

TEXAS JOURNEY

by Gerry Booth

To Franklin County, Tennessee

After my last article, I had a few comments. I love when people share more information with me so that I can fill in more of the details of this story. Susanne Bergum, who has contributed much to this story, and who has researched the Lees extensively, inserted this additional information printed in bold:

“Before we continue our story with the facts, I must first correct an error in my last article. I wrote that Jacob Francisco, Sr. was ordered to be part of a road crew, in Lincoln County, Tennessee on August 30, 1810. (Lincoln County was created in 1809 from parts of Bedford County, Tennessee). This was incorrect. It was Jacob Francisco, Jr. who was ordered to be on the road crew. Jacob, Jr. was 22 in 1810, while his father was about 55 years old with a drinking problem. According to Shirley Wicker Hendrix, who was a researcher of the Francisco family, Jacob and Rebecca’s daughter, **Hannah, was married to Daniel Lee who had a sister named Phoebe who was married to Christopher Landers. About 1809 or 1810, after her husband’s death, Phoebe moved to Bedford County, Tennessee where Christopher Landers had a land grant.**”

Susanne then added the following:

The Daniel LEE (noted above) is brother to Isaac Burleson LEE and to Phoebe LEE Landers, three of many children of Robert Abel LEE and Anna Hannah Shipman (daughter of Daniel Shipman & Elizabeth Burleson). Isaac Burleson LEE is my 3 x’s great grandfather and he is buried here in Warren County, Kentucky.

Here’s a bit more information on Phoebe and the land in Tennessee.

Deed Book "BB", Page 257. 10 Jan 1831. Abel Landers to Landers. Both of Bedford County, Tennessee. Abel Landers conveyed to Pheby Landers land in Bedford County, on waters of Shipmans Creek. Borders George Doherty’s survey, Pheby Landers is trustee for Sarah Ann (Landers) Nutt wife of Daniel Nutt and Pheby's daughter. Sarah Ann Nutt is to use and occupy land for her natural life. Witness: John McMullen and William Shipman. Reg: 26 Mar 1831. Husband is David not Daniel.

Abel Landers is Sara Ann (Landers) Nutt’s brother and he is married to Sara Shipman, daughter of Daniel Shipman, Jr. By 1859, I have him in Hood County., Texas after spending some time in Missouri. He died in Hood County, Texas in 1873.

Phoebe LEE Landers was already in Bedford, Tennessee by 1807 when Sara Ann (Landers) Nutt was born there. Phoebe’s husband, Christopher Landers, died in Bedford, Tennessee before 1814.



