

# John Peyton Taylor Family Record

By Jerry Long  
Owensboro, KY  
c2001

The following family record was copied on 21 May 1980 from records in the possession of the late Lamar Chapman (1921-1990), of Pleasant Ridge, KY & by his widow, Audrey Whitehouse Chapman (1923-1997). The data was on eight very yellowed and brittle pieces of paper. The papers had been passed down in Mr. Chapman's family several generations. They contained data on the children of his 3<sup>rd</sup> great-grandparents, John Peyton Taylor & Mary Davis and 2<sup>nd</sup> great-grandparents, Thomas L. Taylor & Sally L. McCrocklin. Mr. Chapman was the son of Archie Bruce Chapman (1895-1969) & Essie Kate Jeffries, grandson of Joseph F. Chapman & Mary Lou Taylor (1867-1949), and great-grandson of George Warren Taylor (1840-1914) & Susan E. Walker.

Births	Deaths
John P. Taylor, Sr. was born date unknown	departed this life 28 Sep 1847 supposed to be about 80 years old
Mary Taylor wife of the above was born 26 January 1772	departed this life on 18 April 1861 3 o'clock A.M., aged 89 years - 2 mos - 22 days
Ann Taylor 1 <sup>st</sup> daughter of the above was born 27 September 1793	departed this life 8 August 1866 age 72 years - 10 mos - 20 days
Thomas L. Taylor 1 <sup>st</sup> son of the above was born 10 August 1795	departed this life 18 July 1878 age 82 years - 11 mos - 8 days
Matilda Taylor 2 <sup>nd</sup> daughter of the above was born 15 January 1797	
Mary B. Taylor 3 <sup>rd</sup> daughter of the above was born 3 July 1798	
Elizabeth D. Taylor 4 <sup>th</sup> daughter of the above was born 7 May 1800	departed this life 11 March 1878
Benjamin B. Taylor 2 <sup>nd</sup> son of the above was born 15 February 1802	departed this life 26 May 1850 aged 48 years - 3 mos - 11 days
Sally P. Taylor 5 <sup>th</sup> daughter of the above was born 1 October 1804	departed this life 9 October 1876 aged 73 years - 9 days
Lucinda Taylor 6 <sup>th</sup> daughter of the above was born 23 February 1807	
Ady P. Taylor 7 <sup>th</sup> daughter of the above was born 30 April 1809	departed this life 16 April 1871 aged 61 years - 11 mos - 14 days

Jane S. Taylor 8<sup>th</sup> daughter of the above  
 was born 3 August 1811

John P. Taylor 3<sup>rd</sup> son of the above  
 was born 25 July 1813

[2<sup>nd</sup> generation – family of Thomas L. Taylor:]

John S. Taylor, 1<sup>st</sup> son of Thomas, was born  
 24 September 1821 (by first wife)

Hiram V. Taylor 2<sup>nd</sup> son of the above was born 20 September 1823 (by first wife)      departed this life 27 June 1824

Sally L. Taylor 2<sup>nd</sup> wife of the above was born 5 June 1807      departed this life 7 March 1881  
 aged 74 years – 8 mos – 23 days

Squire L. Taylor 1<sup>st</sup> son of the above was  
 born 4 September 1827

Cassandra Taylor 1<sup>st</sup> daughter of the above      departed this life on 23 April 1864  
 was born 23 May 1829      aged 34 years – 11 mos

Jessie Mc Taylor 2<sup>nd</sup> son of the above was      departed this life on 25 Feb 1889  
 born 19 May 1831      aged 57 years – 9 mos – 6 days

Benjamin W. Taylor 3<sup>rd</sup> son of the above was  
 born 26 March 1833

Richard D. Taylor 4<sup>th</sup> son of the above was      departed this life on 9 October 1872  
 born 24 March 1835      aged 37 years – 6 mos – 15 days

Lucinda Taylor 2<sup>nd</sup> daughter of the above  
 was born 13 April 1837

Mary P. Taylor 3<sup>rd</sup> daughter of the above  
 was born 15 May 1839

George W. Taylor 5<sup>th</sup> son of the above was  
 born 12 February 1841

Lydia J. Taylor 4<sup>th</sup> daughter of the above  
 was born 19 January 1844

James T. Taylor 6<sup>th</sup> son of the above was  
 born 14 June 1846

Henry P. Taylor 7<sup>th</sup> son of the above was  
 Born 23 January 1849

#### Marriage Family Record

John P. Taylor was married to Mary Davis 10 January 1793

Thomas L. Taylor 1<sup>st</sup> son of the above was married to Cassandra Van Cleave 22 Dec  
 1818 and she departed this life 27 June 1824 and was born 10 Sept 1802  
 and he was married to Sally McCrocklin 12 Oct 1826 , 2<sup>nd</sup> wife

John S. Taylor was married to Miss Nancy Phillips 12 January 1847

Squire L. Taylor was married to Miss Mary E. Sinnett 9 December 1851

Cassandra Taylor was married to Eli Martin 30 December 1851

Benjamin W. Taylor was married to Miss Matilda Hinton 27 November 1853

Jessie Mc Taylor was married to Miss Susan Mercer 20 April 1854

Loucinda Taylor was married to Mr. Grant Johnson 24 July 1855

Richard D. Taylor was married to Miss Rachael Bozarth 19 December 1855  
Mary P. Taylor was married to George M. Martin 28 February 1864  
George W. Taylor was married to Miss Susan E. Walker 9 October 1864  
James T. Taylor was married to Chloe Martin 8 December 1867  
Lydia J. Taylor was married to Mr. Joseph C. Westerfield 21 November 1869  
Henry P. Taylor was married to Miss Matilda F. Hinton 6 October 1872

### **Additional notes from the research of Jerry Long:**

On 14 May 1980 on a visit to the Kentucky Historical Society Library in Frankfort I discovered a manuscript entitled "History of The Van Cleave Family, The McMullen Family, The Taylor Family". After 21 years of family research it still ranks as one of the best genealogical gold mines I have found. Errett Van Cleave of San Francisco, CA compiled it in 1946; he donated a copy to the library two years later. Most of the manuscript was based on notes left by his uncle, James William Van Cleave (1845-1925), of Montgomery County, IN. James William was a son of John Peyton Van Cleave & Marjorie Jane McMullen, grandson of Benjamin S. Van Cleave & Matilda B. Taylor, and great-grandson of John Peyton Taylor & Mary Davis. The manuscript contained an 11-page chapter entitled "History of the Taylor Family". The following are some facts contained therein: John Peyton Taylor was the son of John Taylor & Ada Parker, her mother was Ada Peyton Parker, who was of an English noble family. His father, John Taylor, had brothers Ben, who lived in Maryland, & Rafel (sic? - may have been Bazel), one of his sisters may have married an Arnington/Arrington. "John Payton Taylor had black eyes, his wife had blue eyes, fair skin, sandy hair." He lived in Fairfax County, VA, near Alexandria. He worked as an overseer on several plantations, including that of Governor Fairfax, who had owned 25 slaves. He had been on hunts with General Washington and served in his army during the Revolution. He was at the battle of Yorktown, when Cornwallis surrendered and served there as one of the General's aids-de-camp. He had also fought in Braddock's Army when he marched against the Indians and the French. John Peyton Taylor married twice. His first wife died soon after their marriage; she had no children. His son, Tommy, after his service in the War of 1812, went to Kentucky. He came back and gave a very favorable report of it, describing it as a paradise. His father soon moved the family to Kentucky.

