THE
ENDSLEY
FAMILY

Written in 1939-1940 by
W. F. Endsley

and
dedicated to his
daughter
Mary
(Mrs. Barney M. Smith, Sr.)

Copied in 1975 by
Barney M. Smith, Jr.
THE ENDSLEY FAMILY

by William F. Endsley

The following is a biography as well as a genealogy of the Endsley Family and all of their relatives so far known to me. My grandfather, Joseph Endsley, affectionately known by everyone as "Uncle Joe," was the Patriarch of the Endsley Family as well as pioneer in the early days of the Lone Star State. He was born in South Carolina December 21, 1799, and moved from there to the State of Georgia in his middle life. His wife was named Nellie (Miss Nellie Neill).

They came to Texas a few years before the Civil War and settled in Cass County. They raised eight children, the names of whom are as follows: Mary Jane, William P., James, Mandy, Samuel, Julia, Fannie, and Ellen. Some of the children were married before leaving Georgia; the others in Texas. Martha (sic) Jane married Israel Dempsey. They raised a large family of boys and girls, all of whom have passed away, and with father and mother are buried in the cemetery at Old Macedonia Church in Miller County, Arkansas.

William P. Endsley, my father, was born in South Carolina December 21, 1827 and moved to Georgia with his father while a youth. He married Miss Mary E. Urquhart in January 1854. They had eight children, the names of whom are as follows: Henry A., Joseph T., William F., Sallie F., James L., Lizzie, Samuel, and Emma. Henry A. was born in Georgia December 16, 1854. He died in Texarkana, Texas, June 2, 1936 and was buried in Rose Hill Cemetery. He married Sallie McWilliams in 1886. They had four children, three girls and one boy. Two of the girls live near Texarkana. One of the girls died while a child. The boy, Charley, lives in Long Beach, California.

Joseph T. was born October 10, 1856. He died in Shreveport, Louisiana in December 1919 and was buried there. He married Miss Bell McLemore in September 1881. They raised one boy and five girls. I don't recall the names of all the girls. There are May, Lucile, and Maggie. The boy is named L. The above is all I have to record in regard to the children except that their mother and all the family live in and near Shreveport, Louisiana.

Sallie Endsley was born April the 6th, 1861, in Georgia near the city of Newman. She was married to J. T. McWilliams in 1880. They raised a family of nine boys and one girl. I am not able to give the names of all the boys. The oldest boy is named William and lives in Dallas, Texas. The next two are Frank and Ed. The girl is named Namie. She married Albert Johnson. They live with Mrs. McWilliams in Queen City, Texas.

William F. Endsley was born in the State of Georgia near Atlanta January 19, 1859. He came with his father and family to Texas in December, 1866. They settled in Cass County, one mile south of where Bloomburg now stands. He married Nellie Livesly September 30, 1883. They had nine children born to them, six girls and three boys, the names of whom are as follows: Inez, Nora, Horace F., Anna, Mary, Adine, Lively, Lyman, and a girl that was born dead.

Inez was born August 3, 1884. She married D. B. James on November 28, 1907. They live in Pittsburg, Kansas. They have no children. Nora was born December 16, 1885. She married Eli Moores Rochelle March 12, 1918. They live in Texarkana, Texas, at 508 West 29th Street. They have no children. Horace F. was born September 21, 1887 in Cass County, Texas. He passed away February 19, 1929 and is buried in Woodlawn Cemetery in Texarkana, Arkansas. He married Miss Hester Fisk in December 1909. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The girl's name was Hester Carol. She was born October 11, 1910, and passed away with tuberculosis April 17, 1925. The boy, Horace F., Jr., was born October 17, 1912. He lives now with his mother, Mrs. Hester Endsley, in Texarkana, Arkansas, on Senator Avenue.
Anna Endsley was born in Cass County, Texas, on September 26, 1889. She married William G. Loveley June 1, 1911. They had two girls, Sarah Elizabeth, born December 28, 1920, and Mary Frances, born March 12, 1926. They live with their parents two miles south of Texarkana, Texas.

