} ■ ■ ■



A Wampum Loom



THEY CEASED TO BE IN EACH OTHER'S WAY
FIGHTING BETWEEN A PANTHER AND A BEAR, ADAPTED FROM A WOODCUT IN
DAVEY CROCKETT'S *ALMANAC*

WHEN HENRY BAUGHMAN ARRIVED IN ARKANSAS with his wife and children in 1840, traveling with them was his youngest brother, 18-year-old Gideon. Their father and mother, John and Dortha Baughman, followed after them the next year. The brutal life they had to witness — and eventually take up — was just one price for moving into this beautiful, awful wilderness. Cruel and bloody scenes made a stark impression on Gideon and his nephew Peter; and over 60 years later, the memories were still vivid when their younger friend and neighbor, Clabe Turnbo, asked about the Ozarks in the early days.⁴⁰⁵

“When I was a boy,” Gideon began, “my parents lived in Iron County, Missouri. I was just old enough to take a lively interest in hunting for game. The country there was new then, with plenty of small game as well as bears and panther.

“One time while hunting near a narrow creek or slough called Cranes Pond, I heard loud growls which evidently were produced by enraged animals. The noise seemed to be at the pond. Though only a boy, my curiosity was aroused to know what sort of wild animals had met and were about to get into a fight. Advancing cautiously until I saw what they were, I was surprised to see a bear and panther on a log which lay across the creek where the water was about 25 feet deep.

“The animals had approached from opposite sides of the creek and they both wanted to cross over on the log, but each was in the other’s way. When I came in sight of them, the bear was sitting on the log over the water; and the panther was on the other end advancing slowly toward the bear. Both animals seemed to be in a rage and were growling fiercely.

“When the panther got in reach of the bear, the latter struck it a terrific blow with his paw which sent it into the water with a splash. But quickly recovering, it swam out on the same side it started from, and leaping on the log walked fearlessly up to the bear again.

“But Bruin was ready, and with another severe blow sent the panther back into the water. But immediately, it swam back to the same bank it started from. When the bear struck it the second time, the former dropped on his feet and walked across the log. As the panther leaped up the bank, the bear had

reached the end of the log, and here they met on the bank and without further ceremony, both animals clinched together in a savage combat.

“It was terrible to witness. They growled, whined, bit and clawed until their hair was red with blood. Neither one seemed to want to show the white feather. After they had fought several minutes, the bear caught the panther in his hug in such a way that the panther’s back lay against the bear’s breast.

“Then another scene followed: The bear sat on his haunches and as he tightened his embrace, his antagonist surged desperately to release itself. For a while it seemed that the bear would come out victorious, but with a desperate struggle, the panther succeeded in turning its body face to face with the bear.

“Then ensued the greatest scene of the fight: The panther, with the sharp claws on its hind feet, ripped the bear open and let out its entrails. At this, Bruin uttered a piteous noise, and seemed to realize that he was done for, and with a last effort he crushed the panther so hard that it was unable to make further resistance.

“The bear released his hold and both animals sank to ground in the agony of death. Bruin died first, though his enemy lived but a minute or two after. They had fought to a finish and ceased to be in each other’s way... Since that time, I have witnessed many hard fights between animals, but the encounter between the bear and panther was the fiercest and most bloody I ever witnessed between domestic or wild animals.”

Peter Baughman, Gideon’s nephew and junior by ten years, savored the fresh landscape as a young fellow in Arkansas:

“The deer were playing and running in a circle. The sight of them was so interesting that I sat down and watched their antics and counted them as accurately as I could and found there were 31. I had often seen from four to ten in a bunch, but these were more than I had ever seen together before. They jumped and played in a most lively way. This herd of deer was the most fascinating forest scene I ever witnessed.

“I had a slow track dog with me which belonged

to Sam Edmonson. I was leading the dog with a rope, one end of which was tied around the dog's neck. The other end was tied loosely around my waist.

"The dog wanted to go in among them and he tugged vigourously at the rope to get free. I made him quiet down until a buck left the bunch and walked up near me and as I raised my gun to aim at him with the dog behind, the dog jerked at the rope and pulled me backward on the ground.

"As it happened, the dog pulled loose from me and darted at the herd and they all scattered. The dog and deer soon passed from my view.

"I was now in a rage and determined to kill the dog on sight or whenever he came back. I sat there a long time holding my rifle ready to send a bullet into his brains the moment he returned back. But the dog did not put in an appearance for several hours. This saved his life, for by that time I was in a better humor and did not hurt him."

"I recollect," said Peter, "one day while me and a man of the name of Taylor were hunting on Oregon Flat, I shot at a wild turkey and broke its leg. It rose and flew a short distance and attempted to alight in the top of a blackjack tree but it got the foot of its wounded leg hung in the forks of a small limb and could not extricate itself. I went some distance to a house and borrowed an ax and chopped the tree down and captured the turkey."

On another occasion during his boyhood on Crooked Creek, Peter went out into the hills expressly to kill a deer. "[I] shot at a yearling deer and knocked it down. Seeing that it was going to get to its feet again I ran to it and locked my arms around its neck to prevent its escape. The deer revived so fast that it kicked and surged so stout that I was compelled to release it. This broke me from trying to hug any more deer."

With this lesson in mind, Peter Baughman recalled a misadventure involving his father, Henry Baughman, their neighbor and a search for wild honey gone wrong.

"In 1841, when I was about 11 years old, I witnessed a scene that was a warning to me not to venture too close to a wounded buck until fully convinced that he was dead.

"Father was living on Crooked Creek then, and one day a man by the name of Isaac Carver went with

father to hunt for a bee tree. I was allowed to accompany them. They soon found a tree that they thought was rich with honey and concluded to return home for vessels and meet at the tree early the next morning.

"On the following day, father and I arrived at the tree quite early and began cutting it down. Before the tree fell, we heard the report of a rifle, and also could hear Carver hallooing as if in distress. Father and I started on a run in the direction from which the cry came. Father carried his rifle.

"Arriving at the scene, we found the man hanging on the horns of a three point buck. Carver wore garments made of dressed buck skin, with large buttons made of home tanned leather. One prong of the buck's horns had caught under a strap of his pants where a button had been sewed on with a buck skin thong. The man's weight kept the deer's head low, but the buck was kicking and plunging, making every effort to rid itself of the burden, occasionally turning summersaults on the rough and stoney spot, causing intense suffering to the unfortunate man, who yelled and groaned.

"Father realized that Carver must be released at once to save his life, and took aim at the deer's head, but Carver cried out with fear lest the shot would hit him. Then the rifle was placed just back of the shoulder and a ball was sent in to the beast's body. This only enraged it for a short time, as it turned many summersaults in rapid succession. Father tried to hold the deer, but he could not. The deer was soon exhausted and fell dead.

"The man was seriously injured and had to be conveyed home. He told us that he shot the buck, and it fell as if dead. Drawing his knife from the scabbard, he stepped astride of the beast to cut its throat that it might bleed thoroughly. All at once, it revived and the knife was thrown from Carver's hand. At the same time, he was thrown onto the horns and his leather pants kept him there."

Peter's blood was one-eighth Cherokee, by way of his mother's grandmother, but he did not mention — or perhaps had never heard about — old traditions regarding the white buck named Little Deer when telling Turnbo the following tale:

"The first year I come to Crooked Creek a white deer was seen several times on the creek. Every hunter was anxious to kill it, but it was too shy. Along after awhile someone thinking the deer had a

madstone in it offered five dollars for its body, but no one could get close enough to hit it. Several shots were fired at it but it was too far off and it was supposed none of the bullets touched it. Finally the deer left and we heard nothing more of it.

"While I am speaking of this white deer I am reminded of seeing a deer in this locality with a white spot that covered half of its right side. The animal was something of a curiosity in color. Others saw it too, but it was too wild to allow a hunter to get in rifle shot of it until one day John Anderson approached close to it without its seeing him and shot it dead and he brought it to my house."

Peter remembered the rare case for a hunter of staying fast in one spot for a long slaughter of game.

"One day, I went out on the south side of Crooked Creek and seated myself at the foot of a tree which stood near where a trail had been made by deer as they traveled to and fro. I knew this to be a regular passway, and I would wait for game to come to me which would save me from a long tramp in hunting for it. I had been here an hour almost when I observed four deer coming along the path in single file. The front one was a doe. Just behind her was a yearling doe and the other two were bucks. One had two prongs on each beam or what we hunters called forked horned. The other carried a spike or single horn.

"Very soon, the two bucks stopped. The other two deer come up in 30 yards of me and stopped and stood side by side with broadsides toward me. I aimed at them and shot, and both deer fell on their tracks. By the time I had reloaded my gun, the two bucks had walked up to where the two dead deer were lying and stopped, and I shot one down. The other buck seemed to be bewildered and stood still until I reloaded my gun again and I killed him also. There, four deer lay in a heap.

"In a minute or more, after my last shot, I saw three more bucks coming slowly along the same trail. Each one of them carried a big set of horns. I reloaded my gun in a hurry, but by the time I had finished priming by rifle, they had got to where the other deer lay and stopped, and another dead one was added to the pile. At the report of the gun, the other two ran off a short distance and stopped and turned around and come back to where the five deer lay dead. I was soon ready for another shot and the number of dead ones was increased to one more.

"The remaining buck took fright, and away he went as fast as he could go. I supposed he was gone for good, but just before he passed beyond my view, he stopped. My supply of powder was nearly exhausted. I emptied my powder horn and found there was not enough for a full load. I was so anxious to get him too that I only kept three grams of powder back to drop in the priming pan to touch the lead off with.

"As I finished loading the gun, I saw the buck start back, but in a half circle until he got in 100 yards of me. Then he advanced up toward me straight, until he was in 20 steps, and then stopped and looked at me in a peculiar way. I aimed at him and fired and heard the bullet hit him. He turned and run a few yards and fell. I had shot and killed seven deer from the same tree, six of which lay in a heap.

"This was late in the fall of 1853, and the weather being cool, I went to work and took the entrails out of all of them, and went to George Ridingers for assistance in taking the deer home. Mr. Ridinger hitched a yoke of his cattle to his wagon and went back with me and hauled the deer to my house."

"You want to know something about the wolves here in early times?" asked Gideon Baughman. "Well, to tell you how they pounced on stock, I will say that several years after we come here my father bought 12 head of sheep from John Kelley who lived 10 miles up the creek. Kelley sold the sheep for one dollar per head.

"After we brought them home we put a bell on one of them and guarded them carefully of a day while they were feeding, and drove them to a pen near the house of evenings. But one afternoon, the flock wandered off out of hearing distance of the bell. We searched till that night without finding them. The wolves howled as usual that night, but their noise appeared greater than common, which indicated that more wolves had collected than usual. Sometime in the night we heard the sheep bell running but as the night was very dark we did not venture out. The tinkle of the bell was soon silent and we were convinced that the wolves had made a havoc among the sheep.

"The following morning soon after sunrise we found the remains of 10 of the sheep. The wolves had got all but two head and so 10 sheep and 10 dollars had vanished after much trouble and no recompense."

Trying to reduce future losses to the wolves, and taste a bit of revenge at the same time, Peter headed out after the pack that had visited their place on Crooked Creek.

"The following morning while father was lamenting over the loss... I informed him that I was going to try and take in a few of the wolves... I went to Loranzo Rush's and borrowed a trained dog. Joe Rush went with me in pursuit of the wolves. The trail was easily followed by the assistance of the dog, for there were so many of the wolves together that they partly beat down the grass and weeds as they went along, and left a dim trail in their wake.

"We followed the trail across Crooked Creek and over hills and across hollows to the Oregon Flat, and to the head of Sugar Orchard Creek, and on into the head of the hollow in which is known now as Elixir Springs. Here in this hollow, the dog indicated that the game was not far off. We followed the trail down the hollow to a large fallen white oak tree which stood just above the springs. This tree had a big cavity at the ground and here in this tree we discovered nine young wolves.

"The old ones on hearing our approach had scattered. We did not molest the pups for awhile for

we wanted to slay some of the old ones. We stood at the tree several minutes before they showed themselves. They approached us on the hillside, but they all stopped before getting in shooting distance. I requested Rush to remain at the tree and keep the dog with him and make the wolf pups squall while I sauntered around close by...

"Though Rush made the young wolves cry out like hound pups, the old ones made no attempt to attack us or the dog, though they would howl, whine and dodge around. At one time... they ran up close, but wheeled and loped away. They moved around so much that I could not shoot at one with any certainty of hitting it. Finally I saw one standing still, and I shot him down. Soon after I had reloaded my rifle, I got an opportunity and killed another one. The others took the hint and left.

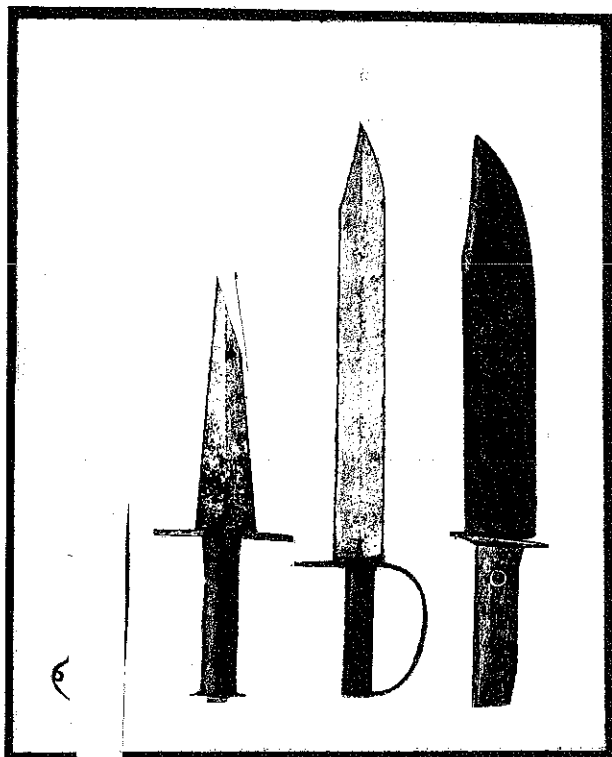
"We now gave our attention to the pups and put them to death, and threw them back in their bed for the old ones to grieve over...

"Hunters would occasionally confine a [trapped] wolf with a chain and thongs, and after choking the animal nearly to death would knock out every tooth in its mouth. After it had fully revived from the choking it had received, the hunters would turn it loose among a lot of dogs and hurrah until the dogs worried the beast to death."

Having Arrived in Northern Arkansas

Travelers returning to the East circulated reports that Arkansas was "people by a race of semi-barbarians, who would not hesitate to cut a Christian into shoe strings... During an 1838 session of the state legislature, the Speaker of the House, James Wilson left his chair, pulled out his bowie knife, and stabbed to death a legislator whose remarks had offended him. After the state reluctantly brought Wilson to trial, he was acquitted anyway and reelected.¹¹⁶⁴

Wilson's handy blade, with its newfangled finger guard, was invented in 1831 by an Arkansas blacksmith and named for Jim Bowie, the wild adventurer who wielded the first one made. Knifework west of the Mississippi — and especially in the Ozarks — was seen as so notorious that the long, wicked style of throwing dagger there was dubbed the Arkansas Toothpick.



ARKANSAS CUTLERY

TV TOOTHPICKS AND TWO BOWIE KNIVES

In the pecking order of the American frontier, Kansas was populated largely by educated, abolitionist Northerners. Since they looked down on their Missouri neighbors as uneducated, slave-owning "Pukes," Missourians had no where else to look down on but Arkansas.^{141:21}

Arkansas entered the Union on 15 June 1836, amidst great optimism, but by the next year, an economic depression shrouded the entire United States. Land values crashed and took Arkansas' two banks down with them. A few unsinkable spirits kept going, including Archibald Yell, who became the state's first congressman that year.

For his contribution to the fighting at the Battle of New Orleans, Yell was first promoted with captaincy in the 47th Tennessee Regiment in 1815, and later rewarded with a territorial judgeship in 1835 by his old commander Andrew Jackson. By 1840, Yell won the governor's race in his state but longed to return to Congress in 1844. In that hotly contested campaign, Yell was rumored to have paid \$50 to the residents of Shawneetown to rename their village Yellville. Whether the bribe was necessary or not, the name was changed then and today serves as the seat of Marion County.^{192:41}

Having arrived in northern Arkansas in October of 1840, Henry Baughman and his family must have been entertained and worried by all these events. Henry's father had also served with Jackson in New Orleans, just as Yell had; and before packing up their wagon again to head west along Crooked Creek, the Baughmans had the chance to meet the colorful folks of Marion County, some of them there since before statehood.

. . .

As they grew to maturity, at least four of Henry's boys — Peter, Lewis, John and Tipton — became blacksmiths. Their teacher, no wonder, was their father. Henry's great-granddaughter, Leona Clyde James Crow was told that he had made his living as a wagonmaker, a level of crafts mastery he had also passed on to Peter.

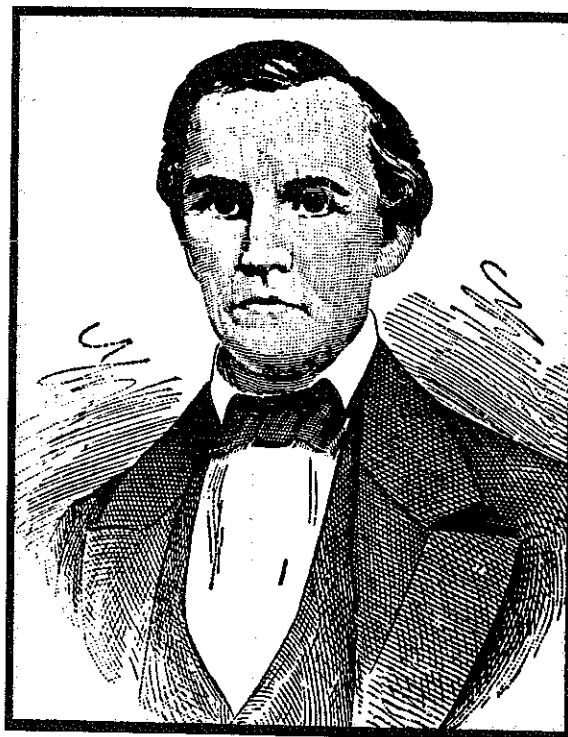
In the earliest days, having a wagon built demanded the combined talents of a wheelwright, a carpenter and a blacksmith, three areas of expertise seldom found in one person. Starting in 1717, when pioneers began pouring west from Philadelphia to cross Pennsylvania or head south, their demand for

sturdy wagons was met by the Swiss and German craftsmen near the Conestoga River in Lancaster County. But farther and farther from civilization, solitary pioneers had no other choice but to repair or build a wagon on their own.^{322:5}

As a young man of 20, Henry may have helped build the wagon that his father John drove from eastern Tennessee to Marble Creek, Missouri. Eleven years later, with a wife and children of his own, it is even more likely that the Baughmans put together their own wagon for the move to Arkansas.

Back in 1770, it was thought that turning a young apprentice into a blacksmith took 20 months of daily instruction, but to make a strong wagon from start to finish took four years. That included the time for choosing, cutting and seasoning the different lumber, especially the large pieces of gum tree used for each wheel hub, and the hickory used for the axle parts. The floor boards needed to be at least half-inch oak, while the rest of the coach should have been as light as poplar wood. Between eight to a dozen overhead hoops had to start off as 16-foot by 3-inch-wide strips, shaved from water-softened green ash.^{322:8}

Only the lightest, strongest and most flawless wood made sense when imagining the final weight of a



ARCHIBALD YELL

FATHER OF YELLVILLE, GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS

horse-drawn wagon. Empty, it would run at least 3,000 to 3,500 pounds; but depending on the customer's needs, wagons were designed to bear from 6,000 to 10,000 pounds.^{322:9}

Once all of the materials were on hand, four wagonmakers would be kept busy for two months. As many as 117 iron parts had to be made, including 84 bolts of different sizes, nails, pins, brackets, hinges and 8 to 12 feet of various chains. Some of the horses' intricate, interlocking breast chains were made so that three links would have to break before the chain could pull apart. Other chains, called rough locks, were only ten links long and got wrapped around wheel rims just ahead of a slippery slope.^{322:11}

The blacksmith also made a wagon jack, the most crucial piece of the driver's equipment. Several times a day, friction made the wooden axle parts groan and squeak dangerously. To prevent a break, it was necessary to stop, raise one corner of the wagon with the handcranked jack and liberally apply grease to the complaining parts. A wooden grease bucket was kept dangling from the bottom of the wagon for just this purpose, fitted with its own lid and built-in dauber. If the wagon's load was so heavy that the jack could not lift it, a feather was greased up and slipped between the tight cracks.^{322:40}

Making strong wheels was considered by many to be the hardest part of the job. The dozens of wood pieces had to match exactly, fit together tightly and take the most punishing jolts and lateral pressures imaginable. Then, a great circle of fire had to heat the perfectly matched iron tire until it reached an even glowing red, expanding it just enough so it could be wedged around the wooden rim. By 1820, the typical price charged for a fully equipped Conestoga wagon was \$250, on delivery.

Wagons only needed four wheels at a time — a smaller pair in front with the larger in back — but came six in a set from the wagonmaker. Back wheels as large as five-feet in diameter gave the smoothest ride over rocky roads, but once they reached their homesteads, and started hoisting bales and bushels into it, farmers wanted the wagon bed closer to the ground. So the small pair of spare wheels were put on the front; the old front wheels were put on the back; and the five-footers were put in the barn or sunk into the ground as gateposts, signifying that the owners had decided to stop moving and stay put.

The wagon's proportions were tall and thin, so that wheels would not get hung up on the narrow

Indian trails that mapmakers liked to call roads and turnpikes.

German wagonmakers drove their Conestogas from the left-hand side, either riding on the back of the left-rear horse or walking along beside it with long reins in hand. A retractable wooden seat, called a lazy board, was mounted to the left-hand side of the wagonbed, so that the driver's feet could rest every few miles. When German wagons had to pass each other on the narrow roads, both drivers stayed on the left to watch their clearance. The English manner of riding on the opposite side was erased by the predominance of the Conestoga wagon trains. Their rules of the road became such a habit that American drivers still sit on the left and stay to the right 250 years later.^{322:16}

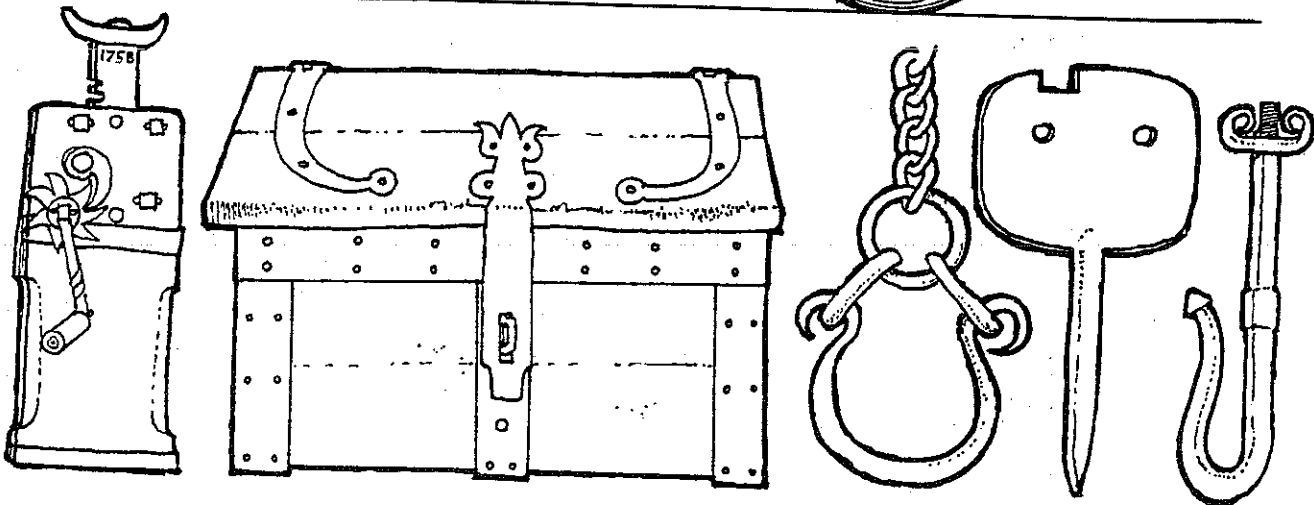
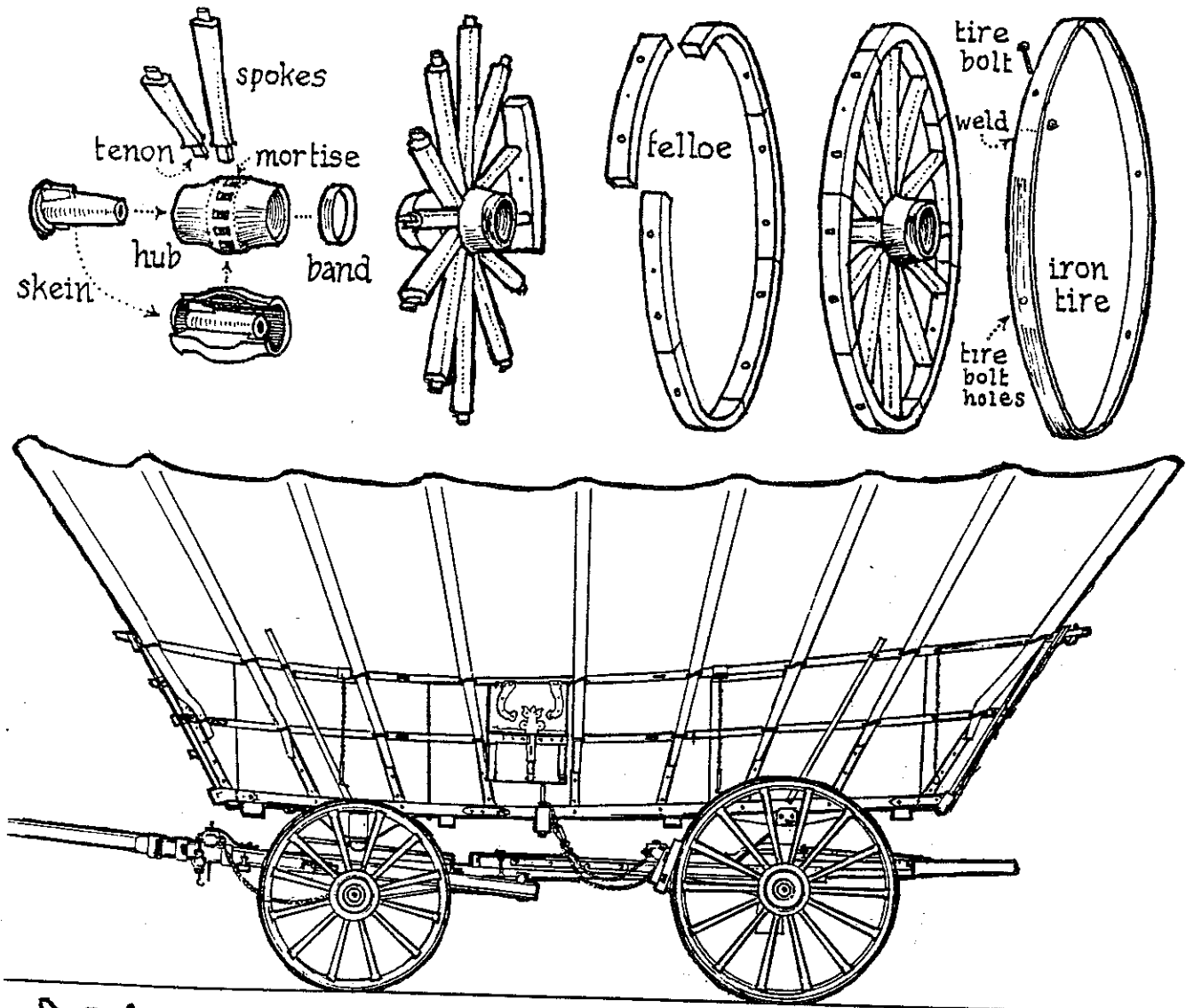
The distance of a mile came from a much older tradition called the *milia passuum*. The ancient Roman legions kept track of their march by counting off 1,000 paces, and then chipping markers into a boulder beside the road. Milestones were important in Missouri, Arkansas and the rest of early America, serving as the forerunner of today's highway signs.^{322:1}

Hand-to-Hand & Free-For-All

The only tavern yet around Crooked Creek belonged to the Tutts, who hailed from Lawrence County, Tennessee, not so far from where Henry was born. The Everetts arrived at Yellville from Kentucky about the same time as the Baughmans, and were a politically ambitious clan, counting a judge, a sheriff and a militia colonel in the immediate family tree. Since the Everetts were tall, imposing men, and the Tutts were all small or medium-sized, direct physical contests would have been hopelessly one-sided. At his tavern, the wily Hampford Tutt made friends with the toughest mountain men in Marion County. From year to year, free-for-all fistfights kept the rivalry inflamed, with the Everetts usually the losers.^{147:155}

On the Fourth of July, 1849, the Tutts and the Everetts and all of their friends came well-armed to Yellville to celebrate the holiday. The Everett force formed in a line on the street opposite the grocery where the Tutts were loitering. Threats were bantered back and forth, and the Everetts claimed to be ready for it any way the Tutts chose.

Even though it was a bright, clear day, large dust devils suddenly dropped from a whirlwind and



THE ART OF THE WAGONMAKER
ASSEMBLY OF A WAGON WHEEL, A CONESTOGA WAGON,
WAGON JACK, TOOL BOX, HOBBLE CHAIN, COUPLING POLE PIN AND STAY CHAIN HOOK

separated the two groups, covering them with a dirty powder, blowing their hats off and scattering the two armies.

The Everetts returned to where their horses were tied in a clump of low cedar trees, intending to break up and go home. One of the Tutt party went out to pick a fight with the last man to mount up from the Everett bunch. Their violent quarrel soon drew both forces back at a gallop into the tangled brush — the Everetts with rifles and the Tutts with pistols, paired off in hand-to-hand battle.

On both sides, many were seriously wounded, including one man who was “shot on the top of his head and the greater part of his scalp carried away but he rose up in the course of an hour and finally recovered.” Three were not so lucky. One of the Everetts got shot, and picked up a rock to pursue his attacker. Stumbling first across a Tutt supporter, already lying wounded on the ground, Everett “turned on him and mashed his skull in a shocking manner, and expired while in the act. [His victim] lived until morning.”

For fear of legal prosecution, the little armies scattered by the next day, and this round of bloodletting would have probably sated them. Except for a friend of the Tutts named Little Tom King, of whom W.P. Flippin could testify “that a fight could not take place in 300 yards of him, if he could see or hear it, but that he would be there before it ended and throw a stone at one or the other of the combatants before it ended whether he ever saw either of them or not before... Many a fight he has brought on that otherwise would have been avoided had Little Tom been absent.”

The Everetts ambushed and murdered four of Little Tom’s kinfolk, and when a posse of the Everetts’ friends refused to arrest them, Little Tom started a reign of terror that lasted for some time. The governor of Arkansas called on Militia General Allen Wood to raise two companies in Carroll County, one led by Captain William C. Mitchell, and arrest all the parties involved in Yellville.

The militiamen pursued Jesse Everett and his fugitive pals southward to a revival camp meeting in neighboring Searcy County. Surrounding the camp first and demanding the surrender of Everett, considerable confusion among the worshippers and no little terror among the women preceded Everett’s removal to the Lawrence County jail at Smithville. Everett’s followers waited for the militia to depart and

then wrenched open the jail to free Everett.

Not long afterwards, as he was walking from his store to his home, the elder Tutt was shot dead by a sniper. Everett fled to Shreveport, Louisiana, only to die there amidst a raging cholera epidemic.^{147:162}

Dave Tutt met his fate 15 years later on the old square in Springfield, Missouri, surrounded by cousins and cronies. Tutt was spoiling for a fight with the killer of a friend, and so was taunting the long-haired, blue-eyed scout who was dressed in a deerskin shirt and bright yellow moccasins.

Tutt claimed the scout owed him \$40 from a prior card game, and just snatched the pocket watch sitting on the card table in front of the man “until the debt was paid.” Tutt kinsmen announced that Dave would be appearing on town square the next day at noon to announce the correct time from his new watch.

As all the parties gathered, Dave Tutt started out from the west side of the square near the court house and faced his opponent at a distance of 50 paces. Tutt drew first, but his shot went wild. The scout who put a bullet through Tutt’s heart was Wild Bill Hickock.^{262:92}

According to eyewitness Flippin, the first chapter of the Tutt and Everett War retarded the settlement and prosperity of the county for many years. “I have not written this account expecting you to incorporate it in your history but you may, if you think fit, give a synopsis... if desired but suppose by the time you read this you will be disgusted and thoroughly satisfied.”^{147:163}

The meanest souls in the Ozarks did not rely on gunplay, but used the fear of witchcraft to ruin the harmony of neighbors. The following account was supplied by George W. Rea, born in Kentucky in 1832 and a resident of Carroll County, Arkansas by the mid 1850s.

“Old Mrs. Inman was blind in one eye. She lived on Lick Branch, just east of Alpena, Arkansas. In 1858 or 1859, a young woman [whose last name was] Gaddy made a formal complaint to the church authorities, accusing Grandma Inman of witchcraft. A trial was held in the Primitive Baptist church ... south of Alpena.

“The testimony was that the accused had come to the complainant’s house at night, saddled and bridled the complainant, and rode her for miles over the hills and valleys of Carroll County. On at least one occasion the alleged witch rode Miss Gaddy into a

neighbor's barn, and there bred her to a Spanish jackass.

"The jury found Mrs. Inman guilty of witchcraft, and expelled her from the church."

George Rea claimed to have attended the entire trial without taking part in any active way. No written record of the charges or proceedings has been found, but several sober, educated and responsible citizens of the area accepted it as true while Mr. Rea was still alive in his 90s.^{314:89}

Nuts, Candies and Goodies

Even the darkest shadows of Ozark life could never wipe out the sunnier memories. A Christmas tradition that persists around Crooked Creek today is known to date back at least to the folks and times described by cousin LaVonna Wood: "On Christmas morning each year, you try to be the first to say 'Christmas gift!' to anyone and everyone upon first sight that day. It is a big achievement to catch a person unaware with the cry, 'Christmas gift!' I think that it must have started when they had no other gifts, and a person's love was what they could offer to their loved ones."

Walsie Baughman Ruble painted a picture of Christmas Past from the early 20th century that was probably little changed from the 100 Christmases before it. "You wondered how your grandmother Baughman bedded down all the young ones that came to her house for Christmas Eve and for Christmas dinner the following afternoon. I can tell you. Mother had two rent houses on the place, and there was always in one of them the last child that had married.

In those days, your parents lived in the rent house across the hollow from us. The week before Christmas, which ever of the children that lived closest by helped mother to make pies and place them in containers, and hang them up on the back porch to freeze, to be baked on Christmas Eve.

"A big ham was boiled in the wash kettle outside; the biggest Tom turkey mother raised was ready for the oven; and if weather permitted, mother bought a big beef roast in Harrison, as to cook for this group, was like having the thrasher crew to cook for.

"This year, the men folks stayed in the home of your parents, in the rent house across the hollow. They were left food and coffee to make at midnight, as

they played cards all night, the sons and sons-in-law. The host, your father, had a quart of Old Crow whiskey, and they played 'Drink or Smell.' The winners got a sup of liquor; the losers only got a smell of the bottle.

Father did not allow liquor in the house, or card playing. It was a hold-over from his Baptist father, who was a religious and prayful man. Mother kept this rule after he died. No one was to mention the things that went on in the rent house, as the children might hear it.

"As to bedding the little ones, each person that came brought a feather bed [mattress], which served to keep the children riding in the wagon bed, full of straw and quilts and pillows. These feather beds were placed on the carpet in the parlor, the boys in one, the girls in the other. The women folks, after getting the children to bed, chose a bundle of oats, and four ears of corn for Santa's goats that pulled his sled, and two nice apples for Santa.

"Gifts was brought out and put in a box and hidden on the back porch. After the children was quiet and asleep, the women folk put together all the nuts, candy and goodies they had brought and stirred the up. Each child got the same amount in their stockings hanging on their chair backs. Mother bought oranges for each stocking; and the gifts to each one was placed in their stocking and on the chairs. The women folks would no more than get to sleep, when a tiny voice would call out, 'Has Santa come?' and the reply was 'No, go back to sleep!'

"Finally, all the children woke up, and logs was piled on the heaps of coals in the fire place, and when the room was warm, they come running in to see what Santa had brought them. The children were dressed, the feather beds taken from the floor, and breakfast was soon on the way — bacon and eggs, hot biscuits with jam and honey. The men folks came in, without a wink of sleep. Every one went home Christmas afternoon, dead on their feet, stuffed like toads."

Make Do

In the early 19th century, a few fussy Europeans ventured west of the Mississippi and claimed that early American pioneers could not distinguish between "dine" and "feed." They encountered the "frenzied manner of the hunter's appetite," among people who seemed to expect a food shortage to be declared at

any moment. The pioneer style of eating with a knife frightened outsiders, especially when "the whole blade seemed to enter the mouth." Some said they lost their appetite entirely when the Americans used their handkerchiefs at the table instead of napkins.^{257:56}

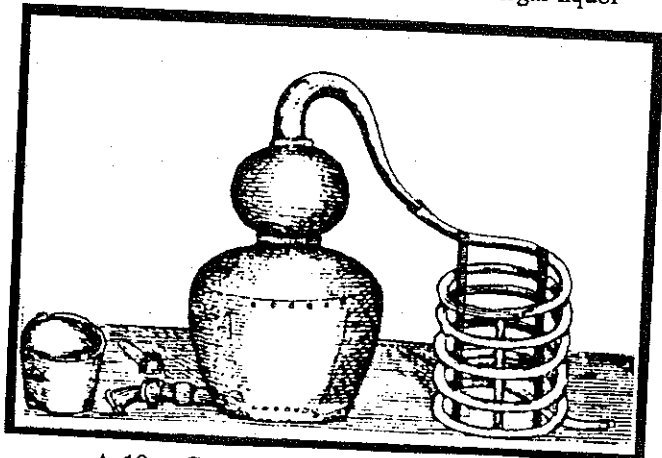
"None seemed to stay at the table more than five minutes," observed the traveler Van Orman, and only so they could head for the front porch to whittle and trade stories before bedtime.

The English writer Charles Dickens visited the American South in 1842 and was astonished by the variety and volume of food, counting the results of 14 recipes spread on the table at the same time. In a bountiful season, Ozark fare could include venison steak, bass fried in corn meal, hickory-cured bacon, chicken, dumplings, biscuits, gravy, snapbeans cooked with green corn, hominy, pone bread from the skillet on the hearth, and cider.

When word of the good eating out West got back to the "frenchified" hotel restaurants in the East, menu specials appeared for antelope, bear and "ragout de prairie dog."^{257:58}

Although some later Baughman generations were totally against alcohol, Peter described his father, Henry, as among the first settlers on Crooked Creek to have a distillery for moonshine, that potent, clear corn whiskey. According to Peter, his father's brew held rigidly to the use of pure water, grain and sugar. Some of the folks who angrily opposed hard spirits made from grain, quietly partook of dandelion, elderberry or blackberry wines — for medicinal purposes only.^{369:22}

The term "moonshiners" was coined to describe the long-ago Scotsmen who carted their illegal liquor



A 19TH-CENTURY AMERICAN COPPER STILL
FOUNTAINHEAD OF MEDICINES & WHITE LIGHTNING

to market by the light of the moon. In early Arkansas, it was not illegal to possess or transport moonshine, only to make or sell it. The decision to risk making moonshine was, in part, recreational, but also one of simple economics. When grains in the 19th century brought 40¢ per bushel, that same bushel could be distilled into three gallons of whiskey and bring \$1.20 at market. By century's end, the profit margin puffed up to five fold. Carting the bulk of whole grain over rough mountain roads was difficult, whereas moonshine was much more compact, and far cheaper to handle and store. The slow fermentation, cooking and filtering stages required that the still's location remain the most sacred secret within families.^{369:22}

Later in the century, unscrupulous distillers tried to speed things up by using lye and fusel oil in the process, but were haunted by a disagreeable aftertaste. Chicken excrement hurried fermentation, but could also ruin a home label's reputation. Instead of being achieved by aging in old oak barrels, a quick mellow look came from a few drops of iodine or a scoop of brown sugar. True, raw homebrew was nearly colorless; and it was this appearance and pure kick that earned corn whiskey nicknames such as "White Mule," "White Lightning," "Tanglefoot" and "Skull Buster."^{316:169}

Ozark farms were mostly self-sufficient as far as eating was concerned. To get some items, though, pioneers made the long trek to the trading post, to barter eggs, butter or coonskins for drygoods, coffee or rock-hard cones of sugar. Even when cash could be offered, the enduring expression was "I've got a little tradin' to do at the store."^{95:122}

Buying supplies from outsiders was risky, since purity and safety often gave way to greed. Sometimes, the coffee and tea had iron filings and dark sand sifted into it for a costlier weight; sugar was bulked up with ground starch; alum put into bread gave it a whiter look; cheese was made yellower with a touch of hemlock, and heavier with plenty of saltpeter. To counteract these sometimes deadly additives, one cure required a long drink of bacon grease.^{257:45}

When the correct ingredients could not be found, frontier cooks discovered other ways to "make do." Without salt, pioneers dusted gunpowder on their already cooked food, because the potassium in it could sting the tongue with a flavor that satisfied salt cravings. Of course, it was also bad luck to spill this

condiment, especially around the hearth.^{257:114}

If both the salt and the gunpowder ran out, it would still be possible to put a good dinner on the table, but at the sacrifice of Grampa's moonshine:

"To catch wild ducks, geese or birds alive, soak wheat in strong alcohol. Scatter where they are in the habit of feeding. Take them while they are drunk."^{257:29}

If the sugar disappeared from a family's larder, honey was the best substitute. The talent for going into the forest and finding a precious "bee tree" made for more than one legend in the Baughman family. A handwritten guidebook discovered in Arkansas reveals one method used in the early 19th century for hunting wild bees:

"Provide your self with a tin box that will hold about a pt, put into it a piece of dry honey comb, carry in your pocket, a phial of ½ honey & ½ water, go to piece of new ground... open the box, and pour some of the mixture, on the comb, & then hunt among the flowers for a bee, if a bee is found catch it by shutting the lid over it, wate untill it becomes still, then open the box, it will fly round the box a few times & fly away, wate & in a few minutes it will return with 2 or 3 others, & in ½ hour they will have a line formed between you & their tree... A pocket spy glass is usefull to see a bee from the top of a tree, the time for hunting them is in September or October or in the spring, if a bee cannot be found to commence operations with burn some honey on a stone & maby some wanderer may smell it..."⁶⁸

In the same frontier spirit of "Make Do," the little Arkansas diary suggested homemade ways for women to beautify themselves. For a cologne, mix "12 gts [drops] of bergamot 120 of leavender, 24 of lemon 60 gr musk, 1 pt of purest alkihol." "*Curling liquid, for ladies*, 5 oz of borax, 1 drachm gum senegal, 1 qt of hot water when desolved, add 2 oz of spts of wine strongly impregnated with campher." "*Hare dye*, 1 pt pkld herin liquor. ½ lb lamp black, 2 oz iron rust boil 2 mts stran it."^{68:145}

To prevent pregnancy, grannies back in hills of Virginia and Tennessee prescribed a glass of water containing a teaspoonful of seeds from the weed "Queen Anne's Lace." Frontier women were told to swallow it down immediately after intercourse, though no further explanation was available at the time. This particular bit of folk medicine dates back to Hippocrates in Ancient Greece, but only recently has

its effectiveness been analyzed and appreciated. The seeds released a chemical block to the production of progesterone, a hormone necessary for pregnancy to be established. If mountain women were already unhappily pregnant, they turned to the Pennyroyal plant, but the necessary dosage could also permanently damage their livers.²³²

Making the inside of log cabin safer than the world outside also tested the ingenuity of pioneer homemakers. Bedbugs thinned out after the bedstead legs were rubbed with a green tomato vine. Mosquitoes left a bed and its occupants alone if a thread had been strung across the top of the bedposts with a piece of flannel hanging midway wetted with camphor spirits.^{68:138}

The leading cause of death among American women in the 18th and 19th centuries was neither disease, childbirth nor hostile attack, but rather, what the genteel called "hearth death." Close to the open flames of a cooking fire, women and girls were in great danger because of their voluminous aprons and skirts.

"The bottoms of our dresses are burnt full of holes now, and they will be soon burnt off," related Miriam Colt along the Missouri/Kansas border in 1856.^{257:119} In perhaps the only good that came out of the terrible death toll, Miriam mentioned a coming liberation in socially acceptable women's attire. "If we stay here we must needs don the Bloomer costume," referring to the earliest pants worn by American women, which resembled culottes.^{257:46}

"The Best Coon I Ever Tasted"

A few anonymous, early 19th century recipes save a taste of the pioneer's diet south of the Mason-Dixon and west of the Mississippi. Southern cooking was frequently over-sugared — when sugar was available — and for meat, sauces and breads, mostly pale. Vegetables got boiled, baked and creamed to such an extreme that they held little resemblance in look or taste to their raw brothers.^{257:113}

Most early recipes were handed down in person from one generation to another, so that each cook knew first-hand just how much Gramma meant for "a pinch of that." But if the frontier chef needed to translate a recipe in the other direction — guessing at a cup or an ounce without the right measuring device — clever women invented their own rulers. The

volume of a cup was quite close to a closed woman's fist; while her cupped palm held two ounces; and a teaspoon full of anything should have ended up the same size as a thumb tip. Cutting off a stick of cheese or butter about the same length as a thumb would yield an ounce.

Whether driving a wagon, plowing a field or giving the hunter's chase, dried and jerked meat was the easiest way catch a meal. Wild caraway was cut into "carrot sticks," and the nutty-flavored treats were downed like popcorn. Another favorite portable food was also adopted from the Indians: "Cold Flour" involved parched and pounded corn that was spiced with sugar and cinnamon. A traveler only needed to add a glug of water before eating the damp mix right out of its leather poke.^{257:196}

Sultry summers meant that fresh milk had to be converted into butter milk, which spoiled less quickly and served as a southern favorite. Also popular was Harvest Drink, made from one quart of water, a tablespoon of sifted ginger, three heaping tablespoons of sugar, and a half-pint of vinegar.^{257:133}

Dandelions gave double-service: "Dry the roots then grind to a powder. This can be added to boiling water for a refreshing hot tea... The tender leaves can serve as greens. They are fit for use until they blossom. Cut off the leaves, pick over carefully, wash in several waters, put into boiling water, boil one hour, drain well, add salted boiling water, and boil two hours; when done, turn into a colander and drain, season with butter, and more salt if needed..."

From a mid-19th century American cookbook: "This is the German style of making toast; but it is quite good enough for an American.

"Bakers' bread 1 loaf, cut into slices or half an inch in thickness; mile 1 qt; 3 eggs, and a little salt; beat the eggs and mix them with the milk, and flavor as for custard, not cooking it however. Dip the sliced bread into the mixture; then fry the pieces on a buttered griddle. Serve for dinner, with sugar syrup, flavored with lemon."^{257:69}

Similar rewards for those with a sweet tooth were Baptist Cakes:

"DOUGH: This bread is made with beef suet cooked with a mashed potato with water, plus sugar, yeast powder and flour.

"Place the dough on a board or flat surface and knead a little flour into it. Pat and stretch out the dough on a floured surface. Careful not to tear the dough or roll it too thin.

"When the dough is three-eighths of an inch thick, cut into strips, judging by the eye. Fry in plenty of salt pork grease, quickly. When the tops pop up, turn and fry on the other side. Serve with maple syrup, or sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, or crab apple jelly, or eat them plain."^{257:173}

A sure taste from the Baughman kitchen of the 1800s was supplied by Teresa Baughman, wife of Norvin, and daughter-in-law to George Washington Baughman:

"This candy recipe is an old Baughman one. I call it 'Baughman Candy.' Is a little hard to make but everyone sure likes it.

3 cups white sugar

1½ cups whipping cream

¾ cup white syrup

"Cook until soft ball stage [Between 234-240 degrees Fahrenheit on a candy thermometer]. It will turn a pretty tan color. Then add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until it gets thick & add 2 cups chopped pecans or walnuts. Pour on buttered pan. Takes a lot of beating. Sure Good. Don't many people know this one."

Thriftiness meant that every part of the hog — "except the oink" — made its way back into the economy of the frontier cabin. Even bacon grease that had been used and reused was saved, turning into a soothing ointment on the "chapped heels" of horses and oxen. Besides her eggs for breakfast and her meat on the dinner table, every chicken gave up her very marrow for supertime's soup, as well as the feathers off her back for the master's bedtime. If the chicken soup could be kept bubbling overnight, and thereafter without interruption, it would remain tasty and unspoiled for weeks, without the need for cold storage of any kind.^{257:116}

Even with all of this scrimping going on, Ozarkers only wanted coffee that was "strong enough to get up and walk." According to one Arkansas farmer, "Lots of people don't know how little water it takes to make good coffee."^{95:123}

From an old Shenandoah Valley recipe for cooking a turtle, comes instruction to place one in "boiling water for a quarter of an hour. Pull the outer shell off then boil it again until the claws are tender. Remove the turtle from the inner shell, (care must be taken to remove the gall and the spongy parts). The remainder should be cut into small pieces and placed in a stewing pan. Add salt, black pepper and butter and stew for a short time. Add about a

water and continue simmering a quarter of an hour. Blend in a mixture of melted butter and flour and serve after the gravy thickens.^{369:5}

A mountaineer named Sprague complained that bad weather and a disappointing harvest forced him to have "raccoon for breakfast, coon for dinner and the same for supper." For a change of pace, Sprague loved Coon Cake: "Take what flour you have, mix with water, shorten with coon oil and fry in coon fat."^{257:12}

Jim Featherstone recalled his own favorite recipe from Ozark cuisine in his column "Notes from the Old River Place."

"I asked Lester to save a coon carcass for me to Bar-B-Q... [with] a recipe given to me by Old Buck, who claims that a properly cooked coon tastes like duck, and a coon is whole lot easier to hit. The recipe involves lots of spices, pickle juice, roots and herbs. The cooking takes all day. I took a portion to Lester to show my gratitude. He tasted it but didn't have any trouble controlling his enthusiasm. I was a little bit hurt when he didn't ask for seconds...

"Wildlife cooks are a jealous bunch and will knock themselves out to show up another wildlife cook. Mack pulled out all the stops.

"On New Year's Day, Mack appeared at Lester's semi-public kitchen-dining room bearing a steaming platter, heaped with coon, steaming with a nose wrenching aroma. The meat was browned to the color of a new saddle and about as shiny.

"I got there late and watched the diners as they would plop a forkful of meat into their mouths. Their eyes would open wide in appreciation and tears of joy would stream down their cheeks as they chewed and swallowed. Their mouths would open and they would give a hoarse bark before leaping up to dash for... water. "When I closed by lips behind the first bite, the heat spread throughout my head. My lips went numb, so there was no turning back. I chewed and proclaimed, through my tears and between gulps of cold water, that this was the best coon I had ever tasted. Two helpings washed out all traces of a head cold I had doctored for a week.

"I let myself out the back door. A muskrat was hanging by the tail from the clothesline in the back yard. Lester followed me out...

"Have you ever tried muskrat?"

"It's too rich for me," I replied.

Mack's coon recipe was offered for the curious, with the warning that competitive wildlife cooks have

been known to leave out a key ingredient or two:

"Wash coon in cold water. Remove all fat between muscles and glands from under front legs.

"Boil in large pot with a handful of red pepper pods until all fat is boiled out meat and meat is tender. Care should be taken to avoid standing in steam from the pot.

"Drain and roast uncovered in medium hot oven. Baste with sauce and bake until brown. Serve with ample cold beverage. Water works fine."¹³⁹

Ozark cooks had to know how to recognize compliments to their meal. The greatest praise for one recipe was that it was "so good that I nearly swallowed my tongue." Just so that none of another tasty dish would have to be shared, one appreciative child said, "It could make a boy push his daddy in the creek."^{95:123}

The end result of all this fine eating was reported in the Columbia, Missouri *Statesman* on 26 November 1880:

"Some months since the *Herald* published a list of 30 fat men residing in Shelby County, Ky., taken from the papers of that county, whose aggregate weight was 7,285 pounds, or an average of 242 pounds. The Shelby newspapers boasted that no other county in the United States could furnish 30 men equalling them. Mr. C.B. Wells of this place, himself an old Kentuckian... has been patiently at work marshalling his fat brigade until he has the list complete... As will be seen, Kentucky is absolutely and completely vanquished... Our 30 men reach an average of over 266 pounds, beating the Kentucky boys some 24 pounds."

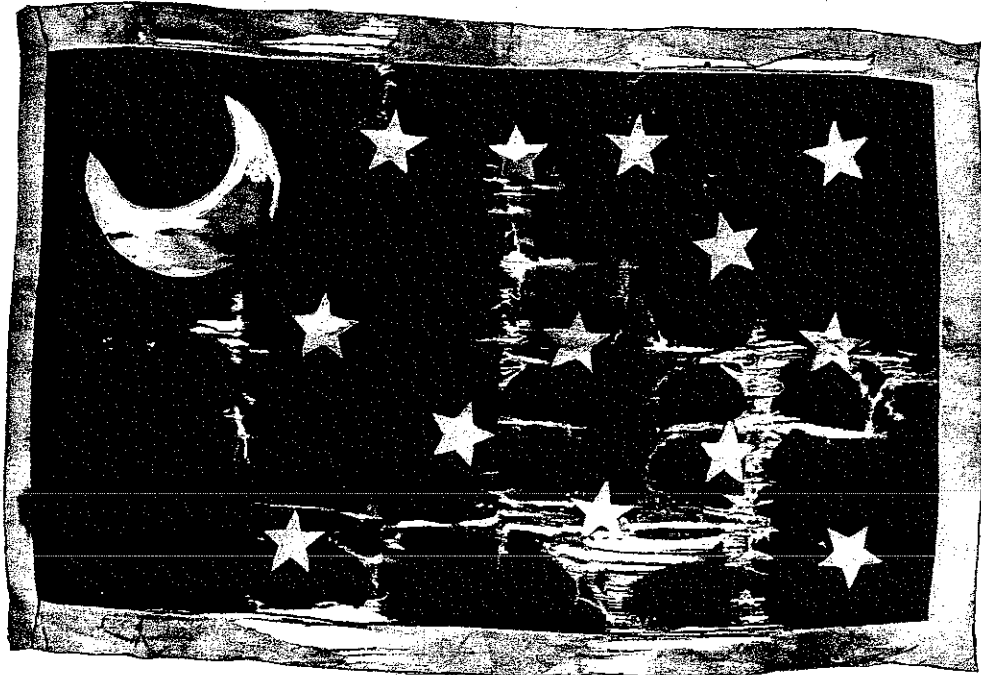
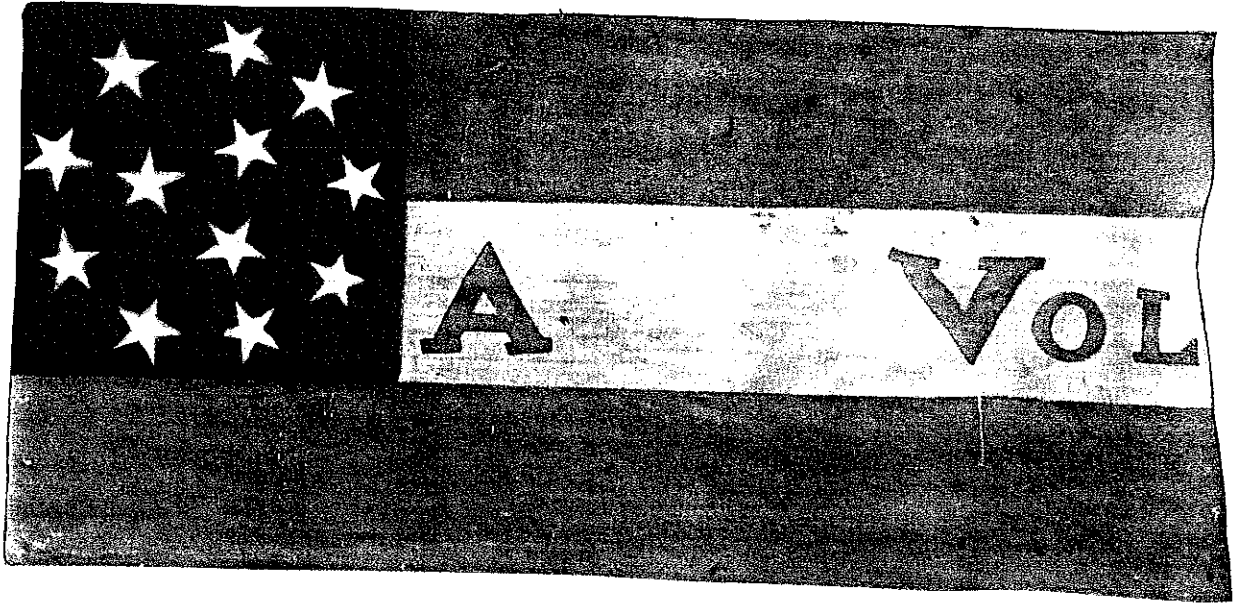
A sampling from the published list included these men, some of whom had a hint of German heritage:

John M. Maupin, 360 pounds; G.W. Coonce, 318; John Shouse, 305; Jack Rummans, 260; Karl Kerr, 257; Emmett Clinkscales, 252; Abraham Sublett, 257; and William Fox, 249.

All together, the 30 Boone County men weighed 7,987 pounds, with the heftiest at 360, and the slimmest four only 240 apiece, making for 266¼ pounds on average.

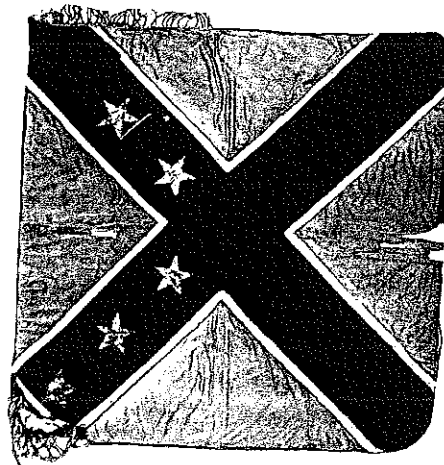
"Having thus driven the Kentucky fat men to the wall, Mr. Wells now challenges her to a contest of fat women and promises to head the list with one maiden lady whose *avoirdupois* kicks the beam at 400 lbs. Now come on Kentucky with your fat women."^{96:12}

■ ■ ■



FLUTTERING OVER THE BOYS
FROM CROOKED CREEK

AN 1862 REGIMENTAL FLAG OF
ARKANSAS VOLUNTEERS; THE FLAG
OF THE CONFEDERATE'S ARMY OF
THE WEST; VAN DORN'S BATTLE FLAG



WHEN BROTHER FOUGHT BROTHER
IN DEFENSE OF THE OZARKS
1861-1865

WHILE WRITING MOSTLY ABOUT HIS FAMILY AND another unit of the Confederate Infantry, historian Silas Claborn Turnbo remembered many details about the first regiment raised in Carroll and Marion Counties. The 14th Regiment included among its 859 enlisted men and officers four Baughmans: Jacob, John, and Peter W., all privates in Company G, and Enos W. Baughman, who had been elected as their company's captain.

