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C. Randolph**

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FAMILY HISTORY

—WRITTEN BY—

C. C. RANDOLPH,

SALEM, OHIO, R. F. D. No. 2.

**A History of the Ancestors and
Relatives of C. C. Randolph.**

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ALLIANCE, OHIO :
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PREFACE.

This record is written in the belief that it will interest someone in the aftertime. Since my early boyhood I have taken great interest in the legends and traditions that have been handed down by word of mouth in our family. I have decided to write a short record of the names of the ancestors and some of the relatives of Thompson C. Randolph and Mary A. Randolph, together with some of the deeds done by them and a few stories that we think worthy of preservation, and also make short mention of the Randolphs of the present day.

A HISTORY

OF THE ANCESTORS AND RELATIVES OF

C. C. RANDOLPH

The four children of T. C. and Mary A. Randolph are Irving Holland Randolph, born the 11th of October, 1875. He graduated at Reserve Law School, and is now a successful lawyer in Seattle, was elected city attorney of Georgetown, Wash. He married Miss Ina Taylor. They have two children; Mary Randolph was born December 1, 1904, and Sarah Randolph, born February 4, 1906.

Walter Bayliss Randolph was born July 31st, 1865. He is a graduate of Mt. Union College, and is engaged in teaching school. He has been principal of a number of schools and now resides in Youngstown, Ohio. He married Miss Minnie King, and they have two children. Rebecca M. Randolph was born March 13th, 1895. Lowell K. Randolph was born February 5th, 1898.

Minnetta Carroll Randolph was born January 29th, 1864. She is single and lives with her parents. To her care in saving old letters and to her good memory of stories told years ago by our aunts and uncles the writer is much indebted; in fact, without her help this work would not have been undertaken.

Clarence Coulson Randolph was born March 4th, 1861. He has been something of a traveler, having sailed on both oceans and been in Cuba and Old Mexico, besides many states and territories.

He proved up a claim in Kansas, also one in Oklahoma. He married Miss Cora A. Baughman and they have three children: Homer E. Randolph was born March 1st, 1887; Byron A. Randolph, born August 21st, 1888, and Thompson J. Randolph was born the 22nd of January, 1891.

Thompson Carroll Randolph (the writer's father) was born November 19, 1833. He and his sister attended High

School at Salem, Ohio, and completed their education there. In 1855 he took a trip to the then new countries of Kansas and Iowa. He passed down the Ohio and up the Mississippi rivers. Kansas was then in a very unsettled condition on account of the slavery question and he soon returned to Ohio. In 1870 he and his sisters sold the old Randolph home near Lisbon, Ohio, and he joined the colony then settling at Greely, Colo. He and his family were in that city when there were but three frame buildings in the town. The Ute Indians often came to town, where they were civil enough, though it was considered dangerous to meet them out in the lonely mountains. On leaving Greely he went to Kansas, where he had relatives. He staid in Kansas one summer, then the ague and homesickness together caused him to move back to Ohio and settle on the farm where he now resides. Thompson C. Randolph was a man of strength and energy in his younger days. In the times when the grain was all harvested with the old-fashioned grain cradle I remember seeing him cradle down six acres of oats in one day. He takes great interest in the Grange and has attended more meetings of Butler Grange than any other member. He and Uncle Job V. Coulson joined the citizen soldiers and helped to capture the rebel General John Morgan and forces near Lisbon in the summer of 1863. That is said to have been the greatest day of excitement ever known in this county. Thompson C. Randolph's eyesight is failing, but he retains his strength remarkably well for a man of his age.

I will now write of the Coulson family: Mary Ann Coulson was born in Columbiana county, Ohio, November 21st, 1833. When she was quite young her parents moved to Carroll county, where her childhood days were spent. Her parents bought a farm and settled near Guilford, Ohio, in 1853. She commenced teaching school when she was sixteen years old and taught school for ten years. Though wages were low she saved \$300 during this time. She had a very good education for that time and was especially good in spelling and arithmetic. She was married to Thompson C. Randolph in 1860. When the family were in Greely, Colo., she wanted to move on to California, instead of coming back to Ohio, which might have been wise. She is fond of flowers and spends

her evenings in reading and sewing. She is less active than she used to be, but is still able to help with the housework. She was seventy-three years old her last birthday. She has two brothers and one sister.

Her sister, Sarah Ann Coulson, was born in 1830. She taught several terms of school; she was never married, was very independent, and lived many years alone. She was the friend of the unfortunate and was honored and esteemed by all her acquaintances. She was very careful and saving and left quite a little property to her nieces and nephews. After a short illness she died of a fever April 6, 1906, and was buried in Woodsdale cemetery, Columbiana county, Ohio.

The youngest brother, Job V. Coulson, was born in 1840. He was never married and was esteemed by all a good honest young man. He joined the Union army as a volunteer in the Civil war. After serving a short time he died of typhoid fever in the hospital at Nashville, Tenn., in the autumn of 1864. His remains were brought home and now rest in Woodsdale cemetery.

The oldest brother, George H. Coulson, was born in 1836. He was twice married and had three children by his first wife, and one by his second wife. His oldest child is Florence May Coulson, who was a successful school teacher and a fine musician. She married James Bennet Randels, who is now a prominent business man of Anthony, Kansas. He was twice elected recorder of deeds of that county. They have ten children, all strong and hearty.

The second child, Grace Eva Bell, died when quite young.

The third child, Ernest Brown Coulson, studied surveying at Manhattan, Kansas, and is now a very successful civil engineer. He now owns two fine farms in Oklahoma. He married Jessie McClurg of Manhattan, Kansas. They have no children.

The only child by the second wife is Leona Coulson, who married Charles Bowen, and now resides at Shattuck, Oklahoma. They have four children.

The first wife of George H. Coulson was Mary Elois Brown, who died in 1874.

The second wife was Mrs. Sarah Randels. They now reside at Cherokee, Okla. George H. Coulson was quite

a successful politician. He was elected infirmary director in Ohio and when he lived in Kansas was twice elected to the state legislature by the Populists. In Oklahoma he was once elected to the territorial senate and once elected clerk of Woods county. When a young man he was a successful teacher.

