The Speer-Aiken Family

Introduction

This is written for the 16 grandchildren of Newton Clark Speer and Clara Alice Aiken Speer. It is published on the ninetieth birthday of your grandmother Speer, August 13, 1979, and it is dedicated to her.

Numbers in parentheses refer to generations. Your generation is 11.

Except for a few Scots, your Speer-Aiken ancestors came from Northern Ireland. Although these people have been in this country for some two centuries (the first came just three hundred years ago), until the generation ahead of yours, they married within their own religious group. However, none married relatives of any degree, so they are not inbred. This clannishness accounts for the remarkable accuracy of this family history.

The Speers and Aikens and the people with whom they intermarried constituted a definite religious group, the old United Presbyterian Church in North America. This church was a union of two Scottish sects. The Seceders and Covenanters.

The Seceders (Associate Presbytery) were a Scottish group that broke away from the established Kirk of Scotland over the question of patronage. The state Kirk was in habit of having the local laird decide who the minister of a congregation should be. These people withdrew from the larger body and formed what was called the Associate Presbytery. They later split into four sub-groups. Although this controversy didn't involve the Presbyterians in the North of Ireland, they were glad to take up the fight and continue the schism.

The Covenanters (Reformed Presbyterian Church) were an even more conservative and independent sect. They traced their origin to the men who gathered around Richard Cameron to defy Charles II in his attempt to impose bishops on Scotland. These men were known as Cameronians. They were decisively beaten at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, but their bravery and resoluteness helped to establish Presbyterianism in Scotland and to drive the hated Stuart kings from the British throne. Any descendent of these men should read the novels of Sir Walter Scott, especially "Old Mortality." When the American Revolution started, an Englishman said, Cousin Jonathan (we would say Uncle Sam) has run off with a Presbyterian parson." At this point in history the back country of the thirteen colonies was crawling with northern Irish, all of them more or less Covenanters at heart and none of them friends of the Kings of England.

Now a word about the term Scotch-Irish. When the Northern Irish came to America they called themselves Irish; if they were pressed for more information they might say they were Ulstermen. They were also called Orangemen. When the southern Roman Catholic Irish began to come into New York and Boston, they became more aware of their basically Scottish origin and took the name Scotch-Irish. Actually there was probably some infusion of Huguenot and English blood, but probably not southern Irish. An old Ulsterman is said to have remarked, We never mixed our blood except on the field of battle." They were thoroughly Protestant, mostly Presbyterian. Even the Church of Ireland of today is the most "Protestant" of the Episcopal churches. They were thoroughly hated by the southern Irish, who had been thrown out of the northern end of the island to make way for them.

As I write this story, Ireland is still involved in a vicious, no-quarter fight between Protestants and Roman Catholics. I am sure that our branch of the Scotch-Irish would not have approved of the present-day Protestant extremists in the north of Ireland. Our people had their chance in America to take up with such "anti" groups as the Know Nothings and Ku Klux Klan. Not many people now realize how powerful these two groups were. They controlled senators and governors and were experts in stirring up hatred against Roman Catholics and other minorities. Our people had nothing whatever to do with these hate groups and fought them on every front. During the hey day of the Klan in the Midwest, back in the twenties, neither the Democrat or Republican candidate for governor of Kansas took a stand against them. William Allen White of Emporia then entered the race as an independent. My Uncle Henry, an ultraconservative Scotch-Irishman, campaigned actively for White. About the same time the Klan took over the Presbyterian Church (and about everything else) in Osawatomie, Kansas. My Uncle Lou and Aunt Bertha took a firm stand against the Klan and were forced to go over to the Methodist Church. I visited them one summer during those days and am still proud of the courage of this small town doctor and his wife. It cost them a great deal.

On the other hand, our people were not blind to the faults of those outside the fold and would not hesitate for a minute to criticize other groups. They would not go along with the present-day Northern Ireland extremists who hate the Roman Catholics. But they could sympathize with the more thoughtful men in the north who fear that the Irish Republic will swallow them up and sever their ties with Britain. They remember how the Irish revolted in the Easter Rebellion at the very moment that the British were in a battle to the death with the Kaiser. And even more clearly they remember how the southern Irish were neutral and refused to give help of any kind when it looked as if Britain and the world would go down before Hitler. Generally speaking our people do not mind being criticized for the faults peculiar to WASPS (white, Anglo-Saxon Protestants). But they reserve the right to suggest that other peoples may have faults too.

As I have said, our people were primarily a religious sect. Although the Scotch-Irish settled all up and down the Eastern seaboard, chiefly west of the Alleghenies, our particular families settled in Pennsylvania. They were clannish it is true—clannish is from Scots Gaelic. They believed in strict Sabbath observance as much as any Pharisee. One member of our family, Jim Reed of Missouri, said he was raised in the "strictest sect if the Sadducees." (My mother said he meant Pharisees; perhaps his phrase sounded more alliterative and mellifluous. Or perhaps, since he was one who abandoned the Faith, he didn't know the difference.) They also believed that singing in church should be limited to the Psalms of David and that "man-made" hymns were taboo. They believed in God. And they believed in sobriety, thrift, the Whig (later Republican) party, big families, paying your debts, frankness, and independence. (Speaking of independence, one of the funniest incidences in our family is how the Red Cross tried to give aid to my bachelor uncle, Will Aiken, after the flood of 1951.) Under their stern exterior they were inclined to be kind and generous. The tiny United Presbyterian Church supported an enormous load of foreign missions in such places as Egypt and India. Although they disliked the trait in others, they were incurably sentimental. All of them I knew (who kept the Faith) were stable people much respected by their neighbors.

The Speers

You can trace your Scotch-Irish roots farthest through the Speer line, 10 generations. The name is also spelled Spyer, Spier, Spiers, Speers, Speere, Spear, Spire, and Spare. It seems to have meant a lookout, guard, watchman, or scour, one who "spied out" the enemy. The way the Scots fought each other and the English, a "spyer" must have been important. And the way the Scots say "ee" for eye and "dee" for die, a spyer would be a "spe-er"

The first known Speer of our family was Thomas Speere, 1605(1), who came to Country Tyrone, Ireland from the Scottish Lowlands, settling at Desertoghill. His wife was Jennett, maiden surname unknown. (from George Speer genealogy: Jennette Haliburton 1608 in Land Of Dirlelton, Berwichshire Scotland) He died in 1636. His son John (2) was born in 1623 in Drumbonnaway and died in 1705. He is buried in Ballyclog. The next, Robert (3) was born in 1650 and died in 1743. He lived in Stewartstown, County Tyrone. His son Thomas (4), was born in 1679 and died a century later in 1779. (I have this information as it was handed down in our family. I have since found the same genealogy somewhat expanded, for Elizabeth Speer, the mother of President James Buchanan. In the next paragraph, I will tell her story.)

James Speer (5), son of Thomas, came to Adams County, Pennsylvania, in 1756. Like the other Speers he was a Covenanter, but later broke with his minister and became a Presbyterian. His daughter, Elizabeth (6), was the mother of James Buchanan. (Source: Virkus, F.A., The Compendium of American Genealogy, Vol. 5, p. 503. This source gives a Speer coat of arms, but since our people were peasants, I doubt if we are justified in using it. And I doubt if they would have accepted one from the King even if he had suggested it!)

