

Prettyman Marvel, Jr. [61334]

Compiled by Ella (Armstrong) Yeakel [613346(10)]

{This Biographical sketch has been copied verbatim, except for a few minor typing errors, from the old Marvel History distributed in 1930. It began on page 108 of the M history. Comments are enclosed in braces {} and Marvel lineage cldes are enclosed in brackets []}. Names have been expanded and adjusted to facilitate indexing.}

Prettyman Marvel, Jr. [61334] the second son and fourth child of Prettyman and Lavina (Rogers) Marvel [6133], was born May 8, 1801, in Greene County, Georgia, about fifteen miles south of Greensboro. When his parents left that state for the Northwest, Prettyman was well along in his eighth year. He celebrated his eighth birthday in Livingston County, Kentucky, where his parents resided during the summer of 1809. Crossing the Ohio river in the autumn of 1809, they built a log cabin in the vicinity of "Old Fort Branch" where the children of the family became acquainted with the rigors of their first northern winter. Here in this new land they faced many perils; all about them ravenous wild beasts prowled in the forests; there was constant fear of Indian attack, while withal in the winter of 1811 and 1812, the earth shook with great tremors. All this no doubt made a great impression on the susceptible mind of the young lad.

It was about this time that the Marvel family moved to the locality which was their home for many years. (Near the present city of Owensville, Indiana.) Here Prettyman Jr., grew to manhood and assumed his full share of the many tasks to be found on the farm of a pioneer. The farmer of those days encountered many difficulties. Wild fowls were multitudinous, and in the migrating season, geese, brants, ducks, cranes, pigeons, etc., came northward in such dense droves as to blacken the sky. One of these flocks settling on a field of young grain speedily devoured it leaving but bare ground. Thus it can be readily seen that it was no small problem to protect the fields. The children helped patrol the fields with an instrument they called a "clatter," which was made of seasoned hickory wood. It was notched and as they operated it with a string, it made a great noise or clatter which scared away wild fowl and small rodents.

Every pioneer had a field of flax, for upon its fiber and the wool from his sheep, he was dependent for his clothing and other necessary supplies of that order. Caring for the flax demanded a greater amount of labor than any other crop, and unless extreme care was exercised, the value of the fiber was impaired. At just the right degree of ripeness it was pulled and run through the flax comb to tear off the seeds--this was called "rippling." Then it was stacked against the fence or spread in rows on the ground that the action of the dew and rain might partially rot the woody stems--a process called "retting." After this came the "brake"--a set of wooden rollers which crushed the stems. "Scutching"--the next process entirely freed the fiber of all woody particles. It was then "heckled" with a many-toothed comb to separate the fine fiber from the coarse, after which it was handed over to the women of the household for spinning and weaving. Of the fine fiber they made their linens and other house-hold supplies. The coarse fiber was woven into wagon sheets, grain sacks, bed ticking, etc.

Truly this pioneer family "ate not the bread of idleness," but on Saturday night all tasks were put aside and on the morning of the Sabbath, Prettyman Jr., with the other members of his family, might have been seen on their way to the designated place of worship. "Meeting" in those early days was held in the cabins of the pioneers, where the scattered settlers gathered in for miles around. If it chanced to be the appointed time for the "circuit rider's" visit, there was preaching,

otherwise there was class-meeting led by one of the eldermen. After dismissal they gather in groups, talking, and to one looking on it would have seemed a family gathering, for there were the "Knowles," the "Barrs" and the "Marvels," as well as others of the community whose names and faces were familiar. Among the young people was one comely well-formed lass, whose bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and winning smile, invited more than passing notice, for in her day and community Rebecca Barr was accounted a beauty. As the groups began to disperse, going to their various homes we might have seen young Prettyman Marvel on his saddle horse assisting Rebecca Barr to mount behind him. The Marvels were in their wagon, and as Rebecca's parents drove away, they followed. They were going to the Barr homestead for dinner. Arriving at that hospitable home they found the kettle simmering on the hearth and throwing out savoury [sic] odors. Many willing hands soon had dinner ready for the hungry crowd. In the late afternoon the visitors departed, calling back to their hosts--"Come over soon" The Barrs went about their evening chores. It was candle-lighting time--but Prettyman and Rebecca sat talking in the firelight.

