

PHILIP GLOVER, SR. - 1849  
(Source: Ronald Glover, Salem, Oregon, 1926.)

Philip Glover was born in St. Charles county, Maryland, on March 26, 1795. His father (also named Philip Glover) and his mother, Matilda Glover, were enumerated in the first federal census taken in the United States as residents of this county and state in 1790. They were reputed to have emigrated from England to America prior to the American revolution.

Philip Glover's boyhood days were spent in the state of Maryland and the records on file in the Adjutant-General's office, War Department, Washington, D. C., disclose that he served in five different organizations of the Maryland troops during the war with England in 1812-14. He enlisted in the American forces at the age of 17 years, on April 14, 1813, and was finally discharged from the service on August 17, 1814.

After the war, and in 1819, he immigrated from Maryland to Missouri, settling 65 miles west of St. Louis, and on November 13, 1819, married Sarah Koontz in St. Charles county, Missouri, who was born in the state of Missouri on April 13, 1803. They lived together as husband and wife until his death in Marion county, Oregon, on December 20, 1872. His widow died in July, 1885, and both bodies lie buried in the cemetery at Macleay, Oregon.

Philip Glover was born of parents who were large land-owners; they also owned numerous slaves, regarded as necessary to till the soil and raise tobacco, corn, cotton and other crops. Through such environment and inheritance he became the owner of a number of black persons, but the institution of slavery was revolting to him and with the rise of the principle of human liberty among his neighbors, the bondage of his human chattels became so manifestly unfair that he determined to give them their freedom. To do so in the locality where he resided, which was torn by dissension over the slavery question, would prove impractical and he resolved to go westward into free territory and away from the turmoil and strife so prevalent in the state of Missouri in the late forties.

Accordingly, with his family and possessions, he joined the great caravan pushing westward to Oregon in 1849, taking with him his colored folks, among whom was a negro named "Trav." This human chattel was given his freedom upon reaching Oregon and became well known to the pioneers of that day. He was an expert horseman and a great lover of animals, and with his band of racehorses and kennel of hounds was a visitor at fairs throughout Oregon and the northwest. When outlying settlements would be troubled by the depredations of wild animals on their flocks, old "Trav" and his hounds were frequently called into service to rid the community of the pests. His wife and children belonged to another planter in Missouri, and a tragedy, so frequent in those days, occurred, for after leaving for Oregon he never saw his family again. After obtaining his own freedom and saving some funds, he endeavored to purchase their liberty also and have them join him in Oregon, but after expending much money endeavoring to locate them, he finally lost heart and died without an heir. He was buried on the Abiqua in Marion county, Oregon.

Philip Glover and his wife, Sarah, settled on a donation land claim of 640 acres about six miles east of Salem in Marion county, Oregon, and reared a large family thereon,

all of whom are now deceased. Of the eleven children born to the union, William was the oldest, he having been born in the state of Missouri on October 21, 1821; was married to Jane Jet Graves and died in Marion county, Oregon, in August, 1892.

Philip Glover, the second son, was born March 4, 1829, and died July 8, 1917. He was married to Delilah Edmundson.

Samuel Glover, the third son, was born March 25, 1831, was never married, and died at Spokane, Washington, in 1923.

George, the fourth son, was born July 29, 1833, and died in February, 1877.

Nicholas died in early manhood.

James Nettle Glover was born March 15, 1837, was the founder of Spokane, Washington, and died in the city he founded in 1921.

Charles Peyton Glover was born June 7, 1840, and died October 9, 1922. He was married to Clarissa Palmer, who is also deceased.

John Glover was born February 9, 1842, was married and raised a family, and both himself and wife are now deceased.

Rebecca Glover was never married and died when about 18 years of age.

Maria Glover married John S. Graves, both of whom are now deceased, but left a family.

Louisa was born May 18, 1844, married William Culver, and both are now deceased, but have left a family surviving.

