

GENEALOGY AND  
BIOGRAPHIES

*of the*

DEBARD FAMILY

BY

ALFRED DEBARD, SR.







Minnie S. Kincaid



ALFRED AND MYRTLE DeBARD  
Oct. 4, 1941—50th Wedding Anniversary (Vista, California.)  
Age 81 and 68 Years Old.

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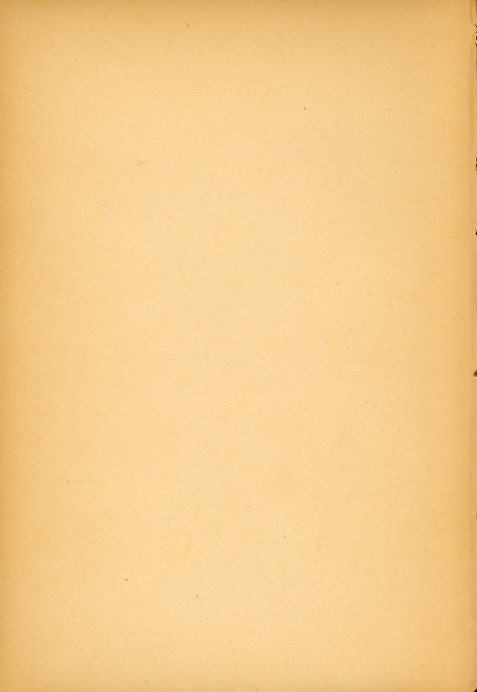
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## TO

The present and future generations of DeBards, this history of the DeBard family is affectionately dedicated, with the hope that every one of them will continue to maintain the high standards of morality and citizenship that have characterized this family so far.

"An inheritance of wealth may be desirable, but an inheritance of character is a dower beyond the ability of some persons to estimate or appreciate"—O. A. Seaton in *The Seaton Family*. Daniel Webster once wrote, "There may be, indeed, a respect for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride, but there is also a moral and philosophical respect for ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart, a respect which is laudably manifested by perpetuating their lineaments and describing their virtues."

—1943.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In the preparation of this genealogy, the writer has been handicapped by a lack of information concerning the lives of many members of this family; the brief mention accorded some persons is not because their accomplishments were less important than others, but is from lack of data concerning their lives.

The more extended account given to the writer's immediate family branch is because he knows more about them. Comparatively little of this history is original with the writer. He has depended upon others and errors, no doubt, have crept in and the record of some families is lacking in some details because the members could not or did not furnish the information.

If the reader notes any error, please advise the writer. If anything has been said that is offensive to you, please pardon because it is not intentional.

Acknowledgments are gratefully given to James DeBard Smith of 777 Techwood Dr., Atlanta, Georgia, for copies of letters that he received from Major Harry A. Davis, Davis Mead DeBard, and others who, at his request, searched the Revolutionary War office records in Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Virginia, for some definite facts on the war records of the DeBards.

Some further mention of this will be made later. Also, for material furnished by George M. Smith of McMinnville, Tenn. that he obtained from his mother, Arabella (DeBard) Smith, just before her death. Also the writer acknowledges the help of his sister Mrs. W. B. Taylor of Speonk, Rhode Island, Miss Ethel DeBard of Clayton, Ind., a farmerette, and Seburn Clay DeBard of Fountain Inn, South Carolina; genealogy of the DeBards as obtained from the family Bible presented to Caroline Robbins (DeBard) Mead by her father James DeBard (recorded in his handwriting) and as related to me by my mother Arabella DeBard Smith (daughter of James DeBard) now living at McMinnville, Tenn. in her 81st year.

The reader has no doubt noticed that the people of the early pioneer days of our ancestors raised large families and were long lived, as a rule.



Would it be too much to conclude from this, that the power of reproduction is the power to live and that birth control which is advocated and practiced by contraceptive methods is destroying the ability to produce offspring?

Medical scientists claim that the average length of the lives of the present generation is increased.

This is true, but it has been increased by sanitary and preventive measures, saving babies and preventing children's diseases.