The brother of James and son of Thomas (4), was our progenitor, Robin (5). He was born in Ireland in 1735. He died in 1813. When he decided to emigrate he hoped first to marry Agnes (Jane) Stuart (5) (1739-1913). Her parents objected to her going to the wilds of America, so he was obliged to sail without her. She became despondent, and Robin returned for her, thus making four trips over the dangerous Atlantic. They settled, as had brother James, in Adams County, Pa., 4 miles south of Gettysburg. According to Martha Speer Boal, they and a slave are buried in Marsh Creek cemetery outside Gettysburg. (Apparently there was then no opposition to slavery among these people; they developed plenty a few years later!)

Stuart Speer (6), the next in line, was born February 8, 1783, in Pennsylvania. He died in 1850. At the age of 25 (in 1808) he moved to southern Ohio, settling west of Cambridge in a dense forest known as the Zane tract. The farm is still partially in the hands of a distant cousin, Terry Speer, whom we visited. He showed us the land grant signed by President Monroe. (Since Monroe became President in 1816, Stuart must have had other land to begin with.)

Stuart was an unusually active man. He not only owned a farm but ran a tavern, general store, and a mill. He was a circuit judge, making his rounds on horseback. At the outbreak of the War of 1812, a company was raised by Capt. Simon Beyman. Stuart was a first lieutenant, commanding the first of two platoons. The company saw action in the Northwest Territory.

In 1781, Stuart Speer married Jane McClean Scott (6) (1787-1866), daughter of Abraham Scott (5) (1757-1834) and Margaret McLean (5) (1763-1789). Jane Scott's teacher was Lucy Ballou, later the wife of President Garfield. It is through the Scotts and McLeans that we can trace ancestors in the Revolution; their story follows:

The first Scott in America was Hugh (2), who came from northern Ireland in 1670, perhaps earlier. This would have been at the time of the oppressive, anti-Presbyterian rule of Charles II. He settled in Pennsylvania, Chester County. His son, Abraham (3), lived in Adams county; I have no other information on him. The next, Hugh (4) (1726-1819) lived on the Millerstown Road, 5 miles south of Gettysburg and later moved to Washington County near Pigeon Creek. His wife was Janet Agnew (4), daughter of James Agnew (3). They were married in1754. He was said to have been a left-handed blacksmith and justice of the peace. He was a major in the Continental Line from 1777 to 1783. There is a Scott family tradition that the battle of Gettysburg was fought on this Scott farm. Anybody with the time and inclination to do so could probably check this out. The son of Hugh and Janet Scott was Abraham (5) (1757-1834), born in Washington County but later returning to the vicinity of Gettysburg. He commanded a company under Col. Alexander Lowry and was a major in Col. Jacob's battalion in 1783. These last two were paid in depreciated Continental currency, which became worthless. The cancelled certificates are on file in the Pennsylvania State Library. The wife of Abraham was Margaret McLean (5).

Margaret McLean Scott (5) (1763-1789) was the daughter of William McLean (4) (1733-1807) and Jane Witherow McLean (4) (1732-1785). William was a soldier in the Revolution. His father was also named William (3) (1702-1785) and his wife was Elizabeth Rule (3) (1707-1784). Note: apparently McLean was also spelled McClean. But if one reads "Colonial and Revolutionary Families of Pennsylvania," Vol. 2, p. 969 (under Scott, John Reed), he will see that this Margaret married into another Scott family. The confusion arises because here too were Hugh and Abram (not Abraham), father and son. Either way, her father was in the Revolution. The wife of Moses McClean was Sarah Charlesworth.

Now back to the Speer family. One of the sons of Stuart and Jane Scott Speer was Abraham Scott Speer (7) (1814-1892). He took over the farm and, like his father, was active in politics. He was a county commissioner and justice of the peace. His granddaughter, Mrs. Martha Speer Boals, daughter of John Stuart Speer, wrote me in 1967 at the age of 93. She says, "My grandfather was a farmer and a wonderful person, I thought." Abraham Scott Speer married Mary McKinney (7) (1813-1891), daughter of John McKinney (6). They had five sons and two daughters that survived childhood. Four served in the Union army. The four were Maj. John Stuart Speer, Sgt. William Scott Speer, 2nd Lt. Henry Speer, and Pvt. Matthew Speer.

My grandfather's older brother, John Stuart Speer, was a minister. He served as major in the Signal Corps and was in the guard of honor over Lincoln's tomb. We visited him in 1919, when he was 93. He lived three more years. He showed us a piece of black crepe cut from Lincoln's bier. When my father later told my grandfather how healthy Uncle John was, my grandfather remarked, "Well, John didn't have it as tough in the war as I did." A typical remark of an old soldier, even after 60 years! I doubt if John saw much service.

William Scott Speer

Your great-grandfather, William Scott Speer (8), was one of the five sons of Abraham Scott Speer and Mary McKinney Speer. He was born April 11, 1839 and died in 1925. As a youth he learned the carpenter's trade and the skills of farming. November 1, 1861, at the age of 22, he enlisted as a private in Col. Legett's 78th Ohio Regiment, Company A. He was later promoted to sergeant. He served at Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Atlanta, three of the most important, bloody, and violent battles of the war. Later in this history you will find more on his service.x

After the war he farmed for a while in Ohio but came to Johnson County, Kansas in 1868, homesteading a farm which is located on 119th Street, just east of Blackbob Road. He was active in the Church, the Grand Army of the Republic (GAR), and conservative Republican politics. He was county commissioner from 1896 to 1902. In 1902 he was elected to the state legislature. He declined nomination for reelection. During his term, one of the last elections of a United States senator by a Kansas legislature was held. He supported Chester I. Long, who was elected. When The Kansas City Star came out for Grover Cleveland he cancelled his subscription.

He was a friendly and jovial (if somewhat irascible) man and a great favorite of mine. He told me of voting for Lincoln by dropping his ballot in a coffee pot; this was during Sherman's march to the sea. He spoke of the hardships the Rebels suffered at the siege of Vicksburg and how they were reduced to eating rats. He also told of how he saw his brother mortally wounded by a Confederate officer's sword while defending the flag.

He and your great-grandmother moved to Olathe, 557 East Park, when he retired. Mother and I (and also Susan, Mary, and Julia) lived in the old home when I was stationed at the Olathe Naval Air Base in 1944. He and grandmother were deeply and happily religious. I will never forget hearing him read the Psalms and lead us, as we knelt, in prayer.

Other Speers, Not Our Family

1. Robert Elliot Speer, a famous Presbyterian layman, writer, and missionary, was of Scotch-Irish origin. He was the grandson of Robert Speer of County Antrim, who emigrated in 1922. There is no known relationship to our family.
2. The main boulevard of Denver is Speer Boulevard. It was named after a former outstanding mayor, active in the Democratic party of Colorado. He was the son of an Irish Covenanter minister who emigrated in the 1840's.
3. John Speer was a pioneer Kansas Newspaperman and foe of the slavery forces. He published papers in Lawrence and Topeka. He was of Covenanter origin.