PHILIP GLOVER, JR. - 1849  
(Source: Ellen Glover Lambert, Sublimity, Oregon, 1927, and the Author's Memory.)

Philip Glover was a direct descendant of a very hardy family of American pioneers. His grandfather, Philip Glover, came to America from England in Colonial times, the exact date not being known. His own father, Philip Glover, Sr., was born in St. Charles county, Maryland, in 1795, and at the age of 17 years served with the Maryland troops in our second war with Great Britain (1812-14).

Philip Glover, Jr., was the second son of Philip Glover, Sr., and Sarah Kuntz Glover. He was the oldest son, crossing the plains with ox teams in 1849 with his father and mother and occupied a responsible position during this trip. Philip was 20 years old and had the only horse in that great train of over one hundred oxen and mule teams. It was his duty to look out ahead for stopping-places, where the stock could get water and grass, keep a lookout for Indians and help in every way he could. He settled with his parents in October, 1849, near Macleay, Oregon. They had left Missouri in April and were six months on the road. It was a life of hardship they faced in the new country. All cooking was done by the open fireplace and all clothing home-made. The men usually dressed in buckskin. At this time, however, game was plentiful and the pioneer palate had not been tickled with so many kinds of food that the present generation evolve from the soil, so they were pretty well satisfied if they had plenty of meat, coarse bread, milk and butter. A little sugar and white flour would be kept for holidays and company tea, during their

earlier married life.

Philip was a good shot and one day he and his good friend, Charley Benson, were out hunting. Charley had just one shot in his gun and seeing a big grizzly bear in line, let fire but only succeeded in wounding the animal. It, in turn, took after Charley and, running toward Philip, he called for him to shoot, as he did not have time to reload his gun. When Philip's shot laid bruin low, he chided Charley for taking such a risk. He only replied, "Phil, I knew your gun would sure hit its mark; it never fails."

Philip, Jr., was one of the first mail carriers from Oregon City to Marion county. Afterward he was employed in freighting from Salem to Oregon City. He owned and operated one of the first horse-power threshing machines in Marion county and was a lover of fine horses, which he bred upon his farm near Sublimity. He also operated one of the first grist mills in the country, on the farm of Rufus Edmunson, near Macleay. His life bridged the span from Andrew Jackson to the time when the United States entered the World War. He was happy to have lived until women were given the privilege of voting.

Mr. and Mrs. Glover were members of the Presbyterian church and of the Grange at Stayton, Oregon.

Philip was a lifelong democrat, and the only time he ever scratched his ticket was in honor of his old pioneer neighbors, when some of their sons and daughters ran for public office on the republican ticket in after years. Among these were his nephew, W. J. Culver, for sheriff of Marion county, and J. T. Hunt, for county commissioner and later county judge of Marion county; Miss Elizabeth Cornelius for county school superintendent, also of Marion county.

Philip and Delilah Glover celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on November 17, 1913. Mr. and Mrs. Chris Isenhardt were the only ones present who were also present at the wedding sixty years before. Over one hundred old-time friends and relatives were among the guests, some coming from Portland and Long Beach, Washington.

This venerable pioneer couple were married over sixty three years, when Philip Glover passed to the great beyond, almost two years ahead of his beloved wife. They were laid to rest on a sightly hill on the old homestead they both loved so well. Philip Glover, Jr., was born in 1829 and died in 1918, aged 89 years. Delilah Glover was born in Missouri, near St. Louis, February 7, 1838, and died March 26, 1920, at the ripe old age of 82. Hers was a life of service to others. Living as well as she could the precepts of the Christian life, she was ever a loving wife and mother, a friend in need and a good neighbor. When a new baby arrived in the community or other illness, Mrs. Glover was sent for and usually went on horseback. Often in the early days she would have no horse to ride and then she went on foot, never neglecting a call for service.

