

MY QUAKER FAMILIES

a story of

Margarey Mendenhall Martin

John Wesley Thomas
1995

Our Ancestors of Chester County, Pennsylvania

The story of our Pennsylvania families is the story of the founding of The Society of Friends or Quakerism in England, Netherlands, and Germany, and of the subsequent migration to the new colony in America that was founded by William Penn.

MY QUAKER FAMILIES

with the birth of a son to Admiral Sir William Penn, a naval officer who had close ties to the court of King Charles II. The son, also named William Penn, was born in 1644 and attended Oxford University as a young man. As a student, at Oxford opposed the requirements that all students attend religious ceremonies of the Church of England and he was expelled for these activities. In 1667, Penn met Thomas Loe, a well known Quaker preacher, and at age 22 he was converted to Quakerism.

For preaching the Quaker beliefs, he went to Netherlands and Germany with George Fox, the founder of the Quakers. In 1673 and many converts to the Quaker faith. In 1681, Penn was granted a charter from King Charles II for the Province of Pennsylvania, and agreed to repay the sum of money west of the Delaware River, England. On March 5, 1681, Penn's formal grant was given to the land covered by the grant, and in honor of Admiral Penn, his name was placed on the map of the new land.

A PARTIAL LIST OF THE FAMILIES WHO ARRIVED AT PHILADELPHIA BETWEEN 1682 AND 1687.

WITH THE DATES OF THEIR ARRIVAL.

From the original in the possession of the Historical Society.

The Unicorn from Bristol Arrived here the 16th of the 10th month 1685. Thomas Cooper Commander.

The Passengers Names are as followeth:

Daniel Flower, Mary Bradwell, Mary Bradwell Juner, Sarah Bradwell, Thomas Nixon, Thomas Nixon Juner. Philip Doling, Mary Townsend, Hannah Smith. Tho: Martin, Margery Martin, Mary Martin, Sarah Martin, Hannah Martin, Rachell Martin, Tho: Hopes, John Hopes, Moses Mendinhall, Godden Walter, Joshua Chart, Jane Chart, Sam Chart, Jane Chart Juner, John Roberts, Joseph Morgan, Benjam: Morgan, Tho Tutlin [or Tuslin], Anne Morgan, Faith Notten, Eliza: Philpot, Henry Laking, Sarah Laking, Susanna Laking, Moses Laking, John Ironmonger.

John Wesley Thomas
1995

Our Ancestors of Chester County, Pennsylvania

The story of our Pennsylvania families is the story of the founding of The Society of Friends or Quakerism in England, Netherlands, and Germany; and of the subsequent migration by many Quakers to this new colony in America that was founded by William Penn. Our story begins with the birth of a son to Admiral Sir William Penn, a naval officer who had close ties to the court of King Charles II. The son, also named William Penn, was born in 1644 and attended Oxford University as a young man. As a student, at Oxford opposed the requirements that all students attend religious ceremonies of the Church of England and he was expelled for these activities. In 1667, Penn met Thomas Loe, a well known Quaker preacher, and at age 22 he was converted to the faith. Several times, Penn was imprisoned for writing and preaching the Quaker beliefs. He went to Netherlands and Germany with George Fox, the founder of the church, in 1677 and met many converts who yearned for a land where they could worship in freedom.

King Charles was indebted to Admiral Penn for a large sum of money and agreed to repay the loan by granting to the Penn family land in America west of the Delaware River between New York and Maryland. On March 6, 1681, the formal grant was signed. The name Sylvania meaning "woods" was given to the land covered by the grant, and in honor of Admiral Penn, his name was placed in front of Sylvania making the name of this new land Pennsylvania.

William Penn sailed up the Delaware River in October of 1682 seeing Pennsylvania for the first time. However, his visit was not the first European contact to this land. It has been settled by the Swedish in 1643, taken by Peter Stuyvesant for the Dutch in 1665, and was controlled by the Duke of York until the Penn grant. The Penn family was to govern until 1775, at the time of the American Revolution. However, William Penn established a system of government that was very democratic for that time. The Quakers, as a majority of the settlers, governed under Penn's constitution from 1682 until 1756.

Minutes recorded from the Monthly Meetings of several Quaker groups in Pennsylvania contain numerous references to the family of Susannah Martin, Sampson Fleming's grandmother. Sampson was the grandfather of my grandfather. Susannah's grandparents, were Thomas Martin and Margarey Mendenhall Martin. Thomas and Margarey Martin came from Bedwin Magna, England. They sailed from Bristol with their four small daughters in 1685. The Martin family sailed on the ship Unicorn with Thomas Cooper as commander and arrived Philadelphia on the 10th of December 1685. They came to Pennsylvania along with large numbers of other Quakers from England, families who were recruited by William Penn's people to settle this colony being founded on land granted to the Penn

Company. A fifth child, named Moses, was born to Thomas and Margarey in January 1686, only weeks following their arrival in America.

In the 1680's, there were frequent crossings of the Atlantic by ships of Penn's fleet, ships bringing settlers desiring both religious freedom and the opportunities of good land in this new world. At about the same time, several Battin brothers were among the settlers and a daughter of one of these brothers, Margaret Battin, later married Moses Martin. Their wedding took place in 1714 and they gave the name of Susannah to their ninth child born on 18 June 1734.

Susannah married William Adams in September 1754 and they moved first to Virginia, for a short time, and later moved on to Surry County, North Carolina. Susannah and William had been members of the Quaker faith in Pennsylvania and became members of the Deep River Monthly Meeting and later the Cane Creek Monthly Meeting in North Carolina. They were among the original members of the Deep Creek Monthly Meeting which was established April 6, 1793 and they died while members of this church about twenty years later.

In the story that accompanies this paper, Margarey tells us in her own words about her trip across the north Atlantic in the early winter of 1685, reflects on the life in England that she has left behind, and we learn some things about this Quaker settlement in Pennsylvania that had its origins only about three years before her arrival.

John Wesley Thomas
October 16, 1995

I slowly and carefully make my way across the rolling foredeck of our good ship Unicorn, steadying myself by holding onto any part of the ship that may keep me from tumbling forward. Following behind my brother Moses, and greeting a few of the others who are also reaching for a breath of the fresh air, we escape for a few moments the awful stench of our crowded cabin belowdecks. The freezing drops of pelting rain strike and sting my face, but they do provide a refreshing cleanliness as they wash away some of the encrusted salt from weeks of bathing in the sea water. We shiver from the biting cold, yet are so thankful that all thirty-five of our passengers on the ship have survived another long night. Some are very weak and there we could hear much coughing during the night, as we huddled for some measure of warmth in the one passenger cabin that the Quakers offers.

Last night, the twenty-ninth that we have been crowded together in our cabin seemed to last forever. The seven of us Thomas and our four daughters along with my brother Moses, piled onto the quilts and slept fitfully. Each time I awaken, I try to guess how near is the morning. Yet

Company. A fifth child, named Moses, was born to Thomas and Margarey in January 1686, only weeks following their arrival in America.

In the 1680's, there were frequent crossings of the Atlantic by ships of Penn's fleet, ships bringing settlers desiring both religious freedom and the opportunities of good land in this new world. At about the same time, several Battin brothers were among the settlers and a daughter of one of these brothers, Margaret Battin, later married Moses Martin. Their wedding took place in 1714 and they gave the name of Susannah to their ninth child born on 18 June 1734.

Susannah married William Adams in September 1754 and they moved first to Virginia, for a short time, and later moved on to Surry County, North Carolina. Susannah and William had been members of the Quaker faith in Pennsylvania and became members of the Deep River Monthly Meeting and later the Cane Creek Monthly Meeting in North Carolina. They were among the original members of the Deep Creek Monthly Meeting which was established April 6, 1793 and they died while members of this church about twenty years later.

