



JOHN FLOURNOY HENRY



A HISTORY  
OF THE  
HENRY FAMILY

FROM ITS BEGINNINGS IN THIS COUNTRY  
TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY  
JOHN FLOURNOY HENRY

Including a Supplement  
by  
EDWARD PARKER HENRY

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## P R E F A C E .

TO THE LATE John Flournoy Henry, of Louisville, Kentucky, the descendants of Robert Henry owe most grateful remembrance, for it was he who, after thirty years of patient, persistent research through old letters and manuscripts, court records, and archives in this country, Scotland, and Ireland, compiled and made ready, with the exception of the last details, this volume of the Henry Genealogy. He was not spared to see fully consummated the work that he voluntarily undertook and loved so much, a work that involved many material, physical, and mental sacrifices. He looked upon it as a sacred obligation, as a duty he owed his ancestors, his contemporaries and succeeding generations, to make the latter familiar with the history of their antecedents, and thereby incite them to emulate their noble qualities. His last labors were on the pages of this book, and his love for all his kin is to be read in every line. To those who aided and encouraged him in this work he felt the keenest gratitude. But for him it would not have been accomplished. He occupied the peculiar position of a living link connecting the present generation with the past. He alone had learned from living lips the personal history and characteristics of the first three generations mentioned in this volume, and well has he drawn their portraits for us.

It is but just, since he is gone, that his characteristics should be preserved for those who come after, that they may know him to whom they are so much indebted, as we who were fortunate enough to have been brought into personal contact with him have known him. He was a loving, dutiful, and devoted son, brother, husband, and father. With his kin he would, if need be, at any time divide his all. In numerous instances he befriended those who otherwise would have been friendless, and he frequently invited the dependence of those who were weakly struggling alone.

For years he had been an active member of the Second Presbyterian Church of Louisville, Kentucky. He was a consistent, practical Christian, and in a marked degree carried his faith into his daily life and work.

A man of strongly decided character; unbending on questions of right or principle, forgiving when unjustly judged; his demeanor was modest and reserved, and a high, yet gentle dignity marked all his intercourse, both with his inferiors and his peers. His warm, generous heart and helpful inclinations were fully known only to his loving family and intimate friends, and even to them he depreciated the mention of his sacrifices for others. Duty and right were his guiding stars. He was a hard taskmaker to himself, though indulgent with others. Personal pleasure and recreation would not be sought and could not be enjoyed by him if they interfered with the completion of his unfinished tasks.

He ever stood firm as adamant for the right, as he conceived it, and was willing at any time to battle or to become a martyr for his convictions, and in this respect he was true to the characteristics and traditions of his sturdy Scotch Presbyterian and valorous Huguenot ancestors.

A feeling of obligation to him, as well as a sense of the benefits and honor that would accrue to the Henry descendants from the publication of the Genealogy, has induced various members of the family to share in the expense of its publication. A more fitting memorial could not be erected by a loving, sorrowing kindred to one who has done them such signal service than in thus putting into permanent form the result of his long, loving, and painstaking labors.

GEORGE CHAMBERS HENRY.

*Burlington, Iowa, August, 1900.*

## INTRODUCTION.

TO RECALL the history of my ancestors; to preserve for the perusal and gratification of my children a faithful record; and to secure, for my own reference, an authentic history of my family, this genealogical essay was undertaken many years ago.

My father, Dr. John Flourney Henry, in reply to a request for information, wrote: "Although there may be little to excite our pride, there can be nothing to cause the blush of shame, in recalling the lives of our ancestors; and, though every person should stand upon his own pedestal of personality, I see no reason why we should not rejoice in the affinity or the blood relationship of great and good men and noble and virtuous women; nevertheless, there can be nothing more contemptible than the pride of birth which rests its whole claim to respect on the fame or merits of those who have gone before.

"If there is any thing about our ancestry to be proud of, it should inspire us with a laudable ambition to emulate their good deeds, and to shun and resist the temptations which may have led them astray. No man in our country can put up any claim of birth with an assurance that it will not be pulled down, for we can not transmit even our fortunes with certainty to our children; but a good name we can give them, and ordinarily we can communicate good principles and good habits, for such is the order of Providence, and such the sure promise of Holy Writ, which tells us to 'train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

"Let us then rest on this, and leave endless generalities to those who have no other claim of honor."

Already the "twilight of uncertainty has thrown its shadows" over the lives of many mentioned herein, and the "night of forgetfulness" might close forever upon their names and history were not the former, at least, recorded upon these pages.

With solicitude I have beheld the early traditional history of my antecedents "slipping from my grasp, trembling on the lips of narrative old age, and day by day dropping piecemeal into the tomb," and I fear that in a little while those who now serve as "tottering monuments of the past" will be gathered to their fathers; their children may neglect to treasure up the recollections of their parents, and posterity will search in vain for indisputable memorials of the days of its ancestors.

With many of our families the time for recording their early history has gone by. Their origin and the eventful periods in each generation are buried in the rubbish of years, and, in the touching words of the Psalmist, are almost "totally forgotten and clean gone out of mind."

Therefore, there is recorded here such facts as were in possession, and those that could be gathered from time to time; and if this beginning, for the Henry family, will but serve as a standpoint, something to attract and attach disjointed events of the past and gather those that are current or may hereafter take place, its object and purpose will have been gained, however far it falls short of an elaborate treatise.

The jealousy of some of the line may be awakened by the mere casual mention of their existence, or the brief remarks in that connection, but so little is known of many that of them no statement could be made with certainty of correctness; and where more extended accounts of others are given, it is because it seems best to record what is known of them than to "let it waste away and be lost forever."

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The compiler takes no credit to himself for what is here recorded. He is indebted to many members of many branches of the family for information establishing the facts noted herein.

Especially does he feel under obligations to his own father, Dr. John F. Henry, who imparted in the most interesting letters a great part of the early history here recorded, but to every Henry there goes out from his heart the most affectionate feelings of regard, with very sincere thanks to all who have been able to aid in the compilation here presented to his kinspeople.

JOHN FLOURNOY HENRY.







# THE HENRY FAMILY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE ORIGIN OF THE HENRY FAMILY

IT HAS sometimes been a mooted question as to where the Henry family, to which we belong, originated. Some have said in Scotland, some in Ireland. The accepted belief is that they came from Campbellton, Argyleshire, on the southwestern coast of Scotland. Those who contend for the Irish nativity claim that they left Ireland for Scotland because of the long and bitter persecutions endured by the people of Ireland. There are many Henrys in Ireland, among them Lord Mount Cashel, but there are also many in Scotland. When Daniel Henry, as will be hereafter related, went to Ireland in search of his uncle's fortunes and instituted legal proceedings in the city of Dublin, he was compelled to procure an order for the transcript of the family records from Campbellton, Scotland, especially for the trial. If any descendant of the family has any doubt of its origin, he may remove it by a visit to Campbellton, or Aberdeen, where the records may be examined.

Robert Henry<sup>1</sup>, the first member of the family of whom we have any definite knowledge, was a native of Campbellton, and a covenanter of the faith of John Knox. He had three sons, Samuel, Robert, and William. Samuel and William lived bachelor lives, and removed from Scotland to Dublin, Ireland, where they became wealthy merchants with immense shipping interests. One of them was lost at sea while prosecuting the commercial interests of his house, and the other died intestate shortly afterwards. According to the laws of Ireland, the oldest surviving son was entitled to the estate. The only remaining

brother of these two men had in the meantime emigrated to the United States, where he had lived and died. His eldest surviving son, Daniel Henry, was the legitimate heir to the fortunes of his Irish uncles. After obtaining the necessary testimony to establish that fact, Daniel Henry started for Ireland, and there, or in Campbellton, Scotland, found the parish register in which there was a full history of the family running back for many hundred years. He possessed little money and no practical experience, and, finding the vast estates of his uncles in the possession of some collateral heirs, he was induced to accept a compromise of one hundred guineas in full settlement of his just claims. His attorney assured him that his claim was undoubtedly good, but frightened him with the law's delays and the immense cost of the suit for recovery, which, being a non-resident, he would have to pay in advance. The collateral heirs, being in possession, would fight him with his own means, and, thus strengthened, would worry him through his life, passed in poverty far away from family and friends, with no one to help or sustain him.

He was too timid a man to withstand this argument, and he abandoned the contest; if he had been bolder he could no doubt have brought the matter to a successful issue. The estate may even now be traced in the possession of the collateral heirs in Ireland.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE REV. ROBERT HENRY.

THE REV. ROBERT HENRY<sup>1</sup>, second son of Robert Henry<sup>1</sup>, of Scotland, the head of the Henry family in this country to which we belong, emigrated to America about the year 1740. He was a graduate of the High School of Edinburgh, and in 1751 took the degree of "M.A." at Princeton College, New Jersey. An old list of Princeton graduates published more than 100 years before was on exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. In it Robert Henry's name appears in italics, indicating his choice of the ministry. He was a licentiate of the Synod of New York, and was ordained by the Presbytery of that State in 1753, after which he was sent by that body as a missionary to Virginia. On the 4th of June, 1755, he was installed by the Rev. John Todd as pastor of Cub Creek Church in Charlotte County (a church founded by the Caldwell and Cunningham families), and of Briery Church, in Prince Edward County, both then forming part of Lunenburg County, Virginia. In this missionary enterprise he was associated with such men as the great Samuel Daveis, John Todd, Alexander Craighead, and others of their stamp. He is repeatedly mentioned by Dr. W. H. Foote in his published sketches of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia, who says that Robert Henry had much to do in moulding public opinion in the old Dominion.

Dr. John F. Henry, his grandson, says of him: "My grandfather, the Rev. Robert Henry, was a rebel, obliged to leave Scotland for maintaining the cause of Prince Edward, the Pretender. He fled after the battle of Culloden, where his cause met with defeat. He was a native of Campbellton, Argyleshire, on the southwestern coast of Scotland. I never heard of any coat-of-arms that he possessed, but his might well have been a Bible, he being a Presbyterian minister and devoting his life to expounding the truth. The only arms we ever had were given to us by nature, and with them we were taught to handle the spade, the axe, and

the hoe. Could I choose, I would select for my grandfather no other than the pastor of the humble Cub Creek Church, rather even than 'Old Patrick,' with all his revolutionary and oratorical laurels twined around his brow."

Shortly after the Rev. Robert Henry settled in Charlotte County he married the widow of John Caldwell, a lady whose maiden name was Jean Johnson. She was born upon the Atlantic Ocean while her parents were on their way from Ireland to America.

Mr. Henry received a call to North Carolina in 1767, but in the providence of God he was permitted to remain where his heart evidently longed for its home, almost on the border of North Carolina. On the 8th of May, 1767, he passed to his everlasting rest, and his bones were laid away among the people of his ministry. Mr. Henry was a man of vigorous mind, somewhat eccentric and rough in manner, possessed of great piety, of strong and very excitable temper. He was highly acceptable to the people, and gathered a very large congregation of whites and blacks at Cub Creek Church and at Briery. He devoted much attention to the religious instruction of the negroes, and his labors in their behalf were blessed to such an extent that their fruits are still to be recognized. He possessed great humor, and this quality frequently displayed itself in his sermons. From him undoubtedly the keen sense of humor which characterizes some members of our family in a very striking manner was derived.

His Hebrew Bible is now in the library of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., having been presented by his widow to the Rev. Archibald Alexander, his successor at Cub Creek Church, and subsequently given by him to the library. The Cub Creek Church has an honored history, and, unlike the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, it still lives. It has had a line of distinguished ministers. Dr. Archibald Alexander was the immediate successor of the Rev. Robert Henry, and his letters refer to our ancestor as a pious and a good man. It is remarkable that the first Alexander commenced his preaching in the field planted by the Rev. Robert Henry. His son, the Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D., first put on the gospel armor in the same country church, and his son, the Rev. Henry Alexander, as late as 1860, was preaching to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of our

grand old ancestor's flock. The Rev. Henry C. Alexander died July, 1894, in New York, and by a strange coincidence the Rev. Hugh Henry was, in 1894, pastor at Briery Church, though it is known that he is not of the Rev. Robert Henry's family.

Writing about 1854 to Dr. John F. Henry, Col. Francis T. Gaines, of the Cub Creek Church, said the congregation still treasured anecdotes and reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Henry, then deceased about a century. Persons of advanced age, he said, took pleasure in recounting many of these anecdotes.

Mrs. William Johnson, a connection by marriage of the Rev. Robert Henry, said: "He usually stayed with Mr. James Morton, an elder in the Cub Creek Church, the night before preaching at Briery. It was his habit in turning into the forest through which the road lay to cast his bridle upon his horse's neck and engage in prayer aloud. On one occasion he was so much absorbed in his devotions that the horse reached the door of Mr. Morton's house before he had completed his usual exercises. His surprise may well be imagined when the cordial salutation of the family broke in upon his absorbed mind."

There was standing as late as 1864, possibly later, a large stooping oak, close to the rear of Cub Creek Church, or at its original site, which is said to have received its inclination from having been, when a small sapling, the tying place for Mr. Henry's horse while he preached within.

He continued pastor of Cub Creek Church until his death, which occurred May 8, 1767. Mr. Gaines says he was buried at Cub Creek Church. His grave is clustered with those of the Brent family, and was at one time enclosed with theirs, but it seems at present that no stone marks the spot. His wife's grave is marked thus: "J. H., died 25th June, 1793, aged 67 years." It is unquestionable that Mrs. Henry survived her husband nearly thirty years and was buried immediately by his side, to the south. This fact satisfactorily indicates the spot where Mr. Henry was buried. It is said that the last time he preached at Cub Creek Church he dismissed the congregation, and, taking some friends with him, he marked out in their presence the spot he had selected for his last resting-place in front of the church door, as it then stood. That day two weeks, his regular preaching day, he was buried on the spot selected by himself.

Though a fine extempore speaker, the Rev. Robert Henry always wrote out his sermons with great care, and spoke from ample notes. Upon one occasion a Methodist preacher in Mr. Henry's neighborhood rallied him for always in his sermons speaking from notes, intimating by his manner that there was a want of originality and invention in this method. In justification of himself Mr. Henry urged, in his broad Scotch dialect, that notes were useful to recall the mind from wandering, and so were a great help to the speaker. It happened, a short time after, that the Methodist brother was present and that Mr. Henry invited him to occupy his pulpit for the day. This offer was accepted, and the Methodist proceeded very glibly for some time, and then hesitated, went on, stopped, and, finally coming to a dead pause, took his seat covered with confusion and mortification. Mr. Henry at once took his place, and concluded the services so abruptly broken off. Upon the first opportunity he asked his Methodist friend why he faltered and stopped in his sermon. "Oh," said he, "the devil blew my candle out." Mr. Henry instantly retorted: "If you had had your notes, you might have defied the devil and all his imps."

At the time of his death Mr. Henry had several trunks filled with manuscript sermons, arranged for the press. From their sale he hoped to make his family comfortable. They were placed in the hands of a minister, a supposed friend, to be published, and that was the last his widow ever knew of them. The man proved treacherous, and they were published, it is believed, as his own, or under a feigned name. He always managed to silence inquiry till his death destroyed every clue. Gen. William Henry, the Rev. Robert Henry's son, told his children that among his father's friends it was the belief that these sermons were the same afterwards known and published as the "Village Sermons." In consequence of this treachery his family had to struggle through many privations. The War of the Revolution soon came on, after which most of the children emigrated to Kentucky, and thus they finally lost sight of and interest in the only material legacy left to them by the head of the house in America.



## CHAPTER III.

BEGINNINGS OF THE HENRY FAMILY  
IN KENTUCKY.

THE CHILDREN of the Rev. Robert Henry and Jean, his wife, were seven, viz., first, Samuel; second, Daniel; third, Jane (or Jean); fourth, William; fifth, Robert; sixth, Sally; and seventh, John Todd. All of these emigrated to Kentucky.

Samuel, the first son and child of the Rev. Robert Henry, was educated for the bar and was an eloquent declaimer. He died unmarried in 1785.

The second son of the Rev. Robert Henry, Daniel, commonly known as "Long Dan," was a farmer in Charlotte County, Virginia. He was a whig of the American Revolution, and fought valiantly for his principles in its many hard battles. As before recorded, he visited, in 1795 or 1800, the birthplace of his father in Scotland in search of a fortune which he never found. On his return he settled in Kentucky, where he was remarkable for his unpretentious honesty. His income was small, but he always contrived to live within it, and was never known to go into debt. His mode of life was primeval in its simplicity. His razor cost twenty-five cents, and he shaved with it for nearly half a century, but only on Saturday nights; his brush and soap were of domestic manufacture, the former made of hog bristles bunched together, and the latter contained always in the bowl of a gourd; his clothing was "homespun" jeans, and the material worn by the women of the family, indeed by all the women of the neighborhood, was "linsey woolsey."

In his fiftieth year Daniel Henry married Mrs. Carey, formerly Nancy Smith, the widowed daughter of Capt. "Wildcat" Tom Smith, of Green County, Kentucky, and afterward removed to and died in Christian County in 1853. His widow was living as late as 1860, and was remarried to Edmund Bacon, of Trigg County, Kentucky.

Daniel and Nancy had several children, all of whom died young except two, Emma and Thomas S. The first, Emma, married Captain Thomas Haynes, and they had one child, called Emma for her mother. The mother died shortly after the birth of this child, and the child grew up, and in 1853 married James Campbell, son of the Hon. John P. Campbell, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

Thomas S. Henry, second child of Daniel and Nancy Henry, married Miss Roach, daughter of ——— Roach, of Christian County. They had one child, a daughter, and shortly after her birth the father died.

The third child of the Rev. Robert Henry, Jean (or Jane), married late in life James Horton, and died soon after, leaving no children. No information has been obtained of James Horton, though he is believed to have settled in Tennessee.

Robert Henry, the fifth child of the Rev. Robert Henry, never married. He was a man of great energy and enterprise, and became engaged in commerce on the Mississippi River long before the invention of steamboats. He was in the habit of taking fleets of flat-boats laden with flour and other merchandise to New Orleans, and in one of these dangerous expeditions he lost his life, not far above that city, in 1806. Through the dishonesty of the agents to whom it was entrusted, the cargo was fraudulently disposed of, and the proceeds were never recovered by his estate. The flour which formed this cargo was manufactured at the mills of Gen. Wm. Henry, his brother, on the Great Elkhorn, in Kentucky. Robert Henry was in the highest degree a moral man, and was a professor of the religion of his father and grandfather—the Old-School Presbyterian faith.

Sarah Henry, the sixth child of the Rev. Robert Henry, married at the house of her brother, Gen. Wm. Henry, in Scott County, Ky., Abram Irvine, of Mercer County, Ky., who lived in the old Caldwell settlement. They had one child, Jane Henry Irvine, whose mother died shortly after her birth, about 1804, in her brother William's house where she had been married. In 1822 Mr. Abram Irvine told his wife's nephew, Gen. Patrick Henry, a singular fact in reference to Sarah Henry and himself. He said:

"The day after we reached home after the wedding, we were

walking in the garden, and each of us, cutting a willow slip, planted them, one on one side, and the other on the other side, of the garden gate. Mine was called 'Sarah' and hers 'Abram.' These twigs grew vigorously and flourished, but the year in which my wife died the tree called 'Sarah' for her began to fade, and finally died. The other was in 1822 a thrifty tree, much larger than a man's body." General Patrick Henry says, however, that "Abram Irvine watched this tree intently for symptoms of decay, and I have been informed that the year he died the willow tree died also."

After the death of his wife, Sarah Henry, Mr. Irvine married a Miss Margaret McAfee, daughter of George McAfee, of Mercer County, Kentucky, and they had several children, one of whom, Mary P. Irvine, married Abram D. Irvine (a relative), and their daughter, Elizabeth Irvine, married Rev. L. H. Blanton, D.D., Chancellor of Central University at Richmond, Kentucky. Another child is the Rev. William Irvine, pastor of the Anchorage Presbyterian church. Mr. Irvine was one of the best of men. His daughter, Jane Henry Irvine, married Capt. Lee M. Speake, of Maryland, and had eight or ten children. Their eldest child, Sarah Henry Speake, was born in 1830 and named for her grandmother. She married the Rev. John Lapsley McKee, afterwards a popular Presbyterian minister (Northern Church) of Louisville, and later still a professor in the Theological School at Danville, Ky. Their son is the Rev. Lapsley McKee, of Richmond, Kentucky. Capt. Speake and his large family moved to and settled in Texas.

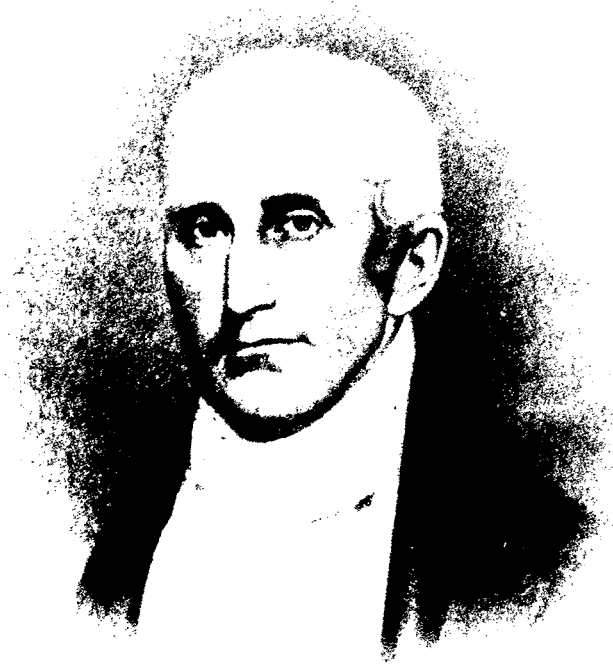
John Todd Henry, the seventh child of the Rev. Robert Henry, was educated for the ministry at Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, by the benevolence and liberality of a distant relative, it is supposed Judge James Henry. He was a splendid scholar and possessed of fine classical attainments, but his overpowering modesty and diffidence prevented him from discharging the duties of his holy office, and he determined to establish a classical school of high grade. This plan was successfully carried out, and the school became very popular. In it his nephews, Robert Pryor Henry and Dr. John Flournoy Henry, as well as others who became distinguished in after life, were educated. He married Sally Keene, daughter of Samuel Keene, of Scott County, Ky., a son of old Hopewell Keene, an eccentric man fond of his violin

and of playing for his friends and for the children of the neighborhood to dance in their youthful glee. A story is told that on one occasion he loaded his wagon with fine watermelons and started with them to town to offer them for sale. While ascending a steep hill the gate of the wagon gave way, and out poured the melons, rolling down the hill in seeming delight. Old Hopewell looked at them awhile, first in amazement, then in disgust, and exclaimed as if they had ears to hear: "Roll to the bottom; I'd curse you, but I feel I can not do you justice."

The children of John Todd Henry and Sally Keene were: first, Samuel Keene; second, John Todd; third, Amanda; fourth, Edward; and fifth, Julia; and perhaps others, Sarah, Robert and Susan. After the death of their father, John Todd Henry, in Scott County in 1820, the widow and children, with their families, all removed to Boone County, Missouri, where they yet remain, highly esteemed and in comfortable circumstances.

Samuel Henry married in Missouri, Amanda married a relative named Keene, and John married Miss Stearns in Pendleton County, Ky. The widow of John Todd Henry, "Aunt Sally," died in Missouri late in 1859, aged seventy-eight or eighty years. John Todd Henry was a truly pious man, exceedingly modest and retiring. He differed from his brother, General William Henry, in that he never related an anecdote or told a joke which moved one to laughter, and yet he was the kindest and gentlest of men. The following incident is told (a veritable fact) which is characteristic of his timid nature. He became engaged to Miss Sally Shipp, sister of Laban Shipp, of Bourbon County, Kentucky, and failed to seal the contract with a kiss. She took this omission in such high dudgeon that the next time he called she summarily rejected him, telling him that he was "too modest a man to know how to love a sensible woman," as if a modest exterior might not cover a truer heart than one displaying more impudence was likely to possess.

Thus ends what is known to the writer of the Rev. Robert Henry and Jean, his wife, and their descendants, with the exception of General William Henry, to whose record and that of his family I now recur.



GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY



## CHAPTER IV.

## GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY.

THE FOURTH child of the Rev. Robert Henry, William, was born April 12, 1761, in Charlotte County, Virginia, only six years before his father's death. His father's death left the family in straitened circumstances, and, in consequence, he had not the opportunity to acquire a classical education; but, possessing a naturally strong and comprehensive mind, he was able by his own application and perseverance to secure a good English education and a competent knowledge of mathematics and of practical surveying, in which he became proficient. At seventeen years of age he embarked in the war for American Independence as a volunteer in the ranks, serving to the end as a private soldier. He fought under the partisan banner of that famous cavalry officer, Colonel Harry Lee, of Virginia, and afterwards was with General Greene at the battle of Guilford, March 15, 1781, where he fought bravely in a determined effort to wipe out of memory the disgraceful scenes of Camden. He partook of the glory which was conferred on our arms by that well-conducted but indecisive action, in which General Greene, though he did not gain a victory, arrested the career of Cornwallis and actually compelled a retrograde movement of the enemy toward Wilmington, N. C., leaving many sick and wounded behind, while General Greene hung upon the rear and cut off the supplies. This active campaign on the part of Greene, in which William Henry participated, has justly been considered the turning point of the war, as it led to those combinations which resulted in the siege of Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis and his whole army.

In the autumn of 1781, at the age of twenty, William Henry came to Kentucky from Virginia with his elder brother, Samuel. I have seen a memorandum of their traveling expenses, some items of which compare with the standard of Confederate times, a single meal costing two pounds, ten shillings, six pence. He

settled at first on Salt River, in Lincoln County, and made his home for some time at the house of George Caldwell, a family connection of his mother's first husband. There he occupied himself in surveying and locating lands, acquiring titles, etc. He subsequently moved to the banks of the Great Elkhorn, in Scott County, near the station known as "Flournoy's," and here he renewed his acquaintance with the lady who was soon to become his wife. He had known Elizabeth Julia Flournoy as a young girl in Prince Edward County, Virginia, a county adjacent to his own native county of Charlotte. The acquaintance ripened into love, and on the twelfth day of October, 1786, they were married in the house built by her father, Matthews Flournoy, near where the old North Elkhorn Church stood, on land now owned by E. N. Offutt, sr. It was known as the old Flournoy Fort. Matthews Flournoy brought the window glass for the house on horseback from Virginia, and this was the first house with glass windows in this region of Kentucky. It was originally enclosed in a stockade, and is now standing, 102 years old. After their marriage William Henry and Elizabeth Julia Flournoy settled on a tract of land about ten miles from Lexington, Kentucky, and four and a half miles from Georgetown, situated on the North Elkhorn, on which stream William Henry erected mills known as Henry's Mills for many years thereafter, and the road from Lexington to them is to this day called Henry's Mills Road. "On this tract of land," says the writer's father, Dr. John F. Henry, "I was born, seventeenth of January, 1793, in a log house which was pulled down not many years after my birth. This was situated on a hill overlooking the Mill Pond. January 10, 1895, Walter Shropshire, of Oxford, Scott County, writes to me, 'your Grandfather Henry's farm near Newton is now owned by Joseph Hall, of Paris, Kentucky, and a man named George Pugh has a lease upon it for many years. The Presbyterian burying-ground is still there, but is little used.'

"About the year 1800 my father removed from the Mill place, which was considered unhealthy because of its vicinity to the Mill Pond, to a place about one mile north called Cherry Spring, from its association with the name of Moses Cherry, of whom it, with two very fine springs upon it, was bought. One of these springs burst from the base of a beautiful cove and supplied the



house and cabins bountifully with the purest and most sparkling water, almost as cold as ice. The other bubbled up in rather a flat piece of land not far from a hill, and supplied the wants of the large congregations which worshiped at the Cherry Spring Presbyterian Church. This in my day was a large double-hewed log house in which I do not remember to have ever seen a stove even in the coldest weather. It was situated on a beautiful hill-top, about three hundred yards from the spring, on the opposite side of the road which leads from Paris to Georgetown. An acre of ground was given by my father to the church, and to this I (as his executor) made a deed some twenty-five years after his death. In this churchyard were buried my mother, my sisters, Patsy Caroline, Lucretia, and Eliza, and my aunt, Mrs. Sally Irvine, the mother of Mrs. Speake and grandmother of Mrs. McKee, of Danville, Kentucky."

In reply to inquiries made by Dr. Henry, the Rev. F. G. Strahan, of Georgetown, who married a Miss Duke, and who had charge of the Cherry Spring Church, wrote, July 17, 1872: "I have examined the condition of the graves referred to in your letter. You remember, perhaps, that stone slabs with suitable inscriptions were placed over these graves. These slabs are somewhat damaged by time and the effects of weather. The slab over Mrs. General Henry's grave is perfect, with the exception of a small corner broken off at the foot. The slab over your sister Patsy Caroline's grave is broken in two pieces nearly across the center; otherwise it is perfect. The small slab over your infant sister's is perfect, except that the inscriptions, if indeed there were any, are almost obliterated. Great changes have been made since your day at Cherry Spring. An additional acre has been added to that your father gave and a solid stone wall placed around the whole. The old log meeting-house has been removed and a neat brick church erected in its place. Indeed, I suppose you would hardly know the place now or recognize the country immediately around it. The house in which your father lived has been removed and a fine dwelling erected upon the site." Again on November 22, 1872, the Rev. Mr. Strahan wrote in response to instructions as to improving the surroundings, protecting the graves, and replacing the stones: "On receipt of the money you sent, the work at the graves of your relatives at Cherry Spring was executed

according to the plan suggested. It is very substantial, greatly more so than when first done. The masonry is hammered stone, laid in cement; the old slabs are laid on in cement, and the broken slab looks almost as well as before it was fractured. The work not consuming the funds you sent, the Elders appropriated the surplus, as you instructed, for the benefit of the church, and they are thankful to you for it." On June 17, 1877, the writer visited Cherry Spring Churchyard, Scott County, Kentucky, and found the graves much as stated by the Rev. Mr. Strahan. There is no certain mark, however, upon that of Mrs. Sally Irvine, the sister of General William Henry, though by the side of the others there is a grave marked by two small, rough, irregular stones without any lettering upon them.

The most prominent slab bears this inscription:

Sacred to the memory  
of  
ELIZABETH JULIA HENRY,  
consort of  
General Wm. Henry,  
who departed this life on the  
21st day of November, A.D. 1815,  
in the  
46th year of her age.

On a slab just north of this there is a small grave with the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory  
of  
PATSY CAROLINE HENRY,  
daughter of  
William and Elizabeth J. Henry,  
who departed this life on the  
14th day of October, A.D. 1814,  
in the  
16th year of her age.

On a smaller slab next to Patsy Caroline's grave the inscription is almost obliterated, and is as follows:

Sacred to the memory  
of  
ELIZABETH JULIA HENRY,

.....  
.....  
Lucretia Henry,  
.....  
.....

The settlement about Cherry Spring Church is now called New Town. It is about one fourth of a mile east of the point where the "Henry's Mills Road," or Lexington and Versailles turnpike, comes into or crosses the turnpike from Georgetown to Paris. On the south side of the road the church is situated, and the village of New Town is just east of the church. New Town also contains a Campbellite Church about the same size of the Cherry Spring Church building. Dr. A. S. Smith is an elder in the Cherry Spring Church. He lives about one third of a mile from the old Mill site, now called Roger's or Thompson's Mill, on a hill on the east of Henry's Mills turnpike, just where the Elkhorn comes close up to the road on the west. His post-office is Georgetown or New Town.

