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TOMPKINS, ROBERT ANGUS
CLAN OF TOMKYNS

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SUPPLEMENT

THE
CLAN OF TOMKYNs
Volume VII

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COP. 1

TOMKINS*TOMPKINS of the REVOLUTION
Also Indian.. and other early wars

There may have been others in the Revolutionary War besides these.
Some of these may have served in several different organizations.

1st regiment of the Line of New York

Col Goose Vam Schaik

Abraham Tomkins

Edward Tomkins

Israel Tomkins

Capt Van Alstyne's Co of NY?

Jacob Tomkins b. NJ age 40 tailor enlisted Apl 28 1760

Organization not stated

John Tompkins deceased between 1756 and 1762, pay due him was
paid to his heirs but their names not stated either

2nd Regiment of the Line of NY

ol Philip Van Cortlandt

Nathaniel Tompkins

3rd Regiment of the Line of NY

Col James Clinton and Lt Col Willets

Abraham Tompkins enlisted Nov 26 1776

Abraham Tompkins

Thomas Tompkins

Gideon Tompkins this man listed as Simpkins but is listed among
the Tompkins enlisted same day as Thomas next above and Abraham

Dutchess County Associated Exempts of NY

Col Zephaniah Platt

Abraham Tompkins

The Line, 2nd Artillery Regiment of NY

Col John Lamb

Lawrence Tompkins

he appears again as Lowrance Tompkins regiment not named

The Levies of NY

Col Albert Pawling

Jonathan Tompkins

Wagoner

William Tompkins claimed be at Surrender of Cornwallis but
pension refused not proved enlisted tho was a wagoner
claimed enlisted from Fishkill Oct 14 1781 out Feb 2 1782

Capt Peleg Simmons Co of RI

David Tompkins

6th Regiment Dutchess Co Militia Rev War

commander not listed

Enoch Tompkins

Capt Coles' Co Col Christopher Greene's Regt 1st RI Battalion
George Tompkins private in July 1779 at East Greenwich Mass

Capt Claghorn's Co Col Albert Mitchell Regt of RI
Isaac Tompkins private in Jul 31 1780 mustered out Oct 31 1780
3 mo 3 d

He was also in Capt Daniel Drake's Co Col Luke Drury's Regt
in Aug 1781

Capt Israel Heald's Co Col Eleazer Brooks Regt Roxbury Mass
Samuel Tompkins private 6 days service

Capt Henry Jenne's Co place not stated
Isaac Tompkins enlisted Mar 14 1781 "stayed" 4 days.

7th Regiment of Dutchess Co NY Rev War

Col Henry Ludenton
Joshua Tompkins
Joshua Tompkins Jr
Jacob Tompkins
Reuben Tompkins
John Tompkins
Nathaniel Tompkins
Cornelius Tompkins
Cornelius Tompkins Jr
James Tompkins
Jeremiah Tompkins
Stephen Tompkins

Capt Philip John Schuyler's Co NY Provincial Troops of 1755
Jacob Tompkins (Tongkings)

4th Regiment Orange Co NY Militia (New York) of 1754
Feneus (Phineas?) Tomkens
John Tompkins
Jonathan Tompkins

Capt Rubin Lockwood's Co NY Provincial Troops of 1758
Joseph Tompkins b. Warwickshire England age 40 enlisted
Mar 30 1758

3rd Regiment Ulster Co Militia pby of Rev War

Col ---

Jeremiah Tompkins

Thomas Tompkins this may been an Indian war

Capt Van Keuren's Co of Militia of NY

John Tompkins of Westchester Co NY enlisted 1760 age 32 weaver

4th Regiment Ulster Co Militia NY Rev War?

Col Levi Pawling

Isaac Tompkins

Jeremiah Tompkins

Jonathan Tompkins

Thomas Tompkins

Lawrence Tompkins looks like Rev War ok

1st Regiment Westchester Co Militia NY
 Col Joseph Drake
 Jeremiah Tompkins
 Abraham Tompkins
 Elijah Tompkins

3rd Regiment Westchester Co Militia NY
 Col Pierre Van Cortlandt
 Silvanus Tompkins
 Absalom Tompkins
 Elijah Tompkins
 Gabriel Tompkins
 Jonathan G Tompkins

5th Regiment Dutchess Co Militia NY
 Col John Frear
 Thomas Tompkins
 Benjamin Tomes (indexed in middle of Tompkins names)

Capt Peter Harris Co of NY
 William Tompkins this may be William the wagoner
 John Tompkins

Capt David Winthrop's Co Col Jonathan Brewer's Regt of NY
 George Tompkins

Capt James Rosecrans' Co
 Col Louis DuBois' Regiment
 Edmond Tompkins also appears in 2nd Regt Light Dragoons
 Elijah Tompkins

Capt Peyster's Co of Dutchess Co NY Militia of 1760
 also Capt Harris' co
 William Tompkins b. Ulster Co NY age 18 laborer wnlsted Apl 4 1760

Capt Samuel Pierson's Co 2nd Essex Co NJ Militia Rev War
 Enos Tompkins of Essex Co NJ
 Ichabod Tompkins of Essex Co NJ
 Isaac Tompkins of Morris Co NJ
 John Tompkins of Essex Co NJ
 Joseph Tompkins (Fox Joe) of Essex Co NJ
 Stephen Tompkins of Essex Co NJ
 Uzal Tompkins of Morris Co NJ

TOMPKINS OF VIRGINIA in Revolutionary War

7th Virginia Regiment
 Capt Charles Tompkins resigned Dec 28 1776

New Kent Co Militia of Va
 Samuel Tompkins of Mass but served in Va
 Various organizations of Va
 Capt Samuel Tompkins of Navy commissioned Jun 6 1776
 Christopher Tompkins Lt of Navy
 Robert Tompkins Capt of Navy
 Daniel Tompkins Ensign 10th Va made Lieut

Christopher Tompkins Ensign 5th Va d. Oct 30 1776
 Robert Tompkins Ensign 5th Va Lieut d. Jan 14 1777
 William Tompkins, Ensign Va Cont Line
 Henry Tompkins, Ensign 14th Va

Land grants to heirs of some of above
 James Tompkins
 Bennett Tompkins
 William Tompkins
 all living in 1783

...

Tomkins-Tompkins in Civil War
 Union and Confederate
 partial list only

Enos Tompkins of Litchfield Conn Co A Conn Cavalry killed by
 lightning at Sperryville Va Jul 16 1862
 Pvt Ralph Tompkins of Litchfield Conn 1st Conn Artillery
 enlisted 1861 mustered out 1864
 Jackson Tompkins of Litchfield Conn 2nd Conn Artillery
 enlisted 1862 mustered out 1863 Ft Worth Va
 John E Tompkins of Litchfield Conn 8th Conn Inf edlisted
 1861 died 1862 Washington DC

After the Battle of Bull Run, 1792 unknown Union soldiers
 put in a vault at Arlington Va .

The War Department published a huge set of books called Records
 of the Union and Confederate armies in Civil War. Probably every
 library of any size has them also we saw them in ever permanent
 army post we ever served in.

The Library of Congress at Washington and the Newberry at
 Chicago and many other libraries have regimental histories
 containing names of all members of the regiment. We did not
 have time to look over all of them, it would take years to do so.

The Record of Union and Confederate armies have fine indexes
 but we list here some of them. Some of these names are Union and
 some Confederate: probably all these were commissioned officers:

name	volume	page
Aaron B	1	46
Alonzo	1	43
Ambrose R	2	1 and 2
C M	1	49
Charles	1	12
Charles B	2	6
Christopher	1	49
Daniel S	1	11,30,36,46
Edward	3	4
F P	1	52
Frank A	1	6
George H	1	38 and 39
George W	1	46

This was Dr Franklin Abel
 Tompkins father of this compiler

	vol	page
George W B	1	2
Hank	2	5
Hartwell C	1	19
Henry	1	41
Henry C	1	49
J	1	10
J	2	5
J	2	3
J W	1	19
James	1	34
Jeddiah	1	26
John A	1	46
John C	1	8
Joseph W	1	11
Josephus H	1	30,39-49
Lilly	2	5
Logan	1	17,31,38,39,49
Mary M	2	5
Phineas	3	5
Robert Augustus	1	12
R D	3	3
R H	1	41
Robert A	1	2
Robert W	1	12 and 19
Rose	2	5
S H	1	11
S S	2	2
W T	1	22
William B	1	41
William D	1	18

....

Tomkins-Tompkins in the Civil ~~war~~ War
Confederates.

- Capt S H Tompkins Adjt General 60th Virginia Inf killed June 26 at Gaines Mills
- Capt William D Tompkins 57th Va, Pickett's Division shot while with advance scouts April 24 at Edenton Road Va. Company 14th Virginia commended by General Pickett
- Pvt J W Tompkins 26th Alabama commended July 1862 by General D H Hill for a fight in Maryland in 1862
- Capt W T Tompkins of 32nd Arkansas Inf killed at Helena Ark July 4 1862
- 1st Lt James L Tompkins Co B 42nd Virginia Inf Terry's Brigade at the surrender at Appomattox. There were only 12 men left of his company at time of surrender
- 2nd Lt U H Tompkins Co I 59th Alabama Inf Moody's Brigade was paroled at Appomattox. We do not know who this man was. In the same company were 4 Matthews and 7 other men at surrender
- Major S S Tompkins ("Stephen Samuel son of Col James S Tompkins and Huddah Hill) was aide to Gen M L Bonham under Beauregard Aug 1 1861.
- Capt D C (DeWitt Clinton) Tompkins 14th South Carolina Inf

was in the fight at Timotley South Carolina in 1862.

Captain S S Tompkins (same as Stephen Samuel above?) Co K 24th South Carolina Inf commended for gallantry holding advanced position at Battle of Seassionville SC at St James Island in 1862.

Lt W T Tompkins 32nd Arkansas Inf McRae's Brigade, killed at Battle of Helena Ark Jun 4 1863

Capt John Tompkins 23rd Louisiana on duty out of Brookham Mississippi was captured while out hunting for deserters, escaped and came back

John C Tompkins of the Confederate army was condemned to death at St Louis Mo in 1862, but "provisionally mitigated" to close confinement in the military prison at Alton Ills, charged with being a "rebel spy, continually destroying rail and telegraph lines. He and 7 others were condemned to be shot, by order of General Halleck.

Capt S H Tompkins of Co G 60th Virginia Inf killed at Gaines Mills Ga June 26 1862 "while gallantly fighting"

Alexander Campbell Tompkins b. 1840 was in 23rd Virginia Inf in Civil War.

...

Will of Nathaniel Tompkins of Little Compton RI ...son Nathan
 ba. 1620. Dated May 30 1719 pvd May 19 1724 gives
 to son Samuel L10
 to son Nathaniel L15
 to son Samuel all land not given him by deed
 to daughter Elizabeth wife of William Ladd a cow
 to daughter Mary 30 s, a bed and L4 borrowed of her
 to daughter Mercy wife of William Bowditch a ewe sheep
 to daughter Priscilla wife of Samuel Lyndon a cow
 to daughter Sarah wife of Benjamin Gifford a cow
 to daughter Rebecca a cow and a bed
 to daughter Hannah wife of Timothy Gifford a cow
 to son Samuel's three sons Joseph, John and Christopher
 any estate remaining

Inventory L87 10 s 6d viz: wearing apparel, bed, pewters,
 linen, wheel, 15 sheep, 5 cowsn, wares etc.

...

Will of Nathaniel Tompkins of Little Compton RI son of Nathaniel
 Tompkins and Elizabeth Allen, dated ---pvd Aug 15 1748 . This
 Nathaniel b. 1676 d. 1748. Gives
 to Timothy Gifford Sr, brother-in-law
 to Timothy Gifford Jr, kinsman, all my lands and buildings,
 but if he dies then to his two brothers Daniel and Robert
 Gifford
 to sister Hannah Gifford a brass kettle
 to Mary King a piece of gold and right in a black cow
 to kinsman Robert Gifford largest gun
 to Timothy Gifford Jr all personal estate not disposed of,
 and if he dies without issue to my kinswomen Constant and
 Hannah Gifford, daughter of my executor a sum of money each.

Inventory L242, 11s, 8 d. bed, 2 guns, pair of stillyards,
 half of 2 mares, half of 2 cows, 3 barrows 1 shoat, 9 pigs
 and meat cattle L105, mill press etc

...

Will of Samuel Tompkins b. ~~1650~~ ~~1650~~ May 24 1681 d. May 1760
 m. Sarah Coe, he son of Nathaniel Tompkins and Elizabeth
 Allen. Will dated July 4 1758 pvd June 3 1760, gives
 names sons Gideon and Micah
 to son Joseph L40, a cow and half of apparrells
 to son Christopher L40 and half of apparrells
 to sons Gideon and Micah all real estate, land and buildings
 in Little Compton
 to son Gideon a bed
 to son Benjamin L5
 to son William L50 and privilege to live in the house while
 single if the house is not sold
 to daughters Elizabeth and Abigail L30 each, all the rest of the
 household goods, privilege of living in the house while
 single, use of garden etc while the house and land are
 unsold and yearly to each ten pounds of flax, six bushels of
 winter apples and a barrell of cider while they are single
 (we lost the rest of it RT)

...

EXCERPTS FROM "OUR FOLKS"
by Bess Tompkins Miller
of Corvallis Oregon.

This brochure listing some 350 descendants of Reuben Tompkins and Ruth Belden of New York, was compiled and published by Bess Tompkins Miller herein identified in 1953. It was copyrighted but we are sure that Mrs Miller would be glad to know that her research material has been preserved for the benefit of the big family. She says in the Foreword "I am indebted to many people for the material. To all writers of Tompkins history, especially Robert A Tompkins author of the "Tomkins-Tompkins Genealogy," and several others per her list.

It is a very interesting work and contains considerable material as to the maternal ancestry than our works contain.

The booklet, in part, goes on to say:

If you can imagine yourself, dear reader, or shall I say dear relative, a little girl, eight, ten, twenty years old, listening day by day as a beloved scholarly father casually spoke of "our folks", and you wondered betimes who our folks really were and what they were like, then you may realize why I have undertaken at this busy time in my life to delve into the history of the past and you may know something of the joy that I feel as I begin this little book, hoping that this simple narrative may be an inspiration and help to those who are also our folks.

My father, John Tompkins, was born in Broome County New York near the little village of Deposit on the seventh day of January 1843, the third son and also the third child of Reuben and Ruth Belden Tompkins.

My father often told us the story that when he was born his older brother said "Grandfather, we have a John in our family," at which the old gentleman replied with great dignity "I named my first boy John, showing his pride and loyalty to family names and tradition.

There were many stories of that New York home which was on a dairy farm. There was a large cool buttery, a big barrel churn, turned by a tread-mill, operated one day by a pet sheep and next by a large shepherd dog, but old Shep was too wise for them. He would watch the sheep doing the churning and the next day be in hiding. He seemed to always know when his turn was coming.

There were stories of the tall handsome father, who always wore white shirts, and on Sundays wore black broad-cloth and a high silk hat. Grandfather was a devout Christian, very loyal to his church. Years later, a daughter-in-law often showed how grandfather when very old and childish would take the Christian Advocate under his arm and approach a visitor, would say in his low soft voice "This is my paper, it is a Methodist paper."

His brother John was a Methodist minister. How interesting it has been to receive letters from relatives whom I had never contacted in my research work saying "I have grandfather's marriage certificate. The preacher was John Tompkins, minister of the Gospel, and the witnesses were..." and go on to name the

(contd)

uncles, aunts and cousins. How real it makes the people of those by-gone days seem!

Grandmother was a tiny woman with a ready wit and a merry laugh. When she was unusually talkative grandfather would say "Now just hear that bell ding (Belding)"

About 1850, accompanied by his brother Bloomer and other relatives, grandfather took his family to Wisconsin settling near Stone's Landing. And now there are stories of that life in the wilderness home; of Indians who talked to them, and asked for food and trinkets; of summers spent in fishing and swimming in the many, many lakes, of winter sports and school days.

But it no doubt took some time for even those brave pioneer mothers to grow accustomed to living among the Indians in the Wisconsin wilderness. There was a law that no Indian man could enter a white man's house if only women and children were at home. Grandmother said she often looked up from her work to see three or four dusky faces pressed against the window panes. If no men were in sight the natives silently left without more ado.

The Indians often asked for bread. One day our grandmother firmly said "Petit patissarie-pain." The Indian became indignant and exclaimed "Pale-face say petit patisserie-pain but when Indian kill mowich pale-face say "Me piece mowich, me piece mowich."

This amused grandmother very much. She often laughed about it. I think she found some bread for the clever fellow. It has always been the custom among the Indians to take captive children and give them to the chief's wife. This was a difficult crime to abolish. Among the tribe of Indians near grandfather's home was a little boy whom the settlers soon decided must have been stolen from the white people. He did not suspect this himself, having been taken when he was only two or three years old. He was now about six. He came one day with a group of Indian women and children to sit by grandmother's fire. "Put your feet on the hearth" said grandmother. "Stompers here" said the mother hastily. But even before she spoke the boy had complied with grandmother's request, showing that he understood English much better than the Indians wished known.

The news soon travelled to a distant settlement where a child had been stolen a few years before, and a delegation of men came to get him. Grandfather guided them to the wigwam and they went in. As grandfather stooped to take the boy up in his arms the mother seized a tomahawk and swung it above grandfather's head.. Fortunately they father realizing what it would mean or anxious to save grandfather caught her arm before the hatchet came down upon her intended victim. And now the little boy felt that he really had been stolen. He was taken to his old home but everything looked strange to him. Walking through the room he put his hand on a child's rocking chair and thoughtfully said "This was mine." The memory of that little chair had some-how lingered in his childish heart through all the years of his captivity.

Imagine trying to keep four boys who could swim like fishes out of the many lakes and streams. Grandmother only tried to keep them out of the water until the weather grew warm.. So, each morning, through the spring she sewed the shirts on her sons. Then they

"OUR FOLKS"
contd

would have to be worn all day and the temptation to "just see if the water was warm" would not be too great for the young lads.

But grandfather never seemed to feel at home in Wisconsin and soon moved to Kansas. Here the four boys, William, Amos, John (my father) and Henry, and the two girls Sarah and Emma grew up. Here it was that the three older boys heard the call of their country and joined the Union army in 1862. Amos lived only one year, and William died soon after the close of the war. Sarah married Dr James Jones and lived near Chetopa Kansas, all her life. Emma, the youngest child lived only 15 short years.

Perhaps no family of children kept closer to the teachings of their parents than did these. How well I remember a certain letter which my uncle Henry, in New Mexico for his health, wrote to my father in Oregon "John, do you remember what a good father and mother we had. I often wonder if we are living as good as we should." And he went on to mention the active place my father had taken in church and civic affairs of the communities in which he had lived. What an inspiration that was to a thoughtful young girl!

And now daughters-in-law tell of the gracious old gentleman and his beery little wife who took so much delight in friends and kin, and pets, flowers and garden. Of the morning worship with grandfather reading from the old Bible while grandmother knit. Of the friendly old cat who always sat on grandfather's shoulder as he knelt in prayer. As grandmother prepared breakfast, grandfather worked in the garden. Often he would go in the kitchen and say in an excited though always soft voice, "Ruth you must come out and see this flower. It is beautiful in all its gorgeous colors."

What more can I tell of my father? Of his abiding sorrow at the loss of his first-born son, and then his young wife. Of his marriage to my dear mother, and their trek to western Kansas and six years later to Washington. How beautiful were the green valleys and sparkling streams, the giant trees and lofty mountain peaks of the West. How I am tempted to write on and on and on as memories come rushing back so vividly. A trip to Oklahoma in 1892 to run the "race" and take adjoining claims with Uncle Henry down on the Cimmaron, was a great adventure which led only to disappointment. The midwest prairie climate seemed very harsh after a year spent on the western slopes of Oregon. My uncle took his family to New Mexico, and we joyfully returned to Oregon.

I am very grateful for the answers to hundreds of letters that I have written during the twenty years that I have been collecting the data for this genealogy. From these replies I have put together a beautiful story about "our folks" from that long ago day when five brothers journeyed up the Hudson River and settled near Westchester, New York. We are now a multitude, scattered all over the nation and in foreign lands. Each a part of the community called home but ever mindful of the heritage of the past with our motto, Ne Magnum Nisi Bonum, "Nothing is great that is not good."

End this part of excerpt. Mrs Bess Tompkins Miller also has in her brochure a section called Reminiscences of Julia Ann

(contd)

"OUR FOLKS"
contd

North who married Henry Bloomer Tompkins as in The Clan of Tomkyns now in some twelve bound typed MSS by Robert Angus Tompkins. This Henry Bloomer Tompkins was brother of John Tompkins who married Lydia Ford who was father of Bess Tompkins Miller. Julia Ann Ford was sister of Sarah Jane North who married as 2nd wife John Tompkins father of Bess Miller.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA NORTH TOMPKINS

My father, Joseph North, an orphan boy born in Kentucky about 1818 of Scotch-Irish parentage, went to Virginia and then to Illinois where he met my mother Savannah Bristow, daughter of Mary Garrett and -----Bristow, and married her about 1845. Mother was born February 22 1822.

They resided in Illinois until about 1856, three sons were born there, Charles 1846, William 1848 and George 1850. My parents moved to Missouri where I was born in 1857, and Harriet Amanda in 1860. We moved to Kansas, but remained in Lyon County only a short time before moving to Franklin County, where my youngest sister Sarah Jane was born in 1863.

Franklin was a new county. There was but one house in the present city of Ottawa, the home of Toy Jones, an Indian. It was in this community that my family became acquainted with the family of Reuben Tompkins. They were to become very close to us as I married the fourth son, Henry, and my sister Sarah Jane, married the third son John Tompkins.

Very soon after settling in Franklin County, my father and other families all farmers, took their teams and moved a parsonage to Ottawa from Ohio City, a distance of ten or twelve miles. It was an important event in the life of the little settlement. My mother said to Mother Tompkins "The preacher's wife can ride in the house. This will solve her transportation problem." This was considered a good joke.

Rev. Adams and his wife moved into the parsonage and began holding meetings in the farmers' houses. Sister Adams could preach as good a sermon as her husband, some thought better, but she was not popular with the farmers' wives as she was a poor housekeeper. The second pastor was Rev. Butt. His wife was very quiet and retiring but a splendid housekeeper. She was very popular with the women of the community. It was a Methodist Episcopal church.

My mother was born near Jacksonville Illinois. Her sisters and brothers were Eliza who married William Clark. Sarah married a Mr Rexroat; Garrett, George; Silas, a blind musician, and Mary.

About 1869 we moved to Cherokee County, about five miles East of Chetopa, and nine miles west of Baxter Springs, taking up a homestead. Reuben Tompkins also moved to Cherokee County.

My father died in 1875 and Mother in 1876. William died in 1877 and George in 1879. William and Charles both served in the Union army.

In New Mexico we lived near John Y Hewitt who had been an early schoolmaster in Franklin County. Henry attended his school. One day he said to Henry "O yes I remember your father. He delivered

(contd)

"OUR FOLKS"
contd

the address at the first Fourth of July picnic held in Ottawa. "
It was perhaps the first picnic held in Franklin County.
End of Julia Ann North item)

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Following data by Bess Tompkins Miller entitled
IMMIGRANT ANCESTORS OF RUTH BELDEN TOMPKINS

Richard Belden (Bayldon-Belding) son of Sir Francis Bayldon
of England married Margaret Goodrick. Went to Wethersfield Conn
1635.

Samuel (1629-1713) m. Mary, killed by Indians

Samuel (1657-1737) m. Sarah (Fellows) Billings

Samuel (1684-1771) m. Mary Spencer (1691-1751) dau Nathaniel
m. Lydia Smith Jared

Richard (1728-1797) m. 1749 Elizabeth Hulbert

Othniel (1755-1834) of Wethersfield Conn m. Sarah Lindsey
was in Revolutionary War

Amos (1781-1863) m. Anna Day (1782-1830) m. 2nd Hannah Tompkins
(1803-1888)

Ruth (1819-1879) m. Reuben Tompkins (1808-1884)

The Day ancestry

Robert Day (1604-1648) went to Hartford Conn 1634 ship Elizabeth
m. in England Mary, m. 2nd Editha sister of Deacon Edward
Stebbins

John ba. 1730 m. Sarah Maynard

John (1677-1752) m. Grace Spencer

Abraham (1712-1792) m. 1740 Irene Foote (1722-1809)

Lieut Abraham, In Rev War see DAR Lineage book vol 49m m.
Irene Jackson

Anna (1782-1830) m. Amos Belden (1781-1863)

The Foote Ancestry

Nathaniel Foote (1593*1644) m. Elizabeth Demming went Watertown
Mass to Wethersfield Conn

Nathaniel (1620-1655) m. Elizabeth Smith dau Lt Sam Smith

Nathaniel (1647-1703) m. Margaret Bliss (1649-1745) dau

Nathaniel Bliss and gd dau Thomas Bliss

Ephraim (1685-1765) m. Sarah Chamberlain (1693-1777)

Irene (1722-1809) m. Abraham Day (1712-1792)

Re Thomas Bliss as above

Thomas Bliss ba. (1580-1650) England to Braintree Mass 1635
m. Margaret Lawrence (1594-1684)

Nathaniel (1621-1654) m. 1646 Catherine Chapin (1650-1712)

Margaret (1649-1745) m. Nathaniel Foote (1647-1703)

Ancestry of Mary Bloomer who m. John Tompkins

Robert Bloomer b. England to Boston Mass, R.I., and Long Island
NY colonel and prominent citizer Rye NY m. ---

John b. 1682 m. Elizabeth Boyd

Reuben b. 1708 m. Mary Mercy Coles

Arnold b. 1735 m. Sholefield

Mary b. 1771 m. John Tompkins ba 1765 da. 1845 father of
Reuben Tompkins of above line

...

son of Col James M Tompkins and Huldah Hill, father of this compiler. When we visited the little town of Parksville South Carolina after an absence of fifty years, we found the old Tompkins home there where father and also others of his family were born, the familiar old house was still occupied by Mr Frank Marks and his family.

Near the house is the burial lot with the stone wall around it, and which still has no gateway. As to this however, we have some 15 volumes of MSS which we will remake and have bound, which relates my story from the time I was seven years old up until about 1925.

To write a biographical sketch of my noble and great-hearted father, would surely need a more gifted pen than mine. He is still honored and loved by the South Carolina people who still remembered him so well and so often spoke of him during the visit we speak of above. Father was the only doctor in the neighborhood of Parksville. Both there and later in Texas, I have seen him leave at all hours of the day or night to go sometimes near twenty miles to see someone who was ill. As for being paid for his services, we might say it was very seldom. When at last we lost him, he had accounts of debts probably amounting to several thousand dollars. Sad to relate, I do not believe mother was ever able to collect a single dollar of this.

Yes, he was indeed a nobleman by nature and a Gentleman of the Old South. What more eloquent eulogy could there be?

Father was a surgeon in the Confederate army attached to the 5th Georgia Infantry regiment. I remember attending a re-union of this regiment at Augusta in 1884 just before we went back to Texas. I am in the big photograph of the veterans, standing just behind father's chair. This photograph is probably in mother's trunk, at Washington.

Father was wounded in the Civil War by a minie ball in the right lung. He was in bed for nearly a year, but returned to duty before the end of the war. I never heard him speak ill of anyone, not even of the much hated Sherman, tho just about everybody else I knew could find words so vile as they needed to speak of Sherman. But I often wished I had been there to be a Confederate soldier.

As to our sainted mother, Ida Corinne Matthews, we can not speak in a language that will do her the credit she deserved. One of God's wonderful daughters, who we can say, gave her whole life to the good and well-being of her children. Even in the later days when there were grand-children, who now have families of their own, and these had in mother their "protecting angel." Mother would sit in a rocking chair, generally making crochet or some other piece of fancy hand-work. If the grandchildren got into trouble with their parents, they would run to mother's chair and crawl into the corner behind it. There they were indeed in the world's most magnificent sanctuary. Mother would say "Now just leave them alone. You were worse than they when you was as little as they are."

Mother was the daughter of Judge Henry Frank Matthews and Jane Craig. Jane Craig was a descendant of the Scottish Gordons but I never learned how. Many of her relatives had Gordon for a first or middle name. Judge Matthews was in the Mexican War. I only wish I had written

down the things he used to tell me. Once he was a prisoner in Mexico and was in the group where the Mexicans put ten white beans and one brown bean in a hat. Ten prisoners would have to draw beans. The one with the brown bean was shot. He was one of the several who had to pull wagons instead of the mules or burros. Once he told me the Mexicans were much amused by the "horses" pretending to kick up or something of the kind. And after they had become adept at this game, they once "ran away" down a hill and wrecked the wagon. But the Mexicans only had a big laugh at this, but they had the bean lottery the next morning just the same.

Grandfather Matthews showed me a place in a branch creek of the bayou where he said a small boat that belonged to LaFitte's men had sunk their small boat and escaped into the woods. The English warship had followed them up the bayou until the big ships could go no further. This must have been about where the "basin" is now in Houston where big ships can tie up. This was what we used to call Magnolia Park when I was a youngster there.

Grandfather said there was a lot of treasure in the boat but it sunk so far down in the soft mud they never could get it out. Many many years later at Houston I tried to find this spot but everything was so changed. But I think it was not far above a branch of the bay now in the Houston limits towards Harrisburg. He was a grand old fellow. We were good friends and he taught me how to play poker but I learned to cuss all by myself. The only thing he disliked about me was my singing the wonderful ballad "And they laid Jesse James in his Grave." Maybe I sang it too often, about 125 times a day.

From The records of the Union and Confederate Armies in the Civil War we copied the account of the raid by a picked command of which father was a member, and was probably where he was wounded. It says: Frank A Tompkins attacked to the 5th Georgia Regiment under General Richard H Anderson, in a picked detail of 53 men from the 5th Georgia, lightly armed with pistols and knives, carrying material for spiking cannon, burning and destroying cannon, gun carriages etc, under command of Lieutenant Hel-lonquist and Lieutenant Nelms, adjutant of the 5th Georgia.

They attacked the camp of Wilson's Zouaves on an island near Pensacola, captured and destroyed the place, killed or dispersed all the Zouaves October 23 1861 (This report of General Anderson) We lost 2 officers, 4 non-commissioned officers, 11 privates and 1 citizen volunteer. Wounded 2 officers, 5 non-commissioned officers and 32 privates.

General Anderson further said: It is with pride and pleasure I bear testimony to call to the notice of the General Commanding, the admirable conduct of the troops throughout the expedition and the conflict: the alacrity, courage and discipline exhibited by them merit the highest commendation. This, Santa Rosa Island near Pensacola, Florida, Oct 1861. End report of Gen. Anderson.

Note by RT There must have been 64 men in the party as there were 57 casualties. Miscopy in records somewhere, it's easy to do this, we know by bitter experience.

...

Colonel James S Tompkins.

This was the grandfather of this writer. Following letter from our first cousin Huldah Amelia Tompkins (Mrs Francis M Warren).

Our grandfather James S Tompkins was the oldest son of Stephen Tompkins Jr and Elizabeth Brooks. Colonel James S was a member of the State Legislature for a number of terms, and a signer of the Ordinance of Secession. His name is on a marble tablet in the State House in Columbia, and in the First Baptist Church where the ordinance was signed. I have the old family Bible and am sending you the names of his children.

1st Samuel S Tompkins

2nd James Lawrence (called Jess)

3rd Thomas S

4th Henry W

5th John W (called Jack, my father)

6th Franklin Abel twin with

6th Elizabeth died in infancy and is buried beside her mother at Parksville

7th R Augustus who died in Texas and was buried. He was a Captain in the Confederate army when the war ended

8th Robert W P who was killed as Captain of his company at Sharpsburg. Uncle Gus was Captain of the company after his death.

(signed) Your Cousin Huldah.

The R Augustus Tompkins was elected as candidate on the Democratic ticket for Governor of Texas, but died (of yellow fever I believe) at Galveston Texas. We have his signature on a fly-leaf of a book. As he died on the day before election, and of course was not elected, it prevented the certainty of a Tompkins governor for the Democratic nomination was never beaten in those days. He was known as "Wild Gus."

This R Augustus Tompkins has been confused with one Robert Augustus who must be the one whose signature we have and who was governor-elect of Texas. The R Augustus Tompkins who took command of the company at Sharpsburg when our Robert William Pinckney Tompkins, its commander, was killed in combat, was most certainly the R Augustus listed by our good cousin Huldah. His name was RICHARD Augustus Tompkins. Note his brother was Robert W P Tompkins. We have this Robert W P Tompkins signature from Bacon's Essays as written on fly-leaf of his college book, now in possession of Captain Robert Henry (Harry) Tompkins of Corpus Christi Texas. We have photostat copies in our huge collection of autographs. It was probably the Robert Augustus who died at Galveston Texas 1867? who was called Wild Gus.

We have a photostat copy of the signers names of the Ordinance of Secession sent by Captain Robert Henry Tompkins of Corpus Christi. Colonel James S Tompkins of Parksville is mentioned in many works on South Carolina history, among these is Chapman's most interesting "History of South Carolina."

We were very glad to find a copy of this book in the Public Library at Augusta Georgia, tho no doubt there are copies in most libraries everywhere in the United States.

This was the homeland of the heroic Colonel William B Travis, who died in the Alamo in San Antonio Texas, a place we have visited many times, and saw the very spot where Travis and other died with dead Mexicans piled up like sandbags around them.

Chapman says, re Colonel Travis:

In the good old days on Mine Creek there lived an industrious man named Travis. His wife bore him no children, and she was always begging her neighbors to make her a present of one. But the neighbors did not feel like parting with one of their own in this way.

But at last her importunate prayers were gratified in a way she had not anticipated. Going out one morning to the cow pen as usual to milk her cows, she found hanging on the bars a little bundle carefully done up which on examination she found containing a fine baby boy. She adopted him at once and named him Bar Travis from the place where he was found.

He grew up a fine healthy boy, became an active energetic man, an honor to those who had adopted him and reared him. In due time he married and settled a place one mile North of Bethlehem Church, a place lately the home of Hon. W J Ready. It was here that Colonel William B Travis, the commander and the hero of the Alamo was born in 1809. The grave of Bar Travis is still to be seen. With Colonel Travis at the Alamo died, Crockett, Bonham, and Bowie.

As Edgefield County is what we will always consider the "cradle" of our Southern Tompkins branch, and when I was a young fellow I so often heard the story of "when the stars fell" and of the earthquake when there were deep cracks in the earth, and many other startling tales I heard from the oldtime former slaves, it is apropos to relate this tale from Chapman's book.

Chapman relates that in 1859 there was a wonderful display of the Aurora Borealis. The whole element seemed to be a solid sheet of blood, and the reflection from the sky carried a pale yellow light to shine upon the earth. Many others saw it and some say they heard music also. The old men called them "War lights." And they said that such things occurred to their fathers just before the Revolutionary War. Similar phenomena occurred some ten years later, and continued almost nightly from August until far into the following Spring. Some of the Auroras were singularly beautiful, rising in the North East in great pillars of redding light and passing Westward across the pole and sinking into the North West.

