

Stockton Family History
(Including Bates, Carr, Groce, and Lewis)

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A Personal Note from Ron Stockton

For those who do not know me, I was born in 1940 in Sesser. I now (2022) live in Dearborn, Michigan where I was a professor of political science at the University of Michigan-Dearborn for 48 years. I have been interested in family history since I was a boy but was not able to find more than passing information until around 2000. Then the Mormons opened up their records. This inspired me and I set off on a quest for my maternal Barton line and my paternal Stockton line. Soon Ancestry was available with its vast data bases. With each discovery I would write up what I called a Family News Note summarizing the latest tidbit of information. I had an email list who received that information. I also began doing in-depth research on specific topics. Those findings also got write-ups and distribution. In 2016 I was visiting Southern Illinois and was eager to see my cousins. Rather than visit them one at a time (not easy considering how little time I had) I decided to host a dinner. We met in the old Opera House in Sesser where we enjoyed a remarkable meal prepared by the catering people. For that visit, I decided to pull together as much as I could from my Stockton files and have it printed up. Those findings were distributed that evening and were well received. The current version includes some updated material, and some new information. I have tried to be as accurate as possible but family research is always undergoing constant revision. Some sections have missing information. You are welcome to share this as you wish. I have put my own family into the lineage for context. Other relatives will be able to position themselves into this chart based on their own information.

The Stockton Lineage

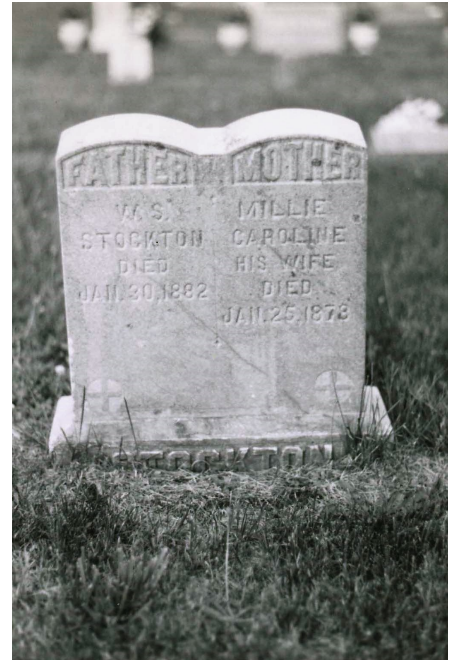
Davis Stockton-Susan Anthony	Virginia
Thomas Stockton-Rachel Allen	Virginia/North Carolina
Information is reasonably reliable up to this point	
John Stockton-Margaret	Virginia/North Carolina/Kentucky
Thomas B. Stockton-Christiana Groce	Kentucky
Wiley Short Stockton-Mildred Caroline Carr	Kentucky and Franklin County, Ill.
Frances- Hayes Stockton-Rachel Bates	Franklin County, Illinois
Ralph Stockton-Ella Barton	Franklin County, Illinois
Ronald R. Stockton-Jane Williams	Franklin County, Illinois
Greg Stockton-Cathy Scanlon	Ted Stockton-Brenda Miller
Carolanne Stockton	Daniel Stockton
Sarah Stockton	Hannah Stockton

Mildred (Millie) Caroline Carr (1836-1878)

Wife of Wiley Stockton and Mother of Hayes Stockton of Franklin County

Until now we have known little about the Carr family other than the fact that Mildred is buried in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery with Wiley. From family letters we knew Mildred had two brothers, Thomas and George. George was a county sheriff in Tennessee. We also know from the 1860 census that her other brother Delaney (Lane to the family) was a law student. He later went on to be a judge, a member of the Kentucky legislature, and a candidate for Congress. He had a distinguished career. We do not know for sure if Mildred was herself literate. One census report says she was not. Her sisters were, so perhaps this is a matter of opportunity rather than family pattern. In any case, there were some established people in this family.

Finding out this information was not easy. Since part of the family lived in Tennessee just on the Kentucky border, we always assumed the Carrs were a Tennessee family. I found Thomas and George with their father Thomas and mother Sarah in two Tennessee censuses but had never found Mildred. Since by age she should have been in the 1840 census with her father her absence made me wonder if maybe I had the wrong Carr family. It turns out the Carrs were a Kentucky family from Clinton County, where the Stocktons lived. Apparently some of them moved a short distance south into Tennessee, maybe after Caroline and Wiley got married. This move created confusion about where to locate them. Thanks to the research of Jack Ferguson on the history of Clinton County¹ we know quite a bit more about them and can put what we know into context.



Mildred was the daughter of Thomas Andrew Carr (February 9, 1813-August 25, 1889) and Sarah Ann Ausborn (June 16, 1816-February 3, 1879). According to the research of Jack Ferguson, Thomas Andrew Carr settled in Shipley. During the Civil War, he served as a farrier (who shod horses) in Company C, First Kentucky Cavalry. His sons Delaney and Thomas

¹ Jack Ferguson, *Early Times in Clinton County, Volume II*, privately published in 1993, Albany, Kentucky.

Andrew were also in that unit. This is a legendary unit led by a legendary commander, Colonel Frank Wolford. The story of this unit is told in the regimental history *The Wild Riders of the First Kentucky Cavalry* by E. Tarrant, 1894. It was the First Kentucky Cavalry that attempted to break into Andersonville Prison in 1865 to rescue the Union soldiers being held prisoner in that monstrous hell hole. [Colonel Wolford had been replaced at that point]. 32,000 prisoners went into that awful place of which 13,000 died. They were without tents, slept on the ground, were crowded together like animals, and drank from a stream polluted by their own waste. They died in droves. Delaney, a captain, is mentioned prominently in Tarrant's book as a courageous and honorable person. After the war, there was a war crimes trial of the Andersonville confederate commander, perhaps the first such trial in history. He was hanged. Alas, the rescue effort failed with many Union soldiers being taken captive. But Delaney was among those whose resourcefulness enabled them to escape the trap that took others.

Thomas and Sarah had eight children. Mildred was the second. The children were:

Zilpha Emmaline (January 11, 1834-March 13, 1908)	m. William Cross
Mildred Caroline (b. 1836-1878)	m. W. S. Stockton
Delaney Richardson (March 1, 1838-January 8, 1929)	
Nancy (b. c. 1840)	
Thomas Andrew (April 16, 1842-February 16, 1920)	
Margaret (1844)	m. Elza M. Habor 3-11-86
George Wesley (October 19, 1850-August 13, 1908)	
Lurana A. (1856-August, 1903)	

After Sarah died in 1879, Thomas married Elizabeth J Wray (d. November 12, 1882) and then Elizabeth Caroline Lawrence (July 10, 1826-August 12, 1910). There were no children from those marriages.

Fortunately, there is yet more information about this interesting set of ancestors. Thomas Andrew Carr was the son of Patrick Carr (b. July 4, 1785) and Sarah Massey (b. May, 1781). We do not yet know anything more about Patrick and Sarah, although I hope to learn more in the future. They had at least six children:

Martha (b. September 30, 1807)
Gordon (b. February 16, 1809)
Mary (b. February 5, 1811)
Thomas Andrew (February 9, 1813-August 25, 1889)
Andrew (b. 1815)
Benjamin (b. May 11, 1816)

Patrick himself was the son of William Carr and Mary Harris (d. October 13, 1815). William was born in Ireland on March 15, 1755 and died in Blountsville, Tennessee on April 16, 1838. This almost certainly was Northern Ireland, a.k.a. Ulster where the Scots-Irish lived. They arrived in very large numbers in America in the mid-1700s, moving into the “backcountry” of western Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky. Their anti-British sentiments caused them to sign up in large numbers during the American Revolution. William followed this pattern. He emigrated to America, settling first in Virginia, then moving to Sullivan County, Tennessee. He was with the American backwoodsmen at the Battle of King’s Mountain October 7, 1780.² This was a small but important battle in the American Revolution. It occurred when Lord Cornwallis, the British commander, was stalled in his effort to conquer New England. He decided to conquer Virginia where there were many Tory (pro-British) farmers. Cornwallis invaded South Carolina and tried to use various Tory militias as allies in his battles against the Americans (called the Whigs at the time). This strategy produced a vicious civil war in Virginia and the Carolinas with many massacres. At King’s Mountain the Tory militias met the Whig (pro-independence) militias for the first time and were badly beaten. It was a bloody battle with much cruelty. Several Tory commanders were hanged. Cornwallis decided he could not rely upon civilian militias and shifted his strategy. He began moving his army into Virginia *en masse*. This set the stage for the clash at Yorktown in 1781 when Washington defeated Cornwallis and the British surrendered, ending the Revolutionary War. While King’s Mountain was not a major battle, it was a significant one. The details of that battle are outlined John Buchanan in *The Road to Guilford Courthouse: The American Revolution in the Carolinas*. (Wiley and Sons, 1997).

Back to the Civil War. I have this image in my mind of Mildred’s father Thomas, then in his 40s, sitting around a table with his two sons. It is the evening and the room is dark except for a candle in the middle of the table. Thomas says to his boys, “Your great grandfather put his life on the line at King’s Mountain to create this country. I don’t know about you, but I am not going to sit aside and watch it be destroyed by a group of secessionists. I am signing up tomorrow with Colonel Wolford. Are you with me?” And sign up they did. Thomas was soon released for health reasons but they all joined, father and sons. Of course, I have no reason to think this story is true since I just made it up. But I suspect the logic of the story is correct.

² Kingsmountainroster.html lists David and John Whitesides who may be related, or not.

To clarify, here would be the lineage:

William Carr and Mary
Patrick Carr and Sarah
Thomas Carr and Sarah
Mildred Carr and Wiley Stockton
Francis Hayes and Rachel Bates

**Theobald Groce and Barbara Edelman
Parents of Christiana Groce (1794-1838)**

Thomas B. Stockton (1792-1865) and Christiana Groce (1794-1838) were the parents of Wiley Short Stockton and the grandparents of Frances Hayes Stockton, both of Franklin County, Illinois. Christiana was the daughter of Theobald Groce and Barbara Edelman. (The name was originally Gross but was quickly Americanized to Groce). The names themselves are interesting. Gross means “big” in German and was sometimes the first half of a longer name (Grossman, for example). Gross (1999:3) says the name was originally Gros and that many German Grosses of that time and place (Pfalz, between the Rhine River and Belgium) were originally French Huguenots (Calvinist Protestants) who fled persecution by the Catholic government of France. Edelman is also German in origin but is often a Jewish name. It means an honorable or good person. It also means a nobleman. We have no way of knowing if our Edelman ancestors were Jewish but by the time they got to America they were definitely Christian. It is also relevant that while we often do not think of it, Barbara is the name of a saint, not a likely name for someone of Jewish identity. The nobleman alternative is attractive but unlikely. Let’s just assume they were good, decent people.

There were several Groces in Clinton County, Kentucky where the Stocktons lived.³ All appear to be descended from Simon Gross who came to America in 1741 at the age of 30 with his brother Theobald (24).⁴ The brothers left from Baden in southwest Germany, sailed up the Rhine River to Rotterdam, then took the ship *Europa* to Philadelphia. According to the Groce family papers (kept by Mrs. Nora Groce Wright of Burkesville, Kentucky) two physicians

³ Clinton County is in the center of the state in the south just on the Tennessee border. Even today it is a rural county. Some stories from Clinton County are taken from Jack Ferguson, *Early Times in Clinton County. Volume I* Privately published, undated. Ferguson summarized papers held by a descendent of the family who still lives there.

⁴ Family genealogists assume they were brothers, although there is no direct evidence of this.

examined the passengers on November 16, 1741 and found no disease. They reported positive information to the colonial governor:

In compliance with your orders we have carefully examined the State of Health of the Passengers on board three Shallops, brought from the Cape from the Europa, Cap Lunsdaine, from Rotterdam and found no Disease on Board that is infectious.

Four days later the brothers were taken to the courthouse along with sixty-three other male immigrants where they signed two documents, an oath of Abjuration (renunciation of previous citizenship) and an Oath of Allegiance (to the Crown).⁵ The court record says, “The Palatines [Germans] whose names are underwritten, imported in the ship Europa (Capt. Lunsdaine), last Master, did this day take the Oaths to the Government.”

Just behind the Grosss in the signing line were three of the four Eisenhowers who came over on the same ship. These were the ancestors of Dwight Eisenhower, president from 1953-1961. Apparently the families became friends because some of the Grosses went with the Eisenhowers to Abilene, Kansas where they remain to this day. Eisenhowers and Grosses were buried near each other in Pennsylvania and there are proven links between the families into the 1890s (Gross, 1999: 28) On the signed Oath, the names in order were Simon Gross, Teobalt Gross, Ludwig Breit, Hans Nicel Eisenhauer, Johan Peder Eisenhauer, and “Johan (X) IsanHower or Eisen hauer (made by others at his mark).” These names are written in German script with the old double-s letter. The signatures are sufficiently similar that one person might have signed for others. The fact that Johan Eisenhower is identified as unable to sign his name, suggests that the others were literate, not a surprise with the Moravians who revered education.

The Grosses were associated with the Moravian Brethren, a religious group originally based in what is currently the Czech Republic but by the 1740s associated more with Germany. (See the separate entry on “The Moravians”). Their leader Count Zinzendorf created the first Moravian community in America on Christmas Day, 1741 in Pennsylvania. He named it Bethlehem in honor of the day. He soon created a second community of Salem in North Carolina near Greensboro. The fact that Simon and his brother left their home in late 1741, sailed to Philadelphia, and then went directly to Bethlehem suggests that they were participants

⁵ These signatures are reproduced in R. B. Strassburger, Edited by W. J. Hinke, *Pennsylvania German Pioneers: A Publication of the Original Lists of Arrivals in the Port of Philadelphia From 1727 to 1808*. Volume 2, 1934.

in that historic event. It appears that Simon lived in both settlements. Most likely his son Theobald lived with him and might have been born in one of them.

Gross (1999:3-5)⁶ says the brothers lived in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Trinity Church of Lancaster has several entries related to the brothers. It notes the baptisms of Simon's children Catharina Margaretha (1742), Anna Margaretha (1743, with Theobald's wife Anna Margaretha as sponsor), Sarah (1746) and Simon, Jr. (1748). It also records the death of Simon's first wife Dorothea (1744) and his marriage to our ancestor Veronica Mayer (1745). Simon also served as sponsor for the baptism of Theobald's first daughter Maria Catharina (1743). Simon and Theobald are recorded as taking communion and serving as sponsors for the baptisms of several other children. Gross (p. 23) says Simon moved to Surry County, North Carolina around 1767, having been a farmer in Lancaster County until then. (He is listed on the Rapho Township tax list for 1756). In 1769 he bought land in North Carolina from Frederick Shore and sold some of it to his son Theobald (our ancestor) in 1797. He is not in the 1800 census and presumably died. He married a third wife after Veronica died. We know nothing about her.

The family believes that all the Groce relatives in Clinton County were descendents of Simon.⁷ We know that Simon the Immigrant was married twice with children by both wives. His first wife was Anna Catherine Schneiderin. They had three daughters (Catarina Margarethe b. December 14, 1743; Anna Margarethe, b. November 14, 1743; Sarah, February, 1745-December 12, 1810). Simon then married Veronica Mayer, Christiana's grandmother, on April 21, 1745. Simon and Veronica had two children, Simon (b. June 24, 1748) and Theobald (b. ca. 1755). Theobald is our ancestor, the father of Christiana. He was probably named after his uncle who emigrated to America with Simon. In any case Theobald's name caused problems for the people of Kentucky who had never heard it before.⁸ It was alternately listed in census and other records as Ewald, Dewald, Duvall, and Tywalt.

⁶Gross, George Paul, *The Family of Samuel Gross (1749-1831) of Manchester in York County, Pennsylvania*. (Mast Hof Press, Morgantown, Pa, 1999). Copy in Albany, Kentucky library.

⁷ There is a Groce genealogy project that traces the family back into the 1500s. I have been in communication with the organizer and believe they are using careful research methods.

⁸ Basil Cottle, *The Penguin Dictionary of Surnames* (London, 1987:376) says the name Theobald is of German origin and means "people bold." The original *theud* was misrepresented as the Greek *theo*, so it is often said to mean God Bold. From Thebald or Tibald come a number of surnames in Tib/Teb/Dib. In eastern England in the county of Suffolk I have seen gravestones with the name Godbold. This is an old Saxon name from the time when the Saxons ruled eastern England.

Theobald married Barbara Edelman (b. ca. 1755). They had eight children. Their seventh child Christiana was our ancestor.

Catherine (December 29, 1773- ca. 1818)

Johannes (February 5, 1776)

David (April, 1781)

Simon (May 7, 1783) Perhaps also known as Peter

Anna Margaretha (November 27, 1785)

William (Ca. 1787)

Christiana (June 9, 1794-ca. 1838)

Married Thomas B. Stockton

Jacob (January 12, 1797-before 1864)

The Groces were early settlers in Clinton County. There was a John Groce there in May 29, 1799 surveying 200 acres, and a Peter Groce (possibly Simon) whose land adjoined that of John. John appears to be the older brother of Christiana.⁹ He would have been 23 at the time he arrived. Her other brother Simon (Peter) came soon thereafter. Theobald the father was there by 1825 since he purchased 87 acres of land that year. He was 70. He might have been living with a son or he might have just arrived, wanting to be near his children during his older years. There is no evidence of a wife so perhaps Barbara had died. In either case, he had to leave the Moravian community to join his family. Since we know Christiana and Thomas Stockton had their first child in 1817, Christiana had probably been living in Kentucky with an older brothers well before this date. (We can imagine that younger people would not always respond well to the discipline of the religious community). The census of 1850 (12 years after Christiana died) shows an elderly Peter Groce living with an equally elderly Thomas Stockton. Peter was the older brother of Christiana so it is possible she lived with Peter before her marriage to Thomas. In any case, there were enough bonds between Peter and Thomas that Thomas looked after Peter even after Peter's sister Christiana had died and Thomas had remarried.

The family has an interesting anecdote about Peter (Ferguson, Volume I). He had a son named Pleasant (1818-1904) who would have been the first cousin of Christiana, although he was 24 years younger than she. Pleasant married Martha "Patsy" Lee (b. 1822), the daughter of "Black Horse" Harry Lee and the niece of General Robert E. Lee. The son of Pleasant and

⁹ There is a John Groce in the 1810 Clinton County census with sons named John, Peter, and Tywalt. Clinton County had a militia unit in the War of 1812. There were 51 men in the company under Captain William Cross. One was John Groce (Ferguson, p. 27). The children of Theobald are also listed in the militia during the American Revolution (Gross, 1999: 8). The pacifist tradition of the Moravians may have faded for some members of the Gross family.

Patsy called General Lee “Uncle Robert.” We do not know if other members of our family had any contact with this famous person.

The Moravian Brethren

The Moravian Brethren trace themselves to religious dissidents who emerged in the 1400s in Bohemia under the leadership of John Huss. Because of their declaration of separation from the Roman Catholic Church in 1467 they claim to be the oldest of all Protestant groups. Their official name is *Unitas Fratrum*, the Unity of the Brethren.

Throughout their history the Moravian Brethren were often persecuted. Many had to practice their religion in secret and were called the “Hidden Seed.” Some of them fled to Moravia, just east of Bohemia, where the King gave them refuge. That is how they got their name. (Bohemia and Moravia today make up the Czech Republic). The Moravians rejected church authority and called for separation of church and state, policies that in the context of that age seemed incitements to rebellion. In the early years a militant wing of believers (the Taborites) did become involved in uprisings, but the mainstream Brethren were strong pacifists.¹⁰ They were called Pietists because they emphasized strict personal behavior and organized themselves into communities separated from the rest of society. They had no interest in politics. They usually lived on the estates of friendly noblemen and people respected them for their personal behavior. Their safety in Moravia was disrupted during the Thirty Years’ War between Catholics and Protestants (1618-1648). Once again they had to flee, this time to nearby Saxony in southeast Germany. Their protector there was Count Nicholas Ludwig von Zinzendorf, a fervent Protestant. In 1722 they build a community on his estate at the foot of Hutberg mountain, a town that still exists. It is called Herrnhut (“In the Lord’s Care”) and is the legendary base of their faith. At this point they had gained some peace in various lands and were even accepted as regular Protestants.¹¹ Unfortunately in 1736 the government of Saxony turned against Zinzendorf and he was forced into exile for a time. The Brethren had to flee with him.

¹⁰ The story of the Taborite uprising is reported in Norman Cohn, *The Pursuit of the Millennium* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1970).

¹¹ One scholar says that Pietism was a central factor in the rise of German nationalism. See...

The Brethren had become committed to the creation of “diaspora” communities overseas and Zinzendorf decided that America was a good place to start. His first attempt was in Georgia but he unknowingly purchased unhealthy swamp land and the effort failed. He turned his attention to Pennsylvania where George Whitfield, a noted Methodist minister, helped him acquire land in the eastern part of the state. Moravians from Herrnhut and elsewhere rushed to join him in this new adventure and on Christmas Day, 1741 Zinzendorf named the new settlement Bethlehem. This is the founding community of Moravian Brethren in America, although they soon created a second community in Yadkin County, North Carolina near Greensboro.¹² The fact that our ancestor Simon and his brother left their home in Germany in 1741, sailed to Philadelphia, and went directly to Bethlehem suggests they were enthusiastic participants in this historic event.¹³

The structure of Moravian communities was strange by our standards. It attempted to replicate what they saw as the purity of the original Christian communities. Property was held in common. People were organized into groups called Choirs and their lives centered on those Choirs. Men and women lived apart (and were buried apart) in Choirs for single men, single women, married men, married women, and widows. Wives were chosen by lot. (A man would propose to a woman and then the elders cast lots. If God favored them and the right number came up, they were married according to their choice. If not, the man had to wait a year to propose again or the couple could marry the choice of the elders). Children were taken from their parents early and raised in a nursery. Each community classified members by one of three spiritual levels: Perfect, Proficient, Beginner. They practiced strict discipline, especially over those who deviated from the rules. They put great emphasis upon education and music. In 1755 there were 300 children with 80 teachers (Klees, 1961: 101). Everyone was expected to play a musical instrument. While singing and socializing (“love feasts”) were encouraged, frivolous pursuits such as card playing were forbidden.