In McAfee's history of the War of 1812, it is said of General William Henry that "he had not forgotten how to fight," alluding to his services in the Revolution and to the part he played in the fierce struggles for supremacy between the white men and the Indians in the then frontier region of Kentucky, a region known as the "dark and bloody ground." He encountered vast numbers of warlike Indians, and time and again imperilled his life in the constant endeavor that was being made to beat the savages back across the Ohio River. The providential interpositions in favor of General Henry seem very marked in some incidents related of him. When the Indians gathered together in great force at a place now known as Blue Licks, Colonels Todd and Trigg raised a force to go out and fight them. At the rendezvous at Lexington it was ascertained that Flournoy's Station, to which General William Henry belonged, was too greatly weakened by the ardor of its volunteers. None being willing to return, a draft was resorted to, resulting in the sending back of William

Henry and old Billy Stafford to take care of the women and children at the station. Both of these patriots had been confined at the station until they longed for active warfare, and so much did they object to being immured there again, while their friends marched to Blue Licks, that they offered all they had to their seemingly more fortunate comrades to change positions with them. In vain! the honor in store in a campaign against the Indians was too dazzling to be exchanged for worldly possessions. It was but a brief time after their departure before stragglers came in with the dreadful tidings that Todd, Trigg, and nearly all their men were butchered at the fatal battle of the Blue Licks. They had been led into ambush by their wily foes, and such a scene of carnage followed as never before and never since has been known in Kentucky.

Thus it appears that the two who were compelled to return to Flournoy's station were preserved against their wills. It is related of old Billy Stafford, mentioned above, that he afterward became a great land speculator and trader, subjects in which his mind seemed wholly engrossed. Upon one occasion he posted with great haste for a nurse and sent her swiftly to his home. Then on he went upon his journey to sell and purchase lands. When he returned the child was walking. He was a kind-hearted, improvident man, withal, often known to have on three coats at one time and all three worn out at the elbows.

One cold winter's day, when the snow was four or five inches deep, General Henry and his wife were at the station. He left two negro men near his house splitting rails. They were surprised by a large force of Indians, and after a hard struggle one, Dick, was captured, bound and hurried off toward the Ohio River. The other negro made his escape to the station and gave the alarm. It was then late in the evening, and David Flournoy (Mrs. Henry's brother) alone could be spared from the station to accompany General Henry in pursuit. They mounted their horses in haste, and dashed to the spot where Dick was captured. The Indian tracks were plainly to be seen, so on they rushed, hoping to overtake the Redskins. They imagined they could, every now and then, hear a sound floating over the hills like a cry for help. The tracks of the Indians in the snow showed plainly they were running; the pursuers urged their horses to their utmost speed,

and then, as they could catch no further cry, they surmised that Dick had been gagged, and they determined to push on until dark. Then they halted and held a parley. It was apparent that the Indians numbered fifty or more, and, realizing it would be madness to rush into such a band, they resolved to return for help. It was afternoon the next day before the pursuit could be renewed. Just two hundred yards from where General Henry and David Flournoy had turned back the day before they found two Indians had taken to the tops of trees on opposite sides of the trail, and were there awaiting the arrival of the pursuers, with their deadly rifles in hand. These two videttes were quickly dispatched, and the main party pushed on to the river, but the captors had crossed it and carried Dick with them. He was never heard of again. This reduced General Henry's negroes to one man and a half dozen women. Surely "there is a Providence which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." One moment more and these daring young men would have bitten the dust, but Providence interposed and saved them.

General William Henry became almost immediately one of Kentucky's most distinguished citizens. In the year 1802 he served as a member of the Convention which framed the first Constitution of Kentucky, and he was for nearly twenty years a member of the Legislature from Scott County. In those days there was but one Congressional District in Kentucky. General Henry became a candidate for Congress with such competitors as General Thomas Sanford of Campbell County, Col. Robert Johnson of Scott County (the father of the R. M. Johnson who killed Tecumseh, and the grandfather of the late Jilson P. Johnson), and the celebrated Joseph Hamilton Daviess, commonly known as Joe Daviess, of Franklin County, who was afterwards killed at Tippecanoe.

This contest confirmed the rivalry, the hostility, in fact, which so long existed between the Henrys and the Johnsons. The Congressional contest resulted in the election of General Sanford, General Henry being second in the race, Colonel Johnson third, and Joe Daviess last. Though subsequently in the Legislature, General Henry was never again a candidate for Congress. The Johnsons succeeded to Congress in the person of R. M. Johnson, and maintained their political ascendancy. At that day there was

a Henry and a Johnson party in Scott County that existed for many years. The feud was great, and the struggle each year intense, but one of either party was almost invariably elected. The only personal difficulty recorded of General Henry was with Col. James Johnson, brother of Col. Robert M. Johnson, a quarrel that was the outcome of one of these elections. Col. Johnson had done him a gross injustice, and he manfully resented it. The antagonism of former days has been forgotten, however, by these two families, and among the later generations there exists the most sincere friendship and attachment, indeed love and confidence. General Henry's chance for national reputation, as a statesman, was destroyed by his defeat in the Congressional race. Had he been elected to represent his district in Congress, such was his suavity of manner and nobility of bearing, and such were his intellectual attainments, that no position seemed too high for his aspirations. He had friends in public life who would have been proud to have been associated with him. He was the particular friend of Henry Clay. When Mr. Clay came to Kentucky, he bespoke the kind offices of General Henry, who was a leading and very prominent man in Kentucky affairs. So highly did the latter esteem Mr. Clay that he placed his eldest son, Robert P. Henry, in Mr. Clay's office to pursue his law studies, and during his whole life Mr. Clay manifested an exceeding attachment to General Henry. After his death Mr. Clay's friendship was manifested to his sons, Robert P. Henry and Dr. John F. Henry. This feeling was not disturbed by the fact that when the names of John Quincy Adams, William H. Crawford, and Andrew Jackson came before Congress for the Presidency, Robert P. Henry resisted the warm and urgent appeals of Mr. Clay to vote for Adams and voted for Andrew Jackson in preference, although Mr. Jackson was known to be opposed to Mr. Clay. This course, however, Robert P. Henry did not pursue from hostility to Mr. Clay, but to carry out his honest conviction that General Jackson was the preference of his district, a fact conclusively established by his unanimous return at the next election, without opposition, to serve a second term in Congress.

The question is often asked if we, as a family, are related to Patrick Henry, the great orator of Virginia and of the Revolution. There is, perhaps, little doubt that a relationship exists. General

Henry, after talks with Patrick Henry, confirmed it, and said that they were certainly either first or second cousins. They were clearly branches of the same Scotch family, both imbued with the same general characteristics of blood, and equally devoted to liberty and religion, their freedom and their conscientiousness of principle. General William Henry's branch adhered to the Presbyterian faith and Patrick Henry's to the Episcopalian. It is gratifying to know that from the earliest records both branches were Protestant. Both were Whigs of the Revolution of 1776, and in different fields acted well their parts in that great struggle for human right, and both lived long enough to prove that liberty was no mere dream of the enthusiast, but the most real and substantial of all political and domestic good. May their posterity possess equal love and veneration for their country's liberties, and may they transmit these attributes of patriotic character to their posterity without blot or blemish. Dr. John F. Henry says: "Before the removal of my father's family to Kentucky they resided in the immediate neighborhood of Patrick Henry, the orator of the Revolution, whom he knew and greatly admired. I have repeatedly heard him say that he had talked with Mr. Henry about the families, and they had found that there was a relationship, but they had not traced it to a definite source. As both families were from the same locality in Scotland, they concluded that they had a common ancestor far back in the distant twilight of the past. Doubtless we are independent branches of a common root, but what matters it? Old Patrick could not impart his genius to his own sons and daughters; then why should we desire to boast of being kin?"

"I am proud to trace my lineage to the humble pastor of the Cub Creek Church of Charlotte. Were we to rely on the Winston name, so common in our family, we could only cousin with the wife of the 'Forest Born Demosthenes,' as Byron called him, and of her I never heard anything remarkable. The perpetuation of the same names in different families, like similar words in cognate languages, shows identity of origin, though the links of the lineage may have been long forgotten.

"At the Baltimore convention which nominated Bell and Everett for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency in 1860, my brother, Gustavus A. Henry, a delegate, was said by some ardent

admirer to be a grandson of Patrick Henry, and, notwithstanding he assured the gentleman that the claim was unfounded, it was so reported by the papers. For political purposes he might be a grandson, for in eloquence he is the equal of Patrick Henry if not his superior."

At an advanced age, when most men were seeking in domestic comfort the easy enjoyments of declining life, General Henry went forth as Major General of the First Division of Kentucky Militia under Gov. Shelby to fight the battles of his country. He had the confidence and sincere friendship of Gov. Shelby and of General William Henry Harrison. Five of his sons were in the same war, and proved that for devotion to country, for gallantry and proud bearing, and true patriotism, they were indeed worthy sons of a noble father, whose bright name was ever a passport for them to honor and renown.

On the declaration of war in 1812 General Henry, being General of the Militia, was consulted, but for some reason not now known did not take his place in the field until the summer of 1813, when Governor Shelby, determining to march at the head of three or four thousand mounted volunteers to aid General Harrison in the invasion of Canada, tendered General Henry the second place in command, with the rank of Major General, commanding the first division of the army. The third place was offered to General Joe Desha, then a member of Congress, and afterward Governor of Kentucky.

General Henry had been a candidate for the legislature at a recent election and had sustained a defeat, attributable to the overwhelming efforts of the Johnsons, and this appointment was under the circumstances peculiarly gratifying and soothing to his wounded pride. He selected as members of his staff his eldest son, Robert Pryor Henry, afterward member of Congress from the Christian County District; Matthews Flournoy, father of Mrs. Robert J. Ward, of Louisville; and Thomas C. Flournoy, afterward of Arkansas, who was his private secretary.

General Henry served throughout the campaign with great gallantry. Of the five sons who were with him, three also served throughout the war, viz., Robert P., on the staff of his father; Dr. John F., as surgeon; and William, as Lieutenant in the 28th Regiment of U. S. Regulars. General Henry was engaged in the



battle of the Thames, and for his distinguished services he received the commendation of the commanding General (Harrison) and the thanks of Congress.

On his return from Canada he was attacked by army, or Canada, fever, as it was called, and prostrated by a long illness from which he never fully recovered.

These pages might be swelled to volumes in commemorating the noble virtues of General William Henry. No man ever lived who to a greater extent possessed the confidence and trust of his neighbors, whether political friends or foes. The day on which he started on Gov. Shelby's Canadian campaign there must have been five hundred persons present at his country house to bid him an affectionate farewell. Hard as was the struggle to him, he gently and courageously supported the drooping spirits of the wife whom he was leaving full of anxieties. When the command came to move, he turned to the garden about their home with manly graceful strides, and she, leaning upon the arm of her soldier husband, accompanied him, convulsed with struggling emotions of regret and patriotism. The crowd followed them to the little gateway and looked on in sympathetic silence. They walked back and forth along the familiar path under a grape arbor for nearly an hour before her feelings could be brought to approach composure. Then, leading her to the doorway of their home, he took leave and was off and away. The picture of this parting is recorded as a vivid memory by those who witnessed it, among them one of his sons. General Henry's son, Patrick, says: "The events of the War of 1812 are deeply impressed on my memory; how the soldiers suffered for the want of blankets, and how our government was too poor to furnish them. I remember most vividly how my mother robbed her beds to supply the needy soldiers as they marched by on the way to the frontier, destitute of any protection against snow and ice. Yes, well do I remember it, for I shivered with cold many a night in that long winter; but while I mourned the necessity for it, I blessed my noble mother for her lofty patriotism. Still, I trust if our country is ever engaged in another war it will not need private contributions to sustain its cause and protect its soldiers. During the war, when my father was in the army, I was post-boy once a week to bring tidings from him and my brothers, Robert P., Matthews Winston, Wil-

liam, John Flournoy, and Thomas, who, though not all with my father, were all in the tented field, and I will never forget the anxiety depicted on my mother's careworn face as she stood watching my return. Oh! what joy I felt when I was the happy bearer of a letter to her and witnessed her thankful eyes and hands raised to heaven in praise for the mercy granted to her absent ones preserved in health and safety. I remember full well how much opposed she was to my father entering the army; how she urged that he had sons old enough to take his place; that he had surely already rendered his share of service to sustain the institutions of his country, etc. His reply to her was that he was at the head of the military of the State, and that Gov. Shelby had again and again written urgent requests to him, asserting in one of his letters that he himself would not go without my father. Gen. Adair, who was also an aid to Gov. Shelby, united his influence to the Governor's, and my father added, even if he desired to remain in the ease and security of home, there was no good reason why he should do so when his country needed him. I remember well how his eye flashed as he exclaimed, 'My country calls me, and I must go.' He appointed my uncle, Matthews Flournoy, and my brother, Robert P. Henry, his aids, and throughout the campaign endured intense hardships and fatigue with manly courage. His children to the latest generation may well be proud of his high virtue and patriotic character."

Persevering with indomitable energy, General Henry was reaching a condition of competence when an unfortunate security debt swept everything away, including every negro except the family cook. This did not break his resolution, and he was enabled afterward to rear his children in comparative comfort and give them good educations. He told them that he desired and expected to give to each, besides an education, a horse, saddle and bridle, and three thousand dollars in land or negros. This he was enabled to do with this exception, viz., that those who chose a classical education and a profession had to be charged with the expense of obtaining these in the general distribution. General Henry enjoined upon his children not to endorse or go security for others, and thus to put the halter around their necks as he had done about his. He impressed upon them that honesty, industry, and economy were the chief supports of character, and that a good education

was necessary to adorn and beautify it, and a high and honorable bearing to sustain it. Rallying from this disaster through sheer pluck, he was met with another even more distressing. Every winter he was away from home attending the Legislature at Frankfort, and on one cold winter day his large two-story barn, filled to overflowing with timothy and hay in the upper portion and crowded with stock in the stalls below, burned to the ground. There was between the barns a large threshing floor filled to the top with corn. The stables, cribs, and barns were closely locked up. About midnight the dreadful cry of fire was heard. His sons, Thomas, Daniel, and Patrick, were at home and sprang up at the terrible sound. The latter says, "the whole air seemed on fire, it was so light. The negroes thought the day of judgment had come. We quickly donned our clothes and dashed to the scene, in our alarm seeing nothing but the towering flames leaping through the roof, it seemed to the skies. We ran and stumbled over fences, stumps, and everything in the way. Well do I remember the falls and bruises I received, for tokens of them lingered with me for many a long day. When we reached it the most appalling sight I had ever witnessed met my dilated eyes. The horses were wildly dashing about the stable in an agony of alarm, for the doors being locked they could not escape if they would. Cyrus, a negro man, risked his life to release them, but just as he had opened a door a huge mass of hay fell burning in the doorway and blocked the passage. The poor beasts had all but one fallen in terror and pain when the doorway was cleared. This one fell at the door, but rose again and dashed away, knocking down fences and every obstruction till it reached the furthest boundary of the place. Next morning he was found, dreadfully burned, and reluctantly we felt compelled to kill him to relieve his suffering. For weeks the smoke continued from the smouldering carcasses of the burned horses, till finally the blackness of ashes rested on the spot to mark where the fearful scene was enacted, the recollection of which will never leave me."

The strangest part of this incident was the arrival of General Henry the next day. The distance from Frankfort was twenty-one or twenty-two miles. There was no telegraph, nor any other means of rapid communication. Much to the surprise of everyone, he said that the night before he had supped with friends out of

Frankfort, and, returning late, his thoughts, as he crossed the high hill back of Frankfort, naturally turned to the loved ones at home, and raising his eyes in that direction, he saw the brilliant light just where he believed his farm to be. At once he became uneasy, though friends tried to laugh him out of it, and with this burden upon his mind he retired, only to roll and toss in his bed the remainder of the night. The following morning he arose, convinced that some calamity had befallen him, and, as soon as the House of Representatives met, he asked leave of absence, and at once set out for home, reaching there in time to see the ruins of the barn. The blow was a heavy one. His circumstances had always been cramped, his family was large and increasing, and its members the subject of his daily anxiety. Five thousand dollars would not cover the loss, and this was a very large sum in those days. To increase his misfortune, suspicion of incendiarism rested upon two of his own trusted negroes. So satisfied was he eventually of their guilt, that for fear they might fire his dwelling also they were sent to New Orleans without recommendations, and were sold for about \$200 apiece—a great loss to him in service and in value.

At the close of the War of 1812, while her husband was still in a very dangerous condition from army fever, Mrs. Henry, from excessive fatigue and anxiety, sickened, and on the 21st of November, 1813, died. Her son, Dr. John F. Henry, says of her: "A noble and a true Christian woman, a devoted wife and mother, to whose tender and gentle guidance I owe more than I can express."

The next year General Henry's only surviving daughter, Patsy Caroline, died at the age of sixteen, and the household thus being broken up, General Henry sold his fine farm at Cherry Spring, and during his protracted convalescence made his home in Georgetown, living alternately with his sons, Robert P. and Matthews W. During this period he was appointed by President Madison principal assessor for the third district of Kentucky, and spent two or three years in discharging the duties of that office.

About the termination of this arrangement, in 1816, he married Miss Hester L. Clarke, sister of the Hon. Cary L. Clarke, of Georgetown. She was about forty years of age, and in the year

1818, much to the surprise of everyone, presented her husband with a son, James C. Henry, who died, unmarried, August 25, 1847. The "Old Lady," as the elder boys called her, died in Hopkinsville, February, 1852, a few years after the death of her son. It was the request of Mrs. Hester L. Clarke Henry that, instead of being interred in a burying-ground, she should be put under the shadow of the Episcopal Church, of which she was an ardent disciple. Thirty years after, in 1882, this church property being sold for private uses, her body was removed by Mrs. Cornelia V. Henry, and the remains found surprisingly preserved, the bones perfect, the skeleton whole, the hair unimpaired, and the skin on the scalp intact. A black silk bonnet and dress which had been put upon the remains were in perfect condition. The whole was readily lifted by the velvet lining of the coffin and placed in a new one.

General Henry spent the remainder of his life in great retirement on his farm in Christian County, ten miles west of Hopkinsville.

He died on the 23d of November, 1824, from the physical complications brought on by army exposure, aged sixty-three years, seven months, and eleven days. His remains were interred near his late residence in the family burying-ground of his brother Daniel, ten miles west of Hopkinsville and one mile from the Newstead Presbyterian Church.

About 1853 or 1854 General Henry's son, Major Gustavus A. Henry, in connection with his brothers, Robert P. and Patrick, prompted by filial affection, placed suitable walls and slabs around and in the consecrated spot, that it might be preserved from ruin. The remains of his brother Daniel and of his sons, William and Thomas, rest by his side. This hallowed spot is west of the road leading from Hopkinsville, Ky., to Lindsay's Mill, upon a hill about one mile from the road. A plain marble slab marks his resting-place, and a few words of affection are the only eulogy there recorded of this good man. Some of his descendants (in 1897) furnished the means to repair and improve these memorials.

General William Henry was the progenitor of a numerous family of sons, daughters, and grandchildren. His example in all that was honorable, excellent, and pious among men should be followed with credit by his numerous progeny. He was a

model of truth and honesty. His influence in his neighborhood and county and wherever he was known was unbounded. He was upright in all his dealings, the true and steadfast friend of the widow and the orphan. Poverty did not feel itself despised in his presence, but with confidence looked up to this sincere man of benevolence. In all the relations of life he was a model. It was a proud boast of his that no descendant need ever be ashamed to tell his name, for wherever he was known that would furnish the best passport to the confidence and affection of the people. Nor was this a mere idle boast, for he had not an enemy and never injured man or mortal. In everything he was actuated by the highest and most honorable principles. He was as sincere and true as he was genuinely honest and veracious. His form and person were commanding. He was six feet two inches in height, and as straight as an arrow. As an orator, he was born in the "prodigality of nature;" he possessed an easy flow of elocution and that touching pathos in expression which finds its way so readily to the heart. There was a pure and holy atmosphere floating around him which disarmed prejudice and suspicion while it established confidence and a firm belief in the integrity of the man. It is a melancholy fact that so many of General and Mrs. Henry's beloved children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren repose in death's embrace at great distances from their loved farms and burial-places. Some there are in and about Hopkinsville, Ky., some at Louisville, some at Clarksville, Tenn., some in Clinton, some in Brandon, Miss., some in Missouri, some in Illinois, some in Iowa, some in California, and even the islands of the sea hold those in whose veins their life blood once flowed. But God's will is our will.

General William Henry seems to have stamped his strong and energetic character upon his numerous offspring. Their love of civil and religious liberty came from their long line of Protestant ancestors, on both paternal and maternal sides, who came to America that they might enjoy unmolested their precious birthrights.

General William Henry, in the select company of friends, or among those congregated about his happy fireside, was wont to talk for hours of the Revolution, of the Indian wars of Kentucky, and of the "late war," as that of 1812 was called. He had a

jovial and cheerful disposition, and on these occasions would blend the humorous and the grave in his anecdotes in a rich and captivating strain, embodying many romantic incidents connected with these stirring times.

He was economical and industrious, but far more devoted to family distinction and the high and honorable bearing of a gentleman than to the acquisition of wealth. It may be said, without the slightest imputation of vanity, that for good looks, integrity, and honesty, and, above all, for morality and true devotion to country, the Henry family has been unsurpassed through many generations.

Patrick Henry says of his father: "Though he was not a teetotaler, he was strictly a temperance man, and was not addicted to any vice or evil habit. I have a very distinct recollection of his joining the old Presbyterian Church at Cherry Spring, in Scott County, Ky., and of his going 'to duty' the first time, as he called it. He prefaced it by a few remarks of deep feeling, showing what he considered his duty to be to his maker, guide, and protector through the many trying scenes of his life. It was a deeply solemn occasion. My mother had been a member of the same church for many years, and both died in the same faith.

"My father's second wife was an Episcopalian, and in the course of time he often at night read the book of Common Prayer at family service, whether from convenience or preference I do not know, but probably to please the 'old lady,' as we boys called her, really out of respect for her. As a speaker he ranked very high, and was remarkable for his clear and lucid exposition of the subject in hand. He spoke with deep feeling and lofty grandeur of manner, and, when he chose to persuade, few were more successful, and few could resist his eloquence."

Dr. John F. Henry, General Henry's fifth son, wrote of him: "So active and enterprising a man, and one so exemplary in all the relations of life, should at least be known to his descendants, and therefore I desire to perpetuate his memory, at least for a generation or two of those who come after him. His father dying only six years after his birth, and leaving a very small estate, my father early felt life's responsibilities. When I think of the poverty in which he commenced life, his limited education, and the indomitable resolution with which he met and overcame difficulties, rising constantly in the estimation of all good men, until

so wise and brave and patriotic a man as Gov. Isaac Shelby conferred on him the commission of a Major General, and assigned him a command second only to his own, I am led to admire the manly qualities he displayed, and at the same time to acknowledge with shame that none of his sons, distinguished and honorable as some of them are, have done as much correspondingly to elevate themselves or their families as did their noble and estimable father. He was one of the most amiable of men, strictly honest in all his transactions, and just to each one of his children, giving to each the kind of education he desired, and dealing out his favors with an equal hand. I have understood that he was an efficient and eloquent public speaker, and that John Breckinridge, the Attorney General of President Jefferson, had urged him to study law, but the cares and responsibilities of a large family and his unfeigned diffidence prevented his embarking on a new career.

"In height Gen. William Henry was six feet one or two inches, straight as an arrow, and well proportioned. His bearing, erect in the vigor of manhood, became somewhat bent as the infirmities of age pressed upon him. He had blue gray eyes, Roman nose, with an exceedingly amiable cast of countenance. In conversation he was fluent and fond of anecdotes. Honorable and generous, not easily provoked, but brave, he bore no malice. His honesty was above suspicion. With very slender advantages in early youth, he acquired a distinction many, if not most, of his descendants might be proud to attain. He was unostentatious, unpretending, a true Christian, reverencing and worshipping his Maker and Saviour. At peace with all men and respected by everyone, he passed away almost unconsciously, so gentle were the last flickerings of his life. He left a good name, unstained by a single act of dishonor, and this was esteemed by his children a far richer legacy than honor or place, houses or lands could have been without it."

The children of William and Elizabeth Julia Henry were: Elizabeth Julia (died in infancy), Robert Pryor, Matthews Winston, William, John Flournoy, Thomas, Daniel, Benjamin Franklin (who died young), Patsy Caroline (who died before womanhood), Patrick, Gustavus Adolphus, Eliza (who died in infancy), and Lucretia (who died in infancy).



In his second marriage with Hester L. Clarke William Henry had one child, James C. Henry, who died unmarried.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE INTRODUCTION OF HUGUENOT BLOOD.

## THE FLOURNOY FAMILY.

IT SEEMS PROPER at this point to introduce a portion of the history of the Flournoys, Elizabeth Julia Flournoy having become the wife of General William Henry.

John James Flournoy was born in 1686 and died in 1740. He was the father of Matthews Flournoy and the grandfather of General William Henry's wife, Elizabeth Julia Flournoy. Matthews Flournoy came to this country with his two brothers from Geneva, Switzerland. They were Huguenots, expelled from France upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes. This celebrated edict was a decree of Henry IV, published at Nantes in 1598, which secured freedom of religion to the Protestant portion of his subjects. By it the Huguenots were allowed to celebrate and worship wherever Protestant communities existed, to build churches (except in Paris), and to maintain colleges of learning. For a time the Huguenots enjoyed a legal status in France and had numerous churches, but by a decree of Louis XIV, issued 1685, their privileges were revoked, and Protestantism in France ceased to have legal protection. At least two of these three Flournoy brothers became heads of numerous and respected families, viz., that of Matthews Flournoy, established in Caldwell County, Kentucky, and that of Thomas S. Flournoy, established in Virginia. The family name in France was spelled Flournois, and was said to mean "Flower of the North."

Matthews Flournoy's family is perhaps more numerous than that of either of his brothers. He was born June 21, 1732, and was married in 1755, in Virginia, to the widow of Charles Smith, formerly Elizabeth Patsy Pryor, daughter of William Pryor.

Matthews Flournoy's wife, the widow Smith, had by her first marriage two children, a son and a daughter. Lemuel, the son, married Miss Perkins, sister of Hardin Perkins, of Tennessee.

and had a large family, whose history is not known. The daughter -----, married John Dabney, near Franklin, Tenn., and raised a number of children.

Matthews Flournoy's children by his marriage with the widow Smith, *nee* Pryor, were ten, viz., Robert, Samuel, David John, John James, Francis, Thomas, Matthews, Patsy Caroline, Lucy, and Elizabeth Julia, who was born May 9, 1768, and later became the wife of General William Henry.

The first, Robert, married a Miss Mary W. Cobb of Georgia. He had previously removed to that State from Virginia, and by this marriage became the ancestor of a numerous progeny.

The second, Samuel, married Nancy Ann Martin, and their children were twelve, viz., Matthews, James Flournoy, Samuel, Jack Flournoy, Nancy, Rachel, Amelia, Emily, Patsy, Cassandra, Agnes, and Martha.

The third, David J., married Cassandra Conn, daughter of John Conn, and died in 1862. Their children were fourteen, viz., Thomas Conn, Elizabeth Julia, Notley Maddox, Matthews Willis, David John, Sally Conn, Davidella Flournoy, Thompson, Breckenridge, Letitia Grayson, Cassandra, Agnes, Adelaine, and Mary Jane. The history of all these children is not known to the writer, but David John married Elizabeth Cunningham, of Clark County, Ky., and died February, 1862. In 1822 he deeded to the Trustees of the Briery Church, Charlotte County, Va., an additional acre of land adjoining the old meeting hamlet. His widow died October, 1865. Their son, Robert Cunningham Flournoy, married Mollie Davis, of Shelby County, Ky. In 1867 they were located in Christian County, and afterward settled in Louisville, from which city they removed to California in 1882. Their daughter, Letitia, married a Mr. E. W. Stone, in Scott County, and another daughter, Elizabeth Julia, married Edward O. Stephenson, of Chillicothe, O., brother of the Hon. Job S. Stephenson, of Ohio.

The fourth child of Matthews Flournoy, John J., married Agnes Grant, daughter of Col. John Grant, of Campbell County, Kentucky. They died without children. This "Uncle Jack" is the one who left at his death about seventy thousand dollars, one-half to the Flournoys and one-half to the Grant family.

The fifth child of Matthews Flournoy, Francis, born January

18, 1773, married Sallie Goodman, of Fayette County, Ky., September 25, 1800, and raised a large family.

The sixth child of Matthews Flournoy, Matthews, Jr., married Emily Smith, daughter of "Rice Bird" Tom Smith, of Fayette County, and had five children. Matthews, Jr., was a lawyer of prominence, possessed fine oratorical powers, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Kentucky on the Democratic ticket.

The seventh child of Matthews Flournoy, Patsy, married John J. Wells, of Virginia, and had a number of children, some of whom became distinguished men. Mr. Wells died in 1802, and Patsy died about 1805.

The eighth child, Thomas Flournoy, born January 3, 1775, married a Miss Davis, of Florida, at the house of Governor Milledge, of Georgia. She died January 25, 1829. One of their children was Martha, who married Dr. John Carter, of Augusta, Ga., and died in 1871, some fifteen or twenty years after Dr. Carter's death. Mrs. Carter's children were Anna, who married George Robertson, of Augusta. They had one daughter, Jennie, who died in 1869. Flournoy, who became a successful physician in Augusta and died July, 1873; Cary, who belongs to the U. S. Army; John, who died in 1869, and Sophia, a most beautiful girl, who married in December, 1869, Col. S. K. Johnson, Superintendent of the Georgia Railroad.

After the death of his first wife Thomas Flournoy married Catherine Howell, a lady of Philadelphia, Pa. In 1894 she was still living, aged 94, at No. 3244 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The ninth child of Matthews Flournoy, Lucy, died unmarried.

The tenth child of Matthews Flournoy, Elizabeth Julia, as before stated, married Gen. William Henry, of Scott County, October 12, 1786, and died November 21, 1813, aged forty-five years, six months, and twelve days.

Matthews Flournoy, Sr., raised a large family of remarkable men and women, nearly all of whom were far above the ordinary average of intellect, and many of whom were highly distinguished. His was a bold and adventurous spirit. He lived on the creek called "Ward's Fork," in Charlotte County, Va., and was the first to emigrate to the then howling wilderness of Kentucky. He made frequent trips back and forth alone, and was several times

made chief of bands of emigrating citizens to the "new country." Upon one of these perilous trips his camp was attacked by a large band of Indians, and he was killed while fighting gallantly for the women and children under his protection. This was on his thirteenth trip, and the fight took place somewhere near Cumberland Gap, between the Holstein and Clinch rivers. He was with Whitney, a celebrated Indian fighter, and some others. When attacked, they sought the protection of the forest trees, and Whitney called to Matthews Flourney, "Why do you remain behind one tree? change from one to another, or they will kill you." Flourney replied, "I can not move; they have shot me through the knee." Just then Whitney saw a stalwart Indian with his arrow drawn upon Flourney. He raised his rifle, hoping to kill the wild warrior before he had slain his friend, but the Indian was too quick. His arrow pierced the heart of Flourney almost at the same instant that Whitney's rifle ball entered the vitals of the Indian.

