

February, 1973

(Information received from Leatha Ballard Hayworth regarding the Horton family as told to her by her Mother, Susan Horton Ballard)

(This includes Leatha's own comments and memories of her Ellis Horton Grandparents)

Born September 30, 1842 at West Newton, Ind. Died October 6, 1900 at Monrovia, Indiana and was buried at West Newton in the old cemetery. Grew up on the farm of his mother and stepfather one mile south of West Newton. This was the farm that his grandfather Mendenhall had entered years before. Ellis first taught school at Friends private school at West Newton and "read medicine" with Dr. Heagon at West Newton. He did not go to Medical school until after his marriage. He first went to Miami Medical College in Cincinnati and then practiced medicine at West Newton. At that time one did not have to be a graduate to practice medicine. He received his Medical Diploma from Indiana Medical School in Indianapolis just before the birth of his second child, Susan. (1866) He practiced in Monrovia for a few years and then went to Iowa (Stewart) where he combined teaching school and practising medicine. After two or three years they returned to West Newton, going again to Iowa (Earlham) when Mother was about 13. After that he moved to Monrovia, Indiana where he lived and practised until his death. This moving about seems to indicate an urge for change that also crops up in a few of the Horton descendants. Others of us are content to live out our lives in the same surroundings.

Ellis Horton, my grandfather, died when I was, I think, six years old. I remember him but mostly my knowledge of him and his interests and activities come from my mother's conversation about him through the years. She liked to tell about his reading aloud to his circle of children - and demanding their attention. There were few children's books available to them in those days - so their father raised them on adult literature. This is one reason, I suppose that my mother has such a fund of poetry to recall as mental activity when other kind of activity is impossible. He read Scott's poems and novels. Mother remembers so much of the poetry of "Lady of the Lake".

He was a true extrovert and enjoyed all of the advantages that such people seem to have. He went about the countryside with his medical case and his books using both to heal the sick. He would sit down beside a bed and read something that he thought particularly good or that would be good for that particular patient. Then he would leave the book along with the pills and powders, expecting them both to be of benefit. They told me that after his death many, many volumes from his library were missing and that some people came into the office to say, "Would it be all right if I kept this book? Doc left it the last time he was at our place". Many others, of course, were not reported and in many cases, no doubt, the books were not even remembered.

As the father of seven children he took a lively interest in all school activities and checked on examination, and class recitations. There were no PFAs then, but he was usually close friends with the "Professor", School Superintendent and knew much that was going on in their small educational circles. I remember that one uncle told me that he used to write original poetry for the Fourth of July celebrations in the

village, but I have never seen any confirmation of that story.

Farm people so often put off going to the doctor until work was over for the day or week and so many office patients came in the evening and on Sundays. He was not a regular church attender, whether from that reason or whether using that for an excuse, however, I remember one story my mother told of the one time she remembers of when he did go to church.

She, as a young girl, was sitting beside him at the Methodist Church. They were Quakers but West Union, the Monrovia Friends Church, was evidently not yet organized. Mother said that they were expecting the new local young doctor and his wife for Sunday dinner and her Mother had stayed home to have dinner ready. Mother said that as the preacher was about on his "Thirdly" one of her brothers tiptoed down the church aisle and whispered in her father's ear, "Pa, the house is on fire". He left quicky, of course, but a man who had been sitting near enough to overhear the whispered message jumped to his feet, clapped his hat on his head and called out "Come on, boys! Doc's house is on fire". So church was dismissed without benediction and the worshippers gathered for the excitement of a house fire. The fire had been caused by a feather pillow lying too close to the "flue" which went up through Frank and Will's room to help in warming. The feathers made a terrible smoke but not much damage was done. The congregation had a good time, though and the smell of burned feathers, which is a terrible one, lingered on for weeks.

#### Elizabeth Hoskins (Horton)

Elizabeth Hoskins was born in Wany County (where Richmond is) on Valentine's Day, 1846, the fifth child of Joseph Hoskins and Ann Moore (Hoskins) (Died Oct. 4 or 5th, 1900). As my mother described her, she was a pretty woman with curling light brown hair, small of stature and quiet of manner. She had a family of nine children but never seemed flurried or upset. Although they kept a "hired girl" and the washing was sent out, still the household chores must have been heavy, without what we call modern conveniences. She was very quick in motion and so could accomplish much during the day. She loved to sing and knew so many songs of the civil war era and sang about her work and to her children. I remember her only as an invalid, in fact, during the illness that caused her death. She and her husband died within 48 hours of each other, she of a malignant tumor and he of heart complications. She died first and that, no doubt, hastened the death of her husband, Ellis. They were buried in a double grave in the "old cemetery" at West Newton, Indiana. She married Ellis Horton June 19, 1863, and had nine children, two of whom died in childhood.