Mary Ann Coulson's father's name was Jehu Coulson. He was born in 1801, and died of dysentery in 1865. He enjoyed good health until the time that his son died in the army. This great trouble is said to have been the cause of his death. He owned a fine farm near Guilford, Ohio. The writer can remember seeing him throw a club clear over a chestnut tree while out gathering chestnuts. Jehu Coulson had ten brothers and one sister. All of these twelve children lived to be over forty-eight years of age, and some of them lived to be very old. Jehu Coulson's sister, Tamer, married Mahlon Reeder and two of their children, Anson and Enos, are still living. Of Jehu Coulson's ten brothers, the oldest was Job, born in 1799. Then came Anson, Isaac, William, Saul, Hervey, Jabez, John, Samuel and Lot, the youngest, who was born in 1820. Uncle Job was fond of writing poetry, and lived to a great age. Uncle Saul was in fairly good health at the age of 81. He was killed at Kensington, Ohio, by a locomotive while crossing the railroad track after night. Uncle Sam and Uncle Lot were very fond of jokes and stories and believed in having a general good time. When Uncle Sam Coulson was an old man he used to buy butter and eggs and sell groceries. One day he was passing the farm where his nephew, Uncle George H. Coulson, lived, and saw him at work in a field nearby. Uncle Sam took off his hat and put it in the bottom of the wagon; then he whipped up the old horse into a furious run. The old man's long white hair streamed in the wind and he began to scream, "George! help me! help me! my horse is running away!" Uncle George saw the horse running and ran and tried to jump over a hedge fence that was between him and the lane. He lit in the middle of the osage hedge and stuck fast, tearing his overalls nearly off. Uncle Sam stopped his horse and said: "George, what on earth are you doing in that fence?" Uncle Sam once had a horse that was bad to jump fences. He told the writer that he always turned it in the

cornfield in the evening, for he knew it never staid long in the field where it was put. Uncle Samuel died of heart disease while sitting at the breakfast table.

The following story is told of Grandfather Jehu Coulson and Uncle Sam Coulson: The Coulsons had all been Democrats, but during the Civil war Jehu Coulson changed to be a Republican. One evening Jehu thought he would ride over and stay all night with his brother, Uncle Job. Now, Aunt Ruth Coulson, wife of Uncle Job, was a very bitter Democrat, and she abused grandfather most unreasonably, and after he went to bed he got so mad thinking over how she had talked that he concluded he would not stay for breakfast, so in the latter part of the night he got up, got his horse and rode over to Uncle Sam Coulson's who lived nearby. A neighbor heard the following dialogue: Jehu called, "Hello! hello! Samuel Coulson." Uncle Sam said, "Who is there?" The answer came, "Jehu Coulson." Uncle Sam said, "Where is thee from?" The answer came, "Just from perdition." Uncle Sam said, "How is Satan?" The answer came, "Raising thunder."

Uncle John and Uncle Job Coulson were school teachers and Uncle John was twice elected recorder of deeds in the county where he lived in Indiana, and became quite wealthy.

Jabez Coulson, the father of Jehu, was born in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, in 1774, and died here in Ohio in 1853. He served in the war with England in 1812. He was a school teacher when a young man and at the time of his death owned two hundred acres of land. It is related of him that when a small boy at one time his clothing consisted of nothing but a long tow shirt. His older sisters decided that he should not go to church in that costume and gave orders accordingly, but when they arrived at the church they found him already there in his tow shirt, sitting on one of the back benches. Another story is that he crept out from under one of the benches wearing his tow shirt after meeting had commenced. Jabez Coulson's mother, the writer's great great grandmother, was living with her son, Jehu, in this country at the time of the Indian scare in 1814. The family were preparing to leave, but the old lady would not go unless they took with them a certain feather bed that she was

much attached to, but she finally gave up to go without it. This Indian scare proved to be a false alarm. Jabez Coulson married Anne Van Horn, a Pennsylvania Dutch lady. She was born in 1778, and died in 1846. We know but little about her family. Her father's name was William. It is said of him that during the Revolution he sold his farm in Pennsylvania and had all his property in the form of Continental money at the time it was repudiated by the government. He lost it all. The Coulson's were conservatix, careful people, and good reasoners. Jabez Coulson was raised a Quaker, but married out of Meeting. His father was a Tory and Jabez told that during the time of the Revolution he could remember hearing his father and older brothers cry, "Hurrah for King George!"

Jabez was the son of Samuel Coulson, and the family came from Derbyshire, England. The old family record reads: Thomas Coulson lived and died in Derbyshire, England. His son, Joseph, with Margaret, his wife, came to America in 1713 and settled in Germantown, near Philadelphia. In 1715 they both died and their son Thomas (who was born in England in 1703) moved to Cecil county, Maryland, and married Martha Wiley in 1725. He died in 1763, and is buried in the old Friends' graveyard in West Nottingham, Md. His son, Samuel, was born in 1729, and was married in 1751 to Tamer Allen, daughter of John and Esther Allen, who was born in 1735. Samuel Coulson died in 1776. His wife lived until 1818. This is the old lady who did not want to leave the feather bed behind. Samuel Coulson and family moved into Coloman's Fort, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, in 1774, on account of Indian troubles. He had fifteen children, of which Jabez was the youngest. Jabez, who was justice of the peace, and interested in politics, wrote the following poem in 1821:

My friends, the day is drawing near,
Which God of Nature gives,
For choosing our Senator.
Keen candidates are plenty, too,
On legislation bent.
Fifteen or twenty wish to go,
But Lord knows who'll be sent.

Some talked of starting John again,
 But others think it best
 To send a plainer-coated man,
 And let the doctor rest.
 Old Joey, he lies still, for fear
 Of being sore perplexed;
 But if he takes his wind this year,
 He'll speak the better next.
 Some say that Wilson, Will and Dan,
 Each one a prize will take;
 While others as sincerely plan
 For Peter, George and Jake.
 Alex, some say, will scarcely crawl,
 And Ike will run but little;
 But I say a fair race to all,
 Both Club and Hitabidle.
 Throw up the reins and let them run,
 Apply the whip and spur,
 And when the glittering prize is won .
 They'll care for you no more."

All but two of the eleven sons of Jabez Coulson raised families, so we have many cousins in the world by the name of Coulson, whom we have never seen and who live in many different states. This concludes the record of the Coulson family.

We will now take up the history of the Holland family. Catherine Holland was born in 1808, and died May 7th, 1883. She was buried in Woodsdale cemetery. She married Jehu Coulson February 4, 1830. She was a woman of great energy, strength of character and natural ability. She was self-educated, having read many good books and had ideas far in advance of her time, and took interest in politics. She was fond of reading the history of the Revolutionary war and used to read with interest the novels of Dickens and Scott after she was seventy years of age. The writer used to have many arguments with her on different subjects. She was a woman of a great deal of magnetism and a strong will. She was a believer in spiritualism. The night that her youngest son, Job V. Coulson, died in Nashville hospital she, not knowing that he was sick, dreamed that he came home and she heard him walk upon the porch, come into the