John Peyton Taylor is somehow related to a John Taylor, who resided in Prince Georges County, Maryland, where in 1714 he purchased a plantation called "Little Grove". The strongest indication of this is the appearance of the unusual name of Littlegrove among the descendants of John Peyton Taylor. The middle name of his son, Thomas L. Taylor (1795-1878) was "Littlegrove" according to a great-grandson, Henry Protis Taylor (1904-1991), who stated that his father, Ollie Littlegrove Taylor (1880-1957) was named in part for his grandfather Thomas Littlegrove Taylor. A son of Thomas L. was christened Squire Littlegrove and another member of the family also bore the name Squire Littlegrove Taylor.

In the Prince Georges County deeds it is recorded that on 1 Sep 1714 John Taylor, a planter, purchased a tract called Little Grove from Murphy Ward, of the same county. It consisted of 90 acres and a house on the west side of Pattuxent River. In Settlers of Maryland, 1679-1700 Murphy Ward, Calvert County, MD, is listed as acquiring a tract called "Little Groves", 91 acres, on 10 Jan 1696. Research by Ginger Taylor (no address given) posted on the message board of the Prince Georges County, Maryland "GenWeb" Internet page reports that John Taylor was married to Eunise and moved to "Little Groves" in Prince Georges Co. in 1714 and was previously a resident of Charles County, MD. She states that John was the son of Thomas Taylor, b.1654, who was married to Annie and who received from his father, John, and his remarried mother Elizabeth Bonner, a 200 acre farm in Charles County, MD called Batchelor's Delight. Described as on Petit's Creek to Taylor's creek to Weekes branch near land of Rick Smith. Thomas of Batchelor's Delight also was the father of Thomas, Jr., who was born 3 March 1694 and who was married to Barbara.

John Taylor, of Prince Georges County, MD, appears to have resided on Little Grove until his death in 1738. On 17 Jan 1736 John wrote his will and it was recorded on 29 Nov 1738 (Maryland Calendar of Wills, Vol.VIII, pp29-30). He bequeathed to his wife, Unice - 30 acres with the dwelling, to son John - 30 acres south of the dwelling, to son James - 30 acres, & to son Thomas & daughters, Mary & Ann - personalty. Richard Parker, Thomas Blanford Sr. & John Blanford witnessed his will. Later records have been found in which his sons, John Jr. & Thomas, refer to the Little Grove tract.

On 22 March 1763 "John Taylor Junior" of Prince Georges County, MD sold to Thomas Wall (or Hall), 30 acres, part of tract called Little Grove. His wife, Priscilla, ratified the deed. James William Van Cleave wrote that John Peyton Taylor was the son of John Taylor & Ada Parker. Could Priscilla be Ada Parker? John P. & Mary Taylor named one of their daughters, Ada Priscilla, and several other descendants had the same name. In the 1790 & 1800 censuses of Prince Georges County, MD a Priscilla Taylor is listed, she possibly could be the widow of John Taylor, Jr. Thomas Taylor, son of the John Taylor, Sr., who owned Little Grove in Prince Georges County, MD, later lived in Fairfax County, VA. On 11 June 1777 Thomas Taylor, of Fairfax County, VA wrote a will and it was recorded on 21 July 1777 (Fairfax County Will Book D-1, p14, on p43 of the same book an inventory of his estate is recorded). To his son, Thomas, he bequeathed his part of a tract of land lying in Prince Georges County, MD, known by the name of Little Grove. To Thomas, Jr. he also left the plantation that he was living on and appointed him the executor of his estate. His will named 12 other children, sons - Richard, John, Bazel & Benjamin Bassick/?Basset Taylor; daughters - Barbara Stuart, Mary Ann Club, Sarah, Cloeann, Eunis, Milord, Arrybeckey & Drusilla Taylor. The names of Bazel, Benjamin B. & Cloeann are found several times in the family of John Peyton Taylor.

John Peyton Taylor was born between 1760-1765 according to census reports of 1810, 1820, 1830 & 1840. He appears in the 1810 census of Fairfax County, VA (p221). In addition to himself and his wife, 9 others were reported to be in his household, their ages correspond exactly to the ages of his first 9 children listed in the preceding family

record. He was also reported to be the owner of 6 slaves. "John P." & Mary Taylor on 11 Oct 1814 served as witnesses on the will of Yelverton Reardon, written and recorded in Fairfax County. About 1817 he moved his family to Shelby County, KY, where 2 of his children were married in 1818. He lived along Bullskin Creek. He is listed as John P. Taylor in the 1820 census of Shelby County, KY (p155). Enumerated near him were his son, Thomas L. Taylor and several members of the Van Cleave family. Four of his children married Van Cleaves while the family resided in Shelby County. Three of these, Matilda B., Mary B. & Benjamin B., during the latter part of the 1820's were among a large contingent of Shelby County families who relocated to Montgomery County, IN. Many of them were inter-connected through the Van Cleaves. In addition to the numerous Van Cleave families other family names, which migrated there included – Taylor, Davis, McMullen, Carson, Allen & Kerns.

In 1823 John P. Taylor moved to Ohio County, KY, where he spent the remainder of his life. He first appears there in the tax lists in 1823 and is listed in each successive list through 1847 – in all but one year he is identified as "John P." In the 1830 (p247) & 1840 (p130) Ohio County censuses he was listed similarly. When he first arrived in the county he owned four slaves, in 1830 he had four & in 1840 five. At his death in 1847 he owned seven blacks and 576 acres on Panther Creek. He left no will, however, in the Ohio County estate files, settlement books & deed books there are a multitude of pages filed in relation to the settlement of his estate. Several of these documents record the names of his heirs – his widow, Mary, and their 11 children. Concerning the sale of the 7 slaves owned by his estate a suit was filed in the Ohio County Circuit Court. This case (file #1077) names the above 11 children as well as the names and ages of his slaves.

A death certificate for John P. Taylor's widow was recorded in the 1852-1861 Ohio County, KY Vital Statistics. It records that Mary Taylor died on 18 April 1861 at the age of 89, the cause of her death was listed as cancer of the face. She was reported to be a native of Virginia and her parents were given as Thomas & Nancy Davis. A great-grandson, James William Van Cleave (1845-1925), wrote that Mary Davis Taylor had brothers named Warren, William, John & Reace Davis. Warren Davis, born 1775-1784, is listed in the 1810 census of Fairfax County, VA (p192) and was enumerated two households from John P. Taylor in the 1820 Shelby County, KY census. At least two of the grandchildren of John P. & Mary Taylor had the middle name of "Warren". Several members of the Davis family moved to Montgomery County, IN, including William Davis, a brother of Mary Taylor. William was born in Virginia c1784 and died on 22 Sep 1861 in Montgomery County, IN, where he resided along Sugar Creek. In the 1787 census of Fairfax County, VA no Thomas Davis is listed. It is possible that Mary's father was one of the Thomas Davis' listed in the adjoining county of Prince William in the 1787 Census of Virginia. Among the Davis families of Prince William is found a Warren Davis, who was at least 10 years older than Mary Taylor's brother, Warren. He was born c1764 and by 1786 was residing in Nelson County, KY. He was one of 11 children born to Isaac Davis & Elizabeth Kincheloe. Isaac Davis died in Prince William County in 1771, he owned land that adjoined a Thomas Davis, who possibly could be his brother and the father of Mary Taylor (if true this would make the two Warren's 1<sup>st</sup> cousins). Isaac's plantation lay on both sides of the Occuquan River, near Davis Ford, about 5

miles southwest of Manassas. Isaac also owned land in Fairfax County. Four of his sons served in the Revolution and two of them John & Presley died during the war – one of John P. Taylor’s grandchildren was named Presley Davis Taylor. Isaac was the son of William Davis & Ellen Bland, who received several land patents in Prince William County between 1707-1722. Isaac’s grandfather, David Davis about 1701 emigrated from Wales and settled in the Welsh Tract Settlement near New Castle, Delaware. See the book, Kincheloe, McPherson and Related Families, by Lewin D. McPherson (1951, pp110-121) for data on the family of Isaac Davis & Elizabeth Kincheloe.

