

HISTORY OF THE HALL FAMILY AND ALLIED LINES

By GLADYS HALL MEIER
AND
ROBERT RENE MARTINDALE



Privately Printed
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS

1959



HALL

*To those brave men of our family
who
from the time they came to America,
down through the generations,
have fought to preserve the principles,
for which our country stands,
I dedicate this book.*

FOREWORD

FOR SOME TIME NOW it has bothered me that there is no one in the family interested enough to continue my work or keep the files I have spent so many years accumulating—hence, this book with the data all under one cover. It is small enough to slip on a bookshelf where it won't be in anyone's way, yet it contains the information I have been gathering for so long a time along with the stories told to me by my grandmother, my aunts, and my mother. Some of them date back to the Revolutionary War, and with the passing of these people, they would have been lost to posterity forever. Bits of this and bits of that, they all help to form the picture that is the Hall family.

I have tried to be as accurate as possible, but errors do creep in, and much of my information has been given to me by others. This has been especially true in some of the stories, because I found each person interviewed had their own version. In the two chapters pertaining to the Hall history, personalities and characteristics are given in order to explain movements and situations. They are entirely from my own point of view.

I cannot begin to thank the many people who have contributed to this manuscript: librarians who gave their time without charge, Regents and State officers of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, who, if they could not help me themselves, put me in touch with other members willing to visit old cemeteries and courthouses, and to question old timers for needed data. Distant relatives were eager to exchange or give me what information they had. Some even sent histories of the family in book form, refusing pay for them.

I particularly want to thank my son, Robert Martindale, who not only encouraged me to go ahead, but who spent many hours in research at the libraries in Austin, Texas, interviewed the printers, and finally helped me arrange the material to the best advantage. My cousin's wife, Mary Ann Cameron Harwood,

must not be omitted for a good part of the drudgery was hers. She crossed my T's, dotted my I's, took the split from my infinitives and cut the rope from my hanging participles—a tedious job of editing.

I have been asked to straighten out my grandmothers Hall. Jane Philips married Justin Hall of Poestenkill, New York. In the very early records this town was called "Poesten's Kill," meaning Poesnten's creek. "Kill" is a Dutch work for creek. When Jane's son, Alfred Hall, married Martha Files, we had another Grandmother Hall. So Jane became "Poestenkill" Grandmother and Martha, Grandmother.

I also want to say that there is a general list of references at the back of this book, but other references are given throughout as they were needed.

We hope the future generations will enjoy reading this book as much as we have enjoyed putting it together, and that it may have something of value for other genealogists.

GLADYS HALL MEIER

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CHAPTER I

OUR MEN IN MILITARY SERVICE, 1700-1958

CANADIAN EXPEDITION, 1711

LUDWIG SCHMIDT, from Annesberg, N.Y. July 16, 1711. (See McWethy, *Book of Names*.)

FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS

PETRUS PHILIPS, Livingston Manor, New York.

COLONIAL WARS

PETRUS PHILIPS, JOHANNES HENER, SR., and JR., MELLEGER FYLE (JOHN MELCHOIR FILE), LUDWIG SCHMIDT, and Petrus' brothers, MICHAEL and JACOB PHILIPS. (See *Annual Report, State Historian, N.Y.*, vols. I, II, pp. 814-15, Captain Abraham Van Aerman's company, colony of Rensselaer Wyck, N.Y., as "coming from above Poesten's Kill." See also, vol. I, p. 443.)

INDIAN AND COLONIAL WARS

EBENEZER LILLIE, Indian scout from Massachusetts and Connecticut.

KING'S MILITIA, 1772

JOHANNES HENER (HAYNOR) II, called first Junior, then Senior. Certificate signed by Governor Tyron of New York State for appointment as Ensign in the King's Militia. Photostatic copies in possession of Mrs. H. F. Meier and Mrs. Caroline McChesney, of Brownsville, Texas.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR

FROM RHODE ISLAND

WILLIAM HALL, Private, Captain Joshua Well's company, 1773. Captain Peleg Hoxey's company, 1778-9, Rhode Island Militia. Applied for and received pension January 30, 1834. Ref.

402 Senate Doc. Accepted by NSDAR, Gladys Hall Meier, Caroline Hall McChesney.

JAMES SAUNDERS, SR., Patriot, Westerly, Rhode Island, 1776.

This service accepted by NSDAR. His service with his son, James, Jr., not used due to confusion as to which man performed which service in the following: 2nd Westerly Militia, John Gavitt's company, and the Westerly Alarm, Captain Edward Blevin's company, 1777.

WILLIAM BROWN. According to family tradition, he served with a Rhode Island regiment, but there are so many by the same name, further research has not been done. Came from same vicinity as others who did serve.

FROM NEW YORK STATE

JOHANNES HENER, II. Private listed in *New York in Revolution*, p. 227, Land Bounty Rights, 6th Regiment, Albany County Militia. Johannes (John) III also given in same book. Line accepted by NSDAR.

JOHN MELCHOIR FILE (MELLEGER FEYLE), Private, Tyron Co. Militia, 3rd Regiment, Colonel Frederick Fisher commanding. Captain Joseph Yoeman's company. Certificate No. 37169 of Treasurer, Vol. 8, N.Y. State Library, Albany, N.Y. Accepted by NSDAR.

JOHN FINKEL (FINCKEL), Private, Albany County Militia, 8th Regiment, Colonel Robert Van Rensselaer commanding. NSDAR refused to accept, as another member had come in on this line who gave a different wife and children. Member refused to allow her papers to be checked, nor would she reply directly to author. The author had the line proven back to ancestor believed to have been the soldier, so he either had two wives and sets of children or they were different men. Only one John Finkel is listed in Roberts, *New York in Revolution*. He is with our other German ancestors serving at that time.

PETRUS PHILIPS, Private. We know this man fought in the Revolutionary War, as cousin Ralph Link has his powder horn. Tradition states that upon his return home from war he was shot in the back while entering his house. His assailant was

never found. Family cemetery on farm, in which he was buried, has disappeared, so date of death is not known. State Library gave a number of pay vouchers for a Peter Philips, but no indication as to where he was from, or if he was the same man. Name found several times in Roberts, *New York in Revolution*. The one on p. 110 being the most likely. (Colonel Van Alstine's 7th Regiment. Peter's brother Michael served in the 6th Regiment with another Van Alstine commanding.)

FROM CONNECTICUT

EBENEZER LILLIE, Private. Captain Grosvenor's company, Colonel Durkee's regiment, 1775-76. Colonel Samuel Wyll's Connecticut regiment, Captain William Steven's company, of Continental Artillery. Frank Lillie of Bennington and Pownal, Vermont, has his certificate of service. Both Ebenezer and his wife Jerusha Williams Lillie applied for pensions. (See Claim W-2047, Pension Bureau, Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C.)

WAR OF 1812

BARTON HALL, Private, from New York State. Drafted for service when fighting approached his neighborhood. Served three days. Received pension in later years for this service.

CIVIL WAR, 1861-64

None. Both Hall and File families said to have been "copperheads."

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

None.

WORLD WAR I

None in actual service. Men in family over age limit. A daughter, Gladys Elizabeth Hall, served with the Army of National Defense in Long Island City, New York. Received discharge when Armistice was signed. Was married to Otis Farrington at the time.

WALLACE BAKER HARWOOD, SR., b. April 12, 1896, d. June 1, 1935. Son-in-law of Russell McChesney. Doing premedical work at Davidson College, North Carolina. Enlisted in Air

Corps Cadet Training School, Austin, Texas; 2nd lieutenant, Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. Was pilot flying first plane from which photographs of San Antonio were taken. 1st lieutenant, 1919. Discharged 1919.

ROBERT BENJAMIN MARTINDALE, b. November 25, 1895, Cleveland, Ohio. Enlisted in Navy 1917, discharged 1919. 1st class seaman. Served on U.S.S. "Riley," and on transport duty. Later with U.S. fleet in Archangel, Russia.

WORLD WAR II

ROBERT RENE MARTINDALE, b. October 28, 1919, Army Cantonment Hospital, Fort Brown, Brownsville, Texas. Army serial number AO-725-625. Rank, major in Air Force. Aviation Cadet, November, 1941 to January, 1942, Oxnard, California; January, 1942 to March, 1942, Bakersfield, California; March 21, 1942 to May, 1942, Williams Field, Arizona. Received Wings and commission. Stationed briefly, Alexandria, Louisiana; Barksdale, Louisiana; Greenville, South Carolina; Willow Run bomber plant, Ypsilanti, Michigan; Sacramento, California. Picked up bomber airplane Hamilton Field, California. Left October 10, 1942 for Hawaii. Iron Range, Australia, via Christmas Island, Fiji, Pago Pago, New Caledonia, and Brisbane, Australia. Flew combat missions out of Fort Moresby, New Guinea (B-24's, 90th Bombardment Group, 5th Air Force). Received battle and campaign stars for Guadalcanal, Northern Solomons, New Guinea, and Papuam. Shot down on reconnaissance mission over Wewak, New Guinea, January 21, 1943. Crashed at sea. Two days on ocean. Eight men in small rubber raft. Two of crew killed in crash. Spent five weeks on island of Wewak. Took native guide and sailing canoe along islands to Sepik River, New Guinea. Captured shortly after landing, Friday morning, March 13, 1943, by Japanese. Taken to Wewak, then Raboul, New Britain, November 15, 1943. One of nine men later taken to Japan. Kept in Omori Prison Camp, near Tokyo, December 8, 1943. Was mail clerk, barracks commander. (See *Barbed Wire Surgeon*, by Dr. Alfred A. Weinstein, also a prisoner at Omori,

pp. 222-224), and Prisoner of War Executive Officer. Dubious distinction of being first man to greet second United States commodore to Japan (Perry being the first, and Simpson the second). Released September 1, 1945. Flown to Philippines, where, coming out of officers' club, he met his cousin, Lieutenant Justin P. Hall, Jr. Arrived San Francisco, California, October 3, 1945. Sent to San Antonio, Texas. Discharged active duty November 17, 1946 as captain. Now a major in active reserves. Decorations and citations: Air Medal, Purple Heart, Reserve Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal with four bronze service stars, Victory Medal, and Defense Service Medal.

JUSTIN (JERRY) P. HALL, JR., b. January 3, 1923, San Benito, Texas. Army Air Corps, December 15, 1942. Active service, February 19, 1943, cadet until November 24, 1944. Graduated as navigator, Air Corps, 2nd lieutenant, November 24, 1944. Served Pacific area, New Guinea, with 2nd Squadron, 22nd Bombardment Group. In Philippines with 39th Squadron, 317th Troop Carrier. In Japan with 3rd Emergency Rescue Group. 1st lieutenant May, 1946. Discharged active duty July, 1946. Reserves, 305th Composite Group (AFR), Ellington Field, Texas. Later went back into service; stationed in Alaska. 5 battle stars.

FERROL DANKERS HALL, b. November 25, 1927, San Benito, Texas. Military service after end of war. Corporal, infantry, June, 1945 to 1947. No overseas duty.

KOREAN WAR

WALLACE BAKER HARWOOD, JR., b. September 1, 1928, Brownsville, Texas. Entered service March 5, 1951. Basic training in Camp Carson, Colorado, 196th Regimental Combat Team. Transferred to 97th Field Artillery. Promoted to corporal July 28, 1951. Japan August 21, 1951, assigned Headquarters Detachment, 8040th AU, APO 40, Nara, Japan. Promoted sergeant February 21, 1952. To U.S. August, 1953, emergency furlough, then assigned September 5, 1952 to Headquarters Company, 6th Infantry Division, Fort Ord, California, as

troop information and education NCO. Discharged March 4, 1953. In Japan was field first sergeant in rehabilitation hospital.

RUSSELL MCCHESENEY HARWOOD, b. November 17, 1930, Brownsville, Texas. 2nd lieutenant, United States Marine Corps Reserves, June 6, 1952. Active duty May, 1953 until May, 1955. 1st lieutenant December 5, 1953. Battery commander, firing battery of self-propelled automatic weapons. Member Marine Corps Volunteer Training Unit.

Probably many others of our early ancestors, about whom the author knows nothing, served their country. Those from Rhode Island and Massachusetts undoubtedly fought in the early Colonial Wars. We know from records that Tobias and Christopher Saunders were in the King's Life Guard when they came to this country.

Four Revolutionary lines have been accepted by the NSDAR. The author's number is 343463, Du Bois-Hite Chapter, Brownsville, Texas. Both Aunt Carrie McChesney and the author are charter members of the Colonial Dames, XVIIth Century. The author's number is 2476 National.

Four other lines have been worked on, but not accepted due to conflicting data or lack of dates. Parker, Schmidt, and William lines are virgin ground, and it is quite possible that John Lillie, father of Ebenezer, was a patriot.

CHAPTER II

HALL FAMILY GENEALOGICAL CHART

1ST GENERATION

HENRY HALL, b. England. Arrived Newport, Rhode Island, 1664. To Westerly same year where he bought two mile tract land called "Westerly Manor." Oath of Allegiance 1679. Will probated 1705. Male issue: Henry, Jr., Edward, James, John.

2ND GENERATION

HENRY HALL, JR., b. about 1658. Weaver by trade. Lived Westerly. Mentioned father's will. Own will probated 1717. Male issue: Henry III, James, John, Edward, William, and Elisha.

EDWARD HALL, b. about 1665. Married Mary Ball, daughter of Edward and Mary Ball. Sailed with father on Grand Banks. Three known children.

JAMES HALL, b. about 1660, d. 1745. Married Sarah Babcock. Ten known children. Also sailed with his father.

JOHN HALL, b. about 1668, d. after 1706. Married 1693, Elizabeth Babcock, sister of Sarah. Thirteen known children.

3RD GENERATION

(Carrying on issue of Henry Hall, Jr.)

HENRY HALL III, b. 1681 Married Ann Crandall in 1717. He died 1742. Issue not known.

JAMES HALL, b. about 1685, d. 1703. No data.

JOHN HALL, b. 1687, d. prior to 1777. Married Ann Larkin. Ten children including Hannah and Caleb Hall.

EDWARD HALL, b. 1688. No data.

ELISHA HALL. No data.

WILLIAM HALL, b. 1690. Married about 1710. Had issue.

These three generations are given in *Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island*, pp. 90-91, by Austin. Henry Hall Jr. is the only

one having a known son by the name of William. I believe this William to have been William Hall of Hopkinton, Rhode Island, deceased in 1780.

4TH GENERATION

(Carrying on issue of William Hall, b. 1690)

WILLIAM HALL, JR., or II. No birth date located. Married Sarah Kenyon of Charleston, Rhode Island, July 14, 1744, (daughter of Ebenezer and Amie Kenyon, b. March 28, 1724). William died before 1780 in Hopkinton, Rhode Island. Had issue: William Hall, III.

5TH GENERATION

WILLIAM HALL, III, b. 1756 in Charlestown, Rhode Island, d. June 15, 1850. Buried Stillman Village, Petersburg, N.Y. Married Rachel Saunders, March, 1780, in Westerly (daughter of James and Rachel Saunders). After Revolutionary War joined exodus of Rhode Islanders moving to Rensselaer County, New York. Had issue: William IV, Weedon, Barton, Polly or Mary, and Rachel Hall.

6TH GENERATION

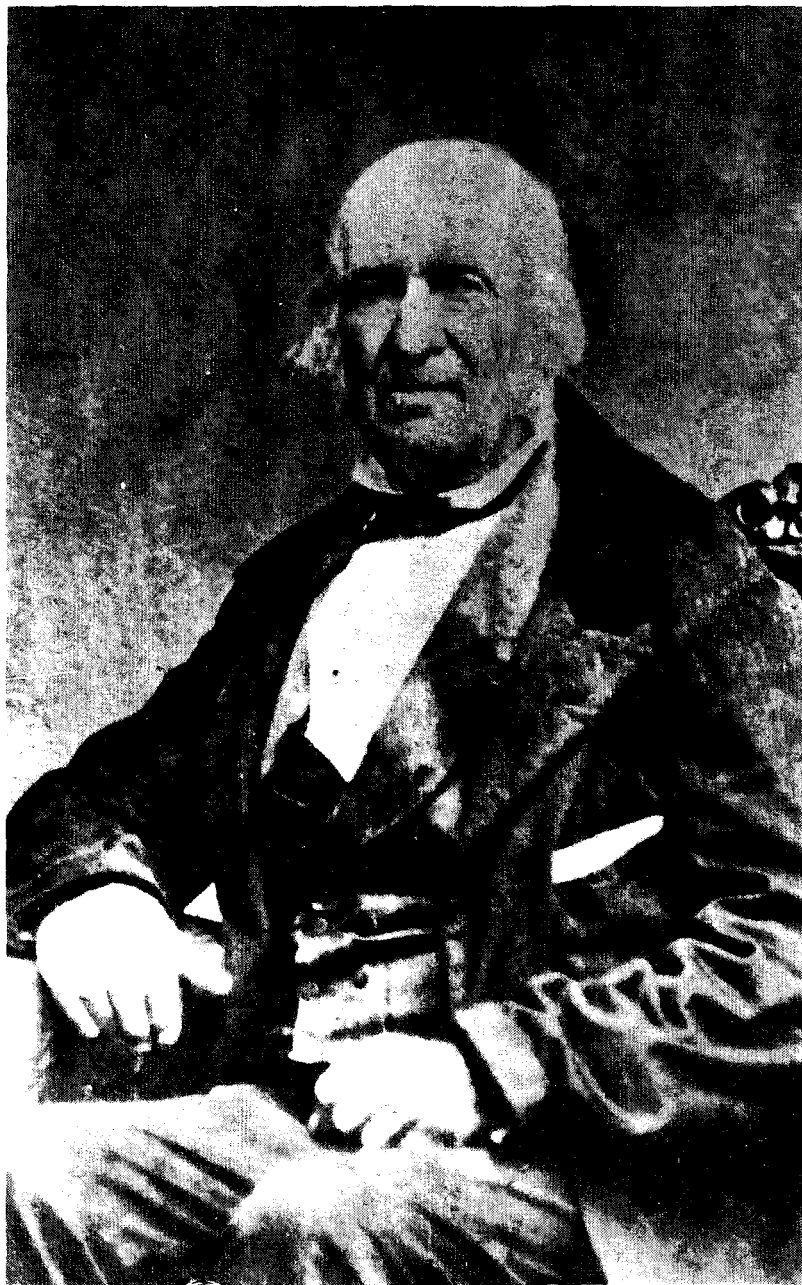
WEEDON HALL, b. Westerly, Rhode Island, 1782. No issue, d. New York.

WILLIAM HALL, married Lucy (?) (1808-1875). Had issue: Electa, Fostina, and Sally Hall.

BARTON HALL, b. March 3, 1786, Westerly, d. February 19, 1870, age 83. Buried Oakland cemetery, Troy, New York. Married first Priscilla Brown Allen, widow with daughter Samantha Allen. Married second Betsey Brown (daughter of William and Abigail Brown). Married third Mary (?). Had issue: first marriage, Priscilla; second marriage, Justin and Barton, Jr.; third marriage, Andrew, Mary (married Ben Brock), Margaret (married a Thornton, had daughter who married Levi File), Betsey, Samuel (married Hannah Manchester), and Leander returned to Rhode Island.

RACHEL HALL, b. Westerly. No data.

MARY ANN (POLLY), b. Westerly. Married Randal Maxson



BARTON HALL, 1786-1870

1769–1848). Lived Petersberg, New York. Issue: Randall, Jr. (married Deborah Kendall), Rufus Austin, James, Betsey (married John Kenyon), Orrin (married first Nancy Hall, second Jane Crow), Calvin (married Huldah A. Jones), Patty (married Benjamin Austin), Perry, Julia Ann, Celestine, Sullivan Maxson.

7TH GENERATION

(Carrying on issue of Barton Hall, first two marriages)

PRISCILLA HALL, married John Austin. No data.

BARTON HALL, JR., married Catherine Cropsey. Issue: William Hall, Adeline Hall, Mary Hall.

JUSTIN E. HALL, b. May 18, 1813, Petersberg, New York, d. March 10, 1890 in Poestenkill, New York. Married Jane Melissa Philips (daughter Lucinda Lillie and William Philips December 15, 1818, July 28, 1916) at her father's tavern in Oppenheim, New York, September, 1840. Issue: Samantha and Georgiana, both died young. Caroline Melissa and Alfred Philips Hall.

8TH GENERATION

WILLIAM HALL (of Barton, Jr., and Catherine Cropsey). Had daughter, Edith Hall.

ADELINE HALL, never married.

MARY HALL, married Thomas Betts. Issue: Clarence, Charles, Joseph.

CAROLINE MELISSA HALL (of Justin and Jane Hall). Married De Witt Clint of Poestenkill, New York. No issue. D. after 1935, age 92.

ALFRED PHILIPS HALL, b. March 10, 1848, Pittsdown, New York, d. Nassau, New York, May 15, 1875. Married March, 1870, Center Brunswick, New York, Martha Frances File (daughter of Jonas and Sarah Finkel File). Issue: Caroline Melissa, Charlotte, and Alfred Philips Hall, Jr.

9TH GENERATION

CLARENCE BETTS (of Thomas and Mary Hall Betts). Married an Ide. Had a daughter.

JOSEPH BETTS. No data.

CHARLES BETTS, married a McChesney. Had a son and daughter.

EDITH HALL, daughter of William Hall, 8th generation.

CAROLINE MELISSA HALL (of Alfred P. and Martha F. Hall) b.

February, 1871, East Nassau, New York, d. January 21, 1959, Brownsville, Texas. Married January 14, 1892, Russell McChesney (son of Edward and Mary), b. March 1869 vicinity of Cropseyville, New York, d. April 10, 1948, Brownsville, Texas. Issue: Marion Frances, Lois Elizabeth, Edward Orvin McChesney.

CHARLOTTE HALL, b. February, 1873, East Nassau. Married James Van Evern, Troy, New York. No issue. Still living.

ALFRED PHILIPS HALL, JR., b. August 1, 1875, East Nassau. Married Eva Frances Gillies (daughter of Edward A. and Clarissa Luantha Gillies, b. July 1, 1875, Troy, New York, d. October 5, 1957, Benicia California. Buried National Cemetery, Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, beside second husband, Colonel P. J. R. Kiehl) 1896 in Eagle Mills, New York. Divorced 1922 in Toledo, Ohio. To Texas 1906, McAllen 1908. Managed McChesney's Store. Later bought out grocery department. City commissioner under Mayor Archer for many years. Helped plant palms giving McAllen name of "City of Palms." Shipped first citrus fruit from Rio Grande Valley 1915-16. Now living Benicia, California, with daughter, Mrs. George Nolin. Assists son Edward with operation of "Hall's Nursery." Issue: Gladys Elizabeth, Sybil Irene, Justin Philips, and Edward Allen Hall.

10TH GENERATION

MARION FRANCES MCCHESENEY, daughter of Russell and Caroline Hall McChesney, b. September, 1898, Cropseyville, New York, d. about 1934, Mexico City, Mexico. Married Thomas Miller in Brownsville, Texas. Graduated San Benito High School. Attended Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas; Syracuse University, New York; University of Texas, Austin, Texas. Received degree from College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Tex-

as. On beauty page, yearbook, University of Texas. Zeta Tau Alpha sorority. No issue.

LOIS ELIZABETH MCCHESENEY, b. March, 1900, Cropseyville, New York. Married first Wallace Baker Harwood in Brownsville, October 2, 1924 (b. April 12, 1896, son of Archibald Roane and Antoinette Baker Harwood, of Fentress, Texas.) He d. June 1, 1935 in Brownsville. Married second November 26, 1943, David W. Simpson (b. August 24, 1904, d. December, 1957, in Brownsville, son of Nellie E. Long and David Roderick Simpson of St. Louis, Missouri). Attended Texas Presbyterian College, Milford, Texas. Graduated Brownsville High School. Zeta Tau Alpha sorority while at University of Texas. Member NSDAR; Pan American Round Table; Junior Service League; and Episcopal Church. Lives in Brownsville. Had issue: Wallace Baker, Jr., and Russell McChesney Harwood.

EDWARD ORVIN MCCHESENEY, b. October 26, 1901, Cropseyville, New York. Attended Brownsville High School and Texas Military Academy at Tyler, Texas. 32nd Degree Mason. City commissioner 1928. Associated with father in mercantile business. Later in charge of mother's affairs. Married Florence Virginia Harwood (sister of Wallace) June 29, 1927, in Austin, Texas (b. May, 1905, Fentress, Texas, adopted by father's sister, Mrs. Frances Harwood Stacy.) She attended Texas Presbyterian College, Milford, Texas; Mary Baldwin College, Virginia; and University of Texas. Kappa Gamma sorority; Junior Service League; Du Bois-Hite Chapter, NSDAR. Affiliated with Presbyterian church. At present running Palm Courts. Issue: Jane Frances, Carolyn Virginia, and a son who died at birth.

GLADYS ELIZABETH HALL, b. April 15, 1897, Troy, New York, daughter Alfred and Eva Gillies Hall. Graduated first graduating class McAllen High School, 1913. Attended Kennilworth Hall, Austin, Texas, and Baylor University, Waco, Texas. Member Caliopean Society, Girls' Choral Club, Extemporaneous Speaking Club, charter member Temperance Society, first freshman to play leading role annual Caliopean play. Intramural basketball (Martin-Thompson) and baseball

teams all at Baylor University. Wrote all fiction for high school paper, "Monty's Monthly," a Rio Grande Valley publication, and for other small magazines and papers. Vaudeville "Keith & Proctor" circuit out of Chicago, Illinois, with Michael Emmett's "Irish Rosebuds." Army National Defense, World War I, Long Island, New York. Charter member, Colonial Dames XVII Century. Member NSDAR, Du Bois-Hite Chapter. Brownsville Art League (awarded two white ribbons). Professional genealogist, 1950. Married first, Otis Farrington, 1917, divorced. Married second Robert B. Martindale of Cleveland, Ohio, January, 1919, divorced 1924 in Brownsville, Texas. Married Herman Frederick Meier, April 23, 1935, in Brownsville, Texas (son of George and Lydia Moegel Meier, b. January 20, 1893, in Brenham, Texas.) Issue second marriage: Robert René Martindale, b. October 28, 1919, in Brownsville, Texas.

SYBIL IRENE HALL, b. March 15, 1899, Troy, New York. Married George Nolin (b. July, 1897), in Pharr, Texas. Attended McAllen High School. Graduated Texas Presbyterian College, Milford, Texas. Basketball team. Member Du Bois-Hite Chapter, NSDAR. Civil service, Benicia Arsenal, California. No issue.

JUSTIN PHILIPS HALL, b. December 17, 1902, Troy, New York. Graduated McAllen High School. Attended University of Texas. Married March 2, 1923, San Benito, Texas, Margary Ferrol Dankers (b. January 9, 1905 in Missouri, daughter Anna Berry and Otto Dankers of McAllen, Texas). Civil engineer for government in Japan. Issue: Justin (Jerry) Philips, Jr., and Ferrol Dankers Hall.

EDWARD ALLEN HALL, b. December 4, 1904, Troy, New York. Graduated San Benito High School. Two years junior college, San Antonio. Four years University of Texas, majored chemistry. Married January 13, 1940, Harlingen, Texas, Mildred Inez Demic (daughter Susan Easter Higgins and Harry A. Demic). Superintendent of grounds, Benicia Arsenal, and owns Hall's Nursery, Benicia, California. Issue living: Robert Demic Hall. (Inez b. July 26, 1908, Amarillo, Texas.)

11TH GENERATION

ROBERT RENE MARTINDALE, b. October 28, 1919, Army Cantonment Hospital, Brownsville, Texas. Graduated Brownsville High School. Attended Phuls Preparatory School, Washington, D.C.; Doane College, Crete, Nebraska. Officer in Air Corps, World War II. Married February, 1946, in Brownsville, Texas, Elizabeth Dandridge Brown (b. June 1925, daughter Alonzo B. and Mary Elizabeth (Dandridge) Brown of Nashville, Tennessee, and Brownsville, Texas.) Received B.A. degree, Texas College of Arts and Industries, Kingsville, Texas. M.A. degree, University of Texas, major in history and government. Alpha Chi and Phi Alpha Theta honor societies. National Historical Society. Teaching Navarro College, Corsicana, Texas. Elizabeth graduated Brownsville High School. Attended Ward Belmont, Nashville, Tennessee. Received degree University of Texas. Junior Service League, Du Bois-Hite Chapter, NSDAR, Brownsville, Texas. Issue: Robert Dandridge (Dan), Elizabeth Anne (Anne), and Mary Elizabeth Martindale.

JUSTIN (JERRY) PHILIPS HALL, JR., b. January 3, 1924, San Benito, Texas. Son of Justin and Margary Hall. Graduated Benicia, California, High School. Attended Texas A.&M. College, College Station, Texas. Received degree in geology from Whittier College, Whittier, California. Married June Oaks Granfield, August 31, 1947, Benicia, California (daughter John and Doris Hill Granfield, b. August 6, 1927). Navigation officer, Air Corps, World War II. Geologist for Monterrey Oil Company, New Orleans. Issue: Jane Melissa Hall.

FERROL DANKERS HALL, b. November 25, 1927, San Benito, Texas. Graduated Benicia High School. Degree in social science from College of the Pacific, Stockton, California. Military service at close of World War II. Married September 22, 1948, Della Ward (b. May, 1932, daughter of Russell and Ramona Ward, Benicia, California). Now separated. Social service worker for county. Residence in Stockton. Issue: Cynthia Ellen Hall.

ROBERT DEMIC HALL, b. April 10, 1942, son of Edward and Inez

Hall. Attending school in Benicia, California. School band, Boy Scouts. Received P.-T.A. scholarship in music to College of the Pacific, Stockton, California.

WALLACE BAKER HARWOOD, b. September 1, 1928, Brownsville, Texas, son of Wallace and Lois McChesney Harwood, Sr. Graduated Culver Military Academy, 1946. Soccer team and band. B.A. degree University of Texas, 1954. M.A. August, 1957. Beta Theta Pi fraternity. Honorary management fraternity, Sigma Iota Epsilon. Married October 20, 1956, Eagle Pass, Texas, Anne Sanford (b. May 1, 1934, daughter Henry Jackson and Blanche Bell Sanford of Rosita, Mexico, and San Antonio, Texas). Office manager Coats Tile Co., Austin, Texas. West Austin Rotary Club, Young Men's Business League, secretary and treasurer, Ceramic Society, Clay Products. Korean War.

RUSSELL MCCCHESNEY HARWOOD, b. November 17, 1930, Brownsville, Texas. Graduated Brownsville High School. Football and tennis teams. Culver Military Academy summer camp. Received degree University of Texas, 1951. Beta Theta Pi fraternity. Intramural tennis champion, 1950. Voted outstanding athlete by fraternity. Married October 22, 1955, Wickenburg, Arizona, Mary Ann Cameron (b. November 17, 1933, Dallas, Texas, daughter of Herbert and Faye Cameron). Junior Chamber of Commerce, secretary and treasurer, Men's Club, Episcopal Church. Issue: Russell Simpson Harwood.

JANE FRANCES MCCCHESNEY, b. June 21, 1932, Brownsville, Texas. Daughter Edward and Virginia Harwood McChesney, Graduated Brownsville High School. Attended Mary Baldwin College, Virginia. Member dramatic club. Married June 24, 1952, Brownsville, Texas, Carl Crowe (b. August 12, 1930, son of Clarence and Victoria Crowe of Brownsville, Texas). Now lives in Gonzalez, Louisiana. No issue.

CAROLYN VIRGINIA MCCCHESNEY, b. September 20, 1935, Brownsville, Texas. Graduated Gulf Park School for Girls, Mississippi. Trinity University, San Antonio, Texas. Received degree from Texas Western College of the University of Texas, El Paso, Texas. Taught school in Ysleta, Texas. Member Alpha

Chi and Phi Beta Theta, national honor societies. Zeta Tau Alpha sorority. Treasurer Bell Hall; president Westminster Fellowship, Presbyterian church. Married October 20, 1957, Brownsville, Texas, William Penn Partenheimer, III, lieutenant, United States Army (b. March 4, 1929, Haddonfield, New York, son of Miriam Kelchner and William Penn Partenheimer II). Stationed in El Paso, Texas. Issue: Nancy Roane Partenheimer.

12TH GENERATION

ROBERT DANDRIDGE MARTINDALE (DAN), b. August 10, 1948, Brownsville, Texas. Son of Elizabeth Brown and Robert R. Martindale.

ELIZABETH ANNE MARTINDALE (ANNE), b. August 8, 1951, Brownsville, Texas.

MARY ELIZABETH MARTINDALE, b. April 28, 1954, Brownsville, Texas.

CYNTHIA ELLEN HALL, b. July 9, 1950, Stockton, California, daughter of Ferroll and Della Ward Hall.

JANE MELISSA HALL, b. May 28, 1957, La Habra, California, daughter of Justin (Jerry) and June Granfield Hall. (Named for Poestenkill grandmother, see 7th generation.)

RUSSELL SIMPSON HARWOOD, b. June 28, 1957, Brownsville, Texas, son of Russell and Mary Ann Cameron Harwood.

CHAPTER III

HALL FAMILY, HISTORY AND STORIES

*"He beareth for Arms; Sable three talbots heads
erased argent collared gules.*

CREST: A talbots head erased sable collared gules."

THE ABOVE DESCRIPTION of the Hall armorial bearing has been established as the basic coat of arms for the family, and as the one upon which all others are based. Translated: a black shield charged with three dog heads of silver. The necks, as if torn from the body, wearing a red collar. The crest is a black dog's head. (Ref. *Halls of New England*, by Rev. David Hall, 1883. Research done by Mable Louise Keech and Hazel Eilers of Evanston, Illinois, authorities on heraldry.)

After the Norman conquest, an Englishman named Talbot was visiting France where he became attracted to a hunting dog much in vogue at the time. Taking some of the broad-eared hounds home with him, he opened kennels on the royal hunting grounds. The dogs became so popular that the King ordered them named "Talbots" and decreed they were to be used only on the royal preserves.

The significance of the Talbots is courage, vigilance, and loyal fidelity, thus the dogs on the coat of arms are symbolic of these traits in our ancestors toward their king. Colors are representative of the personal characteristics of the original bearer and are granted ONLY if he is worthy. Sable, the lining of royal robes, signifies constancy and nobility. Silver, sincerity and peace. Red, courage and magnanimity.

There are several sources from which the name Hall is derived. The Welch means "salt." The Norwegian, "Hallo" and "de Halle" from the city of that name in Saxony. It is believed

that our Halls were professional soldiers serving with William, the Conqueror, when he invaded England. It was the custom for men of spirit and wealth to gather together small armies of their own which they rented out to those needing their services. In case of victory they were rewarded beyond the stipulated pay, with grants of land, the right to loot and plunder, and titles. (A good example were the Hessians employed by England during the Revolutionary War.)

The use of the surname was already popular in Europe at the time of the invasion, and with the arrival of the Normans, it passed into the British Isles, so we find our soldier ancestors selecting the name "de Halle" as they came from that city. (At present in the Democratic Republic of Germany, a short distance from Berlin.) The "de" and "e" later were dropped.

Genealogists also say there is a possibility that some were already in England, as the coastal area from Brighton to the Wash was called "Litus Saxonicum" or "Saxon Shores," being exposed to the attacks of the Saxons from across the North Sea. Some may have settled there.

About two hundred families of Halls came to America during the period of colonization. One, William Hall, landed in Acquidneck, then moved to Portsmouth, Rhode Island, where the family stayed for several generations. Another, Henry Hall, arrived at Newport and shortly afterwards moved to Westerly, Rhode Island. As far as I can find out there was no connection between the two, either in England or in Rhode Island. After careful search of records we have eliminated the first mentioned family.

Henry Hall came to America in 1664. In that same year he purchased a two acre tract from the Indians which he called "Westerly Manor." There, all of his children were born and there he died. (Will made September 28, 1705. Probated November 5, 1705. In this will we find only the mention of his wife, and then as, "Care for your aged mother." The Town Council appointed his son, Edward, as executor.) Henry was a well-to-do man with his own fleet of ships. He sailed the Grand Banks with two of his sons, fishing for whale and cod.

Henry, Jr., was a weaver. His will was probated in 1712 and his wife Constance's in 1719. They had twelve children. One of the sons was the first William to be found in the family.

The Hall family stayed in and around Westerly until some time after the Revolutionary War. (Our people came from Westerly and it is that which makes us believe Henry Hall of Westerly and not William Hall of Portsmouth is our ancestor.) There, they intermarried with the Vars, Kenyons, Clarkes, Maxsons, Saunders, and others.

During research I came across considerable data on a Nathaniel Hall of Stonnington, Connecticut, which is just across the river from Westerly. Mrs. Nellie Allen Bartlett of Winter Park, Florida, sent me a dossier on this family starting with Nathaniel, b. Connecticut, d. Hopkinton, Rhode Island, and his son Nathaniel, Jr. Both served in the Revolutionary War. Nathaniel, the father, married Experience Brown of Stonnington. It is quite possible that there is some connection between these two families, and ours of the same name.

The great exodus from Rhode Island to New York took place about 1800. William Hall, his wife Rachel, and their five children joined the migration. Records of land deeded by William to his sons, William IV and Weedon, while still in Westerly, indicate that three of them should have known something about farm land. This makes it hard to understand why they choose land back up in the hills, rocky and difficult to work. Tradition states that they were among the last to arrive in New York and so had to take what was left. Land grant records show that in 1809 Stephen Van Rensselaer granted a tract to William Hall, Sr., across the Little Hoosick River, in the vicinity of Petersburg, south towards Stillman Village on what was later known as "Potters Hill."

The old maps show Petersburg as a large area of land subdivided into smaller villages. The emigrants came from Stillman Village and Potters Hill in Rhode Island, so we assume they named their new abode for their former home. Everything I have heard or read about our people indicates they were people of means in Rhode Island. Even their customary manner of living

shows they were used to the luxuries obtainable in those days. After the move to New York their fortunes faded, and in 1837, William, worn out by a constant struggle with the impoverished land, deeded it over to his older sons, William and Weedon. Three years later he was dead. Both he and his wife, Rachel, are buried in Stillman Village cemetery, close to the Massachusetts line.

Most of the many stories about the Halls were garnered by Aunt Carrie during her youth when she lived with her grandparents in Poestenkill, and while doing research on her NSDAR application papers. The first came from a very old man by the name of Maxson, whom she found living in Stillman Village. He said his father had been a neighbor of William Hall in Westerly and had been there when it happened.

Church going in the old days meant getting up before daylight. While the men cared for the stock, the women cooked breakfast, dressed the children, then prepared and packed a bountiful lunch to eat at noon. When all was ready they walked from their farms to the meeting house. Only in winter, when it was impossible for the women and children to walk, did they use their horses. Being Seventh Day Baptists, their Sunday came on other peoples' Saturday. Thieves, both brown and white, were plentiful, and many of the farmers had been losing stock and property while away on the all-day sessions, so attendance at the meeting house had been growing smaller and smaller. The religious powers in Massachusetts, frantically endeavoring to retain their hold on the Rhode Islanders, issued an ultimatum. Either come to church or pay a fine.

"Will Hall wasn't one to take things sittin' down," said the old man. "And being sort of a leader, folks looked to see what he was going to do, but Will just kept his mouth shut. Sunday morning came and every pew but one was filled. No one paid much attention to the preacher; they were all too busy looking out the windows and whispering. Church had been going on for some time when a voice called out, 'Here they come.' You could have head a pin drop it got so quiet. Then folks started laughing fit to kill, and all of a sudden there were animals everywhere.

Cackling hens flapping their wings in people's faces, with the women screaming and yelling, trying to push them away. The preacher kept right on shouting 'hell fire and damnation' while dancing a jig trying to keep the little pigs from sniffing up his pant legs. Cows started mooing and one got inside. Took a minute for the young ones broke loose, and chased around adding to the confusion. Soon as the men could stop laughing they got busy rounding up stock. Know what Will Hall was doing all the time? He just leaned against the wall, with a glint of the devil in his eye that wasn't fit for no meeting house."

The "Old One" didn't say whether this drastic action brought any beneficial results to the town's people. It does show that our ancestor was a true Rhode Islander with a spirit of independence and a sense of humor.

Barton Hall was as different from his father as day from night—a kind gentle person with an intense love for animals, most of all for his beautiful mare.

