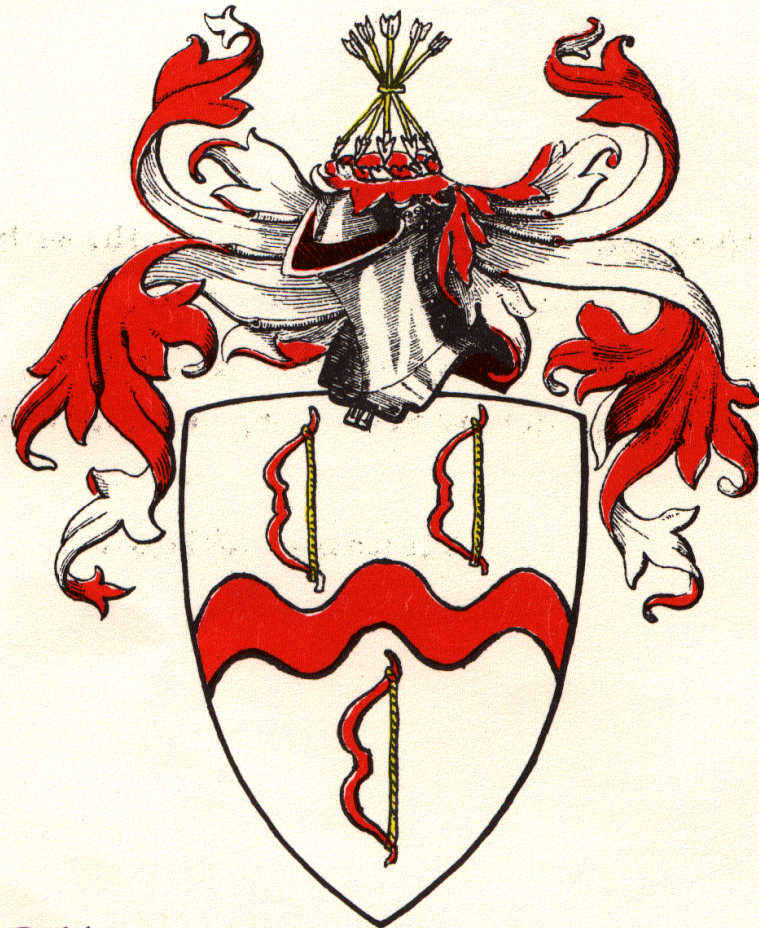


*The
Bowditch
Family
of
Salem. Massachusetts*



*North Carolina
Branch
1524-1964*

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This is to certify that the above Arms
were registered by the Committee on
Heraldry of the New England Historic
Genealogical Society on the 27th day of
July 1926, as the arms of William
Bowditch of Salem 1671.

for the Committee,

Harold Bowditch Secretary



“Argent, a fess wavy between three boxes
paleways gules stringed or.
Five arrows, one in pale and four in saltire,
heads downwards, or, feathered gules.”

(Visitation of Dorset, 1623)

*The Bowditch Family
of Salem, Massachusetts*
*
North Carolina Branch



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Introduction

by

Fred T. Bowditch

On August 12, 1896, Helen Louise Tryon, aged 20, of Mahomet, Illinois, married Frederick Darlington Bowditch, aged 36, originally of Yancey County, North Carolina, but who came to Urbana, Illinois and worked his way through high school and the University of Illinois, Class of 1888.

Four children were born of this marriage, and as this is written in October of 1963, these “children” are in turn possessed of nine children of their own and fifteen grandchildren. It has occurred to me, now aged 66 and the eldest of the first four, that none of us is getting any younger, and that it is perhaps worthwhile to put down on paper something of the early history of this group.

As will be noted in the chapters which follow, “Papa” passed away too soon in 1920 of an infection that is routinely cured today. This left our mother — “The Little Grandma” as her great grandchildren affectionately call her — with two children, myself and Russell, provided with college degrees, and in the early stages of establishing careers of our own; with Lawrence, aged 18, just entered in the University of Illinois and with Bob, aged 6, just beginning the 16 years of schooling which were to lead him to a B.S. degree at Illinois as well. Today her grandchildren look with dismay at the fearsome task of financing the college educations of the fifteen great grandchildren. Let them gain some solace from the much greater sacrifices made by “The Little Grandma”, who in 1920 at age 44 and with the most modest of means, had no other thought than to carry on Papa’s dream of giving all his children the education which would help “bring them back to the same position in life, as his own father and mother had been in their youth”. (The quote is from one of her chapters which follows).

And so this year, with retirement giving me more time to reflect on things in general, I have been moved to edit this little booklet. A first step has been to ask Mother to give us recollections of her early life and what she knows of the antecedents of her parents. This she has done very promptly, and, at age 87, with every bit of that fine talent for vivid self-expression which has characterized her writings over the years.

Chapter II was written soon after and preserves for us Mother’s recollections of her 24 years of married life with our beloved “Papa”. To me, at least, it has been a very moving experience to read these two chapters, and to observe today how well indeed they fulfilled their major ambition to give us all a good “position in life”.

Chapter III includes my summary of the early history of the Bowditch family from ancestral days in England to Papa’s beginnings in North Carolina.

And finally and best of all it seems most appropriate to conclude this writing with Chapter IV, “I Remember”, a collection of poems written by our talented mother soon after she turned 80 years of age. May we all have as much reason to look back on a life so

full of accomplishment, and may this “Little Grandma” be with us for many years to come.

CHAPTER I

Life in a Methodist Parsonage

by

Helen L. Bowditch

I have been asked to write an account of my early life telling what I know of my parents' family and somewhat of life as I lived it in a Methodist parsonage over eighty years ago. What I remember may be of little interest to those of today, but since it has been requested, I will do the best I can.

I know but little of my father's family, as it was never my privilege to meet any of them. All I know is my father, Harvey Seth Tryon, was born in Glastonbury, Connecticut on April 16, 1836, being the eldest son of Harvey and Mary Dickerson Tryon. He had an elder sister, Harriet, who married an architect by the name of Hollister, who evidently made quite a success of his profession as he designed a very nice church in that locality and seems to have been quite prosperous. He had a younger brother, Nelson, and several younger sisters whose names I do not know. He also had an Uncle Seth, a man of considerable wealth and standing in the community. The family came originally from Wales. They were Huguenots who fled from France in the 17th century to escape persecution. One of them named William Tryon came to this country in 1711, and it is from him that our branch of the family came.

My father was raised on a farm called "Tom's Hill" and received his rudimentary education in Glastonbury. They were a very religious family and obeyed the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut of that day to the letter. I have heard my father tell of a group of boys being taken into custody by the police because they were walking in the fields on the Sabbath day. It was against the law to be wandering around on Sunday.

As a very young man he worked in a factory for a time. There was an accident in which a man was killed. He attended the funeral services and the sermon so moved him that he decided to dedicate his life to the ministry. The text of the sermon was "Prepare to Meet Thy God".

Feeling there was a better opportunity for service in the West, he decided to go to Illinois. Illinois, at that time was undeveloped in many ways, but for some reason he wished to go. He had no money, so went to his Uncle Seth and asked for a loan. This was refused as his uncle disapproved of his going and felt he should remain in the East. But his sister, Harriet, gave him the money and he left Connecticut never to return. I do not know what means of transportation he had, nor the exact time of his going, but it must have been somewhere around 1855.

He reached Illinois and worked his way through Illinois Wesleyan College at Bloomington and prepared himself for the ministry. Both his father and mother died in their 40's, within a few years after he left, which no doubt is why he never returned. He

never claimed his share of the inheritance, as he said there was no more than was needed for the others. He wrote to his sister, Harriet, regularly, until she died about 1875.

His first appointment as a minister of the Methodist Church was at Mahomet, Illinois, where he served until he enlisted in the Civil War in 1862. He served in the war for four years and had many hardships. Three times he had pneumonia and often went hungry, as sometimes all the food they had was what they called “hard tack”, a kind of hard cracker. I remember his telling, as he was on sentry duty, one night a rabbit ran by. He killed it, dressed it and roasted it over an open fire. He never forgot this meal and used to tell us how delicious it tasted.

The soldiers received \$13.00 a month., clothing and food. Transportation from the north was in freight cars. Hardships were many, but my father was very patriotic and never regretted any sacrifices he may have had to make. The \$13.00 a month, he received he sent back to a friend, Mr. Abbott, in Mahomet, who invested it for him, and when he returned he had this for a nest egg. Later on, he used this money for a down payment on a 150-acre farm, one mile west of Mahomet, for \$30.00 an acre.

During his service in the war, he kept his faith in God and spent his spare time in holding prayer meetings for those who cared to attend and in the study of the Bible. (See appendix, this chapter).

At the close of the war, his ministerial life began in earnest and he served as pastor in Mahomet and Maroa before his marriage to my mother in 1871.

His ministry was what they called a “charge”. That is, he had more than one church to serve. One in a village and the other out in the country. Sometimes in a little country church and sometimes in a schoolhouse. In good weather he drove in a horse and buggy. In bad weather he went horseback. The roads were bad, often deep in mud or snow. The winters were severe and to keep himself warm, he wrapped a buffalo robe around him if in the buggy. This robe was the hide of a buffalo and was very warm. I remember it well, but have no idea whatever became of it. He also had a “soap stone” which was heated on the kitchen stove before he left and held the heat very well. This he carried in the seat with him.

My father never had a large city church. His service was always in towns and country and his salary was never more than \$750.00 a year with parsonage. But somehow he managed to live and save. As a child, I can remember we always had a good garden, chickens and a cow. We also had to move every three years, as it was against the rules of the church to stay longer.

I know even less about my mother and her family. But I do know she was born and raised in Philadelphia and her father’s name was William Rudolph, and her mother’s maiden name was Phebe Jones. Her mother’s people came from England and France, but I do not know from what country her father’s people came. She was born, June 7, 1845 in Philadelphia and was named Annie Elizabeth. She was the second of seven children, three of whom died in infancy. Her father had a very good position of some kind in an office and gave his family the best advantages he could. They always had a maid and the girls were given private lessons in music and art. Her mother was ill during the years in which she bore her children, having what they called in that age, long lingering

consumption. As a result, 6 of her children died of lung trouble, my mother being the only one to escape. She lived to be 84 and died in Grand Rapids, Michigan in 1929.

Her father and mother died within six months of each Other in Philadelphia. Her father, first, of a heart attack in his office and her mother, six months later of consumption. They left four children and no money. The eldest was Emma, about 18 and engaged to be married; my mother, Annie, 16; Fannie, 14 and Willie, 11. The grandparents, a bachelor Uncle Ed, and maiden Aunt Anna, all living together, took the girls into their home, but put the boy in a boys' school in Philadelphia where he was very unhappy. Three times he ran away but was always found and returned. My mother loved him dearly and used to go to the school to see him. Once, after he had tried to run away, she found him shut up in a room in the cellar with nothing to eat but bread and water and no bed but the floor. She used to promise him that as soon as she could, she would make a home for him. But this she was never able to do as he died of a hemorrhage of the lungs while playing ball on the school grounds. The other boys told my mother he had a bad cold and had coughed so at night, they used to give him their pillows to prop him up. My brother was later named for him. My mother's Uncle Sylvester owed her father some money and she went to try to collect it. But he told her if she could get blood out of a turnip, he would pay it. She got employment in a photographer's shop and used to pay her sister Fannie a little money each week for washing out her clothes for her so Fannie could have a little money of her own. Emma was not able to work as she had contracted tuberculosis. The young man she was to marry deserted her on account of her illness for which my mother never forgave him. She said he should have waited until her death, instead of breaking her heart. Before Emma's death, they all moved to Maroa, Illinois, where Uncle Ed had bought a section of land, which he later lost. They thought the change might improve Emma's health, but such was not the case for she died within a year.

It was here my father and mother met. He was the pastor and was often invited to her home for dinner, as her grandparents. Uncle Ed and Aunt Anna, were devout Methodists. In fact, Uncle Ed was what they called a "lay preacher". That is, one who was not ordained but could preach in an emergency.

I used to like to hear my mother talk about their courtship. Once he took her to a neighboring town to hear the Bishop preach at the annual conference. He told a story of a young man and his lady friend driving through a woods. The young man asked her if she could hear the bird singing. She said "yes". "Do you know what it is saying?" She said "no". He said "It is saying, I love you, I love you". She then asked him if he knew what the other bird was saying in reply, and he said "no, what is it saying", and she said "it is saying, prove it, prove it". On their way home, as they were driving through a little woods, my father said "Do you. hear that bird, and do you know what it is saying?" and she answered quickly "no, I don't hear any bird". She said if he couldn't be original she didn't want to hear him quoting someone else. When he was sent to another charge he asked if she would write to him. She consented and was delighted when she had his first letter. She wished to answer it at once, but her grandmother told her it would be very forward of her to answer before a month and very unladylike. So she waited a month and he did not reply for a year, as he felt she was not very much interested in him. But Emma died and she sent the paper with the account of her death to him and wrote her name at

the top of the paper. He came to see her and it was not long until they became engaged and were married in Maroa, on December 21, 1871. It was a very simple wedding and my mother made all her wedding clothes. I have heard her say that her entire outfit cost only \$50.00 and this included underwear, dress, coat, hat and shoes. Her dress was the color of ashes of roses and I am sure she was a very lovely bride, with her soft brown eyes and her sweet smile. One of my father's friends told him that he had won half of his battles of life when he married my mother. And I believe this to be true. She made a splendid minister's wife, for she loved the work and took an active part in everything. For years she played the organ, sang a solo when needed, taught a Sunday School class, worked in the Ladies' Aid and Missionary Societies and called with my father on the sick and afflicted. I have heard her say, often, that the happiest years of her life were those spent as a minister's wife. They had three children—my brother, Willie, was the first born. He was born in Rantoul on March 4, 1873. I was born in Mahomet on February 9, 1876 and a baby sister came a few years later, but died in infancy.

In the meantime, my mother's sister, Fannie, had married a young man from Chicago, who came to Maroa to visit his uncle. His name was James C. Carter, and he was a fine young man, with a good position and prospects of advancement. Uncle Ed was so pleased with this marriage that he gave her a big wedding. She was married in a lovely blue silk dress, I have heard my mother say. In the same number of years, she gave birth to three children, Phebe, Alice and Preston, while my mother had the two. My childhood days in the parsonage are still clear to me and remain a pleasant and a happy memory. There never was very much money, but there was always enough for the necessities. My mother made all my clothes. I never had many of them, but those I had were always of very good material and well made. My father's salary was supplemented by a good garden, enough hens to furnish us with eggs and a cow for milk and butter. Several times a year, the church members had what they called a "Donation Party" and everybody brought something of use. This was done everywhere for the Methodist ministers of that day, and was considered a part of his pay. The farmers brought vegetables, chickens, eggs, butter, ham or whatever the farm produced. The towns people brought canned goods from the store, stockings, calico for a dress all kinds of things. I never remember any resentment over receiving these gifts. They were accepted in the spirit with which they were given and graciously received. Only once, do I remember my mother objecting to a gift and that was over some material a dry-goods merchant had brought from his store. It was a stiff mohair of an ugly purple, and he said it was for a dress for the little girl. After they were all gone, my mother turned to my father and said defiantly, "The child shall never wear it". He said nothing and I never did. She used it for curtains for the bookcase.

When I was seven years of age, my Aunt Fannie died of tuberculosis and left three children of the ages from seven to eleven. These children came into our home to live, but were never an expense as their father paid generously for their care. In fact, he made it possible for us to keep a "hired girl" who lived with us as one of the family and received \$3.50 a week, board and room. My remembrances of these girls are very pleasant. They were nice and kind, and one of them taught me to knit and crochet for which I have ever been grateful. Our pleasures were very simple. We were not allowed to attend a circus or a show of any kind. In fact, we were taught to never even look at an advertisement of such an event coming to town. No roller skating in a public hall or

parties of any kind, only the ones where we played charades, “upset the fruit basket”, etc. No cards of any kind with the exception of “Authors”. Playing cards were spoken of as the “Devil’s Cards”, and we were not even to look at them if they chanced to be where we were.

Our Sundays were spent in worship. We were not even permitted to take a walk in the afternoon, nor study our school lessons for the next day. Our food for Sunday was prepared as much as possible on Saturday, even to the popping of a bowl of popcorn, which we were permitted to eat in the afternoon. We were practically brought up in the church. When I was one month old, my mother wrapped me in a shawl and carried me to the church where she laid me down in a seat, while she taught a Sunday School class and I have been going to Sunday School ever since. As we grew older, we attended all the services of the church with our parents. This began with what they called “Class Meeting”, which was held every Sunday morning before preaching service. At this meeting everyone was supposed to take a part, and we children were taught to rise and recite a verse of scripture. My brother always said the same one — “The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want”. My mother had hung a motto in his room with this verse upon it in beautiful letters. I remember her saying to my father after we came home, “I must get another motto for Willie’s room”. I think she enjoyed this service the best of all and regretted so much when the church discontinued them. I remember her saying after she was 80 years old, “I promised my grandmother before she died that I would never neglect class meeting, and I never did as long as they had this service”. After class meeting, came the preaching service followed by Sunday School. Then home to dinner and a quiet afternoon of reading. Sometimes one of us was taken in the buggy in nice weather with my parents when they went to conduct the service out in the country. The others were looked after by the hired girl. In the evening, church again and the day was over. Wednesday evening was prayer meeting and Friday evening the Sunday School teachers met at the parsonage to study the Sunday School lesson. Often I fell asleep on my knees at the first prayer and never woke up until I heard them leaving. I was about 6 at this time.

We children all had our tasks to do. The boys curried, fed and watered the horse, milked the cow and cleaned out the stable. We girls fed and watered the chickens and gathered the eggs. We dried the dishes, made our beds and dusted the “parlor”. My mother always called the front room the “parlor” and so it was always the “parlor” to me although one hired girl said “That is no parlor. It is nothing but a sitting room and a very plain one at that”. But to me, it was a parlor and I loved to dust the “whatnot” and the organ.

There were many things the other children of the community could do, that we, being preacher’s children, could not do. They could wear finer clothes, go places and do things not for us. But I have no remembrance of envy or unhappiness because of this. I don’t know how my parents did it. I know they never talked about it, but somehow, I felt we couldn’t do these things because we had been “set apart”, as it were, by my father’s position. Certain things might be all right for others; but not for me. And I grew up to have friends with all classes of people, the rich as well as the poor, and to feel at home with either. Somehow, my parents instilled in us a love for all people and to be no respecter of persons. Some might think our young lives drab and dreary, but not so. We

had many simple pleasures—skating on the pond, coasting down the snowy hill, bobsled riding, picnics by the river and singing as we gathered around the organ. As I recall my young life, it seems so happy and serene within a home filled with love and contentment. I do remember rebelling when I was about 16, over not being allowed to attend a “Skip-to-my-Lou” party, as it was called, and so popular and so much fun in that day. Very much like the square dance of today.

My parents were very thrifty. They never bought anything unless they had the money to pay for it. They hired but little, and did as much of their own work as possible and always saved some. As it was, they had plenty to provide for themselves in old age. They lived to a ripe old age, my father being 96 and my mother 84, at the time of their deaths. They were, indeed, of the old school and I think a fine example for any generation.

Of course, prices at that time were much less than today. A hired girl cost \$3.50 a week with board and room. A hired man on a farm, \$25.00 a month with board, room and laundry. A country school teacher, \$35.00 a month and she paid her own board. A laboring man, \$1.00 a day, top price. Eggs, three dozen for a quarter; bacon, 7 cents a pound; enough round steak for a family of four, 25 cents. Liver was free. Butter, 15 cents a pound; calico, 5 cents a yard and shoes, \$3.00 a pair for the best. House rent was \$10.00 a month for a nice cottage; board and room, \$3.50 a week; family washing and ironing, 50 cents a week and a village doctor, \$1.00 for a house call in town or within a mile out in the country and \$1.00 extra for every additional mile. Five dollars to deliver a baby in the home and \$5.00 to get a woman to come and care for the mother and baby for ten days after the baby was born. Twenty five cents an evening, for a baby sitter; 50 cents for mowing a lawn 60 x 200 ft.; railroad coach fare, 2 cents a mile, and the daily paper delivered at your door, 15 cents a week.