"There was not much done," wrote Turnbo, "toward organizing the able bodied men into a company in Marion County until later in the year

when William C. Mitchell who lived on West Sugar Loaf Creek went to work. [At a ceremony held on 5 August 1861 at the Lead Hill Cemetery] the Regiment was at first organized as a cavalry command, but when an order arrived countermanding this, a number of the privates and officers said they were willing to go into a fight on horseback but they could not afford to go in on foot and so refused to remain with the command as infantry."¹⁰⁴

The nucleus of the regiment, drawn from Crooked Creek north to Lead Hill, was later Company G.⁵ Through August, the regiment was based in Yellville, Marion County's seat, and included these men:

| | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| ENOS W. BAUGHMAN, CAPT. | ENOCH B. BROWN, PVT. | ELI W. MCDOWELL, PVT. |
| JOHN POPLIN, 1ST LIEUT., | DAN CARDWELL, PVT. | RUFUS OWENS, PVT. |
| WHO SUCCEEDED BAUGHMAN IN | JOHN N. CUNNINGHAM, PVT. | LABEN PATTON, PVT. |
| MISSISSIPPI | JOHN CURTIS, PVT. | JAMES H. PENDLEY, PVT. |
| WILLIAM C. DENNING, 2ND LIEUT. | PETE DANIEL, PVT. | LEWIS RAYNOR, PVT. |
| GILLIAN HOPPER, 2ND LIEUT. | WILLIAM C. DANIEL, PVT. | EMANUEL REYNOLDS, PVT. |
| SAMUEL M. LEE, 2ND LIEUT. | WILLIAM H. DUNLAP, PVT. | MARK D. REYNOLDS, PVT. |
| | WILLIAM EASTER, PVT. | JAMES RIGGS, PVT. |
| THOMAS J. ANDREWS, 1ST SGT. | HENRY EATON, PVT. | ARCHIBALD O. ROSE, PVT. |
| PATON H. JONES, 1ST SGT. | WILLIAM FORGEY, PVT. | PERMENIUS T. ROSE, PVT. |
| GEORGE W. BENTON, SGT. | WILLIAM C. FORGEY, PVT. | THOMAS R. ROSE, PVT. |
| WILLIAM R. DABBS, SGT. | ELI FREEMAN, PVT. | WILLIAM ROSE, PVT. |
| JOHN FLIPPO, SGT. | JOHN FREEMAN, PVT. | WILLIAM B. ROSE, PVT. |
| THOMAS FLIPPO, SGT. | ABRAHAM GAYLON, PVT. | JOHN H. RUSH, PVT. |
| WILEY FLIPPO, SGT. | ELHANON W. HENDERSON, PVT. | CALVIN S. RUTLEDGE, PVT. |
| JOEL W. HALE, CPL. | LIHU HENDERSON, PVT. | JOEL SHARPE, PVT. |
| EWING ROWLETT, CPL. | HENDERSON HOOD, PVT. | JOHN Q.A. SPEERS, PVT. |
| GEORGE W. SHARPE, CPL. | BEN HOYT, -- | WILLIAM T. STAFFORD, PVT. |
| | CALVIN C. JOHNSON, PVT. | GEORGE W. SUTTON, PVT. |
| GEORGE W. ANDERSON, PVT. | WILLIAM H. KENERLY, PVT. | DANIEL A. THOMPSON, PVT. |
| JIM ANDERSON, PVT. | JAMES LAMB, PVT. | JOHN TYE, PVT. |
| AULDEN BAKER, PVT. | LEVI LAVETT, PVT. | TOM TYE, PVT. |
| JACOB BAUGHMAN, PVT. | WEST MATLOCK, PVT. | JIM WATKINS, PVT. |
| JOHN BAUGHMAN, PVT. | BILL E. MAULDEN, PVT. | JOHN J. WEAST, PVT. |
| PETER W. BAUGHMAN, PVT. | JAMES M. MAYFIELD, -- | BENJAMIN F. WHITE, PVT. |
| PETER W. BAUGHMAN, PVT. | JOHN R. MCCORMICK, PVT. | ALEXANDER WILHITE, PVT. |
| FRANK BENTON, PVT. | JOHN A. MCDOWELL, PVT. | DAVID P. WILLIS, PVT. |
| JAMES H. BUIE, PVT. | | |

No Backing Out

Four Baughmans appear on the muster rolls of other Confederate units in Arkansas. One reason for the early discharge of the Jacob Baughman in Company G of the 14th Arkansas regiment could have been the difficulty that a 48-year-old could have had with the rigors of training, camp life and the long march that the regiment had recently made to Benton County. The Jacob Baughman who fought with the old Company F, before it was consolidated with others in the 35th Regiment of Arkansas Confederate Infantry, might have been the 48-year-old younger brother of Henry Baughman, but was more likely the 24-year-old son of Henry.

Another listing for a Jacob Baughman, pairs him with a Joseph Baughman in Company G of Cocks's Regiment, Arkansas Infantry. This combination makes it very likely that they are the two sons of Henry Baughman who were only one year apart in age: Joseph Henry, born in 1836, and Jacob, born in 1837. Accounts from the grandchildren of John Wesley Baughman, born 1843, fit neatly into the saddle of a John Baughman who rode with Harrell's Battalion of Arkansas Cavalry, Company D, formed in the 1864 to join in General Sterling Price's raid into Missouri.

Captain Baughman was known only as E.W. on the muster rolls, and a much later voucher listed the first name Enos. Because there was no known Baughman by that first name living in Arkansas or Missouri in 1860, and because it would be unlikely for a newcomer to have won the votes from Crooked Creek's men to be the commanding officer of their company, researchers must look to his middle initial to identify this natural leader. Henry's younger brother William, born in 1820, would have had the bearing, at 41, to be a captain. He was one of the pioneering generation that came into that part of the state, and already a respected member of the Crooked Creek community. He had a talent for talking, and besides being a farmer, William Baughman was a Baptist preacher. He was also the only Baughman in northern Arkansas of an age to fight in the Civil War with a name beginning with 'W.'

Gleaned from the men's individual service records in the 14th Arkansas, other items of note include the capture in Bellefonte, Arkansas, of Private William Lantz of Company A by Federal forces on 5 May 1864, and the membership of the family of well-known

Baptist preacher Jimmy Mabrey as fighters in Company D of the 14th, namely J.P., John J. and Randolph. Wilhite and Snapp are two names that traveled with the Baughmans all the way back since the Shenandoah Valley and the Smoky Mountains in Marion County during the 1850s, a feud between two families, the Tutts and the Everetts, spread until the entire county was at war, and the governor had to call out the militia to restore order. Two of the Tutts, James and Sam, joined the 14th, and kept at it during the 1860s with the Everetts, who were a pro-Union family.^{116:5}

William C. Mitchell had long put public service ahead of his home life in northern Arkansas. He led one state militia company that helped bring the local Tutt-Everett War to an end. The United States government appointed him to be a special agent in 1859 to help return the survivors of the Mountain Meadow Massacre. From 1860 to 1862, Mitchell served as senator in the state legislature at Little Rock for Marion and Searcy Counties.^{5:12} Service records filed on 12 May 1862 with the headquarters staff of the Army of the West showed Mitchell's first commission of the war came when the men of Company G elected him to be their 1st Lieutenant.³⁵¹

The roster of 14th Arkansas reads like a family tree for the Baughmans. Private Laben Patton was the brother of a family member, as were two kin from the Cantrell family, E.M. and H.D., and James H. Buie. There were also marriages among the children and grandchildren of John and Dortha Baughman with the family of Private George Sutton; Privates D.W., Enoch, G.M., George and Sylvester Brown; Private James W. Cosey's family; and Privates Sam and Wilkinson Cornett as well. The 14th was also stronger by seven men from the Wolf family, five Roses and 13 from the Wood clan.⁵

After receiving speeches, prayers, kisses and home made flags from their women folk, these "brave Southrons" marched off. In neighboring Searcy County, the favorite sons were formed into an infantry company and dubbed The Yellow Jackets, in hopes that their sting in battle would deserve the nickname. Their wives and girlfriends presented the men with a flag inscribed "No Backing Out."^{116:72}

Three ladies from Richmond, Virginia, Constance Cary Harrison and her cousins Hetty and Jennie Cary made the first three battle flags of the Confederacy. "They were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed with dark

blue edged with white," recalled Harrison, "the cross bearing stars to indicate the number of the seceded States. We set our best stitches upon them, edged them with golden fringes..." Earl Van Dorn, then commanding infantry at Manassas, received one by special dispatch from the ladies, and the others were sent to generals Joseph E. Johnston and P.G.T. Beauregard. When Van Dorn took command of the Arkansas forces, one of the first of the best-known Confederate flags flew overhead.^{123:231}

Van Dorn chose an additional flag pattern for his Army of the West in February 1862: a crescent moon and 13 stars scattered on a blood-red field. More common in the western theater of war was the First National Flag of the Confederacy which had been adopted on 4 March 1861. This pattern, known as "The Stars and Bars," was widely taken up by local regiments that felt free to add their own names and mottos. Arkansas Volunteers added the letters "A. Vol" to the middle white stripe. This flag proved disastrously confusing on the battlefield with the Union's Stars and Stripes. For the first two years of the war, no one could be sure at a distance, through bad weather or the smoke and confusion of battle, which side's banner it was.^{123:261}

"A majority of the people in Marion county were strict Southerners," said Turnbo, reflecting on pre-war times. "Many of them including the noble women were ready to sell their lives for the South while others were all talk and noise and wanting in firmness. Some of the men asserted that they could whip five Yankees single-handed, but when it came to the test, they were not there to help carry on the fight..."

"The citizens who lived on the upper part of Big Creek in Taney County, Missouri, were nearly all unanimous for the Union... These with other who lived on Little North Fork that espoused the Union cause organized a company and was furnished with new muskets with bayonets.

"Colonel Mitchell, who, with his [14th Arkansas] regiment, was camped near where Lead Hill, Arkansas, now is, learned that the Union men who lived on Big Creek were back at home with their new guns and he sent a detachment of mounted men from the regiment to Big Creek to disarm them and they succeeded in capturing a few guns. The Union men made some show of resistance for they did not relish the idea of surrendering their guns to Southerners. Fortunately, not a member of either side was hurt."⁴⁰⁴

Though elected by Missourians to be a secessionist governor, Claiborne Jackson was thrown out of office by President Lincoln. When the Union authorities picked another governor, Jackson escaped to the White River and headed downstream into Arkansas. Upon his arrival, Colonel Mitchell invited the exiled governor to inspect the volunteers of Crooked Creek. Jackson accepted the opportunity and took care to compliment and encourage the men.^{5:9}

"Soon after my father recovered from his prolonged sickness and was able for duty," wrote Turnbo, "he rejoined his regiment where it was then camped in a hollow that runs into East Sugar Loaf Creek above where Lead Hill now is. [James Turnbo was elected to serve as a second lieutenant with Company C.] In the latter days of September, Colonel Mitchell received orders to march his regiment to Cross Hollows in Benton County in the extreme northwest part of the state..."⁴⁰⁴

Already there, some of General Ben McCulloch's troops had quickly built a cantonment, with hundreds of stout wooden huts, a few storehouses, a pair of mills, in short, everything necessary for a small town, to insure their comfortable winter encampment.^{353:51}

"Nearly all the company officers received permission from the colonel to ride horseback on the march [to Cross Hollow], and when the regiment reached its destination, an amusing incident occurred to the company officers. As they were marching along to join General Ben McCulloch and Price's Army, Ben McCulloch looked toward the regiment and exclaimed, 'There are two regiments coming to join us, one of infantry and one of cavalry, all mixed together!' And he was going to give the supposed two commanders a lecture when to his surprise he found that it was only one regiment with the privates walking and the officers on horseback. And he dismounted the company officers and had their horses sent back home so the company officers were compelled to march on foot just like the privates did."⁴⁰⁴

The mountaineers of northwestern Arkansas had no local military academies or tradition of paramilitary discipline or schooling in military history or tactics. They were probably unaware that cavalry forces back East impose strict limitations on their troopers' physiques: No taller than 5'6" or heavier than 150 pounds. An Ozark cavalry officer recast the official Preparatory Command to better suit his men, saying, "Prepare fer to git on to yer creeters!" followed by his

own Executionary Command, "Git!"

"A few of them, and very few, have a small smattering of the rudiments of common militia mustering. Some of them do not even know that much," reported a veteran of the Mexican Wars, Christopher C. Danley.^{116:70}

Many officers had to rely on troops who brought their armament from home, mainly as shotguns, hunting rifles and "very long disemboweling tools."^{116:71}

On 13 August, Colonel Mitchell signed for an infusion of arms and equipment from Lieutenant M.M. Kimmel, a Confederate Ordinance Officer at the Fayetteville Armory. The 317 flintlock muskets Mitchell accepted might have been the weapon of choice in his father's or grandfather's day, but did not represent even the standard issue of other southern states. Percussion locks had long since become the more reliable choice among hunters and armies for firing a rifle, and the smoothbore muskets were notoriously inaccurate.

Lieutenant Kimmel issued the 14th a similar number of cartridge boxes and leather shoulder belts, but only 208 bayonet scabbards could be found. Besides roughly 300 sets of screwdrivers and wipers, Mitchell got for his men some 19 artillery sabres, four non-commissioned officers' swords, a fife and one small drum.³⁵¹

"In October, 1861," continued Turnbo, "I mounted a sorrel horse of mine I called 'Ball' and started to Forsyth to purchase a piece of bar iron to use as a crow bar. Parties of Federal and Confederate soldiers were passing through Taney County, Missouri, and I had to be careful or I might meet with a crowd of men that wore the Blue.

"I crossed Elbow Creek at the John Yandell place and went by where Groom Post Office is now [in the vicinity of Cedar Creek]... I crossed Beaver Creek at its mouth and forded White River three miles below Forsyth... and at that moment, I met Jake Nave, George McDowell and Campbell Berry who had just left town and were riding rapidly away. I was acquainted with them and they were all honorable men and sympathized with the South. Mr. Berry was the County Clerk of Taney County; Nave kept a grocery store, and McDowell was a dry goods merchant.

"The men told me not to venture into Forsyth nor stay in the neighborhood of town or I might get killed... A bunch of Federals were approaching down

Swan Creek and that a party of them had been to Forsyth... committed some deprivations and gone off the way they came. Late in the forenoon of the following day... we entered town and found it almost deserted. McDowell took me into his store and showed me how the enemy had treated his stock of goods when they were there the last time. The bolts of calico, cotton and jeans and other stuff were cut to pieces, besides much other damage. It would have been more pleasing to the owner if they had appropriated the goods as the spoils of war and carried them off with them and divided them with needy women and children than to have destroyed them by cutting them to pieces. McDowell... left Forsyth a short time after they mistreated his goods and never did go back there anymore."⁴⁰⁴

By late November 1861, inflation was rampant. In the Ozarks, especially, war had driven the price of salt from an average of \$3.50 up to \$20 a sack.^{116:85}

"One day in the last week of November [1861], I left home on a visit to the regiment to see my father... One mile below Carrollton, I stayed all night. I was now forty miles or more from home and it was the furthest from home that I had ever been before... [By the next night at Huntsville,] I had ridden thirty-four miles that day through the picturesque hills of Long Creek, Osage Creek and War Eagle River and seventy-four miles from home.

"I met the regiment near eleven o'clock in the morning [along the Bentonville Road] going to Huntsville to take up winter quarters. My father was the officer of the guard that day and he had a big, heavy, cumbersome sword belted around him. He and the guard were in the rear of the command with the artillery and wagon train. The soldiers were marching slowly and seemed to be cheerful, singing songs and passing jokes. The regiment went into camp that night on a small watercourse. It was noise and bustle until they got all their tents stretched, then the men were more quiet and prepared their suppers of bread, meat and real coffee. After supper most of them retired to sleep and rest for they were tired. Others were restless and noisy and wanted to sit up late and talk which was against orders and my father was instructed to make them go to bed and keep them quiet. As he did not desire to be harsh with them nor want to insult them, he talked to them in a mild, quiet way and told them how it was and they all went to bed without waiting for a second warning."⁴⁰⁴

Their winter quarters, "Camp Madison," were taken up the following day four miles east from Huntsville, at the crossing of the War Eagle River and present-day Route 412, where they remained from December through late February 1862.

"My father was attacked with cramp colic and he suffered severely most of the night before Doctor Casey, the regimental physician, got him relieved. It left him in rather a weak condition and when he gained strength enough to travel, he was given a leave of absence to return home until he was able for duty again... I turned my horse over to him to ride and I walked... Soon after my father had returned to the regiment, Colonel Mitchell came home on a visit and Bill Trimble [a private in Company C, who deserted by 6 August] and a few others were allowed to come with him and they all remained at home some time before going back. The privates went back before their colonel did. I started back with Trimble, which was in February, 1862."⁴⁰⁴

These descriptions of travel coincide with Peter Baughman's discharge on 12 February 1862. Private William J. Vasser of Company K was discharged on 5 Feb; Privates John R. McCormick and Calvin C. Johnson, both of Company G, have been recorded as "left sick" on 10 February, and on the same day, Private Eli W. McDowell, from the same company, simply "left." Johnson was mentioned as later joining Harrell's Battalion of Arkansas Cavalry where a John Baughman was also enlisted. On the same day that Peter Baughman was discharged, another private from Company G "left sick," William E. Maulden; and three days after that, another comrade from Company G "left sick" as well, Private Thomas J. Tye. Peter Baughman's record shows he rejoined the regiment by 1 May.⁵

"On my return home, Captain Lewis Hudson who was then in command of the company that father belonged to accompanied me part of the way. [He] was a pleasant and sociable man and talked freely on matters relating to the war. Shortly after leaving the prairie, the captain and I parted company. I went on... down West Sugar Loaf Creek by the residence of Colonel Mitchell's where, through a kind invitation from him, I stayed until morning. The old colonel told me many accounts of early times in northwest Arkansas and anecdotes of camp life in the Confederate Army."⁴⁰⁴

The Standard Currency

"The housewives and daughters made wearing clothes. Cotton and jeans were used for shirts, trousers and underwear for the men and boys; and dresses and underclothing for the women and little girls. Socks and suspenders were knit from sheep's wool and the fathers and sons tanned hides in the old-fashioned tan trough and made shoes," recalled Turnbo.

"Gold and silver, furs and pelts were the standard currency among the people before and at the time the war broke out. Most everyone was independent. There were but few in debt. They bought few dry goods and paid for them in money hides. Most everyone possessed some property. The country was in a flourishing condition...

"After the war broke out, gold and silver ceased to circulate in the South and a new money was manufactured. When the war had passed into a great heat, it was almost impossible for the women to make clothing for their families, and as the tanning of leather and making of shoes had nearly ceased to be done, many poor women as well as children were compelled to go almost naked and without shoes.

"I distinctly remember the first Confederate money I ever saw which was one day just before Christmas in 1861. There was a man living in a cabin in the river bottom just below the mouth of Long Bottom [Creek] who belonged to the 14th Arkansas Regiment and when he drawn his pay, he sent his wife a twenty dollar bill of the first issue of Confederate money. When we stopped at the yard fence... the man's wife showed us the new, crisp bill. I recollect that I thought it was very pretty money.

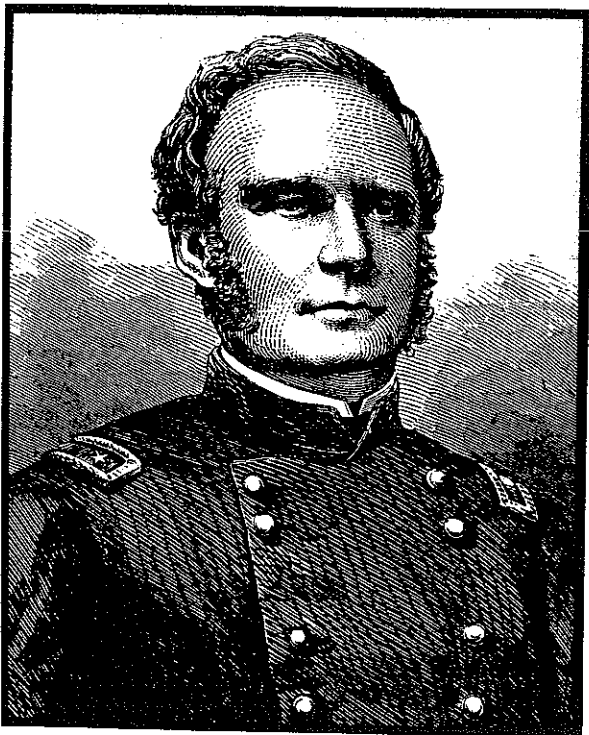
"Some time after the State of Arkansas had seceded, the state government issued a lot of state script, but it was under par and was not received as readily as Confederate money... The whole Southern Confederacy stood as security for the Confederate money and they did not apprehend any danger of the Confederate government ever breaking to pieces.

"In the early part of 1862, a number of men who had a keen desire for speculation had hundreds of blank forms struck at the various printing offices to start a new currency and fill their own pockets. The denomination of this money ran from five cents to one dollar and after filling out the blank and signing their names to them, they claimed they would redeem all the bills of this fractional money they put out if so

much of it was presented to them in consecutive numbers. Small money was needed and those fellows would give five dollars worth of this fractional stuff for a five dollar bill in Confederate money... Later on, many more who were able to have enough blanks struck signed fictitious names to the bills... and this worthless stuff circulated freely. These were called shin plasters [because that was about all that they were useful for] and had a big circulation among the people and soldiers in northern Arkansas."⁴⁰⁴

On the War Path

There was a general rivalry between Arkansas governor Henry M. Rector and the Confederate leadership. Brigadier General Ben McCulloch, ex-Texas ranger and Indian fighter, was the first Confederate officer in Arkansas, but he had no authority beyond defense of the Indian Territory. Rector wrote to the Secretary of War L.P. Walker to insist that the State troops would be turned over to Walker's orders only if the troops personally approved the transfer and if the arms were to be used to defend Arkansas. When Walker promised only the "watchful care of the Government," Rector refused the



MAJOR-GENERAL STERLING PRICE
COMMANDER OF MISSOURI'S CONFEDERATE MILITIA

transfer.^{116:76}

Brigadier General Nathaniel Lyon, in assuming command of the Union forces, began vigorously pushing the Missouri State Guard southward. McCulloch, who had been considering offensive operations in Kansas, now joined forces with General N. Bart Pearce, and, on 29 June, issued a call for "every man" in Arkansas "for three years or the war" along with a new request to Richmond for arms.

Rector and the state's Military Board countered this Confederate usurpation the next day with their own call for 10,000 troops, for only 12 months service, to rally at different points all over the state. [This date coincides with the raising of Mitchell's 14th Arkansas, as well as to the 12-month length of state enlistments.]

Before the transfer of the northwestern troops from state control over to the Confederacy could take effect, the Battle of Wilson's Creek, or Oak Hills as the South called it, was fought on 10 August. McCulloch feared that he was exceeding his instructions, but reluctantly joined Major-General Sterling Price and Pearce and moved north to meet Lyon southwest of Springfield, Missouri. One of the bloodiest battles of the entire war resulted, ending in Lyon's death and the rout of his army. However instead of following up the advantage, McCulloch and Pearce withdrew into Arkansas. McCulloch did not consider Missouri his area of responsibility, distrusted Price and the discipline of his state forces, and lacked supplies. Pearce's army was faced with expiring terms and the transfer problem.^{116:77}

Thus Price was alone and was left without adequate supplies to attempt the recapture of Missouri. Pearce marched the army back into Arkansas and dismissed them. By September, the "Victory Army of Arkansas" numbered 18 men.

Pearce's plan to relocate the state regiments from northwestern Arkansas over toward the Mississippi River was extremely unpopular, leaving uplanders feeling mistrust and hatred for several layers of politicians: at Little Rock, Richmond and Washington.^{116:78} But in the wake of the early successes which had attended the Confederate cause, original secessionists were generally successful at the polls.

In the first district, comprising northwest Arkansas, Felix Batson, a moderate secessionist, defeated former delegate H.F. Thomason. Curiously, ex-Unionist Thomason lost heavily in the extreme

northwest counties where Union sentiment lingered the longest. To show the state that not everyone agreed with the cotton counties, strong Unionist resolutions began to pour in from the northwest. Expressions of loyalty came from Sebastian, Marion, Carroll, Newton and Searcy Counties. During the original Hanly Motion on Secession in Arkansas' legislature, two men of modest means represented the Ozark districts of Carroll and Marion Counties — 34-year-old W.W. Watkins and T.F. Austin, 41, both lawyers who had been born in Tennessee. Neither owned slaves and both men voted against the rebellion. They were even joined in their “no votes” by Dr. B.H. Hobbs, a very wealthy representative of Carroll County who happened to own a slave.^{116:81}

With the Hope of Arming

No one yet realized that a single, fateful fight was about to decide so much. Arkansas was about to taste the earliest sustained campaign of the entire war and what would be the largest battle west of the Mississippi; the only time where the Rebels outnumbered the Yankees, where the Rebels attacked out of the north and the Yankees defended from the south; the only Civil War battle where regiments of Indians were allies of a white army; the outcome of which secured more miles of land for the Union than any other, and which erased an entire frontline of contention.

The 14th Arkansas arrived from Camp Madison fully armed sometime after 23 February. “Several regiments of Arkansas troops joined us here... The arms of some of the State guard, which had been [dismissed] and had gone home, were turned over... There was, however, not enough, and one of the regiments could not be supplied,” wrote Ephraim Anderson in his *Memoirs... of the First Missouri Confederate Brigade*.^{9:159}

“The men coming in were raw recruits, just from home, and had never seen any service; but they exhibited great willingness to engage in the coming conflict...”

“The command of General McCulloch was composed of 11 Confederate regiments, all large and full.” On 31 December, the ranks of the 14th Arkansas were swollen by 32 newly arrived men. “One whole regiment was unarmed, and marched with the hope of arming in the coming battle.”^{9:163}

“Our force was also augmented by the arrival of General Albert Pike and his Indian brigade, which came trotting by our camp on their little Indian ponies, yelling forth their wild whoop, as was the custom of their tribes when going on the “war path.” Their faces were painted, and their long straight hair, tied in a queue, hung down behind; their dress was chiefly in the Indian costume — buckskin hunting shirts, dyed of almost every color, leggings and moccasins of the same material, with little bells, rattles, ear-rings and similar paraphernalia.

“About half carried only bows and arrows, tomahawks and war-clubs, presenting altogether an appearance at once wild and savage. They were mostly Cherokees, straight, active and sinewy in their persons and movements — fine looking specimens of the red man... They were understood to number about 2,000 warriors.”^{9:159}

Benjamin McCulloch was born in Tennessee, but made his name and reputation in Texas. He wanted to be at the Alamo in 1836, beside his old friend and neighbor David Crockett, but a bad case of measles prevented it. McCulloch learned about artillery with Sam Houston at San Jacinto, served in the congresses of the Republic of Texas and the United States, mined for gold in California, labored as a peace commissioner



BRIGADIER-GENERAL BENJAMIN MCCULLOCH
COMMANDER OF THE ARKANSAS CONFEDERATES

in the Mormon War, and gained a reputation as an Indian-fighting captain of Texas Rangers.

At the age of 50, McCulloch had deepset gray eyes and the leathery face of a frontiersman. Despite his balding scalp, his stooped, small size and reserved manner, everyone who met him was impressed.^{355:16}

McCulloch had been a key figure in the first hours of the war by sealing up Texas armories for the Confederate cause. Following his role in the victory at Oak Hills, Missouri, broadsheet lyrics were published throughout the South to sing his praises:

BEN McCULLOUGH.

[SUNG TO THE TUNE OF]

AIR — "SOMETHING NEW COMES EVERY DAY."

*Oh have you heard of the brave old fellow,
He goes by the name of Ben McCullough,
He fills his foes with consternation,
He's the pride of all the Southern nation,
Oh dear, oh 'tis truth what I tell,
'Mid fire and powder he loves to dwell.*

*He's the man above all the rest, sirs,
That scatters all the Lincoln nests, sirs,
That makes them fly at the smell of powder,
That uses them up like old fish chowder,
Oh dear, &c.*

*Arkansas boys he's got to back him,
The Iowa boys will fail to crack him,
The Illinois crew he'll beat all hollow,
Be quick Indians, if him you want to follow.
Oh dear, &c.*

*He comes upon his foes like red hot brick bats,
He takes off their scalps like so many wild cats,
Anthony Wayne is no circumstance to him,
Though many of his foes do strive to undo him.
Oh dear, &c.*

*Huzza for McCullough the brave rifle ranger,
The friend of truth — to vice a stranger,
He's a hard old knot of the hickory tree, sir,
He'll work night and day to set the South free sir.
Oh dear, &c.^{55:74}*

McCulloch found out that Price wanted total command over the Arkansas and Texas troops. By traveling to Richmond in December, McCulloch hoped

to outmaneuver Price's political allies and tell his side of the story. Before leaving his troops in well-prepared winter quarters, McCulloch felt the trip could work and that his men, well dug in to their winter quarters, were in no danger of attack from the Federals during such bitter Ozark weather.^{355:19}

Jefferson Davis chose one of his family's long-time friends, Major General Earl Van Dorn, a West Point graduate from a aristocratic plantation family of Port Gibson, Mississippi, to stop the bickering in the western seat of the war. Van Dorn's star had risen at the first battle of Mannassas, and he was widely known for his wavy dark blond hair. His reputation with ladies and soldiers was as an impulsive romantic. Imposing Van Dorn over both of them became Richmond's solution to the McCulloch & Price feud.^{355:20}

In January, McCulloch's force had 8,700 men and 18 pieces of artillery. His huge infantry brigade under Colonel Louis Hébert, including the 14th Arkansas and eight other regimental units, made up 5,700 of it. Price's army was counted the month before at 8,000 men and 47 heavy guns, but both the Arkansas and Missouri armies were renamed divisions under General Van Dorn as of 29 January.^{355:19} [Maps on pages 292-294]

"A fierce winter storm swept the Ozarks on the night of 13 February," recalled one Confederate in winter camp. "The worst nights we have yet passed. Bitterly cold weather." "The snow was all over us, and our clothes frozen on our bodies."^{355:30}

The thinly settled Ozark mountains offered little for the invading Yankees to plunder or eat. One Iowan recalled his hunger and disgust at finding the land along Telegraph Road was "not much settled, nor good for any thing but to raise Punkins." Once every few miles, a few Union troops lucked upon frightened families just sitting down to a full dinner table.^{355:23}

On 18 February, another storm out of the northwest hammered Union and Confederate alike with freezing rain, sleet and snow. McCulloch returned that day and immediately made a ride among his shivering soldiers. As soon as they saw their long-gone commander, the whole Arkansas army let out a wild cheer and tossed their hats into the air. With grateful tears in his eyes, McCulloch eventually got to the center of each regiment and shouted, in laconic fashion, "Men, I am glad to see you!"^{355:46}

On 19 February, the weather got worse. Ice glazed the Telegraph Road and coated every beard and uniform. When the Confederates reached Fayetteville

on the next day, McCulloch ordered that the entire town should open its arms and pantries for the passing troops. Government warehouses were unlocked, so that hundreds of tons of meat and flour could be literally dumped in the streets. The hungry Confederates filled their packs, pockets and arms with everything.^{355:48}

One Missouri volunteer recalled that “nearly every man in the regiment got a ham or a shoulder or a side of bacon, ran his bayonet through them and carried it to camp.” He added that “it was a novel sight to see so much meat on the march.” There was so much of it that the men even burned piles of bacon later that day to provide heat.

The men became so excited that they stopped differentiating between military stores and private property. Homes and stores were looted, and rough-looking soldiers made off with everything from mirrors and books, to bonnets, dresses, baby rattles and artificial flowers. They ignored the pleas of everyone, including their own officers. Surgeon Washington L. Gammage of the 4th Arkansas called the sack of Fayetteville “one of the most disgraceful scenes that I ever saw.”

After their difficult escape from Springfield, Missouri, Price’s army finally broke open the supply wagons that had slowed them down so greatly. To replace their own ragged civilian clothes, and to warm them in the current winter storms, the 1st Missouri Brigade received jackets and pants made of undyed and unwashed wool. The new off-white cloth still smelled strongly of sheep, but it was warm and some thought rather dashing when set off by the jacket’s large wooden buttons and black belts. These were the first uniforms of any kind that Missouri soldiers had received.^{355:50}

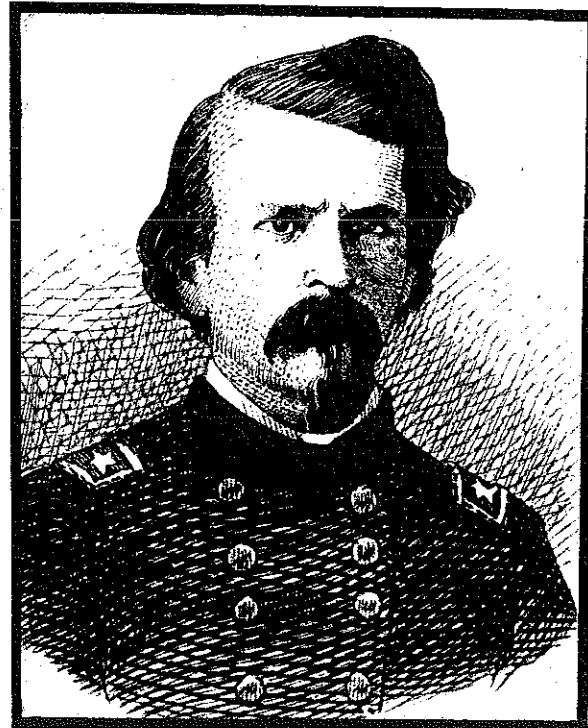
McCulloch’s men camped at Strickler’s Station on 22 February, 17 miles south of Fayetteville, beside a creek named the Illinois River. This was the last stop of on the Telegraph Road, where the Boston Mountains sit on the Ozark range’s bottom edge. Farther south and west, the road resumed its identity as the principal route of the Butterfield Overland Mail Company, which ran stagecoaches from St. Louis to San Francisco.¹⁵⁸

On 23 February, Van Dorn left Jacksonport for Strickler’s Station, where Price was joining the rendezvous. Van Dorn was so eager to travel light, move fast and strike without warning that he ordered

his men to leave behind their tents, bedding, extra clothing and cooking utensils, taking with them only their weapons, 40 rounds of ammunition, three days’ rations and a single blanket. The two divisions were to have one ammunition wagon train each and only an abbreviated supply train with no more than one day’s emergency rations. Van Dorn assumed that his troops could survive after the first 48 hours on the spoils abandoned by routed Yankees. In the forthcoming battle, the Army of the West would make first contact with the Federals just as their rations had run out. The Confederates were being forced by their commander to conquer or starve.

Van Dorn started out on 4 March with 16,500 men and 65 heavy guns. With just a few days patience, he could have added two more regiments: the recently arrived 19th and 20th Arkansas. Since Van Dorn already had a 3:1 advantage in manpower and a 4:3 advantage in artillery, he didn’t feel the need, and so didn’t. Never again did a Confederate army march off to battle with a greater proportional advantage of troop strength.^{355:59}

The Federals had adequate warning of Van Dorn’s approach, and thought themselves invincibly positioned at the junction of the main north-south thoroughfare, Telegraph Road, and Little Sugar Creek



MAJOR-GENERAL EARL VAN DORN
COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERACY’S ARMY OF THE WEST

road. When Van Dorn received word of these embattlements, he planned a two-prong attack from their rear. McCulloch's division would take the western stab through Leetown, while Price and Van Dorn would descend from Pea Ridge and a little waystop inn named Elkhorn Tavern. Leetown was nothing more than half a dozen houses and their outbuildings, even though it had the honor of being named for General Robert E. Lee's cousin, John.^{158:80} At this point, 2,500 of McCulloch's men had already dropped out and another 1,000 never actually engaged the enemy.^{355:270}

By 11:30 a.m. on 7 March, the Union commander near Leetown had caught on and was desperately trying to realign his regiments. Two hours passed before the forward sharpshooters of the 36th Illinois saw their first target: a lone man dressed in a black velvet civilian suit, riding on a tall red sorrel that blended in with the dead oak leaves everywhere, picking his way through the scrub brush and trees.

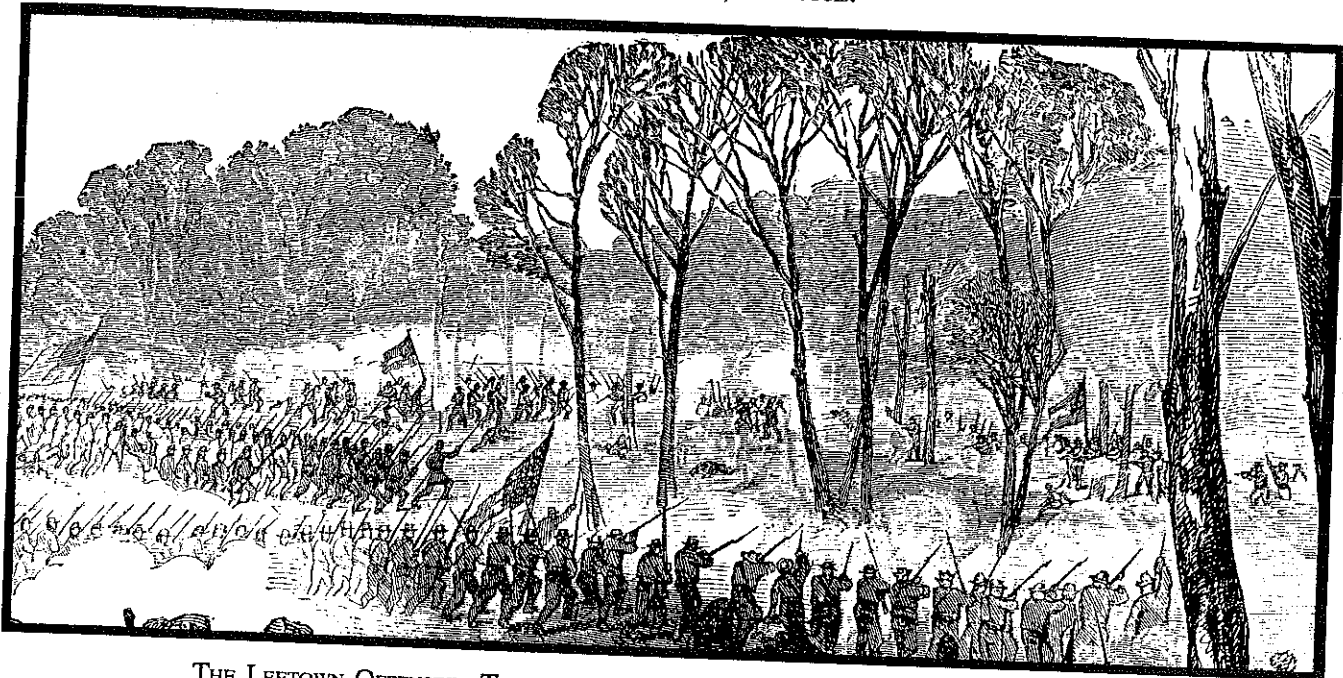
The Federals steadied their rifles on the fence rails and at a range of 70 yards, under the command of Company B's Captain Silas Miller, struck the rider down. The first casualty of the day was none other than General McCulloch, killed instantly by a musket ball in the heart. The Confederates were slow to realize who had fallen, and then pass on the news or aggressively act on a new command structure. To

make matters worse, McCulloch's successor, General James McIntosh was slain within the hour, also by a bullet in the heart.^{355:94}

And Shut Out the Light of the Sun

All hope for salvaging the Leetown offensive fell to the Rebel's third ranking commander there, Colonel Louis Hébert, but he was isolated in a dense thicket known as Morgan's Woods due east of Leetown Road. Message couriers were dispatched back and forth Confederate lines but throughout the two days of battle, few if any ever seemed to get through. The modest gunfire that had killed McCulloch and decapitated divisional command sounded just like the prearranged Confederate signal for the advance to begin.^{355:116}

Hébert had no idea that the entire division was his to command, and so while he and four regiments were fighting for their lives in Morgan's Woods, 12 more regiments and battalions of infantry and cavalry, were waiting for orders from anywhere, seemingly paralyzed for the next three hours. The center of Hébert's line was formed by about 800 men of the 14th Arkansas, and the 15th and 4th Arkansas regiments, along with the smaller but fierce 3rd Louisiana Regiment making up the balance of the 2,000 Rebels.



THE LEETOWN OFFENSIVE, TAKEN FROM AN EYEWITNESS SKETCH OF A FEDERAL OFFICER

On that March day, Morgan's Woods was a maze of uprooted and fallen trees, the results of a recent tornado. Underneath was a dense mess of vines, brush and trees that made visibility past 100 yards impossible. At about 2 p.m., the first of two ravines slowed Hébert's southward push, obstructing the advance of his men on a staggered diagonal line. Taking time to realign the troops gave a Union artillery battery the chance to zero in with shells and solid shot. Splinters of hot metal and shattered trees inflicted the first casualties on the Arkansas volunteers. Their vulnerable position got worse when the skewed battle line poked out of the woods on the right flank, drawing a whole barrage from the Union batteries. For these troops, an oblique line of escape back into the woods muddled the units further "without regard to Captains or Colonels," reported a company commander from the 4th Arkansas. He and his fellow officers "were never able to form them again into their proper companies or regiments." The Arkansas and Louisiana troops still had a chance to fulfill their original mission. While no line of sight in these dense woods made it obvious, they were within a few hundred yards of overwhelming the Union divisional command, which had asked for reinforcements an hour earlier.^{355:118}

The Yankees sent 500 men from the 37th Illinois into the woods after them, but the line of these troops also became ragged because of the terrain. After a short distance, dark-clad figures appeared dead ahead and a few Federals made ready to fire. The Union officer cried out, "Don't shoot. They are our own men!" but no sooner had he spoken the mistake, a blistering fire from close range came back from their shadowy opposites. Two companies of the Yankees were armed with Colt revolving rifles, and replied with a continuous volley.

Another Union regiment, the 59th Illinois, came up from the south directly into the center of Hébert's line. When they heard the ferocious shooting from their left, a number of enlisted men and one or two junior officers "failed to share the honors of the battle, by being dilatory about going in." Dim figures appeared before the remaining front line, which again hesitated for fear of opening up on their fellow Illinoisans. A Union major volunteered to ride up and find out. After the sound of a few shots close by, the major came galloping back, clutching a bloody shoulder. One word from the 59th's commander and 400 Union muskets were added to the fight.^{355:124}

"Something like a tremendous peal of thunder opened all along our front," wrote a Louisiana soldier, "and a ridge of fire and smoke appeared close before us, and the trees round us and over our heads rattled with the bullets, as if in a heavy hail-storm." In the final week before the battle, McCulloch had put out the call for last-minute recruits, and these "emergency men," with no training at all, had joined the column during the past three days. When several of these men, the greenest of the green, heard the opening gunfire, they began shooting wildly, hitting at least two of their Louisiana comrades from behind.

The thick forest accounted, in part, for the low death count on both sides. Soldiers couldn't see who they were shooting at half of the time, the trees "stopped a great many of the bullets." An Illinois officer believed his company "would have been utterly annihilated" had he not ordered them "flat on their bellies on the ground." Union Captain Eugene B. Payne of the 37th Illinois felt three hits: one bullet cut the flesh on his little finger to the bone, another one cut across his neck, and another sliced his leg, "tearing way my pants and drawers."^{355:127}

A color bearer from the 37th Illinois was squatting ten yards ahead of his unit. To avoid being shot from behind, he stayed low, holding his flagstaff erect with his left hand and firing a revolver with his right. In the blink of an eye, Confederate bullets shredded the flag, shattered the staff, blasted away his left forefinger and hit him in the chest. Because the wound to his chest had only come from a ricochet, somehow, he survived.^{355:129}

For nearly an hour, five thousand ramrods kept loading and reloading, overlapping muskets, hunting rifles, shotguns, and the efficient Colt rifles above it all, "cyclonic in sound and effect." The still air and the overhead trees held the black powder smoke all around them. A "deep sullen roar" was what other Confederates could hear a half mile away.

The pushing back and forth through the woods put both sides across the northern ravine three or four times. As coordination among the Federal regiments failed, their retreat began. The 59th broke apart entirely and opened a chance for Hébert, whose force was now facing west, to finish his charge. But the Confederates had suffered heavy casualties, including dozens of men collapsed from exhaustion. With thick clouds of gunsmoke that hung motionless in the woods, visibility was down to a few yards. Hébert ordered a halt, and tried to reassess his position.

Their's was a clear but brief victory: the Arkansas and Louisiana regiments had routed a Federal brigade, capturing part of their artillery. Hébert could make good on his threat towards the Federal's general staff, but only if reinforcements were on their way. Federal regiments were reorganizing quickly to his front and a brigade was moving up from the southeast, behind the back of the 14th Arkansas.

The Arkansas and Louisiana troops were so used up from the last four days that many collapsed or wandered about in a daze. Three hours of daylight remained, and Hébert had yet to hear back from any of the staff officers he had sent to try contacting McCulloch.

The Union's First Brigade, under Colonel Thomas Pattison, seemed to materialize out of nowhere, pouring out fire on Hébert's backside. Many of the Arkansas soldiers broke ranks and took off to the north. Others stayed for the fight.

Colonel Mitchell managed to turn the 14th around, as did Colonel Dandridge McCrae for the 15th, and together they stopped the Federal charge. A counterattack assembled by the 14th Arkansas and the 3rd Louisiana was personally led by Hébert. This blind thrust hit the flank of the Federal forces and unnerved them. An Indiana officer recalled that "a



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALBERT PIKE
COMMANDER OF THE CHEROKEE ARMY

sheet of fire, volumes of smoke and the incessant roar of musketry, almost stifled our senses and shut out the light of the sun."^{355:138}

The 22nd Indiana lost their commander "to an old-fashioned musket-ball." The leaderless regiment staggered and began to fade back. One of Hébert's captains wrote that immediately after each volley of Yankee fire, while the bluecoats struggled to reload, the Confederate men "would rush madly on them, routing them from behind logs, stumps and trees, shooting them at almost every step."^{355:140}

Hundreds of Confederates pushed through this gap in the Federal line, not to keep fighting, but to escape northwards, out of the woods on past the west side of Little Mountain. Colonel McCrae was not far behind them, leading hundreds more. As the senior officer there, he regrouped the ragged volunteers back into their companies and waited for word from Hébert and Mitchell. In the total chaos of the counterattack, however, his fellow colonels had chosen another gap, around the crumpled flank of the 22nd Indiana. Hébert, Mitchell and 33 other officers and enlisted men were completely disoriented, drifting southeastwardly, deeper and deeper into the woods.

General Pike had become the senior officer on the Leetown battlefield, but his unit of Cherokees had only enjoyed one brief victory — the capture of some Federal artillery earlier in the afternoon — before a retaliation of cannonfire had driven them into the woods. From their new positions north of Round Prairie, according to one angry Rebel, the Indians had started shooting "at every one having on a blue coat, whether friend or foe." For a haphazardly outfitted army, like the Confederates, all kinds of soldiers were wearing blue, including Van Dorn.^{355:143}

Pike's orders were sometimes openly disobeyed. When Hébert's men were desperate for support, for example, four battalion commanders refused to join Pike's departure from the battlefield with seven other regiments and battalions, plus two artillery batteries.

By 4 p.m., McCrae folded the remains of Hébert's force into the command of Colonel Elkanah Greer, to join with his 3rd, 9th and 11th Texas Cavalry, the 1st Arkansas Cavalry Battalion and Gaines's and Hart's Arkansas Batteries — all together 3,500 troops. The men were no longer capable of taking the offensive and could barely be expected to hold their present position if attacked. Greer decided to leave the field, and led his men north on Ford Road toward Twelve Corner Church. A little later, an order from Van

Dorn arrived by courier "to hold his position at all hazards," but the battle at Leetown was over.^{355:145}

A Sort of Stupor

The camp at the church was a forlorn sight. Tired, thirsty and hungry, the 3,500 men crowded around bonfires or huddled for warmth in circles off in the woods. Back at the morning's assembly point at Foster's farm, many had shed their coats, blankets and the knapsacks containing precious scraps of food before heading into battle. This thought drove a few wretched and daring Rebels to creep back to the farm and retrieve a few things, but few had the strength to attempt it. The haversacks of dead Yankees were searched for anything to eat.

As the night's air froze, the Arkansas men curled so close around their camp fires that one side of their bodies would be singed while the other side shivered. Without enough spots around these fires, many just dug out nests under the leaves and tried to sleep. but Every so often though, nervous sentries would wake everyone by shooting at the lost stragglers who were trying to find the campfires of their old units.^{355:210}

The larger body of Confederates up at Elkhorn Tavern had fared much better, driving all their Yankees from the field and leaving the enemy with a feeling of defeat. But Van Dorn had much more to worry about than night than the hungry and weakened condition of his troops.

The entire Confederate force was low on ammunition, but when Van Dorn sent for his wagon train, a "strange and criminal mistake" by an ordinance officer had ordered the supply wagons withdrawn beyond Bentonville. Without ammunition or food, the Confederates could scarcely mount another offensive.^{214:144}

At 2:30 a.m., orders came from Van Dorn for Greer's force to march around the backside of Big Mountain and southward on Telegraph Road to rejoin Price's Army at Elkhorn Tavern. "Staggering with fatigue and half-dead with cold and hunger," the men began their pitiful trek, hundreds of men stumbled out of the column along the way and collapsed. Halting the column at a tanyard just north of the tavern, Greer saw the remains of each regiment fall out in turn, sprawling on the frozen ground in "a sort of stupor" just before dawn, with less than an hour before the battle began again.^{355:211}

Van Dorn thought that the veterans of Leetown were too worn out to be any use, and at first light, did not want to disturb them. He changed his mind within an hour and ordered Greer to trudge his men up the steep hill, east on the Huntsville Road to Clemon's farm, so that they would join all the rest of his forces atop Pea Ridge. After the first day's fighting, when the Confederates held the upper hand, now most units were dangerously low on ammunition.

At first light on Saturday, federal observers scoured the horizon with their binoculars for clues of the deployment of Price and Van Dorn. The first things they saw were ghostly white figures. The observers guessed that all the shivering Rebs were huddled in their blankets. In fact, they were watching Price's Missourians wake up in their new white wool uniforms.^{355:225}

At 8 a.m., the artillery of both sides began a duel, but Van Dorn, inexplicably, only used three out of the 15 batteries at his command. Rebel cannonfire killed only four enemy footsoldiers.

By 11 a.m., Van Dorn ordered several regiments to move east on Huntsville Road, and many did not realize that he intended to quit the field. He never told the substantial portion of his army still on the battlefield who were fighting it out with the Yankees. A Missouri soldier recalled that General Pike, in his last attempt to reverse the inevitable, was "carrying a flag, halted, stuck the staff in the ground, called on all to rally and die by it, then spurred away." At Twelve Corner Church, Pike left the road and headed due west toward the Indian Territory on his own.^{355:250}

Several of the Confederates in Van Dorn's column suddenly realized what was happening: "As we moved on without further orders, it finally dawned on us, *we were in retreat.*" "Gloom spread all over the men in an instant" when the word spread through the ranks. "A madder set of men is hardly ever found than they were when they found they were retreating instead of falling back... to a new position."

"It was clear enough that there had been a shameful piece of bungling and mismanagement, and the discontent and clamour became general, and everyone was disgusted," said a veteran of Morgan's Woods.^{355:259}

Having not eaten in more than 48 hours, some infantrymen shot a hog wandering too near the road and cut it to pieces on the spot, resuming their march and "eating the raw bloody pork without bread or salt." At Van Winkle's Mill, everyone spread out for

food. Some swallowed handfuls of parched corn from the Mill's floor. Chickens, hogs and cattle were discovered, and "every living biped and quadruped was immediately killed and eaten."^{355:260}

They marched nonstop through the rain until they reached their old camp at Stricker's Station on 10 March. They had left a gruesome trail of broken down and burned wagons, and the carcasses of many draft animals, along with ragged clothes, disintegrating boots, weapons, coffee pots and even flags. Price put his Missourians at the head of the column and they swept the countryside clean of anything edible, making it worse on the Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas troops behind them.

Along the tapering valleys of the White River, the Rebels were at their most feeble when they took on the peak of the Boston Mountains, over boulders "and bluffs where it seemed to me that no other person had ever been before or ever would be again."

On 14-15 March, south of present-day Winslow, their path followed Frog Bayou down to the Arkansas River, west of highway 71. In the midst of this test, an Arkansas soldier named Daniel Reynolds wrote in his sopping journal, "A heavy and continuous rain has been falling. All night we stood in it and bore it best we could." Men of the 14th were still struggling and dying along the Frog Bayou two weeks later. By the 31st, they were in Clarksville and on 2 April, Dover had been reached.^{355:266}

Although the regiment was shattered as an effective fighting force, the precise losses for the 14th Arkansas at Elkhorn were just under six percent, with four killed, 20 wounded and 24 missing. One of those killed was Company C's Private H. D. Cantrell, on the first day, whose effects were later claimed by Amanda Cantrell. To prove that some of the 14th saw action on the second day of battle, four men from Company F were wounded fighting near the tavern. The 20 members of the 14th taken prisoner came from every company in the regiment except Captain Baughman's Company G. Only one soldier from the entire 14th Arkansas Confederate Infantry deserted during the battle.⁵

The losses never concentrated in a single company, since the chaos of battle had thoroughly mingled platoons. Among those taken prisoner, Colonel Mitchell, Colonel Hébert, several other Confederate officers and 33 enlisted men became separated from their outfits on the other side of Round Top

Mountain. Union General Franz Sigel sent Captain Henry Smith and some dragoons there to see what was going on and Smith was able to capture the whole group. The new prisoners told him that they had become separated from their units during the charge of that morning and had not been able to rejoin them.

When the retreating Southern regiments regrouped on 11 March, only 10 officers and 189 men were present from the 14th. Several of the enlisted men who were taken prisoner at Elkhorn Tavern were taken by 24 March to the Union prison at Alton, Illinois, across from St. Louis where conditions were so bad that typhoid fever killed them.⁴⁶

Colonel Mitchell's health was poor, but he was transferred a month later to another prison at Columbus, Ohio, and by 1 May, finally to Johnson's Island on Lake Erie, near Sandusky. An exchange of 1,104 Confederate prisoners arranged by the end of summer put Mitchell aboard the Federal steamer *Jonathan Done* bound for Vicksburg, Mississippi. Confederate Major N.G. Watts, acting as Agent for Prisoner Exchange, took over Mitchell's parole on 10 November at Aikens Landing, although there was nothing left for the enfeebled son of Marion County but to go home and die.³⁵¹

Overall, the Confederate Army of the West suffered 1,000 killed and wounded, and about 450 unwounded who were captured. This amounted to losses of under 9 percent. A Union soldier said that the battlefield was strewn with guns and weapons of all kinds which our soldiers were busy for days in picking up." Two days after the battle, a cache of 200 firearms were uncovered in a hollow near Bentonville that had been hidden by the 17th Arkansas. These "wagon loads" of weapons would be almost as difficult for the Little Rock to replace as fresh volunteers. The Federal forces counted 1,183 killed and wounded, with 201 missing, which amounted to losses of 13 percent out of the 10,250 union troops.³⁵⁵

The Ozark's Fate is Sealed

Van Dorn sent a burial detail back to the battlefield that made two long trenches, near Leetown and the tavern, and according to one Federal, "lay them in on top of one another. Ones head to another's feet and sometimes make it so large so as to cross them both ways then pile the dirt in on them. It almost made us sick to see them at work." Some of

the wounded Confederates remained at Pea Ridge, while others were spread out across Benton County. Each makeshift hospital had its own little cemetery.^{355:272}

Where a Federal battery had been overrun near Leetown, eight Federal gunners from Trimble's detachment of the 3rd Iowa Cavalry had been scalped and stabbed through their necks.¹⁵⁸ Texas troops were first blamed, but then Pike conceded, to his horror, that Indian troops under his command had committed the atrocities. When the Confederate burial team returned from their task, the Union commander, Brigadier General Samuel R. Curtis sent a written protest to Van Dorn about this affront to "civilized warfare." Van Dorn countered with a written charge that German troops under General Sigel had murdered Confederate prisoners.^{355:274}

The honor of both armies was satisfied by this exchange, but the propagandists on the both sides were not. For the leadership in the North, where new recruitment for the army was turning sluggish, any chance to strip "chivalry" from the image of the Southern army was to be seized. Eleven of Pike's Cherokees were captured by Federal forces and were to have been marched to the nearest railroad station in Rolla, Missouri, preceding a planned "tour" of northern cities. By exhibiting the Indian prisoners, and describing the war crimes of their fellow Confederate Cherokees, it was hoped that public support for the war would solidify.

During the march to Rolla, with a squad of infantry at either end of the line and cavalry riding nose-to-tail on both sides, Federal officers were strictly warned not to allow the escape of the Indians. The Cherokees sensed little sympathy even among their fellow Confederate prisoners, and believed they faced nothing but imprisonment, torture and execution. One after another, each brave attempted escape, only to be shot as an example to the remaining prisoners. By nightfall, when they reached Waynesville, there was only one Indian left. Sometime before dawn, he was killed by one of the guards.^{207:163}

On 15 March, Van Dorn arranged a prisoner exchange with Curtis: Confederate Colonels Hébert and Major Tunnard and seven lesser officers and enlisted men (who were the only prisoners the Union had not already evacuated to St. Louis) for the Federal Lieutenant-Colonels Chandler and Herron. By the end of March, the Rebels released a total of 241 Union prisoners at Cross Hollow, but the unwounded

Confederate prisoners were sent from the Union prison at Alton, Illinois down the Mississippi and released at Fort Pillow since Van Dorn had by then left Arkansas.

Van Dorn's removal to Corinth, Mississippi, sealed the fate of Arkansas and Missouri to the enemy. He not only abandoned the Trans-Mississippi theater of war, he ordered all arms, ammunition, machinery, horses, wagons, food and other supplies in Arkansas be sent to Memphis, Vicksburg and the Louisiana line. Arkansas would never again be able to support a force the size of the Army of the West.^{355:285}

Meanwhile, the Federal army turned east, occupying Batesville on 4 May, and foraging further south. In an open letter to Jefferson Davis, published 1 May 1862 in the Little Rock newspaper *True Democrat*, leading citizens advised massive guerrilla warfare, but stronger measures were obviously needed.^{116:88}

The abandonment of Arkansas caused Governor Rector to issue a proclamation. He called for all men to turn out for state service, promising that they would not be transferred to the Confederacy. He also threatened to "build a new ark and launch it on new waters" if Confederate neglect continued. But by 31 May 1862, all remnants of the state government lay bloodied and paralyzed.

Brigadier General John Roane, the only Confederate general officer left in Arkansas, complained bitterly to Jefferson Davis about Van Dorn's decision. Davis sent his old friend Van Dorn the mildest of reprimands. Van Dorn replied that Roane had been carefully instructed to raise Partisan guerrilla forces and "to be careful that none but men of respectable character" begin to sabotage and ambush Federal supply trains and foraging parties.^{355:285}

The continued complaints from the Missouri and Arkansas delegations in Richmond had been met by President Davis with bland assurances that troops fought better away from home, that home defense was "a fatal error," and that the Confederacy must be "one united body"—all perfectly true, but all entirely irrelevant to the pressing needs of Arkansas and Missouri.^{116:90}

In an attempt to give legal status to the partisans who had so effectively harassed Union General Curtis, the ranking commander in Arkansas, Brigadier General Thomas C. Hindman, issued his famous Order Number

17, authorizing the formation of independent companies of irregulars. The Confederacy gave sanction to guerrilla warfare which characterized the last years of the war. Guerrillas, generally without supervision, coordination, or purpose, made life miserable and finally impossible for resident civilian populations. That the notorious ruffian William C. Quantrill should have been commissioned as an officer by the Confederacy shows how far the ideals of chivalry had been eroded by 1862.^{116:91}

"The defeat of our army at Elkhorn," recalled Turnbo, "reduced the Southern spirit among a number of people and they were not as buoyant as before and the news of the defeat had depressing effect to some extent all over north Arkansas.

"The [Confederate military] authorities decided that we must give up northern Arkansas and we had to yield. When [our men] saw their homes would be abandoned... they became restless and did not feel like they were willing to leave their homes to the merciless and ruthless marauders of both sides... It caused hundreds of men to leave the army and undertake to give what protection they could to their helpless families."¹⁰⁴

Civilized Warfare

The exact path followed by the 14th Arkansas was matched by Price's Missouri regiments. Ephraim Anderson's diary offers much of the detail that all these Rebel forces experienced together.

"Passing into a richer country, Clarksville, [Arkansas] a beautiful little town, lay upon our route, and, as we marched through to the music of the regimental bands, we were enthusiastically cheered by the assembled crowd, among which were numerous bevy's of 'fair ladies.'^{9:188}

"A hospital was established here, and a number of sick was left... General Price travelled in an ambulance during the march, with his wounded arm in a sling. Wherever he passed, the men invariably showed... great respect for him. We reached [Des Arc] about the tenth of April, *en route* for General Beauregard's Army, then at Corinth, Mississippi.

"Des Arc... was a business point of considerable importance. The White river here is narrow, but deep — a fine, navigable stream this far up, except in very low water. Two boats were lying at the landing... and others were on the way to transport troops, one

coming in from Memphis the evening we got there. It brought news of the first day's fighting at Shiloh: there was general rejoicing throughout the command, and 13 guns were fired by the batteries.^{9:190}

"On the evening of the tenth, having prepared rations sufficient to last us on the way, our regiment took passage... On the night of the tenth the boat laid up on account of a heavy fog, and also on the succeeding night... About daylight on the 13th, we entered the waters of the Mississippi, and, putting up a full head of steam, commenced running up at the rate of about twelve miles an hour... We came in sight of Memphis about four o'clock in the evening. The soldiers crowded on the front decks, the band came out, and we ran up to the wharf to the music of 'Dixie.'

"We unloaded and went ashore a little after dark and about eight in the evening the regiment was formed and marched up into town. The hotel where the general stopped was brilliantly illuminated in honor of his reception, and its galleries were filled with elegantly attired ladies and well-dressed gentlemen.^{9:192}

"A march of less than an hour brought us to the Memphis and Charleston railroad depot, where we remained for the night. On the following morning we were off in the cars for Corinth. The road for some distance ran through a beautiful level region, in a high state of cultivation, which extends beyond Grand Junction, the point where the Mississippi Central intersects this road. Farther on, the country was less cultivated, the lands often appearing to be low and swampy. In the evening we reached Corinth — then the centre of active operations.