The location of the graves of John P. & Mary Taylor have not been identified. The area of Ohio County where he lived was in the vicinity of the communities of Bells Run and Taylorfield. His son, John P., Jr., resided at what came to be known as “Taylor Old Fields” and later as Taylorfield. The earliest reference to it found is a Taylorfield community column appearing in the 19 Sep 1877 issue of the Hartford Herald newspaper. It was located near the site of the Antioch Christian Church Cemetery on the Ralph – Bells Run Road, about 1 mile west of Adaburg. The “Taylor Fork” of the Panther Creek runs between the Antioch Cemetery and Highway 1414. The Taylorfield school located near the church continued up until the consolidation of Ohio County schools during the 1930’s. A short distance south of Antioch is the old Patton home and cemetery where Dr. John William Patton (1835-1908) is buried, he was the first postmaster of the Adaburg post office (established 1886). On the farm across the road from the Patton place was the home of John P. Taylor, Jr., several of his great-grandchildren reported that the chimney of his old home could be seen there in recent years. About 2½ miles to the west is the Bells Run Baptist Church, where many of the Taylor family were members. Thomas L. Taylor, son of John P., Sr. lived on land adjoining the church and in 1877 donated a lot for the new church building (Ohio Co. deed book Z, p110). The old part of the Bell’s Run Cemetery began as the Taylor family cemetery. The oldest grave there being of Thomas L. Taylor’s first wife, Cassandra Van Cleave, who died in 1824. Thomas L. joined the Bell’s Run church in 1831 and was ordained one of its deacons in 1833, a position later held by two of his sons, George W. & Benjamin W. Thomas’s son, John Samuel Taylor, was ordained a minister by the church in 1855 and served as its pastor in 1858 & 1879-1881. Joseph Perkins Ellis, husband of Jane S. Taylor, daughter of John P., Sr., was pastor of the Bell’s Run Church during 1842-1857 & 1866-1878. The church in January 1854 licensed Mack Taylor, a former slave of John Peyton Taylor, to preach, and was to have ordained him but his untimely death prevented it. A death certificate records that Mack died at the age of 50 on 7 Feb 1854 of pneumonia, he was a farmer, married, born in Fairfax Co., VA, & his owner was Mary Taylor.

To the preceding record of the children of John Peyton Taylor & Mary Davis the following can be added:

Ann Davis Taylor married Joseph Robinson Midkiff in Ohio Co., KY on 12 Nov 1823, she died in Ohio County, where she lived in the vicinity of Magan, her gravesite is not known. To them were born - Thomas T., William D., Benjamin F. & Mary B. Her sister, Elizabeth, married his brother, James G. Midkiff. They were 1<sup>st</sup> cousins to Kit Carson. Their mother, Mrs. Benjamin (Elizabeth Robinson) Midkiff, was a sister to Kit’s mother, Rebecca.

Thomas L. Taylor was a veteran of the War of 1812. He participated in the siege of Baltimore in the year of 1814. His 1<sup>st</sup> marriage was recorded in Shelby Co., KY and his 2<sup>nd</sup> in Ohio Co., KY. By his 1<sup>st</sup> wife he had - John Samuel & Hiram V. and by his 2<sup>nd</sup> - Squire Littlegrove, Cassandra, Jesse McCrocklin, Benjamin Wilson, Richard Dudley, Lucinda, Mary P., George Warren, Lydia Jane, James Thomas & Henry Peyton. He died in Ohio County, and his gravestone is in the old section of the Bells Run Baptist Church Cemetery. Jesse James, the notorious outlaw, was a 1<sup>st</sup> cousin twice removed to his wife, Sallie L. McCrocklin.

Matilda B. Taylor married Benjamin Van Cleave in Shelby Co., KY on 11 Aug 1818. Between 1824-1826 moved to Montgomery Co., IN, and between 1850-1854 moved to Dallas Co., Iowa. She died in the latter place on 4 April 1880 and was buried there in the Panther Creek Cemetery. She had 13 children – Bazzil, John Peyton, Mary Elizabeth, Joseph Warren, Benjamin Taylor, Aaron Crawford, Ada Anne, Thomas Taylor, Samuel Grimes, Solomon Munson, Cornelius Johnson, Margaret Jane & Stephen Allen.

Mary B. Taylor married John B. "Jack" Van Cleave on 20 Sep 1821 in Shelby Co., KY. He was a son of Aaron Van Cleave & Elizabeth (Van Cleave), and was a brother to Matilda B. Taylor's husband, Benjamin Van Cleave, and to Margaret Van Cleave, wife of Benjamin B. Taylor. Between 1824-1826 moved to Montgomery Co., IN. She married 2<sup>nd</sup> Cornelius Johnson in Montgomery County on 4 July 1839. By the time of the 1840 census had moved to Vigo Co., IN. She died in that county on 29 June 1876 and was buried there in the Hull Cemetery. By her 1<sup>st</sup> marriage she had – Henry S., Matilda Ann, Sarah Jane, Elizabeth & John Samuel, and by her 2<sup>nd</sup> – George W. Johnson.

Elizabeth D. Taylor married James G. Midkiff in Ohio Co., KY on 17 March 1825. She died in Ohio County, where she is buried in the Capp (Midkiff) Cemetery between Adaburg & Beech Valley. To her were born – Mary Elizabeth, Matilda Ann, John Peyton, George Robert/Robertson, Araminta Barbara, Joseph B. & Thomas L.

Benjamin Benton Taylor's middle name was contained on a sheet in the records of the late Archie B. Chapman. He married Margaret Van Cleave in Shelby Co., KY on 8 Sep 1825. By 1826 had moved to Montgomery Co., IN. The 1850 Montgomery County, IN Census Mortality Schedule records that he died a sudden-accidental death in May 1850, he was age 48, married, born VA, and was a farmer. His children included William C., Mary A. (m. her 1<sup>st</sup> cousin Benjamin Taylor Van Cleave), Matilda J., George P., Lucinda E., Nancy B., Sally E., Bessy P., Basil N. & James A.

Sally P. Taylor married Jabesh Lewellen in Ohio Co., KY on 22 Oct 1826. They moved to Missouri, where they were listed in the 1830 census of Ralls County (p366). They were residents of Monroe County after the its formation out of Ralls in 1831. The 1840 Monroe County census (p150) lists them as being residents of Indian Creek Township. She appears in the 1870 census of Monroe County. Among her children was a son, Thomas, who was born c1832 & was living in Monroe Co., MO in 1860.