Whitney and his companions were driven from the forest, but returned to carry off the body of their companion, and found it so eaten by wolves that they buried it on the spot where he was killed. Within recent years his grave was pointed out to a gentleman in Virginia. It is from the family of Matthews Flourney's wife, the Pryors, that the Henrys get the Matthews name. She was one of six or seven daughters and several sons. One of the daughters married Womack, of Kentucky; another, Hill, of Tennessee; another, Perkins, of Tennessee; and still another, Malcolm McNeill, of Tennessee, afterward of Mississippi, who died in Trigg County, Ky., about 1865. He was a gentleman of great worth and wealth, and of estimable character. The sons married in Virginia, and from one of them sprang Roger A. Pryor, famous as a duelist and lawyer.

A member of the Pryor family, in 1860, told the writer's father that the Pryors were the descendants of a Judge Pryor, who came to Virginia in the reign of King George I or II, and said he, "Whether this family can trace its lineage to Matthews Pryor, the poet and ambassador of Queen Anne's reign, I know not; but if they could, as is highly probable, I have some doubts if the relationship would be creditable to them. There is this trait running through the Pryor race—every one of them was fond of

horses and more or less addicted to the sports of the turf."

In the darkest days of the Revolutionary War, when Benedict Arnold was overrunning Virginia and exciting the slaves to insurrection, with its horrid atrocities, Matthews Flournoy's wife learned that her slaves were about to rebel. They had appointed a time when all the white males were from home. Nothing daunted, she armed herself with a loaded musket, and, marching right up to their gathering, told them that she knew their design and would shoot down the first one daring to disobey her. She then ordered the ringleader to the cellar, which was the only place she could use as a temporary prison. He, knowing her resolution and fearing that he might be the first victim, sullenly but promptly obeyed. She then ordered one and then another to follow, until the rebels were deprived of their leaders, after which she dismissed the disheartened crowd to their cabins. She then kept guard over her prisoners until relief came upon the return of her husband and sons. Dr. John F. Henry, her grandson, said of her: "She was a true heroine. I barely remember her, but my mother often told me of her. She was gentle and kind in peace as she was brave in war, and a true Christian, and she died triumphing in the victory of faith over death."

Dr. John F. Henry wrote: "When I was a student of medicine I remember to have seen at my father's house Dr. David Flournoy, of Virginia. He had traveled extensively in Europe, which in that day was deemed a great distinction, and I recollect his saying that he paid a visit while in Geneva to a Monsieur Flournois, who had been made a Prefect by the first Napoleon, and was, of course, a man of some note. He was descended from one of the Flournoy brothers who remained in Geneva when the other three fled to America. Dr. David Flournoy was an agreeable and highly accomplished gentleman. He sang well and related anecdotes with great gusto. I presume that Thomas S. Flournoy, of Virginia, a Representative in Congress and a 'Know-nothing' candidate for Governor against Henry A. Wise in 1860, is his son."

In 1865 Dr. Henry, in writing to Mrs. Martha Carter, widow of Dr. Carter, of Augusta, Ga., and daughter of Thomas Flournoy (eighth child of Matthews Flournoy), says: "I remember your father well, as I saw him when he visited Kentucky in the autumn

of 1811, nearly fifty-five years ago. I was then about eighteen years of age, and had just commenced the study of medicine. He was then in the maturity of his fame, and he left an impression on my mind which has survived to this day. He was of the most perfect manly beauty, but his manners and conversation were so fine that in listening to his musical voice you almost forgot that you were in the presence of an Apollo. He was one of the most courtly men I ever saw, reminding one of the Chevalier Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach. When I heard of his appointment as Brigadier General in the War of 1812 I expected to witness a very brilliant military career, but the army did not suit his tastes and genius, and he soon resigned, returning to the forensic theater, where he had already gained many laurels, and to which he added many more, all of which remained green and fresh during his life, and the memory of which is still cherished by those who witnessed his triumphs.

Robert, the eldest son of Matthews Flournoy, went to Georgia from Virginia immediately after the termination of the Revolutionary War, and was never in Kentucky. All the other children came to Kentucky except Mrs. Wells (Patsy), who died in Virginia. Thomas, your father, the eighth child, was in Kentucky only a year or two when, becoming restive under the discomforts of a wilderness home and the yearnings of a genius prompting him to seek the improvement of his mind, he accepted the invitation of his elder brother, Robert, who tendered him a course of law lectures at Litchfield, Connecticut. Of the five sons of Matthews Flournoy who settled in Kentucky (Samuel, David J., John J., Francis, and Matthews, Jr), the first had a large family of sons and daughters, who have scattered over the West and Southwest. It may be said of Uncle David's children that the sons were generally prosperous and the daughters usually pretty. One of his sons, Thompson, died the first year of the Confederate War, having been made a Brigadier General, but not having entered the field. These children married, some of them well and others not so well. One of the granddaughters, Mrs. Horn, lives near Clinton, Iowa. Dr. Matthews Flournoy died about 1863 or 1864, leaving a son and daughter. The son married a daughter of Judge Gamble, of Missouri, brother of Governor Gamble, of that State. Other branches of the Flournoy family

are in Western Kentucky, Missouri, and Iowa. They all speak of three brothers, from whom this noble race of men sprang.

The whole Flournoy family possessed great energy, great quickness of mind, ambition to acquire fortune and to live well rather than to aspire to office or station, though many of them held posts of trust and honor. They had fiery tempers generally, not always well restrained, and sometimes uncontrolled by reason, but at times they were pacific. They were men whose friendships were greatly more to be desired than their enmity, but the most of them possessed high and noble principles, and were the very souls of honor. Coming from French stock, they excelled in conversational powers and were fine public speakers, but their pride and waywardness often interfered with or prevented their acquiring great control over the sympathies of the people. I think we may call them the steam power of the Henry family. My mother, Elizabeth Julia, the tenth and last child of Matthews Flournoy, I can not speak of without remembering all her noble and unselfish conduct, her love for and devotion to us, a set of rough, rude boys, who without her fostering care might have been cast as wrecks upon the shores of time. She was governed by principle in every act of her life, and stamped her lessons of prudence and virtue on her children's minds. We, the Henrys, are thought to have derived our finely-developed persons from the Pryor stock, but our six-foot propensity came from the Caledonian, from whom also we received whatever of humor we may have. Our wit, if any of it now be found, came from the Flournoys, and, while a full share of our tempers may be from the same source, they doubtless have come to us legitimately from all our ancestors.

We are the blended product of the Scotch Presbyterian and the Irish Civilian, the French Refugee, and the English Cavalier—who could desire a higher origin?

Some contend that Matthews Flournoy's father came from Geneva, Switzerland, instead of from France. Dr. David Flournoy undoubtedly found many of that name here who spelled it Flournois. It is probable that many of the name fled to Geneva upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and never afterward returned to France, for the remembrance of the fatal day of Bartholomew deterred them—a day on which many of their kindred



were inhumanly butchered by decree of a bigoted Prince at the instigation of the Pope and his Jesuits. The preponderance of testimony, however, is that Matthews Flurnoy's father was a Frenchman, and it is reasonable to suppose that from that "gay, sprightly land of mirth" a full portion of the hilarious disposition and the proverbial cheerfulness of the Flurnoys came. Both the English and the French are represented in them—the old Pryor stock furnishing the sturdiness of the English character, and the Flurnoys owing their animation to the vivacity of the French.

That the line of our maternal ancestry may not be lost, our Flurnoy ancestors and collateral relatives are here referred to, though probably not one-tenth of the numerous off-shoots can be named.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE CHILDREN OF GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY.

## ROBERT PRYOR HENRY.

THE CHILDREN of William Henry, fourth child of Rev. Robert Henry and Elizabeth Julia Flournoy, ninth child of Matthews Flournoy, as before recorded, were thirteen, viz., 1st, Elizabeth Julia; 2d, Robert Pryor; 3d, Matthews Winston; 4th, William; 5th, John Flournoy; 6th, Thomas; 7th, Daniel; 8th, Benjamin Franklin; 9th, Patsy Caroline; 10th, Patrick; 11th, Gustavus Adolphus; 12th and 13th, Eliza Lucretia.

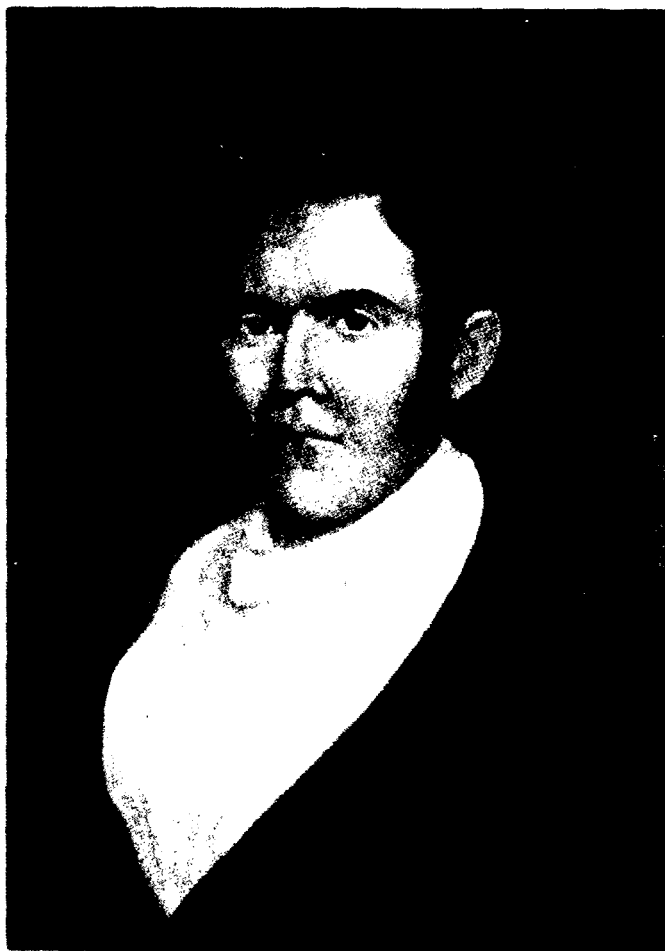
The only child of William Henry and Hester L. Clarke was James C. Henry, born August, 1818, died at Buena Vista Springs, near Russellville, Ky., in 1847, aged twenty-nine. He became a physician of much worth, and was considered a writer of more than ordinary merit. He was never married. In February, 1852, his mother followed him to the grave.

The first child, Elizabeth Julia, was born October 14, 1787, and died January, 1788.

The second child, Robert Pryor<sup>III</sup>, was born November 24, 1788, in Scott County, Kentucky, and died August 25, 1826, aged thirty-eight. March 19, 1812, he married Gabriella Francis Pitts, daughter of Josiah and Lucy Craig Pitts, of Georgetown, Ky. She died January, 1829, shortly after the death of her husband.

Their children were six: William, Albert, Robert P., Jr.<sup>IV</sup>, Gabriel F., Marius, and Catherine.

The first, William, died at about eight years of age. The second, Albert, born 1815, was of a wild, roving disposition, wandering to the region of the lead mines near Galena, Ill., where he married Elizabeth Donner, of Galena, who was in some way related to Mrs. Pitts. She was an excellent woman, but entirely without education and very poor. Albert Henry died near Galena in 1840. Their children were two, Robert Donner, born in 1838, and Albert, born in 1841. These children remained with their



ROBERT PRYOR HENRY



mother until nearly grown. She subsequently married a Mr. ——— Bond, of Greenbush, Ill., and was living in 1860.

The first child, Robert D.<sup>v</sup>, born March 2, 1838, was crippled by an accident in childhood, and had one leg shortened. In 1862 he married Aramantha Smith, who was born September 15, 1845. She died December 28, 1876. They had one child, born July 9, 1873, Josephine S., and not long thereafter they were divorced. Robert D. again married Sallie ———, whose parents were Germans, and took his second bride on a wedding trip to visit his divorced wife in Illinois. Robert D. was in religion a Methodist at the date of his death, which was at the age of thirty-eight. May 5, 1876, at his brother Albert's residence, then in Cass County, Mo. Sallie, his second wife, died in 1874, leaving an infant child with her grandparents in Iowa.

Josephine S., first child of Robert D. Henry<sup>v</sup>, married Joseph H. Burk, October 7, 1884. He was killed in a railroad accident September 21, 1890. They lost one child, Elsie S., born November 20, 1887, died January 11, 1889. Their two living children are Ellis H., born October 12, 1885, and Elmer C., born April 12, 1889. Josephine S. Burk in religion is a Campbellite, and was living, a widow, at Stanberry, Missouri, in 1894.

The second child, Albert, Jr., enlisted in the Federal army about 1862. Whether he remained throughout the war in the Federal service is not known. About 1870 or 1872 he was engaged in farming in the western part of Iowa or Missouri or southern Kansas, and in 1894 was living near Pleasanton, Linn County, Kansas.

In 1860 Dr. John F. Henry wrote: "These boys being the only survivors of my brother, Robert P. Henry<sup>iii</sup>, an elegant and accomplished gentleman, I have greatly desired their improvement and advancement. I have repeatedly offered to educate them both, and at one time succeeded in getting Robert D.<sup>v</sup> to come to my house and attend schools, but he cared nothing for books, and, being naturally of a restless and unsteady disposition, soon abandoned his opportunities. Albert, expressing a desire to study medicine, I offered to send him to school (his education being defective), and then to give him a full medical course. He seemed thankful, and said he would accept my offer, but he went to his Kansas home, and I have heard nothing more of him. (He is a

handsome young man, nearly six feet tall, of good mind, sensitive and diffident, as the Henry race seem to be throughout, but possessing a good deal of independence of character.) I have done for them the little they would permit me to do, and have earnestly endeavored to teach them to emulate the character and virtues of their grandfather, my honored, admired, and beloved eldest brother."

The third child of Robert Pryor Henry<sup>III</sup>, Robert P., Jr.<sup>IV</sup>, was born in 1817, and never married. He was a promising and talented fellow, but languished with disease for years, and finally died with consumption on the Island of Curacao, West Indies, in 1844, aged twenty-seven.

The fourth child of Robert P. Henry<sup>III</sup>, Gabriel F., was born in 1819, and married Harriet Conant, daughter of Dr. Conant, of Raymond, Hinds County, Mississippi. They had one child, Josephine, born in 1846. Poor Josephine, the sprightliest of children, closed her mortal career in 1855. The father, Gabriel F. Henry, died in 1847, aged twenty-eight.

The fifth child, Marius, died at sixteen years of age.

The sixth and last child of Robert P. Henry<sup>III</sup>, Katherine, who was as frail as she was beautiful, lived but eight years.

The descendants of this gifted man, Robert Pryor Henry<sup>III</sup>, are reduced to two, one of them a grandchild, Albert Henry, son of Albert Henry, and the other a great-grandchild, Josephine, daughter of Robert Donner Henry<sup>V</sup>, son of Albert Henry.

Robert P. Henry<sup>III</sup> was one of the aids of his father, General William Henry, with rank of Major in the campaign of 1813 under Shelby, and was afterward member of Congress from the Christian County District of Kentucky for two terms. So popular was he that when he became a candidate the second time he had no opposition. In 1826 he was by far the most popular man in Kentucky, was a finished scholar, and a most eloquent orator. He sometimes boasted to his brothers and to his home circle that he spoke better English than Murray himself. He was unquestionably a most chaste and persuasive speaker, and took rank at once at the head of the bar, crowded when he commenced the practice of law in the Georgetown District of Kentucky with such legal lights and such eloquent men as Henry Clay, Isham Talbot, James B. January, John T. Johnson, William Brown, Matthews

Flournoy, Benj. Johnson, Amos Kendall, etc. As a law student under Mr. Clay, he felt himself equipped for any emergency. He became a candidate for Congress against Richard M. Johnson after the vote of the latter for a law known as the "Compensation Bill," but unfortunately Ben Taylor, of Franklin County, was also upon the field upon the same platform as Mr. Henry. After speaking through the district, the friends of Mr. Henry and of Taylor held a conference, and it was decided that, inasmuch as Taylor was first on the track and was the senior in years, he should run the race. Mr. Henry retired and gave his influence to Mr. Taylor. "I remember," says General Patrick Henry, "to have heard my brother, Robert P.<sup>III</sup>, and his antagonist, Johnson, in a great political discussion at Georgetown when I was thirteen years of age; and the remark that John Wallis, a queer old friend of our family, made before my brother withdrew in favor of Taylor. He told my father that he feared Johnson would be elected, for when Robert P. Henry<sup>III</sup> spoke, the intelligent and cultivated people listened, but when Johnson spoke the fools and the negroes thronged to hear him, and that he had always noticed that to be a bad sign."

Col. Johnson's manner of speaking was very loud and furious, foaming at the mouth like a madman. Showing the arm of his old blue coat, which needed renovating, he said it was worn out "writing at Congress for the widows and orphans of his district." Then he rolled up his sleeve and exposed a ragged shirt, and, opening the shirt and striking his breast, he asked the crowd if they wanted to "kill Dick Johnson?" Answering himself affirmatively, he said: "Yes, down with him, plunge him into the Gulf of Corbecia"—a gulf I have never found on the maps or heard of from that day to this. There never was a more complete demagogue; and yet he had a kind heart, as I can testify, for with all the contests of the Henrys and the Johnsons he assisted my brother, Major William Henry, and through his instrumentality principally he was elected Keeper of the Kentucky Penitentiary. As an orator, there was no comparison between R. M. Johnson and Robert P. Henry<sup>III</sup>.

Dr. Benjamin Wilkins, of Mississippi, wrote in 1855: "Robert P. Henry<sup>III</sup> was superior to John J. Crittenden and second to no man west of the mountains, unless it was Henry Clay. I regret whenever I think of it that he was taken from his kindred and

country, with all the wonderful powers his Creator had given him, before he had reached the zenith of his fame. It would have been great and lasting, and the name of Henry would have again lighted up the American firmament. His name would have rivalled that of Patrick Henry of the Revolution, the greatest name except Washington's upon the scroll of fame. He was an inimitable man in every way. It seems, though thirty years ago, that I can see his charming countenance, his quiet smile, and feel his irresistible humor."

About the year 1817 Robert P. Henry<sup>III</sup> located in Hopkinsville, Ky., and the bar he met in that place was no less distinguished than that he left at Georgetown, having such members as John J. Crittenden, Solomon P. Sharp, Fidelio C. Sharp, John Brethitt, James Brethitt, Benjamin W. Patton, Daniel Mayes, and the like. That region was then new, and such were the attractions it offered to the longing eyes of lawyers that they flocked from all parts of the State to these green pastures.

Robert P. Henry<sup>III</sup> not only sustained himself among the legal giants of those days about him, but held first rank among them, and might have remained the leading barrister of the State but for that *ignis fatuus* popularity which led him again into the arena of politics, and, of course, ruined his practice. He offered himself for Congress, and was elected by a large majority. This was unfortunate for his family, because it resulted in injury to his law business, on which they depended for subsistence. At the expiration of the first term he was re-elected without opposition. During his second term he was stricken down with congestive fever, just as his fame began to ripen and appreciation of his public and private virtues had grown into the hearts of the people.

He was full of anecdote and was quick of repartee. Among other amusing things he told was an anecdote of Mr. Allen, of Tennessee, a member of Congress from the Sumner County District. There was a party of friends in his room one night, including several from Virginia, who were continually boasting of their State and its prowess. Allen, to cut their feathers, asked them if they were in the "late war." "Yes," said they, "we were." Allen asked very gravely, "Well, did you belong to the Mare and Colt Regiment?" "The what?" said the boasters, springing up in



indignation. "Well," said Mr. Allen, "I do not know anything about it myself, but I have been informed that there was a regiment which hastened down to Norfolk when the enemy was momentarily expected to attack the city. It was in the spring, when every available horse was in the plow putting in the crops and could not be spared, so in this emergency the mares had to be pressed into service, and almost every mare had a colt, hence, the name, 'The Mare and Colt Regiment.' " One of the Virginians, more irascible than the rest, swore that the whole story was an infamous lie, and he could whip any man who said it was true. The crowd had to interfere. Allen insisted that he could not vouch for it, but the man who told him seemed to be respectable. "He is a false-hearted liar," said the Virginian, with clenched fists. "Stop, gentlemen," said the company, "this thing has gone far enough. Let it drop, gentlemen, everybody knows it is false." "No, they don't," said the Virginia member, chuck full of pride; "it is a vile slander on the fair name of Virginia, my own native State, and I would be a craven son not to denounce it as such." "But," said Allen, "I wish only to tell it as I heard it, but I do not by any means endorse it or vouch for it. The man who told it to me said the regiment, five hundred strong, got along very well until 12 o'clock, when the five hundred colts began to get hungry. Then the greatest confusion set in; the colts began to nicker and to try to suck their mothers; some would run up one side of the column, some down the other, squealing and nickering as they went. Presently the Adjutant came spurring to the head of the column, the mare he bestrode meanwhile turning and stopping for her colt. Finally, riding up to the Colonel, he exclaimed that it was impossible for the regiment to get along. 'The colts are hungry,' said he, 'and we are dreadfully bothered with them. What are we to do? Our poor countrymen in Norfolk need us. It may be at this very moment the women and children are being butchered by the brutal enemy. What are we to do? What can we do?' 'Oh,' said the Colonel, 'that is a very easy matter to settle,' and, riding to a little eminence outside the line, he gave the command, 'Attention, regiment! Prepare to suckle, suckle colts,' and instantly there was such a popping of mouths as was never heard before." The Virginian all this time had to be held. He was perfectly frantic. "After awhile," Allen said, "the Adjutant again

rode up to the Colonel and said to him in greater distress than before: 'Now, what is to be done, Colonel? We are in a worse fix than before. The colts will suck forever, and there is no way to stop them; our poor countrymen, what will they do, our poor countrymen! They need us at Norfolk.' The Colonel said that was also easily settled. Difficulties seemed to sink into utter insignificance before this doughty soldier. He raised himself in his stirrups and shouted stentoriously: 'Attention, regiment; prepare to unsuckle, unsuckle colts.' In the twinkling of an eye the colts were unsuckled, and the line of march to rescue their countrymen was resumed." By this time the Virginian was fighting mad, and it was a long time before he could be pacified. It required the interposition and kind offices of the whole company to allay his fury. He offered to fight one or all who believed one word of it. Of course all denied that they believed any such tale, and finally Allen said that he was glad to hear it denied and disbelieved; that he himself had pronounced it a gross fabrication when he heard the man tell it, and that he had come very near having a personal difficulty with him for the honor of the grand old State. This appeased the Virginia member somewhat, but he thought it necessary to clinch what he had before said, and again to pledge his honor that there was not a word of truth in the story from beginning to end, and that he could whip the man who believed it. To hear Robert P. Henry<sup>III</sup> tell this story in his peculiar happy vein was captivating and convulsing. Like his father, he delighted in light and amusing anecdotes, and never failed to act them to the life. They were made up, indeed, of life scenes that he painted with a master's hand to the eye and to the heart.

He was very fond of practical jokes, and frequently practiced them upon his brothers. There was an old man in his father's neighborhood in Scott County, Ky., by the name of Craton, who had a large family of girls, the eldest of whom was a stout and hearty woman. They were the kind of great strapping girls that were by no means handsome. Old man Craton never came to General Henry's house but he plagued Robert P. Henry's brother, Tom, a boy then about thirteen years of age, about his eldest daughter, Jinsey. Tom hated him worse almost than Old Nick himself, and after various sharp shots and retorts it always ended in a cry loud and long on Tom's part. At such times he would be fighting mad

and would use old Craton's name unmercifully, his father's authoritative commands to the contrary notwithstanding. Once after a scene of this sort, Robert P.<sup>III</sup> followed Tom out behind the house where he was blubbing away and abusing old Craton dreadfully, saying, "Confound his ugly gals, I would not go to see one of them to save her life, and he's always plaguing me about them. I'll kill him if he don't quit. I'll be dogged if I don't." While he was in the midst of his soliloquy, Robert P.<sup>III</sup> came up and told him in an earnest tone that he did not treat the old man right, and that if he would listen to his advice he could effectually put Craton down so that he would never say Jinsey to him again. Tom brightened up at once, and, rubbing his fist in his eyes and drying his tears, he inquired, "How?" "Why," said Robert P.<sup>III</sup>, "the very next time old Craton asks you when you are coming to see Jinsey, tell him you have been thinking about it, and that you intend to go over soon and marry her. Then at that Pa and I will burst out and laugh old Craton out of countenance, and he will never pester you again." "But," said Tom, "will you laugh and put him down?" "Certainly we will," said Robert P.<sup>III</sup> "Now, dry up your tears and come back in the house, and you'll see how quickly we'll suppress him. We'll help you, come on." Having thus encouraged Tom, Robert P.<sup>III</sup> left him, and, returning informed old Craton and his father of his plan for renewing the attack upon Tom, and, thus prepared, they waited in anxiety for his coming. Presently in came Tom, eyeing old Craton savagely. "Ah," said Craton, "I am glad to see you came back, Tom; I hope you have reconsidered that little family matter and are determined to come over soon and talk it over with Jinsey." "Yes, I have," said Tom, "and I am determined to marry her, too." His father and brother laughed heartily at this as if in genuine delight, and for a moment Tom's eyes brightened like a conqueror's, but old Craton in exuberance of spirit quickly sprang to his feet, and, rushing forward to Tom, seized his hand, and, shaking it with intoxicated delight, exclaimed, "Thomas, I am glad to hear it; I had rather have you for a son-in-law than anybody else in the world, and I should like to see how you would look standing up before the preacher." This was too much for Tom. His allies, in spite of all they could do, burst out laughing. Tom saw he was betrayed, and, with a loud yell of execration on old Craton, made

his escape muttering, "That he had told Bob it would not do, and that he would kill old Craton outright and put a stop to his meanness, confound his old picture." Old Craton's manner was inimitable; every third or fourth breath he would draw it up through his nose, like a snuff-taker. Then his rough, hearty manner, full of fun, his countenance vivid with delight, made a scene when he seized Tom's hand that would have excited the risibility of gravity itself. Who can wonder at Tom's defeat? Just imagine old Craton talking with delight, and every sentence snuffing his nose as if to prolong his enjoyment, while Tom was suffering tortures at every snuffing pause.

Another of Robert P.'s practical jokes on Tom gave great diversion at the time. Tom was half grown, and had probably never spoken half a dozen times to any girl; he knew the penalty too well. His older brothers were such inveterate jokers that he feared even to look at a girl. On one occasion his mother wanted Miss Sally Lindsay to stay with her a short time, and she was in a quandary to find an escort for her. None of the older boys could go, and Tom would not, she knew. At last Robert P. and his mother agreed that Tom should be sent with a sealed letter to Miss Sally, and that she was to be instructed in the letter how to act. She was told to have her horse caught, saddled, and bridled without Tom's knowledge, and hitched close to the blocks so that she could mount in a trice. She was to conceal this from Tom, and, in order to do so, her mother was to detain him by foul means or fair until Miss Sally was ready. Under the pretext of carrying a message to Mrs. Lindsay as well as the letter for Miss Sally, away Tom went on old Dry Bones, a horse that never could be fattened, do as you would. Dry Bones was a very good runner, though not very spirited. Arriving at Mrs. Lindsay's, Tom delivered the message and the letter, which was acted upon as soon as its contents were read. Tom wished to return, and a dozen times he sprang up to leave, but Mrs. Lindsay detained him by asking some question about the family, or about some of the neighbors. He had become very restless when Miss Sally came into the room tying her bonnet strings. Tom sprang from his seat and made for the door, saying he must go. "Stop," said Miss Sally, "I am going with you." "Ha, not with me," said Tom, darting through the doorway with Miss Sally after him.

Tom mounted first and succeeded in shutting the gate before Miss Sally reached it, and thus gained the start of her. Away he went on Dry Bones at the top of his speed. Opening the gate, Miss Sally flew after him. It was a most exciting race. Tom's switch soon gave out, and then his hat was made to take its place. He thought he had distanced her, but, looking back, there she was almost upon him. He applied the hat more vigorously; he leaned forward and patted Dry Bones on the neck, and in his anxiety entreated her to do her best. "Oh, Dry Bones," said he, "let yourself out. Help me now, and I will never forget you. Oh, I never needed your help, Dry Bones, so much as I do this day. My good old mare, help me—help me." Dry Bones really seemed to understand her master's desperate situation, and she really did her best for him. For three miles the contest was kept up at a killing pace. At length the road turned up toward the house, and the gate had been purposely left open by Robert, who well foresaw the race. Away Tom swept up the lane to the yard fence. Dry Bones was on her mettle, and it was impossible to rein her in at the garden gate. She ran up against it, and Tom, unseated by the sudden check, was thrown sprawling into the yard. He rose and ran, and just as he reached the steps of the house Miss Sally sprang from her horse at the block, saying "he didn't attempt to run that way when we were in the woods." "It's a lie," said Tom in his anger and with a boyish forgetfulness of gallantry. He bounced into the house and out at the back door. His mother and brother Robert witnessed this exciting race for more than a mile. Tom's hat was completely worn out on the charge, and Dry Bones was far from dry; indeed, she was almost used up in her efforts for her master.

An anecdote is told of Robert P.<sup>III</sup> and his brother William, who were on their way to the mill, the first mounted on "Fleta" and the last on "Old Hippy." As was their custom, every time they came to a good piece of road they tried the speed of the horses. Away they went like wildfire on a beautiful stretch of half a mile. About half way "Old Hippy" fell and tossed William heels over head. Robert P.<sup>III</sup> reined up "Fleta" as soon as he could, and ran back to where William lay perfect senseless. He sprang to his side and finally succeeded in rousing him, all the while being in the greatest terror and alarm. After awhile he succeeded

in getting William to sit up, and the first word he said was, "I'll tell you what it is, Bob, 'Old Hippy' is a good horse for all." "For all what?" said Bob. "Why, for all he has burrs in his mane and tail," solemnly answered William.

Robert P.<sup>III</sup> once courted the daughter of old Dr. Warfield, of Lexington, Ky., and one day breakfasting at his house the Doctor passed the waffles to him saying, "Will you have a waffle?" pronouncing it "Waffeld." "Thank you," said Robert, "not until I have gotten her consent;" which quick repartee pleased the Doctor greatly, but embarrassed Miss Warfield.

When he was a candidate for Congress in the Hopkinsville District of Kentucky, a man from Pond River, who was very influential in his section, came to him in apparent anger, saying: "Sir, you are a candidate for Congress?" "Yes," said Robert Henry, "I am." "Well, sir," said Magby, "I am powerful influential, and if I go for you, you will be elected, and if I don't you'll be defeated." "Then surely I shall be happy to have your influence," said the candidate. "It all depends on the answer you give to a question I will put to you, whether you will get my vote or not, Mr. Candidate," said Magby. "Oh, if that is all, I know you'll vote for me. Let me hear the question," said Col. Henry. "Well," said the gentleman from Pond River, "are you in favor of the com-mi-tee, or the non-com-mi-tee?" (pronouncing it with the accent on mi and tee). This was a puzzler. Col. Henry had not had the most distant idea what the fellow meant. He had never heard of any contention on that important matter, but he disliked to appear ignorant upon a subject of so much interest to his constituent, for it will never do for a candidate to acknowledge ignorance upon any subject whatever. Looking steadily into Magby's eyes, with a sort of confidential gaze, he said unconcernedly, "Which are you in favor of?" "Why, the non-com-mi-tee, of course," said his interlocutor without hesitation. "So am I," said Col. Henry firmly. "Then give us your hand," said Magby; "you will get every vote on my creek. I am rejoiced to have you come out so frankly and to know that you coincide with me, for it convinces me that I was right to have faith in your opinions, and the Pond River District is yours." He was as good as his word, and carried it for Col. Henry. This recalls a somewhat similar experience his brother General Patrick Henry had

when a candidate for the Legislature in Montgomery County, Tenn. A little sandy-bearded fellow by the name of Harry Horn was opposed to General Henry, or at least favored someone else, but said he, "I've a question to put to the candidate, and if he answers it rightly I'll vote for him." "Well," said General Henry, "state the question, and as it is offered publicly, I'll answer it publicly." "Yes," said Horn, "that's what I want you to do, and now don't you think there should be a law passed by the Legislature exempting the father of nine children from militia duty?" General Henry asked him if he had nine children, and he responded he had, and that was why he asked the question. "Well," said General Henry, "I surely think such a man should be exempt on one condition, and that is that he should pledge himself never to be the father of ten children." "Well," said Horn, "I'd die on the field of battle first." The bystanders enjoyed the scene, and unanimously decided that Horn was properly answered, and that he was bound to vote for General Henry, which he agreed to do.

