# *Paull-Irwin*

Elisabeth Maxwell Paull

Admiral JOHN PAUL JONES

"The old, old, Years, that did not stay,
Have hallowed grown, since they passed away".

# PAULL-IRWIN

## A FAMILY SKETCH

BY

ELISABETH MAXWELL PAULL

PRIVATELY PRINTED
1915


ONE HUNDRED COPIES PRINTED

A MEMORIAL TO MY FATHER

GEORGE TORRENCE PAULL

SON OF

JAMES PAULL, JR.

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# ILLUSTRATIONS

# ADMIRAL JOHN PAUL "JONES"

July 6, 1747—July 18, 1792

In one of the most beautiful and picturesque points along the Solway Frith, in Arbigland, Scotland, John Paul lived—a gardener, as his father had been. After completing his apprenticeship with his father, John was employed as gardener on the estate of the Honorable Robert Craik, a country squire, and a member of Parliament. In this employment he continued until his death, October 24th, 1767. Soon after engaging on the Craik estate, he married Jean Macduff, daughter of an Argyll Highlander, Ian Macduff, a gunsmith. When Jean was a child, the family removed to the Lowlands. In Kirkbean Parish, stewartry of Kirkcudbright, John and Jean Paul brought up their family. There were seven children. The two youngest, Robert and Adam, died in infancy; William, the eldest, married ———; Elizabeth died before she was twenty; Janet married William Taylor, a watch-maker of Dumfries; Mary Ann married first, Robert Young of Whitehaven, an English mariner; second, Mark Louden; John, Jr., the youngest of the surviving children, assumed the name "Jones" when twenty-six years of age.

In the midst of surroundings calculated to stir the imagination, John Paul, Jr., spent his childhood. He loved the sea, and one of his favorite pastimes was to sail his toy ships near its

shore. The town of Dumfries had a large tobacco trade with America and the cargoes were unshipped at the mouth of the river Nith. Here John mingled with the seamen,and this tended to strengthen his passion for sea life. His interest in America probably came through his intercourse with mariners from the discontented Colonies. Because of his natural inclination and his aptitude, he was apprenticed when he was but twelve years of age, to a ship merchant of Whitehaven by the name of Younger. .Soon afterwards the young apprentice made his first voyage to the country which now claims him.

His education at the parish school of Kirkbean suddenly ended, but it was continued, by reading and persistant study, throughout his life. He mastered the French language and became quite proficient in Spanish.

When John was thirteen (in 1760),his brother William came to Virginia and settled in Fredericksburg. He was a merchant tailor and lived in an old house on the corner of Prussia and Caroline Streets. His store was on the corner of Main and Market Streets, the building in which George Washington was made a Mason. William Paul was married but had no children. He died April 17th, 1773, having made a will the previous year. The two men appointed executors refused to qualify and William's brother, John Paul, Jr., came to take charge of the estate. He had left Whitehaven the preceding November, bound for the Chesapeake, and had just anchored his ship (the *Two Friends*, a merchant vessel), in reach of the Rappahannock. John Paul being unknown in the Colony, John Atkinson was granted letters of administration, John Waller, Jr., going his security, afterwards relieved by Charles Yates. The amount of the bond was five hundred pounds. Colonel William Jones, a wealthy planter from North Carolina, became John Paul's bondsman for five hundred pounds. Because of this friendly act, John Paul added "Jones" to his name.

Tradition claims that John Paul occupied one of the rooms in the store-building during the two years he remained in Fredericksburg, which adds interest to the historic place.

It is evident from John Paul's letters that he thought of abandoning sea life and becoming a planter. He reveled in books and was ardent in his friendships. Domestic life attracted him; but the unhappy state of the country stirred his soul, and personal interests were put aside. When the Revolutionary War was at its height, he wrote to Lady Selkirk, "I have been led to sacrifice not only my favorite scheme of life but the softer affections of the heart, and my prospects of domestic happiness; and I am ready to sacrifice my life also, with cheerfulness, if the forfeiture could bring peace and good will among mankind".

The Colonies were coming into troublous times. The disturbances in New England led to the Battle of Lexington in April, 1775, and the spirit of resistance spread far and near.

In October, 1775, when the Continental Congress was in session in Philadelphia, steps were taken to establish a navy for the Colonies; they owned but a few small vessels for transporting troops and cruising against pirates. John Paul Jones went from Fredericksburg to Philadelphia and asked to be put on sea duty. He was given a place on the commission for purchasing vessels for the navy. Washington said of him, "His powers for usefulness are great and must be constantly kept in view". Joseph Hewes, at the head of the Naval Committee, recognized Jones's ability and secured for him a lieutenancy in the new navy. His commission as senior lieutenant in the first naval force organized by Congress, was handed to him by John Hancock on Dec. 22, 1775, in Independance Hall, Philadelphia.

Commodore Esek Hopkins was appointed Commander-in-chief of the little fleet of five vessels—the *Columbus*, *Cabot*, *Andrea Doria*, *Lee*, and *Alfred*, of which the last had been a merchant vessel, the *Black Prince*. This vessel of twenty-four guns was the flagship, to which Paul Jones was assigned as first lieutenant under Captain Dudley Saltonstall. On the *Alfred*, Jones hoisted the first ensign ever shown on an American man-of-war; there is substantial evidence that it was the Grand Union flag. The ship sailed up and down the Delaware , to the delight of the people assembled on its shores.

The fleet set sail January 5th, 1776. A contemporary paper found in the American archives, thus describes its departure.:

"Newbern, North Carolina, Feb. 9, '76.

"By a gentleman from Philadelphia we have received the pleasing account of the actual sailings from that place of the first American fleet that ever swelled their sails on the Western Ocean, in defence of the rights and liberties of the people of these Colonies, now suffering under the persecuting rod of the British Ministry, and their more than brutish tyrants in America The fleet consists of five sail, fitted out at Philadelphia, which are to be joined at the Capes of Virginia by two ships more from Maryland, and is commanded by Admiral Hopkins, a most experienced and venerable seacaptain. . . . They sailed from Philadelphia amidst the acclamations of many thousands assembled on the joyful occasion, under the display of a Union Flag, with thirteen stripes in the field, emblematical of the thirteen United Colonies. . . . Their destination is a secret, but generally supposed to be against the Ministerial Governors, those little petty Tyrants that have lately spread fire and sword throughout these Southern Colonies. For the happy success of this little fleet, three millions of people offer their most earnest supplications to Heaven". In another paper occurs a description of the flag: "The colours of the American fleet were striped under the union with thirteen strokes, called the thirteen united Colonies, and their standard was a rattlesnake, with the motto, 'Don't tread on me!' " The "rattlesnake" flag is supposed to have been the standard of the commander-in-chief. A flag presented to the South Carolina Assembly in February, 1776, by Colonel Gadsden, is described as "An elegant standard, such as is to be used by the commander-in-chief of the American Navy; being a yellow flag, with a lively representation of a rattlesnake in the middle, in the attitude of going to strike, and the words underneath, 'Don't tread on me!' "

The first Stars and Stripes, the "Betsy Ross" flag, came into being in June, 1776, one month before the Declaration of Inde-

pendence. When General Washington, Colonel Ross, and Robert Morris, called upon Mrs. Ross with a roughly-drawn design and asked her to make a new flag with thirteen stripes and thirteen six-pointed stars, she suggested a star with five points and showed how these could be easily made, by proper folding, with one snip of the scissors. She made a sample flag which Congress approved. One year later, on June 14th (now observed as Flag Day), Congress adopted the new emblem by resolution:

"Resolved—That the Flag of the United States be thirteen Stripes, alternate red and white, that the Union be thirteen Stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new comstellation". Much delightful information relating to the National emblem is to be found in Mr. Balderston's "The Evolution of the American Flag".

Paul Jones was commissioned captain, October 10th, 1776. Soon after the advent of the Stars and Stripes, he was ordered to New England, to take command of the *Ranger*, a newly built vessel of eighteen guns. She was graced with the beautiful new flag, the first vessel on which the Stars and Stripes ever waved.

A pretty story is told of another flag, which was made by a clique of Portsmouth girls and presented to the young captain, who had furnished the specifications. The thirteen stars were made from the wedding gown of Helen Sevey, the bride of a young officer. The names of the others, as far as available, were Dorothy Hall, Caroline Chandler, Augusta Price and Mary Langdon. Their beautiful flag was destined to an end unique and glorious.

In October, 1777, Captain Jones was notified to hold himself in readiness at Portsmouth for quick departure to France. Burgoyne's surrender was the matter pending. When this occurred, October 17, a single courier bore the news to Portsmouth, stopping only for a change of horses. By midnight the *Ranger* was under way and made ,for that period, a quick pass-

age to France. She reached Nantes on the morning of December 2, having made the run in twenty-two days. Proceeding at once to Paris, Captain Jones placed the important dispatches in the hands of Benjamin Franklin, one of the three American Commissioners—Silas Deane and Arthur Lee were the others.

The *Ranger* lay in Brest harbor for two months and her captain was everywhere received with distinction. Gay Paris suited his taste for polite society and his fondness for dress.

An event of unusual interest and significance occurred February 14, 1778, when Paul Jones received the first national salute ever given to the Stars and Stripes by the guns of a foreign navy. In Quiberon Bay the *Ranger* convoyed some American vessels desiring to sail out under the protection of the French squadron commanded by M. La Motte Picquet. After some negotiation with the Admiral, Captain Jones fired a salute of thirteen guns and received a salute of nine guns, the customary number given to the flag of a republic. February 22, he wrote to the Marine Committee "I am happy in having it in my power to congratulate you on my having seen the American Flag for the first time recognized, in the fullest and completest manner possible, by the flag of France".

Paul Jones sailed from Brest harbor April 10, 1778, on his first memorable cruise, one full of daring. With only the *Ranger*, he kept the whole coast of Scotland and part of that of England, in a state of alarm. The Solway had not been entered by the prow of an invader for centuries and the sense of security felt by the people was absolute. Suddenly an intrusion not unlike the incursion of one of the old sea kings, startled them. There were more than two hundred ships in the harbor at Whitehaven when the little *Ranger* stole in. April 22, under cover of the night, two boats, manned by thirty volunteers, were sent with combustibles, one to the north of the harbor, the other to the south, with the intention of burning the vessels. In both cases their fire went out, causing a failure of the plan. But the men landed, scaled the walls of the two forts and spiked the cannon, about thirty pieces. Dawn was approaching,

but a light was procured from an isolated house and fire was kindled in the steerage of a large vessel, which was surrounded by many others. By daylight, the shore was crowded with thousands of terror-stricken people. Jones stood between them and the burning vessel, pistol in hand, ordering them to retire, which they did very promptly.

John Paul was in the midst of familiar scenes and tender associations. But he was now an American citizen, commanding a United States war vessel, and the cause he represented demanded the stifling of sentiment. His heart bled for the American prisoners, suffering in the jails and the hulks of the enemy. In a memorial to Congress, he said his objects in this cruise, were to secure an exchange of prisoners in Europe and to put an end to all the burnings in America, by one good fire of the shipping in England. No one was killed or wounded in the Whitehaven affair, a fact which gave the commander great satisfaction. Some fishermen, captured the day before, were released, and furnished money to replace all they had lost in a recent storm, including their boat. Two infirm men were sent with them, with the last guinea the generous captain possessed, to defray their expenses to their home in Dublin. The fishermen were overjoyed and gave three huzzas as they passed the *Ranger's* quarter.

The *Ranger* sailed for St. Mary's Isle. The captain with several officers and seamen, left the ship and went in a boat to the castle of Lord Selkirk, intending to take him on board the *Ranger*, and detain him until, through his means, an exchange of prisoners could be affected. Lord Selkirk was absent. The men were disappointed and were not willing to return without booty, reminding their captain of the ruthless plundering by the English soldiers in America. They were permitted to take the plate but were charged to show the utmost respect to Lady Selkirk. The orders were strictly obeyed. When the plate was sold, Captain Jones bought it with his private funds and restored it to Lady Selkirk. April 24th, the *Ranger* encountered and captured the British warship *Drake*, off the English

coast. The captain of the *Drake* and her first lieutenant, died soon after being taken on board the *Ranger*. They were buried with the honors due their rank. After an absence of but twenty-eight days, the *Ranger*, with the *Drake*, returned to Brest.

With the aid of Benjamin Franklin, Jones now secured the command of a squadron of five vessels—the *Alliance*, *Pallas*, *Vengeance*, *Cerf*, and *Duc de Duras*: the last, a vessel of forty-, two guns, was a gift from the King of France and was renamed "Bon Homme Richard," a compliment to Dr. Franklin, whose pen name was "Poor Richard". It was the largest of the squadron, but an old vessel, having been in service fourteen years.

The most remarkable event in the career of John Paul Jones, which would, of itself, have given him enduring fame, occurred September 23rd, 1779, when he was on his way to the coast of Scotland with his little squadron. It has no parallel in the history of naval engagements. The *Bon Homme Richard* engaged, single-handed, the *Serapis*, commanded by Captain Pearson. The latter was a vessel of forty-four guns, with a crew of picked seamen, convoying, with the *Countess of Scarborough*, a merchant fleet to the Baltic Sea. The crew of the *Richard* was a motley one, composed of Americans, English, French, Maltese, Portuguese, and Malays. The battle, fought in the evening and during the night, under the light of a beautiful harvest moon, was witnessed by hundreds, crowded on the shore of Flamborough Head. To prevent escape, Captain Jones, with his own hands, lashed the two vessels together. Soon came a hail from the *Serapis* to Captain Jones; "Has your ship struck?" "I have not yet begun to fight!" was the prompt response. The contest was fierce and obstinate, lasting until half-past ten, when the British colors were struck—an engagement of three and a half hours. There was no need of a boat or bridge between the vessels. Captain Pearson stepped over to the *Bon Homme Richard* and delivered up his jeweled sword to Captain Jones, who promptly returned it to him, as well as the gold-mounted

pistols, a present to Captain Pearson from the city of Bristol. With the aid of the pilot boat and the boats of the squadron, the survivors of the battle were all saved, but it was impossible to save stores of any kind. Captain Jones lost the greater part of his clothing, books, and papers. The men at the pumps, struggled bravely to keep the good old ship afloat and bring her into port, and did not abandon her until after nine o'clock, the morning of the third day. Captain Jones wrote in his official account, "A little after ten I saw, with inexpressible grief, the last glimpse of the *Bon Homme Richard*".

The flag which floated over the *Richard* was rescued and was preserved in the museum of the Alexandria-Washington Masonic Lodge until 1871, when it was destroyed by the fire which burned the lodge-room. It was said to have borne stars scattered in the field, not in a circle. Mr. Charles W. Stewart, Superintendent of the Library of Naval War Records, has made a thorough study of the American flag and he expresses the conviction that the naval flags generally bore the stars "scattered"—arranged in the form of crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. He also believes that from the first, the navy used the Stars and Stripes, while the army used various devices.

The beautiful Portsmouth flag went down into the sea. When Captain Jones was in Philadelphia three years later, he explained to Mary Langdon the reason for making no effort to save it. He could not bear to strip the good old ship of her colors nor deprive his brave men of the honor of having the flag for a shroud.

The encounter with the *Serapis* was one of the most remarkable feats of the Revolutionary War. The reputation of Paul Jones as a naval commander was raised to the highest pitch in both England and America. He was everywhere received as a hero. The King of France presented him with a jeweled sword, bearing the inscription, "Louis Sixteenth, Rewarder of the Valiant Asserter of the Freedom of the Sea." With the approbation of the American Congress, the King also adorned him with the cross of Military Merit; the first foreigner on whom the

honor was conferred. Congress presented him with a gold medal, an honor shown to but five others—Generals Washington, Gates, Wayne, Morgan, and Greene.

The year following the great sea victory, 1780, Paul Jones spent chiefly in France, the fêted hero in gay society. The ladies went daft over him. At a luncheon given in his honor by the Duchess of Chartres, (Mary Adelaide, wife of Louis Philip Joseph, the "Sailor Prince"), the hostess was so much pleased with his perfect command of sea craft that she presented him with a Louis Quinze watch of rare design and value, worn by her grandfather, Count de Toulouse, when he commanded the French fleet in 1704. Miss Edes-Herbert, an English lady living in Paris, wrote to a friend, "The famous Paul Jones sups and dines here often. He is a poet as well as a hero. He is greatly admired here, especially by the ladies, who are wild for love of him, as he is for them. If I am in love with him, for love may I die; I have as many rivals as there are ladies. He is the most agreeable sea-wolf one could wish to meet. A few days ago, he wrote some verses extempore, of which I send you a copy:

" 'Verses addressed to the Ladies who have done me the honor of their polite attention:

"Insulted Freedom bled—I felt her cause,
And drew my sword to vindicate her laws,
From principle, and not for vain applause.
I've done my best; self-interest far apart,
And self-reproach a stranger to my heart.
My zeal still prompts, ambitious to pursue
The foe, ye fair! of liberty, and you!
Grateful for praise spontaneous and unbought,
A generous people's love not meanly sought—
To merit this, and bend the knee to Beauty,
Shall be my earliest, and my latest, duty.' "

About this time an enduring friendship was formed with Aimee de Telison. She was the natural daughter of the corrupt Louis XV but took the name of her stepfather. She was about twenty years of age, beautiful, accomplished, with charming manners. Her mother had neglected her. Paul Jones interested himself in her behalf, procuring some support from the reigning King, Louis XVI, and assisting her himself. He also taught her English and afterwards employed Miss Edes-Herbert to teach her. This enabled her to teach English in a seminary at St. Germain. Later, she was Paul Jones's secretary and greatly assisted him in his voluminous correspondence and in translating his journals and other historical papers. Shortly before his death, her generous benefactor provided her a home in Rue Vivienne. When Napoleon became Emperor, Aimee was employed by the Empress Josephine to teach the young ladies of her suite the English language, and to give discourses on the American Revolution and the Court of Louis XVI. In this position she held a prominent and respected place in the upper circles of French society. From this time, the pathetic life of little Aimee passes out of view.

Paul Jones was said to have been "a master in the arts of dress and personal adornment, always the best dressed man at any dinner or fête he may honor by attending. He was five feet seven inches in height, slender in build, of exquisite symmetry in form".

Benjamin Franklin was an ardent admirer; he wrote of him "When face to face with Commodore Jones, no man can resist the strange magnetism of his presence, the indescribable charm of his manner—a commingling of the most compliant deference with the most perfect self-esteem I have ever seen; and, above all, the sweetness of his voice and the purity of his language." Some one else wrote, "To the charm of person and grace of manner he adds the power of conversation—a store of rare and original anecdotes, and an inexhaustible fund of ready wit. Next to the magic of his eyes, is the charm if his voice, which no one can ever forget, man or woman, who has heard it. It is

surely the most musical, and perfectly modulated voice, ever heard".

Paul Jones was a voluminous letter-writer. With a good command of words, he was as fluent with his pen as in conversation. He kept in touch with the home folk, always solicitious about their welfare, giving assistance in their support and in the education of his nephews and nieces. His letters had frequently been intercepted and money remittances had been lost. When he learned of the deaths of his mother and sister Elizabeth, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Taylor, "The loss is the more affecting to me, since they did not receive the remittances I intended for them, and as they had not, perhaps, a true idea of my affection".

Jones returned to Philadephia in February, 1781, after an absence of more than three years. His report to the Board of Admiralty was straightforward and satisfactory. Congress passed resolutions of high commendation and elected him to the first rank in the Navy, that of Admiral. In his honor, M. de la Luzerne gave a fête to all the members of Congress and the prominent citizens of Philadelphia. In their presence, he, a Knight of the Order of Merit, invested the Admiral with the Order, and presented him with the cross sent by the King of France. Thereafter he was Chevalier Paul Jones. After the surrender of Cornwallis, which took place October 19th, 1781, Jones always wore this cross. With the permission of Congress, the Chevalier spent five months in Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, for improvement at "the first naval school in the world". While there, the prolonged fight for Freedom came to an end, and he returned at once to Philadelphia, where the event was celebrated with great exultation. The *Pennsylvania Gazette* of April 23rd, 1783, refers to the enthusiastic demonstrations:

"Philadelphia, April 23rd. Last Wednesday the Sheriff, accompanied by the magistrates of the city, made proclamation, at the Court House, of the cessation of Hostilities, amidst a vast concourse of People, who expressed their Satisfaction on

the happy Occasion by repeated Shouts. At the same time the State Flag was hoisted on Market Street Wharf, the Bells were rung, and a general Joy diffused itself throughout the City.

"At a meeting of a great number of the respectable inhabitants of Pittsgrove and towns adjacent in Salem County, State of New Jersey, for the celebration of Peace, the day was introduced with raising a monument of great height, on which was displayed the ensign of Peace, with the thirteen Stripes; after which the militia were drawn up, and discharged a feu de joie of thirteen rounds, when the Company partook of a cheerful Colation".

In his "Annals," John Fanning Watson gives an incident of his childhood: "I was born in the stirring times of the Revolutionary War, on the 13th of June, 1779. My mother, wishing to identify me with the scenes of the Revolution, when the Flag of Peace was hoisted on Market Street hill, held me up in her arms and made me see and notice that flag, so that it should be told by me in after years, she at the same time shedding many tears of joy at the glad spectacle".

Admiral Jones spent the summer of 1783 at the baths in Bethlehem, near Philadelphia, ill with an intermittent fever. The war over, his mind reverted to the "favorite scheme of life" and "domestic happiness". He directed John Ross, his business agent, to purchase for him a farm near New York, valued, before the Revolution, at eight thousand pounds, now for sale for one-fourth that amount. He wanted to "establish himself on a place he could call his own, and offer his hand to one of the fair daughters of Liberty". The "Daughters of Liberty" was a patriotic organization of young women pledged to spin, weave, knit, sew, etc., to aid in Freedom's cause. Because of the poverty of the country, the money due the Admiral, from various sources, could not be secured, and the fond hope was not realized; nor did the proposed invasion of the band of fair Daughters come to pass. Instead, he was soon occupied with a State mission. Congress sent him to Denmark to demand

indemnification for lost prizes. He was presented to the King and royal family and was received with marked distinction.

The bust of the Admiral made in 1787, when he was forty, by Houden, was said to be the best likeness. Another bust was made at the request of a Lodge, of which he was a member. From these models, busts were made and presented to Thomas Jefferson, John Jay, James Madison, General Arthur St. Clair, and others.

Through Thomas Jefferson, U. S. Ambassador at the French Court, Catherine II, Empress of Russia, made a flattering offer to Admiral Jones to enter her service as rear admiral and command her fleet in the Black Sea. He hesitated, unwilling to enter a foreign service, but finally accepted the offer. He wrote to Thomas Jefferson, "I have not forsaken a country that has had many disinterested and difficult proofs of my steady affection. I can never renounce the glorious title, 'Citizen of the United States.'" To John Jay he wrote, "Since the year 1775, when I displayed the American flag for the first time, with my own hands, I have been constantly devoted to the interests of America". To the close of his life, he was loyal to his adopted country.

Of his reception at the Court of St. Petersburg, he wrote to La Fayette, "The Empress received me with a distinction the most flattering, perhaps, that another stranger can boast of. Her Majesty conferred on me immediately, the grade of rear Admiral. I was detained, against my will, a fortnight, and continually feasted at court, and in the first society. This was a cruel grief to the English, and I own their vexation gave me no pain". A correspondent from St. Petersburg, writing to an Edinburgh paper, said, "Paul Jones is a well-made man of middle size; he wears a French uniform, with the cross of St. Louis, and a Danish Order he received at Copenhagen. He has also received, since he came here, one of the first Orders of Merit in this country, so it is to be feared they will spoil him by making too much of him. The English officers in this service have presented a memorial to Admiral Greig, refusing to serve with Jones, and threatening to throw up their commissions".

The enviable record of Paul Jones created jealousies among the officers and they set themselves to annoy and humiliate him. Rumors as false as they were absurd, were started and given wide circulation. The culmination was reached when, through an infamous conspiracy, an attempt was made to ruin his private character. This attack well-nigh crushed him, because his "honor was a thousand times dearer than life." The conspiracy was traced to Nassau-Siegen, a German in the service of the Empress, and a favorite. With the help of his friends, especially that of Count de Segur, Minister from France, Admiral Jones completely triumphed over every charge. But his health and spirits were irretrievably affected. Afterwards, he was graciously received at court, and was decorated by the Empress with the Order of St. Ann. He withdrew from the Russian service August, 1789, within two years after entering it, "having the happiness to know," as he wrote, "that my name will always be respected by worthy men who know me. It is a signal triumph, at the moment of my leaving Russia, that the public, and even the English, in St. Petersburg, with whom I have had no connection, give me their esteem, and regret my departure".

After a short residence in Amsterdam, he returned to Paris in May, 1790, where he lived the remainder of his life at No. 42, now No. 19, Rue de Tournon, second floor front, then a fashionable street. He had spacious apartments and kept open house —his hospitality was proverbial. His housekeeper was Madame d'Arbergne; he was always thoughtful of her interests and was constantly exerting himself to procure advancement for her two sons. The same liberality was shown all who served under him; when he met any of his old sailors, his purse was theirs.

When Admiral Jones returned to Paris, his active life had closed. It was said that in his ocean service, he had never been defeated nor ever wounded. He was ill but he was hopeful for recovery, expecting to return to America. His last appearance in public of which any record is preserved, was July 11, 1792, one week before his death.

He attended a session of the Assembly and made an extemporaneous speech during the debate on the passage of a decree declaring the country in danger, and urging provision for the universal arming of France by sea and land. The speech excited the wonder and admiration of all present, among whom were the most finished orators in the world. Closing, he said, "Count me with you. I am, as you see, in feeble health. Would that I was strong, as when I, long ago, brought to France the news of Liberty, the first great victory in the New World! But, ill as I am, there is yet something left of the man—not the Admiral, not the Chevalier, but the plain, simple, man, whom it delights to have you call, 'Paul Jones'—without any rank but that of fellowship, and without any title but that of Comrade. When the time comes, if I am able to stand a deck, I shall make no point of rank, I shall raise no question of political opinion. I shall only ask France to tell me how I can best serve her cause. So, now, I say to you, that whatever is left of the man, be it never so faint, nor feeble, will be laid, if necessary, on the altar of French liberty, as cheerfully as a child lies down to pleasant dreams!"

During the last days of the Admiral, scores of people came to see him. Aimee de Telison, sorely grieved to see his rapid decline, had a sailor's hammock swung in his garden and he spent many hours there, Aimee often sitting by him, gently moving the hammock. Four days before his death, he entertained visitors in the garden in his usual jovial, happy manner. Among his guests, was Gouverneur Morris, who asked to see him alone. He sprang from his hammock and walked briskly, as usual, to a rustic bench in the rear of the garden; there he learned that Mr. Pinckney, soon to succeed Gouverneur Morris as Minister, would bring with him a commission from America, authorizing him to treat with the Dey of Algiers for the release of Christians held there in slavery. The Admiral talked of the storm threatening France and said if health should be restored to him, he intended to serve in behalf of the liberty of France, as he had served for the freedom of America.

On the afternoon of July 18, M. Beaupoil, a French officer, Colonel Samuel Blackden, a friend of the Admiral's from North Carolina, and Gouverneur Morris, sat with him in his parlor, he in an arm-chair, much swollen, and suffering from difficult breathing.

His friends insisted upon his making his will. He consented and a Notary was summoned. His whole estate was left to his two sisters and their children. Mr. Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, was appointed executor. His sword of honor, the gift from the King, was given orally to Richard Dale, ("My good old Dick") his able first lieutenant on the *Bon Homme Richard*. It was entrusted to Gouverneur Morris. Soon after the gentlemen had taken their leave, Madame d'Arbergne took him a bowl of broth. When she returned to clear his table, she found him lifeless, lying on his face upon his bed, his feet on the floor. Dr. Gourgeaud believed that a paroxysm of coughing had sent him quickly to his bedroom and strangulation followed. The Mary Adelaide watch, by which he timed his battles, was clenched in one hand. A book, leaves upturned, was lying on the floor. He was forty-five years old. The body was embalmed and placed in a leaden casket, according to directions from Gouverneur Morris, who believed that the United States would have it brought to America at once, for interment. Twelve members of the National Assembly of France attended the funeral, July 20th. Rev. Paul Henri Marron, pastor of the Protestant Church, St. Louis, made the address. The casket was placed in a vault in St. Louis Cemetery. Ready money to meet the funeral expenses was not available and M. Simoneau, commissioner of the King charged with the burial of foreign Protestants, assumed the expense, four hundred sixty-two francs—an unusually large expense; the cost of an ordinary funeral was one hundred twenty-eight francs. Later, when the effects were sold, stocks converted into cash, and arrears of pay collected, the amount was thirty thousand dollars. More was realized afterwards, which, together with land bounty in America, went to his heirs. Among his effects were seven uniforms, twelve decorations and four swords.

The United States did not transfer the Admiral's remains, "at once!" The vault continued to be the honored tomb. By and by, St. Louis Cemetery was abandoned and buildings were reared over the graves. Men came and passed on. The years came and slipped away. More than a century after the death of Paul Jones, General Horace Porter, U. S. Ambassador to France, commenced a search for the grave of the "little Admiral" in June, 1899. His account of the undertaking and the final triumph, is most thrilling. The search continued for several years. When satisfied that the location was reached, excavation commenced February 3rd, 1905. March 31st, the third leaden casket, one of superior solidity and workmanship, was unearthed, and opened and found to contain, unmistakably, the object of the search. Furnished with busts of the Admiral and copies of the Congressional gold medal, the identification was comparatively easy—the likeness was striking! Reverently, the men uncovered and exclaimed, "Paul Jones!" The body was marvelously preserved. General Porter took the right hand in his hand and found the joints to be flexible! A present-day handclasp with John Paul Jones! The body was taken to the Paris School of Medicine and examined by experienced anthropologists, Dr. Capitan and Dr. Papilleault. It was incased in tin-foil, and wrapped in a winding sheet. The only article of clothing was a linen shirt, handsomely made with plaits and ruffles. An outside wrapping of hay and straw was immersed in alcohol. The measurement, five feet, seven inches, was the Admiral's height in life; the brown hair, slightly streaked with gray and about thirty inches long, had been combed back and gathered into a linen cap at the back of the head. The cap bore the initial *J* (or *P*, when reversed), worked in thread. The physicians made an autopsy and found evidence of the disease from which he died, nephritis. There were also evidences of bronchial pneumonia, from which he suffered after having lived in the severe climate of Russia. The result was most satisfactory, most convincing.

The leaden casket was placed in one of oak with eight silver handles; the lid was secured with sixteen silver screws. Covered with the American Flag, the coffin was placed in a receiving vault of the American Church, Holy Trinity. President Roosevelt ordered a squadron composed of the *Brooklyn*, *Tacoma*, *Galveston*, and *Chattanooga*, and commanded by Admiral Sigsbee, to proceed to Cherbourg. The escort including five hundred bluejackets, arrived at Paris July 6th. In the afternoon of the same day, the ceremonies took place in the beautiful American Church, Holy Trinity—the one hundred fifty-eighth anniversary of the Admiral's birth. The casket, draped with the Stars and Stripes and adorned with flowers, was placed in front of the chancel. The service, conducted by the rector, Rev. Dr. Morgan, was simple and impressive. The audience was unusual; State officials, the highest officers of the French army and navy, distinguished people from many countries. Elaborate uniforms, magnificent floral decorations, and brilliant flags, combined to make a scene of rare beauty. At the close of the service, eight American bluejackets, all of them over six feet tall, bore the casket from the church. The French ladies whispered their admiration of the "beautiful boys". Placed upon a French artillery caisson, the casket was taken to a catafalqué on Esplanade des Invalides, where the troops filed by, rendering the highest military honors to the remains of the dead hero. The people reverently uncovered when the coffin passed. There were no cheers nor any inappropriate demonstrations. The streets and houses were decorated. The body was taken by special train to Cherbourg with a guard of honor, composed of Frenchmen and Americans.

Many cities of the United States asked the privilege of giving a resting-place to the body of John Paul Jones. The place chosen as most fitting, was Annapolis, Maryland. Reaching its destination Monday morning, July 24th, the body was transferred from the *Brooklyn* to the naval tug *Standish*, amid the booming of guns; it was landed from the tug on a float beautifully decorated, and placed in a hearse. The cortege proceeded

slowly to the Naval Academy, to the strains of a funeral dirge, played by the Naval Academy Band. Chaplain Clark read the burial service and offered a most impressive and inspiring prayer, at the conclusion of which, the pallbearers, French and American sailors, placed the casket in the brick vault erected for the purpose; then saluted the dead, a squad of marines firing a volley over the vault. A bugler sounded taps; the exquisite strains, slowly dying, were listened to by a crowd of reverent spectators in profound silence. For nine months the vault was under the care of a marine guard; until April 24th, 1906, the anniversary of the capture of the British warship *Drake*. This date was chosen as a fitting time for the commemorative services.

The day's programme is given in detail in the "John Paul Jones Commemoration," a handsome volume compiled by Mr. Charles W. Stewart, Superintendent of the Library of Naval War Records.

Honorable Charles J. Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy, issued invitations to the President, the Ambassador of France and his suite, the principal officers of the Government, the Navy, Army and Militia, to the Governors of States, to patriotic societies, and distinguished men and women of America. The regular train service from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, to Annapolis, was increased. When the President's train arrived at Annapolis, a salute was fired from the United States Ship, *Hartford*, Farragut's famous old flagship. The President's party was escorted to the Armory, by a battalion of naval cadets, through lines of French and American sailors, marines, troopers, and thousands of cheering spectators. When the President and speakers entered the Armory, the audience rose and remained standing, while the Baltimore Oratorio Society sang the "Star-spangled Banner". During the services they sang also, "The Marseillaise", "Around About Thy Starry Throne", "Maryland, My Maryland", closing the services with "How Sleep the Brave".

The casket, placed in front of the President's stand, was draped with the Union Jack, upon which lay a laurel wreath, a spray of palm, and the sword given the Admiral by King Louis XVI—now in the possession of Richard Dale, Philadelphia. The armory and the speakers' stand were decorated with the colors of France and of the United States. Honorable Charles J. Bonaparte introduced the speakers, who were: The President, Mr. Roosevelt, General Horace Porter, M. Jusserand, French Ambassador, and Governor Warfield of Maryland.

At the close of the ceremonies, the audience stood in silence while the casket was borne to the space beneath the stairs in Bancroft Hall, there to await the completion of the magnificent new chapel, one of a group of naval buildings then under construction.

Seven years later, January 26th, 1913, the body was removed from Bancroft Hall and placed, with appropriate ceremonies, in its final resting-place, in the crypt under the Naval Academy Chapel, Annapolis—America's first great naval commander, and fittingly, the first of her illustrious dead to find sepulture within those walls of matchless design and beauty. The sarcophagus is of marble and bronze, standing seven and one-half feet high. Congress appropriated seventy-five thousand dollars for its construction. A slab can be lifted from the floor of the chapel, exposing it to view.

## HUGH PAULL 16— to 1749

### FIRST AMERICAN ANCESTOR

After the settlement of Jamestown in 1607, the population of Virginia increased steadily but slowly. During thirty years the number had reached but fifteen thousand. The execution of Charles I in 1649, made it unsafe for his adherents to remain in England, and many of them came to Virginia, where land was cheap, the climate delightful, and where they could live in peace, although the Commonwealth's men were in power. So great was the influx that in twenty years more (1670), the population had increased to forty thousand. The Cavalier element was so strong as to control not only society, but religious and public affairs as well. They lived on large estates, dressed elegantly, traveled about in coaches and were devoted to the Church of England. They spent their time in social amusements and luxurious living—fond of fox-hunting and horse-racing. An afternoon of "mirth designed to be purely innocent" was advertised to be held in the "old field near Captain Bickerton's in Hanover" some time in 1737. It began with a horse-race. Men cudgeled for a hat; twenty fiddlers contested for a new fiddle, all playing at the same time, each a different tune; twelve boys ran a race for a hat; a quire of ballads was awarded to the best singer; silver buckles to the best wrestler; handsome silk stockings to the prettiest girl.

A different sort of people, a sturdy race, began to settle in the lower valley—Scotch-Irish, Germans and Quakers. They had but little time for amusement, no taste for gay, social life, even if favorable circumstances had permitted. They commenced at once to build cabin homes, churches and grist-mills. Some one was always on guard, rifle near by. Their own hands provided for their tables game from the surrounding mountains and that which the soil yielded.

In 1719, grievous conditions in northern Ireland started a stream of emigrants to the mountain regions of Pennsylvania and Virginia, the importance of which was scarcely less than that of the exodus of the English Puritans and Cavaliers. Landing at more northern ports, they pushed their way across the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers into the Cumberland Valley, then southward across Maryland into the Shenandoah, by Pack Horse Ford on the Potomac, at the point which is now Shepherdstown. Very early a settlement was made at this ford, many desirable features offering—a beautiful country, fertile soil and healthful climate.

An old tradition credits Morgan Morgan, a native of Wales, with having been the first white man to build a cabin south of the Potomac between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountain in 1726. This was in Spottsylvania County, at what is now Bunker Hill, Berkeley County. Morgan Morgan was prominent in public affairs.

The settlement on the Potomac, first called Pack Horse Ford, was later called Mecklenburg, which did not meet with favor; it was finally named Shepherdstown, in honor of Captain Thomas Shepherd, who laid out the town on his own land. The town became conspicuous many years later as the place where James Rumsey built and navigated the first steamboat, December 3rd, 1787.

During the winter of 1788, he went to Philadelphia where the people were greatly excited over his invention. A society was organized, "The Rumseyan Society", with Benjamin Franklin as president. Rumsey went to London the following

year, constructed a boat and launched it on the Thames in 1790. There he met Robert Fulton; congenial tastes made them warm friends. Rumsey died suddenly in December, 1792, in London. Fulton took up the work and spent twenty years in constructing his steamboat on the plan of the original inventor, James Rumsey.

The English monarch claimed and exercised the right to create Colonies and form Colonial Governments in America. The large grants of land were made chiefly in tidewater Virginia. However, in 1664, Charles II granted a princely domain to Lord Thomas Culpeper in the lower valley, extending to the summit of the Alleghenies from the Chesapeake, from the Potomac southward through territory now embraced in twenty-five counties. This tract descended to Thomas, Sixth Lord Fairfax, through his mother, Catherine Fairfax, daughter and only heir of Lord Culpeper. There were no land offices west of the Blue Ridge for many years after the lower valley began to be peopled. Settlers took possession of any unclaimed land that suited them by " Tomahawk right", cutting their names or initials on trees, and blazing trees as markers. The laws of the Colony allowed fifty acres free; when cleared and cultivated and buildings had been erected, four hundred acres additional were allowed, if there remained so much land unclaimed. Deeds were usually given for what was claimed. Many availed themselves of the privilege, because there were not even bridle paths in some sections and the journey to the Capital or Court House was expensive and tedious. When a colony of immigrants arrived requiring a large tract of land, the formalities of the law were adhered to by the authorities at Williamsburg. The King also exercised the right to make special grants to people who gave promise of becoming permanent settlers, even allowing them to settle on the large grants already made, when they had an order issued by the Governor and his Council.

Pioneers who crossed to the southern bank of the Potomac were on the Fairfax tract, which was more extensive than

even the proprietor knew, until it was surveyed some years after he inherited it. The Van Meter brothers, Isaac, from New Jersey, and John from Maryland, settled on the Fairfax territory. Their grants were dated at Williamsburg, June 17th, 1730. The following year Joist Hite came with a colony of Germans. Through the influence of William Penn, the Virginia Council gave to Hite one hundred thousand acres of land west of the Blue Ridge. Finding by blazed trees and other markers that the Van Meters were in advance, he bought their claims and commenced to sell land and settle his colony of twenty families in 1732. The Van Meters purchased from Hite tracts out of the original grant, all on the Fairfax claim. The confusion occasioned the old lord endless trouble, but in the end he was obliged to accept the situation, because the "squatters", as he regarded them, had conformed to the laws required by the Virginia Council. He had to be satisfied with the "remnant" (a vast one) which was limited to the Northern Neck. When Lord Fairfax came to live permanently in Virginia, he became much attached to George Washington, then a youth of sixteen, whom he frequently entertained at his lodge and employed to survey the Northern Neck.