Lucinda Taylor married James A. Johnson on 10 Sep 1829 in Ohio Co., KY. She was buried in the Bells Run Baptist Church Cemetery in Ohio County. Her death was on 24 July 1897. To her were born – Sally Ann, Grant A., Barnett, Thomas L., Hannah H., William Allen, Mary & Aretus C. Two of her great-grandsons were Zack Terrell & Ray Chapman. Zack was a noted circus operator, at one time he owned the Cole Brothers Circus, the world's second largest circus. Raymond Johnson Chapman has the distinction

of being the only player ever killed during a Mayor League Baseball game, he was killed by a pitch in 1920; a segment on him appeared in the celebrated documentary on baseball by Ken Burns.

Ada Priscilla Taylor married Samuel Jackson in Ohio Co., KY on 24 Feb 1828. She resided in Daviess County, KY. The location of her grave is not known. She may have been buried in the Jackson Cemetery in Daviess County. Her children were – George Cessna, Mary S., Letitia, Lydia Ann, Sarah, John S., Thomas L., & Margaret.

Jane S. Taylor married Rev. Joseph Perkins Ellis in Ohio Co., KY on 15 Sep 1835. He was a noted Baptist minister in Ohio & Daviess Cos., KY and founded several local churches including Whitesville and Zion. A biography and a picture of him & his wife, Jane, was published in the book, A History of the Daviess – McLean Baptist Association in Kentucky, by Rev. Wendell H. Rone (1943, pp263-6). She died in Whitesville, Daviess Co., KY on 12 Nov 1889 and was buried in the Ellis Cemetery in Ohio County, near Whitesville. The Owensboro Daily Messenger of 14 Nov 1889 reported “The wife of Rev. J. P. Ellis, of Whitesville, died Tuesday, the 12<sup>th</sup> inst., of pneumonia and was buried Wednesday.” Their children were – William Peyton, Luther C., Sarah M., Rebecca Ann, Margaret E., Nannie J. & Ada Priscilla.

John Peyton, Jr. married his 1<sup>st</sup> cousin Susan Davis about 1833. He died in Ohio County on 9 Feb 1895 and was buried in the Bells Run Baptist Church Cemetery, his grave is unmarked. He married a 2<sup>nd</sup> time on 1 Aug 1873 when he wed Mrs. Susannah (Neighbors) Langley in Ohio County. His children, all by his 1<sup>st</sup> wife, were – George Washington, Benjamin B., Nancy A., Presley Davis, Lucinda P., Christopher Columbus, Delilah, Sidney S. & Cordelia. A 3<sup>rd</sup> great-grandson is Rex Chapman, a Kentucky basketball star, who from 1988-2000 played in the NBA.

John Peyton Taylor & Mary Davis also raised another child, William F. Taylor. He was born in 1821-1822. The marriage bonds of his children report that he was born in Shelby County, KY. His relationship to John Peyton Taylor has not been learned. From early childhood he was reared in the home of John Peyton Taylor. A child of his age appears in the home of John P. Taylor in the 1830 census. Shortly after William F. Taylor came of age he was deeded 82½ acres of land for \$1.00 by John P. Taylor on 28 Nov 1844 (Ohio Co. deed book I, p389). In an Ohio County, KY Circuit Court suit (#1077) involving the sale of the John Peyton Taylor slaves, William F., gave testimony, on 31 May 1850. He said: “That he is now about 28 or 29 years of age, that he was raised by John P. Taylor and always resided in his family until about two years before his death and during that time he lived within about a mile of his house...” In the interviews of hundreds of descendants of John Peyton Taylor & William F. Taylor (including his last surviving granddaughter) no additional clues on his relationship to the Taylor family could be learned. William F. died at Adaburg in Ohio County on 15 March 1891. He married Elizabeth Jane Pate in Ohio County on 27 Aug 1846. To them were born – John Peyton, Squire Littlegrove/ “Grove”, William Henry, James M., Samuel Franklin, Sallie Mary, Margaret Priscilla, Jesse Calep, Lee & Joseph Thomas. Margaret Priscilla Taylor married John Howard Long and they are this writer’s great-grandparents.



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**Addenda** by Jerry Long: Appearing in numerous family tree files published on the Internet there are two fallacies that I would like to draw attention to. One is attributing William F. Taylor (c-1821-1891) with the middle name of Ferdinand. When I first began researching in 1979 I shared with a Taylor cousin a tentative outline (theory) that listed our ancestor possibly as “William Ferdinand Taylor”. I had thought this possible because I found a Ferdinand Taylor (1877-1950) among the descendants of John Peyton Taylor. After becoming a more experienced researcher I realized that there was far from sufficient evidence to deduct this. It is a too far a leap to make a guess based on only this one instance. After years of researching the children, grandchildren, great and great-great-grandchildren of John Peyton Taylor (died 1847) nowhere else is the name of Ferdinand found. Basing a theory only on names beginning with ‘F’ there is more probability for a guess that his middle name is Franklin. I have longed regretted making this error of not differentiating fact from guessing. Many researchers are now listing William F. Taylor (c1821-1891) as the son of John Peyton Taylor & his wife, Mary Davis or of his son, Thomas Littlegrove Taylor (1795-1878) & his wife, Cassandra Van Cleave. These conclusions are totally contradicted by the family bible record published here and by the hundreds of pages that enumerate the children of John Peyton Taylor or of his son, Thomas Littlegrove Taylor, that are to be found in the Ohio County estate files, circuit court suits and deed books. DNA analysis prove that William F. Taylor (c1821-1891) is closely related to John Peyton Taylor, Sr. I suspect he is a grandchild who was raised by his grandparents, John Peyton Taylor & Mary Davis.



**History of The Van Cleave Family, The McMullen Family, The Taylor Family**, From Notes Left by James William Van Cleave, 1845-1925, Montgomery County, Indiana (Near Crawfordsville). Compiled in 1946 by Errett Van Cleave, 563 Arballeo Drive, San Francisco, California. Mimeographed copy at the Kentucky Historical Society Library, Frankfort, KY:

#### HISTORY OF THE TAYLOR FAMILY

The Taylor family in America came from England in an early day, long before the Revolutionary War. There were several brothers who settled in different parts of the country, one in Maryland and another near Norfolk, Virginia. The one near Norfolk married Ada Parker, a daughter of Ada Peyton Parker, and a grand-daughter of the Earl of Peyton.

Ada Peyton was the only child of the Marquis of Peyton, a very wealthy man who held a rank conferred by the king. Ada was brought up with servants and it is said that she did not know from whence came the water in which she washed her hands. That it was brought to her in a silver bowl. Her life was romantic. She loved a young lord and

her love was returned with all the ardor of the chivalrous age, but the Earl objected to the union looking for a better alliance. Ada persisted in desiring the young lord for her husband and her father steadily refused to give his consent to the nuptials. There was an old feud against the family. Finally Ada and her Lord eloped and started to America, then new and under the English Colony rule. They arrived at the point of departure and went on board ship. The lord remembered that he had left behind something very important, so he left Ada and hurried off to get it. While he was gone, the ship sailed, carrying Ada and leaving her lover behind.