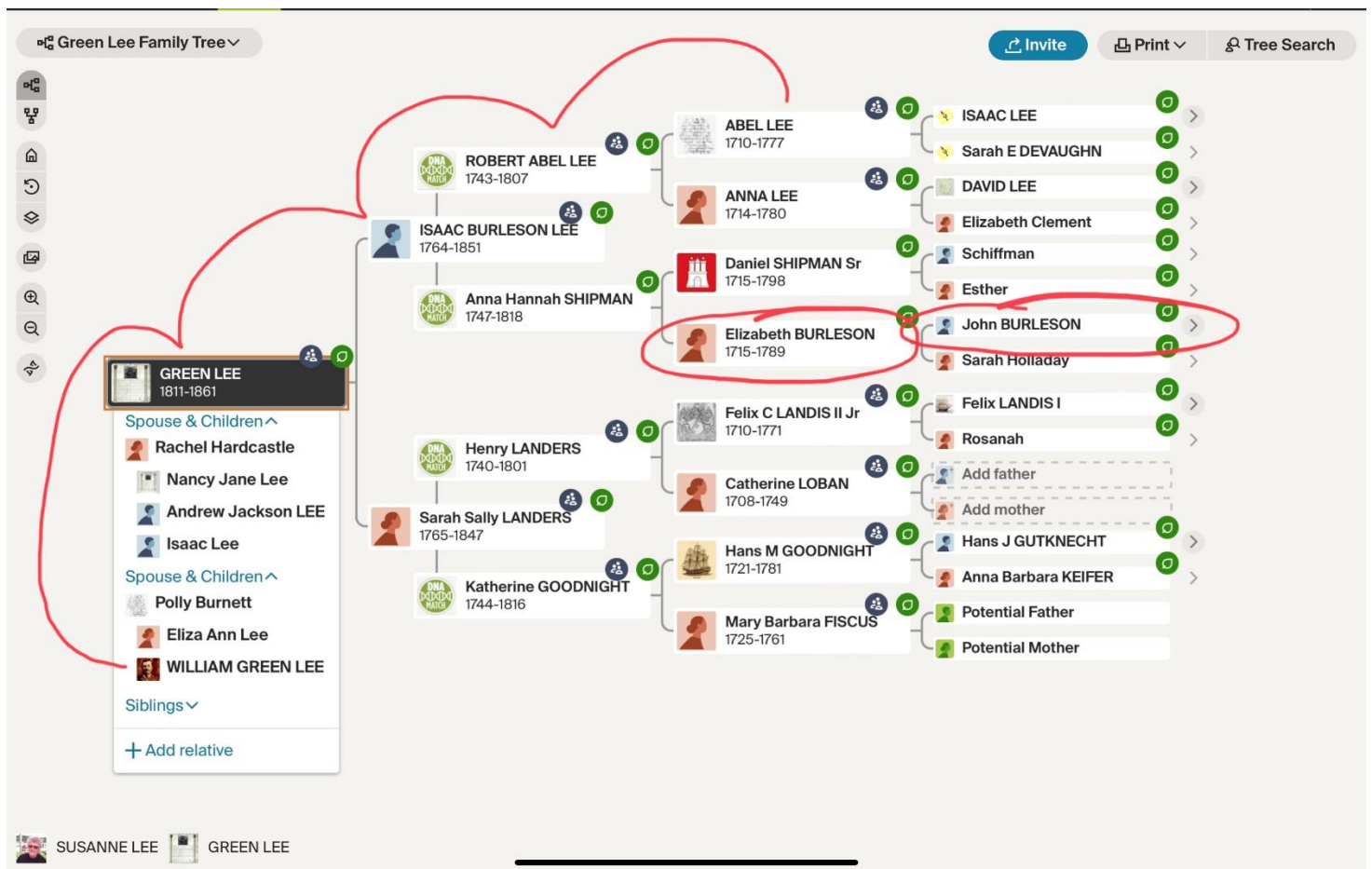
By 1850, Phoebe is back in Warren County., Kentucky living with her widowed brother who has guardianship of his grandchildren. In 1860, at age 87 she is living with son, Hezekial, and his family, in Missouri.

And just to throw a wrench in the proverbial monkey works - I found this deed. Might have just been some record clean up as Henry died in 1801.

Page 379. 5 May 1836. Christopher Landers to Abel Landers, both of Bedford County., Tennessee, land of which Henry Landers, deceased, was in possession of at his death. 12 ½ acres, land now in the possession of Abel Landers, John Landers and others and located on waters of

Thompsons Creek. Christopher Landers is holding the land as the legatees of Henry Landis, deceased.
Witness: Jacob Shipman, Isam Adoris and Benjamin Kimbro. Reg: 23 Jul 1836.

Susanne included a pedigree chart which helps to place all these names in the proper places.



Meandering Alert! If you read the names on this chart, you will find the name of Katherine Goodnight who married Henry Landers. Susanne Bergum is related to Charles Goodnight, the inventor of the chuckwagon and the partner of Oliver Loving, who helped him establish the Goodnight - Loving Trail for cattle drives. The television series "*Lonesome Dove*" was loosely based on these men.