I don't think that there are as many people older than 70, as formerly; nor is the white population increasing as fast as it should.

#### LETTER OF G. M. SMITH

Two brothers named DeBard came from France before the Revolutionary War, names and dates unknown. They settled at or near Jamestown on the James River in Virginia. They must have come to this country between 1750 and 1760.

One of these brothers had two sons. One of these sons was named Ephriam, the other named Jesse. These sons were both soldiers in the Revolutionary War and fought at the battle of Brandywine.

G. M. Smith, March 14, 1923.

## RESEARCH ON THE DeBARD FAMILY

### KENTUCKY

Kentucky was on the border between the North and the South. Here met and flourished both the vegetable and animal life of each section: buffalo, deer, bear, wolf, fox, raccoon, opossum, squirrel, beaver and a multitude of smaller animals too numerous to mention.

In the marsh land around "Salt Lick Springs" are found bones of many of the animals mentioned above and deep in these miry swamps are found bones of prehistoric animals such as the mastodon. For ages, animals coming from many miles for salt ventured too far onto the soft ground and found graves in these salt marshes.

It is said that there were no Indian settlements in Kentucky. It was the Indian's hunting ground. Here the Indians of the North and the South met and often had bloody battles for the game. It was called the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

The rivers supported water fowl, birds of all kinds from the eagle to the humming bird abounded. The rivers teemed with fish.

I doubt if there is another spot on earth that supported such a variety of vegetable and animal life. Stately yellow poplars straight as an arrow and forty and fifty feet to the first limb, walnut, beech, several varieties of hickory, maple, black locust, willow, sassafras, laurel, chestnut, etc; also a great variety of bush and berry plants such as hazel nut, blackberry, strawberries, grew wild on the hills and in the valleys. Roots and herbs such as polk, gensing and yellow root were used for medicinal purposes.

Into this fruitful region came the progenitors of the two main branches of the DeBard family. Ephriam, with his bride, Mary Blackwell Lawrence, emigrated Westward from Eastern Virginia through the forests and across the mountains of Western Virginia and North Eastern Kentucky to the Ohio River, down that beautiful stream in a flat boat to Maysville, thence overland to Clark county where they settled in 1799.

His brother, Jesse who was evidently the older, went South from Virginia to North Carolina. Here he married Rhoda Ward in the year 1790. To them were born three sons: Wesley, Washington, and Franklin.

In 1803, he, his wife, and three little boys set out afoot, Westward through the trackless forest to Cumberland Gap through the mountains into Kentucky, near the point where Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee meet, and settled in Montgomery county, Kentucky.

Thus, by coincidence both brothers settled in Kentucky, but it is not likely that either knew of the other's whereabouts, as there was little communication between folks that far apart at that time.

The offspring of these two brothers joined that westward march which did not end until the last of the United States' frontiers were taken up.

According to the date of Ephriam's birth, 1779, in Dr. James DeBard's Bible, he would have been too young to serve in the Revolutionary war.

In order to explain this difference, if possible, James DeBard Smith, assisted by Davis Mead DeBard and others, made extensive search of the war records in Washington, D. C. and Richmond, Va. Following are excerpts from their findings:

In a letter from Geo. M. Smith to his brother, Jas. D., January 26th, 1927, he says; "I feel sure that Ephriam DeBard was in the Revolutionary War, but he must have been born before 1779 and he must have been over 40 years old when he died in 1820. I am going to try to look that up and perhaps can get some information from the War Department in Washington."

From a letter to Jas. D. Smith from Major Harry A. Davis, Washington D. C., January, 1930, I quote: "The Revolutionary records of the War Department do not contain anything pertaining to the name of DeBard . . . There is one James DeBourd, the only thing resembling the name.

Stone and Webster, Inc.,  
49 Federal Street,  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. DeBard:

Last week I spent four or five days poring over the records in the Virginia State Library, the State Archives and the Land office, in an effort to locate a "DeBard" in Virginia at the time of the Revolution. I am sorry to report that I could find no mention of the name.

