

## JOHN TAYLOR AS A BIOGRAPHER OF PIONEER BAPTIST PREACHERS

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### Part II\*

#### WILLIAM KELLAR

The section devoted to William Kellar, in John Taylor's group of biographies, is a collaboration. A sketch written by Abram Kellar, nephew of William, is published first, then John Taylor adds his own comments, so that this section becomes the longest of the group. The outline of his life is given by Cathcart:<sup>55</sup>

*Rev. William Kellar*, an eminent pioneer Baptist minister, of German extraction, was born in Shenandoah County, Virginia, in 1768. His early life was spent in East Tennessee, and afterwards in what is now Oldham County, Kentucky. He was instrumental in forming Harrod's Creek Church in 1797, Eighteen-Mile Church in 1800, and Lick Branch (now LaGrange) Church in 1802. In 1803, Long Run Association was constituted, of which he was chosen moderator, and filled that office four years. In 1812 he raised a company of volunteers, of which he was commissioned captain. At the close of the war he resumed his pastorates, and labored diligently in his profession. He was greatly beloved by the people, and led many souls to Christ. He died October 6, 1817.

The article by William Kellar's nephew is much more graphic and colorful:

#### *Of William Kellar*

Mr. William Kellar, son of Abram Kellar,<sup>56</sup> was born in Shenandoah county, Virginia, back of the Blue Ridge. He was the youngest of eight children.<sup>57</sup> His mother having died soon after his birth, the care of his raising devolved on his good old father, who endeavored to instil religious principles into the mind of his son while young, by often reproving his prodigality and vice; and feeling for him as David did for his wicked son Absalom, he would often take him into a private room, and admonish, exhort, and pray with tears for the Lord to have mercy on his poor, young wicked son; all of which was despised and held in contempt by the latter. Of such a father as this, Mr. Kellar was deprived by death before he was grown. One circumstance Mr. Kellar often talked of — that while his father was on his death bed, he called him to him, with the large Family

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Bible in his hand, presented it to him, saying with a flood of tears, "this my son, is your portion," and with stretched forth hands, gave him a father's blessing (like the Patriarchs of old) while the wicked young man in his heart cursed the old book, saying mentally, "is this all you mean to give me?" However, the good old gentleman willed to this wicked young sprout, the valuable farm on which he lived. Did this old servant of God, speak with a spirit of prophecy, when he delivered his son the Bible in a dying hour, saying *this is your portion?* Mr. Kellar lived in vice and folly till alarmed by the preaching of that eminent servant of Christ, James Ireland, a Baptist minister. Mr. Kellar being of a gay and airy turn, found means to shake off those early convictions. He married an amiable companion (the daughter of Col. John Netherton<sup>58</sup> of Shenandoah county) and soon moved somewhere about French Broad river, now Tennessee state.

After being brought under the ministry of Mr. Jonathan Mulkey, Mr. Kellar's heartwound began to bleed afresh; the commandment came, sin revived and he died. But he died to live again. He found peace in the dear Redeemer, after which, he was baptised by Mr. Mulkey, as also his bosom consort. Soon after, he moved to Kentucky, lived a short time about Lexington; from thence he moved to Harrod's creek and settled on his own land, where he continued till he died. In Mr. Kellar's new settlement on Harrod's creek, there were but few religious professors, and that few was divided. There were about an equal number of Methodists and Baptists; and having no minister among them, they agreed to lay aside their divisions, at least so far as to have prayer meetings together, and would meet of nights alternately at each others houses, for the purpose of praise and prayer. At one of those meetings, Mr. Kellar having the day before heard a young man say he intended to become religious when he became old, after praise and prayer, became so impressed, that he broke forth in warm and loud exhortations, not only to the young man, but to all his neighbors, to immediately repent and turn to God without delay. This he often did at their prayer meetings, till he became awfully alarmed, lest he was running before he was sent. Having no opportunity of becoming a church, in legal form, about eleven Baptists altogether agreed to put their letters into Mr. Kellar's hands, and watch over each other as brethren, and chose Kellar as their leader and teacher. In this way they progressed on for some time before any minister visited them from a distance, as that section of the country was a considerable wild. Soon after Mr. Kellar began to preach, he became acquainted with Mr. John Taylor, a well known Baptist minister in Kentucky, and with whom he travelled much afterwards; and though these men frequently opposed each other in association debates, perhaps Jonathan and David never loved each other more. Before Mr. Kellar was ordained, he visited a settlement about ten miles from him, and though he steered through the woods (for he was a good woodsman) he found four Baptists, after which, with the addition of a few more, a church was formed, and called Eighteen Mile church, from a creek of that name. When constituted, they called Mr. Kellar as their pastor, who served them with satisfaction till he died. Another church also grew up under his ministry, at a place called Lick Branch who requested him to pastorize among them, to which he consented, and served them till his death. He also received a call from an old Baptist church on Beargrass, to which he agreed, on account of the destitute situation of the people. What mighty responsibility is this man

under! The care of four churches, a growing family and of the expensive kind; for of the nine children he has now living, only one is a son.<sup>59</sup> Surely this man was abundantly blessed of the Lord; few men won more souls to Christ, or took better care of them afterwards. Of the four churches he served, Harrod's creek is central (where he lived) and the most numerous of any in Long Run association, consisting of forty churches. Neither of the other three exceeds ten miles from his own house. With all this spiritual care, property perhaps increased faster in no man's hands in Jefferson county than Mr. Kellar's according to the original stock.

He was a constant member of Long Run association to which the churches he served belonged, and when there often served as their Moderator. Mr. Kellar also assisted in the defense of his country, in the last war, against the allies of Great Britain, and was chosen as the commander of a volunteer company of Mounted Riflemen, of one hundred strong, by whom he was very much respected and beloved. Mr. Kellar was a sincere friend, affectionate husband, a tender parent, and acknowledged by all men a good citizen. Four of his own children were baptised by himself. Mr. Kellar is gone home; he lived respected and died lamented. His last sickness lasted about three weeks, and though severe, no complaints were uttered by him, but he shewed an entire acquiescence in the will of God. A few evenings before his departure, he asked some ladies (who came to see and mourn over their dear shepherd) to sing a favorite song, at the close of which, he exclaimed, what a blessed song! and clasping his hands, proceeded, O blessed Jesus, what a blessed saviour he is! Soon after, he fell into a delirium, but even then his mind seemed devotional, and he would speak out as if in the pulpit, and as if praying for his congregation. The night before he died, he asked his wife if the family were together. Being answered in the affirmative, he seemed for a season to resume all the strength of reason and voice, and raised his trembling hands as he lay, and poured out his soul in fervent prayer for his family, and particularly for his bosom consort; for the church; and in particular for his servants the preachers; for the world of mankind at large. He continued till he became exhausted, and could speak no more, and never spake to be understood afterwards. He breathed his last the next day, it being the sixth of November 1817, in the forty-ninth year of his age. This account was given by Abram Kellar, nephew of Mr. William Kellar.<sup>60</sup>

Mr. Kellar was of middle size; his height perhaps five feet eight or nine inches, his weight perhaps 150 or 160. When he walked or stood, he leaned a little forward, as if a man of business; his nose was rather prominent and long than otherwise; his forehead wide and high; his cheeks thin and narrow and somewhat wrinkled, his mouth large and some of his fore teeth gone; his eyes a lovely dark gray; yea, his whole visage bore the appearance of good understanding, with love and good will to men; and though he was somewhat bald headed, the good will of men to him, never admitted the reproach to be thrown on him that was cast on old Elisha the Prophet, which was, "go up, thou bald head, go up, thou bald head"; or had it been done, Kellar would not have cursed them as that Prophet did; for he had an artful knack, in case of reproach, to turn it off with some friendly witticism, of which he was pretty full; and with all his seriousness, he had some relish for a well-dressed anecdote.

John Taylor could not rest there. He had to add a few "well-dressed anecdotes" of his own. He dates it:

May 20th, 1818

After seeing the above Biographical statement of Mr. Abram Kellar of Beargrass, on the life and death of his uncle, I cannot deny myself the gratification of some further remarks. Though I was raised in the same county of Virginia that Mr. William Kellar was, and knew his father and older brothers, I never knew him till in Kentucky, soon after his settlement on Harrod's Creek. A number of the few who first made up the church at that place, were my old acquaintances in Virginia. In my ranging about I fell in there. Billy Kellar was then esteemed only as an exhorter; perhaps the church was not yet legally constituted. I then lived in what is now called Boone county, near Cincinnati, about a hundred miles from Harrod's Creek settlement.<sup>61</sup> From the solicitude of my old acquaintances, I frequently visited the place, where, at the first sight of Billy Kellar, I felt a partiality for him, as a devotional minded, promising young speaker. It soon appeared that the attachment was reciprocal. There appeared something in the young man so open, so free and familiar, as well as independent, that it took but little time to become very intimate. One early instance: As I was passing by from Beargrass up the river home, and on a critical way to find, on a small circuitous trace, about twelve miles to the next settlement; to wit, Eighteen-mile, he proposed to go with and show me a nearer way through the woods. His object as to his own interest, was to ride with me about eight miles, through the brush and rugged hills, to converse with a man older than himself, in hopes of further information in the things of God. That little homely tour, for the first I ever had with this heavenly man, was made very pleasant on my side; for I found his conversation was not only spiritual, but his voice the most melodious for singing I had ever heard: and the many precious songs he knew, he warbled forth with that heavenly melody, which seemed to change our wilderness into the Garden of the Lord. We parted with reluctance, and I think with an agreement to pray for each other in future. After we parted, Kellar's songs and the sound of his voice, seemed to thrill through my soul for many days. This interview produced greater anxiety for a further acquaintance with Mr. Kellar, which progressed with increasing pleasure for about twenty years, or till the day of his death. It did not require a spirit of prophecy to encourage the belief of Kellar's future usefulness, which soon began to appear, and that in which most confidence may be placed, among his neighbors, although himself objected through discouragements in himself, yet it was not long before he was ordained; and the church at Harrod's Creek began to grow, not as some churches grow as to rapidity, which spring up quick and soon die away, as the crackling of thorns under a pot. But this church has had an ever sure progress. Soon after Mr. Kellar was ordained, he began to baptize his neighbors, among whom some were Methodists. Their class leader, a worthy old Englishman, Mr. Nixon,<sup>62</sup> and others of their class followed. This raised the resentment of the circuit riders, who began now to preach much on baptism, but that worsted them, for the subject of their side of the question will not bear investigation. This skirmishing led on to a kind of pitched battle between Mr. Kellar and Mr.

