

# A Hudson Family History:

## Philip Harrison and Mary Ann Burk Hudson's Ancestry, From the American Revolution to the 20<sup>th</sup> Century

By

Their Great-Grandson,  
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### The Family of Philip and Mary Burk Hudson

Top Row: Maud Hudson (1883-1917), Harry Hudson (1886-1947), Elizabeth Hazel Hudson (1889-1960)

Bottom Row: Philip Harrison Hudson (1861-1931), Florence Hudson (1900-1987),

Mary Ann Burk Hudson (1861-1947)

[Portrait taken about 1905]



## Chapter I.

### The Ancestors of Philip Harrison Hudson

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People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.  
Edmund Burke, Reflections on the Revolution in France (1790).

## Chapter I.

### Ancestors of Philip Harrison Hudson

#### Introduction

Philip Harrison Hudson and Mary Ann Burk Hudson were my great-grandparents. They were both born in the early months of the Civil War, he in March and she in October of 1861. They had four children. The third was Elizabeth Hazel Hudson (later Stover), my mother's mother. This is story of Philip and Mary Hudson's ancestors. It is a story that finds our family legacy woven intricately with the history of our country and, more particularly, the settlement and development of central Indiana, where I, my parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents were all born.

I was born in 1937 in a three-room farmhouse near the little Grant County hamlet of Jalapa, in Pleasant Township, just a couple of miles from where the Hudsons and Burks had settled nearly a hundred years earlier. That might lead one to conclude that these families had not moved around much. But such a conclusion would be mistaken indeed.

Great-grandfather Philip's parents, Jacob and Elizabeth Myers Hudson, were both born in Ohio in the 1830s. But the Hudson and Myers families had been in Ohio for only one generation, the parents of each having migrated in the early 1800s from the mountains of Pennsylvania and Virginia.<sup>1</sup>

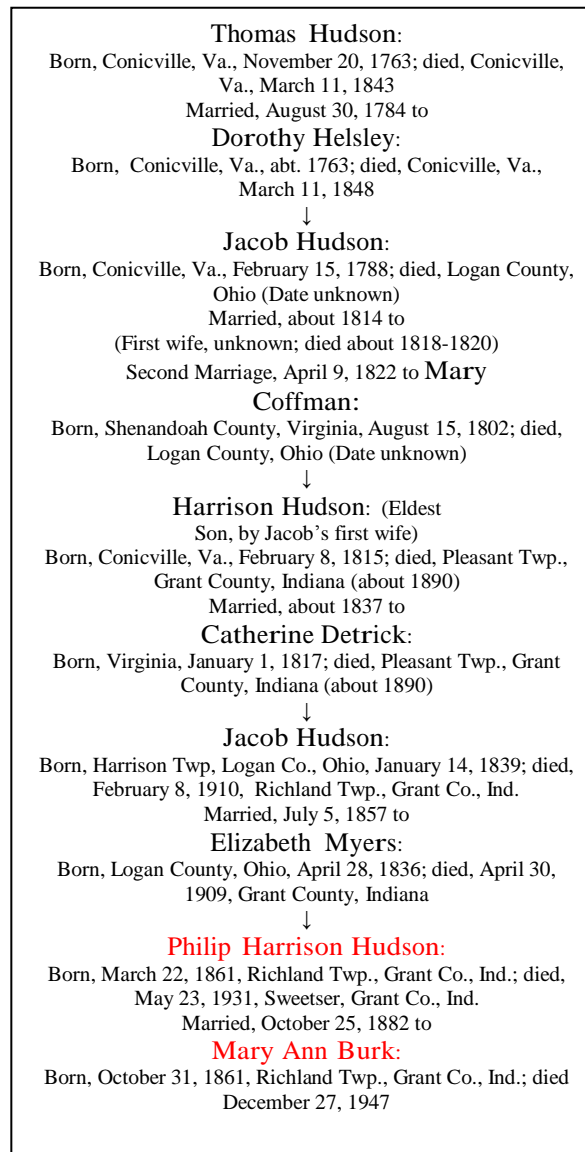
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<sup>1</sup> We can be certain of the Hudson roots in the Shenandoah, as I will describe later. However, I am speculating about Grandmother Elizabeth Myers' family roots. She is an example of a common frustration for those writing family histories. The records are usually much more complete for men than for women. Over past generations, men left a thicker paper trail than did their mothers, wives, and daughters.

I shall discuss the Burk family in the next chapter ; however, a few brief observations are in order here. Great-grandmother Mary's father, Michael Burk, was born in Kentucky and participated, as did the Hudsons, in a two step migration, first to Decatur County, Indiana, and then on to Grant County. His wife, Great-great-grandmother Minerva Logan Burk, was born in Decatur County, where she and Michael were married in 1843, just before moving on to Pleasant Township in Grant County. There they would raise their large family on a farm very near the Hudson's home. In the generations before Philip and Mary, the Hudson and Burk stories reveal a restless people. They were ambitious, impatient, curious, pious, and courageous. They and others like them confronted the frontier and from it built the civilization of the American Midwest in which I was born and raised.

Let's see what we can find about the Hudson's and Burk's origins and how they uprooted themselves in the century

before my great-grandparents were born on the rich soil of their family farms in Indiana. For that part of the story, we can return to the years just before the founding of our



nation, as is suggested by this list of the ancestors of Great-grandfather Philip Hudson (see box above).

### The 18<sup>th</sup> Century Hudsons: Life in the Shenandoah Valley

Members of my family can confidently connect our origins back at least to the mid-1700s. Available records trace the story to a tiny hamlet in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley, a few years before the American Revolution.<sup>2</sup> We can only speculate as to the origins of Thomas and Dorothy Helsley Hudson. The most numerous immigrant group arriving in the Shenandoah Valley during the 18<sup>th</sup> century was the Scotch-Irish, followed at some distance by Palatine Germans.

Between 1715 and the start of the Revolution, nearly 300,000 people came from Northern Ireland to the new world. Their parents or grandparents had, in turn, been transplanted from the Scottish lowlands and the northern English counties along the border to the Ulster Plantation in Northern Ireland. In the early 1600s, King James had pursued a policy of transplanting people from the English-Scottish borderlands in order to address two problems.<sup>3</sup> First, that region had been the site for centuries of inter-ethnic conflict, some of which was dramatized in the 1995 Mel Gibson movie, *Braveheart*. King James sought by thinning the population to alleviate those animosities. Second, James hoped (in vain) to outnumber and thus quell the restive native Irish (and Roman Catholic) population. The result was general misery for both the native Catholics and the transplanted Presbyterians. The latter often endured great hardship in order to secure and

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<sup>2</sup> Much of the information on the first two generations is from the records of Ancestry.Com. That source relies a good deal on user-supplied data and can sometimes be in error. It is nevertheless a good starting point. Except for the first generation on the list (Thomas and Dorothy), I have been able to confirm the broader outlines of each couple's basic facts by consulting the decennial censuses for Virginia, Ohio, and Indiana. I access the censuses via HeritageQuest, available through various local libraries.

<sup>3</sup> My favorite source for the history of British migration to North America is David Hackett Fisher's wonderful book, *Albion's Seed: Four British Folkways in America* (Oxford University Press, 1989).

take passage out of Ireland and on to the New World in the middle years of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. And, as we now know, those who remained in Northern Ireland perpetuated a Catholic-Protestant conflict that endures down to the present.<sup>4</sup>

The Scotch-Irish migrants usually chose not to settle among the established coastal communities of America, but rather they sought the isolation of lands beyond the mountains. They wanted nothing further to do with the English or the English church on either side of the water. The Scotch-Irish traveled a route through western Pennsylvania, and then down between the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah Mountains as far south as the Appalachians of North Carolina.<sup>5</sup>

The second most common group of pre-Revolutionary immigrants to the Shenandoah Valley and southward were Germans from the Palatinate. They, too, had a history of being oppressed, caught as they were in the continuing struggles between French and German forces for control of the Rhineland (the area west of the Rhine River, bordering France and Germany). Fourth Great-grandfather Jacob Hudson's second wife, Mary Coffman, is almost certainly a daughter of those immigrants.

The land these wanderers found between the Blue Ridge and Shenandoah mountains was fairly fertile, nearly empty of human habitation, and sometimes breathtakingly beautiful. If you have ever driven south on Interstate 81 into Virginia, you must have noticed how the mountains to the east and to the west form a majestic gateway

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<sup>4</sup> A popular, sympathetic history and analysis of the Scotch-Irish in America is (now U.S. Senator) James Webb's *Born Fighting: How the Scots-Irish Shaped America* (Broadway Books, 2004).

<sup>5</sup> Some, however, had no choice but to spend a few years working among the coastal and tidewater communities. They had financed their passage to America by signing themselves into bondage for periods of three to five years. The bonds were often provided by the captains of the ships carrying the immigrants. Those contracts would be auctioned off after arrival at the American port. Many a bonded Scotch-Irish immigrant would, of course, simply skip out, seeking the company of their countrymen and the shelter of the isolated lands between the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah Mountains or in the same mountain ranges further south into the Carolinas.



to the Shenandoah Valley. Now folks on I 81 are usually in a hurry. But some get off at the Front Royal exit in order to go up to Skyline Drive, the northernmost part of the Blue Ridge Parkway. Most travelers on I 81, however, as I said, hurry on southward. But just take a moment to consider another option, as Rose and I did in the fall of 2006.

