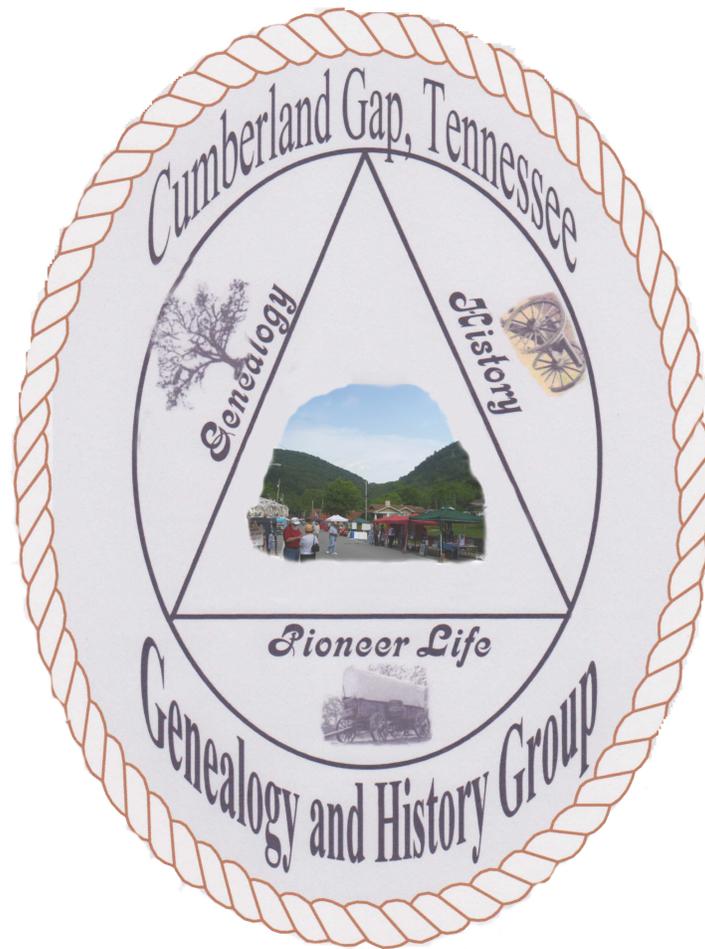


THE PIONEER



November 2015 CGTGHG Newsletter

From the Officers & Board Members
of
The Cumberland Gap Tennessee Genealogy and History Group

To Everyone! Members; non-Members; Family; Associates

We wish you a

*Merry Christmas
&
Happy New Year*



Introduction

Welcome to the *tardy* November 2015 newsletter of the Cumberland Gap Tennessee Genealogy and History Group (CGTGHG). CGTGHG was incorporated in August 2014. It is a non-profit organization that is totally open to the public. Our application for 501(c)(3) status is still pending. This is very important to us because it impacts our ability to accept non-taxable donations. We will follow this closely and report progress as soon as it happens.

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Officers, Board of Directors, & By-Laws	Please visit our website: http://www.cgtghg.org

Events this past Quarter

Hi members! August 15th 2015, CGTGHG was at the 8th annual HISTORY FAIR in Knoxville Tennessee sponsored by East Tennessee Historical Society. We met many new re-enactors from American



Revolution; Civil War Era Baseball; Woman Suffrage Coalition to Vietnam War. Many people showed their crafts such as



Woodworking, Spinning & fiber; primitive items made from Quilts, Raku Pottery, Basket Weaving, Lye Soap; and, many

other items.

We were also at the 2015 Genealogy Conference “Heroes from the Past: Family and Friends”



November 7th at Sevier County Public Library System Tennessee; “King Family Library Rel & Wilma Maples History Center.

We heard stories of ‘PK: Preacher’s Kids: Stories of

Growing Up as the Child of a Preacher”; and, how to read head stones that you could not see anything on - One item was to use shaving cream.



Upcoming 2016 Genealogy Jamboree

6th annual
Genealogy Jamboree
and Pioneer Day
in the *Historic* Town of
Cumberland Gap, Tennessee