However, I did find a few names which might interest you. A Thomas Cooke married Margaret "DeBourd", in Culpepper county in 1782.

Also a James Debord, from the same county, was a soldier in the Revolution.

In another instance, I found mention of a Warrant to William Walker for necessaries furnished Elizabeth "DeBord" the wife of a Continental soldier. This woman probably was the wife of James "DeBord" mentioned above.

A James "DeBourd" or "DeBoard" of Madison county was a soldier in the Continental Army in the First Virginia Regiment and died in the service about the month of December, 1777. He had enlisted for the term of three years.

In the land office, I explored the records from 1652 up to the time of the Revolution and found the following information:

Granted to John "Debar", in 1652, 200 acres of land being in county of Lower Norfolk, and given him for the transportation of four persons into the colony.

Also, in 1652, a "Debarr" was granted 200 acres on the west branch of Elizabeth River and approved by county court of Lower Norfolk. This grant was renewed in January 1662.

The following was so interesting and humorous that I copied it entirely.

"In the name of George the Third, and for divers good causes and considerations, but more especially for and in consideration of 40 shillings of good and lawful money paid to the Receiver General of Revenues of the Colony and Dominion of Virginia, 400 acres, lying in Albemarle County, were granted to Thomas "Devard" on May 16, 1765. . . . .

Sincerely (signed) Roger J. Hickey.

This Thomas "Devard" may have been the father of Ephriam.

Jas. D. Smith, who has done much research work in this name suggests that: "These brothers who came from France between 1750-1760, being French and probably not having mastered the English language, may have some bearing on the way the enlisting officer spelled what he thought they said."

"I am of the opinion that James, Margaret, and Ephriam were the children of Thos. "DeVard," and that the change from "DeVard" to "DeBard" was most likely."

Mr. Davis M. DeBard.

The writer believes that, as Dr. James DeBard, son of Ephriam DeBard, said that his father Ephriam served in the Revolutionary War and fought at the battle of Brandywine this is correct and that the date 1779 given as his birth was an error made in copying. The constant recurrence of the name "James" indicates that it was a family name and is some proof that all of these Deboards, Debarrs, and DeVards were of one stock.

The writer's grandfather, Dr. James DeBard, made some study as to the derivation and meaning of the word "DeBard". He decided that it should be written "deBard", "de" being a preposition meaning "from" and "Bard" the name of the province from which they came.

When I was a school boy, I decided to write my name "A. deBard". Soon I received a letter addressed "Ade Bard". I returned to the other form of the word, seeing that the name would be corrupted. As you will notice further on in this account, it has been misspelled in the War and Land Office records of Virginia.

In the Los Angeles Public Library, I found a book entitled "French Blood in America." In the chapter, "The Huguenots in Virginia", I found the following:

"The General Assembly of Virginia passed an act admitting all strangers, desirous of making their homes in Virginia, to the liberties, privileges and immunities of natural born Englishmen, upon their petition to the Assembly and of taking the oaths of Allegiance and supremacy."

Among the names of the Huguenots who took advantage of these laws was "DeBar".

At first I considered it a duty to write this history, but as it has proceeded, I have experienced a real pleasure in following the lives of our ancestors. They were Huguenots and in America, pioneers. Pioneering is a very noble occupation, but a very poor business, as my own life attests.

The agricultural life requires long-time planning, hoping, working and waiting; this develops faith, courage and a character, upon which is founded a good citizen.

As I have said the DeBards who came to America were Huguenots (French Protestants). As an appreciation of their sacrifices and also to show their character and the contribution that they made to civil and religious liberty in the U. S., I believe it is fitting to give some account of these heroic men and women who came to America to find homes.

The persecution of French Protestants which began with the burning at the stake of Joan of Arc, 24th of May, 1431, to the last French Martyr, 1762, in the city of Toulouse, Pastor Rochette, 25 years old, is one of the most harrowing stories in the history of man. It was not until 1802 that the Huguenots were given the privilege of holding public worship and were placed upon legal equality with the Catholic church.