In the course of time, the ship arrived at Norfolk, Virginia. Here a difficulty arose. The passage had not been paid and she was without means except her jewelry which was very precious to her. So the captain sold her for four years bondage for the amount of her passage. This was a custom of the times. Now came the struggle of her life. She had not known what it was to work before. The first thing she was requested to do was clean a brass kettle. Her hands were very tender and the rough work made them bleed. Notwithstanding all this she kept her jewelry which was very costly and included many diamonds. She was ashamed to turn back to England even if she had been free. She heard nothing from her lord and concluded that he had deserted her. After a time her hands hardened and she got used to the work. When her time was about half out she met a man by the name of Parker, who had some money and some land. He took a liking to Ada and began paying his respects. She had long ago lost her love for the young Lord, and so, formed an attachment to Parker and in due course of time, they were engaged. She had been a kitchen maid, so no one took much notice of her. Parker paid out her time of servitude, a year remaining, and they were quietly married and had but settled down together when the young Lord came. He told her that he had been following ever since they parted. That he had took the next ship sailing for the new world, that it had meandered in different parts, trading, and finally he had been given a clue as to her whereabouts and had come at once. Parker generously offered to give up Ada, if she so desired, but Ada said, "No, my Lord, I have suffered too much on your account. I do not think I ever could love you again, so you may go." This he did and Ada and her husband went to live in the country where he farmed. He was a very likeable man.

Her father found out where she lived and sent her a shipload of goods, but Parker was slow in claiming it and lost all of it. The ship captain sold the merchandise and kept all the money. She got nothing more from her father. This shipment would have made her rich if she had gotten it.

In time she raised a family of children. One of her daughters married a young man by the name of Taylor. He came with his brothers from England and lived in Fairfax County, Virginia. Her son was named John Peyton Taylor. The Taylors were of considerable affluence and importance. John Peyton Taylor remembered his grandmother, Ada Parker. She was yet a fine looking woman of much dignity and approbation. Parker died and she lived with her daughter, Ada Taylor. Grand Pa Taylor talked of her having stern qualities, said she used to thrash him when he disobeyed her. He set traps and caught quail and sold them. Often he put them in pens and fed them and they got quite tame. Sometimes when his grandmother had distinguished visitors she

would go to his coops and get some of his quail for dinner. He would miss them but his grandmother would make it all right with him by her kind words.

He said his grandmother Parker was highly cultured and moved in the highest circle of society, companioned and visited by the wealthy class and often had "grand visitors". Grandpa Taylor's boyhood was spent with his grandmother Parker. She often talked to him of her life in England, her elopement and coming to America, of her bondage, of her marriage to Parker. He said she had fine jewelry and diamonds that were relics of her former wealth in England. When she died or where she was buried is not known. Grandpa Taylor said there was a large estate of lands and money coming to the Taylors, to him to be exact, from England.

Benjamin, Rafael and John Taylor were brothers. Ada Parker married John. John Peyton Taylor was named after his great grandfather, the Earl of Peyton. His boyhood was spent in Fairfax County, Virginia, near Alexandria, a new trading post. When Grandpa was a boy, he would hunt ducks on the ocean, rivers and creeks. He would go down to a place called "Colamint" swamps. The muskrats lived there, built houses of the flags, or sweet calamus. Grandpa and his little dog would go down at night and secret themselves near the edge of the swamp and wait until he could hear the muskrats cutting calamus. When it began to wave he would fire on them with his little shotgun and often he would kill several muskrats at one shot. His little dog would go in and retrieve them. When he had killed as many as he wanted he would go home and in the morning would go down to the pond, secret himself where the ducks came in and shoot all he could, his little dog bringing them to him. He would take them home dress them for the market and take his ducks and skins of muskrat up to Alexandria and sell them. In this way he made money. At one time he shot some wild geese. He also hunted and killed deer, often rode them down, hunting on horseback.

Several times General Washington participated in the hunt. He said Washington was a good shot, never got off his horse to shoot like some did. He saw Washington kill several deer.

#### Siege of Yorktown.

Grandpa Taylor was in Washington's army. One time, just before they marched to Yorktown they were drawn up in rank. T'was cold weather and the men stamped their feet on the ground. An officer came along and scolded them for doing it. General Washington heard the reprimand. He saw they were really suffering with cold feet, so he said, "You may stamp your feet to get them warm, just so you do not get out of line." Grandpa Taylor was at the battle of Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered. He said if he ever heard it thunder it was there. He saw the fortifications crumble under the cannon of the Americans and their allies, the French. He was in the last battle that closed the war of the Revolution; heard the grand shout of the men when victory was achieved, saw the exchange of flags, saw Cornwallis come out, saw his orderly hand over his sword, and the Americans played "Yankee Doodle." Washington persuaded him to go into his army. Told his parents that he would take good care of him. General Washington made Grandpa

one of his aides at the siege of Yorktown. He remained in the army only a short time and returned home after the fall of Yorktown.

### Old Braddock.

This was the name of a gun or musket that belonged to Grandpa Taylor. His father [had carried it in the Colonial Wars, carried it in Braddock's army when he marched against the French and Indians. Then Grandpa Taylor carried it in Washington's army at in the War of the Revolution at the surrender of Yorktown. After the war he gave it back to his father, who kept it, but he told grandfather that on his death he wanted the gun to be his. He said, "John, when I am gone the gun is yours. I do not care who else wants it, it is yours. None of the children would go out under Washington but you. Some said they were not stout enough, others that they were too young to go. Only you went out under Washington and when I am gone the gun is yours. Remember, its name is "Old Braddock." So, at the death of his father he took the gun and kept it all his life. He killed many deer and ducks with it. When Grandfather died the gun went to Uncle Tommy Taylor, his oldest son, who kept it until the Great Rebellion broke out. He didn't hide the gun but kept it by the side of his bed ready to shoot at night. The home guard came one day and took the gun with them, trading it off for whiskey. The gun was lost. It had the same stock on it that it had in the War of the Revolution. After Grandpa went home from Yorktown he was with General Washington at Mt. Vernon.

One time when a young man he went to Maryland to see his brother Benjamin. In honor of his visit Ben had a party, a "frolic" it was called. They played a game called "find the bottle". Grandpa was in the center of the circle, opening the bottle. The bully of the town unseated Grandpa several times in succession and did it in a hateful, sneering manner, which made Grandpa mad and he concluded that he did it on purpose. The bully threw out some hints that he could lick Grandpa. His brother, Ben, interfered to settle the quarrel. The bully told Grandpa that he would come back in the morning and see him. He told him "to come along." Ben told Grandpa that he had better go away and not have any trouble with the bully, indicating that he would get licked if he did, for the bully had never been licked. Grandpa told his brother that he had come all the way to Maryland to see him, and this was the way he treated him. He said he was not afraid of the bully and would attend to him if he came. Next morning the fellow came; they fought, and Grandpa needed all of his blow. He made a run and a jump at the bully and kicked the him in both sides with his boot heels. The bully dropped like one dead. That one pass was all he made at him. The men took him off. The bully was not able to walk and his friends took him home and it was a month before he was able to be out of bed. This cured the bully of fighting. Brother Ben scolded Grandpa, saying he would have trouble with the bully. Grandpa said to send for him and he would take care of him again. Ben rather took the bully's part. When Grandpa went home, which was immediately, he told his brother that he would never come to see him again, for he was highly insulted. What became of Ben is not known. Grandpa had many fights and was never licked. He was active as a cat, strong and well made.