## CHAPTER VII.

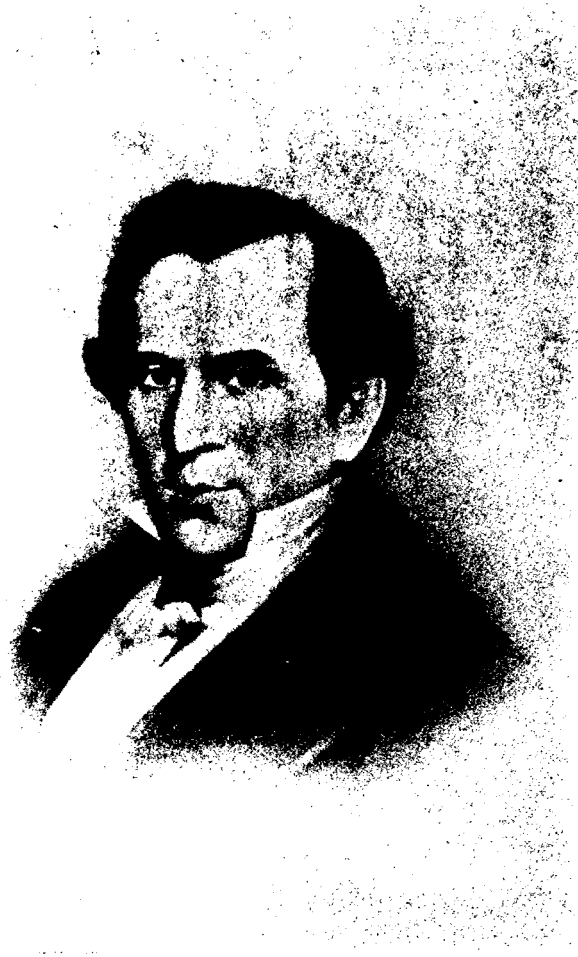
## MATTHEWS WINSTON HENRY.

THE THIRD CHILD of General William Henry was Matthews Winston, called Matthews for his grandfather Flournoy and Winston because of the relationship to the Winstons of Virginia. He was born January 11, 1790; died July 31, 1838, of congestive fever, at the old Washington Hall, Bowling Green, Ky., aged forty-eight years. March 17, 1813, he married Juliette Pitts, younger sister of the wife of his brother, Robert P. Henry. She died February 3, 1845. The mother of Juliette and of Gabriella F. Pitts was Lucy Craig, a daughter of Elijah Craig, a Baptist clergyman of prominence, who, with his brother, came at an early day from Virginia. These brothers were engaged largely in the land operations of that day, which so generally occupied the early settlers. Josiah Pitts, their father, commenced life very poor, made a large fortune by investing in land, merchandising, and general trading, but lost it all and died almost in destitution. His brother, Younger Pitts, was more careful or more successful, and left a good estate, which was added to by his children and grandchildren, some of whom still live in and about Georgetown, Kentucky.

Matthews Winston Henry served under Colonel Campbell in the finest troop of cavalry ever up to that time raised in Kentucky. In 1812-14 he was in the hard-fought battles of Massisinaway and others, where he was commended by his superior officers. He pursued the life of a farmer, but engaged in other occupations. He was United States mail contractor between Louisville and Nashville, and died of fever contracted while building locks and dams on the Big Barren River in Kentucky, at the point where the town of Woodbury now stands. He was buried at Bowling Green. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Matthews Winston and Juliette Henry had twelve children, viz., Elizabeth, Lucretia, Lucy Craig, George W., Elizabeth, William Pryor, Martha Stewart, Mary Moore, Robert Winston,





MATTHEWS WINSTON HENRY



Gabriella Frances, Eliza U., Matthews Winston. The first and second, Elizabeth and Lucretia, were twins, and died in infancy.

The third, Lucy Craig, born May 22, 1816, died December 8, 1893, married Warner Lewis Underwood, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, August 31, 1830, Father Hume, of Nashville, performing the ceremony. George D. Prentice was Mr. Underwood's groomsman. Mr. Underwood was a Union member of the United States Congress about 1856 or 1858, and upon expiration of his term was a prominent but defeated candidate for Clerk of the House of Representatives. Subsequently, in 1862, he was appointed by President Lincoln United States Consul at Glasgow, Scotland. He died March 12, 1872, and his family, consisting of three sons and five daughters, continued for many years to reside in Bowling Green.

These children are, first, Fanny, who married Colonel Ben C. Grider. Her eldest son is Warner U. Grider, Assistant Inspector of Mines for Kentucky. Her second son, Judge Loving Grider, named for Judge Loving, of Kentucky, father of Hector V. Loving, was a brilliant young lawyer of Kansas City, where he died September 29, 1897. He was brought back and buried at Bowling Green, Kentucky. The "Kansas City Star" said of him: "He was an advocate of power and an orator with no superior at this bar. He possessed the graces of the orator to an extent allowed by fortune to very few men, and his style of oratory was not only polished, but commanding and impressive." The "Kansas City Bar Monthly" said: "He was a true priest in the temple of justice and worthy to enter her holy of holies." For a number of years he was prosecuting attorney for Sumner County, Kansas, and was a delegate at large from that State to the Chicago Convention which nominated Cleveland for the Presidency the second time.

Second, Juliette, married to William Wallace Weston, by whom she had two children, Elzy and Lucy. The former died in early manhood, and Lucy married Hunter Meriwether. They live in Kansas City, and have two children, viz., William and Lucy. After the death of Mr. Weston his widow married Mr. Long, who soon thereafter died. She survives, and is living in Kansas City.

Third, Lucy, who married Judge Ferdinand Jay McCann and resides in California. They had nine children.

Fourth, Josie, who married Charles Nazro, and resides in San Diego, California. Mr. Nazro died April 12, 1898, at San Diego. They had four children. The first, Edith, died March, 1898. Three are living.

Fifth, Warner, who married Miss Ida Owens, November 24, 1869. Both have died, leaving two children, Josie and Warner. Warner, Sr., was a lawyer, who graduated at Albany, N. Y., and was afterward Registrar of Bankruptcy in Bowling Green. His death occurred October 16, 1874. His daughter, Josie, married Samuel D. Hines, a lawyer of Bowling Green, Kentucky. They had two children, Harold and Underwood. His son, Warner Owens, lives in New York City and is in a good business.

Sixth, Henry, who resides in Birmingham, Alabama.

Seventh, John, who married Miss Hattie Sprague, of Colorado, and resides in Arizona. He is interested in mining.

Eighth, Mary, who married Samuel Poyntz. They had one daughter and two sons. After his death she married Col. Malcome H. Crump, of Bowling Green, and they have one son.

The fourth child of Matthews Winston and Juliette P. Henry, George W., was born at Bowling Green in 1818, and was married in 1838 to Miss Sarah C. Macey, of Frankfort. He died of cholera on the Mississippi River, December, 1849, while engaged in commerce and transportation, being the owner of a line of steamboats plying between Louisville and New Orleans. His widow survived him forty-one years, and died in 1890. They had four children:

First, Ellen Frances, who was born at Bowling Green, Kentucky, September 19, 1839, and was married to Mr. William W. Graham, September 11, 1860. He died February 5, 1882; she now resides in Illinois. They had eight children, viz., Harry Todd, born June 25, 1861, died January 16, 1865; George Grider, born July 22, 1863, died August 3, 1891; Harry Morris, born August 27, 1865; an unnamed boy, born August 14, 1867, who died September 4, 1867; Juliette Winston, born October 10, 1868; Lillie W., born January 20, 1873, died May 12, 1879; Nellis Norton, born December 10, 1874, died September 15, 1880, and Robert Henry, born June 23, 1877.

Second, Robert Llewellyn, born February 22, 1844, in Frankfort, Ky. He married, September 6, 1871, Miss Rosa Sharp, daughter of Fidelio C. Sharp, a leading lawyer of St. Louis, Mo. From this union there was but one child, Fidelio Sharp Henry, born September 7, 1872. He graduated at Yale College in 1894. His mother died February 8, 1877.

On May 31, 1880, Robert L. Henry married Miss Ada Camille Badger, and their children are four, viz., Robert Llewellyn, Jr., born November 4, 1882; Huntington Badger, born January 10, 1887; Winston Patrick, born May 22, 1888, and Camille Badger, born September 3, 1894.

Robert L. Henry attended the schools of Frankfort and Bowling Green, and later pursued his studies at Versailles, Ky. In 1862 he enlisted in the Federal Army, joining Company "C," Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, and participated in the battle of Perryville and the campaign about Lawrenceburg and Richmond, Kentucky. Later he was appointed military storekeeper at Nashville by General Rousseau, with rank of First Lieutenant. At the close of the war he located in St. Louis, where, after a few years, he engaged in the lumber business. In 1874 he moved to Chicago, and the firm of Henry, Barker & Co. was formed, and became very prominent and successful in that line of business. Subsequently Mr. Henry built the Duluth Lumber Company Mill, at Duluth, Minnesota, which in 1884 was the largest lumber mill in the Northwest. In 1886 he returned to Chicago and conducted the same business under the firm name of R. L. Henry & Co., but in 1893 became interested in the production of oil, and was made vice-president of the Henry Oil Company, holding and working properties in Ohio, West Virginia, and other States.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry occupy a prominent position in society, and their elegant home on Grand Boulevard, Chicago, is the center of a brilliant circle, while he is a leading member of the Union League and the Iroquois Clubs. Mrs. Henry was born in Louisville, and is the daughter of Mr. A. C. Badger, formerly of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and afterward a successful banker of Louisville and of Chicago, where he now lives. The mother of Mrs. Henry was Elvira C. Sheridan, of South Carolina.

Third, George W., was born February 5, 1848, in Louisville, and was married to Miss Florence Chrisman, of Chrisman, Ill.,

December 13, 1876. Her family was from Kentucky. Their children were two, Florence Blanche, born January 4, 1879, died May 8, 1894; and Phillip Henry, born October 20, 1881. In religion the parents are Baptists, and in politics Geo. W. Henry was a National Democrat. He settled in Chicago in 1872 and continued to reside there, though president of the "Henry Oil Co.," petroleum producers in Ohio and other States. He died suddenly at Kansas City of pneumonia, November 1, 1898.

Fourth, Alexander C., born at Lexington, November 11, 1845, and married to Miss Emma Carter, November 5, 1867. Their children were three, viz., Winston B., born August 1, 1868; John Richard, born June 9, 1873, died April 14, 1896; and Sarah Corinne, born March 7, 1883. Alexander C. Henry has pursued a farmer's life in Franklin County, Ky. He has also engaged in trading and in numerous other business enterprises. He resides near Frankfort, and is a Democrat in politics.

The fifth child of Matthews Winston and Juliette Pitts Henry was Elizabeth.

The sixth child of Matthews Winston and Juliette Pitts Henry, William Pryor, married Miss Corinne Carter, of Nashville, Tenn. They had two children: First, Marius Carter, and second, Corinne Blanche. Corinne B. married in 1870 Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat, of London, Canada, who is Vice-President of the Columbus and Hocking Valley R. R. They reside at Columbus, O. Their children are seven, viz., Elizabeth Henry, Nicholas Danleney, Norton Slaughter, Charles Reginald, Corinne Quigley, Carter Grace, Marquise Villeneuve.

Marius C. Henry married Lucy Thompson, of Wisconsin, and is living at Temple, Texas. They have one child, Bertha Thompson Henry. The father, William Pryor Henry, died of cholera in 1855 at the house of his aunt, Mrs. Cornelia V. Henry, in Christian County, Ky. His wife preceded him to the grave.

The seventh and eighth children of Matthews Winston and Juliette Pitts Henry, Martha S. and Mary M., very lovely girls, were twins, born December 7, 1824. Martha S. was married at the Second Presbyterian Church in Louisville, March 2, 1847, to George W. Norton, President of the Southern Bank of Kentucky in Russellville. They resided in Russellville many years, and in 1868 removed to Louisville. Their children were seven: Ernest



JULIETTE PITTS HENRY





John, Juliette, Minnie, Susie, Lucie, Martha, and George W., Jr. Ernest was born December 5, 1847, and died of consumption July 22, 1874, at Minneapolis, Minn., where he had gone in search of health. He married Ann Eliza Caldwell, November 1, 1870, daughter of Dr. W. B. Caldwell and granddaughter of James Guthrie, formerly Secretary of the United States Treasury, and left two children:

First, Caldwell, born January 9, 1872, and married to Miss Nannie Stephens, April 12, 1893. Their children are: James Guthrie Stephens, born March 9, 1895, and Caldwell, Jr., born September 20, 1899; died May 21, 1901.

Second, Ernest John, born August 12, 1873. The latter married Miss Ferda Sebastian Zorn, of Louisville, April 21, 1898.

Second, Juliette, born January 8, 1850, and married to Dr. J. B. Marvin, of Louisville, April 30, 1879. Their children are Joseph Benson, Jr., born May 21, 1883; Martha Henry, born October 1, 1885; and Minnie Norton, born October 3, 1887.

Third, Minnie, born March 26, 1853, and married to William B. Caldwell, Jr., October 3, 1878, brother of her brother Ernest's wife. Mr. Caldwell died September 30, 1880.

Fourth, Susie, born August 29, 1857, and married to John Coleman, January 18, 1881. Their children are: George Norton, born December 23, 1881; Margaret, born January 29, 1883; William Caldwell, born October 17, 1884; Susan Norton, born August 3, 1886, died June 18, 1887; John, Jr., born August 10, 1890, and Robert Henry, born February 15, 1894.

Fifth, Lucie, born November 19, 1859, and sixth, Martha, born July 21, 1863.

Seventh, George W., Jr., born September 12, 1865, and married to Miss Margaret Macdonald Muldoon, June 8, 1897. They have a daughter, Margaret Macdonald, born April 10, 1899.

Mary Moore Henry married Thomas J. Slaughter, of St. Louis, afterward of New York City, in 1844. Their children were seven, viz., Winston Henry, Julian, Clayton, Lucy (Lute), Martha, Mary, and Gabriel. Henry died in Australia. He married the well-known actress, Marie Wainwright. They had two children, Mary Gertrude and Elizabeth Mayhew.

Lucy married Dr. Prince Albert Morrow, in and of New York City, April 23, 1874, and their children were six, viz., Mary Henry,

born March 17, 1876; Albert Sidney, born April 2, 1878; Juliette Norton, born June 19, 1880; Lucy Slaughter, born April 19, 1882; Robert Lee, born September 4, 1888; and Mildred, born March 27, 1890.

Julian married, and died December, 1896.

Mary married Horace H. Emmons, and died May, 1892.

Martha, born December 9, 1865, married Charles McDonald, January 12, 1888, and resides in Chicago. They have a son, Charles Stewart, born January 11, 1889.

Gabriel married, October 16, 1899, at Evanston, Ill., Elizabeth E. Fletcher.

The ninth child of Matthews Winston and Juliette Pitts Henry, Robert Winston, died at eight years of age.

The tenth child, born April 30, 1832, Gabriella Frances, married at Bowling Green, Ky., in 1854, Wilkins Wheatley, of St. Louis, son of Dr. Frank Wheatley, of Hopkinsville, Ky. About 1875 they removed to New York, and about 1880 to Fulton, Mo., where Mr. Wheatley died in 1881. They had three sons and four daughters. The sons settling in California, the mother and daughters removed there in 1886, and Mrs. Wheatley died at Los Angeles, February 4, 1897, and was buried in St. Louis, February 10, 1897, by the side of her husband.

Their first child, Rachel (first daughter), died young. Warner U. (the first son) married Maude Oakley, of St. Joseph, Mo., and they have one son, William.

Wilkins W. (the second son) married Louise Rogers, of New York, and they have one son, Wilkins.

George Slaughter was the third son; Marjean (the second daughter) died at the age of eighteen.

Juliette Winston (the third daughter) was married in New York to Gabriel Morton, of Kentucky. They reside in the City of Mexico. They have one daughter, Marie Gabriella, born February 9, 1891.

Frances Lucy (the fourth daughter) married Carl Denio, and they have a little girl, Geraldine, born in the spring of 1897.

The eleventh child of Matthews Winston and Juliette Pitts Henry, Eliza U., known as "Hassie," was born July 26, 1835, and was married to W. F. Obear, of St. Louis, Mo., November 25,

1856, where they resided until 1887, when they removed to California. She was a beautiful woman. Their children are: First, Tom Slaughter, married to Mamie Maurice, October, 1884; their children are Maurice, Elise Henry, Frances, and W. F., Jr. Second, William Frank, married to Bessie Helfenstein, November, 1886. She died in the autumn of 1897, leaving an infant which lived only a few hours. Third, Mary, who married Stephen Gano Long, October 1, 1890; their children are Spencer, W. F., Jr., Stephen Gano, Jr., and Thomas. Fourth, Winston Henry, married to Anna Bagget, November, 1891; their children are W. F., Jr., Katherine, and Winston Henry, Jr. Fifth, Norton, married to Mabel Pallet, March 3, 1897. Sixth, Robert Leighton. Seventh, John Palmer, and eighth, Julian, not married.

Mr. Obear died at Los Angeles, Cal., in the fall of 1891, and his widow, Hassie Henry Obear, followed him to the grave December 7, 1898, at Los Angeles, on the anniversary of the birth of her sisters, Martha and Mary. Their only daughter, Mary, as above stated, married in California, October 1, 1890, Stephen Gano Long, of Kentucky, and removed to Louisville, where he engaged in the practice of law. They subsequently returned to California, and are living at Los Angeles.

The twelfth child of Matthews Winston and Juliette Pitts Henry, Matthews Winston, was born November 28, 1838. He received an appointment to the West Point Military Academy in 1858, where he remained till the breaking out of the Confederate War in 1861, when he was assigned to duty, with rank of Lieutenant, in the United States regular army under General Lyon, in Missouri. Though unwilling to fight against his native South, the United States War Department would not accept his resignation. After the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo., in 1861, he again forwarded his resignation and made his way into the Confederate lines. He was soon made chief of artillery on the staff of General John B. Hood in the Army of Virginia, with rank of Major, and gained much credit and distinction in command of Hood's Artillery Corps. His health was greatly impaired by army exposure, and after the surrender, disappointed and disheartened, he sought exile, first in Mexico and then in California and Nevada. In the latter Territory he became interested in engineering and mining operations. While in the White

Pine District, Nevada, he discovered and located the claim since widely known as the "Henry Tunnel."

After an engagement of more than ten years, in which he had not seen his betrothed, Miss Susie Burrell, daughter of Major Burrell, of Clark County, Virginia, they were married, September, 1875. In the winter of 1875, with his bride, an accomplished and charming woman, he returned to Nevada, where, in the wilds of that far-off mountain region, their first child, Juliette, was born. With this child and the mother, in the autumn of 1877, Major Henry visited New York on business connected with his mining interests, and, while temporarily sojourning in Brooklyn, was stricken down, and after an illness of two weeks died of paralysis of the brain on his birthday, 28th day of November, 1877, aged 39. In his death the last male representative of his father passed away. After his death Dorothy Burrell, their second child, was born in Virginia. The widow married Dr. Edward Randolph, of Virginia, who soon after died. Her post-office is Millwood, Virginia.



COLONEL WILLIAM HENRY



## CHAPTER VIII.

## WILLIAM HENRY II.

THE FOURTH CHILD of General William Henry was William. He was born on the home place, "Cherry Spring," 26th of July, 1791, and died suddenly February 5, 1847, of apoplexy, aged 55, at his home, "Henry Hall," Christian County, Ky.; his remains were reinterred in Hopewell Cemetery, Hopkinsville, after the death of his widow in 1887. He was in the campaigns of 1812-14 with his brother, Matthews Winston Henry, and was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Twenty-eighth Regiment Kentucky Volunteers, Regular Army of the U. S., remaining in the service until the close of the war. He was in the battles of "Twenty-mile Creek," "Massissinaway," and "Mackinaw," in 1814, under Major Holmes, and was promoted on the field for gallantry. He was mustered out of service in 1814 at Newport, Ky.

After the war he followed the bent of his mind and engaged principally in farming, but merchandised in Georgetown from 1814 to 1819. He was Colonel of militia in his native State, though his inclinations were to a quiet and peaceful life in the country. On May 18, 1819, he married Cornelia V. Gano, of Georgetown, Ky., daughter of General Richard M. Gano, and granddaughter of the Rev. John Gano, one of the earliest Baptist preachers in Kentucky. She was born April 20, 1801, and died March 2, 1887, aged 86. She was a noble woman in every relation in life, as wife, mother, and friend. Her burial-place is beside her husband in Hopewell Cemetery, Hopkinsville. Col. Henry and his wife and first son removed to Christian County in 1820, making the journey in a gig with their household effects, and their servants accompanying them in a wagon.

The children of this marriage were eight, viz., First, Richard Gano; second, Robert William; third, John Cornelius; fourth, Stephen Wilkins; fifth, Mary Margaret; sixth, Susan Jane Elizabeth Julia; seventh, Matthews Winston, and eighth, Thomas Daniel.

The first, Richard Gano, was born February 8, 1820. He was for many years a prominent and successful planter in Christian County. At one time he was President of the Evansville, Henderson & Nashville R. R. Co., in the interest of which he visited Europe. He was at various times connected with other enterprises. On September 11, 1845, he married Harriet B. McGaughey, daughter of Arthur McGaughey and Julia Hume, his wife, of Christian County, Ky., and they had two children; Arthur McGaughey, born September 11, 1849, and Harriet Hume, born January 8, 1852. The former is a farmer near Newstead, Christian County; was educated at Bethel College, Russellville, and married November 13, 1886, Mary Ella Stowe, daughter of William T. and Maiden J. Stowe, of that county, the Rev. John C. Tate, a Presbyterian minister, performing the ceremony. He is a Presbyterian in religion and a Democrat in politics. They have two children, Robert William, born November 20, 1890, and Elizabeth Julia Flournoy, born October 27, 1893. Their first child, Howe Wallace, born August 28, 1887, died June 28, 1889. The daughter of Richard Gano and Harriet Henry, Harriet Hume, married Byrd L. Chambers (Rev. T. G. Keen, performing the ceremony), a farmer of Henderson County, Ky., December, 1877. Mrs. Chambers died June 27, 1893, leaving seven children: First, Henry Hume, born March 25, 1875; second, Byrd Lynn, born July 9, 1879; third, Cornelia Gano, born January 23, 1882; fourth, Mary Belle, born January 3, 1885; fifth, Laura Gordon, born September 26, 1887; sixth, Robert Taylor, born December 31, 1888; and Hallie Henry, born January 23, 1892. The fourth daughter, after her mother's death, was adopted by Buckner Leavell and his wife, of Christian County. She was baptized a Presbyterian. Upon her adoption by Mr. Leavell, the name of Leavell was added to her own.

In 1852, August 6th, the mother of Arthur and Harriet, Mrs. Harriet B. Henry, died, and in May, 1855, their father, Richard Gano Henry, married Miss Anna K. Davis, of Shelby County, Ky. Anna Davis Henry died 1889 in Los Angeles, Cal. The children in this marriage are Gano, Jr., Mary, and Annie Etheline, born July 3, 1875. William, the first child, born July 2, 1856, died October 26, 1857.

About 1872 they removed to Sebree City, Ky., and early in





CORNELIA V. HENRY



1876 to the neighborhood of Louisville, whence they returned to Christian County about 1879. Subsequently, about 1887, Richard Gano Henry removed to California, and resides there with his daughter, Mrs. Richards. Gano, Jr., married Hattie Bryan, of Hopkinsville, February 8, 1887. They have three children: Lucy Venable, born February 16, 1890; Hattie Bryan, born April 9, 1891, and Bryan, born August 30, 1893. Their first child died in infancy. Mary married, February 8, 1887, Captain T. W. T. Richards, formerly of Virginia. The ceremony was performed at the house of her aunt, Mrs. R. C. Flournoy, in Los Angeles, Cal., where she was visiting, Rev. Elias Birdsall, of St. Paul's Church, Los Angeles, performing the ceremony. Captain Richards is a brother of Judge (and Major) A. E. Richards, of Louisville. They have three children: Annie Eleanor, born July 10, 1889; Mary Henry, born October 2, 1890; and Thomas Gano, born June 16, 1894. Both Captain Richards and his brother, Major Richards, were Confederate soldiers, receiving their titles while members of the Forty-third Battalion of Virginia Partisan Rangers, commanded by Colonel John S. Mosby. Both became lawyers, the one in Los Angeles and the other in Louisville, Ky. Annie Henry married Lewis Q. Leavel, son of Lewis L. Leavel, of Christian County, Ky., September 13, 1893. Their first child was George Henry, born August 1, 1894; died February 26, 1895. Their second child, Annie, was born July 3, 1896.

The second child of Colonel William Henry, Robert William, was born June 4, 1823, and died February, 1862. He was married to Martha (called Patsy) Douglas Cocke, November 16, 1847, daughter of John W. Cocke and niece of Dr. Benjamin Wilkins. She died March 8, 1850. They had one daughter, Martha Douglas, called "Patty," who in July, 1868, married Colonel L. A. Sybert. Colonel Sybert died early in 1893. They had six daughters and two sons. The sons and the oldest daughter, Mattie, died in infancy; Annie married ——— Russell, in McPherson, Kansas; Maggie married Tandy Mason, of Church Hill, Christian County, Kentucky, March 23, 1891. He was a son of W. B. Mason. The three remaining girls, Sarah Moore, Lee, and Susan Jouett, live with their mother in Clarksville, Tenn. On January 26, 1854, Robert William Henry was again married to Fanny S. Bell, daughter of Dr. John F. Bell, of Christian County. They had

two children, Margaret Short, named for Mrs. Short, of New Orleans, and Robert W., born May, 1858. He was married to Maude Johnson, of Fort Worth, Texas, in 1886, and died July, 1888. Margaret S. married Birch A. Wormald, of Louisiana, August, 1882. He died in New Orleans, June 7, 1894.

Robert William Henry, "Will Robert," as he was generally called, served throughout the Mexican war with honor. Upon his return he became Colonel of militia before he was twenty-one years old, and was a highly respected planter in Christian County. Upon the breaking out of the war with the United States in 1861, he became a member of the convention which met at Bowling Green to establish a provisional government for Kentucky, then hesitating upon the threshold of secession. In appealing language he urged quick action, eloquently declaring that he was ready to die upon the altar of Southern Independence. His State adopted the armed neutrality policy, but he would not. Having been chosen Major of the Twenty-eighth Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers in the Confederate service, he was among the unfortunate but brave defenders of Fort Donaldson on the Cumberland River in 1862, when General Simon Bolivar Buckner surrendered to the United States forces under General U. S. Grant. The Confederate troops, standing in mud and freezing water, almost without food or sleep, had for three days bravely fought the invaders till, exhausted, they were taken prisoners, carried by boat to St. Louis, and thence by rail to Indianapolis, Indiana, in midwinter. Major Henry was ill when captured, and during the whole period of transit, ten days, was greatly exposed and without medical treatment, so that when he reached his prison walls he was prostrate with fever and delirium. Consciousness returned for a moment only, and then no helping friend was near. In a week he died (February 28, 1862). His body was recovered by his brother, Richard Gano Henry, by special military permit, carried through the lines and interred in Christian County.

It is said by a relative: "I remember well with what feeling of pain and sorrow I contemplated the fate of my brave cousin, dying in a hostile country among strangers, in prison and unconscious, between him and his Confederate home opposing and friendly lines of battle, cut off from communication with his people, his family at the moment knowing nothing of his condition. No friend

of his country was present to console, no brother to drop a tear of regret, no mother to breathe a prayer for her son, no wife to soothe his dying struggle, as life passed out beneath a foreign flag and in the military prison of his enemies."

The third child of Colonel William Henry, John Cornelius, was born March 4, 1828, in Christian County. He was educated at Hopkinsville and Georgetown, and practiced law in Cadiz, but removed to California in March, 1849. He represented Mariposa County in the Legislature in 1855, and at the close of the session joined Crabb's Expedition, under General William Walker, against Sonora, was captured, imprisoned, betrayed with his companions, and shot by the treacherous Spaniards.

The fourth child, Stephen Wilkins ("the old man"), was born September 23, 1829, and became a Christian County farmer. On February 24, 1858, he married Miss Sallie Buckner, daughter of Henry C. Buckner, of Covington, Kentucky, to the neighborhood of which place he subsequently removed and engaged in farming near Erlanger, Kentucky. They had one daughter, Anna Etheline, born January 15, 1859, who married, in 1884, Rev. T. S. Potts, a Baptist minister, now (1897) pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Memphis, Tennessee. They have three children. John Cornelius, Stephen Henry's second child, resided in Cincinnati. He was born July 18, 1861, and died June, 1893. The third child was born in 1862, and died in infancy.

The fifth child of Colonel William Henry, Mary Margaret, was born June 25, 1832, and was married to Charles M. Tandy, a farmer of Christian County, October 29, 1862. He died October, 1877, and his wife died at Hopkinsville, October 19, 1885, of congestion of the lungs, aged fifty-three years. They had three children: Cornelia H., born August 8, 1863, died May, 1864; Elizabeth Edmonds, born March 7, 1865, and Charles Henry, born November 13, 1869. Elizabeth E. (called Lizzie) married, June 14, 1883, Charles M. Meacham, editor of the "Hopkinsville Kentuckian." They have three children: Rodman Y., born October 24, 1884; Charles M., junior, born January 19, 1890, and Ralph Tandy, born August 4, 1893. Charles Henry resided with his sister after his mother's death, and is now (1898) the leading dentist of Hopkinsville.

The sixth child, Susan Jane Elizabeth Julia, was born Novem-

ber 18, 1835. She married Thomas B. Burbridge, of Georgetown, Ky., October 3, 1855. They settled in the neighborhood of Russellville in 1859, where he pursued the life of a farmer until he was killed, October 13, 1867, by members of the Jesse James guerrilla gang, and was buried at Lexington, Ky.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Burbridge was appointed, July 1, 1870, postmistress at Hopkinsville by President Grant. She retained the office throughout his administrations to the satisfaction of all, and was reappointed by his successor, Mr. Hayes, and again continued in office by General Garfield when he became President, but after his death, was removed by President Arthur through political favoritism after she had held the office for twelve years.

