

# PEARSON'S PLACES AND THINGS

Page 1

July 1998

Issue 4

## INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

<i>Family Queries</i>	4-1
<i>Pearson Family addition</i>	4-3
<i>Reunion Announcements</i>	4-3
<i>Benjamin West</i>	4-3
<i>John William Pearson</i>	4-4
<i>List of Officers</i>	4-7

## Special points of interest:

- List of Association Officer
- Subscription information
- Family Queries

As Pearson's Places and Things grows and matures we are learning more and more. One of the things we learned was that dealing with the government is never easy, we tried to file as a non-profit organization to open a bank account to hold our operating funds. What I got was a Federal employers ID number and probably a headache next year at tax time. Well we went ahead and opened a bank account and finally got all the checks deposited. From now on we will ask that all checks be made out to the Treasurer "Essie Pearson",

(Continued on page 3)

## UNION COUNTY SOUTH CAROLINA

In March we (Elton & Evelyn Pearson and Tim, Essie, and Caitlin Pearson all took a trip up to Union County South Carolina to do some fact finding for next years Pearson Family reunion. We found a lot of information that should make it a fun weekend trip for everyone. We found that with enough lead time lodging should not be

a problem. There are two new hotels and a number of older hotels. In a future issue we will play AAA and rate each hotel but, please remember that this is on a scale according to Tim and your taste may be different.



Juxa Plantation  
Wilson Road, Union, SC

## Issue Numbering

Because many people (including myself) don't like the standard "Volume and Issue" I will be changing it. After some comments and suggestions, I have come up with this new system. Each issue will receive its own number and each page within all issues will receive its own unique number. For example, the page that we are on currently will receive the number 4-1. This being the fourth issue and the first page. So from this time on we can refer to any past item by page number and you will know which issue to look in.

## FAMILY QUERIES

Now we'll get into the queries. The first thing I would like to pass on is that if you would like to having a query published in the "Pearson's Places and Things" all you have to do is send it to Elton E. Pearson Sr. Correspondence Secretary (see return address) and we will include your query. Depending on how many queries we receive will determine how soon it

will appear in the news letter. Normally we will try to keep the length of the news letter to about six pages.

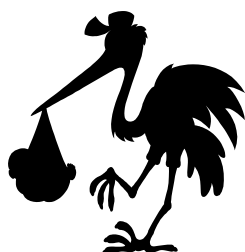
From Reynell, TX: I was pleased and surprised when I received my first two copies of Pearson's Places and Things, as Query #3 (**QUERY #3. Joseph Barnett m. in Goochland Co. VA to Lucy Wade. 3 Ch:**

(Continued on page 2)



PEARSON  
FAMILY

I am happy to announce the addition of Tristan Gareth Wellmaker to the Pearson Family! He was born to Randy and Kathy on 11 June 1998 at 5:55 am, was 7 lbs. 13 oz and 21" long. He is the Grandson of Willard Pearson.



Congratulations to the Wellmakers !

## Reunion Announcements

The Thomas Pearson (of 1653) reunion and descendents of Benjamin Pearson of 1824 and Maria Yount of 1825. The 1st Saturday of October each year. At the Grange Hall on Peters Rd & near Rte 571 (with the Pearson or Concord Cemetery just behind it) West of Tipp City, OH. (This year will be Oct. 3, 1998).

The Thomas & Elvira Pearson (Of 1790 & 1791-12-27) reunion To be held on June 12, 1999, in the Warren Co. town of Williamsport, IN. (Just across the Wabash River from the Fountain Co. town of Attica, IN.

The 2nd Pearson (All Spellings) reunion to be held every other year, at different locations, is planned for August 6-7-8, 1999 in Union & Newberry Counties, in South Carolina. With most activities centering around the city of Union in Union County, but visits to the Enock Pearson Cemetery south of Rose Hill Mansion in Union Co. and the Renown Bush River MM Cemetery in Newberry Co. South of Newberry, SC.