People with such names as Speer, Spear, Spier, Spears, and Spiers may be Scotch-Irish, Scotch, English, or German. I met one man named Speer while I was in the service who was Pennsylvania Dutch; another was Jewish. Albert Speer (the name means spear in German and is pronounced Shpair) was one of the big Nazis. We can't claim him!

Your Grandfather Speer

Newton Clark Speer (9) was the second son of William Scott Speer and the firstborn of Julia Maria Henderson Speer. He was born at the farm in Johnson County February 12, 1876. He attended the country school, Tarkio College, and Kansas City Medical College. This medical school later was merged into the University of Kansas, and he was considered an alumnus of that University.

He grew a large and impressive moustache and entered general practice in Richmond, Kansas. Here he met your grandmother, and they were married in November 1902. He then was appointed to the staff of the State Asylum for the Insane at Osawatomie. From there he went to general practice in Osawatomie. He was Division Surgeon for the Missouri Pacific Railroad. His brother, William Louis (Uncle Lou) joined him there after World War I. The partnership did not work out, and this, plus marital discord in the family, led us to move to Kansas City, Missouri in 1922. His office was in Kansas City, Kansas, in the Armourdale district. Besides general practice he was surgeon for several local industries, including the Kansas City Terminal Railway, Griffin Wheel, Fiber Box, and Railways Ice.

Your grandfather was a born physician. He was a keen diagnostician and conservative therapeutist. He liked people and his patients swore by him. In many ways he was ahead of his time, a fact that both his physician sons can affirm. His practice was, in fact, his whole life. He left the care of his children largely to his wife and was hostile to religion. His disdain of the Church was a great sorrow to his parents and brothers as it was later to me.

Your grandfather's hobby was raising horses. One Sunday morning while driving to one of his farms he was involved in a head-on collision and instantly killed. This was in 1949. He began practice as a real horse-and-buggy doctor and never lost the touch of the old time family physician.

Your great-grandmother, Julia Maria Henderson Speer (8) was William Scott Speer's second wife. His first wife was Anna Wilson, mother of Henry Wilson, Myrtle, and Mary Speer. Anna Speer died in Childbirth, as did many women of that day. Grandfather later remembered that a man in his Civil War company, John Henderson, had a sister, Julia. He had enjoyed reading her letters, and when he found she was unmarried, journeyed to Greenwood, Missouri, where they were married.

She came to the Speer farm and mothered the three children of her husband's first wife. Her step-son, my uncle Henry, was very devoted to her and visited her at regular intervals until her death, bringing her country sausage and other treats from the farm. Her two step-daughters were beautiful women; I have pictures in my possession which make this abundantly clear. Both died in young womanhood, adding to the deep tragedy of my grandparents.

She and grandfather had two sons, my father and Uncle Lou (William Louis Speer, MD). She was a kind sensitive, deeply religious, and intelligent woman. When I first knew her she was already blind from glaucoma, but she never gave up her duties or her care of her home. I loved her deeply; I thought she was beautiful.

Julia Maria Henderson Speer was born February 28,1846, and died December 15,1927, aged 81. My only clear memory of her death (I was eighteen) was the bitter

tears my father shed, the only time I ever saw him weep. My mother tried to comfort hem. He could not be consoled.

The Henderson Family

Your great-grandmother Speer was a descendant of Mathew Henderson Sr. (4) a minister born in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1735. He studied theology at Glasgow University and the Antiburgher Hall, a Seceder seminary. He was ordained in 1758 by the Presbytery of Perth and Dunfernline and went immediately to America, becoming pastor in Oxford, Pennsylvania. He later moved to Chartiers and North Buffalo and became the first settled minister of the Associate Presbytery west of the Alleghenies. He married Mary Ferris (4), also of Scotland. My grandmother told a story on this great-great-grandfather of hers. He was moderator of the Chartiers presbytery of the Associate Church. A young minister was sent over from Ireland to help in the work in Washington County. His name was Alexander Campbell. He was liberal in his views and came to blows with the presbytery. Apparently Mathew Henderson was his arch foe. He was finally forced out of the Church and went on to found, with his son, Thomas, the disciples of Christ (Christian) Church. He is said to have remarked, "I am going to found a church as different as possible from that of Mathew Henderson."

Mathew Henderson Jr. (5) was the son of Mathew Sr. and Mary Patterson (4). He was born on the Forks of the Yough, Scotland. Their son, Robert (6), married Elizabeth Russel (6). Their son, John (7), married Maria Murray (7). Mathew Henderson Jr. was the first Scottish minister trained in America.

The Murray Family. Rev. Mathew Murray (4) was a Scottish minister of the Associate Presbytery in Locherbie. He was born in 1715 and died in 1757. His epitaph in the kirk yard of Shundergarth reads, "Meekness and zeal mutually qualifying each other in their steadfast adherence to the faith of the Gospel, and to the testimony for Scotland's Reformation amidst the general opposition to both were his distinguished characteristics." His son, John (5), graduated from Glasgow University and studied theology in the Associate Hall at Alloe, was licensed in 1773 by the Presbytery of Sanquhar. He came to America and was ordained by the Presbytery of Pennsylvania in April 1776. He was pastor of Marsh Creek Congregation near Gettysburg until his death in 1785. His son, George (6), lost his father at an early age and thus lost the opportunity for an education. He was a cabinetmaker. George Murray married into a remarkable family, The Reeds. His wife was Mary (6), daughter of David Reed (5) and Margaret Reed (5) of near Venice, Pennsylvania. George became a successful farmer and owner of considerable land. Their daughter was Maria Murray (7), wife of John Henderson (7).

Mary Reed's father, David, was also the progenitor of the famous Missouri Democratic senator, James (Jim) Reed and of Senator David Reed, Republican of Pennsylvania. This story is found in Lee Meriwell's, "Jim Reed, Senatorial Immortal," to be found in the Kansas City, Missouri, Public Library.:

> The Reed family first came to the attention of President of the United States in the year 1784, when George Washington dined at the home of David Reed, great-grandfather of the future Senator from Missouri.
>
> In 1779 Washington received a letter from Colonel William Crawford informing him that two brothers, John and David Reed, were squatting on land in

Washington County, Pennsylvania, that belonged to Washington by virtue of a patent granted to him in 1774 by Lord Dunmore, then Governor General of the Colony of Virginia.

In 1779 the Father of his Country was busy with the British; not until September 1784 did he find time to journey to Washington County to dispossess the Reeds. He had dinner with them in David's home. In Boyd Crumrine's History of Washington County is an account of that dinner as related by David's son, John. The Reeds told Washington of their years of struggle to reclaim the virgin wilderness.

"Why not compromise, General?" David urged, " We settled on this land years ago. We cleared the forest and tilled the soil. Why not sell the land to us at a nominal price?"

Washington asked twenty-five shillings an acre. Reed considered this exorbitant; he refused to buy, and he refused to get off the land, whereupon Washington brought suit in the December 1784 term of court. Washington won the suit, and the Reeds settled on another tract of land in Pennsylvania and began the back breaking toil of conquering another wilderness.