With its vast woodlands, its mineral resources, fertile soil, fine climate, and majestic scenery, the Shenandoah Valley was one of the most attractive and desirable sections in the "New World", extending from the Potomac to the southern boundary of Roanoke County and lying between the Blue Ridge and the Kittatinny (or North) Mountains. The lower valley was embraced in one county until 1734, when Orange was erected, including the territory west of the Ridge. By act of the Colonial Assembly, November 1st, 1738, two counties were formed from Orange, named Frederick and Augusta for the Prince of Wales and Princess Augusta, parents of George III. Frederick County embraced the country along the Potomac and about seventy-five miles up the valley. Winchester, in Frederick County, was at this time marked by two log cabins. Here Court was established and a Justice

of the Peace appointed five years later, in 1743. Winchester became capital of the lower valley in 1752.

Hugh Paull, a native of Arbigland, Scotland, joined the exodus to America with his family. There are good reasons for accepting as fact, the tradition that he was a brother of the John Paul who was the father of John Paul "Jones". Three of the four sons of John Paul had names the same as those of three of Hugh's sons. The name of Hugh Paull's family was originally spelled with one *l*, as shown by the records of Frederick County. In a copy of Hugh Paull's will, which is filed in Winchester, his name is spelled with two *ls*, which form has been continued by the descendants of his son George, on whose tombstone the name is spelled with two *ls*.

The "Tomahawk" claim of one hundred ninety-eight acres was marked at four corners by blazed trees; white oak, white oak "sapling", "three hicory saplings", a "double sycamore", in Frederick County, Virginia, in the Northern Neck. The date of Hugh Paull's emigration is not definitely known. He could not have been among the earliest settlers, when boundless acres awaited claimants. The time was probably between 1735 and 1740. To the small tract of one hundred ninety-eight acres, other lands were added later. Crossing the Potomac at Pack Horse Ford, a western course was followed by pack horse for twenty-five miles, over ridges of the North Mountain and numerous creeks, which, if the journey occurred in time of a freshet, would be defiant mountain torrents. In such a case, the company would have to encamp until the water had receded, allowing passage over a rocky ford. Ridge succeeded ridge, until the height reached commanded a magnificent view, stretching off to the Blue Ridge, forty miles distant. Could bonnie Scotland surpass it! With but meagre furnishings, which included a rifle, a Psalter, and a Bible, a halt was made in Back Creek Valley, five miles south of the Potomac on a level, the ground sloping gently on three sides; on the east, dipping to Back Creek. An attractive feature, a deciding factor in making choice of a location, were twin springs

The white oak, deeply scarred by blazing, which marks the western corner of Hugh Paull's claim; partly concealed by an oak of the second generation.

Hugh Paull's original log cabin; recent addition at the left, all weather boarded.

at the base of the southern slope. Near the springs a two-story log house was built, facing west. The room first entered was of good size, with open fire-place and high mantel; a room the same size was at the left. Behind the door leading out, squeezed in as narrow space as possible, a flight of stairs led to two rooms corresponding with those below. Forty-five years ago a roughly built cabin with the crossed logs uncut at the corners, was standing south of the house, quite near. It may have been hastily put up for temporary use, as the house, which is carefully and substantially built, would require some time.

To get a start, clear and cultivate the land, living most economically until the crops matured, required pluck and heroism, qualifications which were not lacking.

Less than a quarter of a mile from the home, a heap of stones now marks the site of a schoolhouse, which, for more than a century, braved the tempests from without—and those within. About fifty years ago, the owner of the land, void of sentiment, tore it down. Those of Hugh Paull's family who were of school age, certainly received here their rudimentary education.

This section was included in the "Indian Country", and the natives naturally resented the intrusion of the white settlers. According to Mr. Cartmell's "Shenandoah Valley Pioneers" there were, at the time of the early settlements, nine tribes claiming control of the large hunting ground: the Catawbas, Cenelas, Pascataways, Cherokees; the Susquenoughs, a large and friendly tribe driven from the Chesapeake to the upper Potomac; the Tuscaroras, who had their villages in the north of Frederick, now Berkeley, County; the Delawares, whose villages were on the Susquehanna River, in Pennsylvania; the Shawnees, the most powerful and warlike of all, who claimed the hunting ground between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, and greatly harassed the early settlers in the lower valley. The nine tribes had different dialects, but a language common to all, by which they could communicate with each other. They continued their incursions into the valley regions until 1740.

In one particular, at least, the early settlers profited by a custom of the Indians. When the supply of breadstuffs was exhausted and there was delay in the arrival of more, they made meal in a mortar (often in a stone hollowed out, Indian fashion) pounded with a pestle.

As soon as possible, primitive grist mills were built on the mountain streams. In after years, well-equipped mills were numerous, some of them becoming famous.

One of the most important and certainly one of the most picturesque of the streams, is Back Creek, which has its source in southwestern Frederick County, and flows along the western base of North Mountain. Hemmed in on one side by walls of rock, on the other by foot hills, it is often out of view for miles at a stretch. In its tortuous course, it flows gently where the incline is slight, forming merry waterfalls when a leap must be made over rocks. It makes so many abrupt turns, in many places turning back (thereby suggesting its name, perhaps) as if undecided which way to go, that between Winchester and the point where the Northwestern turnpike crosses Back Creek, a distance of ten miles, the public road, until within recent years, crossed and recrossed the creek seventeen times. In the latter part of its course, it flows north, turns due west at the old Snodgrass tavern, and flows to the center of Hugh Paull's farm; near his house it turns "back", flows due east, then north to the Potomac, forming the southern and eastern boundaries of a tract which was acquired in 1760 by John, eldest son of Hugh Paull. The pure, clear water of Back Creek and its rugged beauty, have always attracted people seeking summer resorts.

The Indian name of the historic Potomac was Cohongoroota. When the change was made, the name was variously spelled—Pawtawmac, Potomoke, Pocomoke, etc. The name of the Iroquois Chief, Gherundo, is not recognizable in the euphonious Shenandoah, which resulted after various attempts to change the name; Shendo, Sherando, Shennandow, etc.

The mountains and hills of the lower valley bore a wealth of timber, trees of many varieties, and rich deposits beneath the surface. The bark of the chestnut-oak furnished supplies for many tanneries. Besides the deer, the bear, panther and wolf roamed over the mountains, for whose capture liberal premiums were given. From the sale of pelts hunters realized a considerable revenue.

The first newspaper in Virginia was published in Williamsburg in August, 1736, the *Virginia Gazette*, some copies of which are still preserved. It was a small sheet, giving the events in the Colony, items of foreign news, notices of the arrival and departure of ships, advertisements of the Williamsburg shopkeepers. Poetry was an attractive feature to some people, much of it sentimental rhymes from lovers to their sweethearts. To this luxury was added that of the "quick" transmission of mail. The postal system which was first agitated by the Burgesses in 1692, was fully established in 1738. Sir Alexander Spottswood, who had been Governor of Virginia from 1710 until 1722, was now Postmaster General. He ordered the post riders to be at the Susquehanna River Saturday night, to receive mail from Philadelphia; thence to ride to Annapolis and the Potomac River, rounding up the week at Williamsburg Saturday night.

Five years after the erection of Frederick from Orange County, in November, 1743, the first Court was held. Mr. Cartmell's history cites some interesting entries from the old Court records.

The first will probated was that of Bryant McNamee, presented by his widow, Elizabeth McNamee, executrix, November, 1743. In January, 1744, John Dooues paid the "Governor's fee", and was permitted to "trade as pedlar in this Colony" the first to follow that vocation, which met a real need. The peddler was accorded the welcome extended to guests by the Colonists; every one wanted to be present when he arrived, quite as much to hear of the happenings he gathered in his journey from place to place, as to see his goods. At

the same Court, January, 1744, license was granted for the first tavern, called an "ordinary", or house of entertainment. William Hoge paid the Governor's fee, and was required to " provide lodging, food, and liquors, at prices fixed by court". The liquor was to be pure and regularly inspected. This "ordinary" was located at the present village of Kernstown, near the old Presbyterian Church, Opecquon (O-peck-on), which claims rank among the first of the early churches.

The first Grand Jury was summoned in May, 1744, among whom were Hugh " Parell" (Hugh Paull?) and Joshua Hedges, a neighbor of Hugh Paull. At the same court, among the new Justices appointed were Solomon Hedges, Thomas Swearingen, and Israel Robinson, neighbors, and men with whom he had business dealings. A descendant of Israel Robinson, of the same name, many years later owned Hugh Paull's plantation.

" Coll. James Wood" was presented for getting drunk and for swearing two oaths within six months. Jonathan Curtis was presented for plowing on Sunday. A Presbyterian minister, Rev. William Williams, was fined for " joyning in the holy bonds of matrimony, several persons, he being no ordained minister". The fine was four pounds; the minister resented the injustice and the indignity and was fined twenty-six shillings for " behaving indecent before the Court". The Church of England recognized no ministers, as such, other than their own.

Dire need of passageways through the country, occasioned one of the first petitions to the new Court, presented by Thomas Chester, John Wilcox, and Jacob Funk, for a road which became famous during the Civil War—that from Strasburg to Manassas. For a new road which was opened three years later, Hugh Paull was appointed one of the overseers.

Court held Thursday, June 2nd, 1747.

" On petition of John Berwick, it is Ordered that Thomas Swearingen, Wm. Mitchell and Robert Davis, or any two of

A Turn in the Warm Spring Road, near the Snodgrass Tavern.

them, View, Mark, and lay off a road, at the meeting house at the gap of the Mountain to Hugh Paull's from thence to Thomas Cherry's, by Daniel Ross'es, up the bottom to Thomas Berwick's to the Warm Springs, and that the Tithables within six miles on each side of the said road clear and work the same.

And Hugh Paull is hereby appointed over see'r from the said meeting house to Sleepy Creek; and James Boyles from Sleepy Creek to said Springs. And it is further ordered that the said Hugh Paull and James Boyl cause said road to be cleared, and when cleared, that they cause the said road to be kept in good repair according to law.

Morgan Morgan
David Vance
Meredith Helm
Solomon Hedges
} Gentlemen Justices"

At the "gap of the Mountain", Hedgesville is located. The " meeting house", built at an early date, was abandoned in 1800 for the present church, a substantial, red brick structure, good for another century, belonging to the Episcopalians. The Warm Spring road (" Warm Spring" is now Berkeley Springs) is a fine one, in some sections very beautiful in its frequent turns, rocky banks on either side with moss and over-hanging vines or dense shrubbery. If the telephone p oles were less frequent, one's imagination might see in them the old-time guideposts. On Back Creek, one mile from the beginning of the road and two miles from Hugh Paull's, was built about this time by one of the Snodgrass family, an "ordinary", said to have been among the first west of the Blue Ridge. Many guests, distinguished and otherwise, were entertained here. General Washington, traveling in his coach, made frequent stops on his way to and from Washington. In " Washington's room" at the tavern, there were spikes in the great log joists, perhaps for holding herbs or strings of drying apples. By and by, when spikes were at a premium in this locality, every spike disappeared, leaving the tale be-

hind them. Sometimes unwelcome guests came. The youngest granddaughter of the tavern-keeper lived to an advanced age. People now living recall her account of a thrilling experience in her grandfather's family. In the absence of the father, a party of Indians settled down in front of the house on the creek like a flock of crows. The mother quickly dropped the children into the cellar through a trapdoor, then followed, locking the door and none too soon. The Indians, intoxicated, entered the kitchen and a bloody fight followed. They had all risen and flown when the father returned. The sight of the blood paralyzed him, but when the mother heard the familiar tread overhead, she assured him that all were safe.

At this old tavern a fine iron bridge spans Back Creek, from which is displayed a choice picture when the stream is normal; where the wooded hillside and sky are charmingly reflected; where a tiny island, hugging its own bit of verdure, divides the stream, the water rippling playfully around it.

The Warm Spring road passes through the Paull lands, a short distance south of Hugh Paull's house.

Before improved roadways were thought of, churches and schoolhouses were built. The tramontane settlers were chiefly Presbyterians. The first Presbytery n America was constituted in Philadelphia in 1705 or 1706. In 1716 its growth demanded a division; New Castle, Long Island, and Snow Hill in Maryland, were formed. At the same time a Synod was formed, the Synod of Philadelphia. Four years later, in 1720, there were twenty-seven ministers in the four Presbyteries. This year, Rev. Daniel McGill, according to appointment by Presbytery, "put the people into church order" at "Potomoke", near Shepherdstown. Dr. Graham, in his "History of Presbyterianism in the Northern Neck", ranks this as first among the pioneer churches. Altogether, the number built by the early settlers in the lower valley shows increase in population and advancement in prosperity and religious zeal. All were embraced in Donegal Presbytery, which was formed from New Castle in 1732. The Church of England dominated

eastern Virginia, where followers of other creeds were subjected to persecution. West of the Ridge, however, it was barely tolerated. In 1738, the Synod met in Philadelphia. John Caldwell (great-grandfather of John Caldwell Calhoun) brought a request from Donegal Presbytery that a petition might be sent to Governor Gooch, asking for the Presbyterians of the valley, " the free enjoyment of civil and religious liberty". Rev. Mr. Anderson bore the petition to Governor Gooch, who received it kindly and acted accordingly.

Some of these old churches were " Potomoke", (now Elk Branch); Opecquon, near Winchester; Bullskin, near Summit Point, Jefferson County; Tuscarora, at Martinsburg; Falling Waters, and Back Creek, which is now Tomahawk; all housing worshippers of the original faith.

Falling Waters, originally located at the village of Falling Waters, is of early date, not later than 1740. Settlers were naturally attracted to this beautiful section of country, with its fertile soil, and there was soon a " numerous society" of church people. They were constant in their requests to Presbytery for " supplies", begging for a minister to " reside among them and catechise"; a " laborer for some time to come", not for a Sabbath or two only.

Rev. Andrew Hunter, belonging to the community, together with Rev. Philip Fithian, were sent by the Synod to visit some of the frontier churches. Sabbath, May 21st, 1775, they preached at " Falling Waters meeting house". Mr. Fithian wrote in his journal, " I am told this is a numerous society. The people gave good attention, and sang the Scotch, or as they called them, David's Psalms. The congregation is chiefly made up of Irish and half Scotch, most of them Presbyterians. We dined at one Bowland's. Two wagons fully loaded went past, going with families to back settlements". Some years later, the Falling Waters congregation removed their place of worship three miles farther west. In 1834, a third church, the present one, on Mill Creek was built, six miles west of the first one.

Tomahawk Church (Back Creek) is of equally ancient origin, seven miles south west of Falling Waters, and always associated with it in a pastoral charge. There are no records of the beginning of these churches. The people, concerned with the work of their day, took no thought for the morrow; allowing the morrow to take thought for the things of itself. The log building served its purpose for a century or more, when the present attractive and substantial stone church took its place in 1825. It is beautifully located on a hill, facing west, towards mountain ridges where a gap shows a more distant ridge. Below is a cluster of houses, called Tomahawk Springs; a stream of water coursing through fields where cattle graze. On the slope rising from the pasture fields and behind the village towards the mountain, are several fine apple orchards, which contribute their yield to the large export from Virginia.

Tomahawk Church is pleased to claim the young minister who is stationed at the first old church, Elk Branch, Rev. John Calvin Siler, who was brought up here and whose family burying ground is under the tree behind the church. With the name he bears, he could not do otherwise than "preach the Gospel".

It is reasonably certain that on this hill of Zion, in the old log church, the family of Hugh Paull had their church home; it is equally certain that, if not on the home farm, in the sacred enclosure which surrounds the church on three sides, he was laid to rest in the spring of 1749. "My wife" (the only name by which she is known to posterity, partner in the home-making, in overcoming hardships, in the successful bringing up of six children—"my wife") was laid by his side probably in 1768, the year the home farm was sold. All of the early settlers of this region were buried at Tomahawk, which was less than three miles from Hugh Paull's, on the same side of the creek. Falling Waters, at this time twelve miles distant, Back Creek intervening, could not have been the constant place of worship, although no doubt often attended. Among

TOMAHAWK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Four miles south-west of Hedgesville.

the quaint epitaphs in Tomahawk graveyard is the following:

"Friend and stranger, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you will be—
Prepare for death, and follow me".

As soon as Presbyteries were formed, church records were kept; but unfortunately, the records of Donegal, covering many years, were lost; consequently, nothing is known of the expansion of the work, nor the names of the supplies. In April, 1760, "Mr. Hoge is ordered to supply Back Creek", and his ministrations continued for some time. Rev. John Hoge had the distinction of having been the first settled pastor in the lower valley and the first to reside among his people. He was born in South Amboy, New Jersey, and graduated from Nassau Hall in 1749. The Presbytery of New Castle tried to dissuade him from entering the ministry, "lest his genius should not be fit for the ministry". But he persevered in his purpose and rendered a noble service of long continuance in Frederick County. He died February 11th, 1807, "highly esteemed as a minister, and had an unquestioned character for piety". Hugh Paull's wife and family were under the ministry of Mr. Hoge and subsequent supplies for eight years. How many remained after that time is not known. His son George left the community two years before the coming of the first settled minister, Rev. Hugh Vance, October, 1770. He continued with Back Creek and Tuscarora (not, in this instance, Falling Waters) for twenty years. Mr. Fithian visited him in May, 1775. His Journal states that he "lived at the foot of North Mountain, partakes, I believe, of the Virginia spirit [with reference to the Revolution] and hands round the sociable bowl". One month later he wrote, "Sunday, June 18th, 1775. Over the North Mountain I rode to Mr. Vance's meeting house at Back Creek. The Sacrament was administered to ninety-three communicants; vast as-

sembly". Mr. Vance was greatly beloved, always ready to give needed assistance. He died in December, 1791, aged 59, and was buried in Tuscarora graveyard. The congregation was furnished with supplies until 1794, when Rev. John Boyd was settled over Falling Waters and Tomahawk. Since Mr. Boyd, there have been twelve pastors, including the present one, Rev. Richard Venable Lancaster, from Ashland, Virginia, a young man of marked promise and devotion, called to these churches, his first charge, in 1913.

Falling Waters is charmingly picturesque, a large stone church in the midst of veteran trees, the church yard, with its rows of grassy mounds, in front and to the right of the church. On entering, one faces the congregation. The pulpit is at the front, a door on each side opening to an aisle; a flight of stairs behind each door, leads to the gallery which extends around three sides of the church. The congregation, with a membership of two hundred seventy-five, live in Martinsburg, Hedgesville, Cherry Grove, and North Mountain.

Tomahawk Parish is eight miles in extent, the congregation all country people. The membership is ninety-five (including twenty-four non-residents), the average congregation numbering sixty or seventy.

Philip Vickers Fithian, son of Joseph and Hannah Vickers Fithian was born December 29th, 1747, in Greenwich, New Jersey. He was graduated from Princeton in 1772, when Henry Lee, Aaron Burr, and James Madison were students there. The following year he was tutor in the family of Colonel Robert Carter of Nomini Hall, Virginia. Partaking of the spirit rife at this time, he, together with his cousin, Joel Fithian, and his classmate, Andrew Hunter, joined thirty or more other young men, all disguised as Indians, and burned a cargo of tea stored in Greenwich, on Cohansey Creek, in November, 1774. The following month Philadelphia Presbytery licensed him to preach. Andrew Hunter was licensed about the same time, and the two were commissioned by Synod to visit the

frontier churches in the lower Shenandoah and Pennsylvania; the tour was made in 1775-76.

When in Winchester, June 6th, 1776, Mr. Fithian writes in his Journal as follows: " Mars, the great God of Battle, is now honored in every part of this spacious colony, but here, every presence is warlike—every sound is martial—drums beating, pipes and bagpipes playing, and only sonorous and vesic music. Every man has a hunting shirt, which is the uniform of each company. Almost all have a cockade and bucktail in their hats to represent that they are hardy, resolute and invincible natives of the woods of America. The County Committee sat. Among other resolves they passed this resolute and trying determination: 'That every member of this county between the ages of sixteen and sixty, shall appear every month at least, in the field, under arms, and it is recommended to all to muster weekly for their improvement'. ..... June 8th. To-day, for the first time, I went through the 'new exercise', gave the word, and performed the action. One shipe of this town was backward this morning in his attendance with the company of Independents. A file was sent to bring him. He made resistance, but was compelled, at length, and is now in great fear and very humble, since he heard many of his townsmen talk of tar and feathers".

The war spirit was contagious and the two young ministers enlisted as chaplains, in July, 1776, in Heard's brigade, New Jersey Militia. Fithian was with Washington at Long Island and Harlem Heights. He was attacked with a camp epidemic, dysentery, brought on by exposure, and died October 8th, 1776. He was unusually gifted and gave promise of great usefulness. His buoyant life still throbs in the pages of his famous Journal. He had married, in October, 1775, Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Charles Beatty; she afterwards married his cousin, Joel Fithian.

Rev. Andrew Hunter, a native of Berkeley County, lived near Martinsburg. In June, 1776, while on his missionary tour with Mr. Fithian, the Presbytery appointed him a "supply"

at Falling Waters, near his home, for the month. He was a trustee of Princeton for many years. The latter years of his life were spent in Washington, where he had removed with his family. There he was chaplain at the navy yard, and died at an advanced age.

Hedgesville, founded by Hezekiah Hedges in 1830, is a quiet village of several hundred inhabitants, one mile south of a railroad station at North Mountain. There are two or three stores, four churches (Episcopal, Northern and Southern Methodist, and Presbyterian) and an attractive brick school building, finely equipped with able teachers and having a first-class course of study. The one hotel is a large one with an inspiring outlook, whose city boarders furnish animation and gaiety during the summer. Every one knows when a newcomer arrives. Colored people are much in evidence, the old uncles and aunties beaming and respectful, as if recognizing in the stranger, a resemblance to their long-lost folks, "*laws a massy*". A delightful cordiality and friendliness characterize the people, making droppers-in feel at home. Telephone bells ring, rural mail-carriers come and go, automobiles dash through over well-kept roads—and this is the mountain gap where, one hundred seventy years ago or more, settlers were attracted by a clear mountain spring of great depth, now the pride of the village. Then, only a pack-horse trail led beyond; wolves howled at night and dangers threatened with each recurring to-morrow.

At this hamlet, Hugh Paull's force commenced hewing and blasting for the new road. A year of hard labor probably brought the work to Sleepy Creek, where Hugh Paull's division ended and he was relieved as overseer by James Boyle. At that time, the "tithables" revolted, some living six miles from the work and perhaps receiving insufficient pay. But the grievance was adjusted satisfactorily and the road was completed.

Recorded incidents in the life of Hugh Paull are very few. The only cited instance of public service is that of overseer of

the new road. This was certainly his last public work, whatever may have preceded it. Ill health or advancing age, led him to settle his affairs November 2nd, 1748. With satisfaction and gratitude, he must have looked down the meadow beyond Back Creek to the serene, beautiful North Mountain, where the day dawns, and over his cultivated, well-stocked plantation. There was order in the Province under John Robinson, Deputy Governor. There was comfortable provision for his family. The season for rest had come, and it was a good time to make preparation for the long-talked-of journey to the Country, of all most famed.

"I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
Inside the gate that opens to the fair Countree
But the King bids me wait, and ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to His ain Countree"!

" I bequeath my soul into the Hand of Almighty God, my Maker, hoping that through the meritorious death and passion of Jesus Christ, my only Saviour and Redeemer, to receive free pardon for my sins, and as for my body, to be buried in Christain burial at the discretion of my children".

Property was bequeathed to his wife and six children; five sons, John, Robert, Andrew, William, George, and one daughter, " Cathan", or Catherine. To George, a boy of fifteen, was left the home plantation and the " colt that now follows the gray mare". Doubtless the immediate possession of the companionable colt gave greater pleasure than anticipated ownership of a farm. " My wife is to have her maintenance out of the place as long as she lives".

But little is known of the family. Excepting George, the sons had all reached their majority. John and Robert were landowners and probably married. When the father's will was admitted to probate, the oaths of his two sons, Andrew and William, proved that they were not minors. In 1747, Robert bought two hundred twenty acres of land "at the

head of Tulley's Branch", from Joshua Hedges, for twenty-seven pounds. This is two miles east of Hedgesville, now a valuable tract, " Rosemary" apple orchard. Robert was a member of Captain Thomas Swearingen's company in 1758, in the French and Indian War. He was court-martialed for failure to answer to roll call. He died in 1770, when an inventory and appraisement of his property was made. In 1751, Andrew bought two hundred twenty acres " up Tuscarora Creek" from Benjamin Beeson for one hundred pounds. Six years later, when he sold the same tract (for the same amount) to David and John Snodgrass, one of the witnesses was David Crockett. In 1770, William Paull and his wife were litigants in court.

After the death of Hugh Paull, the homestead remained in the family for nineteen years, when it was sold to Edward Magner; being on the Fairfax grant (a claim by " Tomahawk" right) it was surveyed and a patent was obtained from Lord Fairfax in May, 1769. The successive owners of Hugh Paull's plantation have been : John Frank, Samuel Winning, Philip Siler, Israel Robinson, Henry Metz, and James Johnston—whose son, Conrad Johnston now owns the farm and occupies the old log house, which has an addition of several rooms on the north, all weatherboarded, well-kept, and comfortable.

Of Hugh Paull's daughter, Catherine, nothing is known. John Paull married Elizabeth——, Robert Paull married——, Andrew Paull married Ann——, William Paull married Sarah Jack, George Paull married Martha Irwin.

There may be Hugh Paulls among the descendants of John, Robert, Andrew, and William. George's only son received the name of his maternal grandfather, James Irwin, and in this way the name Hugh was lost to this branch of the family; in the succeeding generations boys oftentimes were given their grandfather's name. After the lapse of one hundred sixty-four years, a grandson of the seventh generation bears the honored name of the founder of a large, respected American family, Hugh Paull.

HUGH PAULL

Washington, District of Columbia

Son of William L., son of William R., son of Thomas, son of James, son of George, son of Hugh Paull, Virginia.

# SECOND GENERATION

## GEORGE PAULL

### 1734—March 31, 1778

George, youngest son of Hugh Paull, probably born in Scotland, was quite young when the family emigrated to America. Nothing is known of his childhood, but he shared the common lot of the settler's boy, often bearing responsibilities beyond his years, but having abundant opportunities to gratify a boy's love for fun and adventure. He knew where to go with his fishing rod; where the best "swimming pools" were; Back Creek, with its offers of endless diversion, was the most alluring place on the farm. It is safe to assume that each morning in school term, George ran down the slope past the springs, along the little stream below the road to the schoolhouse near by, on the Warm Spring road, where he "toed the mark" with the class in reading, spilled pokeberry ink over the copy "set" for his "'riting" and puzzled his brains over the "sums in 'rithmetic". There were the Snodgrass boys, the Lyles, the Hedges, the Robinsons, the Porterfields, robust, boisterous, mountain boys, who managed somehow to profit by their "schooling", while giving much time and thought to mischief.

When these boys reached the last day of school, they were confronted with grave conditions and pranks were given up. Manfully and resolutely they met the duties involved and became true patriots, makers of history.

After the death of George Paull's father when the boy was fifteen, there is no positive record for nine years, until 1758, although tradition asserts that at the age of twenty, he joined the Virginia volunteers (in supporting General Braddock in his expedition against the French and Indians) in 1754.

The British Government urged the American Colonies to adopt measures for mutual protection and to be ready for service when British troops under British generals should arrive. General Edward Braddock, a Scotchman, Commander-in-chief of the English forces, arrived at Alexandria in February, 1755, with one thousand royal troops under Colonel Peter Halkett and Colonel Thomas Dunbar. Virginia had ready eight hundred volunteers. They were divided into eight companies, officered by experienced Indian fighters: Captains Stephen, Lewis, Wagener, Poulson, Stewart, Hogg, Peyronney and Mercer. The volunteers were familiar with Indian tactics, through encounters with the savages in defence of their homes.

The division under General Braddock moved towards the French at Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh), Christopher Gist and his son, Nathaniel, acting as guides, Dr. James Craik, as a surgeon. Colonel George Croghan, Indian agent for the large Aughwick tract, was with the division. Tradition farther states that George Paull was in this expedition, one of the few survivors of the battle of the Monongahela, which took place within ten miles of Fort Duquesne, July 9th, 1755, when awful defeat and death overtook General Braddock. Of the doleful event, young Washington wrote to Governor Dinwiddie, "Our poor Virginians behaved like men and died like soldiers. Out of the three Companies there that day, I believe scarcely more than thirty were left alive". There is no authentic list of the noble Eight Hundred. In

Frederick County records are preserved the names of some of them who received land bounty from the Virginia Government for their services.

George Paull was back home again in 1758, when George Washington was a candidate for the House of Burgesses. Among Washington's papers in the State Department, in his own writing, is "An Alphabetical Poll for Frederick County, Taken the 24th Day of May, 1758". In the column for "Colo. Washington" are "Doc Jas. Craik" and "George Paul".

At this stage in the career of the young Virginian, occurred his courtship and marriage. A staunch, womanly, rosy-cheeked Irish girl on the other side of the Potomac, attracted him. Clothed in homespun, he shouldered his trusted rifle, crossed the river from Shenandoah into the Cumberland Valley, and wended his way to the home of James Irwin, the pioneer of the Conococheague settlement (Mercersburg). His visits were not frequent, nor were they announced beforehand; but Martha Irwin welcomed him heartily. One day the rifle was placed on the antlers over the door, and Cupid's weapon was brought into play. "Enticing words" were superfluous; the personality of the tall, manly, frontiersman, appealed mightily to the self-contained maiden, and she was quite willing to say, "I will go".

By and by, over the same route, the huntsman returned for the important event, some time in 1758, or '59. The name of the officiating clergyman is not known. Until the time of the first settled minister at the Presbyterian meeting-house, in 1769, the people were dependent on "supplies" for performing wedding ceremonies, and conducting funerals, as well as for preaching service. The bride did not wear a veil caught with orange blossoms, nor did she carry a shower bouquet; but, without question, she wore the best available home-made gown and she carried with her the highest esteem of her brave soldier lover, who had risked his life in behalf of the Colonies, and now placed himself between her and possible

harm in crossing the mountain, which was accomplished, most likely, on horseback.

Leaving his bride with his mother's family in the Shenandoah, the soldier responded to the call of public duty, taking command at Fort Burd on the Monongahela, in the autumn of 1759 or in the following spring. This fort, built by Colonel James Burd in November, 1759, was at the mouth of Dunlap's Creek, near "Fort Old Redstone", a pre-historic earthwork, found there by the earliest settlers. The fort, named for Colonel Burd, is known in history as "Old Redstone", because of its nearness to the ancient mound of that name. George Paull, commissioned captain, was placed in command of a small garrison of twenty-five men. But one incident during his connection with the fort is available.

In the spring of 1760, the settlers on Decker's Creek were attacked by a party of Delaware and Mingo Indians and nearly all were killed. A survivor escaped to Fort Burd and gave an account of the tragedy. The garrison was not strong enough to spare a detachment, but Captain Paull sent a runner to Captain John Gibson at Fort Pitt, who at once sent thirty men from his garrison in pursuit. For what length of time Captain Paull served at Ford Burd is not known. The fort was used as a garrison as late as Dunmore's War, 1774; during the Revolution, it served as a Continental storehouse. It was wholly obliterated in 1785 when Brownsville was built on the site.

Happily, the grim life of a warrior was sometimes relieved by cheering occurrences at home. September 17, 1760, a baby boy was born in the house built by his grandfather, Hugh Paull. He was named for his grandfather Irwin, James. The second child was named Mary, an intimation that this was the name of George Paull's mother. Martha's mother was Jean.

In 1766, George Paull was again with his family in Virginia. To the farm inherited from his father's estate was added one which he bought from Lord Fairfax, a near-by tract of one

George Paull's original log cabin; recent addition at the left, all weather boarded.

hundred ninety acres, on which he built a log house like his father's. It is on the Warm Spring road, on an elevation, facing east and commanding a beautiful view of North Mountain, wide in extent, reaching beyond, on the north, to Fairview Mountain, Maryland. The old schoolhouse was almost within stone's throw. In marking off his claim, the beginning was made at a white oak by the schoolhouse and marked with his initials, G. P. The tree, like the schoolhouse, was obliged to yield to the destroyer—their room was more desirable than their presence. The deed of the property reads as follows:

PATENT

"Right Honorable Lord Thomas Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, Proprietor of the Northern Neck of Virginia. To all To whom this present writing shall come Greeting Know ye that for good causes and in consideration of the Composition to me paid and for the annual Rent hereinafter reserved, I have given granted and confirmed, and for these Presents for me my heirs and assigns do give grant and confirm unto George Paul of Frederick County, a certain tract of waste and ungranted land near Back Creek in the said County, and bounded as by a survey thereof made by John Mauzy.

"Beginning at a white oak on a hill marked G. P. standing on the east side of Berwick's Road about a quarter of a mile from said creek. Thence 7 Et 102 poles to a forked black oak on a hill side on the south side of the Waggon Branch thence S 83 W 79 poles to a white oak sapling in Francis McGinnis's line, thence along it N 65 W 16 poles to a white oak being the said McGinnis's beginning, thence N Wt 140 poles to a double chestnut oak on a great hill, thence N 103 poles to a chestnut oak on the said hill among a parcel of stones, thence E 142 poles to a white oak in the said Paul's former line, and S 21 E 106 poles to the beginning, containing 190 acres—together with all Rights, Members, and appurtenances there unto be-

longing Royal Mines excepted, and a full third part of all Lead Copper Tin Coals Iron, Mine and Iron Ore that shall be found thereon.

"To have and to hold the said 190 acres of land together with all rights profits and benefits to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining except before excepted—To him the said George Paul his heirs and assigns forever. He the said George Paul his heirs and assigns therefore YIELDING and PAYING to me my heirs or assigns, or to my Attorney or Attorneys, Agent or Agents, or to the certain Attorney or Attorneys of my Heirs or Assigns Proprietors of the said Northern Neck, Yearly and Every year on the feast day of St. Michael the Archangel, the fee rent of One Shilling Sterling Money for every fifty acres of land hereby granted and so proportionably for a greater or lesser quantity.

"Provided that if the said George Paul his heirs or assigns shall not pay the said reserved annual rent as aforesaid so that the same or any part thereof shall be behind and unpaid by the space of two whole years after the same shall become due, if legally demanded That then it shall and may be lawful for me my heirs and assigns Proprietors as aforesaid my or their certain Attorney or Attorneys agent or agents into the above granted premises to re-enter and hold the same as if this grant had never passed.

"Given at my office in the County of Frederick under my hand and seal. Dated the 9th day of October A D 1766.

FAIRFAX".

Thomas, Sixth Lord Fairfax, visited his royal grant in Virginia in 1736, but returned to England soon afterwards, agents looking after his interests. In 1748, a circumstance brought him to live permanently in America. He was a man of culture, fond of gay life, and the society of fashionable ladies. All went well until his heart became entangled. Disappointment in a love affair led him, at the age of 55, to seek the quiet and

seclusion of the Shenandoah Valley, where he built a roomy lodge with wide piazzas, which he named " Greenway Court ' Here he spent the remainder of his life, with his servants, his books, and his hounds, royally entertaining guests who were fond of the chase. The charming country attracted English farmers, who came with their families and servants and settled around the lodge, which was near the present village of Millwood. Lord Fairfax died at Greenway Court in 1782, at the age of 92, and his body was taken in great pomp to Winchester for burial; the hearse was brought from Alexandria; the cortege was composed of relatives, friends, and neighbors, from many settlements.

In 1763, the Penns and Lord Baltimore brought over from London two astronomers, Jeremiah Mason and Charles Dixon. They surveyed and established the celebrated " Mason and Dixon Line", between Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland. Following this, many families from Virginia and some from Maryland, in 1765, crossed over the Alleghenies into Pennsylvania and took up land as squatters, bringing their slaves and their Virginian manners with them. The land, belonging to the Iroquois Indians, was bought by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The purchase embraced the territory west of the Susquehanna River.

The general tendency to migrate influenced George Paull, and after a residence of but two years in his new house, he sold the farm November 21st, 1768, and removed to Pennsylvania. He also sold the home farm to the same purchaser, Edward Magner, of Hampton, York County, Pennsylvania, who obtained a patent from Lord Fairfax for the same the following May. The sale of the original claim fixes approximately the date of the mother's death; while she lived, she was to have her " maintenance from the farm". In 1780, Edward Magner sold the farm to John Frank, who sold it in 1794, to Samuel Winning, in whose family it remains. John Murphy, a grandson of Samuel Winning, owns part of the farm and lives in the old log house. The breaking away from the old home and

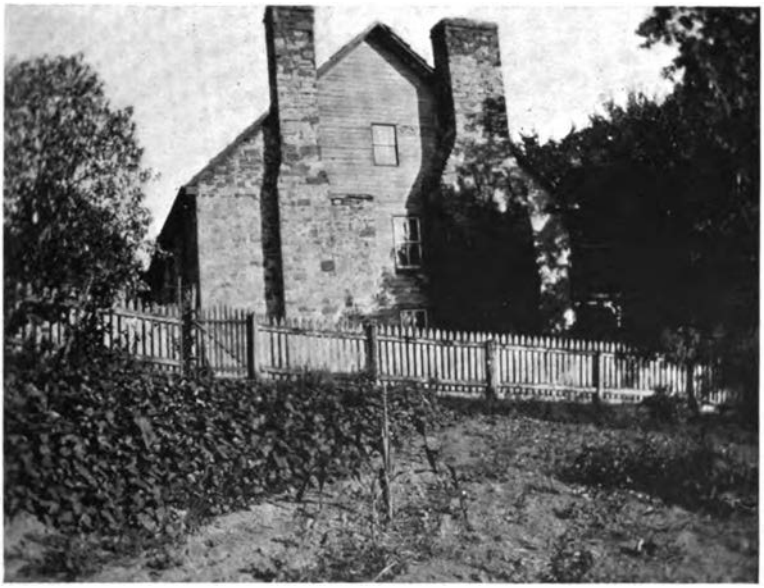
the community was permanent. No one of George Paull's family returned to remain, and none of his descendants have since lived there.

The journey across the mountain was made by pack-horse—over the Warm Spring road to Hedgesville, from there to the Braddock road, which extended from Winchester through Cumberland to Fort Duquesne. If it occurred immediately after the sale of the farms, the family preceded the tide by several months.

In 1769, the land purchased from the Indians was thrown open to settlers and Alexander McLean opened a land office for the claim-seekers who rushed in.

The pack train from Back Creek valley, after a tedious journey, came to a stop when a tract of land was reached in the Redstone settlement, in Cumberland County, near the base of Laurel Hill mountain and within two miles of the Youghiogheny River. The pack was unloaded on the "survey" which has remained in the Paull name. The family, consisting of the parents and two or three children, may have been cared for, temporarily, at the famous "Crawford plantation", near by, a stopping place for newcomers to the neighborhood. If slaves were a part of the "moving", the log cabin would be speedily constructed. The first settler in the community was Wendell Brown, in 1752; Christopher Gist, a Virginian, was second, the following year, bringing a colony of eleven families. He was surveyor for the Ohio Company, which was formed in 1748. A well-informed and reliable guide, his services were much in demand by leaders of various expeditions in the Colonial Wars. The Gist "Plantation" was headquarters for the young Virginian, George Washington, when he mounted the first round of the ladder which led him to fame. His success was materially aided by the able assistance of Christopher Gist.

The recent influx to this section had increased the population to about seven hundred; one hundred fifty families. The number of slaves owned by each ranged from one to eighteen.



THE SNODGRASS TAVERN — West Side

The centre window marks "Washington's room." Tavern fronts south on Back Creek.

Among the neighbors of George Paull were Joseph Work, John McClelland, Daniel Cannon, Aaron Torrence, William Carson, Elisha Pierce and Archie Armstrong. In 1770, more acquaintances arrived; Isaac, Samuel, and John Meason, John Neville, Lawrence Harrison, and others, strengthening the Virginia fraternity.

Cabin-building went on apace, neighbors assisting each other, with jollifications over the logrolling.

In 1772, the Presbyterians in the settlement built their first house of worship, Laurel Hill Church. An event occurring in the Paull cabin, to be noted, was the birth of the fourth child and the third daughter in 1772. She was named Jean (or Jane) for her grandmother Irwin.

The early settlers in Fayette, lived in four counties without a change of base. When the Colonial Government was established in 1682, there were but three counties in Pennsylvania—Philadelphia, Bucks and Chester. In 1729, from Chester, Lancaster was formed; in 1750, from Lancaster, Cumberland; in 1771, from Cumberland, Bedford; in 1773, from Bedford, Westmoreland. The erection of Fayette from Westmoreland did not take place until 1783.