Grandpa was married twice. Sometime after his fight with the bully he married a rich young maiden, who did not live very long and had no children. He settled up the estate, giving her folks everything but what he had bought. It is not known what her name was. Later he married Mary Davis. Her brother was William (Billy) Davis, father of James and Drusie Davis, who lived on Sugar Creek in Indiana. The Davis's were wealthy and owned much land. They lived in Fairfax County, Virginia, not far from Alexandria. The sons and daughters of John Peyton and Mary Davis Taylor were – (1) Anna, married John Metcalf; (2) Thomas, married Cassandra Van Cleave, (3) Matilda, married Benjamin Van Cleave (son of Aaron Jr., grandson of Benjamin, and great grandson of old Aaron), (4) - Benjamin, married Peggie Van Cleave, sister of Benjamin; (5) Lucy, (6) Betsey, married Joe Metcalf; (7) \_\_\_\_, (8) Ada, married Sam Jackson, (9) -Sally, (10) Jane, married Joe Ellis, a preacher. (11) John. (Another list gives Mary, married Jack Van Cleave, this is evidently the one missing above). Betsey Metcalf (6) was good looking, had brown eyes.

Grandpa lived in Fairfax County for many years where he was an "overseer". The last place he worked was for Governor Fairfax. He had 25 niggers. When he took charge of the plantation, it had been neglected, the slaves allowed to do as they wished; each one owned a dog or two if they liked, feeding them off the place. Many of the niggers had hogs. The former overseer was afraid of the niggers and let them do as they wished. When Grandpa took the position, he soon discovered how the niggers were doing. He ordered them to kill their dogs and even their hogs and get to work. They disliked Grandpa and sought opportunities to kill him. One nigger, called "Outlandish", had been brought over direct from Africa and got into the possession of Fairfax. Grandpa caught this nigger in the stable one day for some mischief he had done and was going to whip him. He stuttered in his speech and said, "Ove'see', Ove'see', if you won't whip me I will tell you all about it." He declared that a pack of niggers were going to kill Grandpa. After that, old "Outlandish" was a good nigger friend to Grandpa; he saved his life on two more occasions.

One day he rode out to see how the niggers were getting along burning brick. As he drew near he saw two husky niggers standing on each side of the path, just before the "eye" of the brick kiln. He suspected their intentions and rode straight down between them and just as they were going to grab him off his horse and throw him into the kiln, he gave his horse a slap with the whip and it sprang from between them and saved his life. On another morning, he was riding out to give some instructions to the hands, when two niggers, cutting down a tree, cut it in such a way that it would fall on Grandpa and crush him to death. "Outlandish" saw the tree start to fall and stammered out, "Oveh'see'r, Oveh'see'r, a-a-a t-r-ee is f-a-ll-in-g o-n y-o-u!" Grandpa looked up and made a quick spring and saved his life. The niggers saw that their attempt to destroy him had failed so they made after him with an axe. He knocked the niggers down then they clinched with one another and fell on the ground. Grandpa was very active, as well as stout and would get up time and again, they couldn't hold him down. One nigger was much larger than Grandpa, was the strongest of the lot; he tried to choke Grandpa, got his hands around Grandpa's throat. The rest of the niggers stood by looking on. Every time Grandpa could get his breath he would yell. His dog heard him at the house and Grandma said he would

whine and look up to her wagging his tail and then run out into the yard. Finally Grandma told him to "go" and away he flew out to where Grandpa. Grandpa saw him coming and told him to "cut in." The dog flew into the nigger and soon had him stretched out, lacerated by the dog's teeth. About that time, Fairfax, the old massa, came up on horseback and put in a hand. He saw the niggers looking on at the fight. He spoke out authoritatively to them and said, "take that nigger out and bind him to a log." They quickly did so. He then turned to Grandpa and said to thrash him within an inch of his life, just leave life in him. Grandpa used the whip on him until his arm gave out, about 500 lashes. He caused the blood to run and the nigger could hardly stand and wore a petticoat for some time afterwards. He never tried to kill Grandpa again, nor did any of the other niggers. Having thus subdued them he got along very well with them afterwards. He worked for Fairfax for several years.

About this time Grandpa bought a nigger named Kate, who could not be trusted very much. He paid \$400 for her. She was married and had several children, George, Marion, Mack and Harriet. She had other children but she killed them and came near smothering George when he was an infant. Old Kate was out at work and left George covered up too tight. Grandma Taylor discovered him. She took special care of George after that and had to help raise the rest of the children. Kate was fond of meetings and going to frolics. Sometimes she gave parties at her home.

When Grandpa's family was partly grown up he moved to Kentucky, a wild county, then filled with game of all kinds. He secured a large tract of land. The land in Kentucky was not purchased by the government from the Indians, so all one had to do was to get as much land surveyed as he wished and the Government gave him a patent to it if he paid the expenses of securing the patent. The one purchasing could have the land surveyed wherever he pleased, taking in the good land and leaving out the bad bits of land, just as he desired. Often a piece of land had many corners and angling lines running in different directions. So it was with Grandpa Taylor's land. Here he cleared out a homestead and raised his family to maturity.

He always had to watch Old Kate to keep her from stealing things. She would take meat out of the smokehouse and sell it or use it for supper at her house for nigger frolics, as they called them. Sometimes she would get up in the night and take George and Mack and get the horses and ride 20 miles to a nigger frolic. She always got back before daylight, have the horses up and be in bed. But Grandpa would find it out. See that the horses were tired, and Old Kate would look as if she had been out all night and was fit for nothing the next day. Grandpa would find out from George and Mack that their mother had been out. She threatened them severely if they told and made them go with her.

Grandma Van Cleave was a girl about grown then. She was the daughter of Grandpa Taylor (Matilda Taylor Van Cleave). She said Kate had parties, dances and suppers at her cabin. One night, she said, she and some other girls went down to Kate's cabin and peeped through the door to see what was going on and what they were doing. They were at supper, were trying to talk very polite to each other, waiting on the table and trying to talk and act like "white folks". There was an old darky called Uncle Ben.

When Kate was passing a plate of pork to him, she said, "Uncle Ben, what part of the pork will you take?" "The tail part, madam", he said. The meat was fat side bacon and there was no tail part to it. Then we hurried away so they could laugh without being caught. White people did not go to nigger frolics.

Grandpa did not do much work himself but saw that the work went on, was a good manager and overseer. He caused his girls to work out in the fields the same as his niggers. Grandma Van Cleave, his daughter, said she had to work out in the fields many a day. One day she got sick, couldn't work much, and had to rest. Her father came along saw her idle, and gave her a few licks with his rawhide whip and made her go on and work, though she was not able to do so. She had a dreadful time and thought he treated her cruelly. He often whipped hard, yet she loved him very much.

Part of Grandma's childhood was passed in Kentucky, where she married. She was somewhat superstitious, said one night she and some other girls, had their fortune told. Her girlhood was not passed without amusement. She tells of the pancake suppers. The young folks would gather at one of their homes and cook pancakes. It took skill to turn them in the pan: They cooked them over the fireplace and when the cake was done on one side, they tossed it up in the air in such a way as to turn it over and catch it again in the skillet. This took some careful skill, for now and then one would miss and fall into the fire, which would cause a laugh at the expense of the performer. All the cakes that dropped into the fire were given to the niggers. When enough cakes were fried they sat down to a sumptuous repast. They would pass the evening playing various games. These suppers were a pleasant sport for all of them. At times, the girls would meet at some neighbor's house and have their fortunes told.

