

# *Ancestors of Gus T Learn*

## *Generation No. 1*

**1. Gus T Learn**, born Oct 02, 1872 in Indiana Co, PA; died Sep 29, 1958 in Green Twp., Indiana Co., Cookport, PA. He married **(1) Christina 'Crissie' Fleming** Jun 27, 1895 in Indiana Co, PA. She was born Jan 10, 1870 in Green Twp., Indiana Co., Cookport, PA, and died Jan 26, 1899 in Green Twp., Indiana Co., Cookport, PA. She was the daughter of George Haley Fleming and Elizabeth Jane O'Neal.

Notes for Gus T Learn:

Notes for GUS T. LEARN:

A Verse on the Learn Family written in June 1941 by Gus T. Learn of Commodore, Indiana Co., Pa printed and Copyright 1984 "Tree Top Baby" by Susan Moorhead Nunes, P. O. Box 784, Tavares, FL 32778 Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 84-80290 Published by Gateway Press Inc. 1001 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, MD 21202 Sold exclusively by the Indiana County Genealogical & Historical Society, 200 S. 6th St., Indiana, Pa 15701.

[ The book is not of the Learn family but that of the Moorhead family of which the Learns have married into.]

## FORWARD

For many years I have been interested in tracing the ancestry of our family and have been urged by members of the family and as a result I have composed the following brief outline in the form of verse which is my favorite diversion but this of necessity leaves out many important details. If this meets with the approval of my readers I would be glad to attempt a more comprehensive history and genealogy of the family at a later date if I am spared to do so.

Gus T. Learn  
Commodore, Pa

## The Learns

By GUS T. Learn, June, 1941.

Draw near kind friends and relative dear  
And you shall from me a story hear;  
From facts I have gleaned from year to year  
Of the clan of the Learns who settled here  
In Pennsylvania of fair state  
As I shall now to you relate;  
At the present town of Tannersville,  
In a valley fair near a wooded hill;  
All located as you no doubt know  
In the present county of Monroe,  
Where Pennsylvania tourists go  
The famous resort Mount Pocono.  
Those were the days when out land was new  
And settlements were scattered and few.

The first of the clan of which we hear  
Was old John Learn, the Pioneer.  
Where he was born we do not know  
But surmise in Holland, where long ago  
Some refugees from Britain fled  
For religious freedom it is said.

Of the time of his coming there is, some doubt  
But 'twas seventeen fifty of there about;  
When with Caderina his good wife  
He started to make his plans for life;  
And from Philadelphia win or fail  
They struck the old Lackawanna trail;  
And when they finally settled here  
"Twas the last house of the frontier,  
As you can plainly see and read  
On the granite marker alone the road.

Here he proceeded as time passed on  
Some land to clear to provide a home  
For his rapidly growing family,  
Which increased with regularity.  
Six sturdy sons their union blessed,  
Five daughters fair completed the list.  
In January seventeen fifty-one  
George their oldest son was born;  
Then came Mary and Rachel, then John  
In fifty-six was the second son,  
Then came Jacob in fifty-eight  
Followed by Catherine sometimes called Kate.  
Rebecca came next, then in sixty-four  
Came Andrew a son to even the score.  
In sixty-seven Peter came,  
Then came Sarah and 'twas even again,  
Adam who was the last in line  
Arrived in seventeen sixty-nine.

From our meager knowledge mostly from tradition  
It seems he was thrifty with intuition;  
For aside from his farm a tavern he kept  
And many notables here have slept.  
Here General Sullivan with his men  
Encamped in seventeen seventy-nine.

But the country was new and all frontier lands  
Were infested by numerous Indian bands;  
But they seemed to be a friendly sort  
And oft engaged with the boys in sport,  
Till one day in a friendly bout,  
George threw a redskin and hurt the lout.  
From that day on so the story goes,  
The Indians grew more morose;  
And started for their chieftain's tent,  
Plotting vengeance as they went.  
Then seven braves from Lake Erie's shore,  
Started toward the east once more.  
Crafty, cunning, cruel fiends,  
See what happens when their journey ends.