Fort Pitt was a place of importance as early as 1758, when settlers, chiefly Indian traders, were gathered around it, numbering in 1760, one hundred forty men, women and children. In 1764, lots were laid out on streets, in the immediate vicinity of the fort, occupying four squares; this was reserved by the Penns, when surveyed in 1769. The following year, the village had twenty houses.

In the spring of 1773, John Sherrard, lately arrived from Ireland, crossed the mountain on foot and entering the valley at the base of Laurel Hill, became a member of George Paull's household. His son, Robert Andrew Sherrard, with the bent of an historian, and endowed with a remarkably retentive memory, carefully recorded the events of early days told him by his father. The old manuscripts have furnished many

interesting incidents for local historians. John Sherrard bought his farm from Martha Paull's brother, Archibald Irwin.

One evening Martha Paull, sitting with the children by the pine fire glowing on the hearth, had an opportunity to put to the test the courage characteristic of the pioneer women. Hearing a continuous squealing among the pigs, she hastily snatched a torch from the fire and ran towards the sty in time to see a bear making off with a shoat. She fearlessly brandished the blazing stick in his face till he dropped the pig and ran for his life.

The county seat of Westmoreland was Hannastown; the first Court was held April 6th, 1773. John Penn was governor, Richard Penn lieutenant governor of the Province. Arthur St. Clair was prothonotary of the first Court and continued to fill the office until he resigned for war service in 1775. The Battle of Lexington, April 19th, 1775, fanned the growing discontent and two meetings of the citizens of western Pennsylvania were held in May following, one at Pittsburgh, one at Hannastown. The meeting was "held at Hanna's Town the 16th day of May, 1775". Resolutions were adopted declaring " unshaken loyality and fidelity to His Majesty, King George Third, whom we acknowledge to be our lawful and rightful King, and who we wish may long be the beloved Sovereign of a free and happy people, throughout the whole British Empire; we do declare to the world that we do not mean by this Association to deviate from that loyalty which we hold it our bounden duty to observe; but animated with the love of liberty, it is no less our duty to maintain and defend our just rights (which, with sorrow we have seen, of late, wantonly violated in many instances by a wicked Ministry, and a corrupted Parliament) and transmit them entire to our posterity, for which purpose we do agree and associate ourselves together": to form regiments, choose officers, practice " manual exercise and such evolutions as may be necessary to enable us to act in a body in concert". If the country should be invaded by a foreign enemy or troops should be sent by Great

Britain, they pledged themselves to submit to military discipline and oppose them, and to coincide with any plan for the defence of " America in general or Pennsylvania in particular". When Parliament should repeal the "obnoxious Statutes" and recede from the claim to " tax us and make laws for us in every instance, or when some general plan of union and reconciliation has been formed and accepted by America", the association would be dissolved; " but until then it shall remain in full force, and to the observance of it we bind ourselves by everything dear and sacred amongst men. No licensed murder! No famine introduced by law!"

May 25th, 1775, following the meeting of the citizens, Arthur St. Clair wrote to Governor Penn that musters and committees were being held all over the country and everything was running into wildest confusion. " If some conciliatory plan is not adopted by Congress, America has seen her golden days; they may return, but they will be preceded by scenes of horror".

Major General Arthur St. Clair, a highly-educated Scotchman of patrician birth, was the most illustrious citizen ever connected with Ligonier Valley; he lived near Ligonier, Westmoreland County. As soldier, statesman, and man of letters, he wielded an influence beyond computation. He had few peers in the whole Colonial service. He was one of the few to whom Paul Jones sent one of his own busts from Paris. A descendant of General St. Clair, Elizabeth Lawrence Sheets married Archibald Irwin Harrison (brother of President Benjamin Harrison), a descendant of Martha Paull's brother, Archibald Irwin.

Meetings like the Hannastown convention were held in other Colonies and similar resolutions were adopted; but none were of the lofty tone that characterized those of the Hannastown meeting. The papers relating to this event were hidden for a century, then brought to light and published. The original manuscripts, supposed to have served their purpose, were not cared for, and were finally lost. Of the men who joined the Association and who affixed their names to the

outspoken resolutions, only the name of Arthur St. Clair is preserved. It is believed that the list of names was concealed, to keep it from English possession, and in the end was destroyed. It is more than probable that George Paull, enlisted for service, and alive to the welfare of the Colonies, was a participant in the notable event.

When Berkeley County, Virginia, was taken from Frederick, in 1772, the sessions of the first Court were held in the house of Edward Beeson, in Martinsburg, a small village eight miles east of Hedgesville. At this session (May 19), twenty Justices of the Peace were appointed and duly sworn; among the number Thomas Swearingen, John Neville and Hugh Lyle—one of the witnesses to Hugh Paull's will. In 1776, Jacob Beeson and his brother Henry, Quakers, came to the Redstone settlement over the Braddock road by pack-horse from Martinsburg, which then boasted thirty houses. Henry Beeson, described as a " modest man with good sense, benevolent and liberal", laid out Uniontown in 1778, planning it for the county seat. Alexander McLean surveyed it, providing a lot for county buildings. It was Beeson's Mill, and Beeson's Town before it became the county seat of Fayette, under another name, Uniontown. Isaac Beeson, son of Jacob 2nd, and a grandson of Henry "the Founder", bought the "Gist plantation" (Mount Braddock, the former home of Colonel Isaac Meason) in 1856. It remained in the Beeson family for many years, but being underlaid with a wealth of coal, a large part was eventually acquired by the Rainey and Frick Coke Company.

A record of George Paull's military service is not available. After his connection with Fort Burd, in 1759, and for some time following, we have no data. Through the pen of Robert A. Sherrard, an account is given of his closing service.

He was commissioned by the Federal Government paymaster for the scouts and spies who were assisting in guarding against Indian attacks. In the spring of 1778, he went to Fort Pitt to draw money from the Government agent stationed there and was exposed to smallpox, which cost him his

life. When the disease had developed, he realized the seriousness of his condition, "having a Disorder that God calls many off by", and dictated his will March 24th, one week before his death. The spelling and lavish use of capitals are interesting; the sick man was not responsible for these crudities and certainly did not see them but perhaps he would not have done much better himself.

To " my Beloved wife and consort, I Do Leve the one-third of all my Whole Estate Both Real and parsonel, and to my Loving Son James Paull I leave the Whole plantation of two Surveys". From the farm stock to be sold, were reserved " four Miltch Cows and three hors cretors and three young Meares, one to my Loving Daughter Mary, one to Elizabeth, and one to my youngest Daughter Jane to have Each of these one as their own property." " Dublin the negro man" was to be sold. " I do allow Cornall [Colonel] Edward Coot & Alexander McClean to be the Executors of this my Last will and testament". Too ill to write, the signature is

"George Paull, his mark".

He died March 31st, 1778. An entry in the Sherrard Memoranda is most welcome at this point. John Sherrard, then an enlisted soldier in the Revolution, was returning from Lancaster County, April 1st, when he met a funeral procession; upon inquiry he learned that it was his " old friend George Paull" who was being borne to Laurel Hill cemetery. He turned about and joined the procession. Rev. James Power was then pastor at Laurel Hill church. Martha Paull lived until 1802.

The two grave-stones are alike; the inscriptions are wholly distinct:

"In Memory of George Paull, who departed this life on the 31st day of March, 1778, in the 44th year of his age."

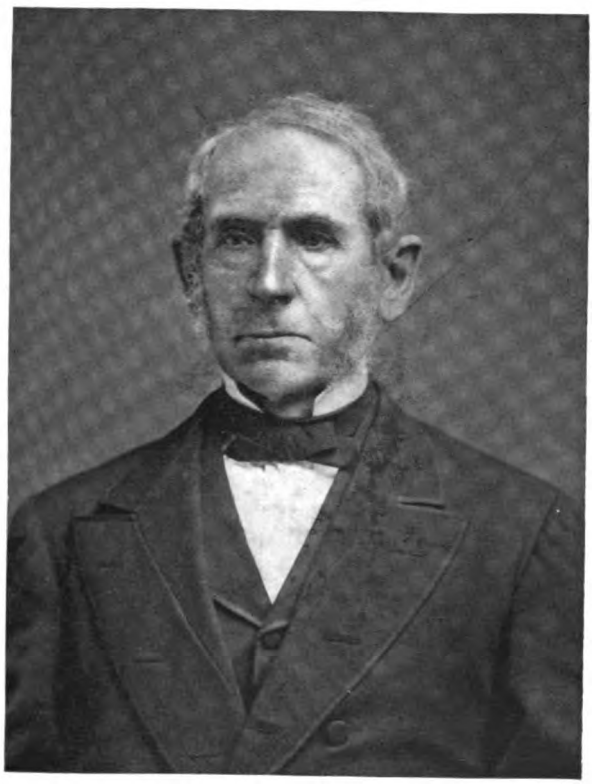
"In Memory of Martha Paull, who departed this life on the 11th day of May, 1802, in the 69th year of her age."

Besides " Dublin the negro man", George Paull may have had other slaves who were retained. Because of Dublin's

commercial value or perhaps from personal attachment to him, he was kept in the family. He appears fifteen years later at " Miss Polly's, (the wife of Joseph Torrence) not in name only, but as an active force in helping to make things go, on the farm.

In 1780, Pennsylvania passed an "Act for the gradual abolition of slavery", declaring all colored people born after March 1st, 1780, should be free. But the long-continued habit was hard to uproot and there were some slaves as late as 1840. The number of slaves taken into Fayette County by the settlers from Virginia and Maryland had, in twenty years, (1790) increased to two hundred eighty-two.

One of the executors of George Paull's will, Colonel Alexander McLean, was a man of rare usefulness; he was born in 1746, in York County, the youngest of seven sons, all surveyors but one. In 1769, when there was a tide of claim-seekers he opened the first land office in this community and rendered an invaluable service as surveyor, recorder, and registrar. He assisted Messrs. Mason and Dixon in surveying the State boundaries. He was a trustee of Dickinson College in 1783. In 1779, he removed to the new town of Beeson's Mill from the country near by, and lived there until his death in 1834, aged 88.



Rev. JOEL STONEROAD
1806 — 1884
Dunbar, Pennsylvania
Fourth Pastor Laurel Hill Church

HANNAH PAULL STONEROAD
1828 — 1912

## LAUREL HILL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

In 1763, the Synod of New York and Philadelphia appointed Rev. Charles Beatty and Rev. Mr. Duffield to visit and preach among the frontier inhabitants in a territory now embraced in Westmoreland, Fayette, Washington, and Greene Counties. They were true to their mission while enduring privations and always facing danger. At the end of three years, they reported a large number anxious to be formed into congregations. In 1767, the Synod sent more missionaries with authority to "form societies for the worship of God". Among these self-sacrificing men was Rev. James Power, the first Presbyterian minister to settle west of the mountain. He lived at Dunlap's Creek, ministering to destitute regions far and near.

In the summer of 1772, the Presbyterians of Redstone settlement selected a church site on a hill commanding a beautiful view in all directions—lowland and upland, stretching away to the mountain on the east and south. No time was wasted over blue-print designs. With one model approved by the whole guild, they got to work with a will, clearing the ground and preparing the timber. The completed structure was a square log house, a shelter from rain and storm, not much more. But it was a church, the first Presbyterian Church west of the Alleghenies, a safe place to gather weekly for rest and to talk and sing of their inheritance in the Realm of Peace. Close by the church, a plot was enclosed, a resting-place when the day's toil and Sabbath worship were ended.

Who were the charter members? Who was the first, who the last, to be borne up the hill to go down no more? There is no record. But they are all there, awaiting the call to "come forth"—the Cathcarts, the Canons, the Torrences, Allens, McClellands, Paulls, etc. There are now about twenty tombstones, the oldest that of George Paull, bearing the date, March 31, 1778, six years after the church was built. Many stones are in good condition, some broken, some without names. In 1773, Rev. James Power became the first minister of the first Laurel Hill church. He probably continued circuit preaching also. Mount Pleasant was one of his preaching points; he became pastor of this congregation in 1779 and was connected with the church until his death, August 5th, 1830. Rev. James Dunlap succeeded him at Laurel Hill, beginning his ministry in 1781. The following year, the congregation built a new church, two miles farther west, on lower ground. A vantage ground from which the approach of wily foes could be quickly seen, was no longer of first importance. For many years, the sacred enclosure on the hill continued to be the burying-place of the old families.

In 1790, Isaac Watts' Hymns were introduced, thus displacing Rouse's Psalms. Because of this innovation, many who believed the act to be second to the sin of renouncing the Scriptures, withdrew from the church. The following year a congregation was organized, and they became a part of the body known as Associate Reform, often called "Seceders." Almost within hearing, they built a stone church and in 1793, installed their first minister, Rev. Robert Warwick, born in Ireland in 1760. After eighty-two years, the old building was replaced by the present one which makes an ideal picture of a rural church—a white frame surrounded by forest trees, the graveyard at the rear. The present congregation is small; they have had, in the one hundred twenty years, fourteen ministers.

Dr. Dunlap remained at Laurel Hill twenty-two years, until 1803, when he was elected the first president of Jefferson, the

PRESENT LAUREL HILL CEMETERY

The stone slabs cover the graves of Colonel Paull (at the left) and Elizabeth Rogers Paull.

LAUREL HILL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH — West Side

newly-chartered college at Cannonsburg. Again the flock at Laurel Hill was left without a shepherd. But Rev. James Guthrie soon filled the vacancy, taking charge the following year. The congregation, widely dispersed, came each Sabbath with lunch-baskets, the contents of which, eaten at the close of the morning service, took the place of the home dinner. After the intermission, all assembled for a second sermon.

For many years, "tokens", which were bits of metal, were used by communicants, an evidence that the holder was in "good and regular standing" and might worthily participate in the Ordinance of the Supper. They were served at a long table, with benches at each side for as many as could be accommodated. The others followed until all were served.

Mr. Guthrie's pastorate continued for nearly fifty years, from 1804 until 1852. This year, the second church building, occupied for seventy years, gave way to a third, a large frame, erected on the same site. The importance of this event was heightened by the installation of Rev. Joel Stoneroad, called from Uniontown, the fourth minister of this historic church noted for its long pastorates. His ministry continued for nearly thirty years, 1852—1880.

Rev. John B. Reed followed, in 1888, and continues in devoted, efficient service. In the summer of 1913, Mr. Reed's twenty-fifth anniversary as pastor, at the same time the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the ministry, was fittingly celebrated at the church; a most happy occasion, with the usual addresses and a sumptuous dinner under the trees. The present building, a large, beautiful brick one, was built in 1897.

# THIRD GENERATION

## JANE PAULL ALLEN

Jane, youngest child of George and Martha Irwin Paull was born in Bedford (now Fayette) County, Pennsylvania, in 1772. She married George Allen, born in 1762. He was the son of David and Susanna White Allen who came from Scotland in 1740. After their marriage, they settled in Fagg's Manor, Chester County, Pennsylvania. Later, they removed to Fayette County and "Tomahawked" a home in the wilderness. They had sons and daughters, among whom were Josiah, George, David and James. After the death of the father, Josiah and George bought the farm; they sold it eventually to "Squire" Smith. These four brothers served in the Westmoreland County militia during the Revolution. Josiah Allen married Susanna Dickerson and settled in Ohio. George Allen died February 17th, 1815, aged 53. He was buried in the first Laurel Hill graveyard where Jane Allen was laid to rest twenty-two years later, February 4th, 1837, aged 65. Rev. James Guthrie was pastor of the congregation.

Children of George and Jane Paull Allen: Mary Allen married Thomas Junk; George Allen died unmarried; James Allen died unmarried; Matthew Allen married first, Elizabeth Catlin, second, Elizabeth Junk; Joseph Allen died unmarried; Susan Allen married James Hibbin; Martha Allen married Jesse Miller.

## ELIZABETH PAULL BYERS

Elizabeth, third child of George and Martha Paull, was born in the home of her grandmother in Frederick County, Virginia, and was brought to Pennsylvania in early childhood. The dates of birth, marriage and death, are not known. She married Andrew Byers, a worthy young man of the neighborhood. She was living in 1793, as shown by the mention of her name in a letter from her brother-in-law, Joseph Torrence, to his wife, Polly. She lived but a short time after her marriage, leaving no heir. Andrew Byers' second wife was Susan Allen, who became the mother of seven children. Through Martha, the youngest daughter, a link was formed with the Paull-Torrence family of Cincinnati. Martha married Joseph D. Miller, a brother of William Ludlam Miller, whose wife was Jane Torrence, daughter of Joseph and Mary Paull Torrence.

## MARY PAULL TORRENCE

1762—September 30, 1842

Mary, second child of George and Martha Paull, was born in the home of her grandmother Paull, on Back Creek, Frederick County, Virginia, in 1762, and was six years old when the family left Virginia for the new home in Pennsylvania. About the same time, the family of Aaron Torrence came to the Redstone settlement. Aaron and Susanna Torrence had four sons: Joseph Torrence, born December 2nd, 1751; Samuel Torrence, born in 1756, married Jane McConnell; John Torrence, born in 1758; David Torrence, born in 1762, married Martha McConnell. The eldest son, Joseph, married Mary Paull January 18th, 1781. They lived on a farm named "Peace", near Connellsville. They had eleven children, losing two in childhood; Mary, her mother's namesake, when

six years old. The others all lived to maturity and were married, excepting Samuel, who died at the age of twenty-eight. George was twenty-three years older than Mary, the youngest.

The care of such a large family, together with the endless household duties, made a busy life for the mother. Five daughters followed the eldest son, but their assistance was of short duration; early marriages transplanted them to homes of their own. Long-continued practice in butter-making, gave Mary Torrence local fame. Painstaking and conscientious, not a pound left her hands until it was up to the standard. The finished product, yellow and sweet, was marked with the edge of the wooden ladle in fancy strokes, and sold at the country store or to neighbors, at ten cents or less per pound.

In 1777, Joseph Torrence served as second lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Line and was with Washington at Valley Forge. February 2nd, 1778, he was promoted to be first lieutenant, but resigned the following April. Later, he was commissioned colonel in the State militia. After his marriage, he was appointed sheriff of Fayette County—the third to hold that office—and served 1787-1790. The first sheriff was Robert Orr in 1784; the second, James Hammond in 1786. The office was filled by appointment until 1834. Joseph Torrence was a delegate to the First Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania during the winter of 1792-93. While there, his fifth child, Clarissa was born—an event to which he refers in the subjoined letter.

The family were connected with the Laurel Hill Presbyterian Church, eight miles distant. The congregation was then worshipping in the second church-building, which succeeded the first one in 1782 and was two miles farther west. During the ministry of Mr. Guthrie, Joseph Torrence was elected to the eldership, remaining in the office until his death, February 23rd, 1842, at the age of 90. Mary Paull Torrence died September 30th, 1842, aged 80. Together they rest in the first Laurel Hill graveyard.

Children of Joseph and Mary Paull Torrence: George Paull Torrence married Mary Brownson Findlay; Susanna Torrence married James Power, M.D.; Martha Torrence married Joseph Guthrie; Elizabeth Torrence married John B. Treavor; Clarissa Torrence married Samuel Russell; Jane Torrence married William Ludlam Miller; Joseph Torrence, Jr. married Catherine Rogers; Aaron Torrence married Mary Rogers; Samuel Torrence died unmarried; Mary Torrence died in childhood.

Copy of Letter

from

Joseph Torrence to Mary Paull Torrence.

Philadelphia, February 6, 1793.

My dear

Altho I have wrote you two days agoe by Mr. Gibson & sometime before that by Mr. D. Byers yet this opportunity by Mr. Morrison offering I must do myself the Pleasure of telling you I am very well and as much your Lover as the day I married you—this absence is too long But I hope you Support it as a wise and prudent matron. I am resigned to my fate knowing that all my actions is stimulated by the Love I have for you and family. I have nothing to command or request but that the fear and Love of God Our Creator & bountiful Benefactor abound among you. I hope Dublin dont love the vile trash of whiskey—I expect Jack has quit it altogether. My complyments to Capt. Wilkinson—his friends is all well here—Thomas Dunn is a prity Boy—is Jonathan Hite tuning up the Nations do all as you can—I am with my locks frizzled and Head powdered your

Very Hum[l] Servt

Joseph Torrence

What will you or what do you call your Baby Mrs. Poley Torrence—I am astonished that Matthew should give himself so much plague about Beck if she dont suit him let him sell her She is certainly worth the money Mrs. Byers and many others stands in need of her I meant her as a favor done him and his wife but if she has not proved so tis not the first one that disappointed—but if no other way will do—I hope to be at home to settle the affairs of the nations and commotions—I wish you would get Josiah or George Allen a day or two with Dublin and Jack to cut down the Kitchen Loggs and Shingle trees. The Shingle Staff they will find on the hill below which they are clearing & the Logs where they can in the Bottom that Jonathan is to clear about there—I want them cut this or next month

Adieu

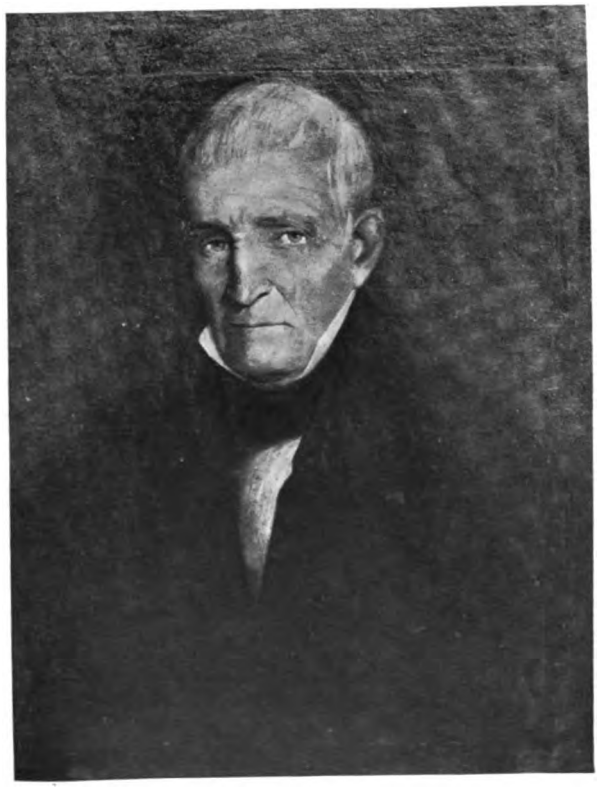
is Mr. Maple laying in Grain in the baggs at the Mill Tell him I depend on him

## COLONEL JAMES PAULL

September 17, 1760—July 9, 1841

James, only son of George and Martha Irwin Paull was born in the home of his grandmother in the Shenandoah Valley, Frederick County, Colony of Virginia, eleven years after the death of his grandfather, Hugh Paull. Francis Fauquier was Governor of the Royal Province. In October following, the reigning King of England, George II, died, the crown descending to his grandson, then twenty-two years of age, who became George III.

When little Jim was six or seven, the family left the homestead and went to a new log house on a recently-bought farm one-fourth of a mile south. Nothing is known of his childhood nor of his school days; but, of course, he learned the A B C's and how to trace pothooks with a goose quill, at the log schoolhouse within sight of home where his father and his uncles had attended school. And, of course, he fidgeted through doc-



Colonel JAMES PAULL
1760 — 1841

trinal preaching over at Tomahawk church; and he wondered how the congregation could keep in mind two whole lines of a Psalm "lined out" by the clerk for them to sing.

Brought up among Calvinists, the future Indian fighter was nourished with the Westminster Shorter Catechism, as a portion of his daily food. Whether Calvinism produced the fighter or he became one in spite of it, must remain an unanswered question.

Jim was "Mother's boy", humored and petted. His father with foresight, sternly rebuked the habits being formed by overindulgence. The spoiled boy, under a sense of ill treatment, averred, " I would rather die with my mother, than live with my father!" He was eight years old when the family removed from the Virginia home across the Allegheny mountain to the Redstone settlement in western Pennsylvania, to a tract of land since known as Deer Park.

The familiar scenes in the Shenandoah were soon forgotten in the interest aroused by the surroundings of the cabin in the wilderness. The change imposed responsibilities and Jim shouldered his share; his life was not all play. The years that passed showed cleared acres, abundant crops and fine herds on the farm; sound health and pluck in the growing boy. His physical constitution was of the hardiest type.

When Jim was seventeen, his father died, leaving him "the plantation of two surveys," which included the home cabin. On this "survey" he lived the rest of his life, adding to it several other tracts. Mary, Elizabeth, and Jean (or "Jinsy"), were younger than he, Jean but six years old.

The farm work was apparently carried on without change after the death of the father, whose duties in the Colonial service claimed him. Efficient men had charge, under a capable overseer,—the mistress of the cabin.

Robert Andrew Sherrard, son of John Sherrard, quaintly relates a harvest time incident:

" It has been the custom of long standing, even time out of mind, in different parts of our country, and also in Ireland

and Scotland, for a strife to take place between two farmers in different neighborhoods, as a matter to brag and boast about, for some time afterwards, by the one who beat the other, and was first done cutting down the harvest of small grain. This strife was kept up in early times nearly a century since, between the families of George Paull on the one side, and that of Samuel Work, their near neighbor, on the other side. This strife was continued even after the decease of George Paull.

"As a proof of this, at or near the close of the harvest of 1780, my father, John Sherrard, being at the time a member of the widow Paull's family, making his home there, was an assistant hand in helping to cut down the harvest on Paull's farm. Father sent Charles May, who was an orphan boy, raised up in Paull's family, and at the time nearly a young man, privately to spy out and report how near Samuel Work's harvest hands were to finishing the cutting of the harvest. Charles went and upon his return he reported that unless something extra was done in the way of reaping in Paull's grain field, Samuel Work's hands would have the brag and boast of having beaten us this time. To accomplish the object and turn the brag and boast in favor of Paull's reapers, Father and Charles May, the bound boy, consulted together after supper, and after the other reapers had left. They two agreed to go back to the field and reap all night. The moon being near its full, gave them light all night long. They took with them some whiskey, an indispensible article, at least it was thought to be so in harvest time, and indeed by many in these old times, it was thought to be a useful article at all times. They also took with them some food to sustain nature and to enable them to perform the work they had undertaken, and which they did manfully perform by reaping all night by moon light. When the other hands collected in the morning it became an easy task to reap out what Father and young Charles May had left. And it was by their labor through the night that they got the brag and the honor of having finished the reaping of the harvest on the Paull farm several hours before they

had finished cutting the harvest on Samuel Work's farm. Thus ended with a hurrah the cutting of the harvest of 1780 on the Paull farm. This is the only instance I have ever known or heard of, in a long life of near eighty years, of two men having employed themselves reaping all night by moon light, and just for no other purpose than to have it to boast of that they had cut down the harvest on Paull's land first".

Narrow quarters was an ever-present condition in log-cabin life but hospitality was its motto. Somehow, the limited space furnished room for the family, often for the indispensable " help", always a place for a guest. The stream flowing near by or a basin of its clear water placed on a bench near the door, furnished the lavatory for the family and guests as well. The homespun crash towel hanging on the wall was "good enough for any one". A gourd dipper floating on the pail of water was the common drinking cup. The horn comb on the shelf impartially lent its aid in making the masculine "roach", or in straightening feminine tangles.

The cares of the women of the household were many, varied and arduous. The annual "sugar-stirring" from the sweet sap collected in the maple groves; soap-making, candle-dipping, making home garments and what not, were tasks bravely met and accomplished, the routine of baking, milking, churning, etc. going on as usual. Flax was sown in the fall; after the crop was pulled, it was put through several tedious processes before it was ready for the spinning-wheel and loom,—rippling (removing seeds), retting (soaking), breaking, and scutching. Not every family had a loom, a neighbor often weaving for a number of families; but the whir of spinning-wheels was heard everywhere. When the soft, beautiful rolls of wool came from the carders the wheel commenced to buzz and was kept going the whole day. While the spinner ate her meals, some one else took her place at the wheel. If possible, clothing must be in readiness for cold weather. Every girl was equipped with a set of needles and a ball of yarn; mittens and stockings were finished as if by magic. Knitting,

did not "take time" nor require effort; it just worked in with other employment. It was the most convenient pick-up work, when one sat for a minute's rest or waited for the dinner to cook. The rapid click, click, of the needles kept up until the dinnerpot hanging on the crane, or the bread, baking under hot coals on the hearth, needed attention; then the knitting was laid by until the next "idle" moment. Knitting was a social pastime; one could knit on the way to a neighbor's, knit during the visit without dropping a stitch, or missing a word! Every girl, large and small, made quilt patches; the older folk patiently quilted intricate patterns, many of them beautiful, artistic in design and stitching. The famed "quilting parties" were delightful diversions in the monotonous lives of the brave women of cabin days, a custom still in vogue in some parts of the country not disturbed by modern innovations. These busy people found time, somehow, to visit their neighbors. The Paull sisters made visits to the girls of their acquaintance, each having a "meare" of her own. The visits were returned, and the more guests that came, the merrier! Space was not considered, and it was an easy matter to make beds on the floor, with a full supply of homemade wool blankets and linen sheets.

About the time of the migration from Maryland and Virginia to Pennsylvania, in 1769, Lawrence Harrison, Isaac, Samuel, and John Meason, all Virginians, and John Rogers from Maryland, came to Fayette County. Lawrence Harrison located on a tract adjoining Colonel William Crawford who succeeded Christopher Gist as surveyor for the Ohio Company; later, he furnished a thrilling page for the history of Indian warfare.

Colonel Isaac Meason bought the original Gist plantation of fourteen hundred acres, naming the farm "Mount Braddock." On the summit of a hill he built, between 1792 and 1800, the finest stone house in that region. He was wealthy for the times, owning much land. He was a pioneer in the iron industry, establishing several forges and furnaces. Union Furnace, at Dunbar, built by Isaac Meason in 1790, was put in blast in 1791;

this was succeeded by a larger one, of the same name, and near the same site, in 1793, built by Isaac Meason, John Gibson, and Moses Dillon. The first rolling mill in the United States was built by Isaac Meason in 1716 or 1717 on Redstone Creek, near Middletown (or Plumsock) in Fayette County. Colonel Meason was a member of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania. He married Catherine, daughter of Lawrence Harrison. He died in 1819. A son, Isaac Meason, Jr., married —— Butler, whose children were Ellen Meason, Frances Meason, Sydney Meason who married —— Henry; one daughter married —— Kerr, another one married —— Trever, another one married —— Sowers.

A daughter of Colonel Meason, Mary Meason, married first, —— Ashland, second, Daniel Rogers. Another daughter, Elizabeth Meason, married Jacob Murphy, whose daughter, Catherine Murphy, married Archibald Paull, son of Colonel James Paull.

John Rogers came with his wife and six children from Maryland to Fayette County. Tradition says he was a descendant of the good old martyr, John Rogers, who was burned at the stake in Smithfield, London, in 1555, for denouncing popery.

The family remained for a time in Fayette County, on a tract taken by "Tomahawk right". John, the father, died, leaving a wife, five sons, and one daughter, Elizabeth, born in Maryland, July 29, 1764. The family went to Washington County, where two sons were killed by Indians. They returned to Fayette, the mother, Thomas, John, James, and Elizabeth (or "Betsey"). They settled in what became known as the Cross-Keys district, on the Uniontown road. One of the brothers (supposed to be John) opened a blacksmith shop, setting crossed keys over the door of the shop, to indicate that he was a locksmith as well as a blacksmith. He also opened a tavern called by the same name, by which it was long known. A schoolhouse built near the Rogers' home was named "Cross Keys". Tradition says the Rogers brothers founded a Masonic Lodge in the neighborhood, and the mysterious meetings in

the Cross Keys schoolhouse excited the wondering curiosity of the people in the vicinity.

Thomas Rogers married Anne, only daughter of Rev. Daniel McKennon, an Episcopalian. He was sent by the Bishop of London in the early days of the Colonies to minister to the plantations in Maryland. Returning to England on an errand connected with his mission, the vessel and passengers were lost, and nothing was ever heard from them. For the education of his little daughter, Ann, Mr. McKennon made a textbook, copying tables, and rules for working examples, numerous problems in mathematics, quotations from choice writings, proverbs, hymns, prayers, etc. The valued relic, faded and worn, is yet legible. The children of Thomas and Anne McKennon Rogers, were: Elizabeth, who married Zadock Walker; Daniel, who married Mary Meason Ashland, a widow; Sarah, who married first, James Blackstone; second, William Davidson; Joseph, who married Elizabeth Gibson (their daughter, Eliza Lea Rogers, married Joseph Paull, son of Colonel James Paull); William, who married Nancy Halliday; Mary, who married Jacob Weaver; John, who married Isabel Calamese; Anne who married —— Beeson.

John Rogers, brother of Thomas, was a member of Captain Brigg's volunteer company, in Colonel Crawford's expedition against the Sandusky Indians. Captain Briggs was killed, and local history says that John Rogers, being a lieutenant in the company, took command on the homeward march. John Rogers married —— Moreland, daughter of David Moreland. Their children were: John, married Mary Squibb; Thomas, unmarried; Daniel, unmarried; Nancy, married John Work; Sarah, married John Halliday; Elizabeth, married —— Marsman.

James Rogers, brother of Thomas, John, and Elizabeth, also figured in military circles and was called Major James Rogers. He was an iron manufacturer; about 1828, he removed to Springfield, Fayette County, where he lived until his death about 1840. James Rogers married ——; their children were

John, William, Phineas, Joseph, M. D., (married Elizabeth Johnston, daughter of Alexander Johnston), James, Thomas, George, Daniel, Erwin.

The Rogers and Paulls, coming from the same section of country, were probably old acquaintances; intercourse was renewed and by and by it lead to an alliance. James Paull or "Jamie", married "Betsy" Rogers. The youthful bride became a member of Martha Paull's household; there was room for another daughter, a welcome for another Elizabeth. Mary Paull, or "Polly", had a lover who was ten years, or more, her senior, Joseph Torrence, whose family came to the community when he was seventeen years old. He was of sterling worth and had a creditable record as a soldier. The wedding took place January 18, 1781, the ceremony performed, presumably, by Rev. James Dunlap, minister at Laurel Hill. The new home was established within a few miles of the parental home on a tract of land named "Peace".

Jamie's first child, James Paull, Jr., was born June 6th, 1781. He did not lack attention, with a grandmother and two youthful aunts to fondle him. Some months later, February 15, 1782, another grandson was born, down at Polly's, who received his grandfather's name, George Paull. The two boys, living within a few miles of each other, grew up like brothers. An attachment was formed which strengthened as the years passed into a rare devotion. There was less than a year between their deaths.

James Paull's second child was named George for his grandfather. After the third and fourth boys had come asking for a place, the old cabin was taxed, finally, to furnish lodging for any more. To build a new house was the only way to meet the demand. A two-story log house was built near the cabin, furnishing ample room for the increasing family and for the friends who always found the latchstring out. A hall ran the length of the house at the left, three rooms to the right, a large kitchen at the rear, with the universal, cheery, open fireplace. Four more joined the family group. They received their edu-

cation at the little log schoolhouse with its oil-paper windows and benches without backs. The "three Rs" were faithfully taught, the ferrule was faithfully applied. Outside the schoolhouse, slender branches grew for the master's use when offences were serious. Real live boys had opportunities to wince under the sting of the ferrule and to test the strength of the slender branch. A boy who did not earn his share of "thrashings" was lacking in ambition and did not amount to much! Of the seven brothers, George, only, pursued a college course; he then studied law. The others, with the same privilege, chose vocations for which a college training was considered unnecessary. They built well on the narrow foundation furnished by the country school, and became intelligent, prosperous, business men, each influential and highly esteemed in his community. The daughter, Martha, was, after the fashion of the well-to-do, sent to a girls' boarding school for a finishing touch.

Until the establishment of the "post road" from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in 1786, all mail was carried by special express or through the accomodation of travelers. Mail was carried twice a month each way, the carriers taking postage as pay. For years Pittsburgh had the only post office west of the mountains. The route was twenty-five or thirty miles distant from the nearest point in Fayette County, where there was no post office until after 1794. In 1786, Pittsburgh was a muddy village, boasting thirty-six log houses, one of stone, one frame, and five small stores. It had the distinction of establishing the first newspaper published west of the Alleghenies, *The Gazette*, edited by John Scull, of English Quaker ancestry. The first copy was issued July 29, 1786. At this time, there were several roads leading to the "Forks of the Ohio" at Fort Pitt, where the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers unite to form the Ohio. In addition to the Indian paths which traversed the wilds of western Pennsylvania and adjacent territory, there were two roads crossing the Allegheny Mountain; one, opened by General Braddock's army, the other, by General Forbes' army. Mail facilities had not yet been extended by the government

so far as Fort Pitt. The first subscribers to *The Gazette*, who lived some distance from the publisher, had to depend on the courtesy of friends for the delivery of the eagerly-looked-for weekly budget of news. *The Gazette* continues as the *Gazette Times*, an influential paper with a wide circulation.

James Paull, like his father, was well-trained in the use of the gun and there was ample supply of "big" game to keep him in practice. His friends came upon invitation, or without one, with hounds and hunting equipment. Beside the hearth fire of snapping pine, the host and his guests kept up a flow of humor, with thrilling tales of adventures, a basket of pippins and the cider pitcher within reach. The barking dogs were chained in pairs, to keep them within bounds during the night. The turbaned cook furnished them a pot of corn mush, as palatable to hounds as to hunters.

In 1793, James Paull was appointed sheriff of Fayette County the fifth in order. He held the office until 1796, during which time the "Whiskey Insurrection" occurred. In March, 1791, a law was passed imposing an excise tax on whiskey. An organized effort was made among the farmers and distillers of several countries in western Pennsylvania to oppose the enforcement of this law, which they regarded as unjust, whiskey being their chief article of manufacture. The Governor, Thomas Mifflin, ordered the prosecution of some of the chief offenders, but when the marshal undertook to enforce the law, he was met by a body of armed men and was obliged to desist. August 14, 1794, a convention of two hundred delegates met at Parkinson's Ferry, on the Monongahela River, Albert Gallatin acting as secretary of the meeting. President Washington and Governor Mifflin appointed commissioners who went to the convention and offered amnesty upon condition of submission to the law. But the convention gave no promises. The President issued a second proclamation September 25, calling for submission and announcing the march of the militia to the scene of disturbance. A call for fifteen thousand men had been made to the Governors of Pennsylvania, Virginia, New Jersey, and Mary-

land. When the troops appeared, the ardor of the insurgents cooled and David Bradford, the prime mover in the disturbance, fled to New Orleans. In the meantime, another convention was held at Parkinson's Ferry where resolutions were passed, pledging submission and obedience. Henry Lee, Governor of Virginia, acting commander of the militia, issued a proclamation of amnesty, requiring the oath of allegiance to the United States, and ordered the arrest of any who refused. A number of suspected persons were arrested, some bound over for trial, others released from want of evidence. Two were convicted of treason but were pardoned by the President. Two thousand five hundred troops under General Morgan, were retained in the community during the winter, as a police force. This was the first time the power of the new Federal Government had been put to the test and the promptness with which the rebellion was quelled, won respect for the Government, and established a valuable precedent with regard to similar occurrences in the future.

In the autumn of '93 and spring of '94, Liberty poles were raised on which were nailed boards painted with mottoes in large letters, twelve or fifteen feet above the ground. On the top of the pole, at a height of from one hundred to two hundred feet, a red striped flag was fastened which waved until torn to pieces by the wind or the pole was taken down. These Liberty poles were erected in towns, at taverns, cross-roads, and furnaces. One was erected at Union furnace on Dunbar Creek, owned by Isaac Meason, John Gibson, and Moses Dillon.

Colonel James Chambers, an ardent supporter of Washington's administration, took an active part in the suppression of the Insurrection. In a letter to Alexander Dallas, Secretary of the Commonwealth, he wrote, September 1794, that when he arrived at Chambersburg he found "the Rabale had raised what they Caled a Liberty pole", that the magistrates opposed the raising of the pole, but were not supported by the majority of the "Cittyzens". He addressed a meeting of the inhabitants,

to "show the necessity of Soporting the Government". The meeting was held in the Court House. Colonel Chambers continued, "The Magistrates have sent for the men, the very Same that erected the pole, and I had the pleasure of Seeing them on Saturday Evening Cut it down, and with the same waggon that brought it into town, they were obliged to draw the remains of it out of town again. The Circumstance was mortifying, and they behaved very well. They seem very penitent, and no person offered them any insult".