¹² A standard work on the Moravians in America is Gillian Lindt Gollin, *Moravians in Two Worlds: A Study of Changing Communities*. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1967). Another useful source is Frederick Klees, *The Pennsylvania Dutch*. (New York: Macmillan, 1961). In 1749 the British parliament officially blessed the Moravian settlements in an act “for encouraging the people known by the name of Unitas Fratrum or United Brethren to settle in his Majesty’s colonies in America.” The act declared that the doctrines of the Moravian church “differ in no essential article of faith from that of the Church of England, as set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles,” (Klees, 1961: 93).

¹³ Simon and Theobald are not listed as founding members and may have arrived after December 25.

During the American Revolution, the Moravians refused to take sides, but generously treated any wounded soldier who came their way. Their facility in Bethlehem was turned into a *de facto* hospital and Moravian women served as nurses. While twenty-five Moravians were imprisoned by their militant neighbors for their unwillingness to serve (and were put on bread and water for a month), this was not long to be the case. The Continental Army used Bethlehem as a hospital and it was visited by Generals Gates, Sullivan, and Arnold. When Lafayette was wounded, he recovered at Bethlehem. George Washington admired them and once stayed at their facility, guaranteeing them protection in spite of their neutrality. On September 22, 1777, sixteen delegates to the Continental Congress signed a statement on behalf of the Moravians:¹⁴

Having here observed a humane and diligent attention to the sick and wounded, and a benevolent desire to make the necessary provision for the relief of the distressed, as far as the powers of the Bretheren enable them We desire that all Continental Officers may refrain from disturbing the persons or property of the Moravians in Bethlehem, and particularly that they do not disturb or molest the Houses where the women are assembled. Given under our hands at the time and place above mentioned.

As pacifists committed to social justice, the Moravians were exceptionally devoted to the native peoples in Pennsylvania. Very early (1744) they organized a school for the study of native languages and were famous for their educational and mission outreach. Many Iroquois and Algonquin were won over by their teaching. The fact that they treated native peoples as their spiritual equals is shown by the fact that in Bethlehem cemetery there are 136 converts buried along with other believers (Klees, 1961: 108-111). When attacks against Christian Indians began to occur in the decades before (and after) the American Revolution, the Moravians took their side. The massacre of 1755 caused seventy converts to flee to Bethlehem where they were given shelter and protection for a year before their evacuation to the frontier. More of these stories, many being very tragic, are outlined in, "The Benjamins on the Frontier." That focuses upon my mother's side, the Bartons.

¹⁴ Among them were John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, and John Adams (Klees, 1961: 117).

Thomas B. Stockton
(1792-1865)
Father of Wiley Short Stockton

Thomas B. Stockton appears to be the son of John Stockton and Margaret, whose last name is unknown. Thomas B. was born in 1784, possibly in North Carolina. He had two wives, with our ancestor Christiana Groce, mother of Wiley, being the first. There was another Thomas Stockton who had married Sarah Blake. That was a different Thomas. Our Thomas (the grandfather of Hayes) married Christiana Groce (June 9, 1794-1838) and then Mary “Polly” Pierce (b. March, 1816) after Christiana died. Mary had been married to Abraham Cross before she married Thomas. Mary and Abraham had two sons, David and Thomas, who later married two daughters of Thomas and Christiana Stockton (see below) These marriages mean that Thomas’s step-sons were also his sons-in-law. While these marriages were not between blood relatives they were between step-siblings and as such might have been frowned upon by the church. On the other hand, there were so few people in Kentucky that people often took whomever was available. Mary is Wiley’s step-mother and not in our direct lineage.¹⁵

It appears that Christiana was born somewhere else, perhaps in a Moravian Brotherhood settlement in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania or in their settlement in Salem, North Carolina. The Moravians were strict pacifists with a strong sense of pietistic community, perhaps comparable to the Amish in their distinct sense of identity. Christiana’s father Theobald apparently lived in both of those places but then left the community, or perhaps his children did and he joined them at an advanced age. Since we know Christiana and Thomas had their first child in 1817 (apparently the little boy died) we assume they were married in 1815 or 1816 so Christiana was probably in Kentucky at that point with one of her older brothers. The census of 1850 (12 years after Christiana died) shows an elderly Peter Groce living with an equally elderly Thomas Stockton. Peter was the older brother of Christiana (possibly named Simon Peter after his grandfather Simon the immigrant). It is possible she lived with Peter before her marriage to Thomas. In any case, there were enough bonds between Peter and Thomas that Thomas looked after Peter even after Peter’s sister Christiana had died and Thomas had remarried.

¹⁵ Much of this genealogy is taken from Jack Ferguson, *Early Days in Clinton County*, Volume I, undated.

We know a little more about Wiley's siblings, but not much. Allen appears in the 1860 Kentucky census in Clinton County (south central Kentucky, near the Tennessee border) just one county west of the Thomas Stockton home. Allen married Elizabeth (b. 1830) and had two children, Mary S. (b. about 1852) and John R. (b. 1858).¹⁶ Sister Matilda married Thomas Jefferson Cross. There is a Matilda Stockton in Morgan County, Illinois (west of Springfield) a decade after Christiana's death but I do not think she is our Matilda.

The nine children of Thomas and Christiana were

Son (b. 1817)	
Catherine (September 3, 1819-July 25, 1891)	m. James Bryson Lee
Hamilton (1822-April 5, 1853)	Retarded according to 1850 census
Eliza (February 28, 1824-August 12, 1910)	m. David Cross
Margaret (1826)	m. James Lowery Norris
Mary (1828)	m. John Norris
Allen (1831)	m.
Wiley Short (1835)	m. Mildred Caroline Carr
Matilda C. (1838)	m. Thomas Jefferson Cross

1838 was the year Christiana died. This was the year Matilda was born so it appears Christiana died in childbirth or just thereafter. This would have left Thomas at age 52 alone to care for several small children including Wiley who would have been three at the time. Poor little boy. The older sisters may have helped out but we do not know. By 1844 Thomas was remarried to Mary "Polly" Pierce (February 2, 1802-March 11, 1867) and they had a child. We assume that Mary's previous marriage had ended with the death of her husband Abraham Cross but we cannot be for sure. (Ferguson, Volume I, lists his dates as 1795-1850 so they may have divorced). The children of this new marriage were as listed below. If Narcissa was born in 1844 then Mary would have been 42 at the time. She also would have been 54 when their last child Nancy was born in 1856. Thomas would have been 64. Nancy's age then does not make

¹⁶ Note: A website has Allen married to Mary Jane Crockett with children named Virginia and James R. I think the 1860 census record with his correct birth year and residence near his father's home makes this our Allen. There was at least one other Allen Stockton in the area (with a different age) so some confusion is understandable. There were some Allen families in the region and it may be that Wiley's grandmother was an Allen. Often a boy would be given a family name from his mother's side. It was frequently his mother's maiden name, but it could have been from his grandparent's generation.

sense because working farm women tend to lose their fertility early. Thomas died in 1865 at the age of 73. Polly died in 1867 at the age of 65.

Narcissa (1844)
Malissa C. (1846)
Thomas B, Jr (July 20, 1848-February 1, 1925)
John F (May, 1850)
Jesse C. (1852)
Samuel C. (May 5, 1853)
William Nathan (April 9, 1855)
Nancy J. 1856)

m Zackary Taylor Tuggle

Ferguson reports that the first white man to settle in Clinton County was named Thomas Stockton.¹⁷ He is commonly called Thomas Senior because he had a son named Thomas. He moved into the county in 1791 or 1792. This Thomas does not appear to be our ancestor but he does appear to be the relative of John Stockton, the father of our Thomas B. Ferguson says he was fairly prominent in those early days. For example, the first school in Clinton County, Clear Fork School, was founded in 1799 by three early settlers, George Smith, Reverend Isaac Denton, and Thomas Stockton Senior. The school appears to have been built even before the first church was built. It “was built complete in one day from round green logs cut nearby. The seats were split logs, the split sides being turned up, with short saplings inserted in auger holes in the bottom part for legs. A split slab taken through a dressing process with a broad axe, with legs of the same size as those of the seats, served as a writing desk. Patrons of the school united in paying a salary to the teacher, who commonly boarded around about in the neighborhood” (p. 1). Unfortunately, the first teacher was an illiterate, lazy immigrant who drank too much and did not know how to teach. He was fired within three months and the school failed for a time.

Thomas Stockton Senior appears to have been a person of some importance within the poor, frontier land that was then Cumberland County (before it was split into two counties, Clinton and Cumberland). The land there was classified as poor. It sold for about ten dollars less per acre than good Kentucky land. Thomas apparently had some property and even had four slaves. This would indicate he had a small farm but not a plantation. In Kentucky, slaves and land owners tended to work side by side on the land. This was unlike the pattern farther South where rich plantation owners had overseers and never worked the land themselves. Still, it

¹⁷ This information is from Jack Ferguson, *Early Times in Clinton County*. Volume I, Privately published.

would not be correct so see this as a kind or benevolent situation. Ferguson reports an incident in Clinton County [not involving our family] when a young slave boy was off flirting with a girl on another farm and was late to work. The farmer ordered him to do some hoeing as punishment. The farmer's daughter, the same age as the boy, stuck her tongue out at him in a girlish gesture of snotty behavior. The boy--about 13 or 14--threw his hoe at her, hit her on the head, and accidentally killed her. The owner tied him to the back of a horse and dragged him around until he died. There were no legal consequences for this brutal action. (Ferguson, Volume I). Let us not deny this aspect of our national history, and its ongoing impact.

There is a debate among Stockton genealogists over who is the father of our Thomas B. There appear to be two Thomas Stocktons, one in Kentucky and one in Tennessee. One was the son of John Stockton of Albemarle County, Virginia. John of Albemarle was a prominent person, well educated and relatively prosperous. It would be nice if he were our ancestor. That John knew Thomas Jefferson and signed the famous Albemarle Declaration of Independence. Alas, the 1850 census reports that our Thomas was illiterate which surely would not have been true if his father were well educated. There is also no evidence that John of Albemarle ever lived in Clinton County. We know he died in Roane County, Tennessee, not in Kentucky. Jack Ferguson, whose study of Clinton County was done from the grass roots up concluded that our family line and that of John of Albemarle lead back to the same ancestor (Davis Stockton) but by different strains. I think Ferguson may be wrong and that our line comes from immigrants into Pennsylvania. The documentary evidence of that conclusion will be discussed elsewhere.

The Lewis Family

In the 1960s and 1970s, family members did two studies of the Lewis family of Franklin County, Illinois. Both focused upon the descendants of James Lewis, Jr. and Angeline Beasley who emigrated to Southern Illinois in 1832. The Lewises were a prominent Virginia family who played a significant role in early American history. The most famous son of this family was Meriwether Lewis, a brother of Robert Lewis II, the grandfather of James Jr. Any history of early Virginia mentions several members of the Lewis family.

The studies by Everett Lewis and Rosalie Jones, both of Franklin County, were similar in some ways but different in others. Both listed the eleven children of James Lewis and Angeline Beasley Lewis and their descendants. Jones, however, was primarily interested in the family of

John Bunyan Lewis while Lewis was more interested in the family of Andrew Jackson Lewis. Both tried to list every descendent. Each has a remarkable compendium of names.

Lewis did his study as a retirement project. Jones, who was married to a Lewis descendent, did hers when she found herself between jobs and decided to put her free time to good use. Lewis, an attorney with knowledge of public records, visited Virginia to locate wills and other documents. He used the Sorley (1935) and Anderson (1938) family histories to trace the pre-Illinois genealogy of the family back into the 1600s. While he does not give full citations for these sources, he does identify them by name and his analysis follows their findings closely. Full citations are below. Lewis includes an embarrassing section from another study that purports to show a genealogical link from the Lewis family to ancient heroes, some of whom may well be mythical. While he says he is just reporting those stories, not affirming them, it weakens the credibility of his research to include something so obviously without substantiation. Jones told me in 1999 that her discussion of pre-Illinois family history had simply summarized the Lewis document, which she had when she wrote her own study.

Those descended from early Americans sometimes have an advantage in their genealogy research because of the foresight of their ancestors but sometimes they also have a disadvantage. Many colonial-era families were proud of the role they played in early American history and made an effort to document their family trees. However, as members of those families moved into the western frontier regions of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Illinois after the Revolutionary War the documentation broke down. Contemporary genealogists have had the task of moving up and back through time to reconstruct the family tree rather than down and forward as earlier generations did. Often they have had to work under difficult circumstances. Southern Illinois was originally a province of Virginia, captured by George Rogers Clark during the Revolutionary War (see Selby 1988). It was largely settled by Virginians (some of whom stopped off in North Carolina, Kentucky, or Tennessee before moving west). We know where Southern Illinois people originated, but proving the link is not always easy. Consider for example what Sorley (1935:702) says about Robert and Francis Lewis of Granville County, North Carolina, and their children. Robert was born 1738 in Albemarle County, Virginia. He was a prominent citizen in Granville who served on the county Committee of Safety during the Revolution and was a delegate to the state constitutional convention. After that, however, little more is known. As Sorley puts it

Robert and Frances (Lewis) Lewis undoubtedly remained in Granville County until they died, though the dates of death are not known. They had eight children, who were of course descended from both Col. Charles Lewis of “The Byrd” and Col. Robert Lewis of “Belvoir” and in view of this double descent from the Lewis family it is unfortunate that some of these children cannot be traced

About their son James, the possible father of James Lewis of Franklin County, Sorley notes only that he “was one of the executors of his father’s will. Nothing further is known of him.” Anderson (1938: 123-124) follows the Robert Lewis line a step further, noting that although “he died comparatively young” he had eight children. His son James was born in 1755 and married Susanna Anderson, daughter of Thomas Anderson, a Revolutionary War soldier. Their son James Lewis Jr. (later of Franklin County) was born on May 25, 1784. He married Angeline Beasley on February 17, 1812. I am preparing a separate paper on her. Their son, Thomas Jefferson Lewis, was born in 1813.

Are we linked to that famous Virginia Lewis family? I am skeptical, but agnostic. And this brings us to a serious issue in genealogical research. That is the question of “testing” a relationship as a means of “proving” it. This is an important concept that requires explanation. To establish a genealogical link to an earlier family, two processes of validation are necessary. First, we must accumulate positive evidence of the link: marriage or death certificates, census or military records, family Bibles, naming patterns, or family tradition (which is often very good, but is sometimes flawed). The second process is what scientists call testing. We “prove” something by accumulating all the possible evidence that it is *not* true. If the relationship survives the “test” then we can accept it as valid. Many amateur genealogists enthusiastically pursue the first step (especially family tradition and name parallels, both of which are often flawed) but omit the second step. Such people can be led astray by superficial patterns.

Two examples from the Stockton side of my family can serve for illustration. There was a Richard Stockton in New Jersey who signed the Declaration of Independence. How wonderful to be descended from such an ancestor but there is no evidence that he was in our direct blood line, family stories to the contrary. Put simply, there are times when grandpa’s stories are not the best source. Second, there was a John Stockton in Albemarle County, Virginia in the 1700s. He was a contemporary of Thomas Jefferson and signed the famous Albemarle Declaration of Independence in 1780. Since we know that one of our Stockton ancestors in Clinton County,

Kentucky in the 1790s was named John Stockton (Ferguson, 1986: 11-37) and since many Albemarle County people went into Kentucky after the Revolution, and since our John was born at about the same time as John of Albemarle, some genealogists have concluded that John of Albemarle was our ancestor. Maybe he was, but there was another John Stockton in Roane County, Tennessee whose descendants claim *he* was John of Albemarle. Exactly which was John of Albemarle is yet to be decided but most evidence points to John of Roane County.¹⁸

The link between our James Lewis and the prominent Lewis family of Virginia is not substantiated in these two studies by documentary evidence but it is possible that our ancestor James Lewis was a descendent of the Virginia Lewises, via North Carolina and Tennessee.¹⁹ James died in 1840 at a relatively young age, at a time when Southern Illinois was very much on the frontier and few records were kept. (See discussion of Angeline Beasley Lewis, below). Birth and death certificates were not introduced as a matter of law until much later and even church records were scarce in those days. Family stories and census records are what we have. The father of Everett Lewis was the grandson of James so Everett Lewis was able to use information from the children and grandchildren of James and Angeline. (Note: Because James Lewis arrived in Southern Illinois after the 1830 census and died before the 1840 census, we have no census mention of his presence in Illinois. Angeline remarried and was mentioned in successive census records).²⁰ She is buried in Mount Pleasant cemetery next to her son.

The Lewis and Jones genealogies were not written by professional historians but they represent good research in spite of occasional mistakes (such as when Jones had my wife Jane Williams married to my father Ralph). The two researchers did valuable work. They preserved records and memories that might otherwise have been lost. As the great great grandson of John

¹⁸ In an earlier Family News Note I embraced the John of Albemarle thesis. I now think there is no link to our family, based on the evidence.

¹⁹ Another branch of the Lewis family migrated into Kentucky just across the Ohio River south of Cave-in-Rock. There is no evidence that the Franklin County Lewis family and the Kentucky Lewis family were in contact with each other, although they were surely related in some distant way. The tragic story of how the leaders of the Kentucky Lewis family destroyed themselves is reported in Merrill (1976). Merrill includes a helpful genealogical chart of the early generations of the Virginia Lewis family, and of some who migrated west into Kentucky.

²⁰ She married Wilson Rea, a widower, on February 25, 1845. She was widowed again in 1853 when (according to Rea family records) her husband died of "cholera Marbus."

Bunyan Lewis, I am one of the many who are grateful for their efforts.²¹ This compilation of their research is a modest contribution to the preservation of the history of this family on what was then the Illinois frontier.

Sources Mentioned or Worth Examination

Those interested in more information about Franklin County or Southern Illinois should contact the Genealogical Society of Southern Illinois (John A. Logan College in Carterville, Illinois) or the Brehm Library in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, where the Shawnee Collection is housed.

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An Overview of the Lewis Lineage

²¹ A note on how my line fits into this lineage: John Bunyan Lewis was the father of Malinda Lewis Bates, mother of Rachel Bates Stockton, mother of William Ralph Stockton, father of Ronald Ralph Stockton. My two sons are Ronald Gregory Stockton, father of Carolanne Elizabeth Stockton and Sarah Cathleen Stockton; and Edward Matthew Stockton, father of Daniel Miller Stockton and Hannah Miller Stockton. Many of the Lewis family are buried in two cemeteries in Franklin County, Mt. Pleasant and Hammond Cemetery. Other relatives are in other local cemeteries.

James Lewis II may be the son of James Lewis (b 1755). If so, that would connect us to the famous Lewis family of Virginia. This is not confirmed.

James Lewis II (1784-1835) and Angeline Beasley of Franklin County in Southern Illinois.

The Lewis family of Franklin County continues at this point

1. Thomas Jefferson Lewis, b. 1813 in South Carolina
2. Andrew Jackson Lewis
3. Kilibrew Lewis
4. James Lewis
5. Beryl Lewis
6. **John Bunyan Lewis, b. 1816 in Tennessee, d. March 8, 1895)**
7. Vern Lewis
8. Nancy Lewis (Is this Nancy Bates? If so, b. 1829 in Illinois).
9. Lucinda Lewis
10. Catherine Lewis
11. William C. Lewis, b. 1833 in Illinois.

Note that in the census records the Lewis children alternately listed their place of birth as South Carolina and North Carolina, although most listed North Carolina.

General Stoneman and the First Kentucky Cavalry²²
The Andersonville Raid of July 27-30, 1864
DRAFT

Perhaps the stern iron will of the great raider was thought best to bend the dashing, frolicsome mountaineer Cavalry of this department into rigid discipline...There was evidently a conflict at hand, and there was a question of which should yield---the iron will of Stoneman, or the habits and rather free ways of the Cavalry.

Eastham Tarrant, Company Historian²³

²² This is the family version of an academic article being written for publication. That version has footnotes and references. Anyone interested in those should contact the author at Rstock@Umich.edu.

²³ Tarrant (1894) 315-317.

Andersonville in southwest Georgia near Americus was a Confederate prison camp for Union enlisted men. It held over 30,000 prisoners of war. There was a parallel camp for 1,500 officers nearby at Macon. Andersonville was a death camp. Men slept on the ground in an area so infested with vicious red ants that even now signs warn visitors to stay on the sidewalk. Mosquitos swarmed in from the nearby swamp, spreading malaria. Dysentery and typhus swept through the ranks because of lack of sanitation facilities and the pollution of the stream that provided drinking water. Because of escapes, the Confederates had built a small fence inside the wall as a “dead line.” Anyone who crossed that line was shot. With limited food, the men were emaciated. Nearly 13,000 died, including members of the Barton and Underwood families. [My mother was a Barton. Jane had Underwood ancestors]. After the war, Captain Henry Wirz, the Confederate commander, was tried for war crimes and hanged. This was the first such trial in history. The whole country was aware of this camp and the atrocities associated with it. Union soldiers were terrified of being captured and taken to that place. Passions were very high.²⁴



²⁴ Futch (1968) provides a balanced study of Andersonville. It can lead the reader to other sources, including diaries and memoirs. In 1891 the government published a vast compilation of communications from the war under the title *The War of Rebellion*. (See the bibliography for a full citation). It is commonly cited as OR for Official Records. All citations in this work are from Series I unless otherwise noted. Series II, Volumes VI, VII, and VIII cover documents relevant to Andersonville. The damning Confederate Chandler report on conditions in the prison is in VII, 546-52. It was based on an August, 1864 inspection. Technically the commander of Andersonville was General John H. Winder but day-to-day management was in the hands of Wirz.. Chandler said Winder should be removed because of a

In the summer of 1864 General William Sherman began the assault on Atlanta that finally ended the Civil War. Sherman had three cavalry divisions under Generals Lovell H. Rouseau, Edward M. McCook and George Stoneman. The First Kentucky Cavalry was one of three units in Stoneman's division. The Kentuckians were led by a daring young law student named Silas Adams. He was a bold and courageous leader who had recently replaced the founding commander of the unit, Colonel Frank Wolford. Wolford and Adams were not the kind of officers who had to wait for orders when a crisis emerged. Wolford was a colorful father-figure, a bold veteran of the Mexican War whose men followed him with devotion. Adams, a law student prior to the war, had started as a 21-year-old lieutenant who, as so often happened during the conflict, had been promoted because of his leadership abilities. Once a prisoner of war, he had made a daring escape, much to the delight of his men.