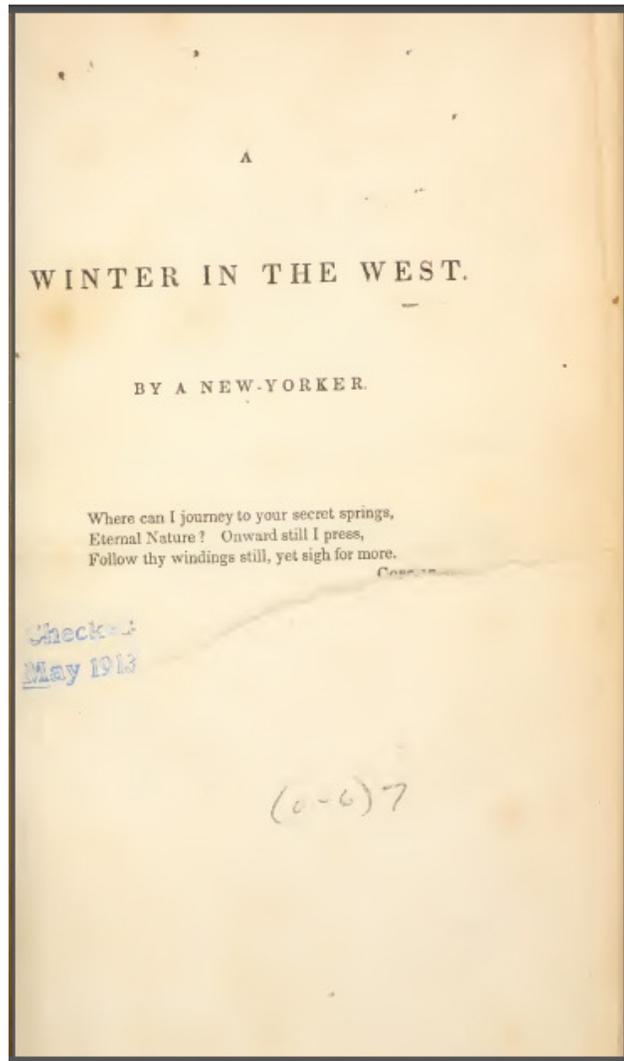
June 9-11, 2016

Thursday 9th: 10am - 5pm
Friday 10th: 10am - 5pm
Saturday 11th: 9am - 6pm
Pioneer Day is Saturday the 11th

Everyone! It's not too early to start planning now.

Pioneer Corner

Mark found a book dated 1835! It was written by “A New Yorker” – identified as Charles Fenno Hoffman. The title page:



It has two “Letters” dedicated to Cumberland Gap. They follow – unedited.

LETTER XXXIX.

Cumberland Gap, April 17.

The morning mist was yet hanging over the upland, on the day that I left Manchester, as L. and I, after receiving the hearty farewell of our jovial host Uncle Tommy, crossed the little brook that flowed near our quarters, and proceeded on our separate journeys. Our roads parted at the base of a steep wooded hill or mountain, and long after our last adieux were exchanged, as we wound around its shaggy side in opposite directions, our horses manifested the strong mutual friendship they had contracted, by continuing to echo each other's neighs till the sound of their hoofs had died in the distance, and the interchange of regretful feeling could sooth their ears no more. My sympathy for my bereaved Bucephalus was, however, I will confess, almost swallowed up in concern for myself, as I felt how much I should miss my late accomplished companion among the wild and grand scenes I was about to visit.

I had then a most romantic ride of seventeen miles along the most unromantically named "Goose Creek;" which, it must be acknowledged, keeps its way as heroically and gracefully among the savage cliffs and soft meadows that by turns scowl upon or dally with its waters, as if it had been happier in its godfathers : but you know, one sometimes finds a Snooks with the soul of a Marion, and sees the ankles of a Vestris supporting a Higginbottom. In the course of this ride I saw several establishments for the manufacture of salt, in rather a flourishing condition ; but the cottagers along my bridle-path, for the road was but little more, seemed as poorly off in this world's goods as most of those in this district whom I have had occasion to mention. At last, coming out upon the State road, a very tolerable inn greeted my eyes : there was a white man reading a newspaper on the piazza in front, and a negro groom at the porch to take my horse ; and these being the first indigenus reader and hostler I had seen for

some time, I could not but congratulate myself upon the promising aspect of things. My expectations were realized in a capital breakfast, which was soon set before me ; during which, while chatting with the good woman of the house, as she poured out my coffee, and pressed me now to take another egg, and now to try a little more of the smoked venison, I learned that the family had been driven from Lexington last summer by cholera, after losing eleven out of their number. The rest of that day's ride, though not a week has yet intervened, is now, from the rapid succession of the various beautiful scenes that opened upon me, too confused in memory for me to attempt particular description. I have before given you the general features of the scenery in this region, and I must leave you to imagine those sharp conical hills, or miniature mountains, I have so often lately spoken of, gradually swelling in magnitude until they insensibly deserve the name of mountains, and so attaching themselves by degrees to the Cumberland chain, that they at last become almost imbodyed with it, and claim kindred with the majestic Alleghanies. That there is some distinction still kept up, however, in their ranges, you may gather from the reply of a countryman of whom I asked the road, when somewhat puzzled once among the various defiles

" I reckon you don't go this road very often, stranger ? for it is as plain as the first* sight on a rifle ! Well, now, you know where Major Douglas's barn is ? That's it across the road ; yo\S

* The long western rifle has three sight-pieces on the barrel
VOL. II.—

just take that on your left hand, and go ahead about two hundred rods. I allow, then, you may take yonder knob on your right shoulder, and carry it till it joins the ridge about two miles from here ; you may then keep the ridge in the same place { videlicet, on my right shoulder) till it slaps into the mountain yonder." This idea of carrying a knob or hill on one's shoulder till it becomes a mountain no doubt is borrovv^ed from the worthy

Cretan, who carried a calf till it became a bull.
Mile's task was, however, mere boys' play to mine.
You may fancy, as it was growing late, how I
whipped up the major's barn in my left hand, and
flirted it aside like a feather after going the two
hundred rods—conceive me then curling my fingers
in the shaggy pines on the top of the hill designated,
and wrenching it from its roots as a Lilliputian
would a peanut ! I swung the growing thing
over my right shoulder, till in a portage of two miles
it swelled into a mountainous ridge, nor dropped
my burthen till it could stand alone a full-grown
mountain.