Mrs. Burbridge's son, William Henry Burbridge, while engaged in the United States postal service, was killed in an accident on the Charleston & Savannah Railroad, 24th of January, 1881. Her other children are Robert Ewing, Thomas, Charles Tandy, Mary Cornelia, and Clarence Edmonds. Mary Cornelia was born May 27, 1858, and was married to Walter C. Cook, of Christian County, June 15, 1881. They have six children. Robert Ewing was born December 28, 1859, and was married to Miss Annie D. Ware, of Vicksburg, Miss., January 25, 1882; they reside in Minneapolis, Minn., and have two children. Thomas was born December 12, 1861, and was married to Mrs. Leanora Armstrong (nee White), of Hopkinsville, in 1883. They have no children, but Mrs. Armstrong's two children in her first marriage were adopted, and their names changed to Norma and Patti Burbridge. They reside in Colorado. Clarence E. was born March 29, 1866, and was married to Miss Emma Flippin, of Sherman, Texas, July 13, 1896, he being the manager at Dallas, Texas, for the McCormick Reaper Co. Charles Tandy was born April 26, 1864; was never married, and resides in New York City.

The seventh child of Colonel William Henry, Matthews Winston, was born March 3, 1839, and was educated at Georgetown College. On May 2, 1860, he married Mary A. Bell, daughter of Dr. John F. Bell and half-sister of the second wife of his brother, Robert William. She died suddenly of heart disease August 3, 1876. Her husband was for many years a successful farmer of Christian County, and afterward equally successful in mer-

chandising at Casky Station, in same county. They had four daughters: Eliza Bell, Willie, Cornelia (now called Pearl), and Mary Clarke. Willie married Thomas U. Smith, of Todd County, April 2, 1880, and they have an adopted son, Mack Taliaferro Smith, son of Thomas U. Smith's brother. Mary Clarke Henry was born August, 1875, and was married to George Tennyson Wharton, October 26, 1897, at Casky Baptist Church.

November 15, 1882, Matthews Winston Henry married a second time Miss Mollie Garnet Major, of Adams Station, Tenn. In politics he is a Democrat; in religion, a Baptist.

The eighth child of Colonel William Henry, Thomas Daniel, was born January 22, 1843, and died January 3, 1878. Like his noble brother, Robert William, in 1861 he took up arms in defense of his country, and gallantly served under General John H. Morgan as a private soldier throughout the Southern struggle for independence. After the surrender he returned to the home of his mother in Christian County, Ky. His health being much impaired, he sought the balmy climate of California about the year 1874, but, receiving little benefit therefrom, died there in 1877, and was buried in San Bernardino.

## CHAPTER IX.

## JOHN FLOURNOY HENRY.

THE FIFTH CHILD of General William Henry, John Flournoy Henry, was born January 17, 1793; died November 12, 1873, in his eighty-first year. He was married May 7, 1818, to Mary Wilson Duke, who was born 10th of February, 1797, and was the daughter of Dr. Basil Duke and Charlotte Duke, of Washington, Mason County, Kentucky. They had but one child, Elizabeth Julia, born March 17, 1819, in Washington, Ky. She lived two and a half years, and died September 13, 1821. Her mother, broken hearted at the loss of her only child, was attacked by a malignant fever, then prevailing around her home, and died September 26, 1821, in Perry County, Mo.

On the 1st of January, 1828, Dr. John F. Henry married Lucy Stringer Ridgely, at Lexington, Ky., daughter of Dr. Frederick Ridgely, a distinguished physician of that place. They had six children, viz., Mary Duke, named for his first wife, born 31st of October, 1831, died 13th of April, 1832; William, named for his grandfather, General William Henry, born 14th of March, 1833, died 25th of June, 1834; Greenbury Ridgely, named for his uncle, Rev. Greenbury Ridgely, born September 21, 1828, died 14th of May, 1885; Mary Belle, born 16th of August, 1835, died August 21, 1894; John Flournoy, born June 22, 1839, and Flora, born 19th of September, 1842, died 8th of June, 1862, aged twenty.

Dr. John F. Henry possessed a ready wit and a mind of rare, discriminating powers, was a fine speaker and conversationalist, and became a distinguished physician. He was a surgeon in the War of 1812-14 under Col. Boswell, of Kentucky, and at his own request was transferred to General William Henry Harrison's command directed against Canada. He was in Fort Meigs during its long siege, and at the battle of the Thames, and in after years he was professor in the medical college of the Miami University in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was a member of Congress in 1827 from the Christian County, Ky., District, succeeding his lamented





DOCTOR JOHN F. HENRY



brother, Robert P. Henry, and, like him, was distinguished as a statesman of superior excellence.

Those of Dr. John Flourney and Lucy Ridgely Henry's children who survived infancy were: First, Greenbury Ridgely Henry, who was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., September 21, 1828. He was educated principally at Jubilee College, Illinois, and at Illinois College, Jacksonville, in that State. At Illinois College he was a charter member of the Phi Alpha Society. In Jacksonville he became acquainted with and engaged to Kate Logan Chambers, daughter of Col. George M. Chambers, formerly of Lexington, Ky. After leaving Illinois College, he attended medical lectures at the University Medical College, Louisville, Kentucky, where he graduated in March, 1849. In the meanwhile Greenbury's father and his family had removed from Bloomington, Illinois, to Burlington, Iowa, and when his medical course was completed, he followed them and engaged in the practice of his profession in partnership with his father. Shortly thereafter he visited Jacksonville, married Miss Chambers, October 16, 1850, locating permanently after that in Burlington. His wife was born in Woodford County, Ky., January 30, 1830, and died March 22, 1891. She was a woman who in every exigency of her married life stood shoulder to shoulder with her husband, sustaining and comforting him with sympathy and encouragement. To her womanly instincts and intuitions, of which he freely availed himself, is due a large share of the success which her husband achieved. A severe cold which produced congestion of the lungs caused Dr. Greenbury Henry's death, May 14, 1885, at 12:30 p. m., aged fifty-six years and eight months. His passing away was painless and peaceful. He gave no indication that death was expected, merely turning over in his bed and saying, "I will try to sleep," a sleep which became the sleep of death.

In his profession Dr. Henry was popular and successful, but he engaged in the land speculations which swept over the West in 1857, and was greatly crippled in means and financially much embarrassed. Shortly thereafter he became restless under the burden of debt, and, hoping to retrieve his fortunes, embarked in a gold mining scheme in Colorado Territory, the new Eldorado. This was a failure, and in 1861, returning and resuming the practice of medicine and surgery in Burlington, he was soon again

at the head of his profession, and ere long paid off, with interest, all those financial obligations which had so oppressed him.

Early after the commencement of the war with the Confederate States he was tendered a surgeon's commission in the Federal Army, but declined it. For a number of years he was a member of the Public School Board of Burlington, and at his death was president of that body. He was also at that time a member of the State Board of Trustees for the Hospital for the Insane, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. He was president of the Des Moines County Medical Society, was a contributor to the *Boston Medical Journal*, and to the *Medico-Chirurgical Review* of Philadelphia; was president of the Examining Surgeons of the United States Board of Pensions, and was a director in several corporations of public character. A Democrat of the Jackson-Cleveland school in politics, taking an active interest in municipal, state, and national affairs, he invariably refused, though often tendered, office by his party. He was always ready with moral and financial support in any enterprise calculated to relieve distress or benefit the community in which he lived. Dr. Henry was a man of the most sensitive and tender feelings, of the most unflinching principle, of the highest conception of honor and courage. His mother remarked to the writer when Dr. Henry was of middle age, "Greenbury never told a lie." He was the constant professional attendant at the bedside of his parents in hours when life hung by a thread only, and such thoughtful care and gentle exercise of skill were never more fully displayed by sorrowing son or attending physician. He devoted his life to his profession, kept abreast of the times by constant study, and literally died in harness. His devotion to his profession was shown during two epidemics of cholera, when the disease was of a most virulent character. During these times he not only did not evade or avoid duty in ministering to the afflicted, but he threw his whole spirit into the work of relief, and for weeks at a time was on duty almost the whole of both day and night, going for days without an opportunity to remove his clothing. There were many other isolated incidents of his hardihood and unflinching courage.

On one occasion a terrible storm came up in the early spring-time. He had received a call from the country to attend a patient in extremity, and started forth on horseback. A few miles distant

he came to the banks of a creek, in ordinary times easily fordable, but this night overflowing its banks, and the dark waters, filled with grinding ice, were rushing madly. His horse stopped, appalled with the danger, but his rider urged him forward, and together they battled in the storm and blackness of night with the wild waters. Drenched and half frozen they reached the farther side of the torrent and pursued their way to the house where his services were so urgently required.

The children of Dr. Greenbury and Kate Chambers Henry were six, viz., Lucy Ridgely, born August 6, 1851, died of diphtheria December 6, 1860; George Chambers, born August 1, 1853; Eleanor Irwin, born May 2, 1859, died of diphtheria January 3, 1861; Mary Short, born October 15, 1861; John Flournoy, born January 18, 1864; Robert Logan, born February 5, 1869, died of peritonitis July 19, 1888, at Chicago. George C. Henry and John F. Henry reside at Burlington, Iowa, and Mrs. Mary Short Henry Tousey at Chicago, Illinois.

George C. Henry graduated from the University of Michigan with the degree of Ph.C., Class of 1874, and was a member of the Chi Phi fraternity. He is a man of decided character and energy, and has made sufficient success of his mercantile and real estate transactions to gratify his tastes, which in part have been those of the athlete, sportsman, and traveler. In sports he won his chief victory in aquatics as a member of the Burlington Boating Association, and holds many medals won in the annual regattas of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association. At one time he was fond of trap shooting, but later confined himself to field and mountain sports and angling in this country and the British possessions. He has made a tour of the world, and has visited nearly all places of interest in the United States, including Alaska. He has also made a bicycle tour of the British Isles. His politics can best be described in his own comprehensive words: "I am a Jeffersonian, Tilden, Cleveland Democrat." He possesses all the commendable integrity, energy, and intelligence of the generations before him herein recorded, and carries with these qualities, into business and pleasure, the gentler incentives which soften and beautify human character. He is a worthy descendant of a noble race of people.

On April 5, 1899, George C. Henry married, at the home of

her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Metellus Livingstone Selden, of Memphis, Tenn., Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt Selden Ensley, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. N. M. Long, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Memphis. Mrs. Ensley had two children in her first marriage, one born in 1891 and the other in 1893.

Upon the declaration of war with Spain in the spring of 1898, George C. Henry offered his services to the Governor of Iowa, and at once received an appointment as Colonel upon that official's staff, in command of the Iowa National Guards. Upon the appointment of Brigadier James R. Lincoln, Colonel Henry became volunteer aid-de-camp with the rank of Lieutenant without pay, and served in that capacity with General Lincoln in the Fourth and Second Army Corps until the war closed. He is the proud possessor and owner of the tall hall clock formerly owned and used by General William Henry, which has never been out of the Henry family. It is made of mahogany, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

Mary Short Henry married, December 21, 1881, George Hager Tousey. She resided with her husband in Burlington, Iowa, several years after their marriage, but subsequently Mr. Tousey engaged in the real estate business in Salt Lake City, Utah. After a few years in that far western city, they returned to Chicago, where they now reside. They have no children.

John Flournoy, after completing his education, embarked in newspaper pursuits, and has for many years been one of the editors of "The Burlington Hawk Eye," a paper well known throughout the Union. He married, July 1, 1896, in Denver, Col., Ida Maria Macon Miller, daughter of Warner Miller, of Virginia, and Mildred Macon, of Trigg County, Kentucky. They have a son, John Flournoy Henry, born September 21, 1898, and a daughter, born September 12, 1899, whose name is Louise Carson Henry.

Robert Logan Henry, after attending the public schools of Burlington, Iowa, was matriculated at Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill., and became a member of the Phi Alpha Society, which his father had helped to found in the same institution of learning. Leaving Illinois College, he became connected with the mercantile house of Marshall Field, Chicago, and was the prized and trusted employe in the wholesale office of that firm. He was an excep-



LUCY STRINGER HENRY





tionally bright youth, giving promise of unusual success in commercial affairs. He died in Chicago, July 19, 1888.

The second child of Dr. John F. and Lucy S. Henry, Mary Belle, was born August 16, 1835, in Bloomington, Ill., and was educated at Alton, Ill., and Philadelphia, Pa. Having completed her studies at the latter place, she spent several months with relatives in the South, and, returning to her father's home in Burlington, Iowa, was married, November 25, 1856, to George Robertson, a young lawyer of the Burlington bar from Nicholasville, Ky. They remained with her parents and took all the burden of household cares from the shoulders of these old people. Their children were four, viz.:

Mary Belle, born November 20, 1857.

Elizabeth Julia, born March 11, 1862; married June 5, 1900, to William S. Foster, of Burlington, Iowa.

Flora, born May 16, 1866; died April 28, 1871.

George Angus, born May 21, 1872. This child's younger life was passed in Burlington, but after his mother's death he became a medical student at the University Medical College, Louisville, and after graduation practiced his profession there.

George Robertson, Sr., was born in Jessamine County, Kentucky, May 9, 1831, and died at Burlington, Iowa, 2 a. m. September 6, 1884, aged fifty-three. He was a man of superior virtues, public and domestic, honored in his profession and esteemed in the community where he resided. He was for many years mayor of Burlington, in politics a Democrat, and in religious faith a Presbyterian.

Mrs. Mary Belle Robertson died 8 p. m. August 21, 1894, aged fifty-nine years and five days. A friend writing shortly after her death, says: "In such sweet accord with her fatherless children, the light and life of her home, can it be that she is gone? I knew her intimately all her life, in her sweet infancy, when she was the joy of her parents' hearts, in her beautiful youth, when she was their pride, and in her maturity, when she was their comfort and the delight of her husband and children."

The third child of Dr. John F. and Lucy S. Henry was John Flournoy Henry, Jr., born in Bloomington, Ill., June 22, 1839. He attended the preparatory classes of Beloit College, Wisconsin, having been influenced to that excellent school by his father's

esteem for its leading educator, President Chapin. After pursuing a course of law studies, he attended the law school at Lebanon, Tennessee, and there graduated on his twentieth birthday, June 22, 1859. After an examination by Chancellor Carrothers and Judge Ridley, of Tennessee, he was licensed to practice, but his inclinations did not lead him to the active duties of the profession. He, however, found everyday use for and was greatly aided in every subsequent relation of life by his knowledge and familiarity with the civil law. After close devotion to his studies, his health was not vigorous, and this, with other reasons, led him to join (May, 1860) an expedition that was about to cross the plains to the newly discovered gold fields of Colorado, and to engage there for a time in mining and prospecting. In the winter following he returned to the States, and shortly thereafter located at Granby, the seat of the lead mines of southwestern Missouri. His training, his proclivities, and his love of country were altogether in touch with Southern sentiment, and when the tocsin of war between the United and the Confederate States sounded, in the spring of 1861, he unhesitatingly took up arms in defense of his convictions. Desiring to be identified with Kentucky troops in the Confederate Army, he made his way through the Federal lines in order to stop in Iowa and say farewell to loved relatives there before the hostile lines of battle should separate them. Fearing that his relatives in Kentucky might in some way be compromised by his attempting to pass through that State, he avoided it, and proceeded direct to Washington, determined to "run the blockade" under the very guns of the Federal capital. After many attempts and failures, he was at last successful in crossing the Potomac from Port Tobacco, in Maryland, to Matthias Point, in Virginia, and from there on foot reached Richmond, the Confederate capital. Thence proceeding to General Bragg's army, in Tennessee, he joined Lieutenant Colonel Tom Woodward's Second Kentucky Regiment of Cavalry, attached to General Bedford Forrest's Brigade. He was actively engaged in the Tennessee campaigns, and participated in the hard-fought battles of Chickamauga, Farmington, Maryville, Resaca, as well as those of Kennesaw Mountain, Saltville, and Bentonville. He was severely wounded at Farmington, October 7, 1863, just subsequent to Chickamauga, through which desperate fight he had passed unharmed. Return-

ing to his command, he was unexpectedly, and wholly without his solicitation, promoted, by general brigade orders, to official rank in the commissary department, but so averse was he to leaving the field of active service that he procured a reversal of the order and remained throughout the struggle a private soldier. After Bentonville, the final hotly contested engagement of the war, the surrender came, and all the cherished hopes of Southern independence vanished. He then laid down his arms forever. The close of hostilities left him near Augusta, Ga., but, as the reviving tide of civil pursuits began to furnish occupation for disbanded soldiers, he became engaged with an extensive cotton firm of Charleston, Savannah, and Augusta in collecting, rebaling, and shipping cotton from the interior to the coast. From this he was called to a position of responsibility in a cotton bagging and baling rope manufacturing establishment in Louisville, where he took up his residence November 1, 1865. He became a member of the firm January 1, 1869, but in 1873 its factory was burned. After closing its large business in 1874, Mr. Henry formed a partnership, establishing the firm of Patterson, Henry & Co., which for more than seventeen years ranked among the first pork-packing and provision houses in its section. Early in 1892, having been chosen Second Vice-President and Trust Officer of The Louisville Trust Co., he abandoned commercial pursuits and devoted himself to the affairs of that large financial institution, of which he became the vice-president.

On September 30, 1869, he married Miss Mary Churchill Richardson, daughter of Wm. Allen Richardson, at "Ivywood," the country seat of her father in Jefferson County, Kentucky.

Their children are two daughters, Violet Flournoy Henry, born January 18, 1871, and Lucy Ridgely Henry, born May 12, 1875.

The fourth and last child of Dr. John F. Henry and Lucy S. Henry, Flora, was born September 19, 1841, in Bloomington, Ill., and died June 8, 1862, in Louisville, Kentucky, where her parents had taken her to consult the eminent Dr. Henry Miller. Her remains were returned to the home of her parents and interred in Aspen Grove Cemetery, June 10, 1862, just as the setting sun dropped out of sight behind the western landscape. Hers was a sweet and beautiful young life.

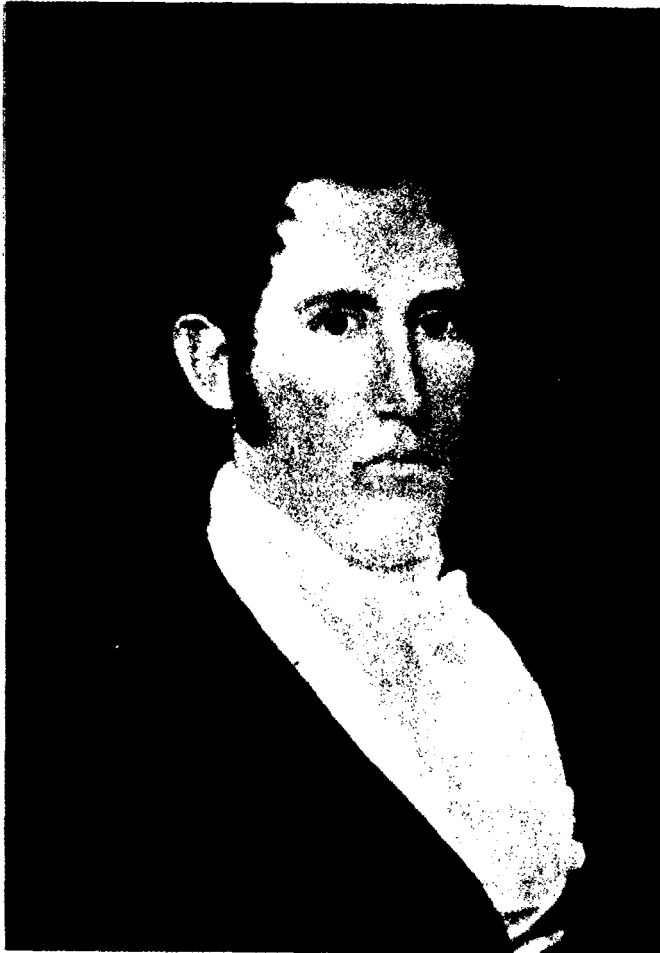
## CHAPTER X.

THOMAS, DANIEL, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, AND  
PATSY CAROLINE HENRY.

THE SIXTH CHILD of General William Henry, Thomas, named for his uncle, General Thomas Flourney (father of Mrs. Carter, of Augusta, Ga.), was born December 22, 1794. He served throughout the War of 1812-1814, was subsequently a farmer, and married, July 15, 1819, Susan Dudley, daughter of Captain Robert Dudley, of Christian County, Ky. They had four children, viz.: Robert Dudley, William Lounds, Lafayette, and Peter Dudley. The first, Robert Dudley, died in infancy. The second, William Lounds, was born in 1825, and died shortly after reaching manhood. The third, Lafayette, was born in 1825, became a lawyer of great promise and distinction in southern Kentucky, was a fine orator, and at one time district attorney. He resided at Cadiz, Trigg County, and died in 1857 unmarried, aged thirty-two. The fourth, Peter Dudley, was born in 1827, and died in Christian County before majority.

After the death of the mother of these children, September 25, 1834, Thomas Henry married Miss Mary Ford, of Christian County. They had no children. He died a very popular and greatly lamented man, October 11, 1841, of congestive fever, aged forty-six. His second wife died at the house of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Short, in New Orleans, about 1875. Thomas Henry possessed great humor, in which he continually indulged, and perhaps no man was ever more blessed with so constant and generous a flow of good spirits.

The seventh child of General William Henry, Daniel, was born June 8, 1796, and named for his father's brother. He died July 12, 1837, aged forty-one. He was in early life a merchant, but later became a planter in Christian County, and on November 21, 1819, married Eliza Viriles Gano, who was born March 22, 1803, younger sister of the wife of his brother William. After



DANIEL HENRY



the birth of her first child, Eliza Viriles, the mother died, August 2, 1821. The inscription on her gravestone is, "Her life beloved and admired, her death lamented, though by her desired." Daniel Henry was a member of the Presbyterian Church, a true-hearted and noble gentleman, and one of the handsomest men of his day. In April, 1824, he married Lucy W. Green, daughter of Captain Thomas Green, of Christian County. They had four children, viz., Lucy, Thomas Green, Mary Green, and Elizabeth Flournoy.

In 1836 Daniel Henry had made preparations to remove from Kentucky to the neighborhood of Bloomington, Ill., where he had planned to engage in farming, but shortly after a visit to that place he was prostrated with pneumonia, lingered through the winter, and died July 12, 1837. His widow married a Mr. Moore, of Tennessee, who was a highly esteemed gentleman.

The first and only child of Daniel Henry in his first marriage, Eliza V., married Edward R. Edmunds, of Christian County, late of Virginia. They had three children: Henry, who died soon after his mother; Edward, who also died young, and Eliza Viriles Gano Henry, who is the "Lizzie Edmunds" heretofore so well known by everybody in Christian County as a charming and noble woman. She was born June 3, 1844, and was married November 10, 1867, in Hopkinsville, to Capt. William P. Wallace. His father was Dr. Wallac, of Louisville, and his brother, Tom Wallace, of Crittenden County, Kentucky, and afterward of Shelby County. His two sisters were Mrs. Mary W. Alexander and Mrs. Hancock Taylor, of Louisville. Capt. Wallace was born March, 1837, and died in Anderson, Shasta County, California, February 11, 1880. Mrs. Lizzie Henry Wallace, with her two children, Willie Jean, born November 10, 1870, and Arthur Henry, born August 24, 1868, followed Capt. Wallace to California in 1874, where she has, since her husband's death, continued to reside near San Francisco. Their last child, Randolph, was born in San Francisco, October 8, 1877.

The second child of Daniel Henry (though first by his second marriage), Lucy, married Jack Nelson, son of Dr. Nelson, near Columbus, Kentucky. She died within a year thereafter of scarlet fever at Columbus, Ky.

The third child of Daniel Henry and Lucy Green, Thomas Green, became a physician of prominence at Hopkinsville, but

preferred farming, and after his marriage with Miss Kate Mansfield in 1856, in Hopkinsville, gave up his professional duties to devote himself to rustic pursuits in Christian County. He died of pneumonia March 27, 1867, at Hopkinsville. Their children were three: Jouett, Kate, and Lucy. Lucy died August 28, 1890. Kate is called "Green" for her father.

Jouett Henry is Lieutenant Colonel of the Third Regiment of Kentucky Militia, and an active business man in Hopkinsville. His regiment enlisted in the regular U. S. Volunteer service in the war with Spain in 1898. Dr. Thomas Green Henry was a man of lofty carriage and noble bearing, handsome in every movement, and lovable in every characteristic of his nature.

The fourth child of Daniel Henry and Lucy Green, Mary Green, married, February 16, 1859, George A. Champlin, a rising and successful lawyer of Hopkinsville. They had two children, Green and Carrie. Mr. Champlin died, as did also his second child, Carrie. Mrs. Mary Green Henry and her daughter, Green, are thus the only survivors of her father's family except Mrs. Wallace and her children, of San Francisco.

The fifth and last child of Daniel Henry, Elizabeth Flournoy, died young, while visiting and nursing her sister, Mrs. Lucy Nelson, at Columbus, Ky., where she contracted the same disease, scarlet fever, and it resulted in the death of both about the same time.

The eighth child of General William Henry was Benjamin Franklin, born December 28, 1797, and died January 6, 1798.

The ninth child of General William Henry was Patsy Caroline, born June 28, 1799, died October 14, 1814, aged fifteen years, three months, and sixteen days. She was a lovely girl, the pride of her brothers and the delight of her father and mother. Her surroundings were of the happiest character. Her brothers, full of exuberance and jocularly with one another, deferred in the most respectful manner to this loved and admired sister. When she died, in the prime of young womanhood, they were broken hearted, and her parents were cast into the depths of grief and sorrow. She was buried in Cherry Spring Churchyard.





PATRICK HENRY



## CHAPTER XI.

## PATRICK HENRY.

THE TENTH CHILD of General William Henry, Patrick, was born January 24, 1801, and died in Brandon, Miss., March 14, 1864, aged sixty-three, to which place he removed in 1858. Before taking up his residence in Mississippi, he was elected in 1837, in Tennessee, Brigadier General of Militia by an overwhelming majority. Being a Whig, he was not successful as a politician in the Democratic State of Tennessee, and in 1839 removed to Mississippi. He was by profession a lawyer, but preferred the dignity and ease of a planter's life, though for several years he was a member of the legislature of Mississippi from Madison County, until he declined re-election. He was a member of the Legal Convention of 1851 when the question of union or disunion was the absorbing thought of the day, and was an ardent union man, and one of the most distinguished orators of the State in that cause. He did not afterward fill a public station. On April 17, 1823, he married Elizabeth Duke Taylor, daughter of Colonel Edmond Taylor, of Montgomery County, Tennessee. Colonel Taylor and General William Henry were together in the Revolutionary battle of Guilford. Colonel Taylor's father was Emanuel Taylor, an eccentric but firm and pious man. He could repeat from memory any chapter in the Bible. Colonel Taylor was of the distinguished family of that name, embracing Colonel Joe Taylor, Colonel Hunt of the Revolution, John Taylor of Carolina, General Dick Taylor of Newport, Ky., and General Zachary Taylor of the U. S. Army, who later was President of the United States.

The children of Patrick Henry and Elizabeth Taylor were five, viz.: Edmond Taylor, Benjamin Wilkins, Patrick, Julia, and Elizabeth Jane. The three last died young before their mother. She died June 22, 1838.

General Patrick Henry married, April 7, 1842, in Clinton, Miss., Miss Betty Claiborne West, daughter of Major Claiborne and

Bettie Woodson West, of Christian County, Ky., formerly of Buckingham County, Va. The Wests were related to the Winston family of Mississippi and Alabama, to the Jones and Johns families of Mississippi, and to the family of Governor John J. Pettus, of Mississippi. They had eight children, viz.: Patrick, Virginia Louise, Gustavus Adolphus, William, Betty Claiborne, John Flournoy, Robert Pryor, and Irene.

General Patrick Henry's death, which occurred at his home in Brandon, Miss., on March 14, 1864, aged sixty-three years, was caused by pneumonia brought on by exposure about the time of General Sherman's raid, March, 1864, from Vicksburg through Brandon to Meridian. The excitement incident thereto brought on a relapse from which he died. His remains were interred in the Brandon Cemetery.

Betty C. Henry, widow of General Patrick Henry, died February 9, 1893, aged seventy-one, at the home of her son, Patrick Henry, in Brandon, Miss.

Of the children of General Patrick Henry, in his first marriage, the first, Edmund Taylor, was born August 24, 1827. He graduated in medicine in New Orleans, La., and became a physician of promise, but impaired health led him to abandon his profession, and he became a successful planter in Madison County, Miss., and afterward in Phillips County, Arkansas. He married, in 1852, Louisa Clark Forbes, daughter of Archibald and Louisa C. Forbes and granddaughter of General William Clark, of Jackson, Miss. They had six children: Edmond Taylor, Louise, Elizabeth Taylor, Patrick, Marion, and Gertrude. The mother died on board the steamer, "Natchez," on the Mississippi River above Vicksburg, July 10, 1870, on her way home. The trip was undertaken in a vain search for health.

Dr. Edmund Taylor Henry entered the Confederate Army as a surgeon, but, being unable to bear the exposure of a soldier's life, he was compelled to resign. Anxious to serve his country, however, he accepted the position of quartermaster, with the rank of Captain, which he filled till the close of the war. Having lost all of his property by the war, he began the practice of medicine in Vicksburg, Miss., in 1865, and attained eminence in his profession. During the yellow fever scourge of 1878, he nobly stood by his people. He was stricken with the fever, and, before he had



BETTY CLAIBORNE HENRY



fully recovered, his sense of duty and his love for his friends forced him again to the bedside of the suffering. Truth, honor, and duty were his watchwords, and by these was his life shaped. He was respected, honored, and revered by the entire community. He was six feet two inches in height, of commanding appearance, graceful, elegant in his bearing, courtly in manners, of acknowledged ability, spotless integrity, the very ideal of a Southern gentleman. He was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, broad in his views, his charity embracing all denominations. He was a profound thinker, possessed a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and was one of the founders of the "Church of the Holy Trinity," in Vicksburg. He was a bright and shining light in Masonry, having taken the thirty-second degree, and held the highest offices of the order in the State. He died at Marietta, Ga., April 9, 1881, where he had gone in search of health. Of him it could be truly said, "he laid down his life for his friends," as he never fully recovered from the relapse after yellow fever, caused by exposing himself too soon. He was buried in the family graveyard at Clinton, Miss.

The eldest daughter of Edmund T. Henry and Louise Forbes was Louise, who married James Craig Cowan, eldest son of Capt. J. J. Cowan, of Vicksburg. In 1884 he went to New Orleans as the junior partner of the firm of J. J. Cowan & Co., cotton buyers, where he remained three years, afterward moving to Greenville, Miss., where he successfully continued the same business in his own name until his death, July 15, 1896. They had eight children: Marie Louise, Edmund Henry, Aubrey Beauregard, James Craig, and two sets of twins, Evelyn Gano and Cecil Flournoy, James Jones and Patrick Henry. Only three are now living, Marie Louise, Aubrey Beauregard, and James Jones. James Craig died in his fifth year; the others in infancy.

The second daughter, Elizabeth Taylor, married Horace M. Marshall, son of Hon. T. A. Marshall, an eminent lawyer of Vicksburg, Miss. He is a civil engineer and first assistant of Major Willard, who is now engaged in changing the mouth of the Yazoo River to empty into the Mississippi at Vicksburg. They have had five children: Louise, Elsie Leigh, Gertrude Henry, Claudia, and Letitia. Louise died in infancy.

The next child, Patrick<sup>III</sup>, is a lawyer in Vicksburg. He has represented his district in the State Senate, and was a delegate

to the Chicago Convention of 1896, which nominated Bryan for the Presidency. He has been repeatedly urged to run for Congress, and his district petitioned the Governor to appoint him United States Senator to fill the seat made vacant by the death of Senator George. In 1893 he was elected district attorney, which position he still holds. He was married in November, 1897, to Miss Lily Hicks, daughter of the late Dr. John R. Hicks, a prominent physician of Vicksburg and surgeon in the C. S. A.