## Pass the Word Around!!!

### THE STORY OF BENJAMIN WEST THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTIST BY ELTON E. PEARSON SR.

In 1792 West became the second president of the 'Royal Academy of Arts'. On 1820-3-11 Benjamin died in London, Age 82,

In 1898 a plaque was unveiled by W. Benjamin West of 1850, a Great-Great-Grandson of Benjamin's brother Samuel (1750) on the side of the stone house that Benjamin was born. In 1940 through 1952 a 20¢ stock transfer stamp was issued by Federal Government in Benjamin's honor. Also in 1940 through 1954 a 20¢ documentary stamp was issued. Then in 1975-2-10 a 10¢ self-portrait stamp was issued. (Ency of U.S. stamps #1553 American Art Issue.)

A book was written Benjamin West and his Cat Grimalkin" by Margaret Henry & Wesley Dennis. Copyright 1947 by Bobbs & Merrill Co., Inc. (Publishers) 4300 W. 62nd St., Indianapolis, In. 46206.



**The additional Story of Benjamin West by Nathaniel Hawthorne - Parts I & II from the New National 5<sup>th</sup> Grade Reader of 1884.**

In the year 1738, there was born in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, an infant, who was named Benjamin West, and from whom his parent looked for wonderful things.

An aged preacher, a friend of prophesied about this told that he would be remarkable characters on the earth since the Penn. Ben lived to the ripe age of six years. without, doing any thing that was worthy to Be told in history. But one summer after in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little child who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle and delighted himself with gazing at the



Puss

(Continued from page 1)

this will simplify our problems with depositing the subscription money (\$5.00 per year). I thank you all for being patient with us and apologize for any inconvenience I caused with you balancing your check books.

On another related subject all written correspondence other than subscriptions should go to Elton E. Pearson Sr. the Correspondence Secretary. E-mails can come to me Tim Pearson at [tpears@freewwwweb.com](mailto:tpears@freewwwweb.com) and I forward them on to Elton Pearson, he's the real genealogist of this organization.

We also had a couple of the news letters come back to us because my address is on the back cover as the publisher. Because of this you'll notice some changes in the layout to keep the Post Office from making that mistake again. If for any reason you did not receive a copy of the news letter that you should have, let us know so we can fix it.

(Continued on page 5)

## THE STORY OF JOHN WILLIAM PEARSON

By Elton E. Pearson Sr. (1926)

John William Pearson was born in 1808-1-19, at Union District, South Carolina. A son of Thomas Green Pearson of 1786 & Ailsey Garrett of 1790. He was a brother to 6 others: Charles Pearson (1813), David Pearson ( ), Kindred Pearson ( ), Sarah Pearson ( ), Mannon Pearson ( ), & Joseph Pearson ( ). John married on 1842-10-5 at Savannah, GA. to Sarah Martha Pearce, Warren of 1812-11-28. She had evidently been married before to a Mr. Warren. John and Sarah had 5 children: Charles Green Pearson (1843-8-12), William Tell Pearson 1850 Kate Pearson 1845, Eliza Jane Pearson 1846-12-20 Eucretia Eakin Pearson 1853-5-3.

In 1845 to 1852 John laid out a town plat, and donated land and lumber, for the Orange Springs, FL. Church & Cemetery. His monument with his wife's & Son Charles's all located within a steel fence about 6' x 10' with "PEARSON" on the gate, in the cemetery.

John was a Civil War Lt.Col. 9th FL. Regt., and was wounded at Cold Harbor, VA. (near Rheams Station), on 1864-6-19 and died 3 months later in Augusta, GA., while being brought home to Orange Springs, FL., by his son. His son continued bringing him down, but finally had to bury him in Savannah, GA. He therefore is buried in the laurel Grove Cemetery, Northern (White) Section, on lot # 154, Savannah, GA. John died 1864-9-30, Age 56-8-11. While he has a tombstone in the laurel Grove Cemetery, he also has a monument to him in the Orange Springs Church Cemetery, which he established.