So my grandmother was a third cousin of Jim Reed. He was a senator from Missouri and an arch foe of Woodrow Wilson, another Scotch-Irishman. Grandmother Speer said she remembered meeting him on one occasion. If he had not been so hard-living, tough-talking, skeptical, individualistic, and so firmly linked to the worst kind of machine politicians, he might have been President of the United States.

The Aiken Side

Your grandmother, Clara Alice Aiken Speer (9) was born in Richmond, Kansas, August 13,1880. She attended Sterling College and was later a teacher in the country schools. Her children were Robert Louis (married Jewel Davidson), Muriel (married Rueben T. Johnson), Edith (August 13, 1907 - July 12, 1908), Frederic Aiken (married Jeannette Hybskmann) and Leland Newton (married Frances Ice).

Your grandmother is a remarkable person. As this history "goes to press" she is celebrating her ninetieth birthday, and she can discuss any subject you bring up with authority and discernment. She has always been active in the Church, her great interest being foreign missions. Like any daughter of Northern Ireland, she is keenly interested in politics. She served in the Missouri House of Representatives for six terms and took an active role in legislation. She is a writer, and has written countless articles and poems for national magazines. She has published a book of poems, "Sonnets for Eve." I believe there is a copy for each of you. One of my childhood friends told her a few years ago that she was a stabilizing force, not only with her four children, but with all their friends.

One incident of our childhood clearly defines the character of your grandmother. There was a family named Cook who lived not too far from us, known as the "dirty Cooks." (As I remember it they weren't so much dirty as relaxed; and that appealed to small boys.) One of the boys was "kept back in school" and was, at one time or another, in my class. His hair was so blonde that somebody said he must use peroxide on it. He was accordingly called Proxy; I have no idea what his name actually was. Well, one day

we had some sort of neighborhood war, a war of words mostly, the Speers and their allies on one side and Proxy and his cohorts on the other. Mother came out to restore order and administer justice. Now Proxy smoked, a habit my mother didn't in the least approve of. When he had retired from the field I discovered that he had lost his pipe in our yard. I was hot for keeping it as a trophy of war. And as a punishment for his evil habit. "No Frederic," said my mother. "It is Proxy's property; give it to him." And so I did.

The Aikens originated in the Scottish Lowlands. The name probably means little oak. It is related to the word acorn, which means oak corn, oak kernel or oak seed. It was a big family in Scotland; many American Aikens are no known relation. The first Scotch-Irish Aiken of our lineage was John Ekin (5), who settled in County Antrim, Ireland, in 1758. His father was also John (4), and his mother was Mary McQuigg Ekin (4). John married Jane Thompson (5), and they came to America in 1790, settling in Washington County, Pennsylvania. (All of your Scotch-Irish ancestors seemed to have lived in Washington County at one time or another.)

George Akin (6) (the name is also spelled Eakin, Aikin, and several other ways) was a farmer. During the War of 1813 he served as a lieutenant under Col. Croquin, taking part in the recapture of Detroit. His wife was Martha Patton (6), daughter of Hugh Patton (5), a native of Ireland, and Eliza Hanna (5).

The following excerpts from "The History of Some Aiken-Eakin Families" by Mrs. E.E. Cleland shed much light on the character and deep religious feeling of Scotch-Irish like George and Martha Patton Akin:

> While on a visit to him, February 21, 1863, he gave the writer a statement of the following Providential deliverances. How delightful for a child of God to reflect that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his Heavenly Father, and the very hairs of our head are all numbered.
>
> Mr. Akin was plowing corn in July 1807 or 1808 near Darlington, Penna., and as he was passing a tree it was struck by lightning, his horse was killed, and the plow was forced out of his hand; yet his life was mercifully spared and he was not much injured.
>
> In 1814, he was crossing ice over a mill dam on the North Fork of Little Beaver, when ice broke under him and he sank in water 14 to 16 feet deep. His companion tried to rescue him, but he also fell in. Mr. Akin sank and rose several times and caught his companion who warned him to let go or they would both sink. He did so and finally got hold of the ice and got out and helped his companion out.
>
> In 1814 he was in the army and he had a hole shot through the shoulder of his coat, by a ball discharged from Fort Mackinaw.
>
> He expressed his hope of salvation through Him who came to seek and save them that are list, and he expressed a strong desire "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."
>
> Father told one night of going into the "loom-room" for something, and his hand came in contact with someone's head. It was his mother, there praying for her family. I imagine she often had recourse to that same "prayer-room," for there were many temptations to assail her boys whenever they attended any public gatherings. The "whiskey-jug" had a prominent place at every "log-rolling," "barn-raising" or any social function. Grandmother was very much opposed to

drinking and brought up her family to be “teetotalers” when it was not popular, and her sons honored their mother’s wish and never drank.

The clothing for the family had all to be spun and woven. Think of the number of yards of cloth it would take for a family of five boys and five girls! Then the garments were all made by hand, for it was before the days of the sewing machine.

Their houses were heated by big fireplaces where large sticks of wood were burned. When coming in out of the cold a person was apt to forget how much hotter the fire was on the hearth than higher up. Father said it was a common sight to see men’s trousers scorched at the bottom. Especially at the back. One day Father came in cold and stood before the fire to get warm. His mother reached down and drew the bottom of his trousers against the calf of his leg and it burned him. His mother did not utter a word of reproof, but carefully dressed the burn until it healed. One lesson was doubtless all that was needed.

Hugh Patton Aikin (7) was an Ohio farmer. His wife was Isabel Sankey Reed, daughter of Judge Robert Reed (6), and Jane Sankey Reed (6) of Londonderry, Ohio. His son, George Calvin Aiken (8), is next in line (Notice that generations 5, 6, 7, and 8 have used different spellings. Maybe this tells us something about the Scotch-Irish!) George married Daraxa Junkin (8). You remember the family: Uncle Bill (William Patton), Uncle Fred (Dr. George Alfred), aunt Anna, Aunt Cora, and Aunt Mary.

Your great-grandfather Aiken (1846-1895) was a farmer, merchant, carpenter, politician, insurance representative, and schoolmaster. He was county commissioner of Franklin County, Kansas, and his name is on the court house corner stone. Your great-grandmother, Daraxa Junkin Aiken (1850-1931) was a small, bright, tart, kind lady, who was left a widow at the age of 45 with seven children, ranging in age from 7 to 22. Fortunately her husband had managed his affairs will and had, although he was in failing health, built them a house. Grandfather Aiken died of tuberculosis; fortunately none of his children contracted it. The story of grandmother Aiken raising this family is a heroic one. Both of my grandmothers were authentic saints.

The Junkin Family

The Junkin family traces the name back to the outlawed border clan of MacGregor, made famous by the stories of Rob Roy. James I was so angry with this unruly clan that he forbade anyone even to use the name. Some of the names taken were Drummond, Grant, Stewart, Gregg, Junkin, and McJunkin. Rob Roy MacGregor took his mother’s name of Campbell.