Grandpa had other niggers, there was Sarah; Riah, sometimes called Phillis, Harriet, a daughter of Riah and Phil a son of Harriet, and others. Riah was very fond of whiskey, would get drunk at every opportunity. She was a housemaid and cook. One day she was doing the housework and came around to here a barrel of whiskey was kept. The faucet leaked, so there was a pan set under it. There was nearly a quart in the pan. Riah saw it and the temptation to drink was very strong. She took a heavy drink, about a pint. She got a small bottle, filled it full, and went about her work, very happy in a big way, drank all in the bottle and was found by Grandma out in the shade by the side of the house, dead drunk. She went and told Grandpa about it. He came and saw that the pan under the faucet was almost empty. Grandma gave Riah some sweet milk to drink to sober her. It was near suppertime but Riah was too drunk to get it, so he called in Harriet from the field where she was at work and told her to take Riah's place and get supper. He told Riah that she would work in the fields after this and milk the cows. Told Harriet that if she got drunk, he would send her back to the fields and call in Sarah. Harriet pleased them so well she was installed as cook, which place she held ever after. Riah loved whiskey and when boozy would be in a big way, scold and threaten the children and say, "If you don't mind, I will sell you to Sam Proctor's mill." The mill was two miles away. In the evening Grandpa would always draw a little whiskey for the slaves to drink. Riah always managed to have the first drink in order to get more; she would drink and smack

her lips. George and Mack would take a moderate drink, and Harriet but little, while Sarah seldom took any at all, for she did not like it.

George and Mack did some hunting, killed deer and turkey. When George was young he would go out hunting but he never killed anything. He was afraid to shoot. One day he was out hunting and a deer came up within two or three lengths of the gun. He fired at the animal and put a hole clean through it and took it home rejoicing. Later, on he went out on the deer drives as they were called, as one of the drivers.

Grandma Van Cleave (Taylor), when a girl in Virginia has her fortune told, for she believed somewhat in it. She tried it one night. She walked around the house nine times and plucked off a flower each time. The last time she went around, she heard a cow bawl to the west, faint and low - three bawls, Moo, Moo, Moo. This struck her as peculiar but she concluded that she would dismiss it from her mind. She went to bed and in the night had a dream; she saw a young man at a distance from her in his shirt sleeves, which indicated that he was not rich. She saw that he had black, dark hair and was pretty good looking. She seemed to like him very well. Next morning she thought about her dream, but tried to dismiss it from her mind. She thought that when she married it would be in Virginia for she had no thought of moving away. About this time her brother, Tommy went to Kentucky, then a very wild western country. He came back and gave a very favorable report of it, a grand place to live, to farm, to raise cattle and hogs, so much game, a perfect paradise. Grandpa Taylor sold out and move to Kentucky right away. He had no land to dispose of, he sold Kate, and took the rest of his niggers with him. He got a pretty large tract of land, worked on it and made a farm of it. Grandpa and his sons and neighbors often had deer drived. Grandpa was a good shot and killed many deer. They also had fox drives. This was great sport. They rode horses and sometimes chased the fox all day and all night. The red fox was the hardest to catch, the gray the easiest.

Grandma could tell of many event that happened in Virginia, binding wheat after the cradle, her skill and swiftness in binding. She could bind a sheaf and toss it up and bind another one before the first fell to the ground. She remembers when the British attacked and burned the Capital at Washington during the War of 1812. One of her brothers joined the local forces opposing the British. Grandma had not been in Kentucky two years when she first saw Grandpa Van Cleave. She saw him at church and thought he looked like the young man she had seen in her dream back in Virginia. She liked him and he thought she was the prettiest girl there, admired her fair skin, pretty face, auburn hair and beautiful eyes. Grandpa came courting her, and they were married in due time.

Mary Aranta was known to John Peyton Taylor as a fine girl, good-looking and full of fun. She met with a cruel death. Her rejected lover was supposed to have taken revenge on her. It was Christmas time and all were lively and gay. The young men had been shooting. As she passed the door of the house to go to the kitchen her would be lover said, "I will shoot you." She laughingly replied, "Shoot away." He pulled the trigger and the gun went off and she received the full load of buckshot in the back, killing her instantly. The man said he did not know the gun was loaded, but Grandpa Taylor always believed the man did it on purpose. The girl probably belonged to the Taylor family by



marriage of her parents. The man soon sneaked away after the killing and none tried to arrest him, so he went clear. Father, John Peyton Van Cleave, used to tell the story. His grandfather, J. P. Taylor, told it to him. It made a deep impression on father and he would never allow any shooting to go on around the house, not even firecrackers.

Story of the Captive Women.  
Told by John Peyton Taylor.

The incident here related by John Peyton Taylor happened long ago, before General Braddock's defeat in the forest of Virginia. The Indians made an attack on a defenseless family and captured them, killed the children and lead the man and wife away into the forest. The man had fought them, killed some, and was badly wounded and knew that he could not live. One night they camped on the banks of a creek, the man was tied to a tree. The Indians were not guarding him very closely, his wife was with him and they were talking about their fate. He told her to run off that night. She did not want to leave him. He told her that he would die, and if not, then the Indians would kill him, torture him, and after his death would make her the wife of one of them, for she was a pretty woman. He had heard them talk to that effect. She reluctantly consented to do as he said. He told her how to travel and gave her directions. He told her to wade down the stream so as to leave no tracks on the bank; she was to travel at night and hide during the day. When she came to the mouth of the stream where it emptied into a larger stream, she was to turn towards the sunrise and go in that direction until she reached a settlement. She hated to go and leave him, knowing that he would be killed, but her husband insisted that it was best for her to do so. Farewells were taken with great fervor and when all was quiet, she departed; waded silently down the creek, traveling all night. In the morning she found a large cedar bush whose roots hung over the water. By this means she climbed out of the stream, up into the bushy limbs and lay concealed all day. She saw the Indians searching for her. Next night, she continued her journey down the bed of the stream and in the morning found a hollow stump that offered her shelter and concealment through the next day. She crept in at the bottom, but the stump was rotten and gave way and settled down making her a prisoner. She did not despair. She worked with her teeth for three days and gnawed niches for her hands and feet. She could see Indians walking around the stump. Finally she got out of the stump, but nearly starved. She traveled for several days, ate bark for food, found the mouth of the creek, turned toward the sunrise and went in that direction for several days. One day she found the wing of a buzzard in the woods but she could not eat much of it. The Indians had now given up their pursuit of her. She ate slippery elm bark that she managed to peel off the trees. She dug up roots that she knew to be good for food. One day she found part of the leg of a dog and ate it. She sucked up the substance from it. At last she found a traveled path where someone had driven cows, and some grains were scattered along the path. She picked up the grains and ate them with great relish. At last she came to a clearing and rejoiced. She saw a man at work chopping wood. She shouted and he looked up and saw her. She turned her back to him for she was nearly naked, her clothes torn off by the bushes. She told him that she had made her escape from the Indians, was nearly starved, and needed some clothes. He told her to remain where she was and he would have his wife come and attend to her. He told his wife and she took clothes and food and went to where she was waiting at the edge

of the woods. She was soon fed and clothed and went to the house with the woman and told her experiences to the family and stayed with them several days before she went away to live with her folks. She was a pretty woman and had many offers of marriage, but she remained a widow until her death. She could not forget that her husband had sacrificed his life for her. She could not forget her children, slaughtered in the wilderness by the savages. The woman was probably an Ellicot.