Marion Edmund, the third daughter, was called "Ed." After her father's death, in 1890, she married H. C. Yeager, Jr., son of Henry Charles Yeager, of Carlinville, Ill. They owned a large flour mill in that place. H. C. Yeager, Jr., afterward went into the tobacco business, and moved to Denver, Col., where they now reside. Their children are twin boys, Henry Charles and Edmund Henry. Marion possesses to an unusual degree a talent for both poetry and art.

The second child of General Patrick Henry<sup>1</sup>, in his first marriage, Benjamin Wilkins (known as Wilkes Henry), is a Methodist in religious faith. He was born November 27, 1829, and became a successful planter near Edwards, Miss., on the Big Black River. He is the very soul of honor, true to his friends and to his principles. He was quartermaster in C. S. A., with rank of Captain. Having lost his property by the war, with untiring energy he has made for his family a comfortable living. He has been assessor of Hinds County. He married, in 1850, Susan G. Alford, daughter of Dr. Holcomb Alford, of Madison County, Miss. She died shortly after the birth of her only child, Susan G. (Sudie), who married Robert Roscoe Parker, of Brandon, about 1870. In 1879 Mr. Parker removed to Starkville, Miss., and became cashier of the Starkville Bank. He subsequently removed to Jackson, and resides there. Mrs. Sudie Parker is a writer of decided ability, at one time editing a paper, and many a heart has been solaced by her sweet poems. They have no children.

On May 20, 1853, Benjamin Wilkins Henry married Susan Randolph, daughter of Thomas J. and Mary Pettway Randolph, of Vicksburg, by whom he had six children: First, Elizabeth Taylor (who died young). Second, Thomas Randolph, who married Anna Greaves and died about 1892; she died of yellow fever September, 1897, at Edwards, Miss. Their children are Sudie



Parker, Jobie, Thomas, and Anna. Third, Benjamin Wilkins, Jr., who is a merchant at Pocahontas, Miss., where he married Miss Birdie Lane about 1892. They have two children, Virginia and Bettie Montgomery.

The three daughters of Benjamin Wilkins Henry in his second marriage are Mary, born 1859; Bettie, born about 1862, and Laura, born about 1873. Mary is not married; Bettie married Captain W. A. Montgomery, a prominent lawyer, of Edwards, Miss. Captain Montgomery was distinguished in the Confederate War as commander of a company of scouts. They have but two sons, William A. and Wilkins Henry, having lost their only girl, Mella.

Laura married J. R. Davidson, a druggist, and lives at Newton, Miss. They have one daughter, Sue Henry.

The third child of General Patrick Henry, Patrick, was born in 1833, and died in 1835.

The fourth child of General Patrick Henry, Julia, was born in 1834, and lived but a short time.

The fifth child, and last by his first marriage, was Elizabeth Jane, born August 18, 1837, and died November 16, 1838.

The sixth child of General Patrick Henry<sup>1</sup>, but first by his marriage with Betty C. West, was Patrick<sup>II</sup>, born February 12, 1843, in Madison County, Mississippi. Immediately upon the breaking out of the war with the United States, he left the Western Military Institute at Nashville, Tenn., and fought gallantly against the invaders from the North. He became First Lieutenant of Company B, Sixth Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Colonel, afterwards General, Lowry. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and again at Decatur, Alabama. In the Georgia campaign he was detailed from his regiment as Assistant Inspector General on General John Adams' staff, and at Akworth, Ga., under orders from General Loring, carried a flag of truce under constant fire and secured the surrender of the Federal garrison. He was made Major of the Fourteenth Mississippi (consolidated) Infantry, composed of men from the Sixth, Fourteenth, and Forty-third Mississippi regiments, which had been decimated in battle. He was a brave soldier, as his wounds attest, surrendering with General J. E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865.

On February 10, 1874, he married Miss Margie E. Cooke at

Brandon, daughter of J. T. B. Cooke. They had six children, five boys and one girl: Robert Pryor, born January 17, 1875; second, Thomas Cooke, born August 8, 1876, died August 6, 1896; third, William M., born March 14, 1878, died in infancy; fourth, Patrick, born August 10, 1879; fifth, Edmund Taylor, born July 23, 1881; and sixth, Annie Scott, born July 4, 1883, named for her aunt, Annie S. Cooke.

Coming out of the war broken in fortune, Major Patrick Henry<sup>III</sup> engaged in farming in Hinds and Rankin counties. He was admitted to the bar in 1873, and became a prominent lawyer of Brandon, where he has since resided. He is an Episcopalian in religious faith. He served two terms in the Mississippi Legislature, 1879 and 1890, and was a delegate for the State at large to the Constitutional Convention of Mississippi in 1890. In June, 1893, he was one of an escort of honor from Mississippi, with General Stephen D. Lee in command, bearing the remains of ex-President Jefferson Davis from New Orleans to their last resting-place at Holly Wood Cemetery, Richmond, Va. In 1894, having been appointed assistant United States district attorney, he abandoned a contemplated race for Congress, but in November, 1896, was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress. His height is six feet three and one-half inches.

The seventh child, but second of the second marriage of General Patrick Henry<sup>I</sup>, Virginia Louise, was born January 21, 1845, and died in 1847.

The eighth child of General Patrick Henry, and third by the second marriage, Gustavus Adolphus, was born January 25, 1847, and died April 28, 1852.

The ninth child of General Patrick Henry, but fourth by his second marriage, William, was born May 8, 1849, and married Miss Dora Lowry, daughter of General, afterwards, Governor, Robert Lowry, of Brandon, Miss., April 27, 1871. They have no children. William Henry became Mayor of Jackson, Miss., in 1888, serving two terms, and during Governor Lowry's administration (1886) he was made Adjutant General of the State, and was continued under Governor Stone, the next Governor, and also under his successor, Governor McLaurin. He served through very trying scenes in this responsible position. General Henry is one of Jackson's most active and enterprising citizens, and is

revered and respected by the entire community. He entered the Confederate States Army at the age of fifteen, and as quartermaster of the First Mississippi Volunteers Regiment, United States Army, was engaged in the war with Spain in 1898.

The tenth child of General Patrick Henry, but fifth by his marriage with Betty C. West, was Betty C., born June 8, 1852, and married to Robert S. Maxey, of Brandon, in 1877. She had five daughters and two sons; Irene, Bessie, Robert, Virginia, Clifton, Margie, and Beatrice Flournoy.

The eleventh child of General Patrick Henry, John F. (Jack, as always called), was born about 1854. After farming many years near Brandon, he moved to a farm near Morton, Miss., and lived a bachelor's life.

The twelfth child, Robert P., born January, 1856, died on his eighteenth birthday, January, 1874, at Brandon, Miss.

The thirteenth child of General Patrick Henry, but eighth and last by his second marriage, Irene, born 1858, married Dr. Thomas R. Pettway, of Chotard, Issaquena County, Miss., where they lived until December, 1881, but subsequently removed to Austin, Texas. He is a physician of promise. They have two daughters, Irene and Catherine. They lost five children, four girls and one son.

## CHAPTER XII.

## GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS HENRY.

THE ELEVENTH CHILD of General William Henry, but ninth son, Gustavus Adolphus, was born October 8, 1804, and died September 11, 1880, aged seventy-six.

Gustavus A. Henry graduated at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, in 1825, where, in a class of more than ordinary talent, he received the first honor. Ex-President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States, General George W. Jones, a United States Senator from Iowa, with others subsequently distinguished, were his classmates. He studied law in the office of Chief Justice Boyle, of Kentucky, and first commenced its practice in Hopkinsville, Ky., where he resided in the family of his brother, Dr. John F. Henry. Early in life he became a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and there gave promise of the honorable distinction which he afterward attained.

He was a protege and warm personal friend of Henry Clay. On February 17, 1833, he married Marion McClure, who was born April 18, 1813, daughter of Hugh and Susan Gibson McClure, of Clarksville, Tenn. They both belonged to the Episcopal Church. After his marriage he removed to Clarksville, giving up a certain nomination and probable election to the United States Congress from the same Kentucky district at one time honored and so ably represented by his brother, Robert P. Henry, and at another time by his brother, Dr. John F. Henry. He became a member of the legislature of Tennessee, but this change of residence had a life-time influence upon his political career, taking him from a Whig State into a Democratic camp, where he was ever after in the minority, until the Confederate war merged all differences in the noble spirit of patriotism which inspired the adherents of Southern rights.

In 1840 he was one of the Presidential electors of Tennessee on the William Henry Harrison ticket, and later an elector at large for Clay, Taylor, Scott, and Bell in these several Presidential



GUSTAVUS A. HENRY



elections. He was one of the most eloquent and brilliant public speakers of the South, known far and wide as the "Eagle" orator, and became one of its most distinguished lawyers and politicians, possessing wonderful influence with the people. In 1843, with no chance for success but to maintain the Whig organization, he became a candidate for the United States Congress against Cave Johnson. In 1844 he was again upon the electoral ticket, and a third time in 1852. During the interval he occupied a seat in the Tennessee Legislature, and in 1853 was the Whig candidate for Governor against Andrew Johnson, by whom he was defeated. The majority for Johnson was very small, and would have been overcome but for the trading of votes by two Whig candidates for Congress in one district in East Tennessee.

In 1860 he addressed audiences in many cities of the North upon the questions then distracting the country and absorbing public attention, urging in his most eloquent strains the perpetuity of the Federal Union. Hardly had he returned to his Southern home before the dark clouds which hung over his country burst into that storm he had so faithfully labored to arrest. Then for the first time he gave up all hope of union and joined his destiny with that of his adopted and loved State of Tennessee, which seceded from the United States May 6, 1861. Shortly thereafter he was elected Senator from Tennessee to the first regular Congress of the Confederate States, and on February 18, 1862, took his seat in the Confederate Senate at Richmond.

In 1865 his brother, Dr. John F. Henry, wrote to a relative: "I have just visited my only surviving brother, Gustavus A. Henry. I found him in good health, and, considering the crushed hopes of the Confederacy, his spirits are good. He has resumed the practice of law at Clarksville, and bears up like a man. He suffered terribly by the war, having lost enough in worldly effects to make a half-dozen men rich, but he seems to feel, like Francis I after the battle of Pavia, where he was taken prisoner, that all is lost but honor. That still is his."

In 1870 he was prostrated by a long illness, from which he was many months in recovering. In 1873 his right eye lost its fire, and was ever afterward a useless member. In 1874 he was Chairman of the Democratic Convention which nominated Judge Porter for Governor of Tennessee. February 17, 1879, he wrote:

"This is the forty-sixth anniversary of our marriage; we have made each other very happy, trying all the time to consult the tastes of each other and to gratify every rational want. When my wife was a girl she was the most attractive and exceptional young woman I ever saw. Then I loved her dearly, and can truly say time has but made her dearer to me. Sometimes I have wished to be more worthy of her, but then again I feel that no one else in the world could have loved her better. You know that it is a sort of a common law in the Henry family to make good husbands, and in all my efforts in that way I have but followed the example of my noble brothers; no man ever had better and nobler, and I, as the last of that noble band, have a very great responsibility upon me to maintain the high standard they bore so triumphantly. Would I were able to bear it better and more defiantly, but there is one thing I am certain of—none can ever force me to lower it, nor will any one ever wrest it from me except with my life." Mrs. Marion McClure Henry, the wife so lovingly referred to, died forty-nine years after her marriage, on January 21, 1882.

The children of Gustavus A. Henry and Marion McClure were seven, viz.: Susan, Thomas Frazier, John Flournoy, Gustavus Adolphus, Marion, Benjamin (so named, hoping he would be the last), and Patrick. The last daughter and son before Patrick died in infancy.

The first child of Gustavus A. Henry, Susan, was born 1834. In 1855 she married George D. Martin, son of Judge Abe Martin, of Clarksville. He was a lawyer by profession, not in active practice, but engaged in planting when he married. She became the mother of a family of nine children, the second of whom, Henry, died young. At her death, which occurred November 27, 1880, her living children were: Mortimer Abram, born 1856; Marion H., born June 28, 1859; George D., born December, 1861; Jack F., born 1866; Thomas F., born 1867; Walter D., born 1869; Gustavus A., born 1864, and Susan Henry, born 1872. Mrs. Martin was an invalid the greater part of her life, and died November 27, 1880. Of the children referred to, Mortimer Abram married, in 1891, Maggie Blackburn, daughter of Dr. Henry Blackburn, of Laconia, Ark., who was a brother of Luke P. Blackburn and J. C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky; they have one child, Percy B., born in January, 1894. Susan H. Martin, the youngest child of





MARION McCLURE HENRY



Susan H. and George D. Martin, married Martin L. Cross, in 1897, and has one child named Patrick Henry Cross, born June 16, 1898. The remaining children of Mrs. Susan H. Martin are unmarried.

The second child of Gustavus A. Henry, Thomas Frazier, born November 30, 1835, became a lawyer of promise, and, like his distinguished father, the "Eagle" orator, was an orator of much ability, but a slight impediment in his speech induced him to abandon the law for a farmer's life. He served gallantly through the war between the States, and was wounded at Adairsville, Ga., on General Jos. E. Johnston's retreat from Dalton to Atlanta. He belonged to General Frank Cheatham's "fighting" division, and at the time of the surrender was inspector of ordnance, with rank of Major, on General Cheatham's staff. He was wounded at Resaca, Ga., in the arm and shoulder, and at Franklin in the head. On November 14, 1867, Major Henry married Miss Louisa M. Barker, known as "Tex" Barker, of Montgomery County, Tennessee, and retired to the shades of country life. Their children are Gustavus A., born August 5, 1871, and Ellen Morris, born March 5, 1869. The latter married Rev. John H. Boyd, of Memphis, November 13, 1889, and is now residing in Evanston, Ill. Major Henry died November 25, 1886, Thanksgiving Day, aged fifty-one. His widow married Dr. C. W. Bailey, of Clarksville, in 1889, and he died October 17, 1897.

The third child of Gustavus A. Henry, John Flournoy, born April 7, 1837, was a young man of great promise. He graduated at the Lebanon, Tenn., Law School in 1859, with the first honor of his class, and successfully practiced his profession in Memphis until the breaking out of the war with the Federal Union, when he took up arms in brave defense of his home and country. He was soon made Major of his regiment, the Fourth Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., and was severely wounded through the lungs at Shiloh, and died from his wounds at the house of Mrs. Crawford, in Memphis, where he had been carried after the battle, being cut off from the home of his childhood at Clarksville. In 1870 his remains were reinterred at Clarksville.

The fourth child of Gustavus A. Henry, Gustavus A., Jr., born September 16, 1838, preferred farming, and pursued his choice upon a plantation in Desha County, Arkansas, until the

commencement of hostilities with the United States, when he became attached to General Gideon J. Pillow's staff. He was afterward assigned to General McCown's, then to General Braxton Bragg's, subsequently to General Jos. E. Johnston's, then to General John B. Hood's, and again to General Johnston's, when he reassumed command of the remnant of the Army of Tennessee at Bentonville, N. C., the remnant which had escaped destruction in General John B. Hood's unfortunate campaign in Tennessee. He passed through many hotly fought battles with honor, credit, and increasing popularity, and at the close of the war was Assistant Inspector General of the Army of Tennessee, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. After the surrender he married Miss Ella Walker Winston, of Tuscumbia, Ala., October 25, 1866, at "Belle Monte," the country home of her mother. Her father, then dead, was Isaac Winston, brother of the first Governor Winston, and uncle of the second Alabama governor of that name. Gustavus A. died December 3, 1883, and was buried at Tuscumbia, but subsequently his remains were reinterred in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Ky. His widow, Mrs. Ella W. Henry, married Dr. G. B. Thornton, an old friend of her first husband and a leading physician of Memphis, Tenn., in Nashville, on April 14, 1887.

The fifth child of Gustavus A. Henry, Patrick<sup>IV</sup>, born August 31, 1846, served with his classmates, the Virginia Cadets, under General Francis H. Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute, in General John C. Breckenridge's corps, at the battle of New Market in the valley of Virginia. He was subsequently one of the defenders of Richmond, remaining in service until the close of the Confederate War, from which he retired with rank of Captain.

He married Miss Ellen Barker, sister of the wife of his brother, Thomas F., in 1871. They had no children. She died in Colorado, where he had taken her, hoping to restore her health, January 18, 1890, and was buried in Clarksville the 23d of same month. Patrick Henry was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and was first in his class in 1867. He was retained as assistant professor, and held that position till impairment of eyesight forced him to give up a professional life. This led to his pursuing the occupation of cotton planting in Arkansas, in which he has always been successful. Being interested in the Mississippi River levee system, in the course of time he became president of a levee dis-

trict in Arkansas, and subsequently, in connection therewith, a distinguished member of the Mississippi River Levee Association. As a member of the Executive Committee, he gained prominence in Washington, where the committee was sent, and was finally chosen the sole representative there. This association is composed of the seventeen State levee districts in the five States of Missouri, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana. He has held this responsible position for nine years, and at this writing (1898) continues to be the able and successful representative he was at first. He has been instrumental in procuring appropriations of over twenty millions of dollars for the construction and strengthening of Mississippi River levees.

The twelfth child of General William Henry, Eliza, was born July 22, 1805, and died November 10, 1805.

The thirteenth and last child of General William Henry by his union with Elizabeth Julia Flournoy was Lucretia, born October 1, 1808, died October 9, 1811.

The fourteenth and only child of General William Henry and Hester L. Clarke, his second wife, was James Clarke Henry, born August 5, 1818, who, as before mentioned, died August 25, 1847, aged twenty-nine, unmarried.





EDWARD PARKER HENRY AS SCOUT ON THE  
PHYSICAL FRONTIER





# A HISTORY OF THE HENRY FAMILY

Being a supplement to the history of the family com-  
piled by John Flournoy Henry and published in  
the year 1900 by the John P. Morton Co.  
of Louisville, Ky.

These notes bring to this date the history of the family  
of John Todd Henry.

*Dated—The year 1938.*

*Compiled by*  
Edward Parker Henry—son of  
Edward Duncan Henry—son of  
John Todd Henry—son of  
Rev. Robert Henry—son of  
Robert Henry of Scotland





WHY DO I wish to maintain a history of my family, and exhort my posterity to preserve and maintain it throughout succeeding generations?

It is because of my profound respect for the part that heredity plays in this great scheme of *Growth*.

That respect has been inspired by an earnest study of the functioning of this law. I have read after all leading biologists; but I am sure that respect has been fostered most by seventy-seven years of observation of the processes going on about me.

I have met and studied many families; I have seen their children develop. And in that time I have seen many changes wrought in the lower animal world and in plant life as students directed the Law of Heredity. But it is when I read the history of the emergence of the thoroughbred horse of today from a little five-toed animal no larger than a fox and the development of all the families of dogs from the wolf and the varieties of cattle, hogs, sheep, pigeons, fruits and vegetables! Nothing of use to man that has not been vastly improved by an appeal to knowledge of this dominant Law of Growth. Then it is that I begin to wonder what an earnest family of human beings might accomplish in, say, ten generations, by a wise control of these laws. That family, in that very short period of time, could attain to its ideal as to color of hair and eyes. It could approximate its ideal height and weight of body. It could establish a tendency toward the character of the introvert or that of the extrovert. The rapidity with which this family approached its ideals, would, of course, depend upon the wisdom displayed in the invoice of character and selection of mates—and here it is revealed to you the vast need of the family history of that mate. Suppose now, that the Henry family earnestly desired to develop a red-headed family as soon as possible. A family that would breed true always to red-heads. In this case if all you selected a red-headed mate from a family of which all other heads were black, your progress toward your ideal would be slow. Now observe this—if you made your selec-

tion from a family, all of whose heads were red, then in that case, your progress would be more rapid. But if a history of that family showed that it had been breeding true to red-heads for five generations, then your progress toward your ideal would be the most rapid—so with regard to other characters.

Herein lies the value—the scientific value—of a family history, revealing, as it does, the dominant characteristics persisting in each, it is now anticipated that the State, learning, at last, the value of these histories of families, will start and maintain such a history of all families, anticipating that the State will so discover the source from which comes crime and degeneracy as well as good citizenship.

But of all this, I have written elsewhere, and will not repeat here.

There is one fact, however, that I have noted elsewhere, that must be repeated here—It is this:

I married at the age of thirty-four. All at once, as it were, I awoke to a realization of the fact that the survival of my branch of the Henry family, depended upon me. I was the sole male member living. To be sure I did not want my family to perish. I wanted children.

It is true that then I was a student of Evolution and the Law of Heredity. This prompted a study of myself as a possible sire. This study revealed negative characteristics—characteristics that I now in solemn judgment of self, disapproved.

I was not a "good mixer," I enjoyed being alone. My acquaintances told me that I lacked aggression. I should shove myself forward.

I had come to a wholly undeveloped territory (The Territory of Idaho) at the age of twenty-one. I had a good education. These acquaintances urged me to seek a public office—represent the people, and help to work out the destiny of a new country. But the idea of asking people to vote for me was so repulsive that I never for a moment thought of it. "If they want me to serve them, let them ask me, and I'll gladly do it." In this mood, I went back to my ranch cabin, and stayed there.

As I estimated myself just now, I condemned this characteristic. I saw plainly that it had hampered my progress. I was an "introvert." I lacked aggression—belligerency.

A study of my family revealed that that characteristic prevailed—was dominant in my father and all of the children of John Todd Henry, my grandfather. Was he an introvert? Read his history. Observe that he was educated for the ministry—but his modesty was so overpowering—he was so embarrassed before an audience that he had to abandon the idea of being a preacher, and opened a classical school in Kentucky instead. Observe that incident narrated by the historian which relates that he failed to seal his contract of marriage to a girl who had accepted, with a kiss—superlatively an introvert!

This characteristic, I reasoned, was wholly out of harmony with a competitive age. I now concluded that it was innate in my family line—and I must seek to modify it in my children.

How? By choosing a mother of those children from an *extrovert* family. This I did. The result is told more in detail elsewhere. Understand, further, that I am not prompted to continue the history of this family because of undue appreciation for its merits. If it is to have scientific value it must be a true analysis.

One of the most valuable family histories is a history of a most depraved family. I claim that all evolution is by way of the individual. I claim that what some students call "Social Evolution" is simply the expression of individual evolution. The virtues of society and the state is the sum of the virtues of the families of which it is composed. I have no doubt but that the unknown goal toward which Evolution is tending, or is directed by man, himself, must be attained by way of the evolution of the individual. This, of course, makes the family—the father and mother and the babe the source of all human possibilities. Solve the problems of their best development, then the State is safe.

My study and observation insure that all progress in organic development up to the appearance of man, was by way of the functioning of the laws of variation, heredity, and environmental influences. Variation and heredity operated upon the individual only. Upon the appearance of man, with his power of reason and control, environment lost vastly as a determining factor. Man controlled it. So it is that variation is losing its determination. Man, not environment, appraises the value of variation.

In still plainer English I will assert that the babe is born into the world endowed by the blend of the energies of its parents and

their forebears. That organism upon birth is a potential 10, 20, 50, or a 100 "horse power" organism, and that organism, unlike a purely mechanical one, is a self adjusting organism. Use increases its power—lack of use insures at last atrophy. But no amount of training and education will ever make the ten horse power organism equal the 100 horse power organism. My belief in the self-adjusting nature of this organism, meeting, in time, the persistent and continued demands made upon it by an ever integrating brain, together with much other evidence, prompts a belief in the transmission of "acquired characters" to human posterity by way of the law of heredity.

So strong is my belief that the child is the fruit of the family tree, peculiarly endowed by that particular family, that I scoff at that term—"The Self-made Man." I would go further yet, I would tear down the monument erected to him and in its place erect a monument to his mother.

There is a social institution that seriously interferes with the preservation of family history, and that is that the name is carried forward by the male only. Biologists acknowledge that the female dominates in the transmission of characteristics to posterity; yet she is c'ten lost in its history by her change of name as at marriage.

I suggest to my family, that they carry over their family name after marriage—as Polly Henry White—Josephine Henry Gasper and Jean Henry Roberts. Posterity can then more readily find you.

On page 12 of the history of the Henry family compiled by John Flournoy Henry, and to which these notes are supplementary, will be found a paragraph reading as follows:

"John Todd Henry, the seventh child of Rev. Robert Henry, was educated for the ministry at Hampden Sydney College, Virginia, by the benevolence and liberality of a distant relative, it is supposed Judge James Henry. He was a splendid scholar and possessed of fine classical attainments, but his overpowering modesty and diffidence prevented him from discharging the duties of his holy office, and he determined to establish a classical school of high grade. The plan was successfully carried out and the school became very popular. In it his nephews, Robert Pryor Henry and Dr. John Flournoy Henry, as well as others who became distinguished in after life were educated. He married Sally Keene, daughter of Samuel Keene of Scott Co., Kentucky, a son

of old Hopewell Keene an eccentric man, fond of his violin and of playing for his friends and for their children of the neighborhood to dance in their youthful glee."

Again—

John Todd Henry was a truly pious man. Exceedingly modest and retiring. He differed from his brother, General William Henry, in that he never related an anecdote or told a story which moved one to laughter; and yet he was the kindest and gentlest of men. The following anecdote is told (a veritable fact) which is characteristic of his timid nature. He became engaged to Miss Sally Shipp, daughter of Laban Shipp of Bourbon Co., Kentucky, and failed to seal the contract with a kiss. She took this omission in such high dudgeon that the next time he called she summarily rejected him. Telling him that he was "too modest a man to know how to love a sensible woman."

The children of John Todd Henry and Sally Keene Henry were eight—four sons and four daughters. The sons were, Samuel, John Todd, Edward Duncan and Robert. The daughters, Amanda, Sarah, Susan and Julia.

The father died in Scott Co., Kentucky, in the year 1820 and soon after, "Aunt Sally," as she was known with her children moved to Boon Co., Missouri. They all settled in the same neighborhood and I grew up among them and knew them all intimately.

As a whole this family of sons and daughters had a marked resemblance to each other. They reacted similarly to environment. They were all of medium height and weight. Blue eyes prevailed among them and Roman noses—not large, yet high at the center. This was so among the daughters as well as the sons.

As a group, also, they were modest and retiring—there was little of aggressiveness or belligerency among them. They were good natured Scotch folks; they contended with nature for their living and they seldom contended with each other or with their neighbors. On the frontier as they were, the jealousies of a competitive life did not disturb them. The farmer of that day was secure. That was about all he asked. He did not hanker for riches. He loved the simple life.

Their religious enthusiasm was ancient. For hundreds of years they had been deeply religious. Their whole life process was grounded upon that religion. But it was easy for them to live up to

the tenets of their church, for they were naturally a moral people. They were very conscientious.

This similarity, the biologists considers, is good ground upon which to build. Much better than a mutable family from which a genius and a moron may emerge. In the former there is stability. The family is breeding "True to Type."

The outstanding deficiency of this family, as I analyze it, for life in a competitive civilization, is the lack of aggression, belligerency. But the merits of a competitive civilization have not yet been established. No vicious character, no moron, no cripple, either physical or mental has appeared in this family. In the wildest flights of fancy I could not conceive of one of these brothers thrusting a bayonet into a fellow man. Yet they were not cowards. They fought neither with the Northern or Southern armies. But their sympathies were with the South. They were at mid-life when that war broke out and had a young family on their hands—that may have kept them from enlisting or being subject to draft. But I am sure they despised war.

But you will notice in the history that General Wm. Henry, a brother of John Todd Henry, was quite belligerent. He fought in several wars and was an Indian fighter—so were his sons. Not so, the sons of John Todd. They were too merciful to kill—even to save their own lives.

Was this their nature, or the dictates of their religion? you may ask—I think it was their nature—as I said before—their nature was such that it was easy for them to live up to the tenets of that religion.

The death of their father and subsequent migration to Missouri prevented more than a common school education for these children. But they were studious—especially were they religious students. About the time I was born, I think was the apex of religious fervor. It was about that time that a great debate occurred. It was a debate between Campbell, a Christian minister, and Rice, a Scotch Presbyterian minister. The subject debated was that of Baptism—was immersion or sprinkling the proper method? One was right and the other wrong. At that time this was a serious question. One saved you from hell fire, the other wouldn't. The matter was to be settled by this great debate. For years after, these two churches were still debating as to who



was victorious. After this debate the Christians were called "Campbellites." Even the Negroes took sides. But most of the Negroes were immersionists—"You can't wash a 'nigger' by dabbin' a little water on his haid—you got to souse him clear under—dat's de way."

Hell fire still burned hot when I was a boy.

Samuel Keene Henry, first child of John Todd Henry and Sally Keene Henry, was married in Missouri. I do not know the maiden name of his wife. His farm was farther away from ours and as a boy I knew less about his family. I know he had a son named Patrick. Whether he married and had children or not I cannot say. But I do know that Uncle Sam was a religious leader of his rustic neighbors. He led them in singing and he could pray most earnestly. One of the churches at which they gathered was "Mount Moriah." At these gatherings they brought big baskets of fried chicken, pumpkin pies, etc., spent the day, and had a glorious time. Here Uncle Sam was at his best. A man's place in his church determined his social standing in those days. As a boy I often fished with Uncle Sam. Fished in the "Hinkston." In it was a variety of "small fry." An eight-inch perch was a whopper. He was a jovial companion. At 70 years of age he could crack hickory nuts in his teeth. They said he could crack black walnuts, but I never saw him do it. Of course, he never swore and never touched liquor. He was a good woodsman and hunter. Wild turkeys were gone when I was a boy, but Uncle Sam would tell me lots of exciting stories about turkey hunting. For example:

"While strolling through the woods one day I came upon two big gobblers, fighting. I think they had been fighting a long time for they were groggy. As they hung to each other's snouts, I fired and killed them both—they were big ones, but in time I got them both home."

Uncle Sam died in his 78th year.

The second child of John Todd and Sally Henry was Amanda. She married a cousin by the name of Keene. They had one son. Not long after the son's birth the father died. The son was given a medical education and practiced medicine in an adjoining neighborhood. The Keene temperament was dominant in his makeup. That temperament—the Keene temperament, I have not noted as yet. Many of that family were located in our neighbor-

hood. Though the wife of John Todd and the mother of these children was a Keene, yet I have no record of her character. She died before I was born. But to be spoken of as "Aunt Sally," and to have migrated to a new country late in life indicate unusual sturdiness of character. Members of that family located in our neighborhood were decidedly extrovert. They cursed, and drank, more or less. They loved fine horses. They danced and caroused. I went to school with their children. But my family would have very little to do with them. They neighbored with them not at all.

This son was more of a Keene than a Henry. Doctors in those days, of course, answered calls on horse-back. This young doctor rode the finest of them all. He had steely eyes—he loved adventure. A young woman roused jealousy between another young man and Dr. Keene. Something like a feud developed and one day the young doctor was shot from ambush and killed.

These had only this one child.

The second child of John Todd Henry and Sally Keene Henry was John Todd Henry. He married Miss Harriette Stern in Pendleton Co., Kentucky.

They had four children: first, Whitehead; second, Sally; third, Robert, and fourth, Emmy or Emma.