The weeks sped by as if on swift wings, soon it was mid-summer and the farmer was busy with his hand sickle cutting grain. The sheaves were hauled to the barn where later the threshing was done by beating with a frail or by trampling with horses in a sheet until the chaff was blown away. One of the Knowles wished to clear a field, and as the urgent work of the summer was over a day was set for a log-rolling. The settlers came for miles around, arriving early in the morning that they might have a full day. Had we been an on-looker that morning in late summer, 1822, as the Marvel family drove up and alighted, perhaps we might have seen Prettyman, Sr., and his sons joined by Robin Montgomery and John Barr, cutting across lots to the scene of operation; while the Marvel womenfolk greeted the two married daughters, Patience Montgomery and Comfort Barr, then passed up the walk to the kitchen door from which came a babel of voices and many appetizing odors. Perhaps the beloved Polly (Barr) Marvel of whom her family was so soon bereft, came down the path to meet them, her young son, James, in arms and with Nancy, a shy little maid of four years, clinging to her skirts. Within the kitchen they found their hostess with many helpers busy preparing the noon tide repast. They passed through into the large living room; seemingly all the women of the community were there. It was an animated scene--a quilt was in frames and as many women as could get around it were quilting; while many had brought their sewing, and were busily stitching on garments; others were knitting, and two or three evidently behind with their spinning had brought their wheels, and the whirring drone of these mingled with the high tones of the women's voices--for their tongues were as busy as their hands, and a pioneer woman's hands were never idle, even on a visiting day.

At the field the men with stout hand spikes were rolling the logs into huge heaps preparatory to burning them at a later time. Some of the older men and boys were gathering up brush and other debris. In a conspicuous place of easy accessibility was a jug of pure corn liquor and several loaves of white sugar. This white loaf sugar was the first that came into use after maple sugar. It was molded in a cone about as large around the base as a saucer and was about fifteen inches high. No pioneer having such a gathering could afford to go against time established custom of providing liquor with plenty of sugar wherewith to sweeten it. At times this had been tried and the owners of the field found their logs scattered the next morning. At the noon hour waiting for the call to dinner there were tests of strength and endurance among the young men, mostly taking the form of wrestling and foot racing. When the call to dinner came, the workers trooped into the house and soon were seated at the long oaken table spread with the wholesome and nourishing food of those early days. There were large heaped platters of roasted venison and wild turkey accompanied by all the vegetables of the season, preserved wild fruits, maple syrup, wild honey from the forest, and many luscious pies and crusty brown loaves of

whole wheat bread which had been baked in the brick oven outside, also there was the inevitable hominy and corn pone. After the men had returned to their work the women and children had dinner, then spent the remainder of the day visiting and working at various tasks. In the late afternoon all departed for home having heartily enjoyed this break in the routine of their lives.

It was the autumn of 1822 in "Hoosier-land"--the "Frost King" had touched the land as with a magic wand. The rail fences were festooned with garlands of crimson woodbine, interspersed with bitter-sweet, loaded with glowing orange berries. The roadside was gay with golden rod, late purple asters, and the dark red of the sumac, while on every hand the forest was a glorious pageantry of colour [sic]. It was the time of the corn harvest and the farmers were busy gathering that crop which they snapped and husked later. When the Marvels had their corn in, the young people decided to hold a "husking bee." On the appointed evening the huskers, old and young, arrived to find the scene illumined by a huge bon-fire. Much in evidence was a barrel of cider, flanked by pyramids of popcorn balls and baskets of ruddy apples from the young orchards just coming into bearing; while in the background lay two great heaps of corn. Sides were chosen by two appointed leaders and they husked a race. There was much jesting, laughter and song. There was an old saying that the young man who found a red ear of corn was entitled to a kiss from the lass of his choice. This occasioned much merriment as the boys tried to collect their dues. When a girl found a red ear it was considered a sign that she would be married before the year was out. Who can say? -perhaps Rebecca Barr found a red ear of corn and young Prettyman, sitting by her side, found courage to whisper, asking if he might be the lucky fellow to participate with her in the fulfillment of the sign?

