

# Rogers History

TOILS and STRUGGLES OF OLDEN TIMES by Elder Samuel **Rogers**.....

I was born in Charlotte county, Virginia, November 6, 1789, and was the eldest son of Ezekiel **Rogers**, whose father emigrated from Smithfield, England, a few years before the middle of the eighteenth century, and settled in Bedford County, VA. The family had no means of tracing any direct relationship to the distinguished martyr, John **Rogers**, who was burned at Smithfield in the year 1555. But my Aunt Susan, a maiden lady of vivid imagination, was able to make out the connection quite to her satisfaction, suspended, however, upon very flimsy calculations - certainly too flimsy for the settlement of ancient honors upon our family. My ambitious aunt, as if sensible of the weakness of her cause, was in the hour of closing her argument with a flourish of the following facts, viz: that our father came from Smithfield, England, where the distinguished martyr suffered; that his family were all protestants; that all were partial to the name John; and last, though not least, that, as far back as their genealogy could be traced, not one of the names had ever been known to show the white feather. This last mentioned fact was compensating and comforting, indeed, inasmuch as it is far better to have the spirit of a martyr in the breast than to have the blood of a martyr in the veins.

When my father, Ezekiel **Rogers**, was an infant, my grandfather embarked for England to obtain a small patrimony that had been left him by his relatives and he was never heard of afterwards. After exhausting every available resource to obtain information, no tidings could be had either of the ill-fated vessel upon which he sailed or his crew. This sad circumstance weighed so heavily upon the widowed mother that her body and mind gave way, and she soon died, leaving four little orphans, Ezekiel being the youngest.

The waves of the sea having carried away the father, and the waves of sorrow having borne the mother to an untimely grave, the little ones were thrown upon the charity of the world. By a happy providence they were kindly cared for, and found as much comfort as ordinarily falls to the lot of fatherless and motherless children.

At the age of fifteen, my father joined a company of light-horse, belonging to the regiment of Colonel **Washington**. He was at the battle of Cowpes, where Tarleton was defeated and pursued so closely that he lost his eye. He continued in the service to the close of the Revolution, was present at the seige of York, and witnessed the surrender of **Cornwallis**.

Soon after this he married Rebecca **Williamson**, of Charlotte County, Virginia, a woman of strong mind and deep devotion to the Christian religion. She was a member of the Church of England, but, under the teachings of the Wesleyan Reformers, she