In the story that accompanies this paper, Margarey tells us in her own words about her trip across the north Atlantic in the early winter of 1685, reflects on the life in England that she has left behind, and we learn some things about this Quaker settlement in Pennsylvania that had its origins only about three years before her arrival.

John Wesley Thomas
October 16, 1995

America Greet's Margery

Introduction:

The great-great-grandmother of my mother was Margaret (Maggie) Adams born in Orange County, North Carolina on 11 November 1775. She was married to Jesse Fleming on 8 June 1802. Margaret's mother, Susannah Martin Adams and her husband William Adams moved from Chester County, to Hopewell, Virginia and on to North Carolina leaving Pennsylvania about 1755. Susannah's father was Moses Martin, born to Thomas and Margery Martin on 9 January 1686, only about three weeks after their arrival at Philadelphia on the ship Unicorn. Margery tells her story of the family, from the persecution for their Quaker beliefs in England during the 17th century, through the 50th year of their arrival in America.

Chapter I

What Am I Doing Here?

"Mildenhall, about 75 miles west of London in Wiltshire, has been home to my family for many generations. It is where my parents as well my grandparents live. The family of my husband, Thomas, lived nearby in the town of Great Bedwin, Wiltshire. Of course, we both would have regrets at leaving the land that was home to our families for so many generations. Yet, we cannot but do what seems best for our four daughters and for the one who is yet to be born. They deserve the right to worship in the Quaker faith of our family without the cruel restrictions that have been placed on us by the Church of England. They need the opportunities of good land that is promised to us in America. We can only hope that our decision will be the best for them.

I slowly and carefully make my way across the rolling foredeck of our good ship Unicorn, steadying myself by holding onto any part of the ship that may keep me from tumbling forward. Following behind my brother Moses, and greeting a few of the others who are also reaching for a breath of the fresh air, we escape for a few moments the awful stench of our crowded cabin belowdecks. The freezing drops of pelting rain strike and sting my face, but they do provide a refreshing cleanliness as they wash away some of the encrusted salt from weeks of bathing in the sea water. We shiver from the biting cold, yet are so thankful that all thirty-five of our passengers on the ship have survived another long night. Some are very weak and there we could hear much coughing during the night, as we huddled for some measure of warmth in the one passenger cabin that the Unicorn offers.

Last night, the twenty-ninth that we have been crowded together in our cabin, seemed to last forever. The seven of us, Thomas and our four daughters along with my brother Moses, piled onto the quilts and slept fitfully. Each time I awaken, I try to guess how near is the morning. Yet

the darkness continues to press in on our little family and we do our best to comfort each other. As our journey to this promised new life continues, the nights keep getting longer, darker, and more frightening. Will it never end? Again and again, I ask myself, should our family have remained in England? Is this land they call the New World really worth the price we are paying? And, what else lies ahead for us? If only we could see into the future! Yet, Mr. Penn and Mr. Fox have suffered far more than we can even imagine.

I am Margery Mendenhall, the ninth of ten children born to my parents Thomas Mendenhall and Joan Strodes. They married in Aldbourne, Wiltshire, August 12, 1649, and embraced the Quaker faith when I was still a small child. While very young, I married Thomas Martin, also a member of the Society of Friends and our family now includes four daughters with another child due in about a month. Our family suffered much for our beliefs as did many others of our community. Now, Thomas and I have a chance to live our faith and the opportunity of good land in the new world. There can be a better life for the four daughters and the child yet to come. However, we are not over these fearful waters. Who knows what lies ahead. This is a huge and frightening ocean.

Today is the 16th day of December. It is the 10th month as shown on our calendar, since England has not accepted the Papist way of measuring time. Less than a fortnight before Christmas. The year is 1685. Captain Cooper told us yesterday, it is the time of year when we see the sun for the fewest number of hours and when the nights seem to last forever. Dark comes quickly each evening and it presses in on my little girls so that they seldom laugh anymore. The journey has been hard on them, but they don't understand the problems they would have had by continuing to live in England. Although we told them of the death of my father, they are still too young for understanding. He was thrown into prison for talking of the beliefs of the Society of Friends, and when released, he was so sick that he only lived a few weeks. My mother died the very next month from sorrow and heartbreak. Though many of our family and friends have been tormented by the agents of King Charles for our Quaker beliefs, we have seen nothing compared to the sufferings of Mr. William Penn. He was imprisoned six times, beaten and tortured on more than one occasion, and threatened with death by officials of the Church of England. He and Mr. George Fox are an inspiration for my family and for each of us as members of the Reading Quaker Meeting House.

Both Mr. William Penn and Mr. George Fox are past sixty years of age. It seems so ancient. Only last week, while on this voyage, we observed the seventh birthday of Mary, our eldest daughter. Sarah is five; Hannah is four; and little Rachel is only two. Our beliefs as Quakers go back to the teachings of Mr. Fox who founded our Society in 1647, and we are also indebted to Mr. Penn for his leadership since he became a member of the

Society about the year of my birth. Both have braved the crossing of this great ocean more than once. Mr. Fox was in New Jersey about thirteen years back and Mr. Penn came to the very place where we are to land just three years ago. This was a grant of land to Mr. William Penn by the King, in payment of a debt to his father, Admiral Penn. The land was given the name Sylvania by the Court. The name "Sylvania" means 'woods', and Mr. Penn's name was placed in front of it so that the place to which we are going is now called Pennsylvania or Penn's Woods. Mr. Penn named the city where we will land Philadelphia meaning the city of brotherly love. All the buildings are new and we hear that everything looks so different from my home of Great Bedwin in Wiltshire, England. However, this is only a small sign of the vast differences we will likely face in our lives as we enter this new world of America.

Oh, there are rays of light in the clouds ahead of our ship and the rain has ceased. Still, the cold penetrates my heaviest cloak as I lean into the wind and strain my eyes trying to see what unknown lies ahead of our plodding ship. Thomas remains below to watch over our daughters, Mary, Sarah, Hannah, and Rachell. My brother Moses is here with me on the deck. Moses has joined us on this great voyage to help Thomas and me with our belongings and with the girls. He is four years older than I and it is comforting to have one's older brother along to help in so many ways. Moses will probably return home after Thomas and I are settled.

Thomas and I will take turns staying in the cabin with our daughters as each of us attempts to unlimber our bodies from the long night spent crowded together below the decks. There is fresh water only for drinking; we must wash with water from the sea, but the dampness of this fresh morning air revives us slightly. It has become a daily morning ritual for the adult passengers to greet one another on the heaving deck, acting as if we had not just crowded together for many long hours. A glimmer of light seen in the west brightens our faces and our spirits. Can it be a sign of better days? We pray so.

Suddenly, Moses excitedly points to a strange bird circling the Unicorn. Soon there are several other such birds in the air around and above us. Everyone screams for Captain Cooper to come forward. Our captain is a veteran of many ocean crossings and he must know the name of these birds we are seeing. More importantly, is this a sign that we are close to America? The question is in my mind and in the mind of all the rest. Yet, we are hesitant to speak of something so dramatic. It has been a month of being tossed and rolled about on this stormy ocean, crowded each night into a dark and smelly cabin with barely room enough to sit, rancid water for drinking and food that serves only to keep starvation away, questions about the unknown world ahead of us, and the excitement of a change in the air. Now, we tensely await the word of our captain. He carefully observes

the birds, peers through his spyglass, smells the air, and announces that we should see land before darkness again overtakes us. I hurry below to tell Thomas and our daughters. We are both excited at the prospect, but nervous about the great unknown that lies ahead for our family.