"While the armies of the North were massing near in immense force, almost every State in the new Confederacy was represented by regiments, brigades or divisions. The sons of both extremes, from Texas and the Carolinas, were tented on the same field, and from Kentucky, Missouri and intermediate States their legions had come forth... to a large army of near 50,000 men. A line of entrenchments, several miles long, had been partially constructed in the shape of a half-circle... and outside the works... trees felled with their tops outward, the limbs being cut down... through which it was very difficult to pass.

"The water in our camp was very bad, and about Corinth it was all of the same kind; by digging a hole a couple of feet, almost anywhere on the level surface, it could be obtained, ...but, with the swamp

exhalations, made a large number of the men sick, many of whom died. I heard Dr. Bailey say, he believed one-fourth of the whole army was on the sick-list. Corinth was long remembered as, and often called, the grave-yard of our army," wrote the Missouri private.^{9:193}

Eli Dodson, of Lead Hill, Arkansas, succeeded Mitchell during the second day of battle at Elkhorn, but was wounded there and required hospitalization. After two months of hoping for Mitchell's release or Dodson's recovery, the men of the 14th Arkansas held another election for officers in May, 1862. First Lieutenant Pleasant Fowler, from Company F, was chosen as the regiment's new leader and continued in that office through the Siege of Port Hudson, even though Dodson rejoined his old outfit in ill health and shared command.^{5:13}

Company G apparently voted Captain Enos W. Baughman out of office, and his official record says simply that he was "dropped." Captain Baughman was given a travel allowance on 27 May of \$65, or 10¢ per mile, for a trip to Yellville, Marion County, Arkansas, from Corinth, Mississippi, just before the conclusion of the first Confederate campaign there.

"[Union] General Pope's corps, about 30,000 strong, moved out from the river and occupied Farmington, a little village with several large cleared fields around it [in early May].

"[Confederate] General Beauregard determined to attack this corps, and if possible, bring it to action. About the 18th [of May] a strong force, including our command, was ordered out, and bivouacked, about ten o'clock that night, beyond the outposts. General Price wore a plaid hunting-shirt of different colors, which had become familiar on the battle-fields of Missouri, and was called by the men his 'war-coat.' Like the rest of us, he spread his blanket upon the ground and slept among his soldiers.^{9:198}

"Our corps, under General Van Dorn, was formed on the right of the army. The plan of attack was only to engage the enemy's attention in the centre and on the left, while our wing was to swing round, enter the woods, secure the bridge and road [and encircle them.]

"The demonstration from the centre had been too decided and pressing: the enemy, taking the alarm, hastily retreated... passing over [the bridge] at the double-quick... it crossed and disappeared upon the other side.^{9:199}

"On the 26th of May, we received orders to send all the sick and convalescents in camp to the depot,

and all of our surplus baggage that could be dispensed with in a summer campaign. Five days' rations were issued, the guns inspected...

"Before light, the next morning, [we] were aroused by a rocket, which had been sent up from our lines. In a few minutes, we were under arms and marching out...

"During the night the enemy had erected works and brought up a heavy artillery battery, which opened upon our lines a little after daylight, at the range of over a mile, with 32-pound Parrott guns, throwing conical shells. Captain Landis' battery returned the fire from a parapet.

"The fire was kept up irregularly through the day; that of the enemy was principally directed at our battery, without doing much injury. Most of his shells were thrown high, and... could be distinctly seen whizzing over. We could always see them in time to get out of the way, and they did no damage, only disturbing our position under the shade of the trees, and causing us to make room, when one these visitors came crashing down through the limbs.^{9:201}

"On the 29th, General Beauregard, passing near the depot, found all the sick still there: the orders in regard to transportation, from some cause, had not been executed. He personally ordered the train that was there to take as many as possible. This was a great relief to the poor fellows [there] for two days; some had, in the meantime, died...

"General Beauregard, having determined to evacuate Corinth, ordered that the army should fall back on the night of the 29th: everything of material value had been removed. About nine o'clock at night, we took a road leading south with the Mobile and Ohio railroad, running on the east side, at no point more than one or two miles from it.

"The next morning we were near Rienzi, about nine miles from Corinth. Our march was continued, without interruption, to Baldwin, 30 miles south of Corinth, where we remained three days, when we fell back to Tupelo.

"On the morning of the 4th of June, our corps was halted in the road at Priceville; our line extended about two miles. Two miles from Tupelo, our tents, which had been sent off, were shipped back to us and stretched in a grove about 50 yards from the storehouse. We built a thick arbor over them, extending the whole length of the camp and about 15 paces in front; this was used for cooking, eating and lolling under during the long hot days; our water was

near, supplied from a fine clear spring.^{9:203}

"The headquarters of General Price were about 300 yards from us, and his fine band was camped very near; every morning and evening it played... Several reviews took place during our encampment here, and on these important occasions the band marched at the head of [our brigade], which was now regularly and handsomely uniformed, and certainly very thoroughly drilled.

"About the last of June a general change and disposition of the army took place. General Beauregard was recalled to another field. General Van Dorn had been withdrawn to another sphere, and General Price was left commander-in-chief for the present of the army which still remained near Tupelo. Furloughs, which, heretofore, were unheard-of among us, were now granted.

"Our camp at Priceville was broken up about the 12th of July, when we marched with the brigade to Saltillo, where camp was again regularly established. The Arkansas regiments were transferred from our brigade, leaving it only the four regiments of Missourians. General Little was assigned to command of our division, consisting of the brigades of Green, Hébert [formerly of the 3rd Louisiana, now brigadier-general, and in whose command was included the 14th Arkansas], Colonel Martin's brigade of Mississippians, and ours, at this time commanded by Colonel Gates, which made in all four brigades, and numbered between 8,000 and 9,000 men.^{9:212}

"The fare in camp here was by no means luxurious, as our corn meal was generally musty, and hard-driven Texas beef only in moderate order...; but the fruit and roasting-ear season approached, and then the farmers often brought in loads of peaches, which were disposed of, generally, at reasonable prices to the men, who were always glad to get them.

"Many wrote home from this point, and entrusted their letters to a member of Gates' regiment, afterwards distinguished as a rebel mail-carrier. Several boys both sent and received letters from home by him: he had rendered the brigade essential services in this way, and acquired valuable information for the general officers. Northern papers of late dates were also brought by him, and he continued in this dangerous employment throughout the war; he met with many adventures, and was several times captured and imprisoned — once condemned as a spy; but [he] always managed to escape.

"Two months were spent in camp at Saltillo. The

days were hot and sultry, but the nights were generally pleasant, and about the latter part of August, cool, and even required a blanket, to be comfortable. We had exhausted almost every topic of conversation, and had talked about everything and everybody of note, as is the custom among soldiers; the camp had become monotonous, the weather cooler, and we began to hope for and anticipate a change...^{9:215}

"About the first of September... the troops moved about twenty miles above, near Guntown. Only remaining, however, a few days, we were again on the march, moving northeast, in the direction of the Memphis and Charleston railroad. The men were in high spirits, and anticipated, with a feeling rather of pleasure, more exciting scenes... A march of four days brought us within 15 miles of Iuka, and we halted about sunset near a beautiful plantation, the houses upon which had been burnt by the Federals. On the railroad, at Iuka, was a garrison of 3,000 men, and, in order to take them somewhat by surprise, it was necessary to move in the night.

"At daylight we were within five miles of the place, and moved rapidly, with the cavalry thrown out in front... pressed on and kept up a running fight. [There was] a sharp skirmish some distance from the town, in which a number were killed and wounded, and several of the Federal were taken prisoners. [Their main force] succeeded, however, in escaping across the Tennessee River, only a few miles off.

"We marched into town and found the tents of the Federals standing... nothing had been removed. Several very large ones were filled with sutlers' stores, consisting of everything in their line, which the men eagerly appropriated. We had a rare treat that evening for supper — good coffee, biscuits and ham.

"[Union] General Rosecrans was throwing his army forward from Corinth [20 miles away]. On the night of the 19th [of September] about nine o'clock, the army was ordered out upon the road... for about four mile from Iuka, and we remained until daylight, when the lines of battle were formed.

"General Hébert's brigade was posted on the road on which we had advanced upon the place, and though it was thought improbable that anything more than a cavalry demonstration would be made here, and perhaps doubtful if even that were done, nevertheless it was prudent to guard against attack...^{9:221}

"About half-past four, the men, lounging lazily along our lines, were roused up by the sullen roar of heavy field-pieces some distance back near town, where

Hébert's brigade was posted; his position was evidently attacked in force.

"Hébert was fighting, hard pressed by overwhelming numbers, his brigade falling slowly back, nearly in the edge of the town, within half a mile of our tents and wagons. The place must be held at all hazards; the safety of our [wagon] train depended upon it, and the order was immediately given for Hébert to advance and attack with his whole brigade.

"We were soon in the sulphuric atmosphere and smoke of battle, and came upon our veteran chief and staff upon the side of the road. General Little had fallen a few minutes before, shot through the head, and fell dead by the side of General Price, who, at the solicitation of his staff, had just retired to a less dangerous position.

"The sun, like a molten ball of fire, hung just above the horizon. There was no intermission in the fierceness of the combat until after dark. Armed with double-barreled shot-guns, and using buck-shot at close range... a regiment, I believe, from Arkansas, pressed steadily on and drove the enemy slowly before them. Our lines were over 200 yards in advance of the position occupied by the captured battery [that had started it all], and all the ground that had been fought over was in our possession.

"The moon was nearly full, and threw a strong light upon the pale and ghastly faces of the corpses... and sparkled upon the polished gun-barrels and bright sword bayonets of the enemy's guns, which lay scattered around. The dead were so thick that one could very readily have stepped about on them..."^{9:223}

"The carnage around the battery was terrible. One of the caissons was turned upside down, having fallen back upon a couple of the horses, one of which lay wounded and struggling under it; and behind was a pile of not less than 15 men, killed and wounded while sheltering themselves there.

"There were few grey-coats among the dead around, and I gazed upon the blue ones with the feeling that they had come from afar and taken much pains to meet such a fate..."^{9:224}

"[Our larger strategic] movement had undoubtedly proved to be a failure. It is true, the Federal army had been drawn out of Corinth, and what our force had been expected to effect had been accomplished; yet General Van Dorn had not seized the golden opportunity to take the place. [Union leaders] acknowledged 1,000 killed in the battle, and supposed from our leaving so few behind, that we had hauled

our dead off with us.

"General Hébert now commanded our division, and the sad loss of General Little was deeply felt," wrote Private Anderson."^{9:227}

After the first Battle of Corinth, Hébert reported: "I must put in the position of brave and true men the small numbers of the 14th and 17th Regiments of Arkansas Infantry. Nobly, heroically have they proved themselves true patriots and brave soldiers..."^{5:11}

During this period of time the 14th was rapidly suffering so many casualties that one of its commanders said that it was decimated.

All in Battle that is Sublime

"On the morning of the 27th [of September]," recalled Anderson, "we left Baldwin; two days march brought us within seven miles of Ripley, the county seat of Tippah; and there we camped for a day, waiting the orders of General Van Dorn. The men had readily conceived that another demonstration was about to be made... upon Corinth..."^{9:229}

"Our route from here was nearly due north, and we camped on the night of the first of October in a bottom densely wooded... We were a little distance from Pocahontas, on the Hatchie River, near the bridge on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, 20 miles from Corinth.

"On the morning of the 2nd [of October], travelling several miles up the stream, we crossed the river upon a well-constructed bridge. Before daylight on the morning of the 3rd, the army advancing..., engaged the enemy, who, after a slight skirmish, fell back into Beauregard's old breastworks, four miles north of the town.

"General Martin E. Green's [Confederate] brigade fought here over an hour almost entirely alone. During this time the wounded who were able to walk, passed us, and others were borne to the rear. From their number, the contest in front was fierce and hot. One of the wounded soldiers asked what command we were. Upon receiving a reply, he said, 'We are hard pressed in front, and need you there.' If we could have reached the front, it would have been most gratifying to the whole brigade; but we could do nothing, as we could not advance without marching over our own men. But we were ready to take their places if they had been unable to hold their position.

"[Due to an illness], General Hébert was unable to keep the field, and General Green, during that day was in command of our division. The skirmishing and artillery firing continued until nine o'clock, when an advance along the whole line was ordered... A wild cheer now rose from the troops... and ran like electricity along the line... which at once moved forward to the attack.^{9:236}

"The scene was one in which a single glance comprehended all that in battle is sublime, grand and terrible. The fortifications in front were streaming with banners, defiant with glittering bayonets and bristling cannon. Sixty pieces of artillery opened at once. The very earth shook; the plain was swept with every conceivable projectile — round-shot ploughed up the ground, raising volumes of dust; shells went shrieking above and around, exploding and filling the earth and air with their deadly contents.

"A perfect tornado of grape and canister came

whizzing and pouring upon us, and, as we neared the works in the face of this storm, the rattle of musketry and the hissing of minie balls were added to the already murderous... spirit of the hour. Our line, at a double-quick, charged the entrenchments with the bayonet. The infantry was driven out, flying through the field beyond the works. Many of the artillery-men were shot down or captured at the pieces... The whole works in front of us... was captured. The attack of our division was completely successful, and 40 pieces of artillery were in our possession. It seemed for the moment that we would carry the town and complete the victory already in our grasp.

"The troops who had succeeded in getting into the town, failing to receive proper support, were overcome and many of them taken prisoners.

"We were ordered to fall back. Under a heavy fire we retreated some distance into the woods. All the regiments, except those... in reserve, were badly cut



THE BATTLE OF PORT HUDSON
TAKING OVER SEVEN TIMES AS MANY YANKEES

to pieces and scattered," concluded Anderson.^{9:138}

"It was about as good fighting on the part of the Confederates as I ever saw," reflected the Yankee's commander, Major General William S. Rosecrans, 20 years after the war. "The columns were plowed through and through by our shot, but they steadily closed up and moved forward, until they were forced back."^{333:15}

From 5-12 October 1862, the 14th joined in the pursuit to the Hatchie River, in Mississippi. For the rest of the year, and through 10 January 1863, they took up operations on the Mississippi Central Railroad from Bolivar, Tennessee to Coffeeville, Mississippi, slowing down General Ulysses S. Grant's Central Mississippi Campaign.

For the many months that the 14th and other Confederate forces held out at Port Hudson, Louisiana, their numbers never amounted to more than 4,400, and their losses were 642. Between the opening of operations there on 7 March through the final surrender on 9 July 1863, it took the Yankees over seven times as many men to put the Rebels down. With 30,000 troops on the attack, the North acknowledged their own losses at 4,500.

Van Dorn's command did not survive the Battle of Corinth, and the criticism of him afterwards caused him to ask for a court of inquiry to clear his name. The court, under Sterling Price, reviewed Van Dorn's chronic habits: marching his columns in a "hastily and disorderly manner," undersupplying his troops and expecting them to scrounge from a conquered enemy, and then failing to scout and appraise the enemy's condition prior to attack.

Van Dorn denied it all, saying "my reputation is all that belongs to me." Price exonerated him, but Van Dorn's renewed good name did not last long. On 7 May 1863, the dashing blonde general was caught red-handed in Spring Hill, Tennessee, by a jealous husband and murdered on the spot.^{355:304}

The fate of the 14th Arkansas can be summed up from their collected service records. Out of the 859 enlisted men and officers that were steadily on its muster rolls from 6 July 1861 through 9 July 1863, 74 died and 33 were wounded.⁵

The Baughman men served among the 77 Crooked Creek volunteers in Company G. Jacob Baughman was discharged 10 October 1861 from the base camp at Cross Hollow in Benton County. Peter

W. Baughman was discharged, from Camp Madison in Huntsville on 12 February 1862, three weeks before the Battle at Pea Ridge, but was recorded as being back for at least two more months with his unit in Mississippi for the siege of Corinth, from 1 May 1862 to 30 June 1862. John Baughman deserted on 7 August 1862 in Mississippi, as did seven more members of Company G on various other dates. Ten others were discharged, but this was a classification distinct from the 12 who left due to illness, and three more who left to tend the ill.

Incomplete recordkeeping makes it difficult to know with certainty where soldiers were at any given time. For instance, Turnbo's father was listed as "dropped" when his first illness, in 1861, required convalescence at home, but no note was added when he returned to the 14th Arkansas in September and was there for the fighting at Elkhorn Tavern.

In Company G, two men received transfers to other Confederate units; and another man, John Rose, hired Mark D. Reynolds to be his substitute even though this regiment was made up entirely of volunteers. Sixteen became prisoners of war. Five men were killed, six were wounded, four were missing. At war's end, three members of Company G, William Denning, Ben Hoyt and West Matlock, felt compelled to sign Amnesty Oaths and ease their way into the uncertain future.⁵

Amnesty oaths were designed to accomplish many things, although for some who did sign them, the oaths meant nothing. For a suspicious Union officer, the civilian with an oath certificate, or his name on a list of oath takers, might deserve a bit more leniency than one without. For the returning Confederate veteran, an oath in hand was a safe conduct pass, insurance that militia and vigilantes would leave him alone, and the promise for a return to civilian life. For neutralists, copperheads or reformed secessionists, it was hoped that swearing an oath of allegiance might prompt sincere repentance.

For Radical Republicans, abolitionists and reconstructionists, these amnesty oaths were supposed to be healing reassurance, and all the revenge that the government was going to legally allow. For the man who knew good and well what his neighbor felt before the war, and during the war, an oath meant little. But for the diehard Rebel, taking the oath meant surrender; saying that it had all been wrong; it meant betraying the cause for which they had given up everything.

Among all of the thousands of Civil War Amnesty Oaths forwarded and filed with the War Department, and saved by the National Archives in Washington, no Baughman from anywhere in Missouri or Arkansas appears among them.

Home Defense

While most Ozark men were fighting east of the Mississippi, their absence did not mean that the homefront was at peace.

From late March until 12 July 1862, Curtis made his slow eastward march down the White River and perfected the economic concept of "total war" before General Sherman had ever even tried it. The Yankees foraged, pillaged, wasted and burned on an unprecedented scale. Property damage in one county alone was estimated at \$1.5 million.

Certain individuals, who were definitely not combatants, were targeted anyway for persecution and killing by the Federal troops in the Ozarks. Lists were passed out to patrolling commanders that included blacksmiths, on the chance that they could repair or even make weapons, and some 66 Baptist preachers, who served as community leaders, comforters and sometimes instigators of disobedience during their Sunday sermons.^{355:301}

During his imprisonment by Confederates in Marion County, Arkansas, a strong Unionist named William Monks observed, "About one-tenth of the Rebel officers appeared to be Baptist and Methodist preachers, and frequently when they would go into camp would call a large number of the men together and very often take the prisoners and place them near by, under heavy guard, and then convene religious services. They always took for a text some subject [from] the Bible in the book of Joshua, where Joshua was commanded to pass around the fortifications of the enemy and blow the ram's horn and the fortifications fell; and the God of Joshua was the same God that existed today and there was no question but that God was on the side of the South..."

In recruitment programs, these fighting preachers built sermons around horrible tales of brutal crime against helpless women and children. Quoting Scripture and working themselves up into fits of tears, they appealed for more volunteers to help stop the invaders from the North.^{207:215}

The venerable Baptist preacher William Polk, who founded the Bethel Baptist Church on Marble Creek

along with the elder John Baughman, was 58 years old when Federal troops murdered him. No one had ever heard this Missouri preacher speak of treason against the Union, and no more evidence was brought against him than the word of an informant, a recent immigrant from Germany.^{46:135}

On 1 November 1864, three Yankee cavalrymen appeared at Polk's house. At first they demanded all his money, which amounted to \$20, and then they replied that this was not enough to save his life. A Union soldier named Robert Manning took Polk out of the house and shot him through the head.

Guerrillas later deceived the German into talking about Preacher Polk, whereupon the informer boasted about his role in the transaction, fully confirming his complicity. He was executed promptly.^{46:137}

The Baptist churches around Marble Creek went into hibernation between 1861 and 1867, since it was unsafe for any number of people, even under the banner of Christianity, to travel or gather in the countryside. With their men off fighting, women folk found it all the more unsafe, emotionally incomplete and outside of their traditions to take over the preaching and running of the ministry.

There had been a blossoming of baptisms before the war: Elder William Polk personally took 337 souls through the waters of Marble Creek into the Bethany flock. The murder of Elder Polk likely demoralized his congregation — killing their courage to share in fellowship bodily, as well as some part of their inner spiritual confidence.^{119:71}

At the resumption of peace, only three men and six women were recorded in the pastor's book at the Liberty Baptist Church, next door to John Baughman's old place. John's daughter, Sarah Baughman Sutton was received into membership there in May 1867. Although Dortha Baughman, John's widow, lived with Sarah then, she was never again recorded as active in the church.

As defeats mounted against the Southern cause, a religious reawakening swept the Confederate armies. Revival meetings among the officers and enlisted men were common, especially before and after battles. One Southern officer who was also a lay preacher said, "To me it was always a matter of surprise that a soldier, of all men, could be satisfied to live in sin; and it was passing strange that one would throw away his religion in the midst of the dangers of warfare."^{174:31}

In war, however, religion serves one's enemy just as well, often to excuse murder as part of God's work.

A deeply religious trooper in the 11th Kansas Cavalry, Sergeant Sherman Bodwell, mixed his Congregationalist faith with violent Abolitionist rage. On 1 October 1863, his unit encountered two men in civilian clothes acting suspiciously and Bodwell's commanding officer brought down one of them with a pistol shot.^{355:190}

Bodwell helped search the wounded man, so far silent, to no avail, and then his lieutenant asked the major, "are you through with him & Major nodded assent." As the officers mounted and rode off, Bodwell regretted that "Lt. stood between us so I did not see the man's face. Lt. says... an ashy paleness overspread him..." Lieutenant Reese then "aimed and fired... just back of the eye & he was with his Judge, with all his imperfections on his head." Bodwell later wrote of his time with the 11th Kansas and thanked God for "the privilege of standing in my lot... on every march and in every engagement. [For] the loving, comforting, strengthening of the Holy Spirit, even when I have been most unfaithful and forgetful of my Christian obligation, I can never, I feel, be grateful enough."

Confederate Arkansas had been rocked by the discovery, early on, that secret societies opposed to the war had formed in at least a half dozen counties, mostly in the independent-minded Ozark highlands.^{116:83} The militia was called out to deal with some of the offenders, while in other counties, pro-war vigilance groups did the work. The pacifists saw and called themselves "Home Guards," or in one case the "Pro Bono Publico Society," and each of these underground, anti-war cells each had a constitution and a yellow ribbon or some such for identification.^{449:82}

On the way to a secret meeting, a resister could recognize his friends at night by first hooting like an owl, to which the only safe reply was to howl like a wolf. This would be followed by hand signs at a closer distance. Three fingers of the left hand were angled across the nose, to which the countersign had to be a careless rubbing under the chin. If one man raised his hat and quickly replaced it, the other fellow was supposed to turn away and show only his back to him. Walking shoulder-to-shoulder, they could check each other's passwords, such as "It's a dark night," followed by "Not so dark as it will be before morning."

New members were obliged to repeat the following, or else a very similar oath:

"Self preservation being an undisputable naturale

rite and the rite of communities to combine together for the mutuel protection of our selves, famiels and property, This the following resolutions by which we Expect to be governed in all our proceedings

"resolved that each member before Entering into this cociety shall take ane oath as folows to wit I do solemnly sware before the allmytty God and the witness that I will and truley keepe all the secrets of this cociety that will ever hold and allays conceel never reveale any thing in connection there with that I will on the shortest notice go to the assistance of any brother at the parel of my life so heple me God

"And as it is a mater of life and deth with us who shall betrae to our enemes the existence of this cociety he shall forfeit his life..."^{449:107}

At least one state legislator was involved in these potentially treasonous activities. Surviving court documents list 240 members or suspected members, most of them being Tennessee-born baptists who had moved to the Ozarks. A half dozen preachers seemed to have special influence on this group, which some estimated had 1,700 sworn followers.

Many were arrested and brought to Little Rock where the governor threatened them with treason trials unless they enlisted in the Confederate army. Three accused men from Carroll County — George M. Hays, Eli L. Osborn and John W. Kirkham — caved in to the threat and joined the 14th Arkansas Infantry in Captain R.E. Trimble's company just before Governor Rector could have them sent to Little Rock. A careful student of the movement concluded: "Their brotherhood was... composed of mountaineers who had no intention of going to war on either side and who wanted to be left alone."^{449:82}

As Interesting as Deer Hunting

Another son of Crooked Creek, a Confederate lieutenant named J.M. Bailey, wrote his memoirs around 1901 and titled them *Recollection*:

About the 20th of January, 1864, a strong force of Federal cavalry, three regiments, with artillery, swept down through the Crooked Creek Valley, and established camps at Marshall's Prairie [present-day Western Grove], in what was then the eastern part of Carroll County. A small party of Confederates, twelve in number, concluded that we would reconnoiter their camps, and at least exchange a few shots with them.

We were all well mounted and well armed and felt a good deal of confidence in ourselves. As we neared their camp, we were joined by a man named Gibson and his son who was probably 18 years of age. They were armed and well mounted and were evidently going to join the Federals, but at the time we had no suspicion as to their intention. As we drew nearer to the enemy's camp, now about a mile away, Gibson and his son still with us, were suddenly confronted by a scout of Federals, 75 or 100 strong. We got the exchange of shots all right and in addition, a three mile run for dear life with the enemy in hot pursuit. After a run of perhaps a mile the elder Gibson halted, evidently to surrender, but was killed at once.

After occupying this camp at Marshall's Prairie for some time, they moved to Bellefonte and later to the Klepper Mill on Crooked Creek, about three miles my father's house. Led by Union who lived in the country and who knew every path as well as we did, they scouted over every hill and valley, woodland and mountain, till one place was no more secure than another. For over two months, we seldom missed hearing their morning bugle call, and scarcely a day passed that we were not in sight of some scouting party. The trail of their scouting parties were to be found in all directions. We could easily tell the trail of a Federal scout from that of the Confederates. Usually their horses were larger than ours and the size of the tracks was one sign, but we relied mainly on the eight nails in a horse shoe used by the Federals where we used only six... For weeks this scouting was kept up till most of the Confederates were either killed or driven out the country.

A full record of the events in the Crooked Creek Valley during the months of January, February, March and April 1864 would fill many volumes. There were many acts of barbarous cruelty. Sick and wounded men were dragged out of their beds and brutally murdered in the presence of their families. House burning was of almost daily occurrence. It was no unusual sight to see from some elevated point in the country smoke ascending from burning homes in widely separated localities. In that early spring, half the houses in the Crooked Creek Valley were burned... women that had children were driven to seek shelter in stables and corn cribs, or in rail pens they hastily constructed as a partial protection against the weather...

The most frequent raiders of the Crooked Creek Valley came from the border counties of Missouri to

the north. In the fall of 1864, a party of us, 15 strong, resolved on a retaliatory raid. The settlement we wished to strike was on the James River about 75 miles distant. The first day we rode 50 miles through a section of country practically deserted. We spent the night and the following day on White River, arriving near the Union settlement a little after midnight. We knew a company of Federals too strong for us to cope with was stationed five miles distant, so we struck the settlement near by, hoping to find some of the men at their homes. In this we were only partially successful, finding only two men, one of whom was killed and the other one escaped. We captured several head of horses. We expected pursuit, but none was made.

The most noted raider and houseburner from that section was Captain Jim Moore. The same party into whose hands I had fallen when wounded. His home was on Crane Creek between Cassville and Springfield, Missouri. In his houseburning and murderous raids through Carroll County, he claimed to be acting under orders from the general in command of that department, General Canby, I believe. His statements were probably true as we then understood such order had been given. Regardless of his orders, or what his duty as a soldier may have been, we felt a strong desire that he should be made to suffer for the wholesale burnings of our homes in the Crooked Creek Valley.

In the hope that we might surprise him or some of his men, we organized a scout of 15 men for the raid, camping the first night some 20 miles on our way, at a farm on Sugar Loaf Creek... The next morning we were joined by three brothers named Byrd, who previous to breaking out of the war were neighbors of Captain Moore and knew him and the country well.

With these men for guides, we proceeded on our way. [At the White River] we were joined by eight or nine others, making our force consist of 25 men. Late in the evening... we started on our ride of 40 miles or more, planning to reach the Moore home on Crane Creek the next morning. Just at break of day, we rode up to the Moore house. The wife and two daughters were at home. We told them of the houses destroyed by Captain Moore in our country and the object of our visit. They entered no protest, but said it was no more than they had been expecting. They were lady-like in their deportment and seemed to be above the average intelligence. Being in the enemy's country we lost no time in applying the torch and

soon the buildings were a mass of flames.

Looking back to the occurrence now after a lapse of over 40 years, when all the bitterness engendered by the war is a thing of the past, I sincerely regret the burning of the Moore home; not through any sympathy or respect for him, but because women were the immediate sufferers... It has always been a source of pleasure to me to contrast the orders of General Lee in his invasion of Pennsylvania with the orders of General Sheridan in [the Shenandoah Valley of] Virginia and Sherman on his march through Georgia and the Carolinas. We could have burned many more

homes had we chosen to do so, but we were content with the burning of one which was the main object of our long ride.

In a letter written around the turn of the century, several war crimes committed in northern Arkansas by Jim Moore were recounted by one of his victims, Mary Pell Wright. The men she mentions in her account, all natives of the Crooked Creek Valley, were kin to or veterans of the 14th Arkansas Regiment.

"A bunch came from Mo. They started to hang George Turney, a 9-year-old boy, by the thumbs, trying



A FAMILY FORCED OUT OF THEIR HOME DURING 1862 BY THE WAR IN NORTHWEST ARKANSAS

to make him tell where his father was, but he would not tell anything. I was there. I ran back home to tell my father-in-law... The Yankees were on the other hill. They shot him and he died instantly. He never saw them, and they didn't know who he was. He was 60 years old, never had been in the Army...

"They went about half a mile, met my husband [Seburn L. Jones] and Tom Sims. When they saw them, ran back and turned in the woods. There was about 50 after them. They run about a half a mile before they were killed. They just lay there...

"Came back the next day and commenced hollering 'Is them Rebs dead?' They came on to where we were. Three or four women were there. One man jerked my husband's boots off and his overshirt. One man had his gun in his hand and said he was going to shoot [my husband's body] in the head. I leaned over him to keep him from shooting him. He said if I didn't get up he would shoot me, but I wasn't afraid, and he let me alone. They shot Sims' eyes out.

"The boys had lain there all night in the rain. We didn't know they was killed until about 10 o'clock the next day. The Yanks said that if any man helped to bury them, they would kill them. Old Major Moore and his men was regular cut-throats.

"Us women had to dig the graves of our own husbands. We put them both in one grave. Some stayed... and helped my mother-in-law and Mrs. Shipman bury their husbands and son, and it was nearly night when we got done in the woods. That was in February [1865], four months after Seburn and I were married. We was married at the same time and both left widows at the same time.

"All of the folks that lived in that neighborhood had moved away, but for five families in four miles around. Most of them went with the Yankees and they drove off nearly all the cattle and even horses but three that George Turney kept hid in the woods."

One more turn at payback did not end the exchange. Moore must have carried out the following order with pleasure, even though the war was rapidly winding down.

Headquarters District of Southwest Missouri
Springfield, Mo, May 23, 1865

Maj. J.M. Moore
Commanding at Cassville:

It is possible that a gang of guerrillas, about 35 in number, will cross the road going south tonight or

tomorrow. This is a most bloody band and will probably pass between Cassville and this place. Do all you can to capture and destroy them.

Notify all citizens to be on the lookout. They have killed all citizens who have fallen into their hands, some 20 in all.

John B. Sandborn
Brevet Major-General, Commanding^{46:181}

To answer all of the questions raised about Crooked Creek during the war, it becomes necessary to take a wider view, of conditions across the Ozarks as well as in Missouri and Arkansas at large. Author Michael Fellman has collected hundreds of testimonies from both sides of the fighting and boiled them down into *Inside War: The Guerrilla Conflict in Missouri*.¹⁴¹

In an 1862 vignette written for the Keokuk *Weekly Gate City*, an Iowa cavalryman recalled, "Nothing but hills and hollows... Now we march by file through by-paths and old roads, now we lie down on our horses to dodge limbs, and now we go at bull speed to surround some rebel's house that abruptly comes in view. Perhaps some men run from the house when they see us in time. Then comes the fun and excitement — Every man is his own commander, and each strives to get ahead. 'You go this way, you go that way.' And away we go, leap fence... 'Halt, Halt! or I'll shoot you!' someone commands, and if they don't halt, he is shot. This hunting rebels is as interesting as deer hunting."^{141:180}

Union General Henry W. Halleck declared on 13 March 1862 that guerrillas were outlaws not to be taken prisoner. Only then, guerrillas commanders claimed, did they begin to reciprocate.^{141:253}

On 24 July 1862, conservative Republican Attorney General Edward Bates wrote to the equally conservative Missouri governor, H.R. Gamble, that Lincoln's cabinet had just discussed the question of quickly court-martialing and executing guerrillas. "I shrewdly suspect that your best officers are already acting on the idea... *Speed* is quite as necessary as the *fact* of the punishment of such marauders." Bates, the state's legal chief, was suggesting that guerrillas be shot on the spot when captured rather than be arrested.

Abraham Lincoln giving general instructions on 27 May 1863 to Major General John M. Schofield, newly appointed commander of St. Louis, "Let your military measures be strong enough to repel the invader and keep the peace, and not so strong as to unnecessarily

harass and persecute the people. It is a difficult *role*, and so much greater will be the honor if you perform it well."141:84

From the diary of Timothy Phillips, a private in the 19th Iowa Infantry Regiment, stationed in Forsyth, Missouri: 5 March 1863 "Refugees [from Arkansas] are coming in daily. An order has been given to build a stockade around the court house. Large quantities of timber have already been got cut for the purpose.^{141:78}

"We have now here some two dozen women and not less than a hundred children — more or less — varying in age from two weeks to 15 years." When a company of "Arkansas Rangers," Union guerrillas in Confederate Arkansas, arrived, Phillips remarked with great relief, "they are fine looking men and will make their mark."

In April, receiving orders to join the Vicksburg campaign, the 19th Iowa pulled out of Forsyth, burning the town, stockade, courthouse and all. Phillips made no more mention of the refugees. Taking them into protective custody was less important than joining large-scale operations in Mississippi.

A letter to the Acting Adjutant General of the Department of Missouri on 26 January 1864, expressed the frustration of a Federal colonel, R.R. Livingston:

"I beg to call your attention to the utter impracticability of converting this portion of Arkansas to loyalty when such conduct on the part of our troops is left unpunished & the sufferers unpaid. No reasoning can convince the poor cottager who is robbed of nearly all he has by both armies that the Union is a whit safer for his creed than Secession. When he reflects upon the atrocities of our troops he sees little to choose between them & Guirillus... You cannot hope to reclaim him."^{435:349}

The presence of Union militia was no guarantee of security, for many of them were of dubious loyalty. Paw Paw regiments, as they were known, were composed in large part of returned southern soldiers and sympathizers who had taken the oath of allegiance to the Union.

Amounting to a rebel fifth column, they often appeared to Unionists to have cut bargains with guerrillas, dividing Unionists' spoils between them. The derisive nickname Paw Paw, stuck on them by Unionists, came from a bush which grew along Missouri river bottoms, the favorite hiding grounds for bushwhackers.^{141:174}

The Western Fight Resumes

In the summer of 1863, during the season of millions of gnats and black flies, the Confederacy's Secretary of War, James A. Seddon, used what was left of Arkansas' troops for a diversion. As Vicksburg on the Mississippi looked ever more in danger to Grant's approach, Lieutenant-General Theophilus H. Holmes was ordered to attack something in that general direction, which turned out to be Helena, Arkansas.^{33:256}

Amidst faulty intelligence reports and indecisive briefings, Holmes enlisted General Price, who brought along the 35th Arkansas Confederate Infantry. Private Jacob Baughman was part of the 35th Regiment, which first appeared as an Arkansas fighting force four months earlier, on 31 January, with Colonel John P. King commanding.^{418:22:781} Baughman and King were part of Brigadier-General James F. Fagan's brigade, and after being issued 20 days rations, they all departed from Little Rock by train to DeVall's Bluff and from there on foot to Clarendon.^{33:260}

From 24-28 June, a pouring rain flooded every stream and river, and without any pontoon bridges, Price's army was left up to their armpits in muddy brown water as supplies were handcarried at every crossing. For the last 34 miles, between Clarendon and Trenton, Fagan had no more difficult watercourses to cross, and was able to bivouack by the night of the 28th.

By 2 July, Fagan's men made their way along the lower Little Rock Road and camped on the banks of Lick Creek, while a large detachment threw up a bridge. At war council on the next morning, Holmes cautioned his staff that estimates of the Union strength in Helena were way off: several well-built forts and artillery batteries had perfect command of the highest ground on Crowley Ridge and every road approaching town. The entire Union garrison there under Major-General Benjamin M. Prentiss had been put under arms, on alert and awoken each morning with a 2:30 am reveille. Although plans had been made for a massive celebration of the nation's 87th birthday, Prentiss found out about Price's approach early enough on 3 July to cancel.^{33:265}

Fagan was told to continue along the lower Little Rock Road from the southwest and capture Battery D, the Federal stronghold atop Hindman Hill manned by artillery specialists from the 33rd Missouri Union Regiment, and riflemen of the 43rd Indiana in the pits

below them. Fagan had received no warning from his scouts about the amount of thickly matted timber felled to block his route. Consequently, no axes had been brought and the speed of his assault bogged down. By the time he got to Hindman's Hill, the Union trenches were fully manned.

Price blundered in several ways: to speed his own advance, the Confederate artillery was sent to the rear, but the best gunners were sent forward, optimistically to redirect the Federal guns from Battery C which Price was sure he could capture early on. He also misunderstood the plans from General Holmes to attack at daybreak, and held his force back.^{33:275}

Shortly after 4 a.m., Private Baughman and the rest of the 35th Regiment were the last Rebels to emerge from the woods, so that the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon were fully heated up for them. The commander of the 35th, Colonel J.P. King, was ordered to take up the right hand flank beside Colonel Aldus T. Hawthorn's advance force, and become the southern-most wing of their attack.

With a bugler's charge and a wild yell, the 35th Arkansas struggled to cross a steep ravine.^{33:280} "At any other time or under any other circumstances [I would] have considered it impossible to make my way through... so steep the men had to pull themselves up by the bushes," recalled Colonel King.^{418:22:431}

Moving through heavy rifle-fire, the Arkansas troops fought their way back up the opposite slope and drove the Indianians from their rifle pits. Fagan ordered his men to rest, but this pause only allowed the Yankees time to regroup in their next line of trenches. Since Price had not yet launched his troops against Battery C on Graveyard Hill, these cannons were also free to focus on Fagan, putting the 35th Regiment into an unbearable crossfire.

The Arkansans continued uphill anyway, taking three more lines of trenches at the point of the bayonet. "The position assigned to Colonel King threw him, perhaps, on that ground most difficult of all to get over," wrote Fagan in his official report after the battle. "Had it not been for the determined character of this brave young colonel, his regiment [the 35th Arkansas Infantry] would not have advanced over all the difficulties he met with."^{418:22:426}

"Colonel King had... under a heavy and constant fire, and after almost superhuman exertions, placed his regiment... partly in rear of the enemy's third line of entrenchments," reported Colonel Hawthorne. "With a shout, and notwithstanding the steep hill sides

covered with immense masses of fallen timber, up and over which we had to climb, and notwithstanding the perfect hail-storm of bullets that assailed us at every step, we soon drove the enemy out of his third line of defense. We soon rallied our exhausted troops, reformed our broken lines, and again charged the enemy, driving him from his fourth line of entrenchments. It was now about 7 a.m.."

After nearly three hours of continuous fighting, Fagan's brigade found itself badly mauled and greatly reduced, but directly in front of Battery D.

"General Fagan ordered me to take the fort, but the men were so exhausted that most of them were unfit for further service," recalled Colonel King. For the next four hours, the men of the 35th remained pinned down just short of the summit of Hindman's Hill.^{418:22:432}

Meanwhile, Price's men had a much faster time taking Battery C, but the two cannons they captured had been spiked. Contradictory orders wasted the troops that could have come to Fagan's relief. Of 1,200 men in McRae's brigade, only 200 could be found to march up Hindman's Hill. The U.S.S. *Tyler* out on the Mississippi opened up with its eight-inch naval guns, firing 413 thunderous rounds credited with 600 Confederate casualties.

After another hour, at 11 a.m., word reached Fagan to retreat from Hindman Hill. Unfortunately, the surviving 250 men from the 37th Arkansas never heard of the plan, and were left behind to be taken prisoners.

When they regrouped at Allen Polk's farm, the unit commanders discovered the seriousness of the morning's defeat. The 35th suffered more men killed, more officers wounded and fewer men missing than any other unit in Fagan's command.^{33:290} Fagan's had been one of three infantry brigades caught in the brunt of the battle; out of their combined 4,434 men, over 32 percent were lost in the attack. Out of 3,212 cavalymen, only 78 were casualties. On the Union side, not even 6 percent of their 4,129 soldiers were casualties.^{418:22:426}

An "egregious blunder" cried an editorial in Arkansas' *Patriot* newspaper. "In the first place we had no use for Helena; secondly we could not take it; and thirdly, if given to us to-day, we could not hold it an hour."^{116:103}

The Battle of Helena was the last time the Confederacy tried to take control of a strong point on the Mississippi River. Despite their failures at

scouting, communication, command protocol, and rivalry between units and between the army and the cavalry, the Confederates were able to get away. As happened often during the war, the victor waited days before assessing the enemy's retreat or even attempting a full harvest of the losers in flight.^{33:292}

Trying to Retake Missouri

A year later, in August 1864, thousands of new men joined the rebel cause. Major General Sterling Price was on the move again, and the force that he wanted in front of his own columns was made up of the irregular partisan guerrillas. Price sent a dispatch to the most renown guerrilla commanders in Greene County, Arkansas, requesting that they take charge of the advance guard of his army, since he was "going up to possess Missouri."^{48:131}

They kept ahead, but at the same slow pace of a 12,000-man army, averaging 15 miles per day. At Doniphan, in Ripley County, the guerrilla scouts came upon columns of smoke rising into the sky, the evacuating Yankees having torched every house in town except one, the home of a Federal army officer. The guerrillas concluded that his place deserved the torch as well, but managed at the same time to save the town's mill from destruction.

Price's goal was to capture St. Louis, and nothing seemed to stop him through the first few counties past the Arkansas border. The Union strategy seemed to be one of melting away and leaving the path in front of Price's guerrilla team deserted.

A full-scale crusade to take back Missouri from Union hands was appealing to all kinds of men. Cole Younger, a member of Quantrill's Raiders and later Jesse James' Gang, volunteered to ride with Price and was assigned to Brigadier General Joseph O. Shelby's division.^{207:233} A newspaper editor from Little Rock, John M. Harrell opposed secession early on and spent the first years of the war carping in his *Old Line Democrat* at Governor Rector. But for the chance to join Price, Harrell could not resist raising his own battalion of Arkansas cavalry, naming it after himself and taking the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.^{116:21} Harrell's commission was little more than a political favor, tracing back to his tenure as Solicitor General of Arkansas, so it was his deputy, Major Joe W. Bishop who did the recruiting, largely from Carroll County. John Baughman, of Crooked Creek, could

not resist, and signed up as a private in Company D of Harrell's cavalry, which was overseen by Brigadier General William L. Cabell, under Major General Fagan's division.

On 22 September, Private Baughman found himself riding up the Fredericktown Road [today's Highway 67] with Fagan's division, just east of Marble Creek and the farmstead where his parents had lived in the 1830s. His grandmother, Dortha Baughman was living there at that time with John's Aunt Sarah, wife of John Joseph Sutton. According to family legend, all of the Baughmans who were able to escape from Crooked Creek and survive the war had made a kind of refugee camp on Sutton land.

It was the 25th day of Price's raid, and over the next two days, as the campaign was getting more interesting, the general made the following notes:

"Two companies of Federals passed through toward Ironton today. Killed 14 and wounded several; took telegraph apparatus also; distance, 22 miles.

23 September, "Marched to Cedar Creek; rough roads; distance, 18 miles.

24 September, "Reached Fredericktown... more [enemy] killed than first reported. Citizens generally Southern in sentiment; many coming in to greet us; recruiting; distance, 18 miles.

27 September, "At Arcadia. This morning Fagan drove the Federals from Arcadia, where they abandoned a very strong position. He also drove them through Ironton. They fell back on Fort Davidson, in Pilot Knob. Fagan formed on the south and east... Heavy skirmishing all day and continued artillery firing by the enemy. About 2 p.m., charge made on the fort, but the men were repulsed, but reformed by brigade commanders. Too late to renew the charge that night. Men placed in position and ammunition replenished; distance, 8 miles.¹⁷⁴

At Ironton, Price was advised by his engineering officer, Captain T.J. Mackey, that Yankee strength at Fort Davidson could be reduced easily if rebel cannon were emplaced on Shepherd's Mountain, which loomed only a half mile away and above them.^{48:iii} Price was impatient and thought that Fagan's force could overrun the Federal walls. Harrell's Arkansas Cavalrymen, and the rest of Fagan's division, were sent out across a mile of open flat land. In less than 30 minutes, Price lost 1,000 of his best assault troops.

28 September, "Enemy evacuated Pilot Knob last night; found many stores of government goods. 12 miles.

30 September, "...General Cabell sent with his brigade to cut the Pacific & Southwest Railroad east of Franklin; 10 miles.¹⁷⁴

When Price received word from Marmaduke, his fellow Confederate general, that Union troopships under Rosecrans were steaming up the Mississippi to reinforce St. Louis, he got cold feet and turned his invasion west along the Missouri River to the state capitol at Jefferson City. For all of the miles he managed to blaze through enemy territory, with all the supplies and prisoners he captured, and the new recruits he picked up, Price had no plan or ability to keep any of it.

No guards or garrisons were ever set up to protect the towns Price had "liberated." Pilot Knob, the terminus of rail lines to St. Louis and hub for all Union supplies in southeast Missouri, was captured, at some sacrifice, and simply abandoned the next day. Price had hoped that a series of swift, dazzling victories would trigger a state-wide uprising among Southern sympathizers.

Instead, inspired but unarmed men were joining his expedition only to slow it down. "Recruits flocked to our flag in such numbers," Price wrote, "as to threaten to become a burden instead of a benefit..."^{48:132}

By 23 October, day 51 of the campaign, Price had plowed across Missouri with 9,000 men, up to the threshold of Kansas City. At Westport, he thought he had found a battlefield that could make up for his defeat at Pea Ridge. Instead, 20,000 bluecoat cavalry swept him back.

When the Yankee charge threatened to swallow the rebels' entire wagon train of supplies, only a daring, desperate trick allowed Price and his men to escape. The only troops not in flight or disarray were the unarmed men in reserve under the supervision of a Colonel Tyler. In his final report, Price singled out Tyler for "great praise... for the success with which he kept them together, [and for] the cool gallantry he displayed in charging the enemy with them at an important juncture, thereby... saving the army from destruction."¹⁷⁴

Two days later, the fighting spirit of Private Baughman "and the morale of the army was ruined" near the Little Osage River. His brigade's commander, Brigadier General Cabell, was captured during a skirmish on the retreat, along with Generals Marmaduke and Siemons and five pieces of artillery.

After six more weeks, their bruising journey of

1,434 miles was completed back in Arkansas, at Laynesport. Price fled to Mexico until the war was over.

As Farmers Do in Harvest Time

Levels of military brutality in Missouri became so notorious by 1864 that the Union command in Washington dispatched R.B. Macy, inspector-general of the army, to report on the impact of the "No Prisoners Policy." "When [bushwhackers] surrender... they should be speedily taken before a competent tribunal and given the opportunity to prove their innocence before being executed. The existing practice enables evil-disposed soldiers to rob and murder inoffensive citizens under the plea that [these victims] were acting as bushwhackers, and it unquestionably tends greatly to demoralize [our] troops."^{141:87}

Many more months of robbery and murder followed... frequently done by mounted men wearing Union cloaks, a favorite Missouri guerrilla disguise.^{141:105}

Lieutenant Colonel Bazel F. Lazear wrote in 1862, "Col. Boyd has [several] guerrillas under arrest and I hope to God that they will be shot. I hate their getting the clothing worst of all for now we cannot tell them from our own men." In May 1863, a guerrilla band rode right into a Federal company of the 8th Missouri State Militia Cavalry, who, a Union officer reported, "mistook them for our own men, and before discovering them... had received a galling fire, and were fighting hand-to-hand."^{141:165}

Citizens around Pilot Knob in Iron County, Missouri, tried to avoid the wrath of both sides by playing it down the middle. On 2 March 1865, a pair of Confederate guerrillas, disguised in Yankee blue, were happened upon by a local citizen named John Myers. Because he assumed they were Yankees, Myers began boasting to them about how he had deceived the Rebels. The man handed over a piece of paper on which he had written a full report of his success in ferreting out guerrillas and their sympathizers. Then he admitted that he was also in the habit of reporting to the Confederates, and to prove this, he pulled from the other pocket a crumpled list of Federal movements in that area. But his keenest desire, he assured them, was to see guerrillas captured.

His listeners offered to show him some guerrillas that they had back at their camp; and at this

invitation, Myers waved his hat and shouted like an Indian. When nightfall came, Myers was shot.^{48:142}

Sometimes, under orders to do so, Union units would dress in civilian clothes and campaign exactly like guerrilla bands, hoping to fool the civilians in the neighborhood into revealing the support system they had established for [Southern] guerrillas... Warning off other Union units from mistakenly attacking such an undercover band, Lieutenant W.T. Clarke wrote to a fellow Union garrison commander, "There is party of soldiers from here in disguise in the neighborhood... scouting secretly and under orders after the style adopted by the guerrillas. Be careful and not run into them."

Union troops most often became guerrillas, however, not by clever design but out of demoralization. Local militia units in particular were rarely paid, poorly officered, and badly organized—and especially concerned with revenge. In February 1864 in Springfield, Union Brigadier General John Sanborn expressed his fears for the local troops assigned to him. "It is impossible to keep up the morale of the troops. Depredations are committed that would not be if the troops ... had the hope of pay... We are kept in the constant fear that the troops will abandon all organization and go home; and what is worse, their homes having been destroyed by the enemy and their property exhausted in the service, themselves turn into the very bushwhackers and robbers that they have been destroying."

Indeed, many militiamen did exactly as Sanborn feared, crossing the thin line dividing Union antiguerrilla soldier and Southern guerrilla by putting down the Union flag while staying in armed, roaming bands.^{141:169}

Local Union militia strove for peace in their own neighborhood, believing that they could develop an understanding with local Confederate guerrillas to keep the Civil War out of their locale regardless of what was happening elsewhere.^{141:172}

General Sanborn was assigned to the southwestern district of Missouri in October 1863. He noted that the U.S census for 1860 had recorded 5,000 to 8,000 people, on average for each of the five counties of his jurisdiction, but that by the end of 1864 he knew that there could be no more than 300 per county. "During one week, a Confederate force would pass through the country for a hundred miles or more and burn the houses and destroy the property of every

loyal man, and before my arrival, the Federal forces would soon go over the same section of country and destroy the houses and property of all the disloyal."^{141:265}

While his new policy prohibited any more retaliation against civilians, he furthered the depopulation of the Ozarks by ordering on 1 January 1865 the banishment from his district of 150 families, mainly headed by women. Twenty years later, Sanborn admitted that no policy had worked, and that every effort had only poured fuel on the fire.

In Arkansas, the notorious guerrilla, Captain Bolin, explained his way of waging war to a new recruit.

"I now have 125 men," Bolin purportedly said, "and we are what is known as 'Bushwhackers.' We carry on a war against our enemies by shooting them. My men are from various sections of the country, and each one has some grievance to redress at home. In order to give each man a chance to do his best, we give him all the help he may require. After he sets things right in his part of the country, he comes back and helps others with their own problems. We thus swap work as the farmers do in harvest time..."^{48:16}

Driven from their own homes, Bolin and his men took up deserted land in rugged, remote northeastern Arkansas near Helena, and created their own hidden town. The "Independent Bushwhacking Department of the Confederate State of America" was where they eventually collected their families, planted crops, built houses and even constructed a mill. High on a the bluffs of Crowley's Ridge, between the St. Francis River and Cash Creek in Greene County, they kept a safe base from which to strike out on their deadly missions.^{141:49}

One wrong that drew their attention was committed by George F. Oller, of Flat Woods, Missouri. Oller was known to have carved the figure of a particular guerrilla on a tree at his place, and would practice shooting it from various distances. This ornery sportsmanship alone didn't warrant a visit, but Oller's vindictiveness extended to the children of Southern sympathizers, who he expected to become Rebels at some future time.

Oller noticed that some of these Southern boys were fond of bathing in the St. Francis River. Just below a high rock, from where they would often plunge into the river, he drove in several sharpened cedar stakes with their wicked points just inches below

the water's surface. When the boys next visited their favorite swimming hole, the water level was lower than usual and Oller's plan was discovered.

A famed guerrilla marksman waited three days in the brush on the edge of Oller's farm, and finally shot him dead from quite a distance while Oller was tending his pig pen.^{48:82}

While battlefields can teach an atheist to pray, the ugly war in Missouri found revenge becoming a kind of religion on its own. Instead of praying to God and wearing crosses, hardened fighters in the Ozarks swore blood oaths and collected severed ears, noses, teeth and scalps as their trophies. One fighter strung together and wore a necklace of trigger fingers sliced off all of his enemies.^{141:188}

When Yankees west of the Mississippi talked about protecting defenseless civilians, and about the sanctity of women, sometimes it was just talk. On 19 November 1864, a troop of Federal cavalrymen butchered 500 Indians, primarily women and children. Federal Lieutenant James D. Cannon reported, "In going over the battle-ground next day I did not see a body... but was scalped, and in many instances their bodies were mutilated in the most horrible manner... According to the best of my knowledge and belief, these atrocities that were committed were with the knowledge of [Colonel] J.M. Chivington, and I do not know of him taking any measure to prevent them. I heard of one instance of a child a few months' old being thrown in the feed-box of a wagon, and after being carried some distance left on the ground to perish... I also heard of numberless instances in which men had cut out the private parts of females and stretched them over the saddle bows, and wore them over their hats while riding in the ranks..."^{141:213}

Abraham Lincoln counseled various Unionist politicians and military commanders on the guerrilla war in Missouri, "It seems that there is no organized military force of the enemy in Missouri and yet that destruction of property and life is rampant everywhere."

"Each man feels an impulse to kill his neighbor," Lincoln went on, "lest he be first killed by him. Revenge and retaliation follow, and all this... may be among honest men only. But this is not all, ...every dirty reptile rises up. Strong measures, deemed indispensable but harsh at best, such men make worse by maladministration. Murders... proceed under any cloak that will best cover for the occasion."^{141:85}

Rich Man's War, Poor Man's Fight

When Arkansas exempted all owners or overseers of at least 20 slaves from military service, the small, non-slave-holding Ozark farmers felt abused. Under the cry of "rich man's war, poor man's fight," the mountaineers started to use "every equivocation possible to evade the law."^{116:100}

The Ozark farmer who never asked for or received a loan, discovered to dismay that his taxes were pledged to liquidate the plantation owners' bad debts. A decade before the Civil War, Arkansas manifested little progress and bustle. "We have neither railroads, nor canals, nor turnpike roads, nor any other public works, whether begun or even contemplated," one newspaper editor wrote. While residents of the northwest wanted closer ties with St. Louis via Springfield, Little Rock only wanted a rail line to Memphis or to Cairo, Illinois.

An earlier, biting editorial suggested that the slaves from large plantations should be divided up, one to every household in Arkansas, so at least the whole state could have an honest stake in slavery. To lessen discontent, General Holmes ordered the enrolling of all exempted overseers and owners but then sent them back to work.

The predictable shortages in an economy challenged by a war on home soil were compounded by a poor harvest in 1860, and crop failure in 1861. In 1862, the wheat rusted, the oats were diseased, acorns for the hogs were ruined, and the corn was "a remarkable failure." On top of all that, an epidemic of hog cholera cut severely into the meat supply.

The winter of 1862-1863 worked a considerable hardship on the unfortunate. As late as April, the rivers were so solidly frozen that men and supplies crossed over the ice; no green leaf appeared until the middle of May.

Some relief came in 1863 with a bountiful wheat crop, although part of it could not even be harvested because of the drop in manpower. Nevertheless, flour declined from \$37 a barrel to \$22 on average. In 1864, fields were bountiful, but acre upon acre of corn grew to maturity and rotted. "The spring of 1865," one veteran recalled, "was the most trying time. People ate anything they could get to sustain life, and some starved to death."^{116:106}

A Northern soldier told his wife, "All you see is long-necked, yellow-skinned dirty women, and filthy children. Many of them as innocent of apparel as was

Adam and Eve in the days of Paradise."^{116:107}

From northwestern Arkansas, former schoolteacher Robert Mecklin, a man not given to hyperbole, wrote: "If we hear that one of our neighbors has been murdered, his house burned and family left to freeze and starve to death for want of clothes and food, it is soon forgotten by us."^{116:108}

When left face to face with the enemy, many women proved more courageous and resourceful than the men. One woman living near Helena turned bushwhacker, wore a bowie knife, and was reputed to have killed seven men. She was reported to be "on intimate terms with thieves and desperadoes on both sides."

Another woman fought a notable battle for a hog felled by the Federals. "you have killed my hog but you cannot carry it away," Mecklin reported her saying. One soldier then entered her house and started breaking things, but she stood steadfast over the hog with her club. The soldier then returned "as near as it was safe for him, turned his ugly end towards her, pulled down his pants and emptied his bowels of a stinking load in her presence. "Now, sir," said she, "You have made a dog of yourself."^{116:109}

To a very large extent, the internal history of Civil War in Arkansas was the erosion of the will to win. Since less than one-third of the whites even favored Southern independence, Confederates found it difficult to sustain the public spirit.

Although no statistics address this question directly, it is highly probable that Arkansas lost a greater percentage of her population than any other Southern state.^{116:114}

One Arkansas woman, Mrs. Henry Lewis Fletcher, recalled from her own long roadtrip home during the final days of the war: "Desolation met our gaze... gaunt, ragged men, stumbling along the road, just mustered out of the army, trying to find their families and friends, and wondering if they had a home left."^{116:126}

The last regular Confederate forces in the field surrendered on 26 May 1865, even though they had known about Lee's surrender for many weeks. Not surprisingly, these diehards were the Trans-Mississippi soldiers under General E. Kirby Smith. But the Confederate guerrilla forces in Missouri stayed in the saddle well into the summer, fearing that their surrender would not be accepted. Frequently their fears were justified, as many were executed by Union

forces or by enraged civilians who now knew for certain which was the winning side they ought to join. The guerrilla war sputtered out, nastily and inconclusively.^{116:231}

According to the autobiography he dictated in 1870, Confederate guerrilla Sam Hildebrand had been a reluctant fighter and only his belief in "retributive justice" left him no other choice. In the fall of 1861, the local Union vigilance committee in south central Missouri burned down his barn and house, drove off his mother, killed two of his brothers and uncle, and left Hildebrand himself for dead in a gully, shot in the head. Only then did he respond, "I declared war. I determined to fight it out with them, and by the assistance of my faithful gun 'Kill-Devil,' to destroy as many of my enemies as I possibly could. To submit to further wrong from their hands would be an insult to the Being who gave me the power of resistance."

He claimed to have killed over 100 men without compunction. "I make no apology to mankind for my retaliation; I make no whining appeal to the world for sympathy. I sought revenge and I found it." Hildebrand most often went alone or with a small group to lay in wait in the woods by the edge of a field of a Union farmer, shooting him as he came out to work.

"I never made war on women and children, neither did I ever burn a house. Did I ever punish a man for feeding a federal? Did I ever shoot a man for not reporting to me the fact of having seen a federal pass along the road? If that was really my mode of proceeding, I would deserve the stigma cast upon my name."^{116:252}

Despite their many confessed crimes, guerrillas found honor among the hillfolk. As essayist Richard White sensed, a helpless people saw coming out from among their own kin "strong men who could protect and avenge themselves."^{141:263}

After the war, Hildebrand surrendered and then was allowed by the general amnesty to return to farming in northern Arkansas, fleeing back to Missouri only in 1869 after a price was put on his head. He then went into hiding, and began a collaboration with two journalists on his life story.^{355:253}

Accounting for the Baughman Brothers

Many mysteries remain in any history of the Baughman family during the 1860s. Henry and

Charity Baughman had ten children. Several of these children's descendants have donated hand-me-down tales which are patched together here for the first time.

Walsie Ruble, one of the Baughman family's earliest and most persistent researchers, wrote in a letter dated 16 November 1978:

"When the Civil War started, great grandfather Henry Baughman took his wife Charity and the children that were not grown, and his mother Dorothy back to Mo. where they lived before they came to Ark. Great great grandfather [John Baughman] had died and was buried in open field of Samuel Milum, that was the start of the Milum Cemetery."

