

Fort Worth Texas
June 21, 1951

Mr. Buford Stone
Hazel, Kentucky

Dear Sir:

I was delighted to hear from you in answer to my ad. in the Murray Democrat. I have been interested in working on the Wright and Stone family lines for several years and have collected some data from the relatives here in Texas. We have a mutual cousin in Jacksonville, Texas who has also been interested in the line and most of my information came from her. She is a descendant of Rowland Stone through his daughter Mary or "Polly" as she was nicknamed, who married W. P Wright and came to Texas from Calloway County, Kentucky in about 1838. The daughters name is Mrs. Kate Hewitt, and this cousin Mrs. Kate Hewitt and Mr. Wrather another mutual cousin, who descended from Rowland Stone through his daughter Nancy worked together and exchanged information and I was fortunate enough to receive the benefit of their work as they are a generation older than I. They were each a ggrandchild of Rowland Stone. Mrs. Hewitt is still living and is about 75 years old and Mr. Wrather is dead has been for several years. Mrs. Hewitt has a number of old letters from the Kentucky relatives many of them over a hundred years old and Mr. Wrather had some and she has copies of his old letters.

I have copies of all of them, I have no originals, but have read the originals Mrs. Hewitt has, in fact, she lent me the letters to bring to Fort Worth so I could get them photostated but they were in a very worn condition and I decided to just type them as I was afraid they would come to pieces if handled too much. I am sending several copies of them to you as you might like to see the kind of letters they wrote to each other, one is from your great grandfather George W. Stone, and another one from great uncle James Stone and some other things I think you might be interested in. I was disappointed to know that you had no information on Robert Stone as I was particularly interested in finding his birthdate and marriage date.

I wrote to Murray Kentucky Court House some months ago for their marriage date and they informed me the Court House burned in 1905 and they had none of the records for the date.

I am of the opinion that Robert Stone was one of the older children of Rowland Stone as his wife is given in the 1850 Census as 50, which would indicate that she was born in 1800. I note too that you say that he came from South Carolina, that he fought in the Revolutionary War from District 96, South Carolina. I have a copy of his application for a pension dated November 27, 1832, I am enclined to believe that is right, as, the information was given in the application by Rowland himself which probably is right, unless you have something else that proves he was from North Carolina. Another thing that makes me think he was from South Carolina is the fact he is shown in the 1790 census as living in the Abbeville District, but his name is spelled Rowley Stone. I would be delighted to have any information that his slab at the grave shows. I have a little information on Rowlands wife Eliza Miller Stone if you would like to have it. Do you know of any of the other kinfolks in Calloway County, Kentucky who might have a family Bible or some other records that I might write to see if I can find out anything about Robert Stone? You sopke of your grandfather Frank as marrying a Wright, I wonder if it could be a kinsman of Hansel Wright who was the father or Roberts wife and Pollies husband? I have some informnation on them too if they are the same family and you would like to have it. I am also enclosing a copy of Rowland Stones Pension record as you might like to have it, you may keep it if you like as I have another.

I will repeat a story Mrs. Hewitt told me about Rowland Stone, I don't know whether this is a true story or just tradition, but Mrs. Hewitt said it was true. In fact Mrs. Hewitt is somewhat poetic and wrote the story in rhyme. Here is the story. "When the Revolutionary War begin, Rowland's father and older brother enlisted and left Rowland, who was only a real young chap, at home with the mother and younger children. When the War was well along the brother came home from the War on leave to visit the family, and while he was there one day the British came by and accused Rowland of having some seed corn hidden and demanded to know where it was. Rowland told them he didn't know about any seed corn being hidden any where. The British started abusing him, a right young boy,

and the brother that was home from service walked out and started to take his part and when they saw him, they were going to to kill him on the spot. So the mother ran out and stood in front of her soldier son and pleaded for his life, but the British pulled her from in front of her son and shot him and stomped Rowland into unconsciousness, shouldered their guns and walked away. When Rowland recovered he volunteered to take his brothers place. He was only sixteen at the time." Here is the story in rhyme as composed by Mrs. Hewitt.

