

An Old Landmark Removed.

On Tuesday morning Nov. 17th, Mr. Martin Bridgman, an aged and honored citizen of this vicinity, passed quietly away, after a lingering sickness of several weeks.

Mr. Bridgman was born in Withe [White] County, West Virginia, February 20th, 1810. While yet a lad he moved with the family to Granger county, Tennessee. Here he was happily united in marriage to Miss Anna Dyer, Nov. 10th, 1830. They were blessed with ten children, one of whom died in infancy. The other nine still survive, with their mother, to mourn the loss of the father and husband and to honor his memory, the youngest of the children, Mrs. Laura White, of Woodson, being now thirty-seven years of age.

He has living forty-three grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren. All the children and many of the grandchildren were present at the funeral.

Father Bridgman was everywhere spoken of as a hard working honest man, simple in his manners; a man that all highly respected and loved. He has ever been a God fearing man, but did not make a profession of religion till a short time before his death. As his sun of life began to set, the sun of righteousness arose in his soul, and he died in triumphant hope. He delighted to have the Christian people sing and pray with him and often joined in the song himself.

The funeral took place at Ebenezer M. E. church on Thursday morning. The Rev. A. M. Danely preached an appropriate sermon from Gen. 25:8: "Then Abraham gave up the Ghost and died in a good old age—and full of years, and was gathered to his people."

The Rev. W. H. McGhee and Rev. V. Breckon assisted in the service, both making suitable remarks at the close of the sermon. A very large concourse of relatives and friends were present to honor his memory. Conspicuous in the congregation were many gray haired men, some of whom had come a great distance to do honor to the memory of one they had long known to honor and love. The pall bearers, S. W. Black, John Angel, Wm. Patterson, Joseph Blackburn, Edmund Blackburn and Harry Walters carried his remains gently to their last resting place in the churchyard cemetery to await the final resurrection. The grave was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens—tokens of the lasting and fragrant memory the deceased lives in the world where his immortal life began.

Submitted by: Judy Watt