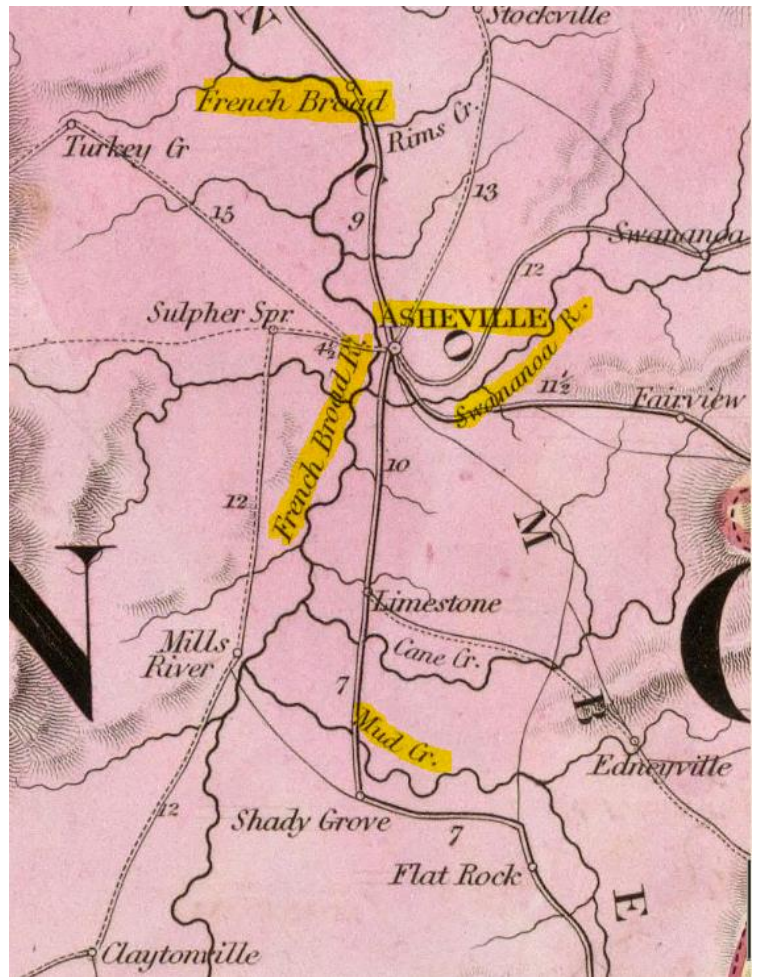
I had another email from Susanne Hollyfield. She informed me that the Spruells and the Phelps seemed to have traveled together and intermarried. Then they married into the Hollyfields.

I am learning so much about my family by writing this series of articles and from the information I have received from those of you who are following along. If you have some information about the family, no matter how much or how little, when we put it together, we get a better picture of who our family was. Most people think of two to maybe four surnames with their family, our mother's maiden name (which is also her father's surname) and our grandmother's surname and our father's surname, and his mother's surname and that is about it. I do know a few people who think they only have their father's surname, but in truth, we have hundreds of surnames in our families. But the most amazing thing I have found is how these people with all these surnames bonded together and braved a new world.

We left the Shipmans somewhere near Ashville, North Carolina, in the fall of 1814. Daniel Shipman who wrote the account of the Shipman's journey referred to Asheville as "Buncombe court house." Asheville was established in 1792 or 1794 by John Burton. It was originally called Morristown to honor Robert Morris, who was a signer of the Declaration of

Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the United States Constitution, and for his service as the Superintendent of Finance of the United States he became known as the “Financier of the Revolution.” Then the county seat of Buncombe County became known as Buncombe Courthouse. In 1797 the town became incorporated and the name was changed to Asheville to honor the governor of North Carolina in the 1790s, Samuel Ashe. Daniel wrote the account more than fifty years later when Asheville was called Asheville, but he used the older name, Buncombe Courthouse for the town. In 1800, this growing community had a population of 38.

The French Broad River flows through Asheville where one of its major tributaries, the Swannanoa River begins. The French Broad flows in a northward semicircle. It starts in the southern part of North Carolina west of Rosman in Transylvania County, flowing northeast, then turning north to Asheville, and finally flowing to the northwest toward Tennessee. Between Asheville and the Tennessee state line, the average fall of the river is between 16 and 30 feet per mile due to narrow channels and steep gorges.¹