The Orange Springs Community Church is still in existence, with services continuing every week. I now quote from an article printed on their bulletin: "During the 1840's, settlers came into the Or-

ange Springs area. With them came the Methodist Circuit Rider. It was not long until a group of citizens joined together to form a Methodist congregation. In 1844 the Methodist Church divided over the issue of owning slaves. The southern branch was named Methodist Episcopal Church South. A group of this new denomination held a camp meeting at Orange Springs in 1845.

In 1845, John W. Pearson obtained title to lands in Marion County, including the "Mineral Springs" known as Orange Springs. He laid out a town plat, anticipating a growing, thriving town. With this optimism, Pearson donated the Land and Lumber to build this church building. Included in this building was the slave gallery in the rear of the sanctuary as it is today. Construction having begun in 1852, makes this one of the oldest houses of worship in Florida where the congregation still worships in its original building.

During the later part of the 1850's, there was a religious revival here. In the summer of 1859, the Rev. D. L. Kennedy lived in Orange Springs as Pastor, operating an organized Sunday School.

The Church fell on hard times following the Civil War. Yet, a Methodist Episcopal Church South Conference was held here in 1867. The Church struggled for many years. At times, the Church was included as part of the Interlachen and the Citra Charges of the Methodist Church. The Church was closed for several years and reopened in 1966 under the leadership of the Orange Springs Civic Club.

After being closed again, the Church was reopened in 1970 by a group of interested persons, and the Sunday School was reorganized. The congregation was chartered as the Orange Springs Community Church in 1972. The adjoining Fellowship Hall was completed in 1978 using mostly volunteer labor. In 1982, the Church building was restored to its present condition. The Rev. James White was very helpful in this time of revival. The Church building is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

The cemetery across the road is the final resting place for many pioneers and for both Union and Confederate Soldiers, and it is also on the National Register of Historic Places.

"Presently, our aim is to be true to our wonderful heritage and continue to build a congregation that will be an honor to our founder, Jesus Christ."



(Continued from page 3)

sleeping infant

It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for, while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

"How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!"

Now Ben, at this period of his Life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that, appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

On a table near at hand, there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

"Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

At first, Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But, when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise joy.

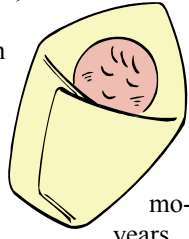
"Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms around Benjamin and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

As Ben grew older, he was observed to, take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal-flowers, of early autumn. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night.

The purple and gold clouds of sunset were a Joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, horses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn-doors or on the floor.

In those old times, the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there.

These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he had now three colors--red, blue, and yellow--and could manufacture



mo-  
years.

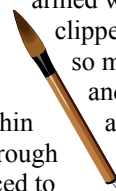
green by mixing the yellow with the blue.

Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed him gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows. But all this time the young artist had no paint-brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon -- what do you think? Why, upon a respectable, old black cat that was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

"Puss," said little Ben to the cat, "pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail."

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint-brush. This was of so much use to him, that he applied to Madame Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter.

Poor thing! She was forced to creep close into the chimney-corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful physiognomy. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint-brushes than that puss should be warm.



## FIFTH READER.

### 9. -- Benjamin West

#### PART II.

About this time, Friend West received a visit from a Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia who was also a member of the Society of Friends.

The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds of beautiful plumage, and of the Wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever before seen in the home of a farmer among the Friends.

"Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?"

Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre, and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fur.

"Verily," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter, and Providence is wiser than we are."



(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 2)

Benjamin & Mary G. Willis Roebuck.

**Query 33:** I am trying to find out anything about one of my ancestors who was born I think in county Antrim, Northern Ireland sometime in the last century but lived in Washington D.C. His name is William Henry Pearson & the Photo I have of him was taken around 1880 to 1905. It's his private address on the photo, that is significant, 215 A Street S.E., Washington D.C. As this street is directly behind the U.S. Capital Bldg. I assume he had a senior position in the U.S. Government! The studio that took the photo also had their address embossed on it too, Edmonston Studio, 610, 13th St., Washington D.C. He was probably born around 1850 / 1860! Ron of N. Ireland

(Continued from page 5)

future eminence. Yet they could not understand how he was ever to become a great and useful man merely by making pictures.