I was now riding along the banks of the Cumberland
River, and the moon-beams had already
begun to silver the cliffs that bend over its beautiful
waters, when I reached the celebrated ford
whose romantic banks have been so well described
in one of Judge Hall's Western legends. The
stream looked broad and deep, and advancing into
its full current, where the moon, touching a slight
ripple, indicated, as I thought, a zigzag pathway,
my saddle was thoroughly wetted before I heard
a warning voice on the opposite side, directing
me to head the stream, and push for another point
than that which I had immediately in view.

A glance at the foaming rifts over my right
shoulder gave me, I confess, every disposition to
act upon the advice with all alacrity ; and soon
gaining shoaler water, I was much provoked to
learn from my friendly cautioner, as he approached
the bank to receive me, that I might have escaped
a partial ducking by availing myself of a ferry
within a mile of the place where I had crossed the
stream. A Western man never thinks of directing
a mounted traveller to such a convenience, unless
the stream be otherwise impassable.

I passed the night at a capital inn within a few
yards of the water's edge ; and the morrow's
dawn still carried my route along the picturesque
Cumberland. The advance of the season had
become rapidly apparent as I proceeded southwardly.
The foliage was richer, and of a deeper
die ; and as the morning light shot athwart the
erags above me, and glanced on the glossy mag
nolias that fringed the river's brink, nothing could

be more beautiful than the contrast of shades, which the deep green of the towering hemlocks and the light leaves of the buck-eye and paw-paw afforded. I began soon to ascend a mountain, and there too the deep woods afforded other objects of interest. The squirrels pranked it away among the leafy boughs as pertly near me as if wholly free from fear ; the timid rabbit made the last year's leaves rustle, as, affrighted by the sound of my horse's hoofs, he darted beneath his bushycovert,— and the red-bird and gold-winged woodpecker played fearlessly about my path, while the wood-doves alighted like tame pigeons in the road, or fluttered for miles along it. Emerging from this forest—where many a tree would throw a column of ninety feet shaft, above thickets rich with the white blossom of the dog-wood and the deep verdure of the may-apple—a ride of a mile or two through a beautiful undulating amphitheatre brought me to the base of the Cumberland Mountains. Their unbroken chain extended far away on either side, to the northeast and south-west, from " The Gap" in front of me ; which is, I believe, the only defile by which they are passed. This notch in the rocky ridge, though its sides are so steep as to appear as if worn away by the action of water, is still so elevated above the adjacent country as to afford a prospect of the grandest description. Whichever way the eye turns, its view is terminated by wooded summits : but the Cumberland chain itself is so narrow that you can almost see the base on either side, while the intermediate- distances between it and the detached heights around are filled with meadows, and orchards, and bright streams, and craggy promontories, blended together in the most picturesque confusion.

It was my last look at beautiful Kentucky, and I lingered on the magnificent landscape, as the breeze of day became hushed upon the hill-side, till the growing twilight shut it from my view. It was my last look at beautiful Kentucky,—and I could not but recall, while slowly turning my horse's head from the setting sun, the emotions which the patriarch Boone has recorded, when that bold adventurer first pushed beyond the mountains,

and at the same golden hour, and perhaps
from the very height where I was then standing,
looked down upon the wilderness of tufted blossoms
before him.*

* *' After a long and fatiguing journey through a mountainous
wilderness, in a westward direction, I at last, from the top of an
eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful land of Kentucky- * *

The whippoorwill was already beginning to call
from the hill- side, when I reached the little inn
from which I write, at the foot of the mountain ;
and the smooth cascade that glides over a tall cliff in
the rear of the house shone amid the dusky cedars
like a pillar of light beneath the uprising moon.
Such a spot is not to be met with every day of
one's life, and I determined, as soon as I found I
could be accommodated in the inn, to spend some
time in looking around me. I have been amply
repaid by passing a day in exploring the finest
cavern I have ever beheld. But as it is worthy of
a letter by itself, I will endeavour to describe it in
my next.

It was in June ; and at the close of day the gentle gales retired,
and left the place to the disposal of a profound calm. Not a
breeze shook the most tremulous leaf I had gained the summit
of a commanding ridge, and looking round with astonishing delight,
beheld the ample plains, the beauteous tracts below. * * *

Nature was here a series of wonders, and a fund of delight. Here
she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers
and fruits, beautifully coloured, elegantly shaped, and charmingly
flavoured ; and I was diverted with innumerable animals presenting
themselves continually before my view. * * * The buffaloes
were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements,
browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on
these extensive plains, fearless because ignorant of man."—[Narrative
of Colonel Daniel Boone, from his first arrival in Kentucky
in 1769, to the year 1782.]

LETTER XL.

Cumberland Gap, April 8.

There are three or four houses within as many hundred yards of the little inn at which I am staying ; but this appears to be the only tenanted one in the neighbourhood. It lies upon the edge of a grove of pines, facing the road, with a green meadow on one side, and the crags of the Cumberland range impending immediately over it on the other.