M'Andrew, the ruling Elder, now Bishop. This warfare took place at one of the great meetings of the Methodists; but as is usual in such cases, neither conquered, and perhaps nobody was converted; but Kellar thought he beat the Bishop, because he made him deny the scriptures. Though this servant of Christ was often self diffident [diffident?], pleasant and friendly, yet he was bold and courageous, possessing an uncommon share of manly fortitude and diligence, both in the church and in the world. This with his former experience on campaigns against the Southern Indians, with his skill as a rifleman, induced the gentlemen of Beargrass, to the amount of a hundred volunteer mounted riflemen, to choose Mr. Kellar to take the command of them against the Illinois Indians in the last war with Britain. In this he gained great applause with his countrymen; but how far it corresponded with his character as a Gospel minister, the reader will judge for himself. I believe it may be said to his praise, that it did not sit very well on his conscience afterwards.

Everything that is calculated to recommend a man to his fellow-men, was summed up in Mr. Kellar. Generosity, good will, liberality, as well as justice and truth, were predominant in him. Resignation to God ornamented him as a christian. He was once asked what was a man's best evidence, that he was a christian? His answer was, to have no will of his own. Some ten or twelve years past, his house, then lately furnished, was burnt down, with all his principal furniture in it. Being from home at the time, though hearing of it before he returned, he found his companion and little children in a poor, sorrowful, naked hut. The first words he said to her with great cheerfulness, were, "well, wife, do you feel like Job?" Mr. Kellar informed me himself soon afterwards, that by this house burning, he had lost about half of his estate. But all was well (his noble heart disdained to complain) replies he, I shall yet be rich; and though his friends sympathized and some were liberal, I suppose all that was communicated did not more than replace his furniture. He seemed by nature a mechanic, and laboured hard with his hands. He put up a little water mill on a weak stream, that led on to setting up a distillery, which did not seem to involve his care, so as to keep him from preaching at home or abroad. Yet his distillery cleared him more than a thousand dollars per year.<sup>68</sup> He was far from being a speculator, yet providence threw things in his lap, as if God intended to be kind to his family. In short, few men were so blessed with the good things of both heaven and earth as Billy Kellar. I never knew any man at more expense to support the worship of God. He lived near the meeting-house, a place of vast resort, and where the association was held about two months before he died; and though in a thick settled, opulent neighborhood, his house would scarcely hold the people. On Sunday morning, the last day of the meeting, when the horses were caught up I thought there was a hundred; from an estimate that some person made a hundred and seventy people quartered with him. The fact was, the man was so beloved that all the people loved to be at his house and in his company. I suppose the four churches he served for many years, did not communicate as much to him as would keep his horse shod, not owing to the people's backwardness, but his unwillingness to receive. In this he seemed to glory like Paul that he preached the gospel without charge. Riding with a number one day, a friend offered him a dollar, as a token of his good will. Mr. Kellar desired him to give it to the first preacher he saw, that needed it more than himself, and pointing

to another preacher behind who was in company, his friend fell back and gave him the dollar. All this might look like a bad precedent, but he would often urge the propriety of communicating to needy or travelling preachers, and make collections among his own people for that purpose, while himself would bestow as much as any other man. Mr. Kellar's council in associations was very sensibly felt; previous plots and schemes to carry points he held in the utmost abhorrence. He usually waited for conviction to be offered on the floor, and when that was received by him, it was not material whose judgment he run against, and yet his debates were not of the angry kind. He never seemed to like a man less for differing with him in opinion, and looking for the same generosity from others, he generally spoke his mind freely, and oft time his plainness had a rough appearance, and he who pleased all who were acquainted with him, seemed as if he used no pains to please anybody. He never seemed to be a fondling sort of man, but the actions of the man proved the benevolence of his heart. All his conduct in the house of God tended to peace. As to preaching talents, he was not above mediocrity. His father was of German lineage, and respectable both in character and property, yet the time and place where he raised his children, did not admit of even a good English education. Therefore, Mr. Kellar had not this advantage; but he had undoubtedly been taught in a better school. He had a good understanding in the scriptures, and a readiness of communicating his ideas, with a peculiar method of dealing with the heart, a most winning address. His doctrine was built on unmerited grace, therefore Pharisees and hypocrites were not fond of his preaching. His pathos was often such, that every tender feeling of the heart was in heavenly emotion, so that his hearers would weep aloud, or loudly shout the praises of their God. The solemnity of his countenance gave great energy to his words. His voice was naturally loud and melodious; but through much preaching, had sustained a jar or kind of hoarseness, that awakened a kind of sympathy in the hearer which often had a good effect; but particularly the charming melody of his singing oft times seemed to do more than all the rest. Of all other men it seemed as if Kellar's singing came from above; for at times after preaching he would leave the stage, strike up some of his heavenly songs, his own eyes filled with tears of sympathy for his fellow-men; and while he sang, ranged through the assembly and reached out his hand to all that came in his way; the flax that was only smoking before, would now burst into a flame, and hundreds or thousands would be weeping or rejoicing at once.

Such blessed effects attended the two last great meetings I was at with brother Kellar, to wit: Franklin association in Woodford county, where he preached on Sunday, and on Monday. The people sent to the house expressly for Mr. Kellar to come and preach to them, which he did with great effect. The next, and last, was about a hundred miles from the former, at North Bend association in Boone county. This distance we comfortably rode together as in former days. On the last Sunday in September (about a month before he died) we parted for the last time, amidst a congregation of thousands, weeping as with broken hearts. A revival sprang up at that meeting, the fruits of which have been 250 baptized in six months, near the place where the meeting was held. Having a great distance to ride that evening in different directions, we had to separate before meeting fairly broke. With a literal parting kiss of charity, we gave each other our hands.

How often would brother Kellar say to me in similar cases, "brother Taylor, some of these times will be the last."

O, why am I left here to mourn the loss of my friend? O, why is a worn out, old, unprofitable servant left here, and my dear brother that was so profitable in the church, and a man far younger, been removed forever. Among men, there never was a more safe or more agreeable friend than Billy Kellar; nor do I know of any man or preacher, whose death would have made a greater chasm in the Baptist society in Kentucky. Of the value of this man, a tenth part is not told.

Mr. Kellar now lies in his own garden, about forty steps from the dwelling house, in a neat little enclosure of bricks, and covered with a neatly wrought stone, on which is the following Epitaph:

*Here lies the body of the Rev. William Kellar, late pastor of the Baptist church near this place, who practised in private what he taught in public. He departed this life on the sixth of November, 1817, in the forty-ninth year of his age. He lived respected and died lamented.*

No statement can be more true, than that he lived respected and died lamented — lamented perhaps by all that knew him, and especially his poor disconsolate widow, who yet visits often the solemn urn, and with floods of sorrow bemoans her loss; yet with this consolatory hope that her loss is his gain, and she shall go to him, and he not return to her.

The church named in the Epitaph is Harrod's creek spoken of before, consisting of more than three hundred members, now under the pastoral care of Benjamin Allen, a member of said church, and baptized among them by Mr. Kellar, when about fifteen years old. He now is about thirty years of age, in the prime of life, pious minded, and possessing respectable preaching talents, pastoring in four churches, occupying the same ground which Mr. Kellar did when alive, so that those happy regions are likely to be blessed with a preached Gospel, during this generation.

The present family of Mrs. Kellar consists of a few servants and three young daughters, handsome and shrewd. The oldest of them is nearly grown; neatness and industry around this little domestic community. But this sorrowful widow has lately met with a sore trial. Her second daughter, about twelve years old last February, coming from school by herself one evening, there arose a dreadful thunder-storm with violent hail, continuing about one hour, in the beginning of which, the top of a tree blew off on the poor little damsel, crushed her partly into the ground, and broke to shatters three of her limbs, her thigh, one of her legs, and an arm, but left life in her. She there hallooed till she could raise her voice no longer, but in dying groans. When sought, she was found only by the little noise she could yet make under the timber. Several hands labouring for an hour, about dark got her from under the timber with but the appearance of life. Two doctors were sent for immediately, who concluded to take off her leg. The whole neighborhood was awakened into sympathy for Mrs. Kellar. Indeed the doctors, who are sometimes hard-hearted, seemed much to sympathize, so that one of the most officious in taking off the limb, when he made out his bill, docked off more than two-thirds; as he said 500 dollars would have been his charge; but to favor the widow he would demand only 150 dollars! For all his riding in his several visits, to the utmost, 64 miles, with taking off the limb he only charges 150 dollars! By selling her

crop of wheat, the widow made out 80 dollars for him, and he was so generous, though he much needed money, he would wait awhile for the balance, and as times were a little hard, he would even take paper, if it was from some of the best of the banks! Whether this doctor was Jew, Christian, or Mussulman, is not known to the author; but it is hoped if he is a christian, when he gets the 90 dollars he will lay it out somewhere for a Potter's field to bury strangers in, particularly as there is some likeness between him and his old kinsman, who loved the bag, and sold his master for thirty pieces of silver (about fifteen dollars). It is hoped that the good people of Harrod's creek will pray that this doctor go not the same way at last. May heaven protect us from broken bones, till such doctors are taken from the face of the earth! Whether the tender mercies of the other doctor will be equal to the one above, is not known — his bill has not yet come out. The little girl named above, is likely to get well.

John Taylor

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Even allowing for the enormous difference in the value of a dollar, what would John Taylor have had left to say about today's medical charges? Yet the child had been at the point of death, and Taylor does not question that the treatment had brought her to a point where she was "likely to get well." To him, the ministrations of a physician were like those of a minister — acts of mercy and kindness, which could never be valued or sold. In a sense this was all part of the adjustment from a society where goods and services were shared or exchanged, with one where they were reduced to a cash equivalent. All such periods of transition rouse emotions which seem out of focus when viewed from a later point in time.