During the War of 1812 many of the farmers did not enlist but waited until the fighting came close, then volunteered or were drafted for the time being. Barton, disliking violence, took advantage of this custom. When his draft notice arrived, it came at a most inconvenient time, for the mare had just had her first colt, and he did not want to leave it to the care of his family. He could have hired a substitute to go in his place, but neither conscience nor pocketbook would allow this. So, bright and early next morning he started off for war riding the beloved mare. That night his family was amazed to see him returning home. To all of their questions, he replied, "Creek too high, couldn't get across." Next morning he rode off again. This went on for three days during which time the battle beyond the hill was fought, and the tide of war moved on.

Barton was discharged, the little colt never missed a meal, and years later Barton received a pension for three days' service in the War of 1812. (Note: The Little Hoosick is fordable most times but a heavy rain will make it impassable.)

Barton had a lot of hard luck with his marriages. His first

two wives died of tuberculosis while still in their twenties. So many of that family died from it that the neighbors threatened to dig up the bodies and burn them. Mary, the third wife, was from Rhode Island. Some of her children returned there. Years after her death a relative in Rhode Island died leaving considerable property. Justin Hall went down to claim a share but was told he had no legal right as it was from his stepmother's side of the house. Aunt Carrie tells of the time there was a murder in Troy. The defendant sent for one of the best lawyers in the country, a Mr. Hall from Westerly, Rhode Island. William, son of Barton Hall, read about it and went to call on this Mr. Hall, saying he believed they were kin. They found they were related and had a grand time rehashing old times.

It is around Justin that most of the stories I have heard center. Probably because he and his wife, Jane, raised Aunt Carrie, who has been my main source of information. Justin was a handsome man—proud, stubborn, opinionated, with little sense of humor, prone to quick decisions, which were always right, and a violent temper which was attributed as “coming from the Brown side of the house.” A man who was always doing the right thing at the wrong time, with little ability to acquire worldly goods.

One hot summer day, while still in his early teens, he was out in the field when he was startled to hear a voice speaking to him from a bush. Beyond hearing it was the voice of one of the Lord's angels, I have never been told exactly what was said. It had a tremendous effect on Justin, however, and during his married life he never let Jane forget that he had been born again according to the words of the bible, so he was sure of being saved while she wasn't. This was ironical, for she was considered a saint by all who knew her, and he as a very difficult person.

There were two subjects upon which he would narrate long and loud—the Baptists and the cause of the Civil War. Poestenkill Grandmother used to say, “When Justin started on religion I would rather hear it thunder.” This violent reaction toward the religion in which he was raised has never been explained. The Civil War question seemed to evolve around his own feelings for

he considered the "niggers cattle and not worth fighting over." Both subjects, however, enabled Justin to "hold forth" down at the village blacksmith shop for hours on end.

Jane Melissa Philips married Justin when she was quite young. Raised in a thrifty German family by a father who saw that each child had not only a good education but was also taught a trade, she was aghast at the wastefulness of her in-laws—hot breads every day instead of the usual weekly baking. This was unheard of in the East at that time except for the Yankee cornbread known as "Johnny cake." Jane utilized everything possible and the surplus was sold to regular customers in Troy. How Justin hated the days when, for some reason, Jane could not make the trip and insisted he go in her place. It was so beneath his dignity, but, come the day he would climb into the wagon, while expressing himself freely as to what he thought of "people who peddled," looking like a lord, as he drove off down the road, in his tall silk hat and frock tail coat.

Justin, like many violent men, was intensely jealous of his wife. There was a Syrian peddler who made the rural districts during the spring and summer months. He sold household commodities and Grandmother, loving tea, sometimes spent a little of her savings for this luxury. One day, without any explanation, Grandfather refused to let her see him. She was pregnant at the time and years later told my mother how she longed for a cup of real tea, but Justin raised so much "ruckus" she didn't dare defy him. This, however, did not keep him from holding long conversations over the stone fence, with the attractive red-headed widow on the next farm.

Jane suffered intensely with sick headaches, which she used, at times, in the handling of her husband. When he got too much for her she would retire to her bedroom, shut the door, and lie there with a wet towel on her forehead until things calmed down outside. After his death, the headaches, both real and imaginary, disappeared.

Jane tells of the time she was sitting by the bed of one of her little girls who was very ill. Justin stepped outside for a breath of air. When he returned, his face seemed lit by an inner glory.

"Jane!" he exclaimed, "I just heard the most wonderful music. I was looking at the sunset when suddenly the air was filled with music that came right from Heaven." Filled with apprehension she looked down at the child. The girl was dead.

Justin was not the only one to hear things. Jane was having her children very close together; when she discovered she was pregnant for the third time she wasn't a bit pleased. One day while working in the garden and feeling very rebellious about the situation, the Lord spoke to her. "Don't worry. This child will live to take care of you." Jane lived to be ninety-seven years old, and it was this third child, Caroline, who cared for her until she died.

Once Justin took a stand, he was not one to retreat. Take the incident of the lilac bushes. Alfred and his bride moved into half of the house in which his parents were living. It was an old stone house with lilacs growing close around it. Justin had always kept the bushes closely pruned but the newlyweds wanted those on their side left alone. So it was a constant fight between father and son, for five years, whenever it came time for them to be cut. Then tragedy struck. Alfred died quite suddenly of pneumonia and typhoid fever. Before he was cold, while still lying in their part of the house, Justin cut to the ground all of the disputed lilac bushes.

Such things must run in families, for generations later a similar incident occurred. The man of the house had a shrub moved from an obscure place in the back yard to the very center of the front yard —exactly where he wanted it and his wife did not. This happened while she had gone for a ride with their son, and she felt she had been deliberately gotten out of the way. A year later the husband became seriously ill. Imagine the amazement of the family when they found their mother out in the yard having the plant dug up. When questioned, she told them that she had to get it out before he died. It had always been a bone of contention but she never could have brought herself to have it removed after he had passed away.

Jane and Justin had a daughter, Caroline—a tall, proud woman who married an aristocrat only to find that she had to earn

the living. Not long after her brother died, she and her sister-in-law were in the dressmaking shop. Caroline was getting ready to go down the river to a musical convention. After putting on her bonnet she stood before the mirror contemplating her appearance. Suddenly she turned to a box containing the white rushings worn by widows. Martha watched in amazement. Finally she burst out, "But Caroline, I'm the widow, not you!" Caroline continued fussing with the rushing until she had it to her satisfaction, then casually tossing her head she replied, "I know that, but I'll have a much better time as a young widow than as a married woman."

She was clever as well as smart, and she built her business into one of the largest establishments of its kind in the city of Troy. She taught her sister-in-law her trade, but, regardless of a natural ability, Grandmother never became the business woman that Caroline was. With the event of ready-made dresses that sold in stores for normal prices, this prosperity came to an end; eventually she was forced to close her shop and return to the farm in Poestenkill which her mother was trying to run.

Caroline Hall was a very beautiful woman with unusual white skin. (This is called the Hall skin. If not sunburned, it is very white with faint underlying tones of blue in the shadows. Aunt Carrie McChesney had it, also her granddaughter Carolyn and my granddaughter Elizabeth Anne Martindale). She also had black hair and eyes. Her mind was a match for any man's, and plenty of them trailed after her, but by the time she became an old woman those very qualities which had made her popular and successful caused her to be eccentric, crabbed, and very difficult. Aunt Lottie says one never knew what little thing would make her perfectly furious. Then you were forbidden to enter the house, and she would take back everything she had given you if she could get hold of it.

Much to his embarrassment, Uncle Jim went home one Sunday afternoon with a horse-hair covered chair tied to the top of his carriage, because Aunt Lottie knew that by Monday Caroline might not be speaking to her, and she had better take it while she had the opportunity. When Caroline died, she had not been



POESTENKILL, 1800-03

in touch with this niece for several years. A man living on the next farm had been seeing to her affairs, and for his pay had gradually taken most of what she had, including her diamond engagement ring.

Alfred was just as handsome as his sister, with curly black hair, dark eyes, and lots of color in his full mouth and cheeks. His most outstanding features were the heavy black brows placed low and straight over his eyes. His face was long like the Files', while Caroline's was square and determined, like her father's. Both loved to sing and were much in demand socially. Caroline had a magnificent alto voice, but it, like her personality, lacked the warm friendliness that made her brother loved by everyone. Alfred was well educated for those days, having attended Albany State Teachers College (Normal School). Not long ago an item in the Troy newspaper gave the roster of the first students to attend the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, and Alfred's name was on it. He also taught school upon the "Hill" in Troy. After marrying, he turned his hand to one thing after another, finally settling upon the sewing machine business. Grandfather made arrangements with the collar mills for batches of collars which he parceled out to the women in the neighboring villages and farms. The collars were already cut, and the women sewed them up. This meant they had to have a sewing machine, and here he made his money by selling them the machines. The business was beginning to pay off when he became ill and died, leaving his widow with two small girls and a third child on the way.

I remember "Poestenkill" Grandmother very well, since I spent much time with her when we lived in Troy. I slept with her in one of the small rooms over the kitchen, a feather bed over us and one under us. Grandmother used this room when she was quite old because the banked fire from the kitchen stove downstairs kept it warm through the night.

I remember playing in the carriage house where they had stored the old carriage, sleigh, farm wagon, and other cast-off items. I never see a hollyhock, but I think of those that grew, year after year, in the cinders along the walk that led to the out-

door toilets in back of the barn. My family lived with Aunt Carrie and Great-grandmother in that large old house for two months before we moved to Texas. It was wintertime and going to a small country school was an event for an eight-year-old city girl. Poestenkill Creek was dammed just above the mill, where it flowed by the schoolhouse, and during the months of January and February it was filled with large chunks of ice. My initiation stunt was to cross the creek on those floating blocks of ice. It had never been done before, and I do not believe anyone really expected me to attempt it, but then I wasn't one to back down from a dare. Taking my courage in both hands, I started across. I can shut my eyes and still feel the panic that swept over me midway of the swollen creek, for it was there I paused to catch my breath and so got a second look at the ice being tossed about by the racing current, over the dam and down into the deep pool below. I literally froze—then, the sudden tilting of the block I was standing on brought the icy water over my shoe tops, forcing me on to the other side. Many years later, while visiting Marion Windover Sullivan, the above story was told and she added the following: "Gladys and I were close friends in Poestenkill. Everything she did I tried to do; so, when I saw her safely on the other side of the creek, without stopping to think, I as usual, followed after her."

When Bobby was about three years old, our family doctor advised me to leave the Valley for a while, so Sister and I went back to New York. After visiting maternal and paternal aunts in Troy, we went out to Poestenkill to stay with Aunt Carrie. Every night before we went up to bed we were regaled with stories of the people who had died in the room where we were sleeping. Consequently, there was little rest for either Irene or me. After several nights of lying tense with fear each time a squirrel scampered across the roof, or an acorn dropped, of seeing ghostly figures reflected in the mirrors, and of chairs propped against the door because we were sure we heard unusual sounds outside in the hall, my sister returned to Troy.

Caroline Clint had, by that time, become what is known as a "character." They tell me "personality" is a nicer word, but it

doesn't describe that bent old woman, with her work worn hands, piercing eyes, and black clothes—green with age. Never one to care what people said or thought about her, now she cared even less. Old as she was, she still worked her corn patch and did most of her own chores. The surplus butter, eggs, and vegetables she sold to regular customers from Troy. The summer I was there she had a family from the city staying with her. She was cantankerous and mean, and I cannot help but feel that she took a delight in being that way.

The house, a two-story one of white painted wood, had originally been built by the Clints, but it was the Halls who had lived in it most of the time. At De Witt Clint's death it had become Caroline's. A short narrow hall separated the formal parlor and living room. Extending out from the living room was the library later used by Aunt Carrie as her bedroom. Back of the parlor and hall was another small, square hallway from which one entered the long dining room; this ran all the way across the house, with a door and porch on the driveway end, and a huge pantry on the other end. Back of that ran the long, narrow kitchen with its sink and old fashioned pump. Onto the back of this had been added two small rooms and a tiny hall, from which steep stairs led to those used by the hired help. The rooms downstairs were used for storage, wood, and coal. Outside, a short way from the house, was the brick summer kitchen. Upstairs, in the main part of the house, were a long hall and six bedrooms. There was an attic filled with the most fascinating things. Trunks of beautiful clothes, silks, velvets, lovely laces, a tiny black silk parasol with a lace ruffle, exquisitely pieced quilts, coverlets, and woolen sheets that had been carded and woven by Jane Philips Hall. There were two cellars. One small one under the parlor was used exclusively for butter and milk; the other under the kitchen always had the smell of apples. There, through the winter, were kept the potatoes, pumpkins, and apples that did not go to the cider mill or were not dried, and many other root vegetables.

Herman and I visited the old place a few years ago; it had been bought by an antique dealer who was using it as his place

of business and home. He had known Aunt Carrie and had purchased many of our family treasures. (He would not sell any of these things.) The shrubs and flowers planted by my people still bloomed in profusion, and the owner told us that he was constantly finding unusual plants about the place. When he asked the neighbors about them, he was told that they had been set out by old Mrs. Hall, who used them in her doctoring, and that most of them came from the woods.

I helped cook for her boarders, washing many a dish during the two weeks I was there, and the only nice thing she said to me was, "You don't waste the soap like Carrie and Lottie do."

There was a beautiful baby grand piano in the parlor which I loved to play while I sang. One day she stood listening to me for some time, then, with an impatient gesture she pushed me off the stool saying, "No, no! that's not the way! You and Marion don't know how to sing. You quaver too much!" She was eighty years old, and her voice was that of an old person, but it filled the room, clear and true, with never a "quaver."

After the boarders were gone, a neighbor butchered, and she wanted some of the fresh meat. For some reason, instead of giving me cash to buy the meat, she gave me a basket of fresh green corn and told me to sell it; then she would buy the meat. Quite honestly, I was afraid of her, so, with quaking heart, I took the basket and made the rounds of the village, even using my own money to pay for a dozen ears for which I had failed to collect.

Some time after we had returned to Texas, Irene received an envelope from Aunt Carrie. When she opened it, there was a gold brooch with a large diamond in the center. There was no word of explanation, and the brooch was loose in the envelope without a wrapping of any kind. Later, another package arrived, containing yards of beautiful wide lace—enough for a lovely dress. What did I get? A few scraps of black taffeta, none large enough for anything but quilt pieces. I was hurt and resentful. Sister had stayed three days and left because she couldn't take it. I loved it and had worked hard at whatever I could to help her. After a bit I calmed down and remembered how patiently she had worked to remove a stain from my new linen dress after

I had sat down on a wet braided rug that was hung on a chair to dry. I remembered the dimes and quarters she had slipped into my hand when my money from home failed to arrive. I came to the conclusion that what I had gotten from those weeks in Poestenkill was worth more than some lace and a diamond broach. The lace is gone; the thrill of the broach worn off, but my memories are still strong and wonderful and I will always have them.

Several of us have a framed piece of wall paper from the flat she had in the city. It has a creamy background with large and small clusters of gold leaves and fern, each centered with two tiny dark red flowers. The leaves and fern are of real gold leaf and the shadows back of them are pale blue. This paper came from France. It is rumored that when she lived in this flat, a well-known photographer, whose shop was above her, was very much in love with her.

Several years ago while looking through a magazine called *Antiques*, I came across an engraving done in the early 1800's of Poestenkill. There, large as life, is the Hall-Clint house, taken before the roof was raised from a story and a half to two full stories. Next to it is the church, in whose belfrey Uncle Jim helped put the calf when he was a small boy. In the background is "Rattlesnake" hill. Everything looks just the same as when Sister and I stayed in the little village. World War II changed it considerably, for city folks, afraid that the arsenal at Schenectady might be blown up, either bought or built there until now it seems almost a suburb of Troy.

CHAPTER IV

HALL FAMILY, HISTORY AND STORIES (CONTINUED)

THE NEXT EXODUS of the Hall family took place about 1904-05, and was from New York to Texas. Uncle Russ became interested in a real estate boom going on in Stratford, Texas, and moved his family there. His brother Orvin and our grandmother Hall went with him. About this time it was discovered that mother had tuberculosis, and the doctors gave her six months to live if we stayed in New York. The hot dry air of the Panhandle, and the fact that Uncle Russ had bought a confectionary which Dad could manage, seemed an answer to our prayers.

We traveled on a train with a lot of "home seekers" or "snow diggers," in a drawing room which the entire family occupied. This included Grandmother Gillies, who was to take care of us while she established residence in order to get a divorce. I remember eating meal after meal from shoe boxes, of being constantly hushed, lest we disturb Mother, and the fretful crying of my little brother.

The "promised land!"—I don't know of any place, other than Corpus Christi, that I ever disliked more. Utterly flat, without a tree, stretching mile after mile as far as the eye could see, with only an occasional windmill to break the monotony. The McChesney's had a nice house out on the edge of town, but the only place that could be found for us was down the road from them, and consisted of two sixteen by twenty rooms, one of which was already rented. A cow shed and a large chicken house had been hastily renovated, and then pushed against the house so we would have enough space. Mother, Daddy, and the two boys slept in the front room. Aunt Carrie loaned us a folding bed which was placed in the cow shed with the dining room table

and chairs, and there Grandmother slept with Irene and myself. The chicken shack was our kitchen.

There were no conveniences of any kind. The toilet, a ramshackled affair, was about to fall down. Baths were taken in whatever room happened to have a little vacant space at the time, with more than one using the same water, for very drop had to be brought in barrels from the Blanton's.

Since Mother had to drink so much milk, it was necessary to have a cow, but milk cows were few and far between. Nearly everyone used canned milk. Finally, a farmer, knowing the circumstances, loaned us one of his. We didn't have a shed or pasturage, so all day old Red stood tied to a wire fence; a tub of water was close by and wisps of hay were always blowing about her. Once in a while she got loose and then Irene and I were sent after her. For an old lame cow, she made mighty good time heading for her old home.

Not having a cyclone cellar, we had been warned that when we saw a funnel-shaped cloud forming in the sky, we were to go immediately to the neighbor's. The only time this happened we did not have time to go anyplace. We piled everything we could against the doors, then we children braced ourselves against them. Grandmother and Mother watched and prayed. Fortunately we caught the barest edge of it. Whenever we complained about not having things, we were reminded that we were very lucky not to be living in a "dug out" as many others were. Both women folks had a great terror of "the damp dark holes" for rattlesnakes were often found there.

All summer we played out on the prairies. We hunted for the beautiful flowers of the pincushion cactus, and we rode horseback. One evening we watched a prairie fire, and with our elders waited to see if a turning wind would bring it towards us.

We found the money lying in the dust beside the road. Lois says she saw it first and was furious because they made her divide it with Marion, Irene, and myself. I only remember those great silver dollars half covered with soft dust, the discussion about telling our parents, the long wait to see if it was claimed,

and the thrill when at last it was given back to us. Twelve whole dollars—divided four ways it was still a fortune.

When we became bored we returned to the McChesney house, where we teased and tormented Uncle Orvin by singing over and over, "Uncle Orvin is going to marry Grandmother Hall; Uncle Orvin loves Grandmother." He was a short thick-set old man, years older than his brother Russell. In the east he had been a farmer; here he had a garden in which he grew vegetables for the family. People coming to the house were always shown his garden, since, like fresh milk, greenstuffs were a rarity in the Panhandle due to lack of water. Between our teasing and stealing the things he laid out to ripen on the cellar door, he had little peace from us.

It was the eternal wind blowing dust in the summer and snow in the winter that got a person down. Once when Mother felt she could stand it no longer, Daddy borrowed a horse and carriage and drove us over into Oklahoma where there was a grove of peach trees, just so she could see a tree. They weren't much more than saplings, but they had leaves, and they were green. After we moved into town I would climb up the windmill to the platform, and there, crouched in the shade of the big fans, I would watch the train pull out of the station at Dalhart towards Stratford, thirty-seven miles away.

A year passed. Mother was better; Grandmother had secured her divorce and gone home; and we had moved into town. Three months later, Uncle Russ was stricken with rheumatism; he became helpless and was taken to Mineral Wells for the baths. While there, he met a man who was a conductor on a newly built railroad going into Brownsville, a Mexican town in the southernmost part of Texas. The real estate boom in the Panhandle had burst, so as soon as he was well he made a hurried trip to the Rio Grande Valley where such wonderful opportunities were to be found. When he returned he told of the perfect climate, the lush vegetation, the fact that it was a new country just being opened to the public, and that whoever got there first could make a killing in real estate. After all of this, he informed his wife that he had already bought property there which includ-

ed a house, but in order to get the house, he had had to take a store. Oh, just a small one that he intended to close out, but until it was, she would have to run it, since he would be too busy. This sudden move on the part of the McChesneys left us out on a limb. The new owner of the confectionary took over and when Dad tried to find work, there just wasn't any. When we had first come to Stratford a lot of building was going on, and Daddy, always handy with his hands, had tried building a fence. He was very pleased with his first job until the lady of the house came out. "It's a lovely fence, Mr. Hall, but haven't you got the gates on backwards?" she kindly questioned. Then, even an inexperienced carpenter could find work. Now it was different, and Dad knew there was nothing to do but move.

I believe San Antonio was selected because we were told it was good for tubercular people, and being a city, there were more opportunities for finding work. Dad had two good jobs while in San Antonio—the first with Pan Coast & Morgan, a firm selling hardware, fine china, and glass; the second with Sherwin-Williams Paint Co. Both were on Commerce Street. We lived there eighteen months, and it rained the entire time, with Mother loosing most of the ground she had gained in the Panhandle. She also had dengue fever, and before she entirely recovered, my brother, Edward, ate green grapes and nearly died. He had to learn to talk and walk all over again. During this time Mother had no help except for a Negro woman who came once a week to wash and iron, and a practical nurse when the fever kept her in bed. Most of the heavy housework was done by Daddy when he came home from the store.

I loved San Antonio then, and I do now. To me it was heaven. There was the library with its unlimited supply of books. I could read when I started school at five years of age. By the time we left Troy I had been through everything the public library had to offer plus anything I could lay my hands on the outside, including my first murder story. In Stratford there was no library and little money to buy books. Here, once again, were a lot of them. Day after day as soon as school was out, I rushed to the library, made a selection, and going out back of the building, I

could curl up on a low hanging mesquite tree limb, close beside the peaceful, slow-moving San Antonio River. When it was too dark to see, I would move into the reading room, oblivious of time until it was nine o'clock and I was practically put out. Suddenly I would realize it was night; I would be hungry and Mother would be furious. Then I would race home, feet and curls flying, praying over and over, "Please, dear Lord, don't let the whipping be too hard tonight." Mother had a right to be angry, since my way home was through a dark, thickly populated Negro district.

Then there were the movies and the tent shows. Whenever I had a nickle or a dime I went to the movies, staying through show after show. Ringling Bros. came to town with their mammoth circus. Mother wanted her children to see it, so, regardless of the expense, she planned to take us. She never could understand why I begged and cried until she gave me a dime and I went off to the old movie theater on Alamo Plaza.

Long before we left Troy Grandmother Hall had occasionally taken me to see a real play. The tent shows, however, were different. Across the footlights the audience became acquainted with the players. They were called by their first names, and back fence comments about them were as familiar as those made about their neighbors during the summer. As soon as school was out I was down at the tents. First hanging on the outskirts, then growing bolder and bolder until I became a favorite of the players. At night I would rush through my supper, then go stand, wistful-eyed, with some neighbor children just as the family was ready to leave for the show. What could they do but take me?

Anyone who knows anything about a tent show knows that Saturday night was always amateur night, when prizes were given to the one putting on the best act, and the winners were acclaimed by applause from the audience. I longed with all my heart to be up there on the stage, but Mother had made it plain what would happen if I tried such a thing. To make matters worse, the show people were egging me on by telling me I was a cinch to win. So, one Saturday night, after extracting an invi-

tation from a neighbor, I put on my best pink cashmere dress and off I went. Mother had consented with a dubious look which I knew was caused by the "best dress." I did win first prize, but at what a price! From the moment I walked off the stage until the early hours of the next morning I was ghastly sick. Mother and Daddy patiently held the basin, or mopped the floor when they couldn't get it there quick enough, all through the night, wondering what I had eaten that had upset me so. It wasn't until one of the neighbors congratulated me next day on my winning the prize that Mother found out. When she confronted me with my disobedience, I willingly poured out the entire story. Mother didn't punish me; she figured I had suffered enough. She even let me keep the prize money. So as soon as I was able, off I went to the nearest hardware store for a long-coveted pair of roller skates, and then to a grocery store where I spent the last of my ill-gotten gains for a large can of pork and beans, which I ate all by myself.

It seems I was always getting into trouble. Sunday mornings Irene and I were dressed in our best and sent off to Travis Park Methodist Church. It was a long walk for two little girls, and going, there was no time to loiter, but coming back was fun. There were so many store windows to look into, and the fruit stands—tempting, wonderful fruits displayed in bins close to where we walked. Soon I was quite proficient in helping myself; then I had the brilliant idea of Irene's working the same thing on the other side of the street, but she was not as quick as I was, and the first time she tried it, she got caught. The owner told her she was too nice and too young to be doing such things. His kindness was too much for my gentle sister, and bursting into tears, she wailed, "My sister told me to." "Then," said the man, "You had better go home and tell your mother what you are being taught to do." She did, and the result definitely ended my brief career of crime.

Daddy was making good money for a clerk in those days, but our expenses were terrific. All the laundry and heavy work had to be done by an outsider as Mother slowly grew worse, and the doctor bills mounted. About that time Uncle Russ opened a sec-

ond store in McAllen and wrote Dad that he wanted him to come manage it. Daddy left immediately, and Grandmother Hall came up to help us move. When we were ready, we discovered that the house being built for us in McAllen by Mr. Guerra was not ready, and it was decided that we stop in Raymondville with Aunt Carrie.

When Uncle Russ moved his family to Raymondville there was little there except the railroad station, their property, a Catholic church, some Mexican houses, and across the tracks, a family or so of Anglo-Americans. They had been there only a few hours when Uncle Russ said to my Aunt, "Oh, yes! Carrie, I forgot to tell you that there is a post office in the store. You'll have to see to that, too." A few days later a man just off the train came to the front door. Grandmother asked him what he wanted. "Well, lady, I suppose you have my room ready for me." It seems that with no hotel, the salesmen stayed with the people running the store. So gradually, my aunt found she was a store keeper, post mistress, and that she was also running a hotel. None of this bothered her much for Grandmother ran the house and did the cooking. She had plenty of help in the store, but the post office gave her a headache—especially the detailed reports and the opening of the safe. Each day she put the money orders taken in the safe until just before train time. Each time she did, there was a moment of fear in her heart that when the time came to open it she would not be able to. Imagine her panic when one day this actually happened and the train left without the registered mail or the money orders. There was no one to explain the long complicated reports she had to make out, so she did the best she could, but the first time the government inspector was due she nearly died of heart failure, since nothing came out right. The man was very patient. He straightened out her mistakes, explaining things as he went along.

One day Uncle Russ took his family to visit a large Mexican ranch. There in the patio was an orange tree full of golden fruit. The next thing they knew he had bought more land and planted it with orange trees. He figured if one tree would grow, an orchard would too. This was in 1907. I do not believe there was a

citrus orchard in the Valley earlier than that. Nothing was ever realized from these trees, because soon after they started bearing, a bad freeze wiped out the entire grove, and it was never replanted.

Grandmother Hall used to tell how they would sit on the back porch in the twilight and watch the rattlesnakes crawling about the yard. Along with these "pets," they had a deer brought in by one of the Mexicans. Its span of life was short, since it broke a window, got in the house, and ate its fill of green wallpaper from the living room wall. This was an ordeal it did not long survive. The kitchen was separated from the main part of the house, and it had a dirt floor. As long as they lived there, a nest of large red ants cosily shared the room with Grandmother and the maids. No matter how often it was destroyed, it would soon reappear over in the corner. Aunt Carrie says it was about a foot high. The house was a good, sound two-story affair with a porch running across the front. It can still be seen today, but it has been moved back and a modern store built in front of it. It was in this house that the first Methodist church in Raymondville was organized, and they met there until a regular church was built.

The little store that Aunt Carrie was to run "only until the merchandise was gone" grew and prospered. Uncle Russ, quick to see the trend, dropped the real estate business and concentrated upon the mercantile business. He enlarged the stock, making it a general store. Then he decided to open another in McAllen. It was here that we came back into the picture.

I have been told by many "old timers" that when they came to McAllen in the spring of 1908, McChesney's store was being built. I know Daddy was there several months before our arrival, which, according to Mother, was in October.

I don't remember anything about school in Raymondville, but I do recall going across the tracks to play with a little boy whose people had a large acreage of cotton, tall enough for us to play hide and seek in. Many an hour was spent hunting for opals in the cool, damp shade of the water tower by the railroad station. We hung around Aunt Carrie as she selected meat from the

Mexican who made the rounds a couple of times a week. No one thought about germs or sanitation. The flies swarming overhead were simply "shooed off" as one pushed the bloody pieces around until they found the cuts they wanted.

We might have stayed more than two months if it had not been for the fight. We cousins had always been more or less congenial. We were all quite small when in New York, and my visits to Cropseyville had never been for more than three weeks. (Usually when a baby was expected at home, a nosey, curious little girl was wanted out of the way.) In the Panhandle I was old enough to be undisputed boss. We lived far enough apart so that when we saw each other it was fun, and any disagreement soon blew over. In Raymondville, it was different. Seven of us were cooped up together, twenty-four hours a day, for two months. There was bound to be friction, and with Marion now old enough to question my right of leadership, our stay had been one constant round of bickering and quarreling. I don't know what started this fight, but soon we were going at it tooth and nail. (Having attended the Matagorda Street school in San Antonio, I had a little edge on her.) My brothers and sisters made no effort to interfere, since I, being the fighter in the family, had always fought the battles for the four of us. It was different with my cousins. Let one get in a jam, and the other two without questioning, joined the fray. That is the way it was then—three against one. There was no screaming or yelling, just silent, deadly fighting. The longer we fought, the more serious it became. For the first time in my life I knew complete exhaustion and the feeling that I dare not stop. Braced against the wall with tears streaming down my face, I tried desperately to protect myself. Edward was biting and kicking my legs; Marion and Lois were using fists and nails wherever my exhausted arms left an opening. Irene says she became frightened and went after Mother, who came, took one look, called Grandmother, and between them managed to stop us. It was hours before they could quit my sobs and stop my shaking; then, after Mother had contacted Daddy, she told Aunt Carrie we were leaving.

Our house in McAllen was still not entirely completed. It was

a four-room affair, painted red, with a porch across the front, set up on posts, and with a separate kitchen connected by a narrow board walk. The floor in that room had not been laid, and planks were scattered around in the most needed places. The windows had been ordered but had not arrived, however the fall rains had. In those early days we had two rainy seasons, spring and fall, when it seldom let up for over a month. Consequently, the furniture, which had come directly through, was a sorry sight. Mother took one look at her new piano, her lovely rugs, then sat down and cried. There were no electric lights, the toilet was out at the far end of the back yard, and all of the water had to be carried by pail from the yard of the new hotel across the street. Help was cheap and plentiful, but that didn't help Mother much as she couldn't speak Spanish and they couldn't speak English. Our first maid was a fourteen-year-old boy who proved a better baseball player than dishwasher. Once again there was wind and sand and heat. The land companies, in clearing the ground for the new part of McAllen, had cut down or dug out every bush and tree, with no thought of the need for shade or that with the grass covering gone, sand and fleas would become a nuisance. People planted the quickest growing things they could find, which were mostly umbrella trees and castor beans. The little red house was a sweat box when the temperature soared, and with only coal oil stoves for heating, we nearly froze whenever the northers blew in. They came with little warning. It would be so hot we would have gone out in thin summer clothes; then, before we could get home, it would drop to the middle thirties.

Mother, still not entirely well, was never meant for a pioneer. Never having wanted to leave Troy and the friends she had known all of her life, she was miserably unhappy. Daddy was gone all day and far into the night, since those were the days when a store did not close until the last person was off the street. The only other Anglo woman living in our part of McAllen was the wife of the hotel owner, and she was a very busy person. So, through the week there was no one for her to talk with, unless one of the ladies from McAllen proper or from the

outlying areas stopped by when she came in to trade. Sunday afternoons Daddy, who had soon acquired a horse and carriage, would take us to the Dewey's or the Osborn's, who lived "way out in the country" on what is now South Tenth Street, or for a ride to Hidalgo, where there were beautiful, large, green trees.

McAllen was divided into two parts. The station was about a mile towards Mission. A number of Anglos lived there, including the Archers, Maxwells, and the Gerlts, who used to come dashing into our part of town in a carriage drawn by a pair of gorgeous, spirited black horses. We lived in the area which the developers were trying to establish as the actual site of McAllen. Next to us was a small, low building painted yellow ochre, housing the post office, with a Mr. Dennett as postmaster, and Doctor Osborn's drug store. On the corner of what is now Highway 83, was Vela's store. On the other side of our house was a vacant lot, then several Mexican "jacales," and the Chapa's store and living quarters. All of the buildings were set up on posts and had narrow board walks in front for pedestrians. Across the street was a new hotel with its windmill, then Guerra's house and store, and down the street a little further, Uncle Russ's.

Soon after we arrived, McAllen was again moved. This time, about three blocks east, and our street became the main street of Mexican town. Most everyone promptly moved to the new location, including the hotel which was then managed by Mr. Archer. A depot was built there, and a sign, "East McAllen," was placed on it. Streets and parks were laid out by Mayor Archer and the commissioners. Uncle Russ moved the store into a new two-story building erected by a farmer named Maule. Gradually, more and more firms moved into town. We had an ice plant, a telephone exchange, a newspaper called the *McAllen Monitor*, and churches and schools were also built. There was a new home for us across the railroad track, and later, a still larger one a little further out main street. About 1913-14, the station burned, and when it was rebuilt, the sign read "McAllen," while the original one became "West McAllen." The station has long since disappeared and warehouses and packing sheds fill the area which was first McAllen.

Vela's store was a source of delight to us. On Saturday nights the back yard was hung with lanterns; benches and tables were brought out. Then soon after dark a "baile" would begin. In from the ranches came the Velas and their friends to dance on the hard packed ground to the music of a three-piece orchestra. Sometimes it was a drum, violin, and horn, but more often just stringed instruments accompanied by the incessant visiting of the older people and the laughter of the children. The entire procedure fascinated us. We wondered what the men were drinking when they moved quietly off into the shadows, and what the colored liquids were that seemed to delight the women and little ones. We would stand in the dark, pressed close against the fence, drinking it all in until Mother would come and drag us off to bed. Towards morning everything would quiet down. As they drove off in their wagons the night air would be filled with their odd high singing. There is nothing lovelier to hear on a clear, still night than that rare type of singing with its touch of eeriness mingled with the occasional haunting cry of a coyote. For all its lonely sound there is something so happy about it. The Mexicans don't sing like that any more.

McAllen prospered in its new location. So did my father. He bought up pieces of property on main street whenever he could. He worked hard in the store and just as hard with the city officials to make McAllen bigger and better. They planted the beautiful palms that eventually gave the city the name it carries today, "The City of Palms." Often Mr. Archer and Daddy watered them from buckets, since money in the city treasury was scarce. We had one of the first cars in town when Mr. Archer opened his Studebaker agency. Our house had seven large rooms, but the plumbing was still out back. Baths were taken in a shower under the windmill tank. (This was remedied as soon as city water became available.) Churches were started, women's clubs were organized, and formal parties were given, entailing hours and hours of preparation. Years later Mother told about a very formal evening affair given in Margaret Horn's new two-story home. All day they worked tediously sticking homemade butterflies onto the ceiling of the living room with chewing gum. The

effect was breathtaking. Next day, to their horror, they discovered that in removing the butterflies, they also took off the paint. Mrs. Horn had to have the entire ceiling redone.

All of this compensated in a way for the snakes found in the clothes baskets or seen slithering out of the fireplace, the tarantulas, scorpions, heat, and dust.

Daddy bought the fruit from the first orchard to bear in the Valley and shipped out the first three carloads of citrus. It was in the fall and winter of 1915-16. The fruit was sold to a Houston firm and came from an orchard on the east corner of what is now North Tenth Street, just after it crosses the railroad; it faced what is now Highway 83. This honor has been given to John Shary by some people. I want to state right here that while Mr. Shary may have gone into business on a much larger scale, he *did not* ship the first citrus fruit out of the Valley. This credit goes to my father, Alfred P. Hall of McAllen. It was written up by the *McAllen Monitor* and illustrated with pictures of the cars carrying banners saying it was the first citrus to be shipped out. Years later a rewrite was done in the *Brownsville Herald* by Mr. Ralph Buell, who was editor of the paper at the time. Mr. Buell and a friend of his had been guests in our house in McAllen the night Dad received the wire from the out-of-state owner of the orchard, saying he could have the fruit and stating the price.

I was a member of the first McAllen graduating class in 1913. There were exactly four girls in the class, Hazel Archer, Winnie Harding, Frankie Buck, and myself. Reverend Smith preached our baccalaureate sermon in the Presbyterian church. Our banquet was given in the home of Mrs. Hick January with our mothers cooking the meal. Our dates were our two bachelor teachers, Bob May and, I believe, Perry Wright from Mission. We had our senior dance in the Columbia theater, and my date was Hub Jefferies from Mission.

Our superintendent and principal were two young graduates from the University of Michigan, Mr. Haire and Mr. Hall, who believed in giving us a full four-year course, although it was not according to Texas requirements. They contended that we could not get into an Eastern school unless we had subjects that only

a four-year course would cover. So, my required sixteen credits consisted of four years of Latin and English, three years of history, two and one-half of math, and two of science, physics and chemistry. The other half credit was civil government. We had no choice—that was what was needed to get into a good Eastern college, so that was what was taught, and we took it without any argument. We went to school from nine until four and after school was out, Mr. Hall gave his free time to coaching our basketball team, which was one of the best in the Valley and on which I played side center. Our Thanksgiving game was usually played in Harlingen and drew a large crowd from all over the Valley. We had McAllen's first high school newspaper. It was called "The Wheel," a name suggested by Mr. Haire, and in my spare time I wrote the stories that appeared in each issue. One was a continued story entitled, "The Gate."

All summer Hazel and I had been poring over catalogues from Eastern schools. She finally decided that "The Castle" at Tarrytown on the Hudson was where she wanted to go, and I selected "Dennishawn," a school of dancing in California. Our mothers thought otherwise. Hazel took a post graduate course in McAllen and I went to Baylor University in Waco, where I had a wonderful time joining all of the clubs and breaking as many rules as I possibly could. I was supposed to be a fine arts student, but my major, "boys," was not on the agenda of the university. My first dates had been with young men already out of college who asked my mother if they could take me out before they asked me. Even then I had not been out alone with them. Now I was sixteen and off at college with hundreds to pick from. How could I concentrate on anything as uninteresting as studies? Consequently, I was back in boarding school the following fall. Kennilworth Hall was in Austin and has long been out of business. There I learned how to sit and walk, to do all the things a "lady" is supposed to know and do, with a few extras on the side. I even passed all of my studies with the exception of botany.

There are so many stories connected with McAllen: going to the little one room white schoolhouse where the teacher spent most of her time with her feet propped on an open desk drawer,

reading paper-back French novels; the day we played hookey, spending most of it hiding backstage in the motion picture theater—hot, thirsty, and hungry; my panic shortly before graduation when my history teacher informed me that just because he was taking me to the graduation banquet, I needn't think I was going to get out of writing my history theme. I went in tears to Mr. Haire, the superintendent, who knew I was up to my neck in last minute things that had to be done. He smiled, told me not to worry, but to return to the office next morning. The night of the banquet I asked Mr. Hall if I was going to make my history grade. His eyes twinkled, "That was the best paper in the class. It should be, Haire kept me awake most of the night while he wrote it."

Back in New York, Grandmother had taken me to visit a friend of hers who had a daughter about my age. The only thing that stayed in my mind about that visit was the white dress with the large purple dots that the other child was wearing. Her family was already in McAllen when we arrived, having bought a farm out on the old North Road. It became one of my chief delights to go home with her after school. There, I was allowed to eat bread with gravy spooned on it, something I was not allowed to do at home. There, I ate and loved my first cowpeas, and best of all, we could go into the fields and pick cotton. When it was too dark to see, we would have supper by lamplight in the large room that served as both living and dining room. About nine o'clock I would start for home, whistling to keep up my courage when I went through the dense patch of brush where there were many snakes and coyotes.

Part of the back porch was screened and served as a bedroom for Mother and Daddy. One night Mother woke up just as a coyote made off with the Sunday roast. The icebox was on the unscreened part of the porch, and Daddy, who always ate before going to bed, had not closed the door properly. Another story is about Sister walking around all day with a tarantula in the toe of her shoe.