As for the music, music is sometimes heard in the atmosphere above us without a visible producing cause I know, but whether it be strains descending from supernal sources I do not know. One day at the burial of a child in Rosemont Cemetery ~~at~~ Newberry,

officiating minister the Reverend W B Kirkwood of the Methodist Church, I heard distinctly a strain of music coming, it seemed to me from far above, yet floating around and near. It might have been, I know not which a response to the hymn just sung at the grave, or welcome from an angelic choir to the soul of the child. Be its what it was- I heard it.

Some years afterwardds a friend told me that riding by the same cemetery one evening near sunset, he heard similar strains floating in the air far above him. Is it superstition to believe that there is another and a better world very near to this, and that some time, whether by eye or ear, or by some other sense we may have perception of its nearness. End of Chapman excerpt.

Chapman says that if the United States had let South Carolina go, instead of making war it would have been the laughing stock of the world, and it would soon have been knocking at the door to be "back home." We believe this is vulnerable to argument. We believe other states, seeing success of this one, would secede also

and bit by bit the entire nation would fall apart. Any where and any time, one group can become paramount to even a small part of power, it seizes that power. No matter which side might win in a Civil War over here, they would we believe eventually once more become one nation. The difference in this case was that when the North won, there were created millions of new voters for Lincoln's political party, and millions fewer voters for his opposition. It was just politics and no amount of special platitudes can make anything else of it. It matters not to some politicians how many millions might die, it is worth the cost (provided of course that the politicians themselves do not die) and would be excellent "political strategy." Politicians, we believe, are just generally windbags gushing golden promises and collapsing in the fulfillment of them. Even since we can remember prosperity had been "just around the corner." The corner means the corner of the horizon. Try and catch it if you can. The "prosperity" belongs to the bloated billionaires who own outfits that by some means or other, get fat government contracts.

But to return to more pleasant subjects. Chapman says, and he writes of 1893, not so long after we left there in 1894:

Mention must be made of the lovely little town of Parksville on the west side. This town which now (1893) has about 250 inhabitants and situated on the Port Royal and Western Carolina Railroad, 32 miles above Augusta, and about the same distance from Greenwood. It has two churches, one Methodist and one Baptist.

At this time Rev. G W Bussey is pastor of the Baptist Church, and Rev. B O Berry of the Methodist. The town has a flourishing school of over 100 pupils. The people of the town were determined to be strictly temperate and sober, and by its Act of Incorporation the sale of intoxicating liquors is forbidden for 99 years.

There are four stores, two conducted by Gilchrist, Harmon and Company, and one by L F Dorn. These do a general mercantile business, and then there is a drug store kept by T R Whatley. The town is certainly favorably situated to grow to be a place of considerable importance, as the Savannah River on one side about a mile distant, and Big Stevens Creek on the other not quite so far. Let the town spread itself so as to fill up all the space between the two, which it can do very easily in the course of a few years. (End extract from Chapman.)

But Alas! Mr Chapman's dream did not come to be. We visited Parksville a little over fifty years after he wrote the above. It has not grown, and perhaps it has become smaller. We do not say one detrimental word about Parksville. We love every inch of its soil and the wonderful people in it, who are mostly related to us, for we have lived there for nearly two hundred years. Our people were born, and they lived and some of them died are lie there in their last sleep.

We very well remember the banks of the Savannah River where we used to drive out in the bugg on picnics and the beautiful rocks I found, and the wonderful cold spring between Parksville and the River where I had the never to be forgotten drink of water one hot day about 1883.

I knew the Harmons, the Dorns, and the Busseys well and in the Carolina section of the dozen volumes of my "Memoirs" I speak of these very often.

I remeber Big Stevens Creek very well. As father was the only Doctor for miles around, during the negro riots of about 1884 we crossed the bridge on this creek on the way to Uncle Tom Jennings' house when his daughter was ill. Everywhere father drove there were two to four Ku Klux went with him as guards.

Jim Blackwell had been killed by a gang of negroes and the Ky Klux caught four of them. They were dangling by their necks from the bridge rail when we crossed over it. Mother hid her eyes but I good a good look, as Mr Blackwell was a friend and a relative of ours. Our 12 volumes of "memoirs covers this case very plainly.

Chapman says this place was called The Dark Corners. I had heard that before but never knew why until about 1935 when I visited the old place again, then occupied by the family of Mr Frank Parks. It was then I had the pleasure of meeting a Mr Christian whose daughter was Mrs Frank Parks. He was just a boy when the War was on and was one of ALL the men in Parksville who laid alongside the Savannah River with muskets loaded, all night waiting for Sherman, but he did not come that way. Mr Christian said once in the early days some neighboy wanted to subscribe for a weekly newspaper. It seems there was no mail then to Parksville, or for some reason the newspaper would not promise to have papers sent there unless they got a certain number of Subscribers. The neighbor tried to get that many to sign up and could not get enough. He became very angry and said this was the "Dark Corners" and the name stuck for generations afterwards. Mr Frank Parks family lived in the old Tompkins home I remebered so well and where grandfather Colonel James S Tompkins and several others of our family are buried. Also my grandmother Huldah Hill Tompkins whose nephew General Daniel Harvey Hill of the Confederate army, is buried along side of grandfather. General Daniel Harvey Hill was brother-in-law of the ever famous General Stonewall Jackson.

But about the Dark Corners and vicinity. Chapman says that there is a section just across Big Stevens Creek that is called Skipper's Georgia, and still so called in 1893. Skipper's Georgia is located below Scott's Ferry road. Its name originated from a citizen of Newberry named Skipper, who stole a couple of horses in Newberry, and was told that after he crossed two rivers he would be in Georgia. He crossed Big Stevens Creek and exclaimed "Thank God I am in Georgia at last."

A Posse from Newberry was not far behind him and while grazing his stock between A Sharpton's and the creek in that hilly country, the posse overtook him, some of whom he knew well. He refused to be arrsted or even to give up the horses saying he was in Georgia and not subject to Carolina laws; but he was overpowered and taken back to Newberry. He has not been heard of since but the hills below Scott's Ferry still are called Skippers Georgia.

Just above the road leading to Scott's Ferry, and extending up the river, embracing all the territory between Stevens Creek and the Savannah River, and as far up as Little River which empties into the Savannah in Abbeville County is the section known as Dark Corners.

This section was first settled by the Tuckers, Tompkins, Jennings, Blackwells, Picketts and Searles. Our courthouse at that time was at Ninety Six, South Carolina. There was a paper published at that place which was the only one in the congressional district.

Old London Tucker was at Ninety Six attending court and saw one of the newspapers. The contents pleased him so much that he bought a dozen or more copies to distribute among his neighbors, believing he would get them to subscribe, it was a weekly paper. There were no mail routes in the county at that time, and Tucker's idea was to get as many subscribers as possible so they might, by going by turns for the paper, lose as little time as possible. Not a single member of the beat company would take the paper. After using all his persuasion and argument to no purpose he exclaimed "How long will we have to live in this dark day and age?" An old man named MacKenzie answered that dark corners was good enough for him, and would remain so if people would only keep out books, newspapers and foreigners.

Chapman remarks, very kindly, "Dark then but not now- it is the most intelligent part of our county."

In a letter quoted by Chapman and signed by W D Jennings, (our grandmother Huldah Hill was a widow Jennings and aged only 21 when she married grandfather James S Tompkins), says At Dornas Mill on Stephens Creek commences our Edgefield Range, taking in Liberty Hill Rehoboth, in fact all that is called Chota, after an Indian Chief. Chota extends as far down as Martin Town. Jephtha Sharpton, a descendant of Pocahontas, was born in Chota. (signed) W D Jennings. This was a letter from Mr Jennings to Dr Thomas J McKie.

In speaking of the vicinity of Fruit Hill in Edgefield County, Mr Chapman mentions Elizabeth E Allen who married Colonel John W Tompkins (see Clan of Tompkins and Tomkins-Tompkins Genealogy). Colonel Tompkins served with distinction in the war between the States and died in 1887. His widow and six children survive (1893) The Allen family is discussed in some detail in Chapman's book.

... Many years later when we were living at Marlin Texas I knew two brothers by the name of Stallworth. One was Charley and other was called Dosh Stallworth. It was many many years later I found out about these in the Public Library at Augusta Ga. They were kin to the Doziers who were kin to us. "Dosh" Stallworth's real name was Dozier. Chapman goes on to say:

The name of Stallworth is still an honored one in Edgefield County. Nicholas Stallworth Sr was born in Edgefield District April 25 1777, and moved from Edgefield to Clarke County Alabama in 1817 but remained there only one year. In 1818 with several others he removed to the east side of the Alabama River after the troubles with the Indians subsided. He made his home four miles southeast of Evergreen and Brooklyn public road where he remained until his death in 1836. There is quite a lot of data on this fine family who were related later to the family of Colonel Travis who died at the Alamo, the Glovers and many other families related to us. Chapman's book is one that every South Carolina family should see.

We might end this item with the quotation from Chapman regarding our grandfather Colonel James S Tompkins. Before doing so we might remark that we have never been able to find the least hint as to what the initial "S" was for, in his name. His son Thomas was named Thomas Simon, but we find no Simon in the ancestry of our line. There were many Stephens and Samuels, but we doubt if the S for either of these tho it may have been.

Chapman says: This gentleman was a planter on the Savannah side of the district in the neighborhood of Modoc, in that part of Edgefield known as Dark Corner. He was born June 28 1793 and died May 9 1864. He was happily married on February 3 1819 to Mrs Jennings widow of William Jennings. (Note by RT she was only 21 then) Mrs Jennings-Tompkins was Huldah Hill b. Dec 28 1796 and died July 4 1868.

Colonel Tompkins was a man of considerable influence and Ability. He had the honor of being elected to the Legislature, and in the supreme hour when that last desperate struggle was made to place upon an impregnable basis our old and cherished doctrine of State's Rights, as one of the representative men of Edgefield, he was called to meet with others from different parts of the state in that heroic convention which has become forever historic, to consult together and to see that in that dark hour, that the State should receive no detriment. He and they did their duty, or what they conceived to be such. It is not possible for any man to do more.

...

From the wonderful book "Charleston" by William O Stevens and published by Dodd, Mead and Co New York 1940 we take the following material:

A convention of the South Carolina Legislature was called December 17, 1860, at Columbia, a very distinguished gathering in its personnel. The first day it appointed a committee to draft an Ordinance of Secession, and then adjourned to Charleston on account of an epidemic of smallpox at the capitol.

The next afternoon the assembly met again in Institute Hall, Charleston. The meeting was conducted with due form and decorum, but the streets were noisy with crowds, wearing palmetto cockades or Secession bonnets, shouting for the passage of the Ordinance.

The final session had been held in St Andrew's Hall on Broad Street, where the St Cecilia balls were held, and where, behind the chairman's seat, hung a full length portrait of Queen Victoria painted by Thomas Sully at the order of the Scotsmen of Charleston.

At noon of the twentieth the convention adopted unanimously a brief statement declaring the "Union now subsisting between South Carolina and the other states, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved." One hundred and sixty nine delegates voted yea and there was not one dissenting vote.

That evening the whole convention marched in procession to meet the Governor and Legislature at Institute Hall on Meeting Street. There, before a house packed to the doors, one delegate after another walked up to the Chairman's table, and wrote his signature to the document, which had been duly engrossed in the meantime. The table was the same on which the Federal Constitution had been ratified many years before. The ceremony consumed two hours.

As the last signatory laid down the pen, the presiding officer announced "The State of South Carolina is an independent Commonwealth."

The assembly leaped to its feet, went wild with excitement and joy. The waiting crowds took up the shouting. Cannon boomed. The bells of St Michael's rang. The Charleston Mercury (the

Rhett paper) had an extra on the street in fifteen minutes, with big black headlines. Up went the palmetto flag of 1776, saluted by artillery. That night tar barrels blazed, and prominent workers for secession like Roger A Pryor of Virginia, were serenaded. So, in Charleston, on December 20 1860, a new nation was born, amid tumultuous rejoicing, the Sovereign State of South Carolina.

The next day the Courier's editorial ran: Thursday was a day destined to become famous in the annals of history. After long years of suffering and forbearance, the people of South Carolina have thrown off the yoke of the odious and infamous union. We now stand before the world a disenthralled and regenerated people, a glorious example of the brave and the free. The chains that have so long oppressed us have been thrown off the limbs they have shackled, and consigned by patriots and the sons of Revolutionary siresetc" much more to the newspaper article which can be seen in the above mentioned fine book.

The same issue describes the celebration of the night before. "One brilliant and prominent feature was the cheerful and beautiful light that illuminated the Secession Pole at the corner of Hayne and Meeting Streets. The light was reflected from one of Jones's Patent burners, furnished from the establishment of our well known fellow citizen, Mr B Schultz, 129 Meeting Street." The editor further remarked that this was highly creditable to Mr Schultz whose efforts to please have certainly the most praiseworthy character. "

In this so much later day and when Television is everywhere, we will see that "commerctials" are nothing new.

...

Jonathan Tompkins
Revolutionary War.

Pension case number S. 11,562. Application for pension by Jonathan Tompkins dated June 5 1833 of Ulster Co NY. Service card says private, period not stated, 8 months Colonel Paulding's regiment. Age 79 in 1833. Entered service from Ulster Co NY, 9 months Captain Pierce's Company Col Wysenvelt's regt. 9 months Col. Paulding 9 months General Sullivan. Pension rated \$80 per annum. Applied at New Paltz NY Ulster Co Aug 3 1832. Born 1753 in New Paltz, record of birth in family bible ~~now~~ as of November 1833 in possession of Charles Broas in New Paltz NY. Application signed by (his + mark) Jonathan Tompkins. Witnesses were of the du Bois family, so this man may been kin to Fortunatus Tompkins.

...

Stephen N Tompkins,
Revolutionary War.

Pension case number S. 23973. Westerlo NY 1835. Private and corporal Capt Lane's Company 10 months 23 days. Pension \$36 per annum. Stephen N Tompkins Oct 11 1833 deposes age 75 and upwards Entered service from town of Phillipstown, Dutchess Co NY, now Putnam County. Family record in bible at his house. Born Phillipstown, now now (1835) Putnam County January 19 1758. After the war moved to Coxsackie NY, Greene Co, and then to Coeymans, Albany Co NY, then to Westerlo his present (1835) residence. Lived there since 1805 Signed (his + mark) Stephen N Tompkins. Caleb Tompkins of Rensaellaersville testified known him long time.

...

William Tompkins
Revolutionary War.

Pension case number R. 20439. Private New York Line Applied Aug 30 1828, residence Phillipstown, Putnam Co NY claimed enlisted but served as waggoner. Enlisted at Fishkill NY under Major John Keys. Claims was at Yorktown and at capture of Cornwallis and drove General Knox's baggage wagon there and then. Pension was not granted, insufficient evidence.

...

BIOGRAPHY OF JULIA ANN TOMPKINS of Bristol England and Utah.

This MSS was sent to us by a descendants of this line, Mr W G Gibbs of Pocatello Idaho. The article was written by Mrs Matilda J (Gibbs) Salisbury, a daughter of Julia Ann Tompkins. This branch are now all members of the Mormon Church, tho the parents of Julia Ann Tompkins in England were probably members of the Church of England. The MSS follows:

My beloved mother Julia Ann Tompkins was born February 20 1820 in Bristol England. Her parents were George Tompkins and Ann Stevens.

As a girl mother learned the trade of shoe binder and button-hole maker, her father being a shoe merchant. Her time was spent in her father's shop.

My father, being an apprentice employed in the same shop, was soon infatuated with her striking character, beautiful form and was seeking her acquaintance. They had a very pleasant courtship and in about 1840 they were happily married.

To this union there were eleven children, three of whom are still living. My mother's father, George Tompkins was born May 15 1792; her mother Ann Stevens was born April 15 1794, both at Bristol England.

Father and mother were still in the employ of her father until their second babe was born September 11 ---- when they moved to Haverford, West South Wales, where father opened a shop of his own. His business steadily grew and flourished until February 7 1852, when they were both baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints. This caused the business to fall off to quite an extent which made it hard for them. But they managed, the older boys bringing in a little help.

Father kept an open house for the Elders, which gave mother pleasure as well as work, cooking and caring for them. I remember Brother Ezra T Benson saying they always had a good game at Brother and Sister Gibbs, for Sister Gibbs did so much for them, never tiring in making them comfortable, doing their washing, ironing and mending. I have often heard my mother say she wished we could have that same good spirit always that we had when we labored in England. We had that spirit that makes you feel as though you were lifted to a higher sphere. Mother was a wonderful woman with a keen sense of humor. I really thought my father was perfect, so careful was her training in never saying one word against. Everything he did was right, or at least we children did not know.

Father was called to travel as Travelling Elder, then as Mission Branch President, later appointed Clerk of the Council and Auditor of the Emigration Fund. He labored in these capacities for eleven years, leaving mother alone with her family and the business much of the time during this period. They were preparing to emigrate. They paid their tithing, fast-offering, Temple donation to their Emigration Fund.

Julia Ann Tompkins was the only one of her family to join the Church. Her mother said she had thrown herself away, and if she had known John Gibbs would ever have done such a thing as to

(contd)

join the Mormons and emigrate to Utah she would never have consented to their marriage. She was stricken with grief, and told my mother never to come or write to her, for she did not want to hear anything about her. This was a hard trial for they were parting for life. My mother did not see her again.

John Duggan Gibbs, wife and family crossed the ocean in the Senory shore with the Thomas Rex Company. They were nine weeks on the water. They had a very pleasant voyage with the exception of poor mother, who was sick all the way. They travelled by ox team across the desert to Utah.

When they landed in Salt Lake City for conference they were met by Brother John Thain who afterwards took them to Willard and to his home for a few days. They brother Ward let them have a log stable he had for his cow, no floor but the dirt, no window, and they hung a quilt Sister Beacher gave them for a door, and tacked factory over the frame for a window. There was a fire-place in the corner of the room, and on this fire was where they did their cooking. They had many a burnt finger until they learned how to manage. The boys would gather wood from the foot-hills. Mother was so afraid the high mountains would fall on them and she was afraid to go out and look up at them.

In this dear little home I came to gladden their hearts. I was their only living daughter. I was born 16 December 1863 at 2:00 a.m.. When they awoke the next morning there was a snow-drift across mother's bed. They were very excited for fear I would catch cold, as they had previously lost five children. It made them nervous as I was so tiny. Sister Hardy was the nurse who took care of mother. Sister Harding was the dear woman who shared her baby's dinner with me. She would come every day through the snow, knee deep and give me my dinner, what wonderful charity as mother said. I would have starved to death if it had not been for this wonderful woman.

We got through that winter with thankful hearts for there had been no sickness, but had a very hard winter. The next summer they had a small home of their own to move into. Mother, being so handy with her needle sewed for many people, some for pay, others because they were in need of help. Father worked at his trade for pay, and the larger boys worked for the farmers, or wherever they could to help provide for the family. One of the boys worked for \$4 a month, and the other for \$6 per month, and this helped out.

May 1870 was rather a sad time for mother, as they moved to Portage. It was very muddy at this season of the year, and oxen would mire in the mud or gumbo, as they called it. And between Brigham City and Corinne, we all had to walk, sometimes stepping where it looked dry and solid but sinking down over our shoe tops. Oh how hard to extricate our feet. Mother felt that she had more than she could bear, as she was leaving her friends that had become so dear to her. She would take me out and we would kneel in prayer, and how she would pray to have strength to make the best of this move, as it was considered best for the family. She shed many bitter tears over it.

They had just finished their house when the surveyor said they could not get water for their land, so that compelled them

to move to the west side of the valley where they could get water from the mountains.

One day while they were living on the East side, or East Portage, mother went to a quilting bee, and left me to take the bread from the oven, and I was to go to her. While I was attending to this I saw a band of Indians coming. I was so frightened I hurriedly placed the bread on the table, also the butter. I pushed the table to the window, opened it and pulled the lath string in and crawled under the bed. The Indians rode up to the house. They found the food I had placed on the table, which they took and then went on. I had been told to always feed the Indians and they would not hurt me.

When the women saw the Indians going they were frightened and came hurriedly to find me crouched under the bed, not harmed but afraid to move. When mother clasped me in her arms I felt safe. I was only seven years old.

Soon afterwards our home was taken down and moved to the west side of the valley, a distance of six miles. This was named West Portage.

Brother William Sinclair moved when father did, and the two families were the only ones there for a year. We had a very hard winter. The snow was between four and five feet deep. The school was too far away for us to attend.

Mother would walk to Sister Mansfield's to sew for her. The distance was five miles I remember one very hot summer morning mother was all ready to start when her daughter-in-law Letitia, persuaded her to ride a mule, one that was very gentle. Mother was not accustomed to riding but finally got on behind ~~her~~ Letitia. When they had ridden two miles, she was so tired she said she would rather walk, but she was again persuaded to ride. In getting in the saddle she put her knee over the horn, and was overbalanced and fell to the ground which frightened the mule and she was dragged with her foot caught in the stirrup a great distance. She had several ribs broken and suffered intensely being ill nearly all summer.

The first two or three years they raised good crops. Then we had a plague in the form of grasshoppers and crickets. They destroyed the garden and grain. This was a sad time for all. The towns people all tried to save their crops. They drowned, burned and buried the grasshoppers by driving them into trenches where they burned them and into ditches and the Malad River where they were drowned, and in this way saved some of the grain and garden stuff.

Mother had a nice garden, the peas were nearly filled ready for use, and so anxious was mother to save them that we stayed as long as we could see, keeping the hoppers off with switches. But in the morning all that was left was the stems. Mother was called out to a Sister who was expecting the stork, and for a time she forgot the hoppers.

That was a very hard year, but during all their trials they had their socials and good times too and would gather in each others homes for meetings of worship and also for dancing and singing, so they enjoyed themselves in the midst of their trials.

The following Spring father lost his only cow. She was poisoned by eating larkspur, a poisonous weed with a blue flower. They

took the hide from the cow, and then took the tallow along with lye made from hard wood ashes put through a leach, and made soap. The leach was made by putting the ashes in a sack and pouring water over the ashes and letting it drip into a barrel. It was good for softening water and this soap was good for washing clothes and cleaning. We used to take the wool from the sheep and spread it on the bushes to dry. Some days we were frightened with the Indians but never harmed.

The same Spring my brother and I went to a clay bank and got a sack of clay so mother could fill the cracks in the wall. Then she would whitewash the wall with a piece of sheepskin as we use the brush today. It was Oh so white and so sweet and clean. Everything was used in those days, nothing was wasted, not even a needle full of thread. During the month of September mother would go to Willard to peel peaches on shares to get a little fruit for her family. She would spread and dry them also.

Brother George Mason owned the vat in which he made the molasses out of sugar cane, and when the molasses was done, he would make preserves from peaches, washed and some peeled. Oh how delicious they were. Mother would peel while I would pick and wash them. Brothers Ward, Hubbard and Beacher were very liberal in giving us their fruits and vegetables for our work.

In the year 1876 mother was sustained as First Counselor to Lucinda Hoskins in the Portage Relief Society. She served faithfully in this position until 1892. She was later sustained as First Counselor to Jane A Harris in the same organization. She also served in this capacity for many years. Her calling was to care for the poor and sick, being a nurse, She did all this, to her credit, untiringly. Mother's labor were of love, for she was attached to the dear women with whom she worked."

End of the MSS.

...

CAPTAIN SALLY TOMPKINS

Confederate army.

Though we have previously typed an item on this remarkable lady, we now find this clipping from the Murfreesboro Tennessee Reporter taken from an un-named Virginia paper with unlisted date; it says:

Miss Sally Louisa Tompkins, of Mathews County Virginia, a daughter of the late Colonel Christopher Tompkins and Maria Booth Patterson his wife, and sister to Colonel Christopher Quarles Tompkins deceased, a graduate of West Point, who commanded the first United States troops sent to California, and whose Lieutenants at that time were Sherman, Halleck and Rosecrans, all of whom afterwards became generals of the Union Army, enjoys the coveted distinction of being the only woman who was an officer in the Confederate States army.

During the four fiery years of Southern trial, this saintly and heroic young patriot, displayed throughout and undaunted heroism, a devoted zeal, and steadfast loyalty in behalf of the "storm cradle nation that sleeps," as the world's civilization can boast. And it was in just recognition of such inestimable service rendered the sick and wounded of the South, for whose benefit she exhausted her once magnificent patrimony, that in the year 1863 she was regularly commissioned a Captain of Cavalry in the Confederate army. Then as now "None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise."

Verily there may be many who rise up and call her blessed, "A noble woman, fitly planned, to ward, to comfort, and command."

Immediately after the first battle of Manassas, the Confederate government called upon the citizens of Richmond, to care for the sick and wounded returning from the memorable engagement. And on the 31st day of July 1861, just ten days succeeding that battle, Miss Tompkins, at her own expense, opened for their reception at the corner of Main and Third Streets, the "Robertson Hospital" which continued uninterruptedly until July 13 1865, the only private hospital that survived the conflict. Here, during that time 1390 of the foot-sore sons of Dixie and, were tenderly nursed and cared for.

It was largely through the influence of Mrs Smith Lee, the mother of General Fitzhugh Lee, that her kinsman Dr A Y P Garbett, of Washington was assigned as surgeon in charge. He was succeeded by his then assistant, Dr George Latimer, who continued at his post until the final evacuation of the capital city, April 3 1865.

(Note by RT- see article on the burning of Richmond with the loss of the vital records, will, deeds etc in our item title The Lost Records of Virginia. And Sally Louise Tompkins was there at the time)

At one time an order was issued for the closing of all private hospitals, and the removal of all soldiers therefrom to the public hospitals; the intent of the Confederate government being to reduce the number of hospitals and correspondingly increase their efficiency. Indeed it was feared that some hospitals were harboring men more battle-scared than battle-scarred. Before the order could be executed however, and while the ambulances were waiting at the door, "Captain

(contd)

"Sally" strenuously insisted that the register of the hospital should first be exhibited before President Davis, wherein was accurately shown the number of patients received, the death rate (miraculously low) and the phenomenally large percentage of those returned to duty. On this latter fact, together with the knowledge that many of the most desperately ill patients, from time to time, have been transferred thereto from other hospitals, both private and public induced the wise and good President to revoke the order insofar as it applied to the "Robertson Hospital". Thus through woman's matchless strategy was easily accomplished that which probably never would have been achieved.

For their long-continued, self-sacrificing assistance in her hospital work "Captain Sally" was especially indebted to Mesdames Elizabeth Semmes, James Alfred Jones, Mary Randolph Page, Ellen Tompkins Bowen, William Grant, John Peyton McGuire, and Misses Randolph Tabb, Elizabeth Davenport, Rebecca Churchill Jones and Augusta Tabb; to Mrs John Spottswood Welford, for the loan of her efficient servant "Sally", who acted as hospital cook, and also to Benjamin Ficklen, Esquire and Captain Snowden, who performed the important function of running the blockade, thus furnishing innumerable supplies of value, including chests of tea, sacks of coffee, and some money.

Also attached to the hospital were four slaves belonging to "Captain Sally, Betsy Curtis and Betsy Ashberry, known by the soldier boys to whom they tenderly administered, as "Sad Betsy" and "Glad Betsy" respectively; And Peter Smith and Churchill Smith, the former Peter Smith finally ran off, and upon his return after the close of hostilities, was profuse in his apologies assured that the sole reason why he ran away was that he knew the slaves would be set free and he didn't want her to lose him.

Among the soldiers, desperately wounded but who eventually recovered, was one from North Carolina, who with his eight brothers had enlisted at the beginning of the conflict, seven of whom had already nobly yielded up their bodies to their country- their souls to their God. A purse was made up and the aged mother sent for to come and see her suffering boy. On arriving she proudly and calmly declared that she had nine other sons and she would gladly also give them up to battle for the cause.

On one occasion two North Carolinians occupied the same ward, each ill with typhoid fever. In his delirium one struck the nurse when she attempted to administer his medicine, when the other springing up from his cot declaring "No man shall strike a woman in my presence, and a personal encounter seemed imminent when fortunately Captain Sally chanced to appear on the scene and promptly separated the eager but emaciated contestants.

Among those cared for was lieutenant John Cyale, of Somerset County Maryland who had resigned his commission in the United States army to aid the fortunes of the "Stars and Bars". He was terribly mangled in both legs at Mechanicsville Turnpike, but ultimately recovered, returning at once to duty and with renewed devotion followed the setting star of the Southern Confederacy until its final eclipse.

No less conspicuous for chivalry as well as daring was Lamar Holyday, from the same state. He too was frightfully wounded

(contd)

in the right thigh at Gettysburg. Although the surgeon had insisted that amputation was necessary, the patient recovered without its being resorted to. During the convalescent stages, still unable to return to duty in the field, he acted as the efficient clerk and pharmacist for the hospital. When sufficiently recovered he shouldered again his trusty musket, and on April 9 1865 was one of the immortal 8000 with the illustrious Lee, at fated Appomattox "Ehere through the gathering gloom, there flashed a holy light, as the Lord God Omnipotent tenderly laid on every ragged gray cap, the seal of his imperishable knighthood."

With affection and gratitude is also remembered that noble Scotchman John Crumley, who, aged and infirm, was transferred from General Wise's brigade at Chaffin's Bluff, and placed in charge of the large garden in the rear of the hospital, thus in an humble but honorable sphere, contributing no little to the maintenance of this benevolent institution. He expired about four days after the evacuation of Richmond.

When the Confederate troops were withdrawn from the peninsular, Captain Newman, of the state of Georgia, brought his only boy Nathaniel, just 14 years of age, who had twice already escaped from his home and made his way to the army to join his father, and placed him in the keeping of Captain Sally. He was even then far gone with consumption and lived but a short time. He was baptized by the Rev. John Peterkin, and with the hope religion planted in his heart "turned to his God and breathed his soul away." With added pathos, over the little lifeless form was sweetly sung "Asleep in Jesus, far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

During the hateful days of the reconstruction era when the hell-born blight of slave and carpet-bag dominion hung as a withering pall over the shattered liberties of the sunny Southland, when Virginia, the only true Paradise on earth- "Virginia, the once bright star of the galaxy of American commonwealths, was prostrate, bent and bound with shackles ruthlessly pinned to "The Union" with accursed bayonet and labelled "District Number"; when even her holy temples wont to be vocal with glad and unrestricted piety, was no immune from the desecration of military violence, armed Federal soldiers being insolently stationed in the various Protestant Episcopal churches of the late capital of the Confederacy, with orders to compel, with threats of arrest, those who ministered at her sacred altars to offer up the prayer books prescribed petitions for the "President of the United States" and "all others in authority"; it was then within the hallowed precincts of St James church, that the venerated Rev Joshua Peterkin, happily met and eventually conquered the perplexing situation when he prayed fervently saying: "Since we are commanded by the Holy Scriptures to pray for our enemies, therefore, we pray for the President of the United States and all others in authority."

It has been well said that if we seek a lofty ideal and a noble model on which to shape a well-rounded womanhood, combining the pure patriotism, the rugged virtues, the winning modesty and the tender graces of a Spartan mother, Roman dame, and Carthaginian

maid, we have only to take a retrospective glance down the corridors of memory, less than four decades to find it in that heroic sisterhood of martyrs and patriots, the women of our Southern Confederacy, and the heroes of the odden time have outlived the work of the chisel, and the story of Thermopylae shall remain verdant in the hearts of freemen on this and every shore "till tide shall cease, and time shall be ~~xxx~~ no more," and shine out with increasing lustre as the ages roll their course.

"We should love to teach our children of our heroes who are dead; of the battle scars they carried, marching to a soldier's tread, of their loyal hearts so tender, all aglow in Truth's array; and the many recollections of the boys who wore the gray. And so long as Time speeds onward, and there is a heaven of love, God shall watch our silent sentinels, sleeping, from the world above. And he'll guard the sacred memory of the old Confederate gray, through Time's pages when the last one's passed away."

(End of the newspaper clipping).

As this MSS speaks of scarce four decades since, it was apparently written about 1895 and it is signed by "G E Tabb Lane. As the Tabb and Tompkins families were related perhaps the writer of the article can sometime be identified. He must have been in middle age at the time.

Some years ago we went to Poplar Grove in Mathews County Virginia and found the old Tompkins place there and took some picture of it and the old water wheel mill at the shore in the outlet of a small waterway. We learned later the incoming tide was banked off at the ebb and at low tide the water outrush could turn the mill wheel. We spoke elsewhere of the old Tompkins burying ground on the place, now sadly neglected.

The grave of "Captain" Sally Tompkins is in the church yard of Christ Church of Kingston Parish at mile 17.9 about 1 1/2 mile from town of Mathews at junction of state highway 14, at the junction. The Poplar Grove estate was formerly owned by John Petterson, grandfather of Sally Louisa Tompkins. She was born there in 1844.

We have a note re our visit there as follows:

About three miles from Mathews County Court House, in July 1936 I find the old Tompkins burying ground at the left of the road from the highway to the Poplar Grove grounds.

A huge pine tree of about 2 feet diameter had fallen recently and broken into three pieces the marble headstone inscribed Maria Booth Tompkins Sep 7 1794 died March 29 1854.

Another headstone is inscribed "Benjamin Goodloe Tompkins born Sept 4 1818 died Aug 8 1847.

Another is inscribed "Maria Mason Tompkins" born June 28 1831 died July 15 1864"

A brick-walled tomb in the earth some four feet deep and the brick-walled ridge continued above the earth about three feet, this tomb was empty. The slab was removed and was lying against the brick wall. The stone slab was inscribed Colonel Christopher Tompkins born 24 January 1715 (indistinct) died Aug - - 18-8," This badly weatherworn this best we could do at reading it.

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Another tomb of the same type, with the slab lying diagonally across the top was inscribed " Christopher D Tompkins died March 28 1846 aged 44." Badly weatherworn and inscriptions almost obliterated.

Another grave in the lot marked "L A Barnum born 1810 died February 8 1884." We do not know who this was

Another Tompkins girl who was of this family was Ann Temple Tompkins, (see Clan of Tomkyns, see Tomkins-Tompkins Genealogy) who married Bennett Browne. The Gertrude Sandlin Tompkins MSS says:

Bennett Brown's mother was an orphan. There were two little girls left orphan in England, who had a relative who would inherit a large estate, in case the two little girls were out of the way, so he had them stolen and brought to America.

One was left to an inn-keeper in Maryland, the other to someone else. Bennett Browne's father, being at the inn one day, saw the child and was pleased with her. He asked the inn-keeper who she was. He said she was brought from England and left there when she was six years old, with a younger sister.

He called the child to him and asked her if she had brought anything with her by which she would be known.

She said they were stolen when they were gathering shells on the seashore in a silver basket. He told her to bring it to him. She did.

It had a coat-of-arms on it, and he bought the child from the inn-keeper, educated her and afterwards married her. By the coat-of-arms they were traced back to England, to the Earls of Dundonald in Scotland.

They lived at Poplar Grove in Virginia.

Somewhere we found a copy of the commission offered to Sally Tompkins. Apparently it was on a printed form. It says:

Confederate States of America, War Department, Richmond Virginia Sep 9 1861. Sir: you are hereby informed that the President has appointed you Captain of the Army of the Confederate States. You are requested to signify your acceptance or non-acceptance of said appointment, and should you accept you will sign before a magistrate the oath of office herewith, and forward the same with your letter of acceptance to this Department. (signed) L P Walker, Secretary of War.

To Captain Sally Tompkins, Richmond Virginia.

Her letter in reply as below:

I accept the above commission as Captain of the C S A, when it was issued. But I would not allow my name to be placed upon the pay roll of the army.