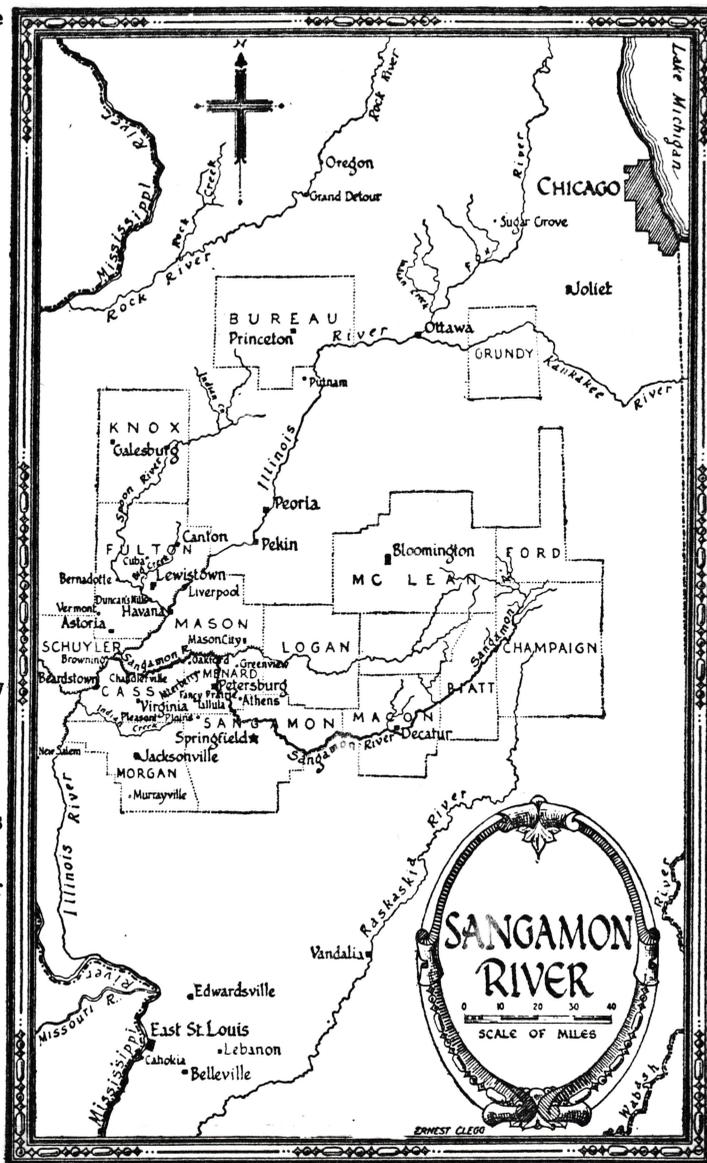
At any rate Rebecca was very busy that fall and winter, spinning and weaving the flax and wool, adding to her store of household linens and blankets. Young Prettyman spent all his Sabbaths with her throughout the winter and the spring, and when the merry month of May came around there was a wedding at the Barr home when Prettyman and Rebecca were made man and wife. (This was May 15, 1823.) A large circle of relatives were present at the wedding and also at the "in-fair" held at the Marvel home next day, after which the bride and groom went to their own home, where each even-tide when the days tasks were done and they sat together by their own fire-side, the cares of the world were closed out and their cabin became to them an impregnable castle where love dwelt.