There were the long evenings when Mother read the classics to us, with me waiting impatiently until we started the poetry

game. Having started school in New York when I was five, by the time I was eleven and in McAllen, the simple classics were for the little ones. I was deep in Dumas, especially *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and for years my favorite name was Esmeralda. After the reading was over, Mother would line us up, then, starting with my brother Edward, each would have to recite a verse or a portion of a verse. The one failing would have to go to the foot. This was my special joy, since I loved poetry and memorized easily.

I was home from school when the Mexican bandit trouble started. What excitement there was. Men brought their guns to the dances, stacking them in a corner. More than once a sharp report sent them rushing out to the edge of town only to find it was a car backfiring. I don't know who thought of going for a picnic over on the Mexican side of the river, but one morning five of us rode off for Hidalgo with our coffee pot and lunches tied to our saddles. It took some talking to induce the immigration officers and the soldiers stationed at the ferry to let us cross, but finally after promising that we would stay by the river and not go up the banks where they could not see us, they reluctantly consented. We had just started building a fire, when there suddenly appeared five or six of the most ferocious looking men I have ever seen. Their clothing was rough and mostly ragged; their straw hats were pulled low over their eyes. Some had rags, bits of leather, or rubber tied around their feet. They were dirty, and most of them needed a shave, but all wore cartridge belts, bandoliers, and carried some kind of a gun. If we were frightened, none of us showed it; I know I had that "nice scariness," as my cousin Jane calls it. One of them asked us in English if they could help us. They finished building the fire, accepted some of our food, helped us clean up, and then bidding us "adios," disappeared as silently as they had come.

The immigration officer drew a sigh of relief when we stepped out of the boat. "Am I glad you're back!" he exclaimed. "Those were Villa's men. If they had made one wrong move we would have had to shoot, then where would I have been for letting you go over to Mexico at a time like this?"

I don't want to forget the two little boys who started a taxi business. Soon after the bandit trouble started the regular soldiers stationed up the Valley in small detachments were replaced by National Guardsmen. First came the Texas guards, then, in the latter part of June, 1916, they left and those from New York arrived by train loads. Their camp was out on the old Hidalgo road where the original McAllen had been, and it stretched for several miles towards the river.

Uncle Russ had closed out his San Benito store and opened one in Brownsville. Marion was at the university, Lois at Texas Presbyterian College, and Aunt Carrie and Edward were living in McAllen while she helped take inventory and close out the mercantile part of the store there, Dad having bought the grocery department. About the middle of the summer Aunt Carrie finished her work and moved to Brownsville where they were establishing a permanent home. Edward did not want to go and insisted that he would be perfectly all right sleeping on a cot in the store as his father had often done. (Every vacant space in town was being rented to the families of the servicemen, including our guest room.) I do not know who had the original idea of opening a taxi service, but it was Justin who went to the one person who had some cash and who would be least inclined to throw cold water on the scheme, Grandmother Hall. She made the down payment on the car and insisted that each day's receipts be brought to her. Then the business started, operated by two boys, fourteen and fifteen. Camp being some distance from town, and the weather very warm, they did a thriving business, which if left there would have been all right. However, McAllen had no "red light" district, and the soldiers wanted to be taken to Mission to the brothels that had sprung up outside of town. Fortified with the fact that they were away from home, that Texas was supposed to be wild and woolly, and with plenty of tequila and mezcal to drink, they really let go. Soon the boys were being educated in a direction I am sure Mother and Aunt Carrie would have been horrified about, if they had really stopped to think about it. Edward's career as a taxi driver terminated abruptly when, after a few weeks, he went to Brownsville for a

visit. His mother heard the language he was using and hit the ceiling. After she had pried facts out of him, she forbade his return. When school started, Justin hired Homer Beatty to take over during the week. When he was home last summer and we were hashing over old times with McAllen friends, Brother told of picking up a drunken soldier late one night who forced him at gun point to drive out into the brush. There, he knocked him on the head, then robbed and left him. Justin said it was nearly daylight before he came to.

I do not know what make of car it was, but I do know that Justin ended up with it entirely paid for and was still driving it when I came home from the East after the Armistice in 1919. While in New York I had married a sailor from Ohio, by the name of Robert Martindale, who had enlisted for a four-year hitch, instead of the duration. Consequently, he was still in Archangel, Russia, with the fleet, and I was home to have our baby.

Shortly after my son was born, Mother and Daddy separated. Mother went to Toledo, Ohio, where she secured her divorce, and later married Phillip James Radcliff Kiehl, Colonel of Ordnance, United States Army. We are all deeply grateful to Phil. He not only made Mother very happy, but he made possible for her children the jobs they hold today. He was particularly good to me, since until I married Herman Meier, I was considered a daughter of their house. He loved Bobby and wanted to adopt him, but as the courts had appointed Daddy and Grandmother his guardians, this was impossible. He did see to it that when the time came for him to go off to school, money was available. We all loved him very much and his death a few years ago left a great void in our lives.

After Mother left, Daddy and Big Bob went to Tampico, Mexico, where both had good jobs in the oil fields. When they returned to the States, we moved to San Benito. Daddy opened an army good stores there, and my husband went into the grocery business. Neither venture was successful. Dad went on the road selling shoes, and Bob went back to Ohio.

Although it is San Benito I always associate with the McChes-

neys rather than Raymondville or Brownsville, I do not remember too much about the "Foley" house. It was the first one they lived in, and whenever I was there, I had the feeling of being crowded. I know the folding bed we had borrowed in the Panhandle was in the living room and was for company. Uncle Russ was away most of the time on buying trips, Aunt Carrie was in the store, Grandmother ran the house, and Uncle Orvin did the chores. One of these was to keep the stoves supplied with wood and kindling, which accounted for the chopping block out in the backyard with a sharp ax stuck in it. It was some time before I found out the reason for Mother and the boys being down there. I had a dim recollection of things said and done at the time. I heard the discussions that followed Mother's return home and her story told many times afterwards, but when I talked with Virginia and Edward McChesney recently everything was thrown out of focus. So I went over to Aunt Carrie's to talk with Lois, hoping that between her and my aunt things would straighten out. It seems that Marion at that time was threatened with St. Vitus' Dance, and Aunt Carrie decided to take her to a doctor in the city for an examination. As Grandmother was busy in McAllen, sewing for us, it seemed advisable for Mother to come to San Benito, bringing my brothers with her, to look after Lois and Edward and see about the running of the house and meals. Lois says they were out in the side yard riding the tricycle and it was her turn. The two Edwards being at loose ends, wandered over to the chopping block and started fooling with the ax. Mother says that she was alone in the house when a group of white-faced children trouped in, all too scared to talk. Edward McChesney was holding his hand and blood was streaming down onto the floor as he walked. She took one look and nearly fainted. His thumb was hanging by a little flesh and skin. She sent someone for Uncle Russ, meanwhile doing what she could to stop the bleeding, wrapping it in yards and yards of gauze, then putting a towel around it. Edward says he remembers the trip to the doctor's with all of the neighborhood children trailing after him, but he did not remember that there were two trips to the doctor. From my talk with Lois, plus a

chance remark of Aunt Carrie's, everything fell back into focus, and all I had remembered and heard fitted the picture. It seems that the doctor said there was nothing he could do but take the thumb off, contending that it could not possibly grow back together. Uncle Russ flatly refused to have anything done, beyond having a better dressing put on it, until Carrie was there to make the decision. Lois said it happened after school, and her mother was due back on the seven o'clock train next morning. About that time my aunt, who had been listening to our discussion without making any comments, spoke up, saying, "I'll never forget what Russ said to me. There I was after having to leave my children for the first time, and then only to take Marion to a doctor, getting off the train, to be greeted by Edward waving his hand and shouting, 'They're going to take my thumb off!' while Russ kept saying, 'If you had been here Carrie, this would never have happened!'"

Regardless of what the doctor said, she refused to allow him to take off the thumb, and Edward today has only a deep scar, thanks to his mother.

My mother, of course, was heartsick. She knew the fact that it was our Edward who did the chopping would never be forgotten, and Uncle Russ's remark, getting back to her, did not help matters.

Uncle Russ was a peculiar person, but underneath a very kind one. He used to come to our house for his meals when he was in McAllen checking on the store. I remember the laughing banter that went on between my brother Edward and him. We loved having him come to the house, since it was not only fun but he always brought us something. As time went on, however, he became more and more immersed in business, opening stores first one place and then another—Hidalgo, Mission, Mercedes. For two weeks, or as long as people would buy, he would hold a "gran barata." He advertised all over the country, even down into Mexico. As soon as business slowed down, he would close up the place and be off to another. He had a nose like a ferret for fire or bankrupt merchandise, which he would pick up cheap, bring it to his main store in Brownsville or to one of his quick

"barata" places. He would hold a sale there—and what sales! The name McChesney became known all over the Valley. Grandmother said that once when they were in Monterrey, Mexico, they met a man who upon hearing their name exclaimed, "McChesney! Oh yes, I know McChesney. We go to Brownsville to trade at their store."

After they had lived in the "Foley" house for some time, Grandmother Hall inherited some money from her relatives, the Dankers, and Uncle Russ decided it would be a good idea for her to build a house in which the McChesneys would live. I believe she borrowed some money in order to complete the building, and the rent paid by her son-in-law was to be applied on this loan. This supplemented her income and gave the family a larger place in which to live. This house was painted green and still stands on the outskirts of San Benito where the railroad track and highway make the turn to Rio Hondo. It was here that they acquired a cow and a Mexican man who was supposed to milk her when Uncle Orvin was not around. Grandmother, for some reason, hated the Mexicans and would never learn more than a few words of their language. I can still hear her shouting in exasperation, "Leche the caballo! Leche the caballo!" and the howls of laughter that went up from the man and us. Even I knew that "caballo" meant horse and not cow.

I don't know why I was down there so much; perhaps because I was the apple of my grandmother's eye; perhaps like my little granddaughter, Anne Martindale, I had a natural urge for visiting, and every holiday from school would find me in San Benito. What wonderful times we had playing dress-up in Aunt Carrie's clothes—Marion, the princess, and I, the prince. Hide and seek was played when the grownups were not at home, since we would never have been allowed to hide among Aunt Carrie's hats on her clothes closet shelf if she had been there. Rainy days were spent on the floor painting with water colors; then, as soon as it had stopped raining, out we would go to slide down the steep banks of the drainage ditch that ran along one side of their property. Soon the seats of our white cambric panties would be dark and slick with mud. Grandmother made those panties by the

dozens for the four of us. Years later Edward McChesney's wife had them made for her girls, Jane and Carolyn, and still later, I had them made for my granddaughters, Anne and Mary.

Further out in the country, a family by the name of Cowgil had a ranch. Whenever their young nephew and neice were staying there, we were asked out to play with them. I have a faint recollection of eating outdoors under a palm-thatched sort of shed with long table and benches. I believe it was screened and at the time only the children ate there. One of the greatest attractions was sneaking off to the pastures to ride the cows, which we had all been strictly forbidden to do.

Of all my cousin's friends the one we played with the most was a girl named Gladys Estes, whose father ran a cotton gin. She played show with us, and seemed to be at the McChesney house during those days more than any of the rest of their acquaintances. Whenever we went to her house we were always warned not to play on the platforms where the bales of cotton were stocked. Of course, that was our favorite place for hide and seek.

Saturday nights Grandmother would see that we were bathed and dressed, then off we would go, walking the rails into town. Saturday night in a small town! The people came from miles around to buy their provisions, and to stand in groups, visiting with their friends. Everything hummed with activity. Grandmother wandered around buying a little here and there with us trailing after her. When she was tired and stopped at Uncle Russ's to rest, we continued darting in and out of the stores, soaking up the excitement that only a Saturday night in a small town can give. Black gumbo mud, railroad tracks, and, to top the evening, five sleepy children eating ice cream sodas before they started the long, long mile back home.

Running from Mission to Brownsville was a motor car. It left the upper end of the Valley early in the morning and returned in the evening. Brownsville, a typical Mexican town, was an endless source of delight to us, and when Grandmother said she would take us there to spend the day, our cups ran over. We were always given a small sum of money to spend as we pleased, and

the first place we went to was the boardwalk leading down to the ferry. One little shop after another, all wide open across the front and all filled with the most wonderful Mexican things, were there. This was our Mecca; here we could look and look until, at last, Grandmother's patience wearing thin, she would urge us to hurry and make our selections.

There was always a visit to Bollack's, where the real shopping was done, since Bollack's was the aristocrat of stores in our part of the country. It was a large two-story place, with an elevator that creaked slowly up and down. We entered it with awe and respect, staying close to Grandmother until we were once more out in the open again.

Of course, on such a wonderful occasion we ate at the Miller Hotel, where the food was served family style, and considered very good. After lunch we played quietly in the patio while Grandmother rested. I don't know about the others, but to me the best part of the day came next, when we were often allowed to go by ourselves a few doors down the street. I would stand there enthralled until Grandmother would come or send someone for me. To my way of thinking, there was nothing in all of Brownsville to compare with the beautiful pink corset in the window of the corset shop. It was of satin and had a ruffle all around the bottom. I was in Brownsville many times through the following years, and in all of that time I don't believe the window was ever washed or changed. It was not a regular store, but had been a typical Mexican home built flush on the street. It is now Landrum's, one of the best restaurants in our part of the country, noted for its Mexican food.

Aunt Carrie is more of a Philips than a Hall in looks, manners, and principles, which she acquired from being raised by her grandparents, Jane and Justin Hall. Although considerably taller than Jane, she carried herself with the same proud arrogance that each inherited from William Philips—head high, back ramrod straight, and a peculiar gliding walk that might have come from the "Indian blood" that Aunt Carrie Clint told Mother flowed in our veins. (I believe this has been confused with the fact that both Petrus Philips and Ebenezer Little were

Indian scouts. So far, I have found nothing to substantiate this story, and it has not been told by anyone else. However, until we can locate the missing data on Lucinda (Little) Philips' birth, Jane's mother, or something about the wife of Petrus Philips, the legend will have to be accepted. If it is true, it would explain the coal-black hair and eyes, the beak nose, and the gliding walk that every once in a while pops up in the family.)

Poestenkill Grandmother was a strong, yet gentle person greatly loved by everyone, while Aunt Carrie McChesney demands respect before she does love. From the Philips, she inherited the intense craving for education and culture which she had to satisfy through her own grit, determination, and ability. It meant many sacrifices with her grandmother constantly reminding her, "You are a poor girl, Carrie; you cannot afford to do what the rich ones can." But she was not going to remain a "poor girl" all her life, so while her friends went to parties and dances at the village tavern, she turned to the next day's lessons. Her dream was to be a school teacher, a difficult choice in those days when such jobs went to relatives of the important school board members. Aunt Carrie made it with help from no one. Then, more than ever, her reputation had to be spotless, so habits were formed that carried on throughout her life. Aunt Carrie Clint, who had a lot of the devil in her, never cared what people said or thought about her; her niece, Aunt Carrie McChesney, was extremely conscious of the opinions of others. Nevertheless, they were a lot alike for the strength of the unbending oak flowed in their veins as it did in those of their mother and grandmother, Jane Philips Hall.

Aunt Carrie hated Cropseyville, where she went to live after her marriage to Russell McChesney. It wasn't her in-laws or the houses in which she lived, it was the isolation from any source of culture upon which she could feed her demanding mind. Her husband was busy at the family's grocery store; there were no clubs or women's organizations; even the coming of the children did not fill the void. It wasn't until they came to the Valley that she really began to live. In Raymondville, the post office and store were her outlets; then, as the town grew, church and civic

activities filled her time. The girls became older and her interests centered on them; later it was the education of her grandchildren. For years she studied Spanish in order to help them with their lessons.

Uncle Russ was on the school board in San Benito, but it wasn't him they had to contend with, it was his wife. I remember once when I was down there, a report card came in which was not very satisfactory. Aunt Carrie took one look. "The very idea," she exclaimed, and off she went to have it out with the teacher, or, if failing there, with those higher up. How I envied my cousins. Mother left us to sink or swim for ourselves.

My uncle became very ill after they moved to Brownsville and was taken to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland, for a serious operation. They brought him home while still a bed patient. Upon their arrival in Harlingen, the railroad junction, the conductor told Aunt Carrie they would have to transfer to a day coach since the pullman was being taken off. Who, but my aunt, would look the conductor in the eye, saying with that air of command, "You sold us a pullman ticket to Brownsville. That is where you are going to take us." We had all known for years that only the day coaches continued on down to the end of the line. Nevertheless, this time the pullman came to Brownsville, and at the railroad's expense.

Neither the Lutheran church, in which Aunt Carrie was raised, or the Presbyterian church, into which she married, were represented in San Benito, so the family became Methodist until just before they moved to Brownsville. Marion was in her last year of high school then, and her mother was letting her have parties to which the boys were invited. We would dance there by gramophone or piano, play forty-two or hearts, and, at about ten o'clock, have refreshments, after which the boys would leave and the girls would stay for a slumber party. My aunt was the first to give such affairs, and being as important as she was, it was inevitable that they would not escape the notice of the church officials for long. Soon she received a letter stating that they understood parties were being given at her house in which dancing and card playing took place. She, as a good member of

the Methodist church, must know their stand on such matters. They hoped they would not have to mention it to her again.

Of course, she was indignant. I do not know how she would have felt if the offender of church conventions had been someone else, but she was the one having the parties. It kept her girls under her eye, and was giving the crowd a good time. Before anything further could develop, Uncle Russ closed the store there and the family moved. I do not know what church she attended while in McAllen (I believe the Presbyterian), but once settled in Brownsville, she shopped around and found that she enjoyed the Episcopal services. There she sang in the choir and worked until one day the Bishop, being here from San Antonio to confirm a new class, turned to her and said, "You've been working with us for some time, Mrs. McChesney, wouldn't you like to become a regular member?" So with no actual preparation, she became a bona fide member of that church. Edward had gone with us to the Presbyterian church while in McAllen, but his actual joining was due to the influence of Miss Elizabeth Houghston, a teacher in the public school, who made it a point each Sunday morning of collecting some of the boys in her class and taking them to Sunday school with her.

Uncle Russ, never too well after his operation, left more and more of the management of his business to his son. Not long ago the store closed its doors, and for the first time in fifty years there is no building in the Valley with the name "McChesney" emblazoned across the front of it. Uncle Russ built Palm Courts not long after Lois married Wallace Harwood, and for some time these two ran this business. This was the first tourist courts in Brownsville and the Valley. It is now operated by Edward and his wife Virginia.

If Aunt Carrie is a mixture of Hall and Philips, my father is a mixture of Hall and File. He has all of Barton Hall's gentleness and is known by everyone as "Dad Hall," but he also had the Hall unreasonable temper in his younger days. Like the Files and Halls, he is quite musically inclined, being able to play the piano and other instruments by ear. He has a decided flair for advertising and selling and, if educated along those lines, would

have been a successful commercial illustrator. The fact that his father died before he was born, and his mother tried to keep him with her while she was working, has been a great handicap, since there was no one to see that he went regularly to school or to keep him in line. His mother spoiled and adored him all of his life. My Dad worked, and he worked hard, but he had no special training, and there was no money to set him up in business. By the time I was five years old, we did have a nice new home in a suburb called Park View Courts in Albia, New York, close to the Pawling Avenue Methodist Church. My brothers were born there, and Aunt Lottie was married there. I learned to skate on the small pond near the car barn and rode down the hill in front of our house. From the crotch of one of the apple trees that grew on the vacant lot facing the avenue, Donald Taylor and I watched the street car run off the tracks after we had placed bricks on the rails, because we wanted to see what would happen. It was from that house that I started public school, walking close to a mile in all kinds of weather. Often when it was too cold I would get on a street car to come home, asking the conductor to "charge it to my Daddy," who worked for the company. What fun it was when the men from the firehouse down the avenue exercised their beautiful white horses, often picking us up as we went to school and letting us ride on the hook and ladder or the puffing engine as far as they went; or when it was winter and we ran after them to hitch our sleds to the back ends of the trucks. One had to be pretty fast to do that, since they did not slow down for us and we had been warned off time after time.

My father was extremely handsome when he was a young man, with apple red cheeks, grey eyes, and crisp curly black hair, in which one could, at times, see the red of his mother's hair. The only one in the family who resembles him is my cousin Edward McChesney. Mother was a tiny, eighty-seven-pound blonde. Once, when I was visiting Grandmother Gillies, she opened the family bible, and taking out a long curl, laid it against her wedding ring. "See," she said, "Your mother's hair

was really golden." From her Scotch father, she inherited a skin that was almost transparent, large, grey-blue eyes, and a long thin nose. She was a vivacious leader, charming, tactful, intellectual, quite artistic, with a flair for dramatics, and a good soprano voice. She had a keen business sense which she was never allowed to use during her entire life, perhaps because she was also very extravagant, with no idea of the value of a dollar. She was generous to a fault and extremely temperamental and emotional. She adored her children, especially when they were babies, but as they grew older, she was so busy living herself that she never took time to understand them. Mother was also the disciplinarian; at least she did the whipping. Daddy never scolded me, and only once do I remember him spanking me. Then it was on my sixteenth birthday and I fully deserved it. The morning was a chill, damp one in mid-April. Daddy was building a fire in the fireplace, using the slats from apple crates for kindling, when I dashed out of the bedroom to dress where it was warm. He wished me a happy birthday, then started teasing me. I must have gotten out of bed on the wrong side, since I flared up and talked back. He listened for a few minutes, then before I knew what was happening, I was being soundly spanked, through my thin silk nightgown, with a slat from one of the apple crates.

Dad had a lot of bad luck after the National Guard departed. Too many of them had run personal accounts which he could not collect and which eventually threw him into bankruptcy. Trying to save the store, he lost our home. Mother and he separated, after which he went to Mexico to work in the oil fields. Big Bob and Justin soon joined him there. When he came back to the States, he and Uncle Russ once more joined forces and opened an army goods store in San Benito. Later on he went on the road selling shoes. Dad did more reading than he had ever done; he worked with his flowers and thoroughly enjoyed my son Bobby, whose legal guardian he became. When Bobby was small, he started telling him a story that continued with the same characters for many years, adding to it whatever the next new grandson wanted—cops and robbers, then cowboys and Indians for Jerry, and later Ferrol's choice of people. Whenever

Dad was out on the road, Grandmother took up the tale and carried on for him.

One Christmas in the house on Rose Street, when Edward was off at college and our fortunes were at a low ebb, there just wasn't any money to buy gifts for the grandchildren. Justin had gotten an electric train for his boys, and with money sent to Bobby by his father, we had bought an engine, some cars and track for him, so Dad conceived the idea of a complete village to go with each railroad. Since it was the slowest time of the year in the shoe business, Dad was home a lot and day after day, evening after evening, he sat, sawing, whittling, and tacking until the town built from cigar boxes was complete—station, water tower, stores, farm houses, and town houses. So much love and care went into those things he made for his grandsons.

I spent a lot of time on the road with Dad after Mother left. I loved going with him. He didn't walk into a store and fast talk a customer into buying. He sold them what they needed or could use and what they could pay for. Consequently, he was their friend, and they saved their orders for him. If it was mid-morning, we were invited back into their kitchens for a cup of coffee, a tortilla, or "pan de dulce." If it was mealtime, we were often asked to share what they were having. Sometimes in the Anglo-American stores we bought crackers, cheese, and soda pop for our lunch; occasionally he would bring a skillet and coffee pot from home and we would stop along the road, close to Rio Grande City, and cook our meal over a fire.

After Grandmother Hall came to live with us, established customs developed. Every Sunday, rain or shine, we were expected home for dinner. Sister came with her husband, or some of his family or friends, from McAllen; Justin, who was working for the Central Power and Light Co., brought his wife and two boys; Edward, at home from college during the summer and holidays, had his current girlfriend and one or more of his three "compadres," Harry Roberts, Sandy, or Crawford. There were never less than fourteen at the table, and it was more than likely to be sixteen. After the dishes were washed and put away, the men got out the cards and the usual rummy or poker game be-

gan. Some times we played for pennies, sometimes for matches. With the exception of Grandmother, all of us played, even the older children. I will never forget our embarrassment the day there was a knock on the door, and Justin ushered in a stranger who introduced himself as the Christian church pastor. It wasn't any use trying to hide the evidence; everything was in plain sight: golf clubs stacked in the corner, cards and money on the dining room table. The minister brushed aside Brother's words of apology, "It's perfectly all right. I believe that if we give the Lord his share of the day we have a right to do as we please with the rest of it. Most men have no other time for recreation or pleasure with their families." He had come to ask me if it was all right for Bobby to join their church. My son had asked to become a member, but they wouldn't take him without my permission, since he was only twelve years old.

Nothing much has been said about my father's sister, Charlotte Hall Van Evern. We have never lived close to this aunt and since she had no issue, I did not think it necessary to go into much detail about her. She is tall and proudly straight, with white skin and dark eyes. Her hair is neither blue-black nor reddish-black, but a plain dead black that people always swear is dyed, but like my cousin Lois's hair, if you look closely you can see the threads of grey. They say she is like the Files or Finkels and except for coloring, my sister is much like her—the same small straight nose, the high forehead, the odd manner of holding their hands, and the same nervous, fluttery use of them. She was living in our house on Park View Court when she was married to one of the nicest men I have ever known. They went to live in half of the Van Evern home, high on a hill, on the outskirts of Albia. She was an exceptionally fastidious housekeeper, and poor Uncle Jim had to remove his shoes whenever he came into the house all the years he was married.

On one of Uncle Russ's trips to Troy, he persuaded his brother-in-law to buy an automobile. As I have said, the Van Everns lived at the top of a steep hill, the driveway leading from the house to the street being long and straight. This street was not a main thoroughfare, but it, too, was on an incline and led into

busy Pawling Avenue with its heavy traffic and street cars. Although my Uncle had been thoroughly coached on the operation of the car, he was still quite apprehensive about the whole thing when he and Aunt Lottie started out for their first ride alone. There was no difficulty in starting it but once on the downgrade, it went faster and faster until my uncle became alarmed, then panicky, and everything he had learned went out of his mind. Try as he might he couldn't remember how to either slow it down or stop it. Faster and faster, out the gates, into the street leading down to the Avenue it went with Uncle Jim, too petrified to do anything but cling to the wheel, trying to keep it off the sidewalk, and Aunt Lottie screaming, "Do something, Jim, do something!" Fortunately reason returned to him just as they entered the Avenue. He put on the brakes and turned off the ignition. He never took it out again, and as soon as he could find a buyer, he sold it at a loss.

My uncle died while still a comparatively young man; Aunt Lottie continued to live in their part of the house until her mother-in-law passed away, then she moved down onto Ford Avenue, living first in one of Uncle Dan File's flats. When he died, she moved into a flat directly back of and belonging to the Methodist Church.

My aunt has quite a sense of humor and a gift for mimicking people. I wish I could tell you, as she told us, of her experiences "ancestor hunting" with her sister Caroline.

It was a hot summer day. Aunt Carrie, who was in the midst of trying to locate a Revolutionary War ancestor, decided that they would spend the afternoon running down clues she had been given on William Hall. Uncle Russ was willing to take her, and Aunt Lottie, not wanting to stay home alone, thought she would go with them. They started off in the direction of Petersburg, and as they neared the town, stopped at one of the villages where some old men were sitting on the porch of a country store. With all of her dignity and air of command, Aunt Carrie approached them: "I am looking for an old cemetery in which some Halls are buried, can you help me?"

There was considerable muttering among them before one old fellow replied, "Seems to me, I heard tell some Halls lived here a long time ago." There was a silence while Aunt Carrie waited expectantly, then with a solemn shake of his head he continued quickly, "But they weren't much count."

Aunt Carrie drew herself up to her full height, ice in her black eyes, "That couldn't have been my family!" she snapped, and turning, strode back to the car.

A little further on, they accosted another old man walking down the road. Leaning from the window as my uncle stopped the car, she repeated her question. The old one pondered deeply, at last in a quavering voice he said, "'Pears when I was a boy my mother used to talk about a family by that name." Aunt Carrie leaned forward, note book and pencil ready. "Yes?" she encouraged.

Slowly the old face brightened, "I got it!" he exclaimed triumphantly, "The last one hung himself!"

This was too much for my aunt, words failed her, and my uncle, chuckling to himself, took pity on her. Thanking the man, he drove off without making his usual teasing comment. The third stop gave them the information needed. The Halls were buried in an old cemetery a little further up the way, off in a field on a side road. The day was hot, the car a new Cadillac, and Uncle Russ, taking one look at the faint trail filled with rocks and chuck holes, flatly refused to drive up it, saying if she really was determined to go there, she could walk, since he intended to sit right where he was and wait. My aunt, a true genealogist, hot on the trail of long-sought information, was not to be deterred. Out of the car, up the rocky dusty lane, through the field she sailed until she came to the low stone wall surrounding the burial ground. She turned to Aunt Lottie who was struggling along after her. "Come on, Lottie!" she exclaimed impatiently, then raising her skirts, over the wall she went.

Aunt Lottie says the thought of visiting cemeteries so soon after Uncle Jim's death had not appealed to her in the first place. Now, another fear assailed her as she looked at the mass of tangled briars and bushes that nearly hid the tombstones.

"I can't do it, Carrie; there might be snakes in there and you know how I am about snakes!"

"Oh, yes you can!" came back over her sister's shoulder.

"But, Carrie, I have on my best silk stockings!"

"That's all right, Lottie, I'll buy you another pair. I'll buy you two pair."

Fortunately, they located the graves of William Hall, Revolutionary War soldier, and his wife Rachel Saunders, not too far from the stone wall. Aunt Carrie emerged after copying the data she needed, scratched, bleeding but triumphant, with Aunt Lottie, still protesting, trailing after her.

We all say the mold was broken after they made those three Halls—Caroline, Charlotte, and Alfred. Now, reading over what I have written, and then looking around at my contemporaries, and the present generation, I realize that they are also the last of an era, and that my cousins and I are a sort of transition to an entirely new one into which our grandchildren are being born.

CHAPTER V

SAUNDERS, CLARKE, VARS, BROWN FAMILIES

SAUNDERS FAMILY GENEALOGICAL CHART

1ST GENERATION

TOBIAS SAUNDERS, said to have been born in Scotland; came to America via England. Married Mary Clarke (Clark), daughter of Joseph and niece of Doctor John Clarke. Buried in old Clarke cemetery in Westerly, Rhode Island. Had ten children.

2ND GENERATION

EDWARD SAUNDERS, born in Westerly Rhode Island. Married first Sarah (?); second Hannah (?). Will probated in 1732 lists issue: Edward Jr., Sarah, Abigail, William, Mary, James, Isaac, and Hannah.

STEPHEN SAUNDERS, born in Westerly, Rhode Island. Married Rachel Blevins of Westerly. Among his issue was Rachel, who married her first cousin, James.

3RD GENERATION

JAMES SAUNDERS, son of Edward, born about 1715 in Westerly, Rhode Island. Married his cousin Rachel Saunders, daughter of Stephen and Rachel Blevins Saunders. Issue: Eunice, born 1745; James Jr., born 1748; Hannah, born 1751; Rachel, born 1754; Amey, born 1758; Lucy, born 1765; Huldah, born 1768; and Jesse, born 1771.

4TH GENERATION

RACHEL SAUNDERS, born in Westrely, Rhode Island, in 1754; died November 13, 1833, in Petersburg, New York; and buried in Stillman Village. Married in March, 1780, in Westerly, Rhode Island, to William Hall, son of William Sr., deceased,

of Hopkinton, Rhode Island. Issue: William Jr., Weedon, Barton, Mary Ann (Polly), and Rachel Hall.

Some say that the name Saunders is of German extraction, derived from Robert, Lord of Insprunk, whose descendant Harolwen Saunders arrived in England in 1170, where he married Marianne, the daughter of Sir Edward March. I am inclined to believe the second version, that it is a true Scotch name. It has been found in Scotland in many very old records, usually in the softer form of "Alisaundre," and it is said to have come from the biblical "Alexandre."

There are several coats-of-arms given for this family in Bolton's *American Armory* with most of them using the elephant's head erased as follows: "ERM 3 elephant's heads erased argent. Crest: An elephant's head erased argent."

The shield is divided by a single chevron; the upper part black with a silver head, and the lower silver with a black head. In the crest the head is black with silver tusks and ears. The letters "ERM" mean ermine.

Tobias Saunders, Scotchman, came from England to Boston in the Massachusetts Bay Colony as a member of the King's Life Guard. His brother Christopher, who later married a daughter of the governor of the Barbados Islands, came with him and was also in the same service. He left England because of lack of political and religious freedom, only to discover upon his arrival in the New World, that conditions here were just as bad. The Puritans, in throwing off the old fetters, were as rigidly enforcing the new ones upon the settlers. True to his nature, Tobias set about rectifying matters. Consequently, it wasn't long before he was very much in the eye of the church and the colony and very much out of favor. Rhode Island, at that time, was the refuge for all such "rebels," and it was there that Tobias and his friend, Robert Burdick, went when they were ordered to leave Boston in 1643. Going first to Newport, Rhode Island, he became close friends with Joseph and Doctor John Clarke and soon married Mary, daughter of Joseph. Finding the possibilities in Newport limited, the four men—Saunders, Burdick, and the

two Clarkes—decided to move west until they came to a desirable location, where they founded the town of Westerly, Rhode Island. In the book *Westerly, the Town That Saved a State*, by Mary Agnes Best (chap. III, p. 65), we find considerable mention of Tobias and his friends. Although a peace-loving man who much preferred the line of least resistance, he and Burdick seemed to spend most of their lives fighting for the independence and freedom they had come to America to enjoy. It wasn't long before the long arm of the Bay Colony reached out and arrested them as trouble-makers. This was done even though both men were "Conservators of his Majesty's Peace." They were taken to Boston, tried in the courts, and fined heavily. Believing they were within their rights, they refused to pay and were promptly cast into prison where they stayed for a very long time.

Tobias was greatly loved in Rhode Island by both white man and red. A chief, Toba Ross, was named for him, as were many other Indians. Whenever one of them was in trouble, his summons was a stick cut with three notches. In return for his goodness to them, the Indians gave his son a large tract of land. Tobias and Mary had ten children whose descendants represented the town from 1669 to 1836.

Our line descends through two of Tobia's and Mary's sons, Edward and Stephen. Edward's son, James (listed as a minor in his father's will), married Rachel, daughter of Stephen and Rachel Blevins Saunders. They had a large family whose birth records I obtained from the city clerk's office in Westerly. Among these children was a daughter, Rachel, who married William Hall, son of William of Hopkinton, deceased. The marriage was performed by Justice of the Peace Joseph Crandall in 1780.

The Saunders are a very old and important family in Westerly and the State of Rhode Island. They intermarried with all of the early settlers and their descendants—the Clarkes, Burdicks, Kenyons, Vars, Blevins, Maxsons, and others. Most all of them were Seventh Day Baptists. They are mentioned in nearly every book written on the little "rebel" state, especially in the books by Miss Best, *Austin's Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island*, and *Westerly and Its Witnesses* by the Reverend Dennison. Al-

though there are several very old cemeteries called Saunders cemetery, Tobias and his wife Mary are buried with the Clarke family in the old Clarke cemetery.

CLARKE-CLARK FAMILY

I have worked very little on the Clarke family of New England, but I found that although the father of our three immigrants bore an English-sounding name, all indications say the family is an Irish one. The mother, Rose Kerrige, certainly was from the Emerald Isle, and the coat of arms used by most of the families is an Irish one.

In 1712, William Clarke built a house on Garden Street in Boston. In the center of the beautiful inlaid parlor floor are the combined Clarke, Hubbard, and Staltonstall coats of arms. On William's tombstone is the Clarke coat of arms with the Chief and Crescent added, showing he was a second son. On a tankard belonging to his daughter, Mrs. Cabot, the family coat of arms is as follows: "A ragged staff in bend three roundels. Crest: A swan proper crowned and chained, Dexter foot on roundel."

Bolton's *American Armory* gives several for this family, all of them Irish. On page 35 of this book is one with the following reference: *Herald Journal*, vol. 2, p. 74, Doctor John Clarke died 1728. "Or a ragged staff (Bend Regully Humett) bet 3 Orgesses. Crest: a swan argent crown sa beaked gorged and chained or legged sa. Dexter foot on orgesses, in beak an olive branch'."

Our Joseph Clarke was born in England in 1618, and his brother John must have been born about the same time, so I do not believe the Doctor John Clarke who died in Boston in 1728 to have been our Doctor John of Westerly, Rhode Island. I do believe they are of the same family. Both Miss Best and the Reverend Dennison have considerable to say about John. No mention is made of Thomas and little about Joseph. On page 67 of *Westerly, the Town That Saved a State*, Miss Best says, "Doctor John Clarke was arrested with two other men, when he went to the aid of a feeble man named Witter, who lived on the edge of Lynn, R.I. . . ." She also states he was a pastor, scholar, physician, and diplomat of no mean ability, and that he was called

by many "the greatest statesman of the 17th century." He died childless, as did his brother, Thomas Carew Clarke. Both left all they had to the many children of their brother, Joseph. The oldest of many Clarke cemeteries is located on the left bank of the Pawcatuck River, about Meeting House curve, and a few rods east of Pound Road. Joseph and his wife are said to have been buried there, but few of the stones are standing to tell us exactly where. The earliest of the new stones is that of Joseph Jr., who died in 1719 at the age of 49.

Joseph Clarke, Sr., was born in England December 9, 1618, son of Thomas and Rose Kerrige Clarke. He arrived in Boston with his brothers John and Thomas in 1637. A year later they moved to Rhode Island. Doctor John, along with his friend Tobias Saunders, was expelled from the Bay Colony for his beliefs in "certain great truths peculiar to the Baptist religion." Not in the limelight as much as his famous brother John, Joseph is mentioned many times as a freeman and from 1678-1700 he was a deputy on the roll of the General Assembly. He was, with Burdick, Saunders, and his brother John, one of the founders of Westerly, Rhode Island.

Other references for this family can be found in *The Clarke Family of Rhode Island* by George Morrison, Jr., and *Ancestors and Descendants of Henry and Catherine (Pendleton) Clarke* by Cyrus Clarke Van Deventer. Considerable information came from the Rhode Island Historical Society, 52 Power St., Providence, Rhode Island.

THE VARS FAMILY

Esther Vars, born in 1771 and died December 2, 1834, married William Brown of Petersburg, New York as his second wife after 1819. (Mrs. Blanche Vars Lamb of Cherry Plains, New York, had a bible which she wrote me contained the following data, "Esther Vars and William Brown married at Cherry Plains, N.Y." No further dates or information was given to me. Mrs. Lamb said the bible had belonged to the Vars family.) According to Poestenkill Grandmother, Jane Philips Hall, granddaughter-in-law of the above William Brown through the mar-

riage of his daughter Betsey to Barton Hall, the Vars were connected with our Hall family through the marriage of William Brown and one of his wives. Although both were dead when Jane came into the family, the relationship was still strong. When I first started research on William Brown, I located the cemetery in which he was buried, but discovered that while both wives lie beside him, their last name is not given, so I could not tell which one was the Vars. Abigail died before 1819, and all of the Williams children were born before that date, so they definitely belonged to her. Esther died after her husband did, and records were found mentioning the "Widow Esther Brown," and William mentions her in his will. It wasn't until I received the note from Mrs. Lamb that I finally decided it was the second wife Esther who was the Vars, and consequently we descendants of William Brown are in no way connected with the Vars family.

I have tried in vain to locate the parents of Esther Vars Brown. I have a great deal of data on the Vars family from Westerly, Rhode Island. In the manuscript written by Nelson Vars, now in the library at Providence, Rhode Island, it says that Joseph, Edward, and Thomas Vars, sons of Isaac and Elizabeth Burdick Vars, moved to Stephentown, Rensselaer County, New York. Joseph later moved to Milford. Hannah, his first wife, died in 1821, and in 1822 he married Phoebe Ormsby. All three are buried in Milford. Joseph had a daughter, Esther, born May 15, 1795, in Stephenstown, but as our Esther was born in 1771, it is quite possible that our Esther was a sister of Joseph's or a well-loved sister-in-law and the younger Esther was named for her. These three men had a sister, Anne Nancy Vars, who married Nathan Maxson, and their son Randall married our Mary Ann Hall (Polly), sister of Barton.

The Vars history is fascinating and the coat of arms is beautiful, but since it does not seem to be our family, I am omitting it. Further data can be obtained from Harold Vars of Westerly, Rhode Island, and the manuscript by Nelson Vars in the Providence library.

BROWN FAMILY GENEALOGICAL CHART

1ST GENERATION

WILLIAM BROWN, born in Westerly, Rhode Island, about 1759. Married Abigail in Westerly. She was born about 1757 and died May 26, 1819, age 62. He married second Esther Vars in Stephenstown (Berlin), New York about 1820. She was born about 1771 and died December 2, 1934, age 63). Issue by first marriage: Abigail, Lydia, Hannah, Betsey, Priscilla, Temperance, William Jr., Ezra, and Andrew.