#### PREACHING BROTHERS

Two of the sketches in John Taylor's group of biographies concern pairs of preaching brothers. This was not an unusual phenomenon — whole families went into preaching at this period. The Reddings, Isaac and Joseph, were dealt with earlier. The three Craigs, Lewis, Joseph, and Elijah, were perhaps the most notable. John and Reuben Pickett were brothers-in-law of William Marshall. The Bledsoes, Joseph and Aaron, and Joseph's son William Miller Bledsoe, started a long list of preachers of that name. The Jacob Creaths, uncle and nephew, were active in the period of the "Great Schism." John and James Dupuy (descendants of the romantic Huguenot, Count Bartholomew Dupuy); John and James Waller; Mordecai and Theodorick Boulware; Philemon and Richard Thomas; the four Suttons, Isaac, James, John and David — the list is long. The two pairs John Taylor elects to discuss in this group are Jesse and Philemon Vawter, and William and Richard Cave.



## JESSE AND PHILEMON VAWTER

John Taylor had not known the Vawter brothers in Virginia; but knew both later in Kentucky; and while he was living at Mount Byrd in Gallatin County, they were across the river in what was then Indiana Territory, in the region of the present city of Madison. Philemon Vawter had been earlier on the Kentucky side, having moved from Bullittsburg with John Taylor and joined Corn Creek Church in Gallatin. Taylor says:<sup>64</sup>

He was a respectable preacher, and one of the best men; his example preached loud to the world. Soon after his arrival at Corn Creek, the church thought proper to ordain him: this gave me great pleasure, to have a fellow-labourer in the Lord; and in the church he was of great usefulness, till he moved to Indiana . . . with all my attachment to my fine Mount Byrd, something began to turn up to embitter the place to me; in the first place Vawter moved away, which was a great drawback to my peace and happiness.

This sketch begins as a memorial to Philemon Vawter, who had died in 1814, "between two and three years past." Because the two brothers were so close in their affections and activities, that it was impossible to consider one without the other, the sketch becomes a pair:

*Of Jesse and Philemon Vawter*

*February 1817.* I deem it proper not to forget a worthy deceased friend, and especially when after he is dead, his example yet speaks. The person in view is Philemon Vawter, who died in Indiana Territory, between two and three years past. From my intimate acquaintance with him for upwards of twenty years, I am capable of giving correct statements. But as there were two brothers of this name, and both of them preachers, and the eldest of them (Jesse) being yet alive, I shall say something on the character of each.

Jesse Vawter, now sixty years old, or perhaps upwards, was born (with his brother Philemon) in Virginia, and raised in Culpeper or Orange county.<sup>65</sup> When very young, the Baptists came preaching in his neighborhood. He soon became alarmed, and embraced religion before he was grown, and joined the Baptist church; and though supporting a pious demeanor, with a good understanding in the scriptures, he lay still as to a public gift, for twenty years or upwards.<sup>66</sup> Perhaps it was with him as with many others. It was thought in early times among the Baptists in Virginia, a fearful thing to embark in preaching, but with something like an apostolic call to the ministry. Hence visionary men at times were, in their own opinion called, when scarcely any but themselves on making the trial, thought they ought to preach. I believe in these days it is thought among the Baptists, that in conversion every man receives a spirit of preaching, and if he has a talent thereto, (which is only known by the voice of the good people), he need not doubt his call to the ministry. These I think are Mr. Vawter's ideas; but if not his, as I have often said elsewhere, they are my own. Mainly this drew Jesse Vawter from his long hiding place, and as he thought snugly concealed in the secret places of the stairs; but said the people, let us hear

thy voice, and poor trembling Jesse feels it as the voice of God, and is constrained to come forth. His agonizing mind while in silence, having well matured the scripture, he comes out a man in the Gospel at once to the great satisfaction of those who heard him; and by the united voice of the church, he soon became ordained, and for many years has been a successful Gospel minister. In the opinion of the people, the greatest embarrassment attending Mr. Vawter's preaching, is the feebleness of his voice; for he seems to be scarce of lung room. His narrow chest, at times forebodes a decay; and yet when clear of a cold, his voice is melodious, and he sings with that heavenly melody as if angelic music had come down. He therefore generally sets his own tunes in public worship.<sup>67</sup> Perhaps no man ever used his vocal organs more advantageously to himself than Mr. Vawter. He speaks deliberately, with remarkable readiness and aptitude to teach. There is scarcely a sentence but seems well understood by the hearer; and he speaks in that solemn style, that there is all attention while he is speaking. His doctrine is orthodox according to the predestinarian creed. His invitations to poor sinners are truly moving; his whole soul at times seems drawn out and gushing through his eyes in floods of tears over his hearers, as if he possessed the same tender regards the Savior did when he wept over Jerusalem, while the hearers reciprocate the same.

About ten years ago, Mr. Vawter moved from near the forks of Elkhorn in Kentucky, into Indiana Territory (now a state) near Madisontown on the Ohio river. As to his worldly interest this remove was much in his favor. He now lives on a beautiful river bluff, near the town on a comfortable farm, composed of a first rate tract of land, that none can exceed in fine springs, in a decent brick house, and what adds to all,<sup>68</sup> his bosom consort is among the neatest and most industrious housekeepers in the world, and being religious withal, constitutes her truly a helpmate to him.<sup>69</sup> There is something so naturally inoffensive and endearing in Mr. Vawter's manners, that all men seem to love him; and hence he is generally called uncle Jessey (whether the saviour's woe touches this good man is not for me to say), for it seems as if everybody would be willing to be his kinsman. This surely gives a preacher a great advantage in doing good among men. Some of his friends think he labours under a disadvantage, in not knowing how to say, NO; for to deny a man a favour when asked, does not agree with his texture of soul. His children are pretty numerous, in good credit, and generally settled near him.<sup>70</sup> A flourishing little church surrounds him, with a handsome, framed meeting-house, about one mile from his own dwelling. He is connected with a Baptist association of about fifteen churches, called Silver Creek, of which he is generally the Moderator.<sup>71</sup>

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It is not too hard to fill in factual data about Jesse Vawter, for he seems to have been more fortunate than most, in the accuracy and interest of his biographers. Probably the secret is that he left data of his own. Dr. William T. Stott refers to the Rev. Jesse Vawter's autobiography, which seems now to have disappeared, and quotes from it: "I have been at the constitution of 12 churches, have aided in the ordination of 8 ministers, and have baptised persons in 18 churches; the highest number at one time was 18, and the greatest number in any

one church, 127."<sup>72</sup> This shows a statistical bent which John Taylor wholly lacked! Jesse Vawter was converted in 1774 under Thomas Ammons; joined the Rapidan Baptist Church; in 1781 was drafted as a soldier of the Revolution for a few months; was married the same year to Elizabeth Watts; went to North Carolina in 1782; in 1790 to Scott County, Kentucky; was ordained a Baptist minister in 1805. In 1806 he lost his land through defective title and moved to Indiana Territory. In his years there, Cathcart tells us, he came to be "regarded as a father in all Southern Indiana; from his judgment in matters of doctrine or polity there was no disposition to dissent." Which perhaps gives the final answer to Jesse Vawter's own statement about a "call to the ministry": "The best evidence a man can have that it is his duty to preach is the voice of his brethren; for no man is a proper judge of himself; he will judge too high or too low of his own performances."<sup>73</sup>

Jesse Vawter was fifty-one when he moved to Indiana; he was eighty-three when he died. He was fortunate in that this long last chapter of his life represented his greatest period of success. His children must have been a great satisfaction to him, for his two older sons were preachers,<sup>74</sup> and all were prominent in the community. His oldest son John, already married when the move was made, followed his father to Indiana, and built a home in the forest. He became at once the first magistrate of Madison, and sheriff for Jefferson and Clark Counties; in 1810 President Madison appointed him U. S. Marshall for Indiana; in 1815 he began to build the town of Vernon; in 1817 he was deliberately solicited and licensed to preach; in 1831 he was in the lower house; in 1836 in the State Senate; he was Colonel of militia from 1817 to 1821; he was vice-president of the convention that nominated Zachary Taylor. John F. Cady tells a story of a visitor passing through Vernon in 1815, who learned with amazement that his host of the Inn was also the local surveyor, the proprietor of the general store, and the preacher of the local church, and dubbed John Vawter "the Nabob of Vernon."<sup>75</sup>

Philemon Vawter's biography, like his life, is shorter than his brother Jesse's; John Taylor continues:

[*Of Philemon Vawter*]

Philemon Vawter was perhaps seven years younger than Jesse. Of course they were born and raised by the same parents, and in the same place. Their father I never saw. From their accounts he was a man of bad economy, and of a spendthrift turn; but their mother, who lived a widow for many years after the death of her husband, struggled hard to raise her children in decency, but so far from affluence, that these men had but little opportunity of a literary education. After the old lady's second marriage (which was in a pretty advanced age)<sup>76</sup> I became intimately acquainted with her. She

had then long been a religious professor, and perhaps for wisdom, prudence, and devotion, none exceeded her. The Lord gave her the consoling evidence, that a number of her children were born from above; which to a religious parent, nothing can equal. Her son Philemon, it seems, embraced religion while young, but with such weak evidence to himself, that he made no open profession till after he was a married man<sup>77</sup> and moved to the western country, perhaps on the waters of Holstein River, where he became encouraged to be baptised, perhaps by one Kelley. I never became acquainted with him till he moved to Kentucky, when he became a member of the church on Clear Creek, in Woodford county, where there appeared a greater inclination of desire in him, to do something in a public way than talents to perform, so that the church there rather discouraged him; and all was shut up in silence for a number of years. But his great assiduity in the scriptures; his skill in discipline, his tenderness, zeal, and prudence every way, bespoke his destiny to something above common. He moved with me to the Ohio River, now Boone county, where a young church began (Bullitsburg)<sup>78</sup> and by emigration soon grew up to a flourishing, orderly body. About the year 1799 and just before a great revival, Philemon Vawter was one of four brethren all at the same time invited by the church to exercise a public gift. The church was soon led to think of Mr. Vawter as a good preacher; not an eloquent orator, but a just and accurate expositor of scripture. His zeal, activity, and great skill in searching up the early dawning of grace in the soul, confirmed his great usefulness among the young disciples of Christ. In about 1802 or 3, he, with myself, moved into Gallatin county, and became members of a young church called Corn Creek, after which the church took up the subject of Mr. Vawter's ordination; and after a deliberation of several months, or monthly meetings, all were cheerful or acquiesced in his ordination, which was proceeded to by the usual custom of laying on the hands of the presbytery.<sup>79</sup> To his great satisfaction, a few years after, his brother, Jesse Vawter, moved to the opposite side of the river Ohio. The attachment of these two brothers was such, that I suppose no two ever loved each other more, which induced Philemon to sell his land and move to the territory side, where he purchased land adjoining his brother, and each felt as if death only should put them farther apart. But ah, what comfort on earth is more than temporary? Philemon the youngest takes his leave of time, and of his beloved brother, perhaps about the 50th year of his age. It was a pleasure to see these brothers together. Each greatly gave the preference to the other. Jesse was the most popular preacher; this gave Philemon no vexation, for he thought Jesse greatly his superior. Philemon often took the lead in conversation, while Jesse was all eyes and ears, thinking his brother's judgment a mere oracle compared to his; all which shows what heavenly pleasure reigns among brethren when each esteems other better than himself. For my own part I scarcely could ever determine which of these men I had rather hear preach. Jesse was the most fluent speaker; Philemon understood the scripture a little better; and indeed in this Philemon was a mere prodigy; for there was no part of the scripture, however remote, but his industry had ransacked, and on which he had not made up a rational construction. And this was the more extraordinary; for I never knew any man of the same bodily strength (for he was weakly and often subject to sickness) by physical exertions, who earned so much money as he did. He was naturally a great mechanic, and whatever he chose to do,