My father was preaching at Topeka, Illinois, a village not far from Pekin, where we went to do our trading, when Aunt Fannie died. She had contracted tuberculosis while living in Roger’s Park and my Uncle Jimmie asked to be transferred to Kansas City, Missouri, where his company had a plant. They hoped the change of climate would be a benefit, but it was no help. I can remember coming home from school and finding my mother in tears, as she packed our bags to go to the funeral. We left on the train that evening, and I can remember crossing the Mississippi River. The three children came home with us. Phebe, the eldest, was a beautiful child. She and my brother were both II years of age. Next came Alice, who was plump and full of fun. She was eight, and Preston, who was the same age as myself, being seven.

Their coming made quite a change in our lives. The parsonage was small, and Willie and Preston shared one bedroom and we three girls, another. All three of us sleeping in one bed, for a time.

These children had always lived in a city and life in a Methodist parsonage in a small town was strange to them. One Sunday, as my father had just finished baptizing a young man, Preston spluttered out loud so everyone could hear. We children were all lined up in our regular seat in the second seat from the front so he had a close up view. No doubt, he had never seen anyone baptized before, and when he saw some of the water trickle down the young man’s neck, he was unable to contain himself. It was very

embarrassing to my father as the young man's parents were Baptists and were not in favor of any form of baptism but immersion.

Then Alice brought disgrace to the family while on her knees during a prayer in church one Sabbath day. We were taught to always kneel when the prayer was being given. When asked why she laughed, she said the prayer seemed so long, she peeped out to see if the man seemed near the end. It was in the summer time and the man had a pair of white pants which were out of style and seldom seen at that time. Alice had never seen a man with white pants in her life and she said the man looked so funny praying in his underdrawers that she couldn't help but laugh.

Then we were called down by the Ladies' Aid. Uncle Jimmie sent us a game of croquet. This was a new game, in our community at least, and we found it very attractive and some of us were out in the yard playing nearly all of the time. I can remember yet, seeing a group of ladies coming to the parsonage as Alice and I were having a game one afternoon. Later, the croquet set was put away as these ladies were a committee sent by the Ladies' Aid to notify the minister that the parsonage lawn was being ruined and a great deal of money had been spent getting the yard in condition, and they could not see it being damaged in that way.

I don't know if it was because of these things or not but at the close of that year, my father resigned from the ministry and took his family to the farm at Mahomet that he had bought at the close of the war. I was nine years old at the time and I can still remember his last sermon. It was taken from Mark 6-31, "Come and Rest Awhile". This was in the year 1885. My father never heard the last of this sermon for he was reminded of it for years. The farm was farmed by a tenant, so he had none of the heavy farm work to do. But there was lots of fruit on the place that had to be picked and canned. This was done by my mother and the children, and often as we would be returning with our pails of fruit, someone would call out, if he were near by, "Come and rest awhile". We children had a hand in all of this and I can still remember my stemming a big pail of gooseberries and thinking, "Would I ever get through". Well, I did get through and wish today I could have a piece of the delicious gooseberry pie, we used to have so often in those days. We children walked a mile on a country road to school and took our lunch with us. Mother always had a nice lunch for us and we found the walks pleasant, even though sometimes there was mud or snow or severe cold to contend with.

My father never discarded his ministerial clothes, but wore white shirts and stiff white collars as long as he lived. But he did not stay out of the ministry very long, as he was given the Mt. Vernon country church in Hansly Township which he served for three years. This was located in a very prosperous farming community not far from Champaign. Some very wealthy farmers lived in this community, among them being the Andrew Phillippi family. She was the daughter of Frank Harris, banker in Champaign, and they were the leaders in that community, not only in the church, but in all the interests of the community. They had four children and used to come to church in a three seated carriage drawn by a fine team of horses. They always took "Molly", one of the girls who worked for them with them to look after the children. Mrs. Phillippi and my mother became dear friends and remained so for the remainder of their lives. I used to think my parents made a mistake at this time, although I may have been mistaken. The minister of this church had always lived in Champaign and drove back and forth. My father and

mother thought at first they would do the same, and went to Champaign to find a house to rent. But when they found they would have to pay \$20.00 a month for a house large enough and in a desirable neighborhood, they decided to stay on the farm and drive back and forth from there. If they had gone to Champaign, it would have been a fine place to educate the children, as the University of Illinois was right there. But it didn't seem the thing for them to do and so we missed that opportunity. My brother was getting to be a big boy and was a good student in our little school in Mahomet. He was in his last year and the Superintendent of schools walked out to our house to talk to his parents about it, saying he should have this opportunity. This was towards the latter part of my father's ministry at Mt. Vernon, and he couldn't see his way clear to do anything about it at this time. One reason may have been that our dear Phebe had contracted tuberculosis at this time. She lived but about 18 months and shortly after her death, Alice came down with the same dread disease. At that time, nothing could be done, only sometimes a change of climate might help. Our home became like a hospital and all of us had all we could do to keep things going. After Phebe's death and Alice's illness, *my* father decided to take us all to Florida and see if a warmer climate might help. So we had a sale, my father gave up his work and we all left for the sunny South. We located in Lawtey, Florida, as the minister there was a friend of my father's. His name was Bonnell and he was a big help in many ways. Lawtey was in the strawberry district and there were acres and acres of strawberries raised in this locality. They were ready for market in January, and the schools were closed during this time to allow the children to pick the berries for 2 cents a quart. We were given a tray, holding six quart boxes and these were taken up when filled and replaced by empty ones. They were taken to a station and spread out on a table, sorted and prepared for shipment. The small ones were put in the bottom and the large ones placed in rows on the top. They looked very beautiful when they were done. It was here that I earned enough money to buy a bedroom set for my room, when we returned. The set was solid oak and consisted of only a bed and a small dresser which cost \$18.00.

Alice got no better and we were all so homesick that we returned to Mahomet the following June. Alice died there a few months after our return. My cousins were very dear to me. Phebe was a beautiful girl and everybody loved her. She was the favorite among the boys and one boy, who lived in the country went skating by himself on the ice of a pond on their farm and wrote her name all over the pond with his skates as he skated. The boys in that age could really skate. She was very religious and loved church and Sunday School. She had a lovely voice and her favorite song was "Take my Life and Let It Be. Dedicated, Lord to Thee". Alice was nearer my age and we were like sisters, together constantly and always having so much fun. She was full of fun and laughter and brought happiness with her wherever she went. I have often thought through the years, how different my life might have been had they lived and we could have had contact with each other through the years. A great deal went out of my life when they were taken.

But time passed on and Willie, Preston and I grew up. My father accepted one more charge at Tolono, Illinois, which he served by driving back and forth. I think he had this appointment for three or four years. This was his last ministry. He retired for good around 1892. Preston left us and went out West to be with his father's people for a couple of years. When he returned his father bought a farm for him as he wanted to be a farmer. Willie took over the management of our Mahomet farm and I finished our little two year high school at Mahomet. I enjoyed my school life very much and can still remember the

names and faces of many of my classmates. There were my two dearest friends, Elsie and Maude; and Clella, Pyri, Daisy, Lina and Della, Walter, Will, Frank and Bert. I think most of them, if not all, are gone now. Some of them went out into the world and made names for themselves. We had many nice times together — picnics, strawberry festivals and other pleasures.

I was 17 when I had my first date. It was in the summertime, and we did not see each other as often as when we were in school. My invitation came in the mail, as there were no phones. This is what it said:

Miss Helen Tryon
Mahomet, Ill.

Dear Miss Helen:

Will you accept my company on Tuesday evening to attend the Methodist Church to hear the returned missionary from India tell of her work.

Respectfully,
Walter S. Ware

I answered as formally, but first I consulted “Hill’s Manual of Etiquette” to be sure I did it properly.

So began a new epoch in my life, and from then on for two years we went to church together on Sunday evening, parties, picnics, etc. He was a member of the Baptist Church and very devoted to it. In fact, he was so devoted to it that when he asked me to marry him, it was on condition that I become a Baptist. This I was not willing to do, and besides, another one had come into my life. This was the new Superintendent of schools, who was not married and was 16 years older than I was, and at first seemed so serious and mature. His name was Fred D. Bowditch and he later became your father, as you very well know. At first, I didn’t understand him very well. For one thing he asked me to marry him the second time we were together and I did not see how he could know his own mind so soon. He told me he owned several hundred acres of land in North Carolina, and in case I wouldn’t believe him, he brought the deed with him to prove it to me. I didn’t like this for it looked to me as if he thought I might marry him for his money. So I refused to marry him, but he didn’t give up and finally after a year, I gave my consent. I felt I wanted to be sure I was doing the right thing, and by this time I knew him better and could see his fine qualities—his honesty, his integrity and his devotion, and I knew he was the one I loved and wanted to spend my life with. We were married on August 12, 1896 in our home, one mile west of Mahomet. We were married in the evening and the yard was lighted with Japanese lanterns, and I thought it looked very lovely. My father performed the ceremony. He was very pleased with my choice and felt I was marrying a man of fine character, who would look after me.

My mother once told my father, she could see no one in this little place she was willing for me to marry, and he replied with a verse of scripture as he so often did: “Can any good come out of Nazareth?” And, as you see, something good did come for me out of Nazareth (or Mahomet rather), for your father was head and shoulders above anyone in that community in breeding and integrity.

Appendix to Chapter I

A book titled “The 125th Illinois Volunteer Infantry” (3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 14th Army Corps), edited by Robert M. Rogers, was printed in 1882 by the Gazette Steam Print of Champaign, Illinois. This book reports the exploits of Grandpa Tryon’s regiment during the Civil War, recording that he enlisted from Champaign, Illinois on August 8, 1862, was mustered in as a private in Company H in Danville, Illinois on September 3, following, and mustered out as a sergeant on June 9, 1865.

The book describes the participation of this regiment in, among others, the battles of Perrysville, Chickamauga, Kenesaw Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and the march with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. In a concluding “Miscellaneous Sketches” section of this very interesting 225–page book, “Personal Mention” is made of eight members of the regiment, including the following:

Harvey S. Tryon

“Another instance of true courage and manhood was exemplified in the military life and character of Harvey S. Tryon, for a long time a private in Company H, but when mustered out, a sergeant. We do not remember this man as especially brilliant in feats of arms, or in the performance of some peculiarly delicate or dangerous military duty, but still a hero in the highest sense, and his memory will be respected as such by all Christian men and women who knew him, or shall read this estimate of his Christian character. It may be said of him, as probably of very few, if any others, that during his entire three years service, performing at all times every military duty required of him, amid the levity and too often vulgar profanity of the camp, he never omitted his higher duty to the God of his salvation, whom he had vowed to serve. His faith was simple, pure and firmly grounded. His religious convictions were never compromised or suffered to lie in abeyance, but without ostentation or self-righteous display, he moved in the midst of his comrades their best friend and safe counselor and a daily example of a true life. He had the respect of all who knew him, and his pious influence was reflected on all who came in contact with him. Since the war, he has been continuously preaching the gospel truth he so happily illustrated in his life and character while a soldier. Heroism in this line being so rare in army life, we cannot refrain from saying this much of one who so fully exemplified it in our regiment”.

The above book is in the possession of the undersigned, and is available on loan to anyone interested.

Fred T. Bowditch

CHAPTER II

The Bowditch Family in Urbana, Illinois

by

Helen L. Bowditch

Immediately following our marriage in Mahomet, your father and I moved to our home in Urbana, where he had been engaged to teach mathematics in the high school. He had \$400 which he had saved and this he used as a down payment on our first home, which he bought for \$1200. It was located on Vine Street, had beautiful trees in the yard, but was an old house in need of repairs. He painted the house himself and had the inside papered, and painted the woodwork before we moved in. We bought all of our furniture on time, except what was given us as wedding gifts. His salary at the high school was \$50 a month and out of this we had to pay the building loan \$15 a month, pay for our furniture and live. I declare, I don't see now, how we did it, but we did. And the \$50 a month was only for 9 months out of the year. He supplemented his salary by working every Saturday in the County Supt's Office for 20 cents an hour and tutoring University students in our home in the evenings, and the first summer we spent at my parents home at Mahomet.

There was a lot of fruit on the place and my father said we could have half of what was sold, provided we found a sale for it, picked and delivered it. I was not able to do very much as my first baby was coming in October but I did what I could and your father spent all summer picking strawberries, currants, cherries, gooseberries, blackberries and peaches and delivering them. One summer of this was enough for him and after that he started a summer school in Urbana, which paid very well. Also, a mica mine was found on the N. C. land, which brought in about \$25 a month for a couple of years, when the vein gave out. So we got out of debt and had two babies within two years after we were married. Fred Tryon was born October 3, 1897 and Harvey Russell, fifteen months after, January 3, 1899. About this time, we felt the house on Vine Street was not what we should have for our little family. There was no basement and the floors were cold. The walls were thin, and sometimes in severe weather, frost would form on the walls. There were no modern improvements and it was hard to heat. As a result, we nearly lost both of our babies. Fred, with membranous croup, when 15 months of age and Russell with pneumonia when a little over a year old. So the next summer we bought a house on Race Street for \$1500. We called it the "little green house", as it was painted that color. It was an old house but was well built, and easy to heat. We heated it with a "base burner". This burned hard coal and made a delightful heat. We missed it when we built the new house, with hot water heat. Lawrence was born in this little six room house, August 18, 1902. We were doing pretty well financially. The salary had been raised to \$60 a month and we were out of debt except for the indebtedness on the two houses. The building loan was not as yet met but the rent we received for it took care of this. The Race Street house was financed by a mortgage. Just at this time. Papa had an offer for his N. C. land. A lumber company offered him \$2500 cash for it. He thought at first he

would sell it and get out of debt and I hoped he would. My father also thought it would be a wise thing to do. It brought in nothing and we had to pay the taxes from our slender income. We talked it over and thought about it for some time. Finally the time of decision came. Should we sell or should we not sell: Papa sat at the desk, pen in hand, and turned to me and said, "Well, shall we sell or not?" I don't know what made me answer as I did but I said: "I don't think I should have anything to say about this, as I did nothing to get the property. This is yours and I think you should make the decision." He said "Do you really mean this?" And I said "Yes, I do." He replied, "Well, if left up to me I won't sell". I was disappointed for I did so want to be freed from debt, but how thankful I was later on, for within a few years we sold the property for \$10,000. But several things of importance happened to us, before this time. The year Lawrence was born. Papa ran for the office of County Supt. of Schools. The man who had been in this office for so many years, retired and Papa felt he was well qualified for the place as he had been working in the office on Saturdays and during Teachers' Institutes in the summer for years. He ran in the primary on the Republican ticket. Champaign County was so strongly Republican that the nomination was generally considered as good as an election. In the primary, he had the most votes, but not the majority as was required at that time. Later on this was changed and the one having the most votes was nominated. Since no one had a majority, the selection of the candidate was left up to the county commissioners and they chose Charlie Watts, so this was a disappointment. Papa had worked hard for it and spent quite a bit of money. But he took it well as he always took disappointments and carried on as before. But the publicity had made him known in the County and he was offered \$90 a month to go to Homer, Illinois as Supt. of schools, there. Lawrence had just been born and I was still in bed, when he came and sat by my bedside and told me of the offer. We talked it over and decided not to accept but to remain in Urbana, where we knew he was a success in his work and where we felt we could give our boys a college education. But the Urbana board of education heard about it and raised his salary voluntarily to \$90 a month which was the highest salary paid to any teacher in the Urbana schools at that time.

In the meantime, my father and mother had sold the Mahomet Farm in 1899 and moved to Champaign where they built a nice home on Hill Street.

My brother married a lovely little lady named Effie Rittenhour. We used to be playmates when my father was pastor of the church at Stanford, Illinois, where she lived. She and I were very fond of each other and she always seemed like a sister to me. They lived in Champaign too where my brother worked for the "Champaign Daily News" as advertisement manager. Tiring of this after a few years he wanted to farm again and persuaded my father to buy a farm in Michigan as land was cheaper there than in Illinois. My father had been buying and selling land since selling the Mahomet farm and had been quite successful. But he bought the farm in Michigan and Willie and Effie moved there and lived on it for quite a number of years. Later, my parents sold their Champaign property and moved to Grand Rapids about 80 miles from where my brother lived. They went there in the year 1914 and remained there the remainder of their lives.

In the meantime, we had built a new house on our Race Street property. While it was being built, we rented a house in the South part of Urbana, where we lived until the new house was finished. It was here I had my first experience with bed bugs. I had never

seen one before and hope I never do again. It was an awful fight to get rid of them, but I kept after them, day after day, for I didn't want to take any with us into our new home. I did everything anybody told me to do, even to standing the legs of the beds in cans of kerosene. I used to think my work would be nothing at all if I didn't have this to contend with. But I kept at it and it paid, for I never saw any after we moved.

About this time. Papa's nephew, Roy, came to be with us and go to school. His father paid us \$1.50 a week for his board and room. We calculated the extra food might cost that much, and we let him pay it as we felt we couldn't afford the extra expense, but we didn't want to make any money from his being with us. He was a fine boy, a student and a worker. He did odd jobs to earn money for his books and clothes and made High School in three years. We thought a great deal of Roy and enjoyed having him with us. He received a scholarship to the University, but only stayed for one semester. We missed him when he was gone. He was with us for four years. Shortly after Roy left, we sold the North Carolina property for \$10,000 and bought the Michigan farm. We paid \$65 an acre for it and later built the big house as there was no house on the farm but the log house.

In 1914 we had our last child and named him Robert Preston. This made four sons and we were so proud of everyone of them. Papa was devoted to his family and to his boys. His first thought was ever for them. He used to say that his desire as a young man was to have a family and bring them back to the same position in life as his own father and mother had been in their youth. He always felt that his father had done a very unwise thing, when he took his family of five young children into the mountains of North Carolina where there were no schools or advantages. The only schooling your father had until he was 16 was what his mother and sister taught him in the home. When 16, he spent a year in school in Burnsville. This was a Presbyterian school and must have been a very good one. At any rate, it was here your father received his inspiration for an education and later when he left home and stopped at Urbana, Illinois, to see his brother, Charlie, who was working there, he worked his way through high school and University.

He retired from teaching in 1916 and lived but four years after. As you know, after we bought the property in Michigan, we went there every summer. It was in the year 1912 that Fred had such a serious illness. He had been taken with typhoid fever in early July and was very ill for weeks. It was in October before we were able to take him home. Papa and Russell and Lawrence went back the first of September to be there at the beginning of school and Fred and I remained on the farm until he was able to leave. Those were hard days, but they passed and life went on. For quite a number of years there was a series of typhoid fever in that neighborhood. I know of at least nine cases in the Greening family and five cases on our farm during a period of five or six years. It got so everybody was afraid to come to either place and it seemed as if our place might be ruined. After Papa's death, when I was looking after the place, there were two cases in the tenant's home. I wrote to the health authorities in Lansing and asked them to find the source. They sent a very fine medical man down who traced it to a typhoid carrier in the Greening home. After she was taken care of, there was no more trouble.

In reading this over, it came to me that it might appear that our lives were filled with hardships and difficulties. But, such was not the case. Our life was a very happy one. Our pleasures were simple ones, and were nearly always in the home. Your father and I were brought up in the same way. No cards, no dancing, drinking or smoking for him. He

was a strong advocate for temperance and worked tirelessly during the campaign for doing away with liquor. He used to give temperance speeches, send out literature and did everything he could to help the temperance cause. Sunday afternoons we used to take long walks, taking you boys with us. Sometimes walking out to the University, or Crystal Lake; when we came home, I would make candy, (chocolate fudge, divinity fudge or taffy), or pop a big pan of popcorn.

He never occupied a high position but was really a prominent citizen in his latter years. He was a city alderman for many years and was asked to run for mayor a couple of years before his death. This he refused to do, but he would have made a good mayor had he kept his health.

His faith in God was very real. He never forgot the teachings of his childhood and observed the Sabbath day always. You may recall that you were never permitted to skate, play noisy outdoor games on that day. But we were a little more lenient than our parents were with us. We could take a walk or a ride or play quietly within the house. He was a member of the official board in the church and President of the men's Bible class at the time of his death. While his salary was always small, so was everyone else's too. I rather think people of that day had as much for their money as those of today.