2ND GENERATION

BETSEY BROWN, born in Westrely, Rhode Island, about 1782, and died in Petersburg, New York (tombstone records not accurate). Married Barton Hall as his second wife. Her sister Priscilla was his first. Issue: William and Justin Hall. Others died.

Whether our Browns came from Little Compton, Westerly, Hopkinton, or Stonnington across the river in Connecticut, I do not know, but I do know that they were closely related to the group of Seventh Day Baptists who made the exodus from Rhode Island to Rensselaer County, New York. Most of the men had fought in the Revolutionary War. Most came from the vicinity of Westerly, where their families had been among the earliest settlers and had intermarried until all of them were related in some way. Most of them settled around Petersburg and Berlin, then known as Stephenstown, where they continued the pattern they had started in Rhode Island.

Harry Johnson of Buffalo, New York, genealogist and direct descendant of the Maxsons, wrote me that his family had called our Mary Ann Hall, Aunt Polly Maxson, and that the Brown line that her brother Barton Hall had married into came from Stonnington, where he had located a Daniel and Thomas Brown, both Seventh Day Baptists. Mr. Johnson may be correct in his statements, but it was in Little Compton, Rhode Island, that I found a Tobias Brown who married Alice Burrington. He was born about 1684 and died in 1734, leaving the following issue:

John, William, Sarah, Nicholas, Robert, Abram, and Alice. The above John was born in 1705 and married Sarah White on February 23, 1726, and had the following issue: Elizabeth, Abigail, William, Sara, John Jr., Ruth, George, and Thomas. William, the eldest son, was born in 1727 and died in 1792. He married Elizabeth (?) in 1748, and had the following issue: William Jr., Sylvanus, George, and John. William Jr., born February 6, 1755, married Abigail Clapp in 1774. They had issue: Isaac, Clarke, Pydia, William A., Thomas, Elisha, Abigail, Cyrus, and Timothy.

There is a four-year difference between the dates given for the last William Brown (married Abigail), and those given for our William Brown and his wife Abigail. They may not be the same, since William and Abigail are common names, but of all the Brown families I checked, this family seems the most likely to have been ours. None of the others had the recurring names William and Abigail. I next tried the records for Revolutionary War soldiers and found so many "William Browns" that I gave up altogether.

William Brown, his two wives, Abigail and Esther, are buried in a cemetery on the Bouplon farm outside of Troy, New York. A number of their children are also buried there. I found his will in the probate's office in Troy, in which he names his living children and states that his wife Esther is to have "all that she brought with her" and other things, indicating that she was a well-to-do spinster or widow when she married him. In the *History of Rensselaer County, New York*, town of Petersburg, a road survey of 1818 gives the following boundary lines, "begins at brook north of Benjamin Randall's running to main road past Esther Browns." Another survey in 1834 says that the "widow Esther Brown" had seventeen acres of ground worth \$84.00. This was the year of her death and may have been for a property settlement.

William had four daughters and two sons whom he named in his will, but in the cemetery on the Bouplon farm I found William Brown, Jr., and Temperance Brown. His daughter Abigail married Zebulon Jones and had a daughter who in turn

married a Tilly. The Tillys had a daughter named Abigail who married a Littlefield. This Mrs. Littlefield had a drug store in Troy, New York, and she worked for some time on the Brown line with no success.

Lydia Brown married an Olsen or Odell. Hannah married, but I do not know her husband's name. According to a list of early members of the first Baptist church given in the *History of Rensselaer County, N.Y.*, it could have been Rhodes or Jones. Priscilla and Betsey Brown married Barton Hall. I found no records on Ezra Brown, but Andrus or Andrew married Betsey Phome. Their issue: (1) Thomas Brown, married Jane McChesney. Had son Charles living in Grafton, New York, in 1842, age 89 years; (2) Sarah Brown married Lina Snyder, had Lucia, who married a Jones; their issue, Frank Jones, living on 6th Ave., Troy, New York, in 1949; (3) Sanford Brown, no data; (4) Leland Brown married Lucinda Snyder and had (a) Clara, married Enoch Hakes; (b) Della Brown; (c) Bessie, married Arthur Bennett living Green Island, New York, in 1949. She worked for Aunt Carrie McChesney when she was a girl in Cropseyville, New York.

Mrs. Mae White, a cousin on the File side, talked with Frank Brown, the Hakes, and Bessie Bennett. None of them could give any information concerning their great-grandfather, William Brown. Most of the Browns living in Petersburg came from Massachusetts. In the Brown portion of the cemetery on the Bouplon farm, there is buried a young man by the name of Andrus Hall. His age is given as twenty-four years, fifteen days, and nine months. The date of his death is March 15, 1849. I have often wondered who he was and what place he occupied in the Hall-Brown family history.

Several years ago while visiting in Troy, Mrs. White took my husband and me to call on an elderly gentleman who had a wonderful collection of Rensselaer County information. During the course of our conversation he mentioned that he had one of the few existing transcripts of a murder trial he though would interest us, as it concerned the Hall-Brown families. It was a perfect setting in which to read about murder. Earlier in the

day a thunderstorm had disrupted service in the small village and as the evening shadows deepened, the lady of the house brought in first a large coal oil lamp, then later, several candles which did little more than illuminate the area close around us. The printed transcript was an excellent example of the lurid style of the early- and mid-eighties. On the cover the murderer stood with an ax raised high, ready to rain blow after blow upon the victim crouched at his feet. The reporter, taking it down, had used the same lurid style, leaving little to the imagination. It was a simple story of greed, need, revenge, and money. Mr. S. Hall had fired his nephew because of incompetence. The lad (son of James Brown of Petersburg, and claimed to be mentally deficient), needing money to spend on a trip to the city and knowing that his uncle usually kept a goodly sum in the house, decided to kill two birds with one stone: he would take the money and get back at his uncle at the same time. Unfortunately, Mr. Hall returned while Brown was still in the house. A fight ensued during which the boy grabbed an ax and hacked his uncle to death. The trial was a long one, and Brown was found guilty and hanged. At the time I did my best to fit these two into our family, but it was only possible if our William Hall and William Brown had brothers who came up from Rhode Island when they did, and who had sons. I forgot this matter until I ran across the odd Brown in the lot with old William and his family. The death date and age of that odd Brown are identical with those given in the transcript, but the christian names were different. I knew that after Leander Hall had become a criminal lawyer in Rhode Island he had been asked to come to Troy to defend someone. Everything, however, was vague and unconnected. The other day I was spending the afternoon with Aunt Carrie and Lois. We had been discussing the family, as usual, when Aunt Carrie said, "Grandmother Hall once told me that some relative on the Hall side had killed his grandmother, while trying to rob her." Of course, my mind jumped back to the things I had read and heard. I did my best to get more facts but she couldn't remember who had been killed, a Hall or Brown, or which was the killer. She knew he had been

hung and that when they came to bury him none of the family would have his body put in their lots until one of the Browns reluctantly said it could be put in theirs. It is still a mystery and will probably always remain one, but I am now sure that it is one of the skeletons in the Hall-Brown closet—and what family hasn't at least one of them?

I have in my possession a pickle or preserve dish given by William Brown to his daughter Betsey Brown Hall. Poestenkill Grandmother Hall gave it to Aunt Carrie, who gave it to me. It is about six or eight inches long, shallow and narrow with a fuzzy brownish pattern resembling the "flowing blue," and probably 150 years old.

CHAPTER VI

PHILIPS FAMILY

1ST GENERATION

PETRUS PHILIPS, born in Germany. Married Magdalene Minchler. Issue: Christian, born in 1720, married Anna Maria Schelp; Henrick, married Elizabeth Casper; Petrus, born November 21, 1714, married Katherine Heister; Jacob, married Barbara Groat; William, born in 1716, married first Eva Schritz, second Amvatie Schanzen.

2ND GENERATION

PETRUS PHILIPS, JR., born November 21, 1714, married Katherine Heister. Issue believed to have been: Petrus (Peter) III, Jacob, and Michael Philips.

WILLIAM PHILIPS, born in 1716, married Eva Schritz and Amvatie Schanzen. Issue: Petrus, Eva, William Jr., Marytie, George, Henry, and David.

3RD GENERATION

PETRUS (PETER) II, Revolutionary War soldier. Date of birth and marriage not known. Issue: William and Michael. If others, they are not known.

PETRUS (son of William Philips and one of his two wives, Eva or Amvatie.) Known issue: Marya, Eva, Petrus, Jacob, Henry, Elizabeth, and Katherine Philips.

4TH GENERATION

WILLIAM PHILIPS, born March 18, 1771 (son of our Peter Philips, Revolutionary War soldier), raised in Center Brunswick but baptized in Claaverack, New York. Died in 1872 in Broad Albin, New York, age 101 years. Married first Lucinda Lilly of Pownal, Vermont. Had issue: Sarah, William, Jr., Michael, Abigail, Hiram, Sally, Julia, George, and Jane. Married sec-

and Nancy Dustin. Had issue: Ruben, Samuel, Lucinda, Lewis, and Norman Philips.

MICHAEL PHILIPS, born in 1770 and baptized in Claaverack Gilead Lutheran Church. Married March 16, 1805 Elizabeth Cooper. He died December 8, 1850, age 80 years. Issue: Maria, died age 4; Henry Philips, died May 31, 1871, age 62; and David Philips, born in 1814 and died in 1892.

5TH GENERATION

HENRY PHILIPS, died in 1871, age 62, lived at 589 Madison Ave., Broad Albin, New York. Issue: Michael Edwin, died 1846; Elizabeth, married Cyrus Ward; Gustus; and Jennie Philips.

DAVID PHILIPS, born October 22, 1814 and died in 1892. Married Margaret Morrison, had issue Louise, who married Joseph McChesney. Their issue: Louis McChesney; Bertha, married a Link and had son Ralph; and Frank, who died. David married second Lottie Peck. Had issue: Nettie, Frances, and Willard Philips.

JANE MELISSA PHILIPS, born December 15, 1818, and died August 28, 1916, in Poestenkill, New York, age 97 years. Daughter of William and Lucinda Lillie Philips. Married Justin Hall in 1840 in Oppenheim, New York. Issue: Georgiana and Samantha, who died young. Caroline Melissa Hall, who married De Witt Clint, no issue. Alfred Philips Hall, born in 1848 and died in 1875.

6TH GENERATION

ALFRED PHILIPS HALL, born in 1848 in Pittstown, New York, and died in 1875 in East Nassau, New York. Married Martha Frances Files.

Mrs. Charles Hill, 5th and Grand Streets., Troy, New York, has the English bible belonging to the Philips family. It lists the marriages and births of William Philips and his children.

According to Mrs. Lenore Egan, of Hudson, New York, the following is the correct coat of arms for our family. She states that it was sent to her by her cousin, who used it on her stationery: "A scalloped shield, divided into four parts by a cross en-

grailed. The ends florry. In each of the quarters is a boar's head. The crest is a griffin displayed" (wings outstretched).

I wrote to Miss Keech and Miss Eilers, authorities on heraldry, for an interpretation and verification, hoping they would tell me the colors as well as answer my questions. Miss Eilers replied that she was unable to find the exact replica of the coat of arms sent to me by Mrs. Egan, the nearest having Cornish cloughs proper in each quartering, instead of boar heads. She thought Mrs. Egan might have mistaken one for the other. A letter to Lenore brought an indignant denial, the heads on her cousin's stationery was most definitely a boar's. Our coat of arms was German and not English. Miss Keech sent me the interpretation. In most of those used by Philips families, the shield is silver and the cross sable. The cross is one of the nine ordinaries and was first used to identify men in armour. It is the expressed emblem of the Christian church denoting crusader ancestry and signifies "unto us tribulation and affliction." The boar's head is a symbol of hospitality and often used as a fee to the king, or great lord, as the condition of feudal tenure. It has no reference to the chase. Being the most important feudal offering and token of hospitality, it was often brought into the dining room accompanied by the following type of song.

"The boar's head, I understand
is the chief service in the land;
and look wherever it is found
Servite cum cantico."

The griffin has the head, wings, and talons of an eagle with the body of a lion. It is as old as the time of the Phoenicians.

The Philips family of Center Brunswick is not to be confused with that of Frederick Philipse, Bohemian, Tory, and owner of Philipse Castle and Philipse Manor down the Hudson. Our family came from the Palatinate near Philippsburg, Germany, a town razed by Louis IV during his struggle for the portion of Germany which lay along the Rhine, and by his determination to exterminate all heretics therein (see *History of the Palatines* by Sanford H. Cobb, 1897, G. P. Putnam Sons). I do not know if the Reverend Kockerthral brought them over or they came

with those sponsored by Governor Hunter of New York, but they are to be found in his parish records of births, baptisms, and marriages, and on the Governor's ration list as "Petrus Philips, East Camp, Columbia Co., N.Y., 1909-14." (See McWethy's *Book of Names*). The next place I found them was in the Gilead Lutheran Church records at Claaverack (near Hudson, New York), and in the Lutheran church register of Ghent, Columbia County, New York. Both the *History of Rensselaer County, N.Y.* and the *History of the Gilead Lutheran Church* by Reverend J. N. Barnett give them as "being on Livingston Manor in the early 1700's." In 1724 they signed a statement, along with others of Livingston's tenant farmers, that they would remain there a while longer. These men, sick of increasing rents and of having to drop their work whenever their patroon called them to fight, had decided to move to Rensselaer Wyck, where they could obtain good farm land under better conditions. They later joined those who had preceded them in Center Brunswick. The next mention of a Petrus Philips is found on page 814 of *The Annual Report of the State Historian of New York* in Captain Abraham Van Aerman's company of colonial militia, under the caption as "coming from above Poesten's Kill." Jacob and Michael Philips are also listed. Mrs. Lenore Egan of Hudson, New York, says that there was a large family of Philips, and certainly the records of Ghent and Claaverack bear her out, but she also stated that of this family only one, a son or grandson named Peter, moved from Livingston Manor to Center Brunswick, Rensselaer County. She descends from one of those who remained "down the river" around Claaverack, and has proof of her claim. Consolidating the information I located and that she sent, we have the following.

Petrus Philips came from Germany about 1709-10. In 1724 he farmed on Livingston Manor and signed the paper saying he will stay a while longer. Later he moved to Center Brunswick. In 1767 we find the names Peter, Michael, and Jacob Philips on page 814 of *The Annal Report of the State Historian of New York* as "coming from above Poesten's Kill." If this is the same Petrus Philips who came to America about 1709, he would be

about sixty years old, consequently I am inclined to think the three men listed are the sons of the Petrus who came from "down river" and more likely the third generation in America. The services for Jacob and Michael were easily found in Robert's *New York in Revolution*, but there were a number of Peter and Petrus Philips given. I wrote the librarian at the state library in Albany, New York, for further information. She sent me everything she could locate which consisted of a number of pay vouchers that give nothing except the soldier's name and amount of money paid to him. We know beyond any shadow of a doubt that our Petrus Philips served in the Revolutionary War. The powder horn he carried is now in the possession of a descendant, Ralph Link. The story of his death was told to Aunt Carrie McChesney by Peter's granddaughter, Jane Melissa (Philips) Hall. If any of the pay vouchers did belong to our Peter, then the dates on them indicated that he was alive in the early eighties. Therefore it must have been around 1784-85 that upon his arrival home from the war he was shot in the back as he entered his house. Aunt Carrie Clint said it was because he had Tory leanings, which is hard to swallow, since both of his brothers, his friends, and his neighbors were all fighting in the war. I am more inclined to the theory that some Tory neighbor was guilty of the murder. Peter was buried in the cemetery on his farm. Years later Nettie Green told Aunt Carrie that when she was a child, her grandfather, David Philips, took her walking over the farm and coming to the cemetery, pointed to it and said "My grandfather, Peter Philips, is buried there." When Aunt Carrie talked to Nettie, there were only a few stones left. Most of the others had been carried away by neighbors who used them as door steps.

I recently received a letter from Mrs. Allen Haynor who lives near Center Brunswick. She wrote that the man now owning the farm said there was no sign of a cemetery ever having been any place on his property.

Peter Philips must have been around thirty when he was killed. He left a wife and two small boys, Michael and William, who were around nine and ten years of age. So far I have been

unable to locate any brothers or sisters for them, nor have I been able to find anything on the mother, although I believe her name was Anna. The boys were baptized in Claaverack, which doesn't mean they were born there, since many families traveled a considerable distance to have their children baptized.

The early life of William Philips remains a blank. The things told by his daughter Jane pertain to his life as a father. He was a cultured, educated man who read both English and German fluently. His German bible is in the library of Union College at Schenectady, New York. It is called the McCellen bible, since it was given by a Mrs. McCellen (a descendant of William's through his son George). Thanks to Aunt Carrie, a full explanation as to how it came into the McCellen family along with William's picture, now attached to the bible. Photostatic copies of the birth and death records of William's family are in the possession of Mrs. McChesney, Mrs. Meier, and the NSDAR. The bible from which they came is owned by another descendant.

William Philips lived to be 101 years old, and he fathered two sets of children. His first wife, Lucinda Lilly, died leaving nine of them. Most of these children stayed in Pownal, Vermont, with their Lilly grandparents until their father married for the second time. Pownal was a thinly settled community in a wild, hilly area close to Bennington. The terrain was so rugged that only in the winter could the boys go to school. They carried firebrands to keep the bears and other animals from attacking them. After his marriage, William took his youngest daughter Jane with him when he went after his children. Jane was old enough to remember that the house belonged to her Uncle Caleb Lilly, that it was on a hill, and that there was a sawmill close to the entrance gate. As Jane and her father approached the house she noticed an old man coming down the hill to meet them. It was her grandfather, Ebenezer Lilly.

Going back to Peter Philips, it is said that as an Indian scout, he participated in many an Indian raid, and that he killed women and children. They say it was his habit to hide behind a tree until the Indian had used up all of his arrows or shots, then he

would step out and kill them while they were defenseless. This had been a tale so terrible that it was only recently Aunt Carrie would tell it to me.

After his wife's death William married Nancy Dustin who had a child of her own. Five children of this second marriage lived. Nancy Dustin was a good woman who saw to it that when Jane married, her hope chest was as full of sheets and quilts as those of her own daughters. George Philips, son of the first marriage, manufactured the well-known Clark-Philips stoves. For years his business was in Troy, but due to labor troubles he was forced to move to a new location. He selected Broad Albin, New York, and many of the family followed him. Jane said that not long after she met Justin Hall, her father moved "out west" to Oppenheim, which is on the Mohawk River in Cherry Valley. He operated a tavern there. Jane, by now in love with Justin, stayed with her brother Hiram and his wife. She soon found out that she could not get along with her sister-in-law, and after Justin had promised her that he would come to her, she reluctantly joined her family. A year went by, during which time there was no letter, no word from her lover, but when the specified date came at long last, Justin arrived at the tavern as he had promised. Aunt Carrie has a letter from a distant relative, now deceased, who wrote that it was quite a wedding. Even though he was a small boy at the time, he remembered it very well, especially the hive of bees William gave his daughter as a wedding present. This was in September, 1840.

Great-grandmother said that a relative of hers fought in the battle of Waterloo, but I have never been able to find out who it was. She also told of her father taking them to church down in Claaverack. This must have been quite a trip by horse and wagon.

The Philips men had a flair for inventing things. Two brothers from Ghent are shown in records as "inventors." George manufactured the Clark-Philips stoves; Hiram invented the "Uline" plow. In spite of the fact that William was considered a wealthy man, each child had to learn a trade after receiving

his education. Even Jane, the baby of his first marriage, learned the trade of tailoring.

The original Philips farm was on the left side of the road going to Poestenkill from the old "White Church" (Presbyterian). This would place it across from the David Philips place upon the hillside towards the mountains and old cemetery.

The Philips were Lutherans in the beginning, but when the Presbyterian church was organized, William became a charter member. Lucinda, his first wife, is buried in that cemetery. William and his second wife are buried in Broad Albin, where they were living with a son. He fathered many children during the 101 years he lived. Jane used to say that as long as he could carry a handful of millet seed he was able to impregnate. His general appearance certainly gives substance to the story that there is Indian blood on that side of the house, but with records giving us so much data on his father's side, there is no one unexplained except his mother. She is not mentioned in her son's baptismal records; we do not know when Peter and she were married; and the fact that he died suddenly without a will cut off that source of information. In the list of early members of the Gilead Luthern Church in Center Brunswick, I found that an Anna Philips was given as the first of the Philips. Checking on through the list, I noticed that the names given at the end were of the more recent years, so I assumed that Anna was one of the very first members. Below her name were those of Michael and Jacob, and they were accompanied by women's names, presumably their wives. Anna was alone—that is what gave me the idea that she might have been the widow of Peter Philips. If so, she was German and not Indian. Personally, I believe the story refers to Ebenezer Lilly.

No one, as far as I know, has ever tried to locate the descendants of Michael and Jacob Philips, believed to have been Peter's brothers. Both Mrs. Egan and myself checked everything we could find in books, records, and family stories. The name Michael is found only in the Philips family from Ghent. That man had a brother Peter, and they were inventors. Our Peter named

one of his sons Michael and one William. Was it for his brother Michael? Was that brother named for an uncle in Ghent?

That point together with the "why" of Peter's death, and the "who" of his wife I am leaving to someone else to find out.

CHAPTER VII

LILLIE, WILLIAMS, PUTNEY, DENNIS, PORTER FAMILIES

1ST GENERATION

ANDRES, called Beth. Made his will in 1291. Married Margaretha Thoradotter. Issue: Junfru Aeline, who became a nun, 1385; Carl, called Beth; and Suno Anderson.

2ND GENERATION

SUNO ANDERSON, of Froberg, etc. Married Margaretha Porse in 1345. Had issue: Sone Sonnesson.

3RD GENERATION

SONE SONNESSON, of Lagno, Sodermland Province. Issue: Nils Sonnesson, Odagail Sonnesson, Jons Sonnesson, and Odsgisl Sonnesson.

4TH GENERATION

ODSGISL SONNESSON, of Lagno, married Ranborg, daughter of Earl Marshall, Sir Staff en Ulfson and wife Juliana Svarts. Issue: Mattis Odsgislesson.

5TH GENERATION

MATTIS ODSGISLESSON, of Lagno, councillor of Svea realm, 1435. Died in 1440. Married in 1416 Inglego RG Gregissadotter Bla. Issue: Odsgirl Matteson, Ranborg, died in 1487, Greger Matteson of whom more later, Clara Mattissadotter, married Eric Axelson Tott (a German family came to Denmark where the name is spelt Teut, Thord, Tot.) Eric later married the sister of King Carl (Charles).

See manuscript by Mr. Anjou of Staten Island on Lillie fam-

ily. Earlier data is omitted as not definitely connected with our line.

The name Lillje (Lilje) came into the family with Axel Gustafsson Lillje, Baron and Count Lillje of Lilljemburg at Laholm in Halland; Lord of Sjostorp, etc., in Sweden. He was in the service of King Gustaf II.

When King Christian of Denmark had been called in as King of Sweden to replace Charles VIII (Charles Knutson Bonde), who had sailed for Daniz, Kettil Karlson Vasa, a nephew, revolted and with his followers defeated the new King Christian. Charles, called the Peasant King, was reinstated, but stayed only a short time when he abdicated January 30, 1465. Shortly afterwards, Eric Tott, husband of Clara (Greger Mattesson's sister), was made regent due to the fact that his second wife was the king's sister, and his brother Ivar had married one of the king's daughters. This is given in order to show our connection with the king of Sweden, a relationship which made them targets for the opposing political faction when they came into power and the blood baths started.

6TH GENERATION

GREGER MATTESSON, of Soderton, 1457. Of the king's council.

Knighted in 1491. Died March 24, 1493 and is buried in Gray Friars' Monastery in Stockholm, Sweden. Married first Anna Gadds, and second Ramborg Gostafsdotter. Issue: Eric Gregersson, Brita Gregersdotter, Folke Gregersson, Bengt Gregersson, Carin Gregersdotter, and Josse Gregersson.

7TH GENERATION

ERIC GREGERSSON LILLJE, one of the younger sons, escaped being executed at the Stockholm Blodbad in 1520, when his father Greger Mattesson Lillje and brothers, Folke and Bengt, were killed. His father at that time was a bishop, one of the wealthiest and most powerful men in the country, and was the first to suffer execution. Eric Lillje married Agnes, daughter of a merchant, Eli Johanson of Gothenburg, in 1467, whose business he inherited. Eric died in September, 1521. He is buried at Herrjunga. His wife died in October, 1521. Issue: Wilhelm

Ericson Lillje, Eli Ericson Lillje, Bengt Lillje, and others. (Bengt was born in 1473 and married Minerva of Oscar Bonde.) We carry on only the English line.

8TH GENERATION

WILHELM ERICSON LILLJE, born September 11, 1468, in Sweden and died in 1532 in Odiham, England. Married in England to Agnes (?). Issue: George Lillie, canon of St. Petersburg, England; Peter Lillie of Canterburg, England; John Lillie, married Mary Gabot of London, and died November 27, 1950; Thomas Lillie, married Elizabeth Tour; Edward Lillie, married Margaret Wharton; and Dionysis, married twice.

9TH GENERATION

EDWARD LILLIE, married Margaret Wharton. Issue: George Lillie.

10TH GENERATION

GEORGE LILLIE, born May 15, 1638. Migrated to Reading, Massachusetts, where he taught school. Said to have married Hannah Smith of Watertown, Massachusetts, first, and second Jane (?). He died in 1691 leaving issue: Hannah, born in 1660; John, born in 1662; George Jr., born in 1667; Rebecca, born in 1669; Abigail, born in 1672; and Samuel Lillie, born in 1674.

11TH GENERATION

GEORGE, JR., born in 1667, married first Sarah, who died in Windham, Connecticut, and second, Rebecca Palmer March 28, 1714. He died in 1719. Issue by first wife: Jacob, born in 1697; Elisha, born in 1698; and Reuben, born in 1709. SAMUEL LILLIE, married Hannah Bordell December 22, 1692. Issue: David Lillie, Sarah Lillie, and John Lillie (Lilly). (See *Early Massachusetts Marriages*.)

12TH GENERATION

JOHN LILLIE, born about 1700. Married March 7, 1722, Abigail Burnap, who died March 12, 1739 (Dudley, Massachusetts, vital records). Issue: Sarah, married Uzziiah Wyman of Town-

shew; Hannah, born in 1731; Ezra, born in 1735; John Jr., born in 1725, married Elizabeth Dennis; Joseph, born in 1729, married Mary Sterns of Sutton; Ebenezer, born in 1734, and baptized August 25, 1734. He married in 1762.

13TH GENERATION

JOHN LILLIE, JR., born in 1725 and died in 1800. Married Elizabeth Dennis, daughter of Nathan and Damaris Putney Dennis, of Dudley, Massachusetts, April 1, 1747. Issue: Benjamin, baptized in 1767; Abiather, baptized July 31, 1768; Ebenezer, baptized June 11, 1758, Elizabeth, baptized January 15, 1748; Eunice, baptized March 29, 1761; John baptized December 16, 1750; and Simeon, baptized June 21, 1767.

14TH GENERATION

EBENEZER LILLIE, baptized June 11, 1758, in Dudley, Massachusetts, and died September 9, 1818, in Pownal, Vermont. Married Jerusha Williams, believed to be daughter of Colonel Ebenezer and Jerusha Porter Williams of Hadley, Massachusetts (Some records say Woodstock, Connecticut.). Was in Union, Connecticut during Revolutionary War and married there. Issue: Lucinda, born about 1775-76; Caleb, born in Pownal, Vermont; Lucy; Harvelan; and a daughter who married a Coner.

15TH GENERATION

LUCINDA LILLIE, born in Union, Connecticut, in 1775-76, and died May 5, 1820. Married William Philips of Center Brunswick, in 1794. Buried in White Church cemetery (Presbyterian) near Center Brunswick, age 44 years. Issue: Susan, William, Jr., Michael, Abigail, Hiram, Sally, Julia, George, and Jane Philips.

16TH GENERATION

JANE MELISSA PHILIPS, born in 1818 and died in 1916. Married Justin Hall. Issue: Georgiana, Samantha, Caroline M., and Alfred P. Hall.

The Lillie coat of arms as found in Bolton's *American Ar-*

mory, p. 102, is: "Lillie: A Fess bet. six roundels. Crest: a roundell." It was located on the mortgage papers of Samuel Lillie and his wife, Mehitable, to Abigail Arnold, 1708, Suffolk, Massachusetts, Court File No. 7464. It was verified for me by Miss Mable Louise Keech of Chicago, Illinois, authority on heraldry. According to the *American Armory*, the fess is a bright blue and the roundels are of gold. Miss Keech wrote a full description of the coat of arms, but it has been lost. We do not know if it is an English one or one used in Sweden.

Immediately after the "blood bath" in Sweden in 1520, a great many of the Lillie family left their native land. Eli Henri Lillie and Jean Henri Lillie of Bavay, his son, founded the house of Lillie (Lilly) in France. (A full dossier of Mr. Anjou's article containing information on this family is in my possession.) Descendants of this line came to America much later. Henri Lillie, born August 11, 1671, settled in Bristol, England, and had a son also named Samuel Lillie, born in 1699, who migrated to Philadelphia. He was a "fuller" by occupation. Another descendant of Eli Henri Lillie went to Holland; from there three of his sons, Edmund, Robert, and Armiger Lillie, moved to Virginia, where they became planters in Albermarle County. Of those who went to Germany we know nothing.

The Lillies who went to France, already wealthy and of high rank, became one of the most powerful families in France. I have talked with some of the descendants of this line. They state emphatically that they are pure French; however, according to genealogists, the name of Lillie or Lilly as spelled, is not to be found in French annals prior to 1543. Taking note of the fact that the French never used the name of a flower as a surname, and that those of the Nordic races did, along with the data found on Eli Henri and his son Jean Henri Lillie who retained the spelling of their name (changed "j" to "i"), we agree with Mr. Anjou and other genealogists that the Lillies were originally Swedish.

Thanks to Mr. Anjou's manuscript, it was not too difficult to trace our line back to George Lillie, the school teacher, who was the first member of our family to come to America. The fact that he settled in New England and never left there made it still

easier. His sons, George, Jr., Samuel, and John Lillie, were the progenitors of most of the families bearing that name found in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Vermont. It is Samuel's son, John Lillie, whose dates best fit those of our immediate ancestor. He married Abigail Burnap, and the records of Dudley, Massachusetts, give a complete resume of her death and the baptisms of her children. (See p. 272 of vital records of Dudley, Massachusetts. On pp. 81 and 194 will be found the births and marriages of John Lillie, Jr., and Elizabeth Dennis and their children.) Some time before the Revolutionary War John Jr. moved his family to Union, Connecticut. His son, Ebenezer, named for his uncle Ebenezer Lillie, met and married Jerusha Williams, said to have come from Woodstock, Connecticut, but a search of the records in that town failed to reveal anything that might help us. We did locate a Colonel Ebenezer Williams of Hadley, Massachusetts, whose wife's name was Jerusha Porter. As this Ebenezer Williams and his father were ministers, they moved around considerably which might account for a brief stay in Woodstock. It would also account for the family story that her father was a doctor, not a physician as believed, but a doctor of divinity. Ebenezer and Jerusha Lillie stayed in Union, Connecticut, until after 1780. It is said that their daughter Lucinda was born there, but a thorough search of all records for that vicinity failed to turn up proof for this belief. Many records showed that Ebenezer was a soldier in the Revolutionary War while living in Union. His marriage to Jerusha is given, but nothing whatsoever about the birth of a daughter, Lucinda, a year after the marriage. Ebenezer's application for pension states that he was living in Stanford, Vermont, at that time. He received it while living in Wells, Vermont. Jerusha's application was applied for after they moved to Pownal, Vermont. Their second child, Caleb Lillie, is said to have been born in Pownal, but the year given for his birth is 1788-89, making a difference of 12 years between the birth of Lucinda and her brother Caleb. I did considerable research, and I had a lady living near Pownal check everything she could find on the Lillie family, but neither of us had any luck. Town records were full of Caleb and those born

in Pownal, but nothing was found on Lucinda to show that she had ever lived there—no school records, no church records, no recollection of “old timers.” This genealogist tried to contact members of the family still living in Pownal. She reported that they refused to talk to her and were very rude. Aunt Carrie McChesney had a little better success in her search for Lillie data. She contacted a Frank Lillie living in Pownal, who wrote the following letter.

“Sept. 3rd. Dear Mrs. McChesney: I am not sure but think your grandmother was the daughter of Ebenezer Lillie. He was a veteran of the Revolutionary War and a pensioner. I have a certificate dated 18th of March 1818, and have heard father speak of cousins in Troy. Some of them manufactured stoves. Am sure that the name was Philips. Ebenezer had a daughter, I think, who married a man by the name of Tower (Jerusha’s pension says Coner). I will enclose a list of Caleb’s children. Caleb was the son of Ebenezer Lillie. There was a saw mill at the foot of the hill where Caleb lived long gone but part of the dam is there. I will be 65 in November. Your letter states that Lucinda was born 1877 you must mean 1777 (bible and tombstone say 1775–76) as Caleb was born 1788–89 so it looks probable that Lucinda was the daughter of Ebenezer. I will look over old papers of grandfathers and if I find any old letters that will be of interest to you will write you at your Texas home. There is not many of us left of the old stock that it is good to hear from one of them. Sincerely, F. A. Lillie, RFD No. 2, Bennington, Vt. P.S. My father was Daniel H. Today there is not one of this large family left.”

Of course, the cousin in Troy who manufactured stoves and whose name was Philips was Lucinda’s son, George Philips. The above letter and Great-grandmother Jane Philip’s story of going to Pownal with her father, when she was small, to pick up the children left with Ebenezer and Caleb Lillie at the time of Lucinda’s death are all we have to show our connection with Ebenezer and Jerusha Williams Lillie. Descendants of the children left in Pownal also told of their grandparent living in Pownal, Vermont, after Lucinda’s death, but written proof is missing.

There is also another point in question. Ebenezer died in 1818, his daughter Lucinda in 1820, so it must have been his son Caleb Lillie that Jane saw coming down the hill. To a small child a man of forty would seem quite old. Her grandmother, Jerusha Williams Lillie, was living with Caleb at that time.

The story of the Indian blood and a relative in the battle of Waterloo could refer to either the Philips or Lillie family. It is odd that Ebenezer does not mention this daughter Lucinda in his pension application of 1818 (the year of his death), since she was still living. She was dead when Jerusha applied for hers.

GENEALOGICAL CHART OF CALEB LILLIE'S FAMILY

1ST GENERATION

CALEB LILLIE, born in 1788. Married Bede Bassett. Issue: Isaac T., born in 1809; Matilda, 1810; Almira, 1811; Caleb, Jr., 1813; Jacob, 1814; Sidney, 1817; Luman or Lerman, 1819; Luzzitta, 1820; Amelia, 1823; and Daniel, born in 1824 and died in 1890.

DANIEL LILLIE, born in 1824 in Pownal, Vermont. Married Martha Amidan April 18, 18(?)2. Issue: Frank, who wrote Aunt Carrie, and Effa Lillie, who married William Rogers.

DENNIS, WILLIAMS, PUTNEY, PORTER FAMILIES

This is a very brief outline of several families on whom I have done very little research, since they came into our line before the Revolutionary War. The fact that I had run into a snag on Lucinda's birth record also caused me to turn to other branches of our family. With the exception of Colonel Ebenezer Williams, I doubt if any would give us a bar in the NSDAR. These families all came from Massachusetts and Connecticut, so with what I am giving below it should not be too hard to trace, since records in those states are generally very complete.

1ST GENERATION

ROBERT WILLIAMS, of Roxbury, Massachusetts. One of the first settlers in that town. Issue: Samuel and others.

2ND GENERATION

SAMUEL WILLIAMS, deacon in church at Roxbury, Massachusetts.
Issue: Ebenezer and others.

3RD GENERATION

EBENEZER WILLIAM, SR., married Penelope Chester May 4, 1716, of Pomfret, Connecticut. Ordained minister in 1715. First to preach in Pomfret. Issue: at least five sons. Samuel, born May 27, 1717 Chester, born in 1718; Ebenezer, Jr., born in 1720 and died young; Neberbad, born in 1721; and Ebenezer, Jr., (the second), born in 1723.

4TH GENERATION

EBENEZER WILLIAM, JR., born in 1723. Married Jerusha Porter of Hadley, Massachusetts, daughter of Eleazer Porter. Called Colonel Williams, he probably served in the Revolutionary War, being in his early fifties at the time. He died August 22, 1780. His wife Jerusha died September 23, 1805. Issue: thirteen children. One of who probably was Jerusha.

5TH GENERATION

JERUSHA WILLIAMS, born about 1757. Married September 21, 1775, in Union, Connecticut, to Ebenezer Lillie. Applied for Revolutionary War pension while living in Pownal with her son, Caleb Lillie, at the age of 84. She died October 1, 1846. (See Pension, Bureau, Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C.)

6TH GENERATION

LUCINDA LILLIE, born about 1775-76 in Union, Connecticut. Married William Philips.

The above data is to be found mostly in the church records of the Congregational Church in Union, Tolland County, Connecticut. There are also a number of books on the Robert Williams of Roxbury, Massachusetts, listed by Goodspeed's, 18 Beacon St., Boston, Massachusetts: *Williams in America* by S. W. Williams; *Williams, Surnames and Coats of Arms* by A. D. French; and another by A. H. Wright. All were published in the

1800's. It is said that they came from Wales, and that there was a family seat at Flint, Wales, and in Lincolnshire, England.

In Culyer Reynold's *Hudson and Mohawk River Valleys*, I found the following:

1ST GENERATION

WILLIAM CHESTER of London, England, and Barent, Hertford County.

2ND GENERATION

LEONARD CHESTER, son of William, was of Blaby, Leicestershire. Married as a second wife Bridget Sharpe, daughter of John.

3RD GENERATION

JOHN CHESTER, also of Blaby, married Dorothy Hooker, daughter of Thomas.

4TH GENERATION

LEONARD CHESTER, son of John, born in 1609 in England, and died in 1648 in Wethersfield, Connecticut. Settled first in Wattertown, Massachusetts, about 1633. Moved to Wethersfield in 1635. Married Mary (?).

5TH GENERATION

JOHN CHESTER, second son of Leonard and Mary, born in Wattertown, Massachusetts, August 3, 1635, and died February 23, 1668. Admitted as a freeman in Wethersfield in May, 1658. Became Deputy of House in 1675. Was in the First Connecticut Troop. Married in February, 1653-54, to Sarah, daughter of the Honorable Thomas Wells of Connecticut. Issue: Mary, who married John Wolcott; Stephen, married Jemina Trest; Sarah, married Simon Wolcott; Thomas, married Mary Trest, daughter of Richard; Samuel; Prudence, married James Trest; Eunice, married Rev. T. Stevens; and John Chester, born in 1665.

6TH GENERATION

JOHN CHESTER, JR., born in October, 1656, and died December 14, 1711. Married Hannah Tolcott of Glastonbury, Connecticut (1665-1741), November 25, 1686. Issue: Mehitabel; Mary;

Hannah; Prudence; Penelope; Eunice; Thomas; and John Chester, born June 2, 1703, eldest son and seventh child. Married Sarah Noyes.

7TH GENERATION

PENELOPE CHESTER, born in Wethersfield, Connecticut. Married Ebenezer Williams May 4, 1716, of Pomfret, Connecticut.

Again I have to admit I have little information on the next two families, Dennis and Putney. In *Vital Records of Dudley, Massachusetts* and *Town Records of Dudley*, they are mentioned many times, with Joseph Putney and John Dennis being the first to settle in that town. We find the births, marriages, and some deaths of the children of Nathan and Damaris (Putney) Dennis, with the exception of Elizabeth, who was born September 9, 1726, before they moved from Andover, Essex County, Massachusetts, to Dudley. Issue: Damaris Dennis, born June 1, 1731, married Joseph Clemens; Ebenezer, born January 25, 1735-36; Jonathan, born in 1728, married Mehitable Curtis; Nathan Jr., married Sarah Mackinter of Oxford, Massachusetts; Eunice, born December 20, 1739, married Caleb Pond; Lois Dennis, born August 6, 1742.