he did without instruction. Many instances might be given, but my sheet is almost out. He had the greatest knowledge of cause and effect of any man I ever saw; and from this genius, he was ever employed some way to accommodate the people; and in going to meetings (for he did a great deal of that) it would seem he had no time to read. He was among the most useful men of earth as a citizen; but what endeared him most of all to the religious world, was his indefatigable industry in religion. It was so much his element that it was uppermost in his conversation. His preaching was more calculated to edify than alarm; at times a kind of embarrassment by an impediment to communicate, would seem to throw him into a confusion; at which times, his eyes would be fixed on vacancy, more than on the people. But dear Philemon has gone beyond embarrassment and toil, and to all who knew him, he being dead, yet speaketh. Give us ever to imitate his exemplary life.

### *William and Richard Cave*

One significant characteristic of these frontier churches and associations of churches, is that each of them is what Missourians call a "kin-patch"—people who are related to the same people, if not to each other. Perhaps the most universal common denominator in all the groups was the name Cave. Some member of everybody's family was married to a Cave, or to someone whose mother or grandmother had been a Cave. Perhaps one reason is that (as with the Marshalls) people were eager to "claim kin." John Taylor says he married "a girl of good family"; her mother was Ann Cave, daughter of Benjamin Cave of Orange County; John and Elizabeth named their first son, not for either of their fathers, but Benjamin. So did a great many others in the "connection." The multiplied Benjamins in Virginia and Kentucky became fantastic; genealogists have telescoped them and dragged them apart with an unconcern which would have amazed Houdini. Taylor's biographies have helped to untangle some of the snarls.

The two brothers whose biographies are given here, William and Richard Cave, were both preachers, but the younger brother was much earlier in the ministry. It is the fact that William, though an active layman, did not become an ordained minister till after he was sixty, which has caused the mistaken opinion that this was his son William entering the ministry. Also, William Sr.'s three marriages, one later than his son William's, and the fact that his second and third wives had the same given name, increased the confusions. Let us first allow John Taylor to tell his story of the brothers, and then add what we can to supplement the statistics he ignored so casually.<sup>80</sup>

### *Of William Cave*

William Cave was one of the most upright worthy men, that ever lived on this earth. He was the son of a Capt. Benjamin Cave of Orange county, Virginia, who was frequently elected to the general assembly of that state.

His son William must have been born about the year 1740.<sup>81</sup> He was raised according to the style of the church of England, the then established religion of the land.<sup>82</sup> After he was a married man,<sup>83</sup> he became alarmed for his lost state, under the preaching of Samuel Harris<sup>84</sup> and James Reed, separate Baptist preachers, and soon became baptized by one of them. His sobriety, wisdom, and prudence gave him great influence among the Baptists. His capacities as a man made him popular, wherever he lived in different countries. He acted alternately as a magistrate<sup>85</sup> in Kentucky, as well as Virginia. His gifts in government, prayer, praise, and at times exhortations, were very sensibly felt in the churches wherever he was a member. Perhaps no man possessed more candor and good will to mankind than Billy Cave. His impartiality and integrity made all good men love him. He was so very agreeable a companion, that every man might gain something by an acquaintance with him. Whole neighborhoods took pleasure in calling him Uncle Billy, as that was the appellation frequently used; and though he possessed a great deal of agreeable humour, his countenance, conversation, and general deportment manifested the fear of God settled on his heart. (The fact is, with myself, I never saw any man I had rather imitate than William Cave.) His respectability gave edge to his reproofs, to which there could be no reply; and when they even fell on a sinner and he was struck dumb, there was so much friendship manifested, that no offense could be taken. With all his soundness of mind, he seldom made himself merry at the expense of another man's feelings. When in company rather jocular, and a laugh must be had, he had rather it was on himself than any other person present. In all his commerce among men, he often avered he had rather be cheated, than cheat others. His reasons therefor were, that the Lord never warned men to take care that others did not defraud them, but all warnings were not to defraud others. We suppose Mr. Cave was something under thirty years old when he was baptised. He moved to Kentucky in the fall 1781, with Lewis Craig, Minister of the church where his membership was. Mr. Craig, with a great number of his church, became constituted as a church, and as such moved to Kentucky. Wherever they settled they were house-keeping at once. This was a usual thing in those days.

Perhaps Mr. Cave was about forty years old when he moved to Kentucky; not many months after his arrival, he lost his wife by death (an amiable woman) and his eldest son, nearly a man grown. Though Mr. Cave was in good worldly circumstances, he became deeply afflicted by his late loss. A numerous family of both black and white, in a savage land, shut up in a fort, surrounded with Indian yells, no family supplies but by home manufacture; all was gloom and woe, and himself a disconsolate widower. For redress in this grievous state, he followed the usual course to marry a second wife, who was a widow with a number of children, and as often turns up in like cases, it was thought this mixture had not the best effect on Mr. Cave's family. But in a few years his second wife also died, and he is again left a desolate widower. What numerous changes attend even one man's short life? His situation was now truly gloomy; no female guide to his motherless children; he had two amiable young daughters by his first wife nearly grown, who needed a tutoress. But kind providence had something prosperous in embryo for this good man. After a year or two, he married a third wife. Those who are opposed to a second marriage at all (as some are) would be constrained to say, this third marriage was attended with

happy effects. Mr. Cave's last wife had never been married before, was perhaps forty-five or upwards years old, of good family, well bred, personable to look on, prudent, and among the best disposed of all human beings. With all this perfection, it might be asked, why was this woman not married before? Perhaps an over choice taste when young; but why not conclude, that providence kept her in reserve for this good man? So it was, a happier pair at that time of life, perhaps, were never seen. Here was at once a well improved, tender mother for his children, an affectionate bosom consort, an exceeding neat housekeeper, and above all, a most pious minded christian, a true helpmate for Mr. Cave in all his future movements.

A few years after his last marriage (at which time he lived in Scott county, and had his membership at the Great Crossings) he moved to now Boone county on the Ohio river, and became a member at Bullittsburg, where myself was then a member. About one year or more after his removal, discovering as I thought, a number of gifts lying in a manner dormant in the church, at one of their monthly meetings, I made this request of the church to invite four brethren that I named to come forward in a public way. The men named were, William Cave, Philemon Vawter, Jeremiah Shortly and Christopher Matthews. The invitation was given; these brethren came forward with zeal and boldness as exhorters (three of them became ordained — only one of the four is now living.) Mr. Cave at that time was about sixty years old, having been a Baptist upwards of thirty years. He soon became a very interesting preacher, and with considerable success traveled into different parts of our frontier settlement, became ordained, and baptised a number of people before the Lord took him home by death, in the sixty-third or sixty-fourth year of his age, by a long and obstinate fever, and the improper use of medicine. He sleeps in Jesus till the glorious morning of the Resurrection.

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John Taylor does not mention that William Cave received bounty land in Kentucky for his services in the French and Indian War, as well as the Revolution. Participation in any war was always mentioned (if at all) deprecatingly, as "unworthy a gospel minister." He says so quite emphatically in the case of William Kellar. John Taylor's descendants in hereditary patriotic societies cannot look to him for any word in their support.

Land bounties given Virginians of the French and Indian War were nullified by the Hillsborough Proclamation which prohibited colonists from taking up land beyond the Alleghanies, which is where most of the crown land fit for settlement was located.<sup>80</sup> During the Revolution, the county of Caroline promised land bounties to encourage enlistments. When this promise was greeted with jeers, the county tried to remove doubts by offering to make good the crown's promise of free land for French and Indian War service. Instead of enlisting, forty veterans took the offer. Probably Orange and Culpeper made similar adjustments, but William Cave did not claim his till 1780, and had fifty acres for Revolutionary service also. His treasury warrants were numbered 309, 333, 340, 341; he received for them in December 1785,

1700 acres of land. In 1797, William and Susanna Cave of Scott County sold a part of this land to Benjamin Edwards; it was on Boone and Rockbridge Creeks, and was called *Shiloh*.

The record of his French and Indian service [*Orange County History*, p. 59] states that in October 1758 he was a non-commissioned officer in Col. Byrd's regiment, and that he was in the expedition to capture Fort Duquesne under British officer Gen. Forbes. He would have been twenty years old at this time. He was twenty-four when his father died, the year after William's marriage. Benjamin Cave did not follow the law of primo-geniture in making his will, but distributed land and property among his children.<sup>87</sup> William was to have the home plantation after his mother's death, also "unto my son William Cave my right of a lease in this County during the said term," and two negroes, Toby and Sam. William had already a little land of his own, from his grandfather for whom he was named, Captain William Bledsoe, who had given him one hundred acres in Orange County when young William was fifteen years old.<sup>88</sup> He had also his wife's dower land, which they seem to have sold in 1765;<sup>89</sup> other sales from 1767 to 1781 appear to anticipate the move to Kentucky. The war claims may have provided added inducement for the move, but can scarcely have been a determining factor to the heir of the home plantation.