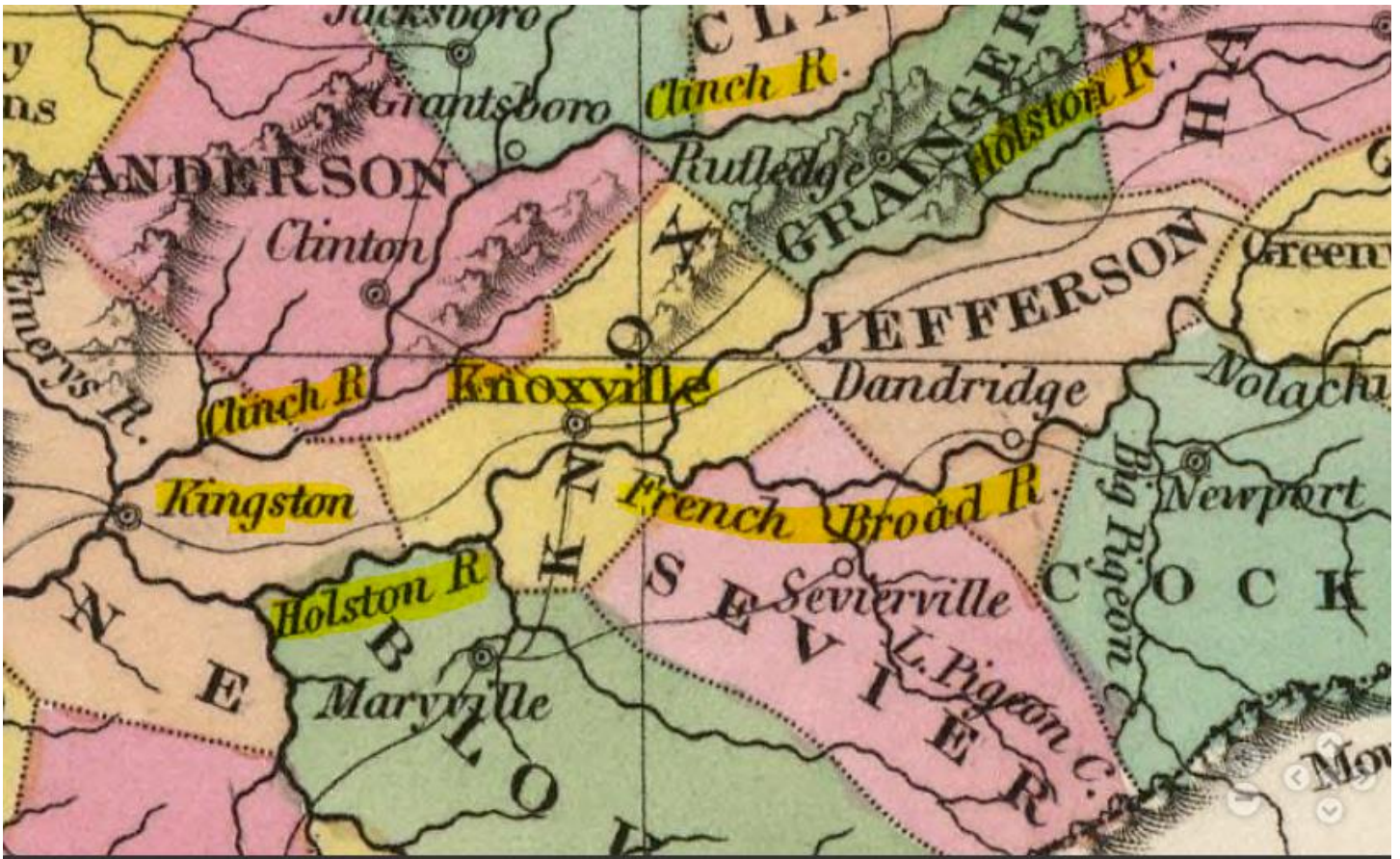


Our Trip

In the fall, sold our crop and started towards Tennessee on the 14th of October, in the same year [1814]. We went down French Broad river, crossed Mud creek, and from there to what was then called Buncombe court house, now Ashville. Passed right on through, went down the river, sometimes along and sometimes under the bluff, almost at the water’s edge. Passed under bluffs and tremendous high cliffs of rocks, which seem to me now as if they were from one to two hundred feet high, and very much colored with smoke from travelers’ camp fires. Again we would strike across and sometimes go up some ugly ridges. We came to a large creek or small river called Swanano, in the valley of which I saw the greatest quantity of the finest cedar timber that I had ever seen.



¹ [This is an 1839 map by David H. Burr. <https://ashevillejunction.com/the-several-lives-of-west-asheville-part-i-sulphur-springs-as-proto-land-of-the-sky-1827-1861/>]



[Carey's 1822 Geographical, Historical and Statistical State Map of Tennessee https://mapgeeks.org/tennessee/#Careys_1822_Geographical_Historical_and_Statistical_State_Map_of_Tennessee]

After a short distance we struck the hills of Holston river, and crossed it. By this time we were in the state of Tennessee. We left Knoxville about fifteen miles to our right; came to a little town called Kingston, on a small river called Clinch, and soon came to a steep hill, and I being wagon-scutcher, had a chunk with a limb on one side to



hold to, and going up one of the steep places, and placing the scutch under the wheel, the limb caught one of my fingers between it and a rock and squeezed the nail off. I think it would be reasonable to suppose that a boy about my size had quite a sore finger.