In the marriages of Dudley, I found a second wife for Nathan Jr., Rebecca Jewel, widow, married February 6, 1781. In a letter sent to me by Mr. Claude Barlow of Clark University, Worcester 10, Massachusetts, November 7, 1954, it states that further data can be found concerning these families in the records of Essex County, Massachusetts. I also located a Lieutenant Eleaser Putney, his wife Abigail, and several of their children in the *Vital Records of Dudley*. Lieutenant Putney served in the Revolutionary War. He died, age 77 years, March 27, 1809. This would make him either a much younger brother of our Damaris Putney, or a cousin.

CHAPTER VIII

FILE, FINKLE FAMILIES

1ST GENERATION

JOHN MELCHOIR FILE, known as Melchert, Melleger, etc. Probably born in Germany. Married Elizabeth Reichert-Hausing in Albany, New York. Married second Catarina Henner (Hayner), daughter of Johanes and Eva Van Etten Henner. Will and inventory in probate's office, Troy, New York. Buried with second wife, Catarina, in first Gilead Lutheran Church cemetery at Center Brunswick, New York. Issue: Elizabeth, born in 1761, Maria, Catherine, Isaac, Jacob, Magdalena, Melchert, and Christopher by first wife Elizabeth; Adam, Abraham, Anna, Eva, Conrad, David, Anna, Maria, Sara, and Paulus, born in 1803, by second wife Catarina. Births of last group of children found in Gilead Lutheran Church register in state library, Albany, New York.

2ND GENERATION

CONRAD FILE, born May 24, 1786, in Center Brunswick, New York. Married Sophia Parker. He died, age 64, in 1849. Both buried in Gilead Lutheran Church cemetery in Center Brunswick. Sophia, born in 1793 and died in 1887, age 84. Issue: Catherine, born in 1815, married Orland Green, had issue: Herbert and Anna Green; Frederick, born in 1816, had two sons, one of which was Franklin Feyle (note spelling, said to have been a newspaperman in New York City); Mary File, born in 1819, married a Wiltsie, and had Hattie; George Anson File, born in 1821; Jonas File, born in 1823; Sara Jane; Isaac; Adelia Olivia; and John File. Last two lived in New York City.

3RD GENERATION

JONAS FILE, born June 6, 1823, in Center Brunswick, New York.

Married Sarah Finkel in 1845. He died in 1907. Sarah was born in 1820 and died in 1893. Both are buried in Eagle Mills, New York. Issue: Martha Frances, born in 1848 and died in 1932; Horatio Laymore File, married Ella Clark, no issue; Charles File, died young; George File; Daniel Simmons File; Elizabeth, died unmarried; Harriet; Mary, died age 18.

4TH GENERATION

MARTHA FRANCES FILE, born September 5, 1847-48, died February, 1932, in San Benito, Texas. Married March, 1870, in Center Brunswick, New York, to Alfred Philips Hall, son of Justin and Jane Philips Hall. Issue: Caroline Melissa, born in 1871; Charlotte, born in 1873; and Alfred Philips Hall, Jr., born August 1, 1875.

DANIEL SIMMONS FILE, married first Cornelia Ostrom. Issue: Lulu Belle File, married Robert Allen, and had Cornelia Mae Allen, who married Philip White, no issue; Ethel Allen, married Joseph Fatros, no issue; Harold Allen, married Laura Almy, no issue; Lulu Belle Allen, married Fayette Loomis, no issue. Daniel File married second Lorinda Brooke. Issue: Verna Elva File, married Brainard Cipperly, no issue; Elvin File, married Alice Quant, no issue; William File, married Ada Bamme, and had Katherine File, who married John Ray, issue: Donna Ray.

GEORGE HENRY FILE, married Sarah Boughton. Issue: Grace, who married Samuel Lowman, and had Mildred Lowman; Ethel Lowman (married Hertford Smith, issue: William); Lettie Lowman (married and had issue not known); Mable Lowman; Jennie Lowman; Katherine Lowman; and Russell, who died young.

HARRIET SALOME FILE, married Chauncey Traver of Nassau, New York. Issue: Henry, married; Clifford, married; Daisy Traver, married Randell Daring (issue: William, Robert, and Douglas Daring).

Little is known about the early origin of the File family. They came with the other Palatines to America in the early 1700's.

The husband and father died enroute, leaving his wife and at least four children to complete the journey. It is said they settled in Dutchess County, New York, where the widow either died or remarried. It isn't until the four known children are grown that we find data concerning them. Both Mrs. Egan, of Hudson, New York, and I found Peter File in a Dutchess County census. John Melchoir File and the two we believe to have been his sisters are mentioned in Albany County records. Some of this lack of information may have been due to the change in spelling of the name. The Reverend Burnett, whose ancestors were among those same Palatines, has a footnote in his book, *History of the Gilead Lutheran Church*, stating that "the name 'File' was originally spelled 'Veile'," and that clerks writing it down spelled it as they thought it sounded. Records show that there were Veiles who came to this country at that time and who retained the spelling of the name. There are also those of our own family who spells their name Feyle.

John Melchoir probably grew up in Dutchess County, but we begin to find definite data on him as a young man in Albany County, New York, where he met and married Elizabeth Reichert-Hausing. (See *Genealogies of First Settlers in Albany County*, by Pearson, 1872, p. 48, Feil-Fyle.) The actual marriage is said to have taken place in Dutchess County, town of Rhinebeck, and two of their sons must have been born there, since the baptisms of Elizabeth File and the younger children are the only ones found in the Dutch Reformed Church records of Albany from 1761 on. Elizabeth is said to have been the daughter of Ryhart Hausin of Albany. It is in Albany that Elizabeth died, and John Melchoir File, after placing their children with relatives, disappears.

Mrs. Egan located the following information during her research on the family. "Isaac Van Aerman (Aerham) and Elizabeth Phyle, March 5, 1749, in the New York Dutch Reformed Church in Albany." She is given as "from Brunswick," and was Isaac's second wife. After the death of her bother John's wife, Elizabeth, Mrs. Van Aerman, and her husband Isaac adopted her neice and namesake, Elizabeth File. Mrs. Egan and I, after

checking thoroughly, came to the conclusion that Elizabeth File Van Aerman and the Maria File who married George Hutton were sisters of Peter and John Melchoir File, since the dates fitted perfectly. Elizabeth File, adopted daughter of her aunt, married John Folsom in 1781. In their home lived an unmarried woman, Maria File, known as Aunt Maria, whom we believe was a younger sister of Elizabeth File Folsom. Another sister, Magdalena, married a de Vor.

According to Mrs. Egan, John Melchoir disappeared after his wife's death and was not heard of again. This seems odd, since in the marriage record given above, Elizabeth Phyle (File) is given as "from Brunswick," date 1749. In the *History of Rensselaer County* by Sylvester, it states that John Melchoir File and his son, Christopher, age four, appeared in Center Brunswick in 1764, which makes it seem as if the Phyles or Files lived in Center Brunswick in 1749, and that John returned there in 1764. Mrs. Egan assured me that none of her family knew what had become of Melchoir, as he was called, and that she had been trying to locate him for twenty years in order to clear up her File line. Mrs. Egan descends from his daughter Elizabeth, who married John Folson.

The will and inventory of the property of John M. File is located in the office of the surrogate in Troy, New York. He states that he is the John Melchoir File known as Melleger File. He names his wife Catarina, the children who have already received money, and gives his farm to Adam and David. He takes care of the future of the children who are still minors. The inventory is long. It lists his stock, farm equipment, cash on hand (gold, silver, and bills), and about thirty notes against people owing him sums ranging from seventy-five to over a thousand dollars. Aunt Carrie and I each have a copy of these two papers.

In the book *Annual Report of the State Historian*, p. 815, we find Sergeant Melleger Feyle as "coming from above Poesten's Kill." This was in the King's Militia in 1767. He was in his late sixties when he became a private in the Revolutionary War. When Aunt Carrie was doing research on this family, she was told that old Melleger had twenty-three children, and that after

his first wife died, he left their children with her relatives who were Tories, and who later went to Canada. Mrs. Egan, of course, was indignant about this and came up with overwhelming proof that all fought in the Revolutionary War. In New York state court records for this period I find several incidents which might have given rise to such stories. John Melchoir File and his son Christopher were arrested for passing counterfeit money and for aiding and abetting in the escape of a "known Tory." First they passed fifty dollars of Continental money later found to be counterfeit. They were exonerated of any guilty knowledge, but were told to replace the money paid to Peter Schmidt and Philip Coenradt. Also they assisted in the rescue of Herbert Lansing and Andries Stall from the custody of Elijah Adams, officer of the law. Melchoir File was released on "his own good behavior during the present war with Great Britain." The date given is March 9, 1781, and the data is found in *New York State Commission for Detecting and Defeating Conspirators, Minutes of the Albany State Board*, pp. 612-20. Just remember that there was no single standard of money at that time, and one could pay a bill today with money that tomorrow would not be considered legal tender. All of the men included in the second case were friends and neighbors of Lansing and Stall. They were honest church men who had fought well for the Colonists during the Revolutionary War, but they did not want to see these long-time friends suffer imprisonment and persecution because their convictions were different.

I found our John given as Malecart File in the 1790 census, and in the Haverstrawntown, Dutchess County, census for the same year I saw the name of John's brother, Peter File.

Conrad File's wife, Sophia Parker, was the sister of Mary Parker, who married the son of General Morrison. Aunt Carrie says that as a child she was taken to visit the Orlando Greens (Catherine File). While there, they went upstairs to see an old lady who was sitting in a chair. She was told that it was her great-grandmother, Sophia Parker File. Sophia had a sister, Jane, who married a Conrad and lived in Cobbsville, New York.

One of grandmother's brothers, when a young man, went to

call on a young lady. He enjoyed her company very much and returned several times; the next thing he knew he was engaged to marry her. The day of the wedding arrived, and the young man, feeling he was being rushed and still not knowing just what he did want to do, was discovered by his friends as he was going out of the window. The marriage proved a very happy one, but unfortunately the bride died when her baby came.

Our grandmother, Martha Frances File Hall, had beautiful auburn hair that hung in heavy tight curls to her waist. (The red hairs comes from the Finkels and the dead black from the Files.) She was a gay young person, very original and very popular, an individualist and a leader. She married in a green silk dress instead of the traditional white because "everyone wore white." She did crazy things for those days, and she loved to dance. Prolonged visits to her Uncle and Aunt Dankers in New York City showed her a different way of living and broadened her horizon. She did not rush into marriage as did most of her friends, and when she did her life was far from easy. It took her husband, Alfred Hall, some time to find a field that would furnish a good income and a future. Meanwhile they lived with her parents and his father, Justin, who would have taxed the patience of a saint. The children were coming close together, money was scarce, then, just when they felt they could afford to move into a place of their own, Alfred died suddenly of typhoid and pneumonia. Martha found that as soon as her baby came she would have to earn a living for herself and three children. Jane and Justin Hall took the eldest child, Caroline, her own people looked after Lottie (Charlotte), and when the baby came, she tried to keep him with her. Having a natural flair for designing and needlework, she turned to her sister-in-law for help. In Caroline Clint's shop she learned the fine points of dressmaking and was soon in demand among the villagers and country people. This type of sewing did not give her an opportunity to utilize her talent or ideas, and it wasn't until many years later, when she was sewing for the wealthy families of Troy and Albany, that she came into her own. Her fashion books were the best in America at the time, and they were supplemented by beautiful

colored plates from Paris, France. Grandmother never had much money, since she was always helping someone. When she lived in the yellow house on Pawling Ave., her daughter Lottie, her father, Jonas File, and a brother lived with her at various times. After we bought the house on Park View Court, both grandmother and Aunt Lottie lived with us until my aunt married, and grandmother came to Texas with the McChesneys. Then she was kept busy keeping house for them and later on sewing for the six females in the family, which left little time for outsiders. After Mother and Daddy separated, and I was divorced from Big Bob, she really had her hands full, since she lived with us from then on until she died. Since I had no income and was in very ill health at the time of my divorce, the judge appointed Grandmother and Daddy legal guardians of my son, Robert, whom she adored. It is to her, in most part, that the credit goes for the clean, fine man he turned out to be. Whenever a great-grandchild was expected, she begged us not to name it "Martha," because "Martha meant tears," and she had had so many.

Grandmother never seemed old to me. Until she had her second stroke at eighty-five, she walked briskly, carried herself well, and her mind was quick and alert. She did most of the housework, all of the cooking, sewing, and had constant care of my son from the time he was two until he was twelve. Sunday was a gala day at the house with everyone expected home, no matter what other plans they might have had. Although money was scarce during those years, no matter how many extra we might bring home for her to feed, Grandmother always managed to make what she had do.

Our ability to wear clothes, as well as our love for "something different," comes from this beloved grandmother. Not long before the stroke that partially paralyzed her, she made herself two dresses that I have never forgotten. One was a small black and white checkered silk that she piped in scarlet, the other was a dark blue silk sprinkled with tiny pale pink and blue flowers. It had soft lace at the neck and wrists. We buried her in that dress, and one of the last things I did was to pluck a fresh red rosebud from her favorite bush among the folds of lace on her bosom.

My Hall grandmothers were two grand old ladies—Jane Melissa Philips and her daughter-in-law, Martha Frances File.

The Files seemed to have been a different type of people from our other German ancestors, the Philips, Heners, Schmidts, etc. They were less thrifty, more mercurial, full of fun and laughter. Four of them had magnificent voices, and one girl, Hattie, was a fine pianist. They sang, by request, in many of the large churches in Troy. In their own Lutheran church, services did not start until the File family arrived. First to enter was Hattie, who played the organ, then Elizabeth, always alone in the front row, followed by Mary and the four boys. After she married Alfred Hall, Grandmother managed to save enough money to pay down on an organ, to the delight of her musical family. They gathered around it to sing, and when tired of that, the boys would load the instrument into a wagon and off they would go to have group singing wherever their fancy took them.

FINKEL FAMILY GENEALOGICAL CHART

1ST GENERATION

JOHAN PHILIP FINKEL, born about 1690. Married Anne Catherine. (See McWethey's *Book of Names*, Kockerthral records.)

2ND GENERATION

JOHAN (JOHN) PHILIP FINKEL, JR., born July 26, 1712, in America. Child of Johan Sr. and Anna Catherine Finkel. Sponsors: Johan Zerb and Anna Schneider. (See McWethey's *Book of Names*).

3RD GENERATION

(We have assumed this generation due to the wide difference in dates between the second and fourth generations. No known data.)

4TH GENERATION

JOHANNES FINCKEL, born about 1760. Married Elizabeth Simmons May 14, 1780 (Gilead Lutheran Church records name "Athermus" is placed with Simmons), witnesses: Albertus Simmons and wife Margaretha. Issue: Martinus, March 28,

1804; Henry, June 21, 1788; Albertus, May 4, 1760; David; Philip; Johannes, Jr.; Wilhelm, July 3, 1797; Jacob, July 6, 1785. (Gilead Lutheran Church baptismal register.)

5TH GENERATION

HENRY FINCKEL, born June 21, 1788, and died October 11, 1828.

Married Catherine Schmidt March 26, 1810. Witnesses, their brothers, John Finckel and Nicholas Schmidt (Gilead Lutheran Church register, state library, Albany, New York, p. 329). Issue: Joseph Jeremiah, baptized February 1, 1816; Elizabeth, baptized July 31, 1811, married Jacob Dankers as second wife; Jane, married Jacob Conrad (issue: Fannie, who married Burrell Link); Joseph, married Edith Streeter; Mary Ann, married first a Simmons, and second, George Boyles; John H., baptized July 22, 1822; Sarah, born July 3, 1820. All were born in Center Brunswick, New York.

JOHN FINCKEL, born August 13, 1790. Married Mary Ann (?).

Issue: Euthemia Theresa, born March 17, 1839; Sarah, born November 12, 1841; Edward Marshall, born August 15, 1849. John is buried on the farm he owned, called the Colluson or Springer farm. His brother Henry is also buried there.

6TH GENERATION

SARAH FINCKEL, born July 3, 1820, and died in 1893 at Eagle Mills, New York. Married November 13, 1845 to Jonas File, son of Conrad and Sophia Parker File. Issue: Martha Frances, born in 1847-48 and died in 1932, married Alfred P. Hall; Horatio L.; Charles; Daniel Simmons; George; Elizabeth; and Mary.

The Finckel coat of arms, found in Reitstal's *Armorial General*, although German, is given in French, as are most European coats of arms. Here is the English interpretation:

"Finkel: German, 'Azur on a mount verde a swan, wings elevated argent over all a fesse or charged with three mullets of the first. Helmet crowned. Crest, a swan charged on breast with three mullets azure. One above and two below. (Mairodonnes).

Bet two elephant's proboscises coupled alternating azure and or, each decorated with ostrich plumes proper proceeding from the mouth.' "

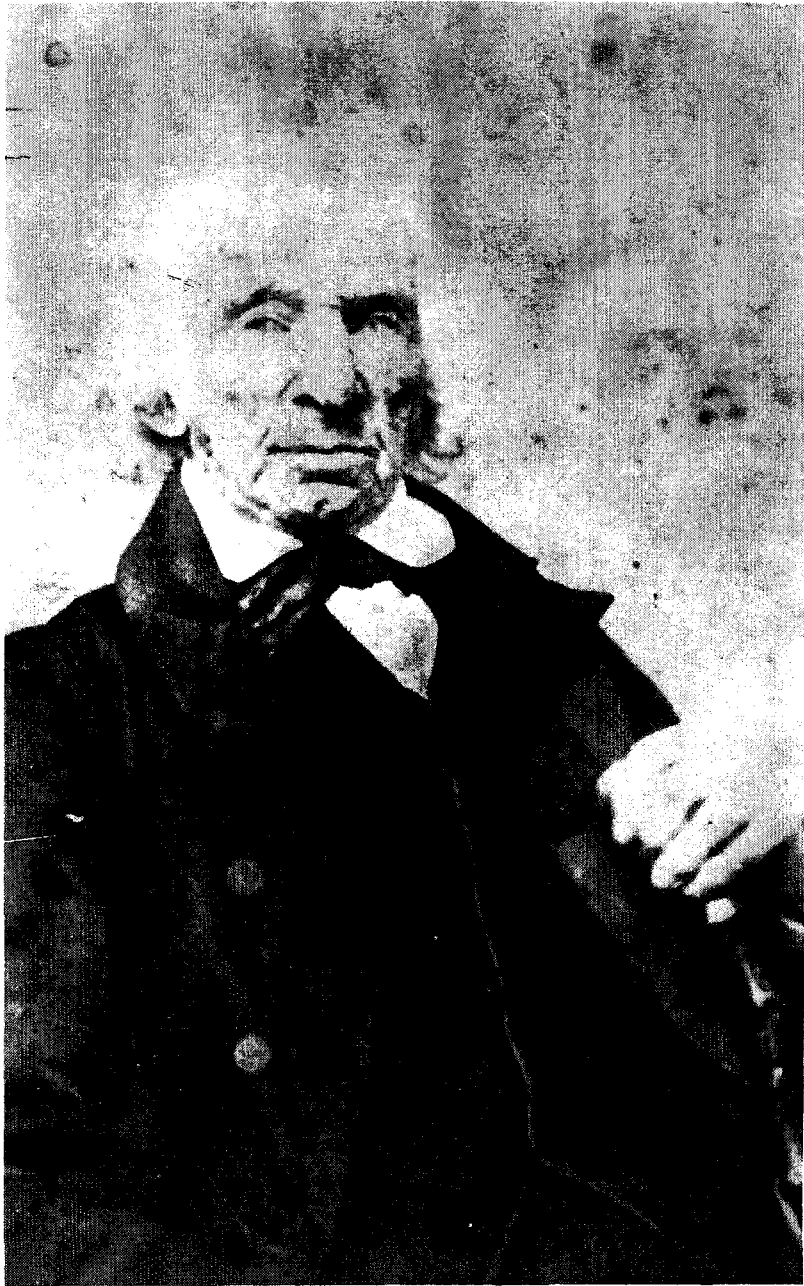
Which means, "on a blue shield a white or silver swan is standing on a green mound. Across the center of the shield, cutting the swan in half, is a gold band on which there are three blue stars." There was nothing further given on the colored plate I found, but in the description sent to me by Miss Keech and Miss Eilers, the crest was a silver swan with three blue stars on its breast, supported by two elephant trunks, one blue and one gold, from which protrude three natural colored ostrich plumes.

I am not going into the explanation of the symbols and coloring, but to say that they were of great stature and strength, lovers of poetry and music. They shone in works of piety, learning, and virtue. The ostrich plumes were granted to men of high military or civil rank, as was the fesse, or band, which is the military girdle of honor.

The Finckels were German Palatines who came to America in about 1709 when the great exodus took place. We find them on Governor Hunter's ration list in East Camp, Columbia County, New York, 1714, and in the Kockerthrahl records (McWethy's *Book of Names*), where we find the baptismal record of John Philip Finckel, son of John Philip and Anna Catherine Finckel, in 1712. After the failure of the many projects planned for these German refugees by Queen Anne of England, a number of them indentured themselves to the wealthy Dutch patroons, who held enormous grants of land along the Hudson River. It is on the land of one of these men, a Mr. Livingston, that we next find our Finckels, along with the Henners, Schmidts, Philips, Hams, Barnetts, Coenradts, etc. In 1724, these Germans who were then tenant farmers, told their patroon that they were going to move unless he stopped raising their rents, and released them from fighting upon call. Livingston dickered with them, but was unable to persuade more than a few to sign an agreement to stay under the terms he was willing to give. Those who left settled in Center Brunswick, New York, on land belonging to Van Rensselaer.

(See Henner and Philips family charts in *History of Rensselaer County* by Sylvester and *History of the Gilead Lutheran Church* by Rev. Barnett).

It is in the Kockerthrall records and early Lutheran church registers that we find actual proof of our line of descent. Starting with Johann Philip Finckel, whose wife was "Elizabeth emeget, born Simmons," we have a marriage record in which she is given as Elizabeth Atherus, May 4, 1780; witnesses Athertus Simmons and wife Margaretha. We are inclined to believe that the witnesses were her parents, since Elizabeth's second name was Athertus and her maiden name Simmons. After John and Elizabeth Finckel moved to Center Brunswick, they attended the first Gilead Luthern Church, known as the "old brick church." The register of this church was lost, and the next one is now so old that it is kept in the vault of the state library in Albany, New York. It is in this second register that we find the baptismal records of John and Elizabeth's children (p. 88 through 100, 110, and 196). John is listed on the roll of the Independent Company of the Manor of Livingston and in the 8th Regiment, Albany County Militia, under Robert Van Rensselaer, during the Revolutionary War. The fact that this was our John Finckel was questioned by the NSDAR, since a Mrs. McCormick of New York City joined that organization on the same Finckel who is the only one given in Robert's *New York in Revolution*. Her application papers gave a different wife and list of children for this man than those I found in the church register. I wrote requesting permission to examine her papers in order that I might see where the difference was, but her secretary replied that Mrs. McCormick knew nothing about the family and was too busy to do anything about it. This seemed odd to me, since the same secretary could have told me that Mrs. McCormick gave her consent to obtaining a copy of her papers from Washington. I have never been able to secure the data elsewhere, and so lost my supplementary fee. It is possible that the original John Finckel may have had more than one son (John Philip Finckel), and that son could also have had a son John, named for the grandparent, which would have resulted in another John Philip Finckel of



WILLIAM PHILIPS, 1771-1872

proper age for service in the Revolutionary War. The one given in the list of Revolutionary War soldiers served under Van Rensselaer, and our Finckels lived on his land, which was then in Albany County. John is not given in the Colonial Militia for 1767, but his son Henry was born in 1788, and John married in 1780, so he must have been born about 1755-60. This made him too young for the 1767 militia, but just right for the Revolutionary War.

The old Finkel (from now on this is the spelling of the name) cemetery is near the Abbott home on the Colluson farm, near Poestenkill Creek road, between Eagle Mills and Poestenkill. It is primarily the John Finkel cemetery, but Henry, who died at an early age, is also buried there. His wife, Catherine Schmidt Finkel Simmons, is buried in the Lutheran cemetery in Center Brunswick.

Catherine, still young and very beautiful at the time of her husband's death, immediately became the target of every single man in the vicinity, even though she had a houseful of children, some of whom were of marriageable age. This was a tragedy for her daughter Jane, who had her heart set on Squire Simmons, a widower, the wealthiest and most important man in the county. It was her mother, Catherine, who became his wife. When he died, he left everything he possessed to her, much to the consternation of his own family. Catherine, in turn, passed the Simmons estate to her Finkel issue.

Sarah, youngest child of Henry and Catherine, married Jonas File. They are buried in the Eagle Mills cemetery, Rensselaer County, New York.

I feel that there is a missing generation back in the early part of the family, since Kickerthrall gives the birth of Johan Philip Jr. as 1712. Allowing twenty years before his marriage, we have the dates 1730-1735. The next marriage date for a John Finkel is 1780, when John marries Elizabeth Athertus Simmons. This John would have been born about 1755-60, making him eligible as a grandchild rather than a child, unless he was born very late in his parent's life. The fact that it is a Philip who is given as living on Livingston Manor and who later moved to Center

Brunswick could be easily explained. Father and son having the same name, John Philip, what could be more natural than to call the father John and the son Philip. John Philip Jr. was about 12 when the agreement of 1724 was signed, but by the time of the second group, he would have been the logical one to make the move to Brunswick.

CHAPTER IX

SCHMIDT, HAYNER, MUSTIER, VAN ETTEN FAMILIES

1ST GENERATION

LUDWIG SCHMIDT, widower from Michelback, near Giessen, Germany. Married September 21 1709, to Elizabeth Becker, widow of Johan Becker of Emmerick in the Palatinate. (See McWethey's *Book of Names*, Kockerthrall records.) Associated with the Wagner family, he moved with them to Brunswick from Livingston Manor, New York. Issue: one known son, Johannes.

2ND GENERATION

JOHANNES SCHMIDT, born April 5, 1730. Married Elizabeth Zipperlee (Cipperly) February 3, 1761. Known issue: one son, Frederick.

3RD GENERATION

FREDERICK SCHMIDT, born February 19, 1783, in Brunswick, New York. A farmer all of his life. Married Eva File, sister of our Conrad File and daughter of Johannes Hener and Eve Van Etten Hener. Issue: Katherine, John F., David, Betsey, Jonas, Sarah, Mose, Daniel, and Silas Schmidt.

This genealogical chart was sent to me by Katherine E. (Smith) Summers. She was born in Clifton Park, New York, and later lived in Troy, New York. The data was taken from the *History of Rhinebeck, N.Y.*

I am sure that we come into the above lineage, probably from Johannes and Elizabeth Zipperly Schmidt, whose known son Frederick was born some twenty years the approximate time of their marriage. In the Gilead Lutheran Church records I

found the following entries all dated after 1755. The first two could be brothers of Johannes Schmidt, born in 1730.

On page 4, "Nicholas and Catherine Schmidt, a son Johannes, baptized March 31, 1756. Herrick and Elizabeth Schmidt, a son Henrick, baptized September 29, 1760. Jeremia Ludwig and Anne Schmidt, a son Johannes, baptized May 2, 1781. Johannes and Margaretha Schmidt, a son Abraham, baptized December 1, 1787."

On page 14, "Johannes and Catherine Schmidt, a daughter Catherine, January 21, 1788." Pages 175, 186, 193, 200, "To Jeremia and Anna Bonsted Schmidt, the following, Catarina, 1793; Elizabeth, 1791; Frederick, July 12, 1795; Maria, 1796; and Henrick, 1798." On page 184, "Johannes and Catherine Schmidt, a daughter Anna Maria, 1794." Page 237, "Frederick and Eva Schmidt, a daughter Catherine, January 30, 1806."

In the surrogate's records in Troy, New York, I found the will of a Johannes (John) Schmidt (Smith), wife Catherine, dated April 8, 1803, in which he gives the name of his wife Catherine and the following children: Catherine, Mary, Sebastian, Jeremia, Leonard, Henry, Paul, Frederick, Elizabeth, and Madelain Smith. The will was probated in 1809 and witnessed by William Smith, William Conradt, Henry Morrison, Henry Hydorn, and Robert McChesney.

Thus we have old Ludwig Schmidt with three possible sons: Johann, born in 1730, and Nicholas and Herrick who were married in 1756 and 1760 (birth dates had to be in the 1730's). Johannes Schmidt (John Smith) could have been the son of any of the three, but he had to have a son Nicholas as well as a daughter Catherine, which indicates that he was the son of Nicholas and Catherine Schmidt, and that he named his son and daughter after his parents. So far so good. Ludwig Schmidt, son Nicholas, grandson Johannes, great-grandchildren Nicholas and Catherine (born in 1788 and married in 1810). The will found in the surrogate court fails to list the name Nicholas. Catherine is given, but we must have a Nicholas, since he was her brother and a witness at her wedding in 1810.

Ludwig Schmidt is found in Culyer Reynold's *History of the*

Mohawk and Hudson River Families, vol. IV, in connection with the Wagners. He is also found in McWethy's *Book of Names* as being from Hunterstown, in 1711, for the Expedition for Canada Volunteers. Their names are among the early members of the Gilead Lutheran Church at Brunswick. In the *History of Rensselaer County*, I found many of the sons listed in the above will. I did not find a Nicholas. In *Annual Report of State Historian, N.Y.*, page 582, in Captain Peter Baines company, Albany Militia, May, 1760, there is a "Nicholas Smith, age 20, born in Livingston Manor, labourer, five ft. six inches, dark complexion, blue eyes and brown hair." On page 855, among eight of this name, is a Nicholas, in Captain Petrey's company, Albany Militia. On page 785, Jacob and Nicholas Smith are listed as deserters from Fort Edward in 1757.

HENER (HENNER, HAYNER) FAMILY GENEALOGICAL CHART

1ST GENERATION

JOHANNES HENER, widower of Birsen, sovereignty of Osbentrach. born about 1680-90. Married July 27, 1710, to Anna Catherine Mustier, daughter of Johannes Jacob Mustier. Issue: Barbara, Barent (Barnard), Margareta, Catherine, George, Warner, Johannes Jr., Samuel, Philip, and Jacob Hener.

2ND GENERATION

BARBARA HENER, married John Mickenpols. Issue: Bastian, 1742.

BARENT HENER, married Elizabeth (?). Had Johannes, born April 22, 1736, who married Susanna and had Bernharden.

MARGARETA HENER, married Hannes Elby. Issue: Anna, 1765.

GEORGE HENER, married Catherine. Issue: Anna, 1745; Elizabeth, 1749; Jacob, 1760; Margareta, 1747.

WARNER HENER, married Maria Krehler.

JOHANNES HENER II, married Eva Maria Van Etten. He was born in 1724. Issue: Catharina, Martin, Conrad, Philip, David, Johannes III.

SAMUEL HENER, married Rebecca Teller. Issue: William, 1760; Catherine, 1763; Jacob, 1766; Jeremiah, 1775.

PHILIP HENER, married January 15, 1751, to Eva Trebor. Issue: Rebecca, 1754; Philip, 1758; Anna, 1764; Petrus Hener, 1770. JACOB HENER, born in 1733. Married Magdalena Kreller. Issue: Maria, 1754.

3RD GENERATION

JOHANNES HENER III, son of Johannes Jr. and Eva Van Etten Hener. Baptized in 1745. Married in 1846 to Catherine Theter. Issue: William, married Mary Wheeler in 1776; Frederick, married Elizabeth Link (Both Jennie and Allen Hayner descended from this man through son David and daughter Mary. Believe Uncle Russ also comes from this line since Frederick had a grandson named Alonzo, and Uncle Russ had a brother, Alonzo McChesney); Peter, 1774; Henry and George, 1771; Jacob, 1780; Catherine, 1782, married a Westinghouse; Andrew, 1780, married Margaret Lohomes; Henrick Hener, 1787.

CATHERINA HENER, daughter of Johannes Jr. and Eva Van Etten. Married John Melchoir File as his second wife. (See File chart). Issue: Abraham, 1779; Anna, 1781; Eva 1783; Conrad, 1786; David, 1791; Anna Maria, 1793; Sara, 1799; Paul, 1803.

4TH GENERATION

CONRAD FILE, born in 1786 in Center Brunswick, New York. Married Sophia Parker. (See File chart for continuation.)

The Hener (Hayner) family was a German Palatine family which fled to Holland and then to America. Some say that the first who came to this country brought enough brick to build his house and that he was very wealthy. It is said that he is the one who settled Haynorsville, a hamlet in the township of Brunswick, New York. If this is true, then it is possible that more than one family of that name came to America, since we have proof that our Johannes Hener was one of those who signed the agreement in 1724 to remain for a longer time on Livingston Manor. The house built of brick from Holland was in the village of Haynorsville, but I cannot see anyone carrying that many brick, first to America, then to Livingston Manor, and then up the

river to Brunswick. Not only that, but in 1710 the Reverend Kockerthal married our Johannes Hanor and Catherine Mustier (see McWethey's *Book of Names*, p. 41). If this brick story is true, it is much more reasonable to believe that Johannes, already well-to-do, prospered to such an extent while on Livingston Manor that he had the brick to build a new house when he made the move to Brunswick. Remember that he was married in this country in 1709, signed the paper in 1724, and moved up-state some time later. If the Haynor who settled Haynorsville did come directly from Holland with a shipload of brick, then there were two different families of Hayners in the town named for them.

Reverend Barnett's *History of the Gilead Lutheran Church* is filled with Hayner information, all of it connected with the Johann or Johannes who came from down river. There is a Hayner family association which puts out a quarterly and holds family reunions once a year. Mrs. Clifford Hayner of Rochester and Mrs. Allen Hayner of Route No. 1, Troy, New York, are officers in the organization.

Due to the fact that Robert Livingston, patroon of Livingston Manor, became greedy and raised the rents to the excessive amount of twenty bushels of wheat, many of his tenants decided to move to Rensselaer Wyck where Van Rensselaer would let them have land for two bushels of wheat, plus four fat hens. The actual price depended upon the location of the land and how good it was. The 1767 map of Rensselaer Wyck shows the farms leased and later bought by Melgert File and Johannes Hener. (See *History of Rensselaer County*.)

In the book, *True and Authentic Lists of Persons from Germany to America*, p. 14, we find Johannes Hoenner with wife and children, 1709, listed. We do not know the names of his first wife and children, but she must have died soon after her arrival in this country, since Johannes married Catherine Mustier in 1710 and by her had ten more children. He, with his second family, was in Haynorsville before 1767, which was twenty years earlier than the gentleman who came with the brick. Records show that he settled there about 1792, but also state that he was

in this country in 1740. Not only did he bring brick to build a house, but he also brought a large Dutch bible printed in 1634. Only the bible is left after the house burned in 1837, and the present structure was then erected.

Reverend Barnett gives many an interesting sidelight on our Hayner family in his *History of the Gilead Lutheran Church*. He shows a picture of the license issued to Johannes Henner, Jr., to open a tavern in Brunswick. This is the one credited to John M. File in Sylvester's *History of Rensselaer Co*. Old account books were found that definitely prove our Johannes was the original owner and that his son Johannes Jr. took it over when his father was no longer able to operate it. (Note: Johannes Hener II was called junior while his father was alive, and then later became Johannes Sr., with his son, Johannes III, being called Johannes Jr.) There is a certificate issued by the Governor of Tyron County (formerly part of Albany County and later split into still smaller counties, one of which is Rensselaer) in the name of George, King of England, giving Johannes Hener II the title of ensign in the King's Militia. This was just before the Revolutionary War. In another part of his book, Reverend Barnett reproduced an odd little advertisement put out by Johannes III, then called John, which stated that he had a slave for sale (p. 65): "in the Down of Droy May th 16 1803 Notis is here by given that I Master John Hayner has Anigrowinch for Sale about Dwentytooyarse old he Lives gust this site the Dutch Mithen house on the hosick Rote."

Bessie Taylor found a book in the Boston library that had been privately printed by Florence Hayner Haskell, which gave the following: "John migrated from Germany to Charlestown, N.Y. He was a Colonel in the Revolution and served seven years. Alex his brother, also settled in Charlestown where he became a well known business man." In the *Holland Society Year Book*, vol. 1900, p. 153, "Jan Janez Hagener drowned in the East River, November 22, 1660." Floyd Hayner and Mrs. Joseph Webster of Rochester, N.Y., sent me this, "Martinus Hayners great grandfather was born in Germany and came to this country about 1650, when Zachanas was three years old. They spelt the name

Hohner which meant 'rooster.' The children were, Zachanas, Henry, Jacob, Martin, Conradt who died. The first of the Hayner family came to America about 1633-56. Andrew, John and Adam Heiner settled north of Troy, N.Y."

MUSTIER (MUSTIRR, MUSSIER, MUSHIER) FAMILY

I had hoped by this time to have obtained something further on this family, but unfortunately I have been unable to do so. Tradition says they were French Huguenots, but in the marriage record of Johannes Hayner and Catherine Mustier of Livingston Manor, her father is given as "Johann Jacob Mustirr," and their original residence as "Steinfurt in Erichgau," which is certainly German. There is the possibility that the Mustiers, like the Du Bois family, fled from France through Germany to Holland, and that their wives were from those countries. Reverend Kockerthrahl gives our John Jacob Mustier in the third group that he brought to America. (See McWethey's *Book of Names*, pp. 53-57, 75-111.)

"Dated June 2, 1709, from St. Catherines, 1745 persons among whom were: Musier, John Jacob, Husbandman and vinedresser, age 54, sons 24-12-9-3; daughters 21-18." On page 3, "Oaths of Allegiance, Mayor Court, City Hall, Albany, 3rd January 1715-16, Jacob Mussier." On p. 41, "in the year 1709, July 27th, Johann Hanor, widower of Birsen, commune of Ostenback, and Catherina Mustirr, daughter of Johann Jacob Mustirr of Steinfurt in Erichgua." Records from Livingston Manor also show this marriage, and those from St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Red Hook, New York, give them as sponsors to their grandchildren at their baptisms.

As the original John Jacob Mustirr had four sons, there would have been an number of descendants bearing the name Mustirr (or variations) by the time of the Revolutionary War. I was told that there is a book on this family, but so far I have not been able to obtain a copy of it.

VAN ETTEN FAMILY

This family is obviously Dutch, but in Robert's *New York in*

the Revolution, I found six different spellings of the name: Van Atten, Van Etten, Van Atta, Van Etta, Van Ette, and even Van Netten. In the same book I found that they came from Dutchess, Tyron, and Albany counties. Files in the Educational Building, Albany, New York, contain the following: *Rhinebeck Documents*, p. 48, "April 12, 1746, Johannes Heiner and Eva Van Etten." Also vol. II, part 2, p. 208, "April 20, 1746, Johannes Hayner, young man down on Livingston Manor, with Eva Van Etten, young woman born in Dutchess County, both living in this place," then in Dutch, "Set upresidenie in Rhinebeck Flats." In St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Rhinebeck, New York, we find recorded in vol. 2, p. 150, "Born May 1, 1764, Margaretha, child of Johannes Hener and Eva Van Etten Hener."

CHAPTER X

MAXWELL, GILLIES, DEGRAF FAMILIES

THESE FAMILIES CONNECT with our Hall line in the ninth generation through the marriage of Eva Frances Gillies, daughter of Edward Allen and Clarissa Luantha (De Graff) Gillies, of Troy, New York. and Alfred Philips Hall Jr. Edward Allen was the son of John S. E. Gillies and the Honorable Agnes Maxwell. Both families come from Scotland; the Gillies from the north and the Maxwells from the southern part near Edinburg and Sterling. I have always been told that we descended from the powerful Clan Chattan, and that we were connected in some way with the MacPhersons, the Campbells, and the Duke of Argyle. In *Burke's Peerage*, 1902, under the entry Grant-MacPherson, I found a brief resume of the early origin of the family. Chief of the Clan Chattan in the reign of David the first was Gillicattan, and the tribe was designated as of "Slioch Gillies." In 1153 Ewan Boan, then Abbott of Kingussie, applied to the Pope for permission to marry, since his brother David, head of the clan, had died. His wife was Marya, daughter of the Thane of Calder. Their son was called MacPherson, since he was the son of a "parson." A younger son was called Gillies, and it was he who founded the house of Gillies. This was in the reign of Alexander the III. The Gillies also claim descent from Donald, grandson of Someried of the Isle. The name was Gillie-Brighde, son of Gillie-Adaman. It is said that Lord Byron wrote about our clan in one of his poems on the Sottish border chiefs. Agnes Hewitt and Mother both said that their great-grandfather was the first male born in Glengary castle in one hundred years. No one seems to remember his name, but he married Sarah Haig, and his son and grandson, John S. E. and Edward Gillies, claimed close cousinship to Sir Douglas Haig. When Sir Douglas visited the United States, he went to Philadelphia to see his

cousin Maria Gillies Robinson, who gave a garden party costing over two thousand dollars in his honor. She invited all of the Gillies clan. I saw my mother's invitation, but she couldn't go and the invitation was not saved. Agnes Hewitt of Amsterdam, New York, has a newspaper account of this party. The Haig castle, "Bemersyde," is near the border of Melrose and has been occupied by the Haig family for seven generations. Great-grandfather Gillies also had a sister who remained in Scotland. She married Colonel John Weir, and their sons graduated from Oxford University.