As I look back over the years, I wish I could live them over again, but with the knowledge that I have today. For I feel I should have done so much better than I did do. But I was young when we were married, just an ignorant country girl and knew so little of life and made so many mistakes. But I can say this--my life has been a very happy one and the greatest happiness of all has been my home and my family. It has been my privilege to have had a wonderful husband. A man of honesty and integrity and high standards, a man of understanding and devotion to his family, and four of the finest and best sons anyone ever had. My deepest regret is that Papa never saw them reach manhood; never saw them marry such lovely wives, as you all did. Never saw your homes, your children and grandchildren. Never saw the splendid work you have been able to do, nor your prosperity. It would have meant so much to him if he could have seen it all as I have seen it.

But who knows? Perhaps he has seen and knows it all.

I don't know, Fred, if I have written along the lines you wished for, or not, but this has all come from my heart where the yesterdays still abide.

Mother

Fred asked me to be sure and mention the bed bugs. I was surprised that he had remembered about them for I had forgotten. It only goes to show the influence of the home on a child.

CHAPTER III

The Bowditch Ancestry

The Early Ancestry Before North Carolina

Introduction

Nathaniel Bowditch (1773-1838) was a famous mathematician, especially as related to navigation and nautical astronomy. His name is still associated with current editions of the “American Practical Navigator”¹, and his accomplishments have been set forth in two relatively recent books, one a biography giving a factual account of his entire life² and the other a novel based on incidents during his lifetime.³ This famous man is not a direct ancestor of the Bowditch family of North Carolina. However, his grandfather is a common ancestor of both lines, and since Nathaniel’s descendants have shown a natural interest in tracing their ancestry back through Nathaniel to the earliest possible time, all of the ancestors they have traced from the beginning down through this common grandfather can be claimed with no further question by the North Carolina branch as well.

Dr. Harold Bowditch, my fourth cousin, now living at 12 Pine Street, Peterborough, New Hampshire, has been most kind in giving me access to this early genealogical material. He is a direct descendant of Nathaniel, retired from his former medical practice in the Boston area, and now devoting full time to his former hobby of genealogical research. In so doing, he has replaced the M.D. following his name with the initials F.S.A., signifying “Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians”.

In 1936, Harold Bowditch published a booklet, “The Bowditch Family of Salem, Massachusetts.” This includes genealogical sketches of the known generations prior to Nathaniel, which are of direct interest to the North Carolina branch of the Bowditch family. The pages which follow are reproduced directly from this booklet, with grateful acknowledgment to our cousin Harold, who has contributed much by direct correspondence to other parts of this publication as well.

¹ *American Practical Navigator. An Epitome of Navigation and Nautical Astronomy*, originally by Nathaniel Bowditch, LL.D. Published under the authority of the Secretary of the Navy, and still in active use by the U. S. Navy.

² *Yankee Stargazer. The Life of Nathaniel Bowditch*, by Robert Elton Berry. McGraw Hill Book Company, 1941.

³ *Carry on, Mr. Bowditch*, by Jean Lee Latham, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1955.

The Bowditch Family
of
Salem, Massachusetts

Introduction

The ancestry of William Bowditch who came to Salem, Massachusetts in 1671 has been proved as far back as the early sixteenth century⁴, in the parish of Thorncombe, co. Devon. That this family was connected with the very ancient family of Bowditch of Chardstock, co. Dorset, is indicated by the fact that in 1605 Robert Bowditch, brother to George whose descendant came to Salem, sealed with the crest of arrows belonging to the Chardstock line; Thorncombe and Chardstock are only a few miles apart, and public use of the crest amounted to a claim of relationship, a claim recognized by the College of Arms. Just when and in what person the Thorncombe line branched off from the Chardstock line will probably not be discovered unless by accident, for the period is one of great difficulty in genealogical research and neither family was sufficiently prominent to figure in public records.

The Chardstock line is recorded through sixteen generations in the Visitation of Dorset in 1632^{5*}, indicating an origin in about the first half of the twelfth century. Such a long pedigree at once excites suspicion; but the facts that there is no tying-in with great names, as is always the case in the pedigrees concocted in the “spacious days of Good Queen Bess”, and that it falls short of the time of the Norman Conquest, lead one to an acceptance of the facts stated, supported as they are by deeds preserved in the College of Arms; the family was too obscure to have made forgery of deeds in any way probable.

The earliest spelling of the family name heads the Chardstock pedigree—Osmerus de Bunedich. The Rev. Richard Grosvenor Bartelot, Rector of St. George’s in Fordington, the accepted authority on the antiquities of this region, has given it as his opinion that the name means bourn-or boundary-ditch, and in fact Bowditch Farm, Bowditch Common, Bowditch Manor, etc., places all close together and evidently the cradle of the family, near Chardstock, lie near to a large prehistoric ditch separated the hostile tribes in Dorset and in Somerset; traces of this ditch are still to be discerned. The “de” preceding the name simply means “of”; that is, Osmerus (or Hosmer) of Boundary-ditch, indicating his place of residence or of origin.

The earliest record of a coat of arms belonging to the Bowditch family is found in the Visitation of Dorset, 1623; it is described as “Argent, a fess wavy between three bows paleways gules stringed or”, that is, a white shield crossed horizontally by a wavy red band between three (two above, one below) erect red bows with yellow bowstrings; the crest is given, in the printed version, as “Five arrows, one in pale and four in saltire, heads downwards, or, feathered gules”, that is, five yellow arrows with red feathers, heads downwards, one erect and four crossing it diagonally. Whether the four all crossed at one point, or were placed two and two parallel, is not stated, and presumably each artist would decide this for himself. With regard to the coloring of the arrows, the printed version of the Visitation appears to be incorrect, for the manuscript in the College of Arms makes the shafts yellow and the feathers white, not red; this is also true in the manuscript of the Visitation of Dorset in 1677, also in the College of Arms and never printed. In neither case is there any indication of the color of the arrow-heads. As has been said, the crest was used in 1605 by Robert Bowditch of the Thorncombe line, and as a crest presupposes a coat of arms the arms must be at least as old as this. They are of the so-called “allusive” type, the bows indicating the first syllable of the name; it has been stated, too, that the wavy fess is meant for a ditch, and this may be true.

Probably not earlier than 1845 or so Nathaniel I. Bowditch obtained from England a small water-color painting of the arms and crest; the latter shows seven instead of five arrows, and consequently seven arrows have always been used in our family. This painting, of unknown origin, but judging from its style

⁴ G. A. Moriarty, N. E. Hist. Gen. Register July 1918, April 1924, July 1928, January 1929.

⁵ Publ. Harl. Soc. Vol. XX, 1885.

* A margin note in the original book by Fred T. Bowditch says “1623”.

presumably taken from somebody's book-plate, has also furnished our family with the motto *Spes Durat Avorum*; in England this is known as the motto of the Earl of Rochford, of the family of Nassau-de-Zulestein, from Utrecht, Netherlands. A manuscript note in a copy of Edmondson's "Complete Body of Heraldry" (1780) attributes the same motto to "W. Francis", so there is nothing distinctive about it.

The following pedigree is based on the results of a good many years of research. Nathaniel I. Bowditch was the first to become interested, and worked on the early generations in Salem. On his death in 1861 his material was worked over by his nephew Charles P. Bowditch, who added a large amount, instituted search in England, and brought the family chart down to 1918. In this year the researches of George A. Moriarty (descended from John, second son of Capt. Ebenezer Bowditch) were published, proving the descent of William Bowditch, the immigrant to Salem, from John Bowditch of Thorncombe who died in 1563. Later research by Mr. Moriarty and by Mr. A. T. Butler, an officer of the College of Arms, has added one generation, possibly two. Ernest W. Bowditch was interested in the story of the family and has left much material, chiefly biographical or concerned with land holdings. Vincent Y. Bowditch has left a description of his visit to Chardstock.

Chardstock was visited by Henry I. Bowditch and J. Ingersoll Bowditch in 1870; by Vincent Y. and Olivia Bowditch, who also visited Thorncombe, in 1912; by John P. Bowditch in 1922; and by Harold and Martha Bowditch in 1928. The last-named also went to the village of Thorncombe, and, in the parish of Thorncombe, visited Holditch Court, which was the home of the earliest known generations of our family: Robert and his son, lived there, presumably as tenants, and then it was bought by two of John's sons, John and Robert, jointly; their brother George was the progenitor of the Salem family of Bowditch. Of the original building practically nothing remains today except a ruined tower covered with ivy, a picture of which accompanies this paper.

As this list has been prepared for the use of the descendants of Nathaniel Bowditch, author of *The Navigator*, it has seemed unnecessary to follow out collateral lines in his ancestry; on the other hand, the effort has been made to include every one of his descendants, in the female as well as in the male lines.

The system of numeration commonly employed, whereby only those individuals receive numbers whose accounts are given on subsequent pages, is suitable only for the generations which have passed into history; for those still in the making something in the nature of a loose-leaf note-book is needed, and is here attempted. The first of the line receives the number 1; his children are numbered 1.1, 1.2, etc. according to the order of their birth; the children of 1.1 are 1.1.1, 1.1.2, etc., and the children of 1.2 are 1.2.1, 1.2.2, etc., and so on. By employing such a system one may tell at a glance, by the number of digits in the number, to which generation any individual belongs; one may learn the number of any individual's parent by leaving off the last digit, of his grandparent by leaving off two, etc.; the position of each individual among his brothers and sisters is shown by the last digit; and the relationships between individuals are made clear. Thus, two individuals whose numbers are the same except for the last digit must be brothers, sisters, or brother and sister; if they are the same except for the last two digits, they must be first cousins; except for the last three, second cousins, and so on. The disadvantage of this system is that in course of time such long numbers are built up that they are hard to memorize; yet the advantages seem to me to outweigh the disadvantages. For the sake of clearness I have preceded the numbers of the English ancestors with the letter E, and with the emigration to America the emigrant William Bowditch's long number has been replaced with the number I; this, because it is of more interest to most of us to know how many generations we are removed from the emigrant than from the earliest known ancestor in England.

For the sake of brevity the accounts of childless couples have not been carried forward, so that their statistics will be found on the same page as those of their parents; in the case of the younger generations, however, where children may still be expected, the accounts have been carried forward.

All places mentioned are understood to be in Massachusetts unless otherwise specified or unless the context makes it clear.

Bringing the account of the family up to date has been the work of about nine months. The compiler has kept records since the publication of Charles P. Bowditch's last charts in 1918, based on statements by members of the family, wedding invitations, etc., and in the preparation of this genealogical sketch he has corresponded with many members of the clan. To them thanks are due, although in a few instances unwillingness to answer repeated inquiries has necessitated the omission of data which should

have been included. In such a work mistakes are inevitable, for only by depending upon original records can they be avoided, and for such research the compiler has no time; so it is offered to the family with regret for omissions and mistakes but with a hearty wish for a Merry Christmas at the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Christmas Party.

H.B.

During the summer of 1955, the old church in Chardstock, as well as nearby Holditch Court, were also visited by Fred and Eleanor Bowditch. We found the latter occupied by Lt. Col. J. B. Peacock (a World War II English war veteran) and his family, raising chickens imported from California. They were most cordial, especially since they too were much interested in the history of Holditch Court. They were living in a stone building including parts of the old castle, i.e., a huge, drafty fireplace with room for a big iron kettle and other cooking utensils inside it, and a very thick outer wall framing a slot where the huge bolt barring the entrance door used to slide. We were given an old stone shingle which they found amongst the rubble, and fragments of stone from the remains of a circular staircase tower, still standing perhaps 100 yards from the present house.

The following information was copied by us from records the Peacocks had assembled. They also told us that the Brookes, who forfeited the manor house in 1603 for participation in Raleigh's Conspiracy, were imprisoned in the Tower of London and later beheaded.

History of Olditch Court

“Olditch Court erection probably in A.D. 1326-7 –1376, a fortified manor house — fortified by special license of King Richard II A.D. 1396. License to crenellate.

“Olditch derived its name from situation on old Roman Road from Ford Abbey to Lamberts Castle. The manor of Olditch was first belonging to Richard Flemynge and was by Richard Flemynge given in marriage to William LeSancer, a Norman with Jone daughter of the said Richard, which William with his wife and children revolting from King John unto the French King, the said manor was seized into the King's hands. But the said Richard so much prevailed with the said King that he restored it to him again, and left it unto William Flemynge his son which gave it and all his other lands unto Reginald de Mohun which Reginald alienated it unto Henry de Broc (or as now called Brooke), in which family it continued from the reign of King Henry III unto the first of James 1602-3.

“In that year it was forfeited by the attainder of Henry Brooke, Lord Cabham, who, with his brother George, was concerned, amongst other plottings against the royal succession, in what was termed Raleigh's Conspiracy, the object of which was to place on the throne of England either the Lady Arabella Stuart or the Infanta of Spain.”

“Olditch was forfeited to the King in 1603. It was given along with other estates of the Brookes, by King James, to Lord Mountjoy who conveyed the barton to Mr. Bowditch, who in 1714 sold it to an ancestor of Capt. Bragg.”

“Olditch was given by King James to Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, whom he had created Earl of Devonshire (his base supposed son). Lord Mountjoy conveyed the barton to Mr. Bowditch, who, in 1714 sold it to an ancestor of Capt. Bragg.” (Book of the Axe. 1854-1875 Edition.)

Again, in 1959, Fred and Eleanor Bowditch visited the Bowditch country in England, this time with our mother., At the old church, we met a group of ladies arranging flowers for the Sunday service, one of whom referred us to a Mr. Sydney James Bowditch, who worked for her husband as a “decorator”. We found him a bit later, a very friendly fellow, who told us that his wife was much interested in the collection of

Bowditch lore. His address is No. 1 The Parade, Chardstock, In Chard, and since we have never followed this up, we publish the address here for possible use by others.

On this 1959 trip we also visited Holditch, but found the Peacocks gone, and the present occupants not at all interested in the historical aspects of the place. An elderly lady refused us entrance to the home, while her husband, located later on the grounds, was but little more friendly. He told us that Peacock had sold the place to him and gone to school teaching in a distant town.

The English Ancestry

On the pages immediately following, we reproduce the English ancestry as reported by Harold Bowditch. In this and in all the genealogical sketches which are to come, the following abbreviations have been employed:

b.	=	born	m.	=	married
bp.	=	baptized	dau.	=	daughter
d.	=	died	c.	=	about

English Ancestry

E 1.

ROBERT BOWDITCH of Thorncombe, a parish which was formerly included in co. Devon but is now in co. Dorset, England, was assessed 2s. 6d. on goods valued at £5. in the subsidy of 20 January 1524/5, but does not appear in later subsidies. The appearance of a Robert Bowditch jr. at the same time and place leads to the inference that Robert sr. and Robert jr. were father and son, but the point is not proved beyond all doubt; hence we must say that the relationship is only probable.

E 1.1.

ROBERT BOWDITCH of Holditch Court, Thorncombe, co. Devon, was assessed 2s. on goods valued at £4. in the subsidy of 20 January 1524/5, 15s. on goods valued at £30. in the subsidy of 1540/41, 13s. 4d. on goods in the subsidy of 1543/4, as a benevolence, in 1546, and 16s. on property valued at £16, in the subsidy of 24 November 1548. He d. before 20 March 1551/2. The name of his wife is unknown.

Children:

E 1.1.1. Robert Bowditch, buried at Thorncombe 1563.

E 1.1.2. John Bowditch—see below.

E 1.1.2.

JOHN BOWDITCH of Holditch Court, Thorncombe, co. Devon; will dated 10 May 1563; buried at Thorncombe 17 May 1563. He m. Margery who survived him, and, as his widow and executrix, proved his will 11 October 1568.

Children:

E 1.1.2.1. John Bowditch, bought in 1567 the eastern half of the house and certain lands in Thorncombe.

E 1.1.2.2. Nicholas Bowditch m. Margery and d. 1611.

E 1.1.2.3. Robert Bowditch bought in 1605 the western half of the house and certain lands in

Thorncombe. Died 1609. Married Margaret Sparke. In 1605 he sealed with the crest of Bowditch of Chardstock, indicating the connection of these two lines.

- E 1.1.2.4. Agnes Bowditch, m. William Hall.
- E 1.1.2.5. George Bowditch—see below.
- E 1.1.2.6. Alice Bowditch, d. 1561.
- E 1.1.2.7. Grace Bowditch, m. George Lumbard.

E 1.1.2.5.

GEORGE BOWDITCH of Thorncombe, co. Devon; baptized there 7 September 1552; buried there 8 June 1591. His wife, whose name is unknown, survived him and was living as late as 20 April 1637.

Children:

- E 1.1.2.5.1. Michael Bowditch—see below.
- E 1.1.2.5.2. Magdalen Bowditch, m. in 1617 Nicholas Fowler.

E 1.1.2.5.1.

MICHAEL BOWDITCH of Thorncombe, co. Devon, tailor; baptized 24 December 1583, will dated 20 April 1637: probably the Michael Bowditch who was buried at Thorncombe 5 March 1644/5. Married Katherine who was buried at Thorncombe 6 August 1643.

Children:

- E 1.1.2.5.1.1. William Bowditch—see below.
- E 1.1.2.5.1.2. Katherine Bowditch, m. Thomas Silvester.
- E 1.1.2.5.1.3. John Bowditch, bapt. 1617/18, buried 1693? Married Margaret (Paull?) and had children.
- E 1.1.2.5.1.4. Michael Bowditch, bapt. 1621, d. 1692; m. 1655 Ann Pinson and had children.

E 1.1.2.5.1.1.

WILLIAM BOWDITCH of Thorncombe, co. Devon; baptized there 24 October 1613; living as late as 1699/1700. Married at Thorncombe 22 January 1639/40 Joan Acklon who was buried at Thorncombe 22 April 1674.

Children:

- E 1.1.2.5.1.1.1. William Bowditch—see below.
- E 1.1.2.5.1.1.2. George Bowditch, d. 1647/8.
- E 1.1.2.5.1.1.3. Joan Bowditch, bapt. 1643, d. 1650.
- E 1.1.2.5.1.1.4. Michael Bowditch, bapt. 1645, living as late as 1691; m. 1672 Joan Sealwood and had children.
- E 1.1.2.5.1.1.5. Daniel Bowditch, bapt. 1646/7, living as late as 1671.
- E 1.1.2.5.1.1.6. Dorcas Bowditch, b. 1655, m. 1680 John Bragge.

E 1.1.2.5.1.1.1.

WILLIAM BOWDITCH of Thorncombe, co. Devon, clothier, baptized at Thorncombe 26 December 1639, d. at Salem, Massachusetts, 1661. As this William Bowditch is the immigrant ancestor of the Bowditch family of Salem, his history will be taken up in greater detail under No. 1, below.

It is known that a William Bowdish emigrated from the west of England and “was admitted an inhabitant within this town of Salem at a meeting of ye selectmen on the 20th 9mo. 1639.” (Town Records.) However, it has now been proven that he was not the

father of the above William, as had once been rather naturally assumed. (See reference (1), p. 1, Introduction, "The Bowditch Family of Salem Massachusetts").

The American Ancestry

Immediately following are Harold Bowditch's genealogical notes on the first five generations of the Bowditch family in New England. Note that the first three generations are common ancestors of the North Carolina and the Nathaniel Bowditch lines (Nathaniel was a son of Ebenezer's fifth child, Habbakuk, whereas the North Carolina, line is descended from Ebenezer's third child, Thomas). The records of Habbakuk and Nathaniel have been included as a matter of general information, since all members of the Bowditch clan must have been or will be quizzed at one time or another concerning their possible relationship to the famous Nathaniel.