The dividing lines of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia here intersect each other ; and the triangular section thus made on the confines of these three "sovereign and independent States," is reputed to be a sort of neutral ground, so far as the operation of the laws of either is concerned. A

gang of counterfeiters and coiners of false money are said to have their workshops among the deep glens adjacent. I am told that they mingle with the people in the most impudent manner. Their fast horses carry them when suspected soon beyond the reach of immediate pursuit ; and the seclusion

* Whimsically enough, the individual who gave the writer this information subsequently palmed a copper dollar upon him.

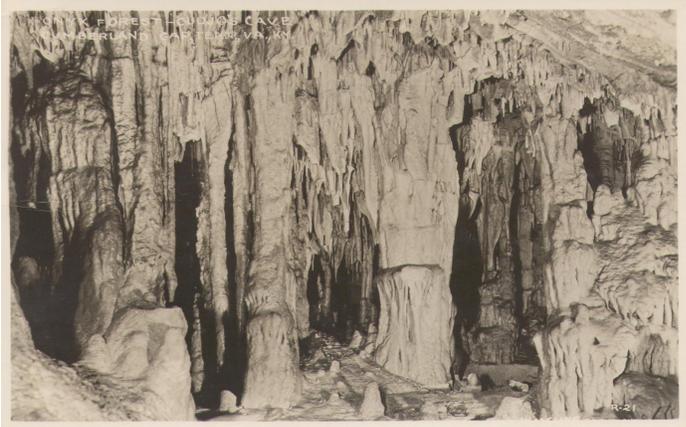
of their rocky dens prevents their being subsequently ferreted out,—supposing even that the sheriff's officers should be anxious to encounter these *- Cumberland riders." You may form some idea of the facilities for retirement afforded here to these gentry, by accompanying me now through the cavern mentioned in my last. There is a mountain-

Here begins discussion of "the cave." Please note that the captions on the photos do not correlate to the names given in the book. However, they are included here to give an impression of what Mr Hoffman was seeing.



torrent within pistol-shot of the house, and by following it up about a quarter of a mile, you come to where it rushes from a small opening in the

hill-side. Passing about a hundred yards ahead, the gorge, which farther down affords a channel to the brook, is abruptly terminated by a precipitous rock ; and here, in the face of this rock, overhung by drooping weeds and wild flowers, is the entrance to the cave. It is a ragged aperture, about six feet in diameter, sloping downward from the brink internally about fifteen feet ; and when the



sun is in certain positions, you may from the outside catch a glimpse of the brook before spoken of, as it gleams over the floor of the cavern, while keeping its way to the outlet lower down the mountain. I had four guides with me, each of whom carried torches ; and after lighting them at the entrance, and supplying myself with a long pole to steady my descent down the first steep, we entered the mouth of the cave. A few steps in the shallow water at the bottom led to a sudden turn, where the daylight was at once excluded;



and uniting our torches together, to throw their collected light in advance, we discovered that we could only continue our route by entering a deep pool about breast-high, which lay clear as crystal before us. In the middle of this pool a detached crag hung from above, so near to the water's edge as to screen the path beyond ; and before entering the water I sent one of the party ahead to ascertain whether there was any dry footing beyond.



He shrunk at first from the icy water ; but after pausing a moment, when it threatened to reach his shoulders, soon disappeared behind the curtain ; and listening to his splashes a moment or two longer, we were glad at last to hear his call to " come on." Our path in advance did not seem to improve much, however, as we gained the point proposed ; for after advancing a few paces over a floor of rock and sand, another pool, still broader, and almost of equal depth, lay yet before us,

—
c'est ne que le premier pas, &c.,

—and so we went ahead, while our route through this damp and narrow gallery soon terminated in a lofty and dry chamber some fifteen feet in diameter. This was called " The Fire-room," and here we proceeded to kindle some fuel brought with us, and prepare for our farther advance into these dark domains.



On the upper side of this chamber, whose floor was a rough inclined plane of about forty-five degrees, there was a narrow hole called " The Blast," barely large enough for the admission of a man's body. Through this aperture the wind rushed with such force as actually to bewilder one, and of course extinguish a torch instantly when placed in contact with it. The passage it afforded ran in an upward direction, and was about five yards in length. Having supplied himself with a brand



from the fire, our principal guide led the way through the crevice, and we successively followed, crawling after him on our hands and knees. This, I confess, was a pretty disagreeable piece of business ; but when the torches were again lit, and I could look around me, I felt myself amply repaid. The apartment, which from its smooth, dome-like roof is called " The Oven," would cover an area, I should think, judging by the imperfect light, of at least forty feet diameter ; though the immense rocks which lie in massive piles upon its floor renders it difficult to judge of its dimensions. These rocks formed a rough knoll in the centre, and clambering with some difficulty to the top, we pursued our way along a rocky ridge, whose profile might have been borrowed from the external features of any of the mountains around. We seemed, indeed, from the numerous rises and descents along our route, to be traversing the broken summit of a mountain, with merely the roof of a cave instead of the canopy of heaven above us. At length, however, we descended into a long narrow apartment, called " The Saloon.*" It had a high square ceiling and a firm floor of clay,—firm enough, indeed, for the foot of a dancer. This, I learned from my guides, was the favourite room of the place ; but though certainly a most comfortable looking chamber for a picknick, I did not think it compared with the apartment into which I was

soon after ushered. " The Gallery of Pillars" realized all that I had ever read of those sparry halls, that lift their glistening columns and sport their fairy tracery within the bowels of the earth.