Lively Endsley was born in Douglassville, Cass County, Texas, on January 17, 1893. He passed away in Texarkana on September 2, 1909 and was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. Lyman O. Endsley was born June 26, 1895, at Nash, Texas, Bowie County. He married Lucile Parker in Hope, Arkansas, in May, 1915. They raised two children, a girl and a boy. Mary Emma was born in March, 1916, and Lyman, Jr., in March, 1921. They both are married and live in El Dorado, Arkansas. Their mother and father also live there.

Mary Katherine Endsley was born November 7, 1897, in Texarkana, Texas, at 1205 Olive Street. She married Barney M. Smith in San Antonio, Texas, June 3, 1918, in the First Baptist Church, on Avenue A. They have two boys, Barney, Jr., born on April 5, 1921, and James Eli, born on January 21, 1933. They live with their parents in Beaumont, Texas, at 2344 Avenue C.

Adine Endsley was born in Texarkana, Texas, on June 26, 1908. She was an epileptic and had to be sent to the state hospital in Atilene, Texas. She was admitted there June 10, 1916 and failed to recover. She passed away January 24, 1934, and was buried at the state cemetery there.

The little girl child that was born dead in December 1891 at Kildare, Texas, was buried in the cemetery there.

Nollie Lively Endsley (wife) was born in Marshall, Texas, July 30, 1864, during the Civil War. Her parents were living there at that time. She passed away on October 23, 1918, at 1005 Olive Street in Texarkana, Texas, and was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

The Endsley Family is descended from Scotch-Irish ancestors. My mother, Mary Elizabeth Urquhart Endsley, was born in Coweta County, Georgia, November 17, 1834. She and my father joined the Baptist Church at Old White Oak Church, which stands on White Oak Creek, from which it was named. She and my father were married in that church in January, 1854. My mother passed away January 18, 1916, and was buried in the old cemetery at Macedonia Church in Miller County, Arkansas.

My brother James Endsley was born February 11, 1867. He married Miss Dessa Clements. They raised a large family of boys and girls. I am not able to give their names and ages. They all live in or near Bloomburg, Texas. My brother passed away in April, 1913 and was buried in Macedonia Cemetery.

My sister Lizzie Endsley was born in September, 1869. She married T. J. Cash. They raised a large family of boys and girls. They all live in the town of Bloomburg. She died August 10, 1939 and was buried in Beech Creek Cemetery in Cass County, Texas.

My brother Sam was born July 1, 1872. He died October 25, 1879 and was buried in the cemetery at Macedonia Church.

Sister Emma Endsley was born in January, 1874. She married Grant Harris. They have no children except two who were adopted, a boy and a girl. They live in Texarkana, Arkansas.

The above is a complete genealogy of our immediate family so far as my knowledge extends.

Dedicated to my daughter, Mrs. Mary Smith of Beaumont, Texas.
Biography of Joseph Endsley

He was born in South Carolina December 21, 1799. He moved to the State of Georgia during his young manhood and lived there until 1859, when he and all of his children moved by private conveyance to Cass County, Texas. One son, W. P. Endsley, stayed in Georgia until after the Civil War. Five of his children that came along with him to Texas were married. Their names are as follows: Martha Jane and her husband, Israel Dempsey; James Endsley and his wife, Roxey Dempsey; Amanda Endsley and her husband, Wilson McCullum; Julia Ann Endsley and her husband, Landrum Hurt; Samuel Endsley and his wife, Angeline Hurt. Fanny and Ellen Endsley did not marry until after coming to Texas. Ellen married R. I. Brown and Fanny married John Jones.

He bought a section of land and settled near the state line of Arkansas seven miles east of where Atlanta is now located and three miles west of Bright Star, which was his post office at that time.

He was a successful farmer and made quite a small fortune. He owned a lot of slaves and was a good manager. He was a great hunter, and there was lots of wild game in Texas at that time.

He was a charter member of Macedonia Church, which he helped to organize in 1862. He was one of the first deacons and served in that capacity till his death in 1892. The Reverend Nelson Porterfield was the first pastor of this church.

Uncle Joe, as he was lovingly called, was a devoted Christian, was a missionary Baptist, and thought a great deal of his church.