kitchen and then into her room. She raised up in bed to shake hands with him, but when she touched his hand it was icy cold and she woke up and said she knew that Job was dead. She awakened the family, but they did not believe it. They told her it was but a dream. In a few minutes the clock struck three. In a short time they received the news that Job had died that night. A nurse went around the patients in the hospital at half past two o'clock and Job was still living. He went around again at half past three and Job was dead, so he must have died about the time she dream of him. One time her son, Uncle George, fell from a cherry tree and was badly hurt several miles from home. She knew at once there was something the matter with George; she could not tell just what, but she knew he was in trouble. When wireless telegraphy and thought transference are better understood possibly these strange things can be explained. The writer visited Catherine Coulson about two months before her death. She told him that it was not likely that she would live long, but that she did not fear death. She only dreaded the pain she might have to endure before death. She believed in a future life in the spirit land. She told the writer that if it was in any way possible to send or bring him a message from the spirit land that she would do so. Twenty-three years have passed since then and still no message from dear old grandmother. Catherine Coulson died of consumption in her seventy-fifth year. When seventy-two years of age she was quite a strong woman. She had nine sisters and brothers, several of them dying young. The girls were Susanna, Sarah and Hannah. Susanna married Robert Miller. Sarah married Joseph Reeder and Hannah married Uncle Saul Coulson. The boys were William, John, Samuel May and Lewis. William was not successful in business, but lived to be quite old. John was a great wanderer and was unmarried. He disappeared in a mysterious manner while selling a patent right he had invented. It was thought he either died of the cholera or was murdered. He left some property and it was thought that he owned some mineral land in Virginia, but this land was never found. Uncle George Coulson and others went down there, but could not find it. Samuel May went to California in 1849, but never made a fortune.

He lived to be quite old and died in California. Lewis died when a young man.

Catherine Holland's mother's name was Sarah Finley. She was born in the state of New York and had seen George Washington and heard cannon fired in the Revolutionary war. She died in 1855, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She was an orphan and was raised by her uncle. She was a lineal descendant of William White, who came over in the Mayflower to New England in 1620. Catherine's father's name was Samuel Holland. He came to New Lisbon in 1804, from Philadelphia, afterwards moving to Hanover, where he run a carding machine, and it is said he sometimes run this machine on Sunday. Some of his Presbyterian friends took him to task for this, saying, "The Lord made the world in six days and on the seventh day he rested." Samuel remarked that it would have been just as good a plan if he had spent the seventh day levelling down some of the large hills that were so plentiful in that vicinity." Samuel Holland died of a bilious fever in 1840. He was sixty-eight years of age and was a Hicksite Quaker. His father once owned some of the land that Philadelphia now stands on. His mother was captured by the Indians when she was twelve years old. She was adopted into the family of the Chief and was well treated; she lived with the Indians for three years. After she escaped to her own people her Indian father and mother sent her a cake to eat as a present, after trying to coax her back to live with them. She fed the cake to a dog and it died of poison. We have neither record nor tradition of the way she was captured, and the story of her escape is but a faded recollection. It seems there were several white children living with her among the Indians and they were helping the squaws to hoe corn. The white people sent some friendly Indians to them as a decoy. They told the children to run for their lives to a place in the woods, where the whites were hidden. There was one white boy eighteen years old, who had married an Indian girl and would not leave the Indians. We have lost our Great Great Grandmother Holland's first name, and her father's name, together with the time and place of this event. It is supposed to have been near Philadelphia.

The Holland family were of Welsh descent. Tradition and written record have handed down to us but little concerning our Hollaud forebears. This concludes the Holland family history.

This is the record of the Randolph family. Thompson C. Randolph had one sister, six half-sisters and one half-brother. His sister, Lydia Anne Randolph, was born Jan. 16th, 1832, and died April 7th, 1906. Her death was caused by bronchial pneumonia, after a sickness of nearly a week. She was buried at Copley Center, Summit county, Ohio. In 1869 she was married to William Waggoner, who was a Federal soldier in the Civil war. He was a bricklayer by trade; also a school teacher, justice of the peace, and in later years a successful farmer. They lived until her death on their farm near Copley, Ohio. She was never a strong woman physically, but had a very strong will and great energy, and could accomplish a wonderful amount of work. She was possessed of sound, practical business sense. While she had no children of her own, yet she was a mother to everyone who needed help and protection.

She was a woman almost without fear and was very independent. While she was always ready to help others, yet even in her last sickness she was in constant fear that she would cause inconvenience to someone. She had no faith whatever in the religion of the present time. Our present popular beliefs and theories were to her nothing more than a collection of Santa Claus stories that some grown-up people still believed in. She had been weak physically for some years but mental weakness never seemed to overtake her like it does so many old people; her mind seemed strong and clear even at the beginning of her last sickness. I copy the following thoughts from one of the last letters ever written by her:

"The old people whose lives reach back into the early part of the nineteenth century will soon be gone; I often wonder whether the world won't miss the steadying touch of the men and women who lived "the simple life." It seems to me it has been missing it more and more for several years past as their ranks have thinned; perhaps they will come back to it as time passes."

Lydia Ann Waggoner was a school teacher before she married; when she worked too hard, which was often, she would excuse herself by saying that people rusted out much quicker than they wore out by hard work. Her personality was strong and positive and she took such an active part in everything that her sudden death came as a great shock to her many friends. Her husband, Uncle William, has been very sad since then and while we all miss her very much still we are glad to know that she did not have to suffer much pain in her last sickness, and while we know not what may happen to the friends she has left behind, yet we all believe that everything is well with her.

The six half-sisters of Thompson C. Randolph were named: Elizabeth Anne, Lucy, Sarah Lupton, Mary, Jane and Ruth Lupton, and the half-brother's name was John. Elizabeth Anne was born on the old Randolph homestead four miles west of Lisbon, in 1806, and died ct. 27, 1880. She was a good woman, very industrious and fond of feeding the stock and working out of doors. She once told the writer that she could remember the great Indian scare in 1814, when so many families left this county on a false alarm. She was always ready to care for the sick and took very good care of her aged father. She never married. Her death was caused by paralysis, and she was sick but a short time.

Lucy was born in 1808 and died in Belmont county, Ohio, of typhoid fever in 1834. She was engaged to be married. She died at one o'clock in the afternoon. There was an old clock in the Randolph house near Lisbon that had not run fear years, and several members of the family heard it strike one just at the time she died.

Sarah Lupton was born in 1809, and died of typhoid fever in 1835. She was buried at Woodsdale cemetery, as were the other half-sisters, except Lucy. She never married.

Mary was born in 1811. She married Morris Walton in 1835, and died in 1836 from injuries received while horseback riding.

Jane was born in 1813, and died in 1835. She, too, died of the fever that was so prevalent then. The doctors did not understand treating it as they do now. She never married.

Ruth Lupton was born in 1816, and died of consumption after long suffering in 1883. She never married. She made great pets of the writer and his sister and brothers, and used to tell us many stories of the early settlement of Columbiana county. She told the writer that the last time the six sisters were all at home together they went out in the yard under a walnut tree and wondered when they would all meet again. When Aunt Ruth was young she tried hard to get an education and used to study grammar while she run the spinning wheel. She wrote poetry. She had a cough for over twenty years before she died. She suffered much during the last winters of her life, but in summer she would be quite comfortable. She was so unfortunate as to loose an eye by being struck by a splinter of wood when she was a little girl. She and Aunt Anne made their home with Thompson C. Randolph during the last ten years of their lives.