"Twas on a pleasant July day,  
And George was busy mowing hay  
In a field near his humble home by the spring,  
Not thinking of danger to anything,  
When suddenly the redskins appeared  
Between him and his home, and when they fired,

George was wounded but did not fall  
But defended himself with a stout fence rail.  
But the odds were too great, he was soon in their power,  
They had taken his scalp within an hour.  
Then went these wretches, so heartless and wild  
To his house for his wife and infant child,  
Which they carried off to the woods near by  
And brutally butchered and left them lie.  
Meantime the father whose home was near,  
The noise of the shooting could plainly hear.  
He grabbed his rifle, his movements were screened  
By a field of rye that intervened.  
He saw a stump with an Indian on it,  
He aimed and fired and the redskins' bonnet  
Pierced by a bullet was found next day,  
But his body his comrades had taken away.  
Alas that show was the father's undoing  
As it showed the for the place of his hiding'  
He was soon discovered ere the day was done  
And killed and scalped like his elder son.  
The next day John the second son  
Saw an Indian skulking near the home;  
He fired his gun as for vengeance he yearned,  
And the for to his comrades ne'er returned.

Now let us leave this gruesome scene  
And turn to a brighter pleasanter theme,  
I would like to tell as far as I know  
Of our forbears who lived so long ago.  
George had a son about two years old  
Who was hidden and saved by an aunt we're told.  
In New York state where he lived and died  
Some of his descendants still reside.  
He had daughters six, of sons, there were five  
But none of them are now alive.  
One son Adam and Nelson his son  
Lie buried at Cuba near the home  
Of Nelson's sons a pair of twins,  
Luie and Lutie are their names.

John Learn the son at his father's death  
Had lately secured for himself a wife.  
She twelve children to him bore,  
And then passed on to the other shore;  
But he undaunted by her fate  
Soon secured for himself another mate.  
In eighteen twenty in the month of May  
His second helpmate passed away;  
This information is plainly shown  
Inscribed on the markers at their tomb,  
For both these wives lie buried near  
In the cemetery known as Hamilton Square.  
Still stout of heart after their departure,  
He engaged a third matrimonial venture.  
Now past his prime years flew apace  
And he removed to another place,  
In Cattaraugus county, New York state  
George and Jacob his gone had gone of late

And acquired a place they called Dutch Hill,  
Which they proceeded to clear and till.  
There he remained until he died,  
There some descendants still reside,  
But many scattered long ago  
And one I've traced to Mexico.

The third son Jacob was also wed  
To John's wife's sister it is said,  
At sixteen years early in life  
She became his wedded wife.  
Four sons and four daughters their union blest  
As they labored together to feather their nest;  
For twenty-one years together they trod  
Then she was called to her reward.  
Now he at forty-three years of age  
We find he lived just half his days,  
And with bright prospects ahead in life  
Secured for himself another wife.  
Their lives were spent on a farm nearby,  
At their tomb at Mount Zion their ashes lie;  
And in this section where he died  
Most of his descendants still reside.

The fourth son Andrew was just a youth  
Seventeen years old at his father's death.  
We hear of him next at twenty-one,  
Far removed from his ancestral home;  
For the records show that at that date  
He was in the western part of the state,  
In Westmoreland county, where he had found  
And patented a large tract of land.  
He also to a wife laid claim,  
Susanna Yockey was her name.  
There in seventeen eighty-five was born  
Their first child a son named John.  
Two more sons and daughters seven  
Comprised the family in eighteen seven,  
When he in his prime at forty-three years  
Was removed by death from this vale of tears.  
And now in peace his dust remains  
In the cemetery at old St. James.