In another record of Baughman history, Ruble wrote:

"Charity Sutton died in 1864 in Iron Co. Mo. is buried at Marble Creek, where her family lived. Sarah the youngest daughter also died during the Civil War in Iron Co. and is buried by her mother."

This last entry, however, is at odds with the account of Nevada Emma Harding offered later in this section.

As one way to account for missing families during the war, a family researcher, Edgar Weston, recalls, "Many had to go to family camp and band together to try to survive the war, and try to protect each other. My grandmother Weston was born in a family camp in Butler Hollow, near Beaver Inn in Carroll County, Arkansas in 1863." Butler Hollow was the gateway for Union Forces entering Arkansas on their way to Elkhorn Tavern.

The following information was collected from Lewis Lafayette Baughman Jr., then 81, by a reporter for the Harrison, Arkansas, *Headlight* named Lena E. Hunt. It was published for the newspaper's Thanksgiving edition, on Thursday, 25 November 1954, under a column heading of *Boone Countians of the Week*.

"Lewis Lafayette Baughman was born in 1832 in Missouri, the second oldest child after Peter. At the age of eight, he moved with his family to Arkansas, where he eventually started his own family before the war. Isaac, Spencer and Rebecca Jane were all born in the Crooked Creek community; but when war broke out, Lewis, with his three children and his pregnant wife escaped to Greene County, Missouri, to avoid the threat of Federal troops in northern Arkansas. His fourth child was named Scapus Green in 1861, to

make a lasting reminder on that son and the rest of the family of their exile from home.

"Lewis was one of the first in the family to return to the burned out farms around Crooked Creek following the war. They built two large log rooms and a central breezeway. In the end of each room is a stone fireplace, and these are still in good shape. By the mid-twentieth century, the house had expanded to nine rooms.

"About one quarter of a mile from this building, in those early days, Isaac and his son-in-law put in a water mill near the ford crossing. To obtain fuel for a blacksmith shop they burned large charcoal pots."

In a 12 December 1990 letter from Harrison, Arkansas, Nevada Emma Dees Harding, 74-year-old granddaughter of John Wesley Baughman, the following recollection came up:

"For John Wesley's life. He grew up with an Indian boy called Tom. They were as close as brothers and hunted and fished together. When the war broke out they enlisted together. Grandpa said in the first battle, Tom disappeared from his side. He thought he had deserted, but when roll call was made Tom was by John.

"John asked him, 'What happened?'

"Tom said, 'White man stand up, get shot. Indian take cover and shoot.'

"John was driving a supply wagon and they ran into a muddy bog. The wagon and mules were buried. John unhooded the mules and tried to pull them until some of his troop carried him to the fire. The mules and wagon were lost.

"Their regiment had been pushed close or all the way to Illinois when Jeff Davis was captured. Their commanding officer discharged them and told them to try and find their way home. John, Tom and two others were together. They were afraid the Union soldiers would kill them. They hid during the day and moved at night. They came to a stream. Tom and one man swam across. The other man couldn't swim and begged John not to leave him to be killed. So John had him hold to his clothes and kick his feet. This made it possible for John to swim across with him.

"The first food they came across was at an old mill. They scooped up the remains of wheat and corn from the floor. Tom started a fire with flint rock and they mixed this with water and cooked on a rock to eat. The next [food] they had was ear corn. They

were hid in a cave, and a man fed his hogs near by and put corn for them on the limb of a tree.

"When John got home, his mother [Charity Sutton Baughman] had been ill for several weeks. She didn't know him. When he left, [John was so young that] he hadn't even had to shave yet. Now he had a full black beard, his clothes were in tatters and his shoes were barely on his feet.

"She finally realized that it was John. She kissed and hugged him, and shouted until they thought she was out of her mind. She cooked a meal for them, but her illness overtook the joy and she took to her bed again and died soon after.

"Indian Tom took pneumonia and sent for John, but when John arrived, Tom couldn't speak. He tried to outline the trail to a gold mine the Indians had, but John never looked for it. He said it was the Indians' and if he found it they would kill him.

"During the Civil War, a Mr. Harden lived by Huzzah [Creek]. The men that had deserted would rob families living here. So he took his gold coins and hid them across the creek from his house. The bluffs and all around them has been dug up and metal detectors used, but it was never found.

"Late one night during the war, men came in and took Mr. Harden and torched him to death, and burned his wife's feet trying to make them tell. A son ten or twelve years old ran between one man's legs and escaped. He was Stokley Harden. Later, he and his half-sister, Nan Smith found the remains of Mr. Harden. They buried him right where they found the remains. I know where he is buried. Stokley Harden married the daughter of Nancy Jane Milam Rowlett. Mildred Crawford, a D.A.R. member, is Stokley's granddaughter."

John Wesley Baughman's great-granddaughter, Ora Deen Crow remembers him well, and especially his fondness for keeping honeybees. Ora Deen's mother, Leona Clyde Crow, passed on several other tales, which Ora shared in a letter:

"She said she had often heard her grandfather, John Wesley, say that he was one of three Johns — 'Big John,' 'Little John' and 'Black John.' He was 'Black John.' She said he was short and heavy set.

"John Wesley had a shop with bellows operated by hand where he sharpened farm implements. He made something like knives, etc. We have a fireplace shovel he made for his brother George. John's father [Henry Baughman IV] was a wagonmaker.

"John Wesley had a log smoke house where he

kept the meat from hogs he fattened and butchered. Mother said she remembered seeing him go to the smoke house and cut off slabs of meat for a neighbor who was a widow with children.

"John Wesley and son Elbert had about 30 bee hives. He had one hive with a glass front so he could observe the bees making honey. His way to relax at noon, before going back to work, was to lie on the ground in the shade and watch these bees working. If he was stung by a bee it did not hurt him. He only used a face veil when robbing the bees of their honey. Mother had seen her grandmother, Sarah Louise, who was deathly afraid of the bees, call grandpa to the house by ringing a bell when the bees swarmed. He would cut the tree branch on which the bees had swarmed and gently rake the bees with his hand to find the queen bee and then place them in an empty bee hive. She said he did not feed his bees sugar, but instead used bee bread."

The following account of events during the Civil War was written by Mildred Baughman, the wife of Charles Ernest Baughman Jr., who was the grandson of Tipton Baughman. Born in 1845, Tipton was the seventh child of Henry and Charity Baughman, just after John Wesley, and one of the younger brothers of Peter William Baughman.

"Charles E. Baughman Sr., born in 1886, was the son of Tipton Baughman, who fought on the side of the North. During the Civil War, Grandma [Charity] Baughman and many others suffered greatly at the hands of Civil War Raiders. They were men who avoided going to war, and instead raided and plundered the homes of men who *were* at war. The borders of the north and south of the U.S. were especially vulnerable to these atrocities.

"Grandma Baughman had her feet burned by these raiders so she could not leave her farm house to tell anyone. The raiders took her stock, chickens, canned goods and root cellar produce, as well as the dried hams in the smoke house. They did not burn her house down, but looted it. She existed for some time on parched corn, which she had hidden. She was remembered by her grandson as smoking a clay pipe after dinner each day.

"Tipton, a dark-eyed man, over six feet tall, was one-eighth Cherokee Indian. He had a blacksmith shop, and there was a grove of oak trees on the corner of Tipton's place where wagon trains passing through would stop. He shod many of the horses

from the wagon trains that went through there. Tipton's wife, Basheba, would cook the passing pioneers big breakfasts of ham, biscuits and gravy. The caravans gladly paid a small fee for these meals. When the railroad came through, the wagon trains no longer pulled up at the oak grove, but Tipton still had plenty of local business for his blacksmith shop.

"A man who had been burned while working on the railroad stayed at the Tipton Baughman farm for some time. Basheba, who was an herbalist and midwife, ministered to the man and put ointment on his burns. She was called, 'Little Grandma,' because she was a small person. Her granddaughter-in-law, Reta Baughman, remembers that as a girl she had tried to draw water at a well for Basheba, with some trouble. Reta recalled that Grandma Basheba always did it easily.

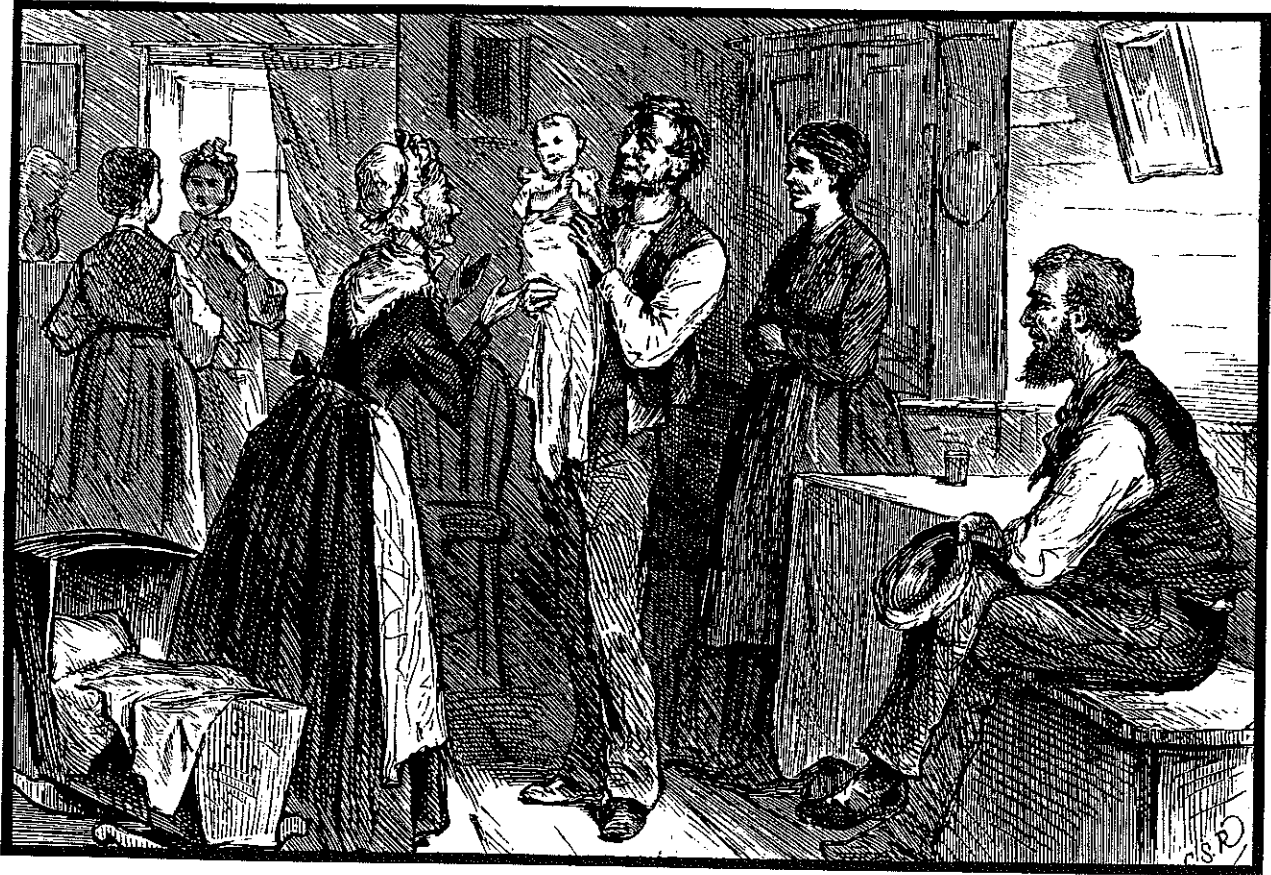
"Tipton was a leader in his community. He was on the school board and often helped neighbors who had a need. His smokehouse, filled with hams, was always

open to anyone who had a need. They could just help themselves. Each year, they had a hog killing, and everyone went home with all the fresh pork they could use.

"A black man named Tommy Johnson, who was a cripple, lived with his family on the corner of Tipton's place. He made oak furniture to sell, and wove baskets and planted corn. Charles Sr. remembered that Tommy's daughter sorted the corn seed."

No military record exists for Tipton Baughman during the Civil War for service with a regular unit of either the Union or Confederate armies. It is possible that such records could have been lost, or never even taken down if he fought for a local militia or irregular command. The weapons Tipton used included a .44 caliber Colt Army revolver (no. 57261) and a Kentucky long rifle fitted with a percussion lock. Both are now in the possession of Ezra Baughman of Santa Clara, California, and will eventually be passed on to his grandson, Mark Mellott. ■ ■ ■

SECTION FOUR
LATER MATERNAL LINES



A FAMILY BLESSED
A DOZEN CHILDREN TO A HOME WAS NOT UNUSUAL IN LATE-19TH CENTURY AMERICA

FROM SILAS CLABORN TURNBO CAME A FEW MORE clues about the Thurman family character, and the Ozarks in general:

"Mr. G.W. Thurman, an early resident of Taney County, Mo., gives a funny story of a coon making him bounce to his feet once while calling turkeys. In relating the story Mr. Thurman said that while his father, William Thurman, lived on the south bank of White River two and one-half miles above the mouth of Beaver Creek he and his brother Dee Thurman started out together one morning before daylight to kill turkeys.

"Near about daybreak they separated, 'but we stationed ourselves in hearing distance. I selected a spot where two small logs lay in four feet of each other and lay down on my belly between them and began to yelp for a gobbler and I heard one answer me. I continued to call and he went on with his answering calls and gradually worked up closer to me. When the turkey got in sight of me I called and watched it intently with my gun ready for a shot when it came in range.

"I was so deeply interested in watching the slow movements of the turkey that I was lost to every other noise. When all at once something leaped on my back and as it struck me it growled in a fierce manner. I howled with terror and sprang to my feet. As I did so the animal jumped off of my back and retreated. I turned and looked at it and it was a coon.

"I was so greatly excited that I did not hush hallooing until Dee came running to me to see if I had gone crazy without previous notice. This broke up our turkey hunting that morning. The old gobbler was surprised, too, and he left on a hasty run. This little incident occurred in 1855 when I was 17 years old," said Mr. Thurman.^{405-14:31}

Tales of Enormous Black Snakes

There is no question but that large black reptiles once inhabited the Ozarks as well as other kinds of snakes. Though while not the size of serpents we read of which lived in warmer climates, yet uncommon sized black snakes were seen and killed here in various

places by the pioneers.

"Without further comments we will now proceed to give a few brief stories of the dark colored serpents as told me by hunters and others. G.W. Thurman says that in 1850 while his father lived on the south bank of White River above the mouth of Beaver Creek in Taney Co., Mo., he and his two small brothers, Granville and Willie Thurman, and three of his Uncle Bob Thurman's children, Jane, Martha and Tom Thurman, while playing together on a drift near the river's edge one warm Sunday they encountered a very large black snake which lay in coil on two logs which lay across an opening in the drift. Mr. Thurman said that the snake raised its head in a foot of his face before he was aware of its presence.

"I happened to have a stout stick of green wahoo wood in my hand and as the ugly reptile darted its tongue out almost in my face, I struck it a blow on its neck which paralyzed the snake long enough for me to pull it out of the drift and finish killing it. The serpent... measured eight feet and four inches long and was between four and five inches through the middle part of its body. This was in the early fifties and I remember that I was quite a small boy at the time of this little incident."

A second tale of an enormous black Ozark snake has come from one of the Baughman family's in-laws:

"A story was told me by William Brown who said that one day while he and another man were hunting in Big Beach Hollow which runs into the White River below Bradley's Ferry in Marion Co. Ark., they found a cave at the head of a hollow which flows into Big Beach and prepared a torch and ignited it and went into the cave to explore it and said he, "We found bear beds and bear tracks. The tracks were imprinted in the soft clay. We also discovered a stone with the figures '1815' cut on it, showing that this cave had been visited by some person during that period.

"After we had went a short distance further into the interior of the cavern we found a bigger find than the ones just mentioned which was in the shape of a frightful looking serpent lying stretched in front of us. Its head was as large as a man's clenched hand and it was not less than nine feet in length. Its color was

that of a cotton mouth snake and it lay perfectly quiet with its head raised a little. We scared when we first observed it but seeing that it did not threaten us we concluded to shoot it. My companion held the lighted torch while I took aim at its head and fired.

"Unfortunately, at the discharge of the gun, the flash from the priming pan put the light out and a panic ensued right then and there. It was intensely dark in the cave after the light was extinguished but we hurried out by crawling and going half bent until we reached the entrance — scared bad enough for we thought the reptile was right after us, but we seen nothing more of it. I have hunted near that cave since but I never did offer to go into it anymore and never knew whether I killed or wounded the serpent or not," said the old pioneer.^{405-16:77}

The Westward Push

Some of the Thurman family from Albemarle County, Virginia, left their home east of Charlottesville on the South West Mountain's Thurman Gap in 1827. Before crossing the Mississippi, and pushing his family into the Ozarks for the rest of the century, Fendall C. Thurman, his wife Ann Royster and their little boy and girl settled in Shelby County, near Memphis, Tennessee. When the federal census was taken in 1830, the Thurmans had several neighbors that were also going to end up traveling west on the same roads — the Blands, Howards, Macartys and Carrs.

The nearby family of R. Walker and his wife, both in their 40s, included a grown son in his 20s, two girls

in their upper teens, two more boys between 10 to 15, a little girl between five and ten, and a little boy under five.

They were also newcomers, more or less, since no Walkers were recorded in the same region during the 1820 census. However, there was a Robert Walker on the 1820 rolls living in Stewart County, in the northwestern notch of the state, where the Tennessee River makes its exit. The census age codes for Robert Walker's family [100110-51111] are perfectly compatible with the Memphis Walkers described above, and none of the other five Tennessee household heads named R. Walker have similar dates at all.

When the next census was taken in 1840, David H. Walker, who had been born in 1794 in Tennessee and neatly fits into the shoes of the above R. Walker's son, appeared with his family living just 12 houses away from the Thurmans.

David had a son named William, who as a 19-year-old, left Memphis, and arrived in Missouri by 1832.

The Walkers were Republicans, and supporters of the Union during the War Between the States. William's older brother, Leonard Lafayette, became a volunteer with the 8th Missouri Regiment. He is buried at the Witte Cemetery in Little Beaver, Missouri, which sits on the Christian and Douglas County border.

The Walker family seemed cursed with a high infant mortality. Each generation suffered more and more losses in the 19th century, getting so bad that six out of the eight children born to Lafayette Cook Walker and Mary E. DeWitt died under the age of two.^{28:133}

"Fate" and Mary attended the Pleasant Hill Baptist Church, and were very religious, being sure to ask for blessings before every meal. Along with their daughters Alma and Hattie, the Walkers were greatly entertained by visiting "holy roller" preachers. Alma got such a kick out the dancing and carrying on that she wanted to go to a particular revival for seven days in a row.

In the old days, Ozark children could loll about in a world little changed from one generation to another. Woody Thurman was well-aware, and even a little proud, that his father, Tone, had carved his initials into a desk when he was a student at the little, one-room Pleasant Hill meetinghouse. As late as the 1920s, Woody got a kick out of the annual Maypole

The image shows four handwritten signatures in cursive script, arranged vertically. From top to bottom: 'J G Thurman', 'A E Thurman', 'C T Thurman', and 'L C Walker'. The signatures are dark ink on a light background.

FACSIMILE SIGNATURES OF JAMES GRANVILLE [DEE] THURMAN,
HIS WIFE, AMERICA ELIZABETH COULTER THURMAN,
SON, CHARLES TONE THURMAN & LAFAYETTE COOK WALKER

fest. He and his classmates chased around the whole schoolyard in Forsyth braiding colorful cloth strips down an upright log. Their ancestors had been doing the same thing, especially the ones from Germany, for the last 50 generations.

The name Thurman was essentially Germanic at its root, even though many had fled to in England during the many wars on the continent. Several spellings in America are simple variants on the original *Thurmund*, and refer to one of the ancient Teutonic gods to mean "Thor's Protector."

At the dawn of the 20th century, Charles Tone Thurman set about buying, trading and selling land in southeastern Taney County, Missouri, as a sideline to his business in banking and cattle ranching. Several deeds were exchanged with his own parents, James Granville and America Elizabeth Coulter Thurman, and his in-laws, Lafayette Cook and Mary DeWitt Walker.

On 28 March 1904, Tone paid his dad \$800 for 80 acres "more or less," tracing a meandering creek eastward up to the White River. It was described as southwest of a line that began at the northwest corner of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 2, following a southeast course with the branch through the northeast quarter of section 2, when said branch empties into the White River.

On 29 October 1904, Tone paid Thomas Butler \$150 for Lot No.11 of the northwest quarter of Section 2 in Twp 23 of Range 20 containing 40 acres more or less.

On 5 May 1910, Tone paid Fate Walker \$600 for a half interest 77 acres found combined in Lot 6, Section 2, Twp 23, Range 20; and Lot 10, Section 11, Twp 23, Range 20.

On 13 November 1917, Tone prepared to buy Lot No.2193 in Hollister, and was obliged to pay \$26.10 in administrative fees to Charles H. Groom, a member of the board who was also the official Abstractor of Titles.

Another measure of Tone's prosperity was his love of cars. His first was a black convertible Maxwell that he brought home from Springfield around 1920. The family kept it running back and forth to Stratford to learn the fine points of driver's safety, but ended up breaking an axle on the barely improved country roads. The second car was a Model T Ford, but Tone's real pride was a 1927 Whippet.

When Woody, Tone's youngest, got his first car by trading Ben Parnell a shotgun for it, Tone was not happy. Woody's older sister, Bea, had a son named C.T. Baughman who was raised like a younger brother to Woody. C.T. got his first car in the late 1930s — a 12-cylinder Lincoln Zephyr.

In August of 1940, since their children were grown and Alma had just been left drained by her widowed father's funeral, Tone suggested it was time for a change. He had always loved the idea of the Old West, and she just couldn't refuse him when he said it was time to see the rodeo in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and the Grand Teton Mountains.

Alma, Tone and his brother John liked the west so much that they just kept going until they reached Klamath Falls, Oregon. Tone hired on with the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Company, and Alma turned their big, rented home into a boarding house for about ten other guys from the Ozarks that they had met.

After seven years of adventure in the Great Northwest, Alma and Tone got homesick. They came back to Springfield, Missouri, bought a farmhouse with five acres across the road from a Motorola factory, and raised cattle.

Uncle Bus Dies

JAMES LAFAYETTE THURMAN
28 JANUARY 1909 - 13 MAY 1993

Out of Tone and Alma's seven children, the five that made it past infancy all made it through their 70s, and often well into their 80s. The wildest spirit among the kids was Bus — hunter, storyteller, farmer, small businessman and vagabond.^{28:89}

His sister, Aunt Pete had been living with him for with him for the last few months, and had been massaging him from head to toe every night with a barber's electronic vibrator, especially tending to his neck and scalp, and a severe itching spot on his back. "It had been botherin' him somethin' terrible."

But three days before he died, she offered to massage his back and he said, "No, I don't believe so. It ain't been a'botherin' me." The second day he said, "No thank you. It ain't been a'botherin' me," and this made her worry that something had really changed forever.

He had a dog named Mike and a little kitty cat named Tiger. The cat would get up on Aunt Pete's lap "and turn around two or three times to get comfortable before she would settle down. Then when I'd get up to do the dishes, she'd get up on the kitchen table and look out the window. Bus thought we shouldn't let her, but I said, 'Leave her be. She's not botherin' nothin.' So it became her way every day.

"Well about that same time, two or three days before he died, Bus wouldn't let them curl up on his bed with him of a night and real mean like he told 'em, 'Go get off and get away.' The night he died, they both crawled under his bed and wouldn't come out.

"What became of them, Frank?" Aunt Pete asked of Bus's stepson, who had taken care of all of the funeral details.

"I'm still trying to line up a spot for Tiger at a rest home, so she can keep company with some of the older people," said Frank Herbert, who had been raised by Bus from an early age. "With the dog, I put an ad in the local paper. It said: 'Hi, I'm Mike, a seven-year-old dog that has lost my family. The man who owned me recently passed on and his wife is in a nursing home...' Well, a real nice family from Cedar Creek wanted him. They have two little boys. The dad had a fishing pole in his truck when he came to pick Mike up and Mike just jumped right in the back."

"I wonder if Mike'll try to come walkin' back..." asked Aunt Pete.

"Well, he seemed real happy," offered Frank.

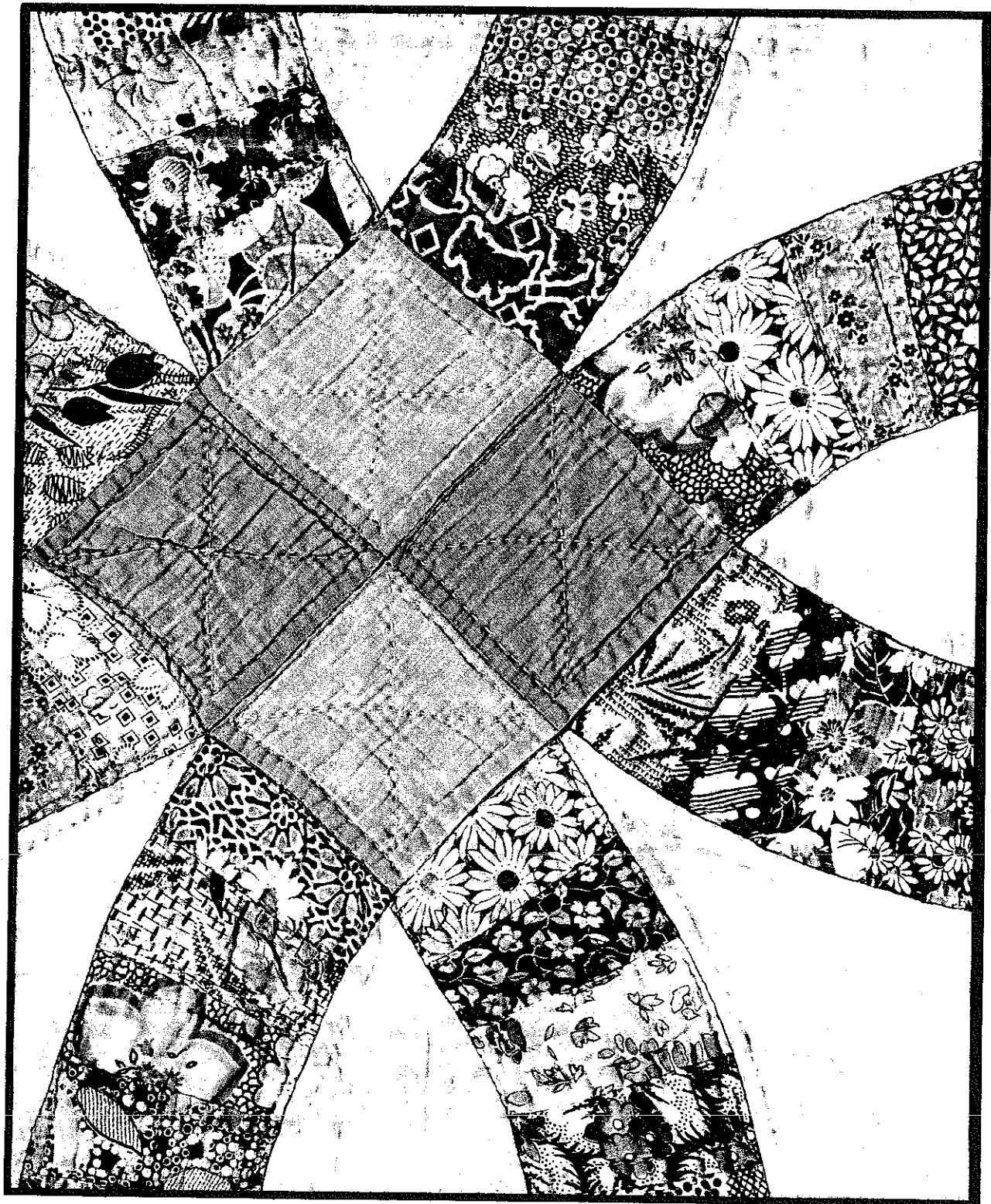
"That's good," answered Aunt Pete. "I just couldn't feature that dog and cat a'wanderin' around outside his house. I'd a'just give anything if I could have brought Tiger back to my apartment [in Springfield]. He was such good company, but my place is just too small for a cat. Tiger and Mike just loved to chase squirrels. Bus and I had been meanin' to take them down to the field, but we never could after he got to where he couldn't breathe [from emphysema].

Aunt Pete worried that during the gravesite funeral service that Bus was not facing east as he lay in his casket. Frank said he had noticed this also, but the funeral director had reassured him that it was only because of the approach and walkway limitations during the service, and that Bus was turned around before the actual burial.

Aunt Pete also worried that the stone grave marker for Bus wouldn't stand up correctly if it was set too soon during the unusually heavy spring rains, but Frank reassured her on this also. The stone was up by 20 June and looked fine. ■ ■ ■



A FAMILY CURSED BY INFANT MORTALITY



DETAIL FROM A DOUBLE WEDDING RING QUILT
HANDED DOWN IN THE HILL FAMILY

HILLS AND VAUGHTS
1800-1935

IN 1832, AS EARLY AS CAN BE CERTAIN, MELCHIOR HILL resided near Greensburg, northeast of Hagerstown in Washington County, Maryland. Because the birth of one of his sons there named William was perfectly clear, confusion surrounding his own first name, undoubtedly a Germanic one, must be excused after mistranscriptions such as Malken, Milcah, Makiah or McKiah. The surname Hill, spelled just as it is, was not an unfamiliar one in Germany, Holland and Pennsylvania's German communities, but it might also have evolved in America from the similar sounding Höll or Hüll.

The earliest references to a Melchior Hill included a man who was transported to Annapolis, Maryland, in 1650 as a servant.^{362:227} Another Melchior Hill appeared in the U.S. census of 1790 for Cumru Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania; and in an 1800 listing in Somerset County, Maryland.

Greensburg formed three miles south of Ringgold, and east of the Smithsburg Pike (Route 847), where roads called Edgemont, Welty Church and Greensburg made a triangle. The families that settled next to Antietam Creek built a strong Mennonite fellowship. The church cemetery in Ringgold was originally a family burying ground for the Stouffer, Newcomer, Leshner, Hoover, Shank, Welty and Funk families in the early 19th century. The Newcomers were the children of John and Frany of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.^{249:161}

Within a couple of generations, many of the people around Ringgold lost their way in the Mennonite Faith, and converted to the cause of the River Brethren, also known as the Brethren in Christ.

Another splintering of Mennonites north of Ringgold were the New Mennonites or Frantzites, as the neighbors called them. Their meeting house was beside the pike headed to Waynesboro, just five yards to the south of the Pennsylvania state line, because founder Christian Frantz preached to flocks in both Washington and Franklin County, Pennsylvania. Frantz located on a farm near Waynesboro in 1825, started preaching in a couple of years and got the

chance to build his "True and Evangelical Menonist Society" in 1831.

Fire destroyed many of Washington County's early records, but a half dozen marriages can be found among Hill family members within the German community:

Brother Guting, who had ties to the United Evangelical Brethren, performed the marriages for William Hill and Catherine McNamee on 24 December 1800; for Sam Hill and Mary Eakel on 15 May 1809; and for John Hill and Elizabeth Smith on 17 April 1824. Brother Rauhauser officiated at weddings for John Hill and Martha May Marquhar on 1 June 1814; and for Michael Hill and Maria Deevers on 27 November 1815. A minister named Thomas married Peter Hill and Mary Ann Eifert on 29 April 1815.

The remaining, meager records in Washington County show that during the Revolution, John Hill mustered on 6 January 1776 in Hagerstown for the unit commanded by Joseph Chapline. Peter Hill served during the War of 1812 between 28 April and 3 July 1813 in Captain John Miller's Company, part of Colonel Richard K. Heath's regiment serving under Brigadier General Henry Miller. In 1832, Samuel M. Hill served as a Washington County Commissioner.

Washington County was one of the busiest spots in the young nation by 1828. It was the crossroads of the National Road, where pioneers could choose to head west for Ohio or take the Valley Pike south and west along the Shenandoah River. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, a life-long dream of George Washington, was begun that year, and within six years, the first railroad train arrived.³⁵⁸

Melchior Hill disappeared from census takers in Pennsylvania and Maryland between 1810 through 1830. He did move his family to Ohio sometime shortly after 1832, because his daughter Elizabeth was born in Bellville, Richland County, on 1 July 1834. In 1840, an M.B. Hill was listed in the census for Bath Township in Greene County. Melchior Hill was listed as a stonemason, with assets of \$300, on the U.S. census taken 26 September 1850 in Jefferson

Township, District 129, Richland County, Ohio.

A history of Richland County, gathered in the 1870s, preserves a few anecdotes about those earliest settlers. When the pioneers had fresh reason to fear Indian attack, they huddled in the same kind of forts their parents had built back in Virginia. Inside the cramped cabins, they marked the passing hours pretty accurately by watching a ray of sunshine as it passed certain cracks on the puncheon floor. As the weeks went by, a dark humor kept their nerves from fraying.

"In the twilight," recalled one witness, "the roll would be called, and men and boys would answer in different voices, so that if Indians were prowling about meditating an attack, they would be surprised at the vast number ready to confront them in a fight. Names would be called and responded to, of men living away back in Pennsylvania, Virginia, New York and Massachusetts, or perhaps they would be names made up for the occasion. This constituted an immense amount of fun."^{173:249}

"One very singular old man, a soldier of the Revolution, known to all the early settlers of this county, was remarkable for his peculiarities, his drolleries, and his fund of big stories...

"Yes, times were pretty hard for new-comers," said the old fellow in a husky voice, "but I want you to remember that there was a smart sprinkling of Virginians ahead of us here in Richland County, and the Lord never made better people. If they killed a deer, or a beef, they always shared liberally... They were so kind and cordial, so much ahead of the thrifty, selfish Yankees, in their gracious deeds and their generous conduct."^{173:234}

"Many early pioneers in Richland came from Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania and the New England states. Many of them were poor... but with their own white-muslin knapsacks slung upon their shoulders, they went back to visit the old homes of their early boyhood, with hearts aching and sorrowing, and hungry to look upon the beloved scenery that was so indelibly stamped in their memories. This they did, ten or twenty years afterward, on foot, staff in hand, like pilgrims...

"This man could not from any consideration be prevailed upon to leave a graveyard ahead of other visitors. 'Why, drat it!' he would say, 'it's sure and sartin death; never knowed a fellow to leave the

graveyard fust but what he'd be the next 'un planted there!' When an old neighbor of his died suddenly, this man said, with his thumbs hooked into his trousers' pockets restfully: 'Why, drat him, he might a knowed more'n to leave the graveyard fust man!' As soon as I seed him do it, I says to myself, says I, 'Dan, you're a goner; you're done for; they'll tuck you unter next time, an' nobody but your booby of a self to blame for it.'

"He used to say to his nephew, in his strange, weird way, "After I'm dead, I mean to come back, an' set round on the stumps, an' watch you, an' see how you're gittin' along. I'll set in the holler yonder, in the gray o' the evenin', an' observe you; see 'f I don't. And, though a half century has elapsed since the old man was gathered to his fathers, the pioneer or his children never pass the old roadside field without thinking of the words of the old man; and involuntarily they turn their gaze upon the few gray stumps remaining, and look for him sitting there with his queer, baggy breeches fastened by a wide waistband, his shirt collar open, and his long white locks tossed by the dallying breezes from the south."^{173:253}

In his will, written there on 20 October 1868, Melchior insisted that all of his doctor's bills be honored, so apparently his health had been failing. His beloved wife Barbara received property lot No. 120, in Bell's second addition to the town of Bellville, as well as all of his personal property "to make such disposition of as she may see fit." But in the very next breath, he insisted that no appraisement or sale of his personal property be made, and he asked the Court of Probate to "monitor and enforce this statute." Melchior was buried at the Bellville Cemetery in 1868, where his wife Barbara, and three of his children were later placed side-by-side. Also buried nearby was a William Hill, the age of a twin brother or cousin to Melchior. On his tombstone inscription at the Bellville Cemetery, William's lifespan was carved as 11 September 1794 to 20 July 1845.

Melchior's youngest son, Frank, became the executor of his will, and swore before the probate judge that no assets of an kind ever came into his hands. Seven years after his father's death, Frank paid \$4.50 to the probate court clerk against the \$153 still owed on Melchior's funeral, including \$50 to Joseph

Philips for the tombstone and \$22 for the coffin.

William Franklin Hill volunteered on 2 May 1864 to fight for the Union during the Civil War, as a private in Company C, under Captain William W. Cockley, 163rd Regiment, Ohio National Guard, commanded by General Heintzelman from the army's Department of Ohio. Hill was described as a farmer, with dark sandy hair, blue-gray eyes, a light complexion, standing 5'8½" and weighing 133 pounds. Hill spent the first part of his 100-day enlistment guarding the western approach to Washington D.C., in fetid conditions at a makeshift fort. Just northwest of the neighborhood called Tennallytown was Fort Reno, later renamed Fort Pennsylvania. Hill became gravely ill, and complications of partial deafness, rheumatism and heart disease remained with him for the rest of his life. He was not hospitalized, but was treated in his quarters by the regiment's Dr. Sutherland.³¹¹

Private Hill accompanied his unit into southern Virginia, but in the end of August at Wilson's Landing contracted a fever that stayed with him until he was honorably discharged 9 September 1864 at Camp Chase, in Columbus, Ohio. A Great Dinner for the regiment was held in Mansfield, which was the common welcome home for all the young soldiers that was beginning to feel like "an every-day affair," what with all of the excitement of the war. Later that fall, the government instituted for the first time an income tax of eight percent on all incomes over \$600 to pay for the final crushing blow against the Rebels.

Along with his brother Jesse, William relocated in the Autumn of 1868 after his father's death to Sullivan County, Indiana. By 1872, he continued on westward to take up farmland in Lyons, the seat of Rice County, Kansas. At 58, Hill began to draw on his monthly \$10 army pension, starting 27 June 1890.

William's 21-year-old son Joseph joined 50,000 land-hungry settlers lined up on the Oklahoma Territory border at noon on 22 April 1889. They were about to race across and stake out a free piece

of the two million acres being offered by the federal government.^{101:192} Though deeded to the Cherokees and other relocated tribes in valid treaty, the federal government took away the first Oklahoma land as a punishment to the Indians for supporting the Confederacy.^{101:196}

Waiting for the noon hour signal from buglers and a cannon crew, thousands had overrun the little towns of Caldwell and Arkansas City situated on the Kansas line right across from a part of Oklahoma called the Cherokee Outlet. Both towns ran out of space to park the 250 covered wagons that had arrived.

Claims weren't valid unless homesteaders drove stakes and strung a line immediately, and then they had to build a house or plow a field in short order. One family arrived with a house already built sitting atop their stout wagon. Even then, final title to the land would not be awarded until 1894, after an applicant proved willing to stay on and improve the land for five years more years.^{110:200}

Joe Hill must have met with some success, since he established himself and sent word back for his father to move down from Kansas. By 1892, the Hills were community leaders, having set up the town of Grantbo, Oklahoma, from scratch. By the turn of the century, he was near the community of Coldwater, in Keowee Township, Garfield County in the same state. In 1904, he moved for the last time, to a 160-acre farm two miles west and four miles south of Clyde, in Grant County, Oklahoma (SW¼, Section 28, 27N 6W). William was given a medical examination on 5 April 1907, and declared "three-fourths disabled" from the diseases he contracted during army service. A monthly medical disability payment of \$20 continued until his death on 16 February 1908.

The author's mother, Patricia Jane Hill, was raised by William's son, Joseph Grant Hill Sr. and his wife, Polly Anna Gibson Hill, Patsy's father's parents. Plenty of aunts, uncles and cousins make it a large clan, but they never saw much of one another. Only once in a while would they join Aunt Ruth, in Stillwater, Oklahoma, for dinner.

Before she was even of school age, Patsy remembers being taken to meet her grandfather's elder sister, Sarepta Jane. The feeling that burned into the

little girl's memory was one of complete terror, seeing this ancient woman dressed in very old, dark clothing. Sitting stiff on her grandmother's lap, Patsy tugged and twisted the beaded necklace around Polly's neck until it broke loose and scattered pieces everywhere.

Joseph Grant Hill Sr. was a smart banker, a Roosevelt Democrat and a real survivor. He was often away from the house, checking on oil leases during short trips around Oklahoma City. Every morning, he was up by 5 a.m., making himself bacon and eggs even though this annoyed Polly. Before his 8:30 p.m. bedtime, Joe's quite nature kept him more interested in reading or listening to radio shows such as *Amos 'n Andy* and *One Man's Family*. He never drank, smoked or uttered profanity. He had a habit of clearing his throat with "grump-grump" sounds, and was always a loud snorer.

He loved to tinker with "Do-It-Yourself" projects, mostly for the chance to save a dollar. He carved spoons out of wood and repainted cars himself. Because store-bought chickens and eggs didn't "taste right," he kept a dozen chickens at a time behind their home in Oklahoma City, at 2117 NW 14th. With a hand-pushed rotary mower, he cut no more than one strip of lawn at a time, just so he could harvest enough clippings for chicken feed. With the help of Riland Scott, he built one of the first mobile homes ever seen. He owned a laundry when they lived in Gotebo, but preferred to iron his own shirts.

If Patsy asked him for a penny, Joe was so tight with his money that he made her try to convince him why he should. He was always so frugal at the grocery store that it made Polly sick of it. His taste in clothing was plain and simple, and he usually owned only one suit of clothes at a time. The whole family was raised to believe in sturdy, ugly shoes. If you already owned one pair of shoes, he'd ask, "Well, why do you need two?" Polly's one indulgence was an occasional visit to the beauty parlor to renew a permanent curl in her hair.

As a young woman, Polly had worked in a post office until it was closed. She was not wildly in love with Joe, but her sudden joblessness pushed her into a necessary "marriage of convenience."

Grampa's word was the law, and no choices were ever offered. Joe and Polly warned Patsy that boys were "not the best thing that could ever happen to

me." As a result, she always seemed to be grounded.

While sitting in her boyfriend's car in the driveway, Grampa warned her, "You better not do that ever, ever again. You can't drive a car. You don't know how." Part of this attitude might have come from the fact that Polly never learned to drive. Since Patsy's boyfriend had already taught her how to drive his car, she backed it out of the drive and drove around the block. When she got back, "all hell broke loose."

If the big battle of growing up in her grandparents' home was about the balance of power, Patsy took her victories in small, private moments. To counter their habit for disorder and mess, Patsy found relief in folding all of her own dirty clothes before washing them.

Polly was left-handed and one of her greatest pleasures in life was writing correspondence. She made friends easily and loved going out for dinner.

Joe's biggest regret in life was over how little traveling he gotten the chance to do. He didn't go to church, so when Patsy wanted to get baptized as a grown teenager, she went alone. It was not his nature to be open about his feelings or public with his affections. As Patsy got ready for a big date, the orchid-colored formal she put on reminded him of one with which Polly had pleased him. "Mom had a dress that color," he said with genuine sweetness, so that Patsy knew that he was very proud of her at that moment.

For Patsy's wedding, Gramma gave her a sewing machine, but seven years later, asked to take it back for her own use. Polly's reasoning at the time was that Patsy's successful husband could easily afford to buy her another. Patsy was one of eight grandchildren, and gifts to them all always had to be equal. Patsy was given ten acres in Oklahoma City as a gift, but hard feelings among her siblings and cousins resulted in 1964. She took her own good time — about 15 years — before selling it off.

Polly's thin blood came from anemia and her humped back from osteoporosis. Polly's joints hurt and her bad teeth eventually made way for full dentures. Joe had problems with his teeth and gums, and often made faces after a sharp, stabbing pain while he was eating. He also had kidney troubles and hardening of the arteries. Joe stood about 5'8" and

155 pounds; his blue eyes were matched to light brown hair that went grey in later years. While both Joe and Polly took several different medicines, neither spent time bed-bound or hospitalized. When a stroke took its toll, Joe died slowly.

Even though Polly had never paid a bill or written a check in her life, Joe made sure that she would be comfortable after he was gone. By living frugally, and squirreling away more money than anyone ever realized, she had no problem paying big lawyer fees or a three year stay in a rest home.

The Vaught Side

Patsy was just a toddler, still living with her parents in Wichita, Kansas, when her mother's father's father, Martin Vaught, moved to town. Although she has no memory of meeting her great grandfather, since she was only two years old at the time, there was very likely the chance for him to hold her in his arms before he died less than two months later. Martin kept a 160-acre farm on the Walnut river, one mile south of Chelsea, in Butler County, Kansas, until 1875, when he moved to El Dorado. He was a member of several Masonic orders and the Presbyterian Church. From page 13 of the Sunday Magazine section "Town Crier," in the 25 December 1927 issue of the Wichita, Kansas, *Beacon*:

Butler's Oldest Pioneer Now a Wichitan
Martin Vaught Fought Indians
and Settled in this Section in 1857
By Jessie Perry Stratford

Martin Vaught, who has lived continuously in Butler County (Kansas) longer than has any other person, who landed at Chelsea, ten miles northeast of El Dorado, 70 years ago, in October 1857, before there was a Wichita or an El Dorado and before the present Butler County was organized, moved December 7 from El Dorado to Wichita, where, with his daughter, Mrs. T.O. Arnall, he will spend the winter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vaught, 1346 North Wichita Street. Mr. Vaught, who arrived in Butler County exactly five months after the first settler arrived, and who recalls early day warfare and

historic incidents of Kansas clearly and accurately, will celebrate his 93rd birthday anniversary January 8. He was the first administrator for an estate ever appointed in Butler county and has served as county commissioner, county clerk, county assessor and register of deeds.

Martin Vaught, camped at Emporia in August 1857, when that town comprised less than a dozen families. At his camp, one morning, appeared I.N. Barton, college professor and civil engineer from Maine, walking, a rifle on his shoulder, heavy pack on his back, barefoot, but carrying boots, hat rimless and clothing tattered by a long tramp. He had come to Kansas for health and, having found it, had explored every stream south of Neosho and as far west as Cow Creek, west of Wichita. So glowingly Barton described the beauties of the Walnut and Whitewater river valleys that Vaught and a few other campers decided to accompany him. They crossed the trackless prairie southwest, up the south fork of the Cottonwood River, and down the Walnut to Chelsea, arriving in October. Quickly they took claims and Vaught built a log cabin. One of his neighbors was Charles Jefferson, who in 1859 became the father of Henry Jefferson, the first white boy born in Butler County. All the land surrounding Vaught, Barton and their companions was unsurveyed and none could tell where to run the lines.

One of Vaught's neighbors was P.G.D. (Pegleg) Morton, who hailed from Boston and who named the town of Chelsea. (Chelsea was in an early day county seat of Butler County.) Morton wanted to name the little frontier town Boston, but the handful of settlers demurred and a compromise was made by selecting the name of Chelsea which is also the name of town near Boston. And Chelsea it is — town and township — to this day.

Settlers arrived rapidly in the fall of 1858 and quickly filed on all heavily timbered claims on the creek. The most accessible post office then was Lawrence. A tri-weekly hack was running from Lawrence to Emporia, and Chelseans and Emporians rented Box 400 at Lawrence to which all their mail was addressed. Ox teams were used for all purposes, whether freighting, going to a dance or to Lawrence after the mail.

Amusements were hunting buffalo, deer and turkeys. Vaught has seen the prairies between

Whitewater and Arkansas City rivers black with, seemingly, one solid herd of buffalo. Hunting buffalo and wild game was too a source of revenue. Wolf pelts brought \$2 and buffalo skins from \$3 to \$6. The furs had to be taken in winter and danger from storms and Indians made the task hazardous.

In the spring of 1859, C.S. Lambdin built a saw and grist mill at Chelsea, the settlers hauling the machinery from LeRoy. An independent municipal organization was effected and votes were cast for one of the numerous state constitutions. The first election was held in a grove on the Buchanan farm and an old coffee mill was the ballot box. The drawer would be pulled out, the ballot deposited, the drawer closed and the will of an American Kansas elector was expressed!

In 1860 — Grasshopper Year — when May, June and July passed without a drop of rain, when streams dried and great cracks in the earth made riding ponies across the prairies perilous and when in August myriads of grasshoppers suddenly hid the sun, many left Kansas, not to return — but not Martin Vaught.

Rev. J.S. Saxby, Mr. Vaught remembers, was the first minister at Chelsea and created a sensation with his brilliant sermons until some of the too-critical discovered an amazing similarity in his discourses and those of Henry Ward Beecher being printed in the *New York Independent*. Saxby was one day greasing his wagon, in preparation for a buffalo hunt, with a small piece of tallow. He laid the tallow down for an instant and a dog swallowed it. Saxby calmly shot the dog, extracted the tallow with a butcher knife, and serenely continued greasing his wagon.

In 1869, Mr. Vaught recalls that several buffalo hunters became frightened on the plains, when they glimpsed a band of supposedly hostile Indians. They gave the alarm and settlers along the Whitewater and lower Walnut rivers stampeded to Chelsea. One hunter, Jerry Woodruff, mounted a pony at Towanda Springs and, with butcher knife for a spur, raced to Chelsea and joined the terrorized little band that had barricaded the C.S. Lambdin log cabin home. Wagons were formed into corrals for the stock and pickets were stationed. Along toward morning, "Pegleg" Morton, thinking he heard the whir of arrows, frantically fired his gun and ran for the house, shouting "Indians, Indians!" Children cried and mothers prayed, while men swore and prepared to sell

their lives dearly. Armed, the men advanced to the picket post, but soon identified the whir as "goshawas" gathering food as they flew. They Indians didn't appear but some of the settlers who had started fleeing at the first alarm, never returned. Later it was found the alarm was due to Indians passing from the Southwest to fight with the Kaws near Council Grove. The alarm had reached Emporia however and was not discovered there to be false until P.B. Plumb led a small company from Emporia to Chelsea to help protect the settlers.

In 1862, Mr. Vaught enlisted in the Union Army and was sent to the plains to watch fort and Indians. One Sunday morning in April 1865 he saw Henry Donald riding furiously toward Chelsea, waving a newspaper and shouting "Richmond is took" Mr. Vaught maintains that his delight in the news caused him to forgive the grammatical error.

One of the most thrilling historic experiences Mr. Vaught had in his early day life was in 1859-60 when he rode horseback to Helena (Texas) from Chelsea, the trip requiring 35 days. (Jack Russell of El Dorado made the same trip by automobile in 14 hours recently.) Mr. Vaught said the other day, of this experience:

"In August 1859, I received a letter from a Helena (Texas) postmaster saying my sister's husband, Benjamin Shelden, had been murdered and his family left destitute. Taking three-days' provisions, I started on horseback for Helena, to bring back my sister and her children. Towards evening, I would (when I could find water and a little dry brush) make coffee, eat my supper, spread out my rubber blanket for a bed, use my saddle for a pillow and spend the night. Rising early, I would get my breakfast and start on my way. The second day, in the afternoon, I saw skulls of oxen on the road on which were written warnings to look out for the Big Osages who were savage and had attacked the travelers the night before.

"Late in the afternoon I saw a lone Indian approaching from the east. He stayed with me an hour or so and although he was armed with bows and arrows, was anxious to see my revolvers. I permitted him to see them but gave him no chance to get hold of them. When the sun was low he turned and rode away. A little later I came to a small stream where

there were dry willows, and camped. At dusk, I chanced to look toward the east and saw a man sitting on a horse, outlined against the sky, on a high ridge. I felt he was watching me and gathered more fuel and arranged my fire so it would last a long time and, being fearful of being attacked during the night, saddled my horse, keeping out of the light of the fire, mounted and rode for two hours as fast as my horse could stand it, coming to a valley where blue stem grass grew seven feet high. I left the trail and rode into the tall grass for a long distance. Coming, finally, to short grass, I unsaddled my horse and, holding one end of the picket rope, I slept on the ground. The next afternoon while riding along a creek, I heard a rooster crow and because I knew then I was approaching civilization, no sound was ever sweeter to my ears. At a turn in the road I came upon a huge two-story house. At the gate the householder, a Mr. Riley, met me and asked from where I had come. He seemed to doubt the statement that I had traveled from the Walnut valley alone and remarked: 'I am an Indian and have lived on the border all my life but I wouldn't go from here to the Walnut alone for all of Kansas. He assured me that I did right in eluding the Indian as he would have killed me for my pistols.

"The Rileys were educated, had papers and books and also a few slaves. Just before supper another man came to stay all night. He spoke of himself as a Cherokee. The next morning the Cherokee and I struck out on a trail, shorter by several miles than the regular road, and arrived that evening at a neat two-room log cabin occupied by a full-blood Indian who lived alone. He too had cases filled with books and was a college graduate. The next morning I struck the Butterfield Stage trail. I reached Red River at sundown and met a man who told me, as we rode along together, of John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry. He asked many questions and I thought him extremely inquisitive. That night we stopped at a tavern and I was given an outside room off a porch. Retiring early, I was soon awakened by a pounding on the door. Thru the windows I saw armed men, and, frightened, I made a light and opened the door. Three men entered and demanded to know from where I had come. I knew they disliked Kansans so I said 'Illinois.' They searched my bags and pockets and examined my

letter; then told me I was not the man they sought, and apologized for disturbing me. The next day as I passed thru Sherman I saw the same bunch of men in front of a saloon and, again apologizing, they told me to go and see where they had hung the man who had murdered someone, and for whom they had been searching the previous night!

"After that I had no more trouble and reached my destination in 35 days after leaving Kansas!"

Mr. Vaught's return to Kansas, accompanied by his daughter and her children, was replete with adventures that have entertained his grandchildren many an evening.

Martin Vaught enlisted as a private in Company C, the 17th Kansas Volunteer Infantry, posted to a small fort at Council Grove along the Sante Fe Trail, 100 miles southwest of Kansas City, or about 30 miles southeast of Fort Riley. Another detachment of Vaught's regiment was assigned to Cottonwood Crossing in Kansas. This region was called the District of the Upper Arkansas back at the War Department in Washington D.C.

In their primary roll as protector of local civilian families from Indian attack, the 17th Kansas was requested on 14 August 1864 by Major-General James G. Blunt to meet with the 50 unarmed militiamen under Captain I.M. Schooley to defend their farmsteads on the upper Republican River, near Clay Centre. This territory was certainly in the outer reaches of the War Department's concern during the Civil War.^{418:41-2:707}

Not only did the commander of the Department of Kansas have to scrounge weapons for Schooley's men, but the 17th Kansas under Captain Mobley wasn't even able to get there unless 200 horses could be found and impressed into army service. A couple of weeks later, on 27 August, Lieutenant A.R. Bancroft was ordered to speed the completion of the blockhouse at Council Grove's post, and to be ready to defend the closest water supply.^{418:41-2:896}

Martin would have certainly been aware of, if not an actual participant in events there on 21 September 1864, described in a report to Lieutenant J.E. Tappan, Acting Assistant Adjutant General at Fort Riley in eastern Kansas:

"Headquarters Post,

Council Grove, September 23, 1864

"Sir: I have the honor to report the following difficulty with some of the Kaw Indians:

"On the 21st instant one of my men [Thomas Roberts], a teamster, was hunting his mules in the timber, near the camp, when two Indians assaulted him with their knives and swore they would kill him if he did not give them whisky. He told them that he had none, and struck one of them with his whip, knocking him down. They once got him down and came near killing him, but he finally succeeded in getting away from them, and came to camp and reported the matter to me.

In order to be certain of procuring the offenders I sent two or three squads of men into the brush with orders to bring into camp every Indian they found. They returned with eight, none of them the ones who attacked Roberts, and were all of them released the following morning. They, however, caught one of the offenders, and after they had taken him Roberts came up and the Indian drew his knife and again started for Roberts, swearing he would kill him. Roberts had a musket and stuck the bayonet into him, from which wound I think he will die. I have done the best I could in the way of medical attendance for the

wounded Indian. These Indians are generally peaceable except when drunk, which was the case with these two, as well as some others that were taken. My men did some shooting, but they report that it was done to make them stop, and that they all fired in the air; and as I have heard of no others wounded, I conclude that to be the fact.

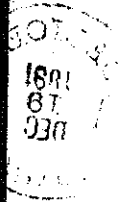
"If there is any blame attached to any one I think it must rest on citizens who sell whisky to the Indians, and the agent informs me that there are without doubt numbers in this place who do it. I am using exertion to find out who furnished them whisky.

"I am, lieutenant, your obedient servant,

A.R. Bancroft,
First Lieut. Co. C,
17th Kansas Vol. Infy,
Commanding Post." ^{418:41-2:815}

By year's end, Major-General Samuel R. Curtis put General Blunt on alert, ordering all of the men of the 17th Kansas to halt "pursuit of the Indians and come with all possible speed with such troops as could be spared to Council Grove, so as to be available against rebel invasion" that they incorrectly imagined would come again from the Confederate general, Sterling Price. ■ ■ ■

there is some obtuseness of hearing
 noticeable in general conversation.
 Auditory Canals and Tympanic
 membranes apparently normal.
 Find slight chronic conjunctivitis
 of lids of both eyes - Vision, right eye
 20, left eye 20. Urine 1020 acid,
 40 no sugar, 70 no albumen - Kidneys normal.
 No evidence of vicious habits.
 No other disability is found to exist.



SURGEON'S CERTIFICATE

IN CASE OF

William H. Hill,
 Co. E. 163rd Regt. Ohio Infy.

Applicant for *Original*

No. *752929*

DATE OF EXAMINATION:

Dec 9 189*1*.

BOARD.

A. F. Perry Pres.,
W. W. Gibbs Sec'y,
E. P. Walker Treas.,

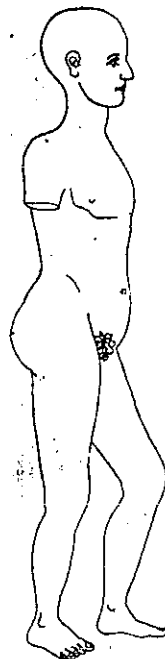
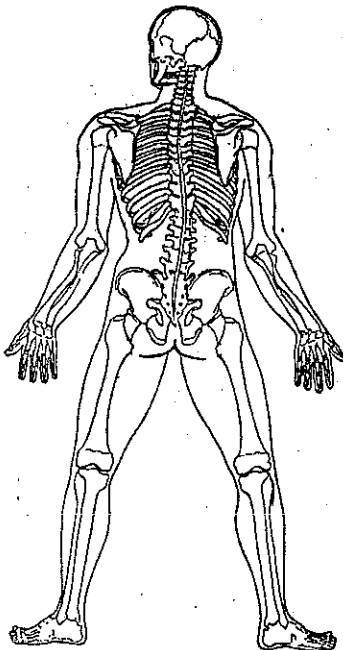
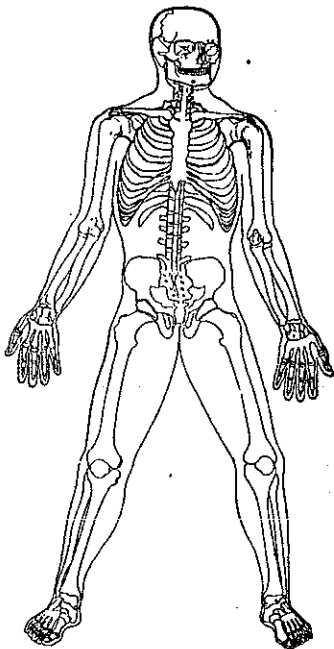
Post office, *Lynn*

County, *Rice*.