In addition to Harold Bowditch's records, we are also in possession of a typewritten document titled "Bowditch Ancestors between the Years 1639-1800." The author refers to Habbakuk as "my grandfather and the 5th child of Ebenezer Bowditch," and so is almost certainly Nathaniel's eldest son, Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch. In a recent letter, Harold Bowditch informs me that Nathaniel Ingersoll was the only one of the family interested in genealogy. He was an expert on land titles and firmly (but erroneously) believed in the descent of William Bowditch (Salem - 1671) from William Bowdish (Salem - 1639). Thus one should ignore the first part of "Bowditch Ancestors", but the remainder checks quite well with Dr. Harold's publication. We have therefore added such additional data from "Bowditch Ancestors" as appear of interest.

American Family

First Generation

1.

WILLIAM BOWDITCH, baptized at Thorncombe, co. Devon, England, 26 December 1639. He made his will 31 March 1671, intending "to goe to sea in the good shipp called John" of Topsham, co. Devon, intending also to return, which he never did. He appears in Salem, Massachusetts, in November, 1671, and in 1674 is referred to as in the employ of "Mr. Curen", who appears to have been Capt. George Corwin. William Bowditch was appointed Collector of Salem and is regularly referred to as "Mr." Bowditch, in distinction from the humbler epithet of "Goodman". When William Bowditch made his will he referred to himself as a clothier, the business in which so many men in England at that time rose to affluence; but he does not seem to have done so, for a law-suit of 1699/1700 shows that the expense of caring for two of his children was in large part borne by his father. At some time William Bowditch appears to have lived at Lyme Regis, for his only son William was born there about 1665. In 1676 he was presented to the Court in Salem for living apart from his wife, but gave satisfaction and was dismissed. He had married at Bothenhampton, co. Dorset, 15 September 1663, Sarah Bear of Wayford, co. Somerset, and about the year 1679 she came to join him in Salem with their only son William. Her habits were not good, and she was addicted to strong drink, which may account for William's lack of prosperity. In 1678 he joined several others in the project of building a windmill at Marblehead, but ill luck still pursued him and the stones refused to turn; the original cost of the mill in 1678 was £160., and in 1681 William Bowditch's 5/8 share was assessed at £20., making the value of the mill in that year only £32. The date of death of William Bowditch is not known; the records of the General Court held at Boston 12 October 1681 state that "Mr. Willjam Boudish, who was employed as

collector for the country at Salem, is come to a suddaine & vntimely death”, and administration on the estate of “William Bowdish who died intestate” (his will being filed in England) was granted in Essex County 24 October 1681 to Philip Cromwell, to whom William Bowditch had mortgaged his land at Salem and his ketches for £400. in 1679. William Bowditch’s financial reverses, the known bad habits of his wife, his sudden death, and the promptness with which the authorities looked into his affairs after his death, all suggest the possibility of his having committed suicide, and in one branch of the family it is traditional that this was the fact. His widow survived him for many years, and his son eventually proved his will at Exeter, co. Devon, 6 November 1705.

Children:

- 1.1. William Bowditch—see below.
- 1.2. Sarah Bowditch, m. John Crow in England.
- 1.3. Joan Bowditch, m. Matthew Staple in England.

First Generation (Continued)

1.

The following additional information on our first American Ancestor is reported by Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch.

William Bowditch, Merchant, at a court held 20th 5 mo. 1675: “Mr. William Bowditch had license granted him to retail strong water.” This license was renewed annually until his death in 1681. He died intestate, and his estate was itemized by direction of the court, totaling 81 pounds, 2 shillings, (about \$227 by present-day exchange) and not sufficient to satisfy the creditors. The inventory of his estate lists a number of interesting items of which the following are typical.

In the Brewhouse

	<u>£</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>d</u>
In puter ffourty wayt and a paire of large puter candlesticks with sochets to um	02	10	00
Two bras kittles gt. about forty pound	02	10	00
One old bras scumer and one iron spitt	00	02	00

In Ye Chamber Over the Bruhouse

	<u>£</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>d</u>
A box of drawers, a round table and a warming pan	00	19	00
Sixe old cheares and a great cheare	00	07	00

In the Closett

	<u>£</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>d</u>
--	----------	----------	----------

One large Latin bible, one scetore, one cutlash and two Rapers	02	06	00
--	----	----	----

Miscellaneous

	<u>£</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>d</u>
One maiden servant	01	00	00
Five barrels of strong beere and fifteene barrels of ship beere; one paire bras scales	05	10	00
Two hhds., two barrels molasses about fifteene bushels of malt	08	12	06
Two old horses and one old cart	01	10	00

Two mortgaged ketches (to which Harold Bowditch refers) were “being of but twenty-six tonns a piece with tre boats.” One was at sea, “& shee’s called by the name Betty. The other called by ye name William.”

Second Generation

1.1.

WILLIAM BOWDITCH, b. at Lyme Regis, co. Dorset, England, about 1655; came to Salem, Massachusetts, with his mother about 1679; became a mariner and merchant, and was known as Captain Bowditch. He was a selectman, a representative to the General Court, and treasurer of the Union Wharf proprietors. In 1696 he was captain of the sloop “Mayflower”; about 1700 his ship, the “Essex Galley” was wrecked on Tenapoo Reef (then uncharted) in Salem Harbor, since then known as Bowditch’s Ledge; and in 1706 he was captain of the ship “America”. He m. in Salem, 30 August 1688, Mary, the daughter of Lieut. Thomas Gardner and Mary (Porter) Gardner of Salem; she was b. 14 February 1669/70 and d. in May 1724. Capt. Bowditch owned land in Dunstable which was sold by his heirs in 1742. He d. in Salem 28 May 1728 and was buried beside his wife in the Charter Street Burying Ground, where the stones are still to be seen.

Children (all born in Salem):

- 1.1.1. Mary Bowditch. b. and d. 1689.
- 1.1.2. William Bowditch, b. 1690, d. 1706.
- 1.1.3. Mary Bowditch, b. 1693, d. s.p. 1723/4; m. (1) James Butler, (2) Samuel Barton.
- 1.1.4. Sarah Bowditch, b. 1695/6, d. 1761; m. Joseph Hathorne and had nine children.
- 1.1.5. Thomas Bowditch, b. 1698, d. 1702.
- 1.1.6. Joseph Bowditch, b. 1700, d. 1780: m. Elizabeth Hunt and had eight children.
- 1.1.7. Ebenezer Bowditch—see below.
- 1.1.8. Eunice Bowditch, b. and d. 1705.
- 1.1.9. Eunice Bowditch, b. 1707, d. 1764: m. William Hunt and had ten children.
- 1.1.10. Daniel Bowditch, b. 1709, d. unm. ca. 1730.
- 1.1.11. William Bowditch, b. 1712/13, d. 1715.

This second generation was much more prosperous than the first, for Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch reports that the records at Ipswich state as follows:

“Joseph Bowditch and Ebenezer Bowditch, Executors, brought in to this court an inventory of the estate of the late Captain William Bowditch, deceased, amounting to £4452 : s2 : d9.”

Third Generation

1.1.7.

EBENEZER BOWDITCH. b. in Salem 26 April 1702 or 1703; d. 2 February 1768. Shipmaster, known as Captain Bowditch. He lost the armed galley “Mary” in a hurricane at Port Royal, Jamaica, 22 October 1726. He lived at the spot later designated 209 Essex Street in Salem. He appears to have been a proprietor but not a settler of New Salem, Massachusetts, in 1742. On the 15th of August 1728 he m. Mary, the daughter of the Hon. Col. John Turner and Mary (Kitchen) Turner of Salem⁶; she was b. in November 1706 and d. 1 May 1785; although but 22 years old at marriage she was spoken of as “the ancient and honorable Miss Turner”. Ebenezer Bowditch seems to have inherited his grandfather’s faculty of being unfortunate in money matters, for it is stated that in addition to losing his own fortune he borrowed and lost the savings of his son Habakkuk. Ebenezer Bowditch was the only son of his parents’ large household who has left male descendants, and so is the common ancestor of all by the name of Bowditch who are derived from the Salem line.

Children (all born in Salem):

- 1.1.7.1. Ebenezer Bowditch, b. 1729, d. 1771; m. Elizabeth Gilman and had eight children.
- 1.1.7.2. John Bowditch, b. 1732, d. 1793? (went South in that year and was never heard from); m. Mary Carlton and had seven children.
- 1.1.7.3. Thomas Bowditch, b. ca. 1733, d. 1808; m. Sarah Bancroft and had eleven children. Ancestor of the North Carolina (or senior) line of the family.
- 1.1.7.4. William Bowditch, b. 1734 or 1735; d. unm. 1752.
- 1.1.7.5. Habakkuk Bowditch—see below.
- 1.1.7.6. Mary Bowditch, b. ca. 1741, d. unm. 1757.

Nathaniel Bowditch Line

Fourth Generation

1.1.7.5.

HABAKKUK BOWDITCH, born in Salem 5 January and baptized there 5 March 1737/8; d. there 28 July 1798. He was a mariner, but was spoken of as Captain Bowditch; later he became a cooper. He lived in a house on Brown Street, still standing but greatly altered and moved back from the street, where his son Nathaniel was born; in 1773 he moved to a small house in Salem Village, later called Danvers and now a part of Peabody; this is still standing and is marked by a tablet as the home of Nathaniel Bowditch as a child. Habakkuk Bowditch is said to have been “uncommonly versed in the Scriptures”. Ill luck attended him; his father is said to have borrowed and lost his savings and losses in the Revolutionary War finished his ruin; he took to drink and ran downhill. He m. 23 July 1765 Mary, the daughter of Nathaniel Ingersoll and Bethiah (Gardner) Ingersoll of Salem; the date of her birth is uncertain, and she d. 16 December 1783.

Children (1–4 and 7 born in Salem, 5 and 6 in Danvers):

- 1.1.7.5.1. Mary Bowditch, b. 1766, d. 1808; m. David Martin and had two children.

⁶ It is reported that Colonel John Turner objected to his daughter’s marriage, “forming a connexion so much inferior to what her pretensions in point of property and family might have justified her in aspiring to ... For she had been brought up in ease and affluence.” The quotes are from Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch. See genealogy of Turner family at end of this section.

- 1.1.7.5.2. Habakkuk Bowditch, b. 1768, d. unm. ca. 1800.
- 1.1.7.5.3. Elizabeth Bowditch, b. 1771, d. unm. 1791.
- 1.1.7.5.4. Nathaniel Bowditch—see below.
- 1.1.7.5.5. William Bowditch, b. 1776, d. unm. 1799.
- 1.1.7.5.6. Samuel Ingersoll Bowditch, b. 1778, d. unm. 1794.
- 1.1.7.5.7. Lois Bowditch, b. 1781, d. s.p. 1809; m. her cousin Joseph Bowditch, son of Thomas Bowditch, son of Ebenezer Bowditch, 1.1.7.

Fifth Generation

1.1.7.5.4.

NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, born in Salem 26 March 1773, died in Boston 16 March 1838. He was born in the house occupied by his father at No. 2 Brown Street, subsequently moved to the back of the lot and turned round, and still standing, though greatly altered, on Kimball's Court; the year of his birth the family moved to Danvers and the little house that they occupied is still standing, though now in a part of Peabody, and marked by a tablet. Nathaniel Bowditch was the author of the "New American Practical Navigator" (1802); president of the Essex Fire and Marine Insurance Co. in Salem, 1804 to 1823; in the latter year he moved to Boston in order to take up his work as actuary and from 1824 director of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Co., a position which he filled until his death. During these years he translated, with copious commentaries, Laplace's "Mecanique Celeste", the work which brought him his reputation as a mathematician. He was offered, but declined, the professorship of mathematics at Harvard College, and received from Harvard two honorary degrees, A. M. in 1802 and LL. D. in 1816. He served on the Board of Overseers of Harvard College from 1810 to 1826, and was a Fellow from 1826 until his death. His home in Salem was on Essex Street, near the so-called "Witch House", and in Boston he lived at No. 8 Otis Place, near Church Green; the widening of the street has wholly done away with Otis Place. Nathaniel Bowditch married (1) in Salem 25 March 1798, Elizabeth Boardman, the daughter of Capt Francis Boardman and Mary (Hodges) Boardman of Salem; she was b. about 1780 and d. s.p. 18 October 1798; he m. (2) in Danvers 28 October 1800 his first cousin Mary Ingersoll, the daughter of Capt. Jonathan Ingersoll and Mary (Hodges) Ingersoll of Danvers; she was b. 4 December 1781 and d. in Boston 17 April 1834.

Children (all born in Salem, and by second wife):

- 1.1.7.5.4.1. Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch, 1805-1861; m. Elizabeth Brown Francis.
- 1.1.7.5.4.2. Jonathan Ingersoll Bowditch, 1806-1889; m. Lucy Orne Nichols.
- 1.1.7.5.4.3. Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, 1808-1892; m. Olivia Yardley.
- 1.1.7.5.4.4. Charles Ingersoll Bowditch, b. 1 December 1809, d. in Salem 21 February 1820.
- 1.1.7.5.4.5. A son, born 7 July 1813, died the next day.
- 1.1.7.5.4.6. Mary Ingersoll Bowditch, 1816-1893; m. Epes Sargent Dixwell.
- 1.1.7.5.4.7. William Ingersoll Bowditch, 1819-1909; m. Sarah Rhea Higginson.
- 1.1.7.5.4.8. Elizabeth Boardman Ingersoll Bowditch, 1823-1888; m. John James Dixwell.

The North Carolina Line

Fourth Generation

1.1.7.3.

THOMAS BOWDITCH, b. 1733, d. 29 July, 1808; m. Lynn, 21 April, 1759, Sarah Bancroft. She d. 26 Feb., 1808, aged 66. They had nine children.

1. Thomas Bowditch, b. Sept., 1761; m. 17 Sept., 1786, Lucy Mansfield. They had eight children.
2. Daniel Bowditch, bp. 10 Mar., 1765.
3. Joseph Bowditch, bp. 6 July, 1767, & was drowned 29 Sept. or 6 Oct., 1774.
4. Sarah Bowditch, bp. 17 Sept., 1769; m. 12 May, 1793, John Brinlay. They had four children.
5. Jane Bowditch, bp. 20 Mar., 1774.
6. Joseph Bowditch, see following.
7. Ebenezer Bowditch, m. 21 Oct., 1800, Rebecca Felt. She d. 16 May, 1805, aged 26 years, leaving one daughter.
8. Richard Bowditch, m. 24 May, 1807, Sally Collins. They had two children.
9. George Bowditch, bp. April 1783; m. 11 Oct., 1807, Sally Stodder. They had four children.

(The above data are taken from "Bowditch Ancestors 1639-1800," which also records names of the children of the above nine (not eleven as stated previously, under 1.1.7. Ebenezer Bowditch.)

Fifth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.

JOSEPH BOWDITCH (Captain) Merchant; b. Salem 11 May, 1776; d. Salem 28 or 30 Aug. or 1 Sept., 1824. Master of the brig *Neva* 1816 and 1818 and of the brig *Centurion* 1822. m. (1) 22 or 28 Sept., 1806, his first cousin, Lois Bowditch (a sister of Nathaniel Bowditch, the mathematician) b. 29 Mar., 1781, d. 29 July, 1809, without issue, m. (2) 1812, Lucinda Morse, b. Sharon, Mass., 26 Apr., 1786. Four children.

1. Helen Maria Bowditch, b. 30 Sept., 1814, d. Salem, Nov. 1889; m. Luther Upton 29 Sept., 1836. Two children: Joseph Bowditch Upton, b. 5 July, 1837, d. Boston Sept. 1891; Helen Maria Upton, b. 25 Sept., 1843, d. Lynn, Mass., Mar. 1868; m. June 1867, Wm. H. Porter. (The above information is taken from a family bible, dedicated as follows: "A present to Helen Maria Bowditch Upton on her twenty-second birthday, from her mother, L. M. Bowditch, Sept. 30, 1836.")
2. Sarah Morse Bowditch, b. (?), d. 14 May, 1856; m. 17 July, 1855, George Wm. Abbot, b. 3 Sept., 1825, d. 24 June, 1861. He was the brother of Elizabeth Blanchard Abbot, who married Joseph Bowditch, next following.
3. Joseph Henry Bowditch, m. Elizabeth Blanchard Abbot, and moved to North Carolina. See the following section.
4. Francis Bowditch.

Miscellaneous Early Female Ancestries

Thus concludes the genealogical sketches from the early ancestry in direct Bowditch line to North Carolina. So far as we are aware, no Bowditch ancestor served in the Revolutionary War. However, the female lines are of equal interest in this and in other respects, so such data as are available via Dr. Harold Bowditch and others will be preserved here for further pursuit by anyone interested. Much information has been derived from letters and other papers found in an old trunk sent to me by my cousin Blanche, and coming to her from my father's sister Georgiana, who was much interested in the genealogy of the Bowditch and Abbot lines.

Ancestry of Mary Gardner (wife of Capt. William Bowditch, 1.1.)

1. Mr. (i.e. Master) Thomas Gardner, b. 1592, d. 29 Dec., 1674. From Plymouth, England to New England 1624. Overseer of planting at Cape Ann 1624–5. Removed to Salem. Representative 1637.
2. Thomas Gardner, b. in England; d. 1682.
3. Lieut. Thomas Gardner, bp. 25 May, 1645, d. 16 Nov., 1695. Lieutenant in Capt. John Higginson's troop of horse. Selectman 1689 and later.
4. Mary Gardner, b. 14 Feb., 1669/70, d. May 1724; m. Salem, 1688, Capt. William Bowditch

Ancestry of Mary Turner (wife of Ebenezer Bowditch, 1.1.7.)

1. John Turner of Salem, Mass. Barbados Trade. b. Barbados, W.I., 1608; d. Barbados 13 Oct., 1668, leaving a son.
2. John Turner, Salem, Mass., Merchant. Lessee of Baker's Island for 1000 years at the rental of £3. Lived at the corner of Essex and Beekford Streets. Estate £ 6,788. He was one of the "Colonial Magnates." For his son John, see next.
3. John Turner, Salem, Mass., b. 1676, d. 1728; m. Elizabeth Kitchen. Always called Madame Turner. She resided in Ipswich with her son-in-law, Col. Thos. Berg, and daughter Elizabeth, after her husband's death. Had two children.
 - I. Elizabeth, b. 1704; m. 1746 Hon. Col. Thomas Berry, Esq.
 - II. Mary, b. 1706, d. 1785; m. Ebenezer Bowditch of Salem 15 Aug., 1748(?).

Ancestry of Lucinda Morse (wife of Joseph Bowditch, 1.1.7.3.6.)

“I herewith send you a copy of all the record I find in relation Major Anthony Morse. I will give it as it is on the books.

“Record of Major Anthony Morse and Huldah his wife children births:

Wartham	Morse	Born	Dec. 14, 1778	in	Worthington, Mass.
Hiram	“	“	Dec. 26, 1781	“	“
Rebeckah	“	“	Apr. 9, 1784	“	Sharon, Vt.
Lucinda	“	“	Apr. 26, 1786	“	“
Anthony W.	“	“	Mar. 29, 1788	“	“
Wolcott	“	“	Feb. 4, 1790	“	“
Huldah	“	“	Jan. 26, 1792	“	“
Harry	“	“	Dec. 31, 1793	“	“
Lewis Morris	“	“	Jan. 10, 1796	“	“
Ruth P.	“	“	Dec. 2, 1797	“	“

Signed by D. E. Parkhurst, Town Clerk, Sharon, Vt., 19 June, 1893.”

Ancestry of Elizabeth Blanchard Abbot

(wife of Joseph Henry Bowditch, 1.7.1.7.3.6.3., via her mother’s side.)

First Generation

WILLIAM STICKNEY, the first settler, bp. Frampton, Lincolnshire, England, 6 Sept., 1592, son of Wm. Stickney of Frampton, bp. 30 Dec., 1558; m. 16 June, 1585, Margaret Peirson; and the grandson of Robert Stickney of Frampton who made his will 3 Oct., and was buried 18 Oct., 1582.

Second Generation

AMOS STICKNEY, second son of William and Elizabeth; b. England about 1635, d. 29 Aug., 1678; m. Newbury, Mass., 24 June, 1663, Sarah Morse. She m. (2) Stephen Acreman. She d. Newbury, 7 Dec., 1711.