James Junkin (5) was the first of our family to come to America. He arrived in 1772 and settled in Western Pennsylvania, probably in Mercer County, He was shot and killed in his own doorway by a band of raiding Indians about 1785 or 1786. He was roused at break of day by the sound of running horses and was shot as he opened the door. The Indians plundered the house and struck down and scalped the eldest daughter. She survived and lived to an old age. It is told that the raiders gathered feather beds and pillows, ripped them open, emptied the feathers into the fire. They carried off the ticks, destroying the feathers, which to white people seemed most valuable, and carried away

the part which was worth but little. During the raid, two of the boys were sleeping in a trundle bed as their father was being killed. Before the older sister encountered the Indians, she pushed the two boys under a larger bed to safety. Another brother, Noble Junkin (6) was born in Ireland in 1771 and came as an infant to this country. He was not molested by the Indians. He married Mary Walker (6). Their son Arthur Johnson Junkin (7) married Mary Morgan (7), daughter of Judge Jesse Morgan (6), a native of Kentucky. At this time the Junkins and Morgans lived in or near Rushville, Indiana. Judge Morgan was born in 1794 and died in 1854. I have letters written by the Junkins and by Morgan, which are part of this report. The letters begin at the time when the Civil War was imminent and the Whigs were having trouble with the Democrats of southern Indiana and Illinois. Judge Morgan was a state senator, judge, and delegate to the Indiana Constitutional Convention of 1852. One of his letters was written at the time of the convention.

The Scotch-Irish Whigs of Indiana did much to keep this area loyal to the Union. Many of the Junkins served in the Union army. They were: Edward, Washington, Frank (Seventh Indiana), "Ep" (Sixty-Eighth Indiana), V.W. ("Mitchell's division"), and Alfred, my grandmother Aiken's uncle. He was fatally wounded at the battle of Lone Jack in Jackson County, Missouri.

Appendix I
The Letters Received by Arthur Junkin (7)

I have in my possession letters received by your great-great-grandfather, Arthur Johnson Junkin. These are from his father-in-law, Judge Jesse Morgan, and from his brothers and brothers-in-law. They are quite a commentary on the years before and during the Civil War. Some of the more interesting excerpts follow. (My comments in parentheses.)

Jesse Morgan, Beech Grove, Indiana, November 17, 1852.
The defeat of the Whigs is so disastrous and overwhelming that I can give but little election news that will be at all cheering. The Rushville Republican is dead, the Defrees is mulish about the defeat of the Whigs and don't publish the election returns so that I have not yet seen the official returns of either out state or Presidential election. The whole Loco-foco state ticket is elected by overwhelming majorities. In this county Scott's majority over Pierce was only twenty-six votes. Rumor says that Scott received the votes of Vermont, Massachusetts, Kentucky and Tennessee, and Pierce all the rest except California not yet heard from. (At a Democratic meeting in New York, the lights suddenly went out. A type of match called a loco-foco was then coming into use. A number of these were lighted up, and somehow the name loco-foco was applied to Democrats, especially the radicals who later became the traitorous Copperheads.)

Jesse Morgan, Indianapolis, December 31, 1852
I have been thinking how many people live in the world that have never made human nature their study. And I have also been thinking that Indianapolis at this time presents three of the best Colleges for prosecuting such an important study that any city or state

can boast of. By these three I mean the Legislature, the Convention, and the city itself. If a man graduates here, he will certainly see human nature in all its phases. If a study in such a school had been here yesterday or today he might have seen how easy it is for even grave, staid, sober, wise men, men selected by the people as sage counselors, to be thrown into a state of excitement almost ungovernable. (All this furor is over a hall the Constitutional convention had rented. The convention had to give it up at the end of the day to a group of women who were demanding equal rights. The governor announced he had rented the hall only for use during the day.) And if you will believe me, it would have done no Christian man any good to have heard the curses that followed this announcement. They cursed the governor, the people of Indianapolis generally, and the women in particular. Jo. Marshall tells a good one on the ladies of Madison. He says that when the women's rights section passed, their ladies doffed their petticoats and threw them out into the streets so that a man could not walk the streets for old petticoats. But when they heard that it had been reconsidered and defeated they gathered them all up again so that you could not find a petticoat in the street. They abandoned at once the idea of wearing breeches and put on their old garments again.

Jesse Morgan, Beech Grove, Indiana, January 17, 1853.
If you have not already learned the result of the elections by our legislature you will no doubt see it in your paper before you see this. John Pettit, the concentrated essence of all that is profane and vulgar is the representative of the great state of Indiana in the U.S. Senate, and how must the religious and moral part of the party feel to be represented there by a man that scoffs and sneers at everything like religion or morals, but I need not ask because I have nearly come to the conclusion that a Loco-foco has no moral sense.

Jesse Morgan, Beech Grove, Indiana, August 6, 1853.
As it is a fact worthy of record, I will just inform you that Mrs. Morgan took supper with us last night and breakfast this morning, but as she has gone again I would not pretend to guess when we will be honored with her presence at the table again. You may say I am ungallant because I am growing old, but still I adhere to the opinion that the ladies are more expensive and less useful than they used to be, but I would like to know what a man would be so unreasonable as to complain of a wife like mine that I have to feed on an average only about one meal a week. (Maybe she got tired of hearing about the Loco-focos.)

Jesse Morgan, Beech Grove, Indiana, September 28,1853
I am writing this letter with ink made by Mr. Charles Lester, who is boarding with us and teaching school in our district. (He later married one of the daughters, and his letters are found below.) The cost of this ink he says is about two cents a gallon when made in large quantities. He has been selling receipts (recipes) for the manufacture of this ink, but I think I can tell you how it is made. And as you live so far off, I believe I will do it. I can not give you the quantities of each of the materials to be used, but they are so cheap that you can experiment with them until you find that out yourself. Take rain water at boiling heat and add to it extract of logwood pulverized in about the same proportions as the women do for coloring, then throw in a very little at a time of Bichromate of Potash and keep all the time stirring it and trying it on paper, and as soon as it is of the desired color

the job is done. (It must be remembered that these Calvinists were great readers of the Old Testament. This business of a father-in-law gypping his future son-in-law out of a recipe sounds very much like the story of Laban and Jacob. Genesis 30.)

Jesse Morgan, Beech Grove, Indiana, April 5,1854,
John Junkin's wife died, and I will venture to predict now that John don't live a widower till frost comes in the fall. His wife had not been dead two weeks till he bought him a fine cloth coat and a flashy vest, or indeed two of them, and he now dresses finer than ever in his life before. Old Bob Arnatt died two weeks ago yesterday. On that morning he started old Tom Bradburn to Rushville to get him two more barrels of whiskey, but alas when the whiskey came in the evening old Bob was not there to receive it. His spirit was gone, I must leave you to conjecture where.
You speak my mind exactly about this Nebraska bill; if it passes every man in the free states ought to stand ready to help off to Canada every runaway Negro that comes along. If all the compromises that benefit the free states are to be abandoned, why are we bound by any obligation moral or legal, to catch runaway Negroes and return them to their masters? I for one will never do it. If this bill passes I shall look on it as the blackest crime on the annals of American history perpetrated for the base and groveling motive of making Douglass president when it ought to consign him to infamy along with Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold.
William Moorage's wife had a fine daughter and Ed Barnes' wife had something, a boy or girl, I forget which.