The maiden name of his wife was Nellie Neill. Grandfather died December 21, 1887, and my grandmother passed away June 5, 1885. They were both buried in the cemetery at Macedonia Church.

Biography of my father, W. P. Endsley

He was born in South Carolina December 21, 1827 and moved from there with his father to the State of Georgia while quite young. He grew to manhood there in Georgia. He never owned any slaves but served many years as an overseer of slaves on the large plantations of that state where the land was cultivated by slaves. He intended to move to Texas with his father in 1859, but his employer offered him a bonus of $1,000 to manage his farm for another year.

The Civil War came in 1861 and he was drafted for service in the army. He enlisted at Griffin, Georgia, in the spring of 1861 and served four years in Company D, 53rd Georgia Regiment. He had married Miss Mary Urquhart in 1854 when the war broke out. He moved his family to the home of his father-in-law to live while he was away in the army. He had $10,000 in gold which he could not carry with him; so he loaned it to some of the wealthy slave owners, as he was afraid to trust the banks. When they saw that the South had lost the war and that the Confederate money was almost useless, they came to my mother and paid back the loan in this worthless paper money.

The war ended in April, 1865, and when he got home about the first of May, he was completely broke and had to remain in Georgia until he could make enough money to bring us to Texas. We left there in December, 1866.

We packed our household goods in one large box and three trunks. They were loaded on an ox wagon. My Grandfather Urquhart and old Uncle Billy Neill and an old negro named Uncle Frank came with us to Grantville, the railroad station. My mother and we kids rode to the station in a surrey; the men rode in the wagon or walked. It was about six miles to the depot from where we lived.
The train came at last, and it was the first one I had ever seen. It made so much noise! The bell ringing, the steam hissing, and the whistle tooting scared me almost to death. I thought it was sure to run over us. Well, we got on and told our friends good-byes; and that was the last we ever saw of them. It was about 1 p.m. on Friday, and we were headed for Texas, the promised land, so we thought.

We got to Ten Saw Landing on the Alabama River the next day about 1 o'clock. Then we boarded a steamboat which carried us down the river to Mobile on the Mobile Bay. There we changed to a large steamship to sail on the Gulf of Mexico and Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans. We arrived there early Sunday morning.

In packing our goods my father had an old long-barrel rifle gun that would not go in the box; so he told Brother Henry that he would have to carry that and to take good care of it so he could have it to kill deer and wild animals in Texas. When we got on the train Henry took a seat with the gun by his side. Soon an old gray-headed woman came along and sat down beside him and said, "Boy, what are you doing with that gun? Get right off of this seat with that awful gun! I am afraid of a gun. It will go off and kill somebody sure!"

My mother was on the seat in front of Henry; so she whispered to him to sit still and not move, and if the lady was afraid of an old empty gun she could move herself.

She said then she would see the conductor and have that gun put off the train or she would get off and sue him. Very soon he came along and she began to rave. He told her the gun was empty and had not gone off and killed but one man in a long time. She up and left and swore she would sue the railroad company.

Before starting on our trip our friends and neighbors came in and cooked up a large supply of food to last us on our way: boiled ham, chicken, cakes, pies, biscuits. For making the biscuits they made potato biscuits. They were very good for a few days, but they soon turned green and didn't look good, but we had to use them, as there was no chance to get any other while we were on the boat. My father had our provisions packed in one of those large wooden sugar buckets that was common in those days. He carried this bucket on his arm while making transfers from one carrier to another. I can see him now, walking through New Orleans on Sunday morning on our way from the boat on the lake to the boat landing on the Mississippi River, and Henry strutting along with the old long rifle on his shoulder.

Well, we finally reached the boat landing on the broad Mississippi and left there on Sunday evening on our way up this stream and Red River to Shreveport, Louisiana, where we arrived this next Friday a.m. while the rain was pouring down and we could not leave the boat to go out in town. My father went, though, and got us a supply of loaf bread—the first that we had ever seen.