Since he made the move with his church group, it appears that the religious motive was chiefly responsible. Coming as he did from a family already profoundly religious, the Baptist fervor then sweeping Virginia, found William Cave at about his mid-twenties. Several of his mother's family, the Bledsoes, had gone over to the new faith, and the Mallorys, his wife's family, were also turning ardently to the Baptist cause. The persecution of dissenting preachers and their patience and courage under varied forms of ill-treatment, probably provided the decisive thrust. James Madison was only one of indignant Virginians expressing his vexation that "there are in the adjacent county five or six well-meaning men in close jail for publishing their religious sentiments," which was to finally result in 1779 in Jefferson's statute of religious freedom. For those already identified with the small Baptist groups, the idea of going out to a new country made a strong appeal. When Lewis Craig announced his intention to go to Kentucky, his flock almost to a family, went with him. This has been called "The Traveling Church" with the implication that this particular group was unique, but John Taylor says, "This was a usual thing in those days." They took their bell, and the church Bible, and their book of minutes. They stopped at Abingdon, Virginia, where another group of Baptists joined them; while there they received the word of the surrender of Cornwallis. They had their first Indian attack there; one of their pickets was killed



and scalped. They crossed Rockcastle River at Wildcat Mountain, and came to Dick's River, where they were attacked again, this time without loss. They reached the stockade and the loopholed cabins at Gilbert's Creek with thankfulness for even that small measure of security.

It was only a few months after they had "settled in," that Mary Cave and their oldest son died, probably from some illness in the fort, leaving William Cave "with a numerous family both black and white." John Taylor, always vague about names and dates, does not identify them further, but tells us that William Cave remarried (probably about 1782 or 1783) to "a widow with several children." From the fact that in 1792 William Cave gave consent for the marriage of Nancy Collins in Woodford County to Rodham Coppage,<sup>90</sup> and that she is described as his "daughter-in-law" (which in that time frequently meant step-daughter), it is now established that William Cave's second wife was Susanna (Bartlett) Collins, widow of Thomas Collins, and daughter of William Bartlett.<sup>91</sup> John Taylor seems to feel that the children did not get on well together, but Bartlett Collins, who appears to have been a married son, with his wife Betsy, seems to have been closely associated with William and Susanna Cave. The four are listed together as original members of Great Crossings church, and William Cave and Bartlett Collins are sent together as delegates to various meetings. Since Taylor speaks of "several" Collins children, and Bartlett was already married, we may assume that there were at least two others besides the Nancy who later married Rodham Coppage.

In William Cave's family, because he left no will, and no family Bible record has so far been found, we must piece together bits of evidence to determine the list of his children. His oldest daughter, Hannah Cave, had married in Virginia in 1780, to Richard Parker;<sup>92</sup> and Hannah's first child, Fanny, born June 2, 1781<sup>93</sup> had probably arrived barely in time for William and Mary Mallory Cave to see their first grandchild before starting on their own adventure.<sup>94</sup> The "eldest son almost a man grown" (name not given) died at Gilbert's Creek 1782, unmarried. The two "amiable young daughters" mentioned by John Taylor as "nearly grown" about 1790, are not otherwise identified. Probably one of these was Betsy, married in May 1797 to Benjamin Craig;<sup>95</sup> this was in the part of Campbell County which later became Boone, and William Cave gave consent "for license to marry my daughter Betsy." The other daughter may be the Frances Cave married in 1791 in Orange County, Virginia, to William Butcher Knight,<sup>96</sup> bondsman William Cave, minister George Eve. George Eve's wife was a niece of William Cave, and since this is about the time William made his third marriage, it seems not unlikely that one or both of his

daughters "in need of a tutoress" had been sent back to Virginia to the care of the Eves.

The only other child of William Cave about whom there is no question,<sup>97</sup> is his son William Cave, Jr., who has been all too often telescoped with his father in the records. This younger William has also been called a preacher, though there appears no evidence whatever for that opinion. He was commissioned coroner in Boone County<sup>98</sup> in 1804, at the same time a John Cave who was possibly a brother, was sheriff. William, Jr. was born probably before 1768, died October 8, 1825 in Boone County, Kentucky, where his will is of record.<sup>99</sup> He was married in Woodford County by Elijah Craig, to Margaret (Peggy) Threlkeld, November 5, 1789. She was the daughter of John Threlkeld and wife Nancy Johnston. Margaret Threlkeld Cave died in Elizabethtown, Kentucky. William Cave, Jr. had been one of those appointed, 1799, to mark the way from Bullittsburg to the place "fixed for the seat of justice" and his name appears on various committees in the establishment of the new county of Boone. He became known as William Sr.<sup>100</sup> after his father's death in 1804, which helped to add to the confusions instead of clarifying them.

The third marriage of the senior William Cave proved more of a puzzle even than the second. John Taylor grew lyrical about the idyllic happiness of this last marriage, the perfections of the bride, and the good family from which she came, but did not say what family. Confusion was compounded when William's wife appeared to be Susanna at a period when the third wife should have been in the picture. Finally adopting the premise that the last two wives were both named Susanna, and putting together many scraps of evidence, the picture at last emerged. The third wife was Susanna Mosby, sister of Sally Mosby who married the younger William Grant (son of the William Grant who helped found Bryan's station, whose wife was Elizabeth Boone). It appears that after the death of William Cave, his widow Susanna went to Fayette County, where she made her home with the widow of William Grant, Sr., Elizabeth (Boone) Grant.<sup>101</sup> That Susanna (Mosby) Cave merited John Taylor's high opinion seems to be evidenced by every reference to her, even to the fact that the younger William Cave and his wife Margaret Threlkeld in 1802 named a daughter Susanna Mosby Cave for the new stepmother, a gesture which argues family cordiality.

Richard Cave, the younger of the preacher-brothers, seems to have been a quiet-loving man, swept along by a tide of vigorous events. Ben Guthrie's narrative in the Draper collection names him in this account:

Came to Kentucky fall of 1783 and settled with Robert Johnson, Col. Dick's father. Cave Johnson, brother of Robert, was of our party; Dickey Cave,

an uncle, came out and stopped, too, at Gilbert's Creek where he lived and where he made a crop in 1782. Family out in 1782. Cave Johnson out in 1782, he a single man.

"Dickey Cave" was distinctly the baby brother in his family. His sister Elizabeth had been married eight years when he was born, and her son Col. Robert Johnson, with whom he was associated in Kentucky, was five years older than he. When he was five, his sister Ann had married Philemon Kavanaugh; their daughter Elizabeth was later to marry John Taylor, writer of these sketches; John was only two years Richard's junior. William Cave, the brother whose name is most often linked with his, was married when Richard was eleven. Richard followed William into the new Baptist faith, and was ordained a preacher while still in his teens. The wonder is that he was not completely submerged by his elders.

There is nothing to indicate that he had an in-law problem, but surely no one ever had a more vivid aggregation of brothers-in-law than Captain John and the preaching brothers. The Craigs were a remarkable family, most important to frontier Kentucky.<sup>102</sup>

Elizabeth Craig Cave is best known for her name on the Memorial Wall at the Bryan Station spring, which shows that she was among that group of heroic women and girls who walked out casually from the safety of the stockade to carry back enough water to withstand a siege, knowing that they must not look around, that they must not run, that they must not betray their knowledge of the ambush waiting for them. And because Simon Girty and his Indians dared not risk discovery for the killing of a few women, they were successful in their strategy. Hannah and Polly Cave, Elizabeth's young daughters, were in that group also; and her half-grown sons Richard and Reuben have their names among the list of defenders, because boys were taking men's jobs that day. Col. Robert Johnson, who was the military leader of the fort, was in Virginia as representative in the General Assembly; Cave Johnson, his brother, was with him, and probably Richard Cave also. Or Richard may have been making ready their living quarters at Gilbert's Creek. He had left his family with their kindred in the fort, as a place of comparative safety. One wonders if Elizabeth Craig Cave, if she could be consulted, would rate that trip to the spring as the most notable event of her life; there must have been many other shuddering experiences before the "Dickey" of Ben Guthrie's narrative had become "Old Father Cave" of Clear Creek Church.

Although the name Richard Cave was widely distributed in Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, this particular Richard Cave is always associated with the church at Clear Creek, in Woodford County. He helped constitute it in 1785; he died there in 1816. Spencer says "he was

regarded as a man of great piety, and was very zealous and useful. He had been a teacher of music and was an excellent singer." John Taylor's account is more particularized:

[*Of Richard Cave*]

Richard Cave was about ten or twelve years younger than his brother William, and was baptised about the same time. He began to preach while young; his usefulness as a preacher was but sparingly known, till he moved to Kentucky in 1782, though he was ordained in Virginia before he moved thither. The most useful season of this man's labors was about the year 1800, at which time his preaching was much blessed at home and abroad. Multitudes were baptised by him. About this time, the church at Clear Creek in Woodford county, where he was then a member, grew up to the number of five or six hundred members, and from which Hillsborough church was constituted, now a numerous church, but not so flourishing as formerly. Mr. Cave's judgment in the scriptures was better than his gift to communicate, which is the case with many others. But to understand the divine book is the best of all gifts; for without this, no man can be a good preacher. How very needful it is for christians, and especially preachers, to watch and pray, that they enter not into temptation; for what is poor man — even good Hezekiah, when the Lord leaves him to try him? For ten years this man's usefulness was overspread with a cloud; from what it grew is not so certain. Some men of more popular preaching talents, were invited to the care of the churches where his labors had been much blessed, and were mere step fathers there. Poor Richard so far betook himself to the use of spirits, that distress was awakened in his brethren; but their great confidence in him as a man of candor with his partial acknowledgments, prevented his final expulsion from the church. But the great physician cured him in the only way that any man from that disease can be cured — by an entire abstaining from the use of it at all. For several years before his death, he was thus saved, to the great satisfaction of his brethren, after which his usefulness did not so much return as his zeal for the good cause. Not long before his death at a preaching, where he was to have closed the devotion of the day, he rose to speak; but was constrained to desist by overwhelming floods of sympathy. His spirit left an earthly tenement in July, 1816; but a few days before his departure, he expressed great serenity of soul, and a patient acquiescence in the divine will. He had been a great teacher of music and was a most excellent singer. A little before his last breath, he loudly sang this verse, from Dr. Watts:

O, for an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours;  
To triumph o'er the monster death  
And all its frightful powers.