Third Generation

BENJAMIN STICKNEY, b. Newbury, Mass., 4 Apr., 1673, d. 5 Mar., 1756; m. Rowley, 16 Jan., 1700, Mary Palmer. She d. 1747, aged 74, buried in Byfield. He m. (2) widow Mary Morris 2 Oct., 1750, who survived him and m. 15 Nov., 1757 Samuel Duty of Rowley,

Fourth Generation

JOSEPH STICKNEY, b. Rowley, Mass., 8 Oct., 1705; m. 26 Dec., 1727, Jane, dau. of Capt. Samuel and Elizabeth (Hale) Pickard, b. 5 Mar., 1704. She d. and he m. (2)

Boxford 7 Nov., 1737, Hannah, dau. Samuel and Hannah Goodrich, b. Newbury, Feb. 1712. After his death she m. (2) James Barker and d. 4 Nov., 1806 his widow.

Fifth Generation

SAMUEL STICKNEY, b. Boxford, 9 Aug., 1741; m. Beverly, 23 Jan., 1766, Rebecca, dau. of Benjamin and Mary (Trask) Raymond, b. 13 Jan., 1742, d. Beverly, 18 Jan., 1825.

Sixth Generation

SAMUEL STICKNEY, JR., b. Boxford 6 Nov., 1771, d. 23 Aug., 1859; m. Beverly 14 Dec., (1794?) Edith, dau. of Bartholomew and Edith (Wood) Wallis, b. 30 Jan., 1744, d. 2 Sept., 1855.

Seventh Generation

NANCY STICKNEY, dau. of Samuel Stickney, Jr., b. Beverly, 9 Nov., 1796; m. Capt. George Abbot of Beverly 2 Apr., 1820. She d. his widow 19 June, 1851. He d. 18 Jan., 1848, aged 56 yr. 10 mo.

Eighth Generation

ELIZABETH BLANCHARD ABBOT, b. 28 Feb., 1821; m. Joseph Henry Bowditch and moved with him to North Carolina.

Ancestry of Elizabeth Blanchard Abbot
(via her father's side)

First Generation

LAWRENCE LEACH, m. Elizabeth, from England to Salem, 1629. He d. 24 June, 1662, aged 85. She survived him about 12 years.

Second Generation

RICHARD LEACH, b. 1626, d. 1687; m. Sarah, dau. of Ann Fuller.

Third Generation

JOHN LEACH, b. 1646, bp. 1648, d. 5 Mar., 1717; m. Elizabeth Flynt 20 May, 1667. She was b. 30 Apr., 1650, d. 8 Feb., 1719.

Fourth Generation

SAMUEL LEACH, b. 28 Apr., 1677, d. 1732; m. 25 Sept., 1699, Ginger Porter, a granddaughter of Wm. Hawthorn (the first emigrant) and aunt to Gen. Israel Putnam.

Fifth Generation

JOHN LEACH, bp. 8 Nov., 1702, d. 14 Sept., 1774; m. 15 Jan., 1728, Rachel Putnam, sister of Gen. Israel Putnam. She was bp. 27 Sept., 1702, d. 1781. Graves in the private yard at "Ryol Syde", Beverly, Mass.

Sixth Generation

ASA LEACH, b. 15 Aug., 1731. Published m. 1 Feb., 1756, Elizabeth Porter, dau. of John Porter, who was a son of Benjamin and Hannah Endicott Porter who was a dau. of Zernabel (?) Endicott by his second wife, the widow of Rev. Antipus Newman, and dau. of John Winthrop, Jr., Gov. of Connecticut son of Gov. John of Massachusetts.

Seventh Generation

ELIZABETH LEACH, b. 1 June, 1760, d. 19 Oct., 1817. Marriage intention to William Abbot published 11 May, 1783.

Eighth Generation

GEORGE ABBOT, b. 26 Mar., 1791, d. 18 Jan., 1848; m. Anna Stickney, 2 Apr., 1820. She was b. 9 Nov., 1796 and d. 19 June, 1851.

The above George Abbot is the father of Elizabeth Blanchard Abbot, who married Joseph Henry Bowditch and moved to North Carolina. Note that the wife of George Abbot is here given as Anna Stickney, rather than Nancy, as shown elsewhere. However, dates of birth, death and marriage are identical with the other records, so the same person is undoubtedly intended.

Note especially via. the Sixth Generation, that all the North Carolina Bowditchs are directly descended from John Winthrop, Gov. of Mass., and his son John Winthrop, Jr., Gov. of Connecticut. All this is subject, of course, to the accuracy of the documents in the old trunk.

The Abbot Family of Beverly, Massachusetts

The old trunk contains unassociated pieces of paper with dates of birth, marriage, and death of many persons. The following tabulation on the Abbot family seems worthwhile repeating here.

First Generation

WILLIAM ABBOT, b. 20 Apr., 1761; d. Point Petre, island of Guadeloupe; m. Elizabeth Leach, 11 May, 1783. She was b. 9 May, 1760 and d. 19 Oct., 1817.

Second Generation

WILLIAM ABBOT, b. 6 Jan., 1785, d. 19 July, 1811. Drowned at sea.

MARTHA ABBOT, b. 18 Dec., 1787, d. 22 July, 1809.

JOHN ABBOT, b.14 Feb., 1789, d. 9 July, 1809.

GEORGE ABBOT, b. 26 Mar., 1791, d. 18 Jan., 1848 (see below)

ELIZABETH B., b. 10 Mar., 1794, d. 25 Oct., 1818

Third Generation

GEORGE ABBOT, next above, married Anna, daughter of Samuel and Edith Stickney 3 Apr., 1820. She was b. 9 Nov., 1796 and d. 19 June, 1851. George and Anna had nine children, as follows:

1. ELIZABETH BLANCHARD, b. 28 Feb., 1821; m. Joseph Henry Bowditch 2 Apr., 1845 and moved to North Carolina. See later.
2. GEORGIANA, b. 28 Oct., 1823, d. 8 Mar., 1848; m. Chas. W. Lawson, 2 Sept., 1847.
3. GEORGE WILLIAM, b. 3 Sept., 1825, d. 24 June, 1861; m. Sarah Morse Bowditch sister of Joseph Henry Bowditch, 17 July, 1855. She d. in childbirth while he was gone on a prolonged ocean voyage, 14 May, 1856. He m. (2) Emily Hooper 7 Mar., 1861.
4. MARTHA ELLEN, b. 23 May, 1829, d. 7 Aug., 1830, aged 14-1/2 mos.
5. JOHN EDWIN, b. 17 Aug., 1831, d. in North Carolina, 15 Jan., 1911. See later.
6. CHARLES HENRY, b. 28 July, 1834, d. 5 Mar., 1844.
7. MARTHA ELIZABETH, b. 28 Dec., 1835, d. 15 Sept., 1870, m. Dr. William Thorndike 17 Apr., 1862 and moved to Milwaukee. He d. 27 Jan., 1887.
8. ELLEN LOUISA, b. 15 Sept., 1837, d. 8 Mar., 1887; m. Johnson McClure 22 Oct., 1868.
9. FREDERICK, b. 15 Aug., 1841; m. Emily L. Whiting, 7 June, 1865.

And so, we finally conclude the first section of this Chapter, "The Early Ancestry Before North Carolina." In the following sections, we shall begin with the North Carolina migration and bring the genealogy forward to the present time.

The First Generation in North Carolina

“Joseph H. Bowditch, aged 25 years, 3 months, 27 days, trader of Tarboro, North Carolina, born in Salem, son of Joseph and Lucinda M. of Salem, married Elizabeth B. Abbot, aged 24 years, 1 month, 2 days, daughter of George and Nancy, April 2, 1845”.

Vital Records of Beverly, Massachusetts

And so it came about that a branch of the New England Bowditch family was established in North Carolina, for Joseph took his bride immediately to his place of business there. The letters in the old trunk, written to Elizabeth by the members of her family in Beverly over the succeeding years, show ever increasing concern over the comparative isolation and the limited opportunities for education and for social life which this new country afforded. Elizabeth must have been a very popular and attractive young lady in her earlier days, and that her relatives greatly missed her and her carefree laughter is frequently mentioned in the letters. Her uncle, James Gould, writes of the time she attended school while staying at his Baltimore home, and how she was “the belle of the evening at the Cadet Ball in our assembly rooms”. However, while her lonesomeness must have shown in her letters North, these letters were always described as cheerful ones.

We have found only one record of Elizabeth ever making a return visit to the more socialized land of her birth. This was in the early years of their marriage, in 1847. The return trip from Beverly to Washington took some 30 hours; then 3 hours by boat; again by train until 3:00 a.m., followed after washing and breakfast by a trip in a “yellow barouche with a great black Negro driver”, finally arriving at 12 noon in Tarboro—some 60 hours of travel and with a small baby. So, with the increasing cares of a growing household to tie her down, there is little wonder that our grandmother never again saw the land of her birth.

Their home in Tarboro is pictured as a large three-story frame house behind a picket fence. It was here that their first six children were born. Of special interest to this writer is the fact that a young lady church organist by the name of Sally Darlington roomed with them for one year; and it was on account of the great friendship which thus developed that my father received his middle name of Darlington.

Joseph Bowditch operated a store in Tarboro; in the beginning, this was in partnership with a Mr. Howell. In 1854 he kept a cart on the street, presumably to sell goods. His diary of that year has few entries but makes repeated reference to George and the cart on the street. For George’s services he paid \$1.75 per 12-hour day. Reference is also made to slaves. In 1852, they had “quite a family” of Negroes, and in 1854 he “sold Martha and her two children for \$1355 to Bennet T. Pitt”. He also “put up 10 gallons grape-juice— with 20 lbs. sugar—on the first of October— tried it today (January 25) and found it good”.

Joseph made frequent trips away from home, up north for goods and west into the mountains. (Even at age 72, his wife reported in April that he had been gone since

December.) His diary reports a three-week horseback trip into the “up-country” in 1854— no mention of business but comments on the magnificent mountains. In 1859 he purchased on the order of 3000 acres of mountain land in Yancey County, North Carolina, “a farm large enough to build a city on”. Here they built a new home and abandoned Tarboro in the spring of 1861.

If they had been isolated from the northern conveniences and social life in Tarboro, they were very much more so in this new home. Within a few years there was talk of a return to Tarboro, and the letters from northern relatives repeatedly urged they be not discouraged, and why not move to the West where opportunities were greater? It was difficult for the New Englanders to understand why so many acres produced so little of marketable value; apparently this was not the huge “farm” or “plantation” which was first visualized when the move was made.

And then, in February 1880, disaster struck in the form of a fire which completely destroyed their house and practically all their possessions. Pleas to the North brought barrels of old clothing, etc., and money as well. A new home was immediately started, and this still stands near Micaville.

Meanwhile, the children were growing up and becoming restless. Nathaniel went west, first in 1871, and finally, abandoning his wife and family in North Carolina, to disappear for good. Georgiana and John continued to make occasional trips North for visits and for educational purposes. Charlie, the youngest, went into Champaign County, Illinois, and worked on a farm there. My father, Fred, went to a school in Burnsville, working in a store to finance his education. He “likes storekeeping though he says it is very dirty work handling meat, flour, feathers, etc”. Then Fred also headed west in 1882. Joseph, however, found himself a fine bride in nearby Mine Creek in Mitchell County, North Carolina, where he settled in 1882, aged 24 years.

In 1885 Joseph Henry and Elizabeth, now in their mid sixties and in failing health, divided their lands among their children. John and Georgiana received jointly the home place containing 888 acres and all the personal property of their parents. In return for this largest share, they bound themselves “to maintain J. H. Bowditch and his wife E. B. Bowditch during their natural life, and to provide all things necessary for their comfort and happiness, in sickness and health, in such manner as they may use themselves”. The balance of the property was divided by impartial appraisers, and lots were drawn for each share.

Charles and Fred were jointly deeded 1130 acres in 1885. In 1889 they divided this between them, Fred taking 900 acres of rough mountain land, and Charles 230 acres including a home building and all the cleared land. This uneven division of the acreage was as requested by Charles, who had returned from his western adventure to Illinois and was about to be married to a local girl. He now wished to settle in his home country and needed the home site and the cleared land in the joint inheritance.

We find no record in the old trunk of Joseph’s portion. However, his granddaughter, Helen Runion, has recently searched the records in Burnsville to find that he was deeded parcels of 690 and 46 acres, respectively, in 1884 and 1885, “adjoining J. W. Gibbs in the Big Fork Ridge to the top of Celo Knob”. Joseph’s portion was thus

located just south of Fred's. There is record of a sale in 1874 of 500 acres to a J. W. Gibbs to account for all the 3000+ acres originally purchased.

Fred's acreage lay idle for some 15 years with only a very modest income from a mica mine and with burdensome taxes. He then sold it for approximately \$10 an acre, primarily for its lumber value; and invested this money in a 160-acre farm in Michigan, which the family still owns. How often we have wished that a few acres of this beautiful mountain land had been reserved for a summer or retirement home site! It is now within the boundaries of Pisgah National Forest.

In May 1902 John and Georgiana divided their 888 acres, Georgiana keeping the home site and 343 acres, and John taking the remaining less-improved 545 acres. Finally in 1908 Georgiana sold her acreage to Charles, having moved into town a year earlier. Fred assisted Charles in this transaction, contributing a good deal of the purchase price which was secured by a joint ownership. In 1917 sole ownership was acquired by Charles when he sold timber from his land. Charles was naturally disappointed when Fred's share of timber land eventually proved to be more valuable than his own cleared land and home site, so Fred took this means of assisting him to purchase Georgiana's share by mortgaging his Michigan farm. My mother says that Charlie and my father were always very close, and this seems to be shown by the original joint grant and the later cooperation in the acquisition of Georgiana's land.

No doubt there have been many subsequent transactions involving these original 3000 acres; for example, we know that a one-sixth share was granted to Nathaniel's heirs in 1907. Perhaps none of it is presently held in the Bowditch family. Nevertheless, it has been interesting to procure U. S. Geological maps of the area⁷ and attempt to locate these sites upon them. This is not possible to do with any accuracy from the deeds in the old trunk, for these read from tree to tree in most instances. So far as can be determined, Fred's land ran to the peak of Mount Celo, or Celo Knob, elevation 6327 ft. This is the northern-most major peak in the Black Mountain range which is dominated by Mount Mitchell, 6684 ft, the highest U. S. peak east of the Rockies. The town of Bowditch shown on this 1960 map, recognizes a presently abandoned town-site established by the firm which ran a railroad spur to this point in order to take out the timber from Fred's land. A section of the Micaville Quadrangle map is reproduced on the adjoining page. The land, including Mount Celo, ran for some miles south of this, well into the Celo Quadrangle map.

And finally, before concluding the North Carolina history as determined mainly by the material in the old trunk, reference should be made to Uncle John Abbot, whose silhouette is reproduced here as it was found in the trunk. Uncle John was a younger brother of our grandmother, Elizabeth (Abbot) Bowditch, who came to live near and later with them in North Carolina in his later years. He was never married and was much at sea during his youth, as was the family calling. He tells in one letter of having just returned from a 16- to 18-month journey which took him around the world, from Boston via Cape Horn to San Francisco in three months, on to Manila in ten months, then Singapore, Penang, and Calcutta, where they stayed two months, taking on a cargo of saltpetre,

⁷ Micaville, N. C., and Celo, N. C., Quadrangles. The area immediately south and west of Micaville, including the town of Bowditch and below.



1. The Old Home 2. The Cemetery 3. Bowditch, N. C.
 4. U. S. Route 19E 5. N. C. Route 80

linseed, indigo, and nutmegs, finally sailing for home after 14 1/2 months out of Boston. A stop at St. Helena gave opportunity to see Napoleon's tomb. To enliven the voyage, a mutiny developed off Cape Horn with the rebels being put in irons, and the first mate put ashore in San Francisco with no wages. At each port of call, weeks or months would elapse while cargo was being sought for the next port— certainly a leisurely way to travel around the world!

John tired of the sea at age 28 in 1859, and in 1868 writes of coming to North Carolina. In 1875 an old deed records his granting a parcel of Yancey County land to his



Uncle John Abbot

sister Elizabeth, which is described as “the homestead of Joseph H. Bowditch”, and containing 750 acres. So he must have helped out financially in some way and later came to live with them, perhaps in recompense. I can recall as a very young fellow visiting North Carolina and Aunt Georgiana with my father and being shown Uncle John’s room. A very exciting array of firearms, fishing tackle, and mysterious gear of one sort or another comes vaguely to mind; but the stern admonition to stay out is very clearly recalled.

Uncle John’s diaries for the years 1905-07, -08, -09, -10, and 1911 are found in the trunk, and, while devoted mostly to a detailed record of the weather each day, do give a most interesting picture of the life in that time and place. The following random quotes will illustrate this: “A person passed at 6:30 a. m., carrying a torch, going in the direction of Micaville”. “Pulled my wagon out into the rain to keep the wheels from drying”. “I drew 15 gallons of oil from the new barrel, which I broached”. On January 20, “assisted Georgiana in digging 25 cabbages from bed in garden and putting them in cellar”. “Killed an old cock for soup”. “Drove hoops on cow tub”. “Twenty small cattle passed to mountain range”. “Put new bung in vinegar barrel”. “Bull very attentive to cow Lottie”. “Georgiana picking chestnuts— sell for \$1.25/bushel of 60 lbs.” “Georgiana engaged a hind quarter of a young heifer at 5 1/2”. “Bought for self one package of a new match which can be lighted by striking the tip only”. “Assisted Georgiana to grind apples for vinegar”. “Toe River not fordable. No mail via Boonford”. “At 3 p.m. three

commissioners passed toward Micaville, having been to lay off one-sixth of Fred Bowditch's land".

On April 30, 1907, Uncle John and Georgiana moved out of the old home place, diary references for months proceeding noting details of the sale of many items left behind. After boarding in Burnsville for a few months, they moved to Morganton in September 1907 shortly after Uncle John's 76th birthday. Diary entries in the same very meticulous and very small hand continue until a final entry of January 14, 1911: "Engaged cutting kindling wood. At noon temperature +64°, calm and fair".

A yellowed newspaper clipping, found elsewhere in the trunk, reports that on the day following this final entry, "On Sunday morning, January 15th, Mr. John E. Abbot passed away at his home on Avery Avenue. The end came suddenly . . . a very serious affection of the heart". He was 79 years of age and had certainly lived a most varied and unusual life, from mutiny at sea and a familiarity with seaports all round the world to the peaceful quiet of a mountain home, where a passing stranger merited a line in his diary. His silhouette suggests, as is reported in his obituary, a most interesting gentleman whom it would have been a real privilege to know.

From North Carolina to Urbana, Illinois

As stated earlier, my father, Fred D. Bowditch, went west from North Carolina in 1881, settling finally in Urbana, Illinois, although his first idea my mother says had been Colorado. It was the fashion in those days to have a book of “Autographs” in which friends were asked to inscribe a message or poem which they considered appropriate, followed by their signature and the date. Such a book of my father’s has first entries from Swedona, Kansas, all in December 11 to 15, 1882— a town not presently to be found on the map. Perhaps he intended to settle there, or was on his way to Colorado; but he soon returned to Urbana where, my mother recalls, he nursed his brother Charlie back to health from a severe attack of typhoid fever. Charlie then returned to North Carolina, where he married and settled down, while Fred remained in Urbana, taking over the farm employment Charlie had abandoned. The children of this farm household were attending Urbana High School at the time; and Fred, having completed such schooling as was available in Burnsville, became interested in their home work. So he entered Urbana High early in 1883, and graduated on May 23, 1884. Each of the 12 members of that graduating class delivered an oration, his being titled “Our Way Leads to Rome”.

From there, he continued to the University of Illinois, where he graduated along with 54 others, Class of 1888, being self-supporting all this time. The University annual, then called “The Sophograph”, gave this “Pen Picture” of him at graduation: “Formal in apparel; in gait and countenance like a grandfather”. While perhaps a little cruel, as such youthful assessments are apt to be, it was probably not too unfair; but it seems likely that no other graduate of that class had worked so hard nor come so far in recent years to achieve this educational goal.