That summer there was a Methodist camp meeting held in the neighbor hood under the auspices of the Rev. John Shrader. There was a gracious revival and among the many added to the church at that time was Prettyman Marvel, Jr. [61334], Mrs. Marvel also went into the organization by transferring her membership from the Cumberland Presbyterian church with which she had united when seventeen years of age. In March of the following year their first born child, a son, came to gladden their home. Mr. Marvel named him John Shrader Marvel [613341] in honor of the beloved old "circuit rider" who led him to Christ. Although in Indiana they were happily situated near their home people, yet there was an element of dissatisfaction for Prettyman Marvel, as he was an ambitious man and wished to acquire land, and settlers from the south and east had come into southwestern Indiana to such an extent that all the choice land was taken. He talked the matter over with his brother-in-law, John Barr, and they decided to search for a location in the more sparsely settled state of Illinois. Accordingly they made preparations for the move. They invested in articles of trade to exchange at the different settlements through which they passed, for the necessities of life.

They made the start in September, 1824; the women rode horseback, driving their cattle and sheep, while the men walked and drove the oxen hitched to the stout carts which contained their goods. Mrs. Marvel found a place in the cart among the bedding for her son, John S., their seven-months-old. There were few trails and no bridges, they crossed the Wabash river on a ferry but all other streams were forded. Making several stops enroute [sic], they traveled by slow stages to the Sangamon river which they crossed on New Years day, 1825. They located about fifteen miles north of Springfield, Illinois which at that time consisted of two or three small shanties. They raised a crop that summer and in the fall of 1825 returned to Indiana on a visit. Mrs. Marvels second child, James Marvel [613342], was born while on the return trip. They were not satisfied with their location near the Sangamon and on their return from Indiana the men started in search of a new home. They finally decided to locate in the central portion of the state where the ground was higher, and chose a spot near the "Big Grove" as the main body of the Kickapoo timber was called, on account of its density in that locality. Prettyman Marvel, Jr. [61334], his wife and two children arrived at their new home about ten o'clock one cold February night in 1826, just one hundred years ago at this writing (February, 1926).

Clearing away the snow, which was about a foot deep, they built a fire beside a log, and while Mr. Marvel gathered a supply of fuel, and attended the needs of the oxen and other stock, Mrs. Marvel prepared the first supper ever cooked by a white woman in what later became Waynesville Township. After supper they made as comfortable a bed as possible upon the frozen earth, and when they had snugly ensconced their two sleeping sons therein, they replenished the fire and lay down to rest, with no shelter above their heads but the leafless forest trees and the starry canopy of the night sky. The next day they constructed a shelter by driving four forked sticks in the ground and covering them with poles and slabs, leaving one end open; before this open end they kept a fire going against a huge black log. This was their fire-place on which they depended for warmth, and no matter how inclement the weather, all their cooking was done over this outside fire. Later they built an addition of the same size to this dwelling, but as it was open on all sides, it gave small protection, being a sort of fair weather sitting room.

About a week after the arrival of the Marvels they were joined by John Barr and wife, and small daughter, Nancy. The two families consisting of four grown people and three children lived in this rude domicile until sometime



that spring when the Barrs went to their own location about a mile to the westward. Prettyman Marvel, who had been busy getting out logs, then erected a cabin on a favorable - site nearby. This was about 12x16 feet in size and had a pounded clay floor. There was a fire-place across one end, with stick and mud chimney. When installed in this new home, they thought themselves very comfortably situated as they were protected from inclement weather and the fire-place provided warmth and easier cooking facilities. This settlement, the second in point of order in De Witt County, was made on the east 1/2 of the northeast 1/4 of section 31, in Waynesville Township. Their nearest neighbors were ten miles distant across the prairie on Salt Creek, where a settlement had been established by a party of six, some months previously. However, other settlers came in that spring and established themselves along the edge of the timber near the Marvels. The prairie, dotted with many bright-hued flowers, is said to have presented a lovely view, in the springtime, but in that early day it was esteemed of little value except for grazing purposes, and it was thought would never be settled. The prairie grass grew so rankly that by mid-summer a man riding on horseback after a rain or heavy dew, would be literally drenched. There were many paths or trails leading in various directions, made by the passage of deer or other game, and by Indian hunting parties which had from time immemorial roamed the Illinois prairies. The wigwams of the Kickapoo Indians dotted the valley of the creek which took its name from that tribe.