Stay on I 81 for about 40 miles into Virginia, and get off onto state road #42. It is a narrow, curving road that wanders southwesterly. After a few miles, the road rises a bit on what at one time was called Cabin Hill. At the top of the rise you must carefully watch for the hamlet of Conicville, to which the name was changed around 1815. This

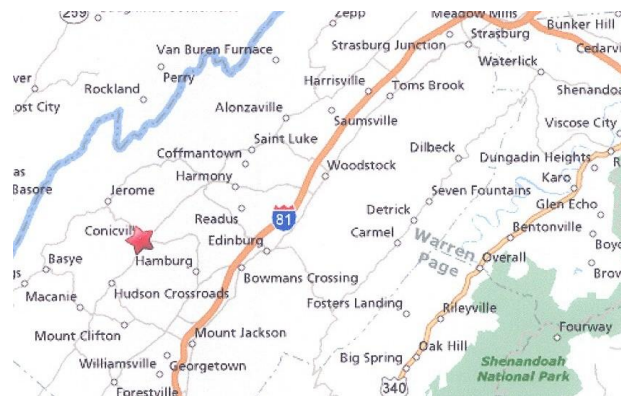


small cluster of houses, a couple of churches, and a substantial cemetery was the home of Great-Grandpa Philip's own great-great-grandparents, Thomas and Dorothy Helsley Hudson. In a nearby cemetery Thomas

Hudson's tombstone notes that he served honorably in the American Revolution. Think

about that! Our Hudson ancestors settled on this little rise in the Shenandoah Valley over 250 years ago, before the United States even existed!

And (5<sup>th</sup>) Great-grandfather Thomas fought in the latter years of the



American Revolution. He would have been 20 at the end of the war in 1783, so he probably entered when he was 16 or 17, about 1780, missing some of the early part, but I suspect still in time to have seen action along the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Conicville does not appear in the major road atlases, such as Rand-McNally. But it does show up on Mapquest, as seen above. Although many of our direct ancestors moved on to Ohio in the 1820s, the Hudsons and their kin left their mark on the area around Conicville.



of honor is not the same as having a state or a planet named after you. However, our folks were regular farmers and not kings, politicians, or astronomers. They came to the Shenandoah Valley when there was practically nothing but mountains, trees, brooks, grass, and a few Indians. It is nice to know they are officially remembered.<sup>6</sup>

Conicville is marked with a red star on this map.

But look just southwest of that marking. There is another little hamlet -- Hudson Cross Roads. To be sure, this sort

A Note on German Grandmothers:  
Kaufmann, Dietrich, and Meier

The first Jacob Hudson – born in Virginia and who moved in the 1820s to Ohio – took as his second wife Mary Coffman. Harrison Hudson, Jacob's son (by the first wife), married Catherine Detrick. And their son, Jacob -- born in Ohio who moved to Indiana with his parents around 1850 – married Elizabeth Myers.

Unlike the original Hudsons, who were almost certainly part of the massive Scotch-Irish migration of the 1700s, Mary Coffman, Catherine Detrick, and Elizabeth Myers were – again almost certainly – of German origin. At least their fathers' ancestors were migrants from Germany. And the names were originally spelled Kaufmann, Dietrich, and Meier.

On what can I base this claim?

First, it is verifiable fact that the second most numerous migrants to the Appalachians in the 1700s were Germans, as were the more numerous Scotch-Irish. These Germans were seekers of relief from privation and persecution abroad. Most were from the Palatinate, along the French-German border.

Second, the 1860 Census records list names of all members of each household, along with the state or country of their own and their parents' birth. Looking at the lists of all Coffmans, Detricks, and Myers (not just our direct ancestors) in Virginia, Ohio, and Indiana I find that of those whose parents were born abroad the vast majority were born in Germany.

Third, it was common practice after a generation or two in America for European spellings and even pronunciations to become Anglicized, such as Kaufmann to Coffman, Dietrich to Detrick, and Meier to Myers.

The melting pot was already simmering at the time of our nation's birth.

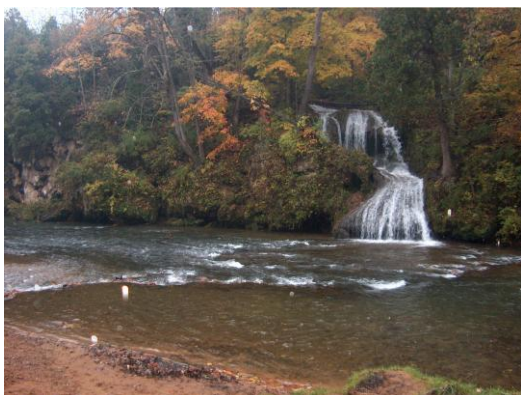
[For a brief history of the Palatine immigration, see:  
<http://olivetreenealogy.com/pal/overview.shtml>]

<sup>6</sup>Items of historical note having to do with Hudson Cross Roads may be found at:

[http://www.rootsweb.com/~vashenan/hom/S\\_stonh.html](http://www.rootsweb.com/~vashenan/hom/S_stonh.html)  
<http://www.rootsweb.com/~vashenan/hom/Indnlegn.html>

Now look on the map to the northeast of Conicville. There is Coffmantown. Thomas and Dorothy's son Jacob Hudson had three children by his first wife (whose name we do not know) and then wed Mary Coffman. But, once settled in, they were prolific. Mary was almost certainly of German Palatine origins, the family name no doubt having been originally spelled Kaufman. It is highly unlikely that the Coffmans, any more than the Hudsons, had been in the valley for more than one or two generations when Mary was born. U.S. Censuses in the middle 1800s show dozens of Coffman families in and around Shenandoah County

While many of the people moved on, particularly in the first third of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, the land where they lived is still strikingly beautiful. One of the multitude of streams flowing into the lovely Shenandoah River is shown below in a picture taken from a campground a few miles south of the ancestral home town, after our visit in the fall of 2006.



Why would the Hudsons leave such a lovely place? Today hundreds of thousands of tourists visit the Shenandoah Valley every year, just to look at it. Yet our ancestors left, facing hardships and challenges rarely encountered by people today. They went west to Ohio and, later, to central Indiana. Not so many tourists there. It reminds me of my Father's quotation from, probably, his father: "Pretty country don't feed folks."

To be sure, the farmers of the Shenandoah Valley in the early 1800s were not poor by the standards of the day. Further south in the Appalachians were settlers in far

poorer straights. And the families left behind in Northern Ireland or in Germany a couple of generations earlier were not doing at all well either.

Thomas Hudson had returned to Cabin Hill at the close of the Revolutionary War. Although the country was sunk into a deep economic depression by the war, farmers who simply lived off the land hardly noticed the swings of the larger economy. Theirs was a subsistence life, raising and making life's necessities, largely on their own. Their social insurance was the support of extended families and caring neighbors. The frontier people, such as the residents of the Shenandoah Valley, lived largely without formal governments. Beyond that provided by family and neighbors, they derived their sense of security from their own survival skills and a deep Christian faith. The early Hudsons were serious Presbyterians. In their everyday lives, that was reflected in a firm commitment to honesty, hard-work, piety, and solid, basic education for their children. The schoolhouse and the church went up right along with the first log cabins.

A year after the War's formal end, with the Treaty of Paris in 1783, the weary soldiers trudged home and sought to resume some semblance of a normal life. Thomas Hudson married a neighboring family's daughter, Dorothy Helsley, a year later. Over the next dozen or so years, they produced six children – about the usual size for a frontier family. I have no evidence to challenge the assumption that they lived as subsistence farmers among a community of similarly employed families.

The records are not adequate for me to be sure in what order the children were born, but my 4<sup>th</sup> great-grandfather, Jacob Hudson, was born in 1788. That was a year before the ratification of the Constitution that created the United States, and under which we live yet today.

Jacob and his siblings grew up in a stable community, comfortable by the standards of the day. But as the 18<sup>th</sup> century ended and the new one began, there were forces at work that would pull him westward, joining a new exodus that would be even larger than the one that had brought his grandparents and thousands of others from across the sea into the land between the mountains.

### The Early 19<sup>th</sup> Century Hudsons: Jacob and Mary Migrate to Ohio

By the end of the 1700s, the folks in the Shenandoah Valley were no longer living isolated, frontier lives. Modest roads connected the valley with outside thoroughfares and waterways, making the idea of a market economy at least credible.<sup>7</sup> They lived near the Great Philadelphia Wagon Road, which by the time of the Revolution was passable by wagons for seven-hundred miles all the way from Philadelphia, first westward into the mountains, and then across the Potomac southward between the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah Mountains to the hills of Georgia.<sup>8</sup> Along that road, a few miles north of Conicville, is Winchester, which had by that time become a thriving little market town. Those who could produce extra crops, beyond what was needed for feeding the family, could reach that market by a passable road and sell their surplus in Winchester.

And, so long as the forests held out, they raised and sold pigs. The pigs were grown in a semi-wild state, feeding principally on “mast”—acorns and beechnuts, foraged in the woods. The pigs, when about a year old, would be herded together and

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<sup>7</sup> A quite tedious yet factually useful book touching on these developments is Warren R. Hofstra's *The Planting of New Virginia: Settlement and Landscape in the Shenandoah Valley* (Johns Hopkins University Press, 2004).

<sup>8</sup> A nice sketch of that road, its evolution, and impact on the migrants may be found in “The Scots-Irish From Ulster and the Great Philadelphia Wagon Road.” [www.electricscotland.com/history/america/wagon\\_road.htm](http://www.electricscotland.com/history/america/wagon_road.htm)

driven to such markets as Winchester.<sup>9</sup> But more and more people were cutting down the woods, making life a bit crowded for pigs.

All this was long before any concept of fertilization, crop rotation, or forest management was known or practiced. When the forests thinned or the soil gave out and the families expanded, the younger more ambitious farmers moved westward. And there were other economic pressures as well.

As the decades passed from the 18<sup>th</sup> into the 19<sup>th</sup> centuries prices paid for their products did not keep up with the farmers' expectations. A major problem was competition from slave labor on the plantations to the east, around and across the Blue Ridge. Crops raised by slaves on tidewater plantations could be sold for a much lower price than those raised by free farmers in the mountains. Word of the fertility of the land and the bounty of the forests of Ohio and Indiana were mighty tempting to those willing to risk the westward trek over the mountains. And those distant places were beyond the pale of slavery.