He started that fall, in 1888 and aged 28, on his lifelong career of school teaching, which led him to Mahomet, Illinois, as Superintendent of Schools in 1894. The following spring, on April 21, 1895, a most attractive young lady wrote as follows in his Autograph book:

“Take heart, nor of the laws of fate complain,
Though now ‘tis cloudy, ‘twill clear up again

Your friend,
Helen L. Tyron”

It sounds as though this was written somewhere between proposals, and correctly forecasts her final acceptance, which brings this North Carolina story to the point of beginning of our mother’s preceding Chapter II. But this section can better be concluded with the following verse, written by a friend in her Autograph book:

“Friend Helen:

There is a pretty little flower,
of sky-blue tint and white,

That glitters in the sunshine
and goes to sleep at night.
'Tis a token of remembrance,
and a pretty name its got;
Would you know it if I told you?
'Tis the sweet Forget-me-not.

Truly your friend,

F. D. Bowditch”

The double underlining is his. “Forget-me-not” indeed! It is our earnest hope that this publication may preserve for all their descendents a most appreciative memory of this very fine southern gentleman and his very good wife, “the little grandma”.

Genealogical Sketches

On the following pages will be found the conventional genealogical sketches of Joseph Henry and Elizabeth Abbot Bowditch, and the sketches of as many of their descendents in such detail as we can presently learn about. It is most interesting to observe the large number (160+)⁸ of these descendents and the wide variety of their contributions to history.

We hope this account will prove useful, not only to my own brothers and nieces and nephews, but to their many southern cousins as well. It has been an interesting task to edit this publication, and we look forward to future opportunities for better acquaintance with the many descendents of Joseph and Elizabeth.

As a matter of physical arrangement, all the descendents of each one of the first North Carolina born ancestors have been grouped together, rather than listing all of each generation consecutively, as is perhaps the preferred genealogical format.

Sixth Generation 1.1.7.3.6.3

JOSEPH HENRY BOWDITCH, b. Salem, Mass., 6 December 1819; d. Micaville, North Carolina, 12 August 1900; m. Beverly, Massachusetts, 2 April 1845 Elizabeth Blanchard Abbot, dau. of George and Anna (Stickney) Abbot; b. Beverly, Mass., 28 February 1821; d. Micaville, N. C., 26 August 1902; Joseph moved to Tarboro, N. C. at age 17 where with the aid of his father he established a wholesale and general trading business. Immediately following his marriage in Beverly eight years later, he returned with his bride to Tarboro. In 1861 they moved inland to Yancey County, N. C., where he had acquired more than 3000 acres of mountain land. Here they spent the rest of their days, living in the greatest simplicity compared with their earlier days, but always with a great love for their magnificent mountain country—the highest east of the Rockies. The year of Joseph Henry's birth is given as 1819 in the Vital Records of Beverly, Mass., concerned with his marriage, but is recorded with the same day and month in 1817 on his tombstone in the hill-top graveyard just west of Micaville.

- .1 Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 18 March 1846; m. in N. C., went West and disappeared.
- .2 Georgiana Abbot Bowditch, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 21 May 1848; d. Morganton, N. C., 15 April 1927. Unmarried.
- .3 Abbot Bowditch, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 1851; d. Tarboro, N. C. 1855.
- .4 John Abbot Bowditch, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 2 April 1856; d. Micaville, N. C., 18 May 1933; m (1) Julia Hilliard (2) Mildred Balleu.
- .5 Joseph Bowditch, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 10 January 1858; d. Statesville, N. C., 1 September 1923; m. Martha Anderson.
- .6 Frederick Darlington Bowditch, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 22 November 1859; d. Urbana, Illinois, 19 November 1920; m. Helen Tryon.
- .7a Charles L Bowditch, b. Micaville, N. C., 27 September 1862; d. Micaville, N. C., 20 August 1919; m. Julia Gibbs.
- .7b A twin sister of Charles died at birth.

Seventh Generation 1.1.7.3.6.3

.1

⁸ This number is indefinite because of our incomplete record of Nathaniel's descendents.

NATHANIEL INGERSOLL BOWDITCH, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 18 March 1646, went West about 1877 and was not heard from again. Married in Yancey County about 1870. He left his wife with two children. Their children sued for and gained their rightful one-sixth share of their grandparent's estate in 1907.

In his early youth, Nathaniel visited his Massachusetts relatives on several occasions, attending school there. The old trunk contains a "Catalogue of the Cream Hill Academic School," West Cornwall, Connecticut, printed 1859, which lists "Nathaniel I. Bowditch Tarboro, N. C." as one of the 27 boy pupils. These pupils were "furnished tuition, board, fuel, and washing at \$250 a year" of two 20-week terms.

Nathaniel was conscripted in March 1864 into the Confederate Army as a private, Co. C, 36th North Carolina Regiment. Less than a year later he was wounded and taken prisoner at the capture of Ft. Fisher in January 1865. In a prisoner's camp at Ft. Lookout, Maryland, in February 1865 he was found by a northern relative, Major Henry P. Bowditch. With the aid of Henry and other relatives, he was freed by one of the last orders issued by President Lincoln, and was sent to the home of his mother's parents in Beverly, Mass. Here he stayed for several months, "a pitiable figure," before returning to his home near Micaville, N. C. He married there soon after, but apparently was restless and dissatisfied. In 1871 he went West for the first time and finally went away and never returned. His sister Georgiana wrote that "We haven't heard anything for many years, so I suppose he has passed away."

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.1.1

JOHNH. BOWDITCH, b. 7 September 1871, d. 6 May 1949; m. Belva Silvers, b. 1886, d. 1951. They lived in the Micaville, N. C., area and are buried in the cemetery there.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.1.2

MARY ELLEN BOWDITCH, b. 1875(?), d. 5 February 1963 aged 88 years; m. Wm. A. Hall, b. 26 November 1873, d. 28 February 1946. Mary Ellen and Wm. A. Hall had eight children, one dead and seven living: Reba, b. 29 June 1901, d. 27 January 1946, is buried in the Micaville cemetery. The others, named Mark, Earl, Florence, Cora, George, Winnie, and Adaline, are all married and living with children and grandchildren of which we have no record.

Seventh Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.2

GEORGIANA ABBOT BOWDITCH, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 21 May 1848, d. Morganton, N. C., 15 April 1927. Unmarried. The only girl in a family of seven children, her early education and social development were matters of great concern to her mother, who was raised amidst many fine advantages she was unable to give her daughter. Georgiana was sent to Beverly and to Salem, Mass., on many occasions, including some schooling, and so must have developed tastes difficult to satisfy in her home surroundings of 50 to 100 years ago. This perhaps led to her remaining single, although her niece, Blanche, recalls that she did bring a young man to the home at one time for parental approval. However, this was denied because the parents felt he was by no means good enough for her.

Georgiana was the last of the children to leave the home place (in 1907 at the age of 59), moving to Morganton, N. C., where her remaining years were spent. I remember her as she visited us in Urbana, Illinois, in the early 1900's, a tall, angular, thin-faced lady with a tightly-drawn knob-in-the-back hair-do and in elaborate old-fashioned dress. She was a very stern character, somewhat feared by my father, as this memory of my boyhood recalls it. Also, the diaries of her Uncle John, who lived with her for many years, leave no doubt that she was the one who made the important decisions.

Her considerable interest in genealogy is apparent from the many records in the old trunk and without them this record would have been much less complete. She lies buried under a simple gravestone in the rear of Grace Episcopal Church, 300 South King Street, Morganton, North Carolina, a place we have just visited in April 1964.

Seventh Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.4

JOHN ABBOT BOWDITCH, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 2 April 1856, d. Micaville, N. C., 18 May 1933; m. (1) Micaville 3 May 1905, Julia Emma Hilliard, b. Micaville 30 October 1867, d. Micaville 25 May 1908; m. (2) Mildred Lee Balleu, b. Celo, North Carolina, 29 September 1879, d. Busick, N. C., 19 January 1937. From 1885 till 1902 John stayed with his sister Georgiana on the home place, under an agreement to take care of his parents in their old age in return for a share of the home property. He did not marry until age 49, three years after his mother's death, at which time he and Georgiana divided the 888 acres (including the home place) that had been left jointly to them. John spent most of his life in the home area near Micaville, although he did move West for a short period in an unsuccessful attempt to find a cure for the tuberculosis which took his first wife early in their married life.

- .1 Ruth Coline Bowditch, b. Busick, N. C., 10 February 1906; m. John Gibbs.
- .2 John Wesley Bowditch, b. Busick, N. C., 4 July 1909; unmarried; d. 14 June 1958.
- .3 Frank Watson Bowditch, b. Busick, N. C., 3 March 1912; m. Edna Burgin.
- .4 Robert Stephen Bowditch, b. Busick, N. C., 7 November 1914; m. July 1949(?), Catharine Ross, b. 1919(?). They have no children.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.4.1

RUTH COLINE BOWDITCH, b. Busick, N. C., 10 February 1906, m. Celo, N. C., 16 October 1937, John Lawrence Gibbs, son of Charles David and Lucy Annie (Nichols) Gibbs, b. 24 November 1904 John and Ruth live on a farm near Celo. Address: Rt. 5, Box 135, Burnsville, N. C.

- .1 Mary Lucille Gibbs, b. Marion, N. C., 6 October 1938. Died on the same day.
- .2 John Lawrence Gibbs, Jr., b. Marion, N. C., 28 February 1942; m. Madelyn Autrey.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.4.1.2

JOHN LAWRENCE GIBBS, JR., b. Marion, N. C., 28 February 1942; m. Burnsville, N. C., 21 March 1964, Madelyn Dora Autrey, dau. of Raymond and Annie Mae (Shuford) Autrey; b. Spruce Pine, N. C., 23 January 1945.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.4.3

FRANK WATSON BOWDITCH, b. Busick, N. C., 3 March 1912; m. Marion, N. C., 6 March 1945, Edna Burgin, dau. of Cecil and Ethel (Putnam) Burgin; b. Spruce Pine, N. C., 29 January 1921. Frank and Edna live in Busick, N. C., where he is employed by the National Park Service in operations concerned with Pisgah National Forest and Mt. Mitchell under whose shadow he lives.

- .1 Harold Edward Bowditch, b. Marion, N. C., 10 June 1946.
- .2 Ramona Lee Bowditch, b. Marion, N. C., 13 June 1949.

Seventh Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5

JOSEPH BOWDITCH, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 10 January 1858, d. Statesville, N. C., 1 September 1923; m. Toecane, N. C., 23 May 1880, Martha Elizabeth Anderson, dau. of Tuff Baker and Lorenza Anderson, b. Toecane, N. C., 29 February 1856, d. Toecane 2 July 1929. Joseph was the first of the Bowditch boys to be married, moving to Mine Creek where he became a farmer and one of the largest land-owners in that region.

When his parent's holdings were divided in 1884-85, Joe received two parcels of land, one of 690 acres running to the top of Celo Knob and another of 46 acres—the former probably adjoining his brother Fred's inheritance. However, he soon disposed of this land to add to his Mine Creek holdings where he set out the orchard which, with additions still being made by his grandchildren, produces such premium-grade apples today. He was by a large margin the most prolific insofar as descendants are concerned, with 88 listed following more than those of all his brothers combined.

- .1 Bertha Bowditch, b. Toecane, N. C., 6 May 1883; m. James Davis.
- .2 Roy Bowditch, b. Toecane, N. C., 20 February 1886; m. Banks Dunn.
- .3 Edwin Dennis Bowditch, b. Toecane, N. C., 10 September 1888; m. Bernice Hamrick.
- .4 Maude Bowditch, b. 24 (or 19?) February 1891; m. Jess Johnson.
- .5 Lois Bowditch, b. Toecane, N. C., 16 August 1893, d. Toecane, N. C., 11 May 1907, aged 13 years.
- .6 Thanes Bowditch, b. Toecane, N. C., 28 September 1896; m. Jean McKinney.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1

BERTHA BOWDITCH, b. Toecane, N. C., 6 May 1883; d. Bakersville, N. C., 8 October 1958; m. Bakersville, N. C., 30 August 1902, James Henderson Davis, son of James and Jane (McKinney) Davis; b. 15 October 1876, d. Bakersville, N. C., 30 November 1959. "Hense" was a farmer, who also taught school and singing school. He is remembered for his great love of singing, especially spirituals, and would have fitted well in the present-day popularity of the hootenanny.

- .1 Maude Lorene Davis, b. Micaville, N. C., 12 October 1906; m. David Bennett.
- .2 Lawrence Edwin Davis, b. Toecane, N. C., 1 August 1909; m. Allona Archer.
- .3 Hattie Mary Davis, b. Toecane, N. C., 3 April 1912; m. Rev. Frank Parsons.
- .4 Vera Jane Davis, b. Toecane, N. C., 11 October 1914; m. Jack Riddle.
- .5 Samuel Fred Davis, b. Toecane, N. C., 16 November 1916; m. Kitty Warren.
- .6 Thanes Walter Davis, b. Toecane, N. C., 18 December 1919; m. Elizabeth Carroll.
- .7 Jack Davis, b. Toecane, N. C., 7 February 1926; m. Nina Grindstaff.
- .8 Marvin John Davis, b. Toecane, N. C., 31 October 1927; m. Pearl Miller.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.1

MAUDE LORENE DAVIS, b. Micaville, N. C., 12 October 1906; m. Bakersville, N. C., 8 November 1928, David O. Bennett, son of John Wesley and Hannah (Tipton) Bennett. David has taught for 36 years in the Public Schools of Mitchell County, and is now principal of Gauge Elementary School.

- .1 Betty Jane Bennett, b. Newland, N. C., 20 February 1931; m. Floyd Edwards.
- .2 Janice Carole Bennett, b. Johnson City, Tennessee, 2 July 1944; m. Bobby Ledford.

Tenth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.1.1

BETTY JANE BENNETT, b. Newland, N. C., 20 February 1931; m. Marion, N. C., 30 November 1950, Floyd Henry Edwards, son of Burnie and Cindy (Miller) Edwards. Floyd is an English teacher in Bowman High School, Bakersville, N. C.

- .1 Mary Elizabeth Edwards, b. Bakersville, N. C., 30 March 1952.
- .2 Harold David Edwards, b. Bakersville, N. C., 18 February 1954.
- .3 Dwight Dana Edwards, b. Marion, N. C., 3 February 1955.

Tenth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.1.2

JANICE CAROLE BENNETT, b. Johnson City, Tennessee, 2 July 1944; m. Bakersville, N. C., 24 February 1962, Bobby Ledford, son of Robert and Doris (DeGroat) Ledford.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.2

LAWRENCE EDWIN DAVIS, b. Toecane, N. C., 1 August 1909; m. Mt. Vernon, Kentucky, 20 March 1934, Allona Archer, dau. of James L. and Minnie (Romines) Archer.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.3

HATTIE MARY DAVJS, b. Toecane, N. C., 3 April 1912; m. Toecane, N. C., 26 April 1934, Rev. Frank Parsons, son of Mallie and Manerva (Metcalf) Parsons; b. 19 January 1901. She is a housewife and textile worker. Frank is a farmer and minister.

- .1 Claudia Mary Parsons, b. Toecane, N. C., 29 January 1935; m. Roger Austin.
- .2 Paul David Parsons, b. Toecane, N. C., 31 August 1942.

Tenth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.3.1

CLAUDIA MARY PARSONS, b. Toecane, N. C., 29 January 1935; m. 20 December 1954, Roger Austin. Claudia is a housewife and textile worker.

- .1 Roger Wayne Austin, b. 7 January 1958.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.4

VERA JANE DAVIS, b. Toecane, N. C., 11 October 1914; m. Gate City, Virginia, 16 December 1939, Jack McDonald Riddle, son of Ranzie Lowe and Jane Elizabeth (Oaks) Riddle.

- .1 Donald Wayne Riddle, b. Corner Brook, Newfoundland, 16 September 1957.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.5

SAMUEL FRED DAVIS, b. Toecane, N. C., 16 November 1916; m. Pineville, Ky., 13 May 1939, Kitty Lee Warren, dau. of Henry Dan and Amanda (Slusher) Warren. Henry operates his own Davis Construction Co., Inc.

- .1 Warren Davis, b. 20 June 1940.
- .2 Beulah Frances Davis, b. 15 October 1942.
- .3 Fred Wayne Davis, b. 1 May 1949.
- .4 Murrell Lee Davis, b. 30 August 1956.
- .5 Diedra Lynn Davis, b. 17 February 1961.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.6

THANES WALTER DAVIS, b. Toecane, N. C., 18 December 1919; m. 24 May 1941, Elizabeth Carroll. Thanes is a construction worker in Barbourville, Ky.

- .1 Jackie Lee Davis, b. 15 July 1945.
- .2 Eddie W. Davis, b. 6 October 1949.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.7

JACK DAVIS, b. Toecane, N. C., 7 February 1926; m. Toecane, N. C., 30 October 1950, Nina Grindstaff, dau. of Walter and Myrtle Grindstaff. Jack is a construction worker at Pineville, Ky.

- .1 Carole Denise Davis, b. 21 February 1953.
- .2 Rebecca Lynne Davis, b. 25 March 1960.
- .3 Mark Duane Davis, b. 23 June 1962.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.1.8

MARVIN JOHN DAVIS, b. Toecane, N. C., 31 October 1927; m. Spartenberg, South Carolina, Pearl Miller, dau. of William E. and Bertha (Miller) Miller.

- .1 Bertha Karen Davis, b. Bristol, Tennessee, 10 October 1959.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.2

ROY BOWDITCH, b. Toecane, N. C., 20 February 1886; d. Knoxville, Tennessee 4 February 1947; m. Washington, D. C., 30 August 1913, Lucy Banks Dunn, dau. of James Robinson and Eugenia Dunn, b. Providence, Mecklenberg County, N. C., 1 January 1886. Roy Bowditch left North Carolina in 1902, aged 16, to live with his uncle, Fred D. Bowditch, in Urbana, Illinois, where he worked his way through school for four years. He graduated from Urbana High School in 1905, and attended the University of Illinois for one semester. He then returned to his native North Carolina, graduating in 1910 with a B. S. in Electrical Engineering from the University of North Carolina. He worked all his life in the electrical industry, finally as the head of Bowditch & Co., manufactures agent in Knoxville, Tennessee, prospering along with the expansion of the TVA in that area. He maintained a fine vacation cabin on Roaring Fork, Gatlinburg,

Tennessee, which he kindly loaned to his cousin and the editor of this genealogy for many very happy summer vacations.

- .1 Joseph Francis Bowditch, b. Pittsfield, Massachusetts, 30 October 1916; m. Ruth Hood.
- .2 Alice Lee Bowditch, b. Indianapolis, Indiana, 11 June 1918; m. Frank Ogdin.
- .3 Mary Lee Bowditch, b. Norton, Virginia, 4 May 1922; m. Charles Wolff.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.2.1

JOSEPH FRANCIS BOWDITCH, b. Pittsfield, Massachusetts, 30 October 1916; m. Knoxville, Tennessee, 12 July 1947, Ruth Hood, dau. of Francis Gilbert and Effie Hayes (Johnson) Hood, b. Knoxville, Tennessee, 24 February 1925. Francis like his father, was trained in electrical engineering, and so, when his father's health failed, he assumed controlling interest of Bowditch & Co. When the major manufacturer represented by this Company abandoned its agency policy in favor of its own employees, Francis went to the Clark Controller Co., of which he is now the Branch Manager in Knoxville.

- .1 Deborah Jean Bowditch, b. Memphis, Tennessee, 28 May 1950.
- .2 Joseph Francis Bowditch, b. Knoxville, Tennessee, 17 August 1953.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.2.2

ALICE LEE BOWDITCH, b. Indianapolis, Indiana, 11 June 1918; m. Knoxville, Tennessee, 30 August 1940, Frank Ogdin, son of George Lewis and Ethel (Moses) Ogdin; b. Knoxville, Tennessee, 12 July 1919. Frank Ogdin is Sales Mgr. Highland Products Company, a school and office supply firm in Knoxville, Tenn.

- .1 Frank Richard Ogdin, b. Knoxville, Tennessee, 2 June 1941; m. Diane Warters.