John William B. Randolph, the half-brother, was born in 1814, and died in 1878 at the Shaking Quaker Community in New York state. The writer used to accompany Uncle John on hunting and fishing trips and listened to stories of the early days, and also Indian stories that his father had told him. He married Sarah Galbraith, and they had one child, a boy, named Lundy, who died young. Uncle John was a carpenter. He died suddenly of paralysis.

William Baylis Randolph, the writer's grandfather, was born in Prince William county, Virginia, in 1778, and died in Columbiana county, Ohio, in 1863. His death was caused by a severe cold. When he was three years old his parents moved to Jefferson county, Kentucky. Shortly afterwards his mother and little brother were killed by the Indians, and his father took him back to Virginia, to his Uncle William Baylis, with whom he lived until he was of age to learn a trade. When he was ten years old he had a white swelling in his heel, which made him a cripple for life. He learned the stone mason trade, and learned to talk Dutch from some of the masons he worked with. The man he served his apprenticeship with for three years to learn his trade was named William Gillum, and the agreement was that grandfather was to have fifty dollars and a freedom suit of clothes when the time was up. Gillum would not do as he had agreed to, and

as grandfather kept asking him for the money and clothes, he made up his mind one day to whip grandfather at a blacksmith shop. Grandfather, though a cripple, was active and threw Gillum down and his face was cut by some cinders. The men at the shop interferred and would not let them fight, because grandfather was a cripple. Gillum then started to whip all of grandfather's relations. His uncles were old Revolutionary soldiers and they drew knives on Gillum. He then attacked Jack Baylis, a cousin of grandfather's, who was only eighteen years old. He would not fight until cornered up in a store, when he sprang at Gillum and knocked him down. Gillum got up and said, "You do very well for a boy, but I will learn you something." Jack Baylis said, "Let me alone, for I know now that I can whip you." Gillum came at him again and was knocked down and so kicked and bruised that he never got over it, dying about a year afterwards.

Jack Baylis was the son of William Baylis. He was somewhat inclined to be wild. He organized a company to go to the War of 1812, and the company was named The Yellow Boys, but we are not certain whether they went to the front.

In the summer of 1805 grandfather married Lydia Lupton, who was born in 1777, and died in 1829. About this time he visited southern Ohio in search of land. One night his feet were badly frozen. Another time he staid all night with a Dutchman, whose wife told her husband in Dutch to trade their blind horse to the stranger next morning. In the morning when the man wanted to trade horses grandfather said: "I must try riding your horse." He rode him into a brush heap, and then told the man in Dutch what his wife had told him the night before. The man said, "Why did you not tell us you understood Dutch?" Grandfather hated the institution of slavery, and in the fall of 1805 he and his bride moved from Virginia to Lisbon, Ohio, where they arrived with seventy-five cents in money and a set of mason's tools. They located soon after on the old Randolph homestead, four miles west of Lisbon, which cost them \$1.25 per acre and an immense amount of labor to clear part of it. Part of this land now belong to Peter Willard. Grandfather worked at his trade much of the time building old-fashioned fire places and chimneys for the settlers.

They endured many hardships. At one time they had nothing but beans in the house to eat. One day a wolf chased the cow and she ran and put her head in the door of the log house. One morning at three o'clock grandfather started to mill with a sack of corn on his shoulder. As he was crossing the West Fork of Beaver a panther screamed in a thicket near him. His dog, which was half wolf, would not go near it. It was killed by hunters next day. When he was working at his trade in Hanover he dreamed one night that his wife was lost in the woods. He went to sleep and dreamed the same thing a second time and a third time. He then borrowed a mule and went home. His wife had got lost while hunting the cows. She heard the wolves howl around her and at last she heard a dog bark and wandered up Cold Run creek, to where Charles Mason lived, and they brought her home.

Grandfather and a friend once bought a drove of sheep in southern Ohio. They wanted to move them on Sunday, but there was a very strict Presbyterian deacon living on the road, whom they were afraid might stop them, as the Sunday law was strict. Grandfather said, "We will fix the Deacon." When they got near his house he had his friend tie up his head and hang onto his saddle as though he was very sick. When the old Deacon came out grandfather left his friend behind and rode ahead of the sheep. The old Deacon said: "I want you to understand this is the Lord's day." Grandfather said, "I know it is, but nobody on the road will keep us over Sunday, but we knew you were such a good man you would keep us. The reason that nobody will keep us is because my friend and partner is taking the smallpox." The old Deacon began to back off and yell, "Don't come near me; you can't stop here; you will have to go on; you can't stop here." And they went on, as ordered, and were glad to get away from the Deacon, and he seemed glad to see them go.

In 1824 there was what was called "The Great Hail-storm." Very large hail fell and many trees were blown down. Grandfather was out in a field and started to the house as the storm commenced; the wind caught and blew him along. He measured his tracks the next day in the plowed ground and found that in some places he had taken eighteen feet at a step. In the time of slavery

grandfather, and father, too, helped to carry on what was called the "Underground Railroad." They helped slaves to escape from the South to Canada. Grandfather taught school in Virginia, and here also. He was well known all over the county, and some of his comic speeches were long remembered in the neighborhood. Long before the Rebellion he had predicted that slavery would cause this country to be soaked in blood. He was very feeble for some years before his death. He remembered seeing his father kill the two Indians the time his mother and little brother were killed, and used to tell the story to father and Uncle John. When he was young he used to hunt coons in Virginia with a pack of dogs and a negro boy. One night the dogs treed a wildcat and he thought it was a coon. The boy climbed up and shook the wildcat off a limb. It and the dogs rolled over and over in their fight, and in trying to get out of their way grandfather fell backwards over a log and wildcat and dogs rolled over him before he could get up. The wildcat escaped. Grandfather was raised in the Church of England, but died a member of no church. Two years after his first wife's death he married the writer's grandmother, Deborah Carroll. He made but one trip back to Virginia from this state. Burn's "Highland Mary" was his favorite poem. He rests in Woodsdale cemetery.

Grandfather had one half-sister and one half-brother, besides the boy killed by the Indians. The sister was named Mary, and was born in 1800. We do not know the date of her death. In 1823 she married a Mr. Davis. They moved to Missouri and settled in Callaway county. They raised several children and one of their sons visited at grandfather's in 1855, and also with his uncle in Virginia. He was named Matthew Kirg Davis. The last we heard from them was in 1872, and they had left Callaway county.