The form of the grotto was so irregular that it was nearly impossible to make an estimate of its dimensions. The innumerable stalactites, sometimes pendent from the roof, and sometimes raising themselves in single columns from the floor, were so clustered together and intermingled, that the actual walls of the subterranean chamber were excluded from view ; while the light of our torches, as we waved them aloft, would at one moment be reflected back from a thousand fretted points, and be lost the next in some upward crevice, that led away, the bats alone knew where. But the most striking object in this fairy cell is yet to be mentioned. It was a formation of spar resembling a frozen waterfall, that reared itself to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and ran completely across one end of the chamber. The ceiling of the grotto was about ten feet higher, but the petrifying water, which was now dripping from the hanging stalactites above, had united them here and there with the top of this marble cascade, so as to form a Gothic screen of sparry points and pillars along its otherwise smooth round summit. One of the guides succeeded with the aid of his companions in scaling the slippery elevation, and drawing his body with difficulty between the dropping pillars that knit the top of the congealed cascade to the roof of the grotto, he disappeared in perfect darkness

behind the screen. A moment after it seemed as if a hundred lamps were dancing in that part of the cavern. He had merely lighted a couple of candles with which he was supplied, and placed them so as to be reflected from the minute and interlacing fretwork above.

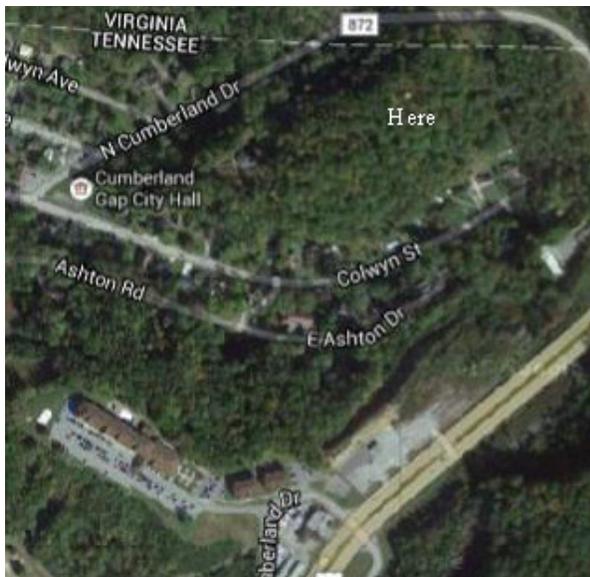
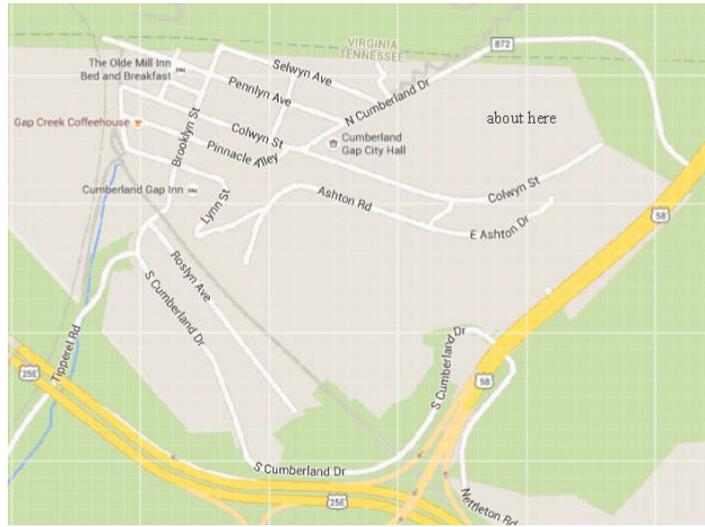
There was yet another chamber to be explored; and being now about half a mile from the mouth of the cave, it behooved us, if we wished to derive any benefit from our lights in returning, to expedite our movements. Passing, then, from the grotto, the uneven floor of which was partly paved with truncated columns of spar, and partly strewn with broken pillars that some barbarous hands had wrenched from their places, we crawled over huge rocks, where the roof of the cavern descended to within three or four feet of the broken floor, and came to a rugged declivity, seamed by deep and dark chasms, which rendered the descent, difficult and perilous. When we had gained the bottom of this precipice and looked up, the top of the cavern was scarcely discernible by the light of our torches. A limpid brook, about a foot in depth, had here channelled its way in the smooth limestone ; following it up for a few yards, a sudden turn brought us to a long semicircular gallery, about five feet in height, and hardly more in breadth. This, from the singular echoes it produced, was called " The Music-room ;" and no whispering gallery could supply a more remarkable phenomenon of sound. The lowest tone of voice produced a murmur that trembled through the apartment, like the humming sound created by striking upon the wood-work of a guitar, —or rather, I may assimilate the effect produced by some tones, the base ones particularly, to the low notes which a harp will send forth when the keys of a piano are touched near it. I was very sorry that v/e had not a musical instrument of some kind with us, to experiment more particularly upon these delicate and not unmelodious echoes. This room was nearly in the form of a crescent, and its smooth ceiling sloped gradually at the farther end till it touched the surface of the winding rivulet. At that point the stream became both broader and deeper ; and the cavern