Mid-day and there is a smudge of grey on the western horizon, a shape different from the waves and clouds that we have watched for these long weeks. Everyone is excited. The wind is brisk and our sails are full. All thirty-five of the passengers along with Captain Cooper remain on the deck. Anticipation! So different from the feeling that has permeated the air for so many long days at sea. We move swiftly toward whatever lies ahead. There is a different feeling of tenseness. We can see the beginning of our new lives quickly coming towards us as our ship Unicorn enters the Philadelphia harbor.

There is the pier where the Unicorn will dock. Now, we can see the buildings of the city. Unlike our cities, these buildings are wooden and roofs seem to be made of thatch. Yet, the land seems to stretch endlessly behind them with no semblance of crowding such as at home. A few people on shore see our ship and hurry to the pier. More of them come out of the buildings and soon there is a sizable crowd. We were told by Mr. Penn that the Quakers already settled in Philadelphia would meet our ship and help us get settled. Many thousands of Quakers have come to settle in this land that offers freedoms and opportunities in the four years that Mr. Penn has been giving encouragement to our people. He says that he earlier arrivals are happy to help those coming later, and it appears that they are as anxious as we to get started. The sun is breaking through the clouds and it is a beautiful scene. I know why we have come this great distance. We are now Americans!

Chapter II

Reflections of Life in England

As I stand here on the deck of the Unicorn and gaze at the sight of the city of Philadelphia coming up on the eastern horizon, I cannot help but remember our homelands in Wiltshire. We have been told that the Pennsylvania countryside is very much like Wiltshire but that there will be much work to be done in developing this new land. The countryside around Wiltshire was slightly hilly and rolling, not near so mountainous as one finds further north in Warwick and Leicester. We are promised that one may find many similarities between the Wiltshire country and Mr. Penn's lands in America. However, we are told that such similarities are limited only to the appearance that one gets upon passing through. The liberties that England denied to those of our religious beliefs, contrasted with the freedom that Mr. Penn promises for those who migrate to his lands in America, are more important than appearances.

As we move in towards the port of Philadelphia, I continue to see the Wiltshire countryside and our former homes in my thoughts. The land was good to us. Wiltshire has long been noted for its woolen cloths. Sheep fare well on the gentle hills of Wiltshire and are nourished by the tender grasses that are watered from the frequent showers brought in on the westerly winds. The land and the climate are good for producing wool. From our fine Merino sheep of Wiltshire come the best wools that the world has to offer. Wool has for years been the most important product of our land. From the time of shearing of the sheep in the spring to the finishing of woolen garments or rolls of fine cloths, our entire families were able to work. Our homes were the place for much of the work needed in transforming the raw wool to the product that England relied on for export to the world. As small children, even though only three or four years of age, we were each a vital part of the work process. Tasks such as cleaning, carding, dyeing, and weaving the wool were done in the homes and everyone took part. Our large families, with many children, were needed to help in the various parts of the work. All took part in making the family living. It was our way of life.

We were only a few hours walking distance from Reading, Berkshire. This is the Quaker meeting place where Thomas and I took the vows of matrimony. Although our families met for religious study and for worship in homes of members living in our community, there was not a regular Meeting House close by. Our vows of marriage intentions are to be spoken before two meetings, and it was to the Reading & Warboro Monthly Meeting that we journeyed for this purpose. We were married on May 30, 1675. The time was the 15th year in the reign of Charles II and the year following the end of the war with Holland.

Our years together have been a time of turmoil and of confusion, all arising from the conflicts between those who supported Parliament and the monarchists, and from the determination of both to punish all who did not worship exactly as demanded by the Church of England. Our homeland of Wiltshire was almost exactly on the border between districts controlled by Parliament and those controlled by King Charles. The Civil War that raged off and on between the two sides for more than forty years made life especially difficult for our Quaker families. There seems no end to the conflict. We can only hope that it does not spread to Pennsylvania.

The repressive measures that were known as the Clarendon Code began in 1661, before my birth, and they continued to become worse over the next few years of the Cavalier Parliament. First, all magistrates were required to take the sacrament according to the Church of England; and, the next year, came the Act of Conformity. Under this act, all clergymen, college fellows, and schoolmasters had to accept everything in the Book of Common Prayer. All who refused to do so were labeled as Nonconformists. The law

now forbid nonconformist or dissenting religious meetings of more than five persons, except in a private household. Then, the Five-Mile-Act was enacted in 1664 and it prohibited all who did not take an oath of non-resistance to the church or state from coming within five miles of any incorporated town, or of any place where they had ministers. Although much of the legislation was not enforced, it still remained unacceptable to our people.

Then, about the time of my birth, came the two terrible disasters that hurt our great city of London. There was the horrible black plague that began in April of 1665 and the fire that swept through much of the city from the 2nd until the 9th of September in 1666. Most of the clergy fled London to escape the plague and did not return until well after the great fire. Hundreds of our Quaker members went as volunteers into the city trying to comfort and help those who had suffered so much. They preached as they nursed the sick and the homeless. Our Quaker numbers were vastly increased through this ministry. Most importantly, my parents along with many of my people, were able to help those Londoners that were in need in these times of trouble.

All in all, our beautiful homeland has been tormented by the wars with Holland, with Spain, and with France; by the conflicts and changing loyalties between the Church of England and the Catholics; and by the continued efforts to inhibit worship by Presbyterians, Quakers and any others not conforming to government edicts. As the city of Philadelphia looms ever more closely upon us and as our ship nears the wharf where we shall enter America, I shall put all these problems behind me and resolve to make a new life in this land. It will be a life where our children can live and worship, a home where they will be able to enjoy the freedoms that have been denied to our people for these many years.

Chapter III

OUR NEW HOME:

Our ship bumps against the bulky wood pier, as several sailors quickly jump ashore and grasp the dangling ropes, quickly securing us to huge posts that protrude from the calm water. We now have come to a sudden stop. After weeks of life aboard ship, and being accustomed to always rocking and rolling with each wave that tossed our little ship upon the great ocean, the stillness seems so strange. Our feet want to keep reaching for the moving deck with every step we take and we grasp something for security as we slowly walk around. Soon, the excitement of looking at the unusual buildings and the strangely dressed people on the shore gains our complete attention. All the passengers crowd onto the deck of our ship *Unicorne*, and try to stay out of the way of the crew. They are busy tying our ship's lines tighter to the dark wood posts that stand up alongside the huge pier.

Unicorne's sails are now furled and we are pulled ever nearer to our pier where we will soon step ashore. We hold tightly to the hands of our little girls and each family gives thanks for being safely in this new land called America. Thomas and I, along with our four daughters, have been through a long and frightening voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. Now, we are able to clearly see this land that will be our new home. So different, so new, and so exciting!

Although each of the thirty-five passengers wishes to quickly leave Unicorne and rush ashore, we must first take care of trunks, the tools that Thomas will need, and other possessions that will be so necessary for our survival in this new world. In Pennsylvania, they cannot easily be replaced. Before leaving home, we were told that such items as cooking utensils, needles and thread, and carpenter tools, which are so vitally needed by settlers in this land, must be shipped from England. We were warned about the cost of shipping these necessities from England, and the several months while waiting for supplies to arrive. Thomas has tools for his carpenter trade; an adze, a joiner, the square and level, hammers, assorted nails, and two saws. He and Moses oiled each one and carefully prepared them for the ocean voyage. To work the garden where we will grow much of our food, Thomas has brought a hoe, two shovels, and a scythe. We have our shears for clipping wool from sheep, and some small farming implements. To get our new garden started, we have seeds from the garden of my parents in Wiltshire. I packed my spinning wheel and the loom that Moses and Thomas took apart so that it might be carried aboard, and of course, there is the necessary supply of needles and thread. And, most importantly, there are the herbs my mother packed; Camphor, Sage, Thyme, Balm, Rosemary, and others. Each has a purpose, such as treating the children for illness that they are expected to have, medicines for Thomas and me, and some are for my use in cooking. Of course, we have not forgotten the cooking pots, the trivets, and the dishes for our new kitchen. So many things will be needed to make our new home. Yet, there was only limited room on this small ship, and we had to make our own arrangements for loading and unloading each bundle. Listening to advice from Mr. Penn's representatives and trying to bring only what will be absolutely necessary. Thomas and Moses have carefully packed our possessions onto the Unicorne. Meanwhile, I looked after our four daughters, their clothing, a precious toy for each, and one extra set for clothing that Thomas and me. Now, we are in Philadelphia, and there is much work to do in bringing our possessions ashore.