The brother's name was John. In 1823 he married a woman by the name of Fraiser, who is said to have been rich. It is told of him that he climbed a tree one night and beat a panther out of the tree with a club. When single he followed freighting with a team and wagon. Afterward he kept a store and became wealthy. He owned much land, many negroes and several stores. He is said to have been worth at one time \$120,000. He had

six children by his first wife, and none by the second wife. He is said to have been a very good man, but somewhat addicted to drink. He died very suddenly in the fall of 1861. He lived all his life in Virginia. He had three girls and three boys. Of the girls we are told only that they married well. We have letters from the three boys to grandfather. The oldest was named James Fraiser Randolph. He was well to do, but died in middle life. The second was named John Thompson Randolph. He was a Baptist minister and wrote a very nice letter. He may possibly be living yet. The third was named William Henry Randolph. He, like the others, was of high standing in society, and at the beginning of the war he entered the Confederate army as a captain of cavalry. He was killed at the battle of Gaines' Mill on June 27th, 1862. He left one son, who was raised by his mother's father, a Mr. Hogshead. The son's name was John Marshall H. Randolph. A few years ago my brother wrote to the postmaster at Middlebrook, Va., where these Randolphs all lived, and was told that this son was still living there.

The father of William B. Randolph was Thompson Randolph, who was the son of John and Anne Randolph. He was born May 30th, 1746, and died in 1826. Of his youth we know but little. He is said to have been a very powerful man and could lift a thirty-two gallon barrel of whiskey off the ground, hold it up and drink out of the bung-hole. The date of his marriage with Anne Baylis is uncertain, but is supposed to have been about 1770. In 1780 he joined a party that settled in Jefferson county, Kentucky. The party was led by Captain Kinchlowe, who was a drunkard. As they passed down the Ohio river they stopped one day and tied their boats to some trees along the bank at the mouth of Salt river, and the men went in search of game. William B. Randolph, then two years old, fell into the river, and must have been drowned, for there was no man there but the drunken captain; but Thompson Randolph was returning, and hearing the women scream, he ran to the river and after diving the second time caught his boy by the arm and brought him out, where he was with some difficulty revived. This colony settled on Simpson creek, near Salt river, and built a stockade fort with their cabins inside.

This was called Kinchlowe station, afterwards known as the Burnt station. There is in our possession an old manuscript, written for William B. Randolph, giving an account of his father's fight with the Indians at the time his mother and little brother was killed, and some other events that happened before that time. Here is a copy of the old record:

Bone's Station
"An account of Thompson Randolph's Defeat. Being settled at Kinchlowe station, Jefferson county, Kentucky, where he lived two years. In the course of this time he with two others, Banfield and McCallum, went to a lick to kill venison. McCallum, being foremost, was taken for an Indian and shot by a white man named David Glenn. In the last year Randolph and Robert Peaks were going to Bone's Station with salt, were fired on by a party of Indians, who were lying behind a log not over twenty yards distant, and Robert Peaks was wounded through the thigh. A party of white men pursuing the Indians, the next day coming up with three of them, who had been stealing horses, fired on them and killed one, who was the son of a Chief, for which the Indians determined to destroy the Station at the risk of their lives. Accordingly in the year 1782 the garrison was attacked October 1st, between midnight and daybreak by upwards of three hundred Shawnee Indians. They broke open the gates of the garrison and got in, the fort being surrounded by them, which rendered it almost impossible for one person to escape. The inhabitants were overpowered and a number were killed and made prisoners. Randolph's wife and youngest child being killed, and finding himself surrounded with danger, tried to make his escape and carry off the only child living. For this purpose he opened the roof of his house and in getting down he was caught by two Indians, who wished to make him prisoner, but he being strong, and finding themselves not able to tie him, one of them put the muzzle of his gun to Randolph's breast, which missed fire. The latter, with a sudden effort, drew his gun from the other Indian and he shot the Indian who tried to shoot him. The other in trying to kill Randolph, stuck his knife under his eye; the latter drew the knife from the Indian and stabbed him, putting the knife up to the handle in him. Then taking his child from the roof where he had left him, and in making his escape had a number of guns fired at him, yet not one

ball wounded him, though several passed through his clothing. Then a party of Indians pursued him, and must have taken him but for a brush fence that had a narrow passage, where he passed through, and the Indians missing it, got tangled in the brush, which advantage enabled him to carry his child a quarter of a mile, where, being pursued by the savages, was obliged to conceal himself and child between two logs, where, after lying some time, a white dog came to him. He, supposing the Indians might follow it, struck it with his gun, which caused it to change its course and immediately after some Indians were seen following it. By this time the Indians having plundered the garrison and got all they wanted, set it on fire by throwing hemp on the houses. Daylight appearing and the woods being full of Indians, Randolph, on account of his child, was compelled to remain between the logs all that day. The night coming on, he made an attempt to escape and going some little distance he heard some bells. He concluded he would catch a horse and make his escape more easy. He left his child at the root of a tree and went toward the bells that the Indians were rattling to decoy white people, but before he got to the place his child (being surprised by the white dog, that came suddenly to him) screamed aloud, which alarmed Randolph and caused him to fly to his aid, fearing some savage had caught him. When coming to his child and finding some Indians in pursuit of him, he took up his child and after running a considerable distance must have been taken but for the dog, which attacked and fought them most furiously, until being much hurt by them, was forced to fly, by which means he escaped with his child. A short time afterward Randolph with a party of men, who were headed by General Clarke, pursued the Indians and destroyed the New Chillicothe Town."

Thus ends this old record, unsigned by the author's name, and we do not know who he was.

I now give the account of his fight with the Indians as it was told by Thompson Randolph to my grandfather, and as we have it by tradition. Thompson Randolph defended his cabin with two old Kentucky rifles (my brother, Walter, now has one of them, the other was lost that night). His wife loaded one gun while he fired through the porthole in the door with the other. It is supposed

he shot several Indians, but they finally got a small log and ran with it endwise against the door; seeing that the door would be broken in, he told his wife to take the baby and open the window that opened outside of the stockade. She opened the window and tried to get out, but she and the child were shot dead by one of two Indians who were outside of the stockade. Randolph then took his son and the loaded rifle and opening the roof got out where the two Indians were, leaving his boy on the roof. He held his rifle in his left hand; the Indians at first tried to tie him, but he threw the big Indian down into a place where they had got out clay to make mortar for the cabin; the little Indian fell on both of them; the big Indian grunted and was very mad; they soon struggled to their feet. The little Indian's gun not being loaded, he tried to take Randolph's gun away from him, but just as the big Indian's gun missed fire Randolph pulled his gun away from the small Indian and shot the big one dead. When the little Indian made a pass at his throat with a knife he threw up his hand, but was cut in the side of the head. He then caught the Indian's knife blade in his hand and taking it away from the Indian, cut him open with it, but his own hand was badly cut. The Indian ran around in a circle screaming. Taking his son from the roof he ran to a small opening in the brush fence that was around the clearing. The Indians who pursued him missed finding this opening and thus he gained a little time and concealed himself and child in a log heap between two logs, where they stayed till morning and all the next day. He tore up part of his shirt to tie up his head, as he was losing much blood. The second night he heard some bells ringing and thought he would try to catch a horse, but before he got to where the bells were ringing he heard a shot and a white man scream. "Oh, God, I'm shot!" While he was hunting a horse a white dog that belonged to Ausburn Bland came to his child and caused him to scream. He ran back to his child, but some Indians followed him, and he and the child would have been captured but the white dog turned and fought the Indians savagely, thus enabling Randolph and his child to hide in the darkness. They afterwards escaped to Cox's Station, which was about six miles distant.