Joan of Arc was not termed a Huguenot, but she was in spirit a Protestant, who were later called Huguenots.

During the long period of their persecution, the Protestants were robbed of their possessions, imprisoned, driven from home, murdered, and burned at the stake. In fact, all of the forms of cruelty that ignorant, treacherous, fanatical Catholic ecclesiastics could devise were inflicted upon them.

The Huguenots fled to Holland, England, Germany, Russia and all of the countries of Europe and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries went to Canada and the American colonies.

France lost her most skilled artisans and best blood, and America gained a people who stamped its character upon her institutions and contributed not a little toward establishing civil and religious freedom in the United States.

It is said to their credit, that the French did not perpetuate their racial traditions and prejudices, but blended with other peoples to make Americans.

A comparison of Huguenot home life in America is made



with Puritan and Dutch home life, by Helen Evertson Smith in the book "French Blood in America" by L. J. Fosdick.

The art of living happily seems to be a native possession of the French, while it is not so with the Anglo-Saxon. His disposition is to take himself and life too seriously. This was the fault and defect of the Puritan; though it must be said that this is a fault far less grave in its consequences than the modern one of not taking life seriously enough.

The Huguenots hit a happy mean for the most part, and infused joy into their environment. Whether they had been rich or poor in France, there were few of the Huguenot refugees who were not poor when they reached America. Whatever their fortunes, however, the refugees were gentle, trained in many arts, and possessed of the keen perceptions, the courtesy, and the easy adaptability of their race. Home life among them was different from that of any other colonists because they came from a land more advanced in some things than either Holland or England.

The Puritans were keen witted with rigid notions of morality, and a harsh spirit towards those who disagreed with him, particularly in religion. The conditions of his life were hard, but full of mental, moral and physical health. He despised no handicraft, he neglected no means of cultivation, shirked no duty (nor did he permit any one else to do so if he could help it), and fought his way upward, unhasting, unresting, honestly, and persistently.

The Dutchman was milder than the Puritan, but equally as stiff necked and an inborn Republican as well as an educated Calvinist. Slower, narrower more prejudiced, he was less aggressive. To his commercial and industrial instincts, our country owes much of its prosperity.

The Huguenot—to complete the comparison between these three races which came together in the formation of the colonial life and character—was devout, less ambitious, affectionate of heart, artistic, cultivated, adaptable and also highly endorsed with the commercial instincts and skilled capacities.

He brought to America the arts, accomplishments, and graces of the highest civilizations then known, together with a sweet cheerfulness all his own.



**"The Huguenot Society of America" was organized in 1883 by Rev. Alfred V. Willmeyer, Ph. D., pastor of the French Church in New York.**

## GENEALOGICAL RECORDS

Ephriam DeBard, referred to, married Mary Blackwell Lawrence of Virginia (probably near or at Jamestown) in the year 1799. He came down the Ohio river with his bride and settled in Clark County, Kentucky, where he engaged in raising tobacco. In coming to Kentucky, they landed at Maysville from a flat boat on which they made the trip, and went overland from there to Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky. Ephriam grew tobacco and hauled it to Maysville, and took it from there down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans and sold it.

He died of flux in Clark County, Kentucky about 1820. His widow, Mary Blackwell Lawrence DeBard, went to live with her son, Dr. James DeBard, in Carter County, Kentucky, in 1849 and died in 1856 at about 76 years of age.

Ephriam and Mary Lawrence DeBard had 10 children, all of whom were born in Clark County, Kentucky, as follows: Seven sons and three daughters.

James, born April 16, 1800; Henry, born November 25, 1801; Harvey, born August 13, 1802; Elizabeth, born May 15, 1806; Sally, born February 14, 1808; Elijah, born January 13, 1810; Thomas, born January 9, 1812; Lewis, born April 9, 1814; Polly, born July 15, 1816; George Eve, born February 5, 1819.