Less than a year ago, John and Elizabeth Saxby, with their two young sons and two baby daughters, sailed from Bristol to Philadelphia. They arrived only last April and came for much the same reasons that brought us here. John and Elizabeth were members of our Friends Meeting in Berkshire, and Elizabeth posted us that they are now members of the

Philadelphia Meeting. They will lead a committee appointed by the Meeting to help our family get settled in this new home. Many thousands of Quakers have come to America in the four years since Mr. Penn's land grant, and those who are already established help the newcomers as they arrive. This well organized effort by the Meeting assures us of a warm and helpful welcome. John meets each ship arriving at the port, maintaining a careful lookout for us. He will help Thomas and Moses carry our possessions from the ship and will see us to their home. Hopefully, there will be a team with a wagon to carry our things to where they can be stored while we recover from the difficult voyage. Soon, we will be on our way to the beginning of a new life.

Our family has now been in America a fortnight. Already, our girls are learning new words and different ways of living from the Saxby children. We are truly in an equal and open society. There seems to be no class or distinction between peoples who live here. We are able to gather freely and to worship without concern of being observed. All the community are most friendly and everyone want to help us get established. No one has been here more than three or four years and many came only a few months ago. Yet, everyone seems pleased at living in Pennsylvania even though it is still so different from the life all remembered from across the ocean. Several Indians have been seen by our children and two of them stopped by to trade with John. Our girls were amazed to see them up close; the reddish brown color of their skin, clothing made from animal pelts, shoes so soft and quiet, and hair as black as the coal dust of Wales. Each speaks only a few words of our language, yet enough so that by shaking the head and waving of their hands, they are able to understand and to be understood. They are very friendly and it seems that our people get along with the Indians much better than do the English who have settled in the colonies of New York and Virginia. Mr. Penn has insisted from the beginning of his work in bringing our people to this land that we treat the Indians fairly and honorably. John Saxby tells us that the Indians have been very helpful in bringing us meat from the unusual game they hunt in the huge forests surrounding our settlements. There is the slim deer of light brown color with a white tail that they butcher into quarters, place on a spit, and slowly cook while turning it over a bed of hot coals. A dark feathered bird, much larger than the game birds of England, is found in abundance throughout the open areas of the forest, and the Passenger Pigeons sometimes darken the skies as they fly over in such numbers. Yet, all of the Indian foods are delicious when cooked in the manner as they tell us. Also, the Indians instruct our people in ways to till the soil and show us how to catch the plentiful supply of fish that abound in the waters around us. It is indeed a bountiful land, and much kinder to us new to its ways

because of the help given by the Indians. Mr. Penn was right to treat them as equals and to pay them for the land even though the colony was granted to him by King Charles.

Three weeks after our arrival in America, our first son arrived even before the sun arose this morning. Thomas and I named him Moses, for my brother, and we hope that he will prove the comfort that brother Moses was to our family in helping us bear our difficult journey. My brother Moses is leaving to return to England within a few days on a ship that has just come into the port, and he will be able to pass this good news back to our families. We will miss my brother, but we understand his desire to go back home and work with my father in raising sheep for their wool and for mutton.

Four months have passed since our arrival in this new world. We have been assigned land in Middletown, a day's journey westerly from Philadelphia, and at a place surrounded by other recent arrivals such as we. There are huge trees on this land; Chestnut, Birch, Oak, and other varieties all so strange to our eyes. John Saxby and many of the other neighbors quickly gather to join Thomas in cutting them and hewing the logs for a house that is quickly built for our family. Other trees are girded with an axe, by cutting away the bark around the trunk, so that they will quickly die and the land can be tilled to produce food for our table. By early summer, we will have a small garden started and are very much at home. With the help of many good neighbors such as John and Elizabeth Saxby, our family is quickly settled in Pennsylvania. Life is good to us!

Since Adam and I, with our four children, were welcomed to America on that December day of 1685, twenty-eight years have gone by. Additional rooms were added to our home, large barns built to house the farm animals and their food, more land has been cleared and planted, and life has been good to our family. Adam worked hard and he was helped by each of our family members and by many neighbors. Our children grew into young men and women. The girls are married with their own families and our son, Moses, weds Margaret Battin this very day. Margaret's great grandfather was Admiral Battin of the Royal Navy, and he was a close friend of Mr. Penn's father, Admiral William Penn, also of the Royal Navy. We are pleased to have Margaret come into our family. She and Moses have appeared before the Quaker Monthly Meeting the necessary two times for the purpose of announcing their intentions to marry and the committee has approved. As is our custom, they will now proclaim their marriage vows before the meeting. Their new home has already been built, a two room cottage constructed of Chestnut logs, cut and hewn with the help of friends, and from the land Moses purchased. Moses and Margaret will live in

Probley, only a few miles from our home, but still in our own Chester County. Three older sisters and a younger sister of Moses have already married and all live in Probley with their husbands and children. Mary married James Whitacre, Sarah married William Sherwin, Rachel married Thomas Woodward, and Elinor married John Scarlet. Thomas and I are able to easily visit each of them. Our family has certainly grown and prospered in these years since the ship Unicorn brought us to Philadelphia.

It is Christmas Day of the year 1740, and Thomas is no longer with me. He was almost ninety years of age and enjoyed a good life to the end. Yet, I still gathered with scores of our family to celebrate this day. Half a century since coming to this land, and we have seen such vast changes. Many thousands of others from England, as well as from Ireland, France, and Holland have joined us, Chester County fills with homes and farms. The country for miles around us is so completely settled that new land is not available for the young. A number of our people have moved to Virginia and some have even gone to Carolina where we hear that there is much good land. In each early spring, we often see groups of families with teams pulling their heavily loaded wagons, and herding the livestock along, as they wind their way slowly south towards these new lands of opportunity. It is only a matter of time before some of my grandchildren seek land for their own futures in these distant colonies. A number of Quaker Meetings have been established in Hopewell, Virginia, and in Orange and Surry County, North Carolina. Our Goshen Monthly Meeting is regularly granting certificates of transfer for many of our members who are leaving Pennsylvania and going to these new lands. I wish them well."

Margery Mendenhall Martin died in 1742. Her granddaughter and the youngest child of the nine children born to Moses and Margaret Battin Martin was Susannah Martin who married William Adams. The eleventh of the twelve children born to Susannah and William Adams was Margaret or "Maggie" Adams who married Jesse Fleming 8 June 1802 in Surry County, North Carolina. Jesse and Maggie Fleming were my great-great-great grandparents.