Near the site of the present city of Bloomington were three large Indian villages merged into one, where dwelt the Kickapoos, Potawatomes and Delawares, under their respective chiefs, Jim Crow, Big Bull and Toby White Eyes. Parties of braves issued forth regularly from there, hunting over the prairies of Central Illinois. The Indians caused the settlers no serious trouble, but evinced much curiosity concerning their mode of life. They often filled the Marvel cabin until Mrs. Marvel would be forced to quit work and sit in a corner out of their way. On one occasion they secured her black sun bonnet, of the old-fashioned slat variety, and gravely passing it from one brave to another, each tried it on. They were great traders and often brought game to exchange for "hog-ee" meat, melons or vegetables. Mrs. Marvel made a quantity of soft soap which the Indians found and likewise sampled, thinking it something good to eat. One summer afternoon Mrs. Marvel was visiting her sister-in-law; Mrs. Barr sat in the door spinning, while Mrs. Marvel romped on the floor with the children. The Indians came and stared in the door at this, to them, a strange sight, for the process of spinning was new, and the Indian mother did not caress or romp with her children. The Indians wished to adopt a white papoose into their tribe and to this end took a lively interest in Mr. Marvels two sons, namely, John S. and James. Mrs. Marvel sometimes allowed the older son, John S. to accompany the Indians into the woods, where they would keep him part of the day and then return him. One day they decided to keep him. When Mr. Marvel came home at night fall and found his son absent, he went to the Indian encampment in search of him; he found him with his face painted, learning the war dance. Near the home of Prettyman Marvel, Jr. [61334] was a beautiful grove which became a landmark in the history of this settlement. These trees were the first sighted by the settlers from Salt Creek as they crossed the prairie at the time of the "deep snow," coming to the Marvel home for corn. They said this grove guided them to food and warmth and shelter; from this fact came the name--Pilot Grove. This grove was one of the favorite meeting places of the Indians; Mr. Marvel, returning home through the grove at a late hour one night, came upon a party of braves around a council fire. He stepped cautiously, but a twig snapped under his foot, and instantly all was still. As he advanced into the fire-light, they recognized him and their leader resumed his discourse which was in their native tongue. After the Black Hawk War the Indians were removed to lands west of the Mississippi river. In later years Pilot Grove was much frequented by the Marvel children, as they went there to gather the various wild fruits in their seasons; and situated as it was, partly on the Marvel

holdings, this grove, rather than "Big Grove" came to symbolize the Marvel home. The establishment of the home of Prettyman and Rebecca (Barr) Marvel [61334] at this place is commemorated in the following lines:

TO PILOT GROVE.

By Ella (Armstrong) Yeakel [613346(10)].

Thou art a remnant of that lonely wood,
Which here one day in pristine beauty stood;
Upon this point and thence across the glen,
Thy virgin fastness was supreme.
Not then Had ruthless hands despoiled and ravished thee;
When nature ruled thou wast e'er fair to see.

Now of thy glory shorn, art thou as one
Whose sands run low with life's descending sun?
Like him dost spend thy days recounting o'er
The fullness, joy and pride of days of yore?
Had we one tongue, could I interpret thee,
Strange tales, I doubt not, thou wouldst tell to me:
The tragedy of life as understood
By timid, harmless creatures of the wood;
Or by the savage beasts which night and day,
From ambush of thy shade sprang on their prey;
And how the red man skulking midst the trees,
Was Nemesis, oft on the trail of these!