In a memorial address giving the ecclesiastical and secular history of southwest Pennsylvania, the speaker said in reference to James Paull's connection with the insurrection:

"During this volcanic period, Colonel James Paull was sheriff of Fayette County, than whom a braver nor truer man never held that office anywhere. He was a decided friend of the Government; yet, because under the advice of his counsel, he declined to subject himself to an action for false imprisonment, by executing a defective warrant for the arrest of some of his neighbors accused of being concerned in one of the attacks upon the house of Wells, he was indicted in the United States Court at Philadelphia! What had the courts of the United States to do with the official duties of Sheriffs? The indictment was not prosecuted."

While James Paull held the office of sheriff, he had to bear the responsibility for the hanging of John McFall in 1795, the first execution in the county. The second occurred seventy-one years later, in 1866. In one hundred years there were four executions, since 1896 there have been eight, the last year, 1913, having witnessed one.

"The Sherrard Memoirs" by Robert Andrew Sherrard contain, together with preliminary remarks, the account of the execution of John McFall:

"This is a reminiscence of some of the actions and doings of Col. James Paull of Fayette County, Pa., never before written out. But I would not have it surmised or hinted at that I have undertaken to write Col. James Paull's biography. No,

that's a task I could not perform. I must say that Col. James Paull was the first man I ever saw, except my own father, to my remembrance. The occurrence took place when I was about two years old. And I know that many attempts have been made to attest a disbelief to the statement. Notwithstanding all that may be said against the assertion, I know it is true. And if I bring the storehouse of my memory in penning some of these reminiscences from 67 to 69 years, it might thereby be shown as a fact that from early youth I have been blessed with a strong memory, rather more so than common. And as a further proof, but few men can bring forward in conversation as many dates as I can, a common requisite in law to prove that book accounts are correct. But now to the point.

"I remember my mother when I was two years old took me in her arms, dressed in a little petticoat or frock, such as children of that age in olden times were dressed in, and next she put on a little sun bonnet and carried me up a little way above the house to where father had been employed making beds ready for the sowing of seeds. Mother sat me down in a little alley between two beds, there to divert myself by playing among the fresh dirt. It was not long after mother did this that Col. James Paull made his appearance, going on a hunting excursion up into the mountain or that part of it known as Laurel Hill, where yet lingered and could sometimes be found, 77 years ago, some remnant of the bear, deer or wild turkey. Colonel Paull stopped opposite where father and mother were at work and began to converse, setting the butt of his gun on the ground, holding the other end in his hand. And to this hour I never remember a word that passed between father and Colonel Paull, but my attention was attracted to the strange man that I never had seen before, and to his gun and strange dress, for he had on long green leggins, the like of which I had never seen before. All these strong attractions took my young attention and also fixed it strongly on my young memory. I have often thought since of that period, that if Colonel Paull had not come along and stopped, and stood and conversed as he did,

until I got a fair view of him, his gun and dress, that it is most likely I should not have remembered anything about mother carrying me out into the garden that day. Col. Paull frequently took to the mountain region to hunt, while we occupied the mountain farm, which was until I was near ten years old. I remember I was three years old before I was allowed to wear trousers, the first pair of which I was very proud."

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## THE EXECUTION OF JOHN McFALL

"Col. James Paull was elected Sheriff of Fayette county at the annual election the second Tuesday of October, 1793. I came to this conclusion from the date that when John McFall was sentenced to be hung for the murder of John Chadwick, Col. Paull had to make every arrangement and see that the law was fulfilled and the culprit executed, as ordered by the Governor of the Commonwealth. In Judge Addison's law reports we have the only written account of the murder. Addison says: 'This was an indictment brought for the murder of John Chadwick on the 10th of November, 1794. In the morning of this day McFall being drunk, came to the house of Chadwick, who kept a tavern, and got some liquor there. McFall had expressed resentment against Myers for having taken him on a warrant, and had threatened to kill or cripple him the first time he met him. When McFall saw Myers he jumped up and said he would have his life. Chadwick reproved McFall for this. McFall rubbed his fists at Chadwick and said he was not so drunk but he knew what he was doing. Myers soon went away. McFall went out after him and again said he would have his life. Myers rode off. McFall returned to go into the house again. Chadwick bade him go home, for he had abused several people that day and had got liquor enough. McFall shook hands with Chadwick and went away. Chadwick shut the door. About two minutes after he returned. Chadwick rose to keep the door shut. McFall jerked it off the hinges,

dragged Chadwick out and struck him several times with a club on the head. His scull was fractured by the blows and he died the second day. McFall was tried at the December term, 1794, and found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hung.

"But before the sentence could be carried out McFall broke jail, and for the time being made his escape. The way and manner by which McFall made his escape, by contriving to get free from jail, was somewhat singular. He some times in the night season built a fire against the outer door of the jail, at a time no doubt he thought the jailer and others were wrapt in sound sleep on the inside of the jail door, and burned a hole large enough to creep out through. He crept out and took to the Laurel Hill mountain. How he subsisted in the way of food no one knows. But in the course of some months he was recognized in company with pack-horsemen on the mountain, whose business it was to pack salt, iron, etc., on horseback over the mountains from Hagerstown and Winchester in those days, for it must be remembered that although Isaac Meason had in partnership with him that old noted Quaker, Moses Dillon, from Baltimore county, Md., who built and put in blast the old Union furnace on Dunbar creek, still the old forge where Thomas Watt now lives, was not yet built; so that it need not be wondered at that iron as well as salt had to be packed on horse back as specified. McFall was recognized among the pack-horse men as King Saul was among the prophets, but not with as clear a conscience. McFall had the mark of Cain upon his forehead; he had shed innocent blood, and it cried from the ground for vengeance. McFall was retaken and put back in the old jail in Uniontown and securely ironed, until proper arrangements could be made for his execution, which must have taken place sometime in the summer or early in September of 1795.

"Col. James Paull, then being the Sheriff of Fayette county, Pa., the law imposed it as a duty laid on the Sheriff of each county of the State, to execute the sentence of the law on all

persons found guilty of murder in the first degree. Col. Paull had the nerve to have done his duty in that case, but he chose to have the rope adjusted and the hanging part performed by a substitute. And this substitute he found in a poor old low-lifed man in the mountain range, by the name of Ned Bell. This worthless creature and his old wife, Col. Paull had to bring away from their former place of abode, and place them in an old cabin on his own land, and feed and clothe them as long as they lived, for the people of the neighborhood where old Ned Bell lived at the time McFall was executed, vowed vengeance against old Ned Bell if he offered to return to live among them as he had done.

"My father went to Uniontown at the time McFall was hanged, and after his return home, mother asked him if he saw McFall hung. 'No,' said he, 'I saw two men hanged before I left Ireland and I never want to see any other person hanged while I live.' As soon as the word was given by Colonel Paull, to the acting Sheriff, to drive the cart from under the gallows, father said he turned round and walked away, not caring to see the death struggles of the dying man. Now, at this late day, when so much improvement has been brought to bear in all kinds of mechanics all over the country, why not some improvement in the mode and manner in hanging those that have forfeited their lives to a broken law.

"Substitutes employed by the Sheriffs of the different counties of Pennsylvania, to do the duty of hangman, were but little thought of, and were generally held in less estimation than common chimney sweeps or tinkers. So much so was this the case, that they became outcasts, and were shunned by the neighboring community; so much so that the Legislatures of different States passed laws making it obligatory that the Sheriff of any county where capital punishment must be inflicted, should be the executioner. And I have not heard of any substitute since these laws were passed, more than half a century ago. I was present when old Crawford was hanged near Washington, Washington county, Pa., for shooting his son, Henry. He was

hung on the 22nd of February, 1823. And I remember that Mr. Officer of that county performed his duty as required by law. For when all things were adjusted and the drop on which old Crawford stood must fall, the Sheriff shook hands with old Crawford, then he tied Crawford's hands behind him and hastily drew the cap over his eyes and face. The Sheriff then wheeled off the drop, picked up a hand ax and at one small stroke cut the rope and the drop fell. The Sheriff then hastily stepped down the stairs from the platform and paid no more attention till 39 minutes had expired, during which time Crawford hung, and he was dead. Dead in less than 10 minutes of the 39. The last act of the Sheriff, Mr. Officer, was to cut the culprit down and lay him in a coffin the Sheriff had provided. He then delivered it to the friends of the deceased and they drove it home on a sled and buried it."

The Sherrard Memoirs gives a Youghiogheny River incident, which occurred when the water was high, with floating ice:

"I remember at an after period, but I have lost the date from my memory, that an occurrence took place after the first bridge was built across the Yough river between Connellsville and New Haven, and some few years after Isaac Meason had built his second forge, near the mouth of Dunbar creek, that Col. Paull purchased several tons of bar iron at the above forge, intending it to be run to Kentucky for sale, and caused it to be loaded on board a boat he had provided for that purpose. After the iron was all put on board the boat two of Colonel Paull's colored men and one white man, these men undertook to navigate the boat down to New Haven, where other loading awaited the boat, consisting of hollow ware or castings, so called in olden times, all destined for the Kentucky market. But the river being very high and uncommon rapid, the steersman could not manage the boat, and there being a long streamer running up the river, and placed there to turn off the driftwood and large cakes of ice, that if not thrown off, might lodge against the middle pier of the bridge and cause it to be broken and carried off and destroyed. But in spite of the exertions of the steers-

man the current was so strong and rapid that the boat was almost, if not quite unmanageable. At all events the boat was carried so close to the long streamer that the left hand gunnel took the long streamer and ran up far enough to cause the boat to turn over and spill out the iron into the river. The three men were cast out of the boat into the rapid stream, and but one of the colored men was able to reach the shore.

"Colonel Paull had to wait until the river fell sufficiently to allow the men to fish the iron out of the water. Several men were employed at high wages, as soon as the water fell, for that purpose. But the water was so cold at this early period of the spring season that the men could not stand the cold very long at a time. But to give the men such assistance as would enable them better to stand the cold, such as was commonly made use of in these olden times, in the first place a large log heap was kept constantly burning for the men to warm themselves at, and in the second place, Col. Paull procured a barrel of good rye whiskey, if there was ever any good whiskey. It was not at any rate, that kind now used, called "rot-gut" or "kill-devil-stuff," but pure rye whiskey, brought and placed on its end, not far from the burning fire, and the upper head knocked out and several tin cups and a dipper brought to the place, so that the men when they came to the fire to warm themselves on the outside, they might pour into their inside to keep up the heat internally also. But all this did not avail. For it appeared that the more liquor they drank the more chilly the men got. And this was noticed by a traveler who had stopped at a tavern then kept opposite to where the boat and iron then lay, kept by David and Sally Barnes, on Water Street.

"And permit me here to say that David Barnes and his wife, Sally Barnes, kept the same tavern house on Water Street in the month of April, the spring of 1799. For I remember that mother sent me on an errand to Sally Barnes. And I further remember that a middle-aged man sat there in the bar room floor, for it must be remembered that in these early times there was but few carpets on our floors in Western Pennsylvania in

1799. Be that as it may, Sally Barnes scolded that man, for his abuse of privelege for spitting gobbs of tobacco juice on her floor. She reprimanded him sharply, and among other things, she told him she would as lief, or rather he would spit in her lap, as on her clean floor.

"But to return to the traveling man spoken of heretofore. After looking on for a short time and seeing the men drinking whiskey to keep them warm, and saw that it had a greater tendency to make them chilly, he remarked to Colonel Paull, whose presence was necessary to encourage the men to persevere in getting the iron out of the river before it would be covered up with sand and gravel, that the men could not stand the cold by drinking whiskey, which had the tendency, instead of keeping them warm, it made them the more chilly, quite opposite in effect of what was intended. 'If you will take my advice,' said the traveling man, 'you will send out among the farmers of the neighborhood and collect a quantity of sweet milk. Put on the fire an eighteen-gallon sugar-kettle, and fill it with sweet milk, bring it to boil, then stir in a small portion of flour, so as to lithe it, as the Scotch would say, not quite the consistency of gruel, then let the men drink a tin cup full, each man, and drink it down as warm as they can, and I will warrant your men will stand the cold four times longer on a tin cup full of this prepared milk than they can by using so much whiskey'. The milk was prepared, and the iron was got out".

James Paull's military career commenced when he was seventeen, four months after the death of his father. In August, 1778, he was drafted to guard Continental stores for one month at Fort Burd, (Old Redstone) on the Monongahela, within twenty miles of home. His father, holding a captain's commission, had served at this fort in early manhood. This month's experience did not contribute much towards the making of a soldier. Taking his turn in sentinel duty at night was soldier-like; fishing and swimming during the day was the accustomed recreation of the farmer boy. At the age of twenty-one, he was commissioned lieutenant by Thomas Jefferson, Governor

of Virginia, and served in the projected campaign against Detroit, then held by British and Tories, May to December, 1871. In April, 1782, he was again drafted, to serve one month at Turtle Creek, above Pittsburgh. In May, 1782, he was a volunteer in Colonel William Crawford's campaign, and engaged in his first and only actual battle, that of Upper Sandusky, "Crawford's Defeat", June 4th, 1782. In 1783 and '84, he commanded a company of scouts on the frontier, guarding against Indian incursions. In 1790, he served as major and lieutenant colonel in the unsuccessful campaign of General Harmar against the Indians in the Maumee country. The injuries received in "Crawford's Defeat" were permanent, and in 1883, he applied for a pension, which was granted. To Robert A. Sherrard, Colonel Paull's descendants are indebted for the account of his experience in the "Defeat".

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## THE CRAWFORD EXPEDITION

"I had often heard, when very young, my father tell of the very narrow, hair-breadth escapes of himself and others, while out on that volunteer excursion. But I do not recollect of having heard my father say at what point the troops crossed the Ohio river, or what course they steered after they crossed that stream. I was but ten years old at the time my father was stricken down with paralysis, which so impaired his memory, that he could not draw on his memory as formerly unless it was some particular matter that occurred when very young.

"But what was lacking from my father's inability to detail it, or my inability to retain it, was in a good measure supplied by Col. James Paull, in a free conversation with him at his own house, in the month of January, 1826. At which time Col. Paull gave me a full account of his retreat, narrow escape and journey home. All of this I felt a great interest in, having heard from my father and others, a good deal pro and con about Col. Crawford's defeat, so much so, that soon after my return

home and while fresh in my memory, I wrote it down, from whence I draw off the present narrative, which may be relied on as correct in every particular, as related to me.

"The uncalled-for massacre of the peaceable Christian Indians, referred to by Col. Paull in the beginning of his narrative, was strongly denounced by the public generally as an atrocious act. Colonel Williamson was blamed and severely censured for suffering such an outrage to be committed by men under his command. It seems, however, that the men were under his command but not under his control. They were a set of desperate frontier settlers, wicked and ungovernable, who bore a deadly hatred to all Indians. They would not be advised or controlled by Col. Williamson, but took the work into their own hands and acted as any insubordinate set of renegades would do under like circumstances. After they had butchered the inoffensive Moravians, they strove to excuse themselves and justify their crime by spreading abroad a story to the effect that they found clothing among these "pet" Indians, as they termed them, which clothing had been stripped from the dead wives and daughters of white people, whom the Indians had killed and scalped. The sight of the clothing, they declared, roused within their breasts such a spirit of revenge that they took the matter of punishment in their own hands. Col. Williamson was subsequently exonerated by public opinion from all blame in the matter."

With this preliminary statement, Sherrard introduces Col. Paull's story, which is as follows: "We crossed the Ohio river at the old Indian Mingo town. We then took over the hill and traveled on an old Indian trail, on or near to where the villages of Salem and Jefferson now stand, on the dividing ridge. We kept on the ridge until the Indian trail intersected another trail leading out from the Ohio river, opposite where Wellsburg now stands. The Indian trail led us on westward to the Moravian towns on the west side of the Muskingum river.

"At all three of these Moravian towns all was desolation, owing to the massacre of these peaceable Indians by Col. Wil-

liamson's men, in March previous. These men, after they had murdered all these Christianized Indians, great and small, male and female, that they could lay their hands on, and it is said none escaped but one boy of ten or twelve years, who carried the news to Sandusky where the Wyandotte tribe resided, after which they burned up all their corn together with all the corn cribs. Aside from the murder, after it was done, it was necessary that the corn should be all destroyed to keep it from falling into the hands of the Wyandottes or any other hostile tribe of Indians. Our troops sauntered about the desolate Moravian town, Knaden-hutten, to see what they could see. One of the men dismounted and picked up a garden spade and declared he would carry it with him, asserting it would do to bake bread on.

"The last time I saw your father was on the Sandusky plains the night of the retreat, just as the troops generally took the start in the line of retreat, until I got to my own home where I found that your father had arrived three days before me. During these three days of my absence your father was doing all he could to comfort and console my mother and sisters, who were daily and hourly fretting about me, conjecturing that I had been killed by the Indians, or why not at home as the others. Your father, in trying to console them, would tell them not to fret; that Jamey would come popping home to them one of those days, safe and sound.

"The order of Col. Crawford to the men was to make preparations so as to leave the camp as silently as possible by 9 o'clock P. M. leaving all the fires burning as bright as possible, so as to deceive the Indians. In making the preparations to retreat, bread had to be baked, and for that purpose some of the men had made use of the spade that had been picked up at the Moravian town. The spade while hot had been thrown to one side and I happened to set my foot on it, and the bottom being worn out of my moccasin, my foot was severely burned and for awhile gave me great pain, but at length it got easy and I fell asleep. But I suppose I could not have slept long for your

father came to me and gave me a shake, at the same time saying, 'Jamey, Jamey, up and let us be off, the men are away.' I immediately sprang to my feet and stepped to the sapling where my horse was tied, but to my disappointment my horse had slipped his bridle. I searched about in the dark and found some other horses still hitched or fastened to saplings, and I found my horse alongside one of them. This revived my drooping spirits which had sunk on finding my bridle tied to the sapling, but no horse, and I lame with my burnt foot, and all my comrades leaving me. The night was very dark, and being surrounded with wild beasts, and savages more wild and fierce than they, and near two hundred miles from home in an enemy's country, was sufficient to sink the spirits of any brave man. But on finding my horse standing quietly, I soon put the bridle on and mounted. At the same time the other horses were mounted by their owners, and all put out from the camp ground together, nine in all, who made as much haste as they could to get away, considering the darkness of the night and woods we had to ride through. It must be remembered that the main body of the troops had previously retreated under the command of Colonel Williamson, leaving us behind who took their own course, like many others who wandered off, and were picked up the next day by Indians, and were either shot down or surrendered themselves and were made prisoners, to await a more cruel death by being burned at the stake, a common Indian frolic.

"To return to my narrative, my comrades and I had not gone any great distance from the camp ground, until we all rode into a large and very deep swamp. In this swamp we all got our horses so completely and deeply plunged into the mire that we were compelled to dismount and take to our feet, leaving our horses to be got out by the Indians the next day, and if not taken out by them, the horses must have perished in the mire or swamp. I made but poor headway at walking owing to the bad burn on the sole of my foot, the bottom being worn out of my moccasin. However, my spirit and resolution bore me up,

and I walked on as well as I could, in great pain. We traveled all that night and the next day. I had found part of an Indian blanket which was a great service to me. By tearing strips from it from time to time, and wrapping them around my burnt foot, which by this time had all the skin peeled off the sole, and was in very bad condition. As the strips would wear through on the sole, I would stop and shift them around to a part that had not been worn, and when a strip was worn out I would replace it with a new strip, and so I protected the fiery wound as well as I could until I got across the Ohio river, and got among the white inhabitants.

"On the same day, which was the next after we had left our horses in the swamps, we stopped about noon to take some refreshments, of which we had great need, as we had taken no food since the evening before. The place where we stopped was overgrown with high weeds which were broken down, and a blanket spread, on which each man took from his knapsack or blanket, if he had either, and laid it on the blanket which took the place of a table cloth, his ash cake, and commenced eating. The men had not half satisfied their hunger when a fearful man who belonged to the little company would be up on his feet looking to see if there would be any Indians about. He at length spied Indians, on horseback, coming towards us. He immediately squatted down and told his comrades to hide as there were Indians coming. On this information each man took his own direction and hid. I, for my part, took the direction towards the Indian trail and concealed myself in a large bunch of alder bushes where I had a full view of the savages as they passed. All at once the foremost one on the trail stopped short, and that stopped all the Indians on horseback, twenty-five in number. It appeared as if the Indians had heard the rustling made by the men in their haste to hide, for as soon as they brought their horses to a halt, they all looked around and appeared to be listening as if to catch any sound or noise that was made; but our men were all soon hid among the high weeds, and a death stillness followed. In a very short time, the In-

dians hearing no noise, the foremost one gave his pony a kick or two in the sides, and whistling, went off on a trot towards Sandusky. Each of those following then gave his pony a kick, in imitation of his leader, and they started off in Indian file or Indian style.

"I forgot to mention a circumstance in regard to this fearful man who gave us notice of the approach of these twenty-five Indians, that took place the night before, at the time we had to leave our horses in the swamp. It was there necessary for each of us to pick our place and steps as best as we could, stepping from tussock to tussock, and so make our way to solid ground. But this little fearful man, in making a step, missed his mark and stepped into the mire. He soon sunk to his armpits in the soft mud and slush. In this situation he worked and toiled to get out of the mire, but could not. He then raised a huge cry and bawled aloud and begged the men 'for God's sake' not to leave him. His hollowing and bawling was so loud that I was afraid he would bring the Indians upon us. By some means he got out of the swamp and soon overtook us, well plastered with mud.

"I had full view of the twenty-five savages on horseback, from the place of my concealment, and I could with my rifle, have brought one of them down, but I did not dare do it, knowing that such a rash act would cost me my life, and the lives of my comrades. I and my comrades were glad to be thus rid of their savage company. They were making their way to Sandusky where the battle was fought. As soon as they had gotten out of sight, I and my comrades returned to the spot where the blankets were spread, and gathered up the fragments that belonged to us, and packed them away for future use, not feeling any appetite or desire to eat more. The fright from the presence of the Indians had the effect of destroying our appetites. We all then started off on our course for home.

"On the evening of the same day, while we were pursuing our way across a very clear, open piece of ground, we saw a single Indian running off to the right, but at too great a distance to

shoot him. Of this one Indian we apprehended no danger, but we paid dearly for our security, as I will hereafter relate. We kept our course till the dusk of the evening overtook us. Then we lay down to rest and slept soundly, as we had no sleep the first night out from camp. The next day, much refreshed, we pushed forward in good spirits, knowing that we were, as we thought, leaving the camp ground and the Indians some miles behind. On this same day, about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, as we passed a small hill and descended into a little valley below, we were fired upon by a party of Indians, who were concealed in ambush on our right. I was walking close by one of the men with my left hand on his shoulder, he being on the left and I on the right, next the Indians. My comrade was shot dead. The ball passed close by me, and I suppose that the Indian who fired aimed to kill both at the same shot. My friend was taken and I was left. Four out of nine of our men fell at the opening volley and the rest ran to trees.

"The Indians, on their first fire, rose and called out in broken English for us to surrender, and that not a man of us should be hurt. But I had no confidence in an Indian. I therefore broke and ran off at the top of my speed, but thinking of my comrades, I turned my eye over my shoulder and saw the Indians rush up in a body, and with tomahawk in hand, cleave down the remaining four men, who were left dead, each at the tree where he stood. Two of these were shot, and the others fought hand to hand till overpowered and hacked to pieces with the tomahawk.

"As I ran with a lame halt and hobbling manner, the Indians had it in their power to kill me with their guns before I could get out of their range, but they thought, I suppose, that I might be taken as a prisoner and burnt for their greater sport. Accordingly, to my surprise, two of their number started in pursuit of me. Seeing them start at full speed, I mended my gait, for I considered my life at stake for the first time during the campaign; this thought gave life to my frame and made me forget my burnt foot, so that I gained ground from my pur-

suers. Seeing this, the Indians stopped and shot at me, but missed the mark, and gave me a fright that made me go all the faster. Shortly after, one of the pursuers turned back, and it was not long till the second gave up the chase.

"As soon as I found that I had gotten clear of my pursuers, I took it easier and slower, and continued to do so during the remainder of the day. Towards dusk I made search for a suitable place to conceal myself. After some time I found a hollow log, into which I crept, feet foremost, and there I rested until morning. This ended my third night out from the camp and the battle ground.

"I left my place of concealment early the next morning and again took up my course for home. At first I could scarcely walk, my foot was so sore, and I was also without provisions of any kind. The only subsistance I had from that time till I crossed the Ohio river was one young blackbird and some sarvice berries, which were plentiful in many places.

"I now traveled on at my ease, caring more for my burnt foot than for the Indians, and I did not see any more of them till some time after my return home. Pursuing my course, I passed near where to Mt. Vernon now stands. There I fell in with the waters of Owl creek and passed down the same stream till near its junction with Michigan creek. High up on Owl creek I struck an Indian trail, and soon discovered fresh signs that Indians had lately passed by that way towards Sandusky. This discovery made me alter my course. I took off from the trail over the hills, the nighest way to the Tuscarawa river Shortly after leaving the trail I sat down to rest, and found a large shelving rock with an abundance of dry leaves under it, and I determined to spend the night there. Then I thought it was too near the Indian trail, and I resolved to travel all that night and the next day in order to be out of reach of the merciless savages. But when I began to travel, it being then about dark, I learned that I staggered about like a drunken man, with my lame foot, and therefore went back to the rock, which I reached with much difficulty, which I knew to be the result of my ex-

hausted system, having had no nourishment or rest for many hours.

"After stirring about among the leaves to assure myself that there was no snake among them, I tumbled down among the leaves and slept comfortably all night. When I arose in the morning I continued my way towards the Tuscarawa river. On my arrival there I found that I could not cross, owing to the depth of the water, and determined to go higher up the stream, where I knew there were riffles. I stripped off all my clothes and tied them into a bunch, and then holding them over my head with my left hand and my gun high and dry from the water in my right hand, I waded across. The water at its deepest point took me up around the neck. After dressing myself I ascended the hill from the river, at the top of which hill I found an old Indian camp. Strewn about was a great number of empty kegs and barrels, some of which were falling to pieces and others of which were still good. How the Indians had collected so many kegs and barrels I could not tell. It is probable that in time of peace with the Indians some people had run whisky up the Tuscarawas river to near this point in large white-pine canoes or in "pi-rouges," and sold it to the Indians for furs and deer skins. This place was probably the place of drinking and frolic.

"Here I struck a fire, the first one I had indulged in during my journey, and lodged by it on the old Indian camping ground. The fire served to keep off the gnats and mosquitoes, these insects being very numerous in the vicinity of the Tuscarawa river at this season of the year. The staves of the old barrels and kegs rendered good service for fuel and for fire. I ran a great risk in kindling a fire in the Indian country, as the Indians might have seen the light of it or have been attracted to me by the signs of the smoke. Then, again, thinking that the Indians might conclude it had been built by some of their own people, I determined to leave it burn. This was my fifth night out from the Sandusky battle ground. Early the next morning, June 11th, after resting easy on the Indians' whisky drinking ground all night, I started for the Ohio river.

"On the morning of the second day out from this camp, I arrived at the Ohio river, at the mouth of Indian or Wheeling creek, and not far above where the town of Wheeling now stands. Finding no chance of crossing, I continued on up the river till a short distance above Bush run, opposite to Pumphry's Bar in the river and opposite to Pumphry's Bottom, long known as Beech Bottom. Here I determined to cross over. Accordingly, I collected some old rails, which had come down the river in the drift and had lodged against a large sugar tree. I next peeled the bark from a number of small walnut saplings, with which I tied the rails together, making a crude raft. I stepped upon this with gun in hand, but I was too near the front of the raft, and narrowly escaped being thrown into the water. I shifted my position and had no more difficulty in crossing, using a piece of slivered rail as a paddle.

I had seen a number of horses feeding on the Pumphry beech bottom, and I resolved to ride one of them at all hazards. I took the white walnut bark from the raft and twisted it into a halter. I next attempted to catch one of the horses, but was unable to get near any of them, until I came to an old raw-boned mare. I put the halter on her, and mounted, gun in hand, and rode up the hill, keeping the pathway until I came to an improvement in the way of a cabin house, some cleared land and fences. Here, for the first time since my out-going trip from the Ohio, I heard the cock crow. However, there were no inhabitants about, and no dog barked. Still keeping the path farther on past several improvements where cocks crowed but no dogs barked. I at length came to a fort near Virginia Short Creek. Here all the people of the neighboring country were collected for safety, and this explained the deserted homes I had passed. Here, to my surprise, I found some of my friends in the battle, who had reached the fort before me. I remained a day at the fort, resting and doctoring my burnt foot, which was very much inflamed, and very sore. Here I procured a horse to carry me to Washington, Pennsylvania, where I remained a day at a relative's home. From this relative I obtained another

horse, on which I rode to my own home. There all was gloomy expectancy, for they had not heard of me, and believed that I had been killed, or taken prisoner, as your father could give no information concerning me, after he had roused me from sleep on the battleground the night of the retreat, as before stated."

June 10, after the defeat, Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight, surgeon of the regiment, were conducted by a band of Indians to the old Sandusky town, thirty-three miles distant. Four of the nine other prisoners were tomahawked and scalped on the way; the remaining five were killed by the squaws and boys, soon as they reached the town. Then, Colonel Crawford met his doom. Dr. Knight was put in charge of a young Indian with orders to take him to a Shawnee town, forty miles from Sandusky, there to be treated in the same manner. The first day they traveled twenty-five miles, then stopped for the night. Swarms of gnats were annoying, and Dr. Knight requested his custodian, next morning, to unite him and allow him to assist in making a fire to keep them off. The thoughtless "brave" complied. While on his knees and elbows blowing the fire, the doctor struck him on the head, knocking him into the fire. Howling with pain, he took to his heels, leaving his rifle, which the doctor seized, and made off. He cautiously threaded his way to Fort McIntosh, which he reached the twenty-second day, exhausted and nearly famished, having lived on roots and berries, and young birds. To Dr. Knight, alone, is due the account of the prolonged and cruel treatment which ended Colonel Crawford's life. In addition to the detailed account, he put the story into rhyme.

## CRAWFORD'S DEFEAT

Come all you good people wherever you be,
Pray draw near awhile and listen to me;
A story I'll tell you, which happened of late
Concerning brave Crawford's most cruel defeat.

A bold-hearted Company, as we do hear,
Equipped themselves, being all volunteers,
Their number four hundred fifty and nine,
To take the Sandusky town was their design.

In Seventeen hundred and eighty and two,
The twenty-sixth of May, I tell unto you.
They crossed the Ohio, as I understand,
When brave Colonel Crawford, he gave the command.

With courage undaunted, away did they steer,
Through Indian country, without dread or fear,
Where Nicholas Slover and Jonathan Zanes
Conducted them over to Sandusky plains.

Now, brave Colonel Crawford was an officer bold,
On the fourth day of June did the Indians behold.
On the plains of Sandusky at three the same day
Both armies did meet in battle array.

The Indians on horse-back, Girty gave the command.
On the side of the plains they boldly did stand
Our men like brave heroes upon them did fire,
Until backwards the Indians were forced to retire.

Our rifles did rattle, and bullets did fly,
And some of our men on the ground did lie,
And some being wounded, to others they said,
"Fight on brother soldiers, and be not dismayed".

Then brave Colonel Williamson, as I understand,
Wanted two hundred men at his command;
If the same had been granted, I think, without doubt,
That he would have soon put those proud Indians to rout.

For this brave commander, like a hero so bold,
Behaved with courage, like David of old,
Who, with the Philistines he used for to war,
And returned safe home without receiving a scar.

There was brave Major Brenton, the first in command,
In the front of the battle he boldly did stand,
With courage and conduct his part did maintain,
Tho' bullets like hail in great showers they came.

And as this brave hero was giving command
The rifle balls rattled on every hand;
He received a ball, but his life did not yield,
He remained with the wounded men out on the field.

Brave Biggs, and brave Ogle, received, each, a ball,
On the plains of Sandusky it was their lot to fall;
And not these alone, but several men
Had the honor to die on Sandusky plain.

There was brave Captain Mann, like a hero of old,
Likewise Captain Ross, another as bold,
Received, each, a ball, but did not expire,
Tho' into the camp they were forced to retire.

There was brave Captain Hoglan, I must not go past,
He fought it out bravely while the battle did last,
And on the retreat, to a fire did go,
What came of him after, we never could know.

There was Ensign McMasters, another as brave,
Who fought many battles his country to save;
On the plains of Sandusky he received a wound,
Unable to go, he was left on the ground.

There was Sherrard, and Rogers, and Paull, of renown,
They marched with Crawford to Sandusky town,
Where they bravely did fight till the battle was done,
And without a scar they returned safely home.

Our officers all so bravely did fight,
And so did our men, two days and a night,
Until re-inforcement of Indians came,
Which caused us to leave the Sandusky plain.

"Now", said our commander, "since we have lost ground,
By superior numbers they do us surround;
We'll gather the wounded, and let us save
All that's able to go, and the rest we must leave".

There was brave Colonel Crawford, upon the retreat,
And also Major Harrison, and brave Dr. Knight,
With Slover the pilot, and several men,
Were all taken prisoners on Sandusky plain.

Well, now, they have taken these men of renown,
And dragged them away to the Sandusky town,
And there, in their council, condemned for to be
Burned at the stake, by most cruel Girty.

Like young Diabolus this act did pursue,
And Girty the head of this infernal crew,
This renegade white man was standing by,
While there in the fire their bodies did fry.

The scalps from their heads while alive they did tear,
Their bodies with irons red-hot they did sear;
They bravely expired without e'er a groan,
Which might melt a heart that was harder than stone.

After our heroes were burned at the stake,
Brave Knight and brave Slover, they made their escape,
And with Heaven's assistance, they brought us the news,
So none need the truth of these tidings refuse.

Now, from east unto west let it be understood,
Let every one arise and avenge Crawford's blood,
And likewise the blood of those men of renown
That were taken and burned at Sandusky town.

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The name of Colonel Paull's farm, "Deer Park," came about naturally. An enclosure was made, in which several deer were kept, the pride of their owner and the admiration of all who saw them. The large farm was, by and by, divided into several tracts; one sold to Alexander Hill, is still known as the "Hill farm". One tract, "Woodvale", became Martha Paull's at her marriage.

The log house continued to be the paternal home until the death of Colonel Paull. It had also served as a fortress, bearing the marks of bullets fired by the Indians, who were the sworn enemies of the "Indian fighter". Some years after his death, carpenters, in re-roofing the house, found many bullets lodged under the old shingles. The old house had never been without the presence of little children. Joseph, the youngest, was but three months old when Jim, the eldest, was the proud

father of a baby boy, Findley. After the grandchildren, the great-grandchildren came trooping over the threshold; for more than fifty years the house rang with the merriment of children. No wonder it was still youthful, when more than a century old!

The eldest of Colonel Paull's living grandchildren is Hannah Paull Stoneroad, the only descendant who remembers him. She recalls the happy visits at her grandfather's, the freedom, the indulgence, the pleasure in following the vain peafowls, the countless attractions always to be found at one's grandparents'. She describes her grandfather as tall and slender, jovial, fond of company. Her grandmother was tall, fair, "very pretty", with a happy disposition. Old Hagar was mistress of the johnnycakes, as well as of the mush pot; she baked them on white boards, cared for as scrupulously as she cared for her frying-pan. Hannah thought nothing that came out of the frying-pan, or Dutch oven, could equal the sweet, crisp, johnnycakes; her grandfather agreed with her, and long-continued indulgence had worn his teeth almost to the gums.*

Hagar's long term of service gave her privileges; familiarity with the family was pardonable on this account. One day the Colonel said to her, "Hagar, the corn is getting low, you darkies must eat wheat-bread". She replied, "I'll be boun' fo' you, always wantin' the best fo' you'self". Hagar's son, Joe, had a propensity for taking things that he fancied. The Colonel's buckskin riding-gloves had a special attraction for him. For some time they had been missing; at length, suspicious of Joe, the Colonel offered to fee him, if he found and returned them. The gloves were "found," and Joe received his fee.

Captain McClelland was one of Colonel Paull's intimate friends. Taking dinner with him at his home one day, the Captain said, "Jim, cut light into the butter, it is twenty-five cents a pound". "Jim" understood; he was an expert in the game of "give and take". The Captain was a violinist. As

*Hannah Paull Stoneroad has since passed on, the last member of her father's family She rests in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Colonel Paull was fond of music, especially that of the violin, he bought one, to make sure of having music when Captain McClelland came to visit him. His visits were frequent, and while the delightful strains of familiar airs continued, the family, often joined by neighbors, gathered about the hearthstone, failed to note the swing of the pendulum in the tall corner clock. After the musician and his host had departed, the violin was neglected; untutored fingers, playing over the sensitive "vocal chords", added injury to neglect, and the sweet voice refused to sing as before. The soul was gone, and the skeleton that remained soon went the way of all things earthly.

Elizabeth Rogers Paull died September 12, 1838. She had lived seventy-four years, faithfully performing every duty that came to her hands. She was buried at Laurel Hill, while Rev. James Guthrie was pastor of the church. A large, white marble slab bears the inscription:

In memory of Elizabeth Paull,
consort of Colonel James Paull,
who departed this life on the 12th day of September, 1838,
in the 75th year of her age.
She was an affectionate wife, a devoted mother,
and died in the hope of a glorious immortality.

Three years later, the term of life allotted to Colonel Paull came to a close, from a paralytic stroke, when on his way to Laurel Hill church, accompanied by his son Joseph, both on horseback. Joseph, a few feet in advance, heard his father's cane drop to the ground and said, turning around, "Father, you have dropped your cane", at the same time noticing his unsteadiness. He died Friday, July 9th, and was laid away in the family burying ground at Laurel Hill. On a white slab corresponding with that which covers Elizabeth Paull's grave, is the simple inscription:

Sacred to the memory of James Paull Sr.
Was born on the17th day of September, 1760,
and died on the 9th day of July, 1841,
in the 81st year of his age.

A riotous growth of myrtle, unbroken between the two graves, furnishes perennial green.

Colonel Paull was a typical frontiersman, resolute and fearless, with a robust constitution; sharing in the taming of the wilderness, and in subduing the savage. From the storm clouds of the Revolution, he had seen the Thirteen Colonies emerge, an independent Nation. His eyes were closed twenty years before there occurred the pitiable spectacle of these United Colonies, grown to thirty-four, at strife with each other, over the question of the continuance of the "blessed tie that binds".

With keen interest Colonel Paull had watched the administrations of nine Presidents, from George Washington through the short term of William Henry Harrison. During his life, the change in the State Government had taken place. The Proprietorship of the Penns came to an end at the close of the Revolution, when the American Government bought their rights in Pennsylvania. From this time until 1790, when the present form of government was established, a President and Council, called "The Supreme Executive Council", directed the affairs of the State. Thomas Mifflin, last of the seven Presidents, was continued as the first Governor of the Keystone State, 1790-1799. At the time of Colonel Paull's death, the incumbent of the office was David Rittenhouse Porter, whose son, General Horace Porter was the honored instrument in recovering the long-concealed body of Admiral John Paul Jones.

Deer Park passed into the hands of Colonel Paull's youngest son, Joseph, whose family, together with John, the unmarried son, lived in the old home. Within a year, the family were housed in a fine new brick house. The log house, sound, and promising many more years of usefulness, was thought to be indispensable as a storeroom. But a fire unaccountably

brought it to ashes near the close of the century, January, 1899.

Within four years, there were living six of Colonel Paull's grandchildren, three of them daughters of his eldest son, James Paull, Jr.: Martha, Louisa, and Hannah. There remain, James Paull Walker, of Seattle; Mary Ellen Walker Stewart, of Pittsburgh; James Lea Paull, son of Joseph, of Pittsburgh.

# FOURTH GENERATION

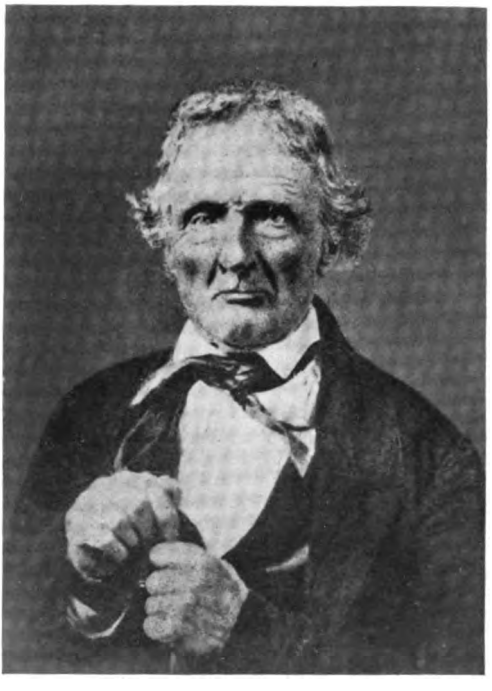
## JAMES PAULL, JR.