1. James married Eliza Lewis Davis, October 13, 1829; lived in Carter County, Kentucky. He died on a visit to his daughter, Arabella DeBard Smith, on May 11, 1883 at McMinnville, Tenn. Eliza Lewis Davis died at the same place June 7, 1887. Had two sons and five daughters: Harriet Amanda, Alfred Davis, Mary Elizabeth, Caroline Robbins, Lucy, Arabella, and James Harvey.

More of these later, but first, the writer desires to relate some history of the Dr. James DeBard family, his grandfather, because he spent many happy school vacations on visits to "Carter Co.", as we called it, going to grandfather's. Many of the incidents of these visits and things that grandmother told him remain vividly in his mind today.

She was very proud of her Davis ancestry and of the DeBard name. She once said to me, "Son, you are the only male member of this branch of the DeBard family, except Jimmie, and he is a bachelor and will never get married, so upon you depends the perpetuation of the name."

She was mistaken, however, in Uncle Jimmie, for he did get married later and left two fine children, Davis Mead DeBard and Eunice. They will be mentioned later.

In 1833 "the stars fell", came down in showers, a wonderful and terrifying spectacle

The negroes all came running to the house from their cabins screaming "Oh, Mis' 'Liza, de world is comin' to an end!" They fell upon their knees on the floor, praying the Lord to save them.

During the Civil War, George Morgan, at the head of a Union force, passed through Carter Co., retreating before John Morgan, the Confederate Calvary raider. The Union force was almost starved when they reached Carter. They camped on or near Dr. DeBard's place. The corn was in roasting ear. They ate every ear of it, not stopping to cook it. Grandfather said it gave them the "scours", and the whole army smelled so bad that all the turkey buzzards in the country followed them. He did not see a buzzard for three months after they left.

The soldiers made Mrs. DeBard and the negro women cook up every dust of flour and meal and fry every pound of meat on the place for them to eat, took their cows, horses, sheep, hogs and chickens, burned up the fence rails for camp firewood. They went through the house taking anything they wanted. One soldier found a pair of new jeans pants belonging to James and stepped out on the porch to examine them. This was too much for James. He struck the soldier with his fist and tried to recover the pants, but without success.

There was a "pigeon roost", one fall, near the farm. I think it was before the Civil War, but am not sure. In the morning when the birds left their roost, in flocks, there were such numbers of them that the sun was hidden, like a cloud would do, until nine o'clock in the morning. Returning to roost at night from their feeding grounds, they lit upon the trees in such numbers, that often, large limbs were broken off. People went at night and brought them home by the sackful, pickling them

down in barrels for future use. This species of bird is now extinct.

The manager of Mt. Savage furnace fell sick of a fever and sent for Dr. James DeBard who was also sick. The doctor sent the messenger back saying that he could not come. The sick manager had a yoke of oxen hitched to a wagon, a feather bed put into the wagon and sent back to the doctor, imploring him to come.

Dr. DeBard got onto the feather bed, rode to the manager's home, had his bed placed by the side of the sick man's bed and stayed with him until he doctored and nursed him back to health.

The grateful manager gave the Dr. \$500, a very large fee at that time.

Dr. DeBard made many of his own medicines from roots and herbs growing in the hills of Kentucky. He nursed his bad cases himself, and was esteemed as a very successful physician.

During the Civil War he was arrested as a Southern sympathizer and confined for a short time in the Grayson jail.

He was very indulgent toward his slaves. The doctor's wife told me it took about all he made, practicing medicine, and all the slaves could make on the 1500 acre plantation to keep them. He often came home with a string of shoes for the negroes thrown across his saddle, almost touching the ground on each side. He had also brought jewelry for his own girls. She did not approve of these expenditures of money for jewelry. She wanted to save, and would often go into the field with the negroes, when Dr. was away visiting patients, to try to get some work done.

I remember the names of some of them. "Aunt" Mandy, I believe, was the name of one old woman, and her three sons were George, Mack and French.

During the war the doctor was offered a good price for them, but refused. They seemed like members of the family.

About this time George ran away to Ohio. Dr. DeBard made no effort to recover him.