By the time Richard Cave was baptising third-generation members of the families in the Traveling Church, life was serene in Woodford County, and the hazards of the early frontier were a memory. By that time, Richard Cave had other troubles, more stubborn to fight than Indians. That he won his fight, and stuck to it for the rest of his life, shows that Richard Cave had not only pleasantness, but purpose.

Elizabeth Craig Cave seems to have survived her husband about ten years. His will,<sup>103</sup> proved in Woodford County in November of 1816, left her his land and stock, six negroes, and household furniture. After her death, their son John Cave was to "have and enjoy the tract of land on which I live," also three negroes "immediately upon my decease" and another at Elizabeth's death. This was John's portion, probably as the oldest son; what was left was to be equally divided among the other children, with the children of his daughter Mary Rice (evidently deceased) to have her share. At his wife's death all property except the land was to be equally divided with the exception of one additional slave to go to his son Richard. Evidently Elizabeth chose to make these divisions while she could direct matters, or perhaps she was changing her living arrangements. In 1822, she gave her son John the slave Isabella, named in Richard's will to go to John after her death. It appears that Elizabeth and John were living on the home farm; perhaps Isabella was the housekeeper. In John's land sales, no wife signs with him; if he had married, his wife must have died young. Five years later, in 1827, Elizabeth divided the other slaves among her children. From deeds given by John Cave to various buyers in Woodford, beginning 1830, it seems probable that his mother died in that interval between 1827 and 1830.

Richard Cave, like his brother William, has suffered at the hands of family historians, who have confused and telescoped the several Richard Caves. The least confusing of these Richards was Richard Cave (1780-1863) of Orange County, son of the Rev. Richard's brother Benjamin and wife Elizabeth Belfield; that Richard Cave seems never to have left Virginia; he married Maria Porter. The Rev. Richard has been occasionally entangled with records of his own son Richard, who married in 1810 Nancy Graves; this was a Graves-Rice-Cave interweaving of cousin-marriages at times most bewildering; the children of this Richard were Olivia, John, and Elizabeth; and they may be the Richard and Nancy Cave who appear in records in Bourbon County, Kentucky.

The most utter confusion has resulted from the attempt to combine this Rev. Richard Cave of Woodford County, Kentucky, with his nephew, also a Rev. Richard Cave, but a Christian Church minister, not a Baptist, who went to Missouri. Two Reverend Richard Caves, despite their distance in time and place, have been folded together in an earnest struggle to make them fit. The Rev. Richard Cave of Missouri (1772-1836) was the son of John Cave who married Mildred Bell. John was an older brother of the Rev. William Cave and the Rev. Richard Cave of this sketch; he lived in Scott County, Kentucky, where he took his children after his wife's death in Virginia; he never remarried.<sup>104</sup> Among his children was the Rev. Richard Cave of Missouri,

who left the Baptist Church to follow the teachings of Alexander Campbell, and became a minister in the Christian Church. He was one of the founders of the Old Bear Creek Church, afterwards called Antioch, in Columbia township, Boone County, Missouri. He married (1) Sally Wood, (2) Ann Brent.

#### JOHN TAYLOR

As if loath to bring his friends together without him, John Taylor adds his own biography to the list. This duplicates in part, the same account given in *Ten Churches*, pp. 212-223, in the section on "The Author's Conversion And Call to the Ministry," and because that has been reproduced to some extent in Sweet, and in earlier articles, it will not be duplicated here. Actually, of course, this was written first, and then incorporated in *Ten Churches*. The introduction and conclusion, however, are different:

#### *Of John Taylor*

I know of no trait in the human character, more desirable than gratitude. Therefore, no favor received either from God or man, should be forgotten. A favor received by one man from another, however inimical he may become afterwards, should have credit so far as the favor goes. True gratitude will rarely think that its debts are all paid even to men; and surely to God, from whom we receive so many daily unmerited blessings, how can our gratitude lay dormant? One of the greatest blessings we receive from the Lord, is the pardon of our sins. Hence, says David, Psalm 32d, 1st and 2nd verses, blessed is he whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered — so covered by the righteousness of another, that sin is no longer imputed. Paul in citing the same scripture, Rom. 4th chapter, says, blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works. Therefore these mercies are unmerited. He who has received such favor, in his gratitude, should break silence with David in 66th Psalm. Come all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul, as also speak of the glory of the kingdom, and talk of his power. Paul's conversion was related three times — first by the historian, 9th chapter of Acts, and then by himself, when Lycius, the chief captain bound him with chains, Acts 21st chapter. He also relates his conversion before King Agrippa and Festus, the Roman governor, Acts 26th chapter. Moses tells the Hebrews to remember their coming out of Egypt and all the way the Lord had led them; and as with the heart, men believe to righteousness, so with the tongue confession is made to salvation. And as I am now well stricken in years, and have professed hope in Christ, and been endeavoring to follow him for near half a century, I think it not amiss, to relate something of my trials through this long travel, if it is only for the benefit of my posterity that shall come after me, as also perhaps some poor lamb of Christ may be encouraged thereby.

Then follows the recital given in *Ten Churches*. This introduction probably indicates John Taylor's preaching style, and that of many of his contemporaries of these sketches — the Scriptural saturation, the

facility with which chapter and verse are tossed in, the layered examples. After sketching in his family background,<sup>105</sup> and his own religious experience<sup>106</sup> (for the period, distinctly on the side of restraint) he adds:

I have said above I could get no satisfactory answer, as to my call to the ministry. My present impressions are, that the call lies in a good man's motive to the work, and the call of the church. If a christian has preaching talents, and the church says preach, he may go on safely. This is my call, and for no other do I look at present, though in my youth I laboured long for evidences of my call, of which a visionary something would then have satisfied me.

I was much entertained lately by some remarks from an old brother, who said, "the church invited me to try to preach, and I tried; and they invited me to continue, and I continued." This brother had been studying the scriptures thirty years, and understood them well; and though upwards of fifty years old, bids fair to make a very useful preacher. Mr. William Cave was about sixty years old when he began to preach, as his Biography will show. Had we plenty of Spencers and Caves, we would let higher minded men seek their fortunes where they could find them. From moving about considerably, I find by examination that I have been a member of ten different Baptist churches. I have been at the beginning of the chief of them. My sheet is out—I now live in Franklin county, not very distant from Frankfort—as to circumstances in life, about on an equality with my neighbors. Mediocrity has always been the highest object of my ambition.

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It is obvious that "mediocrity" had different connotations for John Taylor, from the present definition of the word. Even the overtones of meaning in our language change with the passing of time. There is a whip-lash aversion in John Taylor's use of the word "consistency," which seems to carry a meaning for him beyond our wave-length. Projecting our thinking into another time is an impossibility, but historians keep trying; and contemporary accounts in the language they used are our best help.

Maeterlinck's *Blue-Bird* has a scene where Tytyl and Mytyl find their long-dead grandparents, living just as they had been when the children used to visit them. It is explained that for part of the time they are sleeping, but that they wake and go on about their daily affairs whenever someone remembers them. Such material as these sketches of John Taylor's bring his friends to life, and, for the period of our reading at least, they walk again through Kentucky bluegrass to the doors of Clear Creek Church, or Buck Run, or the Forks of Elkhorn, or the Great Crossings. The statistics he left out, we can find in deeds and wills and census reports. But his record is more than names and dates; these are living people, and we know them very well. We have known them a long time.

The End

## FOOTNOTES

(Continued)

<sup>55</sup> Cathcart, *Baptist Encyclopedia*, p. 643 b.

<sup>56</sup> There seem to have been at least three Keller (Kellar) families in the Shenandoah Valley before the Revolution. Abram or Abraham Kellar lived on the South Shenandoah in what is now Warren County, and died 1787. The other two families, each headed by a George Keller, may have been related to Abram's family; if so, the connection is not known. See *History Of Descendants Of John Hottel* by Rev. W. D. Huddle (1930) p. 819; also *History Of Shenandoah County, Virginia* by John W. Wayland, pp. 613-614.

<sup>57</sup> Of the eight children mentioned by William Kellar's nephew, only five are accounted for:

William Kellar [subject of this sketch] who sold home place 1788.

John Kellar.

Elizabeth Kellar, died unmarried 1804, estate to children of sister Rachel.

Joseph Kellar, died on Mulberry Run, 1825, north end Shenandoah County.

Rachel Kellar, married Benjamin Matthews; had children: Abraham, Isaac, William, Elizabeth, Rebecca, Sarah.

<sup>58</sup> Col. John Netherton, Revolutionary soldier, died in Oldham County, Kentucky, October 28, 1832. Pensions Dec. 12. "5416; wife Rebecca Frazier," probably second wife.

<sup>59</sup> This is puzzling. The abstract of his will, *The Filson Club History Quarterly*, April 1932, p. 165, names two sons, Abraham and John. Names also: wife, dau. Elizabeth, other daughters. Jefferson Co., Ky., Aug. 5, 1811—Dec. 9, 1817. Wits: Owen Gwathmey, Jonathan Nixon, Ben Clore. Exors: wife, son Abraham Keller; son-in-law Abram Keller. B. 2, p. 62.

<sup>60</sup> Unless there was still another nephew named Abraham Kellar, the nephew writing this sketch must also have been William Kellar's son-in-law, though he does not say so. William Kellar's will names executors his son Abraham Kellar and his son-in-law Abraham Kellar. In Jefferson County Marriage Book 1, p. 62, is the marriage of Abraham Kellar to Betsey Kellar, a daughter of William Kellar, whose consent was certified to; the license was issued in August 1808, and was returned by the Rev. William Kellar, who performed the ceremony. I am indebted to Mrs. William E. Satori of Louisville for this data on the Keller (Kellar) family.

<sup>61</sup> Frank M. Masters, *History Of Baptists In Kentucky* (Ky. Bapt. Hist. Soc. Louisville 1953) p. 87: Harrod's Creek Church in Oldham Co., midway between LaGrange and Ohio River. First settlement in county near where church was constituted 1797. William Kellar a native of Virginia, the first pastor, remained till death 1817; 279 members then.

<sup>62</sup> Jonathan Nixon witnessed William Kellar's will.