There was, however, more than economics at work on the imaginations of young couples considering that move. Tales of riches in the west were tempting, but so was the romance of the pioneer life, or at least of the image that was carried back east. It was probably more than just the economic and the romantic draw, however, that led Jacob Hudson to migrate from Conicville to Logan County, Ohio, some time in the early 1820s. Rather, a personal and family tragedy may have led him to, as we would say today, "redefine" himself.

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<sup>9</sup> Having from time to time in my earlier years raised a pig or two, I must admit that a herd of pigs being driven to market is a sight I would love to see.

Jacob took a neighbor girl as his bride, probably in 1813 or early '14, when he was 25 years old. We do not know this young woman's name or origins. But we do know that she and Jacob promptly set about the business of producing a family. Three children were born in a span of four years: Harrison (our direct ancestor) in 1815; Jemima in 1817, and; Elizabeth in 1818.

As I said, we know virtually nothing about Jacob's wife, other than that he and she produced these three children. After the birth of Elizabeth in 1818, my records pick up Jacob again (Ancestry.com) as being married in 1822 to Mary Coffman, fourteen years younger than he. Mary was born in 1802. Aside from not being married at the time of their birth, were she the mother of Harrison, Jemima, and Elizabeth, she would have first become pregnant when she was twelve. This is biologically feasible, but simply not within the range of possibility, even in an era of relatively young marriages. Further, there is a gap of five years between the birth of Jemima and the next child, Romanus, born in 1823. And Romanus, as we can verify from later censuses, was born in Ohio, as were eight more offspring of Jacob and Mary Coffman Hudson.

The weight of evidence supports my speculation that young Jacob Hudson's first wife died, some time either during or soon after Elizabeth's birth in 1818. Most likely, she became pregnant again and died, along with the infant, in childbirth. Such a loss was all too common well into the 20<sup>th</sup> century.<sup>10</sup> Irrespective of the burden of his grief, a bachelor farmer with three toddlers had to be seriously on the market for a replacement wife.

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<sup>10</sup> My own dear Grandmother Hazel Hudson Stover was to bear eight babies but lose three, a girl and boy twins in 1918 and a stillborn infant in 1926. And this was a century after the similar tragedy seems to have struck the family of her great-great-grandfather.

As I mentioned earlier, the Coffmans had been among the early settlers in Shenandoah County. They were almost certainly of German Palatine origin. While marriages between the Scotch-Irish and German settlers were not the norm, neither were they uncommon. And later evidence of his prosperity suggests that Jacob Hudson would have been a good matrimonial prospect, even considering the age difference and the fact that he brought three little children into the union.

In all likelihood, at the time of their marriage, Jacob and Mary had put in place their plans to migrate westward. His older brother, Richard, had already joined the network of Shenandoah Valley folks settling four hundred miles away in Logan County, Ohio, nestled within the fertile lands of the upper Miami valley. And the romance of the move was reinforced by the regular passage along the road of Conestoga wagons, which were manufactured a bit further north in Lancaster, PA. These were the 18 wheelers of their day.



I suspect that Jacob had long day-dreamed about just such a move, as did most young people of that time. But, by 1820, he was thirty-two, and probably reasonably well off, by the standards of the region. Even if his own sense of adventure was dimming, his family tragedy may well have been the catalyst to spur him to action. To that was probably added the enthusiasm of his newly acquired much younger wife. Mary may well have wished to secure her own household, out of sight and sound of extensive in-laws, not to mention the ghost of a former wife. And the lure of the frontier was partly



just that it was there. And so, between 1818 and 1825, Jacob lost one wife, acquired another, and took up the life of a pioneer in Logan County, Ohio.

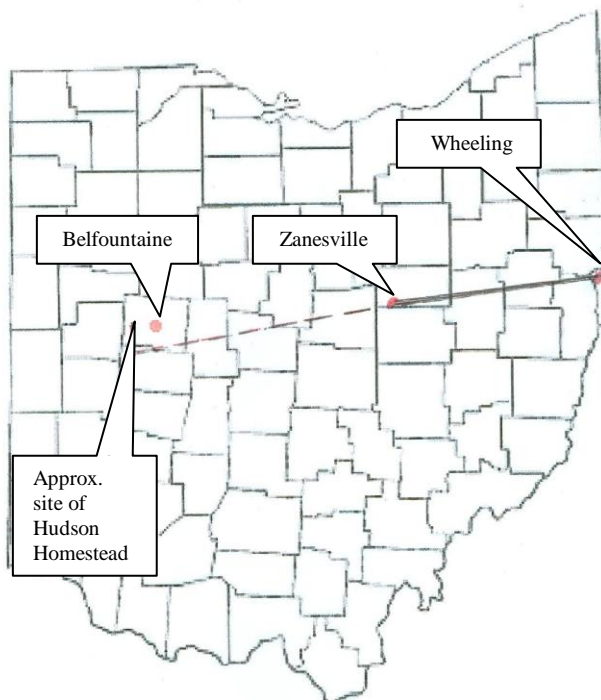
Jacob and Mary probably sold the Shenandoah Valley spread for enough to buy a wagon and supplies, and still have sufficient cash left to get them started in Ohio's Logan County. The trip was pretty straightforward. They would take the Wagon Road north to the Potomac River, over which they would cross at Watkins Ferry, southwest of Frederick, Maryland. From there, they would pay their toll and strike out on the earliest section of the National Road, headed for Cumberland, Maryland and on westward.

Elsewhere, I have discussed the development and social importance of the National Road.<sup>11</sup> A brief sketch will do here. The National Road was actually an

extension of the much earlier

Baltimore – Cumberland Pike. By the time of the Hudson migration, that road had been completed

through Wheeling, Virginia (about thirty-five years before that part became West Virginia.). From there, the National Road followed the old Zane's Trace to Zanesville, Ohio. The actual National Road



<sup>11</sup> <http://rhoferbert.com/LifeTimesGrandma%20Sawyer.pdf> For a brief history of Zane's Trace, see <http://www.route40.net/history/zane.shtml>.

was not completed from Zanesville to Springfield, Ohio until 1838. So Jacob, Mary, and their family would have had to travel a much more primitive road for that segment of the trek westward. There was, however, a well-worn if primitive trail. At Springfield, they turned north for about twenty-five miles to Logan County.

And there, in the upper Miami River valley, they staked their claim on farmland that was richer than anything they had ever imagined, let alone contemplated owning.

In 1829 and 1830, Jacob purchased from the General Land Office, two Logan County parcels of 78 acres each.<sup>12</sup> He and his family may initially have been squatters, more politely known as “preemptors”, only a few years later formalizing their title to the land-holdings. These two purchases, at the going rate of \$1.25 per acre, would give the Hudsons a quarter section of fine farmland. Most of their children and grandchildren would remain in Logan and adjacent counties for the century to come.

The present-day seat of Logan County is Belfontaine (pronounced bell-FOUNT-in), which had been laid out a couple of years before Grandfather Jacob and his family arrived. He chose to settle on land a bit to the southwest of the town. Belfontaine would be important for the family’s fortunes a few years later once the Mad River & Lake Erie Railroad came in ’37. The railroad provided access to distant markets and ensured the growing profitability of cash-crop farming.

Jacob and Mary Hudson’s prosperity was reflected not only in their land holdings, but also in the sheer size of their family. In addition to the three children from his first marriage (Harrison, Jemima, and Elizabeth), Mary would contribute nine more. Some of the names suggest that she indeed had a charming lightness of heart:

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<sup>12</sup> To view the original land patents, signed by, or at least in the name of, President Andrew Jackson, go to: <http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov/PatentSearch/Results.asp?QryId=50158.14>

Romanus, 1823  
 Isabella, 1825  
 Susannah, 1826  
 Andrew Jackson, 1829  
 John, 1831  
 Salome, 1834  
 David, 1837  
 Mary, 1840  
 Benjamin, 1842

OK, I admit that most of these are rather ordinary biblical names. And naming a son Andrew Jackson Hudson, in the same year that President Andrew Jackson was inaugurated, was fully understandable, especially since Jacob and his first wife had named their firstborn, Harrison, after an Indian fighter and frontier politician (who would later become President for a brief tenure). But how about Romanus? And even more daring, Salome – after the woman who insisted on receiving the head of John the Baptist on a platter in return for her having dazzled King Herod with her dance of the seven veils. I suspect that young John Hudson and his little sister, Salome, had a few good laughs over that one.

I mentioned above the arrival of the Mad River and Erie Railroad at Belfontaine in 1837. Over the next decade, the iron horse would transform the lives of the Hudsons and their Logan County neighbors. This remarkable development, in the heart of some of the country's most productive farmland, would be able to carry Ohio agricultural surplus to Lake Erie and then, by barge, through the Erie Canal to all of the eastern markets.

Jacob and Mary Hudson's large and growing family would not only be fed and clothed from the produce of their expanding farm, but they could also be assured of a steady flow of outside income, earned from grain and hogs shipped out on the new railroad. They could also buy items of modest luxury. Train cars went out carrying grain

and hogs; they came back with furniture, carpets, medicines, and the multitude of other goods that would make for a new lifestyle in the middle 19<sup>th</sup> century. By the 1840s, thanks largely to the railroad, folks would have a life unlike anything experienced or even dreamed of by those who had had the stamina and optimism to persevere through the long treks of their younger years. Now, a buggy ride into Belfontaine presented shelves bursting with products from the manufacturing and importing firms of the East. I would imagine that shopping as we now conceive it may well have begun in just such towns, opened to the world's economy by the iron horse.

The immediate benefits of the transformed economy of central Ohio were muted, however, by the panic and subsequent depression that swept the nation in 1837. Rather than the shock of economic expansion, therefore, the transformation of the Ohio economy – and the living conditions of the Hudsons – was not quite as quick or dramatic as might have been anticipated. By 1837, while the country sunk into depression, the Hudson household added the tenth kid, newborn David. Two more, Mary in 1840 and Benjamin in 1842, would round it out to an even dozen.