Alfred C. Morgan. Third Indiana Battery in the field, Jefferson City, Missouri.
Maj. Frymarger, our former Captain, was out here yesterday to see us. He pledged us his word that we would be at Pittsburgh Landing before two weeks. I know he can't please us better than to send us there. As soon as he came, he telegraphed Lew Wallace the condition we were in, that we had not a sick man in camp. Our horses are all just in good work order, and everything is ready to move at a minute's notice. Glad would I be to hear the command to strike tents and be down at the wharf in an hour. You may bet we would be there in time.
The horsemen are greasing their guns this afternoon. You see we got shut of the job. But we have drilled at all pieces this spring. There is hardly a private but what can step out and drill the battery in the manual of the piece as well as the officers. We was reviewed by Gen. Gotten on last Thursday, and he said we was the best drilled volunteer battery he'd ever seen. Of course he, being an old regular army officer, could not compare us to regulars.
(Note on this and the next letter: Alfred Morgan, the brother of your Grandmother Speer's Grandmother, Mary Morgan Junkin, was wounded at the battle of Lone Jack, Missouri This town is practically in greater Kansas City in southeastern Jackson County. A detachment of Union troops was attacked by Missouri Confederates under Col. Coffee of Jo Shelby's command. They made a bitter fight over the artillery, and as Alfred was an artilleryman, it was undoubtedly then that he received his mortal wound. As in most of the Missouri skirmishes, neither side won, but the Union losses were heavier. The next letter has the news of Alfred's death.)

J.D. Morgan, October 11, 1862.
I sit down tonight to try to write you a few lines, but it is a sad undertaking. About a month ago we received the sad intelligence of Alfred's death. He died the last day of August at the hospital at Lone Jack, Missouri, the 16th of the month. We had two letters from him after he was wounded; he did not appear to think that his wound was dangerous. His last letter was written the 24th of August. The ball struck his left leg just below the knee and ran down the bone about half the way to the ankle where it remained. In his last letter he said they probed the wound that morning but could not get the ball out. (Alfred C. Morgan, your great-great-grandmother Junkin's brother, was in the third Indiana Battery, Field Artillery.)

C. Lester, Nashville, Tenn., September 27, 1864
Yesterday I got your letter and was surprised to hear you had not had a letter from me since the battle of Nashville. Now I will give you a short account of the part that the Sixty Eighth Regiment of Indiana Vols. took in that "little affair" with Corpl. Hood, as the boys called him. We had three several skirmishes with him before the general engagement came off on the 15th and 16th of December. Beginning on the 3rd and again on the 5th and 7th we skirmished with them, and on the 5th we took 16 prisoners, killed 7, and wounded a number, all done without the loss of a man. We rushed up to their pits that they had to screen them while on picket (the boys called these pits Gopher holes) and took them out. How we did it without some of us getting killed I never could tell, for they were firing at us from behind good breastworks, and we had to take trees and stumps for shelter. I do not claim to like the noise of those little missives, but that day it was real fun to the 68th. I had the pleasure of sending three of the Johnnies to the rear, all of which were taken from one gopher hole. The battle would have come off in two or three days after that, but the weather turned cold and it rained, snowed, and sleeted; and froze till it was so slippery that a man could hardly stand, so all military operations had to cease till it turned warmer. On the 15th, early in the morning, all hands were ready, details for carrying off dead and wounded were made, and each man of them with a blanket and each squad with a stretcher, and those who were to do the shooting, each man furnished with 60 rounds of ammunition. The bugle sounded, the signal gun was fired, and all were on the move toward the field of death, and in less than fifteen minutes the roar of battle had commenced, the sound of which showed us distinctly the position of our lines. This roar would sometimes begin as if it were close to you with a sharp crash and then be followed by a deep heavy sound, all of which would recede from you till it would sound like those hurricanes accompanied with thunder which levels all in its path. Altogether the constant roar of musketry and the deep tones of the loud-mouthed artillery, coming as it does in a heavy engagement, sometimes with a crash and then dying away almost to a calm, forms a grandeur that is hardly equaled by that nature in her wildest fury.
Our regiment was in Steedman's command and fought by the side of the Negro brigade with the 18th O.V.S. and a battalion of troops formed of men from various regiments. On the 15th we were in one charge, but were held as support for artillery and the front lines of infantry. In this we had no casualties in our regiment, but the charge was a failure, and the rest of the fighting that day was confined to skirmishing. That night we lay on the field within one-half mile of camp. On the morning of the 16th we got our breakfast, and were in line ready for a start by daylight, moving toward the rebel works about sunrise.

We moved cautiously, but found their works vacated in our front. This relieved us very much, but we came up with them about 10 a.m., from which time we fought them till the final rout, which took place about 3 p.m. There was a charge made at that time in which I took part and which completed their rout and threw them into a panic. I did not get touched by a rebel bullet but had my gunstock shot off while in the last charge. The casualties of the 68th were one man killed and 4 wounded. Number engaged, 180 or thereabouts. The regiment was out 43 days on the campaign and did some of the hardest service it ever did. (This was an important late battle in the West which had the Union worried. The Negro troops under Steedman were ordered to make a demonstration on the Union left while the main attack was pressed in the center and right. These troops were anxious to prove themselves and just about carried the attack themselves.)

(This letter was written by James Walker Junkin, who would have been 57 at the time and therefore not in the service. It tells an amusing story of the worries of the men loyal to the Union about their traitorous Copperhead neighbors.)
Milton Station, Coles, County, Illinois, June 21, 1863
Our Union boys here have formed a company to muster. They have had three drills. Joseph Danner is Capt. —he got wounded and discharged—and Will Woods is first lieut. And David, second lieut. The Copperheads have been drilling some time down in Brissel (that is among the rang-dangs along the Okaw). Our U.L. got the word somehow that they were coming up yesterday to drive our company out of town. Our men came armed but brought no guns on the ground—but there were several handy. There was about 40 of the Cops came, and after a good deal of secret pow-wowing, they formed and drilled about 1 hour, but they never sent out where the company was. So it turned out all wind. When I saw the Butternut crowd there I just put a nice stone in my coat pocket. Was not that arming to the teeth? It was the first time I ever carried weapons.
Well, we succeeded in our contested election case, but the other party took an appeal and so holds the offices until after court, but that only proves them scoundrels.

Appendix II
Civil War Service of Sgt. William Scott Speer and his brother, Lt. Henry Speer, Seventy-Eighth Ohio Volunteers, 1861-1865

The sources of this story are (a) a diary kept by Henry Speer, (b) "Ohio at Vicksburg" by W.P. Gault, and (c) my memories of what my grandfather told me. Gault's book is in the Kansas City, Missouri Public Library. Henry Speer's diary is in my possession.