Whitehead—(whether he was so christened or not I do not now know, records are not at hand)—died at the age of 20 years. He was a fine looking and promising young man. Sally, second child, died at the age of 16 years—a beautiful girl. Robert, the third child, took a good "common school" education; he was a fine looking young man and married Miss Emma Garret of Kentucky. They had no children. Emmy, the fourth child of John Todd and Harriet Henry, never married. She, with Bob, are still living, both over 80 years of age. The farm of John Todd Henry joined that of my father's on the north. I knew Uncle Jack and Aunt Harriet and their family about as well as my own. But the two older children had died before I began to observe. Even as a boy I wondered how these two teamed together—that is—Uncle Jack and Aunt Harriet. Uncle Jack was aristocratic. They say he got up on a cane-bottom chair to pull on his broadcloth pants so the legs would not drag over the dusty carpet. His silk "plug hat" fairly gleamed; when he smoked, his pipe stem was exactly in



SUSAN HENRY, WIFE OF EDWARD D. HENRY





EDWARD DUNCAN HENRY



the center of his mouth. He rode about the farm on "old Fan"—something of an aristocrat herself. Her saddle was the very best and her bridle neat. In that saddle Uncle Jack sat as straight as an Indian, his stove-pipe hat squarely on top of his head and his pipe exactly in the center of his mouth.

I say I wondered as a boy how Uncle Jack and Aunt Harriet teamed so well together, for Aunt Harriet was rather boisterous. On a still morning I often heard her calling or scolding the Negroes, clear over to our house, about half a mile away. But she was big-hearted. The favorite pipe in those days was "the clay pipe." To be sure, Missouri farmers of that day raised their own tobacco. Aunt Harriet smoked one of those clay pipes, and Uncle Jack seemed to like the idea.

Uncle Jack was about medium height, about 5 feet 8 inches. He was spare built—face clean shaven. He was lean, like Cassius. As he talked his eyelids fluttered, and closed tight when he became very earnest. "Ah—Jackie, what's the use of talking that way—you know better than that," Aunt Harriet would say. "It's the truth, I tell you"—Uncle Jack would snap back—as his eyelids fluttered.

Though so different they seemed to understand each other perfectly. They usually attended the Methodist Church. Though they were less earnest—did not attend church as regularly as we did. But his "word" was as good as his bond. So, with all these children. He was highly respected by all.

He died about the age of seventy. His wife survived him some seven years. Both were buried in the family burying ground out in the orchard, just back of the house. When Robert and Emmy, a surviving son and daughter, now very old and both childless, pass away, the family of John Todd Henry, Jr., will have perished.

The fourth child of John Todd Henry and Sally Keene Henry was Edward Duncan Henry. He married Susan Parker, daughter of Gabriel Parker, who was born in Indiana, moved to Kentucky, and later to Boone County, Missouri, with Elizabeth—(I regret that I have not been able to identify her family)—his wife. I regret this because tradition indicates that this was an unusual woman, of very strong character. She was a large woman.

Gabriel Parker was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church—a prosperous farmer—highly respected by all who knew him.

They had four sons—James, John, Edwin, and William, and three daughters—Amanda, Mary, and Susan. The son, James, was educated a doctor and located in Nebraska City, Nebraska, where he practiced many years. He married and raised a family, but I will not give their history.

John entered the army of the South and was killed in battle.

Edwin never married. He was a broker and in good financial circumstances when he died at about the age of fifty years.

William, the fourth son of Gabriel Parker and Elizabeth Parker, had a good common school education. When about twenty-five years of age he began freighting with ox teams from Omaha, Nebraska, across the plains and into Montana. In a few years he accumulated enough to return home and buy the home place from his father, who was now alone. Here he settled down and farmed, the rest of his life. He never married. His farm was noted for its fat cattle and big fine mules. At the age of 72 he died. With part of a considerable fortune he endowed the "Parker Memorial Hospital" for the State University at Columbia, Missouri. On the walls of that handsome building is the portrait of Wm. L. Parker. Such a gift to his state was a fine expression of good citizenship and a fitting memorial for a life well lived.

A daughter of Gabriel Parker, Amanda, married a Dr. Farrar, who practiced medicine for years in Independence, Mo. They had one son and three daughters. Another daughter, Mary, married Dr. Coulter, who had charge of a Presbyterian Church in Liberty, Mo., for many years. They had no children.

The other daughter, Susan, married Edward Duncan Henry, fourth child of John Todd Henry—as just stated. This Parker family was a well balanced, virile family. I am sure that they were a well-bred people.

After Uncle Will moved on to the old homestead, I as a boy often rode over and spent a night with him. He was very fond of the game of chess and he taught it to me. But I never could "beat" him. He lived a solitary life—nothing but Negro farm hands about him. He courted a young woman of good family for a year or more. We thought they would marry. But they didn't. Years after he told me that he suspected that she would marry him for his money.

Grandfather Parker came to live with us when he sold the



farm. To be sure, he and I grew intimate. I hooked up "old Tom" to the buggy for him when he wanted to go out—"Old Tom" had but one eye, but the nerve and go of two horses. He was peaceable enough going away from home—but coming back, especially if he had stood in harness all day, he just about dragged the buggy home by the lines. He mercifully died before Grandfather grew too feeble to handle him.

I was just learning to shoot quail with my Father's old muzzle loader which was too heavy for me and I was hankering for a new shot gun. How I hankered! I had raised a Setter pup and he was just now acting fine. I just had to have a gun. There was an outcropping of coal on the farm. Father told me I could have a team to haul it to town and, more than that, he would let Morrison (a Negro) help me load it. So we started to clean off some two feet of earth covering. Two days we worked. The morning of the third day, Grandfather gave me the money to buy the gun. A boy of ten years and a brand new gun! Grandfather was fond of quail and I had a mess for him nearly every Sunday.

The blending of this family with that of John Todd Henry I am sure added strength to the Henry family. The Parkers were less introvert than the Henrys. They, too, were medium as to size.

Evidently the children of John Todd Henry were not so robust as were those of Gen. William Henry and other brothers. They averaged about six feet tall and 175 pounds in weight.

I suggest to my posterity that they bring this branch of the family back to six feet in height.

The children of Edward Duncan Henry and Susan Parker Henry were: first, Lizzy; second, Mary; third, Edward Parker; fourth, William; fifth, a boy who died shortly after birth.

But first let me reveal as nearly as I can the characters of this father and mother. The father, Edward Duncan Henry, was about 5 feet 8 inches tall and he weighed about 145 pounds. He was a Deacon in the Presbyterian Church and a very devout Christian. He believed, beyond a doubt, that the Bible was the word of God and that obedience to the Ten Commandments was the sum total of morality. He said that if the Bible had stated that Jonah swallowed the whale he would have believed it. To be sure, being the word of God, there was nothing to do but believe it.

Father had family worship in his home night and morning. We sang a hymn, "Rock of Ages" or some one of many others, the words and tune of which were familiar to all of us—how familiar! Then Father read a chapter in the Bible, when we all knelt down by our chairs while he uttered an audible prayer. Often the darkies were invited in to these services. Eagerly they came—and sat upon the steps of the stairway leading from the sitting room to rooms above.

Father thus read the Bible in such a way or in such quantities that he completed it in a year. It was easy at last for me to anticipate the next lines as he read, so that I was always a jump or two ahead of him.

Though I do not now accept his outlook upon life, nevertheless, I bare my head in reverence as I recall his honor and integrity. He was following his light. He was loyal to the ideals of his day and age—so loyal! Was he true to himself? Yes—emphatically! I have heard him express pity of Chas. Darwin and his "Origin of Species." To be sure he did not read the book—he would have sooner laid his hand upon the head of a coiled rattlesnake than upon that book. So with all Christendom.

He was a silent man. He laughed but little. As a boy I have been corrected for whistling on Sunday. It was a day for religious meditation. Yet he was not of a melancholy nature. He was a poor mixer. He was an introvert.

My mother was of medium height but "lean," slim. I should say she weighed about 110 pounds. As she passed hither and thither she often moved her lips as if talking. I've seen her shake her head also as she thus "talked to herself." She was inclined to reason her way through. She was not so impulsive as some women. Wherever duty called she went. She was a woman not readily fathomed. To this day she is something of a mystery to me—just what would she have done at this or that event? I am not quite sure. But I know if duty called she would go.

She always had a cook. Yet she was forever on the go. She walked rapidly. Her hair was dark brown—so were her eyes—was she beautiful? Her son must not say. She was good to all of us—and I can't conceive of her being other than good.

Lizzy Henry, the first child of Edward Duncan Henry and Susan Parker Henry, had red hair. She was beautiful. At the age

of 18, she married Ed. S. Sturgeon, a conductor on the R. R. line between Centralia and Columbia. They were married at the old homestead, but made their home in Centralia. Lizzy Henry had a slightly "Roman nose," not largely so, and a virile constitution.

They had five children. First, Beverly; second, Ora; third, Claud; fourth, Pearl, and fifth, Gabriel. The family moved to St. Louis where the father was on the police force for some years. Then they moved to a farm not far from us, furnished them by Father for they were cramped financially. Here they lived until the mother's health failed. Physicians pronounced it tubercular trouble. Her father took her to the mountains of Colorado—but to no purpose. She finally died in New Mexico. Mother took in the young girls, raised and educated them. For a time the two older boys found a home with Uncle William Parker, where they earned their way at work on his farm. Life held no favors for these boys. To be sure the girls missed Mother love, but the best substitute for that was Grandmother love—that they got. But the two boys eventually fought their way through. Beverly secured a business education—for some years was a successful traveling shoe salesman. Later he was a leather merchant. But the economic disaster of 1929 caused the loss of his investment. He is now living in Texas—too old to fight back, with a second wife. His first wife died leaving him a son, who, at the age of some 20 years, died. Beverly Sturgeon was an earnest conscientious businessman, husband and father.

Ora Sturgeon, second child of Elizabeth Henry and Edward Sturgeon, was well educated by her grandparents. She married W. E. Bradford of a prominent Missouri family. Later Col. Bradford acquired a plantation in Mississippi known as "The Richland Plantation" to which he moved his family where they now live. They have three children—a daughter and two sons. Helen, the daughter, was a magnetic girl. After graduating from Christian College, Mo., with honor, she married Giltner Ingles, a rising young engineer. Shortly after the birth of a son who died in the first year of his life, the father died. These shocks so wrecked the health of Helen, that for a long while, her recovery was despaired of. She, at this writing, however, is recovering, and is cooperating with society to relieve the load of others, as she

silently, heroically carried her own. She is now living and acting in her loved state of Mississippi.

William E. Bradford, second child of Ora Sturgeon and W. E. Bradford, is a stalwart young man, physically and intellectually. He is married to Mamie Annie Webber of Cleveland, Ohio, and is living in that state.

Howard Sturgeon Bradford, third child of Ora Sturgeon and W. E. Bradford, graduated at Jefferson Military College—was valedictorian of his class and popular. Just now he is with his father on "The Richland Plantation."

Claud A. Sturgeon, third child of Lizzy Henry and Edward Sturgeon, now lives in Guthrie, Okla. He is married and has a family, but just now I am not familiar with its history—I hope to be able to insert this later.

Pearl Sturgeon, fourth child of Elizabeth Henry and Edward Sturgeon, married Thomas Felix Sutton, a prosperous farmer located a few miles south of Columbia, Mo. Their family consists of twins—a boy and girl—and I think one other child. (Am just now awaiting a completer history.) About a year ago, Pearl died—cancer of the breasts being the cause. Letters from her during her tragic "waiting" revealed a heroic character, defying her malady to shroud her life and to the last she smiled.

Gabriel Sturgeon, fifth child of Elizabeth Henry and Edward Sturgeon, was a very moral boy and man—he died at the age of twenty-five years.

The second child of Edward Duncan Henry and Susan Parker Henry was Mary. She was naturally an introvert. She was a fine looking girl. She attended and was graduated with honor from Stephens College at Columbia, Mo. She married Ed. Phillips, a graduate from the State University of Missouri. He virtually worked his way through college. Shortly after graduation, he secured a position as teacher in the schools of Kansas City, Mo., and married Mary Henry. He rose rapidly in influence and soon was prominent in directing the destiny of education in that vigorous city. He is respected, yes, honored and loved by all who know him—and that means the whole population of a vast city. He is living today, 82 years old, having given 52 years of service to the city's High Schools—certainly a wonderful record. In his old age, he is the toast of that city. He has seen his pupils



MARY HENRY PHILLIPS, SECOND CHILD OF  
E. D. HENRY AND WIFE



grow old in service, and has bared his head at many of their funerals. His standard of morality was very high. He was of a jovial, happy nature—an excellent mixer, quick at repartee. He was a rapid walker and loved it. His reaction to his environment was quick and impulsive. But his impulses were generally true. He did not reason his way through—that was too slow for him—he acted upon impulses. In him these impulses were as true as those of a woman. He was as gentle as a woman, too. His wife domineered him and he liked it—and she liked dominion. Any disobedience on the part of her children would have startled her—but they never disobeyed. She was gentle, but firm.

Mary Henry Phillips after her marriage drifted away from the Scotch Presbyterian Church—"drifted" is the right word. Her husband attended that church—I've wondered as to the cause for this. For some years she was without definite religious anchor. Then she got in touch with Christian Science. It had an immediate appeal, she swallowed it—"hook and sinker." How ardent—how sincere she was! She wanted to convert the whole world—especially me. But she found me a hopeless materialist.

When 68 years of age and in robust health she was afflicted by illness. To be sure she scorned medical aid; though tortured for weeks with intense pain, she bravely ignored it—she was a determined woman. Once espousing a cause she never turned back. She would rather die than be traitor to her cause.

She did die—and I have always been positive that her life could have been saved to her family for many years.

Her husband attended the Christian Science Church with her—though in a skeptical frame of mind. He could not completely ignore matter. Edward D. Phillips and Mary Henry Phillips had—first, twin boys who died at birth; second, Grace Darling; third, Sylvia; fourth, Marie; fifth, Lucile, and sixth, Ruth.

The first child (to live) of this father and mother—Grace—was carefully educated—attending the University of Missouri. After graduation she took up library work and became prominent in that work, becoming librarian of the University of Chicago. Later, she was selected to go to China to instruct the Chinese as librarians. She spent three years in that work. Some two years ago, she returned to the home in Kansas City, and I think she

is now compiling her impressions of the Chinese people. Upon her return she told me that the Japanese would never conquer China. Since then—or just now, that war of conquest is raging and I am watching and hoping for a verification of her deductions. Grace has not married.

The second child, Sylvia, was a "reader" in the Christian Science Church. She was the most robust, physically, of all the daughters. They were rather frail, physically, but virile mentally. Sylvia married and soon after—some three years, she broke down physically and mentally and is now cared for in an institution for the helpless. There were no children.

Marie—the third living child—is the housekeeper, business agent, and administrator of the Estate. She has never married. Lucile, the fourth living child, is identified with the Christian Science Paper in Kansas City. She has never married.

Ruth, the youngest daughter, married a prominent young man of Columbia, Mo., identified in educational work at the State University. Ruth is prominent in Girl Scout work there and in other circles of society. They have ? two children. The husband's name is Johnson.

The third child of Edward Duncan Henry and Susan Parker Henry was Edward Parker Henry.

That is the author of these notes. I rebel against writing about myself. Yet nobody knows me as well as I know myself. I have made myself a study. I have already told you that I find many of the characteristics of the "introvert" in my makeup. And I have told you of my regret because of this. I have told you also of the way by which I sought to correct these faults in my children, somewhat. Entire correction, I am sure, can only be attained by the wise efforts of several generations.

As I understand, the term "introvert" designates one interested most in mental energies. The extrovert is most interested in physical energies. The philosopher may be an example of an introvert. The engineer an example of the extrovert. So since our ideals today exalt the worth of physical wealth, those of the introvert are ignored. If we are to compete in a commercial age, we must be more extrovert in character.

The characteristic of independence—love of self-sufficiency is certainly dominant in my organism. I wish so to act that I can





EDWARD PARKER HENRY, STILL SCOUTING ON  
THE INTELLECTUAL FRONTIER, AGE 87



credit myself with the results. I wish to attain to satisfaction with myself. As I analyze life, contentment is the result of self-satisfaction.

To my mind the introvert is in harmony with the simple life. The extrovert with the luxurious life. If I could anticipate that my posterity would be philosophically inclined and so be able to wring from the "simple life" all its joys, then I would not have sought to modify its introvert nature. But our age is too rampant and luxury-loving to nourish any such anticipations.

I think it would be well, just here to give some evidence of the spontaneous expressions of individuality—indisposition to follow—lack of respect for tradition. It was shortly after leaving college that I broke away from the religion of my fathers, it did not satisfy. At the age of 21 I located in a truly frontier territory—the Territory of Idaho. I, with an old college chum invested in a bunch of cattle. I noticed soon many calves on the range with a sheet of tin hanging from a wire through their nose. This was to wean them from sucking their mothers. There was no hay in the country to feed them cooped up.

The wire insured a running sore and at last cut down through the cartilage and was lost. The sore had impoverished the calf.

I took a bull ring—this breaks in half and closes—inserted in the nose and closed, it clings, but does not pierce the nose. I riveted a half "blab" on each side of the ring, broke it—inserted in the nose, keyed it—and there it hung, and caused no sore. I employed it and patented the device—but that is another story.

The Territory of Idaho was then inhabited by a few stock men. The great valley of the Snake was wholly unappropriated. My partner and I took up the first section of land. I planted the first 10 acres of alfalfa and dug the first irrigating ditch.

For another body of land that I homesteaded I built the first reservoir dam in all the Northwest. But it was a failure—another story. I recorded the right of way for a canal 30 miles long—the right of way was 100 feet wide—the canal was to be 40 feet wide on the bottom. The history of the labor upon this project is too long to relate here.

I was now thirty-four years old.

I suddenly awoke to the fact that I was the only male member of my branch of the Henry family. I rebelled against allowing it

to perish. So I considered the matter of marriage and re-establishing that family. I was in poor financial shape for this undertaking. Nevertheless, I married Josephine Tautphaus, daughter of Charles C. Tautphaus of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Elsewhere more details will be found. Here I desire to give just the highlights of my career to enable you to judge of the nature of the urge—the drive, that was innate.

Something over a year after my marriage, I determined to go on a prospecting expedition into British Columbia. I sold what land and stock I possessed and made preparations. My wife's father, a true frontiersman, decided to go, also. My wife was to remain, but upon further consideration, it was decided that she too would go. The Fall of that year, we reached the Stikine river in the northern part of British Columbia. The trip had been made by pack-train. We lingered in the neighborhood of the Stikine until winter snows had fallen when we proceeded to the headwaters of the Yukon and down to the Atlin Camp. Here we spent the summer. Upon the approach of winter, since my wife was carrying her first baby, we decided to cross over to Skagway, Alaska, where medical care could be secured. Here in March, St. Patrick's Day, our first son was born. We named him Edward Tautphaus Henry. I felt safer now, so far as the life of my family was concerned. I spent the summer helping to move the town of Bennett down to the terminus of the new railroad at White Horse and the following Fall we returned to the States and Idaho. A few months after I arrived, a daughter was born. We called her Mary Josephine Henry. A few days after her birth her mother died.

I took charge of the farm for Mr. Tautphaus that summer. Minnie Tautphaus, a younger daughter, watched over the two babies like a mother, while I worked. The following year, I opened a real estate business in Idaho Falls and Minnie Tautphaus and I were married.

Early in my real estate business I sold a large farm. The seller looked for another investment. There was a large body of land just outside the city that was above any water supply. But a large water canal flowed nearby, and there was a waterfall in this canal of about 12 feet. I looked it over as a source of power for the pumping of water upon this high land. I felt sure it was



JOSEPHINE TAUTPHAUS, FIRST WIFE OF  
EDWARD PARKER HENRY



entirely feasible. I introduced the proposition to this investor. To be sure the land was cheap in price. He liked it, but doubted his ability to install the plant for lifting the water to it. He finally offered me a half interest in the property if I would develop it. This I accepted and spent two years at it. It was a success. It was the first undertaking of its kind in that region.

There was a soft sandstone rock in the neighborhood of Idaho Falls. I undertook to saw it up for building purposes. I installed a steam power stone-saw plant, and sawed up some of it—but unfavorable events arose so that that enterprise was not a success.

It was about this time that Thos. A. Edison was making his experiments with concrete as a house building material. So interested was I, that I determined to build a concrete house myself. To be sure this was all pioneering work. I built the residence of 8 rooms together with a 4 room basement. This was about the year 1902. The residence still stands and defies the passage of time.

It was while putting up this building that I made my wife a concrete refrigerator. I built a concrete drum about the size of a barrel. That was the cold chamber. I built another drum about half as tall and set it on top of the first. In this latter I put water. The water seeped through and wet the walls of the cold chamber below where evaporation did the rest. It appealed. I patented it. Sold the rights in the home county for a thousand dollars. Sold the rights in two adjoining counties for a like price, each. It was then that a visitor advised selling farther south, where it was hotter.

We moved to California. A salesman sold the rights in Los Angeles Co. for twenty-five hundred dollars. Just as I was about to conclude that I would make a fortune, I learned that the oldest coolers were ceasing to percolate water—the walls were becoming water tight. This fact revealed that concrete was a growing proposition. In time, voids tended to close as crystallization proceeded. To be sure a dry wall was more like an oven than a cooler—and so my fortune vanished.

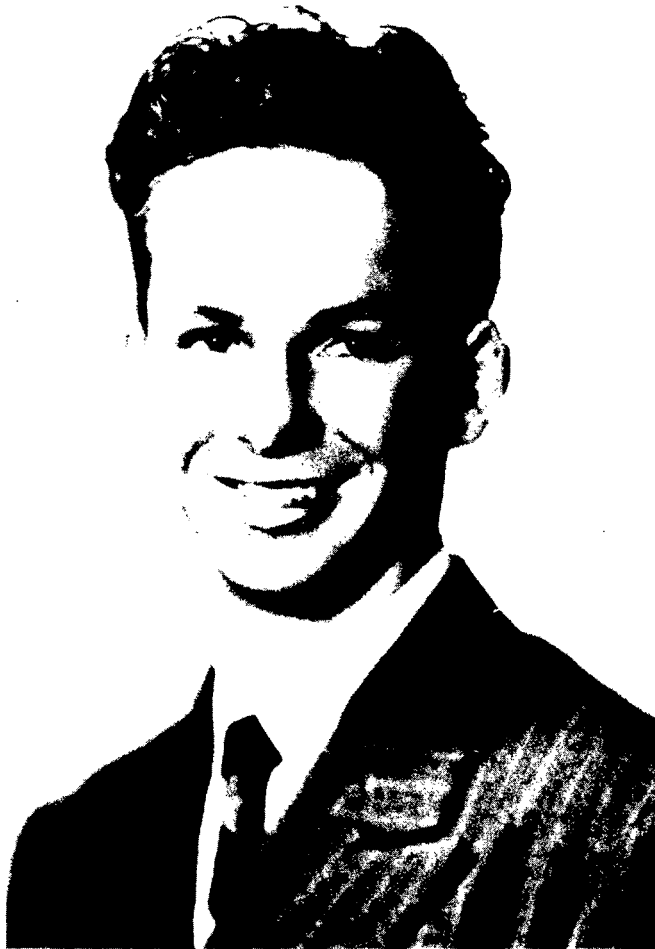
We liked California and determined to stay. It was not long after, while building a concrete basement for an apartment house on Atlantic Ave. in Long Beach, that I met Mr. J. B. Barnette. He had a nice home on the ocean bluff at "First Place" in that

city. He desired to build a retaining wall to protect his part of the bluff from inroads by the Pacific ocean. He asked me to submit a plan for such a retaining wall. This I did. Others were submitted but my plan was accepted, and I built the wall. No other wall of this type had been built. The plan for this wall was a wide footing back of the wall upon which the fill of dirt lay. This weight balanced the shove of the fill. Others were anchored to "dead men" by steel cable to hold the wall against the thrust of the fill. The cable rusted and broke. That wall still stands—it will always stand.

Having formed an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Barnette, the owner of this wall, a retired, wealthy man, I introduced another subject to him. I told him something of the nature of the monopoly enjoyed by the asphalt interests of California. All streets were paved with asphalt. The state was zoned and each zone was given over to one contractor. So that no competitive system existed in bidding for or doing that class of work. As the merits of concrete paving was then unknown, I explained that to him. He readily recalled that it was a fact that no competing bids were ever offered—that he did not like—for he was a heavy taxpayer. Relying largely upon my assurance that a concrete pavement would give satisfactory service he became enthusiastic to introduce it. He and friends owned the frontage on "Alboni Place," a 36-foot roadway extending from Ocean Blvd. to First St. in Long Beach, Calif. All the owners signed a private contract for me to pave it with a four-inch concrete paving. Then came the matter of getting a permit from the Commissioner of Public Works to so pave it. Of course he knew nothing of concrete paving. He objected, but the property owners interested were prominent men and big taxpayers. In the end they won and I secured the permit. Two 20-foot alleys intersecting with the street through the middle of the block were included in the job. It was laid—the first piece of concrete paving laid on the streets of Long Beach.

The asphalt interests did not seem to realize the danger threatening them, until later—when they woke up, they woke up with a bang. They put up a bitter fight. For six years I laid concrete pavement here and there in the city—laid it carefully to insure satisfaction. As we laid, we talked to the people about it.





RICHARD PARKER GASPER, SON OF JOSEPHINE  
HENRY AND WILLIAM F. GASPER





JOSEPHINE HENRY GASPER, DAUGHTER OF  
JOSEPHINE TAUTPHAUS AND EDWARD P. HENRY





WILLIAM EDWARD GASPER, FIRST SON OF  
JOSEPHINE HENRY AND WILLIAM F. GASPER





JEANNE M. GASPER, FIRST DAUGHTER OF  
JOSEPHINE HENRY AND WILLIAM F. GASPER





There was an election of a new Commissioner of Public Works. I talked with Capt. Seerie, the most likely candidate, and told him the situation. Now, said I, I know the attitude of the people of Long Beach, they want concrete pavement. Make that the principal issue of your campaign, favoring concrete pavement and we will elect you. "Suits me," said he, "I am in favor of concrete pavement." We elected him, and so the monopoly of the oil and asphalt interests was broken up. Then the city of Los Angeles threw down a challenge to the same interests and their hold upon that city was broken.

To be sure, I made one huge mistake in that fight, I should have gone to the Portland Cement Association and demanded—"What will you give me if I win such a fight?" It was worth millions to them—they no doubt would have cooperated royally. But there, no doubt, is a weakness in me—lack of financial cunningness. My delight was in winning against big odds—self-satisfaction. I forgot to commercialize it.

It was about this time that we bought a lot on Tenth St. in the 1300 block. It was then a barley field. Here we built the first and only concrete bungalow in the city. How the people gasped at it and asked questions! Not a stick of wood went into the building. Again I was trying to awaken builders to a realization of the terrible losses incident to short life, cost of upkeep, insurance, etc., of wooden construction. But vested interests were too strong.

What a wave of propaganda flooded the country when Edison sought to introduce the permanent concrete house!

Well, that bungalow, now 18 years old, will stand a thousand years. The great earthquake damaged it not at all.

It was about this time that I designed and patented a steel form for such construction. But the blackmail of that type of construction was so universal that I could not promote it.

We owned a block of land on San Francisco St. one block north of Anaheim St. At this time all this was low land, overflowed each year by the Los Angeles river. There was a jungle of willows growing on it and so wholly neglected. Another reason for its neglect was the marshy nature of the soil not inviting as a foundation for buildings. I built the first structure here. It was a concrete building 50 by 150 feet. The manner of construction

was unusual and so was the design of the building. It was wholly fireproof. Soon other buildings were built—largely brick. The great earthquake damaged this building not at all, while the neighboring brick buildings were destroyed.

Such expressions as an extrovert as above noted were interludes, so to speak, in my general work as contractor in highway construction. Here, again, originality, individuality, and an aversion to doing things as others did, expressed itself. Instead of breaking up the roadway with mule teams, I used a large truck as a tractor. As the furrow rolled off the plow behind the truck I thought of the possibilities of conveying that furrow directly into the truck. I submitted a rough design to a mechanical engineer and he said it could be done. I contracted with him at \$400.00 per month to develop it. He, taking a fourth interest in the machine. Three years were spent in building and tearing down, when at last, we secured a machine that would do the work. I kept it constantly at work and built another—I now ceased the work of paving and specialized in grade work.

I had spent twenty thousand dollars in the developing of these machines. I operated them for 8 years. The profits from that work was some ten thousand dollars—competing all the while with other grading equipment such as steam shovels, skimmer scoops, etc.

Then the engineer of the "Western Wheel Scraper Co. of Aurora, Ill.," spent some weeks watching the operation. He made a report to his company and they offered \$10,000.00 for patent rights, contracting to market or manufacture upon a royalty basis. Machinery men of the West and contractors did not hesitate to pronounce it a success. I felt sure that any failure would not be the fault of the machine and that it would make me rich.

But it so happened, that it was put upon the market just after vested interests had organized to protect itself from loss by new patents and methods. It was not allowed to work in the highways about Chicago. The steam shovel interests driving it off the grade. Besides, since we used the truck being loaded as traction power—to be sure the immense tractor interests black-balled it.

So our machine could not get into the market. The foregoing is a panoramic view of my expressions as an extrovert.

But during all these expressions, the characteristics of the



MRS. C. C. TAUTPHAUS (SARAH KANE)



introvert were dominant. That is, I was always wrestling with some philosophical problem eager to find a better solution of the problem of life. Here, too, I was indisposed to follow the crowd. If this narrative does not reveal character, it is worthless as family history. We are seeking the dominant characteristics tending to persist in our family, intending to strengthen those of value and weaken or wholly eliminate those that are valueless by the exercise of the knowledge of heredity.

Now we must narrate what is known of the Tautphaus family into which Edward Parker Henry, third child of Edward Duncan Henry and Susan Henry, married. It is the wise crossing of families that insures strength. It is unwise crossing that inures decay and death.

Charles C. Tautphaus was born on the River Rhine—supposedly in the province of Alsace Lorraine. Soon after his birth his parents migrated to New York. The history of his family line is now lost. At the early age of thirteen restlessness and rebellion against control caused him to run away from home. From that time, he made his own way. The year 1850 found him in California, a lad still in his teens. He owned and routed a show here and there among the mining camps. Then he took a position as a butcher and meat cutter and salesman for his brother Peter, who operated extensively in mines and meat. At about the age of 23 he married Sarah Kane.

Sarah Kane was born in Ireland. Her mother was Scotch, her father Irish. They emigrated to Boston when she was an infant. At the age of sixteen she with her younger sister Elizabeth took passage for California. They sailed by way of Panama and landed in San Francisco in 1857 barely alive because of sea sickness. She has told many stories to her children of her adventures in those boisterous days, and has described to them the nature of the first historic earthquake that wrecked the city of San Francisco.

She married Charles C. Tautphaus at the age of 21. The father of each was 6 feet 2 inches tall. To this couple were born five daughters; first, Lilly; second, Josephine; third, Minnie; fourth, Katherine, and fifth, Lottie.

C. C. Tautphaus was a business plunger. He made and lost lots of money. He was fond of hunting, trapping and fishing. He

was fond of adventure. He appreciated a hazardous undertaking rather than a sure thing. He loved the overcoming of obstacles. If sailing was clear he lost interest. He loved to buffet storms.

He moved from California to Montana with his family. He operated in Helena and later in Butte and made a considerable fortune.

The above notes are gathered from the family. The following is from personal acquaintance. As I told you I came directly from college to Snake River Valley in 1883. I was 23 years old. That valley then was a desert. Some 4 years after I had taken up the first section of that public domain—there appeared in Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls) a stranger. He was medium as to height. He had heavy eyebrows and a broad receding forehead. His eyes were black and snappy. He had a black beard over his face. He moved quickly. Who was he? Well, they said he was a rich man from Butte, Mont. His name?—nobody knew. Some had heard it, but couldn't pronounce it—that was Chas. C. Tautphaus. In a little while it was learned that he had taken up 4 sections of land adjoining the town. A house was soon built on the edge of a bench that rolled down to the floor through which ran the great Snake River.