With nearly 200 acres to be farmed, however, the older children were more asset than liability. All were sent to school. But the school year was accommodated to the fall planting and the spring harvest. My guess is that a child reached the economic break-even point at about age 12. And by 1837, there were five at that age, the three from Jacob's first marriage, plus the oldest two of Mary's.

Such a family on such a farm could well weather the buffeting of national economic crisis. The log cabin life of the early years in Logan County had by the 40's no doubt been replaced with a large house, painted or whitewashed, built from sawed wood,

with an iron stove inside and a large porch outside. From that porch Jacob, Mary, and the kids could enjoy a summer's evening in the setting sun looking out on the barn, gardens, rolling fields, and meadows with healthy pigs, cows, and horses. With their own hands and sweat, they had brought it all from wilderness to a comfortable stage of development. They probably felt the country's economic problems only at the edges of their existence, living at home still vastly better than they had in the settlement years, just a short time earlier.

Most of Jacob and Mary Hudson's children and those of many friends and distant relatives would also settle in that region of west central Ohio over the following years. Several of the children would take spouses whose families had made the same trek from the Shenandoah to Logan County. But not all stayed. One such exception was Harrison, Jacob's firstborn (by the departed wife). He had been fifteen at the time of the trek from Virginia to Ohio.

#### The Hudsons at Mid-Century

Harrison and Catherine Hudson Move to Indiana. Around that same fateful year of 1837, twenty-two year old Harrison Hudson and twenty year old Catherine Detrick were married in Logan County, Ohio. She was also a descendant of migrants from the Shenandoah. Over the next decade, they would feel the westward urge with growing intensity. Perhaps, in young Harrison's case, he observed with mixed feelings the ever-growing family of his father and step-mother. That would clearly have implications for land-sharing around their home near Belfontaine. But there was more pulling him and Catherine westward.

For many young people throughout the 19<sup>th</sup> century, their personal sun rose in the west. Shortly after 1850, we find Harrison and Catherine, along with their three Ohio-born kids – Jacob, Philip, and Elizabeth -- living in Pleasant Township of Grant County, Indiana. And it was there they founded a lineage that would stay put for about a century, up to and including my own birth just a few miles from the place where Harrison and Catherine Detrick Hudson settled.

Over the years there in Pleasant Township of Grant County, Harrison and Catherine built a handsome and prosperous farm, as we can see in this drawing from an



1877 Grant County atlas:<sup>13</sup>

This, admittedly stylized, picture shows a neat farm, with sturdy fences, a sound barn, and a modest, solid house with adjacent gardens and orchards. Interestingly, I think that the building in front of the house, by the fence and just to the right of center in the picture, is the original log cabin that would have been constructed when the farm was carved from the Grant County wilderness, probably by Grandfather Harrison Hudson's immediate predecessors on this piece of land. My guess is that the original settlers moved on, leaving to Harrison and Catherine the task of building the frame house seen to the right of the little cabin. Most of the Grant County settlers had, by the 1850s or early '60s, abandoned their log cabins to the chickens, and had built their more substantial, expandable, structures, most of which are still standing today.

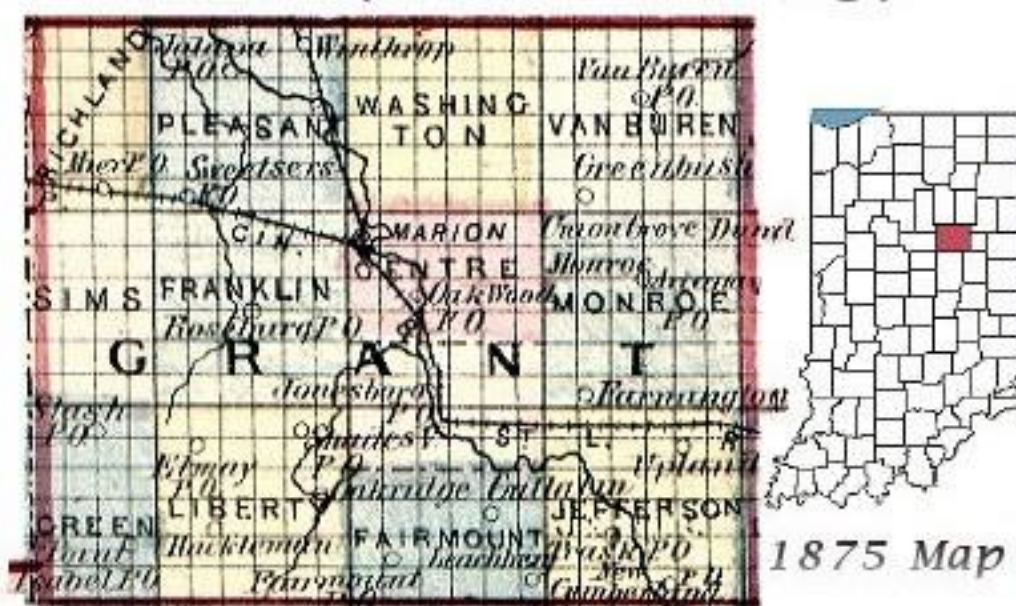
In the Atlas drawing, above, we even see a sketch that might be Grandfather Harrison driving his horses and reaping wheat or oats. Note the dignified bearing of those horses. The cows and pigs also posed cooperatively. I suspect that the sketch artist got a commission from the atlases sold to those featured in its pages.

It is time to get geographically oriented. Immediately below (right) is an outline map of Indiana, indicating the location of Grant County in red. To the left is a more detailed map of Grant County, showing the townships and other municipalities.

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<sup>13</sup> This exquisite volume is the Combination Atlas Map of Grant County Indiana: Compiled, Drawn and Published from Personal Examinations and Surveys (Kingman Brothers, 1877). It was reprinted in 1991 and is sold under the sponsorship of the Back Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends in cooperation with The Bookmark, Knightstown, Indiana. I obtained my copy through a member of that Meeting who regularly volunteers in the County Museum and Genealogy Department of the Marion Public Library. Alas, I did not record the gentleman's name, which is doubly ungrateful of me as he also helped me through several local history sources during one of my visits to that wonderful facility. This priceless volume was sold in 2002 by those Quaker folks for \$10 per copy. I also owe a continuing debt to Mrs. Barbara Love, founder and Director Emeritus of the Library's museum and genealogy department. She has been invaluable in teaching me the intricacies of family history research. Mrs. Love is a lifelong friend to the other woman who has steered me in this endeavor, my beloved Aunt Eunice Mae Althouse, granddaughter of the principals of this essay.

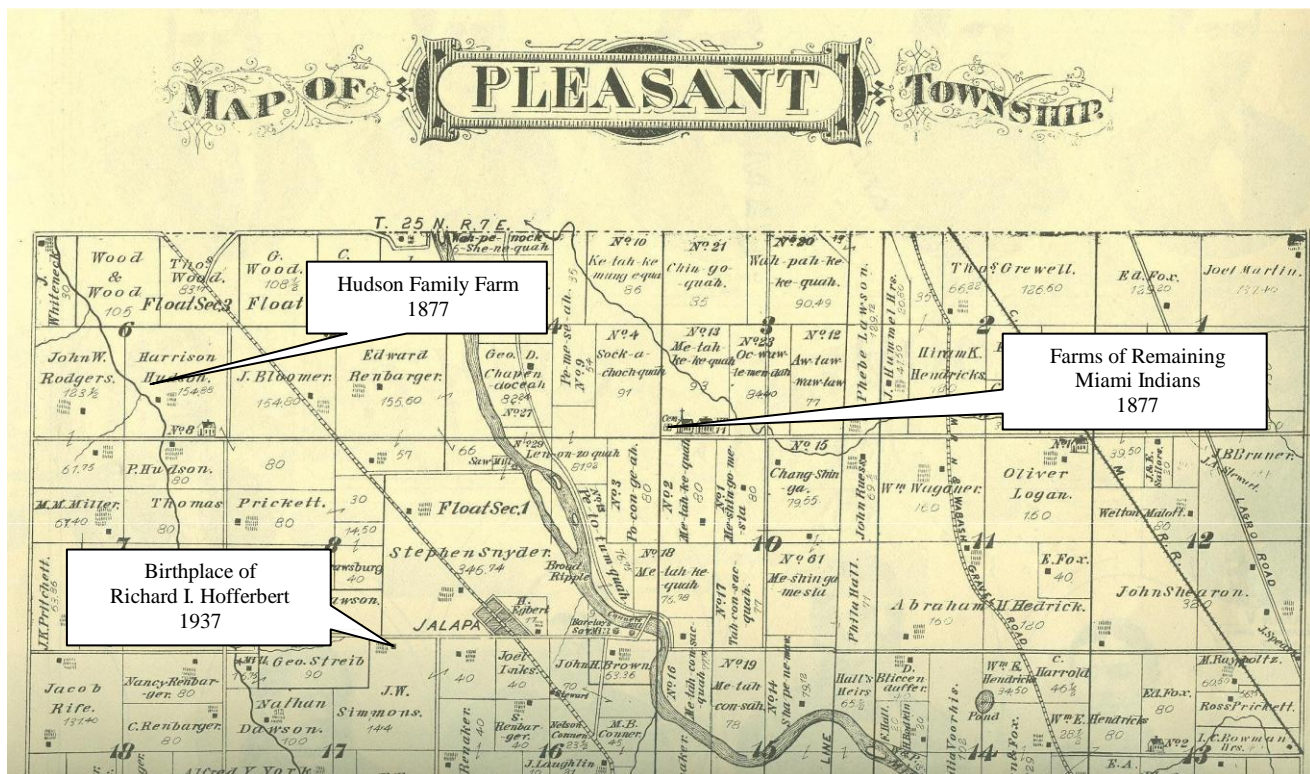




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Pleasant is the second township from the left, at the top of the map. Note should also be taken of Richland, in the upper left of the Grant County map. Later reference will be made to Richland Township, as that is where Harrison and Catherine Hudson's son Jacob, my second great-grandfather, and his family settled. For the moment, however, let us concentrate on Pleasant Township, the northern half of which is shown in the map below.