In childhood, oft I heard the gradame's tale,
How they through snowy forests broke a trail,-
She, and her good man, with their ox and cart;
How they at dusk found refuge near thy heart,
Where camp of boughs to them was home, sweet home,-
The lode star of us all where e'er we roam!
Before their open door was made their hearth,
Where dancing flames leaped high from, frozen earth;
And there where naught the echoes had e'er stirred,
But voices of the wild, oft then we heard
The laughing tones of children on the air;
There too, arose sweet hymns of praise and prayer.

Soon others came and settled near at hand,
Their aim, their task was to subdue the land.
They little knew of fertile prairie loam,
Along the forests edge they sought a home,-
A hardy people, ne'er by aught dismayed,
By such the cornerstone of state was laid!
'Twas then across the trackless prairie sea,
The traveler often steered his course by thee.
Thou wast a pilot and a guide by day,
At even' fall a shelter by the way;
And thus it was thy sponsors these became,
According to thy deed they gave thee name!
Thou from this, vantage ground hast watch long kept,
While progress' rising flood has onward swept.
Mayhap in course of time that swelling tide

Will in relentless flow sweep thee aside;
Yet thy name e'er be a treasure-trove
Of sweet and tender memories—Pilot Grove.

NOTE—The above verses were read at the Barr Family Reunion held at Waynesville, Illinois, August 31, 1911, by Miss Ethel Fern Marvel [61334123], now Mrs. A. E. Blomberg, of Peotone, Illinois.

Since coming to this sparsely settled region, Prettyman Marvel, Jr. [61334] and wife had greatly missed the privilege of assembling with other Christian men and women in Divine worship. Accordingly as soon as he had his family safely sheltered in a stout cabin, Mr. Marvel took steps to institute religious services. Peter Cartwright was the presiding elder of the Illinois District, and he sent Wm. See to the "Big Grove" settlement which was then in the Sangamon circuit. This traveling preacher or circuit-rider had other appointments many miles apart of which he made the rounds. He came to the Marvel home on a week-day and the settlers quit their tasks and came in work-day attire to hear the Gospel. The Marvel cabin was small but amply large for the congregation. In the year 1827 or 1828, Mr. Marvel prepared a camp ground on the slope of the hill east of his home. During the summer months, open air meetings and camp meetings were held here for many years. Here the people gathered and listened to such preachers as Peter Cartwright, John Sinclair, Asa Phelps, Moses Clampet, Wm. See, Wm. Royal, Peter Akers and many others. These meetings were characterized by earnestness and simplicity; a revival spirit prevailed generally, and the grove often resounded with shouts of praise, The people were very faithful in attendance and even during the "deep snow" in the winter of 1830 and 1831, when distress was everywhere prevalent, the pioneers spaded and hewed their way through snow and ice, that this little society of Methodists might meet and worship; and the self-sacrificing circuit-rider on his rounds, struggling against seemingly insurmountable difficulties, met his appointments with the regularity of a machine. After the establishment of the village of Waynesville, Illinois, a Methodist Episcopal church was organized there in 1834 of which Prettyman Marvel and wife became influential members.

The pioneer of those early days, labored under many difficulties. In preparing the ground for his crops, he had few tools with which to work. The "bar-share" was the only plow then in use. It had a wooden mold-board which was in time displaced by a mold-board made of iron rods, steel faced. A yoke of oxen or sometimes several, would be hitched to the plow in breaking out the raw land. Many of their crude implements, where strength was required, were fastened together by hickory withs. The Marvel home was always plentifully supplied with fresh meat, as there was much wild game such as deer, turkey, etc., to be had for the killing, but their chief difficulty was in procuring bread stuff and they often went many miles to a mill. John Scott owned and operated a small grist mill on Kickapoo; this was built by Zion and Edom Shugart in 1828 or 1829. It was run by water power and had one set of stones which were prairie boulders. It had a capacity of but a few bushels per day but proved a great convenience to the settlers. Both corn and wheat was ground on it, the latter being bolted by hand. This was the first mill in the vicinity; it was afterwards known as the Eveland mill. When the two Marvel boys, John S., and James, became old enough they often took the grain to mill. Mrs. Marvel, who was very strong in her prime, would throw a two-bushel sack of wheat across the back of a gentle horse which the lads sat astride and they would start to Zorger's mill on the Sangamon river, near the present city of Monticello, Illinois. This mill boasted a set of stones imported from France. The miller was a kindly and hospitable old gentleman who always took the two boys into his own home, gave them food and a nights lodging and saw them safely started on their return journey early next morning. It is an interesting co-incidence, that in later years a grandson of this

