

## **JACOB BRUNER OBITUARY, A REVOLUTIONARY WAR SOLDIER**

**Submitted by Sherry Lynn Britton**

JACOB BRUNER  
(May 29, 1764 - Aug 10, 1847)

Jacob Bruner obituary by grandson Dr. John Hamilton Bruner, president of Hiwassee College

Jacob Bruner, a soldier of the American Revolution, died at his residence in the North part of Greene County, Tennessee, on the tenth day of August 1847, in the 85<sup>th</sup> year of his age. (he started his 85<sup>th</sup> year May 29<sup>th</sup>) He was born at Fredericktown, Maryland in 1763. During the memorable struggle for American Independence, he was twice called into the service of his country; and after serving out times for which he was called, while doubts were entertained as to the eventful preponderance. Under such dubious circumstances, Jacob Bruner became a volunteer again and rushed to the drooping standard of his outraged country; and a third time he joined her armies. He was never, however, in any noted battle. The fortunes of the war called him away from the main army to quash the Tory insurrections in the Jerseys to guard prisoners of war. When the war was over and his country free, he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Cline, about the 22<sup>nd</sup> year of his age. Sometime afterwards he established himself as a hat manufacturer in Millerstown (now Woodstock), Shenandoah County, Virginia. Here, as also subsequently in Tennessee, he was employed as a teacher of both English and German students in the same school. About the year 1797 (fifty years ago) he embraced the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus: and united with a sect called "The United Brethren", "Dutch Methodist", or "Oberbiners" from their leader, the celebrated Mr. Oterbine. But on removing to Tennessee, in 1804 he was thrown beyond the territorial boundary of his church, into a Methodist community and soon he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. He became a member of a little class in his neighborhood; and when it pleased the authorities of the church to merge this little class into one on the border of another neighborhood, he did not remove his name, but said to his son, in allusion to his infirmities, 'It is not worth while to join that class, as I cannot attend.' He remained, however, a faithful Christian; and never omitted family devotions if it was possible for him to attend to them. Before his bodily infirmities prevented, he was often tent holder for Camp meetings, where some of his children were happily and powerfully converted to God. Among those converted was his son, John, who lived faithfully till called into the service for his country in the War of 1812, when he left his friends and the home of his youth, singing a transporting hymn; but he left to return no more; his remains reposed in a rough grave at lookout Mountain where he fell. The remaining eleven of the twelve children of Jacob Bruner, yet lines and though scattered abroad, they will unite with their widowed mother, in lamenting the death of old Jacob--for he has not lived in vain as most of his children and many of his grandchildren are members of a church and several of them officers there as leaders, exhorters and preachers in Tennessee and other states. He had long seemed unusually dead to this world. His treasures being in Heaven, his conversation was generally on religious subjects. He had long lived in the expectation of death, but feared it not--with him to live was Christ and to die was gain. The day before his death he was taken with a great weakness, but complained of no pain. To the companion of his early life, the angel of mercy in his afflictions, he said, 'Mother, (for this was the term he usually applied to his aged consort) I reckon you will soon lose your old man; you must try to be faithful to meet me again.' At another time he said, 'Mother, my heart is fixed Glory to God.' He talked but little during his last illness, but he would occasionally sing verses of his favorite hymns. Among others, he sang the following with much pathos and devotion "Let other stretch their arms like seas, and gasp in all the shore. Grant me the visits of Thy face, and I desire no more." He sang, "Come, my Jesus from above and feed my soul with heavenly love." "This is all that I want," he added. While laying calmly, he said, 'My Savior and my God, glory to Thy name.' Soon after this, his powers of speech failed him almost entirely; and within a few hours, he breathed his last without a struggle or a groan. Thus, my Grandfather "fell asleep". by John Hamilton Bruner

Jacob Bruner is buried in a family cemetery on Bald Ridge at the northwest corner of his farm in Lost Mountain, Greene Co, TN