Later George and Andrew his younger sons  
Divided the farm and established homes;  
And there remained the rest of their lives,  
Securing sisters as their wives,  
Of their descendants who bear the name  
Few in that section still remain;  
But Andrew's granddaughters Mrs. Elsie Glass  
Still resides on the old place.  
John the eldest son after a time  
Secured a tract of virgin pine,  
Among the Indiana county hills,  
Near the old town of Mitchell's Mills,  
Where in eighteen twenty-nine he moved,  
Eight sons and four daughters were in his brood.

A ninth son was born soon after that date  
But one succumbed and still there was eight.

They and their children all settled near  
And each proceeded some land to clear,  
Til fourteen adjoining farms were seen  
With no one else mixed in between;  
So in that section where e'er you'd turn  
You were almost certain to meet a Learn.  
Now if in details of John's history I go  
'Tis because more of his family I know;  
But lest your patience with this I tire  
I'll say that he was my great grandsire  
And that I was reared and am living still  
Adjoining the homestead on the hill.  
But few of the original homes remain  
That still retain the family name.  
The old generations have all passed on,  
And of the younger ones many have gone  
To establish homes both far and near,  
But still in memory they all hold dear,  
Regardless of when or where they went,  
The old place still called the Learn Settlement.

The fifth son Peter as we have seen  
Was bereft of his father when just fourteen.  
On his next few years we nothing know  
But that later to Canada he did go;  
In Ontario Province he made his home,  
And became a subject of the British Crown;  
In her army he held a captain's commission  
In our second war against Britain's oppression.  
'Tis said he possessed a very fine steed  
Which he could ride at breakneck speed,  
But some one else with covetous eyes  
Must have taken him by surprise,  
For from this horse he was shot and slain,  
Possession of the animal to obtain.  
His slayer's fate I do not know  
Because this happened so long ago.  
The year was eighteen hundred fourteen,  
As told to me by his grandson,  
Reverend Peter Learn who at our home  
Made a call in nineteen hundred nine;  
And attended our first reunion there  
At the old Learn homestead near Commodore.  
Two other preachers this family claims,  
One a brother of Peter, his name was James.  
George a cousin his life as a missionary spent  
At Kodiak, Alaska where was sent.  
Now Peter the grandsire had seven sons  
And in Canada they made their homes;  
But they long since have passed away  
We trust to that land of perfect day.  
But if you would their descendants reach  
Just inquire around Sherkston or Crystal Beach.

The sixth son Adam was twelve years old  
When he was orphaned were are told;  
But where he was reared and to manhood grown  
We can only guess, but this is known  
The later he did a home obtain  
In New York State in the county of Wayne;  
That he was married and had two sons  
Named Levi and John so the story runs.  
Whether John was married or when or where,  
We only know he left no heir.  
To Pennsylvania Levi came  
And in Warren county made his home;  
Near Akeley some descendants remain  
But there is scarcely one that beats the name.

Now if in this story I err in part  
"Tis mistakes of the head and not of the heart.  
Some information I have gleaned from afar  
And from careful study for many a year;  
Some parts my aged gransire told  
When I was a lad a few years old;  
But I always listened with eager ears  
And have treasured in memory all the years.  
Travel and correspondence each  
Have aided me in my research.  
It matters not where my letters go  
From Canada to Mexico,  
From up in Maine among the pines  
To California's sunny climes,  
The same reply I'm sure to hear  
Tracing back to the Indian massacre.  
So it seems that all who bear the name  
Are descendants of that one man.  
That we all are bound by kinships ties,  
And I hope at that meeting beyond the skies  
In that beautiful home without sorrow or sin  
We shall all be deemed worthy to enter in.

More About GUS T. LEARN:

Fact 2: Methodist Cemetery, Cookport, Green Twp., Indiana Co., PA

More About Gus T Learn:

Burial: Methodist Cemetery, Cookport, Indiana Co., PA

Web Page: Mar 18, 2002, Laura

More About Christina 'Crissie' Fleming:

Burial: 1899, Methodist Cemetery, Cookport, Indiana Co., PA