Although Kentucky was divided on secession, the hill regions contained strong unionist elements that produced a large number of volunteers. Three of them were from the Carr family, Thomas and his two sons Delaney (Lane to the family) and Thomas Jr. Thomas Sr. was the grandson of an immigrant from Ireland (most likely Ulster) who had fought in the Battle of King's Mountain in October, 1780. In that significant battle, five militia leaders destroyed a pro-British force on their own initiative and disrupted the plan of General Cornwallis to link up with Tory militias. (See White, 1966; Draper, 1881; Dykeman,



1978). Many men in that battle later moved into East Tennessee or south-central Kentucky, areas that became passionately Unionist. The Carrs lived in Clinton County on the Tennessee border, a region separated from the rest of the state by the Cumberland River. This was an area of strong Unionist sentiment. The County had 900 voters (white males over 21) and produced 600 soldiers for the Union (Bretts, 4:2). The two sons enlisted in July of 1861, Delaney as a

policy that advocated "deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving [the prisoners] in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangements suffice for their accommodation," Chandler commended Wirz for "untiring energy and devotion." Winder died two months before the war ended or he certainly would have been the one taken to trial. **Two possibly apocryphal quotes: last words, killing more Yankees than Hood.**

sergeant. Thomas Sr., in his 40s at the time, joined soon thereafter as a ferrier who shod horses.²⁵ Clinton County was exposed to attacks from Confederate raiders throughout the war and was often under occupation. One of the most notorious raiders was Champe Ferguson who was himself from the county. At one point, he raided the county courthouse, spent several hours breaking open the county records safe, and burned all the county records. Jack Ferguson, a local historian, believes that he did this to destroy evidence of a crime, but one can never know for sure. In any case, the incident deprived historians of many valuable records of the Stockton, Carr, and Groce families from whom we descended.

The patriotism of the volunteers, however, was not matched by their training. When the unit was formed in mid-1861 it was the only union cavalry force in the state. Lincoln had reportedly said, "I want God on my side but I must have Kentucky." Given the political situation in the state, the existence of a federal cavalry unit was a significant asset. Kentucky had declared itself opposed to secession but "neutral" regarding war, a position that quickly proved unviable. The governor and the commander of the state militia were pro-Confederacy activists who moved south and took many soldiers and weapons with them. They formed Confederate units and posed a real threat to the state. Confederate forces had captured Paducah in the west and Cumberland in the east, leaving the state vulnerable to a southern takeover. In this dangerous environment, four men with strong patriotic feelings petitioned for permission to found cavalry units and were commissioned as colonels. Frank Wolford was one. When the First Kentucky Cavalry was formed, it was made up mostly of farm boys in homespun. They brought their own horses and often their own squirrel rifles. The unit skipped training and went immediately into scouting and other military duties. This emergency rush to service, which helped consolidate Union control over Kentucky, was later to haunt the unit, giving them a reputation as a wild and undisciplined band with no military skills. As one critic said, "They are not a military force but a band of unionists."

In the spring of 1864, the unit suffered a severe setback when its beloved commander, Colonel Wolford, was placed under arrest and dishonorably discharged. At a meeting in Lexington at which he was honored for his service, he had plunged into the political disputes of the day, particularly the issue of ending slavery as part of a war strategy. Wolford had put his personal prestige on the line in urging wavering Kentuckians to support the Union by assuring

²⁵ He enlisted for three years although he was soon discharged for health reasons.

them that the war was to save the union, not to end slavery. When Lincoln reversed his earlier policy, signed the Emancipation Proclamation and began to recruit Black soldiers, Wolford felt betrayed. He not only challenged the policies as unconstitutional, but attacked the President personally. In the environment of volatile Kentucky politics, with a Presidential election on the way, such a contentious speech was totally unacceptable for a military officer. In Wolford's view, he was a citizen speaking his mind. To Lincoln he was engaging in incitement and insubordination. He was summarily removed from his command. His unit was put under the command of General George Stoneman.

Stoneman (later governor of California), was trying to make a comeback from earlier setbacks that had nearly ended his career. His assignment to a 'western' unit was not a good match. He had contempt for the Kentuckians and credited them with all the division's failings, a position that seems self-serving since he was a flawed leader who ended up surrendering to the enemy north of Andersonville. This was the greatest Union cavalry defeat of the war. Stoneman lost two divisions, his own and that of General McCook, with which he was supposed to coordinate in McCook's clash with the deadly General Joseph Wheeler. This double loss cost Sherman a third of his cavalry. Wheeler was rightly entitled to report that he had "destroyed the flower of General Sherman's vast cavalry organization" and had ended "in most ignominious defeat and destruction the most stupendous cavalry operation of the war" (OR, 38, 3: 957).



Some historians have taken Stoneman's assessment of the Kentuckians at face value but the record is more balanced than Stoneman's accusations would suggest and the role of the Kentuckians more positive than Stoneman would acknowledge. The First Kentucky Cavalry had several significant victories to its credit and was led by two outstanding personalities. Moreover, its bold decision after the Andersonville fiasco to break through Confederate lines and escape rather than surrender was an adventure in itself. The events around the Andersonville raid constitute a fascinating story of courage, vanity, and failure.

Stoneman Takes Command

When General Stoneman was assigned to take over command of the cavalry of the Army of Ohio he did not conceal his disappointment. He had been made commander of the XXIII Army Corps just months before and had been quite pleased with that appointment. Leading a frontier cavalry was a step down in his mind. In an farewell letter reeking with invidious comparison, he praised the XXIII Corps profusely and spoke of his pleasure in commanding them. He had “expected and intended to make its headquarters his home during the rebellion” but had been reassigned. He reminded them that “we have each and all taken upon us the solemn obligation to obey all orders of our superiors, and that we are engaged in a contest for the supremacy of law and the rights of man” (OR 32, 3: 259). On May 20, 1864, five weeks after taking up his new appointment, he made it clear to Sherman that the men at his new post were not up to his standard. Using an approach that was to be typical of his career, he suggested that his administrative shortcomings were the result of inferior subordinates: “One great difficulty I have to contend against is the utter incompetency of subordinate officers. I have to post and put in every regiment and send out every party. I know that my movements appear tardy, but I can’t help it; it is next to impossible to get up a trot even on the field.” Still, he said he would “take what is given me” and “you may rest assured that if I get a fair chance I shall put them in and do the best I can with them....both for my own sake and that of the service” (OR 38, 4: 268).²⁶

The March South

On April 28, 1864, Stoneman began his march south to participate in the assault on Atlanta. His problems with the Kentuckians turned into a crisis when they moved through Kentucky and bivouaced near where many of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry lived. Stoneman was a no-nonsense officer who gave strict orders against straggling, foraging, or leaving the ranks for

²⁶ One thinks of the strength of the great leaders who are open about their responsibility. After the bloody attack on Kennesaw Mountain, when Sherman engaged in a frontal assault against Johnston, he explained why he deviated from his usual cautious strategy of entrenching himself and barraging his opponents until they either fled or attacked out of weakness. “I perceived that our enemy and our own officers had settled down into a conviction that I would not assault fortified lines. An army to be efficient must not settle down to a single mode of offense, but must be prepared to execute any plan which promises success. ...Failure as it was, and for which I assume the entire responsibility, I yet claim it produced good fruits, as it demonstrated to Johnston that I would assault, and that boldly” (Tarrant, 344).

any reason during the march. “No excuse will be received for neglect of duty or ignorance of orders” (OR 32, 3:530-31). But the call of family was stronger than the General’s orders. As Lt. James Chilton wrote in his diary, “the men did well” until they reached Danville. “There was the place for them to go by home, and there was the place they started” (Quoted in Tarrant, 1894: 318). The historian Evans (1996: 50) describes what happened:

Stoneman’s line of march passed near the homes of many of the men in his 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and the temptation to pay one last visit to wives, sweethearts, and loved ones was simply too much to resist. Officers and men alike began quitting the ranks, discreetly at first, dropping out of the column in ones and twos, but on April 30 four companies deserted en masse, compounding the offense by riding over Stoneman’s escort. Livid with rage, Stoneman ordered the roll called two days later and found the 1st Kentucky could muster only two lieutenants and seventy-one enlisted men out of more than 800 who had left Nicholasville. Stoneman had the absentee officers arrested when they rejoined the ranks.

Here the significance of Wolford’s removal becomes obvious. While the “Old Wolf” was casual about temporary absences, and often allowed men to go home to recuperate, one cannot imagine him allowing such a mass exodus. Nor can one imagine him allowing virtually his whole officer corps to be put under arrest. On previous occasions Wolford had served as a buffer between his men and their generals. On one occasion General William Nelson, who was known for his profanity and explosive temper, had visited the camp when Wolford was away and had “cursed both officers and privates. This created considerable excitement, as the Kentuckians did not like to be talked to in that manner” (Bretts, Chapter 3:9). Wolford talked to Nelson privately and said if Nelson wanted to curse someone he should curse Wolford himself. The two men parted with Nelson’s commitment to stay away from the camp. Later Nelson said of the unit, “They don’t like discipline, but they will fight like h--l.” It is noteworthy that the men had a begrudging respect for the gruff, approachable Nelson that they never had for the arrogant Stoneman.



Adams, younger and also one of the absent officers, was unable to perform that mediating function. All absent officers were put under arrest. By May 7, when the cavalry made camp in Tennessee prior to their strike into the confederacy, almost everyone in the unit had returned for

duty, but Stoneman's approach to their offense and return was counterproductive. Predictably upset, he chose verbal abuse as a solution. This had proven ineffective with past commanders and was not likely to impress or motivate Kentucky farm boys. Tarrant (1894:319) describes what happened when "two gallant young officers," Lieutenants Delaney Carr and Phillip Roberts, "being of a subordinate disposition" reported to Stoneman under arrest to accept their punishment. "The General showered so many maledictions upon them, that when they returned to the regiment and made a report of their reception to the rest of the officers, no others dared to approach the irate commander, and so the First Kentucky marched the rest of the way to Georgia with nearly all of its officers still under arrest." Four days later when the unit came under attack from General Joseph Johnston, the situation reached the level of farce. The brigade commander "came dashing up with verbal orders from Gen. Stoneman relieving all our officers from arrest until after the fight was over" (*Ibid.*, 324). One of the junior officers, a "rash and daring" lieutenant, shouted out a sarcastic response that surely expressed the sentiments of the unit: "Tell Gen. Stoneman that's all we want--just to be released till the fight is over." As Tarrant puts it, "that was the last ever heard of the arrest."

This unfortunate incident, in which the Kentuckians were definitely in the wrong, shows not only the indiscipline in the unit but also the ineffectiveness of Stoneman's leadership style. He seemed to have had no effective strategy for dealing with these problems and used bluster and abuse as a substitute for leadership and direction. This incident illustrates the surly non-communication and mutual disrespect that had soured the relationship between Stoneman and his men. It was a bad omen all around.²⁷

Sherman's Plan, Stoneman's Plan

The primary task of the cavalry during the siege of Atlanta was to disrupt rail and telegraph lines. Sherman had four cavalry commanders, Rousseau, Garrard, McCook, and Stoneman, each with a different task. Stoneman and McCook were to move south to destroy two

²⁷ When JEB Stuart arrived late at Gettysburg, having been out of communication for several days, Lee's senior officers recognized the seriousness of the offense and prepared court-martial papers. Lee, a self-confident and effective manager of men, refused to sign them. He rebuked Stuart in private for the harm his delay had caused but then restored him to his good graces with words of confidence: There is a fight tomorrow and we need you. There has been a mistake It will not happen again. You are a good soldier. Let us talk no more of this. (This paraphrase is from Shaara's novelized description of the incident, 1974: 281-283).

to five miles of rail lines leading from Macon to Atlanta as well as the nearby telegraph lines. Destroying the rail lines would cut the flow of supplies into Atlanta and force General Hood out of his fortified defensive position. Sherman had recently taken heavy casualties in the Battle of Kennesaw Mountain and was reluctant to engage in a bloody slugfest. He wanted Hood to move first so he could strike. He also wanted his cavalry commanders to coordinate their actions and concentrate their forces to fend off General Joe Wheeler, the dangerous Confederate cavalry commander. Starr (1985:462) describes the situation:

Faced with the choice of making an all-out attack against a tough enemy manning elaborate fortifications, or using the threat of starvation to force Hood out into the open, Sherman chose the latter alternative and thereby opened the way for his cavalry to play a major role in the campaign, with the breaking of the two rail lines as their targets.

Stoneman was known as a successful raider but was a poor strategist.²⁸ He had gone to West Point, had served well if not brilliantly in the Mexican and Indian Wars, and had shown boldness and creativity earlier in the Civil War when he went in a balloon over Richmond to gather intelligence. This was an unprecedented action that had opened up exceptional possibilities for intelligence gathering (**OR: citation**). As a junior officer he had been popular and courageous, once in 1861 defying orders to surrender to Texas secessionists, instead escaping on a steamer. This maneuver gained him a promotion and an assignment to his old classmate General George McClelland. When McClelland became commander of the Army of the Potomac, with an assignment to confront Lee in Virginia, Stoneman became his chief of cavalry with the rank of Brigadier General. But there were disturbing elements in Stoneman's career. In 1860 he had crossed the Mexican border to hunt a Mexican bandit and had accidentally attacked a camp of Mexican soldiers. Confronted soon thereafter by a large Mexican army demanding his withdrawal to the US, he refused to leave until ordered by his commander to return to his base. In Virginia he was outmaneuvered by Jeb Stuart and once sat outside an undefended Richmond without attacking. He could easily have liberated thousands of Union POWs from two prisons but refused on the grounds that his orders were to destroy communication lines. Whether this failure affected his later judgments involving Andersonville is unclear. In 1863 he had dallied while General Stonewall Jackson, his roommate at West

²⁸ See Evans, pp. 47-50, for an overview of his career. Generalstoneman.com also has information on the General, generally of a positive nature.

Point, slipped past him and crushed the Union army at Chancellorville. He was removed from his command and put on a desk job in Washington. Georgia could be his redemption.

Stoneman in Atlanta

In Atlanta, Stoneman was trying to redeem his stalled career. He came up with the idea of capturing Macon itself and then liberating Andersonville. While the capture of Macon would be of strategic value (it controlled three rail lines), it was not necessary for the success of the mission. Destroying the rail and telegraph lines would have been enough. Moreover, there is no evidence that Stoneman ever planned to coordinate with McCook, which not only was in his orders but was essential if he was to fend off the Confederate cavalry. He had his own goals. He proposed the Andersonville scheme to Sherman on July 26, the eve of his departure (OR, 38,2:264):.

In case we succeed in carrying out your wishes will it meet your approbation, should I see a good opening, if I should with a portion of the command make a dash on Macon and by a vigorous stroke release the prisoners [officers] now at that point, and afterward go on to Americus and release those [enlisted men] there. I would like to try it, and am willing to run any risks, and I can vouch for my little command. Now is the time to do it before the rebel army falls back and covers that country, and I have every inducement to try it. If we accomplish the desired object it will compensate for the loss as prisoners of us all, and I should feel compensated for almost any sacrifice.

Andersonville was not a part of the original battle plan. It had not been thought through in any way. Sherman was skeptical but, as Evans points out, Sherman was not well attuned to cavalry function. This was a very high-risk operation. It would require a 55-mile dash from Macon to Andersonville, pin-point coordination by his commanders, and then a daring escape across 130 miles of Confederate territory. As Evans (1996:205) notes, “This did not sound like the same man who had previously complained about the ‘utter incompetency’ of his officers.”

Still, Sherman replied that although he could “see many difficulties” he agreed that “even a chance of success will warrant the effort, and I consent to it” (OR, 38, II: 265). Sherman emphasized that the primary mission was “breaking good the railroad below McDonough,” but once that was achieved Stoneman had permission to “proceed with your command proper to accomplish both or either of the objects named.” Sherman added some final words that must have completely blurred Stoneman’s judgment with visions of eternal fame:

If you can bring back to the army any or all of those prisoners of war it will be an achievement that will entitle you and the men of your command to the love and admiration of the whole country.

Exactly what Stoneman would do with 30,000 emaciated and unhorsed men and 1,500 officers, deep in Georgia territory, was unclear. His briefing to his officers was not reassuring: “He suggested he would then strike for the Gulf coast of Florida and the union garrison at Pensacola, but he offered no explanation about how he intended to feed and equip a huge army of sick and starving soldiers” (Evans, 1996:206). Colonel Thomas Butler of Indiana told another colonel to write his wife that they would spend the rest of the war in a prison camp. Why? “I have no confidence in General Stoneman’s ability to command a raiding party” (*ibid.*). Stoneman appears to have let his ego get ahead of his tactics. Certainly he was losing the confidence of his officers who came to believe he was putting their lives at risk for no obvious gain.²⁹

The Battle: Macon and Sunshine Church

(Not complete)

When Stoneman got to Macon, over a hundred miles north of Andersonville, he decided not to attack until the next day. This delay was a mistake since overnight Macon had been fortified. “He had been within striking distance the day before when it had been virtually undefended but had paused to hit rail lines and to allow his troops to loot.” And yet one of his men gave a different version of events: **Get Original Quote**

²⁹ Lest the disaster of this raid become too depressing, let us consider one colorful story, often repeated in the various histories of the march. It involved Captain Delaney Carr who was on patrol when a young woman approached the line and asked permission to go visit her mother nearby. Tarrant (p. 364) tells what happened: “Capt. Carr was on the outer line with his Company, when a supposed woman came up and applied for permission to come in. The Captain asked her where she wanted to go. She replied that she was the daughter of the old lady living in a house nearby. Capt. Carr would not permit the pretended daughter to enter, but went to the house and inquired of the woman if the person held at our lines was her daughter, and the old lady replied that she was not. Other assertions of the ‘daughter’ were found to be untrue, and Carr became suspicious that the alleged daughter was a male in the guise of a female, and such indeed was the case, and so we had caught a spy. Gen. Stoneman made him keep on his dress all day.” The story becomes even more bizarre in other versions as the Kentuckians come under attack and have to make a quick evacuation. The ‘woman’ is taken along with the unit, with her dress flying in the wind. At least she was saved from possible execution for being a spy.

One must wonder: Was the strike at the rail lines to fulfill Stoneman's technical obligation to Sherman so he could move south to Andersonville? If so, his gesture did minimal damage to Hood. The next day, "he pounds Fort Hawkins hill, then orders the Kentucky cavalry to dismount and charge on foot up the hill." He knew from previous experience they were reluctant to do this. The Kentuckians

remain true to form as their 'attack' on the hill consists of running toward it and their running back as soon as they come under fire. For another hour Stoneman's cannons endeavor to silence the battery on the hill--maybe then Adams's men will be able to carry it--but to no avail, and the shells they occasionally lob into Macon prove equally ineffective. After the end of that hour, Stoneman accepts the harsh fact that as much as he wants Macon and the glory that will come with it, they are not to be had, and that he also will have to forget about the even greater glory to be gained from freeing the Andersonville prisoners (Castel, p. 439).

At this point, Stoneman became ineffective as a leader. Every General should have a backup plan for what happens if an attack does not succeed. Stoneman's march south had been stalled and was clearly not going to work. He would have to withdraw. There were several roads in the region that would lead back into Union-controlled territory. The most obvious escape route would be to Clinton, 12 miles north of Macon where the road to Milledgeville would lead them to Sherman's lines. Instead, Stoneman ordered his men south, towards Pensacola. But when he heard there were Confederate cavalry in Macon, he reversed himself and ordered his men to head north along the road they had just traveled. When they reached Clinton, instead of moving east to Sherman's lines, Stoneman again reversed himself on the grounds that the Confederates would be expecting them to take this obvious escape route. Over the protests of his brigade commanders, he insisted on continuing north the next morning. The Confederate General Alfred Iverson was waiting for him. Iverson was the spoiled son of a US Senator who had gained his rank because of political influence. He had mishandled several earlier responsibilities but this time he seemed in perfect tune with his task. He had scouted Stoneman's movements and knew he was coming. He was waiting in force at Sunshine Church where he had constructed a fortified V-shaped log structure across the road. Surprised by this, Stoneman decided to attack Iverson's position. His officers tried to persuade him to escape to the east, but he refused:

Gen. Stoneman seemed infatuated with the idea that he could cut his way through and return by the same route although he had sufficient evidence that a large force was in his front, and that the force in Macon would follow up in his rear. Almost every officer and man in his command felt certain that remaining in that position and attempting to fight our way through would prove a failure. Even General Stoneman's staff officers begged him to avoid the enemy's main force, and move around to the right... (Evans, p. 325-326). **Original**

When Stoneman ordered his men to make a frontal assault with the hope of breaking through, the 1st and 11th Kentucky stormed a Confederate hill but later the 11th Kentucky panicked and pulled back: Castel says the effort failed "with the Kentuckians again showing no inclination to close with the enemy." Evans (p. 330-331) is also critical of the Kentuckians:

The Kentuckians had bolted for the rear just as Stoneman summoned the 6th Indiana to their support. Ordered forward at a gallop, the Hoosiers were forming their ranks under a heavy fire when Colonel Biddle and Lieutenant Colonel Court Matson saw the Rebels driving back the broken blue ranks. 'Dismount, and go into them,' Biddle shouted as the Kentuckians streamed past. The 6th Indiana answered with a yell and slid from their saddles, scarcely leaving anyone to hold their horses....But it was not long before Silas Adam's panic-stricken Kentucky brigade came crowding back in confusion. Butler quickly formed a battalion of the 5th Indiana across the Hillsboro Road. Shoot any man who tries to get past, he ordered, but this proved unnecessary. The Kentuckians rallied, and as they marched back into line a courier brought Butler orders to report to Stoneman.