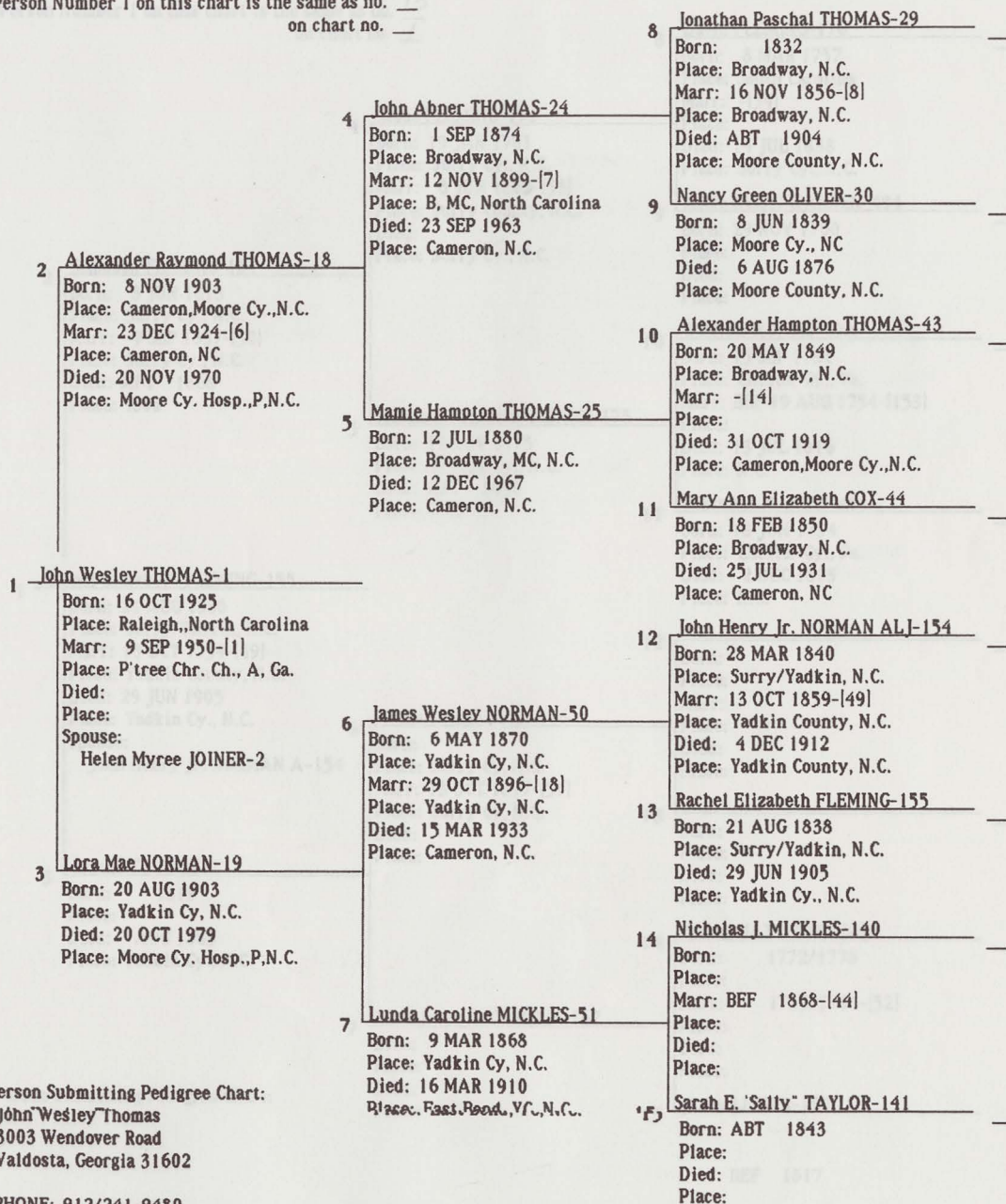
John Wesley Thomas
October 16, 1995

PEDIGREE CHART

Mon, Oct 16, 1995

Chart No. 1

Person Number 1 on this chart is the same as no. ___
on chart no. ___



Person Submitting Pedigree Chart:
John Wesley Thomas
3003 Wendover Road
Valdosta, Georgia 31602

PHONE: 912/241-9480

Chart No. 2

8 David FLEMING-176

Born: 8 MAR 1757
Place: South Carolina
Marr: -[54]

Died: 14 JUL 1838
Place: Surry Cy., N.C.

Alice (Alse) WARDEN-494

Born: 29 NOV 1760
Place:
Died:
Place:

10 William ADAMS-490

Born: 15 SEP 1734
Place: Chester Cy., Pa.
Marr: BEF 19 AUG 1754-[153]
Place:
Died: 13 JUL 1816
Place: N. C.

11 Susannah MARTIN-491

Born: 18 JUN 1734
Place: Chester Cy., Pa.
Died: 2 DEC 1813
Place: N.C.

12 _____

Born:
Place:
Marr:
Place:
Died:
Place:

13 _____

Born:
Place:
Died:
Place:

1.4 Aaron MATTHEWS-168

Born: 1772/1778
Place:
Marr: 1795/1799-[52]
Place:
Died:
Place:

Molly LESTER-169

Born:
Place:
Died: BEF 1817
Place:

Jesse FLEMING-174

Born: 19 JAN 1781
Place: Surry Cy., N.C.
Marr: 8 JUN 1802-[53]
Place: Surry County, N.C.
Died:
Place: Surry Cy., N.C.

5 Margaret "Maggie" ADAMS-175

Born: 11 NOV 1775
Place: Orange Cy., N.C.
Died: AFT 1850
Place: N.C.

Artha (Atha) TULL-166

Born:
Place: Surry Cy, N.C.
Marr: 13 OCT 1817-[51]
Place: Surry Cy, N.C.
Died:
Place:

Ruth Jones MATTHEWS-167

Born:
Place:
Died:
Place:

Sampson FLEMING-164

Born: 8 JUN 1813
Place: Surry Cy., N.C.
Marr: 9 SEP 1837-[50]
Place: Surry Cy., N.C.
Died: AFT 1868
Place: Iowa

Rachel Elizabeth FLEMING-155

Born: 21 AUG 1838
Place: Surry/Yadkin, N.C.
Marr: 13 OCT 1859-[49]
Place: Yadkin County, N.C.
Died: 29 JUN 1905
Place: Yadkin Cy., N.C.
Spouse:
John Henry Jr. NORMAN A-154

Ioanna TULL-165

Born: 1819
Place:
Died: AUG 1863
Place: Yadkin Cy., N.C.