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, directed to our little friend Ben.

"What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands "Who could have sent me such a great square package as this?"

On taking off the thick brown paper in which it was wrapped, behold! there was a paint-box, with a great many cakes of Paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

What a Joyful evening was this for the little artist. At bedtime he put the paint-box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

In the morning, he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner-hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again.

The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes, was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. too, were the sunshine and the looking as natural as life.

"My dear child, thou hast wonders!" cried his mother.

The good lady was delighted. And well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture, of which old artists, who had spent a

life-time in the business, need not have been ashamed. Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him.

According to the ideas of the Friends, it is not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures?

This was a difficult question; and, in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the preachers and wise men of their society. Accordingly, they all assembled in the meeting-house, and talked the matter over from beginning to end.

Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had intended Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that the Friends resolved not to oppose his desire. They even admitted that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discourse.



They therefore committed the youth to the direction of God, being well assured that He best knew what was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he should go forth into the world and learn to be a painter, by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Friends of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors,--he left all the places and persons whom he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more. He went first to Philadelphia, and afterward to Europe.

Here he was noticed by many great people, but retained all the sobriety and simplicity which he had learned

(Continued on page 7)

## Pearson's Places and Things

(Continued from page 6)

among the Friends. It is related of him, that, when he was presented at the court of the Prince of Parma, he kept his hat upon his head, even while kissing the prince's hand.

When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George the Third, and President of the Royal Academy of Arts.



When the Friends of Pennsylvania heard of his success, they felt that the prophecy of the old preacher as to little Ben's future eminence was now accomplished. It is true, they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the "Death of Wolfe," thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.

His picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a great number of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, there hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same picture that little Ben had painted in his father's garret, after receiving the paint-box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.



and the age of life is a fairy tale; wonderful



He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820, at eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few more wonderful changes than that of a little unknown boy of the Society of Friends, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

Let us each make the best use of our natural abilities as Benjamin West did; and, with the blessing of Providence, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame, it is but little matter whether we acquire it or not.

### NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Biography,--Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of our best known American writers, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825.

There were times in the life of Hawthorne when, on account of poor health, he was compelled to give up literary work. On several of these occasions, he filled various minor positions of public trust.

The readiness of his mind for sudden changes of employment, may be illustrated by the following incident. In 1849, he was a surveyor of customs in Boston, and lost his position through a change in the national administration. It is related that on the very day he gave up his business duties, he began the composition of "The Scarlet Letter," one of his masterpieces.

Besides the work already mentioned, the most popular of Hawthorne's books are "Twice-told Tales," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," and of his juvenile

works, -- "Tanglewood Tales," and "Wonder Book." Hawthorne died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1864.

**NOTE: THE PARENTS OF BENJAMIN WEST WERE JOHN WEST AND HIS WIFE SARAH PEARSON, WEST.**

## Pearson's Places and Things

The following is a list of officers:

<b>President:</b>	<b>Timothy T. Pearson</b> <b>Orange Park, FL</b>
<b>Vice-President:</b>	<b>Willard Pearson</b> <b>Attica, IN</b>
<b>Treasurer:</b>	<b>Essie O. Pearson</b> <b>Orange Park, FL</b>
<b>Recording Secretary:</b>	<b>Mary Pearson</b> <b>Ogema, WI</b>
<b>Correspondence Secretary:</b>	<b>Elton E. Pearson Sr.</b> <b>Toluca, IL</b>
<b>Chaplain:</b>	<b>John J. Pearson</b> <b>Prentice, WI</b>

This is a Pearson Family genealogy newsletter. We continue to strive to publish the most correct information we can but, cannot guarantee it. Please send in corrections for known errors.

## Virtual



*Tim*  
**Pearson's**

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cut tape to open

cut tape to open

# Pearson's Places and Things



The Inn at Merridun