June 6th, 1781—June 7th, 1856

James, eldest son of Colonel James Paull, born in the stormy days of the Revolution, was two years old when the conflict ended. Brought up at Deer Park, he learned the practical side of farming. His education began and ended at the county school.

An accident which occurred in early manhood, a kick on the knee from a vicious horse, made him slightly lame during the rest of his life. His father, having had a memorable experience with a lame foot, would say, when Jim was inclined to walk slow or limp, "You could run if the Indians were after you!"

December 2nd, 1807, James Paull married Hannah, daughter of John and Sarah Orick Jackson. John was a son of James Jackson, pioneer, who ran away from Ireland at the early age of twelve years, to escape being bound out to a weaver. America received the runaway, who became a wealthy landowner in Pennsylvania and a loyal supporter of the cause of American freedom. He married, and brought up a family. John married



JAMES PAULL, JR.
1781 — 1856
Uniontown, Pennsylvania

MARY CLARK PAULL
1799 — 1875

Sarah Orick of Virginia, whose sister Mary married Judge James Findley of Fayette County, Pennsylvania. John and Sarah Jackson had eleven children: Mary married Captain John McLean (who was in the War of 1812) son of Samuel, who was a brother of Colonel Alexander McLean. Edward Jackson died unmarried; Hannah Jackson married James Paull; Robert Jackson married Agnes Nancy Canon; Catherine Jackson married Elisha Allen; Helen Jackson married James Witherow; Nancy Jackson married General Henry Beeson; Orick Jackson died unmarried; Margaret Jackson married John Hardgrove; John Jackson married Nancy Canon, niece of Robert's wife; Susannah Jackson, (twin of John), married Wilson Hardgrove, brother of John.

James Paull took his bride to a two-story log house on a farm seven miles west of Deer Park. In early days, numerous forts had been built in this community. The ruins of one were on James Paull's farm; traces of another, on the land belonging to his brother-in-law, General Henry Beeson. When the Revolution was in progress, General George Morgan fenced in a range for cattle which was called "Morgan's bullock pens". Later, this land became the property of General Morgan. The Paull tract was a part of this tract, together with a section which had been the property of Dr. James Craik, the physician who accompanied Washington in his army career, and attended him in his last illness.

In the log house, the large living-room entered from a porch, was cheery with sunshine and with a bright wood fire in the chimney-place. This, with a bedroom and kitchen, three bedrooms on the second floor, comprised the apartments. The attic was reached through a square hole in the low ceiling by climbing from the banisters. A room over the kitchen was occupied by the colored maids; at one time, Tillie, and her mother, Lyd, who was cook; often, by Sukie and Ann, daughters of Hagar, a Deer Park fixture.

Findley, the first child, born February 20, 1809, was a namesake of Judge James Findley, his mother's uncle, in whose

childless home she was brought up. Within ten years, there was a family of seven children. At the age of 37, the mother, Hannah Paull, died in July, 1822. She was buried in the graveyard of the Stone Church, ("Seceder"), where her father's family worshipped.

James Paull's second wife was Mary, daughter of Daniel and Agnes McClelland Canon. Daniel Canon (often spelled "Cannon") was probably the son of the pioneer of the same name, rather than the pioneer himself, who came from Virginia to Fayette County, and took up land which was surveyed for him as "Captain" Daniel Canon. He figured in Indian wars and in the Revolution. He died about 1797, leaving his wife, Agnes, and seven children: John Canon married ———; Elizabeth Canon married Rev. Mr. Eaton, a Presbyetrian minister; Isabella Canon married John Witherow; Martha Canon married James Caughey, Mary Canon ("Polly") married James Paull; Daniel Canon, 3rd, married Ann Jones; Agnes Nancy Canon married Robert Jackson. In recent years, a descendant of John Canon's, living in Ohio, was a member of a business firm, "Canon, Rifle, and Gun".

Mary Canon Paull assumed the care of three boys and four girls, ranging in age from four to fourteen. In the log house, fourteen children were brought up. The eldest, Findley, was twenty-eight years older than the youngest, Louisa, who had several nephews and nieces older than she.

James Paull was a Whig; a Presbyterian in church denomination. His family were all brought up under the ministry of Rev. James Guthrie, of Laurel Hill. Old folk and children attended the Sunday School, many coming from a distance of several miles, on foot, or two or three on one horse, if not able to own a conveyance. The chief exercise was the reciting of Scripture, committed to memory during the week. The Westminster Shorter Catechism went hand in hand with the Scriptures, and he was a dull or an indifferent pupil, who could not give the one hundred seven questions and answers, with the "whereins" and "wherebys", the "reasons annexed", each in its

proper place. The social feature of the Sabbath service was a welcome break in the routine of farmer life. Under the oak trees where the horses were hitched and the buggies sheltered, there was a general handshaking, neighborhood news were discussed, housewives exchanged experiences, and learned of sickness and want, if such existed, to which they promptly ministered. The Day's uplift furnished a lubricator for the home machinery, which would start next morning for another week's whirl.

The church session made a rule, obliging each boy to attend Sunday School in summer, without shoes, for the sake of those who had none. Generally, the boys were well pleased with the plan, because they all traveled the "Barefoot trail" six days of the week, and shoes were uncomfortable over stone-bruises and stumped toes, on Sunday.

Day school was held for a few months only, in winter. In connection with it, were debating societies where would-be orators evinced talent or its lack. Following the general custom, the young people met in the schoolhouse at "early candle light" for spelling-matches and singing. The practice produced a community of "good spellers", just as the use of the buckwheat notes, under the instruction of a singing-master with a tuningfork, produced "good singers". The accomplishment was turned to good account in church worship and at social gatherings.

Sarah Paull, the eldest daughter, was married December 15th, 1831, to Samuel Huston—the only wedding which took place in the log house. Mary and Martha were married away from home. Findley went to Wheeling, where he was employed in the store of his uncle, Thomas Paull. There he became acquainted with Maria Ann Bayless, whom he married in October, 1835. They went to the "far west", and established a home in Palestine, Illinois. Eliza Paull, while visiting her brother Findley, married William Beans Baker, and remained in Palestine. She lived but one year after her marriage.

In June, 1840, death again entered the home and summoned the mother, Mary Paull, who left seven children of her own, three sons and four daughters; Nathaniel was then but three years old. She was buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

In December, 1841, Mary, daughter of William and Elizabeth Clark, became the third wife of James Paull. Her brother, William Clark, married Mary Andrews, whose son, William Andrews Clark, ex-Senator from Montana, is the donor of the beautiful "Mary Andrews Clark Home" to the Young Women's Christian Association of Los Angeles. Mary Paull's sister Margaret Clark, married Alexander Johnston, whose son, John Johnston, gave a daughter to the Paull family—Annie Rogers Johnston, who married Joseph Rogers Paull, son of James Lea Paull. Mary Clark Paull had no children, but her stepchildren could testify to her motherly interest and kindness.

After the daughters had finished their education at the seminary in Uniontown, conducted by Rev. Samuel Wilson, they shared in the housework, and became proficient cooks, housekeepers, and buttermakers. The milkhouse was outside the yard, a spring of delicious water sending a cold stream through the milk and butter troughs. Over the milkhouse, a large room with several beds, a stove, etc., furnished sleeping room for the brothers, who were crowded out of the house.

All free hands were needed in quilting, and in the work attending "butchering", when a dozen or more hogs came under the cruel knife. Sugar-stirrings, and apple-bees were occasions for fun, quite as much as for work. Six weeks of harvesting the crops required the labor of several men who were boarded at the house—a busy, tiresome season to all excepting the youngsters, for whom it was a prolonged frolic. Liquor was used in the harvest field because it was the custom, and supposed to be beneficial. Cider was the only "drink" ever used in the house. Corn-huskings in the fall, held by the neighbors in turn, were times of merrymaking and suppers of big proportions.

A large flock of sheep, dotting the field or clustered together, was a lovely picture before one's eyes the summer long. In shearing-time, in May, the snip, snip, of the sharp shears continued until each beautiful victim had been "fleeced", and then turned loose, shorn of beauty, as well. Herds of cattle were kept on the Paull land on the mountain, and they were treated to the craved "lick of salt" each Saturday. A large drove of horses and mules, turned into a wide range of pasture, added a picturesque touch to the landscape. There were riding-horses, trim and sleek, the great, strong, much-traveled, Conestoga wagon-horses; and the faithful farm-toilers, as grateful for their oats and a roll in the grass, as the plowman was for his supper and his pipe.

Each of the girls had her own riding-horse which was brought to the gate at her bidding. One afternoon, Hannah and Louisa went visiting on horseback, Joshua Canon accompanying them. Hannah's bonnet was white crepe with pink rose buds; Louisa's, a Leghorn trimmed with green ribbon. Nature was radiant with sunshine and flowers, and away they went, in buoyant spirits. A threatening cloud appeared, and the horses quickened their pace at a touch from the slender whips. A few raindrops fell, by way of warning. Jenny Lind and Bill were urged to travel their best until a drenching down-pour brought a halt. No farther need to hasten, the beautiful bonnets were ruined!

The purchase of a handsome horse which was turned into the range with the others, proved to be direful. A disease, then termed "consumption", soon ended his life, but not until the contagion had spread. One after another succumbed to the disease, fourteen in all! Some of the unfortunates were old horses ending their days in luxury; they were retired from service and pensioned with watchful care. One of the riding horses, Flora, a spirited gray of unusual swiftness, came to an untimely end in a singular manner. A drover, herding his cattle over night at John Bute's near by, borrowed Flora for the evening, and put her in the Bute barn when he returned. A continuous,

high wind, during the night became a wild tornado, which wrecked many houses, even stone buildings, and hurled household effects, as well as people, some distances from their moorings. In several instances, beds with their occupants were carried from the house. The barn in which Flora was sheltered was blown over, the helpless guest borne by the storm to a wood, and there cruelly dropped so that she died from the injury. At the Paull home, Hannah, for the sake of novelty, wrote a letter by the light from the continuous lightning. Only black Sukie was alarmed. No one suspected the extent nor the seriousness of the damage. But the neighborhood was "a-buzz" next morning.

For many years a large business was carried on by drovers, taking cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs, from western Pennsylvania to eastern markets. They stopped over night at road houses or with farmers along the way, six or eight men, or more, in charge. The remuneration, together with that received from giving pasture to large herds, was a revenue not inconsiderable, and many farmers reserved pasture for this purpose. The approach of a drove was known by the lowing and bleating of the animals and the loud calls of the men; quite as much, perhaps, by the dense clouds of dust stirred up. In the spring, when the season opened, the muddy roads over which they passed to the "pike" were deeply plowed by hundreds of hoofs. When the sun dried these plowed highways, miles of stubborn clods were an irritating hindrance to vehicles. But perseverence and gentle showers eventually reduced conditions to a happy level.

The Conestoga wagon preceded the railroad. Six strong horses were attached to these large wagons which were deep and long, bending up from the bottom, both at the rear and in front. The sides were usually painted red and blue. Over wooden bows reaching from side to side, white canvas was stretched. Some of the wagons had a bell team; over the hames of each horse, a bell was suspended from a thin iron arch. The wagons carried country produce to eastern markets and returned with

dry goods, groceries and everything handled by merchants. They were used by farmers in eastern Pennsylvania, before the construction of turnpikes; after these were established, it was estimated that in 1790, ten thousand Conestoga wagons were needed for the traffic of Philadelphia. When on the road, horses rested over night in the wagon-yards connected with the road houses, covered with blankets in severe weather. They were rarely stabled. Road houses averaged one to two miles apart. The feeding-trough, carried at the rear of the wagon, was taken down and fastened to the tongue of the wagon, where the horses, three on each side, greedily ate that which was set before them. Beds for the drivers, rolled up in front of the wagon, were spread on the floor of the large bar-room, where there was a glowing log fire in the large chimney-place, or in later times, a coal fire in a grate, often of such dimensions as to hold six bushels of coal. James Paull kept a wagon on the road for many years; the driver, William (or "Bill") Worthington, was very skillful with his team, and was proud of his ability to turn his long wagon and six horses gracefully and in little space. He lived on the Paull farm for thirteen years. Occasionally, he was relieved by black Tom, who welcomed the change from farm work.

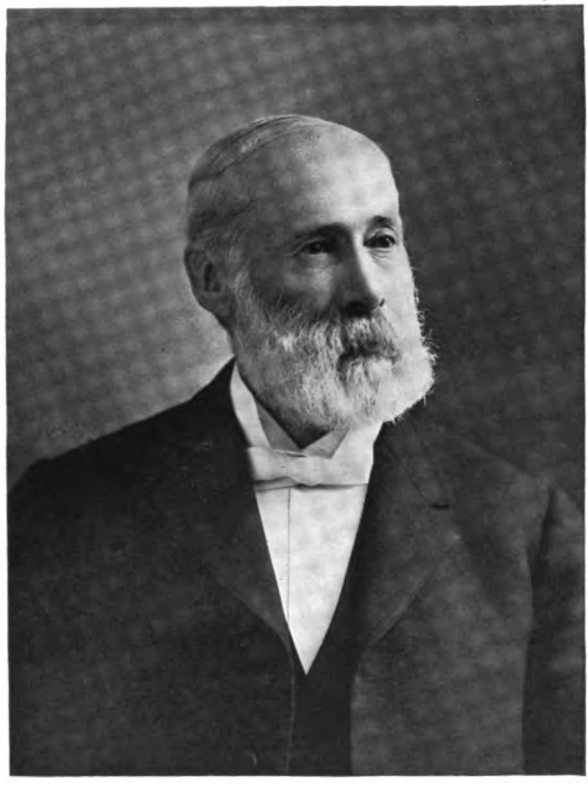
With trustworthy men on the farm, James Paull spent much time in the saddle, always riding a horse of mettle and a good gait. With an object in view, distance was not considered. The favorite horse was brought to the gate, promptly mounted, and the rider was off, and soon out of sight. Friendliness was a marked characteristic. When from home, he often went out of his way to call upon a mere acquaintance or one who had relatives in his community, that he might tell each of the welfare of the other. When he wanted to communicate with Judge Torrence, a valued friend and cousin, in Cincinnati, he preferred mounting his horse and talking the matter over, to writing a letter. Oneness of spirit made the meetings occasions of great pleasure to each.

When on a trip to Ohio, he bought two horses.

On his way homeward, he stopped over night at a tavern, in a village where the people were roused over the daring of a horsethief. The stranger was surprised and very angry next morning to find himself suspected! Crowds gathered around the tavern to hear the proceedings and find out what would be done. He protested, and cracked his whip, fretted at the detention. Plainly, he was not the thief and he was allowed to proceed. A temper, heated to boiling point, propelled like steam, and the three horses, with their engineer, reached the home gate not much behind schedule time. Some time later, accompanied by a neighbor, he went westward, to buy land. The money, all in silver, was carried in saddlebags. One evening at dusk, they crossed a stream swollen with a recent rain. The saddlebags slipped and down went the silver to the bottom of the stream! The weight would surely prevent it beings carried away, so they continued their journey a short distance, until they reached a stopping-place for the night. The owner of the silver slept with one eye open and was astir next morning at daybreak. Reaching the brook, he found that the water had fallen, and he soon recovered the soaked bags, with their contents intact. He returned to the farmhouse, counted over the coins, then slipped to the room of his sleeping companion and placed the cold, wet bags, about his neck—a gentle way of breaking the news!

James Paull dealt extensively in iron, having an interest in several furnaces. He was a partner with Daniel Kane of Uniontown and William L. Miller of Connellsville in the ownership of Laurel Furnace, on the mountain. Later, he operated Ross Furnace, in Ligonier Valley, Westmoreland County, in partnership with Colonel Jacob Mathiot, under the firm name, Mathiot and Paull.

About 1845, the log house gave place to the large brick mansion of the present time. Commodious, convenient, with doors always open to guests, it sheltered no more, perhaps, than found hospitable accomodation in the contracted log dwelling. The water from a large spring in the sugarcamp, coming down through



Rev. ROBERT BRADEN MOORE, D. D.
1835 — 1906
Vineland, New Jersey
Pastor, Writer, Philanthropist
A Friend in Need

LOUISA JANE PAULL MOORE
1835 — 1911

a pipe, tumbled and bubbled into a trough by the kitchen porch. The music of the falling water was continuous; the water always fresh, having an outlet in the trough.

The first wedding in the new house occurred in March, 1850, when Rev. Samuel Wilson united in marriage, Agnes Paull and Thomas P. Townsley, a merchant of Xenia; a young man of worth, and fine business qualifications; a graduate of Miami University. Later, he became a member of the State Legislature.

A memorable event was a change in the pastorate of Laurel Hill church in 1852. Rev. James Guthrie closed his ministry of 48 years and was succeeded by Rev. Joel Stoneroad. His wife, Rebecca Veech, a sister of Judge James Veech of Uniontown, died soon afterwards. By and by, Hannah Paull became Mr. Stoneroad's second wife. In the month of roses, 1854, a happy company of relatives and friends again met in the large, sunny parlor, to witness the marriage of one of the daughters. Dr. Wilson performed the marriage ceremony. Mr. Stoneroad was a watchful shepherd, ministering to his flock through a period of nearly 30 years, in all kinds of weather until his health failed.

The marriage of Louisa Paull to Rev. Robert Braden Moore, a Presbyterian minister, was the last one in the family. It took place at the home of her sister, Agnes Paull Townsley.

The tranquil, benevolent life of James Paull, came to a close June 7th, 1856, the day following his seventy-fifth birthday. Mr. Stoneroad delivered the funeral address. He was laid beside his wife, Mary Canon Paull, and his son Daniel, who had died in childhood. An interest in the welfare of every one, his cordial handclasp, his generosity, honesty, and undoubted sincerity, made him greatly beloved and won for him a host of ardent friends, such as few, in private life, can claim. His funeral was attended by people from far and near; the procession to the cemetery was said by many to have been the largest they had ever seen.

When the farm home was broken up, Mary Clark Paull removed to Connellsville, where she lived until her death, August 13, 1875, aged 76. A former pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. N. H. G. Fife, officiated at the funeral, and the last interment was made in the family lot in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

### Fifth Generation

James Paull m. (1) Hannah Jackson; children: Findley, Sarah Orick, George Torrence, Reuben Bailey, Mary Jackson, Eliza, Martha; m. (2) Mary Canon; children: Agnes Canon, James (drowned, in California, aged 24), Hannah, Isabel Witherow (died unmarried), Daniel Canon (died in childhood), Louisa Jane, Nathaniel Ewing (died unmarried); m. (3) Mary Clark; no children.

### Sixth Generation

Findley Paull m. Ann Maria Bayless; children: Ellen, John Bayless (died in childhood), Henry Weed (died in childhood), James Torrence, Frances, Anna, William Orick.

Sarah Orick Paull m. Samuel Huston; children: James, David, George, Hannah, Daniel (all died unmarried), Mary McClintock, William Miller, Charles.

George Torrence Paull m. Rebecca Brownfield Turner; children: Jane Turner, Hannah Jackson m. William J. Scully, Elisabeth Maxwell, Frances Gaddis, Mary Louise, Jessie Townsley.

Reuben Bailey Paull m. Mary Tate; children: Henry, Hannah, James Reuben.

Mary Jackson Paull m. John Austin; children: Findley Webb (died unmarried), Ann Eliza.

Eliza Paull m. William Beans Baker; child: Eliza.

Martha Paull m. Harvey Gaddis; children: Hannah, Goerge m. Margaret Strain, Frances, Sarah m. William Price, James Paull.

Agnes Canon Paull m. Thomas P. Townsley; children: James Paull (died unmarried), George Lowry.

Hannah Paull m. Rev. Joel Stoneroad (Presbyterian); children: James Paull, Thomas Louis (drowned, when fishing in the Youghiogheny River, aged 25), Mary Bell, Joel Townsley Moore.

Louisa Jane Paull m. Rev. Robert Braden Moore (Presbyterian); children: Minnie (died in infancy), Nancy Hurst, Paull.

### Seventh Generation

(Findley Paull)

Ellen Paull m. James Alfred Wilson; children: Jennie Bayless, Frank Decker (died unmarried), Torrence Bement, Isabel Paull.

James Torrence Paull m. Amanda Gaines; children: Henry Weed (died unmarried), Frank Bayless m. Twanette Kauble, Jessie Lena (died in childhood).

Frances Paull m. Cullen M. Patton; children: George Paull m. Nellie Wall, Charles Findley, Glenn (died unmarried), Torrence Hayes, Herbert (died unmarried).

Anna Paull m. Findley Paull Nichols; children: Jessie Paull, Claude Orick (died unmarried), Frank Merritt m. Mary Musette Smith, Findley Paull (died unmarried).

William Orick Paull m. Flora Ellen Varre; children: Edna Varre, James Orick, Julia Ann, Laurence and Clarence, twins, died in childhood.

(Sarah Paull Huston)

William Miller Huston m. Dora Hamlin; children: Samuel, George, Sarah, Robert.

Charles Huston m. Mary Taylor; children: Paull m. Lucile Kimmel, Mabel, Ray, Kate.

(George Torrence Paull)

Jane Turner Paull m. George Mulholland Ray; children: Alice m. H. L. Strobridge, Margretta (died in infancy), George Paull (died in childhood), Samuel Matthews, Mary Louise.

Mary Louise Paull m. John Franklin Miller; child: Rebecca Turner Paull.

(Reuben Bailey Paull)

Henry Paull m. Margaret Lackey; children: Frank Leroy, James (died in infancy), Carl.

Hannah Paull m. James W. Harper; child: Earl.

James Reuben Paull m. Laura Davis; children: Ruth Hannah m. Samuel Milroy Ballard, Homer Robert (killed in a tornado, in childhood), Mary Jerrine, David Davis m. Maude Rasmusin, James Leslie and Elsie, twins.

(Mary Paull Austin)

Ann Eliza Austin m. John H. Warren; children: Harry Gaddis, Mary Bell, Charles F., Nellie Paull, Carrie Murray, Eugene Austin, Miller, Fanny Kate (died unmarried), Martha Louise.

(Eliza Paull Baker)

Eliza Baker m. Chauncy Clark; children: John Baker, Robert, Alice.

(Martha Paull Gaddis)

Hannah Gaddis m. Joseph Lovett; children: Eva Bell, Sarah, Martha Louise.

James Paull Gaddis m. Elfaretta Temple; children: Ethel Temple Gaddis m. Bert Pedlow, Harold Paull Gaddis m. Julia Stearn, Francis Clark.

(Hannah Paull Stoneroad)

James Paull Stoneroad m. Mary Bell Dickerson; children: Fanny Paull, Joel Carr Dickerson (died in infancy).

(Louisa Paull Moore)

Nancy Hurst Moore m. Ralph Davis Sneath; children: Samuel Braden, Emily Louise.

EIGHTH GENERATION

(Findley Paull)

Jennie Bayless Wilson m. Immanuel Bruck; children: Otto, Earl, Glenn, Irene.

Torrence Bement Wilson m. Safronia Terrell; children: Georgia, James Alfred.

Torrence Hayes Patton m. Olive Eleanor Hall; children: Pauline, Herbert.

Jessie Paull Nichols m. Martin Kent; child: Paull Nichols.

James Orick Paull m. Mary Alice Voorhees; child: Alice Louise.

(Sarah Paull Huston)

Mabel Huston m. John Sherwood; children: Pauline David Herbert.

(George Torrence Paull)

Mary Louise Ray m. Avery Fitch Crounse; children: Philip Seabury 1911, (lived four days), George Paull 1912, (portrait, page 115), Barbara Crounse 1915.

Rebecca Turner Paull Miller m. Allen Stewart Davison; children: Allen Lape 1913, John Franklin Miller 1914, (portrait page 116).

(Reuben Bailey Paull)

Frank Leroy Paull m. Mary Pidgeon; child: Donald.

Carl Paull m. Elizabeth Hopping; child: Robert Bruce.

Earl Paull Harper m. Mary Beldon; children: Donald, Ralph, Dorothy Hope.

(Mary Paull Austin)

Harry Gaddis Warren m. Clara Burnham; children: John Burnham, Adriana.

Mary Bell Warren m. William Sipes; children: Chester, Hazel.

Charles F. Warren m. Frances L. Freshwater; child: Leo F.

Nellie Paull Warren m. Sherman Jackson; children: Anna

Elizabeth, George Warren.

Carrie Murray Warren m. Ernest H. Decker; children: Robert Moore, Lucy Marie, Leroy Vail.

Eugene Austin Warren m. Carrie Bell Harmon; child: Florence Dant.

Martha Louise Warren m. Murlin Stults; child: Mary Pauline.

(Eliza Paull Baker)

John Baker Clark m. Sarah Isham; children: Helen Marguerite, Dorothy.

Robert Clark m. Laura Davis; children: Laura Mae, Dorothy.

Alice Clark m. Ford Moore; children: Chauncy Clark, Coralyn.

(Martha Paull Gaddis)

Eva Bell Lovett m. Alva Brook Gossett; child: Paull Leland.

Sarah Lovett m. Tracy DeLong; children: Martha Louise, Grace Marie, Dora Helen.

Martha Louise Lovett m. Lyle Kenworthy; children: Hugh Perry, Roy Leonard.

(Hannah Paull Stoneroad)

Fanny Paull Stoneroad m. Walter Dunklin Burnett; child: Paull Dunklin Burnett.

### Ninth Generation

(Mary Paull Austin)

Chester Sipes m. Marie Scully; child: ***Anna Bell Sipes opens the door for the ninth Paull Generation.***

GEORGE PAULL CROUNSE, BARBARA CROUNSE
Minneapolis, Minnesota

## JAMES PAULL, Jr.

### Eighth Generation

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Philip Seabury Crounse, George Paull Crounse, Barbara Crounse

Paternal Line of Descent

1st John Alden married Priscilla Mullens.
2nd Elizabeth Alden married William Pabodie.
3rd Martha Pabodie married Samuel Seabury M. D.
4th Lieutenant Joseph Seabury married Phebe (Fobes) Smith—widow.
5th Sion Seabury married Anna Butts.
6th Philip Seabury married Sarah Pearce.
7th David Seabury married Lydia Wood.
8th John W. Seabury married Betsy Gallup.
9th Hannah Gallup Seabury married Avery Crounse.
10th Avery Fitch Crounse married Mary Louise Ray.
11th Philip Seabury Crounse.
George Paull Crounse.
Barbara Crounse.

JAMES PAULL, JR.

Eighth Generation

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Allen Lape Davison—John Franklin Miller Davison

Paternal Line of Descent

1st John Alden married Priscilla Mullens.
2nd Elizabeth Alden married William Pabodie.
3rd Mercy Pabodie married John Simmons.
4th William Simmons married Abigail Church.
5th Benjamin Simmons married Mercy Taylor.
6th Samuel Simmons married Phebe Manchester.
7th William Simmons married Rebecca ————
8th Abraham Simmons married ————
9th Pamelia Simmons married Frederick Allen Lape.
10th Clara Elizabeth Lape married George Stewart Davison.
11th Allen Stewart Davison married Rebecca Turner Paull Miller.
12th { Allen Lape Davison. / John Franklin Miller Davison.

ALLEN LAPE DAVISON
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

JOHN FRANKLIN MILLER DAVISON
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

## ROSS FURNACE

Ross Furnace, built by Colonel Isaac Meason in 1814, on Tub Mill Creek, four miles south of New Florence, was one of six which were built in Ligonier Valley, a region furnishing, in rich abundance, the requirements of a furnace location, ore, wood, and water. Hannah Furnace, on the same creek, a few miles below, preceded Ross by four years, but was soon abandoned. California Furnace, built about 1855, was the last one in Ligonier Valley; it was in blast but a few years, the day of old-style furnaces having passed.

Ross Furnace, with superior advantages as to location and able management, was in blast continuously for more than thirty years. In 1842, Colonel Jacob D. Mathiot and James Paull, Jr. became its owners, erecting a new stack of stone, thirty or forty feet square at the base, hollow to the top. Built close by a hill, not much trestle was needed to reach the stack, into which the ore, limestone, and charcoal, were dumped. Then the blast was turned on and a roaring noise began, followed by a shower of sparks from the top of the stack. This was continuous, day and night; the metal must not be allowed to chill in the furnace. From the Tub Mill, a mountain stream famed for its pure water and its trout, the water was carried along a hill through a race from which it poured through a trough into the capacious buckets of an overshot wheel. The products were pig iron, stoves, ovens, kettles, skillets, pots, etc., which were hauled to the Conemaugh River, four miles distant, and taken by canal to Pittsburgh and Allegheny.

Houses for the workmen, charcoal-burners, and teamsters, were chiefly log, the big chimney outside, a picturesque village, overshadowed by the Chestnut Ridge. "The House", occupied by Colonel Mathiot's family, a large white frame with green shutters, was the scene of stirring social life, friends from elsewhere always finding the house "open". The large parlor witnessed many merrymakings and the weddings of several of the daughters.

Beside the "babbling brook," and surrounded by a large yard, with a vegetable garden at the rear, a flower garden across the creek near which an artificial pond added charm, Ross Furnace was the chief attraction in Ligonier Valley, until its day closed.

Katy, one of the domestics, and Frank Coleman, her husband, (a runaway slave from a Mississippi plantation,) kept a station on the "Underground railroad". One evening in February, 1837, two refugees arrived—John Parker, from old Virginia, and his "lady lub", Catherine Black (or "Carn") whom he had picked up at Morgantown. John had been sold to a young master from whose cruel treatment he had escaped by fleeing from the cornfield, in September, taking the sharp corncutter with him. He was pursued by a patrolman with a blood hound. John was a man of great strength for his size, measuring five and one-half feet in height, and weighing one hundred sixty pounds; and was left-handed. He believed he was master of the situation when the patrolman approached him and gleefully seized his right arm, sure of his prisoner. Quickly, the strong left hand, with one blow from the corncutter, took off the man's hand. With the same weapon he killed the bloodhound, then renewed his course over the rough road to freedom. In swampy sections, he slept in the fork of a tree, out of reach of the deadly moccasin. For some time he lived among the colored people in the Blue Ridge, wearing woman's garb when venturing any distance away.

He continued his journey to Morgantown, where Carn joined him. She had procured a crude map of the country as far as Ross Furnace from her stepfather, who had been through to the Portage section of the "Underground" at Johnstown. Carn

GEORGE TORRENCE PAULL
1812 — 1883
Blairsville, Pennsylvania

REBECCA BROWNFIELD TURNER PAULL

Of Quaker lineage
A recent photograph

donned man's attire and the two started off, begging food on the way. Coleman and Katy kept them in hiding for a day or two, then turned them over to Colonel Mathiot, who employed John as teamster, and Carn as cook. He had a minister marry them and gave them quarters in the building which included an icehouse, a smokehouse and a schoolroom. They remained in the Colonel's employ until the operation of the furnace ceased. They were valued helpers. John's superior intelligence and efficiency brought him into special favor with Colonel Mathiot, who frequently entrusted him with responsibilities which but few in his station could have borne. He died in 1862, an old man. One son, John, a boy of nineteen, gave his life in helping to preserve the Union, in the Civil War.

By and by, when the furnace site, with its surrounding acres, passed into the private ownership of George Torrence Paull, son of James Paull, Jr., Carn was available, and returned to service in the white house. She was a fat, short, jolly soul, ready to do a kindness to any one. Some years later, Katy, advanced to "Aunt Katy", found a place with the same family, after they had removed to town. She was womanly, intelligent, combining traits not usually found among her race—a treasure, worthy of the affectionate regard in which she was held.

When Ross Furnace became private property, some of the picturesque features were yet in evidence; a few of the cabins, the well-built stack, the thirsty old wheel, dry to a crisp, the rusty furnace bell, hanging under its moss-covered roof, mutely pleading to be allowed to be heard once more. An opportunity came, an unusual event was to be celebrated. During the Civil War, when news of a great victory won by the Union Army was flashed over the country, Mr. Henry Phipps and Mr. Carnegie were guests at the white house for a few days. They climbed up and over rickety timbers and assisted the long-silent bell to do its best to celebrate the victory. It proved that it could ring out a sound (harsh, and clangorous, to be sure) which could be heard beyond the cabins' boundary—no more was required in the heyday of its activity.

Ross Furnace is now a beautiful summer resort, "Ross Mountain Park", owned by shareholders, among whom are Paulls, and those with other names, of the Paull connection. Thirteen cottages, dotting the hill, face the mountain and the sunrise, Tub Mill Creek intervening. Emerging from the mountain clear and cold, with the breath of fern and rhododendron, its music is ceaseless as it tumbles over mossy rocks on its way to the Conemaugh.

AUNT CARN

AUNT KATY

Her open gate was the first one sought by the newly-arrived preacher "sent by Conference" to her church.

## GEORGE PAULL

January 29th, 1784—February 9th, 1830

George, second son of Colonel James Paull, was born the year following the close of the Revolution. But Indian warfare was not yet ended, and his youthful father was engaged in frontier duty, commanding a company of scouts along the border of the State.

George spent his boyhood on the farm; attended country school, then followed Dr. Dunlap, the pastor of the home church to Jefferson College. This old institution has an interesting history.

It was founded by Rev. John McMillan, the first classical school west of the Alleghenies. Mr. McMillan was born in 1752, in Fagg's Manor, Chester County. In 1776 he married Catherine, daughter of William Brown of Forks of the Brandywine. Two years later, they came to the neighborhood of Cannonsburg and built a cabin on a hill near the town, where they lived until the death of Mr. McMillan, in 1833. The urgent need of a school, furnishing instruction in the higher branches, led him to undertake the work, and in 1779 or '80, the one door of the log college was thrown wide open for students. There was a glad response, and the growth and prosperity of the school were proof of the wisdom of its establishment. Within a few years, the log cabin was burned down, but about 1786 it was replaced by another one, now a treasured relic in the campus of old Jefferson College. The good work was carried on within the narrow walls of the cabin until 1794 when its door was closed, and the students were transferred to the academy in

Cannonsburg, which had been founded three years before. This aspiring academy applied to the legislature for a college charter, which was granted in January, 1802. In April, 1803, Rev. James Dunlap, pastor of Laurel Hill Church, was elected to the presidency. His sudden rise to prominence was due to his scholarly attainments, not known to the general public until a happy circumstance brought him to the front. Colleges, and the ministry, were greatly puzzled over the proper translation of a difficult passage in one of the Greek or Latin classics. When the question reached Dr. Dunlap, he quickly and easily rendered a translation pleasing to every one. He was a Princeton graduate and had been a tutor there. He did a noble work and was beloved by the students; but ill health and insufficient salary led him to resign in 1811.

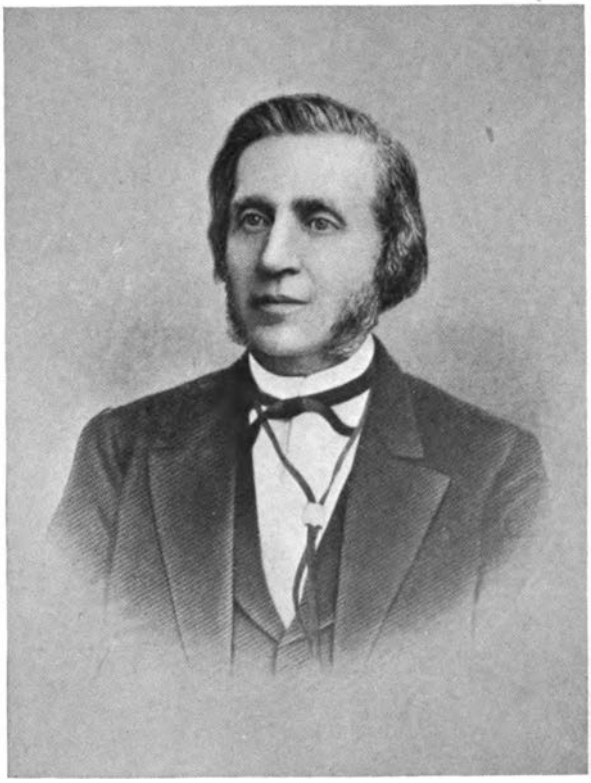
From this institution, George Paull was graduated July 1st, 1810. In the century which has since passed, each generation of the Paulls has been represented there by descendants of George Paull or of his brothers; notably by the three sons of Joseph Paull, Aaron, George, and James Lea Paull. Washington College, founded in 1806, was consolidated with Jefferson in 1865 and the location of "Washington and Jefferson College" fixed at Washington in 1869.

George Paull chose the law and went to Wheeling to study his profession. November 10, 1810, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Archibald and Ann Pogue Woods, of Wheeling. For a short time they lived in St. Clairsville, Ohio, then returned to Wheeling, where the home continued to be, and where their descendants, to the fourth generation, now live —a goodly number, and prominently connected with the commercial, civic and religious life of the community.

George and Elizabeth Paull were, as their descendants are, "blue Presbyterians". They were members of the Elm Grove Church during the ministry of Rev. James Hervey. This church, five miles from Wheeling, was founded in 1787, the first Presbyterian organization in the vicinity. The pioneers first worshipped under a giant oak, still standing, in front of the

Rev. ALFRED PAULL, Son of George Paull
1815 — 1872
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MARY ROWLAND WEED PAULL
1818 – 1892



Judge JAMES PAULL, Son of George Paull
1817 — 1875
Wheeling, West Virginia

ELIZA JANE OTT PAULL
—1909

"Old Stone Church". The protection furnished by the oak in summer did not suffice for the storms of winter, and the congregation moved into a tent. A log house followed; later, a stone church, which was replaced by the picturesque stone building of the present day, situated on a hill overlooking the beautiful valley where the two forks of Wheeling Creek unite. The first minister of this historic church was Rev. John Brice, who was succeeded by Rev. Joseph Stevenson. The third minister, Rev. James Hervey, continued with the congregation for 47 years, until 1859.

George Paull was commissioned colonel of the Twenty-seventh Regiment, United States Infantry, Ohio troops, in the War of 1812. He served under General Harrison in the Army of the Northwest at the Battle of the Thames, Michigan, October 5th, 1813. He also served in the Regular Army for a short time. Later, he was a member of the State Legislature.

There were but three children in George Paull's family; Alfred, James, and Archibald Woods, who were made motherless when aged, respectively, twelve, ten, and five years. Elizabeth Paull died July 29, 1827, aged 37, and was buried in the Elm Grove Cemetery. Within three years, the brothers were left orphans, in the care of a most kind stepmother, Abigail Caldwell Paull, who afterwards married John Irwin.

Archibald Paull was graduated from Princeton in 1844 but died soon afterwards. James practiced law; was Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals in Wheeling at the time of his death. The history of Alfred Paull, a Presbyterian minister, is closely associated with that of the Presbyterian churches of Wheeling. Rev. James Hervey, founder of the First Church of Wheeling in 1812, divided his time between this congregation and Elm Grove. This was the first regular preaching by any Christian denomination in Wheeling. Rev. Henry R. Weed ministered to the First Church from 1833 to 1870. His daughter, Mary Rowland Weed, married Rev. Alfred Paull. A Sunday school held in the basement of Samuel Ott's home, developed into a third church which was organized in 1849, in South Wheeling,

then called Richietown, with Rev. Alfred Paull the first minister. He donated the lot for a church building, a frame, which gave place afterwards to the more pretentious building of the present time.

The father of these worthy sons, George Paull, rests with his wife and sons in the family lot in Elm Grove Cemetery, a location overlooking the beautiful valley.

### Fifth Generation

George Paull m. Elizabeth Woods; children: Alfred, James, Archibald Woods.

### Sixth Generation.

Rev. Alfred Paull (Presbyterian) m. Mary Rowland Weed; children: Ann Elizabeth Woods, Henry Rowland (died in childhood), Phebe W., George Alfred, Sarah Prunette, Mary Todd.

Judge James Paull m. (1) Jane Ann Fry; children: Archibald Woods, Joseph Fry, Alfred, George (died in childhood), Ann Eve (died in childhood), Martha (died in childhood).