This reproduction from the 1877 Atlas shows the farms of Harrison and of his son Philip Hudson. Harrison's farm, which is depicted in the lovely sketch presented earlier,





totals to a bit over 154 acres. By 1877 he also owned the 80 acre plot to the southeast, next to his son Philip's 80 acres. It is certain that father and son farmed cooperatively, giving them a total arable land holding well in excess of 300 acres. That would have been a substantial enterprise in the mid 19<sup>th</sup> century. The tiny symbol in the lower right corner of Harrison's main holding indicates a school ("No. 8"). This is the "Hudson School," a one-room institution that was attended in the 1870s by Great-grandmother Mary Burk and her future husband, Philip Hudson. Further, Mary and Philip's children, including my Grandmother Hazel, also studied there. I suspect that Harrison played a major role in the building and operation of the school.

Of additional interest is that directly across the Mississinewa River are the last remnants of the Miami Indians in the state. Note the Indian names on the various farms there. The Indians had, of course, been severely beaten in the Battle of Tippecanoe (1811 – near present-day Lafayette) and then in the Battle of the Mississinewa (1812), right here in Richland Township. Then there was a forced relocation of most of the Miamis westward to Missouri in the 1830s. A few families remained in the area east of the river on a somewhat makeshift reservation.

After the wave of white migrants, including our ancestors, in the 1840s and 50s the reservation was divided into several individual freeholds. So, the Hudson neighbors across the river were the last of a once great tribe. There was no bridge at this point, but immediately across the river, down the eastern continuation of the section line trail from that passes between Harrison and Philip Hudson's land, is a school, cemetery, and church for the Indians, remnants of which are still standing (2007).

The Mississinewa River was vital for the thriving local economy during the middle decades of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. By the time our ancestors and their neighbors had established their highly productive farms, the river was the means by which they shipped cash-crops and pigs to market. These would pass by flatboat northward a few miles to the Wabash (joined by the Mississinewa at Peru), and thence southwestward to the mighty Ohio.

There was an attractive alternative to shipment of raw produce. The prosperity of the farms and neighborhoods around Jalapa was reinforced by Conners' Mill, which had been built just east of the village in 1849. Grandfather Harrison and his neighbors could haul their grain by wagon just a couple of miles to the mill. It was then ground on shares, with the customer keeping what he needed for the household and taking the balance of the share in cash. Flour, cornmeal, and other ground grains would be packed in barrels for shipment down (north) the Mississinewa to the Wabash to the Ohio to the Mississippi and beyond – or to whatever convenient market lay along the way.

So we have a picture of a young couple migrating a hundred and fifty miles from the Ohio settlement homesteaded by their Virginia-born parents. They come to an Indiana region in the process of rapid change from frontier to prosperous cash-crop farming. But that change would not have happened if it had not been for the particular kind of people who participated in it.

Harrison Hudson, the grandfather of my own great-grandfather, had experienced early tragedy. His own mother had died when he was about five. His folks had pulled up stakes and, like their Scotch-Irish and German Palatine grandparents before them, moved to the frontier. Harrison was fifteen when his father Jacob and step-mother Mary moved

to Logan County, Ohio. So pulling up stakes, moving on, and starting over from scratch were part of his up-bringing. It came naturally.

That does not mean, however, that these people were not – what words should I use? – courageous, risk-prone, adventurous. Surely they were all of those. But isn't that true of anyone who starts a business or buys a McDonald's franchise or, for that matter, decides to get married and have a baby? Yes, but I think the decision to move to the frontier or the immediately post-frontier required more. I think it required a faith that went beyond material, observable surroundings. It required a belief that one's family and neighbors would accept a superior order of how things ought to be.

In Harrison Hudson's case, we needn't rely entirely on speculation as evidence of that faith. One source notes that he was not only a farmer but also the pastor of a small Christian Church, someplace near Jalapa.<sup>14</sup> The formal, hierarchical Presbyterianism of his forebears had flowed, of necessity, into denominations dependent on more local, less professionalized religious leadership.

Presbyterian dogma requires a college-educated clergy. That, of course, was well nigh impossible for the scattered population of the Appalachians and westward. Some help came after the Presbyterians founded the College of New Jersey (later Princeton University) in 1746, but that institution's productivity could not begin to meet the demand for preachers in the backwoods communities along the Blue Ridge Mountains, let alone into Kentucky and the Northwest Territories. In addition to the routine needs of worship and community moral guidance, the people in those settlements needed someone to baptize their children, to marry their young people, and to bury their dead. They came

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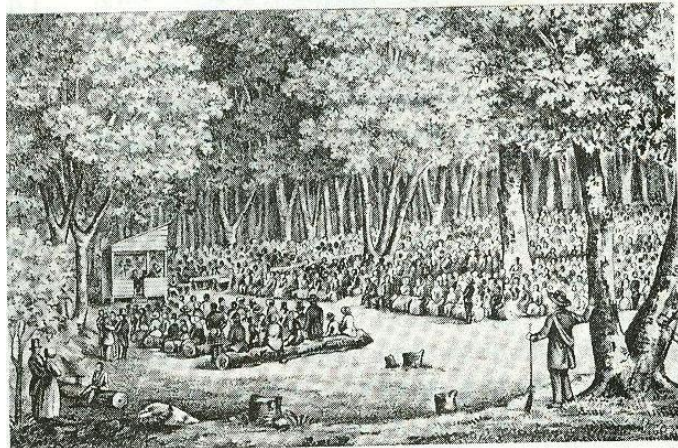
<sup>14</sup> "Jalapa", then and at least up through my childhood, was uniformly pronounced "Jalapy." In fact, I think that, around our part of the country, most final "a"s became "y"s when spoken. My Grandfather Hofferbert's and my middle name, Ira, were always pronounced by folks of his generation as "Iry."

to rely on itinerant Baptists, Methodists, and their own home-grown clergy.

Denominations proliferated, appeared, and disappeared. Preachers arose from within the frontier communities themselves.

Religious inspiration and biblical guidance were essential for basic community order as well as for personal spiritual health. Most of these people lived quite outside the reach of any sort of governmental regulation. Their only system of order beyond the very fallible dictates of habit and family was their religion. And no matter how strongly one holds to one's own faith, or how rigorously it may be stressed within the bounds of the family, the absence of some human spiritual authority was sorely missed by these frontiersmen of the Appalachians and westward.

Most of those generations in the late 18<sup>th</sup> and early 19<sup>th</sup> centuries, therefore, had been receptive to the messages brought by various wandering evangelists, or by the preachings they encountered at the massive camp meetings held from time to time along the western edge of population movement.<sup>15</sup>



CAMP MEETING IN A WESTERN FOREST. Such meetings of large groups, led by itinerant preachers, and often comprising several faiths, were increasingly common in the back settlements where clergy and churches were few. 19th-century engraving.

Explicit in the sermons preached at those meetings was the plea for folks to live a God-centered life, to read or listen to the scriptures, and to stop such unsavory activities

<sup>15</sup> Picture from John D. Hicks, *The Federal Union: A History of the United States to 1865* (Cambridge, MA; 1952; Riverside Press), p. 246.

as gambling, drinking, cussing, fighting, and fornicating. Only through a widespread commitment to such simple norms could the threat of anti-social behavior be effectively prevented from upsetting the peace, safety and balance of the family or small frontier community.

Faith could be sustained through a little neighborhood chapel and the person of a parson recognized by the community for his piety, biblical learning, and leadership skills. That Grandfather Harrison served in such a capacity speaks not only to the strength of his personal faith, but also to the regard in which he was held by his friends and neighbors.

In these pages, I have devoted much attention and speculation to Grandfather Harrison, with only fleeting notice of Grandmother Catherine. I have to note my frustration with the thinness of the record for her and for many other maternal ancestors. Before 1850, the U.S. Censuses recorded the names of only the “head of household,” that was nearly always the husband/father, except where the home was headed by a widow or (rarely) an otherwise single woman. Wives and children were listed simply as numbers within several columns for different age categories. So, dear Great-great-great-grandmother Catherine, I apologize for not writing more about you. It is not because I have not tried or have not thought about you. I am sure that your husband would not have chosen to leave Ohio without your urging. I am sure that those three children – Jacob, Philip, and Elizabeth – reflected every bit as much your moral and physical nurturing as they benefited from their father’s guidance and legacy. But, alas, the record provides me nothing but the bare essentials of your life.

One thing is certain: You were the mother of my Great-great-grandfather Jacob Hudson.

Jacob Hudson and Elizabeth Myers. About 1850, Harrison and Catherine Hudson migrated from Logan County, Ohio to Grant County, Indiana. They brought along their three children: Eleven-year-old Jacob, ten-year-old Elizabeth, and nine-year-old Philip. At about the same time, it is likely that the Myers family also moved into Grant County. As with her mother-in-law, I know very little about Great-great-grandmother Elizabeth Myers Hudson. She was born in Ashland County, Ohio in 1836. The Grant County marriage records, available in the Marion Public Library, show that she and Jacob Hudson were married on July 5, 1857. She was 21; he was 18. They had two girls, Rosa in 1859 and Amanda in 1860. Then they produced two boys, Philip (my great-grandfather) in 1861 and Benjamin in 1866. Elizabeth died in April, 1909, and was followed by Jacob eight months later. All of this is confirmed by records in the Marion Library's genealogy department, as well as by relevant U.S. Censuses. But surely there is more to be reported about two people who lived long and prosperous lives.