not having been yet explored beyond this chamber, I proposed diving into the brook where it disappeared beneath the descending roof, and ascertaining whether it were not possible to rise in an open space beyond. The principal guide, however, declared that he had already tried the experiment, and had nearly been suffocated by getting his head above water in a crevice of the dropping vault, from which it was difficult to extricate himself. We prepared, therefore, to retrace our steps ; and our lights being nearly exhausted, we reduced their number to two while winding again through the devious labyrinth. After once or twice slightly missing the way, I emerged at last from this nether world, highly gratified with my subterranean wanderings.

- Civil War Era - Cumberland Gap National Cemetery

Originally commissioned in 1864, the Cumberland Gap National Cemetery was the final resting place for many soldiers. However, by the mid to late 1960's the graves had been exhumed and moved to the Old Gray cemetery in Knoxville, Tennessee.

The Cumberland Gap National Cemetery has yet to be decommissioned; it is on the south side of North Cumberland Drive in the Eastern side of the city. There is a water tower in the middle of the cemetery. On the map, look for “about here”. In the satellite image you can see a small, round image that is the water tower.



The water tower from the corner of N. Cumberland Dr & US-58 Hwy



Due to a severe storm in 2014 which downed many trees, presently access to the cemetery is impractical.

A Grave Registry follows – Next page.

Cumberland Gap National Cemetery Grave Registry

Although we cannot be 100 percent certain that this is an all inclusive list, we think it is. As previously stated, by the mid to late 1960's all these graves had been exhumed and moved to the Old Gray National Cemetery in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Arney, Charles, d. 11/24/1864, M BATTYL MICH LT ART, Orig Bur Cumberland, Gap, Plot: 2448,

Barker, John, I 91 IND INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap Tn, Plot: D 3064,

Before, George, d. 05/20/1866, PVT E 185 OHIO INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap Tenn, Plot: 2374,

Brant, D, d. 01/01/1864, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap Tenn, Plot: C 8446

Braswell, John, 71 IND INF, Orig Bur Chumberland Gap, Tenn, Plot: B 2743

Briggs, A W, CO A 2 NC, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap Tenn/Dod 1864, Plot: A 2612,

Bright, E R, d. 08/09/1862, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap Tenn, Plot: 2746,

Brisby, F M, D 34 KY INF, Orig Bur Gumberland Gap Tenn, Plot: B 2733,

Chase, Lester, d. 07/12/1862, PVT 9 OHIO BATRY, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Tenn, Plot: 2737,

Clark, A B, d. 09/09/1862, PVT CO E 49TH IND INF, Orig Bur Comberland Gap Tenn, Plot: A 2697,

Clent, W B, d. 04/12/1865, CAPT CO A 49TH IND INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gapl Tenn, Plot: A 2672

Crandall, Joshia, d. 11/02/1863, PVT C 86 OHIO INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap Tenn, Plot: A 2636,

Envitt, J M, E 118 IND INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: 2452,

Ford, Josephus, d. 01/20/1864, PVT E 115 IND INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: B 2717,

Fry, William, A 115 IND INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: B 2732,

Gillen, John, d. 01/08/1866, A 16 USC INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Cap, Plot: 2673

Hackson, Joseph, 116 IND INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Tenn, Plot: A 2272,

Hesler, Morris, d. 11/23/1863, B 116 IND INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap Tenn, Plot: B 2741

Hollven, G L, G 16 OHIO INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2663

Isham, William B, d. 08/30/1862, PVT B 5TH TENN INF, Aug 30 1862/Orig Bur Cumberland Gap Tenn, Plot: A 2685

Keefer, Samuel, d. 10/24/1863, PVT C 86 OHIO INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: 2606,

Livingston, Harlon, d. 10/07/1863, PVT E 86 OHIO INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Va,

Loper, James, R E 22 KY INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2682

Madther, W H, D 2 TENN INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2665

McCurlina, John, d. 08/08/1863, Orig Bur Ucmberland Gap Tenn, Plot: 2720

McDowell, James E, D 11 TENN CAV, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: B 2731

McGee, William H, d. 08/25/1862, PVT CO A 2 TENN INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2670

McKean, John B, d. 04/02/1862, G 46 OHIO INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap Tenn, Plot: A 2637,

Monday, Pleasant, d. 06/14/1863, PVT E 12 KY INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Tn, Bur In Pulaski Co Ky, Plot: A 2656,

Osteen, Elisha, d. 07/17/1864, F 2 NC MTD INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2603,

Owens, William, d. 06/05/1862, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2645

Pearson, Howard, d. 03/14/1865, Mar 14 1865/Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: 2704

Peeden, John, d. 11/24/1863, PVT A 115 IND INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: B 2724,

Perkey, David, d. 11/16/1863, PVT E 86 OHIO INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: 2347

Ramsey, Robert, d. 04/24/1862, PVT D 4TH KY INF, Apr 24 1862/Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2658