During the next few months that house was moved three times—not far—once he just turned it around, fronting it in a different direction. That was the first revelation of our new-comer's character—everything had to be just right. Soon a large barn was built—then appeared many grading tools, the like of which we had never seen before—work stock accumulated. Then he began building a big rock and cement bulkhead across the mouth of a draw leading from the upper levels to the lower. Behind this bulkhead he began digging and hauling dirt to a levee encircling the hole he was digging—a big lot of teams pulling unheard of scrapers. Nobody could guess what this man was about—a lake—somebody guessed—a lake?—in a desert?

The years rolled by—at last—a canal from the Snake River was completed. It flowed into this lake over a booming fall. It filled the lake. Then over other falls and cascades it poured into the canal at lower levels and was led on down into the very heart of that parched desert. He planted trees, he landscaped and intensely developed one-quarter section of land. The conquest



C. C. TAUTPHAUS





of the desert here was complete. The spot took the name of "Tautphaus Park." It was a show place—people from afar visited it.

I am sure C. C. Tautphaus knew that he would never get his money's worth out of that investment. Why did he do it? I think it was an innate love of conquest, for one thing—control—domination. Another urge was his love of beauty. This was certainly the crowning act of his life. Here C. C. Tautphaus expressed himself most emphatically, and no doubt this epoch of his life was the most enjoyable. The spoken and silent tribute paid for that labor pleased him.

Though C. C. Tautphaus was domineering, often impatient even with his family, yet it is true that he would spend the whole night decorating a Christmas tree for his family, loading it with gifts. Exulting in their shrieks of delight and surprise.

C. C. Tautphaus died with his boots on. He went into the mining regions of Nevada alone seeking some opportunity for promotion, took pneumonia and died suddenly. He lies buried in the cemetery at Idaho Falls hard by the scenes of his conquest of the desert. By his side is his wife, Sarah Kane Tautphaus.

C. C. Tautphaus was superlatively extrovert in character. His energies were all directed toward the control, the conquest of his environment.

So it was, as I have already told you, that I deliberately sought to cross my introvert family blood with his, hoping, of course, to benefit mine, believing at the same time that the modification would benefit his.

I married Josephine Tautphaus, second daughter of C. C. Tautphaus and Sarah Kane Tautphaus. As I told you, about a year later, we made a trip through British Columbia to the head waters of the Yukon River. You will find a narrative of this trip elsewhere.

Edward Parker Henry and Josephine Tautphaus Henry had two children. First, Edward Tautphaus Henry; second, Mary Josephine Henry. The first child was born in Skagway, Alaska. The second was born at "Tautphaus Park," Idaho Falls, Idaho. At the birth of this baby, the mother died. She was a loyal wife and mother—fearless—with a store of common sense and knowledge of woodcraft that made her a glorious pal on the frontier.

It was upon this trip that I learned that the power of a woman to endure adversity was greater than that of a man. Her sister, Katherine, was with us. But during our stay on the Stikine River waiting for winter snows over which to proceed further North, Katherine met and married Fred Johnston, a shipping clerk at Glenora, the head of navigation on the Stikine, and she remained there.

The first child of Edward Parker Henry and Josephine Tautphaus Henry—Edward Tautphaus Henry, was so interested with the outside world, his environment, that school work failed to interest him and he did not complete his High School work. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the American army being mobilized to go to Europe and help fight back German aggression. He was soon in France and at the front. He was largely employed in the transport of supplies and ammunition. After two years of service abroad, uninjured, he returned and not long after married Helen Ross, daughter of David Ross, a mining engineer from Old Mexico, recently moved to California. Helen was raised in Old Mexico, spoke Spanish fluently, and from her mother inherited Spanish blood and characteristics. She is a bright, self-relying, handsome young girl, and a loyal wife.

Edward Tautphaus Henry and Helen Ross Henry, at this writing, have two children. The first was David Edward Henry. This is now a stalwart youth of thirteen years—as I invoice him I find him well balanced physically and mentally—a very promising youth.

The second child of Edward Tautphaus Henry and Helen Ross Henry was "Betty" Henry. She is now twelve years old—a strong, vigorous, wholesome child. She was christened—Elizabeth Josephine.

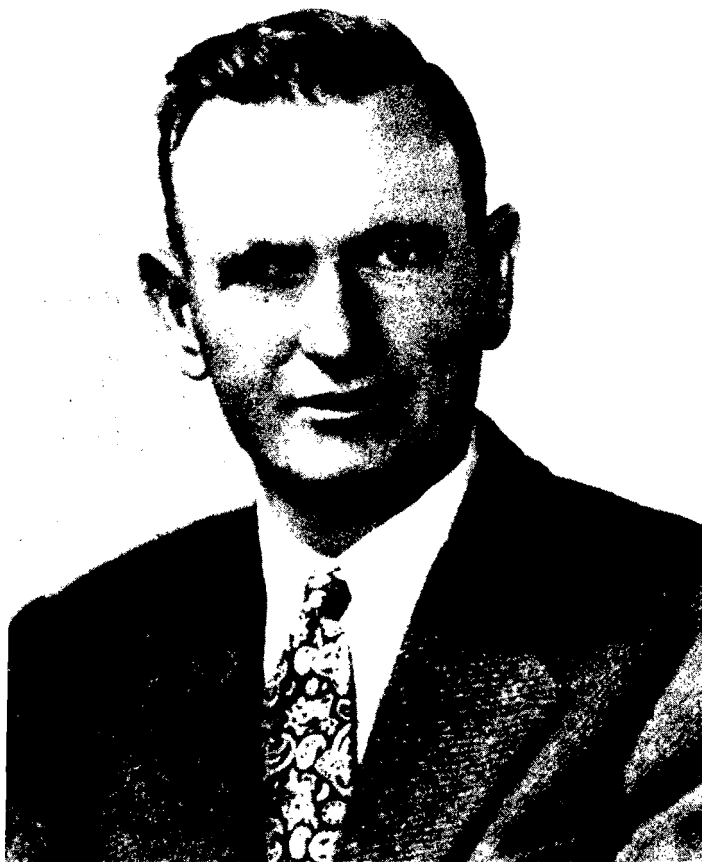
The history of this entire family, since the father and mother are both young, must be written by a later student of the family. It is often the case, that individuals do not find themselves until after 36 years of age—the present age of the father. He is vastly interested in his children.

At this writing the survival of this branch of the family rests in the survival and begetting of a son by David Edward. That is a social error. For, all biologists acknowledge that the female line is more potent than the male in passing on to posterity family



HELEN ROSS HENRY, WIFE OF EDWARD T. HENRY





EDWARD T. HENRY, FIRST CHILD OF EDWARD P.  
AND JOSEPHINE TAUTPHAUS HENRY





BETTY JO HENRY, SECOND CHILD OF EDWARD  
T. AND HELEN ROSS HENRY





characteristics—but that blood is historically lost, because of the loss of or change of name at marriage of females. But if a history is carefully preserved, this loss is avoided and as the generations come and go this will prove vastly interesting. .

The second child of Edward Parker Henry and Josephine Tautphaus Henry, was Mary Josephine Henry—known by all now as just—"Jo."

"Jo" graduated from High School with honor, she being the first girl President ever elected by a class graduating from the schools of Long Beach, California. Shortly after graduation, she married William F. Gasper, who was a graduate of High School.

The children of Wm. F. Gasper and Josephine Henry Gasper are at this writing, four. First, Jean Marie; second, William; third, Parker, and fourth, John. Here, again, a history must be written later. These children are vigorous and promising. Jean Marie, now fourteen years of age, is an enthusiastic student and a leader in her classes. Jo, the mother yearns for knowledge. She is searching diligently for it. And, I am sure that the time will come when she will be an unusually agreeable person to live with for her children and husband and her association sought for by her neighbors. A yearning to know—is strangely significant. It is innate—it cannot be acquired by cultivation. It is structural—the nature of the organism. "Jo" is fortunate in the possession of this urge.

Two years after the death of Josephine Tautphaus Henry, Edward Parker Henry married Minnie Tautphaus, the third child of Charles C. Tautphaus and Sarah Kane Tautphaus. They had four children. First, Charles Parker; second, Sarah Louise (Sally); third, Minnie Margaret (Polly), and fourth, Jean Dennis.

Charles Parker Henry resembled his grandfather, C. C. Tautphaus. The result of my wish to correct, somewhat, the introvert nature of my family by crossing it with the extrovert family of C. C. Tautphaus was, no doubt, best expressed in this son, for he resembled that family. But his history must be written later. He married Joanne Williams. At this writing they have no children.

Before proceeding further in this narrative, there must be related the most beautiful expression of true nobility in womanhood that I have known. To be sure the care of Josephine's children,

upon her death, fell to her younger sister, Minnie. Immediately after the death of their mother she took charge of them, under the direction of her mother. She yearned over them just as if they were her own. Within a year after our marriage, she gave birth to one of her very own, but no one could discover the least partiality. So all through their young life. As they approached manhood and womanhood and it was thought best for them to know, their adopted mother dreaded the revelation, fearing discrimination against her. But such could not be the case. The children rebelled against recognizing another mother. Though Josephine's last words were—"Don't let my children forget me."

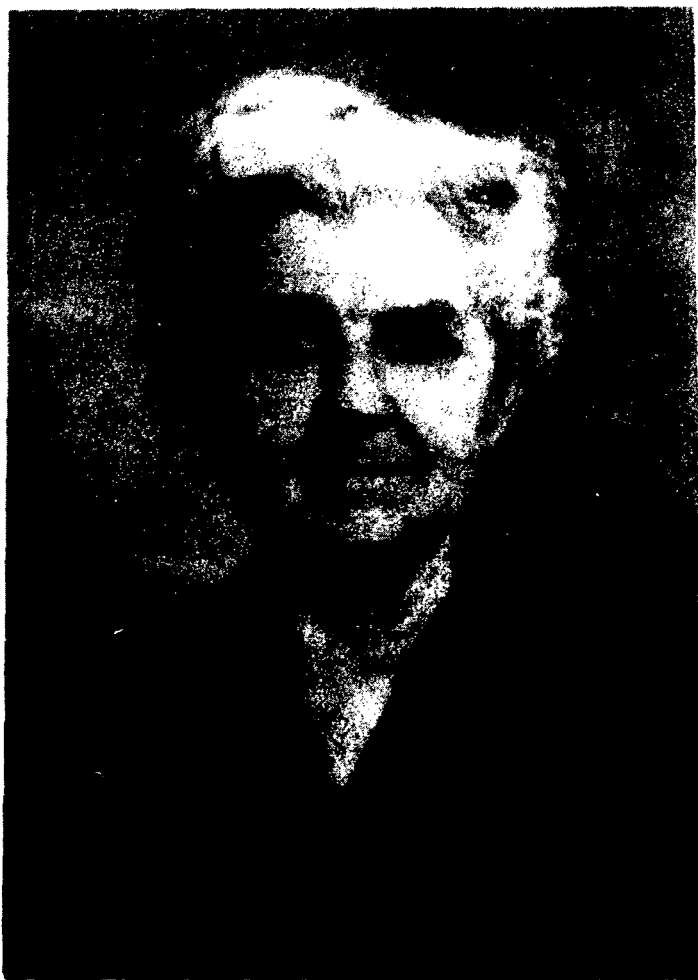
Since these children have grown up, I have told them of this last request, seeking thus to be loyal to their real mother. But this "step-mother's" conquest has been too complete. The children of these two "step-children" cling to, kiss her, fling their arms about her—calling her—"Grandmother"—never dreaming that she is not—you can't build walls and bulkheads against love like this.

The second child of Edward Parker Henry and Minnie Tautphaus Henry was Sally—christened Sarah Louise. She resembled the Henry family. She had the only Scotch red head of them all. She was somewhat petulant and quick-tempered. She could love profoundly. She was loyal to friends and family.

At the age of 24, while acting as secretary for Senator McKinley of California, she was stricken with an infection and died the fourth day. We were not prepared for this. We had forgotten about death, so long had we escaped his ravages. This was the first great family shock. It rocked me to the very foundations of my life.

The third child of Edward Parker Henry and Minnie Tautphaus Henry was Polly—christened "Minnie Margaret." She graduated from Long Beach High School and very soon after took a position with the Los Angeles Steamship Co. This position she held until the company sold out. She then took a position with the Credit Men's Association of the City of Los Angeles. She was not long there when she was offered a position with Shipping Brokers at San Pedro, Calif., W. H. Wickersham Co., which position she now holds.

As other young men and women fought desperately for their



MINNIE TAUTPHAUS HENRY, WIFE OF E. P. HENRY





SARAH LOUISE HENRY, DAUGHTER OF  
EDWARD P. HENRY AND MINNIE TAUTPHAUS HENRY



bread in this great economic disaster, Polly Henry has always drawn a fair salary. "Efficiency"—is the only answer for this. Her mother and father have many reasons for being sure of her loyalty. She married Raymond White some four years ago. He is now an employee of the Sears and Roebuck corporation—a clean young man—they will make their way.

At this writing, they have no children.

The fourth child of Edward Parker Henry and Minnie Tautphaus Henry was Jean D.—christened Ruth Jean. She graduated from Long Beach High Schools. Not getting a job at once she tore into any work in sight. I think all the family acknowledge the peculiarly level headedness of Jean. Some two years ago, she married Wm. N. Roberts. He is with the Los Angeles Co. Forestry Service. When Jean told me that she and "Bill" were engaged—I told her that I would sooner trust a man familiar with the Forest than one familiar with the market place. They now have one child, a daughter, Sally, about a year old. They expect another next month. Jean is a natural mother. No telling where the drive and urge in her will land her some day.

So ends the history of the third child of Edward Duncan Henry and Susan Parker Henry.

The fourth child of Edward Duncan Henry and Susan Parker Henry was William Henry. At the age of eight he contracted diphtheria and died.

And so ends the history of the family of Edward Duncan Henry and Susan Parker Henry.

The fourth child of John Todd Henry and Sally Keene Henry was Sarah Henry. She married a Mr. Wright. They had one son—Henry Wright. He was a good looking young man—laughing gray eyes—great lover of horses—always rode a good one—traded for and bought horses. Today I have lost track of that family. I am under the impression that Henry Wright never married.

I can give the history of the lives of the other three children of John Todd Henry and Sally Keene Henry in a few words. They consisted of one other son, Robert, who never married, and two daughters, Susan and Julia, who also, never married. These three, Robert, Susan and Julia, lived together upon a small farm. They tended their grapes, made a little wine, nursed fine vegetables, especially do I remember the watermelons, tended their

chickens, etc. They lived the simple life of that day. Wonderfully gentle were they in their relationship to each other and to all men and beasts that they contacted. "Gentle?" That is a good word to describe all the family of John Todd Henry and Sally Keene Henry.

Upon reading the history of the Henry family headed by Rev. Robert Henry, you notice that its members tended toward portly men and women. But that branch headed by John Todd Henry—our branch—were medium as to height and weight. Did I by this cross with the Tautphaus family add to the stature and weight of my children? Remember that the fathers of both C. C. Tautphaus and Sarah Kane Tautphaus were both over six feet. While it is true that C. C. Tautphaus was of medium height, yet his daughters were all over average, about 5 feet 7 inches, and our children—those of Edward Parker Henry and both Josephine Tautphaus Henry and Minnie Tautphaus Henry are—four of them—over average as to height and weight, while two of them are medium.

So there is ample evidence that the tendency toward medium individuals in this branch of the family has been somewhat changed. That the correction can be complete in just a few generations, no thoughtful biologist will deny.

I am just as sure, also, that by this cross, I have corrected somewhat the radical introvert nature of my family—just as it has corrected the radical extrovert nature of the Tautphaus family.

At this writing it is still true that no morons or abnormals have emerged from this family. Nor have there appeared any vicious or lawless individuals. Their standards of morality are high. They have a right to be proud of their heritage.

It is true, also, that no geniuses have emerged from it.

As I have intimated very often, I will now say boldly to you—the Henry family—that I am convinced that the destiny of this, your family, is in your own hands. By unwise mating, and so the unwise blending of characters—both physical and mental, you can wreck it in one generation. But by wise mating and blending of energies you may, in a few generations, build it up, approaching slowly nearer and nearer to your ideal.

Such is the law of heredity.





SALLY L., JIMMY D. AND MARY M. ROBERTS,  
CHILDREN OF JEANNE HENRY ROBERTS





JEANNE HENRY ROBERTS, DAUGHTER OF  
EDWARD P. AND MINNIE TAUTPHAUS HENRY



Sept. 7, 1945.

Today is the birthday of the author of this history. I have finished the living of 85 years. Today I begin the living of my 86th year.

And I seize this opportunity to bring down to this date the foregoing history of my family.

Jean Henry Roberts died July 15th, 1944. She left her husband, William N. Roberts, and three children, Sally Henry Roberts, James Henry Roberts and Mary Henry Roberts—aged 7, 6, and 4 years respectively.

The mother was 34 years old.

Strain upon kidneys, incident to motherhood, caused kidney trouble that was the cause of her untimely death.

She wanted a large family, like the one in which she had grown up—she admired that family. But this weakness thwarted that ambition.

But death, itself, could not disturb the balance of her well organized brain—as she advised her husband to be courageous, and scolded those who wept about her.

The following letter which she wrote to her father upon a certain "Father's Day" will reveal Jean's character more definitely than anything we can offer.

Dearest Daddy:

So Polly is coming up tomorrow instead of me today—she said she had already put her word in when I told her I was going up—so what could I do? Just wait a week. Oh, well, something to look forward to, and make the week seem shorter.

Sunday, tomorrow you know, is Father's Day. You will snort and say it is just a device of trade, invented to make the simple-minded public rush out and buy ties and socks and garters with which to pay homage to the paternal half of the population. But that is not what it means to me. It is the Day for You—the day to tell you all the things I don't give voice to, but are with me all the days of the year. How much you mean to me, how much I would like to be what you want me to be, to live up to your ideals and be worthy of you and that lovely woman you chose to be my mother. You know, don't you, that I have tried to make you glad

I'm yours? If you were just half as proud of me as I am of you, your chest expansion would be terrific!

Every day I find someone else whom I have to pity because of their poor parentage—not that they always realize it, but then they don't have the comparison to make that I have. It is just as well they don't, I guess, it would only make them sad. What a wonderful world it would have been if every one could have had a Dad and Mother like mine! Because you know, the children can't be expected to amount to anything if the man and woman who created them aren't worth while. How wonderful it must be to see your mind and your body reproduced and watch it develop and grow with a new personality. If only I were capable of making the most of the "you" in me! I will have no one to blame but myself if I don't, because you gave me so much more than my share in heritage.

I've told you that all this I'm saying is in my heart every day, not just Father's Day, but that is the day to tell it to you. And all the rest of the year I can keep it in my heart, hugging it close so no one can take it away from me. But sometimes it gets too much for me, and sort of overflows, and then I have to brag to someone about you, and then I'm sorry for it because they can't ever say such nice things about their Dad. What made you so perfect? The rest of the fathers in the world all seem to have something the matter with them.

I love you and I'm so grateful I'm yours.

JEAN.

All about her were awed by her complacency as she met death.

But in these later years I have also noticed others of my children grow to maturity and as they developed I, of course, watched for indications that would establish the fact that I had succeeded in drifting the innate introvert characteristics of my family to those of extroverts by the crossing of it—as related above. Very definite proof was recently revealed.

My youngest son, Parker (who, as I have stated before, resembles his grandfather, the extreme extrovert and father of my wife), visited me recently and narrated as follows:

"I have an acquaintance in San Francisco who is an architect and builder and recently he asked me to inspect a design for a



CHARLES PARKER HENRY, SON OF EDWARD  
PARKER HENRY AND MINNIE TAUTPHAUS HENRY







POLLY HENRY WHITE, DAUGHTER OF MINNIE  
TAUTPHAUS AND EDWARD PARKER HENRY



house. I did inspect it. It consisted of two sheets of enameled metal, so designed as to lock each other, but 6 inches apart so as to receive a fill of concrete between these enameled sheets.

"These enameled surfaces, both inside and out, at once had such appeal that, I told him at once, 'I know who will finance this.' The architect asked 'Who?' When Parker replied promptly, 'Mr. Higgins, the industrialist of New Orleans.'

"So," said Parker, "I called up Mr. Higgins at once over long distance. The operator said Mr. Higgins was busy. 'I must talk to him,' persisted Parker. Then the operator gave him another party. He, too, said Mr. Higgins was busy and could not talk to him. Parker insisted and was connected with a third party—again to no purpose. He contacted five by reference from one to another but could not contact Mr. Higgins.

A little later, while in the city of Los Angeles, he called for Higgins again and finally reached him.

He told him bluntly that he wanted him (Mr. Higgins) to come to San Francisco to inspect a model for a house. "If you can't come yourself, then send someone."

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Higgins. "I am Park Henry," I told him. "Well, I can't send anyone new." I hurriedly described this house to him and told him that he **MUST** see it.

The result was that Mr. Higgins' son made the trip to San Francisco—inspected the house—took Parker back to New Orleans with him and a deal was closed for the exploiting of this enterprise.

I just now received a letter from Parker stating that he had just had dinner with Mr. Higgins, himself, at his hotel in San Francisco, and in the letter were newspaper clippings giving an account of the event and Mr. Higgins plans to promote this new type of residence building.

Here is revealed an aggressiveness and confidence in self that is entirely new in my branch of the Henry family—just compare these characteristics with those of Parker's great grandfather, John T. Henry, who because of innate modesty, reserve and lack of confidence in himself was literally forced to abandon the ministry the position for which he had been educated. His grandfather, E. D. Henry, also, suffered from this inferiority complex and lack of aggression. So, to a less degree, was his father organized.

Of course, I, a student of Biology and the natural laws of organic growth, among those laws being the dominant law of heredity, ascribe these characteristics in my son, wholly new in my branch of the Henry family, to my crossing my family, innately introvert, with an extrovert family. And—having observed these results I—again as a pupil of the Scientific school of thought, exhort my children and grandchildren to carefully discriminate, as they mate and beget children, relying confidently upon the law of Heredity to slowly build up those characteristics that you desire in the Henry family.

Of course, this caution to carefully discriminate and consider the law of Heredity in the process of breeding your family, comes, at once, face to face with the dogma that "All men are equal." This stems from the Christian Philosophy of life. This clash of the Scientific analysis of life with that of Christianity is the ringing challenge of the hour. It insured the devastating war that has just ended.

But this is dealt with in a thesis which you will find in my files, entitled, "Naturalism versus Supernaturalism."

This clash will insure other wars before the fade-out of belief in the truth of the legends, myths—figments of the imagination, of infant races seeking to account for their being.

Science is now proceeding so rapidly in the discovery of causes of phenomena—long supposed to be supernatural—that within another hundred years the fact of the naturalness of the universe will be completely proven, and knowledge of the forces assuring it realized.

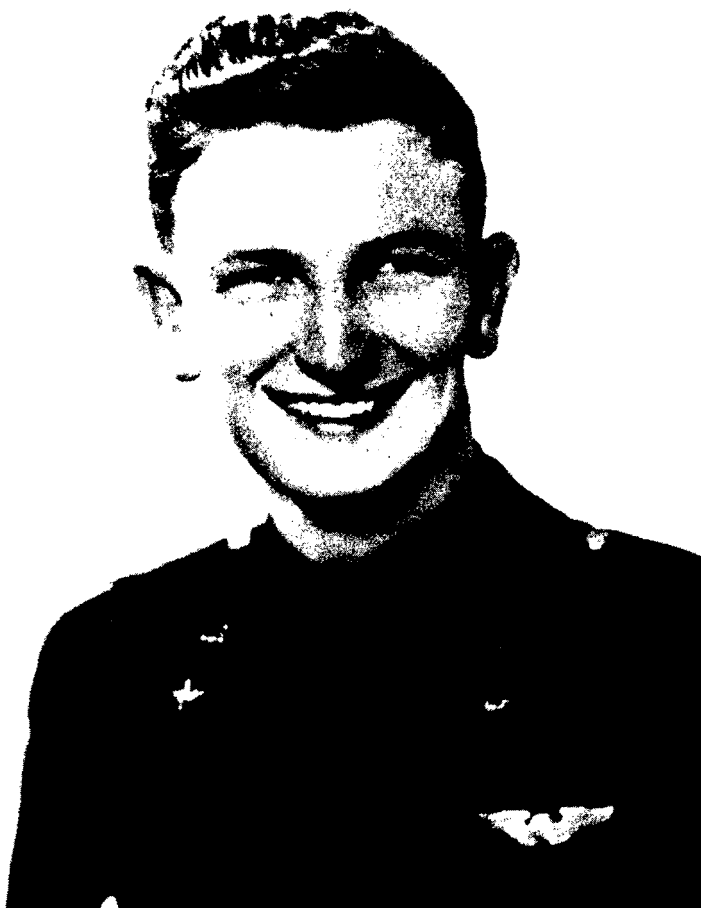
The children of Josephine Henry Gasper, second child of Edward Parker Henry and Josephine Tautphaus Henry, previously enumerated, are all still living and grown to maturity, two of her sons are now in the U. S. Navy, and Jean, the oldest child, is preparing for a university course. Johnny, the youngest, is in high school.

At this writing, "Polly," the third child of Edward Parker Henry and Minnie Tautphaus Henry, is still childless. Discouraged, she has adopted a girl baby—which, the agency negotiating the adoption, assures her is a well-bred child. She is a fine looking specimen of babyhood—she has named her Janet Elain White.



ELIN GRACE GUSTAVSON HENRY, WIFE OF  
DAVID EDWARD HENRY





DAVID EDWARD HENRY, FIRST CHILD OF EDWARD  
T. AND HELEN ROSS HENRY





Polly advised me that her application is already in for the adoption of a baby boy, also. It is marvelous, the calm that has come over this would-be mother since the adoption of this child!

The children of Jean, left to the care of her husband, William N. Roberts, are, at this writing, thriving, their father has been loyal to them and kept them together.

David E. Henry, the son of Edward T. Henry, the first child of Edward P. Henry and Josephine Tautphaus Henry, has just now returned from war service in Italy. After brief training in the U. S. A. as navigator of a bombing plane, he piloted a crew to Italy by way of North Africa. He was advanced from 2nd Lieutenant to 1st Lieutenant, and then to "Leading Navigator" for his squadron and was in line for Captaincy when the war suddenly ended. His bombing group was disbanded and he returned to the U. S. A. by plane. Before leaving for the war he placed a ring upon the finger of a High School pal, Ellin Grace Gustavson. He now notified her of his return and his wish to marry her during his furlough of 30 days after crossing. To this she agreed and they were married at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Gustavson, of Coalinga, California, on June 21, 1945. Not long after this they barged in on the writer of these lines. As Dave greeted his Granddad he gleefully exclaimed, "And here is your new granddaughter." She certainly was a fine specimen of young womanhood, as I gathered her in my arms, I whispered to her, "You will never know what you mean to your granddad."

Dave is now in Texas undergoing training as a pilot, having served as navigator, and his bride rejoined her class to finish her course of training as a graduate nurse.

Dave is now 21 years old, and since he speaks Spanish fluently and contacts with the U. S. A. and the Southern Republics are growing more intimate, it appears just now that he may be assigned to duties in Mexico.

We hope that his training as a pilot will not inoculate him with a MANIA for SPEED, which is becoming so prevalent in our childish use of the natural energies just now being realized, and that he will remember that any value in SPEED lies in what he does when he gets there.

In fact, as we observe this mania today, there emerges the

dread that it may insure, at last, our ruin, for as we soar into the stratosphere, we may be prone to forget the "good earth"—where the germs of life are bursting into being and nature is revealing her secrets. When that people—may be the Negro, will become wiser by reason of this contact—as we, in the stratosphere approach too near the sun—as did Laharus—and—like him—fall into the sea—when the Negro may go to the head of the class as we go to oblivion.

This is the approach of the Biologist to racial problems. It assures all—that failures and successes are due to violations or obedience to the natural laws of growth, and nature rewards the obedient.

The Biologist is horrified at the acclaim now so loud that "All men are equal" or "All men were created equal," and he suspects that this acclaim is born of the very few who now hold title to all the wealth of the earth,—seeking thus to assure the needy hordes that might threaten their security—that—"in spite of our wealth and your poverty—all men are equal." "In spite of OUR security and your utter insecurity, ALL MEN ARE EQUAL."

The Biologist smiles ironically at this cunning diplomacy—and again assures mankind that "All men are NOT equal." "VARIATION" is nature's most fundamental law and natural selection of "The Fit" for the environment insured the emergence of man out of the past, and, now that he controls environment, it is by way of ARTIFICIAL selection of what he analyzes as the most valuable that he will grow into the future.

It is this philosophy of life that prompts the Biologist to warn his children and the Henry family to appraise values carefully, and discriminate wisely as they choose their mates to beget the next generation.

Mere infatuation must be justified before the bar of reason and by the laws directing all growth.

I NOW write "Finis" to these conclusions, prompted by 85 years of observation and rather vast research to discover the conclusions of other observers of both ancient and modern times.

Before I pass out of the picture, I hope to compile these notes, so that they can be preserved and in such form that some member of the family—having respect for such a history—may keep it up to date as the generations come and go—remembering always,



MRS. CARTER ANDERSON, GRANDDAUGHTER OF  
ELIZABETH HENRY, FIRST CHILD OF EDWARD  
DUNCAN HENRY



that its value will lie—not in names and dates alone—but rather, in the characteristics, good or bad, that may appear—noting, if possible, the Biological causes for their appearance or—maybe—their disappearance.

The Biologist is sure that society is moving toward an ever increasing appreciation of such a family history, and that the State will, some day, acknowledge the reign of natural law—and compel a pedigree of all families—so that wisdom may be exercised as crosses are made to insure the innate drives and hunger for the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

The physical organism of man is a very ancient institution and it has at last built up a HUNGER to satisfy its needs—hunger for food—that prompts the most violent action to satisfy it.

May it not be true that, ere long, his MIND organism—much later acquired—will build up a MIND hunger, so intense as to insure the same intense effort to satisfy that hunger—when the childish technique of reward or punishment to excite effort may be relegated to the limbo of the Past—along with the other toys of childhood.

How can man acquire this drive, urge, hunger?

By wise appraisal of values and artificial selection—and reliance upon the law of heredity—and an environment that will excite the USE of these innate characteristics, so realized, to make them strong, and I close this memorandum by again exhorting you that the destiny of your family is in your own hands.

Good Speed to you on your way to undreamed-of possibilities.

I must add, before closing, that Helen Ingles, the first child of Ora Bradford, who was the second of Elizabeth Henry, recovered at last from the shock due to the loss of her babe and husband, and she married Carter Anderson, an efficiency engineer. At this writing, they live in Pasadena, California, and Helen has just been elected President, Pasadena area of the Panhellenic association.

Again I wish to advise my family that it is recorded in the "Eugenics Record Office"—an office endowed to maintain its record for always. The intent being a study in heredity—the manner in which certain characteristics persist in the family lines.

You will be called upon every ten years by this office to reveal the dominant characteristics exhibited during that decade.

Render these reports—and, again—let your naturalist sire predict—that—ere long, the state will acknowledge the reign of natural law, and maintain a pedigree of all its families.

Then the mating young will know where valuable, innate characteristics can be found and mate wisely.

THE END