The Seventy-Eighth Regiment of Ohio Volunteers was recruited in Zanesville, Ohio, in November and December 1861 this was fifteen miles west of the Speer farm between Cambridge and New Concord. The regiment was mustered in February 2, 1862. They were issued muzzle-loading Enfield rifles and other equipment. After only eight days of training they were sent to Cincinnati by train and down the Ohio by boat to the mouth of the Cumberland. They then went up the Cumberland in Kentucky to Fort Donelson on the Tennessee River. They arrived February 15, and were in reserve at

Grant's great victory the next day. They were now in the right wing of Grant's army. They were in the Third Division under Lew Wallace, later to become famous as the agnostic who studied the Bible and ended up by writing the great Christian novel, Ben Hur.

They were now marched south along the Tennessee River toward Pittsburgh Landing near the Mississippi border. On April 6, as they neared their destination, they began to hear the sound of small arms and artillery. The next day they entered the battle of Shiloh. This was one of the bloodiest battles of the war and a Union victory. They were not in the more severe part of the action and had but one death and 9 wounded. They took over Jackson, Tennessee, and spent the rest of the year in reconnaissance and skirmishing.

The next phase of their story deals with the Vicksburg campaign and siege. I well remember my grandfather telling of their rough experiences in trenches and of the even greater suffering of the besieged people of Vicksburg. One thing that impressed me was that he said they were reduced to eating rats. Their part of the campaign begins with their being sent down the Mississippi to Lake Providence, Louisiana. They were now under the command of Sherman. Since Vicksburg was heavily fortified, Grant hoped to get troops south of the city for an attack to the rear. The Seventy-Eighth was now involved in a plan to open a waterway to the west of the Mississippi by using bayous that parallel the river. This project was abandoned. They were then marched down the west bank in swampy Louisiana to DeSchroon's Landing below Grand Gulf. They arrived April 29. They were then put on transports and taken to Bruinsburg on the Mississippi side. They carried nothing but hard bread, coffee, and salt. The Confederates sought to cut off their supply lines, but they didn't have any! They marched inland to Port Gibson and fought their first battle May 1. They kept skirmishing with the enemy and fought a severe engagement at Raymond. They were in reserve at the taking of Jackson, the capital. On June 4 they won the bloody battle of Champion's Hill, losing 116 wounded and killed. On June 4 they arrived at the outskirts of Vicksburg. They were involved in siege operations until June 26, when they were sent to help repel Gen. Johnston, who was trying to come to the relief of the besieged city.

When I was a new interne in a Texas hospital in 1934, I was surprised to notice that nobody seemed to be celebrating July 4. I said something to one of my friends as we stood in the emergency room. An old man with a noticeable Scotch brogue spoke up and said, "No, that's the day Vicksburg fill." And so it was. The only American city to be subjected to a real siege fell with the loss of thousands of men and tremendous store of equipment July 4, 1863. As Lincoln said, the father of waters could now flow unvexed to the sea.

The regiment re-enlisted at Vicksburg and were for the next several months involved in various expeditions and skirmishes. One expedition was to Monroe, Louisiana, their chief enemy being the rattlesnake. Sgt. Gault wryly comments that the purpose of the trip was to protect cotton for Northern cotton speculators. One is reminded of Rhett Butler's activities as told in "Gone with the Wind."

Now begins the story of the greatest adventure of William and Henry Speer, the Atlanta Campaign. During the campaign Henry kept a diary. His last entry was July 21, 1864. The next day he was mortally wounded.

After a month's furlough in Ohio, the regiment assembled in Zanesville on May 6. They were issued the new breech-loading Springfield rifles. They went to Clifton, Tenn., by boat and marched across Alabama to Acworth, Georgia, arriving June 8. At this point they were in McPherson's army of the Tennessee, Sherman's old command, and were on the left flank. They were in Corps XVII Under Francis Blair of Missouri. Their divisional general was their former Colonel, Mortimer Leggett.

Henry Speer began his diary June 10, 1864. I will now put his entries in quotation marks and follow them with my comments.

June 10. "Arrived at Big Shanty Station. Here our advance encountered the enemy."

June 13. "Rained all day hard, which made the high peak of Kenesaw Mountain in our front look more gloomy than ever." (Says Sherman in his Memoirs, "The rains continued to pour. There were no roads, and these had to be improvised." He was keeping his railroad line open, constantly protecting it from Rebel cavalry. He especially feared a raid by the dreaded Nathan Forrest.)

June 15. "Brisk skirmishing along the line with a steady advance, gaining some important advantages. At 2 p.m. by a strategic movement on our lift, a Rebel Colonel and 400 of his regiment were taken in out of the wet." (At this point McPherson's army had lapped well around the north end of Kenesaw Mountain. It was Sherman's policy to keep flanking General Johnston, and here his left wing had done a good job.)

June 16. "Was waked at an early hour and was much surprised to see what a formidable breast work had been thrown up during the night under the supervision of our untiring colonel." (Their colonel was Greenberry F. Wiles.)

June 17. "Was detailed with company for picket duty in the morning and was posted in the line about 200 yds. in advance of where it was yesterday, and there we amused ourselves pecking at the rebel pickets about 200 yards distant."

June 19. "At 4 a.m. we moved forward in line of battle. The conditions of the country, and hard and insistent raining made it horrible work going through the swamps and underbrush. By looking to our right the lofty Kenesaw loomed up before us like a dark shadow, and on its sides and adjoining spurs we could distinctly see Rebs hurrying to and fro as if they expected another movement of the Yanks."

June 21. "Rained the principal part of the day. Wrote a short letter to Matthew." (Sherman had an excellent mail service to his men. Matthew is another brother, a private in the Signal Corps.)

June 27. (This is the assault on Kenesaw Mountain. Leggett's Division was on the extreme left.) "Our division was formed to our rear and left and marched past our line and they made a steady advance across the field in our front, encountered the enemy from their position on the opposite hill. The casualties in the division during the day amounted

to about 100 killed and wounded. Our regiment lost 2 mortally wounded. My brother (William Scott Speer) was struck by a piece of shell in the right hand, but nothing serious. Had a hard time finding our way back to the camp through the woods, getting lost once and coming very nearly running into the enemy lines."

June 30. "Wrote a lengthy letter to John." (The fourth brother, officer in the signal corps.)

July 2. "At 8 a.m. had orders for packing up preparatory to a general move. Evidently somewhat important. Great speculation regarding our destination. Marched all night." (Here Sherman very quietly moved McPherson's army clear over to the right to reinforce Schofield of the Army of the Ohio, threatening Marietta. They were ordered to muffle the drinking cups and frying pans dangling from their waists and to speak in whispers.)

July 3. "Marched all day through an extremely hot sun. Our position now extreme right instead of left. Johnny Reb came to the sensible conclusion that their formidable position on Kenesaw was no longer healthy and evacuated last night. Our army is in full pursuit with a prospect of disputing their passage of the Chattahoochie River."

July 4. "About 4 miles from the Chattahoochie. Somewhat different auspices from last July 4th and Vicksburg."

July 5. "Arrived at the Chattahoochie, skirmishing the principal part of the way. Arrived at river and found it a point about 9 miles northwest of Atlanta where there is a small ferry. We then were moved up the river about 1 1/2 miles where we encountered the enemy force in position on this side of the river with quite a formidable line of earthworks." (Sherman now held the west bank of the river from Roswell, 18 miles above, to the mouth of the Sweetwater, 10 miles below.)