Stoneman was "very much excited, walking to and fro and swinging his arms violently." He complained to Butler, one of his commanders, about the Kentuckians: "Why, that brigade broke before there were two hundred shots fired, and I couldn't rally twenty-five men around me" (Evans, p. 331). Butler asked what Stoneman planned to do. "I intend to fight it out right here." Butler reminded him "a raiding party should never make a standing fight; that every minute we were there we grew weaker, both man and horse, and that every round of ammunition that was fired weakened our strength." Butler suggested an escape route to the east, that they march down the Milledgeville Road where they would have three escape options. Stoneman refused and lulled the morning away with no apparent plan. Several hours passed. Men were falling asleep from exhaustion. They began to fear for the worst. The First Kentucky's Lieutenant Huffman noted the men "began to lose confidence in their commanding officers" (Tarrant, 1894:364). Evans notes that "Perhaps Stoneman, after seeing the Kentuckians so easily routed that morning, began losing confidence in his men" (p. 331-32).

No one ever questioned Stoneman's personal courage. Like Colonel Wolford, when there was fighting, he was in the middle of it. Facing imminent defeat, he tried to rally his troops. As one of them put it, "Never did a man display more daring heroism than Gen. Stoneman. He was everywhere along the line cheering the men, calling upon them to hold on to the last...He grasped the muddy wheels of the guns, getting them into position, aimed them himself, showing he could execute as well as command" (Evans, p. 335).

Meanwhile, the Confederate commander Iverson ordered some men to circle around and attack Stoneman from the south. This put Stoneman in an untenable position.

Most of Stoneman's troopers run back to their horses, mount, and then gallop off to the northeast, easily penetrating a thin line of Rebel skirmishers...Only Stoneman himself and about 700 remaining men continue the struggle. For awhile, with the aid of the two Rodmans [heavy guns], they hold out atop a hill. Then the big guns fire their last shells. Members of Stoneman's staff urge him to surrender.

Stoneman's surrender

When Stoneman realized he could no longer hold his position and had been beaten, he decided to surrender. His officers were divided but many were absolutely opposed. The commander of the Indiana Cavalry begged Stoneman not to surrender and initially refused to let the officer carrying the white flag pass through his lines (Evans, p. 338). Colonel Capron was outraged: "Stoneman surrendered? Never while I have a horse under me will I surrender" (Capron, 1907:411). In the First Kentucky Cavalry, the men were shocked and absolutely opposed to surrender. One of their men, Richard Huffman, described their reaction:

Surrender! The word went through the brigade like an electric shock. I have seen excitement in our regiment, but when our men...learned that they were about to be made prisoners, the excitement was uncontrollable (Evans, p. 335).

Silas Adams, Wolford's replacement as commander of the First Kentucky Cavalry, went to Stoneman to protest. He pointed out that the 1st Kentucky's enlistment was about to expire and it was unfair to condemn the men to captivity at Andersonville. Many of the 11th Kentucky were ex-Confederates. If they were captured, the Rebels would shoot them as deserters. When Stoneman asked what Adams proposed to do he said he would take his men and break out. Stoneman was skeptical and tried to dissuade him, arguing that escape would be impossible. The Rebels had fresher horses. The men would lose their horses and be cut off one-by-one. Those

captured in organized groups could expect fair treatment but those captured as individuals would be shot. Tarrant (365) quotes the unpublished memoir of Lt. Huffman on the tension in the discussion as Stoneman argued with Adams against the escape: .

“If you attempt to get out, your command will be cut all to pieces and killed.”

“I will take the responsibility.”

“If you attempt it, you must take all the responsibility upon your own shoulders.”

Finally, Stoneman was asked point-blank if he was ordering Adams to surrender. At this, he relented and agreed to provide cover for Adams (Evans, 335-337/original):

“General, do you order me to do it?”

“What else do you propose to do, Colonel Adams?”

“To cut my way out, and where I go my brigade will follow.”

“Well, if you think you can go out without too great a sacrifice of your men, go, Colonel. I will remain, and may God bless you. Go, Colonel, and all who wish to go with you. I will engage the enemy’s attention in our front with Colonel Biddle’s brigade; will fire the last musket, and use the last charge of ammunition.”

We can only imagine the joy when Adams told the Kentuckians they would not join the surrender but would break through Confederate lines to escape. It was a bold move, the kind of maneuver the brilliant cavalry commanders of the South would have tried. The audacity must have inspired the men and they responded appropriately, not like the undisciplined drunks Stoneman had described but like courageous cavalry men. They were joined by several men from other units and by the regiment of Captain Capron, who tried to make his own separate escape but was largely unsuccessful. They eluded the Confederate lines and got out with scarcely a loss. (A few men were missing, left behind when they fell asleep or got separated from the group). Private John C. Weddle of the 1st Kentucky wrote, “We went through woodlands, across open fields, leaped fences and ditches, and performed many wonderful equestrian feats.” Lt. Huffman offered his own version of what happened (quoted in Tarrant, 1894:365).

The General then told Adams if he wished he might take his brigade, and attempt to go out. Adams came galloping back, and told the men what he had permission

to do. Every one was eager to follow him. Adams led the way. Many from other regiments united with us and followed our leader. I know not how Col. Adams found the way; but he led us over hills and deep ditches--not the sign of a path being there--and took us out between the Rebel pickets without being seen, and without firing a gun. It was one of the most wonderful feats he ever accomplished.

Lieutenant Thomas J. Graves (quoted in Tarrant, 1894:375) explains why Adams was able to escape “with no previous knowledge of the country” and “without even the sign of a path to guide him.” He suggested that, “This can easily be accounted for when it is know that Col. Adams, in his young days, was a trained fox-hunter and an expert woodsman, and brought all his woodcraft knowledge into requisition on this occasion.” Tarrant seems to accept this explanation. In any case, after the Kentuckians broke free, they linked up with other escaped units and proceeded to harass Confederates wherever they went. They picked up wounded Union stragglers, rescued some Union POWs, and took nearly a score of Confederate prisoners.

With the Kentuckians and some other units gone, Stoneman surrendered. His surrender was doubly humiliating since General Iverson, the Confederate commander, sent a junior officer, a colonel, to accept Stoneman’s sword. Castel (1996:448) describes the scene: “ A few minutes later he hands his sword to a Georgia colonel after vainly demanding that Iverson come for it in person. He then sits down on a log and buries his tear-streaked face in his hands.”

In two days, Wheeler had crushed McCook and Iverson had crushed Stoneman. The confederates had “gained one of the biggest cavalry victories of the war, thanks to Wheeler’s vigor, Iverson’s enterprise, Stoneman’s glory-hunting and blunders, his men’s lack of fighting spirit, and Sherman’s chronic mishandling of mounted forces” (Castel, p. 441-442). The 1st and 11th cavalry finally arrived in Sherman’s camp with about 900 men (Evans, p. 354). Stoneman went into Andersonville with 442 of his men (although he and his officers were soon transferred to a camp in Charleston and he himself was exchanged within a month). (**Check**). Of his original 2,144 cavalrymen, 1,329 (62%) were killed, captured, or wounded (Evans, 376).

Why Sherman and Stoneman Attempted Such a Misadventure

There is a debate among historians regarding what led to this fiasco. Sherman’s biographer (Lewis, 1993:402-403) feels he let passion detract him from his normal decision

style: “Demanding cold logic and unsentimental reasoning from all others, in the campaign Sherman allowed himself to stray from his ideal when he thought of Federal prisoners starving in Southern prison pens...Evidently without stopping to question how so many weakened men, if rescued, could be brought back across a hundred and thirty miles of hostile territory, Sherman bade Stoneman God-speed” (Lewis, p. 402-403). Military historian Liddell Hart (1929:289) focused more upon Stoneman’s motives: “Stoneman let his desire for their rescue, or for the fame it would bring, divert him from his duty.” On how Stoneman came to be captured, he said “he became entangled with the enemy, and losing his head, lost his liberty” (*Ibid.*:289). Calore (2000, 173) sees it as a matter of insubordination: “Disobeying his orders to destroy the Macon and Western Railroad, General Stoneman had altered his mission, and had ridden to Andersonville first.”

After the event, the commanders offered different perspectives on what happened. Grant’s memoirs (1990:507) tried to put a good face on the effort: “Stoneman, finding the escape of all his force was impossible, had made arrangements for the escape of two divisions. He covered the movement of these divisions to the rear with a force of about seven hundred men, and at length surrendered himself and this detachment to the commanding Confederate.” Sherman was more critical in his memoirs (1990:98), subtly hinting that Stoneman had fumbled his assignment or even disobeyed: “Stoneman had not obeyed his orders to attack the railroad first before going to Macon and Andersonville” and after shelling Macon with no result, found his retreat to Clinton blocked by what “he supposed” was a superior force. “There he became bewildered, and sacrificed himself for the safety of his command. He occupied the attention of his enemy,” giving Adams and others time to escape. Privately, Sherman put Andersonville at a more central place in the operation. On August 2, he wrote to his wife, describing it as a rescue attempt: “Stoneman is also out with a cavalry force attempting to reach our prisoners confined at Andersonville, but since McCook’s misfortune I also have fears for his safety” (Simpson and Berlin, 1999: 680-81). Ten days after it went wrong (August 9) he wrote to her that “I have already lost Stoneman & near 2000 Cavalry in attempting to rescue the Prisoners at Macon. I get one hundred letters a day almost asking me to effect the exchange or release of these Prisoners.” His frustration was obvious: “It is not in my power” (*Ibid.*:685).³⁰ To political figures, he put a

³⁰ In 1863 Lincoln stopped prisoner exchanges, primarily because the South refused to exchange Black prisoners (See McPherson, 1988: 788-802). The Confederacy opened Andersonville in February, 1864 to

different light on the matter, portraying himself as guilty of an excess of compassion. On August 7 he wrote to a congressman that “Nothing but natural and intense desire to accomplish an end so inviting to one’s feelings would have drawn me to commit a military mistake at such a crisis, as that of dividing and risking my cavalry so necessary to the success of my campaign” (Lewis, 1993:403). On August 11 he responded to a critical letter from another congressman with a more creative perspective, almost citing the failure as a defense: “I have made no professional mistakes but one, in consenting that Stoneman should make the premature attempt to reach our prisoners of war at Macon & Anderson & release them. Stoneman begged for it & I consented, my judgment being warped by our Feelings for 20,000 poor men penned up like cattle” (Simpson and Berlin, 1999: 690). Somewhat later, he put his decision in even more passionate terms: “I don’t think I ever set my heart so strongly on any one thing as I did in attempting to rescue those prisoners” (Lewis, 1993: 403). Given Sherman’s mixed words, There is an interesting debate among historians as to whether Sherman might even have given verbal orders to Stoneman to drive straight for Andersonville. Such an order, or even understanding, might serve partially to exonerate Stoneman from a charge of adventurism. Castel (1992:425) thinks it possible; Evans (1996:376) thinks it unlikely.

After the war, Sherman’s views were less charitable. Asked to recommend Stoneman and another officer for promotion, he said the other man was a grumbler and that Stoneman “though at times a good man is weak and gets bewildered. I have nothing to say for them” (Hirshorn, 1997:234). An even harsher judgment was offered by Secretary of State Stanton

accommodate the overflow (as well as transfers from Belle Isle camp in exposed Richmond). By September, 1864 most of the men had been moved to other places, although the camp stayed open. The summer of 1864 saw the greatest death rate: 1,203 in June, 1,742 in July, 2,993 in August (Futch, 1968: 44). The controversial decision to stop prisoner exchanges had heavy racial overtones, seemingly sacrificing white interests in favor of black. Still, in a mock election in Andersonville, McElroy (1957:211) reported that Lincoln won an overwhelming victory over former army commander George McClelland, who was calling for a negotiated settlement. (The vote was “over seven thousand for Lincoln and not half that many hundred for McClellan”). Regarding the policy, it was clearly one over which Sherman had no control. To understand the passions surrounding the issue, consider an inflammatory article in *The Daily Intelligencer* of Atlanta on August 19, 1864. “During one of the intensely hot days of last week more than 300 sick and wounded Yankees died at Andersonville. We thank Heaven for such blessings...We find that this would make 1800 feet equal to 600 yards or more than a quarter of a mile of dead Yankees...To bury them side by side would require a trench 600 feet long equal to 200 yards, 7 feet wide and five feet deep. It would require 120 men to dig the graves...200 carpenters to make boxes...25 wagons to haul them...To the funeral cortege we will allow, for charity’s sake, 0000000000 mourners.” We can only imagine how Union officers and men, not to mention the public, would feel upon reading such commentary (Hoehling, 1958, 330).

while the war was still in progress. Stoneman had been exchanged for a confederate officer and had been asked by his old friend General Schofield to take command of the cavalry of the Army of Ohio. Stanton (OR 45, II, 54) was beside himself at the thought. He wrote to Grant on December 5, 1864:

It appears from an order of Schofield's that he has assigned Stoneman to duty as second in command of the Department of the Ohio. Generals Thomas and Schofield both wish him to hold that position. If you approve of his so doing I am content, although I think him one of the most worthless officers in the service and who has failed in everything intrusted to him....

Grant's reply, later that day, shows the administrative style that made him effective. It also shows a less-than-positive view of General Stoneman.

I am not in favor of using officers who have signally failed when intrusted with commands in important places. Again, as a general rule, when an officer is intrusted with the command of a department, he ought to be allowed to use the material given him in his own way. I would simply suggest the transmission of this dispatch to General Schofield, and leave it discretionary then with him to employ General Stoneman, or relieve him from duty, as he deems best.

Stoneman's Raid

Stoneman and McCook started their raids on July 27, 1864. Sherman outlined the plan, that Stoneman would have 5,000 men, and McCook 4,000.

Sherman's official report

These two well-appointed bodies were to move in concert, the former by the left around Atlanta to McDonough, and the latter by the right on Fayetteville, and on a certain night, viz., July 28th, they were to meet on the Macon road near Lovejoy's and destroy it in the most effective manner. I estimated that this joint Cavalry could whip all of Wheeler's Cavalry, and could otherwise accomplish its task, and think so still. I had the officers in command to meet me, and explained the movement perfectly, and they entertained not a doubt of perfect success. At the very moment almost of starting, Gen. Stoneman addressed me a note asking permission, after fulfilling his orders, and breaking the road, to be allowed with his command proper to proceed to Macon and Andersonville, and release our prisoners of war confined at those points.. There was something most captivating in the idea, and the execution was within the bounds of probability of success. I consented that after the defeat of Wheeler's Cavalry, which was embraced in his orders, and breaking the road, he might attempt it with his Cavalry proper, sending that of Gen. Garrard back to its proper flank of the army." However, "for some reason unknown to me, he went off toward Covington, and did not again communicate with Gen. Garrard...His [Stoneman's] mistake is in not

making the first concentration with Gens. McCook and Garrard near Lovejoy's, according to his orders, which is yet unexplained."

The narrative of Lt. Richard E. Huffman, First Kentucky Cavalry, to his brother

The object of the raid: "Stoneman should cut the railroad communications between Atlanta and Macon. After this, if Stoneman was able, he had permission to go to Macon and release about 1,500 of our officers confined there. But Stoneman appeared to wish to go to Macon first..." p. 359.

At Covington

Our regiment being in advance, got hold of some whisky and brandy, and a number got drunk and noisy, and the ranks got into confusion, which caused the officers much trouble. Gen. Stoneman generally required us to march in column of fours, and would swear and charge about when he saw the men out of order. He chanced to come into town when the men were in confusion, and commenced cursing and ordering in a way that would have done credit to Gen. Nelson." p. 360.

"Stoneman had advanced to the railroad which runs from Macon to Augusta, and had captured two trains of cars: one of them was loaded with hogs and cattle for the Rebel army. He also tore up and burned a good deal of railroad track." p. 361.

Oh, Slowness! If we had only hurried a little, we could have released nearly 1,500 of our officers confined in prison at Macon, and so materially injured the Atlanta and Macon railroad as to have caused the enemy to evacuate Atlanta. We were twelve hours behind time. They had only 500 men in Macon twelve hours before, guarding the Union prisoners, and we could have defeated them easily...We well knew that Wheeler's Cavalry would soon be after us, and it was best for us to make our way out. The question was, what road to take. We started toward Florida...before an order came for us to go out on the same road we came in." p. 362.

Col R. W. Smith on why Stoneman ordered the column to retrace its steps: "a scout reported a large body of Rebel Cavalry coming into Macon, estimated from 1,000 to 1,500 strong. Fearing that this column would reach the ferry, which it was designed we would cross, and intercept our column, the General ordered a countermarch, and started back on the road we had gone down, designing at the same time, I know, to strike out in an easterly course, in direction of Milledgeville, as soon as practicable, for he thus expressed himself to me personally, and I do not yet know why this course was not pursued." p. 362-363.

Major Haviland Tompkins: "Information soon came that the demonstration east had drawn the enemy in that direction, and that but a small force was on the Covington road; hence he desired to press hard on that road, and reach Hillsborough, if possible, at which point he could take choice of three roads at daylight. But the enemy were too strongly posted, and he could not reach Hillsborough by two miles." p. 363.

Huffman on how they got trapped

here the best policy would have been to have kept a small force skirmishing with the enemy, while the main body, taking another route, should endeavor to go around the Rebels. But Gen. Stoneman, contrary to the wishes of his brigade officers, kept driving in the pickets of the enemy until daylight, when we came upon a large body of them. His officers still advised him not to risk a fight. He paid no attention to them, and about 8 o'clock, we were ordered to attack the enemy in our front on the road leading from Clinton to Monticello...We made the attack, and got within thirty yards of the enemy, when they broke and gave way in our front. We went up dismounted. We had already silenced their battery, and almost captured it, when we saw a large force coming in on our left. They pressed on, and to prevent being cut off entirely, we were compelled to give back; then the Rebels poured it into us hot and thick. Here we lost some good men killed and wounded. We gave back some distance, and it was with great difficulty that we could get the men to halt and form. I never saw men make a more gallant or better charge than they did that morning. They found the enemy too strong in numbers and too strongly posted; our men were tired and worn out with severe marching. They began to lose confidence in their commanding officers, and seemed to think it useless to form against a force so much larger than their own; so but little more fighting could be got out of them that day." p. 363-364.

The Spy: "Capt. Carr was on the outer line with his Company, when a supposed woman came up and applied for permission to come in. The Captain asked her where she wanted to go. She replied that she was the daughter of the old lady living in a house near by. Capt. Carr would not permit the pretended daughter to enter, but went to the house and inquired of the women if the person held at our lines was her daughter, and the old lady replied that she was not. Other assertions of the 'daughter' were found to be untrue, and Carr became suspicious that the alleged daughter was a male in the guise of a female, and such indeed was the case, and so we had caught a spy. Gen. Stoneman made him keep on his dress all day." p. 364.

Surrender: Enemy shells began to fall at 1:00. Captain Wolford, brother of the Colonel, was killed. "Just then the Rebels charged and we gave way...We then got out of range of their cannon, when we were surrounded on all sides. We now learned that Gen. Stoneman had determined on surrendering. I have seen excitement in our regiment, but when our men, whose times was nearly out, learned that they were about to be made prisoners, the excitement was uncontrollable. Already many of the men of their own accord had taken out on foot to make their way through the enemy's lines." p. 364-365.

Adams resists surrender and proposes escape

S: "If you attempt to get out, your command will be cut all to pieces and killed."

A: "I will take the responsibility."

S: "If you attempt it, you must take all the responsibility upon your own shoulders."

"The General then told Adams if he wished he might take his brigade, and attempt to go out. Adams came galloping back, and told the men what he had permission to do. Every one was

eager to follow him. Adams led the way. Many from other regiments united with us and followed our leader. I know not how Col. Adams found the way; but he led us over hills and deep ditches--not the sign of a path being there--and took us out between the Rebel pickets without being seen, and without firing a gun. It was one of the most wonderful feat he ever accomplished." p. 365.

Later they learned that Col Capron, who tried to escape by a separate route, had been captured. "We started on in a run after the Rebels, hoping to be able to recapture our men, as well as to give relief to that officer. As we charged down the road, we came across several Union soldiers lying dead, and at one place there were six dead Rebels. The road was strewn with the guns, pistols, blankets, etc., of Capton's men. We went nearly a mile, when we met some of the enemy coming with Capron's men as prisoners. We went into them, releasing a good many of our men as well as capturing some Rebels. The Rebels did not know that we were near, supposing that Capron and his men were the only Yankees in that section." p. 367.

Wheeler had sent 500 men under Breckenridge to capture Adams and Capron. "Here is where Capron acted indiscreetly. Instead of keeping on with Col Adams he left us and went on with his command. That night he told his men to unsaddle their horses, as there was not much danger. He had but few men on picket, and they were so tired out that they could not keep awake. One hundred and ten men were detailed to surprise the camp. Coming on to his pickets, and finding them asleep, they were awakened and made prisoners, then the camp was charged, and the men were scattered. This was about daylight. They were after Capron's men when we came up, and we took after the 110 men who were charging them. We thus got between this detachment of the enemy and the remainder of Breckenridge's command. Breckenridge himself was with the advance detachment, and in Adams's pursuit, Breckenridge was captured, but not being recognized by our men, he managed to make his escape in the confusion. This charge of ours was the most fortunate thing for us: besides giving the Rebels a scare, it opened a road for our escape [by] putting all the enemy in our rear, and we, having the start, made it impossible for them to get ahead of us. You never saw brighter faces than ours when we learned that we were in advance of our foes." p. 367-368.

Blame: "There is much indignation against Gen. Stoneman; indeed the misfortune of the whole raid is attributed to him. Col Capron is also blamed for the way he conducted the men he had with him after he escaped the first fight. He, himself, got out, but he lost many of his men. Col Adams gained for himself quite a name for the way in which he conducted his part. Gen. Sherman compliments him highly, and in my opinion, he richly deserves it, for he did his best for us; he brought his brigade out almost entire. The men of his brigade think very much of him." p. 370.

Tarrant on Huffman: "those who know the Lieutenant's character for truth and integrity will believe his statements. He is also corroborated by the reports of other officers, and contradicted by none except Gen. Stoneman." p. 372.

