

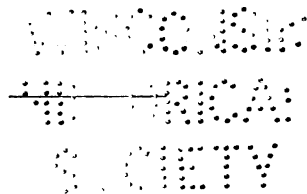
THE  
HERRARD FAMILY  
— OF —  
STEUBENVILLE.

THE  
SHERRARD FAMILY  
OF STEUBENVILLE.

BY  
ROBERT ANDREW SHERRARD.

TOGETHER WITH  
LETTERS, RECORDS AND GENEALOGIES OF  
RELATED FAMILIES.

EDITED BY  
THOMAS JOHNSON SHERRARD.



PHILADELPHIA:  
THE JAS. B. RODGERS PRINTING COMPANY,  
52 and 54 North Sixth Street.

1890.

When I had got within a quarter of a mile of our house, the mare stopped short in the road, and would not advance one foot, and although I urged her with a switch, it was all of no avail. A thought struck me that there lay a rattlesnake or a copperhead, I could not tell in the dark, but the mare either saw or smelled it, and I concluded to avoid it, and by turning off the road into a thicket of saplings and brushwood, I came into the road again and arrived home without any further trouble.

Before harvest this year William and John hewed sleepers and puncheons, and laid a barn-floor for Thomas Burns on the next farm, which brought us in several bushels of wheat after harvest.

Harvest this year, 1805, came early in this newly improved state of Ohio,—none so early afterwards till the June of 1822. On the 25th day of June, 1805, my brother John went and reaped a day for William Chambers, who then farmed the Centreville farm, now owned by Joseph Medill.

On the 8th of July, the same year, William and John went to Fayette County, Pa., where they arrived on the 10th, and after William had made a new cradle they began the cutting of twenty-two acres of wheat and a field of rye which had been sown the fall before the family moved to Ohio. It was on the 12th of July that they began cutting grain, and it was the last of July before they got through cutting and securing our crop, and also that of Uncle David Cathcart.

I and my brother Thomas helped to cut and secure old William Sharon's harvest that year, and I cut his oats with a new cradle which William had made before he and John left for Fayette County. The day I cut his oats Sharon had eight or nine hands cutting wheat in a field back of and joining our cabin. The wheat in this field was blue stem, the first of the sort I had seen, and as the ground was newly cleared this first crop lay twisted and swirled in all directions, which made it hard to reap.

The afternoon of this day the hands in the field became suddenly alarmed by the uncommon screams and lengthy jumps of one in their company, John Langly, and upon ascertaining the cause it appeared that, as Langly was reaping, a large rattlesnake lay in his "through," and unperceived by Langly it had made a drive at his foot or ankle

and fastened its fangs, not in his flesh, but in the lower part of the leg of his trousers, which were made of home-spun cotton, common in those days. Having driven its fangs through the cotton cloth, owing to the number of little fine beards naturally placed along the large crooked fangs or upper jaw teeth, when once in through the cotton it could not extricate itself, and hence Langly kept dragging it along, and all that the snake could do was to keep up a kind of death song by aid of its rattles. Langly said afterwards that he frequently heard this singing, but did not know from whence it came, and still it kept singing along, singing along, until at length, as he looked behind him, there close to his heel lay his singing bird in the form of a rattlesnake nearly three feet long. To get clear of such company he gave a sudden jump of nearly a rod and a yell or two of fright or alarm, and the suddenness of the jump broke the hold of the snake's fangs on the cotton and left it an easy prey to the reapers who soon dispatched him.

#### ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.

At evening tide, when the reapers came in to supper, after Langly had finished telling me the narrow escape he had made, old James Sharon, the grandfather of Smiley and John Sharon, observed: "It was a merciful interposition of Providence in Langly's case, as it was once in my own experience, when I lived near Carlisle, more than fifty years ago. I took a hired man with me on one occasion and went up Sherman's Valley some distance to take up land by making a 'tomahawk' improvement, and after deadening a sufficient number of trees, and blazing or marking the bounds of my land, the next thing was to cut saplings and build a cabin according to law and the custom of the times. So at it we went, on the bank of a small creek or large run which made down through the land, and the first stick I attempted to cut down was a small ash.

"After chopping at it for a little space I looked down to my left foot, which was farthest from the tree at which I was chopping, and there lay coiled round that left foot the largest rattlesnake I ever saw. I made one sudden spring and cleared myself of the snake; this done I turned and killed it, and counted his rattles after I had pulled them off