There are, of course, more bits and pieces that can be woven into something of a story of the lives of these folks. Start with the fact that Grandma Elizabeth was born in Ashland County, Ohio about a hundred miles northeast of Jacob's birthplace in Logan County. Elizabeth's parents had migrated from Pennsylvania at some point before she was born.<sup>16</sup> She was almost certainly descended, at least in part, from German Palatine immigrants.

Scanning the various censuses, it is clear that the Myers families in Indiana arrived there by the usual three-stage migration. First, they came from Germany to (probably western) Pennsylvania; then they or their children moved to Ohio; and finally

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<sup>16</sup> Under the entry for Jacob Hudson's family, the 1860 census of Grant County, Indiana indicates that Elizabeth's parents were born in Pennsylvania.

the children of the Pennsylvania-to-Ohio migrants, alone or in the company of their parents, migrated on to Indiana. This says nothing specifically about Grandma Elizabeth Myers Hudson, but it sketches the pattern most generally followed. And, given her birth in Ohio and her parents' in Pennsylvania, it shows that her family followed the pattern.

I have had little success, however, in finding really solid evidence about any other members of Elizabeth's family. The 1860 Census raises a puzzle and maybe offers a clue. In Sims Township, but in the postal zone of Mier<sup>17</sup>, a hamlet on the southern border of Richland Township, there is recorded the family of a John and Elarthly "Myres", both born in Pennsylvania. But the 1877 Atlas indicates John "Myers" as occupying the same farm. We may, therefore, assume that the census record is probably a misspelling. John and Elarthly (should we also hope that too is a misspelling?) were 58 and 40, respectively in 1860. The ages of the children in the house suggests that John had some kids by a former wife, whom we can assume was deceased in 1860. In the household is a passel of youngsters, including four born within two years -- two pairs of twin boys, 13 and 14. Along with these 4 were with 6 more children, ranging in age from one to 24. And the 24-year-old is an "Elizabeth." That is, she was born in 1836 or 37, the same time of my Great-great-grandmother Elizabeth.

We may recall that Jacob Hudson's grandfather, also Jacob, had migrated from Virginia to Ohio with his younger, second wife, shortly after the death of his first spouse. Perhaps John and Elarthly had decided to start afresh after John Myers' suffered a similar personal tragedy, after which they departed Pennsylvania, with a stopover in Ashland County, Ohio before finally settling in Indiana. It makes one wonder how often young

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<sup>17</sup> I would bet a pretty penny that Meir is a derived from a family named Meier, which I claim earlier in this essay was likely the original German spelling of the Myers family. Meir, the town, was, of course, not pronounced "My - err", after the German, but rather "Mere", as in little or insignificant.

eastern farmers in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century had contemplated migrating to the Midwest, but did so only after some shock in their lives jarred them into action. The Atlas entry lists John Myers as having arrived in Sims Township, Grant County in 1847. That would be about the time that our own Great-great-grandmother Elizabeth was 10 or 11.

The census entry for John “Meyrs” and his family, however, is suspect as a certain identification of our Elizabeth’s family. By 1860 Great-great-grandmother Elizabeth Myers Hudson was married and living with her husband, Jacob, and their firstborn, Rosa. Their farm was about 10 miles northeast of the John and Elarthly Myers (aka Myres) farm, and just over the line to the east in Pleasant Township.

This would not be the first instance of double-counting that I have found in the U.S. censuses, however. It is possible that Elizabeth was visiting her father and stepmother on the day the census-taker knocked on the door. It is also possible that our Elizabeth is entirely unrelated to the comparably aged woman living in the Mier household. In spite of the puzzling evidence, I am inclined to believe that it is the same Elizabeth, and that her parents and siblings lived on the farm by Mier.<sup>18</sup> The same age and birthplace of the parents (Pennsylvania) is simply too much for coincidence.

Jacob Hudson was likewise about 11 when his folks moved the family from Ohio to their Grant County, Indiana farm. The likely assumption is, therefore, that he and Elizabeth met in Grant County some time over the next seven years, perhaps in church,

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<sup>18</sup> Mier was most commonly referred to by locals as “Miertown.” When I was a little boy, my folks and I would travel from South Bend to visit family in Marion. We always passed through Mier on state road #18. And my Dad would always ask: “So, is this a big city?” To which my expected and invariable reply was, “No! It is just a Mier town.” Dad died in 2001 at age 84. During my early 21st century visits in the area collecting information about our family’s past, I often drove through Mier, and I always whispered that conversation to myself, then as now bringing a bit of a glint to my eye.



perhaps in school, perhaps at some sort of community affair in Pleasant or Richland Township. By 1860, the census indicates them living adjacent to Jacob's parents, along with little one-year-old infant daughter Rosa. The census lists residences sequentially, as seen in this facsimile of the relevant census page (below). We see also that Jacob's younger brother Philip is still living at home with his parents, Harrison and Catharine.

**SCHEDULE 1.—Free Inhabitants in Pleasant Township in the Co**  
**of And enumerated by me, on the 28<sup>th</sup> day of July 1860.**  
**Post Office Salapa**

Dwelling-house numbered in the order of visitation.	Families numbered in the order of visitation.	The name of every person whose usual place of abode on the first day of June, 1860, was in this family	Description.			Profession, Occupation, or Trade of each person, male and female, over 15 years of age.	Value of Estate Owned.		No
			Age	Sex	White, Black, or Indian.		Value of Real Estate.	Value of Personal Estate.	
1	1235	Harrison Hudson	45	M		Harrison	4000	1100	
2		Catharine "	42	F					
3		Philip "	19	M		Harrison			
4	1236	Jacob Hudson	21	M		Harrison		55	
5		Elizabeth "	24	F					
6		Rosa "	1	F					
7		on B...	11	M		Harrison	6400	1000	

A tale of success and progress is told by the census ten years later. From the document below, we see that Jacob and Elizabeth have moved from the small farm adjacent to Jacob's parents to their own spread  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile westward, in Richland Township. This is, no doubt, the same farm indicated in the plat map for 1877 in the Grant County Atlas. The house they built there is standing yet today. By 1870, they not only had 160 acres under cultivation, but their family had expanded to include three more

Page No. 123 Inquiries numbered 14, and 17 are not to be asked in respect to minors. Inquiries numbered 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, and 20 are to be answered by all persons enumerated on the 1st day of June, 1870, by an affirmative mark, as follows:

SCHEDULE 1.—Inhabitants in Richland Township, in the County of Amherst State of Indiana, enumerated by me on the 14th day of October, 1870.

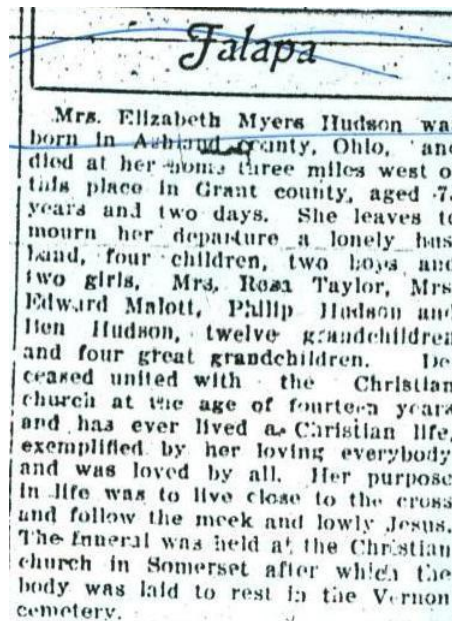
Post Office: Amherst Wm. B. Poole Asst. Marshal

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Jacob & →→  
Elizabeth's  
Family

children: Amanda Mary (listed here, incorrectly, as “Mary A.”), Philip (named, obviously, after his uncle), and Benjamin. Jacob and Elizabeth’s farm was sufficiently productive to support a hired hand, Mr. Wesley Campbell (indicated as farm laborer).

The rootless days were over. That farm would stay in the family until Great-grandfather Philip’s death in 1931. And, indeed, all of Jacob and Elizabeth’s children and grandchildren would be born, wed, die, and buried in Grant County, Indiana. (The Appendix, at the end of this essay, gives a bit of attention to Great-grandpa Philip’s sisters and brothers.)

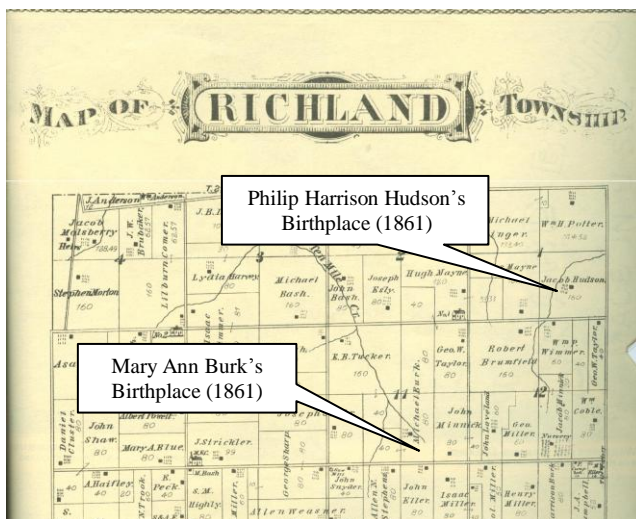


Marion Daily Leader, May 6, 1909



Philip Harrison Hudson and Mary Ann Burk. I knew and remember Great-grandma Mary Ann Hudson rather well. I was ten when she died, in 1947, at the advanced age of 86. This four-generation picture was taken when I was about four or five. In addition to me as a young boy, it shows my mother, Margaret Stover Hofferbert (1916 – 1996), my grandmother, Elizabeth Hazel Hudson Stover (1889 – 1960), and Great-grandmother Mary Ann Burk Hudson (1861 – 1947). In the following chapter, I will take up the ancestry of Great-grandmother Mary and her Burk ancestors. Here, however, let me continue with the story as it deals with Great-grandfather Philip Harrison Hudson.