(signed) Sally L Tompkins.

And so, we close our notes re this remarkable lady. May she rest in peace!

...

James Monroe Tompkins
of Virginia.

A Memoir written by himself and copy of which sent by Mr Hugh Lanier Tompkins of Miami Florida.

Copy as follows:

James M Tompkins, son of William Tompkins and Sarah (Shores) Tompkins was born in the County of Fluvanna, Virginia on Adrens Creek on the 13th day of October 1807. He remained with his father, who lived in Fluvanna County Virginia except the years of 1818 and 1819, in which years he resided in Albemarle County Virginia, two miles north of Charlottesville, until the year 1821.

His recollection cannot go back when he did not have a firm belief in the truth of the Christian religion. In October 1826 he made a public confession of religion and was baptized by the Rev. Moses Brack, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church in the County of Fluvanna. On the 25th of October 1827 he was married by the Rev. John Goss to Kitty Rucker, daughter of Elza and Mary P Rucker of Orange County Virginia.

In December 1827 he left the County of Fluvanna and settled in Orange County Virginia near Cavesville and joined the Orange church in that neighborhood. He resided in Orange County until December 1830, and which time he moved and settled in Albemarle County Virginia, six miles south of Charlottesville, and became a member of the church at Temple Hill church. ~~xx~~

He remained in Albemarle County Virginia until September 1831 at which time he left the State of Virginia and moved to the State of Tennessee and settled on Overalls Creek in the County of Rutherford and became a member of the church at Asberry Church.

In March 1836 he was elected a Justice of the Peace for the 6th District of Rutherford County. In July 1837 he was elected County Surveyor for Rutherford County. In June 1842 he petitioned and was accepted and became a member of Mosiah Lodge number 18 of Ancient Free and Accepted York Masons. He received all the degrees in the Blue Lodge, chapter and council. He was elected several times as Master of said lodge which he esteemed the highest honor ever conferred on him.

In March 1846 he was elected by the people of said county, as Sheriff of Rutherford County. In March 1848 and in March 1850 he was re-elected to the same office. In March 1852 he retired from said office, having served as long as the constitution of the state would allow, and having discharged the duties of said office with satisfaction as far as he knows and believes to all except evil doers.

In August 1855 he was elected by the people of Rutherford County as a member of the Legislature of Tennessee for the session of 1855-1856. This was an office he did not seek or desire, never having any desire to engage in political life. In December 1859 he sold out his farm in the country known as Cherry Flat and moved to Murfreesbury(?) and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and was appointed one of the stewards of the church.

He having raised and educated his children, being seven in number, one daughter and six sons, to wit: Sarah Margaret, Benjamin C, William R, Robert T, James E, George T and Albert G Tompkins,

and becoming old and suffering ill health and being desirous of leading a quiet and peaceful life the balance of his days and not any more engage in the busy scenes of life, and at peace with all men. But Alas, wicked and designing men, North and South, not having the fear of God before their eyes, and being instigated by evil and selfish designs, determined to break up and ruin a happy and beloved country and government, if they could not govern it to suit their own views, they brought on and instigated an uncalled for rebellion and Civil War.

He was opposed to all this proceedure and doge all in his power to prevent it, believing that it is our duty to seek redress for all our wrongs by law in the Congress of the United States, and not to go out of the Union and resort to arms for redress, untill all other means should fail, he believing and so argued, that if we separated from the Union and went to war that nothing awaited us but defeat, distress and woe.

The State of Tennessee voted to go out of the Union in May 1861 by a large majority of votes. He being a Southern man, born and raised in the South, all his sympathies being with the Southern people and all he had among them and though it was like rending soul and body assunder to see the beloved Union of the United States, that had been etsablshed and cemented by the blood of ancestors, torn assunder, and a civil war instituted, he quietly submitted to his state and county ad only in doing all the good he could to relieve the wants and distresses of the people among whom he lived, daily asking God to guide, preserve and protect us. His cause and give discipline to some, and cause good feeling to be engendered in a few towards him, but hus cause of conduct and acts was directed by his judgment, and what he conscientiously believed to be right, and therefore he acted regardless of consequences.

He believed that the South had been imposed upon and our rights invaded and denied us, but he never believed in the doctrine of secession or the right of the states to secede from the Union at will.

In the year 1861 he was elected one of the aldermen of the town of Murfreesboro. In 1862 he was elected by the aldermen Mayor of Murfreesboro and acted as Mayor untill all civil and municipal law ceased by the action of the war.

In October 1864 he took an active part in restoring civil law in our county and in re-establishing and opening of the courts at which time he was appointed by the Chancellor, John P Steele, Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court of Rutherford County Tennessee, and he appointed his son Robert T Tompkins Deputy Clerk and master of said court which offices they still fill at this date of 1868.

In 1862 owing to some ill-feelings engendered in minds of some members of his church (which he had been a member of for upwards of 40 years, which church he loved and revered as a mother) he withdrew from said church, and obtained a letter of withdrawal which he kept, hoping working and praying that the cause of his withdrawal might be satisfactorily adjusted, but seeing no advance made in that way by the offending parties, and after giving the subject a long, careful and prayerful consideration, and feeling it to be the duty of every professing

Christian to belong to and be a member of a Christian church, in August 1868 he presented his letter to the Presbyterian church of Murfreesboro and became a member of that church having full faith in its being a genuine Christian church in orthodoxy and believing he could serve God acceptably in the same.

I have written this condensed memoir as a present to my children, a memento to my memory, hoping and praying that they may all make good and useful citizens, and do more good than I have done; that they may fill their stations in life with honor, and never disgrace the humble character and name of their father. Hoping we may all meet in Heaven.

(signed) James M Tompkins

December 16 1868.

Note by RT This was printed and the descendants have kept their records and are still interested in the family history and genealogy. We have had the pleasure of knowing a number of them by correspondence.

...

Micah Tomkins
of Newark NJ.

In our Clan of Tomkyns we have a short biographical item on Micah, who we believe was nephew of Ralph Tomkins of the first Tomkins immigrant family to New England in 1636. But on further investigation of our mass of notes and memoranda, we find other items that may be of interest.

Inasmuch as he was one of the founders of what is now the city of Newark New Jersey, this history of that event is closely related to Micah and his descendants.

In 1665, in January, Philip, brother of Sir George Carteret, was commissioned as Governor of New Jersey. In August of the same year he sailed with an expedition for America. The company of pioneers entered the Sound west of Staten Island. Upon landing they found in their search for a suitable site, a small settlement of four families.

Approving of the site, Philip Carteret, first Governor of New Jersey, colonized the company, and named the Place Elizabeth, in honor of Lady Carteret, wife of his brother George. (Note by RT, Elizabeth and Newark immediately adjoin each other. You would not know which was which unless you knew the name of the street marking the line between them).

Soon after establishing his authority, the Governor sent agents into New England offering land grants and inviting settlers to come to the new colony. Enthused with the probability of being free of religious and political contention, a committee of five New Englanders, headed by Robert Treat, was appointed to ascertain conditions and determine the advisability to emigrate.

The concessions being agreeable, Micah Tomkins and his family, one of the thirty Connecticut families from the towns of Guilford, Milford and New Haven, embarked for New Jersey, arriving early in May 1666, at the site of their land grant on the Passaic River, which is now the site of Newark, New Jersey.

Upon landing, the citizens from each town founded their own settlement, but the sense of danger from attacks by the Indians, known as the Hackensacks, soon induced them to unite. So it is recorded that on May 21, Micah Tomkins was appointed one of the eleven to form the four settlements into a township.

At first the name of the town was Milford. But in 1667, upon arrival of the town's first minister, the Rev. Abraham Pierson of Guilford Connecticut who originally came from Newark in England, the name of Newark was adopted in his honor.

Uniting together gave the settlers secured to a degree in case of trouble with the Indians, but freedom from all danger from attack was not obtained until July 11 1667, when the title for the land was obtained from them.

Tradition is that the miniature painting of an English queen played an important place in the purchase. It is said this miniature was given by a daughter of Micah Tomkins to the squaw of the Territorial Indian chief, and it pleased Perro, the Indian, so much that he promptly transferred the land.

In early history the name of Micah Tomkins is mentioned as being deacon of the first church. And the early maps showing

location and naming owners of the home lots (6 acres) of the first settlers bears his name. Also as lot owners, the names of his sons Jonathan and Seth Tomkins.

The note book from which the above was taken, was made available to us by Mr Robert Selee Tompkins. The book is inscribed "These records are taken from Volume I, Manuscript book records of the Tompkins family of New Jersey, written by the late George Washington Tomkins of Newark New Jersey." These transcripts were arranged by Miss Jane Durand, Emma Louise Tomkins and Abigail Brown Tomkins, dated South Orange N J Jan 17 1921 (signed) Oscar Roy Tompkins.

(The 1950 address of Miss Durand was 1305 Comstock St, Asbury Park NJ.)

In the above MSS, Micah is shown as son of Ralph Tomkins, and in our first book he is shown so, but later we doubted this and believe Micah was nephew of Ralph as shown in our Clan of Tomkyns. These notes were no doubt made from one of the two other MSS made by George Washington Tomkins which Miss Abigail Brown Tomkins mentioned in a letter to us about 1938. These details were not in the nearly 400 pages of the GWT Journal photostats of which were sent us by the late Mr Ambrose Tomkins of Morristown. These two volumes of MSS no doubt have other data that would be valuable to have. We wrote Miss Abigail we would come to Morristown if she would let us see these MSS.

We did not hear from her after that, and as she was rather elderly at the time, we did not make any further requests. But future researchers might find these MSS. She said they contained some notes on the relatives of Micah who went to Canada.

...
In the purchase of the land from the Indians for which the settlers paid, some records say one half English penny per acre. But now it appears the payment was in "kind" and not in coin, and the "kind" amounted to the value of one half penny per acre.

The following Indians signed probably all by "totem" of sign, Wapamuck, Harish, Captamin, Sessom, Mamustome, Peter Wamesane, Wekaprikokan, Cackmackque and Perawae.

Those signing for the settlers were Micah Tomkins, Samuel Kitchell, John Bruen, Robert Denison. But Obadiah Bruen was the first to sign. The area was described as "Bounded and limited with the bay eastward, and the great river Pesayak northward, the great creek or river in the meadow running to the head of the cove, and from thence bearing a west line for the south bounds which said creek is commonly called Weequahick; on the west line backwards in the country to the foot of the great mountain called Watchung. This was the Lehi Lenape name for Orange Mountain, meaning "The place of the Mountain" about seven miles away.

Following is list of the "kind" given the Indians in payment for this land: 4 bbls beere; 2 ankors of liquor; 50 double hands of powder; 100 barrs of lead; 10 swords; 20 axes; 20 coates; 10 guns; 20 pistols; 10 kettles; 4 blankets; 10 pair breeches; 50 knives; 20 garden hoes; 850 fathoms of wampum; 3 troopers coats

...

As the family of Micah Tomkins married into the Kitchells, and the Bruens, and others of the early days over here, we find upon further investigation that their ancestral lines coincide with ours if you go back far enough. It looks like almost everybody is a cousin of everybody else in some remote degree. One may be surprised at the ancestry of these pioneers who seemed to be so remote from aristocracy. Books have been written about the Bruens and the Kitchells.

For instance let us look at the Bruen record, tracing back from one Margaret E Kitchel born 1854, going back we find

Jacob Crist Kitchel b. 1830

Dane Kitchel

Samuel Kitchel

Daniel Kitchel

John Kitchel

Abraham Kitchel b. 1679 m. Sarah Bruen

John Bruen b. 1646

Obadiah Bruen b. 1606

John Bruen b. 1560

John Bruen

John Bruen m. Lady Dorothy Holford

Sir Thomas Holford m. Lady Jane Booth

Sir George Holford m. Isabel Leigh

Sir Thomas Holford m. Maud Bulkeley

William Bulkeley

Sir William Bulkeley, Justice of Chester m. Margaret Molineaux

Sir Richard Molyneaux m. Lady Elizabeth Stanley

Thomas, Lord of Stanley 1458 m. Joan Goushill, K.G.

Sir Robert Goushill, m. Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Allen

Richard Fitz-Allen, Earl of Arundel and Surrey who was beheaded in 1396, m. Elizabeth Bohun

William Bohun, Earl of Northampton b. 1360

Humphrey Bohun m. Princes Elizabeth Plantagenet (see our remarks re her in Clan of Tomkyns) reproduced hereafter

Edward I 1272-1307 (father of Elizabeth Plantagenet) m. Elinor daughter of Ferdinand III King of Castile, this Edward was father of Edward II

Henry III father of Edward I and son of King John

John m. Isabel, daughter of Taillefer, Count of Angouleme

Henry IV, King from 1154 to 1189 m. Eleanor, parents of Richard coeur d'eleon

Maude m. Geoffrey Plantagenet became mother of Henry II

King Henry I 1100-1135 m. Maud dau Malcolm III of Scotland

Matilda, dau of Baldwin V m. William the Conqueror and they were parents of William Rufus, King of England and of Henry II I.

Baldwin V m. Adele daughter Robert II of France parents of Matilda. Robert II of France was son of Hugh Capet, King of France

Baldwin IV m. Eleanor, daughter of Richard, Duke of Normandy

Arnold II m. Rosala daughter of Beringarius, King of Italy

Baldwin III m. Matilda of Provence, son of Arnold I

Arnold I m. Alice daughter of Count of Vermandois
 Baldwin II m. Eltrude daughter of Alfred the Great 849-901
 Princess Judith m. Baldwin I, Count of Flanders parents of Baldwin I
 Charles the Bald m. Ermentrude daughter of Count of Orleans,
 parents of Princess Judith
 Louis I, debonnaire, son of Charlemagne m. Judith daughter of
 Count of Guelph-Ottorf, ancestor of Royal House Guelph, (now
 called Windsor) of England
 Charlemagne b. 743 d. 815 m. Hildegard of Suabia, son of Pepin
 The Short of France
 Pepin the Short, of France married Bertha daughter of Count of
 Leon
 Charles Martel m. Rotrude (Charles the Hammer)
 Pepin le Heristal
 Dodo m. Anchuses daughter of Bishop of Metz
 Pepin the Old 560-639 "Pepin of Landen"

Note says "This genealogy may be traced through Burke's
 Peerage, Burke's General Armoury, American of Royal Descent
 by Browning, and may be relied upon as correct." The
 above is in "Some Family Records" by Rev. Edward Payson
 Whallen, DD=PhD. LL.D.

He was probably father of or closely related to , or probably
 husband of Margaret E Kitchel (Whallen) first name in this
 rubric. RT.

It is remarkable how many of these coincide with member in our
 Clan of Tomkyns.

...
 The Elizabeth Plantagenet we mention above, we find it is not
 in our bound volumes of Clan of Tomkyns, so here it is:
 This data from Turton's Plantagenets: Not is exact sequence:

Elizabeth Plantagenet b. 1465 d. 1503, among her ancestors were:

~~Elizabeth II, King of British Isles and Wales~~

Ethelred II, King of British Isles

Llewellyn, Prince of Wales and Powis

Sithric II, King of Isles of Man

Brian Borum, King of Munster, Ireland

Maelmordha, King of Leinster

Robert II, King of France

Richard II, Duke of Normandy

Guillaume (William) V, Duke of Guyenne, Aquitaine

Henry I, Duke of Burgundy, who was brother of Hugh Capet

Guillaume III, Count of Toulouse

Baldwin IV, Count of Flanders

Geoffrey I, Duke of Brittany

Bernard Guillaume, Duke of Gascony, who was brother of

Sancho V

Ratbold, Count of Provence

Otto Guillaume, Count of Burgundy

Thierry I, Duke of Lorraine

Otho, Count of Brabant brother of Gerberge

Regnier IV, Count of Hainault

Albert I, Count of Namur

Dietrich III, Count of Holland

Alfonso V, King of Leon

Sancho III, King of Navarre

Sancho, King of Castile
 Raymond I, Count of Barcelona
 Ugo, Marquess of Tuscanym brother of Valdreal
 Pietro Orseolo, Doge of Venice
 Barisone II, Judge of Cagliari, Sardinia
 Otho III, King of Germany, Austria and Italy,
 Henry IV, Duke of Bavaria, brother of Bruno
 Otho, Duke of Franconia
 Hermann I, Duke of Suabia
 Bernard I, Duke of Saxony
 Henry I, Margrave of Austria, brother of Albert
 Boleslas, King of Bohemia, brother of Grimalda
 Swayn II, King of Denmark, brother of Thyra
 Olav III, King of Sweden
 Eric II, King of Norway, brother of Audur
 Vladimer, Grand Duke of Kief
 Boleslas I, King of Poland
 Basil II, Emperor of the East, brother of Theophana
 Samuel, King of Bulgaria

Among ancestors of said Elizabeth Plantagenet, we find mention in Planche's "The Conqueror and his Companions," which lists 79 Normans, and 62 of them are among the ancestors of Elizabeth Plantagenet, viz:

Urso de Abetot
 Engenulf de l'Aigle
 William d'Albini
 Fulk d'Aulnay, brother of Gunnora
 Hugh d'Avranches, Earl of Chester
 Odo d'Bayeaux brother of Robert de Montaigne
 Hugh de Beauchamp
 Robert de Beaumont, Earl of Leicester
 Roger le Bigod
 Eustace II, Count of Boulogne
 Alan de Penthievre, Duke of Brittany brother of Etienne
 Drogo de Brovere
 Baldwin de Brion, (or de Meules)
 Eudo al Chapel
 Richard de Clare (or de Bienfaite)
 Richard de Courci
 Hamo de Crevecouer
 William Crispin, brother of Elise
 Eudo Dapifer
 Robert, Count of Eu, brother of Guilliame Busac
 Richard, Count d'Evereaux
 Guilliame d'Evereaux brother of Agnes
 Henry de Ferrers
 William Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford
 Toustain Fitz-Rou brother of Goisfred de Boc (this was the man we called Tonstain the White, standard bearer for William at beginning of Battle of Hastings)
 Raoul de Feregerew
 Raoul de Gael, Earl of Norfolk
 Walter Giffard
 Hugh de Gournay

Hugh de Ghent, Mesnil
 Errand de Harcourt, brother of Robert
 Walter de Lacy
 Ilbert de Lacy, brother of Robert
 Guy de Laval
 William Malet
 Geoffrey de Mandeville
 William de Mohun
 Hugh de Montfort
 Gilbert de Montfort
 Roger de Montgomeri, Earl of Shrewsbury
 Robert de Montgomeri, Earl of Cornwall
 Hugh (or Ralph) Mortimer
 Geoffrey de Mowbray
 Richard de Neville
 Robert de Oiley, brother of Nigel
 William Paine, brother of Ralph
 Geoffrey de Perche, Count de Montague
 William Peverel
 William de Rowmare, brother of Edward
 Noel de St Saviour
 Bernard de St Valerie
 Picot de Say, Chamberlain of Tankerville, brother of Aumary
 d'Abetot
 Simery V de Thouars
 Raoul de Toeni
 William de Vieuxport. (William de Warren or Fitz-Warine)
 (Note RT- continuation has disappeared. It is in Turton's
 "Plantagenets" in Los Angeles Public Library.)

...
 We listed this data with Micah Tomkins section because his
 descendants who married with Kitchel and Bruen, also have
 these same ancestors somewhere along the line.
 ...

As Ralph Tomkins, immigrant, lived at same time and place,
 that is Milford Connecticut, with Micah who we now believe was a
 nephew, and the inventory of Ralph's estate, and other inventories
 of estates of our people of that section and approximate time,
 gives a very good picture of how they lived in that far day.

Also we have seen accounts that when the Mayflower sailed
 and finally landed at Plymouth, she had intended to go to
 Virginia. We have already surmised that John, son of Ralph,
 had come to Virginia before Ralph went to Massachusetts. Probably
 Ralph also had intended to go to Virginia but by stress of circum-
 stances had to land in Massachusetts though he was NOT on the
 Mayflower, nor any Tompkins in that company of immigrants. We
 know Ralph came on the Truelove. If the Mayflower had intended
 to go to Virginia, it is possible the Truelove also intended to
 do so.

But, it so happened that our Tomkins immigrants landed some
 in New England some in Virginia, but the Virginia branch always
 insisted that one of the Virginia immigrants went to New York and
 became the ancestor of Governor and Vice President Daniel D
 Tompkins. This could be no other than John, who did not stay in
 Virginia tho a land grant was made for his passage. But he was lost
 to Virginia records after that.

This coincides with the oft repeated legend that three brothers came over, which legend varies some say from England, others say from Wales, others from Scotland and others from Ireland. We have never found any descendants of any Tompkins of Scotland but have found many from England and some of the English ancestors did live in Wales. But we came mostly from England, Herfordshire and Buckinghamshire.

Mrs Anna Ireland West, who was an ardent and able researcher and one of our valued friends and correspondents, said that the Virginia branch came from two brothers and a cousin. The cousin was named Waller.

This supports our claim as to our being of the same group which included Nathaniel Tompkins married Cecelia Waller, and was executed in London by Cromwell. There are Wallers now in that section descended from this "cousin" Waller.

As we are still in the section in which we discuss Micah Tomkins, the same living condition confronted them both.

An excellent book "Puritan City" by Robert M McBride depicts vividly the story of that early day. We can visualize it very plainly because only a few months ago we stopped over and explored Boston very minutely, then drove down to Plymouth, and spent the day looking at the wonders of the replica of the first buildings as of 1620, and saw the famous Rock, which was lying under a cupalo with railing around it, and the wide seam in the waist of it where once it had cracked apart and was repaired with cement. They are going to rebuild the whole settlement as it was in whole, and we beg you to go and see it.

McBride says, and he was quoting from an old document; "We made the land, being full of faire trees, the land somewhat low, certaine hummocks or hills lying into the land, the shore full of white sand but very stony and rocky." This might apply to a landing either at Plymouth or near Boston, we not certain exactly as what area he refers to in this paragraph.

Let us assume McBride was speaking of Boston and vicinity. He says: This section was all but deserted by the Indians in the year 1626, because in 1616, after a red comet had shown low in the sky, and a plague had come, 99 of every 100 Indians died, until there were but about 30 left. Neighboring Indians killed 28 of these, and the other two fled to parts unknown. "Interpolation by RT. We had an account of a lone Indian, no doubt whatever he was one of these 2, whose entire tribe but he died of a pestilence. This article I believe was in Readers Digest and a very pathetic story. The old Indian helped the Colonists in many ways especially during the famine which is spoken of as the time they went into the forest and found so many wild turkeys. Get this if you can. Hope we can find it in our papers if so will insert it in this binder RT).

When the English came these two Indians returned and sold the land to them. Naumkeag was a town of wigwams on the north side of the river. The Indians hunted game in the forests, and cured fish in several stations along the beach. Here the colonists built thatched cottages whose walls were clay, and roofed with reeds from the marshes. No doubt these rude huts looked much like to the low-walled huts our very early Saxon forebears built in England, tho wthe early huts had openings in the middle of the reed-thatched roof to let out smoke and the fires was built in the middle of the floor. Their wall in early days were in some instances, rocks, fasted together with clay.

These fireplaces on the floor must have been anything but a luxury. In modern days, in fact in the first World War, we had a good staff job in the army in San Francisco, but asked for overseas service. We went to Camp Kearney near San Diego in California. It was November and getting cold at nights.

We had to stay 15 days in quarantine camp in conical wall tents with dirt floor, and the fire was built on the ground in middle of the dirt floor. Some of the smoke found its way out of the opening in the apex, but more of it "lingered with us." This was 16th Division, mostly recruits and drafted men. Only two men in my battalion were regular army men. We had a rugged time trying to make soldiers out of them. But back to our New England colonists:

The colonists planted corn and tobacco, built stages for curing and salting fish which was most abundant. Later ships from England brought goats and cattle and pigs, and other passengers. There were grapes, cherries and huge oysters and clams, and lobsters up to twenty pounds in weight. There was so much fish that it was fed to the pigs. It was also the custom to plant a dead fish with each stalk of corn, as fertilizer. The company sent sawyers from England to make lumber. The people took pattern from the Indians and made birch bark canoes. For lights at night they used fish oil, pine knots, or slivers of pitch pine split thin.

Each ship from overseas brought new comforts such as beans and peas and some pear trees to be planted; there was tobacco and "skunk cabbage" growing wild, cowslip greens and maple syrup even then, also barley.

We are told that the general clothing of the Indians was a loin cloth and animal skins over their shoulders. The colonists wore high, cone-shaped, floppy hats; leather boots with loose baggy tops; jackets of wool with a sleeveless coat, or perhaps a cloak, a sash over the right shoulder from which hung a cutlass or sword.

There were furs of various kinds and the animal skins made very good leather. There were raccoon, beaver, muskrat, martin, wild-cat, weasel and some moose; deer, fox, wolf and bear.

As to furniture, each room, even the kitchen often contained beds, for families were generally large and the dwelling places small; benches, tables, rude stools, and chests, which were used also as seats. Eating dishes were of wood, and other articles of pewter. They learned to wear the Indian moccasins, there were looms and spinning wheels, and always a huge fire-place often six feet deep and ten feet wide, the whole side of the kitchen.

The kitchen gear consisted of iron or copper pans hung on nails over the hearth. The beds were made of plain wooden frames string across with cords, and the low trundle beds beneath them during the day and pulled out for youngster at night. Their mattresses were suffed with straw or down from the cat-tails that grew in the marshy places.

There was practically no cash money. Goods from England were paid for with ship-loads of dried fish, tobacco, salt or furs. There were very few books. Our forefathers were great orators in their religious arguments. They were Puritans, that is, Reformers, and Pilgrims, that is Wanderers.

The great companies in England painted glowing pictures of the colonies to induce settlers to come over. Their passages were often paid for by seven years of service as a servant to the company, or usurious values in tobacco and the other commodities so saleable in England..

It seems that as soon as the crops were growing and immediate necessities attended to, our forefathers bent their energies to make Christians of the heathen savages, or to discourse at great length and with much vehemence with each other on some obscure point of doctrine. There were always churches, and the sermons were long and tedious, for when at last they ended there was always a great "stomping of feet" which had "gone to sleep" though the luckless owners could not enjoy such repite; for an official walked the aisle, with a long pole, the end of which would jolt rudely on the neck of any who slumbered during service. The men and the women sat apart.

Quakers were there eventually and these were most unpopular. It is said the whipping post was established especially for the Quakers. A constable got 2 1/2 shillings for whipping a prisoner, and there were stocks and pillories as pictured in every history of early America. There were also ducking stools, on a lever by which the "duckee" was lowered into a pond.

Only men who accepted the Puritan creed or covenant could be "freemen" and could vote and have a voice in the affairs of the settlement, and only church members had civil rights. No child could be baptized unless its father was a freeman.

Quakers.

And to speak now of the Quakers as they are mentioned above. In 1662 there appeared two Quaker missionaries came to Dover in New Hampshire. Where ever they appeared there was much discord and disagreement between them and the other believers in other creeds or customs. These two came from England but we have never been able to identify this Mary Tomkins. Probably she was related to the other Tomkins line of Horsleydown. But though we have a lot of material about Mary Tomkins and her companion Alice Ambrose, this Mary Tomkins, came and finally went, and not a word about who she was. It may be it was her married name, or she may have been a Tomkins. The old writings say the Quakers met and preached when ever "the spirit moved them:2 and that they talked incoherently and called it the voice of God.

When these two women came to Dover, they were accompanied by one George Preston of Salem, with one Edward Wharton of same.

A priest named Rayner asked them "What came ye here for, seeing the laws of the country are against such as you?"

These words we take from Quint's book The Anceint Families of Dover.

"What hast thou against us?" replied Mary Tomkins.

The priest replied "You deny magistrates and ministers and the churches of Christ."

Mary Tomkins replied "Thou sayest so," and he replied: "You deny the Three Persons in the Trinity." She answered: "Tke notice people, the man falsely accuseth us, for Godly magistrates and the Ministers of Christ we own, and that there

are Three that bear record in Heaven, which Three are the Father, Word and Spirit. That we own, but for the Three persons in the Trinity, that is for thee to prove."

"There are three Somethings" said the priest and called upon his people to come after him * * * (and they argued back and forth. RT) Then it appears this book is written in sympathy with the Quakers for it says: "So truth came over the people; many were convinced of the truth that day, and notwithstanding the terror of the wicked laws, many waxed bold and invited the Quakers to their homes. Then they went over into Mayne, but their stay was short there, as the priest instituted a cart-law, and an order was made to "ship and pass them away as followeth."

The constables were ordered in eleven towns to make them fast to the tail of a cart, and draw them through the towns, and to whip them not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each one, in each town, and draw them about eighty miles. It was bitter cold weather at this time.

The constables took them by order of priest Raynor to Hampton through dirt and snow half leg deep. At Salisbury they forced them after the cart's taylor where he whipped them in a cruel way from the road, which was a cruel sight to those observers; but the Quaker women sang in the midst of these cruelties to the astonishment of their enemies. End excerpt from above book.

We have another account dated Dover in 1662 saying; One Edward Weymouth took Mary Tomkins by the arm, and dragged her on her back over the stumps of trees down a very steep hill, by which she was much bruised and often died away.

From "Old Eliot" a quarterly magazine edited by J L M Willis of Eliot Maine we cull the following:

Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose of a first day of the week were having a dispute with priest Millet in Major Sharpleigh's house concerning his Worship in his place of Worship. Some of his unruly hearers threw Mary headlong down a pair of stairs, which reasonably might have broken her neck, and which themselves confessed, that had she not been a witch, yet she had only a little hurt on the elbow. Yet, coming up again, they threw her down a second time, which did her not much hurt.

From Boston records we meet her again. It says: This female Quaker, in a canvas frock and her hair dishevelled, and loose like a periwig, her face as black as ink, being covered with powdered charcoal, invaded a Boston church during services, ... but we do not know what happened to her then.

She did not remain in New England, for we find her again in the South. From the book "Quakerism in Virginia and the Carolinas" this account: Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose were the next visitors. They had been associated in the work of the Ministry before coming to America. In Virginia we have had good service for the Lord...our sufferings have been large amongst them. It is said they had been pilloried and whipped with 52 stripes with a whip of cords, and each cord in 3 knots; and they had been handled so severely that the very first lash drew blood and made it run down their breasts. They experienced the same treatment in Massachusetts. Their goods were seized and they were expelled from the colony in 1664.

We learn that in Massachusetts the Quaker speaker was called a Ranter. Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose were jailed in Salem and their belongings burned.

A law was passed that upon the arrival of any Quaker, he or she was to be whipped and put at hard labor, branded with hot irons, and some even urged their ears be cut off, and tie heads and necks together because they were said to be heretics.

The last we hear of Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose is when they appeared in Baltimore and were trying to get ship passage to Bermuda, but many ships' masters refused to take them as passengers

And in this manner, Mary Tomkins, who we must certainly not deny she had a great deal of courage. We do not know what ever became of this two certainly energetic women.

...

As this branch becomes somewhat obscure when we trace it back, we copy this letter about it. Our present record is best we can do. Letter from Williard L Tompkins of Kansas City Mo to Redmond Cole of Tulsa Oklahoma dated Sep 7 1948:

Dear Cousin; I am writing you some data on the Tompkins group after spending a few hours yesterday at the home of my cousin Fred Tompkins (RT William Frederick son of Benjamin Franklin Tompkins and Etta Bare) at 3643 Baltimore, Kansas City Mo. He has considerable data on Elias Tompkins our grandfather (RT Elias M Tompkins m. Amanda Fanning), so far as some mortgages, notes, tax receipts and various other documents including an invoice of an itemized list of expenditures of his burial expenses given by the Benson Hardware Co, presumably located in Nodaway County, perhaps Bernard, Mo. Therefore this must be about the correct date of his death.

Also definite proof that our group went from Washington County Virginia to Tennessee is not a misunderstanding as good Cousin Robert of Los Angeles as written to me some time ago. You write me in portion that you have been in Washington County 15 times or more, and there occurs in this vicinity all the proof or legend originally contained that William 1772 (William Tompkins m. Elizabeth Owens RT) moved to Washington County Virginia, thence to Tennessee with thirteen children.

Now further proof has been given to Fred my cousin from his father that Elias was born in Tennessee, so I wrote you that he was born in Illinois thru recollections of my father ~~xxxxxx~~ son of Elias, is wrong. However he did reside in Illinois too, according to what we found yesterday.

Elias first went to Jasper County Missouri from Tennessee, thence to North Missouri after the Platte Purchase, this being a territorial purchase from the Indians and added to the state which comprises today five counties, namely, Buchanan Nodaway, Holt, Atchison and Andrew.

We found two Confederate notes different denominations dated Sept 2nd 1861 bearing Richmond Virginia on them reading "Six and two months on the latter after ratification of a treaty of Peace between the Confederate States and the United States," and other keepsakes.

Now with the definite proof that Joseph Tompkins who married Celia Cole, who were parents of Elias, would have to be residents there also, and then our good cousin Robert personally reads the will of Joseph in New York, could Joseph have left Tennessee and gone back to New York to die, and did die in New York state? This is something else, maybe he did, perhaps, so. (sgd Yours Cousin M L Tompkins. End letter

Note by RT we saw the will probably at Poughkeepsie NY

...

Douglas M Tompkins
of Marengo Iowa.

#13-232.

Douglas Tompkins was in the Air Force in World War II, and later was in charge of the school at Metoryuk on Nunivak Island in the Aleutians. As the writer was in Alaska during two tours of service in the army for some six years, this excerpt from Douglas' letter seems well worth including in our book. We also went by Unimak Pass enroute to St Michaels and Nome and were stuck in the ice pack under St Lawrence Island for a couple of weeks. We know about Alaska very well. The letter from Douglas says: Winter has been with us for a couple of months, and ~~such~~ a winter! I am sure we shall never forget the blizzards, the wind, the snow, the fog and the lack of sunshine on Nunivak Island. Not a month goes by without two or three blows with winds up to 60 miles an hour or more. So far we have been fortunate that the roof has not blown off, although one of the galvanized chimneys did blow away one night in a howling blizzard. I have never been able to find it. No doubt it was deposited somewhere in the Bering Sea.

In the past two months we have enjoyed ten dys of clear sunny weather. Our temperatures here are somewhat moderated by the ocean, so it doesn't get as cold as over on the mainland. The lowest here has been 20 degrees while on the mainland it is 50 degrees below zero and lower. There is absolutely nothing on this island to break the wind, not a tree, shrub or sizeable hill. All our strong blows come from the south-east, and as the village and school faces the East, we get the full brunt of the storm.

Snow is piled about the buildings in huge drifts, some fifteen feet high. The wind swoops the drifting snow from the east over the building. Right now it is so high we can hardly see over it from inside.. There is no housing for our vast quantities of gasoline and fuel oil. They are stacked up outside where they are simply buried under the drifts. It is quite a task to dig out these drums and carry oil for our stoves and engines..

It is impossible to completely weather-proof a building against the snow. It drifts right in and recently I had to dig my way out for about half a wagon-load of snow had drifted into the small storm door and space before the entryway. We have a porce five feet from the ground but the snow is level with it. The bay and sea are frozen solid to a depth of about three feet or more. The mail plane lands of skis on the bay.