Roberts, G W, d. 01/19/1865, H 2 NC MI, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2615

Schlappi, Henry, d. 09/24/1863, PVT F 86 OHIO INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: C 2444,

Shea, Patrick, d. 07/21/1864, B 34 KY INF, Jul 21 1864/Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: 2693,
Snowder, Peter, d. 05/05/1865, K 34 KY INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap Tenn, Plot: 2651

Solomon, James, d. 08/11/1862, PVT E 5TH TENN INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A
2679,

Southard, Leonard A, d. 09/05/1862, K 42 OHIO INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2588,

Swiss, William, d. 01/14/1864, PVT 22 OHIO BATTY, Jan 14 1864 Orig Bur Cumberland Gap,
Plot: 2264

Tant, Andrew J, d. 02/23/1864, PVT A 91 IND INF, Feb 23 1864 Orig Bur Cumberland Gap,
Plot: A 2609,

Tate, Robert, d. 12/04/1864, K 11 TENN CAV, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2275,

Taylor, John, d. 05/28/1864, PVT D 11 TENN CAV, May 28 1864 Orig Bur Cumberland Gap,
Plot: A 2271

Toon, David, d. 08/23/1862, SGT CO K 49TH IND INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A
2698,

Towers, V, I 11, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2265

Tutterson, A, d. 08/22/1862, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2686,

Virgin, Samuel T, d. 09/30/1862, PVT CO C, 22 KY INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A
2671,

Walker, W W, d. 07/24/1862, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: A 2677

West, John, d. 02/12/1864, 2 NC M INF, 2 12 1864 Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: C 2457

Wilson, Green, 3 TENN INF, Orig Bur Cumberland Gap, Plot: B 2729

Woods, Marcus, d. 08/22/1862, A 1 TENN CAV, Org Bur Comberland Gap C-1011508, Plot: A
2712,

Wyess, Edward, 12 MICH BATT, Org Bur Cumberland Cap, Plot: A 2624,

Queries

James Hutson

Q Message:

Would be interested in info about how far your history of the Gap area extends. My families all frow Old Washington Co TN. Green, Jefferson Cocke and Sevier Cos TN. Specifically interested in Butler's and Hudson/Hutson's most migrated or lived in upper east TN from late 1700' through late 1800's. Thanks in advance Dr Jim Hutson, Marietta GA

A Hello

The history of the Cumberland Gap – named by Dr. Thomas Walker in 1750; and, then affirmed by Daniel Boone 19 years later as well as establishing the Wilderness Road. However, records for Tennessee did not start being recorded for the area until 1801. Before Tennessee the area was part of North Carolina with Land grants from the American Revolution, except for the Henderson land grants that came from Kentucky. In Dr. Walkers Journal it was stated they stayed with a family of the Overtons so there were people here before Walker.

The surnames that you listed are in the three counties surrounding the Gap: Claiborne County, Tennessee; Bell County, Kentucky; and, Lee County, Virginia.

Cousins Chart

If one person's → is the other person's ↓	then they are □	Grandparent	Great- grandparent	Great-great- grandparent	Great³- grandparent	Great⁴- grandparent	Great⁵- grandparent
Grandparent	1st cousins; or Siblings	1st cousins once removed	1st cousins twice removed	1st cousins thrice removed	1st cousins four times removed	1st cousins five times removed	
Great- grandparent	1st cousins once removed	2nd cousins	2nd cousins once removed	2nd cousins twice removed	2nd cousins thrice removed	2nd cousins four times removed	
Great-great- grandparent	1st cousins twice removed	2nd cousins once removed	3rd cousins	3rd cousins once removed	3rd cousins twice removed	3rd cousins thrice removed	
Great³- grandparent	1st cousins thrice removed	2nd cousins twice removed	3rd cousins once removed	4th cousins	4th cousins once removed	4th cousins twice removed	
Great⁴- grandparent	1st cousins four times removed	2nd cousins thrice removed	3rd cousins twice removed	4th cousins once removed	5th cousins	5th cousins once removed	
Great⁵- grandparent	1st cousins five times removed	2nd cousins four times removed	3rd cousins thrice removed	4th cousins twice removed	5th cousins once removed	6th cousins	

(From Wikipedia with permission.)