There are two versions to the meeting and marriage of John S. E. Gillies and Agnes Maxwell. One is that Agnes Maxwell, a divorcee with a small son and daughter, met, fell in love with, and married John Gillies while on the ship that was bringing her to America to join her father and brothers. John was en-route to Virginia where he had relatives. That is the story I was raised on. Several years ago Agnes Hewitt (Mother's first cousin) spent the winter with us and repeated the story she had always heard from her mother, Jane Gillies Hewitt. John Gillies and Agnes Maxwell were married in Scotland just before they started for America. They lived first in Uniontown, New Jersey, where a year from the day of their arrival their eldest child, Jane, was born (1848). The entire family of Maxwells moved to Cohoes, New York, where Edward and his eldest son John established knitting goods mills. (See *History of Cohoes*.) They next moved to Amsterdam, New York, where another mill was opened, and the family established permanent homes in the neighboring village of Rockton. (See *History of Montgomery County*.) Mother said that John had plenty of money and never worked a day in his life. Agnes says that he and his wife had a store in Rockton. He enlisted in the Union army during the Civil War and was sent to Fort Du Bussy outside of Washington, D.C. From there he went out on forays until he was wounded. Agnes immediately moved her family to Alexandria so she could help nurse him. Being the sort of person she was, she also cooked, washed, ironed, wrote letters, and waited on General Sherman and the wounded and sick soldiers in the hospitals there. Today she would be

called a "Grey Lady," but then the soldiers' name for her was "Mother of the Regiment."

She baked many a pie for President Lincoln, and as often as he rode past her apartment on his way to the fort, he would stop and take her little daughter, Ellen, for a short horseback ride. One time when the eldest child, Jane, wanted to go home to Rockton, Lincoln suggested that she go with one of his men whom he was sending to the Maxwell mills to select woolen material for the soldiers' winter uniforms. Jane had heavy curly hair and on the return trip neither Jane nor the salesman could comb it. A lady sitting near them on the train offered to do it, and also offered to take the child to the president until he could send her to her mother in Alexandria. While waiting at the White House, they had breakfast in the Gold Room. I have a copy of a letter written by Agnes Gillies to her husband after he had been sent home, and she remained to help at Fort Du Bussy. It is dated 1865 and in it she says "Johnny went away last week and I have not heard from him since." Johnny was her sixteen-year-old son by her first marriage. He was captured and kept a prisoner in Libby prison, where he received a back injury from which he suffered most of his life. The older members of the family say that if Lincoln had not been assassinated, Agnes Maxwell Gillies would have received some sort of recognition from him for her services during the Civil War at Fort Du Bussy.

Agnes died in 1873 and was buried in Rockton. John married Martha Bower, a widow with a son, who owned a farm southeast of Troy. Altogether there were nine Gillies children: John and Mary took their stepfather's name; then Agnes and John had Jane, Ellen, and Edward Gillies; and four more Gillies children were added by John's marriage to Martha Bower. Uncle Roy, Mother's youngest brother, said he used to go out to the farm and that he remembered his grandfather standing proud and straight, hands resting on a gnarled stick, his long hair blowing in the wind—exactly as he pictured a Scottish chieftain when he stood looking out over the wild mountains of northern Scotland. Uncle Roy says his hair was golden, but Aunt Carrie Gillies Gfroerer says that when Uncle Roy saw him, John Gillies was

an old man, and his hair would have been white. I believe Uncle Roy is, in a way, correct, since my mother had the same real golden hair, and until a few years before she died at eighty-three, one could see very little grey, since it was lost in the gold.

The Maxwells stem from "Maccus," son of Undewyn, supposed to have been of Norwegian ancestry. Maccus was given a grant of land on the Tweed River by David, youngest son of Malcolm II. From the fishery attached, the "Maccus-well" or Maxwell was derived. From here on the line can be found in *Burke's Peerage*, 1902, pp. 1025-28, Maxwell of Monreith, of Pollock (Pollok), Farnham, Springkell and Caldwell. There are several coats-of-arms for this family, and I do not know just which one was used by our immediate ancestor, Edward Maxwell, or his parents, before he came to America in the 1840's. I do know that the motto is "reviresco" (I rise again). In *The American Armory* by Bolton there is a description of a memorial window in St. Mark's Church in Philadelphia.

"Quartl Argent a double headed Eagle sa beaked and membered gu charged on breast with an inscrutcheon argent. (Bearing a saltire sa) Maxwell; 2; Quart 1 and 4, or a saltire gu; Quart 2 and 3, arg 3 boars. 3: quart vaire and gu, over all a bend or (Constable: 4 Az on a bend bet 2 coties arg billets sa. Haggerston.)"

In checking through the various coats-of-arms I find that the motto "I am ready" or "reviresco" belonging to the Baronets of Nitherdale and Pollack are similar to the one I have given above that belongs to one of our Philadelphia Maxwells.

It is said that our Edward Maxwell was disinherited by his family because he went into trade. He was an inventor, and he owned mills in Wilton Dean, Scotland (a small village near Hawick). Mother had a postcard sent to her by a great-aunt which showed a large estate or castle on the banks of a river. It had been the home of our Edward Maxwell in Scotland. My cousins, Claire Gfroerer Silverman and Irene Gfroerer Stalions, visited Wilton Dean in the summer of 1957, but the castle had been torn down many years previously, and no one by the name of Maxwell could be located.

When about fifty years old, Edward Maxwell decided that he was not being offered enough money for his inventions and that the New World would give them all more advantages, so he and most of his sons and daughters came to Uniontown, New Jersey, in about 1842. While there, they were joined by his daughter Agnes, her two children, John and Mary, her new husband, John Gillies, and another daughter whom I believe was Ellen. Edward's wife, Ellen Grey Maxwell, had died in Scotland, and his eldest son, John Maxwell, had married Margaret Davidson shortly before leaving for America. John seems to have been his father's representative, because while Edward had all of the money, John Maxwell is given full credit for the mills in Cohoes and Amsterdam, New York. Yet both Edward and John Maxwell were called the "Knitting Goods Kings of America." Most of the family is buried in Rockton, New York. All claim to the title and entailed estates was relinquished when the family came to the United States, but when I was a girl, a ninety-nine-year lease expired which resulted in a large sum of money being left to the American branch of Maxwells. Now whether the issue of John Maxwell was notified because of being descended from John the eldest son, or not, I cannot say. Only the Philadelphia Maxwells had sufficient money at the time to make such a trip, so without saying a word to any of the rest of the family, Charles Maxwell took his father's lawyer, went to Scotland, and claimed the inheritance. According to a letter I have, Agnes Hewitt's and Mother's Aunt Ellen went over to Scotland as soon as she could and put in a claim. The lawyers there were very apologetic and explained that the money had already been paid to a Mr. Maxwell from Philadelphia who had presented sufficient proof of his relationship to satisfy the courts.

Edward and Ellen Grey Maxwell had eight children: John, who took over the mills and later moved to Philadelphia; Ellen; Jeanie; William; Agnes; James; Jessie; and Isabelle Maxwell. Our ancestor, Agnes, married first a man from Europe. They had a son John and a daughter Mary who died while a young girl, and then they separated. Mother says he was a Polish count, but this has never been verified. I do know that he later married

again and became a well-known portrait painter. He was given the honor of painting a member of the royal family of England. He also did a portrait of Captain Scott, husband of Ellen Maxwell Scott, whose descendants live in Boston, Massachusetts, and still own the portrait. He is supposed to have died in London.

Agnes Maxwell was born August 20, 1819, in Wilton Dean, Scotland. She died in Rockton, New York, April 10, 1873, age 54. Her daughter, Jeanie Louise, married Daniel Campbell Hewitt of Amsterdam, New York, and had nine children. Of these children, Jeanie May married Alonzo Wilkes and had a daughter, Dorothy, who married a Peterson, but had no issue. Nias Hewitt married and has a son, Ardison, who in turn married and has a boy and a girl. Agnes Lenore Hewitt, whom I quote so often, never married.

Edward Gillies, son of Agnes Maxwell Gillies, married Clarissa Luantha De Graff of Clifton Park, New York, daughter of Nicholas De Graff and Mary Elizabeth Frances Elmendorf. They had six children, the eldest being my mother, Eva Frances Gillies.

Since this family came to America in 1842, descendants cannot belong to any of the patriotic organizations requiring residence in America previous to that date, but it is said that one of the Maxwells signed the Magna Carta, and Great-grandfather John S. E. Gillies is the only one of my ancestors who fought in the Civil War. Through him we are entitled to membership in the Daughters of the Grand Old Army. Such membership has been established by my Aunt Carrie Gillies Gfroerer of 452 6th Ave., Troy, New York.

For the sake of my cousins on this side of the house, I want to add the following data. Clarissa Luantha De Graff's forebearers came to this country in the early 1600's. The De Graff, Du Bois, and Griffin lines have been accepted by the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution (See Gladys Hall Meier, suppl. lines No. 343463). The Wood family of Clifton Park, New York, were loyalists during the Revolutionary War, living in Massachusetts at the time. When the war started, they fled to England where our Benjamin Wood was born in 1776-77. I

do not know what happened to the family as a whole, but when they were young men, Benjamin and his brother, Aaron Wood, returned to America, and Benjamin settled at Clifton Park Corners, where he married Adriet Du Bois, daughter of Cornelius and Charity Griffin Du Bois. The Elmendorfs are a well-known Kingston and Hurley, New York, family. The name was originally Van Elmendorf. Samuel Elmendorf is said to have gone south for his health and on business. While in either Louisiana or South Carolina, he met and married Clarissa La Mar, said to have been the daughter of a Judge La Mar and of French descent. We know they had five children who died of black diphtheria in Charleston, South Carolina. They then moved to Schoharie County, New York, where they had Mary Elizabeth Frances Elmendorf, born according to a sworn statement of her father's in 1830 (death certificate and tombstone differ, and census for 1850 for Clifton Park gives still another date; Mary Matilda Louise, born in 1832; and Peter Harvey Elmendorf, born about 1836. We have never been able to connect Samuel with any particular person in either Hurley or Kingston, so we do not know his parents. His wife, Clarissa, moved to Hurley from Schoharie County after his death. She speaks of law suits and relatives in letters which she wrote to her daughters, and which are now in the possession of Mrs. Claire Silverman. She particularly mentions a Jane Elmendorf who lost a little girl. Clarissa later moved to Napponock and Warsing. Matilda married John De Graff and had a son, William. She divorced John and later married a southerner. He fought with the South during the Civil War. We do not know what became of her or Peter Harvery, who joined the Union Army and was never heard of again. Mary Elizabeth Frances married Nicholas De Graff and had one child, Clarissa Luantha, who married Edward Allen Gillies. They had my mother, Eva Frances, Carrie Agnes, Lester, and LeRoy Gillies. Clarissa and Edward Gillies were divorced and Edward remarried in Montezuma, Georgia, and had a daughter, Mary Agnes.

Carrie married William Gfoerer of Troy, New York. Their issue was: Claire, who married Sam Silverman of New York

City, and Irene, who married Bert Stalions, and had Claire Irene and Robbis Lou. Both of these girls married; Claire Irene has Michael and Steven, twins; Beth; and Brian Adams. Robbie has Tommy, Kathleen, Donna, and Susan Berg. William Gfoerer married Judy and has no issue. Paul Gfoerer married Madeline and has Jane, Paul, and Bruce. Lloyd Gfroerer married Olive, and had Lloyd Jr., and Joyce. He married second Genn (?), no issue. Joyce had a son Jerry Murphy, born in Germany. The boys had the name of Gfroerer changed to Frerer.

Later Harvey Gillies married but had no children. LeRoy D. Gillies married three times, and by the second marriage had Lester, who married and has a son and a daughter, and grandchild. Mary Agnes Gillies married and has two daughters. She lives in California.

CHAPTER XI

DANKERS, NOEL, FERROL, BERRY, HIGGINS, DEMIC, WELLS, BRASHIER, EASTER, ROGERS FAMILIES

JUSTIN PHILIPS HALL, TENTH GENERATION, married Margary Ferrol Dankers, daughter of Anna Berry and Andrew Otto Dankers, in San Benito, Texas. Otto Dankers was the son of Henry and Mary Walters Dankers of Germany. Anna Berry was born December 2, 1875 in Brownwood, Nebraska, of Andrew J. and Margary (Marjorie) Noel Berry. I did considerable research on this prolific family, but due to lack of interest and money, I had to drop it. They are found in Virginia, Kentucky, and North Carolina. One Andrew Berry, private, from Virginia, seems the most likely as being a Revolutionary War ancestor.

Margary Noel was born August 3, 1844 in Niles, Michigan, daughter of Doctor Jesse and Mary Ann Cotton Noel. Her second name was Ferrol, which we believe was also her Grandmother Noel's maiden name. It is in Virginia where this grandmother was born and died, that I found the following two items: "John Ferrol, a drummer boy, 5th and 11th Continental Line, Virginia" (see *Revolutionary Soldiers of Virginia*, p. 270); and a record of a deed with the names of Elizabeth and James Ferrol on it. In the military records I noticed that both Ferrol and Farrol are given for the above-mentioned John Ferrol. I also found John Ferril with Farrol given beside it. Checking further I found two other men listed as Farrol, each with the first name of John and the same service. This gives us three spellings of the name and opens a way for further research. It is possible, of course, that Mary Ann Cotton's mother was a Ferrol, but as records show she came from Indiana, and since Jesse Noel was born in Virginia, there is little doubt in my mind that it is Jesse's mother

who was the Ferrol. Five known generations have borne the name: Margary (Ferrol) Noel, Margary Ferrol (Noel) Berry, Margary Ferrol (Berry) Dankers, Margary Ferrol (Dankers) Hall, and my nephew, Ferrol Dankers Hall.

The marriage license of Doctor Jesse and Mary Ann Cotton, dated July 31, 1842, is found in the records of Beriem County, Michigan. along with those of his brothers and sisters. The 1850 census for Niles, Michigan, gives Jesse Noel, wife Mary Ann, a son Madison, and a child whose name starts with an "M," age 7 years. Jenus Dankers Grunn has a picture of Doctor Jesse Noel with this inscription: "Presented to my wife Mrs. M. A. Noel on the 20th day of September, 1873," signed J. Noel, M.D.

Mrs. Maude Harper, Route No. 6, Box 345, Waco, Texas, sent me a brief outline of the origins of the family. They were French catholics from Normandy, and those who followed William the Conqueror to England remained catholics. During the time of Cromwell, one of the Noels challenged the protectors' secretary to a duel in which the secretary was killed and Noel fled to his mother country, France, at the same time changing his religion and becoming a protestant. His descendants remained there until 1685-1705, when they were persecuted by the catholics and forced to seek places of refuge. Our Noel came to America, where he helped found the town of Tappahnnock on the Rappahan-nock River, only a few miles from Ford's creek, where Washington was born. They remained there for one hundred and seventy-five years, taking an active part in the affairs of the community, as many old records found in the court house show. This court house is one of two that survived the Civil War. Mrs. Harper says she found this information in a pamphlet in one of Theopholuis Noel's books.

William Noel was born in Virginia about 1787. There he married three times. His first wife died leaving a child, Maria, who also died when her third child was born, leaving her father to raise her children. We believe William's second marriage was to a Ferrol (Margary or Marjorie), and that a number of children were born to them. In the marriage records of Berrien County, Michigan, we found Jesse, Nancy, and Tinsley

Noel mentioned, and we know that there was another son, Joseph, who was a banker in Chicago, Illinois. The 1850 census for Niles, Michigan, gives the birthplace of these children as Virginia, and also lists the father, William, and his third wife (born in Virginia), Hetty, with their five children: William Jr., born in 1836 in Michigan; Theophilus, born in 1840; Gideon; Margaret; and Martha Noel. From this we assume that Jesse's mother died about 1830 in Virginia.

Shortly after 1854, William moved his family to Seguin, Texas. With him came the children of his eldest daughter, Maria Noel Griffin, his wife, Hetty, and their children. The census of 1850 says William was a carpenter; the 1860 census of Seguin has him as a farmer, but his descendants insist he was a doctor. His son, Theophilus, is probably more accurate when he says in his book, "My father was a doctor, but he didn't work much at it." Most Texas Noels descend from William and his first and third wives. There is a Mrs. Carmine Luce, 154 Kirk Place, San Antonio, Texas, who is a direct descendant of Maria Noel Griffin's, and a Mrs. Virginia Noel Long of 1013 Erie Street, Oak Park, Illinois, wrote me that she had the complete history of this Noel family dating back to their arrival in Virginia. The data is carefully wrapped and stored away, and she wanted \$25.00 to get it out, check it, and then send it on to us. Her brother is Theophilus Noel of Chicago. Doctor Jesse Noel moved to Corning, Missouri, although the photograph given by Jesse to his wife Mary Ann comes from Nebraska City, Nebraska. They left Niles before 1860, since that census fails to list them. Margary Ferrol Noel married Andrew J. Berry in Corning, Missouri, and they are buried there. Margary died January 9, 1915, and Andrew October 9, 1910. Margary was seventy years old. Their daughter Anna Berry was born in Brownwood, Nebraska, December 2, 1875, but spent most of her life in Corning, Missouri, where she married a young railroad man named Andrew Otto Dankers in 1895. When their children were in their teens, they moved to McAllen, Texas. My sister, Irene Hall, went to school with their daughter Valera, and my brother Justin, with Margary, whom he later married. Anna Berry and Andrew Dankers had five

children: Owen, Jenus, Henry, Valera, and Margary. Of these, only Henry and Margary have issue. Anna Berry Dankers died in San Antonio, Texas, in 1957.

Theophilus Noel, son of William and Hetty Noel, was quite a character. With his older brother William, he left home when about fourteen years old. William died, age twenty-two, a few years later, in Richmond, Texas. Theo went on to a life full of adventure and excitement, most of which is given in his autobiography, written and published in his later years, by the Noel Printing Co. of Chicago, Illinois. A copy of this book is owned by Margary Dankers Hall. Mrs. Grunn of San Antonio has a number of pictures, one of which was taken in the living room of their home in Corning, Missouri. It shows "Uncle Theophilus Noel, two neices (children of Joseph of Chicago), Anna Berry Dankers, and her mother, Margary Noel Berry." Jenus Grunn told me an amusing story connected with the visit of her Uncle Theo. Soon after his arrival in their home, it was discovered that he chewed tobacco constantly which created quite a problem, since there was no place for him to spit. Jenus was hastily sent to the store for a spittoon. The storekeeper was slightly taken back at the child's request, but when he got over his surprise, he laughed and said he had not had "one of those things" in the store for years. The picture taken at this time is dated 1912. Jenus also had a picture of a very old man with the names "Norfolk and Battle Creek, Nebraska" written on it, and two "in memoriam" cards for A. J. Berry and his wife Margary Noel Berry.

A history of the Berry family is found in *Colonial Families of the United States*, vo. II, pp. 112-13; also in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, vol. XXIII, p. 14, an article entitled "The Berry Family of Charles Co., Maryland," by Arthur L. Keith, 1928. The Virginia history gives a James Berry as the first to settle in that state in 1630-32 and says he moved to Maryland in 1652. He had a wife Elizabeth and a son William. He died in 1657. The son, William Berry, was born in Virginia in 1635, the only son and heir. This history does not carry any of the family into Kentucky, but it is probable that when the Kentucky territory was opened for colonization some of the family from Maryland was

among the early settlers. This article says that they were of Norman descent, the name having come from the ducal house of "Beri." They were in the county of Sussex, England, soon after the conquest. The arms they bore were stamped on some old family silver which is still in the possession of the descendants of James Berry, first of the family to settle in the new world.

DEMIS, WELLS, HIGGINS, AND ROGERS FAMILIES

Little is known about the Demic family which comes into our Hall line through the marriage of my brother, Edward Allen Hall, to Mildred Inez Demic. Inez says that her father, Harry Augustus, and his brother, George Demic, were from Eastland and Bowie counties, Texas. There were also three sisters, but due to a separation of the parents, the girls were taken by the father to Louisiana and nothing further is known about them. I have not been able to locate anything about the mother, and only that the father came from a German family who changed the spelling of their name upon their arrival in America.

Harry Augustus Demic was born August 14, 1859, in Bowie County, Texas. He married Susan Easter Higgins in Eastland County, and he died February 25, 1939. He is buried in the Ranger cemetery with his wife and her people. He moved to Harlingen, Texas, where he bought a large acreage of land, and where his son, Gus Demic, now lives with his wife and children. I tried to locate something about the mother of Harry Demic, but the person working for me in Ranger searched the records and cemetery for anything pertaining to her with no success.

Susan Easter Higgins, either the first or second child of Moses Brashear and Roseanne Wells Higgins, was born March 22, 1870, some say in Tennessee, a statement which I am beginning to doubt, because her parents were married in Calhoun County, Mississippi, in 1868. She was born in 1870, and they moved to Texas in 1871. If she was born in Tennessee, then Moses and Roseanne moved there immediately after their marriage, stayed a short time, and then came to Texas. Susan is buried in the Ranger cemetery with her husband, Harry Demic, and her parents. She died May 10, 1916, leaving two children, Gus and Mil-

dred Inez Demic, and two living sisters. One, Mrs. Amanda Higgins raised Gus and Inez, and Elizabeth lives in Mineral Wells, Texas. The names Brashear and Easter, usually found as surnames but carried down in the Higgins family as christian names, lead us to believe that they were the family names of Easter Higgins, wife of Moses, the mariner. and that Brashear was probably her maiden name. The Brashears, French Huguenots from Virginia and Kentucky, and the Easters from Maryland, moved down into Georgia, then across Alabama into Mississippi, where the Brashears founded a town by their name, which was later changed to Monroe. A Mrs. S. C. Daniell sent me the following information.

Benjamin Brashear, born September 9, 1727, moved to Kentucky in 1775, and then to Mississippi in 1780. His eldest son, Marshan, remained in Louisville, which he helped lay out. He married, raised a family, and died there in 1807. The children who went to Mississippi were: Captain Robert, married Ann Brocus and had Celeste; Captain Tobias, married Marsha Brook and had Turner Belt, Tobias Jr. Marshan Franklin, Priscilla, and Lucy; Turner Belt; Margaret; Catherine, born in 1764 and died in 1833; Lucy; Sarah; and Esther (note this name).

Benjamin had a brother, Ignatius Brashear, who remained in Kentucky. He had a large family, and some of his daughters came to Mississippi, but none were named Esther or Easter.

Going back to the Higgins family, we find that Moses Higgins Sr., father of Moses the mariner, married Hannah Rogers, daughter of Prince and Susan Snow Rogers. In a book on the Higgins family of Eastham, Massachusetts, written by a Mrs. Higgins of Worcester, we find a brief resume of the Rogers family. Thomas Roger with his eldest son, Joseph, came to America on the "Mayflower" November 11, 1620, and just as they were entering the Provincetown harbor, he signed the famous compact. When in Leyden, Holland, he was a camel merchant (a closely woven waterproof fabric of camel's hair). He sold his home there and joined Colonel Bradford on the journey to America. (See Dexter's *England and Holland Pilgrims*, appendix.) On pages 533-37 we are told that the remainder of Thomas Rog-

er's children came over later, and that Thomas died in the first sickness, but that Joseph was taken into the home of Colonel Bradford, where he lived until he married. One of Joseph's six children was James, born October 18, 1648, at Easthan, Massachusetts. He married Mary Paine January 11, 1670, and died April 12, 1678. He had two daughters and a son, James Jr., born in 1673, and died in 1751, who married Susannah Tracy in 1696. They had three sons: Isaac, 1701; James III, 1706; and Thomas, 1710. James III married Hannah Godfrey of Chattan and had nine children, all born in Easthan. The fourth child was Prince Rogers, born June 20, 1738, who married Susannah Snow, April 8, 1766. Prince died November 7, 1822, at Orleans, Massachusetts. He served in the Revolutionary War and was awarded lot No. 45 in what is now Hampton, Maine. Prince moved his family to Hampton, but after a while returned to Orleans. One of his ten children was Hannah, born October 19, 1771, who married Moses Higgins, Sr., of Easthan.

Moses Brashear Higgins, father of Susan, was born in Louisiana in 1833, according to the 1860 census of Calhoun County, Mississippi. According to his tombstone in Ranger, Texas, his birthdate is January 22, 1837, and he died June 20, 1906, in Ranger, Texas.

"Big Creek, Calhoun Co., Miss. 20th day July 1860 census. Higgins, Moses, m, age 27, farmer, born La. Higgins, Esther, f, age 61, born Miss. Territory. Higgins, Susan, f, age 25, born La."

Family tradition states that his father was Moses Higgins, mariner, of Boston, Massachusetts. Recent information sent to me by William Woodman Higgins of Worcester, Massachusetts, whose mother wrote several books on the Higgins family, is as follows:

Supplement to original book *Descendants of Richard Higgins*, by Catherine Chapin Higgins, p. 53: "Moses Higgins (p. 265), wife Hannah Rogers, born October 19, 1771, dau. Prince and Susannah Snow Rogers of Easthan-Orleans, Mass. . . . Had issue: Mary Higgins, married Obadiah S. Baker. Had a son living in New York City 1854. Hannah Higgins born November 4, 1804, married cousin William Sullivan. She died February 28,

1860, in Bangor, Maine. Had a granddaughter Isabelle A. who married William Southworth, 1908 in Dorchester Mass. (More later.) Mercy Higgins who married a Smith had issue: John, Nathan, Winslow, and Phebe. Almira Higgins married second, Solomon Higgins, had a daughter Charlotte who lived at Orleans, Mass. Moses Higgins, only known son of Moses and Hannah Rogers Higgins, married Esther or Ester (?). He was a mariner lost at sea. In 1854 his widow was living in Mississippi with her children; two married daughters and two single, and one son, living close by her."

On page 56 there are copies of several letters. One is as follows: "11 Wall St., New York City, November 23, 1854, Dear Grandparents: A few days ago I received a letter from Aunt Esther Higgins who now lives in Mississippi and all her children near her. She has two daughters married and two daughters and one son unmarried. . . . When I get another letter from Aunt Esther will give you the particulars and will induce them to come and see you I think it would be a happy time for you to see uncle Moses's family. Yours ever, Obadiah S. Baker."

Two letters from Charlotte A. Higgins give the death dates of her grandparents, Moses and Hannah Rogers Higgins. They were living at East Orleans, Massachusetts. The date for Moses is February 23, 1859, and for Hannah February 4, 1855. On page 14 is the following: "Pages 116 and 172 of the original book, Gideon Higgins, born July 22, 1738, Mayflower descendant, Vol. XX, p. 143." There are several references to Ichabad Higgins which ties in with a Higgins buried in the Jackson, Mississippi, cemetery by the name of Ichabad, date 1840. All are from Maine. The public library of Boston, Massachusetts wrote to me July 31, 1958, and said that on p. 265, Mrs. Higgins states that the father of our Moses Higgins, mariner, was Moses Higgins as I have given above, and that his father, in turn, was Elathan Higgins, born May 31, 1740, at Orleans, Massachusetts, and died February 29, 1816. He is not listed as a Revolutionary War soldier either in Mrs. Higgins book or in *Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution*. Elathan's father was Moses Higgins, born March 24, 1710-11, and the page references I gave her

were to his children. They descend from Richard Higgins, who came to America about 1630. Both books state that Moses Higgins, Jr., mariner, went to New Orleans, Louisiana, and was later lost at sea. Both state that his wife's name was Esther, and that after his death she lived in Mississippi with her children. This all fits in perfectly with the data we secured from the family, and that I also found in Calhoun County, Mississippi. Mrs. Teal, my sister-in-law's aunt, now living in Corpus Christi, says her father's sisters were named Charlotte, Hannah, Polly, and Susan; there are also the names of his aunts back in Eastham, Massachusetts.

The fact that Moses Brashear Higgins named one of his daughters Susan, another Hannah, and another Esther strengthens the belief that he is the Moses Higgins mentioned in the 1850 census of Calhoun County, Mississippi, and in turn connects him with Moses, the mariner, and Moses of Eastham, Massachusetts. Obadiah Baker mentions his Aunt Esther Higgins of Mississippi in 1854 and Roseanna Wells in her pension application, as wife of Moses Brashear Higgins, and states that she is from Calhoun County, and that they were married in that county. This with the fact that Inez says her mother's name was Susan Easter and that she had an Aunt Esther Higgins seems to me to complete a sort of circle.

Moses Brashear Higgins is said to have joined the army when he was sixteen years old, but dates found for his birth certificate indicate he was around twenty when he enlisted in the Confederate service February 6, 1862. He fought at Chickamauga Creek, Georgia, where he was taken prisoner September 20, 1863. He was interned at Camp Douglas, Indiana, until the war was over. While there, on June 13, 1865, he signed the oath of allegiance to the United States of America. In 1914 his wife, Roseanne Wells Higgins, applied for and received a pension. In this application she states that she was born in Calhoun County, Mississippi and was at that time sixty-nine years old; that she married the soldier, Moses B. Higgins, November 26, 1868, in Calhoun County, Mississippi; that she had resided in Texas since 1871; and that her husband died June 31, 1906 (tombstone says

June 20, 1906). Moses B. Higgins served with the 296th Mississippi Infantry, Company F, known as the "Hampton Guards."

Roseanne Wells' parents died when she was small, and family tradition says their children were raised by an uncle and that another uncle took care of their property. In the 1860 census of Calhoun County this tradition is verified. We find "William Wells, his wife Sarah Wells, their four children, and their grandfather, William Wells Sr., age 75, born in South Carolina and listed as a speculator. With this family we find our Roseanna, age fifteen, her brother, John, a sister, Margaret Wells, and a Richard Harris, from South Carolina, age about 25, who is given as overseer. The name of the town in which they lived is Slate Springs.

Mrs. Teal says Roseanne Wells married twice; the first time to a man named Harris, and that she had a son by him. This suggests that she married, before or during the Civil War, her uncle's overseer, who was probably killed in the war, and that she married second (1868) Moses Brashear Higgins. After their marriage it is possible that Moses moved his family to Tennessee where Susan Easter was born, but we have not been able to check this beyond uncertain statements of the family. We feel sure she was not born where the other children were. In 1871 they came to Texas, stopping first in Erath County, then moving to Eastland, where they settled and are buried. Moses and Roseanne Higgins had nine children: Moses B. Jr., who was known as "B" Higgins and who died in Colorado; James, who died in Oklahoma; and seven daughters, among whom were Susan Easter, the eldest child; Elizabeth, who lives in Mineral Wells, Texas; Mrs. Amanda Higgins Teal, the aunt who raised Inez and her brother Gus, and who lives in Corpus Christi, Texas. There was a Bradford and a Cooper given to me for the girls' names, but I do not know if that was their first names or their married names, or anything further about them.

The Wells family, according to the 1860 census record, came originally from South Carolina to Alabama, where William Wells Jr. and his brothers were born; then on to Mississippi, where Roseanna, her brother, sister, and cousins were all born.

In the same census record for Slate Springs, Calhoun County, Mississippi, I found two other Wells given, James Wells and wife Car—(?) both from Alabama; and Albert Wells, born in Tennessee. I found nothing that would give me the names of Roseanne's parents, but I feel a search of the cemeteries in the vicinity of Slate Springs might reveal information concerning this family. (The lady working for me in Mississippi lived in Jackson and was unable to make the trip to Calhoun County.) In the *Collections of the Joseph Habersham Chapter, NSDAR*, of Georgia, and a book written by Colonel James and Mrs. Stubbs of Audobon Park, New Orleans, I found many references to Wells families who were among the early settlers in Georgia and Alabama, but found nothing that would connect those given with our family in Mississippi.

CHAPTER XII

WARD, GRANFIELD, HILL, LORD, SMITH FAMILIES

I HAVE TRIED AND TRIED to secure data on the family of Della Ward, ex-wife of Ferrol Danker Hall, in order that something may be given here for their only child, Cynthia Ellen Hall. Once, while in California, I talked with Mr. Ward, who told me that his family were Dutch and English who settled in the East (I think New York and New Jersey) in the early days of colonization. He was sure some of them fought in the Revolutionary War, but he gave me nothing I could start research on. I have been told by other members of our family living in Benicia, that Mrs. Ward, whose first name is Ramona, descends from the old Spanish grandees, but no one gave me her last name. I was told that someone of Irish ancestry came to California and married a member of one of the old Spanish families, and Ramona's mother or Ramona herself was the result of this marriage. I know that there are very well-to-do relatives connected with Mrs. Ward. Della is a very beautiful girl who looks like her father and is colored like her mother. Cynthia is quite blonde and much more like the Dankers in looks.

I have had the same difficulty getting information about the Granfields and Oaks. These are the lines of June Granfield Hall, wife of Justin (Jerry) Hall Jr., through her father, John Granfield, and her mother, Doris Hall. I know that both families came from Maine and Massachusetts, as did the Hill family, but I have not been able to find out anything further.

It is said that the first person named Hill was Robert de Hill, who in 1066 came with William the Conqueror to England and settled in Nottingham. Hence we assume that they were originally French, but by the time that Valentine Hill came from

London in the ship "Mary and John," there was little French left in the Hills. When the ship sailed, May 31, 1630, Valentine Hill was a very wealthy, retired merchant, who with a small group of other well-to-do men, was seeking a place to establish a colony. He was then married to a girl named Frances, who died soon after their arrival in the New World. In 1649 we find him living near the Pascatur and Oyster rivers in what is now Dover, Massachusetts. He held one high office after another in both town and country. He took for his second wife Mary Eaton, daughter of Governor Theophilus Eaton of New Haven. By his first marriage he had a daughter, Hannah, and by his second a son Nathaniel, John (died young), and Mary, who married John Bass.

Nathaniel Hill married Sarah or Sally Nutter, daughter of Anthony Nutter and Sarah Lanstaff of Welchmans Cove, and granddaughter of Elder Hate Evil Nutter. They had the following issue: Valentine, Samuel, and Sarah Hill.

Samuel Hill married Sarah Thompson and had issue: Valentine H. Hill, born in 1730 and died February 18, 1825. He was known as Lieutenant Valentine Hill. He married Sally Burley and had thirteen children, one of who was a son, Solomon, who died October 2, 1857, age 70 years. He married Sarah Lord February 21, 1805 (she died December 21, 1865) and had a son, Prentis Hall, born March 9, 1866, at Lyman, Maine, and died May 4, 1890. He married Martha Cleaves of Kenneunkport, Maine. She was born in 1810 and died in 1862. They had nine children, among whom was Charles Henry Hill, born July 29, 1843, at Lyman, and died January 9, 1922, at Reading, Massachusetts. He married March 27, 1871, Fannie Isobelle McKay of Reading, who was born in 1853 and died in 1927. They had a son Louis Granville Hill, born September 8, 1871, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and died in Benicia, California. Louis married Hattie Ellen Oaks, who was born August 22, 1873, in Charlestown, Massachusetts, and died November 18, 1922, in Reading, Massachusetts. He married second Marion Campbell Stout, widow, of Medford, Massachusetts, June 5, 1924. Louis Hill had four children by his first wife. Two sons died without

issue, another married twice, also without issue, and a daughter, Doris Madeline Hill, who was born in Reading Massachusetts, July 14, 1902. She married John Granfield of Reading in 1923 and had two daughters, June Oaks Granfield, born August 16, 1927, and Judith Granfield, born September 25, 1930. June married Justin P. Hall, Jr., August 31, 1947, in Benicia, California, and has a daughter, Jane Melissa Hall, named for our "Poesten-kill" Grandmother Hall. Judith married and has a son, Tommy. She lives in California.

References for this information are found in *The Pioneers of Maine and New Hampshire* by Pope; *History of Durham, N.H.*, vol. 2, published by the Maine Genealogical Association; vol. IV of *Glimpses of Fifty Years*, by Frances Willard, published by the Temperance Publication Association, The Temple, Chicago, Illinois; *New Hampshire Genealogical Records*, vol. 3, p. 151; *Landmarks of Ancient Dover*, pp. 101, 138; *Notes from Wentworth Genealogy*, English and American Pub. Co., vo. I, p. 138; *Notes of Historical Towns of New England*, by Lyman P. Powell, 1898; and records compiled by the following: Mrs. Ellen Hill Elwell of Lyman, Maine, Mrs. Frances W. Michie of Biddeford, Maine, and Mrs. Dena Staples of Saco, Maine.

Mrs. June Oaks Granfield Hall is a member of the NSDAR. Her Revolutionary War ancestor was Lieutenant Valentine Hill, and her national number is 385106.

EATON FAMILY

On the 26th day of June, 1637, a company of Englishmen sailed into the harbor of Boston. They were led by the Reverend John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton of London, a retired merchant who had once represented the crown at the court of Denmark. Undecided as to where to settle, they stayed in Boston for several months; then a group of British officers, intent upon driving the Indians towards the valley of the Hudson River, came upon a spot of exceptional beauty. They were delighted at their discovery and wrote their friends in Boston about the wonderful place they had found. Eaton, determined to investigate, took a small vessel and sailed down the coast into the har-

bor of Quinnipac. He and his companions decided this was to be their future home. The dwellings of the new settlement ranged from lovely huts to mansions of great proportions. Eaton, who later became governor, had a house with nineteen fireplaces, and was one of the few homes in the country where sufficient books were found to form a library. Today, over the entrance to Center church is found the following inscription: "Quinnipiac chosen for settlement, A.D. 1637. A company of English Christians led by John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton were the founders of this city."

There must have been two Eaton emigrants, because I found that a Francis Eaton came over on the "Mayflower" in 1620. Theophilus Eaton came from London in 1637. It is from the latter Eaton that June descends.

LORD FAMILY

This data is taken from the *History of Nathan Lord of Kittery, Maine*, by C. C. Lord, p. 53. The line of descent is: (1) Nathan Lord, (2) Nathan Lord Jr., (3) Richard Lord, (4) James Lord. This James Lord was a sergeant in the Second Foot Company, 1st New York-Maine Regiment, Sir William Pepperell, colonel. The roll is dated March 17, 1758. He and his three brothers, Aaron, Joseph, and Jabez were in the expedition to Quebec. Five of his sons were in the Revolutionary War: James Jr., Richard, Jeremiah, Adam, and David. James Lord Jr. was born August 26, 1733, and baptized in Berwick, Maine. He married Mary Chick in June, 1756, and moved to Wells, Maine. There is record of two children: Priscilla, who married Isaac Drew of Coxwell (now Lyman) and Samuel. In 1778 James Lord Jr. and his son, Samuel, moved to Wells, then a part of Kennebunk, where they took up a farm of about 400 acres at the foot of Kennebunk Pond. James was a selectman in 1728-30. In 1786 he deeded part of his property to his wife and the remainder to his son, Samuel. Samuel's daughter, Sarah, married Solomon Hill February 21, 1805. She died December 21, 1861. They had the following issue: Prentis, Granville, Samuel, Charles, Henry, Palmer, Prentis II, Thomas, Dennis, and a daughter, Martha Hill.

SWEETSER FAMILY

The genealogical chart which I found for this family seems to start off with a Francis Smith, freeman of Watertown, Massachusetts, who moved to Reading in 1647. He settled at what is known as "Smith's Pond." He died in 1651 leaving five children: John, Benjamin (born in 1637), Hannah, then another Hannah, and Mary. John Smith married in 1647 Catherine, daughter of Isaac Morrill of Roxbury, Massachusetts. She died in 1662, and John married as his second wife Mary Hill, who is said to have come over on the ship "Planter" at the age of eleven years. At the time of this marriage John was being called "Lieutenant Smith." He had issue: John Jr. (born in 1651), Mary, Sarah, Isaac, Benjamin, Francis, Abraham, James, and Jemina.

Francis Smith, known as Deacon Smith, was born in 1658 and died in 1744, age 85 years. He married Ruth, daughter of Elias and Ann (Harris) Maverick, of Charlestown and Chelsea. He inherited his father's farm. Francis and Ruth had issue: John, Isaac, Abraham, James, Catherine, Benjamin, Ruth, and Mary Smith. Isaac Smith, born in 1682, married twice: first, Mary Pierce of Charlestown in 1709. She died in 1750, and he married Sarah Pratt. He had eleven children, among whom was Mary Smith, born in 1710. She married Michael Sweetser (Sweetzer).