The days are now lengthening and in a few weeks we will have very long days and later 24 hours of daylight. We are kept busy by a Fall schedule of events from morning till night, teaching, weather observation and reporting, airway reports, official business by two way radio, ministering to the sick and wounded, keeping engines running, as well as stoves, dig out snow drifts and general maintenance about about the place. Also I have to supervise the local native store and keep a watch on the Nunivak Development Project, and to even maintain law and order with the help of the local village council. We only have time to merely glance at the magazines etc we subscribed for.

The natives do not have alcohol but the get drunk on gasoline fumes. One young fellow was janitor of the school, he repeatedly

got so bad that he chased his mother and sisters out of the house at night, often in their night clothes, breaking up furniture and etc., threatening to kill them and commit suicide. On Christmas day I locked him up and chained him, and wired the Marshal at Nome who came and got him. He got three months in jail at Nome. I hope he does not come back here.

For the past six weeks I've had to supervise butchering of reindeer on the island. They have butchered about 5000 pounds which will be sent to the government hospitals on the mainland. A Plane Company at Bethel will fly the meat out. You can get a whole deer for ten dollars. It is very good eating though scarce of fat. The deer are getting too numerous, they expect to delete the herd by some ten thousand head. It will be frozen and shipped out later when a ship makes port. They have been dumping reindeer antlers here for years. They are piled up like a little mountain along the shore.

Dog teams are the only transportation in the winter but during the summer there are plenty of motor boats in use. The dogs are eager to go, they yelp and howl and tug at the traces. They would run off with the sled if the driver did not fasten it to a stake in the ground. The dogs love the snowy weather. They are tethered out of doors where they curl up with their noses under their bodies and during storms are completely covered with snow. Some men made dog huts out of gasoline drum, but the dogs like to sleep outside better.

The natives excel in ivory carving but not so much as the Eskimas. We have collected quite a number of pieces.. The best of the local carvers is an old man named "Zaccheus Rising with Hand Support". The younger natives seem to be losing the art of ivory carving. He made us two beautiful bracelets made of small squares with miniature seals carved on each square with pieces of delicate blue-green fossil ivory between each. Also an ivory replica of a dog sled with men and dogs in a running attitude and hitched to the sled with seal-skin strips. The whole thing is mounted on a polished walrus tusk about 8 inches long. Besides these he has also carved letter openers, butter knives, and several small pieces.

The women are expert basket weavers but it takes constant prodding to make them keep at the job. They are not very useful but merely "objects of art."

There are about 150 people in the village of Merkoyuk, and 60 or 70 in the village of Nash Harbor 30 miles from here. The males greatly outnumber the females. Girls often marry very young and bear countless children. The infant mortality rate is high because of improper diet.

Nearly everybody on the island is related to everybody ~~fix~~ else. It is scandalous the way they give their children away and adopt others. Some families do not show as much sentimentality between mother and child as there is with a cow and a calf.

Many times I think the government is wasting money on these people. They expect a lot from the government but they do not give anything in return. They expect to be paid for every little thing they do.

They have a strange way of naming the second generation with the first name of the parents used as surname of his son. They had some peculiar names in the past, some from old records: Nick Arriving, Joseph Baby Seal, Roy Climbing, Martin Emerge, Lawrence Float, George Forefingerless, Lincoln Growing, Earl Oh My, Barry Oversize, Samuel Polar Bear, Jerry Sea Cucumber, Edward Shavings, George Shrimp,

Paul Shushing, Richard Small Kayak, Edgar Smooth Work, Rex Spud, Philip Weeping, Albert Smelling, Nathan Sideways, Betty Peeping, Alma Rising, Helen Thanks and Mattie South Wind.
End of Bouglas Tompkins letter to his folks at Marengo Iowa.

We well remember going through Unimak Pass and coaling ship at Dutch Harbor. We were on the Army Transport Sheridan where I had taken to go back to Seattle. We came off St Michaels on the longest day of the year. The water is shallow and we anchored some 12 miles out at sea. The sun did not go down, it just slid along the horizon and partly dipped below the watery horizon and then oozed up and slid along without ever getting very high. But it just circles around the sky and then deliberately drops down in a long curve when it "goes down" again.²

St Michaels was a desolate place. On the beach a dozen old river steamers were drying up and rotting, no longer useful. A huge hotel of probably two hundred rooms, was a ghost town in itself, yet there was a clerk and an imposing "register" and one could have a room for two dollars. There was a heavy silence and a sense of despair and lost hope that it was a horrible thing to see...and to feel. The old Russian, ~~ridiculously~~ small, and a few small cannon. St Michael was a place to make you sit down and moan.

And then to Nome, an unreal spread of houses built on the soft tundra. Houses five feet apart at the base, pleated against each other at the eaves. Sidewalks of the "city" undulating like mats laid upon long waves of the ocean; a big hotel that swayed into a four foot hollow between the higher standing ends; shacks inclining as much as 30 degrees on the soft soil of mud and matted grasses; a 3/4 inch galvanized iron pipe in the street from which water could be had, formerly at five gallons for a dollar, coming some water spring farther away. A high tower out beyond the beach line probably five hundred yards, with a stout cable running to another tower set inland; the immense box-like "car" that ran along the cable being suspended under it, to drop on the deck of a steamer wishing to load or unload cargo. A steam launch to carry paying passengers ashore. There was no pier. At first there had been but the ice, going out every summer simply dragged the piers away with it and they vanished into the cold waters out in the ice pack.

You step ashore, ankle deep in sand that had produced fortunes in yellow gold in the dys when Nome was a wild and boisterous town of perhaps 25 thousand. Now there were perhaps 300, scarcely more it seemed to be. Deserted dance halls, saloon with sleepy tired looking bartenders, some Eskimos in their fur capped parkas, a few stragglers wakened from their slumbers because a ship was there with its passenger ashore looking for what there was to see; or to buy souvenir silver spoons, walrus tusk carved ivory articles, a warehouse full of raw fox furs. This was Nome, a dying, sad and silent spot, but with a thousand turbulent memories and legends. All these will some day, just be forgotten...and unsung?

...

Probably most of the writings and records of Georgia and of Florida branches, speak of this John Tompkins. I think it is Gilmer's books that tell so much detail of conditions and people in the early days in that section. There were plenty of snakes and there was much trouble with the Indians. There are stories also of the early days when the Spanish explorers came through and of marvellous heaps of river pearls the Indians had in great abundance, or marshes and swamps, and the early settlements and their many vicissitudes.

There is a book by Margaret Davis Cate called "Our Today and Yesterday." It has this story about the Tompkins Fort. It says:

In the early days following the Revolutionary War, the main land of Glynn County was sparsely settled by hardy pioneers who underwent untold hardships on the frontier.

The Indians frequently attacked the settlers, many of whom abandoned their homes. In one attack the Indians murdered two men, John Price and one named Shaves, and carried off a small girl named Polly Harper.

Of these settlers, John Tompkins, a Virginia by birth, established his home on a plantation on Turtle Creek where he erected for his protection, a large fort two hundred feet square. In the spring of 1789 John Tompkins' plantation was attacked by a party of Indians of the Creek nation, who burned the dwelling house, the stable and crib, the overseer's house and the kitchen. (Note by RT kitchens in those days was often built separately from the dwelling. The kitchen at Parksville where I lived when a small boy, had the kitchen fully 30 feet from the dining room outside door.)

In this attack the Indians also burned another small dwelling and also the fort and carried off two horses. Britain Bunkley, who lived on St Simons at the time, was one of the party of men who went to the aid of the besieged party. He said the fort had been evacuated by Captain Tompkins and the others, and soon after the places were sacked and burned.

John and Donald Tompkins, sons of John and Elizabeth McKay Tompkins, the owners of the plantation destroyed by the Indians, made a claim against the United States Government for the property so destroyed, which claim was allowed and settlement made 47 years after the destruction of the property.

(Note by RT- this supports our theory that the third son William G Tompkins died young, else he would have been also in the list of claimants. Also it seems to make it very likely that John and Donald were the only two sons of John Tompkins (m. Elizabeth McKay) and that the three others we formerly thought might be their sons, belonged to the Horry South Carolina branch who settled about this time in Alabama, Georgia and Florida. They lived in same places as the known descendants of John and Donald Tompkins and were often confused as to identity of the two groups. We believe we have them very well separated now in our MSS Clan of Tompkins and in the binder re John Tompkins line made by Miss Agnes Garleton of Jacksonville Florida, a very excellent researcher.)

In seeking their claim, the heirs of John Tompkins supported their statements by affidavits of Britain Bunkley, James Halverston, and Martin Palmer, who testified that the property of John Tompkins

on his plantation of Turtle River in Glynn County had been destroyed by the Creek Indians.

John Tompkins, the owner of the plantation was Justice of the Peace in Glynn County 1786-1788, and local member of the House of Representatives in 1788, and was also a Captain in the Glynn County militia and a Commissioner for Glynn County Academy until December 6 1791 as his successor was appointed on that date. This would indicate that his death or removal from the county occurred just prior to that time. The two sons, Donald and John, moved to Camden County, where their descendants are living today. End of excerpt from the book.

Miss Agnes Carleton has made considerable effort to trace the McKays.

Donald McKay, father of Elizabeth McKay who married John Tompkins died Feb 9 1768 at the residence of James McKay Esq of Strathy Hall on the Great Ogeechee. The item does not identify James McKay but he was certainly a close relative of Donald McKay. The Donald McKay who died 1768 left two daughters he calls "Natural daughters" viz, Elizabeth McKay and Sarah McKay. The mother of these two girls was Elizabeth who was "known at birth as Elizabeth Manley," was wife of James Lemon in 1768. James Lemon and his wife Elizabeth apparently divorced wife of Donald McKay who died 1768. were appointed guardians for the two girls.

It seems that Donald McKay above had other daughters, one named Margaret baptized Sep 14 1754 and Jean baptized May 22 1757. We believe this Margaret McKay was same girl called Mary McKay who married Capt William McIntosh and had a daughter Margery McIntosh who married James Thomas Spalding. The Spaldings married into our Tompkins line also.

Of Jean McKay we have no further record. But Sarah married John Tompkins who was born 1730 and died 1791. They had Donald, John and William G Tompkins. William G apparently died young. Many descendants of John and Donald Tompkins as per our MSS Clan of Tomkyns.

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James Laurence Tompkins number 8090, uncle of this writer, was a member of Captain John C Hays' Texas Ranger during the Mexican War and took part in the capture of Monterey. Later in life Mr Tompkins settled at Lynchburg Texas on the Bayou, near the site of the battle of San Jacinto where General Santa Ana, commanding the Mexicans lost the battle and also his wooden leg. But his horse had 4 sure-enough legs and bore the general swiftly in not a very dignified manner, to safer parts.

Not long ago we visited the battleground where the great tower rises higher than the Washington monument upon the site of the fight. There is a wonderful museum on the ground floor that one should never fail to see if he is anywhere in that vicinity. You can take the elevator to the upper room where you can look out over a hundred or more square miles of territory, land and water.

We have seen a book by James Kimmins Greer and published by E P Dutton and Co New York 1952. We also saw other writing from which quite obviously a great deal of the material in Greer's book was taken. Also there are many other publications where one can get the material in this book. But it makes a fine book and we would say it was well worth reading as it contains material that you would need read through many other books to get all at one time.

To be a member of Captain "Jack" Hays' Ranger outfit, you very certainly had to be a most remarkable man, and if once in it, to stay there takes something really magnificent.

The Rangers were organized when Texas was still a Republic and Sam Houston was president. They had to fight uncounted battles with both Mexicans and Indians, for the Comanches were strong and very troublesome in those days, and also the Apaches were trying to crowd in from the West. Possibly there were rangers before the war between the Texans and the Mexicans. Mr Greer's book and in fact many other books tell in detail of these Indian troubles.

We saw in Life Magazine last year (1956) an account of the capture of Monterey and reproductions of oil paintings the writer of the account painted on the scene. In it there are pictures in color of many actions and scenes in which the Rangers took a part for it was the Rangers who took the Bishop's Palace and forced in the massive doors, which is pictured in the Life magazine as above mentioned.

Since we read this book about Jack Hays' command and his men we have gained even still more admiration for our redoubtable Uncle James Laurence Tompkins, tho he was one of our favorite fighters ever since we first knew about him.

His men must have been about the most hardy, fearless and indeterrable bunch of fellows you would ever hope to meet. We saw these next couple of yarns in an old pamphlet and the Greer book has them almost word for word.

One of the recruits was a chap who afterwards was known as "Alligator" Davis. And this is how he was so called. Soon after Davis had joined the outfit, they were encamped on the Medina River. Floating on the surface of a large water hole nearby was an alligator over six feet long. The Ranger's effort to

frighten it into submerging were in vain. Its staring eyes irritated recruit Davis and he growled "I'll take that critter out and must him in as a new recruit."

Then he plunged into the river and clasped the alligator, trying to wrestle it ashore. The rolling and threshing struggle of the man and the monster beat the water into muddy foam. The alligator swiped Davis with his tail and knocked him backwards and under. He came up instantly spitting mud and water and plunged forward to gain a new hold. At last he got astride the beast and locked his legs tight around the body, then he caught a jwa with either hand.

While his companions roard and applauded his efforts, Davis forced the reptile into shallow water and toward the bank. On reaching the edge, he stumbled on to dry land and fell with all his weight upon the brute he held clinched in his arms. The river "recruit" slipped back into the water. And so, Davis was thereafter known as "Alligator."

On another occasion Captain Hays took Alligator along on a scouting ride. Davis saw a small bear cub up in a tree and climbed up and dragged it down. After quite a contest while trying to ties its legs together, David had to knock it out with a pistol butt. Then he tied its legs together and fastened it back of his saddle. On the way back to Bexar (San Antonio) the cub bit the horse on the back. The horse had been wild eyed even before this, but now it had something to kick about. The horse bucked and pitched and "Alligator" Davis was thrown off, and the horse was last seen flying away in the distance. They never saw it again.

Another remarkable member was Simon Bateman. Bateman was already a man of property back in Mississippi. But he came farther west to possibly get larger lands and have more cattle. One time they were branding some calves insie a corral. But a bull began to mraage at them and chased them over the fence. So Bateman boasted he was not afraid of any bull, so he climbed back into the corral, and got down on his hands and knees. The bull stopped bellowing and looked and looked him over "with a speculative eye." Then the animal really became enraged. When the bull bellowed, Bateman also bellowed: when the bull pawed and thre dirt into the air, Bateman pawed the ground and tossed up dirt: when the bull shook his head, Bateman shook his head likewise. If the animal feinted, Bateman feinted. By leaping quickly to one side, Bateman avoided several rushes. The sudden the bull paused a moment, and rushed. He tossed Bateman over the fence for about twenty feet. The poor man could not get out of bed for a month or more. And after this, the bold toreador was known as "Bull" Bateman.

Another of Hay's men was "Bigfoot" Wallace, a frontiersman man of no little fame. The writer well remembers Bigfoot Wallace. It was about 1890 and standing on the corner of the Market Square at Houston, Frank and I saw a big man, probably over six feet, and indeed the picture of an old time Indian fighter. Wallace had on a coonskin cap, Indian moccasins, a fringed breeches looked like chamois-shin tho not as clean, and a fur trimmed coat. He had a long, old fashioned Civil War style or before, musket with a long barrel and brass rings around it. I was so dumb with admiration, for I had heard about him before, that I could not dare to speak to this great man of the wilds.

I have seen quite a few ~~raucous~~ men including General John B Gordon of Georgia, under whom several of my family served in the Confederate army. I heard General Gordon speak at Houston. He

was indeed a gifted speaker. Some of the things he spoke of were sad, some pathetic indeed and some were in a light vein. He said that once he saw a soldier running from a fight. He asked the runner why was he running. The man stammered 'Cause ah caint fly, that's why I' runnin'."

Inasmuch as our uncle James Laurence was at the capture of Monterey, and we had seen the color pictures in the magazine about this fight. let us look at this event again.

Monterey is built on the north side of the San Juan River, about one mile east and west and half a mile the other dimension. The Santa Catarina river is near to the south easterly. The buildings were of stone blocks. A spur of the mountain creeps in near. I well remember seeing these mountains from Fort Ringgold Texas on the Rio Grande river, where I was stationed in 1902 until went back to the Philippines in December of 1902.

When the Americans approached Monterey, General Ampudia had a Mexican army of about 7500 men. In the town there was a place called Independence Hill, and about half way to the top was a redoubt they called La Libertad. This had artillery, and above this fortified spot was the Bishop's Palace about midway up the ridge, with a sharp peak at the summit. On top of this highest point was a sandbag redoubt they called Fort Independence. About 600 yards to the south was another ridge called Federation Ridge. Fort Soldado was just east of this with two, nine-pounder guns. It was considered suicide to try to storm these positions. The town streets could be quickly barricaded, and the low flat roofs could be sand-bagged and make excellent positions for snipers.

The American General Taylor had only about 6500 troops, no artillery except some very light field guns. On Sunday September 20 1846, Hays led 250 men, "by fives in a group" across the road and into some chaparral. General Worth with 2000 men following this advance party. It was the Rangers who led. They caught a Mexican, put a rope around his neck and forced him as a guide.

Rounding a spur of the hill Hays could see troops hurrying along the ridge from the Bishop's Palace to the redoubt. Also Mexican reinforcements were hurrying toward Independence Hill.

Then firing began from ambush. A cavalry detachment advanced; the guns on Independence Hill began firing. The Rangers fell back. Then night came on, and it was raining. Hays's men had no food, raincoats or blankets. A few rangers crept out to forage for pigs or chickens. But when fires were started to cook them, the cannon on the hill opened fire and the coals had to be put out. But they had found some un-shelled corn. They munch this and slept on the saturated ground.

Before daylight the rangers had saddled and were ready for the fight. In the advance guard action some 80 Mexican cavalrymen were killed. The other troops came up to support and the battle for Monterey raged well through the day. To capture Federation Hill they had to slide down the rocky river bank, plunge through the swift water. The shot churned the waters but the attackers got over and into the chaparral. Four hundred feet higher the peak looked impregnable. The Fifth Infantry came on. The hill was taken and someone wrote with chalk on the guns "Texas Rangers and the Fifth Infantry."

Hays and his men then retired to the road junction below to water and feed their horses. They nor the horses had had a meal for 36 hours, wet, and watersoaked and some wounded but only two of Hays men were killed. They said the Mexicans shut their eyes when they pulled a trigger. They helped the horses eat the corn, and laid down on the ground to get some sleep.

Now it was night again and a violent storm was raging. At three o'clock in the morning the force of 465 men. After midnight Hays led them in Indian file from the camp. They came upon two Mexican picets, half asleep. With Bowie knives at their backs they were forced to lead the American to the next outpost. And so they captured all the outposts guarding Independence Hill.

The almost vertical peak was said to be 800 feet high. The soldiers climbed slowly, loose stones rolled down the slope but the storm made them unheard above. Fissures helped them gain footholds. They dragged each other up the bluffs or pulled themselves up by branches.

At daylight they were about 100 yards from the crest. Shots began to fly, the attackers fired back, taking what shelter they could behind boulders. The Americans scrambled upon the wall. The men fell over, stabbing, grappling and smashing. The enemy survivors went leaping down the slant to the Bishop's Palace.

From the Bishop's Palace, fire opened from two pieces of artillery. At last the positions were taken. Details of the fight in several books. Many of the Rangers had captured serapes. Tho it was still raining, they did not heed it. And Monterey was ours.

We are a little skeptical about the version of a prayer that an officer is said to have made before the fight. The account is as follows: "Oh Lord we are about to open battle with superior forces, and Heavenly Father, we would like you to be on our side. But if you can't do it just lie low and keep dark and you will see one of the damndest fight you ever did see."

There was street fighting, the enemy on top of the flat roofed houses. It was a tough fight. It lasted for two or three days before the Mexican forces finally collapsed. The Rangers treated their wounded with chewing tobacco poultices.

And so, when we stop to consider this tale, we take off our hat to the Rangers and to our Uncle James Lawrence Tompkins who was one of Hays' men, and was there through all of it.

...

George Washington Tompkins
of Parker Co Texas
1841-1915.

Data by Mrs Verna Tompkins Whatley of Mineral Wells Texas
He was son of Benjamin Joseph Tompkins and Nancy Jane Steele.
George Washington Tompkins volunteered in the Civil War in 1862
on the part of the South. He operated in Arkansas and Louisiana,
a member of Walker's Division, called Walker's Greyhounds. Took
part in Battle of Vicksburg and others of that time and area. His
officers were Captain Ball and Colonel Jim Rain.

He came to Parker County Texas in 1859 from Missouri. Original
story is that three brothers came to America from Scotland, they
were Scotch-Irish.

They moved from Anox County from Stephens County on Veale's
Creek very near where Possum Kingdom now stands. They bought a
farm three miles west of Munday in 1892. This family shared the
many hardships that go with pioneering. The oldest son George
Thomas, had the first store and postoffice in Munday.

In 1902 George Washington Tompkins and his wife, and three of
the younger children, Rain, Ruth and Arra, moved on to pioneer
a new country, this time to the north plains country. They
settled in the extreme north part of Hutchinson County. There being
no postoffice nearer than one in Canadian, Texas, the Tompkins used
one room in their house for this purpose. The name of the postoffice
was Lieb, so called for one of their neighbors.

This was real pioneering, for the winters were so severe and
no natural timber for fuel in the winter time when the blue
northers or snowstorms were, which caused many hardships.

Here they lived and helped to develop this portion of the
high plains until George Washington Tompkins passed away in 1915.
He was followed by his wife in 1917. The family have all passed
on except Ruth and Leonard. Ruth still (1955) lives at Spearman,
and Leonard lives in California.

The family were staunch Christians and belonged to the
Primitive Baptist church. Almost all of the children followed
that belief.

...

ARTHUR SMYLY TOMPKINS.
(from 'emphill's Men of Mark of South Carolina).

Arthur Smyly Tompkins, farmer and lawyer of Edgefield South Carolina born at Meeting Street Post Office, Edgefield County March 31 1854.

His father, DeWitt Clinton Tompkins was a physician who served as Magistrate in his County, and was in the War between the States, a Captain of Co K 14th South Carolina regiment; a man who is remembered for his amiability and his conversational powers.

His mother was Hannah Virginia Smyly (Tompkins) who was a woman of exceptionally strong mind, of good business ability, whose influence over her son has continued strong throughout his life.

Her earliest known ancestor was Col James Smyly, born in Ireland and who came to South Carolina in or about 1785.

Mr Tompkins' ancestor was Captain Stephen Tompkins who raised and commanded a cavalry troop in the Revolutionary War.

Until 13 he was robust and vigorous, but after that his health was delicate. Even in early boyhood he was required to do some regular work on the farm. He said "It hardened my muscles." He attended the county schools of Edgefield, and entered South Carolina University ~~1868~~ and graduated in 1872.

His father had made easy for him the way to a liberal education, providing him with ample funds. After completing undergraduate course in law at the law school of Columbia University at Washington DC, he then read law for a year in the office of Frank H Miller Esq., of Augusta Georgia.

In 1879 he settled in Edgefield where he has since divided his attention to law and farming. He married June 15 1880 Lizzie D Holstein daughter of Mr and Mrs Moses Holstein of Ridge Spring. They have several children.

The father of Mrs Holstein was Allen Dozier, a wealthy planter near Big Creek in what is now Saluda County.

In college Mr Tompkins was a member of Chi Psi, a Knight of Pythias, and Knight of Honor, and a Baptist.

...

Cydnor Bailey Tompkins
b. 1810 d. 1862

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son of Asahel Tompkins and Ann Hoge. The following data sent by Mrs Elvie Tompkins Haddow of Vincent Ohio, with whom we had much correspondence and who sent so much data on her branch of our big family.

Cydnor Bailey Tompkins married Mary Ann Fouch. Went with parents to Morgan County Kentucky 1831, near McConnellsville where he died in 1862. (Note by RT seems was a Morgan Co Kentucky also Ohio, one of these may be error but Mrs Haddow's letter here at hand says he was a lawyer and a member of Congress from Morgan County OHIO. His son Emmett also a lawyer and sent to House of Representatives from Athens Ohio, and was later elected to Congress.

The family has produced doctors, lawyers, teachers and farmers. On the farm owned by Asahel Tompkins, his great grand daughter and family, Mrs Clara Miller lives (about 1940 RT)

On the adjoining farm and in the same house where Emily Tompkins and Rufus Beach reared their family lives their grand son Orville Morris, Barlow twp, Vincent Ohio R.D.

James L made a home in Lake City Iowa, two grandsons are still living, Clarence Bain in Lake City and Emmett Bain in Lisle, Illinois. Rush and Isaac Lawton raised their families on a farm near Paris, Illinois. Mrs Bertha Clinton who was a doctor died February 14, 1941.

Daniel H was a farmer, and bought and sold cattle, Barlow twp. Eldridge G (father of Mrs Haddow) lived in the village of Watertown with the exception of one year in Illinois after the Civil War, had a small farm and was at one time Postmaster. At his death was proprietor of the Connersville Hotel, Watertown Ohio.

Mrs Haddow said in a postscript to this letter: I forgot to say that when my father, Eldridge G Tompkins, went to Illinois, they travelled by covered wagon. That was before my time. My three sisters were with them and many interesting tales they told of the trip. End Mrs Haddow's letter.

We wish the sisters had written diaries. Everybody should write in some kind of a paper, their adventures and stories about their family. All this will be "history" some day.

...

We have a newspaper clipping recording the death of Roger William Tompkins dated Sep 26 1952. This found its way into our files with another clipping about the same family which we shall combine into this account. There are several pictures of the places and persons which will be in our "picture file." They lived at Cedar Grove, near Charleston, Virginia, now West Virginia. One article says:

Cedar Grove is the oldest settlement in the Kanawha Valley. It was nearly 180 years ago, in 1773, that Walter Kelly settled at the mouth of the creek that now bears his name. This native of South Carolina was killed by Indians near his log cabin later in the year.

William Morris bought "Tomahawk Rights" to land in Cedar Grove from Kelly's widow in Lewisburg and brought his wife and ten children to the mouth of the creek, and built a fort where the Fred Joachim house now stands. Morris also built a boat yard, selling flat-boats to the travellers who came from Lewisburg, across Gauley Mountain, down Peter's Creek, up Bell Creek, and down Kelly's Creek to the Kanawha River.

At Morris' death the land around Cedar Grove went to Aaron Stockton of Gauley Bridge, who sold it to William Tompkins, a wealthy salt maker of Malden, who came to Cedar Grove about 1835. Tompkins built the fine old home which still stands at the east end of town (1952).

The wife of William Tompkins was an aunt of General Ulysses Grant, 18th President of the United States. In 1874, the General visited her at Cedar Grove, driving up from Charleston in a buggy, and spending the night.

During the war, Rutherford B Hayes who became 19th President, visited the historic home. The old brick church, another famous landmark in Cedar Grove was built by Tompkins for his devout daughter Virginia. The church, which now stands beside Highway 60 in the eastern limits of the town will be 100 years old next year. It was once called "Virginia's Chapel."

Today the old and the new offer vivid contrasts in the quiet little town where more than 1,700 people reside. Route 60 which formerly twisted through the community, now completely bypasses it by means of a super-highway bridge which rises some 50 feet over store buildings and houses. End first newspaper item.

The second clipping with several pictures, relates as follows:

Cedar Grove, one of the valley's pioneer homes, might not be standing today had not General Ulysses S Grant given its owner a letter of Protection, will look as it did during Civil War Days after two more months of restoration now being carried on by Roger W Tompkins. (about 1950 RT) who is of the third generation member to live there,

The 16-room structure, built in 1844 of brick, burned on the property, surely would have suffered destruction but for the letter which Mrs Rachel Tompkins, and aunt of General Grant, was able to wave in the faces of questioning Federal troopers who travelled over the turnpike near it..

It was well known that Mrs Tompkins had strong Confederate sympathies, having sons serving in the Confederate army, and her husband having owned 30 slaves before he died in 1857. The repairs now being made resulted in the removal of the first-floor porch which had taken place long ago, was being replaced. The restoration was being made in accordance with some old pictures they had. In one of these

a horse is tied to the white fence palings in front. Inside and outside work was going on. Seven layers of wall paper have been removed, peeled off the walls to make way for new stylish coverings. The winding stair-case, topped by a walnut hand-rail, is sturdy and strong again. The hand-carved mantles, window casings, and wide-paned doors, which required a years work on the part of a carpenter at a cost of \$970 are immaculate white.

Behind the work lies an interesting bit of Americana dating back to the Revolutionary War.

Its builder, William Tompkins, Jr., fought in the War of 1812, came to the Kanawha Valley from Kentucky in 1815 to engage in salt manufacturing. From a blacksmith's helper he saved enough to buy shares in salt furnaces and soon owned and operated several himself. He is said to be the first man to pipe gas from the famed Burning Springs to provide fuel for his furnaces there. The woman he married, Rachel, was the daughter of Captain Noah Grant, one of the party who tossed the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. She also came to the valley from Kentucky to visit a brother Peter Grant a member of the Malden salt manufacturing firm of Armstrong, Grant and Co. Another of her brothers was Jesse, father of Ulysses S. Grant.

The two lived in their old brick home at Burning Springs until he built his proud new home up-river. It was quickly named Cedar Grove, for the heavy stand of cedars which stood around it. The town took its name from the house when it was incorporated in 1902.

In his day, William Tompkins Jr., worked most of his slaves at his salt furnaces. The slave quarters, however, have long since disappeared, although an old corn crib, and a brick office building which he used still stands behind the house. End second newspaper clipping.

The last clipping is regarding the death of Roger William Tompkins dated Sep 25 1952. it says:

Roger William Tompkins of Cedar Grove, president and general manager of the Dry Branch Coal Co and a descendant of an early Cedar Grove family, died yesterday afternoon in a Charleston hospital. He was 57.

Death came to this widely known coal operator after a cerebral operation. He entered the hospital about three weeks ago. He had long suffered from cerebral conditions which caused him to have violent headaches.

Mr Tompkins had been in the coal business for more than 30 years. He formerly was general manager of Cedar Grove Collieries Inc, which mined the famous "Cedar Grove Seam" of coal.

Born Feb 27 1895 at Cedar Grove he was a son of the late Henry Preston Tompkins and Addie Lee. His father, and uncle John Tompkins were the founders of the present town of Cedar Grove. These men laid out the town lots and sold land. They were also the founders of the Cedar Grove Collieries Inc.,

Mr Tompkins grandfather was William Tompkins Junior, a wealthy Malden salt manufacturer, who purchased the site of Cedar Grove and much of the surrounding property from his brother-in-law, Aaron Stockton about 1835. The land passed to Stockton upon the death of William Morris who established the first permanent white settlement

in the Kanawha Valley.

Mr Tompkins lived in "Cedar Grove" the old Tompkins home-place built in 1844 by his grandfather. The 16 room structure, one of the town's land-marks, was built of brick manufactured on the property. Mr Tompkins had recently completed restoration and renovation of the large homestead.

A past president and member of board of directors of the Kanawha Valley Mining Institute, Mr Tompkins was also a member of the Hawk's Nest Golf Club, and the Virginia Senior Golf ~~Club~~ Association. He was a member of the Chelyan Lodge 158 AF&AM, was a 32nd Degree Scottish Rite Mason, and belonged to the Beni Kedem temple of the Shriners in Charleston.

Mr Tompkins received his education in Cabin Creek district schools, the Charleston Business College, Montgomery Preparatory School ~~from~~ (West Virginia Tech now), and Marshall College.

He served for more than two years in the army during World War I. He was a member of the American Legion and the 33rd Divn War Veterans Association. He was a member of the Calvary Episcopal Church in Montgomery.

End articles.

Harry Tompkins Rodeo Champion.

Please do not publish, but in our card file we made the following memo on the card for this fellow "Disregard, seems to be a swell-headed, unfriendly sort of a fellow. Does not answer letters."

But some of these days there may be descendants who might trace back to this place and find no further record of this branch. We had correspondents in Peekskill NY, his home town, who knows him and his family. We could not get any answer from them either. We know his father is Frank Tompkins and he lives at Peekskill. We have his address, but he don't answer either. It is very seldom we have been so unlucky as to find people like this. So in our published works we just leave them out. If anyone ever publishes extracts from our writing, please, omit all this item. We keep it "just for curiosity" If we ever run into this branch we will know what NOT to print. Of course it seems to us that Kings, Emperors, Popes, Great Generals and Rajahs, "ulers of great nations...and wild bull riders... are of such grand and magnificent rank they MUST ignore everybody. So we can just grovel in the dust and be ashamed of our inferiority.

Item from newspaper clipping. A lithe, taciturn young man from New York state who had never been astride a horse until five years ago, is the world's champion cow-boy of 1952.

He is Harry Tompkins 25, who now calls Dublin Texas his home. Not only is he the all-around champion of the Rodeo Cowboys Association but he is also the bareback and bull-riding champion of the year as determined by the point standings.

This modest cow-poke who spent his adolescence far removed from a corral, hustled by car, train and plane over all the country this year to slap down his entrance fees in two of the riding events in almost all the major rodeos.

In so doing he piled up 30,934 points as computed by the association system which awards a point for every dollar of prize money the contestant received.

Tompkins, who was born Oct 8 1927 was educated at Pleasant Side NY and Hendrik Hudson high school in Peekskill. He is a son of Mr and Mrs Frank Tompkins of Peekskill.

While working on a dude ranch at Putnam Valley NY in 1947, he was asked to furnish some entertainment for guests by trying to ride a horse bareback. The nag bucked, but Tompkins rode. It gave him ideas. In that same year he became a rodeo contestant at Springfield Mass. Like a meteor he rose to prominence in the rodeo world.

He was champion bull rider in 1948, 1949 and 1950, and runner up in 1951. He married into one of the nation's best-known rodeo families. He is the husband of Rosemary Colburn of Dublin Texas, whose father furnishes the stock for most of all the big rodeos. End of item.

Note by RT- When I was 8 years old I rode a half wild pony called Billy. He could buck and sunfish and do about everything andy other horse could do. I was in Texas then. They have some very good saddle glue down there.

Paul Garnett Tompkins.

In 1914, we were with the Western Union at San Francisco, and we were transferred to the Los Angeles office. And there we had the pleasure of meeting our second cousin Paul Garnett Tompkins, tho at the time we neither knew who the other one was. He asked me where I was from. When I told him my father was born in South Carolina, he said that was his line also. At the time we did not establish our relationship but this occurred later when I began reserach for our first book.

Paul was the wire chief in the Los Angeles office, and we worked together for several months until I was transferred to Phoenix Arizona office. Late on when the desert began to be monotonous, I resigned and they offered me my old job back at Los Angeles. So there we met again.

I knew his middle initial was G and thought it was George after his mother's family. Much later I found his name in the old Houston Texas directory as Paul Garrett Tompkins. He was night chief at Houston Western Union when I was a boy but we did not know him then. But the directory was wrong, it's Garnett.

Paul was quite a writer. He wrote a number of short stories which I saw and they certainly did have merit. Also he invented several electrical gadgets which the company used but probably never paid Paul for them. He was a fine, kindly, friendly gentleman.

I remember when I was in the San Francisco office, I worked with a fellow named FitzGerald. He had been the messenger and general helped at Sacramento when Paul was manager there. Fitz told me the folks at Sacramento called him "Paul Tompkins's slave." Fitz had, quite a number of stories about Paul, and all wree to Paul's credit.