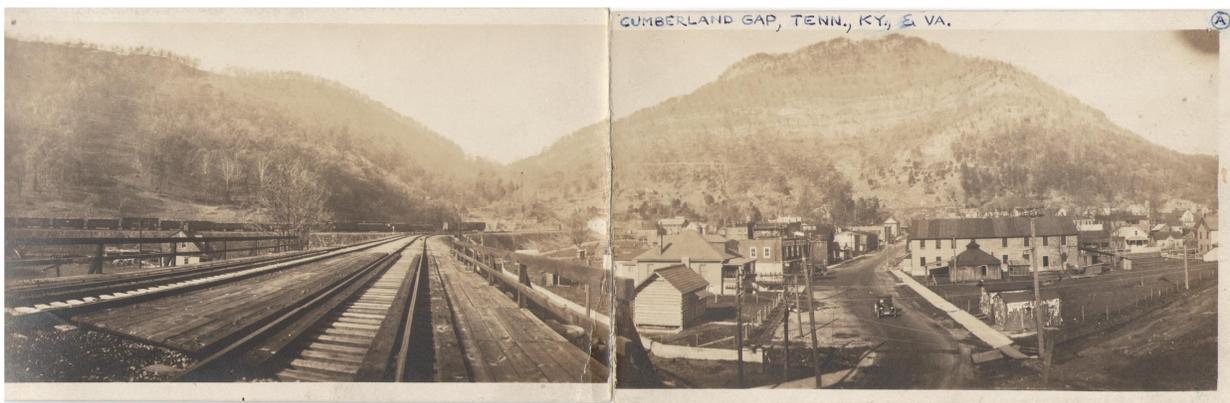
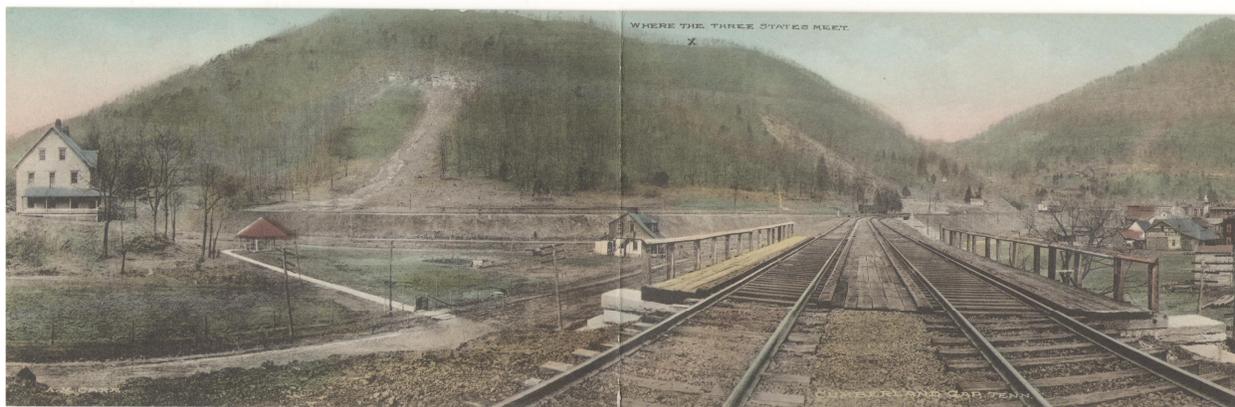
Instructions: It's really pretty easy to use this chart; in order to determine your relationship to another person, all you have to do is find the intersection of your common ancestor.

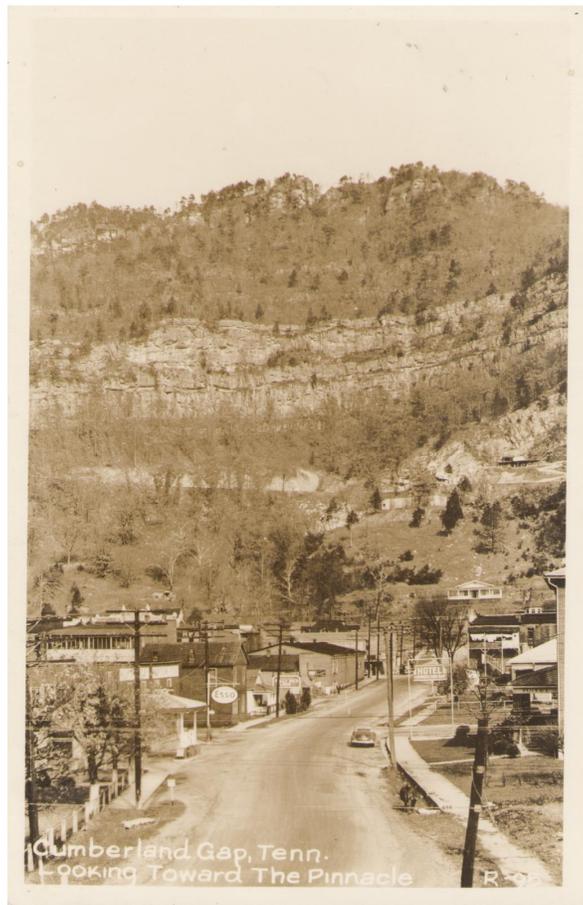
Worksheet to Accompany the Cousins Chart

Names for Person 1		Names for Person 2
_____	----6G Grand Parent ----	_____
_____	---- 5G Grand Parent	_____
_____	----4G Grand Parent ----	_____
_____	----3G Grand Parent ----	_____
_____	----2G Grand Parent ----	_____
_____	----Great Grand Parent ----	_____
_____	----Grand Parent ----	_____
_____	----Parent ----	_____
_____	----Person ----	_____
Person 1		Person 2

Use this little worksheet to determine your common ancestor; then, use the chart above to see what cousins you are.

Some Old Photos





Looking westward down Colwyn Street. The Fire Department is just behind and to the right of the photographer.



During the Winter Storm of 2015... This is the area that hosts our annual Genealogy Jamboree. This picture emphasizes what a lovely and beautiful town Cumberland Gap is year around.