She came to West Newton with her parents when she was a small child. When her husband went to Medical college she lived with her parents and it was there that her second child, Susan, was born. It was she who told the story of "Guggle" to her children - a story that was told to me and my brother when we were small - and always pleased us.

Joseph Hoskins, Her father, came from North Carolina to Wayne County, Indiana, where he bought a saw mill. He married Ann Moore who was a Quaker preacher, who came from Tennessee. (His death date is uncertain but between 1878 and 1882) This is Joseph.

Elizabeth Hoskins (Horton) was their fifth child. She married Ellis Horton, June 19th, 1863. Her Mother, Ann Moore Hoskins, was very precise in her speech and trained her children to be the same.

I remember my mother telling me that her mother always "dressed" for the afternoon. This didn't mean, of course, that she was idle for a half day, but that she left off her badge of the kitchen and put on a hostess type of gown. It was as Mother remembers, made much like her morning - probably calico - one, but the material was challis and it had a small "train". (basque style) That has always been a touching thought to me - that the busy mother of a whole household of lively children should hold her role in the home not as a cook alone but as a "lady". She was constantly busy - knitted the stockings for the family (probably the unmarried sisters helped) and carried her sharp steel knitting needles with her always. Mother remembers how they clicked and that her fingers were so nimble that she could barely see their movements. Mother's everyday stockings were of black as were her "Sunday" ones, but the dress up ones (Sunday) were knitted with a cable design.

She once reproved her husband for breaking so many fever thermometers. She took his and held it in the palm of her hand and said "I could hold this all day and not break it". Just then it rolled off her hand and crashed on the floor. Now her husband enjoyed that moment! He loved getting jokes on her. Another I remember was when they had been in "the city" - she was telling the children about it and described a picture they had seen. I realize now that it was a Currier and Ives print. She said that a little boy was holding the yarn for his mother to roll into a ball and his friends were outside the window looking in on their way to play ball. She described how the boy would turn his head now and then to look longingly out at them. That delighted her husband - her vivid imagination and sensing the boy's mood.

Barnett Family (Pronounced with accent on the first syllable)

John Barnett was born in 1712. His wife was Ann. Their son, Arthanacius Barnett married Jane Hutchins, the daughter of Strangemen and Mary Watkins Hutchins. Their daughter Ann Barnett born in Virginia, March 15, 1790 married Joseph Mendenhall, born October 2, 1878, died July 31, 1872(?)

Epth Joseph and wife Ann were born in Virginia and were married in North Carolina. They went from there to Ohio where their daughter, Ruth, was born. Later they moved on to Indiana, taking land about eleven miles south of Indianapolis. They had only one neighbor closer than five miles. It was not uncommon to see bears in the woods at that time. They built one large log room (cabin), later adding another of the same size with a connecting passageway and a "loom room". Still later they added four rooms on the back of the original log cabin - a kitchen dining room and two bedrooms. There was one large room upstairs (the loft). The fireplace was so large that the back log was dragged to the door by horses or oxen and then two men pulled it into the room and settled it in the fireplace.

They had a maple grove and made many gallons of maple syrup and sugar at the "sugar camp" which was roomy to hold spikes and pails and other necessities for "boiling down" the maple sap, and "sugaring off".

Like other pioneers they grew their own flax and wove it into linen for beds and other household uses. They grew, sheared, carded, spun, bleached, dyed and wove the wool for coverlets and clothing.

Ruth Mendenhall, their daughter was born in Ohio, November 8, 1814, died Sept. 8, 1891. She married Howard Horton.

William Howard Horton was the son of James and Sarah Horton who came originally from England and were of English birth with a trace of Welch ancestry. His brothers came from England with him. William Horton took land at West Newton, Indiana. His sons were: David, Cyrus, William and Howard and the daughters, Ellen and Charity. Cyrus, Ellen and Charity did not marry and continued to live on part of the original farm. David and William lived in West Newton which is part of the old Horton place.

Howard Horton born 1818, married 1841, died 1846 - married Ruth Mendenhall and they lived near by. Their son, Ellis Horton was their only child for Howard Horton died when Ellis was four years old.

Howard Horton's brother, William, married Betsey Mendenhall, sister of Ruth, making their children double first cousins of Ellis Horton. They were: Elwood, Joe, Jame, Sarah Ann, Alf, John and Emma (Stribling)

Ruth Mendenhall Horton then married William Whitson. This was the "Grandfather Whitson" that the children of Ellis Horton knew and loved. He had the saw mill at West Newton that was later sold to "Grandfather Hoskins", the father of Elizabeth Hoskins Horton. It was this farm in the deep wood that my mother, Susan Horton Ballard remembers with such affection. She and her older brother, Frank, had happy times gathering wild flowers on their way to visit at the farm. She especially remembers the old "milk house", a small stone house or room built so the creek flowed through it, keeping the crocks of milk and jars of cream and other food cooled by settling them on bricks or stones in the flowing water.