Mack was a bachelor. He raised vegetables, working Saturdays, which time was allowed the slaves for their own, and sold them at Mt. Savage furnace. In this way he accumulated \$300 in coin. Dr. DeBard tried to get him to ex-

change it for Federal greenbacks. The exchange value at that particular time was three greenbacks for one silver dollar.

Mack was afraid of the paper money, and hid his \$300.

Soon after he was taken very sick. The Dr. knew that he could not recover, and urged the man to tell where he had buried his money, but Mack thought he would get well, and refused to tell.

After a few days Mack gave up and tried to tell them where the money was hidden, but he was so weak by this time that all they could understand was "Deep Hole Ridge". The money was never found.

French, Aunt Mandy's third boy, stayed on after the war as a renter. He raised a large family. On my visits to "Carter" I used to play with these pickaninnies running around in their shirt-tails. (If the reader thinks this indecent, what will he think when I tell him that I meet young women on the streets of Vista, Calif. and at the beaches today with not that much clothing on?)

These little Negro children dressed that way of necessity, as material for making clothing was obtained at great expenditure of labor.

Sheep were sheared, the wool carded, spun and woven on hand looms on the plantation, making jeans for the men's pants and clothing and linsey for the women. The women nowadays have no such excuse, for clothing is a drug on the market. I cannot explain it, unless it is that tendency, in all animal life, to revert to original species, gaining the ascendancy and we are drifting back to that state of barbarism from which we came.

While writing this, I have been living in the past, wondering if this machine age in which we now live, is not less conducive to our health, happiness, moral and spiritual well being than was the life of our ancestors who lived close to nature and so simply.

Eliza Lewis Davis DeBard had an exceptionally bright mind, but Kentucky frontier life furnished little opportunity for education. She remembered everything and could entertain one for hours relating family history. She never forgot how the Yankees had robbed them.

We shall now take up the history of the children of Dr. James DeBard (oldest child of Ephriam and Mary Lawrence

DeBard) and Eliza Lewis Davis. The writer descended from this line of the family; knows more about this branch and hopes that he will be pardoned for devoting so much of this narrative to it.

(1) Harriet Amanda, born Feb. 9, 1831, died Feb. 18, 1913, at McMinnville, Tenn., age 82. Married T. M. Cox of Pettus Co., Mo. Lived there until her husband's death, had no children. Harriet Amanda lived with her parents in Carter Co, Ky., for a number of years, and together with her brother James H. took care of them until her marriage to Mr. Cox and her departure for Missouri. She was a very industrious, self-sacrificing and noble woman.

(2) Alfred Davis, born Feb. 10, 1833, in Carter Co. Ky., died March 6th, 1912 in Kelley Hospital at Ironton, Ohio. Married Helen Augusta Seaton, had eight children, one son, the writer, and seven daughters. Alfred, Mary, Lillian, Helen, Harriet, Margaret, Carrie Bell and Eunice.

Dr. Alfred Davis DeBard received a medical education, attending lectures in Louisville, Ky. He began the practice of medicine in what was called "Greenupsburg," Ky. (afterward changed to Greenup, because of confusion of mail between there and "Greensburg," Ky.)

He came to Greenup from Ashland, Ky. 1857, to attend to the patients of Dr. Alfred Spalding until he recovered from a broken leg, caused by a kick from one of his driving horses.

He remained as a partner of Dr. Spalding for a time. I do not know how many years, but during this time he met Miss Helen Augusta Seaton, who was boarding in the Spalding family and teaching school.

Mama, as we called her, could be called a "Yankee school marm" as she was born in Boston. They thought in Kentucky at that time that only Yankees could teach school.

The young doctor and the school marm were married January 25, 1859.

After a short partnership, Doctors Spalding and DeBard dissolved partnership. Dr. DeBard set up for himself and practiced in that town for 55 years. Retired late in life, but continued to live in Greenup until his death in 1912. He ran a drug store several years.

He was a physical examiner of draftees during the Civil War and of applicants for pensions after the war.