Randolph's fight with the Indians is spoken of in "Heart's Life of Daniel Boone." —Heart makes the mistake

of using the name Thomas instead of Thompson. The place and the incidents spoken of are all the same.

There are some other stories in connection with this fight which we have by tradition. Ausburn Bland, a cousin of Thompson Randolph, had in his possession a paint box that was taken from the body of the chief's son, who had been killed some time before. Bland clubbed his empty gun and fought the Indians in front of his cabin, knocking them down right and left. He called in a loud voice, "Is Girty here, boys." Simon Girty (the white renegade) was an old acquaintance of Bland. He is supposed not to have been with the Indians on that raid. Bland was finally made prisoner, but the Indians did not know which cabin he came out of. He was taken to Canada and exchanged. His wife was captured in the cabin where the paint box was found, and was condemned to be burned alive, but she escaped at night and climbed up a hollow stump and crawled down inside. The Indians passed by the stump but did not find her. In climbing out after the Indians were gone her foot was badly cut by a sharp splinter, so that she was very lame. She reached Cox's Station in a starving condition. It is said there was a report that one of the other stations was to be attacked by Indians and part of the men had gone from Kinchlowe Station to defend the other station, which left but nine men to defend it. It is said that there was but three persons that escaped without being killed or captured that night.

We have it by tradition that the time Randolph and Robert Peaks were fired on by Indians and Peaks was wounded, they escaped on horseback. Peaks was riding one horse and leading another; they came to a creek and the horse he was leading pulled back and would not cross the water; the Indians were in pursuit and Randolph told Peaks to pull the bridle off of the horse he was leading and it would follow. Peaks was so excited and scared that he pulled the bridle off the horse he was riding instead of the one he was leading, but in spite of this mistake they made good their escape.

The story is told that Randolph, Bland and another man were out hunting. Bland and the other man were ahead and found a fresh bunch of leaves and part of a deer in it; Randolph looked up in the tree above and

saw a panther about to spring on them. He shot the panther and it fell at their feet.

Thompson Randolph, after his wife's death, sent grandfather back to Virginia to his wife's brothers. He then went in company with Daniel Boone and others to destroy the Indian town of New Chillicothe in Ohio. After the Indians were routed Randolph saw an Indian boy running from a white man. Randolph ran to save the boy, but did not get there in time. The story Uncle John told was that he had some words with and came near having a fight with the man who had killed the helpless Indian boy.

After hunting Indians a while Randolph followed the sea for some years, then married a Scotch woman and with three slaves to work for him passed his remaining years on a small farm in Virginia. I here copy a letter from him to grandfather:

Prince William County, Virginia, 4th April, 1814.

Dear Son: As I have never had any letter nor any authentic intelligence from you since the 1st of March, 1813, I feel at sometimes serious apprehensions for you and your family, as you reside in that part of the country where war, with all her concomitants are prevailing, but we are not yet deprived of the hope that you have escaped the misfortunes of numbers of the inhabitants of the Western country, but your silence on the subject naturally creates apprehensions which we cannot account for. I have (after long waiting for an answer to my letter to you) taken the opportunity of writing to you, and inform you that your friends and relations in this part of the country are generally well at present. As to myself, I feel very sensibly the effects of age, with the infirmities attending thereon. The rheumatics still follow me, but, thank God, I am still able to go about and at times enjoy as good health as a person of my age could expect. Death is daily depriving us of some of our fellow mortals in this part of the country, particularly the aged. In this settlement, within a few days past, has died Mr. Benjamin Cooper, Mr. McGregor, and Col. Alexander, and on every side of us they appear to be dropping off like leaves in autumn.

The price of produce has been very low at our markets for some time past, and all necessaries, together with

luxurious articles, are very high. Salt at present is two pence per bushel, sugar two pence per pound, and groceries in general in proportion. The embargo laid early in the session of congress has been raised and 'tis probable that some articles will be cheaper, but I do not expect that the price of produce will be enhanced much, as the new crop is coming on. We are obliged to keep a standing army at Norfolk, as the British fleet continues in the Chesapeake bay. This county has been called on to furnish her quota of men, who are serving their time.

Your brother, John, still continues wagoning; he has not been at home since June, last. The last letter we had from him was dated at Richmond, December, last. He was then well. We have not heard from him since, and cannot inform you where he is, or what he is doing. I do not know of anything more at present worthy of your information, but hope if you should receive this letter you answer it immediately and direct your letters to Dum Fries, as we shall get them sooner from there than any other postoffice. So I shall conclude, with a father's affection to you and your wife and children. Your step-mother and sister Mary desires to be remembered to you and yours. I am and ever shall remain your affectionate father.

THOMPSON RANDOLPH.

The father of Thompson Randolph was John Randolph. We know not the date of his birth or death. His wife's name was Anne. He had two sons besides Thompson, who were named John and William. But one story concerning him is handed down to us. He belonged to the Church of England and was opposed to the rough dances of the neighborhood. One morning very early two of his boys returned from a dance, and thinking to make their father believe they had just arisen they carried in a load of wood for the fireplace. He said, "Ah, ha! my fine hearties, you are up early this morning," and reached for his blacksnake whip. The boys got out of the door ahead of him. Now there was a large ditch on the farm they lived on; it was about a rod wide and so deep a man could not climb up the sides of it. The boys had practiced jumping this ditch and at once ran for it and cleared it at a single bound. The old gentleman, in hot pursuit, thought he could jump as far as the boys, but fell short and slid down into the ditch and had to go down the ditch

a half mile before he could get out. What he did to the boys when he finally caught them is not recorded, but can be easily imagined.

John Randolph of Roanoke and some other Randolphs claimed descent from Pocahontas, the Indian Princess, but we find no evidence that would admit our branch of the family to make this claim. It is believed that our family is descended from William Randolph of Turkey Island, who came from England to Virginia in 1660. Randolph is a Saxon name. It is claimed the first Randolphs to enter England were North Men, who had settled in Normandy, and who aided William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings in 1066. In this battle the Norman soldiers claim that the Saxons barked like dogs. The Randolph name is founded among the nobility of England ever since that day.