After he retired from the Western Union, he lived at Riverside California where he had bought a home and quite a tract of land. This land with much other land thereabout was condemned later by some governmental law suit pertaining to water supply. The land owners fought the suit which dragged out for two years or more. The owners finally had to take a much smaller amount for their land than it was worth. Paul said the judge at this long law-suit was asleep half the time. They had to wake him up to decide upon a point. He would shake his head and if it was the land owners lawyer who made a point the judge would say "Objection overruled" and go back to sleep. If it was the "land-grabbers" lawyer who objection, the judge would say "Objection sustained," and go back to sleep. Probably not necessary to say who won the case, and Paul lost his life savings. No doubt it was all this strain that brought on a stroke, that cost my good friend and cousin, his life.

The following item we take from the Western Union magazine:

Paul G Tompkins, formerly repeated chief in the Los Angeles Traffic office passed away at his home in Riverside California on May 31 1938, after a short illness culminating in a cerebral hemorrhage. Paul Tompkins was the second Pacific Division President of the Association of Western Union Employees. A native of Louisiana, he came to Colusa California with his mother when he was ten years old. He entered the service of the Western Union in 1875 as a messenger boy at Colusa, later becoming a telegrapher. He worked for various railroad companies in the

capacity of telegrapher and agent in Oregon and California. In 1881 he married Miss Allie Gillette, daughter of a prominent pioneer family of Umatilla County Oregon.

Paul was employed as telegrapher in Portland, San Jose and Fresno. He was manager at Phoenix Arizona, Assistant night chief at Houston, manager at Beaumont Texas during the first oil boom in 1900. In 1901 we find him again in California, at Los Angeles. Until his retirement in 1931 he performed the duties of repeater chief with a high degree of efficiency.

Mr Tompkins' active mind refused to stop working when he retired after nearly half a century with the Western Union. He became President of the Whittier Boulevard Chamber of Commerce, a suburb of Los Angeles. In this capacity he was especially active in civic agitation leading up to the construction of the Sixth Street bridge across the Los Angeles River which is still designated as the Tompkins Bridge by those fellow citizens who worked with him for its building.

Following Christian Science services in Riverside, interment was in the Odd Fellows cemetery in Los Angeles, near the scene of many of his activities.

Surviving are his widow Mrs Allie Tompkins; a son Thomas Brooks Tompkins, a sister Mrs A G Wilkins, and two granddaughters Virginia Lee and Patricia Mae Tompkins of San Jose California. End item.

There is one story that must not be omitted in writing of our good friend Paul Tompkins. While at Phoenix Arizona when with the Western Union there, a man was to be hanged at the State prison on a charge of murder. The Sheriff of another county caught the real murderer, and had his confession. The innocent man was to be hanged at midnight, per orders from highest authority. The only way to prevent the man from being hung was for the Governor of Arizona to send a telegraph preventing the execution.

Paul had the telegram and sent it to the Warden of State prison that the real murdered had been caught and had confessed. The warden said that he would be forced to hang the other man at midnight unless the governor said not to do so. Paul went hunting for the governor. He was out of the city on a hunting trip and not expected back for several day. Paul went after the Lieutenant Governor. He found him, asleep, and Paul says, dead drunk and could not be even half wate aroused. Paul was worried now. he hunted for the Attorney general, and other officials and could not find a single one who could countermand the order to hang the man at midnight.

At eleven thirty that night, Paul sent a telegram to the Warden, ordering the execution stayed as the real murderer had been caught. He signed the telegram, Paul G Tompkins, Acting Governor of Arizona.

The man was saved, but very few of us know that Paul G Tompkins was for a half an hour, the Acting Governor of Arizona.

...

This was Joseph Tompkins son of John Tompkins, often spelled Tompkins of New Jersey, which Joseph married Berthiah Freeman. We took these notes from a very interesting booklet on the New Jersey branch by Dr Charles Brown Tompkins, a descendant.

This Joseph had considerable property in New Jersey, which was seized by the British in the Revolutionary War. He was one of the "most energetic" fighters in the Colonial forces.

When the state was being over-run by the British a committee of 12 of the colonials was appointed to consider what was the best interest of the Commonwealth in that time.

At the meeting, eleven of them were in favor of giving up the cause, thinking that it was useless to strive against the power that was over them. But Joseph Tompkins declared he would never submit to British rule over him, and after further discussion they decided to fight it out.

After this, for eight months Joseph Tompkins did not dare to remain in his own house over a night, and by his cunning in always avoiding the British scouts who were frequently sent to capture him, received the name of "Fox Joe.". The Tories in that section also desired his death and laid the troubles of the state to his actions.

After peace was declared he recovered most of his property. In organizing the new government, and bringing the colonies under one government, he took a leading part. He belonged to the Essex County Militia.

We found in the New Jersey Historical Society Library at Newark an item from the Weekly Mercury of December 27 1773 which certainly must refer to Fox Joe. It says: About three years ago Mr Joseph Tompkins of Newark Mountains, in foddering his cattle, lost a knife he had in his hand in the hay. He searched for it but in vain. And this Fall, having occasion to kill one of his cows, found the same knife in her body. It had got through the paunch and stuck fast in her brisket, and the flesh had grown over part of it. However strange this account may appear, the authenticity of it need not in the least be doubted.

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We have a newspaper clipping from the Baltimore Sun dated February 7 1939. It speaks of the death of Colonel Selah R H Tompkins. who for a long time was with the 7th Cavalry.

We had heard of this redoubtable old soldier ever since we first enlisted in the regular army in 1899 at Fort Sam Houston Texas.

All the old soldiers called him "Tommy" but his nickname was "Pinkwhiskers" because he had a red beard and moustache. He was son of General Charles H Tompkins who himself was quite a notable figure in the Civil War days, when he led a foray from Washington up to around Falls Church. ~~for~~

General Charles H Tompkins, known as "Dare Devil Charley," had three sons and they all became Colonels in the regular army, and we had the honor of serving with all three of them at different times. Colonel Frank Tompkins was with us in Cuba in the Army of Cuban Pacification; Tommy, at Fort Sam Houston, and Daniel D was our commanding officer at Fort Brown Texas when he was a Major.

After we began to gather data for our first book the Tompkins-Tompkins Genealogy, we discovered Colonel Frank in Vermont as he was then retired. He remembered us at Army headquarters in Havana where we had talked together several times. Colonel Frank helped a great deal in preparing our first book with family data, of which he had a great deal.

We may also mention that General Charles H Tompkins had one daughter, Julia Hobbie Tompkins who also gave us a great deal of information and with whom we maintained a correspondence for many years. We must say that this lady was one of the most gracious and admirable ladies we have ever known.

But of the redoubtable "Tommy" so called both by his own family and thousands of regular army men, we heard a great deal. We know that in 1902 he married Dolores Muller at Havana Cuba the daughter of a Staff Officer who had been with General Weyler of the Spanish army in Cuba.

But long before ever knew this we heard in the army that Tommy once had fought a duel in Cuba with a Spanish army officer. The family never mentioned this in all the correspondence we had with them. But inasmuch as he married the daughter of Spanish army officer, we would guess he won the duel, because he did marry the lady.

Colonel Frank was wounded in World War I in France and had a distinguished service record, a fine man and soldier. We knew him well.

I had the dubious honor of being reprimanded by Colonel Daniel D. It was at Brownsville Texas on the Mexican border. I was Master Sergeant of Signal Corps at Fort Brown, and first sergeant of the Signal Company that maintained the telegraph system leading up to Laredo Texas along the Rio Grande, though we kept probably sixty men at Fort Brown.

It so happened the Quartermaster had a scarcity of army shoes and mine were very well worn having had them since the beginning of the war. They claimed they did not have any shoes of my size, 9 1/2. So I wore tennis shoes and Colonel Daniel D caught me down town with tennis shoes on. He stopped me and was

surprised than an old soldier as I certainly was, should not be properly dressed and wear army shoes. I told him of my struggle with the Quartermaster Sergeant. The Colonel ordered me to go immediately and tell the Quartermaster that if they did not have shoes my size, to get some from Fort Sam Houston and send in the order by telegraph. He did not ask my name, so we did not discuss the family history, though afterward we had several letters from him. He also served in World War with the others. I got the shoes. They had some on hand too, it was discovered.

The article in the Baltimore Sun is headlined. "Colonel Pinkwhiskers Dies, Old School Cavalry Officer. Beard and Mustachio Won Appellation for Colonel Tompkins, Known also for Biting Language."

This certain was good description of our beloved Tommy. All the old soldiers said Tommy could cuss louder and longer and better than anybody in the army. We saw a poem some newspaper man at El Paso wrote about Tommy shortly after Tommy died. We cannot find this verse just now but I remember it ended with "and God bless your profane old hide." Yes, Tommy was a hard-bitten, hard riding typical old soldier of the cavalry in the hard days of the Indian wars, the deserts and the mountains in the wild days of yore. Let us quote the Baltimore Sun item.

San Antonio Texas Feb 4 1939.

Where ever the the rough-riding men of the old Seventh Cavalry meet tonight there is sadness, because old Colonel Pinkwhiskers, 76, a cavalryman of the carbine and saber school, who rode at their head, is dead. The War Department had him listed as Colonel Selah R. H. Tompkins, but to the men and the officers of the Seventh Cavalry he was known as Colonel Pinkwhiskers because of his pinkish beard and splendid mustachios, and his biting language.

Death came to the retired Colonel last night. To cavalrymen his name meant action. He was the stuff of tradition and anecdote. His gift for expletive brought him a sort of an immortality. The Colonel still believe with the dictionary that the word cavalry means "mounted troops." He strongly opposed motorizing cavalry units.

Once in the Philippines, old soldiers recalled at Fort Sam Houston tonight, he was given four hundred cavalry recruits and told to mould them into a fighting unit. After a few weeks his superior officer sent a note inquiring how things were going. Colonel Tompkins sent the following reply: "I have four hundred men who had never seen a horse, and four hundred horses that had never seen a man, and twelve officers who had never seen a man or a horse. Now what shall I do?"

Colonel Tompkins was born in Washington, just a stone's throw from the War Department office. His ancestors had been cavalry men for seven generations, and his father was General Charles H. Tompkins, a Civil War officer who led the charge on Fairfax Court House Virginia. So end the news item about our grand old Tommy, a real old time, rugged and durable cavalryman.

John Grant Wilson Tompkins
of Virginia.

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From Charleston W Va Daily Mail, but date not noted:

The article had a pen drawing of John Grant Wilson Tompkins, with glasses, a moustache and one of Rachel Maria Grant (Mrs William Tompkins and aunt of General Ulysses S Grant), and of the "Old White House," and of Melrose mentioned in the item. It says:

The destruction by fire of the John Tompkins house "Melrose" at Glasgow last Friday removes another of the once fine old landmarks mentioned in Ruth Woods Dayton's "Pioneer Homes in the Upper Kanawha." A relic of the early 70's and the Gay Nineties, the brick mansion fell a victim to neglect and indifference. Like an honored old citizen that outlived his time, its end came at last, and today it is a gutted shell whose shattered windows, like blind eyes, seem to stare sadly upon the town and the great power plant that has grown up on its once fertile soil.

When Mr J G W Tompkins built his red brick house on the hillside at the East end of the Morris farms, his cousin, Ulysses S Grant, another ex-farmer, was sitting in the White House in Washington, viewing with complacency the corruption of his administration and the approach of the greatest money panic in our history. One year after Melrose was completed, "Black Friday" occurred, and banks began to fall all over the land.

The land on which John Tompkins built was the original tract laid out by William Morris, the first settler in the valley. After passing to Aaron Stockton, it was sold to William and Rachel Grant Tompkins, who built a large brick house at the mouth of Kelly's Creek. On the hill above Cedar Grove, stood an old three story frame tavern built by William Morris Jr in 1790. From 1840 to the end of the Civil War, the Tompkins family operated the famous old White House Farms Tavern.

The tavern was a stage stand and the horses were kept in a large barn directly in front of the big house. The house was painted white, a novelty on those days of unpainted log cabins. The tavern register, still in existence, contains the names of famous men like Henry Clay, and Rufus King, and scores of the wealthy gentry from the deep South.

The big tavern was presided over by Colonel Henry Tompkins and his brother Joseph. Both men are buried in the grave yard behind the house site. The tavern was evidently kept in operation during the Civil War days, for a register shows that General Scammon, General Crook, and various Federal officers often stopped there for meals. One entry dated 1864 shows the names of Mrs Rutherford B Hayes and children and nurse, and Dr Joe Webb of the 23rd Ohio regiment, brother of Mrs Hayes.

Mrs Rachel Tompkins, Mistress of the farm, protected her home from the depredations from Union troops through her kinship to General Grant (his aunt RT), and from Confederate parties because her son Charles was in the Rebel Army. Mrs Tompkins was intensely pro-Rebel. At the beginning of the war she had written Grant's sister, her niece, "If you are with the accursed Lincolmites the bonds of consanguinity are forever dissolved." Grant heard of this but bore no ill will, and sent a letter of protection and went on to win the war for Mr Lincoln.

Mrs Rachel Tompkins died about 1877. She had already divided the farm between John and Preston, her sons. John taking the eastern section. John began his new home by tearing down the old White House Tavern, using some of the timbers in construction of Melrose. He first built the back wing and used it until his marriage to his cousin Miss Amelia Caldwell Tompkins of Danville Kentucky. With her dowry the bride built the front of red brick, some small brick houses, and landscaped the grounds. The remainder of the old house went into a servant's house (still standing) and a large barn in the hollow.

When finished Melrose was a place of beauty. Set on a gently rising hill-side above the turnpike, and in a grove of trees, it became a show-place for passers by. The interior was tastefully furnished in the style of the period, in rosewood paneling, rosewood carved chairs and mohair upholstery. Fine Aubusson rugs and carpets covered the floor. The stairway was of walnut and the front door was imported tinted glass with designs of ferns. Behind the house and set in the hillside was a stone wine cellar with stone shelves. The smaller buildings were a flower conservatory, carriage house and office.

From the Isle of Jersey, Mrs Tompkins imported blooded cattle. An old photograph shows the herd on the lawn in 1885. Also in this photo are Mrs Tompkins, her carriages and her favorite horse, old Paul; Mr Preston Tompkins, Mrs Julia Garrett, Ann Hudson, John Rudnall caretaker, and Della, a servant.

On the hillside, across the hollow, a vineyard grew delicious grapes which were shipped by steamboat to the Western cities. Grain, cattle, hogs and orchards made the farm self-sustaining. An attempt to grow tobacco resulted in failure. For years the large tobacco barns sotted the farm.

In the late 70's the Tompkins opened one of the first coal mines in the Kanawha Valley, mining the famous Cedar Grove seam. A large brick store (still standing) served the miners and the surrounding region. Coal mining was by hand and the coal was shipped in wooden barges. A steamboat, the Virgie Lee, owned by another brother, Captain William Tompkins, and the Ida Budd, Captain John Sentz, handled the towing. Through the 80's the mines prospered, and laid the foundation for the fortune left by John Tompkins.

The only child of John and Amelia Tompkins died in infancy. From Kentucky Mrs Tompkins brought a small niece to live with them. The child is a namesake and still living in New York. Fine carriages took the family on visits to Charleston and homes along the valley. Visitors came from Kentucky and stayed for months. Life flowed gently and happily until 1892 when Mrs Tompkins suffered a stroke. For years she was an invalid. She died in 1896.

A few years later John Tompkins married again to Miss Nellie Blair. It was at this time that Melrose got its reputation for being haunted. A hired man, resented the new mistress, attached threads to pictures of the departed Mrs Tompkins, and when the newly weds were sitting by the fire they were horrified to see the enlarged portraits swinging and bumping on the wall. Mr Tompkins immediately removed to Charleston to a fine house on Kanawha Boulevard.

The yard became overgrown with weeds and underbrush. The only son cared little for the place. At his death the property went to his widow a native of California. A small city, Glasgow grew up on the site of the farm.

Last Monday, in a cloud of smoke, the slate roof fell in and the house became a hollow ruin.

JONATHAN GRIFFIN TOMPKINS.

We find three versions of parentage of Jonathan Griffin Tompkins of New York 1736-1823. Edward Tompkins of Oakland Calif in 1896 queried for information and gave his father as one Nathaniel Tompkins: William Peterson Tompkins b. 1826 son of Jonathan Griffin, son of Caleb, son of Jonathan Griffin as above, says the 1st Jonathan Griffin Tompkins was son of Stephen Tompkins. This apparently account of an old error in records which have been corrected. The said 1st Jonathan Griffin was son of Joshua as shown in our Clan of Tomkyns, and in Tomkins-Tompkins Genealogy.

A work in the Los Angeles Public Library, which is also stated in other works elsewhere says:

Jonathan Griffin Tompkins was named at birth Joshua Tompkins, AFTER HIS FATHER, who removed from Westchester to Scarsdale where a neighbor, Captain Jonathan Griffin, became interested in young Joshua, adopted him and had him baptised Jonathan Griffin Tompkins, later known as Judge Tompkins. He was born at Scarsdale June 8 1736 and died at White Plains May 22 1823.

He made his entrance into public life with Gouverneur Morris, as a member of the Westchester County Committee called May 8 1775, to elect delegates for the Provincial Congress. He was commissioned Adjutant of the 2nd Regiment Westchester County Militia under Colonel Thomas October 19 1775, and re-commissioned May 20 1778. He was a member of the State Convention which adopted the Declaration of Independence, and the first constitution of the state of New York; member of New York Assembly of 1780-82 also of 1786-87; also for many years first Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Westchester; and one of the regents of the University of New York from its foundation in 1784 until his resignation in 1805. He was also one of the trustees of the Presbyterian Church at White Plains at its incorporation February 12 1788. He married October 27 1758, Sarah, daughter of Caleb Hyatt who died April 22 1816. Had large family.

We have a copy of the will of Jonathan Griffin Tompkins sent us by Colonel Raymond Taylor Tompkins U S Army, retired. We also saw this will in White Plains. But years later when we wrote to County Clerk at White Plains for copy of this will, they replied they did not have any such will. We also got some rough treatment there once before when we wanted some information, and they told us to "Go to Albany and get it." We hope there are now more efficient and courteous employees at White Plains than formerly. Apparently it saves a lot of energy to writ and say they didn't have it than it was to give us a chance to get a copy.

The will is as follows: Colonel Raymond Taylor Tompkins got it from Surrogate's office at White Plains.

In the name of God, Amen, I, Jonothan Griffin Tompkins of the Town of Scarsdale, County of Westchester, and State of New York, do make this my last Will and testament, in manner and form as follows: viz: I order my Executors herein after named to pay all my just debts, and funeral charges, and carrying this will into effect. I give and bequeath unto my son Enoch Tompkins, all my wearing apparel,

and I desire my Executors herein after named, to sell all my Estate (except such as I have disposed of in this my will) at their discretion, either at private or public sales, and collect all monies due to me on bonds, notes, and book debts. I give and bequeath unto my wife Phebe Tompkins five hundred dollars and all the stock, household goods and furniture that she brought to me after our marriage, and also all the furniture that came to her by the death of her mother Jane Morrell, and all the homespun linen, woolen and bedding that she has made since our marriage (except such as has been made up for wearing apparel and bedding) all of which several legacies I give unto her in lieu of all her right of power that she may claim to any part of my Estate of whatever kind or nature soever and not otherwise.

I give and bequeath unto my son Caleb Tompkins two thousand dollars to be deducted from the two, five thousand dollar bonds that I hold against him for the purchase of a farm from me, viz, one thousand dollars out of each bond so to be understood that he is to pay only eight thousand dollars when he is bound for ten thousand dollars. This abatement I make him in consequence of land having fallen in its value since its purchase. I also give him all the interest that has accrued or may hereafter accrue on said Bonds, untill the day of my death upon this condition that the same be in full compensation for any claim or demand he may bring against me for the occupation of any part of the said farm from the time of his purchasing the same to the day of my death and not otherwise.

I also give and bequeath unto my grandson Jonathan Griffin Tompkins, son of Caleb Tompkins the sum of fifty dollars.

I give and bequeath unto the children of my son Elijah Tompkins deceased, the sum of one thousand dollars from which is to be deducted a note of ten dollars which I hold against my son (Elijah) to be equally divided among the whole of them share and share alike, and to be paid to them respectively when they shall arrive at lawfull age, but if either of them shall die under lawfull age, then said legacy to be equally divided among all the survivors share and share alike.

I give and bequeath unto the children of my son Enoch Tompkins the sum of six hundred dollars, said sum to be put at interest by my Executors and the interest arising therefrom I order and direct my Executors to pay unto my son Enoch Tompkins during his life, then I order my Executors to pay the said sum of six hundred dollars to the said children share and share alike.

I also give and bequeath unto Sarah Tompkins daughter of my son Enoch, a Mahogany Tea Table.

I also give and bequeath to Sarah Tompkins the daughter of my brother Stephen Tompkins the sum of two hundred and ten dollars which my son Enoch owed her, and was unable to pay to her.

I give and bequeath unto my son Daniel D Tompkins the sum of one hundred dollars and the picture containing his likeness.

I give and bequeath unto my grandson Caleb Ward the sum of six hundred dollars

I give and bequeath unto my daughter Nancy Secor, wife of Caleb Secor the sum of one thousand dollars.

I give and bequeath unto my daughter Sarah Oakley the sum of one thousand dollars she being the wife of Benjamin Oakley .

I give and bequeath unto my son George Washington Tompkins the sum of fifty dollars with which sum I direct him to purchase a clock for himself.

It is my will and I desire that my Executors proceed to settle my Estate as soon as they conveniently can, and all the residue that remains undisposed of I give in the following manner, viz:

To my son Caleb Tompkins, Daniel D Tompkins, George Washington Tompkins, my daughter Nancy Secor wife of Caleb Secor, and Sarah Oakley wife of Benjamin Oakley, and the children of my son Enoch Tompkins to be equally divided into six shares and to share equally share and share alike; and I direct that my Executors to put at interest with good and sufficient security the sixth shares that falls to my son Enoch's children, and the interest arising therefrom.

I order my Executors to pay annually to my son Enoch Tompkins during his natural life, and after his death I order my Executors to pay unto his children said share to be equally divided among the children of my said son Enoch equally share and share alike or their survivors.

I have endeavored conscientiously to dispose of all the property that God has been pleased to bless me with, as equally and impartially as I am capable of and therefore I hope all my children will be satisfied therewith and live in harmony as becomes Christians all the days of their lives. And lastly I hereby nominate constitute and appoint my sons George Washington Tompkins, Daniel D Tompkins, and my friend Isaac Hunt to be my Executors to this my last will and Testament, hereby cancelling and revoking all other will made by me heretofore, and I hereby declare and publish this as and for my last will and Testament.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal this fifth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty three. In the presence of us, who have subscribed our names as witnesses in the presence of the Testator and of each other,

Jonathan G Tompkins (L.S.)

Jesse Fisher.

John Spears.

Joseph W Tompkins

Westchester County, ss. Be it remebered that on the third day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty three etc etc, usual statements re witnessed signing etc..

...

Colonel Raymond Taylor Tompkins also sent us a copy of the following statement by William Peterson Tompkins, son of Jonathan Griffin Tompkins, son of Caleb Tompkins, son of Jonathan Griffin Tompkins the first, subject of this article.

History of the Old Watch.

Jonathan Griffin Tompkins, the father of Gov. Daniel D Tompkins was born June 8th 1736, the son of Stephen Tompkins (Error RT) residing in Westchester Co NY. He was one of a large family, and was given by his parents the name of Joshua. Among the friends of the family was Jonathan Griffin, a resident of Scarsdale, who took a great liking to the boy Joshua, and begged the parents to give him the boy to adopt for his son and heir as he had no children of his own. And when Joshua was about ten years old, he succeeded in gaining the consent of his parents to his solicitations.

. The boy's name was then changed to Jonathan Griffin Tompkins, retaining the Tompkins name. Mr Griffin lived on a large farm, and in addition to his farming he kept an old fashioned tavern, at least so far as it was a place for food and shelter for both man and beast. Among Griffin's patrons was an old man whose occupation was that of buying up beef cattle and driving them to New York market, and Griffin's was his last stopping place, making the remaining distance his last day's drive. At one time he stopped there with his drove on a Friday night, and on Saturday morning there was in progress a hard rain storm. In conversation the old man told of a dream which he had the night before and the substance of which was that young Tompkins, then a lad of about 17 years old, took his cattle and drove them down to the city for him while he remained here in shelter until the storm was over.

The young man accepted the challenge and the dream was fulfilled. The anxiety of the drover to have his cattle driven down on Saturday even though the storm, was two-fold, as the law prohibited him from driving them on Sunday, and Monday was the market day of the week, the butchers buying the most of their supply for the week on that day.

Not long after this occurrence took place, the old drover stopped again for the night with a drove, and on the following morning the young Tompkins told of a dream which he had on the previous night, the main feature of which was that the old drover took his watch from his pocket and gave it to him, which the old man instantly did.

Thus we have the history of the old English "Bull's Eye" with the initials J.G.T., engraved on the back, which has passed down through the generations, first to Caleb, the eldest son of Jonathan Griffin Tompkins, then to his oldest son Jonathan Griffin Tompkins (my father) and from him to me.

I carried the watch for a short time in my young days as a time keeper, and it kept fairly good time when allowed to remain quiet but would not bear shaking up which it had to undergo when carried by a young person.

The exact age of the watch is unknown, but as it was given to my great grand father when he was only 17 years of age, by an old man who probably had carried it for considerable time, it is supposed to be well on two hundred years old.

(signed) Wm P Tompkins

January 20th 1910, in his 84th year,

Note by RT Colonel Raymond Taylor Tompkins has the watch and this above original statement by Wm P Tompkins. This was given to Colonel Tompkins by said Wm P, his great uncle.

We also have seen a great deal of material re Jonathan Griffin Tompkins. Once he was almost captured by the English and his in a swamp, under water, breathing through a hollow reed, an old Indian trick.

...

Orlando and Eugene Tompkins.

Sons of Nathaniel Tompkins and Betsy Hicks. Letter from the late Mrs Helen Healy of Mesa Arizona to Robert Livingston Nicholson of Kansas City Mo., both descendants of Tompkins and both ardent researchers in genealogy of our and allied families. She says:

I have just received a newspaper clipping of 3 columns from the New Bedford Mass., Standard of February 25 1931. Story of the Hicks fortunes by Williama E Emery, written for the Morning Mercury. Here is the data re the Tompkins group.

Adventures of Captain Barney Hicks (whose descendant sent me the clipping) of Westport Point, Mass., sailed in the merchant service, making 45 voyages to Santo Domingo and also one to Africa. In his early life he had many adventures. He was born in 1754 and was the grandfather of John J Hicks. When the Revolutionary War broke out he enlisted as a soldier. After his service in the Colonial army expired he fitted out a ship at Westport for the East India trade. He married Sally Cook of R I., and between 1793 and 1820 twelve children were born to them. Their eldest daughter Betsy Hicks married Nathaniel Tompkins, and was the mother of Orlando Tompkins of Boston and grandmother of Eugene Tompkins of Boston, two of the most famous theatrical managers of their day.

Orlando Tompkins and a partner Benjamin W Thayer took over the Boston Theatre in 1864, and for many years the old play-house continued in the hands of the Tompkins family. M B Leavitt, in his Stage Reminiscences says the elder Tompkins was called "Soda" Tompkins because he owned a drug store containing a mammoth soda fountain.

Eugene Tompkins entered the theatrical business in an executive position under his father's direction. He became a play producer in 1877. The great stage of his theatre which afforded the amplest facilities for display he produced many scenic melodramas brought from London and Paris on a most lavish scale. He was the first producer of the Charles H Hoyt forces.

In addition to the Boston theatre, Mr Tompkins later had the Park Theatre Boston for 5 years. With E G Gilmore, he purchased the Academy of Music in New York City, which turned out to be an enormously profitable enterprise, and also had the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York City. Mr Tompkins was a great friend of John Jay Hicks. His death occurred in Boston February 1909, after a surgical operation. He left a fortune in excess of one million dollars. End item.

One of these we believe was Orlando, died because of a fall from the stage into the orchestra pit. Probably was standing near edge to consider effect of a rehearsal.

...

William Tompkins of Va
m. Rachel Maria Grant.

There has been considerable difference of opinion as to the identity of this William Tompkins. But Mrs Charles Mathews of Lewisburg Virginia, a grand daughter of John Tompkins, who married Permella Welsh, agrees with us that the William who married Permella Welsh was son of William Tompkins and Mary Michie. So do several other records of Virginia. We can not for a moment question this fact.

We shall quote a little later in this article, a letter from William Tompkins of Van Wert Ohio dated 1915 wherein he says that his grand-parents William Tompkins and Rachel Maria Grant and that the William Tompkins who married Rachel Grant was son of Charles Tompkins and Rebecca Ann Stockton who was sister of General Aaron Stockton. This certainly seems to be incorrect, but it is not surprising a man can err as to who his great-grand-parents were.

Of a differing opinion, Amanda Virginia Tompkins who was aunt of Mrs Mathews of Lewisburg, said the father of William Tompkins who married Rachel Maria Grant, was one Christopher Tompkins who would have to be born about 1735.

After 25 years of research we have not found a single thing to indicate that Charles who m. Stockton was father of William m. Rachel Grant; nor that William m. Mary Michie was son of a Christopher Tompkins.

We maintain that the William who married Mary Michie was the same William Overton Tompkins son of William Tompkins and Nancy Overton Cosby. This theory is supported by the letter from James Dunkum Tompkins as quoted shortly. Until the contrary is proved we must continue to believe that our version is correct.

The William Tompkins of Van Wert Ohio speaks of the Grant book which he had been unable to get a copy. We found this book and the compiler has confused a William Tompkins of Germantown NY with the William of Virginia who married into the Grant family, as his wife was Rachel Maria Grant aunto f General U S Grant. To speak plainly, the Grant data is incorrect as regard this line. We found full data on this other William of New York. They married into Grant family also but it was not the same line as our Virginia connection with the Grants. A comparison with the Grant records and other Virgnia records will disclose this fact very plainly.

See the Grant records re William Tompkins m. Catherine Maria Lasher.

Mrs Mathews also declares that her ancestor William Tompkins was a descendant; which we believe is correct, of Nicholas Martieu the French Huguenot much mentioned in history.

The Grat book says : A Quaker from Connecticut had Enoch Tompkins who had Aristides who had William m. ~~Maria~~ Catherine Maria Lasher and m. 2nd Mary Michie. We looked up the Germantown William Tompkins who married Catherine Lasher and he had:

Lucy m. Philip H Coons
Mary Elizabeth m. J W Rockerfeller
Franklin
Morris.
Augusta m. Charles H Coons.

The following letters from Mrs Charles G Mathews we will copy to preserve her ideas in this permanent record: She was Harriet B Tompkins, see Clan of Tomkyns:

John Tompkins born Apl 6 1791 Hanover County Va. (Note by RT we made a special trip to Hanover County to try solve this question. We found no records of that section prior to 1866. Notations in country records there and New Kent County also say all records were sent to Richmond for safe-keeping during the Civil war and were destroyed by fire upon the evacuation of the city and the big fire there, when the Confederates left. See the article in this book re the Virginia records so destroyed.

To resume Mrs Mathews' letter:

After the death of his father when John was about 12 years old, his mother married Peter Mac Arthur. John and his brother William two years younger, were so indignant that they run away to Kentucky. I don't know just when but William went to Kanawha County Virginia, now West Virginia, and established himself in a lovely old house which he called Cedar Grove. He married Rachel Grant.

My grand-father John, after living in Glasgow, Barren County Kentucky, came to what was then Mercer County Kentucky and the town of Danville, which is now in Boyle County. He was a large land owner and slave owner a very prosperous man. His first wife was Mary Brown, daughter of James Brown, the first Secretary of State for Kentucky. After her death he married Permella Welsh of Glasgow. I have seen a deed recorded in Harrodstown, Mercer County Kentucky from James Brown naming his "beloved son John Tompkins" The deed is dated 1822, after his marriage to Permella Welsh, my grandmother.

The house on this land was a large brick containing twenty seven rooms. I was born there as were all of us except Anabel, my younger sister. This house burned some years ago. I have some of the furniture that belonged to my grandfather.

William Tompkins, the father of John who married Mary Michie, was a direct descendant fo Nicholas Martieu, the French Huguenot who came to Virginia in 1620, and lived at what is now Yorktown. His plantation consisted of all the land around. Dr John Stoudt's book Nicholas Martiau, the Adventurous Huguenot, the military engineer and the earliest American ancestor of George Washington. His daughter Elizabeth married Lieut George Reade, a scion of the well known English family of the Reads of Facombe.

Joyce Reade, the daughter of Col George and Elizabeth married Christopher Tompkins in 1728. You see the line is direct. There has always been a Christopher, William and John. Grandfather's second wife was my grandmother, Permella Welsh who was fifth in line from Lord Stephen Douglas of Scotland. End this letter from Mrs Mathews.

In another letter she quotes from a letter from her aunt Amanda Virginia Tompkins born 1835 and married John Calvin Brown. Mrs Brown wrote this in 1921, she says:

I had a family tree that cousin C Q (Christopher Querles RT) Tompkins gave my father(That was William married Rachel Grant RT) and which was lost in the Seminary fire of 1901. C Q was a first cousin of my father. (RT they were SECOND cousins) and I think was educated at West Point. He came to West Virginia in my father's life-time between 1847 and 1857, for he visited us at Cedar Grove (father died in 1857) He bought a farm up on Cauley Mountain,

and improved it as a West Pointer would do. It was a model of order and spotless cleanliness. As soon as the Yankees came into that part of the country, they confiscated the property and made it headquarters for their army. Cousin C W was in the Southern army and he did not return to West Virginia but settled at Richmond. His eldest son at that time was just a boy, afterwards a physician at Richmond, but died several years ago. End of letter from Amanda Virginia Tompkins Mrs John Calvin Brown.

That the Missouri branch was related to the Grant line is proved by our correspondence some time ago with Mr James Dunkum Tompkins, then ~~near~~ ninety years of age. This letter dated Oct 29 1939 says:

Relatibe to my grandfather being a relative of General U S Grant, In 1868 when Grant made the race for president, my father, being a strong for the South through the war, Grandfather William O Tompkins was in our family a great deal of the time. I remember very well a talk father had at that time about the candidates.

Grandfather (William Overton Tompkins m. Martha Gilbert) told father (Richard Wesley Tompkins) "You can vote for Grant if you want to but I will never vote for any man that took up arms against the South."

Mrs James Dunkum Tompkins says he never knew exactly how he was related to Grant, but they were, that was certain.

Re the idea that the William Tompkins who married Rachel Maria Grant was the son of Charles Tompkins and Rebecca Ann Stockton, we will quote the letter from Mr William Tompkins of Van Wert Ohio who said this was so. He also speaks of the Grant book which we know was incorrect as to our particular branch. Probably he got this idea from tht book also, we do not know. The family of General Aaron Stockton did marry into Tompkins family but we do not know this Charles Tompkins. But we can disregard it for we know better.

The letter says:

Van Wert Ohio Oct 10 1915 to Mr J Tompkins Esq 109 Clintock Ave Jackson Michigan.

I enclose you a clipping which I am told was cut from Richmond Whig bearing date of 1847, and was copyrighted in 1910 giving this interesting bit of history of the family you and I have the honor of being lineal descendants of my Grandfather William Tompkins and his brother John came to Virginia in 1807 and located at Charleston and Winchester respectively.