pioneer miller, met and married a granddaughter of John S., the elder of the two lads whom he entertained.

Springfield, Illinois was the nearest postoffice to the "Big Grove" settlers. A postal service had been established that far; the mail being brought in from the south and east by carriers on horseback. This village and Pekin were their chief trading points. Supplies were boated up the river to Pekin and from there distributed to the inland settlements. Money was a scarce commodity and the settlers obtained most things by barter. On account of this scarcity of money Prettyman Marvel, Jr. [61334] lived on his land until March 28, 1828, before entering it. He had staked claim to a tract of land which two of his neighbors also desired. They started to Danville, the nearest land office to register. Prettyman Marvel had entry money for a man named Gregory, who was ill, and for himself, carrying a total of two hundred silver dollars. He raced his horse up the hills, cast away his clothing to lighten the load, until nothing remained but buckskin trousers. He landed in Danville, Illinois and made entry, then ordered a quart of whiskey with which he rubbed his horse. He was sitting on the steps of a store there when the others rode up. Mr. Marvel continued adding to his real estate holdings until he possessed about one thousand acres of land, although later he disposed of part of this. To accommodate his increasing family of children, he built a frame dwelling, consisting of four large rooms, each about 18 by 20 feet, with a central hallway 8 feet wide running through the house from front to back. The room on the northeast corner was regarded as the sitting room; it contained a bed or two as was the custom. The room back of this on the southeast held from three to four beds; but the northwest room was the general living quarters of the family. There they gathered around the large fire-place which took in a four foot stick of cord wood. Very often in cold weather a side of spareribs hung above the coals, slowly roasting and whetting their appetites, while the corn dodgers baked in the dutch oven on the hearth. Eventually a cook stove was installed in the southwest room, under which lay the cellar. The floors throughout the house were of wide oak boards. The house faced the north and was pleasantly situated on a knoll shaded by forest trees. In a ravine about 40 rods east was a spring which supplied them with water for several years. Later, a well was dug near the house. This had an old fashioned sweep with a grapevine rope, fastened with clamp and rivets to the bail of the oaken bucket. East of the spring on the slope of the hill was the camp ground where religious gatherings were held for many years. North of this was the sugar camp where their supply of maple syrup and sugar was made in the early spring when the sap was running. A wide lane ran northward from the front of the house as far as the farm was fenced, while another private lane led through the fields to the southern boundary line of the farm. This boundary line is now marked by the public road which runs east and west, just north of West Hull school house.

As the children became of school age, they were given the advantages provided by the primitive schools of that day. These were of the subscription order; the parents signing for a certain number of pupils at a stated sum each. The session was usually held in some empty cabin and puncheon seats were about all the furniture provided. These were split logs with the flat side up and with pegs inserted underneath for legs. Mr. Marvel had a desk built for his children. This was two and one-half feet wide by six or seven feet long and had a shelf beneath which provided a convenient receptacle for their few books. When the children passed school age this desk became a work bench in Rebecca Marvel's kitchen, At the present day (1926) the old bench is still giving good service in the dairy of K. A. Yeakel, a great-grandson.