July 9. "News arrived of the crossing of General Schofield above us without any great opposition." (Schofield crossed at Soap Creek, and by night was well entrenched on the east side with two pontoon bridges in place. The Rebels had been confused by demonstrations by the while Union army up and down the river.)

July 12. "Went out in front of the line (on picket duty) and had a talk with Johnny Reb, but could gather nothing of interest from them but to be slurred by having the name of the traitor Vallandingham thrown in our teeth." (Amazing to relate, there often was a code among pickets or outposts which provided for their not shooting at each other. The following is from "Sherman, Fighting Prophet," by Lloyd Lewis: "Sherman scattered troops up and down the river hunting fords by which he might flank again. As a blind he sent the bulk of his cavalry one way to attract Johnston's horsemen, then seized crossings in the opposite direction. Johnston attributed the discovery of these fords to the fraternization between pickets. These outposts declared truces and bathed in the river, exchanging anecdotes and scrubbing each other's backs. Federal engineers, disguising themselves as innocent pickets, mingled with the bathers and in gabbling with the

Confederates learned much topography." In Chapter 31, Lewis tells a story on the somber Grant. "Grant noted how rival pickets regarded each other with something more than the traditional absence of the killing instinct. They paid each other long social calls, stationing lookouts to announce the approach of Officers. So absurd was the situation that Grant, riding the picket lines, saw Confederate outposts a few feet from him on the opposite side of the creek come to attention and salute him as politely as if he had been one of their own generals." The "traitor Vallandingham," is the hated Copperhead of the peace party of the Northern Democrats.)

July 16. "Was called out of bed at 2 a.m. with orders for marching. Started at daylight and marched until 11 a.m., when we stopped and lay in the shade until 5 p.m., when we again marched at a slow gait until we came to Marietta, Ga., a distance of about 16 miles from where we started."

July 17. "Had a good night's rest and was waked up at 3 a.m. and left camp at 4, striking out in the direction of the pontoons across the Chattahoochie about 20 miles distant. Marched very rapidly until 1 p.m., when we arrived at Roswell, a small village 18 miles from Marietta, where we stopped and cooked some dinner and had a little rest. Starting again at 5:30 p.m., crossing the river and marched about 3 miles beyond and encamped for the night." (This 23 miles march with equipment, in severe summer heat, with bad food and under arms is unbelievable. Years later Sherman spoke of the Army of the Tennessee as "never checked, always victorious, so rapid in motion, so eager to strike, it deserved the name of the 'whiplash.' It swung from one flank to the other as danger called, night and day, in sunshine and storm." (From Lewis, chap. 27). This was exactly what they were doing, making a wide sweep from the extreme right of the Union lines to the extreme left. And your great-grandfather's outfit was on the extreme left of them all! Sherman was swinging out to the left to make a great encircling movement to the east, investing Atlanta.)

July 20. "Marched through the beautiful village of Decatur, taking from thence a southwesterly direction until we encountered the pickets of the enemy about 3 1/2 miles from town at 2 p.m. and were thrown into battle. A charge was made by the 4th Division of our corps resulting in the repulse of the enemy and the taking of a good position with but a very slight loss, mostly in wounds. Among the list was Gen. Gresham, commanding the 4th Division. We rested for the night in battle line, ready for any emergency." (This battle of Leggett's Hill, named after their Division general. Gresham survived and became an outstanding statesman and jurist.)

July 21. "Battle began at an early hour on our right. At 8 a.m. a charge was made on the 4th Division and part of ours by the Rebs. They were quickly repulsed with heavy loss. A charge was then made by our lines, driving the Rebs from their position, which our troops (noon) occupy, and firing has somewhat ceased."

The next day was the battle of Atlanta. The Confederates managed to make their way through thick woods and surround this division on the left flank. The Union victory that followed was one of the crucial events of the war. In it, the commander of the Army

of the Tennessee, James B. McPherson, was killed. Mortally wounded was Lieut. Henry Speer. His brother, your great-grandfather, accompanied him to the rear. He died in August of wounds. My grandfather told me that he was wounded by a Rebel officer's sword while defending his flag from an attacking Confederate.

> In Grant Park in Atlanta may be seen the great Cyclorama depicting this battle. The night before, the Rebels had attempted to circle behind McPherson's army and nearly succeeded. They came on Leggett's division, and the 78th regiment was in the midst of the most violent fighting. Leggett later said, "The engagement in front of the 68th and 78th Ohio regiments became finally a hand to hand fight, in which the sword, bayonet, and even the fists were effectively used, and the enemy finally was repulsed with a slaughter I never before witnessed … I am fully convinced that my division killed and wounded more Rebels than I had men engaged."

Atlanta later fell and was burned. This is familiar to those who have seen "Gone with the Wind." Sherman's army then marched through Georgia to the sea, north through the Carolinas and Virginia, to Washington for the Grand Review.

It is hard to overestimate the value to our country of this campaign against Atlanta. This was the summer of an election year, and the reelection of Lincoln was very much in doubt. Sherman's victory along with Farragut's at Mobile Bay made the difference. My grandfather told me how they passed around a coffee pot for them to drop in their votes. He didn't need to tell me he voted for Lincoln!

They were mustered out in Louisville, Kentucky, July 11, 1865. It was estimated that they had gone 4,000 miles by foot, 3,000 miles by water, and 2,000 by rail. They were never defeated. No wonder they were proud.

To Sum Up

This then has been the story of a Scotch-Irish family. It is not the story of a race. These people are of mixed blood. They were mostly Scottish but also English. And the English are a blend of many races, the Anglo-Saxons, the Danes, the Britons and the Norman French. These people may have had some Irish, Welsh, and Huguenot blood. Since none of the Speer-Aiken family married into other Scotch-Irish families, you and your relatives represent a blend of many peoples of Northern and Western Europe. At least five of the descendants of my grandparents are adopted. They, of course, represent the same general mixture of Europeans.

As you study the history of the Speers and Aikens and their ilk, you will see that our family was not a national group. It was a religious sect, the Scottish Presbyterian Seceders, and Covenanters. Their Christianity was deep and real. It was their strength and it was their pride. They were happy people and enjoyed the vigorous life. Their Calvinistic doctrine of predestination may properly be criticized, but it made everyone of them feel that he was the son of a King. And he felt called on to act like it. How inspired

and wise were the framers of the Book of Common Prayer when they inserted this prayer in the service of Holy Communion:

> "And we also bless thy holy Name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear; beseeching thee to . . . give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of thy heavenly kingdom."

Frederic Aiken Speer (10)
August 13, 1970

Transcribed by Julia Speer Munson (11) July 2004

Note: I stayed as faithful as possible to Daddy's typewritten copy. I found only two misspelled words (typos?). To highlight the letters from the Civil War, I put them in appendixes. The order of the document is unchanged. I have added a few birth/death dates which I got from the web site http://www.essex1.com/people/speer/speerr.html