Tarrant on Stoneman's version of events

In a few days after his surrender, August 6th, Gen. Stoneman sent through by flag of truce a brief report of his disasters, in which he vented his spleen upon the

Kentucky brigade, claiming that its conduct was the principal cause of his failure, instead of attributing it to its true cause--his own disobedience of orders. The Author would throw the mantle of charity over his report, and pass it by as the ebullition of a distempered brain, but it is on the records of the nation, and it is his duty to vindicate his regiment. The fact is, that both the First and Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry had too many experiences on many a bloody field not to know, after vainly charging the impregnable front on the 31st of July, and being attacked by a heavy force on the flank, that the wanton sacrifice of their lives was useless, and consequently became discouraged. Though Gen. Stoneman was a gallant officer, and had previously won honors as a successful raider, he, like others, no matter how distinguished, was liable to make great mistakes; and being always chary in bestowing compliments on subordinates, and of an ungovernable temper, he was mortified at the success of an officer inferior in rank, and much younger in age and military experience. But the petulance of Stoneman did not deter others from bestowing on Col. Adams the honors richly due him. Gen. Sherman compliments him personally; other officers did the same; soldiers of other commands looked upon him as a hero, and he received the heartfelt gratitude of the men of his own command for successfully leading them out of the terrible dilemma and giving them a chance to see the loved ones around their own firesides once more. The night after his return to Marietta, a band belong to a Northern regiment serenaded him, to which he gave a happy response in a short and eloquent speech." p. 372-373.

Lieut. Col. R. W. Smith: "Great credit is due Col. Adams for the energy and management displayed in bringing his command out as safely as he has." p. 373.

Tarrant: "Lieut. Huffman seemed puzzled to know how Col., Adams, having no previous knowledge of the country, could successfully lead his men out of their critical situation on the 31st of July without even the sign of a path to guide him. This can easily be accounted for when it is known that Col. Adams, in his young days, was a trained fox-hunter and an expert woodsman, and brought all his woodcraft knowledge into requisition on this occasion." p. 375.

Fear of Andersonville. Two men in the regiment were lost and suffered great privations in getting back. One suggested surrendering but the other argued "that they would starve in the loathsome prisons of the South; that their privations and sufferings then were light in comparison with the hardships and abuses they would have to undergo if they put themselves in the hands of the enemy." p. 378.

Comment

Tarrant's standard of historical reporting is to stick closely to the facts and the documentary record but to discuss that record with the recognition that human beings are a mix of wisdom and weakness. He will always affirm the one while minimizing the other. He is always willing to praise anyone in battle, even an enemy, even one whose achievements are minimal, so long as they behave honorably. He is willing to put a good face on failure, recognizing that even a good and courageous person sometimes makes mistakes. When someone like Sherman is man enough to admit his errors at Kennesaw Mountain you can see his esteem rise in Tarrant's eyes.

What he cannot tolerate is an officer whose vanity denigrates his subordinates or one who will not accept responsibility for his own actions or will not praise others for their achievements or who tries to push blame on his subordinates. Stoneman was a vain abuser who insulted and denigrated his men. When Lt. Carr reported for punishment after going AWOL to visit his family, Stoneman did not punish him but verbally abused him in the presence of others. This clearly grates on Tarrant's sense of honor and decency. When Stoneman, from a Confederate prison, wrote a report blaming the First Kentucky Cavalry for his failures, Tarrant, Huffman and the others in the unit must have been livid. Even thirty years later, the gentle Tarrant can barely contain his contempt. For Stoneman to point out their weaknesses, human and otherwise, as if that explained his failure as an officer was inexcusable. Tarrant had earlier told the story of a man committing offenses and being "bugeled" out of the corps because they did not have drums to "drum" him out. Tarrant said he would tell the story because it happened and must be told, but he would leave out the man's name because it served no purpose to combine information of the event with a reference in the historical record that would burden his family permanently with knowledge of what happened. But, as he put it, "for the sake of his friends and relative's feelings, and a possible innocent posterity, his name will not be given in this work...The evil deeds of men, their short-comings and frailties, live too long as a mortification to their families without a permanent record; but their patriotic and noble deeds should be handed down not only to their immediate descendants, but to succeeding generations for them to imbid and imitate" (p. 221). Stoneman did the exact opposite, put his accusations into the historical record without ever admitting his own flaws. Stoneman had led his men into a trap and had lost his whole unit. Adams had led them out without a loss and had won honors for his achievement. And yet Stoneman had the gall to blame Adams and other junior officers for his failure. His handling of this matter throws into doubt his whole version of events.

Note: This is an incomplete analysis, but I share it with you because of what is here.

A Note on Given Names

Professor David Hackett Fischer wrote a fascinating book called *Albion's Seed: Four British Folkways in America* (Oxford University Press, 1989). He says we erroneously look at British people who came to America as sharing a common culture. (Some sociologists use the slightly derogatory term WASP—white Anglo-Saxon Protestant—to designate a commonality that does not exist). In fact, there were four distinct waves of migrants from Britain, each quite different from the others. They left for different reasons and at different times and from different

places and had very different religious and social and political values. In a sense they were four religio-ethnic or cultural groups. The four were the Puritans from East Anglia to New England (1629-41), the distressed Cavaliers and their indentured servants from south England to Virginia (1642-75), the Friends of the north Midlands to the Delaware (1675-1725), and the Scots-Irish from the English-Scottish Borderlands and northern Ireland (Ulster) to the Backcountry of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee (1717-1775). The Benjamins were a part of that wave of Puritans, the Stocktons and Carrs and Gores were of the Scots-Irish wave, but were from Virginia and North Carolina and would have reflected that pattern as well.

Fischer discusses *Onomastics*, or naming patterns.³¹ He quotes historian Daniel Scott Smith: “The naming of children is culturally never a trivial act” (p. 93). People chose a child’s name to send a message and to set a direction in that child’s life. They are placing the child within a cultural, historical, religious, and family context. Naming patterns vary considerably from group to group. While it would be a mistake to assume that everyone within a religio-ethnic group shared a common set of customs, still there are dominant patterns more likely to be found in one group than another. What follows is a summary of Fischer’s research.

The Puritan Custom: The Puritans were an element within the Episcopalian Church of England who believed that the church leaders were getting away from the personal piety demanded of the faith. They were particularly upset at sports on Sunday and other actions that they saw as frivolous. Most were from the better off classes, generally educated and with some property. They began moving to New England in large numbers in 1629. In that century, over 90 per cent of their names were taken from the *Bible*, twice that of other places. More than half of all girls were named Mary, Sarah, or Elizabeth, names chosen for their moral qualities of righteousness or purity or faithfulness. Rebecca was common as were the names of the female prophets Hannah, Anne, Deborah, and Huldah. Two women who defended their husbands—Abigail and Rachel—were popular, as was the loyal and obedient Ruth. Most feminine names combined the domestic role with personal qualities of intellect, courage, integrity, and strength of character.

³¹ The following discussion is taken from pages 93-97 for the Puritans, pages 683-686 for the Scots-Irish., and 306-310 for the Virginia Cavaliers.

For boys, the most common Puritan name was John, the most Christlike of the disciples. Other popular names were Joseph (of Egypt), Samuel (the upright judge), and Josiah (the righteous king). Uncommon names were Paul, Moses, Adam, Abraham, Solomon. Names that never appeared were Jesus, Angel, Emmanuel, and Christopher. It would have been sacrilegious to name a child Jesus. Likewise angel names (Gabriel and Michael) were uncommon. Interestingly, naming seemed to follow social rank. In early New England, the name of Hezekiah (a king) appeared ten times more frequently among officers than among enlisted men, and the name of the simple herdsman Amos appeared more frequently among the rank and file. In spite of their contribution to American democracy, the Puritans had their own rigid social structures than persisted over time.

Two-thirds of first born children were given the forenames of their parents. They were not named after their godparents, a practice seen as popish. The use of *necronyms* was also common. When a child died, the next child of that gender was given the name of its deceased sibling. This pattern occurred in 80% of cases where a child died. This pattern was almost unheard of among other groups. (Note: In Golconda, Illinois there is an early 19th century cemetery that has a mother and father surrounded by four little boys, all of whom have the name of the father. Clearly that father wanted a little boy with his name (or if Scots-Irish perhaps the name of *his* father). They kept trying and failing. To other people, giving a child the name of its deceased brother would seem to be tempting God).

Finally, there were *hortatory* names that urged children to virtuous behavior, Many girls were named after the Christian virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Others got more *ad hoc* names such as Goodman, Fly Fornication, Be-courteous, Humiliation, Mortifie, and Kill-sin. Over 43% of children between 1570 and 1600 received such names.

The Border or Scots-Irish customs: For 700 years, there were only three English kings who did not have wars on the Scots border. The people in those regions came to see war as a fact of life. Their culture and their naming patterns reflected their history. Forenames came from three dominant places: Biblical (John was the top choice), Teutonic (Robert or Richard) and border saints (Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland; Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland; and David, the patron saint of Wales). They also used Celtic or Teutonic names (Ewan/Owen, Barry, Roy,

Ronald, Archibald) as well as the names of Scots kings such as Charles and James. Brave warriors appeared (Wallace, Bruce, Percy, Howard) as did border place names (Ross, Clyde, Carlisle, Tyne, Cumberland, Derry). As lowlanders, they tended to avoid names associated with the Scots highlands (Douglas, Donald, Kenneth, Alan, Ian, Neil, Stewart) or names associated with Gaelic/Catholic Ireland (Sean, Kathleen, Maureen, Sheila). There was also an alternating generation naming pattern in which the first son was named after his grandfather and a second son was named after his father. Sometimes a boy was given the surname of his maternal grandfather, i.e., his mother's maiden name. This tended to consolidate clan loyalties.

The Cavalier Pattern of Virginia: The Cavaliers were the elite elements in southern England who sided with the king against the Puritans in the English Civil War, and lost. Many of them fled to colonial Virginia, bringing their indentured servants. Virginia thus had a social inequality within its white population that was unusual. This produced exceptional tensions between the landed elite of the coast and the small farmers of the interior. (This tension became very relevant in the Revolutionary War as "Tory" and "Whig" factions (pro-British and pro-Independence) battled each other. It became even more significant after the war when waves of poor farmers migrated into the frontier areas of Kentucky and Tennessee). A common Virginia name was Edward. Edward was a king name from Wessex in south and west England. (Edward the Confessor was the last of that line to rule). This name appeared only once in the first forty years of Harvard University, indicating how much the Puritans rejected it. Virginians preferred to name their sons after Teutonic warriors or Frankish and English knights. Favorites were William, Robert, Richard, Edward, George and Charles, names seldom found in Puritan New England. Girls were given saint names not in the Bible or traditional folk names (Margaret, Jane, Catherine, Frances, Alice), or the English favorites of Mary, Elizabeth, Anne, Sarah. Less than half of all names were from the Bible, compared with 90% in New England.

The Virginia elite were committed to patriarchal lineages. The firstborn boy would be named for his paternal grandfather, the second for his father, then others after uncles or aunts (60% of firstborn males were named after their grandfather compared with 37% in Massachusetts). A man with four sons would have one named after himself (the second) but would have four grandsons with his name. Given high child death rates, this tended to keep the patriarchal name alive. Another variant of this pattern was to give a boy child his maternal

grandfather's surname as a given name. By way of example we might point to the famous explorer Meriwether Lewis, a name that tells us he had a Grandpa Meriwether.

Our Own Family Patterns: The Stockton family has roots in Virginia and Kentucky. They followed two common 19th century patterns. First, they alternate names by generation. Thus there were several Thomas Stocktons and John Stocktons spread over 200 years. A second pattern was to give boys patriotic names. So many little boys at that time were named Andrew Jackson or Thomas Jefferson that census takers often just entered AJ or TJ or GW or BF and assumed that everyone would know what that meant. The founder of our Lewis line in Southern Illinois was named John Bunyan in honor of the famous Christian author but he had brothers named Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin. Among the Bartons, our Civil War ancestor Nathan was named after his Grandfather Nathan Benjamin. He had a brother named George Washington, and other brothers apparently named after uncles.

On the Williams side, Freeland Williams was named after his Grandpa Freeland. (His middle name Vick was in honor of Dr. Vick who delivered him). The Williams family also has someone named Sewell who was named after a Grandpa Sewell.

When we name a child we send a message, to society, to the family, and to the child.

The Southern Illinois Family

**Wiley Short Stockton
(1835-1882)
Father of Francis Hayes Stockton**

Wiley is the first of the Stockton family to live in Franklin County in Southern Illinois. He was born in Kentucky in Clinton County just near the Tennessee border. We first find him in Illinois in the 1880 census although we know the family was there in 1878 because that is when Millie Caroline, the mother of all the Stockton children including Hayes, died. (She is buried in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery in Franklin County, as is Wiley) We know that his son Samuel (based on his delayed birth certificate) was born in Washington County (west of Mt. Vernon) in 1872 so the family had not been in Franklin

County very long. Wiley's tombstone in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery says he died in 1882. We find him in the 1860 Arkansas census married to Caroline Carr and in the 1880 census, two years after Caroline's death, remarried to a wife named Louisa. We do not know where he was in 1870, nor do we know how he missed serving in the Civil War. Apart from the fact that Louisa was born in 1849 in Tennessee, we know nothing about this new wife and it appears she had no children. We do not know why Wiley moved to Franklin County. That county began to be settled in 1804. Many of those early settlers were from Virginia (probably West Virginia). Others were from Kentucky and Tennessee and the Carolinas. One record says some were descendants of a Whiteside-Stockton marriage of 1740.³² The Lewis and Browning and Whiteside families of Franklin County were Virginia people so it is possible Wiley had relatives in the county who were not named Stockton. There were also people named Carr, one being Allan Carr, a possible sibling of Mildred. The land was relatively cheap, so that may have been a factor.

According to the census records, Wiley could read and write but Caroline could not. These were very hard times and there was little opportunity for education in those frontier areas, especially in the sparsely settled counties. Many people who were literate had just a few years of education, often just enough to learn to read and write. To get an idea of the problem, consider Franklin County, Arkansas where we found Wiley in 1860 as a young man. It had 7,290 people. How do you run a school system with such a small, rural population? You probably don't, at least not very well. We also have to recognize that for farm people in those days taking a boy out of the field to send him to school involved a direct economic sacrifice. Some fathers may also have felt that there was no need for girls to have an education. That was not the case with the Carrs. Caroline's brothers and sisters were all literate. One of Caroline's brothers (Delaney) was a law student in 1860 and later became a prominent judge. Her three younger sisters were all in school. Caroline's illiteracy seems a matter of missed opportunity (or bad census records), not of parental neglect.

The separate report on Thomas Stockton discusses the parents of Wiley and his early years. We do not have family stories about Caroline's father and mother but we do have letters from two of Caroline's brothers to Sam Stockton, her son. After his mother died, young Sam wrote in 1890 and

³² A privately published history by Marsoen M. Akin entitled *Springs Settlement (Browning Township), Franklin County, Illinois, 1832-1872* (United Litho, 2622 N. Dartmouth Lane, Spokane, Ca 99206, 1998) has a history of those early settlements. It is available in the Library of Congress, the Illinois State Historical Library, the Illinois State Archives, Southern Illinois University's Morris Library, and the Benton, Illinois Public Library.

1891 to his uncles. We have their responses. The uncles were Thomas A. Carr (b. 1844) and George W. Carr (b. 1849). They would have been 46 and 41 at that time. I was able to locate these uncles in the 1860 Kentucky census in Clinton County, Kentucky (south central part of the state, on the Tennessee border) with their father and mother Thomas (b. 1812) and Sara Ann (b. 1816). The Carrs had six children living with them in that year. The census report says the Carrs were from Virginia. We know from those two letters that one brother was a county sheriff who was hoping to move to the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma. We also know that Father Thomas was still alive in that year, although the report to Sam was that he was very feeble. There is no mention of Sarah. Sam had apparently written to his uncles of how difficult his life was. He had mentioned coming to visit them, which seemed to please them. The letters from the uncles were very affectionate and open.

Wiley and Caroline had six children (George Abner, Sarah Crestenna, Lewis, John, Samuel, and Francis Hayes). George appears to have been named after his maternal uncle. It may or may not be significant that none of the sons were named Thomas. It was a custom in those days among the Scots-Irish for the first son to be named after his maternal grandfather. We do not know why Wiley and Caroline ignored that custom but it may have reflected some family tensions.

Both Wiley and Caroline died relatively young. Caroline was 42, Wiley 47. When Wiley died four years after Caroline, George was ultimately left to care for several of his younger siblings. He was 18 when his mother died, 22 when his father died. We do not know what happened to Louise, the second wife. She was a young woman and may have remarried. According to family stories George resented his family responsibilities. One can imagine that being a young husband and parent and having to care for younger brothers and sisters would not be easy on either the family budget or the marriage. We sometimes forget how hard life was in those days. People lived on the very margin of survival. The death of a cow, much less a parent, could push a family over the edge. George was said to be a hard man. Hayes was said to be a hard man. We have other stories about people with no joy in their lives. Lincoln was once asked about his youth and he quoted from a noted poem, "the short and simple annals of the poor." We need to keep that cruel reality in mind when we read those stories.

Hayes, the youngest of those siblings and my own grandfather, was four when his father died. His mother died the year he was born. We do not know if she died in childbirth but in any case, he would not have remembered her. A young man like George with a new wife wants to build his own family, not care for little siblings. There is no evidence that Wiley left an estate of any kind so it was up to George to deal with the problem on his own. George had married Jesse Galloway of Perry County in

1883 and then married Mary B. Mooneyham. In 1900, Hayes, then 22, was still living with George (41) and Mary (28). They had three children of their own: Stella (8), Wiley, and Bertie (1). Mary also had a child (Arvel, 11) from a previous marriage. George, a farmer, died June 11, 1906 of tuberculosis, with pneumonia. He had an attending physician. He was buried in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

The Family of Wiley Stockton and Mildred Caroline Carr Stockton

Wiley	1835-1882
Mildred Caroline	1836-1878 ³³
George Abner	1860-1906 (age 46)
Sarah Crestenna	April 18, 1863-March, 1888 (age 25)
Lewis	February 15, 1865-June 14, 1935 (age 70)
John Wiley	October 28, 1866-December 3, 1955 (age 89)
Samuel	1872-1964 (age 92)
Francis Hayes	July 28, 1878-March 24, 1932 (age 54)

Note: Four of the six children produced no descendants. Sarah died before having children; John was a bachelor; Lewis married a woman who could not have children; Sam had a little boy who died and a daughter who was physically disabled and never had children. George and Hayes have descendants who still live in Southern Illinois and elsewhere.



³³ There are different dates given for Millie. This one seems the most realistic.



The Brothers Stockton

We have very few photos of Frances Hayes Stockton. Hayes died young (1932 at the age of 45 from pneumonia). His parents were Wiley Short Stockton (c. 1839-January 20, 1882) and Mildred Caroline Carr (c. 1836-January 25, 1873).³⁴ Wiley and Mildred were from Clinton County, Kentucky, just on the Tennessee border. "Millie" had been born in Tennessee, as were the parents of Wiley. Wiley and Mildred produced ten children, six boys and four girls. Four siblings died in infancy. Two died relatively early. George A. was born in 1859 and died 1905 at age 46. Sarah Crestenna was born April 8, 1863 and died 1888 at age 25. She was married to George Teffertiller. Alive in the 1930s were four brothers and probably one sister, Mary Mundell of Paragould, Arkansas. Mary was born in 1873. I have not been able to establish her death date.

The 1880 Illinois census lists seven children. (This was the first census when the family was in Illinois. They had been in Paragould for a time). It appears that when Millie died in 1873, Wiley married Louisa.³⁵ We have no family stories about Louisa. However, when Wiley died two years later in 1882 she would have been left to raise the younger kids. Given his tender years, Hayes would have only dim memories of his birth mother. Step-parents were common in those days, when death came from many directions. The family says George was left with his siblings. Perhaps Louise abandoned the children.

Names in those days were often spelled phonetically. We have records of Hayes spelled Haze and Hays. That 1880 census lists our surname as Stogden. That was how some people pronounced it when I was a kid (and I hated it). This is the 1880 listing:

	Age at Death	
Wiley	41	47
Louisa	31	42
George	21	46
Sarah	17	25
Lewis	15	70
John	14	89
Samuel	10	92
Mary	7	Unknown
Franklin	3	54 (This would be Frances Hayes).

George, Sarah, Lewis and Sam are buried in Mount Pleasant, as are Wiley and Mildred. Hayes and Rachel are in Horse Prairie.

The wonderful photo below (undated) shows the four brothers.

Lewis (February 15, 1865-June 14, 1935), the oldest son, is in the lower left. He was an elder in his church, Mount Pleasant Baptist. He is buried in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery. He was well

³⁴ The birth date for Mildred Caroline is confused. The 1860 Arkansas census lists her as 21 and Wiley 24. She has baby George at that point. Another source lists her as born in 1849, which makes her a mother at 11. I think the 1860 census is correct and she was born in 1836.

³⁵ A graveyard index for Mount Pleasant Cemetery has Wiley as "h/o (husband of) Sarah E. Storey, died 7 December 1882, age 16 y, 5m, 18d." The name and dates do not match what we know. Mistakes happen.

respected. His wife was Sarah E. (September 27, 1860-September 10, 1930). They had no children.

John Wiley (October 28, 1882-December 3, 1955) is lower right. John never married. My memory of him was odd. He lived in a small house (shack?) in Valier. It had no electricity. He drove an old black coupe from the 1930s. Once we had him over for dinner and once he came over just to visit my dad Ralph, his nephew. They sat on the front porch on the swing and talked. My mom did not like him so we kids were taught not to like him. I have a cup he gave Hayes, my grandfather. I inherited it from my dad. It says "Brother." He was a coal miner, like everyone else.

Sam is in the upper left (1862-1964). He was married to Ida M. (1875-1959). They had two children. Their son Samuel Eugene was born April 30, 1918 and died November 22 of that year. He is buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. They also had a daughter Conita (1902-1990). She was disabled by polio. She never married.