Here we had to change to a smaller boat to come up through Caddo Lake by Mooringsport to Jefferson, Texas, where we arrived late Saturday evening. Uncle Jim Endsley and an old negro named Jingo met us there with an ox team to carry us out to my grandfather's home in Cass County. We reached there the next Thursday at midnight. We were just about two weeks on our way—five days from Jefferson to where my grandfather's home was, near where Bloomburg now stands. There were no roads and no bridges over the bayous and creeks at that time. The waters were awful high, and we had to swim many times before reaching the end of our journey.

We lived there with my Grandpa till we could build a house on our land in the piney woods of Texas. Now this was the home where my father and mother lived for many years and raised all of us children.
While we were at Grandpa's my brother Jim was born February 11, 1867. So you can imagine what a bad time my poor old mother must have had in this new, wild country where there were no doctors to be had. However, God was good to us, and we soon got settled and were doing well. For the next two or three years we were all sick with chills and fevers and were almost eaten up by mosquitoes and ticks. And the woods were alive with snakes. There was lots of wild game here then: deer, turkey, ducks, quail, and bears. We could stand at our door and see turkeys and deer walking about among the pine trees.

I lived here on the farm with my father during the Reconstruction days following the Civil War. We thought we were having a hard time, and we did have to work very hard, but we were treated well and learned to work and try to be self supporting. I have always been thankful for this because it has been a great benefit to me in the years gone by.

We went to school some every year, and we had some good country schools.

Well, this is where I grew up and lived with my parents till I was twenty-one years of age.

This completes about all I wish to record at this time. I trust that what I have written may be in some measure interesting to you.

San Antonio, Texas
January 12th, A.D. 1900.

Autobiography of W. F. Endsley

You will find here some of the events that I have experienced during my life that I now recall from memory that goes back to the time I was only two years old.

I was born on a large plantation near Atlanta, Georgia, January the 19th, 1859. It was owned by a Dr. Smith, who owned a large number of slaves. My father was employed by him as an overseer, or slave driver, as he was called. We only lived on this farm two years after I came, but I can remember some things that happened while we lived there, although I was less than two years old.

The house we lived in was on a little hill. Down at the foot of this little red hill was a spring and a wash place where my mother did our washing. They had sunk an empty barrel in this spring for convenience in dipping out water in buckets.

While Mother was washing there one day, I fell head first in this spring. She saw me in time to save my life by pulling me out by my feet. I was wearing a little dress at that time. It made such an impression on me that I can remember it well.

The Civil War came in 1861 and my father was drafted for service in the army; so he moved Mother and the children to her father's plantation some forty miles from there to live while he was away.

Sister Sallie was born April 8, 1861. He went away in the war soon afterward. He had $10,000 in gold which he could not carry with him; so he loaned the money to some of the wealthy slave owners. He was gone away in the army four years. When these men saw that the South was going to lose the war, they came and paid back this money in Confederate money that was no good. So when he got home he was completely broke. Then we had to stay there in Georgia till he could make enough money to bring us to Texas.
While my father was gone away in the army my Grandmother Urquhart died. I had two old maid aunts still living at home with Grandpa. He soon got lonesome and went up to Atlanta and married an old lady who had two grown daughters and brought them home with him to live. He had said nothing to his daughters about getting married till they came home with him. Well, Aunt Bell and Aunt Nancy (that was their names) they raised Cain and told Grandpa that if he didn't send those women away that they would run them off. So he came to my mother and got her to let them come to her house. She soon told them to keep moving, as her house was too small for them to stay with us.

Well, Grandpa took them back to Atlanta and went along with them. He soon took the small-pox and came near dying. As soon as he was able to travel he came home and that was the end of the trouble.

By December, 1866, we were ready to start to Texas. They packed all our household goods in one large box and three trunks. My father's old long squirrel rifle gun would not go in the box. Father told Henry to carry it on his shoulder. When we got everything loaded on an ox wagon, my grandfather and Uncle Billie Neill and an old negro named Uncle Frank went with us to Grantville Station, where we boarded the train for Texas. Now this was the first train I had ever seen. It scared me almost to death. I thought sure it would run over us as we waited by the track. We said good-bye to our friends and rolled away, never to see them again. That was at 1 p.m. on Friday, about the 10th of December, 1866. We arrived at Ten Saw Landing on the Alabama River the next day about noon. There we boarded a steamboat bound down the river to Mobile, Alabama, on the Mobile Bay. There we changed to a large steamship that was to carry us on the Gulf of Mexico and on Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans, where we arrived early Sunday morning. There we transferred across the city to the boat landing on the broad Mississippi River. There we took passage on a large boat called the Bar Table, which was to carry us up the Mississippi and the Red River to Shreveport, Louisiana.