Away back in the seventeenth century a baby boy and a baby girl came into two homes in Ireland. The parents of these babies had known nothing of real freedom, but had always been in a land ruled by the iron hand of a King. Ireland had been for years in an almost state of constant turmoil. No doubt in early childhood these children had heard of that beautiful America, and longed for the Freedom it was offering. While it was not "free" as yet--the privilege of living in a country from under the direct eyes of a King appealed to their minds as being a most beautiful country. Their parents did not see best to go to that land. But this boy and girl grew into Manhood and Womanhood.

Being man and woman now--Cupid darts,
And struck his arrow into thier harts.
In this suppressed Ireland, fair
Cupid united this happy pair.

Children came into this home
And, their parents minds continued to roam
Knowing of that country, far away,
they decided--to it they would sail one day.

We must go into that land
With this--our happy little band
To give them rights we've never enjoyed
Not raise them bound and always annoyed.

Before 1770 in early Spring,
This Presbyterian family fled from the King.
They landed on Pennsylvania's shore
But found their troubles not o're.

Their King had behld the prosperity here
And determined to derive profit to him so dear,
Americans refused the Stamp Act, then came a tax,
These people became disgusted with his acts.

He says "American ladies can't serve tea
Unless a revenue comes to me."

A Tea Party was given in Boston on night,
They made England feel it wanted to fight.

This Stone family felt they had made a mistake,
So decided to enter another state.
Their wagon loaded, from Pennsylvania they drove,
Landing in South Carolina, in a beautiful grove.

But War Clouds were beginning to roam,
and saddened the lives in this home.
For father and son would obey the call,
To face the enemy powder and ball.

In 1775 a call was made,
To this call father and son quickly obeyed
Small children and the brave mother
Were left at home with Rowland, the brother.

Some corn did that father hide,
For his family he wanted to provide,
The enemy demanded of that boy to say,
Where he'd put this corn away.

Rowland not knowing where it had been hidden,
Couldn't do what he had been bidden,
Beaten into an unconscious state,
Oh! the circumstance is so hard to relate.

The sorrows of that dear brave mother,
On the homecoming of the soldier brother.
Enemy came and demanded the grain,
No information from him could be gained.
While on her knees, did this mother pray,
Begging and pleading "to spare this boy today"
With all her pleading they took his life,
Leaving the broken hearted mother and wife.
Recovered now, Rowland responds to the call,
To face the enemy powder and ball.
He shouldered his musket like a man,
To fight for the Freedom of this land.
The last clouds of War have rolled away,
Father and Rowland returned home to stay.
Shouting praises for the Victory won,
Such a happy re-union was this one.

Sometime during the War a little girl entered a South Carolina home. Her parents named her Elizabeth Miller. Prosperity was again in the homes of the South Carolina people. A few years rolled on, and:

Cupid as usual was ready to dart
and strike through Rowland and Elizabeths hearts.
They were united man and wife one day,
So, out of lifes sea they sailed away.
Near 1800 this couple must have wed,
And on that day a great feast was spread.
All their neighbors were invited in,
What a grand day that must have been.
From South Carolina to Tennessee,
A better state they decided it to be.
Packing their wagon away they went,
On striking a fortune they seemed to be bent.

Mr. Stone, I am enclosing two letters from the Kentucky Kin. One is a letter that Great ggUncle James Stone wrote to my grandmother when she was about 13 years old. About 3 years after the death of her father Robert Stone, by that time Grandfather Rowland was also dead, it was about the settlement of the estate as you will see.

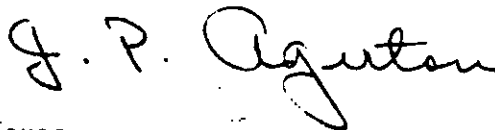
The other letter was from your Great Grandfather to the kin. I am copying the letter from your Great Grandfather on this page.

(Letter on separate page typed by Margaret Cloys)

Mr. Stone, I enjoyed hearing from you and will be glad to hear from you again soon.

Sincerely, J. P. Agerton

signed:

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "J. P. Agerton". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name "J. P. Agerton".

2504 Lotus, Fort Worth, Texas.

Note: This letter typed by Margaret D. Cloys on May 13, 1985.
Typed from a copy in the possession of Artence Stone
Cloys Barckley, using style and spelling as original
letter. Signature xeroxed from original letter.