Their father was Charles and their mother was Rebecca Ann Stockton a sister of General Stockton of Revolutionary War fame. My grandfather William married Miss Rachel M Grant, a sister of Judge Jesse Grant who was father of General U S Grant. I have many other little bits of history of the Tompkins family and will try to locate them and send them to you.

Some years ago a young Episcopal minister of Albany NY by the name of Arthur Grant wrote a history of the Tompkins family. I subscribed for it and received it but loaned it several times and now am unable to locate it. etc. (sgd) William Tompkins.

End of the letter.

Perhaps a Stockton book will explain the mystery but we would bet our version is correct. RT.

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Judge Nathaniel Tompkins of Houlton Maine.

Item from Pioneer Times for September 4 1941.

Nathaniel Tompkins of Houlstonm President of the Maine Senate, and former Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives was named by Governor Sumner Sewell, late Tuesday afternoon, to be Justice of the Superior Court of the State of Maine.. He will be the first Houlton man to be so honored by elevation to the Superior Court bench.

Mr Tompkins is a native of Bridgewater where he was born in 1879. He attended the public schools there, was graduated in the class of 1898. He pursued his education at Colby College from which he was graduated in 1903, and after a year's interim as sub-Master at Ricker, entered Harvard Law School. In 1907 when he was graduated he began the practice of law in Houlton, and to this practice, outside of his absences to attend to his duties as Representative from Houlton and Senator from Aristook County, he has devoted his life.

He served Houlton as a member of its Board of Selectmen for two terms soon after he established his practice. This was his first venture into public life and his last until he became a candidate for the legislature in 1930. He served three successive terms in the Maine House, an honor not previously accorded to a Houlton representative.

Following a year of retirement from politics, he became a candidate for State Senator from Aristook County and left the field among a large number of candidates for the nomination. His try for re-election saw him accorded the same vote of approval by his constituents and it also resulted in his choice by his fellows as President of the Maine Senate, having previously served as Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives.

He had found time to serve for several years as President of the Houlton Savings Bank, and during his incumbency in the legislature has been a member of or headed many important Ways and Means. He is Past Master of Monument Lodge, a member of the Meduxnekeag Club, the Houlton Country Club, and the Houlton Chamber of Commerce.

...

Sylvanus Tompkins.

From Pension Bureau Records.

Claim S.28914, private, residence Cortlandt NY ~~by Max 16~~ as of 1833, was in Captain Eleazer Bond's Company, Col Samuel Drakes's regiment Revolutionary War 1779 to 1782.

In 1832 was aged 71 applied for pension, born Dutchess Co NY 1762, when enlisted residence was Cortlandt, Westchester Co NY. In 1838 his widow made the claim.

In 1835 Treasury Department authorized payment of unclaimed pension money to

Henry Tompkins, one of the sons of Sylvanus Tompkins deceased on rolls of New York City.

End pension office record this man.

...

Huldah Amelia Tompkins.

An article in the Edgefield Advertiser of about 1940, is about our good cousin Huldah. It says:

In 1865, when General Sherman had directed the march of his men from Atlanta towards Columbia, "the rebel city," the news arrived in Edgefield that the course of the relentless and destructive Unionist army was uncertain, and that its approach might be expected at any time. There was general disturbance and commotion during which much fine silver and other valuables found a secure burial place.

School then in session at the Edgefield Academy was dismissed with exciting clamor. One of the pupils attending the Academy and who experienced this abrupt and discomfiting occasion was Miss Huldah Amelia Tompkins, then in her sixteenth year. After the dismissal, she with several friends, immediately began their journey homeward. There was no other means of transportation available, and with a natural excitement they started walking. However after several miles they were becoming wearisome, and they were picked up by an old slave driving a wagon, and were carried the remaining distance. Miss Tompkins' home was a mile and a half from Plum Branch.

This lady, now Mrs Warren, and eighty six years old, relates this as her most vivid recollection of the War Between the States, and refers to it humorously, as if it was a needless anticipation.

Mrs Warren's father was Jack Tompkins (John Warren Tompkins) and her mother was Elizabeth Allen Tompkins. She was born at Fruit Hill, where also her mother was born. Mr Jack Tompkins' family lived near Plum Branch, his father being being Colonel James S Tompkins. The Tompkins home is supposed to have been the first house to be painted in the entire section.

Mrs Warren first entered school in Edgefield in 1859. In 1866 the family moved to Cokesbury, and in 1869 to Center Springs.

Mrs Warren's family had a distinguished military record. Her father was a Colonel in the State Militia, and served throughout the war. Her six uncles were also in the war; one, Captain Robert Tompkins being killed at Antietam. General M W Gary was in command, and a singular fact is that Mrs Warren's husband, engaged in the same battle, was ordered as detail to carry off the body and bury it. (Note by RT. His body was brought back to Parksville and is buried in the Tompkins burying ground at Parksville).

A favorite pastime during the war for the idle young ladies, Mrs Warren relates, was making molasses candy, and parching peanuts. There was a shortage of food, and coffee was perhaps the luxury par excellence. At each meal the cook would be emphatically instructed to count out the grains of coffee, and add a proportional amount of parched wheat.

Mrs Warren was asked if present day life was more desirable than the pre-war era. Her opinion is that the life of the Old South is still without parallel. And humorously she says that the servants left very little work for the young ladies, and even the toil of dressing themselves was left to their choice.

Mrs Warren was married in 1873 to Francis Marion Warren. Mr Warren died in 1928, the period of their married life being 55 years. Her present attractive home, with fertile and desirable farm lands conveniently located has been her home since her marriage. Always as hospitable as the typical Southern country home, it

has long been a central resort for many congenial friends and neighbors. At one time the the Bouknight's Ferry road, which passes the Warren home, was a prominent thoroughfare. It led from Augusta to Bouknight's Ferry on the Saluda River.

Mrs Warren's children are:

Mrs Oscar Wright
Mrs Jeff Wright,
Mrs Walter Allen
Miss Lizzie Warren
Miss Kitty Warren
Frank Warren
John Warren

The other son Bob Warren died about 8 years ago.

John Warren was a Major in the World War (I). His record in service is outstanding. His promotion to Lieutenant Colonel having been received.

Mrs Warren has been a most devoted mother to her large family. One of her avocations has been her love of flowers, and she gives her flower garden assiduous attention, bringing to perfection snap dragons and other plants as large as those of florists.

Mrs Warren has a vigorous mind. Her spirit has always been that of a staunch pioneer. Her strong character and beloved disposition are lights of grace and triumph. End of article.

Our cousin Huldah had the Bible of our grandfather Colonel S Tompkins. In one of several letters to us she said:

"My second son Frank, is married and lives near. He married Miss Bessie Montague of Virginia, but her family were living in Florida when he married her. She has helped me get this record for you. I could not have done it without her help as she had so much experience in this sort of work."

And so, Mrs Warren's son Frank who married Bessie Montague, very probably still has our grandfather's Bible, and thus as in many many other instances, our family Bible has passed into the hands of those who do not bear our name. Eventually it may be lost entirely to the Clan of Tompkins.

We once upon a time, and of course more than once, have wished that some sort of a family association would be formed, and which association would gather in one place, and keep in some secure, fire-proof place, the so many Bibles, and other Tompkins records that they would not be lost to us. But these records do pass away from Tompkins. Those who no doubt may be closely related to us, will treasure these records as they deserve to be, but in several generations, the holders will in a vague sort of a way, remember hearing the name Tompkins, somewhere, sometime. But that will be about all. There are some Tompkins Associations, we have heard of three, but they meet and of course enjoy meeting again, but it is largely a social gathering. We do not know if any of these have any record what ever of family history, or who keeps it, and where they may be found. Perhaps there will be such a group some day, but it will possible be too little and too late. We are happy that in our records that will be found in the Filson Club files at Louisville Kentucky will give a foundation. And the census records of now-a-days will give details if one has the time and patience to get after it. We hope so, anyhow.

...

Since typing the preceding page, we have discovered in the 16 inch high stack of notes and papers, the continuation of cousin Huldah's letter. It must be recorded here. She goes on to say:

My husband Frank M Warren was a member of Uncle Bob's company, and was detailed with three other ~~members~~ to carry him from the field and bury him, marking the place so his body could be brought back home, which was done a short while after. My father, two uncles Bob and Gus (Richard Augustus RT), two cousins "Big Jim" and Dan (uncle Sam's son) were all members of Company B of Hampton's Legion. Father was a prisoner at Fort Delaware a long time.

Now I will write about my own family. I am living on the same farm my husband owned when we were wed. Two daughters are still with me, three others are married and have families living near. Two of them are widows. My oldest son Robert ~~Warren~~ Tompkins Warren died in 1927. My second son Frank is married and lives near. He married Miss Bessie Montague, but her family were living in Florida when he married her. She has helped me get this record for you.

My youngest son John volunteered at the beginning of the World War and after training at Fort Oglethorpe was commissioned Captain of Company F 324th Infantry 81st Division, known as the Wild Cat Division. He asked overseas and was in the front line of battle when the armistice was signed, and was promoted to Major while over there. He is now travelling salesman for the Goodrich Auto Co, and is located in Greenville Tenn. I am sending these papers on and I will write a letter later, I have so many things to tell you. Cousin Huldah.

This family history is copied from our State Newspaper. In the list of those who graduated in 1826 is Thomas B Tompkins of Edgefield. Four of his nephews were graduated Samuel S Tompkins 1840, F A Tompkins 1849, R A and R W P Tompkins 1855, D A and J B Tompkins in 1869, A L Tompkins in 1872, R A Tompkins Jr 1883, Frank G Tompkins L.L.B., 1898, His son F G Tompkins Jr 1930, five generations of the family that attended the University of South Carolina.

End of Cousin Huldah's letter.

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Dr James Glover Tompkins.

From Edgefield Advertiser Sep 4 1935.

The names Tompkins, Dozier and Glover bespeak a culture distinctive in Edgefield County History, a culture inseparable from Edgefield's prominent past. Dr James Glover Tompkins, scion of old Edgefield, participant in and witness to its darkest period and exemplary product of its true culture, holds the veritable throne of grace, and honor, in a newer and changed Edgefield. If it might be judged that men are products of their ages, one is led to think highly of Old Edgefield.

Dr Tompkins was born on the 2nd day of April, 1853 near Plum Branch, where his father Henry W Tompkins, and his grandfather James Tompkins lived. His mother was Margaret Ann Glover. When he was seven years old the family moved to Texas. At that period there was a notable exodus to the West, and especially to Texas.

Henry W Tompkins and all his brothers served in the War, one of his brothers being killed in battle. In 1868 the family removed and came to live in Edgefield. The next year Dr Tompkins entered Edgefield Academy, R O Sams being instructor. In 1870 he started clerking in the general store of S H Manget, but the following year he entered Kings Mountain Military School at Yorkville S.C.

Furthering his education with the best advantages of that early period he went to Eastman's Commercial College in the state of New York in 1872, and finished in the same year. In the two years succeeding, he held a position as bookkeeper in Augusta. Returning to Edgefield, he clerked in Penn's Drug Store, and at the end of the fourth year there, with a practical knowledge of medicine, he took the examination for druggist. In July 1881, after six years service as clerk and registered druggist in Penn's Drug Stores, he began reading medicine under Dr J W Hill.

Dr Tompkins relates that his choice of professions which led to his studying medicine was inspirational. While a druggist it happened that he was asked on two occasions one night to attend two emergency patients. They were rather in critical condition. Dr Tompkins remembers distinctly the names of the patients, the medicines administered, and the indispositions. After successfully performing these nocturnal services, Dr Tompkins was riding home with Dr Hill, and the latter asked him why he had not chosen the profession of medicine. Dr Tompkins reply to Dr Hill was that he did not consider becoming his competitor. But Dr Hill did not permit this fine feeling to lay athwart the course of so promising a career.

After reading medicine several months under Dr Hill Dr Tompkins entered the Medical Department of the University of New York in September 1881 and graduated in 1883. During the following four years he was in partnership with Dr Hill. After an interval of about three years, they resumed partnership which lasted until 1898, when Dr Hill sold out to Dr R A Marsh.

The pursuit of learning was not a smooth and uninterrupted course for Dr Tompkins, nor was it a primary pursuit. The pursuit of liberty was then an unmistakable reality. Dr Tompkins many times wore the red shirt. And when the Wallace House took seats in the capitol he was there with the Edgefield Company. When it had been learned that the Democratic representatives elected in '76 were to have their seats contested, this messagewas sent

from Columbia "Ship first train 200 chickens state fair with sufficient gaffs. When the "chickens" arrived, most of them wore red shirts and could produce "gaffs" at the batting of an eye. (Note by RT, the Red Shirts were just about the same as the Ku Klux. When I was a boy I often saw the Red Shirts. One day a lot of them on horseback rode down from towards Modoc, and watered their horses at the well near the road in front of our house. We had a red cedar waterbucket on the wide sill between the inner window pane and the outer window pane. The walls were of log and mother lived there two years before she knew it was a log house. The outside was ship-lap painted white and inside was wall papered. Mother sat on the floor so she could look through the crack near the side of the window wall, where the bucket sloped narrower nearer the bottom. She could see the men watering their horses, and told me to keep still that the Red Shirts were there. They were fully armed.)

On one occasion Governor Chamberlain (Republican) who was running for re-election against General Hampton, was making a speech at Abbeville, the Red Shirts from Edgefield were outstanding. Among the large crowd which was composed of a great extent of negroes and Republicans, several persistently called out to Mr Chamberlain "How about Hamburg?"; in the hope that the speaker might win a point and create a rousing sentiment by relating the bloody events of that riotous night in Hamburg. (Note by RT, Hamburg was the village on the South Carolina side just across the river from Augusta Georgia.)

Mr Chamberlain elegantly replied "Yes, I will tell you about Hamburg. But hardly had he said it when there was a sudden motion among the group of whites and a crowding towards the stand, accompanied by the distinct clicking of pistols. This was a typical expression of the Red Shirts' resolute spirit.

When Mr Chamberlain came to speak in Edgefield, General Butler, and General Gary, gathered five or six hundred Red Shirts. The two general ascended the playform and announced that they would speak. Ordinarily they would have been denied this privilege, but Mr Chamberlain forthwith consented, seeing that the Red Shirts had forced their way at this critical moment on all sides to the stand, some having their guns in hand, others having them displayed across the fronts of their shirts. Some, in fact, were perched overhead in trees and unquestionably commanding the situation.

Dr Tompkins recalls that on the day of the election, a telegram was despatched from Washington to General Butler inquiring as to the outcome of the election in Edgefield. General Butler, replying by the same means stated: Hampton leading by 2000 votes. Georgia yet to be heard from."

Dr Tompkins was married in April 1889 to Miss Emily Dozier a patrician beauty who presided over the home with gracious dignity and hospitality. The children are:

James H Tompkins

Marjorie A,

James Glover Jr

A Dozier.

Emily Bert who married Dr H C Mitchell was their elder

daughter. She died a few years ago leaving three young daughters Marjorie, Emmie Dozier and Frances Glover. James H Tompkins married Miss Rosa La Grone. They have two children, Emmie Dozier and David. J Glover married Miss Ruth Kimbal and their children are: Mary Elizabeth and J Glover III. Miss Marjorie Tompkins lives with Dr Tompkins. A Dozier married Miss Rose Tapp. Dr Tompkins' wife died many years ago.

One of the first automobiles owned in Edgefield was that of Dr Tompkins. It had two cylinders and was not very easily driven. Dr Tompkins asys it could only be used in good weather and that even at such times its use was conditional.

For 53 years he has continued his practice in Edgefield without interruption. President of the Edgefield Medical Society and the American Medical Association, he has long been an outstanding medical advisor. In those days hospitals were never thought of as a resort for the villager. All depended on the skill of the family practitioner. There being no trained nurses, the family physician performed the duties of both doctor and nurse, which is a reminder that nights were very often sleepless for those who had dedicated their lives to the relief of the suffering.

Beyond the success that has companioned his profession, and beyond his many personal attributes, is the fact that he has arrived at a good age in admiration and esteem unsurpassed in Edgefield for a generation.

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Silas P Tompkins
of New Jersey.

From Matawan NJ Journal Friday January 30 1931.

Today, Silas P Tompkins in 100 years old. He is the only resident of Matawan in the memory of the oldest inhabitants to live to such an age. When he awakened this morning, he found a greeting from Governor Larsen at 8 o'clock and to wish him a still longer and happy career. Such greetings have been pouring in on him for days from those who know the kindly old man whose spirit has stayed young with his advancing years.

Mr Tompkins has no organic trouble and is about the house every day. He follows the news of the day, and takes an especial interest in reading the Readers' Digest. Close beside him on the broad window sill is the Bible presented him and his wife in August 1859, by his mother Rebecca Tompkins. This Bible they read together, and it is the same book which he prefers to read today, although the cover is much worn and the pages yellowed with time.

Mr and Mrs Tompkins lived sixty eight long happy years together until she died on March 21 1926. They had two children, Robert S, of East Orange, and Kitty who has always made her home with her parents. Long hours at a time Miss Tompkins sits by her father's side in the same chair which her mother rocked her children in when they were babies. Surrounding him are many pieces of furniture with which he and his bride began housekeeping. They have some old silver spoons, descended from Mr Tompkins grandfather which were moulded from silver dollars melted up in 1818.

When Mr and Mrs Tompkins were married sixty five years ~~ago~~ they held a celebration of their wedding anniversary. At that time they were both 92 years old. In fact there were only four days difference in their ages. They came to Matawan in the Spring of 1906, since which time Mr Tompkins has led a retired life except for some gardening such as he enjoyed.

Mr Tompkins was born near Rockaway, Morris County January 30 1831. He is a self-educated Civil Engineer, and has a great fund of general knowledge, especially about birds and trees. He has always shown the greatest integrity in his business dealings. Experiments for the first telegraph were carried on at Morris Plains near his boyhood home.

Mr Tompkins has done many things besides Civil Engineering. He has made soap, been a coal dealer, and prior to coming to Matawan in 1906 he had charge of the limestone quarry, farms and store of the Delaware and Lackawanna Steel Company at Franklin Furnace.

One of the most unusual things he has done, was to make the survey for the Morris and Essex Railroad. In 1851 he started to survey from Dover to Hackettstown and later to Phillipsburg. This railroad and the New Jersey Central Railroad both wanted a span over the Delaware River near the Delaware water gap. A point of rock below the gap was the only place possible for a railroad bridge, and both railroads wanted it. Whichever railroad surveyed it and filed the location first at Trenton would get the charter. The Morris and Essex Railroad got the survey made first, but to make sure the ~~only~~ other railroad would not beat them to Trenton, Mr Tompkins took the papers and rode horseback all night. He left at 8 o'clock, riding through heavy mud to Hackettstown, changed H orses and pushed on,

arriving toward morning at Dover, where the papers were sent on by train to Trenton. In July 1858 he ran the heaviest train ever run over the Morris and Essex Railroad, when he went out of Newark with four locomotives.

Forty eight years ago Mr Tompkins built the government magazines for the United States at Piccatinny, near Dover. He spent ten years uncovering the Tilly Foster mines for the Lackawanna Railroad. While in the West he laid out a city. This scientific industry he had practiced all his life even to making and patenting many useful articles.

Sunday there will be a family celebration when mr and Mrs Robert S Tompkins and daughter Hila, of East Orange, will join Miss Tompkins here in celebration of Mr Tompkins' birthday. (end news aper clipping). This was sen by Mr Robert Selee Tompkins. He also sent copy of the poem which was read at the burial of Silas P Tompkins, which had been selected by him to be so recited. We will copy it as prose, which should be read slowly. The object of poetry is NOT to make musical sound. You can produce this effect with a couple of gongs. We believe all poetry should be written as prose to convey the meaning and never mind the melody or rhythm. It is as follows:

Today the journey is ended...I have worked out the mandates of fate. Naked, alone, undefended, I knock at the outermost gate... Behind is life and its longing; its trial, its trouble, its sorrow. Beyond is the infinite Morning, of a day without a Tomorrow. Go back to dust and decay, Body, grown weary and old. You are worthless to me from today: no longer my soul can you hold...I lay you down gladly forever, for a life that is better than this... I go where partings ne'er sever, you into Oblivion's abyss.

Lo! the gate swings wide at my knocking; across endless reaches I see lost friends, with laughter, come flocking, to bring a glad welcome to me...Farewell, the maze has been treaded; this is the ending of strife. Say not, that Death should be dreaded, 'Tis but the beginning of Life.

...

Humphrey Tompkins
m. Susannah Bridges.

We must not omit the following interesting item from Gilmer's works on Southern history and genealogy etc.

In this item Gilmer calls the girl Mary Tompkins but we have it that her name was Susan. Anyway, the girl was daughter of the Above Humphrey Tompkins. We suggest anyone interested in that era, read Gilmer's books. They are masterpieces. He says:

John Marks, the oldest son of James and Elizabeth Marks was thick and clumsy in person but with a fine superb head and speaking gray eyes. When quite a youth he fell in love with Mary Tomkins, a very pretty girl, the daughter of a rude, ill tempered old fellow of the neighborhood who had nothing in common, in character, in taste or feelings, with the Broad River people.

Jack's father and mother did and said what ever they could to prevent the match, but Jack had a large share of the quality mules are more remarkable for. He would go his own way. His marriage did not make his family like his wife. He loved her but the more, though he for a long time continued to be a member of the Broad River settlement, but got a little off from his kin.

Once in building a log cabin in his yard for some domestic purpose, he and several of his negroes were on the frame, when his wife came to the place and began objecting to the manner in which he was fashioning what he was doing. He listened to her for some time and reasoned the matter with her; but she still insisted on having the house made according to her own notions. He pulled off his breeches and threw them at her, telling her to put them on and wear them... etc. End item.

It looks like Mr Gilmer did not particularly like our Humphrey Tompkins. But Gilmer's book tell what he thought and he thought a lot, about many people, sometimes good, sometimes bad, sometime funny. Read Gilmer and get a chuckle.

...

James J Tompkins
son Stephen Tompkins and Mary Denton.

James J, the only son of Stephen O Tompkins and Mary Denton was born in Alabama and never married. He died of typhoid fever at the home of his sister (Sally Smyly) in Edgefield County South Carolina at the age of 23.

Some time earlier he had been the victim of a terrible accident which rendered him a cripple for life. While moving some planks in an old dilapidated gin house in Alabama, the building collapsed, and he received a blow on the back from falling timber that nearly cost him his life. After months of suffering he managed to get about on crutches. He was of a cheerful disposition and made many friends. He died while visiting his sister at Johnston South Carolina and is buried in Mount Olive Cemetery at Johnston.

...

Lawrence Tompkins.
Revolutionary War.

Pension case number W. 26552. Applied for in favor Margaret Tompkins called Peggy (Carmon? RT)

SSheet torn from bible in the envelope says:

Lawrence Tompkins was married to Margaret Carmon May the 11th 1786.

John G Lester was married to Elizabeth Tompkins June 22 1807

Polly Tompkins was married to Truman Cook June 12 1808

Lawrence Tompkins was married to Hannah Lampson Feb 25 1816.

Affidavit dated Batavia, Genesee Co NY Mar 15 1841 Margaret (Carmon? RT) Tompkins residence Batavia NY Genesee Co age 72, widow of Lawrence Tompkins private in Revolutionary War, who was resident of New Paltz, Ulster Co NY when enlisted. 1st he served under Capt Piercy and Capt Delevan enlisted first as drummer at 15 years old. He married Margaret Carmon May 11 1786 at Poughkeepsie NY by Presbyterian minister named Case.

She is daughter of Caleb ~~Carmon~~ Carmon. The Bible purchased by Lawrence Tompkins in 1816. Lawrence Tompkins died Mar 2 (or 23) 1826 at Enfield, Tompkins Co NY. (sgd Margaret (her + mark) Tompkins.

Affidavit by Caleb Tompkins of Rensselaersville, Albany Co NY deposes Sep 6 1841 that he is son of Lawrence Tompkins and Margaret Tompkins which Margaret Tompkins is now (1841) resident in Batavia, Genesee Co NY:

that Lawrence Tompkins died at Enfield, Tompkins Co NY about 1826. Caleb Tompkins above resided with his parents until he was 21 in same neighborhood until was 30 or more- saw parents often until they left the neighborhood:

that Lawrence Tompkins father of Caleb above was born in Dutchess Co NY and that at time of Revolutionary War was resided at New Paltz, and was married after the war at Poughkeepsie to Margaret Carmon (not different spelling of Carmon or Carmen) RT.

that said Lawrence Tompkins removed to Albany Co NY and lived at Westerlo and some times at Coeymans NY, moved to Westerlo to Enfield, Tompkins Co NY where he remained until he died in 1826.

that Lawrence Tompkins could neither read nor write:

that Margaret Tompkins lives Batavia NY with some of her children.

Lawrence Tompkins at time of the Revolutionary War was quite young and lived with his father at Marlborough, Ulster Co NY--affidavit of Polly Kilbounre who further states, that Lawrence had a brother who was perhaps alive in 1842 but whereabouts unknown.

Affidavit of James M Tompkins dated Batavia NY Dec 11 1852 gives power of attorney to F S Evans to receive payments etc. This James M Tompkins claimant to estate of Lawrence Tompkins. The widow got pension of \$62.53 per annum.

...

Stephen O Tompkins
son Major John Tompkins
and Mary Robertson.

Son of 2nd wife, Mary Robertson. Stephen O Tompkins grew to manhood in Alabama where he had gone with his father in early manhood. He passed through the war with a fine record. He was shot out of his buggy one night in the public road by Tom Moore, with whom he had had a personal difficulty over farm rent. He is buried in Cookville, Mississippi. He was a Christian gentleman. His epitaph was suggested by Father Abram J Ryan, the Catholic soldier-priest, who was a warm friend of Stephen's brother. As follows: "He had dedicated his life to Thee O Lord, and the love and the fear of Thee nestled in his manly heart when the cruel bullet pierced it." He was married twice.

We believe the name of the Catholic soldier-priest who wrote some noble poems about the Confederacy was named Ryan. It would be well to look this up, and whether it was this man or not, the poems were extremely beautiful. Sorry we have no copy.

...
Father James J Tompkins
Catholic priest of Glace Bay
Newfoundland.

This is perhaps one of the most widely known of all our big family. There was a book written about him and his work among the people of the Glace Bay region of Canada. We have a memo he sent for our information which says: I was born in 1870, studied at St Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, N. B. Went to Europe in 1897 to attend the Urbain College, Rome, 1897-1902. Was professor at St Francis Xavier University, Antigonish 1902-1920; Vice President 1906-1923. In 1919 received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Dalhousie University on the celebration of its 100th anniversary, for "outstanding work in education;" in 1936 by vote of the trustees of Carnegie Corporation of New York, awarded a bronze medal designed by Paul Manship in recognition of their "constant interest and help in the work of the Corporation." End quotation from Father Jimmy's note. Everybody called him Father Jimmy.

Mrs Frank Webster of Canada sent us a magazine with a big story about him. Sorry unable find the transcript now. For other facts see Fowler's book, "The Corporation", and "The Lord Helps Tose," published by Vanguard Press New York.

...

Solomon Tompkins of Connecticut

ata from Pension Bureau records. Pension granted to widow, Deborah Dan Tompkins dated June 23 1823, widow of Solomon Tompkins private Col. Butler's regt Connecticut troops in Revolutionary War. May been his pension date.

In 1839 she lived at Albany NY. To support application for widow's pension, John Tompkins of Elmira, Chemung Co NY age 41 and upwards deposes July 17 1839 that document (see later) is the family record of the family of Solomon Tompkins late pensioner for Revolutionary War service now (1839) deceased and was father of the John Tompkins and that the family record is in the handwriting of Solomon Tompkins except marriages of 3 of the children and of Solomon's death. That wife, Deborah survived him as of 1839.

In 1818 at Reading, Steuben Co NY Solomon Tompkins aged 78 applied for pension, saying wife age about 60, one daughter Millison age 26.

On Oct 8 1838 Deborah Tompkins of Catharine, Chemung Co NY aged 75 and upwards deposes she married Solomon Tompkins Feb 11 1791 at South East (then Dutchess Co NY) Solomon Tompkins died June 23 1823. Deborah says was mother of John age 41 also of Dan Tompkins. We reproduce best we can the document referred to. It is in the Pension Bureau at Washington. We saw it. Decorated in several colors and looks like below. It is hard to understand as lines do not follow well and hard to see which entry relates to which other.

Family Record of Solomon Tompkins and Deborah his Wife.

Names	Births	Marriages	Deaths
Solomon Tompkins	Aug 5 1740		June 23 1823
Delia Tompkins			
Cynthey Brown	April 6 1763	Feb 11 1720	
James Brown	Mar 20 1783	June 8	
Milly Tompkins	Sep 5 1793	Sep 27 1817	
John Tompkins	Sep 5 1793	Sep 27 1817	
Dan Tompkins	1794	1825	
	Jan 30 1797		
	June 19 1799		

...

Griffin Hilliker Tompkins
(Haviland Tompkins)

He was born 1822, son of Elias Quereau Tompkins of New York and Eliza Griffin, died Fairfield Ills 1907, buried Baptist Church Cemetery Yorktown NY. In Civil War was Major in 14th (or 13th) Illinois Cavalry. He resigned in 1865 and lived for a while in Atlanta Ga. At that time he held rank of Colonel. We have a photograph of this officer apparently taken in his later years.

During the war, in a fight near Neosho Missouri, his command captured a Colonel, best of the Confederate forces. Major Tompkins ordered the Confederate executed without trial, under the charge that he was a spy. He said that Colonel Best belonged to a guerilla outfit and was not legally entitled to wage war, therefore he was a spy.

By order of General Schofield was put under arrest for this act. We do not know how he came out but apparently nothing was done about it, as he was later a Colonel and resigned in 1865.

The photograph was, with many others of descendants of Elias Quereau Tompkins, sent by Mr George Purdy of Granite Springs New York.

The War Department no doubt still has records of the event where Colonel Best was executed in case anyone wishes to know more about it.

...

Adelia Van Wart Tompkins

daughter of Alexander Church Tompkins and Harriet Van Wart. This lady had an old mahogany table which President Monroe and Vice President Daniel D Tompkins often had tea. Miss Tompkins lived in the old Tompkins home at 99 Broadway, White Plains. She also had an oil painting by a Miss Mary Tompkins of Atlanta Georgia, an artist whose works were exhibited in London and elsewhere, and who was a friend of George Bernard Shaw.

...

Captain Robert William Pinckney Tompkins of South Carolina. This gallant officer was my uncle. I was named for him. The report of the Confederate high command was; "Captain Robert W P Tompkins at the Battle at Sharpsburg where he was killed in combat, distinguished himself by his cool and practical courage."

The War Department published a huge set of volumes titled Union and Confederate Records of the Civil War. These were in army libraries everywhere I ever served except small stations in Alaska and the Philippines, or temporary position like in Cuba. You can find many details of these battles there. They are indexed, and a wonderful source of information for the researcher.

We visited the battlefield at Sharpsburg and took a number of pictures of the places where the Carolina and Georgia troops fought. Perhaps one of these may be the very spot where Uncle Robert was killed. We brought back a large rock from the field, and it is in the flower garden at Nell's house in Washington.

...

daughter of Enoch Tompkins Maud Hale. For many years this remarkable lady has been in the Dutchess County New York Infirmary with arthritis. Yet, she has always been cheerful, full of hope and Christian kindness, that she has become an example of all good qualities for all of us who know her.

She has been on the radio, has written many excellent articles, made afhans and the like with extraordinary skill. Every year Louise sends out a mimeographed letter to all her relatives and friends, spreading sunshine and in every way trying to keep friendship among people alive and flourishing. We cannot find words to tell about this wonderful cousin of ours of whom we are all so proud.

One of her recent articles we quote in part as follows:

Brother Gilbert Tompkins
son of William Richmond Tompkins and Mary E Yelverton. Gilbert was born August 9 1849 and died in old age at Alhambra California. He was a most remarkable man as Luise relates in this article as below:

Would you believe it folks, I had to get a book from England to find out what was going on three miles from my home 51 years ago. Some old-timers still remember the dignified figure of brother Gilbert as he walked along the streets of Verbank on some errand of mercy. But they do not remember much about his work at the Priory Farm or his order of the Brothers of Nazareth. Finally I learned that the brothers were Episcopalian monks and that they came to Verbank at the invitation of General John Watts de Peyster.

General de Peyster came from a distinguished and wealthy family. His maternal grand-father John Watts, was the last Recorder of the City of New York under the British government....(RT, Louise gives considerable data on the de Peysters but as it is not relevant to our line and can be found in New York records, we omit it here and continue with material regarding Brother Gilbert who was a Tompkins as above shown). By the help of the Rev. Raymond Cunningham of Grace Church at Millbrook I wrote to the Superior of the monastery of the Order of the Holy Cross at West Park NY, an Episcopalian order. Bishop Robert E Campbell, O.H.C., graciously answered my inquiries and here is an excerpt from his letter, as follows:

Originally that is in the 1880s they (The Brothers of Nazareth) were located at Farmingdale, Long Island, and ran a sort of a home and industrial school for poor boys. The brothers were all laymen, not more than six in number, and formed a monastic community.

Father Huntington of our Order of the Holy Cross was keenly interested in them as he was in all social work. It is interesting to note that the crucifix from their altar at Farmingdale is now at St Michael's monastery, the center of our Holy Cross Southern work.

Your inquiry about their Franciscan type habit, and General de Peyster's getting them to move to Verbank in the early 1890s is correct. Their Superior was a brother Gilbert, who, was a most consecrated and hard-working soul was nothing of a manager. By

1904 they were deep in debt and they had to dissolve. Brother Gilbert and others returned to secular life, and later Hope Farm (Priory Farm) was sold for debts to a new board of Trustees headed by Bishop David A Greer of New York.

One of the little monastic group was Brother Louis Lorey, who wished to continue as a monk, so he applied for admission to the Order of the Holy Cross. He was ordained to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church, and made his profession to us in October 1907. He was sent to St Michael's near Sewanee Tennessee, to take charge of our St Andrew's school for Mountain boys. There he lived and worked devotedly until the hour of his death.

The little information I have about the brothers comes from Father Lorey with whom I worked for many years (1909-1922) in St Andrew's school in Tennessee. I was the headmaster of the school and he was a Chaplain and Jack-of-all-Trades. He never liked to talk much about the brothers, but with them he obviously learned how to teach boys and deal with them, for at that he was a wonder. End excerpt from Bishop Campbell's letter to Louise Tompkins. Louise goes on to say:

Bishop Campbell told me that perhaps the Rev. Thomas J Williams of New York City. Father Williams was most kind and wrote me a splendid letter, informing me two startling facts that Brother Gilbert's name was Tompkins, and that his sole surviving niece Miss Elizabeth Tompkins lives in Poughkeepsie. The first chance I get I am going to write to Robert A Tompkins, an authority on the Tompkins family genealogy, in California to find out whether or not I am related to Brother Gilbert. I found that Miss Tompkins had fell in her home and injured an eye so that she had to go to a hospital but she would answer as soon as possible. Father Williams arranged to get me a copy of The Call of Cloister, from England. In this book I found much material about Brother Gilbert and his work. * * * By the turn of the century the numbers of the brotherhood had been so reduced by death and withdrawal that even if their principal lay benefactor had not given up his financial support they could not have carried on their activities at the farm.