Samuel Sweetser, formerly of Malden or Charlestown, Massachusetts, was the first of that name in Reading. He had a son, Michael, who married Mary Smith, and through her became owner of his father-in-law's (Isaac Smith) farm. They had eleven children, whose names have been preserved in an ancient rhyme:

"Sammy and Rilly, Mike and Moll,
Sally and Lydia, Patt and Paul,
Neliuss and Abbie and our little Betsie."

Mary Smith Sweetser lived to be ninety-six years old; she died in 1806. Her son, Samuel, was born September 1, 1732, and died in 1818, age eighty-six. It is not said who his wife was, but he had a son, Ezra, who married Nancy Hill December 9, 1794. Among their children was Hiram Sweetser, born December 1,

1807, who married Sarah Coney January 3, 1832. They had a son, Samuel Train Sweetser, born January 9, 1835, who married Sarah Kendall, and a daughter Rebecca Lambert Sweetser, born January 31, 1833, who married James McKay in November, 1851. They had two daughters, Jennie and Fannie, born December 29, 1853, and died April 4, 1937. Fannie married Charles Henry Hill April 24, 1870.

The above data was sent to me by Doris Hill Granfield of Benicia, California, whose father, Louis Hill, paid to have the family tree looked up. Further references can be found in the vital statistics of the towns mentioned. I have found almost all of them listed for sale in Goodspeed's catalog. There is a book entitled *Nathaniel Oak of Marlborough, Massachusetts, and Three Generations of His Descendants*, by H. L. Oak, 1906.

CHAPTER XIII

MARTINDALE, MARKLE, BROWN, DANDRIDGE FAMILIES

MARTINDALE, MARKLE, GUNN

THIS GROUPING OF FAMILIES is that of my son, Robert René Martindale and his wife, Elizabeth Dandridge Brown.

About the fourteenth century when surnames were beginning to come into use, there was in the north of England a dell, or dale, in which the small fur-bearing animal called "marten" was very plentiful. The large family living in that area was known as the people from "marten's dell." On the coat of arms borne by the New England branch of this family, the animal shown can be either a marten or a wolf. In the description, however, it is as follows: "Argent two bars gules over all a bend azure. Crest: A wolf courant proper."

This coat of arms is found in most books on heraldry. Goodspeed's Book Shop in Boston, Massachusetts, sent it to me, and the librarian of the public library in Springfield, Massachusetts, wrote to me that she had found the same coat of arms in *Banning and Allied Families*, published by the Hartford, Connecticut, State Historical Society in 1930.

It is difficult to say which Martindale was the first to come to America. In 1667, we find Saunders Martindale settling in Connecticut. In 1686, a John Martindale settled on the banks of the Choptank River on the eastern shore of Maryland; he died leaving no heirs. Before 1691 we find a Samuel Martindale marrying Susannah (?). The births of their children are registered in the Episcopal parish records for 1708. (A Mrs. Thomas Harvey of Baltimore is given as the best authority on this line.) In the same year Edward Martindale drowned in Boston Bay, outside of Boston, Massachusetts. He was a young man and left no heirs.

It is believed that he was the son of Edward and Margaret Martindale of Bristol, England, and related to the John Martindale who settled in Maryland in 1686.

In 1699 in Rhode Island, Isaac Martindale, an Episcopalian, married Godsgift Arnold (of the Benedict Arnold family). Aaron Martindale, a Tory, came to America in 1776, and James Cannon Martindale arrived in North Carolina in 1800.

John Martindale, cordwainer of Philadelphia, has been written up by the Reverend Harry Martindale of Vero Beach, Florida, and a brief history of the same family was recently done by Margary Cleveland and Charles Roe. This deals mostly with their own line of descent and makes connection with my cousin, Edward McChesney, through his son-in-law, Carl Crowe. At the present time a Mr. Winfred Martindale of West Milton, Ohio, is compiling a manuscript which, when completed, will include all of the data to be found on every branch of the Martindale family, including those I located in the Barbados Islands. The earliest date found there was of John Martindale, in 1668, when his will was recorded. The library at St. Anne's Garrison has considerable information, including birth, death, bible, and cemetery records. Mr. Winfred Martindale has made many discoveries which will make his manuscript the most complete of those written.

Reverend Harry Martindale sent me a copy of a letter which he received, from a Mr. Edward Munson Hill who had done considerable research on the Martindale family: "When I was in England . . . I went up to the Martindale district, lying along the Ullswater in Cumberland. . . . Someone wrote to Lord Henry Howard, owner of Greystoke Castle and at one time British ambassador to the United States, and a very courteous letter was received. He said that on his estate there was an old Johnby Hall over which the arms of the Musgrave, quartering Martindale, were carved with this inscription:

"William Musgrave . . . Isabel Martindel, 1533.
William Musgrave here now dwell
Marget Isabel heir to Martindel

To God I pray
Be with us Alwaie'

"Sir James Musgrave, baronet of Barnby Park, is the present head of the Martindale family. Rommey, the charming portrait painter of long ago, painted a child, that now hangs in one of the ancestral halls in England, named 'Miss Martindale.' Edward Munson Hill."

My son, Robert, descends from Edward Martindale, the weaver, of Massachusetts, and it is this line that I am carrying on down.

1ST GENERATION

EDWARD MARTINDALE, born February 18, 1690, in Spitalfield, London, England, and died in Westfield, Massachusetts, on March 20, 1762, age 74. (This makes his birthdate 1688 instead of 1690.) Settled in Hatfield, Massachusetts, before 1721, when he married Ruth Smead. Four of their children were born there, the last being Lemuel, born October 20, 1730. The remainder of their children were born in Westfield. Three years after Edward's death, his wife Ruth died, in January, 1765, age 63.

2ND GENERATION

LEMUEL MARTINDALE, born October 20, 1730. Married March 20, 1755, Christina Caldwell (see *Dwight Family*, Springfield Library, Massachusetts). Some of their children were born in Westfield, but in 1762 they moved to Greenfield, Massachusetts. Among their issue was Uriah Martindale, who was progenitor of the once-numerous Martindale of Greenfield. No one of that name remains within the present limits of the town.

3RD GENERATION

URIAH MARTINDALE, born in Westfield, Massachusetts, August 15, 1758, and died June 2, 1842. Married Chloe Hitchcock November 20, 1781 (of Brimfield). Chloe died February 9, 1816, and Uriah married second Mrs. Hannah Severance Feb-

ruary 24, 1817. She died May 18, 1828. Uriah served in the Revolutionary War (see *Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution*, vol. 10, pp. 273, 275, 302). Issue: Luther, 1782-1819, Lemuel, Persis, Cyrus, Terjah, Darius, Bethia, Timothy Dwight, 1795-1859, Theodore, and Pliny.

4TH GENERATION

TIMOTHY DWIGHT MARTINDALE, born February 20, 1795, in Massachusetts, and died October 23, 1859, in Ohio. Married Harriet Gunn of Montague, Massachusetts, daughter of Elihu and Lucy Phelps Gunn.

5TH GENERATION

ELIHU MARTINDALE, born 1834 and died 1872. Married Orill Stevens.

6TH GENERATION

WILLARD DWIGHT MARTINDALE, born 1857 and died 1935. Married first Eunice Markle. Issue: Sophia, Robert, Dwight, Florence. Married second (?). Issue: Vernon Martindale.

7TH GENERATION

ROBERT BENJAMIN MARTINDALE, born November 28, 1895, in Ohio. Married Gladys E. Hall of McAllen, Texas. Married second Essie (?). No issue.

8TH GENERATION

ROBERT RENE MARTINDALE, born November 28, 1919, in Fort Brown Cantonment Hospital, Brownsville, Texas. Married Elizabeth Dandridge Brown in 1946 in Brownsville.

9TH GENERATION

ROBERT DANDRIDGE MARTINDALE, and sisters ELIZABETH ANNE and MARY ELIZABETH MARTINDALE.

Timothy Dwight Martindale, born in 1795, is said to have walked from Greenfield, Massachusetts, to Mentor, Ohio. There he found work and friends, one of whom was a young man by the name of Jesse Gunn. When Timothy decided to return to Greenfield for a visit, Jesse suggested that, "as Montague was

just across the river. why didn't he drop over to see his folks," adding that he had a sister he thought Timothy might like. Love, however, has a way of its own. From the moment Timothy laid eyes on an older sister, Harriet, he could think of no one else, and he promptly laid seige to her heart. Harriet was not so easily won, because she had, long before, decided that it was her place to spend her life caring for her parents; also, she wasn't about to go gallivanting off to a wild uncivilized country with a strange young man. Stubborn, persistent Timothy kept after her until just before he was ready to return to Ohio, she said she would marry him if she were allowed to visit her brother Jesse for one year. Then if she liked the country and if they still loved each other she would marry him. Even then, she put her lover off for several years while she taught school. Eventually the marriage took place and it was a good one. They lived first in a log house which is still standing, and is now the property of the Morley family (descendants through a daughter). Timothy Martindale prospered and Harriet had the first house in town with real wallpaper and the first pair of rubbers.

Their son, Elihu, married Oril Stevens, daughter of Williard Stevens from the Green Mountain area of Vermont. She is a descendant of a Revolutionary War soldier who fought with Ethan Allen's "Green Mountain Boys." Their son, Willard, married Eunice Markle and had issue, Sophia, who married Frank Granger of Willoughby, Ohio. (They had two sons, Willard and Robert Granger.) Dwight married Hannah Withers of Boston, Massachusetts, and had three children. Florence married Leonard Chase of Hillsdale, Michigan. She had two known sons. There is a son, Vernon, by a second marriage of Willard Martindale.

Darius Martindale, a brother of Timothy's, also moved to Ohio. He was born in Greenfield, Massachusetts, in 1791, and died in Kirtland, Ohio, in 1860. In 1817 he married May Northrop of Hartford, Connecticut. They had three sons, one of whom was named Theodore Dwight. This was very confusing, since Timothy also had a son named Theodore Dwight, and both families lived in Mentor, Kirtland, and in Michigan.

GUNN AND MARKLE FAMILIES

Jasper and Anne Gunn came to America in the ship "Defence" in 1635. Jasper was twenty-nine and Anne was twenty-five. He was a doctor, and it is said one of the first to practice in the New England colony. They settled in Roxbury, but later moved to Milford, Massachusetts. Jasper was born in 1604 and died in 1670. He had five children, the fourth son being Nathaniel. We do not know when Nathaniel was born, but he married Sarah Day November 17, 1658. They had one child, Samuel, and in 1663-64, Nathaniel died. Sarah remarried shortly afterwards, but in 1677 she was killed by Indians.

Samuel Gunn married Elizabeth Wyatt. He had ten children and it is said that he was ninety years old when he died in 1755. (This does not fit in with his parents' marriage date.) One of his sons was Nathaniel, born July 30, 1693. Known as Deacon Gunn, he also founded the town of Montague, Massachusetts. He was married three times, but the name of only one wife, Esther Belden, is known. Deacon Gunn had seven children, five of them by Esther: Nathaniel Jr., Moses (1), Moses (2), Asahel, and Elisha. He was a true pioneer and a leader in church and civic affairs. Nathaniel Jr. was born January 24, 1726. He married Dorothy Marsh in March, 1745, and his father-in-law, Ebenezer, gave him several hundred acres of virgin timber land. He built his home there from trees cut from the surrounding forest. Although he, too, was a deacon, active in church and town affairs, he was known as Lieutenant Gunn. Records show that he kept a tavern used as headquarters for wayfaring Baptist ministers, and that in the course of time it became known as the "Baptist Tavern." He was buried in the old town cemetery at Montague, and there is an inscription on his grave as follows: "His kindness to pilgrim and stranger." He and Dorothy had eleven children. The ninth child was Elihu, born November 10, 1763. He married Lucy Phelps and had ten children; their third child was Harriet, born July 19, 1797, in Montague, Massachusetts. She married Timothy Dwight Martindale, her brother's friend.

The Gunns came from Scotland where they originally settled

at Caithness on the Orkney Islands. In a book on the Gunn family by Robert R. Gunn, published in 1925 at Crawford, Georgia, there is a very complete early history of the family. It is said, and supposedly proven, that they were Vikings who came to ravage the coast, but stayed to establish the Gunn line of Scotland. The coat of arms is a Viking ship, sails unfurled and oars in action. Across the top of the shield is a red band with three mullets (stars). In the center of each mullet is a red dot. The crest is a dexter hand yielding a sword. The motto is, "Either peace or war." The tartan is of red, green, and black. It is found in most books on Scotch clans and tartans. Considerable Gunn data can also be found in the *History of Montague, Massachusetts*, by Edward Pressley, published in 1910 at Montague by the New Clair-veaux Press.

STEVENS AND MARKLE FAMILIES

The Stevens family came from the region of Vermont that produced the "Green Mountain Boys" of Revolutionary War fame. On page 61 of *New York in the Revolution* by Roberts, under the command of Colonel Ethan Allen are listed two men, Isaac and John Stevens. Willard Stevens, father of Orilla, could have been the son of either of them, since he was born before 1800. I could locate nothing about this man except that Orilla was a daughter of a second marriage. She is buried in Hillsdale, Michigan, where her husband, Elihu Martindale, had moved the family in order that the children might have a good education. They had a large, beautiful home next to the college. Elihu is buried in Benzonia, Michigan, where he died at the home of his daughter, Lucy Martindale Ellis, wife of Doctor Ellis.

The only data I have on the Markel (Markle-Markell) family comes from Ariel Markel of Mentor, Ohio, and from a few items found in books containing New York State records. Letters to me from the Mohawk Valley Historical Association mention Peter B. Cook, possibly the father of Elizabeth, wife of Peter Markel. In a manuscript, "The Fort Klock Papers," p. 31, date 1797, and p. 21, date 1808, Jacob Markel is given as justice of

the peace. Following is the data sent from Mentor, Ohio: "Jacob Markel came from Germany to New York State where he married, but the name of his wife is not known. They had two sons, Henry and Peter. Henry disappeared when a young lad, after he had gone to a hilltop to watch a battle between the British and the Colonists during the Revolutionary War. Peter Markel married a German woman named Elizabeth Cook. In 1818 they moved from Palatine, Montgomery County, New York, to Willoughby, Ohio. A year later they moved to Kirtland, where they lived until they died. Peter died in 1837 and Elizabeth in 1854. They are buried in Kirtland cemetery, at the top of Temple Hill. There is a Revolutionary War marker on Peter's grave. Peter was born March 24, 1765. He enlisted in the American army when sixteen, in April 1781, from Palatine, New York. He was discharged in November, 1782, having served under Captain Cook and Colonel Clack, and participated in the battle of Johnstown, New York. He died May 25, 1837, age 72. (References: *Lake County, Ohio, Revolutionary Soldiers Buried There*, published by the New Connecticut Chapter, NSDAR, Painesville, Ohio.) Peter and Elizabeth had the following issue: Mary E., never married; Betsey, married Randolph Bander; John Paine, married Clarina Fitch (Ariel, Clifford, Benjamin, John P., Peter Markel); Peter, Jr., married Betsey Ann Bartholomew; Fannie, died young; Benjamin, married first Lucy Ett Morgan Proctor, and second Mrs. Marilla Right Morgan, both of Genoa, Ohio; Rebecca, died; Nicholas, married Elizabeth Russell; James, married Charlotte Webster; and Nancy, married Ezra Morgan.

James had five daughters who died at birth, and three who lived and died unmarried on their father's farm at Mentor, Ohio. Benjamin survived both of his wives. He died age 82, May 20, 1888. He had one child, Eunice, who married Willard Martindale. It is said that she was a beautiful woman, with white skin, black hair, and blue eyes. She was particularly well educated, having attended college, where she specialized in science, especially astronomy. She died in childbirth, leaving Sophia, Dwight, Robert, and her baby daughter, Florence. Her husband, Willard

Martindale, owned grist mills near Mentor, Ohio, and relatives say he cut quite a figure dashing about town in a carriage pulled by a pair of spirited horses.

I met the three Markel sisters who lived on the farm at Mentor, and I loved them because they reminded me of my own "Poestenkill" Grandmother. I have never forgotten my visit to Great-aunt Harriet Martindale. She was very old, and blind, and she lived in a white house. There was a large tree close by the front walk, and when I was there, the entire yard on that side was covered with lilies of the valley. I thought a great deal of my sister-in-law, Sophia Granger, because she was a very fine person. The Martindales come from true pioneer stock, and it is said that descendants of the Revolutionary War soldier, Uriah Martindale, are entitled to membership in the Order of the Cincinnati.

BROWN, DANDRIDGE AND ALLIED FAMILIES

This is the family of my son's wife, Elizabeth Dandridge Brown Martindale, daughter of Alonzo Buchanan Brown and Mary Elizabeth Dandridge, both of Nashville, Tennessee, and Brownsville, Texas. The name Brown is a common one, there being thousands of them. My own line of Browns from Rhode Island, and those from the South who came into our family in the tenth and eleventh generations, were only a very small portion. This Brown family I have at least pinned down to the South and, after the Revolutionary War, as having migrated to Tennessee. We find Sterling Brown living in a house built of logs near the Wilson Pike in Williamson County (not far from what used to be called Carpenter), on land belonging to the Holt family. (Uncle Charlie Brown, who gave me this information, said he used to go to school with one of Holt's sons.) We do not know where he came from, who his parents were, or the names of his children beyond one son, Lint or Lent Brown. Both Sterling and Lent Brown are given in the 1813 tax list for Williamson County. In *Methodism in Tennessee*, by John D. McFerrin, D.D., published in Nashville in 1895, page 25, we find mention of Sterling E. Brown, a fiery evangelist. It states that

this Brown died a young man, forty years previously, which would put his death about 1855. Our Sterling Brown, born at least as early as 1780, his son Lent, about 1800, and Lent's son, Pleasant Brown, born 1820, indicate plainly that the two Sterling Browns were not the same person, but the duplication of names does suggest a relationship of grandfather and grandson. (Our Sterling Brown would have been about seventy at the known date of Sterling, the evangelist, 1855.) Many Browns are mentioned in this book, but only one item, "Lent Brown, elected Deacon, 1817," means anything to us as far as we know. The birth and death dates of Lent are not known, but he married a girl whose name was Windrow, possibly the daughter of the man who either owned or managed the "Windrow Camp Meeting Ground" on Wilson Pike, and it is there that Lent Brown and his wife lived. Uncle Charlie says he is sure that there were other children besides Lent, since his own father, Pleasant Brown, had cousins on his father's side of the house named Garner, who were connected with the family from which ex-vice president John Nance Garner descends. There was also another cousin, whom he knew, named Wylie Brown.

Lent Brown and his wife, (?) Windrow, had issue: William, or Billy, lived at Pine Bluff, and had a daughter who married a Steele and a son who became a minister in the Christian church; Pleasant Brown, born January 1, 1820, and died in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, married Martha Jane Warren, December 18, 1845; Himmer Brown, had two children, Mary and Daniel; a son called "Doc" Brown, who had a daughter; Mary and Ann Brown, married Rowland brothers, lived on or near the original Brown homestead; Martha Brown, married a Crawford, and moved to Tallahoma, Tennessee. She had a daughter who married John Freese. Their issue was four girls and one son.

Lent's wife was a Windrow. Her great-grandfather, a sailor from Wales, was captured by pirates and brought to the American colonies where he was sold into a seven-year bondage.

Pleasant Brown, son of Lent, married Martha Jane Warren and had sixteen children: Noranda Laura, married John R. Johnson; Mary, married Dan W. Shaw and had three children;

Nathaniel Lint, called "Fang," married Elizabeth Haines, and had Estill, Willie Mae, Moscoe, Alonzo, and Dewitt Brown. Fang was born in Murfreesboro and died in Rockdale, Tennessee; Robert, called Bob, married Paddy Brook, and had Elmer, Willet, Ollie, Leslie (who married a Scotch girl); Nanny, married Will Epps, and had four children; Estelle Eudora Brown, never married; Moscoe Randall, called "Duck," married Elizabeth Brook; Lott, married and had three children; Susie Ann, died; a tenth child died in infancy; Parilee Texana (Paddie), married John W. Coleman and had four children; Thomas Jefferson, married Fannie Hickerson and had four children; Oscar Lee, married Lily McLaren and had four children; Rufus A., died unmarried; Charles Watkins, married Ann Murphy of California, known as Uncle Charlie, no issue; Martha Virginia, died age 13.

Moscoe and Alonzo Buchanan Brown, sons of "Fang" and Elizabeth Haines Brown, married sisters, Sarah and Mary Elizabeth Dandridge, who is known in Brownsville, Texas, as "Bess Brown," mother of Elizabeth Dandridge (Brown) Martindale. Alonzo B. Brown died in Brownsville in 1948. He was a cousin of Archie Haines of Shreveport, Louisiana.

In the book on Methodism by John McFerrin, it says that Sterling Brown, the evangelist, came from Bethel, Giles County, Tennessee. He is buried near Lebanon, Wilson County, Tennessee, and he had a brother, Hartwell H. Brown. Both were sons of Lewis Brown of Virginia. It is possible that Lewis and our Sterling Brown were either brothers or closely connected.

I did a complete history of this family for my daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Dandridge (Brown) Martindale. One copy of which was sent to the NSDAR library in Washington, D.C. Mrs. Lorene Dandridge Sharp of Nashville, Tennessee, had considerable more information than I located. So I am going to give only the direct line of descent of Elizabeth.

William Dandridge, first of our line, came from England. He had a brother, Francis, who stayed in London, and whose will was proven there in 1765. A sister, Mary Dandridge, married a Langbourne of Virginia; a brother, Bartholomew, whose

son William was living in 1765 with his cousin, William Langbourne in Virginia; and a brother, John Dandridge, father of Martha, who married first John Custis and second George Washington.

Bolton's *American Armory* gives "Hannah Euphan Dandridge, daughter of the Reverend Wallace of Virginia City, Virginia, as the first wife of William Dandridge, Captain, of 'Elsing Green,' King William County, Virginia." The date on the tombstone is 1717, and the coat of arms is Wallace impaling Dandridge. In 1719 William married as his second wife Unity West, daughter of Nathaniel West, of the well known De La War family for whom Delaware and West Point are named. They had six children: Nathaniel, born September 7, 1729, and died January 16, 1786, married a Spotswood, thus linking together three very famous Virginia families. Nathaniel took as his second wife Jane Pollard. The fourth of Nathaniel's children by his first marriage was John Dandridge, born in 1756 and died in 1804, married Elizabeth Booth of Henrico County, Virginia. Another son, Nathaniel Jr. married a Fontaine, and some of their children moved to Mississippi. (This is an important fact, as it comes into place later on.) A sister was the second wife of Patrick Henry.

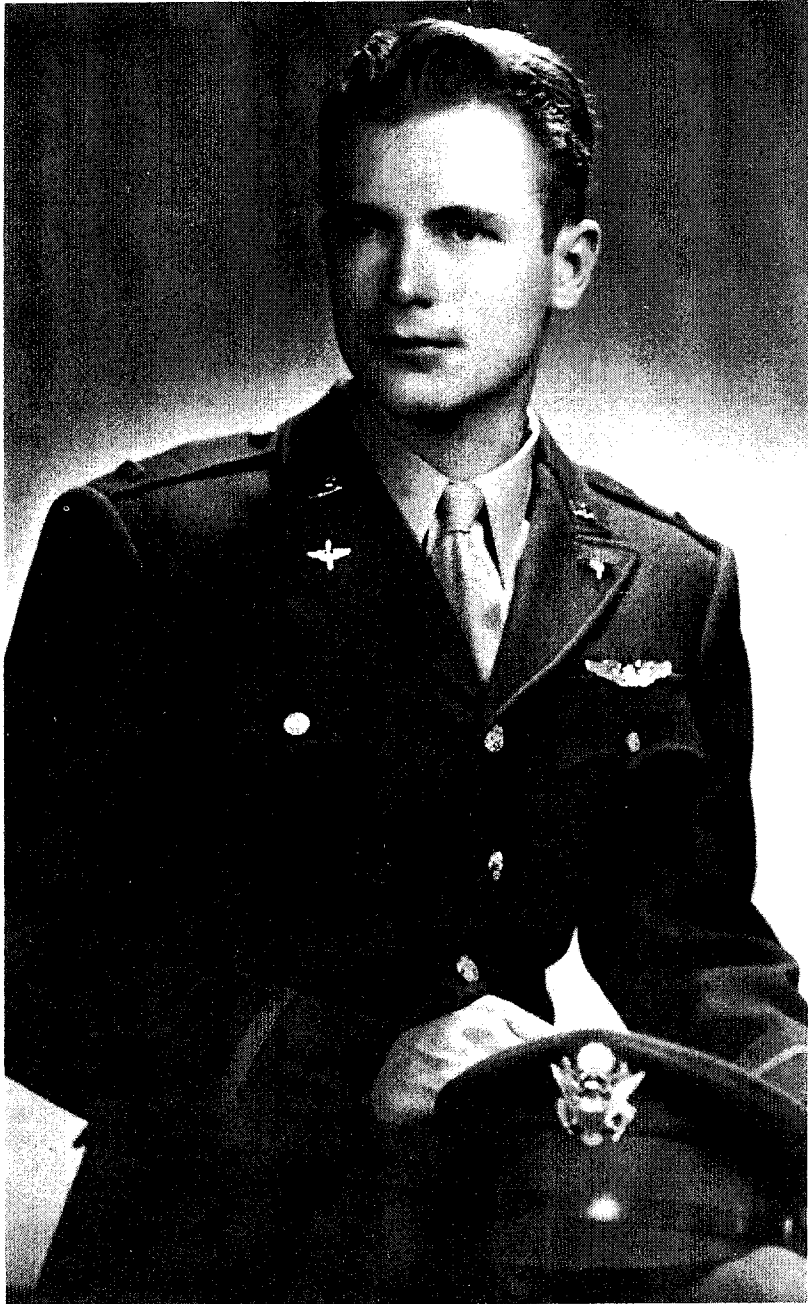
John and Elizabeth Booth were married February 23, 1782, in Westham, Henrico County, Virginia. He served in the Revolutionary War as an officer, and my daughter-in-law and her mother are both members of the NSDAR on this man. His widow, Elizabeth Booth Dandridge, applied for and received a pension, "W 6 993. In the Military Land Bounty Warrant No. 77 and 4639," proof of heirship executed by the clerk of Henrico County, Virginia, November 7, 1860, and shows that he died in that county. Power of attorney is given to his son, William H. Dandridge of Alabama. It gives the name of his son, John Jr., and the names of his two children by his first wife, and also the names of his children by his second wife, but does not mention either wife. Family tradition says that John's wife was Lucy Sharp, and that she was connected with the Cocke family; the name of his second wife, Charlotte, was given in the 1860 cen-

sus of St. Louis, Missouri, with the following children: James, Robert, Sarah, and Lucy Dandridge.

After the death of Lucy Sharp Dandridge, one of the grandmothers came and took the two small boys, Edward and William, home with her. Later, as they were returning to their father, they crossed the natural bridge in Virginia, and little Edward exclaimed, "Oh! I remember this, we crossed it when Grandmother took us home with her." Edward Dandridge stayed with his father and stepmother until he was sixteen years old. They moved across West Virginia and finally settled in Brookville or Brookton, near St. Louis; then, since he never had gotten along too well with Charlotte, he left home. (His brother William remained in St. Louis.) Edward joined his relatives in Mississippi, where he studied medicine under his cousin, who was a well-known surgeon during the Civil War. (See Nathaniel Dandridge Jr., whose children moved to Mississippi.) Edward also practiced medicine during the war. Before 1850 he returned to Tennessee where he married Mary Ann Elizabeth Burke in Lebanon in 1851. He died in 1873. His wife Mary Ann passed away in 1914 in Nashville, Tennessee. William Dandridge, Edward's only full brother, had a daughter Mally, who married into the Ulysses S. Grant family and moved to California.

Edward Elvin, son of Edward and Mary Ann Burke Dandridge, was born in Lebanon, Tennessee, and died in Nashville in 1935. He married Mary Elizabeth Marcell, daughter of Alva Parker Marcell and Sarah Eleanor Murphy. (Her mother was a Miles and sister to Bishop Miles, first Catholic bishop in Tennessee, who died February 21, 1860. He descends from Richard Pino Miles, who came from England with Lord Calvert of Baltimore, Maryland, in 1660.) Mary Ann Burke was the daughter of Captain Edward Burke and Mary Elizabeth Haggerty. Captain Burke, in turn, was the son of Colonel Edward Burke and Mary E. Campbell of Virginia.

Edward Evin Dandridge's wife, Mary E. Marcell, died after the birth of her fifth daughter: Sarah, Alma, Lorene, Mallie, and Mary Elizabeth, known as Bess. Edward E. married again but



ROBERT RENE MARTINDALE, 1919-

had no further issue. His third wife was the aunt of the well-known author O. Henry's wife.

"Elsing Green," the ancestral home of William Dandridge, is still in existence in Virginia. It is said that the coat-of-arms used by William is the same as the one used by the Dandridges of "Great Malvern" in Worcester County, England.

WEST FAMILY

Nathaniel West, father of Unity West Dandridge, whose wife was Martha Macon, and was known as Captain West, married in 1699, and died in 1724. He was burgess of King William County, Virginia in 1703-04. He was the son of Colonel John and Unity Croshaw West. This Colonel John, born in 1632, was the first child of English parents to be born on the York River, and a large tract of land was given to his father in honor of his birth. He was captured during the Bacon rebellion, sat on the rebels' court martial, and was exempted from paying taxes for the rest of his life in consideration of the services rendered to the state of Virginia by his family. He was the son of Captain John and Anne West. Captain John West was born December 14, 1590, at "Testwood Munday," and was educated at Cambridge, where he received his degree in 1613. He came to Virginia about 1620 and was made governor of the state in 1635. In 1650 he sold his "Bellfield" estate and moved to his West Point property of 6,000 acres. (West Point is named for him.) He was the son of Sir Thomas West and Cecelie Sherlie, daughter of Sir Thomas Sherlie of Winston. Sir Thomas, third Lord De La War, was born July 9, 1577 at "Wherwell." He was educated at Cambridge and married in 1602. He was knighted July 12, 1599, and made a member of the Privy Council of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. He came to Virginia in his own ship, the "De La War," on April 1, 1600. When he came ashore, Sir Thomas Gates had a company of men standing guard. Colors were dipped and people fell at his feet. He attended church and appeared in public attended by fifty halberdiers wearing his livery or "fair green clocks." He sat in the crude little church upon a green vel-

vet chair and knelt upon a velvet cushion. He died while making a return trip to the New World in the Bay of Delaware, which was named for him. Sir Thomas West was the son of the second Lord De La War and Ann Knollys, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, Knight of the Garter and treasurer of the household of Queen Elizabeth, and Katherine Care, first cousin to Elizabeth, Queen of England. (This data was taken from a chart prepared by Captain Archibald Gregory.)

CHAPTER XIV

HARWOOD, BROWN, BAKER, WALLACE FAMILIES

IN THE YEAR 1761-62, James Brown, a native of Ireland, settled in Guilford County, Virginia, and soon afterwards married Jane Gillespie. She was born in Pennsylvania and her brothers, Captain and Major Gillespie, fought in the Revolutionary War. James and Jane Brown had a large family, and when he was awarded a large grant of land in Tennessee for his services in the Revolutionary War, they decided it would be to their advantage to move to this new land. It was on White's Creek, south of Duck River, below Nashville. James Brown, after looking it over, found it much to his liking. Regardless of warnings given to him by friends, he insisted upon making the trip down the Tennessee River which was thickly populated in many places by Indian villages. The party consisted of Mr. Brown, his wife Jane, nine of their children, three hired men, a Negro maid, three Negro women, and an aged white woman. The voyage went well until they came to the town of Nickajack where they were set upon by a band of Indians. (See *Women of the West* by Elizabeth F. Ellet, Philadelphia, 1851, chapter entitled "Jane Brown.") Mr. Brown was killed as were most of the others. Mrs. Brown, four of her smaller children, and her fifteen-year-old son, Joseph, were carried off into captivity. In 1789, after eighteen months with the Indians, Mrs. Brown, Joseph, Polly, Elizabeth, Jane, and George were united with each other and with their two older brothers, William and Daniel, who had not been on the ill-fated trip down the Tennessee River. Mrs. Brown died when ninety years old. Joseph was ordained a minister in the Presbyterian church. Jane married a Mr. Collingsworth and moved to Texas before 1819. George settled in Mississippi. It is

from Joseph that this family descends. Joseph was born in 1772, married in 1796, and died in Tennessee in 1868. His son, Doctor David Franklin Brown (1801-96) married Jane Francis McNeal on October 11, 1829, in Bolivar, Maury County, Tennessee. Four of their children were born in Tennessee: Armour, who married a Rogan; Clara, who married the son of Doctor Fentress (also from Maury County, Tennessee); and Cordelia, age four when they came to Texas in 1838. Doctor David, on a trial trip in 1837, had bought land three miles from above Bastrop on the Colorado River where his brother, Joseph Jr. had already established his home. With them came six slaves, a number of covered wagons and a hack in which the family rode. Not long before they left Bolivar, a fourth child, James Franklin, had been born. In the entire party there were forty families, among them the Watkins who settled in Seguin, the Calverts, related to Della Shelby of Gonzalez, a Mr. Polk, and another man who continued on to Bastrop with them. In 1848, Doctor Brown purchased more land on the San Marcos River in Caldwell County. They settled in Prairie Lea, a village named by their daughter Armour after a song popular at that time. Armour had been named by her mother for an old friend in whose home she stayed while attending college in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. This Moravian college is still in existence and is the oldest female institution in the United States. Cordelia's name was taken from Shakespeare's *King Lear*. Three more children were born after they came to Prairie Lea: Prudence, who died when a year old, Albert, and Lycugus, both of whom died in the Civil War. About 1864-65, Doctor Brown bought another tract of land on the San Saba River, and it was there that the family spent their summers. The graves of Doctor David and Jane Brown are in the family cemetery at Prairie Lea. James Franklin, their only living son, married Adele Moore of Alabama, and after her death, one of the Rogan girls from Lockhart. A descendant of Armour Brown Rogan, Kate Francis Powell, is living in Weslaco, Texas, and it is said that her family has the original Brown bible brought from Tennessee to Texas. Mrs. Virginia Harwood McChesney has what she calls her "Harwood bible," which seems

to have been started by Cordelia Brown Harwood, since it contains Brown data in her handwriting, and later Harwood data by Frances Harwood and her husband Colonel Stacy. In a chart prepared by Mrs. Stacy, she gives William Brown as the first of the family in America in 1745. He was probably the father of James, born in Ireland and who later came to Guilford County, Virginia.

I have no information on the McNeal family, but there is a book on the Polk family by William Harrison Polk of Lexington, Kentucky, published in 1912, and their origin with that of the Maxwell connection, is to be found in any Burke's *Peerage*. (See chapter on Maxwell family.) The name is Irish, stemming from Pollock, but shortened by Irish pronunciation to Pollok and then Polk. In 1593 John de Pollok Jr. was killed at the battle of Lockerbie when he went to the aid of his Maxwell kinsmen. The heir apparent, Sir Charles de Pollok, died without issue, and the younger son, Robert Bruce de Pollok with his wife, Marion Trasker, migrated to America, where the name became Polk. Robert died in 1703, and the line is as follows: John, his son, was born in Donnegal, Ireland, in 1662; William, son of John, was born in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, and married, either or both, Priscilla Roberts and Margaret Taylor; Ezekial Polk, son of William, was born December 7, 1747; Ezekial's daughter, Clarissa Polk, was born in Bolivar, Tennessee, and married Thomas McNeal in Maury County, in 1803. They had Jane Frances, who married Doctor David Brown.

HARWOOD FAMILY

In 1620 William Harwood came to Virginia with his relative, Sir Edward Harwood, on the ship "Providence." He was made chief of "Martin's Hundred," and, as such, received his due portion of land. His son, Joseph, bought more land in 1665 on which he built the well-known estate "Wyaunoke" (Wynnoke). His son, Joseph Jr., married Agnes Cooke in 1683. Their son, Thomas Harwood, died in 1730, and his son, Christopher, died in 1744. Christopher's son was Captain William Harwood, born in 1740 and died in 1793. He married Priscilla Pendleton, and

he fought in the Revolutionary War. Their son, Major Christopher Harwood, married Margaret Rane about 1785. (See NSDAR membership for Mrs. Frances Harwood Stacy, Mrs. Virginia Harwood McChesney, and Mrs. Jane McChesney Crowe.) Christopher and Margaret had a son, Archibald Roane Harwood, born in 1786 and died in 1837, who married Martha Fauntleroy March 7, 1816. Their son, Thomas More Harwood, was born September 30, 1827. Thomas was raised in Virginia and attended the local country school near his home, "Newington." He then went to the academy department of the University of Virginia in 1846-48. After finishing there, he enrolled at the noted law school in Balston Spa, Saratoga County, New York. Returning home, he found conditions not too favorable for a young man starting to practice law, so he joined the others seeking newer fields and migrated to Texas. He landed at Matagorda on Christmas day. He stayed there teaching school for two years, and in 1852 he moved to Prairie Lea, where he opened a school for boys and fell in love with Cordelia Brown. After their marriage Thomas and Cordelia moved to Gonzalez, where he established a successful law practice. They lived there in a small house until the large Victorian home, which most of the present generation know and love, was built. Thomas acquired more and more land through purchases, in lieu of fees, and some through the death of his father-in-law, Doctor David Brown. When he died he owned 10,000 acres which included the present Luling oil fields. This portion was sold because it was not "good black farm land." Thomas and Cordelia had a son, Archibald Roane Harwood, born October 12, 1859, and died in 1909, who married Antoinette Baker on September 1, 1866. They lived in the Harwood house in Fentress (now owned by Mrs. Antoinette Harwood Taylor), and raised a large family of children, including Wallace Baker and Virginia Harwood. Due to the lengthy illness and death of the father, Archibald Harwood, the baby, Virginia, was adopted by Mary Frances Harwood Stacy of Austin, Texas. Wallace married Lois McChesney, and Virginia married Edward McChesney of Brownsville, Texas.

The farm around Fentress was called "Black Ankles" because in muddy weather one could not go out into the fields without having black mud up to one's ankles. It came to Virginia McChesney through the death of her adopted mother, Mrs. Stacy. Other of the Harwood family also inherited land in that vicinity. There is a book on the Harwood family, but it deals mostly with the English origin and the New England Harwoods. Two others have been written by S. W. Atkins and W. P. Herod, and by W. H. Harwood. The Harwood lineage is given in the *Compendium of American Genealogy* issued by the NSDAR; *William and Mary Quarterly*, vol. 10, p. 198; *History of King and Queen County*, by Bagley, p. 307. A write-up in the Gonzalez newspaper in 1957 contains a good account of Thomas Harwood who came from Virginia to Texas. Winston Harwood Jr. of Austin, Texas, has done considerable research on this family. He is probably the best informed person I have contacted on the history of the Harwood family.

FAUNTLEROY FAMILY

John Fauntleroy of Fauntleroy Marsh, Dorsetshire, England, married Joanna Whalley, daughter of John of Langton Whalley. They had a son, Tristan, who died in 1539. Tristan lived at Michello Marsh, Hants, England, and married Joan Stourton of the same place. Their son, John, married Margaret (?), and died in 1598. William, next in line, married Frances, and he died in 1625. John, of the fifth generation, born in 1588 and died in 1684, married a girl known only as P. Wilkinson. They lived in Croudell, Hampshire, England, and had a son, More Fauntleroy (1616-1665), who married Mary Hill, and came to Newport News, Virginia, the same year in which he died. Their son, William Fauntleroy, married Catherine Griffin of Rappanhannock, Virginia. He died in 1686 leaving a son known as Colonel William Fauntleroy of Naylor's Hole, who was born two years before his father died. He married Apphia Bushrod and died in 1707. The ninth generation was More Fauntleroy, born in 1716 and died in 1791, who married Miss Mitchell and had a son,

Samuel Griffin Fauntleroy (1751-91), who married Susan Lowry, and had a daughter, Martha. Martha married Archibald Roane Harwood of Newington, Virginia.

This Fauntleroy data and that on the family of Joan Stourton is found in the *Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy*, vol. I, and in the lineage chart compiled by Mrs. Stacy.