State, *Kansas*

P. S.—Write your Post-office address plainly and in full.

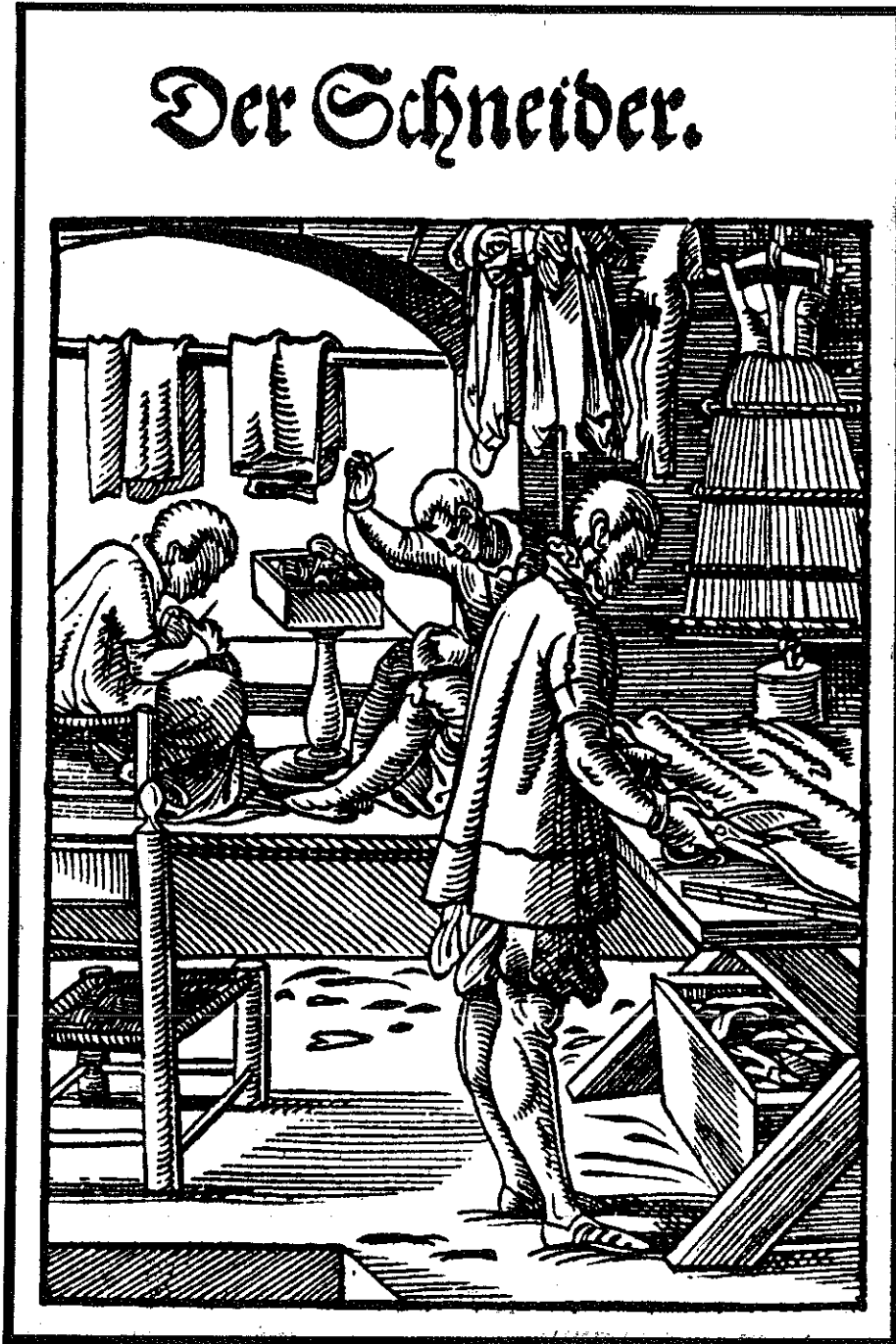
713



Single surgeons will use this blank, changing "we" to read "I," and "our" to read "my." They will erase the words "Pres.," "Sec'y," "Treas.," and "Board" where the words appear, and sign at the foot of the certificate, and also on the back of the same.

PROVIDED FURTHER, That all examinations shall be thorough and searching, and the certificate contain a full description of the physical condition of the claimant at the time, which shall include all the physical and rational signs and a statement of all the structural changes. [Extract from Section 4, Act of Congress approved July 25, 1882.]

Der Schneider.



KARL SCHUON, DER SCHNEIDER VON HAIBERBACH.
A GLIMPSE OF A TAILORS SHOP IN OLD GERMANY FROM JOST AMMAN'S BOOK OF TRADES

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS:
SCHUONS, HARTUNGS AND HIXENBAUGHS
1768-1994

THE SCHUONS CAN BE TRACED BACK IN THE MIDDLE OF the 18th century to the heart of the Germanic Kingdom of Württemberg. Karl Schuon worked as a tailor around 1760, and lived with his wife Katharina Fischer in the village of Haiterbach. Their son, Johann Balthas arrived on 3 December 1768 and grew up liking his father's trade well enough to stay in clothing manufacture. Johann moved to the larger, nearby town of Calw and took up the trade of stocking weaver. Sabine Elisabeth Schroth, the daughter and granddaughter of butchers, won Johann's heart, and they were married in Calw on 14 April 1793.

Immanuel Friedrich Schuon was born to them 15 years later. The family eventually moved to the small Black Forest village of Dobel — west of Neuenburg, and east of the Rhine River. He planted strong roots among these people, and became a teacher and their school's principal at the beautiful, four-story Alpine schoolhouse, with its steep, medieval, red-tiled roof. He was also an investor in and director of a local health spa at the Hotel Sonne.

Living on the beautiful, forested hills fed by Eyachtal Creek and the Enz River, the people of Dobel nonetheless knew crushing poverty during the mid-19th century. The Schuons had no hesitation about pouring their money into the land thereabout, collecting a great deal of acreage. In the center of town, Immanuel Friedrich is still remembered with a special district called the Schuon Acre.

The King of Württemberg appointed Immanuel Friedrich to be *Schultheiss* of Dobel, more or less the equivalent of mayor, from 1845-1882. This governmental appointment was a special distinction, since such a post was usually filled by election. The *bürgers* of Dobel were far from unhappy with Herr Schuon's 37 years of public service.

Retired for only five years, the old man had the satisfaction of seeing his son, Friedrich, elected to the same office. Immanuel Friedrich died in 1892, but his son continued as mayor through the end of the century. The memory of Immanuel Friedrich Schuon was given high marks by the citizens of Dobel, who called him "a thorough teacher, and an energetic mayor."

Born in 1835 in Dobel to the mayor and his wife, Gottliebin Friederike Megler, was Ernst Herman Schuon, who made up his mind as a youth about coming to America. By the age of 19, Herman had saved a modest fortune of 200 florins from his work as a beer brewer, and was ready to say goodbye to his father. To cross the Atlantic, Herman had to first travel overland, westward across France to the busy port city of Le Havre. Boarding the U.S. merchant ship *Advance*, Herman landed on 20 May 1854 at Crystal Gardens, the immigration entry point at the foot of Manhattan Island in New York City. This pier complex, which preceded Ellis Island as America's "front door" is now a plaza near Battery Park and the World Trade Center.

Unscrupulous profiteers met almost every ship of German immigrants arriving in New York City during the 1850s. These agents often hired steamboats and intercepted the ships out in the harbor, just for the chance to sign up anxious but unsuspecting families for overpriced westward-bound transportation. They flashed badges from "The Society for the Protection of German Emigrants," spoke German fluently and used a blend of charm, bluster and threats to soak all the money possible from the passengers.

"If the emigrants continue to hesitate," wrote an angry German witness, "then one takes one child by the arm, another one takes another child, then they go off, and the shocked and confused parents finally follow them, like a sheep follows the butcher! Or, it may be that the emigrant succeeds in arriving at the guest house without already having made a purchase, in which case the innkeeper here, after the emigrant has just barely been refreshed and fed, advises him to secure a good travel accommodation as soon as possible. Under the appearance of being helpful and of service, he leads him to an office, to which he has a connection, and where he is already assured a significant portion of the profits."^{168:292}

Within five years, Herman had settled into the German community of Allentown, Pennsylvania, found a job with innkeeper John George Schimpf and married Matilda, the boss's eldest daughter. Family tradition has it that Herman won a sizeable fortune in the Irish Sweepstakes, which might account for his

jumping in the city register from an ordinary listing in 1860 to that of "gentleman" by 1869.

During the Civil War, Herman took advantage of a law that said military service could be avoided if a man hired someone else to serve in his place. The going price was \$300, but the man he paid was killed in action, leaving Herman no choice but to show up in person during the next call-up.

Although no federal record of his enlistment exists at the National Archive in Washington, D.C., Lehigh County history books show him signed up as a private in the Pennsylvania Militia, 5th Regiment, Company H, under the command of Capt. William H. Hoffman. According to the Veteran's Grave Registration Record for Lehigh County, Private Schuon enlisted on 11 September 1862 and was discharged two weeks later on 24 September. As Confederate forces moved north, Herman's regiment was sent across the border into Maryland, and earned the grateful thanks of the commanding Union general, George B. McClellan.

Following the war, Allentown resumed its life as a genteel center of urban Pennsylvania Dutch culture. During the Christmas social season of 1865, one of the favorite entertainments was a recital and exhibition at the Courthouse, where a 25-cent admission was charged. Military units showed off their drilling techniques, complete with little drummer boys and a visit from General Selfridge. Thespians performed one-act plays, followed by historic speechifying, but a

**THE ENEMY
IS APPROACHING!**

I MUST RELY UPON THE PEOPLE FOR THE

DEFENCE of the STATE!

AND HAVE Called THE MILITIA for that PURPOSE!

A. G. CURTIN, Governor of Pennsylvania.

THE TERM OF SERVICE WILL ONLY BE WHILE THE DANGER OF THE STATE IS IMMINENT.

AN 1862 RECRUITING BROADSIDE
A CALL PENNSYLVANIA MEN COULD NOT REFUSE

Miss Schimpf — fiancé of Jake Saeger — provided the highlight of the program by singing several songs very well.^{186:12}

In 1874, after serving out the last three months of his predecessor's term as Mayor of Allentown, Herman wanted to see if the people would happily vote for him to stay in office for another full term. He paid a local man to work for him as an electioneer, drumming up public support, but this fellow double-crossed Herman and secretly worked for his opponent. The final vote was very close, but Herman lost.

Herman was a member of the Pew Committee at the St. John Lutheran Church in Allentown in 1877, and was buried at the Union and West End Cemetery in Allentown, next to his wife Matilda, in Section A., Lot No. 362.

The following two items appeared in THE ALLENTOWN DEMOCRAT, the first at the bottom of the front page of Friday's edition, 11 October 1912, from Vol. 83, No. 256. The longer obituary appeared on page 2 in the following day's newspaper.

EX-MAYOR SCHUON DIED LAST NIGHT

Hon. Ernst Herman Schuon, who served as chief executive of Allentown for three months during 1873, died last evening at 9.57 o'clock at the home of his son-in-law, C. Templeton Osenbach, 227 Walnut St. Mr. Schuon was the oldest former mayor of the city, being 77 years of age when called to his reward. Mr. Schuon had been bedfast for eleven months with a complication of diseases. Since Tuesday, he was in a comatose condition, expiring last night.

For many years he conducted a flour and feed store in the First Ward, being succeeded upon his retirement from business by his son, John, who still conducts the business at Third and Hamilton Sts. He is survived by the following children: Mrs. C. T. Osenbach, Mrs. E. J. Lumley, John and Charles Schuon and a number of grandchildren. Notice of funeral arrangements will be made later.

FOUNDED FAMOUS
ALLENTOWN BAND

Ex-Mayor Schuon Was Also
One of the Founders of
The Lehigh Sängerbund

The funeral of Ex-mayor Ernst Herman Schuon

who died Thursday night after a prolonged illness, will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from his late residence, 227 Walnut St.

Mr. Schuon was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1835. He was descended from an old and distinguished German family, his father for years having been the burgomaster of the city, and his brother Carl, who is still living in Nuremburg, being a retired judge of the courts. A brother Frederick, is a wealthy retired furniture manufacturer.

As a youth of nineteen he emigrated to this country in 1854, attracted by the opportunities in the New World. He landed in Philadelphia, where he spent a few months and then came to this city. He first secured a position in the Lehigh Hotel, at the corner of Front and Hamilton streets, then kept by John G. Schimpf. Later he married a daughter of his former employer, and the Schimpf and Schuon families for many years were among the most prominent in that section of the city. He succeeded his father-in-law in charge of the Lehigh Hotel and later he ran the Jordan House.

After leaving the hotel business he opened a grocery above what is now the Hotel Hamilton. As years went on his services became demanded by the citizens of the district in which he made his home and he represented the First Ward one term in Common Council and two terms in Select Council.

It was while a member of Select Council that the death of Mayor Theodore Conrad Yeager occurred on January 14, 1874, resulting in his succession in the Mayoralty by virtue of his office. He served three months until succeeded by Col. T.H. Good, who defeated him at the election by 59 votes. In 1874, Col. Good won again over Mr. Schuon by a vote of 1489 to 1365. Although spoken of a number of times since as a candidate for the position, he always steadfastly refused to allow his name to be considered.

Mr. Schuon was the father of large family, seven of whom survive and all of whom reside in this city. They are: Charles H., Emma, wife of Edgar J. Lumley; John E.; Mrs. Lorraine, widow of Walter O. Butz; Wm. F.; Mrs. Osenbach and Mrs. Hiram Beidelman. There are ten grandchildren. In addition to the surviving brothers previously mentioned, he is survived by several step-sisters residing in Germany.

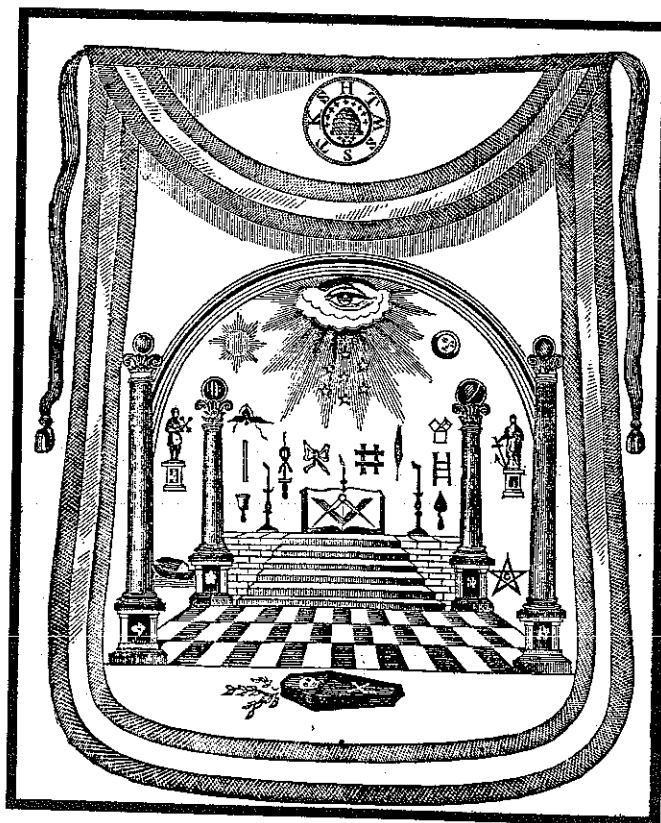
Deceased was an ardent musician and with the long deceased Amos O. Ettinger and colleagues founded the Allentown Band.

He was one of the founders of the Lehigh Sangerbund 53 years ago and was also earlier a member of Barger Lodge of Masons. He served on the committee of the Allentown Fire Company that bought its first Amoskeag fire engine. His last active employment was as timekeeper, when the late Captain James B. Hamersley was Street Commissioner in Mayor Lewis' administration.

He was always foremost in promoting anything for the good of the community and so was identified with practically every movement of his time. During the last twenty years he has been retired, residing for the past seventeen years with his daughter.

The last sad rites over the remains of Ernst Herman Schuon, who passed away last Thursday evening, aged 77 years, were performed Monday afternoon. Many sorrowing relatives and friends attended the funeral services, conducted at the residence of his son-in-law, C. Templeton Osenbach, of No. 227 Walnut street, by Rev. C. F. Althouse, pastor of Christ Reformed church.

For many hours prior to the service many friends of the deceased filed past the bier to view the remains.



MASONIC VESTMENTS
CEREMONIAL APRON WORN IN THE ANCIENT ORDER

Impressive services were conducted. Rev. Althouse used as his text the Gospel of St. John 16:32: "These things I have spoken to you, that in me ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

The pallbearers were three sons and one son-in-law, Charles Schuon, John Schuon and William Schuon and C. Templeton Osenbach. Interment was made in the Union Cemetery. The floral tributes surrounding the casket were: Pillow of roses and sweet peas, "Father," family; chrysanthemums, Mrs. Edward Kleckner and family; chrysanthemums, L.F. Neuweiler & Sons. A slumber robe was presented by the grandchildren. The family extends thanks to relatives and friends for the sympathy shown during the time of their bereavement.

. . .

The following obituary ran in an Allentown newspaper in 1942 to memorialize the life of Herman Schuon's son, Charles.

Chas. H. Schuon
Dies in 82nd Year

Was Former Business Partner
and Brother-in-Law of
Late E.J. Lumley

Charles H. Schuon, former businessman and a son of one of Allentown's first mayors died at 8:25 Sunday night at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George W.

Lumley Howard, carpenter, b 156 Hamilton. Mary M
LUMLEY EDGAR J., (Lumley and Schuon,) 154 Hamilton. Emma
LUMLEY & SCHUON, (Edgar J. Lumley and Charles H. Schuon,)
ice, coal, wood and sawdust, Hamilton and Railroad

EDGAR J. LUMLEY. **Established 1878.** Long Distance
CHAS. H. SCHUON. Telephone.

LUMLEY & SCHUON,
JORDAN ICE Best Quality LEHIGH COAL,

COR. HAMILTON AND RAILROAD STREETS,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

A LISTING IN ALLENTOWN'S CITY DIRECTORY

Rose, 606 St. John St. He was in his 82nd year, and had been in good health until six weeks ago when he fell and fractured an arm.

Born in the First ward, Mr. Schuon was a son of Mayor Herman Schuon and Matilda, nee Schimpf. He learned the upholstering trade early in life, and later was engaged in the coal and ice business with E.J. Lumley, trading as the firm of Lumley and Schuon. Mr. Lumley died Aug. 4. Mr. Schuon also operated his own coal and ice business when his partner entered the manufacturing field, and for a number of years he worked at his original trade.

He was of the Lutheran faith. His wife, Ellen Jane, nee Knoll, died 37 years ago.

Surviving are his daughter, Lucy M., wife of George W. Rose; four sons, Harold B., Fred H., Carl E. and John W., all of Allentown; seven grandchildren, one great-grandchild, two sisters and a brother. Mrs. Emma Lumley, Mrs. Loraine Butz and William Schuon, Allentown.

Services will be held Wednesday 11 am at the J.S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment in Greenwood cemetery.

. . .

Marshall Jean Schuon wrote the following obituary about his father for THE ALLENTOWN MORNING CALL:

Karl A. Schuon, 70; was
Allentown theater buff,
former editor and author

Karl A. Schuon, 70, an editor and author who was active in Allentown theatrical circles for many years, died Friday in his home in Colonial Beach, Va. He was the husband of Lucia (Nelli) Schuon.

Schuon retired in 1977 after 30 years as editor of "Leatherneck," the magazine of the Marine Corps. Since then, he had operated a business in colonial Beach, manufacturing specialized inks used by the U.S. Navy.

He was the author of 10 books, among them a biography of John Glenn, who at the time was one of America's first astronauts. In addition, he wrote many short stories and several plays, two of which — "Scherzo" and "Caprice Macabre" — were produced by the Civic Little Theater, Allentown.

During the 1930s and 40s, Schuon directed and acted in many of the Civic Little Theater's shows and

served on the company's board. He and his first wife, Carrie Marshall, were once referred to by the Morning Call as "the Lunts of little theater." The pair starred for years in Civic Little Theater plays as well as in radio dramas and other area productions.

Schuon joined the Marines shortly before the end of World War II and became an artist on the staff of the Marine Corps Gazette. Later he was named managing editor of "Leatherneck." He retired as editor-in-chief.

Born in Allentown, he was a son of the late Harold and Bessie Schuon.

Surviving with his widow are two sons, Marshall of Huntington, N.Y., and Joseph of Orlando, Fla.; two daughters, Lucia DeSocio of Burke, Va., and Marie Synan of Fredericksburg, Va., and seven grandchildren.

Service will be at 11 am Monday in the Nash and Slaw Funeral Home, Colonial Beach. A calling hour will be 7-8 pm Sunday.

. . .

Among the many articles, stageplays and books written by Karl Schuon were the following:

Cold Steel: a Manual on Hand-to-Hand Combat, ghost-written under the name of John Styers and published in 1952 by the Leatherneck Association, Inc., of Washington, D.C.

Marines and What They Do, published in 1962 by Franklin Watts, Inc. of New York

The Leathernecks: An Informal History of the U.S. Marine Corps, edited for Franklin Watts, Inc. in 1963.

U.S. Marine Corps Biographical Dictionary, published in 1963 by Franklin Watts, Inc.

U.S. Navy Biographical Dictionary, published in 1964 by Franklin Watts, Inc.

Home of the Commandants, Marine Barracks, Washington, D.C., published in 1966 by the Leatherneck Association, Inc.

The First Book of Acting, published by Franklin Watts, Inc.

The First Book of Bowling, published by Franklin Watts, Inc.

Karl also co-wrote two books:

John H. Glenn, Astronaut, in collaboration with Lieutenant Colonel Philip Pierce, published in 1962 by Franklin Watts, Inc.

Servicewomen and What They Do, in collaboration with Ronald D. Lyons, published in 1964 by Franklin Watts, Inc.

. . .

In a brief autobiography written at the request of his employer, *The New York Times*, Marshall Schuon described himself as follows:

Thing is, I always wanted to be a cowboy. Some would say I succeeded a long time ago, but I didn't, not in the way intended.

As a kid in Pennsylvania, my hero was Fred Harmon, who drew Red Ryder, lived on a ranch in Colorado, and was (as far as I knew) rich and happy, plying horses and art.

Art was another thing I wanted to do, and that was natural, since my father was an artist, as well as an actor, playwright, bonvivant and self-styled Bohemian. The cops were always coming to the apartment when I was young, responding to complaints about loud parties and such. I was the one sent to the door to defuse the situation, which prepared me nicely for a later career-stop as a police reporter.

My father, Karl Schuon, and my mother, nee Carrie Marshall, were once called the Lunt and Fontaine of the Allentown Civic Little Theatre by the local paper, *The Morning Call*, and as a family we regularly got good reviews. I remember being especially well received as the brat in a play called *Chicken Every Sunday*. And I hadn't even been acting.

Art, though, was the big thing, and my father was doing textile designs and greeting cards, and his paintings were hanging in the windows of DePinna's department store in New York when it all came apart. He and a friend, the producer Mike Todd, had an option on New York's Cherry Lane Theater, and he was booked for a screen test in Hollywood when it happened: He was drafted into the Marine Corps on the day before World War II ended.

Life might have been very different if he'd become a star. I could have been hanging out with the likes of Natalie Wood, among other things.

Instead, we went to Washington, D.C., where I went to junior high school, and where he had signed a 30-year contract as editor of *Leatherneck*, the magazine of the Marine Corps. And should this sound like his biography rather than mine, suffice that the marriage disintegrated, that he later did 10 books, continued to act and direct, and retired after three decades with the

magazine.

Meanwhile, I had spent my high-school years studying art, had driven a truck for three years thereafter, while trying to sell fiction, and had joined the Navy when I lost my driver's license for playing bumper tag while passing a Pennsylvania state trooper who was driving a sneaky car.

What the Navy wanted was for me to fly carrier jets. What I wanted was to go to journalism school, and it was one of the rare times that I beat the system.

After J-school, I joined the public information staff of the Atlantic Submarine Force commander in New London, Conn., went from there to Operation Deep Freeze in the Antarctic, and wound up my Navy stint as editor of the base newspaper in Quonset Point, R.I.

Much of my time with Deep Freeze was spent partying in New Zealand, although I did summer-over on the Ice, and did a disk-jockey show at McMurdo Sound, as well as writing for New Zealand papers and sending out reams of press releases to papers in the United States extolling the Navy and the International Geophysical Year (1957-1958.)

My first job after discharge was with *The Allentown Morning Call*, where I spent a year as general assignment reporter while courting and marrying Loleen Cartwright. Somewhere in there, I also quit, wrote commercials for a radio station in Easton, Pa., and then went to work as a reporter for the *Globe-Times* in Bethlehem, Pa.

Loleen and I also had the first of our two children, a daughter named Jonalyn, in 1961. We followed that success with a son, Jay, in 1964.

In Bethlehem, I spent three years reporting, and won a couple of Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association prizes for stories on the lives of migrant workers and on the shooting by police of a berserk Soviet diplomat. Later, I became regional editor and, finally, the paper's city editor.

In addition, I was the Saturday cartoonist. The *Globe* subscribed to Bill Mauldin, who drew only five days a week, and that left a regular spot for me to do local cartoons. During this time, I was also stringing and doing cartoons for *Dealerscope*, a magazine of the appliance industry.

After five years at the *Globe-Times*, I left for the *Boston Record-American*, and perhaps the best job I have ever had.

What was wonderful was that I did a different thing each day, laying out the news section and being

generally in charge on Monday, working as feature editor on Tuesday, then following up as slot man, makeup man and wire editor. Three years later, the Allentown paper called and I went home to a job as news editor and to set up a universal copy desk.

During this time, I continued to write, doing primarily fiction and selling to Alfred Hitchcock's *Mystery Magazine*. Surprisingly, one of my stories from that era turned up in a Hitchcock anthology published just last year.

While at the *Call*, I did a piece for *Editor & Publisher* on how to write headlines, and it brought me a bunch of job offers. Reading the thing now, I am appalled by its pomposity, but the University of Missouri was still using it in its curriculum many years later, so one never knows.

In any case, one of the offers was from *Newsday* on Long Island, and I went to work there a copy editor, later becoming slot man and then Sunday news editor. I left nightside to become news editor of Part II, *Newsday's* feature section, and was in that position when I joined *The New York Times* in 1977.

While at *Newsday*, I had helped to prototype the Atex computer system, then in its infancy, and I was able to help *The Times* convert to cold type. I was detached from the Style section, where I had been hired as a copy editor, and joined the Technology Office, working with all of the news desks and on the Op-Ed page in the conversion. It was the best "loop course" imaginable, and I got to meet more people at *The Times* than I might have in any other way.

In 1978, I returned to Style as the department's deputy, later joined the Science section and, with Bill Connolly, helped to start *Science Times*. When *The Times* began its National Edition, I was assigned as one of the editors, and I have been a satellitic converter ever since.

In January, 1979, I also began the About Cars column in the regional weeklies, and I continue to write it today. Since 1980, the column has run in the Sunday sports section. In 1983 and '84, I was a member of the board of the International Motor Press Association, and have been generally active in the organization.

In connection with the column, I somehow found myself learning to race cars and, worse than that, found myself in actual competition. I have driven a number of times at Lime Rock, Conn., and once succeeded in putting a Peugeot on its roof in a 24-hour race at Nelson Ledges, Ohio.

In my experience, the best thing about racing is saying that you are going to do it, and then saying that you have done it. At the time, you ask yourself how you could possibly have gotten into this stupid situation.

I have written seven books about automobiles and auto repair, and have appeared on radio talk shows and on television, most recently in a week's worth of CBS *Nightwatch* shows on automotive exotica. Freelance pieces have been published here and there in publications such as *Esquire*, *Signature*, *Family Circle* and others.

On the personal front, my wife has finished college after 10 years of night school while working as a secretary, and is now a para-legal with the New York Port Authority. She has enrolled in law school, and is pursuing lawership.

Jonalyn, my daughter, is a copy editor at *Newsday*, having worked for more than three years as an editor and writer at the *Dallas Times Herald*, and she is the wife of J. Ross Baughman, a photographer who among other things was wounded in El Salvador, has created an international incident by disappearing in Granada after the invasion, and who has won the Pulitzer prize for his coverage in Rhodesia.

I don't have enough space to talk properly about my son, who has spent a brief time in the Navy, has toured Europe on a bike, who cost me \$800 to lose 20 pounds in a survival course in Utah, and who is now between colleges and living at home, delivering frozen pizza dough in the dead of night.

He is 6-foot-3, owns two motorcycles and, I think, wants to be a cowboy.

The Essence of A Car

In his column called "About Cars" that appeared every Sunday in *The New York Times*, Marshall Schuon frequently shared bits of personal history with his readers, such as the make of his very first car — a '36 Ford with spring-steel bumpers — all while evaluating the latest new cars from around the world.

On 3 July 1988: "This is a good way to start," my son said.

"Yeah," I said. "Arrive in style."

"Get out of a Corvette and walk," my son said.

His name is Jay, and he is right now walking to Virginia, hiking the Appalachian Trail with a 37-pound

pack on his back.

What we were talking about at the time, though, was the paradox of arriving for the southbound trudge in a exceedingly fast automobile...

Jay is 23... and has been to college twice and the Navy once. He has biked around Europe.

He has also driven almost every car that I have driven, and he knows auto minutiae the way some kids know baseball statistics. I have turned to him often, but now Jay was getting out of this midnight-blue Corvette and walking away from home for good. South and then west. Going to seek his fortune, or so he said.

The trip had taken about two hours and covered almost exactly 100 miles, leading from Long Island to the start of the trail on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River. We had the top down and our foreheads were red.

The father-son conversation had not been what one might expect on a farewell trip, but then conversation is not what you have in an open Corvette. Wind buffets your ears and gets into your mouth and you garble a lot...

Despite the vehicle's otherwise pervasive high-tech features, it might be said that the suspension is made of 2-by-4's.

That has been true of Corvettes ever since the first one juddered off the line in 1953, but rumor has it that next year's model will feature an adjustable suspension. Other changes are planned, but none is likely to change the essence of a car that can put grins on the faces of both fathers and sons.

Jay and I grinned a lot, and it was a good trip, maybe too fast. Finally, I told him to write, and he said he would.

I touched his arm and said, "Well..."

He nodded and said the same thing. Then he crossed the road and ducked into a hole in the woods.

On 21 October 1990: My daughter picked up her first new car last Wednesday. Her name is Jonalyn, and she and I spent a lot of time in the dealer's lot trying to figure out how well the mechanized seat belts would work with the child-safety seat.

She is the same age that I was when I bought my first new car, but there are differences. There were no serious baby seats in 1962, and my car was a harvest gold Corvair Monza because I was hot for a sporty coupe. Jonni is interested in safety and practicality and her car is an alabaster Ford Escort station wagon.

Safeness is the trend today, whether in general well-being or as it relates to risk and automobiles, and Jonalyn is at one with her generation. But buyers — and legislators — of any age have become more concerned with safety at the wheel. As an example, 36 states and the District of Columbia now have laws requiring seat-belt use, and all 50 states require safety seats for infants.

As it turned out, the manual lap belt in Jonni's new Ford worked just fine. The motorized shoulder belt that had worried us just went *buzz-zoom* and swooped up and over the child seat. In fact, my 3-month-old grandbaby was probably the safest person in the car, riding backward and strapped in tight enough to trap a gurgler.

The Escort is a neat little car, a clone of the Mazda Protege, and I was pleased when my daughter and son-in-law sought my approval of their purchase...

Economy is important, of course, and compromises must be made. My daughter's Ford Escort is one of those small cars... and one can only hope it doesn't get bent in any serious way. After all, the grandbaby is my first. His name, by the way, is Henry Marshall."

On 10 January 1993: Talk about feeling old. It was the summer of '53 and I was fresh out of high school when I first saw one of those wonderful *things*.

I was driving a wholesaler's truck, delivering cigarettes and candy to stores, and I spotted it on the sidewalk, on display in front of a Chevy dealer on Hanover Avenue in Allentown, Pa.

It was white with red leather, as were all of the first Corvettes. I parked the truck — abandoned it, actually — and ran across the road to look. I was 17 and drooling. I remember being particularly impressed with the gleaming chrome stoneguards over the headlights."

On 4 July 1993: That's one of the things I was remembering — in particular a trip to the dealer back in '71 when I had convinced myself (and, more importantly, my wife) that we had to have a little orange 240 [Datsun 240Z sports car] with a black steel vent-shade over the rear glass.

We talked to the salesman for a long time. I hemmed and hawed and sat behind the thin-rimmed wheel. My wife got in and got out. We talked price. The car was \$3,600 and we said we'd see.

The money seemed reasonable — but still a lot. I decided to wait... I never did buy one, but I have

driven them all...

What I did buy, just so you know, was a used Ford station wagon. Life is like that.

On 18 July 1993: Driving a top-down convertible through New York City's wee hours requires at least three things: an irrational sense of strength, a foolhardy mood and a car with more than its share of charm. Quick getaway also is nice...

So there I was, heading home at 2 A.M. on 36th Street shirtless at the wheel. Vulnerable but happy, stopped at a red light and conversing with thugs.

Ah, New York...

I didn't get a chance to tell all this to the night people on 36th Street, of course. The light had changed, and I made what was probably unnecessary use of the quick getaway.

When I looked back, they were giving me the thumbs-up. It is a nice car.

On 14 November 1993: All right, I know I'm supposed to be impartial. But I can't help it; I really like green. And, when I think about it, the cars that have put lust into my heart — at least the cars that were semi-affordable and therefore almost possible — have been Cadillacs. Green ones.

There was that '60 hardtop in Trexlertown, Pa., for instance. I would have hocked my house, if I'd owned a house. Before that, too, there was the tantalizing dark green '56 Coupe de Ville. I was fresh out of the Navy, and it seemed the perfect way to drive toward a civilian future.

Alas...

On 21 November 1993: O.K., boys and girls, remember study hall? Remember tablets and yellow Dixon pencils and how we spent the time sketching dream cars?

Some of us were going to be designers and work in Detroit and flesh out those drawings. Show *them*. Or at least, if you were like me, you were going to be a commercial artist...

On 12 December 1993: "I am a firm believer in putting off till tomorrow what I didn't get around to last week. Procrastination is one of my lesser charms, I know, but it only bothers me at times like this, with the year fading and Santa totting up my naughty-or-niceness.

In that regard, there are all these 1993 nuggets

that I haven't found time to collate, write or (heaven forfend) throw away. The pile of paper on the desk threatens to topple. If that happens I won't be able to find September's bills.

On 13 February 1994: "We were mushing home through the week's incredible snow, my wife at the wheel, when the car started to drift in a corner.

I say "drift," but it was really more of an out-of-control slide.

"Uh..." I said, grabbing for handholds.

"Ohhh," said Loleen. We went across the road, the wheels caught and we slithered back into our proper lane, me all the time thinking we were going to fetch up smartly against a plowed snowbank and bend the car's black suit.

Loleen was sawing the wheel this way and that, and we finally came out it without harming anything but our blood pressure and maybe our psyches.

"I always know to turn in the direction of the

skid," Loleen said when she was finally able to talk. "But it just doesn't seem right, and I don't do it."

And with that, it occurred to me that all my silly playing with cars as a teen-ager hadn't been so silly after all.

What I liked to do, particularly in the sort of weather that has recently plagued the Northeast, was to find a large parking lot and put the car into spins. One good way to do that — aside from going in rapidly decreasing circles — was to drive in a straight line, lock the wheels, shift into reverse and pop the clutch.

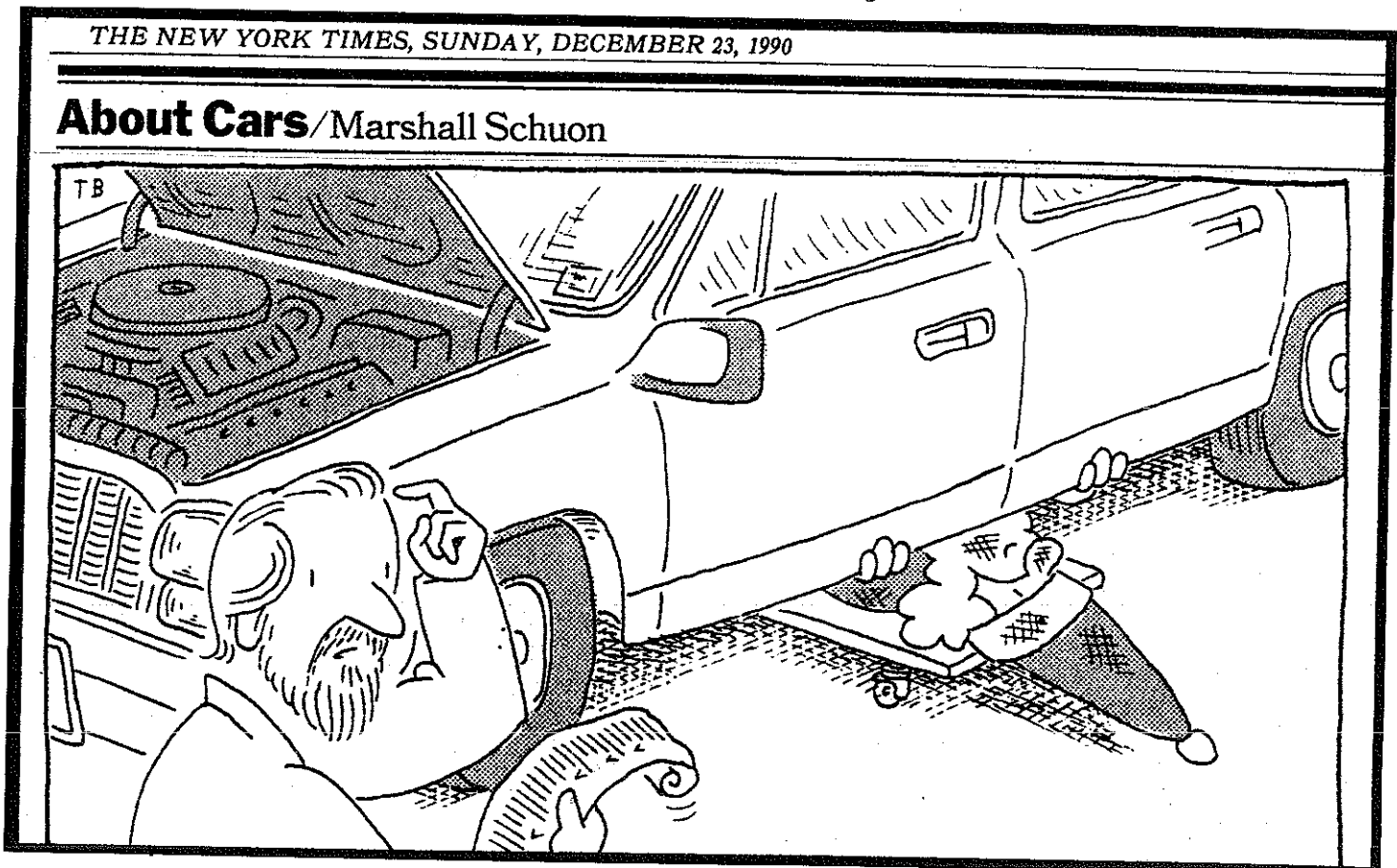
Wheee!

The car would pirouette across the ice of the parking lot until friction brought it to a stop. Dangerous, yes. Hard on the equipment, certainly. But I did learn to deal with a vehicle that has forgotten its decorum...

And then there is practice. In fact, I think I'll go look for a big empty parking lot. This time, I'll take Loleen along.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1990

About Cars/Marshall Schuon



AS A CARTOON CHARACTER, COLUMNIST SCHUON THINKS UP QUESTIONS FOR SANTA

The Hartungs

Loleen Schuon can well remember the family yarns about her mother's father, Charles Jacob Hartung Jr. He was a railroad engineer who started to work at the age of 14 for the steel mills in southwestern Pennsylvania, not far from their home in Donora. Charles Jacob was known for having quite a temper, and he didn't have much patience for a challenge.

As a young man, he had never learned to drive a car, but he decided to go ahead and buy one and teach himself. The steep hills around their hometown proved to be a terrible place to master the tricks of a stick shift, and so not long after getting it, Charles Jacob abandoned the car and just walked home to Ida Avenue, in the corner of Donora called Cement City. He refused to go pick it up, or ever attempt to drive again, and so the car just sat there for a long, long time.

On 20 July 1917, his eldest son Bill joined up with the army to fight the Germans in France. This caused a strong mixture of feelings for Charles Jacob, whose own father had immigrated from the German Kingdom of Saxony. Bill's military transport, the steamship *Moldavia*, was torpedoed in May 1918 while crossing the English Channel. While 53 of his fellow doughboys died in the channel, the wounds he sustained put him into an army hospital. When word got home that he was safe and recovering nicely, the family let out a sigh of relief, figuring that the reaper had passed their boy once and for all.

But in July 1918, while serving as a sergeant in the front line trenches with Company A of the 58th Infantry, Bill was part of the first Allied drive on the Marne, and was wounded again, this time by artillery shrapnel glancing across the small of his back. The 21-year-old wrote a letter home saying the field doctors did not think it was serious. "...Am resting easy and will be walking around by the time you get this. Believe me we sure gave those Dutch some run. I hope they won't stop until they get to Berlin. You should receive my Liberty Bond some time in August. I will have it paid for by then. I am now entitled to a gold stripe on my right cuff."

Before his note could even get back to Pennsylvania, Bill caught pneumonia in the army recovery ward and died on 28 July. His body was brought home to a hero's welcome in Donora, but Charles Jacob became so sad and so furious that he

took out the family's old German Bible, with all its memories and family records, and burned it.

Before going off to war, Bill had quietly bought himself a good-sized life insurance policy and had his mother, Ida Mae Hixenbaugh Hartung, made out as beneficiary. With the settlement money, his parents were able to buy their first and only house.

The Foulks & Bomboys of Berks County

John Foulk was born in 1770 in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and volunteered from there for service in the War of 1812. He supported his family by running grist mills, for a short time first in Bloomsburg and then at the town of Exchange. The profit from these enterprises allowed John to buy 150 acres of good farmland. When he decided to retire, his son Joshua took over the farm while Reuben ran the gristmill with a partner named Solomon Geise. John was a member of the German Reformed Church and died in 1859, just short of 90 years old. His wife was 87. They are buried in the Union graveyard at Turbotville, in Northumberland County.

Reuben Foulk, born in 1810, grew up in the era when many German parents foresaw better lives for children who were also educated in English. Reuben was a miller, a member of the State militia, a Democrat, and held the offices of supervisor, school director and overseer of the poor. He bought a 61-acre farm in 1867 and ran it until his retirement in 1880. He was a Lutheran and held all of the offices in that body. Reuben was 77 and his wife Elizabeth Russell was 73 when they were buried near his parents in Turbotville.

Benjamin Franklin Foulk, born 10 June 1845, got a public education in Columbia County, Pennsylvania, and spent a year at Turbotville Academy. He studied in Pittsburgh at the Iron City Commercial College and his first job after graduation was in a cork and bung factory. He became a patternmaker and foreman at the Danville Foundry & Machine Company from 1871 until his retirement in 1908, when his son, Charles L. Foulk stepped into his shoes. Ben also assisted in the building of the Danville Opera House.

Ben and his wife, Margaret E. Bomboy, had a daughter, Olive Belle Foulk. She married Walter Marshall, and their daughter, Carrie Deborah Marshall, gave birth to Marshall Jean Schuon in 1936.

Margaret's grandfather, Henry Bomboy, also

hailed from Berks County, where he was born in the late 18th century. He moved to Columbia County, and also kept a tollgate at Muncy in Lycoming County. As a singer at the old Reformed Lutheran Church in Bloomsburg, his voice was "noted for its strength and power." In the final years of his life, Henry returned to Columbia County where he lived with his son Benjamin. He was buried in his church's cemetery at Bloomsburg.

Benjamin Bomboy, Henry's son, was born 19 March 1817 in Hemlock township but brought up in Columbia County. As a boy, he learned the carpenter's trade, which kept him occupied in Bloomsburg for several years. He later switched to farming in Hemlock township, one mile north of Buckhorn. In 1863, he bought 113 acres known formerly as the old Wagner farm, and remained there for the rest of his life. On 19 March 1884, at the age of 67 years, Ben died and was buried soon thereafter at the Dutch Hill Cemetery in Columbia County.

Fragments

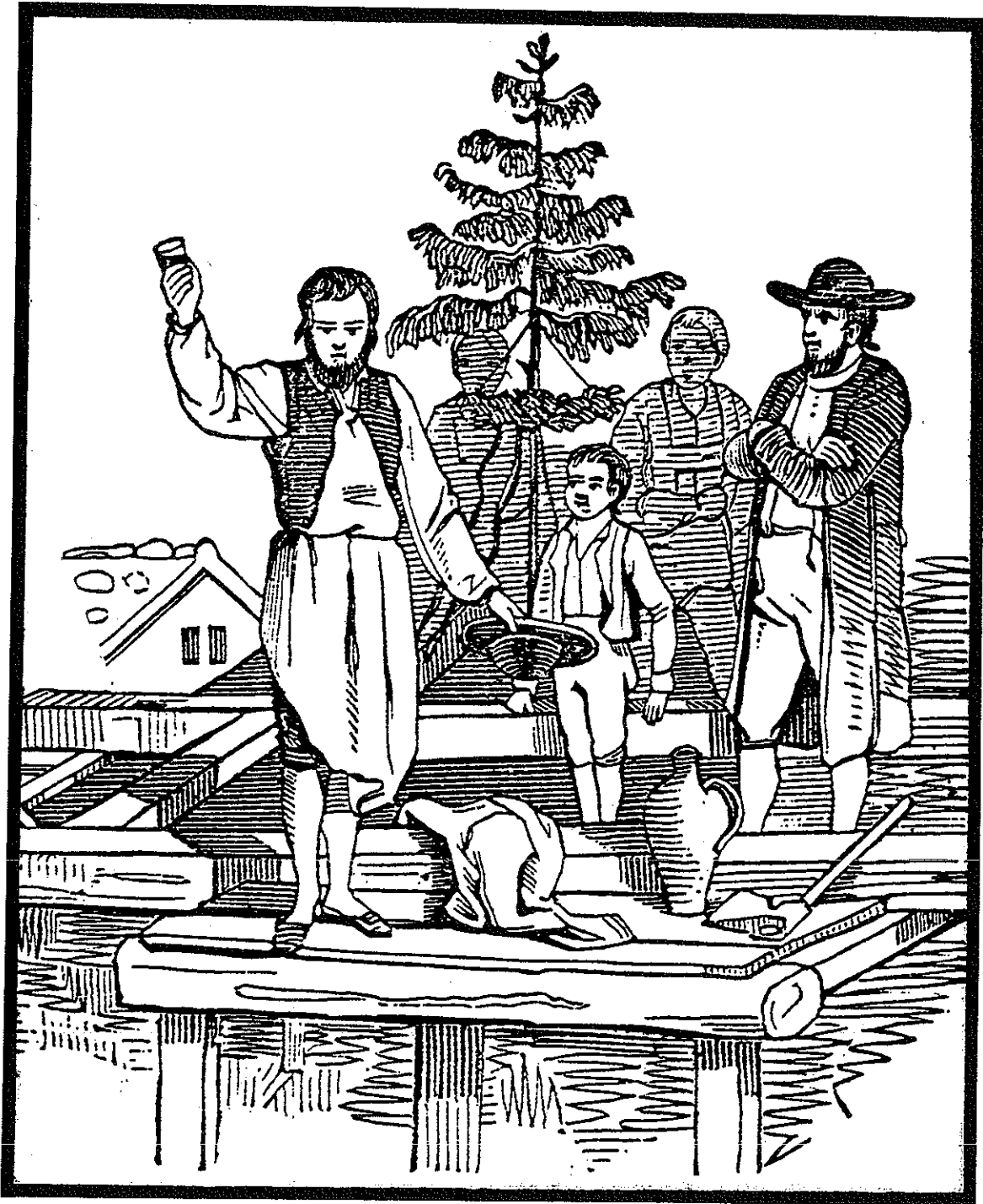
With some ancestors, unfortunately, little more is known about them than their names. These few

scattered clues dare not be lost, though, since future research may hinge upon any one of them.

»» JOHN MARSHALL, born 1812, served with Company F, in the 112th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, which was also known as the 2nd Pennsylvania Artillery. This unit was organized in Danville by Captain William M. McClure.

»» Daniel Marshall, born 1847 in Danville, Pennsylvania to John Marshall, served as a drummer boy in Company F, when the 178th Regiment of Pennsylvania Infantry was formed on 21 October 1862 during the Civil War. He was captured and sent to Libby Prison, but got out and lived until 1899. His widow, Mary Catherine Desinger received a Civil War pension.

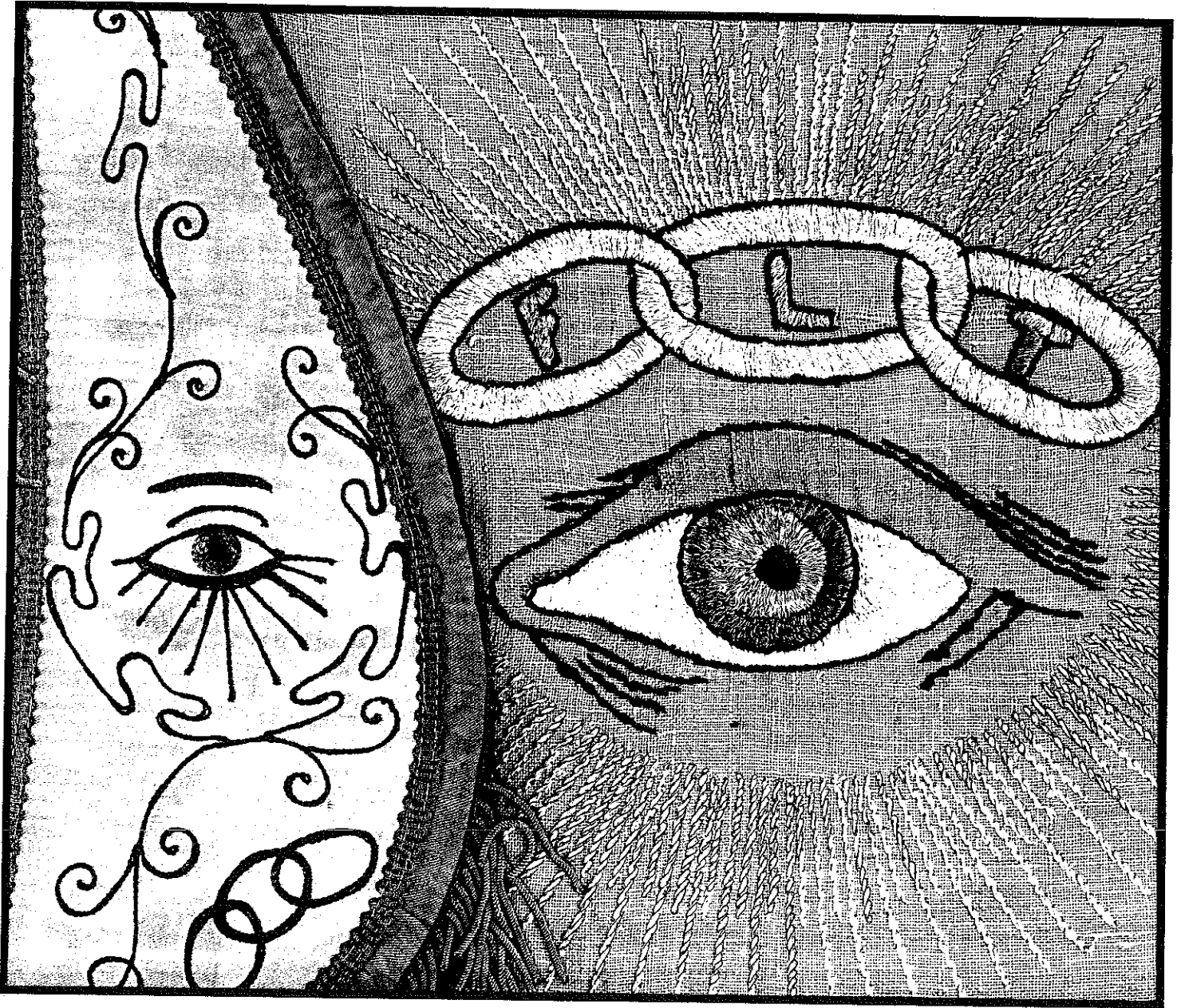
»» John Thomas Cartwright, born 1867 in Wales, came to America from Abertillery, Monmouthshire, England at the age of 17. The quality of local records makes it impossible to positively identify his parents. Along with his wife, Harriet Gardner, who came from White Bridge, Cumtillery, Somersetshire, they had 13 children, of which only three lived to adulthood. ■ ■ ■



A TOAST OFFERED DURING THE TOPPING OUT OF A NEW GERMAN HOUSE

SECTION FIVE

SOME TWENTIETH-CENTURY BAUGHMANS



DETAIL FROM AN ODD FELLOW'S EMBROIDERED REGALIA
THE EYE OF GOD, WITH THE INTERLOCKING CHAIN LINKS OF FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUST

HOLLISTER AND THE ODD FELLOWS
1872-1954

COURTSHIP IN THE OZARKS WAS MARKED BY ITS OWN sweet phrases. A bunch of fresh wildflowers was said to smell "like girls a-goin' to meetin'," and if a young woman was quite obvious in her preference for one fellow over another, word quickly spread that she had "set her cap for him." If the feelings were mutual, the boy was said to be "waitin' on her." Once things had really warmed up, "you just couldn't see daylight between 'em." If the young Romeo was on his way to propose marriage, he had "finally set out," and if she went through with it, her friends said she "jumped the broom."⁹⁵

For the rest of his life, George Baughman saved two Valentines, written with a pencil in a similar hand on lined 4¼ by 2¾ inch paper. They said:

Protem, Taney Co., Mo.

Mr. G.W. Baughman,

Love, it is a killing thing
And Brucita is a Blossom
If you want to get your finger bit
Stick it to a possum!
Excuse Bad writing and my poor wit
Composed wise

from Bonnie Denkins, Good By

* * *

Cedar Creek, Mo.

Feb. the 15th, 1894

Mr. G.W. Baughman,

When in the lonely grove I sleep,
And the Willows o'er me weep,
Tis then, dear friend, and not Before
That I shall think of you no More.

Yours Truly,
Wrote By A Friend

Three months later, George Washington Baughman, age 23, married Rosa Lee Juda, 18, before Justice of the Peace H.L. Ireland in Cedar Creek. No more than 20 percent of teenaged girls in the Ozarks

did the same, the large majority waiting two to five more years.^{7:238}

Just as George's ancestors had originated in Switzerland as the Bachman family, the Judas started in the same place as the Tschudi family, a name that means "judge."^{370:138} In 1894, it's not clear whether the bride or groom new about this.

In Cedar Creek, Rosie Juda was a member of the Church of Christ, and George joined with her. A 160-acre farm in Protem became their home and way of life for the next 20 years. Having this size of a farm was absolutely typical in the latter 1800s, although the total of improved or productive acres seldom rose above 46 percent.^{7:235}

Compared to a national average at that time of 3.5 children per family, and an average of 6.7 children born to Ozark mothers in 1910, Rosie and George had six sons and one daughter by 1914, when George decided to get a merchant's license and open a general store in Taney County. The inventory of George's store was probably not that much different from what merchants had been stocking for the last 100 years.^{7:239}

A sign in front of one General Store, dating back to 1837, poetically summed up the "If we don't have it, you don't need it" philosophy:

Tobacco, Raisins, Flour and Spice,
Cottons, Wool and Thread and Rice,
Biscuits, Butter, Eggs and Fishes,
Molasses, Beer and Earthen Dishes,
Tubs and Buckets, Pails and Pans,
Bandannas, Handkerchiefs, and Fans...^{257:xxx}

That summer, George also decided to run for Justice of the Peace, and in the election on 3 November, he won a four-year term. The Baughman father and sons also set up a horse stable and livery in Hollister.

Around this time, George also contracted to carry the U.S. Mail between Hollister, Cedar Creek and Protem. Handling the mail must have seemed very natural to George since his father, Peter Baughman, had become the first regular postmaster of Cedar Creek on 15 April 1872. During the previous summer, Felia Wilson had set up a post office about a mile and a half above the home of Tony Muller, just

east of the junction of Dab's Branch and Cedar Creek along highway M; by October 1871, though, Wilson gave it up. Pete stayed with it for over a year, making sure that John R. Ireland would replace him on 28 July 1873.

Over 120 years later, the old, original wooden post office boxes are still in use, although the building around them is new. Cedar Creek became the first post office anywhere between the 50 miles from Taney County's Forsyth to the middle of Ozark, the next county east. It was a natural enough spot for this new venture: the weekly mailcarrier from Forsyth had always ridden to the top of White Oak Mountain, two miles northeast of Cedar Creek, and waited there for his counterpart to arrive from Gainesville in Ozark County. They'd swap mail pouches, turn their horses around and retrace their paths.

In Taney County, between the possibility of finding wealth in zinc or lead mines and the boom insured by the coming of the railroad, most of the remaining federal land in the area sold between 1898 and 1906. The 19 September 1899 issue of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, with a report from Protem, Missouri, reported that the filing of land claims was proceeding briskly, even in the off-season.^{271:16}

Special "homestead entries," requiring five years residence, were used to obtain 160 acres for \$14, but the "men of means" from outside the state got in with outright purchases at \$1.25 per acre. In the first 18 months of this run, a third of the 89,000 acres in the public domain were snatched up. The newspaper dispatch continued, "And that amount is being reduced rapidly. In a single day at Forsyth, the county seat, this month, the papers were made out and forwarded to Springfield for the transfer to individuals of 1,280 acres of this government land. Last night there were in Forsyth men from six states [Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska] and Canada looking for land."

The founder and principal investor in the new town of Hollister was William H. Johnson, who also happened to own and publish the *Hollister News*. In an unsigned article from the 15 May 1911 issue, an article, including these observations, ran under the headline, "What Hollister Has and Needs":

"Has the Log Cabin Inn, a unique and attractive transient hotel of 20-rooms, beautifully located, but also needs a summer hotel with scenic location

especially for tourist and pleasure seekers.

"Has three stocks of general merchandise and needs an exclusive grocery store and ample stock of hardware and furniture.

"Has a poultry and produce dealer, but needs a concentrating plant...

"Has 35,000 fruit trees planted in two miles of its depot and needs ice and cold storage plant...

"Has a blacksmith and wagon repairing shop and needs a harness and leather worker.

"Has a small livery stable but badly needs a number of horses or burros for use of summer visitors.

"Has energetic and hustling citizens, but needs many more of the same kind to aid in developing the many resources of our town and community."^{271:55}

In those early days, the leading citizens of Hollister had familiar-sounding surnames: Blankenship, Boehm, Butterfield, Coon, Hofmeister, Jurgensen and Kohler.

The County's First Electric Lighting

Brand new Lake Taneycomo, named as a compression of Taney Co., Mo., was actually just the White River well up over its banks because of the Powersite Dam, completed in 1913. Across from Hollister on the other side of the lake was another little town, named Branson.

In 1911, the only way to get to it from the train station was by ferry. It wasn't blessed with the scenic creek valley that Hollister had, and only Hollister was planning to make all of its new buildings into the half-timbered Tudor style of an English country village. In those days, no one expected Branson to amount to much.

The way locals talked — from the odd phrases and pronunciations right down to their grammar — must have sounded backward to the big-city newcomers. Few understood just how far backward, and that it made this little "English country village" all the more perfect.²⁷⁷

Families isolated for many generations in the Ozarks had unknowingly preserved speech patterns exactly like those in the age of Chaucer and Shakespeare. Two centuries before, when Hollister's forefathers arrived in America, they took to the mountains, first in Virginia, then Tennessee and Missouri, and were cut off from the growth and evolution of the English language. In 1915, and even later, Ozarkers would still *tarry awhile*

to *spend* an opinion, just as Hamlet did. *Varmint* preserves the Old English pronunciation of vermin. In his *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer new wrestling to be what most Americans called wrestling. The Oxford Dictionary defended the best pronunciation of eat or ate as *et*, and so did the folks along the White River. Even for the nobility in 17th Century England, help was pronounced *holp*; chew was *chaw*; yellow was *yaller*; boil was *bile*; heard and deaf were *heerd* and *deef*.

Local storytellers often relied on so-called "weak" verbs, such as *caught*, *drinked* and *throwed*, but the same habit showed up in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* with *shaked*, *becomed* and *blowed*; while Chaucer had a weakness for *growed*.²⁷⁷

From its first mention in the town records of 1915, all males between 21 and 50 were required to pay a poll tax of \$3. If a man preferred, this tax could be worked out by repairing roads. This was a change in the law of only six years earlier when some road work was required of all these men. Before the change, those who wanted to avoid the required work and could afford to, hired two local men who would substitute for a dollar or two per day.

For young men and women, the only social life to speak of was to go out to Maine Orchard, or to the Maine Club. About once a week there would be a card game there, and the chef and host, Louis Seibert, always made the young men feel welcome.^{271:31}

As the 1915 tourist season began, things were getting a little out of control. Visitors from the big cities were bringing habits with them that made Mayor Tom Wertz and his board uncomfortable. On 15 June, they passed the following ordinance: "...That notices be placed in the *Hollister News* and ... proper places about town that no person would be allowed to go in swimming naked and must have on regulation bathing suit when swimming, and would not be allowed on streets of Hollister in bathing suits or other improper or indecent costume."^{271:74}

Hollister was suddenly the fastest growing and most exciting spot, if not in all of the Missouri Ozarks, then at least in all of Taney County. It had the first electric lighting, the first big bridge, the first concrete street and sidewalk, the first registered pharmacist, the first fireproof hotel, the first automobile agency (a Ford Motor dealership) and the first moving picture house.^{271:81}

Within three years, the silent pictures were

popular enough to warrant notices in the newspaper. Over the Fourth of July holiday, *A Poor Married Man* was shown, relying heavily on the piano playing talents of Mabel Noel. She enhanced the romantic scenes with a carefully timed rendition of "Hearts and Flowers," and the exciting moments with "The William Tell Overture." Because the projector had to rewind each reel before it could be threaded again, Mabel's playing also had to keep the crowd from getting restless during several little intermissions.^{271:74}

The Means We Employ

Later that summer, on 30 July, two dozen members of the Hollister Odd Fellow Lodge No. 851 gathered for their official Date of Institution, even though they had received their charter six weeks earlier on 18 May, and had been meeting on the first and third Saturday of each month ever since. To receive a charter, they had been obliged to enlist "a minimum of 20 solid men from their community."