<sup>63</sup> William Kellar's will provides that at death or marriage of his wife, his sons Abraham and John were to have jointly his land, mill, and distillery. It is an interesting comment on attitudes, that John Taylor speaks with strong disapproval of William Kellar's war service, but seems to find nothing strange in his distillery which "did not involve his care, so as to keep him from preaching at home or abroad."

<sup>64</sup> *Ten Churches*, p. 172.

<sup>65</sup> Jesse and Philemon Vawter were sons of David Vawter of Orange County, Virginia, and wife Mary Rucker. Their children were:

1. Rev. Jesse Vawter (1755-1838) m 1781 Elizabeth Watts; 9 children.

2. Rev. Philemon Vawter (c.1762-1814) m 1779 cousin Ann Vawter [dau Beverly]; 9 ch.

3. William Vawter m 1784 Mary Rucker; lived Woodford Co. 1810, 7 ch.; later to Boone.

4. Winifred Vawter m 1775 James Dohony [Dehoney?]

5. Margaret Vawter m 1782 Achilles Stapp; to Woodford Co. c. 1790; later Scott Co. among children were Elijah Stapp, who went to Texas, and Mary Stapp who married William Branham. See FORKS OF ELKHORN pp. 87, 271, 295.

6. Mary Vawter.

I am indebted for Vawter family material to Mrs. J. H. Flowers of Warrensburg, Missouri, and to Miss Iola H. Vawter of Odessa, Missouri.

<sup>66</sup> John F. Cady, *The Origin And Development Of The Missionary Baptist Church In Indiana* (Franklin College 1942) p. 126: Many of the ablest ministers, such as Jesse Holman and Jesse Vawter, were men of other professions, and were not ordained till past fifty years of age.

<sup>67</sup> When singing was without musical accompaniment, it was customary in the churches to have someone with a good voice definitely appointed to this office. *History Of Great*



*Crossings*, p. 19, mentions a record of 1811: James Hammon, John I. Johnson, and James Johnson were appointed clerks to raise tunes for divine worship.

<sup>68</sup> Grace Vawter Bucknell, *The Vawter Family In America*, Indianapolis (1903) p. 29, quotes from an article of reminiscence by John Vawter, son of Elder Jesse Vawter, published in the Madison, Indiana, *Courier*, 1850: "Father [Elder Jesse Vawter] with six or eight other Kentuckians from Franklin and Scott Counties, visited what was then called the new purchase at a very early date. A part journeyed by land and a part by water. The land party crossed the Ohio River at Port William, the others descending the Kentucky and Ohio rivers in a pirogue to a point opposite Milton. The pirogue answered the double purpose of carrying forward the provisions of the company and enabling the men to pass from one bank to the other, swimming their horses alongside. The company made their headquarters in the river bottom in the eastern extremity of the city limits of Madison. In the day the company divided into two parties, exploring the adjacent highlands to the head of Crooked creek and the neighboring lands of Clifty. They met at night and reported their discoveries . . . At that time, 1805, Elder Jesse Vawter selected for his residence the spot where Judge S. C. Stevens now resides on the hill. He returned home and made every arrangement for taking possession of his new home early in the spring of 1806. He, with others, made the first settlement in and about Madison. Nearly all the settlements made in that year and two or three succeeding years, were made on the highlands. Among the first settlers in the county were Elder Jesse Vawter, James Underwood, Joshua Jackson, Colby Underwood and James Edwards, all of the Baptist denomination. East of Crooked Creek were Col. John Ryker, Paul Froman, Ralph Griffin, Joseph Lane and others, the last two families being Baptists. West and southwest were Col. Samuel Smock, James Arbuckle, Michael and Felix Monroe, Isaiah Blankenship, Amos Chitwood and others. The first corn was raised in Jefferson County in the year 1806, most of it being planted as late as June. The first preaching in the early settlements within the bounds of Jefferson and Switzerland counties was by Baptist ministers. Elder Jesse Vawter, John Taylor, Philemon Vawter and John Reese were early settlers and the only resident ministers at that time in the vicinity of what is now the city of Madison. From the year 1805, their first visit, until 1810, the Baptist was the only organized church in the limits of what is now Jefferson and Switzerland counties. In March, 1807, at the home of Jesse Vawter, a Baptist church was organized and called the Crooked Creek Church, afterward Mount Pleasant Church."

<sup>69</sup> Jesse Vawter's wife was Elizabeth Watts, married 1781; she died 1830. She was the daughter of John Watts of Culpeper County, Virginia, and wife Sarah Barnett. Elizabeth Watts was a sister of Julius Watts who married 1785 Mary Eve; and of Judge John Watts who married (1) 1788 Fanny Sebree and (2) Mary Greenberry. Judge Watts had two daughters, Sarah and Frances, who married Vawters.

<sup>70</sup> Children of Elder Jesse Vawter and wife Elizabeth Watts:

1. Col. [and Rev.] John Vawter (1782-1872) m (1) Polly Smith (2) Jane Smith (3) Ruth Minton (4) Mrs. Martha Pearce
2. Rev. William Vawter (1783-1868) m 1809 cousin Frances Vawter [dau Philemon]
3. James Vawter m Sarah B. Watts
4. Frances Vawter m John Branham [son Tavner Branham and wife Elizabeth Burbridge]
5. Mary Vawter m Linsfield Branham [bro. John above]
6. Sarah Vawter m Thomas T. Stribling
7. Julia Vawter m Matthew Wise
8. Achilles Vawter m Martha Smith
9. Ann Vawter m Abner Moncrief

<sup>71</sup> William T. Stott, *Indiana Baptist History 1798-1908* (published by himself, Franklin, Ind. cop. 1908) pp. 77-81. Jesse Vawter was the first moderator of Silver Creek Association, organized 1812. Ordained ministers who established it were Jesse Vawter, his brother Philemon Vawter, William McCoy and John Reece. Jesse Vawter withdrew 1827 to join in forming Coffee Creek Association. Dr. Stott provided Cathcart his Indiana material. I am indebted to Elizabeth Hayward of Ridgewood, New Jersey, who owns a copy of this rare book, for material quoted from Dr. Stott's history.

<sup>72</sup> Stott. *Op. cit.*

<sup>73</sup> Cathcart, *Op. cit.*

<sup>74</sup> William Vawter, the second son, moved 1829 to a farm near Vernon; there he helped organize Zoar church where he was pastor about twenty years. He died 1868, aged 85, at the home of his daughter Frances, wife of George King. He is buried in Vawter Cemetery, near North Vernon, Indiana; his wife Frances (d. 1869) is buried there also, as are her parents, Philemon and Anna Vawter. His parents, Jesse and Elizabeth, are buried at Harbert's Creek, near Madison.

John Taylor Vawter, son of William and Frances, was also a preacher; he married 1835 Pamela Dwyer; they went to Iowa during the land rush in 1839; there learned of a German colony being organized in Shelby County, Missouri, where the services of a preacher might be useful; he took his family there and joined the colony at Bethel, Missouri; there were only two American families in the group. They lived there eighteen years before severing connection with the colony; he married (2) 1866, Mrs. N. S. Phillips.

<sup>75</sup> Cady. *Op. cit.*

<sup>76</sup> Mrs. Vawter married (2) James Rentfrow [Renfrew] of Woodford County. She died in Versailles. He is recorded as selling land on North Elkhorn to Achilles Stapp [who married his wife's daughter Margaret Vawter] in 1790; also in Warren in 1809, to John B. Hodson. See *Forks Of Elkhorn* p. 235.

<sup>77</sup> Philemon Vawter married his cousin Ann Vawter, daughter of his father's brother, Beverly Vawter. Their children were:

1. Richard Vawter m Sarah Snelling 1802; lived in Lexington.
2. Elliott Vawter m 1804 Anna Gray; lived in Todd.
3. Frances Vawter m cousin William Vawter 1809, in Gallatin.
4. Nancy Vawter m Alexander Lewis.
5. Jesse Vawter m Frances Ann Watts; lived in Oldham.
6. Beverly Vawter m Elizabeth Crawford.
7. Lucy Vawter m James Crawford.
8. Elizabeth Vawter m James Glover.
9. David Vawter m Lucinda Glover.

<sup>78</sup> *Ten Churches*, pp. 127-169.

<sup>79</sup> *Ibid*, p. 172.

<sup>80</sup> These brothers were sons of Benjamin Cave (d. 1762) and wife Hannah Bledsoe. She was dau of Capt. Wm. Bledsoe, first sheriff of Spotsylvania Co., and 1st wife Anne [surname unknown]. Children of Benjamin and Hannah (Bledsoe) Cave were:

1. Elizabeth Cave (c.1729-1785) m 1742 Col. Wm. Johnson, Madison Co., Va.
2. John Cave (1732-1810) m Mildred Bell; lived Scott Co. Ky.
3. Ann Cave (1734-after 1808) m (1) Philemon Kavanaugh (2) Wm. Strother, lived Woodford.
4. Benjamin Cave II (1735-1832) m Elizabeth Belfield; lived Orange Co., Va.
5. William Cave (1738-1804) m (1) Mary Mallory (2) Susanna (Bartlett) Collins, widow of Thomas Collins (3) Susanna Mosby. He d. intestate Boone Co., Ky.; Baptist minister.
6. David Cave (d. 1792) unmarried; lived Culpeper Co., Va.
7. Sarah Cave (1745- ) untraced; living, date of father's will.
8. Hannah Cave (1748-1817) m 1768 Capt. Uriel Mallory; lived Orange Co., Va.
9. Richard Cave (1750-1816) m Elizabeth Craig; d. Woodford Co., Ky.; Baptist minister.

If readers with family records which will add to or correct any statement here given, will communicate with the writer, Mrs. Dale M. Thompson, 6435 Pennsylvania Avenue, Kansas City 13, Missouri; she will be most grateful, especially for information about Sarah Cave.

<sup>81</sup> A deposition given in Boone County, Kentucky, by William Cave, on June 21, 1802 stated that he was then sixty-four years old; this establishes his birth-year as 1738.