Alas, I never knew Great-grandfather Philip. He died in 1931, six years before my birth. I would like to point out, lest the reader miss it, that Great-grandfather was named Philip, after his father's brother, and Harrison after his paternal grandfather. .



Great-grandpa Philip also did not stray far to find his bride. Philip was born on his parents' farm in the northeast portion of Richland Township, the third of Jacob and Elizabeth Hudson's four children. Mary Ann Burk, the youngest of ten,

was born on Michael and Minerva Logan Burk's place, a little over a mile to the southwest as a crow flies or as a boy tramps through the fields.

I am sure that as a teenager Philip regularly took that walk to visit the girl who would a few years later become his bride. They were married in 1882, when each was 21 years old.

Where Philip and Mary lived in the early part of their marriage is not clear from the records I have available. The closeness of the family was evident in many ways. Philip, his sisters and brother, along with their families, all lived out their lives on farms overlapping the Richland and Pleasant township lines. They were all within about a 10-20 minute walk from each other's homes.

Early in the 1900s, Philip and Mary acquired the lower 80 acres of his Grandfather Harrison's spread in Pleasant Township and a 40 acre piece from his parents holding in Richland. The Mallots (sister Rosa's family), the Taylors (sister Amanda's family) and brother Ben's family all occupied pieces either from the parent's farm or acquisitions adjacent to it.<sup>19</sup>

Philip and Mary had four children, spread over 17 years. The eldest, Maud, was born in '83. The other three were Harry (Harrison ?), '86; my grandmother, Elizabeth Hazel, '89; and then, after a break of eleven years, they produced their third daughter and last child, Florence, in 1900. These children would grow up very near to dozens of cousins in the Hudson and Burk families.

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<sup>19</sup> The specifics need not concern us here. They can be confirmed by examining successive plat maps, kept on file in the Genealogy Department of the Marion Public Library.



The entire family is pictured on the title page of this essay. An even earlier family portrait, when my grandmother was just an infant is included here. My estimate is that the picture was taken about 1890, since the infant Hazel appears to be about a year



old. And below is another picture of the three eldest children taken, I would guess, about 1897, when my Grandma Hazel would have been about eight (she is the child with the lovely ringlets on the right).



Maud, the eldest, would wed Frank Rogers, son of the neighbors adjacent to the Hudson's Pleasant Township farm. She and Frank had two girls, Dorothy in 1905 and Miriam in 1912. Maud and Frank Rogers' wedding picture is shown on the next page. Her life was to take a tragic turn when the girls were only 5 and 12. Aunt Maud died of tuberculosis when she was only 34 years old, leaving Frank with the two young daughters. The threat of a slow, agonizing death by TB hung over mankind from time immemorial until the development of effective antibiotics, well into the 20<sup>th</sup> century. The death of her sister was felt grievously by my

Grandma Hazel throughout her life. She and Maud are now buried side by side in the Somerset cemetery, north of Marion.

Conditions of life for Philip and Mary Hudson as adults were much different from those of their parents. Both sets of parents had migrated from elsewhere before settling in Grant County. By the 1860s, the land that had been frontier less than a generation before was completely settled with prosperous farms.



Unlike central Indiana today, where one sees only miles and miles of soybeans and corn, the farms of the 1800s were devoted to the range of agricultural goods needed by a nearly self-sufficient family. Wives and daughters maintained the kitchen garden and the chicken coop. Commercial dairying was common, though not universal. But every farm had at least one milk cow for home consumption purposes. Few farmers in that part of Indiana raised beef cattle or sheep. Pigs were the marketable livestock. Hay was raised in sufficient quantity for the farm's animals. Corn, wheat, and oats were the main cash-crops, raised in quantities well beyond the needs of family and livestock.

While born in the first year of that hideous national torment, the Civil War, Philip's and Mary's parents' farms seem to have prospered, along with those of their extended family and neighbors. National tragedy would be visited on these families, to be sure. When Mary was two, her older brother, James Alexander Burk, died of measles

contracted on a Tennessee battlefield.<sup>20</sup> There were enough Myers' in Indiana regiments to suggest that various of Philip's maternal uncles had served, although I find no evidence that any of their lives was lost.

The War meant inflation, along with new and higher taxes. It meant that family and neighbors went off to battle, some never to return. But we must also acknowledge that it was an economic boon for productive farmers with ready access to rail transport. Changes in the economy would compensate for the fact that the Hudson family farms were made smaller once inheritances were divided among the heirs.

Rail service had come to central Indiana in the 1840s. But the real expansion, into smaller communities, came in the '50s and '60s. A major line came through Mier by the 1860s, reachable from the Hudson farms over five miles of decent road.<sup>21</sup> The amount produced on the Hudson farms, relative to what they consumed directly, would grow steadily from the time of their settlement to the time when the last farm was sold in the 1930s.

In addition to transportation, agricultural profits were increased steadily throughout the rest of the 19<sup>th</sup> century by ever improving seed varieties, soil management practices, and innovative mechanization. In 1862, the Morrill Act had created a system of land grant colleges, agricultural research stations, and farmer education programs that would, in conjunction with private enterprise's mechanical innovations, revolutionize

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<sup>20</sup> The records I have seen show that Civil War deaths by infectious disease were about three times as numerous as those inflicted by actual combat. And those many soldiers who died of wound infection are counted among the combat deaths.

<sup>21</sup> The 1877 Atlas shows the route of the "P.C. & St.L." railroad, east to west and through Mier. I have been unable to find the full name of that line, but I assume that the "...C. and St.L." is Cincinnati and St. Louis.



American agriculture. The regional experiment stations, in alliance with such ag schools as Purdue, would test and develop new seed varieties and methods of cultivation. The newly formed Agricultural Extension Service placed agents in every county to bring directly to the farmers the results of those developments. Machinery sales centers would acquaint the farmers with the latest equipment, delivered, of course, by rail.

In 1850, around the time that Harrison and Catherine Hudson moved from Ohio to Indiana, one farm worker, on average, produced enough to feed 4.2 people. By the time that his grandson was about ready to take over a part of the farm, this had increased to 5.6 people per farm worker. And in 1920, Philip's personal labor on his own farm, if we can assume that it matched the national average, was producing enough to feed 8.3 people, nearly double the market available to his grandfather.<sup>22</sup> Furthermore, the workload on the farmer declined. Whereas it took 69 hours of work per acre of corn in 1840, by 1920 that had declined to 32 hours, while the productivity rose a bit.<sup>23</sup>

There is a certain irony in the increased productivity of agriculture in the latter 1800s. From the time of clearing the wilderness through about the 1860s – the first generation of working Indiana's rich soil – virtually no fertilization or crop rotation was required. However, by the 1860s, signs began to appear that the soil was being exhausted. The capital investment was such that the option of earlier generations – moving westward – was no longer realistic.

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<sup>22</sup> Of more than passing interest is the fact that by 1970 the average farm worker produced enough to feed 47.1 people. [U.S. Bureau of the Census, Historical Statistics of the United States.]

<sup>23</sup> The most dramatic increases in productivity per acre, however, did not come until the years during World War II and after. In 1920, each acre produced, on average, 26.8 bushels of corn, up only a bit from the 1840 figure, although, as noted in the text, the man hours required declined a great deal. Bushels per acre, however, rose dramatically thereafter: 32 in 1940, 39 in 1950, and 72 in 1970.

The summary importance of this little excursion into agricultural statistics is the following message: When Philip and Mary Hudson acquired their land, they entered into an already profitable enterprise. They would raise their three girls and one son in a secure and comfortable home. They would all know the value of hard work and thrift, but they would not know privation. Nor, on the other hand, would they know the adventure and challenge their grandparents had faced in the various migrations across the country into the wilderness. Living conditions in 1890 would be more similar to those 50 years later than to those 50 years earlier.

It is indeed interesting to compare the residential history of this generation of Hudsons to that of their parents and ancestors. The ancestors, including Jacob and Elizabeth, were familiar with pulling up stakes and striking out for primitive lands. Great-grandfather Philip's grandparents had been moved from the Appalachians to the Ohio frontier in the early part of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. His parents had then been moved on into Indiana when it was barely out of the wilderness.

But later generations followed a much different pattern. The offspring of Jacob and Elizabeth Hudson, would spend the balance of their days on a farm near their birthplace. Philip, his brother, and his sisters all settled on family farms and remained within walking distance of each other throughout their lives.

The wanderlust of the Hudson ancestors had died out in the face of the prosperity they gained in post-frontier Grant County. Philip and Mary's generation, when contrasted to the pioneering behavior of their parents and more distant ancestors, was uncommonly stable. They helped build community institutions; they consolidated their farms; they

educated their children and brought them into the 20<sup>th</sup> century, ready to exploit the fruits of the incredible progress that had occurred in America's Midwest.

### Midwest to White House

James A. Garfield Elected President 1881; shot by assassin July 2, 1881; died September 4, 1881



We can gain some insight into the country's transformation by looking at the home state of victorious presidential candidates from Lincoln in 1860 through Harding in 1920. Of the winners in those sixteen elections, twelve were from the states formerly of the Northwest Territory: Ohio - 7, Illinois - 4, and Indiana - 1. Grover Cleveland, from Buffalo, NY and Woodrow Wilson from Princeton, NJ each won twice. By the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century, the Midwest had come into its own politically. Indiana's only resident to be installed in the White House was Benjamin Harrison of Indianapolis, elected for a single term in 1888. He had been in office for 24 days when my Grandmother Hazel was born on March 28, 1889.

Benjamin Harrison, U.S. President, 1889 – 1893. The only president from Indiana



Philip and Mary were married in October of 1882. The previous year, the country had suffered the turmoil of a presidential assassination. Garfield's vice-president and successor, Chester A. Arthur, would not be re-elected in 1884, being defeated by New York's Grover Cleveland.

President Garfield had graduated from Williams College, in Williamstown, Massachusetts in 1856 – 106 years before I joined the faculty of that fine institution as a shave-tail instructor of political science.