*8
Randolph in
History*

Anne Randolph, daughter of John and Jane Baylis (the lady killed by the Indians), was born in August, 1755. We know but little concerning her. Grandfather told that he could remember seeing his mother cry to go back to Virginia when they were at Kinchlowe Station. She was only twenty-seven years old when she was killed. Her fate was most sad and her name should not be forgotten by her descendants. She played her part bravely on that awful night, for in spite of excitement she loaded the gun properly that killed the big Indian, and thus saved the lives of her son and husband. Her mother belonged to the noted Blackburn family, who can trace their record back to the time when the land now occupied in part by the town of Blackburn in England was bestowed on Gamaliel De Blackburn, who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror. Her first cousin married Bushrod Washington, a nephew of General Washington.

John Baylis was the son of William Baylis. He also had a brother William, who was a soldier in the Revolution. John Baylis' wife was Jane Blackburn, daughter of Col. Richard Blackburn, of Ripon, England, who died in Virginia. Here is part of the epitaph on his tombstone:

"Here lieth the body of Col. Richard Blackburn, who departed this life July 15th, 1757, in the fifty-second year of his age. He came from Ripon, Eng., to Va., where by prudence, frugality and industry he made a large fortune.

He was followed to his grave by his inseparable friend, the Hon. William Fairfax, and other gents of distinction, together with his disconsolate relatives."

This monument is dedicated to his memory by his friend, John Baylis.

John Baylis was killed in a duel in 1765. A woman had beaten her female slave to death. Baylis was a justice of the King and it was his place to have the woman brought to a trial. Her son was going to challenge Baylis to a duel, but backed down. Then Cuthbert Bullit (her son-in-law) took it up and challenged Baylis to fight. Both men were known to be dead shots, but Baylis was killed, while Bullit was unhurt. Some time after Baylis' second got drunk and told that he had been bribed not to put a ball in Baylis' pistol when he loaded it. The friends of Baylis were enraged and intended to kill Bullit on sight, but he left the country very quickly.

The executor of John Baylis' estate had to give a \$20,000 bond, while the Col. Blackburn estate executor had to give a \$30,000 bond.

John Baylis had two sons, Henry, the youngest, who was a major in the Continental army, and was called Major Harry Baylis. He had a pension in his old age and still has descendents in Virginia.

William Baylis, the oldest, was the man who raised grandfather. He was first a lieutenant and then a captain in the Continental army, and was in the battles of Brandywine, Monmouth, Germantown, and the affair of Paulus Hook near New York (now Jersey City), where he was slightly wounded. He was with the main army under General Washington and was one winter at Valley Forge and the next winter at the huts at Middlebrook, N. J. We have this record from the pension office at Washington:

Happy Creek, Dec. 26, 1830.

I hereby certify that Captain William Baylis, formerly of Frederick county, Virginia, now of Kentucky, commanded a company of Militia at Yorktown, and until the end of the war. (Signed)

JOHN MARSHALL.

William Baylis had a pension in his old age of twenty dollars a month. It is told that when William and Henry Baylis were fighting Cornwallis near Yorktown they no-

ticed an English captain standing on a fence to direct his men. So they (being in a clearing) got up on stumps the better to handle their men. When Baron Steuben (the American commander) came around he made them get down off their stumps. He said, "You want to be d—n fools because that English captain is." William Baylis moved to Reeves county, Missouri, where he died in 1843, being eighty-four years of age. He had an uncle William Baylis, who was a soldier in the French and Indian war and also the Revolutionary.

The record of the Randolphs will be concluded by a poem written just after Groundhog day by Walter B. Randolph:

A keen old seer is the groundhog, grey,
As he lies in his bed asleep,
And dreams of the summer time far away,
While our fingers sting and our noses weep.
In the days gone by there have been some tho,
Who have doubted this prophet wise,
But now we can see them meekly go
And mournfully hide their eyes.
How has this wizard learned to know
What is hidden from you and me,
How the winter days shall come and go,
And when shall the spring time be.
Does he, like the Priestess in days of old,
By a system of signs and nods
Place his nose to a cleft and smell out the cold,
As she did the will of the Gods.
Does he know by the caterpillar's tail,
Or the corn husk in the fall.
Or by the moss on an old fence rail?
No, he sees his shadow, that's all.

We will now record what we know of the Carroll family. Deborah Carroll, daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Carroll, was born in County Antrim, Ireland, September 15, 1791, and came with her family to America when she was eleven years old. After moving several times they finally settled in Columbiana county, near New Garden. She married William Baylis Randolph April 10th, 1831. Thompson and Lydia Anne Randolph, their only children, are spoken of elsewhere in this record. Deborah Carroll was a very good industrious woman. It is said that she

and her older sisters used to gather and pile up brush in their father's clearing near Liverpool and cry to go back to Ireland, but they could never go back. Their father had lost most of his property in Ireland by going security for men who would not pay their debts. She was forty years old when she and grandfather were married. She was a Hicksite Friend, and when the church committee came to deal with her for marrying out of meeting and asked her if she was not sorry she had done so. She answered that she was not sorry, but for some reason they did not turn her out. She was taken sick with a disease that the doctors did not seem to understand, and died suddenly on the 2nd day of June 1849. She rests in Woodsdale cemetery.

I now quote from the history of the Carrolls, written by Mrs. Mary Bewly, daughter of Ed Carroll, my grand-uncle. Some of this record she had copied from an account written by her father:

"Edward Carroll, a member of the Presbyterian church of Moira, County Antrim, Ireland, one and one-half miles east on the Lesburn road, was married to Sarah Bell of Ballandary Meeting of the Society of Friends. The history of the family is that they were Catholic. The grandfather of Ed Carroll, the Presbyterian, was named Thomas. He was a lieutenant colonel in the army of King James II of England. After he had turned Catholic and abdicated the throne, and while he was helping the Irish to fight England, Thomas Carroll commanded Carroll's Dragons, and was killed at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. His sons were taken prisoners by the Protestant army. His father was Daniel Carroll of Litterluna. Ed Carroll, son of Ed Carroll and Sarah Bell, was born in the large stone house built by his father, and my father was born there."