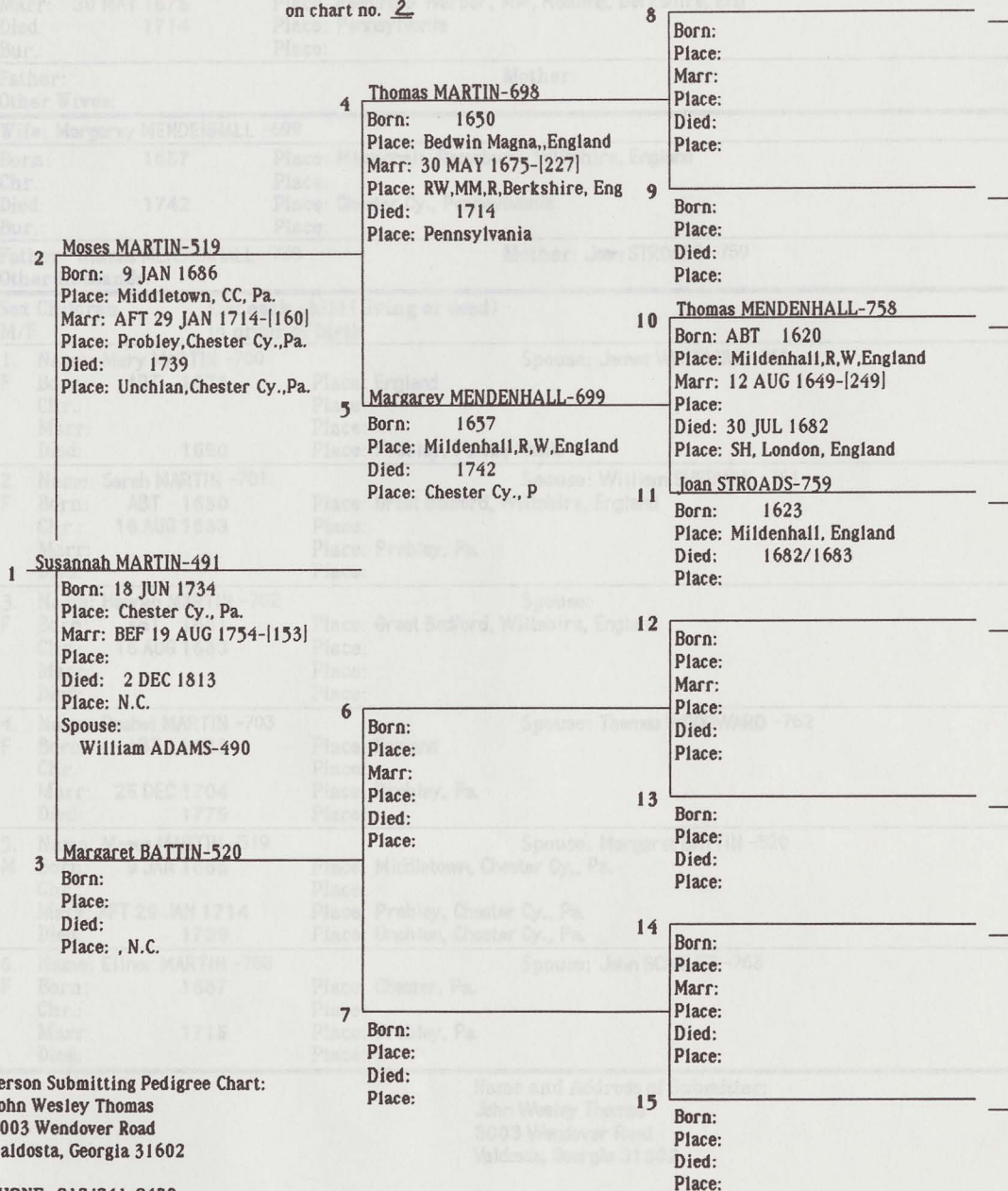
PHONE: 912/241-9480

PEDIGREE CHART

Mon, Oct 16, 1995

Chart No. 3

Person Number 1 on this chart is the same as no. 11
on chart no. 2



Person Submitting Pedigree Chart:
John Wesley Thomas
3003 Wendover Road
Valdosta, Georgia 31602

PHONE: 912/241-9480

Family Group Record - MRIN 227

Mon, Oct 16, 1995

Page 1

Husband: Thomas MARTIN -698		
Born:	1650	Place: Bedwin Magna, Wiltshire, England
Chr.:		Place:
Marr:	30 MAY 1675	Place: Reading & Warbor, MM, Reading, Berkshire, Eng
Died:	1714	Place: Pennsylvania
Bur.:		Place:
Father:		Mother:
Other Wives:		
Wife: Margarey MENDENHALL -699		
Born:	1657	Place: Mildenhall, Ramsbury, Wiltshire, England
Chr.:		Place:
Died:	1742	Place: Chester Cy., Pennsylvania
Bur.:		Place:
Father: Thomas MENDENHALL -758		Mother: Joan STROADS -759
Other Husbands:		
Sex Children	List each child (living or dead)	
M/F	in order of birth	
1.	Name: Mary MARTIN -700	Spouse: James WHITACRE -760
F	Born: ABT 1678	Place: England
	Chr.:	Place:
	Marr:	Place:
	Died: 1690	Place: Probley, Pennsylvania
2.	Name: Sarah MARTIN -701	Spouse: William SHERWIN -761
F	Born: ABT 1680	Place: Great Bedford, Wiltshire, England
	Chr.: 16 AUG 1683	Place:
	Marr:	Place: Probley, Pa.
	Died:	Place:
3.	Name: Hannah MARTIN -702	Spouse:
F	Born: ABT 1681	Place: Great Bedford, Wiltshire, England
	Chr.: 16 AUG 1683	Place:
	Marr:	Place:
	Died:	Place:
4.	Name: Rachel MARTIN -703	Spouse: Thomas WOODWARD -762
F	Born: ABT 1683	Place: England
	Chr.:	Place:
	Marr: 25 DEC 1704	Place: Probley, Pa.
	Died: 1775	Place:
5.	Name: Moses MARTIN -519	Spouse: Margaret BATTIN -520
M	Born: 9 JAN 1686	Place: Middletown, Chester Cy., Pa.
	Chr.:	Place:
	Marr: AFT 29 JAN 1714	Place: Probley, Chester Cy., Pa.
	Died: 1739	Place: Unchlan, Chester Cy., Pa.
6.	Name: Elinor MARTIN -755	Spouse: John SCARLET -763
F	Born: 1687	Place: Chester, Pa.
	Chr.:	Place:
	Marr: 1715	Place: Probley, Pa.
	Died:	Place:

Name and Address of Submitter:

John Wesley Thomas
 3003 Wendover Road
 Valdosta, Georgia 31602

Phone: 912/241-9480

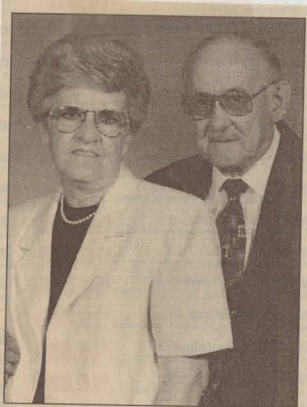
Family Group Record — MRIN 227

Mon, Oct 16, 1995

Page 2

Husband: Thomas MARTIN -698		Year of Birth: 1650
Wife: Margarey MENDENHALL -699		Year of Birth: 1657
Sex Children (continued)		
7.	Name: George MARTIN -756	Spouse: Lydia BUFFINGTON -764
M	Born: 1688	Place: West Bradford, Chester, Pa.
	Chr.:	Place:
	Marr: 1718	Place:
	Died: 22 JUN 1780	Place: West Bradford, McKean, Pa.
8.	Name: Marjoy MARTIN -757	Spouse:
F	Born: 1689	Place: West Bradford, Chester, Pa.
	Chr.:	Place:
	Marr:	Place:
	Died:	Place:

*Loren Holloman Mendenhall incl. 1 Nov
5.2 May 1928 1947
Robert Adam Mendenhall Edna Charlotte Mendenhall
23 Aug 1981
15 Jan 1995
2 Feb 1937*



Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhall

Charlie and Lorene Mendenhall of Jonesville will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary today with a reception from 2 to 5 p.m. in the fellowship hall of Island Ford Baptist Church in Jonesville. The couple will celebrate with Hanley and Ruby Vernon, who will also celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary today.

The hosts of the celebration are the couple's children and their spouses: Dennis and Bee Mendenhall of Winston-Salem and Susan and Bryan Burchette of Ronda.

Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhall have two grandchildren, Derek Mendenhall and Austin Burchette.

The couple are retired from Chatham Manufacturing in Elkin.