Tenth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.2.2.1

FRANK RICHARD OGDIN, b. Knoxville, Tennessee, 2 June 1941; m. Knoxville, Tennessee, 1 March 1963, Diane Curtis Warters, dau. of Seaton Latham and Elizabeth Jane (Curtis) Warters, b. Knoxville, Tennessee, 21 June 1924. Frank works for AT & T at Knoxville.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.2.3

MARY LEE BOWDITCH, b. Norton, Virginia, 4 May 1922; m. Knoxville, Tenn., 10 January 1947, Charles David Wolff, Jr., son of Charles David and Kate (Hemmelrath) Wolff; b. Little Rock, Arkansas, 3 September 1919. Charles Wolff is Used Car Mgr. for Morris-Bolling Ford Motor Company in Clinton, Tennessee.

- .1 Alice Carolyn Wolff, b. Knoxville, Tennessee, 20 October 1947.
- .2 Charles David Wolff, b. Knoxville, Tennessee, 30 May 1950.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.3

EDWIN DENNIS BOWDITCH, b. Toecane, North Carolina, 10 September 1888; d. Asheville, N. C., 10 June 1959; m. Jasper, Georgia, 1 August 1917, Elvie Bernice Hamrick, dau. of James Lawson and Mary Frances (Moss) Hamrick; b. 9 July 1888; d. Asheville, N. C., 7 January 1949. Edwin Bowditch served as County Agent in Madison, Mitchell, and Clay Counties, N. C., until 1933. Operated his apple orchard at Toecane, N. C., until his health failed in 1952.

- .1 Martha Frances Bowditch, b. Marshall, N. C., 18 July 1918; m. George Garner.
- .2 Edwin Abbott Bowditch, b. Toecane, N. C., 27 December 1920; m. Elizabeth McFarland.
- .3 Miriam Elizabeth Bowditch, b. Toecane, N. C., 9 March 1922, unmarried. Director of Religious Education in Presbyterian Churches in Raleigh, N. C., Kannapolis, N. C., Johnson City, Tenn., and Greensboro, N. C. Located at First Presby. Church, Wilson, N. C.
- .4 Helen Catherine Bowditch, b. Toecane, N. C., 1 June 1925; m. Robert Runion.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.3.1

MARTHA FRANCES BOWDITCH, b. Marshall, N. C., 18 July 1918; m. Toecane, N. C., 9 June 1946, George Webb Garner, son of George Clark and Georgia (Webb) Garner, b. 24 March 1918. George Garner operates a dry-cleaning business in Maryville, Tennessee. Martha Frances has taught school in Bakersville and Charlotte, N. C., and in Maryville.

- .1 Patricia Denise Garner, b. Maryville, Tenn., 21 December 1952.
- .2 Marcia Camille Garner, b. Maryville, Tenn., 13 December 1953.
- .3 Murray Bowditch Garner, b. Maryville, Tenn., 15 September 1955.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.3.2

EDWIN ABBOTT BOWDITCH, b. Mitchell County, North Carolina, 27 December 1920; m. 21 August 1948, Elizabeth McArthur McFarland, dau. of Malcome McArthur and Elizabeth Belmont (Overton) McFarland, b. Cumberland County, N. C., 30 June 1918. Edwin has worked as a draftsman and was manager of the Bowditch Apple Orchard for five years. He is presently studying architecture in college. Elizabeth is continuing her teaching career.

- .1 Martha Elizabeth Bowditch, b. Marion, N. C., 22 November 1951.
- .2 Edwin David Bowditch, b. Marion, N. C., 13 July 1955.
- .3 Rachel Catherine Bowditch, b. Marion, N. C., 11 September 1956.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.3.4

HELEN KATHERENE BOWDITCH, b. Toecane, N. C., 1 June 1925; m. Toecane, N. C., 14 November 1954, Robert Maxwell Runion, son of William Bert and Lily (Farmer) Runion; b. 26 July 1928. Following graduation from Appalachian State Teachers College in 1947, Helen taught school for 7 1/2 years in Morganton and Bakersville, N. C.; Maryville, Tennessee; and Glen Rock, Pennsylvania. The family now operates the Bowditch Apple Orchard and also, as this writer can enthusiastically testify, produce and market very fine country hams.

- .1 Sharon Lynn Runion, b. Hanover, Pennsylvania, 14 April 1955.
- .2 Mary Colleen Runion, b. Burnsville, North Carolina, 12 February 1957.
- .3 Ruth Ann Runion, b. Burnsville, N. C., 30 December 1959.
- .4 Maxine Kay Runion, b. Burnsville, N. C., 3 December 1961.
- .5 Rose Marie Runion, b. Burnsville, N. C., 27 January 1963.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.4

MAUDE BOWDITCH, b. 24 (or 19?) February 1891; d. Marion, N. C., 12 August 1948; m. Toecane, N. C., 31 January 1909, Jess Sarnual Johnson, son of Wilt and Bunie Johnson. Jess operated a cafe in Mine Creek in the days when the railroad carried passengers through and is presently a merchant in that town.

- .1 Lillian Mary Johnson, b. Toecane, N. C., 23 December 1910; m. Carroll Conley.
- .2 Vaughtie Johnson, b. Toecane, N. C., 7 January 1912; m. Dave Jones.
- .3 Lois Johnson, b. Toecane, N. C., 14 October 1914; m. Silus McKinney.
- .4 Joseph Wilson Johnson, b. Toecane, N. C., 15 November 1916; m. Inez Ledford.
- .5 Gladys Johnson, b. Toecane, N. C., 30 May 1918; d. Toecane, N. C., 3 November 1925, aged 7 years.
- .6 Jess Samuel Johnson, Jr., b. Toecane, N. C., 23 June 1921; m. Juanita Dale.
- .7 Ray Johnson, b. Toecane, N. C., 3 October 1924; m. (1) Thursa Black; (2) Ruth Lantz.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.4.1

LILLIAN MARY JOHNSON, b. Toecane, North Carolina, 23 December 1910; m. Bakersville, N. C., 17 May 1930, Carroll Conley, son of Bud Walker and Mattie (Gage) Conley; b. 22 January 1910. Textile worker.

- .1 Robert Lee Conley, b. Bakersville, N. C., 29 March 193_; m. Kate Masters.
- .2 Genevie Conley, b. Bakersville, N. C., 2 July 1934; m. Wayne Turbyfill.
- .3 Peggy Lucille Conley, b. Bakersville, N. C., 27 October 1943.

Tenth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.4.1.1

ROBERT LEE CONLEY, b. Bakersville, N. C., 24 March 193_; m. Marion, N. C., 26 December 1954, Barbara Kate Masters, dau. of Angus and Blanche (Robinson) Conley.

- .1 Miarion Sue Conley, b. Burnsville, N. C., 14 August 1955.
- .2 Robert Lee Conley, Jr., b. Burnsville, N. C., 17 February 1957.
- .3 Ricky Wayne Conley, b. Burnsville, N. C., 19 December 1959.
- .4 Rebecca Lynn Conley, b. Spruce Pine, N. C., 18 September 1962.

Tenth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.4.1.2

GENEVIE CONLEY, b. Bakersville, N. C., 2 July 1934; m. Toecane, N. C., 4 August 1957, Ellis Wayne Turbyfill, son of Howard and Delitha (Buchanan) Turbyfill; b. Bear Creek, N. C., 19 May 1934.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.4.2

VAUGHTIE JOHNSON, b. Toecane, N. C., 7 January 1912; m. Toecane, N. C., 21 October 1933, Charles Dave Jones, son of James Allen and Nancy (McKinney) Jones; b. 10 August 1904.

- .1 Ted Jones, b. Toecane, N. C., 12 June 1937; m. Charlotte Buchanan.
- .2 Jesse James Jones, b. Toecane, N. C., 15 December 1940; m. Linda Sue Greene.

Tenth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3
.5.4.2.1

TED JONES, b. Toecane, N. C., 12 June 1937; m. Kings Mountain, N. C., 7 March 1964, Charlotte Buchanan, dau. of Floyd and Belle (Frye) Buchanan; b. 7 March 1937.

Tenth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3
.5.4.2.2

JESSE JAMES JONES, b. Toecane, N. C., 15 December 1940; m. Bear Creek (Toecane), N. C., 25 August 1961, Linda Sue Greene, dau. of Horace and Belle (Buchanan) Greene; b. 23 August 1946. Jesse is an automobile mechanic in Louisville, Ohio.

- .1 Cynthia Sue Jones, b. Canton, Ohio, 2 July 1963.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3
.5.4.3

LOIS JOHNSON, b. Toecane, N. C., 14 October 1914; m. Erwin, Tennessee, 22 August 1939, Silas Lee McKinney, son of Ed and Maude (Hall) McKinney; b. 25 December 1918.

- .1 Silas Lee McKinney, Jr., b. Toecane, N. C., 21 September 1945.
- .2 Georgie Lee McKinney, b. Toecane, N. C., 16 August 1949.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3
.5.4.4

JOSEPH WILSON JOHNSON, b. Toecane, N. C., 15 November 1916; m. Elizabethton, Tennessee, 15 October 1940, Inez Ledford, dau. of George and Ruth Ledford; b. 7 September 1919. Joseph is a truck driver in East Canton, Ohio.

- .1 Janice Marie Johnson, b. Canton, Ohio, 24 January 1942; m. Donald Westfall.
- .2 Barbara Jean Johnson, b. Canton, Ohio, 8 April 1943; m. Harold Reed.
- .3 Patricia Gayle Johnson, b. Toecane, N. C., 1 March 1946.

Tenth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3
.5.4.4.1

JANICE MARIE JOHNSON, b. Canton, Ohio, 24 January 1942; m. East Canton, Ohio, 11 June 1961, Donald Eugene Westfall, son of Leroy and Esta (Phillips) Westfall; b. 20 August 1939. Donald works at the Hoover Company as a shipper in North Carton, Ohio.

- .1 Todd Eugene Westfall, b. Canton, Ohio, 20 July 1963.

Tenth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3
.5.4.4.2

BARBARA JEAN JOHNSON, b. Canton, Ohio, 8 April 1943; m. Spartansburg, South Carolina, 21 July 1962, Harold Leroy Reed, son of Ray Walter and Ruth Carmen Reed; b. 5 November 1937. They were divorced without issue 11 October 1963.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.4.6

JESS SAMUEL JOHNSON, JR., b. Toecane, N. C., 23 June 1921; m. Juanita Dale, dau. of John and Pearl (Upton) Dale. Jess is making a career in the U. S. Army and will soon be eligible for retirement with twenty years' service.

- .1 Sandra Johnson, b. Fort Bragg, North Carolina.
- .2 Sharon Johnson, b. Fort Bragg, North Carolina.
- .3 Jeana Johnson, b. Columbus, Georgia.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.4.7

RAY JOHNSON, b. Toecane, N. C., 3 October 1924; m. (1) Minerva, Ohio, Thursa Mae Black (2) Canton, Ohio, Ruth Lantz. Ray is an electrician in LaPuente, Calif. The first two children following are by his first wife, the others by his second.

- .1 Gary Ray Johnson, b. Minerva, Ohio, November 1945.
- .2 Douglas Johnson, b. Minerva, Ohio, December 1946.
- .3 Cathy Maude Johnson, b. Canton, Ohio, July 1952(?).
- .4 Deborah Johnson, b. Canton, Ohio, 1956.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.5.6

THANES BOWDITCH, b. Toecane, North Carolina, 28 September 1896; d. Erie, Pennsylvania, 10 February 1960; m. 15 January 1926, Jean McKinney; b. 31 October 1899.

- .1 Betty Jean Bowditch, b. 19 May 1929.

Seventh Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6

FREDERICK DARLINGTON BOWDITCH, b. Tarboro, North Carolina, 22 November 1859; d. Urbana, Illinois, 19 November 1920; m. Mahomet, Illinois, 12 August 1896, Helen Louise Tryon, dau. of Harvey Seth and Annie Elizabeth (Rudolph) Tryon, b. Mahomet, Illinois, 9 February 1876. F. D. Bowditch grew up in Yancey County, N. C., but at age 21 went to Urbana, Ill., where he worked his way through Urbana High School and the University of Illinois, class of 1888. He then became a school teacher and school principal in various locations near Urbana, including Mahomet, where he met the author of Chapters I and II of this publication. Most of his career was spent as a teacher of mathematics in Urbana High School, a position from which he retired in 1916. In his later years, he was an alderman in Urbana, and was very active in the management and physical improvement of his 160-acre farm in Gratiot County, Michigan.

- .1 Frederick Tryon Bowditch, b. Urbana, Illinois, 3 October 1897; m. Eleanor Wise.
- .2 Harvey Russell Bowditch, b. Urbana, Illinois, 4 January 1899; m. Mae Gordon.
- .3 Lawrence Joseph Bowditch, b. Urbana, Illinois, 18 August 1902; m. Romola Reese.
- .4 Robert Preston Bowditch, b. Urbana, Illinois, 22 February 1914; m. Bess Laing.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6.1

FREDERICK TRYON BOWDITCH, b. Urbana, Illinois, 3 October 1897; m. Cerro Gordo, Illinois, 30 December 1920, Eleanor Lucille Wise, dau. of Manuel E. and Maude Elizabeth (McKinnie) Wise, b. Cerro Gordo, Ill., 2 June 1897. F. T. Bowditch is now retired after 42 years in research and research management with National Carbon Company and its parent, Union Carbide Corporation.

- .1 Frederick Wise Bowditch, b. Jamaica, Long Island, New York, 17 November 1921; m. Dorothy Vucic.
- .2 Helen Elizabeth Bowditch, b. Cleveland, Ohio, 6 October 1925; m. Walter Leonard.
- .3 David Nathaniel Bowditch, b. Cleveland, Ohio, 5 November 1930; m. Jeanne Dobbeck.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6.1.1

FREDERICK WISE BOWDITCH, b. Jamaica, Long Island, N.Y., 17 November 1921; m. Yorkville, Illinois, 17 June 1944, Dorothy Marie Vucic, dau. of Joseph and Mary Elizabeth (Batterson) Vucic, b. Chicago, Ill., 2 August 1923. F. W. Bowditch is presently a Senior Research Engineer with the General Motors Research Laboratories, Technical Center, Warren, Michigan.

- .1 Karalyn Anne Bowditch, b. Lafayette, Indiana, 28 December 1946.
- .2 Dierdra Elizabeth Bowditch, b. Lafayette, Indiana, 13 March 1948.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6.1.2

HELEN ELIZABETH BOWDITCH, b. Cleveland, Ohio, 6 October 1925; m. Strongsville, Ohio., 8 September 1951, Walter William Leonard, son of Walter Ira and Amelia M. (Slough) Leonard, b. 2 November 1924. Walter Leonard is engaged in home and business building construction in Richmond, Ind. and environs.

- .1 Jeffery Allen Leonard, b. Richmond, Ind., 9 February 1955.
- .2 John Michael Leonard, b. Richmond, Ind., 18 March 1956.
- .3 Susan Elizabeth Leonard, b. New Castle, Ind., 11 August 1958.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6.1.3

DAVID NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, b. Cleveland, Ohio, 5 November 1930; m. Evanston, Illinois, 6 June 1953, Jeanne Marie Dobbeck, dau. of Edward Ernst and Martha Ann Christine (Hansen) Dobbeck, b. Oak Park, Ill., 16 September 1932. David Bowditch is a physicist engaged in space research with NASA Laboratories, Cleveland, Ohio.

- .1 Jane Ellen Bowditch, b. Lakewood, Ohio, 25 June 1955.
- .2 Patricia Lynn Bowditch, b. Cleveland, Ohio, 29 July 1957.
- .3 David Edward Bowditch, b. Cleveland, Ohio, 20 May 1964.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6.2

HARVEY RUSSELL BOWDITCH, b. Urbana, Illinois, 4 January 1899; m. 30 Nov. 1920, Loretta Mae Gordon, dau. of Robert and Jennie (Sloan) Gordon, b. 18 May 1899. Russell is Vice President responsible for Insurance Investments and finance for Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, San Francisco, California.

- .1 Robert Steven Bowditch, b. Chicago, Illinois, 7 April 1917, son of Mae Bowditch by a previous marriage; adopted son of H. R. Bowditch, m. Sylvia Caesar.
- .2 Patricia Mae Bowditch, b. Park Ridge, Illinois, 7 April 1922; m. David Arvold.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6.2.1

ROBERT STEVEN BOWDITCH, b. Chicago, Illinois, 7 April 1917; m. Sylvia Caesar, dau. of John and Rose Caesar. Robert is an electronic engineer, employed by Northrup Corporation in California.

- .1 Robert S. Bowditch, Jr., b. Colorado Springs, Colorado, 27 June 1945.
- .2 Stephen R. Bowditch, b. Van Nuys, California, 3 August 1949.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6.2.2

PATRICIA MAE BOWDITCH, b. Park Ridge, Illinois, 7 April 1922; m. Madison, Wisconsin, 12 August 1944, David Shewe Arvold, son of William V. and Florence (Shewe) Arvold, b. 28 November 1922. David Arvold is a medical doctor, partner in the Cantwell Peterson Clinic, Shawano, Wisconsin.

- .1 David Shewe Arvold, Jr., b. Madison, Wis., 31 January 1946.
- .2 Katherine Lee Arvold, b. Shawano, Wis., 8 January 1948.
- .3 Mary Ellen Arvold, b. Shawano, Wis., 18 February 1950.
- .4 Patricia Jane Arvold, b. Shawano, Wis., 8 May 1954.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6.3

LAWRENCE JOSEPH BOWDITCH, b. Urbana, Illinois, 18 August 1902; m. Urbana, Illinois, 21 June 1930, Romola Jean Reese, dau. of Joseph Henry and Jennie (Shadley) Reese, b. 8 October 1905. Lawrence Bowditch has been with Union Carbide Corporation since 1925 and is currently Vice President Design and Construction of the Chemicals and Olefins Divisions.

- .1 Anne Elise Bowditch, b. Flushing, Long Island, N.Y., 21 January 1934; m. James Ogden III.
- .2 James Abbot Bowditch, b. Flushing, Long Island, N. Y., 24 December 1937. Now an Engineer, Nuclear Division, Stone and Webster.
- .3 Adrienne Jean Bowditch, b. Flushing, Long Island, N.Y., 23 September 1941. Now post-graduate at Cornell University.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6.3.1

ANNE ELISE BOWDITCH, b. Flushing, Long Island, New York, 21 January 1934; m. Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, 28 July 1956, James Gordon Ogden III, son of James Gordon Ogden, Jr., and Dorthy Frances (Phillips) Ogden. James Ogden is Professor-Botany at Ohio Wesleyan University.

- .1 Karen Frances Ogden, b. New Haven, Conn., 5 May 1958.

- .2 Lawrence Gordon Ogden, b. Delaware, Ohio, 25 October 1960.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.6.4

ROBERT PRESTON BOWDITCH, b. Urbana, Illinois, 22 February 1914; m. Charleston, West Virginia, 5 October 1940, Bess Laing, dau. of Alexander Webster and Mary (Wright) Laing, b. MacAlpine, W. Va., 29 August 1915. Bob has been with Union Carbide Corporation since 1935, where he is presently Asst. to the General Manager, Thermoplastics, Plastics Division.

- .1 Mary Laing Bowditch, b. Charleston, W. Va., 7 June 1942. Mary Laing will graduate from Mt. Holyoke College this spring of 1964.

Seventh Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.7

CHARLES I. BOWDITCH, b. Micaville, N. C., 27 September 1862; d. Micaville, N. C., 12 August 1916. (A twin-sister of Charles' died at birth.) m. Celso, N. C., 1890, Julia A. Gibbs, dau. of Charles and Caroline (Ballew) Gibbs; b. 19 June 1872; d. Asheville, N. C., 9 March 1954. Charles went west to Urbana, Illinois, at about age 18, and worked on a farm near there— probably the farm of S. G. Williams since mail was addressed to him in care of this person. A letter to Charles written by his mother 2 November 1881 opens with "I suppose ere this you have Fred with you", and goes on to describe Fred's sudden decision to join his brother in "the West". Charles returned soon after to Micaville where he married and settled on his inherited land. By farming, selling timber, etc., he was able to acquire additional acreage from his sister Georgiana and his brother Joe. He died a prominent and much respected member of his community, and "a good christian gentleman," as noted by a yellowed clipping in the old trunk.