As the country became more thickly settled, Prettyman Marvel, Jr. [61334] took up the business of stock buying which by much energy and good business judgment he made very profitable. This enterprise proved of real service in the community as it

provided the settlers with a market for their produce. Prettyman Marvel drove hogs to Chicago when it was hardly more than a village; the presence of the troops quartered at Fort Dearborn providing a market, also there were representatives of many Indian tribes encamped near the Fort. The entire journey took about four weeks; there were no roads or bridges, usually Indian trails were followed and all streams were forded. Lagging animals were loaded into the wagon which carried their camping supplies, and camp fires were lighted along the way by striking flint with steel and catching the spark with tow and tinder. In later years he shipped stock by boat to New Orleans where he obtained a better market. It was there, during the summer of 1842, he contracted yellow fever which developed after his return home. He was attended during this sickness by Drs. Winn and Wheeler, but no avail; he passed away July 23, 1842, and was laid to rest on land which he had donated for burial purposes. This is now the west part of Union Cemetery at Waynesville, Illinois. Prettyman Marvel was a man of great energy and good business ability. He was kind and sympathetic with his family and his children always delighted in helping their father. On his return from selling trips he invariably remembered to bring them some small gift. In personal appearance he was a man of small stature, very quick and alert in movement. He was of dark complexion, with black eyes and the typical "Marvel nose" which is decidedly stub with wide flaring nostrils. When out of doors, his black curly locks were usually covered by a coonskin cap. A two days sale of live stock was held following his death. Administrator of his estate, Jeremiah P. Dunham, John Barr and Linus Graves filed papers before F. G. Pain, Probate Justice of Peace, August 2nd, 1842.

In October, 1847, Mrs. Marvel married Thompson P. Gambrel, son of William and Winifred (Elkins) Gambrel of South Carolina. Early in the year of 1806 his parents joined the tide of emigration moving northward. They tarried in Kentucky the latter part of the year, where their son, Thompson P. Gambrel, was born August 22, 1806. The following year they became pioneer settlers in southwestern Indiana, where William Gambrel, Sr., died in an early day and his widow became the second wife of John Roberts, Sr. Thompson P. Gambrel married Elizabeth Roberts, daughter of John Roberts, Sr., by his first Wife. Five children were born to this marriage, namely: Maria, William, James, Mary Ann, Elisha and Sarah. After the death of his wife, Elizabeth (Roberts) Gambrel, Thompson P. came to Illinois where he married the widow of Prettyman Marvel, Jr. [61334]. During the Civil War Mr. and Mrs. Gambrel withdrew their membership from the M. E. Church at Waynesville, and united with the Southern Methodist Church at Mt. Zion. In 1870 they moved into the village of Waynesville, where Mr. Gambrel died August 30, 1877. Col. Thompson Gambrel was an officer in the army and had a very stately figure. He took much pride in his uniform with sword and trappings and dressed up in them on patriotic occasions.

During the latter years of her life Mrs. Gambrel spent much time driving about the country visiting her many friends and relatives. She also was a regular attendant at Mt. Zion church and those who were privileged to sit in church services with "Aunt Becky" as she was familiarly known, will long remember her as she walked the aisles shouting praises to God and exhorting all to turn to Him. In 1893 she sold her town residence to her grandsons, George Armstrong [6133465] and Kirby Armstrong [6133453], and went to the country home of her youngest daughter, Mrs. Mary Gambrel, to spend her remaining days. She died there September 30, 1893. Rebecca Barr was born in Chester county, South Carolina, April 21, 1806. When she was two years of age her parents, John and Nancy (Hamilton) Barr, moved into Tennessee in crossing the mountains the small Rebecca fell from the cart in which she was riding, breaking her arm. In the year 1810, the Barr family became pioneer settlers in southwestern Indiana, (refer page 31 {of M history}) where Rebecca grew up with and married Prettyman Marvel, Jr. [61334]. Eleven children were born to them as follows: John Shrader Marvel [613341], James Marvel [613342], Nancy Marvel [613343] and an unnamed