Mr. Glover first saw his wife, the pretty Delilah, as a little girl on the plains. At the early age of fifteen years he was able to persuade her to become his wife. The wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride, just east of Macleay.

Delilah was the daughter of Rufus and Nancy Edmunson, also pioneers of 1849. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Thomas Small, the pioneer Presbyterian preacher, on November 17, 1853. The bride, who was endowed with much beauty of face, as well as personality, was

dressed in a lovely handmade white Swiss gown and for pioneer days this wedding was quite an event. This wedding dress is today treasured by members of the family as one of their choicest heirlooms. After the marriage ceremony and the bounteous dinner partaken of, the bridegroom took his wife to their new home, a log cabin amid tall oak trees on a little knoll overlooking the surrounding country, one mile north of the embryo town of Sublimity. The trip home was made on horseback.

Their donation land claim consisted of 320 acres of the finest land in Marion county, Philip filing on his claim in 1851.

Philip was a great hunter and one day, while following game, he saw three deer standing on a knoll, under some fine oak trees, and the natural beauty of the place appealed to him so strongly that he said to himself, "Well, this is good enough for me. Here is where I build my future home. On the next day he went to Oregon City and filed on his claim. It was on this spot he built his log cabin and in later years erected a large, commodious farmhouse, where he and his good wife lived in peace and plenty.

Mr. Glover served, at different times, as constable and justice of the peace for the Sublimity district, and always enjoyed the confidence and respect of his pioneer constituents. During all the years on the frontier, Philip, Jr., never quite learned to relish "light bread," and the writer remembers being at pioneer reunions where Philip and Delilah were present, that during the dinner time, while all the housewives were placing upon the long tables viands that were unexcelled, Mrs. Glover would always choose a good seat for Philip and lay some sour-dough biscuits by his place, saying Philip could hardly eat his dinner unless he had his biscuits.

Philip Glover was of a jovial sort and enjoyed company at his home. One of his quaint sayings, when inviting friends to dine, was, "If ma 'hain't got a fat hen to cook, I'll kill a crow."

Thirteen children came to brighten the big farmhouse amid its grove of fine old oaks, near Sublimity, but that dread disease diphtheria carried away live of these little ones in one month the eldest of these, a lovely girl of sixteen. Two of the Glover children lay dead at one time. The children who died of diphtheria were: Charles Peyton, James Jesse, Grace Caroline. Sarah Margaret and Olive Elizabeth. They died between the dates of January 15 and February 15, 1878, Other children were:

Louisa J., who married Louis Loomis.

Amelia A., who married a Mr. Conick of California.

Henry C.

Frank, who married Fannie Lee.

John P., who married Emma.

Arthur, who married Nellie Anderson.

Ellen G., who married Sylvester Lambert.

George E., who married Martha Odenthal Schutt, widow of Ernest Schutt.

CHARLES PEYTON GLOVER - 1849  
(Source: Ronald Glover, Salem, Oregon, 1927.)

Charles Peyton Glover was born in the state of Missouri on June 7, 1840, and, when a lad of nine years,

accompanied his father, Philip Glover, and family to the state of Oregon, settling on the parental donation land claim east of the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon. He continued to reside upon a portion of that claim, which he owned, until the year 1890, when he moved, with his family, to a farm east of Albany in Linn county, Oregon, and resided thereon until the year 1907, when he disposed of his home and moved to Portland, Oregon, residing there until his death on October 9, 1922.

On December 29, 1864, he was united in marriage with Clarissa R. Palmer, who was also born in the state of Missouri on August 13, 1848, and with whom he lived until the death of his wife on February 3, 1886. Mr. Glover never remarried.

As a result of this union there were born to him and his wife eleven children, all of whom are now living and whose names and date of birth are as follows:

Lenora Glover, born August 23, 1886.

Laura Catharine Glover, now the wife of A. C. Mink, born November 28, 1867.

Samuel Glover, born May 1, 1869.

Orange Glover, born July 6, 1870, married Nettie Ashby.