MENDENHALL

KING, N.C. — Michael Harvey Mendenhall, 26, of Stillmeadows Lane, died Friday, February 26, 1999 from injuries sustained in an automobile accident. He was born November 3, 1972 in Forsyth County to Harvey Lee and Vera Lee Flynn Mendenhall. He was a graduate of South Stokes High School and was employed by Mendenhall Pest Control. Surviving are his wife, Pamela Jennings Mendenhall, of the home; his mother, Vera F. Richardson, of Kernersville; his father, Harvey Lee Mendenhall, of King; sister, Sandra Kay Posey, of Pinnacle; brother, Randall Ernest Mendenhall and wife, Karen, of Walkertown; father-in-law, Lonnie Yarbrough and wife, Debbie, of King; sisters-in-law, Melissa Myers and husband, Steve, of Winston-Salem, and Amy Eatmon and husband, Thomas, of Charlotte; brother-in-law, Steven Yarbrough, of Marion; and several nieces and nephews. A funeral service will be held Monday, March 1, 1999 at 11 a.m. at North Point Baptist Church on University Parkway in Winston-Salem with Rev. Bobby Robertson and Rev. Skip Furrow officiating. Burial will be in the Gardens of Memory Cemetery in Walkertown. The family will receive friends Sunday from 7 until 9 p.m. at the Slate Funeral Home in King.

RILEY

HAMPTONVILLE — Mrs. Ruby Byrd Riley, 82, of Old U.S. 421 Highway, died Monday, Feb. 5, 1996 at Yadkin Nursing Center. She was born June 17, 1913 in Wilkes County to the late John Calvin and Lillie Jane Mendenhall Byrd. Mrs. Riley was a homemaker and a member of Mountain View Baptist Church. She was preceded in death by her husband, Roby Riley; and an infant son, James Calvin Riley. Surviving are her son, Mr. Billy (Opaline) Riley of Hamptonville; two grandchildren, Greg (Ava) Riley of Hamptonville and Joel (Trish) Riley of Hamptonville; and two great-grandchildren, Jacob and Rebecca Riley. Funeral service will be held at 11 a.m. Thursday at Mountain View Baptist Church by the Rev. Tim Tucker. The body will lie in state 30 minutes prior to the service. Burial will follow in the church cemetery. The family will receive friends from 7-9 p.m. Wednesday at Gentry Family Funeral Service on Little Mountain Road in Jonesville. Flowers will be accepted or memorials may be made to the donor's choice.

ADAMS

EAST BEND — Mr. Charles H. (C.H.) Adams Jr., also known as "Greenfrog," 63, of Rt. 1, died Thursday morning at Hoots Memorial Hospital. He was born March 26, 1931 in Yadkin County to Charles H. Sr. and Mamie Phillips Adams. He was retired from Sara Lee Corporation after more than 40 years of service. Mr. Adams was a member of Forbush Friends Meeting and was a faithful member of NASCAR. He was preceded in death by his wife, Doris Mendenhall Adams, in 1990; his mother in 1983; and a sister, Nellie Adams Salmons, in 1992. Surviving are two sons and daughters-in-law, Mr. Dan (Linda) Adams and Mr. David (Amy) Adams, all of Yadkinville; his father of Yadkinville; and three grandchildren, Tracy Adams, Michael Adams and Nicholas Adams, all of Yadkinville. Funeral services will be held 3 p.m. Sunday at Forbush Friends Meeting by the Rev. J. Winfred Crouse and Rev. Reece Wall. The body will lie in state 30 minutes prior to the service. Burial will follow in the Union Cross Friends Cemetery. The family will receive friends from 7-9 p.m. Saturday at Gentry Family Funeral Service, 4517 Little Mountain Road, Jonesville, and other times at the home of Mr. Dan Adams on Union Cross Road. Flowers will be accepted or memorials may be made to Union Cross Friends Nellie Salmons Music Memorial, c/o Jasper Adams, Union Cross Church Road, Yadkinville.

WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL

Friday, March 10, 1995

*John Wesley Thomas
3003 Wendover Road
Valdosta, Georgia 31601*

October 16, 1995

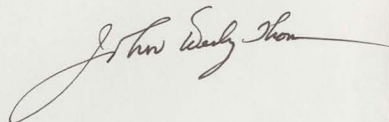
The Editor
Surry County Genealogical Association
Post Office Box 997
Dobson, North Carolina 27017

I am enclosing a paper I have written about some of my Quaker ancestors of those family members who settled in the part of Surry County that later became Yadkin County. The title is My Quaker Ancestors, a story of Margarey Mendenhall Martin. You are welcome to use all or any part of this submission for publication in the Journal of the Surry County Genealogical Association. I hope that you will later place this paper in the Surry Community College Library.

As you will see from the Pedigree Charts, my mother, Lora Mae NORMAN, was born in Yadkin County. I have many roots in both Surry and Yadkin Counties. My mother's family had lived in the East Bend community for several generations. Her father, James Wesley NORMAN, moved to Moore County, North Carolina, in 1911 after the death of his second wife, Lunda Caroline MICKLES.

I am a recent member of your association. I do not have information on a Yadkin County Genealogical Association. If there is such an organization, I shall appreciate it if you will give them the extra copy of the paper I am enclosing. If there is not such an organization, perhaps you will place the papers in the Yadkinville Library.

Most Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Wesley Thomas". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name "John Wesley Thomas".

THE MENDENHALLS AND WRIGHTSBOROUGH, GEORGIA

Phineas Mendenhall, son of James and his first wife, Martha Griffith, was born 20 Feb 1742 in Pennsylvania. Shortly thereafter Martha died. James married Hannah Thomas the next year and they had several children including Marmaduke who was born 23 Jan 1755. James had a much younger brother, Joseph, born in 1751 who along with James, Phineas and Marmaduke eventually ended up in Wrightsborough, GA. They all were members of the Bradford Monthly Meeting of the Society of Friends commonly referred to as Quakers.

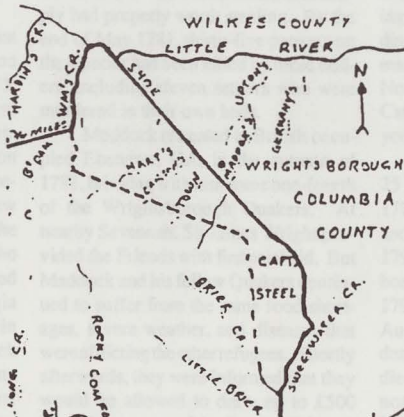
Tamar Kirk, born 2 Aug 1738, the daughter of William and Mary Kirk, as a young woman wanted to live in a new part of the country. When Phineas offered her the prospect of going to North Carolina if she would marry him, she accepted. They married 15 Jul 1762 and very soon afterward went to North Carolina along with James, Joseph and Marmaduke, settling in the back country of Guilford County. There they became members of the New Garden Monthly Meeting. On 24 Mar 1764, Phineas' first child, Mary, was born. Grace was born 12 Jan 1766.

The governor of North Carolina, William Tryon was an English gentleman who was disliked by the common folk of the back country including Phineas, Marmaduke, James and the other Quakers in the region. In March, 1765, the British Parliament passed the notorious Stamp Act which required the colonists to buy stamps for all deeds, mortgages, licenses, almanacs and other publications. Gov. Tryon strongly enforced the Stamp Act and this was the last straw for many of the settlers.

A vigilante group called the Regulators was formed to offer armed resistance to the governor's officials. Another Quaker, Joseph Maddock, had also moved from Pennsylvania to North Carolina and in Oct 1766 the Regulators were holding a meeting at Maddock's mill to discuss their grievances when they were attacked by the militia sent by Tryon. Most of the Regulators escaped but Maddock was threatened with arrest and confiscation of

his mill. His defense was that he was not a member of the Regulators and that they had used his mill as a meeting place without his permission. Maddock was not a member of the Regulators but whether the Regulators met at his mill without his permission is questionable. At any rate he was not arrested.