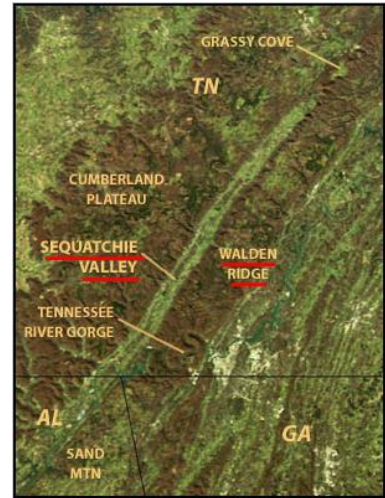
After we had got over the mountain to the starting down place, it seemed to me to be one of the steepest I had ever seen a wagon go up or down, but father had very good horses to hold back, and we got down with very little trouble. Leaving Walden's ridge², we struck off through the valley called

²https://www.google.com/search?gs_ssp=eJzj4tLP1TcwMssyMjczYPOSLE_MSUnNUy9WKMpMSU9VKMkDAIc1CU8&q=walden%27s+ridge+tn&og=walden%27s+ridg&aqs=chrome..69t69j69l57j0i512j46i175i199i512j0i512j0i20i263i512j46i175i199i512j3.8897j0i15&sourceid=chrome&ie=UTF-8#fpstate=ive&vld=cid:81b130e5,vid:Q7jhrAW-HQY Video of jeeps crossing Walden Ridge in recent times.

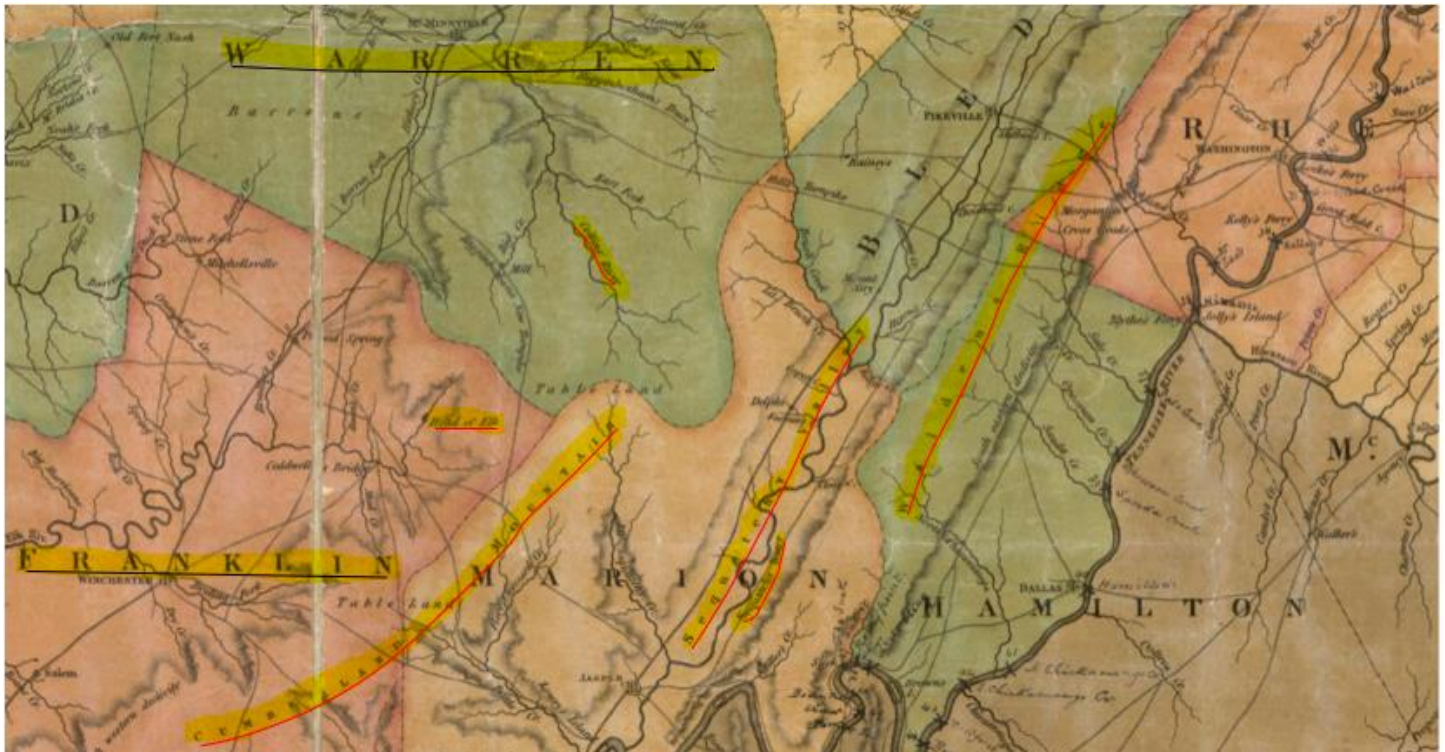
Sequatchie. In a short distance we came to the Sequatchie river, which, on account of the rain that had just fallen, we had the river to ferry.