Under the headline "Odd Fellows Organize," the *Hollister News* included these details:

"The local Odd Fellows organized a good strong lodge Friday night last week, with a membership of about 30... The work was done by a picked team from the Cedar Creek, Branson, Reed Spring and other lodges, and the Initiatory degree conferred on eight candidates... The lodge starts out with a membership of good citizens and promises to do a great deal of good in the community. They leased the hall in the Flournoy building over the post office, and have fitted it up in good shape."

Most of Hollister's leading citizens had taken the secret oaths of this fraternal service organization, including Mayor Tom Wertz, 44; T.F. Jennings, 45, a Past Grand lodgemember, merchant and former mayor; Ed Dugger, 30, lodge treasurer, who served as Hollister's postmaster from 1914-1922; Charles V. Gray, 40, banker; K.W. Stottle, 29, merchant; L.M. Tryer, town board member; J.M. Holliday, who later built Hollister's first jail house, on Turkey Creek; U.S. Stoner, the photographer that day, as well as the documenter of life throughout Taney County around the turn of the century; G.B. Jackson, 45, a Noble Grand lodgemember, and farmer; Dr. Elmer D. Jackson, 51, town health officer; J.D. Moore, 36, liveryman; and Charles W. Moore, 21, merchant, banker and developer of the commercial district

Moore's Addition, who sold George Baughman six storefront lots, on the southeast corner of North St. and Blankenship, also known as Laurel St., on 1 November 1918.

George Baughman, a third degree member of the older Cedar Creek Lodge No. 751 since 6 June 1908, joined in for the group photo although he was not listed among the charter members of the Hollister Lodge that day. The Cedar Creek roster included the Moore brothers mentioned above, Sam H. Coulter, Judge William Manes, the Persingers, Hardy Compton, the Noble Grand, and William P. Hensley, as Vice-Grand.

The rituals and regalia of the Odd Fellows were certainly noticed by their neighbors, though differed only slightly from many other fraternal orders popular at the time. The large eye that decorated their collars and documents was a reminder to brothers to be observant to God's lessons of life. Three chain links, often accompanied with the initials F.L.T., stood for the interlocking strength of Friendship, Love and Trust. "If we elevate the character of man," advised the order's handbook, "what matters to the world the means we employ to do it? The world will soon laugh at us, if we should *begin the joke* ourselves."^{112:76&184}

Odd Fellows provided aid to "brothers" in dire circumstance and guaranteed all members a decent burial. It was started to provide mutual benevolence, relief, protection and instruction for members. Originally they met to drink and sing ribald songs, but by the 1830s, large numbers of professionals and middle class members transformed it into a society of self-improvement, self-control, sobriety, thriftiness and sound business practices.^{65:26}

Lit by Torches

At their initiation ceremony, a new applicant had to be comfortable with secret handshakes, passwords, symbols, "mystic rites" and singing. Even though a secret committee had been asking about him all around town, especially about his belief in God, it was necessary to answer a long questionnaire and finally take up a solemn pledge of secrecy.

With a black silk blindfold in place, he would be taken into the main door by his "conductor," and once inside, without warning, get pushed to the floor. "Where is your greatness? For thou art dust." His

shirt was removed first, chains wound around his body and then he would be bound to a stake. After a while, he would be led around the lodge hall or temple, being asked questions, meant to impart a humbling awareness of vanity and worldly possessions. Suddenly, when he had been positioned in front of an upright coffin, the blindfold was removed and a skeleton would be thrust out at his face. The surrounding Odd Fellows wore robes and masks and the room was only lit by torches.^{65:18}

The initiate was blindfolded again, dragged around the room for more ordeals, oaths, prayers and lectures.^{65:21} Applicants had already been screened for good health and community standing, but finally, all the current lodge fellows would have to vote on his acceptability. Into a ballot box, they could cast either the white or black ball they had been issued. If only two black balls interrupted all of the white ones, he would still be welcomed. A third black ball promised his rejection.^{112:53}

Recognizing Brothers From Afar

By the 1860s, Odd Fellows had eight degrees of promotion, each with its peculiar ritual. To advance, much of one's spare time would be spent in memorization of new ceremonies and arranging for new robes. First-time members entered the White Degree, and during the 19th century, 2,000,000 were inducted worldwide in this same or very similar manner.^{65:21}

The various degrees, with the colors of their robes, aprons and collars, were as follows: The Chaplains and all those of the First Degree are White, as are the innocent angels; the Second is Pink; the Third being Blue; the Fourth, Green; the Fifth, Scarlet; the Warden, Conductors and the Vice Grand wear Black; The Noble-Grand is of the Fifth Degree, trimmed with white or silver, and adorned with the jewel of crossed gavels. It would be impossible for a newcomer to attain the fifth degree in less than three years. Beyond all these ranks waited the Royal Purple.^{112:187}

At the local level are the Subordinate Lodges, and clusters of these make up a Grand Lodge, overseen by a Chief Patriarch and High Priest. The Grand Nobles from many lodges gathering together made an Encampment, where they could aspire to the degree of Royal Purple. There are also Grand Encampments. Then there were State Lodges, District Lodges and

Territorial Lodges. The highest unit of the Patriarchs Militant was called a Canton, after the democratic political districts founded in Switzerland.^{112:53&188}

"To know each other, and to prevent imposition, Secrecy is for the sake of recognizing brothers from afar. If we had no means of knowing them, we might be the constant dupes of imposture, and the prey of deception and fraud. Through secrets, we can recognize a brother Odd Fellow without a word and give him aid."

When visiting or transferring from one lodge to another, a brother's character and good standing will be communicated in a secret code to and from his home lodge officers. If *Yellow* is mentioned, it stands for the fundamental question: "___ is in our city and is very sick. Claims membership in your lodge. Shall we give him attendance on your account?" Mentioning *White* in a response meant: "We don't know him, and he does not belong to our lodge." Use of the word *Boat* warns that: "He is an expelled member..." Even more dire was *Black*, meaning: "He is a fraud, and if he has a card from this lodge, it is a forgery." *Purple* advises: "We think best to bury him there."^{112:183}

No member was allowed to speak or vote in the lodge meeting room unless clothed in suitable regalia. Noble Grands, in order to promote Friendship, Charity and Harmony, were responsible for discouraging sarcastic language.^{112:63}

On the illuminated title page of the Odd Fellows' official 1852 handbook, a full-color engraving entitled "The Golden Rule" shows four men — white, black, red and yellow — standing around a marble pedestal carved with the three chain links of Odd Fellowship and the word "Fraternity."

"It has been objected that the idea of the Negro fraternizing with Whites, in the manner suggested in the picture, would be misapprehended by some of our brethren... The Negro is never admitted to our Lodges... The association of the representatives of the four quarters of the globe is intended by us to teach the 'sacred principle Toleration.' signed P. [Paschal] Donaldson, Philadelphia, 10th February, 1852."^{112:12}

After 1860, no alcohol was allowed at the lodge. English Odd Fellowship had no initiation rituals. U.S. rituals had not developed until the 1840s, and were not approved by the national leadership until 1845. When American members visited their brother lodges in England, they later reported that English "convivial

practices" that prevailed there lowered members below the moral standard in America. This led to the severing of ties and the new name: The Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Even with higher dues and stricter rules, membership soared from 30,000 in 1843 to 200,000 in 1860 and on to nearly 1,000,000 by 1900.^{65:27}

The Heaven So Longed For

The philosophy behind joining the Odd Fellow's White Degree in 1819 was liberal and Unitarian, with a view of an uplifting, paternally loving God. By 1845, the leaders had become focused on sin and depravity. Following the Civil War, especially along former border states, Odd Fellowship had a social and political philosophy that set it apart from other secret men's organizations. Masons, who clustered around towns and cities, tended to be Republican politically, subdued in their Protestantism, and loyal to the Grand Army of the Republic. Though just as conservative on many social issues, Odd Fellows were often regarded as "the poor man's Masons," and lined up on the other side of the fence: as residents of the countryside, as members of the Democratic Party, as Baptists and as sons of the Confederacy.^{65:51}

Odd Fellow officers were to be considered as "our parents and guardians," presiding over the lodge as "head of a family." Father-son issues were emphasized in the higher order Patriarchal Degree, where young men seek the approval of surrogate fathers, and act out the Bible story of Isaac and Abraham's sacrifice, but spliced to some of Ishmael's disruptive childhood. By offering obedience, a son would receive reassurance of fatherly love and only then attain full manhood.

The Noble Grand first expressed anger at the initiate, but then said he would like to get to know the young man, and eventually apologized. Compared to the common unified agrarian family, middle class life produced fathers without attentive children, and children without effective fathers.

The final degree, the Royal Purple, employed an alter ego as conductor, already defeated by the three primary mistakes of the son: pointless pursuit of sexual excess, glory on the battlefield and fame with wealth, these being the "wild and dismal thickets" of masculine waste.^{65:139}

Eventually, the Royal Purple candidate was admitted to the tent of the Patriarch, a sheltering home filled

with soft music: "the heaven so longed for." The growth of membership at the end of the century was among the sons of Civil War veterans, who, denied the experience of war themselves, sought to bridge the gulf to their fathers symbolically.

The Highlight of His Week

Even after leaving Missouri for Oklahoma in 1922, George Baughman maintained his Odd Fellow dues, paying \$5.50 on 15 March 1924 to cover all charges up through 1 January 1925. He transferred officially on 7 December 1928 to Oklahoma's Atoka Lodge No. 359.

Reminiscing with George and Rosie's children, some of the old folks' personal traits became vivid again. While Rosie liked to dance in her younger days, George never much cared for it. He would whistle some around the farm, but he wasn't much of a singer either. In fact, George was pretty serious most of the time, until something pleased him and drew out a nice smile.

Daily routine found him up early tending chickens and ducks, then working the garden and orchard, which had apple, peach, pear and cherry trees. Rosie sliced the fruit and dried the pieces in the sun on screens set out on the roof. Eventually, she turned these into delicious dried apple and peach pies.

She helped with the birds, too. All their soft down was turned into pillows and featherbeds, one of which has been passed down, and is still enjoyed. She'd gather the eggs, and cook breakfast for everyone. Between washing and mending clothes, she liked to find time for reading the newspaper.

George was very cautious, usually patient and very independent. Rosie shared these same traits. He was stubborn, used to having his own way and having the last word during discussions or arguments. They could get along in this way, because she was more changeable and expected that things would not always go her way. But he could be changed, too, "if you worked it just right."

They were both rather stoic when it came to illness and "toughing it out." George suffered from a bit of arthritis. If Rosie was worried about something, though, it was usually plain on her face, and she could become moody and withdrawn over some disappointment for long spells.

Before the lodge meeting every Friday night, which was the highlight of his week, George always enjoyed

when his grandson Tommy gave him a moustache trim and clean shave. He also liked good clothes. The year round, he preferred to wear a coat, and was more uncomfortable during a cold winter than a hot summer. Rosie's thermometer was the opposite.

People thought of George Baughman as a good talker, and always friendly. He smoked a pipe, but didn't let it annoy others. Every Saturday, he went to town, sat on a bench on the street corner and talked politics with the good old boys. He was a registered Democrat.

Ceremony wasn't so important around the house. If saying grace before a meal, or a prayer before bed was important to George, he never said either out loud. Regular manners were not emphasized either, but the kids knew not to give him any back talk. Their strongest opinions were against alcohol. They did not drink, and could not tolerate it.

His son, Norvin, and daughter-in-law, Teresa, felt that George was not a man to show affection in public easily, and that he was always reserved about expressing thanks, apology or love.

In later years, living with their daughter, Alberta, and her family, Grandpa George shared a bed with little Tommy. Every night before falling asleep, George put his arm around the boy and told him that he loved him. He also got great joy out of seeing Tommy grow up, marry Doris and have a little girl of their own. When he was in his 80s and his great granddaughter was only six months old, the two would sit together until she became too rowdy. The George would laugh and call out, "You better get this little scamp, before she jumps out of my lap." Rosie loved her great grandchildren so much that she would do anything for them, even when she didn't feel like it.

The neighboring Wapanucka Lodge consolidated with Atoka on 27 February 1953, though George had felt it best to switch to the Atoka Lodge five years before this consolidation. He was enrolled there at time of his death.

"Any brother who is sick or disabled may receive from lodge a weekly sum of money — between \$4 and \$20, but typically \$5. There is no *humiliation* in receiving lodge benefits." [Kupersmith] As the Odd Fellows expanded they set up rest homes for their elderly, athletic leagues and academic scholarships for their children, summer camps for the handicapped, and in later years, a heart disease research fund and an eye bank.^{112:58}

Burial benefits of not less than \$30 will go to the next of kin. For the funeral of a member's wife, not less than \$15.^{112:58}

The ceremony at the funeral of a deceased brother was a highly proscribed sequence of lodge officers, members and guests. They marched two abreast, and in their left lapel buttonhole a black crepe ribbon, with a scarlet ribbon atop that for a Past Noble Grand.

Then before filling the grave, all Odd Fellows silently joined right hands, with their hats in the left, forming one or more concentric circles around the hole, while a standardized Address and Prayer are offered by a Noble Grand or lodge chaplain. These are authorized by the national Grand Lodge, but are optional "in case friends of the deceased object to them." But if these thoughts are not used, "They are

required to refrain from using any."

"Man is born to die... This truth is inscribed in the great volume of nature upon its every page... He whose lips now echo these tones of solemn warning, in turn will be stilled in the cold and cheerless house of the dead; and, in the providence of God, none may escape."^{112:202}

"...Bless our beloved Order throughout the globe. Preserve its principles and its purposes from innovation,... protect it from self-immolation."

After a suitable pause, the Noble Grand cast into the grave a sprig of evergreen that was pinned to his regalia, followed likewise by all the others, "in such numbers at a time as not to cause confusion..."^{112:203} ■ ■ ■

TRANSFER CERTIFICATE

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

This Certifies

That brother J. W. Baughman who has attained the Third degree, was admitted a member of this Lodge by secret ballot on the 10 day of June 1928, and has paid all demands against him up to this date, under no charge whatever. It appearing that said brother Dec 7 - 1928 has changed his residence from the jurisdiction of this Lodge, to the jurisdiction of Utaha Lodge No. 357, working under the jurisdiction of the **GRAND LODGE** of Utaha and having received notice from the secretary of said last named Lodge, under seal, that our said brother has been elected to membership therein on his application accompanied by his Good record from this Lodge, this Certificate severs his membership with our said Lodge, in accordance with and subject to the laws of the Order relating thereto. This Certificate is issued by Lecky Creek Lodge, Lodge No. 754, located at Lecky Creek Missouri.

In Witness whereof We subscribe hereto, our hands and affix the Seal of our Lodge, this the 8 day of Dec 1928.

19 Dec 8 1928
W. L. H. H. H.
 Noble Grand
Frank Persinger
 Recording Secretary

FRIENDSHIP GOVERN PROGRESS

THE SUPREMACY GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 1834
 FORTRESS HILL, EAST PHOENIX

Heinrich Bachman

HEINRICH BACHMAN
BORN 1711

George W. Baughman

GEORGE WASHINGTON BAUGHMAN
BORN 1871

HB

HENRY BAUGHMAN [II]
BORN 1750

Walter Lee Baughman

WALTER LEE BAUGHMAN
BORN 1899

John Baughman

JOHN BAUGHMAN
BORN 1774

CT Baughman

CHARLES T. BAUGHMAN
BORN 1922

Henry Baughman

HENRY BAUGHMAN [IV] *
BORN 1809

J. Ross Baugh

JOHN ROSS BAUGHMAN
BORN 1953

P. W. Baughman

PETER WILLIAM BAUGHMAN *
BORN 1830

H

HENRY MARSHALL BAUGHMAN
BORN 1990

THE PULSE OF AMERICA
C.T. BAUGHMAN'S LIFE PROFILED IN 1970 & 1984

ON SUNDAY, 10 MAY 1970, THE FRONT PAGE OF the Lorain, Ohio, *Journal* showcased a feature by staff writer Bob Cotleur on page 5 with the headline, "Charles Baughman: He's Mr. Ford in Lorain."

They came, these leaders of men, out of the cauldron of the Great Depression. Their names were Joseph A. Richardson, Eddie Mehrer, Jack Lyons and now Chuck Baughman. And they strove mightily to make Ford Motor Company's Lorain Assembly Plant what it is today.

They came to make an existing plant work, to run the Big Glue Job known as assembly.

Automotive parts were funneled in. Their job was to get them put together, from front bumper to tail light, from the oil pan to the weatherstripping. Their job was to see a key turn, ignition, and a new unit roll away from the end of the line under its own throaty power.

Each added his own dimension to making the Lorain Assembly Plant Ford's biggest producer of passenger cars and Econoline vans. Nearly 100 units roll off the combined lines each hour of the working day.

Charles T. Baughman is the most recent of these one time top men at Ford Lorain.

What kind of man is he?

You can believe that Baughman, manager of this plant since January, 1970, is more manipulator than mechanical genius, more compassionate than computerized and more, much more, sinner than a saint.

His basic job is managing men, not machines. He's learned that a great job at the end of the production line starts at the beginning. He knows, because he's been there.

How he grew with Ford is a combination of guts, ambition, skill, drive and on-the-job training. In 1952 he earned a bachelor of science degree from Wayne State University in Industrial Management, 11 years after he started with Ford fresh from high school.

Naturally he married his alter ego or he might have turned out in time as the last of the riverboat gamblers, a Bret Maverick or brother Bart, if you remember a highly successful television show a decade or so ago.

"I'm a gambler. Come up with a bet and I'll bet you. I love to bet and I'll bet on anything. I do pretty well. I love to play cards, shoot dice. I love to go to Las Vegas..."

But that's on his hobby-side. It comes from a background of living and learning in the resort towns of the Ozark Mountains. He was born in Branson, Mo., 48 years ago, and reared to the fun of float fishing, camping, wild turkey shooting and watermelon stealing.

What pulled him out the Ozarks to Detroit and Ford Motor Company was an uncle who worked in Detroit and vacationed in Branson.

"I always knew I'd go to to work for Ford, or some place like Ford. My uncle always talked it up. And although it disappointed my mother, right after high school I went to Detroit and looked my uncle," he said.

His first job was in the foundry at the River Rouge plant but "three days later I knew it wasn't the foundry I wanted. I was the only white boy working there and each night at quitting time I couldn't tell me from anyone else."

Back he went to the employment office and asked how he could get a shot at working at the new Willow Run Bomber Plant. It was 1941 and the Japs would strike Pearl Harbor in December. The new plant was well under construction.

"The guy I talked to said if I took 300 hours of vocational education on aircraft fabrication and riveting, on my own time, he'd give me a job out there.

"So I did. I went four hours a night, five nights a week. I hired on in June and by October, I went back to this guy and laid my diploma on his desk. That same day he got me a transfer."

It was all new. Automotive men, Baughman said, knew nothing about building airplanes. The riveting foreman called a class together, gave them a pep-talk and a book on how to rivet. The foreman assigned partners then went to school himself with the same class.

The foreman's concentration was interrupted by Baughman and his assigned partner who had framed the aluminum sections, checked out a riveting gun and a riveter's buck, and started to work.

"The foreman came over and said, 'You know something about this?' I told him about school. He said, 'Starting tomorrow, you come here dressed up. From now on you're the instructor.'"

Baughman instructed. He developed the procedures for teaching and wound up training 225 instructors who finally accounted for 55,000 graduates before it was over. But it ended earlier for Baughman when "I got to flag-waving and joined the service. Logan Miller, the fellow that ran

deferment.”

Logan Miller wanted him back, after service. Baughman returned, was immediately named a methods engineer and enrolled in a formal education course begun by Ford. As part of his training he worked in a variety of manufacturing processes, but chose assembly work as his specialization.

Why?

“In manufacturing plants, it’s the machine that determines the output. But in assembly the machine didn’t have a helluva lot to do with it. It wasn’t the machine but how you allocated the men. I was fascinated...”

“His progress with Ford was ever upward. In 1962 he was sent to Argentina to bolster sagging production. Some 500 men on two shifts were producing 42 units a day. “Hell, we get 58 units alone here in Lorain each hour. We had a job to do in Argentina...”

He streamlined the Argentina operation, “took out about 150 to 200 people and we got 50 units a day from one shift. When I left there, after we had launched a new plant, we were running 150 a day. It’s still running and it’s now a real money maker.”

He thought in some ways he might be there yet, but his wife, the former Patricia Hill of Oklahoma City, didn’t like it.

“I love to travel. My wife detests it. She was really disturbed with the move to Argentina. She’s the reason I came back, really. She’s a home gal, likes her home, working around it. She likes the garden.

“Me, I’d love to get an apartment somewhere and to hell with the yard work. I’d say, ‘Let’s go somewhere’ every night. But we work it out. We both have to bend. If I have Saturdays off, I play golf every Saturday. Sunday I stay home and do what she likes to do...”

And, as you might imagine, “She’s a lot like my mother. I’ve tried to get my mother to sell her stuff in Branson and move here, buy a small apartment. But she won’t. She has her friends there and everybody knows everybody else and everybody else’s business. She wants to stay...”

The Baughman have been in Lorain for the past two years. They live at 5539 Beavercrest Drive. Daughter Mary Ann, 21, is a secretary at Lorain Community Hospital. Tome, 19, attends Ashland College and Ross, 17, is a junior at Marion L. Steele High School in Amherst.

Baughman came here after serving as Special Heavy Truck Operations Manager of Ford Division from 1964 until being named assistant to his predecessor Jack Lyons, two years ago. When Lyons was promoted, Baughman got the job temporarily. A day later he it permanently, or as “permanent” as

any top job at Ford.

“I don’t think there’s anything more challenging than running one of these plants. I’ll have 27 years in this June. Sure I can be promoted, but if it’s above the plant level in the general office and while it’s hard to run down the general office, it would have to be something I really thought was a promotion.

“When we’re running max overtime here we build 1,680 vehicles a day. You really see what happens. You see them rolling off that line, you have a feeling of accomplishment. Especially if you’re around a good plant and are meeting those cost objectives, and the quality...”

“On the other hand, I could be an Eddie Mehrer (a former Plant Manager here) sitting up in Detroit behind a desk... and I’ve got five plant managers working for me. But all I’m doing is moving some damned paper from this hole over here to that hole over there. And when you get through you walk out and wonder what the hell did I really accomplish today?”

Baughman talks easily, lightly or seriously, in the same friendly tone. He prides himself on making decision-makers out of lower echelon staff members and he does it with a simple lateral handoff.

“It’s your job, your decision,” he tells his staff on certain matters. “You make the decision.”

You can see what he means when he talks about his favorite car, “my Mark III Lincoln Continental. I think that’s the finest automobile built. And I think I’d think it even if I worked for General Motors.”

His favorite drink is vodka, Seven-up and fresh lime. He learned the combination from a stewardess who didn’t have the makings for a vodka gimlet on the plant to Argentina. In dining he likes the combination steak and lobster. That way he gets both.

One special hobby of Baughman’s takes him back to the lazy grandeur of the Ozarks. “I like float fishing, which I’ve done a lot of. You take a couple of friends up in the mountains, float downstream in a boat. In three days, you make about 100 miles. A good guide knows every nook, every bend and cranny of the rivers. He’ll say, ‘Get set. There’s probably a wild turkey right around the bend...’ or ‘If you guys want, the old man living up the hill around the next bend raises watermelons. I can git in close to shore if you want to help yo’self!’”

“Of course, you might get shot at...”

Coming from the deep South doesn’t give Baughman any hang-ups with blacks even though he remembers times “when blacks couldn’t stay in town overnight. One time this man came through with a black chauffeur. City Marshal got hold of the fellow

and said, "You better get that man out town before it gets dark..."

"I don't feel that way about it at all. In my experience with Ford I've met blacks who have been really fine guys. I feel if they're qualified and capable, hell, they deserve the opportunities. I wish we could give them more incentive because I'm sure a lot of blacks feel they aren't going to be considered anyway, so why put out.

"But that's farthest from the truth. If we could get ten fellows interested tomorrow in being foremen, we'd sure give them a crack at it."

Baughman says politically he is independent.

"I'm for the man."

Since he's been to Lorain, Baughman has been named 1970 United Fund General Chairman, is a member of the Advisory Council on Sheriff's Affairs of Lorain County, and a member of the Greater Lorain Chamber of Commerce.

He Made Them Work for It

On Sunday, 30 September 1984, the front page of the newspaper, *The Sacramento Bee* began the following story, the 14th installment in a series under this boxed, explanatory title: *The Pulse of America: Bee reporter Dale Maharidge and photographer Michael Williamson, who have joined in stories about people and their aspirations, are crisscrossing the country this presidential election season. They are asking Americans — voters and non-voters — about their concerns.*

Three illustrations accompanied the story as it continued on page A-22: A medium close horizontal photograph with the caption, "Anne J. Baughman contemplates the meaning of happiness on a private lake in Bloomfield Hill, Mich., a Detroit suburb and the wealthiest city in the country. Her home is on the shoreline." Next to it, a larger vertical photograph captioned, "The view is grim from Joyce Idziak's home in a poor neighborhood. When the American League baseball playoffs begin, she expects to raise prices for parking at her lot near Tiger Stadium."; and below, a U.S. map showing 14 communities visited in the report so far.

For their similarly executed project in 1986, *And Their Children After Them*, Maharidge and Williamson were awarded a Pulitzer Prize in Journalism.

Rich man, poor man:
Two worlds of Detroit

DETROIT — Anne J. Baughman rows her boat out on the private lake. She looks back at her

4,000-square-foot suburban house filled with priceless art and asks, what is happiness?

Happiness isn't chauffeurs, the country club scene, and the fast life, she says. But she does find some joy when flying her commuter airplane.

That same afternoon, 20 miles south, Derick Goodwin leans against his home with boards tacked over the windows and wonders about life.

Where will his next buck come from? Will the kids have enough to eat? He worries about shotgun-toting hoods marching down his street. Everyone seems to have a gun. "So I carry one, too," he says.

Rich man, poor man, shotguns and fast planes, Detroit style, Or as they say on the street, "D-troit," with emphasis on the D.

There are many worlds to be found in the Motor City.

This is the story of two of those worlds: the wealthiest city in the United States, and neighborhood where the infant death rate is worse than in several Central American countries.

• • •

They are rich in Bloomfield Hills, a suburb north of Detroit. According to the 1980 census, this city of 4,000 surpassed Palm Beach, Fla., as having the highest per capita income — \$38,371 for every man, woman and child.

They are poor in the Detroit neighborhood flanked by the shiny towers of the \$337 million Renaissance Center and General Motor's world headquarters. Sixty percent of the residents in this 8-square-mile area earn less than \$5,000 a year, a census report says.

And over each of the last four years, an average of 33 of every 1,000 babies died before their first birthday, according to Jeffrey Taylor, chief of the maternal and infant division for the Michigan Department of Public Health.

The survival rate is three times better in Cuba, Taylor says.

The cheapest home in Bloomfield sells for \$400,000.

In the downtown Detroit neighborhood that has no particular name, houses cost an average of \$8,000. There are few home buyers. When the houses don't sell, they're first boarded up in the vain hope of keeping the junkies and homeless out. Sooner or later, most wind up burned to the ground.

It's illegal to have weeds taller than 10 inches in Bloomfield Hills. No such law applies to the weeds of the other neighborhood.

Chrysler's Lee Iacocca lives in Bloomfield Hills, So do the two men who run Ford and GM.

No one famous lives in the downtown neighborhood. Some who were interviewed migrated her from the South with the hope of finding work. Now, they work to find hope.

. . .

The tale of two cities begins in Bloomfield Hills.

The songs of Frank Sinatra provide background music in City Hall, where Mayor Marilyn Varbedian is interviewed about her city.

"Don't call me Varbedian. I don't think that speaks well of a lady. I am a Mrs.," says Varbedian.

The biggest problem facing Bloomfield Hills besides journalists invading their privacy and doing stories on the richest city in America are youths who paint graffiti on bridge underpasses, the mayor says.

She's also bothered by "people who don't stop at stop signs." She says, "I find it disturbing when people violate the law."

While the mayor talks, a woman approaches the counter and asks for a voter registration form. Anne Baughman introduces herself. In short order we find out she was Miss Cleveland 1962; was a radio and television personality in Lorain, Ohio; there, she met her husband, an executive who rose to be a vice president for Ford Motor Co. of Europe until he recently retired.

She's lived in London and Brazil, and her stepson is J. Ross Baughman, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his photographs of commandos torturing blacks in southern Africa.

Soon, we find ourselves driving down the road with Baughman as she goes to inspect her eight-passenger, twin-engine Cessna.

She wasn't happy with her life, so she opened an executive airline service a few years ago. She flies businessmen to appointments in other Great Lakes-area cities.

Sunglasses perched atop her blond head, she talks away as a parade of giant homes races past the window of her Lincoln Continental.

"I was never good at playing the corporate wife," she says. She says she got sick and tired of chauffeurs and the social set. Now, she utterly avoids that lifestyle.

"When we lived in London, we had chauffeurs and all that stuff. Ford was rich in those days. I had to learn to drive by myself all over again when we came back here."

What is happiness? mutters Baughman, asking a question of herself.

"Sometimes, happiness is pushing the throttle and feeling power when I take off.

Happiness was seeing my 19-year-old daughter on the stage. Happiness is so fleeting. It never lasts. It's like bubbles in champagne. They just go pop! And they're gone. I just don't know.

"When I grew up, the world I knew was like Rock Hudson and Doris Day. I didn't know what I was doing, until I became a pilot.

"My husband is very supportive of what I do. We don't see each other very much. He has his own business now. He's into robotics, I think. But I honestly don't know what he does.

"I have to live in Bloomfield Hills where people are terribly married. My husband is from another generation, but he's pretty with it as far as ideas."

She's not very political, she says, but feels it was her duty to register to vote. "I was out of the country for so many years. I was patriotic," Baughman says, adding that she disliked Presidents Nixon and Carter.

"I may be bamboozled by Reagan, but I think he's a very nice man."

We arrive at the airport, and Baughman jumps in her airplane and takes off on a test flight.

. . .

From Bloomfield Hills, it's a straight shot down Woodward Avenue to that neighborhood in downtown Detroit where the infant death rate is so high.

It takes 25 minutes to go from the short-trimmed lawns where suited men ride horses, to a land of burned-out buildings surrounding Tiger Stadium, where the Detroit baseball team played so well this year.

Joyce Idziak sits on her back porch at tables where she has old clothes set out for sale.

"I sell the dresses for five or ten," she says. She means cents. "You make enough to buy bread or milk," she says.

Vacant lots surround her home. In the last 20 years, "they tore down 51 houses," Idziak says.

A few blocks away, Gwendolyn Boyd walks toward a building with boarded windows. Little saddles are worn in the ancient steps, carved by a century of shuffling feet. She climbs them and opens the door twisted off its frame at an obtuse angle.

An explosion of clutter fills the room inside. Derick Goodwin, who lives with Boyd, and two of their three children watch television. A tablet on the wall commands of daughter Dionne. "Thou shalt do your homework, clean down stairs, sweep the floors." The kitchen table is stacked with government-issued food.

"People here need it," says Boyd. "There's

starving people here. Down here, we don't have money. Every day down here is challenge. Believe me, a challenge."

Heating bills are what break them, Boyd says. Sometimes the bills are as high as \$200. Might as well be \$2 million, she says. Goodwin can't find work, other than handyman jobs. Cuts in welfare haven't helped their finances, she says.

"It's getting ready to get a whole lot worse. Reagan is killing us. I see his television commercials and I get a laugh," says Boyd.

Goodwin groans, "Reagan wants four more years?" he asks. "I'd like to give him four words."

Boyd works for a neighborhood social service center called FOCUS Inc., a non-profit agency trying to rehabilitate the neighborhood.

FOCUS, in part, uses Michigan state funds for a brand-new program called Project Self Reliance that trains the poor for work.

Of the 28,000 who applied state-wide, 7,000 were approved, says Sister Helen Huellmantel, who runs FOCUS. Of the five people on the program in her agency, three have gotten jobs in the private sector.

"These people want jobs. Many of these people want to succeed on their own. But they can't. I don't like giving food and dollars away. This is a creative way of helping people," says Huellmantel.

"I wouldn't be here if there was no hope for this neighborhood.

"It's an insult to me in this land of plenty we have poverty. The distribution of wealth is all wrong. There's been too many cuts in social services.

"There's a direct relationship between money spent for defense and poverty. If Reagan is re-elected, it will get worse here in the next four years."

• • •

Past the men sleeping in gutters on Cass Street, it's back up Woodward Avenue to Bloomfield Hills. The Detroit skyline vanishes in the rear window.

Baughman opens the door of her home. The rear of the house overlooks a lake, where geese honk and cavort. On the walls are paintings, one which once hung in the Chicago Museum of Modern Art. Baughman explains she was once an art dealer in London.

One sculpture is called "Hope," and was created as a limited edition for the 1980 Republican National Convention.

Baughman's husband, Charles, comes home

with a friend. Charles is quiet as we head out to dinner at a local restaurant. He orders a plain hamburger and remains quiet as his business friend describes a Bengal tiger hunt to Nepal, in which he captured and rode wild elephants and shot jungle fowl.

Almost with shyness, Charles Baughman says he worked at Ford for 39 years. He began in the foundry and worked his way up the ladder.

"I started on the line. I know what it's like," he says. "Today, everyone wants something for nothin."

Then the quiet vanishes. He leans forward and an intense look comes across his face.

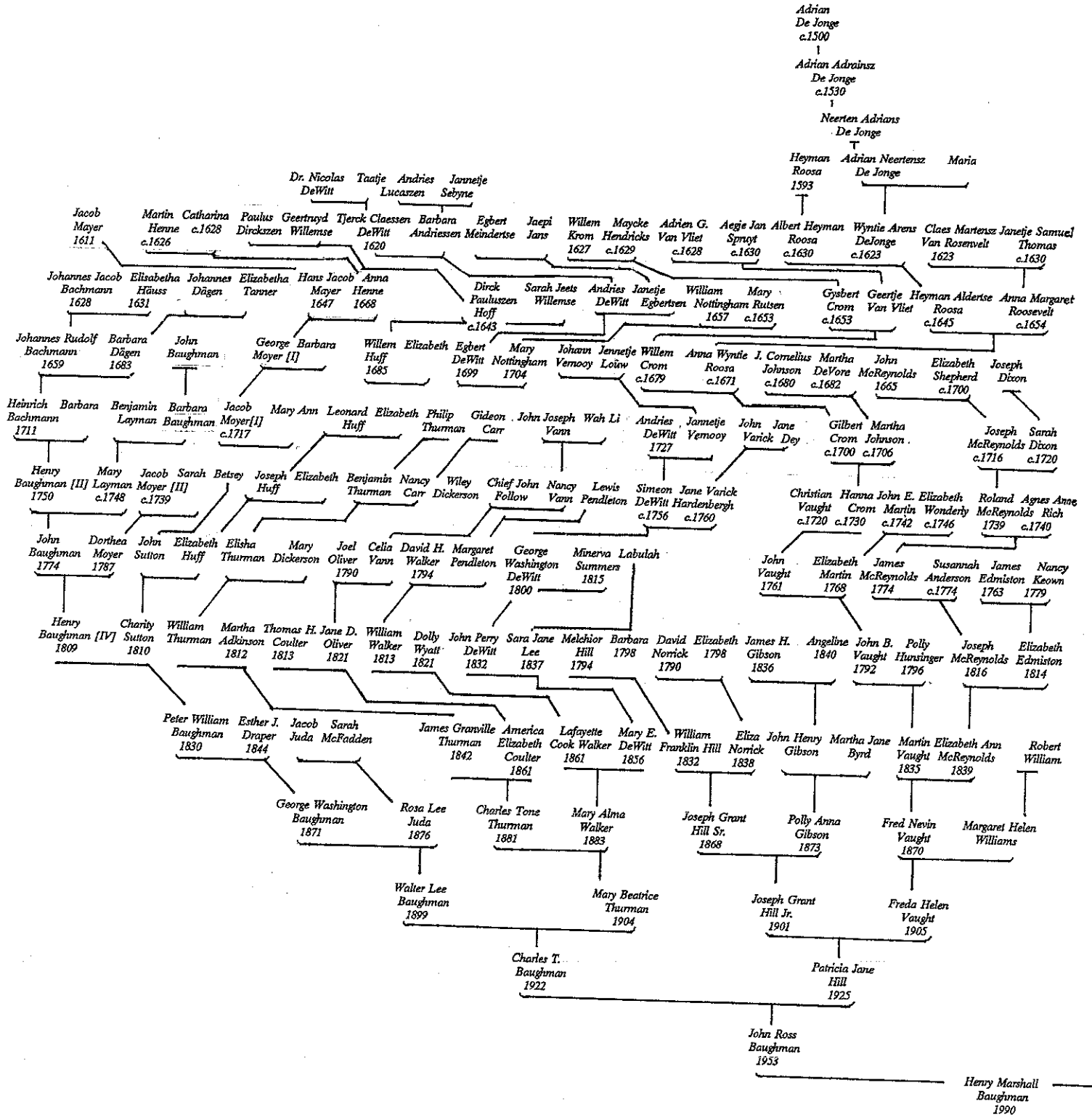
"We're becoming socialistic! People don't work like they did 40 years ago.

"I feel exactly like Ronald Reagan. We got to get the government out of business. Damn that Tip O'Neill! He'll do anything to keep Ronald Reagan from being successful. Ronald Reagan would get a lot more done if he had a Congress that was run by his party.

"As a businessman, I say we need a businessman in Washington. Raising taxes is not the answer. I'd make everyone cut proportionately. You can't spend more than you take in.

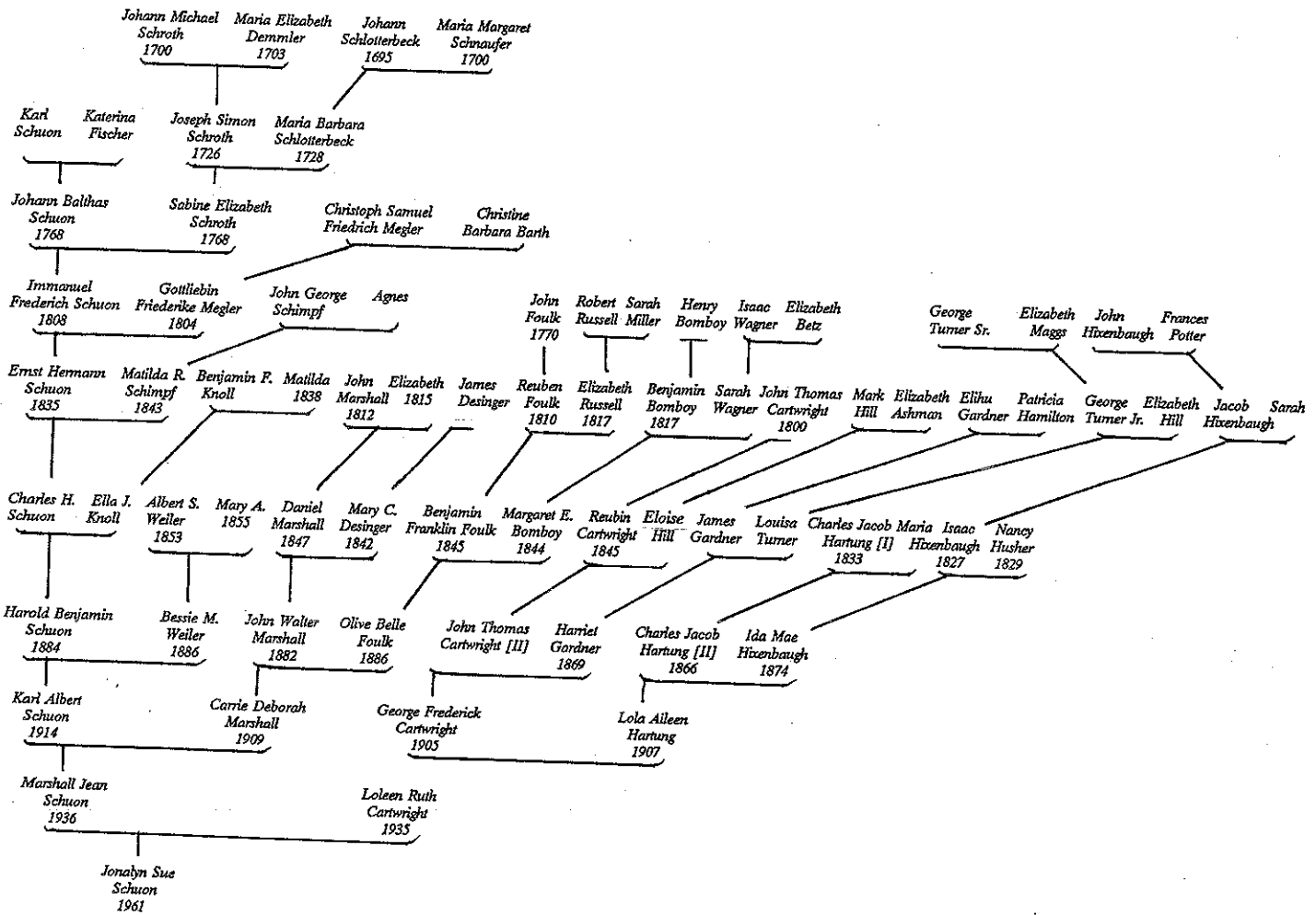
"There's too much abuse of the unemployment and welfare system. Who was the greatest president? Franklin Roosevelt. Do you know what he did? He didn't give anyone money. He made them work for it with the Works Progress Administration.

"What burns my ass off is people are on welfare and weeds along the roads are up to here. If someone needs welfare and they're able-bodied, they should work for it. They should go out and cut the weeds to work for what they get." ■ ■ ■



INCLUDING 246 OF HIS PARENTS, GRANDPARENTS AND GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, ETC.,

THE FAMILY TREE



OF HENRY MARSHALL BAUGHMAN
 REACHING BACK FOR A TOTAL OF 17 GENERATIONS, AND ABOUT 500 YEARS.



FAMILY GROUPINGS

[The double-chevron pointer, >> , indicates an individual who will later head a family in Henry Marshall Baughman's direct lineage.]

PAULUS DIRCKSZEN

was married first to

GEERTRUYD WILLEMSE, also known as Geertje. Their children included

- >> 1.) DIRCK PAULUSZEN, born c.1643 in the Netherlands; who married Echtje Teunis Coevert, daughter of Teunis Janszen Coeverts
- 2.) GEERTRUYD, baptized 2 September 1654 in New Amsterdam (Manhattan Island, New York)
- 3.) PAULUS, who married Lysbeth Paulus in Bedford, Long Island on 8 July 1681
- 4.) ELISABET

Paulus' will, signed with an "X," was recorded on 24 May 1692 along with his second wife JANNETJE JANSE VAN DER VECHTEN, who lived with him until their deaths.

. . .

DIRCK PAULUSZEN, who later signed his name Derrick Pauluszen Hoff, born c.1643 in the Netherlands, was first married to

ECHTJE TEUNIS COEVERT, nicknamed Aaggie, daughter of Teunis Janszen Coevert; baptized along with her son Wilhelmus at the Reformed Dutch Church in Flatbush on 23 May 1680. Their children included

- 1.) PIETER, died 1748 in Somerset County, New Jersey; married Catalpye Brokaw, also known as Cattrytie Berka and had between 1705-1728 Bergen, Derrick, Isaac (who married Catherine Van Nester), Catherine, John (who married Ann Van Nester), Egjen, Elizabeth, Maria and Peter.
- 2.) JOHANNES, baptized 20 May 1680
- 3.) WILHELMUS, baptized 23 May 1680 before witnesses Teunis Janszen Coevert, Arend Frederikz, Janetie Teunis, Janetie Clas van Loendersloot.

Following Echtje's death, Dirck remarried, to SARA JEATES WILLEMS VAN SIMMEKO, also called Sarah Yeats Williams, who resided in Jamaica. Their children were

- >> 4.) WILLEM, also known as William Hoff, baptized 20 April 1685 at the DRC in Flatbush without recorded witnesses; who married Elizabeth.
- 5.) DIRCK, also known as Richard, baptized 29 August 1686 before witnesses Paulus Dirckszen and Elisabeth Pauluszen; died between 1747-1755. He reportedly had two daughters.
- 6.) SARA JANNETJE, baptized 27 May 1688 before witnesses Willem Pos and Geertje Pauluszen; who married Jeremiah Anderson
- 7.) THOMAS, baptized 6 April 1690 before witnesses Luykas Coevers and Marie Coevers; died 13 August 1770; with wife Winefrith Johnson in Hopewell, Hunterdon County, NJ, his children were Thomas, Jacob, Cornelious, Andrew, Rachel and Christian.
- 8.) JAN, also known as John, baptized 13 March 1692
- 9.) POWEL, who had children including Hannah, Richard, Rachel, Isaac and John; died c.1749.
- 10.) JOSEPH, who married Catherine Craig and had Moses (who married Elizabeth Handley) and James; died c.1769.
- 11.) BENJAMIN, who had children including Abel and John; died 1796.
- 12.) CHARLES, who had sons Cornelious, Charles Jr., Peter, James and Gabriel; died between 1756-1764.

Following his father's death, Dirck moved his family in 1693 to Maidenhead, Hunterdon County (today's Lawrenceville, in Mercer County, north of Trenton) New Jersey. Dirck's will was dated 19 November 1722.

WILLEM HOFF, also known as William, baptized 20 April 1685; listed as a yeoman [farmer] in 1740 at Middletown, Monmouth County, New Jersey, located above the highlands on the south side of Raritan Bay; his will was dated 30 October 1742. He was married to ELIZABETH _____, her will dated 1 July 1758. Among their children were

- 1.) WILLIAM
- ▶▶ 2.) LEONARD, also known as Len Huff, who died before 1800 in Cocke County, TN, who married Elizabeth _____.
- 3.) RICHARD
- 4.) JOHN
- 5.) CATHERINE, who married _____ Dorsett
- 6.) SARAH, who married _____ Grigre
- 7.) HANNAH, who married _____ Carman
- 8.) CHRISTIANA
- 9.) ELIZABETH

LEONARD HUFF, who died before 1800 in Cocke County, TN was married to ELIZABETH _____. Among their children was

- ▶▶ 1.) JOSEPH, born c.1755 who married in 1770 in Virginia to Elizabeth _____, born c. 1750; died 1840.

JOSEPH HUFF, born c.1755 was married to ELIZABETH _____, born c.1750. Among their children was

- ▶▶ 1.) ELIZABETH, estate settled March 1862; who married John Sutton Jr. and had children including John, Joseph, Nathan, Charity, Tipton, Leonard, Sina, Daniel and Peter.

JOHN SUTTON JR. was married to

ELIZABETH HUFF, estate settled March 1862. Among their children were

- 1.) JOHN, born 1804 in Cocke Co., TN; married Elizabeth Strickland.
- 2.) JOSEPH, born 1806; married Sarah Baughman.
- 3.) NATHAN, born 1808; married Cynthia Amanda Brown.
- ▶▶ 4.) CHARITY, born, 1810; married Henry Baughman [IV].
- 5.) TIPTON, born 1813; married Sarah _____, also known as Sally.
- 6.) LEONARD, born 1814; married his first cousin, Elizabeth Huff, daughter of his uncle Joseph Huff and Sarah Hill.
- 7.) SINA, also known as Sinia, born 1815, married first to William Willet, and later to James Brown.
- 8.) DANIEL, born 1816; married his first cousin, Nancy Huff, sister to Elizabeth Huff, who married Daniel's brother, Leonard.
- 9.) PETER, born 1821; married Martha Elizabeth Moss, also known as Betsy.

TJERCK CLAESSEN DEWITT, born 1620 in Groothold, Zunderland [Westphalia], the Netherlands, to Dr. Nicholas and Tattje DeWitt; died 17 February 1700 near Kingston, Ulster County, New York, was married on 24 April 1656 at the Reformed Dutch Church in New Amsterdam to

BARBARA ANDRIESEN VAN AMSTERDAM, born 1630 to Andries Lucaszen and Jannetje Sebyne, died 6 September 1714, near Kingston. Their children were

- ▶▶ 1.) ANDRIES, born 1657; who married on 7 March 1682 to Jennetje Egbertsen; died 22 July 1710.
- 2.) TAATJE, born 1659; who married in 1677 to Matthys Matysen Van Keuren; died before 1724.
- 3.) JANNETJE, baptized 12 February 1662; who married Cornelius Swits; died 1744.
- 4.) KLAES, baptized 17 February 1664; died before 1698.
- 5.) JAN, baptized 14 February 1666; who married Wyntje Kiersted; died before 12 April 1715.
- 6.) GEERTRUY, baptized 15 October 1668; who married in 1688 to Hendrick Hendricksen Schoonmaker.
- 7.) JACOB, who married in 1690 to Grietje Vernooy; died 1739.
- 8.) RACHEL, who married Cornelius Bogardus
- 9.) LUCAS, who married in 22 December 1695 to Annatje Delva; died 1703.
- 10.) PEECK, who married first in 1698 to Maritje Janse Vanderburg; and remarried in 1723 to Maria Teunis DeMott.
- 11.) TJERCK
- 12.) MARRITJE, who married first in 1700 to Hendrick Hendricksen Kortregt; and remarried in 1702 to Jan Macklin.
- 13.) AAGIE, baptized 14 January 1684; who married in 1712 to Jan Pawling.

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ANDRIES DEWITT, born 1657 in New Amsterdam; died 22 July 1710, was married on 7 March 1682 to

JENNETJE EGBERTSEN, born 11 January 1664 to Egbert Meindertse and Jaepi Jans; died 25 November 1733. Their children were

- 1.) TJERCK, born 12 January 1683; who married first in 1708 to Ann Pawling; and remarried to Deborah Schoonmaker; died 1762.
- 2.) JACOB, baptized 29 September 1684; died in infancy.
- 3.) BARBARA, baptized 22 June 1686; died in infancy.
- 4.) KLAES, baptized 30 April 1688; died in infancy.
- 5.) BARBARA, born 30 October 1689; who married in 1715 to Johannes Van Leuven; died in 1715.
- 6.) JACOB, born 30 December 1691; who married in 1731 to Heyltje Van Kampen.
- 7.) MARIA, born 21 December 1693; who married in 1713 to Jan Roosa.
- 8.) HELENA, born 7 December 1693; who married in 1719 to Jacob Swits.
- 9.) ANDRIES, born 1 April 1697; died 1701.
- ▶▶ 10.) EGBERT, born 18 March 1699; who married in 1726 to Mary Nottingham.
- 11.) JOHANNES, born 26 March 1701; who married in 1724 to Mary Brodhead.
- 12.) ANDRIES, baptized 20 February 1703; who married in 1731 to Bredgen Nottingham.

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EGBERT DEWITT, born 18 March 1699; died 13 July 1761
was married on 4 November 1726 to
MARY NOTTINGHAM, born 19 May 1704 to William Nottingham and Margaret Rutsen; died January 1759.
Their children were

- ▶▶ 1.) ANDRIES, baptized 1727; who married in 1748 to Jennetje Vernooy; died 1799.
- 2.) JACOB RUTSEN, born 1729; who married in 1756 to Jennetje DePuy; died 1792.
- 3.) WILLIAM, baptized 1731; who married in 1762 to Susanna Chambers.
- 4.) JOHN E., baptized 1733; who married in 1765 to Catharine Newkirk.
- 5.) STEPHEN, baptized 1735; who married in 1770 to Wyntie Brodhead.
- 6.) MARY, born 1737; who married in 1765 to General James Clinton; died 1795.
- 7.) EGBERT, baptized 1 April 1739
- 8.) THOMAS, born 1741; who married in 1782 to Elsie Hasbrouck.
- 9.) BENJAMIN, baptized 19 January 1743
- 10.) REUBEN, born 1745; who married in 1772 to Elizabeth DePuy; died 1800.

ANDRIES DEWITT, baptized 15 October 1727; died 30 September 1799;
was married on 24 April 1748 to
JANNETTE VERNOOY, baptized 3 March 1728 by her parents Johannes Vernooy and Jenneke Louw; died 7 February
1795. Their children were

- 1.) ANNA, born 6 April 1749; who married on 5 April 1778 to Hugo Freer; died 20 January 1819.
- 2.) EGBERT, born 1 October 1750; who married Elizabeth Smith; died 25 March 1816.
- 3.) MARIA, born 24 April 1752; who married in 1799 to Joseph Hasbrouck; died 17 March 1806.
- 4.) JOHN A., baptized 1753; who married first in 1776 to Rachel Bevier; remarried secondly to
Magdalena Bevier; and remarried a third time, to Marie Vernooy; died 1818.
- ▶▶ 5.) CORNELIS, baptized 21 July 1755; who married Antje Westbrook.
- 6.) SIMEON, born 1756; who married first in 1789 to Elizabeth Lynnot; remarried secondly to Jane Varick;
and remarried a third time, in 1810 to Susan Lynn; died 1834.
- 7.) WILLIAM, born 17 December 1758; who married Lea DuBois.
- 8.) JENNEKE, born 1760; who married to John C. Hardenbergh.
- 9.) CATHARINE, born 20 September 1762; who married on 21 June 1786 to Nathaniel Bevier; died
24 August 1850.
- 10.) ANDRIES, baptized 20 January 1766; died 10 March 1851.
- 11.) SARAH, baptized 2 February 1767
- 12.) ELIZABETH, born 24 June 1769; who married on 22 December 1801 to Henry Guest.
- 13.) LEVI, born 7 October 1771; died 1819.
- 14.) BENJAMIN, born 1775; who married in 1800 to Eve Bloodgood Hardenbergh; died 1877.

SIMEON DEWITT, born 26 December 1756; died 3 December 1834
was married first on 12 October 1789 to Elizabeth Lynott (1767-1793); and remarried to
JANE VARICK HARDENBERGH, born 18 May 1760 to John Varick and Jane Dey; died 10 April 1808. Children were

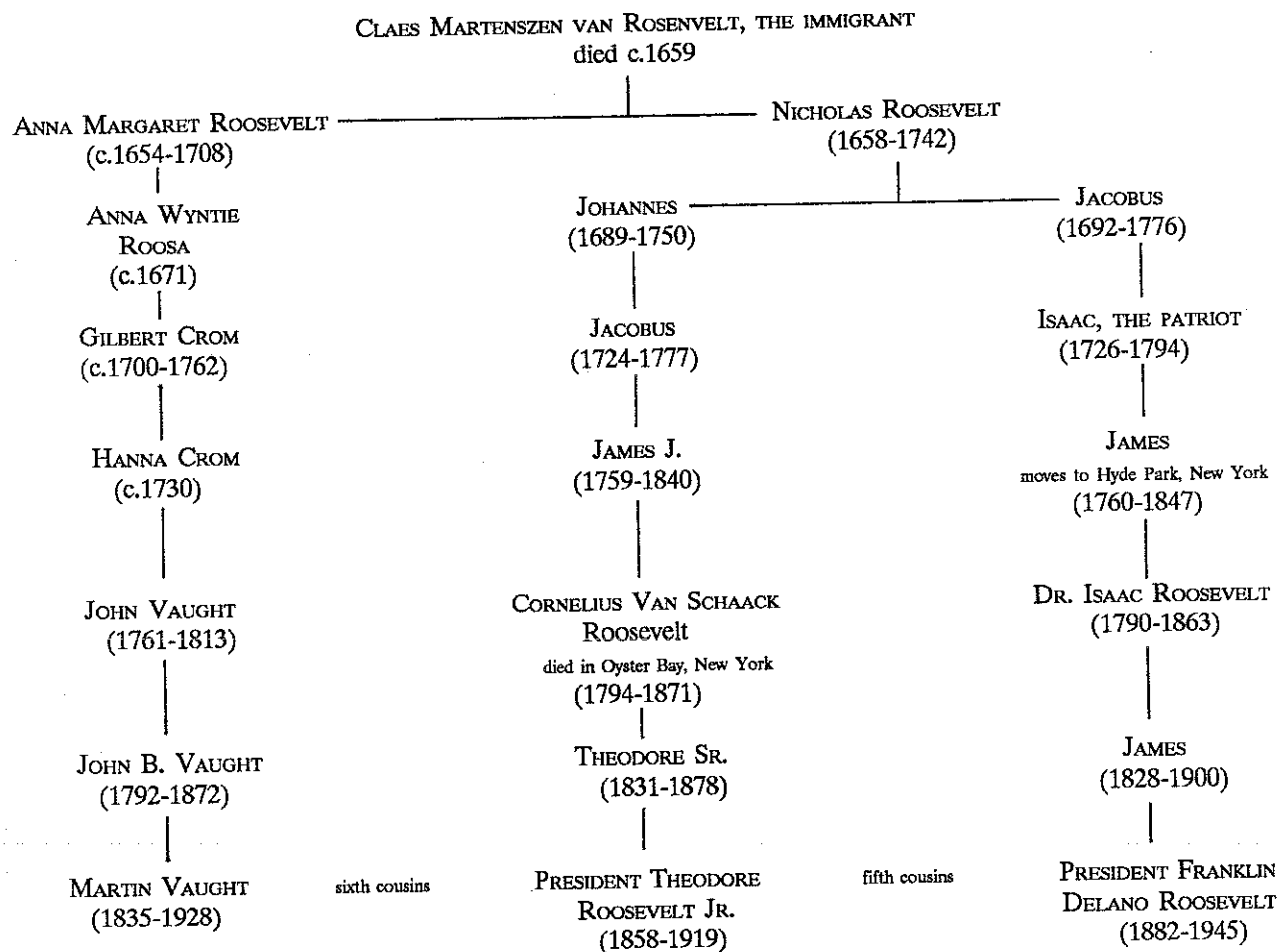
- ▶▶ 1.) RICHARD VARICK, born 1800; who married in 1831 to Sara Walsh; died 1868.
- 2.) GEORGE WASHINGTON, born 17 February 1801; who married Minerva Summers; died 19 October 1864.

SUSAN LINN, born 30 October 1778, became Simeon's third wife, on 29 October 1810; died 5 May 1824.

- 3.) SUSAN LINN, born 1811; who married in 1836 to Levi Hubbell; died 1847.
- 4.) CORNELIA LANSING, born 10 September 1813; died 15 March 1820.
- 5.) WILLIAM LINN, born 13 January; who never married; died 12 October 1903.
- 6.) MARY LINN, born 23 February 1819, who never married; died 20 March 1871.

CLAES MARTENSZEN VAN ROSEVELT, nicknamed Cleyn Claesie, born c.1628 in the Netherlands; died between October 1658 and late 1659; was married to JANNETJE SAMUELS THOMAS, born c.1630 in Zeeland, the Netherlands; died c.1660 in New Amsterdam, New Netherlands. Their children were

- 1.) CHRISTAEN, baptized 23 October 1650 in New Amsterdam
- 2.) ELSJE, baptized 12 February 1652 in New Amsterdam; who married in 1671 to Hendrick Meyert Jillis, baptized 6 March 1650 by his parents Gillis Pieterszen and Elsje Hendricks Meyer; died after October 1703.
- ▶▶ 3.) ANNA MARGARET, baptized 29 August 1654 in New Amsterdam; who married Heyman Aldertse Roosa; died before August 1708.
- 4.) CHRISTINA, baptized 30 July 1656 in New Amsterdam; who married first to Nicholas Da LaMontagne; and then remarried, to John Hamill.
- 5.) NICHOLAS, baptized 2 October 1658 in New Amsterdam; who married on 26 December 1682 at the Dutch Reformed Church in New Amsterdam to Heyltje Jans Kunst; died 1742



[Theodore Jr.'s younger brother, Elliott (1860-1894) had a daughter Eleanor Roosevelt, who married her fifth cousin once removed, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.]

HANS JACOB MAYER, born in Reterschen, Switzerland; baptized 12 September 1647 in Gross Sachsenheim, Württemberg, to Jacob Mayer (born 1611 in Reterschen); died 27 May 1693 during the French invasion of Germany; was married to

ANNA HENNE, born c.1647 in Holzheim, Württemberg, to Martin and Catharina Henne; died 27 May 1693 with her husband during the war. In the Evangelical Lutheran church register, their children were

- 1.) ANNA CATHARINA, baptized 2 January 1669 in Gross Sachsenheim
 - 2.) HANS JACOB, baptized 14 August 1670; died 29 September 1735 in Gross Sachsenheim.
 - 3.) ANNA MARGETHA, baptized 12 July 1672
 - ▶▶ 4.) HANS GEORG, baptized 23 October 1674
 - 5.) ANNA MARIA, baptized 31 March 1676
 - 6.) AGNES, baptized 16 January 1676
- . . .