Judge James Paull m. (2) Eliza Jane Ott; children: James, Elizabeth, Henry Weed, Samuel Ott Paull m. Celeste Worthen, Margaret Susan (died unmarried).

### Seventh Generation

(Rev. Alfred Paull)

Ann Elizabeth Woods Paull m. Samuel M. Palmer; children: Alfred Paull, Samuel M. m. Emma Frances French.

Phebe W. Paull m. Edward R. Hanekel; child: Phebe (died in infancy).

Rev. George Alfred Paull (Presbyterian) m. (1) Minnie E. Kenney; child: Henry Wharton (died in childhood) m. (2) Eliza P. Sutphen.

Sarah Prunette Paull m. W. W. Hayden; child: Paull Hayden.

Mary Todd Paull m. Richard Smallbrook McKinley; children: Rowland Paull, Richard Smallbrook, Louise (died in infancy).

(Judge James Paull)

Archibald Woods Paull m. Caroline Ott; children: Archibald Woods, Irwin.

Joseph Fry Paull m. Emma Senseney; children: James Senseney, Joseph Fry Paull m. Mary List Hazlett, Rebecca.

Alfred Paull m. Leana Singleton; children: Mary I., Lyde, Alfred Singleton Paull m. Mary Virginia Sands, Lee C.

James Paull m. Mariana Jacob; children: John, Jacob, James.

Elizabeth Paull m. W. C. Jacob; children: William Paull, James Archibald.

EIGHTH GENERATION

(Rev. Alfred Paull)

Alfred Paull Palmer m. Elizabeth Hahn Ashman; child: William Ashman.

(Judge James Paull, 1st marriage)

Archibald Woods Paull m. Sarah Dalzell; children: Caroline, Archibald Woods, Ambrose.

James Senseney Paull m. Elizabeth Doddridge; children: Philip Doddridge, Josephine.

Rebecca Paull m. John Marshall; children: John, Joseph Paull.

Mary I. Paull m. Arthur Hubbard; children: Leana, Elizabeth, Chester, Paull.

Lyde Paull m. Lyman Kirkpatrick; child: Helen Kirkpatrick.

Lee C. Paull m. Mary Glessner; child: Lee C. Paull.

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## JOHN PAULL

June 29, 1789—January 14, 1857

John, third son of Colonel James Paull, was born the year the young republic elected her first President, George Washington.

He was a printer by trade. He was brought up a Presbyterian, but became interested in meetings held by the Meth-

odist denomination on the Alexander Hill farm near Dunbar, and joined that church. He remained single. After the death of his father, he continued to live in the old home with his brother Joseph until his death. He was buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

## ARCHIBALD PAULL

July 9th, 1793—June 24, 1854

Archibald, fourth son of Colonel James Paull, was probably named for his father's uncle, Archibald Irwin, a frequent visitor at Deer Park. The latter had rendered conspicuous service in the War for Independence, which had closed 10 years before the birth of this namesake. Young Archibald proved to be worthy of the honored name he bore. August 13, 1818, he married Catherine Meason Murphy, daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth Meason Murphy. From childhood she had lived with her grandfather, Colonel Isaac Meason, a Virginian who came to Pennsylvania in 1770. With existing public conditions, intercourse with the Virginia relatives was not frequent; but horseback trips were made occasionally, and Catherine Murphy shared in the adventure, riding all the way to Richmond from her grandfather's, at Mount Braddock. After her marriage, no change was made in her home for several years. About 1824, Archibald and Catherine Paull removed to Kentucky, where Archibald became identified with the iron industry. A section of country along the Ohio River, in Ohio and Kentucky, known as "Hanging Rock Iron Region", embraced a wide area. The village of Hanging Rock, on the Ohio side of the river, was founded by Robert Hamilton, who died there in 1856. There was no furnace at Hanging Rock until 1881. The number of furnaces in this region, from the earliest date until charcoal furnaces were abandoned, were more than fifty; chiefly on the Kentucky side, where slave-owners put their slaves out for hire to furnace men on the Ohio side, where slavery did not exist.

ARCHIBALD PAULL
1793 — 1854
Wheeling, West Virginia

CATHERINE MEASON MURPHY PAULL
1797 — 1859

The village of Hanging Rock was the shipping point for iron. Archibald Paull built Bellefonte Furnace about 1832, two miles back from Amanda Furnace, which was situated on the river. His partners were the Shreve brothers and William Boyce, his son-in-law. William Boyce lived but one year after his marriage, leaving an infant daughter, LaBelle Boyce; his widow was then but eighteen.

Amanda Furnace was built by Lindsey Pogue and named for his daughter, Amanda Pogue. The interests of the two furnaces, Bellefonte and Amanda, were combined; when Archibald Paull's partners became the Messrs. Pogue, father and two sons. The father and one son died in 1836. The other son, Lindsey Pogue, bought the stock of the two; he, together with John Culver, continued partners with Archibald Paull. His bookkeeper was a nephew, George Torrence Paull, son of his brother James. In Archibald Paull's absence, he had charge of the works. His home was with his uncle's family, and a mutual attachment was formed which afforded happy experiences during the life together, and delightful memories after it was severed. Friendly, sympathetic, conscientious, accurate in business, and with a vein of original humor, George soon won a place in his uncle's esteem, and they became like boy chums. One day there came into the office a man whom the proprietor greeted cordially, and to whom he said, "Jim, I want my nephew to meet you—George Paull". He grasped the extended hand, and George said, with a twinkle, "I am glad to meet you—Mr. James, I suppose". Archibald and one of his friends were down the river on a business trip. He had borrowed George's watch, something having gone wrong with his own at the last moment. His companion frequently asked him, in the presence of others, "Arch, what time is it, by George's watch?".

A family of eight came with the passing years, two sons, six daughters. A large brick house on the Kentucky side of the river was the hospitable home, where friends, and strangers as well, always met a welcome. The family were Presbyterians,

attending the church in the village clustered around Amanda Furnace.

Guests from Cincinnati and near-by towns came often; their visits were returned, and the merry round was kept going until, one after another, the attractive daughters were captured.

The village school gave little more instruction than the "three Rs". The three eldest daughters were educated in Cincinnati the two youngest ones were sent east.

When one of the daughters was married, she was much touched by the grief of the little sister; embracing her soothingly she said, "Never mind, dear, I will soon be back". Between sobs, the child replied, "I don't care when you come back—I want to go to the boat!" One morning, Master Charles, passing through the kitchen on his way to school, noticed the remains of breakfast. With good old Ittie's sanction he took a piece of corn bread, which he deposited in the pocket of his roundabout; unnoticed, he stepped to the bowl of ham gravy, and poured a generous stream over the corn bread! Away he ran, chuckling at the thought of the delicious lunch he would slyly eat in school, and no one would ever know about it!

Among the house servants was one specially valued, George Chivis. He was bought at a sale in Lexington in the autumn, and taken at once to Amanda Furnace. He was sad and depressed. His master, perhaps not without a suspicion of the cause, asked him what was the matter. He replied that he was home-sick for "Sallie an' de chillens." He was told that he might go after them in the spring when the roads were good. His black face shone with a gladness he had not known since he stepped from the aucton-block and left his weeping family behind. Spring came, and good weather made good roads. True to his promise, George's owner equipped him with a wagon and horses, and money for the purchase of his family. His friends and neighbors laughed at him for placing confidence in a negro, and predicted loss of darkey, team, and money. "Give him reasonable time, and we'll see if he cannot be trusted", was the rejoinder. Within a "reasonable time", the wagon

arrived with George, Sallie, and the babies, all as merry as black birds. George was trust-worthy to the end, devotedly attached to his master. Archibald Paull's kindly treatment of his slaves was reflected in his nephew, George Paull, who evinced his interest in their welfare, by encouraging them to work for themselves. He taught them how to turn a penny when the allotted work was done. They showed their gratitude by watching for opportunities to serve him. During the Harrison campaign, in 1840, the village was astir with a demonstration, a gala occasion which appealed to the simple, pleasure-loving, colored people. Two strong fellows entered the office, and, regardless of protest, lifted the chair, with its occupant, and triumphantly joined the parade, to the great amusement of George's friends!

When Archibald Paull retired from active business, the family returned to Wheeling, taking with them the cook, Ittie Boyce, and the coachman, George Lock, whom their master set free, and for whom he made provision during the remainder of their lives.

The large brick house no longer marks the Kentucky home; little else remains to indicate the throbbing life of Furnace days.

The family remained in Wheeling until the home was broken up by the marriage of the remaining daughters, and the death of the parents. In ill health, Archibald Paull went to Cape May in the early summer, 1854, attended by his faithful servant, George Chivis. He died there June 24th. Catherine Paull died April 26, 1859. Together they rest, in Mount Wood Cemetery, Wheeling.

### Fifth Generation

Archibald Paull m. Catherine Meason Murphy; children: Elizabeth Murphy, Martha Ann, Catherine Meason, William Harrison (died in childhood), Charles Henry (died in childhood), Mary Louise, Ellen (died in childhood), Julia Caroline.

### Sixth Generation

Elizabeth Murphy Paull m. (1) John William Boyce; child: LaBelle Boyce; m. (2) Samuel Mitchell; children: Martha (died unmarried), Paull (died unmarried) Archibald Paull, Julia Paull.

Martha Ann Paull m. John Hunter; children: Kate Paull, John William (died unmarried), Clara (died unmarried), Ella Meason, Archibald Paull (died in childhood).

Catherine Meason Paull m. James Whitehead Paxton; children: James Whitehead, Albert, Archibald Paull, William, Kate Paull, Matilda Heiskell, George (all died in early life).

Mary Louise Paull m. John Oldham Harrison; children: Katherine Paull Harrison m. William McDowell Bent, Amelia Oldham, Julia Paull.

Julia Caroline Paull m. Heirome L. Opie; children: Heirome L. (died in early manhood), Julian Paull (died in childhood.)

### Seventh Generation

(Elizabeth Murphy Paull 1st marriage)

LaBelle Boyce m. Henry Clay Dunlap; child: John R. Dunlap.

(Elizabeth Murphy Paull 2nd marriage)

Archibald Paull Mitchell m. Lucy Martin; children: Archibald Paull Mitchell m. Augusta Hearn, Lucy Paull, Frank Paull, Malcolm, Zoe (died in infancy).

Julia Paull Mitchell m. George W. Carr; child: George Julian Carr.

(Mary Louise Paull)

Amelia Oldham Harrison m. (1) Thomas Adam Speed: (2) John Edgar Levey; children: Meto du Pont Speed m. Guy Scott Warren; Mary Yuley Speed m. Samuel Young Bingham.

Julia Paull Harrison m. Antoine Dumesnil; children: Katherine, Mary Ormsby, Geneveve.

EIGHTH GENERATION

(Elizabeth Murphy Paull, 1st marriage)

John R. Dunlap m. Isador Pollock; children: Mortimer Pollock (died in childhood), LaBelle, Boyce, John R.

(Elizabeth Murphy Paull, 2nd marriage)

Lucy Paull Mitchell m. (1) Herbert B. Seely, (2) Arnold Lawson; children: Vera, Jean, Thomas, Arnold.

Frank Paull Mitchell m. Stella Livingston Reilly; children: Vera Margaret, Frank Paull, Edward Archibald, Arnold Martin.

(Mary Louise Paull)

Katherine Dumesnil m. (1) Walter Haldeman Pearce, (2) Frank Bishop; child: William Haldeman Pearce.

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## THOMAS PAULL

April 7th, 1779—September, 1855

Thomas, fifth son of Colonel James Paull, was probably the first of the children born in the new house, the two-story log, following the primitive cabin. He spent his childhood and youth on the farm, performing the duties of a farmer boy, such as were easily handed over to the next younger brother when a wider field for work was offered. He left home for Wheeling, where he became a dry-goods merchant. He was brought up a Presbyterian; became an Episcopalian through his marriage to Ellen White, December 16, 1824. She was the eldest daughter of John White, a wealthy Scotchman born in Findhorn, whose wife was Sallie Eoff of Shepherdstown, Virginia.

The spring following Ellen White's marriage, when La Fayette visited the United States, Wheeling enjoyed the distinction of entertaining him. A ball given in his honor was

attended by the fashionable people of the city. From the elegantly gowned ladies with their puffs and powder and curls, General La Fayette chose Ellen Paull his partner in opening the ball.

The first home of Thomas and Ellen Paull was on Main Street. About 1832 they built a fine brick house on the corner of Fourteenth and Chaplin Streets, next door to the family of George Paull, a brother of Thomas.

Some years before the outbreak of the Civil War, Thomas Paull made a business trip to the South, where his heart was touched by the inhuman practices of slave-owners. A family numbering eight or nine were put up for sale on the auction-block. The stranger, a Northerner, unfamiliar with such scenes, and opposed to slavery, manifested sympathy with the helpless creatures. Quick to detect a friendly attitude, the hopeful victims surrounded him, begging him to buy them, and not separate them. Their appeals were successful. The parents and half a dozen children were bought, and taken to Wheeling, where they were sheltered by their gracious benefactor, and employed in the service of the household; rendering a small return contrasted with the expense of their purchase and maintenance. One morning, not a black face was to be seen! During the night, the whole family, with their meager belongings, had slipped off! They were not pursued with a whip and blood hounds; rather, their owner looked upon their departure as a piece of good fortune. However, at the end of a two-weeks' "vacation", the family, returned, profuse with explanations, and begging to be allowed to return to their work. They were taken back, given their freedom, and paid wages for their service.

Thomas Paull was afflicted with palsy the latter years of his life, going about in a carriage, to and from which he was carried by his faithful servant. He was always thoughtful of others, his sympathy and generosity prompting to kindly deeds.

John White's second daughter, Susan, had married Dr. William Isett who had died in 1848, leaving four children, Virginia,

THOMAS PAULL
1799 — 1855
Wheeling, West Virginia

ELLEN WHITE PAULL
1803 — 1860

William, John, and little Sallie, six years old. These children were carefully watched by their uncle Thomas, who made weekly visits to their home. They lived on the corner of Market Street and an alley. Each Thursday the expected guest, with fruit or flowers for "Aunt Susie", drove down, turned into the alley, and tapped on the dining-room window with the driver's whip. Little Sallie, on the alert, ran and threw up the sash. Her mother sat in a chair by the open window and chatted for an hour or more with her uncle Thomas, who reclined in his carriage. The black coachman and the dog, Watch, would embrace the opportunity to curl up and take a nap.

By and by, the visits came to an end. The patient, lovable spirit was released, and the weary body was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, Wheeling. Ellen Paull followed, five years later, March 3rd, 1860, aged 57. With but one or two exceptions, their children, numbering seven, with descendants of later generations, are gathered together in the sacred plot.

### Fifth Generation

Thomas Paull m. Ellen White; children: James (died unmarried), Sarah W., John (died unmarried), Horace Van Lear (died in childhood), George, Elizabeth Rogers Paull m. William Miller, William Rogers.

### Sixth Generation

Sarah W. Paull m. Andrew Allen Howell; children: Ellen Paull (died in childhood), Allen Stockton, Sarah Paull, Richard Lewis, Thomas Paull, William Paull Howell m. Julia Crowell Clark.

George Paull m. Elizabeth Fook; children: Ellen, Mollie.

William Rogers Paull m. Anna Spackman; children: Thomas Spackman (died in childhood), George Spackman, Sarah Howell Paull m. William B. Allen, William Lang, Allen Howell Paull m. Georgia D. Allen; two infant sons died unnamed.

SEVENTH GENERATION

(Sarah W. Paull)

Allen Stockton Howell m. Lillie Belle Patterson; children: Ellen Paull, James Patterson, Mary Belle, Loring.

Sarah Paull Howell m. Earl William Oglebay; child: Sarita Howell Oglebay m. Courtney Burton.

Richard Lewis Howell m. (1) Mary Theresa Rush; child: Richard Lewis; m. (2) Gwendolin Whistler; children: Vera, Beatrice.

Thomas Paull Howell m. Alice King; children: John King, Andrew Allen.

(George Paull)

Ellen Paull m. (1) Harvy B. Halliday; children: Eugenia Paull, Gertrude Harvy; m. (2) James B. McKee; child: Virginia Paull McKee.

Gertrude Harvy Halliday m. Norman E. Ritchie.

Mollie Paull m. Allen T. Bowie; child: Georgia Paull Bowie.

(William Rogers Paull)

George Spackman Paull m. Elizabeth A. Hammond; children Elizabeth Aldrich, Harriet Chance.

William Lang Paull m. Florence M. Bernet; children: Marian Ann, Hugh George Ernest, born May 31, 1913 ( portrait page 40).

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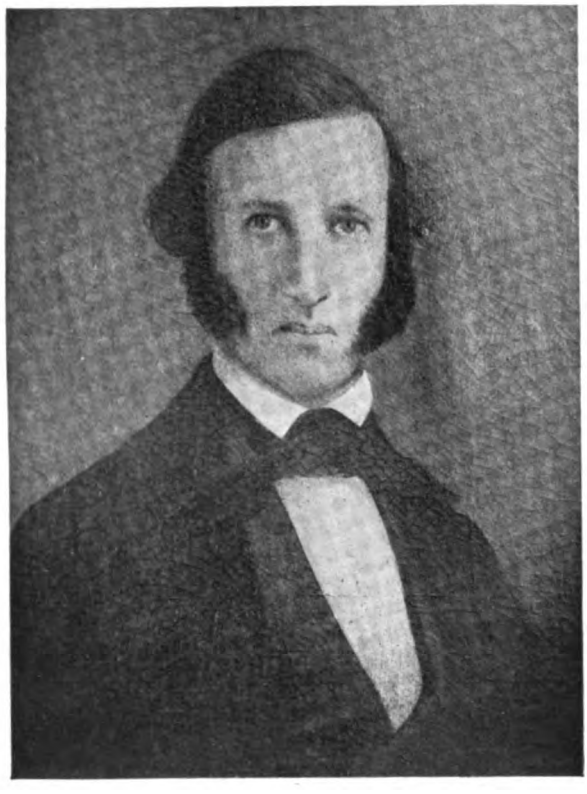
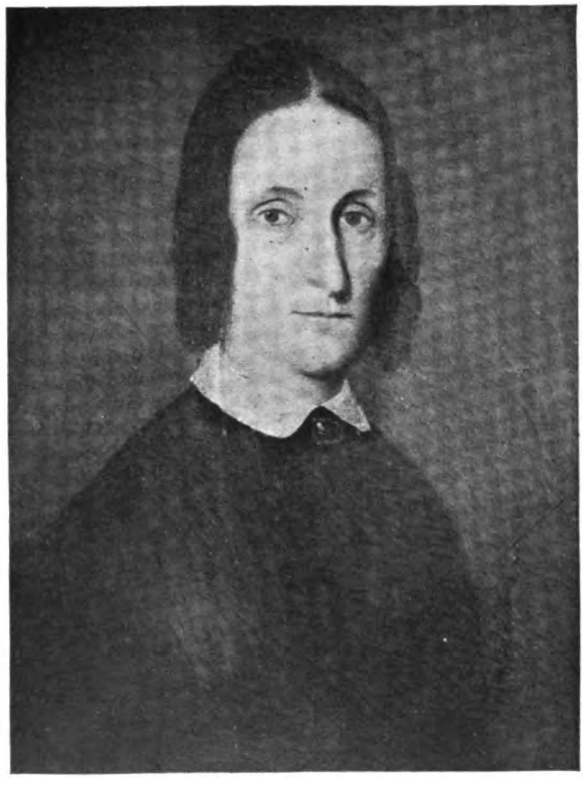
## WILLIAM PAULL

November 25th, 1801—March 19th, 1847

William, sixth son of Colonel James Paull, was brought up on Deer Park farm. March 26, 1826, he married Mary Walker of Uniontown, daughter of Zadock and Elizabeth Rogers Walker. He was engaged in iron concerns at Amanda Furnace, Kentucky, in connection with his brother Archibald. He died at Amanda Furnace, and was there buried. His family returned to Uniontown, where they remained until the mar-



WILLIAM PAULL
1801 — 1847
Amanda Furnace, Kentucky



MARY WALKER PAULL
1807 – 1890

riage of the only surviving daughter, Roselma, who married David M. Alexander, of Canton, Ohio. With her daughter's family, Mary Paull made her home; in Wheeling, afterwards in Canton, continuing to be, as she had always been, an Episcopalian. She died May 18, 1890, at the age of 83, and was buried in Canton.

### Fifth Generation

William Paull m. Mary Walker; children: George Walker, Eliza Jane (died in childhood), Henry Blackstone (died in childhood), Mary Josephine (died in childhood), Thomas (died in childhood), Mary (died in childhood), Ellen Roselma, Archibald (died in childhood).

### Sixth Generation

George Walker Paull m. Mary Duncan Oliphant; children: William, Frederick (died unmarried).

Ellen Roselma Paull m. David M. Alexander; children: James Caldwell Alexander m. Bessie Coleman, George Paull, Mary Walker, Henry Morgan, Frances Adeline.

### Seventh Generation

(George Walker Paull)

William Paull m. Minnie Luther; child: Bertrand Paull.

(Ellen Roselma Paull)

George Paull Alexander m. Alice Lynch; child: Ruth Paull (died in childhood).

Mary Walker Alexander m. Lester L. Deweese; children: Josephine England, Roselma Paull.

Henry Morgan Alexander m. Katherine Harter; children: Mary, Constance.

Frances Adeline Alexander m. Stanley Buxton; child: David Alexander Buxton.

## WHY, WEST VIRGINIA

Three of Hugh Paull's great-grandsons, George, Archibald and Thomas Paull, born in Pennsylvania, reverted to the ancestral region, the fourth generation to live in the Old Dominion. The name of the home county was changed four times. The lower Shenandoah Valley, a vast area, was but one county, Spottsylvania, from 1720 until 1734, when a huge slice was taken off, and named Orange; from which, in 1738, two counties were formed—Frederick, and Augusta. Frederick so remained for thirty-four years until 1772, when Berkeley was cut off. The county was probably Frederick during the whole of Hugh Paull's residence in Virginia. The change to Berkeley, in which county the Paull lands were located, was made after his descendants had removed to Pennsylvania. The change made then, one hundred forty years ago, was the final one. Natural causes brought about the erection of smaller counties. A grave reason led to the division of the State. The people of the lower valley adhered to the principles of their fathers, firm as the mountains 'round about them. The mountain ranges, separating them from tidewater Virginia, were a barrier no stronger than dissimilarity in race, occupation, social life, and religious creed. Neither were there commercial relations existing between them. The Church of England, dominant in eastern and southern Virginia, had but slight foothold in western and northern sections where the inhabitants were chiefly Scotch-Irish, Germans, and Quakers. Antagonism to the English Church was the primary cause of the injustice and aggrava-

tions to which they were subjected. They were denied their lawful share of representation in the legislature, and were subjected to an unequal and unjust system of taxation.

When the Southern Confederacy was formed, the people of western Virginia stoutly refused to become a part of it. In 1861, the Virginia General Assembly ordered an election for delegates to a State convention at the Capital, February 13th. This convention passed an Ordinance of Secession in secret, eighty-eight favoring, fifty-five opposing it. The men who cast the opposing votes were expelled—they returned home, many of them at great risk to personal safety.

The Virginia Convention entered into a league with the Southern Confederacy, without waiting for the vote of the people on the Ordinance of Secession to be made at the election of May 23rd. A meeting at Clarksburg, April 22, called the first convention of the loyalists to be held in Washington Hall, Wheeling, May 13th. It was a perilous step. The morning of the 13th found the city swarming with an excited throng of its own people, and the delegates to the convention. The large hall was packed—delegates were present from each of the loyal counties. The convention was a unique assemblage, one without a parallel. It avowed adherence to the Constitution and the Union as against secession and rebellion. It arranged for a convention to be held in June, in case the Secession Ordinance should be ratified at the election of May 23rd. At this election of May 23rd, the vote in the counties now comprising West Virginia, showed a loyal majority of over thirteen thousand! But the ordinance was passed, and the convention of loyalists was held in Wheeling, June 11th, when a declaration of independence was adopted.

The ordinance reorganizing and restoring the State government, with Francis H. Pierpont as governor, was passed June 19th, 1861. An election was ordered within the bounds of the proposed new State for October 24th. The vote at this election resulted in over eighteen thousand in favor of separation, four hundred eighty-one opposing it.

Several new names were proposed for the new State, Kanawha, Augusta, West, Virginia, Allegheny. West Virginia was the final choice, confirmed by a vote of thirty. The State constitution, with the emancipation amendment, was ratified March 26th, 1863, and on April 20th, President Lincoln proclaimed West Virginia a State in the Union, sixty days from date. Accordingly, on June 20th, 1863, West Virginia was inaugurated at Linsly Institute, Wheeling, where the seat of government remained until 1870, when it was removed to Charleston; back again to Wheeling in 1875, for nine years; again, in 1884, to Charleston, which became the permanent location.

WILLIAM WALKER
1800 — 1878
Dunbar, Pennsylvania

MARTHA PAULL WALKER
1805 — 1880

## MARTHA PAULL WALKER

May 11, 1805—September 29, 1880

Three years after the death of Colonel Paull's mother, Martha Irwin Paull, and on the anniversary of her death, her namesake was born, the seventh child and only daughter, a much-indulged pet. The cook humored her with the dishes she liked; the biggest plum, the reddest apple, grew for the little girl. The boys, always stirring, found outdoors more to their taste than the quiet of the fireside. The sister sat with her mother in her hickory rocking-chair, sewing quilt patches, or hemming her own little pinafores—a daily companion. Her father warned "Betsy", as he called his wife, that she would "ruin Patty", with so much attention and indulgence, but it was continued, notwithstanding. An event so unusual as the advent of a daughter, demanded more than ordinary consideration.

With her brothers she rode on the top of harvest wagons, brought Boss and Daisy from pasture, gathered berries and nuts; attended school, coasted on the hillside. For her they made willow whistles and grapevine swings; at husking time, corn-stalk fiddles were in fashion, and the rasping "music" was endured until displaced by a new attraction.

When the eldest brothers left home, their gifts were frequent, gratifying every whim.

From the long-continued occupation of making coats and trousers, the mother found a pleasant change in making aprons and gowns, linsey-woolsey, and calico, made quite long, reaching

almost to low shoes. Playhouses were "built" where fancy dictated, in the house, or barn, or under a tree; her doll was rolled-up cloth, or perhaps a plump little pumpkin with a slip tied around its long neck. The old plantation had not enjoyed the sunny life of a little maiden since Patty's aunt, Jinsy Paull, more than 20 years before, slipped out of childhood. To Patty, the summer days were very long; the months between her birthdays seemed interminable. But each twelvemonth counted a year. By and by, the doll was pushed out of sight into the rag-bag, and the pumpkin baby was made into a pie. Frills and laces for personal adornment became very absorbing. The plain little frocks and sunbonnets gave place to gowns of better material, and bonnets of Milan straw or shirred silk, trimmed with rosettes and posies. An only daughter, and with indulgent brothers, the young lady had fine clothes to her heart's content. David Sherrard, (afterwards "Squire Sherrard, a grandson of John Sherrard, the pioneer) took note of the fine appearance of the Colonel's daughter, as she entered Laurel Hill church or mounted her pacer after service. He commented, "Patty Paull is the best-dressed woman in Laurel Hill church". Like all young women of her time, she was expert with her needle, accomplishing beautiful work and much of it. A white dress, elaborately embroidered with vines and eyelets, was handed down to her daughter and worn without much change. Remnants of the exquisite work are now prized by her granddaughter. She had lost none of her skill, or good taste, when sewing for her children; with all her household cares, the little garments were daintily embroidered.

When Martha Paull reached young womanhood, she was sent to Brownsville to school, about twelve miles distant from Deer Park. The pleasure in having a visit from one of the home folk, was counteracted by homesickness when they went away. Her eldest brother, Jim, too sympathetic to be stern, humored her pleading to return home with him. "The horse will carry double, jump on behind", was the permission, and the jump was promptly made. When she alighted on the home

"up-on" block, the sight of Hagar's smiling face peering around the corner of the house, and the bounding of the hounds in their welcome, buoyed her for the anticipated scolding from her father!

School days over, there were happy social gatherings with the neighbors and her cousins, the Torrences, Rogers, etc. Henry Ebbert of Uniontown (afterwards, Judge Ebbert of Tiffin, Ohio) was one of the clique of young people who frequently met at Deer Park. He went out one afternoon for a horseback ride with Patty. They rode to her brother Jim's; finding only the servants at the house, they returned, and went on to her aunt Mary Torrence's. On the way, a heavy rain fell upon them. Henry's overcoat, strapped behind his saddle, was offered to Patty who refused it, and it remained strapped. When Patty alighted at her aunt Mary's, her sorry plight created merriment, which she did not relish. Henry asked for dry clothing for Miss Paull, which added to her displeasure, and she said, "Henry Ebbert, you haven't good sense"!

Stagecoaching was alluring, and those living near the lines of travel, availed themselves of the diversion. A change from horseback riding, pleasure parties took jaunts along the route. It was a long-continued undertaking that had finally achieved the modern highway—Indian trail-packhorse route—then a wider passage for wagons.

The first turnpike in the United States was the "Philadelphia and Lancaster", built in 1792-94, sixty-two miles long, owned entirely by stockholders. This was followed by many others. There were two routes connecting Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, called "northern" and "southern turnpikes," each route embracing more than one turnpike.

After communication between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh had been opened through the turnpike, lines of stagecoaches were established for carrying passengers and mail. The first through line was established in 1804. For many years two great lines of coaches ran daily between the two cities, a distance of three hundred miles, requiring about three days when the

roads were in good condition, traveling day and night and changing horses every twelve miles. These lines were the "Good Intent", and the "Old Line", the latter owned by Lucius W. Stockton. When the dashing coach reached a station, a relay of horses stood harnessed. The driver, keeping his seat, threw down the reins, the incoming horses and the fresh team quickly exchanged places, the reins were tossed back to the driver, and off they sped, a few minutes, only, having been spent in the exchange. The detention at tollgates was short. The coaches ran with such regularity, that people living along the route knew when they would arrive.

The coaches were handsomely painted and ornamented, furnished with three seats upholstered in plush, and carrying comfortably, nine passengers, besides one on the seat with the driver. This outside seat was a coveted place in good weather. At the base of a long and steep hill, the coach was awaited by a postilion with two horses to assist the four coachhorses in making the ascent. When the summit was reached, they were detached and returned to await the arrival of the next coach. Great interest and curiosity were aroused at road houses and towns by the arrival and departure of coaches, coming in with streamers flying, drivers blowing horns, horses galloping. Often as many as thirty coaches, fifteen each way, passed over the road in a single day. The fare from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh varied from fifteen dollars to twenty dollars. There were companies for transporting immigrants in covered wagons at lower rates. The slow, plodding teams, hauling heavy wagons, were a contrast to the gay, flying coaches; there was a marked contrast, as well, between the passengers.

Arriving at Uniontown, the "Good Intent" had its headquarters at the McClelland House on Main Street. Here the passengers took their meals, and the horses were cared for in the stables. The "Old Line" had its headquarters at the National House on Morgantown Street. Mr. Stockton lived in Uniontown, where his coaches were made and repaired. His superb coachhorses, at range in a field adjoining the factory,

were the admiration of all who saw them; they could not be surpassed for speed and beauty.

When Congress first met after independence had been achieved and the Federal Constitution adopted, the urgent need of good roads demanded attention. Various schemes to meet the want were proposed. Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, is credited with having suggested the National Highway which is known as the Cumberland Road, so named because it started at Cumberland, Maryland. The matter took shape in 1806, when Thomas Jefferson was President. The road, commenced at Cumberland in 1811, was completed to Wheeling, and opened to the public in 1818. Passing through seven States, a distance of eight hundred miles, it terminated at St. Louis. It was completed in 1822, at a cost of $7,000,000 from the United States Treasury. Eventually, Congress surrendered the road to the control of the several States through which it passed. It was a magnificent achievement, and greatly exceeded the expectations of its advocates in serving the country as a thoroughfare for travel and traffic. It was the route followed by all Conestoga wagons and stage coaches crossing the State. Tollgates and tollhouses were stationed at intervals along the way. Pennsylvania had at least half a dozen. After 1850, when the trend was over canal and railroad, it was used chiefly for local purposes. Within a few years, a portion of the old Cumberland Road has been restored in several States, to something of its former appearance and utility. This road, passing through Uniontown, is within a few miles of the Paull properties.

July 4th, 1826, near Harrisburg, ground was broken for the combined railroad and main branch of the Pennsylvania canal connecting Philadelphia with Pittsburgh. The length of the canal and connecting railroad was four hundred miles. The Portage road, over the Allegheny Mountain, was regarded as an engineering wonder; up to that time nothing more difficult had been accomplished. This road had the first tunnel in the

United States, nine hundred feet in length. The canal had freight lines, and packets exclusively for passengers.

The main line of the canal and connecting railroad, opened in 1834, virtually came to an end within thirty years, because of corrupt management and competition of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This company bought the main line of the canal in 1857.

The only wedding celebrated in the two-story log house, was that of the daughter, Martha, to William Walker, of Uniontown. (His sister Mary had married Martha's brother William). For some days the mounds of hyacinths and jonquils had been watched with keen interest, because they were expected to furnish the wedding decorations. The day before the event, a heavy, soft snow fell, covering the flowers and deepening the mud in the roads, already nearly impassable. On the wedding morning, April 11, 1826, the white covering was brushed aside, and the smiling flowers, none the worse for the surprise, met the expectation. The hour arrived, but the important man was not in sight. Fifteen minutes passed—half an hour; Patty, gowned and ready, grew impatient, then provoked, and declared she had a mind not to marry William Walker! But when, at the end of an hour, the watchers saw a horse with a rider laboring down the hill in the mud, she decided she would, after all! The mud-splashed horse and outer garment of the groom, were a satisfactory explanation, and the marriage took place, without much further delay. The bride's gown was white brocaded satin combined with a gauzy material; skirt plain, rather full, without a train; short, puffed waist, low neck, short, puffed sleeves; white kid gloves. The style of bonnet was large, wide and high, a frame covered with shirred silk, or satin, the space above the head filled in with flowers. The first home was, for a short time, at Fairchance, a village near Uniontown. The permanent home was established, soon afterwards, at Woodvale, a section of Deer Park farm, a gift to Martha from her father.

Together with farming and looking after Furnace interests, William Walker kept a store of general merchandise in a building near the house and on the public road. The small storeroom was the post office as well. The building, now gone, remained for years after its original purpose had been served.

The family of William and Martha Walker included two daughters and five sons. The death of Ann Elizabeth, at the age of two years, left the home without a daughter for many years until the birth of Mary Ellen, the youngest child. Her pets were her companions: especially a dearly-loved lamb, "whose fleece was white as snow; and everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go". A favorite walk was to Vachel's cabin. The old man, once owned by the Griffiths, worked on the Woodvale farm, and he was given a piece of ground, with permission to build a cabin. Here he lived, with his chickens and little garden, which he cared for when the day's work on the farm closed. Mary Ellen, like Red Riding Hood, carried him little pots of butter, and other good things. But the wolf was never encountered—he was kept from the door by these kindly ministrations. When Vachel became feeble from age, he was taken to the house and cared for until death placed him in the quiet corner reserved for his people. A familiar sight was that of old Vachie, bent with years, his shining black face resting in his hands, sitting in the sunshine by the kitchen door—a scene with a live touch of "de ole" plantation.

Mary Ellen made daily visits to the store for a stick of candy or a lump of sugar. When her father was away for supplies, her uncle, John Paull, had charge of the store, and he grudgingly allowed her the daily treat. He was a bachelor and a bit crusty—an instance of cause and effect.

At Woodvale, as at the homestead, the host kept open house, and liberally entertained all who came, parents with their children. Thomas and Ellen Paull came for a visit, and planned spending a few days at Fayette Springs with Martha Walker. The three, seated in the carriage ready to start, were arrested by the sorrowful face of Mary Ellen, who, standing on the "up-

on" block, declared her heart would be broken if she were left behind! Her uncle Thomas pleaded for her, and she was soon made ready and permitted to be one of the party. The triumphant child had one blissful day, playing with the children at the Springs. The next day she was ill—for several days, quite ill with measles. After her recovery and the return home, it was learned that the children who had played with her were all sick with measles!

Mary Ellen attended school at Woodburn Seminary, Morgantown. She married Rev. William G. Stewart, a Presbyterian minister.

William Walker died at the age of 78, April 7, 1878, and was buried in Oak Grove Cemetery, Uniontown. Two years later, Martha Paull Walker passed on, the last member of her father's family. She was laid to rest beside her husband.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

The home remained in the family for eight or ten years after the death of the mother. It still offers a chair, and a place at the family table, but strangers dispense the hospitality.

### Fifth Generation

Martha Ann Paull m. William Walker; children: George Paull, Ann Elizabeth (died in infancy), infant son (died unnamed), Zadock, James Paull, Joseph (died in childhood), Thomas Paull Walker m. Mary Greer, Mary Ellen Walker m. Rev. William G. Stewart (Presbyterian).

### Sixth Generation

George Paull Walker m. Helen Nicolls; children: William, George, Jennie.

Zadock Walker m. Sarah Boyd; children: John, Martha.

James Paull Walker m. Elvira Spriggs; children: Anna, William (died in boyhood), Mary Ellen.

SEVENTH GENERATION

(Zadock Walker)

Martha Walker m. Horace Moody; child: Horace Moody.

(James Paull Walker)

Anna Walker m. Ray Mines; children: Henry Walker, Ray, Marjorie.

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## JOSEPH PAULL

November 14th, 1808—February 14th, 1880

When Joseph, seventh son of Colonel James Paull, was born, James, the eldest, had left the home for one of his own, seven miles distant.

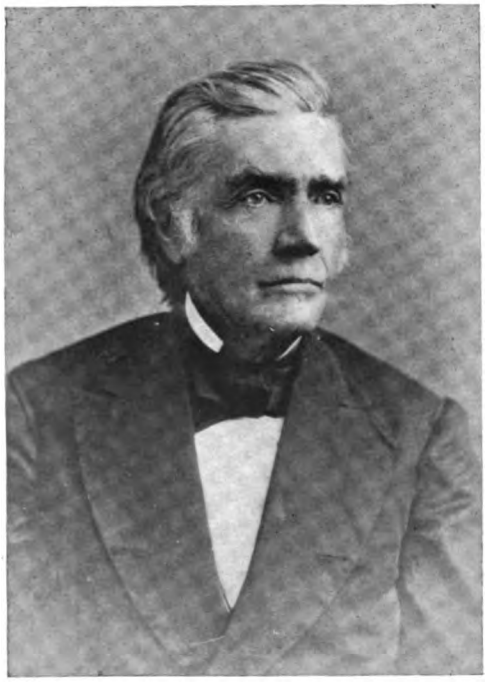
One by one, the brothers, then the sister, left the home, leaving only Joseph. Upon him rested the responsibility of the farm work. More than forty years before, the pioneer cabin received its first bride, Elizabeth Rogers Paull. The bride had matured with the years and she was the staunch, kindly mistress of the home, when another bride came, finding a hearty welcome, and a place by the hearthstone. Joseph Paull married Eliza Lea Rogers, a relative, June 4, 1833.

Deer Park embraced many acres, requiring the help of many "hands" for the plowing and sowing, reaping and garnering. The day's work in summer began when the gray light first touched the hilltops, waking the birds, when they joined in a jubilant chorus. A herald on the chicken roost stretched his neck and crowed; from each harem followed, in turn, a friendly response, the only time in the day when these feathered lords were on friendly terms. They closed their eyes for another nap, then clumsily dropped from their perches, flapped their wings, and another round of crowing thoroughly roused all fowldom, sending them down, and out, to continue their life occupation, that of hunting something to tuck in their craws.

The cows, roused from their resting-place in the open, chewed their cuds, and dreamily listened to the call of the maids to come to the bars to be milked; they rose not if they chose not, and must be met on their own ground. One or two of the men, off in the dew to the meadow, sounded a call with which the equine ears were familiar, and which was well understood, "Cope, cope, cope". Conscientious veterans came to the bars to be "caught", their more youthful companions sometimes invited a chase. The men with the horses, their comrades, were on their way to the field when the sun, in the midst of an expanse of glory, emerged from behind Laurel Hill, and smiled his approval—and added his blessing. The time-honored horn tooted early hours for dinner and supper; if the work was urgent, it was continued after supper, until the sun had blinked good night, and all nature was relaxed. Soothing lullabies were twittered among the nestlings. Dusky birds in hiding through the day, ventured out under cover of the darkness, and added their peculiar notes to the vociferous noise of the katydids and their attendants of countless insects—the "Hoo hoo" of the owl, and the threat of the "Whip-poor-will".