Hayes (July 2, 1878-March 24, 1932) is upper right. In 1900 Hayes married Rachel Bates (March 7, 1883-July 3, 1972). They produced nine children in their 32 years of marriage. I will make a separate entry on those children.



The Lewis Family of Southern Illinois

Rachel Bates married Hayes Stockton. Her mother was Melinda Melinda's maiden name was Lewis. This is the Lewis Family. I think of Grandfather Lewis in this photo as 'The Patriarch' because of his distinguished appearance. Many are buried in Hammond Cemetery near Benton.

In the front are Grandfather John Bunyan Lewis and the Grandmother Rachel Hammond Lewis.

Then left to right (in the handwriting of Rachel):

Edd Lewis

Bettie Lewis Moore

Martha Kirkpatrick Lewis

Cassie (Cassiopeia) Lewis

Malinda Lewis Bates (short, in back).

George Lewis

Liza Lewis Turner

John Sherman Lewis





The Bates Siblings

Rachel Stockton was Rachel Bates before she got married to Hayes Stockton. Here is a photo of her siblings and other relatives. There is no date on this photo but it looks to be in the 1960s.

In the photo below, left to right these are:

Cora Hodge (left)
 Lula Tucker (standing)
 Rachel Stockton (sitting)
 Edmond Bates (standing)
 Syble Bates (sitting)
 Arcada Prior (sitting)
 Clarence Prior (standing, back)
 Harrison Brady (standing)
 ??? Brady (
 Flossie Robinson (standing)



In this 1965 photo, the two men are Elmer Bates and Noah Bates. The women are Nellie Bates (left), Syble Bates (middle), Rachel Stockton (right).



Children of Kilibrew Bates and Malinda Lewis Bates

Kilibrew Bates, b. December 3, 1846 d. March 27, 1927)

Malinda Lewis Bates, b. November 6, 1854, d. December 23, 1938

Children of Kilibrew and Malinda

Cora Bates	b. August 28, 1873
John Q. Bates	b. June 3, 1875m d. November 19, 1950
Roxie Bates	b. July 27, 1878
Lula Bates	b. September 6, 1880 d. November 19, 1963
Dempsey Bates	b. February 27, 1882 d.
Rachel Bates	b. March 7, 1883
Ezra Bates	b. June 17, 1884, died young, kicked by a horse
Noah Bates	b. November 30, 188?
Edmond Bates	b. March 22, 1895, died May 16, 1968

Source: *Genealogy Records of John Bunyan Lewis*, compiled by Rosalee H. Jones. Privately printed, 1977.

Obituary of Frances Hays Stockton

Frances Hays Stockton was born on a farm near Buckner, Illinois, July 2, 1887. He was a son of Wiley and Carolina Stockton. He was one of a family of ten children, six boys and four girls. Of these, four died in infancy, one brother, George and one sister, Saraham, Christine preceded him in death. He leaves three brothers, Louis, John, and Sam, all living near Valier, Illinois, and one sister, Mrs. Mary Mundell of Paragould, Ark.

He married Rachel Bates on the 11th day of August, 1900. To this union nine children were born. Three of these, Mrs. Alice Bradley, Martha and Floyd, preceded him to the Great Beyond. The remaining children, one son, Noble and one daughter, Mrs. Nora Taylor, live near Sesser on a farm, and the rest, Mae, Ralph, Freda, and Sadie were at home with their parents.

Mrs. And Mrs. Stockton were progressive farmers who spent most of their lives on farms in Franklin county. They were well and favorably known throughout this community. Mr. Stockton was very industrious. He was devoted to his family and spent all his efforts to make his family comfortable and happy.

He was a careful and conscientious student of the Bible and was well versed in its teachings.

He was honest and dependable. He numbered his friends by his acquaintances and while very unassuming, and plain spoken, yet he was sincerely admired for his sterling qualities, wherever he was known.

He was active and appeared to be strong until a few days preceding his death. He became ill with a bad cold, which quickly developed into pneumonia from which he died at his home on the 24th day of March, 1932 at 3:00 a.m.

He leaves his widow, the children, the brothers and the sisters already named, seven grandchildren, many other relatives and a host of friends to mourn his untimely departure.



Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation of the kindness and sympathy extended us during the recent illness and death of the later Francis Hays Stockton. Especially do we thank the Tucker-Robbins Garage for their kindness in furnishing cars for the funeral.

The Family

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of
FRANCIS HAYSE STOCKTON
Who passed away eleven years ago
March 24, 1923

We will miss your smile and your
 Friendly hand,
 But we know you are now in slumber land.
 Some day when all of our toils
 Are o'er
 We long to meet you on that
 Bright shore.

Sadly missed by wife,
 Mrs. Rachel Stockton, and
 Children

These appeared in the Sesser newspaper and are on file in the Goode-Barren Historical Society archives in Sesser, Illinois. Spelling is as in original. There was no standard spelling of Hayes. Anecdote: Bonnie Montgomery Dugger, my cousin, once met a man who knew our grandfather. He told her that he had a very friendly, jolly laugh. That is something good we know of him. My father Ralph said he remembered his father in the evening reading the Bible. We have the old wooden chair that was *his* chair. We also have the chair of my grandmother Rachel.

Family of Francis Hayes Stockton and Rachel Bates Stockton

Hayes and Rachel married August 11, 1900 at the home of Reverend Le. S. Brayfield, which subsequently burned down. (A handwritten note by Sadie Robinson says his name was Russell Brayfield. The county record says L. S.). She was 18, he was 24. They had nine children.

Francis Hayes Stockton	July 2, 1878-March 24, 1932
Nancy Rachel Bates	March 7, 1883-August 3, 1972
Nora Ethel	October 16, 1901-May 4, 1982
Alice Malinda	September 23, 1903-1930
Noble Henry	August 2, 1905-Feb. 8, 1975
Martha Caroline	February 8, 1908- July 11, 1925
Clara Mae	July 16, 1910-April 1, 1983
William Ralph	June 23, 1912-August 23, 2002
Clearence Floyd	June 21, 1914- Dec. 8, 1918
Sadie Gertrude	November 24, 1918- June, 1999
Freda Juanita	Sept 20, 1916-Feb 4, 1988

Notes

Nora married Marion Taylor (Aug 30, 1899-March 18, 1977)
 Alice married Robert Bradley (October 16, 1898- July 2, 1960)
 Noble married Gracie Galloway July 28, 1908-April 11, 1972, then Goldie

Mae married William H. Isenhart Sept. 25, 1900-Dec 22, 1970
Ralph married Ella Barton (August 23, 1915-)
Sadie married Wathan Robinson Feb. 13, 1917-Aug 30, 1977
Freda married Royal Montgomery (c. 1939) and L Grant Eubanks (1910-1964).
Roberta Irmodean (September 24, 1931- January 3, 2014) was the daughter of Mae Stockton

Stockton Siblings, the children of Rachel Bates Stockton

Left to right

Freda Montgomery Eubanks
Saddie Robinson
Ralph Stockton
Rachel Stockton
Nora Taylor
Noble Stockton
Mae Isenhart



Final Thoughts

Why Conduct Genealogical Research?

Why do we conduct genealogical research into our ancestry? The worst reason is vanity, to find some illustrious ancestor whose achievements can cast glory somehow upon our simple lives. This is not dishonorable but it focuses everything in the past upon ourselves, as if somehow we are the fulfillment of everything our ancestors worked to achieve in their lives.

A second reason is curiosity. We simply want to know who went before us and what their lives were like. Did they live through great times or tragic times? Was there tragedy in their personal lives?

Were they part of a historical process, such as the migration of peoples into the lower Midwest? For me, this is a great motivation.

A third reason is to recreate that which has been fragmented. There is a chain of existence that links those who went before us with those who exist today and those who will exist in the future. Somehow that chain of memory has been broken for many of us. Perhaps it is the American way of thinking, the assumption that we are what we are without regard to our ancestry, good or bad. Or perhaps it is simply the fact that we move around so much that records get lost and families get separated. We have lost the names and hence the lives of those who went before us. Many of our ancestors, probably most of them, were just simple people who lived out their lives without riches or fame. They were known by those around them, but they never achieved anything of great significance. Perhaps if we reconstruct their names and the facts of their lives we can reconstruct that chain.

In a sense, genealogy gives life to those who have gone before, and perhaps gives life to those of us who do this research today. We are no longer our isolated selves but are part of a long chain of humanity and history. And this brings up an important point. For those of us who are descended from some ancestor—known or unknown—our very existence is a memorial to their lives. They continue to exist because we exist, whether or not we know their names. But there is another type of person in our family tree who deserves a special note—that person who never married or whose line ran out because of death or whatever reason. In a sense they are among the most significant beneficiaries of our efforts. They are now placed solidly within a family tradition. They exist because we remember them.

An Ancestral Poem

This poem arrived over the internet. The person who sent it attached the following comment: “I received the following little ‘poem’ from a friend who types this on a 3 x 5 card then puts her name, relationship, snail-mail address and e-mail address on the back, then laminates it, punches a hole in it and ties it to a single-stem artificial flower and puts it on her ancestor’s grave when she is visiting cemeteries whether those close by or in different states. That way the next person who might be researching can get in touch with her. I think it is a great idea.” So do I.

Dear Ancestor:

Your tombstone stands among the rest;
Neglected and alone
The name and date are chiseled out
On polished, marbled stone.
It reaches out to all who care

It is too late to mourn.
You did not know that I exist
You died and I was born.
Yet each of us are cells of you
In flesh, in blood, in bone.
Our blood contracts and beats a pulse
Entirely not our own.
Dear Ancestor, the place you filled
So many years ago
Spreads out among the ones you left
Who would have loved you so.
I wonder if you lived and loved,
I wonder if you knew
That someday I would find this spot,
And come to visit you.

Anonymous

Supplementary Material

Added September, 2022

King's Mountain. A Turning Point in the Revolutionary War

The summer of 1790 was a bad time for the Americans. The British had captured Georgia and Charleston and much of South Carolina. Lord Cornwallis planned to move inland to occupy North Carolina. This would separate the South from the rest of the colonies and make it possible to crush Washington.

In May, Lt. Colonel Banastre Tarleton (26) had defeated the Americans at Waxhaws and then bayoneted 113 survivors after they surrendered. He was going to break the resistance. At King's Mountain, on the border of the two Carolinas, eleven hundred loyalist militia had gathered under Patrick Ferguson, a bold, innovative British officer. The British army was going to link up with them and move into the interior.

Alas for them, the patriot forces under Isaac Shelby and John Sevier learned of their plans. They appealed to the "Over Mountain Men," the Scots-Irish frontiersmen of the interior. These were tough people who had arrived in the mid-1700s from northern Ireland. They were neither Scots nor Irish but were a distinctive group of people who had been marginalized within their own land and were starting over in a new place. Life was hard for them. Working the land was backbreaking. They fought Cherokees and rattlesnakes and were not about to let the British take away their homes. When they learned of the massacre at Waxhaws and learned that Tory loyalists were gathering at King's Mountain they grabbed their hunting rifles and headed out. On October 7, they were in position.

Jane and I visited this place just a week ago. The battle was over in an hour but we spent three hours at the site. There is a one-mile walk around the hill where the battle took place. (Note: It is 60 feet high and 200 feet long). The Tories had positioned themselves on top of the hill. The patriot militias were in five positions around the hill. There is an electronic display of the battle in the exhibit building. Jane said, "The British should have looked at this board. They would see that this was not going to turn out well." It reminded me of that Bob Newhart routine about the Battle of Little Big Horn as a football game. "General Custer. You lost the toss. You take your men and gather in a circle in that valley. General Bull, you gather all the Indians in the world on the hills surrounding the valley and attack."

Actually, the British thought they had the advantage. Not only did they have a remarkable leader in Major Ferguson, the only British citizen in the battle, but they had the defensive position. They were dug in on the top of a mountain. The rebels would have to climb as they fought, not an easy thing to do. Moreover, among their soldiers were 200 American regulars from the north, trained and equipped and armed with bayonets. Those bayonets were terrifying. Local militias were really just farm guys called up for combat. They had no training and no discipline. They were not known for their courage when confronted with professional soldiers. Ferguson believed that in the face of cold steel, the rebels would flee back to their farms. He was wrong.

Those rebels believed that if they ran, their homes would not be safe, their families would not be safe, and their lives in this land would not be safe. They had spent the last few decades fighting the land for sustenance and fighting the Indians for the land. They were not about to give it up.

When the fighting began, the rebels were told, "Each man is his own officer." They were told to use "Indian tactics," to hide behind rocks and trees and to fire at will. These men knew Indian tactics. They had seen them for decades. As they charged they shouted Indian war whoops, a terrifying sound to those on top of the hill. They also shouted "Buford, Buford," a reference to the massacre of the surrendered Americans at Waxhaws. This was an ominous sign. These men were not just fighting for victory. They were bent on vengeance.

Three times the professionals with their bayonets came charging down the mountain. Three times the patriots fled, firing as they ran. Three times they gathered their forces at the bottom of the hill and headed back up. Each time, the Tories left bodies scattered about.

Not only that, but Major Ferguson was a leader who led from the front. He also had on a checkered shirt. A young woman who abandoned the Tories had told the rebels that fact in exchange for her freedom. He was hit simultaneously with seven balls as he sat on his horse.

The battle was over in an hour. But then came the shameful part, the vengeance. There was a massacre of survivors. In the end, the patriots lost 27 men, the Tories 157. 36 leaders were given summary trials. Nine were hanged before General Shelby stopped the carnage.

There were other battles in this British campaign, all localized battles involving rebel militias, all involving guerrilla tactics against the British forces. At Musgrave's Mill, just before King's Mountain, the Americans were vastly outnumbered. They used a tactic as old as time. They positioned themselves in a concealed semi-circle and sent out a decoy regiment to engage the British forces and then to flee in terror. The British were lured into the trap and massacred.

At Cowpens, just after King's Mountain, they used another tactic called "defense in depth." The land was hilly so the rebel commander (Morgan) surprised everyone by putting his militias in the front ranks. He put 300 militiamen 100 yards in front, 120 of his best marksmen even further in front, then his 600 regulars behind those two front lines. He told his militiamen to fire off two shots, targeting officers and sergeants, and then to move to the rear to serve as a reserve. Militias typically ran as soon as they saw professional soldiers, marching in lines, their terrifying sabers glistening. By telling them to fire twice and then retreat, he got two shots out of them. As they broke ranks and fled, the British thought they had a victory in hand, only to discover that the trained soldiers were hidden over the hill.

Then came Guilford Courthouse (a field named for where a courthouse once stood). Technically, this was a British victory, given that General Green retreated. But the British losses were great. The Americans lost 79 and had 185 wounded. The British lost 93 and had 408 wounded. At one point, the British situation was so perilous that Cornwallis fired canon into his own ranks to thin out the rebel forces. In parliament, Charles Fox said, "Another such victory would ruin the British army."

It is said of Colonel Nathaniel Green, the hero of Guilford Courthouse that he never won a battle, and yet he was one of the great soldiers of the war. As he reported, "We fight, get beat, rise, and fight again." Henry Kissinger once said that when a professional army faces a guerrilla force for the army to win, it has to defeat the guerrillas. For the guerrillas to win, all they have to do is not lose.

When these small hour-long battles were over, patriot morale was soaring, the British were discouraged and arguing among themselves. Their forces were so diminished that Cornwallis gave up his strategy and moved north to confront Washington. They met at Yorktown.

Note: I calculated the kill ratios of Musgrove's Mill, King's Mountain and Cowpens. The Americans lost 57, the British 330. That is a kill ratio of 5.8:1. Perhaps even more seriously, the

British left many behind. At King's Mountain, they left 163 seriously wounded and 498 prisoners. At Cowpens, only 200 British escaped of a force of 1100. And then came Guilford Courthouse, where the British lost a quarter of their troops. For good reason, Cornwallis moved north.

Personal note; My sixth great grandfather, William Carr, was at Musgrove's Mill and King's Mountain. He was in the North Carolina Continental Line (state regulars).

Resource: for those interested in more information, the definitive study of the war



in the Carolinas is *The Road to Guilford Courthouse* by John Buchanan. It reads very well.



Ferguson memorial, old and current.

g



Rachel Bates Stockton 1883-1972

Rachel Bates was born in 1883 in Sesser, Illinois. She was the child of Kilibrew Bates and Mildred Hammond. She had a third grade education and got married when she was 17. Her husband was Frances Hayes Stockton, also of Sesser. She did not have an easy life. She and her husband had a very small farm, perhaps under five acres. He worked in the mines or on farms or collecting scrap metal for sale.

She became a mother when she was 19. In total she had 9 children, four of whom preceded her in death.

Her first loss was her son Floyd. She was 35 at the time. Floyd was born in 1914 and died in 1918 of pneumonia. So many children in those days died of diseases that would be cured today with an injection. Floyd's older brother, my father Ralph, was six at the time. My dad could never talk of that time.

Her second loss was her daughter Martha. Martha was 17 when she died in 1925. Rachel was 42. Martha also died of pneumonia. To me, as a nephew who would not be born for fifteen years, she was just a name. Only when I was 75 did I realize that my older cousin Gilbert Stockton (son of Noble and Grace) had a photo of her. She was a beautiful young woman. The photo included a young man who looked very happy to be with her. The family had the photo colorized and cropped so that the young man was no longer there (although a copy of the original survived). We do not know his name.



The next to die was Alice. She was 27 and married. This was 1930. Rachel was 47. Her husband remarried but was buried next to her in Horse Prairie, where most of the family were buried. I guess this was a true love. He is between his two wives.

Hayes died in 1932 of pneumonia. He had given up three of his children. He was ill and, as the story goes, got up in the night (it was March) to go to the outside toilet. He got pneumonia and was gone.

Herodotus says that it is normal for children to bury their parents, but it is not normal for parents to bury their children. There were many cases in those days when parents buried their children. Rachel suffered death after death. Then her husband was gone. She was left a widow at age 49. There were three children at home at the time: My father, who was 20, Sadie who was 18 and Freda who was 16.

I do not know how she survived. There were some welfare programs in those days but the New Deal programs were just starting in 1933 so she would not have gotten much. My dad soon signed up for the CCC and that provided some income. They got paid \$30 a month, of which \$25 when home to the family. He was very proud of that job and of the contribution he could make to his family.

When I was a boy in the 1950s, there were Old Age benefits but that was not much. The government also gave surplus cheese and dried milk to people in need. There was no Food Stamp program until the 1960s. I suspect my dad and other family members gave her something, but they did not have much to give. She had always lived in the family house on road to the reservoir until the 1950s. That was a three-room house with no water or electricity. As she got older, that was clearly inadequate. For a short time in the 1950s she moved in with us but that

did not last long so she moved into a house just a block and a half south of the main street in Sesser. The house was up off the ground so she had to climb stairs. That was not acceptable as she got older. After the Great Society programs of the 1960s built some ground-level apartments she moved into one of those for a while, but then had to go to an old folks home where she could get care. She was still on her own in 1966 when I returned from Kenya and then in 1967 when I presented her with her new great grandson, Greg. She had other great grandchildren but she seemed absolutely delighted to meet him. She made him a quilt, with blue and white squares, which Greg now has.

I always viewed my grandmother as a simple farm lady, which she was. Thirty years after she died, I met someone in Sesser who knew her. She said her mother had been visiting with her when that person's mother had a stroke. She said her mother very much enjoyed her visits with my grandmother, and that she was a wonderful lady.

My grandmother kept her family together in the face of horrible tragedies. She was faithful to her Baptist church. She always had food on the table, she always gave us kids a present at Christmas (I remember once getting a simple handkerchief that had cost fifteen cents). Her hair was always perfect. And she loved to make her grandson (me) lemon pie, which I loved. And she endured. She was not a warm person. She was reserved and non-expressive. But once when I was in college and she knew that I was studying government, she saw a poster that had all of the Presidents on it. She wrote them all out and gave them to me. It was such a simple act. I could get that information from almost any textbook. Plus I knew those presidents by name, if not by dates. But it was obvious to me that she had put a great effort into that project. She had gone to school for three years but she wanted to contribute to my education.

It was not until I was at an advanced age that I realized what an amazingly strong and admirable person she was.



John Stockton (1749-1805/10)
Father of Thomas B. Stockton

There is definite confusion among Stockton family researchers as to how our family fits into the Stockton family lineage. There are two standard books on the Stocktons, one by Thomas Coates Stockton, one by Alfred Hoyt Bill. There is also the fine local history of Clinton County, Kentucky by Jack Ferguson, which deals more directly with our own branch of the family.³⁶ I am inclined to trust the Ferguson book more than the others. The best guess is that in the early or mid-1700s there were waves of Scots-Irish immigrants coming to this land from Northern Ireland. These were not ethnic Irish people but transplants from Britain who had a distinct identity. We need to be cautious about ancestry because people are anxious to link their family with famous personalities and grasp at straws to make those linkages. Part of the confusion is because of naming customs, discussed above. In Scots-Irish custom a father would name his first son after his own father. Thus a man named John who had five sons would have five grandsons named John. This gets very complex, and very confusing.

Some people want to link us to Richard Stockton of New Jersey who signed the Declaration of Independence. Another Stockton delivered the prayer at Gettysburg when Lincoln spoke. And another Stockton captured California during the Mexican War. These are people from a prominent New Jersey family. Much as we might wish it to be true, there is no evidence that we are linked to that family.

One possibility is that John Stockton was the son of Thomas Stockton (b. ca. 1727) and Rachel Allen of Albemarle County, Virginia, the grandson of Davis Stockton and Sarah Anthony. Albemarle County is in the western hill country where Thomas Jefferson lived. There was a John Stockton in that county who was an associate of Jefferson but it does not appear that this was our John (although he may have been a relative). As I noted elsewhere, our genealogy back to Davis Stockton is possible but beyond that there is much speculation and probable error

³⁶ Thomas Coates Stockton, *The Stockton Family of New Jersey and Other Stocktons* (Washington, D. C., The Carnahan Press, 1911), and Alfred Hoyt Bill, *A House Called Morven. Its Role in American History, 1701-1954* (Princeton University Press, 1954). Jack Ferguson, *Early Days in Clinton County*, Volume I, Privately published, undated is a local history that covers our own branch of the family. .