HANS GEORG MAYER, baptized 23 October 1674 in Gross Sachsenheim, Württemberg;
was married to

BARBARA ____, born c.1686. Their children were

- 1.) CHRISTOPHER, born 3 February 1708 in Gross Sachsenheim
 - 2.) JOHAN MICHAEL, born 12 September 1709 in Gross Sachsenheim; who married Mary Gerhardt, widow of Georg Blakenbaker, and had Elizabeth, Michael, Barbara, Hannah, Susanna; will proved 6 November 1771.
 - 3.) MARIA SUSANNA, baptized 14 November 1711 in Gross Sachsenheim
 - 4.) CATHARINA BARBARA, baptized 17 August 1714 in Gross Sachsenheim
 - ▶▶ 5.) JACOB [I], born c.1717 in King William County, Virginia
 - 6.) GEORGE, born c.1719 in Virginia
- . . .

JACOB MOYER [I], born c.1717 in King William, King William County, Virginia
was married to

MARY ____, born c.1719. Their children included

- ▶▶ 1.) JACOB [II], born 1739 in Culpeper County, Virginia
 - 2.) ELIZABETH, born c.1741
 - 3.) JOHN, born c.1743
 - 4.) KATHERINE, born c.1745
- . . .

JACOB MOYER [II], born 1739 in the Robinson River Valley settlement, Culpeper County, Virginia;
will proved 1795 in Botetourt County, Virginia; was married to

SARAH ____, nicknamed Sally, who remarried after Jacob's death to Peter Deisher on 28 January 1797.
Jacob and Sarah's children were

- 1.) ELIZABETH, who married on 16 June 1789 in Botetourt County to Michael Derrick.
- 2.) ADAM, who married on 26 December 1792 in Botetourt County to Catherine Jones.
- 3.) Susannah
- 4.) JACOB [III]
- 5.) MATTHEAS, who married Mary ____.
- 6.) MODLINA
- 7.) KATHERINE
- 8.) BARBARA, who married John Stroude.
- 9.) PETER
- 10.) JOHN, who married on 18 December 1805 in Botetourt County to Catherine Niday.
- 11.) SARAH
- ▶▶ 12.) DORTHEA, nicknamed Dolly, born 25 December 1787; who married on 21 January 1805 in Botetourt County, Virginia to John Baughman; died 14 September 1873 in Iron County, Missouri.

BENJAMIN LAYMAN, born c.1723; died between 9 January 1787 and 28 February 1788 in Shenandoah County, Virginia, was first married in 1747 to

BARBARA BAUGHMAN, BORN c.1726 TO JOHN BAUGHMAN OF HEMPFIELD TOWNSHIP, LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA; DIED SOMETIME BEFORE OCTOBER 1782. Their children were

- ▶▶ 1.) MARY, born circa 1748; died sometime before December 1807, who married Henry Baughman Jr., born 1750; died December 1807 in Botetourt County, Virginia.
- 2.) BARBARA, born circa 1750, who married Christian Funkhouser on 21 June 1774 in Shenandoah County, Virginia
- 3.) JOHN, born circa 1752; died June 1821, who married in 1786 to Barbara Baughman, daughter of Henry and Barbara Baughman; who died 7 November 1828 in Shenandoah County, Virginia.
- 4.) ELIZABETH, born circa 1754, who married Jacob Shireman before January 1787.
- 5.) ISAAC, born circa 1756, who married Mary before 1785, and lived with her in Highland County, Ohio between 1806 - 1817.
- 6.) BENJAMIN JR., born circa 1758; died before 24 January 1821,
- 7.) JOSEPH, born circa 1760, who married Barbara Whitsel on 15 January 1789 in Shenandoah County, Virginia.
- 8.) CATHERINE, born circa 1762, who married Godfrey Wilkins on 12 June 1786 in Shenandoah County, Virginia.
- 9.) ANNA, born circa 1764, who married Philip Wilkins on 24 April 1788 in Shenandoah County, Virginia.
- 10.) SUSANNAH, born circa 1766, who married first to John Black on 30 June 1787 and later to John Swart
- 11.) CHRISTINA, born circa 1768, who married Daniel Keller on 8 October 17__.
- 12.) ROSANNAH, born circa 1770, who married John Kibler on 14 January 1808 and lived in Highland County, Ohio between 1806 - 1817.
- 13.) SARAH, born circa 1772, who married Runyan Huffman after 1787 and lived in Highland County, Ohio between 1806 - 1817.

Benjamin remarried for the last few years of his life, to
CATHERINE ____, born c.1726; died before 31 October 1788 in Shenandoah County, Virginia.

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JOHN BAUGHMAN, born c.1704; died intestate prior to 2 June 1763 in Hempfield Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. His wife's name is unknown, but their children were

- ▶▶ 1.) ALICE, who married George Mumma, yeoman of Hempfield Township; died prior to 2 June 1763.
- 2.) BARBARA, born c.1726; who married Benjamin Layman Sr.; died before October 1782
- 3.) MARY, who married Nicholas Bower, yeoman of Hempfield Township; died prior to @ June 1763.
- 4.) ANNE, who married Sebastian Weidman, a literate yeoman of Hempfield Township; died prior to 2 June 1763.
- 5.) ELISABETH, who married Joseph Charles, a literate yeoman of Lancaster County
- 6.) CHRISTINA, who married on 6 March 1759 at Trinity Lutheran Church in Lancaster to Nicholas Young, a literate blacksmith, of Hempfield Township.

HEINRICH BACHMANN, anglicized to Henry Baughman in Philadelphia, born 13 October 1711 in Richterswil, Canton Zürich, Switzerland; died shortly before 25 November 1779 at Holman's Creek, Shenandoah County, Virginia. He immigrated to America on 7 February 1739. He was married to BARBARA _____, died c.1798 at Hudson's Cross Roads, Shenandoah County, Virginia, and was buried there next to her second husband, John Glick St. Her children with Heinrich were

- 1.) JOHN, born 31 December 1748; who married in 1774 to Ann Brennemon; died c.1802 in Shenandoah County, Virginia.
- ▶▶ 2.) HENRY [II], born 1750; who married in 1773 to Mary Layman; died December 1807.
- 3.) JACOB, who married Catherine Neff; died before November 1813.
- 4.) ANN, who married on 4 June 1785 to Mark Fox; died apparently before 1805.
- 5.) BARBARA, who married in 1786 to John Layman.
- 6.) ABRAHAM
- 7.) ELIZABETH, who married first to _____ Eastep, and remarried, to John Glick Sr.
- 8.) _____, a daughter, who married to Jacob Hunseger.
- 9.) _____, a daughter, who married to Christian Coffman.
- 10.) _____, a daughter, who married to William Duggan.

CHRISTIAN VAUGHT, born c.1720 in the Germanic Kingdom of Prussia was married to

HANNAH CRUM, born c.1730 to Gilbert Crom and Martha Johnson. Their children were

- 1.) SIMEON
- 2.) HANNAH, who married on 4 May 1795 to Thomas Body.
- ▶▶ 3.) JOHN, born 15 December 1761 in Hagerstown, Washington County, Maryland; who married Elizabeth Martin; died 15 June 1813 in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky.

JOHN VAUGHT, born 15 December 1761 in Hagerstown, Washington County, Maryland; served as a private in Captain William Wilson's Company from Cumberland County, Pennsylvania during the Revolutionary War (DAR No.652088: Mary Shirer); died 15 June 1813 in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky; was married to

ELIZABETH MARTIN, born 10 February 1768 in Hagerstown to John Everhard Martin and Jacobena Elizabeth Wonderly; died 2 December 1843 in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky. Their children were

- 1.) MARGARET, born 15 February 1785 in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania; who married September 1803 in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky to Elias Smith; died c.1823.
- 2.) ABRAHAM, born 31 July 1787 in Mifflin County; who married on 12 June 1808 to Elizabeth Bell; died on 15 July 1876 in Burnt Prairie, White County, Illinois, and is buried there at the Salem Cemetery.
- 3.) ELEANOR, born 1 October 1789 in Mifflin County
- ▶▶ 4.) JOHN B., born 14 February 1792 in Mifflin County; who married Polly Hunsinger; died 11 September 1872.
- 5.) DANIEL, born 25 June 1794 in Fayette County, Pennsylvania
- 6.) MARY, born 4 November 1797 in Jefferson County, Kentucky; who married on 5 June 1827 in Muhlenberg County to Moses L. Glenn.
- 7.) FRANCIS, born 23 May 1800 in Muhlenberg County; who married there on 26 June 1828 to Elizabeth Graves.
- 8.) SIMON, born 22 February 1803 in Muhlenberg County; who married there on 5 December 1833 to Elizabeth Deering.
- 9.) MARTIN, born 29 September 1805 in Muhlenberg County.
- 10.) SAMUEL FUBBIN, born 11 January 1808 in Muhlenberg County.
- 11.) CHRISTOPHER MARTIN, born 21 December 1810 in Muhlenberg County; who married there on 9 May 1835 to Marion L. Poag.

JOHN B. VAUGHT, born 14 February 1792 in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania; died 11 September 1872 in Chelsea, Butler County, Kansas; was married to
POLLY HUNSINGER, born 12 March 1796 in Shelby County, Kentucky; died 18 December 1851 in Edgar County, Illinois. Their children were

- 1.) ELLEN, born 5 August 1819 in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky; died 14 March 1821.
- 2.) LOUISA, born 13 November 1820 in Muhlenberg County; who married on 15 April 1846 to Benjamin Sheldon; died 25 August 1908.
- 3.) WESLEY, born 3 May 1822 in Muhlenberg County; who married on 4 February 1847 to Elvira Gilgis; died 30 October 1907.
- 4.) EMELINE, born 5 January 1824 in Muhlenberg County; who married on 1 December 1843 to Nathaniel Link; died 6 May 1860.
- 5.) EMILY, born 24 January 1824 in Muhlenberg County; died 26 January 1906.
- 6.) MARY, born 3 January 1826 in Muhlenberg County; who married on 3 March 1850 to John C. Lambden.
- 7.) BETSEY ANN, born 12 April 1828 in Edgar County, Illinois
- 8.) SUSAN, born 12 April 1828 in Edgar County; who married on 12 August 1856 to Joseph Edmiston.
- 9.) JOHN MILTON, born 15 March 1830 in Edgar County; died 12 August 1863.
- 10.) ELEANOR, born 6 February 1832 in Edgar County; who married on 25 December 1855 to George Donaldson; died 27 August 1883.
- ▶▶ 11.) MARTIN, born 8 January 1835 in Edgar County; who married Eliza Ann McReynolds; died 16 February 1928 in Wichita, Sedwick County, Kansas.
- 12.) MARGARET, born 15 March 1837 in Edgar County; who married in 1868 to Horation O. Chittenden; died c.1908.
- 13.) NEVIN, born 22 July 1840; died 14 March 1862, killed in Mississippi.

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MARTIN VAUGHT, born 8 January 1835 in Edgar County, Illinois to John B. Vaught and Polly Hunsinger Vaught; died 16 February 1928 in Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas and was buried the next day in Raton, Colfax, New Mexico; was married on 10 February 1861 in Edgar County, Illinois to

ELIZA ANN McREYNOLDS, born 4 September 1839 in Greencastle, Putnum County, Indiana to Joseph McReynolds and Elizabeth L. Edmiston McReynolds; died 15 January 1920 in Pueblo, Pueblo County, Colorado, and was buried two days later near her husband in Raton, New Mexico. Their children were

- 1.) CORA HELEN, born 26 January 1862 in El Dorado, Butler County, Kansas; died 28 November 1940 in Maywood, Los Angeles County, California, and is buried at the Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale in the same county; who married Samuel Edwin Davis on 26 January 1884 in El Dorado, Butler County.
- 2.) JOHN BROWN, born 8 January 1864 in El Dorado, Kansas; died April 1953.
- 3.) BESSIE, born 26 December 1865 in El Dorado, Kansas; died 30 May 1958 in Chelsea, Butler County, Kansas; who married Thomas Oliver Arnell on 29 July 1887 in Ness City, Ness County, Kansas.
- 4.) NELLIE, born circa 1867 in Chelsea, Kansas; died the next year and is buried in El Dorado.
- ▶▶ 5.) FRED NEVIN, born 18 June 1870 in Chelsea, Butler County, Kansas; died circa 1940; who married Margaret Helen Williams, daughter of Robert Williams.
- 6.) ALICE, born 14 April 1872 in Chelsea, Kansas; died 28 October 1972 in Colorado Springs, Colorado; who married Jack T. Wooten.
- 7.) ROBERT MILTON, born 15 December 1874.
- 8.) IDA DELTA, born 14 March 1877 in Chelsea, Kansas; died circa 1891 in Chelsea.
- 9.) CARL, born 17 November 1879 in Chelsea, Kansas; died circa 1880 in Chelsea.
- 10.) ETHEL, born 14 August 1882 in Chelsea, Kansas; died January 1910; who married Shad T. Whittacker.

Martin Vaught was an active member of the Masonic Order and the Presbyterian Church.

MELCHIOR HILL, born 1794 in Maryland; died 1868 in Bellville, Richland County, Ohio, and is buried in the Bellville Cemetery; who married about 1817 to

BARBARA ____, born 1798 in Pennsylvania; died 1885 in Bellville, Richland County, Ohio, and is buried next to her husband. Their children were

- 1.) RACHEL, born 15 March 1818,
who married as a Presbyterian on 17 November 1837 to John Hughes, a tailor and Newville postmaster, born 5 September 1805 in Bucks County, Pennsylvania; died 24 February 1863 in Newville, Ohio; with whom she had six children.
- 2.) JESSE, who moved with his brother William to Indiana following the Civil War.
- 3.) NAOMI, died before 1880 in Jeromesville, Ohio,
who married Matthias Dish of Jeromesville.
- 4.) MIRANDA,
who married Conn Seaman.
- 5.) LYDIA ANN, born 1831; died 1895 in Bellville, Richland County, Ohio,
who never married.
- ▶▶ 6.) WILLIAM FRANKLIN, born 4 January 1832 in Greensburg, Washington County, Maryland; died 16 February 1908 in Clyde, Grant County, Oklahoma; who married on 14 May 1857 in Richland County, Ohio to Elizabeth Norrick, born 2 March 1838 in Scio, Harrison County, Ohio; died 11 December 1888 in Kansas.
- 7.) ELIZABETH, born 1 July 1834 in Bellville, Ohio,
who married as a Presbyterian on 29 November 1855 to Robert Wilson Hazlet, tanner and merchant, born 18 June 1828 in Worthington Township, Richland County, Ohio
- 8.) CATHARINE, born 1837 in Bellville, Ohio,
who married John Shoemaker, a soldier who died in the Civil War.
- 9.) MARY, born 1839 in Bellville, Ohio,
who married Abraham Titus, and moved with him to Michigan.
- 10.) FRANCIS C., nicknamed Frank, born 1844 in Bellville, Ohio; died 1919 and is buried next to his parents in the Bellville Cemetery.

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WILLIAM FRANKLIN HILL, born 4 January 1832 in Greensburg, Washington County, Maryland; died 16 February 1908 in Clyde, Grant County, Oklahoma; was married on 14 May 1857 in Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio by Reverend Royce to

ELIZABETH NORRICK, born 2 March 1838 to David and Elizabeth Norrick in Scio, Harrison County, Ohio; died on 11 December 1888 in Kansas. Their children were

- 1.) SAREPTA JANE, born 9 July 1858
- 2.) IDA, born 23 September 1859
- 3.) DANIEL, born 5 January 1861
- 4.) G.S., born 22 April 1866
- ▶▶ 5.) JOSEPH GRANT, born 20 August 1868 in Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio; died 14 September 1947 in Stillwater, Payne County, Oklahoma; who married Polly Anna Gibson, born 6 December 1873 in Aurora, Lawrence County, Missouri; died 5 November 1967 in Stillwater.
- 6.) RACHEL, BORN 31 DECEMBER 1870
- 7.) ANNA E., born April 1873
- 8.) MINA, born 3 October 1875
- 9.) JESSIE B., born 15 January 1880 in Kansas; who married Charles W. Bailey, born in February 1876 in Iowa.

John Joseph Vann, a white trader living among the Cherokee in the Ninety-six Community of South Carolina was married to
AGNES WEATHERFORD. Their children were

- 1.) KEZIAH, born 1763
- 2.) JOHN ISAAC

John Joseph abandoned Agnes (who remarried to ___ Burlison) and began a common law marriage to WAH LI, who took the name Mary Vann and was known as Mother Vann after converting to Christianity and being baptized, born to a powerful Cherokee chief in southeastern Tennessee. Their children were

- 3.) JAMES CLEMENT [III], known as Chief James Vann, born c.1767 near Spring Place, in northwestern Georgia; died 15 February 1809.
- ▶▶ 4.) NANCY, who married Chief John Follow of Coosawattee, and had Celia, born c.1800 in Tennessee; Ruth, 1805; and a son.
- 5.) ALCIE ANN, who married Captain John Rogers in Georgia, and had Polly Ann, born c.1787.
- 6.) MARY, born 17 October 1787, who married Lewis Blackburn.

Following John Joseph's death, Wah Li married his brother, James Clement Vann [I].

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DAVID H. WALKER, born 1794 in Tennessee, resided in Shelby County, near Memphis, in 1840; was married to

MARGARET PENDLETON, born in Tennessee to Lewis Pendleton. Their children were

- 1.) ADDISON H., born 1811 in Tennessee; married Jane ____, born 1819.
- 2.) THOMAS, born 1811 in Tennessee; married Martha ____, born 1823.
- 3.) LEONARD LAFAYETTE, born 4 April 1812 in Tennessee; married Sarah James; died 23 November 1922.
- ▶▶ 4.) WILLIAM, born 1813 in North Carolina; married Sally ____, born 1817.
- 5.) ABRAHAM, born 1817 in Tennessee; married Leah ____, born 1817.
- 6.) POLLY, born 1818 in Tennessee.
- 7.) JOHN T., born 1824 in Tennessee; married Narcissa ____, born 1825.

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WILLIAM WALKER, born 1813 in North Carolina to David H. and Margaret Walker; died before 1870, was married first to

SALLY ____, born 1817 in Tennessee. Their children were

- 1.) JOHN DAVID, born 1839; who had two children.
- 2.) ALLA, nicknamed Altie, born 1841; who married William Moody.
- 3.) VIRGINIA, nicknamed Virgie, born 1845; who married Thomas A. Coulter.
- 4.) ARVANNA, nicknamed Vannie, born 1846; who married John Page.
- 5.) ALMA, born 1848; who married James Ruble.
- 6.) JAMES F., born 1851, died 1883.

A second marriage, about this time was to

DOLLY WYATT, born 1821 in Tennessee. William Walker's further children were

- 7.) CALVIN V., born 1856; had one son and one daughter.
- 8.) GEORGE G., born 1858; who never married.
- ▶▶ 9.) LAFAYETTE COOK, born 29 November 1861; who married Mary E. DeWitt; and died 26 August 1940.
- 10.) MARY F., was born before 1870; who married ___ Painter.
- 11.) WILLIAM
- 12.) THOMAS, who died in infancy

BENJAMIN THURMAN, son of Philip Thurman "of the Colonial Wars and the Revolution," lived on South West Mountain, circa 1790, Albemarle County, Virginia, was married to NANCY CARR, daughter of Gideon Carr.

- 1.) FENDALL C., left in 1827 for western Tennessee, near Memphis after marrying Ann Royster of Goochland, Virginia. Their children were Edward, Janetta and Catherine.
 - 2.) SUSAN, who married John Rothwell on 7 January 1799 in Albemarle County.
 - 3.) SARAH, who married Austin Sandridge in 1799 in Albemarle County.
 - 4.) MARY, who married John Gentry.
 - 5.) ANN, who married Micajah W. Carr.
 - ▶▶ 6.) ELISHA, who married Mary Dickerson in 1816.
 - 7.) LUCY
- . . .

ELISHA THURMAN, a veteran of the War of 1812 who was married in 1816 to

MARY DICKERSON, daughter of Wiley Dickerson, to whom the following children were born:

- 1.) DANIEL WILSON, born 24 July 1817; died 4 October 1864; buried at the Kissee Cemetery near Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri, who married Cynthia _____, born 20 November 1818; died 3 September 1885.
 - 2.) FENDALL D.
 - 3.) ROBERT, nicknamed Bob, born 10 March 1820; who had children including Jane, Martha and Tom; died 13 August 1898; buried at the Taneyville Cemetery, in Taney County.
 - ▶▶ 4.) WILLIAM, who married twice, the second time to Martha Adkinson.
 - 5.) ANN, who married James Wheeler.
 - 6.) MARY, who married John Carr.
 - 7.) THOMAS
 - 8.) CAROLINE, who married William H. Peyton.
 - 9.) BENJAMIN W.
 - 10.) THEODORE LINDSAY, who married Homieselle Victoria Quaintence
- . . .

WILLIAM THURMAN, died circa 1850, who first married:

_____, about whom only their son is known:

- 1.) GENERAL, born 1838, a Taney County clerk in 1908; buried in Branson, Taney County, Missouri, who married _____, and had four children: Sterl, Red, Priscilla and "Black" Jim of Texas.

Following the death of this first wife, he remarried, to:

MARTHA ADKINSON, born 5 May 1812; died 22 April 1867; buried at the Snapp Cemetery, Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri. They lived on a farm in Prairie Township, Taney County, Missouri in 1850 and had at least four children:

- ▶▶ 2.) JAMES GRANVILLE, born 25 August 1842; died 20 February 1915; buried at the Snapp Cemetery, who was married to Phoebe _____ [1861], and America Elizabeth Coulter [1879].
- 3.) W.R., born 1844
- 4.) MARY F., born 1847, who married G. Green Stallcup, and had four children: Leddie, Rebecca, Susie and Roy.
- 5.) J., born 1850
- 6.) G. WILLIAM

IMMANUEL FREDERICH SCHUON, born 30 March 1808 in Calw, Württemberg [Germany] Johann
Balthas and Sabine Elizabeth Schroth Schuon; died 10 April 1892 in Dobel; was married first
on 13 February 1831 to

GOTTLIEBIN FRIEDERIKE MEGLER, born 21 July 1804 to Christoph Samuel Friedrich and Christine Barbara Barth
Megler of Dobel; died 6 January 1852. Their children were

- 1.) DOROTHEA KAROLINE, born 8 June 1831; died in infancy on 26 March 1832.
- 2.) a child, stillborn 31 May 1832
- 3.) KARL EMANUEL, born 10 May 1833 in Calw; married on 9 October 1866 to Johanna Amalie _____
Charlotte
- ▶▶ 4.) ERNST HERMANN, born 22 February 1835 in Dobel; who married Matilda R. Schimpf; died 10 October
1912 in Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania.
- 5.) DOROTHEA ELISABETH, born 24 November 1836; who married on 27 November 1862 to Pfeiffer
Michael[el]
- 6.) MARIA LUISE, born 4 October 1838; who married on 1 April 1872 to [Khu__ste Boc__ ?]
- 7.) FRIEDRICH WILHELM, born 24 June 1840; who married first on 13 April 1868 to Elisabeth Knip, who
died in 1876; and remarried on 9 October 1876, to Luise Boheneberger.
- 8.) IMMANUEL GOTTLIEB, born 5 February 1842; who married on 6 February 1870 to Hei_meka Charlotte.
- 9.) HEINRICH AUGUST, born 27 October 1843; who never married; died 13 January 1872
- 10.) WILHELMINE GOTTLIEBIN, born 19 July 1845; who married on 3 November 1870 to; died 1913.

Following the death of his first wife in January, Immanuel Frederick remarried later that year, on 1 August
1852 to

CHRISTIANE OHNR__ IET, born 9 September 1830 to Gerwick Matthöu_ Str____]and Maria Christiane Megler; died
during delivery 15 June 1901. Their children were

- 11.) CHRISTIAN FRIEDERICH, born 5 may 1853; who married on 10 January 1875 to _____ Mätz.
- 12.) GUSTAF ADOLPH, born 7 September 1855
- 13.) GOTTLIEB KARL IMMANUEL, born 27 August 1858; died in infancy on 11 March 1859.
- 14.) ANNA BEATHA, born 5 July 1860
- 15.) GEORG RÜDOLF, born 20 October 1862; who never married; died 4 July 1886.
- 16.) CHRISTIAN AUGUST, born 25 December 1865; who married on 26 January 1907 to Maria Boch
- 17.) CLARA MARIA, born 25 January 1869
- 18.) SIGMUND HEINRICH, born 13 May 1872

*B-1.) _____ 17 JOHANNA, born 24 June 1894

JOHN GEORGE SCHIMPF, born in Shönaich, Württemberg [Germany], a weaver who immigrated to the United States
before 1854, was married to

AGNES _____. Their children were

- 1.) HERBERT, who never married, but took care of his blind sister Mary; died before she did.
- ▶▶ 2.) MATILDA R., born 16 July 1843; who married Ernst Hermann Schuon; died 14 December 1890.
- 3.) ELLA, who married John Priest, and moved to Philadelphia.
- 4.) MARY, who was blind and lived with brother Herbert most of her life; died in advanced age.

ERNST HERMANN SCHUON, born 22 February 1835 in Dobel, Württemberg [Germany] to Immanuel Frederick Schuon and Gottliebin Frederike Megler; died 10 October 1912 in Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania; was married to

MATILDA R. SCHIMPF, born 16 July 1843 to John George and Agnes Schimpf; died 1890. Their children were

- 1.) EMMA L., who married Edgar J. Lumley.
- ▶▶ 2.) CHARLES H., born October 1860; who married Ella Jane Knoll.
- 3.) JOHN E., born c.1864; who married first on 3 March 1884 to Clara Daniel; and remarried, on 17 May 1911 to Mabel I. Hein, daughter of Benjamin and Ida Hein.
- 4.) ALFRED JAMES, born 7 February 1866; died 14 February 1872; buried 17 February 1872 at Union Cemetery in Allentown.
- 5.) IDA LORAIN, nicknamed Raisin, born 2 September 1867; who married on 28 May 1892 at St. John's parsonage in Allentown to Walter O. Butz.
- 6.) MARY, born 7 November 1869; died 5 January 1872; buried 8 January 1872 at the Union Cemetery
- 7.) WILLIAM EMMANUEL, born 4 February 1872; who married; died 12 July 1938; buried 16 July 1938 at the Greenwood Cemetery in Allentown.
- 8.) MABEL IRENE, born 21 June 1874; who married on 4 May 1895 to C. Templeton Osenbach, and resided together at 219 Linden, Allentown.
- 9.) MARIAN ESTELLE, born 10 February 1878; who married Hiram Beidelman.

. . .

CHARLES H. SCHUON, born October 1860 in Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania; died 1942; was married on 17 January 1884 at St. John's Church in Allentown to

ELLA JANE KNOLL, known as Ellen, born May 1863 to Benjamin F. and Matilda Knoll; died 1905.

- ▶▶ 1.) HAROLD BENJAMIN, born 30 October 1884; baptized 10 April 1885; who married Bessie H. Weiler.
- 2.) JOHN W., who was "much younger," and later had sons named Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.
- 3.) FREDERICK HERMAN, born 17 April 1894; baptized 2 August 1894.
- 4.) LUCY MATILDA, born 9 November 1895; baptized 30 January 1896; who married George W. Rose.
- 5.) CARL EDGAR, born 26 June 1897; baptized 27 November 1897.

. . .

HAROLD BENJAMIN SCHUON, born 30 October 1884 in Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania; baptized 10 April 1885; died 1957 in Allentown; was married on 14 June 1911 in Allentown to

BESSIE M. WEILER, born 13 June 1886 in Allentown; died 1975 in Annandale, Virginia. Their children were

- ▶▶ 1.) KARL ALBERT, born 22 November 1914 in Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania; who married first to Carrie Deborah Marshall; and remarried, to Lucia Nelli; died 7 November 1984.
- 2.) LOUISE E., who married on 29 September 1928 to Walter Heller

. . .

KARL ALBERT SCHUON, born 22 November 1914 in Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania; died 7 November 1984; was married first on 28 September 1935 in Norristown, Pennsylvania to

CARRIE DEBORAH MARSHALL, born 22 April 1909 in Danville, Pennsylvania. Their child is

- ▶▶ 1.) MARSHALL JEAN, born 25 January 1936 in Allentown; who married Loleen Ruth Cartwright.

After they divorced, Carrie remarried, to William Davies, but had no more children. Karl remarried, to LUCIA NELLI, and had three more children:

- 2.) JOSEPH
- 3.) LUCIA, who married Tom DeSocio.
- 4.) MARIE, who first married Ronald Synan, and had Brandon, Katie, Clay and Ronald Jr. and remarried, to Tom Anderson, and had John Brian.

MARSHALL JEAN SCHUON, born 25 January 1936 in Allentown, Pennsylvania
was married on 12 November 1959 in West Pittston, Pennsylvania to
LOLEEN RUTH CARTWRIGHT, born 5 December 1935 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Their children are

- ▶ 1.) JONALYN SUE, born 12 March 1961 in Allentown; who married J. Ross Baughman on 9 May 1987 in Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and had Henry Marshall on 16 July 1990 in New York City.
- 2.) JAY SCOTT, born 9 July 1964 in Allentown; who married on 13 November 1993 in Huntington, Suffolk County, New York to Michaela Scapan, born 22 September 1965 in Bautzen, Sachsen, Germany.

. . .

CHARLES JACOB HARTUNG [I], born 1833 in Saxony [Germany]
was married c.1865 to

MARIA ____, born 1838. Their children, who were raised in Eynon, Ohio and most of whom lived into their 80s, were

- ▶▶ 1.) CHARLES JACOB [II], born 31 March 1866 in Middletown, Ohio.
- 2.) MATILDA, who married Henry Miller and had Grace and Lola.
- 3.) GEORGE, who had sons William, Kenneth and Charles.
- 4.) LOUIS, who lived in Philadelphia, married and had no children.
- 5.) AUGUSTA

Charles remarried, and had the following children by his second wife

- 6.) HENRY
- 7.) ALBERT
- 8.) ELEANOR, nicknamed Ella, who lived unmarried into her 90s.

. . .

CHARLES JACOB HARTUNG [II], born 31 March 1866 in Middleton, Ohio; started working at age 14 for the railroad, later became an engineer; retired at the age of 70; died February 1956 from Parkinson's disease; was married in 1896 to

IDA MAE HIXENBAUGH, born 15 July 1874 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; who learned the millinery trade; died November 1941 from complications of a gangrenous leg amputated the previous June, following 15 years of diabetes. Their children were

- 1.) WILLIAM, born 1897; died during World War I.
- 2.) EDGAR, born 1899
- 3.) EMMA, born 1901
- 4.) IDA, born 1906
- ▶▶ 5.) LOLA AILEEN, born 14 December 1907
- 6.) BERYL, born 1910

. . .

JOHN HIXENBAUGH, born 1767 in New Jersey; died 1853, and was buried at Laurel Hill Presbyterian Church Cemetery, Plot 408, next to his wife, in Dunbar Township, Fayette County, in southwestern Pennsylvania. He married:

FRANCES POTTER, born 8 February 1777, died 1841 in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. Their children included:

- ▶▶ 1.) JACOB, born 1798 in Allegheny County, Maryland, who married Sarah.
- 2.) ADAM, born 1808 in Pennsylvania, who married Anne, born 1811, and had Nancy Catherine, Martin E., Goucher, Thomas C., Mary E., Sarah Ellen and Amelia, at their home where Adam was a blacksmith in Perry Township in Fayette County.
- 3.) LEVINA, born 1813 in Pennsylvania, who married David Trimbell, born 1813, a laborer from Tyrone Township in Fayette County, and had Albert, John and Sarah Anna.
- 4.) JOHN, born 1815 in Pennsylvania, a miner in the Cookstown Borough of Fayette County, who married Hannah, born 1816, and had Jacob, John, Sarah, Elizabeth, Nancy J. and Ross.

A John Hixenbaugh is listed in the 1800 Census for Allegheny County, in far western Maryland, with his wife and four boys and three girls: specifically, with one male under the age of 10, one between 10-16 years old, two between 16-26, one between 26-45, and no older males; two female under 10, another between 16-26, and one between 26-45. The range of children's ages could describe an earlier family of John of Fayette County, but only with an older wife than Frances. As John's birthplace is New Jersey, it is noteworthy that the only potential ancestors named in the state at that time were an Adam and Jacob Hixenbock of Lebanon Township in Hunterdon County. They were recorded in the 1778-1780 Military Census of New Jersey.

. . .

JACOB HIXENBAUGH, born 1798 in Allegheny County, Maryland,
who married:

SARAH, born 1796 in Maryland. Their children, raised in Cookstown Borough, Fayette County, Maryland were:

- ▶▶ 1.) ROSS, born 1823 in Pennsylvania, who married Sarah Ann, born 1833, and had John L.
- 2.) ISAAC, born 1827 in Pennsylvania, who married Nancy J. Husher, born 1828
- 3.) MORRIS, born 1833 in Pennsylvania
- 4.) C. THOMPSON, born 1835 in Pennsylvania

. . .

ISAAC HIXENBAUGH, born 1827 in Pennsylvania; a glassblower in Cookstown Borough, Fayette County in 1850,
who married:

NANCY J. HUSHER, born 1829 in Perryopolis, Fayette County, Pennsylvania; died 25 March 1895. Their children included:

- 1.) MARY F., born 1849 in Pennsylvania, died at the age of 5 or 6
- 2.) JANE, who married first to ___ Demar and had Ollie and Ed; and then to George Vernon.
- 3.) ANNE, who married Edgar Tyson, though had no children.
- 4.) ONA, nicknamed Onie, who married Charles Calor and had four children.
- 5.) CELIA, who married first to Peter Reymer, and then to ___ Morris, though had no children.
- 6.) WILLIAM, who became a pharmacist in Pittsburgh.
- 7.) a son
- 8.) a son
- 9.) a son
- 10.) a son
- 11.) a son
- ▶▶ 12.) IDA MAE, born 15 July 1874 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; died 22 November 1941 in Donora, Washington County, Pennsylvania; who married Charles Jacob Hartung Jr.; and MARGARET HUSHER, nicknamed Maggie, born 1838 in Pennsylvania, [probably a younger sister of Nancy, suggesting that her parents were no longer living], who married George Koontz and had Ida, Beryl and Harry.

REUBEN CARTWRIGHT, born 11 February 1845; who immigrated to the United States in 1880; was married on 17 June 1867 at the parish church in Trevethin, Mounmouth County, Wales to Aluze Hill, born 24 November 1847. Their children were

- ▶▶ 1.) John Thomas [II], born 29 November 1867 at Cwm Tilling, Abertillery, Monmouthshire, Wales; who married Harriet Gardner; died 30 June 1952.
- 2.) George Henry, born 4 February 1870 at Moutanash.
- 3.) Sarah Ellen, born 21 March 1871 at Cwn Tilling.
- 4.) Elizabeth Ann, born 16 December 1874 at Llwynpia.
- 5.) Mark, born 11 January 1877 at Llwynpia.
- 6.) Mary Matilda, born 16 March 1879 at Llwynpia.

. . .

JOHN THOMAS CARTWRIGHT [III], born 29 November 1867 in Abertillery, Monmouthshire, Wales; worked as Superintendent of the Scranton Coal Company until losing this post during the Great Depression; died 30 June 1952 in Trucksville, Pennsylvania; was married in 1888 in Nanticoke, Pennsylvania to HARRIET GARDNER, born 1869 in Somersetshire, England; died 1940 in Kingston, Pennsylvania. Their children were

- 1.) STANLEY, who married to Amy ____ and had no children; died in the mines at the age of 27.
- 2.) MATILDA, who married Arthur Absalom and had John, Arthur and Harriet.
- 3.) WILLIAM, who married Josephine ____ and had Ruth, Alma, William and one other child.
- 4.) ELSIE, who remained single.
- 5.) MARJORIE, who married Rev. John William Hill with his four daughters from a previous marriage. Reverend Hill performed the marriage ceremony for his grand-niece Loleen Cartwright and Marshall Schuon.
- 6.) JOHN SHELDON, born 1903; who graduated from Cornell University; who married Reba Fellencer and had Patricia Cartwright Vaughn.
- ▶▶ 7.) GEORGE FREDERICK, born 10 April 1905 in Nanticoke, Pennsylvania; who married Lola Aileen Hartung; died 15 August 1954.

. . .

GEORGE FREDERICK CARTWRIGHT, born 10 April in Nanticoke, Pennsylvania; educated at the Wyoming Seminary, a preparatory school run by the Methodists at Kingston, Pennsylvania, and at Washington & Lee College for two years; died 15 August 1954 in Philadelphia; buried in Trucksville, Pennsylvania; was married on 5 March 1932 in Donora, Pennsylvania to

LOLA AILEEN HARTUNG, born 14 December 1907 in Donora, Pennsylvania. Their children are

- 1.) GEORGE
- ▶▶ 2.) LOLEEN RUTH, born 5 December 1935 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; who married on 12 November 1959 in West Pittston, Pennsylvania to Marshall Jean Schuon, and had Jonalyn Sue and Jay Scott.
- 3.) CAROLYN
- 4.) SUSAN

After George's death, Lola remarried in 1976 to
DR. GILBERT MCKLVEEN

. . .

JOHN MARSHALL, born 1812 in Pennsylvania, a laborer who could neither read nor write,
was married c.1838 to
ELIZABETH ____, born 1815 in Pennsylvania. Their children, all born in Pennsylvania, were

- 1.) WILLIAM, born 1839
- 2.) ELIZABETH A., born 1843
- 3.) JOHN JR., born 1844
- ▶▶ 4.) DANIEL, born 1847
- 5.) ZACHARY, born 1849

Living with this family in Valley township, Montour County, Pennsylvania in 1850 were John and Mary E. Kayser, both born in 1827.

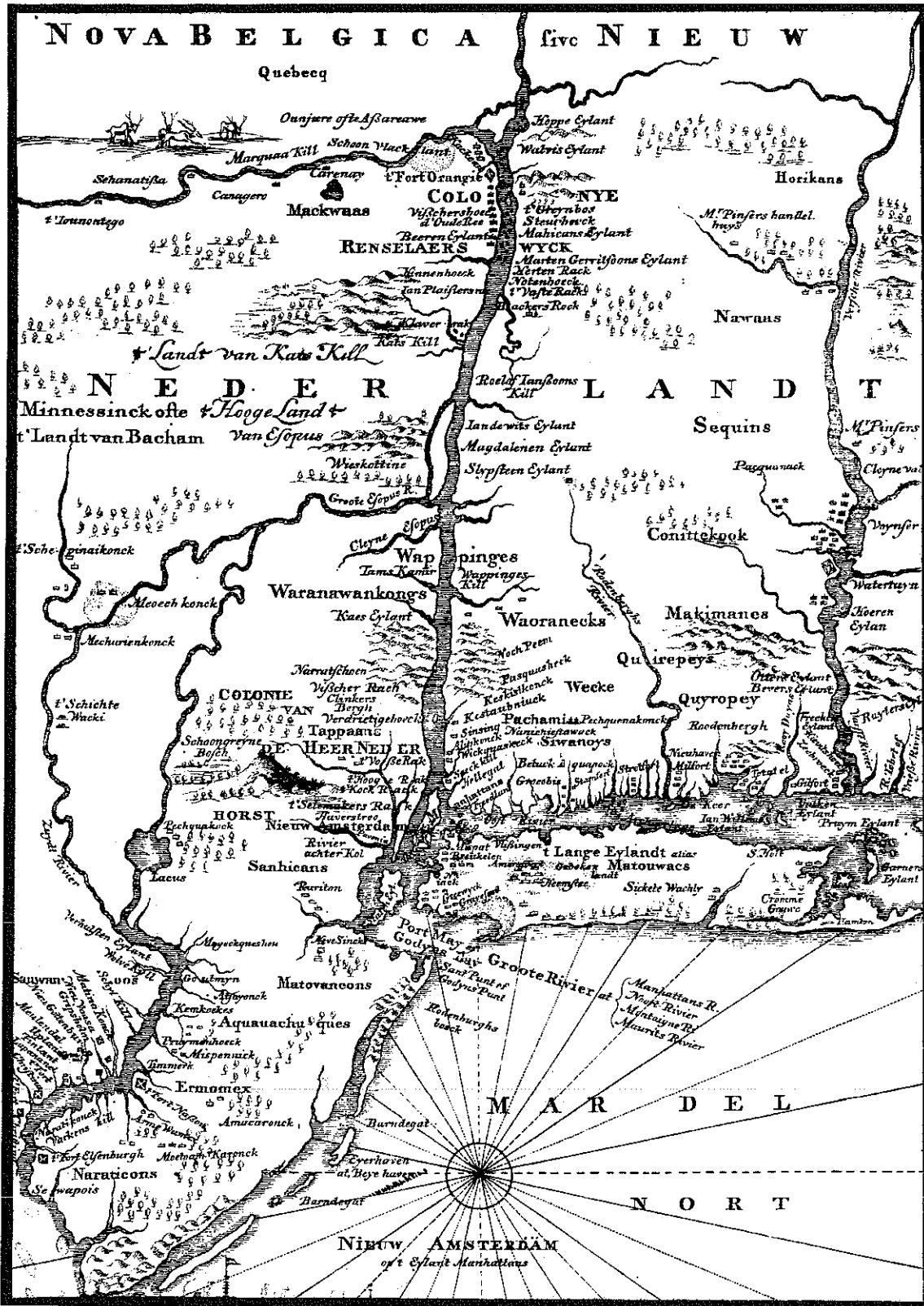
. . .

JOHN WALTER MARSHALL, born 7 May 1882 in Danville, Pennsylvania to Daniel Marshall and Mary C. Desinger;
died 30 January 1964 in Allentown, Pennsylvania;
was married on 5 December 1901 in Binghampton, New York to
OLIVE BELLE FOULK, born 7 August 1886 in Danville to Benjamin Franklin Foulk and Margaret E. Bomboy; died
30 November 1976 in Allentown. Their children were

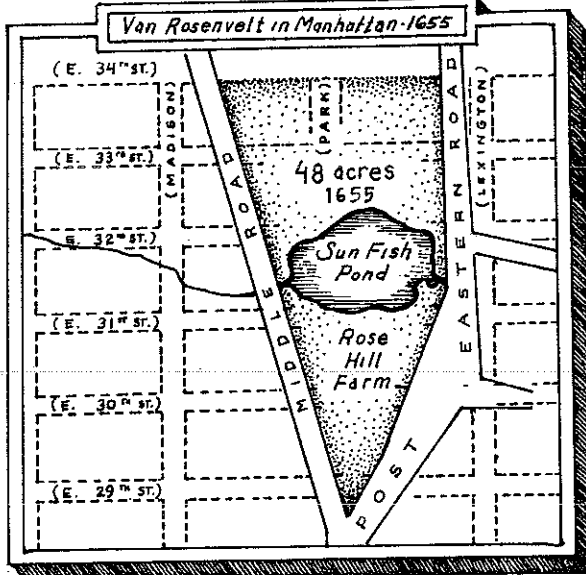
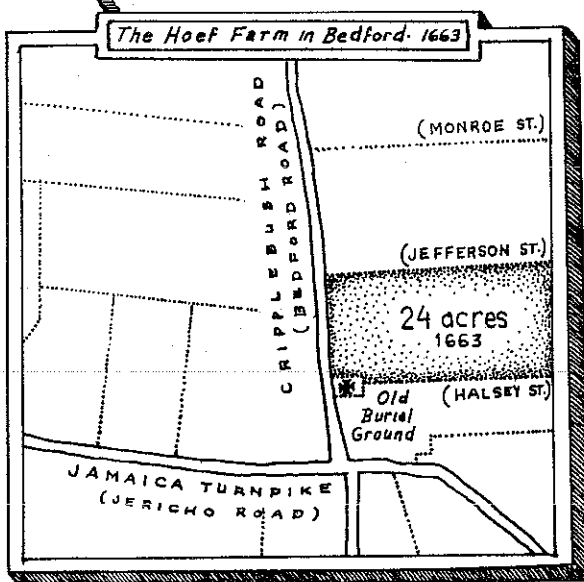
- 1.) MARGARET, who loved to dance at "flapper parties," caught a fever and major illness from swimming
in polluted water, and never married.
 - 2.) CATHERINE, who married Charles Sager and had Peter.
 - 3.) JOHN WALTER, who married Marie ____ and had Beverly and John.
 - ▶▶ 4.) CARRIE DEBORAH, born 22 April 1909 in Danville; who married first to Karl A. Schuon and had
Marshall Jean; and remarried, to William C. Davies.
 - 5.) NORMA, who married Thomas Semmel
- . . .

ALBERT S. WEILER, born March 1853 in Pennsylvania.
was married by 1880 to
MARY A. ____, born September 1855. Their children were

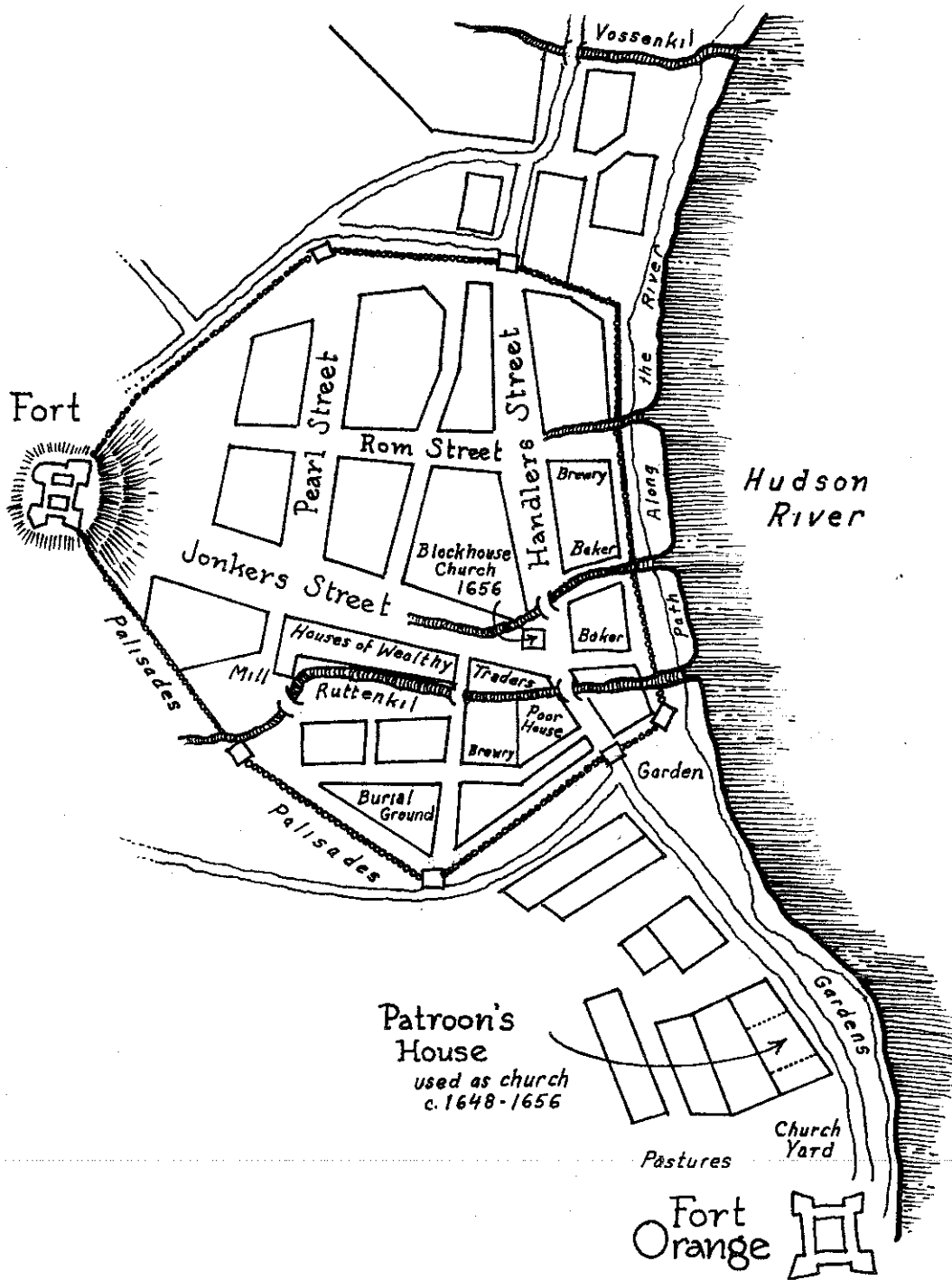
- 1.) ELLEN, who married ____ Snyder and had Josephine; was widowed early but lived comfortably.
- 2.) SADIE, who married Alfred Lewis and had Sarah Mary.
- ▶▶ 3.) BESSIE M., born 13 June 1886; who married Harold B. Schuon; died 1975 in Annandale, Virginia.
- 4.) NATHAN, who married Ella ____ ; made a living with Bath's Trucking Company; was widowed early
when his wife fell off the roof and broke her back.
- 5.) SHINDLE, who crippled his hand as a youth after accidentally shooting a bullet through the palm,
preventing the middle finger of his left hand from ever bending again; who traveled as a
marksman with Annie Oakley in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show; who never married, but became
the family outcaste for having a long-term affair with his housekeeper.
- 6.) FREDERICK, who served in the military during World War I, was gassed and spent the rest of his life
in a U.S. veterans' hospital. ■ ■ ■



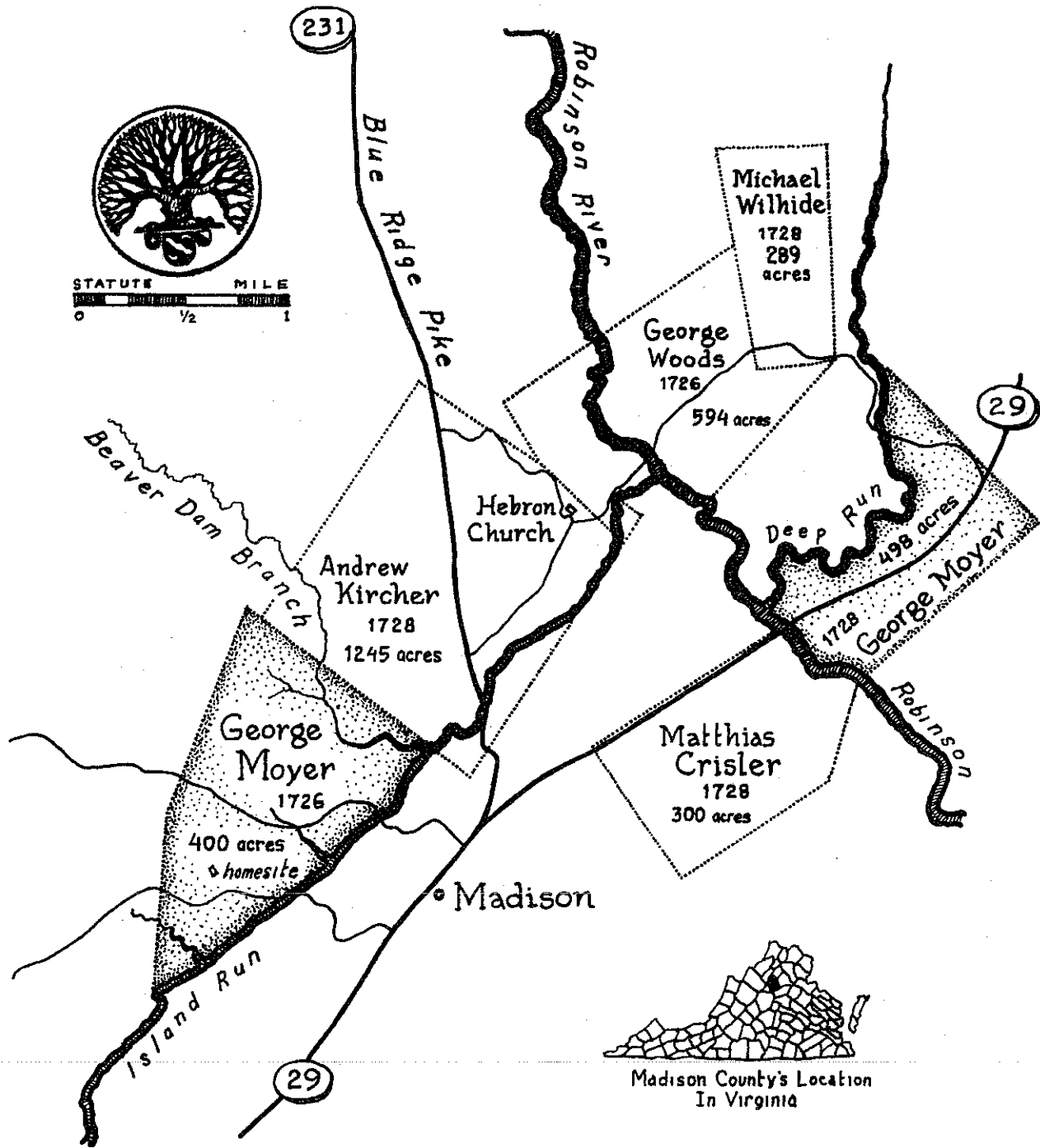
A DUTCH MAP OF NEW NETHERLANDS IN 1656
 PUBLISHED BY EVERT NIEUWENHOF, AMSTERDAM



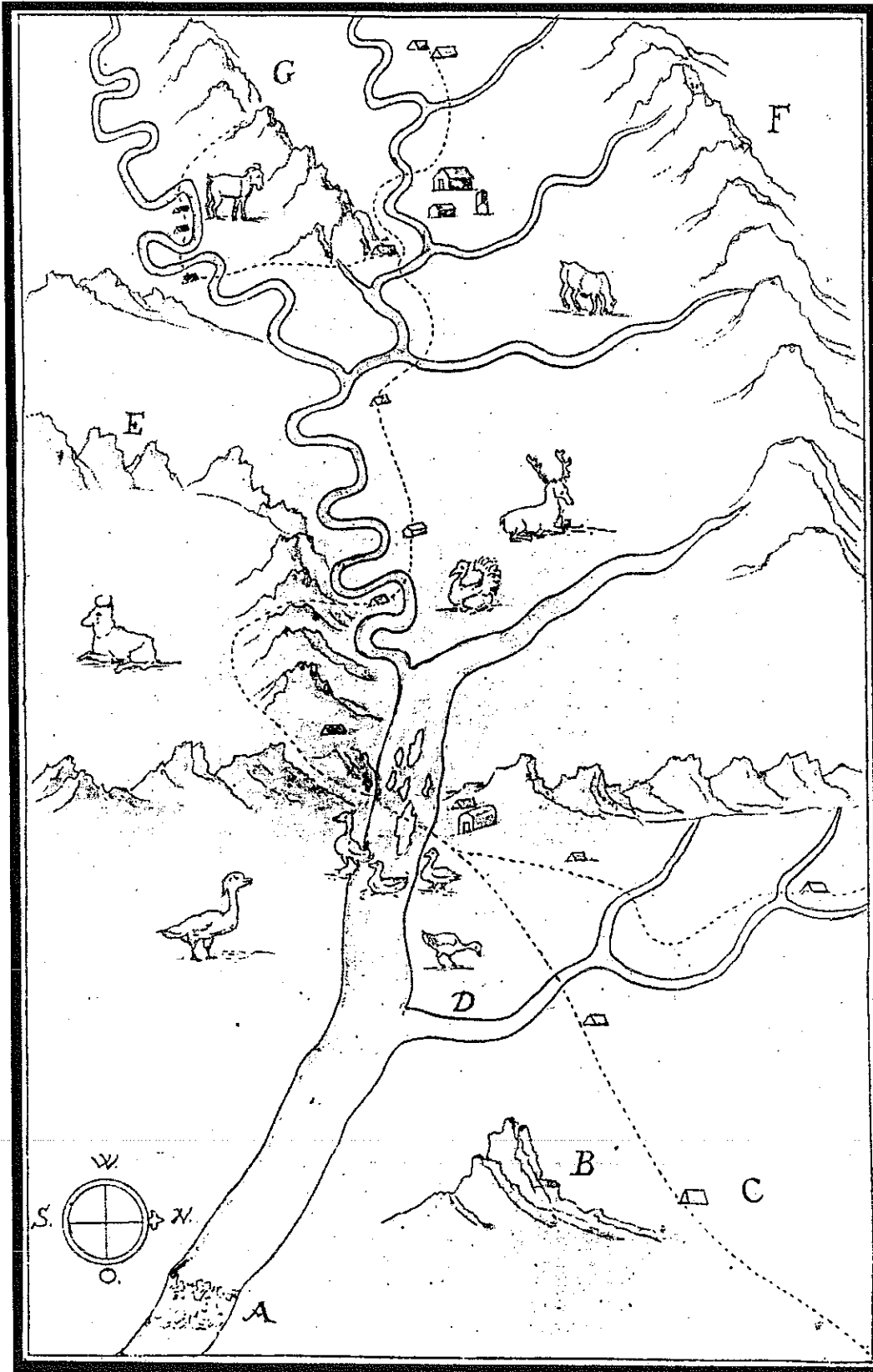
TOWNS IN NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY
 WHERE DUTCHMEN SETTLED DURING THE 17TH & 18TH CENTURIES,
 EMPHASIZING PLACES WHERE PAULUS DIRCKSZEN AND HIS SON, DIRCK PAULUSZEN HOFF, RESIDED.