Brother Gilbert worked valiantly to enlist the aid of the general public* * * The Priory Farm was taken over by the Bishop of the Diocese. For many years after the closing of the farm, he was private secretary to Bishop Johnson of Los Angeles California. Bishop Johnson had been Brother Gilbert's pastor when he was Rector of Trinity Church, at Highland, and Brother Gilbert taught in the parochial school and trained the choir.

And so this ends excerpts from the article by Louise Tompkins. Brother Gilbert Tompkins died peacefully in his old age at this pleasant city near Los Angeles, a credit to our clan.

...

Rev. Winfield Scott Tompkins

son of Harlem Goldsmith Tompkins and Margaret Rowe. Rev. Winfield Scott Tompkins died at Syracuse NY May 22 1951.

Item from Syracuse newspaper as follows:

The Rev. W Scott Tompkins of 255 Kensington Place, former pastor of three Syracuse churches, died yesterday. He was pastor of the Bellevue Avenue, First Ward, and the Brown Memorial Methodist Churches in Syracuse; and was also appointed by the Central New York Conference of the Methodist Church, to posts in churches at East Homer, Sterling, Potter, Pultneyville, Marcellus, Seneca Falls, Seneca Castle and Lyons.

He served as Supply Pastor in Jamesville Methodist Church for six years, and Apulia Methodist Church for one year following his retirement. He also served as Chaplain at Jamesville Penitentiary four years..

Mr Tompkins was a member of the Quarterly Conference of the First Methodist Church, and of the Current Events Club.

He was graduated from Claverack College in 1896, and from Drew Theological Seminary, Madison New Jersey in 1890.

He is survived by his wife Mrs Vesta Frayer Tompkins, and a daughter Miss Willa Margaret Tompkins, a son Winfield Scott Tompkins, and a brother Daniel D Tompkins of Ashland.

Another item we saw contained the above and also a concluding paragraph as follows: Before and after his retirement he was one of the active and influential pastoral members of the Conference. During the last year he served as Secretary and Treasurer of the Commission on Expense and as Treasurer of the Conference Administration Fund.

We had heard long ago about his services at the Jamestown Penitentiary and the noble work he performed there. At that time we were unable to identify him, but at last we had word from Mrs Vesta Frayer Tompkins who graciously gave us full details of this branch.

...

Ralph Tomkins
1585-1666.

Ralph Tomkins died without making a will. An inventory of his estate was taken December 9 1666 by Thomas Gardner and John Kitchin. The value was given as £20 19 shillings, and debts £5. The debts were allowed and administration given to John, son of the deceased, the land to be to the said John, and after the debts paid the rest to go to Mary, the daughter of John Foster.

Depositions of Ann Small and Edward Grove "who sayeth yt In ye day of discorde wit Ralph Tomkins did heare him seuerall times say it was his will yt Mary ffoster should have his kow and all his household goods. After his decease in regard she had been such a good nurse vnto him for said Hee she Has done more for mee and my poore wife than anybody else would have done." This supported by Nathaniel Felton.

Records of the Quarterly Courts of Essex County Mass., vol III page 379 says:

John Tompkins was granted administration upon the estate of Ralph Tompkins, deceased, and he presented an inventory. The Court ordered that the five acres of land mentioned in the inventory be given to said John, and after all debts were paid that the remainder of the estate be given to Mary, daughter of John Foster.

The inventory of Estate of Ralph Tompkins of Salem, taken 2nd Decr 12:9;1666 by Thomas Gardner and John Kitchin: five acres of land at £7 10 s; 1 cow with ye fodder to keep her this winter £5; swine £2; 1 brass kettle and fryeing pan £1 2 s; 1 hake & 2 small washing Tubbs 4 s; payle and 4 trayes 5 s; a percell of Indian corne in ye ears £1 10 s; 2 bush of pease 7s; 4 bush of barley 18 s; 1 iron pott and a pair of pott hooks 10 s; a small parcel of Lynnen yarne 8 s; a warming pan and 2 brass skillettes 7 s; a pestell and mortar 2 s; 4 pewter dishes & a latten candlestick 8s; 1 latten Tunnill & 2 earthen dishes 1 s; a smoothing iron 1 s; and old chest and some other stuffe 6 s; total £20, 19 s; debts owing £5.

Samuel(his + mark) Aburne, aged 52 years deposed that at the burial of the wife of Ralph Tompkins, late deceased, as soon as the company had departed, he went to said Ralph, who was weak and not like to long survive his wife, to put him in mind of making his will. He also wished to speak to him about the will which his wife made which was to dispose of what was hers before her marriage. Deponent told Tomkins that his sister, Tomkins' wife, had bequeathed all her property to Mary Foster because she had been so helpful to her during her long sickness, doing for her what nobody else would do. Thopkins fully agreed to this but said he would like to have the use of it during his lifetime and he would rather increase than diminish it, and deponent thought that it was his intention to give what he had to Mary Foster. Also that Tomkins was of this mind wheb he was removing to Bridgewater, and when thinking never to see him again, deponent reminded him of Mary Foster.

And so passes our first Tomkins founder of New England.

...

Lieut. Christopher Tompkins
Rev War, Navy

Was son of Captain Robert Tompkins q.v. served with his father Captain Robert Tompkins in Revolutionary war same time place and ship, the galley Henry on the York River. After the war he went to Hampton and remained there until he died. When entered the service stated residence Gloucester Co Va.

Affidavit of Rob Brough dated Nov 7 1791 says "Christopher Tompkins was the son of Robert Tompkins deceased and that the said Christopher Tompkins died since the 1st of January leaving in 1787, children.

Affidavit of Martha Dameron of Norfolk Va dated Jul 29 1837 deposes she married to Christopher Tompkins who was a Lieutenant of the Virginia Navy on board the Henry galley of Captain Robert Tompkins; that she lived in Hampton at the time she was married, at which time he belonged to the service; and that she lived in Hampton till 1785 and then moved to Norfolk where married Omniferous Dameron in July 1796; that she married the said Christopher Tompkins on the 13th or March 1783 and that her husband the aforesaid Christopher Tompkins died in the fall of 1789; and that his name was Christopher B Tompkins. etc."

Note by RT pby name Christopher Brown Tompkins as Ann Brown was wife of Giles Tompkins. The claim for pension for Martha Dameron was not allowed because he died in 1799 and married in 1783.

Following is copy of a letter as follows: Norfolk Va Feb 26 1851 to Commissioner of Pensions Washington DC, "By a letter from John S Gallagher Esq., Third Auditor dated the 10th inst I am informed that several persons within the last month have made inquiries concerning the claim of Lieut Christopher Tompkins who served in the Virginia State Navy during the Revolutionary War, and fearing lest some unprincipaled persons might institute a claim for what is due his lawful heirs, I beg leave to state that the necessary papers to prove our heirships (mine included) and substantiating the claims will soon be prepared and forwarded to you for your decision. Very Respectfully Your Obedient Servants (sgd) Christopher Tompkins.

...

Phineas Tompkins.

This man's application for a pension for service in Revolutionary war was written by someone else who called him Phineas Tompkins, but he signed it Phinehas Tompkins at Lexington, Richland Co Ohio January 20 1834, then 80 years old.

he was born Newark NJ Jul 28 1753, lived there until he moved to Florida, Orange Co NY, entered service from there under Captain Hawthorne in 1775 or 1776, etc. This record which is on file at Pension Bureau Washington DC list long list of battles, outfits, places and dates. Had about 2 1/2 years active service, fought against Tories, Indians and British. He deposes:

My age is recorded in my family bible which is left in my desk in New York state. He lived Florida NY until 1829 when went Lexington Ohio. Some govt papers had him as Thomas Tompkins but was corrected.

...

Ralph Lewis Tompkins
of Beacon New York.

Mr Tompkins was born October 30 1899 at Beacon NY, son of Ralph S Tompkins and Lillian Waller Tompkins. His father was President of the Dutchess Hat Works of Beacon manufacturers of men's and women's felt hats and hat bodies. He was also president of the Ralph S Tompkins Company, manufacturers of men's straw hats.

Ralph Lewis Tompkins was educated in the Grammar Schools at Beacon, Class of 1917 Pawling School, Pawling NY. Class of 1921 of Princeton University.

From 1921 to 1932, in the hat business, purchasing, sales, personnel director, rising to Vice President.

From 1932 to 1941 Investment management Young and Ottley; C E Young and Company, and Clark Sinsabaugh and Company, one firm evolved from the other. Position, Account Manager, management and supervision of Investment funds of over \$100,000.

From 1941 to 1943, National Accounts representative and District Manager Mack International Motor Truck Corporation.

In 1943 and 1945 served in the U S Marine Corps;

1945 and 46 Again with Mack Truck Corporation as District Manager

In 1946 when we last heard from him, was Vice President of Carry Cab Corporation.

His military record is quite creditable. In 1918 he was a Corporal in the Army. In 1941 -1943 2nd Lieutenant Co G 1st Regiment New York Guard. On February 1 1943 entered U S Marine Corps as 1st Lieutenant. Stationed at Quantico Virginia for basis training, and subsequently assigned to Marine Corps Air Station at Edenton North Carolina, as station Adjutant. Promoted to Captain January 1944.

1944-45 at United States Marine Corps Air Station at Ewa, Hawaii, as Commanding Officer, Headquarters Squadron, and Personnel Officer Transferred to inactive duty June 1945.

As to marriage and family etc, see Tompkins Clan of Tompkins.

Mr Tompkins Social Activities are unusual as shown below:

Trustee of New York Medical College

Trustee of Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospital

Trustee of Central Presbyterian Church

University Cottage Club, Princeton NJ

Princeton Club of New York

Exmember Squadron A

Pilgrims Society

Pacific Club of Nantucket Massachusetts

Son of American Revolution.

John Tompkins
1610- 1681.
son of Ralph.

There has been some difference of opinion as to date of death of John, son of Ralph Tompkins. But best evidence seems to be that he died June 23 1681. The inventory was taken June 30 1681 by Edmund Balter and Nathaniel Felton Sr, as follows: a dwelling house, barne, outhouse, orchard with about 17 acres improved land L100; an acre of fresh meadow L2; bed and bedstead with all furniture thereunto belonging L3; 10 s; 2 payre of sheets and blanket 10 s; 4 pewter platters, 1 basin, a dripping pan 9 s; linnen and woold wheele; 3 chests; 3 shelves; 3 sieves; and other lumber as payles &c L 1 10 s; Iron pot, pot hooks, hake, fire shovel, tongs, fire pan, gridiron 12 s; an old brass kettle & skillet and a parcel of linen yarn 10 s; tow combe with a brake and toutow L1; flax and hemp L 1 3 s; Indian corn L2; working tooles 10 s; 2 cowes 3 and 2 years old L 11 10 s; 3 swine L3; musket and sword, morters, smoothing iron and some small books L2; Corne upon the ground L2. Total L135 16 s.

Attested in Salem Court 28:4; 1681 by Mary, relict, and John, son of John Tompkins.

More to be added to the inventory, an iron croe, plow chaine, wheelbarrow, cops and pin with old iron L1. stone Jugg and bill hook 3 s 6 d; sheeps wooll 4 s 6 d; load fresh meddow hay 10 s;

This paper is worth keeping because there has been some controversy as to John and Nathaniel Tompkins, sons of Ralph, and the next pair of brother also names John and Nathaniel. Some based their belief we had the wrong John and Nathaniel because of court recrods being of Salem while the men were living in New York state later on.

...

We have several Tompkins named Silas but so far unable to say which this one was: Taken from page 153 Annual Report of the American Historical Association 1896 volume I.

Silas Tompkins, with others. indicted April 1845 at Schoharie, Ulster and Columbus Counties NY in trouble between renters and landlords. The renters claimed the land belonged to the government and not to the claimants.

At Berne NY, for appearing disguised, three men arrested Silas Tompkins, Lewis Knapp, Anson K Burrill and Ezekiel C Kelley. Kelley paid \$250 fine, but others found guilty and sentenced to 2 years in prison. All pardoned by Gov. Young in 1846.

...

Dr Samuel Waddy Tompkins.

His beautiful dwelling at Carrsbrook near Scottsville Virginia was in late years destroyed by fire. This was the original home of the Moon family. It was noted for its elaborately carved mantels which reached to the ceiling in the library and reception rooms, and for its spacious ball room on the second floor.

Church Hill was a home near Scottsville Virginia once belonged to Dr Samuel Waddy Tompkins. Through marriage it passed to the Staples family, and in the family burying ground there lie 5 generations of this connection. Among these are Dr D P Powers, the first superintendent of Public Instruction in Albemarle County, also the parents of Scottsville's best known and best loved son, Senator Thomas S Martin.

Church Hill is noted as the scene of the famous Moon Ghost, which just after the Civil War, terrorized the family of Mr Schuyler B Moon in true poltergeist fashion. (Note by RT he was husband of Elizabeth Tompkins daughter of Dr Samuel Waddy Tompkins). Lights flashed in darkened rooms, furniture heaped in disorder by invisible hands; stones and shots from no visible agency, caused an excitement which became nation-wide.. Relays of students from the university stood guard for several months but the disturbances were never accounted for.

...

Captain Robert Tompkins Virginia Navy
War record Revolutionary War

This man's son Lieut Christopher Tompkins, per affidavit of Caleb Jenkins in the Christopher Tompkins file at Pension office Washington DC which affidavit dated 1839 proved Christopher's claim which see under sub-head Lieut Christopher Tompkins.

The records of Pension office re Capt. Robert Tompkins of the Navy was in service 1775 or 1776 on "one of the Roe Gallies belonging to York River in and during the Revolutionary War. Robert served as Captain and Christopher, his son, as Lieutenant.

After the war Captain Robert returned to Gloucester Co Va and there lived until he died. He enlisted from Gloucester Co. Name of the galley was The Henry. Had a farm on Severn River in Gloucester Co. Was in the navy over 3 years.

...

Vena Tompkins
(Mrs Ralph Waldo Carroll)

One of our most valued possessions is an oil painting of a scene in the Black Forest, painted by Vena Tompkins, then Mrs Ralph Waldo Carroll of Rahway New Jersey. "Cousin Vena" as we used to call her in the several years we corresponded with her, sent this to us from Rahway several years ago.

We are in possession of an article written by an admirer of Ven's art, and sorry to say that Vena did not let the writer publish it. We think it deserves to be recorded where it will not be lost. It says:

In the gray house of treasures at 821 East Hazelwood Avenue lives Mrs Vena Tompkins Carroll. She is perhaps one of the most interesting women in Rahway. Art has been her "raison d'etre".

She was born in one of the beautiful wealthy homes in old Brooklyn; attended Adelphi College, and immediately went abroad to live in the Latin Quarter in Paris when such great men as Van Gogh, Picasso, George Bellows, were painting in the neighborhood studios. She went to Austria when Vienna was a gay rival of Paris, and studied under Betal. Her work was portraiture at this time and deemed high enough to hang in many European galleries.

The beautiful expatria returned to America in 1900 to marry Mr Carroll, an art patron. After the birth of her son, Mrs Carroll returned to Europe to live and travel for many more years.

Twenty years ago fortune seemed to reverse itself. Her husband dead, her fortune dwindling, Mrs Carroll moved her prize art possessions to Rahway, packing them into the great house, big as it is, until the walls seemed to burst. A different life began for her here. Almost a recluse, she devoted her time to her garden and her easel. One supplementing the other, the beautiful blossoms served as her models.

Never has she reached satisfaction with her work. Her constant comment is "I can improve it. I can do it better." Many of her fine portraits have been washed off to provide canvasses for her lovely flowers that come to life in their glorious colors. She paints daily, often forgetting to feed herself.

"Oh I'm never lonesome" she explained, "There is so much I wish to paint, and there aren't enough hours to do them in."

The Art Department of the Women's Club is proud to present Mrs Carroll's "Flowers from my Garden," now on exhibition in the Library.

From a Rahway newspaper we cull this article: The Art Department are exhibiting Mrs Vena Tompkins Carroll's painting "Flowers from my Garden."

Mrs Carroll's ancestors arrived in America long before the Revolution. She was born in New York, and after studying art for years in the City, she went abroad for study and travel. She lived in Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, Amsterdam, and London, visiting the famous galleries and working on her canvasses.

Returning to America she studied under Professor Whitaker of Adelphi College Brooklyn and two years more under C Y Turner. There is hardly an important place here or in Canada that she had not visited. Her painting display an excellent technique.

...

Dr Christopher Tompkins
b. Va 1847.

Dr Christopher Tompkins, Physician, born Richmond Virginia September 7 1847, son of Christopher Quarles Tompkins and Ellen Wilkins; Ph. B., College of William and Mary, Williamsburg Va 1868; University of Virginia 1 year, M. D., Medical College of Virginia 1870. Married Bessie McCaw November 1 1877. In practice of Medicine Richmond Virginia 1871; Professor of Anatomy 1880-1889, Obstetrics 1884-1889; Emeritus 1899; Deaf Medical College of Virginia, Physician to smallpox hospital Richmond 2 years; Major and Surgeon with Virginia Artillery; Member of Obstetrical staff Memorial Hospital; Member A.M.A.; Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association; Southern Medical College Association; Medical Society of Virginia. Democrat; Episcopalian. Lived at Richmond in 1913.

...
Robert Reade Tompkins
b. Va 1730-1796

The copy of this man's will was given by Mr Adams, Clerk of Corp. Court of Fredericksburg Virginia as certified copy. This paper calls this man Robert Tompkins. His full name was Robert Reade Tompkins per per our Clan of Tomkyns:

July 24th one thousand seven hundred and ninety six, Robert Tompkins, his will:

I give my son Bennett Tompkins part of the land I purchased of John Clarke, beginning in Captain Tyler's line on Denis Branch, thence * * * half of my mill containing 58 acres

I give my son Charles Tompkins the land on which Mrs Fortune lives, containing 176 acres

I give my son William Tompkins the remaining part of the land I purchased of Clarke containing 166 acres- likewise all the land joining my mill and half the mill,

I lend my wife the house land I now live on during her life, at her death I give the land to Balie (Bailey) my youngest son.

I give my son Charles two negroes Cato and Judith

I give William two negroes Sessar and Scipio

I give to my son Balie, Synes and Randolph

I lend my wife all my negroes that remains, at her death to be equally divided among my four sons, Bennett, Charles, William and Bailey.

These four pay my debts. I appoint Bennett Tompkins my executor. Soem allowance for Charles in land,

Something more to Bettisy

Something to Pattsy.

...

Daniel Augustus Tompkins

Serial # 11,568, son Dr DeWitt Clinton Tompkins and Hannah Virginia Smyly, was born at Meeting Street Plantation, Edgefield South Carolina October 12 1852. Attended the academic schools on the vicinity, and at age of 17 went to University of South Carolina at Columbia, where he remained for two years. He completed his education the the Remssaelaer Polytechnic Institute which he attended from 1869 to 1873,

After leaving there he secured his first position with A L Holley, Engineer of the bessemer Steel Works, by whom he was employed as private secretary for one year. He was next employed by John Fritz as private secretary and draughtsman, the builder of the Bethlehem Iron Works, where the armor plate and forgings for the U S Navy and land defenses were made. He remained here for ten years, as machinist, draughtsman and assistant to the master machinist.

Much of the machinery now being used for making armor plate and ordnance forgings were designed and built by Mr Tompkins, as head draughtsman under the direction of his chief, John Fritz, the great American engineer in steel and iron.

From Bethlehem, Mr Tompkins went to Crystal City Missouri, to accept the position of chief machinist in the Crystal Glass Works under the direction of E A Hitchcock, who was then president of the company, and later Secretary of the Interior in Washington.

Mr Tompkins then entered the services of the Westinghouse Company and went to Charlotte North Carolina, as Engineer, machinist and selling agent for this company. Here he engaged in the cotton oil business and engineer and contractor, and more than 100 of these cotton oil mills have been erected by him in different parts of the South. He was also engineer and contractor for cotton mills, sulphuric acid and fertilizer works, refineries etc,

He was also a student and author of the following works, which have wide circulation and have been well received.

Cotton Mill, Processes and Calculations

Cotton Mill, Commercial Features

American Commerce, Its Expansion

Cotton Values in Textile Fabrics

Cotton and Cotton Oil

History of Mecklinburg County.

The latter work is in two or more volumes and is in all the big libraries. We have seen it and is a most interesting book.

...

**John Robertson Tompkins
of Mobile Alabama.**

Number 8080, son of Major John Tompkins and Mary Robertson, was born September 23 1833 and died in 1907.

We well remember seeing this fine gentleman at his law office in Mobile in 1898 when with the army there. We take the article here from his book on his branch of the Tompkins family. It says that he was educated at Liberty Hill and Greenwood South Carolina, and from there went to Yale College. His health failed in early life, and on attaining manhood he moved to Alabama, where he edited a newspaper and read law at the same time, while yet young.

He was at different times Superintendent of Education of Sumter and Mobile County, a member of the Alabama Legislature for two terms from Mobile, and for a number of years Solicitor for that Judicial District.

He ran for Congress in his district and was defeated by a single vote, by the incumbent of the office. All his life had been devoted to the practice of law, save six years, embracing the war years. In 1860 he was prostrated by a sun stroke, from which he never entirely recovered, and was living on his plantation to recover his health when the war broke out.

He was exempt from military duty by reason of ill health, but did volunteer service in the ordnance department, and was adjutant and inspector general with the rank of Major on General Ramsey's staff at the surrender.

His first wife was Fannie A, the daughter of Colonel Price Williams, a leading and wealthy citizen of Mobile, a woman of more than ordinary intellectual endowment, who died in 1894, leaving two sons and one daughter. John E, the eldest was a physician, married Miss Addie Moore and died suddenly in Mobile in 1895, leaving four children, Lillian, Deta, Grace and John, who were in California with their mother.

(Note by RT see Tomkins-Tompkins Genealogy, see Clan of Tomkyns)

Five years after the death of his first wife, John R Tompkins married Fannie A, his second cousin, only daughter of the late Dr Henry W Tompkins of Edgefield SC, and they reside in Mobile.

The article regarding himself and others of this branch of our Southern Tompkins family, ends with the following admirable observation:

"I may have omitted some of the names. If so, it is unintentional. I have not in my narrative to laud nor to censure, but a simple story to unfold, not for the public, but for the family more directly interested in remembering their kindred, and whence they came."

...

Regarding the Christopher Tompkins of Virginia who married Lucy Gwynne, serial number 224 in the Chan of Tomkyns.

We have seen literally thousands of records of our Virginia lines and many account of the children of Humphrey Tompkins who married Hannah Bennett. None of these named Christopher among these nor did we find any account whatever that told who was the father of Christopher Tompkins b. 1661 m. Lucy Gwynne.

So we tentatively placed him as son of Giles Tompkins and Mary Christian, who lived thereabout at that time, as we could find no information as to parentage of this Christopher.

Now we have a fine MSS sent us by Mr Chris Tompkins, of Burdette Arkansas and this lists this Christopher among the other children we already had as of Humphrey Tompkins and Hannah Bennett.

It is of course possible that Christopher could be one of this family but it is very strange that no one seemed to know that this was son, until we saw the MSS by Mrs Chris Tompkins of Burdette Ark. And so, the matter rests, and we are not sure who was father of Christopher who married Lucy Gwynne but we believe Giles most probably was, as we have it.

...

COUNTERFEITER'S HOUSE.

Near the Ohio River about 75 miles upstream from Cincinnati, near the junction of what is now State Route 247 and Gift Ridge county road can be seen a rather pretentious residence, reposing there among the rugged hills.

Around Adams County it is called The Countefeiter's House. The story is that not long before the Civil War, two men and one woman lived there. The leader said his name was Tompkins, but the tale we saw did not mention his first name. The woman was supposed to be his wife.

From the looks of the home they built and their mode of living, it seemed obvious that they were of aristocratic stock and well educated people. Mr Tompkins bought the land and erected the house, and beautified the grounds. We may make a guess as to his age as he was probably about 40 years old and therefore born about 1815.

He set out a 20 acre orchard with a variety of fruit trees, and planted a thick hedge of Osage orange to screen the property. Many of the fruit trees were still bearing in 1940. It was a one story, frame house, painted white, with porches on front and in the rear. It was a simple though refined looking dwelling.

There were three double flues of brick on each side. Their real purpose is explained further on.

The newspaper article we saw goes on to say that upon entering the house from the front, one finds himself in a broad hall-way which extends partially through the building. Opening off the hall-way from one side are two doors. These were no doubt to parlors. The ceilings are decorated with corner and center designs in plaster relief in the form of scrolls, lilies and large fronds of ferns and are in a perfect state of preservation.

On the other side of the hall-way are three smaller rooms, probably bed rooms. Each room has three exits, a door to the hall, and a door to each of the adjoining rooms, and to an outside window.

The central hall ends against a blank wall, or did before a door was cut in it later. Access to the rooms in the rear was gained by detouring through the parlor. All windows are protected by iron bars.

Many things marked Tompkins as a man of extraordinary prosperity, the source of which his neighbors could never learn. It was common in those days for those living near the river to have a private boat landing on the bank. This one had a path kept clear of underbrush so the house was visible from the landing. A light was kept burning there at night.

Most of the boats landing at Tompkins landing, came in the night. Some who watched said that well dressed men and women would get off the river boats and proceeded up the hollow toward the light. A few nights later the boat would be hailed in passing, and they would leave in the same mysterious way.

A legend has it that an unfortunate pack peddler who made regular trips through the river country, disappeared. Those living beyond the Tompkins house did not see him on this last trip, tho those he visited ahead of the place, had seen him. An investigation was made but no solution was found.

Afterwards when Tompkins sold the property and left the county, blood stains were found on the floor, baseboards and walls. Mr Johnson, the present owner says the peddler was a "G" man trying to get evidence as to counterfeiting.

The counterfeit bills did not appear here but many did in Cincinnati and other places. The trio's undoing came when a woman bought a woolen shawl in a Cincinnati store. She presented a large bill and

left after securing the change. Almost immediately the bill was recognized as counterfeit. Detectives went to the old Spencer House, a hotel where the woman had stopped as they discovered during the inquiry. The clerk said the woman they described had just checked out. In the fireplace they found the charred remains of the shawl, just recently burned.

They hurried to the wharf and found that a woman answering the description had just left on an up-river boat. The officers had to wait until the next day to go up-river. They met the down-river boat on the way and found that she had left to boat at Tompkins landing.

But they had somehow found out they were in danger, for on that morning they rode to the house of a money-lender named McLain. They said they had to return to New York suddenly because of a death in the family and asked him to buy the farm. He realized they were desperately hurried and gave them the meagre sum of \$1500 for the property. They rode away and were never again seen in Adams County.

The next day the detectives arrived but their birds had flown. They found an inside room without doors, at the end of the center hall behind the blind wall. It could only be entered through a hatchway in the roof. In it they found the printing press and tools for making counterfeit bills, but no plates.

About a year later a small company of strangers returned to the farm, with a coffin said to contain the remains of Mr Tompkins, who dying, wished to be buried on the old home lands. The natives were permitted to view the remains only at night and hurriedly. Some said the face looked like a plaster cast rather than a man, tho it did somewhat resembled Mr Tompkins. By moonlight the burial took place while only a few attended the ceremony.

When new owners took possession they began to make discoveries. The heavy doors separating the room from the central hall-way were found to have been repositories for the contraband plates. Along the top of each door was a slot three inches deep and nearly an inch wide, and long enough to receive counterfeit bills.. When it became necessary to re-roof the house, another link in the chain was established. Ragged remains of sheet lead were found in the eaves.

Another remarkable hide-out was found by the son of the new owner while helping the repair men above the roof, found a flue. He dropped down into a small narrow room with benches large enough for four people. Other entrances were provided by sliding back panels in the ceilings of closets.

The legend still is told tho the Tompkins have long since disappeared.

Now it is quite a tale but we feel sure that if the man was a criminal, he surely would select ANY name except the right one. The best evidence that he was NOT a Tompkins is that he claimed it to be his own.

...

Diary of Mary (Tompkins Doty
of New York. Number 3904
in Clan of Tomkyns MSS.

Sent by Mrs Martin De Munn of Poughkeepsie NY to us.

April 10 1863.

My health has not been the best this Spring, yet I think I am better now than if I had staid at home. The pure mountain air is so invigorating that it seems if I had gained strength with every inspiration, but it is so cold it almost freezes me when I go out, and I shall not enjoy myself as well for a time as I shall bye and bye, when it is warmer.

This is a beautiful country, and a vert wealthy one too, and the the scenery here I do not think can be surpassed by any. We drove last Staunday to the "Clove" a small place abot 18 miles east from Johnsville. and through a very rich and pleasant country indead. I am 8 miles from the Hudson River and it is a very pleasant drive down to the landing. The road winds along at the foot of the Fishkill Mountains, and near the Fishkill Creek. The many fine residences, the ancient trees of all kinds and the little mountain streamlets that go dancing and hurrying on to mingle their waters with the briny deep. All combine to form scenery that the most cynical could not fail to admire.

May 16.

In company with Aunty, Cousin Emm and Will, we started for Newburgh. We drove down on Long Rock and put the Horse and Carriage under the shed and then when the ferry boat comes up, stepped on board and was over in Newburgh.

Went to get our photos taken, and was our first and most important business. After which we went to Harrison's Oyster Saloon and a dish of oysters, and theywere all that they were ever said to be, and much fefreshed the inner man. After getting though our shopping and getting the proofs of our ugly pictures, we returned hom feeling that by our aching weary limbs that we had paid well for all the pleasure we had enjoyed.

June 1.

At Uncle John's Sunday Morning and took a ride to the Post Office. Afternoon went to Verbank to Methodist church. Wednesday attended the Installation of the Rev Mr Ward at the Presbyterian church at LaGrange. Thursday went to Poughkeepsie to Cousin Elijah. Took a walk in the evening. The next morning we all drove out to Spring-side and drove through it. From Springside we went to the cemetery on the banks of the Hudson River. Had a nice view of the river. In the afternoon we visited "College Hill" and had a fine view of the city and river again and of the surrounding country, and then to Vassar Female College. Drove around it and then home. Sunday attended church again at the Methodist church. Today visited the Rocks and took a ride ona cart and oxen.

June 11.

Cousin Garry, Milly and myself started from Uncle John's in Unionvale for Westchester. Stopped at Uncle Jerry's, stayed all night, and the next morning taking cousin Emma with us we started to go over the mountain. It was a warm day but we all

felt in good spirits and were soon plodding our weary way up the mountains. Our road was lined with rocks and paved with the same material which made it rather hard and slow traveling, and had it not been for the many cottages or houses of the poor people who live, or try to get a living among the rocks in some way, but how I cannot understand. It would have been rather dull but some of the scenery or sights I thought were quite refreshing, especially in the way of love making and etc.

The ascent of the mountain was rather more easy but the way was diversified by little houses and patches of ground, surrounded on all sides by enormous stone walls built mostly of rocks, and the ground seemed nearly covered by the same. We passed two stores. The first was at a place called Boyeds. Here we had a drink of cool spring water, some blackberry wine and crackers. And the next store kept by a Tompkins we had some very nice spruce beer, and then took our way down through Peekskill Hollow.

We saw the place and the old house where grandfather Tompkins lived, the store and house across the bridge and then kept on down to Shrub Oak and soon to Uncle Natties. The old home and birth place of my mother. The next morning we all took a ride through Jefferson Valley to see the place where Uncle John Conklin first lived and also Mr Fountain's place. (Saturday). In the afternoon we all went to see Esquire David Conklin, a cousin of mother's and son of her uncle Drake Conklin, and it will be a visit long to be remembered, for such another specimen of humanity it had never been my fortune to see. At night we went to the M E Church to attend a singing school. Sunday we all attended church and was for a while the gazing stock of the whole church full of people.

Monday June 19.

Garrett, Milly and Emma started for home and left me here for the time being.

June 19.

Friday afternoon we made a visit to Elijah Knapp's. His wife is a cousin of mother's, the daughter of Timothy Conklin. They were very nice people and seemed very glad to see me for mother's sake.

Saturday 20.

We went to singing school again and had a very pleasant time.

June 26.

I gathered roses from the bushes planted by my grandmother, of both red and white, and pressed them. The barberry bush is here yet, and the old pine tree that grandfather planted and is now about 100 years old.

Wednesday June 24.

We started this morning to go to Sommers to see Elizabeth Greene and spent the day there. Had a very pleasant time.

June 25. This morning we started for Peekskill. On our way we first visited Paulding's monument erected over his remains in the Episcopal graveyard two miles north of Peekskill. It is a neat monument erected at the expense of the corporation of New York in 1827. General Pierre van Cortlandt family resided near this place and here General McDougal posted his advance guard when the enemy took possession of Peekskill in 1777. It was also Washington's headquarters at that time, altho the old mansion has been rebuilt, and is private property, yet the room that Washington

occupied when he was there is kept precisely as it was when he occupied it. East of this mansion, now owned by a Mr Robinson, stands St Peter's church, an old dilapidated building erected in 1767. It is fast falling to decay. It is now 96 years old. The gallery remains the same and the stairs to get in it, but the pulpit is pulled down. It is sealed overhead but was plastered at the ends. The plaster was entirely covered with autographs left there by the many visitors. It was used for an Arsenal in the time of the Revolution, and was probably often frequented by Washington..

Near this place is a hill called Gallows Hill. When Edmond Palmer, a Tory spy was hanged, and Daniel Strangge, another spy from the enemy was executed on a pear tree near the present Academy at Peekskill. Many stirring events of the Revolution occurred in this vicinity, and the country suffered much from the enemies incursions. In March 1777 Colonel Bird landed with 500 men and then the few American stationed here, fired the store houses and left. In September 1777 the whole village was sacked and burned. Peekskill was named for Jan Peek. I do not know but suppose it was a man. The vicinity was called Sachus or Sackhoses by the natives, and the stream Magregaries. It is a beautiful place situated in an "elevated valley" surrounded by heights which afford very fine and extensive views of the river. Its population 3,538. Anthony's Nose on the North line 1,228 feet above the river is the highest land in the country. Here we visited the steamboat Aurora, the day boat from New York. On the way home we passed the country residence of Henry Ward Beecher, on the turnpike. It is a very plain, old fashioned building, very unostentatious looking but very homelike in appearance.

June 26.

Went to make a visit in the afternoon to Uncle Amos's. His youngest daughter Jane, now Mrs Solomon Hulse, keeps the old homestead. Saturday night went singingschool again.

Sunday 28.

Sunday, stayed at home.

June 29.

Monday. In company with the girls went down to Crompond to the Congregational Church to visit the graves of our grandparents and their family, Conklins. The first one buried was Elijah in 1808. The others, James 1829, his wife Julia 1831, their daughter 1829, ~~Thomas 1829~~. Grandmother (73) in 1837, grandfather (81) in 1840.

The Presbyterian church in Crompond was first built in 1778 and burned in July 1779 by the British, but was afterwards rebuilt in the same spot now.

In Crompond street we stopped to visit the Revolutionary burying ground. There were many graves there but they were almost obliterated. Only a few stones remained on which we could trace the date. One of them was placed there in 1759, 104 years ago and 18 years before the Revolutionary War.

July 8.

It has been raining and we have not been out much for the last week. Last Saturday was the 4th of July, and we all staid at home and enjoyed as well as we could any other rainy day, and if it had been ever so pleasant we ought to have been sober minded, and thought of the poor soldiers who were lying on the battle field of Gettysburg suffering all the horrors of War.