General patterns of history can sometimes be helpful. In the aftermath of the Revolutionary War, people from Virginia and North Carolina (many Carolinians being originally from Virginia) migrated into the frontier regions of Kentucky and Tennessee. The original border of North Carolina included what is today Tennessee and the original border of Virginia stretched west into Kentucky and Southern Illinois. People from those states naturally looked to the west. Migration had earlier been blocked by two factors, the mountains and British policy. The Cumberland Gap solved the problem of the mountains and the American Revolution solved the problem of British policy. In the 1790s Virginians began moving into the frontier in large numbers. Some would get on the Ohio River-- nature's superhighway--and take it into places west such as Southern Illinois (claimed for Virginia during the Revolutionary War by Virginian George Rogers Clark who captured Vincennes from the British). Others, especially in the early decades, would settle in Kentucky or Tennessee. We do not know how our ancestors got into the regions farther west but they most likely entered Kentucky through the "gap."

John Stockton lived in Clinton County, just south of what is today Albany. His farm is on a beautiful stream just a few miles south of Albany.³⁷ Today it is the home of Jack Ferguson. In spite of its beauty, it is hard to see how one could make more than a hardscrabble life on this land. John and Margaret had eleven children. Our ancestor Thomas B was number seven, being the fifth son. The children of John and Margaret are listed below:³⁸

³⁷ Take road 738 southwest about half a mile from Albany. Turn south on road 1576. About a mile south of that you will find a ford surrounded by a pleasant hill. That was the John Stockton farm. Had you continued west on 738 without turning south you would have found the Groce cemetery. Had you taken 738 past 1578, the first right (onto a very minor road) you would have come to the Stockton cemetery. All are within two miles of Albany. Alas, none of these cemeteries seem to have surviving stones of our direct ancestors (although there are many other relatives buried there).

³⁸ This list is taken from Ferguson. These names conform to those in a deed dated May 30, 1825 listing heirs. Nathaniel is not on that deed.

The Family of John and Margaret Stockton

Rachel (1769-1851)	m. David Jones
Nathaniel (April 25, 1776-after 1850)	
Jesse (1782)	
Elizabeth (ca. 1783)	m. John Christian
John (1785)	m. Luctrie Daniel (May 16, 1805)
Michael (ca. 1787)	
Thomas B. (1792-ca. 1865)	m. Christiana Groce

Samuel C. (1793)
Davis (1795)
Jamima (May 13, 1796-March 15, 1895)m. John Irwin, Jr.
Daniel (ca 1798)

Two Conversations with my dad, Ralph Stockton

The Haircut

One day my dad (Ralph Stockton), about 79 at the time, mentioned that one of his classmates had died. He liked the classmate's family, and had played with the boy at school. He told the following story:

One day his father (Hayes) told him he needed a haircut, gave him 50 cents and told him to go to a certain farm house where the man did haircuts. On the way, he went over to play with his friend on the next farm. After playing for a reasonable amount of time, he said he had to go get a haircut. The boy said his father would do it for free. Ralph said, "no" he would go on over to the barber, but the family would not hear of it. The friend's father did the haircut. Ralph offered him the .50 but they would not accept it. Finally the mother said, "keep the fifty cents and have your mother buy some cloth and make you a shirt."

When Ralph got home his father asked if he had gone to the barber as instructed. He said he had played with his friend and his father had cut the hair. "Did you give him the fifty cents," he asked? Ralph told the story. His father whipped him for this and told that next time he should do exactly as he was told.

The next day at school he told the boys the story and they were quite upset that they had caused trouble. They felt bad that they had put Ralph into a difficult situation.

Ralph said that after that he did exactly as he was told.

The story made me sad. My dad obviously had a harsh childhood. He was whipped for little reason. He seemed never to have reflected upon this, assuming that it was his disobedience that had led to the punishment, not that his father was harsh. At the same time, his father was obviously embarrassed by having a neighbor suggest that his son use the money for a shirt, even though that was probably not intended to cause embarrassment.

I thought how it was that my dad had not whipped me as a child. Most often, abused children become abusers. I can only remember one time when I was spanked as an older child and then my father obviously felt uneasy doing it.

Visiting his Grandfather, Kilibrew Bates

My dad had few good memories of Kilibrew. He remember once they were going to visit and his father told his mother, “Don’t take those kids for a meal. He will just resent every bite that goes in their mouth.” Apparently he was not a very pleasant person. His grandmother Melinda, in contrast, was very warm and loving. Rachel wanted to go visit her anyway and did so, even though her father was not very welcoming.

I have thought about this incident quite a bit. I cannot believe a person who would resent his grandchildren, even if he was poor and had little to feed them. To me, my grandchildren are the joy of my life. I delight in having them over every time they come, and would do anything for them. For me, also, generosity is something that gives me pleasure. I enjoy having people over or taking friends out for a meal or something like that. The idea that Kilibrew would begrudge his grandchildren a meal is astounding to me. Still, perhaps my generosity is a byproduct of my class. I am not wealthy, but am successful and have all I need. When I treat someone, it costs me little in terms of options. If by treating I had to give up a meal or make some painful sacrifice, perhaps I would see things differently. I remember a book by Banfield on southern Italy in which he points out that people have so little surplus in their lives that there is a culture of what he calls Amoral Familism: look after your own immediate family and assume that everyone else will do the same thing. Maybe that was the culture of the day. If so, it tells us so much about that younger generation that they turned out as good as they did.



Ralph Stockton making ice cream at his mother’s house. 1950s.

Sadie Robinson
November 24, 1918-June, 1999

My Aunt Sadie was eighty years old when she died. She was my dad's baby sister, six years younger. She surely never thought he would outlive her. She was in very good health when I saw her two years before her death, but then she had a stroke. There were other strokes until the end came six months later when she could not speak clearly. This frustrated her a lot, according to those who saw her. (She had a unique and lovely voice. It projected affection. I hated the thought that it was broken or immobilized).

I felt very blessed by the aunts and uncles that I had. On my dad's side, Aunt Sadie and Aunt Freda were special. (I also had Aunt Mae and Aunt Nora but Nora was much older and Mae was never in good health). Sadie and Freda both lost their husbands early. Sadie's husband Wathan ["Kenny"] died of lung cancer, and Freda's husband Grant Eubanks fell dead of a heart attack. Ironically, her first husband, Royal Montgomery, who died before I was born (and before his son Donald Royal was born) also died of a sudden heart attack. Kenny and Grant had both been very good uncles.

When we were kids I would often hang out with her sons, Kenny Ray and Raymond. Kenny Ray was a year older than I was and Raymond (later known by his first name, Roy). was two years younger. Those were nice times. We boys would often go into the woods, once to raid a bee hive and collect honey). They originally lived in a house (one of three) just east of the railroad track on the dirt street where my grandmother lived. These houses had originally been built by a mine to rent to workers. After a few years, they bought a nicer house closer to the city reservoir. It was across from the old abandoned mine, just across their pond from the old general store which my parents once ran. It was that newer house, sitting out on its own nice lot that I remember.

Her house always seemed to me to be a special place, fresh and open and nicely decorated. They also had wallpaper on their outdoor toilet, which seemed the peak of elegance. Inside the house, back in a pantry, was a box of comic books that I would sometimes read when I went over. Aunt Sadie was always friendly and cheerful. She was the person who introduced me to carrot cake. I was astounded by the very idea of making cake from carrots. Later when I would come home to visit from Michigan Aunt Sadie and Aunt Freda would always show up. They seemed delighted to see me, as if I were special. Aunt Freda had died earlier of cancer.

The wake and funeral were very nice. Nobody expected me to attend but I decided to take off from class and go. I had missed so many funerals that I did not really feel I could skip this one. I wanted to be a part of the mourning. I went by to see Kenny Ray the day before the funeral and it was very nice. I barely knew Nancy, his wife of thirty years, but it was as if I had never been away. I also had only a vague memory of meeting Raymond's wife Patty, although when I introduced myself she knew me well and said she had met my wife once when Jane had a small baby. Greg was 32 at the time so that tells something about her memory. I really liked both of those women, Nancy and Patty.

Being there was like making a trip back in time. At the wake many people came up to greet me and ask how my parents were doing. I told them that they were doing well but were "feeble." That was the best way I could think to describe their difficult situations. I saw Larry McBride, a classmate, and Melvin Hammonds, another classmate. I probably hadn't seen them since high school. Both looked very distinguished. I also met Dorothy Dugger, my old piano teacher. She came up to me, a very distinguished, very healthy, nice-looking woman, and said "I'll bet you don't know me... I taught you piano." I was so pleased to see her. I was a terrible piano student in spite of her best efforts and my first impulse was to fall on my knees and beg for forgiveness at my incompetence and lack of dedication. She asked if I still played the piano and I said I had let it slide. It was a very nice encounter. She had had an automobile accident just before I started taking lessons and was scarred in the face. She was pretty and I thought how sad that such a pretty face was scarred. Anyway, the scars were now gone and I almost said something but checked myself. Why note the obvious (and reveal what had been in my mind ages ago)? Now she was very extroverted and confident. She played during the service, at Aunt Sadie's request. I did not ask about her husband.

At the funeral two ministers spoke. Aunt Sadie had grown up a Baptist but had attended the Christian Church for years. The Christian minister (Dan Williams) read three passages from the Bible, passages that seemed very reassuring and appropriate. I thought that was the funeral sermon, but then the Baptist minister (Reverend Dane) came forward. He was a very dignified man, a bit muscular. He seemed a strong man, both physically and morally. He was probably in his late 70s or early 80s, but looked very healthy. We had spoken just before the funeral and he had asked about my father. When he started talking, he said he wanted to do two things, to talk about Sadie and her life, and to talk about the theological meaning to be taken from a funeral.

He started with some of the most eloquent and personal and moving words that he could have said. He said his involvement with the Stocktons and the Robinsons went back a long way. He had worked in the mines with Ralph and had worked in Valier mine before World War II with Noble. He had known Sadie since they were kids, and while he could not prove it he thought it likely that she had been present the first time he had ever preached a sermon. About Roy Robinson, Aunt Sadie's father-in-law, who had been dead for perhaps 40 years, he said he had known him a long time. Roy had been a hay bailer for those farmers who did not have their own bailer, and Reverend Dane had contracted with him. He was a hard working man, and his grandsons had always been there to help. These were very nice reminiscences that made us all feel that he was sincerely a part of our family and was sharing our grief. His voice broke a couple of times as he spoke. Then he said words that really touched me. "I have known these two families for many decades and they are good people. There is not a single bad thing that anyone could say about a one of them."

These were the kindest, most lovely words anyone could have said. It was obvious that he meant them and he knew what he was saying. It was an assessment that came from 80 years of life, fully mixed in with us and our existence. He knew stories about us that some of us probably did not know, and he was very qualified by experience and moral authority to say what he said. I was moved and was very proud to be a part of my family. *We are* good people. We are not perfect but all of us are good. You could trust any of us and could rely upon any of us. We are the kind of people who keep our word and who are straight with our neighbors.

(Roy Raymond on the left, Kenneth Ray on the right).



Eulogy for Ralph Stockton

My father took a long time to die. It was not that he suffered a lot. He just got older and older and more feeble. He had a host of ills, black lung, prostate cancer, congestive heart failure. The end came on August 23, 2002. Two months earlier he had a 90th birthday party. Rick asked him if he knew how old he was and when Rick said 90, Daddy said, "Wow. *That* is old!" He had a nice party. The Williams family reunion was at Kentucky Lake that week so Ted and I drove over. It was Ted's farewell to his grandfather. Greg planned to go with us but missed the connection. He was disappointed. Aunt Tressie and Uncle Alfred came from Southern Illinois, and there were quite a few people from Rick's church. Daddy had been getting weaker for some time so it was obvious there was not much time on the clock. In August he fell several times. One fall backwards sent him to the hospital. He hurt his shoulder and bumped his head. He got very confused and had some kind of delirium. Once he thought he was in the mine and it was caving in. Another time he thought it was raining inside the hospital room. He was in quite a bit of pain for a while. After a few days they sent him home to die. Dee and I had decided some time earlier that we would not use extra-ordinary treatment when the end came. Daddy had also said he wanted it that way. He always seemed at peace with the idea of death. People get old, they are revered in their old age, and then they die. That is just the way of nature. Death is a part of life. For the last few days he could not swallow and it was obvious the end was near. Dee was very gentle, putting water on his lips and talking to him, even though he was in a coma. Jane and I drove down, hoping to get there before he died but not expecting to make it. We arrived in the evening and he died at 10:00 the next morning. I am not sure he knew I was there, although apparently the hearing lasts longer than other senses so he may have known it. His last few days were without pain, and his departure was quiet. The nurse was there and she said, very

gently, "I think it's time." Dee and I were in the other room talking about a funeral. We rushed in just in time to be with him when he left us. Dee said, "Now he is with Jesus."

Dee was not sure she wanted a funeral. She preferred a graveside service. She said that since he was so old and had been gone from Franklin County for a decade, nobody would be at a funeral. She did not want to be embarrassed on his behalf. Last year she talked about having a funeral in Dexter, Missouri, where Rick was a pastor, with a burial in Horse Prairie Cemetery in Sesser. She said Mother could attend a funeral in Dexter. I saw it differently. I said he was the patriarch of the family at this point and that everyone who could make it would come. I told her Greg and Ted were coming and needed to have a funeral. They would want to meet everyone. I told Dee that at least 50 people would be there. In the end we counted 98. Rick did the sermon ("he was a common man"), I did the eulogy, and Theresa Bolen did the music. I had written that eulogy a couple of years earlier when I had heard a very nice eulogy for someone in our church. I realized that sooner or later he would die and that it was my duty as his son to stand and speak for the integrity of his life. I view a eulogy as an appreciation of a life but also as a historic document that hopefully will be preserved across time and will help future generations know something about the deceased. Both the sermon and the eulogy were well received. Daddy was buried in Horse Prairie Cemetery in Sesser, near his parents and grandparents and other relatives. Aunt Mary Barton and Peggy and Heather and Kim prepared a reception afterwards so the family could get together. Everyone at the grave site was invited to come. Probably 30 family members were there. It was very nice.



*A Eulogy for William Ralph Stockton
June 23, 1912-August 23, 2002*

William Ralph Stockton was born June 23, 1912 in Sesser, Illinois, in what he always called "the corner house." He was the 6th child of Hayes Stockton and Rachel Bates, the grandson of Wiley Short Stockton and Mildred Caroline Carr, originally of Clinton County, Kentucky, and of Killibrew Bates and Malinda Lewis. He was a true son of Southern Illinois and of Franklin County. He was the fifth generation of his family to live in this place through his Grandmother Malinda and the third generation through his Grandfather Wiley.

He had two brothers and six sisters, all of whom preceded him in death. I can attest from my personal experience that these siblings--and the families they generated--were central

to his life. Because he would want me to do so, and because he would do so himself if he were here, let me name them:

Nora, Alice, Noble, Martha, Mae, Floyd, Freda, Sadie

My father grew up in an America that doesn't exist any more, an America without electricity or central heat or running water. It was a land where butter and soap were made by hand and women's dresses were made from nicely-printed feed sacks specifically intended for reuse as clothing. As a child, he and his younger sisters rode to their one-room schoolhouse each day on the back of a horse. In the afternoon, their mother would swat the horse and it would return to the school to pick them up. As a young man, he broke the ground in the spring with a hand-held plow pulled by a horse. Then he broadcast the seed by hand from a bag carried around his neck.

Life in this land was harsh and hard. Death was a frequent companion. In the list of siblings, you may know that Martha, Alice and Floyd died early, as did their father. The name many of you may not recognize is Floyd, the baby brother who is buried in Horse Prairie Cemetery a few yards from where my father will rest this afternoon. At a time when the death of a child was something parents feared--for good reason--Floyd died at the age of four. My father loved him and played with him and nurtured him the way an older brother will do with a younger one. Floyd's death was a terrible blow and when my father spoke of him, his voice always became very serious. He loved all of his family but Uncle Floyd's death was not just a loss, it was a tragedy.

Like many other young men in Southern Illinois, my dad worked for a time during the Depression in the Civilian Conservation Corps, the CCC, and later in the WPA. He was very proud of his CCC work which did so much to improve the state parks in Starved Rock and Giant City and elsewhere. He was paid \$30 a month, of which \$25 was sent home to support his mother and two younger sisters, since his father had died recently. When my sister and I were kids, he took us to the places he had worked and told us what he had done in his youth. These visits were like pilgrimages. We were visiting places where something good had happened, where something was left behind because unemployed young boys (and a government with some vision) made it happen. Thanks, Daddy. The forests and parks you created are still there and children still play in them.

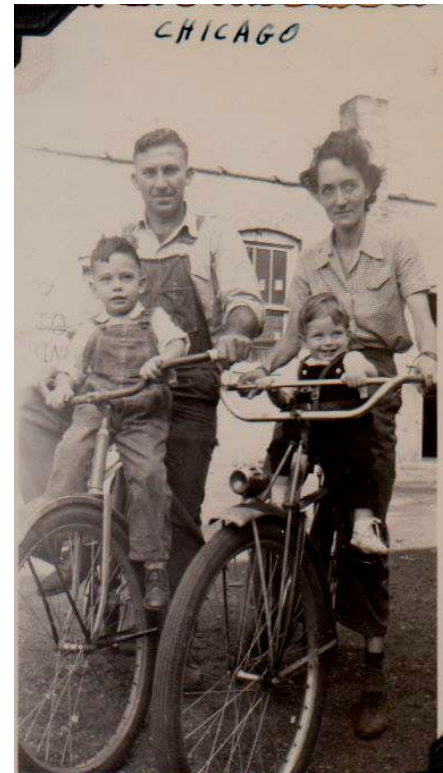
In 1938 when my dad was 26 years old he fell in love and married, a marriage that lasted 64 years. Ella Barton was a young woman who had worked in various jobs and had traveled and seen places he had never seen. She must have seemed like a very exciting woman. He always loved her and he always considered his life with her a great blessing. She will miss him.

This marriage produced two children, myself and my sister Dee. It also produced six grandchildren (Gina, Mike, Greg, Mary Ann, Ted, and Andy) and through those grandchildren 14 great grandchildren (Cody, Jennifer, Amber, Ashley, Kerrie, Katie, Andrew, Ethan, Landon, Carolanne, Sarah, Daniel, Hannah, and Casey). Each of these new lives was viewed as a gift. My dad particularly doted on the little ones. He would play with them and laugh with them, and carve tops for them and they loved it. All of them agree that he was a very good grandfather.

During the 1940s he joined the exodus of Southern Illinois boys north to Chicago, where he worked in the Mars candy factory. As the only man on his shift, making candy bars for military rations, he was exempted from military service. Even though we were very young, my sister and I remember the basement where we lived and the chunks of chocolate he would bring home from the factory. From pictures and family stories, we can see the love he had for his wife and children. In fading photographs, we see the bicycle rides, the visits to the park, the

smiling father with his family. These pictures show the young, vigorous, strong Ralph, the optimism, the joy in life, the hope for the future.

Apart from these two short experiences--in the CCC camps and in Chicago--he spent the rest of his working life in Southern Illinois. After a short attempt at being a storekeeper in Sesser, he worked until retirement at the Orient Number 3 coal mine in Waltonville. Working in a mine is not an easy job, nor a pleasant job, nor a safe job, but he always worked as hard as he could and he found joy in it. He enjoyed his "buddies" and the camaraderie and the loyalties that developed. Everyone in the mine seemed to have a nickname and my dad was called Judge. I never figured out why it was Judge, but that was as good a name as any, and somehow it seemed to fit. I remember one day when one of his buddies--Pap Kutsinger, whom we called Pap Kaiser because of his car--was killed in the mine. My dad was not an expressive person and whenever he was sad or in mourning, he would become very quiet and whatever he felt inside stayed inside. Pap's death was never mentioned again, but a quiet sadness came over our house.



In this day and age, when our leaders cry in public and people go on television to discuss the most intimate details of their personal lives, my dad's non-expressive manner may seem a bit old fashioned, but there was a dignity and an integrity in it that speaks well to the type of person he was.

My dad was never afraid of physical labor and often seemed to thrive on it. It made him feel good about himself, as if it were something he could do well. When I was about eleven or twelve my dad dug a basement under our house. It is the house that Irmadean and Roy now own. The house already had a half basement but it was for the furnace, not for the family. My dad wanted a family room for his kids and decided to dig one. Every afternoon, after putting in a full day in the mines, he would go down into the basement, dig out dirt, and carry it into the back yard. This was done entirely by hand. The task took months and by the time he was finished there were mounds of earth in our yard, but we had a basement with a nice family room. I think this was one of the things my dad did in his life that made him most proud. He turned his physical labor into something good for his family. It certainly made me proud.

One of the turning points in my father's life was when he joined the church. It was a dramatic moment that I remember very well. My dad always attended services with the rest of the family but he had never been saved and we all knew it. To me as a boy, the two most disagreeable things about my father were his swearing and his chewing tobacco. On that Sunday night when he walked to the front of the church, he gave up those things without ever being asked. From that time on, I never heard him swear and never saw him chew tobacco, and neither did any of you. It is easy to criticize the church with its disputes and failures and shortcomings, but my father was transformed by his faith and became an example to other people through that transformation. He became a Deacon in the First Church of God in Benton, was there every Sunday, and always had a sincere prayer at dinner time. When he was short on cash and fell behind on his tithes, he always kept track of his obligations and always made it up.

On behalf of the family, I thank this church for the impact it had on his life and on the lives of so many other people.

After his retirement, my dad and mom made good use of their free years. My dad had his wrestling and his westerns. Fortunately, he and mother also had their health and enough pension benefits to travel and to see many of the places they had always wanted to see. They ran around with a group of friends they called the Gatlings, and they would often go down to Florida in the winter to spend the season on the beach. These were joyous times for them, perhaps the most pleasant in their lives. All of us were very happy that they had these good years together. They were like children. At home they would go for long bike rides in the afternoon. One summer they cycled over a thousand miles and were featured on the front page of the Benton Evening News. On Tuesday my dad would go to the sale barn and on weekends the two of them would make the circuit of flea markets and garage sales. My dad was a collector of things and it was a rare visitor who did not get a tour of the knife room or a visit to the garage, which served as a museum for all the things he remembered from his youth. I always thought that his garage "junk," as he called it, was very interesting, and I often wished that someone had been able to open a Museum of Southern Illinois Life and Farm Technology. They could have started with the Ralph Stockton Collection. Alas, like the rest of us, he had to give it up when advanced age became his master.