<sup>82</sup> His father, Benjamin Cave, was among the first vestrymen of St. Mark's parish in Orange County; when changing boundaries moved him into St. Thomas parish, he was then church warden, and continued on the vestry there. Bishop Meade, in *Old Churches, Ministers And Families Of Virginia*, Vol. II, p. 85, says that the old Scotch minister "lived with Mr. Benjamin Cave, Senr. a first settler, whose residence was but a short distance from where the old church stood." A tradition says that Benjamin Cave could conduct the entire Episcopal service from memory. Dr. Philip Slaughter's *History Of St. Mark's Parish* (Culpeper, Va.) p. 54, says Dr. Slaughter had in his possession a book of devotional poems called "Spiritual Songs" written by a sister of Benjamin Cave. David Cave (probably a brother of Benjamin) was Lay Reader at Old Orange Church near Ruckersville. It was long believed that Benjamin Cave was son of the Rev. William Cave, chaplain to Charles II and canon of Windsor; this has not been proved, and seems probably mistaken. There is no doubt, however, that the Caves, under the Establishment, were a most devout family.

<sup>83</sup> William Cave was twenty-three years old when he married Mary Mallory, Dec. 28, 1761 [Old Orange Co., Va. Marriage Book, p. 1]. She was the daughter of Roger Mallory, and sister of Uriel Mallory who married William's sister Hannah Cave.

<sup>84</sup> Samuel Harris had been Burgess of his county, and colonel of militia. In *Ten Churches* p. 9, John Taylor says: "The first baptizing in South River, the noted Samuel Harris traveled two hundred miles to administer this solemn ordinance." Robert B. Semple, in *A History Of The Rise And Progress Of The Baptists In Virginia* (Richmond 1810) p. 10, says of Reed and Harris in Virginia: "In one of their visits they baptised seventy-five at one time. It was not uncommon for hundreds to camp on the ground, in order to be present the next day. There were instances of persons traveling more than one hundred miles to one of these meetings; to go forty or fifty was not uncommon."

<sup>85</sup> Lincoln Co., Ky. Court Records [then still Virginia] Order Book I, p. 62, May Court 1783:

Ordered that Isaac Shelby . . . William Cave be recommended to his Excellency the Governor of Virginia as proper persons to be added to those already in Commissions of the peace for this county.

Benjamin Logan

p. 142, February Court 1784.

William Cave Gentleman came into Court and had the Oath of a Justice of the Peace and the Oath of Commissioner of Oyer and Terminer administered to him.

p. 224, September Court 1784.

William Cave Gentleman is appointed to collect and set apart the Tithes to clear the road from Myers Mill to John Saunders on Gilberts Creek.

<sup>86</sup> T. E. Campbell, *Colonial Caroline* (Richmond 1954) pp. 282-283.

<sup>87</sup> Orange County Will Book 2 (1744-1778) pp. 330-332.

<sup>88</sup> Deed Book 12, p. 125, Orange Co. Feb. 1753, 100 acres to grandson William Cave.

<sup>89</sup> Deed Book 14, p. 6, June 1765, 282 acres to Uriel Mallory in parish of St. Thomas.

<sup>90</sup> *Scott's Papers* p. 80. See also *The Coppage-Coppedge Family* by John E. Manahan and A. Maxim Coppage (1955) p. 89.

<sup>91</sup> Crozier, *Spots Co.* p. 196. William Bartlett of Spts. Co. acknowledges deed of gift of land to daughter Susanna Collins, wife of Thomas Collins, etc.

<sup>92</sup> Orange Co. Marriage Book I, p. 9, St. Thomas Parish, Richard Parker and Hannah Cave, April 17, 1780; Bondsman Roland Thomas, Jr. Wits: Robert Stubblefield, Roland Thomas, Jr., Charles Thomas.

<sup>93</sup> *Douglas Register*, p. 267.

<sup>94</sup> The Parkers went later to Kentucky. Richard and Hannah and several of their children are buried in a family cemetery in Boone Co., Kentucky, on the Petersburg-Belleview Road. The earliest death-date is Richard Parker's 1809; he was 49, the youngest child then four years old. A record in Boone Co. is said to show a debt where Hannah Parker had borrowed from William Cave, Jr. Boone County was not formed till 1798, so the family must have come to Kentucky between 1798 and 1809. Five children of Richard and Hannah are in this cemetery, including Fanny whose baptism is noted in the *Douglas Register*. The others are Tudor, Rebecca, Polly, and Richard, and Richard's wife Sallie. Gaps in time indicate the probability of other children. Richard is the only one married of those buried here; four of his children are here also. Apparently one descendant went to Missouri; a letter from Mrs. Malcolm McClelland [descended from John Cave whose wife was Mildred Bell] states that she had cousins in Moberly named Chapman, grandchildren of Richard Parker and wife Hannah Cave.

<sup>95</sup> Campbell County Marriage Index, Box I, Bundle I.

<sup>96</sup> There was a William Knight who received a military warrant for 100 acres in 1784 in Kentucky, for three years service in the Virginia line [Jillson, *op. cit.* p. 343]. Whether he is this William Knight, does not appear.

<sup>97</sup> There are reasons for thinking there may have been sons John and Daniel, not conclusively proved.

<sup>98</sup> Boone County Record Book A, quoted in a mimeographed booklet titled *Cave Family Data*, compiled by William and Anne Fitzgerald, Florence, Kentucky.

<sup>99</sup> Book B, p. 186. The will names wife Margaret, and children: Uriel Cave, Nancy Terrill (wife of George), Daniel Cave, Susanna Terrill (wife of James), Taylor Cave, Miranda Cave, Willey Cave, Fanny Cave, and John Cave. Also names Nancy Cave who was the widow of William's son Hiram, who had died leaving no children and no will, with his father his heir-at-law; William Jr. had relinquished title to Nancy, Deed Book D, p. 373. Exors. Whitfield Early and son Daniel Cave. Wits: John Terrill, James Dicken, Absalom Graves. Dated 10th June 1825, proved October term, Boone County, Kentucky.

<sup>100</sup> So listed in 1820 Boone County census.

<sup>101</sup> The will of the younger William Grant was proved in April court, Fayette County, 1814. His wife had evidently died earlier. After providing for his six children he adds, "reserving to my Mother Elizabeth her full support of the said plantation with

the use of as much stock as will supply her wants as long as she lives also Susanna Cave who now lives with me. She is to have her home and support with as much of the stock as she may need as long as she lives on the plantation and the house in which she and my mother lives is reserved for them as long as one or both shall choose to live in it. [Will Book C, p. 131, Fayette County]

This William Grant, Jr. became Sr. at the death of his father in 1804, so that the will of Susanna Cave, dated 1805, refers to this William as senior. Her will is in Will Book C, Fayette County, p. 261:

In the name of God Amen I Susannah Cave of Fayette County and Commonwealth of Kentucky being weak in body and knowing that all flesh must die do hereby make my last Will and testament in manner and form following that is to say

1st I desire that William Grant senr do decently have me Buried

2ndly I give and bequeeth to the above mentioned William Grant senior three negroes (to wit) Cloeye, Jacob and George to be his the 1st William Grant his heirs and assigns forever I do hereby constitute and appoint my friend and brother the above mentioned William Grant senr my whole and sole Executor of this my last will and testament hereby revoking all other or former Wills or testaments by me heretofore made. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal this 25th day of Feby in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and five.

Signed sealed and published Delivered  
as and for the last will & testament of the  
above named Susannah Cave in presence of us

Susanna Cave (Seal)

Jno C. Richardson  
[name illegible]

Beckley Semon [this is probably William's (d. 1814) sister Rebecca Lemon]

[Copied from the original record by Sarah French Clough of Paris, Kentucky]

For research on the Grant and Mosby families, I am indebted to Mrs. Robert McMurtry, 416 Woodland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky.

<sup>102</sup> Richard's wife was Elizabeth Craig, whose father was Toliver, who married Mary (Polly) Hawkins. Elizabeth's sisters were Joyce Craig who married John Faulkner, Jane Craig who married John Sanders [son of Rev. Nathaniel Sanders], and Sarah Craig who married Manoah Singleton. The brothers were: Capt. John Craig, founder of Craig's Station, who had led the defense at the Bryan Station siege, whose wife was Sallie Page; Lewis Craig, pastor of the Traveling Church, whose wife was Elizabeth Sanders; Toliver Craig II whose wife was Elizabeth Johnston [daughter Peter Johnston of Culpeper]; Joseph Craig, unpredictable and interesting Baptist preacher, whose wife was Sallie Wisdom; Elijah Craig, whom we met in the Redding controversy, who married Frances Smith; Benjamin Craig, founder of Port William (Carrollton) in Gallatin County, whose wife was Nancy Sturman; and Jeremiah Craig, mentioned for conspicuous heroism at Bryan's Station, who married Lucy Hawkins. I am indebted to Eva Alexander Harrison (Mrs. George Harrison), 4742 North Topping Avenue, Kansas City 17, Missouri, for data from her long study of the Craig family. Mrs. Harrison adds the information that the Rev. Lewis Craig is buried at Maysville, Kentucky; the Rev. Joseph Craig in the Lexington, Kentucky, cemetery; and the Rev. Elijah Craig in the old Great Crossings Church cemetery at Georgetown, Kentucky.

<sup>103</sup> Book E, p. 105; exors. John Hawkins near Versailles, and Lewis Sullivan.

<sup>104</sup> John Cave's will is in Scott County, Kentucky, Will Book B, pp. 57-59. The family Bible of Thomas Wood, who married John Cave's daughter Susanna, gives an account of this family. See also FORKS OF ELKHORN, p. 81. For Mildred Bell, see will of William Bell, Orange Co., Va. Will Book 3, p. 25, which names "children of my sister Milly Cave, fifty pounds." The Wood Bible record says of John Cave: "He was among the first adventurers to this County [Scott]. His wife died before he left the state of Virginia when he was comparatively a young man, she was of a highly Respectable Family in the State of Virginia by the name of Bell, and this is as far back as the writer can go, further, than that the ancestors of John Cave was originally from Wales. He never married again and only seemed to live for the sake of his children, by whom he was greatly beloved. He lived to a good old age being 80 odd years when he died. . . . He had six children to wit—William, Nancy, Henry, Susannah, Richard, & Rebecca, just in this order."

<sup>105</sup> For John Taylor's family, see *The Kentucky Historical Society Register*, vol. 47, pp. 21-54, article on "Ancestors and Descendants of the Rev. John Taylor (1752-1835)" by Dorothy Brown Thompson; also *Register*, vol. 53, pp. 348-354, "Additional Notes on the John Taylor Family."

<sup>106</sup> Sweet, *op. cit.*, pp. 106-118.