## Appendix:

### Great-grandaunts, Great-granduncles, and

#### Cousins a Few Times Removed

Let's give a bit of attention to Jacob and Elizabeth Hudson's other children, Great-grandfather Philip's sisters, Rosa and Amanda, and his brother Ben.

Rosa Hudson and Rinaldo Taylor

Born in 1859, Rosa married in 1873 – when she was just 14. I have confirmed this by multiple records. Raises questions, does it not?

Although in the interest of historical accuracy I have not sought to gloss anything over, in these family history essays I have tried to avoid gossip about what might appear to be the seamy side of our ancestors' lives. Sometimes, however, angular facts insert themselves into the story. Of course, pre-marital pregnancy among the youth of today is not viewed as particularly "seamy." But in the 1870s it was pretty universally frowned upon, even more so, I suspect, in the case of a 14-year-old girl. Yet the facts necessarily raise the question: Was ("Uncle Ned") Rinaldo Taylor's and ("Aunt Pet") Rosa Hudson's a shotgun marriage?<sup>24</sup>

Note from the local history commentary, below, that Rosa and Rinaldo had two children, one of whom died in infancy and a son, Albert, who survived to his mid-30s. Twenty-one year-old Ned and 14-year-old Rosa were married on March 6, 1873. Alfred was born in April of '74 – eleven months later. But was that infant death in between, or did that tragedy strike after Albert's perfectly timely arrival?

The flip side of this awfully young marriage is that Ned Taylor was about as fine a catch as Richland Township had to offer. Witness this commentary in a local publication:

"Mr. Taylor was married in 1873 to Miss Rosa Hudson, daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth Hudson. She was born, reared and educated in Richland township, and is widely and favorably known among her neighbors. Two children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor: one who died in infancy; and a son, Alfred B., who lived to be thirty-six years of age and died in Chicago, Illinois in 1910, leaving a

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<sup>24</sup> These nicknames were commonly used by the family and were the titles by which Uncle Ned and Aunt Pet were fondly remembered by nieces and nephews for generations to come.

son and a daughter, Rex and Delight. Rex resides with our subject (NB., Mr. Rinaldo Taylor].

Since reaching his majority, Mr. Taylor has been an unswerving Republican, but his interest in political matters has been mainly confined to supporting the candidates of his party. He has not been indifferent to the duties of citizenship, however, and for two consecutive terms has served in his present office as township trustee of Richland Township. For many years he has enjoyed the privileges of membership in the Masonic fraternity, being connected with the Blue Lodge at Somerset."<sup>25</sup>

Ned's parents, George and June Whittaker Taylor, as with so many of their neighbors, had migrated from Pennsylvania, settling in Richland Township around 1846 (per the 1877 Atlas). His father's farm land was valued in the 1870 census at \$10,500, making it the sixth richest land-holding of about 200 in the township, in which the average was about \$4,500.<sup>26</sup> George Taylor's holdings totaled 269 acres, which Ned took over in 1875, just two years after marrying Aunt Pet. The Taylor's homestead was just a few hundred yards down the road from that of Jacob and Elizabeth Hudson and their lovely daughter Rosa. The circumstances of their courtship (and the pre-marital liaison?) are not hard to imagine. Both Aunt Pet and Uncle Ned lived to a ripe old age. And their legacy was one of great respectability, as is apparent in another contemporary commentary, this one from the 1877 Grant County Atlas (1877):

"Mr. Taylor is in politics a Republican. He is very popular with his party and is at present candidate for township trustee. His good management and industry and general moral conduct, as well as his public spirit, have made him popular not only with his party, but with the entire community, by every member of which he is held in the highest esteem." (p 616)

Throughout their lives, Uncle Ned and Aunt Pet worshiped in the Somerset Christian Church, where her Grandfather Harrison Hudson had preached. So however much of a jolt it must have been to Jacob and Elizabeth Hudson for their daughter to wed at 14, it would seem that, from then on, she and her husband lived in a manner such as to earn the pride of their parents and the respect of the community, although they must have suffered greatly by the loss of both children, one as an infant, the other as a grown man, husband, and father.

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<sup>25</sup> Whitson, Rolland Lewis, CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF GRANT COUNTY INDIANA: 1812-1912, Vol 1, p. 624 ff - chronicles the history of the Christian Church in Grant County (essay by Charles L. Carter). In all likelihood, this is the church attended by Jacob and Elizabeth Hudson. P. 1339 records the marriage of Jacob and Elizabeth's daughter Rosa to Rinaldo ("Ned") B. Taylor, where is quoted the excerpt printed above. This volume is available in the local history and genealogy section of the Marion Public Library.

<sup>26</sup> I verified this by scanning all pages of the 1870 Census for Richland Township.

Amanda Hudson and Edward Malott

Whether in reaction to her sister's early marriage or simply by her independent preferences, Aunt Pet's little sister, Amanda, chose to wait until she was the advanced age of 18 before marrying a neighboring farmer, Edward Malott, five years her senior. Malotts were among the earliest settlers in the area around the Mississinewa River in Grant County. In its outline of the settlement of Washington Township (just east of Pleasant), the 1877 Atlas notes:

“The Indians held undisputed sway of this territory up to the year 1826. At this time, Reason Mallott entered within her borders with a determined resolution to bring at least some of her dense forests into a state of cultivation.” (p. 22)<sup>27</sup>

Later on the same page is this commentary:

“On the 17<sup>th</sup> day of July, 1827, a son, Robert, was born to Reason and Sarah Mallott. This was not only the first birth in the township, but likewise the first in the county. Robert Mallott is now an honored and esteemed citizen of Pleasant Township. His mother, Sarah, is still living, making her home at his house and is now almost ninety years old.”

And, likewise in the same place, we find the following fulsome prose:

“The first parties who forsook the paths of single blessedness to try the unknown realities of married life were Squire Malott to Susan Sugar, William Wall to Maria Malott....”

We know from the 1880 census that our own Edward Malott's parents were Barna and Catherine Malott. Edward was the oldest of five children born between 1862 and 1875 (see 1880 Census). And I am presuming that Barna is the offspring of the Malotts who were the earliest settlers in Grant County. The 1880 Census indicates that he was born in 1841 and both his parents were born in Indiana. This is near certain confirmation that his parents were those early settling Malotts. His wife Catherine, however, was a participant in the common migration pattern, being born in Ohio of a Pennsylvania father and Ohio-born mother.<sup>28</sup>

Uncle Edward and Aunt Amanda moved around a bit more than was common among Grant County farm families in the late 1800s. In 1900, they were living on a farm in Liberty Township, just north over the Wabash County line from Richland Township, where Amanda grew up on her parents' farm. Three children are listed in that census as

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<sup>27</sup> The spelling of the name is varied, sometimes “Malott” and sometimes “Mallott”.

<sup>28</sup> Reminder: The U.S. Censuses, from 1880, record state or country of birth of each entrant's father and mother, thus allowing us to reach well back into the early years of the century for migration information.

residing with Edward and Amanda: Ray, 10; Lizzie, 8; and Don; 6. Elsewhere that same census, however, records a Frank Malott (14), and Suzie Malott (12) as grandson and granddaughter, living with Jacob and Elizabeth Hudson. There could be a number of reasons why Edward and Amanda's two eldest children were living with their maternal grandparents. Perhaps they were there to help out on the farm. As Jacob and Elizabeth were getting up in years, that would not be unreasonable, though both Frank and Suzie were recorded as "at school." Farm kids then, as now, however, could be a substantial asset, even during the school year. And then, of course, the explanation may be simply the general nature of extended families a century ago. The nuclear family wasn't then quite so confined as now (on those occasions where it now holds together at all).

By 1910, Edward and Amanda had moved to a farm in Eden Township of Lagrange County, in northeastern Indiana. They had with them the same three children – Ray, Lizzie, and Don – who had lived with them in Wabash County ten years earlier. Frank, their son who had lived with his Hudson grandparents in 1900, was, by 1910, himself married to 17-year-old Nellie. Nellie's father had been born in Virginia, but her mother was a Hoosier native. I cannot find a 1910 record of Suzie Malott, the other sibling living earlier with the grandparents. Her Grandfather Jacob and Grandmother Elizabeth had died in 1909. In all likelihood, Suzie was herself married and thus no longer recorded in the census under "Malott."

By 1920, Edward and Amanda Malott had returned to the farm in Richland Township, near their birthplaces. In all likelihood, this latter move followed the death of Edward's father, Barna Malott (although I have no confirming data). At the time of the 1920 Census, their middle son, Ray, was still living at home and helping out on the farm.

I do not at present have access to the records of the deaths of Uncle Edward and Aunt Amanda, but they were still alive at the time of the 1930 Census (Ancestry.com). Later censuses are not yet on the internet. Death records in the Marion Library would, no doubt, provide more precise information about their departure from this life.

### Benjamin and Iva Hudson

After the birth of Rosa and Amanda, Jacob and Elizabeth Hudson had two sons: Philip Harrison, born in 1861 and Benjamin, born in 1866 – the concluding year of the Civil War. Philip, of course, was my great-grandfather.

When he was 23, Uncle Ben – actually my great-granduncle – married his 17-year-old sweetheart, Iva (about whose family name and history I know nothing). Soon thereafter, they expanded their family with the birth of two boys. Initially, they farmed a portion of the land owned by his father and mother, my 2<sup>nd</sup> great-grandparents Jacob and Elizabeth Hudson. The 1900 census indicates that Ben was carrying a mortgage on his property. From that we can assume that he was buying it from his parents. By 1910, following the deaths of Jacob and Elizabeth the preceding year, Ben apparently managed to pay off his farm. He and Iva by then were providing a prosperous living to themselves and their two teenaged boys, Lawrence (18) and Clarence (16).

[Forthcoming: *The Ancestors of Mary Ann Burk*]