Narcissa Glover, now the wife of Harvey O. Taylor, born September 18, 1871.

Wallace Glover, born March 8, 1873, married Mattie Curl.

Edith Glover, now the wife of George Harber, born June 29, 1876.

Ralph Glover, born October 28, 1877, married Remoh Holland.

Matilda Glover, now the wife of Clarence Turner, born September 18, 1880.

Ronald C. Glover, born May 16, 1882, married Vera Byars.

Mabel Clarissa Glover, now the wife of George H. Root, born August 26, 1884.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peyton Glover were very devout members of the Baptist church.

#### TRAVIS JOHNSON – 1849 - COLORED SLAVE

(Source: Interviews with Old Pioneers, Among Them Abner Lewis, Mrs. LaFore, and Ronald Glover, Salem, Oregon, 1926.)

With the family of Philip Glover, Sr., pioneer of 1849, came this colored man as a slave. He had been married in the east, possibly in Missouri, according to the marriage customs among the black chattels of the white folk at that time, and had several children.

We have no doubt he loved his wife and children, and his heart must have been heavy in parting with them, but in the days of slavery the master's word was law and it was the slave's place to obey. This wife and children were owned by another man. Had this black man known that Oregon was a free state, he could have left his master, when he arrived in Oregon; but instead, he lived on for some years with the Glover family.

Finally Mr. Glover told Travis he would give him his freedom if he would make a specified number of fence rails. He started in on this job, but found his services as an ox driver were in such demand that he could better afford to hire a white

man to make these rails, while he worked for a pioneer, at much better wage; so by hiring the son of Mr. Glover, Philip, Jr., to make the rails, he bought his freedom.

When the Glover family first came to Oregon, "Old Trav" was quite a source of income to them, as they hired him out as an ox driver and of course his wages belonged to his master. The later years of his life he lived at the home of Reuben Lewis, where he made himself very useful, and was well liked by the family. He endeavored to buy his family in later years but was not successful, and he never saw them after he went to Oregon.

First of all, in those early days, this old negro furnished much amusement to the settlers. He was sort of a respectable tramp but as his mind was a fund of information concerning all the pioneers in the country and he was a veritable news gatherer, he was always made welcome. He was very disreputable to look upon, but a harmless old fellow, withal. His only cognomen was "Old Trav." He was a great lover of horses and dogs. At one time he owned thirty-six canines, and these, with the horse he rode, consisted of about all of his earthly possessions. He trained his dogs to do his bidding. When he traveled across the country on his faithful nag, they were taught to travel in wedge shape in the same way as the wild geese of the air, and those pioneers I have talked with about him, said this train of dogs made a pretty picture as they tripped along beside the quaint old negro. He called them all by name and wherever he went he carried a basket of dog-food hanging on the horn of his saddle, so his pets would not suffer neglect.

At night, when he found shelter with some settler, first he took his horse into the stall provided and then as he called his dogs by name, each entered the stall and found the place he had been trained to occupy and all lay down around the horse. Not until their master called them again would any of the dogs leave their place and the leaving of the barn was accompanied with the same ceremony as that of entering. When ready to start, the dogs formed into the V-shape and were on their way again.

Trav was considered quite a hunter and some of his dogs were trained for this sport. He was often heard to say that he liked to hear the baying of his dogs better than the music of a piano. He used a sawed-off cow's horn as a trumpet to call his dogs and was never happier than when they were jumping and yelping at his call.

Old Trav, like most folk of his color, was quite religious and was able to walk the "narrow way" very well, except when there was a barn raising or some other occasion when liquor flowed too freely. Then poor Trav was likely to "lapse." However, he, like the rest of us, will be judged by the effort we put forth, rather than what we accomplished. He was kind to children and everywhere he lived he tried to make himself useful. Always some pioneer was ready to give this harmless old colored man shelter for the night. He is buried on the Abiqua river, in Marion county.

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