Joseph Paull's first child, born April 13, 1834, lived but a few hours. The second, Aaron, born a year later, sacrificed his young life in the Civil War. There were four children when the grandfather, Colonel Paull, departed to the other life, July, 1841. To Joseph, the home and farm descended—rich in fertile soil, pasture, timber, coal, water, etc. Sheep and cattle pastured on the hills and in the meadows, proud peafowls continued to strut as their antecedents had done. But deer no longer adorned the park, although many of the graceful creatures roamed at large on the mountain, sometimes venturing down to the "settlement". Joseph Paull, on a hunt with his father, once followed a deer which had wandered from its haunts down to Connellsville and dashed through the hall of a public house!

Joseph Paull built the brick house of the present time in 1841, having commenced the work shortly before the death of his father. The house faces east, overlooking the site of the log



JOSEPH PAULL
1808 — 1880
Dunbar, Pennsylvania

ELIZA ROGERS PAULL
1809 – 1889

house, and that of the first cabin, near which was the deer enclosure. The view commands a lovely expanse of rolling country, the everlasting hills in the distance; intervening, the historic Youghiogheny flows, concealed from view by hills and forests. The hospitality which had always characterized the home life was continued. The turning of the new knob opened the door as wide as the lifting of the old latchstring had done. "Welcome" was the message given to the winds; relatives, friends, neighbors, strangers, responded to the invitation. An 'open house" the red brick was, and continued to be. Nephews and nieces, to the third generation, were given the freedom of the house, the barn, the orchard, of the whole premises! For rollicking noise and mischief, there was no rebuke from dear "Uncle Joseph" or from long-suffering, sweet, "Aunt Eliza".

Following their father, James and Joseph Paull kept herds of cattle on the mountain; they made weekly trips to give them salt, and ask of them, "How do you do?" James, an early riser, going by way of Deer Park to be joined by Joseph, would reach the gate at an "early-bird" hour, and call, "Hello, Joe!" which meant, "Let's be off!" The trip each way, and going among the herds, required the whole day, making it necessary to carry lunch. The two were occasionally joined by a neighbor, who also owned a herd. He usually wore a woolen "wamus"; not always freshly laundered. His lunch of biscuit or cookies was conveniently carried loose in the wide sleeves of his "wamus"; when "passed around", the other members of the party politely and graciously (report so credits them) declined a share!

Joseph Paull's family, many years before his death, had transferred their church membership from Laurel Hill to the Presbyterian Church at Connellsville, in which church Joseph Paull was an elder. He removed to Connellsville in 1873, to be near his beloved church; his son, James Lea, succeeding him at Deer Park. The youngest member of his father's family, he was the last but one, to leave the scenes familiar to five generations, embracing a period of one hundred twelve

years. He died February 14th, 1880, at the age of 72, and was buried in Hill Grove Cemetery, Connellsville.

A great sorrow had fallen upon the home and the community. Every one had lost a friend. As was said of Joseph the Patriarch, the people mourned for him forty days, and much longer. Sweet-souled and gentle, he loved mankind, and was beloved by all who knew him. Eliza Paull returned to the old home, making long visits, as she chose, to her only daughter, Elizabeth Paull Fife, in Sterling, Illinois. While there, she was summoned to the Eternal Home in April, 1889, and now sleeps with her husband (and the daughter who has since joined them) in Hill Grove Cemetery.

Her memory is cherished by many relatives and friends who received unstinted welcome and entertainment from her warm heart and bountiful hands.

Strangers hold the key and reap the grain at Deer Park farm, but ownership in the Paull name continues—an ownership unbroken in one hundred forty-five years.

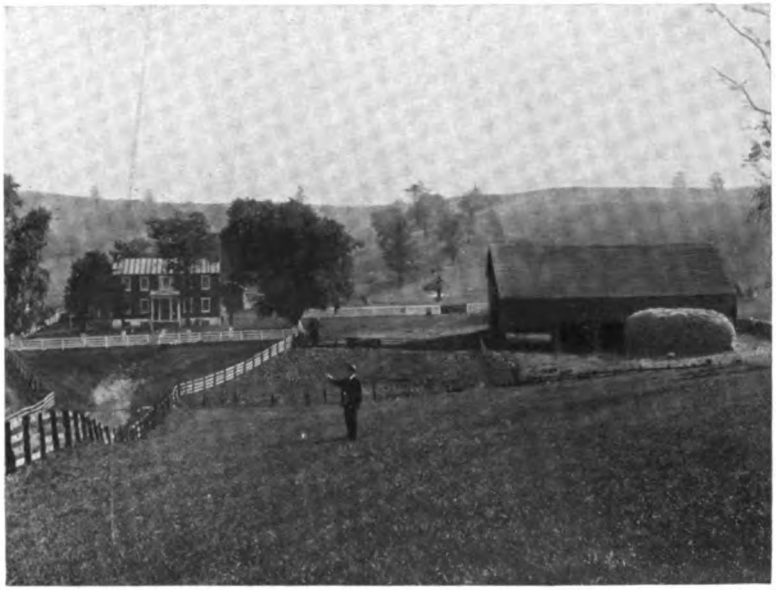
Self-sacrifice, generosity, uniform cheeriness and kindness, characterized the ruling spirits in this genial home; fitting representatives of the era closing, when man lived near the great heart of Nature, receiving her bounty through the labor of his own hands; when hours were long, and one could go slow, and give a thought to his neighbor; when social life was wholesome, and divine institutions were held sacred. Such was life, in the old Home founded by the Colonial patriot, heroic George Paull.

## REV. GEORGE PAULL

February 3, 1837—May 14, 1865

Missionary to Africa

Joseph Paull's eldest sons, Aaron and George, after a preparatory course at the Presbyterian Academy at Dunlap's Creek, entered Jefferson College at Cannonsburg. George was graduated in the class of 1858, during the presidency of Rev.



DEER PARK FARM, 1768 – 1914

John Scott, D. D. He taught in Mississippi for a short time, then entered the Theological Seminary in Allegheny (now North Side, Pittsburgh) finishing the course in 1862.

The Board of Foreign Missions accepted his offer to go to Africa, but were prevented from sending him at once because of financial embarrassment occasioned by the Civil War, then in progress. He preached to several congregations during the year and a half of waiting. He sailed finally for his chosen field November 28, 1863, on the *City of London*. When he reached Africa, he was stationed at Benito, a new Station opened on Corisco Island. His home letters bore testimony to his interest in every phase of life, every condition in the new surroundings, and to his enthusiasm in working for the uplift of the needy people. But in one year a malignant fever ended his beautiful, consecrated life—Sabbath, May 14th, 1865.

### Fifth Generation

Joseph Paull m. Eliza Lea Rogers; children: infant son (died unnamed), Aaron Torrence (died unmarried), (Rev.) George Paull (Presbyterian) died in Africa, unmarried, Mary Elizabeth, Martha Ann (died in childhood), Phebe Ann (died in childhood), infant (died unnamed), James Lea, Joseph Roggers m. Lilian Heiskell, Sally Ann (died in childhood).

### Sixth Generation

Mary Elizabeth Paull m. Rev. Noah Halleck Gillette Fife; children: Eliza Paull, Charles (M. D.), Paull.

James Lea Paull m. Elizabeth Galloway; children: Joseph Rogers, Robert Galloway, George.

### Seventh Generation

(Mary Elizabeth Paull)

Paull Fife m. Gertrude Orr; children: Mary Elizabeth, Margaret Orr (twins), Ann.

(James Lea Paull)

Joseph Rogers Paull m. Annie Rogers Johnston; children: James Dana, Marion (died in childhood), Josephine.

Robert Galloway Paull m. Emilie Madeline Schelenberg; children: Francis (died in infancy), Elizabeth, Emilie, Robert Galloway.

George Paull m. Mary Stewart Dickey; children: Nancy Lea, William Dickey, Mary Louise.

## DUBLIN'S PEOPLE

The Colored People connected with Deer Park were probably the descendants of George Paull's slaves. Dublin was the first to come into notice. Later, there were Joe and Hagar Ross, the parents of Joe, Sukie, and Ann, who were born at Deer Park. They all belonged to the "plantation", and were transferable among the brothers and their sister Martha, when needed. They were loyal and trustworthy. When Ann was young, she was fun-loving and full of pranks. She fancied that Sukie was more of a favorite than she, because Sukie was given employment in the house, while she was sent to the field or garden. To even up, she sometimes helped herself to a pie or some other tempting eatables Hagar had prepared for the family. Sukie and she were allowed to go to school, but Colonel Paull requested the school-master to omit writing from Ann's course of instruction, believing she would turn the accomplishment to a mischievous purpose. The master obeyed the order, but it mattered not to Ann. On the sly, she mastered with her goose-quill, the "A B Cs" in Sukie's copy-book; then the wholesome injunction, "Honesty is the best Policy", including the flourishes with which the master had embellished it. She became quite proficient, and as predicted, her acquirement was another tool in her hands for working practical jokes. Anonymous letters, or letters signed with the name of some one in the neighborhood, were frequent, and she was gleeful over the stir she could create, and the surprise shown, when the tricks were traced to black Ann, who was never taught to write! She was once sent to the Paull families in Wheeling, with a limit to her leave of absence. When nearing the time for her return, she

wrote of having fallen from a horse, and broken her leg—which was a ruse to keep her longer in Wheeling. But the ruse was understood to be such, and no one was surprised when Ann arrived at the appointed time. She was not without curiosity, eager to hear and see what was going on at the house. When a member of the family returned from one of the towns frequently visited, or when Colonel Paull came home after several days' absence among his cattle in the mountain, she was quick to find what was in the saddle-bags. On one occasion, Colonel Paull put a rattlesnake he had killed among the salt-sacks in the saddle-bags, knowing Ann would be the one to find it. When he arrived home, she at once opened the bags; her first dive was the only one, fright checked farther investigation.

Ann married Ben Freeman. She had no children. Sukie married Alec Freeman, a half-brother of Ben. If all her shining babies had lived, she would have been the proud mother of a large family. One after another of her little black infants was carried over to the parcel of ground set apart for Dublin and his people. Polly, only, lived beyond infancy; a saucy little thing, very winning, withal, and a great pet, especially with the girls at James Paull's, where she was in danger of being spoiled.

Sukie, bereft of all her family, lived with Ann, in the loft over the stone spring-house. The sore grief over the death of the head of the house, Joseph Paull, wore upon her health, and she failed rapidly. She was tenderly watched and cared for in her last illness. When nearing the end, she looked up and said, "I see him!" "Whom do you see, Aunt Sukie?" "My Josie!" was the exultant reply. When death came, in September, 1880, James Lea Paull, his father's successor in the old home, honored Sukie with a funeral in the house parlor, where her beloved "Folks", the Paull connection, and the neighbors, came to pay a tribute of appreciation to dear old Aunt Sukie.

Ann lived four years after Sukie's death; lonely, but happy in serving "her people". She cared for Joseph Paull's grandchildren with lavish fondness, winning their love and devotion. In the autumn of 1884, at the Woodvale home occupied by

Graveyard, and site, of the first Laurel Hill Presbyterian Church — 1772. The prominent stone marks the grave of George Paull, facing east; Martha Paull's grave next, on the left, stone broken off.

WHERE DUBLIN'S PEOPLE AWAIT THE TRUMPET-CALL
(Deer Park Farm)

"You may bury me in de east,
You may bury me in de west,
But I'll heah de Trumpet soundin'
In de Mo'ning!"

Zadock Walker, Ann died, and was laid to rest in the arms of Mother Earth, who receives her children, of whatever color, with equal tenderness. She was the last one of the dark-hued domestics inseparably connected with Deer Park from the beginning of its history. Simultaneously with the last representative of the old-time regime, they vanished with the close of the picturesque Day.

## I CAN'T STAY BEHIND

Slave Song

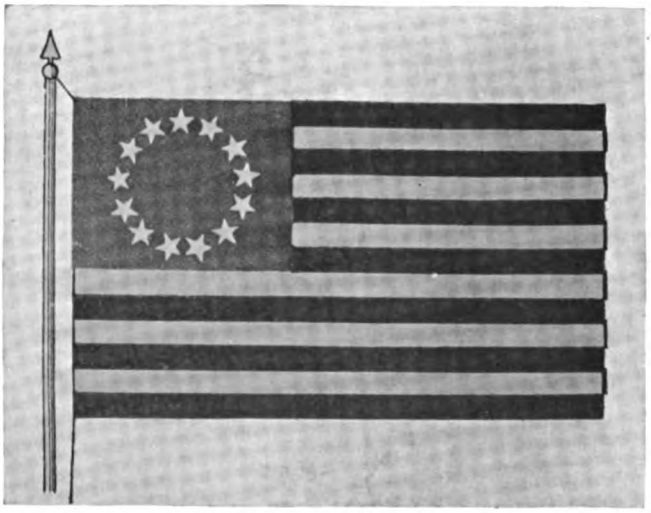
O, my Mudder is gone, my Mudder is gone!
My Mudder is gone into Heaven, my Lord!
  I can't stay behind!
Dere's room in dar, room in dar,
Room in dar, in de Heaven, my Lord!
  I can't stay behind!

O, my Fadder is gone, my Fadder is gone!
My Fadder is gone into Heaven, my Lord!
  I can't stay behind!
Dere's room in dar, room in dar,
Room in dar, in de Heaven, my Lord!
  I can't stay behind!

O, I'se been on de road, I'se been on de road!
I'se been on de road into Heaven, my Lord!
  I can't stay behind!
Dere's room in dar, room in dar,
Room in dar, in de Heaven, my Lord!
  I can't stay behind!

## THE AMERICAN FLAG—ITS DEFENDERS

For seventy years before the Revolution, the American Colonies flew the British Flag, red, with the union of the cross of St. George (English) and St. Andrew (Scotch). There is but little on record regarding the colors carried by the Colonial troops in the early engagements of the Revolutionary War. There was no officially authorized standard; the Colonies had different flags, of various designs and colors. June 15th, 1775, Washington was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Colonial forces, by the Continental Congress sitting in Philadelphia. He left for Boston on the 21st, accompanied by Generals Lee and Schuyler, escorted part of the way by the Light Horse Troop of Philadelphia. They carried a banner which is believed to have been the first in which the Thirteen Colonies were typified by thirteen stripes—made of yellow silk, elaborately painted on both sides with suggestive designs, a canton composed of thirteen alternate blue and white stripes. It is preserved in the armory at Philadelphia, mounted between glass plates. Benjamin Harrison, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Lynch, were appointed a committee to confer with Washington and several officers of the New England Colonies, regarding the organization of a Continental Army. The conference was held in Cambridge, and the new army came into being on New Year's, 1776, when General Washington hoisted, at army headquarters, Cambridge, the Grand Union flag, "thirteen stripes, red and white alternately, with the English Union cantoned in the corner", "In compliment to the United Colonies", Washington wrote to Joseph Reed, of Philadelphia.



A FLAG OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1775-1783

The first Stars and Stripes.

The first Ensign to float over an American Battleship.

The first to receive a National salute from a Foreign Power, February 14th, 1778.

"The American Flag was, for the first time, recognized, in the fullest and completest manner possible, by the Flag of France!"

JOHN PAUL JONES.

Up to this time, Washington believed in the possibility of a reconciliation with Great Britain. Shortly afterwards, he believed differently. In June, 1776, he was in Philadelphia; convinced, now, that the time had come when the Colonies should have an emblem distinctively American, he, in company with Robert Morris and Colonel George Ross, called at the upholstery shop of Betsy Ross (widow of John, a nephew of Colonel Ross) and engaged her services in making the first "Starry Banner"—thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; thirteen white stars arranged in a circle on a blue field. The following year, June 14th, 1777, Congress adopted this flag; it was officially proclaimed September 3rd. Mrs. Ross added flag-making to her business of upholstering. For fifty years she supplied the Government with our beautiful "Stars and Stripes", the ensign which, proudly waving over Paul Jones' ship, the *Ranger*, was recognized by the French Navy. The flag remained unaltered for eighteen years, when the admission of Vermont and Kentucky into the Union, brought about a change. In 1795, Congress passed an act authorizing fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. The flag thus established, remained so for twenty-three years. The admission of Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, and Mississippi, into the Union, necessitated another change. In 1819, to simplify necessary changes in the future, Samuel C. Reid, a sea captain, proposed the plan which was adopted by Congress at this time, and which has been followed for nearly one hundred years: a return to the original thirteen stripes, the admission of a new State to be noted by an additional star in the blue field.

DEFENDERS OF THE FLAG

War of the Rebellion

Fort Sumter, South Carolina, 1861—Appomattox, Virginia, 1865

"The Union Forever!"

Nathaniel Ewing Paull, son of James Paull, Jr., Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Volunteer Private, First West Virginia Cavalry.

William Rogers Paull, son of Thomas Paull. Volunteer Private. Enlisted December 1st, 1861, at West Chester, Pennsylvania. Company A, First Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves. Infantry. May 23rd, 1864, he was transferred to the One Hundred Ninetieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. He served until January 3rd, 1865. He fought in many battles, which included Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, The Wilderness, and Gettysburg. In the long marches he suffered from the rubbing of the hard army boots, which caused sore ankles, and he was obliged to spend six months in a hospital. He never recovered; rheumatism followed, which caused his death eventually, twenty-five years later.

Sons of William and Martha Paull Walker:

Zaddock Walker, Dunbar, Pennsylvania. Volunteer. Captain Company B, Fourteenth Regiment, Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Thomas Paull Walker, Dunbar. Volunteer. Lieutenant Company B, Fourteenth Regiment, Pennsylvania Cavalry.

James Paull Walker, Dunbar. Volunteer. Sergeant Company H, First Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves. Cavalry.

Grandsons of James Paull, Jr.:

Sons of Samuel and Sarah Paull Huston:

James Huston, Carmichaels, Pennsylvania. Volunteer. Private. Infantry.

David Huston, Carmichaels. Volunteer. Private. Cavalry.

George Huston, Carmichaels. Volunteer. Private. Infantry.

Grandson of James Paull, Jr.:

Son of Findley and Ann Bayless Paull:

James Torrence Paull, Palestine, Illinois. Volunteer. Private. Enlisted June 13th, 1861, Company I, Twenty-first Regiment, Illinois Infantry, Army of the Cumberland, under Generals

JAMES TORRENCE PAULL
At 18

Rosecrans and Thomas. He participated in battles in Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Kentucky (a trying march of four hundred miles was accomplished, from Mississippi to Louisville, Kentucky), Tennessee, and Georgia: Fredericktown, Jacksonport, Shilo, Perryville, Nashville. At Nashville, the army was reorganized, Company I transferred to the Twentieth Corps, under General McCook; First Brigade commanded by General Harlan; First Division, commanded by General Davis. Following, were the Battles of Stone River, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge; fighting continued for forty-two days, on the way to Atlanta, when there occurred the Battles of Big Shanty, Marietta, and Peach Tree Creek. After the fall of Atlanta, a fierce battle took place at Franklin, Tennessee, and the destruction of General Good's army at Nashville. The "boys in blue" went by steamboat to New Orleans, and down the Rio Grande to San Antonio, Texas, where they were mustered out of service, December 16th, 1865.

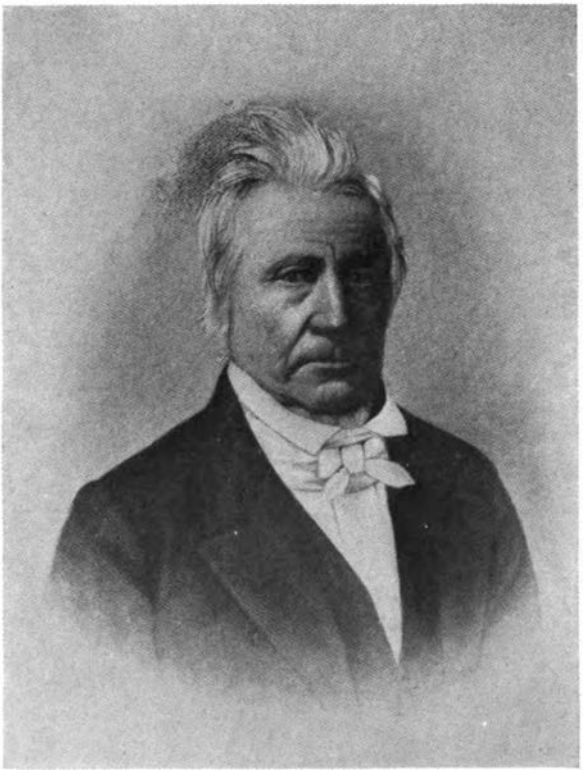
It was said of John Paul Jones, that in his prolonged sea service in the cause of American freedom, he was never defeated, never wounded. Of the nine kinsmen who "endured hardship as good soldiers" (in imprisonment, weary marches, loss of health) in the endeavor to maintain the union of the freed States, not one was killed in battle, not one was wounded. Two remain—James Paull Walker, Seattle; James Torrence Paull, Milwaukee.

## JUDGE GEORGE PAULL TORRENCE

February 14th, 1782—August 27th, 1855

George Paull Torrence, eldest son of Joseph and Mary Paull Torrence, was born on the farm named "Peace", near Connellsville, Pennsylvania. He studied law, and went to Cincinnati in 1806, when he was admitted to the Hamilton County bar. At the home of Colonel James Findlay he became acquainted with their niece, Mary Brownson Findlay, whom he married February 14th, 1811, at the home of her father in Mercersburg. When a war cloud hung over the nation in 1812, George Torrence recruited a company; he was chosen captain, in which capacity he served until the close of the war, when he returned to the practice of law. In this he continued until 1817, when he was elected to the State senate. In 1819 he was elected presiding Judge of the Ninth Judicial District, and re-elected in 1826. His judicial career covered a period of twenty years. In a eulogy, Honorable John Frazer said of him "I am informed by one who is reliable and well-informed that all of Judge Torrence's decisions were sustained by the Supreme Court. I doubt if this could be said of any other Judge in the State. If not the ablest lawyer in the State, he was one of the ablest, and most reliable judges".

In 1826, when party spirit was high, the contest for the Judgeship was an exciting one, and the friends of Judge Torrence feared his defeat. One of his friends, a member of the Senate, with unbounded confidence in his ability to counteract the false representations of his opponents by his fine presence and



Judge GEORGE PAULL TORRENCE
1782 — 1855
Cincinnati, Ohio

MARY BROWNSON FINDLAY TORRENCE
1792 — 1866

conciliatory manner, sent for him to go to Columbus. He went, and so impressed the people with his honesty and sincerity, that he won the day by a pleasing majority.

He was elected treasurer of Hamilton County in 1834 was reelected, and continued in the office until 1840, when he retired to private life. He was public-spirited, an active and useful citizen. He organized the first company of firemen in Cincinnati and was himself an efficient fireman. He was a loyal member of the First Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, of which Rev. Joshua Wilson was pastor; and a generous contributor to benevolences.

Hospitality characterized the home life; any time, all the time, guests were welcome. On one occasion, a company of eight telegraphed they were on the way. Upon their arrival, they found accomodations and a royal welcome.

Affable and friendly, the Judge was beloved by all classes of people. His uniformly kind treatment of the house servants, made them his "slaves" in the modern use of the term. Prissie, a slight little creature, a slave for whom the Judge had paid $500 ($5.00 a pound, he said) was given freedom papers long before slavery was abolished by law. Happy where she was, she probably thought that "freedom" meant going elsewhere, and she promptly laid the papers on the fire, thus preventing any such misfortune!

Judge Torrence died at the age of 73, and was buried in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati. By the members of the bar, he was held in the highest esteem, because of his moral greatness and ability in his profession. "The good Judge", "The soul of honor," "A Christian gentleman" were deserving titles.

## MARY BROWNSON FINDLAY TORRENCE

Colonel John Findlay married Agnes, daughter of Dr. Richard Brownson, March 11, 1788. They had two sons and five daughters. Agnes died in 1805. Colonel Findlay married, five years later, Jane Bard McDowell of Mercersburg. The large family could easily spare one daughter and Mary went to live with her uncle, Colonel James Findlay, in Cincinnati. In charge of friends who were going westward, Mary crossed the mountain on horseback, following a trail where there was one, or the course marked by blazed trees. At night a circle of fire was built around the small encampment not only for warmth in the November chilliness, but to frighten wild animals roaming near. When the Ohio River was reached, the remainder of the trip was made on a raft. The weary traveler found a hospitable home and open arms awaiting her at her uncle's. With no children of their own, Mary was one of five who were adopted. She became their daughter, and remained with them until her marriage. She was small, with brown hair and blue eyes. She was married to George Paull Torrence at her father's home in Mercersburg by Rev. Alexander Denny. The young couple returned to Cincinnati and commenced their married life in the house which remained in the family for sixty-five years and is still standing. Thirteen children were born, eleven of whom lived to maturity. Twice, there were twins. At the time of the birth of one of the children, Mrs. Torrence lost a sister who left a helpless baby; the little one was taken to her warm heart and shared loving care with her own child—the third time two babies were brought up together.

Of the six sons, five never married, but lived and died in the old home. At one time, one of the sons, John Findlay Torrence, was candidate for mayor on the Republican ticket; Joseph, opposing him on the Democratic ticket. Two brothers voted for John, two for Joseph. The Republican won in the race.

The Torrence home was the central point at which the family connection gathered, always sure of a welcome. A cousin came one day for a visit. Soon after his arrival he became ill, the development showed, next day, a clear case of smallpox! Mrs. Torrence had him removed to a large room in the third story, and cared for him herself—in quarantine—until he was well. She and her large household of children and servants escaped the disease.

With her heart and her hands consecrated to the work of her beloved church and the interests of her family, Mrs. Torrence had neither time nor inclination for worldly pleasures. Always serene and patient, she was a friend to be absolutely trusted and depended upon for wise counsel. A keeper of many secrets, she betrayed none. The heart of her husband safely trusted in her. Her children and their children, rise up and call her blessed. Beside her husband "good Judge Torrence" she rests in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati.

### Fifth Generation

George Paull Torrence m. Mary Brownson Findlay; children: Nancy Brownson (died unmarried), James Findlay, Joseph (died unmarried), John Findlay (died unmarried), Clarissa (died in childhood), Mary Paull, Eliza Jane, Samuel Findlay (died unmarried), Aaron (died unmarried), Harriet Rebecca m. Hugh Stewart, William Irwin (died unmarried), George Paull (died in childhood).

### Sixth Generation

James Findlay Torrence m. Ann Rebecca Findlay; children: Mary (died in childhood), Thomas (died in childhood), Jane

Findlay, George Paull, Elizabeth Findlay, James Findlay, Joseph (died unmarried).

Mary Paull Torrence m. William Henry Harrison (not related to President Harrison); children: George Torrence, Nancy Torrence (died in childhood), Martha Pitts, Mary Torrence.

Eliza Jane Torrence m. Robert Handy; child: William Torrence Handy.

### Seventh Generation

(James Findlay Torrence)

Jane Findlay Torrence m. Rev. Christopher Smith Sargent (Episcopalian) children: James Findlay Torrence, Edward, Christopher Smith (died in childhood), Rebecca Torrence (died in childhood), George Paull Torrence, Mary (died in childhood), Thomas Frazer (died in childhood).

Rev. George Paull Torrence (Episcopalian) m. Mary Ferguson; children: Ann Rebecca, Jeannette Ferguson, Elizabeth Findlay (died in childhood), George Paull, Mary Ferguson, John Ferguson.

James Findlay Torrence m. Jessie Peckover; children: James Findlay, Pauline McBain, Elizabeth Findlay, Joseph.

(Mary Torrence Harrison)

George Torrence Harrison m. Sarah Perin; children: Mary Perin, William Henry Harrison m. Adele Hagar.

Martha Pitts Harrison m. Clark B. Montgomery; child: Mary Torrence.

(Eliza Torrence Handy)

William Torrence Handy m. Mary Welsh; children: William Torrence (died in childhood), Nancy Brownson Handy m. John Boswell Sneed, Priscilla Welsh, Harriet Rebecca Stewart.

### Eight Generation

(James Findlay Torrence)

James Findlay Torrence Sargent m. Katherine Edmunds; child: James Findlay Torrence.

Rev. George Paull Torrence Sargent (Episcopalian) m. Mabel McMahon; children: Jane Findlay Torrence, Christopher Smith.

Ann Rebecca Torrence m. Rev. William H. Standring (Episcopalian); child: Mary Torrence.

Jeannette Ferguson Torrence m. Archibald Price; children: Mary Ann (died in infancy), Emily Ruth, Archibald David, Elizabeth Jeannette.

George Paull Torrence m. Florence Abbott; child: George Paull.

(Mary Torrence Harrison)

Mary Perin Harrison m. Dudley Sutphen; child: Elizabeth Harrison.

Mary Torrence Montgomery m. Clark Davis, M. D.; child: Clark Montgomery.

(Eliza Torrence Handy)

Harriet Rebecca Stewart Handy m. William Taylor Clark; children: Mary Welsh (died in infancy), William Taylor.

# FIFTH GENERATION

## ANN REBECCA FINDLAY TORRENCE

The tender regard for Mrs. James Findlay Torrence was expressed in an appreciative tribute published in a Cincinnati paper at the time of her death, February 7, 1895.

"In the death of Mrs. Torrence there has drawn to its close a more than ordinary life. Coming to Cincinnati a bride in 1841 she entered a circle of relatives and friends which centered in the homes of Colonel James Findlay and Judge Torrence. In her home, in her church relations, among relatives and friends and with her servants, she was a loyal friend, a wise counselor; sympathetic, generous, living apparently with one aim, to do God's service. A friend said of her. 'In all the years I have known her, I never heard her say an unkind word of any one'. Her charitableness was widely known. Her wise and quaint sayings have been cherished in memory and often repeated. For years 'Old Stormy Point' on East Walnut Hills was the rallying place for old and young, who looked upon it as a second home. One whose girlhood visits there had been frequent, wrote from abroad 'When I dream of America, I am at Stormy Point'.

"As the head of the household, respected and beloved by every one, Mrs. Torrence spent many years of her life. The seven years following the death of Mr. Torrence were spent in close retirement, seeing only her friends of past years, and the

children who loved to come to her. She retained her faculties to the end and in a remarkable degree kept up her interest in everything around her. She lived to make others happy. It was she who remembered the birthdays and anniversaries, both joyous and sad. From the quiet room where she spent the last years, went out many, many Christmas baskets; many little children and older people sent up a prayer that day for the 'dear old lady'.

"It was her privilege to the last to be cared for by a devoted daughter and by old servants who loved her. She died as she had lived, with an unwavering faith ready to pass on when the call came. Many are grateful for having known her, for having been influenced by her sweet, beneficent life."

# SIXTH GENERATION

## WILLIAM TORRENCE HANDY

A life so unselfish as that of William Handy deserves more than the mere mention of its beginning and its close. Soon after its beginning, the baby boy was deprived of a mother's care and this responsibility was assumed by his aunts, sisters of his mother, Nancy and Harriet Torrence. Their devotion, and the appreciative response, developed a beautiful attachment, a close and affectionate relation not always existing between a mother and her son.

When at college, William Handy was much attached to his roommate, a young man with a small purse and in ill health. His physician said his one chance for continued life was a year's residence in Europe. His "friend in need" cheerfully offered to go with him and bear expenses, relinquishing all that was included in the last year of his college course to do so. The trip was made, the year's program carried out, and health was restored. A life spared for service, the consciousness of having followed the example of Him who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister", was of greater value to an exalted soul, than anything his Alma Mater could offer.

To his perseverance and efficiency is due largely, the completion of the Family chart which embraces the Findlays, Brownsons, Smiths, Irwins, Paulls, etc.

After some time spent on a western ranch with a cousin, William Handy married Mary Welsh, and returned to his kinsfolk, establishing a home on an old Kentucky estate at Cinthiana, which he bought, retaining the colored people, whose hearts would have been broken in leaving the old plantation. He had them cared for in sickness and in death.

He loved his own people, the "poor relation" receiving special notice and assistance when assistance was needed. He was lay reader in the church in the absence of a minister. He visited sick people, old people, needy ones in the parish, cheering them with his happy spirit and his diverting stories; reading to them, praying with them.

For years he suffered from an incurable disease in his ear, but no one not familiar with the fact could have suspected that he was a sufferer—uncomplaining, patient, concealing his own burden that he might bear some one else's, his was an example of sublime heroism.

The Easter preceding his death, he sent flowers to many, near friends, neglected people, lowly ones.

When the last days came, his room was radiant with sunshine and gladness. He slipped away from earth's trammels to the promised glory one summer day in 1908.

# SIXTH GENERATION

## COLONEL WILLIAM LUDLAM MILLER

February 6th, 1793—November 17th, 1867

Contributed by his grandson, John Franklin Miller

By the marriage of William Miller, on January 7th, 1820, with Jane Torrence, daughter of Joseph Torrence and granddaughter of George Paull, the name of Miller first appears in the genealogical records of the Paull family. This branch of the family has been traced back to John[1] Miller, who died at East Hampton, New Jersey, soon after his arrival, about the year 1650.

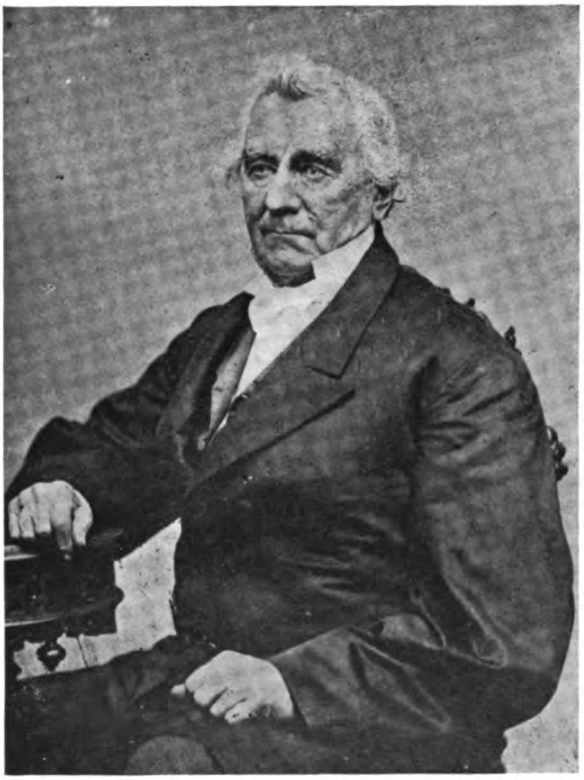
John[1] Miller.

John[2] Miller.

William[3] Miller, who was an Alderman of the Borough of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and is known as "Alderman" Miller.

William[4] Miller Jr., who, with his father, is buried in the old churchyard at Westfield, New Jersey.

Noah[5] Miller, born August, 6th, 1756. In 1778, he married Sarah Ludlam Marsh, widow of Eliphalet Marsh; served as a private in the Revolutionary War, emigrated to Fayette County, Pennsylvania, about 1800, and settled at or near, New Haven. He married, as his second wife, a widow, Sarah Morrison. He died at Rising Sun, Indiana, September 12th, 1838. Noah and Sarah Ludlam Miller had eight children:



Colonel WILLIAM LUDLAM MILLER
1793 — 1867
Port Perry, Pennsylvania

JANE TORRENCE MILLER
1797 — 1863

Sabra[6] Miller married Matthias Welsch; Sarah Miller married Elihu Meeker; Anne Miller; Joanna Miller; Cornelius Miller; William Ludlam Miller and Joseph D. Miller, twins. Joseph Miller married Martha Byers, whose children were: Susan Miller married Joseph Vance; Sarah Miller married James Wood; Andrew Byers Miller married Ann ———; Hannah Miller married Robert Jelly; Mary Miller married William H. Bingham; Ann Miller married Robert Boyle, whose children are: Lucius Robert Boyle, Alice Boyle Baldwin, Anna Boyle Rupp, James Boyle, Martha Boyle Murdoch, Fannie Boyle, Walter Vance Boyle, Margaret Boyle Officer.

Noah Miller's brother, John[5] Miller, settled near Centerville, Indiana, at an early date. One of his daughters married a widower, named Morton, and became the mother of Oliver P. Morton, the war Governor of Indiana and afterwards, for many years, United States Senator from that State. The senior Morton also had a son by his previous marriage, who married the youngest daughter of John Miller—by which alliance he became his father's brother-in-law.

The close intimacy between the Scudder family of New York and the Miller family of Port Perry, which has lasted over a hundred years through three generations, arose from the first marriage of Sarah Ludlam to Eliphalet Marsh, whose daughter, Catherine Marsh, married William Hays of Westfield, New Jersey, in 1801, and who died March 16th, 1851. William and Catherine Hays were the parents of John Hays and Nancy Hays Scudder of New York City.

Coming to Fayette County when about seven years of age, William L.[6] Miller, during his early life, worked with his father as a carpenter and builder, and early gained local fame by his remarkable skill in squaring timber with a broadax. Possibly the strength and accuracy so acquired were reflected in his ability to throw stones and other missiles almost as straight as most men can shoot, and many interesting tales are told of his achievements along these lines.

In 1810, the Millers built a barn on the old Torrence farm "Peace" (where the Leisenering Coke Works are now located), and during the progress of the work, young William found time and opportunity to win the good graces of Jane Torrence, whom he married ten years later, and to whom he proved a devoted husband, until her death in 1863. Prior to his marriage, he assisted in building boats for the river trade, and in 1816 made a trip on one of them to New Orleans, returning by way of New York, where he was confined in a hospital on Staten Island for some time, by an attack of yellow fever. During the same period he assisted in the organization of a military company, probably the Youghiogheny Blues, which appears to have been called into being by the War of 1812. This service, while not active, won for him the honorary title of colonel, by which he was thereafter widely known throughout western Pennsylvania.

About the time of his marriage he was active in developing the infant iron industry, and in one of these foundries he was associated with Colonel Jacob Mathiot and James Paull Jr., the firm name being Miller, Mathiot, and Paull. Having acquired a tract of mountain land near Connellsville, he built, or at least for a time operated, Breakneck Furnace, and it was at that point where his son, George Torrence Miller, was born, March 26th, 1825.

In 1837 Colonel Miller removed to Port Perry, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, at the mouth of Turtle Creek, where he purchased about 200 acres of land, and where he passed the remainder of his life, excepting the year 1840, when he removed, temporarily, to Birmingham (now, South Side, Pittsburgh). The town of Port Perry was originally laid out by John Perry, in 1793, but was surveyed and laid out anew by Colonel Miller in 1848. From that time until his death in 1867, he was occupied in building up the town, operating his farm, and developing the coal and timber resources of the vicinity. Through his ownership of the riparian rights at Port Perry, he secured the water power privilege created by the erection of the Lock and Dam No. 2 of the Monongahela Navigation Company, and in

GEORGE TORRENCE MILLER
1825 — 1892
Port Perry, Pennsylvania

MARY JANE CRAIG MILLER

partnership with his son, George Torrence Miller, built and operated a flourmill and sawmill, at that point.

His home on the hill was the center of the old-fashioned hospitality which is justly famous. Healthily located, commanding an extended and beautiful view, it was known as "Delightful Hill", among the friends and relatives who often came from New York and Cincinnati to spend their summer vacations.

Colonel Miller was an old-time Democrat, and exerted a powerful political interest throughout the vicinity in which he lived, but never held a political office, excepting that of the year 1838, when he was one of the youngest, if not the youngest member, of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention held in that year.

An obituary notice states that he was, for some years, a communing member of the Presbyterian Church of Beulah. "He was the generous friend of the poor, and dispersed from his affluence largely and constantly to those in need".

### Fifth Generation

Jane Torrence m. William Ludlam Miller; children: Joseph Torrence (died in childhood), Noah (died unmarried), George Torrence, Mary Paull m. William F. Knox, M. D., Eliza Jane (died in infancy), Catherine m. Rev. John M. Hastings (Presbyterian), Phebe Ann, Albert Gallatin, Clarissa Jane (died in childhood).

### Sixth Generation

George Torrence Miller m. Mary Jane Craig; children: (Rev.) William Sydney (Presbyterian), Mary Harrison (died in childhood), Mortimer Craig, Nancy Torrence (died in childhood), John Franklin, George Torrence (died in childhood), Anna Paull (died in childhood), Joseph Torrence.