BAKER AND WALLACE FAMILIES

James Baker was born November 27, 1797, in South Carolina, just on the boundary line of North Carolina. We find records of both of these states full of Bakers and Smiths, and both states list Bakers among their Revolutionary War soldiers. When the family moved to Tennessee is not known, but in 1818 a record of Maury County gives the marriage of James McCulloch Baker to Martha Jane Smith. The following children were born there: Martha Jane Baker, 1820; Sam Smith Baker, 1821; Joseph L. Baker, 1823; Nancy Ann Baker, 1824; Mary Clementine, 1826; Margaret M., 1828; James P., 1829; Elizabeth G., 1831; William W., 1833; and John, 1834. About 1835 the family decided to move to Texas, but stopped enroute in Mississippi where Michael J. Baker was born on December 7, 1838. Their eldest daughter, Martha Jane, had married Isam North before they left Tennessee, and in Mississippi their son, Sam, married a Miss Austin, and settled in Canton. It was 1840 before the Bakers arrived in Texas where they settled on the upper Cuero Creek, then a part of Gonzales County. Isam North and his wife, Martha Jane, had a plantation four miles from Concrete, which he worked with slave labor until the Civil War. Then he moved to Concrete and opened a stage coach stand and hotel. In 1841 Mr. Baker and James N. Smith (possibly his brother or father-in-law), were elders in the Cumberland Presbyterian church. Mr. Baker served the Republic of Texas as chief justice of the County of Gonzales. In 1846 Dewitt County was created, and Baker was appointed to select a site for the new county seat. After their arrival in Texas, two daughters were born to James and Martha Baker: Eliza Eudora and Sarah Allison. With thirteen children we are not surprised to find them related to most of the old Texas families.

Michael J. Baker married Elizabeth Wallace, and their daughter, Antoinette, married Archibald Roane Harwood.

A book by Sarah Whitaker Allen, *Ancestors of the Whitaker Family*, gives the following: Henry Baker III, son of Colonel Henry Baker II, was born on the Isle of Wright. He moved to Mansemond County, Virginia, in 1699. He was sheriff in 1712; a member of the House of Burgesses in 1723-24; and also a captain and justice of the peace. According to his will, his wife's name was Ruth, but it is said that his first wife was Angelica Bray and his issue was by her. Colonel Baker was the son of Henry Baker I. He was born about 1630 in Surry County, Virginia. The coat of arms given is: "Arms; argent on a fess sable, a tower tripled towered. Of the first bet three keys of the second. Crest: On a tower sable an arm embowed in mail, holding in hand a flintstone proper."

Matthew, Peter, and John Wallace are given in *Tennessee Cousins* by Ray Worth, as coming from Scotland to Virginia, and that they, or their descendants, moved down through Tennessee to the Wataugh Settlement, which later became Sullivan County, and then on to Blount and Jefferson counties. They had arrived in Virginia about 1630, where they had received land grant patents. Mr. Worth gives considerable information on the descendants of these original immigrants, and states that on pages 336-37, in *History of Albemarle County, Virginia*, there is a biography of a Reverend Edgar Wood which gives data on the Wallaces who came with Michael Wood. He names them as Peter, Andrew, and William Wallace, and says that William married Hannah Wood and had issue: Michael, John, Jean, William Jr., Sarah, Hannah, and Josiah Wallace. It was their son, William Jr., who married Mary Pilson and who had a son, Samuel, who came to Texas. We have not been able to locate the names of the parents of Elizabeth Wallace, which makes it impossible to connect her with the various Wallace families who migrated to Texas in the early days. I believe it will entail a thorough search of records and cemeteries in Gonzales and Dewitt counties, which I have not had time to do.

Both of Mr. Worth's books, *Tennessee Cousins* and *Austin's*

Three Hundred, give data on the Bakers and Wallaces. Mrs. Allen R. Tarkington of Denver, Colorado, had a query in the *Genealogical Register of Louisiana* on the Baker family in which she asks for information on Reverend Baker, minister in the Methodist church at Gardner Station, Tennessee. Reverend Baker was born January 15, 1818, in Stewart County, Tennessee, but her line did not connect with that of James Baker, although both families were in Mississippi, Tennessee, and Louisiana.

CHAPTER XV

McCHESNEY, CAMERON, PATTYSON, SPENCER, SANFORD, CROWE, PARTENHEIMER FAMILIES

1ST GENERATION

HUGH McCHESNEY, born about 1714 in Monaghan County, Ireland, and died February 15, 1819, in Center Brunswick, New York. Married Johanna Plumb (1727-1819). Both are buried in the Presbyterian church cemetery in Brunswick, New York. Issue: Samuel and others.

2ND GENERATION

SAMUEL McCHESNEY, born March 6, 1770, and died July 1, 1860, age 90 years. Married Jane Morrison in Albany, New York. Issue: David.

3RD GENERATION

DAVID McCHESNEY, born November 17, 1799, and died June 10, 1830. Buried in Morrison cemetery, Cropseyville, New York. Married Irene Hill. After his death his widow married his cousin, Jebediah. Issue.

4TH GENERATION

EDWARD McCHESNEY, born October 30, 1824, and died December 23, 1899. Married Mary Hayner (1820-98), daughter of Adam and Alzora Smith Hayner. Issue: Orvin, Florence, Charles, Alonzo, Alice, Frank, and Russell McChesney.

5TH GENERATION

RUSSELL McCHESNEY, born September 3, 1869, in Cropseyville, New York, and died April 10, 1948, in Brownsville, Texas. Married Caroline Melissa Hall, daughter of Alfred P. Hall

and Martha Frances File. Issue: Marion F., Lois E., and Edward Orvin McChesney.

It has always been said by Aunt Carrie McChesney that the name McChesney was Scotch-Irish; then she would add, "Well, I suppose they were French Huguenots who fled to Ireland." Research done by others definitely shows that they were French who fled persecution to England, Scotland, and Ireland. Quoting from an article sent to me by Katherine Schultz of 48 West Queen St., Annville, Pennsylvania, and written by Albert E. McChesney, we find:

"The above is a design I found on a banner in an old church near Paris, France." The statement was made originally by Clara T. McChesney, who continues, that after diligent inquiries of the people in the vicinity, she failed to gain any information regarding its origin. The banner was of cream satin, embroidered around the coat of arms, in outline, with oak leaves. There were two shields, each having a crown or coronet above, and linked together with a ribbon, in the center of which was a cross. The oak leaves and crowns were of gold. The right hand shield was silver with three red roses and a green leaf; the left hand shield was blue with a silver chevron and three red acorns. Along the side was the following: "E. de la Chesnaye, 1361-1590." Fairbanks, in *Crests of Families of Great Britain and Ireland*, and Burke's *Peerage*, show a common one, a blue shield with an oak tree. Miss Eilers of Evanston, Illinois, sent me one from Reistaffs that is called the Guernsey Chesney arms, and has a red shield with four silver lozengers used as a fesse. On each lozenger is a small black escallop. The escallop was used by the Palmers, people who had been to Palestine during the middle ages. Miss Schultz wrote Aunt Carrie that she knew for sure that the "Chesniaes" came to England with the Huguenots, but she did not say how she knew. She also said that one branch of the family settled in Gallaway, Ireland. She had a letter from a lady who visited the old chateau Chesnaie at La Chesnaie near Dinan, Brittany. It turned out to be a dilapidated farm, but the ruins of the original arched gateway still stand. The family undoubtedly was

French, and they fled to the British Isles before coming to America. The data found in *History of Rensselaer County, New York*, gives Hugh and Joseph McChesney as the first to settle in that part of the country. Tradition says there were four brothers, and that in 1732 Robert McChesney landed in New Jersey, and another brother went south to establish the McChesney family there. While in Ireland the "de la" was dropped and the "Mc" added.

A pamphlet was found in the Library of Congress entitled *Family Tree of David and John McChesney*. I have not read this item, but I understand it deals with the New Jersey McChesneys. Our Hugh and Joseph could have been relatives of those who came in 1732, even though the Robert mentioned in the pamphlet came from Scotland, and Hugh was born in Ireland. Hugh McChesney fought in the Revolutionary War, and either Marion or Lois McChesney came into the NSDAR on his services. Samuel and Jane Morrison McChesney had the following children whom I did not mention in the genealogical chart: Alice, Mary, Joseph, Henry, David, Johanna, James, Hugh, Leonard, Jane, Sara, and William.

I stayed a lot with the McChesneys when they lived in Cropseyville, New York, but I remember most vividly the Christmas my brother, Edward Allen, was born. I had just found out that there was no Santa Claus, and I couldn't rest until I had informed my cousins also. Imagine my surprise when I found they would not believe me. So, to prove my statement, I suggested that after we were sent to bed Christmas eve, we would watch what was going on down in the parlor. This could be done by peeking through the hot air register which was on the floor. So, three little girls, lying on their stomachs, trying hard not to make any noise, waited for what seemed ages, until Uncle Russ came home from the store, and he and Aunt Carrie brought in the Christmas tree and hung the ornaments. When the presents were at last placed under the branches, Marion and Lois, completely disillusioned, whispered, "There isn't any Santa Claus; it's Mommie and Daddy."

I remember how anxiously we watched each day for the de-

livery boy, because in the basket of groceries he brought from the store there was always a sack of candy, the type known as "chicken feed." In the summer we played on the slate covered hillside back of the barn, or swung in the hammock under the "pound sweet" apple tree. The staircase of the house was in a small hallway. It was thickly padded and very steep, which made it a wonderful place for us to slide down on trays purloined from the kitchen when Aunt Carrie wasn't looking. Years later I told Edward and Virginia's children this story, which was a mistake, because the next time Carolyn came out to my house she tried the same thing on our stairs. It didn't work because they are wide and shallow. It took my grandson, Dan Martindale, to discover that it could be done by using a sofa cushion and a running start.

As one can see from the chart, there were three cousins on this side of the house, Marion, Lois, and Edward. Marion married her childhood sweetheart and moved to Mexico City, where she died quite suddenly when about thirty-five years old. She left no issue and is buried in the McChesney lot in the Brownsville cemetery. Lois and her first husband lived in Brownsville and operated the McChesney tourist courts (Palm Courts). They had two sons, Wallace Jr. and Russell Harwood. After the death of her husband, Lois continued running the courts until she met and married David Simpson of St. Louis, Missouri. They moved to El Paso, Texas, and then to Arizona, where David was connected with the mining industry. In 1957 they returned to live in Brownsville with David commuting to the mines in Mexico. He died here shortly before Christmas in 1957.

From the time Edward was a young man, he has been associated with the McChesney enterprises, first with his father in the store, and after his father's death, as manager of his mother's affairs. He and his wife, Virginia, are now running Palm Courts. Aunt Carrie, eighty-seven years of age, lived closeby until her death this year. This branch of the McChesney name dies out with Edward, as he is the last male in the immediate family.

CAMERON FAMILY

Mary Ann Cameron came from Wickenburg, Arizona. She is

the daughter of Herbert Kenneth Cameron and Faye Alice Pat-tyson, and the wife of Russell McChesney Harwood.

William Fletcher Cameron and his wife, Mary Shaw, lived on a farm near Picton or in Picton County, Nova Scotia. At least three sons were born there: John, Dan, and Hugh Thomas. John stayed on the farm while his brothers went on to college; one of them later was in the Canadian legislature. All three boys at one time were living in the United States. John met and married Flora MacKinnon (born in 1860 of Gaelic-Scotch parents). Two sons, John Kenneth, born August 3, 1879, and Donald Alexander, were born while they stayed with his parents in Nova Scotia. When John was about four years old, Flora and her boys joined the elder John, who had gone ahead to the gold fields in Colorado.

John Kenneth Cameron grew up in Cripple Creek. In September, 1901, he married Mable Irene Middleton of Ellis. It is said that he was a fine architect and that he designed a number of Catholic church in South America. John and Mable had a son, Herbert Kenneth Cameron, born in 1924 in Colorado.

Mable Irene Middleton was born on an Indian reservation near Ellis, Kansas, the daughter of James and Clara MacBurney Middleton, on June 29, 1880. James had been a prosperous businessman in Ellis, but suffered reverses in that city. He moved to Cannon City, Colorado, where he started a sawmill in the mountains. He was born in 1853 in Toronto, Canada, the son of John and Sarah Middleton. His parents came from the lowlands of Scotland. Some of his brothers and sisters settled in Kansas City and Sedalia, Missouri. He met Clara MacBurney while home on a visit. Clara, born July 4, 1859, in Belmont, Canada, was the daughter of Thomas and Anne Henderson MacBurney. Anne's sister was the first wife of Thomas, but she, along with their parents, died enroute to America, leaving Anne, another single sister, and Thomas, the widower, to set up housekeeping together upon their arrival in Canada. The single sister soon married, and Thomas told Anne that they must either marry or separate. Evidently they were fond of each other because they married, and Sarah was the tenth of their eleven children. The

MacKensie family also comes in through this MacBurney line.

PATTYSON FAMILY

I first located the Pattyson family in McWethy's *Early Settlers of New York*, vols. IV and V, p. 504; Baptist church records of Rushford, Allegany County, New York, under burials, I found "Lucinda Pattyson, died 1855." Follow up letters to Mrs. Hazel Shear, Route 1, Wellsville, New York, brought forth considerable data, and the name of Mrs. R. H. Zwanlenburg, 2114 Spring Creek Drive, Santa Rosa, California, who had done extensive research on the Pattyson line and written several articles for the *American Genealogist*, and Donald Lines Jacobus, New Haven, Connecticut, editor, on the Spencer family (Issue No. 114, July, 1951). The last of these articles gives the marriage of Lucinda Spencer to Joseph Pattyson and the full list of their children. The names of the sons are found in the 1855 census of New Hudson, Allegany County, New York, but the name is spelled Patterson. The *History of Allegany County and Its People* by Minard states that Joseph Pattyson and John Spencer were the first settlers of New Hudson (Rushford) in 1847, and the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society says that "Joseph Pattison and his wife, Lucinda Spencer Pattison are buried in the New Hudson cemetery." The dates of their death are given. The county clerk of Allegany County, New York, wrote that their records show that Philonas and Isaac Pattyson had been deeded land in Rushford and New Hudson, and that the deed had been executed by James Pattyson for property in New Hudson. (The dates were not given.) The monument erected in honor of the soldiers of 1812 gives the dates for Joseph Pattyson as 1796-1847, and his wife, Lucinda, 1790-1876. This, however, is not his first wife, whose name was also Lucinda. On the 1865 map of Cattaraugus County, New York, the land belonging to J. Patterson is shown as being close to the cemetery and the meeting house. In the cemetery called the County Line Cemetery, which weaves in and out of Cattaraugus and Allegany counties, is a shaft containing the names of various Spencers and Pattysons: Ida L. Spencer, 1859-1902; Alvira M., wife of Jeremiah Folts, 1839-91;

Abram Spencer, 1803-44; Asabel A. Spencer of Ira Harris Guards Company, 15th Regiment, 1844-62, killed at Winchester, Virginia; Cyrus Pattyson, May 16, 1826-September 10, 1882 (Mrs. Zwanlenburg's line); Malissa, July 31, 1817-March 11, 1890; Silas M. Pattyson, January 20, 1848-January 21, 1873; Franz C., 1863-64. Another grave marker in the cemetery was Maynard Pattyson, son of Philonas and Orelle, died November 15, 1864, age 18; Ebridge W., son of same, died in 1859, age 1 year, 2 months, 21 days; John Spencer, April 30, 1857, age 74; and his wife, Hannah, died April 18, 1872, age 85.

County clerk records of Allegany County also show that Elijah Scott of Birdsall deeded land to Elisha Scott of the town of Grove, and the 1855 census of Rushford gives an Edwin Scott. The 1860 census of New Hudson (Rushford), a John Scott is given, but no Pattysons or Patisons, etc. Mrs. Shrear sent us data on an Ebenezer Pattison of Portage, Wyoming County, New York, who was a Revolutionary War soldier, and lived with William D. Patteson, but further investigation proved they were not the family we were interested in. From McWethy's *Early Settlers of New York*, we were sent the cemetery records from Chautauqua County listing many Pattisons. The 1790 census of Washington County, New York disclosed many Pattisons and Pattersons.

In *History of Rushford and Its People*, by Helen Gilbert, p. 120, we found data on the Scott family, including a George Scott, born February 9, 1795, son of Calvin Scott.

Mrs. H. Anderson, NSDAR of Columbus, Kansas, sent me the information she found in the cemetery on the Pattysons buried there: "Philonas Pattyson, 1823-1904; W. Robert Pattyson, 1850-1926; his wife, Addie M. Scott, 1853-1927; Maynard, son of Robert and Addie, 1871-1947; Roscoe H. Pattyson, died in Oklahoma, 1886-1956-57; and others.

So after all our research we came up with the following genealogical chart: Joseph Pattyson, probably born in England, lived in Thurman, Washington County, New York (now Warren County). His wife is not known, but they are believed to have had the following issue: Joseph Jr., known to have lived or

been born in Thurman, New York; Isaac (Mrs. Zwahlenburg found no descendants for this man); and possibly a James Pattyson. Joseph Pattyson Jr., born January 23, 1795, and died August 11, 1847, in New Hudson, New York, married first Lucinda Spencer, born in Granville, Washington County, New York, April 18, 1797, and died in Rushford (New Hudson), New York, about 1817. They had a large family of children, including Philonas Pattyson. Joseph Jr. married second Lucinda Hardy, born September 7, 1796, and died December 13, 1876. Her death date is given with Joseph's on the 1812 marker. Philonas Pattyson, born January 6, 1823, in New Hudson, died March 21, 1804, in Columbus Kansas. He married Orilla Markham, born January 11, 1825, and died April 10, 1886, in New Hudson. Their children were born there, and some of them are buried there. About 1867 Philonas and his brother, Darius, joined a wagon train en-route to Kansas. In the same party was a neighbor, Edwin Scott with his family. During the journey Mrs. Scott became very ill. Knowing her end was near, she made a last request, that her daughter, Addie Mae, be married to her childhood sweetheart, Robert, son of their good friend Joseph Pattyson, so that she could die knowing that her dearest dream had been fulfilled. Addie Mae is said to have been fourteen at the time, and Robert was about seventeen. She was born June 1, 1853, and died March 12, 1927. Robert was born June 13, 1850, and died January 1, 1926. The marriage was performed that evening in the large covered wagon at the bedside of the dying woman. Robert and Addie Mae settled in Columbus and had four living children: May, Maynard, Arthur, and Roscoe. Edwin Scott later remarried.

Maynard Albert Pattyson, born November 15, 1871, and died in 1947, married Agnes Gore, born April 24, 1877, and still living in Columbus, Kansas. Her people came from Hardin County, Kentucky. Maynard and Agnes had a daughter, Faye Alice Pattyson, born in 1906 in Skidmore, Kansas. She married Herbert Cameron in Picher, Oklahoma, just across the state line from Baxter Springs, Kansas, in 1924. They had two daughters, Shirley Jeanne (Cameron) Barnes, of Greenfield, Indiana, and

Mary Ann (Cameron) Harwood, wife of Russell Harwood of Brownsville, Texas.

On the death certificate of Darius Pattyson, son of Joseph Jr., in Columbus, Kansas, his daughter, Mrs. Harriet Freileight, gave her grandfather's birthplace as England. Mrs. Van Zwalenburg says that her father always told her that Joseph's father was also named Joseph, and that he fought in the Revolutionary War. This is undoubtedly the Joseph from England. She also wrote that she had located a book in the Library of Congress, *Ye Old Log School House*, which mentioned the burning of Joseph Pattyson's cabin, with all of his claim papers and records. Philonas, his son, tried to recover the property for his father. Consequently, we feel that both he and his brother, Darius, knew the birthplace of his father and grandparents. Harriet Freileight had the data accumulated by Philonas during that period, and at her death the information went to Robert Hurst of Columbus, Kansas. Although Mr. Hurst has been written by several members of the family who are trying to secure this information, he has not answered any of the letters.

SPENCER FAMILY

Gerrad Spencer, who came to America in 1632 with Thomas Hooker, and who was one of the first settlers in Haddon, Connecticut, is said to have been the progenitor of this line. He had a son, Nathaniel, who married Lydia Bailey, daughter of John and Lydia Baccus Bailey. Their son was Phineus Spencer, who married Martha Stevens, daughter of Timothy. Abner Spencer, fourth generation in America, was the son of Phineus and Martha, and is the one we seem to know the most about. He was married twice, but the names of his wives are not known. By the first marriage he had Elijah and Ben; by the second he had John, Jacob, Isaac, Abner Jr., Enos, Abraham, David, Dolly, and Lucinda Spencer. The family was in Granville, Charlotte County, New York, during 1790-1800, and in Spencertown, Columbia County. Abner Spencer fought in the Revolutionary War in the Dutchess County Militia, 5th Regiment, from 1775-80.

Both the Pattyson and Spencer families were in Granville, New York, around 1790, but we found nothing further about Abner Sr., and Joseph Sr. Their sons, Abner Jr. and Joseph Jr. are next located in the records and history of Rushford or Hudson, New York, along with Lucinda Spencer, who was then Joseph's wife.

Mrs. Van Zwanlenburg wrote several articles on this family for the *American Genealogist*, issues September, 1951, and January, 1952. This magazine is edited by Donal Lines Jacobus, P.O. Box 3020, Westville Station, New Haven, Connecticut. We were able to obtain only the last issue, which gives the children of Abner Spencer Sr. Mrs. Van Zwanlenburg wrote that she had never been able to prove the connection between Abner Sr. of Connecticut and Granville, New York, and the Abner of Rushford, New York, whose sister, Lucinda, married Joseph Pattyson. Circumstantial evidence shows that they were undoubtedly the same, but the move from Connecticut to New York is vague, and for admittance to any patriotic society further proof must be found.

SANFORD AND BELL FAMILIES

While the information sent to me by Anne Sanford, wife of Wallace Baker Harwood, Jr., of Austin, Texas, is brief, general knowledge of her families can be located with little effort throughout West Texas.

An obituary for William M. Sanford, who died in Alpine, Texas, includes the following data. "The father of John Richard Sanford came to Texas before the Civil War, with his parents, when he was five years old. They came in ox-drawn wagons with their household goods, slaves, and stock, and settled in Jackson County, where they farmed and did some ranching. Wounded in the Civil War, he returned home, and, in 1865, married Susan Eleen Rodgers, a native Texan who died in Rock Springs, in 1897. Mr. William Sanford's people came to Texas from Virginia, through Tennessee, Mississippi to Texas. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Sepht in Alpine. His son was Judge John Richard Sanford, and his grandson is Henry Jackson San-

ford of Mexico City, Mexico. His wife was Anne Jackson, whose family came from England to Texas, and who gave her maiden name to her son, Henry Jackson. Henry married Blanche Bell of San Antonio, Texas."

I have no data on the Bell family beyond the names of Anne's grandparents and great-grandparents. Her mother's father was Andrew Jackson Bell; his parents were Frank M. and Jane Dotson Bell. Andrew Jackson married Blanche Brown, who is now living in San Antonio. Her father was Lucius H. Browne, and her mother, Alice Viola Butler. Her grandmother was Margaret Anne Rutledge. Edward Rutledge, one of her early ancestors, signed the Declaration of Independence. Margaret Anne and her husband, David, moved to Alabama about 1853, where they settled in or near Marion. From Alabama the Butler family moved to Texas, and in 1875 their daughter, Alice Viola, was married in Helena, Texas, to Lucius Henry Browne. David died and is buried in San Marcos, Texas.

Anne says that her grandmother, Blanche Bell, has two lines accepted by the NSDAR, and that the soldiers were generals; that the family includes the Rutledges, Rutherfords, and Butlers of Charleston, South Carolina; and that they came to Texas in 1849 and settled in Indianola, Jackson County, Texas (this was the Sanfords).

CROWE AND GRIMSLEY FAMILIES

This family comes into our Hall line through the marriage of Jane Frances McChesney, eleventh generation, to Carl Crowe of Brownsville, Texas.

George Crowe and his wife, Jane Fulton, were the first of the family to come from Nova Scotia to the United States. They lived for a time in Boston, Massachusetts; then moved westward to Kansas, where George helped to settle Topeka. From there they moved to Emporia, and then on to Rocky Ford, Colorado. One of their sons was Zenus C. Crowe, born October 3, 1838, in Nova Scotia. While in Kansas, Zenus married, on March 10, 1866, a sixteen-year-old girl, Anna Cordelia Roe, who was born April 2, 1850, and died in Berrien County, Michigan. They had

a son, Clarence Kenneth, born March 31, 1894, in Emporia, Kansas. Zenus died and is buried in Rocky Ford, Colorado. Clarence married Victoria I. Grimsley, who was born March 31, 1899, in Banner Elk, North Carolina. They now live in Brownsville, Texas, and it is their only child, Carl, who married Jane McChesney.

The Roe family starts with Charles Roe of Kentucky, who married Barbasheba Watson and had a son, William. In 1816 this William married Mary Martindale, born May 26, 1800, in South Carolina, and died April 26, 1869. They were married in Kentucky and had a son, James Harvey Roe, born in 1817, who married first Susanna Hardman, born October 8, 1812, in Kentucky, and second Anne Dalton. They are buried in the Greely cemetery in Iowa. James and Susanna had a daughter, Anne Cordelia Roe, born in 1850, who married Zenus Crowe.

The data on the Crowe and Roe families was given to me by Mrs. C. K. Crowe of Brownsville, Texas, but in checking data I already had on the Martindale family, I found three references for the Roe family: *Roe, David, of Flushing, Long Island, New York*, by Clarence A. Torrey, published in 1926 by the Roe Printing Company; a manuscript dated 1949, "Sketch of our Own Line," supplied by Professor H. G. Burbridge to Charles H. Roe; and *Eli Roe of Portage, Prairie, Indiana*, by Lutie Blover, 1947. Mrs. Charles Roe and Mrs. Margary Cleveland, a member of the Crowe family, have published a mimeographed edition of their findings on the John Martindale family, cordwainer of Philadalephia, Pennsylvania, which includes their own lines of Roe and Martindale. This Martindale line is not to be confused with that of my son, Robert René Martindale, because he is a direct descendant of Edward Martindale of Greenfield, Massachusetts. There seems to be no connection whatsoever. A brief resume of John Martindale follows:

Born in England in 1676, John Martindale married Mary Bridgeman before he came to America. He died in 1750 in Pennsylvania leaving a large family of children, one of whom was William, born in 1723. In 1767 William moved to Loudoun County, Virginia, and then on to Union County, South Caro-

lina, where he settled on the Encoree River. He married twice, both wives being Elizabeth. By his second wife, Elizabeth White-ly, he had a son, William Jr., born March 8, 1753, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. In 1771 William Jr. married Martha Bishop. He served in the South Carolina Militia during the Revolutionary War under Colonel Brandon. In the same company was his brother, James. Although he owned many slaves, as time went on, he became adverse to this practice, and in 1802 he moved to Warren County, Ohio, where he freed those that he had. In 1836-37 he moved to Miami County, Ohio. He died at the home of his son, Moses Martindale, in Chilli, Indiana, and is buried in the "Old Pioneer" cemetery. He was over one hundred years old when he died. This is the Revolutionary War soldier that entitles any of his descendants to membership in the NSDAR or the NSSAR.

John Martindale, son of the above William Jr., was born January 12, 1772, in Charleston, South Carolina. He married in 1791 Mary Burns, daughter of Robert and Margaret Pearson Burns. This family was an ardent Baptist family. John and Margaret moved to Berrien County, Michigan, where Margaret died and is buried in the Bakerstown cemetery. John then joined his son in Iowa. Their daughter, Mary Martindale, born January 28, 1800, in South Carolina, and died April 26, 1869, married William Roe in 1816.

Lawrence Burns was the first of his line to come to America. He came from Scotland via Ireland, and settled in South Carolina in 1736. His wife was an Irish girl whose name is unknown, but among their many children was a son, Robert Burns, who married Margaret Pearson. In the manuscript by Mr. Roe and Mrs. Cleveland, it states that relationship is claimed to the great poet, Robert Burns, but nothing has ever been found to prove this claim.

According to these same genealogists, the Pearsons came from Patonall Fee, Ceshire, England. The first was Enock, born January 20, 174(?), son of Joseph and Elizabeth Pearson. He married Tabithia Jaycock. Enock died before 1799, and Tabithia married second John Townsend. John was married first to

Enock's sister, Elizabeth Pearson. In 1774, Enock moved his family from Philadelphia to South Carolina. His children were: Enock Jr., Rachel, Sarah, William, Isaac, Margaret, Thomas, and three other daughters whose names are not known.

Mrs. Victoria I. (Grimsley) Crowe gave me the following data on her own family. She was born March 31, 1899 in Banner Elk, North Carolina, daughter of James C. and Elma Belle (Banner) Grimsley. James C. was the son of William A. and Anne Baird Grimsley, born January 22, 1842. These families were all from Banner Elk, which was named for the Banner family. Elma Belle Banner was the daughter of Michael and Luzena (Luther) Banner. She was born July 9, 1857, in Banner Elk.

Checking through the roster of Revolutionary War soldiers for North Carolina, I found Benjamin, Ephriam, and Joseph Banner, all of whom received pensions. Charles Grimsley also received a pension, together with Adam and James Baird. Mrs. W. E. Weatherly of Gastonia, North Carolina, descends from Adam Baird, and has considerable data on this man. There were three Luther men given: George, Mitchel, and Michael Luther. (Luzena Luther Banner was the daughter of a Michael Luther.) *North Carolina Wills and Abstracts*, by Grimes and Olds, contains data on the Bairs, Lowther, and Hardman families.

PARTENHEIMER AND KELCHNER FAMILIES

This family comes into ours through the marriage of Carolyn Virginia McChesney, daughter of Edward and Virginia Harwood McChesney of Brownsville, Texas, to William Penn Partenheimer III. He is a lieutenant in the United States army stationed in El Paso, Texas, and their daughter, Nancy Roane, born September 7, 1958.

The first known Partenheimer was Philip, whose parents had a cotton mill along the Wissichickon Creek. He married Jacobina Sobernheimer of Doemstadt, Germany, and had a son, William Penn Partenheimer I, born in Philadelphia, where his father was born. William married Sara Ada Makelva, daughter of James Franklin and Sarah Williams Makelva, both of whom

were born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. After their marriage, William and Sarah moved to Camden, New Jersey, where their son, William Penn II, was born. He married Miriam Kelchner and had two children: Ruth, who married the Reverend Paul Fisher, and William Penn III.

Miriam Kelchner was born in Camden, New York, September 29, 1895, daughter of Edith Rice Campbell and Doctor William Irvin Kelchner. Edith Rice Campbell was also born in Camden, daughter of Doctor Campbell and Laura Bell Rice of Winchester, Virginia. (Doctor Campbell was the son of Joseph Shepard Campbell of Fairton, New Jersey.)

Doctor Kelchner was the son of Jacob S. Kelchner of Berks County, Pennsylvania, and Louisa Ellen Sheridan of Bowers Station, Berks County, Pennsylvania. He is a descendant of Michael and Henry Kelchner, who came to America from Rotterdam, Holland, September 18, 1733. Michael served in Captain Shades' Company, Colonel Miles' Regiment, April 28, 1776, and fought in the battle of Long Island, New York. Henry was in Captain Jacob Moser's Company in the Continental Line, 6th Pennsylvania Regiment, from January 1, 1777 to November, 1773.

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4. *The Town That Saved a State*, by Agnes Best, p. 215; *Westerly and Its Witnesses*, by Reverend Dennison, published in 1878, p. 154.

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9. Research and records sent to me by Harold Vars of Westerly, Rhode Island. Research by Caroline Hall McChesney in cemeteries, court houses, and libraries. Stories told to her by Jane Philips, other relatives, friends, and old timers. Other references given in manuscript as subject is discussed.

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VARS FAMILY

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3. *History of Rensselaer County, New York*, by Sylvester, town of Brunswick, p. 533.
4. Records of baptisms, etc., First Gilead Lutheran Church, now in library in Albany, New York.
5. Letters from Mrs. Lenore Egan, Hudson, New York, on the descendants of John Melchoir File by his first wife, Elizabeth Reichert-Hausing.
6. Office of probate clerk, wills and deeds, Troy, New York.
7. Supplemental papers, NSDAR, on John Melchoir File, Revolutionary War soldier for Gladys Meier and Caroline McChesney.
8. Cemetery records, oldest Lutheran cemetery at Center Brunswick, New York.
9. Stories from Caroline Hall McChesney and her mother, Martha File.
10. *Annual Report of the State Historian of New York State*, 1867, p. 815.
11. *New York State Commission for Defeating and Detecting Conspirators*. Minutes of the Albany County Board, pp. 612-13, 620, 224, 459-60, 668, 134, 220, 544, 646, and 648.
12. *New York in Revolution*, by Roberts.
13. 1790 census for New York.

FINCKEL-FINKEL FAMILY

1. Coat of arms, Reitstap's *General*.
2. McWethy's *Book of Names*, Kockerthral records, ration list for 1714.
3. McCallaghan's *Roll of the Independent Company, Manor of Livingston, New York*, Colonial Wars.
4. Sylvester's *History of Rensselaer County, New York*, town of Brunswick.
5. *History of Gilead Lutheran Church*, by Rev. Barnett.

6. *New York in Revolution*, by Roberts.
7. Records from register of First Gilead Lutheran Church, New York State Library, Albany, New York.
8. Miss Mable Keech, authority on heraldry, Evanston, Illinois.
9. Old Finkel cemetery near Abbott home on Colluson farm near Poestenkill, New York (now called Springer and Eagle Mills cemetery).
10. Stories told by Caroline McChesney and Martha File Hall.
11. *New York State Commission for Detecting and Defeating Conspirators*, Minutes of Albany County Board.

SCHMIDT-SCHMID-SMITH FAMILIES

1. *History of Rhinebeck, New York*, sent to me by Katherine E. (Smith) Summers, who was born in Clifton Park, New York, but now lives in Troy, New York.
2. McWethy's *Book of Names*, pp. 42, 71, 126.
3. Office of probate clerk, Troy, New York, will of John Schmidt, 1803.
4. Rev. Barnett's *History of Gilead Lutheran Church*.
5. Gilead Lutheran Church records, New York State Library, Albany, New York.

HENER (HAYNER) FAMILY

1. Coat of arms as recorded by Siebmacher in his *Wappenbuck for the Hayner Family from the Province of Sachsen, Germany*, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.
2. *American Ancestry*, by Thomas Hughes, vol. II, p. 53, Columbia County, New York, published by Munsell.
3. Book by Florence Hayner Haskell on the Hayner family in the Boston, Massachusetts, library.
4. *American Historical Magazine*, vol. 21, pp. 454-56, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.
5. *Holland Society Year Book*, vo. 1900, p. 153.
6. *True and Authentic Register of Persons Who Came From Germany to America*, p. 14, New York State Library, Albany, New York.

7. McWethy's *Book of Names*, Kockerthall records, and Governor Hunter's ration list, 1719.

8. Data from Florence Hayner, Rochester, New York, Mrs. Allen Hayner, Route No. 1, Troy, New York; Mrs. Clara Spicer, Putnam, Connecticut; Clifford Hayner, Rochester, New York, member of the Society of Sons of the American Revolution.

9. Rhinebeck Documents, p. 28, Rhinebeck Flats, vol. I, part 2, p. 208; St. Paul's Lutheran Church records, Red Hook, New York, part I, p. 55, New York State Library, Albany, New York, births and marriages.

10. Photostatic copy of license to keep tavern (same in Rev. Barnett's *History of Gilead Lutheran Church*) and copy of appointment of Johannes Heyner to the King's Militia, 1772, signed by Governor William Tyron, Tyron County Militia.

11. Palatine immigrants from Holland to England, notes in British Museum Lists in C.O. 3880378 D-27-70.

12. *Documentary History, New York*, vo. 3, p. 344.

13. *Gilead Lutheran Church Records*, kept in the vault at New York State Library, Albany, New York.

14. Surrogate court records, No. 99, Troy, New York.

15. *Troy and Rensselaer County*, by Rutherford Hayner, published in 1925, p. 218.

16. *Documentary History, New York*, vo. 3, pp. 343, 400, 432, by E. B. O'Callaghan, published in 1850.

17. Gilead Lutheran Church cemeteries, Brunswick, Quakenkill, and Grafton, New York.

18. Rev. Barnett's *History of Gilead Lutheran Church*.

19. *New York in the Revolution*, by Roberts.

20. *Report of the New York State Historian*, 1897, vol. II, Colonial Wars, Captain Van Aerman's Company.

MUSSIÉR-MUSTIER FAMILY

1. *History of the Mussier Family*, New York State Library, Albany, New York (sent in by Christina Hayner, widow of Bertram).

2. Baptismal records, St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Red Hook, New York, New York State Library, Albany, New York.

3. McWethy's *Book of Names*, Kockerthral records.

VAN ETTEN FAMILY

1. Rhinebeck Document, p. 48, Rhinebeck Flats, vol. I, part 2, p. 208; St. Paul's Lutheran Church records, Red Hook, New York.
2. Mrs. Allen Hayner, Route No. 1, Troy, New York.
3. *Report of State Historian, New York State*, 1897, and *New York in Revolution*, by Roberts.

PHILIPS FAMILY

1. Mrs. Lenore Egan, R.F.D. No. 1, Hudson, New York, on early history and coat of arms.
2. Mrs. Charles Hilton of Troy, New York, original Philips English bible. Photostatic copies of births and deaths of William Philips and family in possession of Caroline McChesney and Gladys Meier, also NSDAR, Washington, D.C.
3. *Annual Report, State Historian*, 1897, vol. II, p. 814.
4. McWethy's *Book of Names*.
5. *History of Rensselaer County*, New York, by Sylvester. Towns of Brunswick and Petersburg.
6. French and Indian Wars, 1712, the first Petrus Philips.
7. Early Gilead Lutheran Church records, New York State Library, Albany, New York, and later church records at Brunswick, New York.
8. Data gathered by Caroline Hall McChesney.
9. Presbyterian church and cemetery records, Brunswick, New York.
10. Edwin R. Stahl, 11 Genesee St., Geneva, New York.
11. Excerpts from Claveraack Public Papers of George Clinton, vol. III, p. 643.
12. *History of Columbia County*, New York, by Ellis, and records of St. Thomas Lutheran Church, Churchtown, New York.
13. Librarian, New York State Library, Albany, New York.
14. *Calendar of Wills*, by Fernow, 1785.
15. *American Genealogy*, vol. II, pp. 45-94.

16. 1790 census, Columbia, Rensselaer, and Dutchess counties, New York.

17. Letter from Lewis Philips of Geneva, New York, to his neice, Caroline Hall Clint, dated 1925, in possession of Caroline McChesney.

18. Philips German bible in Union College, Schenectady, New York.

19. Broad Albin cemetery records, Fulton County, New York.

20. Claveraack Lutheran Church records, New York.

21. Letters from Bertha Link, whose son, Ralph, has powder horn carried by Revolutionary War soldier Petrus Philips.

22. Letters from War Department, Washington, D.C.

LILLY-LILLIE-LILJE FAMILY

1. Data from Caroline Hall McChesney, Brownsville, Texas.

2. Philips bible owned by Mrs. Charles Hilton, 5th Avenue and Grand Street, Troy, New York.

3. "Old White Church" (Presbyterian) cemetery records, Brunswick, New York.

4. Vital records, Pownal, Vermont.

5. Letter from Stafford Springs and Union, Connecticut.

6. *History of the Lillie-Lilje Families*, by Gustav Anjou of Staten Island, New York, portions of which are now in the author's possession.

7. Book No. 1, Dudley town records, Massachusetts, 1732-1754; Book No. 2, p. 109, Dudley vital statistics; records of Wattertown, Massachusetts.

8. *Records and Genealogies of Union, Connecticut*, pp. 401-02; Woodstock vital records, p. 27; Windham County census; *History of Tolland County, Connecticut*, p. 686; *History of Windham County*, by Bayless, p. 857.

9. 1790 census of Connecticut.

10. U.S. Pension Bureau, Washington, D.C.

11. Mrs. Marie J. Roth, 285 West Center St., Pamona, California; Mrs. Joseph Wilson Sr., P.O. Box 144, Bennington, Connecticut; Mrs. Edwin Stahl, Geneva, New York; Frank A. Lillie, R.F.D. No. 2, Bennington, Vermont.

12. Bennington, Vermont, public library.
13. Coat of arms, Misses Keech and Eilers of Evanston, Illinois, authorities on heraldry.
14. *Connecticut Men in Revolution*, New York State Library, Albany, New York.
15. Connecticut Historical Society Collections, vol. XII, pp. 34, 82, 171, 237, 154.
16. *Ancestral Heads of Families in New England*.

DENNIS FAMILY

1. Vital statistics, Dudley and Andover, Massachusetts.
2. Records of Essex County, Massachusetts.
3. Claude W. Barlow, Clark University, Worcester 10, Massachusetts.

Many other references are given in the genealogical outline of the family to which they belong.