In his last decade, daddy lived with his daughter, Dee Patterson, and her family in Tennessee and then in Missouri. Dee, and Rick--the son-in-law whom he really loved--provided constant and loving care for him. He was as good as he could be during this time, agreeable and cooperative. Still, the task was difficult, more difficult than we can say in words. For all the rest of us, Dee and Rick, we extend our thanks and gratitude for all the love and care you gave. You did more than was expected of you. For you in particular, Dee, the depth of your devotion was exceptional. To Amber and Ashley, you made him happy in ways you will not understand until you are grown ladies. Thank you for being such good granddaughters.

All of you know my father loved to tell stories about the past, stories filled with details. These stories meant a lot to him because they allowed him to reminisce about his early life, but, to be honest, they were often boring to other people, especially after we had heard them the fourth or fifth time. Near the end of his life, the stories became less frequent as the strength of his mind faded. When I would visit him, he would often just exchange pleasantries and then drift off to sleep. One of the last times I saw him he surprised me by going back into his old mode of talking. It was as if he had a resurgence of mental strength. He told me two stories I had not heard before, one about the only man he ever saw killed in the mines, the other about his decision after World War II to leave Chicago and return to Southern Illinois. Both stories were told clearly and with definite focus, as if he wanted me to remember them. The story about his return to Southern Illinois was particularly moving.

When he let people know he was leaving the Mars candy factory, the plant manager decided to see if he could persuade this very reliable worker to stay on. He called Daddy out of work one day and asked what he could do to keep him. My dad was not an articulate person but his words that day, which he seemed to remember quite well 54 years later, captured the spirit of the man. I wrote them down at the time and will read them for you now.

This is a big city and I don't know the people around here. When I go for a walk, there are still people everywhere. I want to return to Southern Illinois where you can look out and see horses and cattle. You can go for a walk and it is quiet and you are alone. It is the wide open spaces and that is where I want to live.

The manager said he could understand that and respect it. Those words may very well be the most poetic my father ever spoke.

My dad had a very simple view of the world. There were certain things that were right and you did them, and there were certain things that were not right and you did not do them. He had a strong sense of correct behavior that served him well.

His life was characterized by devotion to family, loyalty to friends, commitment to hard work, and involvement in his church. He was the last of his generation, a good man who did the best he could with the tools God gave him. He died at peace with himself. God has a reward for such people.

Notes: The Corner House was on the southwest corner of Lake Sesser Road and Coal Street. It was torn down in the 1980s; the one room schoolhouse was Keller School, near the Corner House; The female siblings were Nora Taylor, Alice Bradley, Mae Isenhardt, Freda Montgomery Eubanks, and Sadie Robinson. Alice died of tuberculosis, Martha and Floyd died of pneumonia. Alice was a young mother with a daughter, Doris; Martha was seventeen and engaged to be married at the time of her death; Dee's name is Delores Ann; The grandchildren are Gina Patterson Monroe, Mike Patterson, Greg Stockton, Mary Ann Patterson Rogers, Ted Stockton, Andy Patterson. The grandchildren (with parents) are Cody and Jennifer Monroe (Gina and Scott), Amber and Ashley Patterson (Mike and Cindy, legally adopted by Dee and Rick), Kerie, Katie, and Casey Rogers (Mary Ann and Phil), Andrew, Ethan, and Landon Patterson (Andy and Melissa), Carolanne and Sarah Stockton (Greg and Cathy), Daniel and Hannah Stockton (Ted and Brenda); Ralph and Ella were married June 6, 2002; Several members of the family worked at the Mars Candy Factory in Chicago. Walter "Jeff" Vander was the first. Others were August Vander, Ed and Suzie Barton, Tressie and Alfred Piper, Clarence Barton, May Whorrall. There were others. It was very much a family place. The supervisor at Mars was Mr. Smithers. He was very supportive of the family; The house in which the basement was build is at 505 S. Cockrum Street in Sesser. Wathan "Kenny" Robinson, husband of Sadie, laid the blocks. ♦

Eulogy for Ella Stockton

If my dad took a long time to die, my mom took longer. She got more and more frail. Her bones were brittle and her body shriveled. She made it to 90 but then gave out. It was sad to see her fade. She had wounds from childhood that none of us could understand. She was very insecure and sometimes difficult. She made it clear that she did not want a funeral so we had a graveside service for her. There were a few dozen people there, a mix of friends and family. Rick delivered some thoughts, about how my dad would never miss a funeral, and probably even went to some of people he did not know, but my mother avoided them and did not want one. His thoughts were very appropriate and very appreciative of her humanity. I delivered a eulogy, and Dee invited each person there to take a rose from the bouquet on her casket. That was a very nice

gesture. Each person paraded by and took one. I introduced the eulogy by saying that everyone, from the highest to the most humble, had a life story and I wanted to tell my mother's story. Not a single person there would wish her even one more day of life, but the life that she had was worth remembering and honoring.

A Eulogy for Ella Barton Stockton
August 14, 1915-May 6, 2006

Ella Barton was born August 14, 1915 in Skidmore, Kansas, just on the Missouri border near Joplin. She was the second child of Clarence Edward Barton and Suzannah Vandekerkhove, the granddaughter of Nathan Barton and Catherine Bradford and of Gustav Vandekerkhove and Marie Menu. The Vandekerkhoves were immigrant miners from Lens in northern France who came to America in 1903 and 1904. The Bartons were from a pioneering family in Indiana who ultimately homesteaded in Pineville, Missouri.

My mother had one brother and three sisters. Two sisters, Catherine and Mae, preceded her in death, as did her brother Clarence. She is survived by her sister Tressie. These brothers and sisters, and the wider family of which they were a part, were central elements in our lives. They surrounded all of us with love and understanding. None of us would be as good as we are without them, and we thank them for that.

The loss of my mother's older sister Catherine at the age of twelve was a central tragedy in her life since it was totally unexpected. She went to the doctor to have her tonsils removed and died on the operating table from an overdose of chloroform. Death is a part of life, but when it comes to the young it brings a special sadness to everyone. On behalf of my mother--and the rest of us--I want to say how much we mourn the loss of Aunt Catherine, who was denied the fullness of life.

As a young woman in the Depression, my mother took various jobs. The one that gave her the most satisfaction--with a mattress company--took her across the country. The group would go into a town and contact potential customers and would restore their mattresses to completely new condition. Mother started as a baby sitter for the owner but soon was working on sales. This job gave her a strong sense of achievement and allowed her to see much of the country, places she had never seen. While the poverty and hardship of the Depression left permanent scars, she often spoke with pride of this time in her life and it left her with pleasant memories.

She also talked about trips to visit her Barton relatives in Kansas. Once when the mines were down they stayed for a month, camping in a tent in her Aunt Oria's front yard. Just before her death, she told me once again of visiting with her cousin Mildred, almost exactly her own age, and how they slept in the shed loft behind the house. These were nice memories.

In 1938 at the age of 21 she fell in love with Ralph Stockton of Sesser and they were married. They lived for a time in what my dad called the corner house, on the way to the Sesser reservoir. My sister and I were born there, not to mention my father before us. When the war started, our family joined the migration of Southern Illinoisans north to Chicago where my father worked in the Mars candy factory. Housing was very short in those days and like so many other southern people, we



lived where we could, in our case in the rented basement of someone's house. My mom stayed at home and cared for my sister and me. People might laugh at the thought of living in a basement, but for us kids it was a nice time. We went to the park and for bike rides and ate the chunks of chocolate our dad brought home from the factory. It is possible to find happiness in any situation if you look for it, and my parents found happiness in being a young family.

After the war, our parents returned to Sesser to try their hand at running a store, but finally my dad got a job in the mines and my mother functioned in the home as a wife and mother. She took short-term jobs from time to time, once as a Stanley woman selling household goods at parties, once selling Tupperware, but she never worked out of the home on a regular basis. This was a different time in American history, a time when people worked hard to make their money last. In the summer my mother, like other women, would can peaches or grape juice or make pickles for the winter. This was hard work, especially in the blazing summer months, but it was very special in January to go into the basement and bring out a can of sweet peaches or apple butter or dill pickles.

This marriage--which lasted 64 years--produced two children, myself and my sister Dee Patterson. It also produced six grandchildren (Gina, Mike, Greg, Ted, Mary Ann, and Andy) and fourteen great grandchildren (Cody, Jennifer, Amber, Ashley, Keri, Kadi, Andrew, Ethan, Carolanne, Daniel, Sarah, Landon, Hannah, and Kaci). All of them agree that she was a doting grandmother who surrounded them with love. My sister and I can also attest that she was a caring mother. We remember the stories she read to us as children, particularly Alice in Wonderland and Treasure Island. I remember also how she would drive us every two weeks from Sesser to the newly built Benton Public Library so we could check out books. For me, this was an important development in my life and I thank her for it.

One of the central events in my mother's life was the death of her own mother. My Grandma Barton got breast cancer while she and our grandfather were living in Chicago. It became obvious that she would not be able to take care of herself so they moved back to Benton and we moved in with them for the last few months of my grandmother's life. These were difficult times for everyone but especially for my mother because of my grandmother's suffering. While many others helped during this sad time, and while her sacrifice was a fraction of what Dee has sacrificed to care for her, God will reward my mother for her service.

Mother loved the First Church of God in Benton. Her family had been involved in this church for nearly a century, since their time in Kansas and Missouri when it was newly formed. She was very active in the congregation, working in the women's group, helping to run a lunch program, sometimes even filling in on the piano when the regular pianist was not there. She spoke with great pleasure of the times in the 1970s when much of the congregation would come over to her house after Sunday evening services for fun and fellowship. We are grateful to this church for all the good things it brought into her life and into the lives of so many other people.

When my father retired, he and my mother went through a revived childhood. It was fun to watch them. They went for bicycle rides (often 20 miles a day), visited flea markets, took trips to various parts of the country, and went to Florida for the winters. There they would stay in inexpensive hotels and take long walks on the beach. They always came back refreshed. They also socialized in a way they had never done before. I remember a group of friends who called themselves "The Gadlings" because of their tendency to wander all over the place. I doubt that my mother was ever happier than during these times.

In her last few years, Mother was not able to take care of herself so she and my dad lived in Missouri and Tennessee with Dee and Rick. She frequently told me how much she

appreciated the love and care she received during this time. She felt that she could not have had a better daughter than Dee, and her love for Rick was exceptional. It would have been easy to put her in a nursing home but they refused. Dee and Rick, thank you so much. Dee, you were devoted to her and none of us will ever know what you went through to care for her or the sacrifices you made, but you made an old woman's final years richer than they could ever have been without you. Amber and Ashley, you added a special joy to her life. Thank you for being such good granddaughters.

The last time I saw my mother, she was very frail and not able to get out of bed. Since she was sleeping most of the time, I expected to exchange pleasantries with her and then have her doze off for most of the visit. I was very surprised that the night of my arrival she stayed up until well after 10:00 talking to me. I thought she would take the next day catching up on her sleep but when I came into the living room the next morning she was awake and alert, ready once again to visit. She was awake most of the day, probably more than I was, to be honest. She was able to tell stories of the past and had remarkably good memory. Several times she made jokes and laughed at her own cleverness. It was as if in the midst of her decline, she had called forth an extra measure of strength to make what we both thought would be our last visit one to remember.

Let me offer a final personal thought. When I was a boy I had an autograph book that I took from relative to relative and from friend to friend, asking them to sign. Some of you may have forgotten this, but you signed it for me, usually with some funny poem or wise saying. My mom wrote something that has always stuck with me: "We criticize only those things we do not understand."

I am not saying my mother was perfect, but she was devoted to her family and she always wanted us to succeed. That small inscription meant a great deal to me and I tried to apply it in my life and in my teaching. Whatever I achieved I owe at least in part to my mother and to her ambition for me. From all of us, mother, thank you, and goodbye.

Notes: Mae's actual name was Darlene; The "corner house" was on the southwest corner of Lake Sesser Road and Coal Street. It was torn down in the 1980s; The store was near Sesser Lake, across from the old coal mine. It burned down in the 1960s or 1970s.



Ralph and Ella Stockton

Angeline Beasley Lewis (January 6, 1790-January 25, 1896)

Caroline Angeline Beasley has always been a point of mystery for me. She was married to James Lewis Jr., then to Wilson Rea. She is buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. That was not much.

She and James are the founders of our Franklin County family. She is the mother of John Bunyan Lewis, "The Patriarch" of our Lewis family in Southern Illinois and the great grandmother of Nancy Rachel Bates Stockton, my grandmother.

Here is what I have learned. Some of this is from Ancestry but much is from the research of Dr. Michael M. Black (MMB), a cautious researcher of the Beasley family. mmb05s@my.fsu.edu

- Angelina was the daughter of **Frederick Beasley**, of Wake County, North Carolina and **Martha Jane Macy**. (Martha was also called Patsy, a common nickname for Martha. Martha and Jane were commonly combined in the past so she is sometimes called Martha, sometimes Jane).
- It appears the Beasleys were married 15 Years. They had six children: Barnabas, John, Mary, Angelina, William, Charles, Willie. The oldest was 14. Angeline, possibly the youngest, was 7 when her parents died.
- A Will and Probate record of 1790 identifies her father as Frederick Buzby, a. k. a. Frederick Beasley. His birth date is listed as 1754. He died in January, 1797. He would have been 44. MMB says the father of Frederick was **James Beasley** (b. 1727-1732)].
- Frederick got a land grant for 300 acres in Wake County, issued 11/16/1790, entered 7/11/1783. He was not a poor man.
- The Wake County Probate Court Minutes of January 1797 (449-282) describe what happened to the children. Son John appeared in court and chose William Pope Jr. for his Guardian for an amount of 200 pounds. (Regarding the use of pounds rather than dollars, states could have their own currency in those days). According to MMB North Carolina allowed a child of 14 to choose a guardian, so John was probably the first born. That means he was born around 1782, perhaps letting us guess the marriage date of Frederick and Martha. On that same day (January, 1797) the court made William Pope Jur. the Guardian of Barnaby, Charles, Angelena, William, and Willie. Pope "enters into bond with Josiah Atkins and Allen Griffis his securities in the sum of one thousand pounds").
- **Note:** Even today, some jurisdictions require a surety bond (also called custodial, conservation, or guardianship bond) when a minor or disabled person is turned over to the care of another. This is to guarantee that the Guardian honors the obligations of the assignment. Today the bond is typically guaranteed by a Surety insurance company. In this case, there were two guarantors listed who would support the commitments of William Pope, Jr. My wife's family has a case in 1860 when a Guardian "wholly neglected to superintend the nurture or education of said minor" and had the Guardianship cancelled. There was a \$200 bond involved. We do not know what happened to the bond.
- Those children were born between 1784-1797. Angeline and William appear to be the youngest children because their Guardian continued to make reports on them until 1810 (Source:MMB).
- Note that the spelling of the names changed in different records. Frederick is called Buzby or Beasley or Beasley and Angeline is called Angelly Brasley. These people were hooked on phonics and often spelled the way they spoke. (She is also identified by her first name Caroline)

- Black notes that Martha was not mentioned in the estate settlement. It appears that she and Frederick died about the same time, leaving the children without either parent. Was there an epidemic that struck the family with deadly force? It happened.
- The maternal grandparents of Angeline were Jethro Macy and Hepziba Worth. They were Quakers. (Those certainly sound like Quaker names to me). Hepziba may have been born in Nantucket, Massachusetts. MJ was mentioned in the Guilford Meeting minutes (Wake County) of 13 June 1754. Note: They list it in the Quaker manner as 13 Sixth 1754.

Marriage of Angeline and James Lewis Jr.

Angeline's husband was James Lewis. His dates were 1784-1840. They were married in Wake County, North Carolina on February 17, 1812. He was 28, she 22.

There is a marriage bond for James Lewis Jr and Angelly *sic*. Beasley February 17, 1812 in Wake County. It is a curious document. They had to put up a bond of five hundred pounds to guarantee that neither was already married. James and his father signed. James Sr. was illiterate and made his mark. This seems like quite a bit of money. It makes me wonder how poor people could manage. Maybe they just wandered into the backwoods and had babies. There was an exceptionally high rate of pre-marital pregnancies and births out of marriage in those days.

Note: This was before marriage licenses. A bond constituted a legal pledge that the marriage was legitimate and gave a public assurance that it would occur. It parallels the British custom of announcing "banns" during a church service for three weeks prior to a wedding. This had a double purpose, to protect the honor of the family in case the couple were engaging in pre-marital hanky-panky and the woman got pregnant (this was very common), and to assure the public in this pre-internet age that neither party was already married. There was a point during a marriage when the minister would quote from the Anglican *Book of Common Prayer*: "Should anyone present know of any reason that this couple should not be joined in holy matrimony, speak now or forever hold your peace." By custom, the future groom and a relative (in this case his father) would be signatories. Had there been concern that the future bride might bolt or be a problem, one of her relatives would also have been involved. But I guess the groom was the point of concern. He might have worked somewhere else, whereas her movements would be well known. One final point: This money was never actually produced, just pledged. Someone said it was like bail for a prisoner. If the prisoner appeared at court, the pledge of money for default was cancelled.

State of North Carolina

Wake County

Know all Men by these Presents That we James Lewis and James Lewis Jnr are held and firmly bonded unto William Hawkins governor, or his successors in Office, in the full sum of Five Hundred Pounds, current Money, to be paid to the said Governor, his Successors or Assignes, for which payment well and truly to be made and done, we Bind ourselves, our Heirs, Executors, and Adminisitraors, jointly and severally, firmly by those presents, sealed with our Seals, and dated this 17th day of July Anno Domini 1812

The CONDITION of the above Obligation is such That whereas the above bonded as James Lewis hath made application for a License for Marriage to be celebrated between him and Angelly (sic) Beasley of

the County aforesaid. Now, in case it shall not appear hereafter that there is any lawful Cause or Impediment to obstruct the said Marriage, then the above Obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in Full Force and virtue

Signed, Noted, and delivered

In the presence of

James Lewis (Illegible)

_____ his

_____ James x Lewis

_____ mark

<https://www.ancestry.com/discoveryui-content/view/11322540:60548?ssrc=pt&tid=2960106&pid=421076002326>

Note:
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document.

Our Southern Illinois Family

James and Angeline had the following children:

- Thomas Jefferson (1813–1880)
- **John Bunyan (1816–1895)** Born in Tennessee
- James (1818–1907)
- Killabrew (1818–1854) Bought 40 acres in Franklin County, 1854
- Andrew Jackson (1822–1888)
- Lucinda (1823–1891)
- Beryl (1825–)

- Nancy (1828–)
- William C (1833–1886)

James and Angeline were the first of the Lewis family to live in Franklin County. We are not sure why they migrated. He was called James Jr in North Carolina. Some people have tried to link him to the famous Lewis family in Virginia. I am skeptical of this linkage, much as I would like to believe it. Still, a Virginia Lewis family history says a son of “James” disappeared and no one knows where he went. If he had come to Southern Illinois that might explain why his family lost track of him. Because James died before Illinois had death certificates, there is much we do not know. One story is that he was a deputy sheriff who died or



was killed. Angeline is in Franklin County in the 1840 census (although 1840 was not an “all name” census so we deduce her with James from her age). On February 25, 1845 (James died in 1840) she married Wilson Rea. She is listed in the 1850 census as Angeline Rea. Wilson died on August 12, 1853 at the age of 82 of *Cholera Morbus*, i.e., acute gastroenteritis. In the 1860 census she is living with John Johnson, a relative. Angelina is buried in Mount Pleasant cemetery near Benton.

Angeline’s line

Jethro and Hepziba Macy

Margaret Jane Macy Beasley

Angeline Beasley Lewis (Born North Carolina)

John Bunyan Lewis (Born in Tennessee)

Melinda Lewis Bates

Rachel Bates Stockton

Ralph Stockton

Ron Stockton

Greg and Ted Stockton

Carolanne, Daniel, Sarah, Hannah Stockton

Two Farewell Thoughts

Abraham Lincoln was once asked about his family history. He quoted from Gray's magnificent poem, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." He said it was just "the short and simple annals of the poor."

That is something that runs throughout these stories of our families. Many of them had long and fulfilling lives, some even distinguished, but others had lives filled with pain and misery. Some left impressive legacies and reputations behind but others were struggling dirt farmers who left almost nothing. We need to remember that we living today are their legacy, and we are obligated to do what we can to honor that legacy. We owe that to them.

I would also ask that we remember those people who left almost nothing behind, those who saw their children die, and also the children who died. Those dead children are also our ancestors and so often they did not even get a start on life before it was taken. When my father was six, he lost his baby brother Floyd who was four and when my mother was 10 when she lost her big sister Catharine, who was 12. My parents-in-law lost their little boy Everett who was a wonderful two-year-old. My maternal grandmother Suzie Barton was terrified when I had my tonsils out because she had lost her daughter Catharine during a tonsil removal. "We can't lose another one," she said. Because those earlier generations were stoic in their behavior, we might think they were resigned to early death, or had moved beyond that pain. No. They lived with those losses to the very end.

When you go to a graveyard (such as Horse Prairie in Sesser) and see a line of babies that never made it, you have to think of those parents who grieved for the rest of their lives thinking of those children taken from them. And of the siblings who must have wondered if they would be next.

Today most of those children would have survived, but in those days, they died.

As I said earlier, I am driven to study our family history because it means I can preserve the lives of those who were not able to do what I can do for them. And I know others of you are doing the same thing, for which I congratulate you and thank you.

I will leave you with a statement that I saw recently. It was from a Vietnamese-American immigrant.

"If you look deeply into the palm of your hand, you will see your parents and all generations of your ancestors. All of them are alive in this moment. Each is present in your body. You are the continuation of each of these people."

That is a nice thought, but one that leaves us with a lot of responsibility.