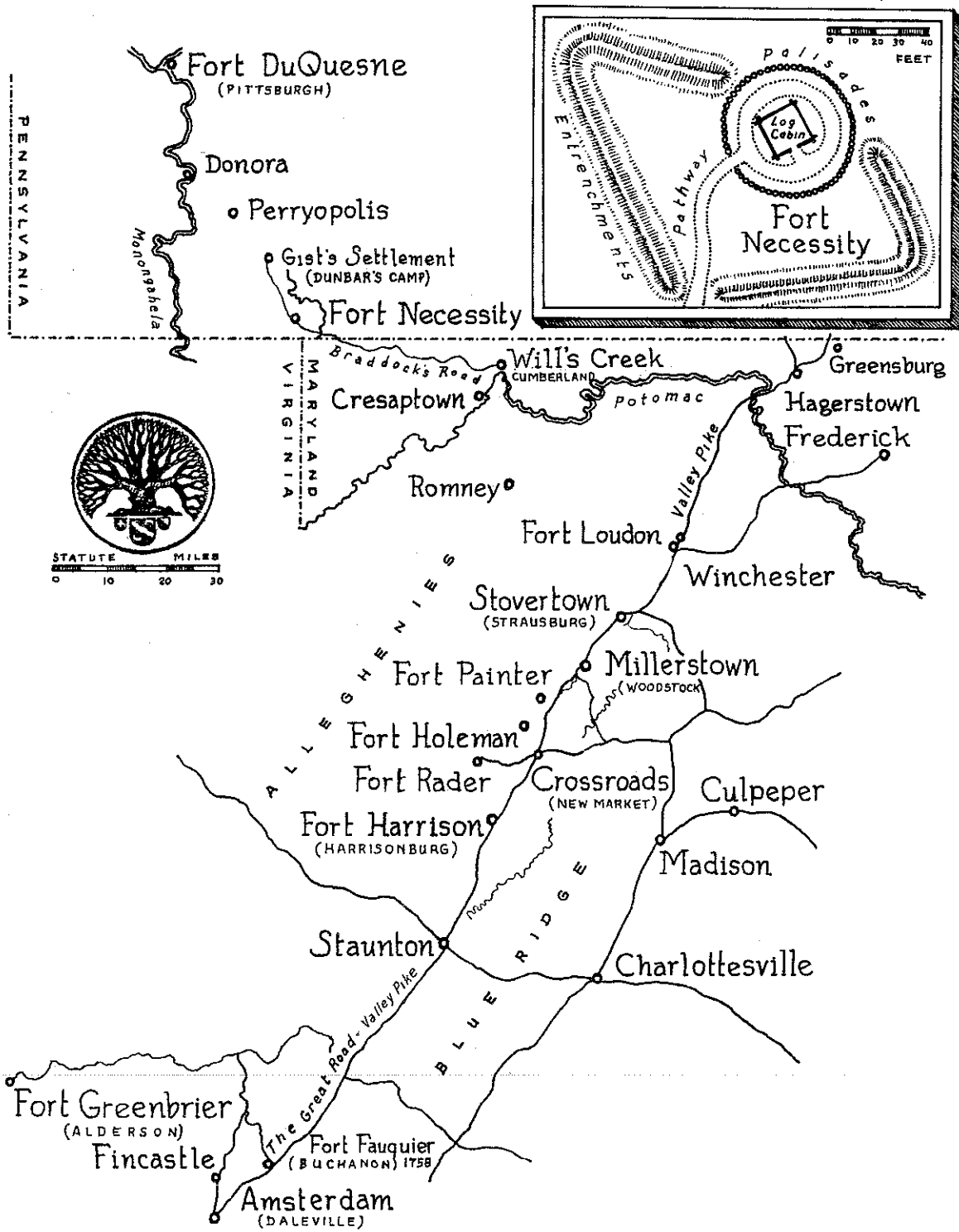
THE DUTCH TRADING POST CALLED FORT ORANGE,
 THE OLDEST EXISTING TOWN IN THE ORIGINAL 13 COLONIES
 AS IT APPEARED DURING THE 1650S
 ON THE SITE OF PRESENT-DAY ALBANY, NEW YORK



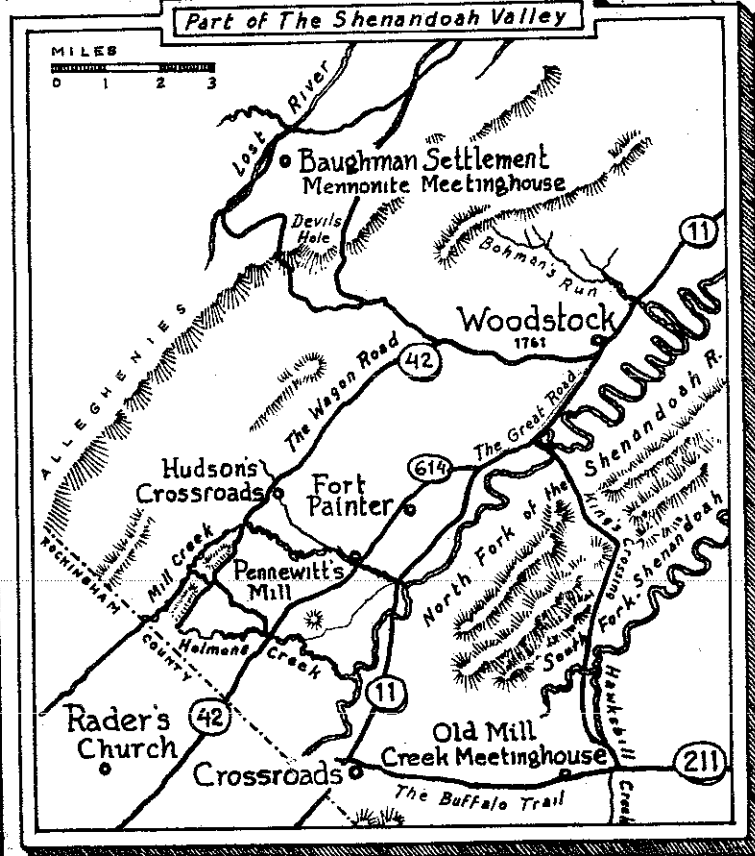
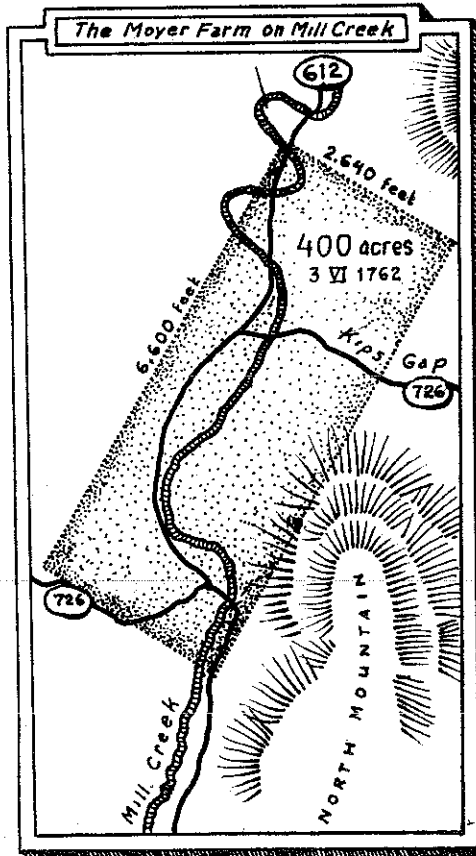
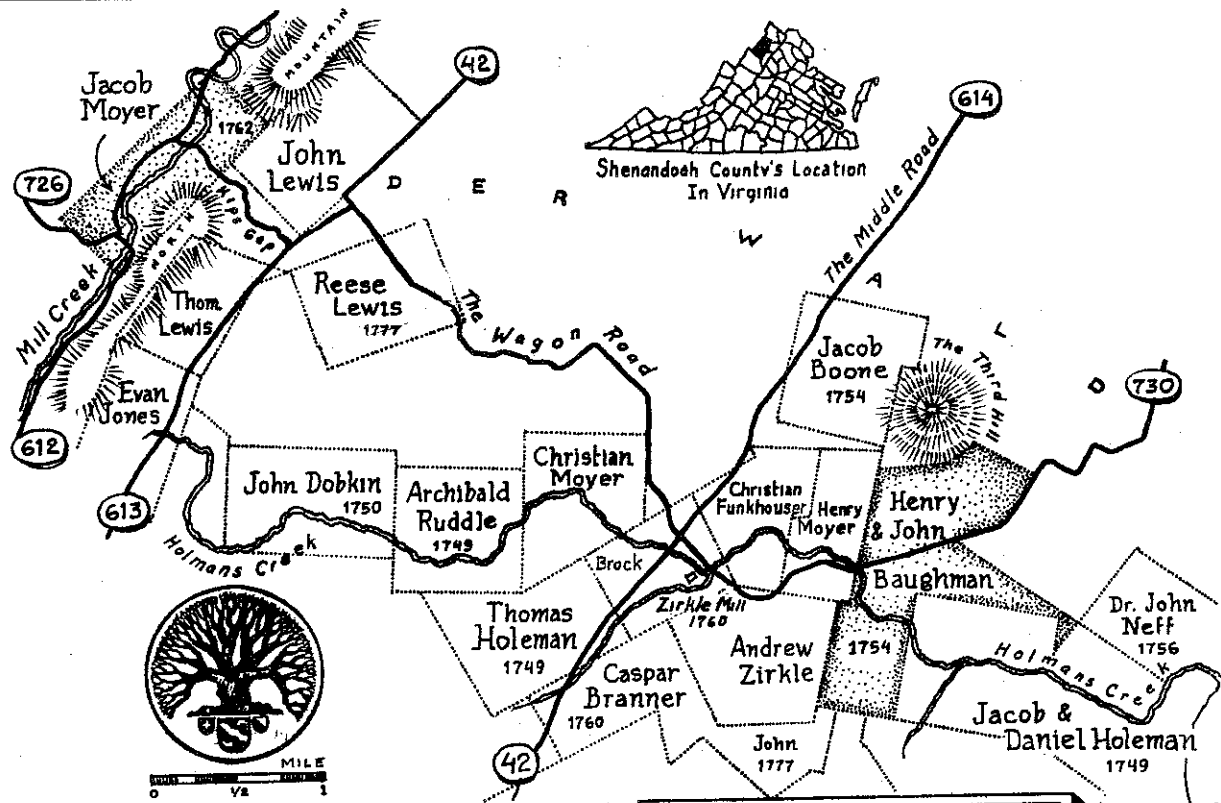
PART OF THE ROBINSON RIVER VALLEY IN VIRGINIA
 IN PRESENT-DAY MADISON COUNTY
 WHERE FAMILIES OF THE SECOND GERMANNA COLONY SETTLED,
 INCLUDING THAT OF GEORGE MOYER, GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF DORTHEA



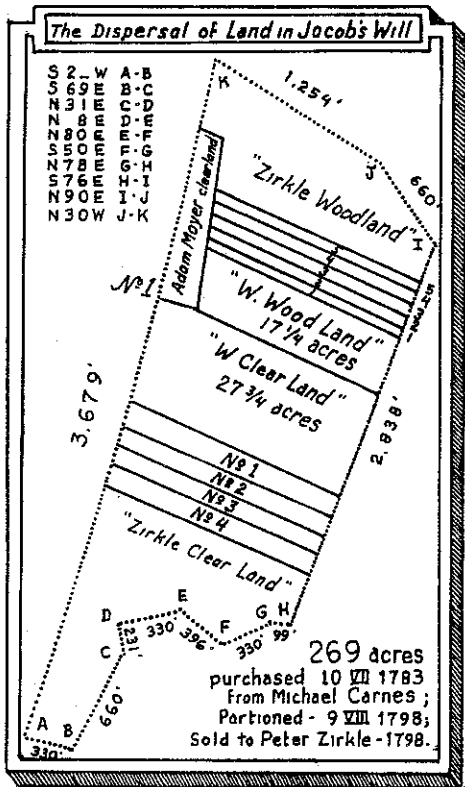
THE OLDEST KNOWN MAP OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY,
DRAWN IN 1707 BY THE SWISS EXPLORER LOUIS MICHEL



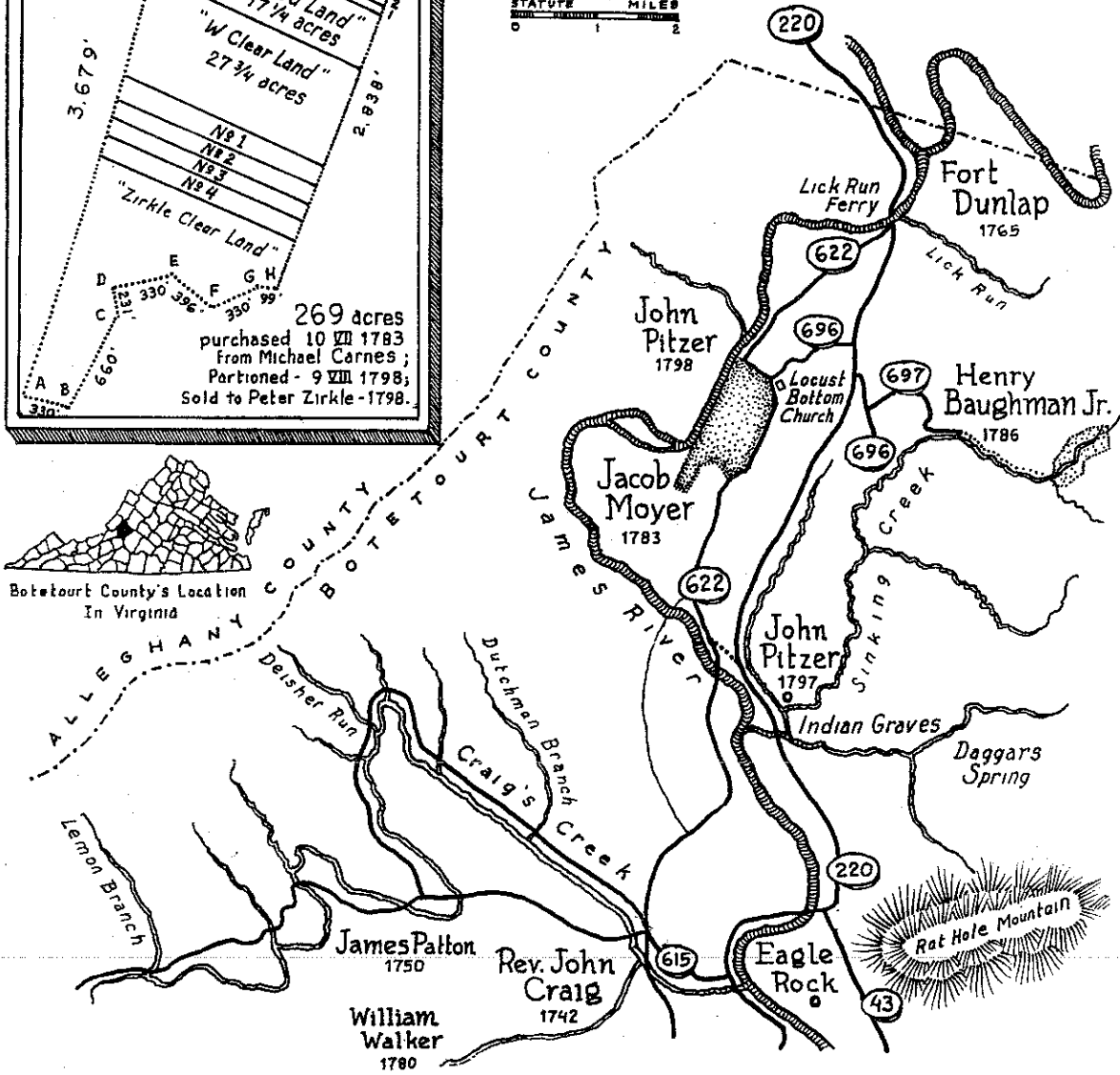
VIRGINIA'S FRONTIER DURING THE FRENCH & INDIAN WAR
 EMPHASIZING GEORGE WASHINGTON'S PERSPECTIVE ON ITS DEFENSE
 ALONG WITH LOCATIONS IMPORTANT TO THE BAUGHMAN AND MOYER FAMILIES



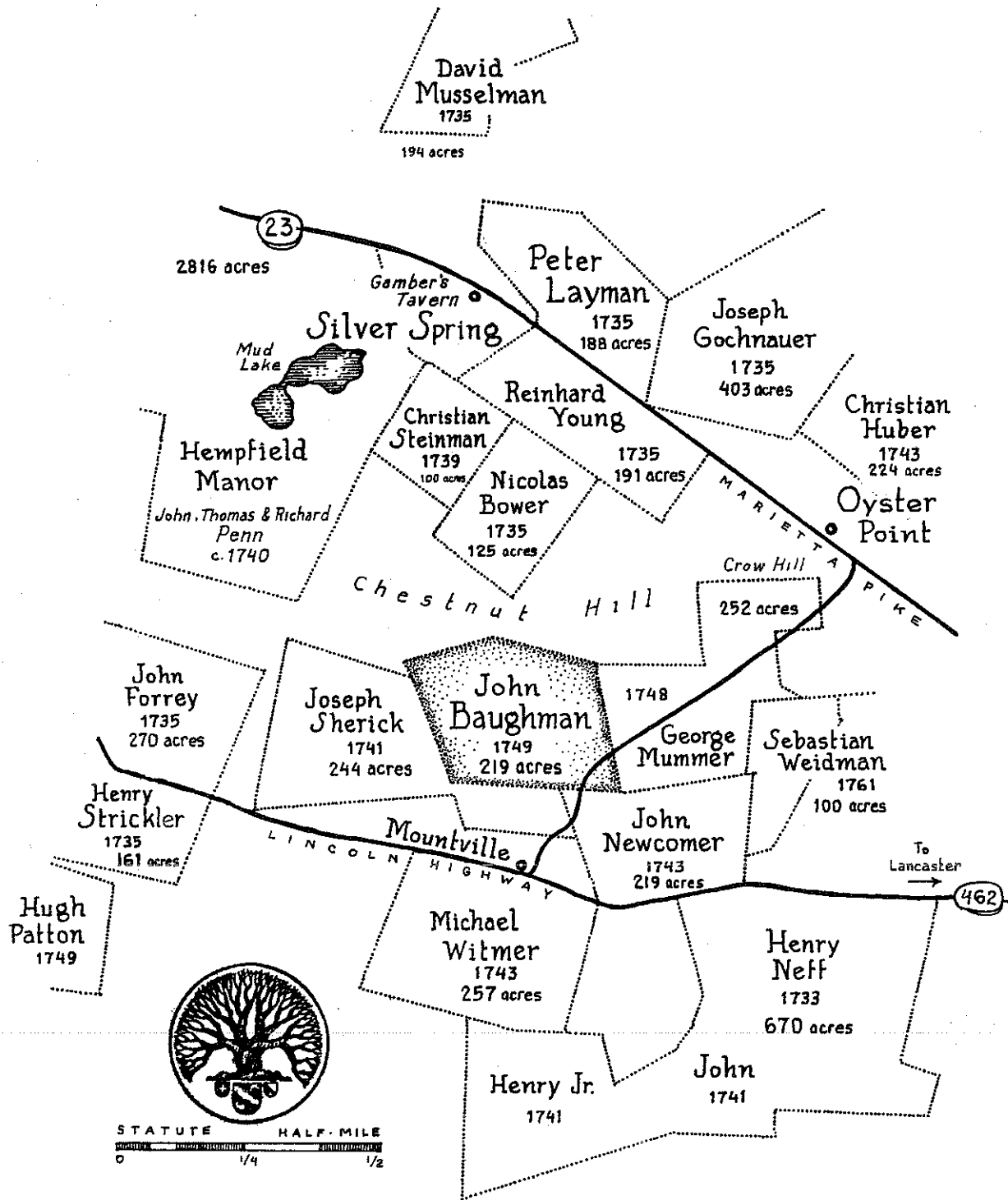
THREE VIEWS OF HOLMAN'S CREEK AND MILL CREEK
IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY OF VIRGINIA, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION



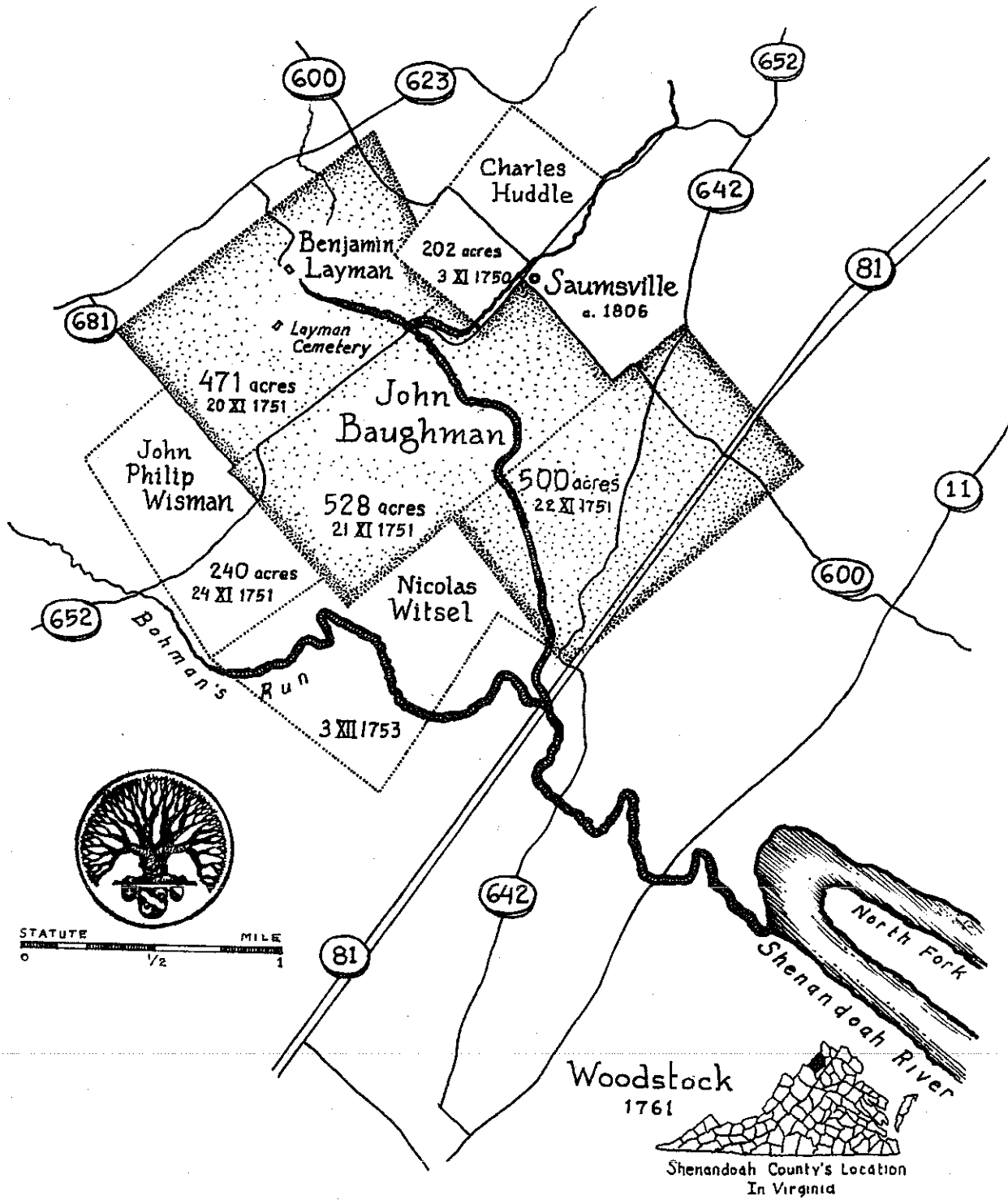
STATUTE MILES
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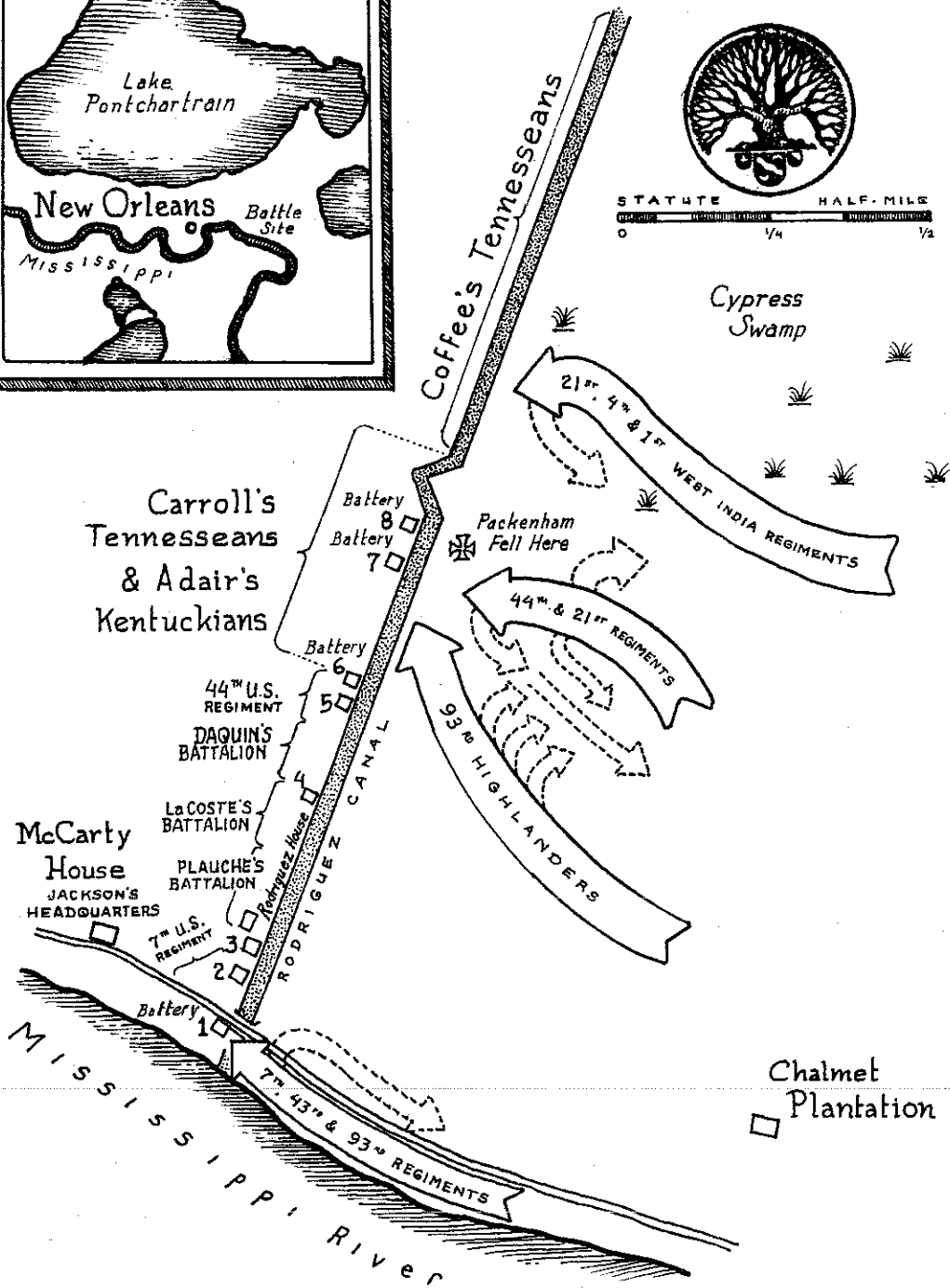
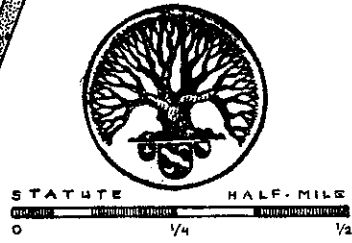
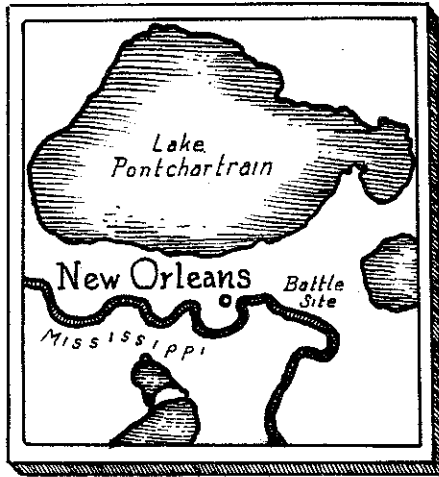
SETTLEMENT OF THE UPPER JAMES RIVER
IN BOTETOURT COUNTY, VIRGINIA,
DURING THE LATE 18TH CENTURY



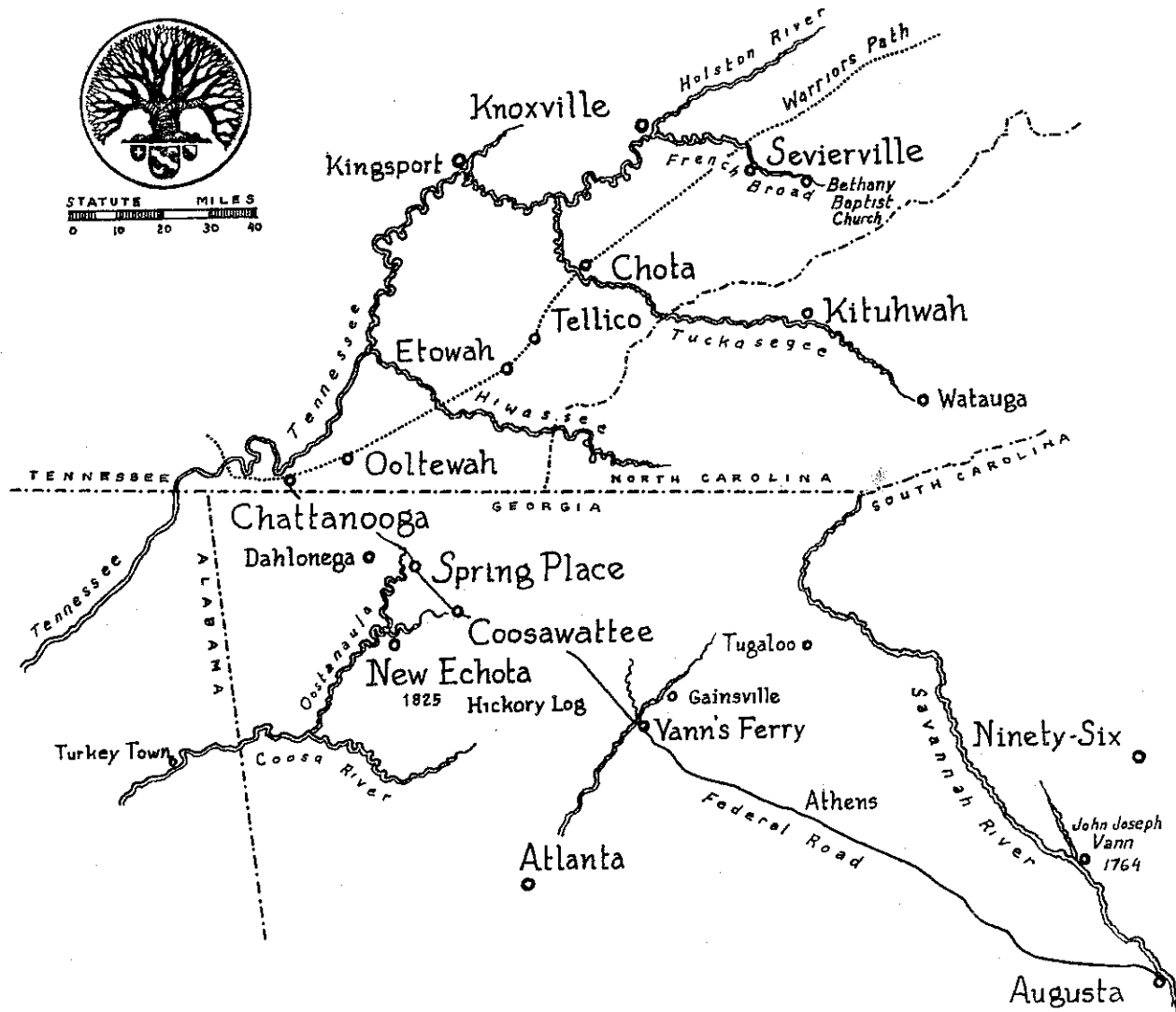
A PART OF HEMPSTEAD TOWNSHIP, AS KNOWN TO THE SWISS AND GERMAN SETTLERS IN 1750 LIVING IN WESTERN LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA



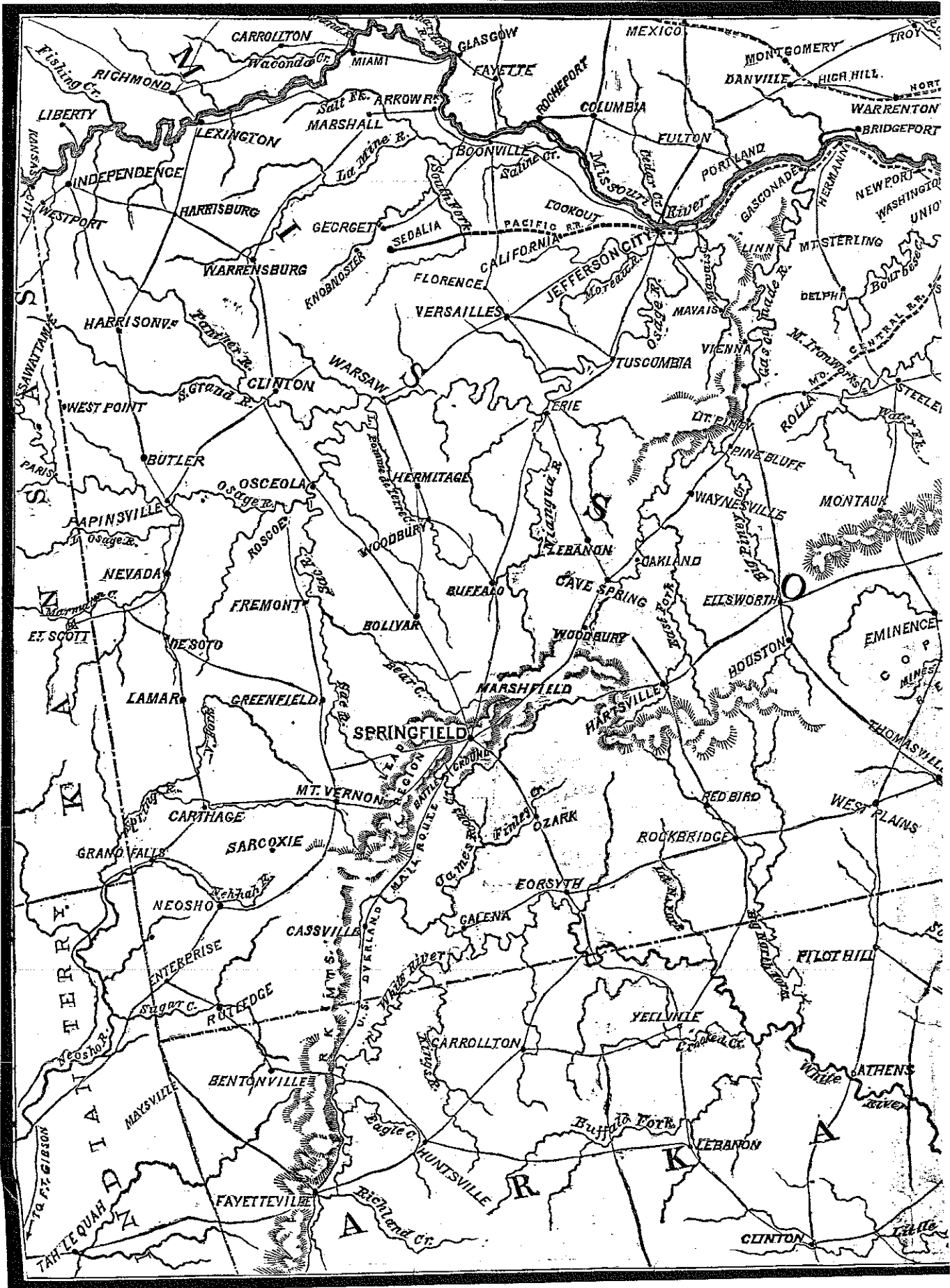
THE SITE OF 1,499 ACRES OF LAND GRANTS RECEIVED BY JOHN BAUGHMAN
 DURING 1751 IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY,
 WATERED BY BOHMAN'S RUN, LATER KNOWN AS PUGH'S RUN.

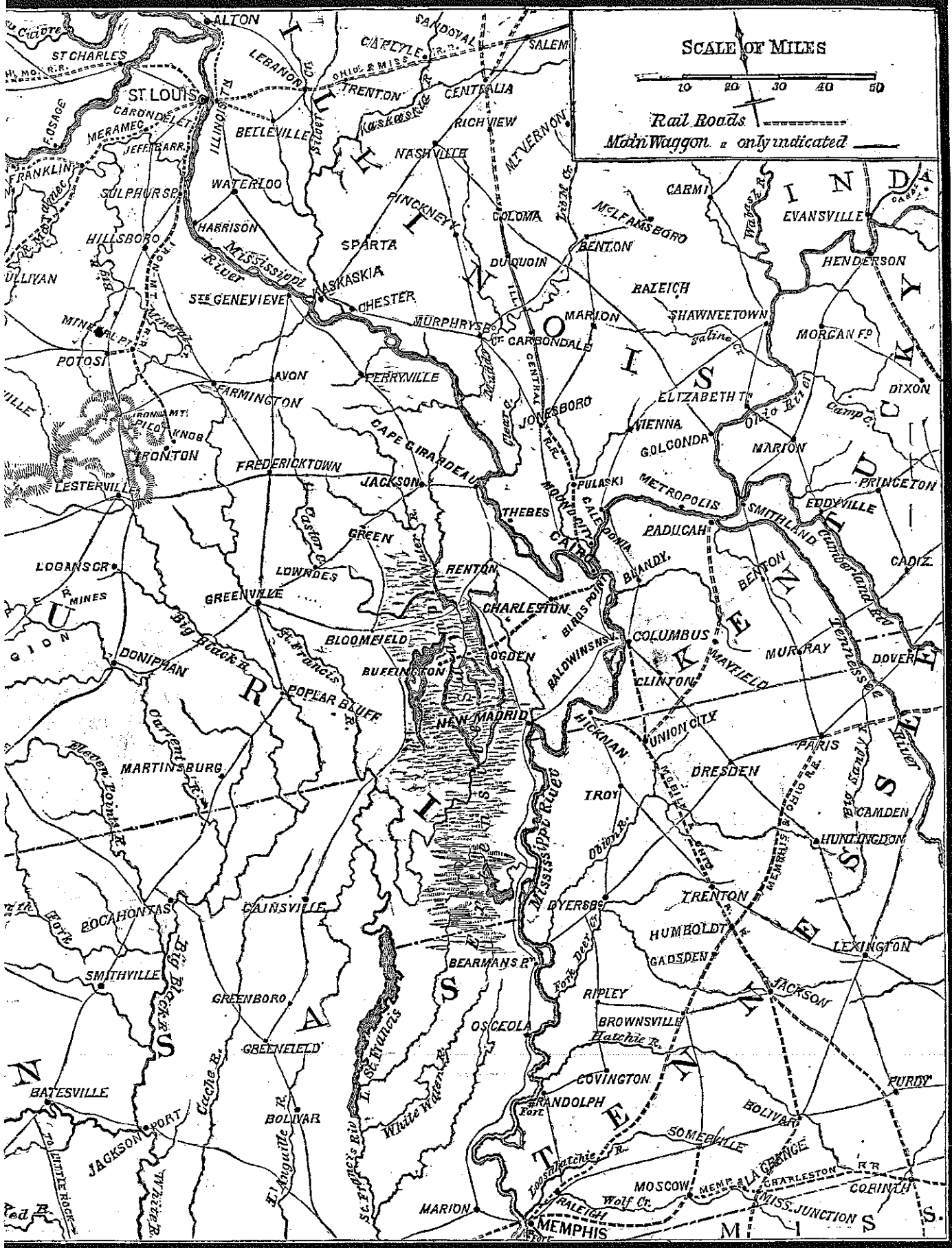


FIELD POSITIONS DURING THE LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR OF 1812,
ON THE SITE EAST OF NEW ORLEANS, 8 JANUARY 1815

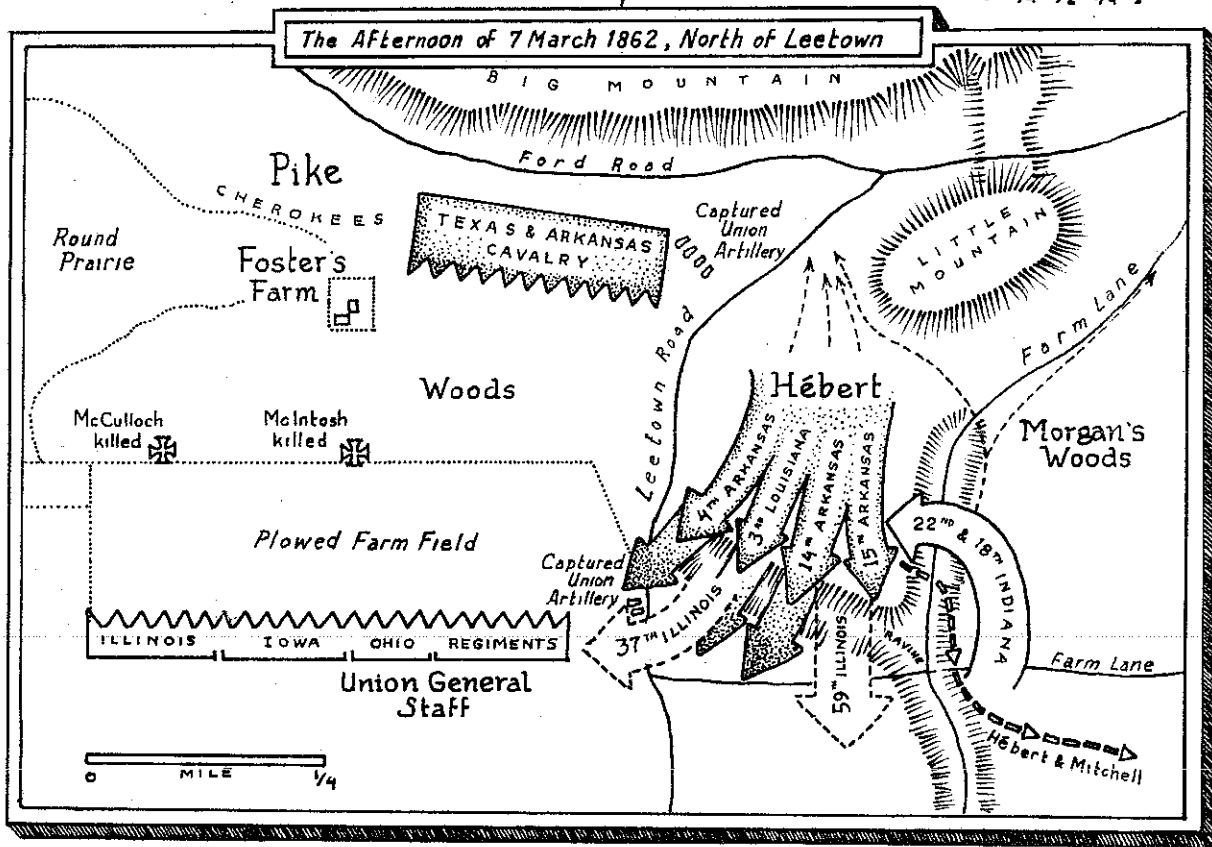
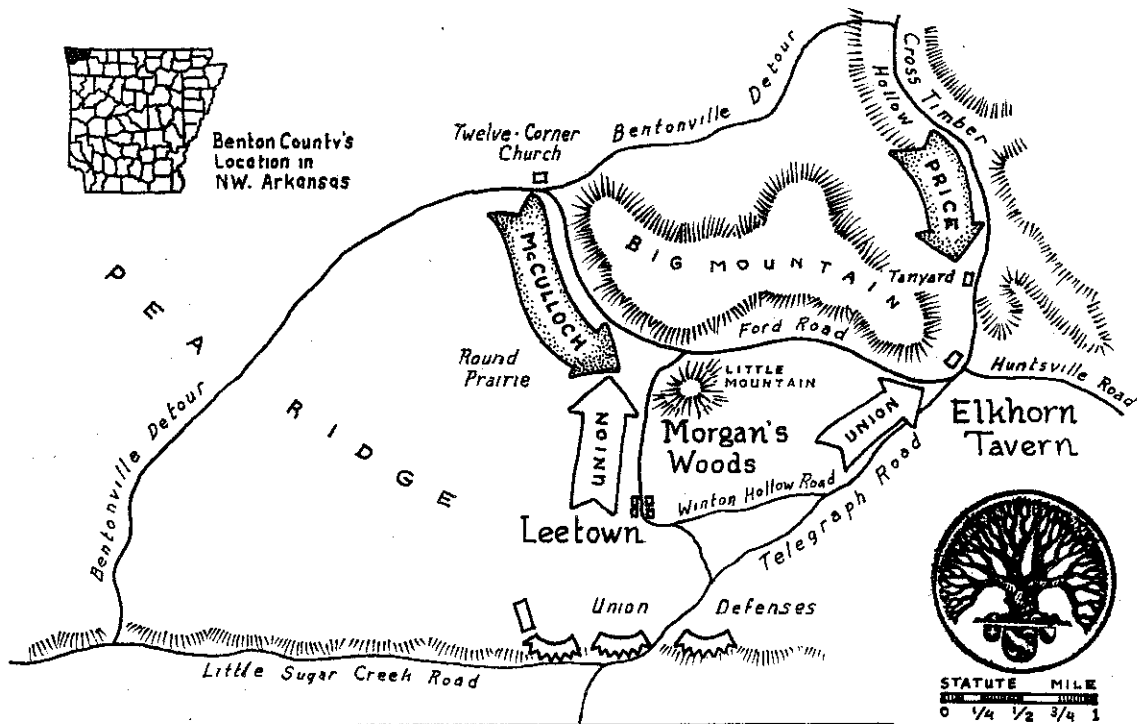


THE CENTER OF THE CHEROKEE NATION
SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THEIR MOST ANCIENT TOWNS,
IN RELATION TO SOME WHITE SETTLEMENTS OF THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY

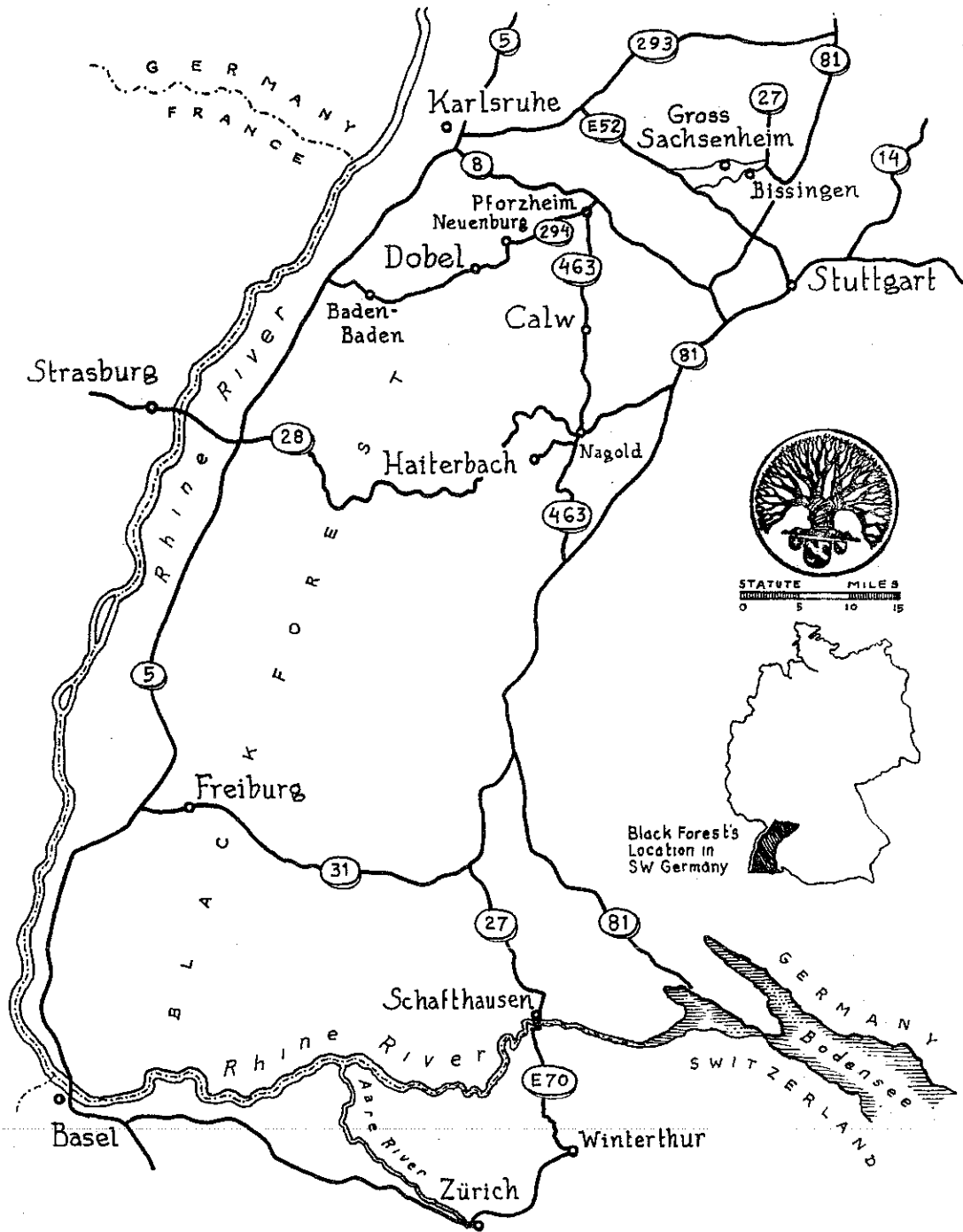




THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK WAS FOUGHT NEAR OAK HILLS, MISSOURI.



EFFORTS OF THE 14TH ARKANSAS CONFEDERATE INFANTRY
 DURING THE BATTLE OF ELKHORN TAVERN,
 FOUGHT NEAR PEA RIDGE, IN BENTON COUNTY
 7-8 MARCH 1862



THE BLACK FOREST IN THE KINGDOM OF WÜRTEMBERG,
SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE RHINE RIVER ALONG THE BORDER WITH SWITZERLAND
AND THE HOME VILLAGES OF THE MOYER AND SCHUON FAMILIES



FROM A BIBLE ILLUSTRATED BY ISNARD AND PRINTED IN SWITZERLAND IN 1778

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS TO
SOME ANCESTORS OF THE BAUGHMAN FAMILY IN AMERICA

Holdings of the first edition may want to note that it has been retroactively assigned an International Standard Bookellers Number: 0-917968-17-4. A second edition of the 1989 book has been released simultaneously with *Harvest Time*.

The publication of a book has a way of drawing fresh information out of hiding. Because so many copies of that edition have been distributed to private individuals, libraries and public institutions, no attempt will be made at a recall. An effort has been made in *Harvest Time* not to retrace ground already covered in the first book, but when that does become evident to the careful reader, this book should be seen as superseding the first.

[Page 5/column 1, last paragraph] The earliest reference for Henry Baughman [II] and family appearing in Botetourt County is February 1785 when he "dwelt in a cabin with four other white persons."

[Page 6/paragraph 7] "Witnesses Jacob Lemmon and Baker Davidson" should be noted.

[Page 6/column 2, paragraph 1] The reverend at their wedding was John Helms.

[Page 7/paragraph 1] The Fifth Regiment of Tennessee Militia also had a commander named Tunly or Turrly.

[Page 7/end] 24 September 1829, Wednesday - Henry Baughman [IV] married Charity Sutton, daughter of John Sutton, who lives in the farm next door in Madison County, Missouri. Justice of the Peace Josiah Berryman officiates, and report it to Tom Mosely, the county recorder, on 5 October 1929.

[Page 10, paragraph 7] George Baughman first appears as a member of the Cedar Creek Lodge No.751 on 6 June 1908.

[Page 14/end] 16 July 1990, Monday - Henry Marshall Baughman is born to J. Ross Baughman and Jonalyn Sue Schuon at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in New York, New York, at 8:38 a.m., weighing seven pounds, four ounces and measuring 20 inches in height. [His Social Security No. will later be 070-80-9147.]

[Page 25/column 2, paragraph 2] Galley was the term for a class of aging warships of long proportion and narrow girth fitted with apertures along each side

for oars, used for maneuverability during naval combat. These were the principal warship in countries around the Mediterranean until the first third of the 18th century. Some of these venerable ships saw service as British merchantmen.³⁵⁶

[Page 41, end] The exact location of Flohr's Gap falls on State Highway 70, along the road between Blackwater, Virginia and the entry into Hancock County, Tennessee, at Kyle's Ford. A branch of the old Warriors' Path was thought to cross the mountains at this point, although its position today suggests that it served people from the interior of western Virginia.

Beulah Linn, the historian for Sevier County, Tennessee passed on the following first set of additions, clarifications and corrections to the 1989 edition of the Baughman's family history:

[Page 42/paragraph 2:"The country was born a second time..."] Your source for that, Steve Cotham, lives in Knox County, and it is not accurate. We plan to correct it in our next edition of *In the Shadows of the Smokies*. It should have read, "Sevier County has the distinction of three birthdays, one in 1785 under the State of Franklin*, one in 1794 under the Territory South of the River Ohio**, and in 1796 under the Constitution of the State of Tennessee." The first court held in Sevier County under the new state constitution was held at the courthouse on July 4, 1796.***

* Ramsey, J.G.M. *Annals of Tennessee* (Walker & Jones, Charleston, S.C., 1853) p.294

** Ibid, p.637

*** Ibid, p.669

[Page 42/paragraph 3] Daniel Kerr wasn't the entry taker in 1803, he was the county surveyor in 1824. The East Tennessee Entry Office wasn't opened until January 1807 in Knox County. The original book is in the Knox County Courthouse and a microfilm copy is in the McClung Room of the Knoxville Library. Robert Wear was the Sevier County surveyor. As far as I know the name of the first entry taker was lost in the courthouse fire of 1856. In 1824, the first year of the Sevier County surveys (Not East Tenn. book) the Sevier County entry taker was Micajah Rogers. The two survey

books were in his home when the Courthouse burned and thus were preserved.

[Page 42/column 2, paragraph 5: "Jones Cove Valley, laced between the Shields and English mountains..."] The Jones Cove Valley really is between English Mountain and the Great Smoky Mountains. Richardson Cove begins at the south end of Shields Mountain. The Jones Cove Valley lies on each side of the Little East Fork of the Little Pigeon River and extends to the head of Dunn Creek. (Dunn Creek and Long Creek join to form the little East Fork.) The Middle Prong (Big East Fork) of Little Pigeon flows along the eastern base of Shields Mountain."

You might want to add to the list of German settlers from the Shenandoah Valley the surnames of Fox, Bird [Bord], Dietrich (Derrick), Heuser, Neff, Moser, Gabel, Schneider and Stoffel.

The Church in the Forks of Little Pigeon was organized in 1789.

[Page 43/paragraph 3] Davy Crockett lived at the present site of Limestone, this side of Greeneville, in Greene County.

[Page 6/paragraph 4] Loans Branch rises on the east side of Shields Mountain and flows down through the Roberts Schoolhouse Community and empties into the Big East Fork of the Little Pigeon. I believe John Baughman lived in this area when he attended the Church in the Forks, as it would be about six miles from Lone Branch to Sevierville.

[Page 145] I would move the word "Branch" to the right of School House and move "Lone" to the site of "Branch."

. . .

[Page 62-63] The Virginia State Library in Richmond possesses an unattributed variant interpretation of the German signatures on the 1785 Mennonite Military Exemption Petition. Upon review of the original handwritten document, the following names should be corrected as follows:

Johannes Marshberger [37] becomes Harschberger;
I__ Wolfenberger [5] becomes Jorg Westerberger;
[?_] [67] becomes Balsler Hupp.

They also show three other names bearing no resemblance to any signatures on the version of the petition in my files:

Conrad Seiger, Gabriel Seiger and Matthi Snutz.

[Page 64/top of column 2] The tombstone

inscription "Hier Rut Elisabeth Hess Ward Geboren..." should be "Hier Rut Elisabeth Hess[.] War Geboren..." After research by Blair Zirkle, vice-president of the Zirkle Family History Association and editor of their newsletter, the absence of any 18th century family in the Valley named Ward is redressed by reading the word as *war*, the German word for was. It should also be noted that the orphaned tombstone markers described for Elisabeth Hess and Peter Oberholser have been added to the Baughman Plantation Burial Ground in time for its rededication in June 1994. Because both individuals had ties to the Baughman family, and because no trace of their actual burial location is known, it was felt that saving, moving and restoring the stones was better than leaving them to neglect. Both have been installed beside an historical marker, close together and perpendicular to all of the other tomstones, in such a way as to make clear that they no longer identify a burial there. A small bronze placque may be eventually added to the site to preserve these historical details.

After devoting 23 pages to the estate inventory of Henry Baughman [II] in Chapter 4 of *Harvest Time*, the many misinterpretations on pages 66 and 67 of the first book can now be hopefully disregarded.

[Page 71/paragraph 1] "...How their congregation eventually grew to 77 members." should read "...123 members."

[Page 109] Charles T. Baughman's first residence in 1972 was at 1092 Maple Road; and the address of his 1973 vacation home was Admiral's Walk, 4545 North Ocean Blvd., Boca Raton, Florida 33431; (305)368-2072.

[Page 110] J. Ross Baughman's last residence at Kent State University was at 317 East College St., three blocks from campus. In March 1990, Ross and his wife Jonalyn Schuon moved into a house on Long Island at 23 Overlook Drive, Huntington, Suffolk County, New York 11743, so that Jonni could be closer to her mother and father who lived in the same town and so that the baby they were expecting in July would have a more pleasant neighborhood to grow up in than New York City.

[Page 116] The source of the Confederate anthem, "Dixie," may be more ironic than originally thought. Not only was it written by pro-unionists in the North, but the white man who took credit for the words and music, Daniel Emmett, was allegedly taught them by Ben and Lew Snowden, two African-Americans musicians who lived near him in Knox

County, Ohio. The case of Snowden vs. Emmett is persuasive, but only circumstantial, in the 1994 book *Way Up North in Dixie* by Howard and Judith Rose Sacks.

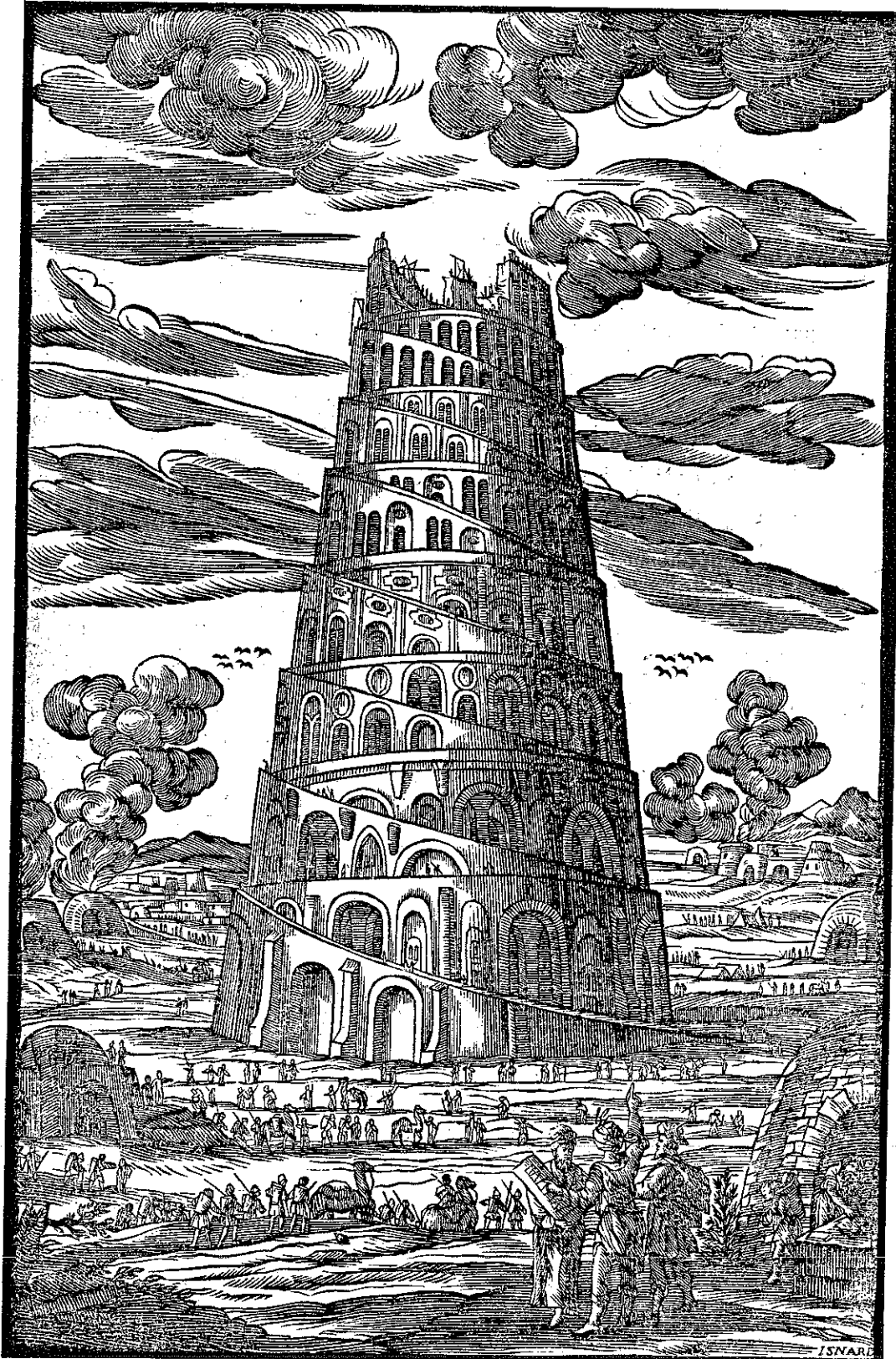
[Page 125] Improvements in Henry Baughman [I]'s family record are the result of tireless and inspired research by James C. and Marilyn Baughman of Indiana.

[Page 128] The birthdate of Peter Baughman's eighth child, Lewis Lafayette was copied incorrectly from the birthdate of a cousin also named Lewis Lafayette. The birthdate of Peter's son is unknown.

[Page 129] For the wife of George Norvin Baughman, the seventh child of George and Rosie Baughman, the entry should read "Teresa Tudor, born 4 April 1921."

[Page 133] Thomas H. Coulter was born 30 June 1813; died 11 August 1872. His son Thomas, born 1845, married Virginia Walker. A complete discussion of the Cherokee ancestors of his wife, Jane Oliver, is the basis of Chapter 7 in *Harvest Time*.

[Page 138c] In the seventh generation, Bertha Alice Collins was first married to John Quincy Adams. ■ ■ ■



THE TOWER OF BABEL
FROM A BIBLE ILLUSTRATED BY ISNARD AND PRINTED IN SWITZERLAND IN 1778

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AND FOOTNOTE SOURCE GUIDE

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BY AND ABOUT THE BAUGHMAN FAMILY

- 462.) Baughman, C.T. *Scrapbook: 25 Months of Service, World War II, March 24, 1944 to April 24, 1946*. A brown leather cover 11¼" x 14½", with 96 unnumbered chipping acidic construction paper pages filled with restricted orders, maps, potographs, newspaper clippings, pamphlets and photographic prints [In the possession of Mary Ann Baughman Bittner]
- 463.) *Reunion of the Baughmans in Oklahoma* by J. Ross Baughman. A 20-minute candid videotaping of a picnic in Wapanucka at the home of Teresa and Norvin Baughman on 29 October 1989, and a survey of the family's former properties nearby.
- 464.) *Henry Marshall Baughman: The Video* by Anne Fadiman. A 20-minute interview with Jonalyn Schuon, J. Ross Baughman and their son, Henry, on the day of his birth, 16 July 1990, at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital in New York City.
- 465.) *Watching Henry Grow* by J. Ross Baughman. An ongoing video documentation, shot in the S-VHS format.

AN INDEX
TO PEOPLE, PLACES & EVENTS
WITHIN HARVEST TIME

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