- .1 Blanchard Louise Bowditch, b. Micaville, North Carolina, 14 September 1891; m. (1) S. J. Hamilton (2) Harry S. Marsh.

Eighth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.7.1

BLANCHARD (BLANCHE) LOUISE BOWDITCH, b. Micaville, N. C., 14 September 1891; m (1) Bowditch, N. C., 26 December 1912, Dr. S. J. Hamilton, son of Tom and Lillian (Jenkins) Hamilton of Rochester, New York; b. 27 November 1888; d. August 1961. Dr. Hamilton was a dentist and practiced in Burnsville, N. C. Blanche m. (2) Harry S. Marsh; they presently live in West Palm Beach, Fla.

- .1 Myron Bowditch Hamilton, b. High Point, N. C., 4 March 1914; m. Hattie Merritt.
.2 Genevieve Abbot Hamilton, b. Burnsville, N. C., 14 May 1920; d. 1 June 1926.

Ninth Generation

1.1.7.3.6.3

.7.1.1

MYRON BOWDITCH HAMILTON, b. High Point, N. C., 4 March 1914; m. Pensacola, Florida, Hattie Price Merritt, dau. of Paul Benjamin and Helen (Price) Merritt; b. Muscagle, Florida, 25 September 1915. Myron is employed in the Sales Department of American-Standard, Industrial Division, having been with this firm for 27 years. Other descendents of the North Carolina Bowditch line will be interested to know that Myron is possessed of what is no doubt the most valuable family heirloom—a very fine old silver coffee and tea set, heavily ornamented, which has been in the Bowditch family for many generations. Letters in the old trunk remind our first North Carolina ancestor, Joseph, that he should lay claim to this

from his parents in Salem, Massachusetts, which he did with success. From here it passed to Georgiana, and from her to Blanche, who was closest to Georgiana during her final days in Morganton, N. C.

- .1 Myron Bowditch Hamilton, Jr., b. Asheville, N. C., 10 January 1944.
- .2 Sue Ellen Merritt Hamilton, b. Buffalo, New York, 1 April 1948.

And so, at long last, we come to the conclusion of this lengthy chapter. It is worth noting that our list of descendents is not complete, especially as regards the descendents of Nathaniel, nor are all the dates and places given for births, marriages, deaths, etc. However, a cut-off point had to be established at some point, for with some pregnancies reported and others likely, and with the grim reaper continuing his relentless work among us, there seems no possibility of making this chronology absolutely correct as of any one instant in time. Therefore, since the latest information is without doubt well known to those most interested in it, we shall abandon further effort to perfect this chronology and go to press as of this date, which is 20 May 1964. It seems most appropriate that on this same day No. 117363613 and his good wife Jeanne have just presented us with little No. 117363133, our eighth grandchild, and the first boy to carry on the name which titles this writing.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "J. Bowditch". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a prominent initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

CHAPTER IV

I Remember

A Collection of Poems

By

Helen. L. Bowditch

Dedicated to

Fred, Russell,
Lawrence & Bob.

When I Was Only Four

How clearly I remember
When I was only four,
Of taking a ride one summer day,
Of three or four miles, or more.

The ride was in a buggy,
Drawn by Nellie, our mare.
As we jogged along o'er the country road,
I knew neither worry nor care.

Papa, Mama, and Willie
Sat on the buggy seat.
While I sat, on a little red chair,
Down below, at their feet.

This might have been a nice place to sit,
If Nellie had not switched her tail
At the troublesome flies that annoyed her,
By stinging her sides, without fail.

But I soon learned this menace to dodge,
And by watching and ducking my head,
Avoided the switching of her tail,
While wishing all flies were dead.

Papa was a preacher
We were invited out to tea,
By a prominent member of the church,
Whom Papa called, a Trustee.

No one was in a hurry,
All were happy and gay.
Mama told stories - Papa a joke,
As we trotted along on our way.

Once we stopped by the roadside,
So I could pick a wild rose.
Its beauty and fragrance charmed me,
As I climbed the bank, on my toes.

Again, we stopped by a little brook,
That Nellie might rest, a wee.
And, watched the water go babbling by
On its journey down to the sea.

Thank God for a happy childhood,
For simple joys I would meet.
When time was taken for pleasure,
That made living, joyous and sweet.

I don't remember our hostess,
And I don't remember the tea.
But the memory of that happy day,
Still remains with me.

Now I'm Six

Now I'm six, and must go to School,
Must mind the teacher, and keep the rule.
Must learn to read, and must learn to spell,
Must learn to do my lessons well.

Must learn to write, and must learn to add,
Must learn to tell the good from the bad.
Must learn with other girls and boys
To romp and play with the games and toys.

Must learn to give, and must learn to take,
Must keep alert, and wide awake.
There is so much I do not know,
It seems I have been very slow.

So, I must study hard and learn,
So I'll be promoted another term.
I'm glad I'm six, and can go to school,
For I wouldn't want to grow up, a fool.

Cousins

It seems but a short time ago,
Our cousins came to stay.
For their Mama went to Heaven,
And this seemed the better way.

Five children in the parsonage,
The Ladies' Aid groaned, "Alas.
We fear they'll harm the parsonage
And we know they'll kill the grass."

They told us not to play croquet,
For that would spoil the lawn
That they had worked so hard to seed,
And watched each early morn.

Five children in the parsonage,
A happy, cheery clan,
From seven to eleven,
Were their ages, to a man.

Willie was the eldest,
A serious, quiet lad.
He was neither very good,
Nor was he, very bad.

Then came Cousin Phebe,
So fair of form and face.
She looked just like an angel
Each movement full of grace.

Then came Alice, plump and gay,
So full of pranks and fun.
She cheered the very darkest day,
And kept us on the run

Then came Helen, and that was me,
A rather thoughtful child.
Not one to lead, or one to rule
Of temper - meek and mild.

The youngest one was Preston,
Ever gentle, kind and frail.
We always had to watch and see
He went slowly on the trail.

Five children in the parsonage
Made so much work to do,
That Mama was oft distracted,
And this is sure and true.

Of course, we children all helped out,
By doing all we could.
We dried the dishes, made the beds,
And carried in the wood.

The boys fed Nellie in her stall,
And gathered up the eggs.
And all ran errands here and there
Upon our little legs.

We went to church and Sunday School,
And rode in our new surrey.
The fringe went rippling round the top
With Nellie in a hurry.

Uncle Jimmie used to come
To see us from the city.
He'd bring a world of goodies,
And was always gay and witty.

We used to play at Hide and Seek,
We used to play at checkers,
We sometimes slept, three in a bed,
But wished for double deckers.

Alas I those happy days passed by,
And soon our group was broken.
For Phebe left us, one sad day,
Without a sign or token.

In two years Alice followed her,
To join the angel choir.
No more they joined our family
As we gathered 'round the fire.

Preston grew to man's estate,
And chose a charming wife,
Who lived with him for many years,
And made his, a happy life.

They had one daughter and two sons,
To cheer them on their way.
I dearly loved our Preston,
And do, this very day.

Sweet Sixteen

Now I'm sixteen, and what do you know,
I've got the nicest boy for a beau.
He takes me here, and he takes me there,
Last Thursday, he took me to the fair.

He takes me to church on Sunday night,
To hear the preacher tell what is right.
I hold his hat, he does what he can,
To keep me cool with nay new feather fan.

He takes me to picnics, to parties, to plays,
Oh, we have the happiest kind of days.
I'm now a young lady, and life's all aglow
I'm glad I'm sixteen, and have such a nice beau.

My Wedding Day

August 12th, 1896,
That was my wedding day,
In the morning, skies were overcast,
And rain came down our way.

But by noon, the clouds were lifted,
And every shrub and tree,
Glistened and shone with the rain drops,
An omen, good to me.

I married a man of sterling worth,
Honorable, kind and true,
One that I loved with all my heart,
As every good wife should do.

We moved to Urbana, where he taught school,
Algebra, Geometry, and use of the slide rule.
We had a loving, happy life,
Never much money, but without any strife.

Our Boys

October 3rd, 1897,
To us was born this day,
Our dearly beloved first born son,
Who came to us to stay.

No words can tell our happiness,
No words express the joy,
That came to us when first we saw
This tiny baby boy.

We named him for his Father,
So we could call him "Fred",
And by his tiny fingers,
We both were surely led.

Next year, along came Russell,
A lovely babe, and bright,
With laughing eyes, and charming ways,
He was ever our delight.

In three years we had Laurie,
To join our happy band.
We were the happiest family,
To be found in all the land.

Fred and Russell and Lawrence,
Three little, bright-eyed boys.
Could any one have told us
Life held for us such joys!

To watch their minds develop,
To see their bodies grow,
To care for them - to share with them,
Brought to our lives, a glow.

Soon Fred was old enough for school,
Russell soon following after.
Laurie left at home with me,
To share my joys and laughter.

We thought we had our family,
Felt sure there'd be no more,
But didn't know God's purpose,
Or what He had in store.

For February 22nd was the day
Another baby came with us to stay.
He brought much joy and gladness,
For he had a place to fill.
We praised God for his coming
As we ever praise Him still.

The boys would call him-Robert,
So we could call him "Bob".
They shared with him and loved him,
Their own pleasures they would rob.

Sick Child

I sat beside my baby
At an early hour in the morn,
Watching his labored breathing,
Feeling most sad and forlorn.

'Twas Russell, our darling baby,
Who lay so quiet and still.
Would we have to lose our baby?
Can it really be, that we will?

For days we had fought the battle,
For days we had lived in fear.
Fear, that 'twould be but moments
'Till he'd be no longer here.

The doctor said upon leaving
Late in the afternoon
"I fear he may die before morning,
I'm sure that will not be too soon."

So I sat beside my baby,
Waiting for him to die,
His father watching with me,
If needed, he were nearby.

We prayed to our Father in Heaven
To spare our baby so fair,
To heal his lungs, and to make him
As gay and as happy as air.

"Our loving Father in Heaven
We pray, if it be They will,
To restore to health our baby,
Who is now, so quiet and still."

We hear from the crib a movement,
We hear from the crib, a call:
"Mama, a dink of water,
I'se thirsty", and that is all.

How gladly we brought the water,
How gladly we watched him drink.
We felt he had passed the crisis,
But what would the doctor think?

The doctor said in the morning
When he came at break of day,
“Your baby will soon recover,
That I can truly say.”

Christmas

At Christmas times my thoughts return
To the days of long ago,
When I was young and carefree,
And life was all aglow.

I think of Home and Husband,
So patient, kind and true.
I think of precious little boys,
No less than four, would do.

They used to gather 'round my knee,
And listen to the joys
Of Santa Claus upon the roof
With his pack crammed full of toys.

They heard the jingle of the bells
On the snowy starlit sky,
And I'm sure they heard the reindeer
As they went dashing by.

And, then I told them of the birth
Of the little baby King,
And how, into this weary world
His Glory, He did bring.

The wonder in their boyish eyes
Still remains with me,
As the mystic charm of Christmas
They could so plainly see.

Now they are grown to man's estate,
And are scattered far and wide,
But in memories that remain with me,
They're still standing by me side.

So, thanks to God for memories
Of happy, happy days,
Tho' my hair is white, and my step is slow,
These thoughts shed shining rays.

Vacation Time

Everyone is happy,
For summer time is here,
When little boys go barefoot,
And the world is full of cheer.

For study books are put away,
Since the daily school is out,
And children running past the house,
Sing, and laugh, and shout!
“No more studies, no more school,
No more teacher’s tiresome rule”.

At our house, all is hustle and commotion,
For we’re going to the farm,
Where the days are long and sunny,
And shouting does no harm.

Papa’s fixing up the car,
With spark plugs and with oil.
Must see there are no faulty tires,
And the radiator will not boil.

Mama’s packing everything,
That she thinks that we may need,
And the boys are running here and there
As their inclinations lead.

Here comes Freddie with some games,
And a pair of overalls,
That he wishes placed upon the top,
So they’ll be handy when we stop.

Russell comes a running
With slingshot and water wings,
A ball and bat, and popgun,
And a lot of other things.

Laurie brings his model builder,
His fishing rod and hook,
For he wants to spend all summer
Just fishing in the brook.

What's the matter with the baby?
What is he crying for?
Why didn't you boys watch him?
He's caught his finger in the door.

Papa's finished with the car,
We should be on our way.
But first he checks on everything,
And thus, we hear him say-

“Have we turned off gas and water ?
Are the windows all shut tight?
Have milk and laundry bills been paid?
Have we turned off every light?
Have we cared for this?
Have we cared for that?
Have you packed my old coat?
Have you packed my old hat?
Have you got a lunch ready,
And a place to leave the cat?”

Hurly burly, rush and hurry.
Is it really worth the while?
Can we really get all ready,
And continue yet, to smile?

At last, we're packed, and all are ready
To find our places in the car
When we find our baby missing,
Has he run off? If so, how far?

Papa looks here, the boys look there,
While I go down the street,
.Looking this way, looking that way,
Asking all I meet.

Freddie finds him in the bedroom
Fast asleep upon the floor.
We lift him gently in our arms,
And start for the car, once more.

Oh look, here comes a neighbor,
To bid us all goodbye.
She brings us gingerbread for lunch,
And a lovely apple pie.

At last, we're gone, and on our way,
To spend the summer days
On our dear, old farm in Michigan,
Which deserves the highest praise,

O' the sunny days, and the starry nights,
And the fields of golden grain!
And the rows and rows of corn and beans,
And the quiet fall of rain.

The pretty woods in which to roam,
The brook where Laurie fishes.
O, could we live them o'er again,
'Twould answer all my wishes.

For the fragrance of the clover fields,
The lowing of the cattle,
Is so much better than the town,
With all its noise and rattle.

We come back home when school begins,
With cheeks so brown and ruddy,
All ready for the winter's work
Of working, play and study.

Typhoid

Typhoid fever's a terrible thing
When it strikes a precious boy,
And causes him to become so weak,
That life is no longer a joy.

When Fred was only fourteen,
With typhoid he weakly lay,
For days and days, and weeks and weeks,
The fever had its way.

O' the long, long days,
And the long, long nights
As beside his bed we sat,
Eager to help in any way,
But this wouldn't help, nor that.

The doctor stopped in every day,
But 'twas little he could do,
For the fever had to run its course,
In those days, that was true.

And, so we saw our happy boy,
So ruddy, plump and gay,
Reduced into an invalid,
Growing weaker, day by day.

But, finally it ran its course,
As fevers often will,
And slowly he came back to health,
With strength, and life and will.

So, once again, a child was saved,
Who nearly slipped away.
We raised our hearts in thankfulness,
When we knew that he would stay.

Our Loss

We had to lose the father,
We had to give him up,
We had to bow with heavy hearts,
And drink the bitter cup.

He never lived to see his sons
Come into man's estate.
He never saw the work they did,
Nor the honors each did rate.

He never saw their lovely wives,
Nor the children that were theirs,
He never saw their happy homes,
And he never knew their cares,

But this we know, in Heaven above,
He surely, surely knows,
That those he cherished here below,
Are an honor to his love.

I'm thankful he was my husband
For twenty-four years, no more
And Father of my children
Whose life they could adore.

His life we can be proud of,
For it held no spot nor stain
And, we look forward to the day,
When we shall meet again.

Daughters-in-Love

I never borned a daughter,
Though I often longed for one,
But every time a baby came,
It always was a son.

So, I had to wait 'till they were grown,
And picked them out for me.
They surely did a dandy job,
As any one can see.

Fred chose lovely Eleanor
To be his cherished bride,
Serene and calm and capable,
She's traveled by his side.

For Russell, there was no one,
Would do for him, but Mae,
Beautiful and gifted,
In every kind of way.

Laurie chose Ramola,
A charming, dancing sprite,
To see her was to love her,
For you knew she was all right.

For Robert was a lovely Blonde,
With eyes of Heavenly blue,
One had but to look at Bess,
To know she would be true.

These girls have ever been to me,
Each and every one,
As loving as any daughter,
Could have ever done.

And so, I have my daughters,
And I love each of them well.
How much I love them I can't say,
For I haven't words to tell.

Not daughters, but daughters-in-law, you say!
Ah, no! For 'tis written above -
That these girls are really daughters
Yes, they're daughters-in-love

Grandchildren

We truly love our children,
For to us, they are the best,
The loveliest and the brightest,
As we'd prove in any test.

We teach them, and we train them,
We shower them with our love,
We spank them, and caress them,
Pray blessings from above.

Yes, we truly love our children,
But there's nothing can compare
With the grandchildren that come later
For they bring us, pleasures rare.

For we do not have to train them,
Nor teach them to be good,
We only have to love them,
As all grandparents should.

I have been truly blessed,
For I have all of nine,
Five girls - four boys
Make up a group that's fine.

First, came grandson Robert,
With Frederick close behind.
Then Pat and Helen and David,
Their places they did find.

Next Anne and Jay and Adrienne,
With Mary Laing, the last,
All found a place within my heart
Where I can hold them fast.

They tell me I am growing old,
And it may be that I am,
But I'll live within my grandchildren,
I'll just show you that I can.

Baby Grands

Now come the precious baby Grands,
I soon will have eleven.,
The precious little darlings
Seem a little bit of Heaven.

Robert, David, Karalyn, Steve,
Kathy, Didi, and Mary Ann,
Patty, Jeffrey, and Jane Ellen,
Show me better, if you can.

For each is perfect, sweet and bright,
And I offer up a prayer,
That God may watch and guide them,
And be with them, everywhere.

Old Age

They tell me I am growing old,
And it must be that it's true
For now that I am eighty,
There seems nothing else to do.

It may be that I'm growing old,
But I don't feel that way,
For health and happiness are mine,
And my heart is glad and gay.

For I still love the sunrise,
As it streams across, the lawn,
And I love to hear the song birds,
As they sing in early morn.

I love to see the raindrops,
As they glisten on the trees,
And to see the leaves in autumn,
As they rustle in the breeze.

I love to hear the children,
So happy in their play,
And watch the young folks strolling,
In the evening of the day.

I love with friends to gather,
To laugh, and talk, and dine,
With a lively game of Samba
To pass away the time.

I still like Sunday School and Church,
And Woman's Club's a joy,
I love to buy for baby,
A special kind of toy.

I love to sit at eventime,
Beside my cozy fire,
And dream of happy days gone by,
Of this, I never tire.

And then, I turn my dreams around,
To the days that lie ahead,
And vision joys and pleasures
That lie before me, spread.

No, I don't feel that I am old,
Nor my span of life most gone,
For happy memories keep my life
Tuned to a happy song.

So, I don't dread tomorrow,
For how can I be sad,
When all my life has been so good,
With very little, bad.

So, I shall go on living
With a heart that's young and gay,
Knowing God will lead me,
The balance of the way.

And when the boat shall come for me,
I'll rise and gladly go,
My hand in God's, He'll lead me
To a happier world, I know.

Sunset

I love to sit in the evening,
When the work of the day has gone by,
And watch the glorious sunset
That fills the western sky.

The rose and the purple and golden hue
Are colors no painter can catch,
For their beauty came from the Master's hand,
With coloring we cannot match.

When the sun came up in the morning,
That, too, was a glorious sight.
The earth seemed so new, so fresh, and so clean,
We felt that the world was all right.

At midday the rays were the hottest,
As they ripened the golden grain,
And caused the fruit in the orchards
To blush, as the sky after rain.

But at even, the day's work is ended,
And the sun quietly goes on its way,
Leaving behind it, a glory
That brightens the close of the day.

A glory that thrills you and brightens your heart,
Making you feel that life is worth while,
And you look forward to tomorrow
With confidence, hope and a smile.

And so we find it with life,
In youth, we start bright and gay,
Middle-life, finds us with busy hands
Hope at its highest, ambition having full sway.

But the evening of life, should be best time of all.
For at that time, our life's work is done.
Our lives have been lived to the fullest,
Our battles have been lost and won.

As the twilight of life overtakes us,
And we're nearing our own setting of sun,
May our lives leave a radiance behind us,
Reflecting a living, well done.