Another memory of hers is ringing the bell to call the men in from the fields. Before her time a long horn had been used for that purpose and she remembers having seen that long horn, although it was no longer in use. (The old Whitson bible records the births, marriages and deaths of the Whitson family and Mother has written in those of her own family. The album also is mostly friends and relatives of the Whitsons.

The children of Ruth Mendenhall Horton Whitson and William Whitson were: David and Willis. (Willis Whitson ran the village store at West Newton. We used to visit them (Uncle Willis and Aunt Anna) and it was exciting because they had a house with a "Tower room" and cupola. They had no children but adopted a daughter.

(Copy of the newspaper notices of the deaths of Dr. and Mrs. Ellis Horton)

"Few times in the history of this community has so much genuine sorrow been manifest as was shown in the sickness and death of Dr. and Mrs. Ellis Horton. Mrs. Horton passed peacefully away Thursday evening after a lingering illness. The doctor followed about 35 hours later after several months of severe suffering of heart trouble. Mrs. Horton was a quiet, noble character, loved by all who knew her, having a simple life, but highly educated and refined. She was an ideal Christian mother.

No man in this community was ever loved, respected and looked to as was Dr. Horton. He was endowed with that wealth of mind and firmness of feeling that few possess. We can add no words; his life speaks for itself.

The funerals were held at West Union Sunday morning and, in spite of the threatening weather, one of the largest audiences gathered that was ever witnessed at this place. Mrs. Eliza C. Armstrong, Dr. Seth Mills and Rev. Lindley A. Wells conducted the service. Dr. Mills delivered a sermon of rare thought and feeling as he had been associated with Dr. Horton from boyhood he could enter into the service with very deep feeling. After the funeral service they were taken to West Newton and placed in a vault. Thus ends the mortal life of two who were dearly loved by all. They were fitted to live, yet ready to die. Six children are left: Mrs. Susan Ballard of Chicago, Drs. Frank W. and William Horton, Mrs. Eliza W. Hadley and Blanchard and Thos. C. Horton, of this place.

DEATH OF DR. HORTON  
Morgan County's Best Known Physician Passes Away.

Dr. Ellis Horton, of Monrovia, died early this morning, a few hours after the death of his wife. He was the best known physician in Morgan county, and a man of high attainments. A few years ago he "The Hoosier Practitioner" a book that contained much of his personal experiences and attracted considerable attention. The funeral services will be held at Monrovia tomorrow morning. The burial will be at West Newton.

Samuel Record

Births

William Franklin Horton - Born Dec 29, 1852  
Mary Olive Engardt - " Aug 17 - 1861.  
married Oct 12 - 1876.

Deaths

William Reading Horton - Confined 7, 1877  
Anna Isabel Horton: " Sept 13, 1879,  
Carol Josephine Horton: " July 18, 1886,  
Mabel Ella Horton: " March 6, 1889,  
Charles Henry Horton: " Apr 10, 1900.

Deaths

William Franklin Horton <sup>1877</sup> died Jan 9, 1916

Mary Olive Engardt Horton died April 21, 1925

Charles Clifford Sammons <sup>0120 FEB 28 1917</sup> May 19, 1917

Carol Josephine Horton <sup>0120 FEB 28 1917</sup> July 18, 1886

married Nov. 20, 1904.

Child born.

Engle 74 on Sammons Born Oct 21, 1917

William Orr Sammons: " April 18, 1919  
Carol Josephine Sammons: " July 18, 1919

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*Nov. 1868*

*P*

*Carol. Norton*

*Rev. S. M. Hill*

*August 31, 1902*

*North Judson Ind.*



## HORTON-SAMMONS

### Miss Josephine Horton and C. C. Sammons were married Sunday Evening

Sunday evening at 7:15 Miss Josephine Horton and C. C. Sammons, both of this place, were united in marriage. Reverend Howard, of the Methodist church, performed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Noi Collins, P. H. McCormick and family and the bride's family were the only ones present. After the ceremony the minister said: "I will remember this a long time as it is my first experience in this line." "So will I," replied Charles, "because it is my first experience, too."

A table covered with good things to eat was the next thing considered. Mr. Horton insists that two of his best chickens were eaten, body and soul, before they quit, but then as Charles said, that was their first experience and you couldn't blame them.

They took the midnight Panhandle train for Cincinnati where they intended to visit with the groom's parents till about December 1st. As soon as they return they will go to housekeeping in the Treadway house on Lain street.

The friends of both parties—and they've got lots of 'em—join the NEWS in wishing them all happiness and prosperity.