We have gained a signal victory at ~~Gettysburg~~ Vicksburg, one that will have a decided influence in our favor in this bloody and unnatural contest, but in our joy do not let us forget the brave and noble dead who have laid down their lives to gain it, or the sad homes this war has made. Today we went up with the Barger neighborhood "cherrying." The street is called Cherry street and will sustain the reputaion very well for I never saw so many cherries in my life as is there. The road was lined with trees and they were loaded with fruit of black, white and red and of good size and quality. We had a pleasant time of it, met some old lady who had once worked for mother, and got back by night tired enough.

July 8.

This afternoon we arrayed ourselves and started with old Dobbin for a drive over in Peekskill Hollow. We drove along lesiurely and enjoyed ourselves much, altho it was very warm. We drove as far up as Adams burying ground where we stopped. Here I found grandmother Tompkins grave, and Aunt Tamer's and my little brother Eljah's grave who was 4 years old when he gave his sweet life back to his Creator. Here too are buried my great-grandfather and uncles.

Then we went to the old place wheremy father was born. Here we stopped, called, and people were very kind, and invited us to look over all the old house and make a sketch of it. On our way home again we stopped to see an aunt of my mother's, Aunt Phebe Tompkins, a half-sister of my grandmother's. I liked her very much, and with many kind wishes we started on our way home gain. But it was 10 o'clock when we found ourselves at uncle Nattie's again.

July 8.

Saturday morning we started for Peekskill when I took the 11 o'clock train for Fishkill and was soon back in Johnsville at Uncle Jerry's. Staid here just one week.

July 16.

We went to Newburgh to visit Washington's headquarters. On this spot of ground the American army was disbanded in 1783. The old stone house was erected in 1750 and an addition put on in 1770. Here is the chair that Washington used to sit in when here, and three rooms are filled with Revolutionary relics that have been found and placed here for the inspection of the curious.

July 20.

Went up to Uncle William LaDue's in the Hook and have been here too. Here I met Gerty Sherwood and became acquainted with her. We visited at Mr Merritt's and at Mr Alb. Bloomer and had very pleasant visits. Rode over to Mr L Horton's one

evening with John N., and was invited there the Monday afternoon before I left there. Spent a few hours very pleasantly in company with Mr and M^{rs} Bankhurst, Mr and Mrs Tera, and others, and then went back to Uncle Will's, and started with cousin Will for the Conklin homestead and the next morning started bright and early for Unionvale, the 4th day of August.

August 6.

The day set apart by the president for "Thanksgiving" for our recent victorys in putting down this rebellious war. Milly, myself and the girl went to church at Verbank and listened to a discourse on the war and the troubles of the present times.

August 9.

It was very warm in the afternoon. Garry and myself went to carry Uncle John Brinkerhoff down to ^{the} Grange to Mr Velles. We were there to tea and made a very pleasant call, came back after dark.

August 16.

Elijah and Libby came home this morning from Poughkeepsie. I was ill, the rest went to a funeral at the Quaker church.

August 19.

Milly and I went to call on Miss Barmore. Took Mrs J Vail with us and called also at Mr Perkams.

August 22.

We drove to the Post Office and from there to Verbank and called on the Dominym, Mr Ashton. Stopped at the show shop and came round home.

August 23.

Went to Verbank to church with Aunty and Milly, I driving.

August 28.

Went to call on Mrs Campbell in company with Mrs Vail and Milly.

August 30.

Went to ^{the} Grange to the ^{Pres}byterian church. After church went to Mrs Velles to dinner, where we say Mrs Dr Darland.

August 31.

Started this morning bright and early for Poughkeepsie to stay till Wednesday.

Sept 1.

Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock we started on a picnic excursion of the Washington street church and Sabbath school on the Hudson River. They chartered the fine steamboat William Kent for the purpose, and with our baskets of dinner we left the wharf at 9 o'clock for West Camp, 35 miles up the river, 4 miles above Saugerties. Got there at 12 o'clock and went into a grove, and sat ourselves down and parook of the good things to eat in our

baskets. Then at 3 o'clock we started for Poughkeepsie where we arrived safely at half past five without an accident occurring save the loss of 3 or 4 bloomers which blew off in the river. There were 1150 on board. (Note by RT in those days the articles they called bloomers were large hats for women).

Wednesday Sept 2.

We started for home, got home at dark and found company on hand, Wesley and Isaac Brinkerhoff.

Sept 3.

Tamar and Leonard Horton came up to make a visit and see Uncle John.

Sept 5.

Went to a picnic up in Mr G Duncan's grove, a dancing picnic. Went about 5 o'clock and some there danced till dark. It was a beautiful place, and with the music made the large crowd of happy faces that were there, made it a gay and happy scene to look upon. When it became too dark to see longer, we went to the Verbank church and attended a singing school and at 9 o'clock we started for home.

Sept 8.

Went to Mr Duncans this afternoon and made a very pleasant visit

Sept 9.

Went this afternoon to the Verbank Sunday school, Picnic in Mr Duncans grove. It was very nice.

Sept 10.

Went to a picnic in Mr Campbells woods, with Garry and Milly. It was very select and very nice indeed and we say them dance a couple of hours, Met cousin Will LaDue there and went home.

Sept 12.

Started this morning with Will L., for Fishkill and as he was attending to his business as Provost Marshall in notifying those that had been drafted, we had a long ride about 30 miles before we brought up at Uncle Jerry's tired and hungry..

Sept 28.

This morning got up early to start for Ithica. Took the train to get down to Newburgh to take the 7 o'clock express, but failed to reach the ferry in time to get over for the train. Thought we could get up in a small boat in time but there was a heavy fog on the river, so they could not see which way to go, and the man got lost and turned around and so brought up on the same side of the river. We started from there and crossed on the ferry boat, and had to wait till the 11 o'clock train to go on to Oswego. Started at the hour but on a mail train and made slow progress. The road was very romantic and there were grand and sublime scenes and we got to Oswego till 9 o'clock and had to stay all night. I went to the Anaga House, a very nice house too. At 5 o'clock the next morning took the five

and a half o'clock train, and at 7 o'clock was in the town of Ithica. Stopped at the Ithica Hotel for an hour or so and then had to hire a carriage to go on to uncle Caleb Turdy's, and got there by noon. Andrew and Frank had gone to the picnic, and I had a good rest.

Sept 30.

Went to the Tompkins County Fair this afternoon at ~~Ithica~~ Ithica. Had a pleasant time.

Oct 4.

Sunday. Went to church with Andrew and Frank at Bastwicks Corners and in the afternoon went to Sabbath school.

Oct 5.

Went down to Ithica with Andrew and was sick in the afternoon and also Tuesday the 6th of October. Went with Andrew and Frank chestnutting.

Oct 10.

Visited Lucifer or Endfield Falls with Andrew. This is a beautiful and yet most sublime scene as I ever saw. The fall itself is only 150 feet and the banks 250, yet the yawning chasm and fissures in the rock. The waters whirled with such frightful velocity through them, fill the soul with awe, while we gazed on the works of the Almighty's hand.

Sunday Oct 11.

We started for Trumansburgh and visited on its way the Taghonic Falls, or gorge. The water falls perpendicularly 210 feet, the banks are 380 feet perpendicular. This is a beautiful piece of Nature's handiwork and fascinates the beholder with its beauty. The cliffs are stupendous and they have to descend over a hundred steps to get to the bottom of the gulf. At Trumansburgh stopped at R C Tompkins. Took dinner, then went on to Mr David Tompkins. Cousin Susan staid there till near dark, then next went to Uncle Washington's and staid all day.

Monday Oct 12.

Went to Tibbard T, visiting.

Tuesday Oct 13.

Went to Susans, spent the afternoon and at night to H., and wife and Nell. I spent the evening at Uncle.

Oct 14.

Started at 5 o'clock for Hector Landing to take the boat on Seneca Lake for Geneva. Waited for 1 hour before the boat came but was soon on my way to Geneva. Had a pleasant ride down the lake and got to Geneva. Stopped at the (Trapy) House and engaged a carriage for Lyons, where I arrived at 3 P.M. I found the stage just ready to go out. Was all there was at home. Susan and father was at Phelps

Oct 17.

Susie and her father came home with Sam and Maggie Tillett

Tuesday 20.

Went to Cormelius Cure visiting.

Wednesday 21 Friday 23.

This morning I was already to start for home. It rained, just as hard as it could pour, and I took the stage for Lyons about 9 o'clock. Did not get wet any and had to stay there till 3:55 before I could take the cars. At Rochester got in company with Mr and Mrs Poole from Augusta and kep with them all the rest of the way. At the bridge we had to wait two hours for the Express to come in. Got to Detroit at 7 o'clock, and at 2 o'clock was at B. (Battle Creek). I found George there waiting for me, and was soon at home again. Glad enought after - - - -

(Note by RT her diary ends here with a sentence unfinished.

An extra page was added as follows:)

Constitution Island is a promontory opposite West Point, connected with the main land by a marshy meadow. In Jul 1775 a fort was built upon it, and in 1778 a heavy chain, 126 yards long was stretched across the Hudson from this fort to West Point. A contract was madw tih Peter Townsend at the Sterling Iron Works at Warwick, Orange County. The work was done in six weeks, and the huge chain carted in sections to West Point. The links weighed from 100 to 150 pounds each and the entire weight was 186 tons, and its length 1500 feet. It was buoyed up by large spars a few feet apart, secured by strong timbers framed into them, and firmly attached to the rocks on both shores. It was never disturbed by the enemy and was used until peace.

The highest point in the Fishkill Mountains to the South of E. Fishkill are 1000 feet above tide. The highest is locally known as Wiccopee, or Long Hill. The highest in the East side is Looking Rock, Old Beacon and Grand Sachem. In the S E come the highest summits in Fishkill, respectively 1471 and 1685 feet above tide. The Wiccopee Pass in these Mountains was carefully guarded during the Revolution to prevent the British from burning the American works at West Point. A considerable American force was stationed at its upper extremity during the campaign of 1777.

End of this MSS.

(note by RT. At Chicago about 1940 at the museum north of the Loop we saw some sections of this chain that had been stretched across the Hudson River. If we remember correctly they were links about 2 feet long and diameter of the metal in the links was about 2 and a half inches. They were taken to Chicago for the Fair of 1893 and left there. Also in same museum was an anchor from one of Columbus ships we forget which one, that had been lost in the West Indies and recovered centuries later. It was about 15 feet long and the diameter of the parts about 3 or 4 inches.

End.

Julia P Woods,
(Mrs Stephen Tompkins)
of Avon Illinois.
Reminiscences.

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This lady was the wife of Stephen Tompkins 1815-1898 of New York. After her death in September 18 1913, a copy of this was given to the Newberry Library of Chicago by Mr Stephen LeRoy Tompkins of that city. With the diary of reminiscences there were also a number of old letters, in fact several packages of them, written by the father, sisters and brothers of Stephen Tompkins. We do not know where these papers are now but there were sons of Stephen LeRoy Tompkins in Chicago, perhaps they still have the old letters.

We had considerable correspondence with members of this line, and all the genealogical data is in our Tomkins-Tompkins Genealogy 1942 and in our Clan of Tomkyns, now in MSS form ten volumes which if we do not publish will go to the Filson Club of Louisville Ky.

Mr Stephen LeRoy Tompkins had a limited copy edition of his branch history with many photographs. This work is in the said Newberry Library at Chicago, one of the finest reference libraries in the world. We were there several months.

Julia Woods MSS as follows:

My father was a native of Massachusetts, and when he was but 17 years of age, came with his father's family to New York where they bought land. They built a house quickly but had to clear the land of timber before they could have a farm, for New York was not a prairie country like Illinois.

After helping his father clear the land, my father bought some land for himself, near Madison Center, Madison County, and built a house which I will attempt later to describe.

In 1810 when he was 30 years old, he married my mother, Ethelinda Grow, and they went to housekeeping in their house he had built. The nine children were all born in that house. I was the seventh, two brothers and four sister being older, and one brother and a sister being younger. We had good schools and were all kept in school. We lived one and a quarter miles from our school, and we walked when the weather was good, and if weather bad a horse was hitched to a buggy or a sleigh, and we rode.

We had a good home and a kind father and mother, and good brothers and sisters, and plenty of all the necessities of life.

Nearly everything we had to wear or eat was made at home. Father kept horses, cows, hogs, sheep, chickens and geese. Feather beds were then considered a necessity, and from the geese we got the feathers; from the sheep the wool that made the winter clothing for the family. The sheep were sheared every spring, and the wool taken to the carding mill and made into rolls ready to spin. Our factory, as it may be called, was a large room over our summer kitchen. In one corner of the room was a loom for weaving cloth, although the weaving was not all done at home. There was a pair of warping bars to fix the warp for the loom, three large spinning wheels for spinning wool, and a small one for spinning flax, a shuttle for the weaver, a reel for winding the yarn to thread from the spindle, and a pair of swifts for doubling the yarn to make stockings, the yarn for which was all spun double and twisted, dyed and knit at home.

Of course cotton was worn during the summer and that had to be bought at the store. But there were my mother and four sisters older than myself to do the work.

Our parlor, or square room as we used to call it was at the south west corner of the house. On the west side was one window and a door that opened out on the lawn. On the south side were two windows, and between them was an old fashioned looking glass with a landscape over the top and a table beneath it. In the south west corner was a clock which reached from the floor to the ceiling. On the west side was a door leading into a bed room, and a fire place with brass headed andirons, with a brass headed shovel and tongs. A Mantel was over the fireplace with candlesticks and other bric-a-bac on it. In front of the fireplace was a home made rug. It was made of wool and the pattern was two spread eagles. On the north side was a door leading into a living room, then a cupboard where we kept our Sunday bonnets. There was a recess with a bed in it, all flounced, curtained and prettily draped. This was our spare bed.

On the floor was a striped red carpet, the yarn of which was spun doubled, twisted and dyed, but not woven at home. Chairs and rocking chairs completed the furniture in this room, as I remember it. In the living room was another recess for a bed, and there were three bedrooms besides on the ground floor, and a kitchen, pantry, and cheese room.

To the right as we go down into the cellar in winter there was a barrel of cider vinegar, then a barrel of salted pork, then a barrel of salted beef; to the left several barrels of apples of different varieties, and nearby a bin of potatoes, and other garden vegetables. Upstairs in a cool place were barrels of maple sugar, cider, apple sauce, and dried apples. So we always had plenty to eat, and we knew that it was pure food, and that is what we don't always have now.

Also in the cellar would be found one barrel of soft soap. We burned wood for both heating and cooking, and the ashes we saved until Spring, when they were taken out and leached by putting them in a big vat or hopper, and water poured over them. The ashes became a strong lye, and was drawn off at the bottom into buckets or tubs. This lye was place in a large kettle under which a fire was built. After it came to a boil, grease was put in and the boiling and stirring proceeded until it turned to soap, which when cold was placed in a barrel for the following year's supply of soap. The grease came from the hogs that were butchered during the winter.

On the outside a short distance to the east was a row of blue plum trees, and beyond these was the pple orchard. To the North were the barn and sheds for the cattle, sheep, etc.

There being so many of us, we were never lonesome and we had many uncles, aunts and cousins who lived in different places within forty or fifty miles, who came occasionally to see us, and we returned their visits. My father and mother had many friends also. (Children brought up in modern homes may be better and happier. I wonder if they are.)

My uncle Salem Woods was a harness maker who settle in a place called North East, in Pennsylvania on the shore of Lake Erie, where they lived for a number of years. Four children were born

to them there: Morillo, George, De Witt and Almedos. Then the opportunity came, I hardly know how, to exchange his shop and business for a quarter section of land in McDomeugh County, Illinois, and he did so unsight and unseen. But before removing his family he resolved to see for himself the country and the land he had bought. So he started out on foot and alone with about 35 dollars in his pocket, and made his way to the Ohio River where boats were then running. He worked his way by helping to load and unload the boat at places where it stopped. When reaching the Mississippi River he went up to the Illinois where he took another boat and came up to Beardstown, and from there walked across the country to Pennington's Point where his land lay.

He found there a small settlement of Kentuckians all living in log houses. This was in 1831 or 1832. He found that the land he had bought was partly timber and partly fine rolling prairie and rich soil, and the climate was good, much better in the winter than is New York, and they had very little snow.

The people were kind and hospitable, though quite different in many ways from Eastern people in their ways of dressing and talking. I think this was just after the Black Hawk War. (This reminds me of a picture my mother painted of this Indian Chief, about this time, whose name was Mack-apta-mick-e-kaw-kaik). He copied it from some picture found in the paper.

My uncle was so well pleased with the country that he resolved to go back and bring his family, and make his home here, so he went back in about the same way as he came. But before moving his family west, he and my aunt and his youngest child came down to make a farewell visit to their numerous relatives in Madison NY.

My father and mother and all other relatives tried their best to dissuade them from coming, offering to help in every way they could if they would not come, but it was all of no avail. Their minds were made up to come, and uncle Salem said to all of his relatives "It will not be five years before you are all in Illinois." Of course they all scorned the idea. They never would leave their good homes in the East to come into this wilderness.

But Uncle Salem, after moving in 1832 his family here wrote back such enthusiastic letters about the country, that they all became very much interested. And in 1835, Ira Woods, another brother of my father's came to Illinois, and my father and his brother John sent money by him to buy land here. And so it came about that Jonas Woods and his wife and family of eight children, including myself, a girl of thirteen, left his New York home on the twenty first day of September 1837.

We arose in the morning and looking out saw that the ground was white with frost. Our household goods had been packed and taken to Canastota on the Erie Canal and shipped to Buffalo, and from there to Chicago, and were brought from there in wagons in the winter of '37 or '38.

After making a farewell visit to the orchard, the meadow and deep tangled wildwood and taking a drink from the "Old Oaken Bucket" and bidding goodbye to the neighbors and friends who had assembled at the house, three covered wagons, drawn by three span of horses came up in front of this house, and we all took our places and started on our long journey with many a longing, lingering look towards our dear old home which in all probability we should never see again.

so, on down the hill and through the woods on the same road we had gone to school all our lives, and stopping there to bid some of our dear schoolmates a tearful goodbye, we then proceeded on our way, but we had made a start, and now began to look forward with interest to the new sights we were to see, and the new experiences we were to go through.

And so we went on through picturesque New York with its wooded hills and numerous small lakes, passing through Syracuse, Rochester and many smaller places, until we arrived at Buffalo. There the question came up whether it would not be better to go by boat, though with much fear and trembling on my part I know. So passage was engaged and we all went aboard on the morning of September 28th 1837. We had not gone far when a storm came up. The wind and the waves rolled and tumbled, but by putting on all the steam they dared to, they got within ten miles of Erie, and finding it impossible to make that port (we had now gone about ninety miles) they turned around, though it was said to be a dangerous thing to do in a storm.

It was night now which added to the terror and such a scene as ensued I never witnessed before and never since, although I have crossed Lake Erie several times. The waves rolled and the boat creaked and groaned and it seemed that we were going all to pieces. The water swept the deck and poured down into the hold in great streams. We all thought we were going to the bottom of the lake. And such an exciting scene. Some were praying, some crying, and some were so sick they cared little whether they lived or died.

When the next morning began to dawn, word came that the Buffalo lighthouse was in sight, and all that were able to do so climbed up on deck to see for themselves, and such a shout as went up I never heard. We had been out just ~~24~~ 24 hours, and were back just where we started from, and very thankful to get back to land again. One more day in Buffalo and we started on our way again. Our course took us right along the lake shore and the waves still rolled and our heads were still dizzy.

My father had a sister living with her family near Willoughby Ohio, right on the lake shore, so it was decided to make her a visit, which we did, and it was then that we ate the first peaches we had ever eaten, and there we rested for two or three days, and then as my mother had a sister, who with her family were living not far from Painesville, it was decided to visit them, which we did, and she became so interested in the Illinois settlement that they followed us in the winter of '37 or '38. This was the Burgess family which were among the first settlers of Avon.

Now we took a South West course and went through Columbus Ohio and then West through Indianapolis. We found much timbered country and many log cabins and corduroy roads which were pretty rough to ride over.

When we arrived at the Wabash River it was near night and there was no house near, and the ferry man would not come from the other side until morning. So we were obliged to stay out all night, but it was in the timber and there was plenty of fuel to make a fire (by this time it was getting pretty cold), and we managed to get through the night. And in the morning the boat man came and ferried us over the river, and we journeyed on through

We were now on broad flat prairie with deep wide sloughs and several times got stuck in the mud, when it took all of our horses to pull one wagon through. We came on through Bloomington and then to Peoria where we crossed the Illinois, then on through Farmington and Fairview to Ellisville where we crossed the Spoon River.

We were now nearing the end of our six weeks journey, November seventh and knew that we would soon see the numerous relatives who had preceded us. My oldest brother Orlando who had been here the year before and helped to build Ira Woods' house which was on the place where Ernest Fennessy now lives, and so we knew just where to go, so that was our next stopping place. We had crossed the prairie where Avon now stands but there was nothing there but prairie grass and hazel brush, not a tree or a stick or a stone. But several of the cousins were at the gate of my uncle's house to welcome us after our long voyage. As there was no possible shelter for us here, we stayed only a day or two, then packed up and went on to Pennington's Point where my uncle Salem Woods lived. He came there in 1832. There was not a road or a path across the prairie and the distance was twenty miles. We steered our course by the points of timber, i. e., in going South we would see Shay's Fork, and keep that at our left, and soon we would see Wolf Grove which we kept to our right, and going on we soon saw Table Grove at our left, and where we crossed Crooked Creek there was one lone tree. Soon we could see Pennington's Point and steered straight for that. We did not pass a house on the whole trip, but when we arrived we were again welcomed another uncle, aunt, and more cousins.

My father, together with his brother Ira, had bought a farm here on which was a log cabin and it was vacant. It was a one room

house with wooden latches and a leather string to raise the latch and which could be drawn in when we wished to fasten the doors. The chimney was of sticks plastered with mud and many a black walnut log was hauled in and burned there. There was not a pane of glass in the house until our people put in a few, but it served as a shelter until we could do better. We staid there about two months and then came here where shelter had been provided for us though a pretty cold one. There was fourteen of us in a one room house. A ladder led to the upper part where sleeping rooms were partitioned off with blankets and carpets. It was like living out of doors, but we all kept well and so were thankful. It was only a short time that we lived that way.

Houses were built as soon as it was possible to do so. A school house came next. Who the teachers were has been told so I will not repeat it. All of the goods sold here were brought from St Louis, and all the produce taken in exchange for goods was hauled in wagons to Copperas Creek and shipped down the river, and the goods brought here the same way. Money was scarce and a little had to go a long way.

At this time there was not a railroad in Ohio, Indiana or Illinois, and there was no fear of automobiles, bicycles or live wires, nor barb wire fences. There was no rich and no poor, and everybody had a plenty to eat. Fruit at first was pretty

scarce but trees were planted as soon as possible, and in a few years peaches were plentiful. Blackberried and crab apples grew wild as well as plums, and the could be had for the gathering. There was no way of canning fruit so everything had to be dried or made into preserves. Sickness was the worst thing we had to contend with, and doctors were few and far between. Everybody kept a supply on quinine on hand and a bottle of Phoenix Bitters or some other patent medicine. I remember being sick at one time and my father and mother were so alarmed that they sent a man on horseback, in the night, to Fairview for a doctor. He came but I was much better before he got there.

My Cousin, Mrs Hatch, told me that her father at one time went to Newcomb (Macomb) on horseback for a box of Champion's Pills, and that when he got there he could only buy a part of a box but that sufficed.

We had some hard times of course. But we had some good times too. We had parties and dances, singing schools and spelling schools and sometimes lectures in our school house. But the greatest pleasure of all to me was the nice trips we used to take over the prairies and across the country to different places where we had friends or relatives living.

C M Woods, a brother of Harvey Woods, one of our first settlers and a cousin of all the others of that name here, learned the printer's trade when a boy, and came west in 1835 or 36, stopping at first in Springfield where he worked as a journeyman printer for a while. He then went to Quincy and started the first newspaper there. Soon he was elected to officer of Clerk of the Court and his friends were among the first families in Quincy. I remember going there in the Spring of 1840 with a brother and sister, and again in 1842. Cousin C M and his wife were here on a visit that year, and when they returned they took with them cousin Phoebe Woods. After a few weeks her brother Edwin, his wife, and D K Reed (a young man who was engaged to cousin Phoebe) asked us to go with them to Quincy to bring cousin Phoebe home. And I went and had a delightful time. When we got there the cousins there insisted that the wedding ceremony be performed there at their house, and so the arrangements were made, the wedding dress was purchased, and we all had a hand at making it, and the bride looked very pretty. The wedding guests were invited, and such a stylish couple I had never before seen.

Two of Governor Carlin's daughters were there. The Governors made their home in Quincy at that time. Again in 1844 it was my fortune to spend the Spring and half the summer there. At that time the Mormons at Nauvoo were making a great deal of excitement and trouble all through that part of the country. When I had been there a few weeks, word came that the Mormons were going to burn Wassau, ~~Nauvoo~~ Governor Ford then residing in Quincy called out the troops and many volunteers to go and defend Wassau. The women and children of that place came down to Quincy and everybody received them in their homes. One woman and daughter stopped at my cousins. The sons went to Wassau, but soon came back, without any opportunity of having distinguished themselves. The scare was over and Wassau was not burned.

A few weeks after this my cousin C M asked myself and some other friends to take a trip on a steamboat up to Nauvoo, and we went. There was music and dancing and a nice crowd on board the boat,

and we enjoyed the trip very much. When we arrived at Nauvoo we went directly to Joe Smith's house, and we were introduced to and shook hands with the prophet himself. We then took a view of the city and visited the Mormon Temple which was then in course of construction but was never completed.

Soon troubles again arose and Joe Smith and other leaders of the Mormon church were arrested, and put in jail at Carthage, and in attempting to escape through a window Smith was shot and killed. The next winter the Mormons were forced to leave Nauvoo. They crossed the river on the ice, and finally made their way to Salt Lake. At the time of which I am speaking, Quincy was the home of Stephen A Douglas, and he being a friend of my cousins, was a frequent caller at her house.

There were ten families by the name of Woods that made the first settlement here. Ira Woods with his wife, two daughters and one son came in 1835, and he purchased quite a tract of land here for himself and his brothers. It was all government land and bought for \$1.25 per acre. The land office where they all had to go to buy land was at Quincy. Asa, twin brother of Ira came next with his family, consisting of his wife, five sons and two daughters (the third daughter being Caroline now Mrs Drake was born here) came in 1836. John Woods another brother came with his family which consisted of his wife, his mother and maiden sister, and his two sons, Riverus and Edwin with their wives; Lawson Woods, his wife and two sons; Lorin Woods with one daughter, Harriet now Mrs Pierce.

These all came in the summer of 1837, and in the fall of the same year, Jonas Woods and his family consisting of my mother, my three brothers, four sisters and myself a little girl of 13 years, came shortly after Larkin, a brother of Lawson and Larkin Woods, and his family consisting of his wife, and five or six children; and the Harvey Woods and his wife and one daughter which made the ten families. They all came from the State of New York, Madison Town and County was their first home but they had scattered, some had gone to Virgil, Cortland, County. One family lived in Sullivan and one in Chautauqua County, but they all met here.

The Chatterton family that lived one mile east of town came from the section or county in New York and about the same time, 1836. The Burgess family came which consisted of father, mother, three sons and three daughters; and the another cousin of Jonas, John, Ira and Asa Woods, came with his wife and one or two children. He was our first cabinet maker and he also played the violin and furnished music for the dances around. His name was Holton, and while speaking of him, as it is the only one of ~~his~~ its kind in the history of the town, I will say that in 1840 triplets were born to this family, all boys, and all healthy children. But when two or three months old they took the whooping cough and all three died. Their names were Alondo, Alonzo and Alphonso.

In the Spring of 1837 Stephen Tompkins came to Galesburg, where he had an uncle living who had come the year before. He staid there until February 1838. when he came here and lived and toiled the rest of his days. He put up the first building in what is now Avon. It was not intended for a house but for a

shoe shop but was used as a place to stay for our whole family until a house could be built, which was done the same year. It was here that he married my sister Mary on the 28th day of May 1838, and it was here that she died on the 12th of October of the same year, this being the first wedding and the first death in this place.

The land on which the town now stands was originally owned by some member of the Woods family, and for some time there were only two streets where town lots were laid off. These were Woods and Main. The North side of Woods street was owned by Ira Woods as far east as the Mailland place, and the South side was owned by my brother Orlando, and my father Jonas Woods. The West side of Main street was owned by Edwin and Riverus Woods, and the East side by Orlando Woods as far south as Cortland street, and South of that was Stephen Tompkins addition.

I want to say a word in praise of the young men, yes and the old men too, of this pioneer settlement. They were all industrious, honest and capable citizens who neither drank liquor nor used tobacco. There was only one exception to this, to my knowledge. The women too were equally capable and industrious. They were their own milliners and dressmakers, and made all the clothes they wore. They spun, doubled and twisted, dyed and knit all the stockings for the whole family. One industry carried on in my father's family was plaiting straw for bonnets. It was fine that it took 100 yards to make a bonnet, and seven yards a day was a good days work.

This place was originally called Woodsvillen, but as we could not get a Postoffice by that name, concluded to call it Woodstock, and that was the name of town and office for some time. But there was a town in the north part of the state by that name while their Postoffice was called Dorr. They requested us to change our name, but our people thought they might as well change their own name, and so no effort in that direction. And so they petitioned the Postmaster General to change our name and Avon had to be the name of the Postoffice, and so it was accepted as the name of the town.

Stephen Tompkins was the first Postmaster and held the office for 17 years, and he was the first merchant and continued his interest in the business as long as he lived, with the exception of one year when he sold out to Mr Towisend. In that year he built the new, but now the old, brick store.

I think all the first families here came in wagons. In 1839 houses were built so that our early settlers were made comfortable, and the next thing thought off was a school house. There were so many children of school age it was considered a necessity. The building was a small wooden structure but sufficiently large to accomodate 40 pupils. I think that was about the size of the first school, and our first teacher was Charles Davis, who taught through the winter, and my sister Sarah taught for one term the next Spring and Summer. She was ten years older than I was, and had taught in New York before we came here. But she had a call to another place so I was asked to teach six weeks longer. I was not sixteen years old but I accepted and lived through it, and taught again the next two summers. So I was a pupil through the winter and a teacher for the summer for a number of years.

After teaching here three summers, I went to Wolf Grove in McDonough County and taught two summers.

In 1844 I spent the Spring and Summer in Quincy. In 1847 I taught school in Macomb. It was not a district school. I was paid \$1.50 a scholar for a term, and boarded with one of the best families in Macomb, and had a nice room and use of the parlor and had to pay only \$1 a week. I was the only teacher in Macomb at that time and my pupils belonged to the best families there. There was a young lady, a friend of the family where I stayed, visiting there that summer with whom I had become acquainted in Quincy in 1844, and we roomed together. Her name was Calista Warren and she afterwards married my cousin C M Woods.

There was only one vast prairie between Macomb and Avon then. There were no laid-out roads, no lanes, no bridges, no farm houses. This all came after the C B & Q was built.

My father Jonas Woods died October 1st 1847, and my sister Ethelinda who was the second wife of Stephen Tompkins, and the mother of Albert, died January 28th 1847. On March 18th 1848 I married Stephen and on the 11th we started for St Louis where he was going for goods, as he was then in the mercantile business.

The first day we drove 40 miles in a buggy to Copperas Creek, and waited there overnight for a boat to come down the Illinois River, and when it came we took passage and went down the Illinois and Mississippi to St Louis, where we stayed several days laying in a stock of goods and buying some things that I wanted to go housekeeping with, and seeing the sights and going to the theatre.

We then took a steamboat up the Mississippi to Quincy where we had friends and relatives with whom we visited for several days. At this time there was no railroad and not even a stage running between here and Quincy, so Stephen bought a buggy and hired a horse from a livery stable, and we made the trip across the country, a distance of eighty miles, in two or three days. The horse was sent back by the mail carrier, who carried the mail on horseback from Quincy to Knoxville, and went through here. As I did not pay postage on that horse, I do not remember how much it was, but it got back all right.

My father's house in which I was married is still standing on the same spot it was first built in 1838, and is owned and occupied by one lone woman. The house where I first went to housekeeping was next door to this and was built by Stephen the same year my father built his, and it was in this house that all our children were born from Albert to Frank.

It may seem strange to younger people who have changed places so many times, when I say that I have never lived in all my life in but four different houses. The first two my father built and owned. The first of the two was at Madison New York, and was built before my father was married, and he was married in 1810, and in this house all of his children were born and lived until the oldest was 25 and the youngest was 5 years old, when we came to Illinois.

Of course we stayed in three other places for a short time while the houses were being built, but we were just staying, not living there. My father's house was built and used as a hotel as it was necessary that some one should keep travellers over night and give them something to eat.

I have told how we came to this country in wagons in 1837. I will now tell how Stephen and Albert, then a boy of nine or ten and myself went back for the first time in 1852.

My brother De Witt, and my sister Cornelia and Maggie McGowan were living with us at that time, and so the girls kept house, and De Witt tended the store and Postoffice, and a hired man cared for the farm. This was in June, I think. A number of others living near here who had relatives living in the east, hearing that we were going, decided to go with us.

There was Mr Lockwood, Mrs Rowe, and Miss Osborn, a young woman of about ~~17~~ seventeen years of age, who was going to Maine. Her brother went as far as Chicago with us, so we had quite a company of our own. We went from here to Copperas Creek, the nearest point of the Illinois River, and there took a steamboat up the river to La Salle and from there we went on the canal to Chicago.

Riding on a canal was a new experience for me, and going through the locks seemed wonderful. A number of our company were singers and they had their song books along, and we got together in the cabin, and sang all the old songs and familiar hymns we could think of and so passed the time.

There was a railroad across Michigan then, so from Chicago we took the cars to Toledo and from there to Buffalo we went on a boat, and a very pleasant trip we had. We went on deck and sat and sang "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Home on the Rolling Deep" and many other songs, and so had a jolly time.

Arriving at Buffalo our company began to separate. Mr Lockwood went south to Pennsylvania, Mrs Rowe went with us on the New York Central as far as Syracuse, and we went on to Canastota. Miss Osborn went on to Albany and from there to Boston, and then to her home in Maine.

When we left the cars at Canastota we hired a private conveyance to take us to Stephen's father's old home in Madison where we arrived Sunday afternoon. A Week of constant travel and the shortest route we could take at that time.

Stephen's father and mother were then living at their old home with one son and one daughter that were not married and of course they gave us a warm welcome. When we had been there a few days, Albert came down with the measles, and so had to stay in bed for quite a while, and so could not run and play as boys of that age like to do.

We stayed there four weeks, I think, and Stephen and I went around a great deal. A Horse and buggy were put at our disposal and we went to my old home, and the people there kindly showed as all through the house, but mather, mother, brothers and sisters were not there, and I did not want to stay.

We went to church in the same old church where I used to go when I was a little girl, and saw a great many people that we used to know, and who knew us. We drove to Utica and had our pictures taken there and went to Paris Hill and stayed all night with some of Stephen's old friends. We were welcomed everywhere we went and enjoyed our visit very much.

When Albert was well enough to travel we started for home. When we got home we found everything in apple-pie order and all were gld to see us back. I often wish father and mother were here so I could tell them again about the visit to our old home.

(End of Julia Woods story).