It took till next Friday to make the trip to Shreveport. When we got there the rain was pouring down; so we could not go out in the town. My father went out to get us something to eat, and he said that the black mud on Texas Street was knee deep. There was a large wagon loaded with cotton stalled on the Street there with ten yoke of oxen hitched to it.

Here we had to change to a smaller boat to take us up through Caddo Lake by Nooringsport, Louisiana, to Jefferson, Texas, where we landed Saturday evening, eight days and nights since leaving Georgia. My Uncle Jim Endsley and an old negro named Jingo met us there to take us out to my Grandfather's home thirty-five miles away, which took another five days, arriving there on Thursday night about midnight. We were all completely worn out and wished we were back in Georgia.

It was near Christmas when we got there, where we had to live till my father could build us a home on our land, which was the old home place where we all were raised. We got moved into our new home sometime in March in the piney woods. There was forty acres of land cleared on the place but no improvements at all. While we were at Grandpa's home Brother Jim was born, February 11, 1867.

When we arrived in Texas my father had $600 in money which he invested in cotton at 5¢ a pound. In a few months he sold this cotton for 20¢ a pound. He was a good trader and a fine farmer, and so by using economy for two or three years he was able to build us a fine new home, and we were on easy street.

We had a bad time for three years on account of sickness, chills, and fever. None of us had ever been sick before, and it went awful hard with us.
I have often heard my poor old mother say, "We certainly saw ructions along those times," and that was no joke, for I was there myself.

There was an awful desperado in that part of Texas and Arkansas about that time. He had sworn vengeance against every negro in the South, and he killed a great many of them and quite a lot of white men. Just after the close of the War there was no law in this country and the free negroes were awful mean and saucy to white people. The desperado (Cullen Baker by name) was from Missouri and was a bad and dangerous man. The negroes were scared to death and would not sleep in their houses at night. They slept in barns, and some of them lay out in the woods. Baker had a large gang of lawless men with him and there was great excitement for a long time. No one felt safe in their homes. The white men finally got up a large crowd to hunt him down. He got the names of all these men and swore he would kill all of them. He did kill many of them. They finally killed Baker and some of his chief men, and the rest of his gang left the country.

My brothers and I used to walk three miles to school. We had to go along a narrow bushy trail, and we sure had a time dodging snakes and were always covered with ticks.

Well, that will give you an idea of what we had to endure while growing up in the early days of our life in Texas.

January 19, 1880, I became twenty-one years of age. January 12th of that year I started to High School in Atlanta, Texas. Your mother and I got board at the home of Mrs. Mitchell (the mother of the late Hattie Newkirk).

We would study our lessons at night around a table in their living room. Your mother used to be a great singer. She used to sing a great many beautiful love songs. I used to help her with her Latin lesson and her problems in math to get her to sing for me. We were not sweethearts then. I think she was in love with Mr. Bentley at that time. She was just sweet sixteen and pretty as she could be. Mr. Bentley would call to see her there, and of course I thought they were engaged. I was not seriously thinking of the ladies then, as I wanted to finish my education so that I could teach. I did like Miss Mollie very much, but I was sure that she and Mr. B would be married before I was through school. So I thought that my chance for her was very slim. So we were just good friends.

So I continued in school there three years and graduated in 1882 fall term. We attended a singing school that summer together in her community. There she told me that she would never marry Mr. Bentley; that her father and mother both wanted her to marry him, "But I never will."

She said, "I like Mr. B as a friend. He is a very nice man, but I don't love him, and therefore I shall not marry him."