I now copy her father's record: "My father (Edward Carroll) was married in 1775 to Elizabeth Murray, daughter of Joseph and Marjery Murray, of County-Antrim. They came to America in 1801, remained in Philadelphia, Pa., six weeks. While there Isaac, an infant of two years, died and was buried in Arch Street graveyard. They arrived the 21st day of May. They then had nine children, namely, John, Joseph, Thomas, and Isaac; Sarah, Marjery, Eliza, and Deborah. My father purchased a wagon and three horses and started West. There was a turnpike as far as

Lancaster, Pa.; after that the way was rough enough. Ours was the first wagon passed from London to McConnellsville on the Chambersburg road; arrived at Redstone, rented a house and placed the family there while my father and brother John crossed the Ohio river into the then great Northwestern territory, to look for land to settle upon. My sister, Anne, was born in Redstone, Pa. We settled upon a place called Black Flats, Jefferson county, Ohio, St. Clair township, six miles from Georgetown; bought 640 acres of excellent land; ten acres was cleared and had a fine spring. We were two and one-half miles from the river. Lived on the land eight years, cleared one hundred and five acres and planted an orchard. The nearest neighbors were more than a mile distant for over three years. There was no Friends' meeting near us. The Moravian road passed us. John Hackenweilder, Bishop of the Moravians, frequently stopped with us on his way to a Moravian settlement sixty miles away. The Indians, too, would stay with us on their way to Georgetown, their trading point. We were well acquainted with Andrew and Adam Poe of Indian notoriety. My father bought our first cow in America from Andrew Poe. My father gave \$1,220 for this land, and in eight years sold it for \$3,200. We took away with us five horses, thirty-two head of cattle, twenty-seven head of sheep (had lost over one hundred head by wolves) and seventy-two head of hogs. We purchased 160 acres in New Garden settlement in Columbiana county, Ohio, where there was a large community of Friends. There was no land cleared on the farm, but soon cleared up, had a good brick house, a barn, a fine orchard and a delightful spring near the door. My father and mother lived here twenty years. They then sold it and came to live with me just after I lost my dear wife in 1831. My father died in February, 1832, just before the great flood. He died suddenly of apoplexy. My mother died in 1835. They were both buried in New Garden graveyard (now Woodsdale). My brother John left us in 1803, went to New Orleans, then to New York, from there to Charleston, S. C., entered into partnership with his cousin, John Davis (my father's sister's son). They traded between Charleston and Genoa. He was appointed consul at Leghorn from Charleston, his property in Leghorn was threatened with confiscation by the

French, but being an American citizen he was liberated. Later he was commissariat to Napoleon's army, went to Moscow with the army. On his return he settled in South America at Rio Janeiro. He married a Spanish lady and became very wealthy. In 1831 he started to visit his parents in Ohio, but was taken ill with yellow fever on the ship and died, leaving no children."

Here ends the narrative of Ed Carroll. He is said to have been a very unfortunate man in business affairs and was always borrowing money of his father and other relatives. He was a very powerful man and good with his fists. It is said he knocked down three Irishmen who raised a disturbance in his court while he was justice of the peace in Lisbon, Ohio. He died in Philadelphia in 1868.

Thomas Carroll studied medicine and became a successful physician in Cincinnati. He left two sons and one daughter.

Joseph Carroll settled in Clinton county, Ohio. We know but little concerning his descendants.

Sarah Carroll was the oldest of the girls. She could remember seeing the heads of the Irish Nationalists stuck up on poles on the public square in the town of Lesburn, Ireland. This was in 1798, the last attempt the Irish made to gain their freedom from England. Sarah Carroll married James Whinnery of near New Garden. Of their thirteen children James Whinnery, Jr., alone survives. He is now eighty-eight years of age.

Dr. John C. Whinnery, now deceased, was another son. He was a successful dentist and became wealthy. Eighty-two years after the Carrolls left Ireland Dr. John C. Whinnery and his daughter visited the old Carroll homestead. They found a peasant man of great age living nearby who could remember when Ed Carroll moved away from the old home.

Mrs. Abby Bosworth, who died this summer, at the age of eighty-four years, was one of the daughters. Her son, John Bosworth, killed by his insane father, Delos Bosworth, in 1891, was a particular friend of the writer's.

Marjery Carroll married William Whinnery of near New Garden. Of their eleven children there are but three now living: Elijah, Joshua and Jason. Elijah and Joshua

are over eighty years of age. In this family lived to be quite old.

Eliza Carroll died while the family lived in Liverpool.

Anne Carroll married Abel Thomas. The yet living are John, Charles and Jacob.

Doctor John C. Whinnery told that his grand-uncle's sister married a Mr. Davis, and that Jefferson Davis (the great Confederate leader) was descended from him. He has derived this from no one except the Doctor, but he is considered very good authority. While not agreeing with old Jeff in politics, yet we must all admit that he was a man of great force and courage.

By means of the old records in Ireland, the Carroll family can trace its genealogy far back into "The Night of Time." The meaning of the name Carroll is per verse. The name was at one time McCarroll, which means the son of Carroll, and afterwards O'Carroll, which means grandson of Carroll. It was once O'Carroll Ely.

The Carrolls can trace their descent back to Milesius, King of Braganza in Spain, who was descended from Fenius Farsa, King of Scythia. The tribe went from Scythia to Egypt and then back to Scythia, and finally, under Milesius, they settled in Spain, where they stayed for thirty years, when a great drouth caused several years of famine. The chiefs of Milesius met in Briganza and decided to abandon their settlement. In this they were encouraged by Caicer, their Druid, who told them that they should travel until they discovered the most western island, where they should settle and flourish for ages. Ith, the uncle of Milesius, headed the first expedition to Ireland. He lost his life fighting the natives, and after the death of Milesius his eight sons, with their mother and cousin, sailed for Ireland. Before reaching land they were caught in a great storm and more than half their ships, with five sons of Milesius, were lost. The three sons, Heber Fionn, Heremon and Amhergin, with their mother, Scota, and their cousin, Lugadh, son of Ith, landed safely and conquered the people of Ireland, who were called, "The Tuatha De Dainains." This was about the year 940 B. C. Heber Fionn was induced by his wife to make war on his brother, Heremon, and in the battle of Geisoil Heber was slain by his brother.

led from Conn of a Hundred French, but being an ^g of Ireland about 148 A. D. Later he was eighteen letters in the alphabet of the old Moscow ^wage, and each letter is the name of a tree. South Am^rrolls of Carrolltown, in Maryland, are related lady and ^amily. Thomas Carroll (who was killed at the visit hⁱf the Boyne) had a brother Charles who settled fever Maryland in 1688 with Lord Baltimore. His son, Charles Carroll, called the first citizen of Maryland, was the only signer of the Declaration of Independence who fearlessly signed his address to that document. He was a devout Catholic and was the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration. He died in 1833, being in his ninety-sixth year.

Here is the motto on the Carroll coat-of-arms: "In Fide et in Bello Fortis"—a Latin inscription, which means: "Brave in Faith and Brave in War." The picture of it is described as two lions rampant supporting a sword pointed upward on the sprouting stump of an oak tree, while a hawk is rising in the air.

This concludes the history of the Carroll family.

As "The Lethean Slumbers of Forgetfulness" overtake us, one by one, we shall take our places in the halls of silence to rest forever with "The Happy Dead," and perchance it may occur when I am slumbering in Nirvana ("The Endless Sleep") that some descendent of the Randolphs, curious to learn the history of his family, in looking over old letters and forgotten papers, will discover this crude record of mine.

QUIEN SABE.

Written in 1906, by CLARENCE C. RANDOLPH.

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