Phebe Ann Miller m. Daniel F. Cooper; children: Samuel Frisbee, Jane Torrence, William Miller, Mary Catherine.

Albert Gallatin Miller m. Ann Rebecca Chalfant; children: Henry Chalfant, William Ludlam.

SEVENTH GENERATION

(George Torrence Miller)

Mortimer Craig Miller m. Rachel McMasters; children: Rachel McMasters m. Arthur Roy Hunt, George Torrence, Margaret McMasters (died in infancy).

John Franklin Miller m. Mary Louise Paull; child: Rebecca Turner Paull.

Joseph Torrence Miller m. Mary Margaret Stewart; children: Jane Craig, Nancy Irwin.

(Phebe Ann Miller Cooper)

Samuel Frisbee Cooper m. Mabel Gray; children: Phebe Miller, Harriet Gray, Joshua Torrence, John Franklin, Rodney Paull.

William Miller Cooper m. Helen Gilson; children: William Miller, Agnes Pollock.

Mary Catherine Cooper m. Elmer E. Wible, M. D.; children: William Paull, Elizabeth Miller.

(Albert Gallatin Miller)

Henry Chalfant Miller m. Grace Kelly; child: Eugenie Chalfant.

EIGHTH GENERATION

(George Torrence Miller)

Rebecca Turner Paull Miller m. Allen Stewart Davison; children: Allen Lape, John Franklin Miller.

JOHN FRANKLIN MILLER, Son of George Torrence Miller

First Vice-President Westinghouse Air Brake Company,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

# JAMES IRWIN

OF THE

CONOCOCHEAGUE SETTLEMENT

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First American Ancestor

———1778

For many years before 1603, when James the First ascended the throne of England, there had been constant friction between the English and Irish in Ulster, Ireland. After the conflict, which resulted in the defeat of the Irish, King James, a Scotchman, invited his countrymen to go and take up the lands abandoned by the Irish, with a view to having Protestants outnumber Catholics, and become the controlling element in the country. There was a gratifying response by intelligent men and women of the best sort, yeomen and artisans. Regarded as intruders by the natives, they were hated; and some years later, an attempt was made to exterminate them. An appeal made to England was fruitless, because of trouble between Cromwell and Charles the First. They then turned to their own people in Scotland, poor and suffering though they were. General Munro asked for volunteers; they must serve without pay, and furnish their own horses and arms. Ten thousand of the flower of Scotland volunteered. The two thousand five hundred needed, soon put an end to the strife. The reward to the ten thousand were tillable acres in the North of Ireland.

Many more from Scotland joined them, and by their pluck and enterprise, they turned the bogs and fens of Ulster, the most neglected part of the island, into blooming gardens. They established manufactories of woolens and linens, to which the passing years have given world-wide fame. At the close of fifty years, the people numbered 300,000 in Ulster; in another fifty years, in 1700, they had grown to 1,000,000. Out of three hundred nineteen signers to a public document, in 1718, all but thirteen wrote their names in full—a condition which could not be matched anywhere in the British Empire, at the time. The Roman Catholics were called "Irish", those of the Church of England "Protestants", and the Presbyterians, "Scotch". These people, continuing to prosper, excited the envy of rival manufacturers in England. In 1698, they had laws enacted, which so crippled the Irish manufacturers, that thousands of men were thrown out of employment. In 1704, and for some years following the Irish Presbyterians were oppressed with restrictive laws. They were debarred from school-teaching, and from holding any office higher than that of constable. Marriages performed by their own ministers were declared illegal. These grievances were endured for many years for the situation was supposed to be but temporary. But it continued until 1782, when the "Toleration Act for Ireland" was passed. Long before this, however, the hope for just treatment had vanished. To these devout people, who believed that an overruling Hand shapes destinies, oppression and humiliation were "working together for good" to an extent never thought of. To the smiling skies and broad acres of open-armed America, their minds were turned. In 1719 the exodus commenced, after a residence in Ireland of but one hundred years, the oldest families had been there for only three generations. The migrations to America from Ulster exceeded those of all others; previous to the days of steamships. In 1727, six shiploads were landed at Philadelphia in one week. Between 1730 and 1770, the influx from Ulster to the American Colonies was so great that they formed not less than

a sixth part of the population at the time of the Revolution! Smarting from the wrongs they had endured, they zealously supported the cause of the oppressed Colonies. Dr. Eigle, Historian of Pennsylvania, says "Had it not been for the outspoken words of bravery, and the indomitable spirit of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas, there would have been no independence, and the now glorious Union would be but an English Colony".

Pennsylvania received so large a number that her population in 1770 was one-third Scotch-Irish. A large colony settled in Cumberland (now Franklin) County, spreading over a district embracing fourteen square miles; drained by the west branch of the Conococheague Creek, which gave its name to the settlement "West Conococheague". There is evidence that the first white settlers on the Indian hunting ground, were John and Jane Black, before the appearance of the Scotch-Irish, whose settlement dates from 1730. With a will, the refugees commenced to build and plant; breathing pure mountain air with a blessed sense of freedom.

At the north end of the settlement, a log mill had been built by James Black, a son of John and Jane Black. Around this mill several houses were built, and the place was called "Black's Town".

To a section in Peter's Township (named for Richard Peters, Colonial Secretary) four miles south of this hamlet, James Irwin came with his wife and several children. With his two brothers he first settled in the lower end of the Cumberland Valley, eight miles west of the Susquehanna River, on a winding, crooked, mountain stream, Conodoguinet Creek. He was one of the Ulster refugees, a farmer and a blacksmith. To the original tract he added other "surveys", owning five at the time of his death, besides the "plantation" on which he lived. The place became known as "Irwinton Mills".

There were many interests to keep the settlers active. Food and clothing must be provided, the children must be educated. The stealthy redman was never far away, and for protection

in times of danger, several forts were built within the bounds of the settlement. One of these forts was built on the east side of the Conococheague by William McDowell, who, with his wife Mary, came to the settlement in 1735. The fort, a log mill strongly built and furnished with portholes, was a conspicuous one in early Indian warfare. In 1761, an alarm caused the settlers to flee to McDowell's Mill.

The provision was low, and one of the brave women, Mrs. Cunningham, ventured to go home to milk the cows. When nearing the fort on her return, with the milk, a savage, concealed from sight, killed her with an arrow. Mrs. Cunningham was a sister of John King, a young man from Lancaster, afterwards a minister, who taught school in a little log house near the church, from 1760 to 1763. This is said to have been the first school in the county where the classics were taught.

A house of worship preceded the schoolhouse. In a district so large, the location must be central. A place afterwards named "Church Hill" was selected and a warrant for land taken out by William Campbell and William Maxwell. In 1738 the Presbyterians were housed in a log church, surrounded by a stockade made of pointed logs seventeen feet high, driven four or five feet into the ground. There were no pews, pulpit, ceiling, nor floor. All the men including the preacher, attended service armed. By means of portholes in the stockade the men on guard, standing on a raised platform, could give warning of the approach of the Indians.

The congregation had no settled minister until 1754, when Rev. John Steel became the pastor, and remained for two years. He was courageous and fearless, frequently leading his flock out from the church (which was often called "Steel's Fort") in pursuit of the Indians. At the outbreak of hostilities with the Delaware Indians in 1755 a company was formed and placed under the command of Mr. Steel—"The Reverend Captain" he was called. Because of the frequency of Indian raids, the congregation was disbanded, and Mr. Steel took charge of the church at Carlisle, in whose graveyard he was laid

to rest in 1779. The Conococheague congregation was broken up a second time by Indian troubles or other hardships. But in 1767 it was permanently established and prosperous. In 1768 a call was extended to Rev. John King, of Philadelphia Presbytery, to whom the people became attached during his three-years' term among them as schoolmaster. He married Elizabeth McDowell, daughter of John McDowell, the miller. His pastorate of forty-two years was one of devotion to his people, one of incalculable influence in the valley. In 1792 Dickinson College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The same year he was honored with the moderatorship of the General Assembly. He died in 1813, and was buried with his beloved people at Church Hill.

The primitive log church was enlarged twice during Dr. King's ministry. In 1820 a stone building replaced the old one. In 1791 Honorable Robert Smith donated a lot in Mercersburg for a second house of worship to meet the need of the growing and widely dispersed congregation. A stone church was built, and the two congregations shared the services of the minister until 1855 when the country church, much dilapidated, was abandoned altogether.

Situated on a hill surrounded by a guard of stately forest trees, it was a beckoning hand when danger threatened—a place where tried souls and weary bodies found rest under the inspiration of a Gospel discourse, and in singing the favorite Scottish Psalm (Rouse's Version, 1643), "The Lord's my Shepherd".

The church walls, hallowed by thrilling and tender associations, yielded to the pitiless strokes of the demolisher. But the sacred enclosure across the road remains undisturbed—the resting place of the old families of West Conococheague. The present pastor of the congregation is Rev. J. H. Rose, D. D.

In 1759 William Smith, father of Honorable Robert Smith, bought the old mill north of the settlement, when "Black's Town" became "Smith's Town". Nearly thirty years later, in 1786, a son William, William Smith, Jr., laid out a new town on land inherited from his father, which he named "Mer-

cersburg", in honor of Dr. Hugh Mercer, a young Scotch physician who suspended his profession to take up arms in the interests of the Colonies. From that time, "West Conococheague" and "Smith's Town" gradually passed out of use.

William Smith, the founder of the new town, had married Margaret (or "Peggy") Piper. Before the Revolution, Peggy's parents, William and Sarah McDowell Piper, had removed to the west branch of the Susquehanna River. Here they were visited frequently by Rev. Philip V. Fithian, a Presbyterian missionary to the people on the frontier. He describes little Peggy in his diary, July 13, 1775—"There is no one in the Society but my little wain that can tell you what is 'Efectual Calling'. Indeed this little wain is a lovely girl. She is an only child, just ten years old. She seems to me to be remarkably intelligent, reads very clear, attends well to the quantity of words, has a sweet, nervous accent. Indeed, I have not been so lately pleased, as with this little rosy-cheeked Miss Peggy Piper." As the wife of William Smith, Jr., little Peggy returned to the Conococheague. They had one child, Sarah, or "Sallie". In William Smith's will, he stipulated that his executors should build for his wife and "little daughter Sallie", "near where my stable now stands, a neat and commodious house of a middling size."

The hastily-built log cabins of the first settlers had been followed by frame buildings. Now, the more pretentious stone structures became popular. Accordingly, a handsome stone house, "neat and commodious", was built for Peggy Smith and her little daughter. They lived contentedly, happy with each other and in the performance of daily duties. But there was loneliness, and this situation appealed to the tender sympathy of a swain at Irwinton Mills. James Irwin, son of Archibald, grandson of James the pioneer, mounted his horse, and soon covered the four miles leading to the new stone house, where he was cordially greeted by the attractive young widow, who was his cousin.

CONOCOCHEAGUE CREEK

MERCERSBURG, 1914

Peggy Smith needed a support, little Sallie a protector—didn't Peggy think so? Of course she did! Did she think Jim Irwin could meet the requirement in each case? Of course he could! With the matter satisfactorily settled, the Rev. John King pronounced them husband and wife, and Jim at once shouldered his responsibilities, and made good his promise. This fine old stone building, with modern additions and ornamentations, is now one of the beautiful residences of the historic old town, the property of Mr. C. F. Fendrick, who bought it from the widow of Robert Smith Brownson, M. D. (Dr. Brownson, a major in the Civil War, was the son of John Brownson and "little Sallie" Smith.)

The people of the Conococheague, like those of all the early settlements, brought about perplexing situations by intermarriages. Cousins frequently married; several members of one family would all marry members of some other family. An uncle might become a brother-in-law, or an aunt a sister-in-law. Family names were so often repeated, that one must speak of "big Andy", or "little Andy"—"John's Polly", or "Sam's Polly". Robert Smith, a brother of Peggy Irwin's first husband married Elizabeth Irwin, a sister of Peggy's second husband! Two sisters of Robert Smith's wife, Nancy and Jane Irwin, married brothers, William and James Findlay, who were nephews of Robert Smith!

Mercersburg was an important point for trading with the Indians and the settlements beyond. Merchants from the Monongahela country went in companies of eight or ten over the mountain on horseback to Philadelphia and purchased yearly, supplies of all sorts of merchandise, which was carried to its destination by packhorse. Long trains of fifty or one hundred horses, slowly passing through the town, or halting to deliver or take on goods, were a picturesque sight. In packtrains, the horses, one behind the other, were fastened together by a rope. The manager of the train rode behind, directing them by his voice. The packsaddle was made of four pieces of wood, fitted over the back of the horse. The lead horse had an arched band

of iron over the front of the saddle, to which bells were hung. Each horse carried about five hundred pounds fifteen miles a day. In this way, clothing, farm implements, sacks of charcoal, boxes of glass, iron, powder, salt, spice, etc., were carried over the mountains.

Material at hand employed the brawn of the settlers; dense forests furnished fuel and timber for building, necessitating sawmills. The hillsides were quarried for stone blocks. The soil yielded abundant crops, and gristmills sprang up along the streams. Tanneries were numerous.

Needed commodities, not supplied by the settlement, were brought in by packhorse and handled by the proprietor of the little "department" store, one room accommodating probably the whole stock in trade. From the horseshoes made in James Irwin's blacksmith shop, or maple sugar and candle-dips from his farm products, to the linen and woolen goods from the ever-running spinning-wheels and looms, the modest needs of the people could be met. The surplus was sent on to other settlements by packhorse. The primitive store was a source of comfortable income to the merchant, and a popular meeting-place for the settlers, where local happenings were discussed, jokes exchanged, where perhaps gossip was not tabooed. Indian encounters furnished a never-failing topic. Intelligence from the sister Colonies or from across the waters, was eagerly caught and passed on.

James Irwin was a blacksmith, a farmer, and a distiller. He was also a devout Presbyterian with a conscience as clear, apparently, as his cider. He brought up a large family of sons and daughters, influential citizens, loyal to their country and to the church of their Fathers. His third son, Archibald, served in the Indian Wars and in the Revolution. Soon after Rev. John Steel entered the service, he wrote to Governor Morris of the need of flints, arms, blankets, etc., for his men; adding, "May it please your Honor to enlist me an Ensign, for I find Sergeants pay will not prevail with men to enlist in whom much confidence is reposed. I beg leave to recommend

Archibald Irwin to your Honor, for the purpose". The request was granted, and Archibald Irwin was commissioned ensign, April, 1756. His military service was continued during the Revolution. In January, 1778, he was quartermaster in Colonel Samuel Culbertson's regiment. In 1757, Archibald Irwin married Jean McDowell, daughter of William and Mary McDowell, who has been neighbors of the Irwins in Ireland.

The McDowells, staunch Presbyterians, gave a distinguished family to the country of their adoption. They first settled in Chester County, about 1715. They came to the Conococheague about 1735, and obtained a warrant for a "plantation" which is now occupied by one of the same name, a descendant of the pioneer. William McDowell died in 1759, and was buried in the graveyard of the Donegal Presbyterian Church in Lancaster County. Mary McDowell died in 1782. The eldest son, John, operated the mill, "McDowell's Fort".

John McDowell married Agnes Craig (their daughter, Elizabeth McDowell, married Rev. John King).

William McDowell married Mary Maxwell.

Nathan McDowell married Catherine Maxwell.

James McDowell married Jean Smith, daughter of Robert and Jean Smith.

Jean McDowell married Archibald Irwin, son of James the pioneer.

Sarah McDowell married William Piper.

Elizabeth McDowell married James Halliday.

Margaret McDowell married first, Daniel McAlister, second, Robert Newall.

Annabel McDowell married Major John Johnson, his second wife.

Thomas McDowell.

Susan McDowell.

John McDowell, son of William and grandson of the pioneer, was the first president of St. John's College, Annapolis, and the third provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

A fine stone house, a gristmill, and a sawmill were built either by James Irwin the pioneer, or his son Archibald—probably by the son, although the land did not become his until after the death of his father. The house, unusual for its day, continues to merit admiration. The woodwork is very handsome, the whole house attractive and in good condition. The present owner is Mrs. J. W. Witherspoon.

There is no trace of the original log cabin.

About 1758, Martha, fourth daughter of James Irwin married George Paull, a young Virginian of Scottish ancestry. In early manhood, he was engaged in border warfare in which he continued with intermissions until the close of his life. His hardihood and bravery were inherited by his son James, who became a noted Indian fighter. One son and three daughters comprised their family.

In 1778, James Irwin the pioneer, closed his eyes upon a comfortable home, in the presence of his "beloved wife Jean", and his sons and daughters. He was buried in the White Stone graveyard at Church Hill. Rev. John King was the minister. His sons, Joseph and James inherited equal shares of the home tract; Archibald, the tract adjoining. George Croghan, Deputy Indian Agent under Sir William Johnson, controlled the large Aughwick grant, from which many farms were surveyed. James Irwin bought at least one of the Aughwick tracts which descended to his son Archibald. To James, the bachelor son, was willed the "Waggon, Team Still, and Still vessals". Whether the still was all-engrossing, precluding thought of a wife, or too poor a business to support one, the record does not state. His sister Elizabeth was married twice and that kept the family balanced. "Uncle Jimmy" served his day single-handed, and then laid him down to rest in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, in Judge Torrence's family lot. Judge Torrence's mother, Mary Paull, was Uncle Jimmy's niece.

Archibald Irwin was an elder in the Presbyterian Church at Church Hill. He died in the winter of 1798-9, from palsy, aged about 65. His wife, Jean, died August 6, 1805, aged 69.

Together they rest in the graveyard at the White Stone Church, Church Hill. The family of Archibald and Jean Irwin was a notable one. There were four sons and five daughters.

James Irwin, the eldest, married Peggy Piper Smith.

Nancy Irwin married William Findlay, Governor of Pennsylvania, 1817—1820. Their daughter, Jane Findlay, married Francis Rawn Shunk, Governor of Pennsylvania, 1845—1848.

Jane Irwin married Colonel James Findlay, brother of William Findlay.

Elizabeth Irwin married Robert Smith, brother of William Smith, founder of Mercersburg.

Robert Smith, (1766—1849) was a native of Mercersburg. He was a member of the legislature, 1807—1815; a state senator, 1819—1823; associate Judge in Franklin County, 1836—1843.

Archibald Irwin, Jr., married first, Mary Ramsey. Mary's sister, Nancy Ramsey, married John Sutherland, a Scotchman, living at North Bend, Ohio. Mary Irwin's daughters, Jane and Elizabeth, visited their aunt, Mrs. Sutherland, and became acquainted with the family of General William Henry Harrison, of North Bend. By and by, William H. Harrison, Jr., wooed and won Jane Irwin, whom he married in 1824. When General Harrison became President, in 1841, Mrs. Harrison was ill, and her daughter-in-law, Jane Irwin Harrison, gracefully bore the responsibilities of the Mistress of the White House during the short term of the General's Administration—one month.

John Scott Harrison, a brother of William Henry Harrison, Jr., was a farmer at North Bend, a widower, whose first wife was Lucretia Knapp Johnson. After making the acquaintance of the Irwin girls, he made frequent trips to Irwinton Mills, on a lover's errand. In 1831, when Elizabeth Irwin was twenty-one, again the hospitable stone house witnessed a wedding and resounded with happy congratulations. The youthful visitor at North Bend, returned to make it her permanent home. The first child received his grandfather's name, the second, the name

of his great-grandfather, Benjamin Harrison (born in 1726) one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. John Scott Harrison was a Whig and represented his party in Congress from 1853 to 1857. When his life closed, he was buried in the family burying-ground, which was on the Harrison farm. Soon afterwards, it was discovered that the grave had been disturbed; examination was made, and the body was missing. It was traced to a Medical School in Cincinnati, and recovered.

### Second Generation

James Irwin m. Jean ———; children: Joseph Irwin m. Violet Porter; James Irwin, Jr. (died unmarried); Archibald; Elizabeth Irwin m. (1) William McConnell, (2) Aaron Torrence; John Irwin m. ——— Hage; Jean Irwin m. John Boggs; Lydia; Martha; Margaret Irwin m. Thomas Patton; Mary Irwin m. William Nesbit.

### Third Generation

Archibald Irwin m. Jean McDowell; children: James Irwin m. "Peggy Piper" Smith (widow); Mary Irwin m. Matthew van Lear; Margaret Irwin (died unmarried); Nancy Irwin; William Irwin m. Mary Smith; Elizabeth Irwin m. Robert Smith; Jane Irwin m. James Findlay; Archibald Irwin, Jr.; John Irwin (drowned in childhood).

Lydia Irwin m. Moses Porter; children: Phineas, Jean.

Martha Irwin m. George Paull; children: James m. Elizabeth Rogers; Mary m. Joseph Torrence; Elizabeth m. Andrew Byers; Jean m. George Allen.

### Fourth Generation

Nancy Irwin (daughter of Archibald 1st) m. William Findlay; children: Samuel, James, Archibald Irwin, Jane, John King, Robert Smith.

Archibald Irwin, Jr., m. (1) Mary Ramsey; children: James Ramsey (died unmarried); Jane m. (1) William Henry Harrison, Jr., (2) Lewis Whiteman; John Ramsey m. Anna Eaton; Archibald Irwin, 3rd (twin of John), m. Martha Sumwault; Elizabeth.

Archibald Irwin, Jr., m. (2) Sydney Grubb; children: Joseph Grubb (died unmarried), William Findlay, Mary Jane (died unmarried), Nancy Isabella, Louisa, Sarah Ellen, Sydney Grubb m. John Grubb.

### Fifth Generation

(Nancy Irwin Findlay)

Jane Findlay m. Francis Rawn Shunk; children: Francis J., William Findlay, Casper, Nancy Findlay, Elizabeth Rawn.

(Archibald Irwin, Jr., 1st marriage)

Elizabeth Irwin m. John Scott Harrison; children: Archibald Irwin Harrison m. Elizabeth Lawrence Sheets, descendant of General Arthur St. Clair; Benjamin Harrison m. (1) Caroline L. Scott, (2) Mary Dimmick; Mary Jane m. 1859, Samuel Vance Morris, (she died in 1867); Carter Bassett m. Sophia, widow of William Lytle; Anna Symmes m. 1869, Samuel Vance Morris; John Scott m. Sophia Lytle, daughter of Carter's wife; James Findlay (died in childhood); Jane Irwin (died in childhood).

(Archibald Irwin, Jr., 2nd marriage)

William Findlay Irwin m. Harriet Whiteman; children: Lewis Whiteman, Archibald Louisa, Jane Findlay.

Nancy Isabella Irwin m. Cephas Huston; children: Mary, Jane Whiteman.

Louisa Irwin m. Charles Maclay; children: Sydney, John, Archibald, Harriet.

Sarah Ellen Irwin m. Frisby Snively Newcomer; children: Mary, Nancy Irwin, George Mears.

### Sixth Generation

(Archibald Irwin, Jr., 2nd marriage)

Mary Newcomer m. Benjamin D. Walcott; children: Harris Walcott (died unmarried), Mary Gladys, Nancy Newcomer.

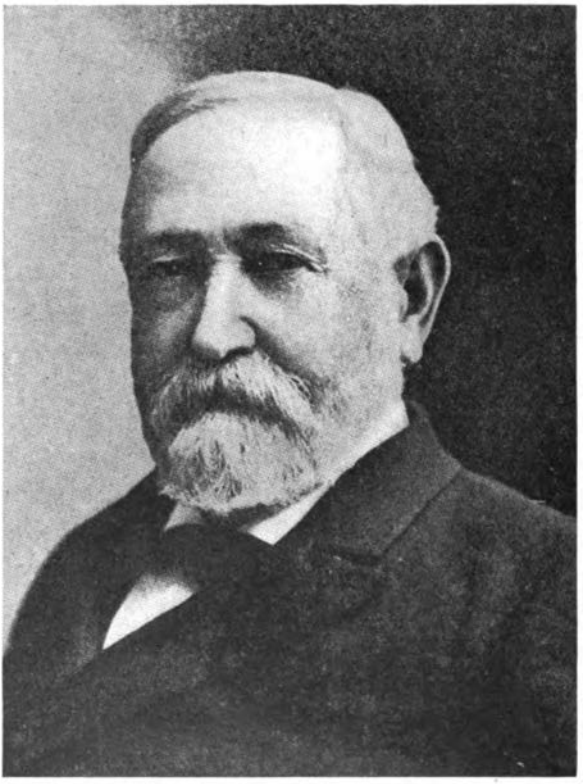
George Mears Newcomer m. Alice Vincent Kay; children: Marjorie Newcomer m. Harry W. Rockwell; Martin Newcomer m. Edith Stacy; Vincent Kay Newcomer.

### Seventh Generation

(Archibald Irwin, Jr., 2nd marriage)

Mary Gladys Walcott m. Frederick Dodds Rose; children: Theodore Freylinghuyson, Walcott.

Nancy Newcomer Walcott m. Lewis Watson; child: Walcott Watson.



BENJAMIN HARRISON

Twenty-third President of the United States, 1889 — 1893

## BENJAMIN HARRISON

August 20th, 1833—March 31st, 1901

Benjamin Harrison, son of John Scott and Elizabeth Irwin Harrison, was born in North Bend, Ohio, and was brought up on his father's farm. He was graduated from Miami University in 1852. He studied law in Cincinnati but established his home and his practice in Indianapolis. He was a Presbyterian, a ruling elder in the church. He married first, Caroline L. Scott, daughter of a Presbyterian minister, Rev. John Witherspoon Scott, Professor in Miami University. His second wife was Mary Dimmick. In the Civil War, he was colonel of the 70th Indiana Volunteers, brevet brigadier general, United States Volunteers. He was in the United States Senate from 1881 to 1887. He was nominated for the Presidency in the Republican Convention in Chicago in 1888, and was elected, the twenty-third President, 1889—1893. He was renominated in 1892, but was defeated by the Democratic candidate, Grover Cleveland.

Benjamin Harrison delivered lectures on International Law in Leland Stanford University, 1893—1894.

He died after a brief illness, and was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

# ALLIED FAMILIES

## FINDLAY

Cornet Brown, active in the defence of Derry in 1688, came to America soon after this event, and settled in Philadelphia, where he remained. His daughter, Elizabeth Brown, married Samuel Findlay, who died, leaving a son, Samuel Findlay. The young widow, with her son, removed to the Conococheague where she became, by and by, the wife of Major James Johnson, a Scotchman from Annandale, Dumfrieshire. They had four sons, each an officer in the Revolution. Their son, Major John Johnson, married first, Rebecca Smith, daughter of James and Jennet Smith; second, Annabel McDowell, daughter of William and Mary McDowell. Samuel, son of Major and Rebecca Johnson, married Maria Buchanan, sister of President James Buchanan. Samuel Findlay, eldest son of Elizabeth Findlay Johnson, married Jane Smith, daughter of William Smith, Sr., who was called "Squire Smith". Jane Smith Findlay died at thirty-five, leaving six sons: Jonathan, Thomas, Robert, John, William, James. In the Revolution, Samuel Findlay was quartermaster in the Sixth Pennsylvania; Dr. Richard Brownson was surgeon. Samuel Findlay died in 1799, and was buried in the graveyard at Church Hill, the yard of the original log church.

Thomas Findlay, son of Samuel, was brought up on the farm at Mercersburg, as all the sons were. He married Ann Perry Bell, of Hartford, in 1800. They had a large family, fourteen living to maturity. Thomas Findlay was appointed postmaster at Baltimore, during the short administration of William Henry Harrison. One of his daughters, Ann Rebecca Findlay, became the wife of James Findlay Torrence, whose descendants are prominent in the lines of benevolence and church work. Two serve important parishes in the Episcopal Church; two are wives of Episcopal clergymen, one of whom, Ann Rebecca Torrence Standring, is a missionary in Soochow, China.

John Findlay, son of Samuel, born in 1766, married Agnes, daughter of Dr. Richard Brownson. She died in 1805, leaving two sons and five daughters. Three years later, John Findlay married Jane Bard McDowell of Mercersburg. In the War of 1812, John Findlay was commissioned colonel of Pennsylvania Volunteers and marched to the defence of Baltimore. In 1821, he was elected to the National House of Representatives, where he remained until, in 1829, President Jackson, a personal friend, appointed him postmaster at Chambersburg; a position which he held until his death, in 1838.

William Findlay, son of Samuel, was born in Mercersburg in 1768. He married Nancy Irwin, a neighbor, December 17th, 1791. She was the daughter of Archibald Irwin, granddaughter of James Irwin, the pioneer. On the portion of the home farm inherited at his father's death, William and his bride commenced their married life. He became a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives in 1797 and was re-elected in 1803. The seat of government was then temporarily located in Lancaster. In 1799 he proposed the permanent location of the State Capital at Harrisburg—which was accomplished in 1812. He was elected State treasurer in 1807. Notwithstanding the exercise of great care and watchfulness, spurious currency, amounting to thousands of dollars, found its way into the Treasury. The loss was promptly met by the treasurer him-

self from his private funds. When the fact became known to the members of the legislature, they voluntarily refunded the amount. From 1817 until 1820, William Findlay was Governor of Pennsylvania, elected by the Whigs. During his administration he laid the foundation of the Capitol. In 1822, he became a member of the United States Senate, remaining for six years. At the same time, his brothers, John and James, were in the National House of Representatives—a circumstance very rare in the history of Congress. At the expiration of his term, President Jackson appointed him treasurer of the Mint at Philadelphia; this position he resigned in 1841, and retired to private life. His wife, Nancy Irwin Findlay, died in 1824. His daughter, Jane Findlay, was the wife of Francis Rawn Shunk, Governor of Pennsylvania from 1845 until 1848. At the Shunk home in Harrisburg, William Findlay died November 12, 1848, aged 78. He was a type of noble manhood; exemplary in private and public life; devoted to the interests of his family, his church (the Presbyterian), and his country. His handsome portrait adds adornment to the walls of old Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

James Findlay, son of Samuel, was born in 1770. He married Jane Irwin, a sister of Nancy, wife of his brother William. Without children of their own, they had five adopted sons and daughters, relatives; one was Mary Brownson Findlay (daughter of John Findlay), who married Judge George Paull Torrence. Another of the adopted daughters was Jane Irwin (daughter of Archibald Irwin, 2nd), who married William Henry Harrison, Jr. In 1793, James Findlay went to Cincinnati, then a frontier fort, and became prominent in public life, filling various positions civil and military. In 1812, he was commissioned colonel of the Second Ohio Volunteers under General Hull at Detroit. He was a member of the National House of Representatives from 1826 until 1833. He died in Cincinnati in 1835. Jane Irwin Findlay shared with her niece, Jane Irwin Harrison, the honor of presiding at social affairs in the White House, for one month, March, 1841. She died in 1851, aged 82.

## SMITH

Robert and Jean Smith removed to the Conococheague from Chester County. They had a daughter Mary, a daughter Jean, and a son, Colonel James Smith, who was held in captivity by the Indians for six years. He afterwards attained fame as "Captain of the Black Boys". He was said to have been the first American to defy the authority of Great Britain in arms—he boldly defied the English garrison at Fort Loudon.

Jean Smith married James McDowell, brother of Jean McDowell, wife of Archibald Irwin. Mary Smith's marriage linked two Smith families.

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## SMITH

James and Jennet Smith, immigrants from Antrim, Ireland, settled on the Conococheague. A son, Abraham, was a Revolutionary soldier and a member of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania.

Rebecca, daughter of James and Jennet Smith, married Major John Johnson, son of Elizabeth Brown Findlay Johnson.

William, a son of James and Jennet Smith, known as "Squire Smith", married Mary, daughter of Robert and Jean Smith. By this marriage the two families of Smith were united.

Jane, daughter of Squire Smith, married Samuel Findlay, son of Elizabeth Findlay Johnson. (The Squire's sister, Rebecca, had married another son of Elizabeth Johnson).

Mary, daughter of Squire Smith, married Captain Robert Parker, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, whose mother was Elizabeth Todd, of the family from which came Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of President Lincoln. Captain Parker's sister, Elizabeth Parker, married Andrew Porter. She was the mother of David Rittenhouse Porter, Governor of Pennsylvania, and the grandmother of General Horace Porter, who recovered the body of the long-neglected naval hero, John Paul "Jones".

Robert, son of Squire Smith, married Elizabeth, daughter of Archibald and Jean McDowell Irwin. (Robert's son, William

Smith, married Mary Johnson, daughter of Major and Rebecca Smith Johnson. Robert's daughter, Sarah Smith, married John Findlay, Jr., a son of Colonel John Findlay.)

William Smith, Jr., son of Squire Smith, married Margaret (or "Peggy") Piper, daughter of William and Sarah McDowell Piper. They had one child, Sallie Smith, who married Major John Brownson, son of Dr. Richard Brownson. Sallie Smith Brownson was the mother of Robert Smith Brownson, M. D., (major in the Civil War), and of Rev. James I. Brownson, D.D., a noted Presbyterian minister of Washington, Pennsylvania.

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## VAN LEAR

John van Lear came to America with an early tide from Holland. His son, John van Lear, Jr., settled in Lancaster County. John van Lear, Jr., had two sons, Matthew and William, and a daughter, Sarah, who married William McMahon, an historian of Maryland. Matthew owned a large tract of land in Maryland, and built a fine house which is still standing, on an eminence called "Mount Tammany". Matthew van Lear married Mary, daughter of Archibald and Jean McDowell Irwin, in 1782. One of the Van Lears kept a tavern in Hagearstown, Maryland. In 1775, Rev. Philip Fithian and Rev. Andrew Hunter, on a visiting tour among the lower valley churches, stopped over night at the Van Lear tavern, on their way from Falling Waters church. When they offered to pay their bill, next morning, the generous landlord said, "A minister's money would not pass with him". Matthew van Lear's youngest daughter, Sophia van Lear, married her cousin, Archibald Irwin Findlay, son of Governor William Findlay.

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## RAMSEY

Major James Ramsey, born in 1751, lived at Mercersburg, and built the mill now known as Heister's Mill. He removed to

Westmoreland County, and bought, at Sheriff's sale, land which included the present town of Ligonier. Major Ramsey married, in 1776, Elizabeth, a daughter of William Porter; she was born in 1754. From Ligonier, the family removed to Indiana County, and lived near Blairsville, in a weatherboarded log house of two stories, two rooms on each side of a hall, on the first floor. Here a daughter was married in 1806, to Michael, son of General Charles Campbell. Major Ramsey died in 1810. By and by, General Campbell came "a-courting" to the pretentious house, exciting the curiosity of the grandchildren, who were keen for at least a peep, when their grandmother had closed the door for a talk with the general. One of the irrepressibles managed, one summer afternoon, when the door was left open, to hide behind a piece of furniture. After awhile, old Maria called her—repeatedly called her. What in the world should she do! She must not make any noise, she must not be seen! She watched her chance, glided out, and off to the barn, soon returning with eggs caught up in her apron, which she opened before Maria, who held up her hands: "Bless yo' hea't, honey I'se been weepin' my eyes out, thought yo' was lost—might a knowed yo' was engaged in yo' fav'ite ocapation!" The little egg-gatherer was privileged to witness, in 1821, the marriage of her grandfather Campbell to her grandmother Ramsey. Only the stone foundation of the house remains.

Sarah, daughter of Major Ramsey, married Rev. William Speer, born near Gettysburg, pastor of Falling Spring Presbyterian Church at Chambersburg; later, of the churches of Unity and Greensburg, all in Pennsylvania. At Greensburg, Sarah Ramsey Speer was killed by lightning in 1804. Mr. Speer's sister, Elizabeth, who married James Buchanan, was the mother of James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States.

John, son of Major Ramsey, married Jane, daughter of Matthew and Mary Irwin van Lear. He laid out the town of Ligonier, on the land purchased by his father at sheriff's sale, in 1794. He kept a tavern in Mercersburg; later, removed to Pittsburgh, and continued to be a hotelkeeper.

Mary, daughter of Major Ramsey, married Archibald Irwin, 2nd. They were the grandparents of President Benjamin Harrison.

Alice, daughter of Major Ramsey, married William Johnson, a salt manufacturer at Saltsburg, Indiana County, Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth, daughter of Major Ramsey, married Michael, son of General Charles Campbell.

Nancy, daughter of Major Ramsey, married John Sutherland, a Scotchman, born in Caithness, living near North Bend, Ohio. Nancy was his third wife. Their daughter, Mary Ann, married Carter Bassett Harrison, son of President William Henry Harrison.

James Porter, son of Major Ramsey, married first, ——— McLandburg; second, Jane Young.

Elizabeth Speer Buchanan's son, James Buchanan, Jr., was born at Stony Batter, near Mercersburg, April 23, 1791. He spent his youth in Mercersburg, where his father built a large brick house in 1796. His mother died in Greensburg in 1833, and was buried in Waddell's graveyard, north of Mercersburg. In 1848, James Buchanan bought "Wheatlands", a fine estate near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The "Bachelor's Hall" was enlivened by the presence of Harriet and Mary Lane, daughters of his sister Jane, after the death of both their parents. Harriet was a charming girl, attracting many admirers. Her uncle cautioned her to receive attentions modestly, to keep humble, and not allow herself to become engaged before her judgment was mature.

Harriet accompanied her uncle to London, where they dined with Queen Victoria and Edward, Prince of Wales. She charmed every one, and her uncle renewed the warning. The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) visited America in 1860, and was the guest of President Buchanan while in Washington, when Harriet Lane was "First Lady". The President did not countenance dancing in the White House, but his authority did not assert itself on the Potomac River. Returning from Mount Vernon on a boat, Harriet Lane had the

pleasure of dancing with the Prince of Wales. In 1866, she married Henry E. Johnson, of Baltimore.

When a young man, James Buchanan was engaged to Miss Coleman, of Lancaster. She died in 1819, but he remained her lover to the end of his life. At the close of his administration, in 1861, he retired to Wheatlands. He was a churchgoer, but not a member until 1865, when he joined the Presbyterian Church of Lancaster. His grave is in Lancaster, where he died June 1, 1868.

## COCHRAN

Among the families whose sturdy characteristics descended with their sons and daughters, were the Browns, of the Conococheague, and the Cochrans, near-by settlers. John Cochran was a strict Covenanter; with his family, he frequently walked over the mountain to Marsh Creek Tent (Gettysburg) for Sabbath worship. The children were not allowed to pick the huckleberries growing in thick clusters along their path. Mary, daughter of John Cochran, married William Findley, of Westmoreland County, a captain in the Revolution; later, a member of Congress, re-elected so often, he was called "Father of the House".

Eleanor Cochran was sent to the Conococheague settlement, to the home of Captain George Brown, to attend Enoch Brown's school. Eleanor married Joseph Junkin; she was the mother of George Junkin, who became a distinguished Presbyterian minister, and the president of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) at Lexington, Virginia. At the beginning of the Civil War, a secession flag was hoisted over the college, which led Dr. Junkin to resign and come North. In the roomy carriage, he brought his family to Chambersburg. Two daughters remained in the South; Margaret, wife of Colonel John Preston, and Eleanor, first wife of "Stonewall" Jackson.

The wife of the present minister at old Tuscarora Church, (Rev. F. M. Woods, D. D.) is a niece of Dr. Junkin. Tuscarora, near Martinsburg, West Virginia is one of a cluster of pioneer churches founded by the early Presbyterian settlers in the lower Shenandoah Valley.

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## BROWN

Thomas Brown was a pioneer settler on the Conococheague. His son, Captain George Brown, married Agnes Maxwell, daughter of William and Susanna Maxwell, of the Conococheague. Captain Brown had two daughters, Susanna and Sarah. When Sarah was a child, attending Enoch Brown's school, Eleanor Cochran was her schoolmate and companion. One day, in the spring of 1764, Sarah was kept from school to pull flax, Eleanor remaining to help her. During the day, a band of bloodthirsty Indians attacked the school, murdering teacher and pupils! Two, only, were spared, providentially employed in the flax field!

Sarah Brown married Captain Benjamin Chambers, son of Colonel Benjamin Chambers, the founder of Chambersburg.

In 1776, Susanna Brown married Rev. John McKnight, a native of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, a Presbyterian minister of unusual force and ability, a conspicuous figure in the Church during all of his ministry. He was the first settled pastor at Elk Branch, another of the early churches, a branch of "Potomoke" Church, near Shepherdstown, believed by some authorities to have been the first built in the lower valley. Mr. McKnight received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Yale in 1791; was moderator of the General Assembly in 1795; president of Dickinson College in 1815. He resigned at the close of the first year and retired to his farm near Chambersburg, where he died in 1823, aged 70.