There was to be a ten months school near her home to begin in the spring of 1883. The people held a meeting and elected me as teacher. The trustees notified me to come and sign a contract. Well, I went, and then I had to have a place to board during the school; so I called on Mr. and Mrs. Lively and made an arrangement to board with them during the school. School opened early in 1883.

Miss Mollie came a short time but soon had to stop to help her mother cook for the boarders, as Mr. Lively was running a saw mill and was boarding all of his help. But Maggie attended school the entire session. Well, I had a happy time that year. Mr. Lively and I would play croquet in the evening after work hours, and often Miss Mollie would join us, and she was an expert player at the game of croquet.
Well, I expect we did quite a lot of courting that year, but the course of true love does not always run smoothly. She had quite a number of beaus, and I was a little jealous of some of them. They would have done almost anything to beat my time. Well, before school was out we got married, on September 30, 1883. Her folks gave us a big wedding. It was Sunday. There were hundreds of their friends and neighbors present. The next day my father and mother gave us a big dinner. Next thing on our docket was a big camp meeting which we attended and had a big time. It lasted about three days. Such meetings were very common in those days. Mr. Lively and his wife always took a great interest in such meetings. Mrs. Lively always got happy and would shout all over the grounds. That being over, I taught the balance of my school session out.

I tried farming for the next two years on my father's plantation. Then I was elected to teach the Salem School, near where Bloomburg is now located. My father gave me a farm near there and we built us a nice little home there. I taught there five years. We moved there in 1885. Two of our children were born there, Horace in 1887 and Anna in 1889. We then moved to Atlanta, where I kept books for Lively and Harp, who were in the lumber business. We were there one year. There was a slump in the lumber business; so we went back to teaching again, took the school at Kildare for one year. In December of that year a little girl was born to us and it was born dead and was buried there in the Kildare cemetery.

In 1892 we moved to Douglessville, Texas. I taught there two sessions. Lively was born there January 17, 1893. We moved from there to T.C. Junction (the present town of Nash, Texas) in September, 1893.

On April 30, 1894, a cyclone blew the town away. The school house was blown away, killing two people, one a little boy who was reciting his lesson when the storm struck. The other was an old man by the name of Blocker. We had to have a new school house built; so there was no more school till late in 1894.

I bought a lot there and built us a nice little home. We were there three years and then gave up teaching. Lyman was born there in June, 1895. I was a Singer Sewing Machine agent then for some time. We moved to Texarkana in September, 1896, and I then went in the Mail Service, September 1, 1896, and served thirty years, retiring January 18, 1896.

(Inasmuch as you were not old enough to remember it, I will tell you that you were born in November, 1897.)

In January, 1900, we had that awful siege of smallpox. I guess maybe you can remember that.

Now, Mary, I think I had better try to find a place to close this writing. I am afraid you will not enjoy reading it anyway. It is loosely connected and poorly written. You will be apt to find that many items have been repeated. This would have been much nicer if it could have been written with pen and ink, but this paper will not take ink very well.

I like to recall the many happy days we spent when we were all at home together in the long ago. But we had our sorrows too. You know Adine was a great deal of trouble to all of us, but the saddest hour of our lives was when we had to send her away. Inez took her away in the night. The next morning her playthings were scattered about the floor where she had left them. I sat down by your mother's sick bed and thought it would be best not to say anything, as I saw her heart was broken. At
last she said, "Everywhere I look, I can see her. Here is her bottle. Put it away." And she cried like her heart would break. I never could talk with her about it afterwards. She knew she would never see her again.

Yours Lovingly,

Papa

San Antonio, Texas
January 22, 1940

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Notes by Barney M. Smith, Jr.:

1) December, 1866 had four Fridays: They fell on the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th. The thirteen-day trip from Georgia to the destination where Bloomburg, Texas now is situated must have started on December 7, 1866 and ended on December 20, 1866.

2) In 1955 Aunt Nora was admitted to membership in the D.A.R. In granting membership to her, the society traced her (our) ancestry back to a soldier in the American Revolution. I am reproducing below some information from the D.A.R. records.

3) Anyone who reads this history may obtain a copy by writing to me at the address below.