Old Slocum Ellicot, a neighbor, lived in Fairfax County, Virginia. He owned a large tract of land. He was an Englishman, married but had no children. He had many niggers, and kept about thirty dogs for the chase but would allow no one to hunt on his estate. Arlington was a cousin of some kind to Tommy Taylor. He was a descendant of the Taylor family. I think one of the girls married an Arlington. Tommy Taylor and young Arlington were great cronies. Old Ellicot had shot three of Arlington's very good dogs because he had come on his land to hunt. This made Arlington mad and he wanted revenge. One day he and Tommy were out hunting in the woods. Tommy had "Old Braddock" which was a very good gun, but Arlington's gun was not so good. Ellicot, was out hunting, was on the boundry of his estate following his lead dog which was over the line. He had several niggers along to help him hunt. Arlington snatched up "Old Braddock" and leaned against a tree and drew a sight on old Ellicot' back which was towards him, saying that he would put some shot in his back for killing his dogs. The gun snapped, which it had never been known to do before. Arlington was vexed at it. Tommy chided him for his intents, but he said old Ellicot had no business to kill his dogs, that he had no dog in his whole pack as good as the ones he killed. Tommy told him that he had laid himself liable for intended murder, but he didn't care, would have liked to put some shot in his back. The gun was heavily loaded with buckshot and Ellicot was only about sixty yards away. He was considered a mean, determined man but wealthy and influential. When he died, he had no children to leave his estate to, so it was divided and scattered to his relatives and soon wasted.

One day Tommy Was out hunting with "Old Braddock" when he saw a deer on the side of the mountain, a long ways off. He said, "I believe I will shoot at it for fun." He was so far away that he did not think he could hit it, although the gun shot very hard. At the crack of the gun the deer tumbled down and fell into the road below. A nigger was passing down the road with a cart. He took the deer and put it in his cart and was going away with it when Uncle Tommy came up and told the nigger that he had shot the deer and wanted it. The nigger was reluctant to give it up but Tommy told him that if he did not he would scalp him. The nigger, who belonged to old Ellicot, then gave it up and went away.

#### War of 1812.

Uncle Tommy belonged to the minute company. When the British came into the country they were called out. General Ross was the British commander. Tommy and all his company were out for over a year. Tommy carried "Old Braddock" at the time.

Ada Taylor Jackson.

Pa tells about his Aunt Ada who married a Jackson. One day a flock of turkeys came up near the house. She took the gun and shot one of them. One day she had been over to visit a neighbor and was returning home in the evening with a child in her arms. She had to cross a deep hollow on a log. She had gone halfway over when she saw a big wolf at the end of the log; she turned to go back and saw another wolf at the other end of the log. She looked down, and there were four more wolves in the ravine below her about ten feet away. They tried to spring up on the log, whining and growling and gritting their teeth savagely. They were determined to attack her. She called for help and Uncle Sam Jackson who was in his mill heard her. He snatched up his gun and ran to her rescue and drove the wolves away.

#### Benjamin Taylor.

Son of John Peyton Taylor was born in Fairfax County, Virginia. He came to Indiana and married Peggy Van Cleave. One day he had a fight with old man Mulligan. Mulligan came two or three times to whip Ben, but Ben did not want to fight him, but finally did and whipped him badly. One time Ben ran a race with a man and beat him and the man got mad and swore that he was cheated. Ben ran it over three times and beat the man each time, but he was not satisfied, still said he was cheated and drew his hunting knife to stick Ben and swore that he would cut his guts out. Ben snatched the knife out of his hand and flung it behind him. It Ben's fingers nearly off but he did not feel it until later. He struck and kicked the man and got him down and was going to kick his nose off with his rough boot heel when he was taken off by other men before he disfigured the man for life. Another time he ran a foot race for a short distance with a man on horseback. He outran the horse. The man said he was cheated, and they ran it again. He ran the horse behind Ben and tried to run over him, said as much to Ben. Ben said "If you had I would have knocked you off the horse". They quarreled, and the man would not pay Ben the wager he won on the race.

#### Davis Family.

Parents unknown. Warren, Billy, Mary, John and Reace were brothers and sister. First lived in Virginia where Mary married John Peyton Taylor and had eleven children. John Davis married and had a family, George, Siegh, Billy and John.

Grandpa Taylor sometimes got drunk. Pa tells that one time he got in a great way, just after cutting his wheat. When drunk he got very liberal, gave away his property, niggers and all, but would take it back when sobered up. Grandma laughed at him. Sometimes when he was "boozey" he would take down "Old Braddock" hold it in his hands and say, "You are the gun that was in Braddock's defeat; my father carried you; and I carried you under Washington at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis." Grandpa Taylor would tell of the days of the Revolutionary War; how the British soldiers killed people. Some British officers stayed at the house of a girl named Kent. While entertaining them two Colonial officers came up not knowing that the British were there. They came up to get some feed for their horses. The girl refused to let them have any, but

beckoned them to come out of the house and told them to demand something and she would throw down her bunch of keys and they could help themselves, for British officers were there and if they found her aiding the Colonials they would destroy her property. found her aiding the Colonials, they would destroy her property. They did so, she threw down her keys and told them to help themselves as she could not defend her property. The British officers did not suspect anything. That night she overheard the British planning an attack on Washington's forces. She waited until all was quiet and made her way to Washington's camp, informed him of the planned attack, and hurried back home before the British knew she was gone. Washington defeated them in the fight.

John Peyton Taylor had black eyes, his wife had blue eyes, fair skin and sandy hair. Matilda Taylor Van Cleave, their daughter, had blue eyes, sandy hair, fair complexion. Grandpa Van Cleave had dark hair and dark eyes.

#### Ghosts.

Uncle Tommy Taylor played ghost one night to a party of young folks. He dressed up with a sheet about him and came up in the room where the girls were telling secrets. They were scared and ran and he followed after them and the girls screamed. Aunt Cassa ran up the road, got over a fence and fell, hurting herself. Tommy tore off his disguise then and helped her. They said if they had had a pistol, they would have shot Uncle Tommy, but he knew they did not have one.

#### Owls.

While Grandpa Taylor lived in Virginia, he kept some owls. One night an owl got into his hen house to get a hen. Grandpa heard the hens squawking and ran out with his gun. Something came out of the hen house and Grandpa blazed away and killed one of his hens. The next night the owl came back, and this time Grandpa shot it.

This narrative is taken from notes left by  
James William Van Cleave, born Nov. 10, 1845; died Oct. 17, 1925  
Son of  
John Peyton and Marjary Jane (McMullen) Van Cleave, and  
Grandson of  
Benjamin and Matilda (Taylor) Van Cleave  
Great-grandson of  
John Peyton and Mary (Davis) Taylor, and  
Great-great-grandson of  
John Taylor and Ada (Parker) Taylor, and  
Great-great-great grandson of  
\_\_\_ Parker and Ada Peyton daughter of the Earl of Peyton