[The Sequatchie Valley lies between Walden's Ridge to the east and the Cumberland Mountains to the west. The valley is about 4 miles wide and 75 miles long with the Sequatchie River running through it.]

About the time all were over a gentleman came to father and proposed to buy his wagon, offering him \$100 specie for it. Ready money in hand being quite tempting, father and mother, after consulting with each other, concluded to take him at his proposition, so they closed the bargain, and the money was paid and the wagon delivered. Father procured a room to stow away what we could not carry on horseback; packed up and started again two miles to and two more up the Cumberland mountain. Made the trip that night. Next day started again twenty-two miles across the mountain, then down another, or the same, which was about as bad as any we had met with. When down that, we came to and crossed a little stream called Collins' river. It appeared to me like we turned a little to the left and shaped our course more to the west. Leaving the mountain along on our left, went down through Warren county and into Franklin. There, father bought a tract of land in the barrens, on Bradley creek, said to be the head branch of Elk river.



NASA satellite image showing Tennessee's Sequatchie Valley and the Cumberland Plateau (image source: Aqua satellite, MODIS sensor).



[A map of Tennessee taken from survey, Matthew Rhea, 1832

<https://www.loc.gov/resource/g3960.tr000180/?st=image&r=0.46,0.255,0.182,0.105,0> You may want to enlarge this image on your computer to see the details better.]

The next thing was go to work and build a house before we went back after our furniture. That done, father and I started back with another wagon, which had been procured for that purpose. Now in the dead of winter, snow and ice, and the ground frozen, we had a very bad time. We got back on the day

of Jackson's victory at New Orleans, (January 8th, 1815). We went to work, rented a field, made a tolerable good crop. The next was to make a field of our own at home. Father not being a very stout man, and so much of other business to attend to, he and mother put my eldest brother and myself to making rails and grubbing up the hickory stool grubs that grew in the rich barrens of Tennessee. We went to work, my brother to chopping rail timber, and I to splitting the rails. He was about thirteen years old, and I about fifteen. That summer, fall and winter we made rails, grubbed the ground and put in about twelve acres. We cultivated the same field we rented the previous year.

This same season a relative of ours by the name of James Burleson [1775-1836], father of our Texas hero (Edward Burleson [1798-1851,]) living near the Tennessee river, opposite the Cherokee Nation at that time, he and his two sons Edward [1798-1851,]) and Joseph [1800-1877], and his son-in-law Robert Thrasher [1787-1851, husband of Sarah Jane Burleson 1795-1874], went across the river and rented some ground from the Indians aiming to make a large crop and I suppose did. In the fall, in their settlement they had a difficulty with the Indians, about their crop. It seems that they got into a general fight.

The old gentleman Burleson had given his son Edward a very fine pony and saddle, and he had what we then called holster pistols in holsters on the pommel of his saddle. Being on his pony at the commencement of the fight, and two Indians to one white man generally throughout the melee, both upon Thrasher and the old gentleman, and two squaws upon Joseph, seeing the two red skin rascals were in a likely way to hurt his father, I reckon, on purpose, charged up and let the Indians have the contents of both pistols which fully did the work for them both. It appears that this brought all hands loose, and the Burlesons knowing they could not fight a nation, consequently, could not stay in peace and safety any longer, left immediately, determining to go to Missouri.

Two of them, Edward and Joseph, came to our house in Franklin county and persuaded father to go with them....

.....to be continued

Moses Shipman was Captain James' 1st cousin 1x removed. Interestingly, Captain James' first wife, Jo Elizabeth *Shipman* Burleson (1770 – 1834) was Moses Shipman's paternal 1st cousin. Jo Elizabeth was the daughter of Jacob Shipman and Moses was the son of Jacob's brother Edward Shipman, therefore they were first cousins. And more confusing is the fact that Moses Shipman is the 1st cousin 1x removed to Captain James' children, Edward, Joseph, and Sarah Jane. The Shipmans have an extra generation that the Burlesons don't have resulting in Moses having the same relationship with James as he has with James' children but not with James's wife, Jo Elizabeth.