"Yours Lovingly,"

Barney M. Smith, Jr.

1129 Maple Avenue
Macomb, Illinois 61455

March 22, 1975
Mrs. Nora Endsley Rochelle  
Descendant of James Endsley, Private  

Widow of Eli Noores Rochelle  

William Franklin Endsley  
born on Jan. 19, 1859  
died at El Paso, Texas  
at Atlanta, Ga., Campbell Co.  
on 9-15-1944  
and his wife  

Mary Elizabeth Lively  
born on 7-30-1864  
died at Texarkana, Texas  
at Marshall, Texas  
on 10-23-1918  
made on 9-30-1883  

1. I am the daughter of  

 Lt. William P. Endsley  
born on 12-22-1827  
died at Blooming, Texas  
at 96th Dist., S.C.  
on 11-25-1917  
and his wife  

Mary Urquhart  
born on 6-12-1834  
died at Blooming, Texas  
at Coweta Co., Ga.  
on 1-19-1916  
made on 1-3-1854 (Ga.)  

2. The said William Franklin Endsley  

Joseph Endsley  
born on 12-22-1799  
died at Blooming, Texas  
at Laurens Co., S.C.  
on 6-21-1882  
and his wife  

Ellen Cannon Neal  
born on 6-5-1860  
died at Blooming, Texas  
at 96th Dist., S.C.  
on 6-19-1885  
made on 6-1825 (S.C.)  

3. The said William P. Endsley  

4. The said Joseph Endsley  

James Endsley, Jr.  
born 1766  
died at Campbell Co., Ga.  
at N.C. (Guilford Co. area)  
after 1850 census  
and his wife  

Elizabeth Miller  
born after 1766  
died at Coweta Co., Ga.  
before 1850 census  
made before 1799  

5. The said James Endsley, Jr.  

6. The said James Endsley  

Andrew Endsley  
born on  
died near Carlisle, Pa.  
at and his wife  

Jane  
born on  
died at Pa.  

(Second marriage to William Mann)  

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
REFERENCES FOR LINEAGE

Give below a reference to the authority for EACH statement of Birth, Marriage, or death. If from published records, give names of books and page numbers. If from unpublished records, applicant must file duplicate certified or attested copies of same.

2nd Gen. Applicant's father has a sister living in Texarkana, Texas. Further verified by Nat. No. 311660.
4th Gen. 1850 (Ga.) Census, also Laurens Co., S.C. 1810 Census Record. His grave marked.
5th Gen. Was living in 1850 Census, Coweta Co., Ga. Also see 1810 Laurens Co., S.C. Census Records.
6th Gen. After the death of his father and remarriage of his mother, Mary, he lived for several years in N.C. (See Vol. 9, P. 807, N.C. Colonial and Revolutionary Records). His second child was born in N.C. in 1766. He is later listed as an early tax-payer in Franklin Co., Pa. (1786)
James Edwards (Revolutionary Soldier) was the child of Andrew Endsley, Patriot, who was killed prior to the Revolution while defending a fort from an Indian attack. Orphans' Court Records in Carlisle, Pa., Courthouse prove names of wife, two sons and daughter.

Give, if possible, the following data: My Revolutionary ancestor was married to Mary? at about 1764.

CHILDREN OF REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTOR.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAMES</th>
<th>DATES OF BIRTH</th>
<th>TO WHOM MARRIED, NOTING IF MARRIED MORE THAN ONCE.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John</td>
<td>before 1766</td>
<td>Elizabeth Miller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James</td>
<td>1766</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jane</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Po...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ma...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isabella</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All proof of above children found in Orphans' Court Records and settlement of Estate of James Endsley, Revolutionary Soldier, Franklin Co., Pa. See National No. 426499 for additional proof if needed.

Mrs. Eli Rochelle's National Number is # 433706.


A final note by Barney M. Smith, Jr.: D.A.R. records are found in libraries all over the country. Here in Macomb, on February 13, 1970, I recorded some data from the local library's D.A.R. volume #156, on page 36: (The family name is spelled without the d.)

"James Ensley, Pvt., Pa., born 1743, died 7-9-1806."