The situation continued to deteriorate through 1767. Phineas, Marmaduke, James and the other Quakers became increasingly concerned. In 1767 Phineas'



third child, Abijah, was born. Oppressed by high taxes, out of favor with the colonial government, at odds with many of his fellow Quakers over church affairs, Maddock felt that the future was bleak. Then, a solution to the problem appeared with news that Sir James Wright, governor of Georgia, was anxious to settle the back country of his colony; so anxious, that he not only guaranteed new settlers religious freedom but would give them land as well. A group of men was sent to Georgia to investigate and they returned with a favorable report. In Sep 1767, Maddock and other Quakers petitioned Gov. Wright for a grant of some 12,000 acres of land. This tract lies some miles north of the present day town of Thomson in what is now McDuffie County. Gov. Wright immediately reserved this ground for the Quakers, with the stipulation that ten families would have to settle on this tract by 1 Feb 1768. Late in 1767, a group of about ten men left North Carolina for

Georgia, leaving their wives and relatives to dispose of their property in North Carolina. The journey of some 300 miles had to be made on foot, by horseback, and by ox cart through relatively wild and unsettled country. In Dec 1769, Phineas' fourth child, Caleb was born. Later, a group of some forty families including that of Phineas made the trip to Georgia during the winter of that year. Here they established the town of Wrightsborough, naming it for Sir James Wright in hope of receiving various concessions from him. By 1776, the number of Quakers in the township numbered about 150 men, women, and children but there were many more non-Quakers.

In 1773, a Wrightsborough Monthly Meeting was organized by representatives sent from New Garden. Prior to this, the Quaker meetings in Georgia had been attached to the Bush River Monthly Meeting in South Carolina. The members of the new meeting included Phineas and his family.

Phineas' next child, Joseph, was born 18 Jun 1772. He was named for Phineas' uncle, who had just recently arrived from North Carolina. Then, in 1774, Tamar was born. Naomi was born in 1776 but died as a young child.

Phineas' uncle, Joseph, married Elizabeth Sells in Wrightsborough on 6 Apr 1776. The next year Joseph's first child, Phoebe was born and in 1779, Robert was born and in 1782 Jonathan was born.

Phineas also persuaded his half-brother, Marmaduke to move to Wrightsborough. Marmaduke married Alice Benson on 3 May 1777.

The American Revolution brought special hardships for the Wrightsborough Quakers including the Mendenhalls and their growing families. Despite a law granting the Quakers an exemption from the draft, younger men were persuaded to enlist in the rebel forces. Others joined partisans who in the last years of the war were considered to be little more than

(Continued next page)

WRIGHTSBOROUGH

(Continued)

bandits and murderers. Some of the Friends, attacked because of their alleged loyalty to the King or because their principles against bearing arms made them vulnerable targets, violated their beliefs by protecting themselves and their property or attempted to take revenge against their persecutors. As a result of the Revolution, twenty members were dealt with by the Wrightsborough Monthly Meeting for military activities, of whom, fifteen were disowned.

Joseph Maddock had done all that he could to support the King's cause and Royal Governor Wright. In Aug 1775, Maddock joined some forty prominent frontiersmen in signing a petition opposing Georgians who supported the Boston Tea Party. When that petition was refused by the Whigs, Maddock and a few other Wrightsborough Quakers joined the hundreds of back country Georgians who signed new protests that were published with the original petition in the "Georgia Gazette." When a British agent arrived in Wrightsborough in early 1779, Maddock helped him find guides to South Carolina to recruit a regiment of loyalists there. For these activities, Maddock was arrested by the rebels, interrogated, and imprisoned at Charleston, SC, for several months.

A new purchase of land from the Creek Indians was made by the government with which the Indians seemed dissatisfied. As a result, the Indians took part in the strife which prevailed. Marmaduke and Alice's first child, a son was born 14 Jan 1779 but died nine days later. Later that year, Phineas and his family were engaged in domestic pursuits around the house, when they were attacked by the Indians. Phineas was grinding an axe. His son, Abijah, was turning the stone. Tamar, had been milking the cow and was climbing the fence with a pail of milk. The Indians fired and killed Tamar and her son, Abijah. The others fled and hid in the bushes. Joseph was captured and held prisoner for two years. So just as Phineas had lost his mother at a young age, now too, his

children were without a mother.

Early the next year, Marmaduke's second child, John, was born 8 Feb 1780. Later that summer, Maddock was released and he had the gratification of seeing all of Georgia and most of South Carolina restored to royal rule. However, by the following year, the tide of the war had again shifted as rebel guerillas, led in part by former Wrightsborough Quaker, Josiah Dunn, were operating on the Georgia frontier, killing and plundering persons who had supported the King's cause, had not militarily supported the American cause, or who in some instances simply had property worth stealing. By the end of May 1781, thirty-five persons on the frontier had been killed by these raiders, including eleven settlers who were murdered in their own beds.

Maddock retreated to British occupied Ebenezer, GA, in the autumn of 1781, bringing with him some one-fourth of the Wrightsborough Quakers. At nearby Savannah, Sir James Wright provided the Friends with financial aid. But Maddock and his fellow Quakers continued to suffer from the same food shortages, severe weather, and diseases that were afflicting the other refugees. Shortly afterwards, they were informed that they would be allowed to draw up to £500 upon the account of the London Friends. Maddock accepted £240 of this money on their behalf.

The North Carolina Yearly Meeting learned of the London donation and was concerned that the funds might be misappropriated. The Yearly Meeting was particularly suspicious of Maddock's motives because they had already sent funds to the Quakers at Wrightsborough. They advised the Georgia Friends not to accept any of the London donation but to apply to them for aid instead.

Marmaduke's next child, Elijah, was born 28 Jul 1782.

During all of this time, three-fourths of the Wrightsborough Quaker community had remained at their homes, survived the rebel depredations, and even held their regular meetings. In June 1783, they began an investigation of how Maddock had dispensed the money he had drawn on the London Friends. When he refused to apologize for not honestly

discharging the trust reposed in him and declined to provide an accounting of how the money was spent, he was disowned by the Quakers. The elderly ex-Quaker leader appealed to the Quarterly Meeting to be restored to their fellowship. After a minor change in a letter of condemnation, he was accepted. Maddock is believed to have died impoverished in Georgia in the late 1790's.

In May, 1783, Phineas married Catharine Vernon. Phineas and Catharine were disowned by the Quakers on 6 Dec 1783. The charge was marrying contrary to the order of Friends and for encouraging fiddling and dancing at their wedding. Phineas' surviving children all married and eventually moved back to North Carolina along with Phineas and Catharine, Joseph and Elizabeth and their young family.

Marmaduke's child, Mary, was born 25 Jan 1785. Hannah was born 20 Feb 1788. Later that year his son, John, died and when his next child was born 3 May 1790, he named him John. James was born 21 Dec 1792, Ann was born 29 Jun 1796 and Marmaduke Jr. was born 17 Aug 1797, six months after his father's death and four months before his mother died. Mary married David Jones but died not long thereafter. Hannah married Nathaniel Day and also died in Georgia. The rest of his children moved back to North Carolina and on to Ohio and Indiana.

The Wrightsborough Quaker community did not long survive its founder, disappearing around 1805-1809 as result of mass migrations to Ohio brought on by the pressures of slavery upon the anti-slavery Quakers. Wrightsborough continued to exist into the 1920's, when it joined the long list of extinct towns of Georgia.

Compiled by Dean Leonard from the following information supplied by Arlene Easum, Culver City, CA.

1. The Quaker Settlement of Wrightsborough, Georgia, Ralph G. Scott, Jr., GA Hist. Quar., Vol. 56, p. 211-213

2. Minutes of the Wrightsborough Monthly Meeting, 1772-1792, Quaker Collection, Arthur J. Mekeel, 1976

3. A Heritage Strong and True, Robert H. Behrens, Champaign, IL 1969