He was exceptionally skillful in diagnosis. He bought in Cincinnati, Ohio and brought to Greenup Co. the first pair of forceps for extracting teeth—a tooth extracted for 50c. He was a charter member and elder of Presbyterian Church and Superintendent of Sunday School and teacher at times.

The Masonic lodge at Greenup was one of the large lodges of the state. Dr. DeBard was an active member, and a Knight Templar of the Maysville Commandery.

Dr. Oliver, a Cincinnati surgeon upon hearing of his death, said, "Dr. DeBard was a southern gentleman, of the old type. They don't make anymore like him these days."

Helen Augusta, wife of Alfred Davis and the writer's mother, was the fourth child of Ambrose and Mary Rand (Goss) Seaton. She was born in Boston, Mass. July 22nd, 1837, died in Greenup, Kentucky, February 28th, 1887. She came with her father's family from Boston to Maysville, Kentucky, where she grew up. Her father practiced medicine, also ran a drug store as a partner in the firm of Seaton & Broaderic. Mother, leaving her Maysville home, came to Greenup to teach school, and, as related above, married, and during the twenty-eight years of her married life raised a large family. She came of that ancient Seaton family who trace their lineage back to the time of Mary, Queen of Scots, whose cause they espoused in her struggle with the Stuarts. These Scotch Presbyterians considered the religious education of their children their chief obligation. She was a charter member of the Greenup, Kentucky Presbyterian Church.

She took each one of her babes to the altar to have it christened and dedicated to the service of the Lord; there taking upon herself the solemn obligation to bring up that child in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Seven sisters followed me, the writer, as the years passed. Two died young. The remaining five grew up earnest, conscientious Christians. Our mother's whole life was one of duty to her family. She offered her life a sacrifice, upon the altar of duty, to her family. "Mama" died in the fiftieth year of her age as calmly as one going on a short journey. Her last words were, "Tell Alfred to meet me in Heaven. Alfred was in Western Kansas.

She was assisted in raising her family by "Auntie", her oldest sister, who never married. She came to our home in 1860



when I was about 1-year-old and stayed until about 1901. Below, I quote from her obituary, written by my father, as a tribute to her memory from myself, because her care and teaching has had profound influence upon my life.

"Auntie", Mary Elizabeth Seaton, eldest of a family of seven children of the late Dr. Ambrose Seaton and wife Mary Goss, was born in Amherest, N. H. Nov. 3, 1829 and died at the home of S. W. Peters, whose wife was her niece, at Roncerverte, W. Va. July 27, 1909, so had not quite completed her 80th year.

Miss Seaton, a child of covenant, was born and reared amidst religious influences. Her home was one of culture and refinement. She united with the Presbyterian Church early in life at Maysville, Ky., and continued an earnest and consistent Christian, a staunch Presbyterian and a model woman—faithful in her attendances upon all the ordinances of her church.

Among the strongly marked traits of her character—were uniformity in habit, speech and action—industriousness, conscientiousness, gentleness, hopefulness, reverence, faith, purity and sunshine. These were just a few of the characteristics of this exceptional woman.

For a number of years, she was a very successful and faithful teacher in the Sabbath School. Many of her former pupils recognize her ability as a teacher and in grateful remembrance cherish her memory. Among them are Joseph K. Pollock of Cincinnati, Ohio.

It is seldom that a life more nearly fulfills the requirements of Psalm 15: verse 2 than did hers. Her whole life was one of unselfish ministry to others. It might be said of her—as the Master said of Mary: "She hath done what she could."

After a long and useful life she has been gathered home to Jesus Christ.

She was buried from Presbyterian Church at Greenup on Friday, July 30th, 1909 at 9 o'clock A. M. The day was bright with sunshine and her body was laid to rest beneath a bank of fragrant flowers in River View cemetery. Though she has gone, yet she shall ever live in the hearts and memories of those who loved her. We have pleasant recollections of her ways and words, her life was a living epistle of Christian character.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. R. L. Brown, the choir furnished music and sang favorite songs of the deceased. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord".